

Reminiscences

Easter Echo

*Grey clouds hovering in the dark sky but
no rain
Mighty sun hidden with shame
Birds have gone quiet
Fear, fright and foreboding
How can there be a silver lining?*

*Another dawn of the Easter Sunday but no
heart's-ease
Hundreds of devotees kneeled down at
Kochchikade church
Nobody suspected the Bomber in disguise*

*Destruction, doom and death
Did they know it's their last prayer?*

*Melodious choirs died out in the thin air
Suddenly a thunderous blast
Deafened the mass
Hundreds of innocents exploded into pieces*

*Screams, shrieks and sobs
Why did they have to sacrifice their lives?
Who is to blame?*

My Guide

*He seems a giant tree
As tough as tough can be
Unmoved by any breeze,
Not even a gale can shake it*

*His face is like the moon
In his eyes is a glow
Infant- like his lips open
His smile is like the ocean*

*When I saw him alone
My adulation knew no bounds
When I tried to put it into words
He showed no emotion at all*

*What I wanted to know
Was his way of life
No emotions or desires
Only the effort of awareness*

*How wrong I was
He is a giant tree
Steadfast he stands
Devoid of all defilements*

*Even from his face
I feel his compassion
Guiding me
Like a beacon*

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