

Poetry Series

Chenjerai Mhondera

- poems -

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Chenjerai Mhondera(unknown)

Cecil Jones Myontela known as Chenjerai Mhondera among his legion of fans, readers and fellow writers is a POET, novelist, author, scriptwriter, actor, performing POET, songwriter and sometimes comedian. Believed to born in the East and is a citizen of the World

And..

And you stood there
Silhouetted
Timelessly still.

You stood held up
By the dimming moonlight

And never walked away
Nor shied away
From the noon light.

You were there
To just, to ice, to liquid
to ice and liquid hiding into space self.

And you chose
Not to breakdown
And break off.

Chenjerai Mhondera

As You And I

As you and I
fall into love,
Be my car
To drive me crazy.

As you and I
fall into love,
Be my cushion
To contain me from falling no hard - break a piece.

As you and I
fall into love,
I am your hammock,
To swing you leisurely - to and fro.

As you and I fall into love,
Lie ever on me.

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Bang On Soul

Hope is suspicious
Flapping and spreading her wings like a dove,
That freedom shall be when dead.
The Eagles have queried shall men develop wings when they die?
The instinct of fear, make hope suspicious;
When vultures preach - souls have wings
To fly through space with angels.
It's one day, wander - led into whom no one knows;
That deep, dark tunnel - souls pending;
Some rejected pending Lord'sday;
The discrimination of the day, souls hungering from old fasts;
And with tags - Jew, Buddha, Traditionalist, Moslem, Shinto, Christian, Atheist;
Then Christ shall be a referee, Muhammed a linesman - Buddha and Shinto on
standby
My urge to ask what's the f*** called religion, if it taught men to believe no in
oneness, togetherness and Universe, a deity?

Chenjerai Mhondera

Cloudy Heart

She threw anger
against
her misery
and vowed, "I shall not marry!"

single
she walks.
single
she lives.

her purse of lone
slung over her shoulder,
she says it louder
"I am no longer she, I used to be!" -
a virgin.

Chenjerai Mhondera

Comfort

As you move away
towards self,
Do not forget
our promise!

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Dancing Sun

As the morning dies,
the sun refusing to set,
evening in deep groans and mourning,
night as if a pal-bearer,
The day shall never be born!

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Deep

To a pregnant night
Deliver the sun
children to warm round it

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Demand

Give me pen
Give me pencil
Give me words
Give me worth

I am a writer.

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Fallen Glory

the moon has decayed,
the sun is ashamed,
what left?
the fallen glory

the stars are buried,
the soil regrets not
what left?
the fallen glory

then from ancient loads
of futile knowledge;
punctures of dreaded reality;
egos in misery;
it was all sorry.

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Just Ice

Twisting the sun,
and pushing her against horizons
to denounce day
and shout loud come to an undecided night.
Times. Times. Times. To timeless times.

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Mind Of Passion

As you hold me,
Do you think?

As you touch me,
Do you feel?

As you look at me,
Do you see?

The thin line between
My pleasure and curiosity.

The thin line between
You and I

The thin line between
My love and what you think.

The thin line between
What if and you.

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My Healer

Where is the sun?
I have a case to report.

Where is the moon?
I have love to honey.

Where are the stars?
I need light to shine.

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My King My Africa

The rebirth of a King
In Africa,
We have all waited.

Maybe he will come from Morroco,
Maybe he will come from Ethiopia,
Maybe he will come West Africa
Maybe he will from Cntral Southern Africa.

The rebirth of a King;
We have all waited.

He that knows Africa is his people!
We have all waited.
He that knows Africa is his motherland!
We have all waited.
He that knows Africa is sacred!
We have all waited.
He that knows Africa is his homeland!
We have all waited.
He that knows Africa is cultured!
We have all waited.
He that knows Africa has traditions!
We have all waited.
He that Africa has values!
We have all waited.

The rebirth of a King;
We have all waited.

The birth of a Kingdom;
We have all waited.

The birth of a palace;
We have all waited.

The birth of a people;
We have all waited.

The birth of their morals;
We have all waited.

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News

I am writing
To pattern new,
new worth,
new, new
Contained within me -
creation;
You and I.

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Nightmares Of Love

It is every woman's dream
to be loved, to wed
Marry
Trust,
cheated, regret and never forgive

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Okay

Then you said
"Let's go! "
And stopped.

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Path In The Dark

My road
Your road
How I wish
they could meet?

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Prayerly Wound

Deep, pain
carved in the flesh.

who do you think you are?
a healer?
a cure?

To prayerly - wound
of soul
sister to rippling heart,
debt date,
dirty date,
hand end,
end and...

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Sane

Ndichati kuna iro
dondipawo hero,
Tiwadzane munero

tikwazisane makadini?
titambirane mauya!
Tichemedzane,
Tidembedzane,
Titi uyu mungani wangu, kuna mungani wangu
Titi uyu ndiSane wangu, kuna sane wangu,

Rigove zuva rimwe,
Mufaro mumwe,
Humwe
Tiri tose

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Silent Departure

flipping through your gallery
I see tears

wetting a diary

The treads, the grip
You refusing to go

then you tripped off,
slid, slipped off
fell
And so, you are gone

Quietly, silently
You summoned nobody to tell
you are going

so fast so gone
you sneaked and passed on

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Sound Of Night

Aplomb
And still;
Sometimes the sound
of a sane night.

Blinded from light;
warm, broad, and healing.

The sound of the night;
snoring, blurting
In wild farts and regrets.

Yawning;
Deceased;
buried under blankets.
To wake to hear
The sound of a drunken and angry night

Her rage, her torment;
rolled and couched in a street corner;
trembling to winter massacre.

Such a cruel night;
The tormentor
Whistling to loitering colds,
The wind to stop by
to harass coverless bodies.

May tomorrow come
To tell the sound of night;
dark as her heart

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Space Lift

If I die,
bury me in my chest

beneath, inside, deep, dark,
Where the plug, life
Tripped down, fall

To feel no more the heat of sun,
The pulse of air,
The whistling of wind,
waving of waves,
The serenity of sea, quiet
Falls drowned in pools.

I am locked in me
Looking everywhere
to find a space bar;
Lest I find one
The spacer to press no delete
and space lift.

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Strange Stranger

The noon was angry
in mood swings
flying to and fro
like a pendulum

hurrying clouds refusing
to be dusted off,
One by one
tear-drops
showers
and thunder bombs.

in fury, in misery;
the sun faded in choking cloudy haze mist,
the trees bathed
nature curing from thirsty;
her soring dry throat.

who believed his message?
to whom was he revealed?

May weather
May wither,
To birth moon;
and millions stars

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Then

Then they had fallen
to her charms;
disfigured
and dismembered

coiled in diseased cloth in a corner,
round wrapped like pregnant, swollen sacks

time ticking no more still
to them a ticking clock to reflect
how they had become preys;
she - a python

then for a moment to stand ever still they saw - it was
the glitz and glamour
of her skin;
the kudu and python tale.

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Trail

Hold me close
to your right
to right you
even when left.

as I sleep,
do not slip
off.
even as I slid,
trip me no fall

at last,
at least
watch me come
watch me go
watch me fall
watch me rise

to dust off
and live me tall

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Trails Of Wounds

Are they scars
for all to see?

are they fresh, bleeding still
for blood to drop on path?

Are they visible
for the visibler to visee?

Are they temporary
for the remover to remove?

Who sees them?
who knows them?

Where is the sonnet in a ballad?
Where is the ekphrastic in an anaphora?

Where is the healer
to heal;
wounds deep, cast in flesh?

Where is the healer
to cure
inflammation of the soul,
and refill dents of the spirit?

where is the healer?

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Walker

from the purity
of conscience
to impurity
of actions,
Man is a walker.

Up-n-down
To-n-fro
Until the end
of the road.

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Worth, Worth, And Worth

Cheaps on this pretty face from motormouth
To the last verse of sealed lips
And all our today have lighted ignorance
The way to dusty legs
And rusty minds
Chopping like woods in lust.
Today, if you see tomorrow,
Greet her in misery of tears.

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Zviro

My hero
said to my ego
"Wake up hero!
To ego is to zero."

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