

# The retired fisherman



Sammy is a retired fisherman  
After thirty years at sea.  
His feeble limbs won't listen to him now  
He had to retire; what else can he do?  
When the sky is painted  
With pastel colours of red and pink  
The sun is going down  
To rest after a hard day's work.  
Sammy would wobble to his beloved beach  
To reminisce his golden days.  
He'd sit on the golden sand  
Watching the diving sun  
He'd think of the shoals he once caught  
And the mishaps he had at sea.  
The never ending rolling waves  
The salty tasted breeze  
Colleagues they were, his bosom friends  
So was his dingy boat.  
To feel that he needs them no more  
Makes his eyes blur.  
The dark grey dusk envelops the world  
So is his life now.  
With a deep sigh he trots back  
His weary way, back to his abode.  
- **Lalitha Somathilaka**

# Let me surrender



I am writing a letter with my pencil  
To kiss your eyes with my heart  
I am writing a letter to you...  
Oh! how nice to see 'The good morning sunshine'  
Birds singing, fresh air and flowers blooming  
With pride to see the beauty of nature  
But, your love surpasses all things I write  
I am writing a letter to you, my dear....  
When I talk and when I face challenges  
My imagination comes true  
I dream of fairies  
I need to see your face and your smile  
And how you care for me  
Oh give me time to surrender  
And, what can I do for you...?  
- **James Sanjeewa Jayasinghe**

Montage  
Poetry



# Good life

Life is precious  
that can't be measured  
in terms of price but wise  
So, it's priceless to be treasured.  
Treading on the journey of life  
Man encounters,  
Many a struggle, debacle, obstacle  
That become a daily ritual of life.  
At times, he finds life  
Hard and harsh,  
Recalling of the saying of the wise  
'Life is not a bed of roses'  
That makes him realise  
The reality of life.  
Life is two-fold  
Mundane and celestial  
To get rid of unhealthy phenomena  
He yearns to be free  
From all worries of life,  
He knows, if he strives hard  
Some day,  
He will attain the supernatural state  
By living a 'Good life'.  
- **Ajith Karunaratna**



Spare! Oh spare that tree my countryman  
Already devastation ensues  
Long drawn out droughts prevail  
Parched arid earth cries out for rain.  
Then raging torrents swell and spill  
Hapless folk in peril.  
Unpredictable rains that lash hill slopes  
Denuded soil that erodes.  
Landslides that annihilate  
Entire villages in its spate  
This land, this people yours and mine  
To conserve and save our task sublime  
Withold that axe and spare that tree  
The land needs it "let it be."  
- **Jeannette Cabraal**