

# Montage

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Poetry 

## Wrong cartoons



A child's continuous struggle I saw, to climb walls like "Spiderman"  
Wearing a "Ben Ten" watch heard another talking all alone  
Wishes another for powers of "Superman" to destroy many things  
Confused I'm, are all these intentions child centered?  
Spiderman, Superman, Ben Ten, Tom and Jerry  
Why did you damage innocent minds so severely?  
Being unreal forces you turned them into terrors of tomorrow  
Didn't you feel any pity on our brats doing so?  
Violent, disobedient and aggressive they are now  
Imitating unacceptable behaviours of wrong cartoons  
Oh children of today, you live in a world of unreality  
Yet your little minds fail to perceive the fact, unfortunately  
You say you are tired and get the long day's break to unwind  
While your little ones live in a world of fantasy with cartoons  
Oh dear ignorant parents, It's time to open your eyes  
Do no make it the regret of tomorrow to weep over  
It's a troubled world, so be mindful on your approaches  
Make sure to give your child the right foundation dear parents  
Nourish your little souls with good virtues to live by  
So avoid wrong cartoons of cruelty and stupidity immediately  
-*Finuza Farook Shazir*

## Our last rendezvous

Sunset is sunrise in another  
Dark corner of the world  
"Farewell" is "welfare" to my life  
Though that world is jumbled  
you renounced all that possessed at your teenage  
Then I guess that you must be in a nunnery  
No matter wherever you stroll  
you all to visit me at the dusk fall  
our last rendezvous is God's acre  
you come floating on a petal of flower  
you don't bear any burden of bygone  
because the petal will be sunk down  
No...No...you are not to even sigh in deep  
the norm of your life to be on keep  
my heart is like a volcano  
I feel like smouldering snow  
But, no grumbling just likes an X-flower  
That blooms in the lava of affected dale  
You don't puff at ember of anguish like gale  
You are like a she-penguin metaphorically  
that deserted little one's just after delivery  
you ascribed me to look after the rest  
by sake of the our platonic love  
far and far away you made move  
I am really aware that before long  
you will be back in a day  
Tiptoeing on the promenade of my still heart  
for the last tribute that you have to pay  
the conch shell that flourishes in the fane  
never make sound repeatedly in vain  
so am I too not so much in sane  
I won't harp the same string again.  
-*Sarath Karunaratne*

## Home for the aged



He watched the road  
To see a familiar figure  
But there was none  
And without knowing  
Tears rolled down his cheeks  
Making him aware  
Of the futility of watching.  
Once he was young and active  
He was somebody to so many  
Now he is old and alone  
Without anything to attract him  
The realisation  
That nothing is permanent  
And no one is immune  
From old age, sickness and death  
Has come to him now  
But the knowledge is too late  
To give him any consolation  
He is old and feeble  
And his steps are uncertain  
It was sad to watch him  
Slowly turn around  
And walk back  
To the Home for the Aged.  
- *T.M. Ariyawansa Rodrigo*

Lyrics from  
my heart 

## The glow in thy soul

.... Grippd me when I saw the first  
Not in fear but with the glow in sanctity.  
Thy wondrous searching eyes I saw reflect  
Clear and gentle radiance  
In loveliness beyond heavenly realm,  
As uncut diamonds in mountain clefts.  
.... Where were thee my gentle 'Lord'?  
Until the sunset of my journey's end;  
When free as a bird I flew across heavens  
counting the stars on a balmy night  
Awaiting the sparkle of morning sunrise  
Outside my mist-covered window.  
.... I do not count the stars anymore  
Nor feel the warmth of the morning sun  
Drench my pillow with o'ernight tears  
When I recall thy smiling face  
And do not know why the tears roll by  
All I know is thou stole my heart.  
.... Is it fair, tell me gentle 'Lord'  
Why I should be chasing the shadows,  
Beyond my reach and lose them in dreams.  
Dashed against the rocks a heart needs repair  
When the soul of man pathos can raise.  
And remain unfair, thou needs to know, my 'lord'.  
- *Princess*