



## Sea shells

On the wet salty sand  
Where the crab hides  
Beneath layers of surface  
Wedge, coming ashore  
Bathed in brine  
The flesh escape from life  
Leaving sea shells, clamps  
Open to oceanic elements  
Entangled with weed  
Wet smelly green  
In colours of wonder entice  
Different shapes and size  
Formed to shape of fans  
Thick and thin shells  
Strewn around aplenty  
Moving to the tide  
Until collected for colour  
Shape size and wonder  
Sea shells remain exotic  
On the show at sea's end

- *Miran Perera*



## The silent lark



Once upon a time  
There was a lark  
With bright feathers of 'lime'  
And a heart of dark  
Hasn't she got friends?  
No, she had  
Then why was her heart dark?  
Since she was a silent lark  
She had loved once  
For the wind who kisses her  
And carry over field fence  
And said, "the whole world is ours"  
She loved once  
She loved for the wind  
But she was silent  
Never said what she thinks  
Oh! Alas one day she heard  
the roar of the violent wind  
But she went to find her lover  
The cruel wind hurt the lark  
And gave the sign of love  
An injured heart and broken wings

- *Feztia Peterson*