

Poetry Series

Jacinta Nabakooza
- poems -



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Jacinta Nabakooza()

University student

Poet, writer

And Secondary teacher



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The Day We Shall Part Ways

The day we shall part ways
Will come like a rainbow
which no weather forecast can foretell.
That day swift like lightening
Will burry the memory of you
And I will not be there
To see you weep for me.
I've known tears:
I've known countless tears ancient as the garden of Eden and older than the flow
of Kabalega Falls.
On that day you'll scream
Thinking it's a dream
You desire to wake up from
And hoping to hear me call your name
But forgive me I'll not call.
I'll not turn behind
To bid my farewells
For I'll have rested
And silent I will be under my grave.
Do not Linger on
Just walk away.

-Jacinta Nabakooza

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Stopping By The Graveyard On A Lonely Evening.

Whose graves these are I think I know.
Their bodies are rotten 6 feet deep. though;
They will not see me stopping here
To envy their graves furnished up with turf and moss.

My young boy must think it bizarre
To stop by and begrudge dead men
Between the twilight and the midnight fright
The gloomiest night of the year.

He lifts his head up in wonder
To ask if there is any bewilderment.
The only sound's the sweep
Of the mutuba trees and windy weather.

The graves are charming, peaceful and black.
But I have obligations to make.
And journeys to go before I lay slack.
And days to glow before I sink.

-Jacinta Nabakooza

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Dear Age

Dear Age,
How are you friend?
So vast is the space between us.
Look! I am now a minute old.
Did you receive my last letter?
Wild are the years.
And I have nothing to give you, but my tears.
The threads of my rage
reach deep beyond my disquiet spirit.
You, you have went by so quick
To wipe my feet off this earth
For you haven't gone gentle with me
Yet, my dear one I call thee.
Where is my dream oh gentle age
The life for which I've raced?
Up all night,
Nothing I think of but a beautiful enemy
I've found in you.
How did I reach here?
Oh dearly loved,
Shan't you hang on?
For my gentle heart
Dances on broken promises.
Dear Age,
Go gentle and come slow.
Send my love to death.

-Jacinta Nabakooza

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My Lady Mother

The truest woman that ever eyes
 beheld at their deepest joy,
 Made each hand, in busiest a day
The dearness of being capable.

 Her loitering was my sureness each day
 Her sweating was my hope
 The meals that did my jaws excite
Was why she in every step walked.

 I thought it solitary a world
 As I wanted, wanted to be;
 Selfishly with her
As ageless as the moon.

 Yet faster as a blink was time
 That germinated our years
 And matured I into a woman
When My Lady Mother, into gray, she advanced.

 And sorrows as endless a moon rise,
 or as thick red a rose is,
 Through broken backbone or wrinkled face
For was she and herself
To create nicest a world for us.

 Burdens she shouldered, menace she dared
 To defy scorn and shame of her gender
 All she beared,
 For us to slumber placidly.

 Cleanest her love high was
 Thoughtfully as she trekked
 Overflowed her filial piety
 The seed of her womb.

Bliss beyond celestials
Shone upon her temples

Grand, picturesquely exacting
Elegance gathered high.

Thrust upon her was, my hand, heart and mind
Whose surety during then dare I say
was with no hypocrisy
Declaring core a gratitude.

So much as she lived,
My Lady Mother
her lips proclaimed
many days for us; Providence Shalt bless us.

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The Lone Bird

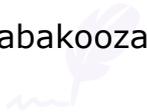
Wings I flight in heavens blue
And clouds I hug to sleep
And sky of high was but empty
That yielded with the cry_

And if I fly_the only flight
That takes my cold heart for me
Is_'But run away; the danger
that now I terror
'And give me peace'_

Yes, as the morning dew fades
The lone life I tread
'Tis all I wasted
In day and night, a wanderer
With glee to hope! _

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Good Night

The sun's down yet night falls in so elegantly
Long, the clock will crawl
For sometimes on nights like this
the stars suspend above
shining
and my mind below sinks
pregnant with words yet unspoken.
Midnight, now drowns
me deep in the silent sea of love
with more hotness
than warmth, and so in bed I turn
and twist sleepless
For this mind swings pivoted
on someone beautiful like you
- spring of these unquiet
feelings
tuned to idleness
of dreamy scenes.
I'll frame the night of my thoughts
into a good night.

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