



Gerald de Cruz's parents, circa 1919.



With his wife, Coral, in Europe, 1949.



With Coral and Stanley Stewart, later Head of the Civil Service, 1951.



With Coral and friends, early 1960s.



Political Study Centre, with G.G. Thomson on his left, 1960s.





With G.G. Thomson on a visit to Sarawak, 1960s.



Visit of Puan Noor Aishah, wife of President Yusof bin Ishak, to a centre run by the Singapore Association for Mentally Retarded Children, 1960s.





With Coral (right), daughter
Judith and son Simon,
Hastings, 1954.



Attending a trade union conference in Nigeria, November 1965.





With son Simon and de Cruz's cousin, Linda Kraal, at the Istana, early 1965.



Gesticulating during a talk, 1970s.





At wedding reception with David Marshall (left), bride Maimunah and Mrs Jean Marshall (right), December 1970.



With President C.V. Devan Nair, Kuching.





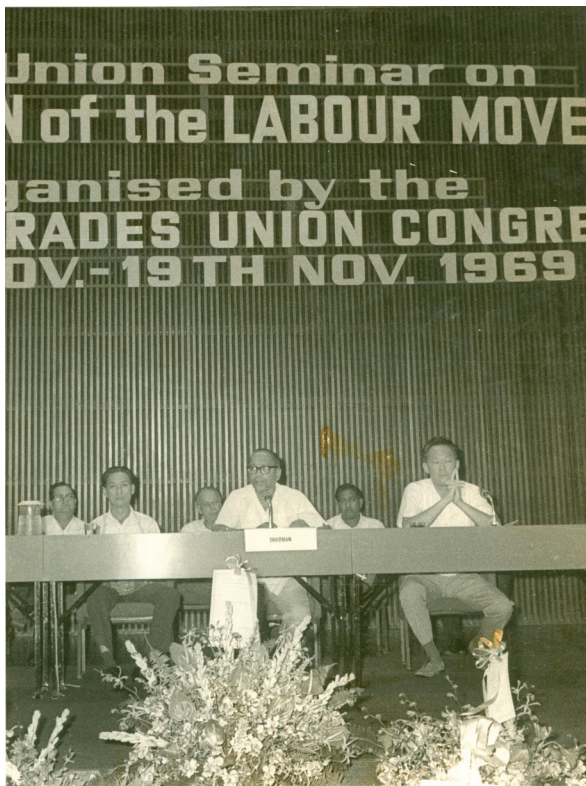
With President Yusof bin Ishak at the Istana, early 1965.



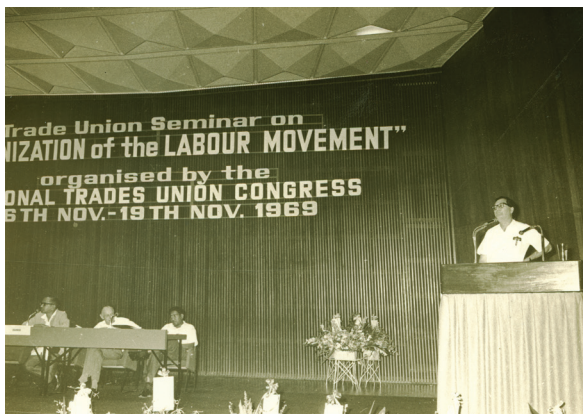
At a school function, 1970s.

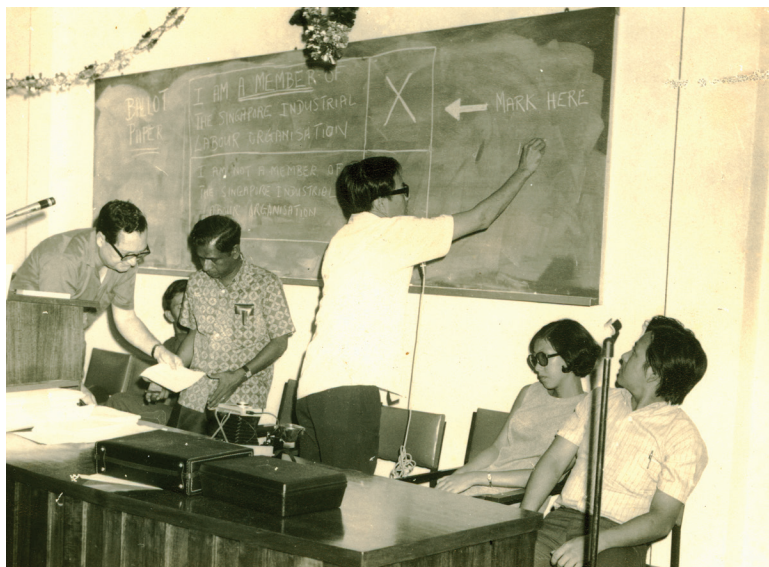


With NTUC
founder C.V.
Devan Nair and
Prime Minister
Lee Kuan Yew at
the modernisation
seminar.



Addressing
the seminar.





At a trade union gathering.



With David Marshall, mid-1970s.





With David Marshall's brother, Meyer,
mid-1970s.



With Maimunah and son Adam,
Singapore, 1972.



With children Judith and Simon, Singapore, 1972.





Gerald de Cruz's deep humanism, his love of life, and his astringent literary style come through in this selection from his poems.

LITTLE TIME LEFT

Tell our stories

now

there's little time left

to see

or hear

or to be cleft

with pain

and love

tell our stories

now



~~Strike~~

The Knife of Truth

Strike
knife of truth
deep into my heart
cut it out
it's only something
that ticks
its ticking now
a psychological reflex
and little more

This that I call
me
is only the appearance
of one who stands
and breathes
alive as a shadow
is alive
dead as a shadow is dead

Strike
knife true and deep
cut out too
the agile tongue of me
which works
overtime
to build a screen of words
around my walking death

my tongue's a leaf
that rustles and quivers
on a withered tree
blown about by wayward
winds dipping and bowing
to every fretful gust
a labial rattle
from a shadow
dressed to look like
a man

Strike
into this sapless tree
cut deep knife
to find
if there be one cell
out of billions trillions
untainted undefiled
sapful
from which life
and man
may yet be born



THE PROMISED LAND

What is the use of your passports
when my skin is black
this is the real passport
to my daily rack

What is the use of your promises
when my skin is black
every promise broken
blood seeps through the crack

What is the use of your money
when my skin is black
money cannot ^{save} ~~buy~~ the Dream
~~or bring my ^{children} voices back~~
from dying on my back

Galen





THE TRUTH

A lie is, after all,
a kind of truth,
and sometimes kinder
when truth is not kind.

Justice is, after all,
a kind of love,
and sometimes kinder
when love is not kind.

Death is, after all,
a kind of life,
and sometimes kinder
when life is not kind.





ALTHOUGH I OBTAINED GRADE ONE IN THE SENIOR CAMBRIDGE EXAM

^{of} ~~there are~~ two hundred and twenty-two
between Siglap Road and town
I only know

the names

of two
on the way up
and none
on the way
down.

51

100/0901/03/001

