

Poetry Series

Cliff Phiri
- poems -

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Cliff Phiri(11 September 1998)

Cliff Phiri is a Zimbabwean upcoming Christian author who was born on 11 September 1998. He is the third son in a family of five. He lived in Mufakose from 1998-2005 where he attended Tendai Primary School where he did his grade 1. From then, he shifted to Beatrice where he attended Nyachidze Primary School then to finish the primary level. He finished his Primary in 2010 and went to Beatrice High School(2011-2014) for his secondary education.

As he grew up, he was well known of reciting poems and doing several poetic items in front of crowds.

He has a huge passion in preaching the gospel and practising humanitarian acts.

Cliff is a library man; he spends much of his time reading books and he is well inspired by people such as Bishop TD Jakes, Brian Tracy, Robert Kiyosaki etc...

A Poor Man.

I am a poor man.

My eyes are always on the ground.

My ears hear no good news.

Im totally visionless of the future; i go where the wind goes.

My brains are narrow, my mind is closed.

I only think of what to put on my plater now.

Death is no scary, because i do what life likes.

I am a poor man.

Im always in dark nights.

I like playing with nobodies.

I only wish to get my stomach full.

I hate exposure, once I fall onto the ground I'm there for good.

I hate playing with eagles, i like playing with ducks.

I am a poor man.

'Pity me' is my slogan.

I like spending much and saving nothing.

I live on my sweat, and never my brains.

I hate the principles of the universe, i like those of my own.

I like playing under the tunnel, because out there are too many people who judge.

I am a poor man.

I hate change, i like being justified.

Success is strange.

At least i have something to leave for my clan; my grave.

Give me a seed and i will eat it, let me sow the wind.

I have a principle of my own; feeling my stomach before i share.

Yes! This one works for me.

I am a poor man.

I wish to earn and never to learn.

Royalty is for some people not I.

I like sleeping early and waking late.

I hate risks; let me stay out of trouble.

I burn with anger and hatred when I see some people make it, i wish we all stay at the same post.

I am a poor man.

One thing I fear, what people says about me.
Don't teach me how to fish, for im not sure if I will ever catch.
Rather give me fish! ! !
I am a poor man.

Cliff Phiri

Behold The Sun

Behold the morning.
With a refreshment.
Much promising.
Under the bright light of the sun.
Blessed be the noon.
Embraced with the motherly warmth.
Shinning from afar does the sun.
Having the same propotion of light to the ground.
With no descrimination.
With no respect to status.
Giving life to the plants.
Giving light to animals.
With stableness.
Even in the wilderness.
Heating the sands.
Also preparing the rain in the Amazon.
Working in obedience to the Creator.
Shining from above, where no dust can reach.
Living where no haters can switch off.
Behold a blessing to nature!
Behold the good sun!

Cliff Phiri

In The Wilderness

An overloaded heart, a silent mouth, an open grave.
A world with people yet without people.
A test of isolation.
Steaming tears all over.

Winds of dust, smells of a hot sun.
Thirsty sands beneath.
Cloudless skies above.
Green is a mystery.
A hell on earth.

Unbearable cold nights.
The smell of rejection and terror.
Prosperity is a nightmare.
A hope on the cross.
No thunder, only sun rays.

Life is unsupported.
Visible flames of rejection.
A covering of clear skies.
The wilderness of one.

Cliff Phiri

My Jesus

My Jesus

Born by a virgin.

Who can imagine?

Beyond human comprehension he is.

Courageous to teach the elderly, yet so young.

Bruised for my transgressions.

Took the blame, yet he was right.

He spoke mysteries.

Who can interpret?

Too wise he is.

His mouth drips honey.

He is life to many.

Death couldn't hold him.

Crucified, laid behind a stone.

Rejected by many.

Loved all but loved by a few.

Touch his hem; you are made well.

Invite him to your house; you are blessed.

Corrupt at his father's house; he will chase you.

A sheep without blemish.

Who can untie his sandals?

By his stripes the universe was healed.

He was there in the beginning.

Believe in him, you won't perish.

Like a thief he will come.

Who can multiply fish and bread?

Kill him, he will resurrect.

Destroyed a temple and rebuilt it in 3 days.

Surely he is the bread of life.

Full of love and power.

Cliff Phiri

Oh My Son

Lower your shoulders for the worried soul.
Do not despise the teaching of yesterday.
Let your shoulder be a pillow to the crying heart.
Is there any benefit? -being filthy rich yet without love.

Pay attention to learning.
Never let a day pass without sowing.
Stop the sun from setting till you make someone smile.
Be mindful of where you step; for someone is following after your footsteps.

Fill your heart with love.
Be of a good mind towards your brother.
Be glad when he glories.
Utilize every opportunity you have today; for who knows tomorrow?

Judge each day by how much you sow.
Let your mouth be a well of life.
Never let the man called Jealous into your compass
-for with him comes witchcraft.

Let your name be a blessing to the righteous.
Keep going ahead for rest is only in heaven.
Sing the song of love every heartbeat.
Can you tell the weather tomorrow?
-so why not stay prepared.

Let the scars of yesterday be your inspiration.
Proclaim victory to the king on your mirror every morning.
Be of a sweet scent.
Invest not on the promise of men
-for men fail sometimes.

Decorate your yard with flowers of hope.
Let your heart smile as you go to bed.
Feel for others; be of one theme. Erase evil memories, for they dehydrate your soul.

Be happy to eternity.
Do not follow the crowd; for your might miss the crown.

Fill your blood with compassion
-and never let it cool down.

Be mindful of what you watch
-for your morals might be corrupted.

Fill your head with wisdom.

Leave a great name for your clan.

-for a great name is better than treasures of corruption.

Stay vocal, for you won't stay local.

Be mindful of your words

-for you might suffer till eternity.

Let your children be proud carrying your name around.

Cliff Phiri

The Definition Of Love

Machines work and rest, the heart is restless.
Magnets attracts with distance; but love is unseasonal.
Feelings go, love remains forever.
Human days are numbered; but love is unmeasurable.
In love a vain man is seen mysterious.
Tears of a miss tells it all.
Words will never express.
Love time is never adequate.
Sacrifice counts.

Love lubricates the wheel of life and gives one language.
The passion is to drop water to the thirsty soul.
With love the universe was saved and so is a family built.
The heat is never felt.
Joy is the theme.
Out of all hurt and pain, love nurses the deep wounds.
To the most deep part of a heart love reaches.
The question never answered by money; why love exists?
The non-exhaustable gift of all.
Cold, sunny or rainy days never determine.
Humans pass but not love.
On a coma; people fight for their lives, just so they could have more time with their loved ones.
What a man loves he can never be reminded.
Love is the principle; It marries a commoner to a princess.
We all wonder and will remain wondering, but there is no answer to the acts of love.
Show me the chronicles of love i will show you eternity.
Don't blame them for the dark past; for it was out of their love for something.
No inventor ever can bring the brakes to the wheel of love.
Who is joy? : the child of love.

Love is so ignorant of boundaries.
It is the best thread to remake a broken heart.
Noone can escape the captivity of the loving heart.
It is a lock with a lost key.
A huge block on the throat when she misses.
With love she can never keep record of wrongs.
Fake love says 'i love because...', for conditions do end.

A man said 'nail me and cut my breath', because he loved! .
Much wealth is in a loving heart.
Who can exhaust the treasures in there?
Surely its the most precious gift of divinity to humanity.

Cliff Phiri

The Finisher At Work

Pain is just but a motivation.
Though my foes seem many, they are not too many.
My skin is salty.
My eyes are all fire.
Give me a knife to kill the man with a gun
For all i have is an unfailing mind.
Slowly but surely here i come.
Like a wet towel catching fire.
I will enter the 'no man's land'.
Running through the dusty atmosphere.
With a tireless motive.
For persistence pays
Surely i will conquer.
My barrel smokes.
I can't feel my heart beat
For i have put emotions sideways.
Till i archieve it.
I won't rest.
Because i am the best.
Through the muddy grounds i will juggle.
Till i finish the pages.
And turn the winds!
I AM A FINISHER!

Cliff Phiri

The Frame Of Life

Rising to the mountain top is good.
Getting out of a pit is for champions.
A reward is for conquerors.
The crown is for finishers.
The battle is not for the strong, it is for the willing.
The humble deserve a lifting.
A pit is the home of the proud.
A richman gathers, the poor scatters.
Kings do work, fools rests on the throne.
Planning is by everyone, Victory awaits the determined at heart.
To be real is not to be proud, to be proud is to commit suicide.
Patienceprevails, faith conquers.
Victory is a belief, and so is failure.
Wealth is in the heart.
Poverty possesses the soul.

To give is to gather,
A good end is to the meek; bewitching is for the jealousy.
Meditation is good; but the content is crucial.
Time separates boys from men.

Cliff Phiri

The Prodigal Son

His words are sour.
The waist has fallen to the thighs.
Morals were thrown into the trash.
His words are moisturised with curses.
Give him wealth, he will spend it far.
The mind is vandalized.
The spirit is dry.
Follow his ways- you are headed downstream.
Try to correct him- you are correctly putting a fire in your own eyes.
Who can bear his misery?
He is nothing but a disgrace!
His field is full of mockery.
Who can cast out his folly?
Close your ears when you see him open his mouth.
Tighten your gates for he might take all from you.
His soul craves for trouble.
Even pigs can't feed with him.
He smells destructive.
His folly is exclusive.
A time bomb on his life watch.
His greatest tutor is the house 6 feet down.
He rejoices in negativity.
Relatives are thought of just in times of pain.
Do not let him to the rooftop for he will oppress you from then.
His efforts are all in vain.
Nothing good is appreciated.
His meditations are scary!
To him Adam has not yet eaten the forbidden fruit.
Jail is not for him; but hell!

Cliff Phiri

The Troublesome Generation

Two things life seems not to offer; rest and peace of mind
Being a fruity tree is dangerous; more stones on you.
What you see they do not see.
What you feel they do not feel
My trust fails for the hot water drinking beings.
Where is the finish line to a man's sorrow?
The more you wish for rain, the more the sun scotches you.
Who can stand this test of time?
Work an elephant's portion for an ant's wage.

What I see they do not see
What i wish they do not desire
Do they have to learn out of scars?
But why?
No rest to the man on earth.
His rest is after his breath is nomore.
Painful indeed
The ones i love are perishing
They are running to the sword
Like a cornice to the snake
Who shall deliver them?

Surely this is a lesson of life
That its not everything that i wish that i will have
I now fear feeding people with my hands
For my fingers might be bitten

The prodigality of this generation
More painful than labour pains
Who shall grace them?
The voice to my loud screams is nomore
The springs of my tears are dry
All im left is the mourn of the heart.

How i wished to see them grow.
Feeding the same table together
Now the wish has faded like dust
They are vanishing into the air
Just as the smokes they swallow

May the Lord be merciful upon them
As i build my tower they come in the name of help.
Only to remove mortar from my bricks
That my tower falls and they laugh at me

I ran to the queen, wishing that she warns them
Only to find out she is in support to their acts
Oh, shame is on her forehead
Her food is my poison
Her poison is nutritious to me
What a wicked generation!

They say there is no proper home without a junkyard
But pain comes when the whole home becomes a junkyard
A man's ways seem right to him
But ill choices gives birth to scars
Deliver this perishing generation oh Lord!

Cliff Phiri

To That Heart

A prudent heart is the maker of peace.
To observe signs is that you be forearmed.
To understand times is to live victorious.

A smile from a wounded heart deceives.
Regret weakens the soul.
Forgiveness restores the state.
To rebuke is to make.
To review is that you redeem.

The reward of honesty is trust.
Lack of satisfaction leads to cheating.
Cheating gives birth to an ill-legacy.

The man to hold a grudge; the Hamman on his gallows.
The nonexisting phrase on weak men's tongues; 'im sorry'.
To give an ear to instruction is to make a sweet morrow.
To be cheerful in the heart is to moisturize the soul.

To be jealousy is to hate yourself.
Good things can happen to anybody; but a good end is for good people.
Nothing can be hidden till eternity.

Tears flow from the glands of the heart.
An overloaded heart digs the deepest pit.
To seek revenge is that you may please your soul-
But that person is precious to someone else.

To gain wisdom is to equip yourself, but to forgive is to empower yourself.
Sour is the water from a bitter heart.
The wells of the worried heart are dry.
The words from a wounded tongue are poisonous.

To hate is to walk blindly.
To put a bandage is not to heal; to remove the virus is to heal.
To give the words of comfort is not to heal, to purge is to heal.
When hatred loses its grip, there comes revival!

