

Apology

I am a good citizen of this country,
that is what I think, at least.
I drive as little as possible –
our atmosphere you know is already
more smoke than oxygen.
My use of soap is minimal.
We have already flushed enough
poison into our waters
where salmon and
our moral principles float
upside down.

I gave up reading the
evening news.
We cut those
tall and dignified
trees in thousands,
to produce one days' ads,
profits and garbage and some
stories.

I am not the chairman of a
multinational club,
have no interest in starving
all those already starved
children in the third world,
as it is called.
No I don't own a national food chain
either. No healthy competition and
unhealthy foods on my shelves.
Normally I don't even dream of
becoming a premier.

Frankly, I am a simple law abiding,
hard-working man.
And I know what folks think
of me: a boring, straight and
colorless man. Life after all is
ups and downs yeses and nos
soups and spices.

Maybe that is right.
But on one thing you will agree
with me for sure:
I care about my country's future and
repent every thing done wrong
in the past.

That is why
today, on behalf of you and all
other good citizens, I bow my head and
profoundly apologize
for what we did to the Komagata Maru
passengers seventy five years ago.

Armer Rode

*Dedicated to the seventy-fifth anniversary
of Komagata Maru incident celebrated in 1989*

*From "Poems At My Doorstep"
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