



A silent prayer to a hero

When the victory parades are held gloriously,
I, in a silent prayer, remember those heroes,
Who are buried deep in the Mother Earth,
Whose sweat and blood carved out to us a
Niche named PEACE,
Whose lives didn't last long to see the glorious parades,
But were sacrificed in silence
To make our lives last long.
Chanakya Liyanage

The poet recalls the supreme sacrifice that thousands of war heroes made as the nation celebrates the third year of eradicating terrorism. Although the fallen war heroes were buried deep in the Mother Earth, they have made Peace for us. The poet has used a simple diction and the poem is noted for its patriotic sentiments.



I just miss you

I just miss you
I miss how things used to be
Most of all
I just miss you
Nisansala Dharmasena Bertholamuze

The poem is about a loved one. The poet has resorted to the Haiku structure. The poem is noted for its brevity of expression.

Silver grey hairs

I saw on my head some silvery streaks
Glistening here and there.
What do they decipher? I asked myself
Should I be happy or sad?

Like King Makhadew who denounced his throne
Seeing a grey hair on his head
Should I leave home and wear the robes
Start to pray and meditate?

Trembling I was for I heard the death knell
I'm reaching the winter of my life.
A voice within me calmed me down
"Think more rationally," it said.

What you had seen, what you had learnt
When journeying through your life.
Had made you wise, had made you cultured
Gray hairs are the symbols of them.

The good you had done, the mistakes you had made
The silver grey hairs would know
As time goes on you'll find more streaks
Never cry or fret.

The silvery hair, a symbol of wisdom
Do not feel shy and tint,
Let them shine, proud you should be
For the silver crown on your head.
Lalitha Somathilaka



The poet pensively looks at the passing days which turn his hair from black to grey. The grey hair is a sign of wisdom and maturity for many who have spent their lives meaningfully. But there are a few whose grey hair symbolises vanity, obstinacy, fallacy and organic racism. There are others whose entire lives were spent gossiping at offices without learning anything. They are walking tragedies and for them, grey hair means nothing but worrying about ageing. The poem is noted for its philosophical ideas.

I waited for you bohemian
To carry on the torch of my friendship
Yet, by the time I came,
You were absent and your chair was empty
To my utter grief
Where did you go anyway?
I heard you have passed away
In your sleep
Leaving me alone
And you would not see me again
And so do I.
This is life after all, we shared all along
The man who was yesterday, is no more today
Still I see the glamorous swans
The irksome and intellectual owl
With luminous round holes
Of blinking lamps
Ruminating on the trickles of fetched
Post modernism
Enjoying, at the pond without your presence.
I still see the old chimpanzees
Jabber in politics
Sitting at the table
With glass of drinks
To overcome the inertia
And empty articulation
The days without you, are so painful
May your soul rest in peace
Ponniah Ganeshan

A tribute to my bohemian

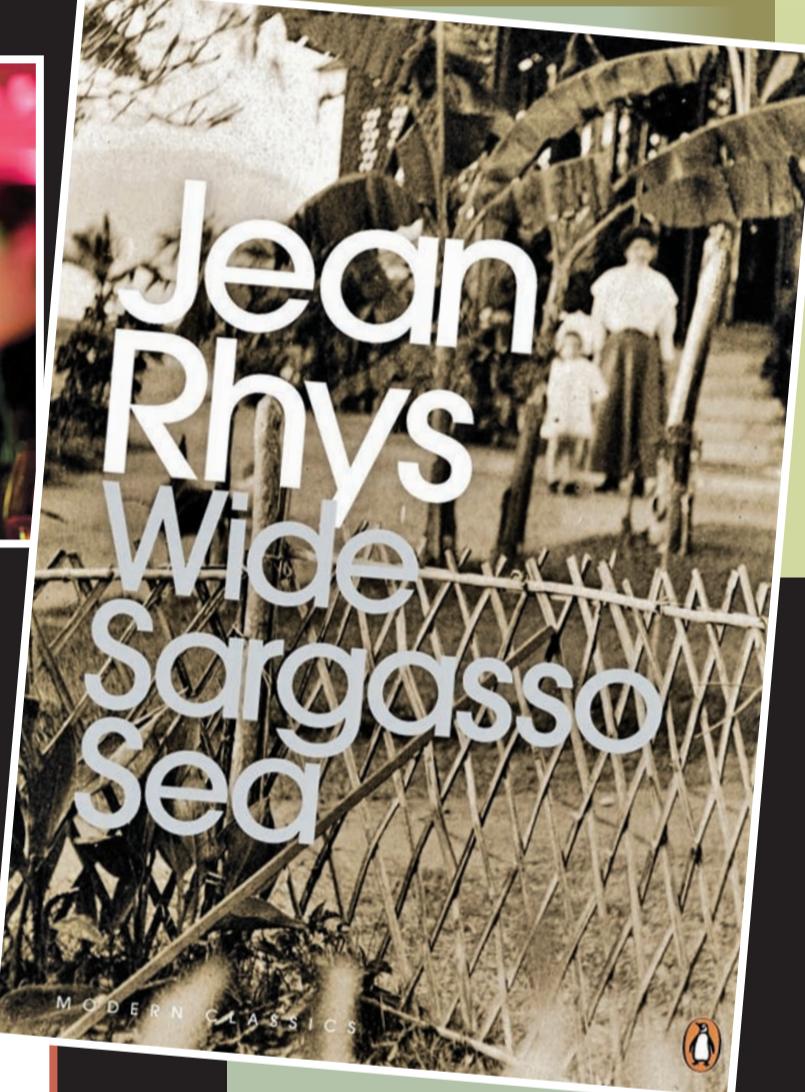


The poem is about a friend of the poet who is no more. In the first couple of stanzas, the poet recalls the bohemian young man who enjoyed the youth and then goes on to describe the many facets of his personality. The poet has used a down-to-earth language and apt metaphors.



Reviewed by
Indeewara Thilakarathne

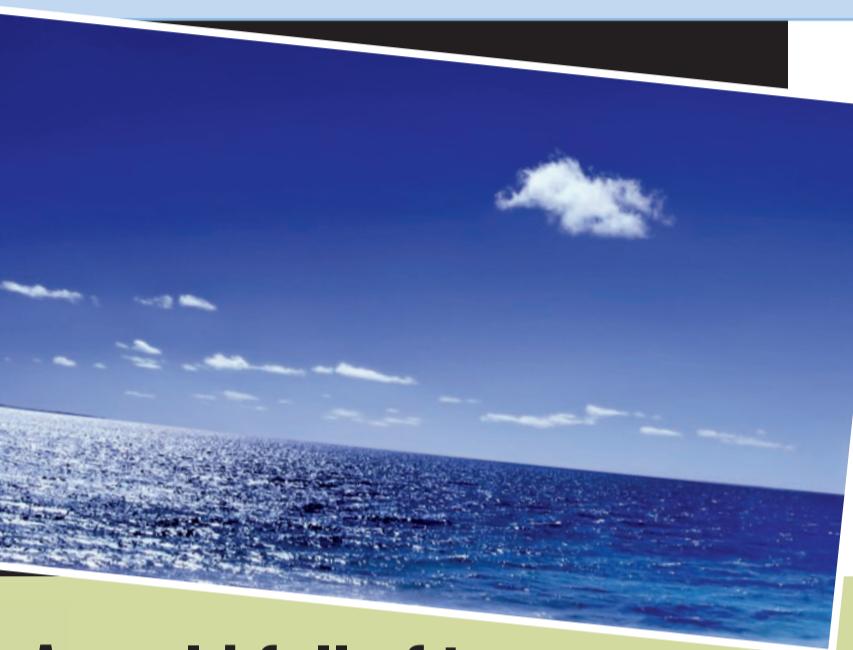
Antoinette's song



Is it a dream from yesterday
The red and yellow flowers of May
On young green grass I lay
Hundreds of beautiful nights and day
In evenings so hazy and grey
'Talk to me' to the orchids I say
Kissing the wind that came my way
Lonely yet sweet was my day
But once I dreamt that I was in a dale
Dark and bleak, was it the hell
Footsteps of WHOM I couldn't tell
Followed me and I woke-up with a yell
Cold with fear I ran to the sill
And saw the eternal high hill
Heard the trill of the silvery rill
T'm safe' thought I, 'if come HE ever will'
Farewell SANDY! The lover I would miss
On my lips the life and death kiss
YOU were my caress, my only bliss
But now HE came and claimed my lips
I a Creole and HE a White man
I knew for me HE wasn't the man
So away from HIS embrace I ran and ran
My life just slip through- it was so wan
In the paradise of sweet honeymoon
It was a dark dream I knew too soon
Listening to a lonely mountain bird's croon
I thought I would soon be maroon
I wished HE would teach me a song so new
Like the jasmines of dawn with young dew
But from my eyes too soon HE flew
I a pale flower, summer wind away blew
Like a hurricane on a verdant birch so slender
Crumpled its lissome boughs so tender
HE slay my heart so loving and tender
And furtively threw it away to the meander
Blundered to the candle, like a firefly
I came to HIM and HIS heart-so-sly
But HE was so cold and so was the sky
Now I'm a clipped bird who couldn't fly
The blue nights that I loved much more

Punya Samanthapali

The poet has captured the essential characteristics of Antoinette in the novel 'Wide Sargasso Sea' by Jean Rhys. The poem is noted for apt use of metaphors and short and sharp lines.

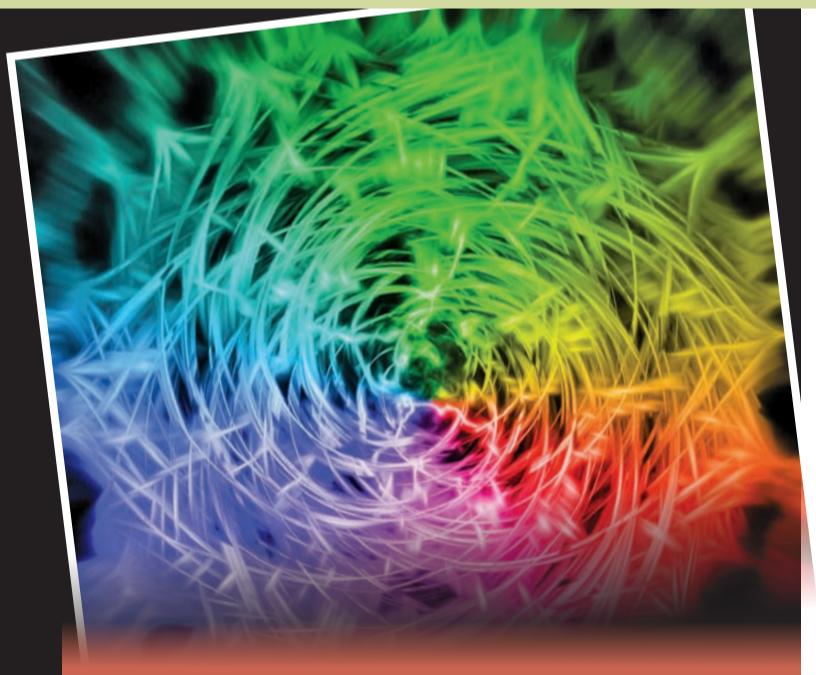


A world full of treasures

Blue sky and bluish oceans colour the salubrious nature.
Lush green trees and multi-coloured flowers adorn the beauty of nature.
Tuneful chirps of birds chant melodies to troublesome and turbulent life.
Waterfalls, lakes and rivers moisturise and refresh the atmosphere.
Beautiful sceneries and meadows make nature a paradise.
Mountain ranges and dense forests provide a mighty look.
Wild animals and other living creatures make nature alive.

W.M. Sumitra Weerasekara

The poem is about the glories of nature. The poet has used a simple diction. However, due to long lines, the poem, at times, sounds like a passage on nature.



Peace wind

Oh! Peace wind!
What is your direction?
Do you blow hard or in a soft way?
You cannot enter enmity's rocky heart
With your hard blow
It is so wild and rigid.
How can you befriend breath of such unbending heart
With your free blow
In order to dig a spring in such an obstinate heart?
It is only through your unretreating swim
In the rough ocean of conflicts and combats
That you are winning the war of peace.
Oh! The age old wind of peace!
Without your bold step towards
The world of bliss free of killing
You cannot prove your living as a God created
Force of nature.
Oh! the gift of nature provided by God
You are at the mercy of human character
Moulded by satanic evils-
Self-interest and exploitation prevent the free blowing of
Peace wind
Terrorism stands in the way of smooth movement
Of peace loving men and women.
So let's all open our
closed windows of hearts
To the continuous inflow of peace wind
Causing a complete clean up of antagonism
And blood shedding war
From the house of multi races in turmoil.
M.Y.M. Meeadh

The poet wishes that the wind of peace may blow through the hearts and minds of all cleansing the minds of the masses of antagonism, hatred and racism. The poem is noted for its philosophical ideas.