Poetry Series

Jack Shaka

- poems -

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Jack Shaka (20th November 1981)

I am 24 turning and working with children and youth at risk.I have been composing for a while now-since i was 16.As a performing actor and poet, poetry has always intrigued and still fascinates me.

Works:

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By The Mountainside

The mountain peak seam to kiss the heavens
Among the rocks,
The albatross abodes...
The clouds enfold the sun in an embrace of love.

Hush....hush.....
You are a witness,
The white lily by the mountainside
Nearby, the birds are singing
The crescendo soothing and calming

The moss divine carpet,
The rugged rockside that defines mystery
The waters melting down with such splendor
The thick miasma of mist
Enshrouds the eternal cascades
Of natures beauty.

You see it all
By the mountainside
Hush...
Rocks tower in majestic gait
Clouds of flowers float on the mountain tops
Ohh...
Daffodils crest the crystal boulders
With heart throbbing tenderness
Lent lilies in the land of leal.

By the mountainside
The brooks babble with joy
Their waters splashing with ecstasy
The wind blows whispering words of hope
To you..
The white lily
By the mountainside
As the lamp of heaven witnesses too
As you in the arms of morpheus wonder...

In the arms of morpheus
Your song can be heard
The mountain song..
As you sing it
In the deep recesses
By the mountainside.

Jack Shaka

Dawn has Come

In drones we awake
To school our children we take
We kiss them
And off we go

Dawn has come
To work we go
To the sunrise we emerge
To bask and sit

Dawn has come
We rise from the chains of poverty
We embrace the new dawn

We come out of a coma
Lasted so long it has
Dawn has come

Jack Shaka

Deluge of Demise

I am her witness Lord
I saw it
The bitter traumatizing episode
That spelt the end
For those who use the deadly fumes

That day…
Papa gave it her
She inhaled it
The deadly forbidden fumes
That squashes and vanquishes innocence

Then…
She exhaled slowly
Just the way papa does it
As she opened her eyes
She saw the premonition
The deluge of demise

Then…
The crows and the rooks refused to caw
The swallows too refused to twitter
The nightingale with its voice
Refused to sing
As papa menacingly looked at her
As papa enviously looked at her
As papa salaciously gazed at her

Then he said unto her
You are not a baby anymore
Your lips are red and ready
But daddy she said
She laughed and inhaled again
Exhaling the acrid smelling fumes
That symbolized her own destruction

Help…help…
Somebody help me…somebody help me…
Her shrills of demise were cupped in serenity
Her querulous cries were cupped in serenity
For she had kissed the dust
Her cries were a nothing but a wild goose chase
She was cupped in Cimmerian darkness

Oh…Lord
It was a deluge of demise
But you could have saved her
From the noxious fumes
But you were silent lord

Mama…
Under the influence of the fumes she was

As papa touched her
He wheedled her
He deflowered her mama
He massacred her innocence mama
He crushed her dignity
Just because she was under the influence
Of those fumes

Even the jackals howled that day
The growled that day
They snarled that day
They had witnessed a taboo

That day…
The crickets never chirped
The apes never gibbered
The monkeys and the parrots never chattered
They were praying and meditating
For the inhalers and exhalers of those fumes

Then I sat down
And thought of the deluge of demise
Of these deadly forbidden fumes
That spells maledictions
For all who inhale them
Who have to be crucified
For being under the influence of these deadly fumes

Mama…
Here your grandchild
Your husband’s child
Your child.

Jack Shaka

Don’t Cry my Beloved Child

Don’t cry my beloved child
I am here
Right here beside you
I will wipe your tears child
And cover your naked body

I am right here child
To protect you
From the dust and debris of the dead
To give you water
To quench your thirst

In your eyes
I see your innocence
I will forever
Protect that innocence
No one will take it away from you

Don’t cry my beloved child
I have not gone away
I have not left
I am here as I was yesterday
Don’t be sad child
The storm will pass
It always does

My beloved child
I love you
I love you more
Than you can ever imagine

You wave at me
Your hands so small
I hold your small hands
Your hands in mine
Don’t cry my beloved child
I will never forsake you.

Jack Shaka

Drink Me Not

I have served you for many years
Your grandparents respected me
They treasured me
Because they knew
I am important

You spit and spat on me
Pour atrocious acids on me
Filth is all you give me
You kill all I care for

When I go
You start looking for me
These days I like to go
So that you look for me
I like to see you suffer and beg for my return

You misuse me
Instead of protecting me
You leave me to flow unnecessarily
Without taking care of me
Then you say
We have no water

If you do not need me
Drink me not
If you do not want me
Drink me not
If you can do without me
Drink me not
Flow I will always

Without me
You would be dirty
I give life to you and many
In my water kingdom
Even those I have given jobs
Pollute me
The sailors and the tankers
Depend on me
Now they spill oil and dirt on me

In return
I have killed many
In my bursts of anger
I have taken ships
And tore them asunder
I have drowned you and many others
If you do not need me
Drink me not

Jack Shaka

Drumbeats

The sun rises and sets
A hundred, a thousand times
In my life
Rising hungry from a sleepless night
I search in the dust bins
For a piece of bread or even a patch
To cover my naked body
Mama, whose child am I?

Oh! I search...
Again and again
For my lost line in life
Going through treacherous terrains
Oh! Papa, whose child am I?

You lie silent in the grave, mama
My voice is dim
And my strength is fading
But I soldier on
Timeless...Tireless
Like the never ending drumbeats

The sun sets
And darkness falls
The cold wind blows all night long
As I lie in the cold pavement
Thinking of how great I will become in the future
For you papa…for you
But also for me

Drumbeats….
Give me a home
Oh! A home I have –thanks to you
Give me love
Oh! Love I have-thanks to you
Give me clothes
Oh! Clothes I have-thanks to you
Give me education
Oh! Education I have-thanks to you

Countrymen……
I have become great
Great because of you
You gave me chance
You gave me an opportunity
Brethren…
May god bless you all
Forever more
Amen.

Jack Shaka

Dust in the Wind

I will not stop to stare
Or even gaze
I will not even touch or even feel
I will not look back

Never again
Will I be soft and quiet
My heart is now torn asunder
Never again shall it happen

I will not love again
If loving can hurt so much
I will not love again
If loving can enslave me
Can tie me to such feeling
I will no longer feel anything
I am not your slave

My love was boundless and unlimited to you
Now it is limited
And now you go
Down the paths
You are not even a memory
You are dust in the wind

Jack Shaka

From silence I emerge

I have worked for you
For many years now
I have made you
Wealthy beyond imagination
I have prepared your tea
And respected you

Your know not what happens
Or does she know?
Of how you make me do things
Things I choose to remember not

I am afraid to work
The office breaks my strength
It brings back days and nights
I want to remember not
Moments I want to remember not
Like a passing cloud

I can not be silent anymore
Your wife must know what you do
Your children must know
They must hate you the way I do

From silence I emerge
To protest and expose
Your filth in using me
Now I feel dirty

Jack Shaka

I Can do It!

Armed with life it self
I trudge on
Knowing where I want to go
It is not your place to judge
It is God's place
And he never judges the way you do

You say I can not do it
You call me black
I am proud to be black
You call me illiterate
I am not illiterate

I work for you
I never complain
I just listen
I just obey
Do you know
Why I never complain?

You call me a thief
A spent vagabond
Look around you
Is their anything to steal?
Is it the rags or the mats?
Is it the china or the vases?

You have never given me a chance
You talk and talk
You never listen
If you did
Then I would have told you

I would have told you
That I went to school
I have read all the books
Then you would ask
What are you doing here?

I am here because I have dependents
I am here because they need me
I am here because I need your money
Not the insults
Not your degrading retrograding statements
I am here because I believe
I can do it
I can do the unbelievable
I can go beyond the obvious
Like others have done
Respect me
The way I do to you

I can do it!
This is just the beginning
The beginning of a new dawn
The end is yet to come
The end will triumph
I can do it!
I can do it!
I can do it!

Jack Shaka

I Just Wanted to Kiss You.

I just wanted to kiss you
To show you my love
That burns like sulphur
Within my heart

I just wanted to kiss you
To show you
That I am yours forever
And you are mine

I just wanted to kiss you
To placate our long friendship
To cement our union
There and then

I just wanted to kiss you
And touch your lovely chicks
I wanted to caress you
And feel your body

I just wanted to kiss you
And feel your tongue in my mouth
And mine in yours
The warmth

I just wanted to kiss you
To feel the tenderness
Of your soft lips
Against mine

I just wanted to kiss you
Because it felt right
It felt like the time to do so
It just felt right

I just wanted to kiss you
And put my loving arms around you
And feel your heartbeat
In a warm embrace

I just wanted to kiss you
To kiss you and kiss you
Because my lips were burning with desire
I just wanted to kiss you

Jack Shaka

In his Arms

Cecity overwhelms me
When I hear your voice
I am like a sanguinary vulture
Hungry for love
Sterile is how I feel
When I see you smile at him
When I see him touch your face
And kiss your sumptuous lips

A smile not
A stare not
Acerbity clogs my paws
As I stretch my paws in frustration
Am I a recreant?
Or just blighted?

Myriad times…
I have looked at you
And wished
I never met you
Myriad times
I have looked at you
In defeasance
I have thought to evanesce

Replete I don’t feel
Vacuous is my voice
In dudgeon
I have not reacted
To him that kisseth your lips
Instead
I have watched impuissantly

Now I writhe
If only I had spoken
If only I had spoken my heart
Then I would sleep at night
But now
You walk down the aisle
Pretty as ever
In his arms

Jack Shaka

Lebanon, Palestine and Israel

Lebanon and Palestine
I feel your pain
I can see the wombs
Bomb rocked and ripped apart
I can see the bodies
Maimed and mutilated
Death everywhere

I can not forget you sons
Your daughters
Your mothers
Your fathers
Their desolate cries of help
Lebanon and Palestine I weep with you

The clock stands still
You see the rocket coming
You run in fear
For shelter and protection
You leave your countries
For the sake of your children
You leave your land of birth
To a destination unknown
A future unknown

Oh Israel
I have seen what they have done to you
And I mourn with you
I have seen the dead
And wept with the bereaved
I have seen the grieved
Swear to do worse

Israel
I plead with you
Do not destroy Lebanon and Palestine
Don’t you see the violence is too much?
Will your dead ever come back to life?
Do you have a conscience?

Lebanon, Palestine and Israel
I know both of you bleed
I also know
You know vengeance
I feel your pain
Where it feels the most
Can we solve this?
What will you tell your children?

God in his mercies
Forgiveth
In our transgressions

He sees the massacre
And shudders
He sees his children getting hurt
He sees them dying

Lebanon, Palestine and Israel
With my lonely voice
I beseech you
For the sake of those unborn
End the violence.

Jack Shaka

Let me Be

Let me be
Let me feel the sound of the sea
Splashing and swashing
Let me follow the birds
And admire their beauty
Let me follow the birds
And sing their songs

Let me dive in the waters
And swim with the fish
Let me touch the creatures of the sea
And bring back the shells to you

Let me drink
From the boundless tap of learning

Let me eat
From the boundless silo
Let me do
What I want to do
Not what you want me to do

Let me play
Like any other child
Do not deny me playtime
You would not want to be denied
Let me just be

Let me be
Let me dream of the children’s world
With the castles
With the prince and the princess
Let me find imagination

Let me help you
Not overwork me
Let me do what I can
To help you

I am still growing
Growing and growing
Soon I will be older
I will take care of you
I will never abandon you
Just the way
You have never abandoned me

Let me grow and be strong
As you have shown me
Let me seek the truth and find happiness
As you have taught me
Let me be

Jack Shaka

Let me Believe

From the belief
That all can be done
From the belief that
That light shines
On our ragged lives
I face the ragged world
With anticipation and promise
A promise to change
A hope to conquer
A belief to believe
Let me...
Let me believe

From the belief
That i believe
I make my first step
To bring light to my world
To capture moments
Seized when darkness engulfed
To restore strength long lost
To rejuvenate a mind long lost
To energise a people long lost
That they too shall believe
The way i want believe

Creatures long forgotten
Life has come unto them
They now rise
From the debris of doom
Creatures emaciated
Like flowers
Now full of life
Move with amazing gait
Like flowers blooming in spring
Tender and supple

One step...two steps...three steps
I make
I see beautiful trees
Swaying and dancing
The rivers too in their beauty
The green grass too
Never to be forgoten
Let me believe brother

Let me believe sister
To give hope to the hopeless
To give rise to the belief
That we all can believe
Like the sun rises and sets
We shall rise

As the day yawns tired
I yawn too but not tired
Just taking a break
A break from carrying this load
Let me...
Let me believe.

Jack Shaka

Like A Butterfly

Like a butterfly
I want to fly
I want to flap and spread my wings
From branch to branch
From flower to flower

Like a butterfly
I am tender and fragile
I am the promise of the future
Whose life is now bleak

In the streets of the city
Children vanish
In the homes
Children are abused and killed
In the schools
Children are beaten and molested
By those they trust

Like a butterfly
With wings cut
I cannot fly
I cannot not flap and spread my wings
From flower to flower

Instead…
I stand chained
My dreams and aspirations
Long lost
My future
Uncertain

Like a butterfly
Wings without
I cry for freedom
Freedom from child labour
Freedom from sexual exploitation
Freedom from discrimination

Like a butterfly
A beautiful butterfly
With wings outstretched
With wings flapping
I will fly away
Displaying my beautiful colours
To all and sundry
I know I will
I am the hope of the child
I am the butterfly
The beautiful butterfly
With beautiful colours.

Jack Shaka

Mama Africa

Mama Africa
At dawn you wake
Before the cocks crow
You move with silence
The pot on your head
To the river you go

Remember...
It is still dark outside
Trips you make to the river
It is a perilous hour
The perverts are still roaming
But you go still

The sun comes
There you are
Porridge you make
Seated by the fire
No! That is not all

For your husband
You boil bath water
Prepare his clothes
Present his meal
No! That is not all

Mama Africa
Your children are all over now
They want this and that
You tend to them
One by one
Never tiring
Never complaining

You pick your digging tools
To the farm you go
To till until evening
A child on your back
No! That is not all

Oh mama Africa
Sweat streams down your face
Fatigue is eminent
Hunger is beckoning
But you go on
How strong can you be?

Mama Africa
There you are
Collecting firewood
You stoop with the load
Are you going to fall?

Your husband sits and waits
He sips the local beer
As you till and toil

Oh mama Africa
What did you do to deserve this?
You die so early
The children are left without you
No! That is not all

Mama Africa
I permit you to take a break
Put the load down
Take a break
Your eyes are red
The strain is so much
Veins protrue on your face
You cough all night long
Have you ever seen a doctor?
Who takes care of you?

Mama Africa
Your resilience is amazing
No woman is stronger than you
No woman is as dedicated as you are
No woman is like you
You define strength
No! That is not all

Jack Shaka

Many Days

Many days we sat together
And talked about others
Talked about trees and the streets
But I wonder why we talk

Many days we have laughed
About the funny things friends do
And laughed even more
When hearts were broken

Many days we have argued
And argued about nothing
Now we sit with nothing
We have argued everything

Many days we condemned
And declared ourselves uncondemnable
Now we are the condemned
To be lonely for eternity

Many days we reflected on our lives
And found they were perfect
Am I perfect?
Were we really perfect?

Many days we sat
And laughed at sadness
We said the sad are sad
Now we are sad.

Jack Shaka

Mirrors of Mirage

I dance to the illusive mirages
As i trudge on the desert sands
My throat is dry
Dry like these desert sands
In this mirrors of mirage

Mirages illude me
Like a dream
I feel interned in this heat
The desert....
Trackless..
Grim and grotesque
I feel desolate

But like a white rose
Amidst blackjacks
A refuge emerges
In this mirrors of mirage

Lord...
Make the deceptive mirages
Vanish like dust in the wind
Let them perish
In this desert sands
This mirrors and mirages

The mirrors know me
The mirage knows deception only
In this confusing pull
Of mirrors of mirage

Trepidations fill my heart
Tremors shake my tired limbs
Terror terrorizes my whole being
This feeling of confusion and uncertainity
In this mirrors of mirage

Serpents hiss with sworn severity
This mirages-deceptive even to them
The desert harsh and horrendous
They hiss with foreboding relentlessness
In this mirrors of mirage

Behold....
Acacia trees everywhere
Here and there
Water...
Here and there
In this mirrors of mirage

By the acacia trees
Love grows and glows

Like psychedellic lights
In this mirages

The water humms...
Sottovace...
Of the conquered heart..
In this mirrors of mirage.

Jack Shaka

My Knight

He is not the knight you know
He has no allegiance to the queen
His has no amour you know or see
He has no sharp sword to show
But he is my knight
The one you do not know

He is my knight
Tonight and yesternight
My knight now and forever
He knows my heart and I know his
He takes me the way I am.
He is just my knight

Many nights I have slept
But not the way I do with him
Many times
I have wandered
Why I felt empty
But now…
I am full
My knight makes mefull

I hold my knight at night
I feel his hands around me
And warmly slip into that sleep
I slip into that goodnight

My night…
I will never let you go
You are me and I am you
A reflection in my mirror
My knight

Jack Shaka

My Voice

Today …
The birds sing
In honour of the child
The clouds gather with clear purpose
The sky clear and blue
A patch of white here and there

The bell chimes
It is dawn yet again

Far away
lonely children look for homes
Far away
Children Orphaned cry for help
Far way
Children in armed conflict carry big guns
Far way a child dies of aids
Oh far away
A child stares into the empty space

And here…
You know what you have done
And here
Children stare into the sky
Not knowing what tomorrow holds

Today …
I stand here
With my voice I condemn you
For crushing my tender dreams
For ruining my life
For sitting and doing nothing

Today…
The clouds gather again
But will their gathering
Free all of us
Will their gathering like magic make us forget?

You have violated us
Without honour
Without shame
Without any mercy

Today…
The clouds gather again
And I stand with my voice high
To free all the children
From these chains of violence and danger

Let my voice free them

Let my voice condemn the violators
Let my voice bring smiles
Let my voice bring peace for all children.

Jack Shaka

On The Cross

I turn and toss
My blanket torn and tattered
It is dawn
Yet…
I never rise
I never sleep

I yawn…
In pain
I stretch my thin torn tired self
Yet again…
The day is long and laborious
The day is demanding and dreary

Dawn breaks at the sugarcane plantation
Dusk beckons at the sugarcane plantation
My stench…
The stench of other children
Look at us…
Donkeys...beasts of burden
A witness to this unending nightmare

I peer through this poignant nightmare
Pellucidly I undertake my task
A task so big
So enormous
So dangerous

Look!
My battered bruised face
Look!
My bruised blistered hands
Look!
My broken blemished leg
I can hardly walk
The cane is too heavy
My body not ready
I can not lift the heavy
I am too young
I can hardly walk
On this cross
All is heavy

Whack!
The rubber whips cut deep into the skin
As they whip me
All I can feel…
Torrents, spasms and gallonsof pain
Tones and tones of pain

On this cross of labour
I bleed all night long

Yet…
I never sleep
The panga has to be sharpened
At dawn…
The poignant plantation awaits

Cold counted coins
Coins I sleep not for
Cold counted coins
Coins I labour for
Cold counted coins
Coins that have sent me on this cross
Cold counted coins
Coins that father takes
Cold counted coins
Coins earned from servitude

I weep because the cup of iniquity is full
I weep because I loathe and detaste the plantation
The pain I feel on this cross
Into the mouth of death I come
I can see my self under siege
An army of death where I stand

Hush
I hear a voice
Like a harp or even a guitar
Playing a compassionate tune
'Oh child…beloved child
I will comfort you
No child has endured so much
Your adversity is so boundless
Your pain is too much
What can i do? '

Lord…
Denegate these deadly infidels
Creatures of chaos and constant conflict
A chance in heaven
You have witnessed it all
They have sent your children to the cross
You have seen us labour
You have seen the loads of cane
Will you forgive them?

Rise! Rise! Rise!
Today I rise
I rise and you rise with me
I rise and set free all children
I rise and condemn child labour
I rise and shun servitude
I rise and you rise with me

We set free the children on the cross
We set free the children in this sugarcane plantation

Rise! Rise! Rise!

Jack Shaka

She has Seen it All

Do not be surprised
When she does not respond
To your cries of despair
She has been there

Do not be shocked
When she doesn't grieve
Or cry in funerals
Do not be angered
By her expressions today
or even tomorrow
Her face
It has seen it all
She has seen it all

She watched her husband die
Her children die
She has watched many die
Has consoled many through time
Has sang dirges and read eulogies
She just cant weep no more
Cant cry no more
Cant mourn no more
She has seen it all

She has seen death many times
Death has challenged her many times
Many times
She has survived

Much earlier
When death was new to her
She broke down
Now
She never breaks down
She knows it passes
She always knows
She has seen it all

She can not be blamed
For being like that
Life has made her like that
To witness it all
She has seen it all

Jack Shaka

Should I Tell You?

Diaphanous is all I felt
A wave of emotions
Took over my being
I felt edentated

It is when I met you
In control I was
I thought I was
Till I got to know you

I watched you turn your head
I watched you nod your head
Little you said
Smiling now and then

Did I know then?
Did I really know?
Did you see me?
If so what did you see?

Every evening I have met you
I have talked to you
I have eaten with you
But I how do I tell you?

Please smile and laugh
You look so peaceful
Let troubles not trouble you
I will take them away

You talk to them
I have talked to them too
But you talk to me deeply
As if you know I know

You know I know
How you feel
Your protective wall is broken
Do you feel unwrapped?

I have seen you change
You were in control
Now in fear of getting close
I feel it too

These days
I do not know how to talk to you
I fear to write
Lest I write all these

Gossipers are beginning to talk
Questions they ask me

Why do you meet all the time?
They are already jealous

Now I feel trapped
I feel what I fear to feel
I hear what I fear to hear
I fall into what I fear to fall

Is this a labyrinth of love?
Or just a lull?
Is this a journey to take?
Or a journey to avoid?

Did I know?
It would come to this?
Did you know?
It would come to this?

I fear to greet you
Lest you feel the tremor in my hand
I fear to be left alone with you
Lest you see the confusion

I have seen you change
You seem distant
It is not I
I can see it in your eyes

What is it really?
Is it the work that defaces your mood?
Is it the gossipers?
Is it a tale you will tell me?

I walk beside you
I want to touch your hand
I want to feel you close
I want you to feel me close

I can see the longing in your eyes
Just the way I have felt it in mine
The longing desire
Will it really happen?

My minutes have become merry
My hours have become happy
My days have become delightful
All in your honour

Is it love or just affection?
If it is a web of love
Then I am trapped
Trapped beyond redemption

Should I tell you?
Should I take the risk?
Will you take the risk?
Will you take me to be thine?

Jack Shaka

The Everlasting

Darkness engulfs the evening sky
Sweet birds merrily to their nests exit
The last of day slowly vanishes like shadows
Drums can be heard in a distance
A celebration perhaps?

Hmmm…
Silence chills the night now in stupor
Stars can be seen in their splendor
Bright as ever
Beautiful as usual
Attesting my love for you
Bright and beautiful

The violin
Playing passionate tunes
A testament to our passions
The harps
Playing a happy tune
A testament to our happiness
The guitars
Playing a good and gallant tune
A testament to our love
The piano
In its might
Playing a purifying tune
A testament to our pure unification

Ohhh…
Dancers
Dancers everywhere
Is it tango or salsa?
Is it samba or lingala?
I really don’t care
The hips to the right
The hips to the left
The hips in rhythm
Hips gyrated by these dancers
A testament to our eternal love

The soldiers…
In their uniforms march with stride
Alert as ever
Soldiering on and on
Unabated
A testament to our solidarity
Even the tempest
Has known all along
Of this love that is everlasting

Jack Shaka

The Nightingale

It is night now
Night creatures creep and crawl
At last free from the fearful daylight
Snakes come out of the sinister holes
Hissing and sliding like slime
Tongue wet and weepy

The mosquitoes zoom past
Teeth out and eyes alert
With speed, searching and seeking in the night
Hunger nibbing its tentacles
It peeks, perches then points its teeth

The nightingale sees it all
Resting by the branches of the tree
Raises her head and leans
Below the nightingale,
At a distance
Toads can be heard making noise
Reminding creatures if their existance

She flaps her wings
As if to fly away
But wait a minute
More is to come
It is a preparation
A gentle breeze caresses the ngiht
A night now silent, serene, taciturn

All creatures of night
Silent and still
They are sitting down
They are perching
It is time

The nightingale can hear the silence now
She opens her beautiful beak
A song is heard
Fine tuned and well composed
A song that softens hearts
A song that can be heard by the old and young
A song that never ages

I wish I were the nightingale
Then I would sing
Like the creatures of the night
I would be listened to
I would sing all my happiness away
My troubles away
I would sing like the nightingale.

Jack Shaka

The Storm

That day…
The storm incessantly pounded
The storm so violent and vulgar in destruction
Pounded and plandered
The dim and desolate terrains
Of boulders
And bare lifeless soil

The night sky
Lit with streaks of membranous lightening
Glow worms to their holes retreaded
Never to light the night again
Their death was eminent
They would die in this violent storm

Then…
In clothes drenched by the storm
He emerged beneath the trees
Eyes wide open
To see in to the dark dreary night

He unsheathes his knife
Used in many hunts before
A hunter making his return
To a ground so familiar
Yet scaringly dangerous…

Not afraid he is
Not of the storm
Not of the elements within
Not of the drench

Anger is all he feels
It is payback
The hunter in return
With vengeance

Jack Shaka

The Sunflower

Lord…
Look at these flowers
Tender and touching
Look at what they represent
Beam and beauty

Like sunrise
The sunflower shines
Brightly like the sun
Yellow and beautiful

I love it here
I approve of its beauty

But look now!
The leaves are dry
They crack as if dry
The young tender petals raptured
The sunflower withers now
In the hot sun
Where it once shone

The sunflower
With no seeds ever to give
All snatched and taken
By you who cares not
That the sunflower has fallen

Now..
It bleeds in unbearable pain
No one to its rescue has come
Its suitors have run away
Afraid of its anticipated death
And its beauty that has since waned
Nows it bears no seeds

It has sung the canticles
But found no answers
Has followed and obeyed the decalogues
But found no pupose yet
No answers

Jack Shaka

The Weeping Birch

The birch could not sway
Her leaves crinkled and crumpled
Ruined and destroyed
Her branches broken and burnt
The wind blew…
She did not sway
Indeed…
She could sway no more
She was cupped in a saturnine silhouette

The birch was ripped
The birch was gnawed
The birch was flogged
Her bark was refrecent
She was no more

The once splendid birch
Was nothing but a weeping birch
Birds perched no more on the weeping birch
Their nests were ruined and destroyed
They were rendered nestles
They were left to shiver in the cold
The birch had lost all its allure

We mourned with the weeping birch
We lamented with her
We gave offerings to the giver of life

But …
No lightening was sent
To strike the beasts
No angels of destruction were sent
To strike the beasts
All you sent was a hailstorm
As hailstones rained to cup her innocent soul
Stop it! Stop it please
The birch screamed
All was silent

The birds of night only but flew
The no longer rested on its branches
The leap of leopards only but passed
They no longer sat on its shed
The covey of partridges only but flew
They no longer played merrily
Instead
They wept sadly for the weeping birch
As they flew away their eyes dropping tears
To console the weeping birch

Jack Shaka

The White Lily

By the river bank
The frogs croak and caress
Hoping along the river bank
From here to there
At a distant
The swallows twitter with fondness

The lilies rupture with the morning sun
The water reeds sway
As the wind blows along
The river bank

But yet....i feel lost
In this scenery of dexteric desires
I feel caught in lifes pedestals

Tender steps i make....
Along the river bank...
Lilies..
The white lily...
That symbolise
The purity of those souls
Enmeshed in lovesframe

The white lily
That symbolise
The fire that burns within circles
The white lily that symbolises
Long lost desires
Re-invented and rejuvenated
In this river of dexteric desires

The white lily
So white...so pure...

By the river bank
I watch the white lily float and dance
Along the river waters

Their is tenderness in the river
The fishes swim with tenderness
The waters flowing
With a lovers moan

Rythmic drums can be heard from afar
Magic everywhere
I sit and stare at the white lily
With a longing yen....
By the river bank.

Jack Shaka

Timeless

Darkness envelopes the grey clouds
With such a ferocity
I guess
A warning that time has come
Yet again to stop here
But yet again i just want to go on and on..
Unlimited..timeless

Jack Shaka