

Montage

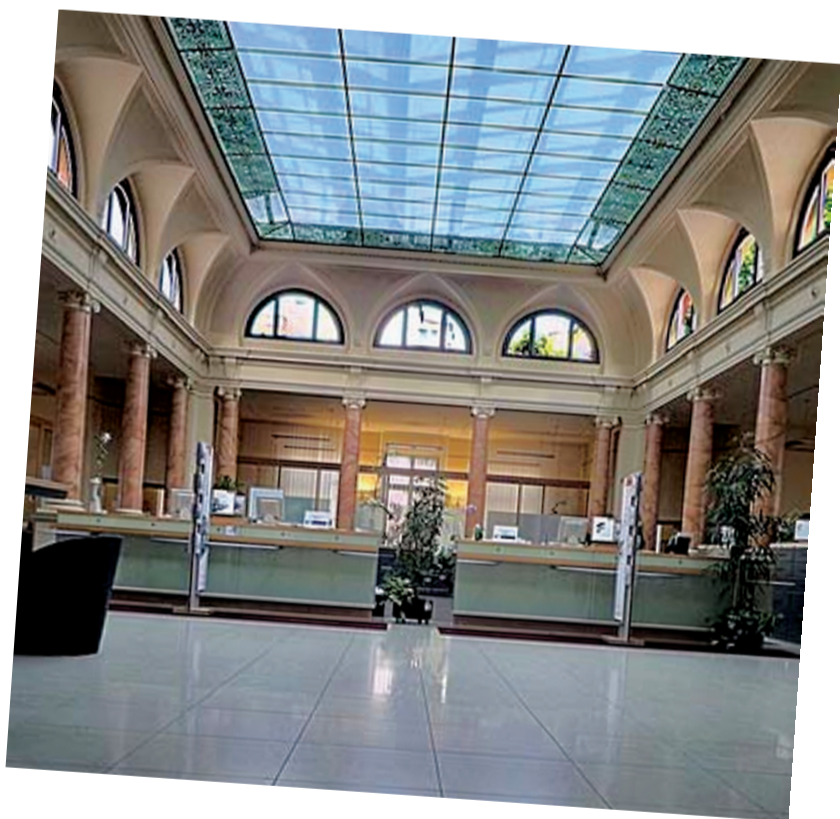


Spiritual life, a joy forever!

In the evening of life came enlightenment,
Decaying body reminds the ephemeral life,
You are not the body said the conscience,
You are immortal soul thundered the spirit
Unknown weariness ripping the heart,
Are you a waste who's born and die like beasts echoed somewhere,
Thoughts of great men springing the heart,
Spiritual life appeared like a full moon in the midst of dark black clouds
The body is about to go,
Fire will reduce it to ashes,
It's work over
Thou think of higher and higher thinks
I am *atman*,
I am not this tiny body,
I still feel through body's weak,
My mind's vigour strong, god with me
He will take care of me,
His gentle hand giving
My consolation,
I have nothing to fear,
Before the birds have fully roused,
To their high joyful chant of morning song
Let me praise thee, the supreme soul
The spiritual life Joy forever!

k. Somaskandamoorthy

Account closed



My dear grandson
You were the miniature version of my son
With unblemished innocence
Engineering, private practising
Commercial aviation
Accumulation of a fortune
Were the cherished dreams
Reigned in your Home Sweet Home"
"Don't be extraordinary", said I to them
"You need badly literacy in Sociology",
said they to me
Lacking perception, being permissive
They erred
Letting you enter a world of hypocrisy
My pension salaries could not afford
Neither a tin of Sustagen
Nor a vial of medicinal oil
To ferment my cramps, aches and pains
Everything turned to be a figment
While every cent tossed on school fees
You could have been at least
A lad endowed with virtues and wisdom
If you had been in the company
Of down to earth humans
A shadowy figure of a youth
With no vision
Appears and disappears
Through the crossed lines of my passbook
Bearing "Account Closed"

Sunethra Attanayake

Montage Poetry



The shooting star

Blazing across the high heavens thro' Milky Way;
When skies are dark on midnight's trail.
Galaxy of gems in haze of star-dust rous'd
Encircling the heavens in misty oath of light.
Denying my heart to wish for the shooting star
Knowing it touched thy feel, intensely bright.
My allegory upon its shooting path
An ode to an angel of celestial light
The rhapsody of a confus'd state of mind

As lyrical as the falling star-dust of time.
The shooting star on its way down to earth
Ripp'd thro' my heart to fall and die, at thy feet.
'Princess'

LYRICS FROM
MY HEART ...

Wedding photo



I found my parents
Who disappeared many years ago
Hiding in an old trunk
Covered by some old cloths
I wore when I was young
I removed the old cloths
And cleansed the dust
To make them understand
How much I love them
I nailed them to the wall
In our sitting room
Father in his best attire
Mother elegantly dressed
And holding a bouquet
Stood there smiling
Not at each other
But just at me
Their naughty son
In all my life
I have never seen them
So handsome and attractive
But on this wedding photo
They stand smiling at me
Making me wonder
Why I never saw them
Like this
When they were there

T.M. Ariyawansa Rodrigo

Love of God by nature lover

Once a poet who is a lover of nature
Becomes a planter
In his home garden
He loves to admire growth of
Lovely plants in nature
So far he was enjoying what was growing
Freely in nature
Now he enjoys touching the seeds that are
Buried in side the earth with his own hands
He softly puts the tiny baby seeds into the cradle of earth mum
To undergo the process of gradual growth
On the order of God.
What a wonderful change of seed into a green plant
After a couple of days!
The poet can not keep himself aloof
From his home garden
Where he finds the creator's hand
In adding more and more new petals
And leaves to beautiful plants
In a month or so he plucks some tomatoes
Or beans or brinjals
As harvests from nature
The happy poet thanks the Creator
For His gifts through nature
That is His own design.
So the poet's love of nature
Enhances his love of the creator
Almighty God.

M.Y Meeadh

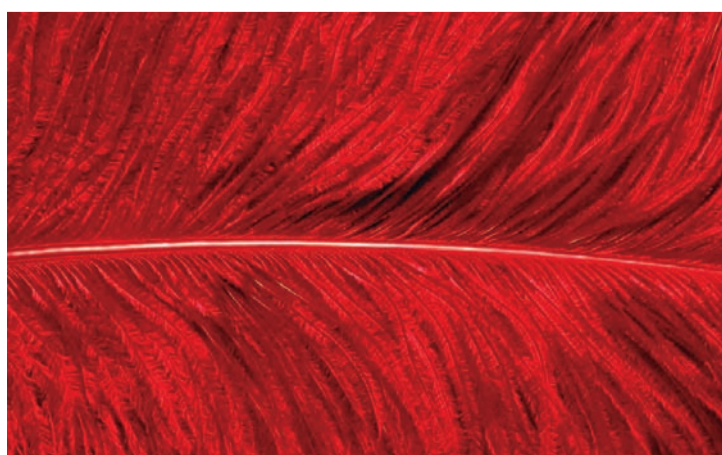


A lazy morning

A cup of tea placed by my head
Not with a word
Certainly not with a kiss
Felt only a small patting on shoulder
I did not sleep but was sleeping.
Stirrings of small souls
From the mats towards their cups
A laziness crept.
And I felt for my tea
Lifted I, my head from the pillow
With the same pain in the back
Became a snake, to drink the tea.
Man-made noises, nuts cracking
Clinking and hammering at the next door garage
A replacement of singing birds, trees and flowers
Of long forgotten
I did not sleep but was sleeping.
Crying of the younger one
For going early to school
The grown up daughter for her pocket money
And the continuous shouting of the mother
I did not sleep but was sleeping.
Clinging of utensils
Sound of flashing water
Now and then
I now have to get up with the
Resistance of the void
Paining mind with the refused sex
Let me walk into the alleys
Of crowded hearts collecting broken shadows,
Yet, with a longing for a different morning
With its birds, flowers and dew drop wet.
Ponniah Ganeshan

Wings

Childhood where Dreams
Had Wings
Nisansala Dharmasena Bertholamuze



Time - a brakeless caravan
Carrying our life
Through many a path.
No reverse at all
As it keeps going
accommodating new ones
And dropping us at our
Final destination
Which we ourselves
Do not know.
A.Jayalath Basnagoda