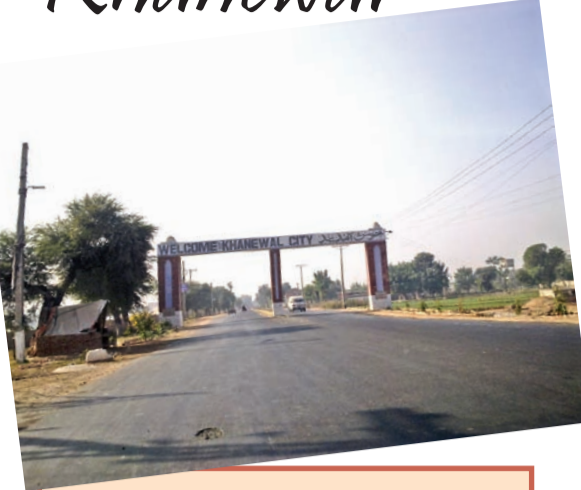


An evening in Khanewal



One takes a walk in the evening
Where the beauty smiles
Wheat growth beginning to ripe
Making the land serene

Walking alone, along the path
Where the red flowers are fallen
Under the huge trees
One admiring the secret art work
Wondering to know who the artist is

Spring seems to fade away
With its glory and seasonal beauty
Mango trees are full in bloom
Filling the air with heavenly fragrance
While the evening sun
Makes the path on the tender leaves

One is lost in the beauty of the place
And the heart full of joy,
Is in time with Love-timeless

Mystery of life ever stands before me
Not knowing why I'm on Earth
Waiting to smile, when life meets death
It being the only movement at real living

N. Widanagama

Khanewal is a township in Pakistan where the writer worked as an Education Consultant

In this poem, the poet describes the sheer beauty of Pakistani village of Khanewal. The poet has used a simple diction and apt metaphors. The poem is noted for evoking a sense of nostalgia.



If only I had a daughter!

Seated on an uncomfortable chair
In the Elders' Home,
My thoughts go back to the happy times I spent at home
With my family - husband and son.
My son admitted me to this Home
After my husband's demise;
As there is no room for me under his roof.
Strangers visit us, they serve us good food
But that is not I want!
My son has no time to visit me;
He is busy, too busy involved in his hectic career.
I want to be with my grandchildren
And watch them grow up and enjoy their company
But this simple joy is denied to me.
I always think with tear-filled eyes -
If only I had a daughter!

Mirelle Jayawardena

The poem narrates the plight of a mother who spends the evening of her life in an elders' Home. She has a son who had admitted her to the elders' home. She thinks that if her plight would have been different if she had a daughter. In this narrative poem, the poet has used a down-to-earth language. However, the poet has, to a certain extent, failed to evoke the intended feelings as it sounds a mere relating of a story.



Depressed angel with inimitable thoughts....

Motionlessness of vegetation
A melodious sound of the lake,
which could drag me to the edge of the lake...
silent, resting, sleeping hours for the entire world,
But, except me and my awoken thoughts.....

I'm a depressed angel with no wings
and with no magic stick...
abandoned in the middle of a rotten
suspending bridge.....
trying to choose a one side to walk,
either left or right of the suspending
bridge...

Tears kiss my face, moisture my
pillow....,
when I was watching through the
window
at the dark sky, with the full moon
and bunches of stars
to erase the loneliness of the full
moon.....

I was watching for a falling star...
to wish for me to give angel wings
and a magic stick from a fairy
to tie up the two sides of the
suspending bridge,
in to a one.....
Then I can choose the
both.....

Still I'm watching for a falling
star,
to wish for me to give angel wings
and a magic stick from a fairy
to tie up the two sides of the
suspending bridge,
in to a one.....
Then I can choose the
both.....

Chalini Thennakoon

The poet describes the sorry plight of a girl. The poet has used a simple diction and apt metaphors such as a suspended bridge to illustrate the girl's plight.



Sweet friend...

Be a song
overflowing love will be a melody to you
be a blooming tree
hopes and smiles will light your heart..
be an angel
our sweet friendship will be a fairy tale....
be a wonderful dream
happy and joy will come true your dreams...

Chandima lasanthi

The poem is a series of wishes for a loved one. The poet has used a simple structure and a simple diction with commonplace metaphors.

Another Cinderella

She was a fairy beauty
A fair and slim Cinderella
Waiting for the boat of dreams
To come to the harbour

He was a prince charming
Handsome and inscrutable eyed
Caught in a heavy rain
Just to fall in her way

Met under the moonlight
Ready to be mesmerized
His voice was tremulous
She was swept off her feet

A pre-ordained couple
Deeply in love as ever
Married under flowery arches
To live happily ever after

Life isn't a fairy tale
It is just a passing dream
I'm just a wife, a wife
Sighed another Cinderella

Punya Samanthapali



The poet explains the harsh reality of life although the girl had a fairytale wedding and entered into wedlock with the hope that married life would be a bed of roses like the fairytale. The poet has used the character Cinderella in the present context to drive home the central theme of the poem the 'reality' of life. The poet has used a down-to-earth language with apt metaphors.



Tears of a Bonsai tree

Deprived of the warmth of the sun
Deprived of the cold of the rain
I am just standing in this gloomy den
What is the sin I have done...!!
Amidst this place shining with colorful lights
I just stand with tears in my eyes
Sometimes I peer through these tiny holes
And smile with my friends hiding sighs
They deprived me of my motherland
Pruned my growing sprouts
And packed me in this little pot
Oh what a cruelty is it!!
Though I am showered and given plenty of food
I was lingering to bear fruits with joy in mind
Sucking water drops from the depth of grounds
My dream will now never come true
What a life is this, in a strange world.....!!!!

Sanoji Ruvinika Perera

Although the poem is about a Bonsai tree, it can have allusions to life conditioned by socio-economic constraints. The poet has effectively used personification when the story is narrated by the bonsai tree. The poet has used a language.

The poet narrates a memorable moment when she spends an evening on the bank of Avon. It is about a brief but a remarkable encounter in silence, meeting of the eyes. The poet has aptly juxtaposed the state of mind of the narrator with nature. The poet has used a simple diction.



She has gone

She has gone
no one there
no one to care
why still my memory
haunt there

Umesh Moramudali

The poet in a couple of lines evokes intense feelings of pain on the part of a lover and the separation of his girlfriend. The poet has skillfully used the Haiku structure to convey the idea.



The black swan of Avon

On the bank of Avon, thou spied a lonely figure,
Forlorn and sad and it was me;
When my life was like a feather blown about,
In the dewy morning before the rising sun
As thou strained thy tender neck to meet my eyes;
High rose the ripples to wipe my dreams...

In a shady nook by the river Avon
Watching the drift of flowers amble on
Gushing down, pushing hard, racing wild;
The straying flowers, buds and all
While upon their journey I gaze
They rush towards my sinking heart

And beyond the tufts of green and gold
Grasses tall, short and lean
With the swaying reeds kissing the wind
Warmed by the ascending sun,
As gleefully swim the playful swans
In rows and rows of black and white...

I spied thee when strolling, alone and sad
With heavy heart and wandering eyes
Then I saw the frolicking swans
Shrilling the air in glorious harmony
But thou set apart, wrapp'd in dignity
When our eyes contacted, briefly ...

Why do I love thee, black swan?
We both shall never understand
I fear thy burning amber eyes;
Haughty and scornful, listless and pale
But why stand aloof, precious one
And pierce my heart with agony...

Thou art' the wondrous legacy of them all
When thou beckon my spirit to thine heart
Though strange, it grows stronger by the day
Though thy ruffling feather make me think
'Arnt strong enough to rip a bleeding heart...
And drive to eternity ...

My heart aches, my body feels the pain
But thou who 'arnt arrogant feels no hurt
Why hast' thou to ruffle those feathers?
Black Swan of Avon
And sink thy face in ripples below
To fade away from my bruised life...

The sprawling landscapes around me
In enthralling breeze, embrace me
Thy spirit is there in yonder hills;
Playing hide and seek and reaching high
Descends upon gentle Avon at eventide
And leave behind bitter memories...

(This poem was written on the banks of River Avon, Stratford)
- Gwen Herat