



Kisagothami

With a remorseful melancholy face,
in lamenting heart
with trembling hand,
She carried
the lifeless body
her one and only child,
To her, the precious treasure
to the abode
of the enlightened one
the Buddha,
the great physician
for the ailments
of the endless sufferings
of the life journey,
seeking refuge
from the Lord
to give back life
to her dead child
by trudging a good distance
that made her
nearly fainted.
Failing the strenuous task
entrusted to her
by the Lord
to bring a handful of mustard
from a house
where no death occurred
to restore the life
made her realised
the eternal truth,
the impermanence of life
that – every being
is destined to death.
- *Ajith Karunarathna*

Clouds



In the wide expanse of memory,
As in the sky above,
There are days, when
Fluffy wisps of white clouds
Rise up from a hidden horizon
To sail through the sun-lit sky,
Or amass themselves into towers
Like memories of light, carefree days,
When life was filled with love,
Children's laughter rang through the house.
Why did this chariot of time fly on wings?
Some days, moving steadily
Whirls of thick, black clouds ascend
Pile up to hide the blue expanse
A breeze changes into a violent gust
Shaking, swirling and uprooting
Leaves and twigs, branches and trees.
Harbinger of a violent storm.
With memories of trust betrayed,
of words like poisoned darts
Flying from all directions,
Days of toil stretching ahead.
My mind is akin to the overcast sky
As I recollect the time
My girls left the shores of the isle
With their little ones;
I hear the patter of baby feet
Feel the touch of a tiny, warm palm,
Then gales and storms rage within me
Tears, like torrents of raindrops
Relieve the cracked earth
of the deserted, parched mind.
Years have passed
The healing touch of time
Has brought solace and peace
Neither plants, nor trees nor twigs move,
The air is still
Tufts of clouds motionless in the blue sky
No turbulence aloft
Or over sea or land.
My mind does not flutter
Absorbed only on the present,
I live,
As one day gives way to another.
- *Sunila Nanayakkara*



Pleasure

The lawn was shining green
With dazzling bubbles of waters,
That slowly came down
From the gray cloudy sky.
It was not raining hard
But was enough to make you wet.
My cat, seated under a bush
Was watching the flowing waters
Going down the drain.
With tightly folded wings
To drive away the cold
Birds sat shivering under the leaves.
“Lazy to get wet,” I soliloquised
Looking at the feathery friends.
Tickling laughter and shouts from the road
Disturbed my train of thoughts.
Some urchins, in early teens
Were jogging and jumping
All the puddles on their way.
“Happy to get wet,” I smiled to myself
No adjectives I could find
To describe the pleasure they felt.
- *Lalitha Somathilaka*

Rain kisses the earth

Black clouds covered the sky,
Hiding the face of the sun,
Birds flew to the nests
Looking for their nestlings,
Wind blew heavily
Trying to uproot the trees,
Thunder was trying
To show his talents
While lightning
Followed him...
Darkness embraced
The surrounding in a moment
Giving the feeling
Of a night,
Rain has started
Whispering the earth
And soon,
Kissed her with love...
- *Anjalie Chandima Silva*



A day dawns

Gracing the eastern sky with a ravishing smile,
Filling the world with bountiful warmth,
The sun brings us “a day” to dwell upon
A wonder of fleeting seconds
A gift of abundance.

- *Chanakya Liyanage*

The wind

Everyday
without any invitation,
it's blowing everywhere,
over the tree tops,
with the fragrance of flowers,
smell of breakfast
Making a chorus,
for birdy tunes
Touching you and me,
with blessings of God
Sometimes you call it,
“the breeze”,
Flowing over the grounds of green.
When it's violent,
fast and furious,
It turns to “tornados”
and “Williwills” too
whatever, you call it,
“The wind”
For me,

wind is love”
Do you have any objections?
The wind and love,
won't reach a place,
in the same spirit.
- *Sumudu Rathnasiri*

