

To my daughter



See that flower my dear,
Gifted with such softness
Beauty and fragrance
Dancing in the garden.
Nature's dowry my dear
Calls for no make-ups
And yields to nature's law
Showing us the stark reality.
Man's course against nature's art
Causes himself untimely fall apart.
If you can learn this my dear
Happiest I'll be, in this world queen.

- A. Jayalath Basnagoda

The reception hall

The reception hall is filled to capacity
With noisy, restless young and old,
The computer screen declares
The flight has touched down.
Anxiety, eagerness, expectations
Grapple my heart, when the thought strikes me
That I would see him in a few more minutes.
"What is he like now?
What changes has the passage of time
wrought on him?
How would he perceive me?"
Lost in thought, my eyes fixed on the swinging door
I wait
I stand on tiptoe, I crane my neck
To get a first glimpse;
An aeon passes.
Then the magic door swings and opens
"Who is that walking towards me?"
A young man, tall and handsome,
With an aura of self-confidence about him
Bright eyes and an effervescent smile.
"Aththamma, how are you?"
Those words had come floating, across oceans
and continents,
But today from him, a few feet away;
Looking at his face through misty eyes, I murmur
"Putha, how nice to see you again."
- Sunila Nanayakkara