

# The hunter and his woman

A canopy, dotted with purple, red and white  
Decked with a dominance of yellow  
Eheliya flowers  
Sun blinking on dew drops  
A mosaic for a forest feast  
Irridescence of frondescence  
A dove snuggled to the other  
In a shady bower  
Beak to beak, beak to neck  
Beak inside the wings, feathers ruffling  
Cooing! Cooing! and Cooing!  
An amorous tryst.  
Winged minstrels  
In a sunup sonata  
Tone and rhythm mounting  
To a crescendo  
Smarting from the woman's  
Ranting, railing and nagging  
Empty stomach  
Purring and purring  
Betel stained teeth  
Shattering and grinding  
Hunter with his  
Firetick on his shoulder  
Spotted the lovers  
Boom!  
Sound was shattering  
One fell fluttering and fluttering  
And a thud!  
Hunter's bag got blood – stained  
Last breath was inside it  
The other, a bolt from the blue  
With a piercing cry  
Circling and circling round  
The hunter's head  
To pick out the eyes that aimed  
To draw blood for blood  
The barrel failed to hit  
The bird back on the bough  
Screaming, a tone of uncanny  
To look for the lost lover  
One more bullet  
Aim was correct  
Bag turned heavier  
Hunter's woman  
Belching and belching  
Snuggled close, naked  
Nipples touching the back of the hunter  
Cooing! Cooing! Cooing!  
- H.A. Siriwardena

# Inward journey

As irrational human beings  
How long have we lived  
On this sacred planet?  
Theory of Evolution  
In terms of bio – organic mutation  
May be true, yet subject to query  
The totality of human being, the heart and mind,  
Has not been transformed  
He is what he has been  
Since time unknown  
He has fought many a war  
And killed in millions, his own being  
Outward progress in technology  
The material well-being he has achieved  
Is unquestionable  
History witnesses,  
That he is capable of devastating war  
Earth has not passed a day  
Without a war being fought somewhere  
Tears of mankind have made a river of sorrow,  
And the river keeps of flowing adding more tears.  
The mind with infinite capacity  
Has not been explored by man,  
Except by a few saints  
Who visit the earth periodically  
To deliver the truth to mankind  
When the mind delves deep into itself  
With the instrument of meditation  
Primordial wisdom with its boundless compassion  
Comes into being, like a virgin lotus  
Journey is inward and resources are immense  
Ending the ego – driven journey  
Is the beginning of a new dimension,  
And loving kindness is the way of life.

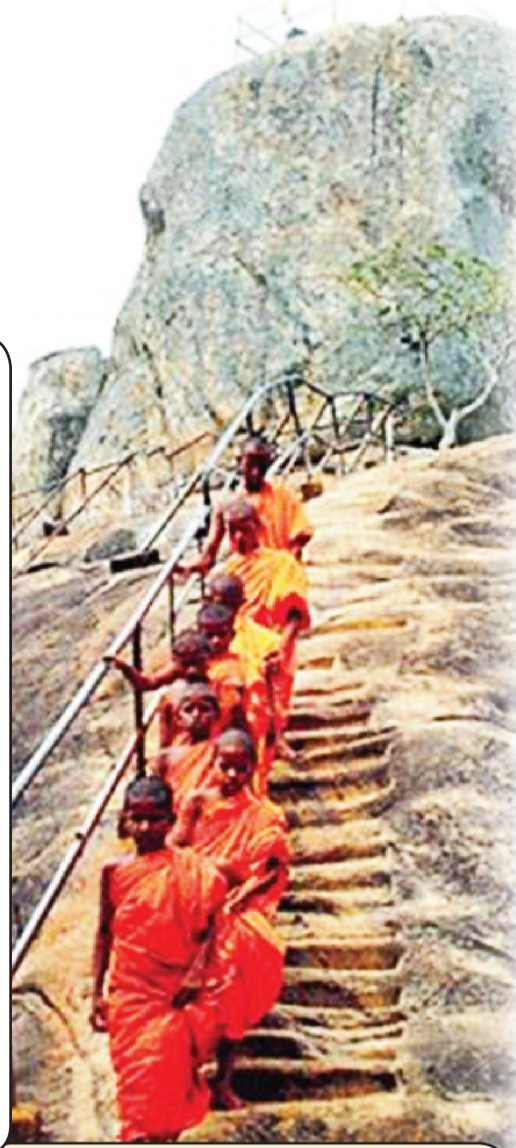
- N. Widanagamage

Lyrics from  
my heart

# The enigma

I wake up from my dreams  
And slip into reality  
Look at the moon more clearly  
And the sun from his distance  
And reach for the stars...  
I assess my broken heart  
That he can never heal,  
His hands are tied, he has no feel  
Compassion or love; nothing at all  
His mind frail and chilled  
Hard as granite, no tears to soften ...  
His world is without dreams  
He feels no heat from the sun  
Nor count the stars at night  
Or feel the dewdrops of the dawn  
As birds chirp atop the trees  
Nor the purity of a blushing rose ...  
But his beautiful fragile soul  
The flawless spirit within,  
The innocence in the eyes  
And the gentle smile upon his lips  
Shall hold me fast forever  
As I keep dreaming to my last breath.

- Princess



# Fragrance of the Dhamma

Fragrance of the Dhamma  
Fragrance of flowers  
With waves of virtues  
Waft in the air,  
Poson moon shines  
Mihintale shines  
Reminding us of  
Our revered 'Second Buddha'  
Venerable Arahata Mahinda!  
*Sadhu! Sadhu!*  
Let's pay homage  
To Buddha, Dhamma and Sangha  
On this special day  
When sacred Buddhism  
Our 'priceless gem'  
Was introduced to Lanka!  
*Sadhu! Sadhu!*  
Sacred 'Ratnanaali!'  
Is worshipped  
By Gods and Brahmas,  
Proud Polonnaruwa roars  
With roaring waves  
Of gigantic tanks,  
Sculptures of Polonnaruwa  
Speak out boldly and loudly  
Of our glorious history of Buddhism  
And the talent of  
Our Sinhala sculptors  
May the four guardian deities  
Ever protect and preserve  
Our ever revered Buddhism  
Our priceless gem!  
*Sadhu! Sadhu!*

- Malini Hettige

# The tempest



Pours in torrents  
As I await, impatiently  
for my spouse  
Delayed arrival  
While I try hard  
to build an ideal form  
To give life  
To my efforts of composing  
Another magical poem  
while the unkind rain  
Dominates with frightful lightning  
And with booming thunder  
Compelling me to be compassionate  
Allowing my canine friend  
Comfort of nuzzling  
Up against my feet  
Inside the relative safety  
Of my stoutly – built abode  
Waiting anxiously  
Till the heavy rain  
Subsides  
Enabling my soul-mate  
Safe journey  
Vanquishing my unwarranted  
And dreadful fears of any harm  
Caused by the malignant storm  
And I long for sunshine  
And also for the aroma  
Of my favourite cup of coffee  
Dutifully served  
With an enigmatic smile  
By my beloved wife  
Known through decades  
By heart-warming  
Bonds of affinity  
Truly going beyond aeons  
- Ranjan M. Amarasinghe

# Grass fields of Colombo

Spreading fields of grass  
Beneath Colombo sky  
Capital for sports  
Pruned so fine to blade  
The lush bull grass  
Flat, growing around  
Rain sets, soaked grass  
Retaining all dew  
Slippery lush mornings  
Well rolled for games  
Watered flattened pitch  
As the breeze sets  
Sweeping around nets  
Suns shining rays  
Heating grass fields  
Colombo sports slumber  
When rain prevents  
The action on grass fields

- Miran Perera

# The serenity of solitude

A stately tree  
with measureless dignity  
Standing alone  
On the dam of an ancient canal.  
Its silent power seems to preside  
The lush green valley.  
Presently, it awaits to catch  
The last rays of the setting sun.  
Now, the evening star  
Is in its own place  
In the easterly sky,  
Facing the new moon.  
Croaking of the frogs  
With some authority  
Sets the evening vibrant,  
One who takes the evening walk  
Is with the unalloyed delight in life,  
And attentive inwardness  
Is on a new dimension  
To be alone is to be all one  
To be lonely is to be isolated  
Aloneness is with its gently serenity  
While loneliness is with its ache of sorrow.  
No division can exist in aloneness  
But in loneliness division does exist  
In aloneness, the egotism is erased  
In loneliness, the egotism is sustained.  
As a flowing river has no resting place  
Nor does the truth have a fixed abode.  
As truth is a living thing  
One cannot find it in a man-made temple  
Verbal prayers or the observances  
Cannot reach the living truth.  
You cannot capture it with your desire  
On the contrary, desire deludes you  
If the windows is open,  
Perhaps, the soft breeze may come in!

- N. Widanagamage

# Smile, a powerful weapon

Smile is a weapon,  
More powerful than  
A gun or a pistol,  
It disarms an angry man  
And makes him  
A friendly man,  
Smile is free...  
Use it often,  
You can see your  
Decreasing tension...  
When something  
Is bothering us  
And need to speak  
To the relevant person,  
Smile before you speak...  
A miracle will happen.

- Anjalie Chandima Silva

# The Kelani in spate

Under the bridge, the swirling waters surge  
Swishing, sweeping, encroaching,  
Disgorging the shanty dweller  
Embowelled on its fringes  
Exposing the sub-human conditions  
Of his existence; under the spanning bridge.  
Its brown, muddy, waters  
A foil to the luscious green  
Of the half-submerged foliage  
Displaying a ferocity  
Not otherwise witnessed  
Enthralling! This beauty in its ferocity  
This display of nature's emotion.

- Jeannette Cabraal

# Transience

There falls the cascade sprinkling mist around  
Dews on the petal roll in and dribble out  
To find the end with a smudge.  
Life - man seeks pleasure in  
Day and night; Night and day with a weary mind,  
Through snow for warmth: rain in drought  
Lilies on rocks: a moon in the day  
Spring in winter  
He pants, perspires in cold  
Suffering and dissatisfaction is the banyan tree  
Pleasure is its tiny nuts  
Everything changes  
It's hallucination  
At last they're bubbles and foam  
Barks in banana plants  
Mirage in a desert and a delusion  
Everything changes  
It changes even 'the change'

- Wasantha Thilakarathna