

Recalling days...

Recalling days of long ago, in a locality in Colombo.
In the vicinity there is a lane "Gospel" it bears the name.
Here it was I began to grow, in a humble home, one of a row,
Opposite the lane across the road, was Archie and Brian's abode.
Friends and neighbours stretching afar.
Acquaintances like the de Zilvas,
Achilles, Berenger, Craggs and de la Motts; Foxes, Rubans, Jansz and Van Dorts.
In Dematagoda of those days, lived Askers, Abrahams and George Hayes.
Most went where fortune led, into the world these all spread.
Off the road Ketawellemulle Lane, where resided three popular names,
Tony, Junie and sister Anne Paul, I knew the guys but not the doll.
To further reminisce; The Davids, Webbers, Smiths, Macks were all called Burghers.
These were the tracers of European races, now, migrated to other places.
Burghers; neither cast nor nationality. These had their origins in Italy,
France, Holland, Portugal and Spain, and from the Kingdom of Great Britain.
Lusting for loot, women and song, crossed the seas and lived here long.
Morris Reid Botni and Welshes, Williams, Mortier's Peters and Websters.
They mother-tongued the English Language, some made it a swill of a porridge.
Some lived in huts others in splendour. Sundays it was Arrack and kaferingna.
A merry people, loved the baila beat, came via the genes of the Portuguese.
A violin, tom-tom, couple of spoons, a percussion band and they were over the moon.
Firths, Kramer, Dickson and Nugara, Bloms, Boxes, Souzas and P(f)igeras.
Generations of a motley crew, Pereira is another in this *parrippu*.

- George Eddie



POEMS

On a well's edge

Slipping feet
Holds tight
The well's edge
A rusted lever
soaked rope
Ricketty Bucket
Far down below
Ripples, Reflections
splashes
Then still water
submerged
Filled brim
Pulling rope
Bring always up
Water
On edge.

- Miran Perera