

Poetry Series

**Judith Alekadala**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2012

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

# Judith Alekadala()

# Cry To The Lord Syria

Cry to the Lord, God Syria!  
He hears the small  
as well as the great.  
Say you not we have no oil.  
See you oil in India?  
Have they oil in China?  
He's got his ways,  
to prosper the nations.

Great rulers rush to kings  
whose economy stand healthy  
they make ties with the wealthy  
But you Syria known by God,  
let your help come from him  
let the world know there is God,  
who shows up in battle,  
to defend the oppressed.

Judith Alekadala

# Gold And Silver Belongs To Him

As things are getting rough, the answer is to look to the owner of universe, the creator.

he made us for a purpose he cannot allow us to suffer unless we dont recognise him us our master.

God can cause the rains to fall in due seasons to allow us to grow and harvest bountifully

help us O Lord,  
it is getting tougher and tougher,  
the answers we get from other sources,  
gives us no results  
we thought it was politicians policies,  
but how can they stop these:  
drought, tsunamis, hurricanes, earthquakes etc

as a nation bail another,  
the other shouts for help,  
we are getting into a danger zone they say,  
our economists can measure the degree of,  
stopping it they know not.

we can measure the speed of a storm,  
but you determine it,  
we count the numbers of our years,  
but you grant it,  
O! you know the number of our hair.

Help us to remain under your wings,  
the security here is guaranteed,  
no downgradings here  
there is Gold and silver in your kingdom too,  
we will settle here

Judith Alekadala

# My God My Planner

My God my planner of my destiny,  
They planned evil against me in vain,  
I, among strangers i reign,  
I rule a land so foreign,  
I rule them who hated my dream.

My God did not leave me alone,  
He used their plans my stepping stone,  
I fly high and rise high,  
I soar like an eagle in a sky,  
I rise in the eyes of my enemies.

My God gave me wisdom,  
He restored my freedom,  
He gave me discernment,  
to fulfill my assignment,  
yes in a foreign land!

My God has made it happen,  
I stand in place of wise men,  
I wear the king's signet ring,  
I put on his gold chain around my neck,  
I hold the ruler's stuff in my hand.

Judith Alekadala

# Pa Khomo La Kachisi

Sizili bwino lero pano,  
Inu anthu awa salankhula ndi opemphesa,  
awopa kudetsedwa, iwo ndi opemphera,  
mantha ananditha, posadziwa ndimvanji,  
ndikadakhala ndi miyendo ndikadangoliyatsa.

Iwo changu chawo chikhala,  
pakulowa mu kachisimu kukapembeza,  
ndikuthamangilanso ku ma wanja awo,  
amadzanditula pano achifundo,  
kuti odutsa apa adzindiponyela limodzi, limodzi.

pamene mkuluyo anati penya kuno,  
ndinachita changu kudzutsa mutu,  
apo ndikulingalira kuti mwina ali nazo nazo,  
koma anayamba ndi kuti;  
Golide ndi siliva ndilibe!

Moyo wanga unayambanso kuthamanga,  
pano ndiye molimbika zedi,  
kodi akufuna chani akuluwa?  
akufuna andichotse pano?  
ndipita kuti tsono?

Anapitilira ndi kuti:  
chomwe ndikupatse iwe ndi ichi,  
mudzina la YESU WA KU NAZALETE  
dzuka yenda!  
Kodi akuluwa akunena Yesu yemwe anampachika uja?

Anandigwila dzanja munthu wopemphera wosaopa kudetsedwayu  
mumtima ndinati ndiimilira choncho,  
ngati chili chipongwe ndinazolowela,  
koma ayi anthu inu ndinayamba kuyenda!  
YESU anandiona ine pa khomo la kachisi  
ngakhale pamene sindinali kumudziwa

Judith Alekadala

# The Creator

He made the sun to brighten the day,  
The moon and the stars to brighten the night,  
The seas to separate the land,  
The waters to keep the fish,  
and the creator saw it was good.

He made the earth to be habitable!  
The seeds in it to produce trees,  
He made animals big and small,  
wild and tamed,  
and the creator saw it was good.

He created human beings to watch over the earth,  
to reign over the birds in the sky,  
to reign over the fish in the seas,  
to reign over the animals.  
and the creator saw it was good.

Judith Alekadala

# The Fall Of A Giant

He went to battle without God's approval,  
now the nation celebrate his fall and removal.  
The king once surrounded by wealth,  
laid on a market place, buried on a secret place,  
like a banished villager to an evil forest.

He refused to honour God even at death,  
offered money to the warriors so brave,  
a deal to dodge the grave,  
intead of turning to the author of life,  
as one shouts in the cloud;  
plead for your soul to God!

Dragged from a drain hole,  
like a stranded mouse.  
found no refuge in any house,  
a king once surrounded by wealth,  
gold was on his bed, his garments,  
his weapons were made of gold.

He seek no counsel from God  
oppressed his people with no concern.  
hired heartless foreigners to destroy his citizen,  
but the lord of Heavens Armies,  
uses the small like David,  
to pull down Goliath.

The citizens so determined to remove him,  
refused to be under the fierce ruler,  
They fought from morning to morning,  
they united to fight for their freedom.  
they finally gathered to celebrate,  
the fall of the giant.

Judith Alekadala

# The Festival

I started my journey to the festival,  
it was beautiful from beginning to arrival  
We saw alot on the road,  
the wooden art  
the hand made hats.  
the display of weaved mats  
men carrying their trade goods on their bicycles  
women balancing heavy loads on their heads  
I concluded that people here are skillful.

The palm trees as we approach,  
the town so called Mangochi,  
gave us a calm breeze.  
the warm welcome from the people,  
their smiles,  
their friendliness,  
the help they gave us,  
Their characters showed,  
they are origins of the Warm Heart Of Africa.

At The lake Of Stars show,  
all were welcome,  
he casual and white collars,  
as long as you got dollars.  
The amazing vocals,  
from the locals  
the voice form foreign artists,  
the whole music filled my joy  
I gained more than a show at this lakeshore

Judith Alekadala

# The Temple Gate

I was shaking with fear,  
knowing not what next to hear,  
If i had legs i would run,  
this is strange,  
they dont talk to strangers these!  
they are cautious of their ceremonial cleanliness.

they rush into the temple to worship,  
and they rush out to their families,  
i sit here to ask them some cash,  
they usually dropp it in a rush,  
then off they go!

When this man said look at us,  
i quickly lifted my head up,  
i thought this man must have alot to drop,  
but he said again;  
Gold and silver i have not.

My heart started pounding again,  
even harder this time,  
why did he stop by?  
to kick me out of this temple gate?  
where will i go?

He continued to say;  
what i have i give you,  
in the name of Jesus of Nazarene,  
get up, walk!  
is he talking about the same Jesus they crucified?

I stood up as he was holding my hand,  
if he is mocking me i care little,  
am used to mocking,  
but i was walking!  
Jesus saw me at the temple gate,  
before i even knew him.

