## The hermit

A follower of the Buddha dwelling lonely in a cave his only abode in the midst of the jungle infested with wild animals though they are not harmful to the saintly like figure.

Seated on a stone slab inside the den, He meditates in a cross-legged posture to avoid evil thoughts from coming to his mind.

He seeks no physical comforts adopting the middle path by giving up extremes following the steps of the Supreme master, the Lord-the only guiding force.

By stepping quietly and calmly with bare feet He leaves the abode for going on his alms round to beg his noon meals to appease his hunger from houses in the environs with a bowl in his hand with the head Bending towards the ground. What a serene and endearing sight it is! That evokes in my mind the reminiscences of the Buddha's time When the enlightened one Went on his alms round along with his disciples.

No matter one's caste or creed who puts alms

into his bowl, He accepts them gleefully without any prejudice with humane heart.

In turn, He preaches to them the doctrine that signifies the merits they accrue that would make them exalted in this life and the next.

-Ajith Karunarathna

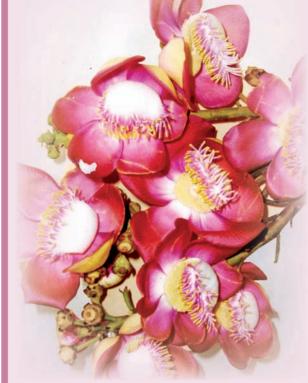


## A silent gift of affection



I thought my heart Was dead forever 'Cos it was stabbed, burnt And broken into pieces... Once it was broken It never seems to mend, But still it is functioning 'Cos of your kindness, Affection and understanding... I wanted to bury All my pain, But it was hard to do... As the wounds will heal And the heart will seal But the memory Will never die... You noticed the tears Filling my eyes; My pain, confusion and Mv worries... Your words of affection Comforted me All the time... I feel so much better now, After spending a difficult time; I feel like Living without fear... I know that you can See it in me, As you helped to Heal my wounds That hurt me every moment.

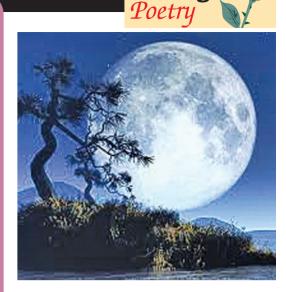
- Anjalie Chandima Silva



## Purity of the Vesak season

This should be the season For the scent of sal flower The most beautiful sal flower, Kind talks are gathered, Oh...! it had see the enlightenment Of Buddha the great... Had heard the sermons – for better life... Oh...! Such a sweet fragrance you are with, Most precious flower-lovely sal flower of ours... At all times It brings us love, peace and Happiness at all times It shows the purity of the season

-Samanmalie Padmakumara



Montage

## The Vesak moon

Oft have I seen the Vesak moon Covly unravelling her silvery face Through soft white clouds Floating across the starry tropical sky So calm and serene she looks, Yet she's lustily bright, While I a mere mortal, in pensive thought Watch her from this troubled earth. The ever radiant Vesak moon Sails over misty mountains Like a richly gilded swan Adorning the tranquil sky. The Vesak moon rises over Lanka's hills and plains Beaming forth her mellow light Over mortal man and beast alike Whispering to all mankind The sublime message Of the Buddha, The eminent sage Whose exalted teaching Appeals to any age.

- Andrew Scott

