

Happy Mother's Day Dedicated to our MOTHERS

We never know the love of parents until we become parents ourselves

Dear Amma

I have no words to express what you really mean to me. I am what I am because of you, all the advice you have given me, all the nice things you have done for me right throughout my life will always be treasured forever.

You are the only thing which is constant in my life and you will always be my pillar. Just wanted to say a big thank you for being there for me always and showing me the correct path in life and making me the person I am today.

I learnt the best things in life from you, most importantly to be straight forward and to do the best possible for your loved ones no matter what the circumstances are and to help everyone the best way I could. There is no one other like you Amma.

Just wanted you to know that I really love you for all what you have done for me. God bless you always. You are the best mother in the world despite the little fights we have.

- Treshan Weerasooriya Pereira



Treshan and his mum Chrisanthi

My Mother

My mother is a never ending song of comfort, happiness and being. I may sometimes forget the words but I always remember the tune. You do so much for us and I just want to say I love you very much mama. Happy mothers day!

- Treshie VonHagt



Treshie with her mum



My Special Mum

There is a hidden person in my life,
That's my mum,
I adore her very much,
God carefully planned and chose me for you mum.
I am blessed because you are special as my mother and my friend

You were my pillar of strength on this earth,
You are the tree that gave me shade mum,
Mum you are a great strong person,
To the world you are one but to me you are the world
You are a kind person very polite and simple,
Mum you had marvelous set of qualities,
Mum you're a billion worth mum,
If I could have a wish today, it would not be for gold but for just one moment with u mum
Mum you had a special bond that grew strong.
Thank You for your love and care you gave me when i needed you

I owe you something special mum,
I want to simply thank you for your heart is of gold and you'll never get old,
Mum you are the number one best mum, the best i have ever had
THANK YOU MY MOTHER!!

- A R NICHOLAS



Amma meaning

I call my Mother 'Amma'. It is a lovely word and I dedicate this poem to her.

*Amma meaning
A for affection she showers on us, Appachchi me and nangi
M for methodical in her day to day work
M again for merry making, singing and dancing during leisure hours and lastly
A again for appetizing food she prepares to satisfy our taste buds.
What more can I ask for? May the Triple Gem bless my darling Amma.*

- Binuri Weerasinghe

DEMI HEWAMANNA

Our life begins even before we see the light of day and that whole life begins inside the small space of a woman's womb. From the very day she finds out of a life growing inside her, she takes every care in the world to make sure that life is looked after. From that day to the day she sighs her last breath in the world, she makes sure no harm comes upon us. That special person is the one we all call 'Mother'.

Many of us are born to mothers, some find mothers and some mothers travel the world to bring a child into their life. For nine months she carries our weight in her, then she goes through unbearable pain in bringing us out of her and then for the rest of her life, she sacrifices her time, sweat and energy in teaching us to walk, talk, know the right from wrong, to forgive and forget and come up in life as a proper human being.

To me, my mother has been the one that has brought all my talents out and guided me in choosing which path I should take in my life. For 21 years she has taught me many tricks to stay happy when no else can life my spirits up, she has taught me to love and appreciate music of any kind, to imagine big and bring them to life and just be me in every way possible.

Today, though my Mother's memory of me is fading away, I know that in her heart she knows who I am, and when she suddenly takes my hand and smiles at me, hope is lifted in my heart that my mother has not forgotten me. I truly am blessed that I got a mum who has the being the best Mum ever in this world. Just like me there are others who want to express their love to their mums and these are some of the few who have taken their time to express their love to their Mum.

Black Pearl's Everlasting Love for the Outrageous Poseidon



Amalshan's mother

Ever heard of Black Pearl of the Indian Sea?

A ship, wheeled by
My goddess, the saviour,
'Elizabeth -The Swan' white as ever filled
with words of love
That can cleanse hearts filled with filth
A Deity worshiped, in the city of gems

Is she the pirate of the Caribbean ocean?
Is she the Curvaceous pigeon of the Bollywood Ocean?
Is the Flirtatious chicken of the Hollywood Ocean?

No, she is the magnificent woman of the Indian Ocean
My mother the Aphrodite,
turned to a captivating goddess of love and passion,
the Immortal Perpetual, Everlasting, light of my life

She drove the Black Pearl to the world's end,
to the hell, then to heaven.
Her Mast never split,
the spine still intact.
Her sword never cracked,
the Fertilizer of love never lets it melt...

The feel of winds, sultry water,
thunder bolts, murderous wind
ecstasy for the flag,
pirate's flag it is,
yet ruptured in wind it smiles....

The Aphrodite-my mother, the goddess of love
and passion
Saw an angel and fell in love.

Is he a god?
A fallen angel?
The Lucifer?
The Satan?
The Devil himself?
Is he the Kraken with filthy, read, erected tentacles?
Or is it with Ares she fell in love?
The god of blood lust, slaughter and murder?
No.....
he is my father the Poseidon

Ever heard of the Poseidon of the demonic sea?
The Poseidon - A ship with a shaky mast,
cracked and turned topsy-turvy
with a gentle tap in the back
by an infant's wave

A ship without a Mast, a spine of a walking shadow
never static, but dynamic
and outrageous as ever

The ship named after Poseidon - the god,
the one who blessed Caribbeans, Philippines,
Hawaiians and Faroes
with bewitching beauty, the creator of the
pearl of the Indian Ocean,
the one who turned Black river in to white milk,
the one who calmed and soothed the rough seas
and sang them lullabies.

My Father- The Poseidon, the Godrick Gryfindor
the mighty Lion
Yet, when provoked
attacked and cursed Haitians, Solomons, Moldavians
with sickening death and rotting corpses,
shaking them, blackmailing them and surrounding
them with white mighty canons...
Asking for bribes, jewels and babes, annihilating them
with the might of his devilish power, the brute
the Poseidon the earth- shaker, the dictator,
the annihilator

Is he the Poseidon?
Or is he a thane
With Godric Gryffindor's
mane and ferocious claws
uniformed With Salzaar Slytherin's
tongue and sickening skin?

Is he really My dad the devil?
The Poseidon, the God of sea,
the god of destruction, the creator of
enchanted tsunami
the one who unleashed the Kraken
that raped the black pearl of the Indian Ocean
Polished and tarnished and turned it into
the Demonic Stone of the Demonic Ocean?
Is he the Devil? The Satan? The Lucifer?

No he is
My father The Poseidon, the god of sea
A weak serpent born from the blue sea,
A loser of the cunning game
An idol of the kicking game, a player of the
violent game
A man venerated, worshiped
By the Vampires and Werewolves
In the City of gems

Is it the Lucifer's curry or The Gabriel's Green?
Is it the Lucifer's daughters or Gabriel's sons?
Is it The Lucifer's Kicking game or the Gabriel's passion
game?
Is it Lucifer's navy of death? Or Gabriel's Army of angels?
That turned the Masculine tide of his abdomen
Into a fat belly filled Swans, dolphins, Griffons, chickens
and pigeons?
Is he my creator?

Or is he the devil himself?
That, turned my mother's romantic bed of roses
In to a sadistic bed of blood filled with
dead leeches.....

- AMALSHAN GUNERATHNE