

# Mandolin singer



Hear the notes  
Player caught  
Still of the night  
Light in flight  
Deep-throated voice  
Perhaps singer's guise  
Strumming wires single  
Sharp tunes tingle  
In happy jingle  
A fire beside humbled  
In glow sublime  
Lights its prime  
Sweet, melodious  
Voice fine obvious  
Mandolin in hand  
Besides band  
Singer voices  
Talent surprises  
-Miran Perera

# Alive again

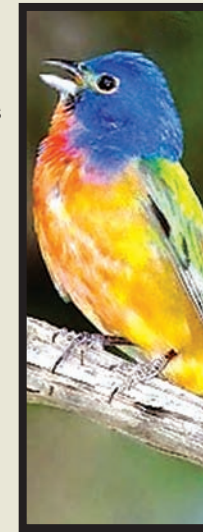


The house was abandoned, garden neglected.  
Layers and layers of spiders' webs  
were covering the walls and the roof.  
When the setting sun kissed their silken threads  
rainbow colours reflected.  
A fallen branch had broken the roof  
making puddles inside.  
A serpent's slough, long and sickening  
was guarding main entrance.  
"Dangerous: Be aware. We are the owners," it said  
Creepers and bushes lusciously grew  
with no human hands to check.  
Rat snakes crept under the outgrown bushes  
where rats have made their homes.  
At night the bats played hide and seek  
munching the nuts and throwing them down.  
'Twas a battlefield, the unkempt garden,  
a haven for insects and rodents.  
The dark, gray dusk envelopes the house  
with no burning lamps inside.  
It looks so ghostly and eerie too  
that we hardly looked at it.  
Suddenly men entered through the opened gate  
With ketties, axes, mammoths and brooms.  
Human voices were heard from the garden,  
Chop, chop - new sounds went on.  
A mound of debris was collected in a corner  
With the serpent's slough at the top.  
Smoke went up, fires crackled,  
The garden was alive again.  
- Lalitha Somathilaka

# Oneness of humanity

A solitary hawk  
Is high up in the sky  
Surveying parallel to the land  
With no flutter of wings  
He gathers momentum,  
Whenever he descends to catch a prey  
His effortless flight  
In the vast empty space  
communicates the freedom of life  
With the birth of dawn  
I hear sweet melodies  
Played by an orchestra of birds, but no instruments  
The songs of freedom!  
Not freedom from something  
But freedom per se  
Who is the master musician?  
None, other than Mother Nature  
Nature has no problems to solve  
She renews herself  
And sets in eternal motion  
Man is caught in the network of thoughts  
He makes the prison for himself  
Conflict is his way of Life,  
Between birth and death.  
Is there a way out?  
Is there any meaning to life?  
Isn't man a global being?  
Why division between man and man?  
Can division exist when there is love?  
Aren't we the globalised human existence?  
We are the naked Homo sapiens, though clothed,  
Who inhabit the ancient earth.  
- N. Widanagamage

Montage  
Poetry



# The sunrise



And its setting,  
Time flies without a stop,  
Stealing one's pulsing youth,  
Ushering in old age -  
A new adventure in life.  
Giving time to pleasures  
For which, before there was no time.  
Indulging in favourite hobbies,  
Travelling, reading, writing,  
Meeting up with friends,  
Helping those in need,  
More time for 'get-togethers'  
Recalling 'golden oldies'.  
Vision may sometimes be blurred,  
There are remedies that are found,  
To help see the beauty, and warmth around.  
Steps may falter a little,  
But think, the path's still clear  
To traverse a few more miles.  
The heart may not beat  
As strongly as before,  
Yet, there should be room in it,  
For tenderness and love.  
Think not of your age in years,  
It's just a going on in life,  
With wisdom and experience  
That youth did not have.  
Love with no negative feelings  
And make others happy too,  
Cultivate patience, tolerance, goodwill,  
Enjoy old age to the full,  
Keep out of the past  
If it's sad,  
Turn to the present, the new,  
Adjust to the inevitable,  
Be happy and content,  
Till life's journey is through.  
- Rupa Wijesinghe