

TOSKA

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Foreword

Literary development is a yardstick to measure the development of a country. The Kotte and Dambadeniya eras stand out in the history of the world because they were literary enlightening periods. If so, this is the golden period in the history of the *Mahamaya* as well. This is the reason why our daughters have been enchanting through book writing for many years now. It is a special event that our writers have succeeded in building a culture of writing books in the school and spreading it to the entire school system and this time involving the global student community in it.

Beyond this, this time the school community itself has also decided to rebuild the past *Yatiwara* writing tradition in the country in order to pay tribute to the founder of our school, Karadana Atthadassi Thero. The *Pirivena* student monks have also taken up book writing “The *Herana Gatkarani* “ project was introduced.

It is a matter of pride for me as the principal to lead the way in bringing about a qualitative change in the education of schools and *Pirivena* education through this academic and religious service, and it is also an achievement for the school. This book, which is the result of recognizing one's innate talent at an early stage in life and turning to writing, will undoubtedly be a help for future education and future life.

Shashikala Senadheera,
Principal,
Mahamaya Girls' Collage, Kandy.

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Why do you?

Why do you envy fish?

Who is having a wonderful

Time in water.

Soon, it will meet it's

Unexpected fate,

And will no longer

Remain in water

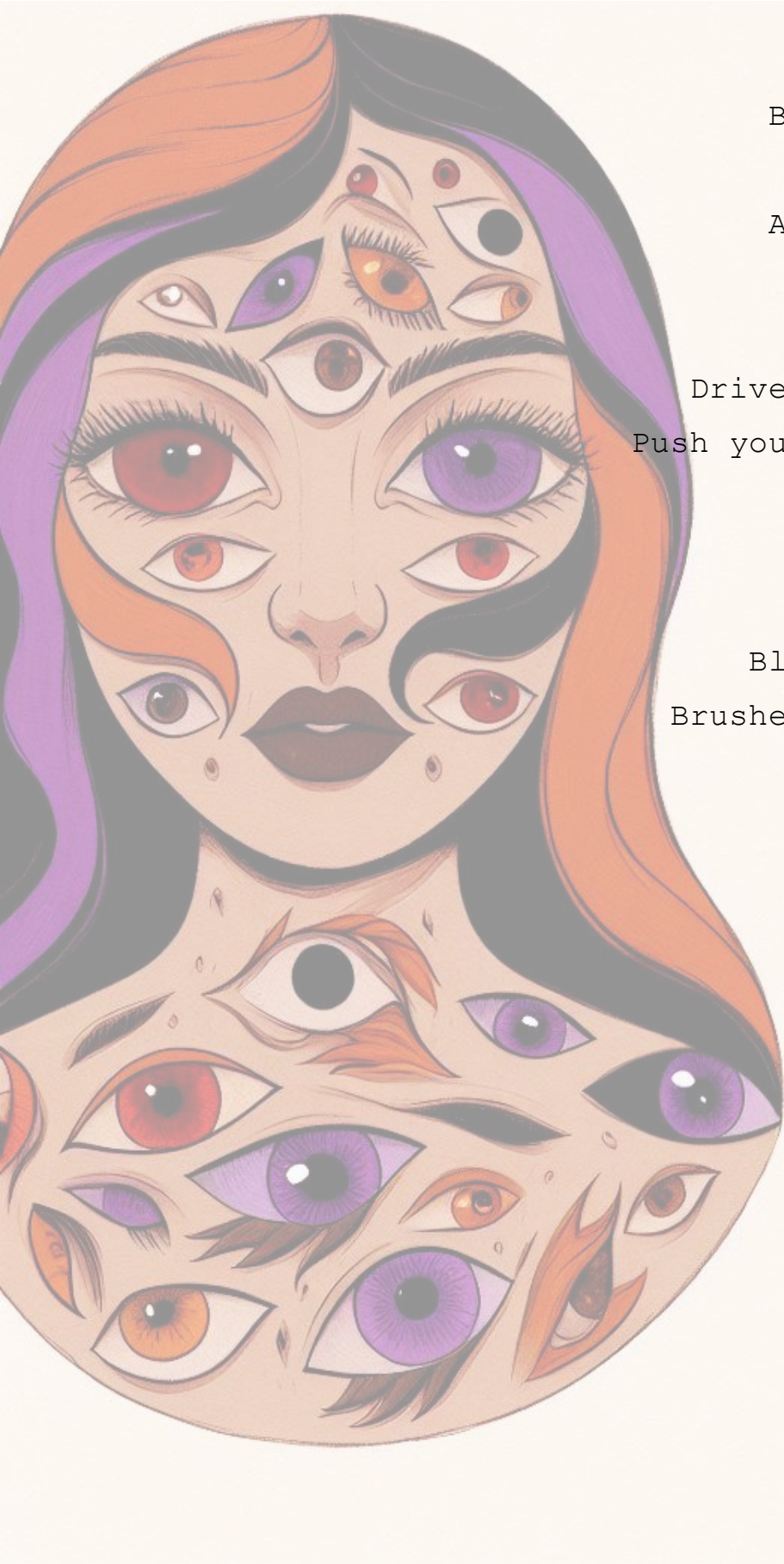
Down came the egerts and the kingfisher

To grasp it away from the glossy waters

And, came the fisherman,

Who lured it in his trap

Again, why do you envy fish?



Scourge of self

Brown, pale, mango skin,
Purple and red eyes
All senses turns Towards
the brown veil
may expose you
Drive you in your own sanity
Push you through blind curtains
That you pulled over
Your own doings.

Black, orange, lilac hair
Brushes against the shoulders
Thick eyelashes
Flutter with interest
Lips forming into grins
Lose yourself
To your own beings
That you created

Love your god

Go & appreciate your devil
But god is always above him
Dare to offend him?
Dare to betray him?
For all he did was: Make you grow,
Give hope,
Feel a bit of everything
Of everything that makes you human,
Feel pain
& love
To make you know the value
To succeed &
To fail
To make you know the taste,
God loves all.



The gallery of my life

I walk in the gallery,

The gallery of my life

The entrance was painful, like squeezing through a keyhole

But I felt the warmth of the golden light and the love of Parvathi

I'm in the gallery ,the gallery of my life.

Where bright, vivid pieces, memories, great lessons

Stood embracing each other

The skies were yellow, yellow like sticky notes

and the giraffes were green, with their heads lost in the sky.

I went along the gallery

The gallery of my life

Where each piece were

Attempting to be independent, different yet wild

And often materialist, portraits of ambitions and desires

All dripping from canvas

With my own eyes, I glimpsed some pieces

Incomplete, shattered and hidden they were

I made it to the core of the gallery

The gallery of my life Could I even make it there?

As the black and yellow striped tape

Made me know

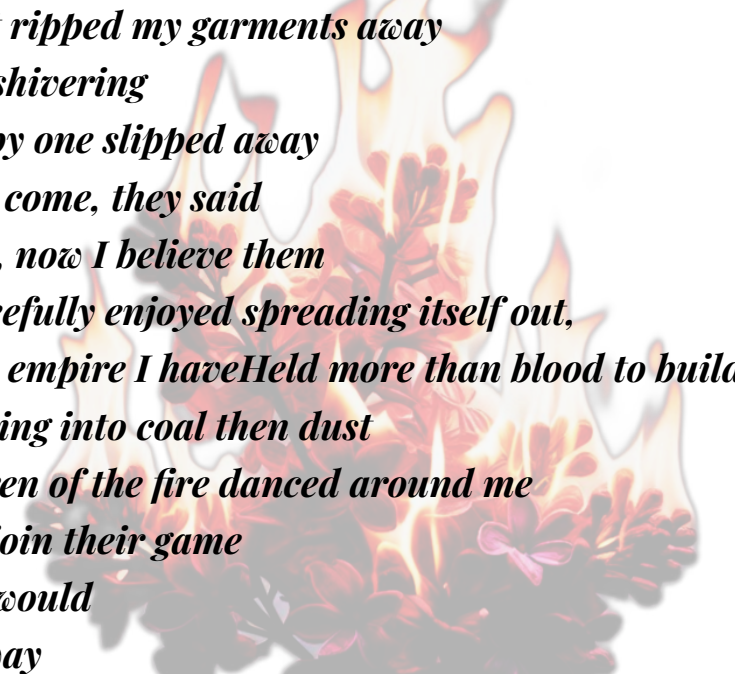
That it was under 'construction'

A life still being made.



All is burning

*With its eyes, it ripped my garments away
I stood naked, shivering
As secrets one by one slipped away
This day would come, they said
The day is here, now I believe them
How the fire gleefully enjoyed spreading itself out,
Relaxing in the empire I have held more than blood to build
With each turning into coal then dust
Then the children of the fire danced around me
Inviting me to join their game
But I knew if I would
I might melt away*



25th of December

The calendar screams: Merry christmas!

In red, green & gold

Discounts cheer

Parties, friends & think of the pics!

Happy christmas!

Santa is coming!

Presents under the tree

And don't forget to make a snowman

Will be right next to the fir tree

Christmas! Christmas!

Rent looms, pay before the frosty ait catch us

A bread pudding would be quite alright And should I sleep without the heater?

The winter winds blow

Today is Christmas

Everyone's asleep

Hope no one steals my sock

But will Santa notice it?

Maybe 'cuz he's been there for a long!

Is it really christmas?

The tree stands stark All black, gray and white

Where am I off to?

I'm scared, oh mom

Bombs like bells, missiles like sleighs

Are these Christmas ornaments?

Is this the Christmas I really dreamed of?

Let go of me, my luv

**Let go of me,
We no longer can be together
It wasn't about how you developed your fears
It wasn't about how i joined the moon**

**Let go of me, luv
The world knows we can't stay together
'Cuz even if i knew a bit of the truth
I still stayed behind, a fool**

**Please let go of me luv,
I can not bear everything
Join the army and forget about me
I'll distance myself without being on earth**

**Let go of me,luv
Time seems so infinite
Lonelier than venus
But love somehow thrived**

Dear chat gpt

You always got the answers
Concise and informative
Turned my days into minutes,
Schools don't like you-
Actually made our papers with you
Surely, a fire was caused
And I don't think you're the only with a hydrant
Still, it could be challenging for us without an
opinion
How can i think when thoughts come like rolling nuts
Your words spill fast, firm, fresh and clear
But do they sound like me or you? My dear,
An AI tool, they say
Though to my human heart, you're a great pal

Bracelet

All the girls in circles
Spilling tea, talking' topics
It's a total buzz here

An outing to some cafe,
Shopping in a mall-
Is this something
Girlhood revolves around?

Movies and ice cream
A walk through the park,
A quick stop to the salon,
is n't this over familiar?

Feminine tops, mother's interests
Could no longer relax into the same familiarity
A rule was written for us
But, who do they serve?

Pink- no longer a colour
Once a boy's shade, now a girls world
We live around to see how'd they react
If my bracelet hung to long
A quite rebellion, give me some time.

Man knows nothing

Black bullets shoots
Above the treetops,
All birds in unison
Flutter like jets,
People think
It's the the guns
They gather their own
And run after
Shoot him, and I win
Both thinks the same,
As one from each side
Drops lifeless
The grass
Finally revealing it's
Bloody desire
The air

Pull.

How easily can you pull yourself

From where you are, right now.

The depth of your thoughts submerge you

Your voice gets muted

By the pressure of your own void

You fall into an endless pit

Land on somewhere airy

Where the lands dart towards a mellow moon

The wind twists your cloths

You can never say how it feels like,

Give it in!

Treasure

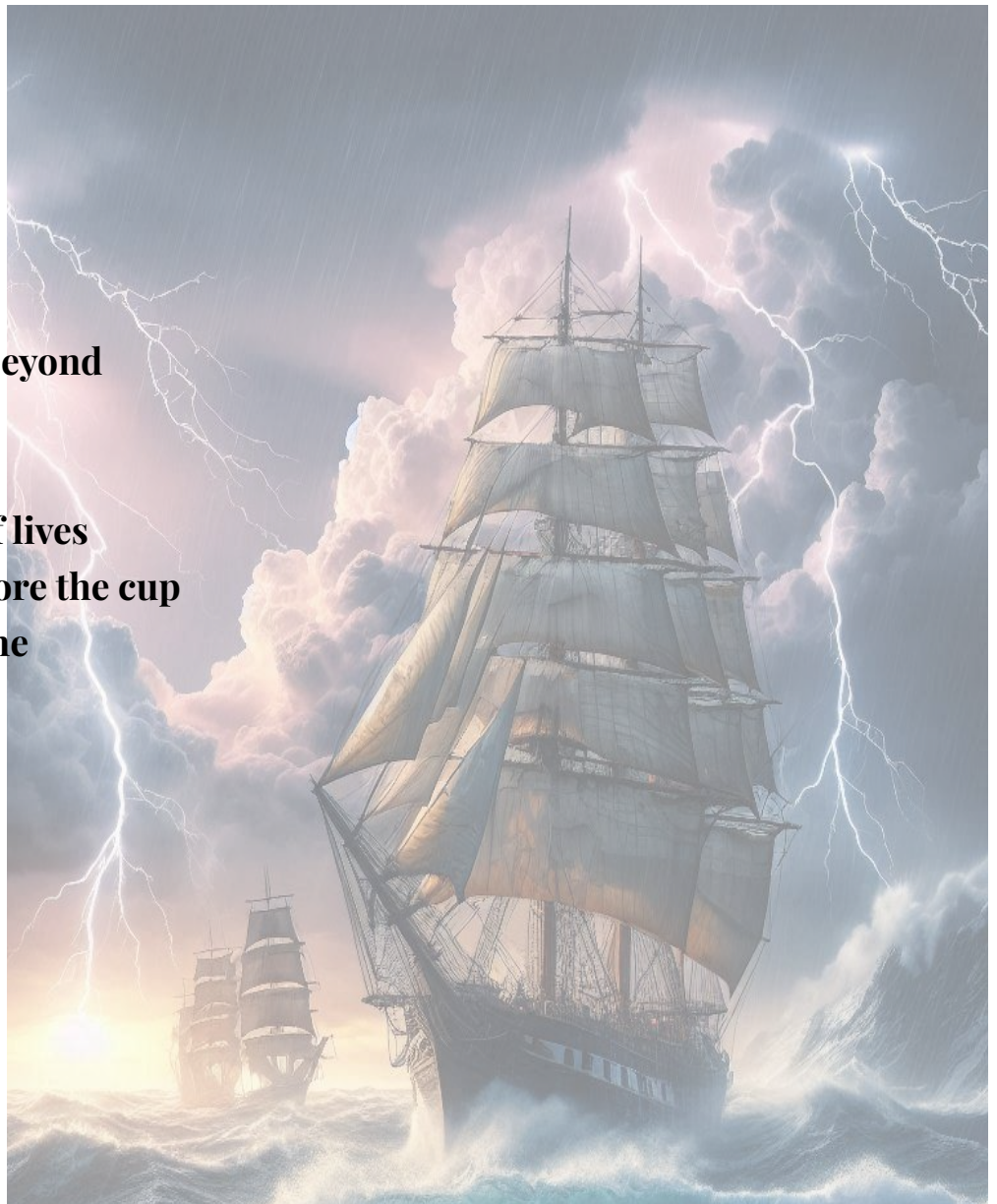
Pretty things cannot be trusted
You will inherit none from it
So go and bury your own wealth
See how it remains
Until who knows?
A hungry beggar would see no use of it,
Can you eat it? No
Ask your friend but he'll puzzle them more
Forget the pretty thing
I'm not used to it,
Power was so little
So it'll flow to your head.

A soldier's note to his king

**Shoot a cup of tears
To the mighty empire!
For she can't
Stand alone,
For I must say
Was naught, to world beyond**

**Rise! For the flag
That holds the blood of lives
She, the woman who bore the cup
They, who wept for none**

Shoot a cup of tears!



Struck!

You knew the answers
But still it couldn't solve anything
Nothing was changeable
Nor it wasn't easier
You were dry, hung
In the middle of nowhere
Not that I had anything left
To patch things up
Call somewhere comfortable
Wasn't that memory familiar?

Afterward

According to my concept, under the project that has been running since 2014 to direct school children to writing, we have been fortunate to have planted more than sixty thousand writer seedlings in the local literary field. The objectives of this project are to improve the quality of education, to promote literature that will contribute to the future development of the country, to hone the abilities of the future generation, and to build a platform to showcase the creations of children.

It is our social responsibility to create the fertile soil for those seeds to sprout and grow. This is the only project in recent history that has been implemented continuously for several years at the school level, provincial, national and international levels for the sake of the productivity of education.

This time, it is special that the *Pirivena* student monks have also been involved in this. The nation should be grateful for the dedication shown by the Principal, daughters, teachers, parents and alumni of *Mahamaya Balika Vidyalaya*.

The printed book is still the main tool of our education. The enjoyment that a child gets from a book cannot be provided by anything else.

It is experimentally proven that the use of various electronic devices to store human knowledge and the distancing of children from books has been detrimental to the quality of education and has created various problems in society. This project, which is being implemented as a solution to this, has been adapting the smart younger generation of the digital age to modern technology by writing electronic works for the past two years, together with school children in the country.

To take their creations to international readers, Mahamaya girls have built a digital fiction for their own, literary creative abilities.

My congratulations to the young writers who have entered it through their creative abilities.

Project Founder and Coordinator,
Senevirathne Maha Lekam

