

Poetry Series

Andesikuteb yamusa
- poems -

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Andesikuteb yamusa()

A Beautiful Soul

It's not often one gets lucky with life,
its daily intrigues, its brevity and unpredictability.
With each passing day it brings its uniqueness and what sages have not
explained is the motivations of the world's inhabitants.

You always not get lucky with dealings that do with men.
The daily selfishness, self centeredness and hypocrisy.
Men they say are not to be trusted.

Some have become quite lucky to have met great men.
But me I have seen a beautiful soul,
A man who thinks not of himself but the world,
who gives in to men with his teeth opened knowing fully they might throw a
thorn and he might find it hard to close his mouth.
A beautiful soul who smiles with his pretty heart,
A heart that embraces all of men.
The treacherous and the kind hearted,
The thief and the seeming saint,
The drunk and the meek.
Only a beautiful soul dines with them all.

I always count myself so lucky,
cos I know TSOTSI,
and he is a beautiful soul.

Andesikuteb yamusa

A Fool Am I Indeed

Will I not be a fool?
A foolish man,
To let my house burn down,
Down to ashes.
Cos I rented it out to a stranger,
Who has no head.
Just to show this vain world,
That he has no sense.

For certain am a fool.
A man with no place to lie his weary head.
Cos all my pride is to see another's downfall.
Not even my upliftment do I care for.
A fool am I indeed.

Andesikuteb yamusa

A Vain World

When they won't look towards you,
Cos you don't own a name
You don't own a house.
What a vain world,
A terrible place.

A strange house that is too blind to see that which is in,
Terribly shortsighted.
A ground that only embraces you
After all has been done.

Click, click and Clark the camera shouts,
Praise, praise and praises goes out of there lips
He has always been great,
He is great they shout.

Terrible my brother,
Unhealthy is a world that is not interested in helping you grow,
Caring for you only after you have won the battle.

Andesikuteb yamusa

Africa Is Not A Country

I wish Africa was a country,
And I wish it has 54states,
With heaven as its capital,
And madiba,
That silent eagle as its president.

I wish Africa is a country,
Cos Burundi will have been a state and that governor of it wouldn't have lived forever,
And even if he wished maybe like kagame or museveni,
By amending the constitution,
I will have reminded him that burundi is a state and the federal constitution is supreme.

I wish Africa was a country,
Then bokoharam, al shabab, ISIL,
Woundnt have dared to stop anyone from sleeping.
Cos even just a score of officers,
Just from two states,
Maybe the Arab warriors of cairo,
Or even the descendants of chaka the zulu would have finished them.

I wish my dear africa was a nation,
Then it woudnt have been the sharing grown of some strange faces.
Some NATO birds who excrete fire,
Or a russian village market for some A.K -47,
Maybe not even an american breeding ground or better still a chinese dumping ground.

I wish Africa was a nation,
Then I will have married from one of this great ethiopian virgins.
My son will have had a mahogany skin.
Maybe i will travel to the south and taste of the sweet wine and travel to the north to pray in some huge mosque.

Untill my wish comes to pass,
Never you sit down in some strange land and think that we are a country.
We are a nation

Maybe you call us a continent

Andesikuteb yamusa

Black Africa

Let's talk about black Africa.

Me, yes I and rae will tell you about it all white.

Africa that compressed coal that is yet to yield its own diamonds.

White tar on every road that seeks its own direction.

That is black africa.

That melanin drenched species in a condemned, doom habitat which dwells with death.

Yet we are the worlds seed, God's own people.

He ploughed this land and fed us to the ground.

We will tell you about the lost ones, the ones that joined a chain gang and boarded foreign ships, horrific wagons of tears.

How about the ones left behind, digging, ploughing for wealth in their own yards and relinquishing it in a strangers pocket and yet smiling foolishly.

We want to tell you about all of them, the ones in the before, today and tomorrow.

In every nook and cranny of this beauty,

The call a continent.

Rae, will tell you about the ululating women.

The woman strapped with a seed on her back.

That grateful creature that thanks God for every grain of every crop, who knows the value of this mystery.

Therefore she values life of all the elemeny around her both seeds and tubers.

Or rather lets sit under a tree and wail, let the young and old tell us the wailers the tales yet unheard off or instead let us talk about these rhythm based people that eat, breathe and sleep Africa's rythym.

She choose to call them genesis

And I the thinker will call them beautiful.

Andesikuteb yamusa

Chibok: The Pains Are Ripe

It is hurtful that we are long forgotten
Children's, daughters we are.
With hearts and mind that love and a head that reminds us of our misery.

Shake the guns and clean the grenades.
Shekau came for us that morning,
Terrified in uniforms we join, hoping, thinking it was Jesus.
Opened to the saviours arms.

We lost it some minutes later through the rough terrains of Sambisa.
With only that same head to remind us of our misery.
Bring them back you shouted for a while and then you forgot.

Our loved ones crying to heaven thinking our souls are despaired.
Hurt me with your rifle,
Rape and dishonor my virgin body
But bloodiest you can't take my mind.

I know my roots, I know where I come from.
For there it is honor that keeps us not shame.
Cos I was learned to hold my head high even in pains.

Chibok
Chibok
Our pains are ripe.

Andesikuteb yamusa

Gaza: Too Much Too Long

And to you Gaza.
Too much, too long
Have your women wept.
Wearing dark gowns with swollen eyes,
Attending farewells that are too much for a town.
Too much gaza,
Too long,
Has the earth kept quiet.

Too much, too long
Have you been oppressed.
Khaleed meshaal meeting the camera in Doha,
Your youth dying proudly on your streets.

Gaza too long, too much
Have you been hopeless,
Let it not be on you,
That your children will be born,
Into this world to find no home

Andesikuteb yamusa

Growing Old

The thing about growing old
Is that age mounts on you
You know when to cry
And why to cry
You also know clearly well
How to hold your cheer
You don't go about jumping like a child
Whose emotions goes with the weather
Crying when its summer
Cheerful when its winter
The real thing about growing old
Is you lose that child in you.

Andesikuteb yamusa

I Am Possessed

I am scared for my life,
For a spirit has entered my inner soul,
I keep writing poems,
I can't even do anything else.
Not even food do I want for my empty stomach,
Or even water to bath my stinking sing.
I cant even think of why,
Or even how i met this good spirit,
If It wishes to hunt me forever,
May its will be done.

Andesikuteb yamusa

I Dare Not Sleep Tonight, Lest My Chance Come In The Morning

I dare not rest my head this night,
Not even to think,
Lest my chance comes very early in the morning,
And for sure it meets me unprepared,
Snoring like a fool.

I dare not sleep nor slumber,
Not now that am young and foolish
Or even later that I will be wise and old,
Lest my breakthrough comes and pass without me noticing or even saying hi.

A man who awaits glory never feels sleepy not even for a second,
Cos victory will elude such a man,
And all his turmoil,
All his struggle will go yet unnoticed.

A man with a dream to fend for,
At worst sleeps with his eyes open,
Searching in between the darkness of the night.
For deep in this black sky the good gold are.

A man with so much enemies dares not to leave his windows open,
Not even his lights on,
Cos that devil always sees,
And when he shoots he never misses.

A man,
A man
With his future in his palms,
Dares not to sleep even for a second.
Lest a stranger steals it.

Andesikuteb yamusa

I Dont Know What To Write About

With my hands itching so much,
And my mind being still open,
I wish I had something to write.
With my big mouth wide open,
And my lips being so wet,
I also wish I had something to say.

With this streets so open and the road so clear,
I wish I had somewhere to go.
Sit alone and chat with myself,
Tell me about myself,
And laugh about jokes that are not funny.
If only I had what to write, say or where to go.
I won't be this bored.

Andesikuteb yamusa

I Will Submit A Poem This Morning

I will have to wake up early to think,
Cos i need to submit a poem this morning,
A beautiful poem for that matter.

Maybe i should write about my brief night,
Or my boring yesterday,
Sitting idle and working well for the devil,
I doubt if it will make a good poem

Let me write about my tomorrow then
Dream about it instead.
Cos no matter what happens and how uneventful my day will be.
I will have to submit a poem

Andesikuteb yamusa

I Wont Remember You

Don't stand near me then,
When I will be among the clicks of the camera,
Receiving this whole world.

I wont even remember you,
The times you never replied me,
Not my calls,
Not my money,
Not even my gold.

When i needed you as the mountain,
to tell me
How good i am.
Not even your shadow did I see.

Don't assume am senseless,
But believe when it gets better I will be blind,
So i wont even remember you

Andesikuteb yamusa

Immortality

Immortality is not a single word
It is a whole lot of a book
With it's so many chapters
And countless pages.

It is a life of a man
Summarized in a word
Eternity in its shortest form.
For a man must have a reason to live
Others till the end have no idea
But that immortal
Lived it fully.

It might be a single day
An hour or maybe a second
Cos it's a moment that makes the immortal man
Moments maketh a god.

For what reason have you to live
If not to be a god.

Andesikuteb yamusa

Inspiration

As they come
You should write.
Don't let God's message
Go unheeded.
For he sends his messages
At strange times.
A teary day, sober hours and maybe beautiful moments.

When a poem comes to your head
Write it down.
Humans call it inspiration
But we know its God's message.
And as a poet
You are his most holy messenger.

Andesikuteb yamusa

Islamophobe: A Fool That Fights Fear With Hatred

To be frank it is senseless to fight an idea,
Better a people,
And worst form a religion.

To you who is scared that someone will steal into your own backyard and make
you cry cos he bows to mecca,
Sorry for you.
An evil man is an evil man even if he reverts no body

To the same you who thinks you can close your door to a people in tears cos you
sleep with your eyes open,
Sorry for you.
A man needs no God to do evil.

To you who will forever live in peace,
Who will never need someone's help,
Who will never beg for a morsel of food,
Or even an oil for your engine.
Sorry for you.
Evil, evil, evil and religion are no friends.

To the same you who gets uneasy when you see a long beard,
A little scared when you see a hijab,
Cos here comes the man who thinks of nothing but to destroy you.
Sorry for you.
Cos if you think islam is your problem,
You are wrong.

Andesikuteb yamusa

London Baby

You little creature,
Must be wary.

For you cried your first in a stranger's palm, covered with faces that are not yours.

Smiling your first with distant cousins that mean you no good.

Your ignorant father giving you a stupid privilege, of having a useless dual citizenship.

Thinking it will shape you.

You that little creature must be wary.

Cos a man with two houses is as good as a man without a house, without a direction, without a focus.

You that was given birth to abroad

Cry, for your plight is two.

That of your first cry and that of your last.

Andesikuteb yamusa

Maybe If I Had Ovaries

Maybe if I had ovaries,
I will take a selfie with a little touch of pink lipstick,
A little eye shadow and a nice hair.
And i will get a thousand comments on facebook and a even more followers on
instagram.

Maybe if i had ovaries,
I will walk on the street and five thousand will wave me,
Five hundred will say hi,
Fifty will try to stop me,
Five will dream about me and who knows maybe someone will wet his bed
thinking about me.

Maybe if i was a lady,
Plenty will steal my number,
Some will try to call me,
A few will dare to even love.

Maybe if i was a lady,
A handsome guy will visit in the morning,
A rich guy in the afternoon,
An intelligent fellow in the evening,
Most loving i will sleep in a sexy guy's arm at night.

Maybe if i was that queen,
I will always wear that crown,
Even in my sleep i will be worshipped.

I will call all the men,
Young, old, rich and poor.
I will choose among them who will warm my bed.
If i only had those ovaries,
The whole world would have been at my feet.

Andesikuteb yamusa

Mortality

Mortality has a way of talking
With it's loud voice
The best of sermons one can hear
The perfect reminder
That we shall all transcend someday.

We dread it in words
But yearn for it in actions and wishes
That anxiety and prayer to see tomorrow
Is to move closer to the end
For why won't you pray that you
Live forever in your today
So that you achieve tomorrow and next in today.

Mortality shouldn't be a topic
We discuss only when it strikes
It is a way of life
Living with it daily
For to live and to die
Are but different faces of the same coin
Which is life.

Andesikuteb yamusa

Motherhood Is A Spiritual Affair

Motherhood is a spiritual affair,
Those of us who know it have affirm that a mere mortal cannot breastfeed,
Even an angel i very much doubt.

For so much love cannot come from a human.
Compassion that knows no bound,
Coming staight from the rib cage which house the source which is the heart.

To house an unknown stranger in ones womb for nine moons takes a brave
heart.
Being in the fight for survival knowing very well that you may not complete those
moons as many others before you.
Cos the stranger may go hay wild and kill you.

It takes a spirit to put every other before him and for those of us that know..we
are sure motherhood is a spiritual affair.
That explains why,
Every mother is a God.

Andesikuteb yamusa

No Resolutions This Year

I won't start with any cuffs around my wrist,
Not with any word that binds my dealing,
Not this beautiful virgin year.

I cant tell what will befall me,
I wont hold myself in prison,
Lest it comes out as my only grave.

I wont keep any resolution this year.
I will take the year, a day at a time

Andesikuteb yamusa

No! No Sex Again

I doubt if I will spread those two legs again,
No! no sex again.
You took me for a whore,
A slut.
And you finished everything that is,
Everything that I thought I had.
No! no sex again.

My virginity,
My dear possession I gave you free.
No begging, no solicitation.
And you devoured my flesh and thought of yourself as a champion.
No! no sex again.

You took me as A topic,
A whole book for your friends to read.
Oh how she screamed.
Oh how she wined.
No! no sex again.

No love lost,
No love found.
No! no sex again

Andesikuteb yamusa

Not While She Is Young

I will let her go,
Someday, but definitely not today.
Not while she is young,
Not when milk still flows down her mother's chest.

You will never take advantage of her ignorance,
Trap her in a Holocaust.
Letting the bird go out when the feathers are not strong

She will hide under my knowledge,
Calm down you molester.
I will let her go,
But not when her chest is not ripe

Andesikuteb yamusa

Nothing Should Steal That Smile

My son,
Let nothing worry you.
Something you can't change?
Don't let it disturb you.

Be the most careless person ever,
Know it that you have those attributes but never let it disturb you.

Let not wealth nor penury worry you,
Not even to die or to live,
Just know the exist,
But never let it hinder you a night sleep or worse steal that precious smile you
have.

Andesikuteb yamusa

Poets Of Conscience

Some of us are poets of conscience,
For we don't just write,
Except when injustice strikes or
Maybe when good tidings knock.
We are all controlled by a spirit
Which is very different from all others
This spirit is our conscience
Unless it tells us what to write,
We know of nothing.
For as a poet of conscience,
I am a mortal aside this spirit.

Andesikuteb yamusa

Poverty

My son,
I've searched and have found something strange under this scorching sun.
That thing is the single reason why we ve remain this way.
That demon called poverty
My boy, I have discovered that it is not a state.
Penury is a feeling.

To some with bags of cowries in their possession,
To others with no food on the table,
Even some no smile on their face,
All this ones complaining of penury.
That, that wealth is not within their reach.
Sincerely,
Penury is a feeling,
Cos if you feel you dont have you dont.

Andesikuteb yamusa

Sahara Winds

I am in love with the dust,
That settles over the green fields.
That dry wind that flows in october,
And make my beautiful voice hoarse.
They sahara winds.

It flows from the great desert,
Pure it comes
Bringing along the sins of its people.
Travelling carefully to the Atlantic.
Oh! Sahara winds.

That beautiful feeling,
Of sitting on the balcony and being amaze.
As to what you care,
Forgetting all the troubles of the rain
And not thinking of the upcoming heat.
Just living in your moment,
Sahara winds, sahara winds.
You are a testament of glory.
They real meaning of gorgeous.

Andesikuteb yamusa

So Stupid Of Me

To think that i will sleep and wake up a god,
Eat and rule this earth,
Dance and connect this world.
So stupid must I be.

Without my back pinned to the ground,
And my hand scratched to the arm,
I will smile with all this accolades,
Stupid must i be.

Andesikuteb yamusa

Strange Knighthood

I don't want to be knighted,
dressed in an elegant English suit,
Standing before the great immortal queen,
Smiling with a cup of coffee.

Please don't put a sir before my name,
Even a KBE after it i dont want,
Cos it is not me.

I will prefer to sit on a wooden stool,
Dressed with skins from our great big cats.
I will love it when you put a feather of a strange bird,
Maybe an eagle or even an owl
I will appreciate.

Call me with a lengthy name and sing ancient praises to my ears.
Please dance around me with a tail of a horse.

Let my people praise my achievement.
Sincerely i will prefer it to a hundred strange knighthood.

Andesikuteb yamusa

Suicide: Self Justice

The grave has never given anyone peace,
For after one journey comes another.
The battle within are great, greater than the one outside.
Keep calm, the solution is not far.

Get an ear and say much into it,
It relieves the mind of troubles.
It is easier to share than to keep for justice in our own hands is no justice at all.

You will always have your reasons and we will always be dumb.
Your dreams will be there and you will be six feet's below.
For who will conquer without your kind of a spirit.
Who will rule without your staff?
Self justice is a solution but definitely not the only one.

My dear, you that one to judge your case.
A man can never judge his own case.

Andesikuteb yamusa

Take Not My Ink Away From Me

Arm yourself with your gun.

Kill my brothers and rape my sisters

You demon.

Do your wicked deeds with pride,

Believe me my pen will get hold of you.

My ink will pierce your evil heart and not only me but history will remember you.

Your sons will be cursed till eternity and your daughter,

She will be barren for no seed can grow forth from a desert.

If you think your magazine can do me harm.

Woe! unto the shameless AK-47.

Spray me with much of your wicked metal grains.

Fill my stomach with your forsaken bullets but please before I will say hi to the creator.

Let me finish this poem,

Let me tell my unborn child that you.

You are a demon.

Andesikuteb yamusa

The Last Day Of A Man

The last day of a man is terrible.
It is far and long spent from that glorious day he breathe his first.

To some it comes a little weird,
Unexpected,
A fall from a tree or a knock from God.
To this ones that have planned a good life and tilled the soil so well and had
planted seeds so deep,
It will be a surprise and shouts and shouts will erupt with every mourner
becoming a poet filled with eulogies in his lips.

To some it will come peacefully, having received their earthly prize.
A great crown of old age, folded in a big duvet and surrounded with a great cloud
of offspring.
All shouting granny has lived a good life, but still and yet still an old man will
bleed.
For the lover he onced chased is no more.

To others it will come slowly and painfully, to them the wish the end was
yesterday.
Cos the devil loves them the most,
Gnashing there teeths every now and then.
Wishing the had never walked on this earth.
GENTLEMEN, I am forced to conclude that the end of a man is terrible no matter
how it comes or how well his deeds are.

Andesikuteb yamusa

The Women Will Always Wail

As long as injustice persist,
With no end in sight,
No will to stop it,
This women will always wail

For them are made this way,
To shout when the can't fight,
Not because the don't want to,
But cos for them to fight is to wail.

Provided the street discriminate against them,
They that wont kill or take up arms,
The will always wail

Andesikuteb yamusa

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They that wont kill or take up arms,
Their will be to wail

Andesikuteb yamusa

This Bombs Are Too Loud

We are sure that death is certain,
Still, it comes too loud.
This bombs are too lousy,
This deaths are too loud.

A man blowing himself so that fellow men will be blown is too loud,
This kind of acts are too unfriendly.

Andesikuteb yamusa

This God Must Be A Poet

I doubt one can make man perfectly well,
I very much doubt if the same fellow can design this earth so beautifully well,
I am in doubt the same old guy can create me,
The handsome me if he is not a poet.
This God must be a poet.

To make this flowers with their beautiful shapes and gorgeous colours,
To create this birds with their sweet melodies,
Each one unique,
And no one sharing,
This perfect work is poetry,
As such this God must be one of us.

To create the oceans all blue,
And the deserts all dusty,
Each far from each other and each beautiful in its own way is poetry.
Believe me,
This God is one of us.

To make all this girls this gorgeous,
And all this young men this handsome,
To make this brains so brilliant,
And this minds this creative is pure poetry
This God you hear of is surely from among us.
He is a poet

Andesikuteb yamusa

This Religion Is Evil

God has always been good,
But this religion Is evil.
Evil to its root.

For a man to know that God created all and still believe that his neighbour will
dine in hell is too evil.

How we see this creator is evil,
To think he made us well,
And spend so many days to make a beautiful home in this earth and still think he
will have time to design hell is evil.

For a man to deny himself food which he needs to live in the name of worship is
tricky.
Another man to even think of God as love and still harbor hate in the name of
still that same God is evil.

Some will even back a bomb,
Others guns and knives,
Still to show that being that God is good.
I know religion is evil,
That explains why i chose God as my creator and poetry as my religion.

Andesikuteb yamusa

Tomorrow

We worry too much about tomorrow and yesterday
For we generally don't live right and we hate reality
Not facing the blunt truth
Preferring to claim we are in a struggle with our past and future.

If only I did this yesterday,
If only that wasn't done to me the day before or rather,
Tomorrow I will do this,
The day after you will be shocked at who I will become.

We don't live in yesterday and
We are not sure we will see tomorrow,
Show me who you are today and
Stop living that terrible fake lazy life.

Andesikuteb yamusa

Two Or Three Of Us Can Write This Poem

Me, myself, I, you, yourself and them can write this poem,
Pure with no prejudice or self elation.
We will write it beautifully well like an Arabian sonnet.

From different views we will all see beauty.
Maybe black, maybe white.
Maybe hot, maybe cold

For it is in this expression that we find joy and that is why we poets make the
best of judges.
We seldom lie and we always say the truth.

The best life is that of a poet
That is why,
Few or even more of us can write this lines.

Andesikuteb yamusa

We Are All Prostitutes

If all you know how to do is to degrade angels,
The womenfolk amongst us,
Those pure souls whose lives are just,
Then all of us are prostitutes.

You insult her just because she loved you,
Open her legs wide to u anytime you wish,
And you devoured all of it and none to remain you left,
Oh how she screams
Oh how she moans
She is a prostitute.

You will never think of the many you slept with,
For your crowns is in your trousers.
All you live for
All your existence.
Yours is to be foolish,
To call an angel a prostitute.

All women deserve our honour,
Those in the brothel who fight strong and strange wars with themselves to survive,
Even those at home who are been brutally rape in the name of marriage.
All this ones deserve the angel treatment.
For if your definition of a prostitute,
Is one who sleeps around.
All of us then are prostitute

Andesikuteb yamusa

We Will All Go To Hell

We will all go to hell,
All of us saints and sinners.

Wailing loud day in night out,
saints will die first.

for if sinners will die then the

Old liars standing on tall purpit never accepting the truth
Or rather twisting age known facts to suit their hungry clients ears.
Not a morsel of wheat for their stomach or better still a patch of a land to sweat
on.
but tithes and offering from their leaking pockets straight into the devourers pot
belly.

Hoping to suffer on this earth and live eternally in a white heaven, black lips
singing halleluyah.
Oh what a strange song in a familiar lip.

Heaven is good but we and liars will all rot in hell.
And if u insist that we go to heaven.
It better be a black heaven. Carved from tall ebony trees and blessed with God's
own colour which is black.

Andesikuteb yamusa

We Won't Need These Coffins

With so much tears,
We dig these graves.
With many dead men to commit to mother earth,
We wont need these coffins again.
Dust to dust,
We lie to each other.
For Flesh is to dust,
With many friends dying everyday
We cant afford this coffins
We wont need them anymore.

Andesikuteb yamusa

When Fear Grips You

When all your plans drift away,
All Within an inch of completion,
Having invested so much in planning,
And so many hours in prayers
And all you think is left for you is failure,
Just withdraw from the crowd and try so well to see that which you cant see.

When that is,
is no more,
All those bags of cowries,
All those herds of friends,
And you see only you,
And you alone in the middle of a tough situation,
Just call yourself out into a corner and listen even when there is no one to talk.

When life itself is in despair,
Everyone out with the world,
All against a single you,
Still no much energy to fight,
And to die is all you await.
Just lay flat on the ground and smell.
For to succeed and to fail are close door neighbours.
An inch of a distance,
A glimpse of a second,
Is all you need to get home.

Andesikuteb yamusa

Wisdom Is Too Heavy

There is always this time when everyone is foolish and you,
The stagnant you is the wisest.
Those times, read through your heart when you think everyone lacks wisdom and
you are the only oasis.
Look very well,
Maybe deeply,
Cos there is foolishness in your thinking.
My son wisdom is too heavy,
A man,
A single man cannot carry its burden.

Andesikuteb yamusa