

**DGAA's**  
**THE HURRICANE LAMP**



*by D. S. ...*

**Douglas S**

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First Print **2026, January**

Cover Page Image by **Aksaran Douglas**  
Book Design by **Douglas S**

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Published by  
**University of Vavuniya**  
**Sri Lanka**

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ISBN : **978-624-6269-22-7**

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## Critical Appreciation

I am happy to critically appreciate the poetic collection of Mr. S. Douglas, our department instructor in English at the University of Vavuniya. He has continuously published creative genre-based poems, articles, and lexicon research articles.

The poetic collection, *The Hurricane Lamp* by Douglas S., is a heartfelt one capturing the essence of familial love, nostalgia, and reflections on life's fleeting nature. Through these poems, Douglas invites readers into his world, one where the beauty of the mundane becomes profound and the past lingers like a "hurricane lamp," illuminating what we often overlook. In this collection of poems, readers are invited to journey through the vivid embroidery of life, woven with themes of familial bonds, cultural heritage, personal struggle, and societal reflection. Each poem is a snapshot of human experience, expressing subtle and intense emotions, and capturing moments ranging from the tender to the tragic. The poet's voice is deeply introspective, yet it reverberates universally, offering insights that speak to readers of all backgrounds.

Through tender verses dedicated to his sons and inspired by cherished memories, the poet crafts a literary bridge connecting generations. The poems resound with the simplicity and sincerity of a father's voice, recounting moments of joy, mischief, and introspection.

Each poem serves as a window into the poet's inner world, where personal experiences are immortalized in words for his sons, *Aksaran and Amriyan*, as well as future readers. Themes such as a child's growth, the poet's memories of youth, and the enduring love for family thread through the verses, creating an intimate array of life's most precious moments.

In *My Son Has Grown Up*, the poet poignantly portrays the bittersweet pride of watching a child mature: “*Call him now master / because he has grown up.*”

This collection invites readers to reflect on their memories and connections. It is a tribute to the enduring bond between parents and children and the universal human experience of love, loss, and remembrance.

In *She, the Sea*, he writes, “*Sea is not a sea / She offers a lot to see,*” evoking the mysterious allure of nature and the depth hidden beneath the surface. This ability to see beyond the obvious recurs in *My Neighbour*, where Douglas reflects, “*I am afraid of my neighbour / though I live with him,*” capturing the subtle complexities of human relationships.

The poet’s reflections on family are particularly touching. These lines reflect a father’s pride tinged with nostalgia for simpler times. In *Why My Dad Died Before Fifty*, Douglas contemplates the fragility of life and missed opportunities for longevity, expressing a longing to change the fates of others: “*I will insist a regular check up / to all above forty without fee.*”

This collection is more than just poetry; it is a dialogue with memory, a tribute to loved ones, and an ode to the ordinary moments that define us. Douglas S. brings us closer to the essence of life’s journey through his sincere and sometimes humorous voice, making *The Hurricane Lamp* a heartfelt and reflective read.

The poems explore the intricacies of relationships, particularly within the family. In “*Home Sweet Home,*” the poet reflects on the unspoken sacrifices within a household: “*Mother wakes up for father / Father wakes up for kid / Kid wakes up for both / No one does what they wish.*” This simple yet profound observation illustrates the silent duty each member holds towards one another, bound by love but

constrained by responsibility. Similarly, “*My Father is Very Handsome Today*” takes us through the poignant acceptance of loss, with lines like, “*Now he is sleeping / in the sitting room / Not in a bed / but in a beautiful coffin,*” capturing the bittersweet beauty of farewelling a loved one.

Cultural traditions and their place in modern life form another thematic cornerstone. In “*Betel Battle,*” the poet sheds light on the clash between indigenous practices and Western influence: “*West wanted their medicine sold / Betel brings cancer they told / It is a strange battle / Against our culture with betel.*” This poem exemplifies how the poet reveres cultural practices, defending them against external scrutiny while acknowledging their challenges. Similarly, “*The Liger*” uses allegory to comment on power struggles, both internal and external, within societies. The “*Lion*” and “*Tiger*” represent opposing forces in a battle of dominance, with external powers intervening an insightful metaphor for political and cultural tensions.

Throughout this book, there is also an exploration of personal endurance, persistence and societal constraints. In “*The Deminers,*” the poet examines the relentless dangers faced by individuals in hazardous occupations, reflecting the precariousness of life with, “*Mine is like an egg / Who will save my leg.*” These lines evoke a sense of vulnerability, yet they also highlight an undying courage to carry on despite the odds.

“*Rangan 99 – The Local Land Mines*” presents the harsh realities of life in a conflict zone, focusing on the interaction between a local and a land mine. The poet writes, “*Today I saw him close / touching gently my dirty shoes,*” portraying the land mine almost as a living entity. This poem reveals the dangers that people live with daily, the “*rage*” hidden beneath the surface, and the fragility of life in such environments. The imagery here is both unsettling and

powerful, reminding readers of the constant presence of danger in certain regions.

The poet's reflection on mortality is both candid and moving. In "*L C Dileepan*," we encounter a story of sacrifice and a call for freedom, with lines such as, "*His demands were to be Free / But there were no Guarantee.*" The poem mourns the loss of young lives, portraying them as martyrs who "*revealed the World / How badly his land is Ruled.*" These verses echo a collective yearning for justice, etched into the memory of the land itself.

Humor and light-hearted observations, often in the form of family anecdotes, balance the collection. In "*Heaven at Home*," the poet captures the innocence of childhood with lines like, "*Give them an onion / Peep how they peel / It is a different feel.*" This humorous take on parenting brings warmth and playfulness to the collection, reminding readers of the simple joys found in everyday family life.

"*Urinary Catheter*" is another poem where the poet combines humour with a gentle forewarning about ageing, urging readers to prepare for a future where dependence on loved ones becomes inevitable. The poet writes, "*How could your cute daughter / Change the urinary catheter / How could your lovely girl / make your bed in the far away hospital,*" blending humour with an underlying message about the circle of life and the shifts in roles between parents and children.

In addition, some poems in this collection are devoted to capturing the beauty of nature and everyday scenes, seen through a profoundly introspective lens. In "*Fisherman*," the poet presents the spirit of those who live by the sea, capturing the tireless efforts of a fisherman who "*sails closer to the horizon / not bothering about Poseidon.*" Despite the risks, this dedication to a craft mirrors the poet's respect for those who work with nature's unpredictability.

The narrative voice across these poems is consistently personal, engaging the reader in an intimate conversation about values, hardships, and the humor hidden in life's mundane realities. "*To My Son*" serves as a timeless piece of advice, where the poet emphasizes the importance of gratitude, stating, "*Institute shows / where you work / but only gratitude shows / who you are.*" This wisdom is a guiding thread in the collection, encouraging readers to embrace humility and appreciation.

Continuing this journey through the poet's words, we encounter themes of sacrifice and nostalgia, each deeply woven into the narrative of identity and belonging. Poems like "*The Sacrifice*" shed light on the constraints imposed by society and caste, especially regarding the sacred spaces and rituals that exclude the marginalized. With lines such as, "*The low caste they named / is now wearing Lacost in London,*" the poet highlights the irony of societal restrictions, juxtaposing traditional exclusion with the mobility and success that defy caste boundaries. This piece is both a critique of entrenched social divides and a celebration of survival, showing how barriers can be overcome.

"*My Wife*" is an intimate portrayal of marital life, capturing the humorous and endearing habits that come with years of companionship. The poet writes, "*When I am late / her eyes are wide / as that of a maid / who is not paid,*" using wit to depict the dynamic between partners and the little details that make each relationship unique. This poem brings a lightheartedness to the collection, reminding readers of the beauty in the mundane and the warmth in the familiar.

"*Roll on Friday*" explores the anticipation of the weekend, a universally relatable theme. It captures the cycle of work and rest, highlighting the moments of connection that weekends bring. The poet observes, "*Saturdays are energetic / She relaxes with Instagram / Only Sundays are left / to fulfill my*

wishes,” revealing a sense of humour in the delicate balance of time and expectations in relationships. This lighthearted take on the weekly routine stresses a longing for connection while also acknowledging the modern habits and distractions that shape relationships.

In “*The Last March*,” the poet confronts the themes of war and loss, depicting the final journey of soldiers with a haunting tone. “*They were moving with single hops / in the light of Thunder Blast*,” evokes the fragility of life amidst conflict, while “*At last, the march ended in May / with MAY ALL REST IN PEACE*” serves as a sombre epitaph for those lost. This poem is a powerful reminder of the human cost of war, with each line echoing the sacrifices made and the grief that lingers.

“*Farewell My Brother*” investigates the grief of losing a loved one, with a poignant reflection on missed opportunities and unresolved emotions. The poet writes, “*You never called my name / Neither did I!*” capturing the regret that often accompanies loss. This piece serves as an emotional reminder of the importance of cherishing our relationships before it’s too late, reflecting on the bonds that are both cherished and taken for granted.

In “*A Grandma’s Plight and the Flight*,” the poet touches upon generational love and the tender, sometimes strained bond between a grandmother and her grandson. Through lines like, “*On Wednesdays / We have non-veg, chicken / Always we pick a quarrel / over who eats rice more!*” the poet illustrates the simple, yet profound, joys and quarrels that define familial relationships. The humorous undertone captures the warmth of shared moments, even in disagreement.

“*Kavadi Hanging*” brings readers into the ritualistic intensity of a cultural practice, with vivid imagery such as, “*Crooked hook holding the body, / he was flying in the air.*” This poem captures the power of faith and endurance, portraying the

ritual as an evidence to human suppleness and devotion. The physical and spiritual transcendence described in these lines offers readers a glimpse into the strength found within cultural practices.

In “*The Rooster*,” the poet personifies the proud bird, humorously observing its display and dominance. “*The smartest guy with sharp comb / painted with rainbow all around*” reveals a lighthearted appreciation for nature and the exciting personalities within it. This poem, while playful, also serves as a metaphor for pride and vanity, bringing a satirical view on certain human traits.

In *Buried Wishes*, Douglas writes, “*I married a Brahmin and buried my Amen*,” encapsulating the sacrifices and compromises entwined in cultural unions. The poem continues with humorous undertones, depicting how these sacrifices quietly persist as “*my wishes fade away*” over time. This blend of humour and introspection characterizes much of Douglas’s work, giving his reflections a relatable warmth.

The poet also touches on societal and cultural conflicts with a sense of quiet resignation. The *Clamour* reveals the gravity of loss, juxtaposed against the beauty of the land: “*The blood from flesh / coloured the track red... This is the land we live / Now you may understand / Why our land has red soil*.” These lines echo a historical memory, transforming a landscape into a proof of endurance and grief.

Through tender verses in *To My Son*, Douglas imparts life lessons with humility: “*Aptitude shows where you study but only gratitude shows who you are*.” Here, as in many other poems, the poet’s gentle advice to the next generation transcends mere instruction, encouraging values of humility and gratitude.

This anthology is also laced with humour and wit, as seen in “*Fish Curry*,” where the poet narrates his preference for a

particular fish with tender detail, bringing humour to the everyday choice of food: “*I divide her into five / as Draupadi to Pandavas.*”

“*Toddy the White Wine*” highlights the cultural and social significance of toddy, a local beverage, contrasting it with the sophistication of white wine. With a sense of nostalgia and pride, the poet writes about toddy as not just a drink but a symbol of local heritage and survival. Lines such as “*Toddy the pride of the palm*” elevate it as more than a simple drink, representing the struggles and survival of the working class. This piece also critiques the undervaluation of native traditions compared to imported luxuries, reminding readers to cherish cultural uniqueness.

“*Is There Anyone Alive From 1983?*” captures the haunting memories of a tragic period, likely referring to the violent ethnic riots of 1983 in Sri Lanka. The poet’s questioning “*Is there anyone alive from those days?*” echoes a deep sense of loss and mourning. The imagery of destruction and chaos permeates the poem, revealing scars that remain unhealed. By focusing on the survivors or their absence the poet conveys the lasting impact of such events on personal and collective memory. This piece serves as a solemn reminder of the consequences of hatred and the fragility of peace.

“*Our Weddings*” critiques the traditional rituals and societal expectations surrounding marriage. The lines, “*Next the horoscope experts / start analyzing the aspects / selects the auspicious time,*” humorously yet sharply highlight the dependence on astrology over personal compatibility. The poem also investigates the irony of weddings, which should signify union but sometimes lead to disconnection, as seen in the closing lines: “*Leaving two dissimilar souls / Brawling forever with bowls.*” This piece cleverly juxtaposes the cultural grandeur of weddings with the often mundane or challenging realities of married life, offering both wit and

insight.

“*My Father is Very Handsome*” is a heart-wrenching depiction of grief and love for the poet’s father. Beginning with his illness, the poet describes his final days, where “*His coughing was heard / as the clock’s ticking,*” evoking a sense of impending loss. The poem transitions into a poignant acceptance of death, as the poet observes, “*My father is very handsome today / than I had ever seen him,*” describing the peace and dignity in his stillness after death. The poem beautifully balances sorrow and admiration, serving as a heartfelt tribute to a father’s memory.

“*The Widow*” reveals the loneliness and social stigma faced by a woman after the death of her husband. The poet writes, “*I am a widow / No one likes my shadow,*” poignantly capturing the societal alienation she endures. The poem goes on to reflect on the widow’s endurance despite her ostracization, as well as her husband’s sacrifice for his land: “*My man was very strong / Fought against a strong hand.*” The widow emerges as a figure of both vulnerability and strength, her narrative resonating as a testament to the unacknowledged struggles of women in the aftermath of conflict or loss.

“*Chemmanni Grave*” hits like a quiet thunderclap and doesn’t scream its grief – it whispers it, and that’s what makes it devastating. By using the innocent language of childhood – toys, school bags, bangles, breeze – the poet exposes the cruel absurdity of war through a parent’s trembling gratitude, turning “*kindness*” into a chilling irony. The repeated praise of the “*brave soldiers*” and “*commanders*” sounds polite on the surface but burns underneath, revealing how normalized violence becomes when death is wrapped in ceremony and courtesy. The poem refuses melodrama; instead, it lets tenderness do the work, and that tenderness becomes the sharpest weapon of protest. It leaves the reader unsettled, quiet, and very aware that in some graves, not only bodies

are buried – childhood, motherhood, and humanity go with them.

Ultimately, this book is an exploration of life in its entirety its ironies, its humour, its struggles, and its unbreakable bonds. With lines that echo on multiple levels, the poet crafts a work that is as much an ode to their personal journey as it is a tribute to the universal human experience. Each poem stands as a witness to commitment, identity, and the warmth of family, making this collection both a deeply reflective and a profoundly relatable read. As readers turn the pages, they are likely to see parts of themselves reflected in the poet's words, offering a sense of connection that transcends individual experience.

I congratulate Douglas on his poetic creativity in expressing thoughts through emotional, humorous, and satirical language. I wish him all the best in continuing his good work throughout this career and life.

**Prof. G. Jeyaseelan**

Head, Department of English Language Teaching

Faculty of Business Studies

University of Vavuniya

# Preface

## Who I write for

*I write to my son  
I write to all my sons  
My memories are fading  
As my son is invading me  
Before my grandson conquer me  
I should finish writing something for you  
Something I enjoyed in childhood as a wild bird*

## **Why I write**

*I write to bring the old  
I write to bring the old gold  
My naughty pranks in the tanks  
The mischief I caused to garden lizards  
I should bring back the world I lived with nature  
Before age leaves the ruins of my destroyed memories*

## **How I write**

*I write in simple*

*I write in very simple*

*My lines should be felt well*

*My sons should not search in the net*

*When they read the lines in my notes*

*My sons will live my world at least in these words*



## **Introduction**

I have already perused “Poetry for Children” by Douglas S. It was specially composed for children who were meant to jingle with rhymes.

Now the poet moves on to family relationships, the role played by grandparents, filial love, and parental care.

Social issues like military occupation, demining, aging, and the craze to seek greener pastures abroad take center stage.

Weddings, funerals, temple festivals, and kavadi are a part of our life.

“The Hurricane Lamp” thus encompasses the various facets of our life, and it is a wholesome treat for the reader.

As a senior poet, I would advise Douglas not to be obsessed with rhyme.

Blake’s philosophy is a beacon to poets of all times.

**To see a World in a Grain of Sand**

**And a Heaven in a Wild Flower**

**Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand**

**And Eternity in an hour**

I congratulate Douglas for bringing this collection with a beautiful cover design and layout.

**Dr.S.Pathmanahan**

Principal Emeritus

Palaly Teachers’ College

## Acknowledgement

*To Prof. Jeyaseelan, my heartfelt thanks,  
Your guidance lights my path always  
With every suggestion, my book took flight  
Your thoughts are always very bright*

*To Dr. Pathmanathan, with gratitude I turn,  
For your introduction, where readers will learn.  
Your feedback, so thoughtful, a guiding light,  
Enriching my journey, day and night.*

*To my son, young Aksaran, just eleven,  
Your cover's beauty takes me heaven.  
With colours you made the lamp true,  
The Hurricane Lamp shines, thanks to you.*

*To my dearest Gapila, my partner and guide,  
And sons Aksaran and Amriyan with pride  
Each thought you shared polished my art,  
And I feel your love and care in every part.*

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*for my sons Aksaran & Amriyan*



## **Family Ties**



## **My son has grown up**

*Bed is not wet  
and it won't be  
I bet with you  
because he has grown up*

*No need meal balls,  
He cracks the crab.  
Order him Mutton Tikka  
because he has grown up*

*Shirts and shorts he rejects  
He prefers Linen jeans  
Take him to the mall  
because he has grown up*

*My kiss irritates him  
He sends flying kisses  
Call him now master  
because he has grown up*

*I feel bored now  
Someone convince my missus  
She needs a new baby  
because my son has grown up*

## My wife

*Who knows my wife  
better than I do*

*Crescent in the sky  
is her bitten nail  
No words from Keats  
to describe her face*

*When I am late  
her eyes are wide  
as that of a maid  
who is not paid*

*When I go to the pub  
she shuts the door  
as I may dub  
Shelley in the bed*

*When I am wet,  
she unfolds the mat  
to set the kids  
in the laid bed.*

*Who knows my wife  
better than I do*

## Buried Wishes

*I married a Brahmin  
and buried my Amen  
She was very fine  
in her twenty-nine*

*She fried me pork  
which she calls frog  
It was laborious task  
still I often ask*

*Though she is mine  
can't compel for wine  
whenever we dine  
if she doesn't align*

*I couldn't find a way  
so, my wishes fade away  
It is almost a decade  
Now she has the brigade*

## Roll on Friday

*I see my girl heartbroken  
catching the bus for work  
Weekdays are wicked  
They weaken our bond*

*Saturdays are energetic  
She relaxes with instagram  
Only Sundays are left  
to fulfill my wishes*

*If I don't knock at the door  
She may fall asleep soon  
Roll on Friday.  
I can't wait for Sunday.*

## Home Sweet Home

*Home sweet home  
the best irony ever*

*Mother wakes up for father  
Father wakes up for kid  
Kid wakes up for both  
No one does what they wish*

*Mother cooks what she knows  
Father buys what he could  
Kid eats what is cooked  
No one does what they wish*

*Mother works for father  
Father earns for kid  
Kid learns for both  
No one does what they wish*

*Mother sleeps for father  
Father sleeps for kid  
Kids sleeps before both  
No one does what they wish*

*Home becomes sweet  
Only when you do what you wish*

## Heaven at home

*If you have kids  
You own the heaven  
till they reach seven*

*Give them an onion  
Peep how they peel  
It is a different feel*

*Ask them for water  
Wait till they reach  
Enjoy how they march*

*Leave them in water  
Spy what they perform  
They will bring storm*

*Pat them on the head  
Look how they behave  
You will be a slave*

*Leave them with pet  
Listen how they speak  
You will hear Greek*

*If you have kids  
You own the heaven  
Till they reach seven*

*This page is intentionally left blank for you to write your reflections.*

## Urinary catheter

*If you have only daughter  
And if she is soft as feather  
You must read my line  
And confirm she is fine*

*Now, you may have muscles  
strong for all struggles  
Think about your seventies  
Then, you will lose all abilities*

*How could your little angel  
Handle you after surgical*

*How could your cute daughter  
Change the urinary catheter*

*How could your lovely girl  
make your bed in the far away hospital*

*If you really want her to be happy*

*Give up the cigar you enjoy  
Forego the vodka you sip  
Forget the girls you follow often  
And the bad guys company*

*Be strong for now  
And stronger for then*

*Your daughter will be happier  
Than ever she appeared before*



## **Memory & Mourning**



## **My father is very handsome today**

*My father was sleeping  
in the corner room for a few days  
His coughing was heard  
as the clock's ticking*

*For the last two days  
he coughed heavily as thunder  
Now the room is empty  
and I've got the blues*

*Now he is sleeping  
sleeping in the sitting room  
Not in a bed  
but in a beautiful coffin*

*My father is very handsome today  
than I had ever seen him*

## My Grandpa

*My grandpa was ninety  
when he went to eternity  
He was a man of good health  
which was his best wealth*

*He remembers all the girls  
who were in his nursery stills  
He captured last week an ant  
that tried to enter his pant*

*He had thirty in his mouth  
when we kept him in the South  
He avoids colouring his hair  
as they are strong as wire*

*He cycled his friend Micheal  
before the day of his funeral  
He had a sugarcane farm  
but no sugar in his urine*

*His kidney was as fresh as beans  
when we removed his remains  
He never visited the physician  
as my granny was a magician*

*His kneecap rolled smooth  
so, he carries me as mammoth  
He had a flat stomach as teens  
which was a pillow for me to lean*

*My grandson won't write to me  
as I failed to be like a busy bee  
I wish my son should pass eighty  
as the lion king with almighty.*

## **Is there anyone alive from 1983**

*I am too young  
to guess  
what happened in 80s*

*I heard people saying  
“We had a great time,  
enjoyed a lot in Temples”*

*I heard people describing  
“We fired crackers in roads,  
went on voyage around”*

*I heard people narrating  
“We played hide and seek,  
lasted for day and nights”*

*I lost a lot of time  
for a fine art  
from the horse’s mouth*

*I was downhearted  
not to find any piece of art  
from the loser*

*Luckily, Jean Arasanayagam  
And Yasmine Gooneratne  
did their’s utmost*

*What happened to  
my grannies and pas?  
Why they left me in the DARK !!!*

*They were too selfish  
in avoiding others,  
admiring their experiences*

*They were too egocentric  
in evading others,  
tasting their honey jar*

*Is there anyone alive from 1983?  
to take me to the days  
which was full of fun !!!*

## **Farewell my brother**

*I saw you in black and red  
with the blood stain dried near head*

*By now  
the worms might have eaten your bones  
it was a complicated brotherhood*

*you never called my name  
Neither did I !*

*As i focused on my little family  
I forgot about my large family*

*You could have called me  
before you fell in cold blood*

## **The widow**

*I am a widow  
No one likes my shadow  
Though I live at the junction,  
I am not invited for any function*

*Where was I wrong?  
My man was very strong  
when he sang the love song  
that ended up with a wedding ring*

*He wanted his land  
Fought against a strong hand  
No nations justified his long fight  
that violated his safe living right*

*Now my family is woman-headed  
And my kids are foreign-aided.*

## The Last March

*As usual this year also, they started  
but this time quite in a hurry  
It was neither pilgrimage nor voyage  
adventures with risky activity*

*They had no map either, nap.  
Believing in the sulphur smoke,  
they were moving with single hops  
in the light of Thunder Blast*

*The wounded became unwanted  
and the youths were abducted  
Some were nude and some were mute  
still, they walked holding their breath*

*At last, the march ended in May  
with "MAY ALL REST IN PEACE".*

*This page is intentionally left blank for you to write your reflections.*

## Chemmani grave

*Brave ! the soldiers*

*Brave ! the commanders*

*You were so kind*

*And will be always in my mind*

*I admire your efforts*

*On my daughter's burial day*

*You buried my daughter*

*With the toy she used to play*

*So that she won't need the clay to play*

*You set her school bag near by*

*So that she could fly near the blue sky*

*You let the bangles on her hand*

*So that she could be the member in band*

*You didn't dress her as decease*

*So that she could be a nice breeze*

*I am so pleased with your efforts*

*You buried her mother near by*

*You knew the daughter mother bond*

*Brave ! the soldiers*

*Brave ! the commanders*

*You were so kind  
And will be always in my mind*



## **Culture & Society**



## Our weddings

*The best by the lensman  
spread among middleman  
for fixing an engagement  
with detailed requirement*

*Next the horoscope experts  
start analyzing the aspects  
select the auspicious time  
considering the highest claim*

*Though couples are mature,  
culture obscures the nature  
With the best wedding beat  
parents conclude the feat*

*Alas !!!!! At last !!!!!  
Leaving two dissimilar souls  
Brawling forever with bowls !!!*

## **Betel Battle**

*West wanted their medicine sold*

*Betel brings cancer they told*

*It is a strange battle*

*Against our culture with betel*

*Betel quid bring the alertness*

*Banishes the drowsiness*

*Chewing nuts increases the stamina*

*Giving power killing the hyena*

*Betel is an anti agent*

*Saving us from medical merchant*

*Betel leaves are power house*

*Keeping you closer to your spouse*

*Chew betel every day*

*Keep the doctor far away*

## **Kavadi hanging**

*Crooked hook holding the body,  
he was flying in the air  
The incantation of mantra  
abates the pain in his loins*

*Harnessed mind controlling the rhythm  
he was floating in the air  
He moves freely up and down  
like an eagle gliding in the air*

*As long as the earth gives birth  
There will be a devotee for Kavadi hanging.*

## The Sacrifice

*I am writing a secret  
and writing it secretly  
I don't want this secret  
to be kept as a secret*

*I was taken to a temple  
a temple in the north  
the temple was adorable and  
the people were admirable*

*It was during the car festival  
My wife let the cat out of the bag  
I noticed people not entering  
Though it was the festival day*

*“Don't you go inside?”  
This was the command  
“To avoid the unwanted entry  
the whole village avoided entering”*

*The pretty women were pity  
as they had no means to step in  
The men were lucky  
they had a chance during festival*

*WOW ! What a sacrifice  
The sacrifice of the decade*

NO NO

*The sacrifice of the century*

*The low caste they named  
is now wearing Lacost in London*

## The Rooster

*The smartest guy with sharp comb  
painted with rainbow all around  
hackle and saddle with ginger red  
sickle and tail with dark black*

*He walks around with maids  
with golden neck shining bright  
The wattle dances both sides  
when he crows before dawn*

*Before sun turns tint of orange  
he prances around his queen  
All of a sudden, he mounts her  
and starts clucking for the other*

## **Toddy, the white wine**

*The bubbles on the top  
hid the wine in the pot  
The smell evokes the sense  
making me jump the fence*

*Sip and chips won't match  
a long quaff and puff  
along with a smoked fish  
suits the wine ever best*

*How lucky the black ants  
swimming in the sweetest wine  
One gallon enough for eleven  
to go straight to heaven*

*Jack Daniels and Johnnie Walker  
should give walkover before this rocker*



## **Land & Struggle**



## The deminers

*Ten by ten per day  
How I get my pay*

*Sun and ton on me  
Who will set me free*

*Mark with red and white  
Peek me in my night*

*Mine is like an egg  
Who will save my leg*

*My son waits at the gate  
How I got this fate*

*Have my man to sign  
But no money for the coffin*

*The act of some brigades  
camping here for many decades*

*Who knows the end of mine !  
Who knows the end of MINE !*

## **Rangan 99 - The local land mines**

*I was busy with the rake  
It happened before the tea break  
I have heard about him  
but not seen in recent time*

*Today I saw him close  
touching gently my dirty shoes  
He was from my land  
so I gave him my hand*

*I patted him on the face  
with a distance space  
My visor was very old  
I couldn't see his rage*

*He took my little finger  
that my son sucks in hunger*

## **The day of a deminer**

*Before the cock crows  
as a pussy cat  
she crawls from the mat*

*Before the dawn peeks  
as an ant in march  
she finishes all the deeds*

*Before the sun shines  
as the dew in the grass  
She vanishes from home*

*Before the dusk settles  
as the humming bird  
she returns to her nest*

*Before the moon ascends  
the dark cloud  
she pours all her feelings*

*She has attuned herself as a bird  
No one knows her MORN in the morn !*

## **L C Dileepan**

*Once I met a man from North  
He told me a story of a youth  
who conquered hunger  
and became their Martyr*

*He was a young warrior  
starved to break the barrier  
two hundred and sixty hour  
he had nothing than the air*

*His demands were to be free  
but there were no guarantee  
his condition became worse  
he couldn't change the curse*

*His dying revealed to the world  
How badly his land is Ruled !!!*

## The clamour

*It was a clamour  
that made them glamour  
tearing the holiday attire  
to reveal their briefs brands*

*The journey was fine  
until they were trapped  
I was a mile far  
when they clamoured for*

*The truck was upside down  
with the torsos on the top  
The blood from flesh  
coloured the track red*

*The gravel track way  
had hands and legs  
as a giant ghost  
with many heads aside*

*There is nothing to hide  
This is the land we live  
Now you may understand  
Why our land has red soil.*

## The Liger

*Once upon a time  
in a forest*

*There was a lion, a strong lion,  
as strong as an African bull.  
He lived in a den in the South  
with his cubs and queens*

*At the same time  
in the same forest*

*There was a tiger, a powerful tiger  
who was the king of the North  
He was ruling the region  
with his divine wisdom*

*The Lion wanted to kill the Tiger  
in his greed of capturing the land.  
The lion sought the support of the West  
East voluntary assisted the Lion*

*The Tiger was killed with a huge loss  
confirmed the death, a wolf in North  
who belongs to the Tiger family. Now,  
The Lion has become Liger since he killed the Tiger.*

*Liger will rule the North and South forever  
Until the man destroys the whole forest.*



## **Reflections & Legacy**



## **She, the Sea**

*I saw her very close  
She was wearing no blouse  
I badly needed a snorkel  
to enjoy her electric sparkle*

*I heard her continuous moan  
It was a passionate tone  
No blackbird can compete  
with her rhythmic beat*

*I drowned myself in her  
She was like a fluffy fur  
She hid inside the paradise  
She was an exciting surprise*

*Sea is not a sea  
She offers a lot to see*

## Fisherman

*I sail closer to the horizon  
not bothering about Posideon  
I am never afraid of disaster  
though I glimpse the whales closer*

*I won't discover any sand  
in the middle of the treasure land  
I struggle with the howling gale  
until Nature makes me fail*

*A fisherman's efforts are tireless  
but ocean's rewards are liberal*

*This page is intentionally left blank for you to write your reflections.*

## The hurricane lamp

*She was with me for so long  
I left her alone a year back  
as her white skin relative  
came in for very cheap*

*She has a blue shiny skin  
which twinkles with gleam  
keeps her young forever  
as the queen in Spain*

*She has a slim bony hand  
like the neck of a flamingo  
which needs to be hung up  
when we are busy down*

*Her belly is fat and round  
with thick lines up and down  
but clear as a crystal glass  
by which she earns her food*

*She has her family name  
embedded in her thigh  
which will be only visible  
when we go closer on the floor*

*Her bottom is broad, smooth  
and nicely curved round*

*so that she can stay strong  
while others enjoy the whole night*

*She is an extreme night owl  
burning the candle's both ends  
while others are in deep sleep  
she waits in the corner till dawn*

*Women make her ready  
removing the dark spots out  
from her soft round belly  
as she was used the whole of last night*

*men take her out in the dark  
holding her hand tight and firm  
They close her down with their breath  
when they need the dark for fun*

*Kids and lads are not allowed  
even to touch her skin  
as they could harm themselves  
when others are not around*

*Now I search for her again  
to bring my pretty nights back  
as the white skinned girl relative  
made the day and night the same.*

## **My neighbour**

*I am afraid of my neighbour  
though I live with him !!*

*I don't understand what he speaks  
and don't want to  
as he laughed out loud  
when my papers were burning !!*

*I visit the place where he lives  
but don't stay in there  
as he encroached my back yard  
when I travelled abroad !!*

*I hate the tone which he uses  
but don't turn down  
as he changed my route to work  
when I asked the reason recent !!*

*I am afraid of my neighbour  
though I live with him !!*

## **Why my dad died before fifty**

*Some are very close to hundred  
Some have already passed ninety  
Some are nearing eighty  
Why did my dad die before fifty?*

*Innocents are leaving early  
though not born with a silver spoon  
They are never checked up  
until they reach the last stages*

*After becoming a physician  
I will insist a regular check up  
to all above forty without fee  
for each decade it will repeat*

*Then the poor can buy a toy car  
for grandsons when they are ninety  
When they are close to hundred  
can hear great grandsons laughter*

## Fish Curry

*My wife may cook fish  
maybe on Wednesday  
as other days are taken  
by her favourite goddess*

*Sheela is my all-time choice  
as she has a pliable flesh  
which I order from a man  
who always has fresh*

*I remove her tiny skin  
so, she can sparkle as wine  
I wash her to conform  
She is ready to embalm*

*I divide her into five  
as Draupadi to Pandavas  
We are four at home  
excluding puppy in counting*

*Wife does the fine-tuning  
mixing with red chilly  
along with the fresh milk  
getting her ready for noon*

*The pieces are soaked  
in the red wine juice  
with the green leaves on top  
floating like the clouds in sky*

*Always I get the head  
as my teeth are ahead  
Son demands the tail  
and the rest for wife*

*Pearl white “keeri sampā”  
boiled in the hearth’s heat  
always makes us rush  
our lunch with fish*

*Again, it is my wife, who  
sweeps the whole house  
weeping in pain on Thursday  
to light a ghee lamp for Krishna.*

## **A Grandma's plight and the flight**

*I had three men in my life  
My father was the best  
My man was soft - but  
My grandson is my life*

*On Mondays*

*We meet in the morn  
He hugs me in uniform  
It is like a hail storm*

*On Tuesdays*

*We have tea together  
He has no extra tuition  
I gave the teacher commission*

*On Wednesdays*

*We have chicken  
Always we pick a quarrel  
over who eats rice more !*

*On Thursdays*

*We have a few minutes  
just to share what happened  
Sometime it makes me saddened*

*On Fridays*

*We walk to the Kovil*

*He hangs on my saree  
and asks about the mystery*

*On Saturdays*

*We have a lot to do  
Always we complete the mission  
often, he becomes the beautician*

*On Sundays*

*We watch cartoon on TV  
He translates me the story  
Now I know Tom and Jerry*

*Yesterday I heard his mother*

*Talking to an agent  
About their CANADA flight  
YES, THEY ARE GOING TO FLY*

*“I bought a hearing aid*

*Not to miss his single word  
I use a reading glass  
Not to miss his single glance”*

*I beg my daughter*

*not to tear me further  
Fix the departure date  
after my soul passes the gate.*

## To my son

*My son*

*Aptitude shows  
where you study*

*Altitude shows  
where you live*

*Longitude shows  
where you move*

*Institute shows  
where you work*

*but only gratitude shows  
who you are*

*so have the attitude of gratitude  
at least a tiny magnitude*





if you admire the beauty  
you have a duty  
pour three ounces of wine  
get some papers from pine  
sit under a tree  
let everything free  
experience the aroma  
write everything without comma

**Douglas S**

Publisher



University of Vavuniya,  
Sri Lanka.

