

The earthslip



In a fraction of a second
With violent rage
You appeared.
Nature dumbfounded
People ran
Helter skelter
Nobody knew
where they were going
The hustled and bustle,
The trails and tribulations

Of the innocent.
The downtrodden,
Buried alive
Everything perished
Irrespective of colour, caste,
race, religion
Suddenly they were buried
With all their belongings.

- Sumedha Arunashantha

Fidelity

He was a canine of no significant breed.
His mother was not known,
Nor his father having no record of his pedigree.
Sri, his master named him Tommy
When he was adopted five years ago.
Tommy loved his master to a fault.
During the period his love and affection
Grew in quantity of immensity.
Masters reciprocity was of the degree
That a mortal could bestow upon an animal.
Tommy was a lovable pun,
With sprightliness and spree.
A member of the poor family
Partaking of the sustenance,
frugal albeit
Oft times the leftovers
Becoming a vegetarian
By force of circumstance.
When his master returned home
After a laborious day's work
And rested a while in repose
Tommy would break into a frenzy of ecstasy,

Leaping upon his lap to lick his cheeks
With strokes textured with profundity
With love's balmy therapy.
When he gains an upright position
He would run round in circles
Wagging his tail vigorously
In a wanton display of affection.
His master's untimely death
At the prime of his youth
Consequent to a motor accident,
Was a devastating event.
A stabbing calamity that penetrated
The recesses of his whole being.
Tommy's disappearance after the funeral
Was noticed but evoked no anxiety.
Srimathy coined that Tommy obviously,
Changed the environs to forget the sorrow.
An animal rescue worker of benevolence
On his rescue operation one day,
Espied a dog sitting beside
A freshly dug grave

But the incident evoked not much concern.
When he was engaged in another expedition
However, of like nature
He noticed the same dog after a couple of weeks,
Near the same grave emaciated
Hardly able even to breathe steadily
In an apparent mood of total dejection
Fresh tears dripping upon the patch
Of the rust of old tears.
It was later revealed that Tommy was
Guarding the grave of his master
For fifteen long days, with no food nor water
Withstanding the freezing cold of the nights
And the scorching rays of the sun in the noon.
Such valour such fidelity
Is a rarity indeed.
(Based on a true story)

- Kamal Premadasa

Montage
Poetry



Sri Pada season



Commencing soon is the Sri Pada season
Why not we join this pilgrimage?
Hordes of butterflies yellow and white
Have already started their sacred flight.
Chilly winds whistle through the waving trees
Karunavayi, Karunavayi, flows with the breeze.
Peace and harmony is the keynote there
Pious and holy feelings we share.
At *Sitha-Gangula*, the iced cold stream
Dipping in water, as a pre-requisite.
Munching *Aggala*, the traditional sweetmeat
God Saman's protection, all climbers greet.
Resting a bit, when the weary feet request
Climb the Peak with an unwavering zest.
Beneath the Sacred Foot of the Buddha,
Your heads touch the ground, serene and composed.
With pious thoughts, forgotten is fatigue,
No words could convey the rapture you'd feel.
- Lalitha Somathilaka