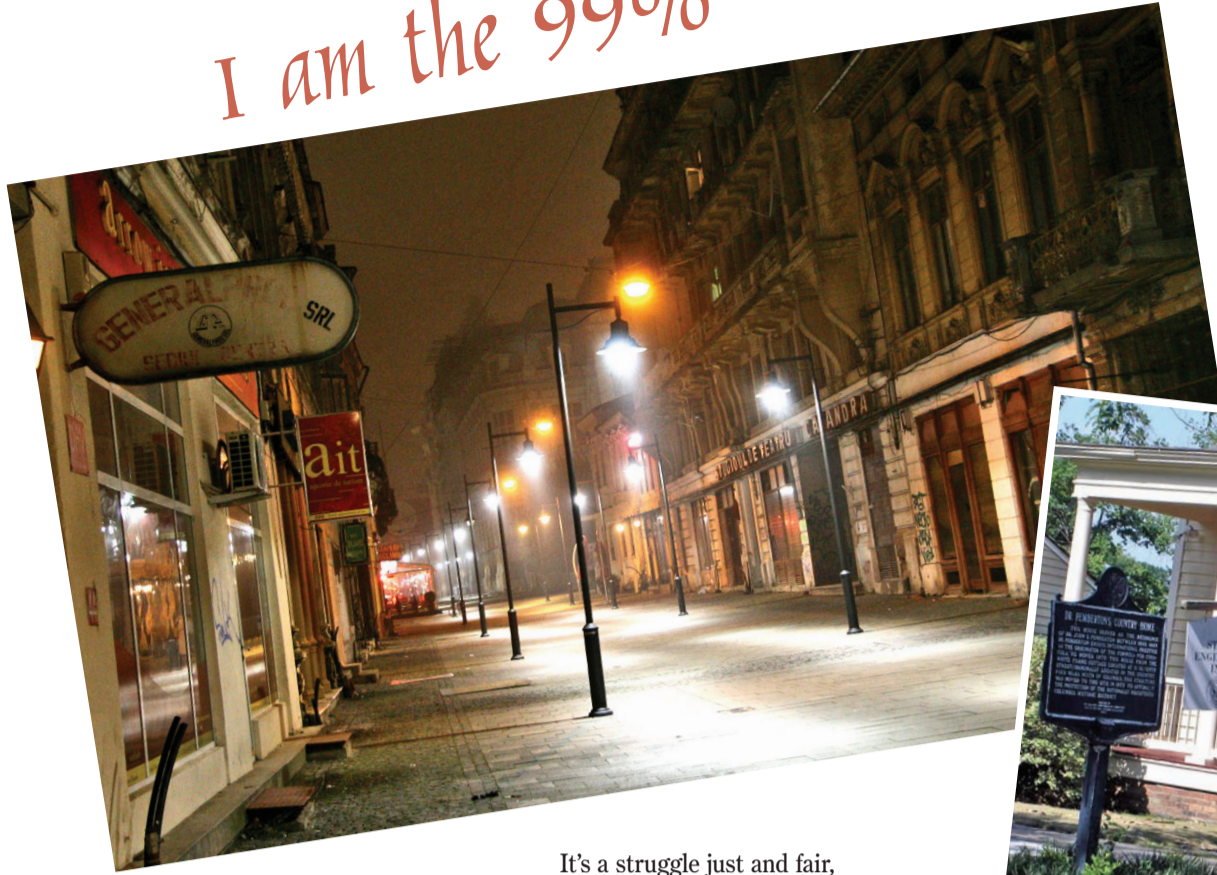


I am the 99%



It's a struggle just and fair,
Gathering in thousand from everywhere,
Ugly corporate schemes to lay bare,
To occupy every city square.

The last strand of hay,
That breaks the back as they say,
It's the hour, it's the moment,
To lions, innocent lambs turn away.

Social welfare,
It's a word blowing in the air,
Tax-it's the horror,
A devilish nightmare,
No more the burden,
The innocent can bear.

So keen is the state,
To feed and fatten the rich,
The downtrodden is thrown,
In to a disgusting ditch,
It a policy thought so fine,
No more the masses,
Can toe the line.

Fed on crumbs,
Thrown by the rich,
Sucked out of blood,
By rulers selfish,
The storm is gathering,
Ready to sweep,
I am the 99%
Rising in the streets.

Nalaka Devapriya Dasanayake

The poem is about old age and the harsh realities of life. The social welfare systems have virtually evaporated into thin air in the face of rising cost of living. The poet has skilfully conveyed the haplessness associated with aging. The poet has used simple diction.

The divine birth



That blissful night
Where shepherds wandered
In search of their strayed sheep
Appeared a flamboyant star
In the sky
Signalising its significance
For mighty and low to see

This star of wonder
Shone so bright
That day, that holy night
The astro did
Give three kings
The path to reach
What they fore seen

That star of brilliance
Stood above
A humble home
Where cattle roamed
Born was a babe
By the holy spirit of God
To a virgin mother
We know called Mary

Lay the mother
Her precious babe
In a manger bed
With straw for his head
Not fine silks
Layed upon his bed

Wrapped the mother her little babe
In swathing cloth
And fervent love
Listening to the angels
Sing from the heavens above
While the babes earthly father
Joseph, watched on in loving praise

If I was a shepherd
That day that night
What gifts
Would I have given thee
My lord I questioneth me

With empty hands
And ragged clothes
Would I have come to thee
Prostrating before thy divine feet
Conscious mine good thoughts and deeds
My Jesus would I
Have offered thee

This day and age
Aware am I
What I giveth thee
Not gold, silver, Diamonds or pearls
Or man made things
That wither away

With empty hands
Come I to thee
But my hearts wrapped
With gentle deeds
Love, humbleness, forgiveness
And charity to others
Seen the nicest gifts
My heart bestoweth upon thee
My gracious Lord
This Christmas
And the year around

Dilrukshi De Silva

The poem is about the birth of Jesus Christ and the poet has used short and sharp lines. The poem is noted for its apt rendering.

The rich man's death



A deep mourn echoed
Spread the news of Poor's death
From mouth to mouth
Relatives and friends
Came to see him
They cried and cried
With unbearable sorrow
Memorising his good
They wept years and years
Radio, Television and newspapers
Brought the news of rich man's death
Richest slept alone on a worth coffin
Middle of beautiful wreaths
Condolences came from all
Over the world
Everyone was busy with choosing
New clothes to funeral
Family was tired with preparing
Grand treatments to visitors
People came and went
But no one had a chance to worry
They all enjoyed the treatments
Talked about the worth coffin and the rest
Alas! They celebrated the rich man's death
as a festival.....

Nirosha Arsecularatne

The poet draws contrast between the death of a poor man and a rich man and the class different in the two functions. The poet has successfully dealt with many issues associated with the lives of the poor and the rich. The poet is noted for his rich diction and apt metaphors.



Home without you

Days go by with memories slowly fading
Emptiness surrounds me as I sit here waiting
Though you have gone leaving me alone
I still feel your presence in our home

I woke up to your sounds not long ago
Now you don't come home in the evening anymore
I pass by your room with a tear on my face
The chair you sat on is still in place

In the tiny yard you kept maintained
Flowers don't bloom and plants are in pain
Your friends pass by without stopping for a while
As they did before, when you were there to smile

I spend time in an empty house
Thinking of the days when you were my spouse
With no one near me, no one to talk
There are days when I can hardly walk

The children don't come, they are far away or busy
Living alone for an elderly lady is not at all easy
I sigh, thinking of the times that have gone
Without you in it, this is not my home

Udaya Perera

The poet is successful in conveying profound sorrow and a melancholic mood in reminding the departed relative. His life and living memoirs are marked in inanimate things that he used to associate with and the profound void that his absence created. The poem is noted for its apt diction and excellent rendering.

Then and now

Then
A lovely bunch of a blooming blossom
Dancing and waving under the smiling sun
The golden shafts of the blazing sun rays
Kissing its beautiful, silky petals.
Bees and butterflies hovering around
Frolicking, fluttering and having great fun
With a pleasing smile and romantic thoughts
My young eyes enjoyed the scene.

Now ---

Many a bunch of full bloomed blossoms
May be dancing and waving around,
Amidst their delicate, shiny petals,
Bees and butterflies may still have fun.
I hear no buzz, I feel no smell
No clear vision of the flowers or their mates.
Romantic thoughts don't bother me anymore
With all five senses worn out with age.

YET

This is life: none is to be blamed
The young age is different, dreamy and passionate.
Weren't we the same when we were young?
Lively and active, facing new things.
Same eyes, same ears, same mouth we have now
Yet, seasoned with age, disciplined and worn out.
The young today, old tomorrow,
They'd be the same when they reach our age.

Lalitha somathilaka

The poet conveys the true nature of life by contrasting youth with old age. The poet has been successful in conveying the profound truth of life and the poet is noted for simple diction and use of apt metaphors.



For no reason

I am up against the waves
That highly roar
Along my shore
At me

I never compromised with them
Or
Show act of any poetic adore

I am totally aware
How obnoxious they are

Out of fear
Out of weakness
Whatever it may be
I just don't care

But one day
I shall hurl a rock
Beyond the waves that roar
And float on it
To swim ashore

A.S Paiva

The poet has used a down-to-earth language with apt metaphors and the poem is noted for its philosophical thoughts.



Life; a wedding, funeral

Shiny dresses...
Lovely faces...
Tasty dishes...
Heartiest wishes...

Gloomy colours...
Sad faces...
Bad moods...
Crying souls...

Some phases ...
In the life's cycle...
Birth brings joy ...
While death, destroy...

Life is a wedding,
As well as a funeral ...
A mixture of joy and sorrows...
It's a "wedding-funeral"

W.K.S Inoka Weerasooriya

The poet has attempted to convey the ups and downs and happy as well as sad occasions associated with life. The poet has skilfully used potent metaphors such as wedding and funeral for the purpose. The poem is noted for its apt language.