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What I saw ahead of myself was a plank-laden bridge held together with iron suspension cables. It swayed and bounced with each step of a commuter, even a strong gust of wind, which was quite recurrent in the surroundings atop the Kukuleganga river. There were gaps between the planks giving short lived but shocking views of the sheer 60-foot drop and the crossing was too far for peace of mind. Yikes! I think I just succumbed to the contagious bout of vertigo that was threatening to triumph over my strength of mind ever since I spotted the Kosgulana suspension bridge.

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