



Her destiny

Every morning she woke up to the sound of his friendly greeting
It kept her happy throughout the day
Every night she went to bed with his blessings for a good night
It sent her to a good night's sleep
She observed a paradise in his talking style
Her love to him grew every day
But everything turned topsy-turvy
He broke her heart
He gave her so much pain
He was cruel to her
As he was no more appearing on her small TV
W.M.S.R.Samaraweera

The poet describes the state of mind of a girl in love and how she is overwhelmed by the feeling of love. The poet has used a simple diction. The poem is noted for its sharp lines.



The snake charmer

Squatting
on the ground with the charmer's pipe
Slowly
opens the cane box beside.
The
sleeping cobra inside the box
Awakes
from his sleep at his master's bid.
To
earn a few coins for his master and himself,
It
is his duty, must never forget.
Master's
knee starts slowly swaying
The
cobra looks up and catches the tune.
Straightens
its head, opens his hood
With
beady eyes joins the swing.
Hisses
and strikes the knee with its fangs
Nothing
happens, not poisonous you are.
How
unlucky you are, my dear?
You
lost your fangs, the day you were caught.
What
God has given for your own survival,
His
greatest creation had robbed you of it.
To
help him to earn his bread and yours
You
forfeited your right, what a shame?

No
friends or relations you have any more
Only
your master, where ever he goes.
Inside
the knapsack on his master's back
You travel far and wide, but no track
you keep.
At the end of the dance, an egg you'd be given
You gobble it at once and creep back to
your box.

The supreme creature on this earth
The man with legs, arms and a brain
Making use of an innocent snake
Who has no legs, no wings, no voice.
Sans his fangs, his right, his pride
Forces to earn his daily bread.
Lalitha somathilaka

The poet explores a different aspect of snake charmer and the role that snake plays in his life. The poet has used narrative mode to convey the message.

Never too late

Never too late
"Gus, just gimme a jiffy,
Till this breaking' news's done
I wanna see if there trouble
Over where Mike is-
It's been some time since he skipped.
It's been years since I saw him
Sweating and shedding blood
In hell holes in some god-forsaken land.
Fighting an enemy god knows whose!
It's his third time out there,
Fighting an enemy God knows whose!
A small town kid from Wyoming
Little knowing before enlisted,
Where Haditha or Basra is,
Oh ! they' re glad the stock market 's climbing'
But why do I feel my Mike is drowning'
Decorated with Purple Heart
I wanted to see him coming home.
But that was a stupid time now gone,
Now knowing better, I care for none
No need for drums and medals
Just love to have My Mike back home.
He is no more fighting a people's war
Reading between lines, I sure feel so,
A war, making no sense to folks back home.
Enough is dead, in a greedy soulless war,
My Betsie needs her man , little Jimmy needs his dad,
I wonder why the trumpets never fade but go,
Calling for more young blood, in vain to flow."

Nalaka Devapriya Dassanayake

The poem is about the futility of war. The poem describes that 'war' is no longer a matter for the people and what they want is their life. The poet has used a simple and effective diction.



Is it the life...

Is it the life...
Dreams will brittle
hearts will break
tears will fall
sadness will arise
because that is life
time will pass
and memories will forget
grief will vanish
and happiness will come
because that is life
you and me, both will fall
and our hearts will be hurt
but need to stand again
and walk on this road
because it is life...
Umesh Moranudali

The poet tries to describe the changing nature of life. The poet has used a simple diction and short lines. The poem is noted for its philosophical ideas.

To my grandchild

Oh, my little cup cake !
My daughter made you in heaven and brought you
For me to count.
With little eyes so penetrating
And with little legs toddling here and there
All over the Eden of my garden.
Oh my little beautiful charming pearl
Tossed down to this earth to add beauty
To my garden
I am in the evening part of my life
With all the flowers withered
Yet with flowers bloomed with you
In the morning part of your life
I am not towards ending,
'cause you are another beginning to me
You live in the house of tomorrow
Which I cannot visit
It is a life longing, my child

I wish you may live and enjoy life on your own
With my love and love alone
Ponniiah Ganeshan
Children Chapter IV
And a woman who held a babe against her bosom said,
'Speak to us of children.' And he said: Your children are
not your children. They are the sons and daughters of
Life's longing for itself. They come through you but not
from you, And though they are with you, yet they belong
not to you. You may give them your love but not your
thoughts. For they have their own thoughts. You may
house their bodies but not their souls, For their souls
dwell in the house of tomorrow, which you cannot visit,
not even in your dreams. You may strive to be like them,
but seek not to make them like you. For life goes not back-
ward nor tarries with yesterday. You are the bows from
which your children as living arrows are sent forth. The
archer sees the mark upon the path of the infinite, and He
bends you with His might that His arrows may go swift
and far. Let your bending in the archer's hand be for glad-
ness; For even as he loves the arrow that flies, so He loves
also the bow that is stable.

Khalil Gibran

The poet expresses his joy at the birth of his grandchild. The poet has used a simple diction and apt metaphors.



This too shall pass

Thunder was making heavy metallic music
Rain was splashing, cheering among the clouds
Darkness engulfed the sky
no bird songs no ray of sunshine
despair was right in front of mine
eyes knowing 'This too shall pass'
I danced on the edge of life
I survived
Nisansala Dharmasena Bertholamuze

The poem is about the changing nature of life. The poet has used short and sharp lines. The poem is noted for its brevity of expression.

