

Poetry Series

**Roy Johannes Gama**  
**- poems -**



PoemHunter.com

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# Roy Johannes Gama()

FOUNDER OF CREATIVE POETS      Blackdagama or Roy Johannes Gama is a young man from Zimbabwe who has experienced many of life's ups and downs. He's a talented poet who writes about his experiences and observations, drawing on his unique perspective as an African youth. His poems reflect a deep understanding of the human condition, with themes of love, loss, hope, and strength. He's a rising star in the world of African literature, with a bright future ahead of him.

Blackdagama is a young man who has already published a poetry book on Amazon. His book have been well-received, and he's quickly gaining a following among readers around the world. His work is characterized by its honest and introspective nature, as well as its vivid imagery and lyrical style. Dagama's poems are a testament to the power of words to capture the human experience.

THANK YOU

ALWAYS BELIEVE



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# Mother You're A True Soldier

Mother you're a true soldier  
I have seen it  
You deserve to be called a warrior  
It's definitely you that cannot be replaced,  
A true heroine, you are Mom  
Nothing is greater than you  
Your heart is stronger  
than a country's military  
You sacrificed pain for greatness  
You went through agonies to give birth to me  
You are as brave as a lion  
Forever, I shall salute you mother  
You spared time to pray for me  
For my success in this long journey of life  
You have all my respect

Roy Johannes Gama



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# Lord Of All Creatures

Lord of all creatures  
Your servant here I am  
willing to praise you  
A product of your creations  
Is willing to glorify your name  
To fulfill your desires  
Lord of all creatures  
You give me life  
You give me wisdom  
You give me strength  
You give me joy when I need it  
You send angels to comfort me  
And to give me protection

Forever shall I praise you  
Lord of creation  
You sent your most beloved son  
To die for my sins  
Now I know your desires  
For my soul see paradise  
And be with my maker  
Lord of all creation I thank you

Roy Johannes Gama

# You Shine My Lord

You shine my Lord  
While I've been on this world  
Since I've been in Africa  
Since you kept me safe  
Under the wings of your angels  
I haven't praised you enough  
I haven't glorified you enough  
Oh! Lord you're gracious  
Oh! God you're compassionate  
You're wealthy Lord  
You're the Lord of all creatures

You shine my Lord  
All your work praise you Lord  
You're Rich in love  
You're Good at all  
You shine my Lord  
day and night angels sing  
Holy holy holy  
Is the Lord, God almighty  
Who was and is to come  
You shine my lord

Roy Johannes Gama

# The Longing Soul

## THE PAIN IN MY HEART

To be called a street kid, a junkie I was  
To be seen and called a lost orphan child while both parents lived  
Happily in a neighbouring country  
Only a six year old abandoned child  
Going through bushes to find bush fruits only to satisfy my hunger  
Going to school in smelly mixed socks  
Then to be send back for fees

A tear used to be a sign of struggle in my existence  
In my existence a smile had been there just for few minutes  
Sorrow, hunger and toil used to be the cause of tears in my existence  
None wiped the tears of sorrow from my eyes  
The stench smell of my scent  
Would repel even my friends

The pain in my heart  
Where I used to call home,  
Food was scarce  
Only eaten occasionally  
Sometimes once a day  
Often going hungry for days  
Having to beg on my way to school  
As if I came from a homeless family

Days looked shorter and nights longer  
regretted why on earth such sorrow befell me  
I had no peace, in the presence of my tears  
I had no peace, in my existence  
In such a world of sorrow I was in  
With tears of sorrow pain covered my face  
The pain in my heart

Roy Johannes Gama

# The Yearning Soul

A Zimbabwean soul yearns  
Turn your eyes back Zimbabwe  
Turn them and see how much earth drank the blood of your kids  
Turn them back and see how much your neighbors swallowed your kids  
Where they are driven by the penchant to survive  
What kind of a mother are you  
A mother who claims to love her children  
and watches them suffering to death

Oh Zimbabwe, a Zimbabwean soul yearns day and night  
In mines where they toil like slaves  
Where they struggle to eke a living  
Where they struggle working day and night  
Just to feed their bodies

Xenophobia violence break up  
Where some are burnt while ringed in tyres  
where some are stoned to death  
What kind of a mother are you Zimbabwe, you claim to love  
and forget your kids as they yell on their knees

Now they reject their identity in foreign land  
They did not choose to be in such lands  
They choose to be loyal  
All because you abandoned them

Roy Johannes Gama

# Orphans, What Shall I Do For You?

Orphans, what shall I do for you?  
Shall I build an orphanage?  
Or shall I wipe out tears of sorrow from thine faces?

I call upon thee Holy Spirit to come forth  
Prepared for long I have been  
For grand great vision  
Drive me to freedom oh Holy Spirit  
Shine bright like a star in me  
My path is in dire need of light

Shall I build an orphanage?  
I will build an orphanage one day  
Make it a refuge will I  
A sanctuary for the homeless  
A rest haven for abandoned souls

Drive me oh Holy Spirit  
One day will I build it  
Take me through this dream oh Holy Spirit  
Make it a reality I plead  
Accompany me on this journey

I wanna free my heart  
And see fruition of this vision  
I call upon thee orphans come!  
Shall I build an orphanage for you  
Oh I shall one day

May the opportune time come sooner  
I call upon this time, come!  
Shall I build an orphanage  
To help many troubled souls  
Solid shall I build it  
To shelter many homeless  
The toiling and suffering  
The tormented souls  
Shall I give them shelter, refuge  
To put a smile, a laughter on their faces

To offer them respite and relief  
An orphanage yes shall I build

Roy Johannes Gama

# I Fight, You Fight

Day and night with no regrets  
We shall keep fighting  
To achieve our intended goals  
The imagination to conquer  
Is what push us to achieve

We're all the victors and victims of failure and success  
So let's get up and work  
Stand up to rule yourself  
And conquer the battle of failure  
Stand up! It's a self battle, fight!

I fight and so you fight  
Hard work shakes off failure  
Success will fall on you  
As you fight in the ring of success  
We are in a world of challenges  
People of you calibre are needed

Roy Johannes Gama



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# Free My Soul

PLEASE FREE MY SOUL

Oh, Son of the Most High!

I'll forever be the best son to my mother

I'll forever be the best son to my father,

So will I be forever the best son to my parents.

Oh Son of the Most High!

Please free my soul

So I won't be inclined to do the evil deeds

And won't bother myself when upset

But will praise you all day, all time.

In your kingdom shall I dwell

In it shall I find refuge

In it shall I build a nest in heaven.

Oh Son of the Most High!

Hear my plea, my prayer

Please free my soul from worry

Give me eternal life

I cry out loud hear, lonely

In this short life,

This long gruesome night

Please free my soul from this darkness.

Free my soul from this sinful world.

Free my soul and give me light

From this vanity free my soul.

Oh Son of the Most High?

Shall I be father to the fatherless?

Or shall I forever pray in this wilderness?

Oh Son of the Most High!

Shall I stay by your side?

There will I flee to

There will I be free

There eternal life I shall have

Singing and praising Hosanna a all my time.

Oh Son of the Most High

Hear my cry!

Roy Johannes Gama

# Bethesda Apostolic Church

My church is Bethesda Apostolic Church  
Established by Archbishop LM Manhango in 1952 PACHIWIRIRI  
Patsime reruponeso rwemweya

BMCU, Ruwadzano, BCU, and GCU  
My church is Bethesda Apostolic Church  
A church filled with knowledge and wisdom  
Oh! Boys and girls!  
My church is Bethesda Apostolic Church

A church that found a place deep inside my heart  
Donhodzo remoyo nemweya wangu  
A church full of joy, peace, love and prosperity

Oh! Friends and family  
My church is Bethesda Apostolic Church  
A church that comforts the sick, the weak and the dying  
Zororo revakaneta nevakaremerwa  
A church full of the Holy Spirit  
A church that prophesies  
A church that feeds the poor  
A church where all are welcome  
Chechi iyi yaVaManhango ndichengaose manhanga  
Hapana risina mhodzi

PACHIWIRIRI  
Patinowirirana mumweya nemuzvokwadi  
Where we praise and sing for the Most High  
Who commands all hosts of heaven  
Who rules with peace and justice  
My church is Bethesda Apostolic Church  
Where we see signs and wonders  
From the awesome God  
Whose powers raise the dead  
Oh! Bethesda sad shall I never be  
Bethesda ndiro utiziro hwangu  
Ndiro bako rangu rekuhwanda  
In it we all find refuge

Bethesda the citadel of joy

My church is Bethesda Apostolic Church

Ndinotambarara nekutandara ndirimo

Victory is certain to us all

Who trust in the mightiness of the Almighty

Bethesda Apostolic Church

Tiri vakundi nekupfurikidza!

Roy Johannes Gama

# God Bless Africa

Poem by Roy Johannes Gama

God bless africa  
You made her the second largest continent  
You located her south of Europe  
You boarded her to the west by South Atlantic  
And east by the Indian Ocean

Oh God bless Africa  
And her fifty four daughters  
Who rich in soil and minerals  
Who rich in flora and fauna  
You gave her daughters children  
Black is their race

Oh God bless Africa and her children  
Make her the leading continent  
Rich in human resources  
The power of house development  
God bless Africa

Roy Johannes Gama

# Who Can I Compare You To Oh Lord?

Who can I compare you to Oh Lord?  
Most high God you're my Lord!  
The only holy King;  
Eternal one, with infinite love.  
Joy, peace abounds with you.

What a king you are my Lord!  
You command all hosts of heaven.  
How great you are my Lord!  
Your Majesty, you rule with justice.

You whisper and darkness trembles,  
Unquestionably, kings bow at no instruction.  
Because you are the king of kings.  
You are the most high oh Lord my God.  
With powers to raise the dead  
To give or to take,  
All life is in your hands.

Your glory consumes the dreadful  
Your brightness shines all over  
It outshines the eye of the sky  
Your promise of heaven stands.  
The vastness of your Kingdom rules  
In which the abundance of life flourishes  
Where eternity and joy prevails  
A kingdom of no sorrow, pain or hunger.  
No torment suffering or toil  
You are king of all kings!

Roy Johannes Gama

# Shall I

Shall I

A home to two thousand orphans shall I build  
Shall I build not just an orphanage?  
A place to be seen and called home by many?  
Or shall I build and make it look funny?  
While we wait for a world free of needs and wants.

Shall I build an orphanage sweet and funny?  
Or in Africa shall I build many orphanages?  
Those who are without sorrow  
Or shall I shed year, day and night?  
Or shall I weep in sorrow?

Shall I build an orphanage,  
That forever shall be full of happiness, peace and joy?  
To be blessed and glad there is life

There shall I wait for Christ  
Daily would I wait for him  
To come shining like a star  
And with little kids shall I wait.

Roy Johannes Gama

# I Am A True African

I am a true African  
Born dark skinned and slim  
Who survived by hunting land gathering

I am a true African  
Who minded not the circumstances  
Even not returning home  
Or failure on repeat

Easy it was not  
Nor was it bad  
But dreadful as it was  
I never minded  
Going into the bush

Alone I was  
Driven by the penchant to survive  
A choice I did not have  
I am a true African

Roy Johannes Gama



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