



**Shadows are not real**

**Author M.Selvathas**

**Translated by A.Mathura**

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# Shadows are not real (Poems)

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Translated by: Miss A. Mathura

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## Greeting Message From The Dean of The Faculty

It is my great pleasure to write this greeting message to the translated poem book titled shadows are not real written by the Miss A. Mathura, Lecturer in Translation studies, Faculty of Arts University of Jaffna.

A University teacher's duty and responsibility covers teaching, research, publication and social contribution. Writing a book part of this Miss. A. Mathura, who is a young lecturer with one year working experience, has performed satisfactory contribution to her professional community through this translated poetry book.

A goal of a translator is to have people read the translation as if it were the original written material. To do that translator must be able to write in a way that maintains the structure and style of the original while keeping the ideas and fact of the original material accurate.

Miss A.Mathura, properly transmits the socio-culture and traditional reference including slang and other expressions prevailing in our region. She

translated 30 poems originally written in Tamil to English. This collection of poems represents the socio economic and cultural value sand significance of the Tamil society who lived and are living in the Jaffna region.

It is a good indicator and evidence for her professional knowledge and skills on her field. I hope this is a good and first step for her long journey of professional carrier.

I take this opportunity to congratulate Miss A. Mathura and wish her to travel continuously on the path of professional development.

Dr. K. Suthakar,  
Dean  
Faculty of Arts

## Message from the Co-Ordinator of Translation Studies

An education provides the ability to think and design our activities toward successful life with determination and without losing hope. The university education given to our graduates is said to be fruitful as it is an investment for their better future. Many argue that the return on investment of time and money to earn a degree must be offset by high career earnings and low student debt. Some insist that value cannot be measured solely in monetary terms but must factor in a person's capacity to be a global citizen and critical thinker. Still others believe that the ultimate payoff of education is in the networking that takes place on campus, in the personal relationships and the professional connections students can establish and upon which they draw throughout their lives and careers. In fact, all of these are valid criteria for return on investment.

As someone who has spent his/her entire adult life in academia, the chance for one to build and strengthen intellectual capital is a primary reason why the overall university experience is of great

value. A student's undergraduate or graduate years will likely be one of the few opportunities when learning and discovery come first.

Education is more than a collection of courses. Its full value lies not just in what students learn in the classroom but also what students choose to do in the time they are in a university. If they opt to only go to class and take exams, then the return on their investment will be disappointing.

If our students use this time to think big thoughts, see where their imaginations take them, try something new, seek out challenges, become inspired, argue, wonder, discuss, and ponder, then the value of their university degree will be exactly what it should be—priceless.

Miss. Annalingam Mathura, lecturer in Translation Studies, has proved the return on the money invested on her higher education by launching a book on poetry translation. She is a budding translator and an academic who is dedicated, sincere and hardworking. I wish her success in all her endeavour to publish more books to enhance her knowledge and a real contributor to the upliftment of the institution.

**Dr.S.K.Kannathas**

## Congratulations with thanks

Translating the literary works in one language to another language is need for time. Translation is a link bridge to understand in other language from creation of creator content

I'm happy for translate and publish my poetry collection " Shadows are not real " by miss A.Mathura lecturer in translation studies, University of jaffna

The translation success depends on stabilize the " feelings of source book " that way I can feel my source book feelings in this translation

"Never feel this feelings without this word " This is a poetic grammar. Such as selected terms used for this translation by miss A.Mathura. I'm feeling thanks with congratulations for her great work.

K. M.Selvathas



## Preface

Many literatures that we read these days absorb us in some way. Translation is used to bridge the gap between the source language and the target language. A collection of poetry titled "Nijamalla Nilalkal" written by poet M.Selvathas, reflects the experience, aspirations, attitudes, priorities and preferences of people. The theme centers round peace, unity, love, and human values. Theme of the poem highly appealed to me and prompted me to embark on the sensible task of translating these poems. This translation is effected for the appreciation and enjoyment of readers of all walks of life. In order to promote the translation process and to release the maiden venture, my warm gratitude goes to the Vice Chancellor, University of Jaffna, Prof. R. Vikineswaran who has given a message, amidst his busy schedule and also to the Dean of Faculty of Arts Dr. K.Suthakar. I extend my sincere thanks to Dr. S.K. Kannathas, Co-ordinator of Translation studies for his rendering of preface adorning my whole work. I owe a lot to all those who help me in this attempt. I am indebted to Bharanee Printers, Nelliady always for their admirable service. Besides I solicit the greetings from the eminent scholars.

My sincere thanks to Rev. Dr. R. Jejaseelan  
Former Lecturer in English Literature university of Jaffna,

Prof. V. Suntharesan Senior Lecturer ELTC University of Jaffna, and Mr.S.Pathmanathan well know poet, who helped me to bring out this publication. I express my gratitude and sincere thanks to all those lecturers in the university who guided me in this task, among them I wish to extend my special thanks to all those lecturers in the translation studies for enlightening me to bring out my talent.

Miss Mathura Annalingam

# Prayer

O! God  
Who reigns  
The universe  
you created,  
Suffer in dumbness  
God,  
Your silence  
Your numbness  
Troubles them,  
May your shower  
of grace  
Be a panacea for them?

# Dream

Where is the pride of Palmyrah

Which has lost its vaddu?

Where is the harvest of the

Fertile paddy field?

Where is the beauty of the damsel

With a pottu like the full moon?

Our life like a dream

Everything is unreal

Shadows are not real/02

# Lady

A unique in creation  
On the earth  
A confluence of  
The five Boothas of nature  
The woman  
in her affections  
She is a breeze that quietly embraces  
In patience  
Mother earth  
In mercy  
She is the rain  
In service  
She is the sky  
In wrath  
She is fire  
On the whole  
She is a fullness of virture

A. Mathura/03

# Life

Life is a water bubble  
Live it actively  
If not,  
It has no meaning  
To this world  
It is a whirling  
In which both happiness and sorrow  
Come bound together  
Indulge in happiness  
Never be disheartened  
In facing sorrow  
Save your fortitude  
To fortify  
Your sorrow

Shadows are not real/04

# What are you searching for?

Oh mother,

In the dotage

What are you looking for?

In this arid

Are you looking for

The lost grove

In the desert?

No....

Are you searching for the yard

Where you were walking around

Or

Are you searching for the house

You abandoned in displacement

If not

Are you looking for the

Footsteps of the dear ones

A. Mathura/05

Who left you lurch  
Or  
The human progency  
Mingled with the earth

Shadows are not real/O6



# Dear Student!

Dear Student

You,

Born for achievement

You have the statue like talent

Hidden in the stone

It comes to life

When carved again and again

Then

You carve

not the stone

but your self

You become the sculptor

Yourself,

Don't be disheartened in face of challenge

make trails the foundation

For achievement

Build a beautiful house

Upon it.

A. Mathura/07

# Mother

Origin of the universe  
Citadel of our dear soul  
Noble spirit of life  
Goddess of protection  
In womb to the tomb  
For our sake  
Die once and reborn

Shadows are not real/08

# Rain

Unbearable cold  
In migrated countries  
Return you to mother land  
Like water vapors

# Imayoor

Passing Vallai Plain  
Fertile fields appear  
Towering the paddy fields  
Stands the temples  
Majestic, full of grace  
Adjoining the temple  
Lies Imayoor  
The Foundation of Knowledge.

Shadows are not real/10

# Tears

Non fragrant flowers withering  
A moment after blooming  
The music  
Melts even the stony heart  
Appears as a drop in pleasure  
Change into heavy rainfall  
In sorrow,  
Exposes the Feelings of the heart  
To the world  
A lively weapon

A. Mathura/11

# December 26

The dawn its self born is dark  
Water surges sky wards  
And discards to the Earth  
Flowing down towards the Earth  
Snatched angrily our dear ones  
A black day, it was!

Shadows are not real/12

# Pain in the hand

Pain is life's support  
Achievement in every pain  
The pain of the artist  
Becomes a picture  
The pain of the architect  
Gives a statue  
The pain of the poet  
Produces a tune  
The pain of the farmer turns  
Into harvest  
The pain of the student  
Gives way an answer  
Bear the pain  
A path is open straight away.

A. Mathura/13

# Searching

Sitting around the yard  
Forgetting the worries  
In bright full moon light  
Eating a handful of rice  
Where are those days?  
Pulling the charriot of the village  
Awoke without sleep  
Amidst applauses  
Staged  
Various cultural events  
Where are those days?  
Watching films till dawn  
Even after the dawn  
Wept  
Closing the eyes  
In the school  
Where are those days?

Shadows are not real/14



During the salt harvest  
Sinking the half leg  
In the saltern  
Carrying the bag of salt  
On the head  
Where are those days?

In the night bus  
Between the empty seats  
· Standing and clashing  
With each other  
Reach home  
Where are those days?  
Searching for them  
Will those days come again in life?

A. Mathura/15

# Superstition

Oh! Man,  
The obstacle  
Of life and progress  
Look back for a moment  
In thousands Superstitions  
Like rubbish  
As the first step  
Sweep and clean the rubbish  
Next moment  
You feel  
Your barren life  
Becomes flourished  
Thing that swallows  
The virtues of humanity

Shadows are not real/16

# Realize it

Tsunami

Cyclone

Scorching sun

Pouring rain

Earthquake

Oh God

Have you lost

Your eye sight?

This is what most people

Mourn today

Really it is shameful

Why, man!

Is God Responsible

For your sins

Those days you obeyed the nature

A. Mathura/17

Thus nature too favoured you  
Today you stamped down the nature  
Nature in return  
Suppress you  
At least now reform yourself  
If not  
Many more tsunami will devour you.

Shadows are not real/18

# Shadows are not real

Shadows never

Become real

Oh... man

Love reality not shadows

Shadows never remain

Reality never vanishes

You will be left lurch

In your belief of shadows

Try to accept the reality

Peace will come

This is not shadow

But reality

A. Mathura/19

# Love

Love

The rejoicing of youth

A noble linking

Even after death

Eyes spring

From the bottom heart

End up in family life

Sweet natural tendency

Time may pass away

Lovers too disappear

But love never dies

Shadows are not real/20

# A flower that blooms tomorrow

To fall  
After fading  
In our nature  
But  
We fall  
Before fading  
In this world  
Stalks without the flowers  
Cry out shedding tears  
Let the flower  
That blooms tomorrow  
Ensure  
Stalks do not shed tears.

A. Mathura/21

# Bharathy

To break  
The shackle  
Of slavery  
Conqueror of the weapon - pen  
A man of mercy  
Bringing to the shore  
The struggling manhood  
Born at Eddyapuram  
Dwelt in a place  
Beyond reach  
He is not just a poet  
But a lord of poems

Shadows are not real/22



# Body

Our body

Abode of five elements

Wind for our breath

Water

For drinking

Land

With our food

Fire

In digestion of food

Sky

Space between systems.

# Path of our life

Life

A long journey

Along the path

With stones and thorns

Ups and downs

Wide spread

Every step

Taken carefully

Takes you

To the definite destination.

Shadows are not real/24

# Sprout

Stone appears  
When digging again and again  
Epic emerges  
When life experience matures  
Love blooms when  
when eyes wink  
Vessels formed  
When clays seasoned  
Gold shines  
When rubbed over and over  
Cutting the tree repeatedly  
Makes it sprouts vehemently  
Knowledge blooms  
When in eternal learning

A. Mathura/25

# Sun

Spirit of life

In the world

Unique head burning himself

To lighten the whole world

Shadows are not real/26

# Affection

Love that reigns  
In the world  
Excellent relationship  
Without any form

# Birth is death

Birth and death  
Nature's rule  
Birth is death  
Weeping when born  
Crying when dead  
Milk given in birth  
Milk poured in death  
Songs sung in death  
Garland worn when born  
Garland placed when dead  
Bathed when born  
Bathed when dead  
Affinity with birth  
Affinity with death

Shadows are not real/28

# Religion

Religion manifested itself  
To save the mankind  
Today religion,  
Is the grip of fanaticism  
Destroys human virtues  
Religion is meant for man  
But man not meant for religion

# Tamil

Cowling in the Sanga period  
Found its place in history  
A language unparalleled to any  
In Sanga period whirled as loving Tamil  
Turned into heroic Tamil  
In the period of transformation  
Budded as virtuous Tamil  
Later blooming as ethical Tamil  
In Pallava period  
As devotional Tamil  
Later smelled as aesthetic Tamil.

Got matured in Cholar regime  
Muth Tamil  
Today  
Ruler of the universe

Shadows are not real/30



Our mother tongue  
Will you accept  
My childish talk?

A. Mathura/31

# Peace of mind

Peace

We searching for

Is dead and lost

Forgotten the nature

Surrender to the nature

Drop the mind

Stop the tears

Forget the worries

Peace is gained in no time

That cannot be got even for money

Have you admired the snow drop

That spills over the edge of the grass?

Admire it

Burning sense on your top head Gets cold

Have you ever forget yourself

In smiling tenderness of

Budding flower

In the morning?

Shadows are not real/32

Have your heart got sunk  
In multi coloured wings  
That recedes to their dwellings  
In the evening?  
Have your heart got sunk  
If not sink  
your heart  
To make the lost smile return  
Have you lost your self  
In the soft white moon light  
Passes through  
The leaves of the coconut tree?  
You feel your worries  
Leave you silently  
Have you listened to the sweet voice?  
Of cuckoo hides itself  
Behind the leaves?  
Listen to it  
You will feel the peace of mind  
Abandoned you silently

A. Mathura/33

# Wanted peace only

Everywhere, grumbling  
Everywhere, bursting into tears  
Scared to stay in our compound  
Running In all directions  
Like voiceless human  
Carnage on one side  
Death out of starvation on the other  
Fluttered we  
Grieve in loss of wings  
Oh! peace  
Liberate us.

Shadows are not real/34

# Journey by ship

Journey by ship

Unforgettable in life

Serial story

Full of sorrow

What was it?

Latter part of last year

Tension through the village

Application for travel by ship

People rushed in

Waiting in long queue

With their legs aching

Carrying letter of reasons in hand

Standing in the midst of hot sun

Not for one or two days

But many days

After long tribulations

A. Mathura/35

Received forms  
Filled and handed over  
At the nearest camp  
Roaming continued  
Not for a day or two  
But for many days  
Month or two  
After a long suffering  
A big sigh of relief  
Permit issued  
So happy  
As if witnessing  
God in reality  
Thought their worries ended  
But trouble counting  
Like the Saturn

Shadows are not real/36

In the seventh position  
Waiting for the ship  
Waiting forever  
Time ran away  
But journey by ship not ended  
Waiting in long queue  
Ignoring burning sun, rain and snow  
Wearing all cruelty  
To get a number chit  
Even the animals  
Have their shelter  
But now think  
Road is our home  
Benumbed to cold and mosquito bite  
People slept  
Without peace  
Waited for token

A. Mathura/37

Ship would be available  
Anxiety in the mind  
Boundless joy  
Even after getting the number  
Worries followed  
Because  
Those in the front line  
Of the queue  
Got the opportunity  
Proceeded their journey by the ship  
But  
Others got only disappointment  
Continued waiting  
I, not an exception too  
Days pass away  
Fate plays its game  
Prolonging the never ending stories  
Till the dawn is seen

Shadows are not real/38