



## A silent prayer to a hero

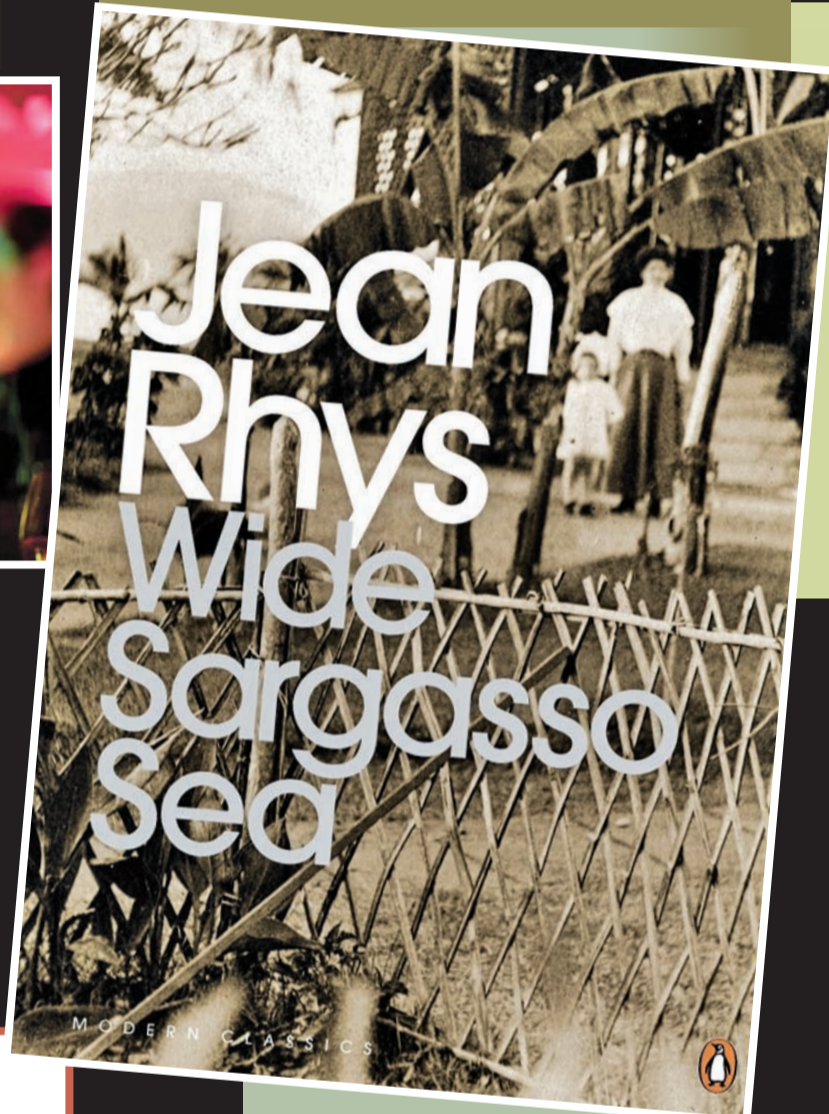
When the victory parades are held gloriously,  
I, in a silent prayer, remember those heroes,  
Who are buried deep in the Mother Earth,  
Whose sweat and blood carved out to us a  
Niche named PEACE,  
Whose lives didn't last long to see the glorious parades,  
But were sacrificed in silence  
To make our lives last long.  
**Chanakya Liyanage**

The poet recalls the supreme sacrifice that thousands of war heroes made as the nation celebrates the third year of eradicating terrorism. Although the fallen war heroes were buried deep in the Mother Earth, they have made Peace for us. The poet has used a simple diction and the poem is noted for its patriotic sentiments.

**Montage  
Poetry**

Reviewed by  
**Indeewara Thilakarathne**

## Antoinette's song



## I just miss you

I just miss you  
I miss how things used to be  
Most of all  
I just miss you  
**Nisansala Dharmasena Bertholamuze**

The poem is about a loved one. The poet has resorted to the Haiku structure. The poem is noted for its brevity of expression.

## Silver grey hairs

I saw on my head some silvery streaks  
Glistening here and there.  
What do they decipher? I asked myself  
Should I be happy or sad?

Like King Makhadev who denounced his throne  
Seeing a grey hair on his head  
Should I leave home and wear the robes  
Start to pray and meditate?

Trembling I was for I heard the death knell  
I'm reaching the winter of my life.  
A voice within me calmed me down  
"Think more rationally," it said.

What you had seen, what you had learnt  
When journeying through your life.  
Had made you wise, had made you cultured  
Gray hairs are the symbols of them.

The good you had done, the mistakes you had made  
The silver grey hairs would know  
As time goes on you'd find more streaks  
Never cry or fret.

The silvery hair, a symbol of wisdom  
Do not feel shy and tint,  
Let them shine, proud you should be  
For the silver crown on your head.  
**Lalitha Somathilaka**

The poet pensively looks at the passing days which turn his hair from black to grey. The grey hair is a sign of wisdom and maturity for many who have spent their lives meaningfully. But there are a few whose grey hair symbolises vanity, obstinacy, fallacy and organic racism. There are others whose entire lives were spent gossiping at offices without learning anything. They are walking tragedies and for them, grey hair means nothing but worrying about ageing. The poem is noted for its philosophical ideas.



Is it a dream from yesterday  
The red and yellow flowers of May  
On young green grass I lay  
Hundreds of beautiful nights and day  
In evenings so hazy and grey  
'Talk to me' to the orchids I say  
Kissing the wind that came my way  
Lonely yet sweet was my day  
But once I dreamt that I was in a dale  
Dark and bleak, was it the hell  
Footsteps of WHOM I couldn't tell  
Followed me and I woke-up with a yell  
Cold with fear I ran to the sill  
And saw the eternal high hill  
Heard the trill of the silvery rill  
'I'm safe' thought I, 'if come HE ever will'  
Farewell SANDY! The lover I would miss  
On my lips the life and death kiss  
YOU were my caress, my only bliss  
But now HE came and claimed my lips  
I a Creole and HE a White man  
I knew for me HE wasn't the man  
So away from HIS embrace I ran and ran  
My life just slip through- it was so wan  
In the paradise of sweet honeymoon  
It was a dark dream I knew too soon  
Listening to a lonely mountain bird's croon  
I thought I would soon be maroon  
I wished HE would teach me a song so new  
Like the jasmines of dawn with young dew  
But from my eyes too soon HE flew  
I a pale flower, summer wind away blew  
Like a hurricane on a verdant birch so slender  
Crumpled its lissome boughs so tender  
HE slay my heart so loving and tender  
And furtively threw it away to the meander  
Blundered to the candle, like a firefly  
I came to HIM and HIS heart-so-sly  
But HE was so cold and so was the sky  
Now I'm a clipped bird who couldn't fly  
The blue nights that I loved much more

**Punya Samanthapali**

The poet has captured the essential characteristics of Antoinette in the novel 'Wide Sargasso Sea' by Jean Rhys. The poem is noted for apt use of metaphors and short and sharp lines.

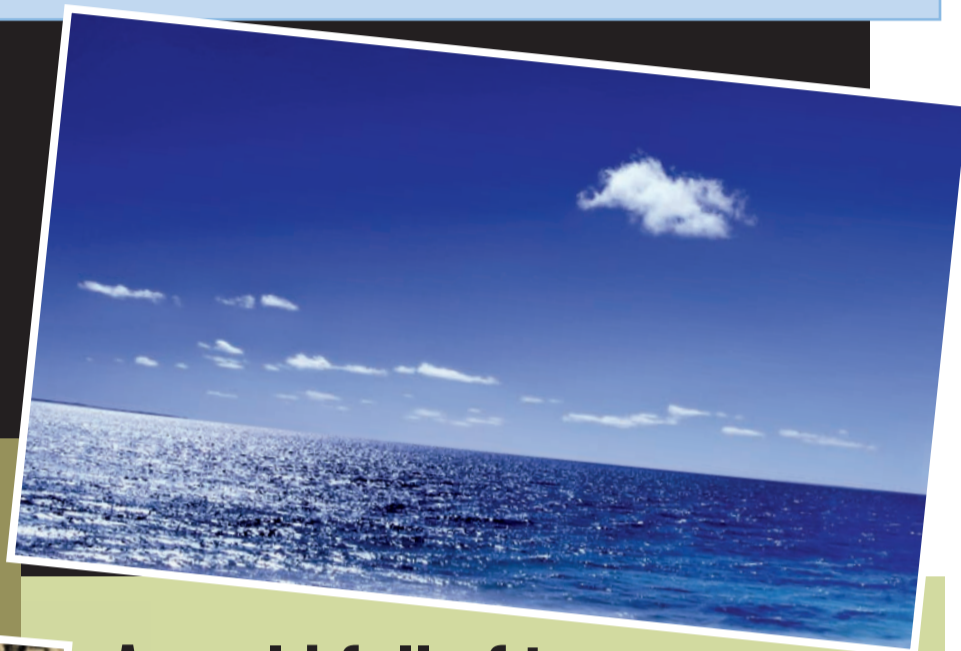
## A tribute to my bohemian

I waited for you bohemian  
To carry on the torch of my friendship  
Yet, by the time I came ,  
You were absent and your chair was empty  
To my utter grief  
Where did you go anyway?  
I heard you have passed away  
In your sleep  
Leaving me alone  
And you would not see me again  
And so do I.  
This is life after all, we shared all along  
The man who was yesterday, is no more today  
Still I see the glamorous swans  
The irksome and intellectual owl  
With luminous round holes  
Of blinking lamps  
Ruminating on the trickles of fetched  
Post modernism  
Enjoying, at the pond without your presence.

I still see the old chimpanzees  
Jabber in politics  
Sitting at the table  
With glass of drinks  
To overcome the inertia  
And empty articulation  
The days without you, are so painful  
May your soul rest in peace  
**Ponniiah Ganesan**



The poem is about a friend of the poet who is no more. In the first couple of stanzas, the poet recalls the bohemian young man who enjoyed the youth and then goes on to describe the many facets of his personality. The poet has used a down-to-earth language and apt metaphors.

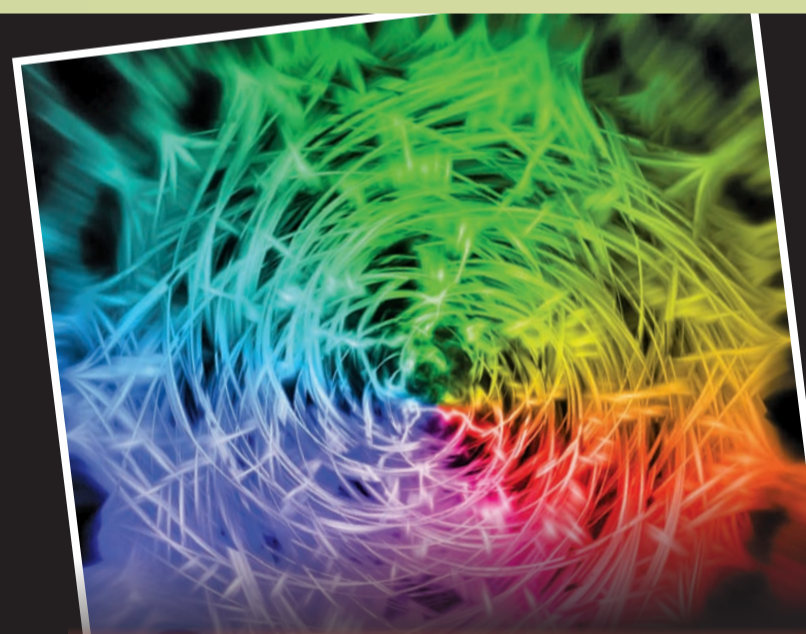


## A world full of treasures

Blue sky and bluish oceans colour the salubrious nature.  
Lush green trees and multi-coloured flowers adorn the beauty of nature.  
Tuneful chirps of birds chant melodies to troublesome and turbulent life.  
Waterfalls, lakes and rivers moisturise and refresh the atmosphere.  
Beautiful sceneries and meadows make nature a paradise.  
Mountain ranges and dense forests provide a mighty look.  
Wild animals and other living creatures make nature alive.

**W.M. Sumitra Weerasekara**

The poem is about the glories of nature. The poet has used a simple diction. However, due to long lines, the poem, at times, sounds like a passage on nature.



## Peace wind

Oh! Peace wind!  
What is your direction?  
Do you blow hard or in a soft way?  
You cannot enter enmity's rocky heart  
With your hard blow  
It is so wild and rigid.  
How can you befriend breath of such unbending heart  
With your free blow  
In order to dig a spring in such an obstinate heart?  
It is only through your unretreating swim  
In the rough ocean of conflicts and combats  
That you are winning the war of peace.  
Oh! The age old wind of peace!  
Without your bold step towards  
The world of bliss free of killing  
You cannot prove your living as a God created  
Force of nature.  
Oh! the gift of nature provided by God  
You are at the mercy of human character  
Moulded by satanic evils-  
Self-interest and exploitation prevent the free blowing of  
Peace wind  
Terrorism stands in the way of smooth movement  
Of peace loving men and women.  
So let's all open our  
closed windows of Hearts  
To the continuous inflow of peace wind  
Causing a complete clean up of antagonism  
And blood shedding war  
From the house of multi races in turmoil.  
**M.Y.M Meeadh**

The poet wishes that the wind of peace may blow through the hearts and minds of all cleansing the minds of the masses of antagonism, hatred and racism. The poem is noted for its philosophical ideas.