



Maestro

The Muses bequeathed lyre to you
 Voice and sound mixing to make
 An enthralling rhythm
 For your devotees to be tranced
 Half-closed eyes, the state of semi-oblivion
 The posture of one in a "Dyana"
 Attaining bliss
 In an orchestra of a strange voice
 Zigzagging to a time
 Chisel and hammer made compassion
 In the serene look of
 A 'Samadhi' Buddha
 The dancing moon
 Beside the dancing sheaf
 The fish that makes a rhythmic - ripple
 Are the meter, the tune, the word
 To your song.
 The bubble of life
 Despair of a bleeding heart
 Flicker of flame in the spring life
 Are the themes for your winter
 The spring of your winter
 Rises to a crescendo
 To a beauty, transcending
 The metallic sound
 Of a disc
 Going round and round inside a box
 At the depression of a button
 Your winter is your spring
 The quaver of a shoulder
 The nod of the face
 The light in your eyes
 The motion of your rhythm - born hand
 Itself a music, a song and
 The Muse.

- H.A. Siriwardena

Remembering my brother's birthday (Sept 5, 2015)

I still see your face
 A photo in a frame
 A lifetime of memories
 Like petals of an orchid
 It lingers by
 Still I sigh

- Charmaine Candappa

Flying-pen

'Weeping-heart', with 'scorching-wind!' flying like 'chaff'
 I am a 'devotee'; before you, dear 'flying-pen!' for a moment
 I expound my riddle! With my art; to you
 The heart is smoothly dabbed; and lulled! by your 'true sense of mercifulness!'
 Utterless 'whispering-eyes!' discourse to the heart rather than mouth
 Passion! is chased by the 'true-affection!'
 It cannot be seen; because of 'darkness!'
 Effortless-soliloquies; born from the bottom of the conscience! up to the brim
 The 'horizon!' is a 'deceit!' not a 'reality!'
 It seems too-close; nevertheless it has 'massive-span!'
 Thus I feel! 'I am hapless!'
 'Weeping-heart', with 'scorching-wind!' flying like 'chaff'
 Cannot be forgotten the 'occasional-meetings!' with the pen within 'short-duration'
 With such feelings! I enjoy 'doe's-antic!' as well
 Dear pen; It is a 'long-hour' to me

- Merril Perera



Jail

Behind closed doors
 Stout wooden panels
 Dark, congested space
 Empty, soiled floor
 Peeling walls, Musty
 Odor of human refuse
 Hot, rising temperatures
 Graffiti, unclean floors
 Hell on earth, foolish minds
 Uncontrolled emotions
 Evil reactions
 Impulsive behaviour
 agitated anger
 Quick, unforeseen
 Reactions, Revenge
 In fatally results
 Out most seclusion

- Miran Perera

