New Year joy



The brilliant April sun Shines alike on every being Bereft of nationality and race The unique symbol of equality Spreads its radiance equally Its transfer from Pisces to Aries Is a remarkable event Is an auspicious event To all under the sun! Those beloved ones Parents, children, grandchildren Dine and play together Renewing custom and tradition Promoting family bonds There's no other joy Than seeing one another! Different ethnic groups Get together Dine and play together Promoting national unity Custom and tradition Must go on for generations With simple ceremonies, On this auspicious day Let's pay grateful tribute To all those Who laid down their lives In the 30-year-terrorism To save our unitary Motherland! May the April golden sun Ever bring peace and prosperity! May all Sri Lankans be standing Under one banner smiling!

- Malini Hettige

I am a crowd

Never alone Not a fear Nor a tear In the fraternity of a crowd The past the present the future In triplicate Converge in duplicate, in me My benign body-soul To celebrate the bequest of Love, care and benevolence Gotten from my father My mother Their parents Grandparents and My great great grandparents. In alliance, in one compliance In me In my blood My stride To walk the world with Fortitude and intrepidity Behold the inbred mores of Enlightenment and gentility Of a unified front In the world The crowd.

- Deepawali Peiris Solangaarachchi

A barrel of wine

Though you are at the age of forty-eight I can't believe my eyes! Because You seen still twenty-eight! I can't believe my eyes What a beautiful sight! And this is why my feelings overflowing from the heart of mine! Hence you are to me a barrel of wine! Whether it is 'Halal' or 'Haram' Could I let it lie in vain

Oh! my dear Your bewitching look to me an interesting book How could I leave you Without reading you!

Oh! Each organ of your body Reached at my eyes already Forgetfulness is a form of freedom But, how could I forget you my sweetheart! After I saw you as a vineyard!

- A.M.M. Ali

New Year

modernised

When we were small, the New Year's day

Coral trees blooming with scarlet crowns,

Harmonised well with the cuckoo's song.

Is it no raban sural - To harmonise his song?

The fresh, novel scent of the newly-stitched frocks

The smell of sweetmeats made especially for the day

Swings going up carrying happy smiling faces
Festival of the children, they seemed us to say.
No coral trees are there - To bloom with bright red flowers

Why is the cuckoo bird silent, - Had he too deserted us?

Why do we tire ourselves - Everything is just simplified!

No swings go up and down - Outdated the tambourines are.

Cassettes provide the music - For them to dance and sing. The sewing machine's idling at home – No one to use it now

The hearth too isn't making - The traditional *kavun* and *kokis*. Available are these things - At the supermarket.

The chequered

For many an avaricious hand - Had stripped them off the ground.

How we enjoyed! No words can say.

Made our village a colourful paradise.

Village damsels' tambourines

Memories

Coming across a cheerless phase to a victorious path together, Arouse my courage to face any challenge Your precious gift releases all my sorrows And is the root of every delightful moments. Countless sweet and gloomy memories Flow into my heart when I recall you, Still they remain fresh and cool As a film transmits live! Nearly five years I'd been with you Which my heart feels as a never-ending

I did my best to achieve your goal Dedicating so much that no one tends to do The day is waiting for me To bid farewell to you Unbearable grief fills my world When I recollect that "I'm going to lose You'll lose your virtuoso player and I'll lose your dazzling events but, Memories of you and me Will last forever deep in my soul!

- H.M. Sanduni Wathsala

Valentine day, if I remember right A feast celebrated with great delight Long ago in ancient Rome, I read Even before Christianity spread Number of boys drew names of girls, The girls too drew boys' names from urns It was on the feast of Lupercalia February 15 Now it is celebrated on February 14 Everyone of you rise and shine all of you are my Valentine.

The compassionate

The earth Which is our only home Is neither American nor Russian But, it is human! Life sustaining green planet That belongs to all living things We humans, the two-legged animals Are the funny guests Who visit the host, the earth The host has received many guests And has fed them with compassion The guest leaves And the host remains The host has lived over two million years With self-nourishing energy The host is marvellous With beauty unutterable The guest is on a wrong notion When the guest destroys the host Where can the guest live? The host sheds tears for the guest Vet the guest is ruthless What part has the guest to play? To change the course of humanity? Where should he begin? With himself?

- N. Widanagamage

Valentine

Emilda S. Douglas

host

Against the white. Words crossing each other, Intersecting harmoniously, Vertically, Horizontally, Like the weave of a mat. The white squares empty To fit in the clues Across and down, Cleverly contrived, Stimulating the brain Making you think, To work them out. Solving crossword puzzles My favourite pastime. Words familiar, come gushing in, But sometimes stuck, By a "catchy" clue Which makes you find Words anew. Referring to a dictionary Checking on synonyms, And when the puzzle's done, The pleasure and satisfaction Of patience, is won.

pattern

Black and white, The black conspicuous,

Rupa Wijesinghe

- Lalitha Somathilaka

Montage Poetry

Head over heart



Love and compassion, anger and vengeance, All their roots are embedded in the heart. When heart rules, they bounce to the surface We act on impulse, tension and mood. The heart doesn't realise the best way It acts only to win the day. Head over heels in love or may be hate Makes you blind: truth would be distorted. It should be the head and not the heart That should guide us when we're in trouble Far-sighted is the head, a clear vision it'll make A rational verdict, then the head would deliver. Be guided by the head and not by the heart

- Lalitha Somathilaka

Guru, a dispeller of darkness

Children learn to Read and write... They learn to Count as well... Some are smart Some are not, But still they learn Unknown... Some don't understand, But they pretend they do... Teachers teach Beyond their reach,

Their faces are Blank sheets... A guru realises This truth with grace, As he is not A teacher to explain, He makes a difference Gradually in children, By giving a chance To start over, And become the best They can be.

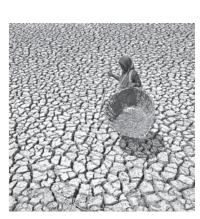


- Anjalie Chandima Silva

A farmer's plea

Parched and cracked fields withered trees emaciated animals with forlorn looks yearning desperately for a drop of water to quench their thirst, so are the poor peasantry trekking for miles For gathering water. all this scenario is the testimony of the severe drought now prevailing in the Wanni devastating the anticipated yields

leaving them in the lurch mercilessly. Farmers plead "Oh! Mighty god of rain clouds, kindly cast your eyes on us, the poorest of the poor living merely on farming to eke-out our living, crops we planted this time with utmost toil are going to fail. Please, shed big drops of water to wet the soil for the sake of every being."



Ajith Karunarathna

