



A farmer's dream

Beside the swift running waters
And stacked up bundles of hay
Under a shady tree he lay
This weary old man
With sickle by his side
The farmer he lay

The only sound
That was music to his ears
Were mooing buffaloes
That ploughed the earth

The scorching heat
Felt he upon
His head and breast
That emerged harshly
Between the swaying branches
Of the creaking tree

His weary eyes shut
Cool breeze
From lush green fields
Caressing his face
He lay at ease
Deep in slumber
I think he dreamed
Of many a thing
That I didn't dream

Of good harvest
And hay
And buffaloes so gay
And lush green fields
Under the golden sun

Dilrukshi De silva

In a simple diction, the poet has captured the nature of agriculture and the farmer's dream which is a bounty harvest. The poet has used apt metaphors and short lines.

Intellectual lover

Once,
I was the prime factor governing your life,
To love me and to make me happy
was your purpose on this earth.

but now,
Instead of gazing at me,
You observe the blackberry for new emails from the office.

You signal me to stop talking
when your boss gives a call.

Instead of niticing the new dress I wear,
You are furious at a miniscule mistake in a document.

Will I be able to withstand this?
Or will I have to stop and savour the memories
While you go on this journey alone?

Pavithra Abhayawardana

The poem deals with the issues of modern day busy life where priorities have mixed and the immense pressure exerted by deadlines in office would compel one to forget even the most intimate feelings such as love. The poet has depicted this situation in a convincing manner.



I never want to know...

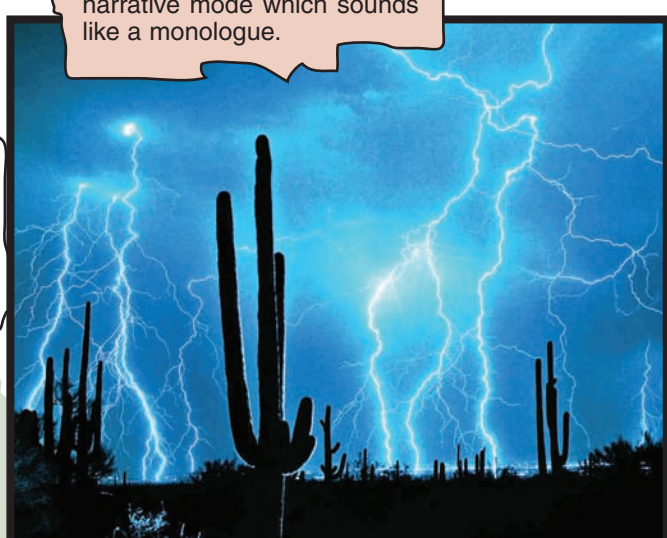
I was feeling a fear
when darkness arrives here
but I never wanted to know
why was that

I was feeling a joy quit dear
but the reason wasn't very clear
I never wanted to know
why I fulfil with joy

I was feeling a sad tear
which was defined by loving liar
but I never wanted to know
why I shed that tear...

Nilushika Perera

The poet skilfully conveys the mindscape of a girl who wants to reconcile with the past and not to be affected the uncertain future. The poem has used a simple diction and narrative mode which sounds like a monologue.



Waiting ...

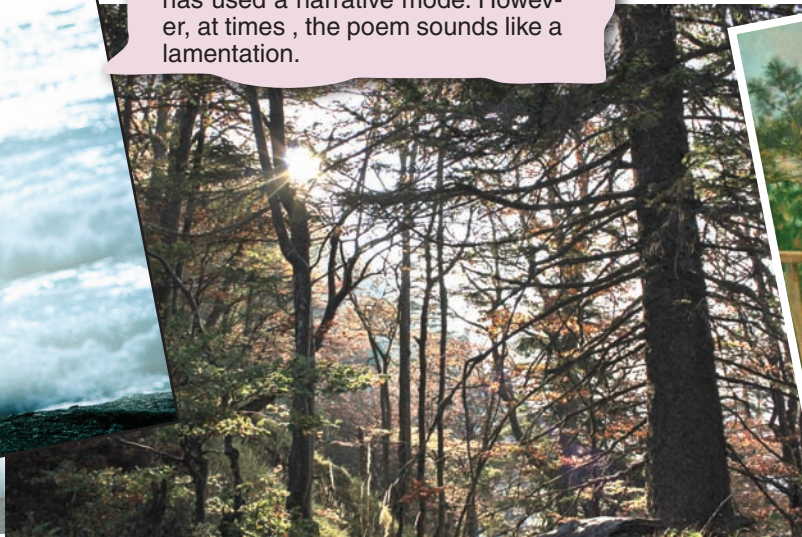
Abattoir, my death bed where are you?
Are you anxiously waiting for me?
I am also waiting – waiting – waiting.
Waiting for those ungodly souls
To drag me there to embrace you.
Neither with love nor with compassion
But with a hatred to all mankind.
What crime have I committed to deserve such a death

to sever my head on an abattoir bed?
If I could run I'd run, run and run,
If I had wings I'd fly, fly and fly,
If I could swim I'd swim, swim and swim.
How helpless I am! I only cry, cry and cry.
My eyes brim with tears that incessantly flow down.
They mirror the agony burning inside.

The anguish, the pain, the suffering within
Smoulder the food I ceaselessly munch.
My meat you would soon gobble down
Praising its taste, that waters your mouth.
You would be eating my agony and my pain
And not my flesh you praise so much.
How can my flesh give a relishing taste
with the torture I suffered seeing the horrors of death.
Why doesn't a lightning strike me dead
Before the slayer cuts off my head?

Lalitha Somathilaka

The poet ably describes the agonising mindset of one who is desperately waiting for death. The poet has used a narrative mode. However, at times, the poem sounds like a lamentation.



Give peace a chance

Decades of brutal terrorism;
Taking away souls of love;
Tears flooded in many homes;
Losing their loved;never to be back again;

Sounds of gunfire,polluted air;
Barren lands,empty kitchens;
Hungry and starving faces;
Fear of death,sounds in every heart beat.

Nobody trusted anybody;
All in the same grave without identification,
News of the day: human bomb,landmines etc
Devastating human life without any gain.

Now Sri Lanka has regain;
Its lost splendors and glammers;
Freedom to man;
In a humanitarian ground.

Harmony and brotherhood blended together;
Without any race,creed or religion;
But only as the children of this land;
Has now started living in 'PEACE'.

Still the avaricious are not happy;
They send arrows indifferent forms;
Sadists feel unhappy to see happiness;
So on and off make others struggle.

Though we have gained peace;
Wiping out terrorism;and barbarism;
Still people find it difficult to live in peace;
As "Peace" has not found "PEACE" yet

M . N. KAIYOOM

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The poet is apparently rejoicing at the peace yet worried about it. The poet has used a narrative structure to portray a picture of peace following a bloody conflict.

It's Sunday

The loveliest day of the week
The blissful hours
And the happiest morning
Filled with joy
No matter it's not sunny
No matter it's so rainy of gloomy
It's a bright day however
It makes the blossoms bloom
Petals by petals
When dew drops drop leaf to leaf
And it asks the birds to sing
And wake us up to a pleasant day
Refreshing every souls with pleasure
Wiping away dark memories
No worries but happiness
No cries but sound of chanting
Are wrapped in it
If you open your sleepy eyes and untied it
You would see
It is non other than
Sunday Morning
The time to go to church
For worshipping
The King of kings.

Milka Madushanki



The poet has captured the liberating air on Sunday. After all, weekends are the hard – earned holidays on which one would relax and meet friends at the church. Irrespective of whether it may be a rainy or sunny day, Sunday is a blissful day.



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