



Forgotten

As the chill of the night wind embraces her,
she waits there, out in the darkness
Longing for something that is not going to happen
The moonlight streams down, making shadows all over the place
And she waits, silently, all bruised and bleeding her heart
Nothing more is left for her to keep,
than the memories of a long lost love

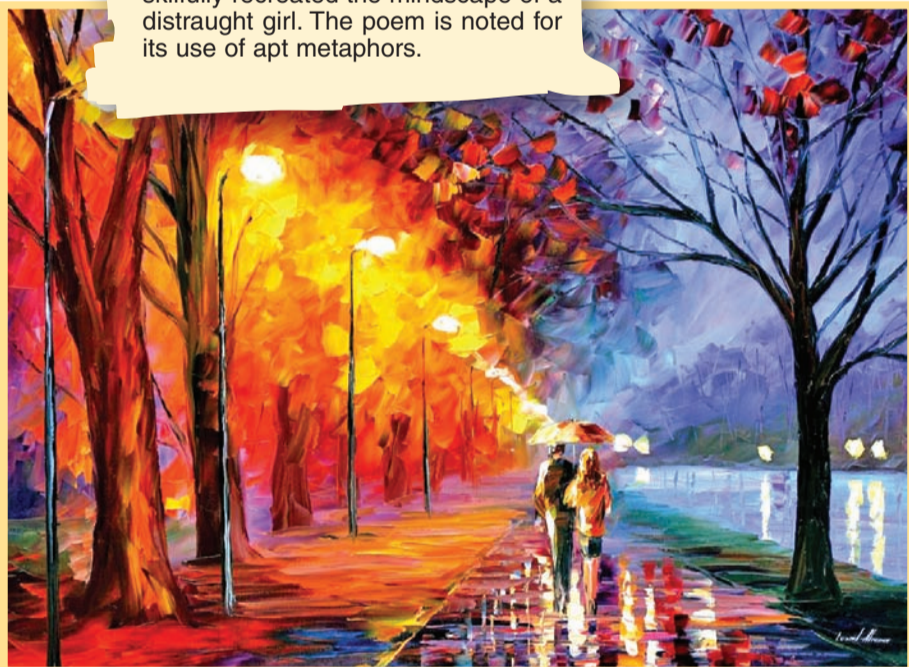
No sadder feeling in this world than to feel forgotten
When everything has become just a memory
But she waits, gets a her hopes up only to watch them fall every time
Holding onto something that's been long gone
Yet letting it go seems harder still

Maybe she's just another girl,
who's in the middle of something she doesn't really understand
Maybe she's a dreamer, like any girl would be
who has been stolen of her dream,
when her dream is all she wanted to be,
yet it's everything she can't be now

Drifting in the memories of a world that's been taken from her,
The times of joy, times of laughter, the love that promised to last forever
As she stays there in silence,
Wondering what lies ahead
How long and how far till her heart is healed
Will she be loved again... and love again...??

Ruwandi

The poem is about a girl who has lost everything and is forgotten. The poet has used a simple diction and skilfully recreated the mindscape of a distraught girl. The poem is noted for its use of apt metaphors.



Special...!

I started loving you
from the first glance of you.....
I had never fallen in love before
But 'you',
Changed my life since that day....

With the passing of time.....
Unbelievably,
I got to know that you too loved me!
But at the time I got to know that I had refused you, for no reason
But I had to
I too even still don't know, why I loved you so much....
to make you be a part of my life !!!!

But unfortunately...
I don't have you now
But I know that you are HAPPY with another one
That's all what I need
Yet, you are with me in my imagination...
I still love you ...
Neither I know how much it is!
-Vihanga Gunadasa

The poem is about the loss love and the powerful emotions that it left in the poet's mind. The poem is noted for recreating the mindscape of a one who is deeply in love with his 'first love'.

Be brave,
Walls are to jump over
Rivers are to cross over
Rules are to be broken
But,
If taken to court
Tell the truth
Pay the price
-learn

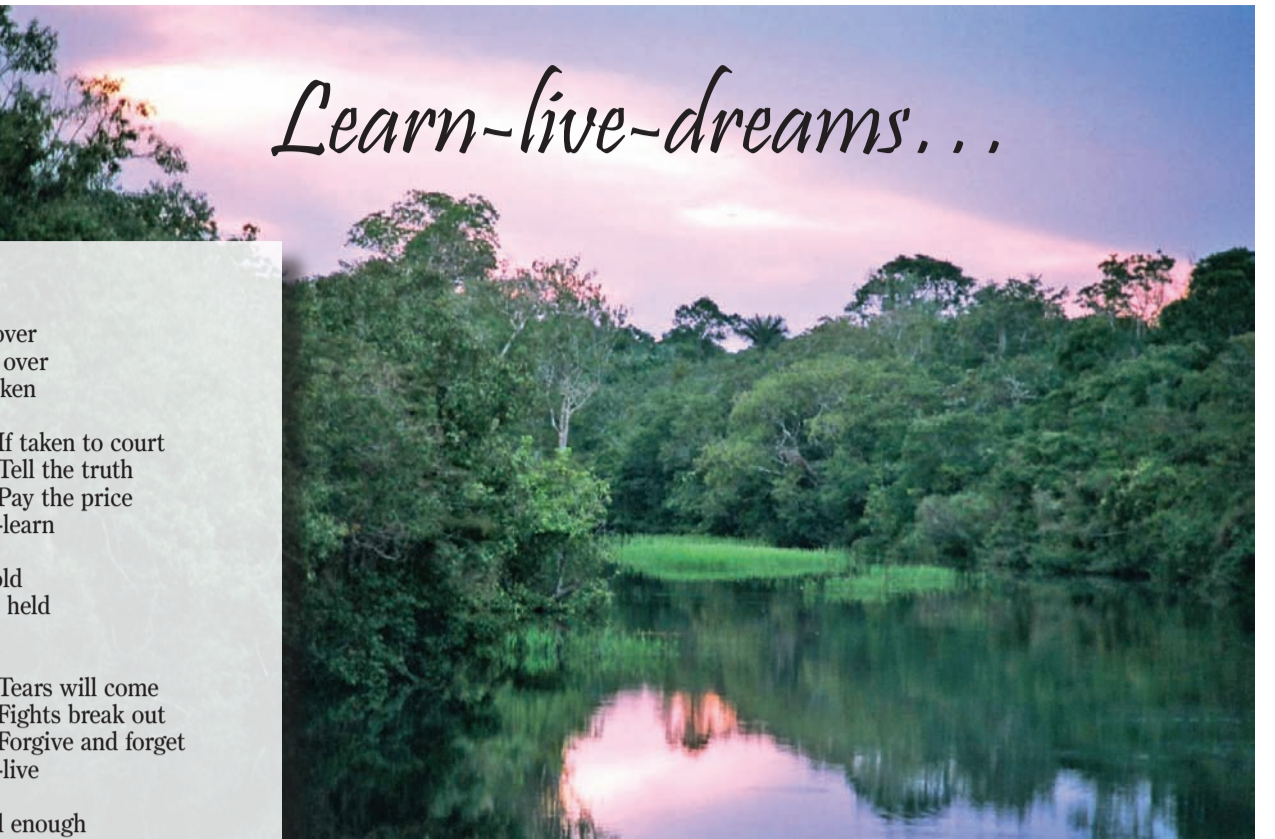
Have friends,
Stories are to be told
Broken limbs to be held
Friends are forever
But,
Tears will come
Fights break out
Forgive and forget
-live

Dream big,
Trees are never tall enough
Roads are never broad enough
Men reached the moon
But,
People will laugh
Your own will doubt
Pull up your socks
-hope

-Michael G

The poem conveys philosophical ideas which encourage one to follow his or her dreams though they may seem impractical for others. The poem is noted for apt metaphors and short and sharp lines.

Learn-live-dreams...



Silence

I ain't no Plath
I do not rhyme like Burns
Dylan, oh well
I rage
We all should rage

'Rage against the dying of the light'
Rage against silence

Silence
That measure of time
Between unspoken words
Words we could not find
Did not want to say
Did not know how to say

Giving birth
To that pregnant pause
How awful
How uncomfortable
How unpleasant

Silence
God damn silence
I wish you go away
Far , far away.

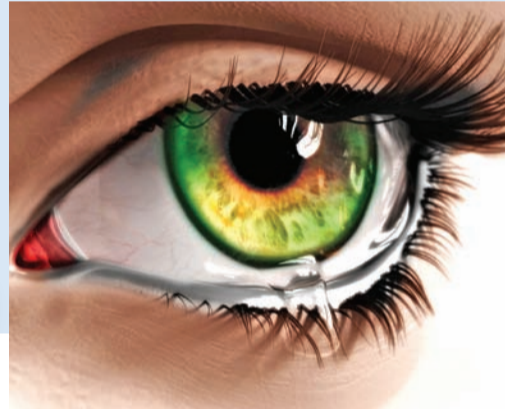
Ananda P Dasanayake

The poem describes an agonising silence which measures time and speaks eloquently of unspeakable things. The poem has used a down-to-earth language with appropriate metaphors.

Tears of separation

Sad are the hearts
divided by love
sad are the eyes
touched by tears of separation
sad are the lives
where loneliness engulfs
Bertholamuze Nisansala Dharmasena

In a couple of lines, the poem recreates the agony in the heart of a girl who has been separated from her lover.



"The city at dusk..."

I stand in the light,
diminishing to the dark clouds,
Mild lights shining over,
in the far...

I look over the dusk,
dark shadows moving,
running towards dim lights,
pondering when this race will end....

Tharindu Jayamanna

The poem skilfully captures the city at dusk with moving shadows. The shadows of the men and women suggest their daily struggle. The poem ends with a philosophical note. The poem is noted for its brevity and its philosophical ideas.



The wind

My soul floats with the wind
Soft as a feather
Free as a butterfly
Aimless
To an unknown destination
Vagabond among the realms
Unseen, untrodden
Lost among thoughts
Scared to come back;
To a world of insecurity
Scared to vanish like dew
How many seconds
Have I to lull in this wind
Pacific and fragrant
Heavy with my thoughts.

-La_Lune

The poem conveys highly philosophical ideas. The poem is noted for its brevity and sharp lines.

The purest love

Eyes with great expectations
Smile is filled with the kindness
Heart is the spring of pure love
Words with thousands of blessings
Her charming life is committed
To make her place a paradise
She is the greatest of all
With the purest heart,
Who can heal the world
She is my pure love
The angel of my life,
My ever loving, dearest Amma.

Nadeeshani Dissanayake

Although the poem has skilfully conveyed the idea of purest love at the beginning, the last couple of lines sound like a statement. The poem is noted for its brevity and apt metaphors.

