Poetry Series

Masereka Amos

- 36 poems -

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A Child Is Born

A CHILD is born, a robber is born, a destroyer
Where shall we shelter him
What shall we put out of sight from him
What shall we instruct him
Man is what he chooses to be
A child should train good morals
Children will learn by mitigation
Use good words in their presence
Practice love
Let him watch and learn
A child born is trained good morals
And when he is a man he makes a choice
What he says he has heard it home
As you do for your ancestors
Your children will do for you
Give child wisdom
Use good words in their presence
Give them what they ought to have
Teach them love
Demonstrate to them love
Put into practice love
A child should train good morals
A child brought up where there is always dancing
Cannot fail to dance

Masereka Amos

A Dry Riverside

Cherished by many desperate with no joy
Within the heartbeat of exclamatory rough homeboy
Finds peace too merry and blue sky solitary
Walking on all four and not seen as he tarry
Clothes wet with sweat and thwacked toes overlaid
Feels beaten, tired, sleepy, baked and guilty afraid

None by to elevate him hence
And missing a lot to commence
Only alive for a borrowed time
Regrets poverty a giant crime
Fights the inner frustrations she intends at ease
Marries a toothy refuge and breaks it to meeting this peace

At a waterless shore he withholds the power he sought
In friendless state, pale, unwise, and dug minds wrought
And no more feels seated on or carried like garbage and thrown away
Always find choice in what you love and not be met halfway
Trace brightly your footsteps if you can
But run away from them and accomplish a life span

Masereka Amos

A Quarrel Of Friends

Things of value and much importance
Can tend to separate friends in accordance
The family, the life and are one’s happiness
The thought of wrangles with unexpected origins
And throwing minds so blown away as by storm
Finding peace in what is to perform
False wisdom from envy and selfish ambition
Wishing to have what your friend has which is bringing collision
This thinking otherwise, taming totally your lies
About which is impossible, made this being possible in truth so washable
What a quarrel of friends, to tell the truth that offends
Friendship is turning dark and perversely so black
And you cannot see them in front only at your back
Turning this friendlier, thought of whose are interior
Should we be this quarrelsome in an audience full of applause?

Masereka Amos

After The War

After the war
I heard a third last sound of explosions
boooOOOOOOoo!
Later that I heard a boisterous laughter
bwahahahahahahaa!
I sensed their bullet was successful
I firstly heard a sound of a helicopter
tocotocotocotocooo!
And then saw a parachute coming towards us
I knew this was our Lt General
And was come to release the slaves
We knew how refugee camp peace programs
Would contribute to post-conflict peace building strategies
But was shocked by the calm revenge and destruction
Of all the properties, love, faith and all children we had
Better we all join hands and battle away this war within us

Masereka Amos

As We Hurry Into The Taxi Park

As we hurry Into the Taxi park
The taxi earlier than us is under attack

As I perceive sound and voices
None is busy around and noises

The life that you will drive
Establishes the always providence you will derive

Worthless is life and annulled
Seems all annoyed

Associates in advance your travel
Teach you not only to marvel

But to scrutinize the symptom
And attest you've been to the classroom

Masereka Amos

Before I Met Your Love

Before I met you I had confusions
I had questions and never the more had answers
So love is when you marry a rich man
And beauty is when you have everything you need from a man
So intimacy is when you are terrified of someone you feel affection for so much
And trust is when you have no money and
Your loved ones shun you for not giving them money
So forgiveness has a price
And togetherness has a negative influence
Which doesn't matter on this person as smooth as long ago jokes

Masereka Amos

Behind The Blind Mind

You said the man you talked with is blind
But he pointed out fingers to someone he's then unkind

You talked with a blind person
But he can give someone poison

You said he walks kind and tender
But cannot you accept as true he's a pretender

You give him eyeglasses and add him a walking stick
But worthy of someone who'd frequently kick

Someone who'd frequently kick your relative
Though positive we'd frequently make him contraceptive
He'd not be literate or limit him being un-educative

Masereka Amos

Change

Do not listen, be then deaf
And misinterpret circumstances
Do not see, be then blind and stumble
Thinking in change there is no use
You herewith decide to seduce
And break your bread of fame
You framing life in your name,
Can’t you reduce yourself to shame?
To change that fashion to the old
Do not change your behaviors if you can
Be enslaved and become like that
If you feel needy
Locate a straw in man’s pocket
Suck all he has
Suck the whole world
Feel fully contented
Drop your head on a greasy stone
Slide along and burst it
Wait to be composed together and buried
You who search your own death alive
Booze and get intoxicated
Do not change, be then still
Change belongs to the right ones

Masereka Amos

Dreams of Wars

“Am ready to fight you”
I heard the voice of the dreamer
“To win and to lose
You discharge yourself so accurate
With a silver poisoned bullet
You display their evil acts
And their heartless thinking reacts
You fear no power of authority
Your head affects the majority
You take steps so quick and illiterate
All your words are then inconsiderate”
“Am ready to fight you
I have an equipped armed force”
When I heard him wake up
I switched off the recorder
I feared to begin yet a war before the war collapse
This was a day I realized our people suffer in silence
But war does not generate friendship
It disintegrates people from what they cherish most
From their beloved ones and property
There is no hope in fighting
Fight if you can fight the erosion of lives
That is the dream of my fight am struggling

Masereka Amos

Everybody Needs It

Everybody needs a pencil
Everybody needs it
Everybody needs a rubber
Everybody needs it
To correct their inaccuracy
Everybody needs it
Everybody should smile
And be happy for that life
Never to laugh at failures as losers
Rub them, sharpen your pencil
Make a high resolution image and love it
Be a carpenter love it
Everybody needs it
Be a herdsman love it
Everybody needs it
Busy yourself and love it
Love the works of your hands
No one needs to die
Not even those who commit suicide
Don’t think about it
Strive to live without end
Everybody needs it
Don’t be rich and hate your friend
Don’t be poor work firmly
Don’t be evil and earthly

Masereka Amos

Free At Last

After reddish noise,
Bloodshed
and regrets,
Energy grabbed
From us like from thieves
And our beloved ones enslaved
Struggles leave scars on bodies
and people
Homeless and restless
But we are freed after all
With this little strength
And shoulders weak to carry
We'll put back our fractured buildings
With no help
But not anymore
These broken limbs
These beggars
These lame features
These one-eyed creatures
they were naturally made
Now physically manhandled
But better though in fear
We are now freed

Masereka Amos

Genni, LOVE of My HEART

Genni, LOVE of My HEART
Your love is indeed appealing;
you are so beautifully attractive
so so beautifully attractive
your eyes are a lock and key
infact you are so dear to me
I find rest in you after a tiring experience
You are an angel with wings to take me higher
You light the road to my happiness and
I see the brightness of life with you
I begin to forget the saddest time I have passed through
All the people are liars but you are not
How amazing that all these others pretend but you do not
I have all I need because I have you
You are my dream fulfilled
The reason why I used to sleep
To find the most wonderful dream
That I will live with
haha many others are there stuck in bad dreams
And being stranded cannot make a step forward
But for me I run, I jump and again run faster
and stretch to see them reach me with you here

Masereka Amos

He Might Begin the Nonsense

He doesn’t listen at things twice
He perhaps hears them all at once
We wonder and ho! there he is!
Tiptoeing, kicks; ho! he’s jumpy
Carries the wife in his mouth all the time
And spits words full of noise, hear them clapping
He’s sharp o my God! and tells his truth,
But might Begin the Nonsense, if you surround him
He begins with jokes then laughter, ends with a cry
He is a part-timer, he teaches and supervises himself
He talks about anything, ask him the source, so he laughs!
You say a sentence and same way he repeats it
So He Might Begin the Nonsense

Masereka Amos

I Am Confused

I have tried and I think I have tried
When you fail they are notified
When you shout they are silent
I will shout to that extent
You can live to tell
And forget to dwell
Among which is most significant
And mislead him who is so infant

I have tried and I think I have
Yet nothing farsighted I preserve
I am confused
Do not be amused
I have these three quick response letters
To my people, enemies and debtors
That each time I meet my people,
I am confused
Each time I meet my enemies
I am confused
And am going to meet my debtors

Masereka Amos

I am the Toilet Cleaner

I clean that dust whole day
For over three years
I have persisted to serve you
It pays for my needs
I do not fear to mention
The wrongs of people
When they visit our public place
Any other thing can be overlooked
But not health concerns
The night becomes too long
It disappoints me often
When people get aware
That am not around
So in the morning
I can’t find where to sit at ease
I do not know
What people eat
But I guess
They all eat so badly
But that’s unfair friends
You may think you are doing fun of me
Think wisely my friend
Life is slippery on top
And you might slide down
To find yourself in my clothes
Little did I know as well
While that way I’d have grown

Masereka Amos

I Refuse To Be Comforted

I hear voices now and again
Of losses of a beloved dear wife
So false and true to believe in vain
I remember her scent and our life
O how this sorrowful news sharpens
I refuse to be comforted
Because she’s no more
I want no condolence
Do not even come this near to share my grief
She will never come again
I am afraid to know what happened to her
I do not want to see what caused her departure
I am bitten and those snakes have run away
 leaving with me only an angry wound
I have a reason to cry
I refuse to be comforted
I am worthy to follow
I do not belong here anymore
 there is where everyone belongs
this heart is scratched and smashed with thorns
and electrified and thrilled with nails
I feel tightened to the ground where I belong
Until the soil swallows this being
This is easy and hard to live by
To enter and to leave my life
I refuse to be comforted
I hope no more
I will not believe if not for death alone

Masereka Amos

I Want To Die When I Have No More Value

I want to apply to die when I have no more value
On that interview date I will put on black clothes
I will not eat and drink and go home to live
I will not seat and not blink and not breathe and not go and not talk
I will not help and I will not work and I will not think
I will guarantee I have lost senses
You will make certain am cold
My appointment letter should state old age
Telling my contiguous friends and work mates might seem thorny
But it is significant you tell those via media that I got a job so worthy everyone else
My earnings should facilitate me leave no debt

Masereka Amos

In Such A Happiness

In such a happiness
You resemble one in a stress
You have everyone to yourself now to say yes

You have in your accommodation the right foreign man
And you have his entire plan written
He’s at present recognized prosperous in all this clan
And you differ not effectively beaten

What is kept in that thunderous silence
That looks nevertheless a rainbow
You have a bias in speaking and letting us know
Or is it what they say in doubt you have the heat’s shyness

In such a happiness
Being given all the choices
When all said is as well an omen
And you think love is everything
You put shame on brains of the youth
To send your letter while open

Masereka Amos

Life Without Eyes

Life Without Eyes to glaze
Is abundant abandonnes

That in this enjoyment of things in halves
Looking and never see things engraves

This hearing of things praised but I do not see
This hearing of annoyed crowd sounds such as the bee

Your promises sweetheart that are never fulfilled
I hear your nerves smile even when my eyes are killed

My sight to install is in your strength to fall dearest
That my esteemed love for you can prove strong harvest

My nerves, blood, heart is to function
With this backrest in finding reaction

Life without Eyes to glaze
Is abundant abandonnes

Masereka Amos

Lion Country Tess

All have got chunks to swallow food in portion
That every similar one is tending to use to obtain
Strength and royalty as traditionally it is all force becoming
Using the power of no one above them
Leaping on the prey’s back
Biting the back of the neck
And roaring out in private in exploitation
And robbing of those without
And aggravation of those under
Rubbing themselves in greeting each other
In a pride, the females do most of the hunting
It is often observed that the male will eat first
This way, the males get big and strong
This is how poor a man is reduced to nothing important

Masereka Amos

Listening to Music

Music is a big part of our life to sustain
Listening to music takes the whole brain
It can also improve your memory
When someone shouts at you expertly
You become alarmed and silent
But when someone resonates for you
The sound makes you happy so he intent
If someone with a deep hoarse voice you knew
Speaks to you shivering
It might create fear to your listening
And you will be more watchful for what’s next to surround
I imagine a movie without music in the background
Would not make us think or let our minds cheer
A low voice is quiet and difficult to hear
But illustrates emotions and lifts a feeling
If someone dies and people do not sing
People are upset
They say that’s not respect
I like the sound of vehicles’ horns at night
It carries my strength to write
I like the nature and electronic exaggeration music portray
Someone will promise to give you all their life and soul in a day
I love listening to music aloud
It’s a sun wiping off the cloud

Masereka Amos

Love’s Lost In A Devil’s Heart

Love’s lost in a devil’s heart
And now imposed in human kind
See how now two people in a relationship
Develop feelings of jealousy,
Pride, hunger and thirst to break up
Their minds as emptied away as a vacuum
Brought together in mindset hate
Away from themselves
Each thinking differently
And judging the other falsely over time
These who do not share their problems
A mind so totally different
Totally differently than before
And have now finally separated
Failure to fulfill a want in their mind
Aware that never will they get satisfied
Because they are humans
They now know speaking in anger
In absence of their minds perhaps
They are not crazy
They are crazed
They are not in fact possessed
They have become so tempted
With the devil’s heart
Minds that have long been together
Now far apart and in part
Can’t each see the other in face any more
Do they actually remember?
Do they take time to think?
Do they lose memory with time?
Love’s lost in a devil’s heart
And now is imposed in human kind

Masereka Amos

May You Show Me Symbols If I Am Loved Back?

Your kindheartedness just drive me drowsy like the day when
I took over dose
And remember I just be in motion so witlessly heartbroken just suppose
Even when I look so yawning into your eyes I hardly see
love is adipose
Come to common dearest and make this part of my life to you so close

May you show me symbols if I am loved back?

I want to just love you for the rest of my life honey
You've got to hold me so stiff no matter when I have no money
I believe we'll have to earn money in this kind of job so ugly
So never just go away dear when am burdened with a job in your eyes that's so funky

May you show me symbols if I am loved back?

I bet you appreciate me honey I'll never get to annoy you
I just see you'd be shining so fastidious in a color blue
I just want to thank you in advance so have this magnificent shoe
I know you'll take me so hazardous in this kind of me holding to you so glue
But I believe you'll love me more because am among the chosen few
So may you show me symbols if I am loved back?

Masereka Amos

My Wife Is Coming Back

My Wife Is Coming Back
I would like to be happy but am under attack
I will clean the whole city
This being another priority
I will dig roads to and fro
To and fro I will dig roads
Will lift stones, corns, bones, and throw thorns
And burn up horns
The students creeping cutting reeds
And painters coloring them yellow at full speeds
For this little penny in starvation
Since nothing to do but for whose appreciation
Let everything look colorful afterward
Before I suggest what is 'moving forward'
Understand they are born
You violate they disown
And here comes her day
When a few are now tired to even pray
But only know what time the selection open and close
And never recognize the right choice
Since even a color can pull us from the struggling
In this system of haggling
That the poor and the rich should be quarreling
And she will reduce this pain toward
Before I suggest what is 'moving forward'

Masereka Amos

Nature Of History

In time, days, months to years

Is the failure of relationships
In January to July to December

And the shallow of rivers
In July, August to September

The destruction by earthquakes
In January, February to December

The reshuffle of accidents
In lakes, roads and in air

The manufacture of acids, guns, and robots
In laboratories, industries and employment areas

The color of rainbows
Blue, green, grey

The personality of people
Conceited, gloomy, temperamental

The training of soldiers, students, and also religions
In academy, schools and institutes

The birth of children
Over years and years all over the world

The truth of lies
In homes, schools up to work places

Masereka Amos

Neighbor’s Hair (and revenge availed)

Plaited and curled as rolls
Protecting and strengthening as house poles
Arrangements made and broken
Neighbor’s hair to be my token
Weekend is near and the hair is new
Neighbors gather to curl it as a crew
Shame is gone and pride is merely anything
to enable the husband engage with a ring
Neighbor’s hair will avail the revenge
If at all you comprehend, and never again pretend
Or fail to arrange, that which I do not wish mention
For to attract your attention
Do it and do not be ahead man
Do not be a middleman
Do not be boastful
Be a serviceman
Be honest
Be attractive
Be assertive
Be faithful
Be reliable to avail the revenge.

Masereka Amos

New Clothes New Habits

New clothes new habits
That leaves the receptacle no deficits

And they gone to school with guts
Ask them megabytes, gigabytes

Why drain sooner until the last mourner
Find them in junctions, saloons in any corner

New clothes new habits
Kind of magnetism visits

Downstairs as with the parachute
Have you anyone who would to persecute

Gone to school with guts to grasp, seize and hold
Why gentlemen will plead their hand for household

New clothes new habits
Why drain sooner until the last mourner

Masereka Amos

Rain

A cloudy, gloomy, cool, rainy morning
Fresh, transparent, and sparkling,
Muddy dreams pouring and droplets springing
And all my things left in an open to get dry
Love, trust, life, joy and here is none to supply
I place not a blame
They art wet all the same
Found it interesting as a computer game
To see these teardrops of shame
Sorrow shared is half the sorrow
But I have the audacity to see tomorrow
Rain has seasons
And also reasons
To bind boundless
For with time it will be cloudless
To strengthen strongly
When the atmosphere is misty
And words exchanged wrongly

Masereka Amos

Road To Gray Hair

On the road to gray hair
You have gone through a lot of a snare
And the cloth you wear
Not like ones of your brood as you were
Enriched not as brown fiber
But a resentment coming from afar
Acknowledged with tender patience
But aroused with young fellows faulty impatience
With time things change
Even the age of range
Gray hair is experience
And concentration will lead to your success
No matter how you dress and fail today
Yet mind the utterance before you are stray

Masereka Amos

Silence is Traitorous

Humans need words with sounds
And then hear the tone of your voice
They want to analyze the picture on your face
And not to suspect you wrongly
Even though you are angered
Or have failed, speak a word
A word of peace and not revenge
In what situation but must be understood
Humans want a response
Negative or positive
They are relieved or angered
But that is what it takes
People like the silence of nature
and not of humans
Words have hands of thorns
And they sit not
They are wide ranged
They are heard, understood and misunderstood
They run so faster than the bullet
But silent response brings confusion
Silence accepts all defeat
But a word makes us happy
We need to hear words
And from our leaders,
And elders and our friends
And from our loved ones

Masereka Amos

The Bride On The Wait List

The Bride on the wait List
Break gentle heart break
That I cannot withstand anymore
Shaking as same as an earth quake
As slow as a snail wakes and calls them whore
Here-in shoulders hands like a perfectionist

To leave and watch her sob
Wanders as blind as a bat
Attending to nowhere step by step
Thinking they call her slut
Runs down step and stumble on an out sleep
Finds time to persevere like in the book of job

And meets her best groom

Masereka Amos

The Formless Struggle

The formless struggle
When vain we fought
When vain we fought

And armed we never
That won we lost
That won we lost

Our brains we distorted
That unplanned we did things
That unplanned we did things

And un-united we messed up
The formless struggle
That won we lost

Masereka Amos

The Hidden Part of Me

Peace, demanding peace I can’t get
Friends, I’ve seen things I regret
“Love me, love me”, am pleading for love she has thrown
I can’t believe she considers things I have never known
Am sorry am coming this morning before you aunt with the news
Of division, compassionate passion that she can’t use
She has forgotten, forgotten the way “how we jump”
She treats things in silence I can’t understand why she’s dump
Am taking a step for always standing a chance to lose her love in my daily time
I’ve got to steal an instance before I can see her movement in delaying, it’s a crime
Many things have happened
While every time she imagined
Perhaps (she could) be the person richest
Perhaps I don’t even have to understand this thought nearest
Am hoping in things of my doing today
She’s there hoping in things she watches everyday
She demands for things without which I’d cease to be her man
Am tired and again, and in a moved state please I ain’t a businessman

Masereka Amos

This Harvest

When I dipped into honey
I forgot it was not mine
I did it many times just as thirstier as I became
I had no other option than to taste and reduce my hunger
I had a belief it would also end as I gotten used
It was sweet and served me right
I have a responsibility to fulfill still
To return what I took
Grabbed, stole and eaten what they thought I ate
But am ending up in fate
To fulfill what in others shoes should be done
I do not feel sorry for the shame this has whetted me
I am now turned bitter with sugar
And sugary with bitter in this sacrifice
For the initial silence I went through
Rectifying her false ideal insinuations
That turns the feast to point direct to the heart
I never assumed to harvest
No matter how should you have loved?

Masereka Amos

Thoughts

I this morning without courage had thoughts of her love again
If hurried minds and thorough torture tend to regain
I'll reassemble bones of her photographs in those halves
And pronounce her name highly with shame
She having respect to faults
And her promiscuity so intensely exalts
She hates my gift of love wrapped and specially marked
Near the weighbridge I hence stand heavily parked
And seeing things balance in kinds of less and more less
I felt frustrated with doubt to return back to normal so to cease
But seeing things broken in nature
And her minds on things of pleasure
Watching her learn and understand in vain
I took off and surrendered all to be without pain

Masereka Amos

What Do People Want To Hear

I don’t know what people want to hear,
While they listen to the speech?
When I am asked to introduce myself in public
I find myself beginning with my name and where I come from
or possibly where I now am residing
or even what am doing
when am telling this to learned people
I come across myself retelling what I have already said
because I just think they have forgotten
maybe they forget
people forget?
do they actually listen?
but I have also learned that they don’t have
another time listening,
after getting to know my name and my job
it is only students who will have significance in my status
but it doesn’t matter if you say you are married or not
what do people want to hear?

should you talk about your success
sometimes a nick name is derived from your own words
your own speech
a few people will like asking questions
when they know you are never concise
and most of them will ask you
only to invite them comment
do they pay attention to your failures?
some women want husbands as noisy as a master of ceremonies
some people fears picking the microphone while speaking
but others if there’s no microphone
he will even lay a hand on his ears like this
so that he avoids his own noise
people like speaking, just speaking
they find liberation after speaking
what do people want to hear?

Masereka Amos