

the
mind Poems
from the heart
speaks



Racheal Manda

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A tribute to the young and the talented

There is talent in abundance in the world. Given the opportunity young people will always shine in their efforts. These talents must be congratulated, as the experiences they gather will help mould them into the people they want to become. Botswana is wealthy with creative people and it is necessary that we highlight them, as they should be to the rest of the world.

This book is the university's way of saluting the dedication of Rachael Manda, who, at such a young age is able to write with passion and insight beyond her years. Her poems are a worthy example of the importance of the written word. That she will grow to become a poet of significance is without doubt. Given time she will be able to transform her pain and struggles into inspiration and her words will have the power to change people. I am happy to provide the motivation for Rachael to progress in her work. I will certainly be there to help her in any way to transform her talent and bring it to the world stage.

Congratulations Rachael.

Professor Emeritus Tan Sri Dato' Dr Limkokwing
Founder President
Limkokwing University of Creative Technology

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Racheal Manda: A performance poet

Racheal Manda, 23, wrote many of these poems where she found comfort as she attempted to make sense of a difficult early life. She used her poetry to express her frustrations.

Racheal was born in Malawi in the city of Lilongwe. She moved to Botswana with her parents in 1991. The second born in her family, she attended Al-Nur Primary School, an Islamic school located in Block 8, Gaborone, Botswana. She completed 3 years of junior secondary school at Gaborone West, and 2 years at Gaborone Senior Secondary school. She then went on to do a Diploma in Computing at Gaborone Institute of Professional Studies, and worked for two years as a professional IT technician.

She has been writing poems since she was 15 years old. She learnt to apply her poetic skills to music, which is her second passion. She has recited some of her poems at live open-mic sessions. She believes that poetry is not just an art, but it is also a means of expressing oneself in the different situations one finds oneself in. She grew up in an emotionally stressful environment and the only means of comfort and self expression were her poems. She is currently doing her Bsc(Hons)Degree in Software Engineering with Multimedia at Limkokwing University of Creative Technology in Botswana.



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Introduction

It is with great pleasure that I present to you what I picked up from my soul's market place with different vendors selling different poems that will hopefully impact your lives as you open the preceding pages of this book. They can be a useful tool or a magnificent treasure that you will cherish greatly on your bookshelves.

It is not very common to find young poets like myself that are handed the opportunity to publish their own anthologies at such a young age. This great opportunity was handed to me by Tan Sri Limkokwing; a man with dreams and visions, a man who seems to turn everything he touches into gold and a man whose every word seems to stick in every listener's heart. One of the things that I will never forget, spoken by him is, “think about the person you want to be and be that person”.

The person I want to be to you is a brilliant poet and writer who will keep you glued to this book and books that will follow after this one in future. They will be books that will not only be read for pleasure but books that will speak to you inside and that can instill change. I wish to write words that will become unforgettable; wise and true to all of their readers. My warmest thanks go to this great man Tan Sri Limkokwing who not only saw a poet in me but someone with something to say.

“Opportunity is a haughty goddess who wastes no time with those who are unprepared.”

George.S.Clason, The Richest Man In Babylon, 1955

I snatched my opportunity and held it tightly and not once did I let a single drop of this opportunity waste away until I finally completed the works and was ready to share them with the world. A gift is given only once and when that gift is not put to use and wasted, it slowly dies out. I have been writing poems everyday since the age of fifteen, and always believed these words on the pages I scribbled on in my small bedroom, would bring strength to those who read them. My skills have matured since then and to this day I continue to nurture and feed them all the energy they require to keep afloat.

My dad once asked me how I manage to produce music, sing, write and focus on my school work all at the same time and my answer to him was, writing and music are all parts of me and doing them, ironically, is the easiest way to relax, leaving me with enough mental energy to do my school work. I am glad to have these opportunities and am determined to learn from every experience. This applies to everything we do in life. The more you do something, the easier it gets and the faster and better you do it. I am someone with big dreams and this is one dream come true.

The poems to follow are a description of the ups and downs and beauty of life that I have witnessed. I am pleased to be sharing them with you and am humbled that I am able to. This book is dedicated to young people as an example of the reward of hard work and passion. We must never give up. Please enjoy.

The world revolves around the mind. Our every thought - the means by which we express ourselves through life. Poetry is complex but it is easy to decipher when one is focused and in touch with the world.

The little seed

I was once, a helpless little seed
You tenderly planted me in a safe dwelling
Sacrificed your routine, to watch me slowly swelling
Patiently waited for me to shoot
As you selflessly shared, your precious nutrients and food

I was once, a weak little seedling
Spreading out majestically, in your abode
You gently transplanted me to a new home
Painfully bitten by insects, and parched by the sun
You endured the pain, and introduced me to life

I was once, a fragile little plant
Protected me from pests, and diseases but I still yellowed
You fought for my life, keeping me rooted below
You, decontaminated and made my little bed as snug as you could
Fed me, nurtured and taught me to stride, till I grew

I was once, a fruitless little tree
You guided me towards the light
Gave up your life, just to teach me to fight
Equipped me with knowledge, to survive a cruel world
Annihilated every weed around me, and every thorn

I was once, a self directed tree
Growing out bad buds, no matter how much you pruned
Broke your heart, constantly, but your ground, you stood
I lost respect for you, and associated with thorns
You reached out for my hand, before I choked

I am a fruitful tree
Protecting young seeds from the sun, as you protected me
Immune to the world's dry grounds, and bad seeds
With beauty and majesty, I stand from your blood
I am the strong work of your hand, the fruit of your sweat

Education

Suffer the nation, without an education
Illiteracy, a common disease
Minds war torn up, no peace
Children stuck in farms, jobless, nursing pigs
Old men trying to make a living from figs

Suffer the nation, without knowledge
Endless fights among family members
Passion killings, from January to December
Alcohol, a daily craving
Presidents and Ministers, endlessly debating

Suffer the nation, with no schools
Education the solution, the mind's food
Knowledge the leader to education's truth

Suffer the nation, with no knowledge, education and schools

Without schools there is no knowledge and education

Without education, there are no jobs

Without jobs, there is no food

Suffer the people, with no food

Suffer the nation, without an education

Who am I?

Who am I?

They can't live without me
The catalyst of their greed
The Archbishop of their lives
Keeper of their wives

Who am I?

I am despised like a goblin
Dark as a forest morning
The devils bet and hand
Builder and destroyer of their land

Who am I?

Without me they are nude
Beggars in the streets with no food
Impoverished and extremely malnourished
Rejected by all Mankind and banished

Who am I?
I am the elector of their Presidents
Financier of their residents
Source of ammunition for their wars
Their peacekeeper, their growth

Who am I?
I annihilate their relationships
Sabotage their companionships
Land them in jail for my sake
It is for me in the morning they awake

Who am I?
I am their entertainer
I've become their ruler and creator
They worship me everyday
I am their God so great

Who am I?
I am ugly yet so adored
Thrown around and never bored
I keep them healthy and safe
They protect me with their lives in return

Who am I?
They keep me locked up and heavily guarded
I am respected by their own children
All kings fight for my throne and try to be me
Yet, I am nothing more than MONEY

My wooden life

My birth was one rough ride
Chopped, filed, varnished and painted
Just one of them dreams, I get everyday

I was bought by a young man, with facial patches
Well, he was kind of ugly with round nothings, that kept popping
The floor had neat square-like cracklings
I mean cracks, and some irritating baby kept laughing

Watching them from afar, well, my life was peaceful
Compared to that warehouse, with screaming machines
My life changed, when he started inviting people over

Constantly covered me, as though their meetings were secret
There was a type of darkness; it seemed to have an odour
One minute I'm watching, the view of the sunset
The next, its all darkness, and I'm rocking with disorder

This one time a loud sound crawled from my darkness
Gosh, I was choked by the stench that surrounded
One day it rained, and the dark covering was irritatingly, wet
On hot days, a salty, smelly mixture left me disgusted

They came in different shapes and sizes
Some heavy and soft, others were extremely boney
Others seemed to be smelly and fidgety
The rest were still dead, but extremely jello-like, wobbly

This went on for all the years of my life, till I grew old and wise
I was just a chair on the young man's front porch

My idle eyes

At times I look around me and see
The different attitudes portrayed at me by people
A variety of both loving and hating hearts
Cute as can be, the only person I thought I loved, pulling me apart
I am not really sure of where to start

But still, I look around me and see
Human beings, shedding tears heavily in churches
The very beings that throw me into painful, emotional crutches
Friends I thought I knew to be true enough, to shelter me from danger
Instead, knocking me out of their lives, into the darkest chamber

Out of desperation of truth I look around and see
Through the window of my childhood life with all its strain
A young girl living like a pregnant woman in labour pains
The loneliness, of not having close friends, out of fear, and low esteem

Trying to shut my eyes forever, but still around me I see
War torn countries, mothers eating up their newborn babies
The pain within my heart, but limited to sobs as I watch the screen
Reminiscent of the day, I stood alone, when the life light was dim
With a daily feed of nicotine, as my only comfort

Lord you gave me eyes, I thank you,
Out of appreciation and comfort, I see
One stage at a time, life switching to and fro, different directions
Nursing my bruises, due to experience from ignoring corrections
Glaring at my only friends, wearing out on drugs
But failing to advise them, being a part of their group,
Holding onto acid in mugs

Through my idle eyes
From a distance ever watching

The bus

Sitting opposite me with his shades on
Looking like a mess, the dog's breakfast
Face fat and shiny like fat cakes in a tuck shop
Mouth open and loose like underwear with old elastic

It was my first time on this half-built bus, with loose windows
He seemed to have been looking at me for the past two kilometers
After my terrible car accident, I was forced to join other widows
I felt uncomfortable, as a cripple on this bus, with that man staring

I never noticed him walk towards me, as I struggled to stand
Having to rely on crutches, made it hard for me, to take care of myself
The stench hit me, before I noticed him
Standing in front of me, offering a hand
An electric-like surge passed through my body, at his gentle grip

With shock I found myself standing,
Without the support of my iron sticks
He smiled at me so warmly, with his lips as cracked as concrete
As he jumped off the bus,
I ran after him to thank him, and question him
Looked to my left and right,
But that ugly man, was nowhere to be found

The interview

She was beautiful and well dressed
Dreadlocks long and well pressed
Her smile was warm as the sunset
She looked exhausted, fighting to concentrate

As she pulled a chair to sit down
I noticed her face had a hidden frown
Her handshake was hard and cold
The pain in her eyes reflected a story, yet to be told

Shoes dusty, she must have walked a long distance
Said her name's Long Suffering, held back her surname
Held a pen with ease, but failed to read the questionnaire
Her intelligence though, was amazing, but her English fair

She knew exactly what she wanted in life
Had cuts on her arms, a victim of the knife
The story of her life, left me trembling with fear
War left her hungry, thirsty and drinking her own tears

She always stood up, from her many falls
Precious minerals in her safe, all sent to her rich cousins abroad
Her whole family suffers from a terrible disease
She smiled at me, but I could see hunger, mind was not at peace

Strangers in the night, replaced her trees with land mines
She's tried to leave her past, behind the hands of time
All her fifty-four cultures are dying
Her children are hungry, and never stop crying

I held her in my arms, but she eventually pulled away
She was strong, yet so vulnerable and easy to manipulate
After the interview, I took her out for lunch
She then told me about her many fathers, constantly strung

Some of her fathers were mentors, and others blind, cruel and greedy
Some were concerned about economic growth and others were needy
She had a strong belief, that things, would someday change
But her lack of self reliance always held her back

I was just a mere reporter, and not a psychologist
And getting to the bottom of things, would probably get me killed
The best I could do was ask, for her surname before we parted
She hesitated, 'My surname's Africa', the interview restarted.

A child's prayer

As I kneel beside my bed
I pray to see a brighter day
With no more pain and sour tears

As I kneel beside my bed
Sounds of laughter echo in my head
Gone are the days of pure joy

As I kneel beside my bed
Salty tears running down my cheeks
The taste of sorrow, the taste of pain

As I kneel beside my bed
I pray to be free and fly away
To the world of peace I see in my dreams

Lessons

In my life I've learnt
Just how much love heals
The heart when it's been broken beyond repair
When loneliness takes over, killing all, none to spare
The act of thinking too much choking over meals

In my life I've learnt
The pain of sweating for survival
Close to tears, I prayed for an easy life revival
Still the only solution placed before me, hard work
Understood the experience of hunger and financial lack

In my life I've learnt
The pain of losing a lover to death
Down six feet, wishing for the return of the good old past
Palpitations, trying to quit smoking, when I failed to catch my breath
Once flesh, keeping me warm and loved, now returned to the dust

In my life I've learnt
To handle my fellow human beings, cautiously
I can be evil; I'm no different from my acquaintances
Never had a true friend, but actually
They all just enjoy money from my purses

In my life I've learnt
Confidence, strength and courage to be myself
To do what I believe to be right, despite stares
And enjoy own company, reading every shelf
Walking with my head up high, with no fear

In my life I've learnt
Expression of self, openly and carefully
Embracing my therapeutic poetry, through all nights
To indulge, accept and handle life, patiently
Controlling my short temper, no more fights

In my life I've learnt
To love beyond all boundaries
A smile, something I never showed in the past
Reduced my chocolate eating habits, losing calories
My heartland instincts, I learnt to trust

In my life I've learnt
That life is like an open book
Everything having an end, you can't always be a crook
We were all born on a course we've been sent
One of my duties is to write down that, which in life, I've learnt

Orphaned

The world around me seems alien
Since my birth, as far as I remember
My brothers and sisters changed, every December
I don't really know who to really trust
No one is there that I can turn to

This is your uncle, and that's your brother
Same words I hear all year, I wonder if there's some other
I can't picture the face of my mother
Each time I look in the mirror, feeling suicidal
None in existence resemble me maybe I'm just in denial

The arctic window, my only place of peace and refuge
Fear among Mankind, my everyday food
Which of my facial features, belongs to my parents?
Why am I so different from these people?
I'm fed well and spoilt with sweets and presents

Still my own company makes me nervous, as I pop my pimples
If I were to start asking questions, would I get answers?
At least I wish I had the courage, to stand on my feet and ask
School books and novels, to me are like masks
It's much easier for me not to say Daddy, and just stick to Sir

Nothing seems to bring me the happiness I seek
If only I could get just one glimpse, of my real parents
The only child I must have been
Brothers and sisters, if any, I haven't seen
What about that letter I found, in Mr. Koliken's office

Please take care of our daughter, Sophie
That letter must have been from my folks, but why
Why did they abandon me to this alien family?
My questions unanswered daily
The world seeming even more alien around me

Save me

She never seems to let me be
Nothing is as clear for now
From my mind's eye darkness is all I see
Locked me she did, behind a frown

I couldn't prevent the wrinkles from emerging
Every morning, next to her, awaking
She tortured me during the day with work and stress
At times she embarrassed me, trying to impress

She impressed the onlookers, with nothing but mistakes
Every night she held me back from sleeping
And when I eventually slept, the nightmares were endless
Several counseling sessions, failed

It was hard to expose her
I sometimes wondered, whether, she was evil
She seemed to have a strong sweet end to her character
But rather exposed, the unpleasant side of her

Her past seemed to have been, her mould
Shaping her into what she is, today
A Taurus, her shining star sign
A quiet, peaceful ever-thinking individual, with no smile

When she did smile, it was beautiful
But what she truly turned out to be, was pitiful
I couldn't help her, many have tried
Neither could I truly support her side

Getting away from her, as far away as possible, for rest
Save me please from myself, I need some rest

That girl

The most pleasant person to be around
Smiling, but deep within her heart a great wound
Excruciating, the pain she felt
Despised by the world, in which she dwelt

Was it the emotional abuse as a child?
Or the fact that her life, was wild?
Mind switching, two different channels
The reality of her life, never a denial

Tried with all might, to love herself
Her hurting only increased, feared all thoughts of seeking help
If there was one thing to do, it was, accept
Revealed herself, lost friends, despised, church she left

Finally gained the strength, to accept herself, as she was
Longed to tell parents, but instead,
Secured her secret behind deadly claws
Paper diaries she lost trust in, when her mama read the first one
Her treasured truth, never on paper work done

Was it ambiguous, that her destination was hell?
She knew well, that Satan fell
Her amiable pastor stressed, that she was next in line
Accused of choosing a dirty lifestyle on a loose pipe

That, which her heart hungered for she found
Her true lover behind a cloud
Love finally found, life worth living
Quit all her smoking habits, for uplifting

Passionately explored her lover's body
Closed out to the world's animosity, forgotten past, suicide in the lobby
Inexplicable, the dramatic change of her life of pain
That which is hidden, eventually comes to light, it's always been said

Strongly longed for the world, to know her sexuality
Feared the worst, if her parents, ever faced such a reality
Still, at all costs, she longed to be, close to her lover, indeed
Truth hurts, her lover was a she

Rejected

She held her first cigarette
Viciously dragged its contents
Cautiously lighting up another
Attitude, that of a kid raised in the projects

So young and tender, only eleven years of age
Yet, eyes glowing with hidden pain, fear and rage
Smoking away her anger
Her parents wondered, about her bad grades in school

They never noticed her withdrawal from her peers
Nor the articles she scribbled in tears
A sign of depression, still they called her a fool
She had no one to trust, and no one to open up to

Deeply hid her secret, for nine whole years
Daydreaming, was what her friends thought she always did
Frequently deep in thought of her life
Quit smoking for a while, plans for a suicide gig

It failed, decided on church instead
Where she received what turned out a fake?
Finally, came out of the closet
Replaced her cigarettes with chocolates and cake

Tried to change when she lost all friends
But her hormones totally refused
Life became peaceful when she accepted
What she truly was meant to be
With her true self exposed
Life went on even after she was rejected

Precious

You are precious
Your smiles amplify abundant peace of mind
Adversities reflect deep within thine eyes
Seemingly in touch with the world, yet so autistic
Stuck to the few friends like a vampire to it's prey

You are precious
You can't seem to let go of the painful past
Reminiscent of good times, now reduced to dust
You've been tampered with, and taken for a ride
Time will eventually heal your deepest pain and sorrows

You are precious
You are nothing, but an imbecile to them
Messed up a lot in life, there's no one to blame
Wishing you could just disappear forever
But your will to succeed, keeps you going

You are precious
The pain inflicted upon you seems irreparable
Your anger within, is growing extremely unstable
Rejected by your own parent for being you
Your strength, your refuge and friend

You are precious
Been used, and overworked, and never paid
Everybody is crying for you for their own gain
You've stood in the cold rain, filled with tears
Extremely tired of your acquaintances in sheep clothing

You are precious
Beyond your silence, deeper thoughts linger
Always been the tail, chasing every leader
Stuck in a relationship for survival's sake
A lovesick human being, with a confusing upbringing

You are precious
You are looked down upon, and judged for your mistakes
Suffered pain of your own doings, and regrets
Young at age, but physically old, from drug abuse
Survivor, a fighter at heart you are....
Precious....

Second chance

A well-ground tree I was, in your midst
An artifact covered in colourful tattoos
Feared by all that lived under my reign
The food was as plentiful, as our crimes
Until the day I murdered someone's son

My history was as familiar as the Bible
Missing daddy dead, mama a survivor
The streets, my home, the kids, my rear
Fed them, and they dressed me in fear
My stray bullet, introduced me to life

They found me, and chained me up
Flashbacks of a family business lost
If I had just stuck to that as my chance
I would've never been sentenced to toast
Life in prison, awaiting the hated chair

Two wrongs don't make a right, she said
Released by her forgiveness of my wrath
Took away her only son, and me, she uncuffed
Freed me from the anal injections, of jail nights
The terrible food, and angry faces, so cold

In a tie and well-ironed suit, head up I stood
Two million hungry lions, looked up at me
Only the mic, next to me, felt warm and friendly
I, the man who was once feared and hated
My first sermon, that Sunday, was about second chances

Best times of my life

I felt your strength around my neck
Begged not to kill me, I feared death
Tried to reach out for safety, the door
Pinned me to the ground, choked me more
I fought for my life, to see you smile, another day
You let my neck go, and looked at me
When I thought it was all over, you kicked me in the tummy

At every excruciating blow, I love you, was all I screamed
Like a mother, for her dead child, in pain, I wept
I loved you, no matter how much pain you caused
You were cheating on me, the woman you loved
I knew you were in another's arms, when not in mine
But it was to you, I gave my whole heart and life
After eleven months, I felt the distance between us

You knew me, then dumped me, my love
I begged for you, but eventually, I got on the next bus
My life came to a halt, I cried every day, was hurt
I then decided to snap out of it, and awoke
You know you hurt me, but I also hurt you in return
Despite all the pain, and anguish I felt
I became stronger, and those were the best times of my life



I have seen many prophets and teachers
They taught you, and led by example
Your ways of life, outweighed my teachings
Murdered my messengers, and destroyed my temples

I rebuilt, yet again, and forgave your every blemish
Repainted with your favorite colours as requested
Lit a candle for you to read my holy writings
You discover electricity, and put your mind to a screen

I equipped my teachers, with your modern knowledge
Gave them permission, to broadcast my teachings to you
Half dressed bodies of children, glued you to one channel
You rated me, eight stars boring, and poured me away in a funnel

The cell phone's birth, introduced you to many friends
I choked from your smoke, and burnt from your drink
Each time trouble emerged, you turned to me, and I answered
After that, you went back to your ways, and got worse

The internet kept you busy, with the world of bored species
Entertained each other, even after I gave you temple music
Shared your criminal ideas, as well as your many creativities
I got lonely, but watched you carefully, from my golden throne

Then he, my rival came, with a deadly disease that petrified you
You walked five steps up my throne, stinking of death's breath
No questions asked, I healed you, through your many doctors
You thanked them, instead of me, but I held back my wrath,
And kissed you

New World

The world is changing
Man hungers more, and more for gold
Love is but only a simple stupid word
Our body parts are replaced by plastic
We have waged war upon the trees we uproot

The world is changing
The computer has stolen our social skills
Our kids carry around fire in their pockets
We don't even know, the fathers of our kids' kids
Money is made in clubs from under-aged drunkards

The world is changing
Life has become more and more worthless
Too many life-threatening risks we take
From education to business is important and back
A confused species we are in God's eyes

The world is changing
We are having a hard time adapting, but we try
Pollution and chemicals in food, has reduced our life span
Sex used to be a way of expressing, our love to our partners
It is now a business, and a toy to our premature sons

The world is changing
We deceive ourselves, thinking, our long dead cultures exist
Control our children, and destroy them in the process
HIV/AIDS has taken over the devil's throne in hell's mansion
The cigarette has replaced our meals, and alcohol is our weekend's dessert

The world is changing
They lock us up, but we end up committing crimes in our jail cells
We take life for granted, waste opportunities, and choose the fast lane
Judge each other outwardly, and lose good people in the process
We have turned God,
Into an unimportant neighbour that we visit, once a week

The world is changing
We have joined the witches and wizards,
Working overnight, we never sleep
A child used to be, as precious as a diamond, in Mankind's lives
Now we send them out into the scorching sun,
To mine and fight our wars
We copy everything, everybody else does that we think is right

The world is changing
We used to just shoot our loves, now we chop them into pieces of meat
Slavery is strongly being re-introduced into our lives
We work so hard for riches,
But remain empty after losing love over money
There so much positive in the world but
We would rather stick to negativity and drama

Gone

When all is gone
Through jungles of confusion
Trying to find your self emotions
A random rush of anger
But none to destroy, the little left

When all is gone
Between hills with dead ends
Cloudy days growing ahead
Lights a shine, yet unreachable
These are the days that make us humble

When all is gone
To retain the little requires work
It all grows and pride returns
Feeding the flesh to produce a pot plant
And satisfied being fast asleep

Her own making

They stood, in a semi circle
Concentrating on the human object, before them
Accusing, cursing, and viciously spitting
Tongues lashing over a continuous anthem
There were more than ten, I assume
A dark-skinned being, so young and beautiful, surrounded
Difficult to see the faces, as they angrily fumed
They were so close to stampeding her to death
Engulfing her, it seemed the closer they got
Eyes filled with tears, it was difficult to see
Still they approached with loud snorts

From different streets passers-by wondered and asked
It's a thief and criminal, they were told
Her friends joined the mob, as though she were masked
“Oh God, please help me, and I will never steal again”
The only words she uttered, as life seemed cold

Thinking back to the past, wishing to return for maintenance
Crimes and robberies, uncontrollably piled up
Craving for one more chance, for repentance
All along she thought, she would get away easily
Vision blurred, as little kids blew dust, teasingly

Messed up a good life, and future from petty crimes
Ran out of clever defenses, weak
Threw away all the blessings and opportune times
Life is what you make it, she knew the words, from base to peak
Ripe and ready, no more mercy in jail
Greed was all it took, for her life to go down, a dry well

Man's worst enemy

We look over our heads in the darkness
Fear failure and chase after success
Even something as sweet as love, is feared

Diseases have been dressed up in scary masks
Fatigue becomes fear, when presented with heavy tasks
Poverty has been promoted, from crisis to fear

We spend half our lives, trying to fight our fears
But what few don't realize, is that, time is our enemy
While we linger, it passes on, and never waits

It ages us, and eventually throws us back to the dust
An enemy that lives, and follows us around, unnoticed
An enemy that we ignore, every day of our lives

Man's nature

A negatively interpreted culture
Requires no clarification to the judges
There they point fingers, eventually wave
Stave off their accusations to barter
What leads from jealousy to misery
When all that's been hidden, is revealed

A negatively associated tag, is common
In every thing that makes our society
Tags that develop from man's curiosity
Its only natural for man to be jealous
For success is a threat to lazy people under crowns
Man keeps his hands filled with his nature and forgets caution

Troubled mind

The birds of the air are invisible
Is that the sound of sweet music?
That girls talks so much, its hurting
Four dresses, which one am I choosing?

I can't stand my job, but it pays a lot
My workmates irritatingly smile and joke
The manager is such a sucker and pleaser
Look, if you're not happy, go somewhere else

I read a book yesterday on positive self talk
I am so stressed out today, let's go and smoke
Been hurt so much, I am failing to accept your love
No thank you, computers are too hard for me

Heart diseases and cancer, run in my family
I never want to die, from any of those diseases
Did you know, that depression is a state of mind?
My doctor says, I should take these anti-depressants

We live once

We live once
Grab every opportunity in life
Love with all your heart, unconditionally
Have fun, forget all about age factors
Stop worrying, think of what really matters

We live once
We are not immortal, and never will be
Let go of the dead, leave them in peace
It's your turn, live, forget all about your sorrow
Speed kills, but try to put things at a good pace

We live once
Live like you are dying tomorrow
Work as though you were being paid a million
Never let people walk all over you, but don't be too harsh
If you can't beat them, join them, be a chameleon, but a good one

We live once
Never leave your tasks, unfinished
It's alright to save, but try to enjoy your money too
Education comes once; take it seriously, your play days will come
Grow up, but don't get too old to enjoy life, for we live once

We live once
Use the gifts God has given you, what are you waiting for, death?
Don't get too busy to look around your world and its beauty
In all that you grow, never forget to water your spirit
Why destroy your body with drugs, before its time?

We live once, only once

The future

In ten years from now
Will I be still breathing?
Smiling forward, or looking back, sad
Down on my knees, repenting
Writing my tenth anthology
Asleep at night, or still gate-crashing
Trying to win my pals back with apology
Rich in my mansion with inbuilt bars

In ten years from now
When I'm thirty one years of age
Will I be married or still searching?
For all my crimes, free, or locked up in a prison cage
Hopefully I'll have a fat account from good earning

I wonder if I will still be wondering
In ten years time from now, when all has been said and done
Will I still be able, to successfully get a hug, or grudge
Kids if any, a daughter or son

In ten years from now
As the seasons change, will I develop wrinkles on my face
Permanent dwelling, will I still be in this town?
Or somewhere north, watching a horse race
With cheering, a smile or a weird frown
Would I have overcome fate, and enjoy my dreams come true
In ten years time from now, as I proudly read through
Would my handwriting have gone uglier or improved?

Lost

I watched her die slowly
She struggled to live, but to no avail
Thought I heard her say, forgive me
Her body shook, as her soul departed
Please wait, I begged her in sobs
Her soul must have returned, in that instant
Her eyes slowly opened, a short distance
She told of her short life, forever trapped in a cage
A cage of hurt, pain, a cage of rage
She wasn't going forever, like I feared
She was transforming into a different being, much stronger
A cold hearted monster, so careless and harmful
I begged her to reconsider the transformation, and forgive
“Forgive who?
The people that will hurt me, even after being forgiven?”

Imagine

Imagine

A man jumping off the edge of a cliff
Wings outstretched from the elbow
Dancing to the song of the wind
Ant-like structures, a green valley below
Soaring through the clouds with ease
A world of flying animals and insects
Wings on man, just a dream

Imagine

If war was sited on a board game
Penalty of death to the loser
No guns, cannons or missiles of dame
No assassinations at the hands of a shooter
The world as united nations working together
Poverty a bedtime folktale for the kids
Our young men asleep in their beds, not coffins

Imagine

A world with no deadly diseases
No heartbreaks, rejections and anger
Everlasting love, marriage of significance
Peaceful midnight walks, with no exposure to danger
Empty prison cells and crowded religious halls
Highways with no accidents and casualties
Homosexuality and disabilities, accepted human realities

Imagine

Every rapist behind bars, on death row
All our loved ones, still alive and breathing
If only every man, opened his destined door
Heaven, as close as your bedroom ceiling
Money, a none existent entity in our lives
Imagine, if all imaginations were as solid as buildings
And thoughts, could write themselves on papers

Imagine

If every song was a prayer to God
Dream's world could be viewed on your television screen
The walls had ears, eyes and mouths to speak
And a holy Angel was President in human form
Every street sparkling clean, no toxins and human pee
Global warming, a science fiction in movies and books
Friendship, love and employment were beyond money and looks

Reborn

I died last night
Found myself in a dark room
Blue lighting everywhere I looked
A pretty woman sat at the bar, smoking

I died last night
Found myself next to a nude woman
Missed calls from my wife
Didn't mean to but I slept out again

I died last night
Found myself in a very noisy place
I was talking out loud but nobody listened
Stumbled on everything before I died again

I died last night
Found myself with a blood all over my hands
Knelt down next to this unknown woman and apologized
In the corridor I managed to recognise my kids filled with fear

I died last night
Found myself in a white room surrounded by aliens in white
I heard a voice say 'He's awake, it's a miracle!' and felt fear
One of them held my hand and apologized for my legs

I died last night?
Now I remember the terrible car accident
My vision was blurred from whatever was in my cup
My legs went to ashes with the badly damaged vehicle

The Narrows

Their eyes are filled with the cold of winter
Touch is quick and beyond careless
Chained to their narrow minds
Work so hard, but see little of their sweat

Their only children fear them terribly
Closed up in their rooms, haunted by books
Longing to mingle with other children in peace
Unable to, for fear of being screamed at, and judged

Their walls feel as sorry for them, as their neighbours
Living on simple food, for fear of spending
Stuck to their old ways, and refusing to change
Living in a warm-looking home, caged

The world around them is growing and changing
Dressed up in the same clothing, they remain
Self expression is considered rude to them
A smile is an abomination, in their narrow world

They love their simple lives, to death
Entered the world of the dead, as they came
Having learnt nothing in life, and earned the same
Big babies in a grown world, the narrows fall

Stupid

Changed your dress code for them
To fit in, you even talk like them
Drink like a fish, dying of thirst in a tank
You are stupid

They say all men are intelligent
Yet, you give in, each time you are fed the word impossible
You plan children, then become totally negligent
You are stupid

HIV ain't a joke, you keeping eating it uncovered
What do you gain from being an unfaithful partner
Take things for granted, yet all your life you've suffered
You are stupid

You smoke to get over your stress and ugly emotions
But you do know that cancer has no cure, right?
There's nothing you ever do, without asking your family for solutions
You are stupid

You drive like a wild horse, that's just gone mad with speed
Who are you trying to impress, pedestrians who are walking?
Money is material, it runs out but my advice will never end your greed
You are stupid

Alcohol is a drink; you can't blame it for beating up your wife
Self-control is not inborn; it is a learned and mastered art
You are telling me life is bad and want to commit suicide
You are stupid

Hush now my son

Hush now, my son
You left home with my blessings
Seeking greener pastures for survival
I let you fly away, from under my wings
Far away from a nation, crying for revival

Hush now, my son
They made you stand in line, for long hours
You were pushed around, by authority with questions
Finally they let you into their world, with its high towers
Lived in a crowded room, with people uninterested in relations

Hush now, my son
I know you are highly qualified with a PhD
But from your letter, you mentioned that you are a gardener
You've been scorched by the sun, you long to be free
You work so hard to send out money, for your own family's hunger

Hush now, my son
Your new world is filled with so much opportunity
It's hard for you, though, because you are grouped
Discriminated against as a foreigner with no purity
Stripped of your humanity, you feel nude

Hush now, my son
School dropouts have better jobs, for being local
You are used, being overworked, yet paid less
They treat you like a thug, but you stick to your morals
Forever looking over your shoulder, trying to be safe

Hush now, my son
I can't ask you to come home for we are suffering
The shops are empty, the economy is crumbling everyday
My son, you are our bread winner, our source of food in this family
Be strong and stand tall in the foreign land

My best friend

You were so excruciating
Made yourself at home deep within my heart
But why did you only come to break me apart
Instead of joy, what I gained was you, pain

Never admitted, that I tried to flee you
Neither would one say I did woe
The suffering you caused me was unexplainable
Should I have hated or loved you? Confused

Every corner taken in my life, you were there
Suicide my first thought, without you, life seemed unfair
Through love, peace, sacrifice and unity, you appeared
I wondered who exactly had sent you, pain

Were you really worth the stay
Tried to ignore you everyday
But there you were smiling like a virgin bride
Your touch, so gentle but far from sweet, sour pain

You made me hate my life
Always realized late that you saved me from the knife
Hard work and open mindedness, I developed because of you
A part of my life you became, despite my remorse

Oh, how I longed for you to just leave, at first
You were there at my birth
I tried to embrace you, you got me somewhere in life
Meant to be there from the beginning, but I never appreciated you, pain

When I finally came to my normal senses
The only footprints left in the graveyard were scars and past tenses
Tried looking around for you, too late you had already left
Couldn't invite you back, you came only when you felt like it

At your revisit I hated you again
Every time you left, there was always something you learnt
Your presence resulted in my many headaches,
And nail-biting habits to return
Through you, courage I gained, and overcame my fears, pain

Cried, night and day, begging you to leave
At your own season you quietly departed, always with a lesson to give
You beat me up so bad,
That knowledge and wisdom, I received the hard way
Before I could thank you, you disappeared again

Still, I knew you would return like a soldier from the front lines
At the door step, I would welcome you, with frowns and fake smiles
You stood and worked for months, with no bed, food nor chair
Surviving my anti-pain environment, and still returning because you care

To survive is to survive with you in every land
You were, and will always be, the most despised best friend
I hate to say this, but without you, pain
There is, and will never be, any existence of that, which I gain

The patient

Sitting by this hospital window
Through my hollow eyes little kids on a seesaw
Thinking, how innocent and jolly they all look
I dreamt of someday, writing a book

A bird glides by, looking strong and energetic
Far from my own strength, to chew on garlic
Missing the laughter, friends, and food
My years of fancy cars, living good

Clubs and parties, never missed
Clip drift mixed with lemon twist
Reaching the emotional heavens, with my climax
My every day and nights joy, sex

Those beautiful babies I longed for
Intimate with more than one, but four
The human interchange, was fun
But when the unexpected shows up, hard to run

Needles and pins filled with ecstasy
Medicine fighting to keep me alive, far from fancy
Once high on weed, and wine's taste
The opposite invades with sickness and pains

I have no one to blame
The truth was told, but to me the message was the same
Still reminisce the posters in my school yard gate
Looking at the mirror image, hard to believe my state

Unbearable pain, within my body
Friends all gone, all by myself, nobody
The physical pimples blotted up, deep yellow pus so visible
Lips invaded by sores, throat no syllable

Cancerous cells, gnawed at my tissues
Eyesight blurred vision
If only I had paid more attention to life's web
Never would I have sat here, with drips and torn braids

Still, as I sit here by my window
Wishing to tell the truth, to those kids on the seesaw
Listening to my intimate pain, calling death's chains
If given one more chance, I would have avoided you, AIDS.

Blood is thicker than water

They are the most irritating group of people, that ever existed
Noisy about everything you try to keep private in your life
Your every partner is judged, or dismissed or simply selected
They will be the ones at the prison gates, when you are released

They never let you go out, and have fun with your only friends
Sneaking out through the window, or simply walking out is the only way
They think they are holy,
By being home all the time, cooking and cleaning
When your eyes are closing forever, they will be the ones to pray

They go to their usual boring church, in their usual
Boring, old fashioned clothing
They embarrass you, around your sophisticated
Friends, with big cars and houses
Who paid for your school fees,
Right from the day you started your first classes?
When you are old, and all your riches and friends are gone,
They will be waiting

Please tell me

When I sat patiently to write this
I thought of one final wish.
One that gnarled at my heart for months
A wish that caused me to follow, too many shortcuts
Running from one partner to another, is tiresome
Please, tell me you are finally the last one

I met you once, with a magnetic urge
To love again, and never look into that loneliness page
One who would always be there, even before I scream in pain
Will I ever be single, and seeking again?
Like a widow raped, and left to nurse an illegitimate son
Please, tell me you are the one

My room was as cold as ice
Still, my longing for you strengthened me to write
We don't know each other yet, but you are special to me
You've attracted, the still eyes of my cold tea
Naturally bought warmth, and sweetened my personality
Please, tell me you are not a ghost, but reality

At first sight, I loved every puzzle of you
Stared at you sideways, you had no clue
Found it hard to approach you, and mumble
Out of nervousness, I thought I would fail and stumble
Please, tell me you are the one

Like a snake I snarled, slithered and waited
Your courage to call, and talk for hours to me, amazing
Unexpectedly, there I was sharing a meal with my fantasy
I'm trying to make my expressions simpler with clarity
Unexplainable, I keep feeling I'm finally done
But could you please, please, tell me, if you are the one

Will you truly catch me when I fall, as much as I'm willing
I want you, and that's what I'm truly feeling
Will your hugs and kisses comfort and nurture me, into a better lover
In a world of pain, cold and hate and hunger
Please be the last and only
Tell me, please, that you won't leave me, feeling sorry

Is it destiny or fate that we met?
To win your heart, I'm willing to fight and sweat
Let's take it nice, and slow, I will patiently endure
I've had enough of playing around, and feeling insecure
Have I finally found, the cure to my hollow life
Please, tell me you are the last brick, on my building site

Thoughts

I sat down to try and think
The floor was extremely cold
Cold air seeped, through the window
Unbothered, I sat down to think

There was a lot of on my mind that evening
Letting it go, would be self cheating
And thinking was not the best solution
As I sat down to think

My mind focused on my past
All the deliberate mistakes, unforgotten
Were they really deliberate, or just faults
Like a house cracking, from the rain's moisture

Curled up on the cold floor, my only posture
Ready to open up like a cocoon, thinking
Of the continuously repeated mistakes
Tried to relax, but tears engulfed my thoughts
A salty mixture, trickling down my eyelids

Like a foolish child, I loudly sobbed
Wet as the river banks, I was soaked
Swimming in my own saliva and tears
Tried to reopen the thinking doors, and think
But all I found in there, were fears

Fear of being alone, lonely
Fear of hanging around the poor souls
Victimized by my loose tongue
Trustworthy, I knew I was
But, did I really understand myself enough

I had to change my character, which I knew
But how was I to accomplish that
As I sat down, trying to think
On the cold floor, tears flowing down at every blink
I sat down, trying to think.

When you passed away

When you passed away
Heat went cold
Comparable to the winter rain
Tears, uncontrollably flowed
Life, filled up with pain

I kept asking myself why, why
Why, you had to go so early
Wedding plans on the entanglement of our lips
I love you, the speech of the day
My lover, slowly dying on drips

Life was unfair to me
But maybe to you, it was the best thing
Peacefully you slept, to no return
Suicidal thoughts, poisoned my mind
Death, an every day torturous pattern

Unforgettable, those happy days
Always there, when I needed you most
Hugged and kissed my pain away
Lifting me up, when all was down
Now your beautiful being, is only a ghost

Unforgiving, your given time to leave
A baby boy, held him for only a week
Friends, an orphan and lover, you left
That fateful day, I will never forget
When you, my love, passed away

What happened?

What is happening to us?
We used to smile at each other, everyday
Our lives were daily jolly and gay
Compassion existed more than beings
Words on our lips, so sweet one could sing

What is happening to us?
We used to kiss good morning
Your kiss to me was like a beautiful drawing
We used to kiss goodnight
Gone are the days, we would passionately hold tight

What is happening to us?
We used to desire one another
Your dream was for me to bear, and you to father
We used to be in love with passion
All that's left of it, is leaves on the ground, in a season

What is happening to us?
We used to cry on each other's shoulders
Now our tears are wasted, in grounds across borders
We used to express our hearts out
All we do now, is scream, cuss, fight, and shout

What is happening to us?
We used to be lovers and best friends
Fear was unknown to us, as our hearts held hands
We used to have unforgettable fun
That part of our lives, is no longer bright as the sun

What is happening to us?
We used to look out for each other
It looks like we are in different armies that hate each other
We never used to cuss
Now words are nothing to us, but mere pus

What is happening to us?
We used to be happily married
Now it seems like a duty and burden
We used to glow in the eyes with love
Our eyes are full of question marks, and our hearts in cuffs

Loving you

If loving you was a disease
I would stop visiting the doctor
Inject myself with infected blood
Drink the water straight from a flood
Smoke ten boxes of cigarettes a day
Pour my antiseptics down the drain
Open my mouth each time you sneezed
Dance naked each time it heavily rained

If loving you was a fatality
I would dive off the highest bridge to drown
Force a head-on collision with a fuel truck
Lick the live wires of the power lines in town
Attempt to assassinate the President in public
Throw myself in a cage full of vicious lions
Open the gas chamber and light a cigarette
Throw myself in a hidden hole till I get stuck

If loving you was grubby
I would bathe in mud, and lotion myself in filth
Swim in the toilet sewers, every single day
Never, ever, change my underwear and socks
Use my bed as a toilet and sleeping place
Leave my ears all filled up with wax
Keep my hair long and never shave
My kid's potty would be my kitchen pots

If loving you was a child
I would give birth as many times as possible
Give the child all the attention in the world
Tell the child I love him, every millisecond
Adopt every single orphan child, that exists
Clothe and feed every child that's chained in poverty
Give all the street kids a warm home to live in
Help every child that's hooked on common drugs

Mother

Mother is crying
Trying to defend herself, denying
Daddy's beating her up, he says she is creeping
Its five am I'm trying to keep my head under, sleeping

Mother is crying
Daddy wants a divorce
He can't hold back his hate and remorse
Mother wants to stay for the kids' sake
Stick around, do what daddy can't do, bake

Mother is crying
Deep within her heart, she loves daddy
But daddy is crazy, acting all shady
Whatever is truth, he wants proof
I can't sleep; I wish I lived on the roof

Mother is crying
I can't bear the sounds of her sobbing
They've been fighting for years non-stopping
Could somebody please adopt me, please
I can't bear her crying, I long for peace

Mother is crying
Washing blood, every year, off her skin
Locked herself up, daddy broke through with a pick
Dragged her from the room
Broke her right leg like a broom

Mother is crying
Forced to leave us behind in tears
She's failing to hold a comb, shivering with fears
No more peace in the home
It has all crumbled down to Rome

Mother is gone
Life is different now
Can't stand daddy with his frown
Home is very cold without the warmth of mother
We need both father and mother, but now we are stuck with father

People vs pimples

People are like pimples
They smile at you with their dimples
But when their lives shift from pit hole
They make you look like a cripple

People are like pimples
They rise like horny nipples
Power makes them swell, with pride so fickle
Then burst back to their original flat state, so simple

People are like pimples
They come in two different colors, like freckles
One day they love you, the next day prick you with needles
Comfort you today, tomorrow hit you with chisels
Love you in health, and hate you when you get measles

People are like pimples
They see a new face and marvel
Wondering how it would feel to be a couple
Puberty and maturity make them jump and topple
Preventing most from pursuing the careers of pretty models

People are like pimples
They can be hard or as soft as pillows
Will you marry me today, and tomorrow will you be my widow
Don't be surprised the day they all scream 'Kill him! Leave, you yellow!'
Warning: People are exactly like blotted, ready-to-burst pimples
Yep, them round little fellows on your face, that make you miserable

A message to women from the man

Don't ask me why I am a playa
I once had this other fine gal
Everything was wonderful about her
She was my guide, my companion and pal
Then one day I caught her in bed, with my best friend

I moved on and gave love a second chance
Fell in love with a girl, who promised me to always be
Everything was OK, until she held too tight for me to see
That her idle eyes had fallen on a man with riches
So don't ask me why I am a playa

They say I am a playa to have more than one woman
But even my main woman, out of all my extras, is rotten
She was alright, until my friend visited with his wife
She turned out to be a queer, under the license of pretence
So stop asking me why I am a playa

Don't ask me why I am a playa
I was once married, but luckily had no kids
Until I found out, my wife was using me for my money
I divorced her, and she lost every case, but stole all my loving
Then they say, all men are bad, because some of us are playas

Don't ask me why I am a playa
I've given women, all the respect and loving in this world
But in return, I got stabbed in my heart with a sword
What else is there to do, with a woman I don't love?
Love hurts, I'm a man, a human being, not superman, and I hurt, too

You or your boss?

Do you work for you or your boss?
When your sweat's odour spoils your perfume
Standing for long hours till the blisters birth
When month end comes, your greasy hands you stick out

Do you work for you or your boss?
You have kids to support in your well-furnished home
A comfortable life, you love to live, in this world of luxuries
You rush to the bank, as though it was about to burn down

Do you work for you or your boss?
You curse, and cuss whenever your boss complains
When the work load is heavy, you start demanding more money
But when there's cash in your fat pocket, the load seems lighter

Do you work for you or your boss?
If you did not have that job, you would still be a walking
Would you even be able to afford, that expensive cell phone
Do you work for you or your boss?

A young men's chick tales

For the sake of politeness, I've used euphemism
Characterizing my first girl, to be, on an espionage mission
She was black, and just experimenting
It was easily noticeable, that she was just, pretending
Broke up with her, and her heart in the shape of a prism
Moved on to my second girlfriend, a new page

Now, an Eskimo lives in very cold surroundings
Coldhearted in my warm environment, but fun
She was light skinned, beautiful and demanding
Never wanted to be around me, when I was broke and struggling
A great mistake, her name was Bunny, I called her Bun
I had no choice but to quickly leave, I was bankrupt

Words and more words and they study etymology
Girls and more girls, my third girl girl-logy
She was the best in bed, in exception of her forged names
Taught me about love, discovered my soft spot through her love
Sacrificed a lot for me, she proposed marriage no more games
Death took her away, once again left to seek or starve

The girl sitting on number four was a player
Fully knew that she was engaged, and playing on her man, for me
Do not fall in love, with a married girl. It hurts real deep
Withdrew and waited for the words "it's over,"
I felt free, and much better
In a way she helped me get over my third girl
I can't date forever; I have to find one to settle with, sweet as a pearl

Shadows

They say that fear haunts the weak
I tried to wake from my horrible nightmare
Enticed by small white pills that help me sleep
Pushed down my throat, as they pinned me down

I am fighting and struggling, just set me free
To walk the streets, like a normal human being

The Poet

A poet is a being
In beggar's clothing
Begging for the soul's spillage
An overfilled cup of emotion

A poet is a train
Traveling long distances
Reaching the being's sub-consciousness
Having gate-crashed the moody conscious

A poet is a meal
Warm when constantly useful
Cold and stale when left unattended
A meal for the world, to discover, poetry's rich taste

A poet is a poet
Every word reveals the nature
Lives lived and moments to mature
The amazing power of the mind within

A poet...

Wake up, please

Wake up, please
The words I screamed out, with ease
I tried so hard to revitalize you
Pumped chemical energy into you
Still, I had to keep begging you to wake

You understood me, so well
Well enough to know my hunger and pain
Joy and peace were of the things, you loved
Your worst days were, those of strain
As I sat down to work, and you watched

At times you concentrated
Impressed I was, with pride, I was fascinated
It was you, that took me through, major decisions
Aiming and focusing I did out of ambition
Other times you blacked out
Forcing you I had to shout

Wake up, please
Reading novels was your favorite
Writing poetry your gift
Freely composing songs at any time and day
The best thing you remember is, my birthday

We were born on the same date, the ninth of May
Papers, books and pens, your target
But as I sat in that library, like an attached magnet
I was totally glued, to my books
Exams around the corner, you gave me strange looks

You knew I was serious when I begged you for help
Knowledge in bulk, waiting for me to chew on, over, and over again
You hated working under pressure, and kept on shutting down on me
Why can't you study early, you asked, then like a drunkard, passed out
I shed a tear and begged you, wake up, please, my brain

Dreams

I dream of someday, looking into the eyes of success
Buying a poor orphan girl, a dress
Taking in a homeless child, out of the cold
Keeping a record of events, as my life unfolds

I dream of sitting, twenty-four hours in a studio
Saving a life, from suicide through my music on the radio
Sweating my way to the stage
After my death, my name in every encyclopedia page

I dream of a friend, so true
Standing by me, through life's tiring queue
So loving, kind, and understanding
Always there, and never pending

I dream of a million-dollar account
Shoes and clothing, I can't even count
Riding in cars of my choice
System on the maxi, my kind of noise

I dream of dying, with a smile towards heaven
Someday on God's lap, twenty-four seven
After all my dreams achieved and fulfilled
My spiritual cup of thirst fully filled

I dream of the day, I read this poem again
Jolly and happily, hugging success
Lying next to my lover, ready to caress
Watching lovingly, my little babies, making a mess

I dream of more visions and dreams
To amalgamate, like quick grown lawn
My brain cells accumulating, and discovering, more ideas to grow
Still to amend my dreams, as I am not just a dreamer

Stranger

I woke up, next to a stranger
Rushed to the john, to puke my stomach out
My body, dehydrated, an alcoholic drought
Got home to sleep, catch up the lost sleep
I had a dream, that I died of a terrible disease
Must have been hallucinations, from last night's dope

I woke up, next to a stranger
Her fingernails stained with tobacco
The lips were soft with patches, as dark as charcoal
She was beautiful, yet physically exhausted
Eyes filled with pain, a warm smile, as she smiled at me
I smiled back, but it was only a reflection of me

Script

Our tongues
Danced, to a slow jam
Under a waterfall of attraction
I responded, like a lion so tame
Floating, to your every touch, and action

Our hairs
Shook hands with the wind
The world spun, as we kissed
Time stopped, to watch us closely
A bird flew over us, chirping melodically

Your lips
Raised the hairs on the back of my neck
As you wrote the love story, of the century
I felt as warm and fresh, as a cake
You left a love mark, penned a painless memory

Your touch
Weakened my flesh, and exposed my soul
I soared, with the birds of the sky, to the wetlands
You gently knocked, and entered my door
I found my lost voice, and beautifully sang

Our bodies
United in a sweet ink anthem
It rained heavily as our pores smiled
Warm rivers flowed through my blood vessels
You were gentle through every mile

Our hearts
Conversed, at every touch, every motion
You looked into my eyes, and, I, in yours, it was time
My nails dug into your flesh, as we gasped with emotion
An unforgettable moment, writing wonderful crime

*Do not be quick to judge.
This poem is simply a pen writing on paper, hence, the name Script.*

Gratitude

My warmest appreciation and thanks to Professor Emeritus Tan Sri Dato' Dr Limkokwing for believing in me and making this book possible. Barbara for encouraging me all the way as I worked against time to write the best fifty poems possible, Tiffanee who acted as a liaison, communicating with me and updating me on the book, my professional communications lecturer Isaiah, for encouraging me to write and present a poem to Tan Sri on the day he came to visit (the poem that opened up doors for me). And to everyone that lent a hand in the production and publishing... Thank you.

Racheal Manda
2008

Finding peace in poetic expression

Racheal Manda is a very talented poet who has a natural gift to string words into a melodic arrangement. A student of Software Engineering at Limkokwing University of Creative Technology in Botswana, Racheal is a prolific writer who is able to plunge into the depths of her being to surface poetry that reveal her attempt to make sense of the world we live in. At 23 years she is still very young and while her poetry has many dark moments it is our belief that given time the darkness will give way to words of wisdom as Racheal discovers the growth that lies in suffering.

Botswana is a nation with talent in abundance. This book is an effort by the Limkokwing University of Creative Technology to provide a channel for talent to grow and to blossom. Creativity is such that it needs constant encouragement to stimulate the passion of those who are talented.

——— *Published By* ———



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