

Poetry Series

clifford mate
- poems -

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clifford mate()

Brown Envelope

Don't laugh at me when you see me washing cars down that drain,

don't say I'm mad when you see me walking in rain,

don't be surprised when you see me jumping on a train,

I'm just trying to catch my ride home,

I'm not yet there but i have to take life on by the horns.

With a degree in my backpack and slasher in my hand,

I'm ready to change the look of this land,

give me a jembe let me feed on the fruits of my hand,

i don't need a building all i need is a helping hand,

let me sweat and my soft hand ache from this blisters,

let me smell like trash in front of those beautiful creatures,

tomorrow i know i would be richer.

Don't sent me out of your office,

I'm not as educated as you are,

just give me a chance to wash the place,

cutting grass and weeding the flower bed will be nice,

in fact that's the work I'm looking for.

The sun is too hot sir,

I'm thirsty and hungry too,
the mirage seems to comfort me there is hope,
my only official shoes are torn,
food and water i will find them home,
only after knocking on this last door.

Are you serious sir?

ten thousand is a lot of money,

sir,

my mum has no job,

my dad drinks all of his,

just allow me to work for only a month,

i will give you thirty percent of what i earn.

I know I'm not of your tribe,

i have nothing to bribe,

all i have is my documents,

they show how qualified i am,

just give a chance sir,

I'm tired of walking around with this brown envelope.

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Daddy's Boy

Play with my fingers,
Touch my beards,
Clap your hands and smile,
Your toothless mouth looks like mine,
Soon you will have thirty two in those gums,
By then you will be a man.

Sit on my laps,
Touch my palms,
Sing with your dad,
Before you became a lad,
Make mama smile,
Isn't she beautiful in that night gown?
Soon you will have your own wife,
She will give you a son,
I hope you will name him after your dad.

Look at those small eyes,
They are white and bright,
They give me a reason to fight,
They tell you are something else,
You are not a mistake,
You are an ice cream on the cake,
My hope ahead.

Suck your little thumbs,
Lift your little legs up,
Rub them as you speak gibberish,
A language only you understands,
Mumble on till you are bored,
Then take my hands,
Play with them for a while,
Suck my finger then cry,
Mama is back from shower with more love,
She has to feed you with her love,
Flowing from her lovely lumps,
As you close your eyes,
Good night son,
Rest your mind,

As I give you my hand,
Tomorrow they will guide you to your dream life.

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Entourage

Born and raised here,
sharpened to take life head on without fear,
hardened not to shed a tear,
brought up to be the world's spear.

Today is near but tomorrow is here,
mirage say nothing clear,
so just look here,
say every word in plain,
black or white blood is always red,
even those who consider themselves immortal do bleed.

Morning comes with glory,
as marriage is always a ceremony,
but birth of a divorce story,
it won't hurt if you say I am sorry.

Life is always a bitch,
one day you are hustling in the east,
next thing you know you are drinking down the beach,
at shores of life it is always sweet so I heard them preach.

Fear not have courage,
don't wait for me,
live your own life,
follow not my example,
imitate your inner person,
as we all have air castles.

Slums or estates,
it doesn't mater,
better life is what we are all after,
then we will sit down and enjoy life with smiles and laughter,
but with this walls and barriers i need you.
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Forever In My Heart.

Last night I heard that you were gone,
My heart pounded with sadness that you were no
more,
Tears clouded my vision,
I couldn't take it,
So I cried.

I sank down in the sofa,
Tears ran down my cheeks,
My mind drifted on to that day we spent together,
That day you took me to the hills,
That day you showed me the beauty of sunset,
That is the day I will never forget.

As I watch people hugging and chatting,
I am thinking of our special moments,
Moments which will linger in my heart for long,
Maybe they will live forever.
It is hard to face the world without you,
Tell me,
How do I move on from this point on?

You were there when I was lost,
You always guided me home,
I still can't believe that you are gone.

With honour and respect,
With dignity that you expect,
I hold your picture and cry,
Please tell me you are not gone,
Tell me that I am dreaming and I will wake up
seeing you next to me.

I fear facing tomorrow,
For I don't know if I can hold on,
You were my strength,
Maybe if I accept that you are gone,
But it is still hard to move on from this point
where you've left me.

If I could trade places with you,
Maybe you will feel as I do,
But you can't change fate,
Maybe if time could be rewinded,
But I have to feel this pain.
What hurts me the most,
Is seeing you lying lifeless in that box,
Yet I have so much to say,
I can't take not being able to speak, touch, or
seeing you smile.

Sometimes I tell my self God has his reasons,
Other times I question his motives,
Why does he take people who I value most,
Is he testing me like he did Job?
Maybe,
But that I don't know,
What I know is,
It hurts loosing you so soon,
Loving you forever is what I will do,
I promise not to forget you.
R.I.P My princess,
Death has been cruel.

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Free Will

I stand here not as a man,

i stand here not as a god,

i stand here not as any being,

i stand here as free will.

The will of men,

free will that bring forth ideas,

ideas that you locked away centuries ago,

you forgot about me,

but i rose from the grave you buried me in,

you will try to kill me again,

but my body has adapted to the pain,

wait for a while and you will be shouting my name.

Don't tell me to shut up,

because i wont,

i will keep writing,

i will keep singing,

i will keep shouting,

until my thumb get blisters,

until my vocal cords go soar,

until i loose my voice,
even though i will still push through.

You will never bring me down,
this metal bars cant hold me back,
i will name and shame you,
put an end to your never ending games,
i will remain free in every mind,
i will rule from within,
forcing my way out erupting like a volcano.

I will stay alive,
even if you will announce my death,
i will bring forth peace not war,
even if you will call me a terrorist.

Until that time,
i will put my left hand on my chest,
rise my right hand and clench a fist,
shout from north south west to east,
let the whole world know that they are free,
free to think and write,

free to eat and dine with other nations,

they are free from power hungry creatures who kills nations,

free from men who drag economy behind in the name of corruption,

i will remain free for I'm free will.

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From Dust

Break my heart,
Tear it apart,
Call my home a slum,
But that doesn't define who I am.

Yes my house is made of mud,
My neighbours are drunkards and sluts,
But they work hard,
To keep the wheels of life moving.

Liters and bins,
Describe this place I live,
Stench smell from the heap,
Perhaps someone's meal,
Drove you away from me.

It is fine,
Go on and marry that rich guy,
If he is the love of your life,
Clearly we were worlds apart,
Motivate me more to move out,
One day you will see me fly.

From this slums a doctor will rise,
A philosopher who knows no tribe,
A judge who can't be bribed,
Even gold and diamond are dug from dirt,
But are worn by those in the highest ranks,
Through this pain I will rise,
Was born here in the slums,
Will die there in that mansion.

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I Will Write No More

This is my last wish,
to sit here and enjoy my last meal,
enjoy last drink with two or three friends get high and see how it feels,
take a stroll down memory lane,
see all my dreams dis-appear in bits of flame,
the excuses i have for not achieving anything are lame,
for everything was within my reach and I'm to blame,
for i took life as a game,
now no one remembers my name,
i lie here in this wooden room fitted with a small glass window,
my hands to heavy to lift,
my heart to stiff to beat,
i will write no more

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If She Were Mine.

If she were mine,
She would know I love her with my heart,
If she were mine,
She would know that I am hurt,
Every time I see her with another man,
Who probably is after her thighs.

If she were mine,
She would understand that I desire her,
Each night I dream of her,
And currently I do breath for her.

But she doesn't know,
That I love her toes,
The way they fit in those sandals,
So perfectly that they create a scandal,
In my mind that is.

She will never know,
Since I am just another guy,
Who isn't even close to her standards,
She doesn't even know that I exist.

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Mama Christine

Mama Christine,
You are a thief,
You stole my heart with your looks,
The way you dress from hair to her shoes,
You make my emotions shoot.

Mama Christine,
Forgive me,
I undressed you in my mind,
I hope you won't mind,
I want to take you out
You deserve a nice treat,
Down by the riverside,
Where my bank is.

Mama Christine,
I have spoken out of line,
Right from the start,
I know your daughter is still young,
Probably she is just a child,
Truth is,
I love her mum,
With all my heart,
And I want to be her dad.

Mama Christine,
Don't dwell on the past,
If her dad broke your heart,
Then take mine,
It has some patches but works just fine.

Mama Christine,
Take my hand,
Let me guide you to your new house,
Where Christine will have my blessing,
She is my girl,
Yes I love you with your child.

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Miss Daisy.

I know it is rude to stare,
But I can't help it,
I just find my self mouth agape,
Especially when you pass by,
All men turn their head round,
Why shouldn't I?

I know you are older than I,
Probably you have a child,
Maybe she is a girl,
I was wondering if you can introduce me to her,
I can make her my wife,
If she is still young,
Introduce me to your sister then.

Miss Daisy,
I am begging,
I know you are loved by many,
And you love those with money,
Can I have a taste of your honey?

I promise not to have feelings,
For you are like my mummy,
I will keep our endeavors a secret,
Just allow me to plough,
Allow me to be your side man,
Just eat old men's money,
But let me be your secret man.

Market women condemn you,
For stealing their husbands,
I condemn you for stealing my heart,
Even your sister isn't beautiful as you are,
And I don't want her,
Just love me back,
If you doubt my age,
Then it will be just a number.

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My Heartbeat.

I want to draw her with words,
Paint her with love,
Start with her eyes,
Dark brown with lash at the end,
With her small face they blend,
I bet she trends.

Her nose,
Soft like a rose,
With a slight touch of Shepherd's clock,
Not round, Not flat,
Just nice shape for a beautiful rose.

Red lips, White teeth,
A slight gap in between,
You see what you want to see,
Add a dash,
At the end of eye lash,
You to will have a crush.

Well her face,
Should not be pale,
Small, Round,
Angelic face,
Always perfect with gray scale,
Her hair should not fall out of place,
Because she makes no mistake.

Her neck and shoulder,
Just a bit broader,
To march her lovely milk holders,
As they protrude a bit, Call it cleavage.

Her hips broader,
Her stomach smaller,
Gives her the shape of anthropoda,
With a dot for belly button.

Should I draw her thighs,

It should be a breathtaking sight,
My hand are a bit shaky,
When it comes to those parts,
For they make me thirsty,
And I don't want to be lusty,
I bet you are judging,
That is why I will draw silently.

Her legs,
The first thing I saw,
Tinny yet strong, Making her to stand tall,
Marching her thighs with a perfect glow.

If I finish to draw,
I must draw her toe nails,
The way her cutex blends,
With her skin tone,
Not light not dark at all,
Call her a masterpiece,
I call her my heartbeat.

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Strength

Don't pretend to care,
because i know when i pass you will just snare,
don't take my life like Afro-cinema,
for everything i do you just stare,
break my heart if you want to,
ruin my life if find it pleasing,
play with my feelings,
dump me like potato peelings,
rise your standards to the ceiling,
but always remember strength is gained from experience,
determination will bring forth deliverance,
strong hearts do persevere,
you are making me stronger.

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The Ordeal

How I wish I was told,
How I wish I was old,
Then I would have been bold,
Bold enough to fight back,
Strong enough to chop his part.

I was only a child,
When he came into my room,
Pulled me out of bed,
His eyes were red,
His hands were rough,
His breath stinked like garbage pit,
I even wondered how does mummy cope up.

He tore my cloths of,
Odering me to lie down,
I tried to resist but he was too strong,
He parted my legs,
I felt great pain when he forced himself in,
My cries motivated him,
My pain was his joy,
I cried,
Fighting back I tried.

A man who is supposed to be my father,
A man who I respected,
Turned into a monster that day,
I wish I was older,
I wish I was stronger,
I would have killed him that day.

I woke up in a hospital bed,
The pain from my vagina made me wish I was
dead,
But I am strong,
I am stronger than he thinks,
I will get justice I thought.
My cries felt on deaf ears of a judge,
His corrupt mind saw me as a minor,

Defiled by a senior,
Yet letting him out back to society,
Because he paid money,
Mummy said he will be hanged,
But I am still afraid of him.

Are all men like him?
Will I enjoy being an adult?
Will this pain in my heart go away?
Will I talk to men the way I used to?
Am I fit to be a mum in future?
God help me find answers to my questions,
Help me to try and forget that ordeal.

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The Street

This streets where i grew up,
history is not upheld in this part of street,
everybody knows that rights to freedom of rights is not upheld in this street,
these streets where you can be robbed during day light,
these streets where mothers and daughters are curfew ed to enter their houses
before sunset,
these streets where guns are our toys and stray dogs our pets,
these streets where play fields are open grounds filled with sharp objects,
houses in this streets are decorated with cockroaches and other insects,
these streets my home.

These streets where old men sleep with their daughters daughters,
only to satisfy their never ending lust desires,
after nine months an abomination they sire,
cursing the slums with Sodom fire,

These streets have a cursed ground going deep to the roots of fore fathers time,
no moral values because everybody was born out of wedlock,
no fathers or mothers to brig children upright,

These streets where justice is severed by the rich and the strong,
the rich pay the strong to take money from the weak,
making the rich richer while poor die in poverty.

These streets has no rules,
the weak have no room,
the poor have no roof,
the homeless have no food,
these street where i live.

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What The Heart Wants.

Sarah,
Why are tormenting me?

You know I work hard not to look at you,
But I just can't take my eyes of you,
The short tight striped dress do more harm than good.

Look at your shoes,
What a perfect view,
Tell me what to do,
So that I can have you,
Not for the night,
But as my wife.

Sarah take my hand,
Let me have this one dance,
Just give me a chance,
I promise I can give you the world,
I will eve give you my inheritance,
A two acre farm,
My ancestral land.

Sarah I am not a boy,
I know you have a daughter back at home,
And you sell what you have,
I don't want to buy,
I want to love,
Just let me take that part,
And I will play her dad.

Sarah don't make your heart cold,
Open up and let me make your heart my home,
I promise to keep you warm,
So that they won't call you a whore.

Don't worry what people will say,
Let them talk,
And they will always talk,
But we will be working as they talk.

Sarah,
I know my mum will despise you,
And my sisters will fight you,
But I will fight for you,
For heart wants what it wants,
And you are what my heart wants.

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