

Guiding star

Nobody sees the broken heart.
Nobody sees the loneliness that lies behind smiles
When we think of you – comes to mind
A life of great sacrifice that brought fulfilment to others.
Tasks entrusted were fulfilled to perfection.
Which resulted in enriching lives of others.
Books and friends were your treasures.
You were a guiding star.
We hold so dear your advice and guidance
We believe will help us achieve at the end of this long Samsara.
- *Pemalee Jayawardhana*

Conscience

In the hectic frantic rush of life
When storms beset and temptation rife
When at forked roads you undeterminedly stand
With diverse thoughts on the mind's wave bands.
The tug-of-war twist the spirit and flesh
Willingness and weakness in conflict pressed.
Softly whispering like the murmuring brook
That gently flows on through cranny and nook.
Persistent, insistent it presses on
That voice of conscience inborn
It cannot be stifled and cannot be stilled
Whether you listen attentive or weakly unheed
That pressing small voice you choose to slight
Still will whisper
"Muster your courage and do the right"
- *Jeannette Cabraal*

I miss you ...

Though words are endless
I was speechless
for the past ten years
to gather them up ...
It is still unbelievable
what has happened to us ...
...and the way
you left us ...
Tears are falling
when I think of it
Life is so cruel ...
never gave a chance
to say goodbye ...
No point saying that
"the pain is so unbearable"
nothing will be healing
my soul and my heart
I miss you so much
as I have much to say
I wish you are here to
share the joy and the sadness
Joy and sadness
I feel together
when I see the
grown shadow of you ...
Though the decisions are not ours
I wish you left the little one too ...
It would have helped
to console our broken hearts....
Wishes are many
though they don't come true...
nothing that I can do
other than send my love to you ...
- *Hemalee*

An ode to my noble friend

Noble friends, without you,
I know not where I would end up.
You taught me, happiness is not hoarding money
Or collecting rubbish
That most people would call "treasure"
You taught me, happiness is giving, caring and sharing
you have got the sixth sense to read between the lines
And you understand what I don't say
You always proved
"Slow help is no help"
And your wallet opened willingly, generously.
Your compassionate eyes are always ready to say
"Your need is more important than mine"
If I don't say this, tell my friend
How do you know?
That's why I always say
"You've got such a big heart....!"
Teach me, my noble friend
Where on earth you get that patience, courage
To erase my gloom, my worries.
You praise my virtues boldly in the presence of others
Whereas you reprimand my faults, very delicately
very gently
To correct my faults

Making a gentleman out of me.
I bear no malice towards relatives
Yet in need of a help
They limp, they lag far..far.. behind you
You outshine them making them rather guilty
When in trouble, when relatives try hard
To give intricate solutions with hard conditions
Your empathy, your compassion
Dwarfs the relatives' fake attempts
Giving me relief, giving me great consolation.
Without you, my noble friend
For me – the world would be a dreary, dull place to live
And your mere presence makes my heart brimming with joy
My admiration for you is beyond my words
For making this world again a beautiful place
A wonderful beautiful place – a paradise
Linguists, intellectuals, pundits
Invent, create, explore for better words
To admire to praise my noble friend
I challenge – you dare not !
Thank God!
We can select our friends.
- *D.H. Shanthiratne*

