

## Colonizer/Colonized

The blood of the colonizer that runs  
In my veins is also the blood of the  
Colonized, an island invaded  
An island raped  
Subjugated/victim  
Conqueror/victimizer

Where is there room here  
For the ancient gods, the ancient  
Goddesses?

No conquest can destroy them  
Those who still inhabit the springs  
The rivers, the trees of this earth.

History cannot exorcise them  
They still breathe in water, air, leaf,  
The earth is still theirs, the field,  
The threshing floor where flame eats  
Flame and the sacrifice and offerings  
Still go on, food laid out for the deities  
And god-language, incantations streaking  
Into the night.

Yet, the irreparable acts of conquest  
Are still there, to give us a different  
Tongue, a different colour,  
Thoughts, dreams which came over  
In sailing ships a mythworld  
Directed by mystic astrolabe and compass.

Soon, the casques emptied, water replaced  
From new spirit haunted springs  
And the old gods grow stronger  
The girth of their loins massive,  
Their presence felt in darkness  
Never to be displaced.

The coming of age of the new gods  
Flowering among the scarlet petals  
That hybrid, gush out of the old tree  
—Torsos must begin with sacrifice  
And death from the hubris of living.

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