

Cheddi Jagan wrote this poem "Death to Imperialism" while in prison in 1954 on toilet paper, and it was later smuggled out.

This is the only poem he ever wrote.

Death to Imperialism

Today we strive to end our humanity's pains,
To extract your oppression's painful tooth,
To cut your vicious circle of our lives,
No work, no land, crime, punishment, crime –
But you tread with savage fascist steps,
With quislings and hired mercenaries
Willing and unwilling slaves and sharers of your loot,
You keep your bayonets at our throats and shout,
Law and Order must prevail,
Don't read that!
Don't do that!
Don't go there!
Our beautiful country a vast prison you have made
And fences built to wrench us from our beloved -
Our homes
Our children
Our Comrades -
You beat us on our heads in the name of peace.
While in cleric robes you call for peace.
For you, peace is our grave and life hereafter
For us peace is joy and life and laughter
For this we march tomorrow
We march to extract your oppression's painful tooth
To end our humanity's pains.

On the following page is his handwritten original of this poem:

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Today we strive to end
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 You beat us on our heads
 and in the name of peace,
 While in cleric robes
 you call for peace;
 For you, peace is our
 grave and life hereafter
 For us, peace is ^{joy} ~~life~~ and
 life ^{joy} and laughter
 For this we march to...

pulling and unrolling the
 and shivers. If you let
 you keep your bayonets
 at our throats and shoot.
 Law and Order must prevail.
~~You must not say that~~
 Don't read that!
 Don't say that!
 Don't do that!
 Don't go there!
 Our beautiful country a
 vast prison you have made
 And fences built to wrench
 us from our beloved -

We march to extract
 your oppression's painful tooth
 To end our humanity's
 pains