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From *Mirror of Private Troubles*  
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*Self-Portrait*

In the footsteps of my history  
And shadow, I am caught  
In the half light of remembering,  
The house, the mouth,  
The woman, whose cotton-coiled  
Waist is the yearning for an India far away;

In the archipelago dusk,  
This world is a water kingdom  
That swims and hisses,  
And urges a love for the shimmering hills,  
The parched sand, the plaited rain,  
Where, *Malaya*, my freedom,  
Is a dark face reflected in this sea.