

Intermezzo

As morning light comes through
And wakens the sleeping world
To reflect nature's own glory
In her deep wonderment
Rays of dawn streaks yonder skies
And stir the move of breeze...

If thou art my Teacher and my Lord
I miss throughout the day
If erring is mortal, thou must forgive
The fusion of my heart to beat upon
Louder and louder like thunder storm
No drive, no passion; none held back...

The broad clear brow dazzles the dawn.
When carpets of buds wrap the day:
Thou to appear and their petals spread
And wild flower scent smear the air
Flying from the golden woods
At times I let the sunbeam slip away...

Winds linger to caress thy wondrous face
As dreams never die nor cease or fade
When thou art close to my heart
Words upon my lips cannot define
The sorrow that seize my soul
And rip apart what's left behind...

Lord, do not let the solid earth
Fail beneath my feet as I seek thee
Like a lily all divine and pure
Will thou share alike my lord?
When thy voice the dewdrops woo?
On lilies as gently rise the sun...

Chiselled features sleek and clear
Why the Lord showered on the alone?
He saw thee through my eyes and sighs
And bless thee with perfect love
To touch my heart in sheer joy
Even from a distance...

- Princess

Father, a deity



According to Buddhistic norm
father is a deity in human form
He bestows on us all our needs
As we are the products of his seeds
While mother is giving us love and care
Father is suffering for our welfare
He is the family's steering wheel
Who supplies us with every meal
He is mustering always his might
To make our future better and bright
A good father is the family's light
So unto his children he is the best sight
Some fathers work in the sun and rain
Undergoing lots of trouble and pains
Aiming to make their children happy
Regardless of whether it is night or day
In the evening we await at the stile
Though he is away about a mile
To enjoy the sweets he brings us
In sharing we make a great fuss
My beloved father loves me so much
I value a million rupees his one loving touch
When I ride on his warm shoulder
I feel like a king happier and bolder
When old we must pay back his dues
Looking after as long as he lives
Without making him displeas or enrage
When no more we must worship his image

- Davidson Goonetilleke

Montage
Poetry



Compassion

She was there, sweeping the fallen leaves
And then, so fervently,
Worshipping.....
It's so peaceful and quiet,
Only she and I,
Under the shade of a spreading Bo tree.
Again I go,
And there she is,
Thin and frail,
A fistful of flowers in her hands,
Laying them at the feet of the Buddha,
Under the shade of the spreading Bo tree.
She moves away as I light the lamps,
"The heat of the flame hurts my eyes,
I'm losing my vision
I've no one to turn to, I'm poor,"
She pours her heart out, tearfully,
Under the shade of the spreading Bo tree.
I've got her eyes examined,
Paid for the cataract operation,
A date fixed, her fears allayed,
The needful done,
We go our own ways, from,
Under the shade of the sprawling Bo tree.
I Visit her in hospital,
I meet her again, she says,
"I can see the Buddha's face so compassionate, serene,"
With hands raised, palms together,
She blessed me a thousand-fold,
Under the shade of the sprawling Bo tree.
"My life has changed, my vision restored,
How can I ever repay you?"
She was so happy, and so was I.
To me, it was a desire fulfilled, merit acquired,
And it all began
Under the shade of the sprawling Bo tree.
- Rupa Wijesinghe



An ode to a magpie

In early hours of dawn
Long before full day light falls,
I listen to the musical notes
That come echoing from a birdie's throat.
Are you in that bush close by
Hiding away from the human eye...
It is only to your mate you devote
All that charm from a lovely throat?
But at times you don't sing sweetly
Not very pleasing to the ear.
'Tis a wailing, eerie cry...
What's the reason, oh tell me why,
That's why they call you "evil bird,"
When you are single, they look aside,
When you are with your mate
They smile and say, "Two for joy!"
Who are they to judge on you...
To call you evil, what right have they..
Some humans are so unkind...
Forgive them birdie, forgive me too.

- Piyawathie Jayasuriya