Poetry Series

Paul Mwenelupembe

- 66 poems -

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Paul Mwenelupembe (5 December,1984)

My original name is Paul Mwenelupembe, I come from a very asmall village called Muyeleka at Ngara in Karonga district. I was born in afamily of seven children and am the first born. I have moved in many schools, I have an O' level Certificate, and a Diploma in Land Administration, obtain at Natural Resources College(University of Agriculture and Natural Resources) , Malawi.

I started writing when I was just alittle boy, but this art of writing was agalaveted after I hard written my O' level at Mvera Army Community Secondary School. The reason is I started teaching on part time basis at Combat Support Battalion, Mvera. My teachings were not limited by any class, I had to teach all classes starting from Form 4 to stardard 1. My best subject was Mathematic other than literature. So I came across acertain astandard three simple poem, that was the beginning of my full time writing, that was in the year 2004. I also write short stories, in short Iam fully vested in Literal work. Besides, Iam a member of Malawi Writers Union.

Currently Iam working as asurveyor in the ministry of lands housing and urban development, under the department of surveys, in Lilongwe, capital city.
I really enjoy my work besides my art.

Works:

So far I haven't published any book but I was feature in the book called The Time Travellor of Malavi which is a poetry book with acollection of the best Malawian poets. I also published different poems in different news papers and magazines

A Crier At Hora

A crier, dripping and dripping
A crier at Hora
Tears of bees overflow the bucket
And rivers over popular at Hora
And lead to the elephant water body

Arms in akimble and legs
Falling from heaven like snow
Oh, why? why? why? why?
Wretched and wretched at Hora
And feeling very doodling sorry
And tears are cooking bread

And that nose says yes
Yes my slippery road at hora
And the face adorned with ridges
And so huge that sparks inside Hora

The essence, at Hora?
Is folded and rolled
In this crier's memory at Hora

Paul Mwenelupembe

A Day To Remember

If all days were this day
When a child was born in a city
Born was a child among sun smiles
Of pregnant hope that swells in the new miles
With happiness upon this child's cry
Was aspoil and clues were well clung, in the dreamers
As a future ray at the brown skin

Such is a climb upon the steepy hill
Are the eyes glued to its increased length
That of ahand some boy playing with myth
Within the city of a polite land
With a moon that takes care
The wind for a new born

If that day would come again
And take this child's applause
Of herds of cattle just the main clause
such a forgone glowing reaction
As the best smiles among dews' faction
Is an up close attainable page
As cloulds percolate their gate
And glances at a long devine love
Of this memorable day.

Paul Mwenelupembe

A flower to kiss

Aflower to kiss,
the flower yet to be flowering
So cute but not yet cluttering
in the bowl, the flower is the sent
The yet beautiful but greatly cute
The flower, flowering a glory
Then, now the smell is the scent

Glory, glory is the name
The rose flower standing amiss
The rose flower that tantalises
In the midst of the green garden
Such a light in the natural eyes
The golden eyes sparkling
In the flower, so flowered

In the flower, yet to kiss
So eyes get the truth
In the flower of the days
Each day, tomorrow and yet to reborn
The world flower, flowered, flowering
And the flower, flowered yet to kiss

Paul Mwenelupembe

A glorious Focal Point

Little by little it goes
Like a titi bird in the sky
Flying with open wings
yes, they say
In a deep and soft voice
Is an angel
Where is it going?

Now they open their eyes
In a wonderful smile
really awanderful grin
with their lips inside agape
Noses nearly pointing to each other
What? They say

Prescription rescues
The matter of change
and the open window
with some drizzles
on it

So it does slide
where is it going?
Is the green field
of somebody
It closes its wings
slightly
Yes, it really smiles
on ends

Paul Mwenelupembe

A Lapse Of My Memory

This mirror of mine, this one
A brain master in such colors day by day
I call it a great mixture of blue lens
My ultra violet rays, my radiator
That drains, not drains of a ground water
With a table laid on a regulator
It does rise the master weaver to the moon
And sun gaining, not gaining its lights inside
Of the talkable intelligence loom
While nights bow, and bends down with books
And sweeps, sweeps, sweeps its loops
To be there fed, fed like a little child
The bulk container of the intermediate milds
When it lapses its mint and leak
And the master memory flips a substancial meek
And lapses, lapses its screen and gulps
Especially alittle memory set up in the gap
And relax! break! its colleague shouts
To find, bring order by command of fight
Brain, the master of coloring day by day

Paul Mwenelupembe

A Never Ending Verse

When crippled twice in the breath
When lights shine and overturn the dreadlock
When water slippers by metres' grave
The fashion follow and falls, the singer filters
The unrisen hook gets the wrath
And curls again the dreadlock with clays
And the tortured soul gets by and smiles
And awaits the author's take the plea
In the never ending verse

Paul Mwenelupembe

And I Sing This

And I sing this alone
Asong of unforgettable tune
Then I raise up the voice
In a standing out hoarse

Such a cold blooded animal Iam
And swim now alone
Down there, with hot music
I come back in runic make up
And I sing this beside awide tone

And I sing this alone
I was never meant to do this
I was never supposed to bury
my earlier self and wriggle
out of the strong fish tail
what a foolish thing to believe

I'm back down there
and swim in murky
waters, cold blooded
Covered in seaweeds
Like all men from my tribe

And I sing this last verse alone
That I hit the bells, bells, bells
In style

And I sing this best song
The audience follow my steps
And sing along above their voices
And this is my song

Paul Mwenelupembe

Anxiety

What makes me worring?
This takes me, my joy, away from me
It has alot to say
It says you worry

I worry indeed when I add
So anxious, distruptive, so bad
And I become angry
And angry like a hungry lion

I worry indeed when I subtract
So desperate, so blink, so submerged
And doubt, doubting about myself
And this is the point of losing faith
Completely I leave the sea of life

I worry indeed when I muiltiply
So holding fears, so imaginative,
so quantified
And up the heaven of hell
And falling, I become afraid,
Afraid of myself

I worry indeed when I devide
My days into days of future dividends
up again I leave, and forgate
And I become forgotten
Indeed God is my observer,
my judge

Paul Mwenelupembe

At Baobab Stop Over

Sun rise at Chikhwawa triangle stop over
Near and under the roof of baobab tree
Tossing and sweeping arms' thirsty rover
Laughing, gaping ashort freedom trip

Fused in the king waiting his assent
But he came and tested the rover
The Mr GPS under hungry lion
The Baobab tree calling to silence
It quenched undernearth and reappeared

That was an exchange the rover story
Stopped it turned to work grave haze
And seriously absorbed the change
That's another move, but at baobab stop over
It cared lives below supper shades!

Paul Mwenelupembe

Beauty In The Woman

Perched, dropped, flipped
Sounds of the day
Sounds of the woman in colors

In beauty she crops
In beauty she counts
While beauty in her eye
Is blonde, scorch, gloomy

Drunkard in spots hit
Is a woman with beauty
Her face, agolden facet

Beauty in the woman
Craves no murmurs, calm she comes
Head on the valley of green
of saltless
Speechless and never smiling
Like adog

Beauty in the woman
Loving she is born
Caring she spoils in a reborn
While dragging in no wars
such afamily of fame
Only lives in her

Paul Mwenelupembe

Blissful Democracy

Such is a bloc of votes and people is a smile
Bleeding hope, no bloopers is their admiration
Adorning blossom that blots out violence is a ling
Silent cast bonanza of true volume is their dress
Yearning glory, a push ahead resourcefully is a smile

Panorama is a political will and landscape is a creel
This a parameter of blissful is democracy's real
People floating on peace, beautiful events are their war

Pesident elect is solemn and queen is a flower
Contestants construe accords is a visitor's song
Old figures assemble at homburg desert are their talks
One speech and ties are the hood's gratitudes

Paul Mwenelupembe

Boabab Tree

That big tree, O' baobab tree
Sweet fruits you carry
Raised up at a distance
That I never reach with
my bear hands
Big trunk, and wide branches
you have

O' you slippy creature
That people engrave upon
To make their way up
And remove your craft

Sweet fruits you carry
And manufactured from that berry
And stored up by the upper gate
Of a well known mother's care

That big tree, O' baobab tree
Integrity you have within
As beautiful as aglass of grapes
In the tropical drink to the table

Sweet fruits you carry
The mother of tropical drink
The mother of the fatherless
See! People like your blend
That big tree, O' baobab tree

Paul Mwenelupembe

Butterfly In The House

Beauty is like a butterfly
It flies into the house
And get out of a natural sky
That buzzes from the hassles
And settles down in the
living room

It carries sediments on its wings
And at half cast it spreads
And flag out of internal winds
Of apacket data of life
squirmed into netted bag

The air takes alead in the house
And flies again within corners
While eyelets lights pages
And zoom maps of the curved image
Of the butterfly of the colored house

If gazes were alittle more kept
In the house, the beauty remains
As lives smoke winds of the light
In the house of crossing rivers of life
In the scents of a butterfly

Paul Mwenelupembe

Darling

She slips through the gate
Polished in aroma from the Getto

A world tends to be the sun shinning
The eyesore by abated breath

Bi-mouth clears,
Its throat
And voice, craves one's eye
calling aside

Eyes sythesise aviable story
Like a sustainable devep't tread
A trend so far as she passes
Over the love land

Telepathically she comes
And turns her gorgeous face
Awide rim of impulses
Push asurge across that bossom

Adash of thoughts
Collage in one room,
the heart beats
Upon another scrumble

Then aword commences
With asmile in the face
As she swims in the sun
on the beach

It goes, surfing and loads
Until she turns with acall;
Darling, bye

Paul Mwenelupembe

Do I Need The Pen

Do I need the pen to write
Deep is a dropp of a story inside
Like water that waters the garden
so then green is restored

Do I need the pen to sell
By going around and come back
With overhead are the pumpkins
that makes my day run go

Do I need the pen to relux
That fills my hope of moments
That files my days of the youth
On the timeline it goes

Do I need the pen to say
the little calabash with
a cool well behind the cup
That soothes inward the soul
And stops in a big full stop

Paul Mwenelupembe

Double Eyeing

Unsatisfied, eyeing at two courses or so
A usual sitting on the fence
Prickle inside for the next prodding of dilemma

Pro digging in oneself
Awaiting more of the other
And grabbing silently,
The double eyes!

If I would have such colours, blue, red.....
Three of the more sets, and think deeply of how to win these nodal appartment
Crumbling facades in them buit
Next flip in the corner
If I had that!
The double eyeing's dilemma song

Paul Mwenelupembe

Earthquake Tears, The Spirit cried

Kayelekela was born in Karonga district of uranium unison
It is like Sapitwa spirits that live there in hard bones unit
Two main spirits, husband and wife, dwelled in that spectrum
The compound of all spirits in the curved spurs of holy sputum
When the female spirit slept in Kayelekela tunnel bomb
The uranium deadly weapon, the body of queen was booked
The husband's cry materialised underground ridges from the lake
It circled in the air, circled on the land and curled breaths and baked
So mainy lives and facades went to the unbearable homes of clay
But the sovereign king came to candle down the bestiality prey
Up the spirit showed to woman in the garden of green leaves
Foliage of Chinkhundya household expected to be a mouth weaved
And instead the husband took the message to the chief Karonga
And he promised the best stem stake with women ahead of omega
Its purpose was not uphold her breathing for good
Its delegation was to denounce the turmoil to ruler's goggles
So they assembled sorry books of nine cattle to him
Up they squeezed themselves in shush to Chipili's cry beam
It shrugged the offer of far fetched with just a headshake
But with twelve horns, twelve heads and the spirit's tail of shame
It roared again, and circled the wind, circled the land several hours
But some breaths went in the sea on a grandeur scale rumours
As it moved in cracks burying graves from the lake of beds
It accepted the proffer received from the crew specially made
When the chiefs of the district reassembled reassurance tumor
With white chickens and cattle, ahead was awoman
The Chipili's cry accepted the bit with just a node
And those Karongan chiefs went back in the same board
But with those tears we remember our spirit ever the rest
While scientists wrapped us in cold wings of phony facts
We remain in stooped position while our souls are damp
And let their souls and ever more rest in peace of dam

Paul Mwenelupembe

Everything In The Loo!

These things, these things
settling and settling in the heart
Assemble weapons and pat on the rat
And settling and settling as soldiers unto war
And the heart of owner, the king and the warrior
They come and come as to mall and flip and gallop
Filling such body of organs and mop and swap
Happily and swagger, they creep as to war and grow
Poor soldiers, poor soldiers marching as to war and wrath
And that hand simply and simply gets frail and pale
And the commando laughs and blues to kill and peel
Finished yeah, finished while the owner comes and consoled
Finished yeah, finished fighters applaud on a such commando
While the owner comes and consoled and consoled unto call
The sun then glares and glares, the night unto fall
The words roar and roar and roar from above love
And it comes and says, everything in the loo!
And everything burns, scorched and goes and goes unto coal
Then the heart stands and stands, resuming from dawn
And smeared and smeared now and again with fire flame
The words, cool and squint and die at rays
This is IAM from the rest and rest I exist, such words
Then the words is God for real and distroyer

Paul Mwenelupembe

Falling Into Lips

On the time line the sky clears
Merry, merry it does in the land
Memories of the spider web cries
Falling snows in paved isles rain
Isles of water way in merry, merry

Broom are tit birds in reds
They sing merry, merry messeges
Restless whisles stand in seed beds
Falling like water drops are messengers
Footprints re-echoe and jump in merry, merry

Will the garden accept one tree
That merry, merry will hold the sounds
In the planted sheet orchard are the clips
In the merry, merry lips builds are found
The stars of carefreeness in the garden

Will the birds allow to go through the cliff
That the seated nature will overcome the greed
And hear the golded bells of lips
And fall into eternal peace within brims
Under the sweet berry of natured spurs

Paul Mwenelupembe

Forcing The Window To Flow

At the window, rain drives
Drizzles and drizzles glow and go
Pushing and loosing the window to and fro
And some-one asked, who is at the window?
Pushing and pushing the window and dash?

In the dark of the night free and roll
Going for the next fresh candle of the day
At the window a hand goes and more, who is at the window?
She cried and roared the mall
And forced the window and banged and go.

Paul Mwenelupembe

From Lifeless To Crisp

Life is a journey of lifeless to crisp
When it gets cracked and lost its grip
It dangles and hisses which is a sign of blood
It then travels to reach its node and degenerates
On the road of lifeless to crisp and scarlet triumph

Life is a real journey of eternity to lifeless
When it gets smoothed and attains its touch
It sways and resists its carelessness
It attains its outer space of torch
On the electronic transfer and loss

So being a journey of lifeless to crisp
It breathes out and accelerates by
It then gets stuck and catch up by algae crip
The master dye producer gives out multicolor dye
Upon which it sped before
and changed the gravity

Paul Mwenelupembe

From Motherland

From motherland, lands a spring of rivers that gushes out radio waves ontop; and descends down stream with cool water; That feeds our motherland. Look at her meanders, she sneaks into the green land; And sniffes Canaan of today. The head of all lands in her and stands firm in deep sea as a rock. She is an eagle but alioness, that roars on the feet of Mount Zion; and drives our hospitality, our land. As she dives out of the best African pot; from motherland she lies in her greenage.

Paul Mwenelupembe

Gideon Valley

In the Gideon valley I grew up, crawled with scars
I was drowned ten times when I was a young stratum star
The stream in between I swum when it was winter usual crest
Perfectly the home of baobab trees, songs of baboons' seasons' lake
The land was born and discovered from nose of rose hearts
Such a tall man went bare footed to clear the air stripe hectares
Such atall feet entangled in sands, strong path he bestowed facts
The gradpa rocked on to save many coming lives of stones of funks
My grandma argued the sprit of huts and perched on the air field
Afterthe lion slept afew days of years of a fallen fluid
My wrinkled mama retained that air stripe of cereals, corns' roll
I limped with her and sped the days like bites and nails moll
My young age, of teens, of rays on railings trail graves
My school life, gripped me and moved on grey matter's groove
And the Gideon leader called often with marker's grades
But I always sung my song of natty gritty day long dredges
I paid the debt spent in vain of widened mighty drawn attacks
I found the ruler of Ngara primary rock and rolled dead anarchies
While the grandma laughed at me in joy
I salute the Gideon Valley of bumper yield glory

Paul Mwenelupembe

Grimace Of Pain

Our country needs to be sworn too
Just like us, it fixes well in clothes
Such green patterns is a beauty pool
Until it swallows its bronze statue of rose
And makes its days sparkle and special

In a gramance of pain we see on it today
Today we see its clothes being blown away
The nice colour for our nation loses its grip
The ever green land in the city of rose
While its electricity gradually dies down

Our ancestors used to hunt in this home
This very home that was in its full cup
And kicked a laugh to the history of men
Their foods adorned in trees on a map
And great medicine they had near bones

Moments really change, look today!
We see black stuffs along the road
We see bundles of dead things yonder
But no proper allow to govern the offender
The freedom based at flipped land?

Now that is the grimace of pain we see
We see the land that yawns in plain sea
Such fissures observed on an empty scale
Such a laugh scales with sharp nails
The great yawns ever seen!

But if you see at what rain is doing
It sweeps and wipes our motherland to the sea
It smiles and percolates without real banking
And the best hand turns into wrinkled faces
The great yawns ever seen!

Let's cloth and love it to protect our soils
These fertile soils of motherland are under threat
Let's protect ourselves from floods
The natural disters of this wonderful nation
And remove the grimace of pain we see

Paul Mwenelupembe

Happiness Is Not Mandatory

When happiness comes
Everything remains calm and peaceful
You forget the movement of the earth
spinning around the sun
High revolution
Around the orbit

On this planet
Happiness is not mandatory
Sometimes it brings
Happy days and happier times
And we delight in pastures green
Upon which rains falls and vanishes
As seasons change

But when happiness disappears
When heaarts are broken
Like apot of cold water on hot summer's day
We stand dejected, unwanted
And we know, in the hearts of our hearts
That on this planet
Happiness is not mandatory

Paul Mwenelupembe

Hate

All life of hate
life of great lake of tears
and desperation of late
She showed up and faced fears

She saw sunlight
But in it there was hate
from the roots, only one root
the mama litto, mama
she called on breast feed, nana

And then she missed it,
the breast went abroad of mists
And that's the focus of debt
the focus of hata list

Look, only two souls, and three
Only two great souls were close
Herself, into marriage of beasts,
She thought there was summer hut
Summer hut indeed! Beasts of deaths?

Mama litto and mama,
What a heart! Then she died of hate
No hospital she died on her sick bed
This pendemic, this disease, this AIDS, this HIV
So it brought hate in mama Litto
And turned her into abag of bones

And hate from mama Litto
forced my mama to the sunset
with new born daughter
close, close, close
She was alive

And then hate
She finally kissed the soil
To mama Litto she left her daughter,
but she followed later
She was my blood
and last one

And hate, hate
She died of hate
while the left seeds
monger in her remembrance

Paul Mwenelupembe

Hear The Cries

Tingle, tingle, tingle like a gong
Plunging into us all the blades at length
Dealing with us recklessly
While your chisels are doing their song

The day never pass without rolling tears
Mourning for our lost dears
And our friend, and our mother too
Grieves over its tots death toll
While she is left un protected by our strength

We survivors arise to plead you
We are unable to maintain our duties
Because our pools and us are few
We are your life, we are your sieve
While we cook our food under siege

Please save, save us
Stop tingling on us and replant as more
We will remain good for you and our mother soil
Our pools shall fill the pond in our shade
While we provide our nice shadow

If we sit and think about you
You do things in favour of yourself
We observe no raw to cover us
Illicit charcoal burning obsess them
Dealing with us so fast
While our dead relatives being laid by lain

Paul Mwenelupembe

I Need My Stuff Back

On the preacher's day holy preaching
Under and below clay was sent em
On the forceful whips of lowly meeting
The soul taker will never accept em
On the bulge of mercies, and the crowd
The know it all grabber took to heels em
On the side of lowly souls went loud
The friend of fire proclaimed a fail em
And the lord most high, comes, comes and drive them
The heaven lifter won't cath asingle ship em
And the straw remains blessed for ever beam
While he is commanded, I need my stuff back!
And I receive it! I receive it! I receive it!
And the liar, blantant big liar, I receive it!
And he never swindles and swindles em
The lord most high assembles wholly, holy fire on them
The real shepherd, the messiah's love em
While he is commanded, I need my stuff back!

Paul Mwenelupembe

I Was There

The country descended to rages
The people geared in a gallant smile of fingers
While the mountain on top
Was sending radio massages
Of rocks down the doorway

I was there when I saw a cloud
Covering the stirred terra firma of a crowned Salmon
Peace! Liberty! While lakes filled with hot water
Tampering the great multitude down walkers

I was there when I saw an impious regime
That system was collected with over drifts
With beauty and happiness when sun hand risen
Then it sunk into fallible pieces of embargo
Succumbed, reaaly disturbed in forgone

I saw the economy traveling down stairs
The forex, my fonex wing for another residence
Gasoline, fuel....unfilled cars cruising on a queue bone

I saw the country besieged by looters
Spoiling shops, banks our own facades
I saw there when I heard the Reader of the warm heart
The ruler displaying peace, negotiator's funcy lecture
The other day he came with other scenes

I was there when I saw a group of carcass
Absolute victims of democracy displayed my scenes
My body felt that death toll and reserved in my book
I will never forget now and forever peace!

Paul Mwenelupembe

In Morning Breeze

A special day peeps
In amorning breeze
Coated with dews
Like Iron in zinc
It has such scary dish
Contained in a fury gold
Is awide rim

My energy piercing
coulds and goes up
Scorching stranger,
In the premise
of the earth
And gittering gold
Overlap the deed

There it goes, high in the sky
and the present breeze
never cut mr energy man
The loser, my breeze

Paul Mwenelupembe

In the Dying Moments

Ten of thousands assemble ahead
Shouting for their rights on beds
In the dying moments she emerges
Rounding and pounding their lips
In the dying moments she cries

Will her greenage be restored?
So hetrage she carries over head
In her dying moments she smiles
while tears are oozing on her wound
In her dying moments their rights are broken
And her future remains prominent
And so blink she comes with her arms

Paul Mwenelupembe

In Those Days

In those days, forefathers days
Those days, our mother was Victoria, agreen queen
She carried baskets of hope on its back ring
Laughing and chanting extreme songs
Leveling such lives ontop of the banquet

In those days, our queen's days
Those days, when our mother underscored white grapes
Children carried baskets of tears
Fighting for freedom, up there
of self rule
Inevitable change so desirable
braced in fears
Resistible they turned, blazed
with hot terms
And overcame their staring strengths

In those days, nyasarodesia's days
Those days were days of our fore fathers
Under came the absolute life rule
Preaising, bending down tributes
of bulge
Praising the heaven ruler of endless gifts
The great events we learn, on long pages

Now such were days, over they are
As we trod so hard and perched
at democracy
Our rights ruler over the frozen king
On the brown glue that embraces us
Sweet events are learned on long pages

Paul Mwenelupembe

Invest In Eternal Account

An account of now and forever
Is set by being washed forgone
And live your sins behind curveture
And be called the new born creature
Immersed in a deep golden name

The account amount of eternal peace
That glows innermost and benearth his name
He is the son of man, in him he loves
The king of wonders in between he stands

The account of eternal love overflows
In him is the cool well of dove
Come it says, drink its waters of life
And be dressed in his grace
That falls like hailstorm rain
From the convenant keeping God

Invest in the eternal account
And nothing shall siege the heart
Praise his name for his miracles
Glory, glory he takes the shape
In the spirit being, the mankind of his

If he is loved, he comes like a storm
And the grain in its story in the cage
Laying in his eternal eternal account

Paul Mwenelupembe

It Drives Me Nut

Farmers are the friends of rains and mud
When rains say, 'nay' farmers reply, 'here we are
Here we are with our sharpen teeth
We turn soils and our enemy hunger blade'

So farmers struggle and hug the storms
And crops reply, here we're, too
The sweats you produced, welcome gee!
We want to feed up huge birds'

So it drives me nut when I see farmers out cry
Rolling and dying for proper markets
By selling their stuff at a tower gage

So it drives me nut when I hear their wall
Their call on better wall coins and tools
They want to be scholarly in flocks
By selling them at hike pennes

So it drives me nut when I hear silos' old
Are old doves tanks to keep the salt and oil?
They want morden stomacks to swallow the dead
By selling them at alower gauge

Put in your room these economic jungles masters
Our economic engines of this mother earth
And change over night to see sun
And agrarians outstanding agrarians sing and dance

Paul Mwenelupembe

It Shall Come To Pass

Whirlwind is on the lake, wheeled, blowing on the lake
Sun fumbles in the clouds, fumbling from the east
Lights glare, flaring bright under the raked soils
And a son of man sings, singing aglamorous feast
Asong list, sighing, listing from the eastern sky

It shall come to pass, come to pass on the wind
And rock in, rock in like a washed plate
For in the blood, in the blood oozed on the cross
Clean is the heart, the heart and the planet
Within the sorrowful cold, sorrowful cold and hot blowing

The holy word speeds, speeding in the fresh
On the words, words of life and mankind
Needs a flip, aflip so hard and create aholy races
To the author, are the eyes, so hard
He opens, opening the room of hope and charity

As the son, the song submerge and upslide
It shall come to pass, apassover ever the voice
Glory and glorified the name of the word
Prompts, prompting the heart, sucking in rejoice
And stare, staring up, the clouds and that!

It shall come to pass a passover touching the heart
And sing to me, to you, holy surrounding our hearts
O' please come, to keep me, you, safe and safer
And He says, come, come, there is aroom and shelter
I will make, make it come to pass on the surface

Paul Mwenelupembe

It Wasn't Easy

I took the blanket with my foot
And ate the cold star by schoes
It smelt hell. That gear of hope in his face
I hit and hit it was my tone
Two miles ahead with the bridge
That gear of hope in his face
Split the waterway amillion of graves
But I crept courage and produced the anchor
And remained still. Crossed, crossed the soul,
while dripping red ink, that fool torture
My effort! I crossed the king now; I will look
O! It wasn't easy

Paul Mwenelupembe

Lulomo Peninsula

The wispy sun, slits of fumbles
landed at Lulomo

Half ways often it pierced near
below the water
And stones, rocks whitely spread
snow falling into winter

And whirl dance, mid air, circling
over the half prairie
Long eaves catapulted along the
brown Chilumba bay
And the mouth erodes, pointing
into summer falling clay

And only Lulomo doodling coldly
settled served sips
Such apeninsula reading down
the curled wintry spills

And the Chilumba pen invented
that close coast
And the jetty stained the water
clearly red
And, by the way, she falls into
smiling lips

Paul Mwenelupembe

Mama Africa

A supper star burns from the least
It quakes venerable hope for the haste,
beckoning the best greenage storey
In the deemed mama Africa unfold stories
that bake excellent bread till gay
It slides pretty well to fill the days
'just forget about what you are
take my words for it uh! Uh! '
That laughter dwells within mama
That clear smile smells foktales
Its fore going size stamps foretells,
Tickling souls all over beauty
Mama Africa, apromise on the dock

Paul Mwenelupembe

Mulanje Mountain

The flavour of mount Mulanje grins
In the thick of low clouds it grips
The palace of peace wrapped in sighing love
While species of birds, fly in amazing gaze

And up the thickest sleeps the king of the game park
As the spirits welcome new comers at such traditional table
That table of flavoured soup
That sinks in the touring level
The mother's love that hisses
The great ancestral home

There, Sapitwa wears on a frozen dome
and comes out like a cursed torso
that leads height of the time
above nobody's reach

Here mysteries of the land
hide and settle
As it provides unit scorees of running noses
The spirit drink and dance
Adorned in odd shaddows of humanity

Mountain of hope to run ancestory life
In the midst of our political rife
For we are no more ignorant of
your kingdom
That elevation of hope
of pride

Paul Mwenelupembe

My day

Soon my day has gone
With my moon I went over it
spining around the sun
of the day
Mmmh....I loved my date

Paul Mwenelupembe

My Head

Revolves across the world
As aspinning word
In its orbit
With adiscovery at large
Like around about
Until it completes
All its seasons of the year

Odd ideas are stored
with aremarkable storeroom,
The computer of my focus
Which focuses ahead
like allay of lights
glaring bright

Odd brain waves are stored
In aliving room
Which stimulates
aremembrance

Oh! That doleful day,
That great joy
Of my birth day
move of the year!

Mmm...aslight laugh
penetrates in a strange
and amusing way
re-stored in my head

Paul Mwenelupembe

Natural Mirror

That is a mirror, anatural mirror
That stands ahead of ahuman rear
Displaying such miraculous versions

If a human being sees on it
Amazements are followers
Is that a how question?
As it intervenes with
atmost gusto
Like a blue colour
In the ear of athing
Stinging very hard

Mmm...hah! Why?
Discouragement bends down
Disfloating that dazzling look
And eyes.. mmmh... Piercing through

Now it turns a white
The other side of a page
Indeed, a romantic version
The mirror displays.

Paul Mwenelupembe

Ngara Fishing Ground

From Ngara fishing ground emits the fish of sweets
Bliss of peace embodied in the best God's eyes
Seated curvedly coats, the fish blossoming swifts kisses
A mother of swift's variety shows imposed by the author's ices
Mud of hospitable wells, well vested in the giggling land
On top of the tree sighs ADMARC and air circles the monster
Propeller of funs and only poet fully embraced in her hand
While down the roots, rests the colorful coves of bay's roaster
Gruesome birds swimming in the fresh seashes
And assembles lodges, pots of green, supper natural Ngara's love
The fishing ground of blue breeze mesmerizing fishing cells
Eminent emerald of Ngara Empire, in the mother nature's dove
The hottest ceramic, humid welcome, plays its role like english
Stifling springs of warmer mists and coolness a smile lay
The key of Karongan coasts, the rich mother Ngara with fish
The poly star coastal basis with mother nature's clay

Paul Mwenelupembe

Nyagondwe The Grandma

Nyagondwe the grandma
Far from the out of reach
She brings offsprings
on the carpet

Generated from the coastal verge
The land of blessings
Unpacked
Seven! She says
But two are friends
of the earth
Without acall and vanish

Born of wealth, with her
husband leaving
Down stares, waving
Going to reassure friends
of the earth

Solute encounters her way
Astrong bond is superficially
laid
At long length
But happy occupies her
chick
She has little branches
That removes the blazing fire
In her soul

Paul Mwenelupembe

Ode of Mother Mphizi

Oh, sons of Mphizi and daughters
Close to your mother you are
Mopping and cleaning your land
O' great ancenstral bath tab
Vomiting your basin of steam

Just a couple of miles from the tarmac
Going down the rocky strip of marks
Bear, ontop of the tree around
Only the journey smiles
O'great mother of summerland

You come from the spring head
so hot, slipping down the cold sea
Swash, swash and back swash
Malawi lake receives your hand
Oh, mother of the blessed land

Agentle warm bath from your nature
Underground is your root
And with this ready made bath
You prepare to yuor children, adesire
Oh, gread sons of mphizi and daughters
Sniff your mopping and cleaning on the land

Oh, great mother of hotsprings
Settled along time ago
To absorb birds in the garden
As sun rises, grows and die
Every day you bring happiness
In the inseperable china of mother Mphizi

Paul Mwenelupembe

Oh! There You're At Last

Oh! There you're at last
I sing when I remember about our past
That was the time I was heart driven
When I was searching for you, my blossom

CHORUS
'O' there you're at last
I sing when I slid in our past
That was when I was searching
For you, my true hearken shearth'

This is new to me
I suffer strange disease
The disease of hym love

And I sing about you
You're so bright, sparkling, sparkling
That you tend to be part of thee
blazing knife
Breaking my heart apart

I sing this song as I roll in moods
When you're away
O' this is extreme new
I need you my sweet heart
I look for you as my final kiss
Of a big hole lying last at the bottom
Of a lake of tears
Uncried

When you deliberately seperate yourself
All from me is lonely
Then I keep searching and ask my self
Many unsual questions

When do you think I will go?
O' darling
Oh, babbie you mean great to me
And then I try to seek you
You're not lost

There you're at last
I sing of you when you're found
My eyes becoming dry again
While my soul overflows with joy
O' babbie I love you
I love thy name

Paul Mwenelupembe

Our Chikangawa Forest

Our green sea, our Chikangawa forest
How beautiful you are in our eyes
Like our precious stone you glitter
from above
You are our hope in our frozen hearts
But where are you heading to?

From northern star but to the south
You stretch your hand
From eastern Nyasa but to the west is your head
From up and shine is aray
broadcasting words of arch smiles

Our Kamuzu dreamt about you
And walked over your grin soils
Yes, he planted you, Chikangawa
Our man made queen caressed in green
But where are you heading to?

Our rock today and tomorrow
Our source of rain now and next day
Our medicine today and near the future
Our only man made gavalnised in Africa
And slide in as asingle pine parade
But where are you heading to?

But solely you are in sweeping winds
Over you it blows and goes
On your leg cancer has engulfed
Yes, is our hatrege stinging you?
We hate you now, our flower of Africa
We hate your roles, and plung into your fresh
But where are you heading to?

Our man made green are you afraid, afraid of climate change?
To the right leg the bruises are seen
As we reduce you to some ages
But where are you heading to?

O' no! We need you the more
We need you for timber
We need you for paparwork
And build us with the eastern sky
O' yes, tie us while you are still alive
But where are you heading to?

Are you going with your dreamer man
Our president, how proud we're in him
and Chikangawa forest welcomed him
And said, my author plant me, plant me
But where are you heading to?

You are our pillow ever and ever
Our precious stone, embelded in our hearts
And we love you for your freshness
And inside you, we catch our air breath
With our bliss we still stand in Central Africa
But where are you heading to?

Paul Mwenelupembe

Our Stars Inside

I wouldn't leave the stars inside if I were you
Such a watchful styles mingling that way

Let eyes blink at Malawian dances
The inside stars giggling and wriggling fot daisy
And emerge the auxiliary bait begrudge

Desperately the tradition is equipped with such drums
Warming the hoods with golden countenance drugs
These innocent incentives sizzling at their base
These stars the steps nurtured by the groaning lightening
Our only stars of the innermost exposure of mighty

Our northern corridor here you are with Mapenenga
Giving a chance of joining the frizzling steps in constable parade
And beeping up with Saza, these men and whites only
Absorb completely your whole some and deep your loveliness
Vimbuza along side this wildness may take you up
To our curled history of the innermost dam

These stars inside the big dances in the middle age
These dances, Malawian tools to way back
Restored from our beginning
In the ever known dances, piercing eyes

The southern stas, there, giving out their will
Dressed in a blue mothers' tongue
And rise up high to feed your souls

These capacious stars you can mind
Learn to watch our dances before you set off
Only a visit satisfy eyes in the discovery book

Paul Mwenelupembe

Out Of Africa

We trod and trod only for out of Africa
We still tread in summer
We always cry out for help
The help of numerous African feebles

We at rest squeeze and squeeze only for gold
We still squeeze ourselves to the fumes
Fumes of poverty by our sites of sights on board
And we never overcome ourselves

We indeed tread and trod for a hand
For out of Africa is our face
Our face of dark and red continent of bungs
But nicely and strongly made

We can't stand near ourselves
Only if well induced
Add power to these poor mothers
Our energetic mothers with children ahead
These African frameworks, these poor beings!

We exceedingly tread for help
For Africa is not for Africans' hope
Yes we can states engulfed by this sky
We need to come out of these flakes

We trod and trod for out of Africa
We still tread in summer
We always flip for alittle push
Push for a support of our wholesome
For without kings' look we are drowned
And these heaps of feebles shall dance at us all

Paul Mwenelupembe

Pass On Calls

When the cock is truly booted out over snows
It croaks, pass on the calls, so did the cock
The down graded window of the eyes's sores
Retake the push, sliding on a running nose
The flue shaped its nose of rose garden
Phone calls, doubles it upon the Idol burden
And gummed it just the ears of the blood
And said, finish the old, the owed debt of abroad
Finish oops! Finish and furnish the gotten sense
The cock startled, the king had said
The school warrior on the anthill
It didn't learn that lesson point blank
It drowned along time ago, its lung full of water
It ended, the click at heart in springs

Paul Mwenelupembe

Power In The Pen

Such powers in ink
that gushes out link
It inks, inks and roll
That flows on apaged floor
Pushing and pushing
Areminder of the day
Twisting and twisting
Mr keep walking
Dribbling and dribbling
The footballer of the year
And remains the same
In memorable clothed page

Paul Mwenelupembe

Respect To Wadu

If respect were God
I would say respect Wadu
For in the wrinkled life she lives
So life is rain shrinking inside
Decaying salts and sweets
and good or bad broth

If grey hairs were a queen
I would say respect Wadu
For she would stand to rule again
For she is the root of many
So over head are her days
Counting them with fingers
lipping on and off

If all grandmothers were one
I would say respect wadu
For she is a grand of many
So yesterday she took them in her arms
To day is a friend of cold
lipping off and on

If respect were God
I would say respect Wadu
For she only awaits her sunset
So onset she comes with her huge head
Lonely she climbs the mountain
Only respect she needs now

Paul Mwenelupembe

Rhythm Of The Day

The moon is bright, so high, so cool
The sun, fumbles, gazes in the grass
The lake sparkles, smiles, in the grey
Smiling at each day

The verse, comes from the east
The west dangles, dances within
a bawl inside
Rivers cropping, like spokes
And is agrand pa Mulanje mountain
And, to the south, Viphya
with birds, smiling

Order of the day is shaking
Vigorous heads retakes brittle words
Words of wisdom from all walks of life
Smiling at the ridged land

Before is a reclaim of the garden
So, beautiful and the lake washes,
washes, washes, washes
While the doleful king points out,
points out, points out so high

So high, is the song, and birds
Slander and go
In the rhythm of the day

Paul Mwenelupembe

Rolling On Meanders

Rolling Chikhwawa a basket of water
Down the course to the plain
Stood still and threw a steam boat in water
Rolling on meanders slovenly by gears drain
Breaks, a bucket of them

Rolling and boring on tires
To and fro in white and black
In records absorbing and dissolving
Rolling and rolling, zigzag down fight
Zigzag up and groaning

Thus it spoiled
And grabbed the plain
And summit again in lights

Paul Mwenelupembe

Rules Of Chasing Baboons

If sunrises on mount Gideon
on the raods, and only sandy routes
Strifling on it to the baboon house
Twenty miles away from home
it grins by your foot

If you are late with a minute,
cereals are unretreated;
Shinning to the baboos' house
And they shoot with aquick steps
With their rifles clearly held
And cereals, cry for support

There are decrees attached to them
Beautifully laid down, the human life
For they say we grow and you care
But when such rules, scary ones
But when rules are in the autam
And both lives are bothered

All rules are good but these jangle ones
Early wake up and give support to cereals
The greatest ever the king of Gideon said
And weave the nkhombiyo to hold the bullet
ready to fight the baboons

Shout, shout and shout the decree
All day long to awaken them
Whilst the bullets are being shoot
On the weaved mat, sling of stones round and round
Yelling for the fight in the kingdom

Build chitembe, a source of jangle home
A branket and canopy when rains laugh
The main rule to grab on reasons
And start the spring seasons
While the Mwandovi king awards you greatly

Paul Mwenelupembe

Shinning Dreamer

The dream keeper excels
Glitters, perfuming, resorting
Reforming,
Dying breath,
Diving
Wriggling
Nibbling
Tiding
Netting
The eastern star
Sheering
Liming
My supper shinning dreamer

Paul Mwenelupembe

Slippery Road

Oh, you're so big and wide
O! How rocky and murky 'u are
You're so young and long
Oh, you're so devilish and vile
O! How dare you smile at me like that?
Are you old and oily?
Oh, you're so little and rustle
O! How wrinkled and wicked you are!
You're so sticky and sloppy
Like, O' bendy and clipped road

Paul Mwenelupembe

So Deep

In the Ocean birds dive
In the embroideries
they take and give
That's my angel
Whispers...in the waters
Of life
And silence, drives
the night

Paul Mwenelupembe

So Did My Heart

So did my heart in the futile gobbet
Spreading words and built castles in the air
Simmering messages, grasped and sniffed
Down there, the intimacy and teething desire
Proverbed

If I don't leave by photographs
I will lust
I need your pale face displayed
By the foot
And take hold of you
All day every day

So did my heart swallowing song lines
A refined retrospect in dunes
That heart rocking in vain
Promised deepen a promising will
But hmm....uh...disbarred
And shamefully soaked in rains
So did my heart covered in seaweeds

Paul Mwenelupembe

Sonnet Of Green Nchalo

So hot it says, swallowing strangers' strain
In the far green memento field it comes
In the ever greed ground with sprinklers stain
So scattered but green sweets amid fluids' canes
It awakens dews on underline and rolls flight
Anext is Savanna brown glue sleeps lives
It heads away spites and reborn of fight
Its people giggle, percolates huge fruits along a lives
As hospitable as lake Malawi the mine belong
That's likeable atmosphere Majete aside sparkles grey
Lifting on and off the mirror all day long
In the birds song of mileage below shire valley jail
The frozen Nchalo of green land in visitors eye
But it creates books so long to their humanoid bye

Paul Mwenelupembe

Summit of Drying Breath

Summer was her, the day of the snailing school boy
On the shoulder with such poles and GPS tool box
In aslow space, he jet passed near the baseless summit
As if herd of bulls, he hoofed up the heel surturating
Four great strengths but with one escorter's lace
The tour guider of that day afternoon race
While the wind swifly spoke in all angles
The grey day leading on a silent blades rangles
He was the talk of the town heading up like a leader band
So at once he nodded on the pull of the land
He crossed the river empty between on top next was the one
The great searchers of national trig pillar lines
Where they wanted to seal their GPS receiving station
But that hill, he gave much respect and knocked upon loops
Because his air breath lapsed, and lapsed of oops
He fell down, just close the pillar door way
And saw the entire horse race passing by in prairie bay
To the west the sun glared red near the district council
And to the east stood ablue cloth pencil
In the middle was an evergreen eye angel
Wrapped with his best cry of breath tam-tam tassel
He slept afew minutes and knock off again
He rose from the mighty of his stomach grain
And receive afinal call while on the pillar case
The pillar the remained twice darken meal verse
That day he grabbed so hard his finger nailed
On the hill summit they started the journey on rail
After dismantling the radio station basement
The musterpiece of that day play movement
That was adarken sky, the school boy went down
And dropped down non reversable mail till dawn

Paul Mwenelupembe

The Desperate Woman

She stands there, dripping saliva
She is sick and going wirry
She reampts slowly like a tortoise
Leading down to the loo
And back into the thatched house

She was, and has anew born
On the mat, striped palm leaves mat
But why is she
not in the medicine house

She has delivered yesterday
On the river of life,
she counts her life
and desperate she is of knife
So life is dying in her eyes
With a need of help
Coming from the new home

Paul Mwenelupembe

Triumpant Lamb

Seat, live in the lamb's smile
As it seated on the bench line
Posing for the music to dance
It waited for the arocities to be played
In yet green planet, beautiful planet

Had it been the stories of the verdict uplift
That the wicked leaked their lips
The lamb could smear with aleek smiles
Then in the gripped queue it posed again

Driven by tense inward it ran
Tossing like a silver bell
The same, the name boomed ahead
And a quarter mile it posed again

Ready to carry the bumper yield
And bow, bow was lit and shielded
While hands shook bouncing
Hitting hard inside the brave of the world

And when the cross was carried
The swift vehicle induced the speed
Then the white sheet was born
In a shower of embrace

Paul Mwenelupembe

Turn From a Desert To Watered Garden

Why there are seasons in deserts
That percolated situations are calculated
From the most high yet island exists
Of which saturated is better goes unsaturated
And the end of bad to worse
And earmarks later from better to best

Why is it that deserts are neither
permanent nor the watered garden
Does the craziest thing
And better smile of green breast
And emit all that pours from above

For if Christ was invited
Closer to his doors' touch
Watered in a garden of eve
Is here to rest
To get over neat best timeline

For his journey in clouds
To endless abssy of doom's day
Is in the watered garden
And turns breath from yearning desert
To watered garden of eve

Paul Mwenelupembe

When The World Vanishes

When this world vanishes
When it goes with its own things
When the sun glows dim then
The moon shall head adark shape
The earth shall warn out like acloth
He says on the mount Zion

When the living things cry foul
When the most high shall say no more
When the heavens shall close its walls
Our ways shall never be his
His ways are always higher as heaven
For he is the king of glory

If today we remember the cross
And take charge of his will
Demonds shall never sneak closer
Even diseases shall regret to lock
And he shall say well is with you
When the world vanishes

Paul Mwenelupembe

White Lonely bird

White lonely bird
Spleeps and sleeps in the sun light
All alone as sun rises, grows and die
Dancing, breaking, so arrest and delight
Perched, fly and, sing a song dice
Pretender of the real love world

The lonely bird so coated in cutes,
In the Kwasakwasa cowardice
Kwe-kwe-kwe
The missing gift of tight
Rocking on earth now and then
By the oceanic sand bite classic

One side is a lake of fire
Bracing and blazing the bird
Roasting the inner world of love
Yet desperately needs embroideries bud
And the only singer by ther beach

Paul Mwenelupembe