

Notes from a Colonialist, 2065

After the Seas drained, the Island
uncovered itself—a godless ark held
aloft by three cenotaphs, a thousand
last breaths frosting the windows.
A thousand necks cocked, aghast, at
the coming of the Waves. A whole city,

metal and glass, prostrating before
the Bay, flogged by chastising currents.
Between buckled knees of buildings, earth
cleaves like knifed butter. Underground,
arteries clogged with consumerism—recurring
shop signs blare at every turn, the same sodden

bakeries with eastwest confections, murky bubble
tea shops. Still, the air is hungry with ghosts—
strike a match and watch it swallowed whole.
Everywhere, signs of a Country screaming
against its own obituary—*We are a Nation
of implausible origin. A Nation built on*

*SURVIVAL. A People with RESILIENCE
coursing through iron veins.* The dead
clench merlion amulets in fists, lips
pruning around emptied oxygen tanks.
The desperate have slit their cheeks with gills,
spliced spines to flaccid fins. Pillars of

sea salt turn crumbling backs to carrion.
At the Island's heart, its only legacy—freshwater
reservoirs churn bullishly under glass domes.
Trees nest within trees, noises within noises.
Last night, I heard the mangroves murmur. I slipped
off my boots and felt soil curl awake—a sure sign

Life shall again, sustain itself. The harbour
here is sheltered and deep. Send ships.