

Poetry Series

**MaliQ Honesty Quallaz  
Nyasha  
- poems -**

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## MaliQ Honesty Quallaz Nyasha(04 - 07 - 95)

Born Honest Nyasha on the 4th of July 1995, MaliQ Honesty Quallaz is a Zimbabwean poet, rapper and songwriter from Chiredzi but currently residing in Chitungwiza.

His journey as a creative began in Primary School and he later on went to discovering his true identity in High School where he penned his first poems and songs respectively. He went on to write a 10 piece anthology titled All About You in 2016 dedicated to his crush at the time though it was never published.

His inspirations include Tyler Perry, Rudy Francesco, J. Cole and the late Dambudzo Marechera only to name a few.

His catalogue consists of writings across all genres

# Attention

For it is what I long for more than intimacy  
My heart's desires are left unanswered  
For no-one seems to understand what a man's heart goes through  
Dismissed is the fact that an ability to love was granted to all human beings

Like the sky is blue so is my heart true to the words I say  
Deprive me of my need to have it  
I live with a tinted soul  
For I ask myself, Lord why did you put all these selfish people in my life  
They want it for themselves never stopping to think I might crave for it too

ATTENTION.

She told me she didn't want me no more  
For reasons so unknown to me  
She told my friends I was a worthless dog  
As if lacking teeth removed all the doggy styles from a dog  
She asked me how I could have been so good and yet still fail to figure out what  
she really needed  
Pissed at me she was for not being able to honor her needs  
That's the reason why she left me because I failed to give her,  
ATTENTION

For long they have said what a woman wants and what she doesn't  
And for long they have discredited our existence in the love equation  
They have made us more like bodyguards than lovers  
Treated us like second class citizens living off a minimum wage  
Yet they expect so much from us  
What they have failed to realize is,  
Just like them our needs collide  
Just like them we want what they want too  
But because they are them and we are us, they don't think we deserve it  
All they ever did was take it all to themselves and left us working to please them  
without the favor ever being returned  
Which made me wonder, who the heck said men don't want  
ATTENTION.

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# Dear Old Friend

Mirror mirror on the wall, who's the fairest of them all?  
I look at you in despair wishing I could have it all.

If only you had hands you could just point me to the throne.  
A feminist kingdom so that I might marry the Princess.

For I'm nothing but a peasant whose life has no meaning.  
For without the Princess I have set my eyes on my life has no direction.

Only wishing I was a frog then her kiss would turn me into a Prince.  
Am I dreaming?  
I ask, am I a stranger to reality?

I look around am I the only one in short of a good thing?  
Mirror mirror on the wall, may you please tell her she's beautiful everytime she  
looks at you.

Till next time my dear friend, don't forget to tell her I'm the one who send you to  
tell her that She's like what they say these days, the bomb.

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# Forever In A Day

From a distance I look at tomorrow and I see the promise of a better day.  
The more tomorrow draws in, the more the promises of a better tomorrow seem fictional.

I ask myself a question but the answers are conflicting,  
Is God to blame for all our suffering or Are we as humans to blame?

I look at the stars from an angle of oblivion, the hope of a love so rare dwindle  
by each passing second.

What am I to do sounds like a selfish question with What are we to do sounding  
more like a trying to share my pain with the world question.

A day filled with trials completes what it feels like living forever in a day.

He said and she said, their love was that of a promise from the Almighty,  
Only if She knew and He knew that she was the devil in a red velvet dress and  
He was the lost Angel in possession of a stolen identity.

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# In The Event Of My Demise

Because of life's uncertainties, I know one day I will be taken away from this earth.

I will cease to exist just like that.

At the thought of such a tragedy, emotions overcloud my judgement.

How will you remember me? ? .

Am I deserving of the tears that you will shed for me? ? .

In The Event Of My Demise,

I pray the good Lord grants me grace to be in heaven.

For I have lived a life dreaded with iniquities.

My soul doesn't deserve pardoning, but who am I to judge.

I leave the judgement to HIM who created me in his image.

In The Event Of My Demise,

I know sooner or later my body will lay lifeless in that wooden box.

To those I wronged, a moment of sadness will visit their hearts but relief will overtake the sadness.

And to those that loved me I say, do not therefore waste your tears for that won't bring me back.

But since pain and grief is the root of all tears, cry not in agony but in happiness.

In The Event Of My Demise,

Celebrate what I stood for, celebrate my failures and my triumphs.

Celebrate the man I was, celebrate the man I wanted to be.

And never let the memory of me depart from your hearts.

For I lived most of my life trying to make all of you happy in my expense.

In The Event Of My Demise.

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# Mama Give Me A Signal

I look around and the atmosphere feels strange.  
Guilt is what's written all over their faces.  
And for a moment it seems as if I am stuck in a puzzle.

Or better yet a game but I'm quick to dismiss it having watched Jumanji.  
In this very particular moment there is only one thought patrolling through my mind.  
Will I wait? ? , If so, please  
Mama give me a signal.

I look around and the place looks different.  
They keep screaming, "save us from here we love you." but the love feels so fake.  
I stand in admiration of the unity they are presenting unfortunately it all fades away due to my failure to help them.

Questions start to pouring only to find out I'm the only one here left to answer the questions I'm asking myself.  
Where am I? ? How did I get here and how long before someone comes to offer me help? ?  
With a troubled heart and way too much time on my hands, I wait patiently as I say a silent prayer and at last I have these utterances.  
Mama give me a signal.

With time on a standstill, I feel like giving my soul away.  
I hear echoes of all the lost and tormented souls haunting me.  
Begging me to be part of the pack.  
And without knowledge of what's going to happen next I'm hesitant of who I confide in.

With the wait emerges extreme agony an unquenchable thirst and hunger.  
As I am about to accept the offer to join the lost and tormented souls, a fresh breeze cascades through the land.  
And behold help had arrived, in that moment I realized the significance of the cold summer breeze.  
Mama had finally given me a signal

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# My Demise

Feeling weary, voices in my head turning inaudible.

I descent to my place of rest with hopes of a reemergence in full throttle.

After a while I begin to feel my body giving in to the tiredness that has taken a toll on my mind, body and soul.

And in an instant I'm caught in between the space that separates reality and dreamland.

As time passes I start feeling a little more inclined to the dream than I am to my reality.

Trying as much as possible to hold on to a piece of my reality, I lose my grip and I fall deep into the slumber.

Unlike the previous days, the vibe on exhibition in this current slumber feels different but my mind is quick to dismiss it on the basis of the level of weariness.

As I progress and venture deeper into my dreams, I start hearing voices.

But my inability to see where they are coming from and who is emitting them introduces fear.

After an attempt to stop and change courses seems futile, that's when I realize I was no longer in control of my thoughts.

A higher power had taken over, it's in that moment I hear a voice echoing above every other voice.

Welcoming me to the land of the dead.

With more questions than answers, without being given a chance to ask, the whole universe is filled with HIS glory.

I find myself on my knees trembling with fear.

With his hand stretched towards me, HE offers me a hand and in no time I was up but fear had wrecked every nerve in my body.

That's when I realized that indeed I was no longer part of the living.

In what seemed like a flashback, I'm shown people on earth waking me up only to discover I had turned cold and I was no more.

In that instant, they panic and start crying.

I could feel tears on my cheeks but there were none to wipe away.

He looked me in the eye and went, "son not everyone crying for you loves you. But everyone who loves you is crying for you. I brought you here not because your times up but to show you the true meaning of being alive."

Still in shock of what I was hearing, those voices that had turned inaudible become sound.

From a distance I can hear the screams, the pain that my sudden Demise has

inflicted on people.

That's when in a flash, I breath heavily and my mind body and soul are interlinked again.

I had been saved from My Demise.

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# Tell Me

Love love love please tell me how  
you operate

Tell me how you come and be a  
light in the midst of a dark cloud

how you manage to be the reason why someone cannot stop smiling.

Once again my emotional pal, tell me how you seem to be the reason behind the  
existence of so-called players, those who have had their hearts stained on the  
quest to finding eternal happiness.

Or so they say and so we think,

Tell me how in a space of a second someone can be swept off their feet and be  
left wondering why a love like that was always like a distant memory.

Tell me how pain is forever stacked in our hearts at the encounter of a  
counterfeit version of you.

You leave me in awe when you fail to stand up for yourself and clarify who you  
really are

The world is divided, you are defined in so many different ways and your  
existence is debatable.

Yet you choose to maintain silence

To those who have found you, they don't seem to want to lose you

And to those who haven't, well some long for you yet some are in denial and  
because of being phobia stricken, failure to commit leads them to dismiss your  
existence.

Tell me.

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