



God's loving care

Threading quietly
 in our spacious lawn
 Often do I gladly spy
 One little white butterfly
 Fluttering in the morning breeze
 Sipping at every tender leaf
 The good Lord takes
 care lest it falls
 How much more
 Will He take care
 Of our immortal soul.
 - Ben Corea

Beyond knowledge...

Man is like a boat
 Adrift in the vast ocean of life
 Not knowing what to do
 With his life now in existence
 When one desire is fulfilled
 Another one is born
 Object of desire varies
 While the desire remains the same
 There is no good desire
 Nor there is bad desire
 There is only desire
 The chain of cause – effect
 Sets the flux of life
 In never ending ego – driven movement
 Desire being conditioned reaction to sensation
 Creates sorrow in mankind
 Fleeting pleasure with inevitable pain
 Is the on going activity in man
 Acceptance of pleasure
 And refusal of pain
 Creates conflict in man
 Observing the nature of mind – matter
 With sensitive awareness
 Sets the wheel of life free
 From the bondage of cause – effect
 Man has sought an abode
 With supreme happiness
 Since time immemorial
 It is here and now!
 The key is with you to open the door
 To enter the realm
 Where the supreme bliss dwells!
 - N. Widanagama

Dream of life

A dream by dream-lost on a painted screen
 During the day it is solemn
 For night it becomes too sweet, gentle and bright
 Present day has gone -
 All days grown old,
 Yesterdays remained,
 Full of expectations they pass by
 A remarkable dream had vanished -
 A glorious morning – run round the day
 Has ended up being yesterday -
 Who will find the truth of love
 Day and night is a dream -
 A chain of love – dream in dream
 Fade by time,
 Flatten the life -
 Dream on dream,
 It rises up – it climbs the hill
 It backs – it sets at the edge of the land on the sea,
 No light any more,
 No dreams at all.
 A dream by dream lost on a painted screen,
 It is the love-unending eternity.
 - Samanmalie Padmakumara

Montage
 Poetry



Coming home

It's been a long, long time
 Since I was here –
 The fields are parrot-green,
 The sun-kissed sky a backdrop
 For the kites of ruby red
 And pristine white.
 It hasn't changed
 This place where we were born,
 And nor have you,
 My childhood friend.
 I often did recall,
 Those fun-filled days,
 The village school,
 Where you and I walked hand in hand,
 And planned our plans.
 Where learning was a joy.
 The pealing of the silver temple bell -
 When clad in white,
 With simple faith,
 We prayed.
 You wisely chose to stay,
 I chose to go...
 Perhaps I thought the neon lights
 Were brighter than the stars
 That shone on lotus pools,
 And starry jasmine bowers,
 How wrong I was...
 And now I've come to stay.
 I'm glad my stone-cooled rustic home
 Has waited for this day, for my return,
 The frame of gold-dipped sun-flowers
 At my door.
 Though waters of a thousand streams
 Have flowed beneath
 My city bridge,
 I'm glad to know
 Our childhood bond
 Is still as strong and sure!
 - Verna L. de Silva

Song of the blind

Dark deep world
 Shadows in mind
 Weaving in colour
 fancied thought shapes
 sharp open ears
 receiving notes on pitch
 rising and falling
 beating with pulse
 A tempo tapping feet
 rhythm ending rhyme
 Flashes of light
 Sparks with noise
 Trembling lingering
 Shaking shuddering
 Voices vibrate
 High and low pitch
 Make ultimate
 Thrill for the blind
 - Miran Perera



Eagles

Beyond peaks
 Over mountain crags
 Hidden with clouds
 Passing, floating, drifting
 Nest of thick twigs
 Aspiring eaglets
 Soaked in rain
 Fluttering wings
 Weak, striving
 Clamouring out
 Below precipices
 Catch the wind
 Flap dexterous wings
 As sharp nails leave
 Beyond cliff and nest
 Returning again
 When the sun sets in
 -Miran Perera