

Poetry Series

Dellas Chitekwe
- poems -

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Dellas Chitekwe()

At Kereke's Trial

Two sides of a coin
Several versions to a scandal.

He said...
She said...
They said...

There is no truth in this world.

Dellas Chitekwe

Death Wish

Up on the edge of a cliff
I think of flying
Up into the clouds
Without wings, of course.

But this is no ordinary flight
It's a flight that always
Tragically ends
Down in the valley below.

Now, am I a brave man
Or...
Am I just another fool,
Another disappointing statistic
In the valley of shattered dreams.

Dellas Chitekwe

Dzonzai Nightclub (Chipinge)

This is the place
Where you eventually succumb
To the expensive but shortlived
Pleasures of a whore.

You drown yourself in a shallow stream
Until a hag in excessive makeup
Now looking like a bootylicious wench
Rescues you from your misery,
Only to wake up the next morning
To find yourself in bed with your grandmother.

And while she slumbers
You jump into your clothes
And like a wounded gazelle,
That has just broken loose
From the vice-like grip of a lion,
You leap into the early morning air
And limp home
Wearing shame for a jacket.

Dellas Chitekwe

Perspective

Father, when did you become a hero?
How did you become a hero?
When the war flared up
You boarded the first plane to England
You even compromised the struggle
By selling out your own brothers and sisters
For your safety.

Where were you, father?
When our mothers and sisters were raped
In broad daylight
Did you see, father?
The thousands
Who were left lying in marshes and trenches
Forever dead
For the sake of freedom.

Father, do not fantasize war
Those who saw it felt it.

Dellas Chitekwe

The Lost Herd

We, the people of Zimbabwe;
the pawns
in a very dangerous game of politics
carelessly played
into the enemy's attack
and sacrificed
for the survival of bigger pieces.

We, the people of Zimbabwe;
dumb driven cattle
across a wilderness of thought
in a non believer's journey,
a journey that leads
to an unknown destination.

We, the people of Zimbabwe;
the silent, scared passengers
in a mechanic's nightmare of a bus
driven at high speed
toward a dead end
by an old reckless man.

We, the people of Zimbabwe;
the stale pieces
in a political stalemate.
forced into unfamiliar territory,
tortured,
ruthlessly eliminated,
democracy mortally wounded.

We, the people of Zimbabwe;
a people on the brink of despair.

Like stubborn cockroaches
in a rotten kitchen
we're languishing
in this cesspit we call home.

We're practically,

gradually,
pathetically,
quietly,
dying;
a clueless death.

We, the people of Zimbabwe;
the core thickets of desperate situations.

Dellas Chitekwe

Tragedy

That minute,
That brief minute,
That minute suddenly strikes;
When love and hate mean the same
When happiness and sadness are alike
When to live or to die makes no difference.

Within that minute...
The gardener's seeds transform into live bullets
The witch doctor's medicine fails to work
The million dollar assassin shoots the wrong man
The once loyal dog rebels against its master
The catholic nun falls pregnant
The virgin's thighs fall apart.

Within that minute...
The dog starts coughing up feathers
And we all pretend not to know what happened to the chicken.

Dellas Chitekwe

Ways Of Dying

We have nothing against death
What we're against is dying
An agonizing death,
Like the dogs run over
By Malawi bound haulage trucks
Along the Harare - Nyamapanda highway
Or the pathetic death
Of a fish out of water.

We have nothing against death
Just that we do not want to die
A gruesome slaughterhouse death
Or an unceremonious death,
Like the sudden, premature death
Of a male praying mantis
Becoming prey to its female sex partner
In the midst of the sex dance.

If we should die
Let it not be a disgraceful death,
Like the filthy quiet death of a whore
Let it be an honourable death,
Like that of soldiers at war.

Dellas Chitekwe

Zimbabwe (2007)

In this country
You need a miracle
To drink a milk-less cup of tea
And eat a few slices of bread;
A phone line costs one hundred dollars
So a Nokia 1100 is still a luxury in these parts.

You need a miracle
To stand in a bank queue
And find money in the bank.

You will be very lucky
If you walk into a supermarket
And find a packet of sugar,
Or if you manage to obtain an ID
Or a passport
Not to mention the price.

Stretched to the limit
By the challenges of urban life
I find myself at Mbare
Where I need yet another miracle
To get a seat on the bus to Mutoko.

On the bus...

I am wondering
If they still sell seven days in the villages,
Legal brands of alcohol are difficult to come across these days.

I am also thinking
About the teenage single moms
Who are now trading their bodies for stomach-sake
And next year's elections
Which will, of course, be 'free and fair'.

I don't know who ZANU PF will blame
For the empty shelves and the hyperinflation
Or the plummeting educational standards.

They will probably blame MDC
And, of course, the 'illegal sanctions'
Or perhaps...
They will blame the drought - again.

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