

Nostalgia

A poor consolation for a fading light

A hunt through the arcades,
A search for spectacular shades,
A shape bewitching,
No doubt, quite mesmerizing

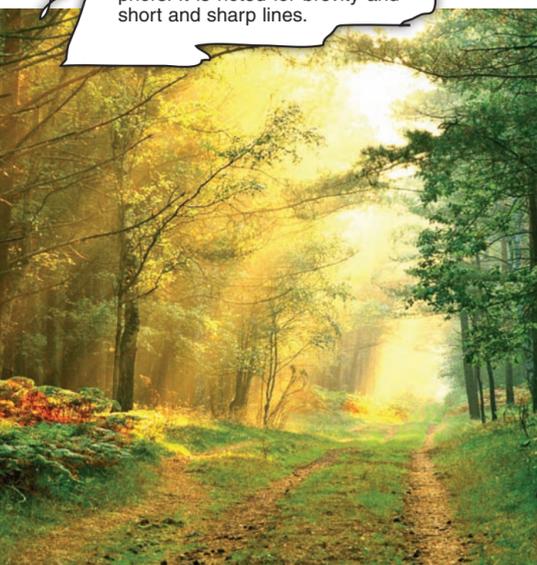
Impressive is the look,
Not found in every corner and nook,
A heart feeling so proud,
Makes one stand among the crowd.

A fragile glass to hide boundless misery,
An uphill task for a heart feeling so dreary,
A weaker sight relentlessly, it strives to conceal,
But a vanity so strong, it would only reveal

Drowning in time's eternal tide,
Nature's course that none can hide,
Impressive glasses, yet so fragile,
A poor consolation for a fading light.

Nalaka Dassanayaka

The poem is about life. The poet has used an apt metaphor of fading light which is a 'poor consolation' for life to sustain. The poet has used a down-to-earth language and apt metaphors. It is noted for brevity and short and sharp lines.



Bitter sweet, memory

I met you, a few years back
Your smile lit my gloomy heart
Unspoken words were in your glittering eyes
Company of yours persuaded my heart
You were there in my every dream
How could I tell you my adoration?

The time has passed
I was perturbed
Because your voice had gone unheard

Wherever I go, I search your eyes;
I met you again in an unexpected time,
We were jubilant,
Heart leaps,
Bodies glow,
Arms outstretched,
Forget the iron gates of life,
Realising the bitter truth;
Both of us no more belong to each other

Shirline Korlage

The poem is about a remarkable encounter of ex-lovers. The poet has skillfully depicted the status of the mind of lovers. The poet has used simple and apt diction. The poem is noted for its short lines.

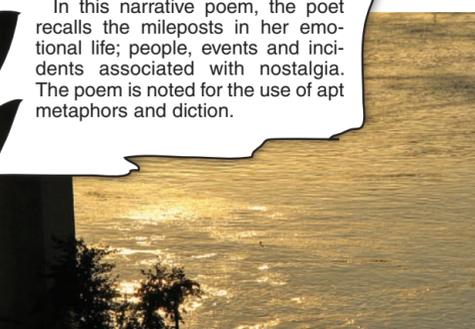
Accelerated by the speed of a flying bus
A pair of eye lenses
In its journey to every nook and corner
Across the streets
Capturing the images
Of a most celebrated event
Like a keen Cameraman
SUDDENLY,
Halted for a while
A "technical disruption"
You may call it
NO a mental disruption

An eye soothing image
Of two sprouting siblings
Sharing handfuls of biscuits
Two cups of tea lying aside
The dusk coated mat
Rings the bell of the interval
"Lantern school" comes into a standstill
Until the next customer
Drops on the street
To buy a colourfully fleshed skeleton
Mentally halted mind

Treads towards a lane of memories
Huge emerald bamboos
Meet the sharpness of a huge knife
Stick by stick stack aside
Hugging each other in one frame
Tied by strong white strings
The event two of us
Planning since "Avurudu" has arrived
Tender fingers running through
Six frames collected into one
A feast for popping eyes
An "atapattama" finally what we call it
tissues neatly cut
Carefully pasted on each frame
Tapping on it slightly
Like two drummers beating on drums
Listening to the musical effect
Final creation with lavish decors
And a glistening bright light of unity
Comes into the compound
(Separation from the beloved is sorrowful)
I hear a distant voice of a radio
Enlightening me with words of the Buddha
Two wretched young souls
Live in two different worlds
Just spare one minute
To convey through digital lines
Whether the "Vesak" moon
With its silvery limbs
Touched our compound
Like in those haydays

Avanthi Kalansooriya

In this narrative poem, the poet recalls the mileposts in her emotional life; people, events and incidents associated with nostalgia. The poem is noted for the use of apt metaphors and diction.



"Hester Gray used to pray every night that she might die out in the garden when the time came. And her prayer was answered. One day Jordan carried her out into the garden and then he picked flowers and heaped them over her; and she just smiled up at him and closed her eyes"
Anne of Avonlea-Lucy Maud Montgomery

Poem of the dying sweetheart

The goddess of dawn wakes up from her slumber
On the shining waters golden hues wander
Beloved! Touch my soul with your soft clear eyes
As blue and mellow as summer skies

Carry me where white narcissus sleep
Fallen cherry blossoms linger in the brook deep
Hush! Be soft as the wind; don't bewilder the spell
For, secrets unsaid eyes will unveil

Dear own heart! I trace heaven in your eyes
And tread on shadow land where eternal winter lies
Bury my last breath in your heart deep
Kiss my frozen lips under the willows weep

Punya Samanthapali

Dad, you and I

Though you are no more;
Memories strike my mind;
Heart throbs for your love;
tears mop and wither.

Days of long;
You so young and smart;
Both strolling along the streets;
With fascinating talks.

Shop shop I stay;
Asking in many ways;
Till my little legs tired;
But you never nodded 'No'.

Schooling days, how you waited;
For me at gate;
To push a coin in my palm;
As mama, never liked this game.

As I grew you kept the pace;
Taught the moral and disciplines of life;
Made me a woman for others to;
Admire and appreciate.

All the goods you gave me;
I still treasure in my life journey;
When calamities fall, challenges come;
I keep each step strong, recalling your traits.

Today my will power is more than my age;

I take decisions on my own;
Though many burdens are travelling with me;
I have never lost confidence in me.

I feel and know;
You are watching me;
Guiding me by your memories;
And lending your prayers for me.

Dear dad i have lived a life of your liking;
I will live so, whatever hindrance befall;
Your dreams have come true;
Remember me, love you dad, till I meet you again.

M . N. Kaiyoom

The poet has been able to portray the deep bondage between a father and daughter and what a vital role that father played in her life particularly in the uneasy passage from childhood to adulthood. The poem evokes a sense of nostalgia.



Requiem for Milangoda tusker

Tastily attired like a king
You so lovingly paraded
For several decades
In the Kandy Esala Perahera
Steeped in history and legend
Until your recent death at 70 years

Year in and year out
You marched so regally
In this hallowed pageant
Known throughout the world
Uncrowned monarch of jungle land
It was a delight
To see you with a sea of mortals mingle
And it was indeed a pleasure to see
Your regular presence in historic Kandy
Where fierce battles were fought and won
We Sri Lankans are grieved to hear of your recent
Which is certainly a great loss
To your land of birth
So, let's hurry to sing the Last Post
For this lovable elephant
Of Millangoda fame
Which has etched an indelible name
In the annals of our history

Andrew Scott
(Written on the recent death of the Millangoda tusker reported to have possessed the longest tusks in Asia)

The poet has used a simple diction to convey the message of the dying sweetheart. The poet has taken metaphors from classical literature and they are associated with death. The poem is noted for its refined language.



A window tale

Nineteen years have sped away;
In the same boat I am today,
Disposed of all my belongings that time,
To reach the heavenly goal so fine
The curse of the delay no not I;
Patiently await-have and sigh!

Many an obstacle is now upon me,
To overcome all this-Lord with you I plea,
Face I now a sad and bitter rage,
The house in a dilapidated state now stands,
Leaking roofs, walls cracked, doors banged

When monsoon rains come this way;
Thunder roars, lightning flashes, all things sway
Trees start falling strong winds blow
House in danger what a show?

Disposing my belongings I've done the right
My aim to you I en-light
Empty-handed I came that day
Empty-handed I shall go away
Take me home -I cry in despair
Hoping to end this situation to air

But God in His goodness knows the time
To take me home and make things fine...
Lord in Your hand this house I place
To welcome You, to make it perfect grant
Grant me grace

With Mary Mother, angels and saints-Your visit
I await
Do take me home soon -away from this
sorrowful state

Anonymous

The poet skillfully portrays a mind-scape of an old man who himself disposed of his all belongings and lives in a dilapidated house. In this narrative poem, the poet has used a simple diction and apt metaphors. The poem is noted for its philosophical ideas.

In this requiem, the poet has described the majestic nature of the Milangoda tusker which paraded in the historic pageant, Kandy Perahera. The poem is noted for its diction and apt metaphors.