Cheddi Jagan wrote this poem "Death to Imperialism" while in prison in 1954 on toilet paper, and it was later smuggled out.

This is the only poem he ever wrote.

Death to Imperialism

Today we strive to end our humanity's pains, To extract your oppression's painful tooth, To cut your vicious circle of our lives, No work, no land, crime, punishment, crime -But you tread with savage fascist steps, With quislings and hired mercenaries Willing and unwilling slaves and sharers of your loot, You keep your bayonets at our throats and shout, Law and Order must prevail, Don't read that! Don't do that! Don't go there! Our beautiful country a vast prison you have made And fences built to wrench us from our beloved -Our homes Our children Our Comrades -You beat us on our heads in the name of peace. While in cleric robes you call for peace. For you, peace is our grave and life hereafter For us peace is joy and life and laughter For this we march tomorrow We march to extract your oppression's painful tooth To end our humanity's pains.

On the following page is his handwritten original of this poem:

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