Obituary
Remembering Kukrit’s Farewell

One morning many years before his death on October 9, 1995, Kukrit said, or rather, recited, the following *gawn paed* ( หลอนผีด ) lines to a few friends having coffee with him at his lovely Thai-style home. He had put them together in a few moments, he being a wizard at doing such things, and the created words, half-playfully said, half serious, moving, came over to us as naturally as the air we breathed. Entitled เผยฉันด้วย A farewell, these words are featured in the memorial book presented at his cremation on December 23, a state ceremony presided over by Their Majesties the King and Queen.

Although it is not possible to do it justice in English, JSS would nevertheless like to offer with deep respects this prose-verse, non-literal rendering as a homage to the man who was one of the nation’s monuments and will remain so as long as reading and writing continue among its people:

Kukrit has gone. The world goes on, The day-world with its sun, The night-world with its moon, And roosters crowing to the dawn, And the rainy months pouring on. Listen to the waves on the shore And birdsongs among the trees. Feel the wind from the hills —O gentle breeze.

Look at the blossoms in summer time, Witness the cooing couples in a cooler clime, Love and lust and passion ever swaying, Moving the earth and sky, never ending. So cry not for Kukrit. He is not lost. Think, and he is there beside you To soothe when you are sad, and cheer when you are glad. The body has died, but the spirit is with friends. With you and you and you and you ... For always loving, for always true.
