

Poetry Series

**Nkosiyazi Kan Kanjiri**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2017

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

# Nkosiyazi Kan Kanjiri()

Nkosiyazi Kan Kanjiri was born in Harare Zimbabwe of a Ndebele mother and Shona father (the two major tribal groups in Zimbabwe) .He went to a number of schools in both Mashonaland and Matebeleland and this he says, was a beneficial experience to him since it helped him have an understanding of the two major tribal cultures of Zimbabwe. Nkosiyazi read English literature, History and Divinity at Dotito High School in Mount Darwin, where he served as the Child Member Of Parliament for Mt Darwin West Constituency. He was the best Zimsec Advanced Level English Literature student in Mt Darwin district in the year 2013. In 2015, he was awarded a scholarship to study at the historical University of Fort Hare in South Africa.

# A View From The Seashore

I stood there  
Seeing the sea throwing up to the shore  
Rendering the sands vulnerable  
Tossing them up and about  
In and out

I stood there  
Gazing beyond yonder  
Into the vastness of nothing but salty water  
Watching monstrous waves  
Tearing into the air above  
Grabbing all its innocence deep into the sea

I stood there  
Seeing my own shadow  
Dangling on the face of the waters  
Dancing to the discord of the sea,  
Unwillingly.

I stood there on the shore  
Cursing both the land and sea  
Wishing if the waves could grab me  
And like the sand, toss me into the sea  
And I disappear  
To the world yonder

[20-03-17]

Nkosiyazi Kan Kanjiri

# As I Gaze At The Moon

As i gaze at the moon  
In the sky so blue  
With the stars so bright  
And the clouds so petalous  
I gaze with awe  
With admiration  
With wonder  
I gaze with patience  
Finer than silk thread  
I stare admiringly  
With eyes so expecting  
And fingers craving to open  
The rosebud of my future.

Nkosiyazi Kan Kanjiri

# Black People In Offices

Is he a fellow with melanin like mine  
That bunch of a man sitting on a wheeled chair  
Behind that giant oak office table  
With a balding head reflecting times we happily buried  
And a pot belly growling for more of my hard earned pennies?

AND that self made bad photocopy kinky woman  
Whose bushy head is too big for her  
Whose colored lips are too ready to kiss the torn notes of my sweat  
Does she bear a history like mine?  
My folks in authority  
Black people in offices.

(15/11/16)

Nkosiyazi Kan Kanjiri

# Harare Resident

I wake up early morning  
Forcing my sleepy laden eyes open  
Fantasies of imagination suddenly stride away  
Unwillingly cutting dreams short  
Dreams snatched by the iron fangs of reality.

Toes stung by Harare's chilly winter nights  
I zig zag through the congested port holed streets  
Fingers frost beaten  
I dig down stinking full bins,  
Like a stray dog sniffing where better stench is coming from  
Like a green bomber fly  
I buzz to where better fart is steaming from  
I greedily invade bins, food scavenging.

I hustle I bustle  
Walking in multi-porous ventilated clothes I desire not  
Arms stretched out, palms open to dry air  
I look up to sullen, weary serious minded passersby  
Who have granaries of mind boggling businesses to mind.

Nobody dares casting even a mini-second glance at me  
My thirsty clothes are an eyesore to their spectacled eyes  
They call me memory haunting names  
Corrosive names that corrode my humanity  
They call me this, they call me that.

I make a loud siren cry  
That hits peoples' eardrums in vein  
A cry that none but myself hears  
A cry bottled and felt within the confinements of my ragged self.

Who hears when I cry  
I just but wonder if my tears will ever dry  
I just abandon myself on the hard pavement in front of OK supermarket  
With a bunch of cardboard boxes to hug me, to give the warmth and comfort  
denied me  
I lay my head down, to sleep  
To face yet another distant fantasy, escaping life's iron fangs.

Nkosiyazi Kan Kanjiri

# Letter To My Ex

Dear X

You know,

I always lament the passing of time.

How it gnaws moments we desire eternal.

I wonder why the sun rises and sinks

Because for me, when it fell,

It kissed the horizon with a thud

Too quick, before time.

Hysterical shadows stung my mind.

Darkness crept over moments cherished.

Blinded eyes envisioned darkness that ensued, clearly.

A vision that sent arrows of light to my mind.

How they stubbornly clung, unwelcomed,

And reminded me of a youthful egoism that drove me into believing I was in love.

Oh love is always a visitor.

That kind you welcome with outstretched arms

And with the blinking of an eye,

Vanishes into thin air like dew in the morning.

Yours in love, then and now

Nkosiyazi Kan Kanjiri

# Matters Of The Heart

In a distant place  
Between the blue mountains,  
I see your face as it shines  
When the sun rises.

In the eastern horizon,  
The earth is set alight.  
Creating a love zone,  
That settles my heart aglow.

(Nkosiyazi Kan Kanjiri)

Nkosiyazi Kan Kanjiri

# My Religion

If I were to talk about my religion  
I would talk of a rag tossed into a mud pool  
I would talk of a path lost in the doldrums of civilization  
I would talk of a god that succumbed to the god of other lands  
I pity my religion  
It is gone  
Buried under the pages of a book my kinsmen don't understand.

(2016)

Nkosiyazi Kan Kanjiri

# Promising Promises

Promising promises promised  
Promised in the name of hope  
Promised without frustration.

Certainly certainty was certain  
Fulfillment was at hand  
Certainty was our destiny.

Time passed  
Frustration became fate  
Certainty turned into doubts  
Optimism into pessimism.

The promises were long overdue  
Certainty turned into dew  
Dew that vanished,  
When the sun rose.

Dryness betrayed betrayal  
Betrayal that was nurtured  
Through promising promises.

Nkosiyazi Kan Kanjiri

# Real Freedom

Real freedom  
What is it?  
Whose is it.

Is it gaining liberty from those not my blood  
Yet blood brother pins me down?

Is it gaining dominion?  
Yet my blood treed upon my head  
To scramble to the pinnacle?

Is it only for the elite?  
Or for the masses  
Or for us all?

Real freedom will not be defined  
And shall never be defined  
Forever it shall remain a dream.

It shall stay a mystery  
Perhaps until the second coming.  
As long as the lion and the buck dwell in the same jungle?  
Freedom exist only in fairy tales.

(September 2013)

Nkosiyazi Kan Kanjiri

# The Horse Is Braying

Tell the chap the horse is braying  
Tell him to mount and ride  
And stride into dusk  
And disappear into sunset.

The clucks and trots we are waiting to hear  
Of hooves raising dust  
Disappearing into distance.

Who cares where the sun sinks  
Be it in the dungeons of the Dead Sea  
Or behind the mist caped mountains  
Who cares?  
When the chap is gone  
Nobody will shed a tear.  
□

Nkosiyazi Kan Kanjiri

# The Man Shits Too

Shitting, like God, is no respecter of man  
It knows no royalty nor commonality  
It reminds every dunce of their mortality  
Like death, when it grins  
Even the Queen of England bows  
And the Pope can miss the missa

Shit like an echo, shouts back at the owner  
Its shriek voice calls the same flies  
And they together dine in excellence

Shitting knows neither the hand of the master that signs signatures  
Nor the hand of the slave that broils and toils  
When it peeps, both wipe their own asses

Shitting is for everyone  
And is everywhere  
You bump into it in the noble Buckingham palace  
It grins to you in the Holly City of the Vatican  
It screams from the darkest corners of the ghettos  
And from Hollywood it calls from splashy toilet sits

My kinsmen  
And all that hail from my clan  
I plead, may you remind the man  
That he too, shits.

Nkosiya Kan Kanjiri © 30-05-17

Nkosiya Kan Kanjiri

# The Sun Still Shines

In the sunshine city  
The sun still smiles  
It shines, the way it shone to the pioneer column when they bumped into  
granaries of fortune

It still shines  
Even upon stinking bins in the heart of the city  
Showing light to stray dogs  
That run hither and thither and yonder  
Growling to dry air on empty stomachs  
The sun still shines.

Even to filthy mouthed kombie touters  
Dangling on the doors of a kombie carrying braaied souls  
The sun still shines.

To a blind beggar by the roadside  
Whose five cent bond coin dances solo in an empty kango plate  
And stares in the portholes of a street of cynicism  
Yearning for nowhere to be found bond coins, the sun still shines

Even to a widow vendor  
Whose sapless vegetables are turned down by snarling city lions  
The sun still shines in the sunshine city

Even to a street kid  
Wearing itchy robes of poverty,  
Competing with stray dogs for supper in the bins down town  
it shines

The sun still shines  
In the sunshine city  
And it still smiles.

(Harare Zimbabwe: December 2016)

Nkosiyazi Kan Kanjiri

# This Our Democracy

Have we not tossed our democracy to jackals  
And they have chewed out all its fiber and it has lost taste  
Like biltong of ages?  
Have we not thrown it to sires and and bitches  
And they bark about it every night and day  
And it goes with the echo of their screwed howling?  
Have we not let it into the rivers that run to the oceans  
And surrendered it to the salty waters of the seas?  
Have we not thrown guns and bayonets into hell fire  
And with kitchen knives we stab our own in our heaven?  
Have we not traded genuine glares for plastic smiles  
And have despised authenticity for duplicates?  
Have we not twisted our democracy to demoncrazy  
And we ululate for curses and yell at blessings?  
Has our democracy not grown thin of substance  
And is now obese from feeding on vanity?  
With this our democracy  
I am soaked in tears  
And have drowned in questions

(10/07/16)

Nkosiyazi Kan Kanjiri

# Too Wishfull A Wish

If tears could build a stairway  
And memories a lane  
I could climb up to heaven  
Just to bring you home.

If mine was not too wishfull a wish  
i could build the tower of babel  
i could plead with God to let me build  
Just to climb and stretch my hand for you.

If mine was not too wishfull a wish  
i could not allow myself to dwell this much in dreamland  
I could not be wishing all these wishes  
But what will my troubled deprived soul do?  
Wishing itself is painfull  
But not as much as not wishing at all.

In him the almighty i have hope  
My heart desires i shall be grunted  
My wishfull wishes i shall be given  
Castles in the air i shall build  
Wishes will become horses, i shall ride

My tears shall neither build a staircase  
Nor will my memories a lane  
But in him my comforter  
I shall find hope in hopelessness.

[ University Of Fort Hare Alice Town Eastern Cape South Africa 16-10-15]

Nkosiyazi Kan Kanjiri