

Montage

The River Nilwala

Endlessly moving majesty
With dignity of her own
Imperishable beauty
Mother, river Nilwala.
Self purifying
As she goes along
To disappear
In the immensity of sea
The ultimate merging.
True it is
That all rivers are sacred,
For they are not man made
And mystery belongs to the unknown.
The blue sky
With the clouds in motion
Reflected in the waters
So goes the word, "Nilwala".
One stood on the wide bridge
Watching the silent rhythm
Beauty unfading
Journey timeless.
Mother, Nilwala
You are the music of the land

The sacred mystery
Man can never fathom.
You are at the source
You are at the centre
You are at the bay
You are in the sea
At the same time everywhere!
Oh! mother Ganga
You never grow old
You never die
You look the same every day.
Man is born and dies
But you've been since time immemorial.
Though man pollutes you
You purify yourself
Because you are holy
Trees on the banks
Seem to bow down
In reverence
For the timeless service
You render, Mother Ganga.

- N. Widanagamage



Charismatic leader

Stalwart in politics and charismatic leader
Whose words and phrases of wisdom made him a
Renowned orator, writer and critic of affairs local and foreign, who
Diagnosing his country's political grounds, honourably
Brushed shoulders with leaders of world renown
Always ready to grasp political theories novel, to open
New vistas to remedy Sri Lanka's ailing social life
Decades on decades you remained dedicated to your beloved country – but will
Any equal of your forensic mien and political skill Sri Lanka find again?
Rhyming words and spicy phrases mingled in your silver tongued oratory
And listening to the poor man's grievance compelled your refectory
Nourishing the country with new ideals, spiritual and national
All your valued counsel can never be forgotten
In arts and literature you found your strongest domain, and having
Kindled new thoughts and visions in human minds, you were
Endowed with the best traditions of Lanka's rich heritage

- Andrew Scott



Montage
Poetry



The poet

Lines precise
Words that rhyme
Printed bold
An old fashioned
Poet of gold
Precious choice
Lines in rhythm
Beats the letter
Reading makes
A flutter, a pleasure
Unusual meaning
Old fashioned style
Never ending
Everlasting
Difficult this choice
Yet he writes
All others enjoy
To write again
Never say
Never again!

- Miran Perera



Forget me not!

Can you hear my mourning?
This ill breeze will pour it to your ears
The withered sun rays
Unable to evaporate the golden tears
You shed on the cement wall
Can you feel the wet ground?

It is wet with my tears of crying
Would there be any more joined spheres
Without me in your eyes?
Please take even my soul
I can't approach your hand

- G.A. Harshika Lakmali

Was it a dream?

It was a dream
She is not dead
She is safe
In a far away land
Where we will meet again soon
I am sure she will say
I am sorry mama
I left you behind
But don't you worry
I will never leave you again

T.M. Ariyawansa Rodrigo