



Montage Poetry

Reviewed by
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In a lonely world

In a town amongst misty hills,
With the dawn, the cold breeze wakes me up.
Every day I step out in the morning dew,
To see and cure the cute little ones.
Some smiling; some crying
Reminding me of my little niece,
Whom far far away from me,
Asking me to come back
When will I see her pretty face again?
Only god knows.
Nishama Nayomi de Silva

(The poem was written while I was serving at an up country hospital for my postgraduate training. I had to leave my little niece. The hospital was more than 300 miles away from my home town.)

The poet recalls her lonely days at Badulla hospital, caring the little ones while evoking the memory of her little niece far away from her. The poet has used a simple diction and the poem is noted for nostalgia.



Over coffee

Over coffee
Meet after years
you have changed
warmth your hand
still the same
I prefer him
Nisansala Dharmasena Bertholamuze

The poem is about a memorable meeting of an old love over coffee. The poet recognises the changes that have taken place over the years yet feels the warmth of the hand. The poem is noted for its brevity of expression and short and sharp lines.

Homage to your valour!

Thrice, bright Vesak Full Moons in succession
Rose in full bloom to view the land once ablaze
Beings mired, coerced by ruthless barbarity
Over a generation, in gross apprehension
Memory's fresh enough to hark back the tale
Of the children women aged and priests alike
Forced to hold the breath denying right to live
Starved in trepidation, refuting the catnap even
A gloomy day, though, dawning with fresh rays to cast
Mingling a message, no one thought, could be so sweet
Nineteenth of May, day, when brutality apprehended
And, nation emerged triumphant, mode *sui generis*
We, since then, enjoy scanty meal with no alarm
Children run about, as if they are amidst a dream
Men women young old toil for tomorrow's boon
End of the day, setting for siesta, in light vein
It's the freedom! Precious and priceless, by far!
An implausible incarnation, to all peace lovers; oh yeah!
Thank you soldier, dead or alive, of mother Sri Lanka
The Savior of grandeur, we salute to your incredible valour!
Jayatissa K. Liyanage

The poem is to pay homage to the members of the armed forces whose supreme sacrifice brought about peace to motherland after three decades of protracted terrorism. The poet says that the masses are now enjoying the dividends of a hard-won peace and prosperity. The poet has used a simple diction and apt metaphors to convey his ideas.



Queries spurned

A childhood marvel,
Question after question,
Babbled in childish tones,
It's a wonder,
Hardly an irritation.
Annoyed and displeased,
You are, with the flooding,
Of that outpouring queries,
Question after question,
The little hands pointing,
Explanations demanding.
An answer denied,
It is a hope denied,
To the tender eye,
Bent to explore,
A blessed omen,
Shunned in disdain.
A blessing in disguise.
A pity it is,
Hardly have you recognised.
Nalaka Dassanayake



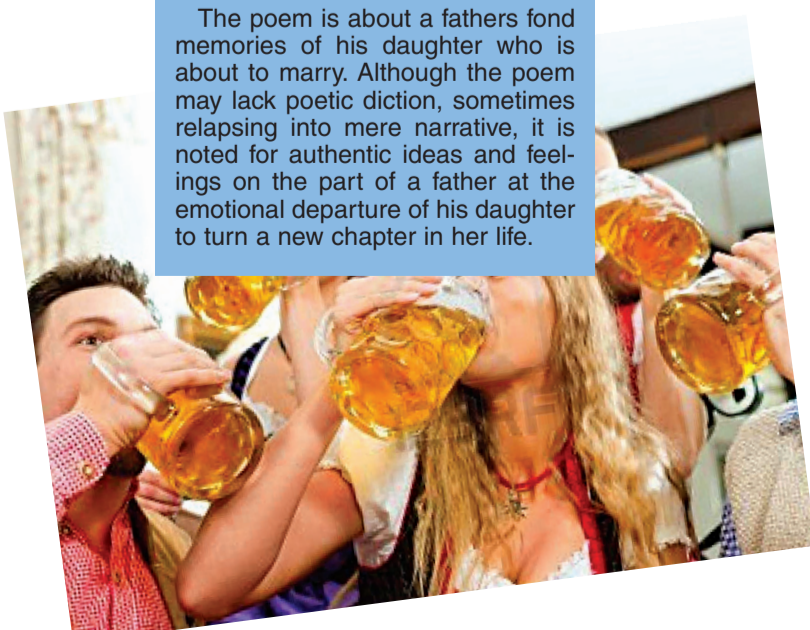
The poet narrates some parent's callous attitude towards their inquisitive children and considering their queries as a nuisance. In fact, queries are a part and parcel of a healthy growth of a child and it should not be denied. The poet has used a down-to-earth language and apt metaphors.

Withering hearts on an emotional departure

We believe, you cannot guess
What we are about to say now.
It really does seem like yesterday
You were snuggled up in blanket in the bed
Listening to a story about 'wedding of Hima Kumari'
And we still see you there listening interestingly
the saga
The memory of childhood will be as clear
in your mind as it is today
Parents never truly lose their children to adulthood
Because of their memories retain
Those wonderful times for them
We will never, forget the day you were born.
That wonderful morning
Our house was filled with love and joy,
We had much bigger plans for your life

You are the greatest miracle
that we have ever been a part of,
And we want you to know how incredibly proud us
to have been chosen to be your dad and mum
You changed us, honey!
Oh! Our dearest daughter,
Your wedding day will befall soon
How the time flew just as a feather; from little gown decorated a teddy bear, to a
wedding sari worn in customary facet you cannot knowhow much frangible our hearts
When we feel that you will forsake us
Little princess that grows to become a woman to loving parents; she is always their
pretty little daughter, even after she make them grandparents
The marriage will make you independent
from your parents
There is your partner to share joy and sorrow
In the journey of new life
Even though, don't forget, us
Whenever you need, we'll be there
If your heart is broken,
Or if you are consumed with worry
Please come to us and share your burden
If, no hands on the handlebars,
Or deranged awful convulsions
You can come to us
and we know
You have much of your own to look forward
Remember, we cannot shield you from life's ups and downs;
But we have prepared you for the rollercoaster ride ahead.
J. Weerakkody

The poem is about a fathers fond memories of his daughter who is about to marry. Although the poem may lack poetic diction, sometimes relapsing into mere narrative, it is noted for authentic ideas and feelings on the part of a father at the emotional departure of his daughter to turn a new chapter in her life.



Virtue

If there ever was a man who never tired of drinking
It was my maternal uncle who was deaf to all his wife's grumbling
When at last she threatened him with divorce
Uncle Vass walloped the whatnot and sang until he was hoarse.
Furniture sold, wedding rings pawned and the premises bereft of light
Uncle used to breach his promises day and night
When aunt Faith told herself "enough is enough" and eloped with the broker (pawn)
Uncle Vass was tickled to tears and called his consort's lover a great clown.
Whenever my father seemed to fail his amours to eschew
Mother cited her brother who lived all his breezy life a paragon of virtue
"He ruined his life on drink, I grant," ranted my mother
"But his regular drinking was holier than your irregular resolve," said she, wiping a tear.
Father forsook his spare wooing to stop his spouse's nagging
But took the hint and drank, and confessed to each of his sins without batting an eyelid.
Susantha Hewa

In this narrative poem, the poet relates incidents where 'virtue' is redefined. There are instances where one's vice becomes another's virtue. The poet has used a simple diction.

She

She is not in my culture
But enchants me with her posture
She turns her eyes everywhere
I feel her look is rare
Hair is not so long but soft I'm sure
I looked and looked but no weary I swear
How nice she is but seems so coy
I gazed on her my heart danced with joy
Her gown is so rough I felt
No harm her beauty penetrates
Some may say she is not so gay
For me, she is a darling bud of May
I know, no mother she ever had
But her father she was created
How clever her father is I wonder
Do love her you can enjoy my dear
You'd say I'm mad to love 'Monalisa'
It's true, she is an art, I don't care
Sanoji Ruvinika Perera

The poet muses about the woman in Leonardo Da Vinci's masterpiece Monalisa. The poet has used short and sharp lines. However, the poet has not been successful in the use of rhyming couplets.