



Solo Verse Speaking : Non-Open

Secondary 3 : Boys

Please be reminded that for Non-Open classes, you have to choose U, E, K or Y according to your district.

He had been growing old

He had been growing old for quite some time
Spending his days under the canopy
Of chequered leaves through which the sun
Filtered in pale gold flecks. And underneath
The soil lay soft and brown – dew-moist
Even at noon.

There, in the flickering coolness he would lie
His bright eyes slowly dulling as our life
Went by in its accustomed pattern.
Nothing made him stir
Except Renuka's high familiar call. Then
He would heave himself to nuzzle at her hand
For comfort. – She would bend her head
To talk to him. And he would understand.

We had got used to this, his silent loneliness
Under the tree.
One night, quite unassumingly, he died.
Nobody noticed when.
Only Renuka cried.

To: Ms
From: Ms
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Anne Ranasinghe