

Poetry Series

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**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2017

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

# Duncan Ramashitja()

# Candy Love

Candy love

The sweet melody that burns within one soul

With the eyes, that burns blood vessels even when it's cold

I, therefore, indulged my precious heart with your love today and forever cause your love never gets old, my candy love, The one I received from the God above, spread your wings and fly like a dove, Your presence makes every conversation make sense, and your essence gives a man a license to suck your lips like an unwrapped candy, mind you, it only makes sense when I somehow forgot about hygiene cause your love came in handy, my sweet candy, the one who melt my tongue, and disturb my lungs as you took my breath away, I learn to live another day without cavities, my candy my sweet love candy your lips taste like a perfect mixture of chocolate and nuts, really it is a blessing, not luck, that I ought to suck your Chery lipstick, though my eyes quick picked, the-the perfect candy, my lady my sweet love candy

Duncan Ramashitja

# Comfort Zone

Comfort Zone

My comfort zone sounds more chilled like a saxophone, It's the kind of painful situation I chose to own, so success kept on calling but I hung up the phone....Scared of the unknown, I simply forgot that I had a backbone, So I Throw the blame, 'cause I was afraid of change I remained the same, Done, can(Duncan) that's my name.... It took a downfall to break it down....And a Pro to make a noun, .... so my heart made a sound reminding me that I'm still around, I haven't died yet... but I'm still sad... sometimes more mad to myself....It took me more questioning to tap the Amygdala, and more than a painkiller, to sustain my pain.... so I felt insane And procrastinate, coz I wasn't really intimate with myself... so my pride fallen off the shelves, and Success walked passed me while I worry about tomorrow, What if I fail? , is it even possible? Nobody ever did it before what makes me special? I enjoyed the zone... before I realized when it was too late that my comfort zone is just an Iceberg that needs to be broken, So I paid attention to the words that were spoken.... And played my part to pick myself up When things fall apart..... my comfort zone....my best friend sometimes my worst enemy..... The Zone.....

Duncan Ramashitja

# Death

death you are horrible,  
just like my president you are not honourable,  
the sad part about you is that you are inevitable,  
you separate a child from the mother,  
and a mother, from the child,  
you don't pick sides, you separate a sister from a brother  
and likewise, you separate a brother from a sister  
you just don't care, do you? whether we rich or poor  
you leave us destitute, luckily we've got AVBOB as an institute  
that comfort and clean up the mess you created  
You come unannounced, and those you leave behind you make sure that they  
lose few pounds. but why? why do you take our smile?  
You always seemed far away, while you lie, meanwhile our loved ones die. Today  
we are even afraid to make vows, because soon we like wow, if only he was still  
alive. but then you arrive and make sure those left behind had a tough time to  
survive.....Death why?

Duncan Ramashitja

# How Do I Stay Strong

When my stepdad cheated on my mother I watched her broken, my mother.... she couldn't let it show, yet she remained strong...not because it didn't matter to her, but because she wanted to teach us how one stand tall in what seems like a hopeless situation...I saw invisible tears streaming down her cheeks, I saw her pure strength, as she helped a man who shamelessly tempered with her dignity pack his belongings despite her enemies' presence, some of them where quite delighted to witness her humiliation, she could have let their relationship continue, but this was nothing new, it happened before so she had to put a stop on it, I saw her being distressed, gazing at her angelic eyes one would detect the pain a man she loved had caused...mind you this is the same man she took as her own, she groomed him to be a Father, to me and my two sisters and my younger brother, whom in his veins pump both his blood and my mother's.... he had children with other women whom he never fathered but he fathered us...at least not for too long....they say

'Every man is a dog' yeah we all know that song, but it is wrong...I saw her losing weight, but not her pride, Even though she lost him, Even though love could be blind, she never lost her sight, I watched her becoming a topic in different households, I watched her Holding on when she didn't have anyone besides us by her side....She Didn't have a stable job but she managed to keep us all together, we never ran out of food to eat, it wasn't fancy but it was sufficient, she smiled like everything was okay, either way, she continued to smile, so I set there and study her, like she was an open book, yet she wasn't easy to read, so I took lessons from her, knowing how that man treated her I wouldn't treat anyone like that, yet sometimes I do have a feeling that I might get my heart torn apart like hers, I sometimes do have a feeling of mistrust specifically when things change, I could smell the essence of unfaithfulness, feeling sad to be treated like a fool, you see I asked myself why lies turned out to be a contributing factor? ... If I die who would tell a good tale after? .. who knows my story well enough to finish up my very last chapter? ... I guess sometimes it's hard to tell, that you got to trust if you must that the dark clouds don't remain forever, it is possible that it can rain whenever... meanwhile how does one stay strong...?

Duncan Ramashitja

# I Wish I Had A Transparent Heart

I wish I had a transparent heart

I cry.....

I lie about how I feel.....

I swallow my pride like a pill....

I die deep inside

I can't sleep at night.....

My emotions fight....

My mind goes wild...

I have a lot in my mind

I let my heart muffle the pain inside, as the streams of my tears leap through my eyes or sometimes underneath my skin with so much fear, why am I Here? Can anyone see or hear? The disturbing sounds of my heartbeat...shivering the peace within my system, I'm in need of strength, strength to climb this mountain called life, that has shaped itself like a pear, The things I feel are rare to mankind, I guess that's why Love is Blind, I care a lot, I don't judge cause I'm not a court, No one can see how I love and love even when it hurts.....

I WISH I HAD A TRANSPARENT HEART

Duncan Ramashitja

# Lost Sheep

THE LOST SHEEP.....

Yes, I'm blessed, not cursed when I come across trials and tribulations  
because upon that cross Christ paid the cost  
I was kinda lost, never selected but tossed  
who would ever thought? That my sins would ever be bought...  
oh my Lord, you always got my back plus you strengthen my spinal cord, no one  
can shatter my dreams cause the doors just open whenever I knock, oh my Soul  
blesses God, for he is good and never in moods, often times his words got  
misunderstood...bless his holy name, for he took the blame and since then things  
would never be the same, I mean he freed me from the law despite my flaws,  
like good a Sheppard he left his flock and went ahead to search one of a lost  
sheep that got stolen by sin and found it weak, You see the seed that Christ  
planted was constantly growing within the sheep...It went astray as it had been  
taken away by the pain. yet again Christ took it back to join the flock, and never  
mock the return of the sheep instead he whipped at once, and rejoiced and  
danced when the lost sheep was found.....

Duncan Ramashitja



# What If I Knew Not His Word

What if I knew not his word?

What if I knew not the pain, would I rejoice in shame?  
Or would I just be the name that remained foreign?  
Would I be able to decrease so he can increase?  
Full of excuses would I then be whom his spirit chooses?  
Would I understand God when he spoke?  
Or would I rather depend on the world with its false hope?  
Would I cope, when the Devil test me without the scope?  
What if I knew not his word? Would I be worthy of the price paid?  
Would I be fulfilled, content, and not repent?  
Would I be able to distinguish the difference between a version and a wish?  
So to speak, would I include his message in my speech?  
Somebody please, do tell, would I understand the Bishop when he teaches?  
Would I have the strength to even attempt to practice what I preach?  
Would I respond to his call? Would I know that he loves me even after the fall?  
Would I be like Paul, and write God's message for all?  
Would I have life? Would see or would I still be in need of sight?  
Would I retrieve or fight?  
Would I sing praise, with tears still on my face?  
Would I still run the race, with his pace?  
The answer is No, my heart now Knows, that my life will never be the same.  
For he endured my pain, and his word has brought me peace of mind.

Duncan Ramashitja