

Our Mother

By Nikhil Sankar

Thunder brewed,
In the hearts of oppressors,
As she stepped onto these lands,
Moving with love
and Cde. Cheddi in hand,

Into the struggle,
A rose blooming in the desert,
She was our mother,
Her name was Janet,

Who can forget?
That unstoppable force
that formed her soul,
One to be reckoned with,
As she helped lead us all,
to the death of imperialism,

Who can forget?
Her resilience....her commitment... her strength,
Despite threats ,
emanating cowardice,
of jail cells, of misery, of death
by twisted hands of colonialism

But who can forget the fire?
The fire that rises,
From the struggle she championed,
Bloody plantations no more,

The new day had come,
the new era,
the fight for Guyana's freedom,
had begun,

As she, and Cheddi,
Kept on going,
Marching steadfast,
Against disillusion,
Marching steadfast,
Against despair,
She did it for you,
She did it for me,
For Kowsilla
and generations hence,

This was who she was,
Oh revolutionary mother,
Her name was Janet,

Her life,
Dedicated to Guyana,
Her life,
Dedicated to the cause,
Against colonialism
Against dictatorship,
the young nurse from Chicago,
Who lent her life to the struggle,

We now keep her candle burning,
The candle she lit for us,
She now walks among the stars
Through us her work lives on,
While she watches on proud,
our mother, our freedom fighter, our saviour,
That was who she was!
Her namewas Janet!