

Poetry Series

Dickson Wasake

- poems -

Publication Date:

August 2008

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

Poems are the property of their respective owners. This e-book was created by Dickson Wasake on www.poemhunter.com. For the procedures of publishing, duplicating, distributing and listing of the poems published on PoemHunter.Com in any other media, US copyright laws, international copyright agreements and other relevant legislation are applicable. Such procedures may require the permission of the individuals holding the legal publishing rights of the poems.

Dickson Wasake

Dickson 'Mafudian' Wasake, African (Ugandan) poet and writer. Born to Derrick Gafali Wasake and Sarah Wasake Nee Maswere in Mbale, Eastern Uganda, Africa. Father is a retired economist and mother a business entrepreneur.

Educated in Uganda at King's College Budo for High school and then Makerere University (Business School) for a Bachelors of Commerce (Accounting). Also obtained a post graduate qualification as a Chartered Accountant (ACCA) while working at PricewaterhouseCoopers in Uganda and The Bahamas.

Poetry was inspired by an early love for reading and a participation in the arts which included Literature, drama and debate while at King's college Budo.

First took an active interest in writing poetry in 1994 and early poetic works focused on the theme of love.

Poetry has been especially influenced by poets like W B Yeats, Pablo Neruda, Robert Frost and Maya Angelou.

After travelling to Nassau and being away from home for an extended period of time, interacted with the poets of Nassau during the Wednesday 'open Mic' sessions and was thus inspired to explore more diverse themes like death, sadness, war, AIDS and Nassau Life all intricately laced with God and hopes of a new life, eternal, hopefully.

Dickson 'mafudian' Wasake is also a telecommunications entrepreneur when he is not accounting or writing poetry.

He has published his complete poetic works; Poems to sit on: In the East African Savannah (Mafudian reflections) can be found at <http://esquire-sunshinepoems.blogspot.com/>

Works:

poetic footprints: returning home

A Biblical poetic journey (I am says the poem)

I am the path of the light breaking into the dark deep of the waters,
The whisper of the wind in the Garden of Eden,
The buzz of the lover bees in the ark of Noah,
The tears of salt in the eyes of Lot's wife,
The sound of the harp in David's courtyard,
The sorrow of Jonah in the fish's belly,
The light of the bright star guiding the wise men,
The call of the Messiah for all the heavily burdened,
The tongues of the apostles on the day of Pentecost,
The journey of Paul on the path to his true destiny,
And the song of the saints on the sight of our Lord's face.

I am not he, but of him, from him and for him.

Dickson Wasake

Coffee House discourses*

I

The dilemma of Mr. Smith of sunset valley

Fiery dawn, capricious dawn, let down dawn
What do I do with her?
What do I do about her?
Maybe I shall let her set out
Maybe I shall let her dawn on me.

II

At the shores of poetry

Yeats*, Joyce*, Plath*
Now trickling, now flowing, now flooding
This river runs deep, runs strong, runs fast along
Outpourings of Shakespearean* iambic pentameter to drown me,
These they flood into the river, to break down my dam of illiteracy.

III

Insomnia

At the coffee house,
Time escapes my watch,
Like sleep escapes my coffee drowned eyes

IV

The Caribbean express

On and on he goes,
Like the chook chook train
Trainloads of words, never broken, never derailed

*The Coffee house discourses are written following what has now become a routine where together with Obie and Dawn (two of Nassau's greatest artists) we often sit at Starbuck coffee(Crystal Palace Hotel, Nassau) on Wednesday night, and sail on the long winding rivers of literature until we reach the delta of time's end and then we split off, to our homes, for a while.

*James Joyce, Irish writer and author of Ulysses, the modern library considers it the best English language novel of the 20th Century

*William Butler Yeats, Irish poet and won nobel prize for literature(1923)

*Sylvia Plath, American poet credited with advancing confessional poetry

*William Shakespeare, English poet wrote some of his sonnets in iambic pentameter a form of writing(predominantly neoclassical and renaissance) with rhythmic syllables that go from a stressed to an unstressed part.

Dickson Wasake

Givin good love(boom boom retro mix)

She often complains,
to girlfriends 2 and 5,
who on this occasion of monologue,
choose to lend now familiar ear,
as she launches into latest sorrow,
(yet privately i think she rejoices)
of how he makes love to her,
to jazzy tunes of mingus, monk and miles,
and heart throbbled soul ballads;
of Luther,
and Whitney,
and Lionel.
White girl, barely out of teens,
black man,40 going on 50,
cleaving,
heaving,
across generations of passion.
Does she perhaps wish,
that he should again,
leap backwards across generation,
and switch to the venga boys,
and then to that most technotronic of sounds,
go boom, boom, boom,
as that venga bus too goes;
'boom boom boom,
i want you in my room'?

Dickson Wasake

James Banda(Licence to Kill)

See Mary Lou again,
across crowded dance floor,
with another;
touching,
caressing,
groping,
expertly;
with those nimble fingers,
just like I remember.
Now kissing him,
must be warm wet kisses;
those wild wanting lips,
sending electric like currents,
down the man's spinal column,
not unlike the millions she gave me,
that wintry day last December,
on carpeted floor,
where we first made love,
after I struggled in vain to unpack,
following the long flight around the world.
Pour me another vodka,
2 ice cubes please,
yes shaken not stirred,
for tonight,
I see blood on the dance floor,
yes, tonight;
I got a license to kill.

Dickson Wasake

Little Anek Prays

Please sir stop,
Am only 13 years old,
Am not ready to become a mother,
I have science and math sums to do.

Please fire stop,
If you burn down the hut,
My only skirt goes with you,
And the cold night winds shall have no mercy on my bones.

Please God stop,
This Lord of war from cooking mummy in a pot,
For he madly believes she is a gift to you,
A deity in need of sacrifice.

Please doctor stop,
This sickness of the blood,
I have a 14th birthday to reach, a house to build,
A mummy to pray for and a hope to find....

Any hope if it can, soak up this pool of tears.

Dickson Wasake

on archeology(blackberry man)

The finest always goes with the dead,
and we the grateful undead,
now dig through these bones and treasure,
with hammer and basket we probe,
seeking for glimpses into their long gone souls,
or perhaps to catch whiffs of their rose scented dreams.

Can a man's hopes be interred with his bones?
Shall archeologists 900 years henceforth,
on discovery of this man and blackberry,
understand that this was our lighthouse?
beaming rays of mail and voice day in day out,
light rays of this our oft lonely existence,
in this raging sea storm of rocky island life?
Or shall they proudly announce on discovery of 'blackberry man, '
'of another finding of historic 21st century man,
and his numbered square box;
most likely a day and time counting machine' they will excitedly claim,
'to differentiate hours and seasons,
during their endless wintry solistices,
and darkness at noon skies,
when their oil needs,
killed off their green lands.'

Dickson Wasake

Romancing the stone(a retrospective)

That she loved 10 and 1 before him,
or that her lips belonged to 10 and 1 before him,
did not take a morsel of sadness from him;
like Oliver demanding more,
like Oliver never receiving more,
He still dreamed and prostrated and loved,
And never received back,
Except for the morsels of course;
'thank you darling' in afterthought mail or,
'Hello honey on chance evening meeting.
These like a pair of new shoes in my childhood,
were enough to send him into a flurry of activity,
and straight to the chopping board,
to cook her a meal(or perhaps bake a cake):
of rhythm and rhyme,
of lyric and limerick.
For her he lay down a carpet of words,
flowers of verse;
scented with prose,
and the declaration of undying love,
even if she had been with 10 and 1 before him.
On this carpet she now walks(Or perhaps flies) ,
into the arms of 10 and 2 lovers,
And not a piece left for him,
Except for the morsels of course.

Dickson Wasake

The poet heroes(when gone)

Every man young,
dreams of lofty grandeur,
of conquering lands foreign and alien,
and women and loot in between,
and when returning from battle,
he comes praised as conquering hero,
and as gods of old,
feasts on ambrosia and nectar,
till his days' end.

They however only dream on,
until they wake up,
bald and fat,
old and fart,
waiting to die.

No grandeur,
no women angelic,
or money overflow.
Just plain old men,
reigning upon lofty kingdom,
of cold bed,
cold women,
cold children,
and crowns upon crown of debt.

What about my fate you ask?
My fate and my hope are one;
that tales of my quiet revolution,
shall be whispered about,
in your duukas,
in your motokas,
and beds.

Lovers whispering to one another,
a verse or two,
in passion.

Men in battle, learned or not,
reciting line or two,
for courage,
or perhaps to warm failing heart,
of dying man at comrade side.

The poet heroes' hope, is thus;
that they shall take our verse,
and drink of it,
just like men around malwa pot,
sharing that brew from pot with one straw too few.
How peaceful such men pass straw around pot!
Round and round to neighbour man it goes,
even if recipient man is now greatest foe,
in just concluded battle debate,
about the greatest footballer,
in that land whose people ask;
that God save the queen,

while they themselves drown in sorrow,
and church building where perhaps,
saviour God may be sought,
only stands as a relic abandoned,
or just the last bastion of latin language ancient.

Duesus mues et confido,
Oh Lord, you i trust,
that while I am gone,
perhaps like bard of biblical psalms,
the words of us the poetic dead,
shall be as sweet air scented,
to give life hope to these grateful undead.
'Ave maria, gratia plena,
Sancta Maria, mater domini nostri, '
Hail Mary full of grace,
Holy Mary, mother of God,
They steadfastly whisper in prayer,
as we too whisper;
'hail many full of grace,
all men, sons of God,
should see our hopes and dreams,
in these our odes to existence.'

This is my silent prayer,
that when i am gone,
you sons and daughters of the revolution,
shall sprinkle a quiet verse or two,
as a word sacrifice to the heavens,
upon this poet man's anniversary.
When i am gone,
let them say,
that i was a harbinger of the time coming,
just like the winds of change,
blowing across these gigabitic grasslands?
listen, listen,
do you hear it?
do you not see it?

Dickson Wasake

The spirit of truth(booty call retro mix)

As i kissed you,
did you feel it?
My spirit asking you to need me,
to love me,
always?
As our bodies cleaved,
did you feel it?
The passion and heat of this emotive soul,
asking you to miss me,
to love me,
always?
Love always? you asked.
Don't tell me to love you(babe) ,
I already got a babe(babe) ,
he gimme that always loving, lovin'
he dunno to do this though(poor babe) ,
so i just need this wicked wicked lovin',
i just need this.....,
just bring tongue, loads'a tongue(ooh babe) .

Dickson Wasake

The time waiters

Time,
She surely has a most twisted sense of humour.
I am not Armstrong,
bobbing up and down lunar surface,
except as in days past,
when as kid dreamy in bouncing castle,
imagined my baby strides,
to be giant leaps for adams race.

Time,
she too often leaves me out in cold.
I missed laying stone upon the sphinx,
and on stone henge too!
I am not in the age of conquering Shaka,
encircling enemy man, with formation of the cow head,
Or general Tzu,
writing a war art,
upon sword blade,
and severed heads of Ho's two consorts.

Time,
ever the silent trickster,
robbed me of moments in her clock over life,
so am not in the rape of Carthage,
or in the horse of troy,
just an old sod,
watching times past
through lens of web encyclo,
while waiting for time
to slowly turn me,
into stone engraving:
'Here lies a strange man,
who was waiting,
waiting for the world to change.'

Time,
does her no good too,
each freckle mark
reminding her of days past,
each a mark of times cruel hand,
how she has millions of them!
They slowly turn her into a leopard,
before turning her into stone:
'Here lies a strange woman,
who was waiting,
waiting for her heart to un-break.'

Time,
always running fast,
over hurdles of our days here,
Its Olympic time again;
watched the BBC today,

why they paid tribute to John,
and his Munich '72's 47.81 record!
Mr Akii Bua died in abject poverty,
At the ironic age of 47!
In Abako's forlorn fields,
Lies an Olympic hero,
who was waiting,
waiting to rise again.

Dickson Wasake