## 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. 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

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

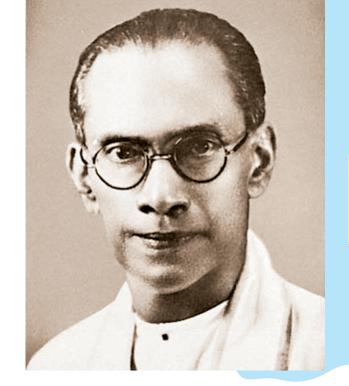
- N. Widanagamage



#### 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





#### 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!



#### 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

