

Poetry Series

Walani Ndhlovu
- poems -

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Across The River To My Maid

Down I'll ride to my maid
Across the water to the river end I'll reach
Where I'll see several smiles
As they saw me getting off the beach

My little boat shall wish to escort me
But he neither creeps nor has legs to walk
So he keeps on jumping up and down trying to peep
And blames the trees which won't let him see me talk

My hands shall be set to take out a gift
Nothing precious but a cloth covered in red
To indicate the love I've carried all the way through
So she sees my love before I take the morning bread

The little cloth shall be smart and well presented
For he has a crush on her as he once told me
So I shall grab him off her hands if she loves him a lot
To leave my maid alone and leave our courtship free

The crowd shall party and sing on the day
Tears of joy shall drip off her eyes when I'll carry her home
But before that I shall warn my boat
To float safely over the excited winter storm

Then down I'll ride back
Across the water to the other river end I'll reach
Where I'll see several smiles
As they watch us getting off the beach.

Walani Ndhlovu

All In My Hands I Hold

All in my hands I hold
Money, silver, Jewell, and gold
All those things that man can love
I still have more though some I sold

All in my hands I hold
Brackets and jackets to drive all the cold
To keep me warm and act like a stove
That when you talk all I do is to nod

All in my hands I hold
All great names in the world I'm called
Angels can know who I am from above
And tell my deeds to the might lord

All in my hands I hold
Stories I made but some I was told
Tales still fly in my head like a dove
And some still hang in my brain they're stored

All in my hands I hold
Everything in the world to you I showed
All have
But still I'm bored.

Walani Ndhlovu

Always Feel Special

You should always feel special
For I writing love poems is not to entertain the public
But to show you that you are so special

A blink followed by a smile is what makes you special
For it just feels like a million of lovely words in a second
Till my eyes can tell that yours are so special

Your voice like a bird also makes you special
For it swims smoothly in the air like a marry note
To grab my ear which recommends you are so special

Your natural perfume goes beyond special
For a drop of smell drives me to where you are
Till my sniffing nose knows that you are so special

A tap on my body feels so special
For it feels like a touch of an angel in the heart
To make my skin sense that you are so special

The trap of your ear as well makes you special
For it makes sweet words flow from my rolling tongue
Till my mouth could say you are so special

You should always feel special
For I writing love poems is not to entertain the public
But to show you that you are so special
As my senses and yours can prove.

Walani Ndhlovu

Ancient Poeples

Ancient people
Filling their stomachs like a hippo
They lived by the delta
A thatched hut was their shelter

Living near the brink
Where they couldn't sink
In order to fish and drink
If they had known how crocodiles stink
Away from the river they would slink
To protect themselves in a wink

They were attacked by malaria
And its sign was diarrhea
The river kept mosquitoes
And there were no hospitals

No one was abused
Hence no one was accused
Important rulers were not recognized
Were they organized?

Walani Ndhlovu

Blessed Nyasaland

That land is a blessing I dare not to lie.

Tangled branches and threads of grass, birds appreciate such a stunning style of dressing,

Even travelers stingy not an eye.

Giant waters reveal the color of the sky

Wooden canoes sway to the rhythm of Lake Nyasa's waves while heaven wonders,

Who art thou looking like I.

The valleys low, the mountains high;

Shelter for all who swim, crawl, walk, run or fly

Regardless when they live or die.

That land is a blessing I dare not to lie.

Walani Ndhlovu

Blind Blind Blind

I looked in his shining eye
And saw a bright future
He seemed to be blinded
As he watched his father die

Half a year baby boy
With no idea of what was happening
A final gaze was thrown
As his sire saw him playing with a toy

The desire of the family he was
Now the worry of his sire he is
His sire had no word but a wave
Bye bye he goes

Tears drop from my eye when I see him play
For it reminds me of this time
When he was a baby
And when he asks why I'm crying I've nothing to say

His mother died a month before his father
And he asks for his mom
As he thinks I'm his sire
And since I'm not married I need to think further.

Walani Ndhlovu

Bonus Living

My age keep praising

The daily blessing

The sun still rise

But I'm still wise

The thorns keep growing

Tornadoes blowing

The clouds still cry

My eyes stay dry

My peers passing

I'm proud of loosing

A wonderful prize

To my surprise

The earth still chasing

The life I'm saving

The crowds then fly

To see me die

And STOP!

Then I move to the grave.

Walani Ndhlovu

Camping In The Wild

I'm gone to visit the wild
Where the creeping snake
Rashes through the whispering grass
To let his hissing tongue hang out
In search of me, his meal.

My horse shall think she's too old
To be bitten by him
For her Poe will crash him dead
And birds shall have a party on him
Then praise shall be given to her.

For how long I shall stay I don't know
For my torch keeps promising to never run out of batteries
As it uses a little mirror
Which photosynthesis during the day
And feeds him ready to stay overnight.

I'm gone to visit the wild
My home I shall leave
In the forest I shall live.

Walani Ndhlovu

Climbing The Hill

Stand still
With your hand climb the hill
If you use a spoon
You won't finish soon
Don't dream
Because you might no see the steam
If you do so don't cry
When you find the plate clean and dry
Eat more food
To reach you adulthood
Be careful they might think you are rude
Take a look
So that they may let you off the hook
If a rock of a hill sticks on your neck,
Drinking water is the trick
If it's too hot on your chest
No one can check
Just resist
Until your delicious hill gets flat
Wishing to get another plate.

Walani Ndhlovu

Coming Together

A cat and a fog never interact
But this time they will
A friendship shall start
And together we shall have a meal

The smiling sun will wonder
Upon looking at us walking and talking as friends
The sky shall declare thunder
But we'll still be together even if the road bends

How beautiful can it be
To have a cat and a dog coming together
If I'm the problem forgive me
For all I want is a friendship forever.

Walani Ndhlovu

Cool Boy

There he comes in his noise
To get himself into the cool boys
He carries himself a knife
Neither for killing nor for defending his life
Normally it's part of his swagger
For he is training to be a smuggler
His voice vibrates like a spear
And it always hurt in my ear
He has deep voice and he sounds so loud
Looking at himself he feels so proud
Swag and sag is his new game
Nigger in the club is his new name
He drinks, smokes and deals with drugs
And spends his money to pay for the hugs
He gets his friends after making his plan
But they all run away when his money is done
He keeps on stealing
And keeps on killing
His life on a spoon
We'll burry him soon.

Walani Ndhlovu

Dreams And Seasons

Sometimes I wish to keep my dreams

That the whipping winds of winter

And the rustling noise of autumn leaves take with them

In the cold winter night dumping my bedding

Romantic dreams taking me to a sandy beach

On a hot lovely summer day.

But the interference of descent temperature

Stealthily snick through the transparency of the window

Sway and wake me then leave with my dreams.

How contrary to a blazing summer night

That wets my brackets with viscous sweat

Funding horrible long lasting dreams

Till I engulf myself, holding tight to my brackets

As if possessing Armour and when I wake

Nothing takes away my dreams.

But as much as snow abhors the sun

And the blooming spring rivals against autumn branches,

It is a secrete nature of dreams and seasons.

Walani Ndhlovu

Facebook

You are a disease
A disease that affect our mind
A disease that kills us with addiction
Till we forget our ambitions.

Neurosurgeons have failed
For technology keeps on coming
To make the price affordable
As you make us feel comfortable.

We try to prevent you
But friends keep on waiting for us
Well, we'll still try to keep you away
For you drive us astray.

Walani Ndhlovu

False Face

How is that unique creature, human made?
Who from sight can't tell what thinks his head
Till you realize he isn't thou thought he would be
Congesting dreadful minds, rain in the eyes of thee

By face his innocence floods
And at times a hero of maids and lads
But soon a sea of sightless envy
That radiates once heavy

A soliloquy, it seems like it
That life recites hunting me grounds meat
Here is my valediction though not my compaction time to go
It's only because he travailed to delete my soul.

Walani Ndhlovu

For All I Do

My deeds can gratify your name
And my deeds can give you shame
But all you know is that I'm your son
And for whatever I need you do the best you can
Mother! You are unique and always the same
Whenever I do wrong you still get the blame
Sometimes I spoil your plan
You whip me and I run
But you still keep me in your frame
And it goes on like a game

Whenever I do something bad
You become angry and sad
But in a few moments you forgive me
And your heart is settled and free
Sometimes I work hard
And I feel in my heart that you're so glad
It only needs me to obey thee
But of course life swings and shakes like a tree
It crashes the flooding love in the bright sky
To the cloudy set of hate on my mums fate
And up to date
I can count the tears in my mums eye.

Walani Ndhlovu

Gazing In The Eyes Of My Sire

Not so long before he died
When he decided to have me
I saw a solemn promise
When he opened his eyes

His eyes were small but became wide
Whenever he looked at me
With an eye of loving care which I now miss
And for it now I apprise

He wiped my tears when I cried
And chased the hunger out of me
He made sure I had all my peace
Through his bright eyes I could analyze

Not so long before he applied
All his plans for me
Before his dreams and life could kiss
When the wind blew him to the skies

Now he's gone leaving promises out they dried
More he had for me
But none I have
And it still pokes in my heart like a wire
When I remember the precious eyes of my sire

I was his pride
And he was mine too
I hardly saw his promises
When his eyes were closed
Unfortunately none were held in my hands

I try to cease the pain
But my tears still dropp like the rain
When I remember myself gazing in his eyes
The eyes of my sire.

Walani Ndhlovu

Gossipers

Hissing like a snake
Bending the heads like sleeping woods
Telling lies and exaggerated stories
Laughing like a crazy mouse
Imagine all these without a profit.

Walani Ndhlovu

Hail On My Roof

'Knock, knock, knock, ' sounds hail
But seems not to know this structure well
He might be blind not to see the doors
Or might crazy that roof-knocking he adores

In a few knocks the kids are out
Not to let him in but swallow and shout
Let him to the ground he will melt
The fun of the day has been felt

He adapts to himself to a such quick change
And makes it fun, amazing and strange
But he still has miles to go
Through river, lakes, ocean and all.

Walani Ndhlovu

Happy Sun Be My Friend

You left me alone
And really alone I was
Darkness came but found you gone
So did the sweeping winds onto a shiny rose

Now you are here in early morn'
With a knock on my eyes doors
'Alas! You betrayed me, ' I yawn
But still I'm on you to warm my bare nose

I let him evaporate the water I've drawn
Happy sun be my friend, I see him pause
By now a new gaze to him I stone
Watching him betray me again, off he goes

Walani Ndhlovu

He Who Inspired Me

Rhyming words which can't rhyme
Timing things which you can't time
Flying without wings
Without teeth and tongue the mouth sings
Travelling long distances without reaching the furthest place
Coming from Olympics without winning any race
But having a success from a failure
By crashing you own records which were their earlier
Yes! It happens
That's why my brain sharpens
When I think about him who inspired me
Who went to a marathon and was number thousand if not three(thousand)
But he was still proud of himself
For his name was in the race shelf
I laugh in tears and cry in a smile
For he produced fifty gallons of sweat in each and every mile
Being overtaken by many people but never gave up
And did not bother to look at the people who mocked and clap
For he knew what he was doing
He knew what he was doing.

Walani Ndhlovu

Hiking Mount Mulanje

The first steps persuade me to keep on climbing
For my limited sight can't zoom ahead
And my relaxing feet enjoy the journey yet keeps hiking
But becomes horrible when the sun goes to bed

Unreachable it looks when half way through
When it increases its gradient with caves and slippery rocks
Where the summit is risk-taking to get to
In a high altitude above cloud level where thunder knocks

All seen below is a white layer, steam-like jet
with my frozen body as if out of my blouse
Alas! I was cheated, I regret;
Its secrete lies in the clouds.

Walani Ndhlovu

If Thy New World Wear

The world scatter wonders every direction you face
With thrilling calls to which your feet race
But forget not what host you there
Awaiting to open arms if thy new world wear

My father once told me before his peaceful journey
To swallow my past of both thorns and honey
And now I regret dumping his words
That prophecy the disintegration of rotten threads

A tornado of wildness unfolds every inch
In loneliness suggesting the other voices that pitch
Then thy bear hands dig back through decayed rubbish
But thou hast moods when the dirt ambush

Yestertime is meat, tomorrow is sweet
If thou art in footwear that doth fit
But junk once in skinny or sagging shoes
That abandon thy cultural rules

Let thy feet click over the earth
In exploration of what celebrates its recent birth
But forget not what host you there
Awaiting to open arms if thy new world wear.

Walani Ndhlovu

In Her Memorial

That picture on the wall was planked from a book
As like her it does look
She who my eyes see no more
The one the winged serahs of heaven took

I stand along the sea and watch the furthest wave
In deep thought watching her hand swing to me, life's slave
Till my natural camera is turgid ready to rain
When my delaying minds view her entering a mighty cave

I scream wait, wait, wait but no voice enters her ear
And that calls tears, in my heart pokes a spear
'Bye bye, ' I quoth, 'but see you soon
For in this loneliness I won't last a year.

Walani Ndhlovu

In Love We Are One

I survey thy love

It is my pride

Like analyse on starch

We are consistent

Like socks and shoes

We match

Like Romeo and Juliet

We are a couple

Like husband and wife

We are one.

Walani Ndhlovu

Joyce Banda

There is a lady (who you may know
By the name Joyce Banda)
Who has helped locals, women and more
By saving the whole country
And balancing gender.

She never has done much than to help and lead
(Give her your vote so you get more)
For she is the president who cares and feed
To raise the whole world
And making it grow.

Being the first female president does sound like a joke
But its translation
Will make your brain chock
For she is great history
For every coming generation.

Walani Ndhlovu

Know This My Son

My love on you son is a floating canoe you see from the beach
It supports, protects and puts you into shoes of a neighbour of fire
And it's different from the one I gasp from your sire
As his on me uptakes the seas through the breach

Mine sails through sources of fish
As you are at most dependent on me your mother
And that isolates it from that of your father
For mine is there to fulfill your wish

You'll trust me when you view him dictated by wine
Spending sleep hours at the pub returning when the next sun is due
While like a maiden I'm always here for you
But dare not to turn your back on him, just know this son of mine.

Walani Ndhlovu

Love Is A Vacation

It, the heart, is a relay of pleasure
While the brain, the share order dictates very measure
External organs, the messengers responding to stimuli
Making love a vacation not for leisure

Self-denying to excite your lover
Love in return, a salary so hot like lava
But it's optimum is a mystery
For no content of a human is seen but a cover

Love is a vacation with promotions from a worker to a boss
From which you can be fired as those who divorce
Or you can bond becoming antagonistic
A vacation where profits, the children, are valuable goals.

Walani Ndhlovu

Malawian Politics (Get Ready To Vote)

Do you remember:

When we had to pay taxes

After gaining our pleasures freedom?

When we elected our own native member

Who drove out the colony with magical axes

And turned out our country into a peaceful kingdom?

Were you here:

When we had tons of money

But hunger in our homes built beard-like roots?

When we heard stories of murder and lived in fear

Where all lives were on a risk tasting like sour honey,

Like an innocent ant trying to escape from a crazy mans boot?

Did you pursue:

When we had enough to eat

But less to spend over the expensive products?

When we fought for change and had to break though

Loosing our beloved country members in our city street

Making the government and its people have negative conducts?

Are you awake:

When women are being empowered

After years and years of nasty women abuse?

When other ministers can not go to enjoy at the lake

As they are being arrested in the same way as cowards

That because the law has said so they have no power to refuse?

Are you going to be there:

When voting will be open to everyone

For you to either inherit or choose new properties?

If you will be responsible for voting please take care

For you don't just guess, dream and go randomly for any man

You rather study them all from individuals to their respective parties.

Walani Ndhlovu

Maloto

Up in the title
Lies the dreams that raised me
The dreams that are vital
The dreams that set me free

For every step I rise,
The other one is building up further
As my clicking footsteps tend to be wise
As I move from the storm to a good weather

I was down struggling as an orphan
But the dream did not let me down
It built up Kwithu where I have more fun
Where I eat as if I live in a western town

Now I've climbed up the radar
Moving from Kwithu to Mzuzu Academy School
Where I'm encouraged to work harder
To climb the next step till I reach the sky blue.

Hope soon in the end
Shall be admiration
For my life it has mend
And I shall sing in exultation.

Walani Ndhlovu

Mirror On The Wall

I look on the mirror
And I see a shiny face
Smiling at me.

Dropping down the pillar
My eyes are rushing down in a race
Like a river flowing in the sea

How are you vanilla?
Fine I guess
You are saying what I'm saying so we both agree

I turn my face to look like a drug dealer
But he seems to be upset at this case
So I tell him it was just a joke and he as well tells me

I tell him that he is me
And he tells me I'm him
What a crazy friend I have
Who does what I do.

Walani Ndhlovu

My Dying Boots

I'm gone to flog off my winter shoes
And I hope he, with the weather he is in won't refuse
I'll only bring him back when I see no demand
That's when I'll need a hand
For he won't wait in store, he will decay.

He did fine with the snow, warming me like a geyser
That I think he might well wait while socked in a freezer
For with the sun he's in a solitary path
As no friend of him sun-bath
So here he is. Take him to the cold. He will decay.

Walani Ndhlovu

My Innocence

Who goes against me?

Nobody!

But the very single seconds

That spare my life no more

But I plea before I go

Would somebody inherit my innocence

For I being buried with it

Won't put it into use.

Walani Ndhlovu

My Life Savings

If I ever leave the earth
Shall I trust you to retain the chaos of my ink
Onto the fluffy sheets of papyrus lees,
So those who live in my absence can onto the letters blink.

Though my scripts may to you be vain
But let them live for at least one can they serve:
For thou art reading knowing no thing is worth nothing
And so shall you live to save.

Walani Ndhlovu

Mzuzu Academy

All started small
But soon began to grow
Our academics and sports
Shaped us all

All started small
But soon began to flow
Our peace and unity
Shaped us all

All started small
But soon began to score
Our soccer team
Shaped us all

All started small
But soon began to show
Our volleyball championship
Shaped us all

All started small
But soon on the go
Our new realized athlete
Shaped us all

All stated small
But soon approach its goal
Our Cambridge results
Shaped us all

All started small
But could never fall
All will soon grow
And will not blow.

Walani Ndhlovu

Natural Disasters

What's wrong with nature
Cracking my house through earthquake
Trees practicing their weathering there
Yet washing away my dishes
Damaging everything in my house through floods
Tilling my house through landslide
Attacking me with epidemics
I wish it would warn me first
If I was the cause
Why wouldn't it tell me?

Walani Ndhlovu

No Way Back

I heard of love being cool
But once in it I felt hot
It's like having the sun on the open sky blue
Where rain wishes to fell but does not

My teacher once told me in class
That the opposite of love is hate
So I hate and I'm embarrassed and cold like glass
That I freeze whenever I meet any mate

Now no way to get back to the middle
For everyone is my enemy
Even if I can shine like a brand new needle
Nobody wants to be a friend to me.

Walani Ndhlovu

Our Blindness

Our faults shimmer before the public
Like lies in the eyes of teens
But our good hibernate from others
Advertising our wrongs and sins

Friends and trust are what blaze our hearts
To hurt us ere our sights spot
And it takes us long to hang lens
To audit what's dense to float

We hardly contend our lacks
That lay fresh and young to cure themselves
And our needs emigrate the earth
After the betrayal from what we thought helps

Walani Ndhlovu

Our Lives For Sale

As long as we adjust
Our lives are for sale
Like a mouse's tail

Today we are health
Tomorrow is our death
Our lives are for sale
Our ancestors could tell

Now enjoying with our wives
Later absence of lives
Our lives are for sale
Drained like water in a pail

Eating like a pig
But our clothes seem to be big
Our lives are for sale
And can fall over like a well

Today we are just weak
Tomorrow we are sick
Our lives are for sale
As we fail to exhale.

Walani Ndhlovu

Praise By Sight

Praise by sight means nothing I've learned
Though I long knew when the rays shower
They shower not forever hence blame them clouds
Otherwise blame the land for why it rotate

I heard the cheers to the slogan of that innocent lady
To whom praise was wow and doubtlessly meant victory
But forget not that when the sun goes to bed
It unfaithfully casts its rays on another head

They, announcing the weather, may report to us lies
But it not being our field makes us nothing to sue the wrong
And so might then in electoral commission
Otherwise blame the land for why it rotates

What change was expected in two years I don't know
For neither my eyes saw nor my ears heard what she did us wrong
Maybe expectancy of all summer in a day
But that would burn our economy anyway

Praise by sight means nothing I've learned
Though I long knew the sun casts not forever
But thank her heart, whatever weather, accommodates
Otherwise blame the land for why it rotates.

Walani Ndhlovu

Resilient Memories

Take my shoes but leave their trucks
For I being old don't fit in them
But the resilient traces have stories to tell
And on me shall they eternally dwell
For they cost me time while shoes cost bucks

Those babish shoes that sparkle glittering light
Take them with you
But promise to leave their trucks onto the raps
Of my six sympathetic siblings who triggered my laughs
To shuffle my feet so I chase my cry of the night

Around that corner are dirty cleats
Whose trucks still lie on a bare soaked pitch
Onto which I played with pride
And made soccer my hobby, a blooming bride
That kept me out of trouble from the ghetto streets

Of course I can't forget the polished dress shoes
That had my feet click towards my crush
With whom I've loved for eight years
The carter of both my joy and tears
Just their marks depict the tales of what to thou shall be news

Age has worn them all but let it be
For despite their extinction with time
Their resilient traces have stories to tell
And on me shall they eternally dwell
Oh how wonderful to keep the memories of me

Walani Ndhlovu

Retreating Knocks

Knock knock knock,
A visitor is knocking but with a retreating degree.
The clicking feet recall the zeroing and let the feigning be.

What a twin to the epidemic of HIV/AIDS,
Who is so resilient
But manages no more to lay more fresh on beds.

High yield harvested from the planted awareness campaigns.
As seen through the light of the decreasing number of contraction
After a series of exhausting, yet significant, prevention refrains.

The first line troops, Antiretroviral drugs, firing non-stop, oh how brave.
Death rate shrinking as the prime murder capitulates his arms.
Perhaps his luck retains to have not been dragged to the grave.

Knock knock knock,
A visitor is knocking but with a retreating degree.
The clicking feet recall the zeroing and let the feigning be.
They recall the zeroing and are glad to be free.

Walani Ndhlovu

Selfless Traveler

Shall I erase pigments thy hand scribbled
Onto the smooth pale strips of papyrus reed,
Whose margins carnivorous rats nibbled
But retain the message which man can feed?

Shall I scratch the tales infused in my head
With thy wind's-like gossiping merry tone
As if your voice would not at once ever fade?
But age is the worst enemy I've known.

Oh I guess thy silence means to inform
That all you left belongs to those who live,
And that to me serves not as just a norm
For many consume their treasure ere Death Eve.

How kind thou chose to leave with nothing; thus
All of your wisdom has been left for us.

Walani Ndhlovu

Sleep Forever

Down I lie
Sleeping all day
Still asleep for years
Surrounded by tears
Of friends, relations and further
But still sleep, sleep and sleep forever.

My eyes all closed extremely shut
My body is dry, straight and flat
As I lie in wooden house
Helpless like a dead mouse
Alone with no any other
As I sleep, sleep and sleep forever.

In my best black suit
My voice on mute
Waiting for the judgement
In a new environment
Coping with underground weather
As I sleep, sleep and sleep forever.

I've left all my worth
And ignored all my breath
Tell that I slept to each and every head
For that's a polite word to me as the dead
To come back I'll never
It's a sleep, sleep and sleep forever.

Walani Ndhlovu

Socked In Love

Here is my love that moves no step
To vanish the valley where grows a grape
My brain I wash the doubts suspend
Into the vacuum let the thrill subtend.

Into a white lengthy vale let my love be in
That sweeps them, notes blowing to the bin
For the jealousy winds won't cope with what pokes their eyes
When they watch us wed under cloudless skies.

Hooked in romance me and I mingle
Murdering the thoughts that kept us single
Abstract whispers of false maths now sound true
That one plus one is one not two.

My love and hers is a perfect bond
That makes our hearts sparkle stars and diamond
In a pool of love that glitters like sky lights
Where the astonished sun is hidden by the nights.

Walani Ndhlovu

The Boy's Logo

Sickness and orphanage is not his choice
In the ears of the world echoes his voice
When he shouts for help you ignore his noise
For problems in the world are always his toys

Help me please
He still cries for peace
And he's so polite as he bends on his knees
Beat him. Torture him. Don't let him have his ease
But you know one day you'll be punished for this

Little boy has no food to make him health
When you hear his cry he's fading toward death
A hip pop beat describes his breath
Make lyrics to it. Sing along. Make him loose his faith
But you'll be the one soon after God grabs your worth

Give him what you ate let him swallow like a frog
For he is proud of what he gets although you feed him like a dog
Let him sleep in the cold night of fog
Put a picture of this fellow on your blog
But if you don't help him you are just embarrassing this hog

No clothes to wear he has
Nothing nice but a prayer he does
He begs on the windows as they stop, the cars
No woman in the town to claim that he's hers
Nor a man in the city, they just spend their money in bars

He wasn't born to struggle
Neither of his hands were meant to smuggle
Nor his life was meant to have no goal
It's the death of his parents who created this logo.

Walani Ndhlovu

The Cry Of Offspring

My grandfather
You have killed all panthers
And I can't see any panda
Is it because of thunder?
Sometimes I wonder
But in fact it's because of hunters

You built your home indeed
But your knowledge is like a homicide
Your absence of teeth makes you not to talk
But tell me why you stalk
Now your deeds without fears
Have led to my tears

You found a nice vegetation
But you caused deforestation
You did too much destruction
But not construction
Your deeds without fears
Have led to my tears

You knew that you bear
But you didn't care
Oh! That's not fair
You must be aware
Your deeds without fears
Have led to my tears

Now people are still cutting down trees
And they don't want to cease
I can even cry when I gaze
Where am I going to graze
Ah! I'm on ablaze
A really big blaze

I can't see your love
Because you have made me to starve
You've finished all environmental stuff
Yet nothing I have

Your deeds without fears have lead to my tears

You are now telling me to plant
But I can't
Of course I can beautify
But I can't purify
Your deeds without fear
Have lead to my tears

I always think about the next stayers
Who will be there
Are they going to see even a hare
Of course they can fare
Provided they dare
And it's always in my prayer

Now the living ones
Let's stand again
So that we can gain
Let's replace what we obtain
If we cut one tree
We should plant more than three

Let's farm planet earth
We should make it wealth
To make our lives health
Let's make it green
For the shade of grandpa and granny
Because it's really sunny.

Walani Ndhlovu

The Cycle

With thy presence nature's fed
Thy too clean the nature's bed
But all those favors are volatile
That take with them what makes earth fertile

Through the atmosphere thy droplets shoot
Onto leaves, roll down the stem, slaughter the thirsty of a root
But soon transpire, adventure in a hurry
And accompany thick pale clouds that slow and tarry

That lamp so generous to provide us light
But soon so cruel stealing the moist reserved for the night
Thou aren't king, but trade so we both gain
While the kind give, expecting nothing in return.

Walani Ndhlovu

The Dawn Of Freedom

The wind blew
And the birds flew
Our lake matching with sky blue
Crops we grew
Our mouth stuck together like glue
Under the British rule
We had no clue
On what to do
Any of us was like a fool
Since we had an improved tool
But to use it nobody knew
Chilembwe fought for me and you
And for our offspring too
He has brought something new
Unfortunately he can't view
But his presence shall continue
And our history will always remain true.

Walani Ndhlovu

The Dreams Of A Lady Finally Coming True

Oh, young lady has come with dreams on her head
Can't sleep all night for more dreams will break her bed
From Africa to America her name is known
That whenever she comes children sing in a merry tone
When she leaves whole Mzuzu knows that she's gone
For children in the eyes are tears on the dawn
Next time she comes all the tears are dead
For her name, Anna Keys, keep them happy instead

She neither keeps her dream nor leaves her team
Once back from her sleep she constructed her dream
She brought it to life as the sunlight shone
And kept her goal as solid as a stone
As she shared her dream Maloto was born
And as I'm saying now this project has grown
Anna keeps travelling non-stop like the steam
For bringing dreams to life is not as easy as it seems

She kept working on her dream all year round
That in 2004 Kwithu C.B.O she found
Where orphans, widows, and vulnerable people are helped in many ways
As educates, feeds, and empowers as its motto says
That those who work hard there had work pays
And in the end shall be given to it praise
For problems in the world education will wound
And educated themselves the kids shall sound

Young lady didn't stop there but went ahead to build a school
It wasn't and it isn't a miracle but dreams coming true
A school you might have heard of where education stays
To update students heads and update for all days
She named it Mzuzu Academy a nice little phrase
And she named it so to keep in track of her base:
The area in which she stays and grew
Where the smiling sun admires when the sky is blue.

Walani Ndhlovu

The Dying Toy

The thing which most babies enjoy
Is playing with a toy
Seen from the light of this fact, this boy
(By the name Robert Troy)
Had one and the only one.
He treated it like a holy man
And kept it not only for fun,
But to raise it as his sire on him had done.

It happened that his sire hanged the toy on the wall
And the little son felt petty for the doll
He took a quick neck-cut with a knife which was on the floor
And laid down in absence of his soul.
His death (which was followed by a study
To investigate the effects of all toys except buggies)
Summoned parents, children and everybody.
From there it was demanded children and toys are no longer buddies.

Walani Ndhlovu

The Farmers Garden

In the farmers garden lies a weed
Gambling meals that crops feed
And labors the farmer to rake them all
As they are resilient, they annually grow

A forest of them wilts the enter farm
In camouflage with the stunted crops that surrender the harm
The farmer bid crops to be generous a while
For soon shall be weeding, they all smile

Light green and yellow unhappy field
Where no buds show potential for high yield
But with fertilizer the phenomenon is a lizard
That instantly changes color, a harmless wizard

Not only is the farm a victim on weeds attack
But also a colony of pests in light hours and the dark
With diseases that spice the harm like cancer
Though costly, chemicals are the answer

In the farmers garden lies struggle
That makes him spend on great cargo
But for the harvest his patience won't wait
To let him recommend there is no sweet without sweat.

Walani Ndhlovu

The Hat That Echoes Cries

No sun sets before a whistle calls
Inviting ears to the hat that echoes cries
With unblinking eyes that rain oceans drowning the nose
While out still the whistle seeks replies

The crowd absorbs the deflecting sound in the night
Where the only mic is the preacher convening the ceremony
Then the whistle blows again when the sun casts bright
To remind those who forgot to summon

Not only the elders are alert by the whistle
But also hoes and shovels along with their boys
That assist in digging an underground castle
For only the burial takes with it a whistles voice

That whistle is gone come not another
But no sun sets before a whistle echoes skies
As to day it's them, tomorrow it's us, let's go gather
To the house that echoes cries.

Walani Ndhlovu

The Hollywood Ranger

Their lived a man once upon a time in Hollywood
Who in peace and war his glory stood
Reaching by far his story could
For he was known to share holy food
From a holy book in Hollywood

Always alone he used to be
With his broad sword no enemy was left free
He could slash and shriek zubb zubb like a bee
And took a holy book and said, 'Lord forgive me.'
And finally admitted this is how it's suppose to be

He went to the coast to enjoy the calm see breeze
And watched immigrant ships telling him to freeze
He killed people who had pads on their knees
And preached to those who has none of these
And could finally pray as usual in the breeze

He stood for all joy and stood for anger
For he had to use both his book and his panga
As they both worked on people to kill their hunger
He gave a wait to his finger
Which pointed at the book to kill the anger

For his missions he never was late
I don't know how because there were no calendars to tell the date
Nor clock to tell the time, but sunrise and sunset
When he hunted his need until he would get
And his book and sword was used on time, never late

He was known to be a Hollywood ranger
Who could welcome any stranger
Whether for peace or war he was ready for any danger
On Christmas he used to sing away in a manger
And he was ready to preach and fight as a ranger

Stories were flying about adventures of him
But publishers were scared to publish his film
Nor light on him could beam

For they were afraid of his team:
The holy book, the sword, and him

Now you may wonder how I'm writing about this man
It's neither because I have a gun
Nor because I'm able to run
But it's because he passed away and he's done
And every creature in Hollywood remembers this man.

Walani Ndhlovu

The Mind

There rings the bell
 The dream strikes hard
Awakening the girl
 A dream so bad

There comes joy
 The thoughts strike hard
Happy is the boy
 In the end gets mad
There goes hope
 Night strikes hard
Man hangs on a rope
 A story so sad

There sounds the gun
 Day dream strikes hard
The woman can't run
 Just waits for the blood

There comes war
 The life strikes hard
All on the floor
 In the red liquid flood.

Walani Ndhlovu

The Modern Generation

The modern generation
Is coming all the way
To colonize the old one to get it's accommodation
It's encouraging many people
To welcome it's arrival
But once it's welcomed
There is no survival

It's taking away many people especially teenagers
With very simple measures
It's attracting the south pole and the north pole
By giving them someone to go for
And that's why people are dying in fours;
A girl, a boy, and a pair of two models
The models of the two
The models who showed the two what to do in their clue
At different times they were born
But at the same time they are gone

Take a look at the boys of today on the way
They pull the short down as if the shorts overweigh
They wear huge hats which are so wide
And turn them around to balance the head on the other side
Isn't it too heavy to crash the brain
Isn't it too heavy to use up the digested grain

Ah! Your parent s must have been tired of feeding you advise
They must have been tired of being kind and nice
They are just waiting for the time when the white clouds will become grey
And rain will fell from their eyes on this day
They will just worry and burry you in a day
And forget about you because you made them loose their hope
They are tired of having commas
This time they have a full stop

Walani Ndhlovu

The Morning Mist

The sun on the dawn my eyes can see
Pulling apart the curtains are the hands of me
To let him get through the window pane
So his rays on the cold can easily ski.

The mist on the window would think I'm cruel
To warm him up and boil him with fuel
But all I do is opening the window
To let him drop so he recommends that I do well.

He tells his friends who come when I sleep
And rub off memorable dreams that I keep
By letting me draw on him with my finger
Till I hear the school bus beep.

Walani Ndhlovu

The Poem Of The Kindergaten

Mum, dad all are gone
Leaving me a child alone
Mum, dad where are you?
Go to town and buy my shoe.

Hey! Listen up!

Mum and dad will buy a bike
Books and clothes and all I like
Dad is going to buy a vest
Mum's new dress will be the best.

Hey! Listen up!

Everyone will have new thing
Wait and see what they all bring
Will all put on our new clothes
A shining family likes a rose.

Walani Ndhlovu

The Red That I Feel

The red that I feel
Is not the color which you know
It's a feeling that I get when I'm angry or ill
I always try to let it go
But the pain becomes more and more real
It feed on my disappointment which makes it to grow
And my brain would always pass its bill

The red is a flame of fire
As soon as it enters in me it burns all my plans
And gives commands to manage her desire
It produces more anger clans
That before finishing the calculations a mathematician can retire
It has more grief than the mans
And it goes round and round like a rolling tire

The red that I feel has no medicine to heal
When I'm in a bad mood it becomes more harder
So I know being happy is a great deal
But how can I if someone is raising the red up the ladder
Making my anger to climb up the hill
And one day I shall become a murderer
Because my anger I shall kill.

Walani Ndhlovu

The Revolution Of Mercy

Glad thy son came
Delegating from the holy world to earth
With whom came the revolution of mercy
The drainage of sins and narrator of mighty Seth

Thy mercy ring around our players
That doth happiness give
With thy voice that none can spoil what it declares
And makes us recognize thou art who we should believe

Oh this world is full of sins than it is with life
That bear and replicate in daily deeds
But thy bis us mercy when we pray and tyth
Uprooting our wrongs, the daily weeds

We would perish but glad thy son came
In whom we ought to believe
Who brought the revolution of thy eye on us through his name
And blessed us to forever live.

Walani Ndhlovu

The Shadow Of Love

I see the shadow of love
When you are passing by
My heart is envired by romance
And I wander like a house fly

I try to give it all
But I don't get it back
For all I see is a shadow
Meaning I'm out of luck

I enjoy having you in my reverie
But once I wake up it's a different story
For I get back to solitary times
Where wind whispers to me the word 'sorry'

Now it's time for you to give me a chance
Just a moment for me to take a try
I'll let my words echo in the heavens
And with tears of love I'll cry

I won't allow anyone to disturb me
And for what I want I'll stand and it's true
For Romeo love Juliet
In the same way I love you

Now here is my challenge
To get rid of the shadow view
By giving you nothing but love
So I can be in love with you.

Walani Ndhlovu

The Song Of Love

I'm loving this dream
As I remember the Lord's blood drip
From his head, past through cheeks, washed by tears
A smile arise as I quit my sleep
'cause now I know
It is love that made thy safe.

Across the heavens my gaze soars
To see his lively world of shiny stars
As I remember all late peers
With all who are now lifeless papas
Why I'm still here I now know
It is love that made thy safe.

Walani Ndhlovu

The Storm At The Sea

The sky quacks noisy explosions, the ocean boils
Tides invade the coast, waves ascend their crest
While each stretch his neck, peep what he spoils
And praise the one who harms best

One ashore, the rest await
And they spot-rehearse ere their turn
Humans indoors, homes shut every approachable gate
While roofs disperse, expose in the rain

The beach, the victim, never addicts to the ruin
As the splash recycles it developing a new design
And the top sand is buried alive while the dead arise. In so doing
His plan is implemented, the thunders resign.

Walani Ndhlovu

The Tears Of The Sky

I love the tears of the sky
When I ask myself why
I can reply
That I don't like the day dry
Otherwise I'll cry
Down I'll lie
Because of hunger I'll die

I really love it available
And in my heart it's acceptable
Since it brings something palatable
Other people say it's horrible
In my heart it's unbelievable

Walani Ndhlovu

The Words That Define My Need

Before thy guards I swear
To never dilute the love on you I smear
But before mine thou has to do the same
In case a foot steps a worm

Mine, heart, shall offer what thou desire
In the season of snow and that of fire
Ere I promise let thy mouth say my words
Dug from thy breast onto sweet throats of birds

Love needs no fund so I plea ignore my pockets
But diffuse thy love throughout me in a just, as with rockets
On the late dawn that's fresh and sweet
With vicious sweat from warmth and heat

My brain shall format all immoralities that hide
And look to the future that's clear and wide
After uprooting those planted deep
But I won't forget I've promises to keep.

Walani Ndhlovu

The World Of Wonder

I neither live with stress
Nor in me is found confidence
But wonder filling up the world
Growing day after day but still a child

Researchers, navigators and explores
Give me all those and I shall grow
For my brain still lacks knowledge
Wishing to go to college.

Walani Ndhlovu

They Run 'em Nights Burning Flames

They run 'em nights burning flames
Around the evening fire that long owned fame
With the trepidation of light escaping shadows
Shooting sparks the horizon adores

Wood bundles riding onto heads of maids
To light the flame that vacuum the thoughts for beds
With the twilight that doth with them come
They run 'em nights burning flames

A ring of skins make the light waves out phase
With the jealousy wind that whine to stop the blaze
Like a pilot flames run 'em nights
A small version of what daily brights

Tales diffuse through the smoke that gossip
High knees, mouths welcoming a jar that settles on the bottom lip
For with the glow, darkness fulfils none of its aims
As they run 'em nights burning flames.

Walani Ndhlovu

Through The Eye Of A Lion

As I pass through the suburb
I try to make my way short
With my eyes bright and superb
Shining over the map I brought

Down steep in the valley
The villagers call
Upon god, their alley,
Angels and more

The moon seems to glitter
Like gold in the sky
The tongue taste bitter
As the mouth goes dry

Up in the hills
The lions roar
I speed up my wheels
To save my soul

A city ahead my eyes pursue
Of gold, diamonds and all treasure
But their seem to be no way through
Though my heart bounces to it with pleasure

The sun goes to bed
But the light seem to divorce
That makes me still see the city ahead
And the wind going forward pushes me with force

Finally I find my way
Through a mine of the great ion
But my mouth opens with no word to say
Upon looking at the eye of a lion

But I don't blame my eyes
For it looked like gold for real
And I can't do otherwise

Just let it have me for its meal.

Walani Ndhlovu

Through The Lonely Times

Happy I was with friends of mine
Laugh with them, our friendship rhymes
But where are they through the lonely times?
All have fade like the daily shine

It knocks my heart and makes it break
To be in a solitude, a witch-like moment
To whom you talk but get no comment
Till you meet a buddy and grab their neck,

'Why did you leave me alone? '

Walani Ndhlovu

To My Lover

Life without you is always tough
I can spend my whole life with you
But I can never get enough
You affect whatever I do
When I'm crying in sadness you make me laugh.

A week seems to be a night
And a year just flows like a stream
Every time I'm with you, time goes before I hold you tight
When you go away I just wish to make it a dream
So that when I wake up you should be in my sight.

Walani Ndhlovu

Trees

Out the trees are shivering from the cold
Mature leaves rebelling their native stem
And become refugees on the busy road
Where the city cleaner later sweeps them

She is never barren, blooming annually in spring
And lets them, leaves, in autumn explore their way
Where they are eroded by the broom, street king
So she is always blinded about their decay

She is a resistant against the light's speed breeze
And nods to the shake signing a secrete deal
Swing west, swing east, thanks the explosion will soon cease
For with calm winds nothing escapes my will

She rests a branch to a nest settler
Who sing her lays in favor of her past
And dances on her, plays on her etcetera
Then she shakes their beds when the evening light cast

I feel pathetic for her and her friends
For that outer shell-like coat is all they wear
Till in thunder, as the wise, his stem bends
Oh, poor tree why did you grow there?

Walani Ndhlovu

Wealth Has Swept The Manner Of Thanks

We used to care, share and play fair;
You get some, I get some
But your manner of thanks, wealth did wear
That you receive no more from me

Obstacles did try to dissuade
Our friendship that was thought to be eternal
But, of being divine, wealth seem to persuade
Your lovely heart that's now coated in soot

Wealth has swept the manner of thanks
That used to be in you appreciating my gifts
And you are deaf to the noise my mouth makes
for no words mean thanks to you but currency

Glad you can give when I ask
But sad my offerings seem worthless to you
In your world the word thanks has a new task
As you use it to reject what I give

Will I ever find a friend like you again
With whom I can care, share and play fair?
For your manner of thanks, wealth did wear
That you give but receive no more from me

Walani Ndhlovu

What Do You See

What do you see
When you are looking at me?

When your flashing eye
Reflects the sky
Like the sea.

A young man having fun
And everyone in turn
Loving him like cream?

Or an old man who after you see you would run
And everyone in turn
Hating him and the sun
Getting dim when it sees him?

Is that what you see?

What do you see
When you are looking at me?

A troublesome boy
Who is in people's mouths
Where ever he goes?

Maybe a drunken guy
Coming at night
And knocking on doors
And talking while he snows?

Is that what you see?

Then you are wrong for sure.

For I am a broken hearted person
Trying to fight for freedom like Mandela Nelson
Getting all the pieces of my broken heart
To make sure that they are well sown
And one day you shall understand

That what you saw was not what it was.
It will really be the time
After you realize that you were wrong
When your mouths will get rid of that nasty song.

Walani Ndhlovu

When Am I Going To Rest

When am I going to rest?
When I'm going to fetch water
You are on my back
When I'm going to fetch firewood
You are on my back
Oh! When am I going to rest?

When am I going to rest?
When I want to rest
You are on my breast
Suckling like a calf
Yet you have little sharpened teeth
I can even scream if you bite my breast.

All you know is to wee wee, eat and cry
Without giving me time to rest
To my breast
You are the pest
Applying pepper might be a pest control
But still I will not rest
Because there is much to do for you
Perhaps death will be my rest.

Walani Ndhlovu

When The Hair Turns Grey

Thou still swing in palms of others
And cease not to wee wee on backs of mothers
With endless tears when on shoulders of fathers
Enjoying the freedom before your hair turns Gray

No words demand thy need but cries
Then the germination of voices that lack no lies
Becoming a teen, restless spies
Who doth explore ere their old age

The gray colour awaits for your hair
That graduates thee for self good care
For thou then art wise on life's voyage stuck nowhere
Till you find the Gray hat that symbolize long life

A pool of tales your head shall be
Around the evening fire, embarrassing the linkled face of thee
In a ring of offspring that loves to hear but does not agree
Thinking old man's words are jokes of the day

Laugh not upon looking at Gray-haired fathers
For thou still swing in palms of others
And cease not to wee wee on backs of mothers
Yet have no idea of what it takes to be wise.

Walani Ndhlovu

When The Rains Come

When the rains come
The land smiles
The farmer's feet clicks towards the farm
And the hole breaks the bricks and clicks for miles

Children dance and play
When the rains come
They wish it should stay
For to them it's awesome

The bare land has no say
When the rains come
For they get into the shoes on a prey
When the rains declare harm

Come rain, good rain!
The plants call
For in its presence their health sustain
As it bakes their food and makes them grow

When the rains come
Most feel happy
When the rains come
Only a few hearts feel dumpy.

Walani Ndhlovu

Who Am I?

Who I'm I in the world?
I ask myself
I'm neither a bird
Nor a wooden shelf

But a vacuum of ignorance.
That describes me perfectly

Being hate by those who I love
And being ashamed of what I have
Being disappointed by my only lover
I even feel better to be judged by my cover
Because inside it's a mess
And the worries about love have made it worse

Darling you know me better
Tell me who I am in the world
I try to think more and greater
But without you I've failed

If I'm nothing in the world
I do not exist in your heart.

Walani Ndhlovu

Why Shouldn'T We Protest?

Why shouldn't we protest
If something is wrong?
Why should we be under arrest
Just for singing a song?
Should we keep things in our chests
And let them boil and burst?
Should we forget about the freedom of speech
Which we were voting for?

Why shouldn't we protest
If we are against a certain term?
Should we be imprisoned like a bird in a nest
Just for writing a poem?
Should we through our views away like the waste
Because there is no way to present them?
Should we keep our baby ideas in their nest
Because we have no say in this game?

Why do you always think of violence
When we are talking about protest?
Why do you misinterpret poems, songs and articles
As if they are pointing fingers at someone?
If they are, well that's really a problem
But if the problem is the one being attacked
Forget about the author
The problem should be smacked.

Walani Ndhlovu