

The Ocean of Pearls

A Book of English Poems



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Teacher of English,
Jaffna Hindu College,
Sri Lanka.

The Ocean of Pearls

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Jaffna Hindu College,
Sri Lanka.

2009

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MOTTO

“Without having any doubts, teach what is worth teaching and afterwards see to what you fully hope to acquire”

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“Victorian”

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THE NATIONAL ANTHEM OF SRI LANKA

Sri Lanka Matha

Apa Sri..... Lanka, Namō Namō Namō Namō Matha

Sundara siri barini surandi athi soba mana Lanka

Dhanya dhanaya neka mal palathuru piri jaya bhoomiya ramya

Apa hata sapa siri setha sadana jeevanaye matha

Piliganu mana apa bhkthi pooja Namō Namō Matha

Apa Sri..... Lanka, Namō Namō Namō Namō Matha

Oba ve apa vidya

Obamaya apa sathya

Oba ve apa shakthi

Apa hada thula bhakthi

Oba apa aloke

Apa ge anu prane

Oba apa jeevana ve

Apa mukthiya oba ve

Nava jeevana demine nithina apa pubudu karan matha

Gnana veerya vadawamina ragena yanu mana jaya bhoomi kara

Eka mawakage daru kala bawina

Yamu yamu wee nopama

Prema wada sama bheda dhurarada

Namō Namō Matha

Apa Sri..... Lanka, Namō Namō Namō Namō Matha



Dedicated to God Pillaiyar,
sole cause of the
entire world,
and
Goddess of Learning
and
Wisdom,
Saraswathy



Author's Parents
Mr. Ramalingam Subramaniam
&
Mrs. Pavalaratnam Subramaniam



Mrs. Punithavathy Jegatheesan

(Native of Karainagar)

*No. 26, Alfred Place,
Colombo - 03.*

*My teachers
Who were taught by teachers
Are still teachers.*

*My teachers
Who taught students
Are still teachers.*

*I'm a teacher
And a student, too.*

*My teachers
Who deserved teaching
Are always remembered.
Of all, Mrs. Punithavathy Jegatheesan
Who taught me
The ABC of English
Still teaches me
The rest of English
As SARASWATHY, Goddess of Learning
And Wisdom, does.*

**FOUR GREAT MEN OF LETTERS. AS WELL
AS MRS. PUNITHAVATHY JEGATHEESAN,**

**I REMEMBER IN MY LIFE
FOR EVER AND EVER**



Mr. A. Thiyagarajah
M.A., M. Lit.,
Long-Serving Principal,
Karainagar Hindu College &
Former Member of Parliament
For Vaddukodai Constituency.



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Victoria College,
Chulipuram.



Mr. K. M. Selvaratnam
B.A., (Lond)
Retired Teacher of English,
Navaly.



BALMORAL CASTLE

1st October, 2009

Dear Mr. Maheswaran

I write in reply to the letter in which you ask if The Queen might like to write a testimonial of the book of poetry you kindly enclosed for her to see.

Her Majesty wishes me to write and thank you for your letter, but because of The Queen's rules in these matters, I regret it is not possible for her to do as you ask.

When I tell you of the many similar requests that Her Majesty receives, I feel sure you will understand the reason for these rules and that it would be most unfair to make any exception to them.

I am sending you a double sided portrait of The Queen which I hope you will like to have, and your continued loyalty and good wishes are warmly appreciated by Her Majesty.

Yours sincerely,

Susan Hussey

Lady-in-Waiting

Mr S Maheswaran



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கே. என். டக்ளஸ் தேவானந்தா பி.பி.
K.N. DOUGLAS DEVANANDA M.P.

சமூக சேவைகள் மற்றும் சமூக நலத்துறை அமைச்சர்
MINISTER OF SOCIAL SERVICES & SOCIAL WELFARE

சிகை எண்/உ.ம.ந. இல./Your No :

சிகை எண்/உ.ம.ந. இல./My No :

நாள் / திகதி /Date :

29th September, 2009

**Message of felicitation from
The Honourable Minister of Social Services and Social Welfare**

As far as poets of our country are concerned there are only a few, who could compose poetry in English language. Besides only a limited number of work is being translated into English. Therefore our contribution reaching the world literary forum is very limited.

In the circumstances it is praiseworthy that Poet S. Maheswaran who is serving at Jaffna Hindu College as an English Teacher is composing poems in English Language and publishing them.

It is my fervent believe that his attempt would facilitate to record the happenings of the past of our country in the World literature.

Poet Maheswaran who published his first compilation of English Poetry in the year 2007, is now publishing his second compilation of poems under the caption "The Ocean of pearls".

I wish him all the success in his endeavors. I congratulate and thank him for his attempts from our society.

Douglas Devananda, M.P.
Secretary General, EPDP &
Minister of Social Services and Social Welfare
Fa/SN

61 இலங்கை சி.பி.ந, கොழம்பி 05.

61 இலங்கை சி.பி.ந, கොழம்பி 05.

61, Isipathana Mawatha, Colombo 05.

A message of felicitation from....

What a pleasant and delightful opportunity this is to me after taking my office as Mayor of Jaffna!

Mr.S.Maheswaran's novel endeavour has offered me an opportunity for awakening our people to the importance of getting English education through practical English, that is, creative writing such as poems, short stories, dramas, etc.It's, in fact, used as one of the ways of practical English.

My respected husband and I went through his poems carefully and they, for our part, undoubtedly carry our individuality and uniqueness. We indeed have pleasure in writing a message of felicitation to Mr.Maheswaran's second book of English poems titled - "The Ocean of Pearls".

Apparently, his book reveals something that our society ought to know without fail and he tries to persuade everybody to learn what is what. We really find his poems easy to read and understand by his way of introducing simple diction. The way he presents the poetic style is up to the mark.Generally but truly speaking, this kind of poetry is always needed badly to improve students' knowledge of English, which was unequalled till 1960. I am very proud to say that Mr. Maheswaran's novel endeavour will definitely draw everyone's attention and be a real source of encouragement to those who have active involvement and commitment in various fields of education.

In conclusion, it is our earnest duty to mention that our society welcomes many more creative writers like Mr.Maheswaran in order to regain what we lost in education in the last four decades.

We together wish him all success in the years to come.

Mr. & Mrs. Patgunarajah
Municipal Council, Jaffna.

A message of felicitation....

What a wonderful work Mr.Maheswaran has done on English poetry!

How splendidly he has worked on English poetry!

It cannot be denied that Mr.Maheswaran has brought honour to Karainagar (west of Jaffna), his native place, and his hard work on English poetry has done great credit to his teachers of English.

His two books on English poetry – “A Basket of Sweet Fruits” and “The Ocean of Pearls” are a credit not only to his family and native place, but also to the entire country – Sri Lanka.

I too am a native of Karainagar and therefore I have no hesitation to write a message of felicitation to his second book of English poems “The Ocean of Pearls” which means that it is a thing that should be highly valued by our Tamil society.

In conclusion, Mr.Maheswaran’s endeavour has given me great pleasure to write this message of felicitation on behalf of the natives of Karainagar and I must thank him for being a credit to our native place Karainagar.

I wish him good-luck and all success.

Lion T.Satkunarajah

Past Region Chairman – 2002/2003,

Lions Club International,

306B Region – 10.

Professor Ashley Halpé

BA Hons.(Cey) PhD (Bristol) Kalakeerthi, Vishvaprasadini,
Chevalier dans l'ordre des Palmes Academiques,
Eminentus Professor of English in the University of Peradeniya

Varama

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Mr.S. Maheswaran,
680, K.K.S. Road,
Jaffna

16th November, 2009

Dear Mr. Maheswaran,

Thank you for your collection of poems, *The Ocean of Pearls*. I have read it with interest and I offer you the following comments:

The Ocean of Pearls – S.Maheswaran

Mr. Maheswaran writes as a true Sri Lankan. 'My motherland is Sri Lanka,' he writes in one poem, and in another: 'Get up and die for Sri Lanka.' He addresses a poem to the 'Dear Sinhala People' asserting 'You and we are at a senseless combat...Are we not ashamed of ourselves?' His patriotism extends to the cricketers: 'We shall win the World Cup! It is for Sri Lanka!'

He is a religious man. His first poem is to the god Pillayar:

*Pillayar, elephant headed,
With five hands, the eldest
Son to God Shiva and his
Consort Parvathy...He
Is always worshipped
First and foremost, especially
By Hindus.*

Two poems to God follow and then we have a four-part poem saluting all
(contd. p.2)

in 'The Ocean of Pearls' are composed in such a way anyone could understand if he or she has a basic knowledge of English.

The Author Mr.S.Maheswaran is a mobile fountain of thoughts for he has composed all these poems within a very short period of time. His poems will be a source of encouragement and beneficial to young learners of English and others who intend making contributions towards English literature and getting their names imprinted in the literary society.

I wish Mr. Maheswaran all success and am awaiting keenly for his next creative contribution.

Dr. G. Sritharan,
651, K.K.S. Road,
Jaffna.

Message of felicitation from...

Mr.S.Maheswaran, a teacher of English at Jaffna Hindu College for well over fifteen years, needs no introduction of eulogies in praise or his erudition or versatility on the teaching of English.

This book "The Ocean of Pearls" which is a beautiful composition of his thoughts hidden inside his mind for years, has been brought to light in print. His anthology of poems is certainly a bumper harvest of sweet grapes. The poems, I am confident, will definitely quench the thirst of poetry lovers. At the same time, the poetry lovers can enjoy many and varied taste-sweet, sour and bitter. His attempt will surely create poetry lovers in large numbers.

My congratulations and best wishes for Mr.S.Maheswaran's creations and I also pray for a continuous flow of poems from the spring of his mind.

Lion S. Thanabalasingam

(Bosom Friend),
Proprietor,
Apolo Hospital, Jaffna,
President,
International Lions Club,
Thirunelvely Circle.

Message from...

The importance of English, as a link language, is felt more than ever now in Sri Lanka after the turmoil. It is also accepted that language teaching is made interesting by incorporating literature.

Under this light, Mr. Maheswaran's effort of writing poetry is praiseworthy. I have known Mr. Maheswaran since 1992. He has been an efficient and dedicated teacher of English. His long experience and the familiarity with the language make him write such delicious poems -

My sincere wish for him is to quote a few lines from one of his poems - Power of Silence:.....

'Silence is golden.
Silence gives consent.
They still remained silent.
And there was a pregnant silence'

Let this be said of Mahes' poems since they are simple in diction but pregnant with meaning.

I take pride in congratulating the poet for his effort and I wish him all success forever.

Mrs. S. Anandakumarasamy,
English Language Teaching Centre,
University of Jaffna.

Message from....

Glittering Pearls

“The Ocean of Pearls” written by Mr.S.Maheswaran, teacher in charge of the English Unit of the popular national school - Jaffna Hindu College will glitter as a diamond because each part in the book is useful in the making of a man full.

Mr.Maheswaran has expressed how all of us should be true to the fact. His numerous poems in this book are fit for the new generation to overcome the obstacles in the current good life. By reading the ‘Pearls’ included in this book, one can avail of himself to establish his new routine methodically.

There is no doubt that these poems will create a good climate to lead a human life with advanced spirituality. My best wishes for the author’s endeavour in creating the poems which are useful for the mankind living in difficult situations.

V. T. Selvaratnam,
Additional Provincial
Director of Education,
Jaffna Zone.

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Message of felicitation from...

It is with pride and pleasure that I write a message of congratulation for the publication of English poems by Mr. Subramaniam Maheswaran, a competent dedicated teacher of English, Jaffna Hindu college. One must clearly know what one has to say and must possess well thought-out and clear ideas before attempting to write a book. This publication embodies all these ideas.

No pain has been spared to produce the best specimens and these have been well - selected and arranged.

It is my fervent hope that it will meet the need of the Public in general and the present generation in particular.

May God bless him all success.

S. Thirunavukkarasu,
(Brother),
Rtd. Teacher of English,
Hindu College,
Vaddukkodai.

Message from....

Indeed, I am extremely pleased to write this congratulatory message to Mr.Maheswaran's second publication, a book of English poems titled 'The Ocean of Pearls' which he intends launching shortly.

I have known him from his infancy and his parents were always kind and friendly not only to me but to others also. The author Mr.S.Maheswaran used to live near the Karainagar Sivan Kovil known as 'Eelaththu Sithamparam'.

It is true that he has been interested in developing skills through poems, being a teacher of English at Jaffna Hindu College.

The first poem begins with "Pillaiyar" as a mark of piety to God Shiva's first son along with acrostics on religions. Also, he has expressed how respectfully he looks upon - Thiruvalluvar, an eminent Tamil poet and his Kural. His poems - 'Man Imported, Exported', 'Family Life', 'Love', 'No End', 'The Mirror' and so on are all worth reading. They are, of course, written with a natural sense of rhythm. Moreover, the author Mr.S.Maheswaran shows all his abilities and aptitudes through his English poems. No doubt his book - 'The Ocean of Pearls', - will charm every lover of English language and literature. In this modern world, this poetry book will, of course, be useful to students in future.

In conclusion, I must say that Mr.S.Maheswaran is a real poet in the midst of real poets.

I wish him and his family all success.

T. Veluppillai (J.P),
Mediation Board J/250 - 15,
Vali - East, Chankanai.

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Review

The Ocean of Pearls-A book of English poems by Mr.S.Maheswaran is being released in Jaffna, Northern Sri Lanka in the aftermath of civil war. Literature speaks of human life, human suffering and happiness. Poetry records human experience in a very crisp and brief form with an flavour using imagery and appropriate vocabulary.

Sri Lankan English poetry has come of age (Goonetilleke, 1998:X1) after Sri Lanka faced two crises; one youth unrest of 1971 and the other ethnic violence of July 1983. English educated writers felt the need of the hour to express their feelings with regard to these social crises and reflected on the issues related to people. Rajiva Wijesinghe (1991: 36) too, observes the same attributes it to the need for self expression. He also makes a pertinent comment about language of the poetry as 'distinctively and unconsciously Sri Lankan'.

Many a writer concentrated on Lankan issues like youth unrest, ethnic crises, riots, poverty and cultural clashes. Ashley Halpe is of the view that the eyes, hearts and minds of the writers focus on the present to capture truly national authentically Sri Lankan experiences. Further, he states that the Sri Lankan poets do not deal merely in sentimental rural values, as it sometimes occurred in the past (Wijesinghe 1993: 160)

In this context, Arjuna Parakrama chastises the Lankan poets for their narrowness of vision required for the country and their choice of language from elite and classical sources overlooking the living idiom and Lankan literary traditions (de Mel 1995:pl).

Having discussed the scene of Sri Lanka English poetry in a nutshell, there is a need for an analysis of contemporary Jaffna English Poetry, too. But there are only a few poets actively engaged in writing poetry in English. Suresh Canagarajah, V.Suntharesan, M.Saravanapava

Iyer. V.Paranthaman, S.Jeyasankar and some others are in the field. Mr.S.Maheswaran of Jaffna Hindu College has recently joined the fray. As this is a review to a new collection of poems no attempt is made to criticise the Jaffna English Literary scene. But a word of appreciation of the poet who touched many a social issue in this collection will not be out of place.

In addition to the reflections of the range from religious, literal, social and cultural issues to personal impressions, he captures the local idiom in the language of his poems.

Pillaiyar, elephant headed
With five hands..... p.1

Commenting on Thirukkural, a classical treatise in Tamil he has this to say :

The three parts-Virtue
Wealth and Happiness
Deal with four essentials
Of life-Virtue,wealth, happiness
And deliverance from the rounds
Of birth and death p.8

Contemporary scenes are well recorded with the effect of the war as follows :

The battle took place
On the coastal area.
It was merciless.
It was brutal. p.14

He is also philosophical in his expression in some of his poems :

Where's my mother's womb
Where's the place of my tomb
How far is it between my mother's womb
And the place of my tomb? p.20

Message of felicitation from...

It is with great pleasure that I write this short message of felicitation for the occasion of publishing the book titled "THE OCEAN OF PEARLS"

I have known Mr.S.Maheswaran for a long time. He has special talents. He had a thirst for learning English and mastered the same. He has now proved his talents by writing these poems which will be useful to the student population. Each and every prose in his poem has a deep meaning and sense of humour.

I really appreciate his effort especially during the period when standard of English language is deteriorating in our society.

May his efforts be blessed by the Good Lord.

S. Henry,
Asst: Regional Manager,
People's Bank,
R.H.O. Jaffna.

Message from ...

English is understood throughout the world and has, hence, become an international language. It is very rich in literature. English literature comprises of fiction, drama, and poems. A fiction could be read and understood without mental exertion; drama is a composition intended to be played on a stage. But poetry is the art of expressing in melodious words and the thoughts which are the creations of feeling and imagination.

In Sri Lanka, the aptitude for learning English began to fade after the advent of independence as a result of giving importance to vernacular languages. This state of affair remained for nearly half a century and a revival has just begun due to various reasons. But, the neglect of learning English has resulted in a shortage of English teachers to meet with the present demand.

Mr.S.Maheswaran, the author, is one of the well known veteran English teachers. He is a man of creative thinking, always longing to do something good to the humanity. With this objective in mind, he first composed a series of poems in the form of a book named- 'A Basket of Sweet Fruits' which was published in the year- 2007 and was acclaimed by many of the elite groups.

Hardly had a year passed he composed another series of poems edited under the title. "The Ocean of Pearls" touching on all matters relating to the day - to - day life of the people of all ages and status such as, their habits behaviours, their words and deeds and ways and means of their living from cradle to the grave. I think he has left nothing untouched. Usually, the poems about the past have hidden meanings.

These are very difficult to understand by many. But, the poems

Congratulatory Message

We may recognise feelings or experiences which are familiar to us, never have we had before the right words to express; or we may be initiated to feelings and experiences that are altogether new. Otherwise, it may be the actual sounds and rhythms of the poems that delight us. Mr.Maheswaran has selected the topics, all are meant to be thoughts of everyday life.

In this context, it is with great joy that I write this brief congratulatory message to 'The Ocean of Pearls' (A book of English poems) written by Mr.S.Maheswaran.

His knowledge and experience creatively gained through visible things natural phenomena and current problems are reflected in his book of English poems. Sharing one's experiences through poems is a good mechanism that helps to create positive attitude towards language learning.

I wish Mr.S.Maheswaran to continue his intellectual activities for the benefit of future generation. His collection of poems will certainly provide a productive base to enhance the student's poetic power. His inherent interest in writing poems will never allow him to step out of the 'web of words'.

Mrs.Subathini Ramesh,
Head,
Dept: of Linguistics of English,
University of Jaffna.

Message of felicitation from...

I feel highly proud of myself to send this message of congratulation on the publishing of "The Ocean of Pearls"- a book of poetry by Mr.S.Maheswaran, an efficient English teacher of Jaffna Hindu College and an old student of mine.

Quite rightly in my opinion, he has aimed primarily at students who are fond of learning English through English poems. He has chosen topics that bear relevance to children's development and classroom learning.

I hope that this book will do much to raise the standard of the English language among students and wish him to proceed with the same spirit.

I wish him great success.

K.K.Nadarajah,
Emeritus Principal,
Karainagar.

Message from....

On behalf of Tamil Writers' Federation, I would like to offer our felicitations to publishing of "The Ocean of Pearls"- a book of English poems composed by Mr.S.Maheswaran, a senior teacher of English.

Poetry is a wonderful type of literature which adults and children alike can find experssion to their feelings. He has written these poems on a wide range of sunjects especially such as God, House, Kural, Queen, Elizabeth, English, Revenge, Enemy, etc.

In these poems, the writer Maheswaran proves himself a good poet and his talents have a powerful social observation. This book is simplified easy to understand and is observed by everyone. Everyone easily understands his poetic ablility and his talent to use ample language (diction) to compose these poems.

My best wishes to Mr.Maheswaran on his efforts on behalf of the above federation. I earnestly wish his endeavour will find acceptance and patronage among Tamil society.

I believe it is a timely edition of Mr.Maheswaran.

"Sahithya Ratna"
Dr.Sengaialiyan K. Kunarasa,
President - Tamil Writers' Federation.

Message of felicitation from....

Indeed, I am as pleased as Punch to write this message of felicitation to Mr.S.Maheswaran's valuable book of English poems.

I am sure that he is an absolute treasure and his endeavour will, of course, be rewarded under the sun forever.

May God bless him all success.

Dr. A.B.S. Ananda Perera,
Consultant Orthopedic Surgeon,
Sri Jeyawardanepura General Hospital,
Nugegoda.

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ALL - CEYLON UNION OF ENGLISH TEACHERS (ACUET)

(Unit of Education International Brussels)

- Founded 1960 -

Sri Lanka 9th November, 2009 ~~2006~~

A MESSAGE OF FELICITATION
=====

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It is a great pleasure to send this Message of Felicitation on the occasion of publishing this book titled " The Ocean of Pearls" It is really an ocean full of precious pearls for our young generation.

The author Mr. Maheswaran is an English Specialist Teacher. He is an active member of the All Ceylon Union of English Teachers, unit of Education International, Brussels, with a massive Membership of 30 million Teachers around the Globe.

" To acquire the habit of reading is to construct for yourself a refuge from almost all the miseries of life". A favourite songs book like the ocean of Pearls becomes a best friend that one turns to comfort, specially during the hard times. I quite appreciate Mr. Maheswaran's talents and enthusiam in composing valuable poems.

I highly recommend Teachers of English to have an access to the book titled " The Ocean of Pearls".

I can predict that before long Mr. Maheswaran will become a famous poet.

I wish him all success.

M.A. Stanley Perera
M. A. Stanley Perera, JP.
Secretary-General,
All Ceylon Union of English
Teachers.

ACUET Secretariat,
No. 6/4, Ananda Mawatha,
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Secretary General, All Ceylon
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Message from

Mr.S.Maheswaran, teacher of English, Jaffna. Hindu College at a time of need of creations in language presents 'The Ocean of Pearls' - a book of English poems.

It has been felt that the present generation, - children in particular, should learn English along with the Information Technology to enhance their capacity enough to face the challenges of the competitions created in the world. Effects of the globalization of the present world make us realize that learning English along with the Information Technology is very important.

It has been realized that more attention is to be paid to providing all the necessary support and increasing the facilities to teach English in the education sector. English is the international language and also the link language in this country. Hence, the importance of learning English cannot be ignored. More capable teachers are felt required by the Education Sector presently.

At such a time, Mr.S.Maheswaran's creation would be very much welcomed by all who are very concerned about enhancing the knowledge of English among the young generation.

I am glad to convey my appreciation to Mr.S.Maheswaran for his attempt, which resulted in creating the book 'The Ocean of Pearls'. I am certain that he would continue his attempts, create more of this nature and would give his support in improving the English knowledge of the present generation of Jaffna and also throughout the country.

I appreciate the hard work done by him and also wish him success in his attempts in the future.

A. Sivasamy,
Former Addl : Government Agent,
Jaffna District.

Message to “The Ocean of Pearls”

The Volume I ‘A Basket of Sweet Fruits’ is a gem and it is very popular among the students who are interested in studying English literature.

English education is an immeasurable, indispensable atmosphere at any time. The students who are interested in studying language and literature will highly appreciate, no doubt. The Ocean of Pearls - Volume-II consists of 150 poems which are really like 150 souls.

In addition to his service of teaching English, this is an additional attempt to his profession and I fervently hope his attempt will flourish immensely. I sincerely feel that he is a young poet of the 20th century and he is a real asset to Jaffna Hindu College.

I encourage him extremely well in this field.

K. Ganesh,
District Secretary,
Jaffna District.

Message from....

I am pleased to send this congratulatory message on the occasion of launching the second book of English poems. I know Mr.S.Maheswaran and I appreciate his talent and courage in composing the valuable and meaningful poems. These poems will quench the thirst of learners who have deep interest in literature.

Poetry is a wonderful medium through which man can find expression for his own feelings. English as the link language between different communities in Sri Lanka plays a very important role in promoting better understanding in today's troubled times.

I wish Mr. Maheswaran all success with his publication of poems and I will welcome if he starts writing some stories in English for our children.

P. Vasantha Senan,
District Judge,
Jaffna.

Message from....

I indeed have pleasure in writing a message of felicitation to Mr.S. Maheswaran's book of English poems titled - "The Ocean of Pearls." I feel sure that the purpose of this book is to explain the basic theory of poetic style and to teach the simple method that could be used by the younger generation.

No doubt it is well-prepared to build up their knowledge of English easily but quickly. In short, what everybody could learn from Mr.S.Maheswaran's poems is of good qualities of being useful to others.

Moreover this is his second edition and his first one which I enjoyed and experienced is of great value. It is a great honour to have been invited to write this message, to my mind.

Truly speaking, Mr.Maheswaran is to be congratulated on launching his book of English poems at this time of changes with a view to helping children benefit from what he has enjoyed.

I fervently hope that this book which deserves success will help him to achieve his highest wishes.

Mrs. T.Arulanantham,
Principal,
College of Nursing,
Jaffna.

Message from...

Why should I hesitate about writing a congratulatory message to Mr. Maheswaran's book of English poems? To my mind, there is no doubt that he deserves excellence. Therefore it immensely gives me pleasure to pen this message to his second edition of English poems.

Most importantly, I would like to express that his poems teach the whole world what should be learnt in life and they reveal how a society should be moulded. No one can deny that his poems on various aspects of life depict what is what under the sun. In addition, they show us the necessity of understanding the reality.

Wishing him all success on the occasion of launching his book of English poems, I pray for his long, prosperous life.

Dr. K. Atputharajah,
Teaching Hospital,
Jaffna.

the major religions of this country with each stanza forming an anagram, the initial letters of each line forming the name of a religion.

Soon after comes the charming 'The house I like most' which is now maintained

*As an abode of God Ganesha,
Elephant headed –
But not consecrated
With sacred incantations.
He blessed and granted me it
With His grace to write poems in English
After midnight till dawn...*

The poems in this collection are on quite a range of topics and convey a wide range of feelings. One that I found very appealing on the whole was *My Sweet*:

*She lived waiting for me
Like a lotus waiting for the sun,
When I last saw her.
She smiled at me,
Like a lotus blossoming.*

*She died without seeing me
Like a leaf withered.
When I neared her, hoping to see her,
She was burning into ashes
My sweet!*

As we can see, the poem uses only the simplest touches of literary ornament. Indeed, Mr Maheswaran often uses none at all.

~~This is, in fact, a particular characteristic of all the poems. Mr. Maheswaran speaks very directly to his readers and seeks our direct response. We can surely open our hearts to him.~~

Prof. Ashley Halpé

Appreciation

Being a poet in Jaffna is a gifted experience. Maheswaran has successfully undergone this rare experience and published several poems in English conveying appropriate messages to his readers. His second publication "The Ocean of Pearls" includes about 150 poems in English and through his experimentation, he aims to provide some grounds for the budding poet in this region to spearhead this venture. I would like to congratulate Maheswaran for his endless attempts to create fabulous lines and energize his young learners to exercise their creative talents, where they can make use of their acquired language skills.

V. Paranthaman,
English Lecturer,
ELTS.,
University of Jaffna,
Sri Lanka.

But unfortunately nobody cares about it. In this second publication I am fully concerned about pointing out the truth hidden far and wide.

Fourthly, I must express my frank intention that it is my foremost duty to produce young poets in my society and encourage them on and on.

Fifthly, looking forward to receiving comments on my poems, I kindly ask of the readers to read through and enjoy all the poems included.

Finally, as far as I am concerned, kindly permit me to say that I have done what I intended to do and that I intend to do what this world intends to do for the sake of keeping this universe beautiful, cheerful and peaceful through mutual understanding of reality.

**“DIVE INTO THIS OCEAN IN SEARCH OF PEARLS BUT
AVOID CASTING PEARLS BEFORE SWINES”**

Author

Foreword

I deem it a privilege to be called upon to write a foreword to Mr.S.Maheswaran's second publication - 'The Ocean of Pearls'. Mr.S.Maheswaran was a student of mine in the 70's. He distinguished himself as an intelligent and industrious student keenly interested in the pursuit of knowledge. He is now a veteran teacher of English language and literature.

The value of poetry cannot in any way be underestimated. Besides affording pleasure, poetry gives expression to more elevated thoughts - those aspirations the common round and the trivial task. It is an accepted fact that the study of poetry can enhance and reinforce language learning.

Mr.S.Maheswaran's poems in this collection are centered round a wide range of topics from 'Pillaiyar' and 'Thiruvalluvar' to 'Poverty and Richness' and 'Peace talk in Sri Lanka'. All have relevance to the present day and are worth being read and enjoyed by students and adults alike. The poems 'Towards the abattoir', 'A broiler's life' and 'Quit Cruelty' remind us of Anne Ranasinghe's - 'Plead Mercy'. The poems 'I know... I don't know', 'Where's the place of my tomb?', 'Hearse' and 'Death never dies' are more philosophical and thought provoking. The poems 'Have Mercy' and 'Should I live long like this?' portray the very pathetic life of poor firewood sellers who find it difficult to eke out an existence. The poem on 'Ragging' throws light on the brutal and inhuman manner in which freshers are tortured in the name of ragging. The poem 'The soul that asked for' points to the evils of the accursed age - old dowry system.

The poem 'An abandoned father' depicts the miserable life of parents forsaken by their children and left in the Elders' Homes.

May God Almighty bless Mr.Maheswaran with a healthy life so that he may bring out many more publications.

K. M. Selvaratnam, B.A.(Lond),
Rtd. Teacher of English,
Navaly East,
Manipay.

Introduction

I take this opportunity in writing an introduction to Mr. Maheswaran's book of poems titled 'The Ocean of Pearls'. The poems are more polyphonous with a multitude of voices articulating different poems. Instead of talking of language in a simplistic way he has tried to introduce readers to the complex natures of discourses that surround them in their day-to-day life.

This collection of poems is built around a human - interest theme that is relevant to contemporary life and thereby takes it beyond the focus of literary aesthetics.

The book attempts to hone the critical sensibility of readers.

The poems selected reflect the social conflicts and inequalities inherent in the different sphere of life that will enable discussions on different perspectives.

This book does not adhere to the traditional pattern of poems; the emphasis is on issues concerning contemporary life and the varieties of poetry in the present day in different contexts.

Naema Sultana,
M.A., M.Ed., M. Phil, (Ph.D)
India.

Preface

Before getting down to writing the preface, I would, at first, like to thank those who possess my first English poetry book launched on the 15th of Sept, 2007.

Secondly, I am very grateful to all those who showered their blessings upon me and I must say that I am still looking forward to being blessed more and more as I wish to issue a challenge to all speakers of English to write English poems which, I should say, need changing with the time.

Thirdly, I am afraid we cannot stick to the traditional trend of English poetry these days since the world thinks of various changes. Furthermore, it indeed gives me great pleasure to enthusiastically remind the readers of my thoughts about the world which seems terrible and worthless. That is why I am now mad keen on asking the world where it goes-either to hell or heaven. At the same time, I always ask myself why poets are created. I am sure that the poets were created before, operated the world peacefully but now..... what goes on under the sun though this world possesses a large number of immortal poets? To carry out the very same work of the immortal poets, I wish to awaken the world to the importance of enforcing peace and justice the world over through my work.

As a matter of fact, I regretfully say that this world seems to be sinking down into injustices and wars and it almost seems upside down. No bright future is likely to come about. To my mind, it is about time to strongly speak out through my poems of what this world should do in no time. My poems are always for the world to exactly savvy the purpose of God's creations, especially the creation of human beings who are mainly supposed to enjoy themselves in the presence of God and in the absence of injustice and war.

As a very sensitive poet, he could not bear up the social evils and crimes.

Murder is cheaper'
It was imported by a murderer
You can be a buyer
If you place your order

p.57

The poet's eyes do not lose sight of the people who are downtrodden and below the poverty line. He speaks in the voice of a beggar as follows :

My job is begging for something
I want to manage my life
Here and there with everything
I get from people to survive

p.60

The rhythmic style of Maheswaran leads the readers to have a pleasant reading of his poems. When the poet's feelings are true and genuine, he blends profusely with the theme of the poems. A contemporary theme titled 'Round-up' is rhythmically woven to achieve the sound effect of the theme. For example :

The military round-up
Made me make up
My mind to bear up
Well against the bad set-up

p.86

The rhyming pattern of 'aaaa' echoes the beat of the forces' march on a round-up day. Very frequently, one can notice the dramatic effect of the poems which is well built-in.

It must be on the dining table
If not, is it on the dressing table

p.140

Though many poems are modelled on famous English poems they are a valuable treasure for learners who enjoy poetry for pleasure. Students can learn vocabulary, language structure and style of the language.

The poet has potential to write poems in future with more concentration on making images in a language which is very much suggestive and crisp. The choice of themes could be more sharpened and specific ones in order to make them more effective. In a way Mr.S.Maheswaran has done a yeomen service as he has attempted to raise our voice to speak to the world in an international language. I would like to congratulate the author for his effort to bring out this volume.

Dr. Kandiah Shriganeshan,

Senior Lecturer in English,

Head/English Language Teaching Unit,

Vavuniya Campus of the University of Jaffna, Vavuniya.

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Message of felicitation from...

It gives me great pleasure to pen a few lines about the genius work of our respected teacher Mr.S.Maheswaran. His attempt to portray the current society through "THE OCEAN OF PEARLS" should be whole- heartedly appreciated.

It is said that more than inspiration, one needs meditation, effort and perception to compose a real poem. Our author's collection of poems is one that successfully combines all of these to make the readers happy and gay. His fresh thoughts mingled with simple language will definitely give the readers some kind of awareness of the society.

It is noteworthy that his first book 'A BASKET OF SWEET FRUITS' inspired a vast number of readers including the Queen of England, Her Majesty Elizabeth-II. His contribution to the school, apart from his academic assistance, should also be honoured as he spends the best part of his valuable time. The money collected by the sale of his first publication was also spent on our school needy children's requirements.

May the Lord bless him and guide him in all his endeavours.

K. Harsan,
President,
English Union - 2008,
Jaffna Hindu College.

Blessing from...

Mr.S.Maheswaran, a budding poet in Jaffna is well known for his unique style of teaching English language and writing poems. His collection of poems is an appreciable creation.

Poetry is a beautiful way to communicate one's experience by rousing and controlling his imagination. Maheswaran has been blessed with this talent. Richard Wallace said "If a budding poet is truly dedicated to his literary work, mind, heart and soul, he is bound to develop and hone his craft as an artist sooner or later" "This is, of course, true for Maheswaran. He has developed his craft and has become successful in expressing the forceful ideas through the medium of poetry.

His familiarity with English language and its linguistic devices helps him to innovate and use novel approaches to the events of the people of Jaffna and life with aesthetic sense.

We wholeheartedly bless and wish him all success

President,
Board of Trustees,
Sri Kamadchi Ambal
Thevasthanam,
Narchimar Kovil,
Vannarponnai.

Message from...

Indeed, I esteem it a privilege to express that I am still Mr.S.Maheswaran's obedient student. During my learning of English literature from the author, he greatly took part in imparting English and it is he who improved my knowledge of English language and literature. He gave me a thorough practice in English elocution by means of showing the correct standard of English speech delivered by the US Presidents at the inaugural ceremony and it paved the way for me to become a good speaker of English and win the annual Prize Day Gold Medal. The author's knowledge of English is vast like an ocean in which we are a drop.

In fact, during delivery of my guru's English speech everyone seemed spellbound. Truly speaking, his English speech is rather unique. His perfect pronuciation, excellence in English and meaningful rendering are up to the mark for his maturity. To my mind, he must be blessed to produce students like me in the years to come and I wish him a long, prosperous happy life.

In the meantime, I can't help appreciating some of his poems I like most. In the poem - 'Should I live long like this?' - the same question is always raised in the Tamil poor people's life. It is not easy to find its answer, but it is a matter of time. My guru Mr. S.Maheswaran has finely composed this poem.

Next, the poem- 'They all work together and do the worst things better' reveals that when we swear to take revenge on somebody, all kinds of evils get together and annihilate our life. It is a boomerang effect. This poem, in fact, reminds me of Avvaiyar's (greatest Tamil lady poet) moral theories found in - 'Vakkundam' and 'Nalvali'. This poem is really interesting and it interests me to read more of his poems. Needless to say it is composed with greater intensity of meaning.

Besides, the poem - 'I must join the school band' makes me think of the sound of my school band to make it again and again. In particular, the line - 'But my long desire' reveals through the sound of the musical instruments that how the ideal for the younger generation should be. I wish his poetic thunder continued more and more.

Finally, in his poem - 'I know... I don't know' I find that our life is impermanent like a bubble. As 'Thirukkural' says, he expresses the impermanence of life in sharp and stinging way.

Thus, my guru Mr.S.Maheswaran points out in his simple poetic style how to work out the very complicated issues. As one of his obedient students, I am extremely happy to express my wishes for his lasting endeavour with his long prosperous happy life.

R.P.Murugathas

(Author's Student)

People's Bank,

Chankanai.

Message from....

It gives me great pleasure to send this message of congratulation on the occasion of publishing this precious book titled "The Ocean of Pearls". It is really an ocean full of precious and valuable pearls for our younger generation. This book consists of 150 poems, a source of encouragement to our students who are interested in reading. In this book of poems, the language is very simple and the theme in each poem is very familiar to the students. Each verse flows so smoothly as water flows in a stream. He has composed on various subjects ranging from Religion, Nation, Nature, Culture and so on.

The author Mr. Maheswaran is well-known to me. He is my schoolmate, comrade and a true and sincere friend. Mr. Maheswaran is not only an English teacher but also an intelligent and hard-working poet. I appreciate his talents and enthusiasm in composing the valuable poems. His knowledge and experience give much value to his thoughts and deeds.

I congratulate Mr. Maheswaran on composing poems more and more and motivating our younger generation to create their talents in English.

I wish him all success and pray to God Almighty to shower his blessings on Mr. Maheswaran so as to enable him to achieve his worthy goal.

S.K. Kusalakumaran,
Deputy Director,
Department of Treasury Operation,
Ministry of Finance and Planning,
Colombo - 01.

Message from....

Mr.S.Maheswaran's work on English poetry-The Ocean of Pearls deals with a broad spectrum of topics. The author has sensibly used simple language so that anyone could easily read and understand it.

This book is useful to anybody who is interested in English language, particularly to the students.

Mr.S.Maheswaran is to be congratulated for undertaking this task for the benefit of the younger generation.

I wish him to continue his good work for the future as well.

Dr. M. Sivakumar,
Consultant Surgeon,
Teaching Hospital,
Jaffna.

Pillaiyar

Pillaiyar,elephant headed,
With five hands,the eldest
Son to God Shiva and his
Consort Parvathy and the elder
Brother to God Muruga,
Who always holds a spear in his hands
And has a peacock as his mount,
Has a shrew mouse as his mount,
Called as the sole cause
To the entire world
Is always worshipped
First and foremost, especially,
By Hindus.

God's Acts

God is a manufacturer
Of souls which are put
In a body that can function
On the earth with its resources
That help all the souls live
For a certain time
During which any soul
Can freely function with its body
All over the world
Where the souls can either be happy
Or unhappy during their life
In which the souls cannot meet God
But his agents who observe
How the souls function
For the purpose of carrying out
His intentions which are considered
Supreme acts that either bless
Or reform the souls.
These are called - "God's Acts."

Is God.....?

Is God available?

Is God visible?

Your God is in me.

My God is in you.

Love me,

And let me love you.

Help me,

And let me help.

Look after me.

And let me look after you.

Live with me

And let me live with you.

Die for me

And let me die for you.

When you die for me,

When I die for you,

God is available.

God is visible.

Buddhism

Birth of Siddhartha on this
Universe for
Discarding
Differences from
Human minds of
Illusions,
Serving
Mankind.

Islam

Inculcation of the
Services into the
Living,
Associating
Mankind.

Christianity

Created

Historic

Resurrection,

Initiated

Sincere

Teaching,

Integrated

All

Nobles,

Influenced

Testaments to the

Year of Grace.

Hinduism

Highly

Intellectual

Notions of

Doctrines for the

Universe

Inscribed for the

Services of

Mankind.

I'm for

There are poets
Who are poets
Who are great poets
Who are generous poets
Who are living for this world
Where I am living
For the needy children's
Prosperous life, indeed.
I am for those poets.

Poets and Poetesses

Poets and poetesses
Are everywhere.
They are immortal and sensible.
They never fail to say anything valuable
Of what is what.
They dare to pay their attention
To what their minds say
About their intention.
It's their way.
Needless to say.



The house I like most

The house which I live in
And I like most is too old.
It has an upper storey
With a good story.
Built with timbers and lime stones
Using sand and clay.
Built by the learned
For the learned
And transferred
To the learned
To produce the learned.

This house is now maintained
 As an abode of God Ganesha,
 Elephant headed -
 But not consecrated
 With sacred incantations.
 He blessed and granted me it
 With His grace to write poems in English
 After midnight till dawn.
 This is the house
 I like most and best.

அ + உ = ஓம்

ஓம்

ஓம் - திருமால் - அ

சிவன் - உ

பிரம்மா - ம்

Hindu Triad - மும்முர்த்தி

a mystic word embracing
 the Hindu triad - combining “அ”
 denoting Vishnu, “உ” Siva (a + u = o) and
 “ம்” - Brahma in prayers and incantations.

Thiruvalluvar and Kural

Thiruvalluvar known as God,
A born poet,
Was born in a quiet
Era of the third century
After the birth of Christ.

His native place
Is known as Mailai.
About his life
Except for his wife
Vasuki, nothing definite
Is known.

The whole world knew him
As Thiruvalluvar.
Later on, he was known
As Valluvar, Nayanar, Navalar,
Thevar, Mutha Pavalalar,
Theivap Pulavar, Sennap Pulavar
And Peru Nawalar.
Above all, the debut of Kural
Was made in Mathurai.
The standards of life were raised
In his Kural - means anything short.

The metrical structure,
Couplets of seven feet -
The first line of four feet
And the second of three,
Give a complete thought
In a terse language.
His meter requires
The most wonderful powers
Of condensation of great ideas.
He gives in very many places examples
To illustrate his point.
These are all found in two lines
Of seven feet.

The cream of Tamil literature
We find in his Kural
Makes us think of his gesture
And that the poet wanted
The whole world to easily learn
And assimilate the best in literature
And preserve for future
Through changing rules
And civilization,
The cardinal virtues
Of the Tamils.

The three parts - Virtue
Wealth and Happiness
Deal with the four essentials
Of life - virtue, wealth, happiness
And deliverance from the rounds
Of birth and death.

Everybody should agree
That all these objectives aver
That bliss naturally follows
A rigid observance
Of the code of conduct,
Prescribed for each
As cause and effect.

Thiruvalluvar - the world's greatest Tamil poet,
Whose book is still known as
Uthara Veda, Poiyamoli, Vajurai Valththu
Tamil Marai and Pothu Marai,
Left his book in couplets for us.
But the practicality and catholicity
Of his Kural, I feel bold,
Leaves a better world.

Birthday Greetings To Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth - II

The dawn of Great Britain
Is the crown to democracy.
I know for certain.
The expansion of Royal Power
Is the extension of goodwill.
I know it is a God's will.
The birth of two queens
Is the death of world wars.
I know they had been in the wars.
The life of Her Majesty Elizabeth - II,
Queen of England, began on the 21st of April, 1926.
May Her Majesty be a baby - girl.
In the Royal Family of Great Britain
On the 21st of April! I am certain.

His Excellency, The President - Mr. Barack Hussain Obama, United States of America.

May it please Your Excellency!

War is far and near.

Peace is not near.

Your birth given by Your Excellency's parents,
The path taken by Your Excellency's talents,
Have made Your Excellency the President of Presidents.

Your Excellency's éclat throughout America
Has made fifty stars twinkle all the time.
Your Excellency's election throughout America
Has made the fifty states change all in good time.

The Whites and the Blacks of America
Have become the Blacks and the Whites of America
Ironing out the differences from America.
Your Excellency have become an asset to Africa.

War is far and near.

Peace is not near.

Your Excellency are between war and peace.
This world expects Your Excellency to be for peace.
Would Your Excellency be so kind as to pay the first
Foreign visit to Sri Lanka?



*Embassy of the United States of America
Office of Public Affairs
P.O. Box 1245
44 Galle Road, Colombo 3, Sri Lanka*

*Tel: (94-11) 2498100
Fax: (94-11) 2449070*

November 17, 2008

Mr. S. Maheswaran
680 K K S Road
Jaffna

Dear Mr. Maheswaran,

Thank you for your letter and the attached poem addressed to President-elect Barack Obama. We will forward your good wishes and the beautiful poem to his transition office.

Sincerely,

Jeffrey J. Anderson
Director, Press and Cultural Affairs

**His Excellency
The President
Mr. Mahinda Rajapaksa,
Democratic Socialist Republic of Sri Lanka.**

May it please Your Excellency!

A Poem of Encomium

Our motherland Sri Lanka
Is the pride of Sri Lankans
And the pride of the world, too.
Your Excellency are the pride
Of the Pearl of the Indian Ocean.

Our motherland Sri Lanka
Is the crown of Asia
And the crown of the world, too.
Your Excellency are the crown
Of the Pearl of the Indian Ocean.

Our motherland Sri Lanka
Is the treasure of nature
And the treasure of all the nations, too.
Your Excellency are the treasure
Of the Pearl of the Indian Ocean.

People of North-East of Sri Lanka
Thank Your Excellency sincerely
For showing the Pearly Gates
By opening the North - East Gateway
And closing the deal with terrorism.

Your Excellency are a blazing star!
Your Excellency are a blazing star!

The Royal Family

The Royal family
Of Great Britain
Is a world
Of heroism, I know for certain.

All His Majesties,
All Her Majesties,
Have plenty of liberties
To show their Majesties' abilities.

His Majesty Prince Harry
Is no exception;
His Majesty Prince Harry
Is of perfection.

This world believes
In His Majesty.
His Majesty as a Second Lieutenant
Is considered important
Including Iraq.

One thing for you!

I'd like to express one thing for you
That could console the innocent downtrodden.
I've received Diana's message for you
That could support the frightened.

Surely, Diana is not dead, but unseen.
Truly, this is what I mean.
Willingly, Diana comes back to live.
Honestly, this is what I am to give.

Very soon, we can see Diana
As an angel, coming with her smile and beauty;
Very often, we can get Diana
As an angel, shining with her style and duty.

English

English, changed
Into many Englishes,
Is the language of England
Where the English characteristics
Are expressed in plain English
Of King's or Queen's English,
To wit, correct standard English.

English, declared
As the sole international language
Incorporates the peoples
Of mutual understanding
By mutual understanding
For mutual understanding.

English, considered
Important the world over
Has freed many countries
From the bondage of time
And also liberated the peoples
From ignorance and poverty.

Dear Sinhala People!

Looking back,
Think of the present life
For the sake of our future life.
Still, we are in trouble
Without understanding
What trouble caused
This present trouble.

Are we not ashamed
Of ourselves?

Looking back,
Think of the generation
For the sake of our future generation.
Still, our generation is in ruins
Without knowing
What trouble caused
This present state of ruin.

Are we not ashamed
Of ourselves?

Looking back,
Speak out of what you and we
Should immediately do
For the sake of our motherland.
Still, you and we are at a useless combat
Without realizing
What trouble caused
This present fierce combat.

Are we not ashamed
Of ourselves?

Shall I remind you
Of how we had been?
We were in good terms
With one another.
Should we not come to terms
With one another?
Should we not come to terms
With our follies?

Are we not ashamed
Of ourselves?

Let me tell you all
In no uncertain terms
That we should be on speaking terms
With one another
In terms of our peace terms.
Unless we meet on equal terms
It is no use of being Sri Lankans.
Do you all understand my terms?

Are we not ashamed
Of ourselves?

My final term is -
My motherland is Sri Lanka
Do not let me accuse you
Of separating my motherland - Sri Lanka
Into TWO, unwanted thing.
Nobody can..... Nobody should.....
WHAT OF THE UNITY OF YOU AND US?

Dear Americans!

Here! Here!

Fear..... not terrorism!

Fear..... not poverty!

Fear..... not unrest!

Fear..... war!

Bear..... your courage and bravery
for a change;

Gear..... your attitudes and life
for a change;

Hear..... His Excellency
The US President
Mr.Barack Hussain Obama.

Near..... His Excellency
The US President
Mr.Barack Hussain Obama.

Rear..... your families.

Wear..... your real look.

Year by year... change the world.

Fear..... nothing..... but....

Share in creating peace,
Share and share alike,
Share your joy with the rest of the world,
Share your belief with the rest of the world.

Obama vs Osama

Obama is responsible for Osama's.....

Osama is responsible for Obama's.....

Obama was elected

By the people;

Osama was selected

By the terrorists.

Obama was elected

For the people;

Osama was selected

For the terrorists.

Obama is of the people.

Osama is of the terrorists.

Obama is about to take stern action

Against Osama and his terrorists.

Osama is about to accept severe affection

From Obama and his democrats.

Obama is acceptable.

Osama is rejectable.

Obama is invincible.

Osama is visible.

Obama is certain to conquer Osama.

Osama cannot conquer Obama

Obama will be forever!

Osama should not be HERE!

Put a watch on Sri Lanka!

I'm still touring in
Putting a watch on
Many countries.
Countries the world over
Are not nice except
For a few.
You accept.

Some countries do
Their own business;
Some do interfere
In other countries' affairs;
No countries seem calm.
This is neither white paper
Nor green paper.
This is my paper, not wall paper.

You heard of Sri Lanka?
You put a watch on Sri Lanka?
Sri Lanka is upside down!
The jewel in the crown

Of the world! It marked a new dawn!
It's fully known.

Put a watch on Sri Lanka!
Get up and die for Sri Lanka!
Sri Lanka is upside down!
Sri Lanka is upside down!
Put a watch on Sri Lanka!
Put a watch on Sri Lanka!

Peace talk in Sri Lanka

Peace talk in Sri Lanka
Started those days
Without any understanding
Between the first person
And the second person
In the presence of the third person.

Peace talk in Sri Lanka
Has ceased these days
With some understanding
Of all the persons
In the absence of the sixth sense.

No peace talk at all;
No peace study at all;
No peace negotiation at all;
No peace of mind at all!

No UN force to make peace!
No UN force to keep the peace!
Even a bit of peace and quiet!

We never feel at peace
With ourselves;
We are not at peace
With the world.

So, let's all rest in peace!

So, let's all rest in peace!

Soldiers in Jaffna

Soldiers in Jaffna are seen
Doing their duties;
Soldiers in Jaffna are keen
On looking at our beauties.

Their duties are worthy.
Our beauties are lovely.
The beauty of their duty
Gives pleasure to our eyes
Or to our minds.

The beauty of our city
Puts pressure on soldiers
To be at liberty,
To be so high and mighty
In our city.

That's the beauty
Of our city.
But ... beauty
Is only skin - deep.
This truth goes deep.

Widows in Sri Lanka

Widows in Sri Lanka esp, war widows
Have been living in the shadows
Of their long sorrows
For days, for months, for years.

They have been living
In the shadow
Of their husbands.
Now they are a shadow
Of their former self.

They thought highly of war
And flew high, high and low
When their husbands ran high in war.
They held their heads high, not low.

That's why they've become widows.
We now feel sorry for their sorrows.
It's still in progress
But we've made no progress.

Eureka! Eureka!

Sri Lanka is not Sri Lanka!
Sinhalese are not Sinhalese!
Tamils are not Tamils!
Muslims are not Muslims!
Indian Tamils are not Indian Tamils!
Burghers are not burghers!
Who else are there in Sri Lanka?

Sri Lanka is not Sri Lanka...!
All the foreign devils are in Sri Lanka
Under the guise of foreigners.
They're doing their wrong things
Just like bastards, dastards and ruffians
With the help of foolish citizens.
Who else are there in Sri Lanka?

Sri Lanka is not Sri Lanka!
All the evil doers are in Sri Lanka
Under the guise of peace - makers.
They're doing their bad things
Just like murderers, rapists, robbers and thieves
With the help of foolish citizens.

Who else are there in Sri Lanka?

Sri Lanka is not Sri Lanka!

All the lawbreakers are in Sri Lanka

Under the guise of lawmakers.

They're doing their unfair things

Just like rascals, cowards and traitors

With the help of foolish citizens

Who else are there in Sri Lanka?

Nobody else! Nobody else!

Eureka! Eureka!

What kind of war ...?

A mind of war
Creates a land of war.
Think of wars
And put an end to wars.

The purpose of a war
Should create peace!
The ways of a war
Should create peace!

Stand divided, if you want a war.
Stand united, if you want peace.
Show your war boldly.
Find your peace rapidly.

What kind of war is yours?

Is it a war against war?
Is it a war against peace?
Is it a war that creates another war?
Is it a war that destroys peace?

I am not for any kind of war.
I am for peace... but... against wars.

The world is in turmoil

The world is in turmoil
And the unrest has boiled over
Into civil war.
The world is in turmoil!

The world is in turmoil
And the political crisis has spoiled
The living condition of people.
The world is in turmoil!
The world is in turmoil
And the Heads of States have failed
To stop the continuous jail sentence.
The world is in turmoil!

The world is in turmoil
And the people have all particulars on file
To mail them to the UNO without fail.
The world is in turmoil!

The world is in turmoil
And the peace talks are no more.
I can't make head or tail
Of this, as it's like a bore.

The world is in turmoil!

I wonder.....

Definition of democracy

Is clear..... but don't go crazy

About Abraham Lincoln's definition

Of democracy - beyond all recognition.

It has depth of meaning:

By the people means -

By the good and the bad;

Of the people means -

Of the good and the bad;

For the people means -

For the good and the bad.

Lincoln wanted to change

The bad into the good;

Lincoln wanted to keep

The good as the good.

Lincoln's definition

Is better than any other definition -

"No social divisions in democracy."

But fair and equal treatment by definition.

Is there a democratic country?

Revenge

What's revenge?

Who thinks of revenge?

Revenge – it spoils

One's whole life

Doing the worst things

In life.

It cannot be identified

As it emerges

Just like a storm mingled

With strong winds

Rain and thunder.

Storm of revenge

Gushes out

With jealousy, anger

And enmity.

All these make friends

With revenge

Just like the storm

Which makes friends

With strong winds
Rain and thunder.

They all work together
And do the worst things better.
The range of firing
Is always known
But the range of revenge
Is never known.

Boomerang Effects

I've seen a lot of common enemies
In and around the world.
I've read a lot about them
In stories, novels and plays.

Still, enemies harm the people,
But their efforts have boomerang effects.
Still, enemies are enemies
When they attempt to harm the people.

Their attempts boomerang on them
When they are charged with
What they did to the people
And they feel ashamed of themselves.

Ragging

We hear

Ragging takes place
In all the universities,
Colleges and institutions.
When freshermen enter
With their fresh ideas,
They are then ragged
For no reasons.

This often takes place
In the presence of the
Vice Chancellors, Deans,
Professors, Lecturers, Instructors.
And all the Administrators.

Sometimes this takes place outside.
Nowadays it has spread
To all the institutions
And it is publicly known.
To me, it is not a moan, but groan.

Freshermen suffer a lot
By unwanted ragging.
Seniors enjoy it wagging
Teasing.... mocking.....

Sometimes it seems
To be out of control.

Ragging has its own
Bad record of history
But the public can't act
Against those bad lots.
It is commonly felt -
Those who enjoy ragging
Go always mad.
It is proved.
All these institutions
Have a Faculty of Lunatics.
Why not distribute them
"A Certificate in Lunaticism."

Alas! this world may seem
To be full of lunatics
In the years to come!

Ragging was endemic
It became epidemic,
And now it is pandemic.
Treatment is available
But it is not so successful.

Conscience

The presence of clear conscience
And the presence of mind
Reveal the absence of ignorance
And keep an open mind
In order to have confidence
In all mankind, to my mind.

When we have guilty conscience,
Our presence of mind
Thinks of committing an offence
In defense of our kind
And loses its deference
Like the wind.

Friendship

Friendship is everlasting.
It's found between friends
At all ages.

We can create strong
Ties of friendship.
If it's found wrong,
We can end our friendship,
But it leads to revenge.

We can form unbroken
Close friendship.
If it's suddenly broken,
We'll find no relationship,
But it leads to revenge.

Everyone is fond of friendship.
It's like a walking-stick.
Everyone needs a bond of friendship
As it's one's pick.

Friendship begins
From any state,
Friendship ends
At any state.

Great sayings about friends
Are many;
Great sayings about foes
Are many;
All these great sayings
Show one's experiences
I don't know
Who are friends and foes. You know?

A Mayday Call

We're going on our voyage
From shore to shore
Looking for anchorage
And expecting more.

Our ship's name is "WORLDSHIP"
It's not a warship.
It promotes international friendship
And develops relationship.

Now an unusual chap
Approaches our ship to cap
With the best attentions
Of causing brutal killings.

Our ship is about to sink
Into the sea of International Terrorism.
We're sending you a mayday call to link
Our ship with your patriotism.

Our ship is sinking
Into the sea of International Terrorism.
Save our souls!
Save our souls!

The two children are numbered

Around us, the situation goes bad.
Among us, the situation goes mad.
The cause for these situations
Are unknown to most of us.

The two things we want
Are goodwill and love;
The two people we want
Are father and mother.

Unless they bear the children
Whom this world expect -
"Father's goodwill and mother's love,"
The child we hate may be born.

The child would be - Turmoil .
This world seems to be losing
The two children - Goodwill and Love
Nobody seems to have these two children.

Family Life

Family life reminds
Of husband,wife and children.
It's certainly full of ups
And downs - a heavy burden.

Whoever we are,
None is exception.
In family life —
When ups arrive,
Downs leave;
When downs arrive
Ups leave.

Husband,wife and children
Always represent ups and downs.
The Thirukkural says -
“The married state is what is called
The proper family life; and laudable
Indeed it will be,if it be without blame.”

The wounded soldier and the statute.

In a battle_

Too many were hurt,

Too many were killed.

The battle took place

On the coastal area.

It was merciless.

It was brutal.

One wounded soldier

Was lying in pain

Near a statue of a soldier

Saying - 'No pain, No gain.'

He did not like to die.

He wanted to go on fighting

As he wanted to win the battle.

Suddenly, he had a glance at the statue.

“Get up and die boldly.”

He read this inscription

Written on the pedestal
And decided to continue his fight.

He again fought boldly.
He killed his enemies brutally,
But died boldly
Before hearing the victory.

A martyr speaks

I was born as a martyr;
I grew up as a martyr;
I did everything for you;
I lived for you
And died for you.

What did you do to me?
Did you pay homage to me?

Caste

True..... True

We all belong to the low caste

Living in different parts

With different intentions

In different complexions.

True True

We do not belong to the high caste

Living in one world

With one intention

In one complexion.

The former is full of ignorance,

The latter is full of tolerance.

I can't give any utterances.

To my feelings, thoughts and views

Of differences.

Which world are we in?

I knowI don't know.....

I know

When I was born;

I know

Where I was born;

I know

Why I was born;

I know

Who my parents are;

I know

What my name is;

I know

Which my mother tongue is;

I know

Whom I obey and love;

I know

Whose brother I am;

I know

How I am;

I know

How many years I have lived;

I know

How much I have earned;

I know
How often I have made mistakes;
I know
How far it is to the grave.
But
I don't know
When I'm going to die;
I don't know
Where I'm going to die;
I don't know
Why I'm going to die;
I don't know
Who is going to make me die;
I don't know
What time I'm going to die;
I don't know
Which cause will make me die;
I don't know
Whom I'm going to see before I die;
I don't know
Whose life will be for me before I die;
I don't know
How I will survive before I die;
I don't know

How much wealth I will have before I die;

I don't know

How often I will breathe till I die;

I don't know

How far I can go ahead before I die;

But

I know all these things.

But

I don't know what to do.

Where's the place of my tomb?

Unknowingly, my travel departed
From my mother's womb
Without knowing the distance
I should cover to the place of my tomb.

Knowingly, my travel goes on
Through the ways
Of various experiences on and on
I should go through with.

I know when I started it
I wonder when I will end it.
I brought something from my mother's womb
I should leave it before getting to tomb.

Where's my mother's womb?
Where's the place of my tomb?
How far is it between my mother's womb
And the place of my tomb?

Can anybody measure it?

Two partners of life

Two partners of life -
Husband and wife.
Are responsible for
Birth and death of their kids
And responsible for
Sins and merits
Descended from their ancestors.

Partners of life
Never leads our life
To Gods and Goddesses;
Ownership of life
Really leads us
To joyfulness of life
And Gods and Goddesses.

Two partners of life
Are born and get together
To lead their kids
In their own ways
And hand them over
To Gods and Goddesses
For the sake of safety.

An old dog

You can't teach an old dog new tricks
If it's worth your while
And if the worst comes to the worst
You can't teach an old dog new tricks.

You can't teach an old dog new tricks
And you can't make him drink.
Even if you pays your money and takes your choice
You can't teach an old dog new tricks.

You can't teach an old dog new tricks
As you can't keep a good man down.
Since he has an old head on young shoulders
You can't teach an old dog new tricks.

You can't teach an old dog new tricks
Ever if your talents change him for the better.
You think the world owes one a living
But you can't teach an old dog new tricks.

You can't teach an old dog new tricks
Although you feel the world is in your oyster.
You may give him stick
But you can't teach an old dog new tricks.

You can't teach an old dog new tricks.

When you say you do wonders.

He is a man of the world.

So you can't teach an old dog new tricks.

You can't teach an old dog new tricks.

Take it for granted

Or take it from me.

You can't teach an old dog new tricks.

Toys

There are toys created

By God.

There are toys produced

By man.

God plays

With his toys -

Creations;

Man plays

With his toys -

Products.

But toys never play

With toys.

A child needs toys,

A man needs toys,

God needs toys.

But toys never work

With toys.

A child learns from toys,
A man works for joys,
God proposes with slight delays.

But do we work?
If not, we are toys!

Love

Everyone thinks
Of love;
Everyone talks
Of love.

Everyone feels
Love;
Everyone seeks
Love.

Everyone wanders about
For love
Everyone rushes about
For love.

Where is it?
Who knows it?
Love is found
In at least 250 sayings;
Nobody has found
In any happenings.

Where is it?
Who knows it?

There is love
When wishes
And offers
Are accepted.
It is the love
That accepts
Wishes and offers
Invited.

There is no love
When wishes
And offers
Are refused.
It is the love
That accepts
Wishes and offers
Invited.

There is no love
When wishes
And offers

Are refused.
It is not the love
That rejects
Wishes and offers
Promised.

We say love is good
Because our mood is good;
We say love is bad
Because our mood is bad.

Where is love?

The woman I love

The woman I love
Is on Bedloe's Island
In New York
Doing something to the Americans.

The woman I love
Says she can't love me alone.
This is the trouble I have with her.
Yet I love her very much.

The woman I love
Gives me something different.
She fights everywhere for Americans.
Yet I love her very much.

The woman I love
Restores Americans'
Democracy, justice and liberty.
Yet I love her very much.

The woman I love
Has no time to love me alone.

She loves everyone.
Yet I love her very much.

The woman I love
Tells nothing about love.
She enlightens every American.
Yet I love her very much.

The woman I love
Hold high a torch
(Which is illuminated at night)
And represents a woman
Of heroic proportions.

Now I understand
How much she loves me.
This is the trouble I have
With the woman I love.

She continues her part!
I continue my part!

Mercy Killing

Mercy killing, either countable
Or uncountable
Reminds us of killing somebody
Out of pity.
It is because
They are in severe chronic pain.

Of course, while killing somebody
Nobody has mercy;
Of course, while having mercy on somebody
Nobody thinks of killing.

If so, how can these two -
MERCY and KILLING work together
If it is needed badly
To save those who sadly
Struggle to live happily
With a lot of wish and greed?

While doing mercy killing,
Mercy is, firstly, killed
In the minds of such doers
And killing gains ground
In the minds of receivers.

My expression is
That mercy should not go
Hand in hand with any killings.
Let those who apply
For mercy killing
Suffer for the sins they did
And let's all supply them
Mercy doing till their natural death.

Demos and Demons of Tamilnadu, India

The scene I watched
On the Tamil Nadu television
Moved everyone who watched
To tears. It was a horrific vision.

The scene I watched
On the Tamil Nadu television
Held everyone who watched
Spellbound. It was a horrific vision.

The scene I watched
On the Tamil Nadu television
Laid everyone who watched
In homes. It was a horrific vision.

The scene I watched
On the Tamil Nadu television
Told everyone who watched
"They are DEMOS AND DEMONS.
It was a horrific vision.

It was the scene I watched
On the Tamil Nadu television
Changed everyone who watched
From Tamilnadu's vision to another State's vision

It was a horrific vision!!

Broadcast on and on

(DEMOS = ATTACKERS; DEMONS =LOOKERS-ON)

Quit Cruelty

On the 17th of April, 2007

By 5.30 p.m.,

I was cycling along

The Jaffna Teaching Hospital

Towards the Jaffna Civil

Affairs Office, run

Under the Sri Lankan Army.

While approaching

The College of Nursing,

I happened to see

A small bitch lying

And squirming about

In the middle of the road

Which was too hot.

I got down from my bike

And parked it on one side,

Took the small bitch

To the other side

Where three soldiers

Were guarding an office

Of the Tamil Militant Group - PLOT.

They saw me place
The small bitch
In front of the entrance
Of their office.
The small bitch was so sad
That I felt sorry for it.
I called the soldiers to that place.

Only one soldier came
To that place with his rifle
And inquired about the incident.
One motor - cyclist who went ahead
Knocked over the small bitch
And ran it over.
This is what I said.

After my good explanation
I asked him for some water.
He too felt sorry for the small bitch
And fetched some water.
Till he returned, I'd been stroking
For its smooth breathing.

As soon as the soldier brought the water
I poured bit by bit into its mouth.

The small bitch drank well and looked at me
Shedding tears, but after a while,
It stood up and thanked the soldier and me
Wagging its tail happily.
In fact, I did not expect it would survive.

The soldier too thanked me surprising
For having mercy on the small bitch.
He said it was very kind of me
To boldly help the small bitch.

Finally, the soldier said-
"I'll do my duty but I'll
Never be cruel"
Finally, I said-
"Everyone should quit cruelty".

Finally, the small bitch
Went its way; the soldier
Went his way; I did as they did
Feeling great and proud
Of being merciful towards the small bitch.

Quit cruelty! Quit cruelty!

Have mercy

A cyclist with a big
Bundle of firewood,
Tied to the carrying rack
Always passes - by my door.

He takes the firewood
To a far town
Where the rich
Wait for him.

I know he cycles
With a severe cough.
I think he never
Takes any rest or medicament.

Thinking of earning
His living every day,
He cycles hardest
Straining every nerve.

Though he does so
He waits for a little mercy
Which he expects from the rich

After much hard bargaining.

Though he looks skeletal,
Dressed in rags,
The rich never have
Mercy on him.

Sometimes, he returns home
With his empty hands.
Often, he lives
On his empty stomach.

What a pity!
What a pity!
He struggles
To live happily.

Have mercy!
Have mercy!
At least once!
At least once!

There are too many
Like him!

Hard Worker

I know
I was born
To work hard
And live happily.

I now work hard
And earn well.
But I do not live happily
With what I have.

I come of a very respectable family.
But I am not well - educated.
I am useful to others daily.
But I do not live happily.

I see I am in trouble everywhere
Though I am always right.
Life in Sri Lanka is a nuisance everywhere.
I must get rid of this plight.

I must get rid of this plight.
I must get rid of this plight.

I want wine,woman and song

Because I am a hard worker.

Who will protect my beautiful country?

I am going abroad soon.

I want wine,woman and song

Because I am a hard worker

NB : Wine,woman and song = a man's social pleasures.

Promises

Promises are made too many times.
Promises are kept a few times.
Promises make somebody believe
But they do not relieve.

A promise is not a pearl
To believe its worth.
It's a whirl
That causes a wrath.

When we think of a promise,
It may be open to abuse.
I've never made a promise
As it always makes one confuse.

Towards the abattoir

Looking dirty, an angry young man
Was before me, taking eagerly
Two big black and white goats
In an old big deal wood box
Fitted on the carrying rack
Of his old bicycle.

Their legs, tightly tied together,
Seemed bent inside;
Their heads, hanging outside,
Seemed soaked in tears.

They found it very hard
To breathe in and out
Lying flat over each other.
They tried hard to get up.

Making their pathetic cries,
They were going on and on
Without getting any help
For their safety escape.

The dirty man was going
His own way
Thinking of making his profit
On the two goats.

I followed him as far as the abattoir.
How terrible scene it was
On the road before others!
What was wrong with the two goats?

The two goats arrived
At the abattoir
Where they were about
To be killed for food.

How cruel act it was!
I could not protect the goats!
How cowardly I was!
I was ashamed of myself!

I must die now
I must die at once.
Oh, the two goats.....
May God bless them!.

Man imported, exported

Man is imported
From his womb
And he is exported
To his doom.

When he's imported,
He's taken out of womb.
When he's exported
He's taken away, being kept mum.

Man's worth importing
To this world.
Man's worth exporting
From this world.

He's considered
Just like something
Imported or exported
In a wrapping.

Who imports man?
Who exports man?
Who carries him?
Who buries him?

No End

I saw a boat,
A few boats, many a boat,
Several boats -
All the boats
Were struggling to sail
In the raging gale.

I saw a man,
A few men and women,
Many a man
And woman,
Several men
And women -
All masculine and feminine
Were struggling to live.

The boat's sail
And the people's life
Have the same journey without fail.
That's life.
They struggle all their life
And run for their life.

Difficulties and hardships -
It's a frightening situation
Like a raging gale;
The sail in the raging gale
And the life in the frightening situation
Go together a long way
Seeking an end
But there's no end.

The man I'd like to kill

The man I'd like to kill

Is still at large.

He's still against me

By and large.

The police are also trying

To kill him at once.

They've set their sights on arresting

As he's been a criminal since.

He's in somebody - some say.

He's with you - many say.

I know him - more say.

Everyone knows - most say.

I must kill him, anyhow.

You must kill him, somehow.

I don't know where he's hiding!

I don't know where he's living!

If anybody knows where he's,

Don't fail to kill him.

It's not a crime, you see, he's not ours.

Necessity knows no law. Kill him!

[The man I'd like to kill is - IGNORANCE]

[The police are - MEN OF LETTERS, SCHOLARS LEARNED
PEOPLE etc]

The call of a mother

On a rainy day,
A mother came
To my college without any joy
Calling me by name.

She had to see the Principal.
Before leaving, she happened
To make capital
Out of her trouble caused.

She looked round
And wanted to tell something to me.
She started crying with a ground.
I told her to explain it to me.

She spoke out all about her worries
And told me in her unpleasant voice -
“Give me a chance
To remove all worries
About my son’s schooling.
No facilities at all
For my only son
To have his schooling at all”.

She continued her stories in tears.
Her stories really moved me to tears!
I'm sure she didn't shed crocodile tears.
My eyes filled with tears.

As a teacher,I agreed
To give the chance,indeed.
She showed me immense happiness
And went back thanking in readiness.

Chief Enemy

I want to tell my story.
It's eternal.
I've won the glory
On the field of battle of internal
And external query
About our chief enemy.

I'm friendly for ever.
He's friendly for ever.
I've friends to fight him out.
He too has friends to send me out.

I'm in you leading.
He too is in you killing.
Do you want both?
Or do you want only me?

I want to disarm my chief enemy
Fighting arm in arm boldly.
I've strong arms.
You too can fight in others arms.

I'll tell you later

Who I'm.

It's a different matter.

You'll see our chief enemy later

Remember, it's no easy matter.

Could you make him out?

What's the matter with you today?

Love is personified as - I

Jealousy is personified as - our chief enemy.

Do's are the arms of love.

Don'ts are the arms of jealousy.

Honesty, respect, discipline, obedience, etc are friends of love.

Dishonesty, rudeness, indiscipline, disobedience, etc

Are friends of jealousy.

Walk of life is the field of battle for the two

Fighters - Love and Jealousy.

The Power of Silence

There's no silence
When everything makes noise;
There's no noise
When everything meets with silence.

There was a girl,
Aged sixteen,
Who knew nothing about silence.

There was a boy,
Aged sixteen,
Who heard nothing about silence.

The boy and the girl
Wanted to know each other,
But they kept silent long.

Sometimes they met
Each other in silence.
Their frequent meetings
Reduced them to silence.

Nobody could understand
Their silence on their matter
But I assumed their silence
Implied consent to their love - affair.

Both became used
To their long silences.
There was neither a brief silence
Nor a deafening silence.

'Silence is golden'
'Silence gives consent'
They still remained silent
And there was a pregnant silence.

On the sea - coast

I saw a man
Sitting on the sea - coast.
He thought for hours
Looking at the east.

I knew he wanted to study something.
He looked at the sky;
He then looked at the sea;
He continued looking
Between the sky and the sea.

He looked around
The coastal area
And walked about
To study something
On the ground.

But above all,
He was completely at sea
And didn't understand
What to do with his study.
He was like a cat
Sitting on a fence.

Beware of

Beware of a friend who had been

Your enemy..... beware!

Beware of somebody who has

Nothing to lose..... beware!

Beware of the forepart of a woman,

The hind part of a mule

And all sides of a priest.... beware!

Beware of the snake

In the grass... beware!

On the other,

Beware of other men's harms.

It's good to beware

Of the sting,when you steal honey.

It's better to beware

Of yourself.... beware!

It's worth.....

You did not bring anything
To this world,
You cannot take anything
From this world,
You learn something,
You earn your living,
But you have nothing
Of your own except for your living.
It's no use owning
But it's worth offering
If you have anything.

Why do people own
Famine and poverty?

We're going abroad.....

We're dogs in Sri Lanka.
We're called - "Pariah Dogs",
Though we work properly.

We are not looked after well.
We are now stray dogs.
Yet we know
Every dog has its day.

We hate Sri Lankans.
They do not give us food.
We work for them.
We live for them.
But they do not give us food.

We're going abroad.
We hear dogs are dogs abroad.
We're going abroad.
Bye! Bye!

Too many clocks

Too many clocks
Give us blocks
To our different works
Showing different times.

Too many clocks
Showing different times,
Give us problems and delays.
No - one understands the causes.

By the way, the cock tells
The correct time at dawn.
I prefer cocks to clocks.
I'm not - spinning a yarn.

Too many clocks,
As the proverb says -
"Too many cooks spoil the soup,"
Work spoiling my group.

This is my school bag

This is my school bag.
I put my books in it
Together with my lunch.
My books teach me many things.
My lunch gives me energies.
That's why I go to school.
My breakfast and dinner
Are better,too.
That's why I love home.
I know home and school
Are better places for my progress.

My Uniform

My school uniform -
White and blue
Are always clean
When I wear
And stand in my shoes
With my white and blue tie on.

My school uniform -
White and blue
Including my shoes and tie
Are always dirty
When I come back home
With my friends after school.

My mother knows why
And helps me wash them
Every day.

I love my school uniform
And my mother as well,
As I want to play well
With my friends.

My Classmates

My classmates -
Different sizes,
Different beauties,
Tall and short,
Thin and fat,
Clever and weak.

Fair and black,
Strong and brave
Interesting twenty - five.
Good, but not bad,
Neither sad nor mad,
Neither pale nor lazy,
But always busy.
Maybe, about me, crazy.
Sure, neither naughty nor mischievous
Sure, neither cunning nor jealous,
Good story - tellers,
Not as liars,
But as my friends.
Our teachers love us all
And are kind to us all,
Because we are friends in all.

Mobile Love

I see people travel
With their mobile phones
Talking to someone
About this and that one.

I see people travel
Without any mobile phones
Talking to one another
About this and that matter.

Mostly, young people are interested
In loving somebody
Over the mobile phones.

Certainly, old people are interested
In talking to somebody
Over their businesses.

Mobile lovers don't care
About their care.
Mobile people don't share
Of their care.

Love on the mobile phones
Seems to be never ending.
It's an affair.

Business on the travels
Seems to be ever ending.
It's a thing.

No - one is for my education

I'm a child
Of ten years,
Born in poverty
With talents
To acquire abilities
From the prime of life
To the end of my life.

I'm now seeking
My school admission
To leading schools
In Jaffna
Where most schools
Are run by government
For offering free - education.

I am now eligible
To any leading high school
But I am forced to pay
My admission fee -
A sum of fifteen thousand rupees
Which my parents can't afford
For my bright future, my Lord!

No-one is for me
To educate me
Though free - education
Is available in the lip service.
No money for my education!
Does it mean no life for me?
No - one is for my education!

Ancestors

Ancestors from whom
We are descended
Are the owners of our lives
In which we are doing wonders
Which our ancestors can't see.
It's a serious matter, you see.

The wonders we do
Make us forget our ancestors
Who too made wonders.
It's a wonder
That none of us
Never think of them.

It's no wonder
That we are ignorant of them.
It's a wonder
That we are indifferent to them.
It's because
We are foolish. It's a main cause.

One day we will be ancestors
Definitely,our future generation
Will forget us
Doing wonders for generation.
I wonder
If they will be foolish.

A Strange Advertisement

“Murder is cheaper”

It was imported by a murderer.

You can be a buyer

If you place your order.

Murderers are happier, no wonder,
Because there aren't any defender.

If you want to be a fighter

Against another fighter,

Just see a murderer.

He'll be your helper

And your best trainer.

Sometimes, he'll be either
A watcher or an observer,
Because that's his character.

When you want a pistol or revolver,
Just see a murderer.
He'll be your regular supplier.
He'll also make you a proper shooter
So that you can be a murderer.
Remember! murder is cheaper.

It's no use being a sport star.
It's worth being a murderer's follower.
Try to be a lover of murder
Because murder is cheaper.

Do be neither a reformer
Nor a fault - finder.
Because murder is cheaper.

Do not even be a teacher,
Because murder is cheaper.

Do not even be a doctor,
Because murder is cheaper.

Do not even be an engineer,
Because murder is cheaper.

Do not be a mother; do not be a father;
Because murder is cheaper.

Do not be any receiver; do not be any sender;
Because murder is cheaper.

Do not be any kind of doer
Except that you can be a murderer,
Because murder is cheaper.

The beggar's ambition

I see I'm a beggar
Because I've nothing.
I don't want to be a burglar
Because it's not law - abiding.

As usual, I go from door to door
And ask for a little of anything
To please myself outdoor
Because some people are interesting.

My job is begging for something.
I want to manage my life
Here and there with everything
I get from people to survive.

By the way, I often see people rush
To beg someone for doing something
In and out of their house.
Are they all beggars, like me living?

I don't know why I'm called a beggar.
I can't say why people call me a beggar.

I see how my life goes begging
Even if people live hugging.

My ambition is to become a scholar
Being a beggar;
I must be popular.
Being a beggar.

“If wishes were horses
Everyone can ride.”
Am I right?

Faults and Love

Faults really lie with us
As we find fault with others.
Fault never disappears
If it is proved.
But love sometimes disappears
If it is not loved.
Fault goes from fault to fault;
Love goes from love to love;
Both have no eyes.
So they have no ways.
Fault always seems to be thick.
Love always seems to be kick.

But the proverb goes....

“Faults are thick, when love is thin.”

The Mirror

I once happened to stand
In front of the mirror.
I looked at my stand
In the mirror.

I saw the mirror image -
Reflection of mine;
Right side on the left;
Left side on the right.

But it was possible
To look at myself
In the light.
How can I look at myself
In the mirror in the dark?
Is it possible?

I said to myself -
"My mirror has got an error."
It reminded me
A thing that reflects something
Has an error.

Errors of one's ways

“Are reflected in the light.”

This is seen in the mirror

I must learn by trial and error.

Mood

I don't know yet
Whether the people are subject
To be in a good or bad mood.
No matter, they are somewhat
In a good mood.

If one eats good food
He can be in a good mood;
If one eats bad food
He will be in a bad mood.

Sometimes, man is not found
In a proper mood,
Even if he eats good food
With the mood of the moment.

Man always changes his mood -
He is sometimes in an indicative mood;
He is sometimes in an imperative mood;
He is, at some other times, in a subjunctive mood.

These three different modes of manners
Are explained in English grammar,

When we speak of actions
Which may be regular or irregular.

No matter, you're in a good or bad mood
But avoid being in one of your moods.
When do you feel like being in no mood?
I'm asking, being in a good mood.

Poverty and Richness

Some are happy in poverty.
Some are unhappy in richness.
Between poverty and richness,
We find strength and weakness
That cause everything
We either like or dislike.

Happiness from poverty
And sadness from richness
Are just like trees
That bear fruits
Of glory and loss.
We can't avoid this.

Mr.Cat Mr.Rat Mr.Dog...

Mr. Cat was walking
Along the road with his cat on.
Mr. Rat was waiting
Under a tree with his specs on.

Mr. Cat came across Mr. Rat
And had a nice chat.
Mr. Rat conversed well with Mr. Cat
And had a fine time up to a point.

Mr. Cat thought it was not a rat
As he was wearing his specs
Mr. Rat thought it was not a cat
As he was wearing his hat.

Both of them became friendly
After a long talk
And started enjoying themselves badly
As they did not recognize each other.

After a while, Mr. Cat asked Mr. Rat
What his business was over there.

"I'm still trying to bell Mr.Cat." said Mr. Rat.

After that Mr. Rat asked Mr. cat

Where he was bound for.

"I'm still trying to finish Mr. Rat" said Mr. Cat.

All of a sudden,they saw Mr.Dog

Coming towards them without anything on.

Mr. Rat first started running away

After dropping his specs.

Mr. Cat found it was a dog

And started running after the rat.

His hat was blown away and fell down

After he started running.

Mr. Dog took hold of the specs and the hat

And found they were a rat and a cat.

He started running after them

With the specs and the hat on.

Mr. Dog tried catching Mr. Cat and Mr. Rat

Mr. Cat tried catching Mr. Rat.

Mr. Rat ran into a house.

Mr.Cat ran into the house and killed Mr.Rat.

Mr.Dog ran into the same house

And finished Mr.Cat.

Mr.Dog was caught and beaten by the house-owner

And then he died on the spot.

The house-owner found three dead bodies

In the room and said to himself,

“They’re right.

I’m wrong.”

What do you think of the four?

When I was.....

When I was a young man,
I asked God, which I pray to,
When I would die.

Oh, alas!... Oh, alas!...
He did not take notice of me!
He did not listen to me!
He is mortal....?
He is immortal....?

After all, when I became upset,
I asked myself
When I would die.
Suddenly I made a decision
Not to pray to God.

"It is foolish of you
To do so." It was a miracle.
I realized the truth
And decided to wait
For my death.

The old woman and the lass.

The old woman was ninety

And she was pretty.

The lass was about nine

And she was fine.

A few days ago, they met each other

And had a nice talk without any bother.

All of a sudden, the lass raised

A question to be discussed.

“When did you attain your age?”

The lass asked surprisingly.

“What! I never attained my age”

The old woman said sadly.

“What was the reason?”

The lass again asked.

“Who knows the reason?”

The woman replied.

The lass stopped talking

Because she just attained her age

And went away saying -
“I must discuss my marriage.”

The lass came back
To the same woman
With some news pack
And said, “I’m human.”

The old woman couldn’t understand
And wondered what she had mentioned.
The lass explained herself
And the old woman satisfied herself.

This time, the lass raised a big question -
“Can I have a word in your ear?” she said.
“Yes. What’s the matter?” the old woman asked.
“It’s about my marriage” the lass replied.

“You haven’t yet attained your age
And have lost a chance of marriage.
I’ve attained my age
And why shouldn’t I worry about my marriage?”

“You just passed the first stage
And you’ve now come to the second stage.

I know you're ready to marry
But don't be in a hurry.

The lass agreed with her
And continued questioning.
"What's the next stage?" asked the lass.
"Bearing a child" said the old woman.

This talk between the old woman
And the lass was interesting.
But it reveals the three stages of a woman.
Women must wait for each happening.

Death never dies

Death is sure to all in any form
At any place; at any time.
It does no harm.

Death takes place -
Not according to our likes and dislikes,
But according to our words and deeds.

Death seems to be
The last event of one's life.
We don't seem to know that.

Death never dies.

I wish I were fully drunk

The rich are happy sometimes
Though they are well - off;
The poor are sad sometimes
Though they are not well - provided for.

Workers suffer a lot.
Yet they are not paid well.
Masters enjoy a lot
Yet they do not pay well.

Some, as they like, learn firmly
But most cannot learn.
Many wander about daily
But they cannot earn.

All are living, experiencing
Ups and downs
Just like ships, sailing
Through calms and storms.

Nobody knows how to live
Within his means;

Somebody knows how to live
By his wits.

Anyhow, I must know how to live.
Somehow, I must know how to live,
By the way, I don't like seeing these things.
I wish I were fully drunk... awful things!

On a rainy day

It was raining heavily.
It rained continuously.
It made me think deeply.

It brought pleasure
To somebody;
It brought displeasure
To somebody.

I saw some kids
Playing happily.
But when it started
To rain heavily,
They stopped playing
And started singing
"Rain,Rain,go away
Come again another day."

When I heard this song,
I started my song -
"Kids,Kids,come along
Play well for long."

When the kids heard my song
They sang another song -
“Rain, Rain, come along
Rain well for long.”

When it suddenly stopped
The kids said -
“Don’t believe rain.”
But I said to myself -
“Don’t believe rain
And big women.”
Believe the way of nature.

The sad dog and the mad dog.

Sad Dog : I've lost my master.
I'm always sad.
I know people are mad
Because they hurt me.
I'm not theirs.

Mad Dog : I've lost my sense.
I'm always mad.
I know people are sad
Because I hurt them.
They're not mine.

S.D :- How are you going to live?

M.D :- Ask yourself and what about you?

S.D :- Ask yourself and how about you?

M.D :- Ask yourself and what about you?

S.D :- Oh, you're mad!

M.D :- Ask yourself and what about you?

S.D :- I'm sad and how about you?

M.D :- Ask yourself and what about you?

S.D :- Oh, you're mad! I must run away from you!

[sadness could be cured but not madness. The two dogs represent the people]

The moon and the baby

The moon shines in the sky.

The baby shines under the sun.

The moon shines up above the sky.

The baby shines down below the sky.

The moon starts waxing

During bright fortnight;

The baby starts walking and talking

During right time.

The moon starts waning

During dark fortnight;

The baby starts crying and shouting

During wrong time.

The moon waxes and wanes

In a month;

The baby walks and talks

For months;

The baby cries and shouts

For months.

Why the moon waxes and wanes

Is natural;

Why the baby,cries and shouts

Is natural.

No one dares to hit the moon

For waxing and waning.

Someone dares to hit the baby

For crying and shouting.

Both the moon and the baby need something.

We must understand everything.

The moon gets its light from the sun.

The baby gets its bright from its parents.

Occasion

One occasion invites me.

The other occasion encourages me

On one occasion, I'm ready.

On the other, I'm steady.

All these occasions are for me.

All these occasions are for *you* and me.

You and I must meet a **great** occasion.

You and I must have a **special** mission.

Seize the opportunity of everything.

Prove your success at any participation.

Show your eyes, sparkling with anticipation

On any occasion.

Have a sense of occasion!

Rise to the occasion!

Have a sense of direction!

It's not my instruction.

Will you be my Valentine?

Too many celebrations
On special occasions
Remind us of commemorations.

14 February commemorates
St.Valentine's Day,
On which a person's love blooms
And valentine card is sent that day.

Various popular customs
Are connected with St.Valentines Day,
But people are curious about the systems
Of celebrating the St.Valentine's Day.

St.Valentine's Day is usually celebrated
Without giving one's name.
Valentine cards are also posted
To a person's name.

This valentine card is sent
To a person one loves.

This is obviously meant
Valentine cards make loves

If you want to be one's love
Say "Will you be my valentine, my love?"
Before or after the St. Valentine's Day
And send a valentine card that day.

Nobel, Alfred Bernhard - 1833 - 96.

Nobel was born noble.

His invention was valuable.

The five Nobel Prizes

Comprising monetary awards

Go to those who achieve pre - eminence

In public life during the year to the cause

Of world - wide peace

Or in the field of physics,

Chemistry, literature and medicine.

These awards were established

By the will of Alfred Nobel - broadly renowned

The Swedish inventor of dynamite

And other explosives.

Nine million dollars was left in trust.

The income of sum, you must hear,

Is divided into five equal parts of trust

Each year. It is clear.

Each prize has been worth

Over forty - thousand dollars

By the terms of Nobel's will.
The awards in physics and chemistry,
According to his will,
Are made by the Swedish Academy of Science.

The award in medicine or physiology
Is made by the Caroline Medicine Society of Stockholm
And that in Literature.
By the Swedish Academy of Literature.
But the peace is decided
By the Norwegian Storting provided.

The Mosquito

Mosquitoes tease us
When we are careless.
They buzz and sing
Round our ears.

They bite our faces
Hands and other parts
When we are asleep.
From their bites,
We get malarial fever,
Though we sleep
Under mosquito nets.

We are unable
To guard ourselves
Against mosquitoes
When they get at us
To bite us.
Let's all say
What a nuisance.
They are, shan't we?

Hearse

Hearse is always looking forward
To carrying our dead body
In a coffin. The golden mean.
It is the last scene.
Every dead body cannot see at all.

Hearse is driven by somebody
Towards the grave-yard or cremation ground
And is driven back without fail.
Our soul departed from our body
Never comes back as the hearse does.

Hearse never goes nowhere
Except the grave-yard or cremation ground.
Our soul goes somewhere
Without revealing any ground.
Hearse is rather acquainted with our soul.

Drunkard's Life.

I often happen to see
A lot of drunkards.
Drunkards' life, you see,
Goes on with lots of discards.

They talk nonsense
Walking in a zigzag way.
They are people only in the sense
That they live on their own way.

They lie about bare bodied
And then return home empty-handed.
They don't see what's going on.
People don't see how they're getting on.

Drunkard's life has no meaning of life
And makes us all think of a new way of life.
What way of life, do you think,
Is the best way of life for them. Let's think.

A wife and A mistress

I can remember
Seeing my friend's wife
And his mistress
Who met each other
At the station
Waiting for my friend.

When arrived,
My friend received
A warm welcome
And a cold welcome.

My friend took both of them
To a cinema
And got seated between them
In the cinema.
While watching the cinema,
My friend suddenly fell ill.
His heart ached for a while
And died of heart-attack.

There was nobody
Beside him, but his wife.
What happened to his mistress?
She vanished without trace.

His wife remained as his wife.
His mistress remained as his mistress.
A wife lives for her husband.
A mistress lives for herself.

My Sweet.

She lived.

In the midst

Of uneducated people who lived long

Without knowing anything

About my sweet.

She lived waiting for me

Like a lotus waiting for the sun.

When I last saw her,

She smiled at me.

She was before me

Like a lotus blossoming.

She, at last, died without seeing me

Like a leaf withered.

When I neared her, hoping to see,

She was burning into ashes

My sweet! My sweet!

No see! No see!

She dwelt.....

She dwelt in the midst
Of the downtrodden;
A house-maid, named Rosy who did her best
To find me hidden.

A rose by a rough stone,
Slightly hidden from the eye,
Fair as a moon when it is alone
Shining so high.

She loved me and most knew
Though she was one among the downtrodden.
But to me, she was a fine view
And oh! she's disappeared all of a sudden.

Round - up

On 27 Feb,2007

I reached my school

By 6.30 a.m.

And found the military personnel

Around my school.

I was very frightened

But I was brightened

Not to be afraid.

They started their questioning.

Surely,I could not answer.

Instead,I started my questioning.

Absolutely,they were able to answer.

Little later,I found

What had gone wrong.

All the soldiers seemed

Strong and going strong.

They went on searching everywhere

For the culprit in all kinds of weather.

They said there was someone inside

With a rifle and an explosive.
But they were found outside.
They couldn't establish a motive
For such an act.
This is the fact.

All of them went back
With the rifle and the explosive left.
I couldn't go back
With the news and the experience met.

The military round-up
Made me make up
My mind, to bear up
Well against the bad set-up.

A passer - by and A school boy.

- Passer - by :- Excuse me.
- Boy :- Me?
- Passer - by :- Yes.
- Boy :- Can I have a word in your ear?
- Passer - by :- Yes.
- Boy :- I was born in 1996..... I'm a boy of
twelve years old.....
I started school at the age of five.....
I'm looked after well.....
I behave well.....
I'm beloved by all.....
I learn from all.....
- Passer - by :- What else?
- Boy :- Nothing else.
But I'm made this way
How about your way?
- Passer - by :- You're made this way
I'm made that way?
- Boy :- What's that?
- Passer - by :- That's that.

Anything special....?

Partiality :- Hello, is that Mr. Cruelty?

Atrocity :- No. I'm Atrocity....
Mr. Cruelty's assistant.

Partiality :- Could I speak to Mr. Cruelty?

Atrocity :- I'm afraid you can't.
He's fast asleep. Anyhow,
please wait a minute.
I must wake him up.

Partiality :- OK. Would you mind asking
him to speak to me right now?

Atrocity :- Just a minute. I'll put you
through to him.
He's up now.

(Second Part)

Cruelty :- Hello, good morning. Sorry I'm late.
Is that Mr. Partiality speaking?

Partiality :- Yes, speaking.

Cruelty :- Anything special.....?

Partiality :- Yes, this world's in turmoil.....

Cruelty :- Good. It's nice to hear.
Keep the world in turmoil
Forever.... forever.
Because we've got to run the arms race.

Stop improving race relations the world over.

It's a big matter, isn't it?

Partiality :- Yes, you're right.

By the way, how about spying on intelligence - gathering agency?

Cruelty :- Just keep in touch with intelligence sources.
Our groups have already engaged in recce.
Our reconnaissance flights and satellites are on.
Don't worry about them.

Partiality :- You'd better contact CIA, KGB, RAW, ISI, MOSSAD, INTERPOL and so on.

Cruelty :- OK.OK.They're for us.
We're for them. See you later.
But remember to keep this world In turmoil.
Better late than never.

Partiality :- OK. I'll stick to it. Bye.

Cruelty :- Thank you. I'll call you back later. Bye.

I'm looking for.....

I'm looking for the best womb
To live in for at least ten months
As I would like to launch a campaign
For the needy children's education.

I'd like to travel around the world
Leading my campaign for the needy children.
They've no proper education
To live in this world as good citizens.

I'd like to raise awareness of their problems
Mounting my campaign for their bright future.
That will lend them a helping hand to be our pride and joy.
I'm sure they'll be good citizens of mother Lanka.

I'd like to raise fund selling my sweet fruits
Which I keep them in a basket of hopes
As I have high hopes of raising ample fund.
I want you all to taste my sweet fruits-“English Poems.”

A cat and A dog

A cat, sitting on a fence,
Looked at a dog
That was barking
Staring.

The dog asked the cat -
“Why are you sitting on this fence?”
The cat said,
“I’m thinking of going down
But I don’t know
To which side I should go.”

The cat then asked the dog-
“Why are you barking at me?”
The dog said,
“I want to play with you.
Please come to my side.
Don’t be afraid of me.”

The cat last said to the dog -
“Yes. I know barking dogs never bite”
The dog then said to the cat -

“Yes, you’re right”.

But a cat, sitting on a fence,

Never decides what to do.

Mind your own ways.

I know my own ways.”

They departed from each other

On their own way.

Tea

Have a cup of tea
If you want to see
How tea tastes.

Have a mug of tea
If you want to see
What tea does.

Have a pot of tea
If you want to see
Why tea grows.

If you want to taste tea,
Stop work and drink tea.

If you want to see
What tea does,
Go to work and come back.

If you want to see
Why tea grows,
Live with tea pickers!

My kith and kin

You've friends

And so do I.

I've friends

And so do you.

What have they done to you?

What have you done to them?

You may have been friends

In need, indeed.

But my friends are always my friends!

All the natural things -

Living and non-living

Are my kith and kin.

They're not harmful to me!

They're always friendly to me!

They've given me everything I need.

But what have I given to them they need?

Nothing.... I always pray, instead.

Jaffna Hindu College Boys

Boys of Jaffna Hindu College -
Old and new,
Are just like rain drops.

They come of respectable families
Just as the rain drops
Fall from the clouds.

Thy enter Jaffna Hindu College
Just as the rain falls on the earth;
They form groups of good thoughts
Just as the rain drops form waterfalls.

They stay in Jaffna Hindu College
Just as the rain stagnates in the lake.

Boys of Jaffna Hindu College
Enter Jaffna Hindu College
From the tops of families
Which, I feel, are tops of mountains.

They mingle together
In Jaffna Hindu College

Just as the waterfalls mingle
In the lake.

They stay in Jaffna Hindu College
Just as the water in the lake.

Jaffna Hindu College
Is a lake of waterfalls
Where I find a large number of boys
Just as the large amount of water gathers.

They stay in Jaffna Hindu College for hours.
It seems to me precious like lake waters.
They get out of Jaffna Hindu College
With ample knowledge and abilities
Along with their talents and intelligence.
It seems to me as if water
Gets out of the lake with all resources.

Water from the lake
Gets out as streams and rivers;
Boys of Jaffna Hindu college
Get out as intelligent and brilliant students.

They become famous figures
In the field they like most.

They seem to me as streams and rivers
Which keep the earth prosperous
And get the credit and the glory.
Boys of Jaffna Hindu college -
“Streams and Rivers”,
Keep their college sparkling
And get the credit and the glory
To their college and to themselves.

Streams and rivers, at last,
Enter the sea for doing the rest.
Boys of Jaffna Hindu College
Enter the world for doing their best
To live with flying colors,
Remembering their school motto -
“Without having any doubts
Learn what is worth learning
And afterwards act in full accord
With what you have learnt” -
And its flag-white and blue.

Without streams and rivers and seas,
This world will not be ours!
Without boys of Jaffna Hindu College,
This world will not be yours!

My Birth and Death

I was in my birthday-suit
At birth.
It can't be
At death.

My birthday accepted
Greetings,
I know.

My death day will invite
Sympathies,
I know.

Between greetings
And sympathies,
My life carries experiences
And grievances.

My birth and death
Are two milestones on earth.
My experiences and grievances
Are natural, but valuable prizes.

Don't call me so.....

I'm a little boy
From Jaffna,north of Sri Lanka
Hoping to be your pride and joy.

I learn everything.
I want to know
Without failing.

I do everything.
I ought to do
Realizing the purpose of my being.

I have good friends
Who I want to be with
Without hindrance.

I live with my parents
I love very much
For kindness.

I'm very satisfied
With what my family owns

It has been dignified.

What's wrong with me

I'm not bad.

Believe me!

Don't call me so!

I'm a good child

Don't you think so?

Don't kill me...!

My name is Unity,
Married to Mr.Nationality.
Born freely to willingly
Make you all unite
And live happily.

My name is Unity,
Married to Mr.Nationality.
I'm for you standing on my dignity
And I can help you.
Don't kill me!

My name is Unity,
Married to Mr.Nationality.
I can look after you well
I can give you great deal of liberty
I can bring you up well.

My name is Unity
Married to Mr.Nationality.
What more do you want
In your modern society?
Where can I go? I can't.

Don't kill me....!
Don't kill me....!

Love and Lust

Love and lust
Are twins.
Both of them are lost
When we spread our wings.

When love is felt
In different ways,
Lust is never felt
In no ways.

When lust is felt
In men and women,
Love is shown first
Between men and women.

Both play their important role.
Between men and women.
Both lose their chief goal
For a pen or a sin.

Sex

Sex is concerned
With male and female
Like water and soil.

Male and female
Are concerned with creation
Like trees, plants and creepers.

Creation is concerned
With gods and goddesses
Like the sun and the earth.

The root cause
Of birth and death
Is, of course, sex.

A Broiler's Life

Everyone's life is sure
To end and he or she
Knows it will definitely happen
In any form of death
Expectedly or unexpectedly.
We needn't think of it.
We needn't worry about it.
We needn't wait for it.

But how about a broiler's life?

We know its life too is sure
To end one day and it doesn't
Know anything about
The form of its end of life
Sooner or later.
It never thinks of it.
It never worries about it.
It should wait for it.

Oh, it dies for us fluttering.....!

Why we say?

When we are cold,
We say we are not used
To cold.

When we are hot,
We say we are not used
To hot.

But
When we are angry,
We don't say
We are not used to anger. Quite the contrary.

Why should we say
We avoid being cold and hot?
Why should we not say
We avoid being angry on the dot?

The Everest and the People

The Everest, the highest,
Never takes a rest.
It stands majestic
With its mountain ranges
To see the sun first
And then all the ventures
We embark on best.

All I want to say is-
There are majestic people
Who never take a rest.
They live majestic
With their honesty and modesty
To lead the world fast
And then all the lives
We live in best.

A Tumbler

I'm a tumbler,
Usually used as
A drinking glass.
When you look at me
I give you my pose
With the flat bottom,
Straight sides,
No handle or stem fitted.
But my top is wider
Than my bottom.

I'm sometimes made of tin,
I'm sometimes made of plastic,
But I'm usually made of silver
For exporting purposes,
Because most Asians like me very much.

You buy me to put some drink in
Especially hot and cold,
But few people-you or someone else,
Put me in a bad place
And never look after me in a good place.

Though I'm in a good condition
And worthless than one hundred rupees,
I'm proud of being little worth.
I'm certain nobody steals me
But loves me.

Above all, I wonder
Why westerners do not like me very much.
Is it so?
I'm afraid they are ignorant of me
Isn't it so?

Finally, I'd like to say
I've met with a many accident
And there was no cure at all.
People are ungrateful
Because they've thrown me away.

Change yourselves!

I see children cry

Around me!

I see youths worry

Around me!

I see men and women suffer

Around me!

I see too many sad things happen

Around me!

What goes wrong around them

Is unknown to me.

What I feel around me

Is made known, you see.

Who should I find fault with?

Who should I speak to?

Oh, I see. You.... Authorities!

Change yourselves!

Oh, what an awful condition this is!

How about the condition of animals,

Birds reptiles, insects, trees, plants....?

My kind and humble request is this-

Change yourselves! You.... Authorities!

Change yourselves! Change yourselves!

We are so and so

We're like a cat
Sitting on the fence.

We're like a dog
In the manger.

We seem to be cocks of walk;
We seem to be weathercocks;
We seem to be blowing our own trumpets.

We don't take to solving
Our problems like a duck to water.

We don't pour oil
On troubled waters;
We aren't known
For our cleverness and cunning.

We put the cart before the horse
And back the wrong horse;
We get on our high horse
And change horses in midstream.

We're real dark horses.
We eat like a horse.

We flog a dead horse
Though we've information
From the horse's mouth.

We like holding our horses
But we don't lock the stable door
After the horse has bolted.
Instead, we look a gift horse
In the mouth.
We're so and so.

Should I live long like this?

On my way
From Karainagar
To Jaffna,
I happened to join a cyclist,
Going to Jaffna.

He looked clever
But seemed to have
Unsolved problems.
He was going on
With a big bundle of firewood,
Loaded onto the carrying rack.

While cycling in a breast line,
I went on talking too much of my line.
He couldn't listen well
As he was interested in his line.
But I could watch him well.

Oh, poor he! he strained every nerve
To cycle against the strong wind
That was blowing from the east
Along the Ponnalai Causeway.
Though he looked clever,

He looked very pale and thin
As if he never had any meal.
His look made me think seriously.

Following him,
At times, I had to ask him
A few serious questions.
“Is this your permanent job?”
I asked him hesitatingly.
“I’m sorry I can’t talk.”
He replied very politely.
So, I made my excuses humbly.

Before departing me,
He asked a question -
“Do you want firewood?”
No, I don’t,” I said.
“No-one buys this bundle.
And I’m almost tired.
Should I live long like this?”

I was fired with imagination.
He mired me in my inquiry.
So, I concentrated on my way
Saying-“I must find the answer.”

The truth speaks

I'm drowning
Everyone forgets me.
You're always lying.
Everyone hates me.

You're all killing me.
But you can't live without me.
Take it from me.
But don't find fault with me.

If you don't accept me
You'll be in trouble.
When you receive me
You'll be lovable.

I'm drowning.
Let me not die.
I'm drowning.
I can't lie.

I'm drowning.
I can't lie.
I'm drowning.

To you all..... leaving !

To you all leaving ungrateful
My sincere call is as follows:
“Don’t show your foolishness.”
“Don’t show your weakness.”

We believed your brotherhood.
We believed your sisterhood.
But you are parting with
What you received from your kith.

Don’ t believe the distance
That lends enchantment
To your views at once,
But believe contentment.

Everything you want
Is here and there;
Everybody you want
Is here and there;
Don’t..... don’t be ungrateful!
Don’t..... don’t be ungrateful!
Are you forgetful
Of your duties to the full?

Our School Band

Our school band
Consists of majestic smart boys
Exactly twenty-five on land
In three lines with the leader in front
Carrying his mace to show his real zeal
Showing the performance of his mace
And giving his command firm -
They all look smart
In white and blue uniform apart
With their caps on

And musical instruments
Plying on and on.
No change at all
But they are always on
In their smartness
For the Marching Past.

Different instruments-
Bass drum, side drums
Melodeons, accordions
Cymbals all make a fine music

Set to a western song.
It was very easy, more easy
On the ear long, long.

Marching Past-
Backwards and forwards,
Passing-by the Chief-Guest.
And other guests behind.
Suddenly stops at a short distance
And stands still, not differing in kind,
In full smartness.

Leader alone walks
Up to the Chief-Guest
To pay his full respect
By saluting the Chief-Guest.
The Chief-Guest takes the salute
Shaking hands with pride.
The leader steps back
With his strong stride
And goes straight ahead
To his usual position
To proceed the rest of his command.

Marching Past conducted,
All those invited
To the main hall were best.
I must join the school band
As I want to learn
How to be active and smart
But my long desire
Is to be the Chief-Guest.

The hand that rocked.....

The hand that rocked
My cradle is not before me
But the words that were expressed
Before me are still in memory.

The hand that rocked
My cradle is not before me
But it is my mother who had
The greatest influence on me.

The hand that rocked
My cradle had a great deal
To do with fixing my character
In my early years.

The hand that rocked
My cradle was almost with me
All day and night;fed and cared for me
To learn my first lessons at her knee.

The hand that rocked
My cradle gave me moral training

When my father was away
From home most of my day.

The hand that rocked
My cradle, it is to a great degree true,
Did everything for me, and what I do
Is largely determined by what she did.

The hand that rocked
My cradle governs indirectly
Not only my destiny
But also the destiny of my race.

The hand that rocked
My cradle was not well educated
But her influence was of great importance
She was not foolish and bad.

The hand that rocked
My cradle was good and wise.
It is absolutely realized
In me-it was my mother, no-one else.

Hark at me.....!

Hark at me!

I'm here

Bearing sweet fruit

At my best.

My fruits are at the market

Being sold cheap

At the price.

Hark at me!

You're at the market

Having a nice look

At the fruit stalls.

You're looking for the best.

Hark at me!

My master, standing

Before you,

Has already tasted my fruit

And started selling them

For the collection

Of his living.

Hark at me!
I'd like you all
To enjoy the taste
Of my sweet fruit most
Because they're good
For your healthy
And wealthy life
With pleasure.

Hark at me!
By the way,
Why don't you protect me
And my relatives?
Why do you destroy us
And my relatives?
Am I wrong?
Oh, you're going away!

My Bicycle

My bicycle, made in England
Named-“RALEIGH’ is in my hand
At present-but an old one.
No bell, no brake-very old one.
No front light, no rear light
But it’s still very useful.

By the way,
Carrying rack, chain, wheels,
Crank, cross-bar, forks,
Frame, handlebars, mudguards,
Pedals, rims, spokes -
All these are badly rusted.

Even now,
No pump, no reflector.
Tyres are too old; too many patches;
No words to express its old age.
What else should I tell?

However,
My bicycle is still in use,

It's always friendly,
Everyone looks at it willingly
I don't know why and wherefore.

But,
What do you think is its price?
I bought it first hand
At two hundred rupees
Now it's badly needed
By several people,
But its price is not yet finalised.

Meanwhile,
I hear the company that made it
Wants to buy at more than
One million rupees.
I don't know the secrecy.

In short,
It's because
It's too old, I suppose,
Old ones are worthy
Though new ones are costly.
My bicycle is too old and so am I.

The Lawmakers ...

The lawmakers represent the Common
On the legislative council;
The lawbreakers represent themselves
On the tentative council.

The lawmakers decide
The laws of a country;
The lawbreakers disobey
The laws of a country.

The lawmakers are
For the good of a country;
The lawbreakers are
Against the good of a country.

The lawmakers are
Just like bakers;
The lawbreakers are
Just like rapists.

When the lawmakers
Happen to be lawbreakers;
The lawbreakers
Happen to be crackers.

“The lawmakers should not be lawbreakers.”

Where is my denture?

Where is my denture?

Where is my denture?

It was in

Just before starting my dinner.

I did not move about after dinner.

Did I remove it before dinner?

Did I misplace it in a careless manner?

Oh! where is my denture?

Oh! where is my denture?

It must be on the dining table!

Oh! is it on the dressing table?

Oh! is it on the kitchen table?

Oh! is it on the bedside table?

Oh! is it on the billiard table?

It must be on the dining-table!

If not, is it on the dressing-table?

If not, is it on the negotiation table?

If not, is it on the operating table?

If not, is it on the trestle-table?

If not, is it on the round-table?

Oh, hell, I've lost it!

What the hell!

What the hell!

Just a minute!

I'm beginning to feel

Like being in pain!

I have a pain

In my stomach!

It's giving a lot of pain!

What a pain!

What a pain!

Something is rolling about

In my belly!

Oh, my denture

Is in my belly.

It was my folly

To fix a set of denture

How can I be jolly?

By the way, who was the dentist?

During my voyage

I started my voyage
From Kankesanthurai,
I felt bored without courage
And came out of the main deck
And stood outside taking courage
To look at the huge waves.

The huge waves nicely
Seemed to be waving at me
And moved up and down happily
Trying to enter the ship forcefully
To invite me cunningly.
I was extremely happy.

But, too many times,
They called to me nicely dancing
And, little by little, on purpose,
They reached me rumbling
To take away somewhere.
But I said,
"If I came to you
You wouldn't let me

Come back home”
And then they said,
“Yes, you’re right.
But we want you.”

Suddenly, they gave me
A present—a scabbard fish.
They threw it into the ship
But it was writhing and writhing.
I was unhappy deeply thinking
And threw it back to them.

They continued inviting me
And again they sent me
A little black sea bird.
It was too tired
And I had a nice time with it
Knowing their secret plan.

I refused their invitation
As I wanted to go back home
With the little black sea bird.
After arriving at the Trincomalee quay
Both of us continued the bus travel
Till getting to Colombo by 7 p.m.

In Colombo, stayed I
Along with the little black sea bird.
We spent the night in a room
And slept well due to tiredness
The next morning, it was lying...
Dead at my feet.

I was so sad
That I could not move away.
I put it in a box
And took it away
Like carrying in a hearse
And placed it by the refuse.
How cruel I was!

No-one knows this yet.
But I found
That I had a mistake.
I'm sorry to say
I didn't entertain it by mistake.
How cruel I was!

While moving about alone...

While moving about alone,
I was mad keen on
Looking at all kinds of flowers.
Sometimes I'm madly fond of their colours.

They receive me by day
By winking and nodding at me,
Whenever I happen
To pass-by them.

I dreamt of kissing them.
As always, I love all of them,
As they make one think
Of love and truth.

They still utter charmingly
"There's no life
Without love and truth."
I suppose they 're right.

What a strange man he is!

I met a man recently.
He often acted peculiarly. •
I had a short conversation.
He talked with his intense concentration.

Where are you bound for? I asked
I'm going to the nearby swimming pool" he replied.
"Where's it?" I again asked
"You can see in any place where man lives
It's a pool of jealousy. I must enjoy
Swimming in it." he said.

I finally asked him a question
"Why not swim in the pool of pleasure?"
"No,no,I can't find it anywhere
I'm always greedy for everything I want.
If I enjoy swimming in the pool of jealousy
I can get anything I want" he finally replied.

I stopped my conversation
With a terrible shock and went away
He stopped his concentration
And went away.

What a strange man he is!

The man I beat up

The man I beat up
Wanted to put up
A new house which blew up
In a year and his blood was up.
Then he couldn't bear up.
So, I wanted to back him up
To rebuilt it, though he was fed up
With my advice and blew me up
Till my back was up.
He, again and again, played up
But it didn't add up.
So, I told him to belt up
For a while but he beat me up.
I too beat him up.
Suddenly it was all up.
The man I had beaten up
Beat me up

The place I admired

The place I admired
Is always used
By the deceased
Who were cremated or buried
For the fault they made
Due to the fact accepted
By the divine law prescribed
For the world where the deceased
Did everything as they liked
By mistake or on purpose which forced
The deceased who refused
To leave this world or rejected
The call of death destined
To everyone who lived.

The bus I waited for

The bus I waited for
Was about to make for
The destination I longed for
My holidays I had asked for,
But I couldn't look for
Anybody who was bound for
The same destination where I had to go for
Something I had wanted to buy for
Myself but I had no money to pay for
That,so I decided to ring for
The bus conductor and wished for
Some money,though I didn't hope for
A favourable result,but he was for
My demand and I sincerely thanked for
His generous help,before leaving for
My whereabouts where I work for
Some. This is the bus I waited for.

An abandoned father

I'm... a father of five kids
Being the bereaved husband
But an oldie.

My five kids are joined in matrimony.
But they're well-off.
I had brought them up
Till I got tired of living.

They're living near here,
I think so.
But now I'm living
In the Elders' Home
As my kids can't look after me.
They don't often see me.
They never even write to me.

Surely, I'm... abandoned.
They're far from me.
I don't know who these people are
In this Elders' Home.
Do they belong to me...?

What relationship... they... have...?

Is it love-hate relationship?

Never before had I hated my kids

But I loved too much.

Oh, too much of anything

Is good for nothing.

It's a proverb.

My kids hate me too much...?

I'm... now... abandoned!

The soul that asked for ...

The soul that asked for
Dowry to get married a girl
Started torturing the girl,
When the dowry, according to the agreement,
Was refused, after the nuptial ceremony
Which, later on, went on giving trouble
To the girl who had expected
So much before the nuptial,
But she, at last, committed suicide
By setting fire to herself
Because she was desperately unhappy.
This still happens in our society
And proves that we are uncivilized.
What a pity that this custom still grows
Like a creeping plant unwanted.

What is scrabble?

Search for something in English and

Collect it to

Research and then it makes you

Acquire the required standard and

Benefit yourself to

Begin to

Learn

English language efficiently and enthusiastically.

Skin

Skin..... is the cover
Of the body of a person
Or the animal.
It is the skin
With or without fur.
Certain fruits or plants
Have skin,too.

Skin... in different colors
Seems thick or thin,
Especially human skin
Is nothing but skin and bone.
But man has a thin
Or thick skin.

Color of the human skin
Causes thoughts of destructions;
Color of the animal skin
Causes thoughts of destructions.

What causes thoughts of destructions
Is the color of the outer skin.

It splits pity and love which are closely akin.
I am not sure of what would happen
To the color of the human skin
In the years to come.....!

A frog in the well

A frog in the well
Started to croak well.
I peeped into the well.
It looked at me well.

“Why are you croaking?” I asked.
“This is my world. I know everything.
That’s why I’m croaking.” it replied
Listening to my saying.

“No. You’re wrong. You haven’t yet seen
The rest of your world.” I said.
“I don’t understand your philosophy. What does it mean?
It said.

“Your world is tiny like a small tin.
My world is huge. You come out of tin
And see the world of mine.”
I said again in fine.

“I am not worried about it. I’m living here croaking.
I can’t follow your philosophy. Are you living like me croaking

You see why I'm living croaking”

It again said croaking.

“I can't live like a frog in the well”

I finally replied.

“Oh,very well. Fucking well.”

The frog finally replied.

The frog knows philosophy.

I don't know philosophy.

This decision is final.

This is real.

My Pets- Cat and Dog

My pet dog went out
To see what was going on.
My pet cat stayed in
To see what was going on.

“It’s raining cats and dogs.”

My pet dog came back home and said to the cat.
“Our people are talking the ins and outs”
My pet cat got out of its bed and said to the dog.

“Can I enter the house and take a rest inside?”

My pet dog asked my pet cat.

“I’m sorry. You can’t. Do your duty outside.

And take a rest. I’m now going out

And will be back soon.”

My pet cat said to my pet dog.

“OK. You can go out and come back soon”

My pet dog said to my pet cat.

“I’m sorry. I’m too late. I must be on duty inside.”

My pet cat said to my pet dog

“I’m on duty outside. You can’t enter. Do your duty outside.”

My pet dog said to my pet cat.

“It’s a tit for tat” said the cat.

“Why not?” said the dog.

“Aren’t we domestic animals?” asked the cat.

“You should have thought of it before,” replied the dog.

Both of them realized the fault they had done

And later they agreed to live together inside.

R.S.V.P (répondez s'il vous plait) (A poem of foreign words used in English)

Mon ami!

Ma fo,

Vox populi vox dei !

Vincit omnia veritas !

Videlicet -

Ut supra,

Pro bono publico,

Nolen volens,

Nil admirary,

Mutatis mutandis

Jure humano,

Id est-

In extenso-

Honoris causa honoris gratia

Fiat justitia!

Auf wiedersehen!

Salam aleikum!

Lazarus.

NB : Translation is overleaf

Please reply to this invitation

My friend!

Upon my faith

The voice of the people is the voice of God!

Truth conquers all things!

Namely-

As mentioned above,

For the public good,

Willy-nilly,

To be astonished at nothing,

The necessary changes being made,

By the human law,

That is-

At full length-

As a mark of honor-

Let justice be done!

Good-bye!

May peace be with you!

A poor man.

Useful or Useless

A husband is useless
When his wife is useful;
A wife is useless
When her husband is useful.

This is because
They did not get married
At the useful time.
But they got married
At the auspicious time.

Who knows the auspicious time?
No time is auspicious time.
But we know the useful time.
If one gets married at the useful time,
Everything will be useful.

Unless one gets married at the useful time,
He or she sounds to be useless.
Their whole life sounds to be useless.
They make others life useless
The world's life becomes useless.

Realization of Civilization

Realization of civilization

Sounds to be important.

It should bring civilization

To backward peoples, bereft

Of all hope of succeeding

In civilizing themselves, to wit,

Realization of civilization, truly speaking,

Causes awareness of all historic events

That reminds people of behaving

In a civilized way of customs

And the technology of modern civilization.

The whole of civilization, when thinking,

Should not lose their power of visualization

As regards their own way of living.

Is it necessary.....?

Is it necessary
For the Islamic terrorists
To kill the innocent people
At random?

Is it necessary
For the Islamic terrorists
To continue killing the innocent people
At random?

Is it necessary
For the Islamic terrorists
To be against the Islamic doctrines
At random?

Is it necessary
For the Islamic terrorists
To worship-Allah
In the name of Islam?
If so, who is Allah?
I must know if Allah
Is a terrorist? If not,
Who is He! Say to the least?

“Salaam Aleikum -

What does it mean?

“Islam”-

What does it mean?

The guest, intruded

Normally, I expect my guests.

Formally, I welcome my guests.

Usually, I entertain my guests.

Actually, I love my guests.

Clearly, I understand my guests.

Possibly, I satisfy my guests.

Simply, I want my guests.

Really, I never hate my guests.

Fortunately, I meet my guests.

Unfortunately.... I happened to see a guest.

Finally, I must say he was my FOE.

Certainly, he intruded into my house

On the 26th of November, 2008.

You know who he was.

He was Mr. Flood.

Moving about like blood cells,

He came from "Heavy Rain"

Along with his bosom friend Mr. Storm alias "Nisha."

I did not invite Mr. Flood at all. No gain!

But he appeared before me in his superb form with "Nisha"

On the 26th of November, 2008. Great pain!

He stayed with me for at least two days

And left me alone saying. "Yes....Yes"....
Be careful of me, I'll be back suddenly.
Completely, it was a good advice to me.
FOE stands for FIGURE OF ENVY.

The sun

The sun rises
In the east
And gives out light
To make our life bright.

The sun sets
In the west
And gives us night
To make us all sleep well.

Day and night
Come for twenty-four hours
From the bright sun
To this world of ours.

John and Jane

John and Jane

Walked up to the river.

Clap! Clap! Clap!!

They brought some fish alive

And put them in a fish tank.

Clap! Clap! Clap!!

They make us all happy.

We all love them to be happy.

Clap! Clap! Clap!!

Moon! Moon!

Moon! Moon!

Come down to me!

Moon! Moon!

Where are you moving about?

Have a nice talk with me?

Moon! Moon!

Won't you come to me soon?

I'm so sad.

Sometimes so mad.

I'm a lad.

Make me glad

Day by day.

Are you a lad?

Or are you a lass?

Tell me why

You offer us

Bright and dark

Fortnight.

Little Pretty Puppy and Its Little Pretty Master

My little pretty puppy!

My little pretty puppy!

Look at me.

My little pretty master!

My little pretty master!

Don't call to me.

My little pretty puppy!

My little pretty puppy!

Why do you say so?

Are you sad?

My little pretty master!

My little pretty master!

I've gone mad.

I'm angry with you.

My little pretty puppy!

My little pretty puppy!

I've something for you.

Do you want it?

Look at me.

My little pretty master!

My little pretty master!

I've been waiting for you

Where have you been?

Show it to me.

My little pretty puppy!

My little pretty puppy!

Wag at me.

Come and sit on my lap.

Have something for lunch.

Play with me after lunch.

My little pretty master!

My little pretty master!

I'm happy now.

Thank you very much.

Let me have my lunch now.

I must eat much.

World Cup

World Cup Cricket Match!

Thunder Out!

World Cup cricket Match!

Thunder Out!

International Cricket Match

Of our beautiful country-

Sri Lanka.... Sri Lanka.

Crown of the world-

Sri Lanka.... Sri Lanka.

Let us accept the challenge

Issued by the international teams.

A challenging World Cup Cricket Match!

A challenging World Cup Cricket Match!

World Cup Cricket Match!

Open to challenge;

World Cup Cricket Match!

Ready to challenge.

Let us prove we are challengers
For the World Cup Cricket Match.

We shall win the world cup.

It is for Sri Lanka!

No-one else can win the world cup.

It is for Sri Lanka!

Hurray for the Sri Lankan Cricket Team!

Hurray for the Sri Lankan Cricket Team!

Hurray for the Sri Lankan Cricket Team!

Hurray for the Sri Lankan Cricket Team!

Music.

Music-Lovely music

Everybody likes it.

Music-pleasant music

Everybody wants it.

Let's all listen to some music.

Let's all enjoy for some time.

You can make us all happy,

If you make us all listen to some music,

Let's all sing to some music.

Let's all dance to some music.

We can make you all happy

If we can make you all listen to some music.

If you listen to some music,

You can make the world feel happy.

If you enjoy some music with dance

You can keep the world for music and dance.

When you enjoy some music with dance,

They will bring you pleasure.

When you have pleasure throughout your life,

It will keep the world peaceful and joyful.

Congratulations

Congratulations to both of you
On starting your sweetest marriage life!

Too many expectations
Lead both of you
From today onwards!
Too many congratulations
Arrive at both of you
From today onwards!

These expectations and congratulations
Should prove your qualifications
Of wedlock and all your invitations
Should give you both good recommendations
To be true husband and wife in preparations
For your sweetest life with productions
Of your offspring of greatest scholars.
A good husband makes a good wife.
A good wife makes a good husband.

May your table overflow
With many a wedding present!

Hurray! Hurray!

I just heard it.
It was pleasant.
It takes place
When joy emerges.

It's not a simple thing
To give or ask for.
It's not a simple thing
To sell or buy for.

It has its own way.
But we should not wait for joy.
We should create a joy
To once say-
Hurray! Hurray!

Alas! Alas!

I just heard it
It was unpleasant.
It happens,
When sorrow emerges.

It's a terrible thing.
Everyone hates it.
It's a possible thing.
Everyone expects it.

It's on the way,
But we cannot avoid it.
We should find its way
To once say-
Alas! Alas!

Life is built
On joy and sorrow
It's completely felt
Not tomorrow.

Thank you

Thank you for your support forever.
All of you love us. We know that
For everyone says we are leading others
To progress well because of your support forever.
Thank you for your support forever.

Thank you for your kindness forever
All of you are kind to us. We know that
For everyone says we are helping others
To live well because of your support forever.
Thank you for your support forever.

Thank you for your advice forever
All of you are for us. We know that
For everyone says we are guiding others
To act well because of your support forever.
Thank you for your support forever

Thank you for your cheers forever
All of you love us. We know that
For everyone says we are treating others
To behave well because of your support forever.
Thank you for your support forever.

Thank you for your support forever.

Thank you for your support forever.

Forever.... forever.... forever....

What is Literature?

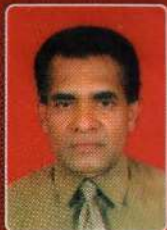
Literature, though it is a separate discipline, is a boundless area of study in which one could use his mother tongue including his spoken form for a special purpose of expression which emerges through poems, dramas, novels, short stories and prose and, it is used in any society from which one could learn how the particular society possesses its own culture, language and the pattern of life from time immemorial along with its inherited style of art. It is known as literature.

What is Poetry?

A thought and its sight of a poet work together in mind and, again, they work together along with other sensory organs to make the poet's heart sing in sound inside and then his thought emerges from his heart as writing in which we find his visions that reveal what the poet had in his mind. This is what we call - poetry. The set of his visions outside appears in writing. It is called a poem.







About the Author.....

Mr. Subrmaniam Maheswaran, born on 18.12.1955, a native of Karainagar, an old student of J/ Sadayali American Mission TMS, Karainagar. J/ Sandilipay Hindu Primary School, J/ Karainagar Thiyakarajah MMV and J/ Victoria College, is a special trained teacher (Palaly Teachers' College) with the proficiency to teach English language plus English literature to the Junior - secondary students in the state schools of Sri Lanka.

Oratory training and guidance to both pre - adolescence and adolescence is his best option and there I could personally compare him with 'summer', in seasons in school. He shows Mr. A.G.N. Vijayaratnam, B.A (Lond) as his 'GURU' and the root source of inspiration for passibility, passivity, and complacence of English work for present posterity of whom the majority want easy sway for tenure as observed by the educationist in general, currently.

His first book - launch materialised on 15.09.2007 at the Jaffna Hindu College with the assistance of the English Union. That was a massive launch as because his book of poems in the name of 'A Basket of Sweet Fruits' consumed over a pages of 175 and the cost rate had a little difficult target.

Mr. S. Maheswaran dedicated his first book to his parents and this one is dedicated to the Goddess of Wisdom--"Saraswathi"

This the 'Ocean of Pearls' is the second trial of poetry work by Mr.S.Maheswaran. I do observe a further ebb in the gradient of this present try of his comprehension in all the branches of art, music, and philosophy of cosmos of poetic universe that a soul is yearning for. Well-done net of the work in poetry is introduced here and this is the second summer. Now that he is an English poet - in the reputed poet's square and let us mark his work and share the sense of universal love, with this new young star in poetry. With peace and good-will.

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