



Raven's spell

If I had met you oh! my love  
In old times and thorny paths  
Would I have offered my life to you  
Not for your riches but for who you be  
Never to be your mistress  
But I would have wedded thee  
I yearn to be in your arms my love  
Yet it cannot be  
I am certain what's before  
Mine eyes I see  
If my touch or my thoughts  
Could turn you into flesh  
How grateful to God must I be  
Embedded magic in me must be  
My captive thoughts reach out to thee

Now faded from the scorching sun  
Champagne colour and  
Camomile flowers  
Sprouting from beneath you  
Not over shadowing you  
Hidden emotions my eyes see in you  
Though turned to stone  
By the witch I see  
Predominant raven  
What has she done to thee  
Her callus thoughts turned my love  
To stone I clearly see  
Called is she the vicious raven I have heard  
So known to be  
For her evil magic  
That captured you  
This ravens bound  
With evil magic  
But true love's bond  
Cannot measure beyond  
Forsake will I not you  
My precious love  
For I come to endure  
For your sake not ignore  
My love my prince  
Cannot I hear to see  
This awful thing  
That has ravaged you  
Could true love  
Not bring thy form back  
Have I heard it is true I know

The poem is woven around three main characters in a television series entitled 'Charmed'. The poet has used a simple diction and apt metaphors.



'Modern life...'

Grey streets with dim lights,  
Shine upon the gleaming plights,  
Saw two faces struggling with might,  
Knew them as two blind sights...  
Cold corpses walk on a bridge,  
Sharing cups of coffee,  
They talk of pieces from day news,  
With high and low tones..

- Tharindu Jayamanna

The poet highlights a different aspect of city life and questions the very notion of 'modern life'. The poet has used a simple diction and the poem is noted for its brevity of expression.

Ticking heart

My meeting you was destiny  
Although it seemed one of irony  
During the early days of tyranny  
My eyes always did you scrutiny  
Seeing your smile which was heavenly '  
Reminded me again that I'm not lonely  
Even though we spoke few words hastily  
In my heart you were portrayed vividly  
Coming to a place of unknown territory  
I was drawn in to a dream of solitary  
Trying to get to the world of reality  
By the grace of human divinity  
When I woke up from that nightmare  
To see you were no more there  
But still when I see you anywhere  
My heart tickles here and there

- Rizni Ahamed

The poem is about a chance encounter of a man with a fascinating woman in the period of terror. The poem may have been more effective if the poet paid attention to the poetic diction.

Place now my head upon thy breast  
Feel my tears  
Roll down like a rivulet  
Upon thy chilly breast

Is this enough ransom  
I have paid the raven  
Not in wages for I have non  
But my deepest loving emotions  
And fountains of love saturated from mine eyes  
These will I offer for you

Could this be the magic in me  
True love and a gentle heart  
I giveth up for you  
Now turn now turn  
My precious love  
From stone to flesh  
You see I cannot live without thee  
For if I die before you wakes  
My emotional whispers  
I know are heard

Oh my prince I know  
This raven spell  
Is strong in you  
But my tears and gentle heart  
Will awake thee to live  
And when my breath is gone  
Bring yellow roses  
And place upon my grave  
And wish I meet thee  
In the next rainbow fall  
Not as thy mistress  
But as my prince  
And me you princess  
- Dilrukshi De Silva



Dirge of the little mermaid

Far out in the sea so clear and deep  
Blue like a cornflower the waves sleep  
From the purple blossoms so filmy and pretty  
I weaved a secret dream; softly sang a ditty  
Flowers were pure, but lacked the scent  
It was cold, but missed the snow the sky sent  
Everywhere blue! No verdant green tint  
Even the moon had a shadow of violet glint  
The day I rise up out of the sea  
I quietly sat on a sand rock in glee  
The world out there, a magical spell!  
It was a sweet dream words couldn't tell  
The night lay still in a misty veil  
The stars were so alluring and pale  
The moon was milk-white in the blue yonder  
How lovely the days and nights out there! I wonder  
Then I saw you there in the ship's lee  
That's where I lost me!  
I had fifteen years of my own  
Till I saw you and wished I were your own!  
But then the sky looked black and grey  
The waves rose high; the storm was heavy  
In my embrace I enfolded you  
And let the waves drift us wherever they would  
Together we were on the sand so yellow  
The dawn was pearly and mellow  
I kissed you and wished you would live  
Then dreamt, with me you were in love!

The poem is based on a legend. The poet has used an apt narrative to convey the feelings of the mermaid. The poem is noted for its short and sharp lines.



A tear falls on to a knee...

He is sitting on something  
He is looking after something  
He is listening after something  
He is hearing after something  
The day of 19th May.....

He seated carefully  
He looked carefully  
He listened carefully  
He heard carefully  
The day of 19th May.....  
Its esteem.....  
And Its Sri Lankans free will  
Unconsciously fallen a tear onto a knee...

- Rohini Ekanayake

The poem is about celebrating the third year victory over terrorism. The poet has used a simple diction and apt metaphors to convey the heartfelt gratitude of the masses for the fallen heroes.



Reviewed by  
Indeewara Thilakarathne



A meritorious act

He was an octogenarian  
A bachelor, a pensioner,  
Sober, kind and sympathetic  
Lived in a rented house,  
With no kith and kin,  
Resting and counting his days  
An old widow servant-feeble  
Yet active, kind and faithful,  
Was more than a servant  
Helping, caring, treating so much  
For over a period of five years  
Thought the old man deeply  
How could best reward her,  
Apart from his paying her wages.  
He got one day a noble idea  
He made arrangements, married her  
Some days after he passed away  
She received his pension  
A prudent and meritorious act in life!

-Nazly Cassim

In this narrative poem, the poet narrates a meritorious act of a bachelor. The poet has used a down-to-earth language.



Steel tracks on wooden sleepers

Travel,  
Down valleys  
In misty meadows  
Under the shade of banyan  
Through the mountains  
In tunnels  
In darkness  
In the cities  
Through clouds of dust  
Under scorching suns  
Along the beaches  
At times, staring at barren land  
At times, pondering over the gorgeous sunset  
Pondering, "When did we start?"  
Pondering, "When will we stop?"  
Travel,  
In the train of time  
In tracks laid for us  
Tracks laid by our parents  
Our teachers  
Our forefathers  
Tracks so firmly laid  
With our blessing or otherwise  
With our resistance or otherwise  
Tracks which ends  
Only when we stop  
"When will that be?"

The poet compares life to a rail track. The poet has skillfully used the metaphor rail track to describe the intricacies and complex nature of life. The poem is noted for its philosophical ideas.

-Michael Gallop