

Poetry Series

mariechantal tuyisabe
- poems -

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Alfred's Wife

Ruth had been sweeping
When she abruptly heard something bewailing,
An ocean howl
Her open-naked back yard's ground
That wore green sprouts around
Was left half unfinished
Because to each direction of her house
She went on dancing un aware what to do next

The sun had already revealed its morning beauty
And it was around seven Am that next
She led her kids to a main road
The main road was crowded
The main road was decorated
By flour and suitcases
When she reached it.

The olimpic ocean wails kept on
And it was that time she wished
She could have waited him home
It was that time she knew the word 'complying'
It was that time the olimpic ocean's
Out cry made the kids lie there
To be awakened in a new world
And it was that time she too
Was to be seen in a new world
Where no human errors will disrupt meek ones

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Brother

My brother and I were friends
Always, we played like fools
On those anthills and vales
Enclosed by mountain chains
But, sometimes, we also fought
When in irritation of a theft.

As children of nine and ten
I, The eldest
And he, the youngest
Fought like bools
When he stole
My left-over meal and canes
Always, on a ground I was
So, one day, determined to a solution,
I decided to teach him a lesson,
And it was during a rainy season
That I spread a hot pepper
On my white plate, paper
That held my left-over meat and rice
I did, then took a four-litter gallon
Shaped in a form of a seedless melon
And run away for a while
For I had known that
It was going to burn like a hell
Without a drop from a well.

Many hours later,
While I had pondered to go back home later,
Content, I was
But, also afraid was I
Imagining designs on my chocolate skin
And my father and his roar,
Made me uneasy.

Home, I took my way,
And while my gallon in a sway,
I glanced at my brother
Who smiled with nothing to bother

His wide-open smile
That walked for a mile
And assuaged my soul
Closer, I approached him and said,
'What is that smile all about? '
'You will see, you will see
What dad will do to you'
He said standing
In front of our gated house.

I continued my way home
Pretending to be brave
As a black man in a cage
And heard a lenient voice
That called my name
In a great musical cadence
This was my father
In a weird voice
That hadn't known before
Unlike the other-during our time on the shore
'Come here'. He continued
And so I drew closer
'Is it true what you had done? '
'No father. I was only trying
To get used to it like all my cousins'
'Go and never do such thing again,
And remember to repent'
And so I left
With all my body sweating
Like a drenched mouse-
In a watered hole
My father's leniency
Has remained a mystery
But, my only brother
Has always explained
How noses and mouths
Became Niagara falls.

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Grasshoppers

I remember those surprising days
In which I used to be strongly amazed
The red, green grasshoppers-
Even uninterested eye-droppers
Would not disregard for
They were bread and milk.

On each corner of the rickety town,
They erupted twice a year
As a cluster of yellow-bellied bees.
Like a throng of migrating birds,
They shamelessly made their beds
In corn fields and banana trees
Where the airy-everyday lacked no scented breeze

The high school students
Seized the winged-souls
Like sharp-eyed eagles.
And during school time,
They would skip,
And regardless those drenching rains,
They stayed planted in
The overgrown flowery grasses
Hunting slowly as not to frighten them
And allow them to turn a page to long trees

Toasted with care and love, they would be,
Like blue-balloons, Mouthes would be filled-up.
And people would say,
'Another day, an other year'

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Great Sea

I frequently fled my compound
For you openly refused to chill out
Now that I'm safe and alive,
All I ask is to extinguish your fiery waves
And allow me pass and see all I left behind

I lingered abroad for so long
...That all the strangers began to continuously talk
As if to no where I belonged

Let me pass and gaze
At the land again
At the long mountain
At the swishing fountain
At the musical rain

Great sea
If you can only let me see,
If you can only let me gaze
At my childhood landscape
At the enchanting-warm people
At the shine-shimmering moon light
A tribute-to you- I will pay.

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He Was Splashed

Before even he got splashed,
Our father had forbidden him from
All his fishing movement
He had made it clear
Like one with continuous fear
That his enemies might sink him in
That long-grassed river where
Hippopotamers and crocodiles
Hunt and swimed daily
Dangerous was the river
He could not surrender, however
Because he always said that
Life without fishing
Was like putting
Water in a holed-jug.
Also, he did like the way
Fishes wiggled in the waters
He would say.

One glare hot summer,
One day in that summer,
Splashed, my brother was
For he came home late-
Around eight PM,
And our father had been
Hunting him all day-long
The small yellow-spotted fishes,
Our father threw-in the air
Like one who wasn't a dear
Next, his arm, he grabed and
Led him in the room that
He had arranged so well and
Put a pink pants-belt.

After, the laughter I could hear
So well I could hear,
And our mother's too, I could hear
But, hers was a mear one
That sounded like one'spity

Next morning after-while I swept the floor,
Shoked, I was
Seeing white milk that spotted the floor
And designs that snaked my brother,
Made my heart leap with joy
And that'show I knew the truth that
He was really splashed.

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I Do Not Have A Brother To Hold

After all the scars...
After all the stars
And the sun retreats...
And here you are talking
About pulling you back on the shore
Teeth bite a tongue
But, sometimes the tongue
May not remain in side there
Together with the teeth
Where did she go wrong?
How could you?
How could you make me
Dispise the rib I've come from
And all males who've passed by?

My mother has a hundred years now
And I do not have a brother to hold

I exactly remember
The day you made it open
That you needed many
To make you proud
Like one with many sons
That day, the flames clasped her
How could you?
How could you make me
Dispise the rib I've come from
And all males who've passed by?

I've twenty six years now
And children of my own
That I hold tightly
That I hold tightly

I am content now
Of her recovery
But also grieve about the loss
Will I have a father again?

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I Reached My Sister ' S House

I reached my sister's house and sank on a sit
Waiting again for a sip of whisky
For the freedom was better and too frisky
Unlike my own home where freedom less beat
For husbands rule the world without a low fit
I gazed around, but there was no a bit of whisky
And told myself that there was a sip of whisky
And departed

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In The Library

I arrived in the library with a baby on my back
Thinking to attend my class on line
For my childcare was closed and damned
I found a place to begin
As I positioned myself to begin,
A libralian lady jumped in
And disturbed all my composure and said,
'Children are not allowed in the libraly as
before'
Puzzled and perplexed,
I had to defend myself
Like one with a say
Despite my explanation
Of the issue without a gain,
All went in vain and nothingness again
And few minutes later,
While I searched my way to the door,
I perfectly understood and said,
'Finally well come to a new world of Aparpheid'

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In The Village

In the village there was no a
Trace and face of a man to be seen
All were in the long mountains
That touched the heavens
For a humiliation of
Being grinded on a ground,
They would not allow
But, my father was
The only one
In the village
Dismissing all about
The issue.

In his garden,
With Varden
They wandered
As winds and soldiers
Bent and grinded
The heads of
Carots and peanuts
As the soldiers continued
To ward
The garden
And my father and Varden,
Grinding the vegetation
Without a reflection,
Zoro barked again and again.

And despite their comand,
My father would not allow
To be grinded on the ground
To be grinded on the ground
Instead would fly and leave
His boot behind
Losing his mind,
And would not look behind
For his boot
And the soldiers too
Would not look forward

For our dog's bark, Would not allow
To bend and grind on the ground
To bend and grind on the ground
As they had come with winds
They would return
Bending and grinding
The vegetation without
A refraction.

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Mother

In side Leonard's kitchen place,
My mother sat on a stool without a trace
Cooking and dismissing all about the war
Always like Blenda
She would not surrender
Cooking during the war

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Mother And Daughter

Open your eyes widely
And do not be deceived
Gaze at the world and see
How it had grown wings
You can't close your eyes
And forget about the past
For it lasted six months,
...Six months abroad,
...Six months of a cold bed.

Let knitting those
Tiny blue socks
For no one carries
One's burdens
Especially one whose
Mistakes bear
Unwanted burdens
You can't be
A mother to the world
And I, a sister to the world
For this, is about You and I to blame,
For this, in our Neighborhood, is a shame
Hold your own grand-sons
And forget about being
A mother to the world
Now that you understood,
Burdens of one's father
And one's husband,
Must be remembered
In order to keep
Our eyes dry.

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On The Land Where I Was Born

On the land where I was born
There, were all and greens,
Vegetation full of life
For the rain did all

On the land where I was born
Papayas too, there were
And also brown figs that grew
Fully with joy

On the land where I was born
No one knew hunger for
The perfect land has
Provided all

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Once Up On A Time

Once upon a time in a midday
While Lila was home in a dismay
There came her cousin rushing in a haste
To deliver a message of courage and hope
'Soldiers say to run far away
That a war is about to begin'
She said in a frightening way
That made a hopeless hope stand in Lila's way
'Are you running away too?
Which place are you going to? '
Lila murmured not knowing who she was talking to
For her brain and vain soul
Swirled again and again
Later, after few days
She was perfect without a daze
In a foreign-neighboring hospital
How was she flown there?
Only God was there.

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She-Once-Was My Mother

I've never forgotten
My mother's braveness
She, who stood unbroken like a rainbow
Of a multitude beautiful colours...
She- once- was my mother

And all her courage-
Uncomparable with
Any living thing...
She-once- was my mother

Those moments of terror,
Those places where no
Crickets, snakes, and birds'sounds
Could be heard,
She navigated through
Without a cheerful shadow
Ah! She- once- was my mother

And despite the rumbling bombs
And rockets'songs,
She wouldn't fling her full-topped cases
On the sorghum-filled walking way
As my father had done
When he left her behind
Can't you see!
She- once- was my mother

And the continuous calls
Of the word 'maman',
Of my baby brother- behind her back,
Couldn't suppress her
She was still not easily broken like an egg
Hard like canadian rocky mountains...
She- once- was my mother

Even as the calls kept on,
A suitable place, she would fetch
To make him suck her breasts

And continue her way-afterwards
How tenacious!
She- once-was my mother

And later, when I and siblings saw her,
Down, the joy knocked my heart
And said, 'yes girl-she once had been your mother'

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Sister In-Law

Every days and nights,
She walks up and down-
Past corn fields
Her flip-flops,
Fluttering as
A nightly bird

In my home,
She invites herself
As if my book shelf
Belongs to her and me
She deserves no blame
For she is like one without shame
But, how can she understand
When her age's reluctant to slow
And unwilling to quit her mother's breasts?
My beautiful home,
My beautiful estate
Can not be divided
Just like one's husband.

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Stories

A period of time passed
As I moaned about the loss of stories,
The stories...full of bliss,
The stories...unlike Tery's
They filled the air
During a moon light,
During a star light
While I sat among cousins and friends,
While I sat under the yellow-blue heavens.

A period of time passed
As I held on the stories to emerge,
But no prints that emerged,
No that cluster of
Cousins and friends
Sitting outdoors
During a moon light,
During a star light
For a period of time
Has bounced me
For miles and miles.

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The Baboons

on a glare-warm day, I whatched baboons
Baboons whose holes looked like a pink ball
They crawled to ward our sugar-cane field-wall,
And I laid planted behind the anthill-haze
Still planted, I questioned myself and dazed
'What if they break and braid me into a vale?
Will they shake me like winds do to a kale?
May be I have to be brave unlike Joy'sbays'
The orange clouds swallowed the sun half-chewed,
And a tender-soft breeze caressed my cheeks
While the baboons besieged the canes still
The canes were harvested afresh like last weeks,
And in dissappointment, father would be sued
But, the truth was that I was bounded without a skill.

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The Blue Man

The day I met him,
Every thing became true
Like a morning dew-
With a perfect hue
He came stretching
His arms and reaching mine
But, all against us
For he was a blue man
But, despite their laughter,
I would reach after
Their lovely talks
With mocks
And chew them
With a bit of concern
Because a green man
was not within my heart
Ofcourse I couldn't care less
With a mess
For he came beaming on me,
Quenching my thirsty desire
Unlike Matiya
A shimmering one
Was all I starved for
And not columns of colours.

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The Enternet

He couldn't escape the land scape
Even after being smashed repeatedly,
The scotch-tape would carefully caress it
I smashed it a million time-
During a twilight-without again
Again and again I smashed it
For it was my enemy
This white man's creativity was my enemy
It was embraced, held in a warm clasp before me
This land scape again and again was held, embraced
By my lovely lover
While in my bed, I laid without cheers,
While in my bed I laid with only tears,
And I wasn't about to share
Instead I decided not to care
For there were no reforms.

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The Maid

Young and tender, I am
But I look to my future and doubt
Will I be like those whose
Compounds I cheerfully cherish
Day after day?
Some thing whispers
Into my ears
And gives me a
Long-lined truth
The faces of those with...
Stare at mine in
A warm-friendly gaze
Do they even realize how
Many miles and miles my youthful
Brain can run?
Their success is greatly honest
And yet about my future, they question

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The Man Afoot

Afoot to ward a girl, the man tumbled
Enraged to see the girl laughing, he killed
The girl cried a little, but cursed
Hidding her face with a purse
His way- swearing, he kept on

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The Woman

By the water tank where
I stood astounded by a sudded scream
Of a woman I listened
Then watched her
As she descended the green grassy hill
Stabbing the core of my ears,
My inner hole
The blue, black birds
Flew and left their supper behind
As she continued running and stabbing
My ears
For years
The Ugandan security would
Not allow any movement of
Congolese refugees-out of the camp
So, she continued running and stabbing my ears
For years
As the huge upstanding stick
Landed on the door of her back
Leaving a perfect design.

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The Yellowish Birds

The wind winded so slow,
And dry avocado leaves
Fell one by one
On Miranda's verandah
As I marveled at the small-yellowish birds
That hung up on the Avocado tree.

Their nests looked like a cluster of
Brown mushroom knitted tightly
With bamboo leaves.
And their swishing sounds eckoed
Smoothly into my ears
As I sat on Miranda's verandah
Enjoying the show.

It was cold and almost dark
But still - on Miranda's verandah
I sat Watching as they burried
Themselves -one by one -in their
Nests until their sounds were broken.

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You Can'T Blame Me Now

You can't blame me now
For the customer's names on
The red receipts are
Long-shaped enough like
A broom-stick

You can't blame me now
For in advance I
Had looked at the
Buggies's bottoms and
Tops just before
You'd sneaked behind my
Back to hand your eye to
Every little mistake

My pink-purple face
Is simply the same as
Those who leap as pleased
And most of all I
Am a child, and you,
My father.

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