

Poetry Series

Grace Mutandi
- poems -

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Grace Mutandi(14 June 1983)

I am a 25year old sophisticated young lady who is inspired by life and my experiences and I try to live life to the full.

Alone Again

A clean heart, a clean mind gives a peace of mind and heart
its only when you fall, it feels as though you aren't going to rise,
strife feels too much, to raise you up to the high place you once where,
it's sore, it pains, the whole world turning its back on you,
all hope is lost, all strength is gone, all focus has vanished,
who do I turn to when all have better things to do,
I want the attention, I want the protection, I want the assurance,
I'm heavy ladden, I'm forsaken,
and though I cry bitterly no one is there to comfort me,
and though I scream, its all supressed,
but I learn to pick myself up, embrace myself, love myself,
that alone heals my heart and blesses my soul
I won't have to feel so 'Alone again'.

Grace Mutandi

Desperate Heart

I see you,
you are not my enemy, but rather my friend,
why should I hate you, why should i give reason,
Its not your fault, you are but only human,
you have a right, a right to err, a right to hurt,
a right to be selfish, a right to disappoint,
who am I to get in your way?
you forsake me, but i still hold on,
you throw me away and i still follow,
you injure me and i still stand,
stand for you and me,
cant you see, I'm right here, my heart is calling,
waiting on your love,
waiting on your comfort,
waiting on your protection,
you are my weakness, you are my sorrow, you are my sadness
I can't reach you,
you are gone, you are lost,
no matter how hard I try, we are world's apart,
your heart has shut its doors against mine,
and even though I sit and wait,
waiting for you to come out,
to come out and get me,
to come out and embrace me,
to come out and confess your undying love,
I seek, I hunt, I search, for my reason, to find you,
'you' the one I call my own
'you' the one I call my heart
but then i realise.....
I'll never have you,
I'll never find you,
I'll be just a 'desperate heart',
still trying to find you.

Grace Mutandi

Who Is This Girl?

Who is this girl, ?
who is this girl I see in the mirror,
this girl so beautiful and lovely,
so full of charisma and allure,
could there be anyone like her,
could there be anyone more outstanding,
she conquers all, she fears none,
her ambiance of good spirit,
scatters radiance and love,
character so versatile, so magnetic,
this woman of such good substance,

Who is this girl?
who is this reflection I see staring back at me,
this heroine of such gorgeous stature,
how could you ever put her down,
So fragile, yet so impossible to scar,
So loving, yet conceals her feelings inside,
who is this girl full of compassion,
who hurts but doesn't stop living,
who burns inside but finds her own comfort,
who lives for those she loves, but mostly for herself,
who is this girl?

time goes by, life brings the worst
to obliterate any trace of happiness
but, who is this girl, still standing,
standing proud and tall,
forsaking all reservations,
conquering to the bitter end,
I still ask, who is this girl?

I got to know this girl,
I dug deeper into her heart,
I left no stone unturned,
to find the truth in her,
to search for her deepest most hidden,
to reveal this authentic being,
I reached for her,

she allowed me in,
in her mind, in her thoughts,
in her heart.

I am that girl
I am the girl in the reflection,
staring right back at me,
I am that girl,
I just hadn't known it yet,
had not yet taken the time,
time to know who I truly was,
I traced back in time,
on to this present moment,
and when i discovered this being,
I decided, not to ask ask anymore,
who this girl really is.

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