

# A man with convictions

Understandably, now  
I have to be discreet  
For I am hailed  
As a paragon of virtue  
Though in solitude  
I, sometimes  
Delve into my adventurous  
And youthful days of exile  
When the African drum-beat  
Enticing and passionate  
Reaching its crescendo  
As I sought pleasant company  
Of scantily dressed and mesmerising  
African damsels  
Propagating blithely  
A sensual rhythm of  
Enchantment  
Forgetting, to err is human  
And no need to feel guilty  
Of your discretion  
In the forgotten limbo of the past  
As what matters most is  
The eternal triumph  
Of adorable virtue  
Over inflammable vice  
- *Ranjan M. Amarasinghe*

Montage  
Poetry



## Herald of death

As her bare foot touches,  
the gravel ground  
a timid heart flutters,  
tears fall on the mound  
footsteps pass the creaking gates  
not a single soul hovers,  
to witness her somber fate.  
Clad in ragged robes,  
beside her mother's grave  
trees whisper their shock,  
as she stands still and grave  
As cold winds rustled,  
fallen autumn leaves,  
Silvery snowflakes flew down,  
at slow pace  
The graveyard, a haunt,  
no place for child's play  
yet she stands still  
her heart filled with silent pray,  
The moon hid itself, behind rumbling clouds,  
once whispering wind,  
howled and raged about.  
Church bells toiled midnight,  
and through the din,  
silence approached the graveyard thin  
The child's hand trembled,  
turned pale and stood still,  
as the candle flickered out,  
against god's will

+ *Hansika Medagedara*

## Blissful days have gone forever

I saw a shadow of  
A flying bird  
Through the crystal rooftop,  
Tears were rolling on my cheeks,  
I closed my eyes for a moment,  
I saw the birds  
Chirping on my windowsill  
Eagerly waiting to get the food,  
Tapping the window to  
Wake me up;  
I saw the leaves of the trees  
Waving me in the breeze  
The beautiful picture  
In my mind,  
Which soothes me  
When I lie on my bed  
In a pensive mood,  
Looking at the pale light  
Through the window;  
In the night,  
I struggled to see the moon  
On the Poya day,  
Through the open space  
Of the rooftop,  
I could only see a line  
Of the sky,  
Not the moon,  
Not a single star,  
Not a floating cloud,  
What a life is this?  
I tried to figure out  
The feelings of a prisoner  
Which I haven't done so far;  
I realised the truth of life  
After coming to stay  
In a new place where,  
Nature's gifts are hidden.

- *Anjalie Chandima Silva*

## Consoled

Words comfort  
Soothing balm  
Spoken, expressed  
Softer tones  
Caress meanings  
Simple language  
Assured, trusted  
Touch of concern  
Warm, stroking  
giving strength  
Wiped tears  
Cleared face  
Urging that smile  
In humour  
Brings placid flesh  
Cooled consoled  
Until that smile  
Change the World  
- *Miran Perera*

*A Spiritual Journey*

**INTO THE HEART OF REALITY:  
THE INNER VOICE**

BY

**Safiullah**

A lovely heart centered book dealing with  
mindfulness, ego, interpersonal relationships  
and death.

Reviewed by

**Patty Sutherland, Clarion Foreword**  
(International Book Reviewers)

"Safiullah eloquently elaborates on quotes from  
Mohamed to discuss the connection between  
the Teaching of Islam and Contemporary life"

Limited copies available at

**Vijitha Yapa Bookshop**  
Unity Plaza,  
2, Galle Road, Colombo 4.