



Romance in geology: A lesson for life

(For Martin Van Kranendonk)

Early morning arriving at work
The lift is half asleep like me.

A notice smiles with me:

A lunchtime talk today, a part of the Earth Science Week.
"Romance in geology: marriages and breakups of continents"

A strange topic, I thought.

Midday
Lunch time has arrived like an inevitable move on a chess board.
Nothing to eat but I'm hungry for knowledge.

The eminent geologist speaks spreading wisdom and knowledge
Like water in an ocean:

"The rifts in deep oceans shift.
So as the continents over millions of years ..."

I listened like a child seeing an ocean for the first time.

Night
Darkness outside growing on a moonless night like a dark ocean
Like a frightened child I thought of the talk during day time.

"So the continents are like us drifting, moving..."
There is no fixation in life...

The continents are moving like us like old continents
Wandering from each other,
Moving...
Drifting...
Floating..."

I thought of writing a poem.
But she will not read it.

Sunil Govinnage

The poem basically recalls the lost home and the diasporic existence where the identity is flawed and there is a split identity and the narrator feels the pangs of mixed feelings. Expressions such as 'old continents' are apt and describes about the 'old' or rather 'lost continents'. The home lost for persons in diasporic is lost forever. It is the 'home' in the mind which is constantly attempted to recreate in terms of memories, language, customs and culinary habits. It is an attempt to realise the 'home' in mind. The pang of diasporic existence is aptly captured in the poem. It is nature when one in diaspora, one tends to recall sharp memories of the past and of the homelands and its cultural life.



Qualify for Visa

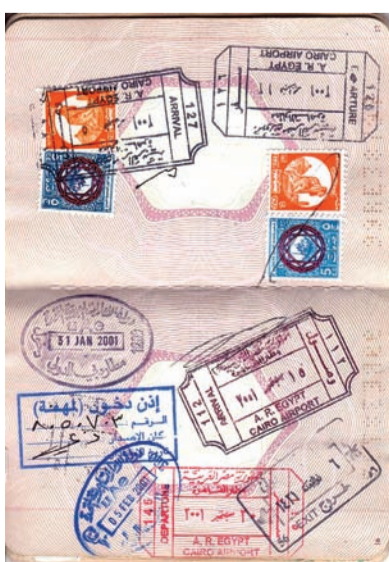
Read well
Good morals
Which facilitated me
To secure doctorate
At the Human University

Graciously and righteously
Practised, what is right,
In the light of life
Won the hearts and minds
Of the people, helped them
With kindness and compassion,
For four scores and
Four years

Quoted qualities good, would
Qualify for visa

K.K Arumainayagam

In this short poem, the poet describes how virtuous lifestyle helped him to lead a successful life. The poet has aptly used commonplace metaphors to convey the message.



I sat and cried...

It hurts
So much,
that I can't breathe.
The pain
Suffocates me.
Tear drops
Strangle my throat,
Depression
Oozes my blood out of the veins.
Save me, I cry!
But no one hears.....
Silent words
Fill the west wind.
The birds are stunned in the mid air,
Flowers burn into the twilight,
I cry again,
Save me!
Trees hear me.
Earth hears me.
And then,
I died.
I stand at the head of my dead body,
Watching them weeping and wondering.
My eyes shine with rage,
You never heard me!
You were busy with other worldly things.
Now, what is the use of your tears?
It was so painful,
to see me dead.
So I sat near my frozen body,
and cried.

Amali Anupama Mallawaarachchi

The poet attempts to convey idea of after death often described in religious texts. It is a vision of a dead person of his/her own body. The poet has used simple diction and short and sharp lines.

Tribute to her

for what i equal her
unlimited love
with what i compare
her immense affection

how could i pay for her
to the things she did
how could let her cry
front of my eyes

who can love us
like ever she does
who can wait for us
as she waits in her entire life

her tears are dearest
her care is greatest
her heart is wettest
her love is purest

Umesh Moramudali

The poet is about motherliness and virtues of a mother. Though the poem is effective, at times, it sounds like a statement.



The Parinibbana of the Buddha

Forty-five years passed since
The attainment of Enlightenment

The Buddha was eighty years old
The Buddha quietly lay between two
Sal trees
The last words of the Buddha

"I tell you all compounded things
Are impermanent
So be heedful"

Nature slowly absorbed

The Buddha's sweet smile into
Blooming flowers both seasonal and non-seasonal

The Buddha's radiance into Sunshine and Moonlight
The Buddha's wisdom thoughts into
Glittering stars
The Buddha's relics into precious
Gems and jewels
The Buddha's Dhamma into sacred Bo leaves

The Buddha's last Teardrops into
Raindrops and natural waters

Dilli Munige-Sriya Hendrick

The poet describes the passing away of the Buddha. The poet has used a metaphor-rich language in an effective manner.



Laurels and vanities

Life
Begins
Its pre-destined
Journey
Beckoning
A birth of a child
Replete with a burst
Of fanfare,
Growing up
Steadily,
And even admirably,
A happy-victim
Following steadfastly
All too -busy schedule
Ensuing open sesame
To much acclaimed
Acme of prosperity
Never sighting
Nature's marvel of beauty
Or never blessed
To be touched
By care-free laughter
Of noble friends
As you, dictated
By a kind of arrogance
Only feast with wealthy elite class
Awaiting smugly
With a conviction
That your laurels
Will be written, prominently
And with due respect
In your dearly paid tombstone

Ranjan Amarasinghe

The poet speaks about the futility of laurels which may have a momentary value. The people have become 'happy victims' to the 'pre-destined journey'. The poet has used short and sharp lines.

Tears in heaven

Do not search for me, I am not lost
I still linger, following thee.
On every footstep thou tread this earth
Upon them my tears fall.
I have not strayed, I am not dead
Not to thee, the love of my life....

Today, tomorrow and perhaps for ever
It is joy to the world.
I hear the bells peel as thou do
And I feel the chill in the air
As my spirit hover around,
For thee to wake the dew-drenched dawn

It is the beautiful Christmas morning
That we spent ten years together
And I still feel the tang of festival sweets
That thou fed me through the day
The red ribbon around my neck
To welcome our saviour's day...

Thou loved and cared for me in life;
And my spirit turn to do the same
So, together we shall hail our passion
The way we did together before I died
My heart bursts in rapture
To still contain your wondrous ardour...

Today the light shines as in every winter
When we spent those wondrous decades
Unfailing love in human heart
The good Lord gave us all
The burning sun and beaming moon
As of today and everyday ...

Tonight I am watching over thee
From across the wide ocean and deep blue sky
As the joyous peels of bells
Commune my spirit with thee
While triumph in heaven herald aloud
The birth of our new-born king...

The radiance of the stars, I see
On thee. My eternal light;
Though not human I can love as much
More than any earthing will;
I can see the angels sing in heaven
To bring good tidings to thee...

And from a thousand fountains erupt
Lustrous music to fill the hills;
They echo the vibrance between the valleys
As my spirit is carried to thee.
The refreshing grace in which thou stand
Trapped in my heart with warmest glow...

Gwen Herat

The poem eloquently codifies how closely a pet has been associated with the narrator. The dog which departed recently, over the years, became a part of the emotional life of the narrator. The poet has used a simple yet idiomatic diction to convey the profound love for the dog.

Nature the solace...



I linger through the merciful meadows
Where the gentle breezes shaken the flowers
The soft breeze refreshing the soul
Soothing balm for a weary soul

Soft music of the slender stream
Solace for a mournful weeping spirit
Music of the dew on still waters
Brings sweet slumber down from the skies

Gleaming moon reflects on placid waters
Evokes the blessed mood from inner nature
Crisping ripples with creamy foam
Making the roaring sea impressive and warm

Misty pinnacles bathed in slanting sun beams
Fills smitten hearts with splendid sensation
Appeasing the tense mind with love
Nature is the intimate friend of mankind

R.R Nirosha Fernandopulle

The poet eloquently describes the wonders of nature and its soothing effect on the heart and mind. In a way, the poem is an extolling of nature. The poet has used a simple diction with apt metaphors. The poem is noted for its visual imagery.