

## YOU LEFT WAVING

You left waving, what an unforgettable goodbye!  
You braved your pains, gone with a smile, did not cry.  
Hopefully we yearned for your lively return  
you, our guide, the mighty captain at the stern,  
but you were far gone, a cure was not to be.  
God closed your weary eyes, whispered, "come to me,"  
He needed a bright light in his heaven  
And chose you from earth, one of the greatest men.  
How we wished your death was just a dream then,  
but God's will is much more strong than men's.  
Like a winged angel you journeyed across the sky  
far above the world unto your home on high.

O Cheddi Jagan, son of Bachowni,  
father of Nadira, Joey, everybody,  
you've gone like a lone extinguished star on a moonless night  
leaving Guyana stranded, groping for light.  
The news was unacceptable, a shocking blow;  
we are sick, our strength waned in deep sorrow.  
Out of the dreary dungeons you brought us to light  
you did not want us to cry, crave for a bite.  
Like hungry vultures some lay at your throat  
waiting to prey, but you conquered, kept afloat  
and, the end of injustice drifted away;  
across the land shone a promised streak of ray.  
You waited patiently, a well rewarded champion,  
we thank you dear father for all you have done;  
you were an apostle and your doctrine of unity  
shall live with mankind for all eternity.  
You broke our hearts, made us lament and cry;  
flames consumed, your spirit rose, you soared the sky.  
We wept, drained our souls dry,  
no longer did we crave, as we saw you lie.  
Even nature portrayed its mournful gloom,

the sun its brilliance withheld in its bloom,  
the wind a silent whisper did not want to stir  
the sombre clouds hovered over in despair,  
even the rain paid a parting tribute  
joining the huge mortal wave in staunch salute.  
All around was a doleful atmosphere  
as we witnessed the cremation of you so dear  
who even though in death possessed such a charm  
willing the people, one gigantic swarm.

Dear President we shall continue to weep...  
... weep until the tears are no more for our sorrows so deep.  
Imprisoned, brutalised for the cause of liberty,  
what fate has enfolded such destiny?  
But you fought, gave your soul for humanity  
barring all hindrance, moulding a destiny,  
like a Mahatma you were a devoted one  
born at Port Mourant, Bachowni's golden son.  
O lover of mankind, our Putaji,  
it grieves my heart writing this elegy  
after twenty-eight tedious years of humility  
you emerged on the road to prosperity.  
With bleeding fingers you tried to gather,  
to build, transform, creating a ladder;  
and darling Janet, she stood by your side  
coming to this land your ever faithful bride.

The garden blooms with assuring fragrance  
your legacy shall be our inheritance.  
You have embodied the will of life into your dear widow  
who under a strained smile concealed mournful woe  
a wonder yet in sorrow, a woman of inspiring ego  
towering over the nation her garb of strength,  
rock of Gibraltar, a pillar of strength she stood,  
comforting, caressing her warmth of motherhood,  
healing her agony, this lady of might.  
Though our wanton text of grief outweighs this hand

we'll console ourselves, try to understand  
your dying words, "Don't worry, everything will be alright".  
We'll take solace and muster courage with all our might,  
we must continue, must not end the fight.  
With loyalty and dedication we'll strive to unite;  
we owe you our devotion, we'll pledge our lives  
as we endeavour to make this land a paradise.

If we could reverse the clock of time  
your presence now would make our hearts sublime.

With reluctant hearts we bade you good-bye.  
May your soul rest in peace, where you lie.  
Farewell our beloved Cheddi, long live your name!  
We'll try but our lives will never be the same.

**Hemwattie Roberts**