

Montage Poetry
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A mountain that she was...

At my door step there she was
From dawn until dusk
Carrying herself with a lot of force
She always did her task.

Grabbing whatever was given
She stared with pleading eyes
She was begging not to be driven
We soothed all her cries.

Time through the window, it flew
Her swollen belly, she bore
Day by day, her offspring grew
Inside her, in her core.

A mountain that never fails
Her eyes told us that
Not even in the strongest gales
Not for a single minute she sat.

Went from here to there
Looking out for a haven
To cradle her darlings with care
She never could be shaken.

One morning, as the dew drops fell
A cacophony of mews I heard
The pride she felt her eyes could tell
In spite of all she laboured.

Wathsala Weeraratne

The poet tries to explain the motherhood citing the example of a pet cat and how she rejoices at the birth of kitten. The poet has used apt metaphors referring to the responsibility of motherhood. The poet has used down to earth language and apt metaphors.



Eternity in a rose

Rose I know
And how amazed I am
You weren't there yesterday
And you are here today
A beauty
Charming my eyes
A fragrance
Electrifying my veins
An angel
Refreshing my palm
And this moment is
True, beautiful, and eternal

Rose I know
You won't be there tomorrow
And this is the moment
Of liberation eternal
A truth so soothing
A fragrance so permeating
And sweetly lost I am
In you and you in me
This moment is the bliss
Eternity is the moment
True, beautiful, in union
Eternity is, but by the moments

- P. M. Fernando

The poem is about the beauty and ephemeral nature of rose. Its beauty is momentary and indeed, skin-deep. The poem is noted for its apt language.

I am a bloody racist
No wonder you are not
Cos, you don't belong here mentally
Though you live here physically.
And the meaning of "Racist" has changed
That you don't know, 'tis quite strange:
R- Radical
A-Apolitical
C- Creative
I- Intelligent
S- Sensitive
T- Terrorist: as defined by thee.

Racism is in my blood
Can't help it what could be done?
I have roots unlike you
Can't help it what could be done?
"Speaking for the rights of one's own"
Is it what a racist do?
If so you may brand me so-
I am proud to be called so...

If Martin Luther king and his men
Were not racists then
Blacks are still slaves and further more.
If Mahatma Gandhi and many other radical men
Were not racists
Where might have the Indians fled?
Seattle the Red Indian
Who talked for his own nation -
Do you call him a racist? - The blood thirsty hound...

What about Hitler, Idi Amin, Mussolini
And Pol Pot the despot.
What do you call them?
Please be politically correct.
Whole world is a contradiction
I am a racist, held in discrimination...

-Kasun Gajasingha

The poem is about diverse perceptions of a racist. From the lines it is not clear whether the poet has the correct perception of a racist or he has mistaken patriotism for racism. In simple terms, racism is an ideology which extols supremacy of one race over the other races. One's justifiable love for one's country, nationality and appreciating one's own culture and one speaks for rights of one's kith and kin or citizens of a country from a broader perspective can be described as patriotic feelings. However, it is rather naive on the part of the poet to describe some of the national leaders such as Mahatma Gandhi, father of modern India as a racist.

Batter my heart

Hiding from whole world's eyes
My heart had been delighted
You are the star flower bud
This was blossomed in my heart tip

Batter my heart as a damn
Spring has died
Spilling pearl of tears
For what we met this existence
To be aside in far distance

Can't make my mind belong
You come to mind again and again
The tolerance lamp had been lost
Which was delighted my heart orb

You break my heart as a mote
Giving warm grief and sob
I had to be alone
In this empty world saloon

Mangala

The poem is about the sad departure of a lover. The poet has used apt metaphors and simple lines. The poem is noted for short and sharp lines.



Blindness invited



No matter the distance
Or the preserved silence
A guarantee I can give
For neither blind nor deaf
I am still.

Yet,.....
Better my blindness
If you are found
In close distance
Like my eyebrows!

A.Jayalath Basnagoda

The poet is longing for the company of his love. However, she is not near and poet wishes that she may be near him as eyebrows so that even blindness would not matter. The poem is noted for its short lines.

Mistrust eye

Mistrust
eye
She
hasn't trust in future
the
life
Without
A battle
Always
.....money
Money
solves every problem.....
She's
Gleaming, eyes telling it.....
To
exams, to the job,
To
make clear all of problems
To
get her own life
What
that she need...
Better
life.
Yes
.....darkness future and coldly war
Will
make her destiny
Then after her acting on the stage of earth
She
will give to her baby
To
think.....
As
she had to think
Before

Anurada isuru kumari kaluarachchi

The poem is about a woman who is very rich and apparently money seems to solve her problems. However, she has no self-confidence and her eyes show it. The poem is noted for its philosophical ideas and short lines.

Aliens call me a racist



Modern geisha

Like butterflies
they flutters
their beautiful
eye lashes
catch the flaming desires
the modern geisha ~
Bertholamuze Nisansala Dharmasena

In a couple of short lines, the poet sums up the defining characteristics of modern geisha. The poem is noted for its brevity of expression.

Pine

Another dawn, brought new thoughts
Another game, filled with new joys
Another heart, covered with new love
Another book, taught new lessons
Find new things more, everywhere
All fail to bring the same.
Never find anything equal, never.
Pine for the very things reign.
Hopes of sanctum keep living.
The very hopes are pious.
O Lord! the poor soul doesn't know.
"One thing exists once only"
A voice came out of the soul, finally.

Srimali M. Fernando

The poet has used simple diction and the poem is noted for its philosophical ideas.



Moms go to school

mountain of books
inside a bag of pressure
little child has gone to the school
moms are waiting
having a chit chat with
all the others
take him to tuition class

new tuition classes,
what happened in the teledramas
and lot of twaddle all around
bit of English mixed with Sinhalese words
comes out from unstoppable mouths
beside the gate of school

after bell rings
children run and embrace the moms
no time to rest now
pastry, bun and packet of milk
get ready for tuition class
thinks for a second
no this is not a surprise
in this time,
children don't go to schools
moms go to school

Umesh Moramudali

The poem is about unbearable pressure exerted on parents due to the highly but unwanted competition for education. Educating children has become a virtual rat race where parents are competing with one another to make a better future for their children. Some parents are trying hard to realise their failed dreams through their children making children in the process proverbial guinea-pigs. The poem is noted for its apt theme.