

Poetry Series

Wensislaus Mbirimi
- poems -

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Wensislaus Mbirimi(21 September 1973)

I am just a writer, putting my thoughts so all can share. I write like me, which is the only way - good or bad. My background is my main inspiration but my mother cultivated in me a culture of reading and writing.

I am a Zimbabwean, first born to Enos Mbirimi and Longina Chihambakwe. I grew up enjoying both rural and urban environments. This has been a great aide in my poetry pieces as i can look at different setups and be able to articulate both from an informed position.

Black Pride

Maiwe-e

Cry of an African child

Ndiri kuchemera iwe newe

African heart gone wild

Mune Mwoyo yatorwa nezviwitsi

You have no shame, I'm ashamed

Nhembe tidzokere tipfeke hongu hazvichaiti

Mini-skirt, short dress with long slit should that be the substitute

Tapfekerei zvo kana wosara pazhe muviri

African child dress with sense and essence to impress

Skintight, human hair, body top, see through clothing

African child and tribe you have no pride if you are hooked on this tripe

Pangu pangu kwete Pavo pavo

Is the sound of an African drum

Michael Jackson, R. Kelly their songs you know by heart

Simon Chimbetu, Tuku dzavo ngoma kana imwe yawaziva

You dress, talk and walk imitating Beyonce, Kanye West and Tupac

About Spice girls you know everything

Mukanya vanobvepi? Meso bwoyi bwoyi, tuzu, hauzivi

Mwana wevhu Tuku ati dzoka uyamwe

Let your past in the present guide your future

Mbuya vofudza voga mombe

Zvizukuru zvati kwete ndezvemarombe

Where to is the African courtesy gone

Kukudza vabereki, sekuru, tete nambuya ndizvo

It is a sin how you worship movie stars instead

Tsviri tsviri rakacheka nyika

You think it's a bird? I forgive you

Mwana wevhu achitaura nemumhuno kuteedzera wangezi

If our language we despise

Who then will spice it?

Hezvo zheve dzorwadza ndopinda muzhira ndobva pachivazhe

Bvu-u moseka kwahi wamuhwa wezhira

Education. Does it mean forsaking your language?

Mwoyo wangu worwadza Soko iwe

You discuss Abraham Lincoln, Napoleon, Hitler, Mussolini and Mao
Taurawoka nezva Mbuya Nehanda, Kaguvi, Lobengula Na Shaka
You glorify people from a land you never saw
Toti uri muzukuru waNehanda, shutu, hezvo zvatotsamwa
Regain pride in yourself child
Kumatongo, padzinde dzokera
Respect yourself for everyone to respect you
Nanga Chirorodziva neMatonjeni ruregerero ukumbire
Zvevangezi izvi ziva hazvisi zvako

Zuva zvoropera meso pachidziro akadzvokora
So you love your soap operas and blue movies
Tadii zvedu taita ngano dzinofundisa
Stop debasing yourself by way of Television
Mwana wevhu tete nasekuru variko vakuraye

What will you have Miss?
I'm on diet can I have a fruit salad
Kupera muviri ndorunako?
Bodo izvi ndazvikoniwa
Chirungu chenyu ichi. Bva Chimboitai

Wensislaus Mbirimi

Bleak Outlook

I woke up late in the morning
Heard a low drawling
Looked outside in time
No sunshine
Grey clouds and raining

I searched my soul
Was it still there after all?
It was in anguish
It was raining in my soul
Tears of loneliness, culmination of anguish

A girl appeared
My woman had disappeared
Her sweetness used to be my weakness
Her weakness is now my sadness
Used to be assertive but now is docile
For strength now is fragile

The clouds won't tell their secrets
Only I know my soul regrets
If only I could go back
Maybe then I would be sure of my take
My girl doesn't care anymore
Maybe sees no reason to do so

The clouds are quick to drop rain
The girl is eager to see me again
My soul still is in pain
There is numbness in my brain
She claims to love me
She hasn't told me anything
Is it I'm important for nothing

It has stopped raining
The kids are out playing
My soul is no longer crying
'Tis bleeding and sighing
Change of weather is good

Maybe change of scene for me is good
Thanks for the advice
I'm now free of the vice
I'm packed, one way ticket in hand
I'm in sadness none will miss me bad

Oh they will pretend
Still now I understand
Clouds know when to rain
Girls know how to inflict pain

My soul says to run
'Tis no longer fun
We should go where there is sun
Does she know what she has done?

My soul does not trust
To my soul pain is thrust
The three of us are sad
Me, myself and I have had it bad

Outlook is bleak
Wedding?
To who, for what and why,
Lifelong pain to my soul?
NO WAYS

Wensislaus Mbirimi

Caroline

A name makes every man proud
A good name makes a girl more proud
I heard of you before I saw you
The name Caroline already had drawn I to you
To Caroline I write this rhyme
To remind me of her every time
Former workmate but now friend
Only girl I know who no follow trend

Caroline, chocolate complexioned and shy smiling
Sweet voiced always rousing without failing
Ponytail hair styled was Caroline
Muffin loving, pork pie tolerating and sadza loathing
Computer animated, industrious & social life slouching
Focused woe betiding any in her way
Carol taught I; what, where, to who & how it to say

To greener pastures Carol went
From thence to Wensy friendship is still sent
For you Carol hope roses will always be red
Hold the handle and give them the blade
A promise is only comfort to a fool
Chart your course and be cool
Plan for the future, future won't plan for you
Be cruel coz people take your kindness for weakness
Still for me I hope you retain the sweetness.

Wensislaus Mbirimi

Cross-Roads

My young life has reached a fork
The path now branches, it's forky
My mind in a meddle, it's in turmoil
Whether to relax or to toil
I know not the lord's plan
As a spider spins its yarn
Should I also toil or sit in the sun
And fill my life with fun

Time waits for no one they say
The bible says time is short so to pray
Am I ready for the second coming?
El nino - drought predicted-am I farming?
Or should I wait for handouts
Oh me and my Thomas' doubts
Should I go to church now?
Should my tongue confess and my knees bow
Or should I continue to live in sin
With beautiful clothes and my heart not clean

I'm in love and love her from deep down
But what of those I see in town
Do I have to give my life to her alone?
And will she give hers to me alone
I'm at life's crossroads right now
Not sure what to do with life right now
Should I bow down and pray
Or do I have to sit down and cry
My life is at the crossroads
Left or right I'm not sure which is the road

I think I will just cry and pray

Wensislaus Mbirimi

Dear Mamma

Parirenyatwa Hospital
Ward B12
Box 1022
Harare

Dear Mamma,

Hope you are well mamma
Here I'm suffering mamma
All around me is groans and pain
I'm surrounded by screams, tears falling like rain
Nurse has just left, the trolley laden with food untouched; Again

I'm thinking of you and Papa
How we used to sit for supper
Do you think of me, having my favourite stew?
The laughter I always drew
And do you...

Sorry the nurse was by
Had another concoction for me to try
It set me musing
The thought not amusing
Ma. How could I
I can hear you sigh
When did it all change?
Ain't it all strange?
One minute God fearing daughter
The next sinful worthless daughter
Like so many of selfsame gender of yore
Got hooked on the want of more
Money Ma and the want of even more
It changed your beloved child so

The Doc will be around soon mom
He reminds me a lot of Brother Tom
He is testing on me a drug, new on the market
Hope not a money making racket
I will write on Ma, soon, as he is gone

Just hope he won't be long

How is my sister Ann-Mary
Is she still planning to marry?
Hope she does so soon
I don't want her like me her life to ruin
If only I had not chased the wind about town
I too might have settled down
Sugar daddies Ma, brought me down

Tell every one ma to go to school
Or else all will end up like me Ma. A fool
I failed school exam Ma
Only to pass the pregnancy test
The baby died Ma and too I passed the Aids test

I'm wasting away mama
My life I've wasted away mama
Only kids' clothes fit me now mama
I try to talk but only stammer
Thought it happened only in movie and drama
Too late I discovered to me it can happen mama

Ma I can see everything now
Though mine eyes be closed
I will say everything though I now can't talk
I have been there ma, though I can't walk
I did all that could be done ma; all was done in vain
Chasing the wind ma, brought no gain only this pain

Still I hold on ma
You put faith, willpower & strong mind on me ma
You said to be of good courage ma
Neither dismayed, discouraged nor frightened ma
You said the Lord my God would be with me ma
As he was with Joshua

Oh the pain is getting worse
I try to ignore it, to think of it less
Ma, tell pa and all to pray for me
I too am praying ma,
hope judgement won't be harsh on me

My strength is ebbing, fading fast ma
I see stars, Angels, beautiful sights everywhere
No more pain ma
Gently a hand pushes me down, closing my eyes
I fight it ma; I know what it means
Before I go to sleep ma
I love you ma and sorry for not telling you sooner
Till we meet again Mama

I remain your Daughter

Donna

P. S. I know now what life is about
I'm fading away fast so I will try to shout
Life Mama is all about... ..

Wensislaus Mbirimi

Death Wish

With mama dead
Too wished I was dead
Why live
When living all hate and wish me dead
Mine life now just sadness, madness and hatred

Had she been alive, she would be there for us
Now she is gone, I'm all alone
I cried, daily, why do i deserve to be alive
I mourned hourly, still he kept me alive
Dying would have been glorious
Thought then with mama I would be united

Suicidal is how I felt
Taking my life was an option
On my grave thought they would write
Here lies the poet
Dead for failing to live beyond mourning

Wensislaus Mbirimi

Dream (Landless Zimbabweans)

Sleep, death's counterfeit, brought a dream
Dream, life's counterfeit, as I slept
Ailing country, in a meddle and turmoil, filled the dream
Immense riches being plundered, I saw as I slept

Peopled by the elderly and the sickly, living frugally
Led by fatty, plundering, raping, thieving few.
Equivocators, tongues double pronged, brutally
Tighten your belts - in the dream said the few
Elderly did. Lest from narrow waists, pants did fall
Fatty fatty did, lest the huge tummy and butty be exposed
To be fed, the sickly to the fatty made a call
Fatty listened but never heard, only feared being deposed.

The dream swept I to the valley by the stream
Imagery more vivid unlike a dream
Featuring multitudes in back breaking postures of labour
Sweat on brows slaving and selling their labour
For a pittance the few milked the multitudes
The cunning of the few overrode multitudes' meeky attitudes

The dream shifted to a land barren & useless
Overcrowded, people overawed and restless
Across the stream another land nestled
As fertile as the other land's fertility from it had been wrestled
Svosve, an elder from the barren land stood up
Belongings and all, a fertile piece of land he took up
A slanging match ensued - who was the owner, who was owed
Every land is to be taken, nay-reclaimed old Svovve vowed
The multitudes took up the chant
Fatty fatty took up a threatening stunt... ..

Then I woke up.....

Wensislaus Mbirimi

Father

Enos so were you christened
Chibhareta being your common sobriquet
Marcus Garvey so me called you
Mukwariwa upon death your other title I learnt

Thief of human life
Death robbed me of my stem
Wensy the leaf left is wilting
Dad gone; only son, first born too, alone is left
How to live, who I to tutor
Your bidding life goodbye
While on manhood's door I knocked
Couldn't you have waited?

For life I coupled
My man by then you had unbuckled
Unrepentant, still to forgive and be forgiven
You left us all when you left me on leaving this life

Enos while on sick bed
Hired father on tow
Your son a daughter of the east he took for wife
Wish you were the one there
To pass the baton, initiating your offspring
To successfully recreate your generation

Was it disapproval Enos
To depart while new daughter prepared to visit
Knowing you, I will never know
Tight fisted, tight lipped, self-everything
Typical of you my dear father

Wensislaus Mbirimi

Hateful Love

They hate the most
The ones who loved the best
They too hate the best
The ones hurt the worst
Cupid's arrow, poison dart burrow
Silent night lies love patiently dead

Wensislaus Mbirimi

Hater

You frown when you look at me
You look at me with despise and loathing
Your voice sneers when it speaks to me
I feel negative vibes when in same orbit

We are together but never close
If looks could kill yours could have buried I
Can't help laughing to myself though
Why hate yet stay close to I

I intimidate you
In my absence to friends over me you gloat
In my presence to them I hear you smirk
I watch you watching me
I see you hating the me that can never be you

I suppose in your prayers you pray that I lose all
Wishing it would then be yours
He sees and knows all
What my brick shaped head holds can never be yours
You chose to be close hoping I would rub on you
Now that I'm clever to your devious ways
I feel sorry for the hater in you
Coz the hatred in me will make you pay

Now that the hatred in you is eating you
I will let the love in me spread elsewhere
Just wanna be there when the news gets to you
That your hatred never had effect coz of it all along I was aware

Wensislaus Mbirimi

I Dont Reason

I don't reason
My mind has no season
Check the inscription on my heart
Does it match the prescription on your part?

For living I don't have a reason
I don't live for a season
My maker's inscription of my life
Is the prescription I have for mine days fife

Because I don't reason
I need no special reasoning season
My prescription for mine life
Does not have to be inclusive of inscription of yourn life

Sometimes I reason surprising myself
Wondering when my reasoning season begun
Early beginnings before inscription of self
Yes mine prescription of life is now begun

I wonder when next I will reason
Or when next the reasoning bug will bite to begin the season
For the inscription on the tablet to be wrote
And the prescription on my life to be sought

Wensislaus Mbirimi

I Write

I write because I can
Putting down on paper
Thoughts swirling through my head
That I suppose makes me a writer

I am a new age writer and poet
I write in my original shona
Adopted English, borrowed Ndebele and surrogated Chewa

Harnessing thoughts, yoking them together
Setting them to plough on mine arable imagination
Hoping like minded readers will get nourishment
On harvesting ripened seeds of my inner thoughts

Wensislaus Mbirimi

Language Dilemma

When writing in English I go through a complex process,
First thinking in Shona,
translating to English,
Listening in Shona to how it sounds in English,
While translating to Shona to ensure the English nuances and effects
Have the same sense and meaning in both languages.

I know the reverse happens with my Shona readers,
When I write and speak in English.
I think in future I will just write in Shona
and save us all the trouble of hearing the English,
While shonalising the syntax, verbs and adjectives.
Not mentioning the similes and conundrums thrown for show.
Please don't make me start on the past, present or future participles
My mind is already fuddled.

Wensislaus Mbirimi

Living In Sin

Living in sin
People don't respect God no more
For the love of money we sin
Lest we forget, death is the price of sin
Living in sin has no gain only pain

Sexual perversion, it is an abomination
War and rumours of war, human kind's self-destruction
Cultural vices, negatively so we now live
To the devil our life we now give
Living in sin Lucifer controls our minds
Living in sin about God we pay no mind

Genesis to Revelation, good book's teachings ignored
Church services ending while we snored
Noble teachings falling on many a deaf ear
Still we sin without fear
Drugs culture, prostitution
Infiltrating even noble institution
Gun culture, corruption and exploitation
Satan taking advantage of every situation

Still living in sin?
Repent, Emmanuel loves you
Don't be fooled by Darwin's theory of evolution
You are God's offspring from creation
Read Genesis to Revelation
You will get your inspiration
And pray to God for your salvation.

Wensislaus Mbirimi

Love And A Rose

Only one glance,
Convinced me it was lifetimes' chance.
Too beautiful to be true,
Mine description of you.

For your age, too elegant and mature
Had to talk to you to make sure
Your humbleness was another surprise
Especially your smile that I will always prize

You are a rose dear
If only your love you would invite me to share on
Alas the prickly thorns on the rose
Keep me away and on my toes

I only wait in anticipation dear
For the day at me you will stare
Your mouth shaping a smile
The dimples on your cheeks deepening awhile
As you whisper the three magic words

Just have no doubts about me
Love in abundance for you is what is in me
I love the rose
I'm waiting for it to come to my heart
To bloom and blossom on the special place
Reserved only for the rose
The rose tickling my love bud

Wensislaus Mbirimi

Love Struck

There I was, nothing spicing my life
Boredom being rife
I never expected this
I mean to be love-struck like this

Never thought I would love again
No not after the pain
Already thrust to my brain
Still what has to be
Surely must be

An angel came flying through the air
She really is fair
My mind says to tell her
I open my mouth and stare
Admiring her hair
Unreservedly wanting us to be a pair
But to approach her do I dare
If I do how will I fare

By love I'm smitten
Yes by cupid I'm stricken
The beauty of Salima
Has to be the only Lilly in my valley
The only rose in my love garden
There to be watered and cherished
Till it finally blossoms

Wensislaus Mbirimi

Mbare Musika

Hate it you might
Dirty you call it and you will be right
Being the link of anywhere in Zimbabwe
See you there soon, intending to go somewhere in Zimbabwe

Buses, buses and more buses
Brand new buses, reconditioned buses, buses long overdue for the scrape yard
All belching smoke, at a snail's pace, in and out of Mbare Musika
Daf, AVM, Volvo, ERF, articulated, long chassis, space liner
Call them what you will, one of a kind at Mbare you will find
Chicken bus, luxury coach. Take your pick

Bus drivers or is it pilots
Guess so coz the machines really fly
Drivers: old, middle aged, some barely out of short trousers
Dread locked, bald headed, Afro hair styled
Driving to your destination all the same

Sound systems blaring all kind of music
Disco, reggae, rumba, sungura, country music
All is played; pity it's the driver's choice
Dirty conductors mostly, swearing in every language

Mbare Musika, haven of every vice
I say so not from malice
I have seen the touts, at an old lady as they shout
Pushing her into one bus while she prefers the other
Petty thief & criminal, Mbare Musika the playground
Apprentices to the trade are to be found

Snatch a pocket here and a wallet there
Straight to Vito Bar nearby
Drink senseless the ill gotten loot

Ladies peddlers of flesh too are common
All after the driver's allowance and the thief's loot
Some target the stranded stranger traveller
Here they clash for the thief targets him too
Prostitutes young and old

The young firm breasted, chocolate thighs bared
The old heavily made up, targeting the old madhala
One night of bliss in a shack kumaJubheki
And the rural bound madhala cancels his journey

Mbare Musika the workplace for many
Drug pushers too not to be left out
Policemen turning a blind eye
A twist of mbanje as I buy
Brightly clad Mozambican boys
All day selling sweets and cigarettes
Scanias - pushcarts jostle with buses for space
Taxies nearby feeding off buses' droppings

Heavily built cleaning women
Sweep, sweep she goes still all is dirt around her
Drop litter and discover to your discomfort
Broom she can use better as a weapon than a cleaning tool
Heavy insultor and vulgar to the boot
Sweep, sweep she goes still Mbare is dirty as ever

At Mbare Musika everything is gold as everything is sold
Vhuka-vhuka, bananas, rat killer & sweets
Clothes, some still wet, from a line in National, must have been snatched
Doilies, pants, socks, caps even cell phones & vehicle parts
Sadza ne nyama you can't go hungry at Musika or you crazy

Twilight and all innocents asleep
Into a bedroom Mbare Musika turns
Cardboard is pulled over there
Becomes someone's blanket of course sir
The destitute, the stranded all become one sir
Huddling and snuggling together
Hot, cold or wet all at the mercy of the weather
Somewhere Kumatapi a cry is heard
All shiver with dread
As someone is waylaid, hope not left for dead

4am and Mbare awakens
Another day is dawning, oh me oh my
That's Mbare Musika for you son
Hate it or like it

We will find you there soon
Nothing is new so mind your business
Anywhere see you there soon
Bound for Muzarabani
Bon Voyage son

Wensislaus Mbirimi

Musings Of A Confused Poet

I am writing when I should be thinking
Thinking of what my pen should put to paper
Multitudes of thoughts in my head swirling
Like a span of oxen thoughts put to work on paper

Wonder what is harder or easier
Controlling the seemingly ever scribbling pen
Or thoughts from mine brick shaped head wanting to break freer
Never like Mandela craving life in a jail pen

I hate labels and I aint gonna label the feeling
That courses through my veins when I write
That euphoric and orgasmic feeling
I know iron Mike felt the same after a fight

I like it when poets twist phrases and words for a rhyme in a line
Still I enjoy it more when it stays complex yet simple
Like a plain country girl with no sense of time
But has every guy die for that smile and dimple

I write for myself to see how far the words will take me
Words in phrases forming the language so my thoughts are known
Breaking the barriers and veils so for all words take form and be
Hope for all though love for words and style is sown

Self esteem is the steam to mine self appreciation
Poetry is the tonic driving me to my crazy state
Like circumcision into manhood poetry is my literary initiation
I'm loving the love inspired by the love surrounding this state

Wensislaus Mbirimi

My Funeral

Within minutes of faint whisperings and unbelieving rhetorics
The news had spread the breadth of the teeming Mbizo Ghetto
From Big Bhawa slicing through Garandichauya to Chifukunde
Makorokoza paHeroes texting those at Rudolph and at Pabhawa ku7
The shock, the disbelief as all hear that Ras, Wenzi, Murenga
Rebel to some had breathed his last

Night time and a funeral vigil. All present
Speech after speaker going on about how well mannered,
A model child and adult.
Philip from primary school attesting to prowess on academics and athletics and
teachers' favourite
Laughter as he mentions what a lousy singer,
the worst at a school best at choral competitions
Baggio and Alick soccer mates from age 10 simply adding his name to the greats,
who never made it coz he gave up the game for school

Ronnie, Max, Vice and Kiri Grant boys from the hood non stop tear shedding,
mourning their dear departed leader
Section 7 mothers led by Mbuya Masibanda all bawling for a son they wished was
theirs
If tears could bring back the dead,
Then Mai Chashaya's would have for him and Kabike, her long dead son,
Now joined by his friend and brother from another womb

No one could sleep, with John Svosve leading the impromptu choir of ghetto
youths whose voices were given that something extra that only the weed of
Malawian grade can give
Choir members easily recognised were Pagal, Tsvire, Charlie Central and Pedro
singing to stem the flow of tears, saliva and mucus
Come daybreak tea, sadza with cabbage all served
Mdara June as always in attendance and doing his bit to make it all bearable

Midday and the body arrives, moonlight or is it doves
With a hearse without a body as friends and colleagues took it upon themselves
to convey their friend to his final resting place
Salvation Army choristers with their tambourines
Competing with Methodist vabvuwi blowing hwamanda,
Singing his favourite hymns Ndinoshamiswa kwazvo and Munozovepiko

And when they sang Baba ndiri mwana wako fresh tears easily and surely gushed
I swear if the dead could see this they would gladly die twice more just to heap
more sorrow and misery on the living

All things come to an end so did the funeral
But oh me oh my....the fashion exhibited at Msasa Cemetery would put America's
next top models to shame
Mini skirted young mothers, sunglasses to match, chocolate thighs bared,
cleavages left for all to gaze
Gosh the dead surely missed out
Wannabe fashionists with ill fitting hats and laddered pantyhose
Mascara and make up powders running, what a sight

Old Madhalaz dead drunk now, picking out meat from their rotten teeth
Agreeing this had been a proper send off by friends and neighbours
One old goat clad in an old Rhomet overall and helmet to match
Shouted to all and sundry
"who needs relatives when friends can send you off to your maker like
this"

Wensislaus Mbirimi

Ode For My Late Mother

Like a bolt of lightning
Imagery so vivid and lifelike
Vision of my life
Reflected in her passing life

Tears flow
Them, only she could stem
How now, mine tears her now I can't show
Mine tears mama an emotional shame

Chalk in hand yesterday to kids ministering
Drugs in hand today failing health nursing
Memories in head tomorrow I be musing
While most needed mama life you forsook

Around your sick bed
Grand children staring uncomprehending
Why grandma had taken to bed
Sickly for days unending

Mvuma road your way to your plot
Msasa cemetery now permanently your plot
On my way to our plot
Tears flow on passing your plot

All with me never will know
How I miss and wish to know
If u see me always as I head to our plot
As I pass you on what is now your plot

Wensislaus Mbirimi

Of Poets And Artists

I hear musician's voice resonating melodiously over guitar reefs,
The scribblings of my pen on paper I'm hoping it's creating;
A mellow mood on the surface of your mind's serene reef.
The way you move to the beat,
Should be same way my rhymes and poetry affect your heart beat.
As I see you humming song words by heart,
I too hope one day to hear mine poetry recited by part.

As I see you set up an easel in your studio,
Deliberately choosing paint brushes, setting canvas on the patio
Bringing to life by deft strokes.
I marvel and wonder at the power the hand with the brush evokes.
I muse if with paper and pen and deep thinking,
Like an artist I too can call forth a life like image with feeling.
I'm a poet but like an artist striving to bring forth,
By spin of words a butterfly out of a moth.

Who to best the beauty in the melody chorusing from the forest,
With doves cooing, humming birds chirping adding flavour to the orchestra of the
forest.
If only my pen in poetry could draw similar sounds in ink.
I will try to recite prose and verse to create same as I speak.
Nature in its splendour and glory being squeezed to fit on paper.
If successful then bring the award for I'm more a poet than I favour.

If I can paint a portrait fit to display in a gallery,
Play a melody suiting the twitting of birds in an aviary,
All done through the droppings of my pen,
Then a poet from within would have awoken.

Wensislaus Mbirimi

Poem For Gushungo

Once upon a time
Zimbabwe ichangosununguka
Robert dropped the reconciliation word
Murungu wese ndokupembera
Another African to puppeteer, so they thought
Kedu gushungo kakati kakatai tione
Invitations to speechify all over
Honorary degrees and awards soon flowed
Gushungo neyake Zimbabwe kwese vairwirwa
Havana kuziva seri kwesadza kune usavi
Days of exploitation were soon to be over
After political independence
Robert and his people now craved economic freedom
Varungu vakadzungudza, ko zvakva nepizve
Ko mwana waBona wapindwa neizve
Ivhu kuvanhu
Zimbabwe shall never be a colony again
Tony Blair thought it funny
Gushungo akati Tambaoga vaudze chizukuru
The only Blair we know is a toilet
And Australia's Howard is a coward
And hey keep your England while we keep our Zimbabwe
Minda yatorwa vakafunga zvakwana
Ruzhinji ndokutsigira, makauya musina
Nhaka muchadzokera musina
From the Commonwealth Zimbabwe was suspended
Sanctions imposed, targeted they were said to be
Kedu Bob kakati mati madini
Regime change strategy foiled and failed
Sabhuku Vharazipi yeravo bhurugwa vakatadza kuvhara
Bumper harvest after another Bob landslide election victory
The west could only watch as the Bob train cruised on
Baba vaChatunga gumbo mutangi manje, bhora muggedhi
Zim Asset, indigenisation, empowerment, community share trusts
New vocabulary, all thanks to Mugabe
Shamwari tsva dzokumabvazuva
Who needs the West?
When Robert's Zimbabwe is now looking East

Poem For Proggie

It all began with the mad crew and their funny chats
Over skies raining chrome fines
Yours was a name without substance and form
Like a moth to a flame
So to the chat lines of Memory mine reply button was drawn

When imagination turned reality what a knockout
Looks surely can be deceiving
First glance and thought was of an anorexic kid,
Fed on a double dose of junk American fashion sense
Wannabe, self hating and head in the wrong place lass

Fast forward for our acquaintance and midday meetings
If the cover was deceiving then the inside was subtly revealing
Head on I confronted eyes with a piercing but dazzling look
A look telling a story, a story that could be past hurt
Past hurt preventing new beginnings
New beginnings clearly longed for
Still the doubt

Chic fashion sense revealing one in love with self
The reed thin but supple strong physique
A body oozing sensuality though small boned and teak tough
Rarely does a body say so much from so little
There is a complexity in the simplicity of the symmetry of that body
Goose pimples imagined as the fabric caressed the creamy skin
Told them you could still draw gazes in a sack
Of-cos knew you would laugh

Yours is a raw untainted beauty
Angular faced full mouth pouting
Never sure what my fear was, to bite or to be bitten
Always feared to be found out staring
Still was it ever a secret

Salima; named for peace, calm and serenity
Like a rose your beauty hiding behind thorns
Smile and let me glimpse the dimple
God fearing but far from being a doormat about it

Memories still cherished of the shake of that head
That's why yourn images were requested and smugly accepted
Strangely though welcome that was a poor substitute
What would have done is what you could not do
Just being there for me to steal a look whenever mine eyes grew thirsty
More time to shape new memories is needed
New memories towards the future

New horizons came too early for me though you needed them then
Tried to pour out but reluctantly held back, feared spoiling what was already
there
The rains came too early and what a downpour
Am waiting, knowing what I want
Not sure if that would be complimented
Still knowing my Memory, I think.....

Wensislaus Mbirimi

Poetry

Poetry is the game,
Wensy being my name.
Poetry, sex's selfsame,
Orgasmic like any dame.
An ode a day keeps me tame
Prose and verse anyone they tame
A good picture I frame
While a good poem I cram

Prose and verse with a rhyme
Make my day anytime
Good odes even from days of old
From David the psalmist who was so bold
Still move me when they are told
Poems, warming me in winter's cold

Poetry my only true friend
My ally against any fiend and trend
Thoughts' outlets, the divine and the bad
Companion when in sorrow or sad

You die as you live
I will die writing poetry, I believe
Here lies Wensy the poet
Should be epitaph when I Goeth

Wensislaus Mbirimi

Proverbs

The race is not for the swift
But those who can endure
Speed thrills but kills
A bird that flies too fast,
Flies past its own nest
A man without confidence
Is twice defeated in the race of life
With confidence you have won
Even before the race has begun

Wensislaus Mbirimi

Remote Control War

A new warfare is being played out
Family wide the war has broken out
The Iran/Iraqi conflict easily pales in significance
The cold war is of lesser importance
The Israeli/Palestine skirmishes are but child's play
The Sudanese shenanigans are mere Ben and Betty forays

New warfare's battleground is the family living room
Now turned into family fighting room
No need for chemical or biological warfare here
The UN, AU, or the Hague have no jurisdiction here
Different tactics are used by all
After all it is winner takes all

War is on and control of the remote control is the object
The winner gets to choose and pick the TV channel
Interestingly the protagonists' ages are as diverse as shows opted for
Mummy pining for African movie while daddy is all supersport
The pre-scholar is Mickey Mouse addict while big Sister is a reality TV fan
Daddy pays the subs but preschooler's tactic is to scream while mummy and sis
just sulk and pout

Daddy losses out and huffs out to the pub
Mummy tries coaxing mickey mouse with sweets but nothing doing
Big sister has missed an eviction show and wont do her chores
Tom and Jerry are at it again but no one watches
The winner in the battle for the remote is fast asleep remote in hand
Oblivious of the somber mood caused by the remote in his hand

Wensislaus Mbirimi

Rose

Ma is sitting on the stoep
I'm pretending to eat my soup
Ma is admiring her garden
I'm thinking of a girl, my garden

In ma's garden everyone knows
Centre stage goes to the rose
I too know down to my toes
My love life is now for the rose

Morning finds ma by her rose
Sweet fragrance of the flower passing through her nose
Morning finds me in high spirits
In anticipation, relishing encountering rose by the streets

Mid day and the flower is blooming
I tell ma of the Rose's good grooming
She agrees, thinks 'tis her rose I refer
I hide a chuckle knowing 'tis my Rose I prefer

Ma's wedding anniversary comes to pass
The rose is cut, finds itself in a vase
On Rose of Sharon, mine heart is set
Hence to her from mine heart love is sent

Wensislaus Mbirimi

Smitten

Polluted air polluted girls all rusty and corrupt
Dirty Harare now a feature of the past
New life, new beginning with a new love
Chimanimani Mountains, valley and girl now have my love

Air is pure, girls true and the mountains beholding
The Bridal Veil Falls, So beautiful and beholding
Likewise my love, so true, beautiful and sweet
The valleys picturesque unlike any street
My love, basket in hand ready for a picnic
On mountain top lovers relishing the view so scenic

The mists enchanting, entrancing and mystic
My love sweet and serene, lovely and realistic
The forests lushly green, trees laden with fruits
My girl fully endowed hope our love bears fruits
The rivers always in flow, flowers always in bloom
My girl in my heart, you left others no room

Uphill, down the slope; the road meanders & curves
Mountain bred girl in the right places are her curves
Bridal Veil Falls' pool's cool and untainted
My love is pure and virginal and now to me is patented
The falls reminds of a veil that is bridal
Our love will conquer those inclined to be tribal

Had she been human Chimanimani would be my wife
Luckily she provided a girl to be mine for life
The fertile soils will provide a feast after tillage
For our wedding in the mountain village
The honeymoon will be at Bridal Veil Falls
Nature fittingly binding our souls

Wensislaus Mbirimi

So We Free

So we fought
Freed ourselves from the rot
Independence, our freedom so we celebrated
From the shackles so now we are liberated
So our destiny is now in our hands
So with gay abandon we now dance

Wait a minute sir
There appears a hollow feeling in the air
I hear a groan here and a sigh there
So now we free and how do we fare
Wasn't someone short-changed somewhere
So do we care anyway?

So the tide seems to be turning again
So my people you free and suffering again
Hush; let me listen to my brain
It is in excruciating pain
Once inflicted by the white
Who we fought to regain our right

So how will I tell mamma
'Bout independence bringing no manna
Will she understand about the black?
Now denying fellow blacks bread
So our liberators have turned oppressors
So now whose turn is it to rid us of these oppressors?

Had it not been serious it would be fun
How the hypocritical liberators take us for fun
Don't forget they are our heroes
Who expect fifty grand for their heroics
Holding the country at ransom
If not paid a handsome sum

So by now you have heard
The good mayor's strange word
Said he needed money
For a 4 by 4 for roads so bumpy

Thought it would benefit all
To maintain the roads for all
So the rate payer without a shoe
Was to finance big Sol's whims through

So now someone is designating land
Purportedly for masses clamouring for land
Still so I have it on strong account
How the fat chefs are benefiting on that account
Adding the once productive land
To their unproductive productive land
So being in politicks and blacks
'Tis a ticket to horde land on behalf of other blacks

So the other one puts a scheme for the homeless
Before long big brass was at it and shameless
Channelled the funds for villas for VIPs
So in comfort they R.I.P
Paying back for a crime
Still wont blot the crime
Ah so we being taken for a ride
Ah so we expected everything t take in our stride

So you want to hear more
So you need to know
Why the masses suffering so
So the answer lies at masses' souls' gate
In the answer also lies your fate

So did I hear you say
We should kick them away
You mean hero turned villain
Sounds good to put him on next train
Of course hell bound train
Maybe then we also will board the happy train

Wensislaus Mbirimi

Soul In Anguish

Sometimes I have moments of depression
Depressed by the acts of the wicked
Wicked people positively ignorant
Ignorance breeding arrogance
Arrogantly spiteful, deceitful and full of treachery
Treachery enkindled and enflamed by hatred to I

But let them be warned
I am armed
Armed with a sense of reflection, perception and absorption
Like a mirror I reflect of ways and deeds
Of the righteous and the wicked
Like a sponge I absorb society's ways
Be it the good the bad or the ugly

I'm an outcast
Cast away to rot in oblivion
None relish my happiness, all love my desolation
I'm but a stooge without any feelings
To them I'm but a fool
So they fool themselves thinking they are fooling me the fool
They forget that everything is natural
Even their unnatural hatred is natural

Wensislaus Mbirimi

The Contest

Prologue

Sitting by the park bench
Impervious to the stench
Wafting from across the street
A blocked sewer responsible for this treat
A contest was on inside my head
One that would shape my future ahead

Main Act

A butterfly flew in timid and shy
Conquered, alas then relaxed
Attracted by bright flowers elsewhere
Would you blame me?
For my hand moved, squashed it lifeless

An ant queen blurred my vision
In her anthill industrious
Breeding, helping maintain the species
Industrious even before I became aware
She did it once and why not again
Too I'm afraid she bites

Midst of the garden stands a black rose
Fine scent, bright and attractive
Reached to touch got prickled
I won't lose interest I hope
Definite choice says my voice

Then there is the black cat
By the fireside purring over a bowl of milk
Together from way back
A home can easily prop
And tend its crop
Still I do hesitate
Is it the looks?

I'm reminded of the dove

Doves two by two soul mates for life
One dove lured for wife
Now to tame the wild spirit
Who to stop its carefree sky soaring
Hush: I hear it calling

Dream of the sea, dream of the mermaid
Exquisitely beautiful to be real
Mermaid for you any would kill
Caught your eye at last
But would I be the last
I'm thinking fast
Yes you I would never trust

I'm roused my puppy licks my face
Nibbling feet and all
Will come if I call
Chasing all has had its toll
Two years hence will turn into a fine specimen
If still solo will definitely chain me to you

EPILOGUE

The stench is no more
Overpowered by Rose the Choice
The puppy makes sure
Licks the sewer dry even the manure

Wensislaus Mbirimi

The First

I still fondly reminisce
Of the first kiss
I got from the little miss
My heart is always at peace
Even when I write a poetry piece
Of my unforgettable first kiss

My friend is beside himself with joy
Telling everyone even his toy
Of what a joy
He got from an encounter with Everjoy
A sexual experience not fit for a boy
His first sexual experience he now wishes for every boy

I overheard a mother
Narrating to her mother
How she frets over daughter Martha
The first to call her mother
Though she might bear another
Still her first born she will always mother

I have gone to many a school
Still vividly I remember the first day at school
Smart as a rule
Nothing could ever ruffle my cool
I wanted to appear good on first day at school

Oh the joy and pride
To the first job as I stride
What of the first payday?
The happiness as I spent the money away
The first shirt to be bought
The first present for mother to be sought
All with the first pay cheque I got

The first bloom of the flower
Is of essence delight to the lass
Also wishing it was in her power
For the boy next door on her path to pass

Her first infatuation
Is a revered situation

Wensislaus Mbirimi

The Last

Ask any smoker
How much enjoyment
Is to be got
From the last puff
Taken in a huff
Of the last cigar
In the last pack

Ask any lover
Of the satisfaction to be had
From the last kiss
Stolen from the little miss
In a hurried embrace
At her doorstep even without grace

Ask any soccer fan
Of the bitter sweet last minutes
Of the cup final
With the scoreline one to nil
All eyes on the ref
Anticipating and dreading the moment
When the final whistle he shall blow

Ask any music fan
How crazily he will dance
To the final encore of the last song
End of which brings down the curtain
On the unforgettable party of parties

Ask any hungry man
How cherished is the last morsel
Or the last crumbs
From the borrowed bread

Ask any poor man
How much he values
The last dollar in the pocket
Knowing it really is the last dollar
To line his pocket for some time to come

Ask he who is thirsty
To hear how smoothly
Down the throat
The last sip surely flows

Ask any mother and she will tell you
How from her last born
She never wants to be parted
Her last born always first in her thoughts

Ask any polygamist
And be prepared
To listen to compliments galore
All heaped on the latest wife
Swearing she would be the last

Ask any accountant
Of the sweet relief
Obtained by balancing
The last figures

Ask any puzzle solver
And hear the smug satisfaction
Of putting the last pieces
Of the jigsaw finally together at last

Ask any lover
How sweet the ecstasy
Of the last thrust
That joins the two
In lover's orgasmic paradise

Ask the victor
And he will fondly recall
The last punch
That brought home the title
All in the last round

Ask any poet worth his name
To be told of the feeling
Experienced by one and all

On successfully putting the last rhyme
On the last line of the last verse

Ask any movie goer
And hear how distinctly
The last scene is recalled
With a lasting impression

Ask anyone at all
I bet all still recall
The last time
They had a jolly good time

No need to ask
How I feel on completion of this task
Of letting you see
How the last is always the best
I wish I would say the same to the rest
Still I adore it for being the last

Ask anyone at a funeral
All will tell you
Of the deceased's last words
His very last actions
Especially his last wishes
As they appear on his last will

I bet you every farmer
Still knows when it last rained
The last time his cow calved
Not to mention his grain store
Of the last time he filled it to the brim

Most church goers
Wait in anticipation
Of the boring preacher's last words
Particularly his last amen

I will always remember this verse
Because my ink has run dry
After writing at such a pace
It has uttered its last cry

Wensislaus Mbirimi

Then She Came Along

I met many girls in my life
None could be my wife
I wanted a woman
A true African woman
All I could find were mere imitations
All they could offer were mere pretensions
I thought I was destined to be alone
Then she came along

She is my dream, my ideal
Who put me through the ordeal
Of courting her for years
Imagine my happiness when she said yes
I used to be bad, mad and a sinner
Now with her my life is cleaner
Doomed bachelor I thought I was
She came along and I knew I never was

For her I will climb the highest mountain
For her I can endure any pain
She has my heart, my mind and my soul
Share life with her is my goal
Go away you pretender
I now have found the contender
The loneliness I used to feel
Went when she came and it's real
All searching & looking I put away
Now that she has finally come along to stay

Wensislaus Mbirimi

They Came

They came,
In wind propelled ships,
Loaded with goods for trade on many trips.

They came,
Amid peace in our beloved Africa
Foolishly we heartily welcomed them to Africa
As they traded they eyed, rather greedily our Africa

They came,
Were mystified and dumbfounded
By immense riches that were to be found

They came,
Several times their numbers increasing
Maybe then they were testing our reasoning

They came,
With a bible
To make us idle

They came,
To introduce to us a foreign religion
Making us forsake our own religion

They came,
In broad daylight and we gave them the African welcome
They returned in darkness to poach, thief & rape abusing our welcome

They came,
Used the bible to soften our hearts & make us meek in prayer
While Africa's eyes were closed in prayer
A systematic plundering was in progress
Africa awoke to find her lands in their hands & this she could not redress

They came,
When we had the land
While they had the bible

They came,
And managed to give us the bible
While they took the land

They came,
To rule and divide us thinking they were clever
It was for long but never forever

They came,
Finally to apologise and be friends albeit to our cost
Politically they realised they had lost

Then they came,
To tell us how to draft even a basic economic policy
Still we let them experiment with many an economic policy
Africa rise - and force march them back
And make sure they never come back

Wensislaus Mbirimi

Time

Once upon a time
As the sun used to shine
A young man looked fine
Dreaming of present and future time
When his life should shine
Never thought he would pine
Or miss honey and wine

But time is a great teacher
It taught him like a great preacher
That in life problems always feature
No more dreams bout being richer
Now always reaches for the pitcher
Guzzles the beer and goes for the stretcher
Hoping trouble, sleep will quencher

Behind every dark cloud is a silver lining
Behind every shadow light is still shining
Young man realises and stops wining and pining
Plan to conquer the world he now is signing
Hopes now he got right the timing

Wensislaus Mbirimi

Tribute To Myself

Allow me vekwangu
To blow my trumpet zvangu
How can I be humble knowing I'm good
Strutting my stuff without fear
Kutyei ini ndichityiwa
I hate and despise you mwachewe
Knowing you too loathe and are disgusted by me
In me I see handsomeness where you see ugliness
Asi ndiudze, ruvengo rwako rwobvepi
Because of you I aint me nomore
Because im me, I can see you hating the me in me that is me
Chinzwa
Love manifests affection
Hate fosters evilness
Jena vanodzorerera chawapa
Heroko, hezvoko, harivhikwi
I love to hurt the hate you love to hurt me with

Wensislaus Mbirimi

What Is Me

Is my being black me?
Is my bone, skin and flesh me
Is my heart me?
Or is my soul me
What is me

Is being able bodied me
Is being fine limbed and handsome me
Wouldn't me be me
If me was a crippled me

Is being rich me
Would me be me
If me was just a poor me
Is me the clothes worn by me
Is me the company and society kept by me
What is me

Would me remain me
If me was living elsewhere all by me
Is me still me
If me was not an educated me
Would me still remain me
If me was not married to the woman married to me
Would I still be me

Is me me because of who gave birth to me
Would me not be me if someone else had born me
What is me
If me is me
When is me not me

God created me
Satan tempts me
God lets Satan tempt me
Would me still be me
If Satan tempted me
If me fail Satan what is it to me
Would me become more of me

Is my name me
Is me me because of the nationality of me
Would me be me
If me had another name for me
Who would be me if me was not me

If me was not happy with me
Could me change me
If yes would the new me be me
Would the old me still be me
What then would be me

What then is me
Does me know me
If me does not know me
How then can me explain me to me
Me need to know from me
What is me

Wensislaus Mbirimi

Why Her

I sit
Pondering on life, its unfairness
Soon my love will be gone, my heart will wilt
No pity
Lord God, love discovered so soon
Why end it before its bloom

Only in June your nineteen we celebrated
Fancy; to friends your love you promised
2000, new era, a marriage promised
How were we to guess
The man higher up had his plans

Angel
Jokingly I said you fell from the sky
New millennium, supposed new beginnings
All hopes now gone, I can only sigh
I love you
Still someone else loved you more
That's why to heaven you are being recalled
Still I love you
My angel

Mine faith in life is dashed
Seems I have been everywhere, done everything
So why do I end up with the key to the garbage can
Memories still linger
Yesterday's joys, today's sadness, all tomorrow's memories
We met yesterday, we have today, why be gone tomorrow
It's all memories, poignant memories

I can only dream
Mine life a waking dream
A waking nightmare it now is since the news
What life could have been were we to choose
Can only now be a dream
Why did it have to be you dear
Chosen to star in this nightmare

Life dealt me a bad card
Still I see you in earthly grace, rising to heavenly amazing grace
I feasted yesterday, I'm famished today
Still I don't doubt your goodly countenance takes you to heaven
Your pretty looks do so too
Dear why did it have to be you

Wensislaus Mbirimi

You Owe It To Yourself

If God is by your side
Just tackle life with pride
You owe it to yourself to march on in life
No friend, relative or even your wife
Will relish sharing your sorrow
No not even for a day will they borrow
They come closer only to have a good laugh
Share the music papa and return the laugh
For always know you are by yourself
You owe everything to yourself

Don't be fooled none is your friend
Backstabbing is now the trend
They eat drink and sleep with you
Pretending as if they are with you
By nightfall horror of horrors
They attack till you fill the night with hollers
Never say I said not to take care
Because only I care for your welfare
I'm part of you as you are part of me
The trinity of I, myself and me
Don't be fooled brother
Know you people want to bother
Still you owe it to yourself
Only you will take care of yourself

You will now open your eyes
To see how your life the world pries
None love to see you walk tall
All love it when you stumble and fall
None is your friend on this rocky road
Trust only in yourself and God
Remember who God bless no man curse
Let no man curse you to your face
Yes you owe it to yourself to save your face

Wensislaus Mbirimi

Youths

Youths' life today is sadness
Thieving and whoring, it is madness
Walk a street at night, taste the badness
Woman and children, sick and elderly, the defenceless
Shameless youth attack, they are ruthless
Grannies, youths of yore impart in them the niceness

I too is a youth but god's tool
Fellow youths drugs aint cool
Remember my teacher at school
Urging us to shun drugs and be no fool

Warring and whoring killing the youth
Looting and shooting now pastime of the youth
Boom; a gunshot is heard
All shiver with dread
Six o'clock news is read
Another youth is dead
Silence; power of the word
Gun toting simply bad
It makes me mad
And I see red
As another tear I shed
For another bright future now dead

Wensislaus Mbirimi