

The garden of Spring once visited

I gazed upon a thriving daisy
When Terra's nether has
clinched to fall,
plying a land a pigmented
posy
And the fronds with the
flecks of fraught
Was held by a long wreath
withered stalk
Clipping clouds moved
beyond a drying leaf
Overcasting the garden with
Spring's replete
Which was once visited by a
fairly of relief
Across my meadow was a
peaceful kirk
Where her mild mellowed
ticker dwelt
When one sees her virtuous
walk
Along the lawn one snow-
drop swelled
With dripping thoughts of
pure that pend
Making the thick snow
unmelt
But once the angel of pure
and fond
Had elapsed so soon with a
morning wind
My fable around the grieve
and sorrow

Was squealed by a lot of
unhumming birds,
Murmuring my woe to
unmew
The spirit that lived the
demented dreams
Arose to evolve it's cold
unwinded wings
That flapped with their thud
thudding phonic to fly
When it flew to the quash of
Spring's
My soul moaned below the
sad starless sky
When pulps perturbed to
weep and cry
So little notions for a filth of
dreams
Had foiled in a warded ecsta-
sy as I
The desired thoughts of pure
and chivalrous
Of bliss
Has emerged as our idled
pile's outward
Above the Orb when I met
my Autumns
Some daisies for a new
Spring-tide flourished

- **Heshan Shivantha
Kumarasinghe**

Elegy

Gallant Warriors of Sri Lanka! Remembrance!

Do we really remember?
Oh! Do we?
If so, how many?
How long?

The memories miss the heartbeat for a second, when so the hot silverine tears roll down effortlessly. The sigh! The hiccup and the ceaseless sob follow.

The stampede and heavy thuds of the boots, the crack of the rifles the bursts and echoes of the bombs, the cries of pain beckoning the beloved mother, the hush and rush to and fro silence the air and life with the blood flow...

The far cries and screams of sorrow; of *ammass*, *appachchis* and siblings carry the agony to the marrow. The distant drums of the dead beat play of the last post! What agony they paid for the betterment of our morrow...

The elite, all of high and low ranks pay respects in sombre mood. The kith and kin yell, sweep and chant endearments of love and loss, the final blow of the bugle and quivers down the spine making the grief stricken lifeless and speechless. The final bows of sad Good Byes. They rest; their duty done for us! Oh Mighty Gods May they rest in peace!

It's just another grief struck mother of this land that pen these words with a heavy heart of lead; for a slain soldier boy and thousands of others who sacrificed their lives, maimed, destitute and desperate. These voids cannot ever be filled.

It's wonderful to note that the gallants are to be honoured on the 19th of May 2015. A fitting tribute should also be made to the parents, for the sacrifice they've made for the protection of our Motherland Sri Lanka! After all, they gave their sons and daughters for our tomorrow.

- **Manel Wewegama (Mother of late Major W.M. Sanath. B. Wewegama Armoured Corps - Sri Lanka Army)**