

MontagePoetry

Reviewed by
Indeewara Thilakarathne

Please send your contributions to Montage, Sunday Observer, ANCL, No 35, D.R Wijewardene Mawatha , Colombo 10. E-mail; montage@sundayobserver.lk Tel: (011) 2429228, 2429237, 2429229



A confession ...

I am tired of my life
Everything has become nothing
And I am ‘nothing with everything’
The morning with its bells and clocks and flowers
comes only to end simply in evenings.
And every moment simply passes out of hands
With no ending

Yet, there are things of beauties and sweet memories that may ever last
All over the life
And, there are wounds that remain painful even after death
The paining and pleasure entwined with one another,
Trace the life for ever.

I don't want to be born again and suffer
In the seasonal cycle of death and birth if any
Oh, my God, let me come as a gentle breeze
To play and embrace with beautiful flowers and little birds
Or let me dissolved into nothingness.

I am tired of my life
Everything has become nothing
And I am ‘nothing with everything’

-Ponniiah Ganeshan

The poet conveys the frustration of life, perhaps, after encountering hardships and failures. The poet has used a down-to-earth language and apt metaphors.



When?

Is it at the moment of birth
Or in the moment of dying
That one learns of the meaning
Of life?
A child in the world of fantasy
Cannot accept reality
Cradled by love.
You grow into a young adult
Who escapes into dreams of the future.
But when the years pass and age creeps in-
And decay begins to set within you
Sometimes causing endless pain
Or deformity.
When each day becomes measured
Not with pleasure
But by despair
When love is no longer
There for comfort
Nor hope to bring joy
When one never runs or walks
Without pain.
And life is controlled
By pills or soothing balms.
When the sun sets
Life is confined to a lonely room
Listening to birds singing their lullaby
That is when
You swallow your sleeping pill
Because you have learnt, at last,
The meaning of life...

Punyakante Wijenaik

Old age will dawn the harsh reality of life after enjoying all the luxuries and opportunities offered by destiny. The glories and worldly comforts come to nothing. The poet has skilfully conveyed the agonising void of life. The poem is noted for its philosophical thoughts.

A Kirghiz love story

In a Kurkureu village fringed with alders,
With translucent brooks and marigold valleys
When an autumn dusk was kissing a young moon
Bluish forget-me-not eyes of a yet stranger
Touched the shy, reluctant eyes of a Kirghiz girl

In lingering, wistful, hazy winter nights
When frost bleached foliage to waxen white
Hills were scarfed with diamond snow shadows
Sighing winds were singing out her poem,
Still lisping till he tunes the guitar of love

In a spring, scented with wind-stirred buttercups
Under a silvery sky pulsating with crystal stars
On a blanket of leaves mosaic with lilacs
Seduced maidenhood dreams were sobbing
Mingled with the twittering of night birds

Flute-like stir of two rustling poplars
With unfading echoes of unforgettable days
Trills in sibilant whispers, the unsung love song of
Duishen of deep tender secret feelings and
Altynai of unrealized delicate dreams

Punya Samanthapali

(The poem is an effort to capture the elements of purity and self-sacrifice that pervade the relationship between Altynai and Duishen, the central characters of the novel *The First Teacher (Duishen)* by Chingiz Aitmatov.)

The poet has skilfully captured the essence of 'pure love' and sacrificial elements in the lives of the characters. The poem is noted for its rich poetic diction and use of apt metaphors.



I wish ...

I wish that I was a bird
A bird who could bask in sunrise and twilight
Without tall buildings to hinder sight
And scarce time too precious to spare

I wish that I was a bird
A bird with myriad tunes to sing
When each little word fails me
In all their shallow intensity

I wish that I was a bird
A bird that could rise in flight
Unbound and free as the wind
When all is war and strife on earth

I wish that I was a bird
A bird that could survive alone and free
To skim the endless sky
When subtle boundaries lock me in

Nillasi Liyanage



The poem is a cry for greater freedom. The poet has used apt metaphors and a simple diction.

The nonchalant busker

His eyes were half closed
Sat on a dusty polythene
With crossed legs
By the side of the
Boisterous street.

The knapsack sags
From the waist downwards.
Ramshackled crooked violine
Over his lap
Emits a silent burble
Where the spectators are
Passing by, never stops.
Few coins scatters
Here and there
Like a sky with
Descending stars
Collect in short intervals
By his spouse
With a scrawny and mild physique.

My legs stopped off..!

Then he started playing
His greater directions.

Firstly "dolento"
It was more sorrowful
Then "morendo"
That is dying away
And he ends his opera
By releasing finger tips
From violine.

When I threw a note
Over the polythene
He bowed down the violine
By both hands
With great gratitude.

Jayasiri Perera



The poet has skilfully recreated a common scene with new perspectives. The poet has used short lines effectively. However, at times, the poem sounds like a mere narration.



Friendship ends

They just like flies
They gather only to a
Certain period in a season
Then they leave us
Thereafter they rarely smile
Sometimes they say
“Hey how are you?” just to pretend
They are with us
You know fruits ripe in April
It's the season
They gather
So they start their chattering
From morning till night
When the season passed
They go
Fulfilling their selfish aims

Nelumika Dhajani Gamachchi

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



I'm falling for you

Your words freak me out
Your smile make me nuts
Your voice rocks me up
Yep totally I'm addicted to you

You are my passion
You are the beat in my heart
You know the password of my heart and
you are already log in
You are 24 hours online in my mind

No one can hack my mind and
Steal the password
Because my mind is totally with you
I'm fully addicted to you and
I care for you

I struggle to take my eyes off you
No matter what you do
I can't take my mind off you
I'm falling for you

Thilini Tharaka

The poem is about passionate love and the stage in which lovers would only see the beauty of life. The poem is noted for use of novel metaphors taken out of the contemporary milieu. The poet has used a simple metaphor.

You are my mother

I can't forget your eyes...
twinkled with compassion...
gave sunrays to me..
I can't forget your smile...
overflowed with snowdrops...took my tear
drops,gave dew to me..
I can't forget your sweet voice...Filled
with eternal love...
gave breeze to me...
Because of you..
I have bloomed like
a rose..I love you my dear mother
forever....

M.G Chandima Lasanthi

The poem is about the pivotal role that a mother plays in one's life. Although the materials are rich, the poem, at times, sounds like a narration.