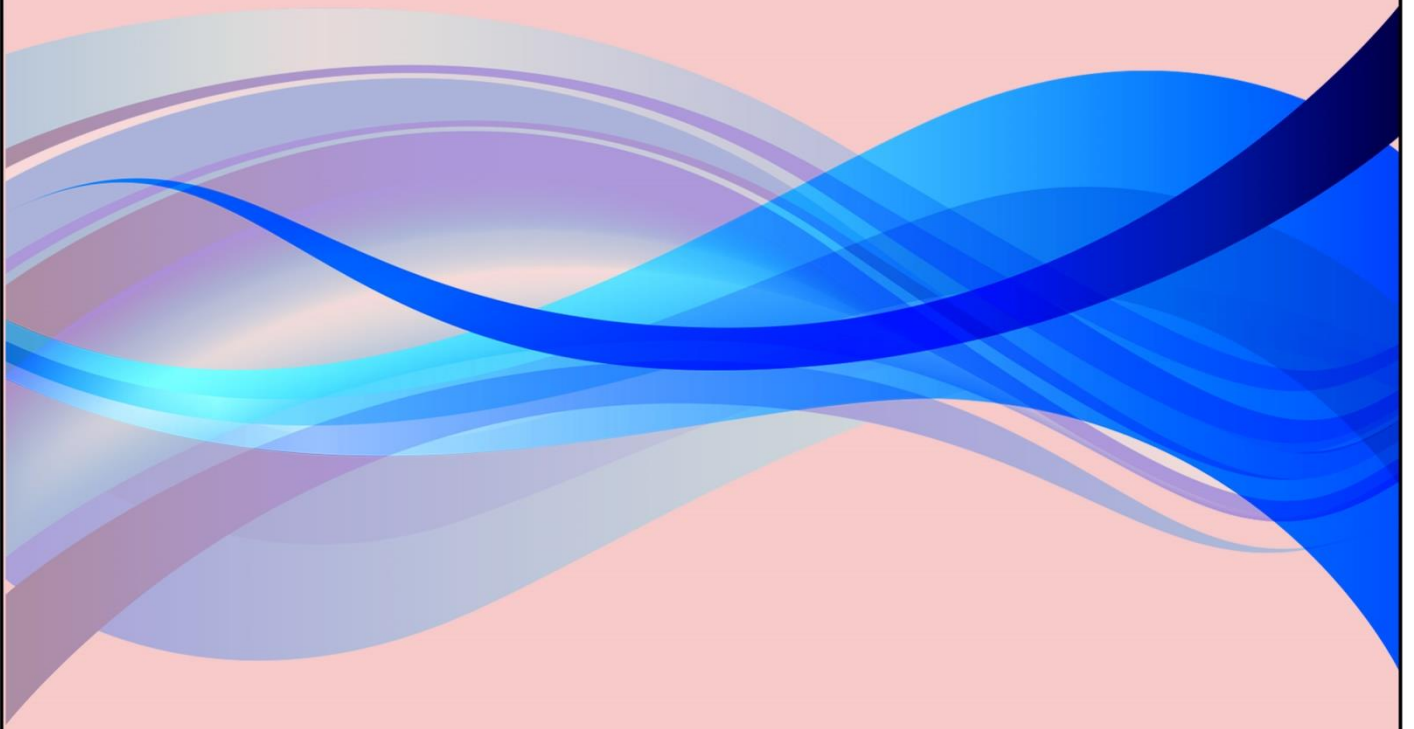


SPECTRUM- III

(A POEM COLLECTION OF THE STUDENTS)



Published by

**The Department of Languages and Communication Studies,
Trincomalee Campus,
Eastern University, Sri Lanka
2023**

**Funded by the AHEAD ELTA- ELSE Department Development
Project**

**Message from the Project Coordinator, Department of Languages and
Communication Studies, Trincomalee Campus**



I am thrilled to announce the launch of “Spectrum III”, a literary publication that aims to showcase the diversity of voices and perspectives in the world of poetry. Our publication is available online for all poetry enthusiasts. As the Project coordinator of the AHEAD project, I am excited to congratulate all the poetry enthusiasts of Department of Languages and Communication Studies, Trincomalee Campus for contributing their poems

Our goal is to create a vibrant community of poets and poetry lovers to appreciate each other’s creative endeavors. Poetry, like any other form of artistic creation, is one of the pillars of the humanities. By following the paths of emotion, sensitivity and the imagination, the poem transmits knowledge and human values. Poetry has the power to inspire, connect, and transform us. Better still, it shapes the human being, body and soul. Thus, we are committed to creating a platform where writers can share their stories, explore new ideas, and engage with readers around the globe.

To end with, I extend my heartfelt gratitude to the Activity Coordinator, Ms. Nisansala Jayawardana and all academics of the department for organizing poetry cafes and the publications for our students. Last but not least, I express my gratitude to the Vice-chancellor of the University, the rector of the campus, OTS director, OMST/World Bank and the relevant authorities of the AHEAD project for the cooperation given throughout three years and I wish all the undergraduates abundant accomplishments in the future.

Thank you.

E.W.M.S.Boyagoda

ELTA/ELSE Departmental Project

FOREWORD

“Spectrum” is a collection of poems by the students of the Department of Languages and Communication Studies, Trincomalee Campus of Eastern University, Sri Lanka. This book is published as a result of one of the activities (Activity No. 2.3) that comes under AHEAD project, funded by the World Bank. Parallel to the process of poem collection, we conducted poem reviewing programme “Poetry Café” once in a month. It was a concept of Mr. Breman Veerasingam, a lecturer (Probationary) in the Department of Languages and Communication Studies, Trincomalee Campus. “Poetry Café” forum was conducted with the participation of the students and with the presence of the relevant faculties of the said department.

“Spectrum” is the crop harvested during “Poetry Café”, and “Spectrum III” is the third publication of the poem collection.

To make this a remarkable journey, an immense support was received from different parties. First and foremost, the Former rector of the Campus, now the vice-chancellor of EUSL, Prof. V. Kanagasigam, encouraged the continuation of the activity and, the rector of the campus, Prof. C. Devadasan is always cherished for facilitating and ensuring the progress of the project. Dr. V.J. Naveenraj, the head, Department of Languages and Communication Studies is highly appreciated for the guidance given throughout the project and taking part for several “Poetry Cafés”.

And all the lecturers in the department who contributed in different stages of the publication from their support and the encouragement received from them are highly appreciated.

Next, my heartfelt thank goes to Mrs. Boyagoda, The project coordinator, Ms. S.Sriram, activity coordinator – soft skill, Mr. S. Sriram, Mr. Leenas for helping us in their capacities to make this a success.

The director OTS and the staff are unforgettable with utmost gratitude for facilitating us by arranging all the logistic works.

Last but not least, I thank to Temporary Assistant lecturers, Ms. Randika, Ms. Tharushi and Ms. Anjali, for helping me to collect the poems from the students.

Good luck!

Thank you.

Ms. K.G.L.A.N.S.Jayawardhana
ELTA/ELSE, Activity Coordinator (AHEAD Project),
Senior Lecturer,
Department of Languages and Communication Studies,
Trincomalee Campus,
Koneshapuri, Nilaweli, Sri Lanka.

CONTENT

1. Gaps and Spaces
2. Our Trincomalee Campus
3. When Heart Meets Fate
4. Where the wolves howl!
5. Real harvest
6. Good bye!
7. Missing People
8. Book Of Life
9. Freedom
10. Broken Heart
11. Only You
12. Hello Cloud
13. Warning of the sea
14. An abrupt romantic night
15. You, in a Jeopardy!
16. Love
17. Life without Love
18. With the thought of you
19. Lost My Mind
20. The Moon of Her Dark Sky
21. Wild Rose
22. Life
23. The Sweetness of the Breakup
24. This Is Me, My Self Is Mine
25. Mother
26. Thoughts Of Sister
27. Try to heal yourself
28. Broken Dreams
29. Natella The Repenting Mother....
30. Life
31. My Dear Father
32. Unexpected destiny
33. A Prey before the spring
34. Secret Lives
35. To you....
36. Ambulance siren!!
37. Cursed Princess

Gaps and Spaces

Hoist the flag - Green
To light up life out of womb,
To sink into the world of ideology.
Obstetrician knows the anatomy;
Not the philology.

Hoist the flag - Book, Circle and Lamp
Lows of motion, Pythagorean theorem,
Smashed purity into nano particles.
Meanwhile, on the seventh day
One by one, God counted stars in the sky.

Hoist the flag - Red with Dark Blood Spots
A call from the hospital; my mom has stopped breathing,
They arranged the funeral; impossible to see her fallen face.
A priest with a yellow robe,
Knotted my blood vessel, until death.

Hoist the flag - Red Rose and Blushed Cheeks
No don't; put it to a drain.
"Heave, heave, heave"; bothering blushed cheeks
No don't; put it to a drain.
Don't fill gaps and spaces in my life.

M. Krishantha Supun
EUSL/TC/IS/2018/CS/87
Department of Languages and Communication Studies
Faculty of Communication and Business Studies

Our Trincomalee Campus

East of the island
Nurses by crystal water mass
Nourishing the barren lands
Green rushes and blossomed florets
God of Sun comes upon
With the beams of shine
Enlightening the souls
Affectionate your all kids by heart
Thou embracing nations in love
Being the optimum venue
Open the time ahead avenues
How valuable dear you are!

K.A. Ishara Sewmini Kuruppu
EUSL/TC/IS/2020/CS/145
Department of Languages & Communication Studies
Faculty of Communication & Business Studies

When Heart Meets Fate

I am in a run.
A long;
Alone;
And an incomprehensible one;
Away from the person
I cherished the most,
when I thought I was young.
I try to run far,
but,
the smile I died for
is holding me tight and tight and tight,
and,
forcing me to leave my sight.
I can no longer feel like a cloud,
I am no longer a cloud.....
When I was in the arms of that man,
who is possessed by
the Goddess of the Town,
I dreamed myself with a Princess Gown,
A maxi;
Sparkling;
one with some charms of brown.
But now,
I decided to drop the crown,
and run,
away from him,
as far as I can,
and,
to admire him from distance,
Until the moon
no longer enchanted by the Sun!

G.L. Senanjali Gunasinghe
EUSL/TC/IS/2019/CS/88
Department of Languages and Communication Studies
Faculty of Communication and Business Studies

Where the wolves howl!

Far away from the humans' sight,
let me take you to the
most mysterious place
We both can be knotted tight,
among hundreds of hugs
that are far too light!

My Crescent Moon.....
there'll neither be sunlight;
nor pure wine
made of wild berries
squishing for couple of nights!
Expecting operas?
Will found never!
yet,
We will have us there,
forever!
Just you and me
amongst
purple Nightshade vines,
your dearest color;
tiny glowing shrooms,
just like in the fairytales
you read for countless hours;
and howling wolves,
I know, you wished to see for three years.
My moon child,
Let's make those dead leaves ours;
which got no souls
for thousands of in-completed lunar years;
Just ours!

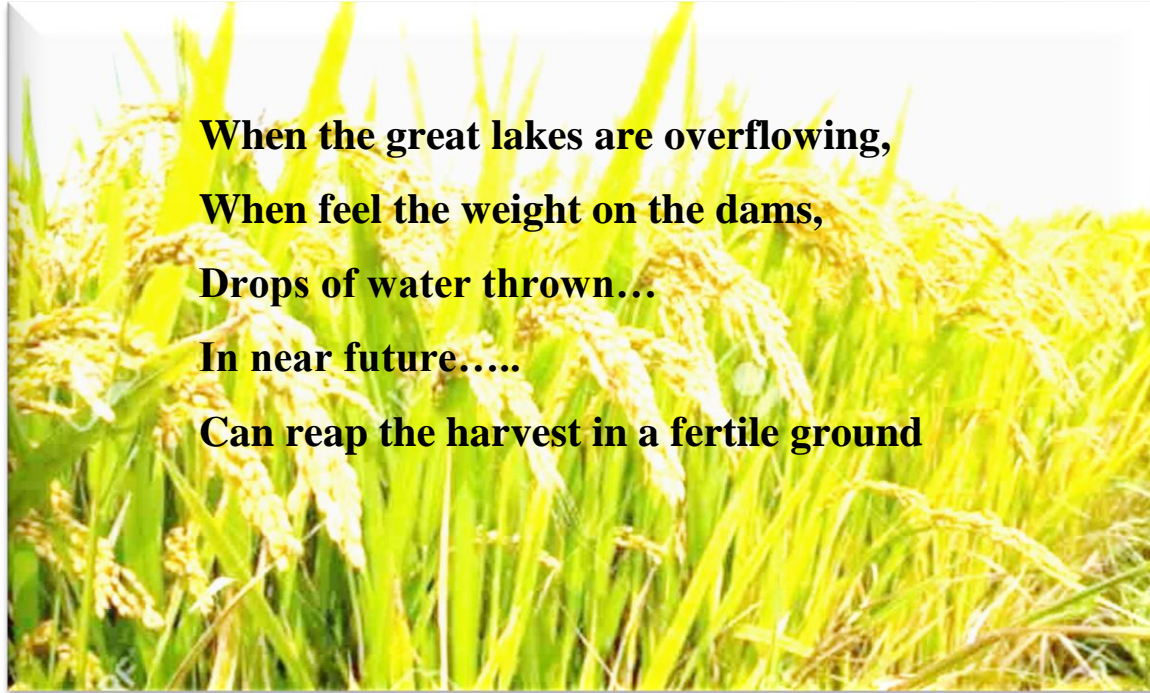
G.L.S. Gunasinghe

EUSL/TC/IS/2019/CS/88

Department of Languages and Communication Studies

Faculty of Communication and Business Studies

Real Harvest



**When the great lakes are overflowing,
When feel the weight on the dams,
Drops of water thrown...
In near future.....
Can reap the harvest in a fertile ground**

**B.A Madhara Kumari
EUSL/TC/IS/2020/CS/95
Department of Languages and Communication Studies
Faculty of Communication & Business Studies**

Good bye!

A lot of loses in my life
even if.....
I'll never accept my loses
I strongly believe in my self
So.....
one day, I'll rise

I was waiting for many
now
I'm not wanted any
people saw me funny
now
I'm not tiny

I have seen many people
but
many of them has been fake
now
I realize my fault
so
I understand all!
I have to achieve my goal

Because,
I had learned a lot of lessons
from all.

Krishnarajah Sanjeevan
EUSL/TC/IS/2020/CS/69

Department of Languages and Communication Studies
Faculty of Communication & Business Studies

Missing People

People who should be together
Meeting at the moment of parting
Among the things that must not happen in this world
Aren't most unfair events....

Where it should be open, not being
The most trusted place, because of not trusting
People who missed meeting
How much is this world...?

There are many things that are unknown
When you feel lost
It's been a long time
Emotions died in pregnancy....

In the rare world of waiting
Even the time you got
Can't it be over in a flash?
My friend, to live life
No time to waste
Enjoy it to the fullest.....



B.D.M. Chethana Dilhari Madanayaka
EUSL/TC/IS/2020/CS/38
Department of Languages and communication studies
Faculty of Communication & Business Studies

BOOK OF LIFE

In the book of Life,
Giving a vintage vibe,
I met a wizard,
With enchanting eyes,
Where had numerous responsibilities
yet so dreamy sights.
Although he had the
dearest heart,
I have ever met in my mysterious life,
had to read often to know
"How to breathe with secret thoughts at every moment wind files.
Nonetheless,
he was a magician
who hadn't the magic to keep
the most dearest thing he owned,
Time passed; Years changed;
Magician found the loveliest book
which changed his cursed life !Yet,
the destiny never gave enough time to,
read every single page of the book
that filled with thousands of romantic tales
you could never imagine!
What a tragedy!
Though he always reserved a little time
to read the book
filled with countless sparkling,
it's hard to say
how long he will breathe with that beloved book!
Because, It's me,
Who's still wandering amongst the last chapter of the book of magic
besides!

C.K. SAMARASINGHE

EUSL/TC/IS/2019/CS/139

Department of Languages and Communication Studies
Faculty of Communication and Business Studies

FREEDOM

Flying in the distant sky
Swirling in circle and curved
One who seeing flock of birds
Like a bird if you can fly

Trapped within four wall
Dark shadows moving around
Without the cress of cool breeze
A prisoner's only wishing that

Tik Tok Tik Tok
The spinning clock running slow
An office worker counting fingers
To see their own children

The legs were tightly chained
Tears drop of an elephant
When he shout out loud
The wish his eyes demanded

The word most precious
For an unsalable sum
The greatest peace of mind
You and I always hope

T.H.C.L.Hettiarachchi
EUSL/TC/IS/19/CS/182
Department of Languages and Communication Studies
Faculty of Communication and Business Studies

Broken Heart

My heart was broken
it seems lifeless when it explodes
I am looking for you in ten hands
Like crazy...

The love you hand before is yours
Along the eyeballs when created
Teardrops fall to the ground really like sea.....

It looks like yours almost without smell
I miss you even in my dreams

Spread love in your heart.....

D.D.N. Lakmali
EUSL/TC/IS/2019/CS/15
Department of Languages and Communication Studies
Faculty of Communication and Business Studies

Only you....

All over the world
Hold my hand
Take me on a careful
Journey.....
You deserve it.....

I know that the world is
Very big
But you are mine
Sansara is the destination

In my ever moment
I need you to be with me

D.D.N. Lakmali

EUSL/TC/IS/19/CS/158

Department of Languages & Communication Studies
Faculty of Communication and Business Studies



My friend who lives lightly
How are you so relaxed ?
I learned tolerance from you
I know , you are like a shower of tears
At the limit of endurance
When you feel very sad, Gin river gets upset
I know , you don't get angry often
When angry , you are a like a devil
Loud noise , Bright light
After all, you are a light creature
Some people say that my friend is
like a lot of cotton
The truth is that you are so beautiful
So like you, I am relaxed

M.W.K.VINDYA MADHUSHANI

EUSL/TC/IS/2019/CS/111

FACULTY OF COMMUNICATION & BUSINESS STUDIES
DEPARTMENT OF LANGUAGES & COMMUNICATION STUDIES

Warning of the sea

Sail on Sail on....
Without stopping
Many lands will be found
Sail on... Sail on...
Until the dream land is found

The ocean will be turbulent
The horizon will be caught
Find the correct direction of the wind pattern
Find the correct direction of the star pattern
Sail on... Sail on...
Until dream land is found

The waves will be rough
The pirates will be met
Avoid calamities, strengthen the oars
Sail on.... Sail on...
Until dream land is found

Lies will be met
Deceit will be met
Think dreams of success
Think dreams of purpose
Sail on.... Sail on....
Until dream land is found

Listen carefully,
The sea is singing
It is not so rough
End the fatigue
There is the light somewhere
Sail on.... Sail on....
Until dream land is found.....

E. M. N. U. K. Ekanayke
EUSL/TC/IS/2019/CS/17

Department of Languages and Communication Studies
Faculty of Communication and Business Studies

An Abrupt Romantic Night

It was a Satan's nightmare;
Walking along the lighted way
A neon sign - "open"
Turned back; She!
It was a lighted way with dimmed fireflies
A familiar touch on the shoulder
Impossible; glance her wounded face
Impossible; smooch her lanky hip
Unimaginable!
She went.

M. Krishantha Supun
EUSL/TC/IS/2018/CS/87
Department of Languages and Communication Studies
Faculty of Communication and Business Studies

YOU, IN JEOPARDY!

An unaccustomed hand gesture,
Ordered me to kill you!
That faceless man tightly touched my nerve,
Blocked; the leakage of feelings.
A theory to kill you!
It needed Hemlock,
And the cup that used Socrates,
It should be filled with authentic hatred,
It should be upon you.

Last conversation with faceless man,
Yes, nicotine and caffeine were a good combination.
He again gestured me,
He wanted to see you without life.
My love,
I am ready to abhor you.
If not, I am in jeopardy!

M. Krishantha Supun
EUSL/TC/IS/2018/CS/87
Department of Languages and Communication Studies
Faculty of Communication and Business Studies

Love....

I felt it like a red rose
Something like the scent of burning wood
Why it's so heavy?
 I was seeking.....
I went to the depth
To explore
Yet burned with the blistering heat,
Upon the sweltering wind
From ashes took my rebirth
Like a phoenix bird
I came outside through the harsh core
Covered in red blood
All alone,
As a partnerless me...
Nevertheless
With all dejection
Love could be sighted
As Crimson.

W.M.A.N. Wickramasinghe
EUSL/TC/IS/2018/CS/70
Department of Languages and Communication Studies
Faculty of Communication and Business Studies

Life without Love

I live with love

I earn love

I missed love

I want love

But I want to know live without love.....

W.M.A.N. Wickramasinghe

EUSL/TC/IS/2018/CS/70

Department of Language and Communication Studies

Faculty of Communication and Business Studies

With the thought of you...

The earth sings the song of love
Though the breeze
Shining dew
Sparkles
Hanging on the greeny meadow
Waves of the sea
Are calling to me
I danced with the waves
And I moved with the sea
Rhythm of the bluish water
Healed my soul
My heart flooded the thoughts of love
Every word I write
Feels heavy
With the thought of you
And
Sweetly dewed my lashes.....

G.H.M.W.H. Thilakarathne
EUSL/TC/IS/2018/CS/90
Department of Languages and Communication Studies
Faculty of Communication and Business Studies

Lost My Mind

Searching for something all day

Searching to enjoy

or

something to suffer

Everyone shares lives

Someone echoes inside the head

Looking around with wide eyes

A pair of glasses bear witness to the

Sunken eyes

Why can't bear and prevent?

Mind is searching for many times

I still don't know what was searched

In the screen

Internet is what I see the whole day

I feel as if I have lost my mind.

K.A.S.R.Wickramarathna

EUSL/TC/IS/2018/CS/126

Department of Languages and Communication Studies

Faculty of Communication and Business Studies

The Moon of Her Dark Sky

One time she started suddenly,
The word sacrifice is created for father
Every aspect of his life
He sacrifices everything for his daughter.

Hey tiny kitten asked 'how'
She continued,
He is the super hero of his daughter
She is grown up by looking at him
She follows his foot prints

Her breath is his breath
His soul is her soul
Her happiness is his happiness
His daughter is his most valuable possession

She knows well,
She will never find a gentleman like her father
Whatever position she gets behind her name,
Name of his father makes her proud

Father is the man taught to live this life
Wonderfully
He taught the daughter to make others happy,
Selfishness is the quality a man shouldn't have,
Also taught her,
Love is sacrifice; sacrifice is love.

Father is the root of the thrifty tree
If there is no root, no thrifty tree
Root only feed, quench
Root shores the whole tree

She says,

She will never find a man like her father
He hides his wishes for making her wishes
come true
He wears used dress while daughter wears
New dress

He is the most educated person for her
He gave the best education to her
Which he couldn't get

She says,

her father has all the bachelors,
All the masters, all the doctoral
In making his daughter
As a better human being

She knows her father very well
She values his sweat more than any jewel
He is the father a daughter can ever wish
She is the daughter a father ever gets

He is the moon of the dark sky
She thinks by looking at the dark sky
Although there are lots of stars,
If there is no moon, no light

Nusfa Nisar
EUSL/TC/IS/2018/CS/52
Department of Languages and Communication Studies
Faculty of Communication and Business Studies

Wild Rose

You like a wild rose

I saw sometime you perfect something no perfect

You like a book

It is a gift I can open again and again

You like a river

Flowing beautifully at one time At other time; flowers like
a torrent

You like a sky

It is beautiful everywhere and no limits but changes all the
time

No matter how you change I love you even more

Ishini Anjana Kuruppu

EUSL/TC/IS/2018/CS/16

Department of Languages and Communication Studies

Faculty of Communication and Business Studies

LIFE

Life is mysterious,
Chasing dreams,
Distributed in movement of dream that cannot be turned back.

Life is an opportunity,
It is an amazing,
Spirit that continuously faces challenges.

Life is journey,
Don't afraid it,
Make your dreams come true,
No one can stop you from going on your way.

Madushi Prabhani Thennakoon.

EUSL/TC/IS/2020/CS/193

Department of Languages and Communication Studies

Faculty of Communication and Business Studies

The Sweetness of the Breakup

You and me

Like Sky and earth

Can never get close

But,

To the sky

Without the earth

No existence

But there is something,

Deceptive

Sky and earth

Pretend to come together

Like the horizon

But after some time,

You will understand

The horizon

A deception

Deceive the whole world

H.G Senali Iresha Jayamali

EUSL/TC/IS/2020/CS/127

Department of Languages and Communication Studies

Faculty of Communication and Business Studies

THIS IS ME, MY SELF IS MINE

A slender minuscule girl!
Almost twenty-five years
old Try to conquer the
world
As a little fairly
girl

This is me!

I'm the queen in my
world Not to rule my
soul
To live like a doll
Literally to be
proud

This is me!

I'm unique, truly accepted me
No more worrying about others
way Thus, I really do what I
want a day As long as my life
belongs to me

This is me!

A sensitive girl who loves
freedom Keep loneliness as the
comfort of life No more pain
gain in the life
Thus, I need love from truly hearts along
wisdom

This is me!

E.M. Ashini Kavindi
EUSL/TC/IS/2019/CS/ 176
Department of Languages & Communication Studies
Faculty of Communication & Business Studies

MOTHER

With endless affection
Sorrow with a sweet heart
Sat until her eyes hurt
Waiting until saw my face

You are remembered letter by letter

I remember your singing verse by
verse Even in dreams, your face is
worn Mom, your virtue is not forgotten

Ever since I was born in to this world to bring
up To say the least, it looks a lot of suffering
To lift me as heavy as an elephant

Your blood congealed milk and gave it to me
Sent to school to make a good child
Every step was counted

You shed happy tears for me

You allowed me not to lose
Always thought of winning
I was reminded of good virtues
regularly made a way to live on the
lower level

J.I.G.N.Punsarani

EUSL/TC/IS/2019/CS/14

Department of Languages & Communication Studies
Faculty of Communication & Business Studies

THOUGHTS OF A SISTER....

Since she came to the middle of us who was born one stomach,
I understood than sister's love valid to you her love
For your happiness I helped to you married
her Both of you who married, should live
lovely Now you are her husband,
Since you should look after her,

You will tie with new life's responsibilities,
Further your sister will forget to you,
It's ok my brother.....

But....
I don't forget your love, affection, protection
Further, you should give them to her
Both of you should live affectionately
Although I have only you, now you have her
I don't hope another affectionate until now, as I born with your protection
It will be same in further in my life
Are you remember, when I was feel alone, I called to you
But I can't called as further
Now I should get her permission for that, because now you are her
When you were marry her, I felt as whole world lost me
It's ok my brother

Both of you should live very happily
I wish to you a happy married life
I am your loving sister

J.I.G.N.Punsarani

EUSL/TC/IS/2019/CS/14
Department of Languages & Communication Studies
Faculty of Communication & Business Studies

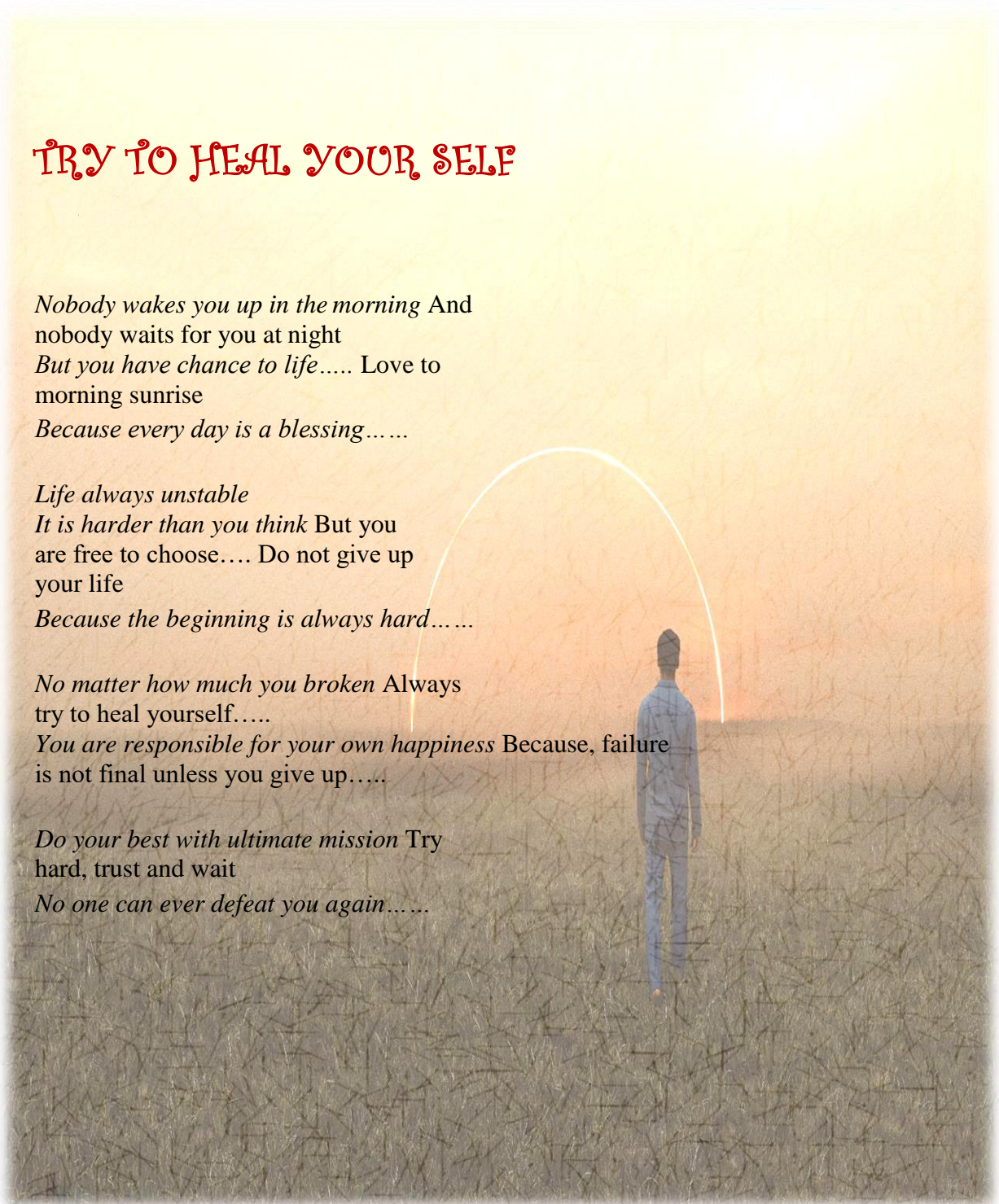
TRY TO HEAL YOUR SELF

*Nobody wakes you up in the morning And
nobody waits for you at night
But you have chance to life..... Love to
morning sunrise
Because every day is a blessing.....*

*Life always unstable
It is harder than you think But you
are free to choose.... Do not give up
your life
Because the beginning is always hard.....*

*No matter how much you broken Always
try to heal yourself.....
You are responsible for your own happiness Because, failure
is not final unless you give up.....*

*Do your best with ultimate mission Try
hard, trust and wait
No one can ever defeat you again.....*



A.D.T.D. Udesiri

EUSL/TC/IS/2019/CS/163

Department of Languages and Communication Studies

Faculty of Communication and Business Studies

BROKEN DREAMS.



Like the right shape
You also go to the school....
You have dreams in your mind
Go up one day....
Father's salary is too heavy
Fill our dreams...
Son, it happened to you
Growth is your dreams....
Your little heart always hurts my son
That hurt is too much....
Huge people in the country
Walk on the red carpet....
They don't see that
Little children's hungry...
Be more encouraged my son
Don't trample on those dreams....
Learn to sacrifice your sorrow
Those dreams are worth it....
It is the right way to fix
The mistakes of the parents's
dreams....
The parents are not speaking and at a
loss Covering their tears....
Son, Get up and pile up your dreams.

A.M.P.K. SANDEEPANI

CS/86

Natella The Repenting Mother....

To :.....

Aniko has bought the front house
And has rubbed the Caucasian chalk on its walls.
Oh! all things became to reflect on walls
Now, this is not the time to fear
Please keep this with my tear....

I realized you are the mother
Who can feed my son!
I wanted to get my dividcle
Through my baby Michael
But finally it was a circle...

You gave up your family,
You gave up your youthfulness
You gave up your Simon,
You gave up your everything,
To protect my destitute Michael.
But what did I?

You proved us that, love means
“ Giving up “

So Grusha, I repent about my sin
You are the mother Michael can win ! -----

Ever loving,
Natella.
“ The repenting Mother of Michael”

D.T.N. Fernando
EUSL/TC/IS/2015/CS/10
Department of Languages and Communication Studies
Faculty of Communication & Business Studies

LIFE

The moon has thousands of stars
Deep in the flying blue sky
Cool heat that is not unique to the flower
On the fetching riverbed
Sahas Fountain Launch Collection
In this whole world
I am writing the falling tears
Love painted
The raw flower petals of a bunch of dreams
This is about to bloom
Dreaming of blooming flower petals
Who is sitting?
For a tomorrow where life is waving
How can you sit without going?
I am not alone and you are not alone
Where is the world?

H.K. Sachini Tharushika
EUSL/TC/IS/2020/CS/11

Department of Languages and Communication Studies
Faculty of Communication & Business Studies

My Dear Father

Throughout the world every soul
I might be my father's daughter
Even if you can't keep
It in your stomach for ten months
Even if the blood is not milk
You know dad,
I love your rough hands so much

I carefully came this far,
Holding your hands
As such,
I love that giant shadow, so much

Until you run out of money
In your pocket
Everything was bought for us to eat
All those moments,
You were hungry

Dad,
I felt very sad,
When I remember that past

Day and night
You suffered endlessly
Send me to the dream,
You could not go to

One day,
I will make you the king of my world

You know dad?

More than this
Whole word
No,
More than this
Entire universe

Dad,
I love you very much!

A.M.Nethma Aththanayake
EUSL/TC/IS/2020/CS/149

Department of Languages and Communication Studies
Faculty of Communication & Business Studies

UNEXPECTED Destiny

It is such a convulsive minute
With pain and achy
Everything going to fade
Except my wish
Powerless she as a flesh and blood
On a white stretcher
She is fighting to guard my bud

Who has made this golden rule
To give this much of pain to my love?

I feel hurt in every chamber of my heart
By hearing her clamour
I want to kiss her perspired front
By holding her right hand
I am crying below the red bulb
It reminds me her first blood drop

They twirl with crimson handa
To save the living breath
She is screaming again
It's hard to bear
I see all the time with her
In a single blink

One comes out with a new life
But no any good humour

Beside him..... another two
Are pushing the four wheel bed
Covered with a shroud

I took my hope and turned back
They have passed us with my wedding ring.....

Shehari Silva
EUSL/TC/IS/15/CS/89
Department of Languages and Communication Studies
Faculty of Communication & Business Studies

I am his Luna?

All the roads are filled with white,
Even the lake.
I step between the frozen night,
To find my sake.

I all alone and my memories faded away,
Am I too late ?
They have left me in my thought just away,
With my mate...

Where's my Alpha ?

I am running from this crimson moon light,
To find my part.
I can feel his sorrowful smell from my bite,
I lost my heart.

I am His Luna...

How can I see my grey Wolf in this dark,
I close my eyes.
His warmth kisses remind me in my mark,
I follow this ice...

Shehari Silva
EUSL/TC/IS/15/CS/89
Department of Languages and Communication Studies
Faculty of Communication & Business Studies

Cursed Princess

Deep dark eyes
Filled with unknown fear
Pink soft lips
Pressed into each others

"Where's your crown my princess"

Someone yelled at her
While she is heading to the trone.

"Oh I'm sorry.....almost forgot"

She opened her lips gently.

"How could you forget your responsibilities?"

Everyone stared at her.
She nodded and placed the crown on her golden hair and murmured.

"Because I'm a **cursed** princess"

Shehari Silva
EUSL/TC/IS/15/CS/89
Department of Languages and Communication Studies
Faculty of Communication & Business Studies

Ambulance **siren!!!**

Staying opposite to a general hospital

Often I hear the siren of ambulances

Thoughts rises with a panic feeling

Will this patient survive today?

I close my eyes and bless fast recovery

Deep inside I understood....

Life is short ...

Time is fast...

Nor fear to death if you live life to the best

When everything stays temporary life is so too.

P.G.R.M. Jayatissa

EUSL/TC/IS/2015/CS/20

Department of Languages and Communication Studies

Faculty of Communication & Business Studies

To you....

I never thought you exist in the world

Cuz, you are such an amazing human being

I've never been loved so passionately and protected so fiercely

You are one of a kind and a special soul

You bring colours and sunshine, strength and power.

You complete me when I'm not even half

You stay with me when I'm down

You understand and read me when I don't speak

You are my strongest pillar and motivation

I know what love is because of you,

You make my world sparkle, shine, and bright

I'm so damn lucky to have you in my life

Counting days to come to your arms!!!

I love you to infinity!.....

P.G.R.M. Jayatissa

EUSL/TC/IS/2015/CS/20

Department of Languages and Communication Studies

Faculty of Communication & Business Studies

Secret Lives

A maze of dirty,evil- smelling streets,
filled with full of screaming children,
On a foggy night,
A lonely little boy,
Who sat on a corner of a shabby street
With bleeding feet and
Covered with full of dirt,
too tired to beg..
Another two with sharpen ugly eyes,
Came near to him and asked,
"Have you got anything to eat?"
Then he replied with his innocent smile,
Stretched out his thin hand
Fisting with a bread fringe and said,
"This is the only thing I've found".

P.G.N.Suharshana
EUSL/TC/IS/2015/CS/71
Department of Languages and Communication Studies
Faculty of Communication & Business Studies

A Prey before the Spring.....

It had a spring,
that brought the fragrance,
new buds, and colourful evening...
But now; even though it's a strong starry heaven,
I'm a star, that ceased at the corner...
Due to his death,
I had a ship loaded weight,
on my shoulders, as I was an elder one,
though I'm a girl.
so I went there to earn...
of course I earned by them.
for you monsoon will come
at once or twice per year...
for me, it comes every day in different ways.
while they are fulfilling their hunger,
I fulfil your hunger...
As I was the elder one
I had a dream; to wear pure white saree,
and a seven necklace....
afore my beloved one.
yeah! I had a saree and necklace, but no purity.

I know it will be merely a dream....
for my family, I'm an employer of the garments,
for the society, I'm a harlot,
for me, I'm a harlot,
for me, I'm woman who become a prey for the hunger of my family.

doesn't matter, allow the public to think,
say and do anything.....
I will be mute.

if it is my destiny, I will face it
with a smile....
although have an overflowing
ache inside me
until you become an adult;
my sister.
The day that you get on dais,
I'll see my dreams through you..
and my beloved mom,
I'll come to your wheel chair soon...
please hug me ,as your elder one,
without thinking I'm dirt....

Anjali Thathsarani
EUSL/TC/IS/2015/CS/73
Department of Languages and Communication Studies
Faculty of Communication & Business Studies

Thank you