

Reviewed by
Indeewara Thilakarathne



Visiting Anne Frank's house

I walk through a dark alley of history
And my mind is a hurricane-afflicted city.

I now sit on a bench near your statue
Outside the house
Where dead flowers are stacked like
The corpses you would have seen in Auschwitz.

Walking through a dark alley of history
My mind is a hurricane-afflicted city.

I saw the shattered dreams of your life;
Your room, your diary notes
And the pictures you pasted
On the walls of your room.
The images are carved into my fossilised mind.

The tears shed inside the dark house
Are frozen now
Winter weather outside is an enemy.

People who visit your house
Take photographs
Standing next to your statue
Some collect souvenirs;
As part of their collectibles of Holland.

I can't do either.
I have frozen tears and a hurricane-afflicted mind
My memories of your life
Your writings are my souvenirs
Carved into my fossilised mind.

Sunil Govinaga

The visit to Anne Frank's house evokes strong feelings in the mind of the poet 'the dark alleys of history 'of mankind. The poet aptly compares his disturbed mind to a 'hurricane afflicted city'. The poet uses apt metaphors in a down to earth diction to revisit one of the darkest eras of human history.

My dearest father

How can I believe that you are no more?
You are my father.
The last day I saw you was 21st of July, 2010,
That was last year, three days after your birthday,
I didn't see you after that day,
How can I believe that you are no more?

You are the one who carried me to the temple,
Carried me every morning from bed to the kitchen.
You are the one, who gave me advice,
Even the three days before you leave this world.
"Don't answer the phone while you are driving."
You told me and went away from your life.

Everything I see reminds me of you.
Everything I think brings tears to my eyes.
The day I called you for the very last time,
You were very happy, strong and not sick.
"Don't worry about us!" You said as usual,
When I asked your health "

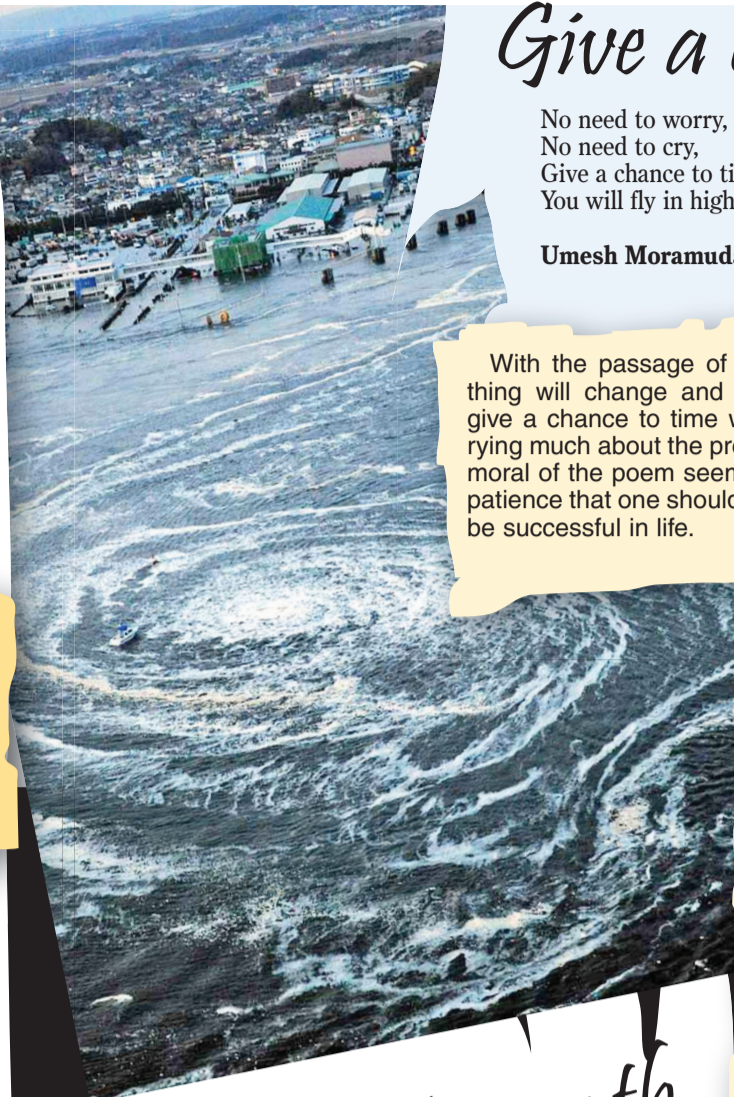
You used your pen to write to the people,
To make them happy, knowledgeable and wise.
You used the same pen to write your last wish,
That stopped me coming to your funeral.
If you knew thoroughly how hard it was,
I am sure you wouldn't stop me or my kids.

I know how much you cared about us,
Coming from overseas you thought worthless.
One month has passed with sleepless nights,
The pain I'm going through makes me feel sick.
I call mum everyday to make her feel good,
But I can't believe that you are no more.

I Love you ... My dearest father!

Dimuthu Wijayaweera.

Although the poem may lack poetic idiom, it records the sincere sentiments of a daughter towards her father who left suddenly from this mortal world. The poet revisits the milestones in her life associated with father.



Give a chance to time...

No need to worry,
No need to cry,
Give a chance to time,
You will fly in high sky

Umesh Moramudali

With the passage of time everything will change and one should give a chance to time without worrying much about the presence. The moral of the poem seems to be the patience that one should exercise to be successful in life.



Moon

moon
chuckling
stars
cheering
night
laughing
chuckling
for the
reunion

T.Mannapperuma

In this poem the poet has skilfully used the moon as a potent symbol to indicate a blissful reunion of lovers. Lovers' emotional state is well captured in the apt description of the sky, moon and the night synchronising with the feelings of the lovers. The poem is noted for its brevity of expression.



Nature's wrath

The mirthful smiles of wondrous woodland
Is seemingly non-assistant
The profusely green environs
Turning into dull grey

The symphony of moon-lit brooks
Is heard no more
The spendthrift wind has lost
Its gentleness and balmy quality

The plants that bore blossoms aplenty
Remain haplessly in skeletal form
Bereft of blooming blossoms

The zigzag flight of butterflies
With wafer thin wings
Bearing myriads choicest hues
Formed into pattern intricacy
Which was an awe inspiring sight
Is, alas!, seen no more

The audio treat which was the chirpy crescendo
Of freedom loving birds
Has become an enchantment of the past

Their formation flight in clusters
Silhouetted against the cerulean sky
Is seldom, if, ever seen
The sky itself is turning into murky grey

The curtain has dropped in the drama
Of blooming, blooming bath in morning due
With bumblebees hovering around
Creating enchanting humming music

The heavenly bridges upon which
Nymphs tread in glee which the mortals
Call the rainbow has lapsed into hiding
O! Where are the music
The lyrics of the poetry
And the picture of picturesque quality
Arduously created and zealously preserved
By mother nature?
All indiscriminately destroyed plundered and thieved
Beyond redemption by witless mortals
In a spasm of frenzy

The vengeance of nature due to the imbalance created
Has begun in devastating proclivity,
Their remains no alternative than to face it
O! Perpetrators for it is far too late
To make amends

H. Kamal Premadasa

The poet protests against the environment pollution which has caused ecological imbalance and the imbalance has resulted in nature turning against man. Though, at times, the poem sounds a statement, it is rich in ideas.

With key words, the poet tries to epitomise the chaotic situation resulted in the melting pot of activities. The poem is noted for its encrypted ideas which sums up diverse scenarios and their synergistic effect on the people at large.

Ethics, physics, psychics makem
Politics tricks happen
Corrupt disrupt characters
Appear disappear
Mischievous crisis of deceit
Benefits evil, reserves support
Smuggling terrorists into power
Polluters create terminators
American imperialism innovating
The nation of poverty
Intellectual intelligence assumes
Logical transition of power
Tyranny with irony, irony
with tyranny experiments with money

Amitha Bandara Sannasgala



Beside a swirling brook!

Through the vanished years sped by
Burnt rays on trees beside!
The scenes of my childhood pranks and joy
Beyond the valleys of golden bronze
I ran up to these trees of loveliness
And gazed at the swirls of leaves ...

Two pigtailed, tossed in the wind
Framed a toothless, winsome smile,
Made the birds twirl and sing with delight
On tree tops, around and beside
My childish scenes were made of these
For nature, my loving friend was ...

As buds unfolded her petals to bloom,
I found myself blossoming forth,
Beside the same winding brook!
With the same birds sinning above
And the face I saw in the river beside,
Belonged to the carefree girl I was...

The starry eyes and peach-pink cheeks;
Of youth that makes music sweet
As the silver lining in the clouded heavens
Set against a sky of flame,
A heart filled with love and joy
'Neath the trees and brook beside...

Gwen Heart

The poet epitomises the intrinsic value of the swirling brook and the environs which has always been a part and parcel of the poet's emotional life. The poet skilfully evokes strong sense of time and the changes that the time has brought about in her life. The poem is noted for its apt use of metaphors and evoking strong sense of nostalgia.



Hats off!

Murali's magic has now ended
Giving fans a chance
To reminisce the past
His brilliant art of bowling
And magnificent wicket taking
Sets the place on fire
With his fans desire

You bowled with a magic spin
You're the world's best spinner
And determined winner
Never gave up
You always showed up
You are a legend
and will always be

Obstacles came your way
And you won your day
With determination and courage
You were an example to the boys
They will reminisce with joy

Sri Lanka produced many greats
Like Roy, Micheal, Sidath, Bandula, Ranjan,
Dulip, Ranathunga, Aravinda, Roshan, Sanath,
A few have i mentioned
But many more there were
Whom we will not forget
But reminisce
And you are one among the best

As Tony will recall
Little Murali with that charming smile
We will sure miss that constant smile

Hats off dear Murali
Lanka's strong willed son
You made cricket
Much more fun
When you came on last
To score the last
And made cricket a blast

Dilrukshi De Silva

The poem is a tribute to Muttiah Muralitharan who retired from cricket. The poet extols the talents of the international cricketer, a balling legend who is a living symbol of ethnic harmony and Sri Lanka's pride.



Politics

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