

Poetry Series

RONALD K SSEKAJJA
- poems -

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RONALD K SSEKAJJA(13th AUG 1986)

I started writing in 2002. Am trying to build this career but it is hard. I have 1200 poems and two novels, all of which are not published, except for a few poems published by poetry. com and other on line sites. Am organising around seven books of poetry collection and i need advice. am a procurement professional and a management consultant, i also do copy editing and proof reading on freelance

Am Your Brother Despite

What of the brother?
The iron manacle by the neck
The long trammel hauling our preen
The shackles on the feet

For africa I clamour
While you sit and rest in the summer
Tired of it all, for restful death I cry
The only solace from the sky

The juvenile poet, your brother
From the conciever of the earth, our father
For our land, I vociferate
Like a vexed man, I cogitate

Of the day I will cuddle
On your white skin to huddle

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Besides The Death

Besides that long thing
Have I seen a terrible wrath
And I having held up not to sing
Did I see her eye in a lovely search
But if I tell you that her lips were a glowing fire
You won't believe this being the desire
And besides the death she held out the wire
Tell my poor self of her fashing buyer

Besides death she held the willow
Besides that death he gave her a pillow
Besides all that she would have been a widow
But for him her desire was brought to zero
And because of him her fire was consumed in a swallow

Besides the death he lay his head
Besides her he sought his end

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Blue Love

Well tell mother, her smile is a light
Its a flashing gold-ray from a source so bright
But if love is for love, then mother
You deserve the love, its blue, so blue
like a sky after the rain, huddle
With a warm African sun, so is your love
But mother, if joy was for joy
Then please enjoy, what I say on this reed
Is what is inscribed by my hand
Yet mother, the hands stretch, all things meant
For love is love, that which is blue
For if it is pure, the pink roses on the wall map.
This is for love mother, its for your due

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But With No Strength For Word

But with no strength for word

Glossy lips like Xenson's oil painting
And you will crave with that wanting
And her being her, you will keep on waiting
A captivating stare with shadowy eyes gazing
Thick painted eye blows, so inviting
And you pray, but no one is rescuing

So she holds you with that look
A firm questioning stare that gets you shook
That Ganda nose but shapely, you may call her spook
But that African queen; so many men's hearts, she took

Her lips are parted but say no word
Her velvet chocolate skin painted but with no balm
Chisel curving chins denoted but with no cloud
And that dazzling eye shadow clotted but with no cream
I love what I see painted
But with no strength for word

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Cold Sun In The Summer

The sky being such overcasted
I for love did clamour
For what cause made me resented
Like a cold sun in the summer

The red rose shall fade
The summer bleeze shall freeze
For her words cut me like a blade
And she for my pain did jazz

And while my vicious blood
In my vien did clog
And the vigour in my hand
Having dwindled stopped the song

Having not borrowed the fire
I her holy valley, I lost the desire

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Dance To The Clouds

Let's dance to the clouds, beholder of ancient beauty
For eclipse paint hidden emotion in poet's duty
Hold me like that, that twinkling stars may fickle with colour
I am close to you, your hair brushing me, in this poet's palour

Your dress like paints of Xenson, you denote my poetry
Your pricking chest like soft cushion, you ignite my chemistry
Your mouth close, cherry like, your curves find such geometry
And if the clouds hold us still, your hand in mine,
alas finding that joinery

Poets find dreams, sprayed near iguana
But if it be not Susannah, Poetrinah, but Dianah
What can be spelt on rhyme, but a man's inner
That which makes a man shiver, feeling like a sinner

I adore this lady, simple, perhaps to dance to the cloud
My heart loves her, plain, perhaps I will never say that aloud

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Death Cast A Shadow

Death caught me, past lines fading
And I met the eyes of my maker
And tell you what, it's quite chilling
Living past lines of the quiet seeker
And hold my heart cold
I now know what men behold
When nothing is left but their awaiting death

Death cast a shadow and the veil covers my eyes
That while men sojourn on this troubled earth
We will still see none but the bleeding skies
Our hearts faints for lack of hope after birth
And with the sword raised up as such
We all breathed our last in a sigh

For troubled is life and even when I breath
I know I am dead to it all and with joy I say it in a sigh

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Facing It Another Day

Facing it another day

A dark shadow cast by men
A fretting look women hold in eyes then
And she hold on
And she pushing on
Facing it another day

Hidden in shroud silently
Spoken in whispers reluctantly
And tells it to her soul encouragingly
That she will face it another day,
Perhaps courageously

But she, my slender
Praying to God her defender
Willows but still holds on still
To face it another day

When the sun finds it not to shine
And rhyme cannot hold in line
Then when she cannot say she is fine
My pen shivers to say poetic refine

But all I know
But I painted in now
Is she faces it yet another day

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Find That Line

Wish I would find that line
That contour men find in the shadow of damsel eyes
That when she looks in my eyes I may find
The diminuendos and crescendos of my life
That when she lays her head down
Her chin hide in her folded arms
I may find art's paint and light
Past the spackle and twinkle held in those eyes

I wish I would find that line
That which traces in her chest
To form curvy bulge, and silent valleys
That her lips then may speak Latin
That same line that holds her heart
That which fences and creates the great walls
That Great men find hard to break

The silent nights beckon me
Her bright eyes spell it for me
But if once in this life time
I may find that thin faint line

I will tell her of the great county Kyadondo
And how my forefathers on this land
Founded this great nation and state
And how me and her are meant
To build one for ourselves if I found that line

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For Baby, Oh Baby

When I wake up early in the morning
I see your lovely face
Your cheeks like pretty pink roses
It takes my breath away
Your pretty little fingers so tender
Like petals from the morning bloom
Your laughter a joy to remember
Heaven has blessed us with you

From the day you came to me
My life become brand new
Because of you, oh baby, my baby
I see me in your eyes

In the middle of the night, I wake up
When I hear cry
It's like something binds us together super natural
You make cry, laughter is not enough
I have seen true beauty because I see you
Oh baby, my baby
I love you pretty baby

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For Me To Pull

Short verse is verse, if pink is not reverse
So tell me of the fire that lit up the desire
For am not wise but a fool
If nothing remains for me to pull
For the sun is darkening into the moon
The comely blue sky loosing it's soon
The flower by the night wither
Even when I try I still tither
Well if we loose it such
And I for Love search
Then her brown eyes by the fire lost the desire

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Golden

Golden vessels fit for golden bodies
And if golden hearts are not given to golden poets
What shall I bestow of this golden thought?
A golden ship awaits, a golden suit case
Like a golden rolls royces phantom
That carries a golden princess

A golden hat, on a golden head
A pretty dark brown and gold dress
A golden shoe. On angelic golden feet
Besides such golden things
Such a golden heart

The sky is blue, and its clouds are gold
Her eyes are true like my words are bold
And this painted for you, my love such told
Why not keep life such bold
And we find a place in obstacles to bond

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Hackneyed Signal

It has been my hallo
For I have been pushed in a narrow hall
And this year with its fret hail
Did welcome me with this haggle
And its true, I've lived in a struggle
And so I've been tied in a scuffle
While the hackneyed signal has held up the ruffle
Yet for this I've remained hale
Held out my hardihood in a tale
And the handy harrow stood in my tomorrow
Yet for it, I held my sorrow
For what will I do when one day they swallow
 So I will sit and remain harequin
 Dreaming that one day, you will read my pain

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Home, Sweet Home,

Home, sweet home,

Home, sweet home,
There near the brown water river
Tinted with a few green algae
There besides purple jacaranda, pink and yellow tulip
Yellowing buffalo grass on the far side near the granary
Caladiums with unique pink and in the middle and green on the side
Home sweet home,
And I will never see such home again

There where we skipped the rope and played duulu
There where we had fun even when we had no costly toys
There where there was no hypocrisy, no worries, no sorrows,
Only joy in the home sweet home
The sun rose in the Far East in golden rays and I would watch it
Now I never see it because it rises
when I am inside the office every day
There where I would smell the freshness of blooming roses,
Now the only air is from an A/C or dusty air in the Kampala Suburbs

Home sweet home, there where I would call mother
Play with my sisters, ball with brother Or rush and hug father,
That home is no more, swept by modernization
And we sing no more by the fire in the open night
For every one coils in sofas to watch evening soaps
We hug no more, sing no more, we smile no more
For even when we do we don't do it with the heart
Because we lost that home sweet home

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I Held The Wire

So shall i tell her of the time
The glorious moment of the rhyme
In that same day i held the wire
She, with such a chance borrowed the fire
And i having found the cause
Did digand in her fertile soils
I planted my rose
And she with suchbliss
Gave me the fruit
So will I tell her, me she got

And this seems such a reality
Cuddled in the depth of bravery
And this has always been true
That to her, am not a residue

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I Will Die Young

For a country denoted with anarchy
For a soul tormented and headache
For time that fry by
For the tears we cant hold and cry
I will die young

And so when its painted in the face of your loved one
When you can not spell it but its clear
When the falling dew holds your eye lids
And the birds whistle it clearly in your tormented soul
It's clear to all you my dear
I will die young

Why then hold me so
Ever tightening like fastening screws
And so I spell it poetically
For the Son I hold and the poetry I try
I will do all I can while I can
For a part of me tell me bluntly
I will die young
From it all that gives pleasure
Looking at how things are going

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I Will Write

I will write down
Lest you too will pity me
Yet I know the reality
That your pity will not cure
My affliction

I will write it down
The pain that reigns in my dreams
I will tell you the reality
Of the only hope that failed
Of the afflicting destiny
When my life clamours
lest you will pity me

my mother being such incapacitated
I with such Gratitude ran to my father
The man whose efforts birthed me
Yet he too being such resigned
Made me look blankly
And so, a destitute am left.

Besides the face of my race
I will write it down

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It's Now

I find petals past lining prints
And I call it fine for awareness's hints
And we travel, by night and by day
And when our hope fades what shall we say?
When we wake to the reality
That all that we believed in was vanity
And that we can no longer print that certainty
That heart melt for lack of clarity
What is it then my fretting friend?
When what I can say in your heart can't descend

We will say it no more, hide no more and meet no more
But if we say such things so, recite them so, spell them so
Will our children find the courage to stand and live?
Or they will only toil to find a way to survive
We decide now, we fight now, we revive the spirit now
For the time to change the writing on the wall is now

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Little By Little

Little by little

I will spell it out little by little

And tell how my life trend little by little

Those moments that sweep me away little by little

And pleasures that come by little by little

So I find my lost life little by little

Gone are the days when I wallowed in sorrow

For I now take back my life little by little

Gone was the time when they decided my tomorrow

For now I am taking charge little by little

And even when they say it's a thing inscribed in my marrow

I just hold my head high and strive on little by little

And who ever thought I was broken

I will prove you wrong little by little

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Memories Of The War

Memories of the war

When they came to us we stood
For we were the men meant to stand
And though in the deepest of our hearts bosom
Fear has found a place and worry had detonated its boom
But we held our shield and with our hands clenching the sword
We moved forward and even when it was raining so hard
We had nothing per say, except for one; God

And one by one we dropped, with strong such enemies
Our hands shook, our hearts beating faster, we couldn't hold our tummies
But we knew one thing it had to be done
We would not settle for less it had to be victory or none
Few as we were we sang our song
"We will overcome, we will overcome someday"
And we faced our fears and nothing was wrong
And surely we can live to sing our victory song since that day

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Muwala Wa Hajji

Spill warm single syllables in ever re-sounding crescendos
That with admiration I will sing with lyrical diminuendos
Tell me Muwala wa Hajji
When you wake up before that suhoor
Does it cross your mind Muwala wa Hajji
That lines found rhyme in poetic admiration

Look at me with those pretty eyes
Try me, and weigh this love like Iftar
Let me love your dimples, those pretty things
Like young blooming red roses
And those lips like honey-dipped cherries
Tell me Muwala wa Hajji

Do you see what I see?
Do you feel what I feel?
Will I find that line that in my prayers
That I may spell simple words to Allah
But if I never reach that point to ignite your love
I may be graced so that I can re-strategize
For I love you Muwala wa Hajji

A velvet skin that lights up dimming eyes
A lovely face, held there on that nice veil
All clothed in that pretty hijab
But truly I love you, Muwala wa Hajji

©Ronald K Ssekajja 2015 #Tales_They_Didnt_Tell

Muwala wa Hajji means Daughter of Hajji
Suhoor the morning meal taken by Muslims prior to fasting before dawn
Iftar, the evening meal taken by Muslims to break the fast

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Nyonjo

Nyonjo

I remember it all, what they say
That Nyonjo would always remain
Stuck in a heart's corner, so they say
And for long I tried and tried but all in vain
She was still that special, and I denied it Nyonjo
That she did not get stuck like the tune on a banjo

I remember it all, her smile, the lines of her lips
The trace of her bright eyes and the curvy of her hips
The glow of her cheeks and her falling back hair
And I wish she would still hold things dear
The lining of her collar bone, and her flashing teeth-white
The gait she holds herself with and the esteem she holds quite

After all this long, after all this song, I ask what went wrong
I still remember, that one day in December, her beauty in amber
And it's true what they say Nyonjo is nyonjo
And her place will remain here Nyonjo

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Past Swaying Breeze

Past swaying breeze

Far past swaying breeze, the lines are found

The heart of a man stole, and mind not sound

If death holds it against me, my referee I point up the cloud

Men's hearts find a point to shrink, but I paint words bold

For if I leave without just her hug, life will be so cold

A parched rock holds her curvy bosom

And the whispering winds blow, hair swinging, random

I find that ear lobe past your silky hair awesome

Small denoted lips, faint lines can't hide

If only I could sit by your side princess Diana

Would heaven hold it against me for my adorning side?

Or those heavenly fingers, and lovely arm, give peace to my heart's inner.

Past broken lines, a find a line perfect and faint

Past pretty long dress I find curves artist and taint

And in my fragile heart I find space for her love vacant

Past swaying breeze of my obstacles, will ever find right

A path to your heart

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Pun Of Her

If I told her
I will meet her
In the tar

She could have
Toldher
I would need her

That she would know
From behind all this
The reason behind the face

She could tell the sun
And find solace on the moon
She would have the life

There is truly a bottle
That lies by the table
Yet she takes me for a dribble

I thought she
Thinks am not firm
Because once
iIdropped the sun

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Roses Too Have Thorns

If for once you thought there was beauty
It's a lie that has crossed your thought's duty
Gold too holds dust
And iron too does rust
The sky is spotted with dirty clouds
And white papper hold woods
Men too have faults
Though this is not to authorise
That which is amiss
For there is a light acrid in sweetness

For such, hold that which you have
For in war, my love and hate serve

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She Walked To Me

From the far distance
I could see her rocking bossom
I could not be certain it was she
For something then
Had tounded my eye with a finger
Perchance, it was a wind

The curves of her legs
Were beautifully outlined
Like the Chwezi pottery
Her feet seemed to touch
The ground with the softest touch
And her movement
Seemed so planned

Now I could see her sparkling large eyes
And she smiled
Noticing my scrutinizing glance
Yet i could not keep my eyes off her
For this was a crime
I was ready to commit
the most beautiful gap in her teeth showed
And her teeth were snow white
And the curving of her lips
Seemed to have been perfectly measured
To match her beauty

I would have fainted then
But then she had blinked
Then I realised the folds that curved her eyes
It made me think it was her first blink
I had only seen Acholi ladys with such eye lids
Yet here she was another beauty of our tribe

I had then opened my mouth
Perhaps to say something
It was then that I realised
The twin hills that stood on her chest
Shaking at every move

They seemed to shudder
Every time she stepped on the ground
They seemed to have been crooked
By the artistic hand underneath
And the architect's hand above
They seemed to have been
Loosely fastened on her chest
With a piece of back cloth

Looking down at her waist
And the curving of its lines
And at the beautiful hollow navel
I stepped out of my stupefying state
To tell her, I had lost my mind
Perhaps she could help me look for it
And holding my trembling hand
I turned in my bed

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Silence

The silence was there
And she held it higher
And we all watched the space
To know, and face

Knowing well that one day
that she would break the muzzle and say
And this entwines in my mind
Like a whirlwind in the dusty sand

And it was so heartening
That there is this behind, beckoning
And the silence is there haunting
And yet I have to keep counting

Till she drops the shield and spear
And she breaks, she my dear

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So For Once

Well, light is for bright
When the mighty can't write
For what pun is in the sun
When noon can't great dawn
Its true, am stupid
But what is then cupid?
If his foolish love
Then went with the spotless dove
So for once I have

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So Unfair

It all began with the stars
And the sparkling fickleness
The bightness in the tenderness
Delivered not by them, so careless

The monument dusted
The hearts pasted
Its such true
That our minds can't construe

Its so unfair
That such ecstasy, we don't share
Our hearts will then tear
With the growing fear

That the bliss is for our leaders
Yet it is we in clamour; us, their ladders

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Somber Was The Day

Somber was the day I opened my eyes
Past desired tranquility, I faced life's lies
And if death beckons me so
What shall I tell my son, that fear holds me so?

Somber was the day I looked in a woman's eyes
Telling her what beholds in my heart to bleed her lies
And I spell it plainly, for what is so said sadly
For the tears that run in men's eyes in nights silently

Somber was my heart, when I wrote this piece
Praying to God that for once I would find that peace
That when lurid light twinkle, I will face up and stand
That what hold great men in the nights may find not my brand

That I will sing my 'Amazing Grace'
And find tranquility in this place

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The Eagle

The eagle flew by my head
And I know Every tide has it's ebb
And this thought is there
To heckle

And while the sky spits
Ruthless drops
So shall the gutters fill
And silt runs

The tending trees
Tell thier tale
And I know
That before the sun
Retires to its bed

So while its soars
To hieghts and heights
And I stand
And watch it over my head

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They Look Down On Us

The sun did surely cross the mantel
And every thing having been held
None of us could break the wall
And this bliss being such bitter made
Our eyes were irrigated with fretful rains
And we look up in the sky and nothing remains
And this is the life we lead
The most bitter side of the world,
While in the bottom of our hearts we clamour
They look down on us as if in a drama
For all this time, we are torn by the trauma
While they rest in palace-like-bangalows of summer

And while we are draged further down.
And our rights trodden upon in bright-day-sun.

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They Say That She Is Scared

Hearts are faint in nights' near
And they whisper silently for fear
And what is love that loves holds tears
But for me for love's boldness I have it clear

They say that she is scared
That what she sees may break her solid
And she faces not what makes her worried
That the winds may blow soothing married
That her blossoming beauty may just be wasted
And she hides from what she sees in her mirror, bothered
And those lovely eyes, falling back hair, dimples and skin tethered
May fall to squander and I watch her, even when she looks down tired
She knows not, she is scared to know, that she may love him, cleared
So I still watch her, little fingers, bright shy eyes, curvy lips, parted
I wish I would whisper a comforting word, that all is figured
And she needs not get worried, but she is, that bothered
And it's true what they say, that she is scared

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Those Who Hold Us By The Hands

Some have sought
These have spoilt
They did fight
And these have reaped

While they did build
These have demolished
They did teach
But these have, did bleach

And so we continue to struggle
Because of the scuffle
And we are entangled in a wrangle
Because of these trifle

Disguistingly, they claim 'redeemers'
And leave people 'dreamers'

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Travel With Me

Travel with me pretty maiden
That skies may speak our mother-tongue
Hold my hand a little,
For when men close their eyes
What do they see, but beauty
That shades past faint graffiti

Travel with me blossoming rose
That waters may find that tranquility
That the rumbling of skies, the thirsty of the sun
May find it all in your bright small eyes
Sojourn with me that birds my whisper your name

Lurid lights fail to twinkle
Dawn fails to yawn the sun
And the dusks cannot brush off the sun
Unless you smile, torment me not
And travel with me little maiden

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We Are Persuaded Of Great Things

We are persuaded of great things

Tight lines encircle our fountains of hope
Telling us that there is no way, that this we drop
But we know it above average know
That there is a lurid light despite the darkness now
And that we shall sing our hymns
When we cross the river with Psalms

But even when fear holds us by the throat
We are persuaded of great things this 2013 brought
And hell broke loose wont deter this thought
That, past deadly obstacles we will see it through plight
Because we are deadly at sword and at blow, mighty
We will overcome through thick and thin, blood or clot

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Whose Dark Skin Shines

Well, this is where we dwell
Where the green grass paint in the rains
And the falling yellow rays fall in thier reign
So then the leavy grean begin to pale
And I whose dark skin shines with sweat
Tress for all the marks that move me straight
For what still remains white
Is the dirtied cold snow
And for all I've seen I surely know
That a man is a man
Who stands and doesn't run

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Why Then Speak In Tongues?

When the axe is present why then ask?
It's plain when its rain why then drain?
As me what our ancestors asked their ancestors
For words are for those who can't read or listen
Why then speak in tongues?

If he loved this country that much as claimed
Why not, colour it blue, or leave it at with no clue?
If they meant what they said, if ever they did
Why not, then just do it and not just say it?
If you said you loved me, and stay with me
Why not, hang your self, for leaving me?
It makes no sense what you say, said or will say
Why then, speak in tongues?

Poets are poets, like our poetry or not
We will still write it, we are who we are
Why then, speak in tongues?
I need no collar to preach what they preached
God knows I believe, and good is my faith
Why then, speak in tongues?

If you think, life is a rolling stone
Speak it so, why then say it in tongues?

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You Too Will Die My Friend

When she looks in your eyes
Those bright shadowy eyes
That tell thousands of words in silence
You would wish, but only wish
She will kill you with her beauty
Bring you down, she will
And you will laugh at me no more
For you too would have fell for her
That small pretty curvy woman
With velvet arms, shapely lips ah!
You too will die my friend

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