A fountain of my favorite things

Twenty one Poems

By Dmitri Allicock

FOUNTAIN OF MY FAVORITE THINGS

This sweet standpipe fountain makes me grin
An image of a time and will never grow dim
And so it was along the way where I was born
In the enchanted land of my home and the horn

Twas a moment in time where the river goes
No bottle water and just a pipe near your nose
Out along the dirt road where the children play
A humble pipe and free water in the warm rays

Within the hibiscus realm was the hum of bauxite
Schoolchildren running and laughter’s of excite
The brazen kisskadees with bright yellow breast
A standpipe of such innocence, image of the best

Pure are the thoughts in the precious standpipe flow
The enrapture of little hearts that will forever glow
The golden standpipe that was our fountain of youth
Enthralled of flickering hope by the stand and the truth.
DEMICO HOUSE- GEORGETOWN
Where I had my first milkshake.

My head spinning around
A milkshake mixer whirring sound
Watching the smooth, milky, creamy
Sweet childhood eyes dreamy
Strawberry or vanilla were it
Also soursop is my favorite
Cold and too thick for the straw
Yummy and delightful with every draw.
A GOLD BRIDGE
[The 1933 Denham Suspension Bridge- Essequibo Guyana]

Like a gem in Guyana’s crown
A bridge over the Potaro’s brown
The gold of El Dorado and fables
A suspension bridge of steel cables

The richness of gold and dreams
A place called Garraway Stream
Gold and village of Madhia’s shout
Porknockers in the lush digging about

Constructed in British Guiana in 1933
Young men of hope, wanted to be
Many arriving on the 1897 Wismar Train
In the sweltering sunshine or the rain
A gold bridge in the heart of the jungle
Where water rushes and the falls tumble
Shouts of gold for the 1933 souls, so bold
Denham Bridge of gems and glistening gold.
IF I NEVER SING ANOTHER SONG
[Mackenzie, Upper Demerara, 1960]

Run along
The bauxite train
Running by Commacka where it pass
Running by the river where memories last
Loaded with red clay
Loaded with hope of a sunny day

Run along
The bauxite train
Running in the days of glistening tracks
Running in the blur of the distant back
Coming in the fog I can feel the tremble
Coming to Mackenzie where they all assemble
Run along
The bauxite train
Running from the mines like sweet ‘Three Friends’
Running in many hearts, I can tell you when
Heading for the mines like ‘Arrowcane’
Heading in the weather of shine or pouring rain

Run along
The bauxite train
Running like a dear old song
Running in my heart it will always belong
The bauxite train in Demerara’s lush
Forever rattling its way along the Watooka’s hush.
MEMORIES OF ENCHANT

Across the moonlit town I hear a soft whistle
It must be the bauxite train near the trestle
It’s the sweet symphony of the Plumba Train
And I just drifted back to that dreamland again

The bauxite train must pass behind Silvertown
In the hush of Wismar’s darkness all around
The grounds of the river- floodplain will shake
Quivering our house yet no one will wake

Then over the trembling bridge the train will go
Echoes of dogs barking to the a fowlcock’s crow
The train will wait before entering the bauxite plant
In the land of Mackenzie and memories of enchant.
Way down in Mackenzie and in my mind
The ambience of a rail-yard you can find
The whistle and clangs of bauxite trains
Loaded bauxite cars all lined up in a chain

A crowded rail-yard that was without rest
The fortunes of bauxite ore, was its quest
Trains going and coming in sleep or wake
And the future of a bauxite world at stake

Dusty rail-yard of sweltering heat and grease
Trains from the north, south, west and east
Clangs of a thousand bauxite cars in the air
Noisy world with the quiet river running near
A railway yard I remember when any train blow
A railway yard of Mackenzie that I use to know
And today lies still and all is very quiet around
But in my heart lives a rail-yard with the sounds.
BAUXITE OF THE DEEP

Men of steel digging the jungle floor
Mining in the open-pit for bauxite ore
Roadway into the pit marks the course
And removing that clayey rock by force

After the stripping and the blasting thrill
Digging until the trains has had their fills
Laden open-cars parked on railway lines
Ready to haul bauxite far from the mines

The song of bauxite and rhythm of the pace
Arrowcane, Montgomery, Kara-Kara, the place
Song in the sunshine and men digging deep
Now blue lakes in the jungle, the pits asleep.
THE MATINEE DAYS

[Crescent to the left of Mackenzie Market Square both gone with the wind now- 1960-British Guiana]

Those breathless childhood moments I know
The excitement of going to a Matinée show
Ticket for one, tickets for two, a lovely snack
My heart racing and I would sit at the back

Claps as the windows closed out the daylight
The cinema suddenly hush and dark as night
The numerous shorts, pulse of beating hearts
Innocent eyes staring, waiting on the best part

The Metropole, Plaza, Strand, Astor, where I went
But mostly my hometown cinema called Crescent
Some of the greatest movies I saw from whence
A golden time of childhood for just fifteen cents

No only one but two amazing shows where the way
More than your pennies worth and memories to stay
Choice of seats in house, pit or balcony was the scene
Young hearts forever dancing on the silver screen.
Wismar Market of 1960
[Next to Bata- Upper Demerara]

Twas a tangle of crowded passageways and stalls
Uninhibited- fluent creoles of the year 1960 calls
The haggling echoes in the bright sunshine sweet
The fruits, vegetables, crabs, fish and many treats

A Wismar market- day full with tempting tease
Rhythm of the Rivershore and a feeling of ease
A treasure of Guyana that once shined in the sun
But lost in a late 1964 fire where the Demerara run

I remember the huge flames illuminating the night
Yet another fire of those times and fears of incite
A much sturdier market building was built nearby
But always seems empty beneath the blue saki sky.
ONE MOMENT IN TIME
[Dedicated to my wife, Evadney and her dear mother
Daphne Reece, seen cooking in this image]

It’s the moments that take our breaths away
The split second that will always stay
And it does not matter how many years
Moments that sometimes bring tears

Like one moment captured in this photo
And is all that is left for you to know
A photograph that will make you think
A precious one moment gone in a blink

One moment that can never be relived
A mother’s love and all she could give
One moment, I am thankful that I had
Even though they make me glad and sad

Moments that will come and will go
But in my heart will always glow
For these were indeed a special time
And this one moment that is forever mine.
IN THE SHADOWS OF HIS ANCESTORS
[Our 12 year old son, Shane, playing his saxophone]

Our precious son Shane playing his best
Amidst family pictures and treasure chest
Surrounded my memories of the days gone by
Playing a tune beneath a different 2018 sky

Playing with harmony with his ancestors near
Learning of their lives and the love they shared
Appreciating the journey of life and his roots
Knowing his family tree and the youngest fruits

His family pictures which surrounds him each day
Their smiling eyes and he will know what they say
Playing in the shadows of ancestors' heavenly glow
Dear Shane, playing his best wherever he may go.
A PATHWAY FOR THE RIGHTEOUS

Deep within the heart of your blue
Lies an existence of a true wonderful you
A place of peace for the confused mind
A pathway to happiness that you can find

A hidden realm between the lush of the trees
Away from the noise and the unwanted sneeze
From anger, discontent and the depression bemoan
And that bridge to happiness you must cross alone

As easy as listening to what your heart wants to say
Yearning for the righteous journey to content today
Up ahead lies the vastness of a new world asunder
Like the purity of the distant waterfalls’ thunder
A crossover to happiness of watery eyes appeal
A chance over the troubled waters revealed
For you to push straight ahead to the twinkles of hope
To let go of your pain forever, down the slippery slope.
FEEL THE WIND

Skip along the water, skip along the grass
Feel the wind, remember to wave when we pass
Enjoy the journey, feel the things we cannot see
Here is where I ought to be

Skip along the water all day long
Listen to the birds, sing your song
Look above to the bright blue sky
Who has seen the wind, neither you nor I

Live and let live wherever we may stay
Enjoy those precious moments along the way
Time is like a river, you can’t touch the same water twice
The flow has passed, so enjoy each moment of life.
LOW TIDE

Kara- Kara Creek [Linden, Upper Demerara]

You can see the signs where the tide has been
Beautiful Kara- Kara Creek in the land of green
The usual black water seems a shade of brown
Kara- Kara Creek that borders dear Linden Town
In the light, a boat and Landing leading to the shore
Sweet creek water, someday I will be back for more.
RAINY DAY
[Kara Kara Creek- Linden Upper Demerara].

Heavy rain falling at Kara Kara Creek
The rhythm of the thunderstorm beat
The pitter patter of my thoughts in a dream
The black- water creek swollen in the stream
A thousand recollections of rainy-day calls
Rumbling thunder and the rain continue to fall.
THREE IS A CROWD
The three on a perch are a sight
But this Toucan is ready to fight
Three must be a crowd
So off my perch he vowed

Like the toucan, I like friends
But to the crowd, I wouldn’t bend
The crowd is loud and tell lies
Give me the blue yonder where the toucan flies

I will hold my ground
An independent mind is profound
In the rabble of the crowd, all is lost
No crowd for me, no matter the cost.
CALL OF THE FARAWAY HILLS

[Potaro River- Guyana]

Like a soft whisper it speaks to me
Come a little closer so you can see
The whispering hills, I use to know
And is the best, Guyana has to show

The waves from the river cast a spell
When it kisses where the forest dwells
A whispering green, the vision it brings
Peace, solitude and of transcendent things

Whispering hills, so far from the crowd
The birds, macaws, monkeys are the loud
Within the trees, jewels of the canopy flies
Flying since the dawn of eternity’s sunrise
Whispering hills of this blessed Earth
Keep whispering to me, land of my birth
I hear your voice in the sunshine and the rain
And you already know that I will be back again.
RISE & SHINE

A little kitty cat with a surprise
His den, a tree stump for my eyes
I can easily see jaguar-like spots
This is no pussy cat but a baby ocelot
Such big and bright eyes to see
And I wonder where his mamma could be.
WALKING WITH ANCESTORS
[1900 Georgetown, British Guiana]

The dawn of a new century, it is so
A road scene of over a 100 years ago
The children playing, folks passing by
It is beneath a dear British Guiana’s sky

I love to look into history’s blur
Often wonder who these people were
And as I watch them there
I think of the stories they would share

Those moments that made them smile
Our different worlds, we could chat for awhile
Walking with our ancestors is indeed divine
Holding them closely, in the sunshine
Two worlds of fascination, no doubt
Precious souls of time, walking about
Echoes on the winds when the Atlantic blows
A scene to cherish of over 100 years ago.
RED LILY

[Guyana]
Some like roses that are red
But what about a red lily instead
Spawn of the wet coastal grounds
And brilliant red lilies all around
Red lilies cast a spell of passionate power
Petals of the heart and like a human flower.
THE SONG OF LIFE

I am thankful for another sky of blue
   Thankful for the morning dew
   I am thankful to feel the sun
Thankful for life till this day is done
   I am thankful to breathe the air
   Thankful for the world we share
I wish you peace whatever you may do
And will play this song of life for you.

THE END.