

On Golgotha

The long, hard journey ended
The long day's task was done
Shamefully on a cross
'Twixt thieves he hung
His sagging form suspended
From two nails that pierced the palms
The one on his right repentant
The other had no qualms
If you're God then save us
And save your own self too"
Thus spoke the tone of taunt and jeer
A materialistic attitude
The other full of pity
Welled in his own dark pain
"Lord in your kingdom remember me"
He did not plead in vain
for he plucked from the cross that promise
For a sinner's shame
A lesson taught
'tis not despair nor defiance that pays
But the sharing of a common pain
and repentant ways



Jeannette Cabrall

Inner feelings

You all have a tight schedule
Still I enjoy your annual visit
But your presence is felt everyday
When I saw the name board
Sathuta Home for the aged
My heart missed a beat
I still remember how you said goodbye
The words penetrated my heart
Take good care and live happily
My eldest son treats many a patient
Second one gives legal advice
Third daughter married to a millionaire
When my mates ask why I came here

I say, variety is the spice of life
But if my inner feelings can talk..

Lal Kananagara

Faith

Months ahead
His Holiness Pope Francis's visit
I wanted to book a place
Where I could witness His Holiness Pope -
And I was lucky to get lodging
Not far from the Galle Face Green.
Before His Holiness Pope's arrival
Before dawn
From far and near
Devotees had flooded the Galle Face Green
The rich and the poor
The young and the old
The able and the disabled
The strong and the weak
Irrespective of caste, creed, race or belief
All for one cause
All for one faith
To get His Holiness Pope's supreme blessings.
I had witnessed harmony in music
Harmony in other forms -
Yet the motley host of people
Amidst all the inconveniences
Surpassed all the harmonies
And my heart filled with joy
My heart filled with happiness
Seeing the best harmony among the people
With the same faith -
With one aim



Pope Francis

The aim of spiritual harmony.
They never grumbled
They shared humbly what they had
They murmured only soothing pleasant words -
Their inconveniences, hardships lovingly forgotten
As they were beautiful souvenirs
As a token of remembrance of supreme faith.

They saw His Holiness Pope
Showering blessings on all – equally
He blessed the weak, the disabled
tenderly – all alike
Making them forget their illness
Forget their pains
Forget their worries
Giving them hope.
In my late sixties
Forgetting my physical pains
I stood for hours
For the same cause
For the same faith
For His Holiness Pope's blessings.
And I saw – I felt His Holiness Pope's
Compassionate eyes – heart soothing,
heart warming gestures
And I was blessed.
My mission completed
I returned to my country – New Zealand
And happy moments haunt in me
I need nothing for the rest of my life
Because I had His Holiness Pope's blessings.
I'd willingly like to repeat my pilgrimage,
Undergo the difficulties and inconveniences
For the same cause – the same faith
For the same compassionate blessings.

- D.H. Shanthiratne

Spitefulness

A dreadful disease for which
Nobody managed to discover a treatment,
A treacherous serpent
Which does not heed
The pain of the victim,
A concealment
To hide the truth
That toils hard to ease the burden,
It forces the benevolent thoughts
To sink in an abyss
Never to see the sunshine again.
A cold-blooded creature
Which creeps in disguise
To harden the heart of the bearer.
It is to be totally condemned,
Disdained and deported
to protect the precious lives
Of the innocent.

- Kumari Weerasooriya

Change

It was a few decades ago
I spotted a large and spreading tree
Which stood at the peak of the
Hantana cliff,
When life wasn't that chaotic as today.
Every morn I watched the tree
Standing so majestically,
Silhouetted against the rising sun's rays
And off I wondered what there could be
Beyond the cliff in the valley below ...
Sharpening my vivid imagination.
Such peace and calmness of
nature's beauty
Is a panacea for the human soul!
But alas, some years later,
Returning to Kandy I watched eagerly
For the Hantana cliff and that lovely
tree ...



Oh! Gone was that large and s
preading tree!
Instead two tall steel constructions
Stood in place, very firm and strong,
The green cover of the Hantana Hills
Was blotched with many a
storeyed building!
Oh development, oh development!
You really have ruined nature's beauty!

Piyawathie Jayasuriya