

A nostalgic embrace

Still remembrance
 provoke all minds
 bring remembrance
 that distant past
 where touch retained
 recall nostalgia
 remembrance it is
 bringing, lasting
 much felt fragrance
 like a fresh bloom remembrance
 unforgotten remaining
 an embrace surprising
 Thaw emotions, remembrance
 turning all sorrow
 to much relished relief
 a skin, dry flesh
 soft touch, strong grasp
 finally conveys remembrance
 presence beside self

- *Miran Perera*

In an operating Theatre

The things were going good
 on my forehead,
 glittering lights,
 two or three,
 three of four.
 I, simply closed my eyes,
 preferred to hide in the darkness,
 to slip out the fear.
"Atti Imasmin Kaye Kesa"
 Could not figure out,
 consoled me,
 who and who.
 And then,
 much learned,
 much observed,
 removed my dead veins,
 you who were all,
 in Bhavana,
"Mansan Naharu Attiminja"
 but not me.

- *P.G.K. Goonatillake*