

Classic Poetry Series

**Frederick Kambemba
Yamusangie
- poems -**

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Frederick Kambemba Yamusangie()

Frederick Kambemba Yamusangie (Novelist, Playwright and Poet) was born and partly brought up in Zaire, now known as the Democratic Republic of Congo in Africa. He has studied communication engineering at the University of Kent at Canterbury in England. He lives in Essex, United Kingdom. He is the author of Full Circle (ISBN: 0-595-28294-6) , a literary novel set in Congo; and also a book of poetry Beneath the Blue Sky (ISBN: 1-4137-8638-3)

... The Books

One who runs away from the books,
Runs away from one's mental liberation...
One who runs towards the books,
Runs towards one's intellectual enlightenment...

Frederick Kambemba Yamusangie

A Jungle

Why should anyone call this town a Jungle?
Is it a joke? Is it ignorance?
Is it arrogance?
Or it is just an other image making exercise...

Why should anyone call this town a Jungle?
A town full of schools,
Hospitals, restaurants,
Mansions, roads, well know companies

A town, which has one of the best arts
Museum of the world
A town that can stage an international
Boxing event of the century

A town full of intellectuals, students,
Workers, singers, actors, diplomats,
Businessmen, civil servants, writers

Why Should anyone call this town a Jungle
Is there any moral justification for doing that
Is there any legal justification for doing that
Or it is just an other image making exercise...

A town with no sighting
Of wild animals running around the streets
Or maybe it is because its
Inhabitants have been equated to wild animals

Why should one call this town a Jungle?
Why, Why, Why,
That is dangerous
That could lead to someone calling

Any town where people
Shoot each other for fun
A killing town...A shooting field...
Or an uncivilised town...That is dangerous...

But for me,
Regardless of what you think
Regardless of what you say
I will always call it Kin Kiese Ya...ya...

Frederick Kambemba Yamusangie

Absolute

Absolute Truth
That is how I see it

Absolute Falsehood
That is how you see it

And...
Absolute disaster

That is what
We are creating

Frederick Kambemba Yamusangie

Acts On Me My Baby

Acts on me my baby
Don't let yourself stand there
I am here for you
My mind is blank at the moment
I have close my eyes
I am here so you can act on me
Don't let my imagination runs wild
I don't have an energy left for that kind of exercise
Please my baby
Acts on me now
I am here for you
And I am waiting for you to act on me my baby.

Frederick Kambemba Yamusangie

As Real Knights Of Light

The forces of real knowledge will
Order us to discover the wealth
Of the hidden mysteries of our
Golden past

Star of the West, which is rising in the sky,
Is about to vanish
Still we might not get
Much credit for the event

Alive or dead
Today or tomorrow
As Real Knights of Light let us shine
Before it becomes too late

Frederick Kambemba Yamusangie

Destruction

I have seen it...
I have seen it with my very eyes...
Yes. I have seen it.

Beware; it takes many shapes...
In fact, it's shapeless and also colourless.

Yes, I can testify that I have seen it.

How did I see it?
I closed my eyes. I talked to the Trees.
Even Water and Fire showed me all...

It comes under many forms...
One might only see its' effect.
I don't care how one choose to call it...
I call it Destruction.

Destruction of the Earth.
Destruction of Animals.
Destruction of Human Families.
Even destruction of life itself.

Oh! No...I am sorry...
That is what we call progress...
That is what we call development.

Frederick Kambemba Yamusangie

Discovering 'la Negritude'

Discovering La Negritude

It is like drinking pure water freshly

Taken from a spring

Not Processed, Not Packaged, Not Commercialised

But just Pure and Clean

Water coming from the Mother Earth

Taken (with some effort) by you

And consumed (with not any persuasion) by you

Discovering La Negritude

It is like discovering your unknown heritage

It is like discovering a hidden

Treasure, wealth,

Which have always existed

But not known by you

Wealth, which could transform

Your life completely for the best

Discovering La Negritude

It is like waking up from a deep sleep,

And joining a group of privileged people

Who have fallen in love with names such as:

Aime Cesaire, Leopold Sedar Sengor,

Camara Laye, Sembene Ousmane,

Jean Malonga, Mongo Beti,

Langston Hughes, Zamenga Batukezanga,

Lomami Tshibambe, Ferdinand Oyono Mbia,

Richard Wright, Chiekh Anta Diop,

Patrice Emery Lumumba, Claude Maskay, Franck Fannon,

Felix Tchikaya U'Tamsy, William Egber Du Bois, etc..

And never looked back...

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Don't Give Up In Protecting The Mother Earth

Don't Give Up in Protecting the Mother Earth
My son... Look at how you managed
To protect the Mother Earth in the past
When you were younger
You stood up
With your head up
Against all the odds
You managed to protect the Mother Earth then
When many people were ignorant of
The Mother Earth's feelings
So why are you afraid now
This time
The public opinion is in your side
So why are you loosing faith
Mother Earth needs your protection and care
Don't give up
Take the first step
And
Everything else will follow
So my son
Don't give up in protecting the Mother Earth

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Electronic Support

And as long as I don't see
You on the television
Or I don't hear about
You on the radio

Or I don't even read about
You on the national newspapers
Everything you are telling me
That it is happening to you

I would consider them
As a pure fantasy
As a pigmentation of your
Own imagination

I can even go as far as
To advise you to become a novelist
I can even get angry
If you still persist to talk to me

About the all situation
If you still want me to believe you
If you still want to get my sympathy
If you still want me to help you

With the kinds of sufferings
That you are going through everyday
With the kinds of oppressions
That you are experiencing

With the kinds of famine and malaise
That your wife and children are being victim of
Get on television
Make a radio broadcast

Invite a writer to write about you
Not any kind of writer
A journalist
I insist a journalist

To write about you...Otherwise
I would find it boring to read
So, in short, get some kind of
Electronic Support to inform me

About your problems
While I am in comfort of my house
In my car or even in my office
Then I can believe you

Then you can get my sympathy
Then I can inform the all world
That you are indeed in need
Otherwise...Don't bother me...

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Especially When The Sky Turns Blue

As he is said nothing will be the same again
He would be proven to be right
One finds it difficult to appreciate what
Belongs to him or her
One should wonder why humankind
Not all of them off course
But enough to notice
Are failing to appreciate
The wonders brought
By the apparent rise of
The sun in the sky
And the light it brings with it
The rise in temperature allows
All of us to freely wander the streets
Especially when the sky turns blue
That's true
There would be no light or heat
As nice and wonderful as
The sunlight and the sun heat
Especially when the sky turns blue

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I Am Going Shopping

I am going shopping
But I will not see Mr. Smith,
Even Mrs Velnet would not
Cross my sight today

Today, she would not ask to me
'How are you? '
'How is your mother? '
'Tell her I will see her tomorrow

At the seniors' citizens club meeting'
Imagine,
I am going shopping
Without buying a bread at Mr

And Mrs McBride's bakery
That's unbelievable
Did you know?
Mr Smith's butchery has been

Demolished
Mrs Velnet's fruit and vegetable's
Shop has closed down because
She's gone bankrupt

From now on, the Smiths,
The McBride's and the Velnets
Would discover poverty
Which was alien to them

For two hundred years
All that...for what?
It's for me to shop in comfort
It's for me to get everything

Under one roof
Well, what should matter to me?
Is it the 'hello' of Mrs McBride
Or 'buy one get one free'?

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I Am So Happy...I Am Ageing...

Oh! I am so happy
I am so happy at what
It is happening to me
I am getting Old
I am Ageing

I am loosing my teeth
My hair is turning grey
For now on,
Everybody would listen to me
The entire village would sit down

Quietly and listen to what
I would have to say
Most of the evenings
The children would abandon their houses
Rush to my place

They will arrange the fire woods
Which they will bring from
Their own houses
And put fire on them
Regardless of what their parents would say

They would still come to my place
Congregate around the fire
Even if I was sleeping
They would drag me out of my house
By force so I can tell them stories

Or I can give advice
One day I did run out of tales to tell them
They insisted of hearing the story of my life
Oh I am so happy to be ageing
Even when my mouth smells

Grown up still want to come close
To me and put their ear near my mouth
Not even closing their nose

And listen to what I have to say
Everyone wants to be my grandchild

Even those who don't live in our village
Bow in front of me
As if I was the village chief
I don't know if life can get better than this
But I still have major problems to solve

How can I get back
My privacy that I have lost
I am not anymore able to be
By myself and I am not allow to refuse
Any food that is given to me by everybody

Every single day as if
They were in some sort of
Food giving contest
Well... Anyway...
I am still very happy to be ageing...

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I Cannot

I cannot give up my soul...
That's what makes me
Who I am

I cannot give up my dignity...
That's what makes me
Get my respect from

I cannot give up my mind...
That's what gives me bearings
And balance in my life

But...

I can give up my money...
Because,
This is a human creation
This is a fictitious entity.

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I Feel Safe

I feel safe in front of a blank paper

 Holding a pen in my hand

Creating stories I like

 Creating believable characters

Choosing real events

 While the outcome depends on me

I feel safe on front of a blank paper

 As it takes me

Where it could be dangerous

 For me to be in real life...

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I Have Already Became A Poet

It is just an empty gesture
To cut my head off
And let me bleed to death
So the doctor would declare me
Officially dead on his arrival

It is just an empty gesture
To cut my right arm
And let me bleed to death
So the doctor would declare me
Officially dead on his arrival

Well,
If it is my death
That you are after my brother,
It is too late
I have already became a poet

Well,
I am sure
You should know by now
Poets do not die
Poets live forever and ever

From now on you
And your countrymen
Have not other choice
Than to accept the fact that
You would be dealing with me for centuries...

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I Have Seen The Sun Rising Again

(To Papa and Maman Dungu - In memory
of my childhood friend Helene Dungu)

I was and I am still speechless
I can never comprehend
How you are coping
With the loss of someone
That you really love

And also an important person in your life
I have looked at the blue sky,
I have stared at the river Thames,
I have looked at horizon,
I have even consulted books,

Which contain words of wisdom
So I can cheer you up...
But I stopped for a moment
I putted myself into your shoes,
Then I realised that there is

Nothing I can do to create
A diversion to this blow,
To this immense loss,
To this sad news...
But the time would help

So at moment I should force
Myself to remain quiet
Because I know
The time would be the healer
Of your internal wounds

And also I should stop troubling myself
Too much regarding your well-being
Because I know you
You will recover
You will be strong again
I know you have coped with some

Painful moment in your Life,
So I conclude
You will still standing, Regardless...
With confidence,

I can now say:
I have seen the sun rising again
Yes,
I can see it rising again
In your life...

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I Love My Queen G

I should not lie to myself anymore
I should not live in denial anymore
I should not mislead myself anymore

The truth is...
I seriously love my Queen G!
The truth is...
I deeply love my Queen G!
The truth is...
I really love my Queen G!

So I should come clean
And shout...
I love my Queen G! ! !

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Let Us Go Gentle With The Nature

Let us go gentle with the nature
It has given us many
Blessings to be proud of

Learn your Botany, Anatomy,
Geography, Astronomy, etc...
Before it is too late

Regardless of what the nature
Is giving us
A non-wise person will always

Fail to see the good side of it
He or She will only see curse
But let the rest of us go gentle with the nature...

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Let Us Live In Peace

Let us live in peace
Among ourselves
That is our natural instinct

Let us live in peace
Among ourselves
That is our only way forward

Let us live in peace
Among ourselves
That is how we will befriend freedom and justice

Or otherwise...

Heaven only knows
What will happen
To our beloved Congo

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Looking Into My Inner Self

Until I can look into my self
And find the real
Identity of my inner self,
I will not blame anyone
For my misfortune

Although the world
It is making me to do so
Still I will not blame
Anyone for my misfortune
Before I look in my inner self...

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My 'raison D'être' As A Poet

Let them say whatever they want to say about me
Let them do whatever they want to do to me
They are just wasting their time
I don't care anymore
They are just trying to distract me
As a poet I know what are my 'raison d'être'

As a poet,
I have duties to carry out
As a poet,
I have responsibilities to fulfil
As a poet,
I have a destiny to reach

So let them play the negative part
Of the game
And I, as a poet, will always play the positive part of the game
Which is talking to the heart of the entire humanity
Especially to those who have taken the time
To open up their heart to poets such as myself

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My Beautiful Lydia

Her face always radiates happiness
Her smile is always genuine
Her voice drives me wild
Her presence always makes me static

She is...

My beautiful Lydia

Always...

My Beautiful Lydia

Forever...

My Beautiful Lydia...

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My Black Pearl

My black pearl...
My black diamond
My gold,

Which gives a black brightness...

It was you who taught me how to be love again
It was you who taught me how to be happy again
It was you who gave me the willingness to live again

But...

Why have you let me float in space
Without you as my parachute?

Why have you choose
To make me a wicked man?

Why have made me a man
Hate his kind of women?

Yes...

Now I give you the permission
To put me to sleep forever...

So I cannot see
How I am losing you...

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My Cherie M M

This poem is dedicated to my friend Monique Mbombo

Whatever comes along my way...
I promise you
My heart will
Always be yours
And I will never let you down

Whatever comes a long my way...
I must make it clear so
Everyone should be able to know
You are and will always be
My favourite and my kind of woman

Whatever comes along my way...
It is important I should
Let you know that
You are and will always be
My Cherie M M

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My Princess

Who said that I have stopped loving you?
Whatever I did yesterday,
I am doing today,
Or I will do tomorrow,
Has nothing to do to the way I feel about you...

Of course,
The world might be limited
Only to the five senses,
But let us go further...

Regardless of my situations,
You are and will always be
That fairy tale Princess of mine
I felt in love with...

Even though we have choose
Not to walk through
Life on the same path,
But you still my Princess...

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My True Princess

I know that my life is full of mistakes
In fact I am an expert on the field
But this time I am extremely convinced
You're the one.
You're my true princess
No... You're not my fairy tale Princess
But you are my true Princess
The one who makes me say
Yes! Yes! Yes!

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Oh! My Congo! ! !

Oh! My Congo!

You are and will always be my Congo

Wherever I go

Wherever I settle

Wherever I live

I will raise your profile very high...

So high enough for everyone to see

I will shout your name very loud...

So loud enough for everyone to hear

I will make our connection very clear...

So clear enough for everyone to notice

Oh! My Congo!

You do not know how happy I was when

I found out that your children can never forget about you

I was even more delighted to learn that your children are

Preparing your Renaissance

Do not ask me how they will achieve it

Do not worry My Congo

Your children are very

Creative and Patriotic

They have already come up with an idea

Which they call Operation Besa Maboko,

Oh! My Congo!

This is just an open invitation for all of us

To give an helping hand in building your future

They have decided to make you a giant of twenty first century

Anyway you are the real and natural giant

All of us your children...

Are proud to be called Congolese

All of us your children...

Feel privilege to be called your beloved

All of us your children...

Will never let you down, Regardless

Oh! My Congo!

Do not worry anymore

This is going to be your century

So sit back and relax
Through Poetry, Prose,
Pictorial Narratives and moving pictures
Your children will Build,
Promote and Defend your Rebirth
Just sit back and relax...You are in good hands
Oh! My dear Congo you could not imagine
How happy I am to be called your beloved Child....

Oh! My Congo!
 Oh! My Congo!
 Oh! My Congo!

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One's Kind

How can one claims to belong
To the human family
And inflicted pain to
One's kind
Regardless of his or her ignorance,
Wickedness, lack of time, etc...
No one has the right to allow any
Unnecessary suffering of
One's kind,
As member of the human family
Let us hold hands and spread love
Among us...

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One's Real Talent

Through the darkest
Moment of one's life
One should not just
Cry, Mourn or Complain

But...
One should stop
And start to reflect
One should start to do

One's Introspection
Then maybe...And maybe...
One could discover
One's real talent.

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Our Beloved Mother

It is time for all of us to remember
Maman Beatrice Matho! ! !
Gauthier and Nicole....
Let us also remember that
Mothers are always going to be with us ...
Even when they died,
We will always feel their presence...
Their teachings will always be the corner stone
Of our sense of judgements.
And for the rest of us
I can say with a strong conviction that
Anyone who knew
Our Beloved Maman Beatrice Matho
Would be proud of her
She brought up well behaved, well mannered,
Well educated, well... etc... Children.
Now it is time for all members of Matho family
To carry her legacy to the next
Generation...
Yes! ! ! I am proud to say it again aloud
Maman Beatrice Matho
Thank you for everything...
You will always be Our Beloved Mother.

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Robot

And I should repeat it again
In front of all your colleagues
I am firing you on the ground that
You are always been faithful to me
You are always done
Your job without asking any questions

And I should repeat it again
In front of all your colleagues
I will 'mechanise' or 'electronise' your post
I don't want to see you anymore
You said that you have been a good worker
So, would be the robot

At least I would understand
If the robot lets me be the only
One doing everything
I will still forgive the robot
Because it is not programme
Think for itself.

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Seeing The Light

One who sees the Light!
Also sees the Darkness
Not seeing through the Darkness
But seeing the Darkness itself

One who sees the Light!
Would know
He or she has seen the Light
And would never say

Does the Light really exist?
Does the Darkness really exist?
One who sees the Light!
Would be always

Jolly
Big hearted
And someone
To have around

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She Is My Queen G! ! !

She resides in an island of happiness
Her face is a clear testimony of happiness
Even if she is in a serious physical pain
She is still happy
So... who is she?
She is my Queen G! ! !

She is beautiful, charming, kind and with a nice body
Her smile is so lovely that I can never resist it
Even if she is in a serious mood
She still has a smiling face
So... who is she?
She is my Queen G! ! !

What else can I say?
Just...
One thing...
She is my Queen G! ! !
She is my Queen G! ! !
She is my Queen G! ! !

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She Said...

She said I should be patient
I would succeed in what I like doing
And I am saying
I am already starting to flourish
I am starting to rise from
A mental oppression invisible but real
To excel and date my dreams...

She said that I should be patient
I would succeed in what I like doing
And I am saying
I am already starting to flourish
I am starting to rise from
A mental warfare every single day
To stopped me creating my own reality

She said that I should be patient
I would succeed in what I like doing
And I am saying
I am already starting to flourish
I am starting to rise from death to life
Now I can say I am living...I am alive...
I am proud of saying it a loud

She said that I should be patient
I would succeed in what I like doing
I must admit I did not believe her
Although she is the one who gave birth to me
I could not see what she was able to see
But now I can see it with
My very eyes

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Thank You Mother...

Thank you very much mother
Your advices have cleansed my mind
Of uselessness I acquired while I was away from you
Thank you maman Balenga...
Thank you very much mother
Your advices have helped me to embrace
The entire humanity as whole, Regardless of...

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The Arrival Of My Queen G

The brain is turning around
The heart is now beating fast
The eyes cannot longer see another lady
Clearly love is in Horizon
Yes!
But not from anyone
Yes!
Love is in hand
That is true... My true love is in hand
As this time is the time of my Queen G
It is the Arrival of my Queen G
As she is the only Queen of my life

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The Sky Has Turned Blue

Let us go out and celebrate
Let us dance, sing
And hug one other
The sky has turned blue...

It has brought with it
The spirits of happiness,
It has brought with it a positive energy
The energy to transform our mental vibration...

Let us go out and loose ourselves
Go and be possess by
The spirits of happiness
The sky has turned blue...

Maybe one could notice
One's mental vibration
Being changed to a high level,
Regardless our five senses...

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The Slanders

The bitterness of life almost took over
My heart
The anger of life almost engulfs
My heart

Why did I allowed myself to be
Disturb by those Slanders
Why did I allowed my Creativity to be
Affected by the actions of those Backstabbers

Why? Why? Why?
I should have known by now that
Those types of people who suffer
From inferiority complex

Would have acted as they did
And would always exist
Until the crack of doom
If so why should I be concern

With them
Regardless of my Actions or Response
They will never give up
Their attack on me...

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This Is The Time For My Lady S

Tall and Beautiful
With a lovely face
Embellished by a lovely smile
That is how I see My Lady S...
Coming to me in real life
Just as I have dreamt about her
It is true
She is extremely beautiful
She brings happiness
Everywhere she goes
There is no doubt about that
My Lady S is the one
I have always been looking for
My Lady S is beautiful
By listening to my heart
I knew she is the one
Just as she is able to electrify
The entire vicinity
From King's Cross to Holloway
She is also able to do the same to my heart
So this is the time for My Lady S...

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True Love Cannot Be Stopped

True love cannot be stopped
At best be delayed
But like it or not
True love always settled down in the public domain

True love cannot be stopped
Even if one is already committed somewhere else
Or the other one is a peaceful person
Or someone who always backs off in front of problems

True love cannot just be stopped
But also cannot be understood
How can someone be at a specific church
And see someone who still don't believe in fate

Well... That is love
Well... That is real love
Well... That is true love
Love whereby Corneille... meets Claudine ...

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Unravel Your Heart

Unravel your heart to the unfortunate people
You would be surprised to see the impact
You will have on them

They are looking for the kind of joy
Which is abundant in your heart
So please, unravel your heart to the unfortunate ones...

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We Will Make It

We will make it! ! !
You guys remember
What was our status during
The so-call Cold War...
But we managed to survive

We will make it! ! !
You guys remember
What was our status during
The so-call Industrial Revolution...
But we managed to survive

We will make it! ! !
You guys remember
What was our status during
The so-call Triangular Trade...
But we managed to survive

We will make it
Let us say it loud
We will make it
It will be difficult
But we will make it

Let us not have an illusion
It will be certainly difficult
But we will make it
We have to make it
For our children sake...

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