MONTAGE



Kidnapped

My eyes are gone blind with tears I feel a heavy wave Tearing my heart for many times, A wave heavy with memories The memories of you hurt me Like a broken glass peeling me, The memories of guilt Which I was unable to be with you The dark sky, the cold winds Kills me for many times And there is no one to lament For a person who is dying more than once Now I spend my time close to you Enjoying the brutal silence and coldness With cold tombstones with dominating crows Which are old for many decades I have no idea about the time And I spend my day along with you In a place with mossy wet trees around Which are sunken in triggered mist I never saw your face before you were stolen And now, only the tombstone left for me So unfamiliar and mysterious Than ever in my life I had no clue of you, I had no clue of you, I was helpless with my concealed pains, And I tried to fight for you But I was pulled apart And now I feel like blaming my colleagues, For leaving me alone here, Why they only rescue me? Why not you? And now, I am isolated around the unknown I must suffer for my absence, At your last moment And that fault drenches me in pain, The pain which assail me for many times But still I feel your warmth, I still feel your presence, And still I feel you are alive And dying for the sake of my freedom And dying for the sake of my need And here you are gone, Then others call you dead, But I still feel like, The effort of your mortal struggle To join with me again Amidst the venom of wolves And though I lament as others, Yet there is an unsolved doubt, Which always; always whisper my ears, "Am I crying before the correct tombstone?"

Madushani Randeniya

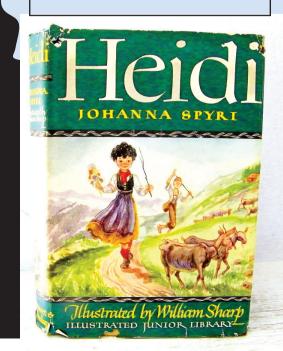
The poet evocatively captures the mind of a girlfriend who has lost her lover. The poet has used short and sharp lines.

The road left behind

Time does not stand still true

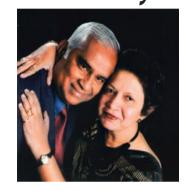
Yet, in a blink, into a woman did I grow? 'You are no more a child Young Lady!' They say Oh! How I miss the child that was me in my day! Dancing on the snowy Swiss hills with Heidi sweet Listening to the soft whispers of firs; the linnets tweet Even in sleep I went to the window pane And looked at the dance of the summer rain Durga from Nishchindipoor the girl dear Not yet forgotten, I miss her with a sad tear When she waves, I would tear through the twilit lane And under the purple sky, we would play ever so fain With red-headed AnnE Shirley, spelled with an E at the end Getting into many scrapes and always trying to mend Walking arm in arm in the Lovers Lane till we come to the bend But now, I suddenly missed her! When did she wend? Walking on the Golden Road with the Story Girl I found something sweet at every turn Now I count all the fair hopes I found there, in my mind But when did I leave that road behind? Slipping into Cinderella's room, to kiss that fair maid In her silvery voice 'Good night' she bade When the blue moon passed through the Moonstone With Tinker Bell, I collected the star dust In starry nights I lay awake and wonder Where is the magical lamp from the Cave of Wonder? In a dream, the magic carpet took me there And I saw Aladdin and Jasmine, that lady fair In the Enchanted Castle, I walked with Belle And picked a blue rose from the Roses Vale Then I slipped into the Spell-bound Chamber And saw charming Aurora in her frozen slumber During the fairies' summer visit to the Flowering Meadow Little Thumbelina perched upon the sill of my window In pink autumn evenings sleeping in a hazy veil I sang with Silver Mist in the Pixie Dale So, is this the end of a hundred beautiful chapter? Have I read all the pages full of beauty and rapture? Be sensible, Young Lady! Step out of the Fairies' Hollow Walk straight away, out of that dream all aglow! But I forgot my heart in the Elfin Land Beck the shy and Fira the fiery held it so tight Faerie Mary, do come with your magical wand And sprinkle pixie dust on me with all your might So that I may have wings to fly Away from the path before me on the sly Then I would alight on the Land of Iris Hopes And will never let them slip off from my heart Punya Samanthapali (This is something written about my beautiful childhood spent with my beloved fictional and fairy tale characters.)

> The poet recalls her rich childhood spent with fictional characters and how they made up her childhood imagination. The poem is noted for the narrator's rich emotional life.



Montage Poetry

Tríbute to parents on anníversary!



Thank you for always being there and knowing just what to do Thank you for knowing the words to say when we were feeling way beyond blue Thank you for patiently listening to all our worries and stresses Thank you for caring enough to get us out of all our messes Thank you for being a phone call away or around the corner to run to Thank you for your door always being open and knowing just what to do Thank you for being our constant support when we thought we couldn't cope Thank you for lifting our spirits and letting us know there is hope Thank you for being the 'Best Parents' Three sons could ever wish for We love you with all of our heart today and forever more.

Heshan, Shehan and Dilukshan

Plants ...

Nature's bounties Are friends of humans Who live on them Some are grown On their own Some are grown By human hands That plant With effort to grow None can get anything Without some toil And sweat Oh! Man! Don't blame God For making you poor Without tilling the earth For rich gifts of plants -M.Y M. Meeadh

The poem is about the plants which are a gift of nature. The poet has used a simple diction to convey his ideas.

Reality

In a jungle Surrounded by mountains Stood an ancient temple With its ruined monuments There was no sound Only the wind No movement But the twinkling of leaves on trees The face on the statue of the Buddha In spite of its ruined appearance Radiated a kindly smile That brought peace and contentment I never felt before in my life From a nearby tree I plucked a wild flower And holding it between my palms Said a prayer I learned when I was a child The gist of which is This flower I am offering to you Seeking merit for a peaceful life Yet I know this fresh beautiful flower Will soon decay and die Like my body That decays every minute of my life Thank you Buddha The Blessed One For making me realise That nothing is worth Holding on to in this life T.M Ariyawansa Rodrigo

In this narrative poem, the poet tries to convey philosophical ideas. The poet has used a simple diction and the poem is noted for its philosophical ideas.

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