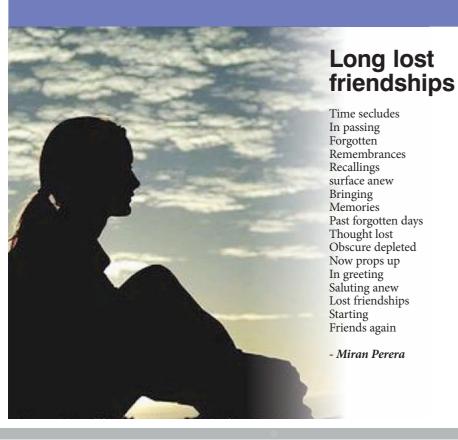
POEMS



My last wish

When will I be young again? Never, never I know. Sweet memories of my young days Begins to tickle my heart. How happy, how carefree, Books were the only bore. You too will realize these When you're old and alone at home. How we ran along the golden beach, How we ran up the temple steps! Even with a walking stick I cannot do them any more. Tinkling laughter of my friends Still echo in my ears They certainly bring some tears I know, For some I'll hear no more. Instead I hear my grandsons yelling At some kites flying in the sky. I too am like a kite now Gliding slowly to find a site. To hold on when I leave this world A place where I'd find love and care. The love and compassion I now enjoy Is the only thing I wish in my next birth.

- Lalitha Somathilaka

