



U. M. ISMALI

[FINAL YEAR STUDENT : BORN 17-1-1941]

*[Fatally struck by lightning on the night of the 25th March 1963.
Deeply mourned by his fellow-students and teachers.]*

In a silent room one midnight hour
Book in hand while your tapers burned
The untimely thunder spent its power
On you sweet youth whom we yearned
To see, make your mark in this world of ours.

Death seeks its own on land and sea
And air; beings that smack of mortality,
It called on you in a flash, in a trice
Because of dearth of youth in Paradise
That Paradise criss-crossed with golden bowers.

"The sweet die young" the consolers say
To those whom the sweet leave behind
May then your fragrance ever play
On your loved ones and on all mankind

* * *

Requiescat in Pace