

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



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...'
Princess



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



Olympic flames

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 lie of the land

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
Id divulge to the Leader
To be a kind Feeder
As inflation is soaring
Your subjects are roaring.
Ilyas Mohamed Raafeek

