MONTAGE



Montage Poetry Reviewed by Indeewara Thilakarathne

Pilgrimage...

Friendship

She trudged to the nearest town every Sunday To buy a paper she read to dissolve each weary day. The day she didn't appear when the clock struck eight The old woman at the boutique scowled till it was midnight. They said that the two women were attached

By the weedy chains of long widowhood. The latter could brave the absence of her "lady" only till the second week But groaned and moaned on the third to make herself very weak. She stood by the stile and glared at the white flag

Dangling from the rafter jutting towards the bare crag.

Then she staggered across the leafy garden hugging the three weeklies And placed them on the mound - a wreath of lilies. Susantha Hewa

> The poem is about friendship. The poet has used a narrative mode to convey his ideas and the poem is noted for its apt use of metaphors.

For sale

Models are dancing Music is rapping no patience
where is the respect
cricket is selling in the market
dollars are smiling
Players are looking at those Where are the gentlemen in gentlemen's game Umesh Moramudali

The poet speaks of the commercialisation and how it has eroded the intrinsic values of particularly once 'the Gentlemen's 'game'. The poet has used a simple diction.

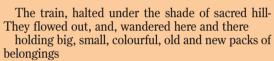


Creating atmosphere

It's an emergency A disaster is on its way Grab their attention, their clamour for information Glue them to the sofa No, make them panic And run for their lives Set up camp in the news room Broadcast all the hustle and bustle The race with time Speak with all possible speed Requesting people not to panic and keep calm And finally when it's all over Congratulate themselves on a job well done A complete coverage And whisper joyfully of air time well - spent Pre-occupying an evening of almost a whole nation.

The poem is about how the media functioned during the tsunami warning. The poet has used a simple diction and apt metaphors.

Nillasi Liyanage



To, find comfortable chests and knees some carelessly slept on un-desiring places,

but many there stood still to face the misty, white clouded sky beyond the ridge, Perceived their feet had reached

the starting point of adventurous tramp Men, women, young and old with little ones crept forward just like a bunchy row of ants filled with amazement; some stood, and watched the vivid green forest canopy and flowering ferns swinging in the frosty breeze

The minds filled with compassion, harmony and respect each other

By murmurous chanting, that oozed into their vein sin the morning twilight tenderness of beams brighten the white dresses of devotees

Time passed slowly

And the far valley down, a string of people moving

on the zigzagged narrow path Surrounded by thick green vegetation which

being the habitat of bees, birds, butterflies and variety of big and small animals

Oozy willows dropping pearl like cold water drops But few of moving people put a glance at the phenomenon!

What a peregrination, having a cool gust thrill which each body and its soul begird the strenuous walk will bring to a halt at the noble foot print Some managed to reach the desired end

but some could not attain the will they stopped hopelessly, stepped down with forsaken aspiration

those who topped the hill, huddle together

engaged customary rituals, The echo of the ringing bell spread over the

chilled atmosphere through hill tops, forest, and the moving folks

Excitement broke out Devotees squeezed to catch a glimpse of sunshine! The sun appeared slowly with a trembling smile

through the glistening horizon Sunshine! Miraculously radiated across the moun-

tain range, Forest canopy and everything open to tender beams of light What a huge strength, Noble hopes and wishes fulfilled the pilgrimage! J.Weerakkody

> The poem is about watching the maiden sun rise over the sacred mountain of Sri Pada. The poem is noted for its rich language and vividly realised descriptions of



A dawn of a new day She searched for her way Her sharp blue eyes; gave all the tries, without a word to say. They were revealing a story, which was never told Was it her destiny that made very short. A playful little lass; resting beneath the grass
No one could prophecy her irony
until time tossed his head
and gazed at her death A little princess Made others sleepless Her gentle smile Made others speechless She lies peacefully for years melancholy Far across the city She dwells in every heart who loved her blissfully Surani Chandrasekara

The poem is about an imaginary ' little princess'. The poet has used a narrative form to convey the idea. He has used a simple and down to-earth language.



Hope

Be a shower To the desert of my heart For, the oasis I search Has become a mirage! A. Jayalath Basnagoda

The poet has effectively used

Unspoken affection

No one hears and no one cares, No one feels as our affection is rare, You are my fairy and you are my deer, Though before, an ugly duckling you were, without any one's care. W.M.S.R.Samaraweera

The poet effectively sketches a mind-set of a young girl who is struggling to express her emotions. The poem is noted for its use of short and sharp lines.

