

## The Karaham Dancers

You remember so much of your childhood  
Clinging to memory, rummaging in your mind  
For fragments of lost thoughts.

You recall, watching this virtuoso dancer  
On the stage, the brass pot balanced on her head  
Her feet oh so nimble, treading the brass tray  
As the earth shakes the sky, the air vibrates  
With tremors of the Krishna legends

Yes, you remember, feel like weeping  
Looking back on the past and the Karaham dancers  
Dancing on the knives, in your village  
Heavy-handled wide blades onto which  
They stepped, balanced on the edge of steel,  
Dancing to the goddess Pattini  
Her emblems borne on their heads,  
The leaves of the bitter margosa.

As bitter now as memory,  
The memory of the past, ghosts, the dead.

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