



## Pilgrimage...



## For sale

Models are dancing  
Music is rapping  
no patience  
where is the respect  
cricket is selling in the market  
dollars are smiling  
Players are looking at those  
Where are the gentlemen  
in gentlemen's game  
**Umesh Moramudali**

The poet speaks of the commercialisation and how it has eroded the intrinsic values of particularly once 'the Gentlemen's game'. The poet has used a simple diction.



## Creating atmosphere

It's an emergency  
A disaster is on its way  
Grab their attention, their clamour for information  
Glue them to the sofa  
No, make them panic  
And run for their lives  
Set up camp in the news room  
Broadcast all the hustle and bustle  
The race with time  
Speak with all possible speed  
Requesting people not to panic and keep calm  
And finally when it's all over  
Congratulate themselves on a job well done  
A complete coverage  
And whisper joyfully of air time well - spent  
Pre-occupying an evening of almost a whole nation.  
**Nillasi Liyanage**

The poem is about how the media functioned during the tsunami warning. The poet has used a simple diction and apt metaphors.

The train, halted under the shade of sacred hill  
They flowed out, and, wandered here and there  
holding big, small, colourful, old and new packs of belongings  
To, find comfortable chests and knees some carelessly  
slept on un-desiring places,  
but many there stood still to face the misty, white  
clouded sky beyond the ridge, Perceived their feet  
had reached

the starting point of adventurous tramp  
Men, women, young and old with little ones  
crept forward just like a bunchy row of ants  
filled with amazement; some stood, and watched  
the vivid green forest canopy and flowering ferns  
swinging in the frosty breeze  
The minds filled with compassion, harmony  
and respect each other  
By murmurous chanting, that oozed into their  
vein sin the morning twilight tenderness of beams  
brighten the white dresses  
of devotees  
Time passed slowly  
And the far valley down, a string of people moving  
upwards  
on the zigzagged narrow path  
Surrounded by thick green vegetation which  
being the habitat of bees, birds, butterflies and  
variety of big and small animals  
Oozy willows dropping pearl like cold water drops  
But few of moving people put a glance  
at the phenomenon!

What a peregrination, having a cool gust thrill  
which each body and its soul begird the strenuous  
walk will bring to a halt at the noble foot print  
Some managed to reach the desired end  
but some could not attain the will  
they stopped hopelessly, stepped down  
with forsaken aspiration  
those who topped the hill, huddle together  
engaged customary rituals,  
The echo of the ringing bell spread over the  
chilled atmosphere  
through hill tops, forest, and the moving folks  
Excitement broke out  
Devotees squeezed to catch a glimpse of sunshine!  
The sun appeared slowly with a trembling smile  
through the glistening horizon  
Sunshine! Miraculously radiated across the mountain  
range,  
Forest canopy and everything  
open to tender beams of light  
What a huge strength,  
Noble hopes and wishes  
fulfilled the pilgrimage!  
**J.Weerakkody**

The poem is about watching the maiden sun rise over the sacred mountain of Sri Pada. The poem is noted for its rich language and vividly realised descriptions of nature.

## Friendship

She trudged to the nearest town every Sunday  
To buy a paper she read to dissolve each weary day.  
The day she didn't appear when the clock struck eight  
The old woman at the boutique scowled till it was midnight.  
They said that the two women were attached  
By the weedy chains of long widowhood.  
The latter could brave the absence of her "lady" only till the second week  
But groaned and moaned on the third to make herself very weak.  
She stood by the stile and glared at the white flag  
Dangling from the rafter jutting towards the bare crag.  
Then she staggered across the leafy garden hugging the three weeklies  
And placed them on the mound - a wreath of lilies.  
**Susantha Hewa**

The poem is about friendship. The poet has used a narrative mode to convey his ideas and the poem is noted for its apt use of metaphors.



## A little princess

A dawn of a new day  
She searched for her way  
Her sharp blue eyes;  
gave all the tries,  
without a word to say.  
They were revealing a story,  
which was never told  
Was it her destiny  
that made very short.  
A playful little lass;  
resting beneath the grass  
No one could prophecy her irony  
until time tossed his head  
and gazed at her death  
A little princess  
Made others sleepless  
Her gentle smile  
Made others speechless  
She lies peacefully  
for years melancholy  
Far across the city  
She dwells in every heart  
who loved her blissfully  
**Surani Chandrasekara**

The poem is about an imaginary 'little princess'. The poet has used a narrative form to convey the idea. He has used a simple and down-to-earth language.

## Hope

Be a shower  
To the desert of my heart  
For, the oasis I search  
Has become a mirage!  
**A. Jayalath Basnagoda**

The poet has effectively used short and sharp lines. The poem is noted for its philosophical ideas.

## Unspoken affection

No one hears and no one cares,  
No one feels as our affection is rare,  
You are my fairy and you are my deer,  
Though before, an ugly duckling  
you were, without any one's care.  
**W.M.S.R.Samaraweera**

The poet effectively sketches a mind-set of a young girl who is struggling to express her emotions. The poem is noted for its use of short and sharp lines.

