

The shining star

Children laughed, elders smiled
The sweeping wind kissed their brow
Chill in the air announced
The coming of the Holy babe.
And the Christmas tree twinkled,
With spiritual message..
All strife gone, no malice held
As each and everyone, together
Loved and cherished each other
To herald the joyous entry
Of baby Jesus Christ from Heaven
To the fold of His mother, Mary....
I watched them put the décor on
Bursting out in excitement
Of red and gold; green and mauve
And shimmering silver too
They hung the bells and baubles too
All hands working upon the tree....
I sat in solitude thro' the din
My heart beating louder by the minute
I picked a golden star that lay aside
And saw the glitter in thy starry eyes
Placed the star atop the Christmas tree
And heard thy wondrous voice in Gloria....

- Princess

*Lyrics from
my heart*

The existence

The forest seems to withdraw for the night
A massive cloud caught the last ray of the setting sun.
The sky is ready for a deluge.
A water snake is in search of a prey
He makes transverse waves as he moves in water
Herons, after a day of tired work
Now on wings towards the night shelter
Some farmers after the day's toiling
walking home with mammoties on their shoulders
They look weary and tired
No smile on the lips
They seem to ask in silence
"What's this Life"?
"Is existence meaningless"?
We are born, exist and die
Is living different from existence?
Most of us exist, never live
Living is the free movement of life
We struggle to exist
We never see the beauty of this marvellous earth;
For our life is full of problems.
A bird on wings in the immensity of the sky
Enjoys the freedom of life.
The bird has no problems to solve
Is man caught in the illusion of ego?
Ego being the time – created – limited centre.
We humans move on the axis of time and space
Not knowing that there is something beyond.
When one dies to the past totally
One is born anew
This newness is indescribable
And this is what man seeks
The new mind knows what living is.

- N. Widanagama

Montage
Poetry



On the eve of the seventh decade

Gone are seventy-five years!
Surprise, wonder, disbelief
Come rolling to the shore
In waves.
From the yonder deeps
It arose as a mere trace of a rise,
Grew taller, wider, deeper
Travelled in sun and rain
Pushed by stormy winds
The morning rays of the sun
Painted its whitish foam
Rosy pink;
The noon sun laughed at its growing height;
The setting sun scattered it with ochre dust;
In the dark dreary night
It travelled along its chosen path,
Revelled with the touch of the silver rays
On ghostly full moon nights.
The wheel of life revolved,
Days turned to years and decades,
Slow at first, but at a swifter speed, later,
The wave rolled on.
Now, I see it yonder
The faint line of the shore.
With gathering effort, the crest will lift
And ... the wave, will break to meet the end.
- Sunila Nanayakkara