Singapore River

Tan K. Soe*

*Iowa State College

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No longer am I a merest speck on a bit of dust in this thing we call the Universe. I am the Universe. I am Zeus, born of Cronus and Rhea, formed of Chaos by Space and Time.

The Sun rises higher; the fog melts away. Gray indefiniteness gives way to dazzling brightness. I am but myself, a yeasty ferment struggling to make itself a God.—Why does the fog exist but to yield to the Sun?

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Singapore River

By Tan Kian Soe

Between deep walls the water laps;
Ebb tide a muddy smell:
Heave sampans on the thick brown way
To the harbour roads.
Some, high-laden, creak and strain;
Yellow bodies, bending,
Pull the oars,
And slow the heavy craft again
Bears casks of rubber.

Where the slime
    Lies deeper down the walls,
And wet, black mud
Bears sampans by the quay,
Noise and shouting falls;
Dark dens
Breathe sweet opium
Sleepily.