



Life and death

Life and death  
Sometimes I think that  
I want to die,  
But I remember  
Those who love me  
So,I think that  
Why do I die?  
Because I know that  
They want me...  
Now I have got an idea,  
I live with my lovers  
Till death comes...  
**Nimesha Ruchirani Peiris**

Montage  
Poetry

Reviewed by  
Indeewara Thilakarathne

The poem is about the meaning of life and the poet tries to convey the idea that community life is important to enrich and to give purpose for one's life. The poem is noted for its brevity.

Sanctuary for rebels



The sky clad in moon,  
Sequined with the star's sheen  
Cradles a heavenly boon  
For the other worldly and keen.  
The shallow sea in starfish jewels  
Hugged with beach- lapping waves  
Holds a sanctuary for rebels  
Be they either gentlefolk or knaves  
For,  
The solid earth of dust and stones  
Is wont to break deviating minds and bones.  
**Nillasi Liyanage**

The poet has used a down-to-earth language and apt metaphors. The poem is noted for its brevity of expression.



Cinderella

Out of the blue, I see a rainbow,  
How strange, it seems to have lost its glow.  
In a glint of a time-  
Two years ago,  
Not what you gifted me anymore.  
The tears you wiped? I've got them back,  
The painful sighs are out of the sack.  
With tattered smiles once fallen from the sack,  
Heart still beating, but broken at the back.  
Evenings you painted in blue and gold,  
Winter mornings in the colour of snow:  
Summer evenings that continued to glow,  
Precious autumns-are all now sold.  
I'm Cinderella-after the Ball,  
But, I never left the shoe in the hall.  
My love too small a clue for you to call;  
Hence at home, a waiting  
rag-doll.....  
**G.C.Priyangwada Perera**

The poem is about a girl who lost her love. The poet has effectively used the fairy tale Cinderella in modern context. The poem is noted for its innovative approach.

Peaceful death

Today man foe to mankind;  
Roam in the streets blood thirsty;  
Has become a scavenger to grab from others  
And digging pits to trap his brother,  
He has forgotten his untimely death,  
His final episode of life,  
Walking away empty handed,  
With none to the chamber of the burning bowel.  
Very often he forgets the only assets,  
Will be permitted to bring with him,  
The good and bad deeds on this earth.  
To claim for his eternal divine life forever.  
Noble deeds counts its accountability,  
During this short journey and stay,  
Every day to close your eyes in peace,  
Allowing your heart to beat in gay.  
Just try for yourself the music of,  
Love, kindness truthful and trustworthy,  
It's so calm,cool and pleasing.  
Makes your day ends the best.  
Don't hurt human heart,  
Just a piece of flesh and blood,  
Loaded with loads and loads of games,  
For you to play on your way.  
The choice is yours there is no say,  
Whether you want tranquillity,  
Or a heart full of satisfaction,  
Then comes a peaceful death.  
**M.N Kaiyoom**

The poem is about life as well as about 'peaceful death'. The poet says that the option is open for one to select a 'peaceful death'. The poet has used a down-to-earth language.



Another bus ride

Another bus ride as usual,  
With thoughts wondering,  
Sleepy eyes dozing,  
All of a sudden,  
A spectacle holds my eye.  
A girl in teens,  
In her T-shirt and jeans,  
Playful and giggling,  
A thing to see in morning light.  
Then, a heart sinking sight,  
Filling me with shock and wonder,  
Beneath her cap  
I see something missing,  
A balding head..  
A few curly strands dangling,  
I knew at first sight  
What it all meant,  
A life with days numbered  
At the edge of a shadow,  
But still she keeps smiling high.  
A life led with zest,  
Wanting not to miss the best,  
Willing not to waste a moment  
Recalls to me some evergreen lines  
Read somewhere along bygone times  
Oh how true  
Those lines ring now in my ear !,  
In the form of Ben Johnson's words,  
They never fail to bring down a tear.  
“ A Lily of a day  
Is fairer far in May,  
Although it falls and dies that night,  
I was the plant and flower of light  
In small proportions we just beauties see  
And in short measures life may perfect be”  
**Nalaka Dassanyake**

The poet has used a simple yet an effective diction. The poem is noted for its short and sharp lines and philosophical ideas.



Fly or not to fly...

Fly or not to fly...  
She is afraid  
When a guy arrives  
She is feeling lonely  
But it is not clear  
Whether she sings her repentance's solo  
Can you hear?  
Fly or not to fly  
Tell her my dear  
**Shanika Samaraweera**

The poem is about a disturbed mind-set of a young woman who has just entered into adulthood. The poet has used a simple diction and short lines.

To whom the world belongs?



To whom does the world belong?  
To  
all of us, they say.  
“Does it?” I asked myself again  
For  
I don't agree with them.  
Things that belong to us  
We  
dearly love and cherish  
Do we cherish the world we live in?  
Can  
you answer “YES?”

Flora and fauna of the world we live in  
Are  
the owners of this earth.  
If your actions hinder their world  
How  
can you say you love it?  
You can invent destructive methods  
Spending  
dollars, rupees and yens  
What would the final result be?  
Only  
a blazing world.

Don't make money killing Mother Earth  
You  
would be killing yourself.  
Think twice before you act  
Something  
that hurts the world.  
The world  
belongs to you and me  
Who  
love it like our lives.  
When you die, you can peacefully sleep  
Six  
feet under the earth.  
**Lalitha Somathilaka**

In this narrative poem, the poet has extensively used colloquial idiom to convey the message that everyone should love the world. Although the poem is effective, some stanzas sound like sermons. The poet has used a simple diction.