

# THE ISLE OF KARMA

Agnes Lam

*Somewhere*

*along the south coast  
of Sri Lanka,  
the isle of karma,*

*is a seaside ...*

*Not one of those  
with golden sands,  
tourist bikinis,  
sunglasses drinking colas.*

*But the one where you met*

*a grey blue sky,  
the horizon stretching across time,  
the surf spraying a mist above the sea ...*

*On the horizon  
rests a screen of coconut trees  
unfolding eastwards for miles beyond ...*

*At the west end of this grove,  
two coconut palms  
lean towards the water,  
a space apart from each other  
but swaying to the same wind  
as if playing a quartet  
with two figures in silhouette,  
willowy and barely clad,  
on the opposite shore  
of rocks in the east.*

*One of them is holding high  
something precious in mid air  
while the other watches,  
standing some feet away –  
the two at one, yet each distinct.*

*Is this treasure to be  
offered to the ocean  
to appease the breakers  
lest they rouse*

*into a tempest?*

*Or is it a bequest  
in bliss to partake –  
fruits from the deep  
brought almost at random  
by the last waves*

*refracting the enduring sun?*

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