



Treasure Island was written by Robert Louis Stevenson. As a boy, his uncle, who was a sailor, told him about his travels to Norman Island in the Carribean; many people think this is the island that this book was written about.

Imagine standing on Treasure Island – the turquoise sea, the golden beach, the inland jungle filled with plants, flowers and animals.

What would you see, hear, taste, smell, touch and feel?

Your challenge this week is to write a description or a poem to describe this scene.

Which poetic features can you use:

Adjectives, adverbs, precise nouns, powerful verbs, alliteration, onomatopoeia, simile, metaphor, personification.

And, if you can, an oxymoron or a juxtaposition.

These is my first and second drafts (I chose to do a poem) and a publish poem by Hemakumar Nanayakkara.

MY TREASURE ISLAND #1

Standing on the golden shore,
The blue sea gently nibbling at my toes,
I look out, the sea and sky blend together on the horizon,
I stand within a blue globe.

The breeze sprinkles my skin with warm touches,
The sway of branches rustle,
The calming tune mixes with the lapping of the waves,
A seagull screeches overhead.

Spray tickles and refreshes
Salt taints my nose and mouth,
Footprints are shadows bleached out by the sea,
I am alone.

Behind me, the jungle calls,
The smell of unseen flowers floats from far away,
Hummingbirds dart, dragonflies hover, monkeys screech,
Dense leaves block my way, danger is inside.

MY TREASURE ISLAND #2

Standing on the golden shore,
The azure sea gently nibbling at my toes,
I gaze out, the sea and sky knit together on the horizon,
I stand within a blue globe.

The breeze sprinkles my skin with warm kisses,
The sway of palm tree branches rustle,
The soothing melody mingles with the whisper of the waves,
I sigh as seagulls screech.

Salt-spray tickles and refreshes,
Footprints are shadows bleached out by the sea,
Hummingbirds dart, dragonflies hover, monkeys screech,
My solitude interrupted.

Behind me, the jungle beckons,
A carpet of greens envelops the hills,
The scent of unseen flowers meanders towards me,
Dense foliage thwarts me, is there danger lurking within?

Island Of Paradise - Poem by Hemakumar Nanayakkara

Paradise in the middle
of a deep blue ocean
Bordered by beautiful
golden sandy beaches
Rows of coconut trees
sway on the coastline
Swing gently to the rhythm
of refreshing breezes

Cascades of water pouring
from central hills
Splashing in between rocks
into flowing streams
Slowly fluxing through
evergreen valleys
Silently meandering towards
a pearly ocean

Beautiful breathtaking
distant sceneries
Visions through thin
misty curtains
Perfectly manicured
vast tea plantations
Eye catching green carpets
on hillsides

Gardens dressed in
elegant flowers
Blossoms bloom in diverse
attractive colours
Jasmine, Chrysanthemum
Gardenia and Roses
Spread irresistible fragrances
and exquisite flavours

Adventurous evergreen
tropical rain forests
Free animal lives linger in
wildlife sanctuaries
Cultivated paddy fields
are a symbol of prosperity
Wonderful Island of paradise
is a place of serenity