

Ram Bedi, Rotarian

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,
Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,
Silence the pianos and with muffled drum
Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.
Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead
Scribbling on the sky the message He Is Dead,
Put crêpe bows round the white necks of the public doves,
Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.

*He was our weekly charming laugh
He was Shubi's loving other half
Our compassionate welfare officer
And most successful recruiter
A unique loveable character
With so many stories to offer
And a big heart to share
We'll miss him everywhere*

The stars are not wanted now: put out every one;
Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun;
Pour away the ocean and sweep up the wood.
For nothing now can ever come to any good.