

Montage

Sulochana

Why do you choose to dart your adorable glances
In my direction and honour me O! poet,
When I deserve it not.
The flashing glory of such glances
Render me suppliant,
causing invasive raptures to course
Through the fabric of my being
Illumining my heart with its light of glee.
When I have naught to offer in recompense.
Menial down trodden and poverty stricken as I am,
Selling flowers to pilgrims as a daily routine
To secure a morsel of food
For sustenance of self and family
Being the sole breadwinner.
All that would remain in finality
Would be heart-wrenching sorrow,
Your behavioural pattern betokens
a gazelle in fright Oh, Sulochana.
Be in quietude and hereken
To my narration pray,
You sylph like lissom lass.
Your eyes see all but thyself
You seem to me, a rare experiment
In creation by the creator,
With all the finery of creativity
Your figure is the envy
Of sculptor competent.
The flashing glory of your eyes,
Renders sapphire dull.
The teeth evenly set in two rows,
Suggest to me of the purest pearls
Of the Indian ocean.
Sun has, seemingly, not been unkind
To the sheen of your honey coloured skin.
Your tresses are as dark as the obscurity
Of the moonless starless immensity of the sky.
Cheeks bearings a rosiate glow.
Yor murmuring speech, soft and clear
Is the breath in a seven holed reed.
You have poverty as the dowry
You are condusive to be a poet's dream.
I desire to take your hand if you offer consent
And make you my own.
Sulochana was seized by a clutch of disbelief.
She lapsed into a swoon. When she revived
She was in the fondly embrace of the poet.
She saw the western sky in the dusky eventide
painted in brushstrokes of gold.

Kamal Premadasa



Lyrics from my heart When thou art gone

Beautiful child of glowing May
If thou be the shepherd of the flock
Hear my cry from within my heart
Just turn around, I am on thine footsteps.
If thou make my heart thy home
When thou art gone away ...
When the skies are not blue any more
And the sun hangs his sullen face;
As clouds cease to roll across the sky
When darkness cast her very shades
I feel the hurt upon my heart
When thou art gone away ...
Birds have lost their throaty rhyme
Not inclined to wake and face the dawn
And no urge to flutter their wings.
Without thee to chirp a note upon
And in solitude thy wondrous smile I miss
When thou art gone away ...
Thou art still a child at heart
The radiant shepherd of Summer's May
Whose dewdrops sparkle a myriad rays
Upon thy infinite gentle face.
But fail to fill the void left behind
When thou art gone away ...
Yet, beside a brook I sit and languish
While ripples form a lilting harmony;
But the withered boughs above me
Announce a sorrowful symphony.
Upon a shattered heart thou cannot heal
When thou art gone away ...

Princess



Vesak Full Moon

Moon, moon Vesak full moon
Up, above the green mountain,
You are sustaining amiable beauty and serenity,
And pouring down salubrious moonbeams
Upon the shrines and cave-temples
on the slopes of mountain ridges,
Along, the mountain cliffs
Many deities and gods are coming down
Unto the sacred precincts
To listen to the sonorous chanting of
"Suthra"
Well proclaimed by the Blessed One,
Now preached by the 'Sangha',
Below the shrines and temples
Beneath the shades of Bodhi trees
Pilgrims clad in white, in line in every way
Carrying incense
Baskets of well-bloomed blossoms
Are welcomed by you, neighbourly moon
With hands of shining beams,
You only see their faces painted with hopes
You only hear their murmurous chants
Appealing spell of "Sadu, Sadu, Sadu",
Emboldened by their faithful wishes
It's their salvation, subline truth
Proclaimed by the Omniscient One.



- H.D. Jayasooriya

William Shakespeare

Will there ever appear again
In this enormous world
Linked to English literature, a human soul who
Like a colossus strode the world's stage with
Innovative ideas profoundly literate. Fully
Armed to divinely discourse on every human trait, having
Mastered the clever usage of apt words and subtle phrases
So well preserved in his tomes, gifting
Humanity with ideas sparkling
As did this immortal Bard of Avon, who
Kindled new thoughts and visions in human minds
Eternally open to welcome ideas sublime.
Such was this ingenious dramatist and poet who in his
Pensive moods harnessed his rare forensic skills
Endowed with wit, humour and rhyme to
Able cast in splendidly chosen words now
Researched and studied keenly in academies of fame that
Enrich fond memories of this eternally noble name.



-Andrew Scott

Children are flowers

School is a garden
Children are flowers in it,
They can be blossomed
Or can be withered;
Sun's mood
Makes the weather
For them to blossom
Or to wither,
They must be given
Fertilizer of love
And showered with
Water of kindness,
Sunshine of praise
Makes them shine
And fill our hearts with warmth.



*- Anjalie Chandima Silva
Sri Lankan School Muscat*

A Dharma Vijaya

India's Emperor Ashok,
The greatest ruler ever
To this earth was born
Three centuries ago, before Christ.
Will there be another,
Anyone, anyday, anywhere,
Akin to the likeness of his nature?
I wish there will, in this planet of ours.
Packed with power-hunger,
Grandfather Chandragupta
A carnage created and built,
For son Bindusara to follow suit
And that to son Ashok,
Bindusara, the father to bequeath.
Empowered by the craft and cunning,
Smitten with the glorious conquests,
The carnage King Ashok with greet embraced
A kingdom and many more in view.
Sensing the incredible loss of livestock and
life,
Property charred and razed to the ground,
King Ashok's brows did begin to ache
More severe each day than the one before,
When a transformation dawned on him,
A remorse and repentance genuinely felt.
That was a timely reminiscence
Of what the Buddha taught.

Of that which was learnt
The Noble Fourfold Truth
Followed by the Eightfold Middle Path
To the King came crystal clear.
Right Livelihood to him did unfold
Abstinence from death to animal life,
Trade in weapons and lethal arms,
Intoxicants, poisonous drugs and cheating,
Side by side with Right Action,
Promoting moral and honourable conduct in
peace.
Reaching the zenith of his power,
The Emperor with piety thus enriched,
Spreading its fragrance far and wide
Laid down his ensheathed sword,
Never to draw out that blade again
In Kalinga, his Kingdom.
Thenceforth with no more threat or siege
From within or out befall.
Instead it was harmony and peace throughout
In that war – torn, impoverished land
Did the Emperor, Dharmasoka,
Reign supreme, amidst amity
Free from fear, danger and suspicion,
A Dharma Vijaya gained.

Trixie Marthenez

Sinners

Millions you had ferried to the heavenly bank
Sinners we are, still wandering about
When we will end this, no one would know.
Still we long for this enticing world
Craving with an insatiable greed.
Greed for wealth, power and love.
Is the origin of our miseries, we all know.
Yet we regret to end this yearning
And reach that shore with the heavenly bliss.
The four noble truths, we know by heart.
The Eightfold path, we've heard them too.
How many of us would follow this path?

- Lalitha Somathilaka