

Children, our Angels

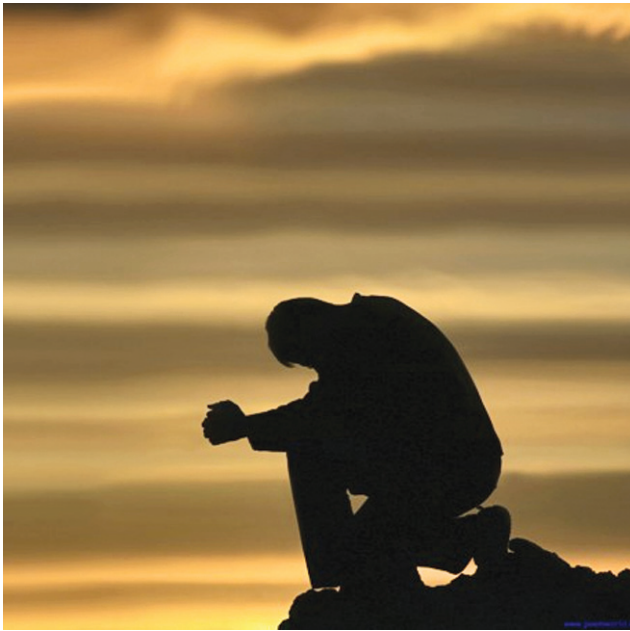
In the world of sinners of ours,
 How could we be hypocritical to ostracise
 A naïve poor boy of year six
 And depriving the most precious education of his,
 Allegedly branding him a leper contagious
 Whilst he is still a whining school boy
 Creeping like a snail to school
 Denied of his mother's warmth morning everyday?
 Children are our angels of heaven,
 For they are innocent and clean
 Like loveable fragrant waterlilies grown
 In the murky depths, concealed perhaps
 And so unseen.
 Then, the good Lord Jesus says,
 "Let the little children come to me,
 And don't forbid them
 For of such is the kingdom of Heaven"
 Mathew-19:13-14
 So did godly Samaritan of Trinity,
 The principal of a gracious school community
 Welcoming the reviled innocent to Kandy
 Performing the benevolence of genuine Humanity.
 Thus, saving the poor boy from the junkyard
 Of the sadistic underworld of the thrice blessed land,
 Authentic humanity this illustrious white man displayed
 To the so-called patriotic Paparaband.

- O.C.G. Senapathi.

It is HER day

worth is immeasurable
 when the role played properly
 as daughter, wife, sister
 and mother on the top.
 Optimism drives her forward
 beyond visible limits
 to bring success to the family, country
 ultimately to the whole universe.
 Mildness is a blessing
 to replace hardness
 with soft melting manner
 to maintain ever valued peace.
 Affection inspires a heart
 to reflect it further
 sharing the warmth
 of never slacking humanity.
 Neatness in words and manners
 of her blessed life
 impressive for others to follow
 to enlighten their own selves.

- Kumari Weerasooriya



Wilting with 'bending-body'

Still under the 'indoor-shelter'
 Waiting for a 'drop of water'
 Seeking, craving, mourning and weeping
 Yelling, wailing, though cannot be hearing! as its 'mute!'
 Self, move less 'indoor-plant's agony! for a 'drop of water'
 Rooted around 'piercing!' the 'dry-soil'
 Within the 'flower-pot' vicinity
 Neither water! Nor 'drench-soil' were found
 'Intolerable-torture' for quench! It's thirsty;
 The heartless 'vicious-human,'
 Had no attention as previously;
 It was exposed directly! to the 'noon day-sun'
 After 'no-inquiry;' It was renounced!
 O suddenly the 'outdoor' gloominess was vanished!
 With the 'drizzling!'
 O the 'surpassing-rejoice' was 'scattering!' entire 'outdoor'
 'Meadows' and 'flora' were 'enveloped!' by the 'silver-shower'
 O hapless 'indoor plant' still watching! Such changing

Wilting! with 'bending -body' though 'expectation!' for a 'drop of water'
 Thus no 'expected-shifting', replacement' took place
 To 'outdoor' 'fresh-coolness' for a 'drop of water'
 Rapport! with water was lost! frustrated!
 'Melancholy-wailing' without a 'drop of water'
 Still under the shelter; wilting! With 'bending-body.'

- Merril Perera

