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A poet is a person, "who endowed with more lively sensibility, more enthusiasm and tenderness, who has a greater awareness of human nature, than are supposed to be common among mankind" - William Wordsworth

යට සායවල් අස්සෙන් එබෙමින් සුදු කකුල්වල තැවී ගින්නි ගිවිසු නංවන දැනතර මද සුළඟ

Moving through chair-legs kissing soft and fair legs mischievous breeze peeps through the under-skirts and rouses goose-bumps

To this poet, the beauty is not in

At the deepest end in a spaceless space a song is detained in a tiny tin cage. 'Canary' is its name

The bird is commonly used as a symbol of freedom. Canary's freedom to fly and live is condemned for the survival of human beings. The poet says that "he would tell the other Canaries that the whole mine had been given away to the one caged inside". - What's the point? - The poet asks indirectly. The words are coined carefully by the, to convey the irony in the game of survival that every human being plays in their day

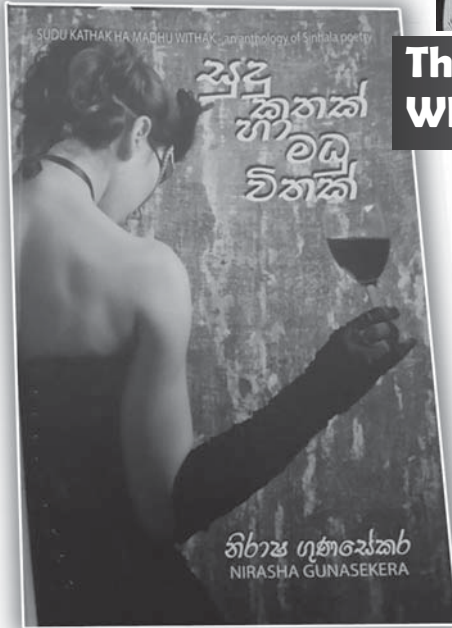


සුළඟ සේ හොරෙන් ඇවිදින්න මගෙ අත අරන් රහසින් බැන්ද උණුසුම් ප්ලේට්වෙහි දැකුණෙහි මමත් නොදැනීම

Even after three years my right hand still wears the holy thread you tied for three half days to last

As breeze - moving slowly taking my right hand - slyly you tied warm love softly and I lived in it safely

Apart from the social responsibility, there are things that a poet may owe the art of poetry. And there are things that the poets owe themselves as well. Such things can



The Sri Lankan poet who chased a White lady to taste a sip of wine

today lives; The irony in betraying someone for another's survival; The irony in providing misleading information to control uprising. This poem conveys somewhat deep philosophy related to 'life' and 'living'.

ගොහිල්ලා කියන්නම උබේ රළේ උන්ට මං පවරලා ආ බව මනා ඉල්ලම උබට

I'll meet your flock and tell that, "the mine is given in full for you to have it all" Yes, I promise - I will

Poets are dreamers with opened eyes. They see through things. They see above and beyond things. They feel the intangibility of the tangibles. 'පිරිනි නූල්' (The holy thread) is one such poem that Nirasha has coined to share the sentimentality of simple actions by the loved ones. It is the poet's skill that has made him successful in talking to the hearts of the readers. He tries to turn a simple cotton thread into an internal feeling, just because it has been tied around his wrist by his lover.

කුන් වරුවකටදී කුඹනින් බැන්ද පිරිනි නූල කුන් අවුරුද්දකුත් ගිය තැන නවමත් මා සුරතෙහි පලෙස ම

be, emotional truthfulness, empathy, attention towards own feelings. Poets are sensitively radical. One can call them as soft killers, trying to kill the deliberated social instability. They rebel to destroy social differences. But the battle is soft and emotional. The battle is slow and steady. The weapons are their words that are never slogans. They are wondrous imaginations. A good poet knows how to hide and imply what he wants to convey to the society.

Nirasha as an emerging Sri Lankan poet exhibits all such poeticidion in his poetry collection "සුදු කතක් හා මදු වීනක්" (A white lady and a sip of wine). I wish Nirasha would be able to sharpen his words to be even smoother and softer to be able to pierce the readers' hearts and shape their lives and society.

ඉස්තරම් රතු වයින් පමණක් තොල් තෙමාලන්නට නියමිත සිතින් දිගු විදුරු ගැටෙන හඬ අතරකුරුදීන් කුඹේ පා මුදුසරය ඇසුරෙන් යන්නමින් මට මගේ ගියට තාල ඇල්ල ව

Are only vintage red wines allowed to wet lip-lines? Through toasts of glasses-long I heard a rhythm smooth; with the tune of my song your feet were tapping along

pletely different environment. Within a different culture. Amongst people with various attitudes. But Nirasha keeps remembering his past. Compares it with his life at present. Unlike any of us, he writes. Poetry. Lyrics. He strolls in his memory; in his past; like a child chasing fireflies. Does he really want to catch them? No. a poet enjoys chasing them. He sways back and forth between his past and present, through his poetry.

the wind kissing fair legs but on goose-bumps when the wind kisses them. Further in this poem we realise that, the poet secretly digs into his past with a 'painful tickle' in a fraction of a moment. He converts his flashback into a poem. Canaries are sensitive birds especially to methane and carbon monoxide. Legend has it that miners would bring a caged canary into new coal seams to detect any dangerous gas build-ups inside the coal mines. As long as the bird kept singing, the miners knew their air supply was safe. A dead canary signalled an immediate evacuation. Therefore, the life of a canary in a coal mine could be meaningful for miners but short for the bird. A miner's heart is exposed as a poem in "ගල් අඟුරු පතලේ කැන්රි කුරුල්ලා" (the Canary bird in the coal mine).

පන්දම් පළිය එක දෙක මකනවා හැර තැන තැන කලු ව ගිරු බැඳ දමා ඇත අඩදැණිට අදුරු දේනා පතල පාමුල

ගල් අඟුරු ආකර පතලේ ඉඩක් ඇති පොඩි තැනක හැරෙන්නට ඉඩක් නැති පොඩි කම්බි කුඩුවක ගිනකක් සිර කළෙමු කැන්රියායි නම් නබමු

The sun is bent and tied at a corner of this dark mine The darkness gets a wipe by one or two torch lights

Nirasha has contributed to Sri Lankan poetry with a new collection of his writings called "සුදු කතක් හා මදු වීනක්" (A white lady and a sip of wine). This happens to be Nirasha's second poetry collection. Nirasha's feelings and experiences are well shared with the Sri Lankan readers through his poetry. People have seen the natural beauty of a woman in many ways. To Sri Lankan eyes, seeing a 'white lady' is not a common sight. A white lady with 'a glass of wine' will be somewhat strange. A white lady with a glass of wine, 'outside a pub' will be a cultural shock. Someone can argue that such sight is not quite shocking for a Sri Lankan migrant to a country like Australia, and there's no difference between a 'white lady' and any other lady to a 'man', to which I can only smile as a response. Nirasha bravely starts explaining how his eyes run through such beauty in his poem "සුදු කතක් හා මදු වීනක්". The poet doesn't do anything else, but carefully watching the dancing breeze. Or should I say mischievous?

සුදු කකුල් අතරින් ගිංගා

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