



## Light and shadow

No light, no shadow  
 For shadows to be  
 Shouldn't there be light?  
 Wind blows unseen  
 And leaves rejoice  
 With the shadows  
 that fill the earth.  
 Bright shadows  
 Pale shadows  
 Dancing to the music of wind  
 On the stage of mother earth  
 Trees never seem to be alone  
 For shadows are with them.  
 When the full moon  
 Finds its silvery path  
 Through the branches of trees  
 Soft and serene shadows  
 Touch the depth of heart.  
 When starry heavens  
 Rule the silent night  
 Smiling universe  
 Rocks the cradle.  
 Sorrow and joy  
 Shadows and light  
 Reality inseparable.  
 Life free from sorrow  
 Sees the beauty of life.  
 Immense inward beauty  
 With depth unfathomable  
 Transforms your life  
 To live in love.  
 Life that lives in love  
 is the life immortal  
 For love is the essence of life.  
 - *N. Widanagamage*

## My father

After a lapse of nearly a decade and a half,  
 Last night I heard your voice my dear father;  
 Relating the fairy tale I always loved to hear.  
 Fifteen years have gone by since you died, and  
 Every year was of reminiscence and severe pain.  
 'Twas only one day before your fortieth day  
 I dreamt you caressing my head,  
 You looked so weary and your hand was icy cold and wet.  
 When I enquired, you said, you set forth from a long way off,  
 Just to see me once more you murmured, with that gentle smile.  
 Father, I shall never forget the day you died,  
 That day is always remembered with prayers overnight.  
 - *Yasmin Jaldin*

## The poet

Hearken  
 To my observation oh, poet,  
 People opine  
 That you are mad.  
 It grieves me as a friend  
 Of profound sincerity,  
 When I hear such base remarks.  
 But, when such baseless  
 Aspersions are perennially  
 Cast upon you  
 You choose to remain  
 Calm and collected.  
 And in reciprocity,  
 Treat them with a genial smile.  
 Sharpen my faculty  
 Of comprehension pray  
 For I remain in a quandary  
 Unable to comprehend  
 Your unearthly  
 Behavioural pattern.  
 They are at liberty  
 To bear their averment,  
 My good friend.  
 Some aver that poets are mad.  
 Others opine that  
 They dwell in a fanciful world  
 Designed by themselves  
 Myopic to reality.  
 Such shallowness of ascertainment  
 is of naught concern to me.  
 Thus I choose to remain  
 Unruffled in composure  
 The difference between  
 Sanity and insanity are aspects  
 Subject to debate.  
 Me thinks that sanity  
 After all is an attempt  
 To curb surging madness.  
 Let it be known  
 That all have vision.  
 But poets have penetrative vision.  
 I, as a poet thus,  
 In this immeasurable absolute,  
 Seek to perambulate  
 Between reality and illusion.  
 - *Kamal Premadasa*

Montage  
 Poetry 

## A life's motto

A lost opportunity can never be regained  
 A lost hour can never be recalled,  
 A sped arrow, a spoken word can never come back,  
 A rosy past can never be recalled  
 A bleak today can never be forgotten  
 An unborn tomorrow can never be born today.  
 A life not well lived can never be re-lived.  
 So, seize the opportunity as it comes  
 Is my life's motto today.  
 So, shall we sow what is good  
 Reap the best tomorrow  
 And blight the bad as it comes along  
 And pluck the roses of life as they  
 bloom along.  
 - *Sween Wickramanayake*

