



Tribute to Dr. Martin Luther King Jr

(On the Anniversary of his
demise on 4th April)

In that era of racial segregation
When humans were enslaved by hate
You boldly stood with inspiration
Challenging the unfair hands of fate
It was your passion that all men must be
Equal with dignity as brothers
Ensnared minds were set free
Truth was all that really matters
You drew your strength from God almighty
Whom you relentlessly served so well
You led a generation to victory
Who with pride your achievements tell
Your dream today is a reality
You paid a supreme price
Your precious ideals remain a legacy
It was founded with much sacrifice
- D.S. Joseph

The Chalice

He walked along
With slow measured steps;
Searching, searching.
For a chalice
To hold the wine
To be transformed
Into His precious blood.
"Take me! Take me!"
The golden bowl cried out
'I'm made of gold. I'm carved
I'm expensive"
Heedless He walked along
With measured tread.
"I'm pure, I'm silver
I'm glistening"
Clamoured the silver vessel.
With not a glance
Unmoved
He laboured on.
'Wooden and hard
and strong am I.
The answer to your search"
Ignoring He passed on
'twas not the answer to his
search.
"I'm metal, I'm brass
I'd do to end your search"
He was tired, His feet were
sore
Yet He moved on.
There lay a clay pot

Broken: utterly broken.
He lingered there tenderly
"My search is o' er.
It's the like of you
I was looking for.
I'd mould you once again
Into the form I need.
You! Broken, discarded
thrown away
It's you I seek"
Gently He gathered
The broken clay
He'd knead it, restore it
To serve him.
To pour into it
His all-saving blood.
The needed, mouldable
receptacle
For His purpose.
The broken receptacle-
restored
The broken bread - shared
His broken frame - man-
kind redeemed.
(Inspired by Father Prasad's
presentation in Sinhala on
this topic at the finale of the
Lenten Retreat at St. Joseph's
Church, Grandpass.)

- Jeannette Cabraal

Man vs Animal

There dwells a deserted man
In the pavement of the road,
He has nothing to own -
Only a tin in his hand
To collect coins
From passers by -
Sometimes that tin remains
Empty -
Some days - it is full -
Once there is a loaf of bread

Thrown by a passer by -
There is a diseased dog
Lying close to the man -
with whom it quarrels
Over picking the bread
For eating in hunger -
The man loses the battle.

- M.Y.M. Meeadh

Friendship

It is a fresh flower
At the dawn
So pure and fragile
It springs up in the noble heart
Devoid of vices
No jealousy
No envy
No treachery
No betrayal
The souls
Enveloped by its fragrance
Share joys and sorrows
While strengthening the bond.
- Kumari Weerasooriya

Teacher asks pupils

What's your ambitions?
One hand goes up
"I want to be a doctor
Teacher turns to another
I want to be an engineer
Teacher beams with happiness
Then it was the turn for a girl
I want to be a good housewife
You haven't understood my question
The teacher gave a quizzical look
You haven't understood
The reality of life
The girl mused
- Lal Kannangara