

Kelaniya's Duruthu panorama



Silvery moonlight filtering
Through the shadowy trees in the environs;
Deffusing lustre
To Kelaniya's panoramic night
Enacting the tradition
Of a historic site.
Quiet flows the Kelani
In the vicinity
Draped in silvery gleams
The environ's contribution
To the glamour of the scene.
The temple stands
Sedate and tranquil
Anticipating the throb around.
The devotees throng
In worshipful demeanour
Sightseers pass
Wrapt in curiosity
Whips lash
Drums beat
Tinkling bells and dancing feet.
Rhythmic movements
Torches flare
The majestic tusker
With respectful tread
The casket bears.
Religion and history
Together weld
A pristine tradition
In continuity held.

Jeannette Cabraal

Montage
Poetry



The heart of man

A rich lake,
Surrounded by lush green forest,
Irrigates the village paddy fields,
Throughout the year.
Now, the lake is quiet
Without a ripple.
Serenity and silence
Sweep across the space and time.
Mind with inexplicable lightness
And complete openness
observes the joyous expression of life.
There is a hermitage
Overlooking the lake
Ascetics in the hermitage
Close their eyes
To the intensely alive beauty of the place,
And lost in the imaginative meditation;
Seeking the truth.
Truth being a living thing
It is not for those who seek
and desire for the search
Deludes the inner disposition.
When compassion with no boundaries
Enters the heart of man
There is no more sorrow.
As compassion and wisdom co-exist
The journey of life is sacred
And love is the action per se.

N. Widanagamage

The web I weave

Raising myself lazily
Off the luxury of sleep,
Glanced out of the pane,
At sparkling lush greenery.
The sky is a blue robe,
Spreading endless with
Mobile specks, the birds,
Of various colours, melodies.
Down the sill, I just gazed oh!
A riot of colours dizzy lizzies,
Dew like pearls glisten on them,
Since it's very early morning.
Maroon curtains added colour,
A feast to my vision, or inner mind.
Opened a tap, the silvery glimmer of,
The sparkling silky running water.
Peal of a bell, the squirrel's tongue,
Displays three clear lines of black
White, beige, how delighted I am,
The 'Lady of Shallot' weaving the web.
Animals, birds, flowers, mugs, curtains,
Smiling sky green of day granny's grin,
My web traps the nature, via naked eyes,
How colourful, lovely, how comforting!

Radha Ranjani Jayawardena

Wrong tablets

Startled I awoke, in a bath of sweat,
A host of mosquitoes singing 'Hosannas' fled,
Leaving 'Goose-pimples'
When I scratched, some bled.
I then sat up in bed
My legs I knew not where
I looked around and saw
All things in twos, threes and fours
And my throat, Oh! It seemed so sore
I then fell flat, back in bed
And thought, let someone, find me dead
But dead? No! I did not die
But awoke at last, into a bright sunny morn
And realised I had taken the wrong tablets!
And not what the doctor prescribed.

Sheila Bandaranayake