

Poetry Series

ASIIMWE SIMON
ROLANDS
- poems -

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ASIIMWE SIMON ROLANDS(5/5/1990)

AM A YOUNG MAN WHOSE LIFE HAS BEEN PUNCTUATED BY MANY CHALLENGES INCLUDING ORPHANAGE AND POVERTY. I AM THE SON OF THE LATE DAUD BARUGAHARE WHO TRIED BY ALL MEANS DESPITE HIS ILLITERACY TO INSTALL THE SPIRIT OF READING IN AT SUCH AN EARLY AGE. AND NOW IN HIGH SCHOOL, I HAVE CHOSEN TO BE A POET SO THAT I CAN SPEAK FOR THE VOICELESS.

All Need From You

I have no penny in my hand
And I don't need any from you
Not even a shoe to my name
But that's not I ask from you
I ask for freedom or death
Those two I need one from you.

Now give me one of the two
And I will leave you to chew
I ask for what belongs to me
Not the one I want you to lend me
I mean the one made for me
The one you have robbed me.

I can sleep on the bare floor
I can feed on that they throw
I can dress in rags and grow
And be someone tomorrow
Someone happy in his sorrow
I am not a carpet on your floor
I am not a baby that crawl
I am not an animal that follow
The hunters that carry arrows and bows
I am a wind that blows.

Now I want to be like a river that flow
Day and night I go
Dancing and singing my heart
Swinging all my parts
Shaking the floor with my feet
Catching all their eyes.

Or I want to be like a kite that flies
To the far miles in the sky
And catch the worldly beauty with its eyes
Beating the air with its wings
I wish I was any going all my ways
I wish I can be any singing all my songs.
I want to be that that feels the beauty of my land

Because this is my land
And it's your land
And our land.

ASIIMWE SIMON ROLANDS

Born A King

Let the Negro sing
I, born a king
Black be in the ring
Win the legendary kings
Sing sweetly! Sing!
Sing Negro songs
Sing Martin's song
Fear not the fogs
Watch the Negro reign
See his fading pain
Scars can't remain
On the back hit with canes

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Boys In Rags

When you and I were walking,
I mean a long Wilson street.
You might have glanced at them,
Them that you didn't want in your proud eyes
Them in, you called rags
But in rags, hidden beauty!

When you and I were walking,
I mean a long Wilson street.
You might have glanced at them;
Looking for life in the bins,
Checking in all rubbished tins.
You might have thought them flies,
But when dark hours come,
You go earlier than those flies.

ASIIMWE SIMON ROLANDS

Catalina

If you see Catalina please w'd you tell her
That a second without her is a Thousand years
It may be a minute down but it seems too far
Enough for a man to go pleading for prayers
I tried writing her some sort of a letter
But nothing could be enough to speak for my heart
You see Catalina is far beyond every logic of nature
The power of words can never reach the peak of her height
My feelings for her is behind such an ordinary measure
For she deserves love put in public light
Never had she Been a lady to keep in a hide
She's got far more than your ordinary bride
Her elegance speaks more than a flying dove
She's a thief of an eye, hearts and minds
And may be a robber with un beatable portion
You want it or not she divides the lines
In the nature of love she stands as the reason
For she turns you faster than a running wind mill
Of all, you place her as your first petition
Dying or living, she's the secrete to heal
As i told you once and now again
Catalina is a charming beautiful creation

ASIIMWE SIMON ROLANDS

Homeless Boy

I come from nowhere,
yes they say
That I wander like cirrus above their hair
And my feet on ground from a day to a day
With out something under them to care
And all I do I stand closely besides the road
And I let my self wholly in their glare
And I wait for mercy to come from the crowd
From those who know people who walk bare
There I stand slim like a stretched thread
And lay my hands across the air
To let them know I'm the people in need
Of their sympathy, love and pocket share
But all they see in me as they pass by
"Look at that rubbish heaping there"

ASIIMWE SIMON ROLANDS

Injustice

Each of us got a foot
Yet not all of us walk
The road is for the few
Those who got a shoe

Each of got a tongue
Yet not all of us speak
The speaking is for the few
And for we are not among.

Each of us got teeth
Yet not all of us eat
The eating is for the few
For we wash their hands.

Each of us got a voice
Yet not all of us sing
The stage is for the few
The rest we clap hands.

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It Wasnt Love

It wasn't love, listen!
I loved you or I think I loved you.
With my little upper part of my brain,
And my false kisses to fool you:
Nursed your regular pain,
And that was enough to you.

It wasn't love, listen!
Hardly I remember of time gone:
Is of you and I alone,
Or of love between you and I born
Or the time we might have wasted on the phone
Because my heart was far away drowned.

ASIIMWE SIMON ROLANDS

Life

Life is a game and me the player
I write my rules though not always fair
I test my wings and risk my winning
I lose my scores without regretting

Life is a bait and me the mouse
I stare at it tempting and weigh it's price
I grab it knowing just one thing
By noon I could be dead on a swing.

ASIIMWE SIMON ROLANDS

Lost In Love

When I think I'm out of it;
And think waving to it,
And think myself out of the pit,
And of me flying away like a kite
The voice calls me,
You aren't gonna be away from me,
You aren't nowhere near away from me,
You are lying below my knees,
We are like dolphins and seas,
When I let you go my dear,
You sh'll no more breath"
And I carry myself back to it,
And say "that was stupid of me"
But all they see in me
'A dead shark in the sea'

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My Choice

Mama said to me
"liL simon, never you be you
Never please you
Please me who made you live
Always walk under my arm
Now be what I want you to be
Be a doctor
And be my son
Be in the laboratory
Be treating hearts
Fix the rotting kidneys
Fix the rotting lungs
Save the dying thousands
And be my son"

But for I said to mama
"I wanna be me
And please every man
I wanna be a writer
A prophet of justice
A son of the society
Mending morals
Of today and tomorrow
We the sons of today
That way we follow.

Now I wanna be me
I wanna be a writer
A voice of the voiceless
A hero of the silent
A burner of the thousands
A hope of the hopeless
A friend of the abandoned
A voice that never dies
A poet of all times
The breaker of injustice lines
And I will be your son
And a son of every man"

My Father

My father was a hardworking man,
Who operated a small village farm.
His two spears slept on his shoulders,
And waited for whichever carnivore came.
These were leopards and cheetahs from Nshara,
Which at night, would invade the farm.
They weren't animals which came daily,
For they would come after along term.
But you didn't have to coil yourself under your roof,
Because you couldn't tell when they were to come.
One day my father placed a certain herb on his palm,
And said if he buried it in the Boma no leopard would come.
That it had mystical powers to protect the farm,
And that night he slept assured and firm.
When in the morning he kicked away the blanket,
Left was only twenty anxious rams.

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My Last Stand

I climbed the mountains, I've trodden the plains
I walked in the scorching sun and also the rains
I reached far ends and may be crossed the lines
Through the fangs and sometimes tides
But luck goes to he who keeps alive
For it's the wages of every persistent strive
And the passing of time brought me to my best love
Sh'ld it be slavery I'm choosing to slave
You see freedom is a feeling only felt in the heart
It starts with you before comes the light.
Your choice is your freedom: the magic of your might
It sends you into the sky like flying kite
The day i met her, she became a place to stand
My past from then became a dark land
And i gripped Catalina in my very right hand.
Remember home is a head and never behind.
For now i don't care whether i found love or it found me
As long as it gave me wings to fly free
It's hard my friends you can't really agree
That I'm stronger and straighter than a palm tree.

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Neighbour

When your face faces mine,
In my heart, something starts to grow.
And every day I see you coming down,
I watch you from the corridors of the first floor,
And down, you come in your noble gown.
But there is that pain I feel;
Like an arrow in my chest or thorns in my feet,
It's an agony of love that glow,
Love that can never at any time die,
But love to stay behind the door
Because I'm not yours and you 'aren't mine.
And though I would wish you to be mine,
My birth can't allow it to be.

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Nelson Mandela

He fell in the world like dripping rain
He shone on the land like a moving star
He walked the way that was full of pain
The journey was tough but he walked far
The song he sung in his callusing chains
Is the same that broke our prison bars.

And then like a farmer he sowed his seeds
Upon this soil by the river that flow
And some said the field was full of weeds
Growing quickly and the crops slow
But for he said his field was a string of beads
With diverse colors and beautiful more.

ASIIMWE SIMON ROLANDS

Oh My Love

Oh my love...

You hold my heart with ought falling
You're the dearest gift from above
That has the best glittering wrapping
And I hid in you so you're my cave
Where I shelter when the rain is falling

Oh my love....

You have hidden my soul in the safe place
Better off than all other places
And you have said it's gonna be our palace
Where men live with all pleasures
And we shall make our own race.

Oh my love...

You're the map I hold in my hands
When hiking through the wildness
And I find a way through strange lands
So you take away my blindness.

Oh my love...

I'm nothing without your love,
I'm something with your arms around me
You're the second to the one above
Because for he made you live for me

Oh my love...

Every time I lie down to have a nap
I dream of your love stealin' me
And I see you sittin' on my lap
Telling me you will never desert me
And I say darling', I love you

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Run Aways

They sit in groups of threes,
All lost in their rags.
Besides them, are tins,
And others are old bags.
Inside them, petrol and glue!
And other strong-dangerous drugs.

They walk in groups of threes;
Some in their early tens,
All lost in their rags,
Some on their on their bodies, are bruise.
And many call them thugs,
But for I call them friends.
Because they weren't born thugs,
Because they weren't made to die thugs,
There is a hope of change inside the rags.

They sit in groups of threes;
And all they discuss are the tricks,
Of huntin' somethin' to swallow,
And they see not yesterday or tomorrow,
For they count days as they pass,
They don't have time to think of tomorrow.
They live that way and they grow,
And them too are people of tomorrow.
Because them too, in their hands are seeds to sow.

ASIIMWE SIMON ROLANDS

The Lament Of The Divorced Husband

When you waved to me, Amanda
I liked it in my blindness,
I thought there were many in Uganda
Far better or in your likeness
Now east, west I wander
Searching your likeness
But I have got none like you, Amanda
They all lack your liveliness.

When I saw your back fading away Amanda
With bags balancin' in your hands
I felt the whole world in my hands
And I saw a thousand beauties on my heels
But in a thousand I have got none
I have got none like you, Amanda
And now I curse the road that took you
And now I curse each day I go through.

When I saw you piling your things, Amanda
I didn't stop a while to recall the day
The day I told my folks of you Amanda
And they said it was the most blessed day
From then words became strong like a thunder
But you didn't listen to what many say
And I swayed in a wind with you, Amanda
Until on the fateful day
Now alone in the world I wander
Like a cirrus on a clear day
But if only I can see your face, Amanda,
Before my judgment day,
 I still love you Amanda
 And will always do
 I will always do Amanda
 Until the judgment day.

ASIIMWE SIMON ROLANDS

The Raise Of The Silent

We have come all the way from the darkness,
The one wise men call blindness.
With axes, hoes, we are paving the way,
And our hands aren't down until there is a way.
We aren't scared of the lions that roar,
We are the fearless hunters of justice and liberty,
The seekers of equality and humanity:
The quests our old folks failed to complete.

We shall go up in the sky;
We shall dig deep into the ground,
We shall break all the rocks,
We shall go beneath the lakes,
We shall set flames in the wilderness,
We shall bring mountains down.

Steeply the hill we are riding;
Stony the road we are walking
Dark the forest we are hiking
Far the home we shall arrive
For we are like soldiers marching to the war,
With the only one command to go
To the deadly field of woe
We have left our fears of terror behind
To rescue the captives of injustice
To fight for what our folks fought for
And all our heroes died for.

Now let light fight the darkness;
Let the speakers fight the speechless,
Let the dead and the live march to the battle field
Let us sow the seeds we were left with to sow
Let shackles on every man's hands break
Let every foot rise and stand
Let every mouth rise and speak
Let every tongue speak justice and liberty
Let justice rise and live for eternity
Let the voices be hard from Bwera to Busia
From Mutukula to Amuru

Lift every voice and cry justice.

ASIIMWE SIMON ROLANDS

Wars In My Era

WARS IN MY ERA

I know the world keeps on going,
And my hope keeps on falling.
I can hear them mourning,
From the distance, their voices dying.

I know the world keeps on going,
But I pity not the dead;
Neither those of the era gone,
For they have passed the gate.
And left are we who have come late.

I know the world keeps on going,
Into the darkness it's going.
I pity not the dead;
For I pity the incoming.
They will find the little joy we have, gone,
For they in the darkness they will be born.
 I wonder why the young ones die
 I wonder why the weak ones die.
 I wonder why the weak ones die.

ASIIMWE SIMON ROLANDS

You And I

When you and I are together,
We shall reach the top of the mountain.
And you and I when together,
We shall be the greatest fountain:
Of light in this world of darkness.

When you and I are together,
Life shall be as light as a feather.
And the road they say is long;
That it swallows a thousand years,
And that there are always enemies along,
Those they call deadly warriors.
But when you and I together, remember,
We are stronger than Amazon warriors,
For we shall sing our darling song,
As we break through their senseless barriers.

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