

Essequibo

by Marlyn George

New York City Department of Education - Thirteen/WNET New York

Coconut trees dance to the tune the wind plays and the smell of baked mud fills the hot air as the scorching sun beams down. In the distance the heat is seen rising from the streets. One paved main road connects all the villages. Herds of cattle and sheep roam freely and the greenery of rice paddies is seen in every direction. Elevated homes are surrounded by fruit trees – sour-sap, star apple, mango, golden apple, monkey apple, jamoon, and sapodilla. Listen to the crowing roosters, the mooing cows. Breathe deep the scent of the crisp ocean breeze just beyond the backyard. The sound of the Atlantic Ocean fills the morning air – waves are crashing against giant boulders behind the seawall. Look and see women washing clothes by the canal while children pass by carrying buckets of water balanced on their young heads. A sea shell blown marks the start of the afternoon while the fish man appears on his donkey-drawn cart with fresh fish for sale. This is Essequibo, beautiful Guyana, my happy dream, and far away from the screech of the number 5 train jolting me back to reality.