



ANTHONY N. SABGA AWARDS E-NEWS



THE
ANTHONY N. SABGA
CARIBBEAN AWARDS
FOR EXCELLENCE

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Life in Suspension



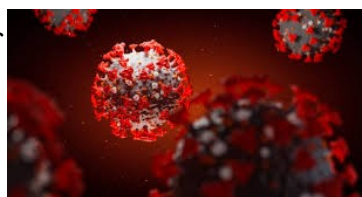
Like every country and region on the planet, the Caribbean has been stopped in its tracks by an unlikely adversary: the Coronavirus. And like institutions everywhere, we have had to alter our plans to accommodate.

We have tentatively put our 2020 ceremony off until November, but we will confirm the dates, or whether a complete cancellation till 2021 is necessary, within a few weeks.

In the meantime, we would like to extend, once more, our congratulations to our laureates who have been accommodating to what would have been our pre-awards build up of social media marketing and promotion, mainly via Facebook and Instagram. We were

able to do “live” FB sessions with all the Laureates where they answered questions on their work from enthusiastic online audiences. We hope, in the near future, to be able to produce similar materials for distribution via our social media platforms.

In the interim, we wish all our subscribers a safe period of isolation, such as we are all experiencing in this time of lockdowns. As of now, all countries should just be emerging from a their stay-at-home periods and economies should be starting to resume activity. We hope further measures will not be necessary and we can get on with the business of living our lives, and honouring our laureates. Our very best wishes all, and our Laureates.





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A poem from Adrian Augier

HOW STRANGELY NEW FAMILIAR SPACES SEEM

No bodies herding.
Highways hushed
to breeze and birdsong.
No tourist coasters
stalled in traffic's tow.
No peering out
at natives.

Freight trucks
no longer moan
cornering uphill.
Minivans of rumor,
banter, ribald gossip,
disappearing
into exhaustless air.

Old weeks whimper,
claw for comeback,
crave insanity of clogged skies,
clouded harbors, poison
packaged as prescriptions,
madness spun
into branded norms.

On our hill, birds arrive.
A chocolate hawk
with vanilla fantail,
a hummingbird, emerald
on purple coleus,
an ivory pair of pigeons
nesting in our gable.

Night raises a feisty moon
full faced and sparkling
over Corinth hills.
The valley sleeps
with porch lights on.
Even dark worlds twinkle.
I imagine guns laid down

Fathers
unusually at home,
kneeling by cribs,
softening into sudden love.
Errant sons in vests,
giggling tight-chested
on front steps.

Homework at kitchen tables.
Grandmothers humming
softly over stoves.
The distant dog barks
at his soundless moon,
remarking the
absence of

sirens.

Adrian Augier
10 .14 . 20



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