

Montage Poetry
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Awakened!

"Dad , check the news,
Don't you think it's a bit too much ,
For the world population,
To reach seven billion.."

It's common sense ,
I can only agree,
With my son so thoughtful,
About how things will be.

It's a tall order indeed,
To feed many a mouth,
Will the world suffice?
For a moment I doubt.

" No need to fret dad,
I bet it won't be that bad,
Life always find a way,
Come whatever it may.
Even the waves that climb so high,
Like mountains towering the sky,
Lives only till reaching the shore,
A brief reign and then seen no more."

It's common sense,
I couldn't but disagree,
A tender eye seeing the truth,
About how things will be.

Nalaka Devapriya Dasanayake

(The poem is about an intelligent child. The poet has used a down-to-earth language and the poem is noted for its apt use of dialogues.



For the pregnant lady

Something is at the Kelaniya Temple

They are worshipping clouds.
There are orange rays, that slip the clouds,
In a world of scratch and bite,

Issuing tangential light.
Right above you.

There are leaves.
They are dew drenched,
Draining with understanding.
Right beside you.

There are golden grains of devotional intent,
With every trample, erupts its *kleshas*, and,
Chanda, Dosa, Bhaya, Mohas.
Right below you.

There is you.
There is a *sil-suwanda* felt in this stillness.
Purity wrought in the sthupa your hopeful eyes have fallen for.
Believe me,
a boundless tenderness is now fusing with,
the breath, the bud that will provoke a story,
Right within you.

I know cause, I feel it too.

Inosha Ijaz

(The poem is about sentiments of a pregnant woman who visits the sacred Kelaniya temple. The poet has used apt metaphors and simple diction.



Farewell to my school

When the dark clouds litter the blue sky
Drops of tears, one by one, drip
From top to the bottom of willow trees,
Smearing down the cascading willow leaves.

A little boy, taking his father's finger
Comes amid the aroma of Araliya flowers
Stretching with slipping and sliding
Uniformed with a schoolbag,
And a hanging water bottle
While walking, he bends down,
And collects Araliya flowers, fallen on the road.

When the father's finger becomes
No more larger than his
He comes alone to the school
Looking up at the flowers, blossomed
Treading on the fallen.

Farewell to my school
For a farewell is a new beginning
And let those weeping willow leaves whine
For, when the clouds are gone,

Willow trees will flush
And new leaves will appear again.

Kasun Deeptha Handun Pathirana

(The poet skilfully recreates the atmosphere of a school with its pastoral past. The poet has used a rich language taking the reader to his school days. The poem is noted for its codification of the past and philosophical ideas.

Missing myself...

Missing myself....
That part of me
Which is lost.

Bertholamuze Nisansala Dharmasena

(The poet has effectively used Haiku structure and the poem is noted for its philosophical ideas.



Shelter?

Toy but not Barbie
Yet dressed in worn out shabby cloths
wearing no shoes
shaking uncombed hair

walked along the noisy dusty streets
Pale and thin dirty toy

No one own it..

Big ones captured it
They enslaved it
hammered it
beat it
made it starve
finally robbed its coyness...

Poor little toy
begged the blindfolded lady
who armed with a sword and a scale
for a shelter...

The lady gave a shelter-
A playhouse meant for toys only
where monsters who swallow tiny tots
play hide and seek inside...

Kumari Alokabandara

(The poem is a social criticism. The poet has used a simple yet powerful diction to deliver the message. The poem is noted for its sharp-edged metaphors.



Footing

Three hands tick away on the face of a clock, life held in each for us
One, a palm of many paths ingrained, the other a balled-up fist.
The past, open to us but a riddle
Concealing the root of much that is yet to come,
The future, not for us to know, but to hope and plan,
And let's forget not the last hand, the present
Which, feet firmly planted, we know and hold, with comfy footing.
But wait, the thin hand,
Does it not tick steadily forward?
Save this moment, is not the present a part of the past and the future?
What precarious footing, to stand aloft on the circle of time!

Nillasi Liyanage

(The poet using an apt metaphor of clock describes the perception of time and how it profoundly affects life. The poem is noted for its philosophical ideas and apt diction.

Nature's dowry

Trees laden with fruit gently lean,
As if to honour in the meadow green;
The world is there that's been so serene
And before summer buds wither unseen
Let me tell you what I really mean.

A. Jayalath Basnagoda

(The poet using short lines tries to convey philosophical ideas extolling nature. In this short poem, the poet has effectively used short lines in a simple diction.



Tragedy

A huge blue ocean,
a dark rock amidst
enjoying the beat and dance
the naughty waves play
for years, with a slight smile.

Unexpectedly
a stray wave wrapped
around the dark giant:
with a shake; you and I can't see.
Mossy rock fell in love with
The soft murmurs of tiny wave.
The silent chat they had,
witnessed by only the sun and moon.

Days passed.

Thundering waves, huge grey waves,
raised to conspire with the violent sky.
Hullabaloo on the gentle sea.
The tiny wave failed to bear anymore;
the pressure of wind and water.
They lost the grip; she was taken.
Her hapless cry, nobody heard.
Even the sun and moon were jailed
In the gloomy sky.

The gigantic rock stayed as he was.
A soft droplet from his eye
Fell into the mass of salty water.

Buddika Wijethunga

(The poem is about tsunami and the poet has elaborately described the tragedy. Although the poem is a description of tsunami, at times, it lacks poetic diction. However, the poem is noted for its apt depiction of the tragedy.

