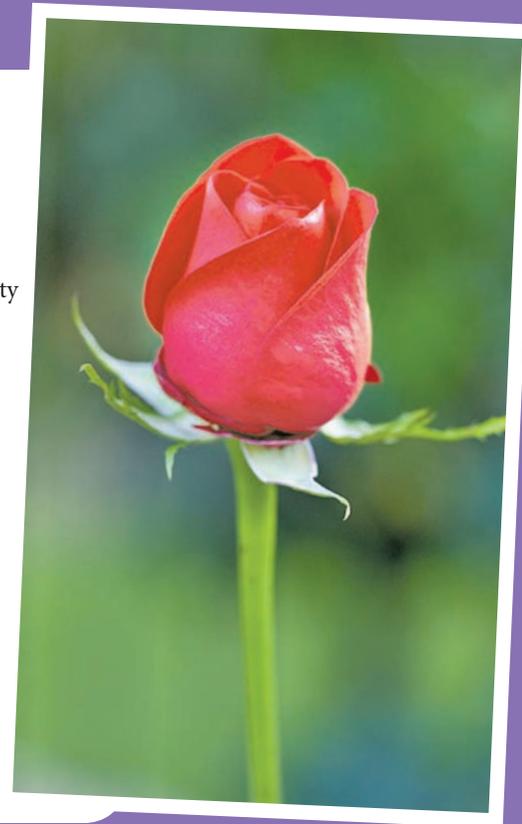


O dear! Pretty little rose

O dear! pure little Rose, who lonely bloomed and behaving among the heather
 The gloominess of your vicinity was vanished, by your brightness
 Not only honey bees; but also birds; wasps, who seek relief; repose with feelings are abundant in your vicinity
 Try thy best to improve your tolerability towards their fascinating displays;
 They go on trek as far as their best to tackle your intimacy
 Beware of their burning cravings
 Try thy best to secure your purity!
 All their attempts are to envelop, choke, and perish your 'sweet- scented petals'
 Their 'Woven-dreams' before you as 'Glittering-brooks' from dawn to dusk
 Try thy best to read those foes' passion!
 They attract you only to quench their thirst
 Do not flare up their 'Smouldering-wicks!'
 Do not pour water on their 'Sprouting-seeds!'
 As wise little Rose; think twice about their 'sly-suggestions'
 Try thy best to secure your purity!
 Some of them among those mask the lust; with love and camouflage among the lovers
 Be alert towards their giving! through their pretending
 Do not trust those 'flattering-tongues' who make pledges and promises before you
 Do not let them interfere in your privacy!
 O dear! pretty little Rose, try thy best to secure your purity!
 - *Merril Perera*



The final trip

The silvery rays of the smiling sun
 Were dancing on the rolling waves.
 They glitter and shine on the bundle of fish
 Struggling inside the fishing net.
 Still in the waters the fishes knew,
 Yet cannot glide or swim away.
 They roll and roll and are being dragged.
 Somebody's pulling them, but who or why?
 Baffled are they. Confused and bewildered.
 Helpless they all are.
 The sun is happily smiling,
 So were the owners of the net.
 "A fine catch!" their eyes gleam
 So were the eyes of the crows and the birds
 As they fly over eyeing the fish.
 The net was dragged ashore.

"Twas thrown onto the golden sand
 Along with the bundle of the doomed fish
 Rolling, struggling, fidgeting inside.
 The trip is over.
 The fish are not in the waters anymore.
 The fishermen were smiling.
 The fish were grinning.
 Grinning with all their sharp teeth
 Showing their anger and agony.
 Grinning at who? Their captors?
 Gaping they all were
 Opening their mouths in a fruitless effort
 To breathe - to survive.
 With googly eyes turned towards heaven
 They breathe their last, on the sandy beach.

- *Lalitha Somathilaka*