

Thathagatha, the perfect one

In his last life he was born in a Sakyan family amidst luxury and comfort
He was carefree, happy and gay with hardly any effort.
Though he spent the childhood in excessive extravagance
Nobody could conceal from him the underlying facts of life's impermanence.
He left all his belongings, beloved wife and the new born son

Then giving up all acts leading to mischief and fun
Roamed in the surrounding forests and serene hills
As a tireless campaigners of a noble sacred task up hill
For the ever increasing burning problems to find a solution
In other words attachment to life and life's evolution

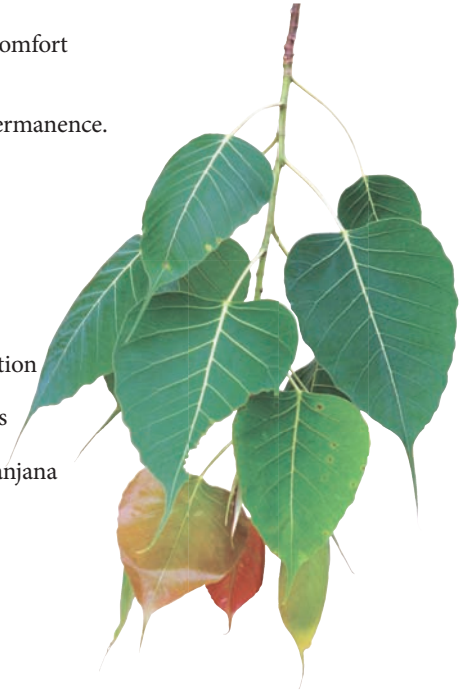
He went to all previous teachers to seek them assistance and attention
But nothing seemed to come through for his satisfaction
Then he continued all forms of self mortification and the extremes
Of what he felt was correct to achieve the bliss supreme
Soon realising it was not the correct path, walked along river Neranjana

Fully convinced of the truth of life in Jaathi Vyadi and Jana
Seated under the Asatu tree at Bodh Gaya on Vesak fullmoon day
Attained Enlightenment the greatest bliss the universal way
Now he is the Buddha, the Thathagatha the Perfect one.
Developing the super human powers of vision divine.

It was not something revealed by a pious divine being
But a discovery through his own effort for human wellbeing
It was a way of lasting relief from all bonds of attachment.
And the nature of life with impermanence and suffering inherent.
He realised the truth underlying human existence

In short the true facts revealing birth and death ever since
He realised that life is sorrow and that is due to craving
Which causes living beings to hoard wealth not by proper saving
Craving in its deeper sense is the root cause of suffering and birth
That never ends till life lasts on this earth.

- Rupa Banduwardena



Flicker with delight

What splendour is this beneath the sky?
Glorious lanterns dance gaily on high
Gently caressed by winds that blow
The moon-agate beauty of Vesak lanterns glow.
Octagons, paper patterns some like stars
All strung up resembling pearl tiaras
In pulsing beat, in motions gentle
They swing and sway and almost mingle.
Some glisten and glow with bulbs within
While coloured ones shine in glitter and tint
Some cast beams from taper light
And wind-blown frills dance through the night.
Bucket lanterns simply lovely, simply sweet in
Blue, yellow, purple, red, green and pink
Like jewels hanging on the trees
Flicker with delight, abandoned in the breeze.
Their splendour and brilliance survive not long
Wind and raindrops, these fragile things torn
Vesak lanterns like an ephemeral dream
An illusion, an ecstasy, a theme.

- Caryl Nugara

