

Poems...

From the many good entries we get for 'A Poem for the Week,' we can only award one prize. So we will now publish some of your good efforts at poetry whenever space permits.

Friendship

Friendship is love
That makes people happy
My friendship is with Melmari
And also with Sayuri.

Oh! What a friendship
They are never selfish
They are always with me
Whenever I need them.

Even if we fight
We forgive and forget
We worry about each other
If we are not alright.

We started our friendship
When we were seven
We will continue our friendship
Even when we are in heaven.

Nimanthi Weliwita
(10 years)
St Bridget's Convent

My garden

I have made a little squirrel's
house,
In my garden by the pond.
They come in twos and threes and
fours,
To see what I have kept indoors.

The mynahs, magpies, woodpeck-
ers and kingfishers,
Come to my little garden too,
To relax in the sand,
And bathe in the pond
I made with my
Two little hands.

I love to sit and watch them,
From morning till sunset,
When they go back to their
little nests,
To take a long needed rest.

Come morning they'll be
back again,
To my garden whether sun
or rain.

Sonali Peiris (13 years)
Ave Maria Convent, Negombo

My brother

How stupid can my brother be,
Hanging on the mango tree.
Oh! How much annoying is he,
When he comes running up to
me.

When he says 'sis come here,'
When he says 'sis look here,'
I wonder why I can't be a,
Fairy or a magical creature.

And put some magical dust on
him,
To stop him from bothering,
Then peacefully shall I stay,
Reading my book at the bay.

But he is the best part of
my life,
He is my joker when I cry,
And my playmate all my life,
Oh! Brother you are my life.

Prameshie Nanayakkara
(11 years)
Bishop's College

The clock

The round machine called
the clock,
Always goes 'tick, tock, tock.'
It wakes you up in the morning,
While you are still yawning.

I have clocks in every bedroom,
The minutes go by very soon.
There are square clocks,
That look just like blocks.

Clocks come in various colours,
Clocks tell us the hours.
The clock has two hands,
The hour hand and the minute
hand.

Clocks have won my admiration,
Clocks are a good invention.

Cavin Ganarajah (9 years)
Stafford International
School

My loving parents

Of all the living things on earth,
My parents are my dearest.
For they have been my guiding light,
Ever since my infancy.

They guided me with their light,
And taught me what is good and bad.
And manners, good habits too,
How lovingly did they teach me?

Their blessings always keep me safe,
And I know someday I shall be,
A citizen useful, honest and true,
To serve my motherland – Sri Lanka.

In their old and feeble age,
I'll be grateful and care for them,
And keep them always in my heart,
Throughout their sunset days in life.

Chamila Sudharshani (14 years)
Vishakha B. M. M. V., Bandarawela

Memories

Memories are more precious
Than golden treasures,
Which time cannot destroy.
The past sorrows and joys;
The past days
Spent in many ways,
Friends who shared smiles
and tears,
And problems faced,
Throughout the past years
Are engraved in the heart
and cannot be erased.
Memories are very strong,
That they would
remain long,
And make life good and
brighter.

Zhulfaa Zhulficar
(13 years)
Kalagedihena