

COURAGE IS THE WOMAN COMING FROM AFAR

[For Janet Jagan]

Courage is the woman coming from afar
Bound in the social servitude of love
For the flowery flame of labour.
Courage is this woman who has come to my people
As they cower in trenches of degradation
When Freedom, Justice, human rights have fled
In the barbarous whirlpool of oppression.

She comes, she comes
She comes with one great pledge
To the outraged conscience of the simple free
To the hostile status of the dignity
Of life
To persecute the contempt of my people's right.

She has not come to walk my aching land
Or hide behind dark shades
Or strut my beach in swinish pride,

She has not come to spit upon our woe
Or boast with ranting speech and point
Her finger at her badge of education
Or feed the dog, discriminating race.

Courage is the woman coming from afar
Bound in the social servitude of love
For the flowery flame of labour
Courage is the banner of her tears
Born in the war against impotent thought
Born in the crisis and the stinking slum
Of exploitation.

Courage is Janet in the Georgetown jail
Is the agony of her responsibility
In her defence of my people,

By

Clyde Hosein.

Trinidad

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