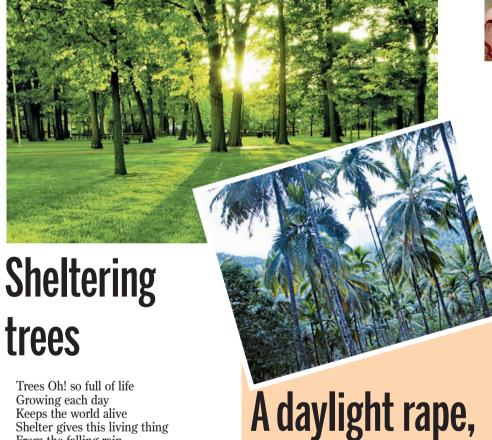


Off to Kamla Nagar

They've opened a KFC in Kamla, You tell me: I can't believe! For the three months I've not been there, Things have changed so much out there! Did I think that the world would stay still, And miss a Sri lankan who's left her care? Shed some sad tears for me, The way I do, and miss HER air? Students come and students go, She's seen them all and held them close. Chicken buckets and chocolate swirls Will feed another new batch of girls. A Death by Chocolate, Jump up and Kiss Me, A Devil's Chocolate Delight; Oh! How I miss the unique names And the nights full of delight. The nights out here are warm and calm, Food is good though names lack charm: BUT I miss you, OM-SHIVA-RAM, And long to walk there arm in arm.... G.C.Priyangwada Perera.

P.S- This is something written about our favourite hang out spot in Delhi: Kamla Nagar-a small town full of delight. That was where most Delhi University students shopped, ate, and had fun. The place was in walking distance from the North Campus and it was full of college students in shops and restaurants till the town closed down late in the night. But it was after I left Delhi that they opened the KFC, till then Kamla only had the Mc.Donald's.The restaurants had different dishes,drinks,cakes and ice cream with the most weird names one can think of as I have mentioned some. (all being the names of food. My poems are always being totally personal. Often the only sense of achievement since leaving Delhi and probably the only way I can repay what Delhi gave me and what Delhi means to me even

In this poem, the poet recalls happy university days and how she hangs around in the township of Kamla Nagar. The poem stands out for depiction of Kamla Nagar and the vital role it played or perhaps, still playing in the emotional lives of university students. The central motif of the poem is nostalgia. The poet has used a simple yet evoca-



and then ...

How the dozery steel monster

In dazzling broad daylight! Oh! Poor little,

Outgrowing knolls on her torso

Outfit adored with emerald designs Of palms, shrubs and verdant undergrowth

Striking lustrous pelt swathed body

Torn into pieces; Ripped off her clothes, in a jiffy;

Leaving a bleeding naked body

Lying motionless, breathless! For sun, moon, stars and clouds

Up in celestial world to bemoan!

Alas! What could you and I do?

Except, heaving a sigh of relief!

De jure Misdemeanor

Cracked a joke

No de facto mother would

Wilfully or mindfully behold

Time passed by, ostensibly fast Awakened, one day, to a roaring

Each half nut, reminiscing moon

Milky matter, relishing palates

And the oil, lighting up shrines Worthier than gold;

Amidst a deafening applause

The poem is about cutting down

of coconut trees. The poet has skilfully used the metaphor of raping a

maiden to highlight the fact that a

coconut estate is of utmost impor-

tance to life. The poet has used a

Hurrah!!!

Jayatissa K.Liyanage

simple diction.

Many a time, passers by witnessed

In her charming teens!

I witnessed

With all its might

Overpowered her

Growing each day Keeps the world alive Shelter gives this living thing From the falling rain And the scorching sun Detected our ancestors From ancient times Of trees being of value For our human kind There sometimes brazen Black or grey branches Offers fruits To feed human or beasts hunger That satisfies them in number Leaves for clothing Wood for housing Herbs and roots Cure the sick Funeral pyres To bury the dead Coffins too to rest their heads Cradles cots for wee ones Oh! Without trees We would have none

Let not the axe Or heavy machines Slay these down If no cause at all Human mind Come make a plan To plant a tree I beg of thee

Precious trees Let multiply Whether with roots Whether with seeds Dig into the ground And grow us trees Dilrukshi De Silva

The poem is about the innumerable ways in which trees help flourish life on the earth. The poet has used a down-to-earth language and apt metaphors. However, there are lines which seem to lack poetic diction.

Reunion

A song of subtle music Beautiful as of yore A promise, yet unforgotten A story from yesterday Tears well in my eyes, Tears that waited so long Wipe them away with The dream we once saw A glance so tender A whisper, a soft kiss A scent pure and sweet A to-be-fairy tale Is it you yourself Mine-own-of-old days In your eyes I can see The girl-I-used-to be

Punya Samanthapali

In the poem, the poet skilfully depicts the changes that have been brought about by time. Over the years, time has changed everything from the fresh feeling of youth to the intimate relationship between once a girl and boy. The poem is noted for its short and sharp lines.



Room service...

With a pretty little doll, As the winter nights fall. You make a familiar visit, To this remote Chalet resort, With a young lass as the companion, At your beck and call, Now sailing out of the room, I escort to the car your satisfied soul. An escapade at its end, When you're about to depart, A few dollars into my fingers, With a friendly grin, you thrust in, Indeed it lights up my heart, One satisfied customer's joy, For service well done. A prayer for you, Will always be at my lip, Thank you sir, For that generous tip, Keeping away the wintry cold, Your quenched fires, Will keep the tabs on hold,, Smiles may gather, Hearts could turn light, With a fire burning bright, In a cozy fireplace at night, And want for a few days, Chased hopefully out of sight. Nalaka Dassanayake

Using the narrative mode, the poet tells a story of a room boy being given a few dollars as a token of appreciation for the service welldone. The poet has used a simple

A wish from a withered heart

My beloved wife You were then A widow you're now Yet you are the sweetheart Who always moistens me With the drops of tears All the chirpy cherubs Whom we brought up together Have gone their own ways Flapping the tiny wings You are alone in the nest Losing every support No softness there to warm you dear bearing many a pain you sigh-my heart weeps Have a great desire To be with you As ere days we were Yet this is a long journey Which I finished so early Waving my hand call thee too From a distance lonely place Yes-there is a room reserved In this valley Which is filled with Peace and tranquillity I know How much defenceless are you! In your aged life Losing the warmth and every support, My heart feels guilty If I did any wrong for you Please forgive me dear! Suffering all night – With a burning heart Have a great desire To come secretly Into your solitary cell And go back Wiping your endless tears In our own compound Where fragrant flowers bloomed Let me float and roam around mingling with gentle breeze when the veil of the dusk falls. Inoka Samarawickrama A translation of the poem Miyagiya Sami-

Roshini Ketipearachchi

The poet has made a good attempt at translating the original Sinhala poem into English. But there are some places which sound un-English owing to the translator's

attempt to translate Sinhala idiom

sinto English.

yage Balaporottuva (The hope of a dead

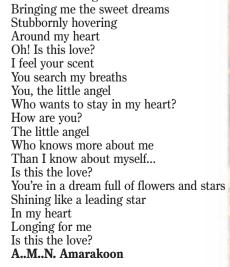
husband)

Awake in the night Bringing me the sweet dreams Stubbornly hovering Around my heart Oh! Is this love? I feel your scent You search my breaths You, the little angel Who wants to stay in my heart? How are you? The little angel Who knows more about me Than I know about myself... Is this the love? You're in a dream full of flowers and stars Shining like a leading star In my heart Longing for me Is this the love? A..M..N. Amarakoon

The poem is about the indescribable nature of love. The poet has used a simple diction and apt meta-



A little angel



phors.

