

# Dreaming from the mountain top

## Tribute to Dr. Martin Luther King



In a world segregated by hate and colour  
 Black and white had divided a nation's brotherhood  
 You were positioned for such a volatile hour  
 Racisms deep poison you wisely understood  
 In 1962 you began the fight in Albany  
 To defiantly stand up for what was right  
 During 1964 you began to relish glorious victory  
 New generations would take forward the fight  
 You bestowed on your people genuine liberty  
 In your radiant 'Dream' they steadfastly did believe  
 By your martyr's death you championed equality  
 The world's respect today you receive  
 The unwise men talk of language and race  
 Indeed they remain, bound by prejudices ignorant chain  
 Today freedom's light shines on each human face  
 Unity must valiantly be sustained and reign  
 - Dishan Joseph

## In fury

Sitting by the sea to soothe my cares away  
 Farthest I glimpse large tidal waves forming, and  
 Entwining with the small waves weaving into ropes.  
 With a sudden roar it comes rolling and rushing towards  
 the bank in all its fury  
 Dashing and splashing on the cliffs and rocks,  
 Gushing forth to unleash its sparkling foam.  
 Ferocious as it came, it softly calms down its waters  
 returning to the mighty ocean,  
 Like man losing his temper,  
 Regretting later for causing harm to another.

- Yasmin Jaldin



## Anuradhapura

Anuradhapura, the ruined city  
 Where our past glories are buried  
 With colossal stone pillars, crumbling  
 temples  
 How I'd love to visit it once more!  
 I knew I was too frail and old,  
 Sad and frustrated my eyes I closed,  
 I heard the sound of the rustling leaves  
 That danced to the melodies of the flowing  
 breeze.  
 The golden sand tickled my soles  
 As my bare feet carried me around.  
 A tender Bo-leaf of the Sacred Bo Tree  
 Wafted at my feet, 'twas a treasure I beheld.  
 Mahamevna, the ancient park,  
 With hundreds of shady, age old trees.  
 Wasn't it here where the monks sat  
 Meditating to achieve the highest goal?  
 Soft winds that were blowing from the tanks,  
 Drove away the heat of the day.  
 I was walking on a soft green carpet  
 Nicely trimmed grass of a royal park.  
 Here and there were Asoka trees  
 Covered with full bloomed lovely sprigs.  
 'Tis here Prince Saliya, son of King Gemunu  
 Met his 'chandala' bride, I've heard.  
 'Twas only a dream, I opened my eyes.  
 I've visited the ruined city again.

- Lalitha Somathilaka