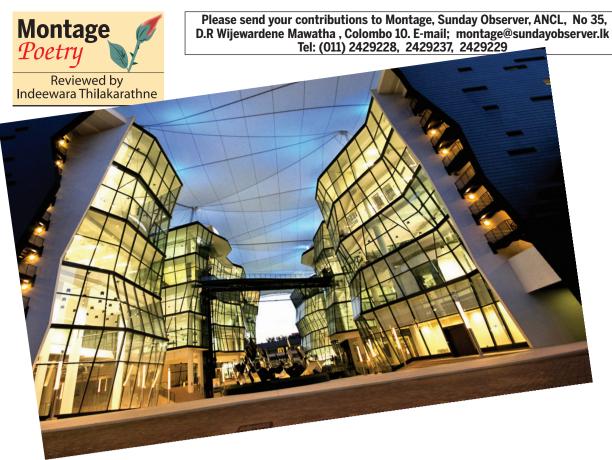
SUNDAY OBSERVER | JANUARY 08, 2012



Missing myself...

That part of me

Which is lost.

Missing myself...

The poet has effectively used

Haiku structure and the poem is

noted for its philosophical ideas.

Shelter?

Yet dressed in worn out shabby cloths

walked along the noisy dusty streets

Toy but not Barbie

shaking uncombed hair

Pale and thin dirty toy

Big ones captured it They enslaved it

finally robbed its coyness...

begged the blindfolded lady

The lady gave a shelter-

play hide and seek inside...

Kumari Alokabandara

metaphors.

who armed with a sword and a scale

The poem is a social

criticism. The poet has

used a simple yet power-

ful diction to deliver the

message. The poem is

noted for its sharp-edged

A playhouse meant for toys only where monsters who swallow tiny tots

wearing no shoes

No one own it..

hammered it

Poor little toy

beat it made it starve

Bertholamuze Nisansala Dharmasena

Farewell to my school

When the dark clouds litter the blue sky Drops of tears, one by one, drip From top to the bottom of willow trees, Smearing down the cascading willow leaves.

A little boy, taking his father's finger Comes amid the aroma of Araliya flowers Stretching with slipping and sliding Uniformed with a schoolbag, And a hanging water bottle While walking, he bends down, And collects Araliya flowers, fallen on the road.

When the father's finger becomes No more larger than his He comes alone to the school Looking up at the flowers, blossomed Treading on the fallen.

Farewell to my school For a farewell is a new beginning And let those weeping willow leaves whine For, when the clouds are gone,

Willow trees will flush And new leaves will appear again.

Kasun Deeptha Handun Pathirana

The poet skilfully recreates the atmosphere of a school with its pastoral past. The poet has used a rich language taking the reader to his school days. The poem is noted for its codification of the past and philosophical ideas.



A huge blue ocean, a dark rock amidst enjoying the beat and dance the naughty waves play for years, with a slight smile.

Unexpectedly a stray wave wrapped around the dark giant: with a shake; you and I can't see. Mossy rock fell in love with The soft murmurs of tiny wave. The silent chat they had, witnessed by only the sun and moon.

Days passed.

Thundering waves, huge grey waves, raised to conspire with the violent sky. Hullabaloo on the gentle sea. The tiny wave failed to bear anymore; the pressure of wind and water. They lost the grip; she was taken. Her hapless cry, nobody heard. Even the sun and moon were jailed In the gloomy sky.

The gigantic rock stayed as he was. A soft droplet from his eye Fell into the mass of salty water.

Buddika Wijethunga

The poem is about tsunami and the poet has elaborately described the tragedy. Although the poem is a description of tsunami, at times, it lacks poetic diction. However, the poem is noted for its apt depiction of the tragedy.

Awakened!

"Dad, check the news, Don't you think it's a bit too much, For the world population, To reach seven billion.."

It's common sense, I can only agree, With my son so thoughtful, About how things will be.

It's a tall order indeed. To feed many a mouth, Will the world suffice? For a moment I doubt.

" No need to fret dad, I bet it won't be that bad, Life always find a way, Come whatever it may. Even the waves that climb so high, Like mountains towering the sky, Lives only till reaching the shore, A brief reign and then seen no more."

It's common sense, I couldn't but disagree, A tender eye seeing the truth, About how things will be.

Nalaka Devapriya Dasanayake

The poem is about an intelligent child. The poet has used a down-toearth language and the poem is noted for its apt use of dialogues.

Seasons

The summer came Refreshed my life, Rejoiced my heart, But then, winter came And summer's gone, So cold and freezing As you're gone

-Tharanga Mannapperuma

The poem is about the happy and sad moments of life which the poet compares to summer and winter. The season closely links with the departure of a loved one.



For the pregnant lady

Something is at the Kelaniya Temple

They are worshipping clouds. There are orange rays, that slip the clouds, In a world of scratch and bite,

Issuing tangential light. Right above you.

There are leaves. They are dew drenched, Draining with understanding. Right beside you.

There are golden grains of devotional intent, With every trample, erupts its kleshas, and, Chanda, Dosa, Bhaya, Mohas. Right below you.

There is you.

There is a sil-suwanda felt in this stillness. Purity wrought in the sthupa your hopeful eyes have fallen for. Believe me,

a boundless tenderness is now fusing with, the breath, the bud that will provoke a story, Right within you.

I know cause, I feel it too.

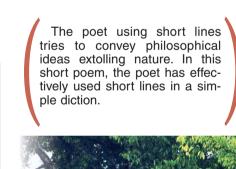
Inosha Ijaz

The poem is about sentiments of a pregnant woman who visits the sacred Kelaniya temple. The poet has used apt metaphors and simple diction.

Nature's dowry

Trees laden with fruit gently lean, As if to honour in the meadow green; The world is there that's been so serene And before summer buds wither unseen Let me tell you what I really mean.

A. Jayalath Basnagoda



Footing

Three hands tick away on the face of a clock, life held in each for us One, a palm of many paths ingrained, the other a balled-up fist. The past, open to us but a riddle

Concealing the root of much that is yet to come, The future, not for us to know, but to hope and plan, And let's forget not the last hand, the present

Which, feet firmly planted, we know and hold, with comfy footing. But wait, the thin hand, Does it not tick steadily forward?

Save this moment, is not the present a part of the past and the future?

What precarious footing, to stand aloft on the circle of time! Nillasi Liyanage

> The poet using an apt metaphor of clock describes the perception of time and how it profoundly affects life. The poem is noted for its philosophical ideas and apt diction.





