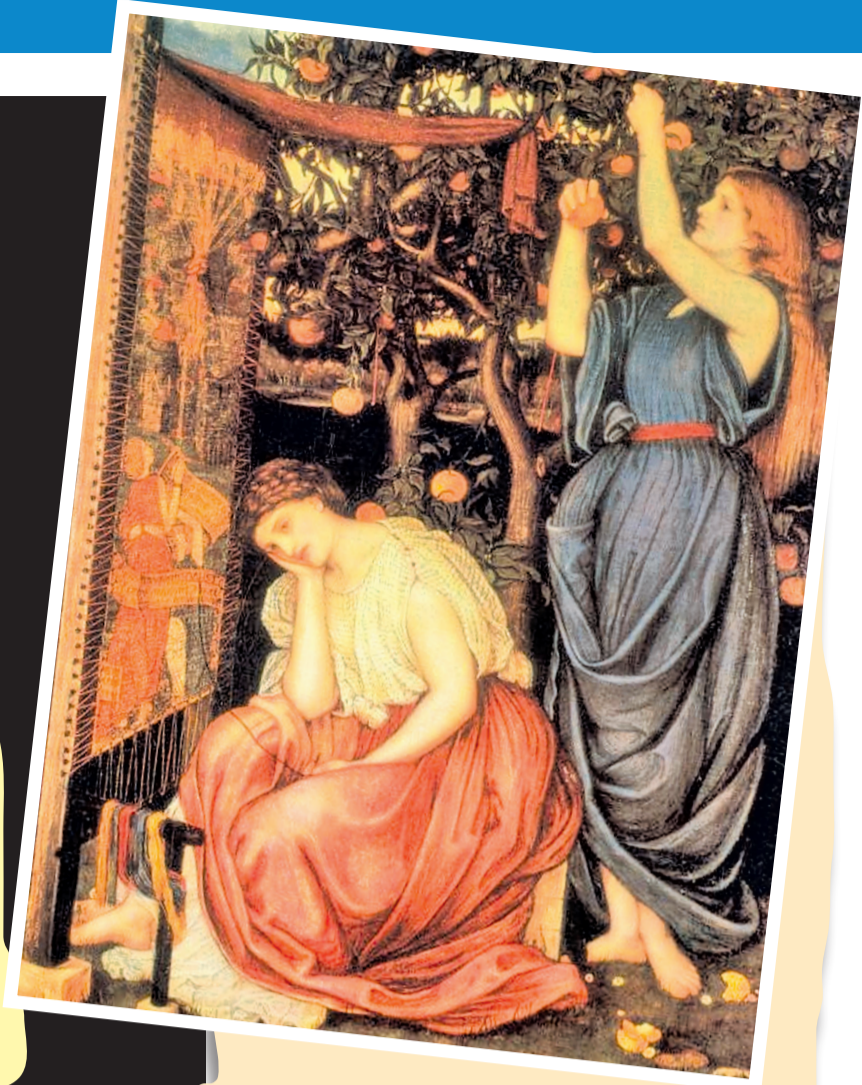


A pain of heart

A pain of heart.
When the widow closed for years
Opened slowly again,
The pond in my heart
Overflowed with our sweet memories
and smiled as beautiful flowers
In my garden.
The flowers bloomed after a shower
As if in a morning
When your blunt probe exhibited on my wall,
All birds in the river dried up
Flew away, leaving me alone.
When the widow was thrust shutting up
Before my face,
What entangled in it, was only
My heart itself
Yet, with your tears oozed as well.
Ponniiah Ganesan

The poet poignantly recalls happy memories, comparing them to smiling flowers. The poet has used a down-to-earth language and apt metaphors.



Penelope?

It has been an endless wait,
Night and day for years straight..
Over and again unwavering faith
That you'd return to my embrace.
"Years are passing", they keep telling me;
"High time you erase the fond reverie,
Gone is he, Odysseus in glee..."
Forget and move on, Penelope"...
The shroud for Laertes, I weave every day,
At night, to unravel the stitches of the day.
As suitors crowd, clouding the day,
In my loom I plan the delay.
If at all he never returns,
Buried forever in the Trojan plains;
To pierce twelve axes, am I to say,
And forget piercing my heart of clay?
The arrow once shot, the heart still bleeds;
Narrow of mind, perhaps it seems...
With no Athene to hear my pleas,
An unknown suitor will crumple my dreams...
G.C.Priyangwada Perera

The poem is woven around the character of Penelope. The poet has effectively used the Greek classic character to lend it a modern interpretation. The poem is noted for its use of classical allusions.

After the kite season

Kites
bright and beautiful roaming the sky so blue
Dancing
at the end of a string controlled by winds
Smiling
at us from above for they have soared so high
Like
people crowned with glory looking down on others below.
How
foolish they were to believe
Their
rosy life was long
The
untamed wind, their friend
Drove
them to unreachable ends.
Roasting
under the sun and bathing in the rain
Swaying
to and fro to the music the winds played.
Like
great icons when crowned with glory
Lay
discarded dreaming of their past.

Lalitha Somathilaka



Inter-solar café

No room? Improvise me
A diamond-topped luminous table
And glowing golden chair
In that fairy tended corner
Overlooking the vast glamorous
Stretches of yond Andromeda,
Yes, he is from ...there ...a star that was
Now a light consuming Black Hole
Proof! Lovely to be awake
After many light years of hibernation
Um yea, Suspended Animation.
What, I told you time is the problem
Not genes; destroys, creates
Keep the whole show flux.
Oh that biped? He is from a blue planet
Somewhere on an obscure nameless star;
Vaunting intelligence, killing, killing
From the beginning ...the name is Bovinech Cretinson
Erecting Shrines while the fellows, kids, starve, sicken
Mmm...this tastes almost ambrosial
Must be from the lovely languid lotus-land
Oh! From Orion is he? Shanthi
The man from the land of PEACE
Let me ...So many light years to go

Ben Rasnaek

The poem is about an extra terrestrial love affair, similar to one depicted in *Avatar*. The poet has used metaphors taken from space. The poet has used a simple diction. The poem is noted for its use of apt metaphors.



Angelic lotus and bumble bees...

Angelic lotus and bumble bees....
Unopened flower bud,
at the end of the stalk...
blooming gradually
to an angelic lotus....
Bloomed through the leaves and moss...
An alarming seen to the eyesight...
Spraying the aromal perfume,
by grabbing the hearts of bumble bees,
who dancing on the lotus and,
who sucking the honey secretly from
the angelic lotus,
to quench their hunger and thirst.
With the sun which setting,
when the bumble bees flying away,
the lotus shrunk with the tears.....
Though again the bumble bee
comes to the lotus pond,
it dance on another lotus,
and another bee in the angelic lotus.
When the sun sets,
all the bumble bees flying away,
lotus should shrunk with the tears.....
Tomorrow is another day for
lotus and bumble bees.....
Chalini Thennakoon

The poem draws a parallel between life and the natural phenomenon of bumble bees sucking the nectar from the lotus. Its cycle would repeat constantly from generation to generation and at all times. The poem is noted for economy of expression.



The poet using the potent metaphor of the kite conveys philosophical ideas on life. Life is uncertain such as a kite tied with a string. As the kite, those who are mighty would fall down from their grace with the storm of destiny. The poet has used a simple language and apt metaphors.



Six silent tears

Last night before going to bed
Thoughts of you filled my head
Though I have not cried this way in many years
Onto my pillow fell six silent tears
The first was for your smile that I miss
And your tender lips I long to kiss
The second was for your angel face
And thoughts of your loving embrace
The third came as no surprise
As I thought of your beautiful eyes
The fourth came rolling
Instead of my pillow, it should have been you I was holding
The fifth came for one reason alone
I felt my love for you wasn't fully shown
I really love and miss you my dear
And there just fell the sixth silent tear.

Aeimy Sulakshana

The poem effectively captures the intense pain of separation and the state of mind of a dejected lover. The poem is noted for its short and sharp lines.

From a father to a son

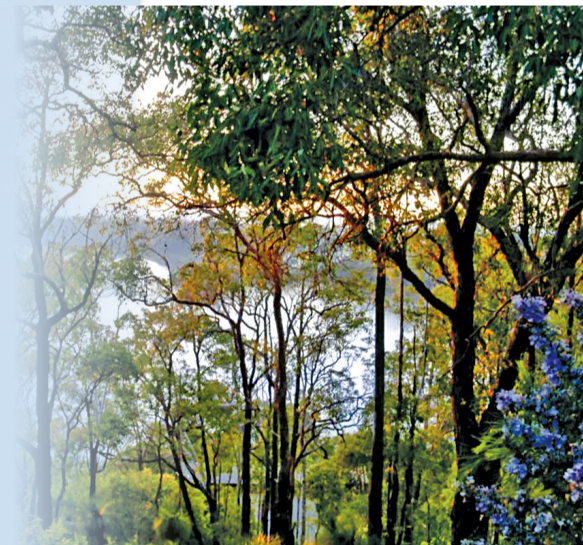
Just a line to say I am alive
Living with a lot of strife
I am getting old and forget a lot
The hair on my head is less only a dot
I got my usual coughs colds aches and pains
Eating with my dentures is a strain
I can just slowly read and write
But my eyes are fading losing my sight
I go to the garden to water the flowers
But I remember we just had the showers
I read the daily paper to know the news
It's the same I read it in the morning dew
I am at the foot of the stairs looking up
Sometime I cannot remember why I am down
Am I going up or coming down
I stand alone gazing with a frown
The fridge's door is open wide
Is there something I need to hide
Is it to take some food out from the fridge
Or put the leftover back I doubt
I got into my room at night lights so dim
I stand beside the bed should I get in
With my night cap on I look around not a sound is heard
Suddenly I hear the cock's crow it tells me I have got out of bed
So it is my turn to write to you son
Don't get angry if my writing is not fun
The contents may be the same as before
Read on son the date is new you know the score
Remember son I love you though you are out of sight
Each day mum and I pray for you day and night
Ah but mum's gone three years or more
I must be dreaming that you were here before
So I stand beside the mail box looking so sad
Feeling weak and lonely feeling very sad
Instead of putting the letter in the box asking what I need
I just opened it instead and began to read

Benny Tissera

The poet has skilfully conveyed the feelings of a lonely father who, obviously, spends his evening of life. The poet has effectively used the father's narrative of his life. The poem is noted for its authentic voice. However, at times, it sounds like a sermon.



Dryad of the valley



Dryad of the valley
Misty is the spring valley
Sky, a glory of soft hues
Dew-wet tender foliage,
Silvery with mellow sunlight
I kiss golden crocuses
Walk through daffodil slopes
Lie on tremulous lush grass
Singing to shy butterflies
Azure is the summer sky
Winds, bluish and pure
I tiptoe softly, furtively,
To the mirror-like sylvan pool
And lean to the crystal waters
To see my own reflection
I'm a white clad girl
In dancing maple shadows
Mint-scented is the air
Of the mosaic autumn dale
I sniff apple blossoms
That lie-in a crimson dream
I sleep on golden leaves
With star flowers in my hair
Then I hear the linnet's song,
The whispers of violet vale
White and frosty are the winds
Of the dell in winter nights
Moon rains airy silver
On glistening snow diamonds
Fluttering white snow flakes
Whirl and twirl in a winter-dance
Under a sapphire-starred sky
I dance and dance in the moonlight
Punya Samanthapali

The poet has been able to recreate a mythical paradise where the narrator is the dryad. The poet has used a simple and effective language together with apt metaphors. The poem is noted for its short and sharp lines.