

# 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 Karunaratna



# 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  
My 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



# The Vesak moon

Oft have I seen the Vesak moon  
Coily 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