



The road left behind

Time does not stand still true
 Yet, in a blink, into a woman did I grow?
 'You are no more a child Young Lady!' They say
 Oh! How I miss the child that was me in my day!
 Dancing on the snowy Swiss hills with Heidi sweet
 Listening to the soft whispers of firs; the linnets tweet
 Even in sleep I went to the window pane
 And looked at the dance of the summer rain
 Durga from Nishchindipoor the girl dear
 Not yet forgotten, I miss her with a sad tear
 When she waves, I would tear through the twilight lane
 And under the purple sky, we would play ever so fair
 With red-headed AnnE Shirley, spelled with an E at the end
 Getting into many scrapes and always trying to mend
 Walking arm in arm in the Lovers Lane till we come to the bend
 But now, I suddenly missed her! When did she wend?
 Walking on the Golden Road with the Story Girl
 I found something sweet at every turn
 Now I count all the fair hopes I found there, in my mind
 But when did I leave that road behind?
 Slipping into Cinderella's room, to kiss that fair maid
 In her silvery voice 'Good night' she bade
 When the blue moon passed through the Moonstone
 With Tinker Bell, I collected the star dust
 In starry nights I lay awake and wonder
 Where is the magical lamp from the Cave of Wonder?
 In a dream, the magic carpet took me there
 And I saw Aladdin and Jasmine, that lady fair
 In the Enchanted Castle, I walked with Belle
 And picked a blue rose from the Roses Vale
 Then I slipped into the Spell-bound Chamber
 And saw charming Aurora in her frozen slumber
 During the fairies' summer visit to the Flowering Meadow
 Little Thumbelina perched upon the sill of my window
 In pink autumn evenings sleeping in a hazy veil
 I sang with Silver Mist in the Pixie Dale
 So, is this the end of a hundred beautiful chapter?
 Have I read all the pages full of beauty and rapture?
 Be sensible, Young Lady! Step out of the Fairies' Hollow
 Walk straight away, out of that dream all aglow!
 But I forgot my heart in the Elfin Land
 Beck the shy and Fira the fiery held it so tight
 Faerie Mary, do come with your magical wand
 And sprinkle pixie dust on me with all your might
 So that I may have wings to fly
 Away from the path before me on the sly
 Then I would alight on the Land of Iris Hopes
 And will never let them slip off from my heart
Punya Samanthapali

(This is something written about my beautiful childhood spent with my beloved fictional and fairy tale characters.)

The poet recalls her rich childhood spent with fictional characters and how they made up her childhood imagination. The poem is noted for the narrator's rich emotional life.



Montage
 Poetry



Tribute to parents on anniversary!



Thank you for always being there and knowing just what to do
 Thank you for knowing the words to say when we were feeling way beyond blue
 Thank you for patiently listening to all our worries and stresses
 Thank you for caring enough to get us out of all our messes
 Thank you for being a phone call away or around the corner to run to
 Thank you for your door always being open and knowing just what to do
 Thank you for being our constant support when we thought we couldn't cope
 Thank you for lifting our spirits and letting us know there is hope
 Thank you for being the 'Best Parents' Three sons could ever wish for
 We love you with all of our heart today and forever more.

Heshan, Shehan and Dilukshan

Plants ..

Nature's bounties
 Are friends of humans
 Who live on them
 Some are grown
 On their own
 Some are grown
 By human hands
 That plant
 With effort to grow
 None can get anything
 Without some toil
 And sweat
 Oh! Man!
 Don't blame God
 For making you poor
 Without tilling the earth
 For rich gifts of plants
 -M.Y.M. Meeadh

The poem is about the plants which are a gift of nature. The poet has used a simple diction to convey his ideas.



Kidnapped

My eyes are gone blind with tears
 I feel a heavy wave
 Tearing my heart for many times,
 A wave heavy with memories
 The memories of you hurt me
 Like a broken glass peeling me,
 The memories of guilt
 Which I was unable to be with you
 The dark sky, the cold winds
 Kills me for many times
 And there is no one to lament
 For a person who is dying more than once
 Now I spend my time close to you
 Enjoying the brutal silence and coldness
 With cold tombstones with dominating crows
 Which are old for many decades
 I have no idea about the time
 And I spend my day along with you
 In a place with mossy wet trees around
 Which are sunken in triggered mist
 I never saw your face before you were stolen
 And now, only the tombstone left for me
 So unfamiliar and mysterious
 Than ever in my life
 I had no clue of you,
 I was helpless with my concealed pains,
 And I tried to fight for you
 But I was pulled apart
 And now I feel like blaming my colleagues,
 For leaving me alone here,
 Why they only rescue me? Why not you?
 And now, I am isolated around the unknown
 I must suffer for my absence,
 At your last moment
 And that fault drenches me in pain,
 The pain which assail me for many times
 But still I feel your warmth,
 I still feel your presence,
 And still I feel you are alive
 And dying for the sake of my freedom
 And here you are gone,
 Then others call you dead,
 But I still feel like,
 The effort of your mortal struggle
 To join with me again
 Amidst the venom of wolves
 And though I lament as others,
 Yet there is an unsolved doubt,
 Which always; always whisper my ears,
 "Am I crying before the correct tombstone?"

Madushani Randeniya

The poet evocatively captures the mind of a girlfriend who has lost her lover. The poet has used short and sharp lines.

Reality

In a jungle
 Surrounded by mountains
 Stood an ancient temple
 With its ruined monuments
 There was no sound
 Only the wind
 No movement
 But the twinkling of leaves on trees
 The face on the statue of the Buddha
 In spite of its ruined appearance
 Radiated a kindly smile
 That brought peace and contentment
 I never felt before in my life
 From a nearby tree
 I plucked a wild flower
 And holding it between my palms
 Said a prayer
 I learned when I was a child
 The gist of which is
 This flower I am offering to you
 Seeking merit for a peaceful life
 Yet I know this fresh beautiful flower
 Will soon decay and die
 Like my body
 That decays every minute of my life
 Thank you Buddha
 The Blessed One
 For making me realise
 That nothing is worth
 Holding on to in this life

T.M Ariyawansa Rodrigo

In this narrative poem, the poet tries to convey philosophical ideas. The poet has used a simple diction and the poem is noted for its philosophical ideas.