

kampon, kota bharu 1993

this year the cotton buds were bursting
even the wide sewer ran sweetly
among cows goats butterflies and lambs
the little lane curved by the slope
almost catching an english scene
but softer more informal a true peasantry
corydon would have been happy,
though ready smiles spoke of quietude
indolence and religion
still there was a wonderful mood
of ducks in the house, hens scratching
sleepy dogs and domesticity
sunk in the creamy jungle heat
close to the sandy coconut groves
and the deep green sea, warm as tea