

Poetry Series

Shanika marini Paul
- poems -

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Shanika marini Paul()

A trained advanced Teacher in English Literature she is a past pupil of St. Columbo Convent Colombo where she served as a Senior Prefect, President Of the the Interact Club District Treasurer of the Interact District, Leader of many quiz teams, Director of Rotaract at present she serves as the President of the Lion's Club of Mabile

She is an U/Graduate in BA(OUSL) Advanced Diploma in English/Literature(U.K) Diploma in AMI(Cambridge) , Diploma in Psychology(Cambridge) , trained teacher in speech and is a part time speech writer as well as a poet

She is the daughter of n Berti Paul, and Srimani Paul, She has a brother Johanne, and two sisters Nadika, and is married to nna Subasinghe and is the mother of Pasindu, Akain and Anika

A Beggars Cry

The Beggar boy's cry
Observe me I prey, for a while
As I walk The unseen side
Unseen to the unwanted, neglected eye

Lodged are my dreams, my yearns and desires
Of future dreams of every child
Ay! No one cares, no ones to blame
For I remain destinies waste

Doth The Creator wish me to remain
Useless and dumb, blind and vain
I'm certain not for I'm just a reminder
For those so perfectly and not any blinder
For be glad thou art perfect and sane
Always a boon and not a bane

By

Shanika Paul
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Shanika marini Paul

A Cry Of A Five Year Old(Stolen Childhood)

When Silence doth hush the tears that mean to burst from retrieve,
A quick hand of the warden trashes,
A threatening eye of warning haunts him,
As he stands in his place, in line in order

But, He is five, too small for his large shoes,
Forced to follow order and rules in a boarding school,
Not alone he stands, but many the same age,
Pondering in silence on miseries ways

Mother's warmth snatched away
But tis she who thought it best,
Why? he wondered what wrong had he done?
To stay here in a school he does not belong
He was told with a smile it's for his future,
"But today mom, I am your little son why not take me home? "
"You leave me here alone among strangers"
Assuring me there is no danger"

Ah! But that cry did not yield,
for her heart thought best,
for her only child's quest,
A childhood stolen, a robot made
He faces the world tainted
The child within blowing it's nails for warmth never felt

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A Mother's Tears

I thy mother in my womb did carry thee with pride,
I thy mother raised you against all plight,
All I wanted my darling daughter was to give thee all,
but alls not enough

Teen wings do tempt thee to fight against morality.
I thy mother hath failed again,
Oh my darling I love thee so
But thy young heart will never know
The pain a mother doth endure

The world my darling is no stage,
Tis nothing but a brutal waste
A single mom shielding you best
But the villain is never at rest

Learn the lesson of listening,
understanding and then thou may judge,
What fear and threat hold my guts
Thou art young my rebellious one

I love thee my darling Anika till the end of time

Shanika marini Paul

Abortion

Abort me Not I pray

With temptations and enticements,
I watch the Butcher alert
Scanning through my mothers womb,
To see how much hell earn

To him It's just another business
To me he decides my existence
To spare my life or end it.
Shutting my breath before I breathe it

Hold me dear mother before he slays
Feed me dear mother, the knife soon will lay
Love me my mother don't let him snatch me away
Save me dear mother, I long to see the light of day.

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Shanika marini Paul

Alone I Raised Thee

Child of mine, my womb did glee,
Upon the eyes thath looketh back at me.
Thy first touch with half opened eye,
Ah! my darling did maketh me smile.

The thought of facing this cruel world alone,
A single mom with no place to call our own,
The selfish heart of he who fathered thee,
Hath left you and me for his own fantasy,

Sixteen years, Now my angel thou art grown.
With beauty and intelligence, a heart of thy own,
Ah! my love thou art my prideth joy,
Stretch thy wings upon that Open sky,

Suffering, survival with hardly a meal,
My daughter my angel I always fed thee,
Many a mistake I may have madeth,
But deep within I may be prey of human weakness

Remember I pray, with Ernest heart,
To live life to it's fullest and never regret one moment pass.
Thou my child is strong, never weak, Never give up when trouble doth peep.
I beg thee remember my strive in life,
To cherish and keep thee, in my loving sight.
Anika we named thee that's part of my name.
For I want thee to know thath I ever regretted having ad loving thee
"Happy Sweet sixteen my angel"

Dedicated to my Daughter Anika Maria on her 16th b'day Feb 20th 2018

Shanika marini Paul

Awaken Sleepy One

Awaken sleepy one
Art thou awake! oh sleepy one? /
With eyes so distanced,
away from the Sun
Dreaming art thou imprisoned.

Thy drams art just fantasies,
AWAKE! AWAKEN! come back to me!
Thy heart is weakened with grievencies
And lusty thoughts not meant to be

Thou the Lover, The soul's keeper
Strengthened art thou
In Day light's beamer
Awake! Awake from sleeps frown

Pity I do upon thy soul,
For never hath I surrendered my soul
To dreams' Dark measure has not yet told
The venom He hath in his mold

Art thou willing to be so weak?
As he doth take you upon his knee?
Nai! I doubt thee to be so meek
Awaken My Love thou art still asleep.

The day light doth pave way for the Sun
To ease and smile upon you sleepy one.
Rescuing is She thou from shame,
Of wasted time killed in vein.

I beg thee AWAKEN! ! !
This split instant
For every minute wasted
Must be but reported
To the lender o breath
Make haste! Make haste

Awaken! Awaken!

For time's Shrine needs t be built.
Embrace her chime, omit thy guilt,
Awaken I beg thee Awaken

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Shanika marini Paul

Bitter Love

Tw'as thy nature to find one to blame,
For thy folly thine eyes saw no vein,
Tis thy will, so full of folly's pill
Thath grinds it's bitter bread in wrath's mill

Ah! but if she was not blinded then,
Her glory and bliss would not pen,
poetry o pain and regret
For her heart silently wept,

HOW doth thou taketh her love for granted,
Unmerciful soul, thou art wooed in deceit planted
For she through the milk of hman kindness,
patiently tends to her wounds and gashes

Say not thou loveth such a kind soul,
For tis thy insecurity and iniquitous soul
Thath lie and dishonor Loves true flame
and maketh thy grave in bane.

by Poet Shanika Marini Paul

Shanika marini Paul

Blinded Art The Eyes

Tis strange thy smile, that frown did swear
to make it's heave in thy despair,
tis strange; thou loketh upon me then
In strange eyes dressed in stain.

Ay! but thou doth estrange thy heart,
Know not I, thy true face and blinded plaque
Art thOu not the one who loveth me
or thou art masked, in fake restrain.

Care not I, upon thy pride
for tis flaw that it binds
My soul rots it's home in thee
yet un welcome, strange did it feel

Tis my dear a matter of soul
For tis I thy life did throne
With royal Ive beneath above my means
blinded love awaken thee.

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Shanika marini Paul

Children

Ode To My Children

Child born with no choice of thy own
Child born as I rejoice yet moan
Thou art my pride my greatest prize
I love thee sweet child laying upon my side.

I Bare naked thou art born
Naked of sin, yet must soon be victim
For selfish men's yawn
Yawn as they lumber in evil's song

Be brave little one so precious to me
For I shall teach thee of God's will
Live not to harm, but to enlighten the world
For there are many lost souls awaiting the true light

Open thine eyes upon humanity
Help those who need thee, don't let them sleep
Empty stomached as thou fills your belly and feast
Think twice I pray, for they too walk thy same street

Shanika Paul

From the collection of Poetry on humanity
Dedicated to my sons Akain, Pasi and daughter Anika
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Shanika marini Paul

Christmas Cheer

The Christmas prayer

Lord shineth upon those,
The miracle of thy spirit,
The grace of thy glory,
The joy of thy love

For thy love knew no end,
Nor pain, but gain
Of redeeming those in vain
Blessed art those who are at peace

And those who art benevolent

Poet Shanika Marini Paul

Shanika marini Paul

Corona

Corona

Thy very name drains my veins,
as mine eyes doth witness thy appalling game.
of Tyranny, unpaid slave of death,
who giveth thee thine might of power exercised?

Twenty twenty. the world did await.
for change of the hogged game of vein.
Like a thief shrouded by the cloak of night,
Like a tied villain restored to light/
Thou revenged us humankind/the supreme of God's creation.

Ironic it seems. in a way,
Mother nature rejoiceth yet in dismay.
The Universal spirit, joins the four elements in sway,
healeth does she, of her children who may have forgotten.
How to liveth life as it was meant to.

But, oh the cries and moans as we bury the dead with numbers untold/
Silenced are we around the Earth, quarantined, at homes.
time lost. But to you, who fears no mortal,
Tis thy victory and triumph.
shame on thee,Shame on thee,

We humans have conquered greater epidemics than thee
Thou would see thy decedent die, and we shall rise again

Poet Shanika Marini Paul
29th March 2020

Shanika marini Paul

Death Thou Art To Die

Ay thou walk in the highest pride,
As thou grab the souls and stride,
Filling empty tombs in the deep delved Earth
Leaving behind tears and hurt

Yet thou slave of fate,
Smile gently at the soul thou takes,
Has thou forgotten that soul had a life?
Who art thou then to divide?

Soul from body, kith and kin,
With hardly time to repent for SINS
Dark gowned they rally in manful plea
For angels to speed the soul to the King

Death thou art to die
For no man enjoys thy cursed flight
Be gone! ! Oh death I beg of thee
And leave me alone! I humbly plea

For I must live to see my little ones grow,
And change fates suffering that humans deny
Help those who art weak, too ashamed to cry
For them I beg thee do not let me die

Shanika marini Paul

Duty I Pray

DUTY I pray

Tis dementing to seek the praise,
Tis depressing to envisage the trace.
Parents thou art to be a loving race
Never doubt the trust of a child's embrace.

Ay! tis true the world doth beam,
Upon the scandal that ever did seem
yet! ay! Tis evil's the dark angels will,
to feast upon fake, and rumors bill.

But! Thou thath gaveth birth to this child,
Doubted, and cursed his innocence cry!
He is but a child; doth not his time say nai!
Prethee please! Prethee I pray thee listen!

For thou was chosen to be his Guide,
Do not join the rest that accuse him,
I pray thee don't, I pray thee DON'T!
Listen, Understand offer unto him a loving hand!

Be thou a heart, a mind, a soul
Be thou his angel in deceits home
Be thou the eyes that see but hope,
Be thou his trust, and Gods blessings in store.

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Shanika marini Paul

Elders

Help me walk my journeys end
Elders! Rejected it's sad to note
Like a seal on an old passport
Forgotten remembered just on special dates
Showered with flowers soon to fade

Elders dear Elders thou art Gold
Do not fear the ignorance some youth hold
Thou was once young, wild and free
To roam Earth's magic, striving hard to achieve

You were once kings and Queens
The hand that rooted the family tree
They did fear thy rule, and loved thy heart
Yet they grew up leaving thee in the dark

Life is a vicious circle whose to blame
The savaged human race now strives in vein
Commitment, competition struggle to survive
Yet they too must walk through the same stage in time

Shanika marini Paul

Envy

Green eyed ivy thy tendrils cling,
On every strength of the strongest tree,
Ah! but thou waketh only thy grave,
For the strength of the tree never waves

Dark eyed envy thou creepeth like a thief
Disguised as my friend whom I love and now I weep,
Hath thou forgotten thy weak clenching soul.
For it is thy weak root that mars your goal.

Evil thou art made to perish.
The souls that God sent talented to cherish
Ah! thy purpose is so sweet
When thou smiles it maketh me weep

Knoweth do I thy plan foolish one,
Yet! aid thee hoping good will outrun,
Thy envy<Jealousy, dark eyed queen
Smileth its' monstrous gleam

Pity thee do I
thou art forgotten
That you and I must soo hear the knelling bells
Dust thou art created, dust thou must return
For the creator doth judge the pendulum's watch

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Exam Fever

Exam fever

I watch my students for fourteen decades
Enter free as birds not knowing the strength of their wings
Seat immature and times too matured
Waiting for my voice with unexpected stings.

A typical stereotype that's what they thought
Who would scream and bark all day long
Orders, commands, a knelling bell
when ever I opened my mouth; they thought I'll yell

Poor little ones, nai! they were turning their skin around
Teenagers soon to sit their examination
Some frolicky, the others forced to instability
While some born bright never knew their strength's prize

My eyes doth watch them, roll an eye
Wondering what fear would in the paper lie
Answer, they fear may not satisfy
The examiner or their parent's pride

Will it not determine their future?
Will it scar or sparkle one's motto?
Will it please their loving parents.?
Can an examination determie one's life?

I smile and console my student's mind
Advice them to take a moment in time
Think o one's talent and power of brain
The blessing Gods gives never in vein.
For if thou hath given thy full effort
Then worry not for thy work will never desert.

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Friendship

Friend or Foe

When the sun shineth luck upon thy day
When Everything seems bright and gay
When thine heart leaps in joy

Friends would soon rally by
Oh! You are my naval brother,
You are my dearest bossom friend,
For you I'll swim the deepest Ocean.
They'd say with a smile so fixed

Yet Clouds of misfortune soon float thy way
Showering miseries cry of day
You knock on his door for a dime or smile
"Not at home" comes a voice from inside

Is he thy friend? I ask thee then
Or the foe soon in memories lane
Be aware for true friends are hard to find.

Shanika Paul

From the collection of Poetry on humanity

Shanika marini Paul

Gossip

Gossip

words once spoken with no malice
no bad intention
these are the words repeated with venom,
sad but misquoted,
sneaked to hurt and break once spirit

gossips thou art to blame, for thou burns
more oxygen in thy mouth than brain.
why does thou yearn another man's pain
life is too short sneak the truth

Do not mis quote for true friends
will never break, thou art a fool
trapped in satan's game,
Save thy self,
for life does not remain

HURT no one with false report
for God is thy judge

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Grandfather

Ode to Grandpa Maurice(my darling grand father I will love you forever)

Thine were the eyes that looked at me with pride
Thine were the knees that huddled me when in plight
Thine were the hands that wiped away my tears
Papa my Papa, I love thee I love thee

When the world doubted thou believed
When the heart failed to love me you never seized
When I had a long tale to blabber as a child
Yours were the ears, yours was the smile

Thou may have not been a hero of fame,
But in my heart a hero you remain
Thine eyes knew how much love I needed
Only God can reward thy hearts pure measure

Thou was my soul, my grandpa my friend
Loosing you was my world's end
Hardly a soul knew who you were the way I knew you
I thank my God for lending you to me
I love you my Papa always may your soul rest in peace

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Infinity

Infinity, perpetuity, Time with no end,

May I rest in solace;
when age denies me-
of beauty, strength, and wisdom
which soon deceives me.

Ay! If only time could stop aging,
If only THE MINUTES STOP SPEEDING,
If only my body doth remain the way it used to in my youth
with wisdom's grains in root.

Ay! tis would be my boon and gift to be-store
upon thy Face oh mother Earth,
The glory of the almighty
and reflect thy beauty's flow

Nai! tis but a waste,
FOR SUCH LOVE TO BE WASTED,
SUCH KNOWLEDGE TO BE RUSTED,
SUCH UNDERSTANDING TO BE DUSTED
Doth not a soul thath find a day
That speeded age sends in thy way?
Ay! Tell me oh might brother
Hath thou prepared to feast in it's honor?

Why? Doth thou ponder upon the time;
When the spring of youth sat upon thou kind.
Oh! But my heart doth cry in vein
Or no fountain of youth, hath powers divine.

Magic portions great Merlin pondered;
As the knell of Camelot pondered,
Upon the love so eternally young
Stung in the heart of launcelots run

I must depart as the time must come.
And store my memories in the young
Poets and lovers my apostles

Remember me I pray when my work tis done

Time thou art devouring,
Crackling in thy cheap jester,
Swooping youth's victor;
CALCINED OF LIFE,

Hark! Hail! I must strive!
For tis one moment I should not pine;
Life is at times preposterous;
Yet tis benumbed its very seductress

Benighted me upon thy mercy tomb
Darkness invades my womb
Which saw the delight of giving life;
T my children with sweet delight

I must abate the joy of life,
And linger upon memories delight,

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Shanika marini Paul

Justice

Tis I who hear thee, Oh great wizard
Of words of wisdom and gothic scene
Try to explain the ghost I see,
Who seems so lost and saddened indeed.

He too once walked the Earth,
In grace and charm and now under dirt;
Yet the day doth roam
His mortal soul.

SEEK DOES HE REVENGE!
Of the soul that snatched his image
Of the man he boasted proudly of;
Now a waste a cowards stop.

Raiseth no stone upon his grave;
FOR JUSTICE DOTTH SEEK REVENGE;
Murder! MURDER! it claims in pain
Through a voice so horse and faint.

Seek thee peace; upon thy death
To rest in the arms of eternities breath.
Triumph! oh Triumph for JUSTICE WILL BE SERVED
On the day of judgment the sinner severed

Shanika marini Paul

Lamb In The Tyrants Hands

Mercy! I beg thee oh merciless kind,
But tis a child thy lust looks upon,
Mercy and Pity, upon thy find,
TIS BUT; CHILD that fall thy prey's song.

Who art thou Tyronic creature
To be dressed in innocence but a deceiver
Rape, and abuse torment yet thou refuse,
To seal the acceptance thy loot abuse.

Ay! But thy acts of deceit would soon awake,
FOR JUSTICE and punishment would debate,
Thou! Hath killed the infant in the egg,
Who sees the world f innocence and suffers the fate o RAPE

Tempest thou created, inher little life,
Tormet did thee her memories strive,
Darkened did thee her love for man kind,
Hate doth she th evil kind.

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Lamentation

Lamentation

I set my goal upon my throne,
And gazed at it with glee
Then I was Young, my dream a song
My mind made up, I was to win

Worked did I, so tedious and AMBITIOUS
Setting upon victory over victory
Aiming upon my goal on the throne
Smiling as I draw nearer I was to win

Obstacles, attacks of jealousies game
Pain and torture boasting it's fame
Age propelling aches and sprains
I still did smile, yet was I to win?

The years did visit not leaving even a tip
As it made me work to the bone
Did he not realize that it was I who needed a
break
I lament for now I'm 40, my only victory my son and daughter

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Life's Test

Breath of life thou enteth me at birth,
Breath of life, with no joy ushered,
Who art thou to maketh me detest life's very grain,
Who art thee, who decideth to maketh me feel insane.

My life, Oh! A long struggled trend,
Thath gripethed me, my soul and never leteth go,
Breath of life, my enemy, my foe,
Why pretendeth thee, to grant me bliss,
And maketh my parents smile.

Loneliness, isolation doth weep in poetry,
Yet thou breatheth yet in my toiling breath,
Doth thou not realize, the eternal pain
Thath causeth me ruin and vain.

Ay! But if thou leaveth my body;
No ones to say, where my soul maybe taken,
So breatheth I pray, Oh, breath of life,
But haveth mercy upon my toil and pain.

Shanika marini Paul

Loneliness

Loneliness

Were those not the eyes that once looked upon me?
Were they not the lips that whispered sweet promises to me?
Were those not the arms that once comforted me?
Weren't or are you the same soul that loved me?

Oh! But time and chance do pass,
Soon down memories and love once was,
You say you love me, then why abuse me?
Why steal the only strength our unity relays upon?

Awaken do not cheat upon a heart that loved thee so

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Shanika marini Paul

Love

Why do I love thee my dearest husband?
A question that awakens my very senses
An answer so obvious, That thou never doubted
For it is but fate that made us meet face to face
Thy love tis irresistible as the sees great quenches
For it is thy heart so genuinely true
That built within loves lost space
A strength, a hold, a story that must be told
Of love's true metaphor, love's true mould
Yes! tis a pity for the heart `s independence,
To roam and seek wild dependence
Upon the rock of love's fears
Which only ends lovers in tears
Yet my love rejoice for ours is unique and un-compared.
In tribute of our fourth Anniversary June 18th 2013
Shanika Paul
From the collection of Poetry on humanity
Dedicated to my sons Akain, Pasi and daughter Anika
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Shanika marini Paul

Love Oh Thy Bloom

My heart doth spring to its fullest when thou, my love ever notions emotions
dreams

For tis thee my love I love then, today, and for eternity

Ah! thy very voice, , very touch doth endure lifes eternal flame

Thou art an extension to my lifes desire, and art the reason I breathe every
breath

Im but blessed that Fate made us meet.

Cupid doth agree that we are meant to be

My love I wish that with the dawn of this year,

Our love will grow with new measure with every awaking and sleep of day

Shanika marini Paul

Lovers Wrath

Tw'as thy nature to find one to blame,
For thy folly thine eyes saw no vein,
Tis thy will, so full of folly's pill
That grinds it's bitter bread in wrath's mill

Ah! but if she was not blinded then,
Her glory and bliss would not pen,
poetry o' pain and regret
For her heart silently wept,

How doth thou taketh her love for granted,
Unmerciful soul, thou art wooed in deceit planted
For she through the milk of human kindness,
patiently tends to her wounds and gashes

Say not thou loveth such a kind soul,
For tis thy insecurity and iniquitous soul
That lie and dishonor Love's true flame
and maketh thy grave in bane.

by Poet Shanika Marini Paul

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Mortality

MAN THOU ART MORTAL

Hear thee oh man; loud and clear
Thou art nothing but mere dust, or ashes in a pot
Declare thee otherwise that thou art immortal
And this Earth eternal
I say thee wake up; thou art mortal
Who art thou to question the work of God?
He is not to blame for thy abuse and disabuse

Man creates wealth, cast, creed, religion, and status
Yet aren't we but doomed for the same fate?
Have we the right to refuse the summon of Death the unpaid slave of fate?
Even the great Ceaser, worshiped the ground in death
Then who art thou? Oh great and mighty, proud and rich man,
To ridicule one's brother walking the streets of misery and poverty?
Man can thou taketh thy wealth and fortune when death knocks on thy door?
Or just the good deeds and clear conscious thou has in store?

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Nature

Nature do not weep
Nature I see thee weep upon the site
Of thy children so far and wide
As they fall prey to selfish tides
As they are swayed to destructions might

Man it is indeed to blame
For rotting in greed, and selfish aim
Lust doth blind their once innocent eyes
As they yearn, and yearn digging in lies

They do not recall how much you love them
Their hearts doth engulf only riches hem
Oh! I see thee mother nature die
Yet do not weep! for with thy death man too will lie

WEEP NOT DEAR NATURE WEEP NOT
For there are the innocent who now protest
The selfish deeds that soon will cause death
Man soon will see the wrath of thy wip's might

Weep not mother nature weep not

Shanika marini Paul

Ode In Memoriam Of Melicia Gunasekara

Ode in memoriam of Melicia Gunasekara

Sisters though not chosen to be,
Thou were my friend so close to me,
Thine was the smile that made my day,
A word of wisdom, a warning nod.

The knell of the School bell
The break of day;
TIME then passed and we slipped our ways.
glory of et thou remained.

Thy Voice did refreshed the saddest heart,
Yet the greed of thieves did embark
Silencing you in Death's vicious pain
May thy soul rest in heaven's fame

With love always my dearest friend wish your life didn't have to end.
From the batch of 1992. Of ets convent

Shanika marini Paul

Ode To Enmity

Ode To Enmity

When life seems to empty it's final grains,
When life seeks for sunshine's reigns
When the shadow of death seems to follow one's steps;
I tell thee look up for thou art blessed.

When thy wealth and fortune is stripped,
When thy name is innocent yet weeps,
When thy child looks upon thy tears;
I tell thee look up or the Lord doth hear.

When thy brother cries upon the death of his son,
When thy sister doth tell you 'life is done'
Ode to Enmity

When thy mother forsakes the pain and tears;
I tell thee look up the Lord is here.

When pain and torture doth win the day,
When man who prays yet/puts thy name a shame,
When he doth realize he laughed at him self
I tell thee awake God hath with him dealt

Smile oh! friend embrace the day!
Shower thy self with the joy's play,
Bless thy creator
Praise his name!
Love thy enemy!
Fr he will be shamed.
His jealousy is thy foundation!
Build thee thy throne!
I say thee strive though man is blind to see,
Thy talent and power
God hath blessed thee

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Shanika marini Paul

Ode To God

Ode To God The Creator

Abba I call thee my dearest father
Elohim! speak of thee my creator,
God! I say with the utmost honor
I love thee my father and lender

Thou gavest me the breath of life
To live and praise thy name
To see the plight of those in might
And help the ones that wont obey

Thou gavest me all senses in perfection,
Including a brain that functions
I must then only be witness the truth,
And love and honor thy name

Oh! but tis in vein
thy word man puts in shame
For he doth Know the mighty wrath
Thou judges upon his reckoning

Mighty father forgive man's weakness
Awaken their senses,
DIMINISH THEIR GREED
For he doth not know thy wrath

Watch him lord as he embraces his riches
Malice and jealousy doth cloud his wishes
Cheating and stealing with a deceives and itches
Yet he smile the smile of a hypocrite

He doth not know how foolish he seems
In thine eyes as he conceives,
Evil's child he fondly adopts
Breeding it to torment a poor man's heart□

By Shanika Paul

- -

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Ode To Humanity

Prayer of a Teacher to Teachers

They come in innocence and empty shells
To be filled with knowledge: no one's to blame
They come in blindness with candles unlit
For thy wisdom, " Oh Teacher Teach! ! "

For you too were a child once before
Seeking knowledge of the learned minds
Did thou forget! Thy teacher's smile?
Or the strength of words unkind?

I pray dear teacher awaken!
Open thine eyes of wisdom
Add a spoonful of kindness
As thou teaches thy disciple

All are not born with Einstein brains
If they were the world will be insane
In thy class sits the; Doctor, scientist, teacher and baker
The carpenter, the poet and tomorrows leader

Love them all, understand them one by one
Teach them through thy heart and mind mingled as one
For the wisdom they gain has no price
But the prize thou wins in their eyes.

Dedicated to my Students from 2006 to 2013
Shanika Paul

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Shanika marini Paul

Ode To John Keats

'Can death be sleep, when life is but a dream, '
Quoted did he,
As death doth peep at every nook and tree
Innocent and young yet kept it's steam

Amazed did thy skill of poetry out live thee,
Oh! John Keats, Thy poetry inspires me,
Aged it seems the decades apart, □
Thou in thy time, and me in mine,

Ah! but I feel thee breath down poetry

'Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art, '

Thy will was such and made it to the Arts.
Prey thee seek a moments grace
from the almighty to see thy praise.

'Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget'
Never did thy memory and thoughts berate
I'll Love thee oh Keats for thy will to fight
When the first trace o blood, made it's sight

'The weariness, the fever, and the fret'
The pain, The torment of Death's strong will
If medicine's o today were but born then,
Thou would be but a immortal friend.

Ay! Young poet thy will was strong.
Thy memory with love will live on
For a poet as I will never regret,
Bathing in thy poetry's sweet song.

□

'Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades'
Though thou claimeth will never fade.

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Ode To Life On My 45th Birthday

Written on my 45th Birthday. 26th June 20118

Ode to Life

In the womb of my mother, I lay,
Born a human innocent and away
Away, from indulgence of Earthly despair,
Unknown to me, they were there,

Tis irresistible, life and fate
Tis but a blanket uncovered in haste.
The soul doth conquer my little home
With a thousand doleful sighs of wailing,
Unaware of what cause it is betaking.

Stepped did I, in gleeful light,
Lush in attentions pure light,
Tis true for I was my fathers delight.
Mother took note from morning to night

Cruelties, poverty, illness beseech,
The family upon a stormed heath.
Alas we fought it through
Never did shineth a day of joy
Even if it did just a vaporized employee

Treacherous love of mans deceit,
Scorning, oppressing and delighting in feast.
While I face the cold blows of fate.
Oh moaning moon thy eyes saw my tears,
But sat their, a foe with lids apart.
Life twisted in mortal vein,
To raise a child my lifes content

Did not thou oh sun the king of day,
Fill me with hope a new life's way
I who dreameth of a thatched house,
A family life just to be a wife

Fate thou weighed down my wings , I can hardly shoulder,
Ah! God still lit a light at a tunnels end,

Breatheth, did he immense strength.
Blessed di he my womb for the fine children It bore.
I shall live till its God's will,
Till my children need me NO MORE.

by Shanika Paul

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Shanika marini Paul

Ode To My Daughter(Anika)

Ode to my Daughter(Anika Jayasekara)

Young was my heart, so uncertain o day;
When just a maiden, upon her wedding day
A fairy tale, or nightmare bound;
How was I to tell
I was too young
Glory, frolic life full of fun,
Yet nothing seemed to fill

My hearts and lungs
Years I pondered upon the pain;
That ached my womb of it's empty space
Prayer, Torment, Depression, Disgrace.
All played their part but not I vein,

I was blessed with child;
My womb oozed in pride,
Physical beauty now shod aside,
I was chosen to bear thee my child.

My love, my angel I loved thee
From the day I discovered, I was booned with thee
Eclipsed did nature and fate
And shadowed upon I heavy weight.

Wondered did I how to face the sky
When dark clouds weighed stronger
My love denied.
No ones to blame, I faced the rain

When the storm seized thou were born
Thunder and Lightning warned upon,
Love of my lover closed the door on me
Yet thy little finger grasped hope in me

Nai! Nai I felt no pain
I knew my world had reason again.
Starvation salvation, pain and shame
Yet! today I put them to shame

For now my little baby girl,
Has bloomed in her teens
Bringing me pride and just thirteen.
Thou art my love and unpolished pearl

Live thee my child with joy and pride
That thou were my salvation;
From the darkest dement ion
For thou must at all times grace with smile stride.
My darling Anika, Hold thy smile
Shadow the courage thy mother held inside
Forgive those who speak ill o me
For they were never there in my misery.

Aid those who need thee,
For the world shrouds silence pain;
Rebuke not those who speak
Of yesterdays strain.

Hold thee thy head on sholders strong
Let not darkevil's temptation have his fun,
For thou art blessed with my love's infinity,
AND God's blessings that never wronged.

Poet Shanika Paul

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Written on Good Friday 4th April 2015 for the blood of my lord saved my soul)

Shanika marini Paul

Ode To My Father Julian Bertie Paul (Called To Rest 6thjuly 2019)

Thou art the soul that lingers in eternal peace,
Ah! PAIN of losing thee doth sting it's venom in my vein,
Watcheth did I thy breath bid adieu to it's mortal companion,
As if though partners taking their mournful eternal leave,

Oh father, my father "How I love thee"
Thou were the light that shineth within me,
I thy daughter weepeth eternal silent tears,
For death doth command it's unpaid mission of fate.

AY! Wisheth do I, that a few more years of breath was gifted to you,
Demented and helpless I stood, watching thouleaveththy mortal body,
Birth and death doth bear a prenuptial agreement.
A journey one must taketh alone

Humble, and honest thy known ways,
Loving and caring , courage winged thy way
A perfect father who toiled tediously to give us the best
Thy faith in me is my life's success

Thy voice that sang the best melodies,
Helped did thou young musicians spread their wings,
The world feels numbed for I miss thee
Rest in peace my life's beginning for within me thy blood flows eternally

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☐☐

Shanika marini Paul

Ode To My Parents

Ode to My Parents

ATHWART TIS SEEMED TO SMILE,
As tears invaded my eyes.
Grown up, nearly four decades,
Still missing my Fathers loving arcade.

A mother art I: now so blessed
I watch my toddler lovingly embrace
"Mama", "mama" he repeats
crying and demanding till I'm a defeat

Yet how long doth time permit
As e'er beneath my breath commit
I watch my older now eleven
Hardly yearning for my laps heaven

Ponder do I of nostalgic confession
When I hardly recollect mother's intention
Of the severe words and beatings aghast
As she sadly observed the harm

Four children so wild yet fun
All she intended was to mould our stunts
Today I stand so fine a lady
Cheers! ! ! my parents and God bless thee daily.

For every measure of donning us the best;
From food, to education and relaxing state
With no luxurious seat to sit upon
Thou my parents gave us all

Dedicated to my loving parent Srimani and Bertie Paul

By

Shanika Paul

From Ode to humanity"

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Shanika marini Paul

Ode To Th Wealthy

I too reflect thy same image,
Yet unseen in the shadow of wealth
As thou walks in glories name
While I my brother beg in shame

AY! I DO NOT ENVY THY GLORY
But seek thy compassion upon the lowly
For million mouths open aghast to fill
Even on the crumbs that thou throw still

Brother! oh master destiny's king
Aid those who need thee
Do no deceive I plea
For the final judgment lies with God our king

Dine thee, with fame and of hollow grin
Feasting with the RICH
Who never cares of the bill
Think then I pray
Thy one meals bill
Would feed a multitude on a simple meal

My fiend my Foe who art thou I ask?
To ignore the cry of a hungry moan
Children clawed by famine and pain
A mother's heart cursing fate's revenge

Why? I ask thee should the world suffer
Cant thou oh blessed rich man help and offer?
A lending hand food and clothing
Shelter and comfort a soul deserving

Can thou sleep while the other is dying
When God gaveth thee the chance
Did thou forget to glance?
And strengthen the body so decaying

I beg thee wake up!
Help while thou can

The reward God gives you will make thou understand
Of he praise the poor man gaveth to thy name

Shanika marini Paul

Ode To Yesterday

VIVELA yester year thou art alive,
memories hidden from the stained eye,
Thou was the mornings breath she breathed,
Thou was the balm that lulled her sleep.

Ay! but tis no more alive,
For in time one must but die.
Love that should have been an eternal nest,
Now rots in a decayed mess.

Who art thou a mighty king?
To play one's game with no fair win?
Oh! but thou never seeked;
Her love so flawless and meek.

Fate doth unfold it's mending thread,
Ay! tis can never ever erase,
The memories, yesterdays delays
But temporally plaster the wounds that bled.

Shanika Paul

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Passing Over

The gentle breez doth refreshes
The saddest and the merriest soul
For nature doth remedy
Man's sad and happy state's plea or glee

Oh evening star thy beauty shineth
Covered with the virtuous veil of moon light,
Illuminating the darkness, step by step
As thou walk along the isle.

As a maiden thou smile shyly upon rock, tree, and sand
Thy steps so light infects a flirtatious sight
As lovers embrace thy charm's band
And merry upon thy sight.

Champagne it seems to the toast;
As the waves of the sea laps upon my toes
I watch thee bride of the moon
Wink shyly upon his view

Blessed tis the night upon this hour;
When moon and star
Freedom did seek up her maidens chime.
As her soul was winged In death's knelling chime.
Leaving up her an eternal smile.

Watched did I her frozen stilled bone
As the doctor did moan
For she was but his own teacher
And he did thinketh it an honour to treat her.

She now lay moon cold boned,
Her sad disciple pleading to retain her soul
Alas twas in vein for now in death she remains.
Tears doth invade the out roar of sighs,

Ay! Marry please They say!
The angels on mission to escort her soul
To place her once more to be but watched not moaned

For twas the hour knelling bells!
Of every chime in every bell.

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Pledge Thy Love Sweet Lover

Smile with thine eyes, and heart in unison

Love with thine faith with no devious,
Cupid doth shoot shafts, well beseen
Egressing it's power and charm within
Tis thy love I seek with plea,
To smile upon my humble fee
Cringing my life, confusing
Yet Ay! Tis my heart remains sighing

I who played a fool in fain,
Loving thee unconditionally
Disdained I feel, while smiling lovingly
Thou should be blamed ☐

Importuned was I a many a smile
Of suitors so brave with daring smiles,
Guised with fortune, fame and name'
I repeat my love thou ought to blame

It was thy charms and smile so true,
That delusion so oft indeed flew
For reality doth knock deep within
Realizing now II was never in sin

Shanika marini Paul

Poetry Doth Weep

Poetry Doth weep

Toil do I from morn to dawn,
Answer do I THE MONOTONOUS CALL,
For no one sees the plight I recall
As I do face life's endless storm.

Pity me not for my endless silent tears,
For yester year did once bring happy cheer,
When the day did not offer a lease of hour,
To wind up the day's wondered power

Youth thou did giveth me wing,
To fly upon my soul's desire
It was thou oh Fairies child that made me sing! !
Of life's golden

Today I sit elderly I guess? ?
Oh! but or a stolen moment o the past,
When I did rejoice of work well done.
A victim of boredom,
Memories pest

Uniformed in silence I watch the world pass,
As all those mingle in merriment's park.

Try do I to be a part,
Yet time and place hath made it's mark

No one's to blame I made the choice,
To live in boredom
Miseries child.

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Sad Poem

Pity me not I pray

Pity me not for my strive to survive,
For I too am just destiny's child
MAKETH ME A PLAN, I BEG THEE dont
For I have nothing but a saddened soul

Tis I that reflect through the looking glass,
Moaning and hiding from realities' harm
For no one's to blame for my plight and pain
Mine are the scars of yesterdays charm

Tried to make a change, no one's to blame
A mockery it made, not an honors maid
Tried to light up a hungry soul
Ended just messing and felt the shame
Pity me not, I pray thee my foe
For thou closed thy eyes when I needed thee most

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Seek Thee Pardon ☐

Seek thee pardon ☐

Granted was I to have a glimpse,
of the beauty of Colombo from the 29th floor,
Little did I feel in the rich friends wins,
in the Iceland towers, Colmobo's door

All that mighty City seemed dim,
The night life rolling the wheel,
More money lost, more money spined,
The laughter of wealth doth echo within,

Confused am I as to why man, thou seeketh
The glory and power hallucinated
Asketh thee as to how thou art lucky
Forgotten hath thee that thou art at test! !

For there in the corner of the mighty City,
Shivers a poor child in hungers pity,
Ay! but thou, Oh! mighty man
Laughs and dine, on the same sand

Obesity, femine doth walk in line
Seeking it's victim in time,
Thy pets doth feed upon a golden plate,
While thy poor brotheren doth seek his fate

A days! wealth that troll in excess
can be the shelter upon a poor state.
Ah! moan thee not oh! wealthy!
For there's still time! to end another's distress.

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Soul Cleanser

Soul Cleanser

Burnished I stand upon my goal'
Ye! it doth smile so grimly.
Mine! the voice so loud
Equaled by a soul to hunt:

All who seek peace and gain;
Must remain yet, victories dame.
For no power doth harbor right
Or empower memories sight.

Sick art thou my mighty peer
Who doth not know a frightened ear
That never forgets the sound so clear,
Of a dying mother who seeks her dear

Thy vexed spirit now yearns a bow,
When thou act doth pierce above,
The wrath of God so mighty
The pain of mortals unitedely

What's thy goal?
I ask thee clear!
To curse thy soul,
Upon a tear?

Nay awake! thou art cruel,
Words and deeds never to be fooled.
Cleanse thy soul, oh evil one
Endure thee not the cursed tongue.

By

Shanika Paul

From Ode to humanity"

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Shanika marini Paul

Spare He Rod

Spare The Rod O Advice!

He stole a thousand rupees one day,
Just at nine and hid in bay,
His father who was soon warned,
Saved the rod to void no storm

The only words he said In vein;
Was is my son alright?
Ah! But tis the father to blame
For he had a light to stop the strain!

□

He grew up now stealing a game!
Lying, deceit all a gain,
Tis but a waste for he did frown,
And pondered upon the circus clown.

Ay! Tis but a fools shame
Never will he learn the pain,
OF another man's drain of fortune's loss
Nai! Nai! He's not to blame, ,
For he was just a part of the game

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Shanika marini Paul

Spare Thee Rod 2

ART THOU IN SHOCK OR IN SHAME'S GAME?

When thy ears were pierced with dismay,
Warned did I!

Ah yet to the ears of a fool.

Oh mercy, I beg as he now slaps the man
Who was once nine when he planned his first stand
To steal from the very family purse
But thou lulled him and never did hurt

Now he is twenty stealing and lying,
Living a life on illusions drive
Upon borrowed wings doth he fly,
With deceit and fraud shouldered with lies.

Tis too late thou art a fool
Hath thou forgotten my early tools
Trust, wealth, more fun and frolic
Thou gaveth it all and now abolish,

Tis too late for he will not learn,
knoweth he that thou would turn
Stealing and lying will conquer his name
and thou my love ought to be blamed

Shanika marini Paul

Suicide

Venom of fame, victories shame
Prosperine thou shouldst be ashamed
Seducing the minds of the innocent,
Who fall prey to insolence

Ay! hypocrene thy vine doth deceive,
The beauty and magic that youth receive.
Alas! thou waste a precious life,
Ending a life with the prick of a knife.

Light winged diva, damsel of life,
Lust and love strike
spring of youth thy fountain dries,
as many a youth doth do and die.

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□

Shanika marini Paul

Tainted

Tainted Scars

Tainted tis her voice content

As she smiles miserably
Her eyes once considered the suns pride
Now doth cry as the moons bride

Leadeth did she a life of sorrow
Hands joined in tears for a better morrow.
Silenced doth she her threatening fears
As she whispers a song in her little one's ears.
Regretted at times the choices made
Of loves proposal and disposal
Had she remained a silent maid
T as her will no one to blame.
Changeth doth the world, In silent despair
O many who are victim of yesteryear's scars

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Teen Preyar

Teens Preyar

AY! Tis I thy very reflection
Of youth once boosted upon thy deception,
Thou was me once¹recall I prey
Understand me, help me walk life's way

Oh! mother the bossom I so entrust
The life giver my companion
Awaken! don't hush
I blunder¹ I win accept I prey

My heart needs thy love and guiding eye,
Father tou art my souls provider,
I'm but thy toddler still naïve
Of worldly venom, and love's very pain

Thou gavest me every luxury and oppulance
Education, shelter, moral thoughts and endurance
Yet¹ my emotions were tested beyond
For I knew not what to stride upon
By

Shanika Paul

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The Innocent Lamb(A Tribute To God Friday)

The Innocent Lamb

My conqueror, King My Savior of sin
Neel do I before thy shrine,
Seeing blood gasp from thy cry

For mercy and forgiveness of mortal sin,
That man brought upon brought his own sin
Oh lamb of God thou paid the price
When thou could have denied with a ik o an eye.

Thy blood poured and washed my sins
Yet lord man still ponders to win
Nai! They know not the torture that tares
God's heart when sin engulfs the air.

Oh Lord my God forgive us further
For all men aren't evil,
They thrive in huger
For food, love, equal fate
For thou did breathe the same breath.
Thou did not pick caste or creed;
Wealth and poverty who made these?

Man hath forgotten oh mighty king;
That we all must die and face our deed
On summoning day, Who would I choose
But good deeds done and my conscious pools

Fooled are these souls of rituals fins
Monotonous in church yet! Why then sin
One must but blame thy self not the preacher
For unpracticed virtues and sins relator.□

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Written on Good Friday 4th April 2015 for the blood of my lord saved my soul)

Shanika marini Paul

The Lamb In Trant Hands

Mercy! I beg thee oh merciless kind,
But tis a child thy lust looks upon,
Mercy and Pity, upon thy find,
TIS BUT; CHILD that fall thy prey's song.

Who art thou Tyronic creature
To be dressed in innocence but a deceiver
Rape, and abuse torment yet thou refuse,
To seal the acceptance thy loot abuse.

Ay! But thy acts of deceit would soon awake,
FOR JUSTICE and punishment would debate,
Thou! Hath killed the infant in the egg,
Who sees the world f innocence and suffers the fate o RAPE

Tempest thou created, inher little life,
Tormet did thee her memories strive,
Darkened did thee her love for man kind,
Hate doth she th evil kind.

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From the collection of Poetry on humanity

Shanika marini Paul

Thy Will Oh Lord

THY WILL! Thy Will! Oh Lord
Art thou to blame?
For errors and blunders
That man doth make
Blame he does he, for life's raw deal,
But did he not be the evils will? ?

Curses doth he in thy name;
When ever he falls victim In Satan's game,
Pleadeth doth he in prayer so deep,
As the price to pay now bundles in heap

Hath he forgotten, the fame and shame?
Both walk united I destiny's game.
Yet! he forgot the oh "Mighty God",
Made The Gleam of fortune
Sit in thy space.

Now he doth shed tears in vein
Upon the loss o his material game
Seeks he solace, and comfort of soul
Seeks he forgiveness,
Near thy throne

Man when will ye wake up!
Pick thy litter
Stand up!
Love thy God
For no harm shall cometh upon you
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Shanika marini Paul

True Love

Awaken True love! Awaken!

Thine eyes doth remain
Soon clouding in blindness and vain
For it is she, you must seek to seize
Her love now walled with angered hurt

Awaken! I pray! Awaken!
For it is she who loved thee then
It is she who will love thee till life's end
Her heart now poisoned by pain's desert

Granted did thee take life's bliss
Hardly awakening to realities kill
When? I prey did thou applaud
Her tireless task so kindly performed

Awaken! I prey! Awaken!
For her love unveils into the gash
Praise her, Love her, , appreciate her, adore her
For life will be but an empty shell
With love's true form surrendering to death.

Shanika Paul

From the collection of Poetry on humanity
U/graduate BA English(OUSL) , ADIE(UK) , ACIE(OUSL) , DIP;
AMI/PSY(Cambridge) Trained Teacher(IMSD)

Shanika marini Paul

Twass The Light

TWAS THE LIGHT OF angel THAT SHONE UPoN

Night doth crept on silent heel.
Soft upon her bridal veil,
As she did smile upon the breast
of an infant nudging in feastly nest;

Twass the night of the month of June
A MOTHER SHE WAS AT THE YOUNG MAN'S TOMB
For it was they say fate that breathed
A dead mans breath to the unborn beam;

Yet why? She questioned in humble prayer
Did her lover not set upon sight
Of their little son' very eyes
Born upon the day he died

Had death no mercy or manners I plight?
For she so young in her bridal braid,
Had no clue death had her a new
To face the world came a light of an angel,
From the smile of their son upon his mother

Poet Shanika Paul

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Shanika marini Paul

Unity

Observed did I two crows at play
Upon a roof not faraway
The mother crow teaching her little one to fly,
as father watched with utmost pride.

Ecstasy and strive
went wing to wing
the nestling flew and looked behind.
Sad to note momy wasn't seen
but a million crows
chirped angrily

Closer did the little one fly.
discovered did it the frightening truth
While momy and dady watched with pride,
their little one take it's first flight
The Vilai, The cat did make it's prey
the mther crows life as she stood

The unity f crows did I doth see
Not only at meals, but in pains grief
Pondered did I if they had cast or creed,
as they moaned with anger upon death's deed.

Shanika marini Paul

Unity Of Crows

Observed did I two crows at play
Upon a roof not faraway
The mother crow teaching her little one to fly,
as father watched with utmost pride.

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Shanika marini Paul

War Poem

WAR! PAIN WHOSE TO BLAME?

But the little one's who cry and seek in vain
Fatherless, homeless deserted is he;
Silently crying in desperate plea.

He too hath a home so fine
With mother cooking up a meal to dine
Father shinning up his medals pride
Beaming in glory at the babies side.

Yet. time hath cometh, it was the day
For the enemy hath struck the Broadway
He was a hero, defending his land
He had to join his funeral band.

Fought did they; with courageous strength,
Never giving up till the end.
The war tis over, the guns asleep
Yet! who will now lull him beneath.

The child now smiles hearing his father's name
As they announce the list of FAME.
Daddy's in heaven there is b=no doubt
Said the child in hope so loud.

Shanika marini Paul

War Spare Thee

War spare thee
Watch thee do I, With tearful I eye;
As thou Oh! child pays war's cry
Thou art not to blame!
For man at times is INSANE

Thy play time disturbed,
With wars burst
Run doth thee to thy mother's arms,
Yet! No mercy hath war's charms

Pity thee do I, oh innocent child,
Thy life hath just begun
Yet! It ends with a gun
Cry not thee thy tears so mild.

Hush! hush! little one
Peace shall dwell!
For man would soon leave,
His revenge's cell
Unity would spread her wings of peace
Across the oceans, Deserts and streets
Man would see that we are but one!
A blessed creation of the Mighty ONE.

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Wings

WINGs

The cry Of thy heart doth touch my scenes,
For tis you, thy eyes that melted
The froze heart ever mea to love or trust again
For the one I loved was never in vein

He whom I kindled with a childish heart,
He whom I knew would ever tear me apart,
He whom I trusted with all mighty heart
Winged away meant all alone to depart

My foolish trust that was painted with youthful love,
Ventured; did I as he voiced me as an "extension of is life"
My love remained in eternities blame,
My tear did awake our child's fate

The morn of life the rebirth and fath reincarnation for love not yours did smile
again.

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Shanika marini Paul

Wisdom

Wisdom thou art wise,
Though many a fool doth not seek thee.
But play in thy shadow's disguise.
Pray! do not repent

For tis may not be the rich man's choice
Nor the reach of the poor ma's voice
Yet, tis the thirst f the want to be wise
that long to be quenched of thy wisdom's words.

When wise they ponder upon victory
for words once learnt has no jeopardy
unless used to pleasure with no measure
Tis my heart's treasure.

I do worship at thy shrine,
fOr no ma can steal my worthy smile.
Gained from absorbing thy every inch of knowledge
I live in life's bliss

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Shanika marini Paul

Woman

WOMAN SILENTLY THOU WEEPS□

Woman; I hear thee cry, when thou art the source of laughter
You are the foundation, The very existence of man kind
Who says that thou has no rights To cry;
When beaten and molested for no deed of thy

You! woman art strong, God trusted you in bearing man kind
You art the teacher, guide, and most of all Mother
Without thee man will be a fallen race
You! woman are made of so much more

Wiser in knowledge, when needed most
Make thy children a worthy clan
Stand up! Wake up! And shout out loud
For all doth know that thou art Love

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