

Would have been the princess Destined to be. Had my Royal lineage been alive. Tho' it was not to be: I am not sad When from nowhere I found a Prince In God's beautiful hands... He wore no golden robes Instead, an innocent endearing smile. No crown upon his head, That glittered in princely gems... The glow upon his wondrous face, Was as sacred as my Saviour's... But, why art thou so distant, my Lord? Each time I seek thee morn and night; Yearn to feel thy spiritual presence, In my heart every minute of the day. When I hear thy resonant voice calling, Afloat in air and far away... Is it that I see thee so differently? From rest of thy earthlings around. That cross thy path as days are done. They fear thou holds no love in thy heart Nor feel its depth, even for trusting-me.

Tho' thou art the Lord I see in thee...

-Princess

A prayer for sunshine

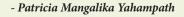
I can still Faintly recall That there was a drizzle When, I at last Reached my not so close Step-brother's home After being told Over the phone In between sobs About my aged-mother's demise And I left The loss, deeply Perhaps, As I was not prepared For such a shock At that precise moment Necessitating to be A weary traveller Of an arduous journey Creeping slowly A feeling of aloofness Enveloping my lost soul As the sorrowful mourners Passed the coffin In a long line Showing their obeisance While I felt Like a total stranger And as apt I made a quick retreat To a distant relative's abode Nearby, Seeking hitherto denied rest Hopefully With the best intentions Of restoring Life enlivening Peace of mind Fighting heroically Against feelings of Melancholy and depressing gloom

-Ranjan M. Amarasinghe

A new city in the making



The city gleams, the city beams, Waterways, walkways, arcades, gardens, Flowers in bloom, intermingled with the Colours of the rainbow Myriad of blooms in heavenly hues, Will not blush unseen. As the poet says, Pavements splendidly done, With a finish so beautiful, Adding colour, bringing colour, To the enviorns, It's not just beauty, but beauty for a cause Buildings reborn with colour. Reinstating the past glories, Back to light. The Independence Arcade, A heaven on earth A mission and a vision. Shade to soothe the weary. The Race Course a symbol of the affluence Was sunk to depths of despair, Raised to valiant standards again, The sunk grand, Grand Stand, Once a majestic realm. With all its glories, Was left open to the skies Dilapidated, deteriorated, Now again reborn, Brought to light, The onlooker – who passed with a sigh, Will now pass with a smile The floating markets, waterways, walkways The gardens, the gold square, The citadel is a heaven on earth. With all its virtues. It is the Wonder of Asia, And the beauty of Lanka,



Our motherland.



Farewell to childhood

Oh.... dear childhood It hurts me a bit When I recall the past. Why are you leaving me so soon? I want to be On my mother's lap forever I want to be in my father's arms forever I want to be With my little friends forever Dear time, why are you taking all those things away from me? Please let me be in that fantasy I want to be mischievous again But my mind doesn't let me to I want to wear my papa's clothes, and act like him again But now his clothes barely fit me; I want elder sisters to pinch my cheeks and say, "You are so damn cute" again, But now it's funny they don't even look at me Alas! Childhood is leaving me So, I have to climb another Step in my life

- Tharinda Jayaweera

