

Cheers

In her drunken state,
she found happiness.

The young kitchen maid, who
lived from day to day, has
no hope for tomorrow.
She slept through the
black nights with equally black visions of the future.
Inly in the Cock - crows
did she find her dreams
turned into reality.

Another day,
when she wet herself among
the dirty dishes in the sink.
She wiped the plates clear,
only to see her own
dirty reflection
radiated into her heart.

She sang merrily with
a bottle of whisky in her hand.
She stumbled into dark alleys with
no visions. Laughing until

One night,
she stepped over the dock,
into the black
merciless sea.

By Kheng-Wee Wah

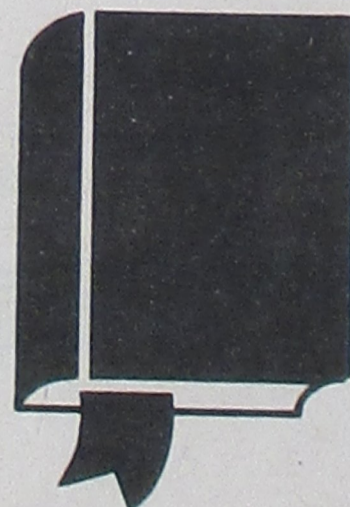
Cultured

Our mother is a whore,
an evil incubine.

Her onset takes no prisoners,
she innocently lures yours and mine.

Her beauty drunkens the world,
she promises riches and pearls.

The masses give in to her desire,
the strong slowly become extinct.



An Excerpt From "The Prelude : Book Sixth

*Imagination- here the Power so called
Through sad incompetence of human speech,
That awful Power rose from the mind's abyss
Like an unfathered vapour that enwraps,
At once, some lonely traveller. I was lost;
Halted without an effort to break through;
But my concious soul I now can say -
"I recognize thy glory : " in such strength
Of usurpation, when the light of sense
Goes out, but with a flash that has revealed
The invisible world, doth greatness make abode,
There harbours whether we are young or old.
Our destiny, our being's heart and home,
Is with infinitude, and only there;
With hope it is, hope that can never die,
Effort, and expectation, and desrire,
And something evermore about to be.*

William Wordsworth



The exotic become lazily spoiled,
her west floats, the east sinks.

She seduces scholar and fool alike,
foreign leagues surrender without a fight.

Chorus

Go west and live our lazy dream,
try the white man's scene.
Join the foolish wisemen and our mother.
forget your shaman, be cultured.

Shawn