

# I searched and searched for my bones

I'm that I'm He who pre-existed and self-existed  
My reward to bond man to God recoiled death  
My foes disfigured my body; I hardly looked human  
They pierced my hands and feet with seven-inch nails to the cross  
For my cloak, gambled they to win while I pained on the cross  
My skinny blood stained body wrapped on a shroud laid in the tomb  
A boulder placed at the tomb's gate was Arimathia's security plan  
I rose from the tomb to amaze friends near and far  
My foes numb, they scanned the Golgotha Hill for my bones  
Nothing found as I rose on the third day  
Caesar's rusty bones – a God supposed – in the tomb still  
I sprang from the tomb – testimony that I am the image of God  
Thus and thus no corpses in the tomb area to shift banned by decree  
To spite Me the Romans stalled a temple to Venus at the tomb's gate  
I'm Jehovah's 'just one' glued to the hearts of every one  
Step on my path for mercy drops and showers of blessings

- H.L.D.E. Perera



Montage  
Poetry 

# Hunger is the best sauce

Greedy?  
Nay, not  
Swallow or eat?  
He is very hungry  
It seems  
Isolated  
Squatting on the ridge  
Holding the plate in his hand  
Filled with rice and curry  
Whoever  
Until his destination

- Wijerathne Dahigamuwa

# Dawn



I opened the window  
and the rays of the sun  
penetrated through the curtains  
to my small room  
The dew drops are glittering on the grass  
The flowers are blooming  
spreading their fragrance  
People are getting up  
with new hopes in their hearts  
and I welcome the dawn  
with happiness in my eyes  
- Tharu