

Creative movement



A humming bird
With astonishing combination
Of blue and black colours
Is hovering to suck the nectar
Semi-circular sharp beak
Does no harm to the
delicate blossom
Yet, he feeds on it!
The rough earth
Which gives rise to delicate flowers
Is totally different from the flower
itself.
The essence, the fragrance,
the beauty
That the flower owns
The earth doesn't seem to have.
Where is the mystery?
Is it the creative energy?

The lotus is different from
Its feeding ground the mud
Water in the drop
Is the water in the vast ocean
Zero contains all the numbers
Human being is the nano universe
To awaken the creative energy in
man
Is the purpose of meditation
The artist has the glimpse
Of this creative movement
And his expression on the canvas
Is the shadow of it.
Isn't beauty the movement
Of this creative energy
Which needs no expression?

- N. Widanagamage

Friendship



Seated cozily in a sofa one evening
I travelled along the lanes of past
Unravelling the childhood memories,
So dear to me,
I remember you,
With a tiny vermilion dot
On your tan forehead
Clad in a sea blue frock,
Seated at the piano
Playing Do ray-me,
the way we played hopscotch
after school,
how we stole roses from the matron's
garden
One Sunday morning when she was
away,
and screamed in fear
when she threatened us
complaining that food was awful
and we are starving,

how we had midnight feasts
when all were fast asleep
how we quarrelled with each other
For silly things
And became friendly the next minute,
I think you have settled somewhere
after July's riots
In a land alien,
with a deep sigh,
I returned from the past
that never lasts,
to read your verse
written in my 'auto' long ago.
"When distant seas divide us
And you no more I see
Remember it was Camy
who wrote these lines to thee".

- Anula Peramune

Transience

Montage
Poetry

I poured water and put manure
To grow my plant well
I observed its growth day by day,
And it grew flourishingly every day,
With full of green leaves
It grew up in the courtyard free,
I glanced at it one morning,
And saw a bud on the verge of blooming.
I kept hope it'll bloom soon,
And I had confidence it'll give me fruit
The next morning I looked anxiously
Through the window at the golden bud
There was not tree to be seen
There was no bud to bloom
Alas!
The storm which blew last night
Is not quiet but to my sight
Only my fallen tree was seen
- A.M.M. Ali

Reality of life

Life is full of ups and downs.
Joys and sorrows.
Success and failures,
Rebuffs and challenges
Which baffle us during our
lives' long journey.
But we must face them
in a wise and calm spirit.
My early years sailed smoothly
with enjoyable trips and happy
family gatherings
But later years caused me
unbearable grief when my
beloved ones passed away

But I bore it patiently.
knowing all attachments
end in sorrow,
that death is natural
and inevitable.
Nothing do I need now
Gave away everything I pos-
sessed.
To be free from all material things
Now I spend my time in
the midst of nature
which is a healing balm
to my weary soul.
- Samantha Jayawardena