Poem for Cheddi Jagan

Is it really you that way lying in that casket?
With eyes closed, and such a peaceful smile on your face...
The hands that gave such a firm handshake so still.
No, that cannot be you.
That casket was too small for you, who ranged the length and breadth of this country to be lying there so quietly.
They say oaks grow where acorns full.
But what happens when the oak falls?
No, that cannot be you lying there, because you're in the hearts of the silent stricken people who had gone to gaze at your beloved face.

With tears wrung from their very souls
You are in our minds.

In our hopes in the strength you gave us, to carry on because you did. We will always honour your memory.

We will carry on for you.

You had loved this nation so much
We can do no less.

by Joe Ramroop
Henrietta
Housing Scheme
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