



## Seven day-dreams

When I was a child, I had a dream  
A dream to be someone  
I do not remember, who or why it was  
When I was a boy, I had a dream  
A dream to be a grown-up  
Amongst grown-ups, as I envisioned  
When I was a youth, I had a dream  
A dream to make my mother happy  
Simply for, she was dreaming for me  
When I was a man, I had a dream  
A dream to reach a plateau, one day  
Whilst all my colleagues were up there  
When I was a father, I had a dream  
A dream to be a proud father  
Because, I knew that it was nothing  
But, my bounden divine duty being that  
Lokzi, Podzi and Chutzi, my precious trio  
Thank you, for making me proud about you  
Can never be better, I am sure  
For, I shan't dream any more for you  
Nonetheless, being proud, I have a dream  
A dream to tell the world aloud  
Best way to be proud, if you like  
Is to dream, dream and dream  
As a matured, I have a final dream  
A dream to stop dreaming any more  
The day I tame my craving desires  
I know I will be there, adieu to all of you all

Jayatissa K.Liyanage

The poem is about dreams of the narrator at different points of his life and it is, in a way, a flashback on his life. The poet has used a simple diction and apt metaphors.



## Me...or...I?

From the time I was a dot at large  
Always in trouble with one and all  
Father was mad, I ignored his pleas;  
Keep your mouth shut until you're spoken to,  
Keep your fingers still until you're told what to do;  
Tho' I was his little girl  
Keep your feet on the ground lest you fall  
And not climb trees, they are not meant for girls  
But I beat the cat at his own crawling game  
Climbed the spreading branches as he watched in awe  
I was his little girl all the time  
And if father screamed at something I never did  
Climb the tree till tears ran dry;  
Watched an aircraft cross the distant skies  
And dreamed I could flutter under its wings  
Never knew that it held tomorrow for me  
I was his little girl, everyday.  
The aircraft was the precedence of what was to come,  
When before Queen I courted with grace,  
The radiant Bishop I met first time, in reverence I bowed  
From kings to beggars I mingled alike  
But for the moment dreamed atop the mango tree  
And remained his little girl  
'Your repartee is far too quick admonished he;  
Learn to be your age and wise.  
'Where are your shoes,' he grunted one day  
'The god took one and other I threw away  
'Never mind my feet feel better without 'em  
I was a little girl, either way  
My brothers kept their distance away from me  
Teasing and wallowing what I'd get into next  
I was raged, I had to do something  
I wished to see their fish swim upside down,  
Put some salt in their tank and watched the fun  
And remained his little girl  
Hell broke loose, father yelled, 'who did it?'  
'Not me. They did I looked my brothers' way  
He knew the culprit, I did it's he scowled  
To avoid a major crisis of the day  
I cried and promised never to do it again.  
I was his little girl anyway  
At times when he was harsh on me,  
I'd climb the tree and rustle the leaves  
Or lock myself and dance a bit a ballet  
Pirouetting, on points until I tire out.  
As father's concern rang higher and higher  
Because I was his little girl  
His pipe was something I could never resist  
So, I took one long drag when he was out at walk  
My head reeled, I coughed and puffed  
My screams, rent the air; he was at my side  
He took me rough and I landed on my butt  
But still I was his little girl  
After I had seen ten summers whiz away  
Father said, 'She grows sweeter day by day'  
A round of sneers in unison, my brother bared  
'she eats too many sweets thro' the day'  
For once they scored a point when father smiled  
I was his little girl, sweet or not  
One day my teacher called me a remark to make  
'Look at your mess; looks like what the cat brought in'  
All the girls laughed aloud and clear  
While I hung my head and fought the tears  
Father saw my tear-stained face and sighed;  
I was his little girl all time  
After scaling heights I never dreamed about;  
With my feet firmly planted on the ground  
Wish I could run to buy my face in his loving arms  
He will understand the hurt I carry in my heart  
And reach from above to wipe the pain,  
As I remain his little girl, shattered and lot

Gwen Herat

In this long poem, the poet fondly recalls her adventurous childhood. The poet has used a simple diction. The poem is noted for its frankness in expression.

## Confession

She was robbed of sanity,  
In the bloom of her youth-  
My ageing, unmarried sister.  
Schizophrenia, the doctors had diagnosed.  
I wanted her-  
Let's say, "removed,"  
From my world.  
Such was my revulsion  
For her, who plagued my life  
With her poisonous presence.  
But now,  
I see her in her innocence, I  
Refused to see when she was alive.  
Cured of her incurable illness in grim death,  
Now, she seems to have nothing against me- or, even-  
To plead guilty for being a blot on my contented life.  
Eyes that once emitted fire,  
Are fast closed.  
It's the bomb  
That freed her, from her inheritance  
And cured me,  
Of my coldness.

Susantha Hewa

The narrator repents for his past deeds. The narrative poem is noted for its authentic voice.

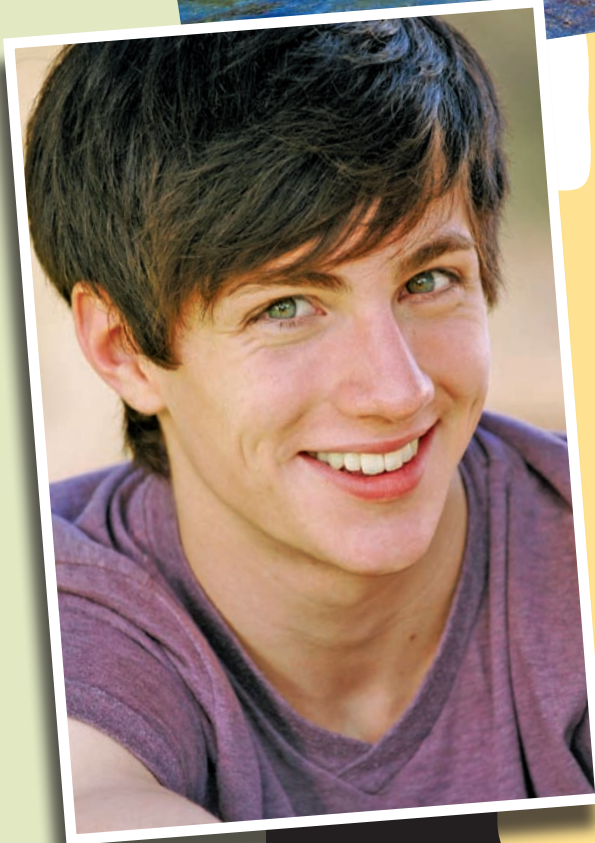
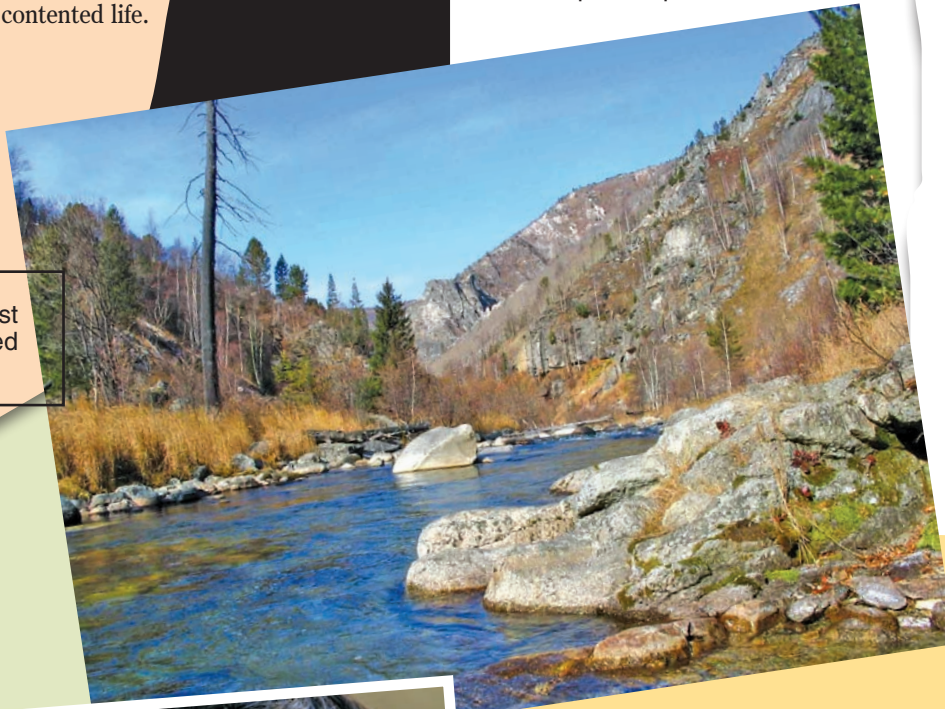
Montage  
Poetry  
Reviewed by  
Indeewara Thilakarathne

## Goodbye my son

When I am gone  
And you are on your own  
You will feel free  
Like the wind  
In the field  
The sun will rise  
As it rose for me  
The moon will light  
And brightened the night  
As it did for me  
But  
You will not expect  
The thunder and clouds  
That come in between  
As it did for me.  
And  
When it does  
You will be lost  
As I was  
Perhaps  
More than me.  
Goodbye my son  
I wish you well  
Hope you understand  
Your's better  
Than I did  
Mine

T.M. Ariyawansa Rodrigo

In this poem, the father imagines how his son would lead his life after his departure. The poem has used a idiomatic language with apt metaphors. It is noted for its authentic voice.



## Solo flight

At the first light of dawn  
We watched a lone Pelican  
Soar across a lilac sky  
The large stately bird  
Rose up in the air  
Flapping its mighty wing  
Rhythmically  
Then, gliding gracefully,  
It made a smooth landing  
On the Beira Lake.  
At sundown  
We saw the lone pelican  
Fly again  
Its majestic form silhouetted  
Against a red-orange sky  
Enchanted, we watched it  
Until it disappeared  
Into the fiery sunset  
This beautiful vision  
From your hospital bed  
Moved us deeply  
And remains etched in my heart  
Symbolising your death  
A few days later

Chitra Premaratne-Stuiver

The poet has skilfully used an everyday occurrence of flying a Pelican over the Beira Lake to symbolise a departure of a loved one. The poet has used a simple and effective language.



Punya Samanthapali

The poet has used an apt diction with metaphors associated with the theme. It is noted for its short and insightful lines.

## Spouse-to-be

Your image is carved in my lonely heart  
Without seeing or knowing the whereabouts  
So many images like you go by past  
But unable to stay it is my sweetheart  
I was hunting for you for years gone by  
I was unable to see with my naked eye  
I get up in the morning to see you alive  
I go to sleep wishing my thoughts adieu  
I have painted a damsel like you  
And hanged it to see the whole day through  
I talk to the picture imagining you  
It looks at me and remains like a statue  
Time is ripe for me to get married  
But the spouse-to-be has not yet reached  
Whoever comes for my spouse-to-be  
Has to match the image created in me  
The sweetest flower that ever on earth bloomed  
Matchless alike in divine in beauty and perfume  
Whilst lily that my eyes have seen  
Loveliest rose that in the world has been  
My love for thee no bounds doth know  
My heart thy memory shall forever glow  
I now know that you are far far away from me  
Will remain a bachelor thinking of thee

J.Nagodavithana

The poem effectively recreates a mindset of a spouse-to-be. The poet has used a down-to-earth language.



## Things have changed

Pensive she stands at her doorstep  
Reminiscing the past  
The road littered with dirt  
Drains clogged with empty cans  
This reminded of her past  
'When I was a little girl  
A pit served for dumping

The poem throws a new perspective of life. It is noted for realisation of childhood memory, comparison and contrasting past and the present.

