

A *poem* in my Mind



NARMADA BHARATHI



A Poem in my Mind

Narmada Bharathi

Other Books by the author;

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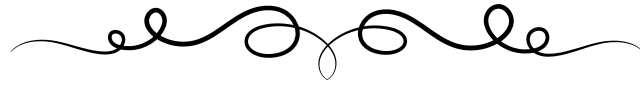
Adventure of Bookworms

Greenhill International School Kandy

Grade 13

2025

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For

A Poem in my Mind is a collection of a variety of poems that I've written so far from the age of eight. These poems reflect various occasions and incidents. This collection wouldn't be here today if not to my mother and late grand parent's encouragement. If they had not appreciated the first poem I wrote at the age of six, the words in my mind might have never found their way to paper. In addition to them I would like to present this book to all my teachers for their guidance over the years.

Forward

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.

This my message which I pen with tremendous joy highlights the creativity, hard work, and dedication of the young writers of Greenhill International School. More over this been our very first attempt in publishing a book with writings of our own young authors, permit me to express how proud I am in the accomplishments of the task given to all at Greenhill and my gratitude to teachers, parents, and mentors who supported the project. May I also emphasize the importance of storytelling, self-expression, and the power of words in shaping the future of these budding leaders of tomorrow and the nation at large. Finally, I encourage readers to appreciate and celebrate the students' voices while inspiring them to continue writing and sharing their ideas.

A special thank you to our librarian Mrs. Hansika Ranaweera and veteran writer and author Mr. Seneviratne Mahalekam for his guidance and support given to make our dream a reality.

"Duty First Pleasure Next"

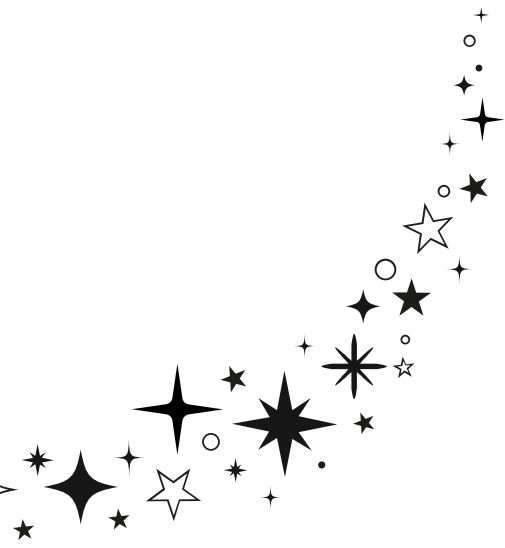
Dr. Lalith Navaratne

Principal

Greenhill International school kandy

Contents

1. My Dreams (2016)	01
2. My loving Mother (2014)	03
3. A poem in my Mind (2015)	04
4. My grandfather and me (2017)	05
5. Independence (2017)	07
6. My idea of a smart city (2017)	08
7. Save Me (2016)	09
8. Why do we need wars (2018)	11
9. Green Apples (2023)	13
10. reflection (2024)	14



My Dreams 2016

Will my dreams come true?
My little dreams,
Those Childish dreams
Flow like streams,
In my little head
While I lay asleep,
In my wee little bed

These dreams are - Too long to read
These streams are - Too far to swim

But I am not sure
Whether these dreams,
shall come true
at all.... all.... all.





harmada

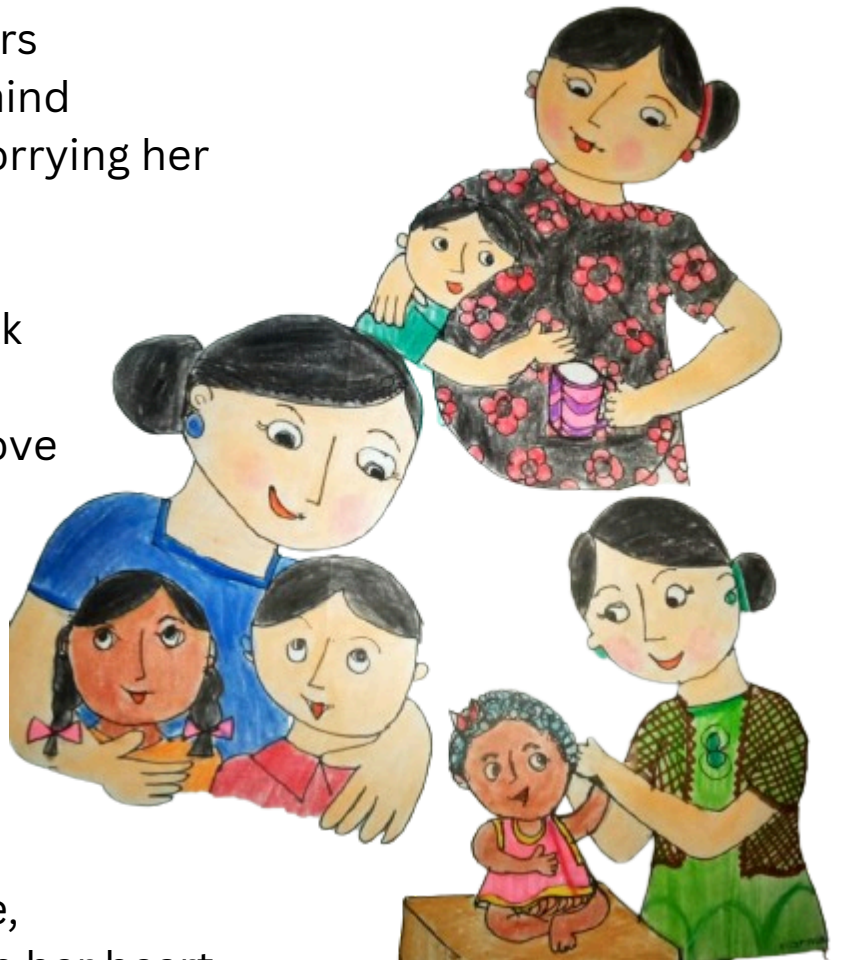
My Loving Mother (2014)

Small mouth bit her fingers
But still patience in her mind
Tiny mouth crying and worrying her
Still patience in her life

Making her blood into milk
With patience in her life
She looks after me with love
And patience in her mind

When I grow up she gives
Me tasty food
And looks after me
With patience

Every challenge in her life,
She faces with patience in her heart,
Because she is my one and Only loving mother



A Poem in My Mind*(2015)*

A poem in my mind,
Full of imaginations
A very good kind,
Of imaginative poems

Many years ago poets
Thought about poems,
And a great person,
Invented creative poems

I am a little poet
With creative ideas
Now dear parents
Let us all become poets!

A poem in my mind
Do you want to know it?

My Grand Father and Me - 2017

He was my favourite one
He was a vegetarian one,
Just like me, me, me

Even though he was ninety two years old
He seemed to be 20 years
and Stronger than me, me, me

He chatted and chatted with me,
He laughed and laughed with me
Like a friend who was with me, me, me

He bought sweets for me
And he ate sweets with me
Like a child like me, me, me,

He jumped and ran
Faster than a van
Much more better than me, me, me,

But even though he did
Many things like me
He went a long time ago
Leaving alone me, me, me.....



Independence (2017)

Like the pigeons of peace
Let's spread our wings of freedom,
And fly in the sky of rights
And see the beautiful sights
Of the happiness of
Independence of our land of peace.....

Let's raise our heads high
And look at the flag flying high
And be proud of our Independence
Let's then proudly say the sentence,
That we gained INDEPENDENCE!



My Idea of a smart city - (2016)

This is my idea of a smart city,
It should be clean and pretty

It's eco-friendly all around the city,
But not in the past, Oh! What a pity!

If in a hurry, press a button
If you want to go at a fun lightning speed

If thirsty or hungry just hop,
To the beautiful coffee shop,
And press a button,
Here comes what you need with pop

It has all the modern technology,
Each and everything within a small city

It's just like a dream
But we should keep it clean
If we got a smart city
which should be pretty

SAVE ME (2016)

The sun is shining brightly
A little child is waking up quickly,
Mother earth who used to look happy,
Is now watching sadly
Oh! You all are my loving children,
But the ones who kill me are you,
My children

Have you all forgotten me,
Can't you all ever see,
I can always see
You all trying to kill me
You destroy everything that's on me,
Are you all blind? Only few are kind

Cats and dogs are living beings
So are these selfish human beings
But animals are not so selfish
As these human beings
But Oh! I am close to death
Please save me
Don't kill me, I cry
But You don't hear me!

Yet there are a few who can hear me
But a few alone can't save me
So you too my children save me
I'm your Mother earth



WHY DO WE NEED WARS (2018)

Would you please tell,
Why we need wars,
And make lots of foes,
When we can become friends

Asks the poor widows son,
While the poor widow,
Cries hugging her pillow,
She thinks about an answer,
Last month her husband died,
So she and her son cried.

Before her husband died,
He sent them a letter,
Which was about the war.

"Bullets are whizzing,
All around me,
I can always see,
My friends falling ready to die,
This land is like a hell.'

Some lost their life,
Some lost their sight,
Some lost their minds,
And dear ones because of the war.

Can't any of you be kind?
And stop this bloodshed,
We see nightmares in the night,
On Christmas day,
In no man's land,
We met and chatted,
Like best known friends,
But the next day we were,
Forced to kill our new friends.

Many years went by,
The ones who died,
And the ones who survived,
Were forgotten,
but on poppy day,
everyone remembers them.

even if you win the war,
Later your skeletons,
And remembrance,
Gets covered by sand.

All die even if they won,
So let's stop future wars,
Which destroys everything,
For a bright future



Green Apples (2023)

Green apples brought from the supermarket,
Apparently freshly imported best quality,
But all that brings back memories
Of the apple tree we found.


Accidentally dropped one while washing ,
As it rolls off the verandah
I remember how we ran to
Collect apples that were falling on the ground

As I neatly cut off slices with a knife,
I can't help but remember
How we planned to dip slices in sugar syrup
And eat with cinnamon that's ground

Bit into a slice hoping for the same taste
Yet it seems to be different from that memories
Nevertheless I finished that apple
With hopes that you are safe and sound

reflection (2024)

It took me a long time until I realized,
That I've become what I despised
An utterer of empty words
Emotionless and meaningless
Words that seem to "fit" the occasion
Rather than words I mean
Repetitive dialogues that fit the scene
Instead of what I feel
Once I might have been a listener
Yet now I am a casual bystander
Uttering words like a trained parrot
An actor in a scripted scene
My true feelings frozen cold
My heart is now set in stone
It's strange and ironic
How have things changed me?
Was it me or the society?
What made me
Be the thing I once despised?



*Let me bid farewell,
Like the autumn leaves falling,
Red, orange, and green.*



A Poem in my Mind

Narmada Bharathi

Greenhill International School

Kandy

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