

Poetry Series

**St Antoine de la Vuadi**  
**- poems -**

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## St Antoine de la Vuadi(April 19th,1986)

My name is St Antoine de la VUADI. I am a Congolese from the Democratic Republic of Congo. I was born in Kinshasa where I live. In October 2010 I have had my B.A. in English Language from Université Pédagogique Nationale/Kinshasa. I had my "Diplôme d'Etat" (Baccalaureate) in 2004 at Institut Technique Industriel de la Gombe (I.T.I.- GOMBE) in Electronics stream. I did my primary and secondary schools at ECOLE MASAMBA (ECOMAS – KASA VUBU) in Kinshasa. I am a Novelist and Poet. I write in French and English. Some of my poems can be found in the net.

# At The Door Of My Heart

To Ady Maty

At the door of my heart  
Deepened you judge  
Every reaction and thought  
Like a supernatural filter  
In which my love destroy  
Negative idioms of the literal  
Event that is our love story.

St Antoine de la Vuadi

# Cloudy Congo

Cloudy Congo  
Of my ancestors  
Natural cuddle of uranium  
Ground with all richness  
Of your tenderness I think.

St Antoine de la Vuadi

# Son Of Congolese

Listen to how they criticize  
The country of your ancestors,  
The country of Zamenga,  
Our popular writer.

Congo is not developed  
And you have to work for that  
To accomplish my wish  
I am your brother, father or ancestor.

The poverty of our country  
Didn't allow me to progress  
Normally as other man of my generation  
But I have a deep love for her.

Do something for this land  
Be it in Lubumbashi, Mbandaka,  
Kisangani or Kinshasa  
They will remain in the same country.

Work hard,  
Be the symbol of Congo  
And you will always be  
Proud for being a CONGOLESE.

St Antoine de la Vuadi

# A Letter To Yamusangie

Dear elder brother,

Thanks for your pieces of advice  
And I think that very soon  
I will do my best to become  
A novelist and a poet.

This letter is about our country  
I know that you love her as I do  
But she is going to die twice  
If we don't write to her children.

The country is...  
I cannot go far because they will kill me  
But very soon they will read  
What you have read.

Economically, culturally,  
Politically, religiously,  
Every domain in our society  
Is full of protected disasters.

Here a writer is nothing  
But the future of the country needs ours writings.  
I will be glad to read a letter from you;

All the best!

St Antoine de la Vuadi

# A Lover's Prayer

Dear Lord,

Could you protect my baby  
I have given my heart to him  
And I don't want to lose him  
Because it will destroy my life.

You are the maker of hearts  
You know the future  
If he will deceive me  
Please, change his mind.

I can't live without him  
And you see it in my voice  
He is the angel that you've sent  
To give me joy and peace.

Let him be invisible  
To other non serious women  
So that he will be concentrated  
Only to the love that we have built.

This was my prayer  
In the name of Christ  
Who is your Unique Son  
Amen!

St Antoine de la Vuadi

# African Child

African child clean your face  
And take the final decision  
To move out of poverty and war  
Even if now you don't have any force.  
African child tomorrow you will  
Be like me a man or a parent  
And I am sure that the situation  
Will remain the same;  
Then you will have the force to say  
No! If you don't find the force,  
Try to read and re-read these sentences.  
You have lost a hand, a village  
A parent, a sister and your education  
And you are right to be angry  
But anger by itself is not enough  
To stop what they have planned  
Many years.  
Try to add the force which leads  
To revolution because...  
You are so cute and so young  
But you have a big struggle to do.  
My brother and child  
Never be afraid of them!

St Antoine de la Vuadi

# Black Kennedy

President or not you are  
The black man of the reality  
The accomplishment of dreams  
Black African you are  
The racism is going to be empty  
It's all about their creams.

For you courage and pride I'm glad  
As Martin Luther King Jr would be glad;  
Lincoln and Kennedy will no longer be sad,  
Langston Hugues and Jessy Jackson glad;  
Richard Wright would say: Go a head!

The problem is not being black  
And you have to tell them Barrack.  
Try to help the nose of Africa;  
Stop the increasing misconduct in America.  
You have another motherland  
But your picture is from my land.

You represent all black leaders;  
You know the story of all those leaders.  
Remember Booker T. Washington, the textual ring  
And take care of you, dear king.  
President or not you are  
Black African you are.

Obama, the living part of history  
Take care of you  
They will probably plan to kill you  
As they killed Kennedy  
And send the world to sing your particularity  
But you are an African divinity  
Take care of you,  
Please, take care of you!

stantoinedelavuadi@



# Born In Africa

I was born in Africa  
In the war and poverty  
I love Africa my country  
I will save Africa.

I was born in Africa  
The richest land for others  
The hell for our mothers  
I must save Africa.

I was born in Africa  
Garden of dictatorship  
That makes hopelessness our ship  
Let me save Africa!

St Antoine de la Vuadi

# Can We Yes!

Each leader knows  
The power of hope  
And those who need proof  
Can see how America  
Is being ruled by a black.

Martin Luther King Jr is right:  
Hope does everything in the world  
And the human ocean has completed:  
Can we yes!  
No! He said: Yes we can!

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St Antoine de la Vuadi

# Congolese Invitation

My country is joyful.  
Joyful and beautiful as her children.

This invitation is for you:  
Come and see how we are gentle.  
Gentle and creative.

Come and you will love our sisters  
Before looking at our "upper" lands.

Come and discover  
What kind of five million persons  
The world had lost  
Because of selfish interests.

Welcome!

St Antoine de la Vuadi

# Culture Of Love

I love you more than so much,  
I love your mistakes and your smiles;  
I'd like the love that I give to you to be  
Your joy and your destination.  
Your love is my beloved love;  
My beloved in all is you.  
I don't know how to call  
This piece of peace  
That you serve to my life.  
My eyes, when I look at your face,  
Is really and again really blind.  
Darling Master of Art,  
Now I conclude that  
You have studied for many hours  
And your specialty is:  
The culture of Love.

St Antoine de la Vuadi

# Downloaded By Angels

To the memory of Vicky VUADI (1965-2010)

Today I notice  
How that thing called life  
Is extremely short  
Complicated process  
In which we look for  
Every little spectre of hope.  
Hope we need before going!  
To school  
To church  
To work  
To hospital  
Hope that tries to hide the death  
That forbids us think when we shall go  
Every day is a sentence  
Said, aloud but unconsciously.  
Born, alive with all imaginable joys  
But somewhere...  
We must find that last accent,  
To be downloaded by Angels.

St Antoine de la Vuadi

# Even The Wind Knows

Every man knows how  
Our lives are cooked  
By sellers of raw materials  
But they are silent.

Why?  
They know themselves.

Apart from the humanity  
The nature also has seen  
But it is unable to catch it  
And I hear, Mupepe, the wind saying:  
Stop killing people  
For a special nothing.

St Antoine de la Vuadi

# Fictional Creature

Source of Love  
Artistic picture  
Of the feeling that organizes  
What we have called life.

She has been my mother  
Since the beginning of history  
She is my sister  
And my sophisticated lover.

Woman, my living prayer;  
Woman, my show window;  
Woman, my particular civilization;  
Woman, my didactic approach.

Source of Love  
Mother, sister  
Or dynamic Lover  
She is like a Fictional Creature.

St Antoine de la Vuadi

# Five Million

Five million words  
Make a long text  
That can teach you  
How to love your brother.

Five million country  
Will never stay peacefully  
In our beloved earth  
Which finally organises our death.

Five million songs  
Are maybe more than  
All beautiful songs  
Composed by Africans.

Five million dollars  
That he has earned  
By selling diamonds from  
Our begrudgingly wounded Africa;

Five million people  
Are on the holy list of those  
Who have lost their lives  
In their own and beloved Congo.

St Antoine de la Vuadi

# For And About

I have decided to be an artist  
For expressing what others cannot  
For explaining realities of everyday  
Even if the way will be dangerous.

Everyday in Congo is dangerous  
You can meet the death  
Simpler than every other place  
Of our unjust and black world.

Our situation is blacker than  
Our naturally beautiful skin.  
Is there any relation between?  
The answer must be given by African writers.

As my country has the right  
Of reviewing its pure shape  
And to write a cloudy history  
I write for and about CONGO.

St Antoine de la Vuadi

# Happy End Of Life

To Mvumbi (1920 – 2011)

Here is time that you leave me  
You, my private and particular hero  
Your face is dancing in my mind  
As a symbol of Zaire that you have loved.

It is impossible for me  
To do that eternal way with you  
But my heart do not conceive yet  
How the death has taken you.

So wise as you ware  
I know that you have felt it  
And I remember every word  
That you pronounced in our last meeting.

You were especially young  
Young, even with your many more years  
I will never forget what you did for me  
Happy End of Life to you!

St Antoine de la Vuadi

# Heavy Love

My piece of joy  
In the past I did  
In the future I will do  
Now I do  
Do what?  
Do the most important thing for me  
To love you my building of feeling.  
I love you  
More than a profound text of a poem.

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St Antoine de la Vuadi

# Innocent Smile

Innocent smile  
From the mouth of  
The afflicted child  
Who is going very soon  
To be killed by a mad  
Sent by another mad.

Innocent smile  
Maybe the latest movement  
Of these young lips  
That cannot arrest the killer.

St Antoine de la Vuadi

# Kiss Me Again

Last time that you kissed me  
I lost my mind for a while  
But the feeling was so smooth  
And I dreamed of your lip.

I know that you love me  
Many more than an entire mile  
Your saliva cleans my tooth  
It is my preferred and personal dip.

Every time that you kiss me  
I go beyond the feeling  
To look for the original me  
Whose life you made rising.

How dancing was I,  
How tremulous was I,  
How foolish I felt,  
How strange I felt.

Going throughout my past  
I have found that particular cast  
And its passion is now back  
As the strongest, the purest attack.

The image smells untouchable  
but the desire is unbreakable  
I want you to do it again  
My 'supu', please, kiss me again.

St Antoine de la Vuadi

# Last Sacrifice

In the name of our brotherhood  
We have to extinguish their firewood  
As a last sacrifice  
For a Congo clean and nice.

Last sacrifice against the flimsiness;  
Our Congo can not be flavorless;  
Last sacrifice for stopping embezzlement;  
Let us provoke their departure.

How could a country naturally resourceful  
Be a field of an outcast and non hopeful?  
Let us refuse the proposal of postponement  
Of our deaf and unannounced development.

Congo is not a heel,  
Congo is their wounded seal,  
Congo is our last sacrifice,  
Kinshasa needs a Last Sacrifice.

St Antoine de la Vuadi

# Let Me Draw Your Face

Your face smells a piece of art  
And my blithe mountain  
Needs to present it artistically  
With all features of your jointed beauty.

Your face is printable  
Not with technical composition  
Not on capricious papers  
But I have to draw your face.

Calling our intimacy  
My body prefers to use  
My impetuous tongue  
In lieu of what they call pencil.

After this work  
Your picture will summarize  
All the questions of life  
Even if my saliva will cover it.

St Antoine de la Vuadi

# Letter To Chebeya

Brother, you have been killed  
By people that they have sent  
Only because you said the truth  
Considered as a sin in our land.

Today, they want us forget you  
Through their catastrophic justice  
But they don't see  
How your death is a national footmark.

Heaven has heard your voice,  
We, your fellow citizens, have to say  
Forcibly how the country has become the hell  
So that we build the last and strong wing of Kinshasa.

It is foreseeable that you are not  
The last martyr for stopping dictatorship  
I think that you have met Armand Tungulu  
Be ready to welcome other Congolese Heroes.

Stay calm in your eternal mind  
Do not question yourself about the future  
Because we are ready to die and join you  
If they won't accept or tolerate the truth.

Yours,  
A citizenship.

St Antoine de la Vuadi

# Letter To Kutino

Dear imprisoned Pastor  
Our way to freedom is painful  
But you have accepted to lead it  
Putting though your life in insecurity.

Our useless court has decided  
To sell you for the sake of disillusion  
Some weak pastors has joyfully participated  
Forgetting that it's time to rise.

The ideal stays to save Congo  
By changing the political system  
By ignoring the pain of torture  
By building the new mind of our people.

The power seems to be stronger than us  
Us, democracy and development seekers  
But it is neither stronger than History  
Nor more spacious than our God's creation.

With the time of freedom that we still have  
Our patriotic forces pray and sustain you  
They are not so far from their end  
If we keep expressing our realities.

We are going to save our country!

St Antoine de la Vuadi

# Musical Protection

Land of Music

A theory about my country  
Who has a large number  
Of famous musicians.

Kalé Jeff, Ray Lema,  
Madilu System, Papa Wemba,  
Wendo Kolosoy, Franco Luambo,  
Lokua Kanza and Tabuley Rochereau  
Are musical phenomena.

But...

That great box of rhythms  
Didn't protect our brothers  
From the weapon of killers  
Organised in tribal teams.

We need a musical protection  
Every "muzicana " from Congo  
Has to insist on the war  
That is not about to go.

St Antoine de la Vuadi

# My Poetry

Rhyming or not  
My word your are  
Sure as an angel  
You make my Poetry.

Poetic device  
Within my life  
I always read you  
To be sure that I'm still alive.

From my heart  
To my heart  
As a local change  
I overshadow you.

My vaccination  
My innate ink  
My nickname  
You, my Poetry.

St Antoine de la Vuadi

# My Son's Christmas

To Amour VUADI

Little baby,  
Do you know that Jesus' birth  
Sent men to Christmas  
In which we accentuate  
All children, bana, as you?

Enjoy Christmas  
Be glad, happy or gleeful  
It's the same.  
Wear your new clothes  
Because to days is December 25th.

St Antoine de la Vuadi

# Natural Lover

To be a natural lover  
Is what I dream of  
And my dream is real  
If I am really in love.

Do not make love sick  
To accompany your behavior.  
Love is stronger than behavior  
And this reality is not a stick.

Everywhere in my heart  
I feel the voice of love  
To be natural when you love  
Is the key to the perfection.

Natural must a lover be,  
Specific also as an unknown being;  
Then people will not understand  
And will be unable to destroy "it".

St Antoine de la Vuadi

# New Death, New Hero

To Armand Tungulu

The news went and exposed  
Kinshasa has congratulated  
For he has tried vividly to express  
What our hearts propose us to do.

Three days later, he was killed  
Telling the country how closed She is  
And that a throwing on a "certain" car  
Can produce the end of a human life.

Again a crime in Congo  
Again a voice intolerable  
After having lost more than 5 million people  
This nation needs an intravenous purification.

<Oh, poor Chebeya! >  
You are late, It is now Tungulu  
Do not say anything about that  
We know that no one can help us.

St Antoine de la Vuadi

# No Gbagbo Again!

Who have told you that you were God?  
No more time for dreaming  
Today you become a simple former President  
A simple foolish civilian.

Tell your wife to sign  
For the peace that nature has given  
For the end of your catastrophic power  
For the new, may the eternal, Joy in Côte d'Ivoire.

How is your new status?  
You have no choice, no voice at all  
Now meet people that you have killed  
And give them your special reasons.

But you have a last mission for Africa  
That is to advice your family of dictators  
To leave their country peacefully  
Otherwise, they will find the same end.

St Antoine de la Vuadi

## November 5th,2008

Historical worldwide night  
About an unbreakable person  
Eyes refusing sleepiness  
We were praying before televisions.

Wonderful dawn!  
I heard Kinshasa my city  
Singing with all its voices  
To celebrate the first unbelievable African.

First African in the white house,  
American President from a black house.  
Total Joy from everywhere in Mandela's land  
And the image of Jessy Jackson crying.

Most of the babies born that period went  
Together with African dances  
To visit a life without war and poverty  
Because of a man, Obama.

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St Antoine de la Vuadi

# Our Country Needs You

Sometimes it is necessary to travel abroad  
To go somewhere more developed,  
To do something important for yourself board,  
To go far from your land.

After studying and gaining the knowledge of yourself  
you have to think of your land;  
The Land where you began your life;  
Your life and your land you have to shield.

The money is not really "money".  
Come to turn on the light;  
Light transformed by politicians into night  
And our night is their money.

What have you ever done for your country?  
Even if you were born where you are,  
You must take care of your history;  
Not ten out ten but like your car.

St Antoine de la Vuadi

# Poor As I Am

I live in Kinshasa,  
The foundation of poverty,  
The summit of culture,  
A strange mixture: I know.

Poverty is a general state  
Our natural behaviour  
And they told me conscientiously  
That my generation is a sacrificed one.

Poor as I am  
I am trying to struggle  
Against all consequences of colonialism  
Convinced that another day  
I will become rich  
As they say of my country.

St Antoine de la Vuadi

# Reading Your Eyes

I am with you  
My strange conviction  
And my eyes need  
To see the intensity of yours.

Reading your eyes  
My favored book  
In which I discover  
The idea in your mind.

Reading your eyes  
Leads me in special moments  
To control our steps  
Beyond the under lips.

When I read your eyes  
My body feels your anger  
And automatically erases  
All shoddy behaviors.

Reading your eyes  
Is my preferred duty  
For the future of our story  
If we need to form a family.

St Antoine de la Vuadi

# Where Africa Is

Africa my land,  
Africa my heart,  
Africa my eternal,  
Africa my inspiration;

Where are you?  
Somebody has asked me  
And let me tell him  
Where you are.

You are between Pacific and Indian  
Simple oceans made of fishers  
More than that you are  
In the centre of my spirit.

Africa is in me,  
I am where Africa is.

St Antoine de la Vuadi