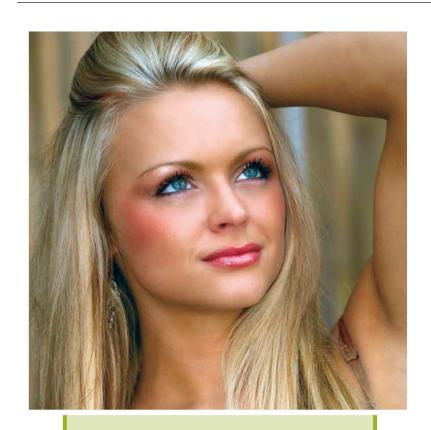
## Montage



#### Sixteen

When I see you girls so lithe And hear your silvery voices truly blithe I find myself smiling and sighing And going back in my mind Sixteen! Oh that golden age! Back then life was fine; too fine Even the tears were Tinted in a silvery shine Smiles came for no reason As if it was the fashion of the season Life's paths were tender with dew Coloured with purple flowers too With sweet fancies And dreams written in pure blue Writing new poems Beautiful songs too Since, seven summers have passed Now all dreams are lost; even the last The subtle shine is gone out of life With hopes that sat by my side Is this what you call 'growing up'; 'Getting wiser' and 'learning sense'? But I would give away all my todays, To look once again through yesterday's lens Dear girls, through you I saw the girl-I-used to be once Though now hurt and eyes-opened Yes, once I too was in the dance Even in twenties, true we still laugh But it isn't that sweet; not even half Coz life's glory is gone past Life has thrown cold water at us For you, tomorrows are painted in gold Coz you've yet never known life's colds Sweet girls, I wish you could sing all songs And the pretty tunes will never go wrong

Punya Samanthapali



Montage Poetry

### Becoming a statue...

Becoming a statue... Becoming a statue Once I thought To become a "Wordsworth I expressed my feelings They said, "How dull they are"

Then I thought To become an "Einstein" I did experiments They said, "Useless"

I will then be a "Nightingale" I did my best for them When they got well They said, "What an unkind face"

I wept and wept I thought to become a...."what" They showed me "Heaven" I chose the way

My mind is in slumber now I am as still as a statue They come in the darkness And say, "How pretty you are..!"

Sanoji Ruvinika Perera

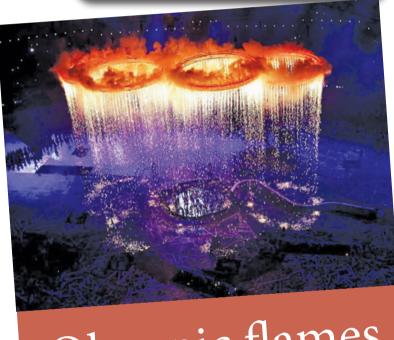


## The breath I breathe

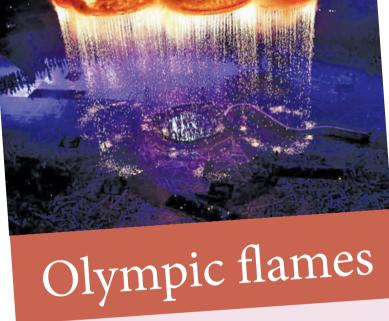
I see thee as thou art; The whiff of air o'er the bellowing winds. Whereupon, in solitude I walk on sand Leaving footprints beside the rushing tides; My heart beats louder than the roaring waves As sunset blazes across the ev'ning skies...

Why do I feel the painful jab? Each time I think of thee; When joy and laughter should fill my heart And free my gentle bruised mind. Why doth the Lord I trust and love Abandon me?....

When dusk hath settl'd upon the eery night And the Milky Way reigns supreme I see the peep of moon on yonder sky And feel the chill in the air arise But the heartbeats within never cease As thou 'merge from somewhere...'



A long way from Athens to London Way marks signed with Tears and fears. Unconstrained - unfettered Irritating fear with terror With swollen arms And broken limbs Ruptured toes Moving forward and backwards. "Coward!" call upon tail-enders "Encore" for coming to the fore. The world was shocked Raise one's eyebrows By a micro second Brushing the lips against Bronze, silver and golden. Behold comrades, For swindlers in a flash Get their golden in to ash. Courage, confidence blooms Concentration, conscience grows And challenge the three fates Where the Olympic Flame fame's. Jayasiri Perera





The dawn of peace Has put life at ease Now that normalcy is back Normal living is on track The era people bewailed As their life was derailed Has into thin ice gone And they no more moan Nowhere we went Now we go and come Everywhere for not a bomb The subjects are satisfied With security intensified The land is on a development path On being liberated from man-made wra I'd divulge to the Leader To be a kind Feeder As inflation is soaring Your subjects are roaring. Ilyas Mohamed Raafeek





### The reader

A photograph, A fixed gaze, A door unfastened, Straight to your heart. I am reading you, Like pages of a book, Yet a limitless book. All your heart and soul, Amass in that black iris, I look intently, I read you. I read you, And only I alone can read, That black iris. Door to your heart and soul, I am your reader, An undying reader. Udayangani Mawalagedera

# White baby in the night market



(Chiang Mai, July 22) You beg for a coin to feed What he left within you Many moons ago You beg In the busy night market Where you met him You beg Among hundreds who were like him From his place and his class Does he even know That he left The thing that is on your lap now His-kind eye you In disgust As you were the sinner They toss a coin or two And take their eyes off From your lap To eye yet another you To take back to the hotel and to bed The cycle, oh, The never ending cycle. Ananda P. Dasanayake