Montage

A tribute to heartfelt bonds

Understandably I will at any time Propose a toast As a prelude to A rollicking party For being blessed With a sharp – witted mind Allowing me the admirable capacity To perceive certain matters With a clear and impartial Sage's distinguishing quality And thankfully the task of Climbing to the top of the summit Was a pleasurable and equally Memorable pursuit, Very specially, surrounded by A phalanx of understanding And sincere friends who Celebrated my triumphs With never-ending feast of jubilation While they never failed To keep vigil, protecting me In my gloomy days of adversity Sharing the sorrow with me With a rare feat of patience Making the piercing pain truly bearable And in contrast There were only a very few relatives Who had time and inclination To find out, About their poor relatives Perhaps blindly engaged In amassing huge amounts Of wealth and highly valuable property As the top-most priority And admirably, they kept their "Decent level of distance" Meekly bowing down to an alien concept Of social-Status, closing tightly The strongly-built iron gates With a class-conscious resolve Effectively barring the entry Of less-privileged to their Ego-satiating mansions And when all things Are squarely considered I find life Really worth living Embraced and enriched by The power of long-lasting relationships Resonating with infectious laughter Of true-friends and as an exception To the rule, funnily enough, A first cousin Stood out like an angel of mercy Trying hard to prove The age-old myth that "Blood is thicker than water" Slowly but surely

- Ranjan M. Amarasinghe

Strengthening the fragile bonds With a renewed fervour.

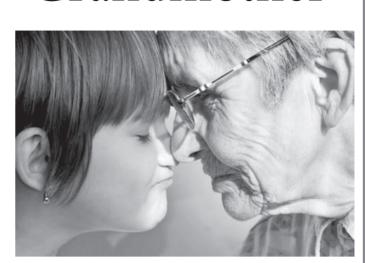


The last decision

He is calling; I see him across. Neither "No," nor "Later Sir." I have to go and leave My loved ones and my worldly things. He is smiling; he had won Wavering I was at least for a day "Let me say goodbye to them." "That can't be done," I heard him reply. Time is up, I have to go. "How can I leave my three grandsons, And my lovely cute little girl? Can't I see them grow up a bit?"
"That cannot be done," I heard him reply. My eyes I closed and thought of four faces Their smiles, their pranks, I had to leave. "When time is up, this is the way." Think not that you won't see me again, Or hear my voice as long as you live. Think of the time we spent together In happy moods as well as sad. Free I would be of pain or suffering Free I would be of anyone's scorn. It would pay off the sadness of my death Until I meet you in my next birth.

- Lalitha Somathilaka

Grandmother



Live and cheerful Chatting and playing Giggles and laughs When fondled and hugged Running around in and out Play hide-and-seek Happiness and joy Pouring through eyes 'Achchi' the repeated chorus echoed afar My love and affection spread to depth My darling grandson My darling granddaughter My heartiest blessings are for you Today and everyday

- Lakshmi Peiris

A plea for recognition



Oh! Yes, at times, I feel as if I'm alone
Since no one seems to call my name
I really do not claim for fame
But some recognition from someone
Can you hear me?
Lend me your ears
Should I plead in vain
Don't turn away and say you didn't hear
It's only a human right
To give a penny for one's thoughts
But now with vision impaired
Lend me your ears and hear my plea,
And leave me not alone
To die in this world
Like a pauper in the bitter cold.

-Daisy de Mel

The river goes by

The river of life Is in eternal flow Life with immense expressions Is the beauty of creation. The bees that suck nectar From a virgin flower Is part of creation. Without life, what are we? When life is, everything is. The only thing we have on earth is life When life leaves us We are the dead matter Life without love Is a barren soil Where nothing grows. With love, one is very rich inwardly Yet, he may be materially poor Inward richness is the joy of life. Love says that earth is ours If earth is ours, we are very rich. We are not isolated For, we are related to the whole universe Love that makes our life rich Is the inexhaustible resource. Love is not cultivable Nor is it marketable. Because it is simply there. It comes to you without your knowing Love is the perfume of the flower of life. Life with love Is life without problems. Love of life, love of truth Is the way of life. And the river of life goes by!

- N. Widanagamage

Colour of blood

Oh! Thinking human! What's the colour of your blood? Is there any other colour than red In your blood? Then why do you boast of your race Or ethnic superiority? That thinking is absurd and irrational Don't you realise this truth Proved by modern scientists? Why do you call others as those of Low birth and caste Since blood is red for all? Just think for a moment Liberating yourself from Irrational ideas of discrimination Between a man and another man All human beings are one race Sans minor differences of caste and birth So let's all call ourselves as brothers And sisters of one mother. And lead a life of peace And harmony

- M.Y.M. Meeadhu