

Montage

A tribute to heartfelt bonds

Understandably
I will at any time
Propose a toast
As a prelude to
A rollicking party
For being blessed
With a sharp – witted mind
Allowing me the admirable capacity
To perceive certain matters
With a clear and impartial
Sage's distinguishing quality
And thankfully the task of
Climbing to the top of the summit
Was a pleasurable and equally
Memorable pursuit,
Very specially, surrounded by
A phalanx of understanding
And sincere friends who
Celebrated my triumphs
With never-ending feast of jubilation
While they never failed
To keep vigil, protecting me
In my gloomy days of adversity
Sharing the sorrow with me
With a rare feat of patience
Making the piercing pain truly bearable
And in contrast
There were only a very few relatives
Who had time and inclination
To find out,
About their poor relatives
Perhaps blindly engaged
In amassing huge amounts
Of wealth and highly valuable property
As the top-most priority
And admirably, they kept their
"Decent level of distance"
Meekly bowing down to an alien concept
Of social-Status, closing tightly
The strongly-built iron gates
With a class-conscious resolve
Effectively barring the entry
Of less-privileged to their
Ego-satiating mansions
And when all things
Are squarely considered
I find life
Really worth living
Embraced and enriched by
The power of long-lasting relationships
Resonating with infectious laughter
Of true-friends and as an exception
To the rule, funnily enough,
A first cousin
Stood out like an angel of mercy
Trying hard to prove
The age-old myth that
"Blood is thicker than water"
Slowly but surely
Strengthening the fragile bonds
With a renewed fervour.

- *Ranjan M. Amarasinghe*

Montage
Poetry

Grandmother



Live and cheerful
Chatting and playing
Giggles and laughs
When fondled and hugged
Running around in and out
Play hide-and-seek
Happiness and joy
Pouring through eyes
'Achchi' the repeated chorus
echoed afar
My love and affection
spread to depth
My darling grandson
My darling granddaughter
My heartiest blessings are for you
Today and everyday

- *Lakshmi Peiris*

The last decision

He is calling; I see him across.
Neither "No," nor "Later Sir."
I have to go and leave
My loved ones and my worldly things.
He is smiling; he had won
Wavering I was at least for a day
"Let me say goodbye to them."
"That can't be done," I heard him reply.
Time is up, I have to go.
"How can I leave my three grandsons,
And my lovely cute little girl?
Can't I see them grow up a bit?"
"That cannot be done," I heard him reply.
My eyes I closed and thought of four faces
Their smiles, their pranks, I had to leave.
"When time is up, this is the way."
Think not that you won't see me again,
Or hear my voice as long as you live.
Think of the time we spent together
In happy moods as well as sad.
Free I would be of pain or suffering
Free I would be of anyone's scorn.
It would pay off the sadness of my death
Until I meet you in my next birth.

- *Lalitha Somathilaka*

A plea for recognition



Oh! Yes, at times, I feel as if I'm alone
Since no one seems to call my name
I really do not claim for fame
But some recognition from someone
Can you hear me?
Lend me your ears
Should I plead in vain
Don't turn away and say you didn't hear
It's only a human right
To give a penny for one's thoughts
But now with vision impaired
Lend me your ears and hear my plea,
And leave me not alone
To die in this world
Like a pauper in the bitter cold.

- *Daisy de Mel*

The river goes by

The river of life
Is in eternal flow
Life with immense expressions
Is the beauty of creation.
The bees that suck nectar
From a virgin flower
Is part of creation.
Without life, what are we?
When life is, everything is.
The only thing we have
on earth is life.
When life leaves us
We are the dead matter
Life without love
Is a barren soil
Where nothing grows.
With love, one is very rich inwardly
Yet, he may be materially poor
Inward richness is the joy of life.
Love says that earth is ours
If earth is ours, we are very rich.
We are not isolated
For, we are related to the whole universe
Love that makes our life rich
Is the inexhaustible resource.
Love is not cultivable
Nor is it marketable.
Because it is simply there.
It comes to you without your knowing
Love is the perfume
of the flower of life.
Life with love
Is life without problems.
Love of life, love of truth
Is the way of life.
And the river of life goes by!

- *N. Widanagamage*

Colour of blood

Oh! Thinking human!
What's the colour of your blood?
Is there any other colour than red
In your blood?
Then why do you boast of your race
Or ethnic superiority?
That thinking is absurd and irrational
Don't you realise this truth
Proved by modern scientists?
Why do you call others as those of
Low birth and caste
Since blood is red for all?
Just think for a moment
Liberating yourself from
Irrational ideas of discrimination
Between a man and another man
All human beings are one race
Sans minor differences of caste and birth
So let's all call ourselves as brothers
And sisters of one mother.
And lead a life of peace
And harmony

- *M.Y.M. Meeadhu*