

Deadlist weapon

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DEADLIST WEAPON

She is made up of metaphors
Coated with similes and imagery
Her identity hiding in personification
Enemies she confuses with oxymoron
Knowing her next step is a paradox
When shot horrifying is the onomatopoeia
Her engines greased with repeated repetition
Her magazine rich in rhyme and rhythm
Tonal variation varies with each shoot
She is sang by greatest of musicians
She sang the wall of Jericho fell
In jail she freed Paul and Silas
She tamed demons disturbing King Saul
She is food for the soul
She threatens tyranny
Brings to light vice done in the dark
This weapon beats bullets
Greater than missiles
Bomb more than bombs

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WE SHALL NOT DANCE

The best moves
You dictate
Must appeal to your senses
Which medic approved your senses?
You the self proclaimed
Judge

I
Hear you have
Itchy fingers, ready to point
How disgustingly red my buttocks look
You my fellow monkey
Show us your ass
How different are you from us?

You
Should be ready
For a huge rude shock!
For we shall not dance to your tunes
Our tunes we shall compose
Our moves we shall make

We
Are stripping you
Your judgment regalia
Un-nail the hammer from your hand
We are free birds that can't be caged
By your myopic godliness



DIE TRYING TO LIVE

When she left
Things were not all right
Home was not safe from hunger
Poverty was choking us unable to breath

When she left
My beautiful elder sister
We had just done a fundraise
To afford her decent clothes and shoes

When she left
With hope we were left
One day she will return home
A messiah from the middle-east

When she left
To work in foreigners land
Things will work out we believed
In prayers the entire village kept her

When she left
She was all smiles
Her natural thick body
Admirable in the new outfit



When she left
They did not inform us
They sent a package to us
A corpse hardly resembling her

When she left
We could not identify her
She was emaciated to the core
We shed tears, blood and sank into depression

When she left
Mum out of shock
Followed her into the abyss
We could not afford them a decent burial

THE BLACK BIRD

Freely above the sky it flies
 Un-caged it flaps its giant wings
Royalty is the aura it comes with
 Other birds cower on its appearance
This bird never has bad vibe
 It sings its lungs out call it orchestra
It has rose above all but-s
 It is unmatched

OUR WATCHDOGS

Our watchdogs,
Oh! They can bark and bark and bark
But do not bite
Too cunning with threats
But no action proceeds

Our watchdogs,
Pretend to be alert
Only when we are staring
But when we go to rest
They begin snoring

Our watchdogs,
Cannot even run
The potbelly is too heavy
Never getting contented with theirs
They feast even on our share

Our watchdogs,
Hate competition
Their hands are bloody
Ever ready to eliminate any
Opposition they are pestered with



BREAKING NEWS

For the last two weeks
She had not left her house
Her feet had become too heavy
To carry her out of the doorstep
No friend had gone in search

For the last seven days
She had switched off her phone
She craved no voice of a human being
Everyone is going through some hurdle
She did not want to burden anyone with hers

For the last five days
She had hated her body
Not beautiful enough she felt
Broke the mirror when it argued
She could point all the ugliness in herself

For the last four days
She had not taken any bath
Neither had she changed her clothes
She could not sense the stinking smell she had
Or maybe she did not just care



For the last two days
She had not taken anything
Her stomach hugging her back
The last time she tried eating she puked
She had felt like she was chewing her own skin

For the last three hours
Her mind clouded by flow of blood
With the razor blade in her right hand
She decided to explore her body
She was found lifeless in a pool of blood!

DEAR GOSSIPER

While in your myopic vision
When you are unable to tie your tongue

Do not just chatter about how you starved at my home
Say how you feasted at my brothers' home too

Resist from only airing photos of the floods
Show off also, the beautiful waterfall you saw in my home

Let not your camera be quick only to capture violence
Zoom them also to the peaceful co-existence we accord every race

When you write about stealing of votes in my cousin's home
Let your ink ooze also for the peaceful and valid elections in my sister's home

Do not be itchy only to share how we do not export products
Tell them also how we are being exploited

When you yap about how we run to foreigners land for greener pastures
Tell them how we are dehumanized in those strange lands

If you have the audacity to call our bungalow "a single room"
Don't expect me to have room for your respect

If you selectively speak about our bad traditions
Don't forget to mention our Ubuntu spirit

Do not gossip only our dark side
Every coin has two sides

THE SAD POEM

The pen in his hand
Creativity flowing from his mind

She is the muse
She does not know how to refuse

She sees him, she cowers
Love can also turn sour

This poem didn't start this way
To console herself she says

He comes home late
Her sight, smell inspires him

Every day he writes this poem
Insults thrown to her in similes

Blood rhythmically flows from her face
From the blows she receives day to day

Bruises rhyming in different parts of her body
From hands to face to legs

The tonal variation of the beatings
Switching from high to low and vice versa

Assonance and consonance evident in the repetition
A fight every night before retiring to bed

She keeps inspiring him by the wordplays
Arguments to them a routine

In the morning she wakes up sobbing
He wakes up to rape her

The script continues
The poem continues

One day ink will run out
She keeps hoping

'One day I will kill you'
He carelessly utters day in day out



THE ROOT OF THE FRUITS

I have witnessed the roar
Of the royals
Of the jungle in unison
Covering the cows and the wild

My fingers have touched
The tender skin of the queens
My ears have heard
The authority of the kings
Reigning in the world

My eyes have seen
Scenes far from sin
Scenes of the Messiah
Healing the universe

And I embarked on the journey
Traversing to find out
The route to the root of all this fruits
That we honor and marvel at

And all the footprints
And I mean all
Led me to one source
The lovely being called
Mother



BLANK CANVAS

Battling tears from tearing apart
Hand trembling from the weight of the brush
Mind skeptical to speak out
Once bitten twice shy
Life can sing!

He stares at his previous creations
He is not proud of what his eyes behold
He has messed up on this canvas
Painting life can be difficult
No maestro

Colors can fail to be colorful
Requires a technique to paint them beautifully
This canvas does not come with a manual
You try out hoping for the best
From learning you don't rest

“Have faith” he reminds himself
Today is a chance for redemption
Each new day a blank canvas
To paint life colorfully
Experienced



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