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කහට සුවල කවි  
Tea Stained Lines



An Anthology of Hill Country Tamil Poems:  
A Collection of Translations

*சாயம் தோய்ந்த வரிகள்*  
*කහට සුවඳ කවි*  
Tea Stained Lines

A Project by PEN Sri Lanka  
Funded by PEN International

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The Kandyan era painting style, a traditional form of Sri Lankan art, flourished from the late 15th to the early 19th century during the Kandyan Kingdom period. Renowned for its vibrant colors, religious themes, and intricate designs, this style is prominently featured in temple murals, reflecting the cultural and religious values of the era. The cover page of this book is created in this traditional Kandyan-era painting style.

Historically, such paintings have not depicted the tea pluckers of the hill country. This design makes a novel attempt to include the Tamil people of the hill country in the mainstream of Sri Lanka's traditional art, providing a new form of expression for these often underrepresented communities.

Poem of dedication - Gayani Palliyaarachchi

Layout Designing - Azar Wazeer - Wisdom Graphics, Malwana

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## *Dedication*

### *Tea Stained Lines*

*It is the same tears  
that pours out  
the unspeakable fears  
bottled up in the heart.*

*It is the same blood  
that wearily drags  
the deferred dreams  
through life's veins.*

*It is the same breath  
that keeps life going  
though suffocated  
by daily struggle,  
hindering every smile.*

*Am I not You?*

*Let your pain and sorrow  
guide my pen,*

*Let your sweat and toil  
inspire the change,*

*Let your voice be heard  
through these stained lines,*

*May you smile,  
in a just world reborn...*

## PREFACE

### Elevating the Voices of the Oppressed: A Journey Through the Poetic History of Sri Lankan Hill Country Tamils

Sri Lanka, despite being a multi-ethnic and multi-religious country, has struggled to reflect its diversity in its governance structure. The socio-economic landscape, as categorised by the Central Bank of Sri Lanka and the Department of Statistics and Census, divides the nation into rural, urban, and estate sectors. Notably, the estate sector lags significantly behind the urban and rural sectors in various socio-economic indicators. This discrepancy highlights the government's abdication of its responsibilities, leaving the private sector to fill the gap. This failure contributes to a lack of diversity and inclusivity within the nation. One stark example of this exclusion is the identification of the hill country Tamils as 'Indian Tamils' in the national census, effectively alienating them.

For over two centuries, this community of over one million people, initially brought from India for plantation labour, has faced continuous marginalisation. Yet, through their artistic, cultural, and literary efforts, they have strived to establish themselves as a unique nation within Sri Lanka. In this context, the poetry collection "Tea Stained Lines" aims to amplify the voices of this marginalised community, sharing their struggles and triumphs with both national and international audiences.

### Historical Context and Cultural Resilience

The people who were brought from India 200 years ago for plantation labour spent nearly a century under British colonial rule as slaves. In their 110th year, they formed a trade union and organized society, emerging as a political community and establishing their identity as Sri Lankans with the introduction of universal suffrage in 1931.

However, the independent Sri Lankan government revoked the citizenship granted by the British, rendering these people stateless.

Despite these challenges, the Indian Tamil community, preserving its traditions and literature as the Sri Lankan hill country Tamil people,

has developed a unique cultural identity. Their poetic history spans more than a century. This ethnic group has a rich poetic history, encompassing various forms from anonymous folk songs to modern poems, all demanding recognition as Sri Lankans.

### Evolution of Hill Country Tamil Literature

Their folk art, which predates their arrival in Sri Lanka, beautifully incorporates reflections of their colonial life, showcasing the resilience and adaptability of their artistic expression. An example of their poignant expression is a folk song that metaphorically critiques their plight:

I grew as a rubber tree and  
I spread my branches in all four area  
Also, I gave my shoulder  
To the Englishmen as a travelling Car

How tactful is the sadness and political criticism expressed in the lyrics?

As an alternative to such songs, Englishmen employed a paid staff member, Abraham Joseph, to write poems praising the British Administration. However, these poems were not accepted by the people. Despite this, in 1869, a collection of these poems was published as the first printed book of hill country Tamil literature.

In the 1930s, the couple K. Nadeshaiyer and Meenatchiyammal politicised their community through print literature, significantly contributing to hill country Tamil literature. Meenatchiyammal's songs, in particular, created a sensation among the people.

Indian people  
Spilled their blood and sweat  
By their labour here  
Day and night without sleep  
Can you steal it?  
.....  
Scam by Sinhalese Ministers  
A scene without damage  
Go away with labour unity  
Bright celebrants are the idols



Literary commentator, Lenin Mathivanam notes that Meenatchiy ammal was the first to unveil an anti-chauvinist perspective in Sri Lankan literary history. This literary movement evolved into a political force, winning citizenship rights in 1931 but losing them again in 1948.

### Poetic Expressions of Pain and Defiance

The great poet C. V. Velupillai captured the profound grief of the hill country Tamils in his English poems, elevating their literary movement:

My Men!  
They be dust under dust  
Beneath the tea  
No wild weed flowers  
Or memories token  
Tributes raise  
Over the fathers biers!  
Oh shame what man  
Ever gave them a grave  
Only god, in his grace  
Covered them with his grass (1956)

These lines recorded the pain of these people compelled to live in line rooms.

Another poet, Chithambaranatha Paavalar, addressed the legislative actions that rendered hill country Tamils stateless:

We were born and bred here  
Grew up here  
They asked us to go out and get out  
Insulting us as dead bodies...  
Whatever the law of the book  
No matter the action the government took  
We don't leave the country  
This is our motherland. (Snagu 1962)

The poems written by Welimada Kumaran serve as a historical record of the time when the hill country Tamil people had to leave Sri Lanka due to diplomatic and political decisions made by the Sri Lankan government at the time.

Mother and son should stay, and daughter to go  
No state for her, and mind worried with blowing  
Tea Plants are burned itself  
The flourish mounts are melting  
We came to live  
Inner turmoil-ship  
Don't you board us again  
Forcibly to the ship  
Some are laughing at us  
Time will turn to think.

In this regard, the most important historical record in literature is the poem written by Aru Sivananthan, which was composed when he was forced to leave Sri Lanka and board the Ramanujam ship. This poem echoed the collective cry of the entire hill country Tamil people who were exiled to India during that time.

Goodbye to my motherland ...  
You are not boring to watch  
In the country of my birth  
I am not meant to be  
In my native land  
I have no right

...  
Tell me comrades  
If you face this kind of situation  
What will you do?  
Do you feel happy?

...  
I am crossing the country  
With a heavy heart...  
I am leaving you, mountain range,  
I am leaving you, river  
I am leaving, comrades  
Whether we climb again to the mountain  
Whether we can bathe again in the river  
I am leaving, my comrades  
Shall we shake our hands again?

Even after being exiled to Tamil Nadu, Sivananthan continued to write about the hill country Tamils, becoming a pivotal figure in their literary history. This combative poet has gone down in history as one who transitioned from classical poetry to modern poetry in the hill country of Sri Lanka.

The trends of hill country Tamil poetry can be classified into the following categories:

- Folk songs from India
- Folk songs of the estate people
- Classical poems
- Modern poems

These categories span different historical periods:

- 1850s to 1920s
- 1920s to the independence of Sri Lanka in 1948
- Independence in 1948 to the mid-1960s
- Mid-1960s to 1985
- 1985 to 2005

### **Anthology: A Testament to Resilience**

This anthology, "Tea Stained Lines," aims to compile and translate 20 hill country Tamil poems written after 2005 into English and Sinhala. These poems capture the essence of the hill country Tamil experience, reflecting their ongoing struggles and remarkable resilience. Through this collection, we aim to preserve and celebrate the voices of these poets, offering readers a window into their world and the challenges they face. This endeavor is a heartfelt tribute to the enduring spirit and cultural richness of the hill country Tamil people, showcasing their ability to find beauty and strength in the face of adversity.

### **Malliyappusanthi Thilakar**

Author, Columnist, Activist

Mylvaganam Thilakarajah

MRDP (Col), B.Com (Hon), Dip. In Journalism (Col), IPDET (Bern), IVLP (USA)

Member of Parliament of Sri Lanka (2005-2020)



## PEN Sri Lanka: A New Chapter in Literary Freedom

In September 2022, PEN Sri Lanka took its first steps into a world of literary excellence and passionate advocacy for freedom of expression by joining PEN International, an organisation that has been the guardian of literature and human rights for nearly a century. Founded as PEN in London in 1921, this illustrious institution now spans five continents and over 90 countries, uniting 130 Centres around the globe in a mission to ensure the free flow of ideas across borders.

With hearts full of hope and determination, PEN Sri Lanka aligns itself with the core values of PEN International while embracing its unique role as an independent entity. Our mission is to celebrate literature and defend the freedom of expression. It is with immense pride and enthusiasm that we introduce our inaugural project: “A Voice for the Voiceless: Empowering Up-country Tamil Poets.”

This project is not merely an endeavour; it is a profound journey into the heart of Sri Lanka’s Up-country Tamil community. Through this initiative, we aim to illuminate the rich tapestry of their culture, uncover hidden talents, and nurture the voices of the future. Our focus is on exploring and amplifying the profound cultural heritage of these resilient people who face the trials of marginalisation and linguistic isolation with courage and grace.

Our journey began with a heartfelt mission to connect with young Up-country Tamil poets. We embarked on this mission with passion and commitment, participating in various TV programs across major Sri Lankan channels and conducting inspiring awareness campaigns. Through newspapers and radio channels, we reached out to the community, inviting them to share their voices with us.

In the central hills of the country, we organised gatherings in several districts, where we met with the poets and shared our vision for this project. With open hearts, we encouraged them to submit their poems, and the response was overwhelming. From these poetic submissions, a remarkable collection of around five hundred poems emerged—a testament to the incredible talent and unspoken stories of six districts in the central hills.

Our esteemed panel of judges took on the daunting task of sifting through this treasure trove of talent, selecting the best twenty poems from a sea of brilliance. Meeting these young poets, who displayed extraordinary artistic skills despite the harsh realities of their lives, was a deeply moving experience. Their determination to introduce their voices to the Tamil mainstream, the Sinhala mainstream, and the world was nothing short of inspiring.

We then embarked on another significant chapter of this project—collaborating with a dedicated group of translators who undertook the Herculean task of translating these original Tamil poems into Sinhala and English. This process was far more than mere translation; it was a heartfelt endeavour to capture the essence, the emotions, and the messages of the poets' original works. The translations strive not to create new poems but to honour the voices and visions of the Up-country Tamil poets for readers across different languages.

This landmark project was made possible through the inclusive funding and unwavering support of PEN International. Their guidance and belief in this vision have been a beacon of hope and inspiration throughout this journey.

We stand at the beginning of a new era for literary expression in Sri Lanka with a deep sense of gratitude and excitement. Our work is far from over, but with the incredible support of PEN International and the dedication of all who have been a part of this project, we look forward to the future with hope and determination.

We celebrate and salute the Up Country Tamil Poets! Through every challenge, every triumph, and every poem, we continue to strive for a world where every voice is heard, and every story is told.

**Gayani Palliyaarachchi**

The Chair Person

Translation and Linguistic Committee

PEN Sri Lanka

## Message from the General Secretary of PEN Sri Lanka

Dear Readers,

It is with great excitement that I introduce "Voice for the Voiceless," a project by PEN Sri Lanka dedicated to amplifying the poetic voices of the up-country Tamil community, also known as the Indian Tamils. These talented poets, predominantly tea estate workers, have long been overlooked in mainstream art and literature.

Sri Lanka has faced significant challenges between the Tamil and Sinhalese communities. We believe the path to resolution lies in fostering understanding and empathy between these groups. Through these poems, we can gain insight into the problems, desires, and experiences of the up-country Tamil people. This understanding can help bridge gaps between Sinhalese, Tamils, and other ethnicities in Sri Lanka.

Our goal is to discover and showcase twenty exceptional poets from this marginalised community. By translating their works into English and Sinhala and presenting them through a book launch, we aim to bring their unique perspectives to a wider audience.

This initiative celebrates their voices and fosters cultural understanding within Sri Lanka. The selected poems will be highlighted in mainstream media, and books will be distributed free to schools, libraries, universities, and government organisations and promoted via social media. Additionally, we will distribute these books to embassies and PEN centres worldwide, allowing the international community to understand and appreciate these voices.

As we progress, we look forward to these poets' voices being heard and appreciated, enriching Sri Lanka's cultural tapestry and promoting unity.

Thank you for your support.

Warm regards,

**Pathum Wickramarathne**

General Secretary

PEN Sri Lanka

## Message from the President of PEN Sri Lanka

If there is a body of poetry written by the working-class people in this country, it is the poetry of plantation workers, also known as Malayaga poetry. Most of the poems we find about the working class in Sinhala literature are highly academic and written from an elevated perspective of the working class.

However, the poems of the plantation workers are written from their hearts, and this heartfelt expression is the greatness of Malayaga poetry. It is a serious literary crime that these poems are not included in the tradition of great Sinhala or Tamil poetry in this country.

At PEN Sri Lanka, our effort is to do justice to the Malayaga poets who, for over 200 years, have devoted their labour, life and ultimately their blood and flesh to this land. These poets have left us with works that encapsulate their sorrow, pain and suffering, yet seldom their happiness.

This is just the beginning. Let us all come together to fulfil that justice!

**Upul Janaka Jayasinghe**

The President

PEN Sri Lanka



## Message from PEN International

A Voice for the Voiceless is a critical literary contribution, from PEN Sri Lanka, in enabling invisibilised and historically disenfranchised communities to amplify their lived realities, thoughts and aspirations within the cultural mainstream. In nourishing tolerance, empathy and understanding between communities, PEN Sri Lanka's project is a welcome and coveted contribution in demonstrating the power of literature in laying the foundations for peace and social harmony. PEN Sri Lanka is one of the newest of PEN International's 130 Centres (spread across 90 countries), in which global solidarity, through fostering cross-cultural dialogue, education, literary exchanges, and translation, across this movement, sits at its heart.

Established in 1921, PEN International remains guided, unified, and inspired by the ideals of the PEN Charter, our Vision and Values. Our fundamental belief is that debate, and discourse can only thrive when the spaces in which it takes place are equitable, inclusive, and safe and where people can converge and engage with different ideas in an informed way. PEN International's approach to securing peaceful and inclusive societies remains embedded in our fundamental approach in which this project - the first project launched by this Centre -- facilitated as part of PEN International's Civil Society Program, demonstrates truly, great potential.

**Paminder Parbha**

Head of Programmes

PEN International

A tribute to one of the most revered poets among the Hill  
Country Tamil Poets

C. V. Velupillai: The Bard of the Plantations

Tea Pluckers

My bronze bodied men  
Noose the morning light;  
From dell to dale  
From uplands and inclines  
Echoes rise and fall  
To the rhythm of pickaxe  
Mamoty, fork and crowbar  
Forkers and pruners  
Ferners and sprayers  
Each skilled in the task;  
They enter the field.  
Disturbed beehives their hearts  
Their hands honey combs  
Drip warm with their sweat,

Eight hours in a day  
Seven times in a week,  
Thus their life blood flows  
To fashion this land  
A paradise for some.

C.V Velupillai

(Afro -Asian Poems, Anthology, Vol 1, Part 1)

Cannappen Velusingham Velupillai (14 September 1914 – 1986) stands as one of the most revered poets among the Hill Country Tamil poets. Former Member of Parliament (1947-1952) C.V. Velupillai was deeply involved in trade union politics from an early age. His poetry, deeply influenced by Gandhism and the Tagore school of thought, reflects his commitment to social justice and his profound connection to his roots. Velupillai's legacy as a Ceylonese trade unionist, politician, and poet continues to inspire and honor the Hill Country Tamil community of Sri Lanka.

## Acknowledgements

We extend our heartfelt gratitude to the following individuals and organisations for their invaluable support in bringing this project to fruition in various ways.

Asian Media and Cultural Association

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Sri Lanka- India Society

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Dr Aravinda Srimewan

Mr Kanchana Kodithuwakku, Channel Head, Supreme TV

Mr Lalantha Deepal, Sales Manager, JDC Printing Technologies

Mr Thushara Hettiarachchi

Mr Jayasundara Kapuge

Mr S Thiyagu

Mr Udayashan Idamegedara - News Director, Siyatha TV

Sirasa TV

Haritha TV

Sri Lanka Broadcasting Corporation

## மாரியம்மனுக்கோர் மனு!

அம்மா!

உன் அருள் வேண்டி  
காத்திருக்கும் - என்  
மக்களுக்கு  
ஆறுதல் சொல்ல  
இறங்கி வா!

அம்பிகையே!

உன் அருகில் அமர்ந்திருக்கும்  
அந்த சிவனே நேரில் வந்து  
உனக்கு என்ன வேண்டும்?  
எனக் கேட்டால் உன் கோயில்  
கூரைக்கு தகரம் கேட்கும்  
என் மக்களின் அன்பு காண  
இறங்கி வா

துர்கையே!

எங்கள் தலைவர்கள் - திரு  
'வோட்டு' ப் பிச்சைக்காக  
ஐந்தாண்டு ஒருக்கால்  
வந்து என் மக்கள்  
வாயிற் படியேறி  
என்ன வேண்டும்?  
எனக் கேட்டால் - உன்  
ஆலயப்படிக்கட்டுக்கு  
ஐந்து பக்கட் சீமெந்து கேட்கும்  
என் மக்களின்  
ஆன்மீகப்  
பணி பார்க்க  
இறங்கி வா!

மாகாளியே!

மாதம் வரும் சம்பளத்தில்  
அட்வான்ஸ் தொடங்கி  
சங்கத்துக்கு சந்தா வரை  
அத்தனைக்கும் கழித்த பின்னும் - உன்  
ஆலயத்துக்கும் தொகை ஒதுக்கி  
ஆண்டு திருவிழாவில்  
தேரோடும் பேன்ட் செட்டும்  
கரகாட்டம், ஓயிலாட்டம்  
கான மயிலாட்டம் காணும்  
என் மக்கள் பக்தி காண  
கனகாம்பிகையே  
இறங்கி வா

சக்தியே!

நீ கிராபிச்சின் கிருபையால்  
'சக்தி'யில்  
கருமாரியம்மனாய்  
உருமாறி வருவது கண்டு  
என் மக்கள்  
நெஞ்சுருகி நெகிழ்கிறார்கள்  
பாளையத்து அம்மனாய் வரும் பார்வதியே!  
என் மக்கள்  
பரிதவிப்பைப் பார்க்க  
ஒரு முறையேனும்  
பணிய லயத்து அம்மனாய்  
படியிறங்கி வா!

மாரியே!

ஆண்டாண்டு காலமாய் - உன்  
அருளையெண்ணித்  
திளைத்திருந்த  
என் மக்கள் - உன் யீது

நம்பிக்கையிழந்தவராய்  
இப்போது  
மேரியை நம்பிப்போய்க் கொண்டிருக்கிறார்கள்  
அவர்களைக்காக்க  
இல்லை... இல்லை...  
உணைக் காக்க  
உடனே ஓடிவா!

பராசக்தியே!  
இந்த மானுடத்தின்  
வீடிவுக்காக - காணி  
நிலம் வேண்டி கவி படித்த  
புரட்சிக்கவி  
பாரதிக் கே  
இரங்கி வராதவள் நீ  
ஏழைகள் என் மக்களுக்காய்  
இரங்கி வரப்போவதில்லை - என  
எடுத்துச் சொல்லவேணும்  
ஒரேயொரு முறை இரங்கி வா

என் கவியின்  
உண்மையுணர்த்திப்  
போ!

– மல்லியப்புசந்தி திலகர்

## ශ්‍රීද්ධවූ මාරි මෂණියන්ට ආයාචනයක්

ශ්‍රීද්ධවූ දේව මෂණියනි ....  
දෙව් ලොවෙන් බැස එන්න  
ඔබේ ආශීර්වාදය පහා,  
බලාපොරොත්තුවේ දැස් දුල්වා සිටින  
මගේ අහිංසක ජනතාවගේ, සින හිටින්න  
එකම වරක් හෝ අචිත් යන්න ...

ආදරණීය අම්බිගා මෂණියනි ....  
ඔබගේ අසලිත්ම සිටින  
මහා ශිව දෙවියන් පැවිණි  
" අවශ්‍ය කුමක්දැයි "  
අපගෙන් අසන විටත් ,  
තවත්වම කියා කිසිවක්ම නොඉල්ලා  
නුඹේ දේවාලයේ වහලට  
ටකරන් කැලලක් ඉල්ලන  
මගේ ජනතාවගේ, ආදරය දැකින්නවත්  
එකම වරක් අචිත් යන්න

ඊකවරණයට අධිපති දුර්ගා මෂණියනි  
අපේ දේශපාලන නායකයින්  
ජන්දය හිඟා කෂමට  
වැරදි පහකට වරක් හෝ  
අප ඉදිරියට පැවිණි  
"අවශ්‍ය කුමක්දැයි" අපෙන් විමසන විටත්  
නුඹේ කෝවිලේ පඩිය හදන්නට  
සිමෙන්ති ඉල්ලා සිටින



මගේ ජනතාවගේ තාක්නිය බලන්නවත්  
එකම වරක් ඇවිත් යන්න

ශුද්ධවූ කාලි මෂණියනි ....  
මාසෙකට වරක් වැටුපක් ලැබුනත්  
ගොදුර දොරේ විය හියදුවී කර  
වෘත්තීය සමිති වලටත් ගාස්තු ගෙවූ පසු  
ඇත්තේ ඉතිරිවන්නේ  
සොච්චමක්ම වූනත්  
ඒ සොච්චමෙන් පවා කොටසක්  
නුඹේ කෝවිලට වෙන්කරන,  
ඇපේ තාක්නිමත් ජනතාව  
නුඹ වෙනුවෙන්ම පවත්වන  
පුපෝත්සව බලන්නවත්  
එකම වරක් ඇවිත් යන්න

ඇදුරණිය ශක්ති මෂණියනි ...  
ශක්ති රජපවාහිනියේ පෙන්වන  
විනුපටවලදී....  
ගුරුකිත්තීර්මාණයක් ලෙස නුඹ පෙනී සිටින විටත් ,  
තාක්නියෙන් , ශුද්ධවෙන් හද පුරවගෙන  
වැඳ තමස්කාර් දැක්වන  
ඇපේ අහිංසක ජනතාවගේ දුක දැකින්න  
ලයමේ පහල දේවාලයටවත්  
එක වරක් හෝ ඇවිත් යන්න

ශුද්ධවූ මාර් මෂණියනි ....  
වසර ගණනාවක් පුරා  
"මාර් අම්මා, මාර් අම්මා" යැයි මුමුණාමිත්  
නුඹ වෙනම විශ්වාසය තබා  
නුඹ වෙනුවෙන්ම ඇප කැපවී සිටී

මගේ ජනතාව ,  
දැන් දැන් , කෙමෙන් කෙමෙන්  
' මේම දේමේ ' වෙන , ලංවන බවක් පෙනවන ..  
ඒ නිසා...  
බබගේම ආරක්ෂාව වෙනුවෙන්වත්  
මගේ ජනතාව ඉදිරියේ  
එක වරක් හෝ පෙනී සිට යන්න ...

ශුද්ධවූ පරාධක්ෂි මෑණියනි...  
එදා ඉන්දියාවේ වියු මහා කවි ආරභි  
ඉබේ මේරාදෙන ලෙස ,  
වරක් කවියකින්ම , නුඹෙන් ඉල්ලා සිටියා මට මතකයි ...  
ඒ මහා කවියාගේ ඉල්ලීම පවා ආක දැමූ නුඹ  
මගේ මේ අභිමත ජනතාවගේ , ඉල්ලීම් ඉටුකරන්න  
කිසිම කිසි දිනක , මහජනාප්තව  
නොවන බවත්, ඔවුන්ට කියාදෙන්න  
එකම වරක් හෝ නුඹ ඇවිත් යන්න.

- මල්ලියප්පුසන්දි තිලකර්ම

## **An earnest plea to Mother Maary...**

*O Holy Divine Mother,  
Please descend from Heaven above,  
Seeking your sacred blessings  
Innocent eyes aglow with hope.  
To bless my people with your grace,  
Please come if only once...*

*O Beloved Mother Ambiga,  
When Lord Shiva by your side  
Descends to hear their humble plea,  
My people asked nothing for themselves,  
But only thatching sheets  
to shield the roof of your temple.  
To behold their boundless love for you,  
Come to them but once,*

*O Dhurgha, Mother of protection,  
When our politicians come  
Begging for our votes  
Once every five years  
And ask our people what they need,  
They request but some cement,  
To build the steps of your temple.  
Even to witness that devotion,  
Please come at least once.*

*O Mother Kali,  
From their meagre monthly wage,  
After tending to family needs,  
And paying their Union dues,  
With what little remains in hand,  
They gladly offer donations,  
For your temple's festivities  
And sacred divine procession.  
To witness with your own eyes  
The celebrations in your name,  
Mother Kali Kanagambige,  
Descend from Heaven, if only once.*

*O Loving Mother Shakthi!  
On 'Shakthi TV', when you appear,  
Even as a graphic,  
With hearts brimming with devotion,  
My innocent people worship your image.  
To witness their suffering,  
Descend to your temple by the Laima,  
Where my children pray with devotion.  
Please come, if only once.*

*O Holy Mother Maary,  
My people, who have long chanted  
Your name, with unwavering faith,  
'Mother Maary, Mother Maary,'  
Now seem to slowly drift  
Towards Mother Mary...  
To protect them... No...  
To protect you,*

*Please come to them,  
Even if only once.*

*O Holy Mother Parashakthi,  
Great Indian poet Bharathi,  
In his fervent verses to you,  
Yearned for your descent to Earth,  
To provid them with lands  
You, who ignored the plea  
Of the great poet Bharathi,  
Would never come to see my people, I know...  
But...  
To tell my innocent ones,  
That you would never come,  
Descend from Heaven,  
And come, if only once.*

- Malliyappusandhi Thilakar

## நாள் தொலைவிலில்வை

என் மக்களின்

உதிரத்தின் வேகம் அறிவாயோ

உணர்வுகளின் வீச்சு புரியுமா

அவர்களின் இந்த மலைகள் பற்றிய

பார்வையை உன் துருப்பிடித்த புதிய மூளை

அறியுமா?

அவர்களது சிரிப்பு கவலை

உழைப்பு ஏக்கம் என அத்தனையையும் விற்று

தின்கிராய் நீ!

இந்தத் தேசக்காற்றைத் தோளில் போட்டுக்கொண்டு திரியும்

அவர்களின் நடையைப் பற்றி அறிவாயோ நீ!

இந்த மலைகளிடையே

ஒரு சூரியப்பகலில் நடந்திருப்பாயா?

ஒரு நள்ளிரவில் அதைக் கடந்திருப்பாயா?

கல்லையும் மண்ணையும் உருக்குலைத்து வடித்த

வியர்வையின் வாசனையை நுகர்ந்து இருப்பாயா?

காப்புக் காய்த்திருக்கும் அவர்களது

கைகளையேனும் தொட்டு இருப்பாயா?

கோடிப்பக்கத்தில் வீசும் சிறுநீர் வீச்சத்தில்

மூச்சடக்கி வாழும் வாழ்க்கையைப் பார்த்திருப்பாயா?

முருங்கை அல்லது சவுக்குமரத்தடியில் அமர்ந்து

அவர்கள் பேசும் கதைகளைக் கெட்டிருப்பாயா?

அந்திப் பொழுதுகளை ரம்யியமாகும்

அந்தக் கதைகள்தான் உனக்குப் புரியுமா?

ஓர் இரவாவது என் மக்கள் வாழும்  
லயக்காம்பராவில் உறங்கியிருப்பாயா நீ?  
அங்கிருந்தே நூற்றாண்டுகளைக் கடக்கும்  
அவர்களது வாழ்க்கையை எழுதுவாயா நீ?  
அவர்களது துயரப்பாடல்களைப் பாடுவாயா?

மலையை இடித்து மண்ணை வடித்து  
மரத்தை நாட்டிய வரலாற்றை உன்னால் பேச முடியுமா?

அவர்களை ஓடாத நதிகளைப்போல  
வைத்திருக்க நினைக்கிறாயே!  
அவர்களிலிருந்து, அவர் துயர் கேட்டு  
கண்ணீர் முட்டி உதிரும் கொதித்து  
அவர்களது வீடுதலையைப்பாட  
நான் தலைமையேற்கும் நாள்  
தொலைவிலில்லை!

—சு. தவச்செல்வன்

## එදවස වැඩි අපහක හොවේ...

මගේ ජනතාවගේ රැකියාවේ වේගය දන්නවද ?

හැරීම් වල විස්තරය වැටහෙනවද?

මේ කඳු ගැන ඔවුන් තුල ඇති දැක්ම

ඔබගේ මලකඩ ගැසුණු මොළය හඳුනාගනවද ?

ඔවුන්ගේ සිතුවම්, දුක, ශ්‍රමය, ආශාවන්,

කොපමණ නම් මුදලකට විකුණා ඇතිද තුබ ?

මේ දේශයේ සුළඟ කථට ගෙන ඇතිදීන

ඔවුන්ගේ ගමන ගැන ඔබ දන්නවද?

මේ කඳු ඇතර එක් හිරිස සහිත දැනවුමක ඔබ ඇතිද තිබේද?

එක රැයක මේ කඳු පසුකොට ගමන්කර තිබේද ?

ගල් සහ පස් දියකරමින් වැටෙන දැනැස්ස සුවද ඔබ විඳ තිබේද?

ඔවුන්ගේ ඇත් කිසි විටෙක හෝ ස්ඵර්ශ කර තිබේද?

ලයින් කෙලවරේ සිට ගමන මුහු දුගඳින් ,භූස්ම හිර කරන්

පිටින් වන අයුරු ඔබ දැක තිබේද?

මුරුමො හෝ පයින්ගේ ගසක් යට ඉඳගෙන

ඔවුන් කියන කතා ඇසා තිබේද?

හවස්සාවේ කාන්තාවන් විවිධ වකාලන

ඒ ලස්සන කතා කවදාක ඔබට වැටහෙනු ඇතිද?

එක් රැයක් හෝ මගේ ජනතාව පිටින් වන

ලයින් කාමරයේ ඔබ හිදාගෙන තිබේද ?



ව්‍යභ සිය ගණනක් පැරණි ඔවුන්ගේ කනාව, මුසත්තේ කොහොමද ඔබ ?  
ඔවුන්ගේ දුක් ගී , ඔබ කෙලෙස ගායනා කරයිද?  
කඳු කපා කොටා පැස්කර් , ගැස් සිටවා  
ඔවුන් තැනූ ඉතිහාසය ගැන  
කතාකළ හැකිද ඔබට?

ගලා නොයන ගඟක් ලෙස  
සැමදා ඔවුන්ව එකම තැනකම නබා ගැනීමටද ඔබේ කල්පනාව?  
ඔවුන්ගේම ඔවුන්ගේ දුක ජ්‍යා දැනගෙන  
කඳුළු පිඹි දෙනෙහින් , රන් වූ රැකියෝන්  
ඔවුන්ගේම නිදහස ගැන හැඬි නගා ගයන්නට ,  
මා ඉදිරියට එව් ...

එදවස වැඩි ජනතා නොවේ...

-සු. තවච්චේල්වන්

## That Day is Not Far Off

*Do you know the speed of the pulse in my people?  
Can you feel the amplitude of their emotions?  
Does your rusted brain know  
the vision they behold about these mountains?*

*For how much have you sold,  
their smiles, pain, labour, and desires?*

*Do you know the story of them  
who walks carrying the winds of this land on their shoulders?*

*Have you ever walked on a sunny noon between these  
mountains?  
Have you ever passed these mountains at night?*

*Have you felt the smell of sweat that falls, melting rocks and  
soil?  
Have you ever touched their hands?*

*Have you seen how they live suffocated,  
by the smell of urine that comes from the end of the 'Laima'?*

*Have you ever sat under a Pinus or a 'Murunga'tree  
and listened to their stories?  
The stories that console the wearied souls and bodies in the  
evenings.  
Will you ever understand those beautiful stories?*

*Have you spent at least one night in a 'Laima' room?  
How do you write their age-old story?  
How do you sing their songs of suffering?  
Can you speak about the history they built,  
by levelling hills and planting trees?*

*As a river that does not flow,  
do you think of keeping them stagnant?*

*Inquiring them about their sufferings,  
With tearing eyes and heated blood,  
To sing about their freedom,  
I come forth...*

*That Day is Not Far Off*

-Su. Thavachelvan

## உழைப்பின் வாசனை

வெக்கை விரிந்திருக்கும் வீதியில்  
சுமை வண்டி இழுப்பவனுக்கு  
பகலின் வாசனை என்பதென்ன?  
உடலைப் பிழிந்து வெளியேறும் வியர்வையின் வாசனை தான்

அடை மழை பொழிகையில்  
கண்களை மறைக்கும்  
நீர்த் தாரைகளினூடே தெரியும் அரும்புகளைப் பிய்த்துக் கூடையை  
நிறைப்பவளுக்கு  
மழையின் வாசனை என்பதென்ன?  
நீளுறிய உடலின் வாசனை தான்  
அட்டைகள் உறிஞ்சிய பின் வெளியேறும் குருதியின் வாசனை

அன்றாடம் பிழைப்பவனுக்கும்  
அயராது உழைப்பவனுக்கும்  
வாழ்வின் வாசனை என்பதென்ன?  
பசியின் வாசனை தான்  
வேறென்ன

உழைப்பின் வாசனையை கழித்து பார்த்தால்  
எந்த வாசனைக்கும் பொருளுழியில்லை உருவியில்லை

— எஸ். என். கிருஷ்ணபிரியன்

## මහන්සියේ සුවඳ

අවි රජවිය විහිදෙන විදියේ  
බර රවි අදින්නෙකුට  
දහවලේ සුවඳ යනු කුමක්ද?  
සිරුර මර්කා ගලන  
දහඩියේ සුවඳයි.

වැහි හොද වැටෙන වෙලේ  
දැස් වසනා, වැහි දිය අතරින්  
දැවී හෙලා ,කුඩිය පුරවන්නෙකුට  
වැස්සේ සුවඳ යනු කුමක්ද?  
හෙනඹරින සිරුරේ සුවඳයි  
කුඩිලලන් කා වැහිවෙන  
ලේ වල සුවඳයි..

විදිනෙදා ජීවිත වන්නෙකුටත්  
මහන්සියෙන් වැඩි කරන්නෙකුටත්  
ජීවියේ සුවඳ යනු කුමක්ද?  
කුසගින්නේ සුවඳ මිස  
වෙන කුමක්ද?

මහන්සියේ සුවඳ හා සැසඳෙන විට  
අනෙක් සුවඳකට  
කෙසේ අරුත් දිය හැකිද?

එස්.එන්. ක්‍රිෂ්නප්‍රියන්

## The Fragrance of Weariness

*Down the road,  
Where the sun's fierce blaze unfurls,  
For a man hauling a laden cart,  
What does the fragrance of noon mean?  
For him, it is but the smell of sweat,  
Pressed from his tired flesh.*

*As rain descends,  
veiling sight in its cascade,  
Ask a woman filling the plucking basket,  
About the fragrance of rain.  
It is for her, the smell of a rain-drenched body,  
And the smell of pungent blood  
That oozes from the stings of Leeches' relentless bite.*

*For one who lives from hand to mouth,  
For one who toils hard to survive,  
The fragrance of life  
Is but the smell of hunger,  
What else can it be?*

*Beside the essence  
Of weariness,  
What meaning can  
Other fragrances hold?*

-S N Krishnapriyan

## உருமாறு

நாங்கள் மரங்கள்  
நலிந்து போயிருக்கும்  
மரங்கள்!  
வெற்று மேனியாய்  
ஒட்டிய உடம்பும்  
உருக்குலைந்த  
மரங்கள்

எமக்கு  
இலைதுளிர் இலையுதிர்  
காலங்கள் இருப்பதில்லை

எம்மீது ஒட்டும்  
இலைகள் மட்டும்  
மஞ்சளில் இருந்து பச்சைக்கும்  
பச்சையிலிருந்து நீலத்துக்கும்  
மாறிக்கொண்டெயிருக்கும்  
எமது நிரந்தர நிறம் மட்டும்  
சிவப்பு; வறுமையின் குறியீடாய்!

ஓவ்வொரு நிறமாற்றமும்  
எங்கள் நிலைமாற்றத்துக்கென்றுதான்  
நீதி சொல்லப்படுகின்றது.  
எங்கள் வாழ்வின்  
வீடியலுக்கு  
வியூகம் வகுப்போரின்  
வீவேகம்  
நிறமாற்றம் என்ற  
நிலைப்பாடுதானாம்!

எங்கள் கிளைகள்  
எல்லைகள் தாண்டி  
வளரவிடப்படுவதில்லை - ஒரு  
வட்டத்துக்குள்  
சட்டம் இட்டதுபோல  
வாழ வைக்கப்படுகின்றோம்

எங்கள்  
வறுமையின் நிரம்  
மாறவில்லை  
உரிமையின் குரலும்  
ஓங்கவில்லை  
பம்மாத்துக் காட்டும்  
பாசாங்கப் பாடல் மட்டும்  
புரட்சி கீதமென  
அவர்களிடத்தில்  
அவ்வப்பொது  
புறப்படும்

எங்கள் எதிரி  
எதிரில் இல்லை  
எம்முதுகில்தான்  
புல்லுருவிகளாய்

எங்களை உறிஞ்சிக்குடிக்கும்  
இந்த அட்டைகள்  
உருவத்தில் பெருத்தன  
நிறத்தில் கறுத்தன

எமது பாதை  
எதுவென்பதை  
இந்தப் புல்லுருவிகள்  
முந்திக்கொண்டு



முடிவுசெய்தன  
முதலீடு செய்வதால்  
எங்கள் முகவரிகளோ  
அவர்களின்  
முதலீட்டினால்  
மூழ்கடிக்கப்பட்டன

எமது  
துளிர்விடும் அரும்புகள்  
துன்பம் கொடுத்துக்கிள்ளப்பட்டன  
எமது பிஞ்சுகள்  
பூக்களாகவே  
நசுக்கப்படுகின்றன

எங்கள் எதிரி  
எதிரில் இல்லை  
எம் முதுகில்தான்  
புல்லுருவிகளாய்

இந்த மரங்கள்  
இனியும்  
இலை வளர்ப்பதும்  
கிளை விடுவதும்  
எதார்த்தமாயிராது  
கோடரிக் காம்புகளாவது தவிர!

—திலகர்

## පරිවර්තනය

අපි ගත්ය.

කෘෂී , කේෂිඊ වී ගිය ගත්ය

ශරීරය දියවී ගිය ගත්ය...

අපට කොළ දැවලන, සරත් ඍතු කාලවල් නොමැත.

අප මන අලවන කොළ පමණක්

කහ පාවිත් කොළ පාවටත්, කොළ පාවිත් නිල් පාවටත්

වෙනස් වෙමින් පවතී...

නමුත් දිළිඳු අපට අයිති වර්ණය තෙය.

එය කිසි ලෙසකින් වෙනස් නොවී පවතී...

මේ වර්ණ වෙනස්කම් අපගේම හොඳට යැයි ඔවුහු පවසති .

එසේම අපගේ අතු රිකිලිවලට හිදුහසේ වැඩිමටද ඔවුන් ඉඩ නොදෙයි ...

සීමා බන්ධන පනවා , අප එක් රාමුවක් තුළ සිරකිරීමට ඔවුන් සැරසෙයි.

ඔවුන්ගේ හිතී රිතිවලින් යටපත්ව අප විටත් වත්නෙමු ...

නමුත්...අපගේ දිළිඳු බවේ වර්ණය නම් කිසිදා වෙනස් වූයේ නැත,

අපගේ අයිතීන් වෙනුවෙන් සැබෑ හැකික ඔවුන් තුලින් නැගුණද නැත,

විප්ලවවාදී බවයැයි මවාපාන අර්ථ විභිත ගීතයක් පමණක්

විටත් විට ඔවුන්ගේ මවින් පිටවේ...

අපේ හතරා අපට දුර අඳනකින් නොව, අපගේ කර්මනම,

පිළිලයක් සේ සිටී ...

අපගේ ලේ උරා බී , මේ කැටි පැහැ කුඩුලේලුන්

පුෂ්ටිමත් ලෙස දැන් වැඩී සිටී ....

අපගේ මාර්ගය, අපගේ ඉරණම,

මේ අදාළ පිළිල විසින්ම තීරණය කර අවසන්ය  
ඔවුන් නිසා අපගේ ලිපිනයන් පවා ... අපට අහිමිව ගොස්ය .....

දැවලන අපේ අංකුරන් ඔවුන් කොතින්තා ඊදවයි  
කැකුළු මල් කාලයේදීම,  
අපගේ පැටව් පැහැ පොඩ්ඩි යයි...

අත්තෙන්ම අපගේ සතුරා  
අපගේ ඉදිරිපසින් හෝ දුර අතකින් නොව  
අප මගින්ම,  
අපගේ කරමනම සිටී .

දැන් ඉතින් දැවී දමා , අතු විහිදවා එලක් තැන ...  
පොරෝ තලයකට  
මිටක් වනවා හැර .....

- තිලකර්

## A Paradigm Shift...

*We are trees.  
Withered and wilted trees.  
Trees with decaying bodies.*

*We do not have springs where buds bloom.  
Only the leaves glued to us  
keep changing,  
from Yellow to Green, Green to Blue...*

*But the hue that forever claims us is red-  
The symbol of our eternal poverty.*

*They say the change of colour is for our own good.  
They prune our boughs that reach too far.  
Entangled in a rigid frame,  
Bound by laws and constraints,  
We live...*

*But...the shade of our poverty  
remains unchanged.  
Their voices seldom echoed for our rights...  
At times, a fleeting song  
Of hollow defiance  
Drifts from their lips...*

*Our enemy lurks not ahead of us,  
but close to us,  
looming upon our shoulders*

*like a shadowy parasite...  
These parasitic leeches,  
draining our lifeblood,  
have become obese...  
These ominous parasites  
Have charted our course before us.  
By their power of investments,  
they have even suppressed our identity.*

*Even the buds of our trees  
are pinched and bruised by them.  
Our buds are trampled in their bloom...*

*Truly, our enemy lurks not ahead of us  
but close to us,  
looming upon our shoulders.*

*Thus, it is in vain; we bloom and bud anew,  
Rather than being the haft of the axe.*

**-Thilakar**

## நகல் பிரதிக்கூட இல்லாத நாங்கள்

நகல் இல்லாத பிரதிகளாக மாற்றப்படுகின்றோம்  
எம்மைப் பற்றிய எந்தப் பிரதிகளும் இங்கில்லை  
இனியிருக்கப் போவதில்லை  
இதற்காகத்தான் எங்கள் முன் கனவுகளை உயிர்ப்பிக்க வேண்டும்  
நகல் இல்லாத பிரதிகளாகக் கடத்தப்பட்டோம்  
கட்டுப்படுத்தப்பட்டோம்  
களவாடப்பட்டோம்  
காலம் உன்னதமாய் நகரும்  
ஆனாலும் எங்களின் பிரதி எமக்கில்லாவிடின்  
அடுத்த நிலையில் கேள்விக் குறிகளாகின்றோம்  
ஆங்காங்கே எல்லாம் நிகழ்கின்றன  
நிகழ்த்தப்படுகின்றன வேடிக்கை பார்த்துவிட்டு  
வெறும் கைகளுடன் போக முடியாது  
எங்களின் நிஜப் பிரதிகளைத் தேடுவோம்

—எஸ்.பி.பாலமுருகன்

## පිටපත් නොමැති ලේඛන

හඳුනාගැනීමට කිසිදු සඳහනක් නැති,  
විටපතක්ද නැති,  
හිස්ම හිස් ලේඛන බවට,  
අපව පත්කර ඇත...

අප ගැන කිසිවක් සඳහන් ලේඛන අද මෙහි නැත,  
මින් මතුවටද නොමැතිවනු ඇත.  
එබැවින් අපි අපේ සිහිනවලට හෝ.....  
දැනවත් විවිධ දිය යුතුය.

විටපතක් නොමැති හිස් ලේඛන ලෙස  
අප විටුවහල් කෙරී ඇත...  
අනන්‍යතාවයක් නොමැතිවූ ලෙසට  
අපව පාලනය කෙරී ඇත,  
අපගේ අනන්‍යතා, යොරකමිනී ඇත ...

කාලය නම් නොවෙනස්ව ගෙවී යයි.  
නමුත් අනන්‍යතා ලේඛනයක්වත් නොමැතිවූ,  
අපගේ ඊළඟ පියවරම පුශ්නාර්ථයක්...

හැමදේම අප පසු කර ගෙවී යයි  
තවදුරටත් "ඔහෝ" බලා සිට  
හිස් අතින්ම යන්ටනම් නොහැකිය

අපි අපේ සැබෑ අනන්‍යතා යොග්‍යාගමු  
අපි අපේ 'සැබෑ ලේඛන' යොග්‍යා යමු

-එස්. පී. බාලමුරගන්

## Uncopied Documents

*No traces of identity,  
No copies ever made,  
We are rendered  
Blank scrolls...*

*No records of our existence linger here,  
Nor will there be in the future.  
So, let us breathe life now...  
Into our dreams.*

*Expelled as blank scrolls without a trace,  
Easily ruled, void of identity,  
Our essence stolen away...*

*Time marches on unchanged...  
Without the documents of our being,  
Our next step, even to us, is a mystery.*

*All things pass us by, leaving us behind,  
We can no longer leave with empty hands.*

*Let us uncover our own identity,  
Let us innovate our true documents.*

**-S. P. Balamurugan**



## என் மாக்ழி

என் மாக்ழி  
அதிகாலையை  
யாரும் காயப்படுத்தாதீர்கள்

வீழியின் வாசலில்  
நின்று யாரும்  
சத்தம் இடாதீர்கள்

கம்பளிக்குள் என்னை  
கைது செய்திருக்கும்  
குளிரோடு பேச்சுவார்த்தை  
நடத்தி வெளியேறுகிறேன்

அதுவரை  
தாக்குதல்  
நடத்தாதீர்  
பனியில் முகம் கழுவும்  
இலைகள் போல் - ஒரு மென்சிரிப்போடு  
இமை திறக்க எண்ணுகிறேன்

மற்ற மாதங்களின்  
வீடியற்காலையை சூரியன்  
உடைத்து விடும்  
மாக்ழி வீடியற்காலையில்  
மட்டுமே சூரியன் சிறிது  
உறைந்து விடும்  
மாக்ழியில் நீராடும் போது  
முதல் துளி படும் வரை

முப்பது முறை-மனம்  
மார்கழியில் நடுங்கி விடுகிறது

மார்கழியில்  
கோபம் சற்று குறைந்தே வருகிறது  
மத்தியான வேளையிலும்  
பாதத்தின் அடிப்புறம்  
பதுங்கி கிடக்கும்  
ஒரு சிலுசிலுப்பு  
மார்கழியில்

தண்ணீர் மட்டும் இல்லை  
கண்ணீரும் குளிர்ந்தே வருகிறது...  
ஆதலால் மார்கழியின் கண்ணீரையும்  
கொண்டாடுங்கள்  
மார்கழியோடு

—பிருந்தா இராஜகோபாலன்

## මගේ උදවප්

කිසිවෙකුත්  
හානි නොකරන්න  
මගේ උදවප් උදෙසානට

කිසිවෙකුත්  
කෑ නොගසන්න  
දෑස් මානගේ , මිදුලේ සිට

පොරවනය තුළ මා  
අත්අඩංගුවට ගත්  
සීතලත් සමඟ පිලිසැදුණේ සිට ,  
වහා ඉන් පිට වෙමි...

පින්තෙන් මුණ පෝදනා  
දැව් පෝ- සිතාවකිද සමඟ  
දෑස් විවර කරන්නට සිතමි

සුර්පයා අනෙක් ,මාසවලදී  
උදෙසාන සීතල බිඳ දැමියි  
උදවප් මස, පමණක්  
සුර්පයාත් මදක් දෑස් පියා ගනි...

උදවප් මස නාන විට  
පළමු ජල බිඳ දැවටෙන තුරු  
හිස්වරක් - මනස  
වෙවිලා යයි සිතලේ...

උදුවත් මගේ  
තරහව මදක් නිමවන  
මධ්‍යහන කාලයෙන් ,  
යටි පතුල්, ඝණ වී යන  
සීතලකි...

උදුවත් මගේ , වතුර පමණක් නොව  
කැඳවීන් සීතල වී ඇත...  
සමරන්ත ඒ කැඳවීන්  
සීතල සමඟ...

-බිඝ්නා රාජගෝපාලන්

## My December

*No one  
Should disturb  
My December morning.*

*No one  
Should shout from  
The nearby garden.*

*Beneath the covers, I  
Engage in discussion  
With the chill that arrested me,  
And then will emerge.  
Until then,  
Do not assail me.*

*Like buds, refreshed in dew's embrace,  
Eyes will open with a single smile's grace.*

*The sun,  
Hastening to unveil the dawn  
Throughout the months...  
Yet come December, softly lies,  
With eyes in restful guise...*

*In December's bath  
Till the first droplet on the skin dwells,  
Thirty tremors, the mind shivers  
in icy cold.*

*At noon, December's rage  
Gently wanes,  
But still,  
The cold seeps into the feet...*

*In the month of December,  
Not only water,  
But the tears, too, have grown cold...  
Celebrate those tears,  
Together with the chill.*

**-Biruntha Rajagopalan**

## கூட்டொப்பந்தம் கூட வருமா?

நாங்களும் சுதந்திரம் பெற்றவர்கள்  
சரித்திரத்தைப் பெற்று  
அறுபதுகள் ஆண்டு இன்னும்  
அடிமைச் சங்கிலியுடன்  
அடிமைச் சங்கிலியாய்  
அர்த்தமற்று வாழ்கிறோம் எழுந்து நின்று...

உரக்க குரல் கொடுத்து  
எம்மை உயர்த்திக் கொள்ள  
நினைக்கும் போதெல்லாம்  
கூட்டொப்பந்தங்களால் கூடவே  
குழி தோண்டி புதைக்கப்படுகின்றோம்.

இந்த தேசத்திற்கும்  
தேநீருக்கும்  
நிறையவே இரத்தச் சம்பந்தம்  
ஏன்-எம் சுகம் காணா  
சோகங்களுக்கும்  
சோபை இழந்த சொந்தங்களுக்கும்  
சங்கங்களே சதி செய்தன

உழைப்பால் உயர்ந்து  
புன்னகை வேண்டியவர்கள்  
தொழிலால் நூற்றாண்டு  
கொண்டாடியும்  
இன்னு(று )ம் சேருக்காய்  
நூறு போடும் சோறுக்காய்  
கொடி பிடித்து கோஷமெழுப்புகிறோம்

பிறப்பு அத்தாட்சி பிரசாவுரிமை -ஏன்  
அடையாள அட்டைக்காய்  
அலைந்து திரிகின்றோம் - இதற்காய்  
அள்ளியும் கொடுக்கின்றோம்  
ஆனதுவோ அப்படித்தான்  
சுதந்திரம் காற்று - எம்மை  
சொர்க்கத்திலாவது  
ஒரு தடவை  
சுகம் காணச் செய்யுமா?

இல்லை  
சுகம் காண அங்கும்  
கூட்டோப்பந்தம்  
கூட வருமா?

—நல்லையா சந்திரசேகரன்



## සාමූහික ගී විසූම

අපින් නිදහස ලැබුවත්...  
නමුත්... නිදහස ලබා  
වසරම හැත්තෑවක් ගෙවීමත්  
තවම අප යටත් දංවැලක් සමඟම  
අර්ථ විරහිතව ජීවත් වන්නෙමු

තැගී සිට...  
කෑ ගසා හැබි දී  
අපවම නංවා ගන්න  
සිතන සැම විටකම, අවසන  
කුමක් හෝ සාමූහික ගිවිසුමක් සමඟ  
අප විසින්ම වලක් භාර්තාගෙන  
අපම සැමදා වැළඳගන්නෙමු.

මේ දේශයටත්  
තේ වලටත්  
ලේ බැඳීම් ගොඩනි,  
සැපක් නොදන්නා අපට මෙන්ම  
තෘප්තියක් අහිමිවූ අපගේ ගුදානීන්ටද  
අපේම "සංගමයන්" දුර්භී විය.

වෙනෙස මහත්සියෙන් වැඩකොට,  
යන්නම් සිතාහවක් මුව රඳවා ගන්නන් ,  
රැකියාවෙන් සියවසක් සැමරුවත්...  
තවමත් බත් පතකට, පොතුවම් වාසියකට  
කොඩි බසවා පෝෂා නගනෙමු අප.....

උප්පත්තය, හඳුනාගන්නා වෙනුවෙන්  
උසස්කියාදු වන්නෙමු .....,  
ඒ වෙනුවෙන් සන්නොරුසමිදු දෙන්නෙමු....

තමුදු සියල්ල තවම එලෙසමය...  
නිදහස් සුලභ -අපට  
ස්වර්ගයේදී හෝ  
එක් වරක්වත් සපයක් සැතපුමක් ලබා දේවිද?  
තැනහොත්  
සාමූහික ගිවිසුමක්  
එහිදීත් ඊට හරස් වේවිද ?

-හල්ලසියා චන්ද්‍රසේකරන්

- මෙහි සාමූහික ගිවිසුම යනු වතු කම්කරුවන්ගේ වැටුප් හා ප්‍රතිලාභ සම්බන්ධව වතු පාලකයින් හා වතු වෘත්තීය සංගම් අතර අතිකර්මාන්තා ගිවිසුමකි.....

## Collective Agreement

*We are independent too...  
Yet... after seventy years of freedom,  
Still shackled by oppression,  
Live worthless lives.*

*When the thought stirs within us,  
To let out a piercing cry  
To rise to our feet and  
To lift ourselves high...  
With a Collective Agreement,  
We end up digging our own graves.*

*To this land,  
And to tea,  
We are bound by blood.  
We who know no joy but pain  
Our kin, robbed of contentment  
Were betrayed by the Unions.*

*Those who toiled so hard  
To earn their smiles,  
Though they celebrate  
A hundred years of labour...  
Still, for a packet of rice,  
A packet of rice worth a hundred rupees,  
They raise their flags and cry out...*

*Squandered, they are,  
For birth certificates, human rights,  
And identity cards,  
Even after paying bribes.*

*Yet, it's always the same...  
Will the breezes of freedom  
Ever bring us happiness,  
Even once, in heaven?  
Or will a Collective Agreement  
Barricade our path, even then?*

- *A 'Collective Agreement' is a negotiated pact between the Employers' Federations and the Trade unions that outlines the wages and benefits for the laborers.*

**-Nalliah Chandrasegaran**

## சாதாரண மனிதனாய்

சாதாரண மனிதனாய்!  
சட்டை உடுத்தி  
சாரம் அணிந்து  
சவாரி செய்யும்போது  
சகலரும் நினைத்தனர்  
உம்மை சாதாரண மனிதனென்று

ஆனால்...

சட்டை உடுத்தினாலும்  
சலிப்பு அற்றவனாய்  
சாரம் கட்டினாலும் சாதூர்யம் கொண்டவனாய்  
மரம் வெட்டினாலும்  
மாண்பு மிக்கவனாய்..

எத்தனை நாள்  
வயிற்றை நிரப்பினாய் - உன்  
பிள்ளைகள் சாப்பிடுவதை  
பார்த்து ரசித்து

பாதணியே போடாத நீ  
பாதணியுடுத்த எம்மை  
பாரமாக சுமந்தாயே  
அழுக்குப்படுமென்று

எட்டடிக்குள் வாழ்ந்தாலும்  
எட்டாத கனவைக் கூட  
எட்டிப் பிடித்தாயே

எமக்காக  
பால் வாளியைத்  
தூக்கியே உன்  
பழுத்துப்போன கைகள்  
கத்திப்பீடித்தே  
கறைபட்ட உன் விரல்கள்  
சைக்கிளில்  
செல்லும்போது  
எதிரே வரும்  
ஏற்றங்களை  
இலகுவாக்கி கொண்டாராமே  
எம்  
ஏற்றங்களை நினைத்து

உன் வச்சிரமெடுத்த உடம்பும்  
வரிசைப்பட்ட அடையாளங்களும் - எம்  
ஒவ்வொரு வாழ்நாளையும்  
சுட்டிச் செல்கின்றது  
எப்படி நீ  
தாங்கிக் கொண்டாய்  
இத்தனைத் துயரங்களையும்  
இருந்தும்  
சாதாரண மனிதனாய்

அன்புத் தந்தையே  
எத்தனை ஜென்மம் எடுத்தாலும்  
நீயே  
என் தந்தையாய்  
உனக்கே நான் மகனாய்  
பிறக்க வேண்டும்

—எஸ். இரத்தனஜோதி

## අසාමාන්‍ය මිනිසෙක්

සර්ව, බැනියම ඇඳලා , පාලේ බස් එකෙන් ගමන් යද්දී ,  
හැරවෙල හිතුවේ තුම හරිම සර්ව , සාමාන්‍ය මිනිසෙක් කියලා ...  
තමුත්, මට නම් තුම අසාමාන්‍ය මිනිසෙක් ..

සර්ව බැනියම ඇත්දත්  
ඊකේ ගස් හා බට්ටු වුනත් ,  
මැලිකමක් නැති දක්ෂයෙක් ...  
වීර්යයෙන් ,විශ්වාසයෙන් පිරි කෙනෙක් ...

දවස් කීයක් නම් තුම, කුසගින්නේ සිටියද ?  
දුරුවත් ඇහැර ගන්නා දෙස බලා සැනසෙමින් ...  
පාවහන් නොපළඳුන බබ,  
අප හට පාවහන් පළඳුන්න,  
අපේ බර බසවා ගන්නා  
කිලිටු වේ යැයි කියා අපේ දෙපා

බාබා මැද පිටින් වුවත් ,  
අල්ලා ගැනීමට නොහැකි සිහිනයන් පවා,  
ලුහුබැන්දා අප වෙනුවෙන්....

කිරි බාල්දිය බසවීම සිරි අපන බබගේ අත්  
පිහිය අල්ලාම කහට වැදී අපන බබගේ ඇඟිලි  
ඒ බබේ දුරුවල යථිභයන්, ඊළි වැදුණු මුහුණත්  
අපේ පිටින කාලය පුරා ගොවිගිය  
සෑම දුක්බර දවසක්ම පිලිබිඹු කරයි ...

කොහොම දරා ගන්නද නුඹ මේ තර්ම් දුකක්  
සරල සාමාන්‍ය මනුෂ්‍යයෙක් විදියට ...  
ආදරණීය පියාණනේ,...

සෑම ආත්මයකම නුඹම මගේ පියාණන් ලෙසත්  
මම, නුඹේ පුතණුවන් ලෙසත් ඉපදේවා !  
චියයි මගේ චිකම පැතුව ...

-චීස් . රත්නපෝති



## An Extraordinary Man

*Wearing a sarong and banian,  
When you travel by bus,  
Everyone else thought you were an  
Ordinary man...*

*But for me, you are an Extraordinary Man...  
Though you wear a sarong and banian,  
Though you work as a rubber tree tapper,  
You are a hardworking man with diligence...  
A man with perseverance and faith...*

*How many days were you in hunger,  
Taking comfort in the sight of your children feeding?  
No slippers for your feet,  
Yet, to provide us with shoes,  
You carried our weight,  
Worried our feet might get soiled.*

*Though you fought hard for mere survival,  
Chasing dreams that you could never quite seize,  
You did it all for the sake of your children...*

*Lifting buckets of latex,  
Your hands are bruised,  
Daily knife in hand,  
Your fingers are stained.*

*Your weak body and the wrinkled face,  
Reflect on every sorrowful day that we ever passed...*

*How did you endure such pain,  
As an ordinary man?*

*Beloved father,  
In all lifetimes, may I be your son,  
May you be my father,  
For this is my heart's sole desire...*

**-S. Ratnajothi**

## மலைக்கு பெயர் சூட்டும் விழா

மலைக்கு பெயர் சூட்டும் நிகழ்வினை நடாத்துவதற்கு  
விழா ஏற்பாடாகியது  
மலைக்கு பெயரினை தெரிவு செய்வதற்கு  
எனக்கும் மனு கிடைத்தது.

பல வருடங்கள் பழைமையான  
மலைக்கான பெயரை தேட முயல்கிறேன்.

மலைக்கு அதிர்ஷ்ட விஞ்ஞானப்படி  
பெயரை வைக்குமாறு சிலரும்  
தமது கட்சி ஸ்தாபகரின்  
பெயரை வைக்கும்படி ஒரு கும்பலும்  
தாமே மலையை தாங்கியதாக மறு கும்பலும்  
மலைக்கு தேவையான சோறும் தண்ணீயும்  
கொடுத்ததாக இன்னொரு கும்பலும்  
தமக்கு இஸ்டமான பெயர்களைப்  
பரிந்துரைத்தனர்..

பல்வேறு அழுத்தங்களை மீறி  
மலைக்கான பெயரோடு  
மலைக்கு பெயர் சூட்டும்  
விழாவிற்கு விரைகிறேன்.

அங்கே நிமிர்ந்த மலை முன்னின்று  
என்னால் தயாரிக்கப்பட்ட  
மலைக்கான பெயரினை  
முதலில் மலையிடம் ரகசியமாக  
சொல்ல நெருங்கினேன்.

என் குரல் கேட்ட  
மலை கதறியது.  
மலையின் கண்களில்  
ரத்தம் கசிய பீறிட்டது.

தனது பசி,  
தனது உரிமை,  
தனது துயர்  
தன்னை ஏமாற்றும் அதிகார தூண்கள்...  
இவைகளுக்கு விடிவீனை காணாத  
என்னைப் பார்த்து  
விஷங்களை கக்குமளவிற்கு  
விம்மியது

நான் என்ன செய்வேன்?  
நான் என்ன செய்வேன்?

—மாரிமுத்து சிவகுமார்

## කන්දට නම් තැබීම...

මේ කන්දට නමක් තැබීමට  
උත්සවයක් සූදානම් වුණා ...  
කන්දට නමක් තෝරීමට  
මා හටද ආරාධනා ලැබුණා ...

වසර ගානක් පැරණි කන්දට  
නමක් යොදන්න මා  
බොහෝ උත්සහ කළා ...

නම පක්ෂයේ නිර්මාණකරුවෝ නම  
මේ කන්දට සුදුසු යැයි අතැරමෙක් මට කීවිනි..  
නමත් මේ කන්ද දරා ගත් බවත් ,  
ඒනිසා නමත්ගේ නම කන්දට යොදන ලෙසත්  
තව පිරිසක් නිර්දේශ කළා ...  
කළම , වතුර ලබාදී කන්ද පෝෂණය කල බව කියන තවත් පිරිසක්  
තවත් 'නමක්' මා වෙත රැගෙන ආවා ...

ඒ කුමන බලපෑම් තිබුනත්, ඒවා නොතකා  
කන්ද වෙනුවෙන් නමක් තැබීමේ උත්සවයට මා පැමිණියා .

කඳු බෑවුම පාමුල ඉදිරියේ සිට ,  
කන්ද වෙනුවෙන්ම මා නිර්මාණය කල "නම"  
කන්ද වෙත ලංවී රහසින්ම මා විවිඳුවා ...

මගේ කටහඬ අසූ කන්ද,  
මා දෙස කෝපයෙන් මෙන් බලා, හඬාච්චුනා  
ඒහි වූ දෙ අසූ වලින් ලේ ගලනු මා දැවුනා ...

අපගේම කැසගින්න ගැන , අයිතීන් ගැන ,  
දුක් කවිකවොච්චි ගැන ,  
අපව රැවිටු මහා බලකණු ගැන  
කිසිවක් නොකළ ,කිසිදු විසඳුමක් නොයෙවූ මා ...  
කන්දට නම් තැබීමට පමණක්  
මෙපමණ වෙහෙස මහත්සිවීම ගැන  
කන්ද සිටියේම නොයතුටෙහි ... පුදුමයෙනි ...  
මහත්වූ අසරණකමකින්  
ඒ මොහොතේ ... මගේ සිතද වෙලාගැනුණි ....

-මාර් මුත්තු සිවකුමාර්

## Naming the Mountain...

*A ceremony was organised  
to name this mountain...  
And I was invited  
to find a name for the ancient peak...*

*I tried so hard  
To come up with a name,  
But suggestions abounded:  
Some suggested a field number as the name.  
Some said the founder of their party,  
Deserved this honor.  
Others, who endured the mountain's trials,  
Offered their own names.  
Yet another group, claiming to nourish the mountain,  
Brought to me another suggestion.*

*Despite these influences,  
I attended the naming ceremony.*

*At the mountain's feet,  
I approached to whisper  
The name I created.*

*The mountain, hearing my voice,  
Looked at me angrily and began to weep,  
Blood oozing from its eyes.*

*I, who did nothing and sought no solutions  
for our hunger, our rights, and our sufferings,  
Did nothing about the pillars of power who betrayed us,  
Yet took such pains to find a name for the mountain,  
Made the mountain unhappy and surprised...  
A helplessness washed over me,  
For I could do nothing else.*

**- Marimuthu Sivakumar**



## கொழும்பில் அவன்...!

முத்துசாயியின் மூத்தமகன்  
மூட்டையும் கையுமாய்  
தடுமாறிக் கொண்டிருந்தான்;  
கொச்சிக்கடை கோட்டையில்

அடையாளம் கண்டு  
அருகில் சென்றேன்  
அசிங்கத்தில் அவன் முகம்  
அலங்கோலமானது...

அட்டா அதுவா சங்கதி...!  
உழைத்ததுக்கு காசுகேட்டு  
உரிமைகள் வாங்கி கேட்டு  
உதைப்பட்டு வீதி வந்து  
செய்வதென்ன தெரியாமல்  
சிந்தை கெட்டு போன கதை  
கருத்த தோளும்  
களவாணி முழியும்  
காட்டிக் கொடுத்ததே...

ஊருக்குள்....  
நான் ஊதாரி இல்லை  
ஊதியம் வாங்கி  
உழைத்து தின்னும்  
உழைப்பாளி என்போனே  
இங்கு ஊமையாய் போனானே....  
அவன் பேச்சிழுந்து  
நின்றானே....

அய்யாமாரே! அம்மாமாரே!  
அவன் கதை கேட்டால்  
கரு வீழிகள் முட்டும்  
கண்ணீர் கொட்டும்...

வயது பதினைந்தில்  
புத்தகத்தை நுகர்ந்துகொண்டு  
புனிதன் போல் சுற்றி வந்தான்...  
இன்று புழுதியிலே  
புதைந்து வீட்டான்...

அம்மா அழைத்து  
சாப்பிட்டாயா செல்லமே  
என்ற கனம்  
அறுசுவை உணவென்று  
வெட்கமின்றி  
புழுகித் தள்ளுவான்...  
யாருக்கு தெரியும்  
உணவில் உப்பு கூட இல்லாமல்  
இருப்பதைத் தின்று  
வயிற்றை வளர்த்த கதை... ?

கொழும்புக்கு போனால்  
சொந்தமாகக் கட்டலாம்  
கோட்டை என்பதெல்லாம்  
அபாண்டமான கட்டுக்கதை....

கல்லூரியில் திறனான  
பலரின் நிலை இங்கெவர்  
அறிந்ததுண்டு.....  
படிப்படியாய் படித்து வந்து  
ஏறாத கணிதத்துக்கு  
ஏறுகிறான் கொழும்புக்கு....

இன்று,  
 கொச்சிக்கடை வீதியில்  
 விதியை நினைத்து  
 வியர்வைச் சிந்தி  
 கொத்து ரொட்டி போடுபவனும்...  
 கோல்ஃபேஸ் பக்கத்தில்  
 கத்திக் கத்தி  
 வேர்கடலை விறப்பவனும் ...  
 புத்தகம் சுமந்த முதுகுகளில்  
 புறக்கோட்டை அருகே  
 புழுதி மூட்டை சுமப்பவனும்  
 இங்கிருந்து ஓடிய  
 சின்னஞ் சிறுசுகளே.....  
 அத்தனையும் நம்  
 உடன்பிறவா உறவுகளே...!

கல்லியில் நாட்டம்  
 வரவில்லை என்றால்  
 கொழும்புக்கு ஓட்டம்  
 எனும் குறுகிய வட்டம்  
 அடைக்கப்பட வேண்டும்  
 இளையோரும் இளைஞர்களும்  
 கண்விழித்து வாழ வேண்டும்...  
 கற்ற உறவுகள்  
 கல்லுடைப்பதை நிறுத்தி  
 காரியம் பல செய்தல் நன்று ....

முத்துசாயியின் மூத்த மகன்  
 வரண்ட கைகளும்  
 இருண்ட வாழ்க்கையும்  
 ஒரு நிமிடம் என்னையே  
 உலுக்கிவிட்டது...

—ராசையா கவிஷான்

## මුත්තුසාමිගේ ලොකු පුතා

මුත්තුසාමිගේ ලොකු පුතා  
බර මිටියක් අතැතිව සිටියා,  
කොටුව කොච්චිකයේ දී

හඳුනාගෙන මහට ගියෙමි,  
ලැජ්ජාවට පත් වී ඔහු ,  
මුහුණ හකුළා ගත්තා.. මා දැක

මේකයි ඔහුගේ කතාව ...

මහත්සි වූන තරමට මුදල් ඉල්ලා,  
අයිතීන් ඉල්ලා, ඉන් බැර කා  
දැන් ඔහු මහ පාරටම වැටී ඇත .  
ඒ බව ඔහුගේ  
බැල්ලෙන්ම , මව වැටගේ

ගමේ සිටියදී ,  
වැටුපට වැඩ කරන කම්කරුවෙකු බව පැවසූ ඔහු  
අද කිසිදු කතා බහක් නොමැතිවම ගොඬ වී සිටී .

මහත්ම, මහත්මියණි  
මොහුගේ කතාව ඇසුවොත් ,  
ඔබේ ජෛනෙතින් කැපවී වැගිරෙනු ඇත ...

පහළොස්වියේදී, මොහු පොත පතට ලැදිව සිටි දරුවෙකි ,  
අද ඔහු දුටුම තුළම වැළඳී ගිහින් ...

අම්මා කතා කොට  
කැවිද මගේ පැටියෝ කියා ඇසන විට

කිසිදු පැකිලිමකින් තොරව ඔහු  
ඉතා රසවත් ආභා රසයක් කෑ බවට බොරු කියා පැන  
නමුත් කවි රචනා නම් දැනීම  
ලුණු රසයකින් තොරව තිබේ  
ලැබෙන දේ කා බඩගින්න නිවා ගන්නා  
මොහුගේ කතාව ....

කොළඹට ගියොත් නමන්ගේම කියා මාලිගාවක් තනාගන්නයි සිහිනය .  
නමුත් ඒ සිහිනය පද වර්ගවක් හේද ?

ගමේ පාසලේ දක්ෂයන් වූ බොහෝමයක් දරු දරුවන්  
කොළඹ පැවිත් ගෙවන කටුක දිවිය ගැන දන්නේ කවිද ?

පද කොට්ඨකයේ වීදියේ දැනිය හැඳූ කොත්තු රොට් දැන්නේ ,  
ගාලු මුට්ටු පිටිවීමේ කෑ ගැසා කැබලි විකුණන්නේ  
පොත් පත් ඉසිලූ කප්පිටෙන් පද පිට කොටුවේ බඩු මිටි බසවන්නේ ...  
පැයගේම දරුවන්ය ...  
ඒ සියල්ලෝම එක් කුසේ නූපත් මුත් පැයගේම ලේ ගැසීන්ය.

පැයගේ දරු දරුවන් පැයපාසනය පැනහැර  
කොළඹට පැදෙන මෙම පටු විෂම දොරටුව  
පැය වැසිය යුතුමය.  
මේ ප්‍රාඞ්ගල, දරු දරුවන්  
පවදියෙන් පිටින් විය යුතුය.

මුත්තු යාමිගේ වැඩිමහල් පුතා,  
වියලී ගිය ඔහුගේ පත්,  
පැදුරු වුණු ඔහුගේ පිහිනය,  
නිමේඟයකට මා තදින් කම්පා කර වුවා....

-රාජසිරිසා කවිකාන්

## He, in Colombo...

*Mutthusami's elder son  
Bore a heavy burden upon his back  
At Fort in Kochchikade.*

*Identifying who he was,  
I approached him,  
He appeared ashamed,  
casting his eyes down... upon seeing me.*

*This is his tale...  
He sought fair wages for their toil,  
Asserted their rights and met a grim fate,  
Now he's destitute and alone,  
His demeanour speaks volumes to me.*

*Once, in the village,  
He was hailed as a labourer earning a respectable wage,  
But today, silence envelops him.*

*Ladies and gentlemen,  
If you hear this lad's plight,  
your eyes will be opened, and tears may flow...*

*At fifteen, he was a bright student,  
Yet now, he's buried beneath the weight of dust...*

*When his mother calls,  
Inquiring, "Have you eaten, my dear?"*

*Without hesitation, he fibs,  
Claiming he's dined on sumptuous fare,  
But who knows the truth,  
Of his reality,  
consuming tasteless meals  
without complaint...*

*In Colombo, he dreamed of erecting his own mansion,  
A dream deferred, is it not?*

*Skilled students back then in the village,  
Who knows their meagre existence in Colombo?*

*Those who prepare 'Kottu roti' on Kochchikade's streets,  
Those who vend 'Kadala' with booming voices at Galle Face,  
And those who carry burdens upon their backs, once borne by  
school bags...*

*They are all our children,  
Bound by blood, though not by birth...  
We must break this narrow cycle  
where our youth forsake education  
to seek fortune in Colombo.  
These youngsters must be roused from their slumber.*

*Mutthusami's elder son,  
His weathered hands,  
His life dimmed,  
Sent a tremor through my being...*

**-Rasaiyah Kavishan**

## குடை பிடிப்பவனுக்கே கொண்டாட்டம்

இரு கை இருக்க குடை பிடிப்பான்  
இன்னொருவன் - அவர்  
கைப்பேசி அழைப்புக்கும்  
காது கொடுப்பான்  
மற்றொருவன்

உண்டு களிக்கையில்  
உதட்டில் ஒட்டியதை  
தட்டி விடுவான்  
தயக்கமின்றி

அவர் நடப்பார்  
இவன் ஓடுவான்

பிறர் மூளைச்சலவை செய்யும்  
அவர் பேச்சுக்கு  
கரவொலி  
இவனிலிருந்து  
கருத்தரிக்கும்

வாக்கு எலும்புக்காய்  
தெருநாயாய் சுற்றித்திரிந்த - அவர்  
பாதங்களுக்கே  
ஊர்வழிச் சொல்லிக்கொடுப்பான்

என் கவிதையில் அவரை பாடச்சொல்வான்  
நான் தலை வணங்கா தமிழ்க்கவி என்றால்  
பிழைக்கத் தெரியாதவனென  
பேதையாய் உள்ளுவான்



மதுவுக்கு கோசயிடுவான்  
மந்திரி பணத்தில் சொப்பன சுந்தரி பாடி  
சுகம் காண்பான்

அய்யா செய்வார் என  
பொய்யாய் இவனது  
சந்தைப்படுத்தலால்  
சந்தேகத்தீயில் வாக்கிட்டவர்  
வாடிப்போவார்

தோப்பாய் குண்டர் பெருக்கி குதூகலிப்பான்  
மக்கள் சேவைக்கு தாழ்ப்பாளிட்டே  
தம்பட்டம் அடிப்பான்

இப்படி இவன் காட்டும்  
செப்படி வீத்தையை  
தப்படித்து நான் சொல்லப்போனால் -என்  
தாளம் தப்பென  
ஒடும்பிள்ளையாய்  
ஊரோடி உரைப்பான்  
ஆங்காங்கே தோப்பாய்  
பெருகிவரும்  
கறையான் வீருட்சங்களை  
வேரோடு வீழ்த்த  
ஊருக்கொரு பாரதி  
உருவாக வேண்டும்

அப்போதுதான்  
ஒட்டடை படிந்த  
எங்கள் மலை அரசியல் நிலை மாறும்  
அதுவரைக்கும் குடைபிடிப்பவனுக்குத்தான்  
கொண்டாட்டம்...

—புசல்லாவை கண்பதி

## කුසි අල්ලන කෙනාටයි වාසිය...

දෙ අත් නිකුනත් ඔහුට , මොහු කුසි අල්ලයි,  
ඔහුට වීන දුරකථන ඇමතුමට , පිලිතුරු දෙන්නෙත් මොහුමය

කෑම කනවිට , ඔහුගේ මුව පිය දමයි මොහු  
කිසිදු පැකිලීමකින් තොරවම

ඔහු ඇවිදිනවිට , මොහු ඔහු පසුපස දුවයි

ඔහුගේ රැවටිලිකාර කනාවට  
ඇත්පොලයන් නැගීම ,  
මොහුගෙන්ම පටන් ගනී ...

මනාප පසුපස , විදී බල්ලෙකු ලෙස ඇවිදින ඔහුගේ දෙපා වලට,  
මොහු මහාගෘහ පෙන්වයි ...

මගේ කවියෙහි ඔහුට වර්ණනා කරන ලෙස මොහු කියයි ,  
ඊට මම හිස නොතමන විට,  
මොහු මට බැන වැදී , මත් වී දොඩවයි.

මත් පැත් වෙනුවෙන් කෑ ගැසන මොහු  
ඔහුගේ මුදුල් වලින්ම නටා ගො ඝරප විඳියි ...

බොරු කියා ජනතාව රවටයි ...  
මැරකමින් , හොරකමින් කල්ගෙවයි  
විනෝදවෙයි

ජනනා සේවයට පැමිණි දමා  
තමන්ගේ මනිය තර කථනී ...

මෙලෙස මොහු පෙන්වන රහස්‍යව,  
මම බෙර වයා කියන්නට ගියොත්,  
මගේ නාමය වැරදී යැයි කියා ..  
මොහු ගම පුරා කතා හදාවී ...

ගම පුරා චේතනෙන් පැතිරෙන  
මොහු වැනි "චේතෝ" බිහිවෙන ගැස්,  
මුල ජීවිත උගුල්ලා දැමිය යුතුය ...

ඒ චේතුවෙන්  
ගමට එක් "නාරතී" කෙනෙක්  
බිහි විය යුතුය ...  
එවිට පැදැර දැල් බැඳුණු පෞර්වකර්මය  
වෙනස් වේවි ...

එතෙක් ... කුඩිය පල්ලන කෙනාට තමයි වාසිය ...

-පුස්සලේලාට ගණපති

## The one who holds the umbrella reaps the benefits...

*When 'he' has his own hands,  
this man holds the umbrella for 'him',  
All 'his' calls are answered by this man,*

*When 'he' eats, this person wipes his mouth,  
without any hesitation.*

*When 'he' walks, this fellow runs behind him.*

*The applause for 'his' deceitful speech,  
Always begins with this person...*

*'He' who roams the streets, like a stray dog, for votes,  
Are guided by this man ...*

*This person demands me to praise 'him' in my poem,  
When I ignore his words,  
he scolds me, gets drunk, and babbles.*

*This fellow raises his voice for liquor,  
Lives lavishly on 'his' money...*

*Deceiving and misleading people...  
Living off thuggery and theft,  
enjoying a carefree life.*

*Will shut every door to public service  
filling only his own purse...*

*If I try to beat a drum and expose him,  
He will spread rumours around the village,  
claiming my beat is wrong..*

*We must uproot these weeds  
that bear termites like him,  
spreading through the village...*

*For that,  
every village should give birth to,  
one 'Bharati' ...  
Then, the darkened webs of our hills  
will change.  
Until then...  
The one who holds the umbrella would only reap the  
benefits....*

- C. Subramania Bharati was a Tamil writer, poet, journalist, Indian independence activist, social reformer and polyglot. He was bestowed the title Bharati for his poetry and was a pioneer of modern Tamil poetry. He is popularly known by his title Bharati or Bharathiyaar and also by the other title "Mahakavi Bharati".

**-Pussellawa Ganapathy**

## ஒரு வேளை இப்படியாக கூட இருக்கலாம்

ஒரு நுனி அளவு கூட  
எவ்வித எதிர்பார்ப்புமின்றி  
இலங்கை வந்தது,  
தேயிலை மரத்தடியில்  
தேங்காய், மாசி இருப்பதாக  
கூறியதால் என இல்லாமல் இருக்கலாம்.

ஒரு வேளை  
புது வாழ்க்கையைத் தொடங்க,  
தன் தாய் மண்ணிலிருந்து  
தன் கனவுகளை  
நிறைவேற்ற முடியாது என  
தோணியதால் கூட இருக்கலாம்

இல்லையென்றால்  
தன் பெயரில் எழுதப்படாத  
கனவுகளை  
தன் பிள்ளைகளுக்காவது  
நிறைவேற்றி கொடுக்கும்  
நோக்கத்தினால் கூட இருக்கலாம்

அதிகாரிகள் ஆள்வதற்காக  
இவர்கள்  
இரவு பகல் பார்க்காமல்  
வேலை செய்து கஷ்டப்பட்டது,  
என்றெக்காவது  
தனது பிள்ளைகளை  
ஆளவைப்பதற்கு உள்ள  
ஆசையால் கூட இருக்கலாம்

—ஜெயகாந்த் ஜானு

## මෙහෙම වෙනිහත් ඇති...

ඇඟිලි තුඩක් තර්ච්චන්  
ඹලාපොරොත්තුවක් නොමැතිව  
ලංකාවට එන්න ඇත්තේ,  
තේ ගස් යට උච්ඛලකඩ නියතවායැයි, කියපු නිසාම නොවෙන්නත් ඇති ...

සමහරවිට අමුත් ජීවිතයක් ජවන් ගන්න,  
උපන් බිමේ සිට ,තම හීන හැඳූ කඵගන්න  
ඹර්චේවියැයි හිතන නිසා වෙන්නත් ඇති...

ලොක්කො රජකඵවන්න  
දුවා රැ නොඹලා මහත්සි වෙන්න ඇත්තේ  
කඵදාහෝ තම දුරුවන්  
රජ කඵච්චේ ආඳාවෙන් වෙන්නත් ඇති ...

-ජයාකාන්තී ජානු

## Perhaps it might have happened like this...

*Without even a glimmer of hope  
as small as a fingertip,  
They might have come to Lanka,  
perhaps not because they were  
lured by tales of Maldivian fish  
beneath the tea bushes...*

*Perhaps, to begin a new life,  
Knowing it is difficult  
to realise their dreams  
In their motherland...*

*Might have worked day and night,  
To make the affluent crown,  
With the hope of making their own children  
Heirs to the throne one day...*

-Jayakanth Janu



## மின் வெட்டு...

நாடும் நகரமும் இருட்டை பூசிக்கொள்ள  
மின்மினி பூச்சுக்களாய்  
சில இடங்கள் மட்டும்  
ஒளிர்ந்தன...!.

பலருக்கு பல பிரச்சினைகள்...

மெழுகுவர்த்தி பெட்டிகளை  
தூசு தட்டி எடுத்து  
மேசையில் முன்பாக  
தயார்ப்படுத்தினர் முதலாளிகள்

வசதியுள்ளவர்கள்  
மின்பிறப்பாக்கிக்கு  
உயிர் கொடுத்தனர்..!

துக்க சம்பவ பட்டியலில்  
இதையும் அடக்கலாம் என்று நினைத்து  
கவலையை வரவழைத்துக்கொண்ட  
குடிமகன்கள்  
கடையை நோக்கி  
நடையைக் கட்டினர்  
முடியாதவர்கள்;  
வாக்களித்த அரசாங்கத்தை  
ஏசினர்.  
நாட்டின் மெயின் சுவீட்சை  
அணைத்தவர் மின் சக்தி  
அமைச்சர் என்றனர்.

பக்கத்து வீடுகளில்  
கொடுத்து வைத்த கோழியையும் மீனையும்  
வாங்கிக்கொண்டனர்;  
குளிர்சாதனப் பெட்டி  
வசதியில்லாதவர்கள்..!

உலகிலுள்ள அனைவரையும்  
படைத்த கடவுளையும்  
திட்டித் தீர்த்தனர்;  
ஏ.சியிலேயே பிறந்து வாழ்ந்து  
பழக்கப்பட்டவர்கள்  
பலருக்கு இரவு உணவு  
பாணும் ஜேமும் பட்டருமானது...!

'செம்பருத்தி'யில் பார்வதியையும்  
'யாரடி நீ மோகினி'யில் வெண்ணிலாவையும்  
நினைத்து பலர்  
ஏக்கத்தில் தூங்கினர்...

இவை ஒன்றிலும் பாதிக்கப்படாத சிறுமி  
மண்ணெண்ணை விளக்கை  
வழமை போன்று தூண்டி வீட்டு  
படிப்பதற்குத் தயாரானாள்;  
அந்தப் பெருந்தோட்ட  
தொடர் குடியிருப்பின்  
கடைசி வீடு என்றும்  
போல் அமைதியாக இருந்தது  
ஆனால் வெளிச்சமாக..!

—சிவலிங்கம் சிவகுமாரன்

## විදුලි කප්පාදුව

මුඛ ගම ම, අදුරෙන් ආලෝපනය වෙද්දී ...,  
කණාමැදුර් එළි සේ  
සමහරක් තැන් පමණක් ආලෝකමත් වුණා ...!

මේ හදිසි විදුලි කප්පාදුව නිසා  
බොහෝ විනිසුන්ට බොහොම ප්‍රශ්න.....

මුදලාලිවරුන්, ඉවිපන්දම් පෙට්ටිවල දූවිලි ගැසලා අරගන්නා  
පොහොසතුන් සේනරේච්චලට ජීවිය දන්නා .

සමහරක් විනිසුන් කඩ පිල් වලට එකරැස් වී දොඩමළු වෙලා ... .  
අතෙමුත්, බොරු පොරොන්දු දුන් රජයට බැන වදිමින් කාලය කා දැමීම ,  
රටේ ප්‍රධානතම ස්වීචය විසන්ධි කලබව කියමින්  
විදුලිබල අඳවැනිටත් බැන වැදුණා

ශීතකරණ පහසුකම් නොමැති අය  
අල්ලපු ගෙදරට දී තිබුණ මස් හා මාළු ව්‍යංජන  
තැවෙන ලබා ගන්න ..

වායු සම්කරණවලම ඉපදිලා,  
එවායෙන්ම ජීවත් වෙන්න පුරුදු වුණ අයට තම  
තත්වය තවත් තරක වුණා ....

ඔවුන් බොහෝදෙනෙකුගේ රාත්‍රී අභ්‍යාස  
පාත්‍රය, බටරයේ බවට පත්වෙලා ....

"සෙව්බර්ජන්" වෙලි නාට්‍යයෙහි ජාඪවතී ...

"යාර්ඩ් හී මෝහිනී" වෙලි නාට්‍යයෙහි වෙන්තිලා ... ගැන සිතාගෙන  
සමහරක් අය දැකින් කල්පනා කරමින් තිදා ගත්තා.

මේ කියම දෙයකින්, කියම බලපෑමක් ඇති නොවුණු දැරියක්  
හැමදාකම වගේ ඇදුන් , ඇවිතෙල් ලාම්පුව දල්වාගෙන  
ජාඩ්ම් කරන්නට සූදානම් වුණා.

කඳුකර නිවාස පේලියේ ඒ අත්තිම නිවාස  
හැමදාම වගේ නිහඬව තිබුණා...  
හැඬෙයි ආලෝකමත්ව ...

-සිවලිංගම් සිවකුමාරන්

## Power cuts

*When darkness cloaked the village,  
Like scattered fireflies at night,  
Only a few places glimmered in the gloom.*

*The sudden power cut sparked  
A cascade of troubles for many...*

*Merchants unearthed musty candle boxes,  
Dusted them off and placed them on tables.  
The wealthy started their generators.*

*Some gathered at shop fronts,  
Blaming the government for broken promises.  
Ministers were scorned for the power they've hoarded.*

*Those without refrigerators  
Retrieved fish and meat curries  
From neighbours' fridges...*

*While the air-conditioned elite  
Felt the discomfort most keenly,  
Their supper reduced to bread, jam, and butter.*

*Some fell asleep in sorrow,  
Thinking of Parvathi from 'Sembaruththi'  
And Vennila from 'Yardi ni Mohini.'*

*Yet, a girl untouched by these woes,  
Prepared to study,  
Lighting a kerosene lamp.*

*The last house of the line on the hill,  
Was silent as always,  
But it glowed in the dark.*

**-Sivalingam Sivakumaran**

## வாழ்க்கை

கால் நனையாமல்  
கடல் கடந்தவர்கள் உண்டு  
ஆனால்  
கண் நனையாமல்  
வாழ்க்கையை  
கடந்தவர்கள் இல்லை

எல்லோரும் பயணிக்கிறார்கள்  
என்று நீயும் பின் தொடராதே,  
உனக்கான பாதையை  
நீயே தேர்ந்தெடு

ஒடி ஒடி உழைத்த போது  
ஒட்டாத பணம்  
ஆடி அடங்கியவுடன்  
நேற்றியில் வந்து  
ஒட்டிக்கொள்கிறது

உன் குணத்தைச் சொல்ல  
ஆள் இல்லை - உன்  
குறை சொல்ல  
ஊரே உள்ளது.

—ஜேசு பெர்ணான்டோ நென்சி

## පිටිතය

දෙපා නොනෙම් සාගරය තරණය කරවුන් සිව්යි,  
චිහෙත් දැස් නොනෙම් චිචිතය තරණය කරපු අය තැන  
හැරෙම ගමන් කරන මගෙහි , ඔවුන් පසුපස නොයන්න  
ඔබ වෙනුවෙන් වූ මාර්ගය, ඔබම සොයා ගන්න  
දුටු දුටා හම්බකරන විට, අනෙහි බැඳුණේ තැනි සල්ලි  
මේ හැම රංගනයකම අවසන් වූ විට, තළලුණේ බැඳෙනු ඇත.

-විසී. ජේසුෆර්නැන්ඩෝ හැන්සි



## Life

*Some sail the seas, feet stay dry,  
Yet, who navigates life with unwet eyes?  
Don't follow the crowd's easy stride,  
Forge your path; don't let it slide.  
Unearned wealth in life's long quest,  
Marks your brow when you find rest.*

-S Jesuferando Nancy

## மீள் பயணம்

நட மகனே,  
செல்லுமிடம் தூரயில்லை.

கார்ப்பட் ரோட்டில்  
கால்கள் ஊன்றி நட  
முட்கள் குத்தி வலித்த  
பாதங்களின் சுவடுகள்  
எங்கேனும்  
புழுதி அடுக்குகளில்  
மறைந்திருக்கும்.

கவலையில்லை, கடந்து செல்!  
இரத்தம் சொட்டச் சொட்ட  
அழுந்தப் பதிந்து  
அவர்கள் வெட்டியதால்  
இந்த மண்ணில் பாதையென  
நானும் நீயும் செல்கிறோம்.  
உரத்துச் சொல்!

நேரே பார்த்து நிமிர்ந்து நட!  
முதுகு குனிந்து  
வேருக்கு உரமிட்டு  
ஆண்டாண்டு கடந்தும்  
குட்டையாய் வைத்திருக்க  
சரீக்கப்பட்டாலும் கூட  
அந்தச் செடிக்குள் அவர்கள் விதைத்தது  
நீ நெடிதுயர வேண்டிய வீரியத்தைத் தான்,

இறுகப் பற்றி கைகள் கோர்த்து நட!

கேலிப் பேச்சுக்களும்  
ஏளனப் பார்வைகளும்  
கிழித்த கோடுகளில்  
உருவெடுத்த ஓவியங்கள்  
எங்கோ ஓர் மூலையில்  
தொங்கட்டும்.

நீட்டிய கரம் உதறிய  
நிராகரிப்பின் வலி மறைத்து,  
அடையாளம் இழந்தாலும்  
மனம் நிறைந்த நேசத்துடன்  
புன்னகைத்து புறக்கணித்தவர்க்கு  
அவர்கள் காட்டியதில்  
அப்பழுக்கற்ற அன்புக்கு  
அர்த்தம் கிடைத்தது.  
நெஞ்சுக்கு குறுக்கே  
கட்டியிருக்கும் கைகள் அலிழ்!  
காற்றைக் கிழிக்க வீசி நட

கிள்ளியதை எடுத்து  
முதுகுப் பின்  
கூடைக்குள் வீசியதால்  
நிரம்பிய தேசம்.  
வெடித்த விரல்கள்  
வடுக்களாகவே இருக்கட்டும்.  
கனன்ற கைகள் வலிக்க வலிக்க  
காடு வெட்டி மலை குடைந்து  
பச்சைக் கம்பளம் விரித்ததால்  
பிழைத்துக் கொண்ட தேசம்!  
நடந்து செல் உரத்துச் சொல் மகனே  
நீ நீயாக செல்லுயிடம் நோக்கி  
நிமிர்ந்து செல்ல வேண்டிய தேசம்  
உன் தேசம்

—சதீஷ் கிருஷ்ணபிள்ளை

## ඔබේ ජේෂ්වය...

අඳවිද යන්න පුනේ  
ගම්නාන්තය වැඩි අඳනක නොවේ  
කාපටි අඳතිරිඳ පාලේ පය ගයා අඳවිද යන්න.

කටු අඳහි රිදවුනු පාදවල යටහන්  
කොහෝ හෝ දුටිලි තට්ටුවල සැඟවී තියෙව් ...  
දුකක් නැහැ, පසුකර් යන්න!

ලේ , කැපුළු හෙලවින් , ඔවුන් මේ මග නැහැ තියයි ,  
අද මමත්, ඔබත් මේ මගෙහි මෙලෙසින් ගමන් කරන්නේ...  
ඒ ගැන හැබි නගා කියමින් ,  
දුදිඳියම ඔලා කෙලින් ගමන් කරන්න.

කොන්ද නමාගෙන, මුල් වලට පොහොර දමලා ...  
කප්පාදු කර අවුර්දු ගණනක් ගෙවීමත්,  
මිටිව , නොඋසව නබා ගැනීමට සාප ලද්දා වුවත්,  
ඒ පැල තුළ ඔවුන් වැඩිවෙතේ  
ඔබ අඳහි කර ගත යුතු චීර්යයයි.

අත් එකකොට අඳවිදින්න!,  
අපහාස උපහාස , අඳනම් ඔඳනම් වලින් අඳදුනු 'ඉරි' වලින්  
බිහිවුණු සිතුවම් කොහෝ හෝ මුල්ලක එල්ලී තිබුනාමේ ...

දිගුකල දැන් ලෙසම, පුතිකෂේපවු වේදනාවන්ද සඟවා  
අනන්තයාවද අහිමිවී ගියත්  
නොසලකා හරින්නන්ට පවා

හදවතින්ම ආදරයෙන් සිනාසුන හියා  
දිලිඳු සෙනෙහස අර්ථවත් විය ...

හදවතට හර්ස්ව ගැට ගසන ලද අත් ලිහන්න,  
සුලුගා දෙබඳ වෙන තරමට දෙපයට චීස්කර් ඇවිද යන්න.

ඇඟිලි තැබීන් කොතින්නා ගත් දේ  
උරිය පිටුපස ඇති කැබයට දමා  
ගොඩනැගූ , දේශය ...  
පිපිරුණු අත්,කැළලේ ඒ ලෙසම හිඹුණාදෙන් ...  
දැන් ඊදෙන තරමටම කැලෑ කපලා ,කඳු බඳවුම් කර,  
හරිත පලයක් වලා, ගොඩනැගූ දේශය ...

ඇවිද යන්න, ඉදිරියටම  
බබ බබම ලෙස  
හඬ නගා කියන්න  
මේ බබේ දේශය ...

ගමනාන්තය දෙසටම ,  
හිස බසවා ගමන් ගන්න  
මේ බබගේම දේශය ...

-සජීම් ක්‍රිෂිනපිරිලේ

## A Walk for Our Own Nation

*Walk, my son,  
The destination isn't far.  
Tread along the carpeted path.*

*The prints of pain from thorn-pricked feet  
Will be hidden somewhere beneath the layers of dust...*

*No sadness. Walk past them!*

*Shedding blood and tears, they built this road.  
Today, you and I walk it,  
Proclaiming that loudly...  
Look ahead and walk forward.*

*With bent backs, they nourished the roots...  
Years have passed since pruning,  
Though cursed to remain stunted,  
They instilled in those plants  
The courage you must nurture.*

*Join hands and walk!  
Let the paintings drawn with the lines of insults, jeers, and  
scoldings  
hung in some corner...*

*Hiding the pain caused by,  
the rejection of the outstretched hands  
and the rejected sufferings,*

*despite the lost identity,  
as we smiled from our hearts with love,  
even with the ones who neglected us,  
The love of the poor gained meaning...*

*Release the hands tied across your heart,  
Stretch them wide, divide the wind, and walk.*

*Gathering what was plucked with the fingertips,  
Into the basket on our backs,  
The country was built...  
Cracked fingertips, the scars, let them remain...  
Clearing forests, levelling hills with hurting hands, and laying  
a carpet of greenery,  
This country was built...*

*Walk straight ahead,  
Be yourself,  
Proclaim loudly,  
This is your country...*

*To the destination,  
Walk, keeping your head high,  
This is your own country...*

**-Sadeesh Krishnapillai**

## கூட்டம்

ஓடோடி வந்து  
'சீட்'டில் உட்கார்ந்து  
மணியைப் பார்த்தேன்  
மூன்று என்றது.  
ஏனிந்த திடீர் கூட்டம்  
தெரிந்து கொள்வதில் நாட்டம்.

சுற்றிக் கூட்டம்  
'சீட்டு'கள் 'புல்'.  
கசமுசாக்களின் எதிரொலி  
சுவரெல்லாம்.  
படபடப்புக்களின் எதிரொலி  
முகமெல்லாம்.

வயிறு கனத்தது பசிக்காய்  
மனது கனத்தது ரயிலுக்காய்.  
சென்றுவீடத் துடித்தன கால்கள்  
எழுந்துவீடத் துடித்தன 'செல்'கள்.  
ஐந்து அடித்தது கடிகாரம்  
மனது நைந்து தொலைந்தது வெகுதூரம்.

'டேகெயாரி'ல் பாப்பா  
'நியுஷனி'லே பையன்  
மூலைக்கடையில் காய்கறிகள்  
மூன்று வாங்க வேணும்  
பாப்பாவுக்கு பால்  
பையனுக்கு கொப்பி  
அம்மாவுக்கு 'பிரஷர்' குளுசை  
பரபரவென்று வேலையை  
பட்டியலிட்டது மனது.



ஆறடித்தது கடிகாரம்  
வரவில்லை அமைச்சர் இதுகாறும்  
எண்ண நடந்தாலும் நடக்கட்டும்  
எச்சு விழுந்தாலும் விழுகட்டும்  
படக்கென்று எழுந்து  
ரயில் நோக்கி நடந்தன கால்கள்.

—இந்திரா தேவி

## හදිසි රැස්වීම

දුවගෙන විත්, අයුනෙහි වාඩි වී වෙලාව බැලුවෙමි,  
වෙලාව තුනයි.....  
අරයි මේ හදිස්සියේ රැස්වීමක්  
දැන ගැනීමට කැතුහලයක්.

වටේටම සෞභග  
අයුත් පිඵ්, කියවිලි ශබ්දය දෝංකාර දෙයි, බිත්ති පුරා  
හද ගැස්ම දෝංකාරය දෙයි මුහුණ පුරා

විඩා බර්ය සියොළග , කැසගින්නට  
සිත බර වී දුච්චියට ...  
යන්නට දහලයි දෙපා , තැගිටින්න තනනය ගත ...  
බරලෝයුව නාද වුණි පහේ කණියමට  
සිත අඳි ගියා බොහෝ දුරකට...

"දුවා සුරැකුම් මධ්‍යස්ථානයේ " පුංචි දුව ...  
අමතර පන්නියේ පුතා  
කෙළවරේ කඩෙන් එළවළු තුනක් ගන්නත් බිහි  
පුංචි දුවට කිරිපිටි  
පුතාට කොපි පොත්  
අම්මට ප්‍රේෂ් පෙනි  
කඩිමුඩියේ වැඩි වික ලැස්සතුගත කර ගන්නා සිත ...

බරලෝයුව නාද වුණා යළිත් .. හයේ කණියමට  
මැති අමතරවර, හිලධාරීන් කවිචරන්, පැමිණි නොමැත නවමන් ...  
මොහදේ වුනත් වුණාදෙන්  
බැනුම් , අසන්නටත් වේවි, එත් කම් තැන ....  
සැනින් තැගිටුහි දෙපා ...  
දුච්චිය පල වෙන ඉගිලුහි මා ...

-ඉහ්ඳු දේවි

## An Urgent Meeting

*Rushing to my seat, I glanced at the clock; it was 3 p.m.  
Curiosity peaked—why a sudden meeting?*

*People all around,  
Every seat filled, chatter echoing off the walls,  
Heart pounding, its rhythm visible on my face.*

*Body tired, hunger gnawing,  
My mind focused on the train...  
Feet trying to run, body attempting to stand...  
The clock struck five,  
And my mind wandered far.*

*The young daughter in daycare,  
Son at tuition,  
Need to buy three vegetables from the shop at the end of the  
road,  
Milk powder for daughter,  
Exercise books for son,  
Pressure tablets for mother—  
My mind hastily organised the to-do list...*

*The clock struck six,  
No ministers or officers in sight.  
Whatever happens, let it be,  
Even I may get scolded, it's alright...  
I suddenly stood up...  
And flew to the railway station.*

-Indra Dhevi

## ஊமைக் கனவு

தேயிலை தேசத்தின்  
தேக்கத்தில்  
தேங்கியுள்ள  
தேகத்தில்  
தேடுகின்றனர்  
தேசத்தின்  
விடியலை

பாடும் குயிலும்  
பண்பாடும்  
பாமரர் எம்  
பல்லவிகளை  
தினமும்

உழைப்பு ஒன்றே  
உள்ளம் மிக விரும்பும்  
வீணை உண்டு கழிப்பதை  
உவகையுடன்  
தடுக்கும்.

அன்றாட பொழப்புக்காக  
அடியெடுக்கும்  
ஆசை மனது  
அரைச்சம்பளம்  
ஆனதும்  
ஆடி நிற்கும்  
அரைசான்  
உடம்பு

உழைப்புக்கேற்ற  
ஊதியம்  
இங்கில்லை  
ஊமைக்கனவாக  
உள்ளம் பதறுகின்றது.

எங்களுக்கும்  
வாழ்வீருக்கு  
வாழ்வுக்குள்  
கனவீருக்கு  
கனவு மெய்ப்பட

காணவேண்டும்  
அதில்  
தனிவீடு காணவேண்டும்  
உழைப்புக்கேற்ற  
ஊதியம் வேண்டும்.

—ஜொசுவா அன்னாள் க்ளோரி

## ගොඵවු සිහින

තේ දැව් දේශයක  
අතේ ජලාශයක,  
පලවෙමින් තිබෙන ශරීරයකින්  
සොයනවා ,නව උදාවක්

ගී ගයයි කොටුලත්  
අපේ සංස්කෘතිය ගැන...  
අප විඳින දුක ගැන...  
සැමදාම

තිකම් කාලය කා දමන්නට නම්  
පිරිසක් තැන ....  
ශ්‍රමය වගුරුවන්නේ  
සිතේ කැමැත්තෙනි ...

ච්ඡිනෙදා මෙහෙවර වෙනුවෙන්  
සිත පියවර තබනමුත් .....  
වැටුපෙන් අඩක් ලැබුණු විට සැසලව යයි....  
මහත්සියට සර්ලන වැටුපක් අපට තැන  
ගොඵ වූ සිහිනයක් ලෙස හදවත නොසන්සුන්ය

අපටත් පීච්ඨයක් අත,  
සැබෑ කඵගන්නට සිහින අත ....  
අවම වශයෙන් තනි ඉඩමක ,  
තනි නිවසක්, අපට ලැබෙන්නේ කවදාද ?

-ජොසුවා අන්තාල් ග්ලෝරි

## Unvoiced Dreams...

*In a land of tea buds,  
a decaying body  
seeks  
a new dawn.*

*Koels sing  
every day  
of our culture,  
our sufferings.*

*We toil  
happily,  
Not wanting to waste time.*

*Though the heart appreciates  
the daily labour,  
when we receive half the wage,  
the body grows restless.*

*Our earnings never match our toil,  
The heart stirs with unvoiced dreams...*

*We, too, have lives,  
And dreams to realise.*

*When, at last, will we attain  
A plot of land,  
A separate home?*

-Joshua Annal Glory

## மலையகப் பெண்

அன்று அடுப்பூதியவர்களாம்  
இன்று தலை நிமிர்ந்து  
அரும்பு வீட்ட - எம்  
மலையகப் பெண்

சிந்தும் வியர்வையும்  
சுட்டெரிக்கும் சூரியனும்  
கசிந்து ஓடும்  
இரத்த சொட்டும் - உன்  
உழைப்பிற்கு ஈடாகுமா?

குழி விழுந்த கண்ணங்களும்  
வறண்ட தோலும்  
கரை படிந்த விரல்களும்  
உனது அடையாளங்களாய்!

சுழுகம் உன்னை  
அடிமை என  
அடையாளம் காட்டிய போதிலும்  
தலை சாய்க்காதே - இம்  
மலையகத்தை  
கட்டி அனைத்த  
முடி சூடா மகா ராணியே!

நூற்றாண்டுகள் பல கடந்தாலும்,  
களைப்பாற செய்கிறது - உன்னால்  
ஒவ்வொரு தேநீர் கோப்பைகளும்



உன் உழைப்பு,  
ஆர்ப்பணிப்பு - இம்  
மலையக மண்ணை  
காட்டுத் தீயாய்  
பரவ செய்யும்

இப்பணி உன்னை  
உயர்த்த பெண் வீடுதலை  
தளைத்தோங்க  
உலகமெல்லாம் கொண்டாடும்  
உழைப்பாளர் தினம்  
உனக்காக,

மலையக பெண்ணே  
தலை வணக்கம்!

—எம். புனிதா

## කඳුකර කාන්තාව

චූදා කවියෝ ,  
විශ්විත කාන්තාව ලෙස හඳුනාගන්නේ  
නිවසට සීමාවී සිටි සරල ගෘහනියයි.  
තමුත් අපේ කඳුකර කාන්තාව  
ඉන් ඉදිරියට ගොස් ...  
අද නොබියව හිස ඔසවා  
අතියෝගවලට මුහුණදෙන  
ශක්තිමත් කාන්තාවකි ....  
ගහිත් වැහිලෙන දැනැසිය,  
හිරුබැසිත් ගිනියමිටු සිරුර තුල ගලන ලේ බිංදු -  
ඔබේ ශ්‍රමයට සමවනු අපහිදු කිසිවක්....

වල ගැසුනු කම්මුලයි , රැලි වැටුණු සමයි,  
කහට වැටුණු අතැහිලියි,  
චයම ටේ ඔබේ අතතපතාව...

"කඳුකරය " යන වදනම සමච්චලයක් කොටගත්  
මෙවන් යුගයක...  
සමාජය ඔබව වහලෙක් ලෙසින් දුටුවත් .....  
හිස තමන්ත නම් චූදා...

මේ කඳුකරය වැළඳගත්,  
ඔටුනු නොපැළඳු මහා රැජින ඔබයි....  
කඳුකරයේ කාන්තාව.....

සියවස් බොහෝ ගෙවීමත්,  
තවමත් ..... ඔබේ ශ්‍රමයෙන් බිහිවෙන

සෑම තේ කෝප්පයක් ගානම  
අපගේ විඩාව දුරුවී යයි.....

ඔබේ ආදරය, ශ්‍රමය, කැපවීම, මෙම කැපකර ඇමිය පුරා  
ලැවී ගින්නක් ලෙස පැතිරෙනු ඇත.

අයිතීන් රැකගන්න, කාර්තෘ නිදහස ඔස්සවන්න,  
ලොව පුරා සමභව සියළු කම්කරු දිනයත් ඔබ වෙනුවෙන්ම ...

කැපකර කාර්තෘවට අපේ උත්තරාවාරය!!

-එම්. පුනිදා

## The Woman of the Hills

*Poets of the past  
Praised as Great Women  
Those confined to their homes.  
But the woman of the hills  
Have surged far ahead...  
Today, she stands tall,  
Facing challenges with  
strength and fearless resolve...*

*Sweat cascading down your skin,  
Droplets of blood in the sun-scorched body-  
What labour can compare to yours?*

*Sunken cheeks, wrinkled skin,  
Stained fingers-  
These form your identity.*

*In a time when the hills are mocked,  
Though society sees you as a slave,  
Never bow your head...*

*Embracing these hills,  
You are the Uncrowned Queen...  
The woman of the hills.*

*Centuries have passed,  
Still to this day...From your labour,*

*Every cup of tea made,  
Refreshes us...*

*Your love, labour, and dedication  
Spread like wildfire  
Through the hills.*

*The days,  
That celebrate labourers,  
Protect their rights,  
Empower women's freedom,  
They are all for your sake.*

*We salute the Woman of the Hills!*

**-M. Punitha**

## மௌனம் அவிழ்கின்றபோது

இரவினின்றும் விடுபடாத  
ஆயிரமாயிரம் பகலிலொன்று  
சலித்தபடி புலர்கிறது

மலைகளை உரித்து  
தேயிலையின் விதைகளைத் தூவிய - என்  
மக்களின் அவிழாத மௌனத்தோடு

மலைகளை ஆளும்  
எங்களின் எஜமானர்கள்  
அதிகாலை தெனீருக்காக - எம்  
குடிசைகள் மீது தீ மீட்டுகின்றபோது  
இன்னும் தம்மினத்து  
மந்தைகளை  
எங்களின் நிலமடியில்  
வன்முறையின் சந்தங்களோடு  
மேய்ச்சலிடுகின்றபோது..

நாய்களின் மொழியை  
எங்களிடையே வீசுகின்ற போது  
குடிசையின் தீ எம்மீது பரவும்

அக்கணம் அதிகாரத்தின் உடுக்கொலியில்  
மந்திரித்த நூல்கொண்டு  
பூட்டிய விலங்குகளை உடைத்தப்படி  
அடிமைகளின் விடுதலைக் குரல்களில்  
நுணிபட்டு பெரு வெடிப்போடு  
அவிழும் எம் மௌனம்

— மு.கீர்த்தியன்

## බිඳෙන නිහඬ බව...

ආත්මයේදී, අත් නොහැරෙන  
දැනුමක් ගතත් දැනවිලි වලින් එකක් හැරී නිසි ...  
කඳු එළි පෙනෙලි කර  
තේ දැව්වල බීජ වැටිලි  
මගේ ජනනාවගේ නොහැරුණු හඬ  
නිහඬ නිශ්චලතාව....

කඳුකරය රජ කරන, නිලනල දරන අධිකාරී පැලැන්තිය  
අපේ පැලැන්තිය, දුක් ගින්න දරන නිලනල,  
අපේ අභියෝග ප්‍රවණතාව හඬින් සැරිසරන නිල,  
පහත් බසින් අප අමතන නිල  
පැලැන්තිය ගින්න අප අළුද පැතිර යයි ...

බල තණ්හාවේ හඬින්  
මැතිරුණු නුල් අරගෙන  
අඟුලු දැමූ මාංශ කෘතිය,  
විමුක්තියේ හඬින් පිරිමැදුණු  
ගිනි කුරු වල අග වැටී  
මහා පිපිරීමකින් බිඳී වැටෙයි,  
අපේ නිහඬබව, නිශ්චලතාවය ...

-මු . කීර්තිසේන

## Breaking Silence...

*At night,  
one among ten thousand daytimes,  
that did not slip through, emerge...  
My people,  
who sowed the seeds of tea buds,  
Clearing the mountains,  
And their unvoiced silence...*

*When the authoritarian class that holds office,  
ruling over the hills,  
Sets the fires of suffering on our roofs  
Roam our lands with force and violence  
Disrespect us with mean words  
The fire within the hut spread through us...*

*The locks chained by  
The chants made with the greed for power,  
will be opened.  
The tips of the match sticks  
rubbed with the sound of salvation  
will ignite and explode,  
opening the floodgates of  
our Unvoiced Silence...*

-Mu Keerthiyan



## அவளது கொழுந்து வாசம் வீசும் தேயா ஓளி

அவளது தேயிலைக் கறைபடிந்த விரல்கள்  
கிள்ளி கூடைக்குள் விழும்  
காலத்தின் முகத்தில்  
வாழ்தல் மீதான பயம்  
அப்படியே நீடித்து கிடக்கிறது.

அவளது நைய்ந்த இடிபாடுகள்  
நிறைந்த கூடை சுமக்கும்  
ஆதி உடலில்  
ஓடும் குருதி  
மிகவும் தொன்மையானது.

அவளது மகத்தான  
தொன்மையான  
உழைத்த வியர்வை  
என்னை  
எழுதுகோலாய் பெற்றது.

ஆதலால் என் ஆன்மாவிற்குள்  
எப்போதும் அவளது  
இளம் கொளுந்தின் மணம் வீசுகிறது

அவளது  
அந்த நாள் வரும்  
அப்போது  
பொலிவிழந்த காலத்தை  
தலை நிமிர்த்திக் கடப்பேன்

அப்போது  
அவளின் வியர்வை மணக்கும்  
இந்த வார்த்தைகளை  
உங்கள் இதயத்தில் ஞாபகமிட  
உங்கள் ஆன்மாவை திரந்து வைத்திருங்கள்

நாம் காண்போம்  
நமது கண்களில்  
ஒரு புதிய நட்சத்திரத்தை  
அவளது கொழுந்து வாசம் வீசும்  
தேயா ஒளியோடு

—சண்முகம் சிவகுமார்

## නොනිමෙන ඵලිය

අයගේ කහට වැදුණු ඇඟිලි වලින් කෙහිනිනී ...  
තේ දැවී, කුඩියට වැටෙයි...  
කාලය හමුවේ ජීවත් වීමට  
අයට ඇති බිය එලෙසමයි...

තේ කුඩිය ජීවී ඇත්තේද  
අයගේ බැඟපත්වූ ඉල්ලීම් වලිනි...

අයගේ වෙනස්වූ ගතෙන් හමා එන  
ලේ දහදිය යුවද...  
මා, කවියෙකු ලෙසින්, ලොවට බිහිකලා

මාගේ ආත්මය තුළ සෑමවිටම හමන්නේ,  
අයගේ තේ දැවී යුවදයි ...

අයටත් දිනක් උදාවේවි ,  
එවිට එම අඳුරු දැවීන් තරණය කර  
ආලෝකය වෙත පැමිණෙමි...  
එතෙක් අයගේ දහදිය යුවද තැවරණ  
වදන් මනකයේ තබා ගනිමි ....

ආත්මය විවෘත කරගනු ,  
අයගේ නොනිමෙන ආලෝකයෙන්,  
අලුත් තරඟක් දකිමු.

-ශන්මුගම් ශ්‍රීවකුමාර්

## The Eternal Light

*From tea-stained fingers, deftly pinched,  
Leaves tumble into the waiting basket...  
Her fear of life, a constant shadow,  
Never fades...*

*The basket she carries brims  
With humble demands...*

*The aroma of blood and toil  
Rises from her worn body,  
Has given the world a poet born through me.  
Her essence, the scent of tea buds,  
Forever lingers in my soul...*

*She, too, shall find her dawn,  
And darkened days will come to light.  
Until then, I think of these verses,  
Bearing the fragrance of her sweat and labour...*

*Let's open our souls,  
and through her eternal light  
behold the newborn star.*

**-Sanmugam Sivakumar**

## Details of Hill Country Tamil Poets Featured in this Collection

An Earnest Plea to Mother Maary  
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That Day is Not Far Off  
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The Eternal Light

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