



The hunter

Alert and rigid it lay in the centre
 Its legs were placed firmly around
 Half closed were its googly eyes
 Resembling a dead creature, not a living one.
 Rays of the sun were twinkling on its web
 With the flowing breeze 'twas faintly swinging
 Yet nothing would disturb his waiting game
 He's marking time to catch its prey.
 With a sudden swerve of the glittering web
 Came alive the big 'dead' spider.
 Like the 'sputnik' forward it sprang
 At the struggling fly. Oh, what a pity!
 Inside its mouth the fly was still rebelling
 With trembling wings, breathing its last.
 The chase was over.
 Back at the centre of its web
 The spider lay solemn again
 Waiting for its next catch.

- Lalitha Somathilaka

Diverse inspirations

A cloud floating freely
 Across the blue sky
 Inspires an inquisitive child
 To wander in his dreamy world.
 A glamorous morning
 With the sun ringing its bells
 Inspires the sensuous artist
 To display his outstanding talent.
 A river moving slowly
 Chiming its silvery ripples
 Inspires the thirsty poet
 To reveal his expressive thoughts.
 A benevolent heart
 Ready to melt with another soul
 Inspires the world
 To taste humanity,
 The greatest of all inspirations.

- Kumari Weerasooriya



Bopath ella

Betwixt two granite rocks touching the sky
 A white mass of water gushes down
 Hundreds of feet, to an unknown depth.
 The morning sun adds a glow to the snow-white foam
 The blue sky frames the falls, in the shape of a
 gigantic leaf
 Of a Bo tree.
 I wonder at the imagination of the mind
 That compared the Falls to a Bo leaf.
 How apt it is!
 On dark moonless nights, the roar of the waters
 falling
 Reigns over wooded hills and hamlets.
 On cloudless full moon nights, the ethereal
 enchantment
 Of the cascading mass with its unceasing roar
 Presents an unearthly splendour.

- Sunila Nanayakkara