

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

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
In fact
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

Memories

Coming across a cheerless phase to a
victorious path together,
Arouse my courage to face any challenge
with you
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

journey
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."
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



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
Your path then would be smooth to travel.

- Lalitha Somathilaka

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
And
Behold the inbred mores of
Enlightenment and gentility
Of a unified front
In the world
The crowd.

- Deepawali Peiris Solangaarachchi

Valentine

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.

Emilda S. Douglas

The compassionate host

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
Yet, 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

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 Wann
devastating the anticipated yields

of the peasants
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

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

New Year modernised



When we were small, the New Year's day
How we enjoyed! No words can say.
Coral trees blooming with scarlet crowns,
Made our village a colourful paradise.
Village damsels' tambourines
Harmonised well with the cuckoo's 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
For many an avaricious hand - Had stripped them off the ground.
Why is the cuckoo bird silent, - Had he too deserted us?
Is it no raban sural - To harmonise his song?
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.
Why do we tire ourselves - Everything is just simplified!

- Lalitha Somathilaka

The chequered pattern

Black and white,
The black conspicuous,
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.

Rupa Wijesinghe