

The Reverend Luker

Dobson's "Cynara" in your veins, no other:
You pulling with a saw, hammering a further cathedral
In our midst, a colonial town's foundry—

Watching you steadfastly with a romanticism
My own as you establish murder once more
With a practised voice, BBC's Beckett's elocution

Or taperecorder's hum, close to the pulpit.
The commands you gave, inspiring us with words
Of praise, or pushing us to the limit at the Teachers'

College with Shakespeare and other stalwarts:
Amidst frogs croaking, crickets cheeping
In ghostly New Amsterdam; an alligator's cough

Coming from the darkwatered Canje creek;
The wider Berbice not too far away, winding
In the night's stygian blackness. This quest

Or disbelief with other shapes and shadows—
Mittelholzer too hailing us from afar;
Sawdust in your eyes, the hammer at your sleeves,

You stirred us with the anthem you created,
"Green Land . . ." and forged ties with England—
More than Raleigh ever could!

CYRIL DABYDEEN