

CLAY EATERS GREGORY KAN

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GLEAM

Satellite view of the island

The jungle canopy a green so dark it's almost black

It looks like a giant black square in the sea

The giant black square is a photo

Of us

Attired strangely

Walking on a soft dirt road at night

We look like we have walked a very long way

We look like we don't know

Where we have come from at all

An absence recognised

By the absence it calls to

And which cannot be

Set aside

On many occasions while I was out with the trainee teachers in the heartland of Tekong, I would come across our young national servicemen. Mostly I left them alone as they went about their business, which was much like ours: map, compass, bearings, checkpoint locations, the works. Invariably, out of desperation, a few would approach me while my party was either having a short rest or doing mapsetting on the ground. We never talked about the weather, if you were wondering! The conversation always started along these lines: 'Hello sir! Can I ask you something? Can you tell us where we are?'

'Tekong Days: More 80s Memories', Uncle Boon's Blog, 28 May 2010

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