

## Orchard Dreams

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My mothers' mother  
always dresses in a floral sarong.  
She tends to her ducks and lime trees  
and feeds the loud birds with squashed snails  
thrown over the makeshift shack with wire fencing.

I would pace quietly behind,  
dragging the long brown hose, watching her  
showering her cherished lime trees while the sound  
of howling of dogs and jungle fowl fill the jungle landscape.  
On quiet evenings after the afternoon rains, she would  
stroll around her garden with a straw hat and clippers.  
Moving slowly among the various jambu trees  
with a brown rattan basket,  
she was silent. And so was I.  
As the evening smoke sets in  
and the sun wilts away,  
her frail body rests on a rattan chair  
while her deep eyes would gaze at her orchard.  
I would hear her move again,  
walking down the cement steps  
and into the kitchen,  
lighting the charcoal stove  
in the sunset hours  
of the smoky evening.

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