POETRY

Raindrops

Raindrops are gushing Through the Lotus Tower, and Through the streets of the City of Colombo, to The green Beira Lake. At last it comes rushing, Unexpectedly, And abundantly Disrupting the lives of The city dwellers and office-goers. There's so much of rain here now Rushing down a drain spout Filling all the gutters. Yet the drought stricken earth Far - far away is yearning for A crystal droplet. I wish you got your share of rain soon-I'd send you rain if I could. - Inoka Samarawickrama

Death, the Buddhist view

In the universe where there is birth There is also the end, the death Since life appeared on earth Most dreadful to man in death Not pleasant to average man Occurs within the life span The key that unlocks life's mystery Started with inauguration of history Death really and truly is certain Facing death is the prime concern It is a strange land in turn From where no traveller returns Birth and death is a natural feature None is exempt from this law of nature All are subject to destiny of death Some day coming upon everyone an earth It's a long journey to unknown destination How much you struggle, is beyond examination Life and death are two ends of same process With nothing performed in between in excess Death is a part of life in its wider sense With its purpose, we understand life hence Everyone born to this earth Die sooner or later before next birth It is a tedious way to doubt Demanding a life of morality throughout When its control is beyond one's ability Naturally he is inclined towards morality Pondering frequently over death Will reduce amassing wealth Death also leads to cleansing of mind Not only craving but also greed and pride Death uproots pride and varsity Selfish feelings, also notions of superiority Occasional focusing of mind on the subject That all are equal, no one can reject For the rich and poor, high and low At death they reap what they sow - Rupa Banduwardena

