



An ideal plot

Wild the garden was, thick and overgrown
 Intervened with bushes, climbers and creepers.
 Wild flowers wavered to and fro
 Dancing happily to the blowing breeze.
 Bees and butterflies hovered around
 Happy were they with these lovely beauties.
 Birds and squirrels jumped around
 Supplying their music to the wild scene.
 Rabbits, rats and other creatures
 Peeped through bushes with their round fearful eyes.
 Rattle snakes too were there, we saw,
 'A haven for serpents,' some used to comment.
 A big black giant with big round wheels
 Emancipating smoke from a hose in front,
 Growling loudly 'grrr, grrr'
 Was seen rolling towards the thicket.
 'I'm not scared, be aware,' it warned.
 Rolling towards the outgrown land.
 Forward it rolled, further and further
 Straight into the thicket no pity it had.
 Down went the bushes, creepers and climbers,
 Trees big and small; in awe we all watched.
 Where are the little creatures, I suddenly wondered
 For they were nowhere to be seen around.
 Fear must have driven them away we knew
 To hid themselves from the fearful giant.
 Dead and withered on the ground lay the thicket.
 Thrown into a tractor and was carried away.
 The bare land stood, sans all its growth.
 Not a trace of the thicket the giant had left.
 'An ideal plot for my mansion, I'm sure.'
 Commented the owner with a happy broad smile.

- Lalitha Somathilaka

Nature weeps

Parched land
 Arid, Dusty
 Cracked, Dried
 Death lurks
 Impending
 Disastrous
 Angry Gods
 Taking revenge
 The sky weeps in
 This predicament
 Drops of rain, fall
 On bare earth
 Absorbing to
 Sodden soil
 Turn again
 As Nature
 Thrives more

- Miran Perera

Hating and greeting!

You may hate me or greet me
 Yet, hating and greeting have now
 Become one and same to me, my friend !
 I might be hated by you for something
 And you might hate me for any other thing
 I might greet or hate you
 Hating and greeting may seem different to
 one another
 Yet, they are nothing but one
 When I heard a voice within me
 'There is a pleasure of being hated by all'

- Ponniah Ganeshan

The peace inventor

In days of yore
 Our primitive folk
 Found the tung oil
 To dispel the darkness
 By kindling lamps
 In the course of time
 Well known scientist
 Mr. Alfred Nobel
 Invented an explosive substance
 Ushering a new era of science
 Yet, as a curse of his invention
 Entire world is in blaze
 Every now and then
 Fuelling flames of the war and
 Causing nonstop bloodshed
 If he was in premonition
 He would never invented
 So-called dynamite at all
 Before long of his invention
 Was he in desperation
 Seeing it's aftermath?
 Then, he shared his earning
 Having categorised
 To grant a 'Nobel Prize'
 To even those who dedicated
 By sake of the peace
 But, all are in a dilemma now
 How we can find out
 Such a peace inventor?
 Among the debris of
 Prolonging wars
 That pervade all over the world

- P.D. Sarath Karunaratne

