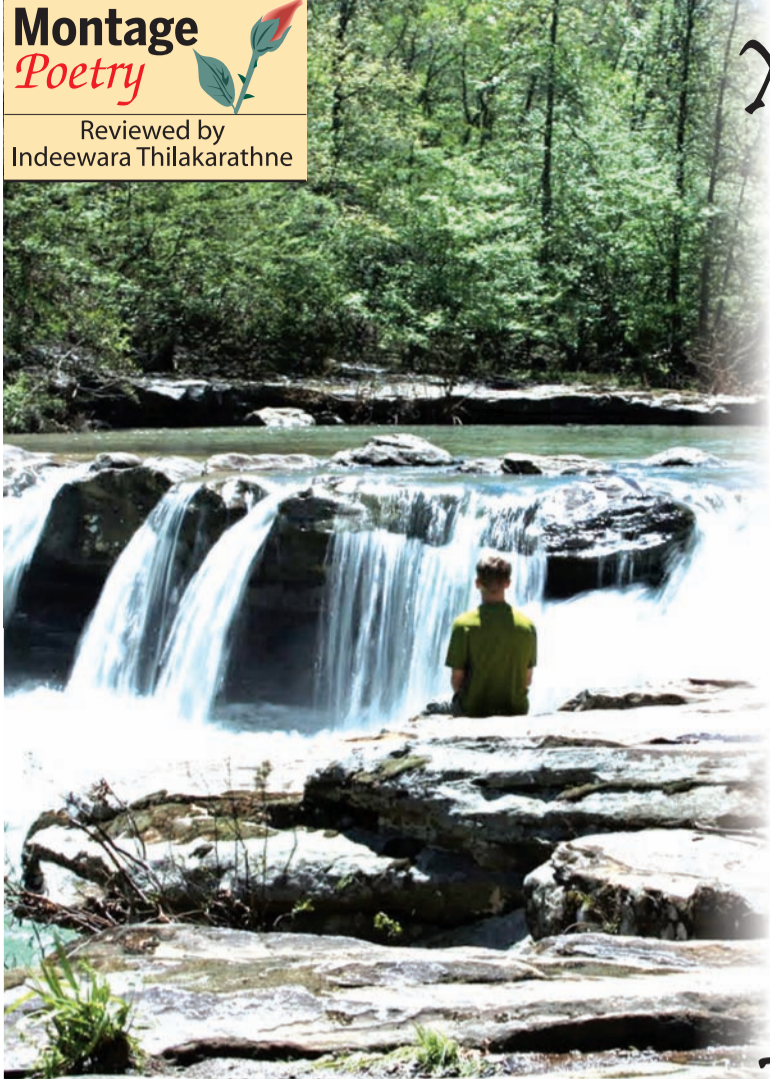


Montage Poetry
Reviewed by
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Morning has broken

One Sunday early morning, I sat by the verandah to breathe my life
the breeze was cold, but made me feel so fresh and nice.
The trees were still, my garden is wet and green....I can hear birds
sing and water drips as they are crystal clear, sitting and breathing the
freshness of the day.....
Now the sun is creeping through the shades....
Morning Has Broken,
so my little Bethani is woken, but someone is missing to lean on my
shoulder to share the beauty of the day.....
nevertheless count my blessings and thank my Lord, to smile through
my day with god's love I would say!!
Damith Perera

The narrator has skilfully captured the enchanting ambience of morning and the experience relates to his life in a memorable manner. The poet has used a simple diction and unpretentious voice.

Life mark

If no sunshine
No tree creepers twine
No moon shining
How stars twinkling ?
No flowers blooming
Will bees be humming ?
No bee sucking
Will there fruits bearing ?
No wind breezing
Will leaves be rustling ?
No birds chirping
Will there worlds enjoying ?
When no touching yours and mine
Will there be our surviving ?
Never mind the verse is negative
If you will you can make it positive
Take no hesitation
Still yours is the final conclusion.
J.M.Dinasena,

The poet has used a simple language with apt metaphors. The poem is noted for its philosophical ideas.



Shadows danced

To a land far away from you
I left to let you go
Memories captured meshadows danced in
front of my eyes far away from you
yet so close to you snow flakes kissed my
face
I burned in desire over memories of you
**Bertholamuze Nisansala
Dharmasena**

The poet in a couple of lines evocatively conveyed the memories of a loved one, now in a far away land. The poet is noted for the use of apt metaphors.

The memory

Memory is an ornament,
A photo frame at the deepest dents,
Transforming words to metaphors,
Unpinning reason from language,
So you could spin and float,
Instead of speculate,
It is the voice that speaks,
When in the mute mode,
To fill vacancies, and colour the occupied,
It is the entrance and exit,
Of the lives in line,
Whose trails will intersect,
With yours in time,
What the mind's breeze, cannot brush away,
Is, it-the fragrances and dusts,
Of yesterdays,
Until... you hear the ageing's call,
And recollections will swirl,
And twist to the immemorial,
Until...glance, voice, word, thought,
Will splash and float haphazard,
As the margins of history fades,
The footnotes will be widowed,
By melodies,
When you cannot recall,
How to piece the pieces together.
Either you can moan over
These forgotten colors, then,
Or,
Heartily smile,
Smile over the delicate touches,
The precious weavings,
You have weaved,
With your fingertips,
Interlacing the yarns of love,
In the hearts you love,
Hearts, made of fabrics of what else!
Memories!
Inosha Ijaz

In this elegantly written poem, the poet defines the idea of memory in eloquent terms. Memories are of colours, objects or happenings which are associated with life. The poem is noted for philosophical ideas.



My sadness you couldn't feel

Disappear
My tears
drop
On your sea of laugh
I never search it
That where is it?
Chamika Janani de Silva

The poet has effectively conveyed an emotionally-charged moment in life. The poet has used a down-to-earth language with apt metaphors.



Acting dumb and deaf

I watched you
You didn't see me, did you?
I smiled with you
You didn't notice it, did you?
I waved to you
You didn't wave back, did you?
Later I grumbled that you are not you
You heard that, didn't you?
Now it's too late
I've lost my hearing and sight
You might have noticed it, haven't you?
Now I feel secure
As you had felt a while ago...
Kasun Gajasinghe

The narrator relates the strange reaction of her loved one and his indifferent attitude towards her. The poet has used down-to-earth language. The poem is noted for its authentic voice.



Lost...

Without knowing the way to go
Without knowing what to do
I am in the middle of nowhere.....
Don't know what I am capable of
Don't know what my strengths are
I am really lost.....
I walk slowly but I never walk back
But the question is
When will I realise my path?
May be it's a matter of time.....
-Christina

The poem has aptly captured the mindset of a person who has lost his tracks in life. In simple language the poet has evoked the sense of loss on the part of the narrator and fervent hope to find a way out.