

"Honor Th

Poetry Corner



It Is Not Dusk, Nor A Death Of Dreams

by Churaumanie Bissundyal

*"Dedicated to the late Cheddi B. Jagan,
past president of Guyana"*

The horizon is
in fire of tears.
Yet it is not dusk,
nor a death of dreams,
neither the end of colours
that have come from
the perennial flow
of your love.

It is only another beginning,
today's sun rising
to paint new horizons
with your passion,
to caress stronger waves
to roll and break
on the shores of
your beliefs
to pervade every coast,
every island,
every ocean.

Then, O great one,
it is not dusk,
nor a death of dreams,
neither a surrender to
weeping,
for it is a beautiful
dawn again,
your voice whispering
in the wind,
you, the silent one,
watching me
writing the cadence
of your joy,
the creeping waves
of the ocean
singing sweetly
that you'll never die.

The flowers are
in mourning
and the leaves
bend their heads in sorrow,
but the bees of your spirit
hover like dancing nymphs
in the fresh air,
transporting nectar
to sweeten the hearts
of nations,
the hives of your
vision dripping,
overfilled,
with the juice of peace,
warring men must drop
their swords
and listen to the sermon of
the flower.

Then my pen is singing
that you'll never die.
This is not dusk,
neither is it the death
of dreams.

The dark clouds of sorrow
are fast moving away
and your bright face
is shining in the blue sky.

Everywhere darlings
of your love
are weeping,
as you sit quietly
with your memory,
thinking of your dark days,

of your strength and craft
to prune thorns
into bearing trees,
of your patience
to urge the udders
of hard rocks
to yield the milk
of understanding.

It is not dusk,
nor a time of weeping,
For your spirit is
moving fast
like the current
of the ocean
pulling the rivers together,
washing over reefs
and islands
of shallow prejudices,
adorning the altar of reason
with garlands of
peaceful living.

Why should my pen weep,
O great one,
For death is only a seed
to fall on the ground
and regenerate
with brighter luxuriance,
larger branches
and greener leaves,
your eyes
now in the fragrance
of a million flowers,
your voice,
in the flavour
of luscious fruits
hanging in bunches
of profusion
for the human mind to
pick and eat?

It is not dusk,
O great one,
neither a death of dreams,
for you are now living
a thousand times stronger
in the affection
of every thought,
enthroned as the legend
of our conscience,
becoming the confluence
of our vow
to live as a better nation
in a great merging
where there can be
no resistance to love.

(Churaumanie Bissundyal is a noted author, journalist, playwright and poet from Guyana, now living and writing in New York. Bissundyal is the first Guyanese writer to win the prestigious American award for creative artists—The Vere Rubin Residency Award. At YADDO. He is editor of "Sky Dance," an anthology of poems by Guyanese Indian writers.)



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