

Poetry Series

Preston Mwiinga
- poems -

Publication Date:
2019

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

Preston Mwiinga(4th November.1988)

I would like to thank my God for the strength he has afforded me to compose this. It's not been easy, but I just had to. I also thank the masses around me who have been ringing in my ears that yes I can answer it. And to you my dear friends who are eager to read of my works, I thank you as well. Your critics and encouragements make up the kind of person I am today.

"The Journey To The Self"

A good person in the world is like a soul in the body If you can't have the strength or inclination to love others as yourself at least be good to them Did you know that you can't love everybody but you can respect everybody Life will always give us what we occasionally competition is the recipe of mental development and creativity Let not pride be your strength but a weakness that you daily need to be conscious about Death is the logical conclusion of life, its uncertainty influences a human person to remain in the sense of direction No one is ever outside the kingdom of God, it is our participation that determines our communion with God and the rest of the members There is no love without responsibility The lord speaks to us in various ways it is our fundamental duty to endeavor fervently to discover and understands his voice A person convinced against his/her will is of the same opinion still Learn not to argue with people of a different field from that of you An effort is all what is needed in life, fortunes only come as compensations It is hard to do the will of God but it is hell if you don't To 'everything' given up there is everything gained Growth requires effort In life we have to work for what we get When the wrong man uses the right means, the right means works the wrong way Give answers to life's questions that comes from within Combine hard work and joy in any activity and expect nothing but success Always strive for peace especially the peace of mind You can be given freedom only when you've known how to use it selflessly In my journey through life I've learnt that a physical relationship can start at sunrise and end at sunset with devastating outcomes The more I regret my past mistakes the more I tend to commit them Whoever claims to love you is after one of your discovered or undiscovered treasures Remember every break up creates make up Old age does nothing to a person apart from making him of who he were Fear is a distractive enemy one needs to fight all throughout life Self-esteem is built up by personal conviction and freedom of choice Should talking be important to you so is listening Love your partner not because you have to but because you want to! Everyone is capable of disappointing you Life is like a story that begins when there is a need and ends when the need is met

Preston Mwiinga

2016 Farewel

Dear Country men and women, Hon members of parliament, the clergy, and friends, to all I say all protocol observed.

I take this opportunity, today the 31st of December 2016 to thank all of you for being what you are to and to mean the world to me.

In 2016 I made some of you happy through my posts which you considered inspirational, to others I was too irritating, to others I motivated and inspired whilst to others I was just a disgrace.

To those I wronged please forgive me, to those to saw me to have pride, please bear with me I will adjust, to those who hate me naturally, I pray for a miracle in your life. To those I inspired, I assure you that I will never be a let down, to those I motivated, I will not end from here because my happiness in you comrades.

As we crossover to 2017 I seek Gods guidance and protection. I pray that may our wishes be fulfilled in the year twenty seventeen

As I end allow me to say OneLove to you all. I am what I am because of all of you.

Yours with Love

Preston Mwiinga

Preston Mwiinga

A Birthday Poem To Wife

When I had thought the beast in me was born with a full conviction in my heart that was the time when you came and transformed me.

I had little knowledge that we were ever going to meet but God brought you closer to me and you changed my life.

You popped up in my life like a sunflower,

When I first saw you, I saw that beautiful and pretty Rose flower,

Your smile unto my face was like that sweet fragrance, that sweet aroma.

You gave me happiness; you showed me the special care. You stood by me through thick and thin and most of all you loved me for who I was and you still love me for who I am.

Maluba just like your name entails, you are my beautiful flower and on this day you were born, and one thing that I know is you were born for a purpose.

God chose you for me and me for you, He gave me you and today I know that I am not just celebrating your birthday, but because you and me have that special attachment, I say we are celebrating our birthday.

Happy Birthday Malston, a blessed birthday Presmalu, and a beloved birthday that special woman of my life, Happy Birthday Choolwe Maluba

I love you so very much.

Preston Mwiinga

A Coach In A Man's Life

If you have a of not been faithful to your girlfriend\wife, Because you called yourself a `PLAYER` its ok, I have no problem with that, but do not be surprised to wake up with the shock of your life when you learn that your wife/girlfriend is now an international coach whilst you just a local comboni player.

Appreciate a woman in your life. She is your treasure, cherish her because she is unique, Love her because she has opened her heart just for you. Respect her for she is a catalyst of your success, protect her for she has a fragile heart like an egg.

Remember your lonely days, she kept you company, remember that day you were angry and frustrated with life, she gave you hope, Remember when your temper was high and you almost allowed it to control you, she neutrilised it. Remember that day you staggered with life, she gave you a hand. Remember that day you were embaraced with yourself, she embraced you, remember that day you cried, she gave you a shoulder.

Flashback»»

Do you remember when you cheated on her with another woman? That day when you grew big head and took her kindness for a weakness, you went back home with stains of lipstick on your shirt, you saved your concubines number as `Low battery`

Do you remember that day when spanked on her face and made her a punching bag, for your wrong?

Do you remember the moments you lost your manners and injured her her in public?

The moment you stopped being proud of her and rejected her in public like you were Peter in the bible.

A fragile heart you always broke, the trust you betrayed, and the great woman you made vulnerable because of your doings.

Preston Mwiinga

A Cry Of An Orphan

Death O Death, where is your your sting. You have visited my family when we were not ready for you.

You have taken our my parents leaving me with no one to care for me. I once lived as a happy person but now all that is gonen I'm only left with memories. My nights are nothing but a night mare. When I remember my parents, I break down to cry

My destiny is not known, My life is empty. I feel all alone in a world full of hate. I have failed to fit in as families are only are only engulfed as as families. I have no one to call mum or dad. O death why are you so cruel, why did you decide to take away my Parents. Leaving me as an orphan and total stranger

Facing this world alone, is very hard
Without someone to hold your hand
To guide you through success and failures
Who is going to carter for my tuition fees?
Who's going to hold my hand?
Who is going to take care of me when I'm sick?
Who is going to give me the hope of getting better?

I have no one telling me a bed time story when going to bed there's no one to give me a good night hug.
No one to give a good night kiss
when I wake up in the morning, no parent to tell me breakfast is ready.

No one to help me with house chores
I am a parent of my on, striving hard to put food on my table.
I am just but an orphan,
No mother or father to call my own
No one to comfort me when I cry
I'm all alone until I die

I miss being loved.
My mother why can't you wake up even for a second and cook for me my favorite dish?
My father why don't up arise even for day you teach me how to survive.
Without you, I am a weak vessel.

All I want is someone to love me

Someone to guide me and to help me
Am I asking too much?
Or is it just that no one wants me
I am but just an Orphan.

Preston Mwiinga

A Flower In My Garden

She is a garden of excellent blossoms in the garden of my life. She is not normal but rather constantly unique.

Her excellent petals dependably give me that sweet smell, giving my life extraordinary bliss like the two blossoms at a wedding function. When I require love and bolster she generally faces the test among-est a couple of like the uncommon sunflower raising towards the daylight.

She is not that adorable bloom in my garden but rather she likewise knows how best to safeguard her self from hooligans, for assurance she utilizes her thorns.

To her I'm similar to a honey bee gathering nectar.

My blossom is charming and shocking.

She thrives with the excellent aroma.

You inquire as to whether my blossom is a Rose? All things considered, No. My blossom more than that however with exceptionally charming petals and passes by the nearby dialect 'Maluba'

I am a cultivator, continually watering my garden where my uncommon blossom is.

In the event that I see a few highlights of faltering, since I wronged her, I apply some D. Compound manure to keep it solid.

On the off chance that the land ends up plainly acidic, I include some lime if my bloom does not does not so much enhance, I include some dark soil.

I at that point apply some bio fertilizer, creature compost and to keep our affection going I even include some chitemene framework.

Our affection is so crisp like the green vegetables in a ranchers cultivate.

This is for maluba.

Preston Mwiinga

A Journey Called Life

Through my of journey of life a lot have happened.. I have done right things and made a lot of mistakes. I have made people, laugh and happy but I have also made people cry, I have injured many, I have been a bad person. In this journey I have been real, I have been me but I have also been fake with a lot of pretence accompanying me. I have loved truly and I have also loved with great pretence. I have been a model to many but I have also been a bother and an irritating person to many. I have been kind but also I have been selfish.

life hit me in the corner and I have also aggressively hit back. I have revenged on all that have caused pain to me. many are people looked down on me, I have not been a saint I have looked down in manyto. I have been segregated and I have segregated many.

With so many things in my life, I have been contemplating over my life, I have been looking at the many bad things I have done. I have hurt many in different ways. I don't not want to be the same again with the bad things I have done, I want to be better where I have been good. I want to reconcile with all the people I have had differences with. I want to bring back the smiles I destroyed on all the people I have destroyed. I want to be very real in the cases where I pretence might have prevailed. My prayer to

to God is for him to forgive all my
wrongs. I pray to God to help me
restore all the smiles I destroyed in
the people who Matter to me and
all. I pray to him that he gives me
the courage to always say sorry to
all when I am wrong. I do believe, I
do trust in him. It's with tears in my
heart that I have been writing this
I'm sorry for all the pain I have ever
caused to you my comrades and
loved ones

Preston Mwiinga

A Letter To A Convict.

I know how you might be feeling right now.

It is not easy being separated from your wife.

Life becomes tight in their but the courts they were right to have sentenced you.

But I believe this is the time to reflect and make amendments to your life.

I know that society might consider you condemned, your family looking disappointed in you.

I know that you are living in regrets because in the cell it is hell.

But believe, save your sentence but be an Ambassador of real change.

A letter to you is to assure you that we are behind your rehabilitation whilst In there.

The 25 years sentence can be squashed by your transformation.

Peace be still and be prayerful.

Preston Mwiinga

A Light Uphill

You tell me you are in a dilemma,
You don't know what to do and what the future holds.
You are facing neglect ion like you are not human.
They speak ill about you like you are a newly disease.
Your family no longer wants you,
The church has excommunicated you based on mare allegations without salt.

Look up, there is a light uphill.
The Lord is providing that light and he wants you to follow it.
It is like that light the wise men followed in the bible.
Follow the light because Christ is that light.
He knows of your troubles, understands your problems and he provides the
Solution to that pressing problem.

Like he told the children of the Israel to look at that serpent and survive,
He is telling you and me at look at him for he is that light and we will survive
even the strongest storms.
Look at the light uphill follow that light because he is the life.

Preston Mwiinga

A Note To My Wife

When I sat looking at life,
I realized that I was looking for a relationship
where people will not say 'They look so cute
together.' I wanted one where they
say, 'Look how happy they are
together.'

Then I shot an arrow in search of that deserved lady,
and it found you. yes I mean You.

MODEST is what defined you because you are refined
You are my AMUSING woman such that because of
you I forgot about the amusement park.

I love you because you have been and you are LOYAL
to our love and nurture it, you water it and it grows fresh because
you are like a porter.

I have tried studying you but then I realized, I may never
graduate, You mute my flows and my rhythms you are UNIQUE and
smart in everything.

I used to think only men were strong but even though I am not Vasco DAGAMA, I

100% conclude that you are BRAVE.

I end by say forever will you be that AMUSING to me.

Your name is Choolwe Maluba

Preston Mwiinga

A Peasant Lover

My rival approaches you with expensive things. He visits you with a powerful ride, expensive gifts. He says that he loves you so much and that he can even sponsor you to further your education. He uses his wealth trying to buy your love.

Look at me, I am just a peasant lover coming to you but i have expensive love. I do not want to buy your love with money nor with my material wealth. But I want to buy it with my heart and with my whole self.

I don't just love you because of your cuteness but because you are humble, loving, charming and caring. You are principled, cute and your ways are perfect.

I am not ready to compete with my main rival, love me the way i am, accept me the way I am because I am just me. I may come to your place strapping and he will come driving, I may call you with a simple Nokia 3310 and him with an I phone, I may present you simple gifts but they will be direct from my heart and him very expensive ones but with a hidden agenda of just using you and later dump you like trash. What matters honey is that i love you from the deepest inside of me. One fact that i know is that you are not meant to be easily bought. My love for you is very genuine.

The smiles that he and his friends show you are very fake, they don't even consider you as human. I do not have the best chaff of smile to give you but my actions and my heart do have. They have a story to tell you that i love you so much and that i want to spend my life with you.

Open your heart for me because I love you. I may be a peasant lover but I carry real love.

The choice whether to love someone because of their wealth or just a peasant lover with only a heart to win you over is in your hands.

Is it money to buy your love or its just a heart. Choose today and make your best decision.

Preston Mwiinga

A Proud Woman

I don't have an amazing figure or a flat stomach. I'm far from being considered a model but, I'm me. I eat food. I have curves. I have more fat than I should. I have scars because I have a history. Some people love me, some like me, some hate me. I have done good. I have done bad. I love my Pj's and I go without makeup and sometimes don't get my hair done. I'm random and sometimes I say crazy things. I don't pretend to be someone I'm not. I am who I am, you can love me or not. I won't change! And if I love you...I do it with all my Heart! I will make no apologies for who I am

Preston Mwiinga

A Rare Man

He is a rare man amongst men,
unique and special in all possible ways.

Living by his word, he is not like a political figure who promises
and breaks the promise, This rare man stands by it.

I have been looking for a better way to define practically what
effectual refusal, when it comes to light that effective refusal can
best be described by this rare but special man.

His NO! is always No.

His principals so different, he is not a lawyer but still defends them,
he stands by them.

Attachment to God, He fully dedicated his works to God,
He said away with the earthly things and yes to the ministry.

Man of the house, He is a man of the house always providing and protecting
everyone under his umbrella,

Like Samuel, he dedicated his house to the lord for daily devotions because he
wants everyone under him to live a christ like life.

He is not just a rare man but very special,

He is the man behind the 'Tiponteko Man' me and my young mans.

He has always given us his love

Preston Mwiinga

A Real Man

So you are a real man right?
And ladies like you

listen to me.....

A REAL MAN is not defined by how many girlfriends he had. It's by how many girls cried when he said 'NO I'm TAKEN & I LOVE her.

Preston Mwiinga

A Real Woman

A real woman is not one who beautifies her outer beauty with the most expensive makeups, clothes, hair, lotions, etc. real and a virtuous woman is one who Never forgets to beautify her inner beauty, with patience, a loving heart, kindness, good heartedness, because the true beauty of a woman is in what she does and not how she looks! !
stand up my sister and be a real and original woman never an artificial one.

Preston Mwiinga

A Scholarship

It was affirmed, I had recently cleared the territorial exams

By and by I made my parent's fantasies a reality,

I was quite recently sitting tight for his call to satisfy his guarantee for an unexpected blessing when I passed.

It was my dad's line calling, energetically I grabbed, lamentably it was the police calling

With the pitiful news that my folks just passed on in a horrible mischance, my unexpected blessing was their demise.

My fantasies were covered, as I experienced the property getting my dad's family.

My mom's family rejected me blaming me for being a terrible sign.

Wide open to the harsh elements I spent my evenings, for nourishment drop overs made it for me.

With no other choice turned into a stone crusher since I needed to proceed with my instruction.

In spite of the fact that risky, It was as the stone particles could enter my eyes, or perhaps smash my fingers I did it for my instruction.

With somewhat capital, I was currently an affirmed road seller offering freezits, and battling with council officers as distributing was not legitimate all over the place.

With the battle for school and survival now I was an affirmed camera man with a similarity camera yet it was fleeting as I sold it when I needed to pay my exam charges.

I just passed my energized, and I had fit the bill to seek after my advanced education at one of the college yet I was denied sponsorship life appeared to have achieved a deadlock, not until Eden University came into restore my fantasies, gave me back my desire an explanation behind accepting and to live to

my fantasies when they gave me a grant and quality instruction included a supplement by offering me good and otherworldly support in this befuddled universe of ruined young people of my edge.

After all has been said and done, I say Eden is my University, Your University and our dream University.

Preston Mwiinga

A Special Birthday

Today you are born,
This is what I refer to as new year.
Wishes you have, I pray this day today makes them a reality.
Treasure each moment, it is special
fight for your dream you are a warrior.
Be happy you have the best family and the people who care for you and that
special person in your heart. your soulmate
friends to stand by you catalyst
and God to lead you to greatness, he is the best driver.
On your birthday 'I will utter your favorite quote, 'The imposible possibility, God
can make the impossible possibilty possible'
Happy birthday my friend May God keep showering you with his ubundant
blesings.

Preston Mwiinga

A Special Valentines Birthday

When others are celebrating Valentines to me it is a moment when I am wishing someone special that special birthday.
You were my classmate at high school.
Even After school we could still link as friends.
You were my classmate at college and also my borrhackmate.
You were my studymate and also my chatmate.
You trusted me with your stories and I did the same.
I confided in you and you in me.
We helped each other solving issues to tissues we were a great tag team.
Today allow me to wish youa Happy birthday and many more Happy returns. May all your heart desires be fulfilled. Happy Birthday my friend of all times.

Preston Mwiinga

A Special Wedding Day To My Comrades

Taking a straw, in a row to avoid the crow
That would draw nearer to give me blow

I stood at a corner, but not like a loner
When Mr Muhona, honored Eneya with the proposal
'will you marry me? '

In the church the church you both stood with honor
And said 'I do'.
The pastor now said, With honor that Muhona was
Now the owner of Mr Muhona Eneya.

Not with toner writing but voice
I'm goner. Tell the world about the amazing
People in the newly wedded couple.

Eneya and Emmanuel.
Your connection is so strong,
It gives you shelter from the storm,
May you always have your love
To keep each other happy and warm

You are so special to us the bridal party that
We wanted to send you a blessing today and forever
One that we hope you'll keep always.

My wish for you.....

I wish you much love and a long
and happy life
with just enough rain to appreciate
God's sunshine.

I wish you a loving hand to hold
when skies are gray
and the joy of hearing 'God blesses'
when your children pray.

All these things I pray your

life will bring...
so that your family will be a blessing
for all the world to see.

Just married! ! ! ! ! !

Preston Mwiinga

A Special You

Special people are always kept close to our hearts. Sometimes they don't notice it but we always turn to appreciate them every way possible. And always trying to make sure they are always smiling and happy.

When they happen to get sad in any way, we try every possible means of adding that sweet smile to them. You special always treasured and cherished. Your true happiness is always my concern. Your smiles rejuvenate my smiles. Chats with you make me a happy person always. Seeing you physically tells me about some good people God has permitted me to know in my life. This message is not spam neither is it a disclaimer it's a message direct from my heart passed through my mind and coming straight to yours

Preston Mwiinga

A Virtuous Woman

She is a blessing that every family and every person is given, She stands as a Guardian angel to every person around her. She Loves her man from deep down her heart, not only does she do that she knows also how to care for him and making sure that he is always happy. She try by all means never to injure his feelings, making sure that he is smiling will stand as her duty because she believes that he is a God given gift to her.

She cares for everyone around her, she does not possess a selfish heart because of this she is never found swimming in the world of gossips, Instead of gossips, she replaces them with good talks about believes that gossips are a contributing factor to the conflicts around the globe. The virtuous woman will try by all means to distance herself from gossipers.

She will not forget to praise God in everything that that she does, she will thank him in everything she goes through. No matter how rough the situation she will not blame him because she believes he has a better purpose for her life.

She dresses accordingly to make her man proud and not only does she do this to make him proud but also because she believes in modesty. She integrates in a good way Christianity and the good norms of culture and tradition. She makes God as her driver throughout her journey.

A virtuous woman cannot be compared to any currency as she is more than that, No amount of money or wealthy can buy her because she is more than any material wealthy and her love and care are very rich and they never depreciates like the kwacha.

She has the humility within herself, when her family is hurt so is she, when her friends are in pain so is she. The virtuous woman will train her siblings, children and the people around her to grown In the right path and to do the right things at the right time.

Every lady ought to be like a virtuous woman. You will never find her clubbing because she believes she has better responsibilities to carry out than being found in the awkward place, the club, pub or bar. She is a role model to everyone and a woman every man will proudly say 'I am blessed with this lady'

My please to every woman, be that virtuous woman in everything that you do because God also recommends that you be that virtuous woman

□

A Virtuous Woman(Part2)

A virtuous woman, She is the proverbs 31 woman as described by the bible, this is seen in her actions towards her husband, respect she never loses, she always remember and does what her bible tells her to and that is to always be submissive to her husband even as he still has a task of always loving and respecting her also.

She is not a woman defined by fashion, she is that good and well cultured woman.

She is not that woman that is so lazy as a snail, She is that woman that wakes up daily early in the morning to do her household chores.

She is not that woman that walks in disgrace, she is a woman that has moved the walk and talked the walk, she has walked from grass to glory.

She is not that curse that families ever regret having, She is a blessing admired by many.

She never stands as a worst creature to the world; She is that great woman that stands as a Guardian angel to every person around her.

She has no time of finding a blesser to bless her because she has a man whom she loves from deep down her heart.

She is a woman who does not just stand by her man, but that woman who stands with her man and helps him archives his goals.

She is the reason why he does not want to love again, but she is the reason why they say to every successful man, there must be a supporting woman.

She is a virtuous woman; she is a prayerful woman and never is she playful.

She is a woman that believes, she truly believes that prayer can change things, she always has that conviction in her heart that prayer can move mountains.

She is never that selfish woman, she is a selfless woman who cherishes and cares for everyone around her, a virtuous woman is never found swimming in the world of gossips, Instead of gossips, she replaces them with good talks about believes that gossips are a contributing factor to the conflicts around the globe.

She will not forget to praise God in everything that that she does, she will thank him in everything she goes through. No matter how rough the situation she will not blame him because she believes he has a better purpose for her life.

She dresses accordingly to make her man proud and not only does she do this to make him proud but also because she believes in modesty. She integrates in a good way Christianity and the good norms of culture and tradition. She makes God as her driver throughout her journey.

A virtuous woman cannot be compared to any currency as she is more than that, No amount of money or wealthy can buy her because she is more than any material wealthy and her love and care are very rich and they never depreciates like the kwacha.

She has the humility within herself, when her family is hurt so is she, when her friends are in pain so is she. The virtuous woman will train her siblings, children and the people around her to grow in the right path and to do the right things at the right time.

Every lady ought to be like a virtuous woman. You will never find her clubbing because she believes she has better responsibilities to carry out than being found in the awkward place, the club, pub or bar. She is a role model to everyone and a woman every man will proudly say 'I am blessed with this lady'

My plea to every woman is, be that virtuous woman in everything that you do because God also recommends that you be that virtuous woman, He wants you to be Christ like and do those things he has commanded you to, not just on women's day but throughout your lives, so my dearest women out there are you that virtuous woman?

Happy Women's day

Preston Mwiinga

A Walk In The Past

Learn from your past, move on, grow stronger. some People are fake, but let your trust last longer. Do what you got to do, but always stay true, and never let anyone get the best of you.

Preston Mwiinga

A Woman Like A Puzzle

A Woman, God's wonderful creation.

Created for a purpose. Her heart like that of loving in nature.

Her care is tender.

A woman, a missing piece to man's completeness.

Truth told, a woman is like a piece of a puzzle, if this piece misses then like will never be complete.

When you decide to break her fragile heart via victimization, then you just lose the proper gift in your hands.

Women should never be tools for rape, that we say No!

If you raise your hand against a woman,

Then I will no doubt that you never rose up your hand in class to answer questions,

It means you were dull.

Turning a woman into a punching bag, does not define your strengths.

If you really need someone to battle it out with, then get into the ring with Mike Tyson

You say a woman was meant to be at home doing house chores,

Who told you that a woman is a maid?

Do you know how much she suffers just for man and her children to survive?

You still have the guts to call her very weak, and you are not even ashamed?

It's only a woman who bleeds for a week in month through monthly periods.

When she is pregnant she walk, works and sleeps with the heavy fetus that eventually matures to be that cute little thing her her womb, it becomes a baby.

During labor at one one she feels like giving up but she holds on and pushes until life the baby is born.

Without a woman, life will remain like that incomplete puzzle.

Without a woman, the world will remain stagnant like the stagnant water in swamps.

Embrace each woman out there because she is God's given gift to human being and to mother earth.

Preston Mwiinga

A Woman Of Glory

A woman of glory
a virtuous woman knows how best to relate to people
She is never careless with her lips
Because she knows that lips can be poisonous,
what a beautiful woman will do is to use her lips for
Truth, her voice for Kindness, her ears
for Compassion, her hands for Charity
and her heart for Love. For those who
do not like her, she uses Prayer because prayer open any lock.

Preston Mwiinga

A Woman With A Difference

She speaks of wisdom
Her expressions are that of the real world happenings
She is an actress,
But also an artist,
Destined for goodness, with high signs of that virtuous woman,
She is a woman with a difference
A voice for the voiceless, a voice in the wilderness
Rape is has talk about, abuse she has condemned
And love she has preached,
I know I deserve to love a woman and woman deserves to be love.
Through her well-being I have learnt that beauty is not all about a face
It's about being beautiful also in the heart, mind and never having a corrupt
attitude in this corrupt world.
Amongst the stars, I can point that there she is, truly Zambia.
Not just a celebrity because of her movies,
But a celebrity with a difference,
A super lady with morals
A lady who uses God as her driver,
She is a woman with a difference

Preston Mwiinga

Abash Black Slavery

Who told you that I am your capital.

Who told you that I can be treated like a merchandise.

What is it that you really want to benefit when you sale me off as a slave.

You have forgotten that as Africans we always stood up together for one another.

Together as one we fought for the independence of Africa.

In search for greener pasture, we allowed your people to come into our land and we came to yours.

You invested in our country and worked in our companies so did we do so.

We became the one big African family which has been nourished with the inter marriages Among-est us and we gave out the best bread.

You learnt our language and we learnt yours.

Everything was okay not until you realised that we are actually capital to you.

You now hate us for mingling because we poses the black color and you are white of Arabic in nature.

You have seen great capital in us, because of this you terrorize us in all angles.

You are mercilessly, you have separated husbands from their wives, , children from their parents and brothers from their sisters.

The men you have tortured before selling and the women raped and harassed in all angles.

You keep reminding us that black is cursed and we deserve to suffer, you say ours is to serve you even in harsh conditions but with little complaints.

You do not want us to call you our bosses but rather our masters,

If we refuse, you kill us like a goat slaughtered upside down.

If we keep resisting, , you throw us our very high voltage lines to die without history but with mystery.

Let me tell you, black is beautiful for this is a color of chocolate.

It is a symbol of strength and humanitarian because of our attitudes towards each other.

Black is a symbol of love because of the brother and sisterhood we share with each other.

Black is not capital that it can be at the market selfishly.

Black is not a leeway to prosperity.

End slavery of the black color end it now and love, , peace and unity reign within us even as we keep fight slavery.

Let us end slavery and end it now.

Abash Child Abuse

I just saw myself regaining my consciousness from the intensive care unit. As I tried consulting how long I had been admitted, only to be told that I was there for three weeks and two days. It was sad that I was never the same. I was discharged as a disabled person. I been brutally punished by my aunt for stealing a piece of meat. Look at me and you wouldn't want to look at me again for a single minute. my hands have been distorted, my face looks as if I'm the one that acted a horror movie the wolf man. I no longer have hips, I look as if I have been planed like the way a carpenter planes a door to smoothen it. My back is not touchable, it is rough and now pricks like a tree that produces Roses and My chest looks as if I have tar toes all over my body and yet those are scars on my body. I now use a peripheral device to be able to get what people are saying like a laptop that uses headsets for reason being that the internal ear piece is damaged. Its because my ears have been chopped off my her.

Child abuse is my cry of the day. It will be my cry of the month, a protest of the year and a boycott of a century so long as my issues are not addressed. My message is simple, Abash child abuse time is now. I am a survivor of the brutal abuse but not every child is, a lot of children have innocently lost their lives and are still loosing. Day by day children get mistreated, made to do heavy duties beyond their strength, and made to abort school for their (guardians and parents) selfish dirty businesses. because of this some have said, `ENOUGH IS ENOUGH` and have resorted to going on the street, thinking it is safer their yet it is even worse. Whilst on the street because of things lacking in their lives, they end up engaging in bad acts like stiffing Bostitch, and robbing people. Enough is Enough, `ABANA BACHULA, NAKUKWANA` we shall no-longer be silent. We shall not just sit down and just cry, we shall act to fight the act. We have become children right freedom fighters, we shall fight in the morning, afternoon, evening and all the time till we defeat.

We fear no one because the law is on our side. If children were all to die then who is going to take over leadership of our country, who will take care of the old people, when they are are very old. Then who is going to bury our grandparents when they die because they want their grandchildren to bury them. This is a cry of a child, `Please I beg, do not overwork me, like a slave or a donkey. I'm also human and I too get tired! At-least give me chance to education, just like any adult that has been able to go to school, please allow me as well. My other cry is to plead with you not to inflict pain into my body, I also react to pain. I just like any other person, have the right to liberty and social security. I have lost a lot of

my beloved friends and I'm now alone please, don't let me join them. No one
wherever would want to die including you, please spare my
life.....! `

child Abuse is an offense, let us all join, this fight, it does not require a single
person for it to be conquered, it requires everyone. Together, we can win,
together we can bring all the culprits to books. I'm appealing to the government
and parliament, please stiffen the punishments for child abusers, defilers, and
molesters. `I don't want to be defiled, I don't want to be raped, I don't want pain
on my body. Respect me as a person and think of me as you! .`, cries a child
Abash child Abuse time is now!

Preston Mwiinga

Abortion

Tiponteko dot com

You're afraid of killing cockroaches but you already did 5 abortions. God is watching, My sister the lighting that will struck you will not wait for the rainy season

Preston Mwiinga

Abragada Bragadah Magic

Preston Mwiinga

Abused And Raped

You saw the sudden changes on your body.

Your breasts getting ripe and so pointed and fresh

Then for the first time you so blood coming out of you for the first time

You just experienced your first menstruation called menarche. Then you got the felling that now you were a woman. ????

Hell broke loose when you started feeling dizzy all of the sudden. ??????+

The nousea in you was unneearable and eventually you begun vomitting.

You were feeling very weak but did not know you were pregnant.

You were just 13 years old. ????

Beaten and called a prostitute by your own biological mum little did she know that it was not your fauty, the pregnancy was your step fathers. ????

Forced himself on you, you tried to screaming but he over powered you and shut your mouth.

With tears in your eyes you shed tears with pain you bleeded as he defiled you. ??????????

Silent like a rockcoast you failed to tell your mum about it because she was going to erupt like a volcano but now the pregnancy has done it do. ????????+

Alas at a tender age you gave birth your fellow child at the age of 13 you became a parent.

What hurts?? the most is that you are homeless, your step father chased you from home, hopeless because now you are HIV positive, valueless, your virgin pride is gone in the air like vapour, voiceless you have no one to speak for you.

I cry???? for you abused child your future is ruined as I see you becoming a sex machine because you are jobless but still need to survive.

I cry with you o child.?????????

By *Preston Mwiinga*

Preston Mwiinga

Afriac My Mother

Africa my mother,
Africa my father,
Africa land of my brothers and
sisters,
Oh my dearest Africa.
Some have called you poor,
some say you are third world,
some say you are a black continent,
Africa my mother,
Africa my father,
Africa land of my brothers and
sisters,
Oh my dearest Africa.
Some have called you poor,
some say you are third world,
some say you are a black continent,
Oh my dearest Africa.
Though your sons and daughters
pioneered civilization,
In architecture and agriculture,
Your sons and daughters taught the
west caligraphy,
that was your pride my sweetheart.
You were adorned in rich apparels,
Leopard skin, lion skin garments,
Today your grandchildren walk
naked,
in the streets of all major cities.
My dearest Africa.
You once walked with pride,
with leaders who thought about
their people,
who held integrity above self
reservations,
The west stole from you this
precious gift.
And left you with a gaping hole in
your heart.
oh my dearest Africa.

Once your fields were green with
plenty,
To feed feel free
Now we beg for a meal,
our rivers have ceased to flow,
because we wanted another life,
not the village life you taught us to
live.
Oh my dearest Africa.
The visitors came through the
ocean,
they threw away our skins,
gave us new clothes, decent,
modest and beautiful.
Now they are bringing back our old
clothes,
only theirs are too tiny,
My dearest mama Africa.
You taught us to bow down to our
elders,
Show compassion to the needy,
Share love even in distressing times,
Mama, today nobody cares,
we walk past each other,
like a dog past a dollar note,
What happened to you mama,
I am told they beat you,
Scourged your beautiful face,
carried your sons for slaves,
Took all your beautiful apparels,
And left you to die in the wilderness,
Sorry my dear mama Africa.
I am proud to be your son,
I live to always be your son,
I will share your agony to the end,
for you taught me to be a proud
African son,
My dearest mama Africa

Preston Mwiinga

African Woman

woman of our land.
mother of gret nations,
sister of my saul,
comforter of the depressed,
but why, why should you allow scorn,
but why should you allow torture,
but why, why should you allow rape.
Dont be silent, don't cry, Speak so dat you are heard,
show them yo wrath,
fight for jstice.
I speak and stand for jstce for women outthere.
Lets speak for them,
lets us not allow useles men to harm a woman

Preston Mwiinga

Albinism Is Never A Curse! !

Each and every moment I walk in fear because I do not know who will take away my life.

It is not like I am a fugitive No! But because I am an albino,
Some do not even want to seat next to me,
Eating with me is like they are feeding on vomit,
They do not want to rub shoulders with me, as if I am a curse from God,
But listen to me even as I speak with tears in my eyes,
My tears shall no longer be in a bottle, I am spitting out the bitter truth.
Let the silence be broken now, we will no longer be silent like a rock cost hit by the waves.

Segregation is bad; we are humans like you are
God created man in his own image and likeness, of which we all know.
Why kill albinos for rituals, why discriminate and laugh at us?
We say we are a Christian nation and our deeds to people living with albinism are destroying the Christian name....

Love us, care for us and here our cry.

To all the parents out there, remember that having an albino child isn't a case but a full blessing from God, and to all those who kill albino children please change for a better because God is not a God of discrimination but a God of love to everyone....

Blessed are those that are close to people living with albinism.
Remember we are not ghosts but normal people just like you.....

Preston Mwiinga

Almost Saved

He walked with Jesus Christ for more than three years but still Judas kissed the gates of heaven away when he kissed Jesus with that sweet of betrayal.

He had the chance of being registered in the book of life when he was nailed to the cross with Jesus Christ but still, the thief on the left side of Jesus Christ still died in Sin.

King Agrippa heard the message of Salvation from Paul, He was almost persuaded but was not, he still died almost a christian. He was almost save.

The rich young ruler, went to Jesus seeking salvation, when he was told to give away his possessions, he went away. He was at the doors of heaven, almost save but was never saved.

Almost becoming a bride does not mean you are a bride,
Almost passing an exam means you have failed,
Almost reaching the destination does not you have arrived. Remember Lot`s wife was almost save and Lot was almost destroyed.

Being a christian requires our full dedication for us to be saved and not to be almost because almost will not give us salvation.

Preston Mwiinga

As I Watch You Grow

I want to tell you how much you mean to me.
You are someone amazing,
Someone so dear to me,
Someone I always cherish you mean everything to me.
Even as I see your success,
Even as you grow into the great person you are.

Your birthday my baby
My lovely daughter whom I always love and cherish
means everything to me.
May God, the almighty God grant your wishes true.
May the lord grant you the full wisdom like King Solomon
May he guide you like the way he guided Elijah.
With the faith which is like Wi-Fi in your heart,
May he make you to conquer like Gideon.

You are that precious person to me.
You are my lovely daughter whom I am well pleased wish.
You are my princess
Always in my heart I treasure you more than Gold or Diamond.
Happy birthday baby.

Preston Mwiinga

As We Plan To Cross Over

We need not to look behind or we may turn into a pillar of salt.

We may smell the promised land but we may not be able to get there like Moses. Before we cross over we need not to be too excited as we may be counting on the un hatched eggs.

As we cross over we need to tighten our seat belts and to be sober minded.

Our driver is actually better than the motor rally giant, Muna Sims or his brother Satwant.

Its been a journey of 365 days and now its time brother and Sister.

I will not tell you like other prophets that 2017 is your year but involve God and let his will be done.

I will not tell you to pay me like that sorcerer to give you prosperity but work hard and still involve God.

I am not octopas the fortune teller but just a servant of God and I tell you that you hold prosperity and success in your hands because God says so in his holy book the Bible

As we cross over remember to do what should have done two years ago which you couldnt do last year which you lost hope to do this year now you attain the excellency.

As we cross over

Preston Mwiinga

At Our Focal Point

At our focal point

You despise me

You look down on me

You believe I'm useless

You are convinced I am valueless.

You may consider me like that but listen to me, We shall always meet at the focal point of life like we have.

You were born in a modern hospital whilst my mother gave birth to me from our tiny house because there was no transport to move her to a near by public hospital.

Our focal point: we both survived some babies born in hospitals and at home do die but we survived. That was our first focal point.

You went to a modern and very expensive school and the school I attended was nothing but a community school but we learnt the same things that was our focal point but I did better than you.

You have made your calls on a Samsung S6 and I use a nokia 3310. Our focal point we both communicate.

I have survived on one meal per day and that is on vegetables and you have five meals, well balanced with enough proteins. Our focal point: We both don't die of hunger. I'm actually healthier than you. You visit your woman with your expensive BMW and I strap. Our Focal point: we have both attained. But I have a better manifesto than you.

No person is useless, life will always have focal points. Treat each person like you because our own focal points await us. when I get sick they use herbs on and you are to South Africa for the best treatment. When I die, they will wrap me in a mat and burry me at Chunga Cemetery. When you die they will bring your body back home in a caskate and they put in an a very expensive coffin. They will lay you off at Memorial Park. our focal points, we will both die. our bodies will all return to dust and we will be eaten up by termites.

Preston Mwiinga

Beauty And The Beast

I was lost in thoughts when she found found me. The time when she found me I had amnesia of being good. I could not really remember how best to be good with people. In me was the untermed beast a wild animal that only wanted to be alone but my tongue too was untermed. It was like a tongue of a chameleon attacking. When she found me I was an I don't care type of a person defined by my dress cord. My dressing was like that of a lebel leader and I was very fine with it. She go closer to me without any invitation. She came to my life lik a gate crusher at a wedding ceremony. Approached me in a humble way that I forgot that I was like that firce beast. It was not the story beauty it was reliaty. She believed in the good thibgs in me and told me the best was going to come out of me. She took up the responsibility of building up the best person in me. Transformed me from me being scraff to a smart person in me and influenced my smart thinking. She gave a reason of being happy and reminded me that we only live once. She neatralised all the hate and anger in me like kaspersky antivirus neutralising viruses in a computer. She stood by me as if she were my own and yet it was true friendship. Today I am a happy person she was like that guilding angel who took care of me. A wonderful person who who restored my happiness. A sweet person who chose to be by my side despite anything. She was sent to my life for that real purpose and that was to prove to the world that the world still has those good people. This is my story this is poem this is my testimony this is my piece to stay for you with you and by you if such words are there in English. Friendships does not choose friendship is sacrifice, it is helping your friend up when things are not okay its about staying with your friend in all situations. Friendship is not dship is you

Preston Mwiinga

Best Love

Step by step together we walk,
in your arms i am comfortable.

your touch is a special one as it touches my heart.

when words to you are poetic because at the touch of a special lady everyman is
a poet.

Authors and poets have written and presented that behind every-man, there is
that sweet and special woman in his life. behind the person i am, there is you.
loving and caring for you.

I have a better reason to say, I am loved by the best.

Preston Mwiinga

Birthday Wishes To A Special You

To that special person,
To that cheerful heart,
To that humble my God fearing in nature.
To that somebody whose heart is with the welfare of others
To that one whose smiles comforts even the angriest face.
On this day year ago you were born, o yes you that special being.
I write this today on this day the 29th of June to appreciate you.
You have always been that special friend to me, that somebody
That understands me better.
In many things you have stood not only by my side but with me.
Together we have shared our happy moments at the same time
You have always help me walk in the correct path, you rebuke the bad
Ones and support the good ones.
Ireen before the world today, before social media lelo I say that I am blessed
Having you around as my great friend, our friendship is beyond measure, it
Is a treasure that is measured without leisure and I will stand committed to it.
My promise and greatest one to you is, I will always stand by you, and stand
with
You.
I will always join in your happiness and will also stand with you in your
challenges.
I will be a friend who will always be around like the friendship of fish and water.
I will not stand at distance, like a rock that remains dry and yet it's in the water.
I will not be closer to the sun but rather I will be like the moon providing you
with
Light like you always do.
Happy Birthday, A blessed birthday Ireen.

Preston Mwiinga

Black Is Beautiful

Black is beautiful and I am proud to be born black. It has the chocklet. Chocklate is sweet no wonder everyone likes it, so is my skin color. Proud to be born black. Black is not cursed, God is God of all of us, he loves the black skin just like he loves the one skin, because of this I will not be intimidated about my skin color because black is beautiful.

Black is beautiful because it is a symbol of strength seen from the hardworking miners at chambeshi mines, or as strong as an Africa woman carrying a calabash on her head. Being black is my pride and this I will not hide as I ride on the fertile land of the blacks, black is beautiful.

Black is beautiful being black I possess a symbol of power authority, and the confidence that I can do all things. I do not have to bleach to look like white for I may end up looking like a Zebra, I do not have to change my lips to red, as might look like an animal that has dipped its mouth in cold blood. Black is beautiful.

Black is beautiful, as it is a symbol of honor and modesty, black is beautiful as it is a symbol of hospitality, black is beautiful it is a symbol of a beautiful continent, "Africa", and I am proud to be born black.

Preston Mwiinga

Blind Follower

O blind follower, you have become so blind and yet your sight is perfectly fine.
You are like a tissue blown in all directions by the wind.
Your mind is like the Random Access Memory in the computer.
You easily forget but follow blindly the next day.

Do you need Jesus to get soil, smear saliva on it and put it in your eyes for you to notice, that these people are simply using you?
O poor blind follower, your voice to speaking sense is disabled, you speak any how, you speak in tongues as you have been used as a horn, a loud speaker for noise.
You are like a robot being controlled by a remote control causing violence is your way of like.

In you I see those eyes that will see conductivity in life.
A voice that can speak like a vuvuzela of the voiceless.
One who will not use physic to fight but intelligence to bettern lives.
Blind follower, clean your eyes with milk because the world awaits the real you hidden in the blind follower

Preston Mwiinga

Boasting

tiponteko dot com

My friend you are busy boasting about your emoral activities, about how many ladies are in your log book. if you think thats being a man, waitaya, ni vi ma deamon ivo, uli na chi region.

brush yo teeth with anointing oil

Preston Mwiinga

Born For A Purpose

I am that special being,
my birth was not a loss,
I am an asset to this world
But I will not really boast about my birth
because I owe it to my creator our God.

I was born to reflect the image of a
God who is powerful enough to
create my universe, attentive
enough to hear my prayers and
loving enough to be defined by self-
sacrifice. I find my greatest
fulfillment on a journey toward
purpose and wholeness.

I am that special human being,
special in the creators eyes.

Preston Mwiinga

Bring Out That Smile

You are frustrated with life.
You hate your self,
You are angry with everybody.
Everyone around you seems to be a bother to you.

But listen to me.
I have some good news for you.
Anything that annoys you is teaching you patience.
Well anyone who abandons you is teaching you how to stand up on your own feet.
Smile because anything that angers you is teaching you about forgiveness and compassion.
My comfort for you anything that has power over you is teaching you how to take your power back.
Embrace love in your heart because anything you hate is teaching you unconditional love.
Why are you leaving in fear, gather your courage for anything you fear is teaching you courage to overcome your fear.
Not everything in our life is meant for us anything you can't control is teaching you how to let go. Life is learning
So learn, learn and keep learning

Preston Mwiinga

Candidates Of Hell

They call themselves intellectuals and because of this they want us to see and suffer. Of course not all of them but most of call themselves lawyers, it them nights just studying cases. They refer to very bulky books for evidence, and defense. It is because they want to win all court cases and gain good names as being powerful is a shame that they never spend any time studying the word of God, the Bible. They have done away with the amazing book. Or any spiritual book like the quarterly and others. When you dig deeper like the post-news paper as they say, you will discover that they spend their careers defending criminals.

The innocent are being convicted and the guilty walking to their freedom. Who are they lawyers or liars? They have forget that day they will stand before their God on the day of takes them about seven years for them to study medicine before they can put on those pure white and attractive dust coats. But they never spend not even a single second studying the spirit of prophecy books. It is a shame that they don't even know about the three spectacular signs and especially one that concerns them, the dark day when their fellow doctor failed to see the color of his coat. Alas he ho and he ho alas that they are not using their acquired knowledge to bring healing unto the patients, instead, they bring about death upon the patients for their own selfish motives.

They have forgotten that they are spiritually sick in their minds and that they need that great physician Jesus Christ to come to their aid and give them healing, cleansing and making them is never an easy road for them to start studying accountancy studies. There are a lot of speed bumps involved. With these bumps only the strong survive. Those that easily give up quit. but these great archive rs never quit.

They didn't care how many times they fail because they kept on rising to their feet. It took them real focus for them to graduate. And it takes them real dedication for them to balance up books of accounts. They make sure that they are never found wanting when auditors come to audit their never is a day that they sit to study the conflict series books. Do you ask how they are able to balance their records? It is simple, it is never a secret how they do it. They steal tax payers moneys and also steal church funds in their office as being accountants various companies and church treasurers in different churches. They then create suspense accounts and other different means of them covering up for their sins and surely, how can you rob your creator? You deceive your self. A day is coming when we shall all stand before him to give account of our lives. God is coming as our chief auditor to audit our lives. With him we can never create any suspense account, it will be each one for himself and God for us all.

Those whose books will not be balanced, will face the wrath of have done journalism and mass communication. They did not just wake up and find themselves doing their program. There was enough effort put in place for that success to come. It was not by luck that their success came but by hard what have they done with their profession, they have used it to destroy people's lives. All because you have being publishing and broadcasting force stories about them. You have being labeled number one at bearing force witness against have forgotten that God told us never to bear force witness against our question for them is, are they really free with their lies? Remember the God said that we shall know the truth and the truth will set us long as we keep up with those lies, we will never be free before God, we shall remain in captive of sin says the lord. Let us pray that God gives us a second chance to set our homes in order. Remember that we are all qualified candidates for heaven.

Preston Mwiinga

Challenge Accepted

I'm not that a classy person,
My lifestyle is that of a Dundumwezi girl
My spoken English makes thunders of laughter like its is Dorica with her comedy shows at Lusaka play house.
My writing is that of a grade one with wrong spellings.
My dwelling place is not a mansion, it is that little thatched mud house house without proper ventilation and deep in the shanty.
My dress is that of a non civilized church girl and tease me with the name that I am Ellen G White.

But listen to me, Challenge accepted.
I'm not classy like you but at-least I'm cultured.
My lifestyle is that of a Dundumwezi girl but at least I'm a real and never look like vampire like you do.
My spoken English is horrible but at-least I speak from my heart and I'm proud of that.
I may write wrong spelling but at-least I can engrave `I Love You` right in your heart.
I live in a muddy thatched house but at-lest just like you, we all sleep and wake up, we may not have air conditionals but at-least we can open the windows.
I may not be civilized in my dress code but at-least I'm modesty and does not dress like a prostitute, I am a marriage material and I'm proud of that So!
Challenge accepted

Preston Mwiinga

Change For The Better! !

Vandalism has become your way of life
You cannot just see property till you vandalise,
It is unfortunately that you even vandalised your own body.
You have chosen a lifestyle of a hooligan, You are a bully a scoundrel, you
think you are above the world and bullying
You smoke like you are also a heavy industrial area
Busy abusing drugs like you are a drug store
We describe you by the promiscuity,
You seem to be comfortable with your deviant behaviour
You just can't do things in a gentle way you always think being aggressive and
disruptive is what gives you a better name
Drunkenness about you I say less because you are never sober and you have
become a robber.
Change for the better

Preston Mwiinga

Changed

God is always good, he has a better plan for every person. In the picture is Boyd, a good testimony of he who toiled with life.

He has gone to parties

? He has smoked shisha

? he did the drinking and doing all that are not pleasing before the eyes of the Lord, and yet I called myself a Christian and went to church and sing in praise team.

? ? ? The transformation, TODAY his eyes are opened we thank GOD for opening his eyes he is a living testimony. God has really dealt with him and he is happy to be called His son again. All these worldly things profit us nothing.

am encouraging a youth out there to take a step and follow Jesus. No matter how bad your past has been He is willing to take you as His E will laugh at you but reality is JESUS IS THE WAY THE TRUTH AND THE LIFE.

? ? Titus 2: 12?

that grace instructs us to give up ungodly living and worldly passions and to live self-controlled, upright and godly lives in this world.

.
MAY Grace instruct you to give up all youthful lusts and ungodly living.

GOD BLESS

Preston Mwiinga

Cheat

Tiponteko dot com

You are nothing but a cheat to someone who loves you dearly.

Treat every lady you would want your own sister to be treated.

You protect your sisters like an egg

But.....

You want to date your friends sisters and even break their hearts.

Kula and be really.... by the way, you will never marry your own sisters but your friends sisters.

So take care of their fragile hearts

Preston Mwiinga

Child Abuse

The government saw defilement in her
Her guardians saw great capital to enrich their family
Her teachers saw a powerful lawyer in her,
The sugar daddy saw a potential teen wife in her
Her study mates, See a brain buster in her
Her Elder brothers see a source for his bride price
She said NO!

They said yes!

Save the child from this shame, save her body from being
abused and defiled.

She sits in the corner with her hands folded and with pain
she sheds tears. She has nowhere to go as families now take
care of their own children only. Tradition says it is okay but the government says
it is an offense. Running away from home to the streets will only make her be
caught in the cold.

Out there she believes its more dangerous as she risks being
raped, smelling of dirty and going on an empty stomach for
days. With pain inside her she allows her guardians to traffic
her to a sugar daddy, a blesser in the name of early
marriage. She has been turned into a slave, a prisoner
forever.

As a little girl her guardians have sold her into slavery just
because they want the fortunes. To them having girl children
is prestige, it is great capital. Unlike other parents who
would write on their gates 'Beware of Dogs' not because they
have dogs No! but because they want to protect their
daughters. But for these selfish guardians, they even have
the gats to put Chickens for sale because he wants to attract
men to notice his dependents. Sees capital in the little girl
but the government sees defilement in her because she is
government property.

The guardians have stopped paying for her education; they
have taken her for 'Moye' a traditional ceremony preparing
young girls for marriage. They believe she now has to be
home doing the house chores and to be in the kitchen. They
have disturbed her education when her teacher saw a great
Doctor in her. They have opened her to the blesser who now
calls her a blessie as he is ready to be blessed. He believes
little girls know better how to preserve families.

The foolish elder brother goes impregnating different girls because he knows that the sale of his sister into the infant marriage as I call it will save him. He sees a life saver in his foolishness, but the girls friends saw a brain buster who always helped them find solutions to academic challenges. A girl child was never meant to be kept in the kitchen. She is not capital for marriage neither does she qualify to be marriage material NO! When you sale a child into early marriage, then you are now trafficking her. Respect the dignity of a girl child because you are disturbing the entire nation. Remember when you educate a boy child, then it is just a boy you are educating but when you educate a girl child then you are educating the entire nation. Aba.....shhhhhhhhhhhh iwe yes nati Abash! , Abash it now!Abash early marriage time is now.

Preston Mwiinga

Child Brutality

My education has been blocked simply because am a girl child
you say ma place is in the kitchen tell us a good story we need to hear one Mary
was born,

Jane was born and Tasha was born but their story is different Jane had caring
parents who believed in her 12yrs down the line she got accept Ridgway campus
she is now a doctor but Mary comes from a family wth financial dilemma she is
told that she is the breadwinner in the family she needs to get married and
forget her dreams 37yr old man is her trophy ishiii she has no option well in the
case of Tasha she has a dream of becoming a journalist but her virginity is on the
list of being broken by the truck driver he promises her a heaven on earth type
of life 2yrs after he enters her pants her dreams shattered after she was found
positive how sad we need a good story a story of Jane is all desire help us put
these abuser behind bars all we desire is the likes of Jane to b able to show that
also a girl child can do as a saying goes educate a girl child then the nation is
safe bt a boy child then individuality will b the talk of the day let's unite like
African bread(ma bans) we are on the side of that child whose rights are abused

Preston Mwiinga

Child Of A Blind Man

My life style makes me to be daddy's boy on the same hand it qualifies her to be mummy's girl.

On the contrary it should have been otherwise but because of my daddy's status, I am what I am.

My growing up is not a pleasing life as I have no Childhood. I do not have proper time to play with my friends as I am like that fellow on a pilgrimage. I am my blind father's guide. I am his pillar as well as his eyes.

I am his best companion as well as his voice, I am my daddy's special envoy to the society.

I hear parents encouraging their children to learn so that they have a bright future, I meet them driving and walking their children to schools, together they always look happy.

I see them stopping over cream land and hungry lion for meals and snacks, it is mostly true that they always look happy even as they communicate in the modern language, English

I again not accidentally meet them at Levy Mall at the jumping castles as I walk my blind dad with our cracked lips, weakened bodies, torn clothes begging for money.

If being educated is a solution to being responsible then education is a stranger in my life. At the tender age, I am already a bread winner. I can not beg in the modern language like their children but I can say, Nipempako tandizo

If no one is ready to help us, we follow them, touch their garments even as we beg.

The good Samaritans do help us but others really get frustrated if we touch their garments, it is like we are the carriers of cholera.

When walking back home after the long hustle, we see people looking at us like total strangers.

I even hear some of them uttering Mwana wa mpomfu na mpofu uyo

It is as if my dad chose to be blind or as if I chose to be his fresh and blood.

When we go to church, some members move away from seating next to us, it is as if we stink, when we shake their hands after the service, they don't forget to clean their hands with a sanitize.

We are never allowed to go for any joyous public gathering because of our status.

But even as we face these things we always look at that great man who made the blind to see, the crippled to walk, the dead to rise. I am looking up to that man who welcomed everyone to his side, be it the rich or the poor.

I am a child of a blind man but I am not ashamed to mention my unending love for him.

He be blind but he is the reason behind my existence.

He may not be able to take me to any school but still he is my best teacher because he is always teaching me ways of life.

I may not be able to utter any word in English but atleast I can explain about the norms of life.

He may not be able to take me to cream land for ice cream and a bottle of mineral water atleast he is able to get me a freezite, chitumbuwa and water packed by the locals.

Life is fun with us because my blind dad and I have chosen to accept what is before us.

I love my blind dad because I am a product of love.

Laugh at me if you want, treat me like a total stranger if you so wish, call me all sorts of names but remember my daddy and God love me. We may be like this poor but our situation is not, we are following that light of hope.

Preston Mwiinga

Cholera The Death Hallow

Cholera you come to our society like that old troublesome boy in primary school. You mock us, you tease us like those stupid and useless bullies in a boarding school.

The problem with you is that you are never, you never like seeing people living happy together.

you have gone ahead by separating us from our traditions and customs of greeting by hand because of your jealous nature, You have changed all of us into Rasta men and women as we are all seeing greeting with knocks.

Cholera you are so heartless, you have no teeth but you have taken away my beloved ones.

You are so cruel that you have not allowed them to have a decent send off to the grave,

because of your stupidity, you have made them to be wrapped in black plastics as if it is black Friday.

They get rolled up like they are diapers ready to be disposed off.

You have not allowed mourners to gather at the funeral as if my beloved ones were outcasts and yet they were loved, they were bread winners, they were our brothers and sisters, they were our aunties and uncles, they were our grand parents, they were our friends at our neighborhood.

what hurts me is that, you have in a cruel way dealt with whosoever has gone against your orders to mourn them, you have killed them too.

You have not considered their status in life, you do not care if they are political leaders or not, infact you even have the guts to insult the head of state without fear of treason, because, if he too does not become careful, you can give him the treason.

doctors you have killed even though they try to help the infected as well as the affected.

you have not spared even pastors and prophets, You seem to be an outlaw and you fear no prayers you kill them too.

For his life, the only offense he committed was to eat uncovered food on the street, the only crime she made was to use the toilet without washing hands, The only crime the little baby committed was to be fed cold, uncovered food with lots of flies, it could not refuse, it was just a baby and it was hungry.

Look at him the paramedic, in his efforts to be a life saver, he has been caught in a web and now he is dead, he could not save himself.

For paying her last respect, you have eliminated her.

but why even as I keep mourning, Cholera but why are you doing this?

because of you Zambia Air-force is now fighting you on the ground, The army is engulfing you using all the formations they learned during the training. Zambia National Service has now become the the council proving garbage trucks, The police are working hand in hand with the defense, and as for me, I am just that victim in the morning soldiers just command ati, 'Bamuna bonse selukani mudobe vinyalala'

I am commanded to pick garbage with my hands without gloves because of you, risking my defense against you because I know that that you are like the devil moving like a roaring lion looking for someone to destroy.

we have cried enough, and we not tolerate you anymore, we shall all join the defense with force and offer a service to the police too.

Stay health, kick out cholera now but staying healthy, don't eat uncovered foods, wash your hands after using a toilet, always boil your water or add chlorine to eat before drinking, and many more health precautions.

Life is precious, protect it now, Cholera is death, destroy it now,

Preston Mwiinga

Christ In My Heart

He to my heart.
My Savior in my heart.
He is not just a guest but he is here to stay.

I have invited him in because he is the solution of my life.
The devil has made so many attempts, he has written so many emails and letters that I allow him in, but why should I when those are just junk mails.
To my heart those are unsolicited mails, , they are spammed. The devil is try to spoof me to fall for his scam but he is a fraud.
I invite Christ into my heart to carry a full system scan of my life.
With the firewall my Savior shall use on the devil can hack me down.
Even though this devil, can try to be a gray hat,The firewall in the Linux system of my life shall protect me.
With my Savior's firewall, I am a safe.
With his antivirus in my life I am scanned and purified.
In his alms all threats detected in my life are deleted.
I am made whole even though my sins were as scarlet, I am now made whiter than snow.
He to my heart only him in my life.

Preston Mwiinga

Cold Storage

Like people on a pilgrimage our paths crossed each other.
With no idea that we were going to get together like the Africa Unite.
Even the our routes were cold and hard like a rock,
Even when we felt our value was less precious to Gold and could not be sold out
because some potion of people made us feel like old stock in a supper market.
Even when we could not be bold enough to open our heart's to loving again
because we were told that our happiness would be rolled in our pain leaving no
room to have our perfect moments to be scrolled
Cold storage became our ice breaker when it melted our cold hearts, it became
our stone crusher when it crushed and smelted those hardened hearts just the
missionaries of the old, opening Africa for Christianity, new rooms for the genesis
of a romantic story.
OYDC changed the rule of the game when it made a way for us like John the
Baptist even though we were so blind to see.
Chiyuni changed our identity when it gave us solutions to admiring each other.
Levy junction gave its climax when I knelt down before you with a ring in my
hands.
Emmasdale Church has opened a Zero Mileage page in our Marriage today and
Arakan has given us a good send off to our matrimonial home
Our love has grown not like in fairy tale movies but it has been natured with
love, Strengthened by trust and preserved with the attention for each other.
I will love you forever even as I say thanks to cold storage that we are finally
here.

Preston Mwiinga

'Compulsory Counseling And Testing'

Where ever I go I hear them saying 'Tipima'

They stigmatize by reminding me that olo ndine Pastor Bapima.

I decide to visit the social media, the first thing I see is 'Tipima'

I decide to seek comfort amongst my closest friends but still the words are re echoed ati 'Tipima'

I become so confused and decide to take a walk where a motorist almost runs over me, in anger he shouts at me and adds to his statement at 'Tipima'

My brother died as a result of HIV and Aids and I too scared.

My sister became mad after learning she was positive and the treatment society gave her.

HIV and your friend Aids, whilst working together you have terrorized my Saul. You have made me an outcast in the society. You have brought segregation to my life.

Those that claimed to love me have deserted me my life has become so dry like the Sahara desert.

My life is flooded with problems like the floods behind the Tsunami causing a lot of harm than good.

You have disfigured my body causing it to have a lot of potholes. My face has shrink-ed like I am that ablution block that has been emptied by a sewerage tanker.

With the hopes lost, I wait patiently for death like a cow waiting for slaughter. ARV's I take, have been conquered by HIV and his fellow criminal Aids, like the way Ghadaffi was conquered.

Your love and care can restore my hope. You accepting me in society can make me human again. My hope is in your hands. I didn't choose to live with HIV but the Virus chose to live in me.

Preston Mwiinga

Cooler Of My Heart

Cooler of my heart who shall make it to cool down.
The signs of a volcano are foretelling that it may erupt soon.
I have been waiting for information and not a story.
Stories I have heard and some of them were fairly tale stories.
Cooler of my heart who will cool it down when there is a short circuit between us.
You want to talk but you can not talk.
Not that you do not you are in a dilemma.
Cooler of my heart what do I do for I am paralyzed I need my strength back.

Preston Mwiinga

Count Them

Only the blood of Jesus
can wash our sins away
the only thing that can cleanse and purify
and bring a joyful day

If Jesus had not shed his blood for us
we would be forever lost
but he did pay the price for our salvation
with his own blood on the cross

Only the blood can take a black heart
and make it pure white
to transform a sinner's life
and deliver from our awful plight

If not for the blood of the sinless lamb of God,
we could have no peace,
but trusting in that crimson flow
gives freedom from sin and a sweet release

Only the blood of Jesus
can make our sins white as snow
When we ask for his mercy
his forgiveness we can know

Yes, only the blood, only the blood,
nothing else will do
only the blood of Jesus poured out in love
on Calvary for me and you

Preston Mwiinga

Cpu Love

I am addicted to you like a drunk and his pork
Olo maybe should I kamba ati kwati chakolwa naka muchopo.
Just for your love I fear nothing,
I do not back down from any challenge
Like that person who is never scared of the cars
But always runs away from the rains.
For our love, I will not let the rains of pain to come between us.
Just like the fish and the water are inseparable,
No one can separate our love.
You mean everything in my life,
you control my happiness like the central processing unit
In the computer, you are my brain and think tank.
I always keep you in my ROM and never in my RAM,
For in RAM, Your value maybe compromised.
My BIOS is perfect, everything is intact and working correctly
Because that CMOS in my heart is always renewing and updating our love,
No new hardware in form of a girl friend will be detected,
Because you are enough in my life.
I Love you like the way Bill Gates loves his company Microsoft,
Like Micheal Jordan and basket ball,
But never a Joker in love issues like Annie Kansime.
In your alms i'm a poet.

Preston Mwiinga

Cry No More Family

God saw you were getting tired and a cure was not meant to be. So he put his arms around you, and whispered come with me. With tearful eyes we received the hurt breaking news that you had just passed away although we love you deeply, we could not make you stay. Your golden heart stopped beating, hard work hands at rest and D.A.G can never replace you. God broke our hearts to prove to us...he only takes the best.

But even though it hurts, we are reminded that Gods time is the best.

Your lines *it all started with a prayer. And it ended with a dare So you can't compare, The way I will stare at the next hare.....*

With pain and with tears we say fareware till we meet again Shuko.

Preston Mwiinga

Cry The Beloved Mother Zambia

Terror has become your name
Pain your middle name
Death is your surname
House arrested is what defines your way of life
Your mouth is zipped like it is hot water in a flask
You are silent like a rock coast hit by the waves

Political violence is now the main headline in our media and press
Breaking news has become special features.
Zambia has become like the WWE Wrestling for tables, ladders and chairs.
From the violence and killings, one cannot argue that Baghdad has opened its
New branch in Zambia.
I'm sure even Boko Haram is laughing at us because he does not see a
Reason of coming to Zambia, we are helping him by killing each
Other.
Is this the nation our forefathers fought for? is it the freedom mother
Zambia wanted her children to have?
Cry the beloved mother Zambia.
George Orwell wrote his book the animal farm where he addressed a
Lot of issues.
Do we need George Mpombo to write part two of that book?

Citizens of our great nation, despite belonging to different political
Affiliations, let us make mother Zambia by embracing peace.
Let us abash violence, Say NO! to brutality and murder.
Let the message of peace be our trumpet of hope.
We can still be united like we became when we lost our national leaders
President Mwanawasa, President Chiluba and President Sata may they
Rest in peace waiting for the resurrection morning, when the trumpet shall
Sound and the dead in Christ shall rise.
But this time around let us unite for prosperity, peace and brother/sisterhood.
Cry the beloved mother Zambia till peace is restored.

Preston Mwiinga

Cycute

On this day I for the first time talked to one of the most beautiful ladies, so sweet lovely and beautiful. she is special and her name Cylcute Sigweed. knowing you is one of the best moments in my life Cyvia. i owez appreciate the nice person you are. so humbled and God fearing you determined for every success that comes your way. amongst the few people i call angels on earth you are one of them

Preston Mwiinga

Daddy

I want to understand you,
I want to know you better.
Your real character is like the hide and seek game.
What I know is that you love me.
Your love I feel,
Your sacrifice me me makes me cry.
You starve at times just for me to have a meal.
Your clothes are worn out just because you want to take me to school.
You spare your time for me to feel the importance of your fatherly love to me.
You get angry when I take school for granted.
It is because you want a better life for me.

Daddy, I promise not to take your sacrifice for me for granted.
I will make you proud, I will do my level best to ensure that this is possible.
I love you daddy, you are the best dad in the entire world.

Preston Mwiinga

Dear Chipo,

I present this letter to you with love and care.

I write it so that whenever you feel, you need a voice to speak to you, this should be the one.

I present it to you so that whenever you want someone to remind you of the love of God, through this you will be reminded.

I come to you as your comfort; to restore your hope when you feel hopeless, God loves you so does the family.

You may be on that hospital bed right now,

You may not be able to walk as of now,

You may not be able to do anything on your own right now,

You may not be able to chat or visit all those you care for,

The injuries on your body might be painful right now.

You may be tired of taking the medication and your body adopting a scent of a drug store.

A message of hope I bring unto you, God loves you, He first loved you even before you were born.

He prepared your future even before our parents never first of taking you to school.

He showed his care for you that moment when he spared your life on that tragedy moment.

He held on to you and whispered softened and tenderly into your ears, 'Daughter I still need you to be that testimony' that very moment; when did wonders unto your life in that comma for a month.

When the doctors said it was impossible, God said it was possible,

When the family was weak and so deep worried, God knew the better plans he had for you, plans not fail you but to prosper you.

He is a God of wonders, a God who is able to make the impossible possibility, very possible.

Miracle Child, God has a special mission for you, when he is four days late, he is still on time at his appointed time he will make you get up from that has never failed and never will be on you.

Miracle Child, whenever you feel you need a shoulder, lean on him,

When you are staggering, hold on to him,

When you face a barrier ahead of you call to him and he will answer.

Miracle Child, , Dear Chipo with these few I rest hear love you.

Preston Mwiinga

Dear D.A.G

Dear DAG

I want to tell you that brave has taken a step and is bravely speaking through poetry.

African Mineral is a heat poem and he has called a spade a spade and not a big spoon like Pelekelo would say.

I will not talk much about Modero because he aspiring the position Amos held, veep of the school.

Zult and Boyd keep inspiring me in Gospel way of using poety.

Nevers is like my tribal cousin imagine he wants my neckties.

Have I stoped they ask?

Ine ati iyayi i have just been pontaling on Tiponteko dot com

Actually ask poem hunter, it will tell you that im outstanding pa Zed like prince Nawas Outstanding Group.

Still in the battle but Brave has bravieted it through his brave stance and I pause like Hilda's start poem.

I like her style she is like Lui's proverbs 23 poem.

Life is very precious from the moment of conception Choolwe would say.

Olo ulina beautiful face not monga ma nurse Owen would add.

Tinango nena monga Supa Diva Joseph would take the crowd,

I was not ready to let you go I miss Amos

Kwiulu Our fighter pelekelo would just do it

We are a team with many talents even as I day all protocal observed

Preston Mwiinga

Dear Ex

Dear EX's

I write to you registering how much I appreciate you in my life.
Allow me to be quick to mention that you are major stake holders in my life.
The sweet moments we spent together,
The romantic dinners we had
Those nice picnics we went too.
You holding me tight in your alms
The promises we made to each other,
The laughter and smiles we shared,

In pain we stood together. We stood together as a team.
We were the best tag team together.
My shoulder I gave you to lean on when you need to cry
I confided in you and you in me always.
Society always reminded us how good we looked together.

But time came and we could not fight it.
Destined proclaimed that we were never meant to be together.
We became separated, we went our separate ways and everything was
Broken and shaken.
I will not play the mind game of blames as to who was the causer of
Our breaking because we hurt each other a number of times.
Today I write to you thank you for being part of my life.
This goes to all my ex's if it was not for you I wouldn't have found my destiny.
I thank you for the happiness you gave me, because you gave me a reason
To be happy.
You taught me how to love when I did not know,
When you played with my heart, you gave me the military training of enduring
the pain.
When I played with your heart, you made me realise how to appreciate what you
have before you
Loose it.
When we separated, you gave me blessings; you led me to my destiny,
You gave me the person I am with.
Many thank you my ex.
I will always live to thank you for what you have done to me
For by faith you have added great value to my life.

Dear Future Wife

I write an open letter to you publicly telling you how special and important you are always to my heart.

Your heart is so special, that it managed to disinfect my once upon a time polluted heart that believed not in love, your heart was like a sanitizer to mine because, it cleared the fear for love in me, gave me the belief and all the reason for me to fall in love.

Your love, that special love, purified my heart without the need for any anointing oil, because I am convinced that you were more than that olive oil, just the way you stood and stand for me, the love you give me so unconditional, and importantly drawing me closer and closer to God.

Dear future wife even before I am able to tie a knot with you, I am convinced that, I will marry a wife and never a knife.

You call me the 'Rib owner' and I respond with a smile in my heart that 'I know right'

You dilute my anger, when the temper almost takes over me to invite the beast, You always have your own ways of making me harmless like a dove.

When I am stressed, you always stand by me as my helping hand removing the stress in me and replacing it with smile, You stand more than a pain killer to my life because you are more than a seat filler.

Your existence in my life has made me to believe that I am never alone like Liverpool's slogan 'Never walk alone'

Dear future wife, I want you to know that I am ready to say I do, on that day when the Pastor will stand to ask 'Do you? '

With confidence in my heart, I am ready to say, ' I do'

I want you to unveil you on that day like a new gadget well packaged with a seal not broken, and make our parents, the church and friends happy and proud of us.

Do not worry about the haters, they are like vultures those scavenging birds of prey waiting for something to go wrong so that they feast of the rotten meat. what God will join together, No bird of prey will be able to put asunder.

My dearest future wife, I am not looking for you because you are already there and just waiting for that day when the future will be replaced with my very own wife.

I know that this open letter finds you with smiles in your heart, because I write it with deep affection in me.

Always care of your sweet self for me, Loving you always

Yours at heart

Your Rib owner.

Preston Mwiinga

Dear Mother Zambia

This year is yet again another year when we have gathered together as a nation to sing that happy birthday to you.

We are joined amidst the political differences that have worried you for quite some time because your children are fighting bruising one another and you are tired of nursing them, you don't even know which better side to take because they are all your children.

The good morals you took time to install in them have been chewed by a virus of hate.

They no-longer shower one another with love but with hate.

They are now prone to dialog. Their immune system is so they respond not to any form of reconciliation.

On the other hand mother living standards of your people are deteriorating as hunger has become a family member.

Marrying, getting married or into a relationship is like the hammer house of horror. Husbands are killing, GBV no-longer affects women only because wife are now becoming knives, killing like the people of Chibolya slaying a goat upside down in cold blood.

Chinibaba because children, poor children are victims of being murdered, , the dreams shattered, all that that mattered has now become a meaningless as their bodies are scattered like clutter in a computer lab but with poor little lives cut shot.

Some even die being raped, abused and tortured.

Mother Zambia you are getting old, your wrinkles are foretelling, your body is becoming weak because we no-longer care for you or your natural resources. Its like everything is growing old with you. You can no-longer walk straight, and you can no-longer stand on your feet the sad part is that we have neglected you, you no-longer have a pillar.

But on your birthday today we dedicate our selves to you.

We come to you as prodigal children, accept us and restore us back to children you always want us to become even as we celebrate your birthday.

Preston Mwiinga

Delilah

The words of my mother echoed in my ears reminding me of the how cruel the world can be if you allow some women to use you.

She said to me,

'Mwana wandi Kuli Delaila! Iwe walalila kwati wa baela when she milks the Naira from you.'

Delilah you were that beautiful lady who came to my life when my heart desires when so high. You looked innocent to me, you were that angel to me who gave me happiness when my face was gloomy like Squigward of the cartoon Sponge Bob.

Our story was always so romantic and sounding like it is the Indians playing music in their movies.

Little did I know I was in love with the devil.

Little did I realize I was tamed like the animals at Kalimba farms.

Little did it come to my attention, you were milking me like a farmer milking milk from his animals for sale.

Little by little little I started discovering her true colors,

Little by little I started knowing you were a snake in in the grass.

Then the words of my mother echoed in my eyes.

'Mwana wandi Kuli Delaila! Iwe walalila kwati wa baela when she milks the Naira from you.'

O Delilah you finally got out of pretense,
You showed me who you truly were, you were
A Destroyer,
An Interrogator,
A violator and
An Assassinate.
In my life.

All your charming words to me,
The romantic moments characterized by your gentle touches, you smooching me and letting me lay on your laps.
The sensational kisses characterized by you pulling me so close to you. Your mouth covering my mouth, you pulling my tongue.
You holding my head bringing it to your breasts, allowing me to kiss and squeezing them.
As a bonus you telling me to play with your nipples.

When ever we differed because of your mistakes, when ever I suspected of you cheating on me,
When ever I made my final decision of letting you go,
All my wrath could be diluted by the romantic moments.
My end speech could now be, 'The Devil you know is better than an angel you don't know'

For one moment one might think I was in love
But reality has it recorded that I was in love with Delilah.
Using me for her dirty games was her business.
She was benefited more than 75% of my earnings giving me the Amnesia that not even God can demand for that much but only 10%

I'm ruined I'm finished but I'm not dead yet.
My life is in pieces.
My integrity has vanished because I compromised with my principles.
I can now argue with the statement that the devil you know is better than an angel you do not know.
I say, `The devil is always a devil, he will was destroy you like the way the angel you don't know will`

Delilah like my mother told me ati nalalila, you have robbed me off of my Naira,
I'm so confused kwati nabaela, ndine fye Chimbaula.
My mother I wish I had listened you.

Preston Mwiinga

Democracy

You are silent like a rock coast his by the waves.
You no longer stand for what you stood for all this while.
Your ideals have gone into extinct like the Dinosaurs
And you are nearing your extinct like the Rhinos.
Many people who were dressed in democracy back then have now in their new
gown hypocrisy
Life is at risk because democracy has gone into oblivion.

Pilate stood up and asked, "Barabbas or Jesus? ";
The people shouted, "release Barabbas and crucify Jesus Christ";
The similar question in the modern day world was paused, "Democracy or
hypocrisy";
The illiterate and the naive shouted, "hypocrisy and away with your
democracy";
They have dared a hypocrisy to shatter democracy.
Now peace is at stake as the nation is under sage.

"Its a problematic problem that brings one problem after another problem.
Even though we said so, they refused to do so,
Even though we do so you will not appreciate.
Something is wrong somewhere"; These were the last words said by
democracy before
It was shuttered when they dared hypocrisy

Dictatorship has become the order of the day.
Blood shed has become like going for a bath in summer.
Bribery is now the way of life
Murder is now like giving birth.
Crime is no longer breaking news because their is no law abiding the citizens.
freedom of speech compromised, media houses and the press shut.
Animal farm version two has now been released,
It is all animals are actual but some animals are more equal.

We need a savior to come to our aid now or we all die.
We need cleansing like the cleansing that took place in the sanctuary.
Democracy come back at reclaim your people for dictatorship characterized with
hypocrisy is
For us to bring back our democracy, we must not use compromise and fear.
Let us use our courage to bring back our lost democracy,

Only then it speak for us and the compromised justice.

Preston Mwiinga

Destiny

I am wandering
In the midst of a thick forest,
Full of dangerous animals
I am alone,
In a dark, small and tiny cave
Full of small but biting insects.
My foot is on an anthill,
Which is a place of poisonous snakes?
This house my father built is empty
Different enemies have destroyed it.
My eyes are continuously gazing an empty sky
Expecting a free drop from God
I am the fruit of punishment
I am serving an unknown sentence
To an unknown master
The roof is not protecting me.
I am a victim of this world
They are enjoying my anguish
This is more than heat in a furnace
I am young, innocent and defenceless
They have taken away all my treasures
They gave me a virgin rocky field
My hands are not free,
They are tied together
They are wounded and,
They are painful
My stomach is empty,
I am hungry,
I want to survive
I am away,
Far,
Far away from my destiny

Preston Mwiinga

Destiny Changer

They look into your eyes and tell you, you were destined to fail.
Calamities fall on you,
Bad lucky on your forehead.
Because of your weak faith you are forced to consult fortune tellers who tell you,
you have been bewitched.
Tragedy in your life and family,
The question, the. Question on your mind whether you are cursed or not.
Or my maybe your destiny is long suffering.

Hold on, pause your thinking and look up to him.
Look at the cross, that man there was put up there for a purpose.
He is a man of the cross, the destiny changer.
He has the powers to change your life.
My God can move you from disgrace to grace.
From zero to hero,
He is a destiny changer, all the spells cast on you, the curses that you are
destined to have bad lucky,
The stories that the ones who bewitched you are dead and your destiny is to die
a miserable death.

He is a destiny changer like the way God called at the golden snake and they
were to be saved,
I urge you to look up to the cross, he is a destiny changer, he has better plans
for your life turn to him now

Preston Mwiinga

Divorce Ceremony

When I found you I was interested in you.
When I was interested in you, I got close to you,
When I got close to you, My feelings for you developed.
When my feelings for you developed, my love for. You was born,
When my love for you was born, it developed,
When it developed, I proposed marriage to you,
When I proposed marriage to you, you accepted my proposal.
When you accepted my proposal, I married you.
When I married you, your true colors hidden in a chameleon were displayed.

I didn't know.
I didn't know you were that snake in the grass.
I didn't know you were faking to love me, yet you were a viper.
My mother you have chased,
My father hosted in a servants quarter,
My matrimonial bed now a brothel.

You disrespect me like I'm a toddler,
You cast all your latest insults on me.
You have turned me into your maid to be washing your underwear.
You deny me the fruit of sex as if I married my fellow man or my brother.
Do I look like I'm in a. Seminary to you?

I'm divorcing you because I can't take it any more.
I will call for a ceremony like our wedding ceremony,
There will be food and drinks as we part ways.
I want us to part ceremoniously so that we lead our own live.
Our love is over, its dead awaiting burial

Preston Mwiinga

Distance Between Lovers

You are worried because you are separated from each other?
Your heart is filled with so much worry and insecurity,
You are scared that a vulture may take away your relationship.
You seat in the corner, crying all night long wishing you could just fly to be there
for each other but it is the impossible possibility.
Cry no more,
Worry no more,
Because love is not about the distance,
It is about hearts joined together in a bond.
Love written on the walls will get erased,
Love posted on the social media can be hacked down and it goes into oblivion.
But love written in the heart can never be erased off.
It can never die,
No one, not even distance can stand as an obstacle.
Well.... Let me tell you how love works where distance is the staring, Distance
never separates two hearts that really care, for memories span the miles and in
seconds when you are all there. But whenever you start feeling sad, because you
miss that person, you must remind yourself how lucky you are to have that
special person in your life.

Distance is just a name, it should not be exaggerated.
Love should always be kept alive till that time when you meet physically.
If you love each other protect each other,
Water your love through communication and it will yield better fruits.

Preston Mwiinga

Doing The Impossible: 'Pass It On'

Life is very precious until one is found in a dilemma.

During those moment we become so weak and powerless and at times we turn to doubt Gods existence.

We lose hope our faith withers and dies slowly like the plants in summer time.

But if we can be rejuvenated and keep up the faith and build up our faith, The impossible possibility, God can make the impossible possibility possible.

You can find yourself doing the impossible so, Pass is on.!

By faith Abel offered God a better sacrifice than Cain did. By faith he was commended as a righteous man when God spoke well of his offerings. And by faith he still speaks,

Listen to me a,Even thou he is dead.. Abel still speaks; he still asks you and me one simple question: 'How are you spending the vapor God has given you? If your life ended today, would your testimony live on?'

Pass it on!

Now here is something about Enoch

Well by faith he was taken from this life so that he did not experience death; he could not be found, because God had taken him away. For before he was taken, he was commended as one who pleased God. God can make the impossible possibility possible

So keep up the spirit and gather the courage.

Before you can realize it, you will find yourself doing the impossible so Pass it on!

True story, 'Walanda fishinka boi'

We need to go back and take a serious look into the life of Enoch, a man who walked with God and pleased Him. He was dedicated to the Lord. Nothing else took precedence in his relationship with God, 'nanga ise' what is blocking us from remaining in his ways.

We are busy running up and down like we have sat on a needle.

Perhaps this is where many of us fall short.

Let us get back to him like prodigal children. Even though certain sins are addictive, When we pray to him, he can save us and for the first time in a while, we will find ourselves doing the impossible because the impossible possibility, God can make the impossible possibility possible so pass it on!

We know a lot about God and some of us claim we know Him personally.
Yet most of us have so many commitments, so many obligations
We must pray to the Lord to give us strength to keep up the fight, the spiritual
fight, so that we share the Good News to the people who know it not. The
struggle against sin is what we must grapple with and the tide of wickedness in
this dispensation. We must make no mistake! We must have the faith of Noah. If
you still think it is not possible, 'mvesesa, 'The impossible possibility, God can
make the impossible possibility possible. You can find yourself doing the
impossible so pass it on.

Preston Mwiinga

Dollar

Walking in the streets to of our country, I see a boy plucking mangoes
As I was try to ask for one he tells me 'dollar yakwela'
'dollar yakwela' is now the national anthem of the country coz even a prostitute
at chandwe muwonda road knows at Ndola yakwela. Families have even stopped
throwing away left overs coz mealie meal banana lunda. Street kid na begger
bavutikilamo coz rubbish pits are now boring.
That is why I am saying

Nayenda kwatu ku Ndola
Bambuya bati kobola
ndaba
dollar ichaisa ka bola
monga bosecha muchola
ninsi bamwelapo na cola
Muli ndrama za lobola

The word dollar has become monotonous as is used like the selling hot cup
cakes.

Exaggerated by many like it's a book song of lawino.

Making so much noise like it is a mosquitoes in one's ears.

Mocking nations as if it is mockery in a boarding school.

The nation is worried as if it is watching horror movie, hammer house of horror .
silent like it is a rock coast hit by the waves.

Cry no more the beloved country this may be rough now.

The economy may not be too stable we may have clouds in the sky,

But soon the nation will see birds fly again.

Hard-works and cooperation that built china, will do the same to us we just have
to embrace it.

Very soon our economy will have a harmonic tune. Let us neither give up nor
surrender. We are doing it for mother Zambia.

Preston Mwiinga

Don't Judge Me

When ever I seat in class, the topic that always injures me is the topic of our parents professions. My class mates would go like, ` My Father is an account, my mother a Lawyer, mine a doctor, my father is a pilot, my mother is the minister of gender.....` When it comes to me, I'm always ashamed, I'm always shy, I'm always in pain because everyone teases me in class. They call me `Mwana wa hule na Mambala` as if the teasings are not enough, they even mock me by telling me my Grandparents might have have been wizards, because my mother is a common prostitute at Chandwe Musonda road, and my father was gunned down as an armed robber. It is true my mother is a prostitute as you call her, but remember she is still my mother. My father might have been an armed robber, but he was my dad. My grandparents are innocent. There is no parent who wishes her\his child to be involved in crimes and emoral activities. I did not choose to be born in the shanty, I did not choose whom to be my parents. If I had a choice, I would have either chosen to be Barack Obama`s child or Queen Elizabeth`s Grand Child. A child shall not be judged for his parents sins, please don't judge me. I was born for a purpose, I was born for a reason. It was for a purpose that I am fresh and blood of a hardcore criminal and a prostitute. Don't judge me because I am me and I am diffrent. My mother might be a prostitute, but she does not want me to follow her footsteps nor follow my fathers. Don't humiliate me, I may be the next President, don't judge me, I may be the one handling your case at supreme court as a judge. Don't criticize me, instead fight to attain your best. Mwana wa hule si hule, sindine hule, Mwana wa kawalala sikawala, I'm not a thief. If you say my grand parents are wizards, how did you know when I know nothing, do you go on duty with her to witch? Think before you accuse, I am a graduate in making, don't judge me

Preston Mwiinga

Doomsday

I wonder what we would have said if we lived during the first doomsday prophet many thousands of years ago.

He also went around pronouncing that the end of the world was near.

In fact, he was so convinced of his own predictions that he mortgaged his future in order to build a giant floating barn.

Noah must have looked like the biggest loon to come on the scene since creation. Who, in his right frame of mind would believe that the giant flood would soon come and wipe everyone on the earth?

And who in his right frame of mind would build a three-story boat miles and miles away from the nearest body of water? Insanity, that's what it was. Pure insanity and only a fool would believe these wild tales from a crazy old man who spent his spare time herding exotic animals.

This crazy old man, Noah, is one of several fools on the list of those who were commended by God for their faith.

Those of us who set out to follow an invisible God on a journey no one has ever seen, look sort of crazy in the eyes of the world.

We say we have a word from God, a warning of the impending destruction. Like He did with Noah, God has placed on us the task of saving the world. Only the world does not want to be saved.

Preston Mwiinga

Early Marriages Bleeding My Heart

The government saw defilement in her
Her guardians saw great capital to enrich their family
Her teachers saw a powerful lawyer in her,
The sugar daddy saw a potential teen wife in her
Her study mates, See a brain buster in her
Her Elder brothers see a source for his bride price
She said NO!
They said yes!
Save the child from this shame, save her body from being abused and defiled.

She sits in the corner with her hands folded and with pain she sheds tears. She has nowhere to go as families now take care of their own children only. Tradition says it is okay but the government says it is an offense. Running away from home to the streets will only make her be caught in the cold. Out there she believes its more dangerous as she risks being raped, smelling of dirty and going on an empty stomach for days. With pain inside her she allows her guardians to traffic her to a sugar daddy, a blesser in the name of early marriage. She has been turned into a slave, a prisoner forever.

As a little girl her guardians have sold her into slavery just because they want the fortunes. To them having girl children is prestige, it is great capital. Unlike other parents who would write on their gates 'Beware of Dogs' not because they have dogs No! but because they want to protect their daughters. But for these selfish guardians, they even have the gats to put Chickens for sale because he wants to attract men to notice his dependents. Sees capital in the little girl but the government sees defilement in her because she is government property.

The guardians have stopped paying for her education; they have taken her for 'Moye' a traditional ceremony preparing young girls for marriage. They believe she now has to be home doing the house chores and to be in the kitchen. They have disturbed her education when her teacher saw a great Doctor in her. They have opened her to the blesser who now calls her a blessie as he is ready to be blessed. He believes little girls know better how to preserve families.

The foolish elder brother goes impregnating different girls because he knows that the sale of his sister into the infant marriage as I call it will save him. He sees a life saver in his foolishness, but the girls friends saw a brain buster who always helped them find solutions to academic challenges.

A girl child was never meant to be kept in the kitchen. She is not capital for marriage neither does she qualify to be marriage material NO! When you sale a child into early marriage, then you are now trafficking her. Respect the dignity of a girl child because you are disturbing the entire nation. Remember when you

educate a boy child, then it is just a boy you are educating but when you educate a girl child then you are educating the entire nation.

Aba.....shhhhhhhhhhhhh iwe yes nati Abash! , Abash it now! .

.....Abash early marriage time is now.

Preston Mwiinga

Edenic Pride Of The Original Couple

I may not be the best, but I have the best mate in you! Your originality in thought and splendor transponds me to Edenic pride of the original couple! Like Adam, you take responsibility of my weakness - even in moments of potential banishment from the Edenic Paradise! Get it from me,

From his heart, with energy dad said that to Mum with smiles in my heart, I read because this is true love. She got it from him but I am getting it from them.

Preston Mwiinga

Facts

Tikambeko ama facts dot com

Never underestimate ladies/ girls.... Because sometimes in a game of chess a queen protects the king...

Preston Mwiinga

Fake Prayers

Tiponteko dot com

ati ndiwe prayer warrior!

always moving with anointing oil na holly water.

offering nayo susiya

manje vuto its the true you

wasiliza bamu prayer and praise team hiding in the name of prayers and special prayers.

those offerings you remove n give wth pride from yo pocket, one day you will remove condoms and put.

shilekupontela boi iyo!

ndekwebakofye ninjishiba ati chakukalifya koma aya ema facts.

tengankani mwe waimvelela

Preston Mwiinga

Family Time

Family time is prime time.

It is not lime time but still I can rymn.

It is not mine time but atleast I mime.

and I still say its not a crime but the best time

I live always to treasure family because families are a blessing

from Jehova, others call him yahwea and the Rasta men call him Jah

Preston Mwiinga

Farewell 2016

I HAVE LEARNED A LOT THIS YEAR. I have learned a lot this year already. I learned that things don't always turn out the way you planned, or the way you think they should. And I've learned that there are things that go wrong that don't always get fixed or get put back together the way they were before. I've learned that some broken things stay broken, and I've learned that you can get through bad times, and keep looking for better ones, as long as you have people around you WHO LOVE YOU. I have learned that some people will at times cut friendship from you, not because they want to but circumstances. A message to my friends and to my friends of my friends and those who were once my friends is, I love you all, i treasure you all, i cherish you all, i value you all, i need you all, without you, our crossword puzzle of friendship is never complete, it requires you to complete it. Proud to be part of your lives. Wishing you a prosperous 2017

Preston Mwiinga

Fight On Till The Battle Is Won

The world takes advantage of us.

It makes us weak that we always fall into its traps.

We do not have the strength to fight it, its forces are stronger against us.

We at times keep asking what we should do.

We must pray to the Lord to give us strength to keep up the fight, the spiritual fight,

so that we share the Good News to the people who know it not.

The struggle against sin is what we must grapple with and the tide of wickedness in this dispensation.

We must make no mistake! We must have the faith of Noah and the battle will be won.

Preston Mwiinga

Fighting Spirit

I choose to be unstoppable.
I am bigger than my concerns and worries.
The strength of others inspires me daily.
I focus on my goal,
I trust my intuition and live a courageous life.
I was born a fighter and
I am bringing back my fighting spirit
I'm back on track comrades no fears

'Akuna Matata', it means no worries

Preston Mwiinga

First Love

We were once strong christians when we got baptised,
We always called sin by its name.

We were conscience of the places we went to because our reputation was at stake.

We minded what we talked because the the same lips we used to talk ill, were the same lips we used to glorify God

What happened to our first love, the true love of our lives, the one who loved us since inception.

The one who not only stood for us but stood with us.

I am talking about the great love from our God.

Human beings can let us down but he can never do that.

It is time we go back to him as prodigal children.

It is time we continue the work of salvation, the work of the gospel.

Preston Mwiinga

For My Love

Your heart is filed with pain and sorrow
Your heart is in pain, troubled with the physical pain
Hope is twisted as others have told you it is impossible.
You are filled with hate and blame.
You have been terrorized with the news and
You ask yourself why all these calamities are happening to you.

But listen to me my love. I am here for you when you need me
I am with you because I am part you.
When you are low, I am here as your best comfort my love.
When you are faced with a lot of questions without answers baby
Know that God is our peace. He knows and understands all our afflictions.
He has the best keys of hope.

Maluba your name shines in my heart like that beautiful flower.
Having you in my life is the best thing and I will always find ways of ensuring you
happy always.
Situations might ruin your hope but listen to me focus of the best even as I say
every bad
Situation, yields something positive. All we need to do is to always believe in his.
Look at the chemistry of a dead clock, it is twice correct in a day.
Symbolizing no situation is permanent.

You are a purpose, a purpose for God's creation.
You were born for a mission, a mission to accomplish.
Inside you is the hope, you are born to be a voice of others. Born to speak for
The troubled hearts. Born to attain all your goes in life.
Born for you and me to be together in our holy matrimony.
Our destiny is to be together, and God will make it possible.

Baby the doctors might have said, it is impossible, but remember God says it's
possible
Look at the chemistry of the lock maker, he can never creates a lock without a
key
Same, God will never let problems come before us without putting forth a
solution.
Doctors will go to school for seven years to be able to cure someone,
But look at how amazing this God is, just by a mere touch you are healed.
Engineers need to come together in numbers to design diagnosing machines in

the hospital

But our amazing God uses voice commands to create, just like he create the heavens and the earth

Choolwe baby, cry no more there is a tunnel that there is a tunnel that an eagle eye has never seen.

There is hope beyond that tunnel, beyond the tunnel there is healing. God will grant you healing. He will make you whole again. He knows and understands your pain better.

Preston Mwiinga

Forever Mine

Forever mine

The day you will marry me, you will never cease to be called my baby.
even though we have so many children, I will still call you my baby.
You will be my god son, my baby man and the father of the children of my
womb.

when our children grow, I will stop cooking for them,
I will stop doing their laundry,
They will be independent and leave our home.
but for you, well....
you will forever be my baby because I will forever cook for you
I will forever do your laundry
and only me knows how best to calm you down.
I know which point to press when I want to add a smile on your face.
I know best your favorite dish and know best how to cook your temper when it is
boiling with anger.
You will forever be my baby

Preston Mwiinga

Forever My Baby

The day you will marry me, you will never cease to be called my baby.
even though we have so many children, I will still call you my baby.
You will be my god son, my baby man and the father of the children of my
womb.

when our children grow, I will stop cooking for them,
I will stop doing their laundry,
They will be independent and leave our home.
but for you, well....
you will forever be my baby because I will forever cook for you
I will forever do your laundry
and only me knows how best to calm you down.
I know which point point to press when I want to add a smile on your face.
I know best your favorite dish and know best how to cook your temper when it is
boiling with anger.
You will forever be my baby.

Preston Mwiinga

Format My Heart

Format my heart

Format my heart O lord before it crushes

I have have seen the signs through the blue screens error of death, It is corrupt
with a lot of vires, Trojans and worms,

Your deliverance will make me whole again.

my life has been in pieces defragment it today

debug it to remove completely the bugs, the devil himself.

Anoint me O lord,

purify and wash away my sins.

Install a new operating system into my life, make my life anew.

On my own I am nothing but I am something in your arms.

Install the best ant virus to remind me and remove the dreadful sins.

I am a pencil in your hand

Preston Mwiinga

Free Me From Your Spiders Web

You act like you do not like me
From your speech i can tell that you despise me.
Criticizing me is now your way of life.
You look away when you come in contact with me
In your your eyes i'm like trash.

But why can't you let me go?
Why do you always block my way?
If i am disgusting in your eyes, why not
Just get rid of me.
In your hands I only face pain and humiliation
My body structure has now changed,
I have become tiny like I am on hunger strike, and
Yet it is because I am deep into thought.

Has my life become like DSTV in your eyes
Do you inflict pain to my life on purpose?
For how long shall I be your prisoner or slave?
For how long shall you kill me slowly just like that.

Please free me from the spiders web.
Let me free like a proud eagle.
I am tired of hiding in shell like a tortoise for protection.
I am human, I am like you.

Preston Mwiinga

Fulfilling A Promise

A promise is a commitment made.

A promised is like a vow we should honor,

It is like a chain we should not break.

The most disappointing thing is. When one forgets the promise. There will consequences that will come with it.

This is why I say, a promise is not broken but just delayed.

You may have not been a good steward of promises but you can make a change, you are a difference that you have to make.

Do not make promises you can't keep when you break a promise because no matter how small it may seem, it is poisonous enough to ruin relationships.

You promise? Well fulfill it! No two ways about it or your reputation is at stake.

So folks don't apply a rating scale, believing that breaking a big promise is inexcusable,

while a small one is acceptable. That's simply false. While breaking a big promise, such as failing to repay borrowed money, can torpedo a relationship, renegeing on promises, such as being on time, casts doubt on future behavior.

Remember, trust is built through a series of experiences shared with others.

A good name is better than fine perfume.

A house of mourning is better is better than a house of party.

Fulfilling a promise is better than living in a lie because it takes commitment to promise

Preston Mwiinga

Gbv

It is a good month to most people but its never
a good one to other women. Right now they r in
pain because they have been victimized, raped,
tortured, med 2go on they street.

Because of this same violence others are
hospitalized n others were brought in as
BID'S, They die.

let us please remember the
women in pain. A lady is a mother of the
nation, kindly don't victimize her.

cheers evry1 but remember
women in our daily activities

Preston Mwiinga

Get A Life! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

Are you going to keep living a borrowed life?
A life full of pleasure and bragging up and down.
Are you going to continue living a rented kind of life.
My friend get a life and
Remember that you only live once so get a life because when you
Lose it, you will never get it back.
So get a life

You are a man of all seasons
You over play the game, busy changing women like you own a boutique
They like you because you have a good manifesto,
But listen to me,
Get a life because even championship is but seasonal

Get a life and note that you may be beautiful and handsome, just remember
Baboon and Gorillas also attract tourists.
Stop Boasting and get a life.

You say you are strong busy causing troubles you think you can bury yourself?
Ala you can not take your self to chingwele grave yard so be humble and get a
life

You call yourself beautiful and you are busy taking your beauty for granted,
Opening up your body for anyone.
You call it life and yet you are busy wasting it.
How many innocent babies has your so called beauty made you kill through
abortion.
get a life.

They have told me a cat has got nine lives, but you only have a single life.
Come out of that fictitious life of yours. You are not in telemundo but you are in
reality. Get a life and be productive. We do not want to write you off as a bad
debt but you to be an asset you this world so get a life and stop living a rented
kind of life other you will kick the bucket.
Get a life!

Preston Mwiinga

Get Up And Fight

You are convinced that you are challenged.
You think you can not do it because of who you are.
You have given up even before trying.

Come get up and fight, this is your moment.
Get up and fight, Victory is certain.
Your name shall now be Victor.

You say, you are weak and with so many doubts, well think of Gideon.

You say you have no voice to speak for anyone, Well think about the stumnering
moses.
Because of the fear in you, you believe cutting short your life is the solution,
think about Elijah.

You say say that you can't fight because you are abused, Remember Joseph in
Portphers house.

You are too shy to stand before the world because of what you did in the past,
Remember King David the murderer.

You feel tempted like Job, remember he had the best ending.
you sins are making you a slave, remember that woman at the well, and take it
to Jesus.

Get up and fight because God is with you in the battle, involve him now and you
will be a walking miracle.
Get up for your victory is definate.

Preston

Preston Mwiinga

Give Me A Metal Pant To Protect My Set

Dark clouds have continued in Zambia, characterized with brutal murders, we are no longer watching a horror movie the hammer house of horror, we are now characters in this movie. Victims of people who want to be rich and build Nigerian palace`s out of our blood and body parts. Our ZingaGeophic Cry is so loud. Our eyes are like a delter of water in the desert. Because of the tears pouring from our eyes every now and then, our eyes are have become red like a lady dresses in red for valentines.

These animals are like vimpires killing people anyhow, not even babies are spared. Do we have to be moving with metal pants to protect our private parts? Other people call our parts, `Ma Set` Do we really need bullet proofs to protect our hearts? Do we have to be dressed like robots for survival? How shall we be protected from the six feet under.

When our men are mostly killed who will be a husband to the women remaining, who will be a father? Let's join hands together or eritea comes to our beloved nation. Cry out o beloved country, Let the world hear of the ZingaGeophic Cry!

Preston Mwiinga

God Is Love

I always look back at these moments and always say it was for a reason that God allowed us to meet, and for a purpose that we became friends and for a reason that we are serving him in his ministry it is never treason to be christians but a blessing

Preston Mwiinga

God Is Not Your Cousin

You wake up thinking you can treat God as your cousin
You think you can play tribal games with him.
You treat his temple so careless and has no respect for his word
God is not your cousin but he is God.
You have now opened a church on social media and you false people to type
amen
To be able to receive blessings.
You even go ahead in blaspheming Jesus Christ by sending Whatsapp
messages to the subscribers, shameless you in the
Name of Jesus, you even threaten to kill them if they don't send to 20 people
God is not your cousin but he is God
As Christians, we need to keep an open mind and be
discerning and also open our hearts and minds to healthy
discussions.
There is need to bridge the gap and change perception
That is making us to lag behind.
Real Christians will have these questions

Do you believe God will punish you if you refuse to send
those messages?
Do you think your destiny is tied to a message on social
media?
Do you genuinely believe you will receive instant miracles
after you type "Amen" on that post?
We claim to be children of God but we are scared of the
future, scared of little things.
You relay a message to 20 people on social media and
believe in your heart that you will wake up tomorrow a
billionaire...
What is wrong with us? Like seriously, what is really wrong
with us?

We need to be on our knees and pray, prayer is
Our telephone to heaven.
Without prayers, hard work, abiding in the word of God in
our everyday life, determination and purpose, "miracle
messages" on social media are not invisible hands that can
instantly make us rich...

Stop treating God as your cousin or tribe-mate
He is our creator.
God is divine, he is holy
He knew you before you were born. He knew me before i existed.
Stop spreading your fears on social media because we are
not that gullible... Our God is too big to send threats to make
people obey Him. Our God will never do that.
We need messages that will transform souls and not
messages that will threaten people to create unnecessary
fear and panic.

For God is not your cousin

Preston Mwiinga

God's Purpose For You

He sat at the entrance of the school always taking note of who was entering that department at the University, failure to which he was going to be fired. Everyday during his shifts, he came early to be on duty. His profession was a guard work for one prominent security companies.

When others saw an ordinary security guard in him, One Lecturer saw a potential Network Security Professional.

And what did I see before I knew he was a potential Guru?

I saw a friend in him, when others said they could not mingle with the low class like the guards, the cleaners and others of the low grade. I still believed that out of him something great was going to be realized.

Through motivation and great talks he could smile once again. Lesson: You can be that great motivation to somebody. Just like the way Jesus Christ touched many like the woman who was bleeding for 12 yrs, you too can touch someone's heart and add a smile to that person lost in a number of things.

My surprise.....

We met in class of ICT when confirmed he was now a student. New to things he could not understand through asking and trying he learned.

Lesson: No one was born an expert. Climbing a tree is from down to the top. Do not feel discouraged because you can not do it, keep trying and you will find yourself doing the unusual.

From Grass....

He raised from Grass to glory from that security officer I new at the University to an ICT technician and Radian Stores. From cycling a bicycle to driving a company car.

Yours is glory.....

You do not have to be content with what you have except for your woman.

Where academic and working hard is concerned,

keep pushing because the letters P.U.S.H have a
proper meaning which is;

P » Push

U » Until

S » Something

H » Happens

Preston Mwiinga

Gold Digger

Wanitaya taya kuni kumba kumba kwati ndine nkonkola copper mine.
Sikunakokole wanisiya broke, I guesa I have to see Seer one for a prophecy.

You said you loved me but... che..... chineke their was never love.

You said you care for but alas it was just my money you wanted.

You said to me just because I came driving a very expensive to her, little did you
I was only sent to park the vehicle.

Gold Digger because on your zeal to have a good like, you have always talked
rubbish minus giving me a chance to nkala zee kwati nipa zee world.

Now that my laxuariers things get depleted like the soche bundle, you have eun
away from me.

You claim I am not not your class but when eating my money you were my class.

You insult my mother,spit on my sisters and challenge them to be on the street.
Gold Digger I challenge you to stop it now because you are just a looses.

Preston Mwiinga

Government Property

Government property ona manje wanigesa mu Jeopardy banilonga without caring
ati ndine Robert nobody can bail me out now not even Norbert.

Your baby face, your cute and well-shaped body deceived me, It made me to pull
down your Petticoat little did I know that I was going to be found in a pit in the
court of law as I am made to stand to my defense in the chambers.

This I cannot escape like escape from sobibo, I cannot break like prison break for
I am sentenced to 23 years inprison with hard labour.

All my efforts, my studies are in vain for manje nisebenzela Boma my life is now
in a worst because I could not control my emotions.

Government property had I known, I wouldn't have taken advantage of you even
after seeing you in your clothes and home, I shouldn't have allowed you to
convince me to lay with you. You would have told me that you were 12years old.
Apa manje I am trapped and my destiny is this dirt cell.

Preston Mwiinga

Growing Up.

When I was a baby I struggled hard to crawl, then I leant to walk.

When I was a toddler I wanted to grow into a teenager.

I have met friends, made friends played with friends and life seemed so normal.

And I wanted to grow.

Now that I have grown, life has introduced me to a lot of challenges and changes.

My growth takes me nearer to my aging.

Some changes,

My friend are getting married and relocating to far away place.

Other are getting employed, deployed to distant place.

Time is no longer the same.

We no longer have it like we used to,

We are all into our own worlds.

The most painful thing about growth is the separation from my loved ones.

Doctrine of growing up.

Preston Mwiinga

Gun-Shot

They dragged him tied him up.

He pleaded for his life, he pleaded that they get all he had but spare his life.

He cried out because he was the breadwinner of the family and if he were to die, his family was going to suffer.

Before he could finish talking, there was a gun shot fired to his head, blood oozed as he lay his head down and died.

A life of regret came up when he realised he had killed his long gone father.

One single gunshot made the poor young man realise that he had wasted years in the life of regret.

How does he report that he has actually killed his own father because of drugs and group influence. How will he be able to look into his poor mothers eyes and comfort her and give her hope.

How will he tell her that he is going to seek justice on her behalf, when that single gunshot shot has made him a criminal.

Drugs, peer pressure why didn't you prevent him, I will trust you no more, I don't want another gunshot to ruin another future.

Abash that drug as it will make you mad,

Let go of bad influence, it will keep you out of trouble.

Gunshot! A single gunshot.

Preston Mwiinga

Happy Birthday To Me

Born I am and I call myself the Novemberman. November 4th my journey begun as I was kicking as a fetus, This was in an event where I was carried in my mothers womb for 9 months.

she never gave up on me, No! she loved me from the very beginning.

On November the 4th I was was born. I was not born as an ordinary being but as that special being. '

I was born for a purpose, to live for a reason. to be able to touch somebody's heart. Not just to admire but also to be able to inspire someone.

I am that baby that was born to be that mouth piece of many, calling a spade a spade a spade.

I am that baby that was born to love and to be loved in return.

I am that baby that was born to be innovative and spread the innovations not just into ideas but into reality.

I am that baby that comes up to add some laughter into your life as I come up with Tiponteko dot com.

I am that baby that remembers you in your happy occasions as we on daily basis wish many that special birthday.

I am that baby that has risen to talk about the badness of GBV in in it's angles as we run the page The fight against Gender Based Violence.

I am that baby that cares for you, A baby that cherishes and loves you.

I am the November 4th baby, your birthday boy, My name is

Preston Mwiinga. Happy birthday to all the November babies, we love you. Happy birthday to all the November 4th babies.

Please join me in making this day today Saturday and Sabbath to the Adventists that special day. for me only, stay away from anger, but embrace love for one another, do that and you will contribute in helping me celebrating my birthday.

I thank You.

Preston Mwiinga

Happy Women's Day

Happy women's day to all to those women who never walk half naked, those women who protect their bodies like the way they protect their phones by adding a glass screen protector from being scratched.

Happy women's day to those women to those women who do not get entertained by silly praises like being told that they look hot.

Happy women's day to all those women who have made christ their driver.

Happy women's day to the modest and well cultured women.

Happy women's day to women with virtue and values.

Happy women's day to all those women who have never given up even After so much pain in their lives.

Happy women's day to those women who lived a nasty life but go transformed and are now women with a difference.

Happy women's day day to all those women who are not gold diggers but image builders.

Happy women's day to wo

We love you, we value you, we care for women's day to all to those women who never walk half naked, those women who protect their bodies like the way they protect their phones by adding a glass screen protector from being scratched.

Happy women's day to those women to those women who do not get entertained by silly praises like being told that they look hot.

Happy women's day to all those women who have made christ their driver.

Happy women's day to the modest and well cultured women.

Happy women's day to women with virtue and values.

Happy women's day to all those women who have never given up even After so much pain in their lives.

Happy women's day to those women who lived a nasty life but go transformed and are now women with a difference.

Happy women's day day to all those women who are not gold diggers but image builders.

Happy women's day to wo

We love you, we value you, we care for you.

Preston Mwiinga

Happy Youth Day

Let me tell you something about a good Youth, a good youth is that person that stands to leave a mark like the parable of a pencil.

A good youth does not leave scars that only remind of pain and anger but marks to symbolize the purpose for good existence.

To that good youth, to that youth living for a reason and with a purpose in life, I say happy youth day.

Happy youth day to that youth who never worsts his or her life smoking like he or she is a heavy industry polluting the air with polluted smoke.

I am wishing a pleasant youth day to that youth, who has a busy mind not thinking of evil, to that youth who believe that an Idol mind is the devils workshop.

I am with the youth who has time to plan for his and her tomorrow, I stand with the Youth who believes that too much work makes John a dull boy, therefore finds time to play and physical fitness. I always want to see that Youth who believes in prayer, for such faith takes such a youthmiles.

Happy youth day to all those youths who have taken up the campaign abstinence ili che. I am talking about those youths who believe that that and have understood that sex before marriage is sin.

Happy Youth day to all those youth who have risen up to the challence of wealth and job creation because youths are not tomorrow's leaders, as youths we are the leaders of day.

Happy Youth day to all those who have chosen to have one girlfriend /boy friend if not married. Happy Youth day to all those married youths but have chosen to be faithful for forever for marriage is a holy matrimony.

Happy Youth day to all those youths who have vowed never to be used as tools of violences by political leaders for politicians come and go but the country must remain unshaken.

Happy Youth day to Youth have chosen to be the mouth piece for the voiceless through spoken word poetry like that of Brave, The PPP which is the Play Plan and Pray of Pelekelo, the written poetry of Chris Mainza, the voice of women by by Luwi and many more public speakers.

I am talking about those youths that have not have had the chance of being in school but are working hard using their God given talents to attain the best through hard work.

Happy Youth day to all those youth who are never content with their papers are are upgrading for the better.

Happy Youth day to my fellow youths have chosen not to be blessed by the blessers hence those becoming the blessie but rather believe that better blessings are from the lord.

Happy Youth day, Happy youth day, Happy Youth day.

Preston Mwiinga

Hate

Hate feels my heart,
It tells me the world deserves my vengeance.
Slowly I saw my self drinking from that deadly cup, my wrath Slowly I saw my
self drinking from that deadly cup, my wrath.
I my had so fierce like that hungry lion I my had so force like that hungry lion.
All I needed to do was to attack like a wounded buffalo All I needed to do was to
attack like a wounded buffalo.
My life was characterized my the scars of a good person.

That moment my anger was exploding,
It was quenched like the fire. Brigade quenching a fire It was quenched like the
fire. Brigade quenching a fire.
Love lifted me when I was sinking in wrath, Love lifted me when I was sinking in

Preston Mwiinga

Hater This Is For You

I have some message for you. It is not the message of hate but love. I do not have beef with you but peace with you.

To you I'm like the post or daily mail newspaper always making headlines, always stocking me and what I do. Does my life really contain you?

How much do you get paid for your cheap gossips because I know that you are a freelancer in world of gossips.

You talk to much as if they have put hot Chili in your mouth.

I'm not angry at you NO!

I'm not attacking you NO!

I'm not insulting you NO!

You amuse me because of your add smiles to me because of your busy body nature, You have become an athlete because of your gossips. Your tongue is not circumcised, you talk anyhow, spitting poison like a spitting cobra. Your looks are that of a responsible person, but the real you is hypocrisy. You stand like a fig tree bearing nice figs and yet inside those fruits is a house of ants. You are a evangelist for you proclaims gossips. You are evil and destructive more than Ebola.

`Nomba ba hater umfweni` ngatamuli , Your neighbor will update you. The more you gossip about me, the more you loose your integrity and give me fame. The strength you try to you to bring me down by building up strong towers of gossips against me, The more I will get my trumpet and blow it seven days around your great walls of gossips and you will fall like Jerico.

The more you spread your hate, the more you will grow with wrinkles on your face and ugly because you have not vision like Squirdward in Spongy Bob square pants. You have tried to paint my image a bad picture, you forgot that you actually used water paint but wait for your oil paint as you will be painted like those ladies at jet stores.

Do you really need me to become a Pastor and pray for you that my my enemies loose their front teeth so that they are noticed like you are an advertisement on the billboard.

Because of your anger and rage against the shadow you can not see, you will explode like the phoenix in Harry Potter.

I am like the Gold tested in fire, I have been beaten, insulted humiliated, broken down

But.....

The light beyond the tunnel has always given me hope and motivation, I have always risen and still remained happy. I am strong, I am me, I am highly favored.

If you can't fight me, better you join me in the world of peace.

Yours Lee

One love kwasila

Preston Mwiinga

He Is Christ My King

He was born in a manger but still the wise men from the east worshipped him.

He was just a little boy but still drew the attention of many people.

He is Christ my king and I am proud of him.

They wanted to crown him king on earth, he turned down that offer but still he is Christ my King because he is the King of the heavens and the earth.

They thought they crucified and killed him still he raised on day number three he rose from the grave ascended to heaven and left us with the promise of his promised to come take us with him so that we can reunite with our king.

He is Christ my King, I choose him today to be part of my life, do you?

Preston Mwiinga

He Is Like Vapour

he truly was a vapor,
like the grass of the Mediterranean meadow that burns away when the summer
hit strikes.

Yet in His brief time he left behind a lasting impact.

He didn't do a lot. Even his life's work fits him.

We remember him for one act of worship, only one.

He offered a pleasing sacrifice to the Lord,
a sacrifice motivated by and given in faith.

Beyond that point is a mystery.

Nothing else is mentioned of his life.

His brother receives much more ink on the pages of the Bible,
yet even Jesus took note of Abel.

Like a breath on a cold winter morning he came and passed quickly, yet his
testimony endures

Preston Mwiinga

He Says He Loves You

Tiponteko dot com

He tells you that he can die for you when he can't even kill a fly and is afraid of cockroaches

Preston Mwiinga

Heaven

Let me tell you about this heaven.

There will be no Hospitals, do you know why? Its because there will be no sickness, no Ebola and name them.

This is an amazing place, there will be no coffin markers not even a cemetery, well the reason is simple, its because there will be no death.

Heaven will not have the local authorities like the city council the reason is simple, its because never will we find land rates there.

What about carders and illegal plots, that will be a no go area for political carders as we will all partake from the cake of that beautiful city with that true foundation. It, s a land our saviour has prepared for us.

There will never be by elections or general elections because our God will lead us. There will never be tribal or political fights or genocide because we are all one and we belong to christ. The dollar will not rise against the kwacha because when we are there I will even stand to ask ati "Dollar efinshi? "
"Kwacha imoneka shani? "

You want to be there?

Preston Mwiinga

Her Future In Your Hands

She is in pain because her due date is here.

School fees and exam fees are choking her neck like the undertaker

Friends she does not have to help her.

Who is going to come to her aid before she ends up with the highest qualification of only being a mother.

Save the girl Child

Preston Mwiinga

Here Is Your Daughter In Law For Your Blessing

I present your daughter in law to you my parents.

I come to seek your blessings my parents.

When I receive them then I will surely be comfortable that i am very safe.

But when you fail to accept her, I will have a heartache but if she does not meet your expectations, I will understand your reasons because I know that you want the best for me.

I call her my angel on earth,

My God given gift, my taste believe will be your take.

She is a christian by faith,

From a humble family she comes from,

Respect for cultural values, humanity and herself is what describes her.

Her tender, loving and caring heart is what posses her.

Down to earth is her life style

Blessed with the counseling skills observed from being good and resolving conflicts when called upon and in a mature way.

My fathers, here is your daughter in law,

Accept her if you see the above qualities in her.

My mothers, your daughter in-law is not yet a mother, but to me she is my other mother because of her conduct.

I present her to you, we present our selves to you for your blessings.

Preston Mwiinga

Hero To Zero

Your life was a very good one but you have let it get destroyed just like that.
You were a hero of all times and everyone knew you for that but now the end
line is a nasty one.

Why did you do this?

It took you many years to build and come up with a good name but
Just like that you have allowed it to get into ruin.

All the good things about you have been replaced with the bad things.

You have left people in shock. They still can not believe it that you did what you
did.

A Zero they call you.

Others do not even want to set their eyes on you

You have been backward from grace to disgrace,

From Hero to Zero,

You no longer have the favor.

And I'm equally asking,

But Why?

Preston Mwiinga

Hiv & Aids

HIV and your friend Aids, whilst working together you have terrorized my Saul. You have made me an outcast in the society. You have brought segregation to my life.

Those that claimed to love me have deserted me my life has become so dry like the Sahara desert.

My life is flooded with problems like the floods behind the Tsunami causing a lot of harm than good.

You have disfigured my body causing it to have a lot of potholes. My face has shrink-ed like I am that ablution block that has been emptied by a sewerage tanker.

With the hopes lost, I wait patiently for death like a cow waiting for slaughter. ARV's I take, have been conquered by HIV and his fellow criminal Aids, like the way Ghadaffi was conquered.

Your love and care can restore my hope. You accepting me in society can make me human again. My hope is in your hands. I didn't choose to live with HIV but the Virus chose to live in me.

Preston Mwiinga

Hiv And Aids

HIV and your friend Aids, whilst working together you have terrorized my soul. You have made me an outcast in the society. You have brought segregation to my life.

Those that claimed to love me have deserted me my life has become so dry like the Sahara desert.

My life is flooded with problems like the floods behind the Tsunami causing a lot of harm than good.

You have disfigured my body causing it to have a lot of potholes. My face has shrunk like I am that ablution block that has been emptied by a sewerage tanker. With the hopes lost, I wait patiently for death like a cow waiting for slaughter. ARV's I take, have been conquered by HIV and his fellow criminal Aids, like the way Ghadaffi was conquered.

Your love and care can restore my hope. You accepting me in society can make me human again. My hope is in your hands. I didn't choose to live with HIV but the Virus chose to live in me.

Preston Mwiinga

Hold On A Bit, He Is Still On Time

When you have been tempted and you feel all is lost
Just kneel down and pray!

When you have worked, you expected the reward of the fruit of your sweat to
come by to your hands and another evades this joy from the palms of your hands

Submit kneel down and pray

When you have walked deep in search of justice in the daylight and at night but
all your search has come empty. You feel betrayed as justice has been delayed
and ultimately denied

Do kneel down and do pray!

When the world has despised you and all the friends you knew and held hands
with have departed from you and those closest to you have walked away from
you.

remember to kneel down, raise your hands and pray

When you suffer the loss of the page in your family or in your life at the hands of
death, the death that does the knocking everyday and without invitation it takes
away a pivot of your time, takes away the foundation of your life, takes away the
very flavor of your life, the winner of all bread for all your family
kneel down and pray!

When you drown in financial entanglements and the world echoes that you owe,
owe to much and prison is waiting by the door step of your borrowed home
remember to close your eyes kneel down and pray
remember or know even when things are okay kneel and and pray any way,
when things are bad do pray all the way, when you are at the point of death,
pray still through the way keep praying for Christ Jesus is still on time for all your
prayers.

He embraces the world and all life in it and surely knows all your pain, your tears
and and your suffering and you injustice.

he will do justice to the cries of your heart at the time that best befitteth your
reparations, your outcry and your desire for in his palms, timing is but perfect
never delayed never stretched never to early only perfectly withing the best of
time.

God bless you

'Hollywood The Viper'

Hiss! Hiss! Hollywood the viper.

So deadly and poisonous to our society.

You entice people to fall into your traps like eve fell for the old serpent, the devil persuading her to eat of that fruit.

O Hollywood that old serpent of today, how many have you brought down in the name of you shall not usually die.

When you hiss, youths are taken into your deadly trap hidden in the name of modernization.

Our youths speak as if they have eat hot chili in the mouth, they are ex`s.

The boys` trousers are always almost falling

Kapena tileteko folk lifter to help pulling them up.

Respect is now old fashioned as they claim they live in a civilized world.

en Chansa Mulimba

O Hollywood the viper ufuna chani kansi

The girls dressing has nothing to desire about. See through look sexy, long dresses are for old women.

Kissing in public is a way of life.

Drinking carelessly and sleeping around is now a daily meal.

The girls no longer cook like their mothers, they now drink like their fathers and prostitute like their brothers.

Going to church is boring, going for movies and watch latest Hollywood movies keeps life moving.

Studying the bible is a non starter, what-sapping and sex chatting is what keeps people busy.

Having a hard-copy bible is phasing out and having bibles on the phone is okay, Yes it is okay but the same phone is equally a carrier of obscure materials.

Dying from malaria is rare yet dying from Aids is topping like on the bill boards.

Singing gospel songs make one deaf and worldly music put people in the worship mode, yes the devil worship mood.

Hollywood the viper how many strong people in their faith have you gone away with?

When do you stop?

Wasn't our mother Eve enough?

Through Christ in us we shall not allow you to bring us to ruin. Because you are the viper, that old serpent in the garden now hiding in the name of Hollywood city.

Preston Mwiinga

Hook, Book

Look at me even as I am talking to you
It took me years to have feelings for you
I even shook the ego in me that I now know how to love
Can I hook you up after all i am a good guy.
You dont have to see a crook in me, ndaba nina leka
I'm very humble, ndine che Cook
Uja guy wapaize obelenga ma book

Preston Mwiinga

Hope

It been years,
Waiting for it.
But, have never seen it.
It has been long,
Looking forward for good,
But, it has never been adequate.
It has been long,
Expecting hope
But, has always been expecting
So will there be it?
A good and a better tomorrow
Then who will be there in it?
What does it look like?
I hope you will see tomorrow, tomorrow.

Preston Mwiinga

Hope For The Broken Hearted

You Prince Charming is coming.
Maybe he is even around but just afraid to approach you.
He may even be someone you least expect,
When that time comes, when he believes that courage is the absence of fear and
breaks the news to you,
you will feel surprised because you will not expect him to tell you that.
Just there and then your eyes will see something different in him.
You will see not an ordinary person but someone special
You will see that Prince Charming kind of a person. He will be willing to love you
more than he loves himself,
He will keep you like an egg, because he will understand the pain you went
through before so he will keep your heart as a fragile heart,
instead disappoints, he will love you throughout.
He will always be proud of you and will always consider you as his blessing.
So don't give up on love, it is normal to meet a few wrong people in life before
you meet the correct ones.

Preston Mwiinga

Hope To A Robber Na Kawalala

When you were born, everyone marveled because a cute little thing came into existence

Your mother showed you some love the moment you were born, if she had wanted she would have squeezed you death, had she known she would grow up to be a thief.

During your growing up, your mother took very good care of you.

When you were unwell, she did everything in her powers to give you the best medical attention.

You do not have peace with the community around you, you trouble them, you harass them and you rob from them. During the day you are stealing from height is that of a short person but your hands are long enough to reach out to people's things. You have never had a potato cut or table cut as your identity but you are still identified as a thief.

At night when people are sleeping, for you it is time to work, you humiliate them with guns, you make them sleep down, you torture the physically and emotionally, you rape their daughters and get away with their money and this the life style you have chosen?

Son of the soil, your mother sobs for you, the nation is concerned about you. It is not yet too late you still have time to amend, It does not have to take the C5's to gun you down to release you wasted your moment of change.

Take caution that there won't be another messiah who will be crucified with the two thieves, with the thief on the right depicting as you. You might just be an instant death when your head is blown off. Enough is enough don't you think so? Take a moment, review your life, review the lives you have destroyed, consider the girl children who future you ruined you when you uncovered them from their protective shells and destroyed their virgity by raping at the embarrassment and shame you have people on their parents when they watched you helpless ruin their daughters, you have made the see a taboo What about their sons you brutally assaulted and their faces you disfigured.

Yes what you have done is bad and the wounds you have left are very fresh even after they dry, they will leave scars of pain.

But it is still better to amend, your mother weeps for your change think about it why die now when you have a bright future.

Preston Mwiinga

Hunger

Hunger why can't you know my moods.

Why do you only come to me when I'm so broke.

The yummy food, the appetizing scent from good eating places only make my appetite to even be more high.

When I have enough money, then my appetite is thrown away.

I try to eat my stop fails to allow me.

Is it really true that food for the stomach and stomach for food God will destroy them together?

Dear hunger why do you allow me to get into the wilderness of starvation. Forced to fast when I'm not willing?

I just can't resist hungry lion or KFC.

So hunger please notice my moods because its not fair

Preston Mwiinga

Hypocrisy

They pretend to love you and yet they hate you.

They pretend to help the orphans and yet they are on a plan.

The pretend to be Christ worshipers and yet they are of their father, the devil,

Hypocrisy! For how long shall you keep hiding in this name.

Humble by your looks and yet you are deadly, how many people have you bewitched for you to be an elder in that church.

Why do you only want to help orphans when there is the media to cover you.

Where do you take the moneys donors give you for the orphans?

You pretend to be a Christ worshiper and yet you are full of idols.

God will burn you in that fire.

You pretend to have love in your heart, and yet you are a beast how many hearts have you destroyed.

God hates Hypocrisy come to reality and stop being a pretender.

Heaven is not for Hypocrisy and it will never be.

Don't be a Hypocrisy pretending not to have heard, because you have heard and these words will keep injuring you.

Preston Mwiinga

I Am In Love With An Albino Girl

My life has become like the theater, Lusaka play house. Where you take me for Bob mkosha.

My activities are that of public interest busy watching them like you are watching a new movie on the big screen at fresh-view cinema and eating popcorn navima freezit vo dula.

On twitter I have few followers but in reality so many.

You have forgotten all those important tasks you have just to study my life.

I wonder what qualification you will obtain for idol standing.

All your actions are because I am in love with an Albino girl.

She showers my face with the deserved happiness.

The so called cute tease me into leaving her claiming they they are cute and that a cute guy like me deserves best, but I say No because beauty lies in the beholder. She is my beauty and I am the beholder.

God created her, molded her from my rib and confirmed she was beautiful because that is God's reflection on the mirror.

She loves me more than you can understand and I cherish her more than you can mention it.

You tease me that she has spots on the face, well listen to me the very spots are my formula for loving her, they are natural and beautiful.

I am in love with an albino girl because that is where my taste and my touch is.

What we have entered is the chikubabe season because we are attracted to each other like a magnet.

Here is a little secret if you thought you can separate us, then go ask fish and water.

Otherwise I am deeply in love with an albino

Preston Mwiinga

I Am No Ashamed

They loathe me for my identity
They taunt me and reprimand me that I carry on with an exhausting life.
Church! they promised never to go.
Being devoted in their doing despite everything they said
That is affectation, that isn't in effect genuine however the life of weaklings.

When they see me in a uniform,
They bother me that I am a trooper without a weapon
Consistently is an ideal opportunity to think about what
The week had for me however it is the ideal opportunity for you to squander your
lives on corrupt exercises.

Yet, Listen to me, I am not ashamed.
I am not ashamed in light of the fact that he cherishes me.
I am not ashamed on the grounds that I am talking
About a man who left the qualities of paradise
Just to come and pass on for you and for me.

Dear Lord, I am not ashamed,
of the expectation that lives in me,
You guaranteed that you are returning for me,
What's more, I am not afraid to sit tight for you.
I am not afraid to be called his youngster,
Since my dad in paradise is above all else and I am a sovereign.

When others picked dimness,
You requesting that I be the light,
to sparkle Your Word upon my way
along these lines, This light of mine will
sparkle till your arrival
The devil can't turn it off in light of the fact that
chance he doesn't have
I am not disgraced to confront

Announce your statement to the world regardless of the possibility that they pick
not to hear me like it was in the
Days of Noah, yet he lectured, he was never ashamed.
I need to stand firm like Daniel in the lion's nook of like
the three Hebrew young men.

I need to have the capacity to bite the dust for the Gospel like Steven
Since there is home past the grave,
that my Lord you guaranteed and I realize that
on that restoration morning I will rise.

I am not afraid to go to the world telling
Them of the great you have improved the situation me.
The Gospel must be lectured and I be your
Envoys as a Young grown-up.
I am not ashamed on the grounds that he lives in me.

~~~~~

Mark 8: 38

King James Version

"Whosoever therefore shall be ashamed of me  
and of my words in this adulterous and sinful generation;  
of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed,  
when he cometh in the glory of his Father  
with the holy angels."

Preston Mwiinga

# I Died With Your Love

With a stab in my heart,  
I have just been hit at the most important side of my life  
Tears of blood fall from my broken heart  
I never thought we would be apart  
When you held me you said 'forever'  
Now that you're gone I know you meant 'never'  
Saying you love me with that look in your eye  
And that was a cold hearted lie  
Your tender touch, a soft kiss  
Two things about you I will miss  
As I sit here thinking about you  
My face is wet with tears past due  
I should've cried a long time ago  
But I loved you so  
I know they say love is blind  
But I had only you on my mind  
A hurt so deep it cuts like a knife  
But wounds heal and I'll go on with my life..

Preston Mwiinga

# I Know I Am Black

Ine skiny yanga niija ya black,  
Sisi zanga niza black.  
Elo namansapato yanga naeve niya black.  
But I am so proud to be born of a black skin.  
Ndine munthu o kuda,  
Munthu osochela  
Call me a nigger if you want, but I'm not cursed  
Of Gods creation,  
Ndime mwana wa mulungu.

You don't want me closer to you because of my complexation?  
You are not ashamed to diss me,  
You tell me at I'm like a shadow of Guy Scot,  
You warn me not to smile ati ndaba ndine otimbilila  
Okay olo ukambe so, soche kwati ni promotion yaba  
Airtel.  
You despise me because I am of a black Skin,  
You tell me that my origin is that of a monkey,  
Well... Say what ever you want to, if I was to insult back I would have told you,  
your origin is that of a Pig kaili mupalana kwati mununanyonkelana.  
Who told you, blacks are not human when we are intelligent beings.  
So watch it.

Preston Mwiinga

# I Know It Hurts,

I understand your pain for it is mine too.

So many Questions on your mind on why you.

Physicians have tried but they have not been able to find a cure.

Herbalists have remained you Eden and have taken you back but still they could not cure you.

With pain in you, you shed tears not knowing when God will answer the prayer of healing.

I have some good news for you.

Christ might be 4 days late, but still he is on time..

He is the outstanding healer and never does he depend on herbs and clinical medicine but just by his voice he will cure you as you are.

He still reminds you of his abundant love for you.

If for a second you thought you are walking alone? Remember that Christ is with you

Preston Mwiinga

# I Look To My Supreme God

I look up to you God for your devine mercies. The worold can at times betray me. Family can give up on me. Society might disown me. I might I look up to you God for your divine mercies.

The world can at times betray me.

Family can give up on me.

Society might disown me.

I might even be a bank where people cast their insults on.

My plans may not be according to your wants.

I might at times become weak and almost doubt your existence. But the Holly spirit living in me reminds me that even when Christ is four days late, he is still on time. never late and never too early but he is on time. You simply tell me to look up to you and give allegiance and all things come to those who believe in him. He is on time. That is why I am holding my hands together and giving glory to him

Preston Mwiinga

# I Present To You Your Son In Law

My parents I bring foreth your son in law hoping you accept him.  
From a recent family he comes and he is willing to take me as I am.  
Our culture values he respects and our Tradition he honors.  
Me and him have chosen to honour and respect you our parents not by shortcuts  
but by following the correct channel.  
We come seeking your blessings and that you bless also our future children, the  
fruits of my womb.

Preston Mwiinga

# I Wish I Could Find Love

My physical disabilities has led me to my emotional paralysis and I'm left without a solution but just to complain.

Is it a sin for me to fall in love does love chose individuals.

I am human like any other human being.

I can be romantic even more romantic than people without disability.

So do not judge me.

If i had a choice i would have chosen never to be born with a disability.

I would have chosen to be born as a king.

And i would have chosen the best person as my romantic partner.

For me falling in love is is not even optional, its by chance, by lucky and from a well wisher who chooses to be mocked for being involved with me.

Love has no boundaries so please do not create boundaries on my behalf I equally have feelings.

I accept the disability on my body so please, accept me also

Take me the way I am with my disability.

Some of my friends are dumb, others are deaf whilst others are lame and paralyzed but we are human beings too.

We are not harmful to life.

Love us, show us the care and make us feel human too.

Only God has reasons why we are the way we are.

Preston Mwiinga

# I`m In Love With A Church Girl

like a total lost person I entered the church to pray for my sins.  
I didn't have where to seat, you created space for me.  
I was so shy to look into your eyes,  
I didn't know how to say thank you, silence was what characterized me.  
When it was time for singing, the entire. Congregation sung well to glorify their  
God, so did you.  
But because your heart was never selfish but selfless, you extended your  
invitation to me that we sing together.  
My silence never really mattered to you.  
When the preacher man stood to preach, you were able to notice that I was far  
away from my God because I didn't even have a weapon to fight the devil that  
weapon is the bible.  
You saw me sinking and you came to my rescue.  
You always remembered others in everything, at that moment you gave me the  
bible.  
Though hard, and the pride in my heart, your heart made me say thank you and I  
meant it.  
Your sweet smile, that smile you gave me made me note that an angel had visited  
me through you.  
I requested to know your name, you gave it to me.  
I asked if we could share contacts, willingly you agreed.  
I thought you were going to misjudge me during the first impression of me  
talking to you with my disorganized life as a church boy, but you did not.  
Your friendship you extended.  
Blaa...hhhh. Blaaa...hhhhhh....Blaaa...hhhhhh....  
The end of the line was a romantic story and I stood on top my voice, with my  
pride lowered down, along side happiness restored and I said, &quot;I'm in love,  
I'm in love with the Church Girl.

Preston Mwiinga

# Ignorance

Don't desire distinction in morality  
It interprets evil from good  
Society is built from cruelty  
Achievement is a greater ill of its own making  
Despise light  
Cheer darkness  
Simplicity is difficult  
Is unaware of the existence of a healthy society  
Impurity and corruption is respected daily  
Loves death as a distinctive mode of punishment to the innocent  
Separation is introduced to the loved ones  
Competency is criminal, doesn't exist  
Hates competition and respect foolishness  
It is satisfied with small and immediate things  
Believe Spirits can intermedate to their problems  
Its code of conduct is jealous  
Progress is an enemy in its institution  
Respects selfishness and idol worshipping  
Loves nepotism and idleness  
There is nothing called professionalism

Preston Mwiinga

# I'm An Albino So What?

Some people are born of a mixed race.

Some people are born white,

Some are blacks

Whilst others are Koreans, Indians, Chinese, Japanese and so on.

Everyone seems to be proud of how they were born.

But my story is different, I'm being discriminated because of the way I was born.

Some people consider me a cursed human.

I am living like an outcast just because I was born different.

I'm neither white nor black.

I am but just an Albino.

Some people believe, when we the Albinos die, we are never buried, they believe we disappear.

Other people kill us for rituals, they believe are the passport to their riches.

And others vowed never to mingle with Albinos as if we are an infectious disease.

We are human beings like any other person.

We did not choose to be born Albinos but God has a special plan even for us.

Heaven is for everyone, Albinos inclusive.

Who told you we disappear when we die?

We don't we equally rot like any other human being.

Please don't destroy us, don't kill us, we are not creatures, animal in nature. We are also humans treat us equally and respect life.

If you want to be rich, work hard and you will attain your wealth.

Show us your love,

Give us your care,

Interact with freely.

We are also created in God`s own image.

Preston Mwiinga

# I'm In Love.....

Let me tell you about my romantic life

well.....

I am in love and in a serious relationship with this man.

I am all over him, This I can never deny.

He tells me everyday that I am very special and that he always means the best to me.

Oho

You ask me if I am gay or what about my my female lover/

well It is true she exists, and I love her so much.

I am not double crossing them and I am not ready to leave any of the two.

The man I am in love with a jelous person if I do what he does not like.

He has never gotten tired of protecting me through and through.

When I am on the wrong? He always forgives me and gives me a second chance.

Interesting right?

Do you want to know this wondersful man that has taken over all my desires?

Do you want to know him by name?

Well ok then, I will tell you.

His name is 'Jesus christ' I have no problem wth sharing him with you You can also love him and get into a relationship with him.

We can be partners in loving him.

Thank you.....

Preston Mwiinga

# I'm Not The Same Old Me (A Prostitute)

I was a super diva amongst divas. Not just an ordinary diva but a diva of destruction

I was a snake in the grass, an enemy of progress.

I was the main reason why many marriages were shaking.

In the business I was also a transporter. Not of goods but that of spreading the STI`s from one man to another. And them, they would ignorantly move it to their loved ones.

Money was the main reason I was in the business. And when I meant business, it was real business

And there was no time to joke around

I was a prostitute in the business, this is why I say I was a super diva not just a diva but t Now I am changed.

I was really an expert in this game, I was a professional.

For your own information, had they been offering qualification, I was going to be having my masters' degree in prostitution.

I was not only a prostitute, but also a thief. I made sure that I really made men foolish in my alms.

I was behind the breaking apart of decent families, because I was the master minder of confusion.

Christ found me and gave me a second chance.

I am no longer a sex worker but now a gospel worker.

Please accept me in society

Preston Mwiinga

# In Her Eyes

In the eyes.... In the eyes of a beautiful lady like you every man becomes a poet. Not just the physical beauty but also a beautiful heart, a cheerful mind and with great innovative thing. To you I am a Poet. And not just a poet but a poet of realities. For I speak from my heart and transferred to my mind and words are processed like it is data in a computer turning into information.

Knowing you....

knowing you was one the best things in the world.

your humbleness.....

You are both humble to your God our God. Your ways are unique defining the special and unique personality in you.

Your Humility..... You have the heart for everyone, unlike others who are selfish, you are a selfless person.

A virtuous woman..... You are a virtuous woman, a woman of great respect and honor, a woman full of wisdom.

Your beauty...., you are natural cute, you have risen red cards to the use of masks in makeup. when they look like beasts, you look 10 000 cute than them.

Your speech... You speech of sense wisdom, with courage.

I... Am left with no option but just to salute you, bow and say Your Highness

Preston Mwiinga

# Infatuation

1. Infatuation, a word so strong and yet I have been swimming in it as if it were a simple word like 'the' and 'at'. If awards were been given then I would have gotten a number of them. The only fun part about this flirting game is when I decided to become a multiple flirter, people will just call me a player, but if a lady dares they will call her a prostitute. Maybe that is the reason I have never forgotten to tell the world on my curriculum vitae that I am a team player. Because I played and led a number of games. You call the relationships, but I called them games, I did play those games.

But now.....

Verse

I'm tired of ruining my reputation, because of this abomination which might bring humiliation leading to condemnation, After all there is time for everything, even championship is seasonal Great Kalu missed a penalty because he never came to the realization that enough was enough. I have realized and I am tired of the game, I am going on a vacation because of my frustration after the duration of my flirtation in infatuation. This is my narration of my stagnation in the game of temptations now I need the redemption.

2. I have been a dominant figure in the special world of lovers. I have made a number of moves to ladies, I have been a lucky fella to some whilst to others I have been lacking proper skills and to others I had my powerful skills but not to those who were very principled. A rejection to me has not been a blow, it's has simply been a status call to go back and mend my manifesto and use it on the next available ladies. And disappointments stopped hurting because they now started sounding normal. In my journey I behaved liked a beast,  
But now.....

Verse

I'm tired of ruining my reputation, because of this abomination which might bring humiliation leading to condemnation, After all there is time for everything, even championship is seasonal Great Kalu missed a penalty because he never came to the realization that enough was enough. I have realized and I am tired of the game, I am going on a vacation because of my frustration after the duration of my flirtation in infatuation. This is my narration of my stagnation in the game of temptations now I need the redemption

3. Now I do not want to fall beauty because it fades away, I do not want to fall for

the hips because I don't not know if they are real or Chinese and that is not the definition of true love, I do not want to fall for the boobs because one day they might just shrink like a flitter looking bulgy and yet there is air inside. I don't not want to fall for the lips because do not know what have made them to look so fyompable, I do not want to look at the eyes because eyes do deceive, her eyes might be pretending to be looking at me and yet, they are looking for an instrument to strungle me with.

I will not go out looking for love anymore, because it might just be a disastrous game. I will be patient with my selection. I will wait for my eyes to see real love but my heart and mind will have to confirm that she is the chosen one lastly my body will go for her only then will I come back from that vacation of my frustration as I will be ready to face the humiliation a better way and I believe that the condemnation with now bring about mutation. Because I am tired of Infatuation.

Preston Mwiinga

# It's Over

You took my personality for granted.

You played with my love.

In the game of love you a player, you forgot that I could equally be a coach.

My heart, that fragile heart it was broken and mended by you.

I thought I was in love and yet you were finishing me. You were wearing me out completely.

You made look like a desperate person in your life.

But I was just in love, In love with you.

Your time is up,

The whistle is blown,

The love is dead,

The game is up,

Its over.

Let`s go our separate ways.

Play your game but pray the game will not play you like the way you keep looking for prey in the jungle of love.

Your delay will put you on a tray as you will lay idle as you will realize you were picking sand and not minerals.

I'm not cursing you, No!

I'm not wishing you bad luck, No!

But freeing you like a bird caged for a long time.

My advise you refused to take,

My love, you took for granted.

So be it because It is over!

Preston Mwiinga

# Jesus Christ Is Is My Answer

Many times I face the earthly troubles. When I receive rejection, when I'm faced with financial crisis such that I even fail to have a coin in my pocket. When family gives me a cold shoulder, When my friends unfriend and block me. When my christian friends consider me fallen. When my trust in God is tested and I become hopeless in my God. When hell breaks loose. I I'm still rejuvenated to wait and trust in him forever. I will wait, I will watch for his goodness. His timing is the best for me. O lord refuel my hope to keep trusting and believing in you.

Preston Mwiinga

# Jesus Is Love

I wanted to know about this Jesus, the God of my fathers.  
They told me a lot about what he had done for mankind,  
About his divine mercies to stand by him and protected him.  
I have learnt a lot about this Jesus and I say, He is Love.  
He has the best punchlines every heard of,  
The rhymes ever spoken by poets,  
He is the man of action,  
Not just words but deeds.  
He is able to do the impossibles.  
Birds do not cultivate but they never starve, he's loving providence makes him  
care for them.  
When Elijah was in the hide out God used the ravens to take bread to him.

His love was able to to protect the three hebrew boys in that burning fire,  
protected Daniel in the hungry lions den, at that moment, the lions became  
vegetarians.  
Made the Israelites cross the red sea when he separated the waters.  
What an incredible God he is.

Hehehe Jesus is love and Jesus for life.  
This is not a movies series but reality that he is love.  
As if that's not all, he left the splendors of heaven just to come die for you and  
for me.  
He allowed himself to be in human form,  
Beaten, insulted, people spiting saliva on him, instead of wine, the they him  
drink vinegar, instead of the crown of gold or diamond, it was a crown of thorns.  
They pierced my savior, as he was nailed to the cross.  
Well.... But why?  
Because Jesus is love.

His blood was oozed for me to find salvation.  
Your partner can disappoint you but God will stand with you.  
Your friend can dare not dying for you, but Christ paid it all on the cross.  
When you die in sin, the world can rejoice but God will shed tears because he  
cares.  
Make him driver of your life because he is love.

Preston Mwiinga

# Jesus The Grand Son Of A Prostitute\*

I call him my Lord and yet his roots were not clean.

I worship him today and yes his grandmother was a prostitute.  
He tells me to be faithful and yet his grandmother was a harlot well known to have laid with many people, broke many marriages and yet still she is still my Saviours grandmother.

I am not ashamed to him my God.  
I am not ashamed to talk about Rahab the harlot  
I am comforted that the first shall be the last and the last shall be the first. She heard the the message about the God of isreal and decided to follow the true God.

Rahab indulged in venal wantonness as traveling merchants came her way and were housed in her illfamed abode.

It was in her small cortage where she hid the spies sent by Joshua against her own life because she had just become a traitor of her own land.

Before letting them go she requested them to spare her family when destruction of Jericho comes.

In her small cortage of prostitute ti on she shameless gathered her family and kept them safe even as that great city was being brought down.

Even when when everyone was destroyed, Rahab the prostitute and her family were saved.

This reminds me that God loves everyone.

Her geneology rythems in my mind and heart even as I say softly that Salmon the father of Boaz, whose mother was Rahab, Boaz the father of Obed, whose mother was Ruth, Obed the father of Jesse.' Jesse David father  
Meaning that she was the grandmother to king David the adulterer but still recorded as a great king because he corrected his mistakes, David the great father of Jesus,

She moved from a harlot to a heroine  
With smiles i'm proud to belive in her faith and I call it the faith of our mothers.

her and her name is engraved and embroidered among the two great women of faith in the bible.

And I call it the faith of our grandmothers. This makes me strong because my Saviour is a grandson of a prostitute.

Preston Mwiinga

# Just A Little Patch Of Heaven

little patch of heaven makes me smile, it restores my hope, I long to be in that beautiful place.

A little patch of heaven is a place beyond the pines,  
Rivers flow like and the waters are calm like the unstired morning waters in a river.

A little patch of heaven reminds of that sweet city that flowlishes with milk and honey, a city of gold which means that I dont have to be a jerabo.

Segregation is unheard of, violence is a taboo, class is just a name, peace our driving force.

Unity reminding us we are one.

Death will out of bounds because in a game of chess there is no reverse.

Just a little patch of heaven to be with my Saviour, go on a picnic with him and him how it was on the cross.

Just a little patch of heaven

Preston Mwiinga

# Just Be Yourself

You are too ashamed of yourself  
You say you are ashamed that you were born  
The way you are.  
You try shaving your eye brows, and pain your self  
You had a beautiful skin but you prefer an artificial one  
Your hips were attractive, you still go ahead and boosts them  
Your breast were erect of flesh like that of  
A virgin girl, but you go ahead and boosts them.  
You are not helping your self.  
Always be your self, never try to hide who you are.  
The only shame is to have shame. Always stand up 4 what u believe  
in. Always question what other people  
tell u. Never regret the past, it's a waste  
of time. There is a reason 4 everything, and a reason why  
You were born the way you are. a  
mistake, every moment of weakness, every terrible thing that  
has happened to you, grow from it.  
Remember the only way u can get the respect from others is when you  
show them that you respect your self, and most importantly, do your  
things and never apologies for  
being you

Preston Mwiinga

# Just Because I Am A Foreigner

I did not choose to leave my country to migrate aimlessly.  
The wars in my country which have not been bearable led me to your country.  
I do not even know where my family is because war separated us.  
We scampered in different directions.  
The Killing of my close family and friends put me in terror.  
My home destroyed by the bombs, running for my life was a solution.  
Your country welcome me as a refugee, brought up in a camp,  
Till was able to stand on my toes and found comfort in the little business.  
Given a chance to rebuild a new family and interact with everyone peacefully.  
Hell breaks loose when I am accused of all the wrongs in that country.  
I am on the run once again, running without direction.  
My pillar of income destroyed in the looting as I am accused of all the wrongs in that country.  
Some of my fellows are killed in the process.  
I am on the run again but with a confused mind.  
If I go back home, my government will kill me, and now  
Some of the owners of the country I'm squatting in are ready and geared to kill me  
Too. Where do I go.  
How do I survive as everything I owned has been looted.  
I cry but my tears turn not to give me a solution.  
Just there I hear the voice of the lord reminding me that

'When a stranger resides with you in your land, you shall not do him wrong. 'The stranger who resides with you shall be to you as the native among you, and you shall love him as yourself, for you were aliens in the land of Egypt; I am the LORD your God. 'You shall do no wrong in judgment, in'

I have been judged and condemned, heartbroken I remain for been a foreigner in A foreign country.  
May he vindicate we the afflicted of the people,  
May he Save us his children and protect us from the oppressor.

Preston Mwiinga

# Just Because I Am Disabled

Just because I am a disabled you look down on me.

Just because I am disabled you convince me that I am unable to.

Love you deny me, you tell me that it deserves the best.

You say I do not deserve to be a public figure because I am disfigured.

Opportunities you have denied me.

You have cast an atomic bomb on my hopes and the remnants of this are just the hopeless me.

Just because I am disabled does not mean I can't because I know I can.

I am human just like you and not a petty because even the laziest petty can at least kill a tsetse fly that can cause sleeping sickness to.

Love and care for me to even though I am disabled

Preston Mwiinga

# Just But Your Perfect Match

From the bottom of my heart, I love you.

From the crown of my head, my love is above the river banks.

My love for you has been accept even my nature as it is written in the book,  
'Love Pollution`

I do not rhyme like William Shakespeare but I can still speak to you like I am a church Pastor Manifesting and speaking in the tongues only you can understand. I am not like the West-life, I can not sing you Romantic Songs because my voice is hoss7n like a horse in the polo game but my heart can still fill yours with the sweet Melody.

I can not recite you a piece like Boyd Chosen of the Divine African Generation, neither can I be so touching like D.A.G`s Cholwe Muyaba but when I am with you, with the poem in my heart, I am your best Poet.

My Punchlines do not flow like the Revelator`s Owen Yen, But at-least I can still punch the doubts in your heart bring them to belief like Jesus bringing doubting Thomas to believe that Jesus Christ was he that had risen.

You are my perfect match like I am watching a good Match or Barcelona and Real Madrid.

I can not dance like Micheal Jackson when you give me hoping of us being together forever, But believe. Me you on our wedding day you will see the `impossible Possibility` of the resurrected Micheal Jackson.

I'm not like the casters who seat reading news throughout but at-least, your heart I can read, my findings are that you love me, like I do because we are perfect matches, I am motivated like our very own motivation speaker from the D.A.G family Pelekelo Mwiya no wonder I am speaking to your heart.

Preston Mwiinga

# Just That Simple Love

I am that simple person with the Simple Love.

I don't fall for luxury because I never loved you for that, but just your heart.

I can fall into your world but you fall into mine.

My love for you is very genuine.

Do not take me out to expensive places, simple places will do kambo ndime kasimbi kaku dudumwezi.

I am simple girl not much into cosmetics because my mother has taught me how best to utilize the traditional ones.

I don't smear expensive lotions for my skin to be smooth, all I do is add so avocados and cucamba.

My delicious meals are best cooked for you on a Mbaula that those modern stoves.

Do not take me to the park, but to your farm where we can walk through the woods, where the birds and trees sing and wave at us.

Love me as me, take me for who I am with my torn clothes when I can't get new ones.

With my dry lips when I had no food.

With my same ascent when your modern friends visit you.

With the smell of smoke on my body because I cook on fire wood.

Do not be ashamed of me, do not look down on me when you visit me at our little thatched house.

I'm am that simple girl, the Dundumwezi girl.

I am that Mumbwa Mumbwa girl with the traditional love.

I love you and I know you love me too

Preston Mwiinga

# Keep Trying

NEVER GIVE UP; Never lose hope.  
Always have Faith, it allows you to  
cope. Trying times will pass as they  
always do. Just have patience, your  
dreams will come true. So put on a  
smile, you will live through your pain.  
Know it will Pass, and strength you will  
gain.

Preston Mwiinga

# Leave

Tiponteko dot Com

Your Boyfriend is always beating you up and you say 'Its #Gangster\_love'  
No my dear Its #WWE\_SMACKDOWN You're Dating #John\_Cena or #undertaker  
via Chizboi Chookie Mikunga

Like

Comment

Preston Mwiinga

# Less You Forget

What has gone wrong that you have entirely forgotten about your lord you God.  
Your mouth is full of mouth diarrhea, you speak any how, like you are a twitter.  
You use speak blasphemy and his face and his church is now your podium.  
You have become heartless,  
You find pleasure is oppressing the poor.  
But listen to me.

On the day you were born your cord was not cut,  
nor were you washed with water to make you clean, nor were you rubbed with  
salt or wrapped in cloths. No one looked on you with pity or had compassion  
enough to do any of these things for you.  
Rather, you were thrown out into the open field,  
for on the day you were born you were despised.  
Then the lord passed by and saw you kicking about in your blood,  
and as you lay there in your blood he said to you, "Live!"  
He made you grow like a plant of the field.  
You grew and developed and entered puberty.  
Your breasts had formed and your hair had grown, yet you were stark naked.  
Later he passed by, and when he looked at you and saw that you were old  
enough for love,  
he spread the corner of his garment over you and covered your naked body.  
He took you as his own child

Wake up from from your amnesia and live as the lord your God desired you too.  
He still loves you, he is still waiting for you.  
Come to him now, Less you forget.

Preston Mwiinga

## Life A Two Way Thing

You have given us good roads, increased salaries of civil workers and you have promised us other things like more jobs better education o yes these are some of your strengths but you also have your own weaknesses, we shall not capitalize on your weaknesses to bring you down because we believe you are not perfect in all areas so are we. Our appeal is that you always work on your mistakes by erasing and correcting them like the parable of a pencil this will make you a perfect government to rule the country. You have the potential to leave a great mark to Zambia and on the Zambian people.

Gravely concerned by the threat to human life from worsening global environmental trends, in particular, global warming thus exposing the most vulnerable populations to increased risk, such as extreme weather events, and endangering sustainable access to water and food; that global biodiversity loss continues to accelerate; that deforestation and degradation of land is continuing and that our international waters are endangered

Well, you just might. It sounds so simple. H<sub>2</sub>O - two parts hydrogen and one part oxygen. This substance also known as water, is one of the most essential elements to health and is so important that your body actually has a specific. It is essential and without it we are doomed just

Preston Mwiinga

# Life Battles

Nothing in life is worth fighting for. Your best clothes is someone's rag, your account balance is someone's donation at a function, your girl friend/boy friend or fiance/fiancee' is someone's Ex. Every single prostitute you see in a hotel or on the street at night was at some point in time a virgin. So what is the squabble all about? Life is too short and small to feel bigger or better than anybody. 'We're all naked to death' says Steve Jobs. 'Nothing can save us from it'. I hate to see people who brag about wealth, beauty, intelligence, level of education, fame and material possessions. There's nothing you've achieved in life that no one else has never gotten. The office you occupy today was occupied by someone yesterday and will be occupied by another person tomorrow. You don't know whom that person might be. There's only one thing that is worth bragging about which is 'LIVE IN GOD ALMIGHTY'. SO BE GOOD TO YOUR FELLOW MAN AND ALWAYS MAKE FRIENDS. Always remember that the people you trampled upon on your way up a ladder will be the same set of people you're likely to pass on your way down, so cause no problem for others or make not life unbearable for another by virtue of your position, because if you do, they'll become your very problem one day. Finally, even banana stems will one day become dried leaves. Please don't be selfish, pass on to friends as we're all in one way or the other guilty.

If one day you feel like crying, call me. I don't promise to make you laugh but I can cry with you.

If one day you want to run away don't be afraid to call me. I promise to be there running beside you.

But, if one day you call me and there's no answer, come to me, perhaps I need you.

\* \* , , \* \*

\* I care for \*

\*. You \*

'\* , , \*'

One day, one of us will not be here and then it'll be too late to say I care. Tears may flow, but I will be long gone. So, forward to everyone you care for. I just did!

Send to your best friends no matter how often you talk or how close you are. Let old friends know you haven't forgotten them and new friends know you never will.

Preston Mwiinga

# Little Dreamer

When they look at you, they see someone who is stagnant and can not move.  
They refer to the things you have been unable to do, when you tell them you can, they challenge you that you can not unless in your dreams.  
When you tell them that Christ will uplift you, they still tell you to on dreaming, they challenge you that they are people who are better than you.  
When you tell them, you will make it in your academic life even with a zero coin they laugh at you and mock you that you are nothing but just a little dreamer.  
You tell them you can win a race despite your disability, they call you a little dreamer.

But hold on, who told you you are not of Worth?  
Who challenged you that disability is inability?  
Who told you that God can not make it in your life?

Little dreamer, keep dream for God will make your dreams a reality,  
I am talking about a God that was able to serve thousands of people with countable ?? and fish.  
Dream on because the very God that turned water into wine, will do it in your life.  
Dream on because he will drag you into a pool like the leper at the pool.  
Dream on because the God that heal a woman who had been bleeding for 12 years can do it for.  
Dream on because the same God that did not visit Lazarus when he was she, but still raised him because he is always on time.  
Dream on for he will rise you above like the little dreamer Joseph.  
Dream on for he can make you conquer mountains like David against Goliath.  
You do not to be connected to make it,  
You don't have to bribe someone to be vindicated  
All you need to do is dream on and believe in his word.  
Little dream, dream on dream on dream on.

Preston Mwiinga

# Living By Faith

He knew that rest lay somewhere up ahead,  
but he could never quite reach it. The story of his life brings us face to face with  
a man burdened with an incredible mission.

Environmentalists talk about saving species from extinction,  
but for Noah it was more than the talk.

He was literally responsible for the survival of every land-based living creature  
including mankind.

Long before the invention of chainsaw,  
he had to cut down enough trees to make a magnificent one-and-one-half-  
million-cubit-foot boat,

stalls and feeding troughs and storage facilities had to be built inside.

As if that were not enough, the entire structure had to be waterproofed in order  
to withstand a year at the sea.

Remember, Noah lived before the invention of the tools carpenters take for  
granted today.

He lived before the perfection of metals.

What a monumental task for one man and his three sons to undertake! It takes  
faith to undertake such an undertaking!

Noah moved on to do the best he could in building the ark as the life of the  
inhabitants of the earth was at stake.

As modern spiritual heroes, we have been tasked to save this wicked and  
weakened world. The consequences are as dire as that of Noah if we dare not do  
what we have been charged to do.

Preston Mwiinga

# Living With A Purpose

Let me tell you about myself  
Less you didn't know  
DAG is my family and Master Chimbala is my mentor  
Poetry is my food  
Smiles are my tooth picks  
Trying is not a crime  
So lime never a rhyme.  
Destiny reminds me that I deserve the best in life.

I'm an ambassador of a purpose,  
Born with a purpose  
Living with a reason,  
A VUVUZELA for the voiceless  
I am a black man in a black skin  
And I am proud  
Because black is beautiful and it is of a chocolate colour  
I refuse to be wonderer, living in the world of wonders  
Watching them plunder the country's splendours living us with no asunder  
But with thunder at hawanders place.  
I am bold enough to call a spade, a spade and not a spade a big spoon.  
I speak not like the loud music being played at the beer hall  
But believe in action.

Preston Mwiinga

# Love

Love

You think I do not love you?

Well I might delay in making that call,

I may delay in sending you that sweet text,

I may delay in meeting you,

I might delay in boasting to the world that i have princess for the lady of my life  
but Listen to this

I will never delay in loving you,

I will never delay writing in my heart that I love  
you,

I will never delay in carrying you where ever go

because you are always on my mind and forever in my heart,

I will never delay in boasting to us you and me about you being the cutest in life  
and that you are my world. I Love you..

Preston Mwiinga

# Love Facts

Why judge when there is no need to  
why conclude when you do not have facts  
why act when you are acting in vain  
why try to try to grown big headed when it is tiny

listen as i spit out wisdom like a Cobra snake  
Just because somebody flirts with you, doesn't mean they like you. Just because  
somebody likes you, doesn't mean they want to go out with you. Just because  
somebody goes out with you, doesn't mean they love you. Just because  
somebody loves you, doesn't mean they wont hurt you. Because people lie &  
things change. People cheat, best friends leave, & there will always be those  
people that would kill to see you fall.

Preston Mwiinga

# Love Games

if the game of romance,  
what ever goes up, will surely come back.  
you think you are a star,  
that you can cheat on her anyhow,  
you believe you are a player,  
well.....  
your partner is a coach  
If you leave someone for another  
person, don't be surprised if that  
person leaves you for someone else.  
Don't do something permanently stupid  
just because you're temporarily upset.  
Never leave something good to find something better because once you  
realize you had the best, the best has  
found better

Preston Mwiinga

# Love Is A Demon

I live in this world with an enemy, an enemy who is brutal. An enemy who is callous and who is or whatever you call yourself, you are the enemy I am crying over someone looks at you, that person sees a very kind person in that individual is wrong. I agree with anybody who says that you look like a kind come to people at the time when they are very lonely. You try making them laugh. They get convinced that they have found real time goes by, you start changing bit by bit. Your true colors are starting to show up. People start seeing someone very cruel than the hungry lion, which has been starved for three say that you may take care of a lion when young. Yes it will know you as its master. But when it grows, it will change for you and you and might kill is a reason why I don't believe in you love because you are murderer. You don't have a heart and you also have no body. You're a spirit, which is very strong. O love or whatever you call your self today you come to me persuading me to let you into my life. You plead with me to open the door so that you come in you even make your fake promises that you will make me plead with me to let you stay with me just for a night. You say that if you do not manage to make me happy than you will ver someone agrees to let you in. it means that, that person has signed a death raw. A do or die raw. O, you cruel you

Preston Mwiinga

# Love Look What You Made Me Do! ! !

I knelt down b4 God and requested him to grant me a special woman in my life. God looked at me and said wait. I waited then at a time when i forgot about my request, he answered my prayer, he brought you into my life as my answered prayer. You r an extra ordinary woman, I love the way you love me (unconditional) i cherish each moment spent with you (memorable) you understand my moods and temper either bad or good and know how best 2calm n cool it (Extra ordinary) You are simple but special, your ways are unique, you re God fearing, and cultured. You r my golden gift n my life time achievement. Lover of my soul, carer of my heart, protector of my well being, bearer of my happiness. My love with courage I gathered the first time I said I love you, today again I say I love you my baby my woman and personal person

Preston Mwiinga

# Love Look What You Made Me Do! ! ! Part 1

When i first saw you i never had even a single intentions of making you a friend, when you became my friend my focus was only on friendship but still we went further in talking until you gathered your courage and came to me with a soft voice whispered gently as you were expressing your feelings. 'Baby i love you ' i had nothing to tell you as my brain began aching and asking questions without clear was hard for me to give you a room in my heart but as time went by i was convinced and you re the one that God gave me to live with. I love you so much  
Mr Mwiinga Jr.

Preston Mwiinga

# Love Pimple

Love pimple, I did not not invite you but you feel my face like a gate crusher at the bikini party.

You have neutralized the beauty and handsome of a Simple Person with a Dimple.

You have no boundaries because napa nipple you just come out like mushrooms olo bowa in rain season.

O Love Pimple you have not spared not even a simple person with a dimple on his chick.

Your lack of respect even makes you mushroom on a nipple leaving my face in a gimple.

Like a nimble you have made me feel my worth as a number of dimples have occupied my face.

But anyway, I know that your presence means that I am loved.

My duty is is to find that mirror, mirror of my grandfathers wall to tell me whose hearts I have taken.

So ka simple me kaenda, before the dimples disappear, I'm rushing because of my gimble this nimble tells me so through the message on my nipple.

Preston Mwiinga

# Love Realities

Why judge when there is no need to  
why conclude when you do not have facts  
why act when you are acting in vain  
why try to try to grown big headed when it is tiny

Just because somebody flirts with you, doesn't mean they like you. Just because somebody likes you, doesn't mean they want to go out with you. Just because somebody goes out with you, doesn't mean they love you. Just because somebody loves you, doesn't mean they wont hurt you. Because people lie & things change. People cheat, best friends leave, & there will always be those people that would kill to see you fall.

Preston Mwiinga

# Mad Love

I am your King and you are my Queen

I love you like the way people love tobwa in hot season.

Because of this love that keeps scratching me, I am able to climb a tree with my hands in my pocket.

In order to see our future I fly up to hold a plane.

My love. For you is so real and I wouldn't want you to suffer, I have bought you a Train, your duty is just to buy a rail line, I have also bought you that Zambian Airways plane, you just have to find the best airport to be landing from.

When I'm with you, I can do the impossible, I can actually become a magician and I can swallow a Razor Blade without it cutting my intestines.

For your own information I can prove my love to the world by jumping off Findeco house Zambia`s tallest building and still survive.

I can swallow a needle and still have my breath because you you are my heart beat.

I just love you with all my heart.

Preston Mwiinga

# Mama, Papa I Need You As My Parents

Sometimes I seat in the corner and cry all day long.  
Why aren't I happy? What am I missing in my life?  
These are some of the questions that have been running on my mind.  
Looking at me of my friends, i notice real happiness in their lives.  
Then I realize, I need the parent love and guidance.

You do not help me by blessing me with money and other material things.  
You do not help me by leaving me in the hands of the maid and my little sister  
and brother in the hands of a baby sitter.  
Having my siblings feed from feeding bottles by maids because you are never  
there  
does not help them grow health but to luck something in their lives.  
Mama, Papa I need you as my parents.

'Mwana wa imbwa! , Kolwe iwe! .....' some parents would  
utter those words to their children.

They proudly call their flesh and blood 'Mwana wa Imbwa' and yet they forget  
that if their children were bore by a dog, then even them (The Parents) are  
dogs. Because a dog can not give birth to a human being.  
You call your own child, 'Kolwe' and yet he or she is not a monkey, Stop it,  
because God hates that.

Bless me with words that will build me, do not psychologically punish me.  
Please Mama, Papa give me praise when I do good and correct me in a proper  
way when I error.

I am human, bound to make mistakes.

Dad, Mum blessing me with you love and care.

Tell me that bed time story before i go to bed, spice it up with a hug and a kiss  
of my forehead. Embrace me because in your alms i am very safe.

Look at me and tell me you love me, remember not just to tell me but also show  
me that love and care.

I am your little lamb, help me to grow.

Take away the ignorance from me, and empower me education so that I can  
become self reliant.

Train me up in your ways, I do want to depart from you because in your ways I  
am safe.

Introduce me to the God of your fathers and your God because in him I will be  
strong like you.

Give me his telephone number by teaching me how to pray, I too want to talk to him.

Mama, Papa I need you as my parents.

Preston Mwiinga

# Man Of All Seasons

You move around and around for no reason.

Your movements have no boundaries, you don't even fear any treason.

You are like the wind, blowing in all directions without detecting any rejection.

In every talk, in every talk you are the mouth piece, to every question you are like google you know everything.

Amidst any challenge, you are the starring as you are number one at interfering into matters that do not concern you.

Man of all seasons know that you have to mend your ways.

Preston Mwiinga

# Maybe Boxing Will Unite Us

I have been moving around the country looking for united people. People of different ideologies, religious ideas, cultures, and political belongings. I searched through the provinces, cities, districts, villages and compounds. I cried out because of a very big gap I saw. It was a crack that divided the nation.

Broken felt and divided we are diluted at the hands of disunity and division but we linger with sight in our hands but there is capacity and power for greatness, for happiness at the potential of the premise of unity and togetherness may we stand together and make the unity that we peacefully seek to found our fundamentals and the heritage of our tomorrows

Some of our heroes are now becoming Zeros. The messages of peace they preached, have turned into blasphemy. The oneness they practiced has now transformed into threats and insults. But as I seat in the corner. In my confused state, the words of my fathers come into my mind as a I say `Wanya wanya tateka ichalo`

Politics are now Politricks, they are now a dirty game which have left the country with unforgettable scars. Back then then football would unite us more especially if our country was playing but now it Gives us heart attacks, we have become so famous in Loosing. Maybe we try Boxing where we seem to be doing fine, only then maybe will the country be united again and have one love, interaction just for one person.

We would look at the church as a house of peace and the clergy as mediators in resolving any misunderstanding, but now the church has become a political arena for political rallies, or like a cinema where politicians stand up like it is a stand up comedy show but throwing insults on their opponents. The clergy who are suppose to reconcile the troubled hearts, have gone for a dollar like it is Mr Crubs in *Spongey Bob square pants*. They have taken sides and the members are lost being lukewarm is hard but the dilemma has become their name.

`Imwe bazandale mwanionengela Ziko langa, olo nilankule kuti niluta kwa mama, nizalutila kuli ziko langa ilimuchionengeko. Nilutile ku Vubwi nakwenko kuli kudonsana, Dundumwezi bani uzyia ati [bafuma kumanda mukushika Dundumwezi] nikati nilutile ku Shang`ombo nakwezi ati kuli Barotse, kapena nizapeza mutendele ka. Chitulika, nizalutila komweko`

Give me back my peaceful country, give me back my old time religion. Give me a country that was characterised with unity, where Harry Mwaanga and Kenneth

Kaunda mingled freely. That great nation was greatly defined as good at hospitality. Where I can move freely in the Bemba land and eat 'ifi sahi nefi nkubala', where I can't go to Eastern province and drink 'Tobwa` and eat 'mbeba`. A country where I can go Western and North Western where I can partake in `Tute and the Opani and wear the msinsi free`. A country where I can go to Southern province, freely passing pass through Dundumwezi, Nega Nega and other parts, where I can freely drink `Chibwantu, Mabisi, eat Musohia, Chibwali. And say I'm proudly Zambia.

I'm praying for my country.

Preston Mwiinga

## Maybe Prostitutes Will Do

So shamelessly you force yourselves on the little kids, bana bachichepele bavutika,

At tender ages their virginites have been lost even when they did not know nor did they understand what sex is.

Sex is death because it has taken them, with pain they screamed out for help but you covered their mouths as you continued to physically and sexually assaulted.

The little angels have not just lost their virginity, but also their lives, The helpless children did not just lose their lives but also their honor.

You have deprived them of the chance to be great people in society,

You criminals have robbed us of the beautiful souls.

If you had wanted sexual pleasure, but did not know how to get a woman to fall for you, you would have called we would have helped you and not murdering the innocent babies.

Kapena tiyeseke mahule, save the children but olo ni mahule osati kutenga myobo zabo because they too are humans

No human being deserves a death penalty, we all need life.

Sex is blessed and it is right to have it but it should be with our wives only not even mahule.

Kapena tiyeseke mahule osati bana dimwe vikulu.

Preston Mwiinga

# Mirror Mirror On The Wall

Mirror on the wall

Mirror mirror of the wall who is the fairest of them all?

You do not need anyone to issue that statement.

you

you look at yourself and think you are not that beautiful because he has not told you so.

You think you are not in for the competition because you are not fashionable like Fashion Sakala.

They mock you that you are not their class because you cannot speak like them, your English is broken like Broken Hill man.

When you look at yourself from the crown of your head, to your foot, you feel weak like a wavered leaf that has been staved water and sun; ight for some time.

They have brazillian hair on their head and youit's either 'Tumukule or Vimikuti' their faces are so fine like the finest mineral and your scruffy like the rough plaster.

Their lips look so fyompeble and yours are dry and cracked because hunger is your neighbor next door.

They go to expensive boutiques and you the only botique you know is salaula the fulama boutique.

They were expensive high heeled shoes and you, tuma shaupwa bwino.

You cry because you think no one can love you, your hope is lost like the Malaysian plane but worry not.

look at your mirror and ask and smile then you will see a a beautifully and wonderfully created in the image of the creator.

You may not have been blessed with material things, but you are blessed with a loving and caring heart.

the most beautiful hearts are those hearts that have cried a lot, those hearts that have endured pain, those hearts that have been through a lot. you are such a person.

beauty lies in the eyes of the beholder they say and I add beauty lies in the eyes of the creator, you are created in God's image

There is that special person somewhere that loves you without that make up. He cares for you even with pimples on your face. He wants you even with your cracked broken lips.

he calls you beautiful even when you where the worst old fashioned clothes.

he wants to marry you even if you wear the shaupwa bwino, he want to upwa

you bwino bwino.

He always has sleepless nights for you, all he wants is to be with you.

he is looking for an opportunity and to confess his tender love to you but not like the fire tenders.

he does not want to take you to a lodge and run away from you like Abed Pele.

He wants to take you home to his relatives and introduce you, he wants to marry you and make you a proud mother of his children.

so look at the mirror and ask yourself, 'Mirror Mirror on the wall who is the fairest of them all.'

Preston Mwiinga

# Mob Justice

You have lost your integrity taking away your own honor. The amnesia in you has become so strong that you have forgotten your national pride the national anthem which defines the nation as a land of work and joy and unity. You have chosen not to be a victor anymore.

What now defines you is the lazy person that who is no different from a vulture that waits for an animal to die for it to find food. It does not have time to work for itself but just by opportunity and chance.

Those days when I heard of M.O.B, what came unto my mind where the american rappers like the G-Unit. But that's not it now.

You have used MOB justice to loot even innocent people`s Shops.

Shame on you, you have chosen ignorance and abashed knowledge, You are a father yes, look at you you have carried with you your wives and children to steal even from innocent people`s shops without proper evidence.

But listen to me. What I have for you is a hard talk. `The undecided frog died with its legs wide open`

I do not not qualify you to be forensic where I could have described you as either white, grey or black hacker. You are not a netizen but a citizen of the land. I do not qualify you to be a white citizen because you not ethical, I neither qualify you to be black because I still believe you have manners, its only that they are bad. You are a grey citizen. The inner voice in you keeps popping in you that you can be a better person but you have chosen to ignore.

Change for the better, MOB is not the solution. You can be a better person.

Preston Mwiinga

# Mums Love

Tiponteko dot com.

You sucked yo #mothers breast for 2years and u have not done anything for her!  
!!!! You have  
being sucking yo #girlfriends breast 4 a week and u have already bought her  
the#IPHONE\_7\_brothers\_receive\_sense

Preston Mwiinga

# My Daughter's Birthday

I want to tell you how much you mean to me.  
You are someone amazing,  
Someone so dear to me,  
Someone I always cherish you mean everything to me.  
Even as I see your success,  
Even as you grow into the great person you are.

Your birthday my baby  
My lovely daughter whom I always love and cherish  
means everything to me.  
May God, the almighty God grant your wishes true.  
May the lord grant you the full wisdom like King Solomon  
May he guide you like the way he guided Elijah.  
With the faith which is like Wi-Fi in your heart,  
May he make you to conquer like Gideon.

You are that precious person to me.  
You are my lovely daughter whom I am well pleased wish.  
You are my princess  
Always in my heart I treasure you more than Gold or Diamond.  
Happy birthday baby.

Preston Mwiinga

# My Departed One

Memories are still fresh,  
Day and night mourning for you  
The cloud is still dark in my eyes  
The world`s are different.  
I have a passport to your world but you can't come to mine.

Do you think about me,  
Do you remember all those memories we shared together.  
I wish I could hold you again,  
I wish you could tease me like you used to.  
I am sorry for all the pain and tears I caused to you whilst you were alive.  
I din`t know that death was going to take you away from me.  
How is it where you are?  
Is the place so silent?  
Is it scary like in the horror movies we watch?  
All may is quite like people are in a silent worship mood?  
I will drop this letter by your grave, reply and drop it in my mail box after  
reading it.  
Peace be still my departed one.

Preston Mwiinga

# My Dream For Mother Zambia

My dream for mother Zambia is to see that united nation  
I long to see people coming together sharing their cultural values,  
Religion, and looking at how best the country is to live in harmony.  
The nation of Zambia Long to see, is a nation that will people politics aside where  
Development is concerned.  
Rome was never built in a single day.....  
Let the big brain, middle brain and those brains looked down upon be  
Incorporated to achieve something best.  
Remember that in a vehicle, all parts are very important.  
I long to see Edgar Lungu alongside Fred Mmembe, Saboi Imbongela, Maureen  
Mwanawasa improving the legal system of the country.  
I long to see Hakainde Hichilema, Chikwanda, Mile Sampa fixing the economy.  
I would love to see Edith Nawakwi, Elias Chipomo, Peter Sinkamba and other  
political players dining together.  
My wants are to see the PF and UPND walking the talk together,  
Representing the nation at summits as one and going round holding rallies  
But not for elections but rallies preaching peace love and unity to all.  
I would love to see PF and UPND Carders doing business together all dressed  
Their regalia.  
My plea to the peace loving Zambians to lower their pangas and  
machetes and embrace peace.  
I long forward to that moment when ZNBC, The Post, Daily Nation, Mwebantu  
Media, Zambian Watchdog and other medias, will have fair reporting.  
I would love to see tribes more especially the Tongas and the Bembas to accept  
each other as brothers and sisters, if possible intermarry without and issues of  
hate attached.  
As I conclude, I would love to see Edgar Lungu put Hakainde Hichilema as his  
facebook profile picture and Hakainde Put Edgar as his whatsapp DP.  
Both of them with the messages of Love, Peace, Unity and reconciliation.  
Say NO! ! ! to hate talks.  
I do believe that dreams do come true, Confirm with me that as  
a nation we can make this dream a reality. As i say, YES WE CAN! ! ! ! ! !

Preston Mwiinga

# My Dreams Restored

It was affirmed, I had recently cleared the territorial exams

By and by I made my parent's fantasies a reality,

I was quite recently sitting tight for his call to satisfy his guarantee for an unexpected blessing when I passed.

It was my dad's line calling, energetically I grabbed, lamentably it was the police calling

With the pitiful news that my folks just passed on in a horrible mischance, my unexpected blessing was their demise.

My fantasies were covered, as I experienced the property getting my dad's family.

My mom's family rejected me blaming me for being a terrible sign.

Wide open to the harsh elements I spent my evenings, for nourishment drop overs made it for me.

With no other choice turned into a stone crusher since I needed to proceed with my instruction.

In spite of the fact that risky, It was as the stone particles could enter my eyes, or perhaps smash my fingers I did it for my instruction.

With somewhat capital, I was currently an affirmed road seller offering freezits, and battling with council officers as distributing was not legitimate all over the place.

With the battle for school and survival now I was an affirmed camera man with a similarity camera yet it was fleeting as I sold it when I needed to pay my exam charges.

I just passed my energized, and I had fit the bill to seek after my advanced education at one of the college yet I was denied sponsorship life appeared to have achieved a deadlock, not until Eden University came into restore my fantasies, gave me back my desire an explanation behind accepting and to live to

my fantasies when they gave me a grant and quality instruction included a supplement by offering me good and otherworldly support in this befuddled universe of ruined young people of my edge.

After all has been said and done, I say Eden is my University, Your University and our dream University.

Preston Mwiinga

# My Grandpa Lusaka

My grandpa Lusaka when you were young, you were so powerful you walked tall because of your nature. Though you were not as smart as your brother Luansha, you still stood smart. Though you were not much into picnics, fun and leisure, like your other brother Livinstone you still attracted many of your children. Though you never played gambling, betted silver, gold copper like your brother who even called himself copperbelt who could even go digging for these minerals to live a luxurious life, you still had your part. Though you were not like your southern who spent much of his time on the farm cultivating, you never slept hungry. You stayed far away from your distant brothers western and north western but you still got the sand to build your mansions like the state house. You have always been keeping your monies muja mu BOZ. You never went into the river to catch fish like your talkative brother Luapula but you still had fish. Your younger brother central was much into fabrics, you saw him rise and fall like Idi Amin in his textile company, Mulungushi textiles, you stood by him. When your other distant brother Eastern chose a simple life of dwelling on bicycles, you still balanced yours. My Grandpa what has gone wrong today? Your face is too wrinkled, you are even failing to walk upright because you are weak. My Grandpa your investments have not been maintained hence looking as if they place for acting hammer house of error. You are vulnerable to disease. Cholera is rampant, your streets are now filled with street kids. I want to see my grandpa Lusaka get back on his feet. Let's us clean granny, let's care for him. Let us maintain his investments like the fidecco, indeco house and our special monuments. Unleash we will add smiles to granny

Preston Mwiinga

# My Heart Is With The Abandoned

Some people feel humbled when they rub shoulders honorable people like ministers, political figures, clergy

But

feel dishonored to rub shoulders with the condemned like prisoners and others.

On your way up my comrade, remember that the poor in society play a vital part in you ascending to your success

My feel, our feel as poets

Every person is honorable despite their status,

we shall rub shoulders with everyone despite their status in the society.

We will sit and dine together with street kids,

we shall visit the prisoners and encourage them to be good,

we shall give some sweet melodies to the blind because most of them are gifted with that,

we shall have person to person interactions with prostitutes, and help them to change.

We will help each other with a lot of people, we all have a need in one way or the other

Preston Mwiinga

# My Man A Stray Dog

Your chaffs are so charming that even the fierce lion will fail to roar but instead jump into laughter.

Your voice is so taking such that even the irritated heart will sit still to listen and never move

Your touch is that of an angelic touch such that when you hold me I never feel like leaving your side. I always want to be held in your alms,  
I your alms, I always feel the peace, the comfort and the belief that our love is that never ending love.

You are handsome from the crown of your head to the bottom of your feet.

You are the ladies favorite because many would want you to go out with them.

The single ones want you to date them because of your ability and the married ones too have not left you alone like the person that decides to leave a whatsapp group and it says 'Left' to make funny of it some in a group would even comment jokingly with broken English saying you 'lefted'

Reality is that the some of these married women have left their homes broken as the decided to 'LeftED' with you. Don't mind my chizungu because I am talking about left.

Alas my man, you are different, you are not like the honest Joseph in the bible but rather you have chosen to date and flirt with many like Solomon, but you are different because King Solomon repented.

You are a womanizer, always taking ladies to lodges and hotels,

You always do your level best to end your romance with them in bed, even married women you do that to.

You claim you love me but you always deny me in public,

You say you will do anything to make me happy but you have done everything to make me cry.

Your love is like vapor just passing by, I know I am not that cute lady like them; my body is not fully shaped like them.

I know I do not have a proper back side like them,

My face is not characterized with dimples but with pimples and you says ladies with dimples are cute, is that the reason why you play with the nipples leaving me with wrinkles on my face.

My heart is not a playground even if you tickle me I will not laugh.

You are evil, my all my sacrifices you have ignored. Just for you I have rejected many people's proposals whilst you are injecting HIV into yourself.

Despite you being a player, my player has always been soft for you, I have just been forging you but you have taken it for granted.

You think I am vulnerable but no, I am not a stray dog like you, I am principled, cultured and I have manners not like yours.

I am not like them who are after your money, I fight for my own, I will not allow you to continue taking advantage of me.

Get away, get away, and Go away I do not need you in my life anymore. The same way my love for you developed that is the exact way I am killing it.

Go join your fellow stray dogs, carriers of rubies in form of STI's in them and let me alone, because the best is yet to come for me.

Preston Mwiinga

# My Mother

My mother I love so much has given me everything.  
She kisses my forehead when going to bed.  
Hugs me when I'm scared of the dark and sings for me till I'm fast asleep.  
She wakes me up in the morning and tells me she loves me.  
I love her too.  
When I have error-ed she corrects me,  
I cry then she looks at me with her loving heart she tells me to run after her and  
embraces me,  
She tells me not to repeat the mistake.

She takes me to school and picks me from school.  
She encourages me to do my homework and holds my hands as we walk together.

I will love this kind mother all my life long.  
I am a little toddler but her care I feel,  
Her love is in me,  
My Mother lives in me.

Preston Mwiinga

# My Romantic Life

I was born in a special land, this a place where the priests used to live.

This land is known as `Preston`, Preston means priests land. I guess that now explains, why I always try to be humble on all my way.

My story, I have been gifted in a lot of ways in my romantic journey. The time I did not know how to love that was a time a person who taught me how to love came into my love. Her name was Janet meaning `Gift from God` things didn't go according to what I expected because I had not involved God in my selection. Our journey came to an end and embarked on a new journey in my local language `Lweendo` I toiled well in my journey till we reached a No through road.

My journey was not continued little little by little. I then led a very simple life till I met `Kantu` in my local language `Kantu` means a little thing. Little things can be addictive, little things can be troublesome. My life with with a little thing was a mess, it was a life of disaster. She was like a little horn in my life.

But this was not the end of my journey. I walked alone in the bushes thinking about my life. I saw nature, I saw beautiful flowers and I wished I could give someone cute flowers. That was a time when I saw a beautiful flower around and I said wow! I talked with her and she said her name was `Maluba` in my local language meaning beautiful flowers.

Maluba gave me a reason for being happy. I believe in love once again, she love once again and because of this I proudly say, I love `Choolwe` in my local language meaning lucky. I m so lucky being inlove with her. She loves me an conditionally, and explains very well her name. Choolwe Maluba, our journey is here to stay, till we grow old together.

God allowed me to meet a few wrong ones before I finally met Choolwe Maluba. I'm so lucky.

Preston Mwiinga

# My Story About Zambia

I'm an African and a proud Democratic and Patriotic Zambian.

Africa is my motherland and Zambia is my station.

Just a bit about Zambia;

Lusaka is our Headquarters, a business area, home of the state house.

people are very good at hospitality.

In Lusaka we practice true democracy because of this we have a lot of political parties.

Among est them are: PF the ruling party. UPND the fearless party.

MMD the once upon a time giant,

Southern the home of our food production.

Maize the source of our steeple food Nshima is grown here.

Here I also introduce your to Mabisi (sour milk) , Chibwantu (Traditional beverage)

chiabwali(sweet potatoes) Musozya its also a home of the great victoria falls Livingstone.

Copperbelt; a home of the mining activities and a home of the jereboz.

CBU has rilly developed Zambia.

Nothern. Come here and I will teach you how to cook Nshima, Chiwawa(pumpkin leaves) ne mbalala(groundnuts) fyakushashila (mixed) Eastern.

A land of bicycles and mbeba. A land of of our 'stepple launage nyanja' western:

Land of the Litunga, Ngambela and the barotse(the lozi tribe) very intelligent and famously known for the kuomboka ceremony, eating the opani. We have a lot about Zambia but for now let me end here as i welcome you

Preston Mwiinga

# My Wife

When we first met, the thought of us together was crazy and impossible. I tried to hide my feelings and did successfully yet painfully. We became closer over time and my feelings only strengthened.

Then one ordinary day turned extraordinary when you confessed you had feelings for me. I told you how I felt and then you kissed me. I knew it was wrong but it felt so... right. Like we were meant to be together. You made me feel like everything was going to be all right.

I couldn't believe that someone as beautiful and wonderful as you would love me back. I still can't. Its been 20 days since that amazing day and I feel exactly the same as I did, love you just as much if not more.

Before you my life was empty, meaningless. I thought it would be like that until the day I died. But after we got together I was happier than I have ever been, you gave my life meaning. You filled the empty spot in my heart. I can't imagine living without you, and I won't.

Today I am the luckiest man alive. I love you more than I can ever tell you or show you, and will love you forever and always.

It has been long in coming to this day. I chose you, \_\_\_\_\_, to be my wife years ago. For whatever reason, fate has chosen to delay this union several times. But I believe that everything does have a reason. The reason in this case is to show me just how much you truly mean to me.

My life had been incomplete when I met you. It became more so when I did and today completes that journey, making my soul whole for the first time in my life. I promise to be the best man that I can be for you. You have brought out the very best in me and I promise you that I will not falter in my love for you or my life with you. If my daughter is the light of my life, you are the sky to which I wake every morning. You embody the bright skies and full nights of my life. It is by this ring and this ceremony that I make you that which you should have been so long ago. I love you and never shall let you go.

Preston Mwiinga

# Names

Girls name on facebook

1. American girl \_ Maria Smith
2. Japanese girl \_ Natasha Lee
3. Ghanian girl \_ Jackie. A. Appiah
4. Zambian girl \_ 'Itx Dat Sex Pweedy

Curvy Chocolate Slay Queen:

My sister but why? ? ?

ni your names now have number as if you are vehicles, navo vimbaya mbaya?

Preston Mwiinga

# Ni Hope

Some things take time. Stay patient + stay positive. Things will get better. (Ni one day fye, fikabalansa bigge)

Preston Mwiinga

# No Valentines Love For You

You want me to give you precious gifts this valentines but I say No  
You tell me you want me to take you out this Valentines, Ine nakana  
Let me tell you about Real Love, welll.....It is not based on Valentine, iya if I  
can not love you on an ordinary day then something is wrong somewhere  
You want me because I am romantic I will not come  
being in red and black on valentines like capsules,  
candle light dinners,  
and walks along the beach or in the bushy areas.  
It is based on respect, compromise,  
care, and trust  
One love kwasila

Preston Mwiinga

# Noreen Knows Better

Hakuna Matata, I always said and she always responded that there is no need to worry.

Her wisdom has the capability of even cooling a volcano, the strength to quench a bush fire, it even prevents the Tsunami.

I want you to know what you wanted to remind me to remind you about life issues, even as I am made to note that Noreen knows better.

She has seen me happy as well as sad.

She has seen the jovial me as well as the frustrated me but still she still tried to help me become a better me and never a beast

She lectured me that evil can never solve evil what a blessed friend she is.

My friends Noreen knows better.

She always reminds me that life must always be lived but of course not in regrets.

She always hints that to everything God has a purpose for his own. She is there as a friend of all times, she is the virtuous woman using her time wisely, she a friend of all times to her family and friend.

She is a loving and caring wife to her husband Mr Sampa. And blessing to the society and her simblings.

Just incase you forgot, I am reminding you that I am talking about my good friend.

'Noreen knows better'

Preston Mwiinga

# Not Carders

We are patriotic youths born and bred in Zambia

six to six fighting and defending my country, promoting love, peace and unity  
among-st all Zambians

We will not let them treat me like our countrymen as superior by making them  
bottle-tops they are never inferior

We shall not be dump when you call us your chaps because we were born to be  
champs

We will boldly carry the lamp of hope to our fellow youths by embracing  
education because we are today's leaders

We are proud being found in the camp of intellectuals we will jump whatever  
hump they have put before us

A harp has been sounded and we are the hope for a better tomorrow

Preston Mwiinga

# Not In God`s Image

Who are you because I do not know you,  
I wonder where you came from,  
Your traces are hidden like the children's game, Hide. And seek.  
Who created you? Because if I was going get into science even for a bit, I  
discover that you are not even in the history of evaluation.  
My grand father told me about Broken Hill Man, I have learnt about Andy Man, I  
know about Zinjathropas, Nanga iwe who are you?

I even doubt if God ever created a creature like you when he says, I created you  
in my own image`  
You are far away from what he created.  
Your appearance, your tongue, your behaviors so disgusting.  
Your body is changed as you yellow and black as if it is a rotten banana if not so  
then you you resemble a zebra.  
My Grand Parents would tattoo their animals for identity and prevention from  
theft, but now your body is tattoood all over, you say its fancy but to me don't  
ask me because I will be open that you look ugly.  
Your behavior makes God to wonder.  
I assume even dogs at times confess about your immorality and if they had the  
powers to sue you, they would have done it for continuously raping them.  
As if that not enough you sleep around with someone of your same sex the thing  
Dogs never even wish to do  
Your tongue is infected with the infectious diseases of insults, your tongue is not  
circumcised it speaks anyhow. It has grown big headed that it even has the guts  
to even insult God the creator.  
What kind of a creature are you because not even God knows you.

Preston Mwiinga

# Now Is The Time

You have taken God for granted, thinking he was your playmate,  
listen to me, we are talking about the living God,  
we are proclaiming a living God who was there before time,  
he later came to this earth in human form,  
he suffered like human being,  
walked and worked like human being.  
misunderstood by the people he came to deliver, they crucified him  
they killed the king.  
but to show how supernatural he was, on day number three, he arose from the  
state of being dead, indication that he has power over death.

God is available everyday, not just today. If you don't have time for God, nothing  
is going to work out right in your life. Because life without God is like an un-  
sharpened pencil; there is no point.

now is the time that we get down on our knees and pray.  
now is the time, that we enjoy the days of our youths, whatever we find to do,  
now is the time that we do it with all our mighty  
but in the lord, for when we die all those worldly things will be vanity.

now is the time that we pass on God message to all the world,  
now is the time that we should slumber less because the devil is moving like a  
rolling lion looking for someone to deceive.  
not is the time that the church must just be the church that leads but the church  
that reads and understands.

Preston Mwiinga

## O Death Where Is Your Sting! ! !

'I missed you' he said as I walked into the room, sat next to him and held his hand. 'my my papa' I said, ' you're back in this hotel room? ' he liked to call the hospital room his hotel smiled weakly and nodded his head. ' one for you, one for me' I said as I handed him a bottle of natural yoghurt. he looked at me and said he was gonna take it later coz he was nibbling on some beetroot. I smiled and told him we'd take the yoghurt at the same time. he asked me how i was doing as i wiped the sweat off his head. I told him I was OK and asked how he was feeling. he looked me in the eye and said 'I missed you, but now i have to go'. that was so unbelievable. I was massaging his hands and smiled slightly. I watched him dose off slowly. I felt his fingers and hands freeze and stiffen. all I could do was pray as I held on to his hand. watched as the nurses did their thing but the Lord said was time for my father to rest. He was so tired and the Lord called him home. we do not understand why but we will understand it better by and by. but until then our hearts will go on singing and with joy we shall carry ad of asking why it happened, will think of where the Lord will lead and take us from here so that we can smile thru these tears and never forget Gethsemane. shall death separate us from the Love of God? no way! ! ! tho the devil hates us he can never separate us from the wonderful love of God. therefore, we shall continue to give thanks in all things because this is the will of God thru Christ Jesus concerning these things. let not our hearts be troubled and sorrow like others which have no hope, because Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus shall rise first I can't wait to hear your story. I shall look for you for I will be there too.

Preston Mwiinga

# O Woman Speak Out

speak spaeak speak  
dont be silent  
your place is high  
you have your dignity to protect

Preston Mwiinga

# One Day You'll Be Happy Again

If you were cheated on, dumped for no  
good  
reason,  
Brokenhearted by that special person  
who was your  
everything,  
Who taught you what love is, Whom  
you cared for so much,  
Who meant the world to you...  
Don't feel so low because you're  
not alone.

Cry as much as you can but when  
you're done ask  
yourself these few questions.

1. Why am I crying now?
2. Was I meant to cry?
3. If he/she was the right person for  
me now why  
did he or she  
make me cry and even leave me for no  
good reason?
4. Was I worth this?
5. Does he or she fail to sleep and eat  
just like me or  
he is out there having fun with other  
new people?
6. Is that person stressed like  
me?
7. Does he/she feel any pain just like  
me?
8. Does that person miss me at all?

After answering all those questions  
then get down  
on your knees and pray to God to  
make you be  
strong and to help you find someone  
who will love  
you  
genuinely with no limitations, pretense,

peer  
pressure,  
Someone who will be faithful &  
honest to you,  
Someone who will be caring  
about you,  
who will be serious with you, Someone  
who won't be after your  
body or money.  
Trust me God will help you find  
someone who will erase away all  
that pain in your heart.  
Who will appreciate everything you  
will sacrifice for  
him or her,  
Someone who will feel your love  
and care.  
So for now stop over calling, texting,  
pleading and  
crying for your heartless ex Because  
you are just wasting your  
time.  
You're just a laughing matter to  
him or her and even the friends.  
He or she is having fun out there and  
dating other  
people.  
Just try to live your life. You will get  
over that pain  
with time and you will find someone  
who is worthy  
your heart.  
Trust me one day your ex will also  
miss you,  
He/she will try to contact you and  
even to ask you  
for forgiveness but it will be too late  
for him or her.  
Relax for now; don't rush to fall in love  
again.  
Give yourself time, know yourself  
better; enjoy the

stress free  
single life as you're preparing for  
someone better.  
You'll be happy again one day.

Preston Mwiinga

# One Memeber, One Soul

One member one saul, Let us reach to the world.  
we need to inform,  
let us proclaim the word,  
The world must know the love of God  
The message  
The message must be passed to everyone  
It is what it is  
The best stratergy,  
One member, One soul,  
This is what we have be commissioned to do.

Preston Mwiinga

# Only The Blood

Only the blood of Jesus  
can wash our sins away  
the only thing that can cleanse and purify  
and bring a joyful day

If Jesus had not shed his blood for us  
we would be forever lost  
but he did pay the price for our salvation  
with his own blood on the cross

Only the blood can take a black heart  
and make it pure white  
to transform a sinner's life  
and deliver from our awful plight

If not for the blood of the sinless lamb of God,  
we could have no peace,  
but trusting in that crimson flow  
gives freedom from sin and a sweet release

Only the blood of Jesus  
can make our sins white as snow  
When we ask for his mercy  
his forgiveness we can know

Yes, only the blood, only the blood,  
nothing else will do  
only the blood of Jesus poured out in love  
on Calvary for me and you

Preston Mwiinga

# Open Letter To My Lovely Wife Mrs Mwiinga

Jnr..... ???

???.....It is yet another day when your age has to change like the score board in a football match.

But like the generation of computing which keep increasing In processing power you keep growing wiser and wiser, you are wise than the artificial intelligence. I have no doubt that your wisdom is of the descendants of King Solomon.

We are not celebrating our anniversary yet but I am celebrating the beauty of a woman, We are celebrating a birthday of a beautiful flower that keeps blossoming, Maluba is your identity and you have put a tag in my heart written 'Choolwe' Today the 23rd I am celebrating my wife's birthday. Happy birthday to the one and only love of my life.

Happy birthday to woman who stands by and supports me in everything.

Happy birthday ?? to the woman behind never giving up because that moment I feel low, she holds me, she makes me get up on my feet and tells me to push on.

Happy birthday ?? to the woman that always keeps me strong in Christ and a woman that always reminds me the importance of prayer ??

Happy birthday to the woman that received favour and blessings from my family and friends.

Happy birthday to the mother of our yet to come children. At this moment, I even take this opportunity to talk to you our unborn children. 'Your mother has vowed to make you walk in the path of righteousness, she loves you even before you are born'

Happy birthday to the part of me.

Happy birthday to the woman that has made me understand what marriage is.

Happy birthday to the woman that loved and accepted me for who I am.

Happy birthday to a woman of Virtua who has found favour in the eyes of God and many.

???.....To you my dearest wife, my best companion, my best friend, I promise, ?I promise to stand by you in all things,

I promise you that I will never raise a ? at you you because I already raised when answering questions in class.

I promise, that I will never make you cry, if I do then they will be tears of joy.

?I promise that I will not walk?? behind you but I will walk besides you ??

?I promise that I will stand by you in your journey of success because that is our success.

?I promise that I will not allow you to be voiceless, I will be your megaphone,

?I promise I will always give you ?? attention because you are me and I am you.

May this birthday ?? honey re-candle our love even as I am reminded that it is our birthday because we are one ??.

I love you ?? my dearest wife.

From your husband Preston Mwiinga.

Preston Mwiinga

# Open Letter To The Potential Side Chick

Dear Potential Side Chick,

I believe you are fine but I know you are not very fine due to circumstances of life. I am very fine as well, life is blessing me.

I write this letter to appreciate you for all the compliments on me. That photo you posted on the social media when you pic mixed me with you is looking nice, I appreciate your efforts though I did not send you the pic so that you do the editing of me and you, you just stocked on me and so the art you could work on. I'm warning you to not do that next time because that is plagiarism, it is forgery and that is invading my private life. I am private property and you are not allowed to trespass.

I am always flattered when you tell me i am hot, I always develop the pride in me when you tell me you like my just and that I am like that movie star in your favorite movie. When you tell me that voice is addictive talking to, I always ask myself, Is really true that I am an angel because you have told me that several times. By the way even your best friend has told me the same thing, she told me not to tell you about, so don't tell her, I told you because I do not want the two of you to have a quarrel over me, I'm ready to appeal in Kachepa News that with a heading, 'Best friends fight hard to be blessed by one blesser' yes i can do the blessing but i am not ordained to bless many but just one, unfortunately its neither you nor your friend. But dont die with heart attack, because I know the truth hurts.

Your phone is like an alarm because it always calls me late in the night, maybe I should ask you, do you work night shift? And about the texts you send, my phone is monitored via CCTV so my woman sees all your texts. Don't worry she will not follow you to beat you up, she very civilized to do that, she has the trust in me and I love her. You have been asking if I love you or not and I have never told you, okay no worry, today you will know. I know you see a blesser in me, but I don't see a blessie in you. I am not ordained to bless many but just one, that is my only woman in whom i am very pleased and proud of.

I will end here, but please don't pray for things to turn sour with my woman, because it will not. You being a vulture will not help you, otherwise you will grow old hoping and waiting and your market will depreciate to nothing so I urge you to get a life whilst you can. 'Ndine wabene'

Yours with care

Disappointing Blessie

Preston Mwiinga

# Open Letter To The President Of The Republic Of Zambia

Dear Mr President

I greet you with love and blessings

I hereby present our cries as the people of Zambia Zingalume, George and Lilanda more in particular.

We want to let you know your excellence that we are living in terror and fear. We are being murdered by our fellows like goats. Each night we go to bed we do not know what these unknown killers will do to us. I was imagining the deaths of our beloved. Attacked innocently with chemical and charms they are made paralyzed. Whilst still very much alive, they start cutting their ears, then they pluck off their eyes like it is boys plucking Mangoes from a tree. They carry out this act like it is Noah in the bible telling the animal to enter in pairs in the ark.

As our brethren's lay helplessly but in pain like hell has fallen on planet earth, if they are ladies they cut off their breasts. If women's breast are being cut off, who is going to mother the babies left sleeping at home whilst their mothers is in the human An abattoir or slaughterhouse dying a painful death without honor. The men are made to under goes the deep circumcision; their manhood's are being cut whilst they can't help themselves. Mr President, these are bread winners and dependable children.

Finally like it is in a movie the Mortal Combat, the killers say in their hearts, 'Finish Him'. At this moment they strugle them direct on the chest targeting the heart. The victims cry out in pain as they face the earth for the last time and kiss it goodbye, it is finished as they die, all their plans come to ruin because the unknown killers take away their lives for the sake of them wanting to build a Nigerian house, because of them wanting to drive big cars, get their desired women. I wonder if even animals can love because these people behave like vultures reprogramed as they do not wait for people to die on their own, they actual hunt for people. I do not call them poachers but devils.

'The devil is moving like a Rowling lion looking for someone to devour. We are living in terror like it is the antelopes in the jungle scared that a lion would show up. With tears and total grief in my heart I plead with you, please issue your voice. This is a cry for help on behalf of the Zambian, help sir deploying more officers, the defense and the intelligence to help with total investigations so that these devils are brought to light and face the wrath of the law.

Zambia 'twalila'and we are still mourning this grief is too much our eyes are like the oasis in the desert, our faces are swollen like speedy humps, our faces have

become red like someone has applied red oxide on us. Our voices have gone like we have been jubilating all night long and yet we have been mourning. This is our cry for help to you your excellence we believe you will voice out like you always do when we present our petitions.

With these tears I pen off or lay my hands off the keyboard

Preston Mwiinga

Preston Mwiinga

# Open Letter To The President Of Zambia

Dear MR President

RE: THE DEFAULT KILLING OF HUSBANDS AND BOY FRIENDS

It is with genuine trust and trust that the Lord is favoring you even as you proceed resolutely working for this incredible country Mother Zambia.

Sir in your bustling timetable of building up our nation, I drop this letter, as I did when I cried to you for the benefit of millions Zambians on the custom Killings, Allow me to state thank you to your office your Excellency on the overcome move you made, till those discovered needing were captured.

Sir, Today I formally cry for the benefit of the Men henceforth for known as Husbands and Boy Friends who are likewise auxiliary casualties to the past custom killings as the greater part of the general population who lost their lives were men.

The time Gender Based Violence (GBV) was at its peak, truly battles were directed to instruct the country and to convey to book the offenders. It was satisfying to note that even concerned men joined the supporter till we saw the adjustment in men.

That fight is practically won, yet there is a savage one that requires you mediation, that is the issue of ladies executing their spouses, lamentably this sickness has now spread to the slaughtering of sweethearts.

I for one don't comprehend what evil presence enters a few women that they dismiss to take life simply like that. Zambia has gotten to resemble the live scene of the blood and gore flick, 'The Hummer House of Horror'

We are living in the time where by when you wake up, you need to check if your neighbor is still alive. The principle issue is you won't not know who will murder you, what they will use to execute you and when they will slaughter you.

Our lives as the male subject are at that peril zone, Young men are terrified of dating now, Those prepared for marriage, would favor being in a theological school that losing life, and those in marriage living in dread and presuming that the most secure place in their folks home.

Your excellency when most men lose their lives, who will wed our women? , who will work as one with the ladies for more prominent advancement? Men may turn out to be rare like the rhino, the most noticeably bad this that can happen is the point at which they keep running into elimination.

My unassuming interest for the millions men and concerned ladies, is Please Sir solidify the discipline for those discovered needing. GBV in the past for the most part centered around the ladies, Your Excellency, through your office, benevolently let the officers accountable for these cases realize that It doesn't make men weaklings when they report that they have defrauded.

As I close, permit me to state I put stock in your awesome capacities as you are a listening President and I have doubtlessly you will follow up on this matter.

To the individuals who lost their lives subsequently the late murders, I say may God be with their families.

Yours dependably

Preston Mwiinga

(Sexual orientation Activist)

Preston Mwiinga

# Our Dear Brother The Rains

Our dear brother the rains we welcome you back.

Your made your scene without committing a sin when you showered us with the blessings.

I know we go soaked but you gave us a reason to always freshen ourselves with a bath to remove the tattoos formed as a result of dirty on our bodies in our native tongue we call them `Madindilizi`

Our dear brother, the rains, your stay we appreciate for you are not like your cousin dust which just comes to dirt-en our homes.

You are not like the dollar where everyone is saying Dollor yakwela, naenda kwatu ku Ndola, Bambuya baniitana ati Kobola ndaba Dollar ichaisa ka Bola monga baja bosecha Mu Chola`

You are not like the economic crunch that plays cards with our lives.

Your presence gives us water for bathing, powers our power stations, provides us with food.

So stay with us, your presence is highly needed

Preston Mwiinga

# Our Mothers

Holding a newborn child is the most heartwarming experience. You can feel the beauty of unconditional love in your heart when your child smiles at you and when you hear the laughter from their innocent voice. Your child trusts you, your child respects you, and your child genuinely loves you. You are a hero to your children; your children come first before you, sustain the respect and love that they have with you. Communicate with your child; explain and model for them the differences between right and wrong. Teach your children how to love; your children learn to love from you. Your children are the beauty of you, give your heart and gift more love

Preston Mwiinga

# Player

Tiponteko dot com..m..

You think you are a player,  
You say you are good at flattering ladies,  
You are a top scorer in sleeping around,  
You even lay with your friends women,  
You call it a game...

Continue my friend, infact play them with all your mighty,  
Sleep around the more! You are the man of the moment  
But remember, you are kissing your dooms day.

You will wake up only to discover that your pride is taken away that moment  
when you will find you your beloved woman with your best friend,  
You will develop a heart attack but the doctor will tell your ati ulina. Egesi (Aids)  
Naponta....

Preston Mwiinga

# Poetry Gave Me You! ! !

I believe in in poetry because it gave me you.  
Just like the saying; , good things come to those who wait,  
I waited  
I waited patiently for my heart to cool and to be able to love once again.  
It had been shuttered prematurely like the  
Mulungushi Textiles in Kabwe.  
I had closed my heart like the reflector ribbons at the crime scene.

The opposition against me by other people.  
The tight security you received to prevent you from talking to me.  
Your calmness in your speech, your hard-work demonstrating  
A cultured and well groomed behavior,  
And your beauty that reflected in my eyes.  
Gave me a reason love again.

Love conquers anything, despite the tight security on you,  
I at-least manged to book a date with you for worship in the chapel.  
Your smiles, were magical neutralizers of my sadness.  
Just like the quote, 'In front of a cute lady, every man becomes a poet'  
I saw myself prophesying ahead like it Prophet T.B Joshua.  
To you I said,  
'During this arena, when you climb a tree for camp obstacles, i shall be your  
camera man.  
When you start crawling on the rope, i will give you the boostele.  
When you become tired and about to fall, i will be  
There as your life saver.  
When you fall, i shall hold you.  
When you faint, i will give you first aid so that when you regain consciousness,  
I want you to first see me before anyone.

Because of love, all these came to pass,  
As my casualty, yours was the special attention.  
I believe in poetry because it gave me you.  
That evening I recited a sweet poem fro my heart to yours.  
Poetically, I spoke, poetically held you and poetry my love for you was detected.

A journey of a thousand miles begins with one step,  
I took a step and poetically you told me, you love me to.  
Poetically I am deeply drowned in



# Poetry Of Thanx

My sincere thanks goes to God almighty for adding another year to my life as celebrated my birthday yesterday and this whole month of November hence fourth known as the 'November man'

My gratitude goes to everyone here and other platforms who took time send me those sweet wishes on my timeline, in my inbox and on the pages associated with my name. You people are amazing and you are the best.

To my Parents, my brothers and sisters on this platform and at home, thank you for your love.

To my friends within and out, I say you guys are amazing.

To my fans on Preston Mwiinga page, we have begun another 365 days of unlimited motivation, inspiration on our page.

To Choolwe Maluba, Thanks love for standing with me throughout. I know I have at times been stubborn but you always stand by me, speaking the truth into my stubborn head and in the end making me a better person.

All in all I love you all, you are that amazing family even as I say when friends become family, we are family now.

I love you. I love you and I will continue loving you.

Yes you. I mean you. You reading and smiling I love you.

Preston Mwiinga

# Political Prophet

Please talk to us. You were like a voice in the wilderness  
but this time in the political scene.

You warned of the coming calamities,  
we did not hear you,  
we gave you a deaf ear.

Talk to us the same way you did.

You warned us,

Now we need you to give us solutions to our crisis.

We promise to be attentive this time,  
we shall listen to you.

We appreciate your great wisdom

Preston Mwiinga

## Politicians Like Flirts

Politicians are not different from a blesser to his blessie when he wants to lay with her. She will fall into his lies and fake stories before she could realize that its too late, her skirts have already been pulled up.

Same with political leaders, they come to the ordinary citizen desperately and convincingly seeking for a vote. They come with many promises that include bringing heaven to mother earth.

The most important thing is never to be caught in a web of these blessers hence known as politicians wanting to blessie you and flirt with you using you as a sex machine hence known as a voter.

You do not need extra time for regrets because its either you will fall pregnant or you will be infected with a deadly HIV hence known as a voter who will graduate from being poor to being very poor.

Preston Mwiinga

# Potential Hater

Dear Hater!

I have some message for you. It is not the message of hate but love. I do not have beef with you but peace with you.

To you I'm like the post or daily mail newspaper always making headlines, always stocking me and what I do. Does my life really contain you?

How much do you get paid for your cheap gossips because I know that you are a freelancer in world of gossips.

You talk to much as if they have put hot Chili in your mouth.

I'm not angry at you NO!

I'm not attacking you NO!

I'm not insulting you NO!

You amuse me because of your nature. You add smiles to me because of your busy body nature, You have become an athlete because of your gossips. Your tongue is not circumcised, you talk anyhow, spitting poison like a spitting cobra. Your looks are that of a responsible person, but the real you is hypocrisy. You stand like a fig tree bearing nice figs and yet inside those fruits is a house of ants. You are a evangelist for you proclaims gossips. You are evil and destructive more than Ebola.

`Nomba ba hater umfweni` ngatamuli Your neighbor will update you. The more you gossip about me, the more you loose your integrity and give me fame. The strength you try to you to bring me down by building up strong towers of gossips against me, The more I will get my trumpet and blow it seven days around your great walls of gossips and you will fall like Jerico.

The more you spread your hate, the more you will grow with wrinkles on your face and ugly because you have not vision like Squirdward in Spongy Bob square pants. You have tried to paint my image a bad picture, you forgot that you actually used water paint but wait for your oil paint as you will be painted like those ladies at jet stores.

Do you really need me to become a Pastor and pray for you that my my enemies loose their front teeth so that they are noticed like you are an advertisement on the billboard.

Because of your anger and rage against the shadow you can not see, you will explode like the phoenix in Harry Potter.

I am like the Gold tested in fire, I have been beaten, insulted humiliated, broken down

But.....

The light beyond the tunnel has always given me hope and motivation, I have

always risen and still remained happy. I am strong, I am me, I am highly favored.

If you can't fight me, better you join me in the world of peace.

Yours Malston

One love kwasila

Preston Mwiinga

# Praising God For Those Thieves

I woke up early in the morning to attend the camp meeting. As I arranged, I went to our point where we were all going to be picked from. This place is opposite our stationery shop. As I got there, I realized that the shop was open, things displaced all over. It was at that moment that I realized we had been robbed. I wondered for a minute why the thieves did that more especially on a day I wanted to go worship my God at the camp meeting. The next thing on my mind was, if I should wake up the land-lady and inform her of the development at the shop. My final decision was not to disturb the land-lady and her family and also not to disturb my worship mood, that made me to just push the door and proceeded with my journey as though nothing happened.

When we were set we traveled as a team, I told nobody of what had happened. My mood was high spirited as though I never had anything bothering my mind. On our arrival at the campsite, smiling faces of men and women of God welcomed us. The smiling deacons showed us our way to the chapel. The man of God, the preacher preached with high favor and all my problems seemed never to have ever existed. Christ was in me and in everyone.

When the day was done in the evening, we drove back home. It was at this moment that I decided to visit my good land-lady. With a sad face, she looked into my eyes and told me that we had been robbed. I smiled and said I know that we have been robbed but let us praise God that this had happened as the faith was being tested. It took us a day after to get to know what had gone missing as we worried not because the lord was in control.

## Conclusion

Worry not about material things for they will eventually wear out. Do not let your earthly worries take you away from the sight of the lord because he is a giver of all our possession. Our salvation should matter the most for we only live once. So brethren in our happy and sad moments let us always glorify him. There is a purpose for every bad situation in our lives, take an example of a dead clock, It is twice correct in a day. And take note that God will never allow situations that you can not manage to solve in your life and mine too. This is why I repeat and say, Praise God for those thieves.

Preston Mwiinga

# Prayer Tiponteko

You find it difficult to close your eyes during prayers but before his or her lips touches yours, your eyes will close like Tilapia Fish.  
Continue.

Preston Mwiinga

# Preston

Many of you ask who I am well I will tell you that my name is preston. I am that comboni boy that is PRACTICAL with the good ways of life.

Looking for a friend to trust I can confirm with you that I am that RELIABLE friend that you can rely upon because I am so ENERGETIC to stand in well for you.

My SINCERE heart is so generous to forgive and forget even in tough situation, I do not pretend to be what I'm not because if you are to ask me, I will confirm ati sindine orijaba ndine mu guys chabe wapa easy ndine ORIGINAL Zed bread.

To end it all, I am NICE because you are nice with me.

Preston Mwiinga

# Pride

pride will take u to the land of grassland just like king Nebuchadnezzar.  
remember that even a dangerous lion falls pregnant and screams when giving  
birth.

never forget the people who see going up because they are ones to hold you  
when you will be coming done.  
so kill the pride

Preston Mwiinga

# Prodigal Daughter

I am not ready to come home yet.

If you want, you can classify me as a prodigal daughter but not like Pamela because I have not robbed any bank.

The only thing I have done is to take part in increasing the number of beings on Earth.

I know you have said you have forgiven me, but still I am not ready to come back home yet, because of the shortcut I used in implementing what the Bible says on go and multiply.

Tradition I have broken and it is required that mine guy takes responsibility for partaking in the hidden fruit, the church has the mandate to dismember me because mine sin is a public one.

I Know you had the fury in me, but because you value relationships so much, you have forgiven me, and with your open alms you have requested me to come back home.

I am not ready yet, my face is covered with shame, I was your pride but now your face is down because of me, I will think about it

Preston Mwiinga

# Property Grabbing

Each time I think of hell breaking loose, my tears flow with force like the Victoria falls.

Death! You should have waited for me to be ready for defend myself against some animals dressed in sheep clothing and yet, they are carnivals on a hunt. You let my parents rest, torture came to me as a set like it was a buy one get one free kind of a promotion. Physically and. Emotionally I was tortured.

Just after laying my parents, you immediately took away everything they owned except for me.

You all said, you were not ready to have a. New comer in your families, but my parents property, you took and welcomed them as you own with wide and open alms like the soccer goal keep waiting to catch the ball with his alms wide open.

Property Grabbing wanichaya tresspassing, waniteya nama trapping. I thought I had a family but banichaya tu ma stabbing accompanied nama slapping and my body is swollen like little hills, my face is red like the red oxide, I am sobbing like a delta of water in a desert.

Property grabbing why did you allow them to do the matching to my parent`s house leaving me scratching my head.

O Lord, please help me, My God hear my cries and of those who are mourning because

Preston Mwiinga

# Protect The Child

Every child deserves to live,  
every child deserves to be happy,  
every child deserves to have education.  
every child child has a right not to be harassed, raped, defiled or abused.  
let us all fight against GBV and child defilement.  
together yes we can

Preston Mwiinga

# Queen Of My Heart

I shot an arrow in search of my queen,  
My arrow moved up in the eyes until it located you.  
I got a mirror and shouted to it,  
`Mirror! Mirror on the wall, show how do I get to my woman`  
My quest was to rise up and rescue you from the bondage on that tall tower  
above there.  
It was not an easy journey as there were dragons guarding  
But for the one one loves, everyone is a fighter I fought the battle, completed  
the quest, overcame obstacles and now you are mine.  
When the king and the queen are home, the palace is complete.  
Our love is built on solid ground,  
We stand for a purpose and what we believe in.  
We quarrel and make up,  
When are weak then we are strong,  
Our story is a romantic one written in a novel.  
You are the queen of my heart and lover of my soul our kingdom is that romantic  
kingdom and I love you.

Preston Mwiinga

## Rahab`s Red Rope (Rrr)

Unijudgina elo ninsi suziba my relationship with my God.

Nizoona nenze mupondo mu game yauchima koma I'm transformed monga mukashan uja Hule Rahab.

Whilest ulikutamba ine nachinja,

I'm tranformed monga Rahab, naine ma prophet vazachokela pantabo muchingelezi ati Chi Rope cha Red monga cha Rahab.

Elo sinizakusiililani paka che muni dalise.

I look up to the cross for blessings.

Ambuye mulungu, bwelani munipulumuse ndine che munthu wanyama, uja munthu wauchimo.

Nili monga Rahab`s Red Rope, nufuna chipulumuso.

Preston Mwiinga

# Ready To Say I Do

It takes a real man to choose just one woman amidst a crowd of ladies.

Apart from just in movies and plays, it takes a real man to submit unto her and put a ring on her finger.

It takes a real man to be able to pack away all side chicks and stick to the chosen woman.

A real man is that man who is ready to say I do when the pastor asks do you?

A real man is that man that has fastened his his seat belt and ready to live by God's commands paka fye muchupo.

A real man is that man that treats his wife like a Queen.

He is that man that cares, loves and provides for his beloved woman.

He is a man that treats his woman the same way he would want someone to treat his sisters.

A real man is a true defination of a man of valour.

I choose to be real and I am ready to say I do

Preston Mwiinga

# Real Man

Real men are few,  
the world is infuriated with a lot of  
fake men.

But listen, the wise man is speaking  
A REAL man, the kind of man a woman  
wants to give her life to, is one who will  
respect her dignity, who will honor her  
like the valuable treasure she is. A REAL  
man will not attempt to rip her precious  
pearl from it's protective shell, or persuade  
her with charm to give away  
her treasure prematurely, but he will  
wait patiently until she willingly gives  
him the prize of her heart. A REAL man  
will cherish and care for that prize  
forever.

Preston Mwiinga

# Reality Show

Life is very precious from the moment of conception until you move from the plastic life to reality.

It will no longer be like just a game but now a reality show with real activities.

As seat I recall the moment of my life I wasted through envy.

I could get drunk like I was a shareholder at Zambian breweries

The spirit of a kind heart I did not have but selfish ambitions I possessed.

I was mostly hungry for revenge like a hungry lion.

The wrath could always fill my heart like wounded buffalo.

The life I wasted, when I realised it was too late,

I had become penniless all my monies were gone,

I was empty like a tin.

My friends have parted from me because I am now classless.

Look at me, my life is a misery I have become friendless,

When I sleep I don't know what tomorrow holds, I am hopeless.

My heart is heavy, I am hopeless and it is worthless now.

Where do I look up to for support?

Preston Mwiinga

# Resolution

A new Start to great beginning (the year 2017) year of change, pain, handwork, new resolutions, and finding one self. till happiness is fully attained. Its not by mighty but by character. Whatever i do today whether good or bad, shall have a reaction in future. proud to be just me and never will i change to make others happy

Preston Mwiinga

# Rigging

You have now gone to rigging expert schools.

You are now a professional rigger with a Doctorate in that field. You are even convinced that you will even rig your way to heaven.

When I look at you, I see a man dressed in. Corruption.

You can never do anything straight forward, but corruption is your catalyst to great achievement.

Bribery, you even bribe the poor just for them to have a job.

Violence is what people know you for.

You have made people your punching bugs

Terrorizing people is your gym.

Splashes of people`s blood is your bathing water.

Shame on you corrupt and evil minded people.

Your doctorate in rigging will not make you rig your points to heaven.

Your PHD in violence will not earn you eternity, remember that even vicious dogs become pregnant and give birth, Championship is but seasonal, what ever goes up must come down.

Your diploma is bribery will not bribe the angel`s mercies to open the doors for you to heaven.

Preston Mwiinga

# Rings

Tiponteko dot com.....

My friend, Your friends have rings on their fingers, Manje iwe you have a ring on your nose, Do you want to smell marriage?

Preston Mwiinga

# Risen From Grass To Glory

He sat at the entrance of the school always taking note of who was entering that department at the University, failure to which he was going to be fired. Everyday during his shifts, he came early to be on duty. His profession was a guard work for one prominent security companies.

When others saw an ordinary security guard in him, One Lecturer saw a potential Network Security Professional.

And what did I see before I knew he was a potential Guru?

I saw a friend in him, when others said they could not mingle with the low class like the guards, the cleaners and others of the low grade. I still believed that out of him something great was going to be realised.

Through motivation and great talks he could smile once again. Lesson: You can be that great motivation to somebody. Just like the way Jesus Christ touched many like the woman who was bleeding for 12 yrs, you too can touch someone's heart and add a smile to that person lost in a number of things.

My surprise.....

We met in a class of ICT when confirmed he was now a student. New to things he could not understand through asking and trying he learned.

Lesson: No one was born an expert. Climbing a tree is from down to the top. Do not feel discouraged because you can not do it, keep trying and you will find yourself doing the unusual.

From Grass....

He raised from Grass to glory from that security officer I knew at the University to an ICT technician and Radian Stores. From cycling a bicycle to driving a company car. He was raised from Disappointments to Appointments.

Yours is glory.....

You do not have to be content with what you have except for your woman. Where academic and working hard is concerned, keep pushing because the letters P.U.S.H have a proper meaning which is;

P » Push

U » Until

S » Something

H » Happens

Preston Mwiinga

# Rising Again

I choose to be unstoppable.  
I am bigger than my concerns and worries.  
The strength of others inspires me daily.  
I focus on my goal,  
I trust my intuition and live a courageous life.  
I was born a fighter.  
Many times I have fallen but that is not  
my destiny.  
I have always risen up and I will keep rising.  
He is always offering me a helping hand  
he is reminding me that that I am a victor  
Because he has never lost the fight.  
Even when Satana Mujelekezi doing all he can to  
make me useless kwati even.,  
My God is always at the tag of war fighting for a sinner  
like me and offering me the everlasting life if I believe  
in him. and  
I am bringing back my fighting spirit  
I'm back on track comrades no fears and no tears,  
Not being in the devils comfort zone when he chaffs  
me by calling me dear, But Always on a gear to run him  
over, My time is not just near it is here.  
If Christ be for me, Devil you are a liar.

'Akuna Matata', it means no worries

Preston Mwiinga

# Save The Child (Mupulumuseni Mwana Wa Mama)

Her future was bright not until you came in to disturb her.

She hoped to becoming a medical doctor and save life not until you have built a she Beast in her and now she just wants to become evil and destroy all men around her.

She had dreams of becoming that special and respected person not until you transformed them into night mares.

When ever she tries to take a sleep, she remembers that dreadful day when you connived her with sweets and biscuits.

That moment when you managed to get her into a quite place,

Closed her mouth to prevent her from screaming,

Blocked her hands from reaching out to something for her self defence.

As if she was your age mate, you pulled down her skirt and underwear.

'Maikalanga Maikalanga mwana wa mama avutika

Misozi dzake za nkala zokumvesa bwino.

Mwana wa mama waona maloza, wamuonesa maloza. Wamuonesa zebakulu.'

So helplessly you laid your over weight body on her.

You forced yourself on her and at that tender age, you have made her lose her virginity

You have taken away her pride, leaving her in pain and in shock plus a bonus of Sexual Transmitted Infections - STI's

Even if you do not have a proper manifesto, a child is not an option.

Even if you were really thirsty for sex, don't you know that that there are prostitutes busy looking for clients out there and that you are the potential customer with some additional bonus?

Where have you taken your manners, because even a dog thinks better than you because it can never sleep with puppies.

You claim, you were under the influence of alcohol, ungolila lila kwati ndiwe chipuba just because you are appearing before the migestrut, your tears will not save you.

Prison is what you deserve.

'Maikalanga, Maikalanga wamuvutisa mwama wamama boma la ziko latu, kapulumuseni ka mwana kachichepele. Save the Child! Save her from this pain. Restore her hope by punishing this defiler to rot in prison.

Children are today's leaders, if we destroy the children, who will take over leadership?

Save that child! ! ! !



# Scars Of Romance

There is no expedient that man goes through to avoid labor of thinking.  
I thought I had found my destination,  
That my search was over but I was extremely wrong.  
I have been hurt without a cause  
I have been harmed whilst I'm harmless  
I have been emotionally tortured and my sores are still bleeding.  
I have been insulted and treated like trash and yet I still stand innocent.

When I fell in love I was convinced I had reached my destination and that I was  
going to  
be loved but I was wrong.  
I have been double crossed with my very own friends whilst I  
Added taste to their private lives  
I have been dumped without a reason; I have been mocked and humiliated in  
the world  
Of romance.

Despite all these, I still stand firm.  
I still have a long way to go for me to survive the emotional torture  
As the scars are still very visible.  
I believe I will survive this test of time and be happy again.  
I may have been betrayed, humiliated,  
I still believe that I will rise up because it's not about how many  
Times I have fallen but it is about how many times I  
Am able to get back on my feet's.  
I will be out of this captivity.  
My scars will strengthen me.

Preston Mwiinga



# Should I Object To Your Marriage My Ex Girl-Frend

I can't believe it that you are finally secured.

He knelt down before you and asked, "Will you marry me?"

With a willing heart, with tears of joy in your heart, you accepted.

Your marriage date have been announced and you have given me an invitation card.

Should I let you go away from me forever?

Should I object to your marriage to him before the clergy because I still love you?

All these questions are stuck on my mind.

Letting you go is hard for me.

When you go, I will not be able to take you away from him because marriage is an institution where one never graduates.

Should I object to the clergy man

Preston Mwiinga

# Show Them Your Wrath! !

You don't not deserve to be used and dumped  
You do not deserve to be mourning  
Why do you allow torture?  
Why do you allow to be used?  
Your real place is happiness.

Come on think like a hacker but remember to  
Defend yourself like a ninja.  
You can protect yourself like a Rose that uses thorns for defense  
Let them not take advantage of your gender.  
Is it because you are a woman?  
Your real happiness depends on you.  
Defend yourself like a thistle that uses prickles as defense so that  
Whoever tries to bring pain to you faces it hard,

Use your mechanical weapon to help yourself in your daily life.  
Do not allow scorn act like a cactus that uses spines to keep safe.

Be your own poison to selfish men,  
You can survive without them like a catholic nun.  
Be poisonous to them like a sumac plant.

Come on sister irritate all the bad guys in your life, like a nettle plant that  
Uses irritating acids to send away enemies  
Irritate them because they came be bad omens in your life.

You see you still have room for happiness.  
Why should you allow scorn?  
Why should you allow discrimination?  
Why should you allow torture?

Don't be like a rock coast hit by the waves unto a cave  
Help yourself and other women out there.

Preston Mwiinga

# Sing Along With Me

Sing along with me let us produce those sweet sounds Where words leave off, music begins. Let this music touch us emotionally because I believe words alone can not manage but with the sweet music and those poetic rythems. Sing along with me sing to my Saul. I might not have a wonderful voice but one thing I know is that you have that angelic voice. A song with you will just be that perfect touch as it will come direct from my heart to yours. Hearts will communicate with each other. Sing along with as this is a special song it is that special message to you direct from me. Music is the language of the spirit. It opens the secret of life bringing peace, abolishing strife. Sing with me sing those sweet melodies to me let it brake the silence as we get singing. Sing with me that special song that treasured song. The music you have for me is poetry in personalities. Let us sing together

Preston Mwiinga

# Sleeping Around

Tiponteko dot com....

Sleeping around anyhow does not make you a star but a fool.

Nvela iwe (listen to me)

When you sleep with one, your body belongs to the government.

You sleep with two, your body belongs to the African union

But when you sleep with more than three then, it will belong to the united nation

So tekanya uzadwalapo chabe oho

Preston Mwiinga

# Smart Phone

Sometimes you turn to be a friend I can always rely on, sometimes you even cross your limits when you take away my concentration on a number of issues. At times you are the leading cause of my frustration but Most of all you are my friend who sticks by my side when things seem not to go my way.

When I feel ignored, you never do so, actually you are always kind enough to even remind me that my battery is low all I have used 90% of my

When I have no one to offer me a smile, you always do that for me through the various memes.

When it's music that I want you always provide me with it.

When it is motivation, you still do it, even inspiration you do so.

O my smart phone your artificial intelligence always knows how best to add your stimuli to my Saul.

Keep on with the perfect ?? works.

Preston Mwiinga

# Speak Out O Woman

During the creation of the earth God made his creations using his voice commands. Just by his voice all things came into place, He went like, 'Let there be light' and there was light. 'Let there be living creatures and there were living creatures and they all glorified him by producing different sounds. But on the sixth day he bended down to create man out of the soil but from his own image. He created him because of his great love and wanted him to be in charge of everything.

After his creation, he realized that man was lonely in the Garden of Eden. Because of this he created a woman from one of man's ribs. When Adam saw the new creation, he was so amazed and said, 'wow. She is so beautiful and I am going to call her woman because she is bone of my bone and fresh of my fresh'. God created a woman to be his helper and not his slave. He created a woman to be by man's side, to guide him, to talk to, to joke and laugh with him. And also to be his beloved wife.

Women were not created as cursed living beings. Women were created as helpers to men and this is why I always get injured whenever I see women in pain. It always hurts me seeing GBV taking place, it always brings me into tears when I see a woman brutally beaten looking as if she is fat on her face and yet she is swollen. It really pains me a lot when women walk as if they are modeling and yet their legs have been brutalized by these selfish men.

O my dear women, why should you allow torture? Why should you allow insults on you? Why should you allow scorn? Your place is high, you were never meant to be treated as slaves nor punching bags. You were not meant to be humiliated. Women like men are supposed to live as happy people, they are supposed to get equal opportunities as men, equal education because everyone deserves equal rights and this is why God did not segregate any person

We ought to be faithful like Ruth in the bible, they ought to be courageous like Mary the mother of Jesus, she gave birth to our savior Jesus Christ. When he looked at Mary, God said unto her child shall be born because he believed that a woman can carry greatness. Women ought to give solutions like Narman's servant, it was because of her that Narman got saved. He didn't know that he was ever going to get healed as we all know that leprosy was not curable. During time when one had leprosy, he or she was considered to be unclean. And they were told to shout, 'unclean! Unclean! Unclean! ' whenever someone was approaching them.

O my dearest women, you have heard, you place is high, speak out against torture, you should not allow scorn, you can be that great woman that that the world is looking out for. You do not have to be mute, speak out when they try to abuse you. Speak out allowed so that the world listen. Defend yourselves, don't

give them the chance to take advantage of you because your place is high God uplifted you since inception, this is why he used all the great women in the bible to do wonders. Talk of Queen, it was because of her courage that Israel got saved at that time. Women can do great wonders, do not allow yourself to be dumped just like that. Do not allow yourself to be used just like that because your place is high. If a man thinks you are nothing, let him go! Let him go because your place is high, you can survive without him in your life, you can still be a model without him in your life, remember that, that man will come back crawling unto you but your dignity should be respected.

The cry of a woman is very strong, do not just make a woman just to cry anyhow unless if they are tears of joy because when she sorbs bitterly, her tears have an impact even God sees and listens to her tears so be careful before you break a woman's heart. A woman deserves to be happy just like a man.

Preston Mwiinga

# Step Mother

Step mother, you have taken your step child for granted.  
You think mistreating and abusing her is a way of life.  
You have abused and taken her fundamental right to education.  
Everyday she is on the streets selling mineral water.  
You have enough but you just want to punish her.  
When she is home, she is your maid and your children personal assistant.  
Without reasons you abuse her physically.  
She has bruises as if she plays wrestling and yet they are your beatings.  
She is silent like a rock coast hit by the waves.  
Her father can't speak for her, you have tamed him.  
The little a girl cries all day long as she is hopeless.  
In the streets she is sexually abused, at home she is physically and emotionally  
abused.  
I pray you transform because your children can too become step children to  
another woman and they might suffer harder than her.  
Protect the Child.

Preston Mwiinga

# Step Mother, My Other Mother

Just because of this term they have labelled you to be bad.

They have actually placed a tag on your forehead like the products in Shoprite with tags.

Before you stand to speak, they dilute your words like Mazoe drink.

You walk is a walk of shane even when you are innocent but not like Kalaluka Uja waku ZNBC.

Your reputation is ruined because of traditional way of believing that all step mothers are evil.

The other side of the coin they have not turned is a very kind and good person they have not mingled with.

You are kind heart and a proud mother of many, you don't take pride because you are that Proverbs 31 woman the one Lui Usong talked about.

You are loving caring.

You consider all children equal and love them equally.

A big up to all kind heart step mothers.

We

Preston Mwiinga

# Still I Stand Strong

Through challenges, I learn  
Through challenges, I accomplish,  
Through challenges I am able to succeed, Proceed and have a story to tell.  
Challenges make me stronger  
Challenges make me realize that, I have the ability to do great things.  
Never give up in trying or else trying might give up on you. Success is right in  
your hands, you just have to claim it.

Preston Mwiinga

# Success At Your Door Step

Success does not choose whom to fall on

It is simple, it begins in a humble way.

It starts with a dream.

Your duty is to stimulate it by adding faith, and it becomes a belief. You will need to add action, and it

it will become a part of life. Go on

perseverance, and it will become a goal in

sight. Finally for you to be there, you will need to add patience and time, and it will end with a dream come true.

So my friends get on it and start racing towards your dream.

Preston Mwiinga

## Sucess Of A Single Mum

You can still be a single mum and make it like me...Stella thought being single was the end of the world, till she gathered her strength again and challenged life that she was going to make it in life. Friends, its not about how much you fall but you being able to get up on your feet and rise up....To all young single educated mums who have not given up, we salute you and to the single mothers still in the state of confusion, we are here for you. Rise up to the challenge, you can fly higher than eagles and you can see tinnier tunnels of success than eagles again.

Preston Mwiinga

# Suicide

Why did you commit suicide when your loved ones still needed you.  
It is true you faced so many challenges in your life that you could not comprehend.  
The people that seemed so close to you, all left you alone  
You were deserted  
Your life became like a desert  
Whilst they fed of a dessert.  
I told you to hold on with life, you promised me you were going to do so but you have not honored your promise,  
You have taken away your own life.

Tears are flowing from my eyes with so many questions that have gone unanswered and the guilt conscious that i wish i had done something to help you but it was too late for me to do so, because you have died just like that.  
I understand the burdens on your shoulders were too much but you could have held on just a little longer.  
God does not allow problems without solutions to come to us.  
Like a lock maker, he never makes a lock without an appropriate key to open that lock,  
Same with our God, he is always there with a solution.  
He only requires our faith and belief.

So many people in hospitals are fighting for breathe, they are fighting hard to survive. They do not want to die, they still want to survive.  
But the story is different with you, you fought life,  
you chased it away till that life was taken away from you.  
I do not condemn you like others are doing all i am saying is why have you wasted your precious life.  
If only life was like in computers, I would have restored your life to that earlier moment when things were okay, maybe you wouldn't have killed yourself.

I will mourn you for the rest of my life. I will continue to to blame suicide for taking you away from me.  
It is very true that life is always valued from the moment of conception until one dies.  
You are dead, my life is left with a dark cloud.  
Physically you have been taken yourself away from this earth but your memories are still fresh on my mind.  
I will forever miss you my friend, Cheerio bye bye.

Preston Mwiinga

# Suicide With A Note Nor Warning

Why did you confer suicide when your friends and family still required you.

It is genuine you confronted such a large number of difficulties throughout your life that you couldn't fathom.

The general population that appeared to be so near you, all allowed you to sit unbothered

You were forsaken

Your life wound up plainly like a betray

While they bolstered of a pastry.

I instructed you to hang on with life, you guaranteed me you would do as such however you have not respected your guarantee,

You have taken away your own particular life.

Tears are spilling out of my eyes with such a large number of inquiries that have gone unaddressed and the blame cognizant that i wish i had accomplished something to help you yet it was past the point of no return for me to do as such, in light of the fact that you have kicked the bucket quite recently like that.

I comprehend the weights on your shoulders were excessively however you could have hung on only somewhat more.

God does not permit issues without answers for come to us.

Like a bolt creator, he never makes a bolt without a fitting key to open that bolt,

Same with our God, he is dependably there with an answer.

He just requires our confidence and conviction.

Such a variety of individuals in healing facilities are battling for inhale, they are contending energetically to survive. They would prefer not to pass on, despite everything they need to survive.

Yet, the story is diverse with you, you battled life,

you pursued it away till that life was detracted from you.

I don't censure you like others are doing all i am stating is the reason have you squandered your valuable life.

On the off chance that exclusive life resembled in PCs, I would have reestablished your life to that prior minute when things were alright, perhaps you wouldn't have killed yourself.

I will grieve you for whatever is left of my life. I will keep on to point the finger at suicide for removing you from me.

Without a doubt life is constantly esteemed from the snapshot of origination until one bites the dust.

You are dead, my life is left with a dull cloud.

Physically you have been removed yourself from this world yet your recollections are still new at the forefront of my thoughts.

I will perpetually miss you my companion, Cheerio bye.

Preston Mwiinga

# Suicide Without A Note

I say no to you

I rebuke you as you try to make others do it.

yesterday was like a honeymoon without a call from Ban kimoon. in his room  
azikomela.

With pain Doom he took

achoka na povu kwati ni Boom detergent paste.

O how I hate the name Suicide.

Preston Mwiinga

# Take Some Time And Pray

I know you are so worried right now and you feel like giving up, but hey, don't give up. What you are going through is just a test and it's temporary. Just know God is in control of everything that you are going through. God is bigger than your problems and He is wiser than your enemies. Your situation, condition or circumstances may seem too difficult for you to handle now. The obstacles in front of you may appear challenges may be difficult and the future may seem dark and intimidating, but remember 'Greater is He that is within you than he that is in the world.' Leave everything in God's able hands and he'll deal with them. Nothing can stand against you and prevail unless God allows it. Just trust God and remain faithful to every revealed truth. 'If God is for us, who can be against us' Romans 8: 31. 'No weapon that is formed against you will prosper.' Isaiah 54: 17. Only Believe & pray more to God and he'll make everything okay. Be strong!

Preston Mwiinga

# Take Them To Christ, Your Sins

Christianity is not a part time job, it is a full time job. Do not go to only Christ when the burdens you have are too heavy for you to bear. Jesus Christ should be the center of everything you do.

I know you have problems, very big problems. I know so because you have said so. You have said it on Facebook and uniform social medias. But one thing you should know is, no matter how you cast your burdens on the social media, they will not be accurately solved. Burdens are lifted at the cross of Calvary not Facebook.

` Does Jesus Care, does he really care about the problems I am going through?

Does he really care when my family has disowned me?

Does he care when society treats me as an outcast and has banished me?

When the church just excommunicates me, do he really care? `

These are some of your questions on Facebook and conclude that death is better than survival.

Christianity is not a part time job but a Full time one. Cast your problems to Jesus Christ not on Facebook. Just kneel down to him and pray, he will listen and attend to your needs that is the best assurance for you.

Rise up take them take them to Jesus Christ your sins.

Preston Mwiinga

# Teach Me How To Pray

Pray, not because people are doing it,  
but because it's the least you could do  
for all those who are affected. Pray for  
everyone. When you pray, pray  
sincerely, and with honor and respect  
to God, pray with a boldness, and don't just pray for the people you know and  
love, pray for those who you may not  
trust, or for those you may not get  
along with, and for those who you may  
not know that need it. Pray because  
God listens, and pray because God cares. When prayers go up, blessings  
come down.

Preston Mwiinga

## Team Jesus For Life.

Defecting from one political party to another does not guarantee you salvation.! !  
!

But Defecting from our sinful world to Jesus`s destined world is what will give us eternal life..

Let us repent bane and all defect to team Jesus for life. In his alms we are safe. with all our hearts, willingness, full submission, let us join team Jesus and he will do the rest for us.

Preston Mwiinga

# Tears Of A Widow

The death of her husband has really affected her. The cards have turned upside down. Life has now gone to a second phase, known as Part two. Hell has broken loose like its in a movie. Her life has become self contained to pain and misery. Her Children have a new title, 'Half Orphans` The need to continue with school but there is a deadlock ahead, The widows relatives have taken over all the property in a term that breaks my bones, `Property Grabbing` The husbands friends can not come to her aid, the neighbors call her a witch and accuse her of having sacrificed the husband for her selfish gains. The church where she thought she was at-least going to comfort is now like the oven that is burning her because they can even gossip about her whilst she is listening. Her eyes are like a delta of tears in the desert. Is it really wrong to be a widow? Mourning the beloved husband, mourning for her children welfare. She no longer has accommodation all is lost like its the abracadabra abracadabra magic. Dear Oppressor, the compressor of her happiness as you are a key depressor of her joys as you act act as an impress-or to your selfishness. No listen to me, oppress not the widow or the fatherless, the foreigner or the poor. Do not plot evil against each other.' Even as she cries out, Shall my enemies rejoice? Or shall their eyes with tears be filled? Shall their tongues continually slay? Or by shock be dumb? Before them one of the noble in peace lies Quiet, never to talk again His good deeds resonate his good name Oh life! How fragile life could be To some he was a leader Some, a rival in the fields of power A father to the rich lands of the Africans To my son a great papa Yet to me...beyond words I shall see you again Fare thee well my lovely husband how I wish you would have at-least stayed to see your children grow, how I wish you would have been here to defend and protect me from those benefiting from what we suffered for like its Manner falling from heaven` The lord is clear Do not mistreat any widow or orphan, he listens to their tears and he will punish the oppressors.

Preston Mwiinga

# Tell It To Jesus

'NENA KWA YESU'

Life seems not to be fair with you.

Your plans always seem to be against you.

employment you have lost, your loved ones are gone.

The ones that seemed to be your problem solvers loose their lives when things are about to work out for you,

some people say you are cursed, they consider you a bad omen.

you cry day and night because you do not know what to do any more.

your hopes are all dry like the kalahari desert.

you thing nobody cares.

but listen to me. tell is to Jesus., he will hear.

petition your problems to him and he will solve them for you. He understands them better than any one else. do you know why, it is because he knew you before you were even born.

so my dear brother and you my troubled sister, just kneel down with your tears, anguish and down and 'NENA KWA YESU.

he has the answers.

Remember to come to Hindu hall on the 24th December as the ASANTE present to you the 'NENA KWAYESU' album launch. See you there

Preston Mwiinga

# That Dp Nizee!

That DP nizee!  
And the status Ni Laka!  
Mulekeni hater adwale shiki  
na leprosy yamukamwa  
Anikonka konka kwati niwa DEC  
Ine ati wa Dobo

Wanjebele ati you love me, ati for me you can  
Sacrifice anything.  
Ine in my heart ati `Im flattered` but osati kwati  
Flat tyre ija ya Sisu for love may be stagnant like  
Dirty waters.

I was almost falling for you when you told me  
You were going to fight for me.  
You told me your love for me was was mighty like  
The might Victoria Falls.  
Ndiwe munthu wabwaji, what kind of person are. You?  
You propose to me today and you expect an answer tomorrow?  
Chikanga olo farmer aka shanga, he waters and waits to cultivate from his hard  
works.

Today are now fighting me,  
You despise me,  
You hate me like I don't know.  
Anyway, I am not surprised, you were sweet in  
You talks like Lucifer in the Garden of Eden  
That God I was never deceived by you. Like Eve.

`Shakutemwa` I don't love you,  
Leave alone  
You are a stranger to me.  
A beast terrorizing my life.  
Leave my love life alone my heart belongs to  
Someone else.

Whatever God has joined together, shakusumishe  
To put us asunder. So find your way.



# That Man Does Not Love You

My sister that man does not love you, He is after your body.  
It is true that he is charming but he is a beast also he abuses you physically.  
He does not care about you, He is just after your fyompable lips.  
He is after your well shaped hips, your chabby body.  
The truth hurts it feels like walking on thorns bare footed but it is a known fact  
he does not love you.  
To him my sister you are just his side chick, you are no different from a urating  
tin which he only needs when he wants to urinate and throw it away when all is  
well.  
you stink to him and he wants you to get extinked like the dinasour.  
That man does not love you  
if he had loved he would have marriad his current wife.  
you have hope that he will divorce his wife for you but my sister you are  
wrongthat man does not love you.  
He will not leave his wife and children for you. even though they say hips dont lie  
but yours do lie.  
My God and I do not support your decisionsbecause what God has joined  
together, let no man put assunder.  
Him telling you that you are hot, sexyand making you walk half naked is all a lie.  
That man does not love you

Preston Mwiinga

# The Army Worm

When they put stable,  
she comes to ruin.  
they they bring happiness, she brings saddeness into their lives.  
Their family she has destroyed and left it into pieces.  
Broken pieces like that of a nirrior.  
They took much time to build,  
a lot they put in but with a shortest period, all is history.

Who is she, you ask?  
well..... she is the army worm  
she has destroyed them by being that imposter  
a lot of rights and lives she has violeted  
out of haert attack wives have died.  
she has assasinatd them.

do not just beware of this army worm but be aware

Preston Mwiinga

# The Beauty Of A Woman

This is a story of a beautiful woman,  
not written in story books,  
not acted in movies,  
not just a story told  
by poets in their poems  
not the artificial beauty but  
The original beauty, as all the  
Words are not fictions but all real

The beauty of a woman  
isn't in the clothes she wears,  
The figure that she carries,  
or the way she combs her hair.  
The beauty of a woman is but defined  
her  
unique lifestyle

The beauty of a woman  
must be seen in her eyes;  
Because that's the doorway to her heart,  
the place where love resides. The beauty  
of a woman is seen in her character,  
humility, represented by her kindness

The beauty of a woman  
isn't in a facial mole;  
But true beauty in a woman,  
is reflected by her soul.  
And the unconditional love that  
She portrays to everyone who  
is around her.

It's the care that she cares to give,  
the passion that she shows;  
The beauty of a woman her understanding  
Nature,  
The beauty of a woman is the  
Ability to add smiles into many lives  
And the beauty of a woman

with passing years only grows.  
The beauty of a woman, The beauty  
of a woman  
has made me write this for her  
the beauty of a woman is the reason  
I dedicate this poem to a woman

Let the beauty keep flourishing in her. For it is the beauty  
Of a woman

Preston Mwiinga

# The Blood Game Of Politricks

Their blood drips like it is the waters at Lusaka Water and sewerage company. Their faces and bodies have been disfigured like its scrap metal in the heavy industrial area.

Hospitals are now like panel beating centers where ZSIC is member, I'm sure life assurance policies resulting from political violence will be created.

The Mortuary is now like exhibit Centre though not opened daily like the Saturday market at Arcades Shopping Mall but for corpses

Police Stations are like the National Registration Centers for NRC Cards but this time, for assault cases.

Churches are new political rally podiums with Pastors as campaign managers.

When a new convert gives his or her life to Christ, then its either they are defecting to the opposition or ruling party. We no longer denounce evil but public attacks to individual political parties.

Most politicians only remember us when seeking for a vote. When we usher them into offices, they abandon us, we become vulnerable like Orphans on the street, they stop rubbing shoulders with us because of our poor status. There drinking places and places or mingle ling are Casinos ise nimuvibala bala namuma tarvern drinking chibuku and junta.

Are these the politics we know all we call them poliTricks as B-Flow stated in his song.

Ine nalema, the nation is tired. We need to brink back one love for the nation, that agape love prescribed by our father in heaven, do we really have to visit Dr Kamulyaneka not for any enlargements but to bring back the lost love for the country? ? More questions than answers and my brain may burst if not controlled

Preston Mwiinga

# The Blood Of Jesus

The sound of gunshots woke me up. It's not sweet aroma of the flowers I am sniffing but the choking teargas. Rushing to the scene, it's another deadly story. Dark clouds have continued falling on mother Zambia, characterized with brutal murders; we call them `Ma Set` `bajuba ma set`

Eyes plucked out like they are plucking mangoes, Ears chopped like they potatoes on a chopping board,  
Heart resect like it is ablacata blacata magic  
Genitors removed like they are removing the former President's immunity.  
They are cut into sets like it's the animals entering two by two into Noah's ark.  
This is not watching a horror movie the hammer house of horror, but reality.  
Our eyes are like a delta of water in the desert. Our faces are clumpy like the Kaleni hills.  
Our Skins have turned red like a lady dressed in red in readiness for valentines.

Our blood will not save you but Jesus' blood will.

Preston Mwiinga

# The Complicated Situation

Am I dead or maybe I am still alive?  
If I am alive, then WHY is this thing happening to me.  
Or maybe I am dreaming someone please wake me up.  
I stand powerless and very weak as if I have been put in a comma.  
It is sunny but I am shivering like I have been taken to a place of know.  
The critical analysis has led to my paralysis.  
The critical situation is killing me slowly  
It has put me a terrible dilemma.  
The burden on me is heavy to bear, it's like I'm now carrying  
A second cross on my shoulders apart from the one my savior Jesus Christ  
Carried on my behalf.

When we began we were the two love birds.  
We stood through thick and thin together, our relationship was characterized  
with  
touches, the feeling the compassion.  
We kept making the sweet promises that our love was going to  
Be like the romantic story or Romeo and Juliet.  
We vowed to be inseparable like water and fish.  
We moved together like a handset and a sim card.  
Everyday to us was a picnic like Adam and Eve before they sinned.  
You were always a title of my stories and a lady  
Who managed to hijack my dreams as you always  
Featured in all of them.  
Our journey was the best novel ever written.

Whenever I looked into your eyes, my heart skipped a beat.  
When you looked at me my heart skipped two bits.  
When you kissed me it skipped three beats  
When you told me you loved me, it beat five times.  
We were convinced that this love was going to stand forever.  
Alas hell broke you when you told me you were pregnant.  
The news itself was good because I was going to be a daddy  
But the worst happened when I discovered I was in love with my  
Very own biological sister.  
When you stood and told me we couldn't be together anymore,  
my heart stopped beating altogether.

Hold on right there, the pain you are going through reminds me of my own pain

I was in love my man for quiet some time without knowing  
That he never in love with me. My mathematics was one plus one which was  
equals  
To zero. I cant not explain the formula used to arrive at that, but my answer  
Was a zero.

I sacrificed everything for him, I turned down all men that can to me because I  
Loved him. He advertised me on the social media and yet I was so  
Foolish not to realize that he was just devaluating me.  
On our wedding day I cried out when the Pastor asked if he was  
Going to take me as his beloved wife.  
He kept quite for some minutes and broke the silence changing it  
To noise when he said No! that he was not going to marry me.  
The complicated situation makes me to have a critical analysis about  
Life which is always taking me to my paralysis.

My storyline is different, as I still stand in the great dilemma of romance.  
I dated her but little did I know about her and her past.  
She kept it as a secrete from me for many years.  
When I discovered, I felt like my bones were melting inside me.  
Sex she died me, she told me she was a virgin and  
A Christian. She convinced me that sex before marriage was sin.  
But I didn't know that I was in love with a sniper.  
My description of her is similar to that of Goliath in the bible step by step.  
It came to light that she was a night walker, who slept with many men,  
Committed a number of abortions, lost her womb and diagnosed with  
the deadly HIV/Aids. My decision has arrived at a deadlock.  
For the complicated situation has led me to have a critical analysis which has in  
Brought paralysis.

Preston Mwiinga

# The Cry Of An Ex Prostitute

I just like any other woman, needs dignity; I admire the people who are highly respected in society because of their great works.

I never like all my filth things but I just had to do what was never pleasing over and over again.

I used do it because it was my only source of income. That's how I used to earn a living.

Worldly problems made me become a prostitute.

But now I stand up proudly telling the nation that enough is enough.

I shall no longer get into the streets.

Just like any other woman, I want my pride as an African woman.

I was never meant to be on the streets, but destined for a better life like any other person.

Because of the streets, my friends have contracted HIV/AIDS. But I am not discriminating them.

They too are human beings, they do not need to be treated as outcasts, but instead they need our love and support.

Use me as an icon of change because I am a changed person. I am never ever going back to the street.

I accept my past mistakes, and here by ask for your forgiveness.

Right now, I pray that God grants me and my friends' better husbands and decent families.

Preston Mwiinga

# The Day Has Come

The day lelo has come,  
Vaushimbe ine vasila kabili lelo nakwitila.  
Namupeza mukazi wapanyumba and I call my running mate.  
Day yanga yachikwati, nalemba yachizungu ija diary come on everyone celebrate  
with me because today is my happy day.

Mwaniletela shakaionawile awe.  
I will keep and love my wife.  
Side chick shikufyaya, u r simply here to bring ruin to our lives, elo  
shakakusumashishe iyo.  
Nakana, I will never be your blesser because I'm not  
Play ground awe my heart, my mind and my mind belongs to my wife.

I have began a new journey,  
I now have a family,  
Our house is a palace, and because my wife the queen is in and I the king?  
Our kingdom is complete.  
Let love flow, let it keep sprinkling on our lives.  
Just for a Can I boast?  
The day has come  
My quest is done,  
I am loved by the best  
and  
I'm loving the best,  
the rest can rest,  
my marriage is not at test,  
it is a nest of love  
and  
I'm blessed.

Preston Mwiinga

# The Days Of My Life I Wasted

Wasted years o how foolish I was.- if only life had a restore point like in computers then I would have bakdated it to the time my life to the time when I had proper timing of making decisions.

So many has been lost and not all can be corrected. The mistakes I made have left great scars in my heart and my life as a whole. Wasted years wasted years that my mother had. She carried me in her womb for nine months because she wanted me to have a better life and a good son. She loved me too too much that I became a spoilt child. Because of too much attention she gave I took advantage of everything in a foolish way. She was always by my side when things turned sour, she stood by me like my advocate, she gave me the best comfort when I was hurting inside. She was my angel on earth.

Wasted years o how foolish I was.- if only life had a restore point like in computers then I would have bakdated it to the time my life to the time when I had proper timing of making decisions.

Look at me I didn't. Consider the types of associates I had, I ended up meeting wrong ones, the kind of places, I found myself in prohibited places, the care I give to my body temple, I now became a drug addict and a major supplier like the seven spirits. I became a drunker such that beer started drinking me instead of me drinking it.

Wasted years o how foolish I was.- if only life had a restore point like in computers then I would have bakdated it to the time my life to the time when I had proper timing of making decisions.

The toxinated substances I was taking, made me end up terrorising a lot of people. I chopped off my mothers head because she tried. To advise me on something right, I slained my father in cold blood like a goat being slained upside down, I raped my sisters and inserted candles in their private parts, I robbed and bet a lot of people without any cause all because of the drugs I was taking.

Wasted years o how foolish I was.- if only life had a restore point like in computers then I would have bakdated it to the time my life to the time when I had proper timing of making decisions.

look at me I stand lost, lonely and deserted like a prodigal son hoping to correct

my errors but the scars are too much, my other mistakes cannot be corrected,  
my mother and father are gone I killed them, who will defend me now, who will  
give me the best love again. I have injured many people, I am was a criminal  
please forgive a sinner in me I was always such a fool all these years

Preston Mwiinga

# The Devil

The devil comes to kill, steal and destroy  
He is a sweet talker sweeter than honey,  
He pretends to be humble and converted but all that is pretence.  
He carries the and interpretes the word of God but with a bad intention.  
watchout for he moves like a roaring lion looking for you to devour, steal, kill and  
destroy.  
be alert!

Preston Mwiinga

# The Devil Is Always The Devil

If you think the devil is craft, then you have not met this Zambian diva.  
Just the meaning of the word diva can weaken you.

D? ? Destroyer

I? ? ? ? Imposter

V? ? Violator

A? ? Assassinator

Diva

She is so enticing for she speaks with charm. She has the powers to use his own phone to call her other lovers

He is drowned in her, she controls him like a remote control.

She has made him spend on her of which the gifts he gives her, she diverts them to her other lovers.

He has become a major in her dirty deals as she controls all his finances.

She is not content with human beings.

She has fallen like Babylon. Using a vein diagram she symbolizes Sodom and Gomorra.

She is not ashamed to sleep with dogs for the sake of money

When you try to pump sense into her, she nods her head and tells you that only God can change her and never a person

She is deadly because she conducts abortions like mensuration periods.

She is like the bank of Zambia but not for money but STIs. She shares her diseases like its mobile money. Speaks sense like a virtuous woman but deadly like black mamba snake.

She is not insulated; she is deadly like a naked wire

Beware before you wear out leaving us with questions ati where did you go.

You keep saying the devil you know is better than the angel you don't know, who cheated you? ? ? ?

The devil is the devil whether small or big he is deadly so

Careful!

Preston Mwiinga

# The God Who Never Leaves But Lives

The world at times can be ant social, it can be brutal and cruel.  
friends come and friends go.

Even family can sale you for money,

but I know one person who will never give up on you and me, GOD. Through the storm, earthquakes, wind and the rain, through laughter and pain, count on Him. And when life isn't fair, and there's nobody there, He will be. for he says 'Never will I ever leave you nor forsake you. aha that is an amzing God.

In a world of pretenders, He is your true defender.

When I fill like a stranger, he is my manager that humble man who was born in a manger but he is not a ninja.

And when it all comes down, He'll be the last one caring & standing like the WWE one man stand match.

Put God first, and you'll never be last.

He is a God who never leaves but lives, God is not dead, he is alive.

Preston Mwiinga

# The Healing Heart

She has been through a lot so my friend stop misjudging your girl  
that's why she's acting that way to you.  
You are convinced and think she's a bitch, But that isn't true.  
She just doesn't want to be taken advantage of her kindness again.  
You loved before but her love was taken for granted.  
You think she has trust issues but nope, she just doesn't want to be lied to,  
to be played, used and fooled again just like the way her past ex-boyfriends  
did to her.  
If they did that to her, what makes you think, she will trust you?  
You think she's too distant and she has no time for you  
but that isn't true, she just doesn't want to get attached to someone just to  
be left alone again. You think she doesn't love you but she does,  
she just only fears to be heartbroken again.  
You think she's confused and attached to someone  
else but that's not true, she just doesn't want to make the same old  
mistakes of giving a guy a chance and then he turns out to be a beast.  
You judge her for being the way she is, but you don't  
even know what she's been through.  
Try to take your time and understand your girl.  
Don't rush her into things that she will regret at the end.  
Try to know her very well and be patient if you really love her.  
With time she'll fully give you her  
heart & she will trust you.

Preston Mwiinga

# The Hidden Secrets Of Poetry.

I look forward to a day when poetry shall be appreciated like music  
I look forward to when poetry shall become a way of communication.  
Poets are people who address people needs.  
We the poets are the mouth piece of the voiceless.  
We speak of freedom, address violence, help people fall in love.  
We are the advocates critically talking against violence  
We help musicians have an idea of what to sing about.  
We help the preachers put an emphasis of their sermons as we speak with  
actions.  
We are actors best actor this is known from the gestures we do.  
The hidden secrets of poetry are what the world really wants.  
Accept us us as poets put poetry on your mind and in your heart.

Preston Mwiinga

# The Kids In My Hood

The kids in my hood are spoiled.  
I am standing before them like I'm Moses preaching for them to transform.  
These kids are a disgrace,  
the boys behave like brats playing darts in clubs.  
The girls have become sluts living as adults  
They don't care about the blasts because they are smart like cats.  
These Kids are irritating like rats,  
Quaking insults like ducks,  
So lost and lukewarm like bats  
But have the guts to embarance you in public.

Alas they fallen like the walls of Jericho.  
Their behaviors destroyed like Sodom and Gomorrah.  
Because of this Juvenal deliquesce.  
They smoke weed like they are new industrial areas.  
Abuse drugs it is a pharmacy.  
They get drunk carelessly like everyday is a party.  
I wonder what kind of devil has entered them  
But I am praying for my city.

Preston Mwiinga

# The Komboni Love

I Will meet you by the mango tree, (pachimutengo chamango kumazulo) . When I whistle, come the kajima it is quite hidden there.

Kuli bantu, I will hide myself monga ndine ninja, because your brother can pour me hot water.

He guards as if he is one who is going to marry you and yet depleting your market.

Come on my gelo, I'm taking you on a date.

For lunch we will hummer from soweto. Vamene tikuka, nika five finger, Nshima and not any other food staff.

Bana chanda muikepo nachikanda.

Without bevra sitizakuta napesini koni.

For the sweet course tizadyelapo che vimusale.

When coming from kalale tizapita njila yamuma industries paka mukomboni, kaili this a a komboni love.

Ati you want a new skirt naka dress kokugwilisa,

My love for you will. Make me take you to a botique, Fulama botique kaili paja pali tuma latest nachikondi chatu ni latest.

When coming to your place, chimba changa chi Xbus chizayendela pa shoulder nishi nimwelapo chabe. Nachi freezit kaili paja ninsi kwapyta, nikafika nipeze ninsi mwaikako na tu manzi mu Joe Saka I want to quench my thirsty, Iyi yeve ni latest love kaili ndiye ija komboni love

Preston Mwiinga

# The Mystery Woman

I was lost in thoughts when she found me. The time when she found me I had amnesia of being good. I could not really remember how best to be good with people. In me was the untamed beast a wild animal that only wanted to be alone but my tongue too was untamed. It was like a tongue of a chameleon attacking. When she found me I was an I don't care type of a person defined by my dress cord. My dressing was like that of a rebel leader and I was very fine with it. She got closer to me without any invitation. She came to my life like a gate crusher at a wedding ceremony. Approached me in a humble way that I forgot that I was like that fierce beast.

It was not the story beauty it was reality. She believed in the good things in me and told me the best was going to come out of me. She took up the responsibility of building up the best person in me. Transformed me from me being scrawny to a smart person in me and influenced my smart thinking. She gave a reason of being happy and reminded me that we only live once. She neutralised all the hate and anger in me like kaspersky antivirus neutralising viruses in a computer. She stood by me as if she were my own and yet it was true friendship.

Today I am a happy person she was like that guiding angel who took care of me. A wonderful person who restored my happiness. A sweet person who chose to be by my side despite anything. She was sent to my life for that real purpose and that was to prove to the world that the world still has those good people. This is my story this is poem this is my testimony this is my piece to stay for you with you and by you if such words are there in English. Friendships does not choose friendship is sacrifice, it is helping your friend up when things are not okay its about staying with your friend in all situations. Friendship is not dship is you

Preston Mwiinga

# The Old Man Must Die

'The old man must die, that old wizard.

He makes me Dizzy when when I look at him`.

You say

You have all the insults on him but you have forgotten that it is because of this old fella that your papa is here.

The old man must die, that old wizard, such an insult.

Just because he has fortunes and the only way for you you to take over is when the old man dies.

You want to end his life because of your selfish reasons?

`He curses us with his charms when he spits saliva, the old man is a big wizard.

He has cast his spell of bad luck on us because he is the king of the witches`

Why so much rage on the poor old man.

Enough! Stop insulting the poor old man.

Its not true that every old man is a wizard.

Its false that old men bring bad luck.

The old man must live.

He must enjoy life to the fullest.

Preston Mwiinga

# The Olden Days

If I were there in the old days,  
I would have been that Woman at the well.  
Living a life of sin that drained her of all her joy, & made her thirst.  
Yet day by day she traveled on the same narrow road alone,

Fearing conflicts & the whispers of her fellow women,

I imagine that she would look through a small crack hole in her door as she  
watched the other women pass by on their way home from the well

& when at last she would see them far enough & heard their voices fade away in  
a distance,  
she would quickly run out fearing to be seen  
& so alone she would make her way up the narrow road to the well in the  
scorching sun.

If I were there in those days, I would have been that woman at the well

Because I too Just Like the woman at the well I was seeking  
For things that could not satisfy; holding on tight to the very sin that easily  
weighs me down,

But then I heard my Savior speaking:  
"GRACIOUS! Draw from the well that never shall run dry";.

There are millions in this world who are craving  
The pleasures earthly things afford;  
But none can match the wondrous treasure  
That I find in Jesus Christ my Lord.

So, my parents, my brothers, my sisters & my children, if the things this world  
gave you  
Leave hungers that won't pass away,  
My blessed Lord will come and save you,  
If you kneel to Him and humbly pray:

Fill my cup Lord, I lift it up, Lord!  
Come and quench this thirsting of my soul;

Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more  
Fill my cup, fill it up and make me whole my God,

I thank You for meeting me even in this day & age as you did that woman at the well.

»»Sin led that woman to the well at noon, it thought it was taking her there to wear her out & drown her, little did it know that it was leading her to meet her master at the well.««

✕✕ At times I don't regret my sinful past, in fact I sometimes thank God for it, because if it wasn't for sin, just like me, that woman would have not been at the well at that specific time alone & she wouldn't have met her Savior.

If it wasn't for sin, she would have been like all the other Samaritan women we never got to hear about, she would have been at the well with her fellow women at DAWN & would have never met the Master at NOON.✕✕

Father today I am leaning, dear Lord I am failing on my own.  
Meet me today at the well & allow me to draw from Your well with the freshest waters that will never run dry  
So I may never thirst again.

Preston Mwiinga

# The One Who Loves The Most, Gets Hurt The Most

What a mystery behind a word love. Why is that it has no destiny. Love is real a who loves the most is always a is this so? it is because of the demon that confuses one`s mind, blinds one`s eyes and cheats on one who loves the most. When this person finds a lover, he believes that he has found what he longed for in his heart, believing that his heart is completely complete. Nothing appears bad to him when s/he looks at the lover. Everything appears perfect, beauty is 100%, character is perfect and speech from her/his lips is the sweetest note ever then begins to sacrifice all s/he has, all s/he can afford just to please the lover because one believes s/he is in love. All the time is spent thinking of the lover.

It matters not if the lover thinks of him/her or not, all that matters is that one is in love. 'Something is telling me it might be you, s/he tells the lover in the dreams not knowing that the lover does not consider him/her special at when this lover reveals its mystery one discovers that the person s/he considered his/her lover does not even spend a second thinking of him/her. Not knowing that this person does not even consider him as anything but just a common person.

Leaving one in a daze not knowing what to do. s/he thinks of all the precious time wasted thinking of someone who does not even worst a second thing of him/ s/he considers him/herself a loser. S/he loved the most but got hurt the most. 'OH YES IT IS TRUE, ONE WHO LOVES THE MOST IS ALWAYS A LOSER, ALWAYS LEAVE ROOM FOR DISAPPOINTMENT'

Preston Mwiinga

# The Phenomenal Black Skin

I am of a phenomenal black skin born from my black parents. My skin color has been used by many to misrepresent and to represent what they believe in.

In the Christian society, has not been left out in the black color as it is used to symbolize sin.

The students wear black for demonstrations because of their frustrations against their administration or the government.

In the west, black is the color of mourning  
And grief  
, dark-colored wool is worn during  
periods of mourning.

In rural areas of Mexico, Portugal, Spain,  
Italy and Greece widows will wear black for rest of their lives.  
The computer forensic world uses black to describe the black hackers who  
are bad people.

The black color has been associated with evil like the term "black-hearted";  
describes an evil person. They say use the term "Black Sheep" to  
symbolize an outcast from the society.  
Blackmail to symbolize obtaining something by force. Black Market illegal trade.

Black is not a bad color, it is a phenomenal color and I'm proud of it. It is a color with  
a symbol of pride. In the African setup, a "black belt" is an expert  
level in martial arts.

We Africans with a black skin are defined by our strength and hard work.  
It is a phenomenal skin that nations like Zambia have used on their national  
identity to represent the black people of Zambia.

Black is beautiful and I am proud to talk about it. It is a skin of people who are  
not just physically beautiful, but the black skin has a beautiful heart.

We are blessed with hospitality and great smiles. I am of the phenomenal black  
skin and I believe the best can come out of the black skin.



# The Politician

You have given good roads,  
increased salaries of civil workers  
and you have promised us other things like more jobs better education  
O yes these are some of your strengths  
but you also have your own weaknesses,  
we shall not capitalize on your weaknesses to bring you down  
because we believe you are not perfect in all areas so are we.  
Our appeal is that you always work on your mistakes by erasing and correcting  
them  
like the parable of a pencil this will make you a perfect government to rule the  
country.  
You have the potential to leave a great mark to the nation.  
That vote was given to you because the people built the confidence  
That you will save them better.  
For for your people,  
Bail them from the poor standards of living.  
Politics is not a dirty game but the players are  
The ones painting it with that filthy name.  
Make a difference

Preston Mwiinga

# The R & G

The R & G

My God is merciful is Divine. He created me in his own imagine though black I am proud and I'm proud African. As a youthful nation we are geared for leadership. Our Generation`s Time is now.

Coming from the Divine African Generation I come with a message like that of Jonah but not as selfish as Jonah. Its not war but peace I present and with a loud voice I cry out and shout, &quot;The R & G&quot;

R & G, ba Red naba Green what sort of demon has possessed you that you are embracing voilence like it your lover. Blood shed has becom your way of life. You have forgotten how our forefathers fought for a voilence free nation. Just recently we held our hands together to pray about the ritual killings in our beloved nation but now we are like them. We produce insults like we are have diareah of the same insults.

Way back football especially if its Zambia playing, would bring us together we would be united as one. But now its the Red & Green fights. Carder vs Carder whlst politicians are rubbing shoulder and eating from the Kings plate.

Come back to your senses, forget about red and green and bring back the peace we know Zambia for.

Our Divine God does not like that. We are Are Africans best known for peace. We are the Chooosen Generation.

We are the Divie African Generation

Preston Mwiinga

# The Reality Story Of Beauty And The Beast

I was lost in thoughts when she found found me. The time when she found me I had amnesia of being good. I could not really remember how best to be good with people. In me was the untamed beast a wild animal that only wanted to be alone but my tongue too was untamed. It was like a tongue of a chameleon attacking. When she found me I was an I don't care type of a person defined by my dress cord. My dressing was like that of a rebel leader and I was very fine with it. She go closer to me without any invitation. She came to my life lik a gate crusher at a wedding ceremony. Approached me in a humble way that I forgot that I was like that fierce beast. It was not the story beauty it was reality. She believed in the good things in me and told me the best was going to come out of me. She took up the responsibility of building up the best person in me. Transformed me from me being scraff to a smart person in me and influenced my smart thinking. She gave a reason of being happy and reminded me that we only live once. She neutralized all the hate and anger in me like kaspersky antivirus neutralising viruses in a computer. She stood by me as if she were my own and yet it was true friendship. Today I am a happy person she was like that guiding angel who took care of me. A wonderful person who who restored my happiness. A sweet person who chose to be by my side despite anything. She was sent to my life for that real purpose and that was to prove to the world that the world still has those good people. This is my story this is poem this is my testimony this is my piece to stay for you with you and by you if such words are there in English. Friendships does not choose friendship is sacrifice, it is helping your friend up when things are not okay its about staying with your friend in all situations. Friendship is not dship is you

Preston Mwiinga

# The Root Of Bitterness

O bitterness do not feel my heart shakutemwa.

You are planted in many hearts the root of hatred, how I wish I can call the arm worms to uproot those roots from the bottom.

In a heart the roots are hidden, unseen, repressed, private and fall but grow into a creature.

Though unseen, you stupid roots nevertheless feeds our souls You informs our mind,

and fuel our motives

the end result is disastrous

Dear roots we will be always be on a lookout for anything that resembles you.

Because if we left our hearts unchecked; you may spring up into a noxious weed spreading death & destruction.

Even as I lead my life, I am motivated encouraged that even though O roots you seem to be that stubborn I am not alone, I have a fighter.

I Know the antidote to your poison I know of he who is greater in forgiveness and that is my Jesus Christ.

Preston Mwiinga

# The Same God

Season come and Seasons go

Life is keeps changing, what was old fashioned yesterday is the latest today.

The less considered yesterday are today`s prominent figures.

Celtel changed to Zain from Zain to Airtel

But God has never changed, he. Is still the. Same God.

Our loved ones break the promise of loving us always but God doesn't just promise but stands by our side when we kneel down before him and pray.

DAG`s Choolwe affirmed that Championship is seasonal but our God is everlasting.

Life is a test but I now agree with DAG`s Modero that we are on Tuition's.

Lonely and helplessly I cry but I always comforted by love of God through DAG Proverbs 31 lady Lui that he is always there to hold me when I'm weak because I know that I am strong.

He is the same today, tomorrow and the days to come, what more can I say apart from admitting that he is Divine, he cares even for an African like me and our Generation is what it is because of his providence.

Preston Mwiinga

# The Same Old Story Told By Our Grand Parents

We are tired of the same old story told by our ancestors and passed on to us. Some Politicians with their lies, they just make us sick. Election time has come and you want our votes again. You promise us of infrasture, better education, ubandance of jobs, improve water problems, reduced cost in everythin and have made many youuths your carders.

When we vote for you you forget about us. You stand up and boast that you only drink mineral water when we are dying out of thirst out there. Students are denied bursaries when they complain you tell them it is not governments responsibilities to pay for of Governments infrastructure have worn out they look like place for acting horror movies. They are a a threat to life and hazardorous to the nation. The living standards of the people are going down day by day because the youths have not been given employment and our fathers have until now not been paid their benefits. we do work hard our farmers really ensure that we keep recording bumper haversts but the issue is you delaying in giving them their monies. We are calling for better roads and not paper roads which become fish ponds during rain season why give us roads that are like roads for toys. Do not expect us to always praise you when you do great things for us because it is your responsibilities but rather we will never forget to appreciate your great works. Build us more health facilities during and after any election.

Our youths should not be used as tools for violence, youths must be involved in great works. We shall not vote for you out of mercy or because of your gender, our eyes have been opened and we will vote for you because of your better and genuine plans for our beloved nation.

You promise to improve education starndads which you failed to do so.

Stop harrasing the media be a real not

cowards.

Stop fooling the church, you can not save yourselves, why beat pastors, Why mock students, leave them in peace, we need a great nation from them. Why trouble the bus drivers, are you going to care for their families when you treat them like trash.

its the same old story, we need a new one!

Preston Mwiinga

# The Tender Heart Of A Woman

She pretends to be okay in a routine monthly through the menstruation periods. Even as she attends, we take it so simple on her behalf. what we do not know is that the pain is much.

her love is all dedicated to her children. she fights battles just for her children to have a sustainable life.

but ensures her children have something.

when a man marries, not everyone remembers his parents, but a woman will never forget where she where she has come from. she includes them on her budget.

pain on her, but she will still cook for him and prepare water for him to bath.

she is a caring mother, a loving wife, a working class, a student but is

But she manages,

Respect everywoman

Preston Mwiinga

# The Time For Victory

Africa we have suffered for a long time now we have been slaves in our Own continent. some tho not whites have become masters. It now seems there the founders of Africa. They say an African child can never learn without a Whip. Families have been destroyed, Fathers have been separated from their children, Mothers are mistreated, Young boys made to work for long hours and girls defiled. The Time for victory has come rise up Zambia. Zimbabwe prepare your weapons for War. And South Africa your first aid equipment. Africa let us unite in order for us to claim our victory. Patriotic whites with us give us a helping hand in obtaining our freedom. Even though we got our independence, we are not free.

Indeed mother Africa defend us your children for we can no longer be slaves in our own land. We are slaves to our own culture; we are forced to take on the western one. Our culture has been disrespected. Traditions which have existed for a long time have been destroyed. A young girl can never kneel when greeting elders or when serving her Father. She has become a disgrace to our customs she no longer cares what she puts on in the presence of elders. A boy child has also become dislocated, his mother tongue has changed. He now speaks as if he has eaten hot chili.

Due to technology and easy access to internet, they enjoy viewing pornographic materials and have learnt to insult. They treat their parents like their equal. Most men who have married dislocated women have stories to tell, they complain day and night. And men who have married women who understand the importance of culture and traditional values in our modern society as well got the suspense that never ends to tell. Africa rise up and say no to foreign culture and tradition and move on as real cultured people in society

Preston Mwiinga

# The Train I Ride On

The train the world rides on.  
It travels at the speed of light and yet the result is destruction.  
I do not admire to be a celebrity because it is not always right.  
A humble life, a simple life I want to trend like a trend settler.  
I do not want to walk in a marathon walk but In the footsteps of Christ.  
The train the world ride on is about hot pursuit of money.  
A hot name, money, and firm I refuse.  
Why should I have the whole world and loose heaven? I say No!  
Give me Jesus and keep the world.

Preston Mwiinga

# The Troubled Mind

Your heart is filed with pain and sorrow  
Your heart is in pain, troubled with the physical pain  
Hope is twisted as others have told you it is impossible.  
You are filled with hate and blame.  
You have been terrorized with the news and  
You ask yourself why all these calamities are happening to you.

But listen to me my love. I am here for you when you need me  
I am with you because I am part you.  
When you are low, I am here as your best comfort my love.  
When you are faced with a lot of questions without answers baby  
Know that God is our peace. He knows and understands all our afflictions.  
He has the best keys of hope.

Bae your name shines in my heart like that beautiful flower.  
Having you in my life is the best thing and I will always find ways of ensuring you  
happy always.  
Situations might ruin your hope but listen to me focus of the best even as I say  
every bad  
Situation, yields something positive. All we need to do is to always believe in his.  
Look at the chemistry of a dead clock, it is twice correct in a day.  
Symbolizing no situation is permanent.

You are a purpose, a purpose for God's creation.  
You were born for a mission, a mission to accomplish.  
Inside you is the hope, you are born to be a voice of others. Born to speak for  
The troubled hearts. Born to attain all your goes in life.  
Born for you and me to be together in our holy matrimony.  
Our destiny is to be together, and God will make it possible.

Baby the doctors might have said, it is impossible, but remember God says it's  
possible  
Look at the chemistry of the lock maker, he can never creates a lock without a  
key  
Same, God will never let problems come before us without putting forth a  
solution.  
Doctors will go to school for seven years to be able to cure someone,  
But look at how amazing this God is, just by a mere touch you are healed.  
Engineers need to come together in numbers to design diagnosing machines in

the hospital

But our amazing God uses voice commands to create, just like he create the heavens and the earth

Choolwe baby, cry no more there is a tunnel that there is a tunnel that an eagle eye has never seen.

There is hope beyond that tunnel, beyond the tunnel there is healing. God will grant you healing. He will make you whole again. He knows and understands your pain better.

Preston Mwiinga

# The Undecided Frog Died With Its Legs Wide Open.

You have lost your integrity taking away your own honor. The amnesia in you has become so strong that you have forgotten your national pride the national anthem which defines the nation as a land of work and joy and unity. You have chosen not to be a victor anymore.

What now defines you is the lazy person that who is no different from a vulture that waits for an animal to die for it to find food. It does not have time to work for itself but just by opportunity and chance.

Those days when I heard of M.O.B, what came unto my mind where the american rappers like the G-Unit. But that's not it now.

You have used MOB justice to loot even innocent people`s Shops.

Shame on you, you have chosen ignorance and abashed knowledge, You are a father yes, look at you you have carried with you your wives and children to steal even from innocent people`s shops without proper evidence.

But listen to me. What I have for you is a hard talk. `The undecided frog died with its legs wide open`

I do not not qualify you to be forensic where I could have described you as either white, grey or black hacker. You are not a netizen but a citizen of the land. I do not qualify you to be a white citizen because you not ethical, I neither qualify you to be black because I still believe you have manners, its only that they are bad. You are a grey citizen. The inner voice in you keeps popping in you that you can be a better person but you have chosen to ignore.

Change for the better, MOB is not the solution. You can be a better person.

Preston Mwiinga

# The World Awaits His Story

The world awaits his story  
The world must hear his story.  
Born from a peasant,  
Brought up by a peasant,  
Taught how to be a man by a peasant.  
He is that great man of Velour.

He works up early in the morning,  
Hires a wheelbarrow at a minimal fee per day,  
Hence his job description is a wheelbarrow pusher  
With additional responsibilities of a garbage collector because on specified days,  
he goes round the compound collecting garbage and dropping it to the dumpsite.

His surname is not `Vinyalala' meaning rubbish pits, but he has. Earned himself that name like he is a Nobel prize winner. His children have suffered high levels of discrimination in the community and at school. At times his children could even regret having being born from him, and at times even rejecting that he is not their dad but the general worker at home.

He has grown muscles as if he goes to the gym but it is as a result of pushing wheelbarrows on a daily basis. Some of his clients could even refer him to a because of his appearance in actual sense he is very royal to all his clients. When he is ill, he pushes himself up, pretends to be fine and goes for his daily activities.

When thinks of the pressures of life he undergoes through, he at times goes to a quite place where he is alone and cries out to his God for help and direction. In public, he is always wearing that sweet smile, and is very humble as a dove.

Away from work, he lives in a very decent house not a rented one but a house he built as a result of his. Hard-works.

He is married to a very beautiful and supporting wife, making people to wonder how he managed to woo and marry her in a decent way.

He has taken and he take his Children to very good schools, challenging the fact of being born from a peasant, brought up by a peasant, taught how to be a man by a peasant.

But treating his wife as a queen, his children as Princes and princesses and his home as a little palace in the compound.

Just like the wheelbarrow pusher, don't give up on your dream brother, don't

give up on being the best sister, the wheelbarrow man is not a thief but still has happiness his loved ones and family.

Get up and push, push and continue pushing because the letters `Push` stand for,

P » Push

U » Until

S » Something

H » Happens

Preston Mwiinga

# The World Of Romance

Our Kingdom is the Malston Kingdom. A well arranged empire flourished with milk and honey, Gold and Silver.

Our quest, Is always to find each others happiness.

Our goal is to have our Maslston Kingdom full of happiness, Joys and the Love.

Only two People will rule the Malston Kingdom because history has it that Malston is a combination of only two royal names.

Mal for Queen Maluba and Ston for Amfumu Preston.

Our empire grows stronger and stronger with Love from each other, Joy in happiness, Support for each other in trials and hardships.

strengthening each other when humanity makes us weak, rendering a helping hand for balance.

Most of all thanking our almighty for his divine providence towards us.

On this new years eve allow me to say like I always say it.

I love you so much Maluba, You are my blessing and God's perfect gift to me

Preston Mwiinga

# The Zingageophobic Cry

I am a Zambian, born and bred on the Zambian Soil. Africa is my grandson, South Africa is my brother. And Jamaica is my first cousin. I'm of a chocolate color and I'm proud. I'm living in a country where mother Zambia has taught me to be peaceful, joyful, helpful, grateful. Mother Zambia has taught me and my brothers and sisters to always have the best hospitality. This is why I could tell my friends abroad that when they come to Zambia I will teach them how to cook nshima, Chibwaba, nembalala shakushashila.

Peace was our national anthem demonstrated by our forefather DR Kaunda who could sing, &quot;Tiyende Pamodzi Namutima Umodzi&quot; ala the song is slowly dying out as we are now crying about the new name with a great impact the `Zingageophobic Cry`. Xenophobia is gone and Zingageophobia is born. Taking its name from the ritual killings in Zingalume and George Compound. Zambian has now learnt how to hold knives, machets and other instruments not because they surgions, not because we have enough breed of cattle NO! But because they want to slaughter fellow Zambians. You say you want to be rich, you believe my blood will give you riches, you are wrong. You have started murdering your fellow Zambians in cold blood. You slaughter us worser that a Chicken. Because as for chickens, be head them before we cut them in pieces. But what are you doing to your fellow Zambian, You torture and make our brothers and sisters to die a painful death. You humiliate them from the private to the public parts. You chop off their manhood/Womanhood. You remove their hearts by cutting their chests, as if its not enough, you remove their ears as if its Peter the discple chopping off a roman soldier to protect the Master Jesus. Even in that act, Jesus condemed it because it is wrong. You remove their eyes as if their Samsons in the hands of the philistines and yet its your own brother.

But listen hard to me, our blood, our sensitive private parts, Our ears and eyes will not gurantee you enough moneys, its uses when obtained in a satanic way Remember even Judas Sold Jesus Christ but the money was still useless. what is special with our body parts especially the ones you are getting from us. Because in Chickens such parts are not even edible. When we slaughter a chicken, we do away with its private parts, we do not eat its ears but in humans you evil ones deem them special. Zambia `twachula natulaba amafunde yenu` we have forgotten about your teachings mother Zambia. Our homes have now become scenes where they act honor movies. But we do not even know who the starring is because in horrors, even the starring dies. O fellow Zambians, fellow Africans, let us join together and fight against the ZingaGeophobic Cry. Enough is enough, their time is up now is our time, but we can only remain triumph if only we can

work together as a nation. Our eyes are swollen, almost each and every day a life is lost in a brutal way. Each persons prayer is to die a peaceful death never a death of pain, we would all want to be buried peacefully and quietly and not becoming celebrities at the day of our death.

It is the Zingageophobic Cry. Mother Zambia please help us.

Preston Mwiinga

# These Are They

These are they who have trailed life

These are they who have been hurt along the way but still were not able to give up.

These are they who had the courage to attain,

These are they who had the hope and kept the faith,

These are they who despite have failed a number of times, they were still able to stand up on their feet and try again and again.

These are they who are now walk in glory with pride in their heart because they have achieved,

These are they who can proud say, they they have run the race,

These are they who have reached the finishing line,

and these are they because these are they.

Preston Mwiinga

# This Kind God

His divine mercies has led us to where we are.  
He is an amazing God, forever loving and has a special plan for each person.  
He feeds the birds of the air without them having the hands to cultivate.  
He is a mysterias God, difficult to be understood,  
But he keeps doing the impossibles.  
One difficult thing to understand that lives me  
With no option but to praise and glorify him,  
Is how he takes care of the mad  
They feed and sleep on trash and yet never is a day they get sick.  
But if a normal person like me does that,  
They they will contract cholera.  
He is an incredible God,  
Always bigger than all my problem  
Bigger than anything in the world.  
He only tells us just to give him 10% of our earnings,  
And yet he never runs broke.  
H e restores our hope and our faith by believing in him.  
He tells us that he is able to number our hair, and that  
He knew us before we were born.  
He is an amazing God and our father.

Preston Mwiinga

# This Love

I knew you at that point that my life I was not ready to love.  
I talked with you like to you like the way I talked with any other person  
I never saw any love in you that very moment I saw you.  
I did not have any feel of love the moments we interacted as friends  
Destine brought us together like those people who were on a pilgrimage,  
With no idea of one day being in-love with each other, we fell in love and  
We could not avoid what was meant to be.  
It was this love that made me drop down before you with a ring in  
My hands to ask for your hand in marriage and you said yes,  
The love in me like the airtel's promotion me2u made us travel  
To Kalomo with my team to make things possible and they welcome.  
I longed for that day when I would eventually call you mine and that day is  
today.  
I never thought it possible  
That I would be standing here with you.  
It was something I thought was a fairytale  
A happy ending to a children's book  
I never thought it possible  
For it to be so true and so real that you would be in this lovely wedding  
Dress for me.  
I never thought it possible that you would choose me before many.  
I never thought it would be possible seeing people gathered here to share  
With us our happiness and congratulate us.  
I never saw it possible but not it is possible that you are my wife and I am your  
Husband  
It is not magic nor a fairly tale story, vachitika.  
It is no longer a dream lelo nakwatila, natenga, nadonsa kunyumba.  
I loved you then and I still do  
But now I know I'm IN love with you  
I promise not to leave you  
I promise to stand by you and love you  
I will always be here with you my love.

Preston Mwiinga

# Tiponteko Dot Com Your Childhood Girlfriend

Tiponteko dot com

Olo mubapontela, Girls, take a moment to thank and appreciate all those guys that u dated in secondary school

They loved u with no makeup, with your bald heads, short natural hair, sometimes even oversized uniforms and shapeless bags.

That was true love! They are the pioneers of your love life

Preston Mwiinga

# Tiponteko Dot Com Blackberry Relationship

Tiponteko dot com

My friend if you are in a blackberry kind of relationship, a self contained relationship in pain,  
then my friend you better switch to android, uvitikila chani elo ninsi you've got market

Preston Mwiinga

# Tiponteko Dot Com Christmas

Tiponteko dot com  
(Ndi chapamulomo)

Suprise your girlfriend this Chrismas na new year by introducing her to your wife

Preston Mwiinga

# Tiponteko Dot Com Christmas 2

Tiponteko dot com

Iwe munthu okuda mvela instead of helping your mum or dad or your siblings  
you are busy buying christmas presents for a girl you won't even marry iyi si life  
bululu, te boom iyo! !

Preston Mwiinga

# Tiponteko Dot Com Churches

tiponteko dot com

my christian friends why changing churches like underwears.  
christianity should not be revolutionary for miracles.  
nakuma church uhule sure

Preston Mwiinga

# Tiponteko Dot Com Classy Ladies

Tiponteko dot com

Classy girls don't have any tattoos Because no one can intentionally scratch a Benz or a private jet If you have tattoos, you are probably a lorry

Preston Mwiinga

# Tiponteko Dot Com Double Crossing

Tiponteko dot com

awe sure, The way some people play or double their partners kwati basebenza ku  
cross boader associatian

olo kungo bachinja chinja monga ni ma dollar nama pound ku buareu de change

Preston Mwiinga

# Tiponteko Dot Com Funeral

Tiponteko dot com

sometimes someone updates a funeral or she writes with pain. what do others do? instead of comforting, they start liking the post.

kaya nikambako chabe ine

Preston Mwiinga

# Tiponteko Dot Com Gbv

Tiponteko dot com

If beating women is way of proving that you are a man,  
Then try us your fellow men so that we teach you some manners

Preston Mwiinga

# Tiponteko Dot Com Girls

Tiponteko dot com

Long ago ladies used used to cook like their mothers, but now they drink like their fathers

Preston Mwiinga

# Tiponteko Dot Com Heart Break

Tiponteko dot com

'If a guy dumps or breaks your heart,  
take his phone and leave. Call his  
mother and tell her he's dead. You  
can't be crying alone girl.  
She must also feel the pain for not  
raising him well'

import

Preston Mwiinga

# Tiponteko Dot Com Mangoes

Tiponteko dot com

oho this is almost rain season ai? ?

we have so much Mangoes, others wait for Mangoes to be ripe but others starting eating them before they ready.  
same with the little girls

Preston Mwiinga

# Tiponteko Dot Com Marriage

Tiponteko dot com

You amaze me with your christianity, don't become very active in church because you need a wife or husband.

IF YOU TRULY DESIRE TO SERVE GOD, JUST SERVE HIM! !

Preston Mwiinga

# Tiponteko Dot Com Naked

Tiponteko dot com

Tiziba you want fame,

Ehe you want guys to fall for you

Nizooona ati we all deserve to e happy

Manje ulichintako

You are naked in our eyes.

Tumaziba tofota kwati matropiko elo tungo tofelana kwati niku play house.

Chimuchombo kwati nika anti hill

Kachest kwati kwati nika mimbia

Tumendo kwati nika nyoni ka blue c c

You don't have eye brows kwati ndiwe that snake muswema.

Kumenso white kwati wachoka mu danjoni

Miponto fulu kwati ndiwe ka twitter

Your tuma lips kwati nika susunjila

Naponta so kavale

Preston Mwiinga

# Tiponteko Dot Com Parasite

Tiponteko dot com

you have chosen never to work hard in life because you think a prince charming will marry you.

my sister wait for three years to learn that having a masters will be a qualification to getting married.

after all bamuna ndise bang'ono than imwe bakazi

Preston Mwiinga

# Tiponteko Dot Com Pro

Tiponteko dot com

When a guy double crossess a lady, they him a player,  
When a lady double crosses a guy, She is a prostitute.

Preston Mwiinga

# Tiponteko Dot Com Relations

Tiponteko dot com

Relationships are harder now because  
conversations became texting,  
arguments became phone calls,  
feelings became subliminal messages  
Sex became easy, the word  
love gets used out of context,  
insecurities have become your way of  
thinking. Getting jealous became a  
habit, trust has been lost, cheating  
became an accident, leaving became  
the only option and being hurt became  
natural.

Preston Mwiinga

# Tiponteko Dot Com Skin

Tiponteko dot com

If Guys are not careful, they would  
date a Girl twice, they will be like!  
'Babe you look familiar?  
And she will be like 'yes, you dated  
me in 2011, I was dark then but now  
I'm fair.

.  
'SAY NO TO BLEACHING'

Preston Mwiinga

# Tiponteko Dot Com Skin Bleaching

Tiponteko dot com

Ladies, if you decide to bleach your faces, I think you should bleach your kids as well.

Aren't you tired of being asked, "..Is that really your child? '

Preston Mwiinga

# Tiponteko Dot Com Skin Color

Iwe Kakashana what is wrong with your natural beauty. Ukamba ati ufuna ku sweta, You apply vimafuta monga nivima red oxide.

You think you look cute? ? ?

Well..... No! You don't, your skin has two colours. And I keep asking myself, Are a Zebra! ! ! ? ? ?

Naleka napali mailo ati ndi wamiponto

Preston Mwiinga

# Tiponteko Dot Com Stalkers

Tiponteko dot com

You are busy stalking people on the social media,  
You stalk them anyhow, do you really need Zukerbeg to bring up a new feature  
'Just Stalked'? Or you have become a stalken

Instead of stalking others, go and window shop atleast you will stalk the goods

Preston Mwiinga

# Tiponteko Dot Com Tax Collector

Tiponteko dot com

My friend if the only time he comes to see you is at night, then you are in love with an armed robber.

naiwe boi if every time she wants you to spend on her and her friends, then you are dating the entire ZRA and your girlfriend is a tax collector

Preston Mwiinga

# Tiponteko Dot Com Witch

Tiponteko dot com

That witch finder has promised you riches and yet he still depends on your peanuts, why didn't he make himself rich first. Think before going mu ka tent ko nunka muja

Preston Mwiinga

# Tiponteko Dot Com Yoballi

Tiponteko dot com

Ati ndiwe exe with a very big shirt which looks like a maternity dress.

You wear your ancestors big trousers kwati nimu gomo.

You are not even ashamed to sag trying to show off. Your boxer, listen to me that boxer is too dirty my friend boxer yako niyo timbilila, fulu with ma dindilizi elo futi its got hole as if its Lumwana mine.

You even put on big chains `Ndiwe galu? `because at my place its only dogs we tie in such chains.

I know you tell me ati I'm trying to pick up beef with you, iyayi beef ni ndiyo ine nikambako che

Preston Mwiinga

# Tiponteko Dot Come Olden Days

Tiponteko dot com

Back then when you see a girl or boy in spectacles with thick lenses, it meant they were very intelligent.

When you see a man in a table cut then you know he is a thief, just shout, 'Kawalala'

Preston Mwiinga

# Today You Send Your Mother To The Street?

In her womb for nine months she carried you,  
She moved around with that heavy load for nine solid months.  
She would have aborted you whilst you were still a fetus.  
She never took you for a brat but her own flesh and blood.  
Even when her mind was filled with hate because she was hurt, she loved you  
even before you were born.  
When giving birth to you, she pushed when she could have squeezed your little  
tender body and destroy your life but she gave you life.  
The blood she lost was all for you.  
She risked her life crushing stones just to put food on the table for you it and  
take you to school.  
She could have gotten blind from the stone materials or she could have lost her  
fingers.  
Today you insult her and reject her as your mother because she looks dirty and  
cannot speak English  
Like a. Mad person yet she is normal, you made her find rest in the dog house.  
You said your own mother had no manners.  
Today your pride has sent your mother to the streets,  
So homeless she has become and yet has a child she sacrificed her life for.  
May God punish you for making her end days miserable ones.

Preston Mwiinga

# Too Much Analysis. Leads To Paralysis

Your heart is in pain, you think she is cheating on you.  
You have analyzed so much and come to a conclusion that  
she is not faithful to you. This development has made you  
sick and so paralyzed.

O my brother Chill up, Too much analysis leads to paralysis.

Have a sterilized critical mind to avoid being  
jeopardized. Get organized to avoid being capitalized upon. Be stabilized to be  
ionized into a strong bond.

You are broken because of a disappointment. you  
have turned to hate the guys, you now have analyzed  
and come to a conclusion that all men are the same.  
listen to me. Too much analysis leads to paralysis a  
mare disappointment is not as painful as a trouser Zip  
that zips a man`s private part. cheer up o sister and  
be catalyzed, I have initialized that your sight can be  
visualized to know that you are worth than tears.

My story I was wondering recently if it was age-  
related, but I'm just not that old to be senile. It's too  
much experience combined with overthinking. I have  
more experience than many, but clearly not enough  
to keep me from suffering from Analysis Paralysis.

Be rejuvenated and always remember a supreme  
mind, will take you out of your paralysis I grip the  
mic so tight I get callouses. You have a life so I tell  
you the truth, so that you don't scare into paralysis I  
knew the CIA saw Bin Laden on dialysis. You got life

Preston Mwiinga

# Try Not To Judge Me In View Of My Folks Sins

At whatever point I situate in class, the theme that dependably harms me is the subject of our folks callings. My colleagues would go like, `My Father is a record, my mom a Legal advisor, mine a specialist, my dad is a pilot, my mom is the clergyman of gender.....`

With regards to me, I'm generally embarrassed, I'm generally bashful, I'm generally in torment on the grounds that everybody prods me in class. They call me `Mwana wa hule na Mambala` as though the headaches are insufficient, they even ridicule me by revealing to me my Grandparents may have been wizards, on the grounds that my mom is a typical whore at Chandwe Musonda street, and my dad was gunned down as a furnished criminal.

It is genuine my mom is a whore as you call her, however recall that she is as yet my mom. My dad may have been a furnished criminal, however he was my father. My grandparents are guiltless. There is no parent who wishes her\his tyke to be required in wrongdoings and emoral exercises.

I didn't be conceived in the shanty, I didn't pick whom to be my folks. On the off chance that I had a decision, I would have either been Barack Obama`s youngster or Ruler Elizabeth`s Stupendous Tyke.

A tyke should not be judged for his folks sins, kindly don't pass judgment on me. I was conceived for a reason, I was conceived which is as it should be. It was for a reason that I am crisp and blood of a no-nonsense criminal and a whore. Try not to judge me since I am me and I am different.

My mom may be a whore, however she doesn't need me to take after her strides nor take after my fathers.

Try not to mortify me, I might be the following President, don't pass judgment on me, I might be the one taking care of your case at incomparable court as a judge. Try not to condemn me, rather battle to accomplish your best.

Mwana wa hule si hule, sindine hule, Mwana wa kawalala sikawala, I'm not a criminal. In the event that you say my terrific guardians are wizards, how could you know when I don't know anything, do you go on obligation with her to witch?

Think before you charge, I am a graduate in making, don't pass judgment on me

Preston Mwiinga

# Twinkle Twinkle Little Star.

Twinkle Twinkle little star.  
I am that bright star in the skies.  
I play, I sing and I dance.

Give me the toys and I will not bother you.  
Take me to the jumping castle,  
O I love ice cream buy it for me and I will not cry.

Tell me I am that cute little thing.  
I am but full of boundless energy,  
I play with my friends,  
I dance the way teacher taught me.  
I gather toys,  
And I worry not about tomorrow.  
I am just that Twinkle twinkle little star love me.

Preston Mwiinga

# Two Are Better Than One

Two are better than one because they have a good return of their labor.  
One eye on its not effective but with the help of the other, things move.  
One hand can not lift a basin but two hands can.  
Selfishness does not lead to success as only one brain will think after all even a vicious woman on her own can not fall pregnant.  
Even the eagle balances on its set of wings,  
No man is an island remember that even a rich man will have to request for medical help.

Two work better together,  
They work with hope,  
Well... It is a double pleasure but triple fun in attaining the best.  
Even Steve Job required Steve Wozniak. For them to succeed in coming up with apple.  
Even a man requires a woman for success,  
Well.... I know right?

Two are better than one; because they have a good reward for their labor.  
For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow: but woe to him that is alone when he falleth; for he hath not another to help him up.  
Again, if two lie together, then they have heat: but how can one be warm alone?  
And if one prevail against him, two shall withstand him; and a threefold cord is not quickly broken.

Two are better than one.

Preston Mwiinga

# Uncovered Food

Tiponteko dot com

Uncovered food gives cholera na kutulula,  
To stay safe always cover your food.

Tiponta chani.....

Falling for uncovered ladies, naked or half naked ladies, with leave you with  
STI`s and HIV.

Stay safe and fall for one decent one for yourself, not two but only one.

Preston Mwiinga

# Vibantu Vena Hiv

Tiponteko dot com

Vibantu vena HIV olo kalyonde lyonde siviyo pa.

Ma motoka sumuyopa

kwalilila chongo ndiye kwe mutabila

koma mvula mumachaya mati running away from the rains like you are running away from war.

Preston Mwiinga

# Waiting And Watching

Many times I face the earthly troubles. When I receive rejection, when I'm faced with financial crisis such that I even fail to have a 50 ngwee in my pocket. When family gives me a cold shoulder, When my friends unfriend and block me. When my christian friends consider me fallen. When my trust in God is tested and I become hopeless in my God. When hell breaks loose. I I'm still rejuvenated to wait and trust in him forever. I will wait, I will watch for his goodness. His timing is the best for me. O lord refuel my hope to keep trusting and believing in you.

Preston Mwiinga

# Wake Me Up To Reality That She Is Gone

It is like a dream but the reality is that you are going.

The diamond ring on your finger has confessed that to me.

Should I file an injunction restraining you from getting married to him.

If my application is thrown out of the Romantic court, nizaifikiza. Naku Supreme court tifika ngati ma judge baku Romantic court bali corrupt.

Kaili I'm told ati nansalamu anfikiza but I believe that jurisdiction can be changed.

When I saw your whatsapp message I wondered as to why you were contacting me but I could still feel the love for even though I knew, you were going

When I told you that I was very happy, you were going to tie a ring with him, I at the same confessed that I was sad that I was going to lose you.

My bond for you is a strong bond, that Dundumwezi kind of love.

Ine ndine Romeo and I will call you Juliet.

Preston Mwiinga

# Wasted Years How Foolish I Was

## WASTED YEARS

Wasted years o how foolish I was.- if only life had a restore point like in computers then I would have bakdated it to the time my life to the time when I had proper timing of making decisions.

So many has been lost and not all can be corrected. The mistakes I made have left great scars in my heart and my life as a whole. Wasted years wasted years that my mother had. She carried me in her womb for nine months because she wanted me to have a better life and a good son. She loved me too too much that I became a spoilt child. Because of too much attention she gave I took advantage of everything in a foolish way. She was always by my side when things turned sour, she stood by me like my advocate, she gave me the best comfort when I was hurting inside. She was my angel on earth.

Wasted years o how foolish I was.- if only life had a restore point like in computers then I would have bakdated it to the time my life to the time when I had proper timing of making decisions.

Look at me I didn't. Consider the types of associates I had, I ended up meeting wrong ones, the kind of places, I found myself in prohibited places, the care I give to my body temple, I now became a drug addict and a major supplier like the seven spirits. I became a drunker such that beer started drinking me instead of me drinking it.

Wasted years o how foolish I was.- if only life had a restore point like in computers then I would have bakdated it to the time my life to the time when I had proper timing of making decisions.

The toxinated substances I was taking, made me end up terrorising a lot of people. I chopped off my mothers head because she tried. To advise me on something right, I slained my father in cold blood like a goat being slained upside down, I raped my sisters and inserted candles in their private parts, I robbed and bet a lot of people without any cause all because of the drugs I was taking.

Wasted years o how foolish I was.- if only life had a restore point like in computers then I would have bakdated it to the time my life to the time when I had proper timing of making decisions.

look at me I stand lost, lonely and deserted like a prodigal son hoping to correct my errors but the scars are too much, my other mistakes cannot be corrected, my mother and father are gone I killed them, who will defend me now, who will give me the best love again. I have injured many people, I am was a criminal please forgive a sinner in me I was always such a fool all these years.

Preston Mwiinga

# Watch And Pray.

Watch And Pray.

Knowledge shall increase and it is increasing,

It was written in the holly word, and now it is a reality.

Technology has brought about good and Alas even evil, man through his technology now tries to challenge God's creation.

That is blasphemy, but my brother and you my sister watch and pray.

So many denominations we have, others are true with God's doctrine but others misinterpreting it because they want to have more followers, when they have more followers, they have more monies in their pocket as the tithes and offering are no longer for God but for these thieves.

Many people who will slumber will be found in the devils web without even realising it,

The truth to them will become like darkness,

But watch and pray that yea may not be deceived as the Devil comes to kill, steal and to destroy,

He is moving like a roaring lion looking for someone to devour.

In the name of lifestyle and fashion, people are now moving naked,

Men have fun haircuts,

Smoking is their daily bread, insults are what they are having for lunch and violence is their supper, their tongue is polluted, they are a moving dictionary of insults.

Ladies are not exempted having sex anyhow is now a way of maintaining a fellow fornicator.

Eye brows cut and they look like a snake,

Walking naked is normal,

'The abnormal has become normal'

The devil comes to steal, kill and destroy thou shall not slumber, watch and prayer for the hour of his coming to reclaiming his own is nearer.

Preston Mwiinga

# We Are Divine African Generation

We are D.A.G we are a family

Well, from all works of life we have come together. From different disciplines we are connected.

I heard voices shouting just as the Zuuba rises.  
They shout Modero Lilanda! Modero Lilanda!  
From the other side they shout Preston Avondale

Equally i am reminded how desperately and hopelessly I cry I'm the BF Suma  
tea will cheer me up, it's because of the Cheeta ngu Cheta olo asame Jacket.  
They tried to bury us but they forgot we were seeds.  
Don't forget nkani ye tilankula anyama, na azibambo ni nkani yomeyo ya D.A.G.

We have voyage this far faith as the Divine African Generation.

Preston Mwiinga

# We Have Come This Far By Faith.

Today we are called Christians and we are also called soldiers.

We carry the seal on our head not engraved or embroidered by man but it is a seal given to us by God.

We have traveled this far by faith faith to be called Christians.

When our journey began, we were many but along the way some gave up along the way because they so no direction and so no reason to carry on but we have fought battles.

Life has stricken us a number of times but still we have risen because Christ is with us.

We have traveled this far by faith.

Faith is a substance not seen. We have not seen our Lord and Savior face to face but still we believe he exists.

Even when they insult us for believing in the God we have never seen,  
We believe that Christ died and rose again and he is coming to reclaim his beloved ones.

What is stopping you from praising your creator. Who is making you loose your focus towards him, is it your Job? Family problem? Your relationship?  
Remember that we have traveled this far by faith

Preston Mwiinga

# Weed

Weed

Weed when you and me begun our friendship all was well in such that we became the best of friends.

Some people through the police and the Drug enforcement commission tried to put asunder but we did not allow them to. We treated them as mere haters.

Weed today you have decided to plant a seed of hate in me that I hate for no reason.

Because of you, greedy I have I have for my mindset is polluted with the criminal mind, right now I guess I qualify being among-est the needy, needing help to get out of you like the children of Isreal got away from Egypt.

When we were that close you promised to leave me still with my natural appearance but shame on you and me, my face is filled with scars, my body with stitches all over, my eyes are so ready like an animal.

You tell me you are surprised to see how the copper-belt artists made that animal that looks surprised, you might suspect them to have smoked weed, no they did not not, the animal created was okay but after looking at how fierce I looked with red eyes it had to open it's eyes and ask, is he one of us or maybe he is the mark of the beast?

My disappointing weed, you disturbed my health and it it is deteriorating.

My lungs are contaminated due to the pollution in my heart like their is a heavy industry inside me.

My mental health is ruined, I cannot act normally because you are in control.

I have become a violent person because you have given me the feel of being fearless.

You have added a 6th sense to me that I am now a shameless person.

You have made loose respect for others and also for myself.

I hate you you, you are not a natural herb, you are a poison, you are nothing but a murderer, I do not need you, get away from me Weed.

Preston Mwiinga

# What If Christ Came To Zambia Today

if my savior was to come to Zambia today he would be very disappointed. Many would not even qualify to be called his children because of our sins which make us filthy like the pigs playing in mud.

If Christ came to Zambia today, He would be heart broken to discover that there is actually a man claiming to be him but he married and has children and that, that same imposter is even scared of the ritual. Killers.

By his coming he would see how adultery and fornication in Zambia have gone in the name of cohabiting, stealing in the name of *nimwibaa lyandi*.

The levels of crime would make him ask himself, if we are the people he died for or not.

People have stopped Marrying but cohabiting

Prostitutes conduct their businesses normally like it is a super market. They even have a regulated price list for their conducts.

The Church has become like the *sangwapo* of today where when you have a business, you no longer pay to advertising companies but you do it in the church to avoid the rates outside.

Most sermons are no longer about repentance and leading People to Christ but about possession and prosperity.

I'm sure Christ would ask where the magicians have even gone because everyone now wants to own a church.

Our electronic gadget have become archives for immorality. The same phone we use for God's business, is the same phone for illegal activities and obscene materials.

Zambians have become number one at rumors its like it is now a staple food for chats just like *nshima* is our staple food.

In the olden days in Zambia girls used to cook like their mothers but they drink like their fathers.

The abnormal is slowly becoming normal. We now treat God like our traditional cousin. We have even gone deep into ritual killings. People are now being slaughtered worse than a Chicken because one person wants to build a Nigerian mansion. Christ would ask if these are the mansions he said he went to prepare because I'm sure it would be new to him.

Preston Mwiinga

# What Manner Of Love Is This

How can I hold you or embrace you when I have no hands.

You chose to love me for who I am  
You accepted to come into my world,  
You told me that you will fit in because your love  
For me is unconditional.  
You promised to stand my me,  
In my blindness you told me that I was going to see your love,  
In my dumbness, your said hearts were going to communicate with each other  
In me not have hands and legs,  
You told me that we will always carry each other in our hearts.

I ask my God, what manner of person did you create,  
A man who never gives up. N  
You are one in a million.

Preston Mwiinga

# When Christ Is Four Days Late, He Is Still On Time

Even when they are cutting our sets.

Even when they make us to die a painful death as we witness ourselves being slaughtered worse than a goat upside down. We can't scream as they paralyse us.

Even when they only make us popular at our death  
Even when the young & the old come to watch our nakedness with justification that our private parts have been removed.

Even when the police carry out the extensive patrols but the murders still continue.

Even when kids are no longer safe to go to school because they are being kidnapped and their heads getting chopped

Even when the city is not in an error but in terror because it's not a horror movie on a 3D screen but reality, we are dying.

Even when we turn to forget that there is a God in heaven who can help us only when we honestly kneel down to him and pray with our tears which are never a worst.

Even when we turn to doubt God like Job's wife and turn to question his existence and make witchdoctors as our priorities whilst forgetting that even they the. Witch doctors are scared to move at night as they truly know that they can never restore their own lives.

Even when others have decided to consult the oracles, and the oracles have given them a deaf ear because they are nothing but just mere idols or should I call them decorations?

Remember he may seem silent about it. He may not bring out the culprits to open. He might not show his wrath now, but remember even when Christ is four days late, he is still on time.

He shall bring to justice those persecuting his Children. Present your tears to him and he will act up them.

Even when he is four days late, My God is still on

time.

Preston Mwiinga

# When Mentors Are Still Learning! ! !

Sometimes I look at the mentors, I seat alone and think about their ways of life. They may not have everything, but they what I need.

When mentors are still learning knowledge turns to increase the more  
Because learning does not stop its a continuous journey with many miles filled with smiles although not covered with tiles

When mentors are still ignorance and the old modeled kind of life is renewed. If they do not live renew, when they are told new things, they will forget, but when are mentors keep learning they may remember, once they are fully involved and keep learning.

Life is to be lived as if tomorrow one will die but learning must continue as if one will live forever.

Mentors do nor know everything, even from a little baby they can learning something and use it to inspire before they expire.

Its not really about pride, but happiness,

Its not really about attaining but about becoming a true model and a great coach.

Never should our mentors have a thought of stopping learning because life will never go on a break teaching, it is important to be content with what we have, but excludes learn keep learning as the world awaits your motivation.

Preston Mwiinga

## When Papa Said Bye Forever

'I missed you' he said as I walked into the room, sat next to him and held his hand. 'my my papa' I said, ' you're back in this hotel room?' he liked to call the hospital room his hotel smiled weakly and nodded his head. ' one for you, one for me' I said as I handed him a bottle of natural yoghurt. he looked at me and said he was gonna take it later coz he was nibbling on some beetroot. I smiled and told him we'd take the yoghurt at the same time. he asked me how i was doing as i wiped the sweat off his head. I told him I was OK and asked how he was feeling. he looked me in the eye and said 'I missed you, but now i have to go'. that was so unbelievable. I was massaging his hands and smiled slightly. I watched him dose off slowly. I felt his fingers and hands freeze and stiffen. all I could do was pray as I held on to his hand. watched as the nurses did their thing but the Lord said was time for my father to rest. He was so tired and the Lord called him home. we do not understand why but we will understand it better by and by. but until then our hearts will go on singing and with joy we shall carry ad of asking why it happened, will think of where the Lord will lead and take us from here so that we can smile thru these tears and never forget Gethsemane. shall death separate us from the Love of God? no way! ! ! tho the devil hates us he can never separate us from the wonderful love of God. therefore, we shall continue to give thanks in all things because this is the will of God thru Christ Jesus concerning these things. let not our hearts be troubled and sorrow like others which have no hope, because Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus shall rise first I can't wait to hear your story. I shall look for you for I will be there too.

Preston Mwiinga

## When The Old Talk

light moments with our wise old men, i have just been told that if you steal a bible and you happen to go to heaven, the angels will weep you for entering heaven with a stolen bible. and again if you go to hell, the devil will make you a prefect for stealing a bible. old men, laughing my ribs out

Preston Mwiinga

# When The Rythem Of Music Changes, Even Dancers Also Change Their Step

Must i dance or must i not dance? This is a question that someone would ask are living in a world of mixed races, because of this some chooseto go for racism. Their faces are filled with racesim. Their actions allthink of evil. One people, diferent the rythem of of music changes, dancers change their are in a world which is full of mixed races and cultures andtraditions. Not all of these are good and again not all of them are people decide to go for the bad ones whilst others decide to go forthe good ones. This usually causes tensions and barriers amongst the rythem of music changes, even dancers changer their are blessed with a lot of tribes all over the world and right here inzambia. And because of this it is by option that you must atleastbelong to one of these, it is a must by nature of our birth and people choose to be tribalist whilst others chose just the rythem of music changes, even dancers change their live a world of democratic countries and few are monarchs andmilitary ruled nation. In democratic countries, we find a number ofpolitical parties. And as citens we choose either to support the rullingparty or the the rythem of music changes even dancers change their have a number of traditional dances world over. And all of theseall have different tunes. When the rythem of music changes, evendancers change their steps. It is because of this rythem of music thattakes over the minds of the people. It is this music music that wouldeven save and hope to a P the hospital, who is about to die. The rythemmakes them fill whoole and healed, even though, they are the rythem of music changes, even dancers change their stepband it makes the kings subjects at the royal palacece to forget tocontinue giving praises to the king and join in various the music goes fast even the dancers steps will move fast. When themusic goes slow even the steps of the dancers will be slow. When musicgoes borring, even dancer`s will doze and finally all depends as a christian, which rythem of music you decide totake and rythem has changed in your life? Is it a rethem of peer presure, that your steps have changed to liquortaking, fornication and adulturey, and smoking and drug it the rythem of diobidience that your steps have changed toforgetingyour creator in heaven. You now live as if you own this live as if God does not and has never existed. Are you sure that isa step, you have decided to follow? Are you sure your ways pl, ease the almighty? When the rythem of music changes, even dancers change thier steps.

Preston Mwiinga

# Who Do You Represent

Life is a two way thing it is either you are male or you are female,  
It is either you are alive or you are dead,  
It is either you are for God or you are for the devil.

You are on earth for a purpose,  
You are on a mission to inspire before you can expire.  
Your life is on a diplomatic mission,  
You are an ambassador and I refer you to as your excellency.  
It is either you are with God, or you are against God.  
Who do you represent?

If you are with the devil, representing Satan then you will enjoy life as sin is nice especially when you mix it with mice otherwise to God it's not nice.  
If you are representing the devil, entertainment is free, sex is at a give away price, violence is free and well and eternal destruction is free free and it's free.

Who are you representing?  
It is either you are with God or you are against him.  
You can not serve two masters at once or you will die like the undecided frog.  
When you to be God's ambassador, then you choose life.  
When you choose him, you choose salvation.  
When you bank on Christ, when you defect from the devil to God then you have chosen heaven and not hell.  
Who are you really representing, that old serpent the devil or Christ the prince of peace?

Preston Mwiinga

# Why

WHY

Why did u love me this much, why did you walk that road to gologota-the place of the skull, for did you see in me, that not even I can see in self, why did you wear that horrible crown of thorns for me. What is that made you climb that hill, that made you endure the nails and the made you stand the pain, agony and heart ache. Why did you allow yourself to die a miserable death, for me, me the chief of sinners. I can't imagine lord the pain you felt as the nails parted your flesh, as you watched man you loved dearly spit to your weight of my sins crushed your heart but you bore it all that I might live.

Just want manner of love is this. Even in my widest imagination lord, I can't comprehend just so great a love you have for me. You take me in even when no one wants me-you look beyond my faults and see what I could become with your love. Even when might winds blow, when great storms rise, am delighted to know, that your love cannot let me go, that you hold me tight in the storms, and with you in the vessel-i can smile at the storm.....

Preston Mwiinga

# Why Have You Become A Prostitute My Wife?

When I got you, you were that village girl who was so beautiful though naive in your ways of life.

I was ready to love you because you were my parents best choice for me.

The more time I spent with you, My love grew like a tree planted in a fertile land.

I bathed you with treated water and and put ointments on you. I clothed you with an embroidered dress written on it, 'I stole your heart' and put sandals of fine leather on you.

I dressed you in fine linen and covered you with costly garments.

I adorned you with jewelry: I put bracelets on your arms and a necklace around your neck,

and I put a ring on your nose, earrings on your ears and a beautiful crown on your head.

So you were adorned with gold and silver; your clothes were of fine linen and costly fabric and embroidered cloth.

Your food was honey, olive oil and the finest flour. You became very beautiful and rose to be a queen. And your fame spread among the nations on account of your beauty, because the splendor I had given you made your beauty perfect.

Ala he ho and he ho Alas my wife.

you trusted in your beauty and used your fame to become a prostitute. You lavished your favors on anyone who passed by and your beauty became his.

You took some of your garments to make gaudy high places, where you carried on your prostitution

I am filled with fury against you, I am divorcing you today[

You adulterous wife! You prefer strangers to my love for you!

You have managed to completely kill the love I had for just like you killed a lot of babies through the many abortions you carried out.

Go away from my house because I did not marry a prostitute.

I am not ready to die of STI's because of you.

When I married you we became one body, but now it is one body against many bodies.

You have slept with many and it has now become your way of life.

Remain well my dear wife, our journey completely ends right here.

Preston Mwiinga

# Why Have You Ended My Life.

The pastor read from the scriptures that he who finds a wife, finds a good thing.  
When we begun, our love was flowing like the, mighty waters of the Victoria falls.  
Those that saw us, always refered to our relationship as a centre of reference  
because we were happy.

But a simple dispute has claimed my life,

You have forgottern about our romantic time.

My life has been cut short before the actual time, You have killed me

You have killed me without mercy, my blood your pleasure.

Why have you done this my life,

It is like on the wedding vows the till death do us apart has worked.

you successfully ended my prrecious life

What defines you are chains,

I see them drag you to court to be tried as to why you murdered me.

Your eyes tell me that you regret the action, but I can't defend and directly tell  
you I am sorry,

Our worlds are different the land of the living and the dead.

I have forgivern

Preston Mwiinga

# Why Me

I am 10 years old, I go to the same school as your child in Marapodi. Your child goes home to rest; I go home to hide from my grandfather because he likes to have 'special time' with me alone whilst grandma plays with the other kids.??

I am 16 years of age; I attend high school with your daughter in Mongu. At night while she's studying I'm in my room self harming because it's the only way I can get through my step fathering sexually abusing me whilst my mum is at work.??

I am 17 years old; you see me hanging out at Lumumba bus station and you give me dirty looks when you walk past me. I wonder if you'd give my Papa those looks at church if you knew what he was doing to me.??

I am 16 years old; I just terminated my child. Although he's not my real father he has raised me as if he was; but then real fathers don't have sex with their daughters. My mum believes me but why is it that my Samoan aunties, uncles and grandparents don't. "Village kids are spoilt they say";.....  
??

I am 9 years old; I'm the naughty kid, I'm the 'attention seeker'..... I wish they had realised that my cries weren't for attention they were because my uncle was making his way into my room at night and forcing himself upon me. Your daughter and I play netball at Matero Girls together.

I am just 4 years trust him because he's one of the family elders. He is titled; he goes to church and is a family man. He will continue to sexually violate me for many years because you will not know what signs to look for. You won't be suspicious and if by chance you see something you'll probably dismiss it because it will be too hard for you to handle. Each year that he continues to abuse me I will lose more of myself. I will be in pain, I will be in agony. I will never learn how to trust and I will think that grown men making sexual advances towards little girls is 'normal'. I might eventually fall pregnant to him, or I'll catch a sexually transmitted infection that's if depression or addiction don't take over my life.

Yep, 4 years old and because he made a choice to sexually violate me and he continues to get away with it I continue to suffer. I am 4 years old; just like your daughter, your niece, your grandchild...



# Will You Marry Me? ? ? /

WILL YOU MARRY ME? ? ? ? /

The first time I saw you, I never any intentions of talking to you.  
When I Talked to you I never any intentions of following in love you.  
When you smiled at me you brightened that dark night and gave me love tension  
and cured my hypertension.  
This motivates me for when I was born there was a woman who cared for me,  
my beautiful mother.  
When I was growing up there was a woman who played with me, my dimpled  
pretty sister  
When I went to school there was a woman that taught me the rules of life, my  
motivating teacher.  
It was at the camp, you were on a rope, people were cheering and I was your  
number one fan,  
When you began the commando crawl, I was there as your camera man.  
When the rope became heavy for you, and you were about to give up, I was  
there as your life Guard.  
When you let go, fell and became unconscious, I was there as your first aider.  
When you regained consciousness and opened your eyes I was the first vision in  
your sight  
When you were limping due to the friction, I was your guide and walking stick.

We stood in between the kitchens and I Poetically I cytopgraphically deNcrypted  
your encrypted heart as I modulated and demodulated and confessed my love for  
you and you said yes

you give colour to my darkened confused world,  
prepare a coffee afternoon in my empty desert love.  
You call me 'king' even without a Kingdom, because ours is a Malston.

.I am sure when God was creating you he was thinking of me.  
OUR LOVE GROWS EVERY DAY BUT NEVER GROWS OLD  
That is the reason why I vowed never to make you cry, unless when giving you  
the  
Tears of joy.  
What I feel for you is cryptographically in my heart because you are my central  
processing unit. That is the reason why I ask will you marry me?



# Wipe Away Your Tears

Why is life so cruel, why is life this unfair, why it so harsh, but why does it seem as though my prayers don't reach to the heavens, do I really deserve to be treated like a leper amongst the Jews, calling me unclean despising and disputing and you leave me in despair. Where did I go wrong to deserve this treatment? Am I cursed to always wear a frown? And never to smile for long. The people around me seem to care about my cares but when they are away from me they bite me worse than a lion can do so I call them back biters. The many smiles that I receive look so captivating and shiny but they lack one thing and that thing is happiness instead they just leave me with multiplied sorrows what a world I live in.

My world feels empty, desolate without shape and void. Nothing seems to make sense to me; I sleep with sorrow and work up with it in the morning. Just at the moment when all was getting better in my life, this guy called disease comings swiftly, softly and shifting it takes away my most treasured possession, the apple of my sight the source of my happiness, the one who has been behind my success, "mama" she dies before am established and leaves me in a state worthy calling a beggar. Friends I trusted so much, the people I thought would fight stand beside me, were actually wolves in sheep clothing so they make a choir to laugh at my failures and exaggerate my mistakes, putting them on a microscope and magnifying them by 1000x.

This is my life and now am full of frustration because of this flirtation during the duration of stagnation in muddy, shallow and dirty water. I have tried t to put myself to be putting me in a reverse gear. I now retire because am tired of pursuing dreams that just remain dreams am now forced to get relief from kantobo and his brothers because spin last spinned around so now just sing the song red wine, red red red wine. The fruit I once so much condemned the tender plant dearly by jah men. Prostitutes have become a part of my life so the little I make in day-day workings I give them to use for the needs so they respond positively to my desire. Thug life now is what defines me, I dress scantily with tattoos all over my body. As though I was not a follower of Christ but now my life is nothing to talk about, my past has been grasped in a moment of grief and anger.

Man born of a woman is but of few days, and these few days that he has to live he must scout, sweat, cry and sometimes loose his faith on the on the long run. Look at your eyes check in the mirror and look at your lips and see how swollen they have become and you are now tired so even lose your faith how unfortunately it is. Cry no more friends because enough is enough, you have tried to trust your friends but even them they leave you in despair, they leave you with reason but

to cry all day that is what you think is right for the decision. I know you have been molested by sexually hungry men, I know you been lied to by the handsome men you so much trusted, I know you have lost your parents before your establishment, harassments are all over your world and now your heart is broken into pieces, yet others still feel what you are going through is not enough and they come to trample upon that which you are leaning upon. The cruel hand of death extends itself on you and takes away your mother and father and smiling is like swallowing a bitter peel because you have no reason to smile, you try to get advice from people and it sounds right but in its reality its mockery and misleading. Your world is now filled with traitors and haters and they stand united against you as though its Manchester united playing against Chelsea but cry no more.

Never give up, but hold on a little longer even when all seems to give way just press on. When all your pillars are sinking don't give up and cry no more but hold on to the giant of galilee, God loves you and he has always loved you even before time. He has never gone on a holiday because his eyes are just on you, he never goes to sleep, he might have had blinked for a moment but he is not ignorant about your sorrows nor your situation so am giving you this warrant that in a little while he will appear. Cry no more because God never fails so he will not fail you either. When all hope is lost, when your pillars sink because of having been shaken cry not, when death strikes your family just look to the heavens, when hatred around you is steadily increasing don't give up to satisfy your enemies but challenge them by kneeling down in prayer seeking for heavenly escort, sin is never a solution to grief alcohol and ganger are not a best solution to anger and frustration but Jesus is the answer. Now wipe away your tears, wipe them out and cry no more because GOD CARES AND HE DELIGHTS NOT IN YOUR SORROWS AND HE IS HERE TO FIX YOUR PROBLEMS

Preston Mwiinga

## Without Boundaries

I was lost in thoughts when she found found me. The time when she found me I had amnesia of being good. I could not really remember how best to be good with people. In me was the untermed beast a wild animal that only wanted to be alone but my tongue too was untermed. It was like a tongue of a chameleon attacking. When she found me I was an I don't care type of a person defined by my dress cord. My dressing was like that of a lebel leader and I was very fine with it. She go closer to me without any invitation. She came to my life lik a gate crusher at a wedding ceremony. Approached me in a humble way that I forgot that I was like that firce beast. It was not the story beauty it was reliaty. She believed in the good thibgs in me and told me the best was going to come out of me. She took up the responsibility of building up the best person in me. Transformed me from me being scraff to a smart person in me and influenced my smart thinking. She gave a reason of being happy and reminded me that we only live once. She neatralised all the hate and anger in me like kaspersky antivirus neutralising viruses in a computer. She stood by me as if she were my own and yet it was true friendship. Today I am a happy person she was like that guilding angel who took care of me. A wonderful person who who restored my happiness. A sweet person who chose to be by my side despite anything. She was sent to my life for that real purpose and that was to prove to the world that the world still has those good people. This is my story this is poem this is my testimony this is my piece to stay for you with you and by you if such words are there in English. Friendships does not choose friendship is sacrifice, it is helping your friend up when things are not okay its about staying with your friend in all situations. Friendship is not dship is you

Preston Mwiinga

# Wives Killing

Tiponteko dot com

The rate at which wives are killing their husbands is worrYSome, forgetting that men are a few we you kill all husbands ninsi muzakwatiliwa ku mitengo? ? ?

Preston Mwiinga

# Word To Our Mother

Today you are born and later you gave birth to us.

Your love you gave us first demonstrated by have the ability to carry us in your womb for nine month and that is per child.

You have given us the best care and protection.

Your love you gave us, those moments when you sacrificed to go hungry just because of us, you saw it fit that we had a meal because you always said that you are living for us.

Your amazing love that great love, I am talking about the supper love that showered us with blessings.

Our mother, you understand and understood our pain more than anyone else could.

The moment, that moment when we needed something urgently and our means could not reach it, Just like Christ, seated with his disciples, he was able to humble himself, washed their feet, he never bothered which of them was dirty and who among-st them was actually going to betray him.

The equal care he gave at them all, and equally he apportioned the bread and wine among-st them.

Same with you our mother, the equal love, you give us, many are times we are error against you but still you find time to forgive us and still welcome us back into your hands.

No ordinary person can do that, but that person filled with love, that great love, the supper love, the amazing love that does not require money to be bought off. I always smile whenever I think of your sacrificial love, I strengthen me when I am reminded that a girlfriend can leave but not you mama, a boyfriend can dumb my siblings, 'koma osati imwe amama.'

Your love is not a go'nga, like a few Chinese products on the market, it is natural and original.

This is the reason one today; I choose to celebrate your birthday because I am celebrating a hero's birthday.

My mother is a hero, our mother is a hero, and the mothers are heroes because they have the ability, without any disability, to raise us from Zero to hero. Even though we do not have Nero burning software inside us installed, we will keep the fire burning and telling the world how amazing, what amazing people you are to us.

This poem is a fully fledged dedication to all mothers that have seen us and have comforted us,

The mothers that supported us the very moment we were born when many were kicked like Fashion Sakala kicking the ball, aiming for the goal.

The mothers that sacrificed everything just for us, others even lost their lives just to give us life.

The mothers who have been our first teachers, even before any teacher could celebrate teachers day, they needed not to be in class to be good but it was in them.

The mothers who nursed us first before the trained nurses, could treat us and doctors could diagnose us with anything,

The mothers who never had to study CIMA or ZICA to understand accounting and budgeting, but still maintained proper homes.

The mothers were the designers got the actual architecture of pillars because our mothers are our pillars.

The mothers are not graphic designers or professional photographers but they could still picture our lives and focus it very well to get the best shot.

To the mothers celebrating your birthdays today, tomorrow or any other day, every day to us your life, your presence is a special day.

We love you.

Preston Mwiinga

# Would You

If there was another way of doing it I would have still CHOZEN this one.  
In my suit, down on my I, humble myself because any negative answer from you at this moment is equivalent to GENOCIDE, so take a deep breath and DECIDE.

I will LOVE you till forever you can call it PREJUDICE  
Because I have Judged in advance.

hing my suit coasts but I feel the best position is drop at your feet.

I actually planed for rain season so that I should drop to my knees in the mud but it seems rains are taking long to come.

The price of your heart is PRICELESS not because you are LESS but simply because there is no PRINCESS that can cost LESS.

FOR you I can go on a complete RAMADAN.

Your love is soo much that I can even underwater in air, now that's magic, yes magic is what i can approximate it to.

It is harder than quadratic questions, but is so simple for us, we are rounding within a circle, noti angle properties.

For I promise to keep you tight in winter and SUMMERTIME.

BUT WAIT,

WOULD YOU marry me if the economy of my pockets declined lake mwenemutapas kingdom? ? ?

Would you marry me if I showed you my friends, yes friends that are drunkards and smokers, I will be part of them so that I help them come to the knowledge I know that Jesus loves them.

Will you marry me if I told you am a poet and not everything I say everytging i have written is not real...

Because the real truth is in my heart and no word can describe.

Will you marry me if I told you am jealousy of loosing you because too much of your friends want the high life yet I yarn to live a simple life, of Freatas and Zigolo plus munkoyo.

Would you still stick to me after flying on you with a superman punch which results into an RKO for not properly washing my clothes?

#CHOZEN

Preston Mwiinga

# Xenophobic Cry

I am an African born in Africa, I am not a South African  
But I`m black; my skin is the same as yours and I rise and proudly say black is beautiful and we share this beautiful chocolate color, we are all Africans.  
When the cries were so hard in South Africa before getting Independence, as Africans we united to free south Africa  
When your leaders were beaten by whites we gave them shelter, protection, food and the hope that indeed freedom is coming tomorrow.

I might not be a South African  
I can't speak Zulu, cause I am Tonga  
I can't speak Zulu, cause I'm Bemba  
I don't know terms in Zulu  
As much as you don't know it in my language

You are right I am a foreigner I was not born in Gauteng  
I am an African I am your brother  
Today you kill us like you are killing cockroaches, you burn us like you are making a born fire, you axe us like you are cultivating yum in Nigeria. We are no longer scared of a white skin because black is the one now cutting our lives short

Where should I go if you beat me and destroy my property, how will I even run to the border when my safety is not guaranteed, I do not even know if I will get there alive

In my country we live with many South Africans but we do not beat or axe them. They have better jobs in my country, some run shops like we do in your country we believe we are one because we are of the same black skin.  
Someone asked me "which is more deadly, Ebola or A South African?" Now I can answer, an angry South African is

I might be dark in complexion  
I might have the foreigners looks  
Now you, my black brother is acting white  
Why should you Black South Africans do this?  
What makes you think that you better than me?  
Who told you that I am responsible for your unemployment?  
Who told you that I am less human?  
If I need to go back to Zambia the country you call very dirt I

Let all the Tswanas go back to Botswana  
Let all the Sothos go back to Lesotho  
Let all the Shonas go back to Zimbabwe  
And let everyone in African go back to their home countries and we will remain  
poor forever because I believe we need each other for development, we need to  
stand by each other in all situations for we are brothers and sisters.  
Xenophobia is deadly let us kill it by promoting peace for all. Remember Ubuntu  
is a South African term meaning Humanity let us promote this Ubuntu now.  
Let us not be ignorant  
Your unemployment is your responsibility  
Use your intellect Get up and work  
Let education empower you  
Seek humanity  
Before 1994 you blamed whites  
Now you are blaming me  
Who are you going to blame after chasing me  
away?  
Who are you going to blame after killing me?  
I am sorry I was not born here  
I am sorry I cant speak Zulu  
I am sorry for being too dark for your Joburg  
I am sorry for cleaning the toilets you don't want to clean  
I am sorry for doing your garden  
I am sorry for repairing your shoes  
I am sorry for protecting your leaders while  
they were in Exile  
And most of all.I am sorry for building South African infrastructure Please my  
brothers let there be peace and prosperity amongst black African people.  
Let us join hands in fighting Xenophobia all we all kill each other and become  
laughing stocks to the white we were crying about. Why kill one of your own  
today of what benefit is it after taking away their lives.  
My heart bleeds for South Africa, I'm sure Madiba might have been saddened had  
he still been alive, I'm sure Kaunda is Crying right now because some places in  
Africa have become fierce to go to. Cry African as we act against this by  
preaching real love and never revenge we have our continent to protect.

Preston Mwiinga

# Yes I Am A Celebrity

I have always wanted to be a celebrity.

I always wanted to have fame.

I always wanted my name to be an enterprise name like Coca-cola.

I dreamt of a great profile that inter linked profile.

Now that is reality, I may not be on the Tv but I am a celeb.

I am never in the print media.

I am not in the political realm, I am not in the musical world.

But I am a celebrity.

How I, Know.

My family has told me so.

My friends have confirmed.

My mistakes have verified

And Gossips have made me to be.

I am a celebrity

Preston Mwiinga

# You Are Loved

Sometimes you have to forget what you feel and remember what you deserve. You deserve to be held, hugged, kissed, and loved. You deserve anything and everything you desire, you deserve your heart and your soul. You deserve the absolute best and must only be willing to be with someone who can give that to you. You deserve to be treated like a lady. You deserve the truth, not lies. You deserve to be treated with respect. You deserve to laugh, to have fun, and to enjoy yourself all of the time. No negativity, you deserve the world.

Preston Mwiinga

# You Break My Heart

A fragile should not be broken.

A fragile heart is so delicate and you should have kept it safe you first cracked it,  
Well because you come from a porters house, you mended it.

Then later broke it completely.

I gave you my love but but you became a man of the match like Messi of  
Barcelona, you messed it up.

I gave you my trust but what did you do to it, you trashed it

You broke it into pieces and grinded it till it became so fine like cake flour, you  
are like a hammer mill.

My time with you is all wasted and its clear, I Know the devil in you.

But still I rise

Still I stand strong

Still I stand unshaken

Still I'm able to wear a sweet smile on my face.

One thing to note is that your time is up and my time is now.

You thought you my tears were going to flow like the victoria falls but you were  
wrong, still I stand strong.

You thought I was going to die out of thirsty in this desert, , still you were wrong  
because I have made an oasis

No wind can take me down because I am stronger than any hurricane

The plaques can not affect me like Pharaoh because I am the chosen one.

Here I stand, still I stand tall and fit.

No tsunami can wipe me away, more than the life style of a cat I have 16 lives.

Still I rise, strong I stand.

With vigor I speak, I refuse to be silent like a rock coast hit by the waves.

My gender shall not push me into the corner.

Just because I a woman will not make me dump when you cheat on me.

Your game I can play but I gave principles, I am not like a dog without morals  
and manners actually a stray dog even thinks better than you because Unlike  
you, it has a conscience.

Still I rise, firm I stand, undefeated I am



# You Call Me A Prostitute But You Want To Lay With Me

You are holier than thou

You insult me,

Preach against me in church and say that I am destined for doom.

You call me all sorts of names, names like; bitch, hule, prostitute and name them.

But at night, you seem to forget because the same body of mine you insult,  
Is what you follow, when you are with me,

You tell me I am better than your wife.

You bless me with a lot of cash just to lay with me.

I also take advantage of your stupidity and charge you more so that you preach  
me in church

Stop being a pretender and repent.

Preston Mwiinga

# You Demise 'joe'

Joe Chibangu

I have not taken time to talk about musicians but about you i will.  
The great talent is gone  
The Golden voice is now history played on radios and watched on TV.  
When you began your career i was a kid, I did not know you in person, I have  
never seen you in person but your great works i know of.  
a pioneer of modern Zambian Music, you made a way for many Zambian artists  
Not deeds but works, your works we are talking about.  
A hero fallen, Your eyes are closed, you are motionless,  
You cant talk  
you are silent.  
your wife now a widow,  
Your children half orphans  
Zambia mourns you,  
The country is wounded by your demise.  
Your memories we will always cherish though with tears in our eyes  
, with a sharp pain in our hearts because your death is still a shock to us. your  
life we still celebrate.  
Goodbye Joe.

Preston Mwiinga

# You Dumb Me! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

Today you tell me I mean nothing to you  
You say I am your class  
but you have forgottern  
you are sick in your head like that man with amnesia  
you have forgottern those number of times you came pleading that i accept your  
propasal.  
My heart was not into you till you stole it.  
I began loving you like I had charm and yet it was just romance.  
From my heart, I could tell you hoe much I love you and you would respond.

Just because of a new skirt, you have forgottern me.  
Just because she is well shapped you insult me.  
Just because she is famous andn from a well to do family you have dumbed me.  
you played with my body,  
provoked my emortions  
now you dumb me?

Preston Mwiinga

# You Dump Her? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

Tiponteko dot com

You have left her because you say she is worn out,  
You say she looks older than you  
You treat her like an outcast,  
But you have forgotten that  
When you found her she was fresh,  
Her breast were pointed,  
Her skin was of a baby face.  
But you have made her breasts to look like  
Tropicals,  
Her skin is now pale,  
The hips she had, have disappeared like dust  
The tears of joy are now tears of pain  
Watchout because God is watching.

You need to burn. In the firewood we have gathered and in that everlasting fire  
because you are a beast.  
Treasure the women in your lives, go back to the love you saw when you first  
wooded them.

Taponto elo futi tapunzisa

Preston Mwiinga

# You Dumped Her

You dumped her,  
You got a new girl already but you  
don't know what your ex is going  
through.

You are already calling a new girl  
'babe' while she still has you saved in her phone as babe. You are  
already taking pictures with your  
new girl when she's looking at your  
old photos together trying so hard  
not to cry. Now she's thinking that  
maybe you never even cared for her as you used to say, wondering if she is  
that  
easy to discard.

Preston Mwiinga

# You Hurt A Woman

If you have not been immovable to your girlfriend\wife, Because you called yourself a `PLAYER` its okay, I have no issue with that, however hope to wake up with the stagger of your life when you find that your loved one/sweetheart is as of now a worldwide love situate while you just a close-by Komboni player.

Esteem a woman in your life. She is your fortune, esteem her since she is exceptional, Love her since she has opened her heart just for you. Respect her for she is a force of your success, secure her for she has a fragile heart like an egg.

Remember your destroy days, she remained with you, review that day you were angry and baffled with life, she gave you trust, Remember when your temper was high and you about allowed it to control you, she killed it. Remember that day you staggered with life, she gave you a hand. Remember that day you were humiliated with yourself, she got a handle on you, recall that day you cried, she gave you a shoulder.

Flashback»»

Do you review when you ran in the face of her good faith with another woman? That day when you created colossal head and took her liberality for a weakness, you retreated home with stains of lipstick on your shirt, you saved your mistresses number as `Low battery`

Do you review that day when hit all over and made her a punching pack, for your off kilter?

Do you remember the minutes you lost your conduct and hurt her out in the open?

The moment you quit being satisfied with her and rejected her straightforwardly like you were Peter in the book of sacred writings.

A sensitive heart you by and large broke, the trust you deceived, and the impressive woman you made vulnerable because of your doings

Preston Mwiinga

# You Impregnant Her

You were busy chasing after her and she kept saying No!  
You told her you loved but she said, she was not ready.  
You used her friend and sister to win her heart and she eventually said yes.  
Little by little she begun following in love with you, little did she know that you had actually  
Set her up to be trapped and be wrapped like it is the mummy in the Egyptian pyramid.  
She surely did not love her; it was just for firm and pride that you got her.  
At that time her body was never defiled, but you wooed her romantically that she became your  
Prey and forgot to pray even as you played with her feelings raising her feeling like it is the rise of the Titans.  
You lay with her, you successfully destroyed her virginity and she was no longer proud.  
After doing that, you begun mistreating the innocent little girl even after promising her marriage  
Before but she now lost her value to you like the Zim dollar.  
You told called you that she had something very important to tell you, but you hanged up on her.  
She followed you with a bitter pill in her heart and eventually spilled the beans and told you  
She had missed her Periods but you called her a slut and denied the responsibility.  
She maintained that you were the only man she ever knew but even accused her of things she has never done. You abused her when she tried to speak out.  
You wanted to false abortion on her because you claimed you had a reputation to protect.  
You claimed your status in society could not allow you to accept the pregnancy. But who told you that damage nimulandu, who told you that?  
Damage ninkani yokambisilana chabe because you bring a muntu on the earth who can actually nkala a president one day.  
Respect mwana wabene and just accept if it is your mimba, be honest with your self because you will kumbuka the mukazi you rejecting, detecting her to be malicious into your life and finally ejecting her kwati ni CD mu DVD.  
Damage munthu wanga nikukambisilana.

Preston Mwiinga

# You In My Heart.

I am loving the best, and I am proud.  
I may delay in telling you I love you,  
I may delay in publicizing our love on the social media.  
Your friends may think i do not better plans for you.  
But let me tell you something.  
Love is not written on paper, for paper can be erased.  
Nor is it etched on stone, for stone can be broken.  
But it is inscribed on a heart and there it shall remain forever.  
That is the reason I why do not put Tattoos on my body to  
Describe my love for you.  
You are instead forever in my heart, your place  
Where you are very safe.  
I carry you with me where ever  
I go.  
I love you.

Preston Mwiinga

# Your Body Not For Sale! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

Your body is like a treasure, learn to wrap it well for survival.

You rush then you will crush.

Young lady listen to me, there is one thing I want you to understand about we men!

Posting half-naked pictures of yourself on Facebook, be it you doing a sexy pose, or showing

us your cleavage, or lying suggestively on your bed... will not get you love.

Precious things are always wrapped properly.

They are always protected and your body is that precious gift meant for your husband.

But when you decide to show it to us, well.... we will only lust for you and give you a bonus of calling you a prostitute.

My sister the 100+ likes you will receive...on Facebook do not symbolize or determine your husband but the people to use and dumb you.

Take it or leave it, In fact as a matter of fact none of them would take you home to be a wife! Men, both good and bad admire

ladies who dress decently and respect themselves!

Decent clothing that reveal less about you make us love and respect you! It tells us you are a virtuous

woman.. Do we really care about your excessive make-ups and face paintings? ?

We don't! Be simple, Be real, and the man ordained by the Lord will come after you!

Because your body is not for sale,

It has not been listed on the stock exchange.

Preston Mwiinga

# Your Ex- My Best Buddy

Today I seat at look at you then I remember that I still cannot believe it that you are mine.

I still feel like I am still in the fable mystery land.

I still do not understand how you came to my life, , you were like a special envoy on foreign mission. As an Ambasador in my heart, now my lovely one living in me.

Reality reminds me that we are bonded together inseparable like fish and water.

For everything I thank your ex's for they were like John the baptst preparing a way for me.

I thank your ex's for the tears of pain they made you go through.

Incase you did not know I even thank them for cheating on you even with your best friend, its actually because of them that I replaced the tears of pain with those tears of joy.

Your ex's are my best buddies, they deserve the gold medals for leaving you and driving you to me.

I thank your ex for actually breaking your engagement, I thank them for rejecting you on your wedding day during the wedding vows because if you had married each other chance turned to destiny wouldnt have come along the way but still I thank then it would have been worse.

Your ex's my best buddies double crossed you with many, they managed to to ruin your trust but I thank them because our trust for each other has grown even stronger.

When you see them, tell them I thank them.

Even those you have not told me about, tell them to keep on with the same spirit I thank your ex.

Preston Mwiinga

# Your Failure Not Final

You cry because you have failed.  
You busy condemning many for this failure.  
You don't want to try again, because you feel embarrassed.  
You have told your mind that enough is enough.

Never give up on life,  
Never back down from any challenge.  
Keep fighting, victory is just at your door step.  
You are almost there, you are almost done.  
Remember that a person who tries is ten times better than that one scared of try.

Your failure neither final no is it fatal. So. Fight on, you are destined for greatness.  
Great achievers never quit and quitters will never win

Preston Mwiinga

# Your Faith My Strength.

Courage they say is the absence of fear.

Your faith my dear fuels my heart, it eradicates all my fears keeping me strong and leading me near to my success. courage keeps me moving, it is a driving force that reminds me that even the road with dangerous potholes can be passed. Even that road filled with mud, weeds and water can still be possible. Your courage assures me that I can have a three hour un scheduled meeting with a head of state without an appointment abs still be fruitful.

Your courage reminds me that I can walk free in a battle field with so much gunshots and still be considered friendly of all.

Your faith in God, keeps me moving, Bill Gates became a devotee od Warren Buffet and I am your devotee.

Your smiles give me hope, your voice calms my heart.

Your being near makes me believe in my in abilities.

Your walking with me tell me that I can limp anymore it is because your faith keeps me strong.

Preston Mwiinga

# Youths Can Still Rise

When I was growing up I thought life was about going to a good private school where I would have carried my food in a lunch box and where a nice pair of trousers was better than going to a government or community school where my fellow kids could wear safari suits and plastic shoes.

When I was about to complete school, I had high expectations of becoming what I wanted but the winds diverted me like the paper blown in all directions, my worst dream was now what I was going to live with forever.

When I was graduating of course with my good grades, I was highly expectant that I was going to find a proper job not until when my credentials got eaten by a mouse. So painful it was but left me sack.

The moment when I became stranded, my life was being pelted. Just like the visions the prophets had, mine was shown that I was to try agriculture 'Agriculture!' I argued because I was too smart for that. My doubts only got drained up when I tried it out and gave me the first good results, the next were perfect and followed by the best. In agriculture I am here to stay.

Youths can rise to the challenge of jobs and wealth creation. An entrepreneur I am. My own boss I became but still a youth am. It is time because now is the time that we reclaim our lost pride as youth and become wealthy and healthy by the fruits of our hands.

Alone, we can not do it but together we can. The future of our nation is in the young Generation, we are the present and the future. So let us wake up and stand for the best.

Preston Mwiinga

# Youths With A Difference

We are the youths with a difference,  
Living for a mission,  
Changing and inspiring lives is our purpose,  
We are not the future leaders of our great nation,  
We are the today leaders.

We are not tools for destruction,  
We do not cause havoc to our beloved ones,  
So don't add those deadly spells on us.  
We are but youths with a difference,  
Born to inspire before we can expire.

We are the youths with a difference,  
Gods` chosen children ordained for service.  
We remembering our days as youth in in worldly pleasures but in the lord.  
Serving him to win souls in this tag of war will Satan

We are the youths with a difference,  
Living in the world but we are for the world.  
Abstaining from temptations no matter what people say. Though we are walking  
in the value death we fear no because we are youths with a difference.

We are the youths with the difference,  
We are the Divine African Generation,  
Dedicated to serve our almighty,  
Never getting tired in working for our lord.  
As bringing people to Christ is our business

Preston Mwiinga