



Montage  
Poetry  
Reviewed by  
Indeewara Thilakarathne



## The light of wisdom

In 623 B.C. on a full moon day of May  
Queen Mahamaya gave birth  
In the lushes green arcade of Lumbini  
To the prince by the name “Siddhartha”

The light of wisdom, the beacon of intellect  
Born and bred softly and swiftly  
In the three palaces called Ramya, Suramya and Subha  
No pain no grief and no any bereavement.  
At the early age of sixteen the prince married  
The only daughter yasodhara of king Suppabudda and queen Pamitha,  
With great dignity and comfort  
And both spent a fruitful life in the palace.  
The four significant events made pain in prince is mind  
That is a man weakened with age, ill fated one with scrawny body  
A corpse taking to graveyard to bury  
And body covered with robe moving calm and quietly.  
At the age of twenty-nine, very first day prince ‘Rahula’ was born  
The great renunciation was made to cut the lengthy rope of “Samsara”  
In search of what is truth meeting so many masters  
But could not reach the way of ending the suffering.  
The rigorous self-mortification that giving pain to body  
Did research of how to escape from this agony  
No food, water, nourishment no physical stimuli-  
And all disciplines went out of order leaving all his disciples.  
Under the “Bodhi tree” the tree of “Enlightenment”  
With dedication, attention and mindfulness  
Endeavoured from “Anapanasathi” towards the utmost ending  
That is three fold knowledge which led to the enlightenment.  
The brahmin ‘dona’s dilemma on ‘who you are?’  
A god (deva) a heavenly angel (gandhabba)  
A demon (yakka) or a human being? (manussa)  
No Brahmin, by the defilement (Aasava) so am I ‘Samma Sambuddha’  
One thing only did he teach about ‘samsara’ the chain of existence  
The eight fold path and four noble truth  
The endless play of ‘Kamma’ and ‘kamma vipaka’  
Which drags the physical phenomena of repeated existence.  
Dependent-Arising which called ‘Paticca-samuppada’  
In twelve stages as from ignorance to ageing and death  
By the complete cessation from all these  
The wheel of existence would come to a halt.  
Behold monks! that I told is the truth  
Think of it with your mind of wisdom  
Truth comes not by an almighty power at all  
But search through intellect and reach the fruitful truth!

At ‘kusinara’ the Mallawa’s sal grove  
The Blessed One the Excelled One  
The power of truth, the tower of wisdom  
Oh lo! the great aurora was blown away!

Though twenty-five centuries have passed away  
The wisdom and intellect gloryfying forever  
The doctrine of ‘Buddha’ covers the entire world  
By the great flavour of ‘Mettha - Karuna - Muditha’.

Jayasiri Perera

In this narrative poem, the poem virtually narrates the life and times of the Buddha. The poet has used a simple and apt language.



## Lover's dream...

Let me tell you what I have to say  
to your little heart in a loving way  
or shall I hide that message in a sun's ray  
and send secretly in a summer day  
but then will you walk far away from me  
to a place where my eyes cant see you  
lonely, like a dreaming little fly bee  
till you come,  
I will be filtering in lover's lee  
How long I will be feeling alone there  
Dreaming about a day I feel your care  
Tears dancing in my cheeks, smiles very rare  
Since you will be away, all these are fair  
**Umesh Moramudali**

In this poem, the poet has used a down-to-earth language to depict the forlorn heart of a lover. The poet has used short lines in narrative form.

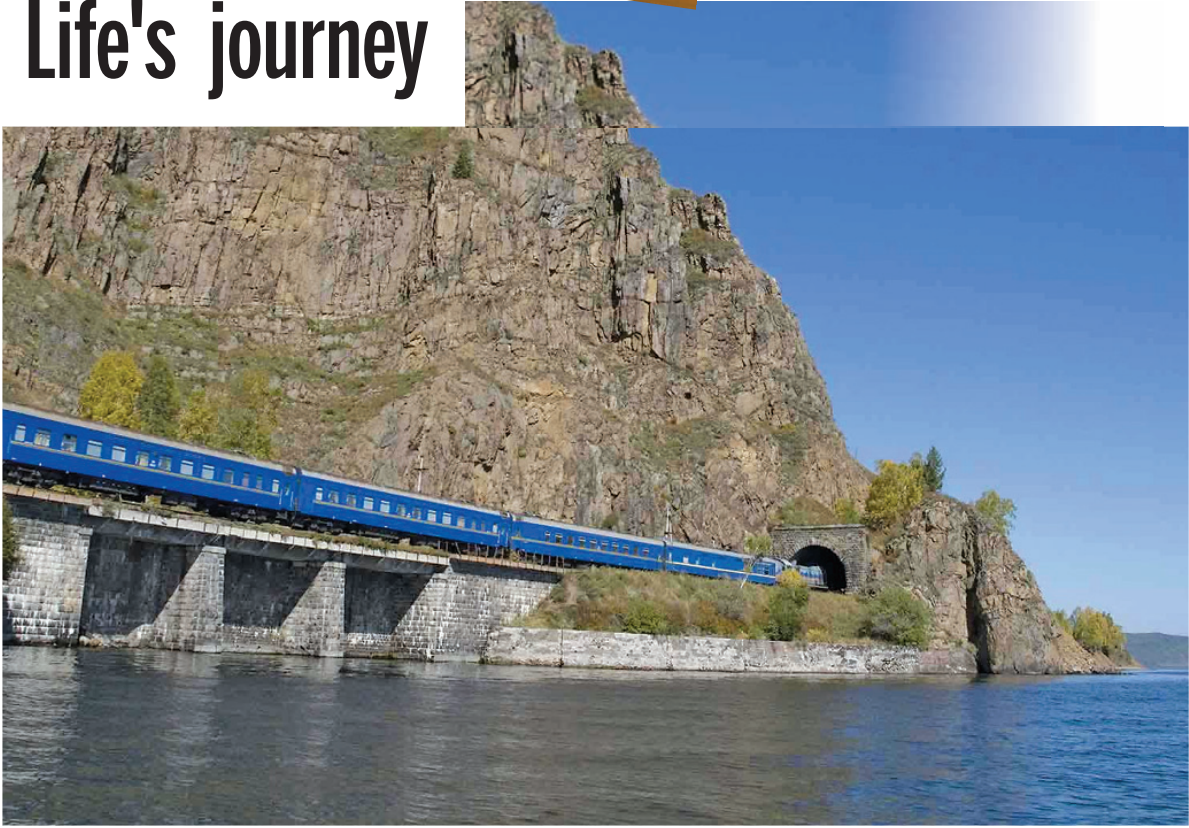


## Is face the mirror of one's heart?

No pains  
No tears  
Only smiles that facade holds.  
No gains  
No smiles  
Only tears that bosom bears.  
No kins  
No friends  
Will never see my subdued pains.  
Mere face each and every being sees.  
No-one ever sees the weeping heart.  
Hard to bear anymore; it is about to spill.  
So,  
Away from the man's vision, I let it flow,  
All over the sheet through coloured fluid.  
The secret worries spread one by one  
Freely...  
Quietly...  
And eagerly...  
At last,  
The poor soul got a comfort, though,  
Not a solution.  
**Srimali M. Fernando**

In this poem, the poet questions the popular notion that one's face mirrors one's heart. In fact, men and women are wearing faces of-ten hiding their woeful hearts. The stark reality is that one's face does not mirror one's heart but serves as a façade. The poem is noted for its philosophical ideas.

## Life's journey



Running forward in Two parallel lines: backward and forward.  
In conjoined compartments: labelled as class 1,2 and 3.  
Travel to the same destination,  
Though they are classed as different compartments of social classes,  
Unknowingly all travel their life journeys through Sansara.  
Class 1 commuters clad in neat garments: occupy their seats in false pride.  
Though the journey is futile,  
They never smile with their counterparts: stretched and read newspapers, books and reckless to assist their fellows.  
Never build fellowships with their joint occupants.  
Meanwhile, class 2 is occupied in the same manner: bear up all the burdens and hardships in their social group.  
Taxes, low wages, lack of income and inflation, interfere in their lives.  
No time for them to spare for their spiritual development.  
No time for them to spare for discussing their life-time achievements.  
They only think of their downtrodden lives.  
Class 3 is occupied in a relaxed mood: seated back to back.  
Eating and drinking and enjoying their lives.  
Though the journey has a lot of hardships, though the journey is impassable,  
They enjoy their lives in a relaxed mood.  
No life time barriers and no assets to care: no burdens in their lives.  
Rather than finding ways of getting rid of their downtrodden lives.  
No stoppage...  
All travel to their destination through Sansara.  
No ways to escape from suffering other than travelling in the Noble Eight-Fold Path.  
Till you achieve the cessation of *Ducca*.  
Follow the middle path till you see the ultimate reality of Nibbana!  
**W.M.Sumithra Weerasekara**

The poet compares life to a train journey and the typical behaviours of different social classes; snobbish nature of 1st class passengers, worrisome and troubled nature of 2nd class passengers and rather aimless merriment of 3rd class passengers. The poem is noted for dealing with complex theme and the use of a train journey as a metaphor for life.