

Guaracara River Rhapsody

(verses from an earlier time)



Kamalo Deen

Pempaleh International Productions

KAMALO DEEN

Guaracara River Rhapsody



First published by Pempaleh Productions 2023

Copyright © 2023 by Kamalo Deen

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, scanning, or otherwise without written permission from the publisher. It is illegal to copy this book, post it to a website, or distribute it by any other means without permission.

First edition

This book was professionally typeset on Reedsy.

Find out more at reedsy.com

*Fondly dedicated to everyone who has ever felt the warmth of
Waracka's waters.*

Contents

<i>Foreword</i>	iii
<i>Preface</i>	iv
<i>Acknowledgments</i>	vii

I Book One

1 Waracka	3
2 Ah Woo	7
3 Clippity Clop	13
4 The Gentle One	19
5 Remember Still	23
6 Flames	27
7 Murder	30
8 My Kisskedee	33
9 Who Am I	36
10 Have You Ever	38
11 Chandralekha	40

II Book Two

12 Cobo	45
13 A Calamitous End	47
14 Clear And Clean	49
15 We Legacy	51

16	Now	54
17	Take Me Away	57
18	A Long Time Ago	60
19	The Rover	64
20	My Footprints	67
	<i>About the Author</i>	69
	<i>Also by Kamalo Deen</i>	71

Foreword

A Pempaleh Productions Presentation

“GUARACARA RIVER RHAPSODY”

(Verses from an Earlier Time)

BY

KAMALO DEEN

© Copyright 2023.... Pempaleh Productions,
86 Robin Road, Staten Island, New York 10305
www.pempaleh.com

Preface

To the residents of the villages and communities along its banks, the GUARACARA RIVER is commonly referred to as “WARACKA”.

For me, my brothers and my boyhood friends the river was like a second home.

In our youthful days Waracka was our playground.

We'd swim and fish in the river during the dry season and swing on cobo-liane vines and glide fig-tree trunks and bamboo rafts in her rough rainy season floods.

Waracka flowed a short distance from my home. Many were my boyhood hours spent there with my friends, sometimes “breaking beesh” from classes at Gasparillo Government School. We'd go roaming through the many tracks, traces and trails along her banks.

During those days we used to roast wahbeens, mamataters and coscorubs on the river bank and sometimes even a ground dove whenever we were lucky enough to catch one.

I remember the times we raided green figs and yam and cassava

from a neighbor's garden to boil soup in a frico pan using water from the river. We used to add some ochro and bird peppers for taste and a few ookoo seeds to give it color.

Corns, shatine seeds and pittu tambos were also boiled treats for us whenever they were in season.

Waracka was our kingdom and we harvested and used its bounties freely.

Many people were attracted to the river. On weekend afternoons you would hear adults talking aloud and laughing as they cooked pelau or boiled ground-provisions on a makeshift stone fireplace and children singing and shouting as they played games on cleared areas along the river bank.

On Saturdays, Sundays and Public Holidays crowds would gather for cricket matches in the park during dry season. On rainy season days we'd play football, skating and sliding around in the mud and always ending up diving into the Waracka waters to scrub ourselves clean before going home.

We'd regularly walk the black pump-line one hundred feet above the water surface and create heaps of bagasse from the canes we'd sucked on the four silver pump-lines down by the park.

Occasionally we'd witness drowning victims pulled from her waters. A few were our school friends or village neighbors.

Different areas were given special names by the boys who

regularly swam there.... Names like Pump House and Sandy Beach and Bahsay and Sahnee.

At times in these poems the river would be referred to by either name: Guaracara or Waracka.

By either name this river will always be.... my river.

Acknowledgments

Layout & Artwork by Ishmael Deen

*Some pictures provided by: Joy Chan, Barry James & Acklima Dean-
orie*

I

Book One

*Eleven poems written during the period before I
migrated from my village.*

*“It was a time of innocence.... It was a time of
longing.”*

1

Waracka



“Waracka”

At dawn while my river

3

*Eases down to the sea
Alligators lounging
Birds flying free
Neighborhood children
Fresh and gay
Chasing zings and squirrels
In their play
Lazy lizards basking
In the sun
Kiddy goats and puppy dogs
Hopping all around
Mothers and fathers
And babies too
Singing silly songs
On the grass wet with dew
The scene is aglow
With the sun's golden ray
Everything is fresh
At the start of the day
The world is as happy
As can be
At dawn while my river
Eases down to the sea.*

*At noon while my river
Drifts down to the sea
Playing in the shade
Of our sapodilla tree
Mama on a blanket
Her head in a wrap
Reciting to me*

*From a book in her lap
Stories and songs
Of people and places
Painting pretty pictures
Of bright lovely faces
Waking my imagination
Then setting it free
Creating new worlds
To explore and to see
Lost in the rhythm
Of her voice soft and sweet
As wavelets trickle forward
To dance at my feet
My world is as happy
As can be
At noon while my river
Drifts down to the sea.*

*At night while my river
Creeps down to the sea
Flowing to the sound
Of a lone kisskedee
Old Taynee leading
His cattle to pen
The hurrying homeward
Of hard-working men
The village is retiring
Firesides are lit
Cocksets are glowing
The swish of the flit
Mama is calling*

*As dinner is laid
Papa is struggling
To insert the lamp shade
Sweethearts are whispering
In the gentle night air
To always be faithful
To love and to care
Our world is as happy
As can be
At night while my river
Creeps down to the sea.*

2

Ah Woo



7

"Ah Woo"

*Out through the groves
Of the bamboo patch dome
Ah woo, Ah woo
I once met the children
Who called it their home
Ah woo, Ah woo.*

*With rain-season floods
The river flowed free
Ah woo, Ah woo
I heard their sweet voices
Calling to me
Ah woo, Ah woo.*

*"You look like a friend
So tell us your name"
Ah woo, Ah woo
"Child of the Rillo
Come join in our game"
Ah woo, Ah woo.*

*"We play every day
Throughout the whole year"
Ah woo, Ah woo
"No schoolwork no homework
No worries no care"
Ah woo, Ah woo.*

"We run through the fields

We skip and we prance”

Ah woo, Ah woo

“We swim in the river

We sing and we dance”

Ah woo, Ah woo.

“Our pockets are full

With all manner of treats”

Ah woo, Ah woo

“Whatever you wish for

To drink or to eat”

Ah woo, Ah woo.

“Fruits sweet like honey

And flowers perfume”

Ah woo, Ah woo

“Cherries and berries

For you to consume”

Ah woo, Ah woo.

They danced all around me

And sang a sweet song

Ah woo, Ah woo

“Come frolic with us now

With us you belong”

Ah woo, Ah woo.

I drank of their nectar

I tasted their fruit

Ah woo, Ah woo

I followed their revelry

I danced to their flute

Ah woo, Ah woo.

We rolled and we tumbled

They sang out my name

Ah woo, Ah woo

They hugged and they kissed me

I joined in their game

Ah woo, Ah woo

As I followed them blindly

Out into the wild

Ah woo, Ah woo

Mama called to me,

“Where are you, my child?!”

Ah woo, Ah woo.

They scampered away

At the sound of her call

Ah woo, Ah woo

Melting through the bamboo

Like behind a shawl

Ah woo, Ah woo.

I turned to the bushes

To follow them there

Ah woo, Ah woo

Mama embraced me

Her face filled with fear

Ah woo, Ah woo.

*She hugged me and whispered,
“Stay with me my child”
Ah woo, Ah woo
“I’ll die if I lose you
To the life of the wild.”
Ah woo, Ah woo*

*From childhood to manhood
The bamboo I’ve roamed
Ah woo, Ah woo
Along Guaracara
In search of their home
Ah woo, Ah woo.*

*I’ve traversed the wild grove
Year after year
Ah woo Ah woo
Hoping that one day
They will re-appear
Ah woo, Ah woo*

*Others were enchanted
Others had gone
Ah woo Ah woo
Captured by the children
To a life newly born
Ah woo Ah woo*

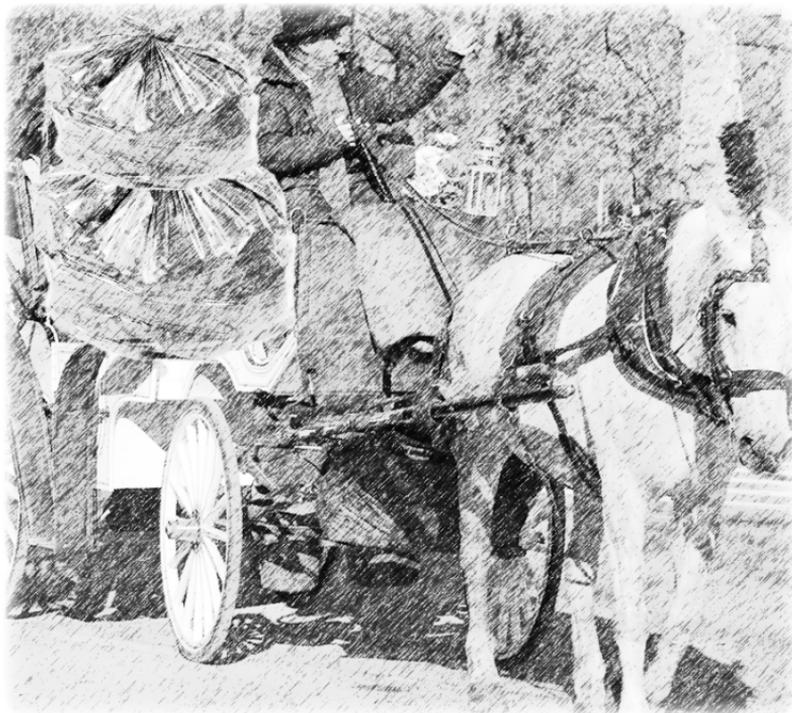
*And though they’ve never
Come to me again
Ah woo, Ah woo*

GUARACARA RIVER RHAPSODY

***I search for the children
Though I know it's in vain
Ah woo, Ah woo.***

3

Clippity Clop



“Clippity Clop”

*We line the streets expectantly
We stand in line and wait to see
We wait and wait, our faces set
We listen as we hold our breaths
And no one dares to say a word
Till around the bend, along the road
From where the morning sunbeams glowed
The clippity clop
Cloppity clip is heard*

*It's Christmas time, it's Christmas time
With happy hearts and lives sublime
When cakes are baked and feasts prepared
And songs are sung and love is shared
When we can lay aside our fears
And anxiously wait for one who cares
When around the bend, along the road
Near where the Waracka waters flowed
The clippity clop
Cloppity clip is heard*

*Children clinging to mothers' skirts
Men dressed in their cleanest cotton shirts
Women on the brink of tears
The sound comes like music to our ears
Beyond the forest and fields of cane
And Waracka swollen from the rain
From up the road, around the bend
Where bisons and the mules are penned
The clippity clop
Cloppity clip descends*

*And suddenly a stifled gasp
The air is shattered, hands are clasped
Children laugh and sing and dance
Women straining for a glance
The men explode in lusty cheers
Couples clinging now in pairs
The old folks can't suppress their tears
For Clippity clop
Cloppity clip draws near*

Our prayers are answered, our hopes fulfilled

Our cries of joy begin to build

Then grow into a mighty roar

Like rushing through an open door

We break out in a lively jig

As along he guides his horse and rig

The sweetest sound throughout the year

Approaching with a style and flair

That brings a thrill to every ear

For Clippity clop

Cloppity clip is here

He comes to us like the morning sun

He sings of Christmas joy and fun

His face is bright, as bright as ours

His horse is prancing on all fours

A splendid sight for all to see

He laughs aloud and waves with glee

And stops beneath the chennette tree

With Clippity Clop

Cloppity clip

He's here, he's here

His prancing, dancing horse is here

Carriage loaded to the ground

With gifts and toys for everyone

Colored scarves and siren domes

Playing cards and pocket combs,

Toy cap-guns and baby dolls

And spinning tops and rubber balls

Our homes are filled with gifts and toys

*Season's cheers for girls and boys
For everybody's Christmas joys
The Clippity Clop
Cloppity Clip has brought
Thoughtful gifts of every sort*

*We laugh and shout and dance around
And sing aloud our Christmas songs
And thank the Lord - Oh thank you Lord
For all these things we can't afford
A gift to us from one who can
One who adds us to his plan
One who toils throughout the year
Yet finds the time to bring us cheer
There's none we know who can compare
With this noble man
This gentle man
This kind and caring man*

*When Christmas goes we lift our hands
And sing his praise throughout the land
For Christmas love that he had brought
The gift of sharing he had taught
Forever thankful for the joy
He'd brought to every girl and boy
We'll go to school and pass our test
We'll face our toil and do our best
And perform tasks without protest
In memory of our jolly friend
Whose clippity clop
Cloppity clip*

Still lingers around the bend.

4

The Gentle One

GUARACARA RIVER RHAPSODY



“The Gentle One”

*I dreamed I saw the Gentle One
Walking along the street
With shaggy head and bearded face
And no shoes on his feet*

*His tattered rags hung to the ground
And flowers crowned his hair
The youth and children laughed and mocked
The grown folks frowned and stared*

*But he just walked along alone
His eyes with kindness shone
His gnarled hands swinging at his side
His skin scorched by the sun*

*He walked up to the House of Prayer
And entered through the door
The congregation turned and stared
At his bare feet on the floor*

*With stifled whispers from their lips
At the twinkle in his eyes
His grizzled beard and tattered clothes
His hair and wild disguise*

*An elder hurried up to him
And said, “Please will you go*

***For this sir is a house of God
And not a place of show.”***

***The Gentle One he bowed his head
A teardrop stained his cheek
He bit his sad and trembling lips
He tried but could not speak***

***He slowly turned and slinked away
His face was sad and glum
I heard him whisper as he passed
“Is this what they’ve become, my God?
Is this what they’ve become?”***

5

Remember Still



“Remember Still”

***Remember still the home you'd fled
The home whose comforts you had shed
The home to which your heart is wed
Remember still.***

Remember still your childhood days

*When wandering through our wooded ways
You'd flung your voice in joy and praise
Remember still.*

*Remember still the voices fond
That called your name from all around
When like a prince you'd strolled the ground
Remember still.*

*Remember still the tropic heat
Of nature's playground at your feet
The picoplat and parakeet
Remember still.*

*Remember still the valleys green
The dirt tracks and the hilly scene
The silent rivulets between
Remember still.*

*Remember still that happy time
When livened by its healthy clime
You'd sang with lust calypso rhyme
Remember still.*

*Remember still the rhythmic sound
Of steelband music all around
And limbo dancers touching ground
Remember still.*

*Remember still the music gay
Of Indian singers by the way*

*Their dancers dressed in bright array
Remember still.*

*Remember still the pitch and oil
The giant trees the fertile soil
The people happy in their toil
Remember still.*

*Remember still the music sweet
The revelers dancing in the street
The swaying hips the shuffling feet
Remember still.*

*Remember brother where you roam
From deep within the evening's gloam
A voice cries out "Come home! Come home!"
Remember still.*

6

Flames



"Flames"

*The fire rages on and on
Its crackling flames
Leap lovingly into the sky
From deep within
Its seething waist
Slithering plumes rise high*

*The fire rages on and on
Its sizzling gray hot ashes
Keeping time
Leaping and dancing
Winding and grinding
As if in sync
To its own continuous rhyme*

*The fire rages on and on
What exuberant wild stupor
What dazzling ecstasy
Its brutal strength arising
From deep within
Its bulging turbulent belly*

*The fire rages on and on
Crackling, slithering, leaping
Forever sizzling forever dancing
Rising in a wild tumultuous tide
Onward upward
Thrusting forward
Staggering like the village drunkard*

Fighting to maintain his stride

*The fire rages on and on
Erupting and exploding to the sky
The fire rages on and on
But eventually this too will die.*

7

Murder



"Murder"

*She buzzed and buzzed
And played around
I clapped my hands
And missed
She buzzed again
As if in jest
And then before she flew away
She teasingly blew a kiss*

*I sat erect
My ears pricked up
My senses now alert
I looked around
And saw her there
With grinning face
And mocking stare
Preening in her mirth*

*I stared at her
With focused eyes
Angered by her taunt
I quickly rose
And spread my hands
She took a stand
Her wings like wands
An open outright flaunt*

*She laughed
And singing in my ear*

***She jokingly flipped and flopped
I shouted “Damn!!
I’ll spoil your plan”
I clapped my hands
Finally the buzzing stopped.***

8

My Kisskedee



“My Kisskedee”

*Do you know
My kisskedee
Why you are you
And I am me
Do you know
The grief and pain
Oozing from a heart
That is insane
With the burning*

*Fires of life
A heart that's tortured
And in strife
A heart that wants
To feel the breeze
That blows above
The mahogany trees
A heart that yearns
To sing a song
About a world
That knows no wrong
A heart awakened
When night is gone
To the welcome of
Your voice at dawn
Dear kisskedee
Why can't you give
Your blissful life
For me to live?*

9

Who Am I



“Who Am I”

The changing winds the seasons all

*The oceans wide the mountains tall
The lonely stars the sunbeams bright
The animals the birds in flight
I know them all their how and why
But still I question: Who am I?*

*Here on this cool dark April night
Here with cane fires burning bright
Here in the cat-cracker's distant glow
Above Waracka's quiet flow
I sit alone and close my eyes
And dream of worlds beyond the rise*

*I do not know what lies ahead
What are the paths that I must tread
The oceans deep the mountains tall
The world that lies behind the wall
My mind drifts off and I can see
A whole wide world in front of me.*

*I know that I must tread that road
I know that I must bear the load
And walk a path that is unsure
Seeking to open every door
Hoping one day that I'll find
Answers that will soothe my mind.*

10

Have You Ever



“Have You Ever”

*Have you ever gazed on high
And seen an angel in the sky
Have you ever in the night
Set your lonely soul in flight
Have you ever looked around
And seen the whole world going down
Have you ever wondered why
Some are unafraid to die*

*Have you ever felt the need
To travel at a hectic speed
Have you ever seen a face
That takes you to another place
Have you ever heard the cries
Of the victim when he dies
Have you ever felt the pain
Of the one who's called insane*

*If you never have my son
Then you have not yet been born*

11

Chandralekha



“Chandralekha”

Chandralekha, Chandralekha

*The moonlight's filtering from above
Here I lie in the Guaracara
Smitten, bitten by your love.*

Chandralekha, Chandralekha

*I can recall a happier time
When you and I would stroll together
While I recited my latest rhyme.*

Chandralekha, Chandralekha,

*My lips are blue I cannot speak
Come, chant for me the Bhagavad Gita
Come quickly I am growing weak*

Chandralekha, Chandralekha,

*Have pity for these tears I cry
I can feel the end draw closer
And truly I'm afraid to die.*

Chandralekha, Chandralekha

*Are you waiting on the other side
Of the muddy Guaracara
For its current to subside*

Chandralekha, Chandralekha

*I am shaking from the cold
Come to me my Chandralekha
Forget the things you have been told*

Chandralekha, Chandralekha,

GUARACARA RIVER RHAPSODY

***Your beauty in my mind will stay
While these Guaracara waters
Bear my troubled soul away.***

II

Book Two

*Nine poems written over time during visits to my
home village after my migration.*

*“A time of living and learning.... A time of
awakening.”*

12

Cobo



"Cobo"

There was a cobo in the sky

He flew on high

He flew on high

The brown air came

It smothered him

The cobo cried

Then choked

Then died.

13

A Calamitous End



“A Calamitous End”

*The wild forest creatures no longer roam
The roses have all been crushed
The fish in the ocean have ceased to swim
The bird-songs have all been hushed
The mountains are crumbling to the ground
The rivers are beginning to dry
The forests are cut the air is like dirt
The earth continues to die.*

*Yet we, in our sickening thirst for power,
Hasten this destructive trend
So as sure as the sun plods across the sky
We'd face a calamitous end
My friend
We'd face a calamitous end.*

14

Clear And Clean



“Clear And Clean”

*Clear and clean flowed the Guaracara
River of my youth
Clear and clean flowed the Guaracara*

Through valley of forest and fruit

*Clear and clean flowed the Guaracara
Wending its way to the sea
Clear and clean flowed the Guaracara
Unobstructed and free.*

*Clear and clean flowed the Guaracara
Through cocoa and sugarcane fields
Clear and clean flowed the Guaracara
Along bamboo and carat-leaf shields.*

*Clear and clean flowed the Guaracara
Rising with the ocean's high tide
Clear and clean flowed the Guaracara
Bringing saltwater fish for the ride*

*Clear and clean flowed the Guaracara
Beautifying my village's face
Clear and clean flowed the Guaracara
Before it was choked and stifled by waste*

*Clear and clean flowed the Guaracara
In a happier, more innocent time
Clear and clean flowed the Guaracara
Before greed, pollution and grime*

*Clear and clean flowed the Guaracara
Where we'd spent our childhood in play
Clear and clean flowed the Guaracara
How I wish it had remained that way.*

15

We Legacy



“We Legacy”

...And He lifted his voice and said:

“I gave you calypso and soca...

I gave you sweet pan...

Parang, limbo and chutney...

The best tassa hand.

I gave you artists and craftsmen...

Tops in the world...

A rainbow of color...

Reflecting my soul.

*I gave you culture and history...
From every region and time...
Religion, politics...
Labor and lime.
I gave you lovely, lush islands...
Teeming with wealth...
Scholars and sportsmen...
Beauty and health.
I gave you good, natural shelter...
I gave you the dream...
I shared my diversity...
To give you a team.
I gave you the assets...
The tools you will need...
And I gave you the freedom...
To sow a great seed.*

*So Trini, tell me your proudest legacy,
The one you most hope to save.”*

And Trini replied:

*“Ent I teach dem how to roll up dey bumsee?
An’ how to jump an’ wave, an’ misbehave!?”*

16

Now



“Now”

*Now you are young and free son
Now you can see the sky
Now you can hear the birds sing
Now you have tears to cry
Now you can whistle your tune son
Now every face seems bright
Now you can love the world son
Now you don't fear the night
Now while your soul is free son*

GUARACARA RIVER RHAPSODY

***Now while your heart is brave
Sing, for like all other men son
Soon you'll become a slave.***

17

Take Me Away



“Take Me Away”

Take me away

**On a journey to find
My childhood home
That I'd left far behind
Roaming strange lands
All over the world
Seeking to quiet
The doubts in my soul**

Sing to me songs

**Of the swift humming birds;
Of Waracka currents
And dirt country roads
The burst of the poui
On the Caratal hill
Matching the splendor
Of the red bougainville**

Bathe me in the glow

**Of the warm Rillo sun;
The dark evening shadows
When daylight is gone;
The caress of the evening's
Trade-wind breeze
The hot lazy days
The life lived in ease**

Shower me with the rhythms

**Of my land
Calypso, parang,
Tassa and pan**

***Welcome me home
Whatever the cost
Teach me to live again
My spirit is lost.***

18

A Long Time Ago



“A Long Time Ago”

A long time ago

***When I was still young
When I traveled the whole world
And sang my sweet song
When the cities were distant
And the pathway was long
I chased after dreams so enchanting***

A long time ago

When the girls were all fair

*When my thoughts were not burdened
And the answers seemed clear
When behind every dark cloud
A lining appeared
I ignored the importance of planting.*

A long time ago

*When the muscles were firm
When I still had some distance
To the end of my term
When I felt there was much more
I still had to affirm
I traveled a path straight and narrow*

A long time ago

*With my head full of thoughts
When I dreamed of the battles
Still to be fought
When every new challenge
I actively sought
I pushed on with the force of an arrow*

Now I reflect

*On each passing day
Now that my years
Have all hurried away
Now that my hair
Has turned scraggly and gray
I wonder if those years were all wasted*

But although my body

*Is troubled by pain
Although my strength
Continues to wane
I'll give all that I have
To enjoy once again
The pleasures of the life I had tasted.*

19

The Rover



"The Rover"

***Sometimes it plagues my soul to think
About the innocent child
Who you'd left with fits of misery
To follow my wanderings wild
And sometimes it breaks my heart to recall
The burning tears you'd shed
As you'd followed my footsteps faithfully
Through the rocky path I've led***

***But I selfishly ignored your pain
As my dreams pushed me onward again and again***

***Sometimes I think of the burdens you've borne
And the trials you've had to face
The struggles you'd shouldered everyday
As I moved you from place to place
The times you'd followed my every move
While hiding your panic and fear
Never knowing the troubles tomorrow would bring
Still faithful and always sincere***

***But I cannot help the life I lead
For I'm a rover, a gambler, a strange lonely breed***

***Sometimes I lie in my bed at night
And a fire engulfs my soul
I think of the loving faces we'd left
Of our child and our parents now old
I think of the homeland that nurtured our life
And I fight the temptation of tears
And no one but you knows my suffering
And my flowing river of fears***

***Yet I follow my heart's unchanging rule
For I'm a poet, an artist, a dreamer, a fool.***

20

My Footprints



“My Footprints”

*I trudged along mindlessly
Chasing tiny crayfish and tadpoles
Burrowing to safety*

Beneath the slushing, sucking mud

Haphazard footprints

Reflected the meandering course

Of my awkwardly blind progression

Stumbled missteps

Of dreams perceived

Hastily pursued

Then unceremoniously discarded

Along a warped and twisted route

Ah my child

How gravely I regret

My wasted years

Of indiscriminate wanderings

The flowing stream

Has washed my shallow steps away

And now you are left alone

Lost and afraid

Groping helplessly

For a steady path to follow.



About the Author

Kamalo Deen was born in 1944 in the village of Preysal in central Trinidad and grew up in Gasparillo. He has worked at various professions, including schoolteacher, waiter, composer, director, taxi driver, filmmaker, businessman, actor, courier and writer. As a Caribbean filmmaker he's created three Trinidad and Tobago feature films: "Bacchanal Time", "The Panman" and "Jahaji Family" and one short narrative film: "Sweet Fuh So". Among his published works are "For All Our Children" a children's book, "Curry Cascadoo" a novel and an E Book entitled "My Gasparillo 1940s -1960s" . Among his songs are "The Patriot's Song", "Dear John", "Singer of Songs" and several others written for the movies "The Panman" and "Jahaji Family". He's traveled extensively and has worked and lived in Trinidad, Mumbai, Los Angeles, Las Vegas, New Jersey and New York where he presently resides. He's married to Sherma (Ali) of Gasparillo and has two children Shyama & Ishmael and five grandchildren.

You can connect with me on:

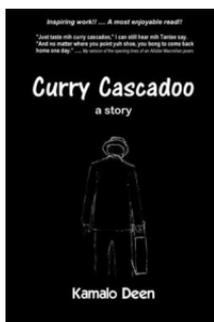
 <https://www.pempaleh.com>

 <https://www.facebook.com/kamalo.deen>

 <https://www.facebook.com/groups/12705898918>

 <https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCUi-aCLynt6Nar5RaIv67UQ>

Also by Kamalo Deen



CURRY CASCADOO

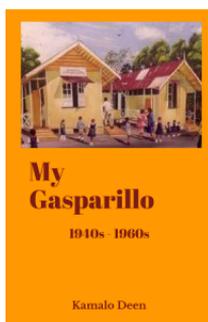
A story told in letters, poetry and recollections.



FOR ALL OUR CHILDREN

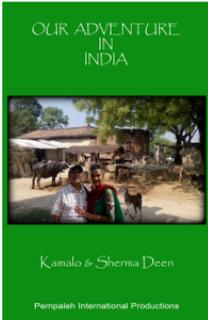
“FOR ALL OUR CHILDREN” is a collection of original Trinidad and Tobago songs and stories. One of its song’s “The Patriots Song”, arranged and performed by George Victory, was chosen by The National Days and Festivals Committee as

its theme song for the 21st Anniversary of T&T’s Independence celebration.



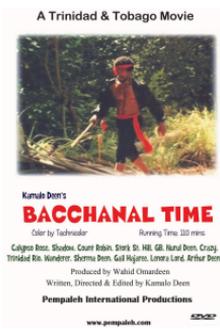
My Gasparillo 1940s to 1960s

“My Gasparillo – 1940’s to 1960’s” is based on the author’s memories of life in his hometown of Gasparillo, Trinidad during his growing up years.



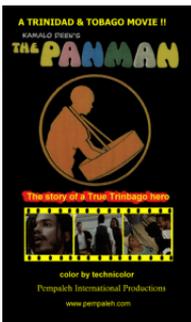
Our Adventure In India

A road trip of our family villages in India.



MOVIE.... “Bacchanal Time”

A Trinidad & Tobago comedy set at Carnival time.



MOVIE.... “The Panman”

A troubled young man seeks a focus in his life and finds it in the pan, the national instrument of Trinidad & Tobago.



MOVIE.... “Jahaji Family”

A two hour long docu-drama which follows the exploits of an indentured immigrant from India to the sugar cane fields of Trinidad.



MOVIE.... “Sweet Fuh So”

Slightly comedic visit to a doctor’s office by a diabetic patient and his wife.

