

Companions

Montage
Poetry 

A hare and a lion
reached the portal
Of a restaurant
On a sunny morn,
And remained there
In quietude,
In a spectacle of rarity.
The head waiter,
Suppressing his perturbation,
In a display
Of feigned courage,
Bade them in.
He, in a tremulous voice,
Inquired from the hare
What he'd like for
Broadcast.
I would like sandwiches
And black coffee
For a change
Answered the hare
In a tone
Of authority.
What may be
The preference
Of your mighty friend
Pray.
Well, he has had
His breakfast,
And not in hunger.
How,
May I inquire
Are you, Sir,
So certain
About his
State of hunger.
Do you reckon
That I would enjoy
The privilege
Of his gracious
companionship
In this fashion
If not.
- Kamal Premadasa

Dusk

Early filtering
Light arrives
Passing mist
Sifting clouds
Gleaming colours
Mixed dew
On the leaves
Absorbing reflecting
Sun retained
Wingers slow
A moon pulls
Pushes to darkness
Resilient sun
Decisive, firm
Climbs up
Defying all stars
Winning all light

-Miran Perera

Seasons of life



Sprouts appear, nestlings chirp
Along with it a new year's born.
Amidst much love, blessings and hopes
Appears a baby, 'tis the Spring of a life.
New things he sees, new things he learns
The loveliest period of the life, I feel.
With the end of the childhood,
Comes the summer.
New visions he has, ready for challenges.
Hot blooded youth, some people may call it
Swamps and thickets you'll come across
Be ready to face them,
They'll polish your life.
Summer ends up with a new found love
To begin the next, the Autumn of life.
More disciplined now, with a spouse and children
Working hard to make both ends meet.
Grey hairs appear to tell the world
That the Winter of life is fast approaching.
Cold and feeble, three quarters gone
The end of the road is not far ahead.
Like the snow that covers the world around
A cap of white hair adorns your head.
"Be ready" it says to leave this world
To an unknown next,
You would soon be leaving.

- Lalitha Somathilaka

The crow



Kaak, Kaak says the crow
As the woman throws breadcrumbs on the roof
On Saturday when Saturn reigns supreme,
She wants her bad luck to diminish or vanish
No alternative, only the crow for her help
If he eats her food, she will be blessed
Mothers feed their children
By calling the crow
Kaak, Kaak, Baby won't eat
Come here please
The baby forgets not to eat
And soon eats all his food
There is an old fable
About the thirsty crow
He puts pebbles into the water pot
For water level to rise to quench his thirst
So we know the crow
Is a clever bird
Crow is cunning they say
'Cos he lays eggs in the cuckoo's nest
After the chicks are hatched
They begin to caw
The cuckoo realises his folly
And chases away the crow chicks
If a crow caws near your front door
A visitor is sure to come, they say
But most of all he is needed
By us humans really
Is to clean up the garbage
We amass each day

- Prasadini Nugawela

On freedom's way

May the gentle winds of peace caress our beloved land
May the soft swishing waters that lap the golden sands
Speak softly of the magic that had held us together for years
Sinhala, Tamil, Muslim, Malay, Burgher, sans fears, sans tears
And as we unfurl the Banner once again
Methinks the early magic once more reverberates
Hope undying Hope – a nation's innate ardent wish
Surfaces once more as the flag aloft so rich
In inspiration declares;
Spurn not this heritage
Of amity love and peace that has been thy image.
A noble freedom won; maintain the nobility thereof
One people under this banner of freedom that flies aloft.

- Jeannette Cabraal

To my beloved motherland

Dismal days melted away like morning dew
And a new sun broke with golden rays of freedom;
Hopes arose in the deep souls of the people
For an era of mirth, joy and peace.
Rise, my country, my beloved motherland
No more crying and sighing in fear of uncertainty;
My brethren from the far north and the east
Join me to honour you in the spirit of harmony.
With your echoing fountains and luscious foliage
We yearn to see your sparkling smiles;
Bells from the temples, kovils, churches and mosques
Peal to bless you for good health and longevity.

- Anil Pagoda Arachchi

Disappointment

Spring of thoughts,
With full of doubts,
Hopes are fading,
Thoughts are roaming,
Without having an aim,
Walk upon a disappointed path,
Towards the horizon,
And always alarmed that...
I've lost,
My glorious nature.

- Puthula Dulari Kumarasiri

