

Poetry Series

**Takunda S Chikomo**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2018

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

## Takunda S Chikomo(25-05-00)

REALLY THERE ISN'T MUCH I CAN SAY ABOUT MYSELF BESIDES THE FACT THAT I JUST LOVE POETRY.

Warning! In this book you will read stuff that will shock you, hurt you, entice you so much you would want to hug me, some will leave you confused and others will make you question a lot of things about myself and yourself too, but just like Alade Abayomi Idris says, He is just an ordinary writer, I want you to know that I am just a writer.

▪

God  
I am giving up  
All you gave me  
For this one thing  
I know you put me in charge of it all  
But in order to get  
What I need right now  
I should major on the major  
Prioritize!

Takunda S Chikomo

# Agony

## Agony

So I faked my own death  
I faked my own death because  
I thought that this way  
Was the only way I was going  
To see  
Who it is that really loves me.  
I told myself  
If you fake your death

So I committed suicide  
I told myself  
And said Taku  
Once you are dead  
Then you wont be  
A burden to anyone  
Anymore  
Not knowing that  
My suicidal thoughts  
Were enough of a burden  
To my mother who would  
Always ask me and say  
Taku whats going on in  
O mind  
To which I would simply  
Respond  
Im fine.  
I was unaware that  
When I was pronounced dead  
I presented to my family and friends  
A burden of bitterness  
And guilt  
Bigger than I  
Had calculated in me  
Cerebral hemisphere.  
I was in agony.

So I hit my head  
Against the wall  
I took razor sharp blades  
And started drilling through my  
Skin as a way to punish  
Myself for being  
Less of a person they  
Wanted me to be  
That is myself.

So I tore apart  
My notebook of  
Art like tom  
Chasing after little jerry  
They put up mouse traps  
And stopped me from chasing  
After my dreams.

It's funny  
How these elders  
Taught me that I should say

Takunda S Chikomo

# Commitments

Commitments.

Woman!

Has it ever occurred to you that  
When he says  
You should respect  
His hustle  
In other words he is saying  
He loves his job  
More than he loves you?  
Or maybe it's just me  
Seeing things...

Have you ever heard of  
The man cave?  
What do you think it is?  
Don't you sometimes  
Get the feeling that sometimes  
He is just being  
F\*ckin egocentric?

Or maybe he is just  
Trying to make ends meet  
For both your good.  
Why do men get so busy  
They don't find time to love?  
Why do more and more men  
Have less and less attention  
For their women?

Tell me how many women  
Are afraid of commitment?  
A sudden change in character  
Of the person you thought you knew.  
They say  
Rinonyenga rinowarara  
Rozosimudza musoro rawana  
Ichi ndicho chokwadi chemahara  
Vasikana.

TAKUNDA S CHIKOMO.

Takunda S Chikomo

# Confirmation Of My Fears.

Confirmation of my fears.

So today i got news  
It was  
Confirmation of my worst fears  
It's true  
She is gone  
Forever.  
The girl i thought  
Was mine  
I never told her  
I loved her.  
I was waiting for the  
Right time,  
For us to grow up.  
What i didn't know  
Was she had already  
Grown up.  
She eloped,  
I waited,  
She married,  
I watched,  
She found love and  
I found self love.

TAKUNDA S CHIKOMO.

Takunda S Chikomo

# Every Dead Man Is A Good Man

Every dead man is a good man.

Every dead man is a good man  
How ironic i find this statement.

Takunda S Chikomo.

Takunda S Chikomo

# Humble

## Humble

Life's humbleness, humbleness - There is something about the pain it brings with it when your mother spans you that always seems to stay in your mind like the stenchy smell of death. So you tell yourself that you will never steal from the pot again.

After seeing your mother's sweat drip off from her face as she carries the heavy basket of green grocer produce on her head  
You would promise yourself you will work hard so that one day you will take care of her and she would enjoy life.

There is something about going to bed on an empty stomach that simply makes you understand how tough life can be. So you tell yourself that you will never let your children go through the same situation again.

Humbleness knocks on your hearts door after hearing another persons struggles in life that you start to realise how much blessed you are. And just how much more you need to thank the Lord for indeed you have not gone through hell.

Knowing that at any moment your father might just as well lose his one and only job might as well be the motivation that you need to study hard at school. So you push yourself to work even smarter.

Humbleness overpowers you when you know that you are the only one who is next in line to support the whole family once you step out of the classroom. So you deny yourself of the pleasures of life preferring to work tooth and nail to be able to be the man you ought to be.

There is that one split second that reminds you of the pain she had to go through as she gave her last breath during child birth that makes you want to start charity work to help orphans and support groups to spread the word of love.

There is something about getting hurt by love that makes you want to be more

cautious in your next move.

I really wish some of you knew what steps to take though.

After knowing a loved one who lost their life to the plague. You would want to keep...you know who always below the belt.

Somehow the temptation gets the best of you.

You know there is that thing about life that reminds you that any moment it could not be life. Yes there is something about the thin line between life and death that makes you want to know how thin this line really is. Where are the dead? For they are the best people you can ever ask. Are they?

Life's humbleness -all I know is that it effects action. All I know is that there is something about life, about being alive that just makes you want to be so humble.

And all I know is in life if you deny to be humble you are definitely ought for the worse, to die it is, either alive.

Takunda S Chikomo

# It's Complicated

IT'S COMPLICATED.

Let's just say  
She is someone i wish to spend  
The rest of my life with  
Does that make her my lover?  
I don't know  
It's complicated.

TAKUNDA S CHIKOMO.

Takunda S Chikomo

# Kfc

KFC

There is no time i like most  
Than the time when i am  
Confused  
Of course i do not like  
The confusion itself  
The discomfort is unbearable  
What i like most  
About confusion  
Is the fruits thereof  
I have grown to love  
Confusion  
Because it has brought a  
Realignment of my thoughts  
Ambivalence has taught me to  
Get rid of the generic  
And grab the specific  
I have grown to love  
Confusion so much  
Everyday i wake up  
With expectant eyes  
Hoping that maybe, just maybe  
It will just find it's way into the  
Core of my....  
Nowadays I no longer wish people  
Good luck  
Nowadays i wish people  
Darkness and confusion  
Not that i am pessimistic  
I am actually the most optimistic  
Person you may ever know  
I love confusion so much  
I am really confused as to why  
I love it  
I guess you can call me  
A  
KONFUZED FRIED COCKROACH.

(KFC)

TAKUNDA S CHIKOMO.

Takunda S Chikomo

# Let's Break Up

Let's break up!

The feeling is mutual  
Let us break up!  
Reminisces are fatal  
Promise we wont make up.

I will never miss your kiss  
Will only miss my peace.

To care i tried  
Seems we will never last  
So now we are f\*cked  
Game of lust

Leave my life  
Loving you is tough.

Turns out  
You are not my all  
Turns out  
You are my fall.

My all I gave  
But none you gave.

Good bye has never felt so good  
I pray it stays like this  
I won't change my mood  
Till the end, it will be like this.

Don't tell me you love me  
No, i love me!

Takunda S Chikomo

# Love At First Sight

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

If poetry were a woman  
I would confess my love  
At first sight...

TAKUNDA S CHIKOMO.

Takunda S Chikomo

# Manly Pride

Manly pride.

I am a man  
Asking myself  
Why does she love me?  
I am a man  
Thinking to myself  
I can get any girl  
I want  
I am a man  
Thinking to myself  
I am irresistible  
All the ladies love me.  
I am a man  
Telling myself  
No woman can tell me what to do  
I'm a man.  
A woman should be under me  
I'm not proud  
I'm just being a man.

Takunda S Chikomo

# Man's Not Hot!

Man's not hot.

She wrote  
A love poem.  
For me.  
It was the sweetest thing  
Anyone had ever done for me.  
She told me that she loved me in a text.  
She also told me that she didn't want  
To be too forward,  
So with me she took her time.  
She observed me  
From afar, i could tell  
Someone was watching me,  
If only i knew who it was.

She wrote a song.  
For me.  
It was the best love song ever.  
I honestly think  
It sounded better than  
Ed Sheeran's perfect.

She told me that she loved me  
She just didn't want to look  
Too forward  
So with me she took her time.  
She has been the sweetest  
Being i have ever seen  
In my life.  
I can tell by the way  
She glances at me  
From over her shoulders  
That she wants about me.

I think it's high time  
I do something in return  
I think its high time  
I write a little something

High time i show her that  
I can see her.  
I think its high time  
I tell her  
That i am not interested in her.  
I think it's high time  
I tell her that she's not my type.  
I think it's time  
I tell her to stop wasting her time.

She said to me  
Taku i think you're hot.  
I think i should be honest with her  
Man's not hot...

TAKUNDA S CHIKOMO.

Takunda S Chikomo

# Men Are Childish

Men are childish

Metaphorically speaking  
Men and children  
Are two worlds apart  
Man is a monster  
A child is a lover  
Man is a killer  
A child is a thriller  
Man is childish  
Children ain't men.  
Men lie  
Children ain't so good

Maybe better call  
Man a dog  
So lets do a small experiment shall we?  
Whuuf whuuf!  
If you are a man  
And you understand that  
Raise you hand  
If you don't understand dog language  
You are no dog  
You are just a man

So what is man  
Obviously he is no child  
Neither is he a dog  
Maybe he is just a man  
Obviously he is no child  
Neither is he a dog  
Maybe he is just a man.

TAKUNDA S CHIKOMO.

Takunda S Chikomo

# Ndinoda Kuva

Ndinoda kuva

Hapana pandaizova nyanduri  
Iwe usingapinduri  
Kunge chibage chirumuduri  
Mwoyo wangu worovera iwe  
Sendinotamba dudumuduri  
Ndinoziva zvandataura  
Zvinogona kusareva  
Asi rudo rwangu rwuri pauri  
Zuva nezuva hariperi  
Ndisina kuda kuziva nezvekwauri  
Asi rimwe nemazuva ndovimba ishe  
Vachandiavitsa pauri  
Pauri ndipo pane mwoyo wangu  
Pauri ndipo pandiri  
Sevarume varipandari  
Kana ndisinewe handigoni  
Sezvineiwo  
Rega ndimboita ndikure  
Nekuti wakati haudi munhu njee  
Ini sanyanduri  
Ndinoziva zvakaoma hazvo  
Asi chido chekuva pauri  
Chinondituma  
Kumuka usiku  
Kuti ndikuudze pamusoro  
Pezvauri  
Sezvinonzi iwe hauzivi zvauri  
Samuparidzi  
Ndinoziva kuti kukuda kunogona kuva  
Sekutandanisa chamupupuri  
Asi zvino kana chamumupupuri  
Chacho chiricho chega  
Chingandiratidze  
Kwauri ndeupi umwe  
Mukana ungava kwandiri.

Nguva inopfura

Ndaona iwe tsvigiri yangu  
Nguva inopfura  
Ndichiedza kukupfimba  
Chisiri chitarisiro  
Chekukupedzera nguva  
Kana kutamba nedzako  
Pfungwa sebhora  
Rechikweshe mumaraini  
Asi chiri chivimbo  
Chekurarama nguva yasara yeupenyu hwangu  
Mukukuda.  
Zvino iwe wako moyo  
Vhura  
Gogoi tisvikewo pano  
Mudiwa wemoyo wako ini ndoda kuva  
Kusvika nguva inouya  
Kunyangwe nemuguva.  
Rudo rwangu ndinoda kukupa  
Zvekuti kana nema ex ako  
Anouya achindikumbira ruregero  
Nekuti vakakutambisira nguva  
Ndiwe zvako mwanasikana  
Wandimutsa pakati peusiku  
Ndichiita sendirikutambisa nguva  
SaNyanduri  
Zvimwe ungafunge kuti  
Kugona kwangu kutamba nemashoko  
Kutaura masvandikongonya  
Matekenya mwoyo  
Mashoko anonyerekedza chako chipfuva  
Dai wambondipa yako nguva  
Ndaikuratidza kuti zvose zvako ini  
Ndinoda kuva  
Hakusi kungotaura chete kwete  
Asi yako shamwari yepamoyo  
ini ndinoda kuva.

Takunda S Chikomo

# Perceptions

## Perceptions

Hi my name is Takunda  
I am a poet  
And i talk about anything  
So long it touches people's hearts

So many at times  
I have heard people talk about me  
And say ndirimusalad  
Apparently that's their code word  
For someone like me  
A boy who isn't tough enough  
To man up  
I have been called a cheesy boy  
A fellow who isn't so much of  
A fellow  
Ironic isn't it?  
See i have grown to  
Know that a man who is bold enough  
To admit that he was crying  
Isn't a man at all  
I have often been criticized about the  
Way i talk  
Apparently i sound like a girl  
I am free to be anything i want  
But when it comes to being exactly who i am  
A sissy  
A mama's boy  
I am not free as much  
I am living in a world where being  
A sissy automatically means  
You are gay  
Even when you are not  
All my ex-girlfriends left me  
Cos in their eyes  
It was like dating  
Your lady friend  
Just for your own information

I am not gay  
I just happen to be a boy  
With certain female characteristics  
And for the record  
I am a sucker for a lady with  
A huge rack and a tight booty  
Kim Kardashian

Hi my name is Takunda  
I am a poet  
And i talk about anything  
So long it touches people's hearts

You know i just wish  
More and more people stopped  
Stereotyping  
It was never my choice to be born  
Like this  
For so long i have  
Been ashamed of the way i look  
Talk or even associate more  
With the opposite sex than the like  
For so long i have been labeled gay  
Sissy, mama's boy  
And not exactly who i am  
A person  
And to quote Sia  
"To be human is to love"  
Where is the love that  
Stops us from judging one another  
Based on our interactions  
Where is the love that doesn't see color  
Nor tolerates stereotypes  
Where is the love that  
Loves unconditionally.  
Apparently i am not man enough  
I cry too much  
I love hugs too much  
And i often think of my mom  
More than i think about my girlfriend  
She can't compete with that  
Most of my friends are female

Most of my enemies are male  
My best friend is a girl  
And my bae isn't cool with that  
So i guess that makes me...  
I won't say you already got the  
Picture in your mind  
But the truth is  
I am not less of a man because  
I don't have a deep voice  
Neither does the fact that my penis  
Isn't a large as yours make me less of a man  
I am different in my own way  
But i don't not blame you  
See you were taught that being a man  
Means being tough and rough  
On the outside  
Unaware of the fact that you are soft  
In the inside and that is a sign  
Of weakness or is it?  
Ypu know what?  
Real men do cry  
They have feelings  
And are driven by love  
Of course you wont believe me  
Cos this isn't what you were taught  
So i won't judge  
Life is beautiful  
Don't you think so too  
Mr man?

Hi my name is Takunda  
I am a poet  
And i talk about anything  
So long it touches people's hearts.

TAKUNDA S CHIKOMO.

Takunda S Chikomo

# Poem

Poem

I dont want to love u  
Cos it wuld imply that  
U have not been loved  
I don want to improve u  
Cos it would imply that u r  
Imperfect  
I don want be there for u  
Cos it would send out  
A message that u r lonely  
I dont want to spoil u  
Coz it would imply that  
Unoda zvinhu  
I don think it is enough to  
Think about u everyday  
Cos it would imply that  
You are insecure.  
I don want to tell you that u r beautiful  
Cos it would imply that  
You dont know already that you are  
I don want to tell u that u  
Look perfect tonight  
Cos it would imply that in other nights  
You look something else  
I don want to  
Tell you I miss u  
Cos it would  
Sound like there are days when I dont  
I don want to  
Be your lover  
Coz it would imply that  
You cannot love yourself  
I dont want to tell you that  
U complete me  
Cos it would imply that  
You are incomplete  
I don want to  
Tell u of how I saw you in my dreams

Cos it would imply that  
You only make sense  
In a world of fantasies  
I don't want to  
Tell you that you are precious to me  
Cos precious is too little to describe you  
I don't want to  
I don't want to tell you that you mean everything to me  
That would imply that you are nothing to the world

Takunda S Chikomo

# Pretence

Pretence

I was told that  
Before a gal finally says  
Yes to a guy  
She first observes him  
From afar.  
So i put on  
My best imitation of  
A perfect gentleman.  
I was told that women  
Are quite emotional beings  
So i told her that i  
Felt something for her  
Even though i knew  
Perfectly well that  
I was faking the feelings.  
I was told that  
By the time a girl reaches  
The age of eighteen  
She already has within her mind  
Her perfect kind of wedding.  
So i promised her marriage  
Even though i knew i could not afford it.  
I was told that women love children  
So i told her that  
I would be the father of her children  
Even though  
I knew to myself that  
I find little children annoying.  
I was told that women  
Are moved more by what they  
Hear and see  
So i portrayed for myself  
An image of perfection  
So that when i finally decide  
To approach her  
Proclaiming to be her Prince charming  
She would believe me there and then.

I guess what I'm trying to say is  
She later on found out that  
I'm not the man whom she thought  
Me to be all along.

TAKUNDA S CHIKOMO.

Takunda S Chikomo

# Single And Not Searching.

Single and not searching.

I was asked  
How come u e  
Most famous guy at school  
Yet you claim to be single.

How come you're  
The most talented guy  
On the team  
And yet...

I was asked how can you  
Be single  
On the whole campus  
Yet you got all  
It takes to sweep any chick  
Off her feet,  
Head over heels?  
Wake up man  
This is university  
Smell the coffee.

I was asked  
How can the CEO  
Of such a big successful organization  
Be found to be unmarried  
Isn't that absurd?  
Do you not know  
That all the ladies are  
Crushing on you down there?

I was asked  
What exactly do you mean  
You are single and not  
Searching  
Everyone is searching  
How come not you?

To which i replied  
I'm looking for someone  
Who will love me  
Without the fame  
Without the money  
Without the status quo  
But with nothing.

Give me such  
I will show you my wife.

TAKUNDA S CHIKOMO.

Takunda S Chikomo

# Spontaneous

Spontaneous.

I'm the kind of poet  
Who will write a piece  
Despising a cause  
And wake up  
The next morning  
Praising it

Yes i can do that!

TAKUNDA S CHIKOMO.

Takunda S Chikomo

# To Love Or Not To Love.

To love or not to love.

You want someone  
To tell you that  
Falling in love is bad  
You are looking for confirmation  
That love is gloomy  
Hoping still  
To see someone's heart  
Get shattered by love  
Cos that's what you've been told.

You think that  
Its all a lie  
No one can ever fall in love  
And be able to escape it  
You think falling in love  
Is falling into  
Deep dark pits.

So you kick away  
Every opportunity  
Love throws at you  
Or let alone  
Anyone willing to  
Let you know that  
I love you.

You need love  
But you don't want love

What you are looking  
For you shall find  
In the deep dark pits of  
Solitude you shall find  
Pain and agony  
In a place not far from  
Your own gloomy thoughts.

Look for love  
Who said it was all sweet  
Who said you won't cry  
Love hurts  
And so does solitude.  
So choose  
To be or not to be  
To love or not to love?  
That is the question.

TAKUNDA S CHIKOMO.

Takunda S Chikomo

# To The Dump Site

To the dump site

Dear dump site  
I blame you  
I blame you for accepting everything  
I blame you for supporting and concealing  
Moral decadence in society  
I blame you for concealing  
All of our indecency like as if  
You really care.

To the dump site  
The next time someone  
Comes and abandons a jewel  
At you, do not accept it  
Just because you are a  
Dump site it doesn't mean you  
Have to accept everything  
Zvimwe rambawo.

To the dump site  
Especially when it comes to our precious stones  
The next time someone tries to  
Give you the responsibility  
Of looking after their precious jewel  
I want you to grow four arms,  
Like ben on cartoon network  
I want you to fight  
The evil of humanity.

For far too long you have  
Concealed mankind's indecency  
For far too long  
Babies have been abandoned at your gates  
For far too long  
You have mothered babies  
Of irresponsible, infatous  
Promiscuous, sex addicts.  
Trust me ndirikukuona hangu.

And as for you  
Who is under the sound of my voice  
A dump site is no place for jewels.  
As for you  
Who is under the sound of my voice  
Before you abandon your jewel at the site  
I want it to ring in your mind  
That some are crying tears  
Tears of blood just to have  
That which you consider  
Worthless  
As for you  
Who is under the sound of my voice  
Before you have sex  
In the name of this cold weather  
Just know that tea bags  
Are much cheaper than pampers.

To the dump site  
You are just a dump site  
Nothing more  
Not a nursery home so  
Stop pretending like you care  
For our babies  
You are just something  
No one really cares about  
After all you are just  
A dump site  
Not a nursery home.

@the\_honorable

Takunda S Chikomo

# To The Man Who Loves His Job More Than Anything Else.

To the man who loves his job more than anything else.

She sat there  
Waiting for him to come back home  
The clock now struck two am  
It was already the next day.  
She could not do it anymore  
So she gathered up the little

Energy she had left  
She scribbled in the least legible handwriting  
She could manage  
It was a letter to her father  
Her father the pastor.

In the letter she wrote  
Dear father  
I know you are a very busy man  
I waited for you to come back home  
But now its two am and  
I have class tomorrow

I wanted you to help me  
With my assignment on leadership  
I wanted to know whether its true that  
People with high leadership positions  
Have limited time with their families  
I also wanted to know whether its true

That the children of church leaders  
Are the wildest of them all  
I also wanted to know why this is so.  
It turns out your absence was exactly  
The answer i needed.  
Just recently i looked for you

I wanted to know whether

The meaning of the word father had changed  
Whether it now refers to the man  
Who stands in front of you  
And preaches every Sunday morning

And vanishes for the rest of the week  
Only to reappear the following Sunday.  
I wanted to know whether  
I was your only child your only daughter  
Or there were many others out there.  
I wanted to know whether I was born to

live  
With a father figure  
And not an actual father  
For as long as I can remember you have been  
More of a spiritual father

And less of a father to me  
Of which I entirely understand.  
As I write this letter  
I want to let you know  
With a burdened heart  
That I am pregnant

I have been pregnant twice before  
But I kept on having miscarriages  
This time around this baby seems to want to come out  
Not even mother knows about this  
Because just look at it

How can the preacher's kid  
Be so foolish enough to  
Sleep around?  
But isn't that exactly what's happening  
Are there not the children of church leaders out there who are falling from

grace  
Each and every day?  
Anyways I am not actually pregnant  
As you may presume  
I am just about to give birth to a baby

A baby whose name shall be melancholy

Whose surname shall be Neglected

Whose father is loneliness

Whose conception was inspired by fatherlessness

Maybe this baby shall be

The father i never had...

Father, i as your daughter

I respect your work

I respect your time away

I honor your service to the lives of others

I also honor your leadership as a servant.

Every night when i pray to God

I ask him to please send me back

My father

I miss those days when you would read to me

Bed time stories from the bible

How you would dramatise any bible story

And how you would scare me to sleep with

The stories from the book of revelation whenever i got naughty

I remember how you taught me the Lord's prayer

I remember it well when you used to come to my school on prize giving day

I would show off to my friends that my dad

My hero is a pastor

But somewhere somehow

Work got in the way of all the time we had together

So now the only prayer i send to God

Is asking for my father back.

They say that the flock should intercede

For the Shepherd's offspring

Sadly they are not, so my prayers are mine alone

Instead they laugh at me

They say the pastor's daughter

Is a spoiled brat

They also say i have all that i can ever

ask for  
Sadly they do not know that my father  
Their pastor,  
is hardly at home  
Is hardly there when i need him  
I have grown to admire other children's

fathers  
And not mine.  
Daddy please come back home  
The memories of what we did back in the day haunt me  
Day and night

I really miss my father  
My father  
The pastor.

TAKUNDA S CHIKOMO.

Takunda S Chikomo

# Word

Word...

To my younger  
Brothers and sisters  
Never make the mistake of  
Idolising me.

To my elders  
Never make the mistake  
Of thinking that I am  
Perfect.

To myself  
Never portray an image of  
Yourself that  
You are not.

TAKUNDA S CHIKOMO.

Takunda S Chikomo