

Kelaniya's Duruthu panorama

Silvery moonlight filtering
 Through the shadowy trees in the environs;
 Diffusing lustre
 To Kelaniya's panoramic night
 Enacting the tradition
 Of a historic site.
 Quiet flows the Kelani
 In the vicinity
 Draped in silvery gleams
 The environ's contribution
 To the glamour of the scene
 The temple stands
 Sedate and tranquil
 Anticipating the throb around.
 The devotees throng
 In worshipful demeanour
 Sight-seers pass
 Wrapt in curiosity
 Whips lash
 Drums beat
 Tinkling bells and dancing feet.
 Rhythmic movements
 torches flare
 The majestic tusker
 With respectful treat
 The casket bears.
 Religion and history
 Together weld
 A pristine tradition
 In continuity held.

- Jeannette Cabraal



Wet leaves, glisten in the sunlight

In the corner of our land, towards the East elegantly
 stands a tall tree.
 So handsomely tall and with a smooth shining girth.
 From predators embrace it is saved and free.
 The branches entwined with leaves like lace
 Swaying with the gentle breeze
 Adorns the ever-green jungle, pre-eminent with grace
 Soothes and restores a tangled mind with peace.
 One bright morning with the breaking of dawn
 I looked up to the sky, and what may I say, caught my eye
 I couldn't believe it, I.... w.h.o.o.oped! with delight
 And in ecstasy, like a child, I cried.
 Blossomed in all its glory, for the first time seen
 A big cluster of flowers! Like a powder-puff gleam
 Crowning the top of the tree,
 The streaking rays of the early morning sun on the dew-drops
 sparkling like myriad scattered tinsels on as Christmas tree.
 Oh! These tall stately palm trees, we have seen no other
 Blend with the scenes so gracefully
 The one stately tree that stands beside the Dawson Tower
 Fails to shower the nature's lovers
 With a bower of flowers, so quintessentially
 But stands so desolately lonesome – and appear carefree.

- Sheila Bandaranayake