

The following poem in commemoration of Sultan Azlan Shah during the 100 days of mourning was written by Dato' Yunus Raiss and read to members at the end of the formal AGM proceedings on 24 June 2014

**His Royal Highness Sultan Azlan Shah
An Elegy**

"His Royal Highness Sultan Azlan Shah
Is no more,"
Intoned Asraf and Karam of TV3.

My heart sank.
Before me lay a vast desert of lifeless emptiness.
Pitch black night descended at noon,
I could see no more nor move nor breathe.

He was my friend,
He was the friend of all.
We shall not see his like again.

I remember Tuanku:
A debonaire sportsman,
A gentleman jurist,
An impeccable dresser.
His shoes immaculately polished.
"His suits and ties were designed in heaven,"
Say Karim and Fariba of Bond Street.

He had a Rolls-Royce charisma,
He charmed all who met him.

His lips puckered mischievously
When uttering a witty or humorous remark,
Always done with a twinkle in his eyes.

He loved people, books,
Madam Butterfly at Covent Garden,
The Phantom of the Opera, Evita,
Football, hockey and golf.

He was very fond of
Professor JC Smith of The Theft Act fame,
His teacher at Nottingham.

Tuanku especially loved his mother and Batu Gaja.

Above all he loved Bainun, His Queen, from first to last,
And his children and grand-children. Very very much.

May endless rows of yellow roses
Grace his grave and wherever he trod,
May joy and peace be his constant companions.


Dato' Yunus Raiss
dyraiss@hotmail.com
Tel: 0207 286 4340

