

Lyrics

from
my heart

Mid-ascension

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.

- Patricia Mangalika Yahampath

Montage
Poetry



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