

Poetry Series

Anitah Muwanguzi
- poems -

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Anitah Muwanguzi(31/12/1992)

A Flare For Flair

A flare for flair

Blair bares her soul

For fear of entrapment

Tis the moment for declarations

Declarations she'd rather escape

But his eyes are beguiling, enthralling

Blair cannot bear to break his heart

Face averted, Blair bares her soul

Breaking his heart to avert further hurt

But the heart is a bird of the air, venturing where she will

Caution an unwanted adversary

Anitah Muwanguzi

A Sight For Sore Eyes

but the leaves are falling,

sun and moon head to head

the tide has one lip locked on skyline

but the door is sealed tight

molten desert is waxing wet.

A tear drops, echoes resounding

but the tear leaves a scarlet trail

Anitah Muwanguzi

A Woman's Virtue

Toe length skirt----? Veiled head?

Meekness? Downcast eyes?

Silence when addressed? ? ? ?

What determines the virtue of a woman?

Wait a minute

Could it be? Could it really be turning the other cheek?

Or does it mean feeding on insults?

Does it require one to be a permanent punching bag?

Suffering in silence?

Is that it?

Does it mean clinging to a man for recognition, meaning and security?

Who determines a woman's virtue?

Does it mean carrying twice the load and not getting recognition for it?

Does it mean spreading your legs to feed your family?

Or does it mean endless guilt trips because you have failed to fit the mold?

And yet there's so much more to being a woman.....

But a woman's accomplishments are something to be frowned upon

Seen as a desperate attempt to get attention, or grieve the
certified bread winner

Her sensitivity seen as weakness, unprofessional.

The virtue of a woman is her noble heart

In Her ability to spin dry grass into gold

To look beyond a lifetime of faults and heartaches

To forgive when she is abused and belittled

To remain standing even when the carpet is swept from under her
feet

That is the virtue of a woman

Not all that socially constructed bullshit

That only abuses the true essence of the woman

Anitah Muwanguzi

Alabaster Jar

Stands there almost out of reach

Begging you to run a little faster

Imploring you to be patient

Entreating you to be gentle

It's beauty is too painful to embrace

Gazing hurts your eyes

It is the embodiment of all you desire

You have worked all your life, toughing it out everyday

Just so you get to hold it in your hands, in your arms, in your
heart

But it stands apart everyday seeming farther out of reach

Illusions swamp you, cloud your vision

Out of rage you turn away, you will not be toyed with

There are too many alabaster jars after all

You forget that it has to be just right for you

Has to feel right, to complete you

Anitah Muwanguzi

Art Of Love

Road least traveled

Sometimes moon has to come down to kiss earth

Throwing caution to the winds, taking a chance, risking all

Walking through the fire, and trusting that it will be worth it

Sometimes it doesn't make sense staying because you are on opposite
pages

No understanding, and it hurts to look at each other

But the greater pain is in never seeing you again

Love is patient, Love is kind, Not easily angered

Drowning in a sea of hopelessness, but together can find the way

The art of love has not been decreed, not been written

Nah not really

Everybody has their own love story

And it unfolds whenever you choose to love

Bruises and all

Joys and all

Uncertainties and all

My story has not been told, not yet, neither has yours

Another's heartbreak will not be mine

What has not been still has a chance to be

I trust that it will all be worth it

You're worth everything, everything

Anitah Muwanguzi

Bared

Raw, naked, exposed.

Torn skin, ice marks, stark red.

Gaping holes, drenched sheets, irremovable stains:

Flickering candlelight, reaching spirits, soulless eyes:

the struggle for might a losing battle,

both hanging by each other's woven rope

fear of discovery, deep, rich, all-consuming,

the addiction strong, choking, too sweet as all forbidden fruit:

Passions' battlefield;

the lady, her lover, her Lord.

Anitah Muwanguzi

Black Roses

Fingers to lips

still alive but barely breathing

black roses strewn over my heart

songs drip with broken promises

falling to pieces

dead after dead

heart broken after being broken, breaks again a little more

No: band aids will not do

You took my love from me, and my identity with you

Vultures circle my broken heart

Every flash of light I reject

This gloom is at least a part of you I don't want to lose

Anitah Muwanguzi

Bleed

Swish, swirl, sway

softly warm, and fuzzy, ev'n a touch hazy, drunk on deep

whoosh! ! ! ! the wind out of your sails

your knees can't buckle soon enough

flailing like fish on bank

a toddler will do better

a blind man will see his way even better

and the deaf will know more

more than your wandering soul

neither victim, neither victor

the spoils never there

shading skin is for snakes

shading your soul to another

freedom in tethers

alone only in illusion

mourning when the dance intoxicates, tickles

footprints, scratch marks, sketch limbs

grief never leaving, but markin you his own

trapped in never endin maze for amazements

mind a tornado of what ifs

but how do you wrestle the unseen, learn the unlearned
and claim victory when you are gasping for life

Anitah Muwanguzi

Blindside

The shades go down, the walls go up
the cracks in the walls only work us both up
boundaries? who needs them
lies, can we live with them?
can we live without them?
but who are we fooling?
both of us fragile creatures
selfish only to bruise both our dreams
saving best for last, who knows when last will be?
broken hearts are for healing
the guitarist needs his soul audience
staking claim, on stakes so high
the unthinkable, unreachable, irreplaceable is a toy
all eventually replaced by insecurities, complacency, disregard, familiarity
and love and passion hung out to dry
I am seizing the bull by the horns.

Anitah Muwanguzi

Can't Let Go

I am told the hands round my neck are my own
But I have come full circle,
taking my time, bending, breaking, getting up all over again
and here I am
At your door, where it all began

Anitah Muwanguzi

Castle Walls

in the recesses of mind,

blake shelton and christina singing just a fool

castle walls comes to the fore

those passions my mind clings to so passionately

like a baby and their milk bottle

shinygoldsilver things

obliterate every shadow in my mind taking center stage

not tangible, no: just emotions that know no reason

Anitah Muwanguzi

Chasing The Wind

If something good can come from bad,

the past can rest in peace.

But they just keep moving line

the closer it gets, the harder the climb

I say I can go the distance

But how long is it?

Solomon calls all things emptiness, just vanity.

So what if I had it all?

Would it be enough? Would I smile wide as the noonday sun?

If the race is not to the swift or the battle to the strong,

if food comes neither to the wise nor wealth to the brilliant

or favor to the learned;

Will I leave all to chance?

The past refuses to stay buried

choosing instead to dance over every grave

daring demons long banished from the world of the living to life

the sounds of a broken record

I turn the page, but it is marked by shadows of what's been written

on the previous page

Caught in the storm of life

Hounded by smoke screens

I am the wreckage.

Anitah Muwanguzi

Chosen As Mine

It rips, and it bleeds

my mind is turned inside out,

the blood dripping in my outstretched palm

eyes, they see nothing

I stare blindly

in my head, the song goes on, 'I love you oh yes I do'

'You were on my mind as I died, you're chosen as mine'

my mind's eye sees his face as he says those words to me

'Know my voice, I will never leave you, I have loved you since

before the sands of time were made

I love you still'

My heart will not listen, it will not see,

the pain all consuming,

the tears meld with the blood oozing from my chest

I fall down on my knees, and stare at the empty sky

The song in my heart goes on

'Cries in the desert my child I hear them'

I scream loud as I can, try to exorcise the pain

it remains, and the bleeding goes on

I stare at my empty hands dripping with my own blood

the dagger in my right hand

I want to believe.

I want to be faith itself right now,

the one place where hope grows but everywhere hurts too much.

My world is falling, crumbling all around me on every side.

The falling debris means nothing

fate mocks me, courage eludes me,

the sun hurts my eyes, but it won't stop

the warmth envelopes me, and life goes on around me

inside everything is driving to a halt

My head is spinning,

I see the shadows that terrify me,

and I don't care anymore

'Let them get me this time, perhaps it is time.'

But He won't let me go.

And this time when he whispers ` I love you still, always will,

you're chosen as mine'

I open my eyes and stare deep into the brilliance of his light, and

give Him everything

Anitah Muwanguzi

Ciunas The Wind Speaks

flawless glass,

a wealth of translucent trembling foam,

bulging enigma;

ricocheting naught,

something, all together everything and nothing

whirling whirlwind

Is it God? He cannot be seen

neither can she but-

she moves the dust to paint the world with its dirty shade, arouses tree leaves to trembling

gives nirvana dwellers push for flight

beckons the times

and summons all of life to follow her lead

she who cannot be touched embraced, or captured

she who can only be felt, , her will bending only to her maker's

Anitah Muwanguzi

Close My Eyes I Suppose?

They don't know how to keep secrets

soon as they are provoked, they turn shades that have yet to be defined

brimming and spilling over knowing no restraint

their confines captivate, enthrall, bewitch but give me away too

sometimes smoky, hazy, dreamy too

sometimes impassioned with anger, discontent, empty desires

If I close them, then I will have nothing to be ashamed of,

then there will be no tales told

If I close my eyes I suppose then all shall be safe, well concealed

I will see nothing, know nothing, desire nothing, want nothing

close my eyes, should I?

and lose all of this?

good, bad, I cannot close my eyes

after all, they are the most remarkable part of me

Anitah Muwanguzi

Come With Me

Let's fade into the sunset

Dive into that bottomless compulsion of survival

Forget the said and unsaid

a new world beckons

and passion spreads her wings

won't you receive her?

Anitah Muwanguzi

Crumpled Piece Of Paper

Lies discarded on the soles of your feet

a shadow of what she once was

crumpled piece of paper

broken glass, broken pieces of her heart

lie scattered all around you

The clock just struck midnight

she takes flight,

with broken glass sticking out of the soles of her feet

her face a vision of fright, horror and a zillion open wounds

wings broken, unable to fly she crawls towards you

hoping you will stitch her up

At least close the open wounds,

help her get to her feet

but you wear self preservation like a cloak,

you will not be bothered

she means nothing to you now.

Anitah Muwanguzi

Crystal Castles

I am told I am too fanciful

Building crystal castles in the air

'Wait till they melt' the voices say

Dreaming is for fools

When the ice starts to melt

When faith ceases to be, the crystals start to fall away

As the castle crumbles, it's crystallite cuts into flesh

'Wake up! Wake up! Stop day dreaming! '

It is not the lights, it certainly isn't

Not my name in lights

I just want to make my dreams come true

Crystal castles you call them

But this is my life

I am no fool, for thinking differently am I?

Crystal is beautiful

Perspective differs

The past has a way of suffocating the present and destroying the

future unseen

Faith is rejected

Substituted with fear and insecurity

Crystal castles I build

My heart encased in ice

Lest it be broken

Lest it be my downfall

My ears are perked up

I will hear you always

You are an integral part of who I am

The crystal is melting

The rain is falling

My dreams sometimes break my heart

When thorns graze my heart, and I crush my foot against the stones

But my dream holds true

Faith my eternal friend.

Anitah Muwanguzi

Ebyama

the sound of softly falling rain

echoes of your footfalls

the mystery of you, ebyama hold their own appeal

you are the writing on my wall

the ants stock up for their future, as I save myself for you

the tables have already turned,

all the cards spread turned up

fuel's to fire, as you are to me

you open your eyes and everything in me comes to life

but I am not jumping through hoops just to please you.

Anitah Muwanguzi

Elusive Obsession

Endless days of fiery sun

bottomless voids of wanting

crowd soulless nights of chills

hopeless eyes shadow their own futile hopes

all the while keeping their olive branches partially spread

the Phoenix sheds her skin once more

and your tears they soil the empty sheets

Anitah Muwanguzi

Embracing My Machete

A darkness is sweepin across the heart of Africa:

Bolts on my door, electric barbed wire, high metallic gates, guns

it is impervious to all these

I am a business woman, a politician, a judge, an innocent bystander

I am a native of the heart of Africa

And I am not safe

It takes the shape of a man, or men

Racing by on boda bodas waving guns at me

Or breaking through the roof.

Paid faceless creatures who sometimes drill holes through my walls

Just so they can end my already miserable life

Here in the heart of Africa.

I don't feel safe

Fear grips me, I don't know if my children will be next

I walk the streets of my mother land, scared that every shadow

might be my ending

So I embrace my machete

I sleep awake, with my machete tucked under my pillow

If they catch me, at least I go down with a fight

Cause them as much hurt as they are so intent on causing me

Anitah Muwanguzi

Enders

Ever,
Never
Together
Forever
still I endeavor
with fervor
to tether
lest I lose it all

The stars wait
So do I
Time goes on
But I stay
I wait

Anitah Muwanguzi

Fever Lake

Illusions of calm, stillness, calm, stillness; trendy.

Images of steel gray skies

Seemingly Immovable

Look close enough and you will see the steam bubbling beneath the
thin skin

Fever Lake

A volcano gathering her wings to burst forth

The heat is soon searing, and skin is slowly peeling

Vulnerabilities surge to the fore

Then comes exposure, shells peeling

Boxed in, earth gives way

Nothing to lose, everything to lose, everything to lose

Salvation is now a myth

Running leads right back to where she began

The smoke stings, and there's a bloodbath of tears

Earth is trembling, stability is more illusion with each moment

Every face reflects inevitability and incredulity

Eventually, unable to run

Surrender becomes the only option

Anitah Muwanguzi

Fingerprints

Come softly if you please

wake me from this edgy age

my hands hold tenderly,

the lava of passion burns surely

his marks imprints in my soul

take completely of me everything

and when the sun rears his graceful head

let's bask in the glory the dusk brings

of stars, of past dreams, of illusions, of deceptive but beguiling smiles

so I will wear your touch like the lingering aftertaste of honey

Anitah Muwanguzi

Fingers Linger

a hot jelly mush
submerged in thorn bushes of want
whetted skin shed, rushed

Anitah Muwanguzi

Flare Anew

candles of light flare anew

the broken car won't start

warm blood oozes through bulging veins

the skin remains an ice cold clammy ashy grey

embraced with warm hugs and greetings

the ice box that is heart remains virgin

silver stars glisten on my eye lids, rushed to the fore

by the ocean in my head

the dying embers sing a mournful song

Anitah Muwanguzi

Fool's Gold

I am colder than ice,
my chest an empty hole
you the weakness in me
my own lava
you hurt, and now I hurt- unable to save you
Making a fool of myself doesn't seem to do the trick
maybe fool's gold, but I can't help being just for you

Anitah Muwanguzi

For Love And Country

The edges are worn, the seams torn and in need of mending
the thread is sticking out, and begging to be sawed back in
The colour is long faded from too many twists and turns
in the washing basin.

War, disease, storms,

She has been tried and tested

But her warmth remains

Thieves, Saints

Men, women,

Natives, foreigners

She embraces them all

Her mountains, hills and valleys mark her borders and litter the
expanse defying time and greed

Forever open to us all

Our common plate

Life ends and begins

Seasons come and go

And time again

She remains unchanging

Torn, bruised, abused,

Even when her blood is spilled,

Arms and heart wide open, new life begins

Doesn't discriminate

All that live within her

Are secure and sure of their place

She embraces all that happen upon her borders

The heart of Africa, Uganda

Anitah Muwanguzi

Goodbye

Away I must-
the day hastens, light is falling-
and heralds all my tomorrows-
ride its wave I ought-
hale and whole over dale and grove-
meadows hold memories that turn at last-
the tide is the road I cannot tell- the fiery mount slopes I must tread
we've come so far-
that to bid farewell wears my heartstrings thin-
fond memories of you I wear - my most cherished skin.

Anitah Muwanguzi

Head Butt

Melancholy duels

Fuel helpless longings

giving excuse for recluse

and dark skinned plots of surrender,

visions of clipped wings

and dreams of drowning.

Flair to flare candles

fans lame flames receding

farther and farther

with echoes of past glories resounding

Anitah Muwanguzi

Heart Guesses

That oval speared nose has gotten me in more trouble than I care for

Oh yes! He had round glistening depth-less eyes brimming with forbidden mysteries

And a voice to die for

The length of him enraptured

But pardon me I give away way too much

I shall feign disinterest

She has served me only too well in the past

Anitah Muwanguzi

Heart Of Africa

Quietly you roar! Desperately you moan

You stand tall as the Kilimanjaro

the wealth of you boggles human definitions, beyond description

you are Uganda, the heart of me, the heart of Africa.

Your ageless eyes have borne bloodshed,

corruption beyond hell's flames, and still you stand

so proud, beyond submission

daily you mock those who seek to squander and rape your goldmines –

outlive every scheme

Patiently you wait, heart never wavering,

embracing all, forgiving all

I love you Uganda

Every morning I awake to the sheer magnificence of you

Beyond comprehension, how you hold me together, giving me so much

never demanding anything in return

Uganda the heart of Africa

Life starts, ends with you

the wildest shades of gold, deep bold scarlets, boundless blues,

and heart wrenching grays steal my heart

no I don't mind

Let the rivers roar and oceans rage, let the sun sizzle and burn,

today you stand defying the 53rd birthday claim:

you have been here forever;

and here you stay, ageless, without end.

Anitah Muwanguzi

'Here's To Keeping Illusions Alive'

I dream, I dream, I dream, I dream

I wish, I wish, I wish, and I long

For so much so seemingly unattainable

Some laugh, some pat me on the back and tell me, dream on

Some move heaven and earth to see me fall, fail, and give up,

While some will leave no stone unturned to see me succeed

I long, I pray, and I toil

My destination uncertain, my resolve on wobbly feet

My heart in my mouth, my strength an uncertainty

Desperation propels me forward

For the indignity of failure cannot be allowed

So I will not fail

If you think what I seek is an illusion

If you're too busy to lend a hand

Or if you hate to see another succeed

It hardly matters, because at the end of it all

What you want, what you wish, what you think is merely an illusion

I determine my reality

So hello world.

Let's raise our glass to illusions

For illusions bear the beginnings of reality

They are the markings of great women, great men

So here's to keeping the illusions alive

For I, you will not fail

Anitah Muwanguzi

Home Aint Where His Heart Is Anymore

The sad lost look in his eyes tears my heart apart

He is wedged between love and duty

He cares, he is concerned, and attentive

But he is not in love anymore,

And it tears him apart to deny his heart

His children, they mean nothing to him now

He loved them once, a lot

But now they remind him of the love he has no more

He is duty bound, but hates to be duty bound

Because home aint where his heart is anymore

Our bedroom door is a prison to him

He would rather there was no bedroom

So his marital rights are not a necessity

To mate is a burden, because he is not in love anymore

Anitah Muwanguzi

Homeless

It is said, a heart is not a home,

Without the one who gets you through the storm

I am homeless

Your heart is screaming, 'no vacancy'

My pride, and bruised ego force me in the opposite direction

Rejection doesn't go down well with me

I rent, and the houses are nice beautiful, even cosy and comfortable

The atmosphere is peaceful,

And for a while I convince myself life is perfect

But every time it rains, I fall to pieces,

Convenience and love don't often ride the same bus

The roof is leaking

It's a big world, I feel so small, so scared that the best thing is past

You don't love me

There's a sign on your door

'No vacancy' Emptiness sinks his claws into my heart

I am roaming the streets aimlessly

Can't take a bow, won't take a bow

I am homeless, and convenience

Won't work.

The empty streets mock me, and embarrassed am hitting at shadows

Yelling at ghosts

I am homeless, hungry, angry and sad

Food tastes like bile in my mouth

I am homelesssssssss

I am just homeless

And you don't care now, because you never ever cared

Anitah Muwanguzi

Hush

My words are few, my tongue tangled in the thorns of my inhibitions

my vision is blurred, His glory blinds me, through his eyes I see

mind stuck, I am reaching for the helm of His garment

my life at it's end, I rip my heart out and take His

He wears a crown of thorns, every drop of blood my salvation

Hush, He speaks.

His proclamation of love renewed with every fresh breath

His eyes alight fixed on me

My father: his grace is remarkable, his strength impenetrable, his love unending

Never met any more deserving all of me. I pale in comparison because there's none.

He has proclaimed himself my lifeline, I fear nothing

He's living proof of all that is perfect

No greater promise than to see him one day and embrace all of that heaven forever.

Anitah Muwanguzi

I Don't Care To Remember You

The candle light flickers,
the wind blows memories of you in my face-
my mind's stolen moments of you
because I don't care to remember you.

Every promise that was never made was broken.

Whether or not I still love you,

I don't care to remember.

Oblivion is my newest companion,

and I hold it desperately.

I don't care to remember the light in your eyes;

good or bad, memories of you I reject

Stay gone.

I don't care to remember to you

If I am hoping the sky will spit you down hale and whole

that is only my heart's fantasy

I for one don't care to remember you.

In my head you leave everyday,

for every new day brings with it fresh longing for you.

So I put up higher. Bigger. and Stronger barricades.

I don't care to remember you.

Too many barriers, but they are not strong enough.

I don't care to remember you.

I often go back to November-

because in spite of me I still remember you.

These sunsets that are part of each day,

remind me of that first time we stood together,

two strangers united by the sound music.

I don't care to remember you.

I don't care to remember you.

There's so much more I could say,

but it would never be enough.

The last time I saw you still burns in the back of my mind

I don't care to remember you

Anitah Muwanguzi

I Met My Future

I met my future;

stared in his face once upon a time.

kindred spirit of sorts

drawn to the music from his lips, moth to flame

the depth of his soul ripped mine apart

everytime he turned to me

flowered warm fuzzy vapours in the pit of my stomach

I beheld the face of my future

gray colours flavoured to dark shades of red

His intensity awakened longings,

and his inquisitive nature mine

But my future rejected me

I met my future one moment in time

And he left me there, encased in the freezer of endless

possibilities

and there I remain, no longer certain of my future

Anitah Muwanguzi

In Love

I am in love

I love you

Just you

Why? I don't know

Need there be a reason why?

I love you, I do

I just do

But I wonder

Am I truly in love?

Or just in love with the idea of being in love?

But this ache just below my breastbone

This longing, this emptiness

When I think of no one

Nobody I can think of

I am in love with the idea of being in love

Anitah Muwanguzi

In The Palm Of His Hands

The white ceiling above me could cave in

the ground beneath my feet give way into a bottomless void

the deceptively still night could release other- realm horrors to torment my soul

cockroaches could crawl into my nostrils and embed their nests underneath my skin

My feet could choose to become immobile, my ability for motion robbed from me

these eyes I treasure could fail to open from one moment to the next

Open my mouth and whatever motion elicits no sound

Oh but how he loves me

inscribed in his veins when he hung up on that cross; every scar, every hurt, every blemish

my salvation.

So I walk out my door

Sleep beneath my ceiling in confidence

Tiptoe outside when the moon won't show his face staring left, right, down, finally up

Galloping forward

Secure in the knowledge,

All IS WELL.

Anitah Muwanguzi

Kiss The Rain

Kiss the rain, taste the brush of it on your tongue

Close your eyes, head tilted to heaven, feel the rush of it on your face

The river flows in you, let the wet soak you in his embrace

I wonder can you hear the thunder rumbling inside you?

It growls, flares and explodes

The rush of adrenaline brings you to your knees

and the sound of music when it brushes your skin

Anitah Muwanguzi

Late Sigh Jazz

Bones melting like lava

Head reeling with too much info

The TV is droning on in the background with a movie whose title is
alien to me

I hear dogs barkin, and the distant moans of a radio

It's just leanin towards midnight

That headache from an uncomfortable hunched position is catching on

The laptop on my laps sighs in contentment

The debate on whether or not I should call it a night

I am zonked, and my mind is in a state of euphoria

I don't have insomnia, no

I just think best after midnight

When my body signs out and my mind signs in

As the night sighs into deep dark morning

It feels like jazz music

A volcano of sensation desperate for exploration

The night sighs in contentment

And like a cat licking whipped cream off its whiskers

I embrace exhaustion and tuck in.

Anitah Muwanguzi

Let's Fall In Love

Let's fall in love. Great Idea, no?

Well at least I tried didn't I? I mean pretty easy right?

I speak truly. Believe me.

Affronts aside it's worth a try huh?

I need more than a grunt. Confirmation you agree it's worth everything.

What am I to forget?

No, the roles have not been reversed. I am just getting ahead of you is all.

You hate the chase, the hunt.

Let's see. What's so hard about falling in love?

No it's much better than lemon cakes.

I am no writer, no preacher so forgive my puny efforts. But they are all for you.

Yes the blazes of pain cannot be avoided, but the balm is always a greater reward.

I have to leave now but please do think about it.

Anitah Muwanguzi

Lifeaids

Heart wrapped in wire mesh

every motion elicits more bleeding

the bandaids will not do

velvet words will not do

tender brushes with flesh, will not do

loud music, comfort food, ice blocks will not do

reminiscence will not do, denial is not even working, half laughs, half smiles,

exaggerated laughter comes out hollow

nothing will do

Anitah Muwanguzi

Lights Out

So why am I moping the floor with my face?
why are the walls lathered in my blood?
why do I constantly bang my head against the wall?
Has all sanity deserted me?

I crouch in the shadows, shun all light
and seek the counsel of nocturnal dwellers whatever they be-
at the sight of light we ram our heads together-
'the light shall not come in' in unison

But this day as the sun reared his graceful head
I saw inscribed in his chest 'Where hope grows'

Anitah Muwanguzi

Liquid Gold

Pale, luminescent shimmering light washed over me
and I was airlifted, a glow among stars, a strand on the rainbow strip-
my feet an extension of the light, wind and sky-
I was favored to win-
God saying 'My strength is manifested in your weakness'
His words were liquid gold, a silky envelop of warmth
at loss for what to say, I embraced my Saviour King.

Anitah Muwanguzi

Love

like the mornin

you come

soft as a cloud

and live on long after the sun has tucked her wings

when the living have sworn off the mind

you, well you stay;

needing no invitation, you ride in effortlessly

embracing and breaking weak and strong

fire and ice

despair, and hope

self destruction, rebirth

swirls of rainbow, spirals of gloom

rose bleeds, thorn bushes

death, new life

I want to touch you:

having no flesh, that is illusion

so drown in your embrace, having no choosin

but soaring and drownin,

hope for new life, or die eternally but drenched in you

Anitah Muwanguzi

Love In Ten Lines

Love loves love's control

love's cares seduce sentiments

rejecting reason for love

love steals from you

love knows no loyalties

love a fated terminus

love gouges out vulnerabilities

love leaves you exposed

love is your lifeline

love lights way home

Anitah Muwanguzi

Make shift Walls

The beep goes off in my head

Somehow appearances are too deceiving

The pain written on their faces

I ignore, I don't want to look too close, look too deep.

I might never come out, if I sink too deep

Caring too much is sometimes destructive

Then I cannot be objective, so I tell myself

Then I cannot separate fanciful delusions from reality

So I barricade the walls a little bit more everyday

If I don't feel, then no harm done on any side

But all these calculations fall short always

Because there will always be relentlessness, determination

And sheer stubbornness, or stupidity, I say softly

Because most will say if something is worth fighting for, then let

it be

So there will be those who will beat at those walls until they

crack

And unfortunately there will be that one who will bring them

crumbling down

Without even trying, not fair, absolutely not fair

Anitah Muwanguzi

Melt

Skin soft as melting chocolate

Sweet, smooth soft, lingering long after the taste has ebbed

you've tasted lips mad with desire

that tender, sweet lusty flavour

Melts in your mouth, your desire insatiable

Wanting more, the longing holds your stomach in knots

Warm and fuzzy, the sensation tastes of nirvana delicacies

unforgettable visions of sunset

bathing in a sea of melting chocolate

elicit a ceaseless whet

Wrapped in the veins of your tongue

Beautiful careless whispers awaken long banked fires

Questing hands arouse hidden passions

Its smell is a promise of ceaseless sweetness

The brown shade

A reminder of more delightful promises

Anitah Muwanguzi

Mirror Image

Steeped deep, entrenched into your skin

Embedded in your skin

Written in your blood

Staring right back at you

Reflected in the mirror of your eyes

Mirror images

Success, victory, excellence

Strength, beauty, vanity

Hate, love, anger, forgiveness

Recklessness, selfcontrol

All timed, all a part of you

Two sides of the coin

Try a little harder to lean towards victory

It's just beneath the surface,

If you stare at your reflection

You will see strength in your gaze

Determination in your arms, palms, handsimages

That rear-view mirror tells you

You are on your way to where you are meant to be

That cannot be a bad thing I say

Where's your faith? I ask

I am looking at you

Look at you too

See what I see?

I see someone who has got all they need

To be the best, most exceptional creature

There's only one you

Look in the mirror, and look beyond the obvious

Obviously, the mirror being your reflection knows something you

don't see

You're going somewhere, just take that step forward

Anitah Muwanguzi

Mirror Mirror Front Page Of The Magazine

Mirrors forever hold their own mysteries

conspiring with light

birthing reflections

wreaking havoc in our vision

unleashing a sea of insecurities we'd rather live without

So with eyes closed, I trace the contours of my visage, memorizing every curve
and blemish

and falling in love all over again, with my invisible unblemished self

untraceable, undocumented and unmarred by public opinion

my mirror is the soul that never grows old, and is without wrinkle

the realest reality ever

and I feel safe, secure, and loved

Anitah Muwanguzi

Music In Me

Soft heavy drum beats

cut through your reverie-

seep into your consciousness- into your blood-

your skin is tingling with excitement-

soon your heart is beating in tune-

running too fast to keep up

The guitar strums caress you-

he strums you to perfection

the pianist- he plays you to abandon

He's got you right where he wants you-

pushing all the right buttons-

eyes closed, you're drowned in a million sensations

will usurped, you give up willingly-

defenses crumbled, an ashy heap on the floor.

The drumbeats are now louder than your heartbeat

louder than common sense, louder than self preservation

and together they seize your heartstrings.

You taste the molten melt of your resistance,
a crumpled heap of ashes blown away by the sound of the music,
And it won't stop, just goes on and on-

Like Vertigo, your thoughts are just thin misty invisible clouds-
intoxicated on sensation
a forceful heat oozing through your blood
red hot-
scarlet threads tangled-
reason just a memory-

And the smile playing on your lips is the taste of heaven

Anitah Muwanguzi

My Dreams

My dreams.

allies or foes?

try my might, fists pumped high, that they best me not

but worthy adversaries they remain

my dreams.....

they turn my insides to jelly as I rush forward to catch 'em lest they break

winding through me, thrilling me, breaking me, in the end, winding me up

phewx! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

occasionally we mesh ideas, and there's cause for celebration

sometimes they betray everything I hold dear by rejecting reason

'We dreams have to become reality, it is just within our nature' they insist

so I pursue often senseless pursuits to fill that void that looks only to please the soul

my dreams.....

A worthy cause I might add.

Anitah Muwanguzi

My Eyes

Truest beauty lingers therein

beckon with mystery enthralling

too telling but not

paint beauty where there's none

always an adventure every first sighting

living a million lives through their light

I trust them, they are mine

confuse me yet unbind me

save me, when my soul is too tired to see

hope lingers in my eyes

beauty, love, hope, salvation, damnation, deception

all my eyes beckon

Anitah Muwanguzi

My Heart

Let's go to the place-
where flowers don't wither and die but live forever
and when we ride the peak of sun-
our passions don't scorch us to extinction

let's make our home beyond the moon and stars
warm airsoft clouds our bed- devoid of thorns

You.

A light bulb that warms my blood till my skin is clamoring to be shed.

No.

the time is never quite enough with you.

I sought logic's counsel when I met you-

but logic deserted me upon diagnosis.

I forget every caution- my heart beats more than a little bit faster-

even my hands are not quite steady-

when you're near.

And yet-

this cannot be-

You cannot be -

And yet you are-

that restlessness that will not let me be-

that impossible endless sweet dream at all hours-

awake- asleep-

your hands-

paint a universe for you and I-

where time stops and starts again-

at the sight of you-

at the sound of your voice-

in the warmth of your embrace,
mutima gwangye.

Anitah Muwanguzi

My Heart Broke Loose On The Wind

every emotion, sensation, my very quintessence deserted me
I stood apart from myself
a breath, an extension of the air, just a thought:
transparent, non existent- a part of that blinding light
when I moved to touch my face- there was nothing
voices meshed with the wind- only echoes
even my shadow fled my presence

I could see nothing- darkness in light
but felt everything in that void that rushed to suck me in
my soul's heart was bared- ropes- and threads of scarlet
coherent thought was lost-
as I wondered if that crux still beat or was lost in that pale luminescent wind

Anitah Muwanguzi

My Heart Is Yours

A slap of white flashes of colour, swirls of scarlet red,
then the onslaught of darkness:
blurred visions of hope, the rope roped tight round my neck.

I saw him yesterday.
Smiling for all the world as though I am his world.
'I think you're a ten out of ten.'
The flavour of his words, so uniquely him floors me, and my eyes glow;
a cat's tongue wrapped in whipped cream.

The tender brush of the wind brings on a fantasy.
I have stared in the face of love, his;
dove deep into the wells of the boundless passion of his eyes when they glow
with intent.
His voice has soared me to undiscovered unearthly mines of ruby delusions of
completion.

I have tasted love on my tongue,
in these visions of sky light, and blue diamond kissed sunsets.
Soaked in sensual abandon,
I have soared beyond the eagles, wrapped in the promise of you.

I love all of you.

Sunday at the beach, watching the moon cast his light,
a little boy gave me a card marked J, with a beautiful image;
two people so in love laughing with abandon, and I thought of you.

I will be seeing you long after the desert of your desertion has burned to ashes,
my tongue dry, famished and bitter from no promises
but dripping with honey for your taste only.
Through the morning Bukoto- Wadegeya traffic Jam,
thoughts of you keep me sane.

When the mid morning sun excruciating in its onslaught suffocates me and steals
my breath,
your cold gaze is my refuge.
The engine dies and revs to life again;
in my being the tremors of you live on,

reminding me every day of what I have not been given a chance to have and to hold.

Through the thorns, briars, and white roses.

Just good ageless chemistry, magnetism its only formula.

It belies magical wands, spells, and rituals.

Girded, guarded by God, See? I am flying. You the wind in my sails

Anitah Muwanguzi

My Life For Hers

My frenzied blood waxed molten to ice,
heart melted to stone.
Fear was forgotten,
as her screams stirred the heavens-
and gouged self-preservation free of me.
I leapt to her aid,
and took the bullet to heart,
the roaring and pounding in my ears receding farther and farther,
till I found myself in a different place
looking down at my glowing tear-kissed face.
I sighed content,
because she cradled me at her breast-bone
Erasing the desert of her desertion

Anitah Muwanguzi

My Skin

I cannot tear at my skin

Though it should itch

I will not scratch

It might bleed, it might scar

But I will treasure my skin

It is beautiful, He made me beautiful

He will not approve if I tear at my skin in frustration

His word says I am fashioned in his image

He looks at me and says, there goes my most beautiful

His thoughts, his eyes trail my every move, every expression, every
desire, my every response, reaction, emotion

His Angels, they shadow me, I will not be harmed

Because when he looks at me, he says

There goes my everything

He owes me everything,

because he chooses to give me all he has, all he is,

He asks, '

What do you desire, even half my Kingdom,

let it be, I will give to you'

Every day, every hour, every second,

every moment, he is plotting for every good thing to be mine

Charting the paths ahead of me,

so my feet will not be bruised by stones

He says, touch not my beloved, my chosen one

So I will not tear at my beautiful skin,

For His grace is sufficient for me

Anitah Muwanguzi

My Thoughts Play Hide, I Seek

they hide, i seek

wrestle them to human form

they remain foams and mirages

sift them through my eyes

the tornado of them comes full-force

I am rocked to the core

I hold my head fast so it does not elude me too

these thoughts of mine

worlds of faces, wealths of words, threats to sanity

answers I seek, puzzles they grant me

sometimes they keep me company, sometimes they frighten me, sometimes they
break my heart, sometimes they lie to me

but fused as one, I cannot escape them, not even in my dreams

Anitah Muwanguzi

Mystical Forest

Daily I make my bed in this mystical forest,
with a diamond tear for a pillow,
on a ruby bed air-soft, I must be nestled between two cumulus clouds.
The grass under my feet is silky to the touch
In it I roll round and round till my head is spinning,
and time has stopped to the rhythm of my heartbeat.

My friends in this mystical forest are right where they should be.
Giant golden birds sway to music from my lips.
Today I saw a sapphire phoenix standing on two feet.
Here the sun won't stop shining,
and the Ancient of days has a crown for everyone,
living creatures-thousands and ten thousands- a choir sings
and their voices paint endless rows of rainbows.

Anitah Muwanguzi

Name Your Price

Options: Options

Left: Right

Bad: Good

The end justifies the means

I had no choice

Sentiments often echoed by many

Survival for the fittest

As long as I hurt nobody

Sentiments echoed by many

As long I am the sacrifice

Scales are rarely truly balanced, even when they seem so

Today is gone as soon as it is here

There are days when it is just you

Behind closed doors

You're put on a pedestal

Your conscience, your needs, your life

How far ahead do you look

When another seeks to devalue you?

Name your price:

Does your value fall only in the eyes of the current beholder?

What happens after you leave?

Can you live with yourself?

If you claim the end justifies the means?

What happens if the end means your end?

Name your price, keeping in mind, you have no price tag

And your value is beyond human weighing scales

Name your price

Knowing somebody else in your life, might be the one paying that price

Name your price: : : : : ; ; ; : : : ; : : : ; ; :

Anitah Muwanguzi

'Nobody Singing To Me'

Resuscitation won't work,

the postmortem report rejects my existence

identity a point of contest

the elixir of life denied me

the maze that is my thoughts eludes me at every turn

fumbling through blind alleys has me panting like a dog

and here I remain trapped searching the heavens for the meaning of life

Anitah Muwanguzi

Nostalgia

I am not alone

nostalgia dogs my every step

remnants of raindrops long blown dry

dust coats my favorite chair

crying and smiling without provocation

I swat at imaginary disturbances

Constantly roused from dreamless sleep

frantically gnawing and pawing at my bedroom floor

'Oh nostalgia hounds me'

sighing at imaginary friends' recollections

gawking after long strangers' backs

Waving at my reflection, caressing my own lips

fond memory dogs my every thought

refuses to be cast aside

the honey of nostalgia drips from my drunken lips

savored and absorbed for safe keeping

Anitah Muwanguzi

Oblivion

I pen this

As stars are waxing to oblivion, consumed by moon's candor
Even as the sun's fury has the mists fading to steam
and blackest night tucks his victories in breastplate

light has fled the sight of the mortal
confusion holds reason's reigns in a firm grip
mouths work to form a scream that never quite makes it
vision haunted by sulfur and brimstone
stones gathered with invisible hand hurl themselves at the last remnants of
human foam
and a stillness beyond death steals over the land

I pen this

Even as the flesh that composed the heart is ground beneath the soles of
cunning and ambition
When clarity has been locked behind a million padlocks of self-indulgence
And freedom is an illusion best forgotten with folklore
Even as legends of love are cold ashes fading from bitter tongues

I pen this

When the icebox that shields my heart is now a glacial cruel mirror
A reminder of the impossible
A memoir of bridges burned along the way
And desperation for solitude reeks from my every breath.

Anitah Muwanguzi

P.I.E.C.E.S

Scattered across the universe

Blown by the wind

Pieces of you

I see your eyes in the eyes of a stranger

This bellies time and distance

Echoes of your voice ring and bounce right back

I chuckle because it is crazy

You keep sending me pieces of you

Whether or not you mean to

When the sky is dark

and I see the twinkle of city lights across the expanse

I think that we have both stood here before

With twin expressions

Afraid to speak our thoughts

It might be too soon, but kindred spirits we are

I hear a song, and I know you will love it

Because I love it and you would love it because we both do

Your laughing eyes are engraved in my vision

Your smile brightens up every day

But in my dreams, you're always leaving.....

Anitah Muwanguzi

Pieces Ascatter

Destiny's mocking brows shot up

when I called on her

fate smiled this rueful mischievous little frown

I demanded they speak plainly

they shrugged unconcerned

'dejavu, dreams lie' destiny said

sparks, chemistry, unspoken understanding

fate said just a figment of my imagination

love and impatience closest pals she said

deep wrenching sadnesses, delusions of grandeur of happily ever after

all in the mind, she too mocked

destiny offered an olive branch

'close up you said', I inquired

'still my beating heart, close my eyes seconds before the picture forms'

'yes' she finished on a breath

Anitah Muwanguzi

Possibilities

So many possibilities.....

So many little possibilities.....

All these possibilities.....

There's too much to lose to be wrong.....

Are we both open to.....

All these possibilities.....

Right in front of us.....

Written in the stars.....

Don't let me in if you're not there

So baby please play me fair.....

All these possibilities

Close enough to touch

All these possibilities

And I can't help but believe that possibly there's endless possibility

Don't say it doesn't fit before you try it on

Just endless possibilities.....

I can't help but notice that this is not just the usual ordinary crush

Don't break my heart before I give it to you

Don't tell me no before I ask you to

And it feels like there's something real here

But I wanna see it before it disappears

So many little possibilities

Right in front of us

When you move in close I can feel the rush

Endless possibilities.....

Anitah Muwanguzi

Quietly... 'not Quite Yet'

Ended as quickly as it'd began

'Not quite yet.' quietly like falling dew

'Don't leave quite yet.' the thickening smoke, stark white, chocking.

'No I don't need saving. Let's fall together, die and come back to life as one.'

'No I don't know I can survive this. Here. You.'

Palm to palm, nose to nose, foreheads touch. Breaths mingle, fate, destiny scatter washing hands free of us.

'And if I saved my heart for you, would I ever have your love? '

'Love is such a fragile gift when it's someone you feel magic with. Wouldn't you say? '

'Who are we fooling? Together we are one, but apart..... tell me you feel it too'

My mind awash with the unfurling doubts, inevitabilities. I hang on too tightly.

Fleeting wonder, is it scarlet in the day? Even if it is real, does he want it as badly as by.

His eyes, gone for a moment tell all. There you go, as though never here. Mind conjecture perhaps?

Anitah Muwanguzi

Regrets I Won't Entertain

Starts with I am sorry I could never love you

Resentment shimmering just beneath the veneer

your eyes will not meet

One of you is still in love, or trying to convince himself he is

One of you can't wait to get to her lover

Sparks fly,

you cannot stand to be in the same room at the same time.

Your little girl is tugging at your elaborate dress,

your tailored trousers

your son is itching to share his latest discovery

But you stare through your son, daughter,

for you they don't exist-

just a reminder of your many faults,

a reminder that you are living a lie

Staring daggers at each other,

The air between you too thick,

the fabric of your relationship too thin, too frail

On the edge of snapping

The hurt, hate, disappointment, loneliness, and regrets
nag constantly, neither of you recognize the other
Strangers trapped by your choices, by cruel fate
So I remember the song, Luther Vandross
'I would rather have bad times with you, than good time with someone else'

Why spend the rest of your life wishing for another
and destroying both of you while at it?

Regrets I refuse to entertain,

So I tread with my conscience, my heart on my sleeve,
and pray that when that choice is made,
neither me, nor you, or our children to come
will have to see us tear the skin off each other
so that our children will not see us destroy their dream for love,
beauty, and security

So that we agree to disagree

And teach them to have respect for them,

for others, to be grateful for love, life

For God above all things has made all things beautiful.

So when your eyes are too frail to see,

in those wrinkles I will see how hard you have smiled with me,

cried with me

And our children and their children, and their children's children

will have a legacy unrivaled.

Anitah Muwanguzi

Remember December

remember December?

sunset mooning over moon?

lonely leaves parting with tender loins for warmth from chilly dusky skies?

light basking under concealment from prying eyes?

blind visions hounding prime willys?

Anitah Muwanguzi

Remember When

Somehow I find it hard to remember when for as I write this, I write for the future, and I write what I will remember when.

Right here, right now, the future seems uncertain, but the heart holds true, and dear to all that she hopes for.

Faith; sometimes I have underestimated the power of it, but as I write this, I hold great faith in so much and so many things.

You have no idea of course but here is what I plan to remember.

The good and the bad, the tears and the hugs, the fights, knowing I have not done damage to the heart I hold dear because the memories pile up and when held so dear are impossible to erase.

So now we are walking hand in hand, the sky is overcast, and there's no forecast that we know of, so it is entirely up to us.

We have made a choice to fly knowing each of us holds one wing, so we have promised to keep them safe, and to never tire of cheering us on.

I am your strength and you are mine.

So I need you to remember the smiles, the strolls the hugs and the kisses the longing in each other's eyes.

I want you to remember when I twisted my ankle and you stopped, let me lean on your shoulder so you could keep me safe.

Remember that meeting you was somehow a beautiful surprise,

remember that it was faith and love that brought us together,

remember we wanted us to work out so hard, we fought to make sure we did, remember that we believed so hard we moved heaven to make us fated.

When you think of giving up on us, remember we were both a miracle and hard work, so fight with me, and don't say goodbye, remember the tears of gladness,

remember the truth was always for us to embrace, that we held all the cards, and that nothing anybody did or said was going to make any difference, remember that we pledged to leave no stone unturned.

Remember I was young so in love, and so were you, so nothing and no one mattered, keep in mind everything was what we made it, remember we defied the odds then, so why not now?

To us everything was a sign. and nothing was too hard or too much as long as we were together, remember that I lived for the next time I saw you, and so did you.

Remember the nights apart, never knowing what we were missing, when everyday was to love anew- remember the tears of gladness when your victory was mine, when your heartache was mine too, when nothing else but we mattered, when everything we did was for us to be better each day, remember the plans we made, we promised never to be sad apart but to share all, remember that I lived to shield you and you lived to shield us both knowing there was so much we did not know but we were ready to take on all, defend our territory.

You inspired me I inspired you and together we were immovable.

Heaven smiled every time we gave thanks to God because ours was a life blessed and molded in the creator's heart to hold true for always.

So when you gaze into those eyes, when the sun is setting, look back on our glory days look back to the time when the sun was so high in the sky it kept our blood pumping so high we could hear it in our ears,

remember we laughed so hard our chests ached remember that every obstacle was a chance to prove how much we loved,

remember that we pledged to hold true and to defend, never caring whether we were right or wrong as long as it felt right,

remember that we vowed nothing would be too complicated, we were never to be too complicated for each other,

remember we pledged our love everyday, remember we claimed a thousand lifetimes with each other

remember when- remember when we fought and then stared at each other with so much love, you held out your hand, I wanted to stay mad at you but you made it impossible for me to stay mad,

remember, we will not be sad but glad for all things

remember never to stop fighting for us, remember when remember when

remember when I saw you and knew at last..... at last and my heart was glad, and that day I vowed in my heart to move heaven and earth for us to be.

So when I forget and break your heart and tell you you are not worth it, remind me that you are worth every tear, every heart break, every sleepless night- every dream and that you are everything to me;

don't let me forget that, remember, remember, we shall walk the walk together. living and learning through the curves, never daunted by hardship.

Let's both remember that coming together means we will fall apart sometimes but always back together

remember our love shall be retold to all our generations because we have believed- believe- and will always believe, dancing heart to heart finding strength in each other's heart beat,

remember that for us there shall be no goodbye, yes we shall break but together we will mend, remember, always remember always to hold dear, remember always remember when.....

Anitah Muwanguzi

Rememberdecember

remember December?

sunset mooning over moon?

lonely leaves parting with tender loins for warmth from chilly dusky skies?

light basking under concealment from prying eyes?

blind visions hounding prime willys?

November danced too soon too close;

December never stood a chance.

flakes of frozen sky paid tribute to burnished earth,

thresher opened threshold to herald the days back then,

fusing unfated lovers in the gloom that awakened,

back then all that mattered was heatwave fusion with wintry nights.

of all the things I still remember September,

too much for sooo little.

played cards tucked in breast bone but still

exposure left only rawness

immune to sunny skies, romantic moons, careless whispers and jazz seductions

my mist, my joy, in rejection, confusion Confucius would admire

December embraced the dark, the savior's birth unnoticed

Remember me, when December flaps his lover's brows, jaws snapped tight with malice

Anitah Muwanguzi

Riding A Distant Wave

I made the choice not to store my heart with you,
growing musty and moldy in your keep.

I made the choice never to invest my thoughts in you.

You. So fickle and flighty

with fake diamonds for eyes

roving over every female with appreciation

falling in love as often as you blink

I paid homage to my heart,

when I exorcised myself of any tethers to you

and the tremors, and quivers and shudders and splinters and- and

and earthquakes of my love

and my heart the writing on my sleeve

Still I made the simple choice not to love you

not to invest my soul, my being, my virtue, my heart in you

I make that choice everyday in spite of you

In spite of me.

Anitah Muwanguzi

'Rise Again Like A Skyscraper'

You're not good enough' You don't have what it takes.'

Look at you, you inspire nothing;

not love, not compassion, not even pity

You're unnoticeable,

because even physically you inspire no response

So you are only to be ignored,

kicked underfoot and crushed like lice

So you stand around and take all that BS

and you mistake meekness and fear for strength

You let them break you

So you believe everything you're told,

and never take the time to

find out for yourself

You figure, they can be your mirror,

and you can believe that whoever made you

Solely designed you for abuse, disdain, rejection, failure and loss

Well I don't understand that

You figure when HE made you'

took a step back and said you are beautiful

HE was merely bluffing?

Well look again, and look again,

Gold, Diamonds, Silver, Rubies, all the precious stones you can

think of

Have been carved from the rough, from dust, from dirt,

That is why beauty stems from the inside

The outside is only a shell for the true divinity that you are

So why believe all of them, and yet not one of them can make one

hair on your head, or on theirs?

On whose authority do they belittle you?

Mistakes and all, if you are still here, then you are still gold,

diamond, silver, ruby, emeralds, sapphires, and you are HIS own

royalty.

So get up, rise again because you are destined for so much more.

Anitah Muwanguzi

Running

the maze's ceaseless amazements

spirals of misty woolen blinds

the web of spiders tightening their grip

the mind a foggy wire mesh

run, run, run, run

backward glances only manage to confound

lot's wife didn't make it out alive

look ahead with Joshua's faith, then maybe your praise will crumble walls

run, run, run, run

your heart demands it.

the blackness blinding tangible swells of pride

those fingers of dread and doubt grab hold

but the blinding light just beneath the surface that you should imprint in your
blood

so your soul be the broken record of a wrenching rendition of hope

Anitah Muwanguzi

Sad Violist Meets Sad Violin

(Sad violin plays) The sound of keys falling is heard

Sad violin plays on

Shadows play on the wall, reflected off the forgotten muted TV
screen

The violist plays on, too lost to care, as the first tear falls

The wailing violin an extension of herself

The medley of violist and violin carries on into the night, endless

'I stare at my reflection in the mirror, why am I doing this to myself?

Seeing is deceiving.....

There it goes up in the sky, forgotten for no reason why

I can't cry hard enough'

Light plays across the living room, reflections bouncing off each
other

The piano joins the wailing violin

They both meld with a vengeance, dripping with painful eternal
promise

Promises of broken beauty and hope

Hello world, have I been dead all this time?

Why do I feel cold as steel?

The cold fingers of dread wrapped around my soul squeeze the life
out of me

I fall on my knees

The dream was there, but I forgot what living was

I left life at my front door every morn

Sad violin plays, and the miracle is peeking, just waiting

But Violist and violin are trapped, sinking deeper and deeper into
a bottomless pit of oblivion

Fear and tears blur vision, instinct only a memory

It is morning, and as the remnants of dew fade, the petals are
parted by invisible hand

She remains immobile, the sighs of the violin have long faded,

The silence echoes, so trapped is she, she won't hear, won't feel
the gun shot when fired

Oblivious to the blood oozing from her chest, vision impaired she
gropes about in the darkness

Relief from the pain is an intrusion, she'd rather go on hurting
because now that is more comfortable

'Better than nothing' voice fading she whispers weakly

But the miracle lingers, waiting only to be acknowledged

And the voice whispers, so strongly, ' I just thought you should

know, I never left. I have always been here.

Here, (he holds out his hand) let me help you up

Anitah Muwanguzi

Sardonic, Dry, Wry

lips long parched by unfulfilled promise

the glistening droplets of his gaze whet her appetite

arousing veins long dead wrung dry by reading between the lines

long drenched in the drought wrought by common sense

nope, definitely not bullet proof

sardonic, wry, dry

warmth lost in translation

strands woven day after day, across bodies fattened with too much self importance and convention

empty glasses strewn across thirsty sky, starched into her veiled head

genuine warmth still racing head to head with time

Anitah Muwanguzi

Say Hello To Goodbye

The light in your eyes is dimmer than I remember it

Your chin is drooping

You snap without provocation

You're jumping at shadows

You hate to hear words like love, happiness

You scoff at any sentimental professions of affection

You're forever brooding

You're nursing countless glasses of whiskey

Nothing makes you happy

You're constantly talking to yourself

You sleep while awake

You're tossing and turning in your sleep

You are discontent with your lot in life

Because you're ready for goodbye.

Walk on, move on.

Anitah Muwanguzi

Seamless Shades

malicious to the core, impatient to the letter e,

he's no respect of persons: neither 'His holiness nor His excellency'

he's coated in seamless shades of no color

riding with the wind, falling with every season

he graces with youth, but embraces us with age

never sittin still, he's loyal to none

he steals upon us

the wristwatch only a momento

he will not sit still, but revolve with every spell

knowing him I beg you

do not rouse my affections to hang onto what has been

neither should you stir desire for what has not been

tell not then of the shadows' best kept secrets

but teach me how to defy time

Anitah Muwanguzi

Set Fire To The Rain

I set fire to the rain, watch it burn,

Crawling my way through the pain

Clawing the ground where you walked

desperately trying to erase every trace of you, wherever we walked

Every memory, so I pluck at my hair,

Cause as much physical damage, at least for a while the pain will be only be physical

So for a while I won't think of you

Knees tucked into my chest, I am rocking back and forth

When that is no longer working, I get up, and pace to and fro

Now my floor is cracked, my wall paint gone

I am leaving destruction in my wake

Because silly me, I let me fall for you

See you never gave me a choice

One look into those eyes, and I was lost forever

Now I have burned all your pictures,

But pictures of you remain, when I sleep I dream of you, when I am

awake, my imagination is running wild

Down memory lane, every part of me is clamoring for you

I am imagining she is waiting for you

And yet I can't help myself, I am looking for you

My heart is screaming for you

So I run to you beg you to remember me

Beg you to undo this damage you have caused

You stand, unmoved, your eyes shuttered cold slits of ice

I am on the other side, my arms cold and empty

My heart bleeding needlessly endlessly, watching my lifeline snatched away

Cruel fate doesn't care

This side of you, I never knew

I want to touch your face, so old and familiar, my lifetime dreams

hidden there

But that is now forbidden me

I turn away, and run, run as fast and far as I can

Dive into a lake of ice, oblivion I crave desperately

Right now, I'd do anything to not think

You brought me back to life

And took the life away

Anitah Muwanguzi

Shotgun Of Passion

Hunched, I stared at the dark faced moon, gripping my chest
fury bubbled and throbbed beneath my breastbone braced for combat
slivers of light cascaded over me, bathing me in complete obscurity
drawing and fetching my mind free of me
I saw it seep into the ground, my senses on leave

Teeth bared I moved to strike you
but embraced you instead, drugged by your being
entranced, I heralded my cue to draw one more breath
but dawn crashed into me
and the moon faded into obscurity
my soul a scarlet red thread in hot pursuit
pleased at the prospect of eternal bondage

Anitah Muwanguzi

Silence

Heaven is silent

the rush of poetry stemmed

love keeps moving along

in circular motions bending and breaking,

back turned to me

never taking a straight line

burning bridges with your touch

wrecking havoc on wretched heart

Love the reason miracles never die

even after you danced away with my heart

and took the sun, moon, and life with you

guess I wanted you more

no, there were no kisses shared

so much bottled up, sealed with an immortal hand

Turns out the tailor made you for me,

but the package made it home to somebody else

love has everything to do with it

flying where he will, as free-spirited as the wind

Anitah Muwanguzi

Silence In Sound

Through puffed up cheeks she exhales-

the thudding

reverberates-

tremors that linger millenia after the earthquake has passed-

then the lilt, and tilt- upside

down

she hits bottom, stares at the length of him, then down

then a burning starts, a buzz blowing her deaf

her minds eye locks on the tender parting of dry leaves caressed by a sunny breeze

Anitah Muwanguzi

Skin Deep

Skin deep, it runs:

The strongest magnet

Defies distance, defies reality, defies hearsay, defies convention,
defies time, and defies everybody in between

Your thoughts rush through my thoughts

And somehow I know you are thinking of me as I am of you

This magnet embedded in my veins is the air I breath

This magnet is you

Skin deep,

visions of you haunt my eyes,

your image an everlasting reality

When I am awake,

When I sleep,

I know you'll be there waiting in my dreams

The illusion that is you is my most beautiful reality

If I lived on just memories of you, I'd be forever content

The ground where you walked is a comfort
because somehow I feel closer walking there

I soak in the memory of your eyes when they looked at me
Of your smile, and the magnet holds me captive

I have no desire to escape

You so incomparable,

I'd rather have memories of you, more
beautiful than any reality

I am content, and at home, wherever you are
As long as you're there, wherever you are,

happy, content, I am too

Skin deep.

Anitah Muwanguzi

'So I Am Cinderella'

Head in the clouds, my heart is bursting with so much

Beautiful emotions all around, sparks fly

My eyes, they are shooting stars

My cheeks blooming with love, promises,

I bury my head in a mixture of roses, daisies, lilacs, jasmine,

And the heavenly scent brings me to my knees.

I just can't keep still, if I had wings

Would fly to you right now

There's so much to share after all

It's a sea of people, they come and they go, but

I don't notice, my heart, my mind, my soul, and my body

Tethered to you, your memory, all you are just calls out to me

The pain is worth it, so I say to myself

And if it is Valentines and you're not here

I will remain Cinderella, your Cinderella

And I will dress up, and I will dance, and I will be happy

If you don't notice, if you don't miss me, it's your loss

I won't let my heart be broken,

I know something you don't

We are made for each other

However far you go, you will return

Your place is here with me,

So I will save all the places where I am for you

I will save the first and last dance for you

And for you I will take my last flight out.

So I am Cinderella, and this is a dream

But it is my dream.

You're the missing shoe,

The missing piece to the puzzle

Anitah Muwanguzi

So, I Let My Words Be Few

My words are few, my tongue tangled in the thorns of my inhibitions

my vision is blurred, His glory blinds me, through his eyes I see

mind stuck, I am reaching for the helm of His garment

my life at it's end, I rip my heart out and take His

He wears a crown of thorns, every drop of blood my salvation

Hush, He speaks.

His proclamation of love renewed with every fresh breath

His eyes alight fixed on me

My father: his grace is remarkable, his strength impenetrable, his love unending

Never met any more deserving all of me. I pale in comparison because there's none.

He has proclaimed himself my lifeline, I fear nothing

He's living proof of all that is perfect

No greater promise than to see him one day and embrace all of that heaven forever.

Anitah Muwanguzi

Spasms

A slap of white flashes of colour, swirls of scarlet red, then the onslaught of darkness: blurred visions of hope, the rope roped tight round my neck.

I saw him yesterday. Smiling for all the world as though I am his world. 'I think you're a ten out of ten.' The flavour of his words, so uniquely him floors me, and my eyes glow; a cat's tongue wrapped in whipped cream.

The tender brush of the wind brings on a fantasy. I have stared in the face of love, his; dove deep into the wells of the boundless passion of his eyes when they glow with intent. His voice has soared me to undiscovered unearthly mines of ruby delusions of completion.

I have tasted love on my tongue, in these visions of sky light, and blue diamond kissed sunsets.

Soaked in sensual abandon, I have soared beyond the eagles, wrapped in the promise of you.

I love all of you.

Sunday at the beach, watching the moon cast his light, a little boy gave me a card marked J, with a beautiful image; two people so in love laughing with abandon, and I thought of you.

I will be seeing you long after the desert of your desertion has burned to ashes, my tongue dry, famished and bitter from no promises but dripping with honey for your taste only.

Through the morning Bukoto- Wadegeya traffic Jam, thoughts of you keep me sane.

When the mid morning sun excruciating in its onslaught suffocates me and steals my breath, your cold gaze is my refuge.

The engine dies and revs to life again; in my being the tremors of you live on, reminding me everyday of what I have not been given a chance to have and to hold.

Through the thorns, briars, and white roses.

Just good ageless chemistry, magnetism its only formula.

It belies magical wands, spells, and rituals.

Anitah Muwanguzi

Spirals, Back And Forth, Back And Forth

upward spirals inspire

mists convince

feelings obscure

the other day saw you

it was the 11th of the 8th of the 15th

blurs marked the already blurred vision

thoughts of delights merely aggravating

whirlpools of dark extracts from past lives

Jeez the banners, urge me to wake up

I say don't waste your time

hope at war with despair

somehow the compromise is there somewhere in the fray of frayed marvels

expressions we watch no more, what's the point

the jumble is welcome

this this thing that manages to stand even when unwanted and somehow like a suitcase you never lose keeps running you into the ground

small, big, the sizes war, but neither is winner, neither is loser

the writing on the wall is disagreeable, not one bit favorable

if you read confusion that is what this is all about

Anitah Muwanguzi

Stay Gone

Stay gone! Love, Honey, Treasures

Stay gone!

warm fuzzy rush of ocean sensations

Stay gone!

twinkle twinkle little stars

Stars that glow in the darkness of banked fires

Stay gone!

teasing delights of seduction

Stay gone!

Love, honey, treasures, baby stay gone.

Anitah Muwanguzi

Storm

Grief bold and furious
Sand filled eyes
metal chained legs
hurricane emotions
balls of fury
stomach sheathed in red strokes of flame

Feet bound in band aids of broken glass washed with salt

grief bold and beautiful

grief bold and furious
storms rowdy and reckless
embrace deceptive bold hues of scarlet rays of sun

Grief bold and furious
discontinued disconnected hopes and dreams

Anitah Muwanguzi

Sunday Sadness

Cry if you need to

Tear your clothes apart if need be

Scream, shout, belt it all out

Frustration is bad for your soul

I remember the warm sun in your smile once before

You had a kind word for everybody

Your company was sought by every joy loving person

And you were never too busy for anybody

You lived to bring joy

But now you wear sadness for a mask

Your cloak is burning sulfur

The smoke coming off you in spades

Can be smelt miles away

Your fury has bitten your most cherished friends

And like a volcano on the verge of eruption

You are smoking hot

Now your heart is breaking

Because every heart you break, breaks yours twice more

Cry if you need to

But discard that cloak of sadness

Anitah Muwanguzi

Sunsets Are Beautiful

Sunsets are beautiful

they signal the end, but herald the beginning of all that is

beautiful

Wounded hearts sometimes close out all the beauty of a sunrise

Emotions rioting

The sunset often has dark shades to it

But the eye is riveted to the dark

Fear makes the feet immobile

And the beauty is suffocated by the dark within, and the dark on

the outside

The signs are there, say goodbye to all that used to be

Open your heart to the dawn

Prepare for the planting

Set your heart on greater things

Take my hand and let's crawl back to love

Crawl back to life, just like a phoenix.

Anitah Muwanguzi

Tethers

Tethers, tremors, they rush through me

The web woven is getting tighter, stronger

The bars seem to be getting bigger

Or am I seeing things?

Broken glass is stuck in my feet

Motion is impossible

Emotions block my progress

Guts ripped out of me

lie at my feet staring back at me

and the smoke from my scorched heart

stares back at me daring me

daring me to do something

'Why won't you move, why won't you heal? '

I block my ears with both hands

I don't want to hear a thing

I have heard it all before

aren't I the most rational and logical person I know?

so I know what's best for me

but the damage here seems irreparable

so we remain locked in a battle of wills

Lost wills.

When all is said and done

we stare at the maker and ask him to put us back together

From the divine, right back to the divine

Anitah Muwanguzi

The City Asleep

The sun is astir,

The waves awake,

The rush of ocean deafening,

Birds' plotting heads bound together;

The ants, they are stocking up for the drought.

The shadows' tails grow longer by the second,

The clouds are rolling in fast, their arsenal tucked in tight.

Lightning and thunder mar the dark expanse,

But the city remains asleep, shrouded in blissful ignorance.

The dark spirits shed their skin,

leaving dark illusions and nightmares in their wake

the keeper of night keeps a watchful hold,

the shadows grab hold of the mind of the sleeper, planting seeds of vengeance

Watering empty longings, making scarlet beds

the furnace is heating, greedy to be sated

but the city remains asleep, alive, but dead

the sun makes her descent, her back turned on her unmarked ascent.

Anitah Muwanguzi

The Love I Meant To Say

Thunder, the sound of it

lightning, the vision of you

collision with the sun

the explosion of rainbows

spilling blood

giving all of me

that is the love I meant to say

You.

Anitah Muwanguzi

The Love Of Love

The love of love for the love of music

Strand after strand, uncoiling matted coils of resentment

Rays of sun touch darkened moors of heart

Undulating reflexes of recognition

There's static, souls clamouring for each other

Now stated, they move in tune, hearbeats racing one after the other

Dancing to the sound of music.

The music is not there

Anitah Muwanguzi

The Motions

We had the blues, heard their chant. They enchanted
the screaming taillights, and the break lights so harsh in their glare
What a lovely surprise! The dawn
the sun's burnished gold brilliance came shocking and bruising
the fusion of red
no need for arithmetic here
my head explodes with the aftermaths
Being as it is, I heed no warnings in preference for my blindside
Much more fun that way
Anitah Muwanguzi

The Painting

Slim. Long. Tender fingers skim the surface,

the caress sure, a lover's touch

trembling palms bring the portrait close

her lips touch his.

The edges worn,

the hands that hold the portrait treasure it as though it were made

this day

even with eyes closed, even when struck blind,

this portrait she recognizes-

every curve, every blemish, every contrast, etched deep in her

heart, her soul

His slow, steady walk, the thoughtful light in his eyes,

his smile that sparkled, and burned like the sun in mid afternoon

melting her heart to stone

sinking into the worn floor, she crushes his memory in an

overpowering embrace

keep him close as she can

He, gone with the moody seasons.

She has held him this close through a thousand lives,
cherished him in dreams sweeter than ice cream,
trembled at the memory of his gentleness, his being-
him being her eyes, ears, hands, and feet
the world through his eyes

He loved, she loved.

he cried, kissed his tears away

together they laughed and found communion

From the divine, theirs was a love gifted from the heart of the
divine.

The Portrait she holds crushed into her skin

Alive, or dead,

Near, Far

The center of all her being

Anitah Muwanguzi

The Poem

Unravel these stubborn mysteries yet unraveled

delve into the veins that pump our life force

help me face these faceless days

the onswitch of that light bulb long buried in my mind

the color of life, giving meaning to the meaningless

the taste of melted chocolate, the rush of good smelling coffee

the solution to a lifetime of questions

Anitah Muwanguzi

The Unfolding

turn the pages, braced for the aftermath of every aftermath

the leaves of amendment they beckon

layers of stratum of mystery

night falls, but soon is awakened by the kiss of dawn

waxing molten is fore knowledge

assailed by inexperience

the maze holds its own keys

and the keyhole is shaded by identity

desperate to be found but flailing lost in the fray

the future

Anitah Muwanguzi

These Thoughts Of Mine

just now, they elude me

they hide, i seek

wrestle them to human form

they remain foams and mirages

sift them through my eyes

the tornado of them comes full-force

I am rocked to the core

I hold my head fast so it does not elude me too

these thoughts of mine

worlds of faces, wealths of words, threats to sanity

answers I seek, puzzles they grant me

sometimes they keep me company, sometimes they frighten me,

sometimes they break my heart, sometimes they lie to me

but fused as one, I cannot escape them, not even in my dreams

Anitah Muwanguzi

Time

time on your side?

time and loyalty not in the same breath

I am 'ften told waits for no one

ambles through self, occasionally too busy being time to notice those not favored
by ever graceful gracious time

fortune favors the prudent, who's prudent?

try, but steps falter even for the most confident,

time simply smiles angling for more swift motions, no emotions

'catch me if you can', whispers with the wind

fates, destinies, magic, sheer determination, defies their sometimes kind heart

or maybe simply denies our existence

stomping over whoever disagrees

describes dictators, outlives life

paints landscapes with perfect brushes of beauty, the mark of experience

falter time will not

I hear people say 'where did the time go

my, how time flies

time will catch up with you never you catching up with time

so I will say no more time seems to be running a tight ship

Anitah Muwanguzi

Time And Time Again

Faceless creature this one, bows to none,
ranting, cursing, howling, despair, they will move not
the fingers of time will move as they will,
there can be no reruns
we cannot mold them to our will
no repeats
no playin catch up with yesterday
we cannot retrace our steps
for the sands of time have long erased their mark
overrun by a thousand other footsteps
I hear moaning, the leaves disturbed by their intimacy with the winds of change
they'd rather stay green, but the seasons will not bend to their will
I sense smoke as cloud walls clash, their fire released
my skin feels the chilly tingles from a brush with the rain
time, and time again.

Anitah Muwanguzi

Tongue Twisted

my two- faced tongue rammed a fist in my gut today

got away from me and I never stood a chance

somehow what I meant to say didn't quite make the cut

my eyes huge bulges hang outside their sockets

I am carefully paraphrasing and retracing my steps to no avail

now mired in the dark bog of my tongue admissions

I have only to apologize and hope it is enough

Anitah Muwanguzi

Traitorous Thoughts

While at war with my traitorous mind,
chastising my thoughts for venturing where I would rather not,
and doing this back and block dance;
throwing this wool cloth
over those confines of mind whose counsel I reject,
I am slapped by the beauty about me
that I so often absently brush off like the pester fly,
and rushed by the wind,

I close my eyes,
simply inhale the brush
touch of cool crisp wet and dry wind,
while embracing the delights my eyes devours.

Kampala is a beautiful place I gotta admit,
all those lengthy greens,
warm blooded and well meaning people
so often plunged down
into the chains of questioning their humanity

clashing with need and poverty.

So traitorous thoughts,

whisper once more to me

those sweet nothings that remind me

of how much I should be thankful for,

but this day reject what is not right

because that is a conversation

we have had more times than I can count.

Anitah Muwanguzi

Treasure Trove In Doves

treasure trove, spill in doves

those doves you love

dive into doves' cove cleansed of the stain of love's taint

trust rust's imprint

the smiles of its burnished brilliance only beneath,

shields shroud hope's hopes

live relived moments of desperation

snipers snipe away future plans

yesterday remains yesterday's treasure trove

robbers disrobe only to robe

doves' covens soar with the light

beckoning you to will to their will

everybody craves salvation

hiss the kiss burns

shimmering shivers cascade you to damnation

surrender you whimper

sated, bronzed whipped cream has you frenzied to neverland

Anitah Muwanguzi

Two Of Us

the music plays

Right now there's you, and there's me

You take a step forward, take two back, unsure

I rush two strides in your direction

You take four steps backwards

The music plays

There's the two of us

Palm to palm

Heart to heart

Our hearts beat as one

Matching our steps to the music

Anitah Muwanguzi

'Velvet Embrace'

Inscribed on the palm of his hands

I rest my head on his shoulder

His eyes forever watching me, he watches over me

He holds the universe,

I am His beloved and He is mine.

My heart is chasing after his, desperately everyday

His heart holds mine, forever true

When I fall He is always there, never failing

To make sure my feet are not crushed by stones

He makes sure trouble neglects me

His Angels shadow me

His eyes are everywhere, he watches missing nothing

Life began with Him and Life will not end for He is never ending

Jesus the first and the last.

Anitah Muwanguzi

Visions

I happened upon him

A consequence, an unexpected unwanted surprise

I stole upon him once upon a morn

Tall, dark, handsome, the entire cliché package

I know, I know

Twinkling lights for eyes

Stars more like a better description

The revelations, the visions, and prophecies

Hahahahhahhah

the mock of him! the mock of me!

the sod plodding senselessness of it all

I pumped my fists and threatened fate

'shoo! shoo! stay away! '

fate stayed away, so did he.

I happened upon him

And saw our children with his eyes

Saw us grown old together

I happened upon him

But missed him by a couple seconds

He never got to see me, not really.

Anitah Muwanguzi

'Walk Me, Won't You? '

east to west we tread

hand in hand, fingertip to tip

eyeball to eye

all is fair in love, moving so close we can touch

fingers dig into stingy waistline to form a fitting embrace

ordinary, extra extraordinary doesn't really matter

our hearts are an echo

jutting facial extracts make a beeline for talk

but a replica of the maker

'walk me won't you'

where you have been is forever a mystery

but where we go is entirely up to us

and the secrets shall mount, but forever shattering to reveal you and me

forever walking side by side

Anitah Muwanguzi

'Weeping Skies'

The trees are shaking in their boots
the dust knows it has to be swept away
the leaves are dropping effortlessly
the roofs of our houses are struggling to stay rooted,
and from far a way you can hear them wailing.

Little children grip their mothers' skirts
little boys sit wailing loudly, the storm imminent.

Him.

He has no one to worry about him, so crying would be futile.

Little boy of two, he sits abandoned in a courtyard, forgotten-
helpless.

his little feet cannot carry him fast enough, or far enough to
escape the storm

terror roots him, and his are brimming with a thousand seas,

He looks about him- left- right-down-up.

he sees no one, knows no one, and his world is turning upside down

his voice chokes in his throat.

Nature cannot be tamed, save by her maker

somehow the little boy knows that, and will not try, so he sits

on his butt,

and bravely stares the storm in the face, no longer afraid

His fate resigned,

his fate sealed.....

Anitah Muwanguzi

What Could Have Been.....

The walls are bare. 'Where's all the writing? '

Rooted in place, resolve unshakable, I stare at the empty crystal ball

Somebody is asking, 'Where's your life? '

'I am still waiting for it to happen'

I keep thinking I missed a few moments

I am still waiting for the clock to make it's rounds so that when he returns, he will find me right where he left me.

What could have been. Could it really have been, or am I hanging on to illusion plays of light on the wall?

Anitah Muwanguzi

Who Am I To Judge Really?

Who am I to judge these potbellied self-serving creatures?

he drools with disgust at himself, amazed at his daring

constantly changing football teams at whim

trading country for his stomach,

stomach so big steadily leaning to kiss hell's door

who am I to judge really?

more times my aging eyes have watched, my lips sealed with the kiss of
kickbacks

often chastised by my conscience, but I swat the persistent fly

stuffing my ears from the moans of the hungry and sick

sealing my eyes tight against the homeless and bereaved

I have done my duty to myself after all

so who am I to judge really?

These two-faced comrades of mine

who sell country for love of self and say for love of country

and we all say 'amen' 'oyee' cheering them on urging them to rob us even more?

I refuse to vote after all what difference will it make? I make excuses it's all I
can do

who am I to judge? 'nobody'

Anitah Muwanguzi

Winds Of Change

The color of the leaves is changing
no longer green, but leaning towards brown
the wind is blowing stronger than a hurricane
but the heat remains sizzling, hotter than ever.

Rain falls, but no longer crystal clear
it is a murky mockery to the fresh that it used to be.

Time will not stop, the rush of the ocean will still be heard
the stars stand guard over the dark, angry gloomy sky
the momento of stability, hope and all that is beautiful

I am paralyzed by the rush of emotion,
swamped by that one never ending feeling of you,
knowing that time will not change this anticipation

This knowing,
that long after the colours have turned gray
the light within your soul shall still light up my own
And together we will be stronger

long after the seasons have defied

and changed all that is dear and familiar

Your star shall shine brightest and all roads will always lead

right back to you

The rain shall fall, hurricanes will rage, the sun shall smoke and

sizzle, the cold will blast with ice for veins

Storms, floods, ideology, time, distance, illusions,

lies.....

All roads will always lead right back to you

Defying the winds of change

Anitah Muwanguzi

Wishful Thinking

Mindless dreaming, that's what

The chain is on your door

And I don't understand that

Pacing back and forth in front of your closed door

Will gain me nothing

Wishful thinking

Mindless dreaming

Irrational heart

The chain is on your door

You don't care to look through to get a glimpse of me

Knocking only earns me silence louder than words could say

Running back in time will mean a worse case of oblivion

I would never want to go back to a time when there's no you

The beat of a heart with no rhythm

Wading through life with no destination

I stand immobile, hoping you will turn back

Anitah Muwanguzi

Yesterday

Are gone, all gone,

I can't touch them, You cannot touch them,

You cannot take them away from me

What we had remains in our yesterday.

Good, bad, all that we never had, I hold as a trojan

After all what hasn't been cannot be held against me

But it remains true, untainted because it hasn't been

Not seen the day of light

But it holds true

A toast to yesterday, because it held such promise, such heavenly
delights

But today is here, and somehow yesterday carries me across today

Because even tomorrow holds more than I will ever know

Today, well today is another matter entirely. Every today well is
quite a challenge without you

Yeah well there you go.....

Anitah Muwanguzi

You

Words are daggers in your hands

So I ask no questions

Still. 'Did you ever love me? No don't answer that.'

Every dawn a mockery to my hopes

But you were my best friend

Memories of you are thorns in my skin

so skin I rip off

sleep an illusion.

I keep it all inside, it's all I can do.

The circus revolves, and revolves all over again

It's just, each time feels like a first.

Anitah Muwanguzi