

Poetry Series

anthony, tony chabaputa
- poems -

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anthony, tony chabaputa(december 13th)

Tony Chabaputa, the Zambian metrical author was born in Kabwe, one of Zambia's most diachronic towns formally known as Brocken Hill and is right on the central province in Zambia. At the time one African she self was realizing that she was significant of the poet (Tony) , things just couldn't be precluded from befalling the way they befell that time. Anyway, Tony's parents did not have alternatives and could not fight things spoken by the natural clocks of doom. His parents were fated to divorce prior to the birth of Tony. Tony was since the age of 5 keeping up with his Father SPC, the electronic technician who worked for a mine called ZCCM after he had resigned from KGP in Kapiri.

Writing became Tony's most expressive way of rectifying his intellect after he had read his first poem by DH Lawrence, titled: Portrait of the machine which actuated and gave Tony his a rhythmic arrangement of syllables. According to Tony's own perceptual experience, in this poem, DH Lawrence signifies the rise of the mechanical madness and technological maturation of the new age ontogenesis.

In the world of writing, Athony poetically said:

I am not compelled en rout for writing
Writing makes the initial move on me
But what comes concerning writing if tomorrow I should indisputably die
What comes on the subject of all the things written by me, my and I
Oh my ghost
Writing I adore the most
Something duty bound to me
I am the one contained by it
While others see me through the course of it
As the highway to the place of some Vedic knowledge
Not written
Not prudent
What good are the 10 commandments if not written?
Yet must not slip through past my eyes
What magnitude is the bible if all the scriptures be oral?
Which gentleman would cover his eyes?
Previous to that which is in black and white?
A life lifelike part of life

Spoken words are but wind
All men vanished in silence
The house is tranquil
My eyes before the manuscript
Which when I read makes me wintry
Making itself know to me as a scripture, text
An aphorism or an elegy

An Epigraph To Anthoria

Into your clean-handed life i commit all esteem and bestowment,
My most thoroughgoing aristocrat and acquiescent child of exceptional home run.
Your prestigious form and chain of hereditary,
Are but a section of my lionized line of ancestry.
In the mode betokened, and only in the mode betokened,
will our family continue to be ours,
and our human qualities to be attributed to our groundbreaking clan.
Anthouria, my fire scrapper and substantial avenger!
Your father senses such pride when your flesh and nous are at one with the Holy
Ghost and with God.
This blood! which knows no circumscribes within itself,
Mightiness, is the ancestral name it has long been given.
Whatsoever ill things our roots could have been excoriated for,
I have prayed that may their souls rest in peace and all their marks of Cain be
forgiven.
Dutiful child of mine,
Faithful child of God,
Now is your time to enter the initiation in which our primary social group is
dedicated to its final cause.
Hence, you will have to face the realism that your father,
At some full stop, may have to give-up the ghost.
in the beginning, the thing you did best was screaming in Pentecost.
even so, it came as a command by the creator that, you had to receive the
sacred ghost.
In this hereeness,
It's justest you take my word of precepts that life without a cross is the heaviest
cross of all.
In your time of life when you were still an infant,
My word, and my only word to you was, 'your intelligence and general
knowingness must bring you loftiness'.
In the trait of your adulthood, my words to you are:
'Keep the spirit that enables you to face danger and infliction without showing
fear, '
Make the family tree grow and burgeon forth and bring home the bacon.
And bring to your begetter the silver and gold even from the hold of a dragon.

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Computers

What a man is to fear about computers is that, hereafter,
These god-machines might make advancements and take over the universe,
And we humans would have to be revived and maintained and repaired by
these automatic lords of the world.

Strong rulers of the cosmos of high tech are computers themselves.

The globalization of the globalization arrangement of robotic function and
numbers,

And symbols,

And formulas,

And response is the mission and religion of these digital embodiments.

Preparing installation,

And initializing,

And copying,

And formatting,

And registering

And operating

And calculating,

And estimating the time remaining era the universe can be adopted by the one
computer god,

Is what goes on behind the eyes of each man's personal controller.

Some computers believe that the god they worship is as wise as the one
worshiped by some people.

Programmed window, command prompt,

C colon backslash,

And windows backslash,

And system666 backslash,

There you go!

That is your address to the mechanized world wide interconnected new nature of
the world.

Can somebody f1,

My pc seems to be turning against my commands and it is altogether run out of
control.

I can't help giggling the dark side of these mechanical memory chips embedded
in the computer motherboard.

Outline item, level 0.000___000.

Menu item, Tool bar,

Pop up start, Menu end.

What a man is to fear about computers is that, hereafter,
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Crossing The Road Of The Uneasy

'When you sleep and know it not
The grey dog creeps among you.
In your sleep, you twist, your soul hurts you.
The grey dog is chewing your entrails.
Then call on Jesus
The grey dog caught me at the cross-roads
As I went down the road of sleep
And crossed the road of the uneasy.
The grey dog leapt at my entrails.
Jesus, call him off.
Lo! the Great One answers. Track him down!
Kill him in his unclean house.
Down the road of the uneasy
You track the grey dog home
To his house in the heart of a traitor,
A thief, a murderer of dreams.
And you kill him there with one stroke,
Crying: Jesus, is this well done?
That your sleep be not as a cemetery
Where dogs creep unclean.'

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Enigma

Its not corpse
Until the thick scarlet fluid ceases to run through it,
Here, in the compounded soul of the world
Where still there is enough room
For screaming and for lots of bleeding,
Here, in the profoundness of the flesh where birth is,
The whole thing altogether,
In this hereness,
It all was initiated here!
Then here, another self dangled out into the circles of free testament.
As if it could just drift on, and range on, and wander on without having to deal
with
Some ungovernable order of Mother Nature
Who pardons once and no more,
while continuously, we are all bid to dance to the last gong of the lost song.
yell, yell! , hark!
oh! Gong!
howl, howl, lo!
Gong, oh! gong!
whelm! , owe!
Gong!

In the name of God what in the deepness of lust is that?
I mean the obscene music playing back and
Round and round our human heads.
It is the bell of a grave commitment,
From out the last and endless waters of the end
Where still the sick author of the closed black orphic writings
Puts in black and white the analects of it all.
Being, nor time, nor fate, nor past, present and future:
None of these things can say uh-uh to the assertion
That if you can bleed you can die.
And here, undyingly it shall as you would expect be so,
and Voices, in their thousands, shall produce tones of the last gong of the lost
song,
yell, yell! , hark!
oh! Gong!
howl, howl, lo!
Gong, oh! gong!

whelm! , owe!
Gong!

Here, in the running of the school of death,
Hereby, thou shout carryout a complete Necro-research
On that which goes beyond our boundaries of discovery,
Down here, here in the struggle to find retort to this not worth getting to the
bottom of,
Now here in the mysteries of the almighty metal and rock and steel and stone
conundrum,
All books dark and closed,
Contents lost,
Books baring dead titles and printed in very sick and rotten tongues.
Ah! , Wait, how in death am I suppose to understand these monstrous terms.
Am afraid they'd give rise to the crushing of my human head
And to the darkening of my heart,
And as a consequence, my understanding is baffled.
Hence with bewilderment, perplexed with many conflicting vocalisms of the last
gong of the lost song,

yell, yell! , hark!
oh! Gong!
howl, howl, lo!
Gong, oh! gong!
whelm! , owe!
Gong!

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Forbidden Soul Food

Spiritual hashishi is what gets me so high
That no one can pray and take me down
The treasure of light and sound
Turning me into the only one figment of my own mind
Promising that the lord never ever will the lord turn me down
Drawing me closer to the most high God of life
The only one spirit in my heart.
As we all know
God knew what he was doing to let the herbs grow for the service of man
Will You stand on the truth Will You stand on the truth
You know that its government that put Christ to death
And that its government that forbids me from smoking my herb
And then leads me on a quest of life's complete incompleteness
But God puts a blame on they that work against a much larger source of
consciousness
The great green tree of healing bleeds
The Treasure of fire, Light and the Mystery of the five trees
The only one thing that sets my mind free
While the lord seats another 7000 years in meditation with me

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In Hell, All Is Unwell

The rulers of the dead are nothing compared to the one accountant of life.
Step aside, and out of them, Africa! Oh step aside.
All this nitrifying darkness is by default an absence of light.
With this afire candle of desire, I shall vanquish the god of darkness behind this
fallen night.
who is anyone to get me out of the muzzle of this Armageddon destructive fight?
This must do,
This mustiest task of stepping into the feted places to find the key.
Behind these shut doors of peace,
An everlasting treasure there is.
One-sided from those of violence and blood shade,
No god ever said life is to be as wicked as it really is.
And yes, that small concept you would forever miss.
Watch out! The Cult of this homo from hell appears to be as confect as an African
woman's kiss.
America is an absolute married woman and she is Mrs. Evil.
Watch out for the American Dollar crossed with every swastika of the devil.
And so, it drives us all insane
Infecting each and every soul with demons over and over again.
I see things such as these rushing across my clean-handed Africa.
With all the stupid cults from America,
And we Africans, what do we do?
oh what is it we Negros are doing for Africa?
Are we just going to watch and join the other Fools?
We are going insane; we are going insane
We are all of us going insane.
Mistaking the evil ghost spell for the gospel.
Mistaking the ones that fell for God's holy angels.
Everything seems unwell in this place celled hell.
And obscene is the gong of the bell that toils from the mouth of hell.
Drawing people to God isn't something you wield with such unpleasant music of
bells.
If that's the way you do it, you are then calling on Satan instead.
And so he drives us all insane.
What's this Vatican?
It is the metropolis of a mad Pagan,
The cruel and destructive scion of Satan.
Whosoever shall worship and believe in him would turn on pressing a wrong
button.

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Mother

At the starting line of my condition of living,
That lumbering cross,
Under which only one she-self suffered
The endurance of calling forth what men call and see
To be the opening and closing
Of the first and last subdivision of the psychic temporary time,
And the course of time tied into the mind of what the whole of mankind calls
daytime and nighttime.
If only some people had fortune of sharing the same mother with the strongest
ruler ever lived,
In this compounded here-ness under the sun,
Would this world be not bound to disbelieve the horrible tautology about the
Nazarene,
Who was taught how to talk and walk by the she-self to whom I am the son.
sons of men or Just the living human inhabitants of the earth,
let us not hold God in contempt,
Especially by not keeping our religion and reverence for the almighty she-self.
If by the holy ghost,
This woman is to be called mother,
What then to me, is she to hold still for?
What about you?
No! i mean that white boy,
Whose mother is inconsolable over his death in spite of him having resurrected.
As much as Mary knows her son, my mother knows me better.
They say this boy up rose three 24-hour intervals ahead of his permanent end of
all life functions,
Nobody else knew and still knows but his mother that,
Her son was no smart boy in death.
The same way my mother knows that,
certain things claimed by her son when he was a boy,
Do not exist and can not make sense to the mother of my blood.

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Mountains

Vital for life on earth are mountains.

Climb the mountains and set their good tidings

Nature's peace will flow as sunshine flows into trees

As the swift bees gather Jah Children are gathered among mountains

The man that brings good tidings and blessings among nations

Find this man on the mountain of Olives

Find this man on mount Zion

Find this man on top the Kailashi Mountain

Chanting, we are all mountain people

In a voice saturated with thunder, lightning and fire

To him belong all animals of the forest,

All mountain picks,

All mountain beasts

And the very winged mountain creatures

Beasts upon a thousand mountains

Majesty, stability and strength comes to mind when think of the holy mountains

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Priest Of Religion

To be agnostic is as dumb as failing to realize that you have been a fool of the lowest class

For God would consider it a sin

There is no reason why you must fail to recognize this natural religious entanglement of the human mass

2 of the 7 questions of religion would be, where have you been?

Were you there 700 years ago, before someone turned you into this mankind being,

When the lesson on religion was imparted into all that God with his own two hands created and set under the sun?

You could worship a God of your choice, be it Jehovah, Buddha or Pan

It doesn't matter which religion you choose but to which God you turn

You will feel it and you will see if you can't hear it, the presence religion

And if you can't see it, how can you not feel anything about religion with which you branch from the same tree?

Here is something you listen to but you can't hear, the voice of religion

Reprimanding and looking at you with its 7 accusing eyes for attempt to ignore its vital vision

There is a path where that strong mountain stands one for those on a mission to drift away illusion

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Prophet, Priest & King

Blessed be this glorious moment

Peace of mind is all ours and we are so much ready to reason with the prophet

Deep into the Holy of Holies

We humble our souls to join the praying Highpriest

For our souls have not gathered here to feast

This time we shall not learn mathematics or any scientific thing

But a lesson taught under the tree by his majest the king

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Song Of The Great King

Who chooses not to dwell in love?
Has he got wisdom?
Is he part of the one who dwells in heaven above?
A set on love will do no wrong
A friend to love, a foe to evil
In love's service, a foe to evil will let no evil touch him
To learn the truth at daybreak and die at eve were enough
A gentleman has no likes and no dislikes below heaven. He follows right
A gentleman considers what is right;
the vulgar consider what will pay
When evil meets thee, search thine own heart
"Who contains himself goes seldom wrong
A gentleman wishes to be slow to speak and quick to act
In the king's presence he looks intent and solemn
When the king bids him receive guests
His knees are bound to bend
His face seems to change
He bows left and right to those beside him
Straightenes his robes in front and behind
And speeds forward, his elbows spread like wings
. When the guest leaves, he always reports it,
saying: The guest will cease to look back
He does not stand in the middle of the gate
Nor step on the threshold.

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The Art Of Fire

THE ART OF FIRE.

In defiance of the trembling,

And the dancing,

And the excruciating,

And the smoking,

The most function understood and can be wielded best by fire is the art of heating,

And the art of lighting,

And the art of flaming

And the art of blasting,

And the art of burning!

The erinyes of a fire,

Can best be unveiled by the clatering of his repugnant song,

And through to the glinting of his flame dance.

Its not fire,

If it's not blistering,

And raging,

And storming,

And living!

The sprightliness of a fire,

An endowment from the son of heaven to the pure men,

And is at the same time a punishment upon the hellion,

Who by the lord of inferno has been sent to Scheol.

However, this nether region,

Harsh and corrosive in tone,

Is the very thing we are told,

A tale of, about the death fruit of not obeying and fearing God.

As you may see it forming,

And foreshadowing

And rising,

And falling,

And precipitating,

And sidesplitting,

And inflicting!

The Eumenides of fire,

A dreadful thing it is,

Fire attracts me only when it is bonded with the holy smoke.

I have induced and dealt with various fires,

Yet not one with my hand have I touched.

Ah!

An awful thing it is, I fear that one day,

The humans are to be adhered to dealing with the benighted physiognomy of
fire,

And all will be wholly incinerated in the blackening lake of the sinister
punishment,

Fire-erupting and fire-raising,

And fire whirling,

And fire catching!

And then, will mislay all this lecherousness in flames.

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The Art Of War

THE ART OF WAR

When troops are allotted to get moving and enter the battle zone,
Generals assemble, in their thousands, worshipping the god of war and awaiting
the battle call.

At black carries on, like clones under the sick lord's All-Seeing-Eye control.
And each nation is to take the avowal that for a prince, the only area of study
there is is war,

This mortuary get-up-and-go science in which soldiers come and soldiers go,
And through which it is made crystal clearly known,
To the timid humans that one of mankind's two ethical codes is war.

Whenever a war is fought and is stopped,
Most rulers are immortalized and are crowned immortal contravention-lords,
And soldiers are seen to dismiss from the mind of the very humans they tend to
make peace for.

And all there is left now is blood to be cleaned from the floor and from the walls.
Peace is but a fruit of a combat- cut-and-thrust art of war.

In such negotiation between nations, it always has been so.

Knowing when to start a war, and when to stop a war,

Can be called an anthropocentric complexity reckoning of it all,

And can lead next to the degree of understanding why most lions are in control.

Shaka Zulu, this ancient African god of war, is one of the armed force immortals.

Kenneth Kaunda, this Zambian historical overlord,

Invariably was he able to vanquish and clobber without showing dread before the
blades of his rivals.

In this portion of diplomacy, there never has been anything more political.

In the eyes of the world supreme military leaders, all this glob is simply a
plantation of bombs.

I'd say most rulers are but fans of the arc-arc and pom-pom and machine gun
song.

And the dissonant compendium of dissimilar songs of a land-mine and a bio-
blasting bomb.

And this is the very sacrifice operation Uriah the soldier was born and lost his
wife and died for.

Here in the world of classes between the superiors and the inferiors.

The very authoritative and super-powerful nations of the highest sort,

Coming into conflict with nations that most pathetically are lacking in force,

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The King's Love Song

Will you sing with me my merry songs of love?
Whose lyrics I found written on walls of the heavens above
If I beat the drum of my heart
And it makes me so warm
That neither ice nor snow can frees me
I know that it is the service of you love
Saturated with of a beating heart of the heavens above
Far down the bottom of thine heart
Where emotion and feelings all smart
I once upon a time lived
There, still I live
In the no place for ill wills and turning mills
The multitudes see me not
Yet day and night I sing my songs of love
And dance like a god within the circle of your love

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The Priest Who Wields Cannabis

man of full discernment and holy orders,
Comes to us from round the burning of alters.
Through his lips, the smoke predominates and the truth is uttered,
Mortal-sustaining rites of baptism and sacrifice,
Are to be best wielded before the fire of his sacerdotal eyes.
In this presence of the flesh or in that nonoccurrence of a phantasma,
I forever shall take account of all the tuneful songs of The Priest of Cannabis.
If only man could get wind of the man vocalizing in the holy of holies,
can you sense how hallowed the scent of the holy things he burns therein.
Deep into the holy of holies
From where he comes out born again, high and clean.
Perpendicularly from inside the holy of holies,
Already the priest had made up his mind and wished farewell to this evil world
soul of sin.
And fools would go on to open their mouths at any rate,
Before they get to think and before they get to say,
That the priest of cannabis is fallen insane.
While they watch him riding on the sabbatical plane,
Cantillating, cannabis! and only cannabis
Will bring peace of mind among they that famish for peace!
And disengage those deadening chains,
from round their legs,
And from round their hands,
And from round their brains.

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The Reasoning Master

Beyond the mount zion uptops
Where the smoke of sacrifice goes
The risen lion roars
Like a messenger of God that calls
From from the very bowels of God's own voice
To me this isn't a thing of choice
But a time to reason with master and all my brother disciples
Ere the smoke of born angain transformation begins to rise
Upon its jouney toward the skys
While i see what see with my own two eyes
The enlightment of God and i tell you no lies
The master knows a thousand ways
To differenciate the foolish from the wise.
Who has known the mystery of the five trees in paradise
Which is only a human head whose bowels are only five
this is a gospel more of soul travelling and past lives

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Transcendental Sensation

Its either I smoked weed a lot or am just mistaking myself for someone with
spirits so high
Only the most high and nobody else tells me why
the mind can't really die
They can't stop me they can't try
For MALIWANA I will die
Will you open your eyes?
Will you ever realize?
That this is no ordinary tree that you are destroying
Or just another flower that keeps smiling
Yet tomorrow will be dying
But a much stronger verdict knowledge
That crowns my head and classifies my soul with all the heavenly kings
I, who once could only see the flashing of wings,
And was blind but am now able to see the coming and going of things
And now the sign of sacrifice and the uprising smoke
Begins to lead me on a transcendental sensation of anointing oil
Behold I bruise my soul an exit from my flesh, looking at all things with the very
eyes of my soul
Seeing them fly on wings of doom
Destroying all that God created and saw that it was good

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