

Your Princess

Forgive me, Prince.

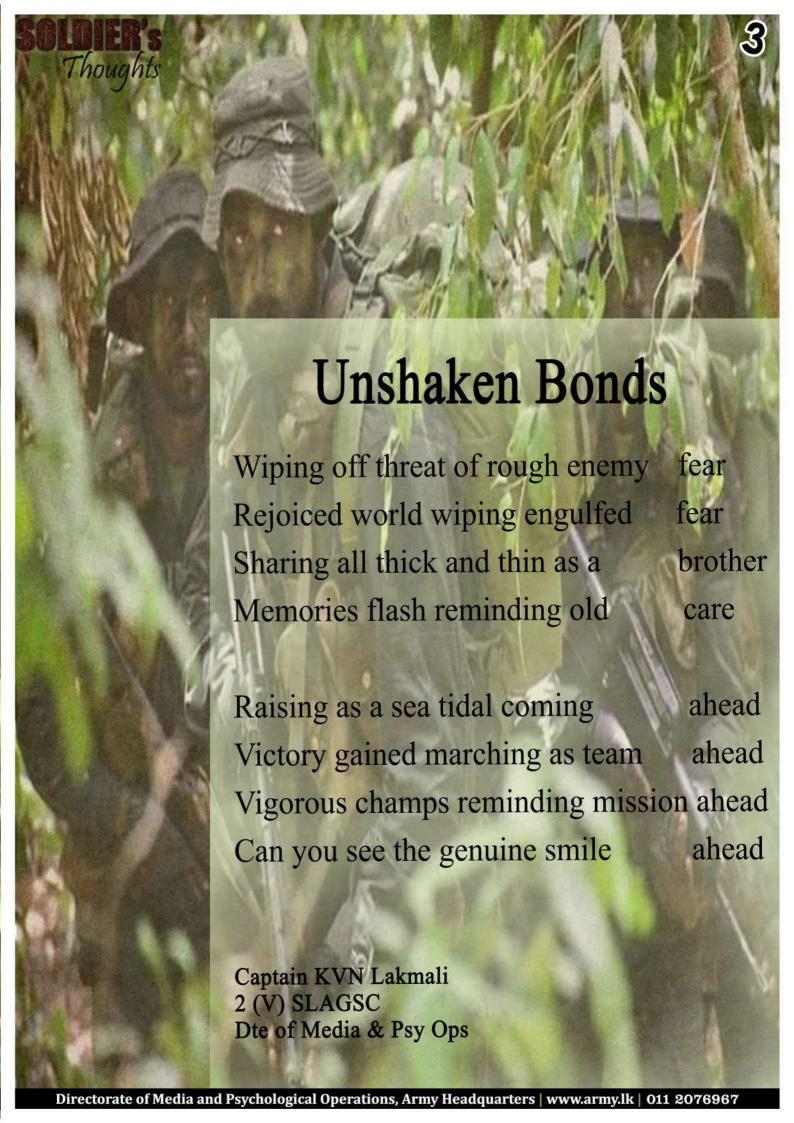
I dreamed of you,
but I found no place for myself
in that palace.

I am poor, and I am not suited to you, for you are a prince.

It feels like a curse, this poverty. I am not your equal.

So, dear Prince, let us not weep, You will find your princess someday soon.

Rifleman Senanayake SMSN 14 SLSR





The Life

We are born naked

And accumulate many things

Throughout our lives

"But in death" we leave wearing

Only white clothes'

Life is merely a temporary

Accommodation'

Those unaware of this truth

But upon realizing the

Impermanen of life"

They understand the suffering

Their actions may have caused

Others

Corporal Pinsharika WAP 11 SLSC Dte of Media & Psy Ops



A Lesson Beyond the Textbooks

One evening in Colombo,

I saw him while waiting in traffic

He was among the vehicles,

Amid endless congestion on a broad road.

Yet unbothered, his face was lit with a faint smile,

serene and pure.

His bare feet pressed the pedals of his bicycle,

Sweat dripping from the corner of his faded shirt

Between two luxurious cars that honked impatiently,

He moved forward slowly,

A loaf of bread swayed in a bag,

As many vehicles passed him by.

With compassion for those

who shouted in anger without cause,

He shared a lesson not found in any textbook

A gentle smile as his only word.

And as darkness embraced the evening sky,

That image slowly faded from my sight,

Lady Officer Cadet Venuri Abepitiya 4 SLAMC

University of Uva Wellassa

