

# Anthology of Thehara



Presented by

*My poetic Side* 

## Dedication

*To Amma, Thati and Malli*

## About the author

Thehara has been an avid reader and a keen poet since a very young age with abundant creativity and imagination.

Some of her poems were found in scrap paper in her bedroom before her mum decided to put it on poetry escape for everyone to enjoy.

She may put her emotions in to a piece of written work .The poem GROW AND MATURE FASTER was written after being annoyed of her brother switching television off when she was watching.

It is exciting to experience the twist at the end and the hidden depths conveyed by each poem!

## summary

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## Putrid Gassington by Thehara age 9

Putrid Gassington was a smelly ol' guy  
Since he never washed and only ate pie,  
putrid Gassington was a let-out-wind sort of fellow.  
and nobody knew why he liked the colour yellow.  
Putrid Gassington lived on the street,  
I asked him one day-"when last did you wash your feet?"  
he replied "a thousand and twenty two years ago when there was sleet"  
I was shocked I hit my head on a brick ,  
whilst putrid Gassington wrote 'my real name is spencer cleans' out with a stick,  
Then I almost fainted when he removed his body of "tin",  
To show me his layers of clean, thin skin!  
His hair was neat and his teeth were clean,  
there was nothing really that didn't send a beam across his smiling face ,  
soon I turned round and then began to pace,  
I paced all the way to my little cottage in the wood.  
Thehara

## The playground (in the eye of a 10 yr old)

A group of gossiping girls,  
teachers with lots of curls  
football crazy boys , playing with their toys  
and a lonely fallen out friend in the corner.

A pack of menacing bullies ,  
eating ice cream and lollies,  
some clever children practising maths,  
but will these bullies get in their paths?

Annoying little tell tales sitting on a wall.  
I wonder if they'll tell me off at all?  
selfish children with their jewellery,  
I don't think I want them to play with me!

A small circle of infants crying loudly,  
I can't stand it , I can't stand it,who can't stand it?  
ME!

This is our playground we stay here after lunch,  
We always have something nice for puds  
a biscuit with a crunch!

## Grow and Mature faster

When you grin at the fact you steal,  
it all comes clear and real  
that when you stick out tongues at lying to me,  
you somehow find pleasure,can't you see.

Why do you smugly smile at switching off electronics?  
Can't you learn manners,kindness,generosity, the basics?  
You feel like its a job well done,when I sit and cry,then when mother comes she asks"Did you be mean" Of course,this means you must lie!  
If you carry on this way,people will start to hate,  
Don't even think about having a change of fate!  
When you change your ways ,oh happy,  
We can live like proper siblings ,I wont mind if there's any dribblings!  
**GROW AND MATURE FASTER!**  
You don't have to change your age ,but you can change your behaviour.

## Mother's Day poem (Thehara age 10)

I love you, mother, for the things you do,  
always making our dreams come true.  
Telling us the difference between right and wrong,  
and reading us stories, attempting songs.

Everyday we wake up,  
You're always out of bed.  
Sometimes you need a rest;  
to, of course, rest your weary head.

Everyone in our house finds you, oh-so-sweet,  
but most of all, you keep the rooms neat!  
We appreciate your contribution keeping the household sane,  
You also talk to lots of people, next-door and down the lane.

Being a mum must be tough work,  
Sometimes, I suppose you feel berserk!  
We don't get a chance to say how we intend;  
especially when you are doing a backwards bend.

If you could doze off to troubleless sleep,  
climbing a mountain, very steep,  
What would you dream of, I wonder why?  
Would you dream about me, the apple of your eye?



## Wishing

I wish I could be a lion ,with a huge golden mane  
No..I wish I could be a cat,hiding out from the rain.  
No wait...I wish to be a creature hiding underground,  
I wish to be a worm sleeping, most safe and sound.  
I wish not to be an animal ....I know ... a queen,  
in beautiful robes,oh how I would preen!  
A great high ruler,the prettiest ever seen.  
But...actually ...I don't wish to be a lion,a cat or a worm.  
I don't wish to be a queen ,the prettiest ever seen,  
Oh, what I should wish to be ...aachoo! Ooh a germ!  
I actually...wish to be just myself!

## My friend

I have a friend named Dadum,  
whenever I ask him to, he comes.  
He likes to eat strawberries and cream,  
and every night he will have the same dream.

If I talk to him, he will listen intently,  
I can't hear it clearly, but he will hum to me gently.  
He will always be there when you cry;  
He's a really good friend, I can't deny.

But all this said, it's so real to me now;  
the truth so true, I feel I can't allow  
the fact I must end my poem with:  
He's not real.

## Boring days

It feels as if every day's the same  
The long 24 hours like a twin  
You never have something exciting to do  
Like getting to drink grownup gin!

As I always do, I get out of bed  
Then route on for clean teeth  
You never have something sad to do  
When someone dies you give them a wreath.  
I head down the stairs to breakfast  
And to eat up my cornflakes with milk  
You never have something fun to do  
Like getting to wear robes of rich silk!  
I go to school and work hard  
To earn a reward for trying  
But you never have something posh to do  
Like going out to shop then buying.  
I want every day to to be different  
Not always so dreary  
I want to go to school on the back of a lion  
Or maybe not cos it'll make me weary.  
How about if I play chess with a croc?  
(I hope it doesn't eat up the set!)  
Every day is a boring day  
That's the way it'll stay, I bet!

## Colours

Why do people notice our colours,  
as we look to one another?  
We don't need our skin being judged,  
whether we're black ,white ,olive or fudge!  
So please,friend , don't hide in the dark ,  
just because no one can see your spark.  
Look past the culture and skin  
and only attempt to see within.  
To this poem , will there be a sequel ?  
because now you know , we are all equal.

## Lemonade The Robot by Thehara age 12.(published in Poetry Escape)

The robots mainly lived in harmony,  
Most people got on quite remarkably.  
But one of these robots was quite afraid,  
A scrawny lad, by the name of Lemonade.

Lemonade was horribly bullied and teased  
By the robots who were certainly guaranteed  
To be mean and obnoxious to poor lemonade,  
Their words to him were like a knife blade.

It was all because of his stupid big ears,  
Everyone of his worries and fears!  
His squinty eyes, his bulbous nose,  
His foil-like hair and dirty clothes.

One day Lemonade decided to get his back,  
*Aha!*He thought, as he put on his anorak.  
*I'll go to the shop to buy 100 blueberry pies  
To smash in all the other robots' eyes!*

The very next day, they laughed and jeered-  
But in their eyes blueberry pies were smeared!  
Lemonade laughed and jumped for joy,  
He no longer felt like a poor robot boy!

The robots said sorry for bullying Lemonade,  
And baked him some muffins (that were home-made).  
They looked after him and bullied him no more-  
And made sure he was happy forever more!  
(Thehara Devinuwara age 12)

## Lily Sugar by Thehara age10

Lily sugar had an appetite,  
twice as large as the world!  
people told her to stop shoving in her gob  
but her golden locks she just curled.

'Oh',she would hungrily sigh,  
'I need to adjust my shape!'  
My ,she was a centimetre fatter!  
(according to some measuring tape)

She was in the Guinness book of records ,  
for being incredibly wide.  
But one fateful day she could fit no more in  
so she lay on her back and cried.

Her mother took her to see a doctor  
to make up a cure for the pains.  
The doctor said oh dear, but I have it!  
please collect the dirt from two lanes!

Lily looked puzzled  
and so did her mum,  
but at least it would make a cure  
to help her fat tum!

once she had done so  
she went back again  
the doctor said eat them with water,  
her mum cried "are you insane!"

Lily went green  
as she drank dirt water  
she yelped when it scratched her throat

her mum cried "you're poisoning my daughter!

WHOOSH! Inside her, no more gas,  
her sides so slim and straight,  
she was into a good condition-  
and if she gets fat again  
it'll be a long time to wait!

## 13 by Thehara

People say 13 is unlucky  
but I don't really agree,  
There's so much more to a number  
than simply calling it 'such a bummer'

When you first dive in the pool,  
you get praised- 'you're so cool'  
Get a mobile and sit awhile,  
Watch tv all day and smile!

Feel like a queen  
on a cloud like dream.  
Floating gaily on the breeze,  
the most appealing flowers you seize.

7 years of being a teenager  
You're respected; an attention-gauger!  
Feel like you're dancing on the moon  
or licking Nutella off a spoon.

13 is not unlucky I find  
Tut on those who are so behind.  
You can't help it- neither can I  
because 13 is an age to fly...