

# WORLD OCEANS MONTH

*Ocean and Memories*



A celebration of our love and fondest  
memories of the deep blue sea!

# EDITOR'S NOTE

This World Oceans Day, we decided to celebrate our collective love for the oceans by curating this zine, themed: Oceans and Memories. With the increasing frequency of marine ecological disasters and problems, it is natural to feel despondent and hopeless. But our fight to protect the oceans is a marathon, not a sprint. We need to remember the joy and comfort that the oceans bring to most of us. This zine is a celebration of just that!

Curating this zine has been a struggle for the best possible reasons. We received well over 50 entries of beautiful artworks, poetry and prose pieces, making my job as a curator of this zine incredibly difficult (as you can see, this zine has more pages than is traditional!). Unfortunately, not all the pieces fit the guidelines we shared so not all of them made it to the final product but I would like to thank every one who submitted an entry for generously sharing their love for the oceans with all of us. It has been an honour!

We hope you enjoy this zine, and that it brings you happiness, optimism, and a little bit of the ocean to your home.

With lots of Ocean love,  
Isha  
(On behalf of Team Oceanswell)

# SEA OF LOVERS

I find solace, beneath the starry skies  
Shades of blue, reflected in my crystal eyes  
When the surf laps up the shore, I come home  
The fine sands and tranquil sounds pull me in  
The roar of the tides have me hypnotized  
One moment, the foam touches your ankles,  
Suddenly, it's engulfed your back, tangled your hair  
The sea drawing me in deeper, like a siren to its prey  
Sheer mystery cradled in the throes of the waves  
It's presence never seen only felt in the ebb & flow  
Until it touches not just your body but your soul  
Moana looks through yourself, glancing into your core  
It provides you with insight, you never knew before  
Search for the answers within but find them out at sea  
Poseidon nurtures all that call out to him  
Resilient, untamed with the wisdom he holds within  
The ocean plays its part without you asking for it  
Not silly or naïve, those who've braved the storms  
Their tales of fame to be passed along as folklore  
On good days and bad, it's all the same for me  
For the sea never harms those born of brine  
Even when lost at sea, we'll be one with the tide.

- Nethra Menon



-L.A.M.Hindumini Shashini Ruwandika



-Hafsa Afker



*What the Ocean means to me*

- Abdullah Haniffa,  
15 yrs

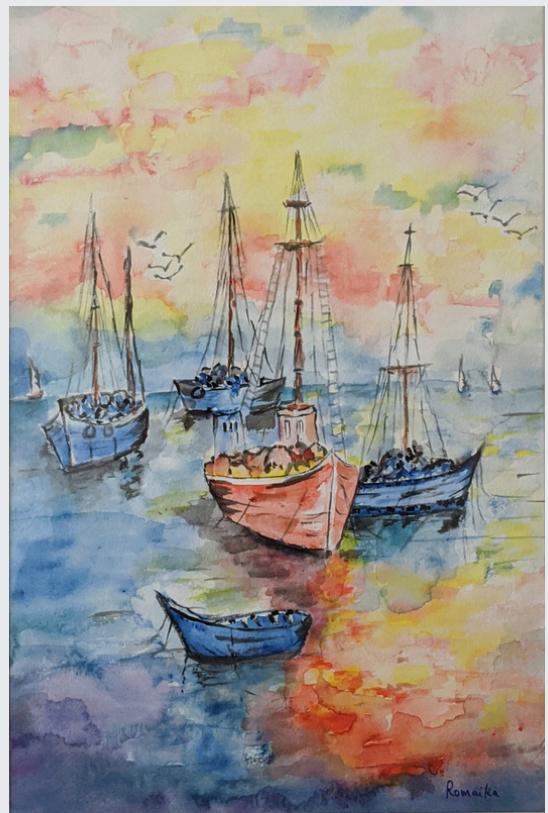


*Lonely whale 52 with me*

R. Nirmani Samarasinghe

## LATE NIGHT MUSE

I find great peace in the ocean,  
It's waves so majestic,  
Yet so calm and solemn at times..  
I feel like a tiny grain in the ocean,  
A tiny spec of it's sand,  
My worries seem so small &  
insignificant  
As I stare into the deep blue waters..  
I feel intimidated by its splendor  
and majesty,  
And afraid that it will devour me at  
times..  
Oh my dear ocean, how I long to be  
United with you once again



- Sheami Romaika Dewendre

- Sharon Joseph

## WAVES

The sombreness splashes with bore, While the amber  
highlights it more,  
A single freckle destroys it all, But a simple medal deserves  
its thrall.  
Inconsistency occurs anonymously, Hyperactivity gazes  
aggressively,  
The waves desire hunger With a pinch of sweet bitterness.  
Ships dodge curiously, As waves wonder wildly,  
While the sea fluctuates entirely.  
However, through acrimony emerges a pleasant splash.

- Kyle Albane



Protected

-Lidechsi Silva

## Ocean Creatures

-Chetana Hettige,  
8 yrs



© Chetana Hettige

# OCEAN AND MEMORIES

My mom, as a little girl, had the privilege of spending summer vacations at her ancestral house which was the only house situated on the beach at that time. The area was devoid of tall buildings and they had fresh seafood for all their meals everyday. Every vacation, on the last day of school they would all be excited since everyday on the beach involved spending hours lazily swimming, building sandcastles and acquiring a much needed tan. This tradition was continued long after they shifted into a flat in the city.

Growing up, my brother and I would have missed out on this since our lives were a stark contrast to their simple living, but our mom would on occasion as a treat, take us to the ancestral beach house she grew up in to spend the day. Although we could no longer see the beach from our maternal grandparents house due to all the buildings, we would still make the most of our time there. The house had the old wooden steps wherein we would run up and down in excitement before my mom would get us ready for the beach. We would go to the beach, each with a bucket, spade and a sieve in our small hands, dressed in our colour coordinated swimwear. I would spend my time collecting sea shells before arranging them on my sand castle.

After we were done playing and swimming, we would come back, freshen up and change before going back home. Now that I am older, every time I go to a beach, I reminisce about my childhood memories on the beach playing in the sand and swimming in the water.



- Dr.Charlotte Rodricks



Sri Lankan Ocean

-Roshini Nirosha Devendran,  
11 yrs



-Thathyana Perera,  
6 yrs

## ADRIFT

I find refuge in my memory of her;  
She who could dash me against her rocky shore  
Tear my flesh on jagged reefs, and pull me  
Into her inky depths never to be seen again.  
She rocks me on her gentle swell  
To the beat of an ancient lullaby.  
Her soothing sands caress me,  
Cleansing weariness from my soul.  
Within her tender ferocity I am nothing,  
And yet I'm everything. I am one with her.  
I recall her touch from near and far;  
In the thrill of riding on the wave,  
Lonely lagoons and summer days spent on the pier.  
And again beneath the coconut shade  
In the cries of pure joy and fear  
When her watery tendrils engulfed their feet.  
A traveller drifting between worlds  
Seeking mysteries of her icy deep  
Brilliant shades etched in their heart  
Will there forever remain.

- Thisuri Rojje Ekanayake

## Releasing baby turtles to sea

-Oshadhi Wimansa Ranasinghe



## HEAVEN'S HIDEAWAY

I stood on the cliff, I had found the Mecca of coves. I could see a fracture of white sand, a gash of zephyr-haunted cliffs and a wide slash of bay. It was a watery wonderland and the beach was drenched in the dawns golden haze. The mighty sea flowed in its astral-blue smoothness from the horizon. In the distance, streams of tapered light splayed out, flowing through cracks in the cloud and I clambered down to the beach.

Slumbering in its blue robe, the sea greeted me and the half-moon bathed the beach gently. The sand was sugar white and floury underfoot. Looking around the secluded beach, I didn't see any of the normal sights; tourists with tans, tacky stands or chattering hawkers. I realized that I was standing at the gateway of paradise. The sea siren call was soothing, the music of the waves welcoming. It was like being wrapped in a comforting blanket of warm sounds and soft light.

My serenity was ruptured by the raucous cry of a gull. The hollowness of the cliff's rocks made it seem mournful and the cavern magnified its call. It echoed at first with a mournful sound, recoiling from the cliffs. The bouncing and distortion of sound rang it out once more, foundering and finally faded away into nothingness. My serenity having been interrupted, I decided to make my way home. The rising sun laminated me with its warmth and a theatre of pelagic smells wafted from the steaming seaweed.

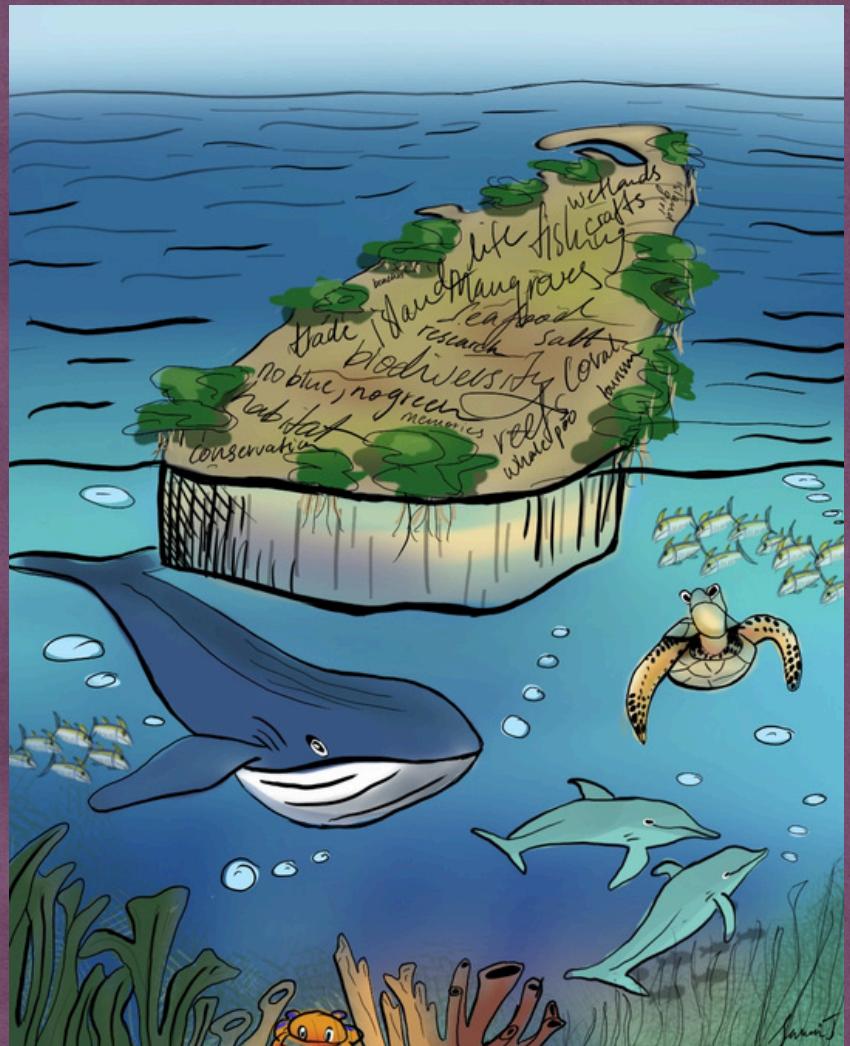
My footprints in the sand followed me all the way home. Heavens hideaway had been a transcendental experience and I resolved to do it again someday.



*Deep blue snorkeling flashbacks*

-Gayle Fernando,

15 yrs



- Senuri J.

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- Thehas and his Grandma

## LITTLE BAY BEACH

Icy cold water,  
And sand between crevices  
That seep further into stones  
And shells of a memory,

A smile, a moment  
Of tracing hands along the rocky edges  
of caves.

Of pigeons scattering,  
Of seagulls in hundreds along the coast,  
The bay with transparent water

Frothy against the rocks.  
Dive into the end of winter,  
The break of the cold,  
The wind rough against my smile,

Caressing and careful.  
Carving, eroding memories,  
Against a blue background

Of the sky,  
The surf,  
And  
The time

- Hafsa Jamel



Under The Sea Doodles

- Navika Wijeratne,

9 yrs



-Nethuli  
Samaratunga,  
13 yrs

-Sethnuka  
Abeysekara,  
5 yrs



# The Great Deep Dame

She sits pretty like a glamorous Queen,  
Covered in shades of turquoise, sapphire, navy and royal.  
She magnificently stands on plates of her throne with melting lava beneath her  
And is the most definite daring, exquisite jewel within the crown of the sphere.  
And oh the unusual life within her!  
Billions and trillions of fish that can fly;  
Batoids, Seahorses,  
Anglerfish and Octopi  
Which can control death at the lightest bottom and acquire nine brain cells!  
Mermaids, underwater kingdoms and swirling schools,  
Cathedrals of coral, algae  
And archives of lost wounds.  
Her wrecks and rocks make her weigh  
And her volcanoes erupt and make her sway,  
Yet, she smiles.  
She connects her children to outrageous lands,  
Through her wings of infinitude dark warmth  
Which like love,  
Flows seamlessly bursting with life.  
The aqua gushes to the bed, and the children enjoy,  
Her tenderness blooming like Crocus through their toes.  
She dances and sways her hips to the rhythm of the bay,  
In hope of being flattered by her Romeo's glistening ray.  
And there she's demeaned, mucked and treated with disdain.  
Once again.  
As her tide gushes, again and again and again  
Pushing, breaking, bleeding, tired more than before,  
She smiles.  
She's able to lie peacefully still,  
Without uttering a word of rage, except when she  
Tosses to turn and rises to fall.  
Like a woman,  
How strong she can reign.

- Thaybah Mohamed

-Hamdha  
Fowzan,  
11 yrs



Plastic free sea  
underwater

J.M.R.V.  
JAYASUNDARA

# REALIZATION

Where is the ocean when I need it the most?  
My wild, untameable yet nurturing host.  
The reason I'm ought to live by the sea:  
in the water is where I can fully be free.  
No judgement, no pressure and no expectations,  
no timings, no deadlines and no limitations,  
no duties, no let-downs and no accusations.  
Just focused on me - and my relations.  
The water and me.  
The waves of the sea.  
Unstoppable forces  
like a herd of wild horses.  
No reason to fight.  
Let the wild ones be wild,  
and follow their lead.  
Cause there is no defeat.  
There's nothing to lose and there's nothing to  
win -  
the battle you're fighting is solely within.

- Katharina  
Sofie Kraus

Every Skin Is Beautiful

- Nirāli Galhenage,  
6 yrs





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