

**IN MEMORIAM LIM CHEE SENG**  
**(d. 7 January 2011)**

*Leonard Jeyam*

Ariel glides across that imaginary space of the stage  
singing his magical, most eerie ditties. And, for a moment,  
time stands still, while filling our minds with ethereal delight.

Strange that it's not Hamlet I most remember but Ophelia  
floating on the river, enveloped by a hymn of herbs  
and flowers (and Derek Jacobi in tears moments later).

Steadfast, Cleopatra clings on to her invulnerable spirit,  
and the baser things in life never seem to matter any more.  
What weighty lines of verse are hers, as she screams

for her Antony, as she feels the twinges  
of the first asp, as the fertile realm around her unbinds  
her kingdom of the Nile of complicity!

O how these figures still play in my mind long after  
they were first learnt about and studied in school  
so much so that now, after hearing the news

about your passing, I sit here in the dark,  
watching the clouds outside my window turn  
literally grey, the rain coming down in concentric circles:

I think of you, white-haired, smiling, prodding  
our imaginations all those years ago, still persuading us  
that when poetry successfully enacts meaning on the page

it becomes a wonderful repository for dreams  
our mortal coils can't undo, not in this lifetime and  
hopefully not in that other stage we call the hereafter.

Professor Lim, it's almost time for your curtain call,  
as Birnam Wood has already come to Dunsinane and Puck  
has begun asking for our hands. Now, take a bow.