

# Is life a passing dream?

Is life just a passing dream  
Through which we go  
Blindly taking it as real  
Until death awakes us?  
From childhood  
To teenage  
Then to adulthood  
Where we believe  
Wisdom is ours.  
But adulthood moves  
On to old age  
Life with its fleeting  
Joys and sorrows  
Sets like the sun  
On the horizon  
Sorrow and pain and loss  
Also passes like the long dark night  
Before the sun arises  
Once again in a blue sky.  
Is it reality we see?  
Or is it just a passing dream  
Until death comes.  
To take us on another round  
Of life in another place.  
Is reality then just a passing glimpse  
Between life and death?

-Punyakante Wijenaik

## As I stand and watch

The starless sky looks dark and dreary  
But soon the rays would light up the azure heights  
It's going to be a long day for me -  
For all of us, as we as we stand by and watch  
I feel a sense of loneliness -  
When so many are there around me to care and share  
With downcast eyes - moist and blurred.  
Why has it got to be so ?  
When facing the most sure thing in life  
which has taken toll -  
The one who could never be replaced,  
Mother - oh my mother  
The name so gentle and soothing to my very being  
I think of the myriad stars that shine  
As the deeds of love you performed while on this earth.  
The sweet smell of roses - as the fragrance of your love -  
Poured out to the others to bring peace and tranquillity, in troubled times.  
The candles melting away reminding me  
Of how you wore yourself out -  
To make life better, than it otherwise have been ?  
Never demanding, never asking for anything in return  
But caring and sharing - loving and giving  
Can I ever repay you - even if God gives me another life ?  
But that's what mothers are for



The world would say -  
Taken for granted, abused and treated with contempt  
Dear Lord give us thankful hearts  
For all mothers who have gone to the nearer presence of the Almighty -  
In sweet repose - in union with saints  
In life's transient dream  
Only love remains, strong and steadfast -  
You are the embodiment of them all -  
I remember those stanzas as I stand and watch  
Mother, you are still my mother - only your body dies -  
Such love as thine, that binds my heart to thee -  
Death only sanctifies.

- Chitra R.L. Fernando

Montage  
Poetry



## The toddy tapper



Climbing the coconut tree  
His tool box strapped at his waist  
The razor-sharp knife and a small "hammer"  
The only tools he needs.  
"Tap, tap," it goes when he's at work  
Up on the coconut trees,  
'Hurting' the virgin coconut flowers  
waiting impatiently to smile.  
From these 'wounded' unopened flowers  
Sweet white tears pour down in drops  
Collected they're in the pot at the stump  
Until he returns the next morning.  
Bees start buzzing and playing around  
Carrying the sweet white tears that ooze  
'Tis only a white intoxicant sap  
and a heavenly drink for some.  
We see the tapper walking on space  
On the rope that connects the trees.  
It is no circus, he surely knows  
A slight slip, will cost his life.  
No proper meals, no proper abode  
Only a few rupees he earns a day.  
Yet the regular evening booze  
compensates all his worries.

- Lalitha Somathilaka