

Poetry Series

Munashe Rupazo
- poems -



PoemHunter.com

Publication Date:

2023

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Munashe Rupazo(29 Dec 1993)

Digging for Gold doesn't mean you will not stand a chance up the peak, even though you dug going down.



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Love! What Is It?

They say love is a four letter word.
I'm sure it also comes with a meaning;
A meaning that satisfies its defined purpose.
I'm sure it exhausts its mission where it resides.
I'm sure it acts vigorously and passionately,
With every ample muscle and possible route.

What I mean to say is love is a four letter word.
A word that has a definition and character.
A word that does not hesitate to be what it is meant to be;
For what is purpose if not to be?

Love is a four letter word.
A word that has meaning fulfilled within the heart.
A character that enables and disables.
A kind that makes and breaks.
A thing that explodes with massive reaction.
A letter that holds more than four capabilities.

When God gave her a home to stay,
With the much force and passion to build and destroy,
To construct and destruct,
I'm sure God built the heart with sufficient walls of resistance and
accommodation.

Because there are times when love is so sweet and tender,
And there are those when it tenderizes the sweetness of it's shelter.
There are times when love is so stubborn and tough,
There are those it toughens irrationally.

If heart had a choice,
If heart gave up on it's irrational tenant,
If the residence visa of love lapsed,
I'm sure we would seize to exist,
I'm sure we would loose sight of who we are as beings,
For what is human if not to be.
What is love if not to express.
A four letter word,
With a defined purpose,

And a calculated destiny.

It is what confides us in the zone of reaction and resistance,
It is what collects within the epidemic of the heart,
It gathers all extremes and make them meaningful,
And life begins to have meaning,
Because of the purpose love comes by,
To be!

Munashe Rupazo

???? I've Not Lost Hope Yet ????

In all that I know

In all that I've been through

I fought for my liberation once

I lost many gallant sons and daughters of my soil

I had redeemed the future for my children

I called it Independence on the 18th of April 1980

It was supposed to be the Independence Day my children would celebrate in the future

It was supposed to be the National Heroes souvenir

A memoir for my Zimbabwean History

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I have a question to the man that brought my misery back!

Once I bled tears of blood, you pierced my heart with your conniving selfishness.
I dragged my helpless body to the spring of life and you destroyed the tributaries.

I endeavored to talk and ask you to change yet you did not pay attention.

I cast a ballot in the desire to influence democracy in my house yet you threatened my choice.

I cried in agony and you sliced my tongue out of my mouth.

As if it was not enough... You chopped my hands off so that I couldn't harvest for my starving children.

You lied to my conscience and made me believe it was my fault that I was suffering.

What do you hope to gain from my misery black man! ?

For with ammunition you inject my degree certificates with your bullets of unemployment.

You suffocate my bank account with your teargas of bond/rtgs.

You enhance 'diplomatic taxes' and use my money to fairy your mega false deals.

You embed my bed with sleeping pins that haunt my rest.

You force me to support your name while running on top of red charcoal.

You strip my grandfather off his pension and threaten to take his land just so he calls you president.

You rape my sister in broad daylight and call her a slut because she told you her 2 year old is hungry.

You brainwash my young with infertile land and give them t-shirts to kill those who oppose you.

Black man what do you hope to gain from my misery! ?

Pasi nemhandu is your chant!

Kutonga is your motivation!

Aggression is your tool!

Military is your defense!

Indeed your skills materialised before the face of my innocent people.

I had faith, I hoped and I prayed your grip would lighten at the change of control

Alas!

It was the glove they removed to make your grip tighter.

What do you hope to gain from my misery black man?

My pains have taken the best of me.

My wounds have eaten to the marrow.

I've tried everything one could.

But I cannot say I've fainted

Because there is one more thing you should know

You may kill me
But you will never destroy me

You may steal my wealth
But my Will is already signed

You may take away my crown
But you'll never ever take my kingdom down

My hope is greater than it seems,
For in every bad that rises:
The good will rise above the bad,
The righteous will rise above the wicked,
The blessed will rise above the cursed.

Father!

You know best the pain I've been through: the suffering and the struggle. I did not choose this Lord; neither was I aware of the predicament ahead when I voted.

You were right when You declared: Your ways are not my ways. Your thoughts are not my thoughts.

Now that I know, Father! Redeem me from this misery: It is only You Lord that can remove Saul for David to rule. For Saul has taken my sons and appointed them for himself.

He has taken my daughters to be confectionaries, cooks and bakers.

He has taken my fields, vineyards, olive yards, even the best of them and gave them to his servants.

He has taken the tenth of my seed and gave to his officers and servants.

He has taken my menservants, maidservants and put them to his work.

He has taken the tenth of my sheep: and I, I Lord, he has made me his servant.

I cannot have peace, unless if You Lord fight for me.

I have not spilt his blood but mine cries from the soil, vengeance is Yours Lord hear my cry and fight for me.

I have lost faith once or twice but today I'm convinced Lord, only You can fight for me.

Allow the few remaining of my children to live and testify Your goodness in the land of the living.

May a few survive, so that my name may not perish from the face of earth in the hands of Saul.

Munashe Rupazo

Dear God I'm Out Here Again

Dear God!

I'm out here again!

I was in the home that you gave me to love,
I guess I was not a tenant enough for my landlord,
When I paid my rent lower than his consolidation price,
And so I'm out here again.

I'm cold and frail.

I have no warmth to embrace my fever,
No strength to encourage my vulnerable heart.
I left naked,
And now I cannot find leaves to hide myself.

Dear God!

With albums in my mind I cannot fathom,
With scars on my soul I cannot hope again,
With wounds in my heart my blood cries betrayal,
Because I'm out here again
When I thought I would never be again.

Clothe me Lord,

I break at the devil's scorn.

The sky looks on me with shame,

The birds laugh at my unclothed memories,

The earth cracks at my footsteps,

The world sees my misery and I am humiliated.

I cannot close my face or block the whispers from the winds

My happiness is isolated.

The sun no longer shines,

The moon no longer smiles.

The grass no longer grows,

The rain no longer falls,

But I'm out here,

Alone in the darkness.

I'm out here again,

Dear God!

Come and take me home.

Munashe Rupazo

Fathers, We Have A Question For You

FATHERS, WE HAVE A QUESTION FOR YOU

The fish in the river died
And the river became foul smelling.
There was blood all over
In containers both of wood and of stone.
In houses both of Pharaoh and the peasants
In nations, both of the government and the civilians
In companies both of employee and employer
In races both of the black and the white
In hearts both of strangers and neighbors
In homes, both of fathers and sons.
And now fathers, we have a question for you.

We have asked for a loaf of bread
What you gave us was a bucket of stones
You told us to change them into bread
We did not know how to
Yet we did not starve
Fathers, we have a question for you.

We have asked for fish
What you gave us was serpents
You told us to refuse our God and follow your ways
We feared but remained faithful to our God
Yet we did not die
Our fathers, we have a question for you.

When you refused to give us food, we did not starve, why?
When you abandoned us, we grew up to build happy families, why?
When you paid us less for what we had worked for,
We still saw tomorrow with a smile, why?
Why did we work harder for what we did not have?
When you worked less for what you had already?
Why did you raise dust at us and ignored us,
When we walked several kilometers to school by foot?
Why did we starve, when you could buy food for us?
Why did we drown in rivers, when we could walk on a bridge at your signature?
Why did you know our pains, yet did nothing about them?

Why did we ask for your wisdom, but you shut your wealth from us?
No matter how prodigal we may be,
Fathers we are still your children, we are still your patriotic citizens.
We are still your workers, we are still the youth.
We are the future of tomorrow.
And we need answers from you.

You gamble with unborn lives
Forbidding them to do better than you have.
You over feed your livestock while your workers eat in pigsties.
You strive to fit more wealth were it is already full
When your gardener's son does not have shoes to walk to school.
You carpet your roads with minerals and spray ornaments in yards
When there are children who cross flooded rivers to school every day.
You have preached Christ by your words
Yet your actions preach sexual mistreat of several women.
You feed your acres of loan with expensive pesticides
When villagers squash on a small land to grow enough for the families.
You discard a table full of precious food and feed to the dogs
When Lazarus has only stones to scrub his leprosy.
You wear shoes you cannot walk in,
You buy cars that cannot save your lives,
You wear clothes that reveal your bodies,
You do all this, so that your enemies will envy you.
Ohh he-Jezebel! ! !
Yet like mortal men you die
But the grave of the rich and poor knows no specialty
'Rest In Peace Beloved' is what it says to all who see
But only God knows who has more peace than the other.
And it is only He who can give us the answers.

When we were all young we knew nothing
It was God who fed us with Mana
It was God who clothed us with animal skin
It was God who forgave us with His abundant Mercy
It was God who healed us by His Son's stripes
It was God who fought for us the Spiritual wars
It was God who gave us life.
It is God who gives us everything.
When we were all young we were born with wrong
And it was wrong that revealed our nudity when we sinned against Him.
Yet it was Him again, that clothed us.

It was Him that forgave us.
It was Him that gave us another chance.
And it is Him who gives eternal peace
Which like the answers,
Can only be found before it's too late.

Munashe Rupazo

My Pain My Emotions

It's not our divorce that sets my heart on fire.
It's not your betrayal that slashes it apart.
It's not your sarcastic tongue that condemns my humanity.
Brutal memories of our past haunt me the most.

Love comes with joy and takes with it all.
You gave me a moment and robed of my mortality.
Through the door you came in, you left with a hopeless return.
As I wipe my tears off my sensitive bellies,
Swamps of solace invade, living my hopes homeless.

I mean the pain you caused me dug graves in my heart,
And until I bury my emotions I will forget your last name.
I will have forgotten your deceitful smile and devilish eyes
That stole my glance and kept it for your selfish assignment.

But, before that happens
I will cherish the good memories through pain and emotions
As they fade away with the final thought.

Munashe Rupazo

Ripped

She does not mind what they do to her.
They can rip her heart,
And split her feelings into many pieces.
She might fail to bring them together,
But one thing that she knows,
One thing that she is sure of is,
"They can never change her".

'I will love as though I never hurt.
I will smile as though I never cried.
I will laugh as though I never lost.
I will trust again,
As though I was never betrayed.'
So she would think.

She would reach out to her toes
And pick up her shoes to her chest
To run the race of love once again,
And protect the one she loves now.

She would remove the expensive garments
And the glittering jewelry,
To save the life of him she loves now,
Because she still believes
Trust is worth another chance.

She would go a step further
And gain his trust, favour and future.
She would give him healthy babies
And turn another cheek on his impatience.

But of all the good things she might do
She would still turn back a little
To those she used to love
But betrayed her.

For after every hope of faithfulness and honesty,
She finds out, she never gave her all to her new lover.
A part of her was lost.

That part which could never be replaced.

Munashe Rupazo

My Mother

In my world there is no better person
I call Mother but my mother.
A woman I was born out of,
Whose love and tenderness I grew an expert.
A lady who fed me patiently until I could feed myself,
And taught me to believe in the only true God.
In my world there is no other woman
I would want to grow into but my mother.
My mentor, my inspiration, my pillar, amai vangu.
Of many battles I fought as a child,
She did not only hold the fishing drive for me,
But she taught me how to hold the fishing drive,
Above all how to draw fine fish and cook a good meal.
From what I love and learn from her,
Is not only the words she speaks to shape me
But her works alone do more to guide my being.
In my world as I say
There is no other woman I would want to grow into
But my beloved, loving mother.
Happy Mother's Day

Munashe Rupazo

Kenya You Are Not Alone

In the deep sleep of a long day, I woke up at a woman's scream.
Her face was emotionless, yet the heart bled agonizingly
From a pain injected at the loss of her womb a terrorist tore apart
For a reason "righteousness" finds no connection.
Tears of grief attach us as one, we cry together, at the negligence of good by
evil.
Yet we know, from whence above we came from,
All who rest in His name will stand beside Him in that world,
Garrisa, never be terrified to call on the Almighty,
For in the spirit, you are not alone.
We cry, we cry with hope.

Munashe Rupazo



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Restored At The Last Breathe

In the ancient lives of the comrades who speak and heroes and sheroes who sleep,

Sailed in the dim hopes of them who stood stubborn to believe did I,

They lay captive at the merciless grip of the local oppressor

There in their time I saw the compressed-strength grieving in their anxious minds.

They wanted freedom, yet hands tied to their backs, they could not do so.

They wanted war, violence and hatred to free the mental and physical pain.

But today, when I look, I do not see the chains.

Out of their comfort zones they tasted the bitter nature,

And fed granadillas from the wild's belly.

They left with nothing less than fear, and nothing more than hope.

In the dark they kept walking as the stars shone on them.

Retrieving hope from the nodding, broken candle.

For once if they ceased to hope, their names would be lost.

But today, when I inhale, I do not sense the terror.

The drums of slavery-denial kept beating in their hearts,

As they hummed their voices and bodies to unbind oppression.

They took what was theirs, and handed it all to the children at the last breathe.

As 'For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son',

Our father's and mother's love was shown threw the dedication that they endure for us to enjoy.

'Independence Day', the greatest gift that we appreciate as children of one breathe.

Yet today, as I live, behold sunny native faces I see.

Ishe Komborerai Zimbabwe!

Munashe Rupazo

Senzenina - (Xenophobia)

Our father left us while we were young
We could not clean our own stable
And we did not know how to
But we knew how to protect our color.
Our mother separated us for the reason
You had to prosper in your space
And I in mine
Then come back home in a while to share kisses.
We were brothers who knew our origin,
It was never that easy,
But it got better with years.
In my hunger you fed me.
You gave me a place in your inheritance,
But not in your heart.
You told me to toughen up like a man,
But you never wiped the tears off my face.
You gave me freedom from apartheid and imperialism,
But you never freed me from our mere rivalries.
I love you as my only brother,
Yet you stone me in the face.
You hate me for taking the herd,
Yet you chose the bigger land
You have the finest wife,
But you still eye my own.
I remember you in my prayers every night
But you say you were born without a friend.
I was born second,
That you were supposed to love me.
But now you are frightened of what we ever had.
Was I born with all the love?
Did you go out and took all the blessings of prosperity,
And forgot to leave some for me?
Is it that you forgot to take more love on your way out,
That I have no place in your heart?
I cry for my mother's seed,
What has become of your brotherly kindness?
Even on a festive season as you curse,
I wish to never see the doorstep of your house,
But you are my brother,

And that I took all the love from our mother's belly,
It is my responsible to be our mother again.

Munashe Rupazo

To Disguise To Accept

If it were the touch of his hands upon my shoulders,
The guest was longing and serenity.
If it were the whisper of his voice into my ears,
It was the excitement of love that collided with my hopes.
All that was gone when he went away.
When the winds took him and the cool air evaded
If he was carried by the waters, with it hopes went dry.
When I am left alone, I miss it all.
The place in my heart that could never be so lonesome was ridiculed.
I miss all that we heard, that I disguise myself,
And try to do every feeling again we ever had.
I kiss but feel nothing, touch but feel disgusted.
However could I fill that space in my heart?
For nothing like your love have I seen again.
I fail to erase the memories, by making a new history
But it never occurs to me, I always think of you.

Moreover, the thought of it all, that I hurt but still survive,
The thought that I fail to forget, that keeps me in the past.
The moment that I accept it all, that I loved and lost,
Gives me courage to believe in love again.
For with yours I did not struggle to love.

Munashe Rupazo

Hope

I would like to play music again
Without recalling events attached to them

I would like to visit places again
Without remembering what happened there

I would like to see the faces that I fell for again
Without panicking at the sight I used to feel for them

I would like to talk about things so intimate
Without bringing myself to tears

I would like to love again
Without remembering how hard I fell out of love before

I would like to be the person I never was
For the sake of hope.

Munashe Rupazo



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Alone

Sometimes when I'm sitting
I just want to sit in the silence
And absorb the tranquility.
I want to close my eyes
And be condensed in the attention.
To be nowhere yet somewhere.
I want to live in the absent
And have no feelings
That when I'm hit
It just passes through me.
When I open my eyes
I want to see nothing but white;
White walls and white birds.
I want to touch yet so far
Want to reach out yet close.
I want to be there were it sounds
And disappear when it hunts.
To shield in love confined,
As my belly fumbles in expectation.
I want to hide in my memories,
When tears fall and die upon my lips.
Just to see the goodness of hope
I will survive to see tomorrow.
I want to lie down
And close my eyes again.
I want to remember it all and smile.
For I know once bitten twice shy
But rather, to shy away
Before it all happens.

Munashe Rupazo

How Will I Survive.....without Another Word! ?

Very often we seek love, warmth, caress, inspiration and motivation to move on.
Very often we ask for guidance if not from God then from men to confirm our decisions.

Very often we struggle to live through heartaches of solace and negligence in our own misery.

Very often, every day, we search, and keep on searching for a word of sunshine to survive....

My question is.....

What if the sunshine never comes?

What if the sun wakes up dry?

What if we never get enough sunshine?

What if the Eclipse comes forever?

When I think about the hope that keep us living day in, day out

When I think of the woman and mother carrying a child in her belly

When I think of the son camouflaged in the battlefield to fight for his motherland

When I think of the father in the fields,

Never stretching his spine, afraid to lose a minute for his family might starve.

When I think of all this.....

I am reminded that even if the sunshine never comes

Even if the sun wakes up dry

Even if I never get enough sunshine

And the Eclipse takes over the days of my life

That is when I begin to reflect the sunshine I absorbed

While the sun shone deliberately and prosperously upon my being...

And live the life for others, as if I were the Sun!

Munashe Rupazo

Ebola, The African Plague

It is not every tear that glitters,
Neither is every curse tied to positive tides,
But it is only the positive tide that glitters.

It is not every damnation that flees,
It is not every succumbing dream that prevails,
Neither, nor, does every pathogen have medical cure.

Suffice to say...
Whatever it is that could
Would flee and restoration would prevail.
Not according to theories of fate
But in the dwelling practice of faith.

A threat to my nation is here.
A sting chases the pride of my nationality.
They have fallen victim to tragedies of gossip
And scandalmongers that travel greater than avouch itself.
They have sunk knees to the ground in heartless fears
And challenged death by immature desires.

I have seen tears fall like River Zaire,
And cascaded to the bellies of the rain forest.
As if it was not enough...
I have seen them abandon their own homes
To reside in the wild, with blind enemy.
They have taken too much fear for breakfast.
Even more for lunch,
And starved the rest of the night.
Their memories recall nothing better
Than their hearts loyally record the exponential pulse rate

If it were possible to paint a rainbow in their hearts
'For we can be saved from fowlers and snares,
And from the deadly pestilence.'
If it were possible to shade the sun in their lives.
'To erase the fear of terror of night
And of the arrow that flies by day.'

If it were possible, to tell them what David would have in Psalms 91
'Nor the pestilence that stalks in the darkness,
Nor of the plague that destroys at night.'

But here I am,
Holding sufficient hope between my breathing lungs
And looking up into the heavens late at night.
As they starve themselves out of oblivion.

Munashe Rupazo

Her Love For Africa!

Her Love for Africa!

A sun rises in the morning because a new day has begun,
And in that day much is expected to achieve.
From every field worked on, a harvest is expected.
Likewise for each day we live on earth
A harvest is expected to embrace.

Here they are, Women of Africa.
Born to fight, fight they do for a life in their bellies.
They struggle for life, bleed for life,
And hope the Almighty grants their quest.
Their happiness, hope and fulfillment
Concealed in the little ones they hold in arms tight.
Tiny, but full of every hope a woman desires to change her world.
Tiny, but mighty.

The sun rises from the east she takes another step forward.
It far reaches the middle sky, but she never sits down to rest.
She has the hope to give life
To breathe into the dry bones her assurance of a better future.
You can see it through the beauty of her anxiety
You can also feel it from the sweetness of her tears.
If you look closer into her eyes you see the pain and the joy,
The strife, endurance and pleasures of a restless warrior.
You can read it from the paint on her faces,
It is in the fullness of her breasts,
In the content of her sorrow.

She never tires, she keeps on trying
For she knows that one might not lose anything by trying
And one can still lose something by not trying,
But one will always gain experience to do things better after trying again.
What makes her a mother is she does not look at the prize
But she looks at the change it makes for her children's future.
She cares for the efforts she puts in to make a difference.
She might die, but she will always leave a legacy of non-dubious love.

And her love makes a difference in the world when she strides,
Even with the little she might be suppressed to offer.

Happy Mother's Day!

Munashe Rupazo

I Still Believe! ! !

As I remember my remedy in the natural scent of humanity,
I am reminded the chewed kisses stamped on my forehead applauding my
addition to the Zimbabwean population.
I remember my first time drowned and dissolved in the newness of everything.
However, in reality; I vaguely remember anything at all,
Even to what I touched and felt I can hardly recall faint lines.
I was alien in the world I was born!
Moreover, there was hope in my being.

If Zimbabwe could recall that eventful day in 1980 at Lancaster House,
I bet Zimbabwe can think of executive joy shared by most.
That day Zimbabwe was born and elated from sucking the fluid, there was hope
in Zimbabwe!
The day Zimbabwe vowed to tolerate potential leaders, meticulous to overcome
the great terrors of Chimoio,
Walking the long journeys of the shade-less Zambezi-to-Limpopo raining wax,
That day Zimbabwe served rightful for liberty,
Capable of amending frustrated souls and weathered bones sentiment in the
Mutapa.

Today Zimbabwe erects as integration indulgent to her own norms and riches
that obey.
Ready and already protruding standards and making better the improvements.
Ready and already stepping into her promised land to leave the legacy.
A land resourceful that Zimbabwe can move the world toward advanced welfares,

Welfares provided by her own minerals, for Zimbabwe why do they depend on
you?
A land full of wisdom, justice and welcoming laws that promote dilapidation to
legitimacy.
For Zimbabwe why do they depend on you?
A land promised by 'God in Heaven' to prosper, and prosper Zimbabwe shall!

As I say, I still believe Zimbabwe is capable of supporting the world,
The bread basket to feed five thousands.
I still believe Zimbabwe will lead its currency to amazing life standards,
A rate unbeatable by the beaten.
I do believe God blessed Zimbabwe,
So shall we shade away tears and fears of the past,

But live the dreams of our fathers in hot and cold sweats.
The journey begun a long time ago.
If Zimbabwe keeps on moving in this great faith and fear of the Lord,
I still believe the Light will shun away nightmares,
And the dry bones will recollect.
Zimbabwe will not only stand but assent,
I do believe.
Happy Independence MaDzimbabwe! ! !

Munashe Rupazo

I Will Be There.

I was wrong to judge a man by his face
I thought I could get it right by the way he looked at me,
The way he talked to me
Or the way he smiled.
I thought I could get the right answer to my pondering questions.
Questions that asked me why I thought the way I did.
In knowing later the much I needed to understand, that you can never learn the
heart of a man from the face
I shifted my judgment to the man's chest.
The him inside the self I judged.
I was wrong to think wrong,
Wrong I was to judge otherwise.

Justice does not mean the bad guy goes to jail
It just means somebody has to pay for the crime.
They say it is not living that is important,
It is the living rightly.
Bad have I put hideous conclusion on un-evidenced thoughts
I have nailed the righteous heart on the walls of unrighteousness
Condemned his word by a saying they once told too long ago.
I plead forgiveness for fears that never were.

Now I cry, knelt, bestowed aside the stream of blood dismayed.
Sweat of hope streaming down my temples
Tears of helplessness cascading down my face.

"I see light in your eyes
I hear a sweet melody in your voice.
I see the future through your soul
Got hope from your heartbeat.
When I fall you pick me up
I feel your love deep inside me
I feel it burning
I am ashes to your love.
Ashes rising like dust.
I will not stop till I get there
I will never back down no matter what
I will be superman for our love
I will fight till the end,

Because without you there is no me.
Love”

He would say

A love sweeter than sweet coconut on my thirsty tongue
A love as condensing as cucumber upon my lashes.
A love that makes me cry
And cry I shall for a man I never saw.
God anoint us!

If you look into my eyes you see the pain long-lasting to see you.
If you look at my smile you see nothing
But just the satisfactory of a half satisfied thirsty virgin.
If you strip down my shirt you will see bruises that I backed off.
Grenades that I caught for us to never separate.
If God lets me live, I will achieve more than Juliet ever did for Romeo.
I would fight for us,
Catch more bullets and grenades thrown at us.
I would go through those tunnels cursed and condemned
Knowing that no pain ever lasts forever, God will see us through.
I would then die for you,
Knowing that I have left us content to have all that we cared,
All that we ever desired and needed was us
Unconditionally together and never apart.
Because you are my other soul; you are half my soul.

If that’s what it takes
I swear I will even surrender my body
For my heart and soul I have already done.

“I surrender everything
To feel the chance to live again
I reach to you I know you can feel it too
We will make it through.
A thousand dreams I still believe
I will make you give them all to me
I will hold you in my arms
And never let go
I surrender
Love.”

I would say

Munashe Rupazo

Rejoice My Heart

Rejoice my heart
For what speaks
For what hears is it;
It that you have been patient for

Rejoice my heart
For what pounds,
For what beats is it;
It that the seconds throb towards your destiny

Rejoice my heart
For the joy,
For the promise is it;
It that is centered in the center of eternity,

What they have thought,
What they have imagined,
What they have undermined isn't it;
It that the Lord has spoken.

The prophets shall speak, let them speak.....
The people shall hear, let them hear.....
The rumors shall spread,
Let it spread.....

But the joy within me,
Bolden my faith and hope,
To hand over in Christ
In Him alone my strength renews.

Rejoice my heart.
For it's never over,
Until the Lord speaks.

Munashe Rupazo

The Bachelor!

He was a young fine man.
A well-bred and humored intelligentsia
Many spoke well of him
Others seemed never to be concerned,
While the rest as I thought about to write of him
Though he might have suffered jeopardy
He sounded visibly with no wrong doing
Nevertheless, one could tell he was prudent and polite
He led mostly in his solicitude
Which by all means I myself can describe his career
A Bachelor!

Munashe Rupazo



PoemHunter.com

Jalandhar And Roseign

SCENE 1:

They grew together, learned together and in the escort of friendship they bore fractionating intimacy. In the custom of the monarchy, however, the young legitimates knew not the other's minds until at a later age in puberty when their hearts intrigued. Princess Roseign was a year after Prince Jalandhar and the magnitude of their homes a few naps in thrice. They played together much in their growing and in usual the scope of the eye comprehended their conversations. It came to pass then the outbreak of the 1715 war shook the tremors of Vienna and all men had to win victory by weapon.

Prince Jalandhar departed for war and Princessa Roseign, in despair, remained in Vilnius with her cousins. He left her a vow, a solemn promise that whichever he would greet. He left, and in a while left her again, until he could no longer greet and hence passed on in her letters. During the massive, hideous slaughter a few men had left in Vilnius and a less few had remained for defense. So did the king with the rest of Vilnius.

Queen of Vilnius and Princessa Roseign (daughter) sat at table by night awaiting supper commencement. They chat brief as King enters with his two sons.

Queen: "What now? Yee eat no longer, yee ta'k no much. Whatever he has done upon yee has so much worry to the family."

P. R.: "Mother, it is not he who burdens our lives."

Queen: "Alas! Yee shan't lie my child. He dies."

King: "What is? I heard what I thought did I? "

Cousin: "Father, yee may sit." As he pulls out the chair for'm.

P.R.: "It is not what you inspire, father."

King: "Then what is? I heard from thine ears, will you speak? "

Queen: "Hurry down my love. It is the Prince of Vienna that lapses the roof of our tranquility."

King: "Child, flirting with a man thou? " He turns to Princessa in severe anxiety.

P. R.: "Father, my tongue I speak, my lips I kiss. What most do thee desire upon my wish. It is he I love and he I want! " She pulls from the table into her room and weeps.

Cousin Prince enters her room after a short knock and comes forth his sister.

Cousin: "Sister, being of my blood, tell me the cause."

P. R.: Weeping "He writes no longer. Has he denied my heart? "

Cousin: "I presume he shall whither his vow by his heart."

: EXIT

The Prince thus returns 3 years down the line. The Prince fretting to knock on the door and meeting the fuming father uses Roseign's old window. At first Roseign does not know. She does not know.....

SCENE 2:

PART 1

Prince

Her lips, her smile
Her beauty propels mine intrepidity.
Her eyes catch my glance
And her beauty prone mine intrepidity.

In her room she lay,
There at window my elevation narrows by.
She broadens mine heart by her unspeakable beauty
If nature be that lovely
So be her majesty
Dear blue eyed little sweetheart mine.

At war we kill and win victory,
Here I am at a love battle between you and I.
Our two little hearts pump likely.
Victory which you desire I wish only,
To be by mine hand when I move by
Her alone that I love mine

Nature red tongue and jaw
Your beauty senorita gives me the awe
Since I confess my feeling so
I tell your highness your beauty I saw
Like a tenant that pays with a saw.
Let us speak till we hear its dawn*

Princess

Mine Prince are they not spoken
The elders of Vilnius will be mocked.
We should value the heritage as our custom,
Alas it is late in the sky and cold at ground.

Your power gives you not what you want.
If it is wealth, then you will prey what you hunt.
At battle you might kill and win victory
But the king will enrage and win your dignity.
Thus mine Prince, as I already desire,
Won't you cease now, and let his majesty retire.
I though as much as you partner your sword
Then won't you cease now, and stick to my word?

Prince

Had I trod and gone afar?
Had I known you were there after?
Princessa Roseign, it is Jalandhar that speaketh
My heart totters and breaketh.
I fear my love with no reject
And his majesty, likewise I respect.
It will then surprise them not
I wrote to her majesty much not
But to me I be in amuse
As to thee, mine Princessa shant refuse
Farewell my love let us meet at time.
Sleep well and let not the bugs bereft mine.

Princess

Hark! My word I spit
Harken my love I admit.
They say blind love never chooses
What if I have most the voices?
And mine heart has the least to say
Even if I had none the best mislay!

Prince

Then let me attain my due
I owe thy bereft after the rue
If thy presence tells me by olfaction
Then mine life I give of the fraction
I am humbled by thy penitence
Whence I embrace mine patience.

Princess

Prince Jalandhar, my heart they slay
My brother's corpse they display.
Shant I store my strength standing
When all the mishap I'm not understanding.
Truly my heart bleeds in pain
Every whence there has no gain

Prince

Then come with me to Vienna
I will warm your tears in favor.
Mine heart bleeds with yours when you pain
For every whence there has no gain.
Come with me, Princessa Roseign
With me we will rule Vienna in reign.

We Were There.

We were there, when the whistling of rifles blew
And the hats of the old man into the sky they flew
The cries were so awful
Like the sting of a bee it was painful
Yet they called for a ceasefire
Some yelled for the guns to fire
We were there

We were there, when the bullet pierced the flesh
And the battlefield drained in blood abet
In the same compass ran everyone
Brave or cowardice it just had to be done
With sweat they succumbed and died for.....
Like it never was before
We were there

We were there, when the country suffered
And the citizens died like birds thundered
All thirst peace
All hungered ease
But a few man had to stand warriors
And rescue their people weary
We were there.

Munashe Rupazo

I Believe In You

ENTER: I believe the 'wee of a day'

Is the early morning when
The babes are still sleeping
The cocks have not yet crocked
Hounds are just coming from the hunt
Owls have not yet started dreaming.
I believe the 'wee hours' are
The hours when dreams evade us if ever we wake.
That moment when we start dreaming with open eyes
We start crying with broken hearts
When we begin to wipe off tears with sweaty pillows

Every tongue I lift to spell a word
And the effort I use to borrow words from my heart
I get the obscure vague non-deciphered feeling in me.
I might not know
But the little other might is the greatest feeling in my existence.
When you hang up the phone
A pistol of sadness triggers in my spine.
I commence to feel the evil platitudes of forlornness.
Yes, even below the scotching blaze of the sun
I wither within the cold, I can barely breath.
My marrow freezes in the cold together with my bones aching.
Yet of all this, there is one place I can call home;
In your 'arms'

My wishes to be there with you, for you and with you might be disappointed
But in my heart I have found a place to reside.
A place in our memories.

Beautiful desires I have in my entire one
For in your arms I find the one to love.
Come closer my love come closer to me,
Lest our hearts grieve nonchalance.... decree.

Every night I adore the sunset
And try to draw the last alms of heat from its day
I do send it from my heart to yours.
Your beauty gives me the pain seniorita,

My heart hurts with pleasure,
My lungs explode with astonishment.
To behold, if I had one more night to live.....
I would spend that night beside you.
You are the very palm of strength when I am desperate.
I believe in your arms to peacefully lay my sleep
And use every last breathe I would ever be granted
To tell you how much I love you.

This is what I want.
To dream about you in every sleep required.
I want to know that the best part of my life
Is still ahead of me.
I love you.....

EXIT: My earnest emotion
 Painted on a deliberate core
 My fervent Love
 Bestowed on a patient soul
 My desperate need
 Prudent despair on earnest hearts
 I love you.....

Munashe Rupazo

Chisingaperi Chinoshura Chinobhururuka Chinomhara...

Chisingaperi chinoshura, chinobhururuka chinomhara
Natsa kwawabva, kwaunoenda husiku
Vakuru vakataura kare
Vacharamba vachitaurazve.

Chenjedza gwara rako woga
Tsoka dzako dzitsike patsvene poga
Usacheukire rutivi makondo anoona
Anokudzivisa ramangwana rako uchiona
Tsikitsira paumire zai rangu regondo
Mubairo worunyararo rugare nomwero
Usadongore munyika muna mabasa
Unotsvedzera ukafira segonzo mafufu.

Ramangwana rirere mumaoko ako
Mupfungwa nemumabasa ako
Chenjera chinokukotsa mukubwinya kwako
Chinowana chigokuwanikidza mugwaro kwaro
Tondera mwanangu, mimba yakakutumbura
Pawakabva, vanga rawakasiya
Mavende nemisodzi hazvikotsi chiitiko
Tondera mwanangu, pawakatsunhurwa ukachonera.

Nyika ingatarise rutivi ikareva
Vehama vakakutaura vakapererwa
Ungashaye wepedyo wekurereverera
Asi iwe zai rerudzi rangu
Ziva kuti nyika inamabasa ayo
Iwe wakarerwa muimba inamabasa ayo
Zvisakutyise wapinda murutendo rwepfuma
Pfuma inouya kune akachenjera, anoishandira
Simba rehove riri mumvura
Rako iwe riri muna Musiki.

Chichenjera mwanangu zanzi ndabaira
Chawawana batisisa mudzimu unopa kamwe
Chisingaperi chinoshura

Chinomhara chabhururuka
Nyika inamazino namaoko
Inokutorera inokukamurisa
Chinatsa tsoka dzako
Matambudzo ose anopererwa
Chenjera mwanangu
Chisingaperi chinoshura
Chisingaperi chinoshura.....

Chisingaperi chinoshura chinobhururuka chinomhara
Natsa kwawabva kwaunoenda husiku
Vakuru vakataura kare wani
Naizvozvo vacharamba vachitaura
Angu mashoko ndareva ndapedza
Ako mabasa uchizadzikisa ndatenda.

Munashe Rupazo

Mundangariro

Tinofara tigosuwa
Tichivhiya nyambo pachoto
Asi zuva porogara makomo dzinongova ngonono
Shungu dzangu dzaingova
"Dai ndakaziva, "
Zvino haichatungamiri
Ndirimo mundangariro

Mashanu namatanhu makore anopfuura
Tichifuurirana upenyu
Tichinyeperana magariro amangwana
Mangwana ndaandega
Ndozvishungurudza ramauro rangu
Ndichizvinyaradza nenhondero
Ndirimo mundangariro

Inga vakuru vakati 'Natsa kwawabva, kwaunoenda usiku'
Ndanatsa ndaziva
Asi ramauro ririmo mumoyo
Ndonatsazve ndisaziva
Chotsvaira uipi hweshure inhondero
Dzirimo zvadzo ndichitondera
Ndirimo mundangariro

Ndozviudza aniko
Ndirini zvangu mhandu yeupenyu hwangu
Pondoshaisha ndochema
Ndirini ndega ndazviitira, pasina andituma
Ndirimo zvangu mundangariro
Shungu dzangu dzaingovaidzo, 'Dai ndakaziva'
'Dai ndakaziva.'

Munashe Rupazo

I Have A Dream!

I have a dream that each day I call unto morning and rinse my face; I will feel the breeze of last and start something new. Something needed but not known to attention. I do have a dream that when I get the keys of last not strife, I will unlock the door of success and review the windows of victory with the solution that I have for the new day, early this morning.

How come I dream? I dream because Martin Luther King Jr. dreamt, Joseph son of Jacob beget by Isaac and Abraham dreamt..... Most importantly I dream because I have a dream for the lifeless in the world. Who do not know what is to feel warm, who do not know how to hug. Those who cannot smile because they do not have the reason to; those who do not know how to say "Amen". I have a hope for those mercilessly handcuffed in the innocence of rights, racism and inequality. Those lying doom cursed to rot on the horns of dilemmatic infliction. They say AIDS has no cure, but I can find one for dilapidation. Indeed I can find a cure for discrimination and that for indifference.

Therefore, I have perceived less of the world in my little world, and yet have not seen much the world. I have been moved to my sincerity by the homeless and shaken by the traumatized in the very country that I belong, but have had nothing in empathy. Lest upon my dream I lay that day those without a rock to lay on will feel the splendid comfort of silk upon their skins and wool beneath their bodies.

That is why I am up in the morning, because I have an anecdote to conclude, that which I started last night. I have a solution for the world; I have a key that has to unlock the entrance to prosperity, that as I open it poverty seals. I only have love to share with and in earnest that love will turn the heart of the wicked that they may stretch their arms and reach a hand to those starving children with something to eat.

Yes, I have my own dream to share, "unconditional love". No matter how dark the dawn gets love and hard work will prevail over infliction and endurance. There are orphans living under the wings of seasonal donations and quench the rest of the day. There are there, widows and single parents without anywhere the start from to call their lives a living..., its a living hell. But I am here and I can make a change, prove a change and be the change. I am young but soon will be older. I will do something to change the living standards of my people and lead a solution that brings change. That is what I have been dreaming upon the wee hours of the day. It's to advocate positive change and education's dignity.

Munashe Rupazo

Past Failures.....! ! !

When things happen the way we do not want them to, especially when we have alternative ways for a better result, a few of us tend to go against the present time with our own ideology. A few stand up for the lame and speak for speechless victims. A few revolt to declare the right of way in their own understanding the fairness and just of all species. A few of those people who change the world with their own sacrifices to prove that love deserves all and all deserve love, are subject to my title.

I saw a victim in the blinking of one eye. I thought her physical body was bandaged with chocolate brown cloths that looked like ropes. I saw her sitting in a usual manner, only this time I noticed it over the cracked toes. Her face proposed a succumbed gesture, tolerant to the thieves', Priests' and the Levites' imprudence. Her dry-stricken eyes reflected back into mine as I looked into hers, I could see inside her detriment brains. I looked briefly without having one more word to describe 'death calling'. In blinking the second eye, I felt for the poor girl, my old best-friend, who was thoroughly stricken by dearth and loss. She was sitting, guarding on her other pairs of cloths. Condensing and precipitating in the call of anxious rains. She was once the smart, intangible prefect, but today she struggled in the emptiness of her own respect and fullness of regrets. She was the one I loved, the one who reminded me of positive things in life. She was once my mentor, my motivator, my aspirin, my cushion if ever I fell once or twice, thrice or many times.

My forlorn heart went out to her in my resentment as I flipped over the covers of my memento. The relic invited me to the trespass of my failure, when my friend fell in the den of ravenous bacteria. She was integrated with hypocrites and before I knew it, she was no longer my friend. My failure comes in when I did not look out for her; when I could not sicken the effect with my own beta dine. I failed to win back my friend after she was dragged into prostitution, before she fell pregnant, before she was disowned from her home, before she was unified with the streets and miscarried, and after I tried to neutralize her virus of shame with my antivirus of love. I was afraid of shame turning on me had I failed to win her back, but now I regretted the failure of my own confidence. My best friend no longer belonged to me, she belonged to the streets. No longer mine!

Had I known better out of fear, my beloved would not have sat on the hot edges of extreme poverty. Had I been free of pessimistic conscience, my friendship would have lasted. But that I know better, I can still do something about it. I will

stand up for her, regardless of the least decency she may portray. I will still win her from the streets, even with the least respect there is to compromise. If my best-friend does not deserve the streets, so do the rest of my people whom I cry for not deserve it. If it meant calamity to declare, I can still see the beauty beyond the grotesque line. I need my friend and my people alive and pleasant; they need back their dignity poverty envied and copped from them. I might still fear, maybe a little, but the courage in me will win over fear. I will move into the dark territory and grab my best friend home. My people will not live in rages nor sleep in twilight of danger anymore. I will make up for my mistakes and care not to make another. My people shall live again.

Munashe Rupazo

I Can Be A Better Man!

Inspired by my interests, I have thought about my fault and strife. Faults that I would not, until I gave in, take seriously and strives that I fell in but gave in to my own deeds. I tried both compassion and liking my passion, but my soul is content. I have tried to make my own eradication, but life is not that just. I wanted to be stronger in my understanding, just as strong, but I failed my own faith. My fate has evaded the vengeance upon my ambition, in its own luck. But today, I can be a better man.

I have fallen into the ditches of 'enough', 'I can't', 'why me'. I have dreaded in my own sorrows the dilemma of regrets and succumb. For sure, I might have struggled in the dearth of my own penitence and confidence. Lying doom upon my heels, waiting for the worst that could happen. But history can never repeat itself. I can be a better man.

I can face the trials of vendettas and call for justice from the high courts. I can spell my own command, deformed even though, and victimize my own prey. I can clean my mess and start the new journey of I can, I will and I shall.

I will raise my head from the distress of canning emotions that neurotically eat me up. I will wipe off tears from my face and dust from the feet to dwell in the presence of the great vindicators of faith. I shall lift my chin amid that ambiguous team of great man who stand in their own presence and the satisfaction of their own achievements.

I can be a better man, oh yes, by inactivating my silence and demanding back to Caesar. I can be a better man, alas, by raising my arms to the serenity of the bereft and withdrawing in my humility at their nakedness. I can be a better man.

Eureka! I can be a better man when I look back at the thorns of scandalmongers, the deceiving snakes and delirious apples I have trodden and conquered over. The answer for victory is now and I have grown new wings to grab it. I can reach the highest heights and the greatest peaks. There in the heights I will wave back to the grounds of pessimism saying, I can be a better man. I can be a better man.

Munashe Rupazo

The Implications Of Insecure Desires

Simply, brittle as if fervently and slowly as if earnestly, the leaf's joints cracked bit by bit and marrow by marrow. With all the patience that was observed, painfully as if purposefully, the mother branch wished not to let go. However, Tony broke off from the branch, intending to fly down into the spacious zone, in the parachute of freedom and independence.

Logically leaves do not fall at free will, but in my story this was a different cause. Tony's choice and desire to fall propelled the bonds to weakness. He detached from the tree, his long lived core source and old playing grounds. Bursting no milky tears as if willingly. He began to fall, bidding the last as if the only farewell to the beloved branches; as if to say goodbye forever.

Down he goes, in curious anticipation. Neither the currency nor the rains disrupt his memorable recede. Not even the shifts in campus affect his seemingly anxious downfall. In his own shoes he goes down to freedom, away from the stagnant ambitions, playmates, sunshine and degrees in Celsius. 'The site is beautiful from above, though pardon me, my interest complies with the base of beauty', he would say.

Tony kept falling, this time swinging as if skiing in the air. With the influence of wind he is prone to ballet about, making melodious responses and a good studio with the wind. He dances about with excitement and jovial appreciation, forgetting home. Forgetting independence-ravenous siblings he left behind.

Recently the sky was clear, but now clouds are gathering. Birds are flying back to nests, moths and martins struggle to their residents. Squirrels and chief squirrels march into the bellies of the trunks. The sky is busy and the hawk is there too. Tony is still falling when suddenly panic strikes. Fear grips his tour and hunger begins to suck at his tail. The wind had been friendly, bribing him into the unanticipated world. Thunder wants to play too but is just too big for tiny Tony. He begins to dry in terror. As the world begins to roar in command, he feels non-belonged and needs to go back home.

As he falls, all the sorrow, grief, all fears and stress dehydrate him. He really needs to go back home. For now home is warm, more friendly and comforting. But what goes up must come down and should never go up again.

As Tony at last licks the cold ground with his tongue-like face, he gives into succumb swearing. All the beetles are settled in the soil, the snails are tucked in their tents and no one is there to wake up and play. In his exposed gesture like a

hat hung on the hook, he is hooked to the ground forever. There are other old mates (dead leaves) about, but only those that succumbed to similar phenomena of freedom as Tony. He is there to succumb like the rest.

Just because for one moment he thought home was not enough, forever he regrets home was the best. Tony hoped, wished and cried over one thing he desired upon that fateful moment, but he could only do the unwilling. He could only be patient and wait for death to dawn on him like the rest. It was the result of his insecure choice to succumb, so can anybody in the world, if not cautious, fall into similar implications.

Munashe Rupazo

Mathematical Love Poem

Your heart is the function of my life, the junction to my freedom and happiness. Your eyes deviate me from my penalties, giving me the chance to oscillate my mind in your gaze.

Your gesture is what differentiates my luck from them, for I am graced by the integration of the Beauty and the Beast. In sets of our similarities, our intersection blooms day by day, for forever in the spirit we are tallied. Our intersect flowers year by year, for forever in the catalyzing intelligence of love we shall reside.

I am expounded by the impulse you inspire in my heart by your love, as valuable as the British pound you say that I am. I thought I was not more worth than the dime partial fraction or the variation, because I thought I was just a parabola, afraid of the past and uncertain of the future. But you see more than worth in me, something worth beholding. I am tortured when I do not see you in the blinking of my eye, simultaneously my heart rebukes beating. You are the best thing that has happened to me, you my only sweet crafted trigonometric formula. If I were far from you half a mini-second, I would fly closer in the displacement of time with ease mobility. Come closer and I will tell you more.

Your smile is the pivot that lifts me high above, away from the pessimistic barren lands. If it were not of you, where else would I have found a matrix free with prosperity..., but in your arms have I found a mode to breath. I thank God for you day by day. In the beaming of our twilight I pray night by night. That this hope may turn true one day when I do not remember I ever did. That the seeing you in my dreams each moment, may become that I see you in my life each moment to come..... however forever you and I shall be together.

Munashe Rupazo

Time Flies

Time flies, gentlemen I know!
Those days of pleasure and satisfaction
Those moments of mischief and appreciation
Those times of puberty and perseverance
All those hours have gone
But remain in the mind, to be remembered tomorrow.

Those days of dreaming and working for
Those moments of group studying and expeditions
Those times of results and farewell bidding
All those hours have gone
But remain in the thoughts, to be the memories of today.
Time flies, gentlemen I know!

What we did yesterday, today can be forgotten
But tomorrow shall be someone's history
To be flipped over and say we were there
Thinking of the bowlful times lucubrating
Failing to sleep because we had a mission
Happy together however knowing it was not forever
Sharing what is always remembered as success
Time flies, gentlemen I know!

Only the Lord knows the date and time
We shall meet and meet again with similar hopes
We shall not cry over the minute space apart
For the dreams we shared
Will bring us together once again
With the similar vision of a similar mission in life
Only the Lord knows the date and time
For we meet to part the opposite is true
Time flies gentlemen, I know it does!

Munashe Rupazo

On My Way Home!

I find my way back home
When I finally win my due.
The due that I owned to my state
To fight for our liberty.

I remember the routes the journeys,
The memories of intrepid.
Going back home to peace
No more will I feel the pain of loss
No longer am I going to sleep in blood
Not at all shall I perceive the unease
Of bathing in thorns.

My wounds have been bigger with fear
And doubting the spare of my life
I slept with open eyes.
Tears washed my face
Bullets woke me up.
Thorns embraced my cover
And like ticks the enemy slaughtered my hopes.

Sweat has been drained out
The least I could give out,
But bloodshed peered through my pores
Sweat and blood transpire through my veins
And I can only live to testify the pain.
Either way, of all odds the guillotine was released.

The mark of a true champion
Is to know what battles to fight.
Indeed I have fought the good fight of faith
Indeed I have remained faithful to the end.
I have finished the race
I am going home at last
Home a place we all belong
Where rest awaits my coming,
To feel my flesh heal and my spirit restore.

My colleagues come with me

Let us chew the born of triumph
To settle justice for the course of our children.

Munashe Rupazo

The African Heritage

Years ago our forefathers had a vision
That one day, their descendants will bear the title of their own
To represent their ancient glory
And value it at heart.
Praising the mediums like our fathers did
And ululating in procedure.
With thunder storming ahead as drumbeats play
Women dance with pride while men praise in the music
The spirits play their part.

Our old Africa!
Years when people lived communally
Joint with the same totem
The same spirit the same beliefs
The Zulu, the Kololo,
The Ndebele, the Ngoni.
Families of massive intrepid.
United by norms of the heart.
They prayed for rain and the rain came.
They prayed for victory
There, they sang war cries
To fight for their dignity
To fight against the same blood.
The blood from the same father.
Defeating and loosing they all still conquered the dignity
For they were undefeatable.

Likewise is this same sacred greatness
That our fathers deserve to be honored.
Likewise is this same ancient glory
That our forefathers deserve to be respected.

Likewise are the norms,
The reasons our fathers are remembered.
Years ago as they were practiced.
Years ago in the African Heritage.
Thus we shall preserve our past
To embrace our future.
Long Live Africa! ! !

Munashe Rupazo

Heroes Of Our Land!

I saw a man on the roof of the house,
The roof was on the ground,
Its walls were debris on the floors.
I saw him bleeding ridiculously,
Breathing for the least help he could get.
But that help was deaf; it could not perform.
He died with a heart of vengeance and unfulfillment.

I saw men under the bridge, in the waters.
The bridge was lump; it had fallen into the waters.
Burying the men beneath its steel bars.
I saw hopeless droplets bubbling to the surface as they sank,
Fighting to conquer the battle for freedom.
They died, droplets of compound air reflecting redemption.

I saw man on the ground.
The ground as if a war front on a battlefield.
I saw them all exposed to the face of the sun,
The sun roasting the final breath and blood of our warriors.
I saw them all in their camouflaged integrity.
Brave enough to lift the last sword, to fire the last bullet.
Brave still, they succumbed to the weakness of their arms.
They died tragic deaths, leaving us an independent, peaceful Zimbabwe.
They died,
Some survived.

I did not hold the AK47 in my hands,
I did not aim the bow and arrow at them,
I did not run on my knees to kill them all.
There are heroes that deserve to be acknowledged.
I did not fight the war.

There are fathers that dared bullets and insults,
While I hide myself in bins and drums.
There are mothers that dared hold hot steel and burning plastic,
Whilst I conceived in the prospect of their bellies.
The mujibas, the chimbwidos struggled wisely,
With the faith of feeding hope for a victory one day,
And this day has been found proper to be reviewed and thanked.

Happy Independence MaDzimbahwe! ! !
Ishe komborera Zimbabwe!

Munashe Rupazo

You Are My Best Friend

The greener envy it gets for malice
We are bound to each other in love
The light of truth brings justice
In the light of love that I begin to love

Sworn by darkness that two can never agree
In its own understanding prevail discrepancy
Why much weary it proves to succumb
Until I wait when two friendly smurfs jump
My name is called by your name
Because I loathe no taste to escort in shame
We are one, you and I together
Because our smurfing little hearts gather.

When I close show to bestow in night
All to do chores in my lonely tide
One tear falls for thinking of you
Two tears fall for missing you
You have grown big time in my company
In partnership with my own company
You are my best friend!

That I thought is it my bad?
That I thought is it mere bad?
For one thing I know within me fine
Is I will not lose you till I die
We are bound to each other in love
In the light of love, that I begin to love.

You are my best friend, Delterson....!
You are one, because you think so.
I thought so too, dear friend
Because we belong to each a friend!

Munashe Rupazo

The Discovery Love Poem.

I have made mistakes in my history
It is nothing personal I am a black woman.
However, I remember to do the right thing
When those mistakes reflect back to me.
I remember my pains more
When I try to find the things I lost at my loss.
I do remember the dilemma of mine victim-hood
With the things I wanted to adore
When I thought those things would want me equally.
Now I remember how wrong I was
In putting judgment on the things I never understood.
I thought I could dwell without sanctifactory,
As long as air, food and shelter I had.
I thought I could be wealthier than the prospects with permission,
As long as I had seed, and the time to give me harvest.
I had thought I had it all,
Had I known better the gift was still seed in ovary?
Had I waited onto God
The Builder, Creator and Giver of all heart's desires
Who reminds me to wipe off tears after crying?
Who reminds me to stand up when I fall?
I asked, seeked and knocked
But found nothing.
I did it again but still found nothing.
For trinity, this time with patience, humility and the faith
It came to me.
The harvest I had been patient to embrace my field.

When I thought I had won,
God only gave me to see something that could happen.
When I thought I had lost,
He was taking it away for me to move on.
When I thought I had given up,
He came in and told me to grow strong not old.
Had I not won a thing not to be mine?
I could have found it now, I told myself.
Had I not sown a seed in the garden of hope?
I could not have found it now, He told me.
I could never lose what I never had.

Later I found it.
I found a killer of my pains.
I found an antivirus for the guest,
A beta dine to dine on my wound
An ease of my trauma.
At the moment I was closing my eyes for death to dawn,
He opened them with brightness.
Now the search is complete.
The God of Excellency gave to me my hearts' quest.
My prayers are answered.
Barnabas is alive!

Munashe Rupazo

The Prayer Of A Leader

The power that is with me
Is not of my decision
And the fame given me
Is not of my choice

Man have done wrong
Betrayed and denied with purpose
Killed and have killed more
Murdered souls out if greed
Suck death by guilt for pride
And with pride they have shed innocent's blood

They have profaned
So to embrace their professions
Places without any positions.
In words and in deeds
They amick injustice
And now they live to taste the dose of their own medicine

Hiroshima and Nagasaki perished
Just like Sodom and Gomorrah
But they still will not listen
They adore sin
Mortal they are they never repent.
Out of their tongue they curse
Speaking words of regret
Misusing wisdom in malevolence
And this is intolerable before thy throne.

But Lord, may I speak?
Is this the reason why many die at your sword?
So to warn the born free
Is this the reason why many perish?
By all the tragedy and uncertain causes of death
Is this the reason why man has become victim of his own invention?
So to remind them no power is greater than yours
In Heaven and on Earth

In words and in deeds

They have done you wrong
But Lord, allow me to speak!
Forgive your people for the wrong they have done.
Give them the wisdom to repent and faith in you
That they may breathe your breath
And let your will be done amen
Remind them Lord
That you are the Lion of Judah
Show it through your creation and all your declarations
Lord, move in the midst of your people
To answer their prayers I beseech you
To improve their faith by your word
So the healing of the soul is efficient.

Lord bless all behind my throne,
For my struggle is their struggle.
For a loss to me, is poverty to them.
Give them your understanding,
Till we enter Canaan.
For the Joy of the Lord is our strength.
Amen and Amen.

Munashe Rupazo

I Love To Worship Him

Many times I have said, thought and done
Many a time I have come before Him
With a tear smeared face, a broken heart and a failed soul
Many times in the reason of my living
I have thought; thought and again thought.
The wrong always uninvited as if right
I have continued as a sinner
Even though He kept calling me back, "Come my child."
But clouded with shame I could not raise my face.
He has given me so much to be thankful for
And my words have failed in their own sufficiency
To show how much I say thank you,
Even though I seem not more holy than I pray for.
Even though He has never stopped calling me back.
My love for Him is too little compared to His concern for me
What can I do to make Him happy?
There is nothing I can do but to worship Him.
I will worship Him in all the days of my life;
In my life of catastrophe, in my life of thankfulness,
In my life of emptiness, in my life of wholesome.
In my life of pride and in my life of prejudice,
I will worship Him until the trumpet sounds.
Until He comes to redeem me from the sin congested world.
I love to worship Him
For in that much thanks I can approach.
Though the little the love can be
As long as my little heart is all that little
I shall keep on worshipping because He kept on calling
I shall never stop worshipping because He never stopped calling
I shall continue, because He did the same for me.

Munashe Rupazo

Open My Eyes And Let Me See

Open the eyes of my heart
That I may see, what lies beneath my breath.
That I may perceive what lies behind my back.
That I may endure finitely

Open the eyes of mine spirit
That I may see what comes ahead, with evidence of the invisible.
That I may perceive what brings with my destiny.
That I may hope without fear.

Open the ears of mine voice
That I may here that I speak, and speak that I hear.
That I may speak forth what I have seen and heard.
Speaking my desire into practice

Feasting amid the majestic
Meditating amid the terror dreamers
Breathing without lungs but truth and faith
Creating and constructing castles in the desert.

Open mine eyes I say
So I can dream of what is bound to be
So I can hope in faith like the apostles
So I can predict with the prophets.
Open my yes, oh Lord.
Open my eyes and let me see.

Let me see the hand of the Lord, work upon His people
Let me see the love of the Lord shown on the believers
Let me see the shining of His Glory upon His disciples.
Let me.....

Let me see the healing of the wounds of sorrow,
And the blessing of the innocent to be even more righteous.
Let me see the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah,
And the result to the evil doers.
Let me see the restoration of wealth to the poor,
And exalt to the humble.
Oh, let me.....

Lord, let me see
Let me hear
Let me speak of your goodness,
That which you have shown on me
Just like you have done to Israel.
Let me see.
Open my eyes and let me see.

Munashe Rupazo

Rupture!

Is it not the fate foretold, that where likely to head
Yesterday when we were warned and foretold?
Had it not been right if we did as were told
Yesterday knee-fold at their toes as they told?
Was it not that fate we were told, that we might head?
Had we listened, had we, we would not have cried!

Was it us then that paid for, not paying attention to words spoken
Speaking right whence we were destined?
Was it not us who heard while listening?
Was it not Judas that betrayed and Peter that denied?
Was it not then that time we knew
We knew just right what was told?
Was it not?

Perhaps we disobeyed before obeying.
Consequently the burden lies upon each responsible.

Munashe Rupazo



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Vanity

Men are different, I have seen,
Not only by sight, but by mind.
My choice is not her choice
And my decisions are not his
But we are all equal in front of God.

My pain is that I suffer alone
And the joy appealed by my heart
I myself perplex
My struggles are my problems
But we are all served on the Calvary

The deep thoughts that cloud my thinking
Assumptions and recognition might differ.
He might have more wisdom than her
And she might have more than him
But Christ leads us through no darker roads.

I might wish to be you
You might as well wish to be me
But my problems will alter your choice back to being yourself
And I likewise
But all are light afflictions to him who believes.

We might be glad with our lives
We might be dreaming of riches
Money, we might seek
And fame, my motive can be
But all is vanity.
Vanity of vanities.

Munashe Rupazo

The Faith Of Determination.

He that knows not doubts nothing
I wish to know more and doubt something that;
I might have fallen to the dust
I might have misjudged and lost much
But I am up to my feet
I still have learnt to bet

Even if my sword it takes
The race will never end for my word I take
What one man did, man can do
So what has man done that I cannot do?
If Yuri Gagarin before any man discovered the universe
Why can I not discover the potential hidden beneath my inverse?
If Neil Armstrong was the first to feel the sore of the moon
Then why can't I do and be great, speaking only greatness the soon
Through hard times in Sahara I might sleep
And drink from the Dead Sea a sip
But every sun has its own dawn.
I might fear the burden of plans and thoughts
But I will never doubt my ability
I will never denigrate my capability.

Many have gone there and some failed
Some stove to the top and fell then.
I will be one of those who stand fast in the track
And win the race of determination to the peak.
Like a falcon I will fly to the rest.
Like a cheater I will run for the best.
Like an eagle I shall mount to the highest.
This is my faith of determination-est.

Munashe Rupazo

The Winner's Journey

The day begins with a melodious theme
And ends with memorial splendor
The life of a man begins with melodious ululations
And ends with memorial lamentations

If indeed life is an adventure
A restless adventure of entirety and supreme wonders
A combination of malevolence and benevolence
Then life is full of mountains;
Social mountains, financial mountains, academic mountains.....
True mountains are steep
If one has to go through all the misfortunes of one's adventure,
Then one has to struggle to the highest peak of the mountain.
For if the journey of a thousand miles begins with a step,
So does the success of man; it lies in the strength of his determination.

For, "We can all do things Christ who strengthens us, "
And the Lord is our strength.

Munashe Rupazo



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Give Me Lord!

Give me the eyes of the spirit
That I may see what can never be seen by Him
That I may tell him that I see
That I may have a vision of the future.

Give me the ears of the spirit
That I may hear what can never be heard by her,
That I may tell her that I hear
That I may prophesy Your 'Word'

Give me the wisdom of the spirit
That I may understand deeper than they can,
That I may have knowledge of your 'Word'
That I may interpret it to your people.

Give me the being that I am supposed to be
That I may be whom you tell me to be,
That I may tell them who you told them to be
That our belief in you may pull down the pillars

Munashe Rupazo

Dear Parents

When I broke off from the warmth of the belly
I had nothing decent.
When I entered another season
I had nothing decent.
But I had you.
You bore me, nursed me and liberated me from pain.
The pain I should have suffered.
And you redeemed me.
For that, I am grateful.

Amid a crowd of commotion,
You have brought me with principles to guard my life.
In the midst of youngsters who sleep in the twilight of danger,
You have bred mine infantile with prayer to live in the protection of the Almighty.
In this world where the rich are the richest and the poor are very poor,
You have blessed me by the first suck, so I enjoy the comfort of Him.
For that I am grateful.

When it seemed to be over and nothing was left to be done,
There you raised your faith and with God nothing is impossible.
When the clouds darkened and the tyres of luck flattened,
Then the gear of prayer rose and the favor of God immense.
When news came with vast surprise,
No matter how good the news was or bad,
Your faith was higher than any mountain, even the Mount of Everest.
You led my soul well and for that, I am most grateful.

I have learnt much, which can certainly live my page full,
But the greater the influence you have put upon my life,
I shall not bleed tears of succumb or imprudence.
May God bless you abundantly, exceedingly
Above all you can think of.

With Love

Child.

Munashe Rupazo

Quenching Waters

One man's trash
Is another man's much,
One man's suck
Is another man's luck.
They told me that once
When I was two in the days of my months.

They told me that as I grow;
"I will find one to skid with in the snow.
That one which I have not indeed yet seen
I will perceive in the twilight of my dream.
I will not go further to learn, no
For that I am a woman so I nurse the kids at home
Yes, they say for want man have more vigor."
To my politeness, I beg to differ.
For that, I am a woman yes
Nevertheless will not charge to sail in such disgrace.
Learning is my key to excel as a girl.
My skill lays not in nursing the babes.
The garbage of your excess knowledge
Has become the gold of my desired essence!

One man's trash
Is another man's much,
One man's suck
Is another man's luck.
They told me that twice,
When I was two in the days of my months.

At most places when women are hurt,
I have learnt to listen to my heart.
The third it pumps the first I breathe
The third it expands and the most I believe.
To believe in whom I am in this minor concentration.
To believe in the potential in me to alter women's attention.
What one has done, they always say
One can do, if I may say
In these dim interests of woman sovereignty
What if I be the pioneer of feminine, sovereign remedy

Unlike crying when snowballs hit my face
Unlike wishing to possess one's mess
Unlike that, but to learn and deserve my earnings
Moreover lift my chin, when I count my blessings

One man's weakness
Is another man's strength.
One man's nightmare
Is another man's dream.
They told me that then
Young and ignorant until I went to learn.

Munashe Rupazo

My Father

Days and months make my years
But your presence alone serves a thought.

We might leave sweet potatoes and cassava to rot
But your presence alone reminds me your patience.

Your dignity is like a great river that flow heavens'
Your love and mentorship like the great waterfalls

Your comfort is like feathers and furs when one falls
Your joy is like the slapping waters falling

One thing I have learnt in fair ling
Is one thing I will cherish in my years.

Munashe Rupazo



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