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In this Nation of Spitters

Our labyrinths of roads are red with blood
Blood of men's labour, of our bloodily tax
Of blood that ought to be drilled from the
 So called Politician's hat
From which he drew abracadabra
 And ate and got so fat

 the slimy mess so simply made
With a hawk and spit in betel, such a waste
On the black tarmac, both still raw and fresh
Quite a statement by the man from the village
 Who unconsciously thought
 To hawk and spit on it

But he in that act simply made his voice
 On nothing less, but the city's roads
That never ever reached his village uneven road
 Made of sand and rubble, no heated tar
 On which he walks barefoot
 Still chewing, never spitting

 The black tar roads so costly done
Would get any foreigner beguiled for a second
 To think Lankan tar comes in blotches of red
 For has he seen no village rubble
 Nor the color of its roads, not even the
 Color of betel spit, chewed by villages far

 If you travel by bus, God help you then
When a spitter sits in front of your quartered den
 Don't ever fall asleep for you may soon
 Awake to tinge of betel bubbles and spit
 On face like dew sprinkled fresh
 On a morning flower

Ever heard how similar it sounds when people
Hawk and spit in this Asian wonder
And when crows ditch their shit on
The same Pettah road?
Then all you would need is an
Umbrella to cover from both

Only a careful observer would realize
How the red faces of non-natives travelling by
Contort at each hawk and spit heard
How they sweat in the heat and drink water from bottles
Or simply pop gums, trying to decipher
Why people are spitters in this nation