



THE PENSIVE POET



A poetry collection by the students of
the Department of English Language Teaching

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Preface

Poetry, a form of solitude, love, solace and so many other emotions is a fine form of creative art. Where do these ideas come from? What is the inspiration behind these fascinating creations? Will indeed become an obscured secret.

The Pensive Poet' will take you on a ride you have never taken before. This is not merely a book of poems, nor it is a book of random words or thoughts. It is an allied effort of 42 pensive poets of the Department of English Language Teaching, Faculty of Humanities, University of Kelaniya who have crafted their thoughts into verses, verses into stanzas, and stanzas into poems. Poems you've never heard or read before.

They were inspired by their own life, and the world around them. The intention of these poets is not to inspire you, yet to give you the chance to be engulfed in a wondrous poetic journey.

Enjoy the journey so lovingly crafted by our Pensive Poets.

A Message from the President of the TESL Students' Association 2020/21

Poetry is a form of expression that will leave with society, a message that will create a lasting impact in the hearts and minds of the readers. Not only is poetry an expression of emotion but it is also a trigger, a sword that has so much power to change perceptions whilst adding more insights to life. It can be deemed as a soul-searching experience for both the poet and the reader. In a society where technology seems to have made the writing of poetry a lacklustre experience, it seemed fitting to provide the young poets of the Department of English Language Teaching at the University of Kelaniya, an opportunity to sharpen their skills in poetry writing. A platform to express their emotions.

"The Pensive Poet" is a collection of poems composed by the students of the Department of English Language Teaching at the University of Kelaniya. This E- booklet was created by the TESL Students' Association 2020/21, with the intention of administering our very own publication for the undergraduates of our department to showcase their talent in poetry writing. This E- booklet consists of various poems written by our fellow colleagues, under a range of topics adding more versatility and diversity to this publication.

This publication would not have been possible if not for the immense support and dedication of many people that worked behind the scenes. I would like to express my sincere gratitude to our lecturers who guided and supported us to make this publication possible. To the Committee members, the Editorial board and I.T. team of the TESL Students' Association 2020/21, I extended my sincere gratitude and appreciation for the time, effort and dedication you put in to make this publication a reality.

As the President of the TESL Students' Association 2020/21, I sincerely hope that this publication initiated by our Association, under the guidance of the lecturers at the Department of English Language Teaching, would be a stepping stone for many other publications that are to come in the future through the department. I sincerely hope that this publication will encourage many of the undergraduates of our department at present and also those who will be a part of TESL family in the near future to explore, sharpen and enhance their skills while in creative writing. I hope that this will lead to better opportunities for our undergraduates to spread their wings of creativity. It is with immense pride that I, on behalf of the TESL Students' Association 2020/21 present to you "The Pensive Poet." May this publication, be an inspiration and a source of encouragement for the future that is to come!

- O.C. Nicholle Collom -
President
(TESL Students' Association 2020/21)



A Message from the Secretary of the TESL Students' Association 2020/21

Poetry is an art form that predates and creates magical worlds that offer insights into ourselves - and the unknown. Since it has taken to the pages, poets have even been able to play with how it looks, using word placement to add another layer of meaning. The notion of an 'anthology of poetry' has been successfully introduced to the TESL Student' Association to develop the student's creativity and skills to bring out potential poets and creative writers. The remarkable anthology of poetry, "The Pensive Poet," published by the TESL Student's Association of the English Language Teaching Department (DELT), University of Kelaniya, serves as proof of the student's enthusiasm and outstanding skills. The commitment and dedication of the students surpass the boundaries of the ordinary as they strive to perceive the world through artistic lenses.

I would like to express my sincere gratitude to the lecturers who made the vision for this publication and for guiding the students toward a successful outcome. The other unforgettable hands: the committee members, the editorial team, and the IT team made the worth of this publication. Moreover, fellow TEL students who began a new phase as poets through their publications are appraised through thanks.

As the Secretary of the TESL Student's Association 2020/21, I would like to appreciate how creativity has been recognized by the Department of English Language Teaching and has provided the students the opportunities to grow into more confident writers of intellect. I hope this effort inspires novel poets and enthusiasts to engage in more literary work in the future by consistently being amazed by the students' impressive performance.

- H.A. Nelumi Bandara -
Secretary

(TESL Students' Association 2020/2021)

Anthology review

This anthology is a collection of poems inspired by a myriad of sentiments expressed by the TESL students (Teaching English as a Second Language) Association at the University of Kelaniya. These poems are compelling pieces of art that deserve the time worth of reading and reflection as they are centered around the issues that drive individuals to turn to poetry at pivotal moments in their lives: life, love, self-love, friendship, loss, family, hope, broken hearts, and mending lives. This splendid collection of poems includes mysterious poems like "the ghost in your basement," "not grandmother," and "Ode to Adam," - reflective poems such as "beautifully broken," and "Foreigner. "My way of sharing love!" is a poem for every night while "the world" or "goodbye my love" and "The Song of Fortitude are poems that should, obviously, be kept by the bed. "Sweet curse", "not the bad mom" and "nostalgia," are poems that make women sob-- are some of the insights in the anthology. This serves as a fantastic reminder of how much of a poem's strength is found in its meaning and is the ideal anthology of poems for those who are unaware of the amount of poetry they already know and love.

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The Sea

No addition can make to the sea and his waves,
Though he himself can be rough, smooth, and horrible,

But how stunning and lovely.

It is one wordless awesome animated art

By artist's artist that,

The sun, the sky, and the clouds

From morning to evening,

Then, the moon at night

Paint it with their own colours.

In our convincing

How wonderful his bearings

For our depressed, furious, and tense feelings,

So, the person who come back is made free.

W. D. G. Madhurasinghe
(2nd year)

Nostalgia

Those days when we used to laugh together until our stomachs hurt,
Those days when we tried to hide the tears from each other,
Those days when we wiped the tears of each other.
Those days when we despised each other,
Those days when we despised others together,
Those days have come and gone,
Like receding waves and passing clouds.
Memories irreplaceable and moments unforgettable,
Oh, those were the days.

Throwback to a time when love didn't cost anything,
But was everything.
A time when ten hands were in one lunchbox,
And one heart was shared by all.
A time when
Being poor meant not being able to afford the eighty rupee doughnut,
And being rich meant 'sponsoring' the bus tickets for everyone,
A time when worries were like oil on water,
And happiness was like flowers in spring.
Oh, those were the times.

In the end, those days- those times, became mere stories,
And memories only we knew the true value of,
Stories and memories that will last a lifetime.
Stories and memories of our lifetime.

Nimziya Fahim
(1st year)

All On You

She lies on a hard, hospital bed,
Breathing through an oxygen mask,
Hands that were once so warm,
Now cold, colder than stone.

You wrack your brain thinking, wondering
How she contracted the virus
When she hadn't stepped out in weeks?

Was it you,
The food you ordered yesterday?
Or the party you went to last week,
Despite the lockdowns
Using the "police pass" you got from your friend?
Was it because of you?
Was it you, now was it?

The heart monitor beeps,
Footsteps thunder in,
Doctors shout, nurses scramble.
Yet, no forces can help,
For the screen displays a flat line,
And remorse is a wildflower,
That consumes your very soul.

Nimziya Fahim
(1st year)

To HER...

There she was
Glancing, far away...
I took my eyes with hers

It was the gloomy sky
Where all the stars had fallen asleep
Given up of making the world bright

Noticed hardly one star
Still shining with a little gleam of light
Trying to keep the world awake
Same way I try to keep hers

I saw a teardrop in her sunken cheek
Glistening with the faded light
Combination of both made it bright
Same way I want to add sparkles to her eyes and life

I know...
I may not be the moon
But I promise...
To never stop shining!

Ireshika Wickramasinghe
(4th year)

Undying Friendship

Unity, peace will give us a magnificent gift,
Noble gift which we all love,
Days, months, years will grow old, but this gift will never,
You have all got that gift,
It's the gift of friendship.

Nothing can compare, is the idea of many,
Gladness, sadness are the parts of this friendship,
Flowers will fade; trees will die, but not friendship,
If we can be true friends to others.

Everyone will love us,
No one will hurt us,
Don't think about caste, religion or creed,
Society will admire us for that,
Help forever, never hurt,
Is what we should think of?
And proudly say we are friends, with no discrimination.

Lakshani Rathnaweera
(3rd year)

Dreamer

Sun said goodbye
Finishing his duty for the day
Moon came to the sky
Spreading a yellow ray

Dreams flew down
With new tasks for the day
One was looking down
Without showing a play

Where is your owner
Moon came close to the dream
She is a real dreamer
Showed a garret with a single beam

R.D.Chamoda Hansani
(_3rd year_)

Luna

Being a monk, it's so calming
Away from society- toxic, disturbing
Morning preaching, slow exhaling
Just a pure soul remaining

Flowers with dew drops are on my way
When the sun rises, make them melt away
Inevitability of death, a sigh I gave away
Memories of Leela filled my mind right away

Best friend she was, when we were kids
She remains young, though the time flies
Separating our homes, there was a bend
Hadn't ever thought might separate us

Farewell I gave her, was on my way
In different directions, we both went away
Heard my name and looked back right away
In the bend, was a pup, who was willing to play

Leela was quick to grab the little soul
Proud smile on her face, such a delighted soul
Momentary joy, it was so late to call
I recall a car, speedily driven, losing control

Next to me laid Leela on a land of blood
Still trying to wipe away my tears by the hand
'The pup is alright' said she on the ride
'Luna' we'll name her, said she and died

Released through the sigh, fragments of memories
'Preaching at Leela's alms-giving', written on the list
Started walking towards her home with down-cast eyes
Followed by the Luna and her three little puppies!

Senuri Wickramasinghe
(1st year.)

The ghost in your basement

The ghost in your basement, once here, once there. Go answer the door
or your phone

Once nowhere!

Bliss:

The Casper of vicious demeanor. An

Unfair game of hide and seek.

You never hide, he never seeks.

Tire yourself seeking,

He's not tired hiding. Sometimes in the kitchen he stands, catch him you
may, but he's Genie in no bottle. Lie

In the bed..... Sometimes

He comes lie next to you.

Tonight, cooks dinner with you

Tomorrow breakfast bars with you.

He, surrenders (?)

One fine morning

In the kitchen, the basement, the breakfast bar

The everywhere you may seek....

Follow the smell, Good Lord he left,

Genie is sad, it's his bottle he smashed.

What's there? A Casper smirk.

And vicious it reeks.

Watch out, years later for the knock on your door

Might be Bliss:

The old tenant of your basement,

Returned. (To Casper vicious demeanor?)

Bhawani N. Willaddara

(4th year)

Dead passenger.

Down the road, I walk.
Smiling. But happy?
That I know I'm dead now,
Am I free?
Life is hard, I know!
But is it fair?
I will let you sting,
My heart,
That I know you won't heal.

G.Dilani Kaushika Dhananjaya
(1st year.)

Foreigner

Sleeping under a strange roof, playing with thoughts.
What do they call this season?
Is it "l'hiver", "l'été" or "le printemps?"
I don't know!

Oh! Now it is raining,
And so cold.
Miss my mama's hot apple pie,
I'm so done with "baguette" and "Soupe à l'oignon".

"Bonjour Monsieur!
Comment Allez-Vous?"
Oh! I miss a simple "Hello"
And the smell of those lush green hedges.

G.Dilani Kaushika Dhananjaya
(1st year.)

Abandoned hope

Oh, Hail! Thy abandoned hope.
My forsaken friend.

Promises were shattered,
And faith was gone.
So tis winter - reaper of my soul.

Now tis only you and me alone,
Hail! Thy abandoned hope.

G.Dilani Kaushika Dhananjaya
(1st year.)

Mother

Oh! She is a Knight with no sword.
Oh! She is the night that ends all chaos.
Yes, she is the Saint who gives you hope.
True, she is the earth that nourishes your soul.

G.Dilani Kaushika Dhananjaya
(1st year_)

Beautifully broken

They say wounds heal,
But scars don't.
They say tears fall,
When you fall.
They say heart hurts,
When it's worse.
But who says,
You shine,
Still in battle.

G.Dilani Kaushika Dhananjaya
(1st year.)

My way of sharing love!

Once a girl at her worst
used to keep her thoughts
on a separate note.

Hey my friend,
May these lines know
See your heart's glow

"Do anything with a passion for it!!!"

"It is failures, bothers, and experiences that make a person a hero,
To become a hero, first do fall in love with troubles"

"It is because of the positive attitude of moving forward,
this world would be a beautiful place,
So, stay positive!"

"Be sexy. Note that, for me, you look so sexy when you are working hard"

"Every second is a part of a planned game,
for a person who follows only success"

"Do your best whatever the task you are engaging with. You will never feel
regret although the task failed because you have done everything you
could do."

"Being unable to do anything in birth means life is all about enabling
things for being alive"

My tone may rough
For you to make a cough
But note that I'm a diamond-rough!

S.G.J.W. Samaraweera
(_3rd year_)

Not the "BAD" mom

Everyone towards the cathedral
She besides the street lamps
They pray for the sacred god
Whom she never saw

The holly bells, across the hills
The wails and moans across the street
Everyone prays for the betterment
She prays for the little chap

Ugly hands, ugly thoughts behind the smile
The only reason she wonders
Are ALL these men sterile? Or am I barren?
Pat herself and says NOT THE BAD MOM

Cooing of the baby, haunts in her mind
The heart full of sorrows, but none justifies
Fistful of crumpled money, amid her chest
She sighs and smiles, NOT THE BAD MOM

Thilini Kaushalya Yamasinghe
(_4th year_)

Tis the "Bad Day"

Hide your head
Down your pillow
Lock the door
And cry, till feel better

A gallon of blood
Thousands of tears
None can see but you deserve

Give a thud, the wall bears
Scream high, the world doesn't care Scratch the bed, might give you
strength
Slap on who says it's DIRTY.

Thilini Kaushalya Yamasinghe
(_4th year_)

Deceased Love

The beauty of the summer
Fragrance of the Daisies, Daffodils
Chirping of the birds
Creates romance in their hearts

Tangles their hands among each other
She whispers in to his ears
A slow kiss to comfort her
His lips, rest on her charming cheeks

Every summer, besides the Oak tree
They used to make love
But everyone wonders
Only the withered oak leaves, resting on the bench

Tears trickling down her face
His chest soaked in tears
Tears thudding in his ears
She mutters, NEVER let me go away

Thilini Kaushalya Yamasinghe
(_4th year_)

Quarantine Vesak

The streets are silent
The breeze spreads calmness
The bright moon amidst the dark clouds
Reminds that it is Vesak

No Damsels, No Pandals No signs of Processions
Not the crowded temples
Cause this Vesak is Different

Hearts full of good thoughts
Souls full of merits
Houses full of true spirits
Reveals what Real Vesak is

Life along Lord Buddha's path
Life lack of decorations
Reminds us one thing Tis Quarantine Vesak

Thilini Kaushalya Yamasinghe
(_4th year_)

Burning soul

She glared calmly
Reclining on the sofa
Sipping a glass full of red wine
A zombie, an insomniac

Raindrops pelting the French window
The cold breeze flows through the curtains
A heart full of sorrows
But the nature looks refreshed

Hugged herself to make warm
Once he was there to rub her cold hands
To lay her on his chest
To kiss her dimpled cheeks

All gone, remaining his spirit
She, with a pipe on her left hand Burns her pain and flows out down the
nostrils
Sighs and ponders, will He come back?

Thilini Kaushalya Yamasinghe
(4th year)

Goodbye, my love

They say, all good things must end
Why have you left?
I get down on my knees
And pray every night
Each passing day torments the heart

But I don't want to live
Without a dream
Goodbye, my love

Ode to Adam

My dearest Adam
As the soul collides always
A memory of a golden passion
Scarlet iron

As I take an oath for always, my Adam
I bequeath to you my body
I share with you my soul
We melt into one passion

N.H.G. Pawani Methmini
(1st year)

Veins loaded with love and bullets

Shovers of bullets raining above my head and heart
A fountain of red vessels soaking to the armour in every way
Though I don't have a sword, my arms are wet with blood of thousands
The loaded gun is aimed at them; unknown to me and did no wrong
Yet my heart is healing seeing the stars up above looking for peace.
And the words you've sent me weeks before
Inked to my eyes and healing me when I'm running over bloodied limbs
That are lying anonymously on the blood-smelling cattle yard
Separated from their bodies and loved ones of course
And laying looking up above for peace and love from HIM.
When I'm far away I remember how you hugged me
Reminds me when I'm crowded with dying thoughts.
My pulses are thumping to see those rosy cheeks and calmness in it
The temples are gushing hot blood whenever I touch the ground
Remembering me that every piece of me kneeling in front HIM for life.
Time is frozen here so I don't know when I'll see her
Inside this gun, counts the days I have to spent for the land where I stand
The pages you have sent me, the words are wrapped me with hopes
I felt the love that is only frozen for me for hundred years
Waiting for me to come to the shaded lamp post where we first met
Under thousands of white flakes with warmth of love.

Piumi Fernando
(4th year)

The Moment I fell in Love ...

An object needn't be large to have great mass,
A girl as tiny as a violet,
That girl drifting in the sky,
Like a flower petal,
Draws me to her with a force,
Greater than the one exerted by the earth.
In a moment,
Just as Newton's apple did,
I roll unstopping toward her without rhyme or reason.
With a thump.
With a thump thump,
My heart, bounced from the heavens to the Earth,
In a dizzying pendular motion.
Such was the moment,
I first fell in love.

Piumi Fernando
(_4th year_)

The World

Chaotic is the world, they say,
For people are lost in dismay,
Shootings and killings every day,
What will happen to the world if we go astray?

Shattered is the world, they say,
As pieces of broken glass lay,
Why do people seem to betray?
Not realizing we will all die one day.

Cruel is the world, they say,
Where peace has become the prey,
Unity is in diversity we convey,
Yet, why do we forget to display?

Tomorrow can be better if we all pray,
Humanity and kindness as we portray,
Cruelty and anger thrown away,
World can be better than yesterday.

Mahrifa Faiz
(1st year.)

Skeleton in the cupboard

Words, moods, quotes, phrases
Primary mode of communication
Changing feelings, instant credence
Empowers 'em with both hands
And are,
Powerful than the swords of heroes
We've heard in stories of legends

Once one becomes so amiable
You could effortlessly express the hidden you
The single moment changes who
Was earlier and kills you
With revealed truths of hidden you

Contemn you and how you walk
The reason you became fatter
Why you wear only sleeves
No one, but the same amiable one
Was earlier and now kills you!

U. L. T Dayarathne
(4th year)

Not-Grandmother

I walked to my grandmother's house,
In the middle of May,
7.47 p.m. - a dry, windy night,
The streetlights lit my way.

Some rotti and some curry,
In steel containers, in a bag,
On an errand from my mother,
And I was just a young lad.

Considering my age,
It would have seemed unwise,
To walk into the night,
With a bag of such size.

But walk fast, I did,
Without any hesitation,
Into the night,
Towards my destination.

When I was halfway there,
The streetlights died,
It was a power cut!
In the distance, a night-bird cried.

I grit my teeth,
And pushed on through,
Under the Vesak moon,

Through the cold winds that blew
I got to her house,
The door banged in the wind,
It was left unlocked,
Something in the darkness grinned!

The moonlight beamed through,
And bathed the living room,
In hues of black and blue
And shades of eigengrau.

Not a single candle lit,
"So unlike of grandmother."
I thought a bit,
"Oh maybe she didn't want to bother!"

A dark, crooked figure,
In the shape of grandmother,
Stood in the living room,
"Is it you, grandmother?"

"Of course it is, son!"
She spoke in a voice so broken,
"What have you brought to me young one?"
-uttered with a total lack of emotion.

I felt like I was being watched,
And I felt the presence of something
Somehow bigger than this house,
The presence of a horrific thing.

The figure in the living room,
Tilted its head to the right.
As the air was filled with a sense of doom,
The figure stepped into the moonlight.
It looked like my grandmother,
But its eyes were wide open,
Her neck too long and her smile too broad,
Her smile seemed to broaden.

I quickly put down the bag,
On a chair, in the dark,
I dashed to the door,
And I said, "Goodbye!" to the demonic hag.

As I ran to the gate,
I looked back once more,
Yellow eyes filled with hate,
Stared at me from the door.

I ran home in the darkness,
Cold sweat trickling down my spine,
A sense of misery and sadness,
Invaded my frame and my mind.

I remember waking up the next day,
And I found my mother crying,
Her answer had me turn grey,
When I asked her why.

My grandmother had died yesterday,
6.48 p.m. - the coroner had said.
And last night I ran away,
From something undead.

Ravindu Thushan Wickramarathne
(4th year)

The Song of Fortitude

Do I remember
 Those days like treasure?
 Well, hardly, for years have passed
 Slave they call me now, for it is who I am
 Love and joy
 Are forgotten words

Do I remember
 Those days of melancholy?
 That dwelled upon me, like a sun presiding the heavens
 Yet under the starry night, I journeyed to the river
 To hear the young lord's harmonious flute mend, my broken soul
 My ears perceived nothing more but
 The melodious song and the sound of dancing ripples
 It was my medicine
 A tonic of endurance

Days and nights, passed me by
 The song gave me not survival, but life and light
 But when the stars were sound asleep, death reached out
 One silver snowy night,
 The cold wind of winter pulled away, his warm soul past pale lips
 And the flute laid still,
 Silent and lost

Days I spent by the stream, my cheeks wet with tears
 Ripples drowned before my eyes, never again the stars twinkled
 Then the Moon in the waters, called me dearly
 Promising me with the song of fortitude
 When he reached out his fair arms, ecstasy embraced me
 And I let myself, embrace them

Chethma De Mel
 (_1st year_)

The Winter is Coming

I walked in an empty street
With my hands in my pockets
The world is lost in white
As overwhelmed with an awful curse

The sky in a blameless blue
Wailing wind in my ears
Oh! I'm a ghost now
A ghost with no footprints

I pressed an eye to a closed door
Out of the swaying curtains of snow
Saw a woman in a flurry of color
Long eyelashes sweep the snow

Hardly heard a poor sobbing
Of a child or an old woman
Whispered in a voice of numbing
"Oh! The winter is coming..."

Ireshika Wickramasinghe
(4th year)

The Life Battle

“You are in,” said somebody
“Let the battle begin” I heard myself mutter...
There I started; solemnly, smoothly, and spontaneously
All these wondrous miracles
Deluged in a flowless journey which is not flawless;
The journey of life...
Here I am, pulling the cart
I can feel the add-ons; day and night
Like in a desert, misguided by mirages
I can see the sky with countless stars
In different dimensions, with dissimilar brilliance; some show me the
direction
Yet I say, never stop till you get to the right destination; which you deserve
indeed
Battle without bloodshed
Run! Not far enough the world says, but your heart
Listen to yourself, not to your neighbour
You started it
It’s you who should finish
There the real victory comes!

Ireshika Wickramasinghe
(4th year)

Ode to a Star...

Every day I see you,
I see you twinkling,
Twinkling in the dark,
I see you alone,
Yeah, all alone,
So, I thought,
Why can't we?
Better to twinkle,
All alone, Despite being one Of a fake cluster.

Vishmi Rodrigo
(1st year)

I Need a Break

Sometimes I need,
Yes, I need a break,
A break from the lies,
Sometimes I need,
Yes, I need a break,
A break to escape...
But now I need,
Yes, I need a break,
A break to cry out,
A cry out to forget, Forget all the flavors,
Yes, all the fake flavors.

Vishmi Rodrigo
(1st year)

Melody in Autumn

I saw a vibrant, crunchy leaf in autumn
Tumbling from a huge colorful tree
Warm sunshine and crisp mornings

Nature, it's a breathtaking magic
You are provoking all poetic minds
Golden leaves are fluttering in the breeze
Autumn trees are burning brightly
With the glittering sun rays
Leaves dressed up with red, orange, and yellow

I am still sitting under this sparkling autumn tree
I wondered; I heard a sweet chorus
It's not the same as the early spring version
I peep through the colorful mosaic of autumn leaves
A little robin is singing at the top of the tree
A mesmerizing chorus about the autumn life
Days are sliding
You Fall and always rise again

H.A.S Hansamali Dissanayaka
(_4th year_)

Little Hummingbird

The ice crystals far in the distance
 Glowed brightly with sunbeams
 After a long flight
 Over the high mountains and mysterious islands
 He proudly displays his tuxedo
 Little hummingbird, are you tired?

Miles travelled with tiny soft feathers
 Freely sat on a vibrant zinnia flower
 Soaked with sweet nectar
 He is brilliantly designed
 Heard powerful drumming of strong feathers
 It was a long flight
 Little hummingbird, are you tired?

He was excited to say hello for the spring
 Felt the wind from his wings on the face
 Still singing a wonderful chorus
 While shutting side to side
 Spring, you make him wonder
 Through your large clusters of flowers.

I felt the sweet fragrance
 Of the brightly colored flower clusters
 Soaked with sweet nectar
 I wondered; it was a lovely little nest
 Brilliantly shimmers like a walnut shell
 Along a thin twig of a thick horizontal branch
 Little hummingbird, where are you?

Sitting high in the lush green canopy
 Slowly peeping with his long-pointed beak
 I heard the fast flapping of tiny wings
 Making my eyes blur for a moment
 Shuttling fast like a golden flash
 Little hummingbird, spread your tiny wings
 You are freely walking in nature

H.A.S Hansamali Dissanayaka
 (_4th year_)

A Sweet Curse

Little drops of rain kissed the soft edges
 Of the pale petals of the Tulip
 She was elated, felt bold,
 For she got to face the world alone,
 No shade over her to stop her feel
 The soothing breeze & the gentle downpour.
 She noticed a Bee- for minutes, hours ,days
 -Canary yellow ,vibrant
 Lost and happy as ever amidst the roses,
 She yearned for a word
 Yet he missed her among the roses,
 Flew far away looking for more of them.
 She hid her tears among the dew
 Scattered all over her every dawn.

Then came a butterfly suddenly from somewhere unnoticed,yet smelt so familiar,
 She talked everything she kept for her so long,
 He listened like he had never heard a Tulip talk before .
 The pale petals turned bright and lively unlike afore,
 They were happy until grey clouds conquered the heaven,
 He Flew back to the unknown land he came from ,
 With eyes woeful that were once elated
 She now tumbled amid the heavy rain that made her happy once.
 She looked forward, cursed and pleaded the rain to cease.
 Seconds ,minutes, hours, days flew by ,
 When bees and birds roamed around her in thirst of nectar,
 Suddenly she was visible, 'oh ,the glow up, envied the roses.
 Yet no ,she was indifferent ,the vibrant striking looks and fragrance could impress her
 less

Cause the modest manliness, familiar smell ,the grace of words ,the serenity of touch

The Butterfly from the unknown land left no space
 To mind others' grace.
 "Memories are a sweet curse " thought her,
 Realizing he won't come again
 And closed her heavy eyes ready for a deep sleep,
 Where they can be happy together again.

W.D.H.K.Karunarathna

(1st year_)

The Carmelized Fornication

I, embrace the warmth of love
Amidst a bright night with no moon
Hearken to the song of smiley raindrops
Through the fumes of my blunt

The drizzling rain droplets
Blushing with lustrous emotions
Canoodle the tree tops and,
Enfold the earth

Insane flora intones love symphonies
For the baby blossoms,
Conceived with affection
To the love epistle of rain

Me, yearned for love
Through the isolated quarantine
Now kissing the lustrous nature
Biting the lips of rain

The endless intense climax under
Warm exhaust and cold breeze
Whispers slowly,
It's the Immortal endearment

Warsha De Silva
(4th year)

Where are you?

Dear beauty, You were with me!
But where are you now?
Where did you go?
You were there for me!
Was the most beautiful actress!
Won so many pageants!
Acted in movies!
Everyone loved me!
Met handsome men
Danced a lot
Admired you a lot
Thought I will have you forever
Spend so many dollars to protect you!
Where are you?
I need you!
Got a cancer last year!
My long hair is no more!
Rose lips are gone!
White skin has vanished!
Red cheeks are dead!
Become skinny and pale!
No one can recognise me!
No one respects me!
Sorrow is attacking me!
Death is invading me!
Weakness is laughing at me!

From: Beauty

To: Niharika Singh (the winner of the Miss Asia 2010 pageant and the most popular actress
2011,2012,2013,2014,2015,2016,2017,and 2018)

Dear Niharika,
Everything is impermanent!

Ruvinath Uyangoda
(1st year)

Dear moon,

Up there in the sky
Moon, you feel alone
On the earth at your feet level
Yet, I feel like heaven.
Again in the darker gloom
You shine like a sunflower
Yet, you cannot reach your beloved, sun
Haha Again Im on earth
Getting loved and loved and loved
Once more in the highest notch
Moon, you feel cold in the frozen ice
Yet you don't get a hotter but a cold glance
I won't laugh but yes.
I have the warmest hug on the earth
Dear moon,
You are high all alone at the darker gloom
I am low getting all the warmth of the milky way
Again I won't laugh
Yet I pray!
May this years become days
And may you become the closest to your love

Disni Thisara Alwis
(_1st year_)

Call me for one another second

Drowning !
Between you
While you all blabber and blabber
Am still drowning
Look front mom
Look aside dad
The rose petal you cherished,
Is drowning
Between you
Watch for me once
Yell for me
At least count one to ten
I'll run back to your arms
But dont take time mom
Ask dad to look for his princess of the kingdom
For the last time put aside your keys and
Call me for one another second!

Disni Thisara Alwis
(_1st year_)

Dead of Night

Evening scene was romantic
Her eyes were in blinked tears Appearance was alluring
I was feeling her pain and love
The mysterious day was sorrow rain
The stench is a heavy night
The Cage was damaged by drugs Her newborn is falling down
Feelings are scattered the breeze
Her heart is breaking piecemeal Does the owl see the trace of death Are
torture and death the definition of love?
Tell me, Tell me what the love ?
Tell me, Tell me what the pain ?

T.K.Himasha Ranathunga
(2nd year)

Oblivion

The image is still there,
Somewhere in the crevices of her mind,
But through those pale grey eyes,
She does not recognize mine.
She thinks I'm someone else,
From a generation ago.
She talks to me about memories
From a lifetime ago.
We called her 'Dhemala teacher',
Because she used to teach us Tamil,
And she went from home to home,
Teaching all the neighbourhood kids.

She was a brilliant woman,
A sharp woman,
Always had a twinkle in her eye.
She never married,
Always wore long skirts.
Had a swollen leg,
Infected
With filaria.
We loved her,
Her presence,
Her folktales and horror stories,
And tall tales about Mahasona.
But that was a long time ago.

The last time we saw her,
She wore a knee length skirt,
Carried a heavy leather bag-
Worn out,
Slumped across her hunched back.
Now her eyes are vacant,
Always in a delirium,
Trapped in a daydream.
As she wanders the streets
With her reality wrapped
In an ever-lasting pain,
Meat-eating wild flowers
Grow inside her brain.

Ravindu Thushan Wickramarathne
(4th year)

Nazis, Jews and Sri Lankans

Based on the pre-election Sinhala-Muslim riots in 2019 in Kandy area.

Jackboot thuds and gas chambers
 were the lesson.
 "Go home, children! Quick Quick"
 shouted out a head person
 all of a sudden.
 Fires have set and thirst for blood has risen.
 Brothers against brothers,
 A Nation against his own.

One was slayed, they'd conspired with
 Sterilizing pills: were the complaints.
 Men in white love these subtle games.
 Wise guts were at their support.
 Agitated child, with tears in the eyes
 Asked for a call.
 Rationalist described us facts.
 Facts beyond jackboots and gas rooms.

Risen for the race.
 Risen for the faith.
 None had fathomed to philosophize.
 Charcoals of thirty years,
 Burning now in a different flame.
 The just and the wicked, both victimized.
 Think of it my friends, not from your heart
 but from your brain!

Snorted law.
 Men in arms.
 Hideous broadcastings; failing to water the flames.
 Seated back
 And watching.
 Some with popcorn,
 Some with fear
 And me with pity.
 Here the fires had aroused.

Vimukthi Vaz
 (_3rd year_)

His Him

He sits in the dusty sand.
From morn' till night, he waits.
Waits for his him, to come and take him home.
Many days had passed. He never lost hope.
He thought he was moulding a gentleman. A humane gentleman
out of is him, who really was a heartless miser.
He spent. Toiled. Tireless days of working on the roads,
Pricked by a thorn was his heart when the nostalgia hit him.
Some dropped him a coin or two,
Without even looking at his face.
They all had luxuries, but he didn't.
Oh! Pardon me. He had more than luxuries.
He had built a proud gentleman. Sadly,
Who never had a heart.

Vimukthi Vaz
(_3rd year_)

Epitome of Love

A life unimaginable, unimaginable life, why did I choose to live this life with you, so cruel,
Unaware of how much tender warmth I feel for you, obscured by the world's tide,
With you my love, I had the most blissful years of my life, a romantic ride,
The tide, so dreadful as it ought to be, engulfing thy soul with hatred and anger so unusual
People outside wondered how magical our bond was, adored every single bit of our
emotional fondness towards each other, love was our fuel,
I wonder what happened to us, once the epitome of love, our love abides,
On a full moon, everything changed, no more tender adoration, I cried,
Wanting to be loved by you again, why my love? What did I do wrong? Did we not love
each other unconditionally? Don't I deserve to be loved by a man so gentle, yet thy love now
feels so cruel

You chose not to face the tide with me, "If Not your love, let me be your escort, escort of
life, I will be your guardian angel, once the Eden of Adam's life"
Yet you affirmed, "I go mine; you go yours" as if I am the Friar Lawrence of your amour
liaison!

I just wanted to be loved, by you, thinking of you as human, not a hound, that barks at its
wife

Now, you may fancy your lustful misbegotten journey, yet you will come back to your Eden,
yet Eden begone

Dinithi Lorensuhewa
(3rd year)

Me without You

The smile; I'm living on,
The smile; I'm dreaming on,
Long eyes smiling at me in the mirror,
No more, The broken mirror shows
The me without you.

Wish I were strong, Stronger enough to look you in the eyes
And tell you how much I crave you,
The colourless sky tells me my story without you,
Will I be able to fight this?
Shouldn't I be moving on?
I look up at the lonely sky for answers,
Only to find the sky has been crying for me,
For the me without you.

How could you smile so pretty?
Smile for me, I will always watch you,
Call me greedy, You can't help me,
Deep and deep I fall, but you will never know,
The me without You.

Thrishala Liyanagamage
(2nd year)



THE PENSIVE POET

" Poetic expressions that excavate buried cities from the unconscious and startle the reader with their raw simplicity and muscle -- suddenly all existence is in crisis."

- Lal Medawattegedara -
fiction writer



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