

Farewell

One day in an eve
I met you in a beautiful park
Then, the flowers were blossoming
The birds were singing
The water springs were flowing
I hugged you smoothly
Everything was pleasant
But on another day
I got a letter of condolence
That you were killed by an armed group
But I could not attend your funeral
'Cos, I also was a soldier
You fought for liberation
I fought for my living
Both are helpless and hapless
We shall meet in next life
At last I wish you to attain
Supreme Bliss of Nibbana.

- *Jayantha Premalal Hettiarachchi*

Montage
Poetry



Loan

It has been raining
Like a waterfall!
He has come with umbrella
But he got wet!
It doesn't matter him
Whether wet or not
Whether rain or not
His only need is
to get back the money
Which he gave as a loan
It's still raining
Man with umbrella
has been calling yet
Mistress of the house
Came out of the house
Instead of her spouse
She said
"We would very soon
settle your loan"
No, I can't wait
He said,
"When I gave the money
you took that as honey
What a shameful thing
you have given me
date and time
to settle my money!"
She carelessly answered
"he is not at home now
He has gone out"
How could the man
Who gave the loan know?
Her husband
has been sleeping
Inside the house.

- *A.M.U. Ali*

St. Joseph Vaz

St. Joseph Vaz for us please pray
Today, and pray for us everyday.
Joseph Vaz dear saint, we were stranded
On our dear soil when you landed.
Sri Lankan Catholics were being persecuted
Eagerly you came, when help was needed.
Prayed for rain, without it we were frustrated
Heaven smiled on us your prayer was answered
Very prayerfully you faced every situation.
Answered God's call for others' salvation.
Zealously you worked for our dear nation.

- *Emilda S. Douglas*

Two tender leaves and a bud



The two tender leaves and the bud
Long to feel your soft touch but
Plucked with your supple cool fingers and
Held tight in your tender grip
Trembling and shivering in
The morning icy-cold breeze
You move on to the next bush.
The two tender leaves and the bud
Sunned, fanned and crushed by the
Maniacal machine!
Isn't your life like
The two tender leaves and the bud?
Pushed around, driven by hunger
You shed your blood and sweat
To fatten the purses of others
Crushed!
You spread crushed chillies and onions
On the roti hardly enough for two!
Four little ones around you.
Your emaciated body, shrunken cheeks
Lusterless eyes
Mock at your youth!
Isn't, your life like the chillies and onions?
Crushed!
Periya Dorai (big gentleman) in his
Hybrid box on wheels
With his newest angel
Belted by his side
Climbing the gradient slowly
After the drizzle
Mud splashes on the clothes on your body

Once you succumbed to his
Lusty, lascivious
Crab-like grip
Don't you feel that you are like the mud?
Crushed!
Vamadevan
Your partner in
Pain, agony and your "guilt"
With trembling body and shaking hands
Washes the box on wheels
You are enamoured! You look inside
"Oh? what beauty! what comfort!"
you touch the body
The angel covering her body in an
Expensive and cosy overcoat
Spread over a large armchair
Sternly looks on.
Have you left any spots with your
Dirty hands on the
Immaculately spotless sleek body of the
Box on wheels?
Do you feel like sitting inside there for
Once or
Do you burn inside
To torch the box and
Yell and shriek hysterically
With arms raised above
At the inferno,
At the flames rising up into the sky!

- *H.A. Siriwardena*

Loneliness

Sensation hides in the surge of life
moving like brine in the heart
from time to time
reach the coast of eyes
receiving endearment fully
from non-owning
life remain without hopes
waves of memory break
and recollect eventful moments
feel to be on those occasions
though it is sorrowful
like to forget entire scenes
though it is memorable
like to forsake all and step up
but, suddenly, I'm scared
my thoughts dawn in mind
shout at me saying
no one is there for me
other than you
though I don't own myself
I own you day and night
You do all to prove it
But I know you are not mine
Contrast misleads me
What is to believe
Eventually, hopeless life bellows
and stabilises loneliness
Even though one and only thought
is you
I am in a cold war
To forget you which I could not,
never

- *Hemamali Gunarathne*