

## Reflections

Sitting here, an old man, dozing in my chair  
I think about Malaya and the days that I spent there  
Memories curling in my head of days when I was young  
Of days I spent in happiness; of songs that I have sung

Malays, Chinese and Indians regardless of thier race  
They are all Malaysians beneath the sun's warm grace  
I think about the climate; those sunny, balmy days  
Recalling all the people; their dwellings and their ways

I think about the jungle; green and damp and lush  
No-one dashing here and there, no-one in a rush  
I can see the paddy fields, square mirrors in the sun  
Happy children in the kampongs, laughing, having fun

I think about the shoreline, that golden, sparkling strand  
And balmy days spent swimming and lazing in the sand  
Of tinkling Temple bells and Mosques with domes and spires  
I can still smell the east; spiced dishes on charcoal fires

For Malaya's deep within my heart; fond memories I retain  
I hope that you can understand - and this must sound insane  
It was a time of strife and war, but still I must declare  
If it hadn't been for that, then I'd never have been there

Ernie Yeomans