

Poetry Series

John Sensele
- poems -

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John Sensele(12.09.1953)

A Blast From The Past

A blast from the past
Warms up my heart
I care less if the die is cast
From me nostalgia won't depart.

I reminisce about great friends and times
Shared in joys and tears
Sorrow mountains we climbed sometimes
Although with God we conquered our fears.

Friends gone, friends dead
Memories linger, linger and linger
In my heart, in my soul, in my head
Where memories swim into my fond finger.

I miss those great days
Friends and I on diligence we built careers
Raised our families and mended our ways
Breaking through all manners of barriers with no arrears.

John Sensele

A Breeze Blows

A breeze blows
In my life grace glows
When a new day dawns
While my life happiness owns

Despite a ripple rearing her head
Here and there when I get ahead
Swimming in hope
As grace glides on my slope

Urging me to persevere
In times of trial when severe
Tests stretch my endurance
Gauging whether my spiritual insurance

Grows more valid
And my remit rows solid
As I contemplate a fertile future
If I cultivate a credible cognitive culture.

John Sensele

A Chance At A Distance Nigh The Poor

Let not my ungrateful hand
Bind the grand gift in the land
Ancestors bestowed on humankind
To make me more humane and grow more kind.

Let not my haughty heart steal
The sympathy and empathy to heal
The folks who suffer torture
At the hands of tyrants worshipping the vulture culture.

Let not my suppressed sight
Delight the pesky plight
The poor endure alone
When instead of bread I give them a loan.

Let not my brain brush aside
Sufferings the mighty inject in the pride
That denies the voiceless a chance
To carve a niche of welfare substance in their circumstance.

John Sensele

A Child's World

In a Child's world, roses smell good
Trouble never features
Elves and fairies in good mood
Propagate positive cultures.

In a Child's world, anger and hunger
Seldom walk through a door
Dark clouds can't trigger
Crises when the child jumps on a clean floor.

In a Child's world, mom and dad
Smile all the time and build
Happiness so that nothing bad
Flies through a child's shield.

In a Child's world, teddy bears
Dolls and other gadgets spread love
To ensure his cowboy wears
Jeans as smiles for family children save.

John Sensele

A Comedy Of Errors

A comedy of errors repeatedly replayed like a damaged groove repels
A comedy of errors stridently uttered like carrion turns off
The most ardent and avid of suitors
To leave a nagging tongue with blisters.

A comedy of errors flashed back out of tune tires
A comedy of errors revived at every opportunity undermines affection
The most loving prince charming harbours
To leave a nagging tongue in torpors.

A comedy of errors can't raise a soufflé
A comedy of errors turns days into nights
The most caring heart loathes
To leave a nagging mouth in threadbare clothes.

A comedy of errors snatches every shred of hope
A comedy of errors extinguishes every ember of love
The most forgiving heart spared on a romantic slope
To leave a foul mouth with no iota of infatuation to save.

John Sensele

A Comfort Continent

In my world, I make a difference
When I share a blind woman's burden
Instead of pouring on her my impertinence
Slowly, surreptitiously or all of a sudden.

In my world, I craft pacific poems
For the happy and the broken hearted
To clear doom and gloom alongside fluids from totems
As the deflated, defeated comfort the deserted.

In my world, laughter and comfort
Command a higher premium
Than the might of the powerful barricaded in a port
When they swill at will vats of vintage rum.

In my world, women experience the science
That concocts votes for their freedom
To balance persistence, perseverance and balance
As women unleash their vast potential in their promised feminine kingdom

John Sensele

A Confident Woman

A confident woman cares little about a boyfriend's wallet
Which macho men have used as a mallet
To rattle and trample on women's dignity
With animosity, pomposity, vanity and impunity.

A confident woman carves for herself a niche
To signify her status as lady dearer than a radish
On a gigolo's palate or a macho man's plate
Which the man manipulates into a hustle hotplate.

A confident woman earns a living, breaking the glass ceiling
Because the lady comfortable in her skin cares little for bling
Which adds little sapience or evidence on the fence
Between perseverance, confidence and substance.

A confident woman worries not whether she dons a wig on her head
Or cuts her hair short with no cotton thread
Nor excessive makeup or accessories
Because her stronger personality commands greater presence than toiletries.

John Sensele

A Couple's Cord

Beneath the warmth she wastes
On me lies a will
To embrace a new path that tastes
Sweeter than the pill

I'd inflicted on her willingness
To separate me from the bush
In which malaise married madness
To make Pius push

Mabel away from the stable
Union she brought along although
Pius played the rebel
Without a chance to advance or grow

Into a more mature man
With a vision to reason beyond
Prison and treason tan
Whose tattoos couldn't consolidate into a bridal bond.t

John Sensele

A Cynical Circus

Fed up with celebrating international days
Chosen and frozen in a cynical circus
Bankrolled by a tycoon with tongue in cheek ways
The poor pray for focus in every liturgical locus.

Chosen and frozen in a cynical circus
In an ivory tower teeming with tycoons
The poor pray for focus in every liturgical locus
Preaching and teaching a weed creed for buffoons and raccoons.

In an ivory tower teeming with tycoons
Masticating morsels of mutton
Preaching and teaching a weed creed for buffoons and raccoons
The voiceless and vulnerable vie for the baptism baton.

Masticating morsels of mutton
Bankrolled by a tycoon with tongue in cheek ways
The voiceless and vulnerable vie for the baptism baton
Fed up with celebrating international days.

John Sensele

A Dead Deal

Fifteen thousand I paid
In a hopeful move to secure a job
As up and down swung my bob
Deal's done, the crook said

From office to office we went
Hearts pumping in anticipation
Dreams of cash fed the emancipation
The more cash in bribes I spent

Months flew by
Hope once high began to fade
Days and more days on my calendar I began to shade
Night after night on my poor pillow I'd cry

The crook would dismiss my doubt
Great days are coming
Payroll your way is roaming
Districts of hope our teams scout

'I'm not a fool, crook
Gimme back my money fast
Or else the deal beyond two hours won't last
Cos your nonsense I can no longer brook'.

John Sensele

A Deadly Deal

I expire when I float foolishness for hire
Deleting from my home goodwill
Expecting emptiness others to inspire
Thereby selling packs and sacks of a deadly deal.

I expire when I set my home on fire
Behaving as though world revolves around my pride
Producing pitiful performance that won't expire
As long as I embark on a risible ride.

I expire when I give vent to my ire
Expecting world on its knees to plead
For the purification of my drums of desire
Which neither values nor virtues need.

I expire when for crumbs I perspire
Floating frailties gone toxic
Shortening breath as if virtues impertinence admire
Until a soothsayer civilizes and tenderizes my tunic.

John Sensele

A Deluge Of Local Delights

Pounded cassava leaves
Lubricated by yellow palm oil
Dressed with peanut butter cleaves
Your palate with delight as flavours in your mouth boil.

Plucked pumpkin leaves cut into thin strips
Boiled to tenderness
Tease your soft palate with beeps
Signalling culinary happiness.

Pasta escorted by game meat
Titillate taste buds
Of gourmets who treat
With respect and reverence spuds.

Pasteurized milk added to cassava leaf stew
Forms a nutritious soup
That goes beyond a few
Sessions of supplying succulent dishes to a street kid group.

John Sensele

A Desolation Scene

A scene of unalloyed bliss swept my mind
A scene to behold draped my path
So long as I dared to find
Techniques to keep in check my wrath.

A scene of utter disbelief confronted my eyes
A scene painted by street kids sleeping rough in corridors of shops
I wondered if my eyes beheld packs of lies
Street kids huddled like spoons, fearing no cops.

A scene of sublime hour greeted my family
A scene Mike crafted in his innocence
So long as my family paid heed to Mike's homily
To put his faith in balance despite pomp and circumstance.

A scene of pesky doubt stole our electricity
A scene globalization has brought about
So long as some folks flying in droves ditch elves of ethnicity
To scurry about New York, Frankfurt and Paris for a shilling shout.

John Sensele

A Dicy Path

Maggie revved off to church
Intending to leave no one in the lurch
When Brighton caressed her hand
To the tune of an invisible band.

Brighton and Maggie entered a motel
With simcards from Airtel
When a shrill ringtone sounded
And their hearts pounded.

Half dressed, they sneaked into Brighton's SUV
Hiding from Busybody tv
Although a tinted glass limousine
Purred like a cat behind Brighton's machine.

Maggie cursed her luck
For the muck
She'd plunged in headlong
For a dime song.

The tinted limousine gained ground
As Brighton and Maggie it did hound
When their SUV did swerve
And played tricks on Maggie's nerve.

Brighton executed a maneuver
Near Perfidy river
That shoved the tinted car
Off the road tar.

Tinted limousine overturned
As Maggie's luck returned
And gunshots
Broke lots

Of calm and silence
When Maggie's fright dance
Poured rivers of tears
Plus a plethora of fears.

John had found out
She'd been a lout
Stealing his slice
Of marriage twice.

Brighton fed more gas
With no fuss
To escape bullets
And pellets

That whizzed by
And made Maggie cry
When a bullet in a windscreen drilled a hole
That made Brighton fall

When the SUV hit a rock
Killed a croc
And stars shone
On Maggie's crimson collar bone.

John Sensele

A Discord

When in love I fall
Calling my love a dame
Avoiding the thrust of the fall
Which can't assuage the blame

I escape to ditch lonely nights
I can't endure in June
When coldness bites my fights
With the loneliness moon

That pokes fun when my pots turn black
Cutting to the quick my appetite
Reminding me of the fraternal flak
Family feeds cos I can't hold tight

The petite the family feels I should marry
Or else they'll throw me out
Since they feel I'm not in a hurry
To marry and clear for good their doubt

About my ability to run a home
And cut off the umbilical chord
Hiding in the storm I form
Whenever my marital status discussion ends up in a dramatic discord.

John Sensele

A Doomsday Scenario Peek

A million miles from joy
Breathing and seething below zero
Heart aching, mind blowing with no toy
To appreciate and thank my hero.

Dark thoughts gallumph
In a haze I hate to endure
Sorrow for company. No triumph
Should I surrender to sorrow's lure?

Rudderless ribs
Sailing away to nowhere
Parameters propelling crazy cribs
Into a vortex spelling and spilling hedonism everywhere.

How did I excavate my way to doom?
Mistakes and somber sweepstakes multiply
An avid appetite feeds and heeds gloom
Solution mindsets you and I urgently ought to apply and supply.

John Sensele

A Dose Of Love Feeds Pleads To Be Heard

Despite our own struggles inner and outer, visible and invisible
Let's go on, loving, caring, making a difference
In our families, communities and cities where feasible
Whether in reference to their struggles or during a conference

To eat caviar, drink champagne or discuss how to mitigate
The plight of the voiceless, the choiceless, the hapless
On whom fate has heaped hunger and thirst at their gate
Where perennial Hell seems a ceaseless

Straitjacket from which they can't wriggle free
Whether to sleep, weep, creep or keep the faith
We enjoin them to cherish underneath a mango tree
That can no longer bear fruit in the wake of water dearth

Brought about by human insensitivity, polluting the air and water bodies
That propel water cycles and green plant processes including photosynthesis
To enable life and food webs to proceed apace despite polluted water eddies
From which emerge horrors and terrors whose synthesis

Spews disaster
Spells gloom
Slays happiness and bliss faster
And on obdurate humankind bestows doom with no maneuver in her revenge
room

Unless we come through offering to heal our broken world
Working beyond the normal call of duty to feed the hungry
Accommodating the swirled and hurled
Whether we're happy, moody or angry

Endeavouring to do the least but delivering the best shot
Effacing our needs to plant hope seeds
Loving in a consistent manner, blowing neither cold nor hot
So that in the end every aching heart receives a dose of love feeds.

John Sensele

A Dream Died A Dreadful Death

Lightning and thunder did clash
In ventricles within my heart
Vying whether to lash
At every part

That feels emotions
In hearts of dames
Whose love motions and portions
Laid claims

To the indifference my heart felt
When Hazel Fidelia ended our engagement
In July nineteen seventy seven to melt
The betrothal arrangement

I thought made in Heaven
Until my polychrome
World came undone
In a moment of total madness and sadness whose home

I ransacked painting all women black
Cos their kind acted irrationally in spirit
As Fidelia in a rubbish pack
Dumped the love writ

We'd so carefully crafted over several years spanning back to college
Days where I first spied the svelte gazelle
I desired in marriage
But of course a spell

Cast by an invisible hand
Made sure I ate humble pie
Of the most humiliating brand
Giving my heart no space to sigh as though I was condemned alive to die

Humiliated
Empty handed
Denunciated
Loveless landed

Fearing for the heart torn into
Whose emotional system though frail
Determined to go on without breaking into two
Or going off the love rail

Or separating body from mind
In a scenario thrown into disarray
Wondering if as legend has it love truly blind couldn't find
Room in my aching heart to shine a beam of limpid light without further delay.

John Sensele

A Family Consolation

Welcome back, my son
To the family bosom
Where in fits and starts fun
Extracted you for seasons without reason

That tore the family fabric
With a yawning gap
Which no trick
Whatever its map

Could relieve
As family pain and strain
Could give
No respite in the main

Regardless of postures
Family embraced
Until your return new cultures
Consolation stressed

In smiles for miles
Soothing the void
Created in styles
Both you and family could in future avoid.

John Sensele

A Fool And Her Family Soon Part Company

A fool and her marriage
Soon part ways
Behaving as though her crazy carriage
Constitutes and institutes a worthy praise.

A fool flies in clouds of madness
Treating her home with disdain
Trumping tricks and wicks that sow sadness
That grows and grows beyond measure in her imaginary garden of Eden.

A fool undermines foundations of conjugal life
Spawning indifference, toying twenty four seven on her phone
Disregarding seeds of destruction she plants on her fife
Yapping and nagging in an annoying monotone.

A fool buries her head in the sand
Boasting of prenuptial training she received
Although marriage pundits fail to understand
How a sophisticated home manager nurtures notions so ill conceived.

John Sensele

A Fork In My Road

A fork in my road
A stork in my lake
A chord I dare to goad
When dimples of discord can't bake my cake.

A song in my head
A gong in my leg
A wrong I dare to shed
When I want nobody to beg.

A stick in my hand
A brick in my heart
A trick I dare to withstand
When I want no tart to start.

A link in my dream
A slink in my book
A mink I dare to scream
When I want a sink to hook.

John Sensele

A Fortnight At The Farm

No bed, no bed, no bed
No pillow for my head
Sprawling on polythene bags
No roof over our hut. June tags

Christine and I imbibed at Chibuli
Pine Residence in oblivion. Our glee
Sufficed, our feet not iced, a wood heater
Warmed the porous hut in the Chibulu theatre

Where in the wee hours of the morning
I'd wake up to stalk logs, not snoring
But dreaming sweet dreams
Sometimes, hyenas would prowl in teams

Maize grain sticks would beat
Seeds streaming into a hollow kit
Where eager hands would collect
Affect, effect, eject, reject, project or select.

John Sensele

A Glass Of Wine

A glass of beer
Steadies my frayed nerves
Which succeed in annoying my dear
Lady who can't stand the sight of alcohol on her shelves.

A glass of wine
Taken in moderation
Perks up a lady with fine
Manners when she fixes her makeup foundation.

A glass of champagne
Taken to solve problems
Can't help a lady 's campaign
To shed weight despite her obdurate claims.

A glass of Blue Johnny Walker
Imbided over and above huge doses of alcohol
Diminishes a driver's judgment powers, turning him into a stalker
Of death because he can no longer keep his eyes on the ball.

John Sensele

A Glimmer Of Hope In A Summer Steamer

Horrible experiences
Numb senses, cut off audiences
Create ambiguous ambiences

In settings we hardly understand
Whether we sit down or stand
Pain and strain we endeavor to withstand

In our sorry state
Vultures vying for the estate
They can't hesitate to decapitate

Despite grotesque gushes
Antic ambushes
Brutal brushes in brittle bushes

We navigate in trauma territories we access
On our way to terminate the abcess
In convoluted canvasses of emotions in excess

We dare to challenge
Without a wish to avenge
Losses and tosses of tranquility on the fringe

Where we ruminate for a way out
From spouts in a livid layout
Sensational snouts doubting and pouting at the roundabout

Where in the long run
We laugh, lapping up the fun in a pun
To turn away from worshipping the glory of the gun

As ebullient emotions simmer
Hope slivers swim to a glimmer
Saving our sanity in Summer steamer.

John Sensele

A Grip On Gregariousness

Get a grip on gregariousness when dumps drive on
Stabilise your thoughts, get your bearings right
Soon clouds though loud evacuate your zone
Stamina soars and clarity consolidates your sight.

Stabilise your thoughts, get your bearings right
Long for strength, sound the gong of growth
Stamina soars and clarity consolidates your sight
Parry adrenalin despite severe symbols of wrath.

Long for strength, sound the gong of growth
Grip the mace of grace, strip traces of hesitation
Parry adrenalin despite severe symbols of wrath
Gather your wits, tweet tenderness and forward her felicitation.

Grip the mace of grace, strip traces of hesitation
Soon clouds though loud evacuate your zone
Gather your wits, tweet tenderness and forward her felicitation
Get a grip on gregariousness when dumps drive on.

John Sensele

A Hope Swing In My Ring Of Fire

Testing times beneath the grey sky
Where in despair I cry
Forever asking why

Priceless prizes that in my life draw near
My outstretched hand so eager
Alongside trumpets so clear

Long ago tore the dream
I held so dear in a stream
Where collaborators and benefactors working as a team

Enjoined me to go on
Praying for succor to visit my every bone
To sustain, maintain and retain the stamina that I thought long gone

In the midst of despair and disrepair
Within no ace of a credible repair
That I wailed it ain't fair

For sorrows to bring
Into my thorny life obstacles and hurdles in a string
Whose arrows in a row my flesh continue to sting

Although with each ounce of pain prick unrest
My body trembles and grumbles hoping for the best
To withstand and endure the poignant test

Sapping each iota of energy I dare save
In a prayer litany wave
As temptations in my ring of fire I shave

Endavouring from impending calamity to swerve
As on tenterhooks my every nerve
Prays to sustain the fortitude verve

Assailing me till poisoned arrows let up
As I gulped hope, succor and strength from the cup
God in his omniscience, omnipotence and omnipresence landed in my lap.

John Sensele

A Hovercraft To Heaven

Vultures devour the cadaver
Left in limbo when I'm gone
To meet God for a palaver
In Heaven at dawn.

God tells me my time ain't done
Mission yet to run its course
So long sins and pins impose no ban
To appreciate God's rarest resource.

Ask God why vultures wish me ill
For reasons I can't comprehend
Although I ferry their folly to the hill
Where pride and prejudice they fail to defend.

Reluctantly I fly back to Earth
To look vultures in the eye
Challenge them to prove their birth
Neither makes me cry nor makes me sigh.

I wish vulnerable vultures
The best of luck
When they embrace creepy cultures
Which earn them no blue buck.

John Sensele

A Hulk's Sulk

In my folly, I elected to sulk
Stepped on your toes and made you sad
I'm sorry I became a horrible hulk
Behaved badly and made our marriage mad.

In my folly, I elected to withdraw
Stepped on your rights and picked up fights
I'm sorry a pesky picture I elected to draw
Behaved badly and le plights.

In my folly, I elected to lash out
Stepped on your privileges and became a bully
I'm sorry I elected to pout and cast a doubt
Behaved badly and treated you cruelly.

In my folly, I elected to flee
Stepped on your patience and made you tense
I'm sorry I became a flighty flea
Behaved badly and destroyed deference through impertinence.

John Sensele

A Joyless Jilted Juvenile's Journey

A jilted juvenile-heartbroken and hassled-wonders why
She falls for umpteenth time for a player
Whose prime purpose lies in making her cry
When the punk wears the cap of a soul slayer.

A jilted juvenile-forsaken and forbidden- swallows another lie
When a sender of crimson roses swims into focus
Spins a loaded die, presenting her with a poisoned pie
Sending her on tenterhooks in his hocus pocus.

A jilted juvenile-sunken and stolen- vows never again to trust men
Who come calling when bad blood bludgeons heads
Too crazy to mean well, too selfish to serve women
Gullible enough, naïve enough to visit their homesteads.

A jilted juvenile- violated and vanquished-slumps on a sofa
Wondering whose arms her lover melts
When she turns down a suitor's offer
Of matrimony as on him dismissal darts she pelts.

John Sensele

A Little Beetle Called Love

A little beetle called love chooses her own rules
Then begins to rule the roost;
Cossetted, love deploys her tools to mete punishment on fools
But good suitors love seduced.

A little beetle called love drives lovers mad
Then robs them of reason;
Blinded by love, unwary swimmers and lemurs end up sad in their pad
Cursing Cupid and his arrows for their plight, claiming treason.

A little beetle called love bites tight creatures mighty and weak
Smiting Samson despite his vampire vitality
Making Solomon bite the dust from Eve's beak
Manipulating David's fly despite his sagacity and lucidity.

A little beetle called love endows a woman with much guile
To spirit a tycoon from his family, his mansion
Into a tiny abode while
His wife and offspring wilt in family dysfunction.

John Sensele

A Little Bit Of Love

A little bit of care, a little bit of flair
A little bit of imagination add flavor
To a relationship if partners play it fair
In dealing with each other in each endeavour.

A little bit of consideration, a little bit of courtesy
A little bit of sympathy turn an ordinary courtship
Into an engagement that shunts aside jealousy
To mature into a full blown wedding trip.

A little bit of communication, a little bit of conciliation
A little bit of appreciation transmute a struggling marriage
Into a strong matrimonial union
That stands the test of time and grows stronger with age.

A little bit of humility, a little bit of agility
A little bit of versatility lubricate gears of a home
Once thought limping due to fragility, frailty and banality
Until husband and wife made up their minds to weather a matrimonial storm.

John Sensele

A Little Lesson

A little love, a little laughter
From hearts that care
From lips that flatter
Go a long way towards diminishing warmth warfare.

A little love, a little lesson
From hearts that learn
From lips that breathe affection
Go a long ways towards diminishing a heartburn.

A little love, a little light
From hearts that smile
From lips that hug tight
Go a long way towards diminishing a futility file.

A little love, a little lift
From hearts that won't break
From lips that won't drift
Go a long way towards spurning a mendacious mistake.

John Sensele

A Little Love Lives On

A little love dug from a well
Where heartfelt feelings flow
Heals hurts that did spell
Doom and gloom circumstances began to grow.

A little love flowing in bouquets
Of red roses for a while
Melted despair in sentimental projects
That lovers revile.

A little love germinates in an affair
That rust and its friction slowed down
As lovers deploying an amorous flair
Revived to full vitality in their tryst town.

A little love rarely dies
If given oxygen, water and care
For the treasure to radiates more than sighs
Of relief but genuine bliss beyond compare.

John Sensele

A Loose Cannon

A loose cannon loosens known expletives
In a net show of defiance on Planet Invective without any science to back up
His boast on a coast of souls confused and contused when electives
Walk on their heads shredding a country's future with tears poured in a
masquerade cup.

A loose cannon soon slumps down on a finishing line and collapses
After a marathon race that displaced common sense on a fence of indignities
Unleashed to bite any fish that dared to sap chemicals from his synapses
Until buoyed up by boisterous cheerleaders, the demagogue acknowledges
futilities.

A loose cannon now peers down up a periscope where barbs
He'd unleashed on priests, pedestrians and philanthropists
Race towards him at high celerity with scabs and artificial intelligence crabs
That demand restitution and reparations for calling them rapists.

A loose cannon presses a button to induce stress
On neighbours from the South when he builds a Berlin Wall
To prevent fruit pickers, dish washers, shoe shine boys and waitresses in distress
From grabbing jobs from PhD holders who somehow can't play ball.

John Sensele

A Love Lift

Gimme a break
So much fun at stake
If you can stem a heartbreak.

Gimme strength
So much pleasure beyond measure at arm's length
If you don't love understrength.

Gimme hope
So much delight with no stop
If you increase the love scope in every drop.

Gimme a love lift
So much gregariousness in the gift
You wrap in every amity uplift.

Gimme trust
So much joy in our cosy crust
If you waylay and dispel mistrust.

Gimme guarantee
So much love to a tee
If your love stays free of the torture tree.

Gimme a dream
So much love in the cream
We stream from reams of whims.

John Sensele

A Lovers' Lullaby

Lovers will dance, necking
Their unbridled bliss in evidence
As recompense to them will come flying
To reward care and patience fare and share in each incidence

When hearts told minds to let go
If traces of reluctance danced
In the way of disappointments hearts chose to forgo
As from doubts love beats distanced

Renewing feelings of trust
Injecting greater commitment
Into love primacy as a must
Subtracting the corrosion condiment

In favour of bonding more
Loving from the heart
Loving each other to the core
And never contemplating life apart.

John Sensele

A Man's Memoirs

I have loved the best
In my tenure as a blue-eyed boy
Injecting zeal and zest in my quest.

I have bestowed care in my romance to attest
To the enduring power of joint joy
I have loved the best.

I have sacrificed ego-tripping to request
My partner to dole out her lifebuoy
Injecting zeal and zest in my quest.

I have striven to rise to my romance crest
Where in my partner's convoy I scaled the Savoy
I have loved the best.

I have pondered my romance roadmap to digest
The degree and depth of complacency to destroy
Injecting zeal and zest in my quest.

I have committed to my soulmate my life in earnest
To rid romance of recidivism as a preferred ploy
I have loved the best
Injecting zeal and zest in my quest.

John Sensele

A Moment To Ponder

A moment of revelation
Spins marble hearts open
Swinging into action upon introspection
Bunches of surprises at the foot of a trembling aspen.

A moment of reflection
Upon paths of life traversed
Questions whys and hows of inaction
Into courses of action that could not be reversed.

A moment of serendipity
Invents formulas for prolonging bliss
With no iota of pity in a city
Where religious strictures lip excision for a public kiss.

A moment of rare brilliance
Rescues humankind from its folly
In denying the existence of environmental science
As tycoons proclaim their pseudo science holy.

John Sensele

A Moment's Pause & Repose

Pause for a moment with neither torment nor comment
To appreciate the fate that's made you great
To acknowledge the development you enjoy in every compartment
With neither rancor nor hate in your best state.

Pause for a moment with neither serpent nor judgment
To appreciate the date you set
Your eyes on God's pronouncement
To arrest the crest of a threat in your pate, of late.

Pause for a moment with neither escarpment nor debasement
To appreciate the wisdom of boredom
To factorise and sanitise the ferment and deferment cement
That bears consequences of offences committed in a crazy kingdom.

Pause for a moment with neither enjambment nor inveiglement
To appreciate the cue, view and virtue of a recidivist
Who somehow woos you glue and stew into an apparent
Confrontation with unwise intention which you insist mustn't exist to resist.

John Sensele

A Narrative

I delve beneath the news
To probe underlying views
I believe inform perspectives
So immersed in adjectives
They cloud messages
In swathes of bromide passages
Paraded as the Gospel truth
On television and in the social media booth
Where simpletons devour poppycock
They lap up around the clock
Repeating fallacies
They elevate to the level of delicacies
I rate beneath contempt
Regardless of the attempt
To disregard the immutability of fact
So long as the contract of tact
Leads news consumers
To graduate into verisimilitude subsumers
Capable of teasing fact from fiction
In an era when half truths fuel friction
Catalyzing misunderstandings
By ignoring veracity underpinnings and vilifying social standings.

John Sensele

A New Day

A brand new day in my home town dawns
When innovative ideas imbued with empathy strengthen bones
To afford the vulnerable occasions to fete
Events in rents, scents and tents that uplift their fate.

A brand new day wrapped in open opportunities
Brings along bliss shared in my communities
Where rich and poor hobnob with one another
To harmonise coexistence for inhabitants to enjoy together.

A brand new day once in a while generates renewal
Ensconced in better relationships to mark malice withdrawal
Affording neighbours ounces of chances to live in harmony
To share laughter and love with neither pomp nor ceremony.

A brand new day shines through the veneer of offence and pretence
When altruism and optimism promote life beyond mere existence
For my community members to live above the poverty datum line
In which zillions of ghetto dwellers wallow on a famine incline.

John Sensele

A New Year

A new year calls for courage
To start anew
To clear any fear and baggage
That held down your crew with flu.

A new year, my dear
Asks you and your friends too
To set new targets and steer
Away from any blues with a clear clue.

A new year sues no tears
But requires you to inquire in your mind
Whether your peers
Encourage or discourage you from growing blind and unkind.

A new year springs a ring
Emblazoned in hope
For your and yours to sing and cling
To freedom beyond a hangman's slope.

John Sensele

A Nuisance Noose

A hot teapot called a cute kettle black
The kettle rebuffed the flavouless flak
Raising very high its temperature
Which by habit stuck to its nature and signature

Flipping off its lid at once
Cos the teapot grew duncce
Sinking deeper and deeper into depression
Although the cute kettle denied the ominous oppression

The tepid teapot could no longer bear
So polluted and convoluted grew its hair
Which got fed up with greying
The more the teapot kept straying

Sneaking into a hole where a serpent
Enjoined the teapot to repent
Or else hell would break loose
And the teapot would cry and fry in a nuisance noose.

John Sensele

A Pandemic, No Mystic

In times of distress
Not your duty nor mine
To increase stress
Redesign or social order undermine

Pull together
Unite efforts in the same direction
As sister and brother
At the intersection of introspection

To live and see tomorrow
In the light of the pandemic
That on us lingers sorrow
We fear like an epidemic

Beyond which lies hope
A better life
A quality scope on the bliss slope
Far away from the strife

We won't survive
If we don't impose social distance
In the expectation we arrive
To a normal circumstance

Play and pray together again
As we used to in the past
Where with one another we bargain
For pleasure and leisure that last

So long as we stay indoors
Minimizing infection risk
Instead of roaming outdoors
Where covid nineteen awaits us on a disk.

John Sensele

A Peek Into My Pate

Cognition is the girl I wield
Differentiating exponential expressions
When to this girl my attention I yield
Intending to execute my mathematical missions.

Computer algebra systems are cute kids in my town
Simplifying my laborious Arithmetic
Extracting from my face every frown
Lurking in the background: no cosmetic.

Scratching my head
I pound Algebra and Geometry
Preventing focus from going to bed
I round off my shift with Trigonometry.

Drawing up a lesson plan on vectors
I put to the sword Calculus
Empowering saplings to grow beyond Arithmetic actors
Who fly above nimbus. Incredulous and miraculous.

A peek into my pate
Reveals I'm mollifying Mathematics
Which is both my fate and my date
Dwarfing by far Semantics and Pragmatics.

John Sensele

A Peek Into My Rhythm

Thoughts drive my mind
Making me happier
In thoughts health and wealth I find

In thoughts I discover Napier
Handling logarithms
If my mathematical ability grows snappier

HipHop popularises African rhythms
Elevating them into a rich art form
Condemned by illiterate teams

Which in the global village roam
Singing sounds of the past
So rigid in the comb of stylistic storm

Traditional music genres cast
As an icon
Youths can't consume in any recipe repast.

John Sensele

A Peep Into Poetry

Poems span a myriad forms
Which defy facile formulations and notions.
Each poem by nature informs
The reader about categories, repetitions

Rhythm, internal and end rhyme
A poem may not rhyme. A poem may choose to snore or bore.
Traditional poetry lays claim
To meter, sound, rhyme and rigid structure to meet poetic folklore

Aspects. Modern poems promote free verse
Which divorces meter, strict versification
To reform poetic craft, to embrace
Freedoms that unleash creativity and nourish a poet's imagination

To roam free within and beyond stanzas and create poetry
Though dependent on the poetic line
As the building block of its story
Marries assonance, consonance, alliteration, personification to define, to refine

Vivid vistas into panoramic artistry in the new millennium
Where a poet elaborates, explores, expounds on any topic
The poet ponders away from the podium and odium
That behave as though an examination rubric

Pinpointed a fuzzy focus. Poems by nature convey a myriad meanings
To avid cosmopolitan readers. Poems differ from strings of prose
Exemplifying school magazine articles dressed up as seminal underpinnings
Gyrating too close to the nose and hose

Of a writer whose bull's eye targets transparency
For readers to lick simple understanding.
A poem while observing leniency and clemency
Is a well-rounded protagonist with a sacred sling

That engages a reader
Enjoining readers to work
Not like pupils shivering in front of a taunting teacher or a fault-finder
But to grant them freedom to harvest bona fide fruit as they break

Through images and messages beyond the surface
Beneath a poem's floor
To glean aspects that displace and outpace
Presumptions, misconceptions and distortions across a phonetic glow

Beyond spurious scansion
But scuba-dive nearer profound prosody
To an erudite expansion
Yonder the tragedy

That argues that analyzing a poem
Means a predetermined effort, retort or resort
To lump all poems into a naïve totem
As the preferred port

Where armchair critics paint puny portraits as the epitome
Of literary analysis
Whose comb
Panders to parametric paralysis

Hallucinogenic hypnosis
That bites more than it can chew
While cruising or sneezing in a comatose crisis
With a little less than a horny horseshoe.

Poems encapsulate complexity
In form and substance
Poems exhibit deft dexterity
Poems strike a balance between a fluke feat and nifty nuance.

In short, a poem can breathe total nonsense
Full of feelings
Full of common sense as a point of reference
Or summersault onto sublime swings devoid of wilted wings.

John Sensele

A Pesky Past

A pesky past like a rancid repast
Ought to turn its petrified bones
In dustbins of the past
Couched in abandoned ringtones with discarded clones.

A pointless past like a poisoned arrow
Ought to bury its odium
In dustbins in which tomorrow
Can't climb for honour due to accumulated opprobrium.

A prickly past like thoughtless thorns
Ought to sink its nuisance neck in a guillotine
To put an end to horny horns
It blows out of turn to get on nerves of Clementine.

An unbidden past like a nightmare
Ought to feature nowhere in vicinity of glory
Earned at great cost and whose fare to ride on a mare
Bankrupts the undefeated knight's salary in a hurry.

John Sensele

A Pickle

Water lashed Jamie's face
As Diana flew away without a trace
Leaving Jamie perplexed
How she'd hexed

Emily who adored him deeply
Heart, body and soul madly.
He slammed her door shut
But resisted the urge to call her slut.

An SMS landed on his BlackBerry
A week later. 'Can you ferry
Your trinkets from my flat
Alongside your cat.'

'By the way,
Stay away
From me as I reconsider
Your proposal and ponder

'You're joking, Diana
No more banana
Jamie hung up
He broke his tea cup.

Jamie rammed his BlackBerry on the floor
As memories of the blow
She rubbed on his reputation
Flooded his meditation.

Diana shoved him aside
In full view of his maid
Who confronted Diana
On whom she landed a banana

That caused Alice to wince
And her glass of apple juice
Grazed Hazel
Under a drizzle.

Why Diana played the angel
When elderly fingers fondled her navel
Although Diana stroked the fingers
That flashed green six figures

To pay her rent
Buy wigs and prevent
Her return to streets
Where she sent strumpet tweets.

'I don't wanna see you any more
Keep to yourself your score,
Jamie
Do you hear me?

'Diana, suit yourself
I'm no longer on your shelf.
Good riddance of bad rubbish
You're so selfish. '

'Yes, I'll see you tonight.
Keep warm and tight,
Emily
I'll bring along Billy.'

John Sensele

A Pie For A Sigh To Tie With A Lie

Don't claim a name on which blame
Deposits heaps of beeps, pips and quips
Offloaded with abandon near the same flame
That not long ago waved whips

Flogging, mugging and bugging you long before
The flame that singed your dearest dreams
In beams, seams, streams and reams of bream to the core
Where their torture teams

Kept a bush bill, wept for a civil kill, crept to a still till and swept
Harsh trash and slush cash that crashed the bedroom
In which you left
Your lover room

To prove she loved you heart
And soul to the extent where she'd die
For you by baking a cocoa cake and taking part
In sacrifices that charged premium prices for a sigh to decry a lie.

John Sensele

A Pipedream

Jilted lovers lick their wounds and withdraw into cocoons
Where their scattered hearts smitten by fantasy moons
Delete traces of love from their vocabulary although emotions
Still swing tingles at the bottom of their stomachs with a mixture of devotions
Covert shame, convoluted blame too hard to conceal and contain
Cos men and women in proven love can't dare to maintain
Indifference at the confluence of feelings and teething facades that sweep every
fibre
In their soft core in every pore of the heart which despite any veneer
Of bravado catalyses a vortex that pumps
Dopamine and serotonin alongside adrenalin to swamp humps
Where futile, febrile and feeble resistance summoned to hoodwink
Friends, acquaintances and the inner circle into perceiving a kink
Which underneath stirs a volcano lava in a lover's heart to scream
For release, for peace, for a kiss because resistance to love is a pipedream.

John Sensele

A Plague

Address in your life turpitudes that plague
Progress in the process of indulging in a record
In your kitchen, your bedroom, your study
Filled with backward oriented actions that end
The despatch of positive signals to your nerve centre to kill
Any prospects of redemption and its promising features

Where efforts to forge ahead meets an obstacle that features
Prominently among hurdles and sorties infected by a plague
So virulent it connives with viruses, fungi and bacteria to kill
Any chances of speedy recovery in record
Time regardless of innovations in medicine with the sole end
To stifle progress, rifle stress and sabotage every field of medical study

But depending upon how you propose to study
A new paradigm of lifestyle and its salient features
Alongside longitudinal data you could end
Up discovering not only the genesis of the plague
But you could also develop therapeutic regimes that record
The histology, cytology of the malady and go for a revenue kill.

Critics argue that diseases like malaria and HIV kill
More victims than a plague but if they dare to study
Critically, clinically and objectively your work and the record
You've broken in recent times and how your work features
So highly in professional journals they'd admit that the plague
Has dwindled in virulence and in sight lies its imminent end.

However, academic discourse and interaction sometimes reach a dead end
Creating procrastination and initiatives that kill
Inertia and dementia in Asia. In essence, the plague
Poses a serious threat and efforts ought to study
Better ways of countering its danger and all its pathological features
For humankind to forge ahead and put its determination in an indelible record

Where cogent details and specifications record
Engagements in the pharmaceutical industry attempt to end
Virulent features
Truculent actions that kill

Initiatives to study

How to nullify and modify threats inherent in a plague.

Suffice it to record humankind's efforts and march to kill

The plague and end its grip on any serious study

That narrates and features the histology and epidemiology of the plague.

John Sensele

A Plethora Of Myopia And Hysteria

The truth like stark reality remains immutable
Despite attempts to promote sophisms
Dressed up as verity and verisimilitude at a high table
Where misguided minds dabble at euphenisms and cynicisms

To disembowel and undermine global discourse
Indulging in fallacies
To subvert its course and purpose
Concealed in feeble diplomacies and convoluted obstinacies

Whose flak erupts in fits of anger
In inopportune circumstances
Where the longer
Ego tripping attempts to project wrath instances

Couched in veins of business as usual
At the wrong time, in a wrong forum
Strikes an overly assertive tone so unusual
The world is left to wonder why beating a war drum

Can't drive a spat
Among allies
Who fail to pat
Diplomacy rallies

On the back
Considering the bigger picture as a loftier objective
Than a protectionist posture to pack and unpack
Rising temperatures and mounting tensions in spite of subjective

Positions concealed in the thin veil of national security
Stratagems advanced in intransigent camps
Determined to undermine global authority and purity
To feed bumps, mumps, jumps, stumps

In garrulous annals of history
Rewritten by myopia
To recount a one-leader story
Fed on a plethora of hysteria over Syria.

John Sensele

A Poisoned Lance Pounced And Trounced

Surrender your burdens
To the feet of providence
When down and out in gardens
Sweeping seas of indigence

That swamp your every mood
For reasons unknown
Understood and misunderstood under the hood
Worn in low moods known

To trigger bouts of doubts
Brought about by the entry
In dens where malfeasance sprouts
In the spiritual territory

Invaded and broken into pieces
For the umpteenth time
In sorrow slices and hisses
That struggled to climb

Back to the stability and tenacity hitherto believed
To return to shape
Every time the underserved grieved
To raise hair on the nape

Of your red neck in the face of a serpent
Who offered you temporary relief
From aeons spent and misspent
Whose divinity became the thief

You chose to worship in a vain hope
To find succor and comfort
On the sliding slope
That tore your fort and cut avenues from which no further fake support

Could emanate
In real time
To debunk and detonate
The myth whose mime

Left you in tears
Clutching at a straw in the raging storms
That in your soul rejection and dejection injected burdens of fears
Ensnared and entombed in homes

Where you sought succor
But reaped rejection
As your world collapsed at the rancor
That in the end couldn't spare you the rage of a poisoned lance

Set to pounce
To put an end to your misery
With every virulent ounce that could no longer bounce
Like a yoyo as you succumbed victim the stealth of usury and penury.

John Sensele

A Prayer Port For Succour & Support

Judases join Jesus' generals
To wound worshippers with weevils
Teeming in molestations, in masquerades of materials
Judases justify through evils

Traitors tag along like shiny shadows
That love darkness
In which truth like wonderful windows
Flies alongside frankness

Which espouses the truth
That sets foes and friends free
Any time a rhyme mimes uncouth
Conduct to a degree whose pedigree

Living and surviving in dark sparks of Bismarck parks for too long
Sways away from any effort
That tries, tries, tries to sing a song
To carry Judases to a prayer port for succor and support.

John Sensele

A Price Tag On Every Soul

Everybody bears a price tag
Claim tycoons with bottomless purses
With a plethora of dollars to flash and flag
About to entice simpletons who deem their lives struck by curses

Inserted in their DNA
Generations ago
Which render them incapable to shove away
Bets of cash their stricken spines can't forgo

While stomachs groan and lips
Demand smartphones, mascaras and lipsticks
Deployed to slay chaps with wanton whips
That cut and slice with savage kicks

On pates gone wan with insomnia
As limousine driven juggernauts
Splurge huge wads of notes to catalyze mass hysteria
Among street corner astronauts

Whose flight to Cupid exoplanet
Fell on its face
As moral worth net
They chose to suppress

In the face of perennial penury
That nibbles homesteads bereft of meals
In January
When cash overloaded sovereigns strike asymmetric deals

In which they beat down the cashless
Unless the poor rebuff cash offers
Preferring the famine and thirst the voiceless
Endure twenty four seven cos their coffers

Cash they've never seen
Cos fate shifted the balance of resources in favour of the few
Who more often than not turn out mean
To taunt the poor who shift on a church pew

As a tycoon blurts, 'There's a price tag on you
The sooner you acknowledge the reality
The better your world will enliven anew
As on you my bucks bestow and restore dignity in humility.'

John Sensele

A Procrastination Prison

Summer, my sizzling, soothing season
Warmth washes away wondrous whims
Like the prettier parameter in a procrastination prison
If only I can draw awake my underrated dreams.

Warmth washes away wondrous whims
As I cascade my head and bedspread in the shade
If only I can draw awake my underrated dreams
To expire and retire shreds and threads of redundant dread.

As I cascade my head and bedspread in the shade
My heart pumps and thumps freakish feelings
To expire and retire shreds and threads of redundant dread
When my body bundles thimbles of sentimental ceilings.

My heart pumps and thumps freakish feelings
Like the prettier parameter in a procrastination prison
When my body bundles thimbles of sentimental ceilings
Whispering 'Summer, my sizzling, soothing season'.

John Sensele

A Rat Takes A Stand

A rat burrowed his way into a decrepit mud hut where he swerved into a corner
Eyes rolling in his fear laden head by hunger, harassment and thirst
Despair pumping adrenaline throughout frayed veins for three seconds
The rat panted and slumped into a corner.

Bereft of options and ideas, the rat rummaged for a refuge as thunder roared
and lightning flashed
Eyes darting from left to right on a red clay floor at high speed
The rat's popping eyes spied a hole concealed in a corner where rain water
dripped and plonked
The rat labored to widen its mouth of the hole into which it slid and fell with a
thud.

All of a sudden, a gargantuan pick chizelled through the hole boundary
Bulldozing the earthen and wooden masonry as if an earthquake had struck
Then with bated breath, the rat pounced on a gem of an idea
Draw a line in the sand: the die was cast.

Wrath rose by leaps and bounds, wrath choked the rat's parched throat
He'd scrambled for ten minutes. He'd rammed his fate insane
But the man in muddy boots and a pick lobbed every missile in his arsenal
As the predator 's hand closed in on him vice like, the rat's incisors drew first
blood.

John Sensele

A Raw Deal

Ever let frustrations grow wild
At a time when fear strangled you like a child
In scenes you seldom understood
Your mind interrogating why you felt misunderstood

When you always gave your best shot
Whether a task smelled cold or hot
But your efforts fell on cold marble
As though you played badly scrabble

Putting pieces on the board helter skelter
Snoring outdoors when you lost the shelter
Saving your mind from insanity
Lurking to devour sanity

You strove so hard to preserve
It felt a waste of time to serve
Hermetic doors
That wouldn't open as you froze on polar floors.

John Sensele

A Reclining Reason

Summer, my sizzling, soothing season
Warmth washes away wondrous whims
Like the prettier parameter with a reclining reason
If only I can draw awake my underrated dreams.

Warmth washes away wondrous whims
As I cascade my head and bedspread in the shade
If only I can draw awake my underrated dreams
To expire and retire shreds and threads of redundant dread.

As I cascade my head and bedspread in the shade
My heart pumps and thumps freakish feelings
To expire and retire shreds and threads of redundant dread
When my body bundles thimbles of sentimental ceilings.

My heart pumps and thumps freakish feelings
Like the prettier parameter with a reclining reason
When my body bundles thimbles of sentimental ceilings
Whispering 'Summer, my sizzling, soothing season'.

John Sensele

A Regret

For a while we played great
Till to my surprise
I realized you envied the prize

You promised was mine
Cos for a while we felt fine
Till my soul told me to beware
Of the traitor tunic you wear

Behind the back you promised to protect
Mo matter how many secrets your prying eyes detect
In cupboards where they sleep
Rising to your your rescue when you weep

Tears I thought genuine
Pouring eyes of a win
Snatched from the love I gave you
Although I'm now the last soul in your conundrum queue.

John Sensele

A Serpent's Vantage Point

A wrong vantage point messes up prospects
A biased vantage point distorts perspectives
Leads to a mirage in several respects
In the wake of second best objectives.

An ill-conceived vantage point begets poor outcomes
A superficial vantage point detracts from depth
Leads to red herrings whose sums
Purloin from length and breadth.

A sniper's vantage point picks out targets at will
A serpent's vantage point tempts Eve
Curses her legacy and cancels a deal
That fills chaff in her sieve.

A thief's vantage point facilitates robberies
A heartbreaker's vantage point crushes naïve puppy love
Leaves a victim in shrubberies
Where in her mind she perceived a white dove.

John Sensele

A Shaft Of Hope

A shaft of hope sneaks into my gloom
Separates strain from joy and lifts my spirits
Flying me to cloud nine where room
For hope increases and invites tidbits of treats.

A shaft of hope knocks on my door
Separates fact from fiction and boosts my morale
Flying me to Epicurean Planet where the floor
For hope's feet metamorphoses into a convivial kraal.

A shaft of hope wipes away my loneliness
Separates present from past and injects adrenalin
Flying me to Spartan Planet where happiness
Puts me on my mettle and injects dopamine.

A shaft of hope wipes clean my slate
Separates figments of the imagination from hope
Flying me to Cupid Planet where my date
Hugs me into her amazing arms and swings me onto a serene slope.

John Sensele

A Sigh For A Pie To Tie With A Lie

Don't claim a name on which blame
Deposits heaps of beeps, pips and quips
Offloaded with abandon near the same flame
That not long ago waved whips

Flogging, mugging and bugging you long before
The flame that singed your dearest dreams
In beams, seams, streams and reams of bream to the core
Where their torture teams

Kept a bush bill, wept for a civil kill, crept to a still till and swept
Harsh trash and slush cash that crashed the bedroom
In which you left
Your lover room

To prove she loved you heart
And soul to the extent where she'd die
For you by baking a cocoa cake and taking part
In sacrifices that charged premium prices for a sigh to decry a lie.

John Sensele

A Sikh Mystic

There was once a cryptic Sikh mystic
Who baffled and stifled the rustic
He met once in a blue moon
To chat about a lagoon
A boon and a goon that grew plastic.

John Sensele

A Skittish Wish Dish To The Finish

Move to prove your groove
Nurtured and cultured with tender care
For such a long time can't go wrong
In any undertaking mistakes can't dare

To dismiss although detractors and distracters
Contrive in a sieve to grieve
Because proctors, factors and agile actors
Move in a groove to retrieve

Initiatives and directives that drive
Innovation, devotion and salvation
Beyond fronds and ponds where the vulnerable receive
Assistance when a conscience and its mission without further tuition

Embark in a park to extinguish sparks
That brandish and furnish
Evidence of sufferance of intolerance to receive high marks
When widows and widowers through snow salvage a skittish wish dish to the
finish.

John Sensele

A Sliding Slice Of Precious Peace

Gimme a break, Drake
In the space I own
In May, June or July to rake
In tonnes of peace without the groan

That serves no useful purpose
In the scheme of strategies I adopt
To rid my life of the toxic venom from the hind legs of your platypus
In circumstances and settings you co-opt

Cruising without aim into a dead end
From which I stray to preserve the serenity
I earn in peace urns that mend
Fuses, plugs and valves in the sovereignty

In which I fly aloft
The rocket propelling me to Venus
Where in tandem with Hermes and Cupid I climb aboard the loft
Where love once lived in pomp and splendor until fuss

Turned the tables
Crushing hopes I nurtured
In my thoughts, feelings and plans sauntering on gables
I thought you and I cultured

With a view to consolidating pre-nuptial plans
We'd painstakingly built
In the absence of adversity guns
That vowed we'd never fight the good battle to the hilt.

John Sensele

A Song Of Sorhum Seeds, Soyabeans And Sunflowers

A song of the peasant farmer who grows maize
Cultivating loam soils, planting sorghum seeds under the glaze
Of the tropical sun, cattle draught power harnessed
Bold backs blessed, hands hassled, breath stressed.

A song of the peasant farmer who groans and yearns for farming inputs:
Ammonium nitrate, urea, seed, pesticide, vaccine. The farmer puts
A great deal of commitment to tender the field
To weed out pests, to chase birds in expectation of a yield

That recoups his investment
Although his threadbare vestment
Waits long with bated breath
For the crop to yield the health

And wealth the farmer backs
If the floor price pats his back and stacks
The reward the farmer expects
Despite volatile economic prospects.

John Sensele

A Sorry Sight In My Plight

A trip in my cell in Hell
Incinerates both my brain and my bell
Awakening to curses circulating in hearses
Where carcasses of collusion clad my verses.

I wonder why I like being so dunce
Kneading my morbid mouth in a sick circumstance
So vile my mental illness can't heal
Bills I owe aplenty I can't kill. And no shame I feel.

Head shrinkers diagnose megalomania
Circulating in mental waters immersed in egomania
Which mounts roadblocks to all avenues of progress
In the end I blame my folly as I now regress.

Wallowing in self pity I cut a sorry figure
All I specialise in is pulling the trash trigger
Which boomerangs
At the bottom of skills my puny pride now in shame hangs.

John Sensele

A Standing Ovation Reward

Pain sometimes rains strain
That catapults us either to seek to inflict punishment
On others as churlish challenges drain
Our stamina until if misused pain robs from our judgment

Powers of discernment essential
To separate fiction from fact
Trash from quintessential
Enabling us to care and to detract

From misdirecting our energy
In spreading pain
Slaying synergy
If we deign to enable the reign

Invaded by misconception
To twist our perception
Surrender to the mirage of deception
To betray the correct conception

Of the role pain in our lives plays
In God's grand scheme
Where pain slays delays
In reaping opportunities to reap cream

From shafts of pain meant
To elicit the best
From pages sent
To prevent the pain test

From degenerating into a curse
That worsens our fortune
If from our belief purse
We stress the tune

That strays from the narrow path
That leads to our salvation
Promised to Sylvia Plath
If we are to earn from God a standing ovation.

John Sensele

A Storm In A Diplomacy Cup

Megaphone diplomacy disparages diplomacy
Weakens links cultivated at great cost
Only to vanish in the twinkling of a fallacy
Spiced and iced for a tit for tat toast.

Megaphone diplomacy hobnobs with a misnomer
For nations blighted by the myopia
Cooped up in a fallacy grammar
Tinged with a dose of danger drama in Dystopia.

Megaphone diplomacy shunts aside tact
To overdramatize a scenario
That with tact violates no pact
Ascertaining partners to a dispute toast in Rio.

Megaphone diplomacy plays to the gallery
Ensnared in short-termism
To gain a political mileage salary
At the expense of more fruitful long-termism.

John Sensele

A Street Souse

A souse snored by the roadside
Where by dint of binge he fell asleep
Dreaming socialites stole the pride
He could no longer keep.

The souse traded his dignity for a mug
Half filled with rotten rum
That once gobbled made him smug
As a waitress spanked his boisterous bum.

The souse ate no meal all day long
Cos a meal he couldn't afford
So long as he lived wrong
Crawling on his towards a ghetto ford where he caused much discord.

The souse of no fixed abode
Cursed society for his plight
Accusing humankind and God
Whom he vowed at all costs to fight.

John Sensele

A Tale Of Two Cities

A tale of two cities springs back to life
When communities stage overwhelming solidarity
In the wake of Grenfell Tower strife
While government and Kensington council's actions and plans lack clarity.

A tale of two cities baffles neutral observers
When in affluent London the voiceless receive no help
From government authorities whose servers
Blurt nonsense on Brexit while the poor suffer in their scalp.

A tale of two cities in the new millennium
Comes as a surprise, a shock
That combustible cladding in its odium
Garnishes walls of Grenfell Tower block.

A tale of two cities reveals double standards
In how British authorities discriminate against the less affluent
To whom government and council authorities show scanty regards
Several days after the Grenfell inferno: policy and implementation are
incongruent.

John Sensele

A Tardy Tear On A Beer Calabash

So much noise and blindness in fast lanes of lives we lead
When ears can't hear
Eyes to see plead
And to our destiny we draw both far and near

Dreading to love
Longing to hurt
Fearing to fly on wings of a white dove
And nonsense and gibberish in overdose we blurt

Challenging norms without pause
Closing ears and eyes when convenience says so
Wishing we could pluck a rainbow rose
And hang it on a leash or a lasso

We spin to avoid close contact with sentimental souls
Whose love we shun
In a bid to score winning or losing goals with balls
Whose shape, shimmer and shine pales as the sun

On warms lives bad and good
Equally treated without exception
In words and thoughts often misunderstood
For so long they assume the notion and devotion

Of truth unalloyed
Creed unchallenged
In hearts so destroyed and annoyed
They run the danger to get unhinged

In a world where simplicity is in danger
Dignity cringes in fear
Manners of dress, speech and decorum grow stranger
As normal life sheds a tardy tear on a calabash of bush beer.

John Sensele

A Teacher's Eye

At 0450 every morning, a teacher popped his right eye
Open, pushed aside blankets and turned on a tap
To wash his sleepy face
Then slid on trousers, a shirt and a tie.
He sipped a cup of tea
To wash down slices of a brown fritter.

It irked the Maths tutor how pupils could fritter
Away opportunities to sharpen their eye
For Maths processes but instead drunk lots of green tea
With no further thought on how to tap
Or strategise on how to tie
Maths loose ends; they smeared failure on their puzzled face.

In case Maths grades deteriorated, pupils failed to face
The truth but would instead throw a hot fritter
At a street vendor then they would tie
Loose laces from dusty shoes and eye
Lustfully a micro dress without repairing a tap
Leaking weekly although they didn't mind buying another packet of Ceylon tea.

Forced by circumstances, pupils would labour on a tea
Plantation to raise school fees although the stern headmaster's face
Didn't give them a chance to tap
Their feet to hiphop tunes while they selected the browniest fritter
From a basinful which caught the eye
Of vigilant prefects who looked forward to the Arsenal-Hotspurs London derby
tie.

Pupils searched for a polka tie
Whose owner reported it missing alongside tea
Bags he left in his cubicle a few minutes earlier as an eagle's eye
Watched their every move whether they had an oval face
Or heart-shaped face that could swipe an extra fritter
While the class monitor won a bronze tap.

Because power outages were biting routines, the school decided to tap
The potential of solar power and insisted that pupils tie
Knots like boy scouts and enter a new fritter

Recipe competition besides cleaning plates, strainers and tea
Cups or else they could face
Censure with tears in their eye.

Pupils began to tap their potential to make decent tea
As they determined to tie bundles of smoked fish and powdered their puerile face
Of an angel to earn a fritter each as heaven prospects caught their eye.

John Sensele

A Trembling Tear

Love on my mind
Doubt in my heart
Hours to ruminate and find
The heart from which I can't depart

Whenever and wherever I pretend to resist
The magnet that makes me the target
Muses insist
Cupid's arrow should hate to forget to get

In my dreams
In my fickle thoughts
As my heart screams
To cut out enamoured votes

Cast without my volition
To render my heart helpless
In the face of the pull the love motion
Steers asking me to comply unless

The heart torn into
Should spin and spin in a labyrinth whose exit
Love ensures can't renew
Its friendly posture pulpit

Until my heart says yes
To an adventure I fear
May spell the doom stress
That metamorphoses into a trembling tear

Whose ramifications and consequences
Could turn my placid life upside down
In the wake event sequences
Depicted when my snow white heart turns brown.

John Sensele

A Twist In A Damsel's Mist

Three cheers for the damsel
Who despite numerous reverses
Smiles for souls who fell
In love upon assimilating vivid verses

Which struck cores and stores of emotions
Moved to mercy bereft of ecstasy
Stimulating motions and demotions
Sometimes driven to a fallacy

When real life drifts into so much sorrow
To the extent where hope
Seems to die together with tomorrow
Whose prospects grope for dope

Although faith
Beaten into submission
Rises and slays the wraith
For whose motion emission

Damsels cry
Arguing societies immersed in spiritual and moral theories
Hardly try
To rid themselves of dictactorship diaries

Where they pigeon-hole
Good and bad
At a level where their North Pole
Feels sad and mad

When societies despite their claims fail
Abysmally to resolve conundrums
Damsels negotiate in an unresolved hell
That forever beats drums

Telling society to get real
To stop resorting to simple solutions
To complex issues that feel
As if societies recycle through motions

Instead of tackling topical matters
Whose resolution
Though painful scatters
Uncertainty in the lotion

That offers cosmetics
Rather than promoting moves
To the next level beyond semantic gymnastics
Whose gist in a twist of mist proves

Futile at best and sterile at worst
In comparison to the pain and strain
Damsels absorb as if cursed
To sustain perennial strain in the main

Without an end in sight
Prompting damsels to deride efforts
Parents and their generations present to fight
Pains and strains damsels' escorts

Bear as they fare badly
In a context of no war, no peace
When they confront sadly and madly
Pesky problems in a world whose woes seem neither to cease nor decrease.

John Sensele

A Tycoon's Stud

Pigeonholes gore and bore scores of lives
Misclassified, mishandled, mistaken, misunderstood
By a toxic taxonomy that thrives
On Utopian criteria and historic hysteria in a neighbourhood

Where grass grows blues and the sky sniffs green
Goiters on untaught throats whose thoughts
In ethereal ethics endeavour to win
Over converts whose concerts, deserts, adverts for cots

Fly at night, sigh for a bite, cry and lie down when light
Comes on to uncover sordid secrets
For so long concealed in the pestilence plight
Slaves suffer as egregious egrets

Fix fleas and fees from a bevy
Bovine beasts abhor when crude cud
Pokes fun at pigeonholes that levy
Misclassified minds to maul a bison's bud.

John Sensele

A Vibrant Virus

Corona virus, tenderize your tone
Your stranglehold on brethren breath lessen
If you don't conflate humankind with your clammy clone
Corona virus, leave limpid lives alone
Their comfort condition don't worsen
Corona virus, tenderize your tone
Corona virus, creep away into your zany zone
On feeble families your tentacles don't fasten
If you don't conflate humankind with your clammy clone
Whom humankind doesn't want you to glisten
No matter how much you enhance your dribble drone
Corona virus, tenderize your tone
Humankind with you vows to pick a bothersome bone
Unless to critical cautions you urgently listen
If you don't conflate humankind with your clammy clone
Veritable vaccination your demise vows to hasten
To tunes of a redoubtable ringtone
Corona virus, tenderize your tone
If you don't conflate humankind with your clammy clone.

John Sensele

A Video In Bad Taste

A perturbing video on youtube
A belt she wielded
Taunting Daev who for mercy pleaded
While sadist lasses giggled on a cube

Astonishment rose
At the sight of such callous abandon
Ignorance and insolence modern days could don
In hearts that humanity froze

In the distant past
Where barbarism and the law of the jungle
Reigned supreme in a tangle
New millennium away cast

In preference to civilised means to settle disputes
From arbitration to legal action
Instead of the savage satisfaction
Sadism portrays in shame-filled suites

Which civilisation abhors
Alongside insensitivities
That post hurtful video depravities
To settle scores on shameless shores

That demean the dignity of a woman
Essentially projected as caring
Although women can be daring
In settling differences with another woman or a man.

John Sensele

A Vision Turned Into Carrion

Mornings of great days bathe in sublime sunrise
Inspiring confidence and glowing with swathes of hope
That good tidings of a magnanimous size
Were afoot on the slope

Where sadness struts its stuff
Brandishing pessimism and nihilism
If the going went tough
In the context of sadism and cynicism

Drowning optimism
Whose pride of place I treasure
At the expense of the short-termism
Rolling in duvets of pleasure

Instead of conveying positive messages
I reserve for friends and acquaintances in my inner circle
Where together we devour sizzling sausages
Despite prospects of a potential debacle

That encircles and imprisons the vision
Which holds the key to the hermetically closed door
Behind which lies my progress provision
Which if mishandled would turn into carrion on my floor.

John Sensele

A Vulture's Lesson

Like a vulture cultivate patience skills
Honed into an art beyond a craft
So polished skills kill your bills
As you reach out for your reward raft.

Like a vulture scan the environment
To survey the lay of the land
As opportunity at the right moment
Moves the priceless prize towards your hand.

Like a vulture rush not into the fray
Where competitors vie to eat their fill
While you bid your time and a ray
Of hope lights up your path on a hill.

Like a vulture wait for the opportune occasion
To sink in your bill and eat morsels
Meant as your share in due season
With minimal effort parcels and tussles.

John Sensele

A Warning Shot

To my hands that favour fondling flowers
Imbibing the fragrance in their pristine powers
The magic in their perfumed petals
Go ahead, catalyzing palpitations in mad mortals.

To my heart that frolicks in female feelings
Feeding febrile fantasies floating in sentimental ceilings
The writing is on the wall to quit
Kneading the dough from wanton wishes' wheat.

To my legs that transport me to tempting trysts
Favouring femmes fatales who wring my wrists
Time has come to pick up the gauntlet
To quit drinking madness from a gobbling goblet.

To my arms that long to entwine
Inviting blues from shrouds of the shrine
I'd rather entertain at arms' length
Enable my brain to maintain its plasticity and strength.

To my mind that revels in losing its way
Perambulating in territories far away
From common sense, cut out the trash
Unless you expect my wrath to turn you into ash.

John Sensele

A Whiff Of Cliffs & Ifs

If in my environment I bustle in a hassle to hustle hate
To spread hope and harmony to every corner
Happiness and hopefulness grow great
To accord and afford every soul a pimperl partner.

If in my dealings I exercise my rights to excise exclusion
To connect every comrade to a serenade thread
Where fusion fetes inclusion
I assent to gather in gallows every grumpy grain and grudge grenade.

If in my fond feelings love lives aloft
Every heart heralds halos and activates arts
Meant to subtract, sully and slay soft
Power I can't sanction sacrificial starts and tangerine tarts.

If in my conversations thrives the truth
In words, in actions, in deeds
No iota of untruth, nothing uncouth
Will parade tirades of imbalance, indolence, impertinence, insolence and sow
somnolence seeds.

John Sensele

A Woman's Life

A woman's life is a minefield
In which a woman deals with a plethora of demons
Losers, teasers, misers, and abusers who yield
Pain, strain and drain energy unless they devour pious sermons.

A woman's life teems with fragility
Agility, ability, fertility and several whims
Ranging from tattoos, accessories and a dose of humility
Society expects a woman to carry in her dreams.

A woman's life is fraught with a bevy of dangers
Domestic abuse, prostitution trafficking, stalking
As if her fate deserved no better than feting strangers.

A woman's life, on balance, exudes glamour and drama
As a woman splurges on Parisian haute couture
High heel stilettos, peep toes, and deep cleavages which labour
To keep off a woman, bar flies, spies and guys who are immature.

John Sensele

A World With No Ears

Talking to a world with no ears
In the hope of securing solace
Although down her face rolls a torrent of tears
Jennifer decides pity's out of place.

□

In the hope of securing solace
Depending upon palaver permutations
Jennifer decides pity's out of place
In a context free of imputations.

Depending upon palaver permutations
Working on little or no hope
In a context free of imputations
Jennifer slides on a succor slope.

Working on little or no hope
Although down her face rolls a torrent of tears
Jennifer slides on a succor slope
Talking to a world with no ears.

John Sensele

A Wrong Partner

A wrong partner defeats hell
If the partner begrudges any progress you make
But throws spanners in your bell
Wishing it would sound rather fake in the vicinity your tryst lake.

A wrong partner forever lives outside your common denominator
Whines at length anytime you make a little progress
Who somehow turns out to be the worst detractor
Who has ever suppressed your path to any kind of success.

A wrong partner turns out to be the person in whom you repose your total trust
Secure that the agent would be the last person to wish you ill
Until the person gathering enough thrust
Hurts not only your love bill but also injects poison into your destiny's bill.

A wrong partner has not only roving eyes
But also a short hand that won't contribute any resources
But whose bucks somehow vanish like imaginary skies, spies and sties
Conjured by a magician with powers from occult sources.

John Sensele

A Wry Crystal Ball

Zazou spun his flywhisk
A crimson risk
Zoomed in on Zazou's left
Where Peggy's chin cleft

Woke up
In a windswept cup
Where a wooden zombie rose
And nerves froze

The zombie spun
And pulled a gun
From a paraphernalia
Infected by a sorcery dahlia

Zombie rose like a barrier jetfighter
Clasped its belt buckle tighter
Flew in ever widening orbits
When Peggy and Andy's bottoms shifted in their seats

Mouths agape
Nerves on the nape
Tingling, Peggy and Andy dodged
When their moods Zombie judged

Zombie struck Andy
Calling him dandy
It struck him again
And caused him pain

'Is he the murderer?
Is he the plundered? '
Zazou asked
In glory Zazou basked

Zombie snatched the flywhisk
Inserted in a computer a disk
Which lit a monitor
Amid a wry laughter

'Who killed Greg?
Who's eating his leg? '
Zazou's eyes flashed red
In a crystal ball Zazou read.

The crystal ball rotated at high speed
According to a fetish creed
'I see a wizard
Be ready for a blizzard '

Zazou mumbled chants
A colony of ants
Raced towards Brenda
On whose agenda

Ants trudged
Zazou's mouth budged
'Oracles have spoken...
Brenda killed Greg.' Spell is broken.

John Sensele

Abhorrent Amazement

Break the back of brouhaha
Mince murmurs and rumours
Sing fafafa
Replenish vitreous humours.

Snap swings of moods
Burst forth and bash hurdles
Wing your way through woods
Savannas, smiles and girdles.

Bundle right angles
Rectangles, squares and parallelograms
Kites, diamonds and triangles
And illustrate intersections on Venn diagrams.

Tangle not with complexion creams
To mess up your face with plastic surgery
Or disfigure mammary rims
As you enrich a usury treasury.

Pull up your socks
Cos your continuous assessment
Stands akimbo in docks
And your promotion examination weeps in abhorrent amazement.

John Sensele

Abide, Parents, Abide

Abide, parents, abide

Take enough time and space to decide

Directions and options on which to ride

Sons and daughters without imposing the divide

Between extremes on the side

Where in rational terms a tide

Intoxicated with nitrous oxide

Deeped into magnesium hydroxide

Singed by hydrogen peroxide

Teased by sodium hydride

Caressed by potassium iodide

Flavoured by sodium chloride

Swings, wrings, stings and rings your parental pride

But the offspring's horizon spans a wide

Spectrum that won't hide

The truth or proof of a glide

That won't deride the sanctity of the side tide to offspring's salvation ride.

John Sensele

Abscess Arm

No legions of religions surpass the truth
Clean, uncorrupted, unalloyed which requires
No layers of lies betraying faith
That wolves wind when squires

Demand respect not for sinful secrets
But for veracity that saunters your city
Streets with regrets
That divorce humility and simplicity

In a setting where betting for excuses
To sample ample opportunities
To combine pluses and minuses
In order to cheat divinities

As a way to stay calm despite the harm
That's biting a conscience
Which twists your abscess arm
As disappearing deck denotes painful perseverance.

John Sensele

Absentee Landlord

Ire in hearts, fire in Minneapolis
Trump tweets invectives, shoot thugs he says
George Floyd chokes to death at the hands of police
Business as usual, trigger happy policy stays.

Leadership deficit, police dysfunction explicit
Watch out, the tweeting robot'll shoot you dead
If a traffic offence you commit. Death implicit
Cyclop in the White House doesn't want George Floyd ahead

If your skin colour ain't white. Thug, he shouts
To Uncle Sam Trump got nothing to give
Systemic incompetence shouts. Trump tweets doubts
Don't glorify their thirst for your blood. Forgive.

Stop harassing China, Donald Trump
Get your house in order, smokescreens Uncle Sam doesn't need
A hundred thousand lives lost to covid. Jump!
Credible leadership Uncle Sam needs indeed.

John Sensele

Absurdities And Abnormalities

Shame on me when I shirk responsibilities
Shouting the most, performing duty the least
Exporting and importing poverty possibilities
On stacks of fantasies of the bother beast.

Shame on me when I indulge in gossip
Tearing to shreds impeccable reputations
I envy when I sip
Corrupted wine from wretched orientations.

Shame on me when I bleed the family bank
Enriching parasites
Whose rank and flank
Invade and infest sacred sites.

Shame on me when I blame shortcomings
On scapegoats
To whom I give no shillings in dealings
Where I confiscate their threadbare coats.

John Sensele

Abysmal Failure

A nation fails the fairness and equity test when one of its minorities
Whom it once enslaved continues to wallow in abject poverty at the bottom of its
wealth pyramid
Despite vast contributions the minority made for majorities
To live in opulence, affluence and influence, indeed.

A nation fails in its education when mis-education, ill-education
Pervades a minority who somehow misses the social mobility ladder despite
diligence
By citizens to break a glass ceiling that strafes their direction
Towards self realization because systems tilt against them the power balance.

A nation fails when it incarcerates more samples of a minority
Despite foibles and frailties belonging to human nature as a whole but
Prison populations somehow display a proclivity
Towards accommodating a larger than normal minority cut.

A nation fails when gun culture
Attracts attention among a minority who feels fairness
Lies in ownership of weapons to carve a future
In a nation in which the minority seldom celebrates bliss and happiness.

A nation fails when it treats a female presidential candidate with scorn
Casting the intrepid candidate as a green monster
Because she dares to stand in presidential elections and to blow her horn
Loud, shaking misogynists who feel the presidential office is no woman's oyster.

A nation fails when despite huge numbers of victims
Dying at the behest of a trigger happy gun owner whose mental state
Thrives on taking several lives, several kindergarten toddlers and teams
Of innocent shoppers and bystanders with no room for gun ownership debate.

A nation fails when abject poverty lives side by side
With ostentatious affluence, opulence and extravagance
In the new millennium when the tide
Of poverty fails to create for the vulnerable and the indigent solutions in
advance.

Academic News

News of our examination results cheered us
Long wait we accommodated
Anticipation tinged with fuss
As anxiety our minds intimidated

Speculated
Doubting the truth
Anxiety accumulated
Sometimes sliding us South

Beside a destination to dreamland
Expecting the best
Assuming a TCZ brand
For a while could rest

Till to our disbelief
News filtered catching us unawares
Scratching on our heads the consternation kerchief
Whose fares, flares and glares

Became insignificant because with joy our hearts leapt
As reality pricked the doubt
That crept and swept
Bulk of the clout

Hitherto intact
Briefly shaken
To impact
Brethren without a reason crestfallen

Until facts filtered and altered
Scenarios where doubt dwelt
When facts our self esteem flattered
As collection of result transcript became reality well spelt.

John Sensele

Aces, Braces And Faces

Surprise the rise and intensity of iniquity
Arise when chips are down
Prise open the tank of senility and incivility
Seize the moment to giggle and wiggle with a clumsy clown.

Baptise the seat, tweet and wheat of love
Devise gismos and gadgets to grow rows of partnerships
Summarise pies and dies that fly a white dove
Seize the moment and sail away in shiny ships.

Surmise evidence teems to the brim
Incentivise bonds and fronds that stand the test of time
Improvising strategies and liturgies to generate plenty of cream
Seize the moment and mountains of stress you ought to climb.

Accessorise with belts, necklaces, clutch bags and bangles
Size doesn't always matter in places
Rise to the occasion and measure inclination and procrastination angles
Seize the moment and tighten your shoe laces without making faces.

John Sensele

Aces, Braces, Faces And Laces In Wintry Watersheds

Life lost in saline streams
Straining to see
Possibilities in reams and streams
Crane to love me

Although I desire nothing unproven
In the world I grapple to save
From madness and sadness woven
In webs only the brave

Dare to challenge
In the open where nerves
Bent on revenge
Achieve rubbish that serves

No useful purposes
In improving prospects
For souls that befriend porpoises
Upon finding at their detriment suspects

Aren't always guilty
Despite evidence claiming the world gets better
Now that the mighty
Grow less bitter

Engaging concerns
Thrown to back pages
For too long in urns
Where they rot for ages

Hoping dreams come true
For creatures great and small
Whose wisdom and freedom glue
Souls who can play ball

In efforts to fraternize
Erstwhile enemies
And modernize to incentivize
The growth economies

Need to plant sesame seeds
To grow goodwill
Through daring deeds
Whose efficient effects spill

To the general populace
Who longs for shelter
As technologies race
Forth to implement the letter

That signifies happiness
Flying into every quarter
Where it jettisons sadness
Drowning it into wintry water.

John Sensele

Aches, Breaks & Cakes

Rejoice each day no matter how much love breaks
Instead cuddle the bundle and trundle of the joy you reap
Rise and migrate to a new platform although love aches.

Improve your love profile to avert new mistakes
Beware of hasty decisions lest love should fall asleep
Rejoice each day no matter how much love breaks.

Love, my friend, exacts a high price in the midst of high stakes
Do not enable a lull in affection to make you weep
Rise and migrate to a new platform although love aches.

If you hold her dear, my friend, on love do not apply brakes
Unless you desire love fire to die while you creep
Rejoice each day no matter how much love breaks.

Project, protect and perfect love art; commitment is all it takes
Promises you made long ago ensure for love's sake you keep
Rise and migrate to a new platform although love aches.

Although love sometimes hurts, grant her your creamiest cakes
Discern, my friend, love vows you ought to keep
Rejoice each day no matter how much love breaks
Rise and migrate to a new platform although love aches.

John Sensele

Acres Of Ace Amity

Acres of avarice and malice assuage no guilt
Felt in years of selfishness
Worn like a mendacious medal on your quilt
That in no measure increases your emptiness.

Acres of consideration and courtesy
Furnish flavor and flair
To a relationship that transcends fantasy
To shower on a significant soul mate a plethora of luscious love and composite care.

Acres of limpid love lubricate a heart
That beats in tune with the happiness
A soul-mate shares not in part
But in full to convey a sense of selflessness.

Acres of ace amity stand out
In the midst of stale air
Devoid of adroit clout
Sublime, supreme, rosy and rare.

John Sensele

Across Memories We Nibble

Across seas of memories I rejoice
Wondering why enough I didn't try
Enough when once again you gave me the choice
I couldn't resist if you could no longer say goodbye.

Why I wondered why
Tongue waggers wouldn't leave us alone
To love hard until loose ends we could tie
Although love on the phone wouldn't set the tone.

Life away from you
Means life teeming with torture
You and I can avoid if life anew
Could in all its grandeur brighten up our future.

Let go of the past
You and I built on the sand
We chose by mistake to cast
If limpid love you and I could misunderstand.

Across possibilities
You and I determine to surge
Forward enabling amorous activities and proclivities
Cos your heart and mine stock so much love to splurge.

John Sensele

Action & Reaction Minus Affable Affection

A loving lady looks around listlessly and lands
The person she truly believes is her Mr Right
They court, caress and cuddle with all brands
Of promises, kisses, dishes, wishes and swishes at night

At sunup, at sunset and they convey their nuptial desire
To a clergyman, announcing their intentions to tie the knot
Hearts filled with hope, minds on fire
Miss Right and Mr Right plan patiently, every i they dot

Lavish leisure Miss Right and Mr Right they sample
Eyes refuse to see blights, ears refuse to hear the diss
Lurking in the background in time ample
To rectify distortions, to miss the kiss

That poisons reasons, putting reason to sleep
As blindly they trudge along with deceit
Half truths but Miss Right and Mr Right weep
When their volcano erupts because frivolous feet

Undermine matrimony, malign harmony
Spoons in bed instead of lovers
Anxious to avert, to amend acrimony and to modify, to mollify monotony
Miss Right faces left, Mr Right pushes bed covers

As far away as possible as a chasm
Grows bit by bit
Miss Right and Mr Right caress sarcasm
No longer interested in their wise wit

As slowly a home metamorphoses into a hot house
Where neither partner wants to be
Because stress and its louse
Inhabit and cohabit and peace no longer they see

As nagging, bragging, swaggering and swearing
Take over a once promising union
That dissolves and involves clanging ear-rings and fighting feeling
Leading to acrimonious action and reaction minus affable affection.

John Sensele

Adapt Your Craft

Adapt your craft
Innovating while you activate
Skill and expertise on the raft
Which causes envy to salivate.

Protect the project
Ejecting puny principles
While inferior standards you reject
To ensure you don't sink into puerile palls.

Purify and rectify quality
Insisting on forging ahead
Dwelling not on the illusion of quantity
Unless you condone trivia hammering your head.

Magnify the motivation of aspirations
Persisting in doing good
Perfecting ratios of inspirations
As you inject goodness in your every mood.

John Sensele

Address Agenda Of Adversity

Address agenda of adversity and duplicity in your city
Advance agenda of hope in every drop
Ameliorate your rates of agility and audacity
Agendas of hope never drop, stop or crop.

Advance agenda of hope in every drop
Brave the odds and beseech bouquets of bliss
Agendas of hope never drop, stop or crop
Bless choices and chalices of peace.

Brave the odds and beseech bouquets of bliss
Cream off crucibles of contention and contestation
Bless choices and chalices of peace
Keep faith thriving in a divine-dictated direction.

Cream off crucibles of contention and contestation
Ameliorate your rates of agility and audacity
Keep faith thriving in a divine-dictated direction
Address agenda of adversity and duplicity in your city.

John Sensele

Adore

Admire fire but don't aspire to hire liars
Dive into live scenes, drive away obscenities and survive vital clashes
Obey orders of ovation and obliterate odium
Relinquish extinguished dreams from the vanquished
Elate erudition, emit and transmit eminence and adduce admissible evidence.

John Sensele

Adrenaline Avalanche

Adrenaline avalanches render reason
Insignificant when emotions take over
Feelings from the body from the prison
Where reason put sentiments under cover.

Adrenaline avalanches break down barriers
That sanitize sentiments
Punish platonic love imprisoning carriers
On whose backs burdens bundle torments.

Adrenaline avalanches break through
Futilities, follies and facades
Mounted to mystify a crew
That embarks on casual cascades.

Adrenaline avalanches revile remonstrations
That bar freedom in Cupid's kingdom
Unleashing in their wake actions
Communities consign to brazen boredom.

John Sensele

Adrift From My Identity

Adrift! Adrift from my identity
I drift for miles frightening my future
I long once more for hallowed humanity
Lord, sever me from a rickety rupture.

Adrift! Adrift from my concept course
I drift away from the gift of the swift
I fumble and gamble in a sullied source
Lord, help me handle a shrewd shift.

Adrift! Adrift from my home
I drift away from my fortress in distress
I grope in the dark, without direction I roam
Lord, grant my spouse a rapid redress.

Adrift! Adrift from my creed
I drift away from terra firma
I bungle, shamble and stumble, indeed
Lord, help me grow wiser, warmer.

John Sensele

Adulthood Dilemma

I listen to my heart
That enjoins me to plunge right in
Leave fate to play her part
Although the heart can't always win.

I listen to my conscience
That forbids outside catering
Which in my religion runs counter to matrimonial balance
Since of my own volition I vowed to wear a wedding ring.

I listen to my friends
Who treat me like a leper
Because I refuse to embrace playboy trends
Which violate faithfulness to my domestic gatekeeper.

I listen to worldwide fads
That advocate binge drinking and cargo towing
For teenagers, blessors and sugar dads
Who play the field and fly on a wicked wing.

I listen to peers
Who boast of bling, wads of notes and catchy smart phones
Sleek jeans, designer boots and rivers of beers
They swill at will as they flaunt polyphone ringtones.

I listen to spinsters
Who enjoy to the fullest the freedom
To chill out any way they fancy in boisterous bars
Which transmute into hunting grounds in their fiefdom.

I listen to parents
Who treat me like a prodigal daughter
Whom they cage in tatty tents
Where I enjoy neither softer sentiment nor laughter.

I listen to reason
That compels me to study hard
Like a resident on Robben Island prison
If life should deal me a winning card.

I listen to dopamine
That promotes hedonism
Alongside her sister serotonin
To preach a culture of epicurianism.

I listen to pastors
Who warn of teeth gnashing and brimstone
If I should join atheist actors
Who belittle religion in sarcastic tone.

I listen to social media
That advocate French osculation
As I search for data on Wikipedia
To gain at the end of a term a standing ovation.

John Sensele

Adulthood In A Neighbourhood Mood

If courage should desert my person
While I haven't learned my lesson

I'd ask God to make me brave
Quit the grave wave where I loathe living as a slave

To trinkets, to trampoline tickets, to strumpet pickets
When I'd best play cricket and score wickets

By dint of effort in my fidelity fort
Where I strive to receive a redemptive report

In my chosen career despite a balustrade barrier
Detractors erect setting upon me a temptation terrier

Given the background of the childhood
That taught me to nod nerdness in my neighbourhood.

John Sensele

Advice To The Fire In My Ire

Counterproductive to make my world cold
No matter how much I feel bold
Trashing established order
Crushing my peace to sow seeds of disorder

From which I stand to reap pain
Even if in disappointment I fly to Spain
In a vain effort to seek solace
In the arms of a luscious lass

While my world hurts at the seams
As detractors and subtractors grow teams
To destabilize my mind
If in anger I go blind

Tearing to pieces
Peace of mind creases and interstices
I ought to contain
If sanity in full I should hope to retain and maintain.

John Sensele

Adware Agents Beware

Adware adventurers adopt adroit attitudes
Quit kicking your carcass
Keep culling pesky platitudes
Or else trouble in tonnes you'll amass with much fuss.

Adware misadventures meander in masks
Teeming with tedious timidity
In flasks that tangle in tasks
Filled with fetid frivolity.

Adware wizards wonder on websites
To infect browsers with acrid adware
Without owners' plebiscites
Swimming in undone underwear.

Adware acolytes and agents of evil
You walk naked
Disciples of the Devil
In Hell you'll get baked.

John Sensele

Affability, Agility, Ability & Amity

Amity ameliorates avenues

Teeming with opportunities for progress

Despite discrepancies in dues and queues

Caressed when from the promise path you digress.

Amity accommodates apertures

Where opportunities order you to open

Your mind to overtures

Meant to accelerate pure progress when it rains in Spain.

Amity advocates for affability

For you to gather resources and glean from superior sources

Ingredients for ability

To analyse scenarios and catalyse successes at the right paces.

Amity acquires agility and ability

To widen the scope

Required to defeat duplicity and docility

While enhancing room for hope.

John Sensele

Affable Amigos

A roaring tiger's bare teeth fire a warning shot
While the wagging tail of a fox lulls a victim
Into grounding his guard. A tiger's vote to plot
Peters out into a zero. A sly, wily fox and his team
Undermine trust, line up ammunition and unleash
A stock of havoc in a mock show of bravado
Concealed behind cowardice, lice and rotten fish
In a dish teeming with radish and skittish avocado
Pears which bear an uncanny resemblance
To the tiger's bid and deed to lord it over the landscape
On which relationships and friendships dance
Among men, women and eunuchs at the Cape
Of Good Hope where affable amigos denounce rape.

John Sensele

Africa Backpedalling

Beautiful ones seldom in Africa born
Intrigue and priority fatigue blowing a haughty horn
Despite Walter Rodney's notable narrative
National cake sharing predominantly subjective
Emergence of Nelson Mandela an efficiency exception
Leopard Sedar Senghor a rare relinquish of power at inception
Africa has backpedalled
Constitution manipulation has spiralled
Personal aggrandizement dwarfs national good
Rewarding thugs and bootlickers has grown into food
To despatch political rivals into solitary confinement
Endeavouring in self delusion to floor God's firmament
Exporting raw cocoa, copper and cobalt
While local entrepreneurship grinds to a halt
Dwarfed by global efficiency
Emboldened by local firm foothold deficiency
Business as usual
Leadership acting casual
Hardly batting a lid
If ghetto babies plead
For milk breast their mamas can't supply
Cos misplaced priorities apply
Distorted rules that add salt to injury
Given how puppet masters empower cash penury
Emasculating Equatorial Guinea
Dragging brave breadwinners to their knee
While parasites in a show of ostentatious living
Terrorize the vulnerable who cultivate a virtue of forgiving
Pillagers who remove national resources
Devising stratagems to conceal wealth sources
From inept investigators
Stifling limping litigators
But hands of time
Trace every ill-gotten dime
No matter how long it takes
Hands of time reveal monster mistakes
As Madiba's soul in his grave shakes
At Africa's litany of politically engineered earthquakes
But do they ever learn?

Do they care for a laudable legacy to earn?
Is this fair?
The truth do they ever declare?
Trumped up charges on dissenters grow rife
Appetite to fix one big mouth or another catalyzes strife
On a political podium
Denuded of obvious odium
As inconvenient civil servants they fire
Hardly stopping to check whether they inspire or misfire.

John Sensele

Africa, Behave And Achieve

The author of underdevelopment in my continent is Africa
Filled with misconceptions, distortions and odious options
Expression space, divergence case and pace than in America
Where despite challenges, meninges benefit from idea innovations.

You lock up freedom of expression in a straitjacket
Expecting somehow to achieve miracles
Despite stifling your development packet
Instead of relegating brave brains to sanitized spectacles.

Grow up beyond your mentality of restrictions
For any dissenting views and your penchant for cronyism
That erodes chances and glances at prescriptions
Unless you contemplate a prolonged plunge into nihilism.

Quit behaving as though you lived in a simplistic city
Where your misperceptions lead to no loss
In the committee of competing capitals where no pity
Counts regardless of where your luck you toss.

Crossing fingers after messing up ain't enough
If you aspire to break free from the temptation tree
You climb to smoke and poke into nostrils sentimental stuff
You'd best abandon with glee to finally break free.

Widen your wisdom to quit the kinky kingdom
Where you sadly wallow
Promoting folly and voting for the thieftom
Where misconception and deception you allow.

Draconian dreams and sodden screams won't build your future
If you persist in creating your risible reality
Where despite proof to the contrary you culture
Illusions and delusions of dis-ease development devoid of humility.

John Sensele

African Traversty

I am weary of African politics
Playing geriatric gymnastics
Cossetting peripheral preferences
Rather than reality references

To deal with belt and felt needs
Unlike dodgy deeds and feeble feeds
Prolonging strong songs of stays in power
Climbing a terror churning tower in every flower in the hour

Where sibilant sycophants thrive
Cronies strive to arrive
To health, stealth and wealth positions and propositions
Bereft of just juxtapositions

Ensure the marginalized starve
The affluent incredible niches they carve
While the voiceless to death they bleed
The only succour being God to whom daily they plead.

John Sensele

Africans, Stop Touting Tyrants

Africans, stop creating tyrants
Quit your penchant for confusion
Promote not a demagogue who rants
Tenets of democracy grow in profusion.

Africans, develop self reliance
Quit your penchant for alms
Promote not a feeble free lance
Tenets of democracy pin not on force of arms.

Africans, ditch appetite for sycophancy
Quit your penchant for personality cults
Promote not the fancy of necromancy
Tenets of democracy bury neither in tumults nor catapults.

Africans, build strong State institutions
Quit your penchant for State capture
Promote not political prostitutions
Tenets steer strongly into a formidable future.

John Sensele

Afrika

Cast away the sad tag
Naysayers snapped on you long ago
As if your back can't sag
Under the weights you'd gladly let go.

Raiders sailed from Europe
To steal your wealth
And with your women elope
To irreparably injure their health.

Today, the mighty's propaganda
Machinery casts them as heroes
No wonder they plunder
Resources from North to South, East to West to amass a mass of zeroes.

You bore humankind
In the womb they violated
With impunity and left you blind
After your dignity they mutilated.

Stop the top of conflicts
That travel through your tribes
To glorify the goon who predicts
The proliferation of stripes and pipes of bribes.

Democracy, not autocracy
Deserves a chance to grow
In Afrika to cut out kleptocracy
And put meritocracy in the front row.

Strategies, energise
Your best brains
Incentivise
To promote peace and progress strains.

Afterthought No Good

I won't call you man-eater
Although hubby calls you kitchen quitter
In view of the deception in perception
To which you've accorded a warm reception

Throwing away the cultural inheritance that holds you dear
Kneeling at your feet when drumbeats of culture you hear
To march towards your dream destination
Humble heads hold high in all corners of the nation

That expect you to contain the dog in man
Preventing with all your might the pollution of the woman
Who tells his ego to pull himself together
When foibles fail him altogether

Snatching his power to think
Sinking his bruised brain into the ink
That signs away his status as family head
When reason ties his *raison d'etre* to your bimbo's bed.

John Sensele

Age Agitates And Precipitates Pressure

As age advances
The body begins to weaken
Meltdown pounces
With no warning spoken
Grey hair multiplies
Osteoporosis sets in
As loss of calcium applies
With or without sin
Aches in limbs
Dysfunction in an organ
Inconvenience it seems
Tots its gun
Ready to pull its trigger
Signalling helter skelter health
With frayed figure
That irritates to death
A once svelte silhouette
Swaggering about sprightly
Tearing to pieces etiquette
Brashly, mightily, tightly
Cutting to size self esteem
Communicating a morbid message
Uninterested in a whim
When Peter Pan manipulates time passage
Forever young
Forever vigorous
Living life with a bang
Daring the rigorous
Time flow
Time challenges
Time glow
Time meninges.

John Sensele

Age Rage

Age, stop sullyng siblings
Whom you enrage
As they say your name when quislings
Frisk your Facebook page

To establish why you fish
For numbers and like Mathematics.
Don't petrify women in a dish
Who'd rather do gymnastics

Than say your name which they blame
On inquisitors who forever
Pester them until they claim
Age ain't clever

At all because age plays droll
Games of numbers
Which knock down women when they call
Your name: numbers, plumbers and slumbers.

John Sensele

Agent Of Amiability And Affability

My life I keep simple
Eking out a limpid living with kindred spirits
In an atmosphere where respect treats
Folks well despite the provocation pimple

That sometimes creeps onto relationship faces
Featuring frowns I strive to erase
With a wondrous wand as I gaze
At possibilities to grant friends and foes aces

They gladly welcome to inject vitality
Into lives gone boring
When fives found snoring
I metamorphose into enzymes of humility and versatility

Friends and foes require
If their lives should unfold well
When amiability and affability tell
Vats of bliss for sorrow to expire and retire.

John Sensele

Agile Alibi

Quit sitting on a fence
When your assonance, consonance
Require your fire in defence
Of your world in advance

Dies as rifts in its incomplete poem
Bereft of structure and stricture
Because you choose to roam
Away with an alibi literature

To uncommit, omit and edit
Your participation from a resolution
To mobilize cosmopolitans at a feast
Where militants take a stand

As evil elves with idle ideologies
Take over proceedings and break wings
Flying a dying world from ephemeral effigies and liturgies
That fight any flavour which sings

Songs to right wrongs
That slay and delay tactics
To wrest guerilla gongs
And rescue queues of aquatics.

John Sensele

Agility And Fragility Of Life

Life limps fragile
Life slumps agile
Fit one moment, unfit in a comment
Mystery of life smacks of torment.

Chew cues and views of bliss
Rue not views and shoes of fleece
Life mocks human health
Life stalks human wealth.

Clink, drink happiness
Shrink rinks of unhappiness
Drape shreds of shame and claim
Scrape not reds and threads of a nimble name.

Drain doubts of bouts
Rain not gout and shouts
Life butts and cuts corners
Life putts golf partners.

No caps on simple pleasures
Trap maps of dimple measures
Tomorrow sometimes smiles not in your cot
Sorrow sometimes sulks hot on the dot.

Morsels of fillet titillate taste buds on tongues
Morsels of essays ventilate bungs and gangs
The most of life minus strife do reap
Life leaves and weaves tomorrow may weep and creep.

A smile lights up the mace of your face
A mile fights the ace of your grace
For reasons your solid body hardly understands
Much agility and ability of life your brain misunderstands.

John Sensele

Alive And Live In Our Drive

I miss the song we used to sing
When we sang from the same sheet
Flying to cloud nine on the same wing
Baring our hearts, vowing never to quit.

I miss the times we laughed together
When we laughed like cherubic children
Frolicking like sister and brother without a single bother
Smiling at the rainbow after ditching our strain.

I miss the warmth you used to give me
When beyond a shadow of doubt you were mine
To love, to osculate, to placate and to see
Leaping for joys that only you and I could define and refine.

I miss the love we once shared
When we crept, wept and slept
To our hearts' content as the world we dared
With feelings, ceilings, dealing and secrets well kept.

John Sensele

Alligator Ali

There was once a huge alligator
Who aspired to be an orator
Of great Obama's calibre
But he didn't have the fibre
That could make him a navigator.

John Sensele

Along The Oblong Of My Pacific Song

Along the way as we gained strength
That steeped our nerves and resolve
We vowed to saunter the entire length
As from the innocent blame we did absolve.

Along the way as we improved techniques
That focused the locus of our vision
We innovated and renovated tweaks
Until willpower nullified derision and seeds of division.

Along the way as we widened the span
Scope and depth covered by our research
We clarified the remit of the plan
To ratify strategies that left no urchins in the lurch.

Along the way as detractors strove to scam
In the face of sustained firepower
Hearts of gold determined to harm
No foe whose machinations did cower.

John Sensele

Alternatives Versus Superlatives

In the eye of a storm, take it easy
Pulling yourself together
Veering away from spinning dizzy
As the right perspective you gather.

In the eye of a storm, take a deep breath
Seeking the optimal solution
To assess the pesky problem's strength
Whether or not you earn a standing ovation.

In the eye of a storm, don't scam
Because you can't stand the heat
Opting to beat the dunce drum
Accelerating to safety on your feeble feet.

In the eye of a storm, don't take the easy option
Instead explore available alternatives
For the best course of action
Rather than unleashing for the gallery superlatives.

John Sensele

Altitude, Attitude & Gratitude

When I started school I'd often scam
Mom would chaperone me back into my classroom
Where I learned to read, reckon and write an exam
To zoom away from gloom and doom

As one grade at a time
I got education into my stride
To generate a dime and climb
To the apex of mom's pride

Seen beaming on her face
As I collected certificates, diplomas and degrees
To become the ace
Mom strove to build not by decrees

But by God's grace
That guided my studies
From a slippery surface to a place
Where altitude, attitude and gratitude poured from me and my buddies.

John Sensele

Always

Always on bended knees I pray
For slopes of hope to thrive
Although in the natural I see no ray
Of hope that takes a tenth of a second to arrive.

Always in my career as a teacher
God enables me to overcome obstacles
Fighting my prospects although I'm no clock watcher
Because performance magnetizes promised pinnacles.

Always in the midst of indecision
God creates a way
Guiding my choices with divine precision
Cos from my life God can't stay away.

Always in the heat of confusion
I call on Jesus for succor
When blessings, graces and favours in profusion
Jettison from my heart reams and streams of rancor.

Always at my lowest ebb
I remember God created me for a redemptive reason
Beyond wasting time on the world wide web
Viewing salacious stuff that lands voyeurs into prison.

Always in my sanest moments
I view forgiveness as a unifier
In a world teeming with terrible torments
If I don't transmute into a pacifier.

Always on the cusp of greatness
I sometimes bang my head against a wall
Reaping as a result sallow sadness
If I should score my own goal.

Always at the height of humility
I achieve my priceless dreams
In increased agility and versatility
If I should swim away from salubrious streams.

John Sensele

Always Abide

Always abide by the truth
At all times shying away from being uncouth
To mom, dad, brother and sister be kind
And plenty peace always find and bind.

Always abide by compassion
At all times pouring on the unloved and loveless passion
They need and for which they plead
For your heart to do them a good deed.

Always abide by patriotism
At all times never succumbing to the cynicism
That devours and devastates nations
Where patriotism died on altars of abominations.

Always abide by kindness
At all times shying away from the blindness
That drives the temptation for indifference
Driven to the crescendo of selfishness in your circumference.

Always abide by your wedding vows
At all times shying away from conundrum cows
That drive a wedge in your home
As your eyes in the wrong direction begin to roam.

John Sensele

Ambiguous Victims

The devil's advocate wonders who coerces a woman
To wear a scoop neckline and to flaunt more boobs
Than she deems fashionable then pleads a man
Steps out of line when he fondles her cubes.

The devil's advocate's mind boggles when a microdress
Advertises more thigh, more navel and more waist
Than a woman intends to display to stress
Her curves, contours and geography in her teasy vest.

The devil's advocate ponders why a woman flirts
To seek erotic attention then plays the innocent victim
When she dangles carrots to a famished lecher who hurts
For want of satisfaction in real time and in a dream.

The devil's advocate is at pains to conceive why sane women
Willingly assent to manipulation through provocative outfit
Designed by men for money motives when
All along they don't care an iota which lecher hunts down a tit.

John Sensele

American Idiot

American idiot enthused Green Day
American idiot doesn't know whether he's coming or going
Comfortable to mess up presidential candidates every which way
Not caring whether a rude and crude candidate is winning or losing.

American idiot is in love with military style weapons
American idiot shoots down innocent women and children
Comfortable to claim he can feed and breed tampons
Not caring whether he disses or pisses his brethren.

American idiot just can't give up fossil fuel guzzling limousines
American idiot tells the outside world to get lost
Comfortable to read lurid magazines
Not caring whether toddlers bear a huge moral cost.

American idiot suffers from incurable insularity
American idiot calls his puny sport world series
Comfortable to steal a continent's name in his singularity
Not caring about event entries in the global village's diary symmetries.

John Sensele

Amiable Academy

Early rise, sonorous sleep, ceaseless schedule, yellow uniform
I bundle my books, handle my hair and sprint to school
To learn motivating material from a peerless physical platform
In caring classrooms with a practical portfolio pool

Nibbling notes, listening to limpid lessons, factorizing facts
To test my time, hone my hands, tenderize my tactics and strain
My amygdala, my bludgeoned books with drastic drama acts
That earn celebrated certificates and fit folks on an employment train.

Mathematics, Physics, History and Literature light up particular
Activities that stretch me, strain me but complement
Scrabble, swimming, chess and rich extra curricular□
Activities to build my body and furnish my fitness supplement.

Suspensions, expulsions, detentions, gating and homework
They oppress and alter my sensitive, introspective nature
Although they socialize me and sanitize me for the world of work
Where a billion babes compete daily for a frugal future.

Team teachers, honest house parents, cool catering staff
They mould me. They plane my precocious personality
To awaken my pensive potential minus my baggage of chaff
Which will otherwise assassinate my ability and eligibility.

John Sensele

Amorous Vulnerabilities

Love, jokers say, grinds flings blind
Yet love longings heart always find
Thus infatuation in her situation drives love crazy
While feelings and their ceilings fly resolve hazy.

Ironical how love's lures in full flight
Wondering and wandering into paths love can't mend
Whether lovers struggle, giggle, haggle or juggle opportunities
Love perforce imposes and superimposes on amorous activities

Lovers sip and heap
On love's wine in mellifluous moments
Trembling and rambling in the hip
That pats reason in due season to sleep in tortuous torments.

John Sensele

Amorphism

How life washed up, crushed, bashed and pushed around by tears
Smitten by an anonymous status accorded to her against her will
With neither clear origin, pidgin nor engine nor an end to her fears
Kept in check by sanity rejects her huge health bill.

How life tired of an existence on the fringe
Where society in her vanity lumbers a lass
With unending cycles of discarded compliments in a deluge
She derides from all sides but life perforce can't fuss.

How life treated with trivia as trinket broken
Mistaken, forsaken, seethes with wrath without power
To ameliorate her status without any hiatus ridden
With conveniences and defenses refuses to cower.

How life taken for granted by life forms
In their parties, sorties, futilities, utilities
Scamper over hampers of trivia calls for reforms
To treat life with respect in all her festivities and varieties.

John Sensele

An Armistice

Tarred by ebony black blunders
A pusillanimous paper panther ponders
Flogs fate will float on scandal boulders
Dragging drivels and in punishment thunders

Roaring round rondavels
In national nature reserves to serve
Notice notifying neuter marvels
Ain't doling out any prerogative preserve

Because the Almighty God
Disagrees with drivels driving his planet
Insane, packing in an inane pod
Bad baggage caught cold in a fish net

Lobbed into lounges that singe
Morality, impede the course of justice
Hijacked by evil eyes that winge
When citizens in their dozens demand from insanity an armistice.

John Sensele

An Avalanche Of Angst

An avalanche of pain won't still your joy
If you won't let illusions of defeat
Conquer the willpower you enjoy
Because under fire you won't retreat.

An avalanche of discomfort won't blind your view
If determination to forge ahead spurs you on
Whether ripples queer your pitch anew
As you pray to beard another clone in your comfort zone.

An avalanche of false steps won't derail your dear dreams
If you restrategise, energise and synergise
To burst forth and pierce streams
That slow your forward march towards your coveted prize.

An avalanche of angst won't wipe away your love
If you play your part and meet your side of the bargain
Despite sties of lies circulated to unnerve
Your partner with a train of strain again.

An avalanche of penury won't slay your society
If you live within your means
Appreciating that variety and satiety
Lie in a plate of well processed brown beans.

An avalanche of fossil fuel control measures won't kill your lifestyle
If you prevent the slow but sure death of the Earth
Which hedonism, indifference and complacency pile
Up on your fragile planet when far-sightedness is in dire dearth.

An avalanche of insanities won't lengthen your years
If you persist in dissipating the treasure
God bestowed on you until bitter tears
Flow down your cheeks to purloin your last pleasure beyond measure.

An avalanche of arrogance and impertinence won't save your bloated ego
If you insist on interfering with foreign lives
Imposing vile beliefs and mischiefs to forgo
Your sanity as your vanity thrives.

John Sensele

An Encounter With A Toad

Ought to grab life by the scruff of its neck
Shaking my mind from the reverie I ride
If only she could plant on my cheek a peck
To restore a modicum of my plummeted pride.

I pick myself up and hit the road
Daring fate and its pate to stop my move
I look straight ahead and goad the toad
In front of me to interfere with my groove.

The toad hops away
Jinxing, I flex my muscle
Cutting the distance I sway
Luck to swing in favour of the hustle

I carve out of the toad's diffidence
Surging forward with aplomb and purpose
As I carve a craving in confidence
Daring the toad to nail my fate on the cross.

John Sensele

An Escapade

Last Friday, my ex girlfriend Maggie shredded my designer shirt
Her claws drilled grooves into my chest. Dragged her by the skirt.
Sliding from a fitting room, girlfriend Twiggy asked "How does the wedding
dress look? "
Maggie let go of me and stung Twiggy like a hook.

John Sensele

An Exercise In Futility

A howler when I purse my lips
Cutting off my nose to spite my face
When on purpose I beat my chest in cribs
Where restraint, respect and reflection erase the trace and brace

Immersed in consistency, competency and congruency
Within realms usually teeming with compromise
For the sake of efficacy
Riding on the back of surprise at sunrise

In a panorama that suggests ability
To consider in depth views of interlocutors
Unless fragility and futility
Boosted by persecutors and prosecutors

Whose short-sightedness comes to the fore
Upon close scrutiny
Of the core
That accelerated the mutiny

In which self-harm metamorphosed into an illusion
Pushed to the limit and beyond conjecture value
Raising the profile in the full glare of the delusion
Whose true blue glue without a clue

Led me to assert the naïve notion
That a wrong could engender a right
By virtue of mere assertion
In benighted circumstances whose blight

Came undone
When far from earning me fame
Succeeded in repelling prospects of the pardon
For which I long as to my name I attached a plethora of blighted blame.

John Sensele

An Idea In My Hippocampus

An idea invades my hippocampus
Spinning, scheming, skewing, spewing silt
Enjoining my left brain to quit the campus
Where nonsense and putrescence thrive to the hilt.

A thought throws my meninges
Into reverse gear, repeating songs of sorrow
Jiving, driving, grooving and proving fallacies in syringes
I jettison to save my tangible tomorrow.

A bother in my heart
Pricks and tricks my left ventricle
Threatening to tear my emotions apart
If foibles don't shrink to a tiny trickle.

A tingle in my spine
Tickles my fancy
Urging my conscience to repine
As long as I revolt at necromancy.

A smile in my grandson
Lights up my face
Elevating the trust I repose in my second son
So long as my son respect my mace.

A concept in Mathematics
Pounds my brain to pulp
Confounding my grasp of Kinematics
If I should swill wine in one gulp.

An episode in my youth
Taught me a salutary lesson
I dared to share with Ruth
When Manchester United's coach was Alex Ferguson.

John Sensele

An Illusion

International Women's day weaves along
Once every three hundred and sixty five days
Raising hopes, causing a stir headlong
Women scrambling to march past while pays
Grumble at least forty percent lower
Than packages male counterparts earn
Whether they breathe the rarefied air in a slower
Occupation or simply control the urn
Where cash flows from women's sweat
Poured at great cost beneath the glass ceiling
They can't cross as long as policies set
Women's worth against the unwilling
Machinery that scoffs at the fuss
Celebrations cause without shifting the goalpost
A single inch in a cab or in a bus
Where hardly anyone cares about the cost
Economies incur year in, year out
So long as women remain downtrodden
With no advocate to pout or shout
At chasms at places of work broaden
At places of work where impunity's gout
Reigns supreme and demagogues deceive
Society into believing a day set aside
On a calendar grants women a reprieve
From injustices women's pride
Bears stoically
Until the next celebrations
Where the ruse laconically
Repeats the lie in rations
Women can hardly bear
Despite the pomp
And fanfare blowing through the air
Although revellers romp and stomp.

John Sensele

An Instantaneous Introspection

Blessings, graces and favours cling
Waste not your best shot on a fling
Neither should you idolize bling

For your best assets lie inside
Surpassing the fading beauty outside
Putting puny pride to a side

As more purposeful grows your pilgrimage
To elevate your spiritual and mental image
Rather than flattering petty plumage

Scintillating like petals of a flower one moment
Succumbing and dying a moment later in torment
Slain at sunset with neither ado nor cosy comment

Leaving in your mouth a bitter taste
For such a worthless pursuit in a haste
To reap and heap into your pale palms a distinct distate.

John Sensele

An Unfair Love Bargain

Because I have been let down
Because I have been hurt
Because I have walked empty streets in my town
Because to me he's been curt

I've made up my mind to move on
To save my face
To switch off my phone
His memories to efface

Starting all over again
Washing away the sorrow in which I drown
Pining in vain
A new romance to grace the crown

I deserve in all fairness
To hold back tears that from my eyes roll
As I feed on a tasteless meal of sadness
Wrong advice brought about my fall

From grace in disgrace that hurts so bad
Still I love him
Although he drives me mad
Because he's been so mean

To feed me on humble pie
Wrecking my pride
With a blue lie
That flattery can no longer hide

Making me wonder
Why I should love again
If all I reap is thunder
In a rather unfair bargain

That aches, bakes and shakes
My belief
That wakes
Up when from my life bolts for good a love thief.

John Sensele

An Unwanted Sojourn

Hurtled headlong into the poverty pool
Where whips spun me into a horror hoop
From which daily I strive to eke out a living
Christianity dictates precedes forgiving

Cyclops and ropes who clamp down on the freedom
I earned at birth in the kinky kingdom
Where days and nights conflate
Ensuring deprivation rates and threats deflate

The ego and alter ego dribblers fear
Increase the confidence that dries away every tear
Brave enough to decorate my face
Betraying the stress in the forlorn trace

My facial expressions in vain strive to conceal
Upon discovering mountains of debt litter my father's will
Peeling off my family's sustenance
Given that fate cut off my finance maintenance

Thereby slaying prospects for upward mobility
I dreamed would spring from my siblings' versatility
Alas! Succour sauntered awkwardly far away
Into layers of darkness where I groped for a way

That didn't materialise
Given that greed and gluttony terrorize
Freedom I demand from the poverty
The greedy claim has ceased being a novelty.

John Sensele

An Urchin Ponders

Blown to Earth by fate
Sown like blackjack seeds
Thrown into streets by a mate
Who dispatched an urchin to hobnob squids.

Drawn to a flame like a moth
Discarded after abuse like disposable tissue
Shepherded into a lawyer's precinct to take an oath
An urchin devise a strategy to dispose of a pesky issue.

Trusted with the onerous education responsibility
A urchin dedicated energy and sweat into his task
Which students eased by their ability and agility
Earning certificates and in glory students could eventually bask.

Beaten to scraps of leftovers by a bevy of scavengers
An urchin enrolled for martial arts tutorials
Developed skills to forestall further dangers
He subjected bullies to mercurial trials.

John Sensele

And Then I Wriggled Free

Hooked on love
I wept for the serenity
I felt I could no longer have
In all probability for eternity

Conspired with Cupid led
Assailants my peace of mind to steal
As disfigured on my aching bed
I bled cos the love deal

I felt I owned
Slipped through the fingers
When all at once on me it dawned
My future love metamorphosed into clinkers

I surrendered
Hoping against hope
Although my sentimental mistakes I mended and ended
With the decision I made to slip off the slippery slope

Where the love trampoline
Like a yoyo
Juggled my pin
Alongside the thaw

I wished once more to kiss
Although the wishful thinking
I dreamt I could again kiss
Left me sinking

Into a sea of the sorrow
In the chalice of pain
In the borrowed tomorrow
I could no longer gain

However hard I wept
Prayed
Dreamt and slept
As I strayed

Into a familiar quicksand
From which I couldn't wriggle free
Until God's hand my hand
Grasped enabling peace of mind for me once again to see.

John Sensele

Angels Loathe Contrived Perfection

No angels on Earth
For dreamers and screamers to find
Whether they lose or catch their breath
Lost in deep recesses of the mind

Teeming with fantasies
Where fairies toe a perfect line
Drawn in sentimental seas
Where their unicorns decline

Cooking perfect meals
Observing sublime etiquette
Clinching integrity deals
Won on a truth ticket

That frowns on human frailties
Blemishes in character
Flaws, foibles and fragilities
Inherent in every human sector and vector

In which the human mind perceives a mirage
Conjuring up images of snow white angels
Whose main purpose serves to sabotage
Any whiff of weakness sent to imperfections jails

Dreamers create as they indulge in self delusion
In Utopia where perfection reigns supreme
And a fusion of illusion and transition
Ensure dreamers blame

Men and women who don't conform
To Stereotypes
They form
In insane minds that refuse to reform

Their misconceptions
About merits and demerits of reality
Married to laudable perceptions
In which human foibles outperform the convoluted fragility

That sweeps the acceptance of imperfection
Under a shame carpet
Away from any section
That builds castles in the air and pampers paper tigers in a Trojan puppet.

John Sensele

Anger Pangs

Sometimes, departures of partners save hearts sutures
For partners ordained by God never scam when heat rises.
Partners stick around and pound challenges to face futures
With determination and affection regardless of any awaiting surprises.

Sometimes, hearts place a higher premium on parts
Messed up and stressed beyond reason by disappearing filaments
Who appear one second, disappear the next second as quarts
Of divine libation they suck from victims on whom they heap laments.

Sometimes, illusions and delusions spring into view
Deceiving hearts into believing they've landed a heart of gold
Held in a glittering package on a stage with a queue
Of blues searching for a landfill where to grow a stranglehold.

Sometimes, willingness to grant too much benefit to doubts
Felt and spelt early in an encounter boomerangs
As stealth of hand and other bags of tricks cultivate gout
That can't cure but endure to leave a trail of anger pangs.

John Sensele

Angular Jaws

Challenges sometimes climb on board jalopies and unhinge
Folks with egos so small
Egos glide and hide under mushrooms where they take to binge
Drinking, shrieking and tweaking, fearing a spectacular fall.

Challenges purse lips and curse joy and mirth
Scaring friends, trends and ends of cigarettes
Puffed in cubicles teeming with a dearth
Of style, design and construction savvy but steeped in mortgage debts.

Challenges sometimes creep deep into meninges
Teasing out neurons with moronic precision brewed
In illegal distilleries with expired ingredients secured from red herrings
Unleashed by wicked minds until their egos are thoroughly screwed.

Challenges stretch personalities too comfortable in zones
Of minimal pressure applied according Newton's laws
With surgical accuracy to measure and fix avatar clones
Embraced by petites with svelte figures and oblong claws.

John Sensele

Anti Average

Although intuition suggests a debacle
In every aspect of your endeavours
Fortitude brings about a success spectacle
With fanfare in multiple colours and flavours.

Although the end seems near
Weep not, sleep not for your breakthrough
Wings its way to rescue you, dear
For your sorrows soon will be through.

Although in the natural the die is cast
Give up not, for God is on your side
To ensure you endure to reap the vast
Victory destined to restore your pride and bring back your bride.

Although partners drive a hard bargain
Providence will soon turn adversity
Into opportunity to smile again
As you receive a reward in your saviour's city.

John Sensele

Any Time At All

Any time at all God forgives any crime
His creatures in human
Features commit to mime
Their soiled source from Eden Garden's man.

Any time at all God's arm on a farm
Stretches out
To rescue his crumbling creature from harm
Inflicted on him cos he grows into a gout lout.

Any at all God in his heart of hearts
Wishes to dish
Out punishment in carts
But decides against annihilating his human fish.

Any time at all God like in Sodom and Gomorrah
Wipe out stripes
Tinged with disobedience by Sarah
Who doubted his promise until Isaac's pipes.

John Sensele

Appendices And Indices

Dangle succulent carrots, disentangles sinister plots
Fascinate ebony darkness, illuminate loneliness
Cobble innovative strategies, gobble empty slots
When solutions clean and glean happiness.

Dangle glittering baits, disentangles covert threats
Fascinate skeptic Thomases, illuminate church services
Cobble emergency maneuvers, gobble pesky frets
When unwary gamblers sneak into crevices.

Dangle inducements, disentangles volatile movements
Fascinate novices, illuminate canvasses
Cobble parchments, gobble garments
When tycoons offload outfit surpluses.

Dangle perks, disentangles works
Fascinate Pharisees, illuminate indices
Cobble expedient coalitions, gobble quirks
When attachments and statements simulate appendices.

John Sensele

Apprentice Workshops

Classrooms are cognitive assembly lines
Which plane and panel beat folks into number crunchers
Folks into engineers, folks into expert metallurgists and geologists who man
mines
Folks into power-hungry demagogues and folks into pharmaceutical researchers.

Classrooms are debate chambers where folks cross pollinate
Their ideas, insights and idiosyncracies. They are affective factories which polish
rough edges
To fill cerebrae with essences, substances and references that disseminate
Facts, concepts, processes, systems, procedures and civic pages and sages.

Classrooms sometimes turn into mediator sinks and gladiator rings
Where teachers unleash sarcasm and splash red ink
On hours of hard work learners laboured to couch in things
Academic, things coherent, things cohesive in blue or black Quink.

Classrooms by and large accommodate scores of pliable minds
Avid to master calligraphy, orthography, vocabulary and grammar rules
To earn certificates, diplomas and degrees whose lofty kinds
Seldom fail to avail social mobility to owners in professional pools.

Classrooms abiding by Thorndike and Skinner confer rewards
Awards, trophies, stars and cups as incentives
For next generations to cruise towards
Improving knowledge levels, upgrade skill levels and tame invectives.

John Sensele

Arab Migrant

There was once an Arab migrant
Who bought his way to an arrant
People smugglers who ate dollars
Spewed misery on collars
Until he became a helpless vagrant.

John Sensele

Archaic Eulogies & Their Synergies

Live on Facebook
I post rubbish
To caress the spook
Who dares to finish

The sleep I lose
In the wee hours of nights
Disturbed by the booze
I swill in my fights

Against strictures
Society calls taboos
In lampoon literatures
That scorn the tattoos

Adorning my arms
My torso, my neck
Without the qualms
Society spots in a speck

Akin to a storm in the teacup
Society perceives in the freedom
I enjoy as new ideas snap
From disorders in the fiefdom

Where new generations see a future
Teeming with new technologies
New social media whose cogent culture
Defies archaic eulogies and their synergies.

John Sensele

Arguments And Figments Of The Imagination

All around me buzz a thousand arguments
Scrambling and bumbling by
Beyond the incoherence of crippled comments
I perceive and receive when arguments fly
High wondering why today's plans
Can't be shelved until tomorrow's
When arguments in droves and clans
Can't compete on a fair footing despite sorrows
That threaten to maintain a grip
On arguments auguring not so well
Whether the ego tripping I trip
Won't flow chickens home to roost
When Coronavirus strikes spreading its tentacles
Into Zambia and alas I can no longer boost
Arguments that meander in risible receptacles
Where all of a sudden I fall flat on my face
Cos despite machinations of mine
To manipulate God's plans the surface
Of the carpet slips away and arguments undermine
My house of cards
And domino effects set in motion
A chain of events that disregards
My penchant for commotion
On which I thrive
Hopping helter skelter
In a vain move to derive
Mileage from the shame shelter
Where arguments crumble
Conspiracies lie in tatters
Despite the rumble of the grumble
Vanity and insanity platters
Suffer when the education I despise
Raises her white flag
Calling on protagonists of commotion to analyze
Sojourns in the realm of slag
Where solace they find
When against her will they coerce Dwain
Into embracing fallacies in the grind
They entertain and sustain

When Coronavirus and her death threat
Decree asinine arguments can go to hell on a one way ticket and retain
Their pride of place until the rate
Of infection recedes
If arguments should repine
Otherwise education proceeds
Shall be forfeited unless arguments visit Two Pine
Residence to plead for mercy
Or else arguments and entanglements would remain in quarantine
Until they prove they denounce their heresy
Otherwise God would punish their serpentine
Presumption when they forget man's preserve is to propose
Nothing less, nothing more
But God's preserve is to dispose
Or else plagiarized educational essays metamorphose into a fizzy folklore.

John Sensele

Arise Freedom

Arise hearts, arise minds, arise souls
Seize the time, please the climb where goals
Within easy reach await your decision and determination
To break free from too much prudence and to spring into action.

Arise darling, arise bling, arise Sterling
Quiz not the path a mind takes to dispel
A myth, to allay a doubt, to delay reason
Which feels its radar awaits the right season.

Arise dignity, arise divinity, arise unity
For your time has come to activate purity
Spinning reels of kaleidoscopic analysis
When hearts to the hilt defend a love thesis.

Arise lovers, arise givers, arise strivers
Steer the autonomous love vehicle through rivers
Whose right banks teem with rewards
That no force on earth can stop. Cruise forwards.

Arise poets, arise prophets, arise epithets
Utter feelings that for too long incurred love debts
Cos unseen strings spun by invisible hands
Held love captive in straitjackets on prude lands.

Arise freedom, arise wisdom, arise kingdom
Let love reign, let love roam free on wings of home
Grown solutions, driven by not by artificial intelligence
But by the heartbeats of two hearts striking a balance in silence.

John Sensele

Arise, Future

Very wide open your eyes
Seizing your opportunity
Unfurling your dignity
As you soar into scintillating skies

Where dreams break free
The bondage holding you hostage
As long as you cling to the salubrious stage
Stuck to the bark of the trivia tree

Weeping from the sorrow that bends
Laughter into grieving
Which lost the solemn sieving
Flower in the tower that mends

Hearts once believed to smile
Despite the masquerade
That degrades the parade
In which purity sauntered the extra mile

Hoping sanity will see the light of day
If hopeful heads should nod
Approval and strive to prod
Hermes to pray for you everyday

Lest you should abandon
The sane mission God assigned you
The day he moulded you anew
Empowering you to shunt aside the clone

That sprang up from the dead
Wreaking havoc at will
Whinging and singing goodwill
Until you made up your mind to thread

A new route to freedom
That never tires
Whose smiling spires
Fly you into the kissing kingdom

Where new vestments you wear
Love you tap in abundance
Mastering the divine dance
As you bask into concordance of congenial care you dare to spare.

John Sensele

Artificial Leeches

Cybernetics invents punch drunk leeches
Dubbed hackers who throng beaches,
Steal data, sow viruses
On computers and their asses
Stink as if they'd eaten dead bitches.

John Sensele

As Far From My Feelings As Flings

As far from my feelings as flings
As far from reality as rumbles of romance
When wickedness waves its wings
To sway every sentimental circumstance.

As far from my welfare as wild whims
As far from recognition as ridicule
When ego-tripping and energy sapping episodes form teams
To render romance miniscule.

As far from my dreams as distractions
As far from the past as from the present
When playing and preying promote procrastinations
To reserve a repast of red-hot resentment.

As far from my blessings as blasphemies
As far from closeness as from carelessness
When fantasies and frivolities energize enemies
To satisfy the soul and spirit of sadness.

John Sensele

As I Steady My Ship

The laughter I laugh
In circumstances I weigh
Though they play tough
When without delay I play

The music tunes and melodies I enjoy
To delight my ribs
With tactful tactics I employ
When I visit congenial cribs

Where someone I trust
Enjoins me to retain
The fun in the bust and crust
Whose admiration and passion I attain and ascertain

Within cultural confines I respect
As a matter of preference and taste at best
For proportions and dimensions I inspect
Without any haste or distaste

I measure in pleasures I sample
Within the context of standards I maintain
In times supple and ample
Enough to retain and contain

The sophistication I display
In matters of arts I admire
As visions of aesthetics I slay with no further delay
To fire and retire

First impressions in missions of the hope
In mundane concerns I detect
On the slope whose drop I grope
For contours and silhouettes I protect

When in a sudden twist of fate
I pronounce myself ready
To cancel the date I hate
As my retirement from dissipation grows steady.

John Sensele

As You Opt To Get Away

As you opt to get away
Enjoy a deserved break
To enhance opportunities to play.

Choose wisely to sway
Judges on the lake
As you opt to get away.

Read syntax rules everyday
As you squash a deadly snake
To enhance opportunities to play.

Don't break the coffee tray
When sanity is at stake
As you opt to get away.

Favourites hits of the past replay
When a beggar requests a handshake
To enhance opportunities to play.

Don't worry if you don't get your way
When detractors stay awake
As you opt to get away
To enhance opportunities to play.

John Sensele

Ascetism & Cretinism

Laugh and live
Frown and drown faster
But joys and toys give
More years to a master

Whose window weaves
Wonders when times get hard
So that no brown or clown frown in town leaves
A lucid life scarred

Because muscles and tussles
Become horrid harbingers
Teeming with fumble fossils
Escorted in a report and retort at a resort in port by druid dangers

Too serious, too noxious, too vicious
To ignore in a snore whose days and plays disappear
When cooks concoct conscious
Ascetism, criticism, mysticism and cretinism wherever anvils and evils appear.

John Sensele

Asinine Alcohol

Asinine alcohol alters me into a paper sniper
Ready to bounce and pounce on any challenger
Who dares to dance his lance in the path of my pied piper
Primed to civilize and sanitise viewpoints of an avenger.

Asinine alcohol magnifies my crucial social strength
Metamorphosing my frail figure into a Gulliver
With mesmerizing might in both girth and length
Although in reality a midget differs from both Oliver Twist and McGyver.

Asinine alcohol rolls my eyes, my world, my brain
Turning every reel of reality topsy-turvy
In a kaleidoscope catapult in which the reign of my refrain
Immortalises illusions, imprisons reason giving way to scurvy.

Asinine alcohol forestalls balls, walls and calls for sobriety
Pouring scorn, whittling away sapience on the horn of moderation
Measured on a scale of propriety, sobriety and impropriety
In the context of consideration, celebration and cerebation.

John Sensele

Ask Not Why Hate Kills

Ask not why hate kills
When hate separates good people from lunatics
Who dispense disunity pills
Absorbed with gusto by like minded fanatics.

Ask not if you should preach the gospel of affection
When affection in the long run heals
Hearts that drift to the brink of extinction
As they embrace an ideology that immorality spills.

Ask not if your foes aren't people with whom you share a meal
When Judases use technology for evil
To plot mass destruction until
The world of sane people wakes up and challenges the devil.

Ask not why loyalty surpasses betrayal
Which nourishes black hearts tinted to the core
With an intent to maim, to kill joy in a portrayal
Of minds that grow sour and sore.

John Sensele

Assail Travails & Veils Of Lassitude

Assail travails of lassitude
When your heart tires
Reverting to the certitude
That without fail your destiny retires.

Assail travails of ineptitude
When your fortitude wanes
Reverting to the platitude
That without fail on your life rains banes.

Assail travails of vicissitude
When your attitude plummets
Reverting to the latitude
That without fail on your future rains tumults.

Assail travails of ingratitude
When your predilection worsens
Reverting to the magnitude
That without fail your direction stains and strains.

John Sensele

Assault On Fr Mouthpiece

Greg tapped a tall lanky priest on the shoulder
As his nose sniffed his body odour.
'I presume you're Fr Mouthpiece.
Today, we've come to sample your peace.'

Fr Mouthpiece continued to read his breviary
As if there wasn't any aviary
In the vicinity of St John the Baptist College
Or evidence of sacrilege.

'I'm talking to you, old man.
Of your histrionics, I'm not a fan.
Lend me your ear
Or you'll soon feast on fear.'

The priest made a sign of the cross
Cos he wasn't at a loss.
'What can I do for you, my son?
What's your plan? '

Exasperation lighted up Greg's red eyes
Which smote like bushfires.
'Cut out the bullshit!
Do you think I'm a misfit? '

Fr Mouthpiece shook his head in disapproval
'My son, I use a missal
To say mass.
I don't spread pus.'

'Why were you slandering me?
Is that the command from your Holy See?
Greg tinkered with his machine gun
'I'm going to have me some fun.'

'Son, don't use profane language.
That's sacrilege
To desecrate holy ground

With machineguns around.'

Greg grabbed the breviary and stepped on it with his muddy boots
And glanced at his coots.
'Sinner, don't give me that poppycock
Or my gun, I'm going to cock.'

Dugo slapped Fr Mouthpiece
As if to give him a Judas' kiss.
'You're very stupid, old man
Despite your tan? '

Fr Mouthpiece turned the other cheek
For militiamen to prick.
'Slap this cheek as well
So you have a juicy story to tell.'

Dugo sliced off Fr Mouthpiece's right ear
To make his message clear.
'Shut up or else I'll kill you with my bare hands.
Right now, hand over your boys bands.'

John Sensele

Astride

Astride between certainty and doubt, we dither
We shiver on the banks of the River of options
Jumbled up with chaff and a bluff sliver
We crumble on the rumble of humble rejections.

Astride between honesty and fraud, we stumble
When the lure of blood money and possibilities
Flaunted in silver adornments and ornaments rumble
To disown, disempower and dishonor our proclivities.

Astride between greatness and hollowness, we rejoice
Beating our chests in glee and brimming with pomposity
That casts us in a bad because we've killed the little voice
In which our conscience chastised our debility and immaturity.

Astride between progression and regression, we contrive
To score an own goal, to sell our own soul for a few pieces of silver
Minted, slanted, counted and skewed somehow in order to arrive
At outcomes that surrenders bounties and booties to the Queen of Sheba.

John Sensele

Asymmetric Appetite

Don't die twice
Clinging to flings
Thriving on squeezing onto ice thrice
If you elevate coquetry into fickle feelings with worthy wings.

Don't drive your life away
Cossetting infatuation
Giving frivolity the sway
That worsens your sentimental situation.

Don't drink drivels
Adoring scores of selfishness
Elevated into an art in a romance rondavel
You can't decipher the rancid rashness.

Don't turn a blind eye to the writing on the wall
Assailing your comfort zone from the North
Where your passive pate rebuffs the role
Assigned to you to set free the heartbroken on February fourth.

John Sensele

At A Loss

Never give way to fear
Nor surrender to vagaries of fun
Peers share to pave the way clear
Even when to your head they slide a gun.

Never wear pain on your sleeves
Cursing your neighbour for the heartbreak
You nurture as your soul grieves
Wondering how soon it'll get a break.

Never allow anger to last
Longer than a few seconds
Unless opportunities you wish to cast
On a plethora of cigarette butts and ends.

Never treat a lover like dirt
Behaving as though she means nothing
Just because your feelings inadvertently she hurt
In stressing for cheap pride you can't sacrifice everything.

John Sensele

At Nineteen

Ain't gone crazy
At the start of twenty seventeen
But I feel dizzy
As I respect prospects for my queen.

Ain't gone or grown soft
In the head
Cos I opt
To frolick in my own bed despite whatever grapevine said.

Ain't gone or torn to shreds
In real life or in figments of imagination
Despite heads
Going astray in fashion.

Ain't gone insane
In 2017
Or fallen for mundane
Beliefs at nineteen.

John Sensele

At Sea With My Cup Of Tea

To bake a fake cake is a worse mistake
Monumental mistakes metamorphose into an earthquake
Exploding into a digression
From which reeks an egregious expression
That sucks no matter how many times I duck
The bullet for the pullet I buy with the last buck
Concealed in seals and wheels
Fortune flaunts when the essence of conscience peels
The veneer of verisimilitude I project
When the vulnerable to punishing poverty I subject
Owing to the possession position I hold
Shunting aside the proof I withhold
To sanitize and satirize the truth
Growing more uncouth
Till vestiges of hope die
And traces of justice murder they cry
While I ride the high horse
Boasting 'I'm the boss'
No one can touch my tunic
And grow more photogenic and iconic
As long as the sun rises
And my muscular might springs surprises
For all to see
As honey and money glow from the bee
I call mine
Even if at no time I repine.

John Sensele

Atm

ATM steals domestic peace
ATM diverts bucks
ATM becomes an accomplice
ATM stashes bucks in rucksacks.

ATM ransacks your bank account
ATM depletes your sanity
ATM doesn't sell services at a discount
ATM commits a hanky panky with impunity.

ATM makes your world go around
ATM diminishes room for maneuver
ATM can't stand a whisper sound
ATM in Winter doesn't shiver.

ATM enjoys having some fun
ATM abandons plans for a long term commitment
ATM basks in sun for a dark tan
ATM cares for a little sentiment.

John Sensele

Attitude And Gratitude

Gratitude defeats attitude any time
Attitude rears his ugly head
To strut his stuff of tainted lime
When the going whacks the attitude spread.

Gratitude defeats attitude any time
Attitude kicks weight around
To show ow great his prime
Target shifts in sorrow after gaining one pound.

Gratitude defeats attitude any time
Attitude throws a fit and goes ballistic
To threaten the den where musicians mime
Lyrics musos didn't master in a fashion fantastic.

Gratitude defeats attitude any time
Attitude gets hot under the collar
To queer the pitch for a plethora of grime
Attitude contrives to heap in a family parlour.

John Sensele

Autumn Leaves

Autumn leaves rasp
Whisper soft nothings in ears
Keen to osculate.

John Sensele

Avert Vials Of Self Pity

Sunlight sings good morning
As each day you awake
To immerse you in birds singing
Sweet songs for your sake.

Seek solace in sapience places
Away from simulation scenes
Aiming for bliss but reaping stresses
In figments that disappoint your twins.

Spare yourself blushes
Swimming in seas of depression
Slashing hope in a folly flash
Thereby in vain sowing the wrong impression.

Saturate your mind with joy
Averting vials of self pity
From which you can't enjoy
Life on the seamy side of your city.

John Sensele

Avian Beak

There was once a loquacious parrot
Who built up sterling diction by rot
Dubbing which stunned many
In a verbal tourney
Where he won many rounds on the trot.

John Sensele

Aviaries & Mercenaries

Eyes don't die, eyes don't lie, eyes don't fly
Despite straying, seizing and straining targets
Eyes die to see despite rules that cause eyes to cry
When rules prevent eyes from threats while secrets and regrets

Don't see eye to eye
Because once reposed on an organ
Eyes arrive, derive pleasure and strive to sigh
Until again and again eyes feed and feast on the gun

Which attire aspire to keep out of sight
But eyes in their capacity as peeping toms
Pray for a chance from a vantage point to cast light
On hidden hubs and homes whose domes

From whence eyes can't tire to hire spies and mercenaries
To mount special operations to raid
Castles and vessels where aviaries
Rods and cones to pieces divinities shred.

John Sensele

Awash With Cash

Awash with a bash and stash of slush cash
Ashley lets her mind go blind
This propels rebels in her stables to blush
Ashley gushes and hushes the unkind.

Ashley lets her mind go blind
In a jolly gesture in future which seeks a cure
As Ashley gushes and hushes the unkind
When she berates crates and pates of a lampoon lure.

Ashley's jolly gesture in future seeks a cure
When voracious vultures pop up on the scene
To berate crates and pates of a lampoon lure
Which unnerves the verve and nerve of a cocky queen.

When voracious vultures pop up on the scene
Ashley propels rebels in her stables to blush
In a move which unnerves the verve and nerve of a cocky queen
Who's awash with a bash and stash of slush cash.

John Sensele

Awesome Harvest On My Altar

Data piracy violates privacy
Culling personal data crudely
Shunting aside any conscience or mercy
To degrade, parade and trade data for cash rudely

In a paradigm shift
Where data dwarf currency
Coercive consent amounts to a gift
That achieves valency

In a vortex where it matters little if contacts hurt
So long as moguls subvert world order
Whether they blurt baloney or act curt
Pushing forward a paradigm of disorder

Touting insecurity and immaturity
Who cares if oligopoly reigns
In an era where lack of verity
Shades structures rich in solecism and ambiguity stains

So solid they belittle Euclid
Satirize societal values
Take a pot shot at users who plead
For morality to moguls too blue to have any conscience clues

Whether data dues
Yield big bucks
From glues to shoes
Stuck in the phrase 'It sucks, lame ducks'

Why raise dust
As long as you enjoy free access
To my platform rust if you must
Access salient sorority success

Connecting to cousins data
I access in return
For my offer of a platinum platter
Your dreary data won't earn

Away from the stranglehold
Straitjackets and banquets where I hold you captive
Whether any pangs of conscience
Can render data adaptive or active

When I wield supreme power
To snatch or sell any information
I harvest from fuzzy flowers by the hour
For I dictate why and how billions surrender to my domination

After all they mustn't object to my terms and conditions
Which no force on earth can alter
In my master data renditions
So long as data circulate and percolate on my awesome altar.

John Sensele

Back Home

Every morning blessings I receive
To make my way clear
When golden opportunities arrive
To quench my thirst and wipe away my tear.

To make my way clear
I pray and meditate every morning
To quench my thirst and wipe away my tear
As praises to God ceaselessly I sing

I pray and meditate every morning
Knowing fully well God walks by my side
As praises to God ceaselessly I sing
In the morning, at noon, and at night for faith to grow inside

Knowing fully well God walks by my side
When my feet the Great East Road campus visit again
In the morning, at noon, and at night for faith to grow inside
As by gradation greater strength and belief I regain

When my feet the Great East Road campus visit again
When golden opportunities arrive
As by gradation greater strength and belief I regain
Every morning blessings I receive.

John Sensele

Back Off, Busybody

Busybody, keep your morbid malady
In check and peck in your yard
To avoid the void a tragedy
May heap beyond your quips outside your graveyard

Where your evil eye
Shouldn't interfere in neighbours' homes
In which couples decide you as a spy
Should write treatises and tomes

To learn to mind your own confidential conduct
Balanced by a vision to build
A desire to veer away from any malicious misconduct
In a home that ain't your field

Because each couple runs
Their home according to their common understanding
In which your tatty, tasteless tonnes
Create trouble for you in the morning and in the evening.

John Sensele

Back On Track

If I choose to cruise in rules of ruse
I lose out and bruise my fuses because I refuse
To play fair and deploy the flair
Imbued with powers to repair
Bridges on ridges I choose to burn
Hoping against hope I earn
Chances to grow gallant faster
Although my illusions in a plaster
Heap misery upon misery
Titillating the drudgery of chicanery
I can do without
Whether I tout a petulant pout
Or fly back to my senses
And in time earn decency defenses
My femme fatale favours
If I should reap fruit from my endeavours
At home, at leisure
And plenty pleasure beyond measure
I can hardly imagine
When deserved love grows more pristine
The more genuinely I play my part
Ensuring from me her affections never depart.

John Sensele

Back To Blender, Offender & Sender

Back to the sender any maleficent matter
Concocted in concealed corner conferences
Where conspirators collected clutter
To increase chances of deleterious differences on either faces of fences.

Back to the sender any planned perfidy
Prepared and passed on through third thugs
Whose intentions advance appearances of the tragedy
That broke backs of brothers and breached carapaces of beetle bugs.

Back to the sender any blend of baloney
Packed in parachutes of pestilence
Brokered behind backs of the attorney
Whose briefing would have put paid to Summer silence.

Back to the sender any green gossip
Which woven in Winter
In chills that spilled in the calyx of a tulip
Ground to a halt when on the scene popped up the verity minter.

John Sensele

Backs Bend And Clavicles Collapse

Backs bend, packs of imponderables pend
Stamina stumbles, fatigue fumbles
Dribbles dare, solecisms send
Sleazy signals and in your sky thunder rumbles.

Backs bleed, fears phantoms feed
Cynicism separates certainty from the mind
That in normal circumstances dares to heed
The little voice that urges you to remain kind.

Backs bask in blooms of despair
Darkness penetrates your shelter
Optimism begs for treatment fair
In an environment grown helter skelter.

Backs buckle, cracks creep
Despair mounts, disrepair discounts
Bleakness brandishes a whip
When tears and fears gain in alarming amounts.

John Sensele

Bacteria And Viruses Feed On Our Foolishness

Indecision and weakness, selfishness and recklessness
Invade our personalities and sap from our souls stamina
When fleas, lice and bedbugs feed on our foolishness
Panel beating us flat and horizontal into the lamina

Mosquitoes, leeches, bacteria, plasmodia and viruses our bodies incapacitate
Leaving our mangy bodies vulnerable
As though we inadvertently chose to precipitate
Crises and conundrums that disable

Our broken bodies
Blowing them first left next right
When high energy eddies
Steal and peel our birthright

When fellow sinners despite their burdens
Join us in solidarity
As we fumble, grumble and stumble in the sorrow gardens
Where hypocrites look down on the majority

Communicate without speaking
Wincing at the sorrows they wish they knew
Quitting from burdens of life and quaking
Would render us inferior to the shrew

Who despite her smaller size put up a brave show
To grant us comfort and support
As we dodge the low blow
Fate strikes in a determined effort us from life to export and deport.

John Sensele

Bad Past

Uncles wrote off a boy with a sad past
Cos to them', his luck couldn't last.
Said Joe, 'You ain't got no future.
In fact, you're worse than a vulture.
Get your act together. The die is cast.'

John Sensele

Bad, Mad And Sad

Because my moods are fickle
One moment I long for company
The next moment I tickle
Changes in the litany

That entertains mood swings
Repelling targets for which I long
As on a butterfly's wings
I fly to destinations so wrong

I end up burning my fingers
In a vain hope to boost my perceptions
Of balladeers and sad love song singers
Whose melodies and tunes accentuate my conceptions

When in a crazy cocoon I dream of a blue moon
In which I cavort
With the goon in a cartoon
Where I abort

Moves towards cleansing the malady
That spews conundrums
Heightening the perfidy
That beats dissonance drums

To pronounce me mad
Cos I strike the wrong note
When I feel sad
To the extent where a plethora of confusion I connote.

John Sensele

Bake Your Cake & Eat It

Shed no tears if Jim, Jack or Jill
Should shamle away to link up with Bill.
Free choice for folks to make
Don't you claim it's fake.

Lose no sleep if erstwhile comrades
Should hobnob with Will's parades.
Free flavor for folks to taste
If their fancy claims for them it's best.

Take it not too hard if Twiggy walks away
If in her opinion that's the new way to play.
Free association lights up lives
No single reason to sharpen knives.

Worry not if a prodigal partner repents
Relents to free himself from serpents.
Free decision for folks to take
As they opt your cake to bake.

John Sensele

Balance & Tolerance In Advance

Keep your jeep, trip and pip
To yourself for I'm tired of tied treasures
That lie ahead as my head and bed weep
Meanwhile when no file of smiles for miles measures

Seizures in which sorrow tomorrow and today
Appear to disappear
As I can no longer pledge or wage a day
When in a clear canon a peer

Would, could and should with a good
Conscience and patience
Confess in my office a brood of food withstood
So much pressure to the restore so much store of balance and tolerance in
advance

When in a reign and vein devoid of strain
A drop and dollop of hope
Surged South and urged the lane
Of the train that strained my rain in vain to bannish a dish of dull dope.

John Sensele

Balance And Perspective

In spite of my cares, a smile I ought to engage
For it helps me not to fan flames of the rage
Boiling over inside my soul
Scoring and storing an own goal
If a sense of balance and perspective deserts my page

Seething in seconds, minutes and hours on the stage
Life offers my soul my wrath to assuage
Unless I crave for an imminent fall
In spite of my cares, a smile I ought to engage

Time after time for my sanity to deserve the wisdom wage
Balance and perspective synergize to arrange
For my mind to heed murmurs from conscience that call
For balance and perspective in my thoughts to walk tall
Or else rage would accelerate my senility baggage
In spite of my cares, a smile I ought to engage.

John Sensele

Balance Sheet

Covid nineteen hooks
Sprang on the scene to balance books
That for too long fed inequality
Inflicting wheals of the banality

That won't drive fairness
Deepening the darkness and starkness
Where the global village
For too long drove an agenda of pillage

Of entitlements shoved aside
For too long by the suicide and fratricide
That strangled rights and plights of the majority
In vats and mats where the minority and its superiority

Devoured and deflowered seventy five percent
Of welfare and doled out a paltry cent
To the vast portion of the neglected
In circumstances and stances elected

To the detriment of the weak
In favour of the mighty who week after week
Massacred fairness to shove to the fringe
The weak who at gunpoint went on the binge

Upon gazing at the plight of medics
Who through efforts and forensics
Restored hope to the terminally ill
Who sometimes heal and seal a grace deal

Despite ravages of the pandemic feed
Summoning leaders to heed
Pleas of the downtrodden
And survive the new normal in the garden of Eden.

John Sensele

Balance Your Stance In The Distance

Break free of the coast of boast
Bruise the ambit of annoyance
When with much respect you toast
Friendship, its fragrance and flamboyance.

Break free of the boat of boredom
Bruise the booze of ruse
When with integrity you rule the kingdom
Where friendship and companionship catalyze a camaraderie cruise.

Break free of the charmless chalice
Bruise the back of vitriolic violence
When from the cup of malice
You cultivate influences of insolence.

Break free of fruitless friendship
Bruise the cruise of jealousy
When in your heart grows the stewardship
Teeming with lacunae of mercy.

Break free of envy
Bruise braids of evil
When in your mind grows the sentiment scurvy
That hastens the gargantuan grip of the devil.

John Sensele

Balance, Moderation And Variety

A relationship hangs in the balance
If the relationship sails on a lance
That far from horning and consolidating a bond
Between partners enables loyalty to abscond.

A relationship thrives and derives a boost for a variety
Of reasons in all seasons if instead of delighting in satiety
Feeds its cells, its tissues, its organs, its systems
With sound attitude, high altitude and works beyond mere totems.

A relationship between a man and his woman exudes moderation
Adulation, ovation, approbation, progression and seduction
If the relationship checks how much room it grants to third parties
How much sacrifice lovers make to raise bonding qualities and properties.

John Sensele

Baldwin's Shock

Baldwin and his wife Gwendoline alighted
From their limousine and sighted
A flight of stairs
Where other pairs

Of patients climbed into a hospital reception
Where they received attention
'Careful, Gwendoline
It's a thin

'Line between seeing our firstborn
And blowing a car horn.'
Baldwin steered Gwendoline carefully
Until they registered duly.

Two hours later. 'Congratulations, Baldwin.
It's a win
Cos you're now a proud father.'
Baldwin from his chin rinsed shaving lather.

Baldwin drove like Lewis Hamilton
And fumbled with his mobile phone.
'I'm proud of you, honey.
Yes, I'm bring the money.'

Out of breath, Baldwin raced into the maternity ward
To reap his handsome reward.
A look at the baby and he knew something was wrong
As in his head played a sad song.

'A DNA paternity test is essential.
This matter is critical.'
Monica shook her head
From the maternity ward she fled.

'You see, Baldwin. That baby can't be yours.
In vain are your chores.'
Marvin kicked a hospital door
Spitting on the floor.

Baldwin stormed out of the hospital
Cos his discovery was fatal.
'How can I give birth to a Caucasian
When I'm not even an Asian? '

Anita wagged a finger at Monica
While Marvin played a dirge on a harmonica.
'This is crazy.
How I feel so dizzy! '

From Johannesburg flew the verdict
Which Baldwin's relatives could predict.
It came as no surprise
At sunrise.

Although the baby resembled Marvin
He sucked his inheritance from Kelvin
A Caucasian Gwendoline dated
And whose baby stakeholders debated.

John Sensele

Bales & Pails Of Scales Collapse

Bales and pails of scales collapse
In disarray as they attempt to thwart
God's will to fulfill his deal in a synapse
Where the Devil's rampart

Scatters when his evil matter
In clusters bound by shackles
Alongside his puny platter
His nefarious knuckles and buckles

Wither although his evil weevil pleads for mercy
In vain as guardian angels
Mend facial palsy with ecstasy
Despatching to stale jails

Soldiers of fortune unlucky enough
To have enlisted in the Devil's army
Destined to bluff when his snuff stuff in a huff that ain't toughs
Comes unstuck at sixes and sevens in the wake of the protection bestowed on
me.

John Sensele

Ballad Of Neka

Neka nibbled at scraps of rotten fish and strips
Of bitter beef from the unswept market floor;
They said his sticky fingers stole the missing money
Although he wasn't anywhere near the big boar
Who accused him of the talkative theft
That happened at the sardine store.

Angry hands slashed him with a shame sjambok;
They spat on him and pinched his suffocating skin
To squeeze a crude confession by formidable force;
They dismissed testimony from the next of his kin
Acceptable and watertight as it stood
And brutal boots kicked him on the chipped chin.

They stripped his bludgeoned body naked,
Poked sizzling scissors into his breathless backside
To brand the mark of shame on him
Near the rocky and craggy graveside
They'd prepared early that fateful morning in a grim
Twist of fate to bury him on the hippy hillside.

John Sensele

Bamboo Club

Bamboo club sanctuary of West Indians burns
Effacing history, memory, venue and avenue
Where advice trounced vice for handsome returns
In a community whose dignity cringed at the tail of a queue.

Bamboo club shrine of pristine proportions
Hosted Bob Nesta Marley in Bristol
Drew young and old to diminish distortions
Simmering at the trigger of a pistol.

Bamboo club magnet attracted artists
Musicians, magicians, mathematicians
Loafers, loaders, lovers with no trysts
To melt belts of differences facilitated by statisticians.

Bamboo club no taboo, no voodoo
Venue where humour and rumour laugh at each other
Muscles relax with no tax to pay on lurking into a limpid loo
To expel stress and distress and sample sublime fun together.

John Sensele

Banish Baloney

Banish from your vocabulary
If the words impossible and reprehensible
From your estuary and aviary
Should become dispensable.

Banish vestiges of parochial thinking
From professional processes
If you're to avoid sinking
Into the abyss of vacuous verses.

Banish hints of petty jealousies
Tinged with putrid hatred
That propagates pleurisies
Until a whole heard turns red.

Banish lack of direction
From your emotional tier
If an attitudinal action
Should draw your partner nearer.

John Sensele

Banter At The Botheration Bar

Stuck in sensations singing
Dreams of the word weevil that swivels
At moments torments trysts given to clinging
To emptiness in modicum marvels

Long on lacunae, febrile on facts
Cyborg seeks to establish
Whether or not to promote pacts
Dreamers dangle with flourish

Hoping to seal or steal
Deals with no optimum offers on the table
Trivia tongues expecting to feel
Optimistic in a sullen stable

Where reality ranks high
Despite demonstrations from dreamers
Whose conjuring cards drive to tie
Falsehoods and fabrications in situ for screamers

Whose testament and testimony
Strut on the sentiment surface
Fail to nail the prude parsimony
Which dreamers dangle on the designer dress

Realists regard with anger
Given the curvy quality of the offer
Dreamers dump on the dagger
Review realists can't suffer

Any more much as dreamers manipulate the mouth
Expecting barbecue and barbarism to bring
Forth the fib on the nonchalance narrative settling South
When lassitude lampoons their comedy-consuming king

Whose service salutation subjects no longer need
In spite of pleas for femmes fatales to banter at the bamboozle bar
Realists reiterate disregards the doubt deed
Subjects believe dispenses loquacious lager at the botheration bar.

John Sensele

Bash Bottlenecks

Bash bottlenecks, bless beauty
Command comradeship
Punish poverty
Depend upon the authority of authorship.

Bash bottlenecks, bless betterment
Command kleptocracy
Punish jagged judgment
Depend upon the authority of democracy.

Bash bottlenecks, bless benefactors
Command conviviality
Punish perseverance perforators
Depend upon the authority of amiability.

Bash bottlenecks, bless beatitudes
Command convalescence
Punish platitudes
Depend upon the authority of indelible influence.

John Sensele

Baskets Of Bliss

Baskets of bliss from dawn till dusk
Encrust your life with diamond diadems
In a sea of scent musk
Cos you devise super romance strategies and stratagems.

Baskets of bliss from night till early morn
Bombard your life with priceless pinnacles
That neutralize moments when you no longer mourn
Departures of sown sorrow spectacles.

Baskets of bliss from January till September
Wash away from your life desertions
You no longer wish to remember
As you receive for your persistence, patience and prudence streams of standing
ovations.

Baskets of bliss from noon till late afternoon
Inject spring and vim into every step
You take as you fly with your mesmerizing match to the moon
Without from redundant roses any humbug help.

John Sensele

Batons, Gluttons & Skeletons

Skeletons in my closet won't elect whether I reject choices
Forced on the horse whose course of action
Limits the remit in which vital voices
Attribute, contribute and distribute leaflets of lassitude to my freedom faction.

Skeletons in my closet won't elect whether I select moves
Detractors, deflators and subtractors cast on my plates
When freedom decrees I prove their groove proves
The opposite of points I posit to press into their puny pates.

Skeletons in my closet won't elect whether I project to sanitize the net
I believe leaves my sleeves peeving with rage at the outrage of the message
Their nerve serves to display when I lay hands on the trash the Internet
Avails to veils that pluck up corny courage and rage that disparage.

Skeletons in my closet won't elect whether I eject trajectories
That take me far from the reams of dreams and whims
I maintain to entertain the strain of rain that pains me in the dormitories
Where a thought squirms when forced by circumstances to toss out their tweet
teams.

John Sensele

Battery, Coquetry, Thuggery And Usury

Battery, coquetry, thuggery and usury multiply blues
In relationships; compassion, devotion and caution
Diminish distances and distinguish hues
Intended to shrink clues to batter and defer affection.

Battery, coquetry, thuggery and usury deal a death blow
To a relationship where they decant trust and plant seeds of suspicion
Which once embedded into the fabric cut off the flow
That once stimulated juices of strength and distributed hormones of devotion.

Battery, coquetry, thuggery and usury diminish opportunities
For lovers to draw closer to each other
Instead of diverting and inventing varieties of reduced verities
That in the end kill chances of lovers growing stronger together.

Battery, coquetry, thuggery and usury if given room
To test the foundation of a relationship and manifest their mettle
Can unsettle bases, phrases, praises and phases that doom
A relationship ore and bore they manage to unsettle.

John Sensele

Be Mine Forever

Take me into your heart
Now and forever
Ensuring we never part
Till we cross the rose river.

Take time to be mine
I know I can't give you riches
But if you think it's fine
Then we turn off all the sober switches.

Take me to cloud nine
To share with me unconditional love
Now we feel sure no one can undermine
The treasure we pluck from wings of our dove.

Take one step at a time
Putting our best foot forward
Determining any morbid mountain to climb
To reap our renewed reward.

John Sensele

Be The Blessing You Desire

Be the blessing in the way people rejoice
When you bless their day
With compassion and empathy in vivid voice
To wipe away rows of sorrow from their lives every Saturday.

Be the blessing in the way people smile in a mile
Despite the pain that tears their lives
Asunder as misery reigns supreme for a while
Destabilizing the carriage of their marriage with noxious knives.

Be the blessing in the way people face
Challenges that singe and steal their peace
Of mind, rendering them impotent to address
Mundane missions and routines as habitudes of fortitude decrease.

Be the blessing in the way people handle
Queues and dews of obstacles and oracles
Predicting dark days that fondle
The trajectory of restless receptacles to imprison them into cantakerous cubicles.

John Sensele

Beans And Means

Pots and pans
Spoons and forks
Colanders and corks
Thrive in kitchen spans

Where meals we cook
At tables meals we share
Alongside a dose of care
On one another we hook

As a little prayer we say
To thank ladies who toil
To gather ingredients including the cooking oil
That fries sausages in pots sometimes made of clay

Gathered near flowing rivers
Where we sometimes swim
In the absence of the swimming pool whim
We entertain without shivers

Until hot chillies tease our taste buds
Catalyzing digestion of carbohydrates
We chew to break down concentrates
We extract from tasty spuds

We sometimes swap for rice
Accompanied by a bowl of brown beans
We scoop from titillating tins
Secured from a neighbourhood stall at a church price.

John Sensele

Bear Your Cross

Bear the cross among your siblings with stoicism
Bear the cross among your offspring without flinching
Bear the cross in your relationships without cynicism
If growth and maturity at your door should come knocking.

Bear your cross when love evaporates
Bear your cross when rudeness visits your abode
Bear your cross when your life encounters threats
If lower benchmarks should steer away their dread.

Bear your cross when goal congruence flies away
Bear your cross when intrinsic motivation becomes a luxury
Bear your cross when pleas lose their way
If your future should lord it over usury.

Bear your cross when fate hands you an ambiguous hand of cards
Bear your cross when finances and gregariousness work at cross purposes
Bear your cross your political party ill-treats its unsung bards
If handsome dividends should whack unbidden stresses.

John Sensele

Beast Of Prey

Beast of prey brutalised his home
Where by his own volition he sired children
For whom he felt neither attachment nor love.
Instead, beast of prey abused substances
That chewed into his psyche's fabric and mentality
Until the beast developed full blown megalomania.

Spaced out and rendered inept by megalomania
Beast of prey feasted on terrorising his home
Where he cultured a mundane mentality
That visited double inconvenience on children
Through rantings and beatings blown akimbo in psychedelic substances
Whose philosophy and modus operandi negated the existence of love.

Imbued with a fountain of love
Beast's family strove to neutralise megalomania
Whose origins traced back to noxious substances
Which fought from within his bloodstream to turn his home
Into a concentration camp in which children
Played second fiddle in the wake of beast's rustic mentality.

Beast's family consulted head shrinkers to determine whether his mentality
Could revert from its atavistic state if love
Showered daily and hourly in a conducive setting fed by children
Who sympathised and empathised with beast's megalomania
For the sake of peace, harmony and stability in his home
Might divorce the grip of mind-changing substances.

Drug enforcers and rehabilitation sessions removed substances
From beast's body and set out to restore his mentality
To its prior state where it nurtured his home,
Nourished and furnished enough love
Devoid of pretensions, perversions and megalomania
And which begot and befriended his beloved children.

Beast's inner circle, acquaintances, wife and children
Prayed hard and managed to break the hold substances
Had on beast of prey and proclivities to feed megalomania
Pollution and dilution of mentality

To restore the love
Beast of prey once showered on his happy home.

Delightfully, beast's children nourished his renewed mentality
That abhorred substances, but drew him into the vortex of love
In which his family maimed megalomania and stabilised his home.

John Sensele

Beastly Burdens In My Life

Beastly burdens of life
Millstones round my neck
Not that I malign my wife
For in my eyes beastly burdens of life emulate a sneaking snake

Writhing on the hard road
Through life I travel
On my head perching an abnormal load
Of which I never cease to marvel

Although pressure my neck oppresses
Enjoying a free ride
As twinges of pain pressure stresses
With unabashed pride

Driven to extremes
That hurt, hurt and hurt
So sharply they satirize dames
To whom sweet nothings I blurt

Not that to me it matters or flatters
Whether dames don long or short
In gild letters that decry fetters
As they snort

Raising my ire
With candour
Warmed on a cold night by the fire
Fanned by the parallax of pain odour

A neurotransmitter smells
Telling me I'm lying
When burden spells and scales
Confirm I'm sighing and flying

Despite averse appearances
That on the grapevine seem to glorify and aggrandize gossip
Inferences on my circumstances
Which in a vacuum peep, weep and fall asleep.

John Sensele

Beatitude & Fortitude

Beatitude and fortitude flock and gather moss together
Verisimilitude and attitude sometimes talk at cross purposes
Beatitude and believers multitudes embrace one another
Above all, beatitude stresses kindness and helpfulness doses.

Beatitude and negritude endorse voices of unity
Altitude ascends with scents of equity and fairness
Which Jesus preached in the sermon on the mount for haughty
Pharisees and Sadducees to ditch switches of unfairness.

Beatitude and gratitude paves the way for the brave
To care the widows and orphans who can't afford a square meal
Per day; beatitude commands masters to free a slave
Whose yoke chokes initiative and masters a slave's energy steal.

Beatitude and latitude to save planet Earth
Lie in global leaders from Britain, Uncle Sam
China, France, Germany, Holland, Japan whose dearth
Of global warming concern jeopardizes a marine clam.

John Sensele

Beats, Fleets & Streets Of Rage

Beats, fleets and streets of wits won't quit over indiscreet tweets
Posted and pasted in error as you withdrew your succulent sweets
To banish and punish my wish to fish from another dish
I chose and you froze to pause the rose that arose from my roving radish.

Beats, fleets and streets of wits won't fit bits and pits of despair
Wrapped and swapped in error as you withdrew your wish to repair
Traps into which we'd fallen as short-termism and feminism too over
Our decision and vision to enable our love to discover it glow and recover.

Beats, fleets and streets of wits won't meet writs and sleets of sin
Committed and condoned in error as you withdrew your wish to pin
Our hope on slopes of serenity and dignity of the love
We strove to grow in consonance with its plan announced from above.

Beats, fleets and streets of wits won't tweet skits and slits of malice
Mounted and recounted in ounces and bounces on the chalice
Brandished and garnished to prove wrong the sage
Whose wisdom in our kingdom killed deals of rage.

John Sensele

Beats, Seats And Wits Of Your Reality

Let mats and masts of the past die fast
Empower blasts of the present to last
Quit kidding beats, seats and wits of your reality can't grow vast

Despite turbulence in the environment
Decreeing you rejig development in which detriment
No longer features either as sentiment or condiment

As you mend your mind
Excising facets driving you blind
In front, in the middle and behind

Prompting efforts to break free
Of snares, stairs and lairs when your pedigree
Bursts forth, surges forward to the degree

Where you meditate
You cogitate, you gravitate
Towards your wellbeing as in haste hate

Fleas flee in defeat
Weeping and peeping at your feet
When your energy centres meet and tweet

Greeting a new era that heralds perfect peace
In your mind, in your routine with each decrease
In negativity, turbidity, rigidity, fragility and fake fleece

In a setting teeming with white light
Whose laser and tazer tantalize the plight
That for too long ate your delight

Locking up and stalking your progress
Addressing dresses and tresses of stress
Ascertaining rains, trains and strains of rat race

Pursue and sue your aura
Whether your poetic fora
Vaunt Andorra and Sonora

When dens and pens of power
Scribble and dribble the hour
That can't label rose a flower
Whose fragrance and preponderance no longer
Weaken your resolve as you grow stronger
To shame your perennial rumour-monger.

John Sensele

Beautify Blessings

Fly not dizzy
Life do take easy
Or matters mortify quizzy.

Fantacise young
Solemnify slang
Or gripes grip your gang.

Facilitate fellowship
Rekindle friendship
Catalyse kinship.

Favour flavours of faith
Catch your breath
Encourage no diligence dearth.

Fan feeds of hope
Synergise in the evolution envelope
Decorate decorum beyond the horoscope of your kaleidoscope.

Feed flavours of love
Fraternise on wings of your discipline dove
Cos friendship draws blessings from above.

Finish every task
In sunlight let hope bask
So no heathens dare to doubt your faith flask

John Sensele

Beauty

If your beauty makes me haughty,
Don't think me nasty or naughty.
The mule of a stimulus stylus
Flies me and my lust nowhere near the navel of your Nautilus.

If your beauty smites because you're pretty
Don't belittle the title of my sentimental ditty.
The pull of your gravity and versatility disarm me
Why won't sorties of your bewitching beauty let me be?

If your mighty beauty in the vicinity of your city could quit
Harassing and fussing when I won't tweet
When gongs and songs of longing thong my mind
To leave me helpless, wordless and blind.

If your beauty could magnetise pies of my eyes
When in moments of longing your heart could hear my cries
To entwine in arms and calm my restlessness
Spare a few seconds, my blonde, to care to pour on me a little happiness.

If your beauty in symbiosis could treasure the leisure of our tryst
Where for a few stolen moments reasons in my mind resist
Awakened battles driven by testosterone
Let me osculate and oscillate when we're alone.

John Sensele

Beers, Fears & Tears

Beers, fears and tears cannot wash away the pain
I feel with intensity
Although a little hope in my brain
Supplies silly sentiments towards my painless propensity.

Beers, fears and tears cannot wish away the lost love
I feel with regret
Although a little scope of hope from my dame's dove
Supplies a sentimental soap to soothe my pain in secret.

Beers, fears and tears cannot fill the void in my heart
I feel with trepidation
Although a little nudging from her amorous art
Supplies an indication she'll spare my heart more odious oxidation.

Beers, fears and tears cannot conceal the cremation
I feel with blame
Although a little lullaby from her information
Supplies a scope of hope my love she won't any more shame.

John Sensele

Behind Bliss

Behind me, pesky past, discarded dreams
Ahead of me, bliss I can't miss
Between past and present, creams in streams and reams
Stressing wisdom for no one to diss.

Behind me, broken bits, suppressed sentiments
Ahead of me, stacks of standing ovation
Between past and present, comforting compliments
Stressing need to ameliorate affection.

Behind me, sorry sights, pointless pursuits
Ahead of me, miles of smiles
Between past and present, scatter satin suits
Stressing importance to engage erstwhile enemies all the while.

Behind me, femmes fatales, futile fragments
Ahead of me, fruitful future
Between past and present, lacerate no ligaments
Stress wisdom to cultivate culinary culture.

John Sensele

Beleaguered Battles

Political space, political face
More than a perceived surface and the trace
For which protagonists and antagonists fight
Aggrandizing or downsizing the right
To express and espouse views
That unnerve cunning crews
Whose survival lies in playing games
Voters loathe since truth spinners float claims
Politicians inject into the public domain
Intending jest and juggling in the main
In view of the low esteem
In which they hold voters' dream and steam
Spinning one lie after another
Making no difference one way or the other
Because polytricks by nature
Implies rapture, trickery and fracture
The electorate seldom sees
Until her green card flees
To empower a new bunch of message makers
Who once in power revolves into a strain of tip takers
Hardly caring for the vulnerable voter
To whom they told a lie in less than a quarter
Ago cheating her right, left and centre
As long as her vote they catch or snatch to enter or re-enter
Corridors of power to swap promises for diss
At worst or at best a Judas kiss
Leaving the voter to wonder if there's any point
In putting a high premium on a jest joint
Where political players joust for votes
Amassed and harassed in a plethora of Biblical quotes
They recite at the eleventh hour
Promising the moon, cash and a fake flower
To hoodwink famished families
Whose worst mistake lies in heeding reharshed homilies
Patrician politicians deliver
Promising on voters' card to load a lining made up of silver.

John Sensele

Belief Oil Boils

Chronicles of miracles from two thousand years ago
Stand the test of time cos frank facts are immutable
In spirit, for a remit, for a digit and for hermits who undergo
Strict scrutiny despite an incipient mutiny to make them accountable.

Chronicles of miracles of the modern millennium idiom
Suck cos bucks command and demand pride of place
Prompting romping by charlatans and Satan on a podium
Tainted and tinted with ludicrous laces on a lectern mess.

Chronicles of miracles befuddled and huddled in cabals
Embarrass classes of believers whose perverted priorities
Sully noble work by preachers and teachers whose calls
For repentance, conversion stance and faith advance in cities.

Chronicles of miracles slouch and vouch for a backdrop
Imbued with sorcery and treachery to spoil the oil
In God's lamp when damp sermons drop
Hints of hypocrisy in a wintry sacristy when beliefs boil.

John Sensele

Beliefs

Beliefs stalk my life and tear me from
My friends who no longer feel
We can roam and storm Rome
To strike a compromise deal.

Karl Max claims religion squashes
Brainwashes, smashes and turns
People into zombies and stashes
Their converted minds into folly urns.

In the name of religion, extremists
Kill people that believe and think
Differently from them: animists,
Who label fetishes in red ink.

John Sensele

Beliefs Beyond Brethren

Invest the best of your time
In folks, jokes and talks
That add true value, vision and volition to your climb
In life lest wasteful walks

Should plead and lead you astray
When smiles for miles can pile
Joys, jokes, jams, and gestures that pay
Delicious dividends in a fife file

That you enjoy in the cosy company
Where folks build you up and encourage you
To become someone who delves in Botany
Zoology, physiology, psychology and sociology as you renew

Acquaintances without pretences
Driven and woven
In fabrics and rubrics whose senses
Can't count or discount values, attitudes and beliefs beyond eleven.

John Sensele

Believe Me

Believe me, life tastes sweeter
When during your sojourn the right lady you meet
To love, to lift, to lull and with her share laughter
And vow from her never to quit.

Believe me, your house transmutes into a home
When by your side walks the angel of your dreams
Whom you cherish, nourish and polish together to roam
Into a blissful future coupled with matrimonial menu streams.

Believe me, wealth on your priority list ranks last
When lofty love bestows on you lasting happiness
Whose eyes on the bigger picture hold fast
To sample ample love business.

Believe me, insecurity your home never visits
Whether cash overflows or dwindles
As long as your love seats
Offer no room for contrary spindles.

John Sensele

Belittle Covid, Benefit Covid

Social distance support, soothsayers say
Or else covid juggles your clay
Fast you argue, fast you go
Cadaver not braver in a covid cargo.

Droplets in your speech, cough, sneeze
Droplets in your songs, arguments you please
Death traps you set. Thriving threat
Mistaken opinion. You'll regret.

Covid cringes from Africa, you claim
Lives you risk, lives you frisk. Blame
Africa too young to die
Curve rising. Mask you dismiss. Tears won't dry.

Vaccine nowhere in sight on your flight
No vital vaccine soon, only your plight
Belittle covid, magnify danger
Belittle science, dignify covid ranger.

John Sensele

Beloved Daughter

Pray ceaselessly, send prayers to God
Who planned, formed you and sent
You into our family like a gold
Nugget packaged and meant

To bless mom, dad and siblings
Who with no inkling whatever
But filled with gratitude springs
Vibrated with joy for this nativity matter

Which providence conjured up to
Grace family, community and society
With a caring heart, the loving you

The ministry of health benefits from
Far beyond any medical admission form.

John Sensele

Beloved Royalty

There was once a beloved princess
Who drew love and admiration from no less
Than half of humankind
Because she did not mind
Pouring love and showing care to Grace.

John Sensele

Bend, Blend, Extend And Mend My Brain

Born in the ghetto, put on my mettle
Too early in life, poverty rife
Taken long in school to settle
I appreciate graces and blessings in my life.

Fritters in a basin on my head
For me to peddle from street to street
Future uncertain, tough road ahead
I appreciate opportunities success to greet.

Tatters on my body, threadbare shoes
Basic meal bereft of relish
Despair mounting, spates of blues with no clues
As to succor, I appreciate chances to fish.

Physics, Chemistry, Biology and Mathematics
To pound my brain for years on end
Interspersed with lessons in Art and Gymnastics
Bachelor's and master's degrees my brain to bend, blend and mend.

John Sensele

Beneath A Sea Of Sorrows

Beneath your sea of sorrows hovers hope
To lift you to limpid lakes
Where on the hope slope
You'll will soon reap sweepstakes.

Beneath your flood of fears flies favours
From God who loves and cares for you
To lift you through crags in endeavours
That bring smiles and succor anew.

Beneath your torrent of tears trudge treasures
Primed to bequeath in mega measure
Love, hope and pleasures
At home, at church and at leisure.

Beneath your drum of dangers drives a dream
To cast a vast mast
On which you cling to collect the cream
Of hope, love and leisure at last.

Beneath your tankard of tantrums twinkles a star
To shine light in your firmament
Meant to collide your car at a bar
Where in a paradox lies your agile arsenal armament.

John Sensele

Beneath My Blues

Beneath my tears lies my hope
Though I despair sometimes, hope comes forth
To lift my limbo, to stabilize my slope
I accelerate and ameliorate my gregarious growth.

Beneath my foibles lies my strength
Though I play fair they cheat me
To streamline their succor, to bribe their breath
I denude and deplete my singsong sea.

Beneath my heart lies my future
Though I fear frequencies of frivolity
To sanitize and satisfy my courtship culture
I emancipate and elevate my awesome opportunity.

Beneath my sorrows lie my joys
Though I laugh and listen to their banter
To weigh and wield my pesky ploys
I determine their hearts I can no longer enter.

Beneath my clouds lies my silver solace
Though burdens blow my brain
To gravitate and navigate towards bride balance
I determine to eradicate any trace of stain, sprain and strain.

John Sensele

Bertha's Best Bet

Friends, don't ask why I don't comment
On vicissitudes and attitudes
Bent on quaint events that torment
Feckless and faceless platitudes

Plying their puny proclivities
On the grapevine whose wireless
Communication accord activities
Resources to run ravines rejoicing in reckless

Abandon accompanied avidly
By broomsticks whose tricks
Quit quests for the truth tentatively
While weeks and weed worms fix

Boundaries beyond Bertha's best
Bet for a tete a tete with detractors
Who wander East and West
Searching somehow to suppress, sabotage and sacrifice affable actors.

John Sensele

Besotted Voyeur

I struggle to comprehend the engine of a woman's mind
That first spins right then left when a man shows an interest in her kind
When intrigue and fatigue conspire to repel the man
Whose skin the sun coats and toasts in a phenomenal tan.

In God's creation sails no more complicated creature than a woman
Whose mood in a neighbourhood of love can by her caprice stun
The most skilled headshrinker by her yoyo behavior
That bewilds in a field yield the most passionate lover.

I wonder what sentimental circuit God wired in the female gender
To conflagrate her hormonal balance to the extent where danger
Lurks in the vicinity of any suitor whose manifesto with gusto
A woman scrutinizes and brutalizes with tonnes of fuss in store.

Woman, quit tearing slits, quit flaunting tits, quit dragging inelastic fabric
Worn with pomp and a calculated desire to swamp a male mind in a tunic
When sights of bared erogenic merchandise pops out in full sight
Of a besotted voyeur whose eyes in flight suffer an inconsolable plight.

John Sensele

Best Days Ahead

Although confusion ripples triple
In magnitude and attitude
I believe my God's principle
Overpowers its multitude with greater latitude.

Confusion in its profusion and protrusion
Pales into insignificance
When I set its delusion
Against my God's omnipotence and magnificence.

The essence and quintessence of my faith
Powers out any clout and cloud of doubt
That dares to sink and link its departure depth
To oblivion as it can no longer its odium tout.

I rest assured my best days lie ahead
Despite the presence for a moment of traces
Insanity and its vanity shower on the bed
Where I rest my head as faith my God blesses.

John Sensele

Betrayal

Debunk lies
They spread with passion
Uttering poison in their cries
Hoping thereby to achieve their morbid mission.

Destroy treachery
They build with zeal
Binding blindness in their bigotry butchery
Whose blessing providence can't fulfill.

Delete forces of evil
Conniving day and night
Riding on the back of the Devil
Who can't bless their futile fight.

Damage barges of deceit
Despite their fake smile
They pack into the ridicule receipt
They worship all the while.

John Sensele

Better Half

Handle me with gentleness
Because I'm your better half
Sent from on high
To swallow flak on your behalf
And lengthen your neck like
The giraffe's and help cut out chaff.

Handle me with care,
Consideration, compassion,
Affection and understanding
For me to fashion
With you a life
Filled with joy, honey and passion.

Handle me with respect
So that I bring the best
Out of your life
To hasten your quest
For peace of mind and rest
That you earlier expressed.

John Sensele

Better Off An Unbeliever

Better off an unbeliever
Than a dubious besotted deceiver
Taking on behalf of fractious faith human life
To prove I can unleash sadistic strife.

Better off without religion
Than humankind to deceive in the legion
Where my misconceptions and distortions I hide
To defend and append puny pride.

Better off a heathen
Scurrying about now and then
For room every human life to dignify
Every diversity in belief to satisfy.

Better off self flagellating
Than deep seated beliefs oscillating
Between fanaticism and extremism
If my pendulum I swing towards optimism and humanism.

Better off stateless
Than living in a society caring less
For the least affluent and opulent
To whom least attention is sent and lent.

Better off apolitical
Than belonging to bandwagons snatching my coal
To swell their pockets and rockets
While the poor languish in huts without satisfaction sockets.

John Sensele

Better Than Others

Some subjects that ooze gymnastics
Cybernetics, Mathematics and Physics
Among these I don't count Metaphysics.

Some feelings that tease hearts
Heartbreaks, heartaches don't play darts
Although their blows flow and glow in fits and starts.

Some outfits that flatter silhouettes
Skinny jeans, micro dresses and skintight skirts
Catch the eye if worn with designer jackets.

Some habits that assault sensitivities
Procrastinations, machinations and proclivities
But I single out problem solving cavities.

John Sensele

Better Together

Smash down walls of division
Where in prisons of division we deliver derision.
Erect transparencies of common purpose
Uniting to tap our common human resource

To eradicate pandemics from the face of the Earth
Saving lives, quenching feelings of love dearth
Western Europe and Eastern Asia endure
At the time cooperation and collaboration need to ensure

Protectionism and cynicism that finger point
Give way to efforts to harness joint
Initiatives in developing vaccine technologies
That don't explore and implore eulogies

But embrace appreciation of efforts
Counterparts make in their friendly forts
For us all to carve a niche under the sun
Where mighty nations and weak nations enjoy a plethora of fun.

John Sensele

Between Love & Law

Between love and her shadow
Opt for a portion of realia
Or else, you'll forever knock on the wrong door
Until, by dint of fatigue, you no longer access social media in Australia.

Between love and her lover
Opt for a portion of her substance
Or else, you'll forever clutch the illusion of a slaver
Until, by dint of fatigue, you lose balance, standing askance.

Between love and her avatar
Opt for a portion of her submission
Or else, you'll forever clutch the illusion of a scimitar
Until, by dint of fatigue, you lose your sense of sentimental sensation.

Between love and her glow
Opt for a portion of her space
Or else, you'll forever clutch the illusion of lovers' law
Until, by dint of fatigue, you lose opportunities to caress her famous face.

John Sensele

Beware Heartbreakers

Love: a double-bladed knife that tears so bad
It leaves scars in cars and bars where an unwise heart
Dares to tease feelings, to clip wings with outcomes so sad
Victims wonder whether breaking hearts feels smart.
Love sailed with care, with no spare motives rewards
Intruders, suitors, experimenters and lovers who dare
To lift a veil, to see love's treasure in hidden wards
Where love longs for appreciation and affection so rare and bare.
Love awakens, thickens and quickens heartbeats,
Maintains serenity, sneaks into feelings with tens
Of thousand of romance plans meant to facilitate activities that tits
Can or can't allow when a lover threatens
To defile intentions and predictions for partakers
With no nobler sacrifice than lust; love loathes exploiters and heartbreakers.

John Sensele

Beware Of Malware

My head, surf with care the maze
Where the labyrinth loses her contour
To ensnare the gullible into a daze
From which once entrapped there's no detour.

My head, tread on hallowed ground at your detriment
Unless you invite pesky palaver
To coerce chilly condiment regiment
Down your patched throat at the hands of an epitaph engraver.

My head, beware of quicksand
That swallows souses whose blinkers
By stealth of hand makes them feel grand
Although it's an illusion concealed in clinkers.

My head, steer clear of love landmines
Where twice or thrice before you bit the dust
When Wendy supplied significant signs
To warn you'd lost the ghost of her trust.

John Sensele

Beware Of Trouble Incensed

Trouble left alone hurts no soul
Endowed with enough wisdom
To score no own goal
When trouble turns vicious in the kingdom

Where trouble finger on the trigger of his machinegun
Slays intruders by the dozen
If wisdom devices from them run
Towards the avenger denizen

Who enjoys a repose by the busy bus
He drives at leisure
Eliciting from no intruder a fuss
That halts the flow of the pleasure

Trouble sips like a well-chilled red wine glass
To his heart's content
Until a misguided lass of little class
Brews for trouble vats of discontent

Catalyzing him to erupt like the angriest Hawaiian volcano
Spewing noxious Sulphur gases
In an inferno
That incinerates flower and tinder dry vases

To teach a salutary lesson
To learners willing enough to take heed
Of timely advice from the wise person
Who readily plants and germinates the wisdom seed

Whose fruit
Nourishes
The recruit
Who dishes

Out love to meddlers
Enjoining them to treat trouble with the respect he deserves
From finicky fiddlers
Who trespass on trouble's preserves and reserves.

John Sensele

Beyond Blessed Bounds

Silence staggers pomposity pushed
Beyond bounds deemed dastardly dim
In circles, symposia and surroundings brushed
Aside assemblies, inside coteries, outside a ride a bride and her groom deem

Too hallowed to allow
Chicanery and buffoonery to rear
Lack of etiquette to plow
Charades and unglad fear and beer

To usurp fanfare from a rare fair
Where luminaries gather beyond preliminaries
To bring bride and groom in an air
Filled with anticipation and fascination

To conclude through creed ceremonies
In which matrimony marches majestically
To its apex to vex disharmonies
As the master of ceremonies cedes pride of place to stakeholders finally.

John Sensele

Beyond Bounds And Sounds Of Care

Forever you and I pine for the caress crest
Listening and fastening to sounds of care
You and I cultivate in our intimate interest
Far beyond the structure and rapture we so impressed
Which you and I declare fair in its fare
Forever you and I pine for the caress crest
No matter how much from society we feel so stressed
It is our duty at all times to formulate a flamboyant flair
You and I cultivate in our intimate interest
Because later on justifiably we devour rest
Passion and compassion by devotion duty we ought to dare
Forever you and I pine for the caress crest
Not that you and I extort from each other an egregious imprest
For our love's voyage to instill an amorous air
You and I cultivate in our intimate interest
However from our love you and I mustn't get depressed
But for each other every second we got to be passionately aware
Forever you and I pine for the caress crest
You and I cultivate in our intimate interest.

John Sensele

Beyond Cataclysm Clouds

Beyond the tears and fears
The new normal on us imposes
A silver succour snatches spears
From delicate doses, replicate roses and pontificate poses.

Beyond accusations and counter accusations
Western and Eastern leaders trade
Amid efforts to emasculate WHO civilisations
History will conclude we did not make the grade.

Beyond nimble nuances and differences
Global scientists and geneticists overcome
A ray of hope streams from collaboration conferences
Where vaccine development strives to come home.

Beyond leadership egos and geopolitical goals
Exponential spikes in covid 19 infections
Cast a dark pall on the survival of supplicant souls
Unless sympathy and empathy meet at ingenious intersections.

John Sensele

Beyond Persistence In Silence

Asleep while awake
Walking among the living
Trying hard to break
The monotony and gluttony misgiving

Lends to the sultry atmosphere
Saturated with dope
As departed souls in the troposphere
Perambulate on cumulus clouds grope

For eternity in serenity
Ensconced in minds so busy
They vie for dignity
In a world so clumsy

Life stifles freedom
In a straitjacket on a one way ticket
To the cranky kingdom filled with boredom
Where the dime in my pocket

Screams to break free
To roll on the floor
Kept clean in a glee
That knocks on the door

With no handle
Which turns anticlockwise
To heal the vandal
Whose blunder bundles surprise

The Devil in the den
Which conquers the strong
Whose stamina in Eden
Writhes in pain when the grim gong

Knells for the last time
Pleading for life to release
The last dimes that mime
Please, please, please, please

'Let me go for good
Cos I can no longer stand
Flavours, odours and rigours in the mood and food
Devoured in grandstands that won't understand

Reasons for life
Reasons for existence
Reasons for a freedom fife
Reasons for a silly circumstance

Beyond my milky way
Beyond my persistence and insistence
Beyond my last say and delay
Beyond my perseverance in silence.'

John Sensele

Beyond Understanding

Beyond facades of fear lay hope
The indefatigable angel that transmuted a lost cause
A costly judgment error, liquidated stupor on a slope
Tilted to a nourishing and ravishing pose for a rose.

Beyond traces of stress endured with unusual phlegm
Strength and length combined in synergy
To seek a strategy to extinguish a despair flame
When an invigorating thought imbibed new energy.

Beyond thoughts of faith dissolution
Grace sauntered by, laundered with chlorine
Browsing traces unbelievers threw into motion
To dislodge vigour values from the pate of a traumatised marine.

Beyond devastations wrought by a hurricane in Haiti
A baby cried, a lady died, a sadist smiled wryly
Food provisions evaporated, goodwill sailed to Tahiti
A déjà vu that elicited and emitted no relief daily.

John Sensele

Bias & Bigots

Strategies crumble and ramble when refugees
Scatter helter skelter in the Mediterranean Sea
Drenched in trenches of terror and horror allergies
Induced by hunger, thirst, anger and dearth of tea.

Strategies fumble when internally displaced persons
In Juba and Mogadishu flee settlements
As mortar shells and maleficio bells toll for parsons
Whose best efforts in test forts design peace implements.

Strategies bungle and struggle when war mongers
Merchants of death and rabble rousers
Profit from follies, bullies and foreign fish anglers
Overcatch tilapia and bream and donate threadbare trousers.

Strategies dabble in shambles when double
Standards boast of goal post shifts in duplicity diplomacy
Turning a blind eye to devalued Rouble and ill-valued trouble
Hustled with blatant bias by sentries whose unfairness you can't see.

John Sensele

Bible Symbol

There was once a street kid with hunger
Who society drove to seething anger
When a pastor read the Bible
For his mates as a deep symbol
Hell could not claim victims any longer.

John Sensele

Biceps

Biceps flee the teacher's world where concepts
Spring into action and time spent outside
The classroom swamps lesson time and pumps precepts
Inherent in teaching and learning processes inside
Which yields society's human capital and fields cogs
Met in industrial wheels, hills, mills and deals that power
Global focal economic inputs and outputs beyond fogs
Seen and unseen in GDP lumber that number crunchers scour
On surfaces and faces that denigrate the crate of the teacher's
Thankless job misunderstood by stooge lightweights
With no iota of long hours more than the flour in a preacher's
Sacrifice to churn out sermons on doubts and fights
Endured by lone teachers and preachers who extract blood from rocks
Where other folks give up when chiming and mining are lesson clocks.

John Sensele

Big Up, Sons And Daughters

Sons and daughters, you're the reason
I enjoy my sojourn in this sapience season
Where my mind and yours we sharpen
With your questions that dig deeper to open

My development to possibilities and potentials of hallowed heights
Enabling my cognition to overcome fights
Otherwise deemed impossible
Your collaboration made possible

Soaring our collaborative and cooperative cognition
As your eager intellectual ignition
Spurred us and our brainy bus
To scale past futile fuss

Cos you and I
Cooperated without the cry of reasons why
Building Zambia's human capital
Rewards and redeems strains that on our lives took a tender toll.

John Sensele

Bill & Jill

Jill gave Bill breakfast
Lunch, supper, much more
Which Bill snapped fast
Soon enough Jill grew sore.

Jill's heart Bill soon broke
Bestowing on it net neglect;
Bill's heart hewed a rock
Soon comfort Jill could no longer elect.

Phone calls, hugs, kissed roared rare
Bill's presence and warmth Jill missed;
Coldness, callousness created a pair
As Jill Bill dissed and pissed.

Tears and fears Jill juiced daily
Bloodshot brewed her teary eyes;
Bill dismissed Jill's pleas obviously
Lacing her broken heart with lots of lewd lies.

John Sensele

Billies, Chillies And Coolies

Billies, coolies and stoolies pollute
The world with sororities, robberies and territories
Where bullies sully, curry and dilute
Reason in every poison injected in priority factories.

Billies, coolies and stoolies embrace
Ideologies, eulogies and demagogies
Where bullies thrust unfaith and wraith trace
Elusive, pervasive and intrusive in their pedagogies.

Billies, coolies and stoolies spell demise
For effective and reflective intercourse among equals
Where colonisers and victors underplay the prize
Empires purloined mammals, weevils and camels.

Billies, coolies and stoolies make a mockery
Of civilised exchanges, phalanges and changes
Mandatory to redress excesses in the forgery
Bullies hitch, pitch and stitch in historical fact ranges.

John Sensele

Bimbo Delight

Whichever way the undefeated turns, her image appears
Haunts and taunts his imagination grown fertile
Ever since he set eyes on the gazelle that sears
His tender heart to smithereens. It's not so much guile
As facial features or earrings dangling on her ears
It's a quality he couldn't readily define. Shucks
Sighs the undefeated who vowed no worldly woman
No matter how slender, her agenda, her fender, her sender or bucks
Would toy or sully his thick skin that fires spires of quills
Meant to deal with bitter pills and bare, clear, fear theatrics
Women pull fast on men. A cool cat like the undefeated kills
Traps dead in their tracks because he'd developed mass metrics
To handle and fondle any creature comfort to delight
To their hearts' content till for love bimbos choose to fight.

John Sensele

Bind Bruises & Curtail Corny Cuts

Bind boasts and bruises, breach bother
Motivate men and women of honour
Empathy and sympathy supply to your brother
At all costs, avoid the aridity and acidity of dishonor.

Motivate men and women of honour
Don't partake of a poisoned repast
At all costs, avoid the aridity and acidity of dishonor
Don't deal pesky cards of a perfidy past.

Don't partake of a poisoned repast
Seek and serve a session to forgive
Don't deal pesky cards of a perfidy past
Pull a pardon from inside your heart's sleeve.

Seek and serve a session to forgive
Empathy and sympathy supply to your brother
Pull a pardon from inside your heart's sleeve
Bind boasts and bruises, breach bother.

John Sensele

Bind Kindred Hearts

Cast the mast and vast blast of the fast past
Over an entire lifetime of sublime bliss to last
A zillion seconds, a zillion minutes, a zillion moments
Stitched and switched in the arms of happiness with comments
That build a field and yield where a druid blesses
Souls in malls that care and dare to rise above stresses
Carved in kisses, faces, voices and sustained happiness
Over and above dizziness and hardness swung around goodness
Dished out lavishly to unselfishly mollify and satisfy
Longings and hankerings of kindred souls who specify
A dozen trysts, a bevy of times and sundry names written in gold
Letters emblazoned in seas of emotions without erosions to hold
Sway over matters of the heart, matters of the mind
In order to entwine two hearts to to each other bind without a blind.

John Sensele

Birds Of A Feather

Mamma and I were birds of a feather
Mamma toiled till she breathed her last
Poppa, mamma, my siblings a close knit family together
To laugh, to share a folk story of our glorious past.

Mamma and us in our affordable abode
Mamma served us warm meals
Poppa, mamma, my siblings our story could make and record
To share our pun and fun with no pesky recording deals.

Mamma and thirteen of us a formidable bunch
Mamma would send us on errands
Poppa and I on a bike ride through bush paths with our simple lunch
To bond our ties further on Busanga sands.

Mamma would trek far and wide to source for merchandise
Mamma despite her advancing age could never complain
Poppa parade me with pride through our franchise
To teach survival skills even from clouds fell rain.

John Sensele

Birds Of A Feather Bind Together

Through telepathy
We mingle
With each other in empathy
Though single

In status and name
Society derides
Arguing we carry blame for the lame name
Detractor X rides

On interaction thrown
Into denigrating debate
To malice grown
Venomous of late

In a conundrum
With neither head nor face
That beats a war drum
Beaten aloud on the surface

Where ripples wander
Agog pandering to a swing of mood
That entertains a gender
Discourse when a knock on wood

Doesn't suffice to calm down tempers
Driven the edge of anger
As sobriety scampers
For cover the longer

Distrust thrives
Amid longing
That arrives
When feelings

On edge snap me awake
In the middle of a dream
I can't mistake
For life on the rim

That spins my poise
Displacing it from its centre of gravity
When a persistent noise
Draws my mind to the reality

That you and I
Forever together
Are meant to tie
Tightly like birds of a feather.

John Sensele

Birth Circumstances

Birth circumstances mustn't limit
The altitude to which I rise
Nor should these circumstances make me quit
Pursuing my God-given prize.

Birth circumstances mustn't dictate
The range of achievements and accomplishments
I conquer if I don't hesitate
To input my level best beyond refreshments.

Birth circumstances paled into insignificance
When Isaac Newton defied their odds
To conquer complexities of Calculus and Physical Science
Despite wills and wishes of golden gods.

Birth circumstances mustn't curb
My ambition to scale higher heights
To break new ground, to disturb
Anecdotal evidence and on far flung frontiers focus fact lights.

John Sensele

Blameless

Not my fault if your eyes stray out of bounds
Straining your breath
The more you fail to negotiate grounds
That expose your shortage of sentimental stealth.

Not my fault if my curves drive you crazy
Catching your contrived control unawares
When your honesty grows hazy
The more aware you become of my female wares.

Not my fault if my presence pulverizes your resistance
When perchance our hands touch
Not that I engineer such a circumstance
That makes you dream we were a match.

Not my fault if my attire shoots dopamine through the roof
Plunging you into a zone of discomfort
Which exudes a distinctive puerile proof
You no longer enjoy a measure of control comfort.

John Sensele

Blast Casts Of Cannibalism

Blast the cast of intransigence
Hitched on horns of dishonesty
Slaying socks of intelligence
Lilliputs lump into tambourines of travesty.

Blast the mast of malice
Brewed in pots and tots of perfidy
Stirred in the fantasy fleece
Assigned and aligned to tragedy.

Blast cults of occult ovation
Lumbered on mediocre medals
Pinned on chests of the immolation
Inflicted on piety pedals.

Blast the vast mats
Erected in sinews of salmonella
Perambulating on hats
That deny free speech to Petronella.

John Sensele

Bleary Eyed

Tired of scanning the environment,
Eyes said, 'I'd rather quit, pal ornament.
Too long on sentry duty.
Thankless job. It ain't pretty.
Tongue, time to declare real disarmament.'

John Sensele

Bleeding Hearts

My heart bleeds

As a lame citizen spends sleepless nights
At the intersection of Oxford and President feeds
In his wheelchair as though he enjoyed no human rights.

My heart sinks into an abyss

As moms wake up at the crack of dawn
To seek merchandise with no kiss
From neither kith nor kin with no means to secure a loan.

My heart weeps

When zillions draw up a feeding rota
For different family members to pick up heaps
Of slices of air because daily famine subjects them to a slow slaughter.

My heart cringes

When urchins trek to school on an empty stomach
Full of hope but suffering twinges
Of deprivation and poverty in which families are stuck.

John Sensele

Bless The Learner

Partial derivatives, chain rule and product rule
Pale into insignificance in comparison to a good morning
Said with felt care, felt affection, felt devotion as a tool
To bless twenty four hours in the stressed life of a darling.

Thesis statements, topic sentences and unpacked essay questions
Amount to very little in relation to a word of comfort uttered with compassion
When confusion in the mind offers reasons
For hostility, for instability, for infertility and incivility in oration.

Sine, cosine, tangent, cosecant, secant
Tease feeble brains which they dispatch into panic mode
When examination papers challenge candidates to decant
Chaff from concepts, from algorithms and answers that implode.

Behaviourism, cognitivism and constructivism
Explore aspects of learning while behaviourists label a learner tabula rasa
And cognitivists regard the learner as an information processing organism
And Lev Vygotsky's social constructivism blesses her.

John Sensele

Blessed And Praised

Bemused, bruised and braised
A mind soldiers on
Confronts any bouts of doubts raised
Against her tact tone and switches on a love ringtone.

Befuddled, mishandled, gambled
A mind meanders with agility and temerity
To higher grounds where she is held
In high esteem to boost amity, unity and fraternity.

Broken, mistaken and forsaken
A mind summons extra reserves
Digs deeper and counts up to ten
When she decides to change tack and tap love preserves.

Blessed, feted, praised
A mind bows down to thank benefactors
Whose donations and ovations have raised
Her morale and generated positive factors among proctors.

John Sensele

Blessed Mamas

Bless

Mamas who

Sacrifice

Bling, bucks, breast shape

To raise families

To put food on tables

To pay university

Fees, buy textbooks, lend support

In every critical circumstance

To propel families to higher levels.

John Sensele

Blessed To Join The Right Crew

Back against a wall?
Stagger maybe, but don't fall
Fly afloat, play ball

Focus on pretty picture
Stick to stricture
Nourish your soul on Scripture

Liberating light lashes through
Remain robust, travel true
No matter the pressure, don't grow blue

Forge forward
Credibly your way comes right reward
If sorrow you can't afford

Though you sustain a savage heartbreak
God grants you a benediction break
Your misery, mystery God'll wreck

As sure as you pray
Expect a redemption ray
So long you don't go astray

In Jesus' blood
Saved despite fierce flood
Preventing you from crushing in mud with a thud

Cos God's purpose
Flows from a divine source
A boundless blessings' resource

To grant salvation, solace and succor to you
Making from you a creature new
Blessed with grace to join the right crew.

John Sensele

Blessing Bells. Stressing Scales

Hurt

If I ignore blessings galore

Curt

My posture be when I brush aside faith folklore.

On bended knees

I acknowledge wife, three offspring, two grandsons

From God's decrees

I enjoy favours under moons, stars and suns.

Sterling career heights

Doctors, rectors, proctors

Light up my life with faith flights

I reckon in favour factors.

University lecturer

Headmaster, college principal, author

Poet, developer, manufacturer

Never at any point a loafer.

Life crowned with success

Temerity and humility

Punctuated with God's access

In a faith favoured and flavoured facility.

Can't complain

So much to acknowledge

Power of God so plain in the plane

I scale in the realm of skill and knowledge

Jesus every second whispers

In academia where goods and services I deliver

As my journey on Earth prospers

With so much glitter beyond Twitter where God pours so much silver

According to his plan

Whether I smile for a while

Lose arguments to my clan

Or thrive for the militant mile

I pack in my gratitude
Whether morbid mongrels frown
When rises my latitude
And on my pate God commands a crown

Blessing my family
Steadying my resolve
Regardless of the homily
Claiming histories and hiccups in my journey I can't solve.

Cos the Lord ordains order
In the life He pumps and lumps on me
At the center and in the border
Where He pours blessings, graces and favours I garner with glee

Right, left and centre
At birth
Although I'm the dissenter
To whom God grants a blessed berth

Despite circumstances
My childhood endured and lured
In longitudes, latitudes, distances, glances and instances
God for good ensured, insured and cured

Despite odious opposition and dribble deposition
In circles thrown into disarray
Speculating and oscillating supposition
When God blesses me as I daily pray

For them that wish me ill
For them who God needs to save
For them on whom lies a bother bill
No matter how much malice they crave when for sin they slave

Wishing I'd die
Dreaming I'd fail
To live the up in the sky pie
When destiny drives them at high celerity to Hell

Where they groan

While I rest
Away from the tone and zone
That God grants on my crest although stressed and distressed
□
Misunderstood in the neighbourhood
If they had their way
Understood in the mood and food
I munch wishing they held sway

At my discomfiture
In a plethora of misfortunes
Devoid of limpid literature
Swinging and spinning on mundane moons.

John Sensele

Blessings' Arrival At A Salvation Carnival

Tackle tentacles of obstacles despite spectacles
That wish the fish in your reddish dish
Could knuckle under when miracles
Fly away to sway a radish

Away in a conundrum
That rejoices when voices
Cheering your downfall chew gum
And you ought to make charity choices

Despite the bind and grind
You negotiate to appreciate
The value of clues whose rind
Cut thin clog clown who depreciate

Fun with jokes that aren't funny
When bites and fights for your survival
Dictate your pate to caress a bunny
As a way of welcoming blessings' arrival at a salvation carnival.

John Sensele

Blessings Of Appreciation

Appreciation blesses, ingratitude curses
Appreciation multiplies, indifference subtracts
Appreciation attracts, impunity messes
Hoist appreciation to consolidate contacts and coveted contracts.

Appreciation paves the way for greatness
Appreciation opens doors to prosperity and sagacity
Appreciation renews happiness and brushes aside loneliness
Hoist appreciation to promote serenity.

Appreciation widens dozens of opportunities
Appreciation waters soils of friendship
Appreciation sedates vanities and frivolities
Hoist appreciation to lubricate gears of worship.

Appreciation mends broken bridges
Appreciation secures standards
Application planes rough edges
Hoist appreciation to mount friendship guards.

John Sensele

Blessors And Downpressors

Life turns brown
Laughter grows deeper
When falls from grace his crown
Without ceremony into a river.

Life grows serious
Students swat like mad
Promotion examinations loom furious
Lazy pates feel sad.

Life flashes red rose
Valentine swam by long ago
But love can't pose
Neither victors nor victims to forgo as coquettish cargo.

Life loathes expenses
Lovers lumber on sponsors
Whose bucks no longer long for dances
That turn apples of eyes into stressors and downpressors.

John Sensele

Blind Belief

Hidden agenda and pocket motives
Coupled with haste and blind belief
Poor equipment, plants and explosives
Yield Pandora's box for a thief.

Coupled with haste and blind belief
Whereby indolence and petulance
Yield Pandora's box for a thief
Caught up in the snare of arrogance.

Whereby indolence and petulance
Propelling efforts to move to another level
Caught up in the snare of arrogance
It becomes impossible to expect a marvel.

Propelling efforts to move to another level
Poor equipment, plants and explosives
It becomes impossible to expect a marvel
Hidden agenda and pocket motives.

John Sensele

Bling & Rings

Theory and thesis divorced from the salary of pragmatism
Stands no chance of extricating lances of doubt
From a baggage of marriage blue rheumatism
Caught up in haughty attitudes and louts of egotism clout.

Theory and thesis separated from cowries and dowries of practice
Seldom in a matrimonial kingdom arrive on time
To chart in all or in part a course of individual service
To the stability and ability of marriages to forever mime a climb.

Theory and thesis fastened to a devotion diary of cultivated commitment
To durability and fertility of a magisterial marriage wage
Analyses, catalyses and synthesises a growth path and crushes a truculent
torment
In herbs of health, dearth and wealth serenity installs on a marriage page.

Theory and thesis steer multipurpose management to grow a marriage
Beyond the glitz of kitchen parties and waltzes of wedding
Receptions to motion marriage stages into a visionary voyage
Which paves the way for waves of consolidation beyond a diamond ring.

John Sensele

Bling Stealth

To worldly wants, wits and wonders don't cling
Put not your faith, worth in the stealth of bling.

John Sensele

Blinkers

Blinkers thwart our vision when academic exercises
Couched in grandiose pronouncements with high syntax
Delude us into intoxication with politically correct phrases
That seem to satisfy expediency but abysmally fail to work the fairness fax.

Blinkers limit our possibilities when they steal a larger chunk
Attention doles out in moments our conscience teeters
On the brink of indecision and inaccuracy where its quills blank
Out essences of compromise and surprise to infants in diapers.

Blinkers spangle moral sectors, dangle huge carrots, handle ingots
When they stay away from interference in which blinkers would do well
To veer away to enhance opportunities for toasts, dots, plots and pots
Of probability sampling to reward contestants who reject descent into hell.

Blinkers despite their talons, colons, millions and billions
Crumble at the humble feet of humility whose determination and resolve
To choose the right option to the satisfaction of zillions
Trampled underfoot for too long choose to defend their rectitude in a mighty
cove.

Blinkers despite their allure can neither cure nor ensure
Watertight guarantees of natural justice in the face of ceaseless assault
By souls enriched to the brim by faith which for sure
Moves mountains and solves dozens of controversies in any tumult.

John Sensele

Blinkers, Winkers & Drinkers

Life isn't a limp loaf of poetry factory
Where asinine assonance and corny consonance
Cohabit, cooperate to mutter, to mumble a history
Tinged with mundane misery and notorious nuisance

Perpetrated by a vivid void
Fed five times a day, fifty times
A month in an odious ovoid
Filled with muffled, mute mimes

Too loud on a cloud, too proud to apologise
When innocent Inuits
Enjoin pacific people to realize, to epitomise
The necessity for Swiss seats

To scam, scramble, stumble, salvage stability and welcome
Thinkers who clink gory glasses with dream drinkers
Who propose a Tequila toast without a bouncy boast and come
In peace to forgive weird winkers.

John Sensele

Bliss & Peace Protocol

Bliss! Peace

Brandish bouquets of care

Hasten to offer bliss

Peace pants dare to wear.

Bliss! Grace

Brandish bouquets of empathy

Hasten to offer a kiss

Peace protocol plug into sympathy.

Bliss! Compassion

Brandish bouquets of feelings

Hasten to offer cooperation

Peace pacts pack into your dealings.

Bliss! Understanding

Brandish bouquets of altruism

Hasten to undo a misunderstanding

Peace proof pulverizes egotism.

John Sensele

Bliss Bird For You Sings

Don't let the world drive you crazy
When a new year starts
To double aspirations that ain't hazy
As for good last year departs

While new page you open
To start and spark anew
New dreams, new plans to soften
As if optimistic outcome you knew

Flowing and glowing in confidence
Knowing God by your side stands
To catalyze bliss and minimize diffidence
In efforts you make to build bliss brands

Seamlessly
With God's blessings
Flawlessly
While the blessing bird for you sings.

To shed trivia tears
Too little to signify any ingenuous intervention
To allay, delay, waylay and slay torrid tears
They'd cry once the victim achieves his mystery mission.

John Sensele

Bliss Booth

Pain bottled up inside
Worsens perspectives in clouds
That in the end blow up outside
Tearing your world apart in shiver shrouds

Best dispersed when pain is shared
A solution offered in a discussion
Rather than an implosion flared
To rain on your mind a concussion

With more pain to bear
Worse vision to contemplate
As unfair despair drives your mind nowhere
Good with a poison it dilates on the plate

When you long for loving arms
Arms that care to soothe
The pain you feel without qualms
You ought to clear to land into the Bliss Booth.

John Sensele

Blogger

There was once a blogger who posted news
That educated, shared diverse views
With a motley of avid readers
Researchers, feeders and breeders
In villages with goods, foods, blues and blue shoes.

John Sensele

Blood Curdling Boots Of Brutality

Blood-curdling boots of brutality my brow smash
Bloody AK47 butts of my emaciated neck bash
'Can't breathe, ' says I
'Traitor, terrorist, ' a cauldron says, 'you'll die.'

Pliers pluck my private parts
Furnace hot cigarette butt my skin smarts
I smell life separating from burning body
It doesn't matter any more to a snitch somebody.

'Why do you keep insulting the great leader? '
'It's my freedom of expression, you cadaver feeder'
Haughty hands spank my face
I think I'm dying without a trace.

Back to the dank sty where I'm isolated
Hunger my belly hurts, my thirst dilated
'God'll punish you, beast of burden'
'Confess, you twit. To freedom you'll be beholden'.

John Sensele

Blood Money

Numbers of lives lost due to live road accidents
Shoot up in Zambian boots where due to occult practices
Which demand human blood in unexpected incidents
Compel satanic minds to resort to esoteric offices
Where indoctrinated and brainwashed charlatans
Absorb hook, liner and sinker any fake garbage
Merchants of death peddle to hoodwink potential
Adherents to indulge in a slaying scourge whereby they pledge
To set up snares on major arteries in industrial and residential
Areas where assassins plan to tap floods of human blood
From road carnage which their sponsors utilize
In charms, arms, farm ingredients meant to add a flood
Of pecuniary benefits that scandalise and surprise
Banks accounts of wizards with blizzards that snuff out lives
From which blood converts into money on which Satanism thrives.

John Sensele

Blood-Curdling Blackmailers

Blackmailers brimming with selective amnesia
Bully the world, brew a crisis into a cult
Demand the withdrawal of Nobel Prizes from Asia
While on individual intelligence they heap injury and insult.

Blackmailers brush aside the sufferings Africans endured
From slave trade, pillaging, distortion of their history course
Suggesting crimes perpetrated by slave traders and robbers of African wealth are insured
From prosecution because Africans nowhere in the international community have recourse.

Blackmailers in ignominious fashion ignore injustices
Perpetrated against Africans over the centuries
To build empires, elevated economies and posh palaces
Do not matter regardless of African furies.

Blackmailers claim business as usual
As long as they control information, choose and pick
To brush aside the plight of long-suffering Palestinians, nothing unusual
As long as their perverse agenda, arsenal and ammunition tick and stick.

Blackmailers boast of bully power
They deploy to satisfy a stilted sanctimony
In which dissenters they shove into a shame shower
Filled with anti-progress antimony.

Blackmailers bend bully balance
In their favour
While with no sense of shame they dare not distance
Truth from lie in each egregious global endeavor.

Blackmailers excise the expansion of the UN Security Council
Claiming and reserving selective power of veto
They've wielded since 1945 as they kill the Pact Warsaw
To hoist hegemony, irredentism and history revisionism under the aegis of NATO.

Blackmailers shift goal posts

Whenever progress draws near
With frivolous fanfare and tequila toasts
To promote a culture of fear.

Blackmailers can't conquer the indomitable human spirit
Regardless of maneuvers they deploy
Some day soon truth seekers soon greet
The prospect of freedom for all and justified joy.

John Sensele

Bloom Of Love

Bloom
Of love
Deserves
Seven zillion
Efforts and much care
From stakeholders
Recipients and donors
In all cases where love calls
For commitment and discernment
From me, from you, from him, from them and
From all folks of goodwill for love to grow.

John Sensele

Blow Your Oboe

Blow your audacious oboe to boost your evaporating ego
When the tide turns against your mood
And you feel best times happened to you long ago
To the extent where you feel food does you no good.

Blow your truculent trombone to mask the morose mood you feel
When society seems set against your circumstances
And dark thoughts make you feel like a heel
To the extent where evil eats your destiny distances.

Blow your tremulous tuba to challenge Champions
When champions cherish cheap choices
And they lampoon your last bastions
To the extent where you feel you've vacated your vivid voices.

Blow your serene saxophone to drive a dogged deal
When partners prick your pride
And pain and stress your world they steal
To the extent where you no longer beg for a bride.

John Sensele

Blowing & Gnawing

Eyesores of isolationism play into Chinese hands
Who far from fiddling twiddle with middle riddles of international power play
With savvy as China welcomes chances to waltz with global bands
When Uncle Sam knuckles under and buckles under a Utopian hay.

Eyesores of emotionalism and egotism blend Coke smoke and humbug rum
Hopping global players in module globules will arrest the best and rest of the
global village
From spinning and winning deals as Uncle Sam sprays rays of its isolationism
gum
Until Uncle Sam wakes up decades later to discover woes and toes of losses of
main mileage.

Eyesores of hackneyed experiments to the detriment
Of streams and reams of dreamers spring sullied surprises
On laggards and braggarts who feel peals of a silly sentiment
Translate any debate on a slate with a porous pate into a thousand upheaval
sunrises.

Eyesores of Utopian myopia and dyslexia
Spell and sell agenda that render fenders of incipient illusions into draconian
delusions
Crouched under a thunder thatch patched and snatched from inhabitants of
Russia
By dreamers and lemurs whose femurs and steamers bear no reference to reality
allusions.

John Sensele

Blowing My Blues Away

Blown my blues away
Sent them packing on a hill
As I strive to find my way
To proceed to bliss which strives hard to hold sway
Peeling off veneers, assailing goodwill
Blowing my blues away
Which run out of weary words to say
Although they try hard to strike a deal
As I strive to find my way
Through minutes and seconds everyday
When I push away quills of chill
Blown my blues away
Into a crucible crying for clay
Where my bliss I can't spill
As I strive to find my way
On my knees I bend to pray
On the day I grew the skill
To blow my blues away
As I strive to find my way.

John Sensele

Blows And Claws

The road not taken
The promise broken
Accelerate sanctions for steps mistaken.

The vow unmade
The love driven dead
Precipitate scoring a low grade.

The wrong words spoken
The serious commitments forsaken
Reveal the extent of levity in your token.

The tears wept
The fears felt
Ensure fabrics of your feelings melt.

The options chosen
Feelings frozen
Fracture your love life by the dozen.

The lips kissed
No serious intention missed
Your gamble grows creased.

The rudeness imposed, deposed
The carelessness exposed
Sink into infamy proposed and juxtaposed.

John Sensele

Blows And Claws Of Miseducation

The more the education, the more Jack
Realizes how little he knows
The more morbid the miseducation, the more Frank
Ignorance and impertinence he blows, shows and tows.

The less the worth, the more the noise
Drivel drums display
The more the value, the greater the joys
The educated exercise in their poetic play.

The fewer the skills, the more incompetence
Buffoons and their raccoons struggle to advertize
The more the contribution, the greater the confluence
Of value and belief the educated synthesize and analyze.

The more the barbarism, the bigger the cynicism
The miseducated harbour
In settings that demand optimism
The educated and the miseducated empathize for their neighbour.

John Sensele

Blue Bells, Niggly Knells

On your fabulous face wear no frown
If someone should cut corners at your expense
Expecting you to turn blue or drown
In a sea of sorrow at the magnitude of their odious offence.

In your trampoline trajectory
You'll encounter twists and turns
From life's surprise factory
Where by mistake your heart yearns for ungrateful urns.

Fear not, shed not a tear
Surrender not to hicks your joy
Embracing a culture of febrile fear
Lest hicks should turn you into a tease toy.

Cry not, sigh not if the going should get tough
Or by mistake you should offer love to swine
Who won't thank you for soothing stuff
Your heart pours, pours, and pours into their vats of wine.

John Sensele

Blue Bells, Niggly Knellspoems

On your fabulous face wear no frown
If someone should cut corners at your expense
Expecting you to turn blue or drown
In a sea of sorrow at the magnitude of their odious offence.

In your trampoline trajectory
You'll encounter twists and turns
From life's surprise factory
Where by mistake your heart yearns for ungrateful urns.

Fear not, shed not a tear
Surrender not to hicks your joy
Embracing a culture of febrile fear
Lest hicks should turn you into a tease toy.

Cry not, sigh not if the going should get tough
Or by mistake you should offer love to swine
Who won't thank you for soothing stuff
Your heart pours, pours, and pours into their vats of wine.

John Sensele

Blues & Courtship Clues

Blues bubble, happiness humbles
Though I sometimes wonder
Why life stumbles
In the absence of turbulence thunder.

Blues rumble, happiness hobnobs with happiness hues
Though I sometimes teeter
To the verge of tears and blues
In the absence of my soul sitter.

Blues bludgeon, happiness heaps hallowed horizons
Though I sometimes fear
Indignity, insanity and vanity violate my zest and zeal zones
In the absence of a tenderness tear.

Blues bruise, happiness harbours heaps of hope
Though I sometimes wonder why I have a heart
Which veers on a sentimental slope
In the absence of live love part.

John Sensele

Blues In Ring Or Bling

Bootlicking

In a bid from noxious lives to curry favour

Invites worse kicking

In each endeavour

You undertake

Leaving your soul drained and empty

As you stake

Your future into Humpty Dumpty

Expecting the best

Reaping a whirlwind

In a messed test

With a frailty fiend

Until from sentiment slumber you snap

Into the valley of hope

Ditching the trap

On the sliding insanity slope

Where convoluted conclusions

You draw

Assuming seasons and prisons of delusions and illusions

Into your life deserve to crawl

But better outcomes you deserve

Precious life, detract

From the despair you preserve

As in your mind and soul attract

Vipers

Who in the main to you mean nothing

Positive or receptive as sentiment snipers

Into your limpid life bring only blues-in bling or ring.

John Sensele

Blues, Cues And Shoe Stew

Refuse to hang the innocent
While your gang acquits the guilty
In a tooth for a tooth pronouncement
You state in collusion with the mighty.

Accuse with the ruse in your news dissidents
Whipped into submission
To the coercion of incidents
Incorporated into a dictatorial diction.

Cruise out of control
With your weapons of avid annihilation
Primed to wiped out any pesky patrol
That surveys the sadness and sickness in your jubilation.

Freeze the breeze trees in infancy
Stunted when you hunt down their xylem
In a show of tethered truancy
Boosted by a nihilist anthem.

Use distorted dialogues
Conducted at cross purposes
In muted prologues and monologues
With enfeebled and emaciated faces bereft of choices.

Save knaves and staves
Slaves struggle to free from the tyranny
Perpetrated in war veteran graves
To whom you dished out a cashless cacophony.

Wave flaccid flags flown at half mast
As conflict casualties mount
When baskets of mourning cast
A dark pall on leadership lists of skills to discount.

Despair not. Repair the flare
No longer impotent, no longer content
As venom fangs bare
Death diadems an bother bandanas for the discontent.

John Sensele

Blunder

Bungling,
Losing direction,
Undoing what is right and sound,
Nodding fault-filled inputs and outputs,
Driving under the influence of a substance,
Emitting wrong gases into a breathalyser,
Ruining well-designed plans and strategies.

John Sensele

Blunt Life

Like a thief, grief strikes at human vulnerability
Which exposes the fragile nature of human life
Pusillanimous in the face of a Nemesis whose temerity
Deals blows whose sting plays a macabre fife.

Life a jilted wife, grief acts vehemently
In ways too nefarious for weak souls
To apprehend and whose defences incoherently
Attempt to build levees with no consistent goals.

Like a wounded buffalo, grief bounces back to bite
At threadbare fabrics that like paper tigers
Mount a risible defence on fences deemed tight
But in reality stand no chances against barbed daggers.

Like a hangman, grief slides a twine noose
Down weeping human necks too compliant
To rebel and too spaced out to cut loose
Advancing death cordons that make life blunt.

Like a robber, grief steals banknote bills
From families whose kitty runs dry
When a few scraps of sweet potato leaves on hills
Amount to barns of food that make offspring cry.

John Sensele

Boasts And Toasts On Coasts Of A Crippled Clan

Hopes raised, hopes dashed
Promises made, promises broken
Resolutions taken, resolutions hushed
Words spoken, words striving to awaken

Relationships built, relationships undone
Unions consolidated, unions shattered
Freedoms dreamt, freedoms forgone
Futures planned, futures battered

In religion, in social status
Where intrigue and fatigue entwine
With loud voices sacrificing Brutus
Staring defeat in the eye at the hands of tycoons who decline

To listen to reason
Beating their chests in pomp and splendor
In every imaginable season
Where hopes and dreams die in a blender

Whose desire supercedes a mortal's will
In dreams screaming murder in high celerity streams
Where consciousness and haziness spill
Pots of hope, clots of freedoms in reams

That cry for sanity to return
For cool heads to restore God's plan
Marred, tarred, scarred by unsoiled hands and brands that burn
Everything clean in a crippled clan.

John Sensele

Bob Nesta Marley

There was once Bob Nesta Marley
Who sang Reggae in the valley
To blood the ripoff man
Stealing bread from the can
Meant to care for kids in an alley.

John Sensele

Bollywood And Nollywood

Please motherhood, tease childhood
Magnify brothers, mollify sisters
Dedicate love to cousins, motivate fatherhood
When quality families beget ministers.

Please friends, tease mockery
Magnify kindness, mollify broken hearts
Dedicate time for the poor, motivate aid workers
When kindness feels right and heals aching tarts.

Please masters, tease seducers
Magnify humanitarians, mollify children
Dedicate care to patients, motivate producers
When creativity and activity cater for brethren.

Please medical personnel, tease charlatans
Magnify inventors, mollify peace makers
Dedicate thoughts to refugees, motivate orang outans
When global leaders respect and protect game keepers.

John Sensele

Bombardier

There was once a prolific balladeer
Who wrote hit tunes for a brigadier
For whom he felt a soft spot
Due to morsels in a pot
Which they munched with a tall bombardier.

John Sensele

Bondage Book

Why does a man's hasty heart play trial tricks on him
Glancing at juvenile June, at tremulous Twiggy
Hardly registering if their crimson cream
Resembles pretty Peggy

Or whether roving eyes
Deserve sudden suspension
For their gangrene guilt to spread liquid lies about coy cries
They feel is a man's mission

When women discover his abominable appetite
For sassy scalps
He can boast about in a freak fight
With fellow players about conquests from European Alps

Where a wonderful woman lost her head
To grant this unique eunuch
Favours that in his mind memoir said
Her pristine parlance pricked his pesky pack.

John Sensele

Bone To Pick

Bone to pick with high technology behemoths
Systemic sorority to surrender personal data
To highest bidder whose silver pieces like light lure data moths
To manipulate, disseminate and circulate account holders details later.

Bone to pick with mobile phone manufacturers
Whose devices tap phone user details
To relay personal data to usurers
Selling data merchandise in outlet retails.

Bone to pick with gismo makers
Who embed facilities to monitor user privacy
Location, preference indicators
In a manner that hardly differs from piracy.

Bone to pick with digital multinationals
Whose business model dribbles
States, tax authorities and internationals
Whose goodwill in submitting personal data dwindles.

John Sensele

Bones, Horizons & Zones

If my horizon could expand
My world happier would be
Cos all issues and tissues in my stand
Would yield a field of glory and glee.

If my horizon could freeze
Fears and tears I feel for no reason
I'd heed pleas for once to seize
Moments to release my mind from its poison and prison.

If my horizon could assuage
The guilt and silt I could jilt
In the present or past age
My fears and tears could at once wilt.

If my horizon could crawl
Forward away from propaganda and prejudice
Felt for no reason in my sole role
As devil's advocate, I'd secure all at once joy and justice.

John Sensele

Boredom Is A Choice

Cooped up in the sitting room
Bored stiff
Take time yourself to groom
But indulge no mischief

Partake in garden chores
Surprise, surprise
Time flies to slay boredom sores
At sunset and at sunrise

If right choices you make
No ceaseless fiddling on social media
Sharing news that in your life influences no stake
Better off gleaning facts from Wikipedia

Catching up on incomplete notes
Polishing up imperfect skills
No indulgence in pesky plots
While idle time progress steals

Until you put time and energy to good use
No puerile complaint school's closed
Pathetic excuse stinking in a sentimental sluice
Where growing up froze and dozed

Boredom is a choice
Simpletons indulge
Granting it energy and voice
Until in the end it grows into a boredom bulge.

John Sensele

Borrowed Time

Puny pride parades pomposity
Pounding its cherished chest in a quest
To increase celerity and luminosity
Thereby eating its substance and balance into a pesky pest.

Puny pride provokes the power
It possesses not
Screaming in a shower, offering a frail flower
No woman wants when the ambiance blows hot.

Puny pride cultures and nurtures nonsense
Clawing its way into arrogance
Denuded of the essence of common sense
The absence of which denies pride the fortifying fragrance

Puny pride needs to survive
In spaces puny pride rents
If proponents of proven performance derive
Value from the prize paucity puny pride vents.

Puny pride ought to watch its back
Lest it should be cast out
To rot in ignominy when its hack
Undressing the foot in the boastful boot teeming with a double doubt

Verbal diarrhea engenders
When puny pride falls from grace
Enlisting in the club of dribbled defenders
Who in the end can't survive a redoubtable rat race.

John Sensele

Bosom Peers

Like a meat cleaver in a butchery, fortune sifts
Parasites, vermin, scum from all weather friends
Who firmly stand by our sides in lifts
Through rain or shine, through poverty, through trends
Whose love grows all the while, whose love mends
Broken hearts, shaken knees, sunken shoulders
Bent by chagrin, smitten by rejection boulders
Laden with tears, fears, smears, leers, weirs and beers
Gobbled by greedy throats, and seedy folders
Masquerading as angels and bosom peers.

John Sensele

Bothersome Breaks

Bothersome breaks bridge burrows
Between a pesky past and fruitful future
Ensuring a smooth sailing serenade from furrows
That covet a comfort and convenience culture.

Bothersome breaks bring bliss
In settings singed by solitude
Where lonely lads miss
Opportunities to oblige an admirable attitude.

Bothersome breaks burnish brocades
Worn to display to advantage silhouettes
Admired in top society for decades
As ladies of substance sample silk serviettes.

Bothersome breaks borrow no sorrow
From harbours that harry happiness
Yesterday, today and tomorrow
In favour of haughtiness and loneliness.

Bothersome breaks build bridges to blessings
God grants to determined daughters
Who persevere and persist despite stings
That steal their sunshine and mar merry-making matters.

Bothersome breaks bother boys
Who strive to enhance their fortunes
When a vulture vandalizes their toys
Lumbering them with heaps of misfortunes.

John Sensele

Bottom Of My Life Fell

To learn that Anne my mom was no more
Ate me up more than I could imagine.
It felt as though, in my body, every pore
Screamed for my heart and soul to pine.

In my mind, I replayed a thousand times
The time Anne and I shared from the child
She bore to the man she raised in different climes
Of joy and sorrow although always mild.

Anne, I said, why have you abandoned me
Alone to face a world in which I was your little
Son, brother, friend and companion to see
Through your lenses every noisy beetle.

Farewell, mom; farewell Anne
I'm sorry for any pain I caused you
But, I know, when my life is done
I'll recline at your feet you right on cue.

John Sensele

Bound Boundaries

Bound by brisk bets from long ago to forgo
Pain, strain, brain sprain that crane rain trains in vain
Whittled wattles and battles in cargoes whose slow
Motion betrayed a blue eyed better in Spain

When a rented saint in a gun gamble
Lost his moral high ground in a poker
Whose dollar diet made revenues rumble
For the saint's sanity to lose his rocker

Much as the saint couldn't contain his high ire
When winning wonders withdrew Winifrida
From rabbles and squabbles in which the hire
Of a threat at the gate framed Ida.

Greed to win urges gamblers one more time
To play until they cast fast the last dime.

John Sensele

Bounty & Benediction Bays

Fantasy is a feeble factory
In which wheels of wonders and willpower
Collide, deride and decide on a trajectory
That shifts, lifts and gifts grief every hour

As ideas on modernism and activism
Face the surface where aces of tradition
Urge caution and precaution to prevent atavism
From invading and pervading a nation

Where a mature culture and its future
Could afford accords that dump virtues
Into statues modeled on a suture
That symbolize queues in hues

Kaleidoscopes, periscopes, microscopes
Portray in rich arrays and rays
Newton's prism and telescopes
Purify and ratify treaties on bounty and benediction bays.

John Sensele

Bouquets Of Boldness

Bask in the bloom of bliss
Blend bouquets of blessings
Bask in the moon of a kiss
Best to consign to trash bins strident stings.

Bask in the bloom of boom
Blend bouquets of hope
Bask not in the moon of gloom
Best to banish abuse of dope.

Bask in the boom of boldness
Blend bouquets of progress
Bask in the moon of gladness
Best to consign to trash bins seas of stress.

Bask in the bloom of beauty
Blend bouquets of love
Bask in the moon of sorority
Best to acknowledge graces and favours from above.

John Sensele

Boys' Banter

Boys banter and toys canter betray
The maturity and sagacity men ought to show
In conformance with their adult status without further delay
Otherwise men won't mentally and socially grow

Because the standard in matters of decorum
Demands a drive towards a level of seriousness
That doesn't chew gangrenous gum
To blurt nonsense that veers towards childishness

Portrayed as boys' speak
Although mature men ought to admit their failure
When they fail to tick
Regardless of the lure

Excuses offer to brush aside
Any criticism
That comes through when men's pride
Swims rivers of racism and hacked heroism.

John Sensele

Brace & Race

Bless and stress the quest for stress free success
Witness and press for measures to minimize mess.
Bless souls whose goals don't trample on transient tramps
Although arrant vagrants who rant grant lumps of mumps and dunce dumps.

Bless masses lasses whose class amasses no ill gotten wealth
For all parts of their hearts and carts dart for no stealth.
Bless faces and laces whose dress sparkle alongside accessories
Although lads and bards shamble nearby in romantic factories.

Bless waitresses whose sterling duty earn them a wedding ring
Earned by dint of humility, integrity and fidelity with no attached string.
Bless buttresses and mattresses that buoy boys in danger of drowning
Under duress at the hands of bullies and coolies who eulogize fawning.

Bless leaders of nations whose incarnation towers
The global village in every tillage and tutelage powering social lawn mowers.
Bless housewives whose knives cut tomatoes and onions
Added to dishes served to husbands who hold horrible opinions.

John Sensele

Braggart Batons And Sombre Sorties

In my mind somber sorties unfold
When morbid movements scar a hundredfold.
Normalcy dead, transparency scared
Empathy bearded, intransigence endeared.

In my mind sordid scenes grow cold
When vulnerable voices no longer hold.
Brash brands undead, harsh hustles prepared
Phantom forces deployed, evil enamels ensnared.

In my mind torrents of tears no longer dry
Victory vessels victimize, vile victuals bereft of shame fly.
Flies on excrement multiply, sties of scorn sniggle
Spies of blame bloom, pies of putrefaction giggle.

In my mind orifices and offices of ordure spy
Voices of Hades hustle, choices of straitjackets sigh.
Worms of wilderness sparkle, whiffs of death dodge
Squids of insanity soar, weeds of vanity splurge.

John Sensele

Braggarts & Braves

Wheels in spin deals queens
Kings and knaves
To winners and deans
Who beef with braggarts and braves.

Wheels in spin can't win
A life bereft of knife
Temptations in a tin
Where harm and death dealt with a housewife.

Wheels in spin spill sins
Committed and minted
In a dark corner twins and cleans
Sullied hearts in a meaning invented.

Wheels in spin heal hearts in arts
Cultivated in vats
Bereft of coquettish carts
Crawling to catch coy cats.

John Sensele

Brain Breaker

Triangle, rigid geometric trio
Scalene, equilateral, isosceles
In a perimeter and area scenario
Pounding my pate beyond the era of Pericles.

Pentagon, regular or irregular
Floats and ferments five sides
Into a pulp granular
At low and high tides.

Frustum, left over
Dangling at the bottom of the cone
That severed the clover
Devoid of stone and scone in the Mathematics zone.

Volume of solid of revolution
Gibberish middle minds don't comprehend
Snapping cerebrae and hippocampi in search of the solution
They can't apprehend.

John Sensele

Brain Disses Heart

Brain disses heart
Challenging him to take part
In a wit game
To determine who's to blame

For falling in love
With a lady sent from above
To tease the undefeated
And decide whether he's ever fainted

When his heart beat fast
How long Brain can last
In his presence to reason
In due season

When lightning strikes
Hikes bikes
Smites and sweeps Brain
Off his rocker come rain

Or

shine in clear water
Through a love letter
That for the first time
In a conducive clime

Hits Brain where it matters the most
As Heart exacts a high cost
In adrenalin
In dopamine

Serratin neurons
To pieces in zillions
In lights, in tights
In whites and in sights

Brain struggles hard
Brandishes pieces of lard
To brush aside
Fate from his stride

Whether Heart or Brain
Can or cannot ascertain
The extent to which a sentimental attack
Had smitten the pack

Of reserves of resistance
Which in every circumstances
Stands Brain in good stead
In bad times, in good times in his homestead

Where Brain never can shake
Whether a heart attack is a mistake
Or a genuine attempt
To brush his unkempt

Mare in his lair
Where love can dare
To swing the pendulum
In favour of Heart as a violinist strings Heart can strum.

John Sensele

Brainless Butts

Mathematics through fingers penetrates the brain
Where it plants success seeds
Which jump off Mathematics train
When harried by memorization feeds.

Mathematics ameliorates brain plasticity
When trained to think
Mathematics espouses simplicity
If fed on a logical link.

Mathematics trounces dunces
Who inflict pain on its concepts
Processes, precepts, procedures and advances
For nerds handsome prospects.

Mathematics loathes lazybones
Who perceive patterns and shortcuts
For frustum volumes and surface areas of cones
To invite punishment on brats' butts.

John Sensele

Brainwashing A Greenhorn In My College Den

I dubbed a first year my room mate
Upon arrival into our teacher training college
To baptize him. His pride in quick order I did decimate
Taking him at high celerity on a binge

Initiating him into traditional beer
In a nearby shanty compound
Where I got his head into God's fear
Whereby upon returning the greenhorn couldn't push anyone around

The special welcome made him the follower
I desired
Having diminished his self-concept and self-esteem lower
Than he aspired but higher than he perspired

I proceeded to indoctrinate him into elocution parlance
As best as I could
Ensuring he possessed a college etiquette lance
That would

Not upstage Special
Whom he soon began to emulate
With artificial
Manners to dissimulate

The nascent confidence he feared might offend me
If he grew overconfident
More than I could agree
If he became less diffident

But he played the good boy
Obedient like a lapdog
Happy to enjoy a bone for a new toy
Like a contented warthog

When my training petered out
Satisfaction smiled
In my bosom without any shadow of doubt that my clout
Tamed the greenhorn who wouldn't succeed in getting me riled.

John Sensele

Brave Dave

From the cradle to a crave
Distances from decisions to discipline
Ought to make you brave or a grave
Dares to bake, fake and stake too much sin and din.

From the cradle to a craze
Proportions in relation to your sense of shame
Ought to prevent you from gazing at the maze
Of the nude body from a dressless dame.

From the cradle to calumny
Instances imbued with circumstances circled in odium
Ought to jeopardize juggling with jesters in Brittany
Where you earn a sham shindig on a tedium podium.

From the cradle to a kiss
Circumstances that circumvent decorum
Ought to curtail bliss
Secured surreptitiously when you lace a bimbo's coke with rustic rum.

John Sensele

Brave Girls

Brave girls demand to pay for any services they receive
Brave girls defend their dignity, their pride and their honour
Insisting on very high standards of probity, decorum and achieve
Results by dint of diligence, placing a low premium on gazing at a mirror.

Brave girls don demure attire and take their intellect seriously
Brave girls refuse to be treated like a slender, weaker gender
That cries for lower benchmarks to scale the glass ceiling dubiously
If some loophole reeks rigging, sneaks into and snoops on a affective agenda.

Brave girls rise like a Phoenix no matter their economic background
Brave girls toil to catch up with trail blazers whom they often overtake
Like Usain Bolt because diligence and their conscience are bound
To yield feats of which no one can assume arose by mistake.

Brave girls possess innate assets beyond the veneer of cosmetics
Fake nails, fake eyelashes although brave girls are not averse
To the peripheral and ephemeral margins lipsticks
Confer on social occasions when a beau might recite a lilting verse.

John Sensele

Brave Graves

Graves swallow brands, sands and strands of the brave
Who challenge lozenges in every stage, every wage and every age
Of life where mourners with wailing banners, scanners and spanners rave
As coffins, muffins and remains in the soil bacteria engage.

Graves accommodate the poor, the rich, the young
In the same soil where dearth, health, stealth, wealth, mansions, pretensions
Attentions, pride, valour, fling, bling, wigs, tattoos and the sharp tongue
Count for nothing because they all accomplish their destinies' missions.

Graves respect knaves and slaves, disrespect viscounts
Who they allow to borrow zillions to build a modern mausoleum
Or to dig a shallow ditch in clay, loam or sand despite fat or thin Internet access
accounts
Because graves denote final resting places above publicities of a museum.

Graves crave for caskets, love pine coffins and wave cremation ash urns
For which varieties of cemeteries and morgues entertain no discrimination
whatever
Because cadavers feed worms, need bacteria and weed side burns
From the flamboyant, the humble, the heartbroken and the downtrodden driver.

John Sensele

Brazen Bamboos

Fools and their tools suck
Thinking trash, acting brash
Riding with wolf packs on a puck
Till in the end they crash.

Fools and their spools
Roll on thin ice
Brandishing a red flag to bulls
Who tear to pieces their dice.

Fools and their wool wither
Flying on a broomstick
Rousing rabble that doesn't dither
Till on their backs they absorb a kick

Fools and their school strafe
Their own future
Frolicking in webs of bluff
Till brains in the end suffer a suture.

Fools and their doodles awaken
Rummaging for lost opportunity
That has vacated their ken
Fed up with foibles of impunity.

Fools and their loops lose their way
Pleading for sanity's forgiveness
Which repels them to waylay
Attitude and ingratitude steeped in boastfulness.

John Sensele

Breached Bridges

Wicked wrongs and sarcastic songs
Miasma manners and grieving gongs
Won't metamorphose two wrongs into a right
Nor will my impertinence and insolence burnished my blues bright

When rambling rantings on social media
In my mind metamorphose into my wild wikipedia
Regurgitating lances and stances of odious offence
In my arsenal confront creeds of credibility and common sense

At every turn I cultivate an asinine attitude
Blaming buddies and caddies for the low altitude
I ascend when my signature to poppycock I append
Hoping thereby in the sand my head to suspend

Ranting and decanting tosh and hogwash
That repel stakeholders when dirty linen in public I wash
Thereby hoping favours and flavours I win
Shooting myself in the foot when platitudes on lunacy lapels I pin

Playing to a gangrenous gallery
Where sorrows grow into the salary
I earn from the rudeness I disburse
Until hopes and spokes hitch a ride in the cantankerous curse

Where hypocrisy in my Pharisee pot
Steams hot while poppycock in my cot
Runs home to roost
While from broken bridges only sorrows and zeros I boost

Until respect in every aspect for etiquette
I groom far away from the sick cigarette
Smoke which slays vision and natures illusions
I glean from the sordid psychology in which I grow dementia delusions

Which endear my rude manners to no one
Although no fruitful future I've won
Given the learning curve I fail to traverse
As long my blame game conceals the vitriolic verse

In which frailties and foibles flow
As to the lowest intellectual ebb I exhibit a fatal flaw
Boasting and toasting sterilities
That I'd best swap for fruitful fertilities and hopeful humilities

Which if not addressed would delay
Waylay and slay hopes in my every pesky play
Annoying civility sources of assistance
From whom my braggart banners double the distance.

John Sensele

Break Away From Your Perdition Illusion

Arise from shackles of darkness
Sometimes choking your light
Pinching happiness and meekness
Coercing you against your will to fight

Light as the way to salvation you choose to lose
Amid shadows in your doors that lengthen
For no reason as your serenity they bruise
To lose direction when you fail to strengthen

The faith that insulates gout and doubt
In terms of tribulations and trials
Sneaking away when sprouts of clout
In miasmas of betrayals and mistrials

Catch you off guard
When providence pleas enjoin you to retrace steps
Back home, back to basics where once again you regard
Faith and communion as verity pillars whose footsteps

Strengthen knees gone groggy
Assailed by misdirection and misconception you nurture
Egged on by illusions and delusions in foggy
Seasons and prisons that your conscience they capture and rupture

Leaving you a mere shell bereft of the spiritual stuff
That once rescued you from vacillation
When the going went tough
Springing an oscillation mission

You ought to vaporize
When on bended knees
You pray for spiritual help to realize
You way back to the fold where salvation keys

Direct you to swim once again in waters of formidable faith
That renews your reason and vision
As you brace to grace Spirit of Truth in every breath
You take to break away from your perdition illusion.

John Sensele

Break Free Of Resentment

Break free from the yoke of resentment
In which past hurt festers
As you entertain sad sentiment
With bother and boredom blisters.

Break free from the yoke of unforgiveness
In which your mind wallows
Instead progress inherent in forgiveness
As a new life, new rainy season marked by saintly swallows.

Break free from the yoke of remembrance
Of trespasses you received long ago
To which you needn't make reference
Unless fruitful future you forgo.

Break free from the yoke of stubbornness
In which brakes slam your development
Until you allow mind openness
To steer your life to an elevated envelopment.

John Sensele

Break Not My Heart

Break not my heart, don't wreck my part
To entertain, maintain or retain your fancy
Pour empathy and sympathy into me to heal your heart
In the end, mend both your life and your love for Nancy.

Break not my heart, don't wreak into my life havoc
To make a point, to hurt my justified joy joint
Pour courtesy, comfort and consideration into my romance rock
In the end, you amend your ways and mend my solace standpoint.

Break not my heart, don't pour rows of sorrow into my life
Instead, improve the move and groove that removes the reticence
Heightened and ascertained to pour into our romance strife
In the end, you fend off foibles guaranteed to aggravate our emotional essence.

Break not my heart, don't stray into my life to play games
Instead, invest with zeal and zest zillions of efforts that zap
Energy and synergy from strain and stress with notorious names
In the end, you mend, bend and blend bliss and kiss in our matrimonial map.

John Sensele

Breaking Free

Pour on me a little love if you don't mind
My heart steers away from trouble when I can
Managing to tone down fantasies of the kind
That mars and scars my best thought out plan.

Don't give me that talking eye
If you mean well for my stability
Steering away from telling me the blue lie
You utter with so much clarity and ability.

Works well for me when I see the last of you
Ridding my life of the pain you've come to signify
When because of you I suffer nightmares anew
Although your lies and sties I labour to nullify.

My life breathes a sigh of relief
Since your memories die one by one
Leaving me to sob no more in my handkerchief
Because my fantastic freedom I've eventually won.

John Sensele

Breakup Beast And Feast

Breakup doesn't equal worthlessness
If departure of ex ends and bends the powerlessness prison
In which circumstances spun the carelessness
Can you need to evict and restrict for a royal reason.

Breakup doesn't dictate depression
If you choose to belittle binge booze
Which emaciates the emotional expression
You figure out if a fruitful future you should choose.

Breakup doesn't mean obsession
If determination and action triumph
To erase for good the sad session and the impression
You jettison as great gains towards you should galumph.

Breakup doesn't kill your future
If the reasonable riddance of rotten rubbish
Should begin to repair the sordid suture
Wounds of wrong relationship you dump into a draconian dish.

John Sensele

Breath And Faith Depth

Soldier on despite the flak
You silence with skill
Giving detractors slack
With plenty love armchair critics kill.

Soldier on when pesky problems
Your life confronts
Regardless of egregious emblems
That assail your travail from faceless fronts.

Sing with joy
Serve your community with diligence
Encouragement from God enjoy
As you deploy your intelligence

Fulfilling the pilgrimage
You undertake on Earth
No matter the magnitude and hue of the plumage
Hate injects in your breath and faith.

John Sensele

Breathless At Crossroads

Panting at crossroads, I switch on my thinking cap
That invigorates the vision
That closes the yawning gap
In which derision conceals a profusion of confusion.

Panting at crossroads between my past and my present
I recall vital lessons
That diminish resentment
To insulate my shelter from onrushing masons.

Panting at crossroads, I run into arms
That for aeons warmed my soul
Whenever turbulence and ambivalence harms
Stumbled into the path to my ultimate goal.

Panting at crossroads, lucidity springs into action
Directing my every move towards succor
Devoid of injections of prevarication
Tinged with a daunting dose of dread and rancor.

John Sensele

Breeder Brood

There was once a famous palm reader
Who foretold the future of a great leader
In a populous nation
At a fabulous mansion
Whose pasture impressed a breeder.

John Sensele

Brethren

There was once a bunch of children
Who brought smiles to real brethren
So beloved they shared joys
Fun, bun, gun, ploys, buoys, allows, toys
In the bedroom with no brain strain.

John Sensele

Bric A Brac

Sorrows and stimulants stink
Blues and bludgeons blink
Limpid love and cosy care link.

Follies and foibles frustrate
Amities and appetites aerate
Procrastination and poverty penetrate.

Risks and resources reward
Abilities and amenities most can afford
As opportunities to all creatures they accord.

According to new need
Casting aside gangrene greed
For great and small to smile at a serene speed.

John Sensele

Bridges Of Blessings

Bridges of sympathy, bridges of power
Bridges to mutual mercy
Propel loftier life in every hour
That people of goodwill invest in diplomacy.

Bridges of compassion, bridges of progress
Bridges of mutual respect
Propel solutions to long-standing stress
That people of goodwill suspect I retrospect.

Bridges of collaboration, bridges of happiness
Bridges of mutual understanding
Propel lives away from sadness
That accumulates from increase in a misunderstanding.

Bridges of cooperation, bridges of growth
Bridges of mutual forgiveness
Propel lives to abandon the path of wrath
That derives vitality from a cocktail of mundane madness.

John Sensele

Bright Bridges

Singe the bridge that leads to the watering hole
Stuck to a pedestrian past, a regression rung
On a ladder of paucity, an inglorious life station whose whole
Purpose glues your future to a gangrene bung.

Erect a bridge to a future that promotes your career
Your marriage, your self concept, your confidence
Your vision, your purpose in life in which beer
Veers away to give way to seeds that grow and germinate your eminence.

Berate the bridge that utters languages filled
With expletives, invectives, abject adjectives and odious objectives
Whose height pricks holes and whose depth is drilled
To fly messengers of mediocrity in seas of ambiguous perspectives.

Cross the bridge glittering with promises and surprises
Awaiting accurate action, irreversible initiation and double determination
To rise from seats of defeats and to build enterprises
That surpass your wildest dreams and inch you closer to a higher life station.

John Sensele

Bright Or Blunt

So dicy, icy and pricy to let life slip
By when focus loss takes over
Key decision driving processes to keep
Stagnation going on the whim of a clover
Leaf which strays between a goal
Set at the correct pitch and a strategy
Sloped beyond the reach of a soul
No matter how well she welcomes a refugee
Who sneaks in from Maiduguri
Where militants from the Sambisa forest
Strafe lovers and slavers with a degree
Of indifference and mayhem rains without rest
On any life form, young or old, frail or strong
Bright or dull, straight or gay, right or wrong.

John Sensele

Bring Me Bliss

Breath of fresh air
A dream I cherish
A companion whose love I declare
Till the end will flourish.

Fountain from which love flows
Glow and slows down the loneliness
I feel when boasting blows
Cores and scores of my happiness.

Bouquet of roses
I smell with dimple delight
Whenever purification poses
Into my darkness cast her limpid light.

Apple of my eye
Bring to me succor
When arms fly to the sky
Where entwined we rip off rancor.

John Sensele

Broad Roads

Shards litter hard roads, broad
Scare not thoroughfares
To your future in a cretin culture abroad
Sent from Hell and meant to multiply your cares.

Shards batter your butter, lass
Care to share your bare
Heart at mass
With fellow believers to show you dare to care.

Shards clutter matters close to your heart, lad
Cringe not when fringe
Attacks crack and flak your pad
To test whether you quit drink binge.

Shards flutter in winds, lad
Discard cards
Of nostalgia where dad
Imprinted sad memories on placards.

John Sensele

Broken Bridges

Broken bridges
Mend no boredom
In Cookers and fridges
On Earth and in God's kingdom.

Broken bones
Bear no heavy load
In a plethora of stones
That sanity's sense prod and scold.

Broken bonds
Frighten families
When credible culture absconds
In the wake of a hot homily.

Broken bonuses
Haunt hearts that cut
Pledge premises
Singing a bludgeoned butt.

John Sensele

Broken Cultural Bridges

Decline to lie supine in mines where values die
In a plethora of insipidities that won't cry
When the present haunts vestiges gone extinct
Because you by default embarked on a path where your instinct

Grew into a paradigm shift
Whose alogirthmic gift
Threw spanners in the works
In tune with the idolatry that irks

The preservation of tenets
Swinging pricks of bayonets
Into the core of your culture
That chokes in mouths of the vulture

Your impulse accelerates
As its beak and talon at rates
So deleterious tear asunder
The culture you denigrate at the sound of the heathen thunder

You now worship
In the belly of the ship
Sailing to destination nowhere
Where you and your accomplices drink poison corrosion, derision and erosion
everywhere

You turn
As impetuosity burns
Bridges you crossed to tap from the past
Mores and norms to the wind you've now cast.

John Sensele

Broken Hearts

Betrayed and bruised,
Rattled lasses,
Obvious shame
Know sharp pain
Exhausted
Nauseated. No longer interested!

Hurt by hunks
Evil experience
Annoyed by their arrogant attitudes
Raw nerves
Tormented at length,
Shocked beyond belief!

John Sensele

Broomstick, Joystick Or Matchstick

Askme no more to kiss your lips
Lips that felt soft, sweet and suave when they were mine
At the time I could handle and fondle your hips
That tormented my moments when we could entwine

Because the chemistry felt right
Both from my part and yours
As we breathed pure power every night and held each other tight
While no intruder could interfere or knock at doors

We shut tight to keep out any blight
That could queer the pitch
For you and I as we embarked on a flight
To lofty lands that no witch could reach

On a broomstick or a joystick
Despite their spite which knew no respite
Whether they lit a matchstick
Or spit serine serum, worsening their plight.

John Sensele

Brotherhood & Sisterhood

Brotherhood, sisterhood, good mood
Together tame tendencies
To nurture a neighbourhood
Teeming with mercies and clemencies.

Brotherhood, sisterhood, good hood
On a head that goes to bed
Nurture the nimble nature of a dude
In whom no pride goes to the head.

Brotherhood, sisterhood dangle no crude
Thoughts, plans or actions
As they steer away from any rude
Path to promote affections and innovative intentions.

Brotherhood, sisterhood, spinsterhood
Ain't no sin
For a person in a neighbourhood
To choose to cruise to booze or lose discipline to din.

John Sensele

Browsers And Browsers

Bless the less well off whose numbers swell
Stress races for places laced with kindness
Arrest crests and breasts of a restive well
To wind down minds veering towards blindness.

Bar cars that mar happiness on Mars
Tar far sighted lights that twinkle without wrinkles
Advance stances that favour positive circumstances in bars
To mingle singles and tinkle winkles.

Ban vans carrying varieties of clans
Toy with joysticks that wiggle
Admonish a niche in which plans
To cauterise and vaporise insanity giggle.

Break necks on stakes of avarice
Strangles knees and fees of intolerance
Abide by the side of tides that crease
Trousers, dousers, bowsers and browsers in silence.

John Sensele

Brownian Motion

Twenty four seven,
Joy asks for your hand
To hike your brand
By handing you enough rand
So you can land in Rio Grand.

Twenty four seven,
Your heart blood pumps
As white cell gun jumps,
Foreign matter it thumps
While it softens bumps.

Twenty four seven,
You wear sports shirt
As with girls you flirt
Though some are curt
Before you they hurt.

John Sensele

Browsing At A Shopping Mall

A thought crossed my mind, a man ditched a woman
Near enough to their erstwhile tryst
The jilted woman cursed the man's plan
Resembling thoughts of a beast
That with no further ado could hurt
Brother, sister, nephew or niece
Regardless of whether the sight of a skirt
From his bosom could steal peace
Whether the heartbreaker on his part
Cared or did not care at all
If the jilted woman felt pain in her heart
Or she'd rather traipse to browse merchandise at a shopping mall.

John Sensele

Bruised Brains

Little secrets we hide
Little egos we flatter
Little foibles by which we abide
Won't land us honours on a silver platter

If little arrogance we cosset
Little commitment we show
Little achievement drains from our fatigue faucet
When verity into the wilderness we throw

Glorifying little moral compass
We brandish on our billboards
Denying morally we die like carcass
Swimming in seas of discords

Where our little ego dies
Pretending more life it gains
In the face of fecund lies
We disseminate from our bruised brains

No one likes
When lightning twice strikes
To punish the hubris
We metamorphose into the ascaris

That like a parasite
Nibbles at the sensitivity site
Where empathy resides
As antipathy over sympathy presides.

John Sensele

Brush Souses

Stash ashes of tosh and sorrow in a calabash
Where reams of bream swim in a stream on a rim
Set at hopeful angles on slopes of hope for fish to dash
To brooks where hooks of joy and loyalty books in brim
Hats with arms open wide to share with bared hearts in a sign
Meant to convey brotherhood and neighbourhood with a vase
Filled to overflow with a glow of love to assign
Cohorts of broken hearts, forsaken souls and help them to devise
Strategies that denigrate elegies and dirges in a show
Whose magnitude, latitude, longitude and attitude
Inspires confidence, retires diffidence respire hope and blow
To smithereens remnants of despair and begs for fortitude
From on high as the dies is cast in a vast warehouse
That stocks love, unlocks fountains in which hope crushes a souse.

John Sensele

Bucks In Stacks

Bucks vanish into thin air at month ends
Bucks leave me worse after pay day
As my minister of home affairs spends
Bucks with abandon everyday.

Bucks loathe warming up my wallet
Bucks land into a bottomless pit
As my big spenders won't let
Bucks keep me company and tweet.

Bucks and I can't see eye to eye
Bucks kick my sore backside
As my symbiotic siblings cry
For bucks to denigrate my pride.

Bucks conjure up a trick
Bucks sting a bevy of daggers into my back
As my parasites wreak
Havoc stacking bucks into an unfathomable pack.

John Sensele

Budget Blues

When at long last twenty sixteen died
A slow and sepulchral death
In December, few minds could remember they said
They loved twenty sixteen and wished it good health.

When at long last December twenty sixteen came
Lads and lasses clinked glasses
Boozed like fish and forget the aim
They set for the poor bereft of vintage vases.

When at long last Xmas fireworks
Lit up Kitwe skies
At midnight with few pecuniary perks
Housemaids emitted strident cries.

When at long last revelers came to their senses
With hollow pockets
Dockets and rockets of bloated balances
Debris of debts, tears and fears sear their budget sockets.

John Sensele

Bugs And Hugs

Dare to smile for a while, care to laugh
Sweep away gloom, keep enough room
Wake up hope, break down sadness enough
When souls cry for a joy broom.

Dare to love, care to play
Sweep away darkness, keep enough light
Wake up friendship, break up a delay
When a heart longs for a share of delight.

Dare to encourage, care to pray
Sweep away losses, keep winning
Wake up consciences, break up a despair display
When hatred begins threatening.

Dare to save souls, care to hug
Sweep away exploitation, keep up inspiration
Wake up devotion, break a poison mug
When folks boost molestation and separation.

John Sensele

Build Bridges And Bonds Of Bliss

Compassion catalyzes quiet kindness
Build bridges and bonds of bliss
When perforce you drive away unkindness
Unless by design you amass bouquets of flimsy fleece

Dreaming disunity drives to the top
Cartoons in whose mind
Fantasies and feelings teeming with hatred that won't stop
To turn them blind

From realms of reality
By dint of collaboration and cooperation
They grow rows of humility
And harness heaps of happiness in the operation

That from bridges of hope
Reap and wrap roses of sublime support
You require if you aim to cope
With rigidities of the redemption report

Which eludes angels of enmity
Disunity, division and destruction
Who abhor avenues of amiability and amity
Whose soul spaces meant for construction

Don't seek to build bridges
Share and earn love
To scale heights and ridges
Flown from on high above

Bless brothers and sisters
In happy harmony
Who cultivate clusters of happiness without any solicitors
Preaching reconciliation in a crusade ceremony

If tongues of toxicity determine to ditch
Alongside conspiratorial cabals
And persevere to switch
To the gregarious gospel devoid of fake fundamentals.

John Sensele

Bull Terrier

There was once a fierce bull terrier
Who barked, yakked and bragged in his area
Where he walked tall
Shrieked and kicked a ball
To the delight of a food carrier.

John Sensele

Bullies Trembling In A Trance

Heart of gold tires of old
Orgies slapped, squashed, smashed
Inside and outside each fold
Until the heart feels pushed and bashed.

Heart of gold grows bold
Breaks free
No longer sold lies told
So many times under a treachery tree.

Heart of gold seizes
Overt opportunities, opens double doors
Where disappointment freezes
Its fetters flattering freedom floors.

Heart of gold rebels
Declares zero tolerance
For battery bells
Sending bullies trembling in a trance.

John Sensele

Bull's Eye

Risk taking rewards you
Risk aversion isn't cool
Profits pamper your pockets anew
Innovation, a critical business tool.

Bad word of mouth, a killer
Agile advertising pays
Bureaucracy is no healer
Procrastination your business slays.

Strategy invigorates
Failing to plan denotes planning to fail
Scanning the environment spares regrets
Harnessing technology dispatches no business to hell.

John Sensele

Bulwark Beyond Ballistics

To share a rare lifetime with a loving and caring soulmate
Is a blessing beyond compare. A partner who guides love and provides
A shoulder on which you cry metamorphoses into more than a mate
Who anticipates your every need. The lady is a bulwark who takes sides
In your favour. She cares little about your body flavour and odour
Though its fragrance combined with the balance of the radiance
Of her love surpasses the pass of your wildest dreams in order
To multiply your comfort and minimize chances of defiance
Brought about by busybodies and sorties whose nose for mud
Slinging finds no room to zoom into your shield and penetrate
The demeanour and armour in which your soulmate parries any scud
Missile tongue wagers and rabble rousers float and rotate
Three hundred and sixty degrees to launch on haunches an assault
On your home whether or not you groom or boom love by default.

John Sensele

Bumble, Fumble & Rumble

Pretence not just on fences of badges, deluges and smudges of marriage
But in both offences and defences hailed as hushed hassles and vouched views
Regarding envelopes and slopes that develop rage in an age
Hidden in crazy crews, sodden screws and suppressed skews

On marriages muffled in mundane methods
To portray and betray
Vows, cows and scalds
Maintained, retained and sustained in a tray

Where fake stakes and mistakes
Covered up fail to bail
Out mail in jail takes
Centre stage to hail

An era in phenomena fora that could slide and hide
The uncomfortable table not in a fable
But in an unstable bubble and babble whose pride
Couldn't help but rumble and fumble in a meaningless mumble.

John Sensele

Bumps & Stumps On Your Road

Bumps on your road, mumps on your throat
Indecision and procrastination in your mind
Stain and brine on your coat
Ought not promote axes for you to grind.

Bumps on your road, stumps in your plans
Confusion and profusion in execution
Sins and pins in your clans
Ought not divert offers of affection.

Bumps on your road, mumps on your palate
Proclivities and activities teeming with danger
Thirst for ego-tripping on your slate
Ought not prevent you from growing into a ranger.

Bumps on your road, jumps in your career
Kleptomania and insomnia in your romance
Disloyalty and disappointment in your rear
Ought not curtail your desire for a dance.

John Sensele

Bungling, Fumbling And Stumbling

Thuggery thumps pumps of progress
Skullduggery makes rivalry regress
Flying backwards
Purloining rewards

Domicile misdirections fumble and stumble
When heads can't breathe humble
Eyes cringing from advancement
Driven helter skelter by divided discernment

Top and tail tranquility can create
When employment enzymes they aerate
Monetary metabolism benefitting
The masses declaring it excellent-fitting

But, progress thuggery can't yield
No matter how many goon gangs in the field
Wield weapons of mass terror
Deployed and employed in error.

John Sensele

Burnt Bridges & Broken Bonds

Burnt bridges break bonds
When minds driven by selfishness
Turn into vagrants or vagabonds
With neither care for closeness nor happiness.

Burnt bridges breach brotherhood
When minds go astray
Flapping loose tongues in their neighbourhood
Where broken hearts malice they display as they fail to pray.

Burnt bridges far older than fridges
Fidget upon realizing the folly
Flaunted when upon rugged ridges
They cry on deaf ears of Polly and Molly.

Burnt bridges brandish blunders
Accumulated when imposed sanctions
Bite and withdraw wonders
Windows of opportunity and sever affections.

John Sensele

Bushfire Bucks

Insanity is that bushfire
That burns normal neurons
Unleashing ubris and unbidden mire
To singe sanity and sully cerebral neutrons

When incoherence and adherence
To illusions and delusions
Metamorphose a savannah of common sense
Into an inferno whose poisons

Consume cognition and cohesion
When the bushfire burns browsing bushbucks
Whose adhesion
To sane sums and hums in slums steals bucks

From calm collaboration and cooperation
Conspiring concomitantly to create
Embers whose members in September steer a promotion
That rejects effects and prospects to preempt a bushfire debate before it's too late.

John Sensele

Bust Not Bonds In Bloom

Tear not bonds in bloom
Fear not independent unions
Dampen not with doom and gloom
Growing relations and ominous opinions.

Tear not lofty lives
Wear not green eyes
Dump not chicken chives
Spiced with slices of blue lies.

Tear not tenderness in action
Intervening with envy
Tinged with doses of collusion
Accompanied by juices of jealousy levy.

Tear not lovers from each other
Whether their love delights
You, a third party or another
Detractor despite blights, fights and flights.

John Sensele

Bust Surprises Of Lust

Vast lust, cease jolting and jousting asunder
Ships of relationships under the sun for any gender
Regardless of instances and circumstances that break
Your bent back because you rack your neck
For any portion of solutions to an obdurate obstruction
That you feel tweaks and wrecks the wrong notion
You promote about forts of attitude and vicissitude
Whose banner folks ought to honour alongside fortitude
To extricate crates of defiance from any pickles
In which mates get entangled as their sickles
Grow blunt when the glint of the sword of truth
Defies, denies and stupefies any retort sooth
Sayers amplify, supply and deploy to sanitise
The crust of lust, mistrust and bust in its blitz tease.

John Sensele

Busted Trust

Staple meals we can't afford
Means of survival you steal
Pouring pavements of poverty and discord
Into the ghetto deal

On our standard of life
Reeling from austerity measures on us you impose
Prompting strife between man and wife
Poverty is the cause

Famine stricken folks eat
Feeding on slices of air
While fat cats tweet
Puny promises so unclear

They dwindle the trust
To you we lent
Only for poverty to bust
Hope in our capacity to pay our rent.

John Sensele

Bustles, Castles And Hustles

Bustles, castles and hustles collide
In my world where scents of events slide
Out of control
When seals of sorrow patrol.

Bustles, castles and hustles split
In my world where horrors I lit
When luck for my bliss spoke
Romp back to crack a gigolo joke.

Bustles, castles and hustles cringe
In my world where feelings I singe
In tune with my emotions
Hit back to slay devotions.

Bustles, castles and hustles converse
In my world where lines of verse
Warn cognition in my brain to desist
From silence as an option I ought to resist.

Bustles, castles and hustles enquire
In my world where excuses expire
When leaders I trust go astray
Lumbering packs of poverty in my tray.

Bustles, castles and hustles explode
In my world where policies load
On the voiceless a burden they can't bear
In circumstances emaciated ribs can no longer wear.

Bustles, castles and hustles vent frustrations
In my world where rates of poverty penetrations
Erode vestiges of happiness
To plunge the vulnerable into vats of unhappiness.

Bustles, castles and hustles probe
In my world where citizens disrobe
Self annointed demagogues
Whom they excise from synagogues.

John Sensele

Busybody For Nobody Against Everybody

Love, never a shrewd shrew
Who despite rude ruse ain't true blue
Cos love lovers you torture
Kicking and licking them as you prick and stick a suture.

Love, fly away to a far-flung land
Where lovers you no longer misunderstand
Enabling them to sample ample bliss
Although lovers you won't diss for stealing a concealed kiss.

Love, busybody, you're nobody
Despite the spite you pour on everybody
Who dares and cares to befriend you
In the end, your ways you neither amend nor mend anew.

Love, bane of pain, emotional executor
Sentimental oppressor, mood depressor, relational persecutor
Who all lovers love to hate
In a haste as you cut and paste a fake date on your slippery slate.

John Sensele

Butt Of Sarah's Jokes

'Thank you, Dominic.
Last night was fantastic.
Let's do this over and over again.
We have so much to gain.'

'Who's this pest sending you mushy messages?
Don't you remember lean passages of time
Or to you they're a puberty rhyme.'

'Sarah, stop dramatizing a simple issue.
By the way, where did you put rolls of tissue?
I'm so tired of your nagging.
No wonder prostitutes are bragging.'

Sarah spilled a cup of tea on Dominic
Which by a whisker missed his tunic.
'Woman, are you insane?
This matter is so inane.'

Sarah deflated Dominic's Corolla tyres.
'Now, let's see how Belinda perspires.'
Sarah wrapped tight her batik loincloth
And spiced her broth.

'Sarah, I'm marrying Belinda
I'm also dating Linda
To teach you a lesson
Cos this joint is a prison.'

Sarah lunged at her husband
And bit his sore right hand.
'How's that for starters?
I'm going to fix you cheetahs.'

'Have you forgotten how Melissa
Spanked you until you called me sir?
Tease her and she'll whack you once more
Till you stop being such a bore.'

Dominic hired a cab
And sauntered to the nearest pub.
'Melissa, how are you?
That was a great stew.'

'Dominic, I don't want to contend with Sarah.
Too much brouhaha.
Leave me alone
Cos I'm not granting you that loan.'

Out of breath
With much stealth
Sarah stormed into the bar and knocked out
Melissa who couldn't shout.

Sarah grabbed Dominic by the collar
And snatched from his pocket a dollar.
'See the lesson I've taught your slut.
For my corny jokes on FB, Melissa remains my favourite butt.'

John Sensele

By A Truth I Treasure

By a prayer, by a posture
By an attitude I adopt
I germinate a fruitful future
Depending upon which authority I co-opt.

By a prayer, by a point
By a latitude to which I rise
I juggle a justice joint
Depending upon preconditions and proclivities of my prize.

By a prayer, by a position
By a decision I make
I prove a purity proposition
Depending upon perfection plays in which I partake.

By a prayer, by a pronouncement
By an agile act I achieve
I derive a denouncement
Depending upon how hard I strive.

By a prayer, by a proof
By a step I take
I ride on a rough roof
Depending upon the stride and symbolism of my stake.

By a prayer, by a prediction
By friends I fraternize
I practice a predilection
Depending upon proclivities I wish to paralyze.

By a prayer, by a preponderance
By a wish I harbor
I institutionalize ignorance
Depending upon the extent of my endeavor.

By a prayer, by a point of view
By a seed I sow
I enlist in a crazy queue
Depending upon how hot I blow.

By a prayer, by a prank
By a look I cast
I rise to a rank
Depending upon how long my lacunae last.

By a prayer, by a power
By a diet I desire
I unfurl a flower
Depending upon how many infants I inspire.

By a prayer, by a part
By a pleasure I sacrifice
I make a sapience start
Depending upon targets I tackle twice.

John Sensele

By Virtue Of Your Flesh

By virtue of your flesh, you're condemned to temptation
Which haunts you day and night
As you grapple to divert attention
From troubles in doubles that steal your light and magnify your plight.

By virtue of your flesh, you're fighting a battle you can't win
Because you inherited the curse of Adam
From whom you descend whether you're a twin
Or a product of a scam.

By virtue of your flesh, you're required to pour sweat
Every day of our life despite pretending to be the cream of creation
Where you spurned your creator's command who asked you to wait
For his appointed day to receive if you deserved it a standing ovation.

By virtue of your flesh, you spend your days plotting in your head
A plethora of malice and injustice
Directed at your colleagues, your church mates, your maid
Your spouse, your partner and your friend during a Winter solstice.

John Sensele

Bytesize

Hope rises
Faith soars
I get surprises

I deserve my prizes
When thunder roars
Hope rises

Blessings come in all sizes
If my hands handle blessings oars
I get surprises

In my many salvation sunrises
When I give plenty love to boars
Hope rises

While God for me opens new doors
Ensuring I glide smoothly on faith floors
I get surprises

In several golden guises
Everyday prayers I arrange in neat rows
Hope rises
I get surprises

John Sensele

Cab Driver

An old hag dated a taxi driver
Who promised her a wedding retriever
When fate painted her head grey
Then two boobs called it a day
Cab driver jumped into a river.

John Sensele

Cadavers' Conundrum

Cadavers in morgues pile up
Lips too weak can't lick a cup
Knees collapse
Times for action elapse

Cries of the poor ring shrill
Raucous rebuttals the rich thrill
Yesterday a baby Bathed in sewage
Today a lady ate a meal of soil in her village.

Rains storms stole roofs from mud walls
Strains stole sapience from catastrophe calls
Street kids at traffic lights scramble for alms
Street walkers in the shade defy confinement on infertile farms.

Hairdressers shut down their parlours
Welders for want of business discard welding colours
Families draw up a feeding rota
Survival of fittest now roves in my quarter.

John Sensele

Callous Cannibals

Cannibals kill four young revellers
Cut off genitals and ears of fellas
In the prime of their youth
'Cos libation in a booth
Gave killers a chance to sneak into cellars.

John Sensele

Calm Down, Mia Cara

Fly flawlessly, my dear
Towards romance recovery
To love your lover without fear
And swim into arms of your love discovery.

Wipe away your tear
While your heart pines
For the love that flows near
Your happiness the love defines.

Kiss away feelings that sear
In expectations that materialize
When memories of heartbreaks can no longer wear
You down more than you realize.

Flee from the beer
That sends you an alcoholic missive
From hurts that disappear
When tonnes of love reassurance you receive.

John Sensele

Camara In Asmara

Camaraderie in Asmara cossets Tamara
Who slams lambs and lamps that can't shed
Enough light in a Site that with thorough
Inspection in every section of a red bed
Lampooned crooners and runners who somehow
Enabled verbal diarrhea in South Korea that impacted
Critical creeds, deeds and reeds and knew how
To suck pressure, back up files and tuck dissected
Analyses catalyzed and dissected by police
Who somehow on the scene of a heinous injustice
Managed to pace the age of duty officers on the loose
That no wanted to touch or stock.

John Sensele

Canisius & St Joseph's

Puns of Cosetco spun us into her vortex
Two grouchy strangers in range when we met
Sparring and roaring until we became ex
For fate and its pate ensured we couldn't pet.

Canisius and St Joseph's we trode
To ply our trade and award grades
For homework and test God
Ordained and predestined for their serenades.

Steps big and small walked to your mom's doorway
To negotiate and supplicate a transaction
Meant to cement a future demented along the way
When somehow destiny imposed a sanction.

Ways parted, we trode our separate ways
Daughters, sons and grandchildren came along
Lives blossomed but a memory stays
At the back of minds and faces grew long.

John Sensele

Can't End Ceaseless Threats

Can't drink away the pain I feel
No matter what cocktail I concoct
Only genuine solutions pain they heal
Or else it's tough reality in dreams soaked.

Effects of alcohol wear out
Mountains of my blues stalking my brain
A little I claim if I feel a boost in clout
Only delusion cos I'm still drenched in strain.

Calling on ancestral spirits an illusion
I sample with gusto
Walking on my head draws more delusion
I call manifesto.

Can't run away from my blues
Whether I smoke hemp or e cigarettes
Ain't helping myself cos I've got no clues
How to bring to an end ceaseless threats.

John Sensele

Can't Tell You My Age

Can't tell you my age
Because a woman doesn't share such secrets
Which spill into rage
When public disclosure attracts regrets.

Can't understand why
My dude elopes into a ghetto
Where bimbos lie and die
For real or in a photo in total.

Can't for the life of me
Figure out why men treat me with scant
Respect and let me be
As if I'm their aunt.

Can't seem to live without blues
In every aspect of my carefully crafted script
In which nuances and hues
Prevent me from falling into a sin pit.

John Sensele

Cap In Hand

Cap in hand we beg from Johnny Clegg
Cap in hand we flex and hex a limp leg
Cap in hand our dignity and serenity we lower
Worst still, cap in hand our dignity we deflower.

Cap in hand we hang our head in shame
Cap in hand shame in a dead bed we claim
Cap in hand our dignity and serenity we lower
Worst still, cap in hand our our character claims we recoil.

Cap in hand they disparage us with a cuss
Cap in hand we got neither class nor bravery bus
Cap in hand tactile tactics we should stop
Worst still, cap in hand we topple from the top.

Cap in hand our nape scrape funny
Cap in hand we ape a blue bunny
Cap in hand our our reputation slides
Worst still, cap in hand our glory in shame glides.

Cap in hand we emit hot gas
Cap in hand on social media we pour pestilence pus
Cap in like cry babies we advertise our miniscularity
Worst still, cap in hand we brandish our egregious incredulity.

Cap in hand we tighten the noose around our incompetence
Cap in hand we entrap our future in a vortex of impertinence
Burnishing sarcasm and cynicism we ill appreciate
It's a curse to enable our professional prospects to depreciate.

John Sensele

Capacious Lids

Boris snatched stubs of fish
That had landed beside a dish
In a crowded market
Where he needed no ticket

To eke out an existence
When at the insistence
Of an oversize boot
Boris dropped a fruit

He'd nearly chewed
When Boris was stewed
By a slap that sent him scampering
With a burning

Pain. 'You wasted space
Why do you keep showing your face
At my stall.
I hate your gall.'

A slap sent Boris to the floor
Landing near Nicky's door.
A stick smacked his backside
And whacked his unwashed hide.

'What have done I to you?
Why do you keep a tight screw
On me, Mr Nicky?
Why is poverty so tricky? '

Nicky ran after Boris
Whom he could only miss
Because Boris ran faster
To avoid Nicky's disaster.

Boris picked up stones
And gathered a few bones.
A stone hit Nicky's car windscreen
As Boris's face mustered a wry grin.

Six urchins hurled insults
Joined by a bevy of boisterous sluts.
'Nicky, stop being a bully
Cos that attitude is silly.'

A policeman fired a teargas canister
When a Catholic church minister
Shambled pontifically over
Brandishing a chalice cover.

'Repent, you rich people
And turn to the Bible
To share your ill gotten wealth
To restore your good health. '

Traders marched with a motley of groceries
And a selection of pastries.
Traders lined up thirty street kids
Whom they feted from capacious lids.

John Sensele

Capitulation And Manipulation

Life cries, life dies, life sighs
Life shrinks in proportion to abuse
Suffered when folks tie life inside sties
Where horror mirrors life's rates of misuse.

Life bails out indomitable spirits, life grows its joy scale
Life thrills at childhood toys and deals a winning card
To folks who refuse to put on sale
To the highest bidder life even when crooners honour a baroque bard.

Life's elasticity can't forever expand
Its plasticity, motility and utility
When folks choose to lose their moral stand
On the sanctity, dignity and life's versatility.

Life cries for respect for suspects, life calls for perfect
Manipulation of opportunities in every stipulation
That promotes votes for life, jettisoning any imperfect
Selection of an idle mission, idol adulation, evil ovation and uncivil capitulation.

John Sensele

Capture And Departure

Urge companionship, purge loneliness
Speak cooperation, stick to standing ovations
Think progress, link to happiness
When folks long for divine interventions.

Urge honesty, purge disloyalty
Speak love, stick to affection
Think reality, link to divinity
When spiritual life needs pastoral attention.

Urge family unity, purge disunity
Speak Hollywood, stick to Nollywood
Think Telemundo, link to maternity
When moms hunger for sisterhood.

Urge decent language, purge foul slang
Speak technology, stick to morphology
Think literature, link to hymns sung
When salvation can't flow from biology.

John Sensele

Car, Go Let Me Go

Let me go if you take me for the doormat
That absorbs and accommodates the hangover
You unleash on the cat
You threw outside minus coldness cover.

Let me go if you feel I no longer matter
In the life you now lead
When you feel like a tepid trendsetter
Although for your smarter heart I still plead indeed.

Let me go to worthier wonders who appreciate
My net worth and dearth as a lady
Whose caliber doesn't depreciate
Despite the malady of the age comedy.

Let me go because I no longer care
Whether you greet, tweet or eat
For you've lumbered my life with too much wear and tear
From my head through my heart down to my fragile feet.

John Sensele

Carbuncle Unbidden And Unwelcome

Wounds drained, opened, ingrained, rained, sprained, trained
In the midst of a family loss
Recriminations canned, fanned, planned, tanned
To fight the brute boss

Dressed up as justice cause
Disguised as implementation of lopsided justice
Pursued to discredit the family rose
Oppressed in the sluice

Where survival sap flows
In a bid to catalyze vitality
Where Providence fluid blows
The breath of consolidation and maturity

Grown in decades
In a lubricated life
Ought to celebrate serenades
That from each member recognizes contributions made by the wife

As mother, family front fulcrum, the linchpin
Whose love the family unites
In her role as family queen
Whose care ignites, delights and invites

Family unity, amity, affability and agility
Family loft and love
Family stability, serenity and sagacity
In a family born, built and blessed from above

To bless dad, mom and children
With ever growing faith
Ever strengthening bonds with brethren
In a dearth

Of gangrene gifts and ribald rifts
The family veers away from
In twists and mists
The family considers unbidden and unwelcome.

John Sensele

Care For Everybody

Shower good luck on friends and foes
For your God commands you to spread happiness
Worry not about the beauty, shape and size of your fingers and toes
Above all, on any person, don't dump sadness or sickness.

John Sensele

Care For The Vulnerable

My brain bleeds when society sneers
At the least of its lot and in a mercurial manner
Gloats over ill gotten gains when peers
Languish in utter destitution while a boastful banner

Flutters in a wind God created not for the crafty few
But for his entire flock
Even though God conferred the honour on you
And I to be the rock

On which God builds his church
To proclaim the Good News and become our brothers'
Keepers. God didn't enjoin us to leave in the lurch
Widows, orphans, street kids, harlots and others

Whom society ought to nurture despite their gender
Their economic status, peerage and their age.
Wake up, Zambia, and put on top of your agenda
The care of the vulnerable in real terms, not just on your Facebook page.

John Sensele

Caress Stress From Casual Coats

Confined to cabin pins and sins
Minds drift
Dangle daggers at an angle wins
Can't figure out when a gift

Shakes a fake fibre awake
To atone for a loan
Minds appropriated by mistake
When members and their embers groan

For an explanation in accounting inaccuracies
Auditors note with concern
At ballooning bureaucracies
That somehow can't seem to learn

Sound sciences in modern management
Whereby lullabies confine entertainment to babies' boats
Where a condiment, a compliment, a comment
Find favour in their endeavour to caress stress from casual coats.

John Sensele

Cargoes Of Folly Within Polly's Pate

Let go of cargoes of folly
Your imagination entertains
Unless you want Molly
To catalyze the increase of strains of pains

You loathe to endure
In a bid to preserve the sanity
Ensconced in the mind you lure
To expunge the vanity

That invades the chest
Caught up between a rock and a hard place
In Cupid's vest to test
The robustness you loathe to displace

In circumstances advanced when you flirt
With fire expecting a spin on a merry-go-round
Until cavities of reality hurt
So bad you no longer push around

Sleeping dogs that are best left alone
In peace unless woken up
In their ozone full zone
When you steal delights from the cup

Where Pandora releases cargoes of lunacy
So vile they sear attackers
Mad enough but not tough enough to sample the delicacy
Concealed in crannies and crevices of coquettish bunkers.

John Sensele

Caroline's Treasure Trove

Once long ago in Togo Caroline curried a cargo
Filled with frills and spills
Only limpid love could convey in Congo
To bemuse and choose in deals

A lad could neither perfect nor reject
As his hustled heart helter skelter
Cruised to Caroline's sentimental subject
That in a satin sweater

Drove the lad insane
Wondering what measured pleasures Caroline
Would serve on a platonic plane
That flew ludicrous lovebirds to a lateral line

Of fleeting feelings the lad
Pondered as emotions swayed, swung and strove
For fancy fame all around him although the lad was glad
Caroline upon him bestowed a love treasure trove.

John Sensele

Carts & Ramparts

Don't allow low forms of life to dictate
The pace, face, space and race you hobnob
With; lads and lasses don't hesitate
To disport yourselves, give a thumb down to a snob.

Don't squeeze yourself in spaces occupied by live
Lads and lasses, they've got no time to winge
To wallow in shallow misery; they'd rather dive
Into real life in all its facets, let them binge.

Don't let folks bereft of purpose suppose
They know what's best for vibrant hearts;
Pack busybodies in excess a baggage sacks with a face
Filled with still misery in all their carts and ramparts.

Don't listen to voice of poison whose only reason
Lies in pies and sties that restrict freedom and interdict
Pleasure with a culture sutured in a prison
Where they've lived in total squalor as their ancestors could predict.

John Sensele

Cast Away

Cast away the mantle of broken dreams
Don the mantle of fresh aspirations
To tap hopes that swim in streams
Teeming with innovative inspirations.

Cast away moulds from a past era
Embrace moulds meant for new horizons
To break through the penultimate barrier
That stands between you and success zones.

Cast away defeatist attitudes
Adopt attitudes that yield handsome returns
To soar to promised altitudes
That fly your future towards ultimate treasure urns.

Cast away toxic relationships
Hobnob with friends who draw you near self realization
To board ships
That sail you to your promised destination.

John Sensele

Catalyst

Handle me with gentleness
Because I'm your better half
Sent from on high
To swallow flak on your behalf
And lengthen your neck like
The giraffe's and help cut out chaff.

Handle me with care,
Consideration, compassion,
Affection and understanding
For me to fashion
With you a life
Filled with joy, honey and passion.

Handle me with respect
So that I bring the best
Out of your life
To hasten your quest
For peace of mind and rest
That you earlier expressed.

John Sensele

Cathartic Finisher

Where're you my beloved peace of mind?
My heart every minute longs for you day and night
Missing you so badly pits of my stomach can't find
Room to breathe nice and slow, quiet and tight

Cos it's been long since my heart set eyes
On you, felt your warm embrace and feasted
Blissfully, kissfully the tactile feel of your thighs
Meant to delect the libido for so long gutted
For the longing that chokes my once blue skies

Overcasting a world for long so serene
Cos you rule the empire where desire inspires
Spires of pleasure and leisure, come rain
Or shine every time we entwine, lighting up fires

Quenched only your tender bender fire extinguisher
Schooled in pools of skills and deals to feed me on cathartic finisher.

John Sensele

Cathleen

Draw nigh, draw nigh, darling;
Talk to me, hold me, kiss me.
Draw nigh, draw nigh, Carling;
Meet me under our pine tree.

Draw nigh, draw nigh, apple of my eye;
Turn my night into day.
Draw nigh and say goodbye
To the past, to yesterday.

Draw nigh, draw nigh, honey;
Warm my bed to your heart's content.
Draw nigh, draw nigh with glee
To shame the malcontent.

Draw nigh, draw nigh, sweet sixteen;
Never leave me alone.
Draw nigh, draw nigh, Cathleen;
Our wedding date let's not postpone.

John Sensele

Caviar

Choice first course dish in five star hotels,
Avant-garde meal of well-prepared sturgeon eggs,
Vintage gourmet meals,
Inspires chefs to prepare special dishes,
Awesome,
Refined to titillate connoisseurs' palates.

John Sensele

Cease Somnolent Slumbers

Worry not, God's creation
For in God's creation, you're special
Uniquely created with ultimate affection
Worry not, in your life lies no trial.

Worry not, God stands by your side
For in God's creation, you command favour
Uniquely fashioned by God with pride
Worry not, in your life success lies each endeavour.

Worry not, blessings flow your way
For in God's creation, you fly into success
Uniquely created for God to have the last say
Worry not, in your life lies no address for stress.

Worry not, your future lies ahead
For in God's creation, you count no numbers
Uniquely manufactured with a bright brain in your head
Worry not, in your life lie no somnolent slumbers.

John Sensele

Celebrate Solution Seekers & Suppliers

Celebrate solution providers

For they solve problems people face

They don't jump on the bandwagons of dividers

Who induce and introduce strife and stress.

Celebrate unity builders

For they enhance oneness

They don't jump on the bandwagon of hate spreaders

Who enjoy, toy and employ instruments of sadness.

Celebrate spiritual soldiers

For they spread the kingdom of God on Earth

They don't jump on the bandwagon of sinners in the lowest tiers

Who make it their business to disseminate love dearth.

Celebrate limpid lovers

For they consume romance to the fullest

They don't jump on the bandwagon of malefaction movers

Who make it their business to wish lovers the worst.

John Sensele

Celebrate The Gift Of Life

Celebrate the gift of life, John
God bequeathed on Anne over six decades ago
To launch lofty luminaries his plan in a zeal zone
Where you landed in a competence and confidence cargo.

Celebrate, John, the gift of offspring
God bequeathed on your nuclear family
To launch liberty lessons in his grand design in Spring
When he blessed you alongside a holy homily.

Celebrate, John, the gift of discernment
God bequeathed on your person
To launch lasting liberties beneath Heavens' firmament
A quintessential salvation lesson.

Celebrate, John, grandsons
God bequeathed through Elizabeth
To launch love within his creation suns
Planets, moons, stars and your planet Earth.

Celebrate, John, the gift of education
God bequeathed on your life
To combat and cream miseducation
That otherwise plunges his creation into somber strife.

Celebrate, John, the gift of friends
God bequeathed on your relationship realm
To set in motion timely trends
With Reverend Ugo Nacciarone at the helm.

Celebrate, John, the gift of students
God bequeathed on your career
To set milestone precedents
With freedom, favour and flair that accommodate no single barrier.

John Sensele

Celebrate Weekends

Celebrate friends, celebrate weekends, appreciate inner circles
Who prop up good ideas, drop bad plans and perform miracles
Enlisted in advance from providence in abundance
Everyday, everywhere, every time and in every instance.

Mend fences, amend defences and senses and send
Messages of humility, temerity, amity and blend
Positive attitudes with latitudes of conciliation which
Consolidate links and close kinks with a love switch.

Accost friends, roast cigarette ends and boast not
When friends err, when friends rock your boat
Tempers flare, hampers of trivia dare to tease your ego
Which in revolt at high speed rejects drivel cargo.

Satisfy minimum requirements of commitment friends
Demand of you for your inner circle to embrace trends
Which build bridges, procure fridges, field sights of hope
Delight your partner, light up your day and grant you a love crop.

John Sensele

Centre Of Mathematics Attention

I broke the jinx of my Mathematics phobia at midnight
When I figured out timid tactics I adopted all along
Conflating square and rectangle in the oblong
I drew to cast the paucity of understanding in the night

When finally the grasp of concepts grew crystal clear
In tandem with principles, procedures and processes
I discovered lumbered on my mind recesses stresses
That elected and selected for my efforts to leer

As year after year Mathematics scoffed at my efforts
To tame the unpalatable beast many a student left trembling in tears
When sarcastic teachers with glee splashed red ink to inject more fears
On sobbing students who hanged their hapless heads in shame forts

Where torrents of tears rained in disconsolate fashion
Until Jesus whispered in my ears
'John, never again should your peers
Laugh at you because henceforth you I've turned into the centre of Mathematics
attention.'

John Sensele

Cesspool Of Indignity

A way of life teeters towards a cesspool of insanity
When its tenets, helmets and bayonets unleash infirmity
To propagate, elongate, elucidate an ideology of murder
Plunder, blunder, under-think, group think and slander

Centred around a mythology empty of intellectual content
Assuming proportions of toxicity and duplicity with intent
To invade all corridors of decency, recency and mercy
Cut out, dug out, crashed, bruised and smashed in order to free

Horrors, monsters, hamsters, hipsters, tricksters from straitjackets
That for long held them in check to prevent their packets
From contaminating the environment where their breath
Filled with rancour, misdemeanour, anger, danger and stealth.

A way of life edifies life when it multiplies friendship
Propagates stewardship, readership, leadership and kinship
At home, at church, at work, at leisure and at a golf club
Where humanity and amity become the cornerstone near or away from a pub.

John Sensele

Cesspool Of Moral Decadence

By far, showers of shame bar, mar and scar mellifluous minds
That sweep under a carpet wrongs
To paint pain on reams of domestic platforms of several kinds.

Sometimes, a perpetrator of injustice finds
It easy to sing excuse songs.
By far, showers of shame bar, mar and scar mellifluous minds.

Tied hands tired of harassment loosen blinds
On windows of the mind studying oblongs
To paint pain on reams of domestic platforms of several kinds.

Muzzled housewives live in abuse hives in blinds
Where they rue docility and endure thongs.
By far, showers of shame bar, mar and scar mellifluous minds.

Eyes of lechers feast on thighs and behinds
That seem to defy sentimental pairs of tongs
To paint pain on reams of domestic platforms of several kinds.

Minds boggle when a hermit winds
Anachronistic watches and strike dissonant gongs.
By far, showers of shame bar, mar and scar mellifluous minds
To paint pain on reams of domestic platforms of several kinds.

John Sensele

Chabu, I Salute Your Point Of View

Chabu, how I miss you and long to kiss you, brave brother
With whom I shared not just genes and features
But intellectual prowess, harness of resilience and many other
Characteristics, Physics, rubrics and several musical and literary sub cultures.

Chabu, watching Bad Company videos in twenty sixteen
Draws me back to a motley of music you and I enjoyed in common.
I miss you like mad and feel sad that the thin and dim
Line between consultation and condescension couldn't turn in good time a vital
alert on.

Chabu, I hosted your education in my humble home at Chikuni and in Livingstone
from Form One
To completion of your journalism studies and industrial attachment at Evelyn
Hone
Bank rolled every cost till together by dint of determination we won
The right to sit and beat suspension in term two before we rescued your Grade
Twelve examinations alone.

Chabu, you availed me the only pair of shoes my feet wore at college through
your labour
At Zambia Star Bar in Masala Location where manual work
Kept you away from a maladroitness until God 's Armour and harbour
Despatched me to Cosetco to prevent an event where our family would grow
beserk.

Chabu, spears of tears sink my memory and sink sorrow into my heart
As I recall the childhood in colorful moods in which I made coy toy cars
Sold to tourists at Simon Mwansa Kapwepwe International Airport
To fundraise for your freedom to join a sojourn among our national stars.

Chabu, your class of nineteen eighty nine
Ran the Weekly Post, ZNBC, Times of Zambia, Zana, ZIS and the Daily Mail
At a time when our motherland determined to mine heroes in throes of
democracy as a sign
To deploy and employ ploys of a new dispensation for a better political sail, spell
and veil.

Chabu, you excelled in the Mass Media Complex newsroom as sub editor

At ZNBC where autotune matched, watched and clutched your brain to ensure
News items and video clips dovetailed seamlessly for your creator
Loves you too much to let you output a fissure creature for sure.

Chabu, I salute you, evoke and promote your memory
For I knew you better than lenders, spenders and defenders
Who with no clear clue how we labored for a lifetime with hardly a diary
But God's grace and greatness spared us a status of deserters, predators,
usurpers, wanderers and offenders.

Chabu, I forgive you for spurning in the early 1980s the opportunity at Unza
School of Education where both of us pursued a bachelor's degree
In Education and you surrendered to the tzar
Of impulsiveness in a hideous, notorious riotous rampage for free.

Chabu, rest your chest and crest in peace, though ZNBC colleagues christened
you Ninja
Cared for you well as illness took its toll in a Lusaka hospital
Loved, forgave and gave you a befitting burial at Leopard's Hill cos Jah
Decreed so much to our family's delight but mom's torment. God bless you in
total.

John Sensele

Chagrin And Emotional Sin

Anger took over from chagrin
When humiliation on a broken heart painted sadness
In case a victim saw in remorse an emotional sin
Bathed in blue seas of utter loneliness.

When humiliation on a broken heart painted sadness
As a once trusted lover gushed blood
Bathed in blue seas of utter loneliness
When nothing good seemed to rise from a sorrow flood.

As a once trusted lover gushed blood
From a heart who gave her best shot
When nothing good seemed to rise from a sorrow flood
A broken heart that couldn't sleep well in her cot.

From a heart who gave her best shot,
In case a victim saw in remorse an emotional sin,
A broken heart that couldn't sleep well in her cot,
Anger took over from chagrin.

John Sensele

Chagrin Ingrained In Gossip

Clip wings of gossip to sleep
Adding value to excess time in your hands
Or else sorrow for company you'll keep
Drilling holes in the busybody brands

You promote
Flying lies from ear to ear
As if the mundane mote
You seize tightly dries the tear

You can't hide
When alone it dawns
On you astride
Truth and lie zones

Echoing the ambiguity
Paining and straining the hollowness
Gossip garnishes in the futility
Increasing the egregious emptiness

Chasing the breath of the faith
Evaporating from your skin
When you chase without success wealth and health
As long as in your life gossip and sin remain keen.

John Sensele

Chains, Rains And Strains

Restraining chains and rains of love
An impossible task unless help from above
Intervenes to reign in rivers
Overflowing with fetish fevers

From which love hexes a heart
Fighting lightning rods to start
To intoxicate the onslaught
Disarming the heart caught

In webs the heart can't overcome
No matter how many times feelings slam
Love's doors shut
Cos subtle powers cut

Off room for retreat
Although the hypocrite
Taunts and haunts the stricken
'No use fighting' chicken.

John Sensele

Chameleon Of Democracy

The chameleon of democracy turns blue
The chameleon of democracy blushes to deep crimson
The chameleon of democracy has no clue
Whether to cry foul or cry fair in every political season.

The chameleon of democracy spurns opportunities
The chameleon of democracy takes wrong turn
The chameleon of democracy ignores verities
Whether it be fit to scam or to return.

The chameleon of democracy engenders organized chaos
The chameleon of democracy encourages demonstration protests
The chameleon of democracy veers away from Laos
Whether tyrants and tycoons opt to conduct underground nuclear tests.

The chameleon of democracy wears several thinking caps
The chameleon of democracy sometimes produces marvels
The chameleon of democracy suffers a credibility lapse
When demagogues, despots and demigods worship occult travels.

John Sensele

Chances & Glances In Advance

Behold this love, girl
Lest a quest for the best
Should hurl our my love for you and unfurl
Opportunities in dignity and sanity to test

Possibilities in circles surrounding us
For easier and teasier
Responses in suns without fuss
That unite me and mates at nights to cosier

For umpteenth nights and days
Where I struggle less
But gain more ways
To fire up my love and bless

The future and culture I deserve
For far less fuss and stress
That I endure for sure to serve
Chances and glances that forever progress.

John Sensele

Change Singes Inertia

Change rains, change strains
Change pains, change stains
A pesky proclivity denoting a metamorphosis
That claims a kiss or slams a thrombosis.

Change knocks knees, change soaks thoughts
Change rocks plans, change mocks noughts
On figures handwritten on a cheque
That begs for a peck.

Change denudes delusions, change exudes intuitions
Changes alludes to reactions, change colludes with actions
Meant for good, misshapen by bad mood
To yield a crude brood.

Change challenges inertia, change singes Russia
Change avenges pressure, change winges in Prussia
Leaving in its wake cleaner souls
Ready to gore barriers, ready to score winning goals.

John Sensele

Change! Change! Change!

Change! Cherish change to grow
Change shakes shoes, shovels and paints pristine prairies
Change routs every row though it may be slow
Change rains shivers in our diaries.

Change! Chaps and cherubs change
Change remains permanent everywhere
Change affords us a chance our lives to rearrange
Change takes to a higher elsewhere.

Change! With time passage people build new bridges
Change reduces relationships to a thousand or to nought
Change sometimes lands friendships into fridges
Change cannot be taught despite changes wrought.

Change! Change challenges thought processes
Change besieges emotional states
Change chooses and cruises to successes
Change derives dividends from driven debates.

Change! Change zeroes in on zest zones
Change stretches scales of stamina
Change chastises bones and clones
Change sometimes enters life's lamina.

Change! Change chucks charms
Change frowns on familiarity
Change lands love into amiable arms
Change chooses temerity over severity.

Change! Change charges every heart
Change chips away routine
Change chisels cheeks in every part
Change chops off the head of a sardine.

Change! Change to excel
Change to evolve to a loftier layer
Change to marvel and revel
Change to rise above a slayer.

Change! Change pains
Change cheats no charity
Change brings about gorgeous gains
Change paves the way for pecuniary parity.

Change! Change chips away at permanence
Change reinvigorates rigours
Change challenges imbalance
Change revitalizes vigours.

Change! Change affects habits
Change purifies fashion
Change churns out tidbits
Change sharpens volition into action.

John Sensele

Chants Of Infants

'Congratulations, sir' the maternity ward nurse said
At seventeen thirty almost forty years in my head
'You're a dad to a bouncy baby daughter
'On barrenness you've inflicted a slaughter.'

I leapt with joy, raced to set eyes on Elizabeth
I stood transfixed, gazing for the first time at Beth
In my mind, Elizabeth carved an indelible image
Which for years and years from my brain I rummage.

Christine, Elizabeth and I drove home
Home in a long while felt warm
Warmth radiating from our baby
It was no longer a question of maybe.

Nostalgia to these moments drags my mind
Parenting pleads for us to other babies to be kind
In our hundreds of journeys we cosset infants
Who on public buses in our ears charm chants.

John Sensele

Character Versus Pretence

Character lies beneath your skin
Pretence shines on your surface
Character never is a mannequin
Success and progress bless your face.

Character lies beyond pretence
Pretence yield nothing of value
Character never is an offence
Success and progress inhabit a loo or an igloo.

Character lies beyond skies
Pretence embraces dour defences
Character never devours pesky pies
Success and progress loathe offences.

Character lies deeper than face value
Pretence conceals lies
Character offers anyone a value clue
Success and progress share strong ties.

John Sensele

Charade And Masquerade

At supersonic speed, Masquerade
Flew into the firm arms of Charade.
Said Charade, 'Scram, phony.
Ain't got no space for crony.
Claim your rightful niche and fish, Parade.'

John Sensele

Charming Children

Love of a grandson
Drowns grandpa's pains and strains
Pouring into his soul unlimited fun
Lighting up his face when it rains.

Enquiring how the day's work went
Calming down frayed nerves
In each quality second and minute spent
Pouring smiles from love reserves.

Cracking jokes, sharing a meal
Titillating each other's emotions
Intending for a while to heal
Aches and shakes from life's commotions.

Love of a child purifies
Unifies, magnifies the warmth
God in his wisdom edifies
Rejuvenating health and deleting fun dearth.

John Sensele

Chastise Monkey Chants

Monkey chant and fake fraternity front
Brandished on the grand soccer stage
Rush Russian bear invectives to decant
Insanity and indignity rolled into ribald rage.

Monkey chant and plastic smile politics grow blunter
In post-Soviet soccer stadia. Russian bears under the aegis of cosmopolitanism
Cultivate a bilateral and multilateral blunder
In a soccer show that rings and springs up hollow hooliganism.

Monkey chant voiced in soccer stadia
Embarrasses the beautiful ball with blue eyes
Brown eyes regardless of the putrid propaganda mass media
Propagate to unbind spectators in sub-human sties.

Monkey chant is a shame on humanity's shoulders
On which human faces united by soccer cry
For opportunities to brush and stash aside blunder boulders
That obstacles and debacles of racism and recidivism multiply.

John Sensele

Cheers, Fears And Arrears

How much associates and acquaintances
Demand of you elevates or extinguish your status
As you plough through instances and distances
Beyond mediocrity and above the meritocracy of a hiatus.

How much voice and choice you inject in assembling a team
That functions as a devil advocate
Enriches and impoverishes the cream
That emerges and emanates from your syndicate.

How much cuss and fuss sneak
Into your modus operandi
Pays you handsome dividends as you pick
Up vast rewards and awards well above any parody.

How much investment and incentive you inject into nurturing relationships
You build over the years
Carefully caressing your partner, kissing her and blessing her in cars and in ships
That traverse the width and length of your life without undue prior fears or fears
in arrears.

John Sensele

Cherish Life

Cherish life, your adult life celebrate
Because each second you live matters
In the cycle of a fruitful life, purpose befriends no anodyne debate.

Critical parameters in your life don't negotiate
Unless nonsense and insolence a fool utters.
Cherish life, your adult life celebrate.

As your life unfolds in full, injustice propitiate
To despatch conciliation and reconciliation letters.
In the cycle of a fruitful life, purpose befriends no anodyne debate.

Lofty values, noble beliefs and sound principles don't substitute
No matter how much harm malice scatters.
Cherish your life, your adult life celebrate.

When chips are down, don't hesitate
To decide issues firmly and to keep red-herrings in fetters.
Cherish your life, your adult life celebrate
In the cycle of a fruitful life, purpose befriends no anodyne debate.

John Sensele

Cherish The Wish To Flourish

Cherish hope to flourish
Regardless of pesky prognostics
Uttered in messy matters to dish
Out fears and tout tears in your joystick gymnastics.

Cherish the flavor in your hope endeavor
To surge forth far away from fatigue
As fortitude fans its favour
Upon you to thrive into the wellness league.

Cherish the wish in the fantastic fish
That titillates your palate
In a double dose dish
You sampled of late.

Cherish the niche
Providence provides in your ride
Towards meeting the wellness wish
That in the end restores your pride.

John Sensele

Chill Children

Children left to their own devices
Roam and storm tough and rough streets
Sleeping outdoors, sauntering town floor interstices
To eke out a beggar's living to the sound of violence beats.

Children stunted by famine, hunted down by predators
Snatch handbags, scramble for alms like a pack of hyenas
Loveless, comfortless, homeless with mediators
To guide their lives to side with their plight arenas.

Children bereft of education abuse glue
Cannabis, alcohol, immunize themselves against tolerance
Balance, silence, violence and rue
Lost opportunity, cursing society accused of lack of conscience.

Children driven to the brink of despair
Turn on innocent passersby, shoppers whom they envy
Wishing they could fish groceries overflowing from a trolley fair
That in their minds flaunts opulence and arrogance energy.

John Sensele

Chloroform Inhalers

Unmask naked internet thieves
Who wreak havoc with their toxic
Tricks reeking of sulphurous sieves
Through which leaks acid prussic.

Expose the kleptomaniac ruse
Employed by robbers who ply
The internet in search of soft targets to use
And seal identities and think they're sly.

Whack spark and yank the fibre
Driven by malice, lice and ice
In hearts too dead to care for cyber
Space users from they exhort too high a price.

Internet pirates ring hell's bells
Anytime they don the hangman's uniform
To slide nooses round veils
In which their brains suffocate as they inhale chloroform.

John Sensele

Chock Chalice

I don't wanna remember the blues
I feel when your heels trample
My feelings, my dealings as clues
Emerge our relationship no longer serves as an exquisite example.

I don't wanna think of the memories
Encapsulated in sadness so deep
It effaces bliss trajectories
You and I so hard strive to keep.

I don't wanna revisit restive remembrances
Ensconced in crevices of disillusion
That bathe my heart and psyche's entrances
I end up crying tears I pour in confusion.

I don't wanna recycle traces of truth
So painful they tear me to pieces
Although a vista shines through the faith
That sneaks into panoramas of chock chalices.

John Sensele

Choice Of Ice Creams

A choice of options and solutions rewards
Many decision makers, punishes home breakers
Redeems peace makers and award Samurai swords
To infantry soldiers who retire to spank faith fakers.

A choice of suitors, debtors and creditors determines
The health and wealth of romantic and robotic bank accounts
Held fast in commercial banks and in social spins
From which financiers and dancers hobnob with financial viscounts.

A choice of verbs, nouns and phrases enriches
The quality of sentences, paragraphs and essays written
At varsities, in college, in school and in churches
Where preachers, readers, teachers, stalkers and markers lie forgotten.

A choice of ice creams, rice quality and venison titillates
Palates and taste buds fond of gourmet delights
In Indian cuisine with a variety of chicken tandouri plates
Sampled and masticated on Air India flights.

John Sensele

Cholera Chimera

If by design you should shove a toilet
Not far from a water well
Know that cholera regret
A sad tale shall soon sound a notorious knell.

If by design your hands should carry dirt
As you process snacks for sale
By the roadside, know that horrible hurt
Shall soon rain on consumers hell.

If by design your call of nature should scatter
Bacteria and microbes in the open
Know that dangerous matter
Shall stalk your community often.

If by design you should ignore
Advice to prevent pervasion of cholera
Know that cholera shall not snore
But obliterate several viscera in your era.

John Sensele

Cholesterol And Petrol

When Winter bubbles smuggle heat and beat bodies
Shivering and withering inside threadbare sweaters
Repaired over and over again to prevent Winter eddies
From freezing souls to ice twice or thrice because heaters
Flee in the wee hours of mornings jilted by sunrise
That chooses to booze, to cruise into the arms of new
Acquaintances insulated in thick, brand new turquoise
Bomber jackets with deeper pockets loaded anew
With teeth gnashing, feet clashing, and tits that slash and brush
Aside any attempt to share precious heat in the inter
Company relay race held every Winter to shed off fat and crush
Obesity, verbosity and pomposity meant to kill cholesterol
That deforms people because their feet have surrendered to petrol.

John Sensele

Christian Christmas

'Tis Christmas, put a smile on a face
That all year long despaired
Wondering if a meal trace
Could pitch up to get his stomach repaired.

'Tis Christmas, don't overindulge
While the poor suffer from want
And the rich in style splurge
For all their whims and wishes to grant.

'Tis Christmas, celebrate the birth of Christ
Practicing Christian values
Returning confidence and hope where lies plight
Give the poor sources of succor clues.

'Tis Christmas, a season to give
A season to seek salvation
A season to forgive
A season to give Christ adoration.

John Sensele

Christine And John

My fountain of love oozes
When my brain by default chooses
Romance over grumbling
At times my feelings fumbling

I restrain from my eyes joy tears
Although inside of me wander weirs
I hold in check
Lest my peck

Should vanish for a while
As my spouse withdraws the extra mile
I imbibe at home
When as one we roam

Moments of delights in the past
When our young hearts cast
Caution to the wind
Feasted as strictures we weaned

Thrilling as one
Healing we won
Bonding together
In manners perfect altogether.

John Sensele

Chronicle Cuticle

Diaries, fairies and memories of childhood
Rekindle spindles of scarce of fond festivities
Innocence and a clean conscience whose radiance would
Announce bounces and pronounce promising proclivities.

Neighborhoods of childhood on a verdant farm charm fairy
Tales and fables nurtured by nursery rhymes
In which wheels on the bus trudge and budge a dairy
Animal husbandry and heifers moo and children gallumph several climbs.

Childhood bells, tales and spells symbolized a symbiosis of perfect selection
At play, at bay, at a bull fight and at school
Where unity, amity and dignity merge into affection
To run the barn roost and children by the horns seize a boisterous bull.

Babyhood, childhood, teenhood and adulthood
Portray momentous milestones in a memorabilia of Piagetian progress
Which children churn when brethren and sistren fumble with food
Mingle nostalgia, Utopia and myopia in their Peter Pan press release.

John Sensele

Chuck Berry

Chuck Berry, bouncy balladeer, unique physique
Gifted guitarist who invented rock n roll
From Missouri music
Created a rare blend of guitar skills with a generational glow

Piping Johnny B Goode
Nadine, Roll Over Beethoven, Maybellene
Future direction of music food
That did define

Strumming strings with less toil
Required to re-engineer mellow music so superior
Its vivid vibes could coil
Any ears, oil years and foil fears to gear

Generations of joint geniuses from Rolling Stones
Bruce Springsteen, the Beatles
In an unprecedented panorama of numerous cohorts of clones
That defied descriptions and titles

To the extent his surprise demise at the age of ninety
Has grabbed from the global music scene
An idiosyncratic icon to whom plenty
The world owes so much clean

Inspiration, innovation and intuition
From nineteen twenty six
When Chuck Berry's mission
Emerged from the Missouri clicks and bricks

To burst upon the world like a hurricane
That changed the music direction of the time
To a rising Rock n Roll lane
As jingles of the genre gelled and commenced their concerted climb.

John Sensele

Circuits

There was once a hawker who sold trinkets
Who chose to eat a dozen sweet biscuits
Which gave him a dose of great strength
To walk an entire avenue length
While he hitched a ride in ten circuits.

John Sensele

Civility In Sylvia's City

In the nick of time, Sylvia's sympathy soars
Stealing the limelight and plying her trade
Within the context of romance roles
In the month of February Sylvia parades a persona well bred.

Stealing the limelight and plying her trade
Within an ace of breaking a reconciliation record
In the month of February Sylvia parades a persona well bred
Confirming her willingness to strike a conciliation chord.

Within an ace of breaking a reconciliation record
Unchallenged for a dozen decades
Sylvia confirms her willingness to strike a conciliation chord
Surrendering the trump talisman she held for a while.

Unchallenged for a dozen decades
Within the context of romance roles
Surrendering the trump talisman she held for a while
In the nick of time, Sylvia's sympathy soars.

John Sensele

Civility Sermon

Even though ephemeral events engineer
Obdurate obstacles oscillating ominously
From your brain to your heart to instill fear
Pray hard, stick to your faith religiously.

Even though the battle gives you bother
As the end knocks at your door
Dare to care for another, for your brother, for your mother
Because it's not over until God says so.

Even though mockers, suckers and hecklers
Elect to reject Joyce, your choice
Remain resolute for soon sticklers
Will bruise, lose, freeze as you vivify your voice.

Even though in the natural
Blocked is your path to Heaven
It ain't so in the supernatural
Where sacred are numbers seven and eleven teeming with lofty leaven.

John Sensele

Clarion Call On My Wailing Wall

Narrow escapes- thrice threatening
Came and went
Despite succor abstaining
My soul under no circumstances meant

Harm to my person
Stolid as I sometimes dreamt to claim
Not heeding, not learning warnings a salutary lesson
That on me poured blame

Sucked from narrow escapes
Felt deep within my clones, bones, tones and zones
As fortune on my side with sour grapes
From goring horns and thorns

Gunning and turning in earnestness
Towards the weaker flank
Carelessness on my part gifted wanton wistfulness
Grown from dating devices I couldn't spank

As on my knees I slumped
Begging feet of defeat to spare me
When false charges I slapped
On the sooth-sayer I could hardly see or foresee

In the vicinity of the battlefield
Where blood gushed
From a weal shield
That blows from all directions hushed

Weak on melting knees I slumped
The writing on the wailing wall
Dawned near and clear as bludgeon blows together clamped and lumped
I was undone! Slow and certain sounded the clarion call

Fate and its mates
Discomfiture and discomfort couldn't obviate
From doom and gloom gates
Fortune could no longer deviate

From gurgling and giggling gates of Hell
Open so wide
To spell and tell
The demise my pride

Touted on the snout of the clout pout and spout
Tinted by the ubris crease whose fleece
Made up of diseased doubt
That no retreat could delete from a missed kiss

Swollen and stolen
In a last step ditch effort
All of a sudden- sullen
As crude collapse conquered my fort.

John Sensele

Clarity & Clout

Clarity and clout cry wry tears
At the doorway of a delay in dispensing justice
In ivory towers where flower power steers
An agenda where a panda loathes a solstice.

Clarity and clout worry and feel sorry
For victims and victors in a blame game in which
Outcomes, incomes, epitomes and climbs bury
Hatchet only to ratchet a severance switch.

Clarity and clout express pity and press for piety
Among believers who deliver fruits of the Holy Spirit
To the letter from in mundane and mortal matters despite fetters where diversity

Shifts lifts of goalposts and toasts for a hermit and his remit.

Clarity and clout in a nation demands sands of honesty
Integrity and satiety for society to dole out
Justice in every part and every respect of public office diversity
To ensure pure implementation and function with clarity and clout.

John Sensele

Clasp Her Tight

Hug, squeeze her tight
Till the Summer moon laughs
On two lovers' tryst.

John Sensele

Clean Clothes

St Francis de Sales College
The ivory tower of erudition
Moulds minds into a new cognitive edition
Immersing them into blooms of knowledge

Society laps up with gratitude
When wheels of industry minds spin
Ensuring each gear, each pin
Grooms the right habitude and attitude

The global village needs
To cater for poor and rich
Each receiving benefits which
In the end mow weeds

Economies loathes
In order to function well
At full capacity when the bell
Rings for the poor to wear clean clothes.

John Sensele

Click, Uncle Patrick

Click Uncle Patrick, every brick and tick in place
Queen Flower by your side with princess Star to behold;
Pride suffuses and fuses three into one as nuclear family fondles to face
The world with love and serenity as love can't grow old.

Click Uncle Patrick click, your wick lights up
Our lives as we dive into the future with confidence
To deal with and fill our family cup
As together we glance at a miracle and in glee dance.

Click Uncle Patrick click, spitting image of Uncle Simon
Our family pillar; your nuclear family stands out
By its sense of purpose and efforts three of you summon
To cling together and in unison sing songs that clear any doubt.

Click Uncle Patrick click, at a quick speed
Your young family has raised the bar not just riding in a car
But maturing and nurturing vital values indeed
And cruising along without any bruise; thank you, sir.

John Sensele

Climate Change Kills

Deep within somersaulting stomachs
Gastric juices in full flight
Rumble and stumble on attacks
Pangs of hunger thrust forth as light

Scampers from the table
Where my assignment lies in ruin
Irrked by unavailability of stable
Genset to feed power to the queen

My heart treasures
And whom I promised
To grant upfront all pleasures
If I ensured she missed

No comfort my income could afford
Twenty four seven
But circumstances at our poverty port
Queer the pitch, driving away our heaven

But our granary lies bare
Its maize bounty
No longer living there
Our erstwhile maize mountain deserts the crop county

Where it once smiled on my family
Delighting in every effort we invested
Into our seventy hectares after listening to our Sunday homily
Although sometimes army worms infested

The farm, our source of livelihood
We took seriously
In the entire Chibuli neighbourhood
Farmers tendered laboriously

Until calamity struck
Nature making up her mind
To leave us thunderstruck
With no maize grain to grind

Our plans plunged into danger disarray
No income
Our hope gone astray
From the domicile we once called home

Now, an abode of despair
Where we tremble forlorn
For pangs of hunger can't repair
Sufferings we bear although we have no sins in our zeal zone.

John Sensele

Coarse Roads

Emblems of problems inflame discomfort, assail and fail
To bail out nails and mails of any life form
As long as life crawls and rolls towards a snail
Sent from above to kiss a dour dove and roam
Free, see, flee, peek, sneak and click
The right button of mouse to free a louse
That nearly crashes under the vice of a prick
Between two strong fingers that linger in the house
Full of clans of orphans and widows who no longer
Enjoy a comfortable life since the breadwinner's demise
Brought about by AIDS that no stronger
Medicine cures. Rough lives surmise and surprise
Softer lives that opt to plot a softer course
Where rewards thin out because roads grow coarse.

John Sensele

Coast Of Mogadishu

Morning blues, evening clues, dizzy news
June chills and goon bills invite tatty blankets
To warm up emaciated souls on dung dues
Borrowed from fire furrows of trivia trinkets

Play tricks, suppress nausea news
That belittle thatch with alien rockets
Knocknees, beriberi, marasmus queues
Eke out a meagre existence with fish buckets

Unhinged to unleash gringos with ravenous greed
Who purloin fish, deplete fish off the coast of Mogadishu
Where ire and wrath of urchins plant the seed
That spawns a failed state with no shoe

To wear, no roof over a famished infant
Whose mom can't breastfeed at any instant.

John Sensele

Cogent Clues And Critical Cues

Fire in my belly
Confidence in my mind
I confront challenges that I tackle daily
In a determined and concerted onslaught to find

Solutions I appreciate
Among several alternatives I explore
To root out hypocrites who ingratiate
Themselves to exploit my generosity more

Than moderation permits
In civilized society
Where a sleight of hand meets
With disapproval where humility

Scores priceless points
When set against a background
Of complex cultures at joints
Where juxtapositions of modernity and tradition abound

In their understanding
Of cohabitation, reflection, reconciliation and restoration
To avoid garrulous grandstanding
In circumstances, settings and scenarios of remonstrations and frustration

When a meeting of moderate minds
Accommodating dissenting views
Of credible kinds
Thrives to disseminate among stakeholders cogent cues and critical clues.

John Sensele

Cogs Of Confusion

In the face of absurdity and indignity
Keep your cool
Maintaining and sustaining dignity
As you deploy your temerity tool.

The salience of sapience in the main
Signifies more than gourmet gravy
In the context of viewpoints that remain
Cogent in your career in the navy.

Worry not, tarry not
Forge ahead with zest and zeal
Blowing them hot, give endeavors your best shot
When brain-broken kill on the hill the daft deal.

Head shrinkers shrug
The maleficious mind
Whose corrosions, contusions and superstitions bug and tug
Tombstones where six feet under peace they can't find.

Grant no room for spite
To loom large
Lest your contributions should grow trite
As you embrace and stress garbage from the creepy cabbage

Instead kill cabbages with love
Pouring tonnes and tonnes of kindness
To fly them with love on wings of the donor dove
Whose feathers fly facts teeming with fondness.

John Sensele

Colanders And Sieves

Simplify matters, magnify letters, nullify fetters, purify sisters
Who add value and renew vitality and mobility in any midst
Where sisters revitalize and sanitise glitters and jitters
Brought about by a bout of butterflies in a tryst
Long hidden from public view but seldom rescued and cued
To perfection in selections of future conjugal partners
Whom sisters identify with utmost care viewed
From matrimonial and ceremonial viewpoints with gardeners
Who ferry several hose packets, rose bouquets and bunches
Of tulips, dahlias, dandelions, lilies and petunia wreaths
Brandished to a sister who in hipsters without blisters crashes
Into a kitchen party as an unbidden guest when heaths and sheaths
Of contraceptives, preservatives, prescriptives and love missives
Welcome love sweat seeping through wet colanders and pet sieves.

John Sensele

Cold Shoulder

Cold shoulder
Inconvenient like a boulder
Growing your world colder

In the morning, in the afternoon
When you act like a goon
Believing prospects perambulate in your cocoon

The deeper you plunge into fantasy
Expecting specks of ecstasy
Only reaping and whipping foul fallacy

Every which way you turn
The more bridges you burn
The less happiness you earn

In the long run, megalomania hurts
The more nonsense your brain blurts
To your ego, your alter ego the more faith you invest in flirts.

John Sensele

Collaboration Knots

Knots that cling family members
Grow stronger the longer siblings gel
Playing, frolicking, consuming meals lifted from embers
On charcoal braziers with no wish to trek to jail.

Knots that bind mature marriages
Defy laws of Physics
By putting diamonds to shame carriages
By their resilience at home and in metaphysics.

Knots that fasten girls to boys
Stand chances to land
A strong marriage if toys
Ploys and prurience disband.

Knots that bring together colleagues
Mature if gossip
Cooperation and collaboration leagues
Circulate a team spirit tip.

John Sensele

Colostrum

Breast milk so precious
No bank rich enough to pay
Moms for super meal.

John Sensele

Come Home No More

I come home no more to bore sore
Memories of years, months, weeks and days sunk
Into emptiness and sadness to score
Pain in the rain on a vain river bank.

I come home no more in Rome
Besieged by a liege
I count no more
Among fiends and friends who disobey a sage.

I come home no more to waste vests
Worn when torn horns mourn
Loss of time in a clime that tests quests
For patience, resilience and endurance emblazoned in seas of scorn.

I come no more; furor gored its languor
Overrunning boundaries and vagaries
Of vanity vampires that vanquished visages of error and terror whose dagger
In a frivolous mirror that savoured neither salaries nor diaries.

John Sensele

Come Rain Or Shine

Come rain or shine, I dare to walk tall
I care to live my life to the fullest
I wear foppish outfits at the graduation ball
And of opportunities I pledge to make the most to reap the best.

Come rain or shine, I dare to love again
Despite escapades that my heart too many a time torn to pieces
In scenarios when I bore to my very core searing pain
I declare I can't forever diss love for the sake of my gentle juices.

Come rain or shine, I pick myself up
Look fate in the eye and dare him for all it's worth
To pour any sorrow today or tomorrow into my cup
Because I pledge to whip fate hands down and mess up his calico cloth.

Come rain or shine, I dare to welcome seduction
A damsel in her flirt and flared skirt blurts
As I contemplate chewing her carrot in desperation reaction
Or rise above a nostalgia precipice or sink into the abyss of past hurts.

John Sensele

Come To Terms

Come to terms no matter what lemons
Life spits and repeats a thousand times in a hurry
To endear demons
You'd rather felt sorry.

Come to terms once bugs
Under your microscope reveal their virulent
Features that flock with slugs
So harmless they readily pledge to relent.

Come to terms with any histrionics
Wet blankets display to dampen your resolve
To surge forward and purge bionics
Twisted to block any progressive move.

Come to terms regardless of temporary setbacks
The near future loads
Into your enterprise when party hacks
In their champagne enthusiasm find themselves devouring toads.

John Sensele

Come You Home

Come you home, lad
Where mom and dad await your return
Long missed; cut out your sad
Posture, lad, family bridges don't burn.

Come you home, souse
Where offspring and wife long for you
Pray for you although your louse
Gets on family's nerves, they've forgiven you anew.

Come you home, wayward guard
Where family although silly
Invites the local bard
To sing a melodious ditty.

Come you home, lass
Where family cries day and night
Cos streets ain't no good for your class
Built painstakingly in your life to inject light.

John Sensele

Comfort

Let them be as cars,
Always fuelled, driven, pampered and polished,
But exploited on township and country roads.

I'd rather be a rugged, white Corolla,
Delivering reliable service, like a valet
Guzzling gas like vacuum cleaners.

To have undergone panel beating and received a coat of paint,
To swerve, to deal with traffic jams
Nascent, nubial Kitwe City.
To be caressed by kisses of my master's family members,
Comforting my fortitude, my solace,
Beyond pecuniary rewards or into annals of history.

I'd rather lie low, and if
Then displaced by new limousines,
Than to be a gleaming car,
Soaring in stature on Japanese junk yards,
Where they're jettisoned, crated, and despatched
To Zambia by fatigued car dealers.

John Sensele

Comfort Zone Clone

Comfort zone kills catalysts
That hasten reactions of fresh air
Despite the honour and aura you place on territorial trysts
When you and Yolanda entwine as a pair.

Comfort zone commands crystalizations
Into familiar fortresses
Where zeal and zest for new notions
Suffer and succumb to simulated senile stresses.

Comfort zone causes corrosion
As you routinize and repeat for the umpteenth time
Sweet nothings that have suffered erosion
Robbing life of opportunities to climb.

Comfort zone kills courage
To break through a glass ceiling
At work, at leisure and in marriage
Where avarice laments an expense worth one shilling.

John Sensele

Command Clout & Tout A Silver Spout

Laughter liquefies the lassitude and lickspittle of loathing
Mirth melts tension turbulence in a taut tent
Conversation cadence cavorts in congenial rings that to cooperation cling
When sapience stakeholders slam shut slivers of misspent rent.

Mirth melts tension turbulence in a taut tent
While wonders wander about
When sapience stakeholders slam shut slivers of misspent rent
As commitment and collegiality command clout and tout a silver spout.

While wonders wander about
Women waltz with wishes and whims that whisper love words
As commitment and collegiality command clout and tout a silver spout
As mellifluous melodies mystify bliss-bound birds.

Women waltz with wishes and whims that whisper love words
Conversation cadence cavorts in a congenial ring
As mellifluous melodies mystify bliss-bound birds
Laughter liquefies the lassitude and lickspittle of loathing.

John Sensele

Commercial Culture

Commercial culture, you're phony
You embarrass our values and customs
That you sacrifice on the altar of the gluttony
You've embraced at the sound of twisted tomtoms.

Commercial culture, get a one-way ticket to Hell
Where you rot for good
Until victims of your vulture vocation ring the bell
That shows genuine stewards of culture forgive you in mellow mood.

Commercial culture, you're worse than a dagger
That digs into backs
Of Zambians whom you stagger
By your fake fabrication packs.

Commercial culture, you're a crocodile
That devours docile drivers
Whom you trick with guile
Instead of turning them into success strivers.

Commercial culture, you're an oxymoron
That says one thing and does the opposite
Because as a moron
You don't in cogent conscience a substance seat.

Commercial culture, you're a daylight robber
Who steals from end users
Of your service whom you clobber
Until they submit by coercion to abusers.

Commercial culture, you're a culture killer
That distorts culture to extort
Much money from customers as a dealer
In usury, confusion, extortion, exploitation of the recidivist resort.

Commercial culture, you're a confidence trickster
Who exploits lack of erudition
To project yourself as a star
In an insane mission to popular perdition.

John Sensele

Commitment Cavities And Oddities

The forlorn love, torn from a lonely heart
Growing weary, vowing in infatuation to play no part
In home hostility and usurped utility
Scorned and shorn of humility

In matters too sad to contemplate
Fills cavities and oddities on her plate
Teeming with a chequered record
Knows neither peace nor accord

Tears snippets from a love landscape
Demoted and rooted in an escape
From commitment and appointment
With stability in a relationship ointment

That weaves eaves of care
With leaves daring to pare
Indifference from a couple
Metamorphosed into a tequila tipple.

John Sensele

Common Sense Casserole

Common sense, larger than life
Encapsulated in minds that appreciate sanity's value
To actualize and revitalize purposes more precious than strife
As people of goodwill enable diverse dreams to come true.

Common sense, invaluable ingredient
Couched in determined discourse
To set matters on the right gradient
And facilitate fruitful inter-personal intercourse.

Common sense, gravity glue
Fastening faces, aces and maces at variance
Endeavouring to validate value
Over impertinence, insolence and arrogance.

Common sense, pivot in human interaction
Immersed in templates teeming with opportunities
To promote quotes and votes for mutual benefaction
Despite chasms of infirm inanities and indignities.

John Sensele

Communication & Conversation

Communication and conversation cauterize commotion
Lubricate fates of bonds on fronds in ponds
Where affection and emotion swim for promotion of motion
That fraternizes and neutralizes cacophonous sounds.

Communication and conversation catalyze comprehension
In relation, evolution and solution through sentimental songs
Sung in voices with velvet choices in a musical function
That saturates symphony with harmony of Hong Kong gongs.

Communication and conversation break the back of bad blood
Which builds up broken dreams and sunken streams
Teeming with wishes and dishes to stem the flow of a flood
That maintains a malicious grip to reap off vanilla creams.

Communication and conversation alter altercation bouts
Divergence doubts, distance louts and discord discourses
Mingled with stings of misunderstandings and sassy sprouts
That jeer, leer and inject fear as sprouts frown upon peace forces.

John Sensele

Communication Counsel

Communication defines the territory
In which I delight in spreading information
Not to vilify victory
To acceleration actions for affection.

Communication develops gregariousness
Inherent in human nature that nurtures
The spirit of sharing happiness and sadness
As part of human cultures and sub cultures.

Communication conveys innermost feelings
From one human head to an individual interlocutor
Or several souls whose dealings
Develop and develop each active actor.

Communication clears conundrums
That arise when souls sulk
To beat drivel drums
In a hazy hope to harvest harmony in bulk.

John Sensele

Complacent Cybernetic Communities

Keep life simple and supple
When aside from your dimples you brush conundrum
For joys to triple or quadruple
To the beat at the feet of laughter's drum

Whose percussion glorifies and ratifies
Happiness in all her splendor and majesty
As happiness against odds defies
The travesty of dishonesty in the sacristy that begs for the amnesty

Dishonesty doesn't deserve in its swerve
To bend the truth
To cheat simpletons on the Internet to serve
Purposes uncouth

To extents where ribald returns
Line up pockets of blood cash
As dishonesty spurns and burns
Chances to slash

Losses suffered in tenuous tricks
Perpetuated with malice aforethought
When dishonesty pricks and sticks
To the veneer whose thought

Untaught
Claws its way forward disgorging damage
With perpetrators brought
To a fatal end as they rummage

On Facebook
For lines of least resistance
Conmen think can brook
The nonsense in every sentence

They use as a hook
For cash promised on fake accounts with fake details
Soon spewed upon the spook
Conmen retail in their travails

As due diligence soon exposes
Tricks conmen employ
For the umpteenth time until a rose juxtaposes
Facts and figures conmen enjoy

Banding on the Internet
Fishing for opportunities
Conmen and their consorts can net
Ad infinitum from complacent cybernetic communities.

John Sensele

Complete Indifference

When in life a great opportunity soon
Pops up unexpectedly to boost my ego
It's time for me to acknowledge the boon
I can't easily brush aside or forgo
Whether I attain or don't attain my goal.
It's a matter of complete indifference
Whether detractors hold a press conference
To honour their hatred or deride my success
In the field of cognitive science
Where my efforts contribute to much human progress.

John Sensele

Complicated

Don't freak out and pour on me blame
If I can no longer fondly say your name

'Twas great while it lasted
Even if my pride felt busted

Memories like the wind in time fade
The more I grade your serenade lemonade

Ups and downs cross paths in life
Like blades cut and serve from your knife

Wish we could turn back hands of time
Whispering soft nothings in a rose rhyme

A pity our arms can no longer entwine
Sipping from a gallant glass of red wine

Why should life grow so complicated
Fact is familiarity gets conflated and implicated

What the heck!
I need on my lips no pesky peck.

John Sensele

Concerns In My Corner

The demise of tears and fears fraternizes no frown
From my heart honed to handle an emphatic event
That stresses the face and pace of concerns in my town.

Tame any dame who claims to blame Bloom Brown
For infusions and profusions that signal an ingenious intent
Cos the demise of tears and fears fraternizes no frown.

Why cry over spilt milk when services of a clown
At little cost tames tiffs and whiffs in an incident
That dresses the face and pace of concerns in my town.

Conciliation and reconciliation compact the crown
Primed to decline and redefine a malcontent
Cos the demise of tears and fears fraternizes no frown.

Differences coupled with indifference can't drown
Enthusiasm towards closing ranks to set a precedent
That stresses the face and pace of concerns in my town.

In the end, I conclude it doesn't pay to wear a gloom gown
Stitched and bleached to imprint on my heart a devil dent
Cos the demise of tears and fears fraternizes no frown
That stresses the face and pace of concerns in my town.

John Sensele

Concocted Chaos

Neither happiness nor hope inhabits a sad past
Brought about by slices of secrecy
Steeped in heaps and tips cast
In a sea of sorrow and kleptocracy.

Neither happiness nor humility inhabits a sad story
Driven to drivel and drama hardly defensible
When tonnes of trivia tend to erect a fib factory
Where under no circumstances live the venerable.

Neither happiness nor habitude inhabits a sad scenario
Written in drops of scarlet blood
Poured from arteries, veins into a broken heart in Rio
Where the brave crave vow to wow a fondness flood.

Neither happiness nor history inhabits a sad situation
Concocted and dessicated in aromas of despair
Cultured in a sea of ill intention
That in the long run wrecks a pair that wouldn't play fair.

John Sensele

Condone Calmness & Kindness

Condone caresses and kisses
That codify and edify
Pieces and slices
Whose progress and success mollify, sanctify and purify.

Condone conviviality and compassion
If handsome dividends
Should embark on a mission
To shower love to a bevy of hatred fiends.

Condone camaraderie and calmness
To scale lofty heights
Where lives happiness
In a halo of sublime sights, draped in wonderful whites.

Condone kindness and care
For the mighty and the vulnerable
If your greatness and meekness should dare
To move hearts of the venerable and honourable.

John Sensele

Condone No Conundrum

No mouth in the South insult
All wonders of wisdom consult
To pave the way for wisdom
Lest you should land into Sodom.

Your peace do keep
Platitudes put to sleep
To manifest maturity
Lest you should jeopardize security.

Participate in public affairs
Plunge your leisure into fun fairs
Ignore vultures and their sub cultures
Lest you should sustain sutures and fractures.

Gauge the mood in the neighbourhood
On caution and precaution dress a hood
Big mouth don't open
Lest you should inhabit a pig pen.

John Sensele

Confession

There was once a man who made a pass
At a glad woman from a high class.
The woman got the courage
To give her message,
Which made him confess his sin during mass.

John Sensele

Confidence, Diligence & Persistence

Pursue with confidence and persistence
The path to your destiny
Although from here to there the distance
Seems littered with a mundane mutiny.

Pursue the path to Heaven
As your level best in your earthly pilgrimage
Requires a dose of leaven
To energise and incentivise its virtual voyage.

Pursue possibilities to inject new warmth in the marriage
That in its cadence, confidence, course and coherence hits a pothole
That queers the suspension of its matrimonial carriage
Which with love and care defeat predictions of a crushing crash from a crystal ball.

Pursue the path of diligence
In the teaching career you embraced
To inject the love of balance and science
In students whose progress prospects you've enhanced.

John Sensele

Confounded Commotion

Men and women determine turns and twists
In their lives with their eyes wide open with visits
To a confectionery, a missionary, a visionary, an aviary
A library, an incendiary, a mortuary or a secondary
Head shrinker with a view to ameliorating their skills
In navigating academics, ceramics, cubics and bills
Incurred when folks shun and gun down prospects
That promise a new lease of life in several respects
Although folks conspired to retire of progress
Because expediency and obstinate opt to stress
The least significant facets and short term
Returns which remain obscure in annihilating a pesky germ.

John Sensele

Congratulations, Zambia

Congratulations, Zambia
On attaining fifty two years
Of uhuru; hats off dear
Motherland for sparing your children bitter tears.

Congratulations, Zambians
On maintaining unity, serenity and fraternity
Clinging together with our rich flora and amphibians
To march in unison in search of humility, prosperity and tranquility.

Congratulations, Zedians
Hallowed citizens
Engineers, teachers, nurses and comedians
Who determine to reap and sow happiness by the dozens.

Congratulations, compatriots
Hold your heads high
Walk tall, talk well of our motherland and treat griots
With dignity lest they should sigh and say goodbye.

Congratulations, sons and daughters
On promoting one Zambia, one nation
Despite temptations and predilections to jump on altars
That urge annihilation, dissension, division, dissipation and procrastination.

Congratulations, men and women of goodwill
On sparing the motherland bloodshed
Divisive tendencies and displaying the will
To rise over and above our individual homestead.

Congratulations, clergymen and clergywomen
On preaching and teaching a unifying message
To move the national agenda forward till God says amen
To terminate our national voyage.

Congratulations, politicians
On falling short of the fragrance of ubris and arrogance
Because you're neither magicians nor statisticians
Spare the motherland the bloodshed lance in advance.

John Sensele

Conic Sections

Conic sections and tonic inspirations traverse
Analytic geometry, fraternize telemetry and trek
Into the realm of Rene Descartes whose verse
Captured ferments that plant on modern man a puberty peck.

Conic sections in a unique locus birth circles
From equidistant points in a Cartesian plane and a fixed point
At the centre where minds find miracles and bicycles
That teach them to ingest and digest a mathematical joint.

Conic sections sliced parallel to a cone edge engender a parabola
Whose distances from a directrix and from a focus choose to equal
Reflecting the beauty and piety of minds which in several for a
Utilise parabolas in headlights and parabolic flights denigrated by an eagle.

Conic sections taught Copernicus the importance of the ellipse
As the orbit of celestial bodies and they gravitate and rotate
In the Milky Way in the universe for aeons and witness the collapse
Of Supernovas in dark matter with neither further ado nor debate.

John Sensele

Conniving By The Clock

Patience has gone a-flying
Fed up with the childishness
Small minds have been plying
Insulting, inserting, circumventing in their foolishness.

Intelligence has gone a-pounding
Gangs of goons gone too impolite
Kneading dour dough, surrounding
The nonsense that switches on their punishing plight.

Tolerance has gone a-whipping
The imbalance small minds display
When through key holes they go peeping
For crates of secrets they don't regret to slay.

Chance has gone a-running
When during interviews small minds roll rubbish
Uttering academic certificates they claim earning
By means whose veracity interviewers can't establish.

Advance has gone a-reacting
The more goons vocalize
Conniving with accomplices creating
Havoc untold as order braggarts vandalize.

Dance has gone a-rejecting
Hallucinating heads and threads with no value to offer
Conniving with griping goons projecting
In the vacuum vitriolic venom they prefer.

John Sensele

Conquerer's Cup

God picks me up
From lips of low-ebb energy
Fills to the brim my conquerer's cup
As He enjoins friends and associates to supply synergy.

God determines my timetable
For every effort I plan and undertake
As He makes me more able and capable
When God steers me away from a cancer cake.

God loves and cares for my destiny
From infancy to my time of departure
From my pilgrimage on Earth in dignity
As God summarises my future.

God fights my battles
As rivals, competitors, mockers and enemies
Fall over one another to on my turtles
When God turns buffoons into dumb dummies.

John Sensele

Consent Under Duress

If culture and its vulture rapture lives
That programming of human minds ain't worth it
For culture ought to add value and not sink knives
Into innocent souls for whom legal maneuvers ain't fit.

If culture and vultures conspire to stoke fires
That forgive rapists via legal ruses
Portrayed as rays of justice in religious empires
Driven to the brink of legal subterfuge, cultures ain't got no uses.

If culture sutures children's lives
Cut short by butts of ridicule to please pedophiles
In ambiances driven by a social science that thrives
On victimizing children, cultures deal death blows to young lifestyles.

If culture raptures mature minds
Condoning child abuse dressed as national legal redress
Culture ceases to a beacon of justice and finds
Itself under microscopes that perceives phony consent extorted under duress.

John Sensele

Consistent Commitment

Man, cherish the love that comes your way
Live each second, each minute, each hour fully
Allow no moment to slip by lest you rue
Potential benefits that fly away for good.

Man, treasure the love life gives you
Bestow the care on the woman you love
Allow your love to germinate, grow and bathe
You in an azure sea of bliss, mirth and gentleness.

Man, love grows in hearts that dare to care
Hearts that open their arms to entwine
With dotting hearts that beat in tune
With other hearts that don't count favours.

Man, dare to give love a chance
Love feeds, grows and lives well
When you give love your best shot daily
Whether you sleep, walk, sit, dream or recline.

John Sensele

Consumption And Gumption

Peaks of low ebb stretch your mettle
Peaks of low ebb demand far more from your reserves
Drawing on fuel from your vessel
To measure and weigh your nerves.

Peaks of low ebb supply opportunities to gauge
Your preparedness to tackle any eventuality
That arises in colours blue or beige
To tackle hurdles or buckle under absurdity.

Peaks of low ebb paint true colours
An individual can assume
Given circumstances in which dollars
For commerce purposes which the global firms subsume.

Peaks of low ebb resemble a pudding's taste
Which brings out flavours upon consumption
Not upon assumption or observation in haste
When senses and tenses converge on gumption.

John Sensele

Contempt Corrupts Its Crucible

Break not through open doors
Waste no energy to settle scores
Or lose fives, wishing to choose fours

Searching for answers in perdition places
Singling out stunted strategies to run royal races
Running out of roses, reaping sown stresses

Addressing mundane mood, acting bad
Wishing happy, weeping sad
Sneezing snappy, mumbling mad

World upside down
Tearing to pieces eiderdown
Turning into a clumsy clown

In the long run, brashness is a no brainer
Can't harvest wisdom in a strainer
Contempt corrupts its crucible, its container.

John Sensele

Contradictions

If love means breaking hearts
I'd rather leave women alone
To enjoy their fair share of tarts
Without any darts from a macho zone.

If winning a woman's means telling blatant lies
So that I smear butter on her face
I'd rather live without such treacherous ties
So that women can enjoy quality time and free space.

If ascending to political office means swindling national treasury
I'd rather stick to my unfavoured position
Where there's no trace of usury
But peace of mind bereft of the derision of indecision.

If progress means I should bribe king makers
I'd rather run my market stall
Instead of hobnobbing fakers
Who in God's eyes can't walk tall.

John Sensele

Control Your Tongue

A rush of mad blood to your head
Means you blow away a chance to wed
Or if you wed you wallow in a lonely bed
Where you sow sadness and reap dread.

A cool thought before uttering crap
Ensures you dribble, dodge the trap
That springs up to sketch a mad map
For a callow, sorrow, hollow lap

Which you and your shadow run
As partners you choose to lose stun
You and your temper which they shun
Whether you a Sudanese skin or a temperate tan.

Take a deep breath before your tongue
Turns a mild moment into a boisterous bang
That irritates both the old, the young
When you trot to the port of sordid slang.

John Sensele

Controversial Family Roles

Christian, don't stoop beneath lofty standards
Heathens in their dens embrace
Don't join kindness laggards
Whose prime motive espouses malice.

Christian, don't exact revenge
A preserve of your Creator
But dare in dialogue to engage
Wolves in sheep skin despite their vendetta.

Christian, turn the other cheek to your foe
Whose forte lies in fomenting trouble
As love rekindles the glow
That makes lives stable.

Christian, pray for the lost
Despite the harm they cause
As nightmares haunt their ghost
Because of conflicts in family roles.

John Sensele

Contusion, Diffusion And Intrusion

Disgust shouldn't rust the trust
Invested in the best vests of relationships
Even if reasons of treason try to bust
Foundations and consolidations on which ships

By design sail
Lists of the gist
Of relationships that fail and hail
Doom and gloom in a twist

Fate sprinkles by stealth
Into the fabric
That slays health and wealth
In a rubric

Minds can't decipher
In the midst of a shift
Whose last cypher
Spins a gysmo gift

Unwelcome
Unwanted
Unwholesome
Vaunted and taunted

In the context of a departure from norms
In place from the birth of a bond
Jeopardised by clicks, tricks and storms
Brewed and hewed in a vagabond

Crucible driven by addiction
Selfishness and recklessness
So impervious to benediction
They titter on the precipice of carelessness

Built on shores of indifference
Catalysed by obstination
So averse to convening a conference
Meant to yield the intended destination

In the midst of the flak and flux
Blown, flown and grown in ports of uncertainty
Willfully whittling trust from the crux
Away from the direction of certainty

To repose confidence in intrigue
In double talk and subterfuge
That raise temperatures of fatigue
Growing by leap and bounds so huge.

John Sensele

Conundrum Complacency

The complacency of the West
In its predetermined and determined quest
To subjugate our pacific planet
Threatens to put asunder the Internet

Breaking the communication culvert at its seams
Fragmenting nations into teams
That unity they obliterate
Cooperation and collaboration they serrate

Bullying dissent and ascent with sanctions
Intended to drive to their knees junctions
Bullies and their pulleys fear
As their technological advancement swings in top gear

Sending shivers in Western quarters
Where panic in wintry waters
Catalyze myopia and hysteria
Driven by malevolent malaria

Which ejects baby and bath liquid
Resulting in loss vigour of the squid
Who promotes cool heads
Instead of benighted beds in showy sheds.

John Sensele

Convoluting Cortex

No more remembered are days
When joy played in my yard
Titillating my heart with sprinkles and sprays
Of laughter that I find hard

To discard or dismantle
When dark thoughts populate my mind
Gone furious minus any subtle
Nuance or balance although I find

It easy in a dizzy frenzy
To catapult an abrupt array
Of strategies crazy
Enough to pray

When thoughts sway noughts
Into a tangled angle whose vortex
Spins dins, queens, sins, bins and tins caught in lazy lessons taught
To displease a convoluted cortex.

John Sensele

Cooler Than A Cucumber

Prettier than Cleopatra
Sexier than Cupid
Truer than a mantra
Softer than a squid.

Wittier than a comedian
Cooler than a cucumber
More central than a median
Sleeper than slumber.

Greener than grass
Cleaner than a whistle
Leaner than a pageant lass
Pickier than a thistle.

Nimbler than a gazelle
Nerdier than Albert Einstein
More graceful than a damsel
More lucrative than a mine.

More explicit than a rapper
More loquacious than a tongue wagger
More implicit than a pauper
More ferocious than a tiger.

John Sensele

Cooperate And Collaborate

Humanity shines through
When our smiles ring true
Despite limitations we face
As we race forth in a warm embrace

To face new reality, to caress a new community
Embracing new humility, stressing new dignity
Sought to save brave humankind
All of us should grow more kind

To see the best in each other
To perceive or receive from a sister or bother
To touch the texture of the hope we eat
To banish bounds, grounds and sounds of 'I quit'

Or else no future, only the pulse of suture
More fracture in nature, more stricture and rapture
Pushing us to the brink of extinction
Where decisions, incisions and divisions earn us no distinction

Solution sought, dissolution and pollution a waste
No isolation invited, more coalition in a haste
If covid nineteen notoriety in its entirety we address
Without storing or pouring on one another more stress

Than our species need
Self interest feeds and seeds we need to weed
Collaboration and cooperation are key
If humankind binds together to conquer the covid nineteen quay.

John Sensele

Copper No Hoper

When on my pillow I lay my head
Processing a thousand thoughts, a billion dreams
Sifting through loaves of bread
Gratitude sprouts and my mouth screams.

When in my office I award grades
For assignments scribbled in a chicken handwriting
Wrath chokes my throat to discard tirades
That my eyes hurt, what a fluffy feeling.

When on my lap Mike plays and stays
Joy deploys into my heart in every part
I stroke Mike who prays
For my sanity everywhere to dart.

When in my town poverty hits my eyes
Sorrow sips into my mind and I wonder if copper
Serves any purpose in Zambian skies
When a widow or an orphan becomes a no hoper.

John Sensele

Corners And Partners

Time draws us closer
If we salute social partners
Who bless our lives, eliminating any stressor
From the corners

Where time creates quality time
To share
To climb to the prime
Level of the care

We disperse and dispense
In the interaction
Whose essence
Consolidates affection

In words, in actions
Deliberately meant
To invite benedictions
In every second spent

Strengthening ties
Within friendships
Where lies and spies
Sail in the opposite direction in ships

Whose poison
Far from the centre
Where treason
Gets no chance to enter

In a bid to plant seeds
Whose germination
Multiplies feeds and weeds
That trample affection

Underfoot
Increasing the chasm
Whose right or left foot
Sparks a spasm whose sarcasm and cytoplasm

Weakens bonds
Meant to grow from strength to strength
As evil absconds
To its full breadth and length

Signifying the rebirth
A partnership
Deserves beyond the birth
It witnesses in discipleship and fellowship

As every chime
Time sounds
Spurs a climb
To the next relationship rounds on gregarious grounds.

John Sensele

Corrosive Cognitive Culture

When wide awake I put a high premium on pesky priorities
I must not pillory pristine parties for difficulties
I encounter in paving a path to a career
If from robust requirements on purpose I veer
Opting against salient senses to divert
Energies and synergies in an overt
Defiance my resources to spend
In the vain belief my intuitive institutions would bend
Rules and tools to buttress my belief in excuses
That my failure to meet obligations to navigate sanity sluices
Wouldn't atone for my incompetence
Multiplied by my promotion of pretence
To be so saintly
In spite of my inability to decently
Stare at and care to meet my financial obligations
For services I access in a plethora of negations
To pay my dues in service actualization on my part
Before for my academic programs I make a start
Realizing fully well services multiple money they cost
Long before beating my chest in shame to boast
Incumbents to me don't wanna speak
Although my failure to pay dues reach the peak
Authorities can no longer sustain
In view of my reluctance to abide I can't maintain
I say 'Shame on me'
For blaming innocent incumbents with glee
Anticipating I promote a teaching career comfort
When incompetence and impertinence I overload in the fort
Where God can bless my future
Despite my penchant for a corrosive cognitive culture.

John Sensele

Cosy Cord

Within my humble heart swirl
Whirlwinds of weird wishes
That twirl as I caress the curl of the girl
Who spins beans in dishes

I consume with delicious delight
When a gallant gambit in my mind rages
Between mumbling manifestos that night
And keeping tight lips since the different pages

We keep and skip on Facebook feed
Different narratives for I'm a native of the ghetto
While damsel and her dungaree need
Lots of succulent sausages with tangy tomato

Sauce which my penniless pocket
Can't afford unless I accord
Damsel dreams of a socket whose rocket
Urges me to meander moderately until I untie her cosy cord.

John Sensele

Cots, Dots And Thoughts Of A Streetkid

You call me street kid
For your alms and crumbs I plead
You treat me like a weed or a sinful seed

God sees my suffering
He delivers me from your slavery string
As he shakes his head on your ruby ring

While my stomach groans
My whole body moans
While you enjoy ringtones from smart phones

I sleep on the floor rough
To survive I grow tough
In dustbins I rummage although at my blues I laugh

The world and society forget me
My plight they choose not to see
In the gutter I pee without any glee

This is my fate
A bid brain in my pate
Scorn aplenty I get

One day God will give me a chance
You'll grow old and feeble and for joy I'll dance
As you beg on bended knees for my help, away I'll advance

To salvation
In God's standing ovation
To enjoy and employ my engineering innovation

Meanwhile, Merry Xmas fat cat
Savour your wit on your Moroccan mat
As your belly and neck sneer at me and scare a benevolent bat.

John Sensele

Courage To Consign Poverty To History Dustbins

Courage to promote humility
Courage to admit your mistakes
Courage to embrace malleability
Courage for noble stakes

To die
To tackle hurdles and obstacles that seem insuperable
To fly high
The flag of integrity for the vulnerable

Whose predicament makes you sick
Although your means seem puny
Dare to kick
Open the door of fortune to the many

Who can't afford a meal
On their haunted faces no smile to file
Cos to them no big deal
Whether you flaunt designer lifestyle

When their dreams grow leaner
Insufficient sleep on bare floors squeezed in tiny spaces
Like sardines when June weather stings meaner
To rip traces of laughter from faces

Weather beaten, hunger stricken
By force of circumstance
Poverty sunken
In long distances they shamble for every conceivable circumstance

Courage they demand
From you, Mr Big Stuff
Morsels of dry fish from resources you command
Seizing poverty by its neck scruff

Courage to consign poverty to history dustbins
Where you can lock it up
To assuage your conscience and atone for sins
That fill up your steaming coffee cup.

John Sensele

Courage To Encourage

It's easy to quit, it's dizzy to tweet
But much harder to lift ladders
That lead to success, to a beat
So sane it pulverizes puff adders

With enough clout without a doubt
Engage and wage wars on such an unimaginable scale
Puff adders aren't able to tout
Their fissile fangs, inhale iodine to pale

Into insignificance when you summon
Not common demons but simple stamina
To tell puff adders, 'Creature, come on'
And puff adders prove you're no dinner

On their plate because God's slate
Reads, 'One hundred years more for you, son'
To inspire God's fire and inflate
The courage to encourage you to forge ahead according to God's plan.

John Sensele

Covax Facility

Two elephants in bloom
Spell for humankind a disaster
Acting rashly in their cluster
Spewing on human nature gloom

The global village in a long time ain't seen
When the elephants bare their teeth
Unleashing madness from its sheath
Gobbling up natural resources to win

Propaganda wars
As elephants do battle
Discarding their responsibility mantle
When unleashing their malice they pin down foes

On whom elephants spit
Claiming Covax Facility doesn't belong to them
Since covid 19 limps on the hem
They consign to the poverty pit.

John Sensele

Covenant Tenant

There was once a long dead revenant
Who crept back to honour a covenant
Struck firmly with dry fate
Shunned by a sly date
When he slew a graveyard tenant.

John Sensele

Covid Nineteen Gouges The Glass Ceiling

A new normal for my mendacious mammal?
Tipping point pines for the informal
Sector where the 'MeToo Movement' scrambles into the atrophy
Human feelings suffer when they insert no apostrophe
On claims the corona virus
Juggles to jinx the papyrus
Intellectuals engineer to dissect
From a doomsday insect and its sect
Pronounce and announce humankind's extinction
Given the severity corona virus dumps on the dysfunction
Humankind's haste to connive with corona virus at best
Cannibalises and vandalizes the development of the test
Corona virus has devised to wipe out the genome
Humankind when wise conceals in treasury tomes at home
As long the prescription of deletion from the book of life
Desists and resists in denigrating the sacred role of the housewife
Whose plight on the glass ceiling
Undermines any discourse to develop a covid 19 healing.

John Sensele

Covid-19 Conundrums

Not a bombshell

Donald and Melania Trump to covid-19 have tested positive

A hoax has been the White House narrative

Trump administration trapped in a shock shell

When wearing a mask seemed risible

Joe Biden they belittled in dismissive tones

Preferring to flaunt vaccine production clones

Projecting white supremacy gangs they consider invincible

At times advice from the best medical science they brush aside

Hopping from site to site to ramp up

Propaganda rallies where social distance they dump

As they hobnob with one another inside and outside

To share Utopian fibs

To one another they feed

Like urchins feasting on euphoria and hysteria weed

Until covid-19 infections they import into their cribs.

John Sensele

Cr7

Striker

Real Madrid

Portuguese ace footballer

Dinks, dribbles, entertains, scores

Goals

John Sensele

Cracks And Tracks In Classrooms

To the education endeavour I take a bow
Although classroom routines sometimes breed fear
If my brain elects to act and react slow
And concepts into my brain fast don't flow
If teachers explanations don't sound clear
To the education endeavour I take a bow
If my grades in gold are to show
As I enable success to draw near
If my brain elects to act and react slow
I make it my duty indolence away to throw
Preventing my eyes from pouring a tear
To the education endeavour I take a bow
When by dint of diligence confidence I grow
While with all my breath I hold education dear
If my brain elects to act and react slow
Enabling mistakes my mind to blow
When information flow I frustrate in my ear
To the education endeavour I take a bow
If my brain elects to act and react slow.

John Sensele

Crawl In A Bowl

Honey, money meanders nearer
Solution providers whose action solves
People's most pressing problems in a clearer
Manner not by offering manna or loaves

Made of baloney or quick fixes
But solutions that work yesterday, today and tomorrow
Minus elements of charlatanism in sixes
Hidden a sleight of hands that throw

Wool on solution seekers, deluding the vulnerable
Into believing so called miracles prearranged by tricksters
Who masquerade as masters who disable
Afflictions and incisions hipsters

Can't solve despite consultants
Pretending to cure catastrophes that befall
The unlucky afflicted by instants
In which perennial pains crawl in a bowl.

John Sensele

Crazy Call!

Crazy call! A lass can't don slacks
A lass can't sit the way she likes
Or else, the lass courts cracks
In her sorority in she takes to bikes.

Crazy call! A lass can't wear wigs
A lass can't smile the way she pleases
Or else, the lass terrifies twigs
In her sorority if she whizzes or sneezes.

Crazy call! A lass can't post selfies
A lass can't befriend dudes
Or else, the lass fights fraternal fees
In her sorority in she hobnobs with prudes.

Crazy call! A lass can't sip Saki
A lass can't study superior sciences
Or else, the lass can no longer ski
In her sorority in she dabbles in Danish dances.

John Sensele

Crazy Love Cartoon

Last time, next time
Same result, different result
Depending upon how the madness mountain I climb
Assuming nothing too easy, nothing too difficult

Comes along twice
My life to delight or stress
If measures I take to spice
The way I dress and address

Issues and challenges life throws
To weigh my resilience
In ways I handle arrows and blows
That assail the conscience

That comes alive when deceit
Shakes trust I bestow on partners
To whom I grant the seat
Of honour if they should grow into worthy learners

In the art of love
That into my heart sticks no daggers
That for my sanity's sake they save
For a lass who staggers

Along to the love falsetto
That never again my heart shall sway
Know, grow or throw a tentative toe
Silly enough to listen or walk their way

Although on second thought
'Tis harsh to lock up love in my cocoon
If my judgment sense caught
A cold watching a crazy love cartoon.

John Sensele

Crazy Love, Dizzy Love

Love: a sentiment at whose detriment
Is uttered a playful comment
Exists no romantic cement
For whom is spared no moment
Whose fire burns lament
Whose effect lowers a firmament
Whose poignant pang is vehement.
I beg you, kill not love liniment.
Love: pops up when two souls
Score goals
Masticate soft nothings in bowls
That singe rational crawls
Love shouts: you ain't got no balls
But to my magnets you sustain irrational falls
In bunkers and at malls.
Love a heart mauls.
Love: a bite that nibbles stomach pits
Knocking off pretenders from high seats
As they emit bleats
Catalysed by dopamine and serotonin bliz
Love and love some more, please.
Did you say sleaze?
Or from your heart sneaks a fizz
Because knees melted during a love quizz
Gimme a break, you tease.
Love: a heart attack all the way
An emotional inconvenience at play
In a tryst bay
For recalibrated reason to stray
Into an osculation devotion to pray
For an enlightenment ray
Without a decelerated delay
To earn a deserved romantic pay
That keeps lovebirds locked up away
From busybodies and nosy parkers away for a day
If love may
Consume her meal with peals of laughter a la Faraday.
Let love frolick!
If it ain't your pick

Love don't trick
Love don't prick
Cos love is meek
Cos love is slick
Love's got a wick
That singe a reason brick
To make reason weak
And two hearts sick
In a matter of a day or a week.
Front door or backdoor sneak?
Take your pick
Slow down not: love is quick.
How love makes me lovesick.
Pick or kick your kiss lick.
Don't steal my poem, cut and paste
Use your pate
Early or late
Love, my mate
Love, my crate
Love, my plate
Love, my slate
Copycat, don't serrate
My intellectual debate.

John Sensele

Creams, Reams And Streams Of Dreams Die

Creams, reams and streams of dreams die
When pates and slates in which they envelop
Their fates create and satiate a pie
So tasteless, so odourless, so merciless dreams drop

Their will and deal to fight on
Reaching a conclusion and searching for a reason
In a prison and season of treason
Without finding an antidote to the poison

That invades, pervades their metabolism and evades
Detection, protection, projection and identification
Such that their serenade trades and grades
Sink, wink and clink disaffection

As deeper and deeper in a river of tears
Dreams cry, dreams ask why
Pates infect them with febrile fears
As for succor in supplication their eyes turn to a silent sky.

John Sensele

Creations And Solutions

Mind manners, bind spanners
Relieve stress, retrieve progress
Block hurdles, stroke gunners
When Arsenal seeks redress.

Mind troubles, bind couples
Relieve anxiety, retrieve piety
Block red-herrings, stroke Roubles
When financial health caresses the Russian society.

Mind viruses, bind sinuses
Relieve pain, retrieve codes
Block nosy parkers, stroke judicious uses
When resources seek thrift modes.

Mind traps, bind bats
Relieve delusions, retrieve solutions
Block nuisances, stroke cats
When love for pets witnesses creations.

John Sensele

Creative Accounts

There was once a teller with sticky fingers
Who lost his cool and befriended singers
While money flew from bank accounts
Into the teller's kitty when tally counts
Told a tale of blinkers and mudslingers.

John Sensele

Creative Connections

We can't hug and kiss friends
In observing corona virus social distance
We should innovate social demonstration trends
In this unusual circumstance and instance

But as tactile social creatures
We cannot exacerbate loneliness
Through social fibre raptures
Worsening and heightening sadness and a sense of emptiness

We can conquer through a phone call
A social media message
To make friends feel taller in their residence hall
By delivering a timely virtual massage

Without which an isolation sense can grow
Making friends more vulnerable
More than they deserve to feel in a row
Creating a false impression that's deplorable.

John Sensele

Credible Crests

Set your mind on delicious dreams
Despite troubles and travails you face
As in good faith you cut out strident screams
Focus your sight on the progress palace

Destined to reward you for your labour
Poured for years on end on Earth
Metamorphosing the Earth into a home to savour
In a bathtub, in a kitchen sink, in the hearth

To worship God your Creator
Who designed you and assigned you a providential purpose
As a vehicle in his grand scheme as an avid actor
You perform wonders and rise in spite of the toss of the floss

Bent on sowing disunity
Among faithless flock
Speaking in a parlance that severs unity
Among God's children who block

Their blessings
Promoting sectarian interests
Contrary to the earnest endeavor that sings
Hymns on creed crests

That lie strewn in tatters
Instead of embracing the synergy
Which matters
If awesome outcomes should emanate from their energy.

John Sensele

Crimson Cream

Redlips, rock me silly
Peeling off my worries
Scattering to the wind memories of Willy
Although we switch off dowries and cowries.

Red lips, heavenly hips
Driving me crazy
Sensationalizing quintessential quips
We subsume when we honeymoon hazy.

Red lips, dame of dreams
Lived alive, sampled live
Whether we swim in streams
Or delect in our dainty drive.

Red lips, wash away the strain
Our hearts kill
As feelings we can no longer restrain
Our romance to heal the deal we swill.

John Sensele

Crimson Fezes

The riddle of the middle sickle scatters platters
The riddle of the middle sickle frightens ten lenses
The riddle of the middle sickle flatters letters
To groom the room of the vroom of Benzes.

The riddle of quacks and flaks packs ducks
The riddle of quacks and flaks surprises sirs
The riddle of quacks and flaks rocks docks
To pounce on ounces on tree firs.

The riddle of balances and lances sears
The riddle of balances and lances conceals
The riddle of balances and lances leers
To peel ills on bills on meals of seals.

The riddle of angels and gels salvages
The riddle of angels and gels blesses
The riddle of angels and gels ravages
To squeeze a fees from a sinner who wears fezes.

John Sensele

Crippled Creeds

Learn to live next door to hope
Adjusting your seat belt before the salvation slope
Skidding and swerving under Christian feet
On the morning fright failed to meet
Stringent standards set to strengthen your knees
In Summer when demands for introspection trees
Spiked up, hiking prospects for storms
You brew and grew in heretic homes
Where pastors usurped the Redeemer's honours
Catalyzed in discredited creeds by dodgy donors
With deep pockets who promote idol worship
Creating crises of identity and divinity in a diluted discipleship.

John Sensele

Crippled Creeps

Cursed cowards vomit vitriol on social media
Karma curses them. They absorb little lumps from Wikipedia
Boast the entire Encyclopedia they can parrot
Fact is 'They know not ignorance catalyses cursed rot'.

Social media, a platform semi illiterates adopt
Years of swimming in seas of darkness, their brains cropped
Knowing not whether they're cruising forward or reversing
Crap they utter, trash they multiply, curses to their sagging morale daily they
sing.

Karma casts rubbish back to rubbish senders
Karma casts light and progress to verity vendors
Choice for souls to multiply curses
Choice to feed fantasy-feeders with verity verses.

Yesterday on the dole, tomorrow on the dole
Vomiting venom takes midgets nowhere than their haughty hole
Where they walk the face of the Earth flying no further than their dilated dribbles
Returning home at night with bent shoes, waking up the next morning with
hardly any nibbles.

Pride earns goons darkness and backwardness
Arrogance sucks, elegance sticks to frankness
To every action, a reaction follows Newton's laws of motion
Contain your ebullient emotion or you'll suffer damnation and demotion.

John Sensele

Criss Cross Labyrinths Of Your Mind

Criss cross labyrinths of your mind
For answers on why your relationships die
Criss cross escapades in which you go blind
To love and like clockwork they land in a refuse sty.

Criss cross deeper recesses of your love seat
For answers on why your proclivities spew broken hearts
Criss cross your mind why a sweet tit
Melts your cerebrum in whole or in parts.

Criss cross mazes of your thinking processes
For answers on why love slips through your fingers
Criss cross your lifestyle messes
To establish why you hobnob with sleazy singers.

Criss cross jigsaw puzzles of your lust
For answers why your roving eyes keep peering beneath underwear
Criss cross your moral values and your level of trust
To cure proclivities that imbue your relationships with too much wear and tear.

John Sensele

Crops, Props And Ropes

A nest of hopes
A crest of props
A breast of ropes

Bless lives and relieve stress
When in prayer on a mattress
Volunteers intercede for a wise waitress

Trapped and wrapped in a nest of vipers
Calling tantrum tunes through pied pipers
Prepaid and postpaid by storm snipers

Avid enough to manipulate malice
In Spring, in Summer to slay bliss
They target in brackets of a Judas kiss

For a few pieces of silver
Shining in the shimmer of a risk river
Flowing and clawing in the mind of a retriever

Struck numb
Gone dumb
Keen to bite a thistle thumb.

John Sensele

Crossing The Rubicon

Youths sow their obdurate oats
Disposing of their cosy coats
Munching brunches and creature comforts
In concealed corners, in frenzied forts
Hardly perceiving they're skirting on thin ice
Sampling prurient pleasures twice or thrice
Society says are forbidden
Unless youths metamorphose into urchins unbidden
But youths hardly care, it's an epoch of delicate discovery
From which they might not enjoy recovery
Having crossed the red line
As their arrival on the adult stage they underline.

John Sensele

Crossroads & Roads

Crossroads prod roads thatand quads of queries
Lumped and dumped on our battered bodies by blister berries
Spiced with slices of suppression and subjugation
That in the end neither mend nor amend our conjugation.

Crossroads prod roads thatand wads of whims
Whisked and kicked into reams and streams of our dreams
Spiced with slices of surrender without a defender
To prevent vents and tents that land our glands into a blender.

Crossroads prod roads thatand squads of sentiments
Sneaked into tricks that kick our caveats and comments
Said with the aid of braids of dread and lead
That pound and ground pain within the brain in our head.

Crossroads prod roads thatand triads of tribulations
Located to allocate lots, plots and slots of sneeze speculations
Marinated with cellulite, marmite alongside territory termites
That undulate and perambulate in our tenderness satellites.

John Sensele

Crowns Of Thorns

Crowns of thorns, crowns of pain and strain
Drain beauty and rain frustration
Worsened to a high degree when streams of stress rain
In a heart torn to pieces by malaise and malediction.

Crowns of frowns, crowns of doubt and pout
Disfigure lips habitually lit up be a soothing smile
Beaming joy, streaming reams of clout to tout
Social circles signifying the presence of bile and guile.

Crowns of nightmares, crowns of uncertainty
Amidst misunderstanding worsened by grandstanding
Flaunted in unwanted circumstances with plenty
To ponder yonder convoluted understanding.

Crowns of blues, crowns of disaffection and sanction
Bereft of blossoms bloomed and groomed in blues
Credited with fissures in the context of affection
Grow sour with flowers flown in faded hues and pews of dangling dews.

John Sensele

Crucial Archives

There was once a heap of crucial files
That held raw information in piles
Inside reinforced vaults
Guarded with or without faults
Thought to etch or stretch for seven miles.

John Sensele

Crucial Cures

Laughter softer from a comforter
Heals wheals that still
Ache from scars and stakes a distracter
Imposes and proposes at will

When convenience in her stance
Convenes accumulations of convocations
In a near distance to dispense
Of formalities in actions and reactions

That sometimes suppress a boar's roar
In which laughter not for someone's defeat
But for someone's redemption in which an oar
By itself or in conjunction with another beat

Supplies plies not of lies
But of truth, trust and tours
Teeming with profound plies in skies
Where stakeholders strive to supplement crucial cures.

John Sensele

Crucible Mime

Men and women determine turns and twists
In their lives with their eyes wide open with visits
To a confectionery, a missionary, a visionary, an aviary
A library, an incendiary, a mortuary or a secondary
Head shrinker with a view to ameliorating their skills
In navigating academics, ceramics, cubics and bills
Incurred when folks shun and gun down prospects
That promise a new lease of life in several respects
Although folks conspired to retire of progress
Because expediency and obstinate opt to stress
The least significant facets and short term
Returns which remain obscure in annihilating a pesky germ.

John Sensele

Crude Wow

There was once a fashion statement
Which uttered a nudity testament
To attract admiration
But earned loud recrimination
Because initiatives fell on prude cement.

John Sensele

Cruises & Rude Bruises

Sad songs in sad times
Band aid bruises
We feel as climbs and pantomimes
Fail to rouse enthusiasm in cruises

Which fail to light and wrap up
Enthusiasm in partners
Who feel our coquettish cup
Rains no brainers

That subtract sustenance and substance in advance
As we launch into love
With the blinkered eye lance
Assumed to emanate from above

When in fact figments of our imagination
By stealth
Creation, action and motion
Nourish the health and wealth

Sad songs promise
To cauterize disappointments
We confront upfront as we miss
Achievement appointments

Which in our minds spell and tell certainty
When in fact reality spins
Opposite facets uncertainty
Pronounces in pins, sins and wins

We can't ascertain
Despite our grandiose belief
That the rain and strain in our pain
Plucks and pulverizes the mischief

Our past springs on the present
Held at ransom
To represent
At random

A sanitized future
In which struggles
We delete from our comfort culture
Unite with model miracles

Sent alongside angels
From above
Operate so well a particular initiative gels
With limpid lumps of love

To ensure love yields a plethora of wonder wins
Despite blues
Love streams in reams of needles and pins
When it maintains, sustains and retains succor in the last lap of its sentiment
stews

As the resolute reality ring
Shakes cobwebs from our eyes
To bring and string
Together facts, feats and faith in evicting lies from our serene skies.

John Sensele

Cruising To Ego Bruising

Nothing short of madness
Investing in dead weight
Expecting to reap gladness
Despite sealing a deal of diabolical debt.

Not surprising we slump
Entertaining sycophancy
When future and quality we dump
Somehow sadness catches and matches our futile fancy.

Competitors cruise forward
Innovating, cultivating new technologies
We instead creep backward
Multiplying eulogies, killing synergies

God, what have we done wrong
Acting so oblivious
Feeling and thinking we grow strong
If our nonsense grows obvious and devious.

I wish I never lived to witness the downfall
We face, defacing our best opportunities
Electing and selecting backwards to crawl
Reaping and seeping vats of indignities.

John Sensele

Crunch Time

We often face crossroads in our lives where we can't fold
Our arms or cry foul in despair wondering whether to hold
One subtle view or another brutal view ignoring time waits for no one
Who dithers, prevaricates or meditates pros and cons on someone
In the past hardly worth considering or pondering in view of the urgency
And time exigencies thrust on us to despatch matters with neither leniency
Harshness nor recklessness because time we fritter away is time
Blown away whether we attempt to retrieve lost time or we opt for a climb
On revered peaks of Mount Everest or scale crags of Kilimanjaro
To breathe fresh air and soothe aches on those dizzy heights which roll
Clouds for kilometers on end in azure skies to dream
We're flying in an interstellar aeroplane which emits a scream
So pungent and ancient we're shaken awake in rarefied ether to count blessings
Showered on us from unknown and worn out crossroads where a bird with no
worries sings.

John Sensele

Crushing Doubt, Confirming Christian Clout

Shaking off sleep from my eyes
Jumping off my bed
Morning commences. No pies
Animated, fired up and undead

A mirage? A miracle?
No! Bounty blessed from on high
Lung. No spiracle
I neither spell nor tell a lie on the fly

Grateful
Years flow by, years grow with providence purpose
Lofty life depends not on a jewel
Wisdom, precious of course

I label it divine
For a religious reason
Faith more valuable than the vine
Giving me gourmet grapes in a sustained season

Never do I repine
Though challenges churn my resolve
Firmly buried deep within the spine
Enabling me Mathematics problems to solve

As Jesus solutions in my ears whispers
Day in, day out
I chat with him in vespers
Crushing doubt, confirming my Christian clout.

John Sensele

Crying After My Horse Bolted

Disaster knell, disaster bell, disaster cell
Fly into my matrimony faster
When in a short time spell
I choose to plunge my home into a cluster

Where nonsense and indifference
Grow a foothold
Steeped in a circumference which in one insane incongruence
Smiles, conversations, consultations and touches withhold

All because a wrong option I embraced
To even scores
As madness in my mind raced
To undermine the trust foundation ores

From which I am now persona non grata
Cut off for good
From the butter
She packed in every positive mood

For my comfort she flashed
To blow away frustrations my workplace
On me stashed
Landing home exhausted, wearing a long face

Which her bedside manners
Metamorphosed from morose
To beaming peals of laughter bereft of spanners
Frustrations and blues chose

To inject into my gait
Into my bearing, my posture
As though I'd had a pesky tete a tete
With a victorious vulture

Who now tore my confidence, my vision, my sapience to shreds
Peeling off from my home the harmony I once enjoyed
And whose threads
Now toyed

In a vacuum from which oxygen
Grown rare
Can't find enough hydrogen
With which to pair to repair

The domestic shell my escapades
Into a hut outside matrimonial home
With below zero grades
Though unwelcome on my dome

Pound my mind wondering why
My wife I betrayed
Living a lie that refuses to die
Leaving my life thoroughly frayed.

John Sensele

Cuddly Cow

To cuddle and huddle beside the platinum plough
Where we lick ecstasy moments and frolic
On our farm where we milk our first dairy cow.

Say your prayer, my darling, and bow
Down beside the alabaster altar as we seek
To cuddle and huddle beside the platinum plough.

Whatever your point of view, my darling, wipe your brow
When in the heat of the moment we click
On our farm where we milk our first dairy cow.

Get ready, my darling, to nurture a sow
That her piglets she deems too sick
To cuddle and huddle beside the platinum plough.

Get down your knees now
My darling and hug me quick
On our farm where we milk our first dairy cow.

And so, my darling, uphold your wedding vow
As together we entwine although we're too weak
To cuddle and huddle beside the platinum plough
On our farm where we milk our first dairy cow.

John Sensele

Cues And Hues Of Novelty

Handle bundles and trundles of amity with dignity
Despatch patches and batches of blues and queues of odium
Welcome pockets and sockets of hope and humility
Above all, fertilize fields of favour and faith on God's podium.

Despatch patches and batches of blues and queues of odium
Break mistakes and stakes of the past
Above all, fertilize fields of favour and faith on God's podium
Flake brakes and cakes of conundrum on a malice mast.

Break mistakes and stakes of the past
Catalyze cannons of conscience and confidence
Flake brakes and cakes of conundrum on a malice mast
Cremate mates and pates of divergence and diffidence.

Catalyze cannons of conscience and confidence
Welcome pockets and sockets of hope and humility
Cremate mates and pates of divergence and diffidence.
Handle bundles and trundles of amity with dignity.

John Sensele

Cupid Clinkers And Blinkers

Love in its majesty and splendour
Visits hearts kind and unkind
Waxing her odour and ardour
To help the love-lost to find

Little spaces, loving faces
Enamoured enough
To rise from surfaces
Where disappointment tough and rough

Lampoons discomfiture
Inflicted in the name
Of a culture whose stricture
Makes the lost lame

With heartbreaks
Torrents of tears
Ruining mistakes
Made as fears

Sprang on the lost the illusion
Baked in their soft centre
In reaction to the disaffection and delusion
That feelings may never enter

Into contests
Where the ruthless inflict maximum pain
Under pretexts
A go at love in the main

Signifies a journey on the back of futility
Backed up by contrary advice
Veering towards the volatility
Love tags along in every slice

Love snaps on suitors
Mad
Enough to pose as imitators
Of sad

Hearts that cried
Once smitten
To the core when they tried
To tame love forgotten

Into the dustbin of history
Replete with burnt fingers
Whose mixed blessing story
Singe many Cupid singers.

John Sensele

Cupid Commemorations

Love, more than a once a year compliment
Remembered with other ember members at Valentine
When red reigns supreme to cement

Signals in Sentiment City all's fine
Although a lover's lilt longs for more
Than a red reference to dine and wine

Served with flourish in keeping with folklore
Kept alive over the centuries in a bid
To meld memories and joys galore

In minds married to a creed
With promises that raise expectations
But deliver little beneath a doctrine deed

Which longs for more than fancy felicitations
That once a year weave winds of creative commemorations.

John Sensele

Cupido Slaves

Inflamed hearts longing for an erotic attachment
That lives only in their minds too febrile
To perceive reality with detachment
From feelings too affective to be agile.

Winged Cupid chooses an arrow from his quiver
Filled with gold-tipped arrows, silver-tipped arrows,
Steel-tipped arrows too keen to cross the river
Of desires in hearts that delete tomorrows.

Flighty, amorous hearts change blinds and minds
Too forlorn to lift curfews on seas of dreams
Too preoccupied with affections of romantic kinds
Hardly willing to riffle through palpitation reams.

Blindfolded lovebirds whose blinkered eyes
Fail to gaze at unrequited love lick injuries
Too erotic to consume rosary pies
Baked in pastry ovens to copulate on dromedaries.

John Sensele

Cupid's Cues

Love deeply, madly
From the bottom of your heart
Share streams of dreams in a cuddly
Embrace lest memorable moments should depart.

Love hard
Bare your heart
Catch her off guard
Charming, disarming her from the start.

Love, love, love
When opportunity knocks
Harnessing heartthrobs from the dove
Your strategy rocks.

Love with no holds barred
Whether it rains or shines
Caring more although love scarred
You feel in checkered confines.

John Sensele

Cupid's Muses

Cupid, I beg you to return my lover
Whom fairies and elves snatched from me
When I chose to prevent Him from blowing her cover
Under which she flew to land in my sentimental sea.

Cupid, I beg you to land my arrows in the heart
You chose for me long before I set eyes on her
When fate set Fidelia and John apart to depart from their romance rampart
On a vivid voyage so exquisite it landed them on the back seat of her car.

Cupid, I beg you to rescue the love destined for me
From the moment our heartbeats synchronized
Spinning our world out of control away from the glee
I never thought would leave my heart so paralyzed.

Cupid, I beg you to turn back the hands of time
To grant the supernatural world to untie the soul
So pure, so true to climb, climb, climb, climb, climb
Soaring, rising, flying until both of us score our grand goal.

John Sensele

Curb Tendencies

Curb tendencies to jump from a frying pan into a fire
Condone tendencies to edify happiness
Contain your ire
While you convict and evict sadness.

Curb tendencies to step on toes of your sunshine
Condone tendencies to fraternize
Contain tendencies that undermine
Possibilities and opportunities to earn your deserved prize.

Curb tendencies to freak out
Condone tendencies to display agility and humility
Contain tendencies to sneak into a rabble spout
When in the face of danger you conjure up temerity.

Curb tendencies to keep at the inopportune moment a low profile
Condone tendencies to share your pittance with the poor
Contain tendencies to revile
The innocent and the absent when you pick up the wrong spoor.

John Sensele

Cure The World

Cure an aching planet
With love and compassion
Glued to clues on the internet
Which grabs your ardent attention.

Cure the world of sorrow
Sown so freely
By financial muscle tomorrow
With neither consideration nor compassion daily.

Cure the world of terrorism
Married to religion
Twisted to fanaticism
Driven by a mogul pigeon who dumps captives in a Guatanamo dungeon.

Cure the world of superpowers
Who veto
Wholesome UN resolutions in small hours
Because voices of reason sting their corny toe.

John Sensele

Curry Of Marriage

The carriage of a marriage erupts into a mirage
The carriage of a marriage loses its wheels and heels
The carriage of a marriage despite differences in age
Collapses into a comma lapse when a partner opts for extraneous deals.

The carriage of a marriage contracted on a track of sties
The carriage of a marriage entered into in a contract of ill will
The carriage of a marriage against parents' cries
Seldom achieves beyond a truth bill on hill that stands still.

The carriage of marriage mired in pyres of fraudulent faith
The carriage of marriage poisoned from a prison of ill intentions
The carriage of marriage haunted and taunted by a wicked wraith
Hardly survives dives and strives concocted by pesky pretensions.

The carriage of a marriage buried in indifference
The carriage of a marriage fed from the onset on an odious omen
The carriage of a marriage harried by curries of diffidence
In no way can stand the test of time despite crooks saying a contrived amen.

John Sensele

Cusp Of Coronation

On the cusp of coronation, take it easy
Before fame lands on your silver plate
To make greatness fizzy and drive you crazy.

Top up your glass of wine, get dizzy
As you step forward to meet your substitute date
On the cusp of coronation, take it easy.

Because criticism makes you lazy
Pull up your socks and your best shot bet
To make greatness fizzy and drive you crazy.

Since soft drinks make your plans fizzy
Try a glass of mead in front of the slate
On the cusp of coronation, take it easy.

Once night life becomes sleazy
It's time to change tack and aplenty fete
To make greatness fizzy and drive you crazy.

For your sanity's sake, don't get too busy
To enjoy a little leisure before you sweat
On the cusp of coronation, take it easy
To make greatness fizzy and drive you crazy.

John Sensele

Cut Down To Size

Don't settle for less
Unless you grow worthless
Turning your worth upside down
After extracting sleep from the eiderdown

Where you dreamed you were no longer the peacock
You dreamed you grew into until your boast run out of stock
Given the competition in the fishpond
Where mightier peacocks grew fond

Of chicks you couldn't bless
When bucks dwindled in the hopeless
Wallet in which dog eared pieces of paper
Narrated the story that cast down the cantakerous caper

You brandished in the heyday
When you shone everyday
Until fate took its toll
To make you two feet tall.

John Sensele

Cut Off Cakes Of Mistakes

Always on my mind
Nibbling at the core, fiddling at the soft centre
Quizzing, teasing me to find
Space and time to enter

The pantheon populated by caring
Daring divinities whose flight
Into ether left me wondering
If I got any delight in the sight

With a plethora of pesky plights whose bosom
Disgorges unhappiness on unwitting victims
Fate selects in a setting whose every atom
Reeks of unfairness dispersed and disbursed in teams

That deserve far better outcomes
Caught up in family controversies
In which balms and psalms
Can't assuage guilt despite ecstasies

Doled on sadists
Who inflict untold misery
On generations of infant artists
Driven to the edge on wedges of despair where usury

In terms of responsibility for offspring
Deserts blinkered eyes
Whose addiction to the matrimonial ring
Glorifies sties of fake highs

Breathed in nostrils blown wide
Off the mark of duty
Sucked up by puny pride
In a fuss bus whose loyalty

Resonates in circles of influence
In which absconding family obligations
Grows and brews nonsense at the confluence
Where negations and fumigations

Score high points
In cultures that praised
Disruptions of joints
In which families children raised

In abject neglect
Shivered in bedrooms without blankets
Their bludgeoned bodies couldn't delect
Because children could possess neither toys nor tenderness trinkets

Much as they hoped from above
Santa Claus would at Xmas
Bestow on concealed children the love
Preached in sanctimonious tones at high mass.

John Sensele

Cut Out Your Cruel Comedy

Don't mock death
Reciting ridicule when I'm gone
Pretending to favour flavours of faith
In your travesty tone.

Don't goad God
Into meting out justice
When your travesty toad
Smacks of intransigence injustice.

Don't rejoice when I cry
For justice and a genuine jamboree
Free of the ludicrous lie
You spread for free under your temptation tree.

Don't pretend I matter to you
If you give is pain
That fogs my cadaver anew
Lumbering me with more stringent strain.

John Sensele

Cutting Corners

Cutting corners doesn't pay
Cutting corners invites self inflicted hardships
Cutting corners loses your way
Cutting corners ruins friendships.

Cutting corners leads to perdition
Cutting corners invites reprisals
Cutting corners adds no erudition
Cutting corners fertilizes sisals.

Cutting corners doesn't make perfect
Cutting corners delays progress
Cutting corners creates a satirical sect
Cutting corners waylays success.

Cutting corners loses direction and focus
Cutting corners boxes ears
Cutting corners simulates hocus pocus
Cutting corners precipitates tears and exacerbates fears.

John Sensele

Cyber Pirates

Like tampon pirates, tailspin twits
Ply their crimes on computer tits
Where their fangs sting,
Sing, fling, ping and bling
To stick their tentacles on kits.

John Sensele

Cyberspace

There was once an intrusive website
Which stole mail data from clicks on the site
When clients threw in towels,
Bowels, vowels and trowels
To mean they did not forgo their right.

John Sensele

Cyclops

Cunning Cyclops plants crackpot cookies
On your cyber computer, on your phony phones to steal
Your intelligent individual information and your personal photos
To sell them to amber advertisers in a dubious deal
Without your crucial consent or agile approval
So that he can get a pot pourri of machete meal.

Cancerous Cyclops declares you braindead
So that he can steal your odious organs
For sale to the braggart bidder
Inside or outside your clammy clans
To cure pulmonary patients at plastic prices
If they'd listed on their pushy plans.□

Confrontational Cyclops plants multiple malware behind
Most of the insidious internet dumb downloads
Which you think innocent and innocuous
Vegan virus, temperamental Trojans and whacky worms he uploads
On the World Wide Web to harm you and your computer
With soporific software loads.

John Sensele

Daily Diamonds

Each day with a pristine page
Bestows on imagination a chance
To start anew, to accommodate acquaintances, to wage
A war on indifference and investment imbalance.

Each day with a brand new
Twenty four hours offers ample opportunities
To embrace a new point of view
That excises profanities.

Each day with determination
Spins wheels of goodwill, seals deals and peels
Off humbug from affection
That heals and feels for high heels.

Each day with care and compassion
Rescues illegal migrants from congested dinghies
That ferry dreamers to a destination
Which boasts of petulant piggies.

John Sensele

Dances And Stances Of Tolerance

Deplete birdies and eddies of spite
Heighten causes and throes of tolerance
Incentivize aces and paces of your freedom fight
Worry not about arsenals of their might
Although they satirize your tolerance stance
Deplete birdies and eddies of spite
Soldier on in spite of your poverty plight
Which reels under their dribble dance
Incentivize aces and paces of your freedom fight
For flowers and powers enhance your real right
Much as they condemn your distinction distance
Deplete birdies and eddies of spite
It matters not if efforts they claim grow trite
Ensure perspective and insight do balance
Incentivize aces and paces of your freedom fight
Their feeble fight ensure you smite
As blessings flow in every salvation instance
Deplete birdies and eddies of spite
Incentivize aces and paces of your freedom fight

John Sensele

Dancing On Fences

Dancing on fences makes fake sense
If wenches quench first thirsts in immense
Igloo when sows and cows choose to moo
And skies and spies try harder to make you blue.

Dancing on fences and prancing if perchance
The apple of you eye should steal a glance
That quickens your breath, brace and steel
Yourself as in fevers of confusion you quiver behind your wheel.

Dancing on fences declares null and void
Attempts of unkempt hair with no flair to avoid
Telling in symbols your feelings for the bimbo
Who visits sleep sights when you glide your hide in limbo.

Dancing on fences to despise prices of defences
You won't put up when sums of odious offences
Clutter visions of failed tuition missions
Unaccomplished, unpolished curse curves figments of imaginations.

John Sensele

Dapper Damsel Daisy

Refuse to grow any ruse or to blow a fuse
Whose brow amuses malice
Catalyses lies to accuse
The vulnerable and venerable who kiss

Lepers, weepers, creepers, keepers
Seeking every week to eke
Out a meager living with seekers
Who promote peace and sneak

Out in the rain in a train
To nowhere, everywhere as emaciated ebony
Effigies eclipsed in the main
By systems society samples in gluttony

Multiply malefically modified membranes
Grown green, gone grizzly
After associating assertively with somber sirens
Choose to cruise towards dapper damsel Daisy.

John Sensele

Dare Not Ask Why

Ask not how much you take but how much you give
In your associations and in your relationships
Especially ask yourself how many people you forgive
When you step on sensitive toes on buses, on trains and on ships.

Ask not who loves you but how many people you love
Without expecting any material gains
When you stubbornly refuse to have
Any time to heal folks on whom you heap so many strains.

Ask not why problems continually fly into your home
When you treat your family with disdain
With contempt and abandon wife and children to roam
Free, squander family income and on family inflict so much pain.

Ask not why your relationships crumble
When you play the field
Feeding more than your eyes as you fumble
So carelessly and somehow expect a rewarding yield.

John Sensele

Dare To Divert & Dribble Danger

Dare to stand up
When time is ripe
For your turn to take up the cup
Of hope from a sliding slope.

Dare to play your part
In disentangling knotty issues
Concealed in a calabash tilted at an angle in a cart
Primed to traumatize tender tissues.

Dare to take a calculated risk
In proportion to notions and actions
That halt haters who frisk
Fountains of finesse whose function favour flaying frustrations.

Dare to dabble
In peace promotion and elevation
That curtail and contain chaos and rabble
That thwarts amelioration of votes for devotion and salvation.

John Sensele

Dare You Condole

Dare you condole
With lads laden with misery
Society thrusts upon them to inhale
Fumes in sand dunes of usury.

Dare you console
Widows whose windows
Feel no pleasure when bail
Withheld from suspects soon to google gallows.

Dare you feast
Envious eyes on curvy contours
Clad in skintight saffrons whose gist
Feed weeds that plead for a voyeur's tours.

Dare you preach
Reaches of switches of witches
Who breach
Etiquette ethics alongside flighty finches.

John Sensele

Daring Icarus

Imprudence, impertinence and sapience
Never were bedfellows in previous lives
Reckoned by auditors and number crunchers as a sequence
Teeming with ingredients more efficient than chives.

If like Icarus you fly your waxed wings
Near a furnace brace yourself for a spectacular free fall
In a fluid medium with neither parachute rings
Nor cuddly momma's arms to bail you out next to your red ball.

To defy laws of gravity wear an astronaut's
Suit, blast off from Texas to the International Space Station
Float in space and with no tether and utter retorts
So loony they get on nerves of sages without adulation.

Sweat and bet your last dime but don't wait
For hands of time to swing in reverse
But such an eventuality scrambled from Kuwait
When Saddam Hussein and his cronies did Kuwaitis far worse.

John Sensele

Dark Angels

Concealed behind the asthma and miasma of kleptomania
Hackers swimming and dealing in seas of moronism
Collapse on the seat of their pants while praying for pantomania
To rescue souls that singe as in their pates screams Satanism.

Awake and too fake to utilise nanometer-thick grey matter
Productively, hackers and crackers lick lewd lips
In confusion at the illusion of another haul of intellectual butter
Other minds sweat to generate as sanity invite them to embrace kaizen tips.

Time in the lair of hackers stands still
Whether hands on kleptomania clocks loathe friction
As hackers and their backers ingest a bitter pill
To stimulate mutations of reverse osmosis and oxymoron action.

Hackers set traps in cybernetic savannas where some day soon
Malfeasance free of conscience pulverises souls too ensnared
In piracy and robbery machinations to espouse a loony moon
To unleash retribution on souls gone too hollow to be spared.

John Sensele

Darkness Park

In the dark, I explore light and tight thoughts
Analysing meanings of life which sometimes verge on a surge and purge of the
absurd.

In the dark, shades of Hades scatter lots, plots and slots of noughts
Keen on inconveniences so rarely voiced out and yet so often heard.

In the dark, hawkers, blockers and street walkers prowl like owls
Beneath trees, around corners, in skimpy satin sarongs at boulevard junctions
Seducing headlights, slaying minds and smiting unwary motorists whose vowels
Gone slurred through wine slink and blink with disjointed cognitive functions.

In the dark, Lucifer and his legion of dark angels
Absorb flak heaped upon them by feeble folks whose scapegoat
Conveniently placed nods at Lucifer's nodes; Lucifer leaps jails
Lucifer dons frocks and dreadlocks, strokes crocs and rocks humankind's binge
boat.

In the dark, a sinner prizes open his can of worms
Deluding his conscience, alluding to God's infinite mercy
As a crass passport for cysts of recidivists to fabricate in their fume filled firms
Seas and seasons of tins, pins, dins and skins so prurient they defy decency.

John Sensele

Daughter's Ditty

Merry Xmas, daughter
May malice God scatter
Alongside trivia clutter
Together with pesky Twitter.

Dress your bread with butter
But don't grow fatter
Because appearances matter
But more important is laughter.

No libation beats water
Commonsense always utter
As God's breeze does flutter
Your person family does flatter.

John Sensele

Dawn Of Daring

Dawn of a new day
Dare to ditch addresses of stress
If only hope nourishes and garnishes gregariousness everyday
Regardless of wishes of the wanton waitress.

Day of reckoning on the way
Dare to brave reviews of gloom
If only prayer should hold sway
Regardless of predictions of doom in bloom.

Day of hope dazes despair
Dare to face down needless numbness
If only you continue to play fair
Regardless of the dominance of dumbness.

Day of glory draws near
Dare to stare challenges in the eye
If only from the grapevine you drive clear
Regardless of the prevalence of ludicrous lies in the strumpet sky.

John Sensele

Day Of Firmament

When the day and way of reckoning finally pop up
Wondering how a strumpet with a limpet spent her sojourn
On Earth in a hearth, she'd claim she dished out a cup
Filled to the brim with measures of pleasures to earn
Aces by satiating unspoken token desires of creatures hungry
For superior solidarity, ulterior service she did provide
For lonely hearts emaciated by solitary hermits made angry
By insipid deficiencies, sterile tins and a puerile serenade
Consumed at half mast. A souse on his part would pray to sway
From left to right on groggy knees declaiming he kept a brewer
In happiness business. A crooner, with a hoarse voice, would delay
His pesky, risky variety show performed near a sewer
Line where a fine levied by a tin mine impostor
Would spirit repeatedly mounds of diamonds from a dispirited investor.

John Sensele

Days And Ways Of Introspection

When days of hope widen the perspective
I embrace to stem the hem of doubt
I decide all at once I can't meet my optimum objective
As long as my lips and hips I tout on a stout spout.

When days of love light up my way
I determine to delight the apple of my eye
In words and actions as on bended knees my partner and I pray
We neither lend credence nor put a high premium on a blatant lie.

When days of passion probe my motives
Reason and wisdom dictate I keep a low profile
To ascertain I deny detractors immediate incentives
Their machinations and fascinations require to deny me a smile for a while.

When days of courtesy caress my compassion
My fortunes and feelings mellow by leaps and bounds
Although my obsession with endeavours and flavours of platonic passion
Diminish in the niche of indiscretions and escapades on moral grounds.

John Sensele

Dead Bed

If he could forget your nuggets, get him out
Of your mind when you target access to progress
By dint of investment and hints of stout clout
In spite of spite meant to stress your success.

If her exercises could excise you out of her mind once out of sight
Her dearth of love and stealth signify and magnify the poor health of your
relationship
Evidenced in a trance glance by dense indifference of your love might
Which in her eyes can mail you out of existence and sail away in another man's
ship.

If both you and your partner could grant your gardener
A higher romantic role arising from a mere coincidence in your love triangle
Then you as the senior partner
Shoulders boulders of the bulk of the lame blame in this dangled tangle.

If a mere peck on your cheek could trigger
A crisis of major thesis hypnosis from your boyfriend as a blend trend
Then double trouble lies ahead with your gold digger
Whose tempest temper belches the stretch of your affairs dead end.

John Sensele

Dead Past

Your wedding soon comes up, John
Are you inviting Josephine and I?
No, FHM, the expiry date of the love loan
Has flown by. Time to let cast of the past die.

Time to move on, time to chart the future
Where joy smiles and a boy beckons
At ladies and babies gallumph when nature
Means so much more than dead beacons.

Breathing into mummies and dummy escapades
Spawns sharp daggers and harp thorns
That taunt the unwary and haunt wary spades
Scooping sand gland and blowing bland horns.

The past and its pesky repast ought to fast on its bed of torn roses
Denuded of radiance and fragrance in a semblance deflated to bare bones
Amid shouts of louts and posts that deride rides of future causes
Which promise bouquets of happiness and ounces of precious stones.

John Sensele

Dean Of A Clean Heart

Months spent ruminating in solitude to ponder
The extent of the humiliation the lass inflicted
On Jack when she sailed away and failed to go yonder
The courtship ship stung to the quick the love that once existed.

Was it despicable and pitiable to resist the urge
To pluck the luck of the forbidden fruit early?
Enraged, Jack's heart couldn't purge
The wrath that in batik wrap of his bosom loomed burly.

Ebony gondolas filled with dark thoughts too melancholy
To contemplate descended on his plate
Where the spectre of destruction swept vestiges of a jolly
Mood that had brightened up his life of late.

Jack's pride couldn't take the ride no more
When like heaven-sent along came Christine
Not only to rescue from every pore
In his life sinews sanity; but of her heart she appointed him the dean.

John Sensele

Dearth Of Breath

Here

In the covid 19 era
Conspiracy theorists spread fear
In the cauldron of error.

Here

I groan and moan
My eye shed a tear
As I can't breathe on my own.

Here

My brain boggles
In a global village gone queer
As insanity between reality and conspiracy toggles.

Here

Covid 19 infections spike
Mortality strikes near
Virulent vultures droves of victims do strike.

John Sensele

Dearth Of Manners

Forgive dearth of survival skills, but penalise dearth of manners,
Etiquette, tact and incentivise a dollop
Of intelligence that's high enough to throw spanners
In works tweeted by fools who mock the Rome Pope.

Embrace cultures of innovation that promote
Salvation, emancipation and anticipation
Of a future teeming with tools to eradicate
Mediocrity with the celerity of light in God's creation.

Cruise to schools and centres of excellence
Where professors, tutor stressors and ambassadors
To cogitate, meditate, predicate and calculate the essence
Required to impart new skills and competencies to erstwhile creditors.

Dearth of decent thoughts, noughts, slots, torts and cogent evidence
About Rastafarianism, sadism, animism and fetishism
Sends philosophers and astrologers scampering into a trance
So deep they wake up with a start, fully commandeered int occultism.

John Sensele

Death

Death is the moderator that levels the playing field
For the rich and the poor to escort each person
To receive according to his input the yield
That he earned without committing treason or arson.

Death visits every layer of society
To snatch big and small, young and old
People in spite of their depravity or piety
For which it becomes cruel and bold.

Death accompanies every person to the cemetery
Where they all rest after their tour of duty
On earth to measure their telemetry
And pick up their brain, skeleton and booty.

Death appoints itself the final referee
In the game of life which pits losers against winners
To give them a share of the heavenly jamboree
That chooses nuns, pastors, angels and sinners.

John Sensele

Death Drivel In A Conducive Cradle

Death decimates dames and dudes
Sowing a sea of sorrow
In family felt fears, torn tempers, trickling tears and mourning moods
As moms and dads test a tense tomorrow.

Death derides and dribbles dignity
Pouring pain in the rain
Searing ululating unity
In a strain lane as joys and jingles wane in a doubt drain.

Death demands a double dose
Frisking wallets and fiddling with a chasm
Left behind by a deceased daughter Rose without a pause
In laments of lugubrious loss in spite of a sorcerer's sarcasm.

Death deals in danger and damage
Dealt to a close knit family that enjoyed quality company
For years and years building a positive image
Hiring for infants and toddlers nimble nanny Annie.

John Sensele

Death In The Midst Of Pain Strain

For lives lived in perennial pain in strain rain
Death delivers droves of reinvented relief
Cutting corners from trains of painted pain
Accumulated at the hands of a throng thief.

Death delivers droves of reinvented relief
In the midst of indifference insisted upon in each instance
Accumulated at the hands of a throng thief
Clad in clothes claiming to restore bliss balance.

In the midst of indifference insisted upon in each instance
Eaten and seen in pain in the main at first hand
Clad in clothes claiming to restore bliss balance
Death determines remains where to lie on luminary land.

Eaten and seen in pain in the main at first hand
Cutting corners from trains of painted pain
Death determines remains where to lie on luminary land
For lives lived in perennial pain in strain rain.

John Sensele

Death, Stealth & Wealth

Eyes that spoke
Talked to John whose heart remembered much pain
A lass bespoke
Rubbed in a wounded vein

Too tender to care if pocket agenda
Drove away his wish again to play
Love games and gender
Gymnastics he'd gladly slay

Because the core of his being
No longer felt
Feelings nothing
In leggings could melt

Whether they rubbed his chest
Fondled his bruised ego
Kissed his lips with best
Osculations that not long ago

Could enthrall his soft centre
But had died a sudden death
Because feelings no longer could enter
His bruised heart through stealth or wealth or love dearth.

John Sensele

Death, The Terror & Error

Death, stop robbing me of my friends
Today you purloin mom, tomorrow you snatch Julie
Who upgraded my photogenic trends
As we both tired of admiring Bruce Lee.

Death, you're a terror
That denudes poor and rich
Despite the irritating mirror
In which narcissism Adonis and Casanova preach.

Death, leave my friends alone
To eke out a meager living in peace
As for their indiscretions foe and friend atone
Although they unwittingly resist a French kiss in the name of bliss.

Death, a canker block that on people's future puts a padlock
To extort a humility price
As their earthen eyes glued on a dysfunctional clock
Ebb in significance when life slowly peters out on the roll of unfair dice.

Death, the equalizer and destabiliser
Who depreciates cars, clothes, culottes, coins and caviar meals
The affluent chew with gusto to the accompaniment of an appetizer
That sanctions in a hidden corner shady deals.

John Sensele

Decayed Demagogues

Power in the hands of flowers
With little tact and fact engenders evil
Whose proportions in action shout at showers
In a void visit to executive airs whose civil

Accolades and epaulettes evince ephemeral
Triumphalism, cynicism and corny criticism
At phenomena and philosophies whose general
Perception and intuition lack witticism

A hallmark of mature minds that use
Power patiently in a bid to forestall faults
That mar cars carrying a febrile fuse whose ruse
Has potential to launch assaults

On tenets of democracy to pander to autocracy
Fed federally by decayed demagogues
Whose prime pursuit preys on democracy
As autocrats unleash deranged dogs.

John Sensele

Decision Room

Purify, justify, mollify and simplify life
When you work, twerk or jerk. Dignify not strife
Cos chaos whether in Laos or Lagos spells doom
When you dither or quiver in a decision room.

Amplify, satisfy and beautify friendship
Which grows you, nurtures you and boots leadership
In gregarious matters, serious quarters but discard gloom
When you dither or quiver in a decision room.

Crucify indignity, modify impunity, pacify the restless
Whose mind, soul and body call for help unless
Detractors and armchair cynics handover a poisoned broom
When you dither or quiver in a decision room.

John Sensele

Deep Down My Heart

Deep down my heart, elation takes over
As I appreciate great times God has showered on me
From infancy to my grandsons' cover
I'm privileged to see with on my face a glee to a large degree.

Deep down my heart, I treasure friends I've met along the way
As I traverse the trajectory God set
In education, marriage, parenthood every day
When God circles for me a smart target.

Deep down my heart, I appreciate the career progression
That has spanned my sterling rise
To every position I dreamt of with a motile mission
To for me to accomplish as I grow wise to deserve a providence prize.

Deep down my heart, I can't question God's decision
To chart the course I traverse
Even if I can't with precision
Understand in which part of the Bible lies my vervet verse.

John Sensele

Deep Sleep

Deep sleep, don't let me creep, trip and weep alone
In my bed at night when I lay my head on a mobile phone
Ringtone blown away by travails availed in my sleazy state of mind
When tomorrow's sorrows in gallows grow callow and blind.

Deep sleep, weep, reap and strip for me no more
For in my dream ford I peel off my world and pore
Over loftier lights, livelier heights and hungrier appetites
Although dough ditches my wallet and switches to sultry sights and blanched bites.

Deep sleep, sweep away merriment memories and wipe my diary
Clean of clues my austere hostess curses in the aviary
Where I fly away like Icarus to kiss the sun, the moon and stars
That populate, osculate and ovulate in kayak cars and bohemian bars.

Deep sleep, my coveted companion and Siamese servant
Don't let me my evolution confession and devotion profession recant
Cos the will to live and the zeal to give happiness
To the poor and to their power are fast freezing into seedy sounds of sadness
and disorderliness.

John Sensele

Deep-Seated Disadvantages

Tolerate a little longer poverty disadvantages
That rear ugly manifestations
On the most hallowed of stages
Where rabble rousers queer the pitch with droll actions.

Tolerate a little longer fruits of nonchalance
That spring from congenital causes
Over which a busybody perchance
Mars despite an abundance of therapeutic doses.

Tolerate a little longer naive nuisance
That arises from the best of intentions
Despite advanced training from France
Nullified by sustained suspensions.

Tolerate a little longer a churlish tantrum
That steps on headmistresses' toes
When to her mouth flies a glass of rum
Which she toasts victories of her unsung heroes.

John Sensele

Deflate Fates

Clues and dews hoist moisture
Clues and dews bet on wet mornings
Clues and dews pacify pasture
To feed weeds to enough ducklings.

Clues and hues cart fine arts
Clues and hues amplify amplitudes
Clues and hues dart ramparts
To arouse a carousel of multitudes.

Clues and views separate debates
Clues and views threaten mittens
Clues and views deflate fates
To weaken and sicken kittens.

Clues and dues surrender borrowers to lenders
Clues and dues punish and finish predators
Clues and dues render debts and threats to big spenders
To preach frugality and humility to debtors.

John Sensele

Deft Delicate Developers

Women are developers, envelopers and multipliers in the scheme of life
Where their role though misunderstood and unrecognized plays the fife
Whose tune dictates the rhythm of life without which women's vital
Role wouldn't have seen the light of day in part or in total
For how do minuscule gametes like tadpoles swim without direction
Or cogent instruction on their perilous destination without the action
Of essential complementary gametes which only women have been producing
Unstintingly since the dawn of human sexual reproduction introduced
Any gestation metabolism at all unless women, developers and possessors
Of wombs and intricate combination of interactive hormone fertilizers
Undertake the arduous and tortuous flask task to nurture in the womb
The riddle of feeble zygotes into fully fledged foetuses which women grow in the
precision room
Where women supply protein, carbohydrate, lipid and oxygen in the right dose
At the right time, pressure and temperature and evacuate carbon dioxide for God
to dispose.

John Sensele

Delete Impossible

Delete impossible from your dictionary
Shunt aside thoughts of permanent failure
Draw near a lectionary
Welcome the success fair in your area.

Delete sacks of setbacks from your life
Endure rigours of your life's vigours
Draw away from trivial strife
Welcome the peace vibes from neutral figures.

Delete toxicity and negativity
Elate maturity, sagacity and positivity
Draw neigh vitality
Welcome efforts that overcome adversity.

Delete distractive thoughts
Initiate initiatives aimed at progress
Draw near fault clearing boats
Welcome blessings and best wishes from a waitress.

John Sensele

Demented Factories And Dented Laboratories

Sometimes with neither rhyme nor reason
We chew insanity and regurgitate vanity
Ensnaring our souls in a pesky prison
Where we trap humanity in an insidious inanity

With a passion so overwhelming
We galumph in an empty triumph
From which we emerge screaming and squirming
When horrors and terrors galumph

Daring us to shout a victory we haven't won
Tame tails between our legs
Our pride and self esteem undone
When the goose that once produced golden eggs

Rebels
Demanding payment for the air we breathe
In soporific cells
Where our emotions seethe

Despite shrinking in span
Their wings clipped
Their bloodshot eyes wan
With sleep ripped

Apart by angels of morals
Who campaign for reform
In the way we treat ruminants, rodents and squirrels
Stealing space from the home

Where with no iota of shame we encroach to build siren shaped skyscrapers
Cajoling our delight
As our latest ecosystem scandals hit headlines in newspapers
In which we explore and expose the blight our puny fight

To survive
Hounded and hunted down by horrors unleashed from dented laboratories
Where our survival guaranteed we drive
Manufacturing biological weapons of mass destruction in our demented factories.

John Sensele

Demise And The Tide Of Hope

Alive today, gone tomorrow
Tenants of time
Rejoicing one moment, recoiling unexpectedly in sorrow
When dark times come calling to climb

The steep slope
Death steers into the trajectory
Crafted with hope
In a rectory whose directory

Leaves us baffled
Seeking clear cut explanations
In voices muffled
Bouncing on mute walls of consternations

As we ask why a beloved friend
From our midst should depart
In circumstances that can't mend
Aching hearts that smart

At the loss we suffer
Although to God we turn in faith
Pleading for providence to offer
Us fortitude and renewed breath

To bear the searing void
The demise opens in our lives
Left reeling, broken but not totally forsaken although we ache, we avoid
Loss of hope when pain as though brought about by sharp death knives

Hurt us at our most sensitive
But as believers we dare not totally despair
Despite our inquisitive
Minds seeking and demanding immediate repair

Ask tough questions to which only God provides
Succour and relief when with time passage
We heal while providence skill chides
The pain in the lugubrious message

Death delivers
But with God on our side
Hope slivers
Slowly into our lives slide back to stem in gradations our deep pain's tide.

John Sensele

Democracy Deficit

We demean democracy at our own peril
Shave its tenets and shrink its principles
While we treat democracy as though it's worth less than a beans barrel
Until democracy hits back through its principals.

We demean democracy and treat it with contempt
Shave its substance and shrink its essence
While we handle democracy as though unwary minds it doesn't tempt
Until democracy hits back through its consonance and assonance.

We demean democracy and treat it with indifference
Shave its tenets and shrink its rationale
While we confer on democracy no sense of balance and reverence
Until democracy hits back through its military canal.

We demean democracy and treat it with disrespect
Shave its tenets and shrink its taboos
While we treat democracy as though it was bereft of respect
Until democracy hits back through its bamboos, crews, brews and its shrews.

John Sensele

Democracy In Limbo

Bells of freedom toll
In fiefdoms when weariness grows tall
When masses express their disapproval
In substance and significance of a conundrum carnival

Where democratic space shrinks
Disorder and dishonour dance on revulsion rinks
In tune with dictates of distortion
Which drives and derives dominance from depletion

In rights of the silent masses
Muzzled and puzzled lads and lasses
No longer able to breathe freely
Given that voices of coercion chant shrilly

For freedoms to die
Regardless of the popular outcry
For democracy to exit the intensive care unit
Where doctors and nurses torn tissues they strive to knit.

John Sensele

Demons Of Rage

Demons of rage nibble at my serenity
When I harbor fiends of retaliation
For perceived, conceived desecration of the dignity
I treasure more than vessels conveying equivocation and provocation.

Demons of rage cloud my judgment
When I stoop to base emotions and notions
From which emerge shrouds devoid of discernment
Essential to the eradication of pesky predilections.

Demons of rage drive me mad
When contrary to my calm nature
I opt to make foes' toes sad
As blights of bother envelop their future.

Demons of rage derange lives of innocent descendants
When I jump on the bandwagon
That severs umbilical cords to penchants
For ambivalence while reconciliation opportunities fly away at dawn.

John Sensele

Demure Songstress

There was once a demure songstress
Who at all costs matched a mistress
To any creature in trousers
As long as he drove bowlers
That could serve waist soup to a seamstress.

John Sensele

Dense, Tense Pretence

Gone to sleep
A tombstone says
Survivors, spouses, offspring weep
Demise in paradox pays.

Obituary in a newspaper
Mourning a beloved son
Walls now too clean says a ventriloquent vapour
To a handful homo habilis, chopped down from rays of the sun.

Costly casket
Tepid love given to the living
A plethora of flowers in a basket
For the begrudged giving of limpid love and the forgiving.

Tears aplenty eyes pour
Guilt chokes a conscience
A relation they gave plenty woe
To whom relations showed scanty patience.

John Sensele

Deprivation Laps

There was once a set of poverty traps
That preyed on the poor whose wraps
Sharks held in a tight vice
To ensure sharks got a high price
For the poor to produce a zillion apps.

John Sensele

Deranged Don

Stuck in lanes where racketeers pack pain
Unleashed with unabashed abandon
With neither compassion nor affection to strain
A peg, break a leg then beg for a pardon

Accompanied by neither remorse nor process
Aimed at restitution for weird wrongs done
With aforethought malice to stress
A home envied by a deranged don

Whose dawn specializes in slices of insanity
Wrought and caught in traps
Set by musketeers and profiteers whose dignity
Long sank into slimy straps

So denuded, so deluded, so emasculated
They offer no protection to mangy monkeys
Whose crimson conduct resorted
To tricks of a musketeer who no longer sails success seas.

John Sensele

Deranged Duels And Frightened Fuels

When defiance walks tall
Challenging shackles and buckles to a duel
Peering at pain, swearing not to play ball
Despite threats and debts, Pantagruel

Brushes aside carrots of corruption and parrots of impunity despots dangle
In their despair to score pot-hole points
In fits and pits of Hell where despots and piss pots tangle
In their bid to sag Pantagruel's justice joints

Grinning galore
Mouths frothing at prospects of breaking down
The resistance despots ignore
In the rustic rondavel, in the crowded cabin in town

At the peril of sycophants whose consciences surrender
Imperiling freedom, swapping wisdom for ignorance
Faith for betrayal, failing to shout 'Back to Sender'
Emboldening uglier utterance and recalcitrance

In corridors of coercion
Gleaning and gleaming in grime
Breathing broken boldness, dripping distortion
Believing crime in time

Wins over virtue
Pantagruel promotes
As prisoners stew
In injustice juice as mundane coats and motes

Sink to their knees
Pleading for measly mercy
From conversion consignees
Who jump on the bandwagon on blatant bankruptcy

While fervent fuels
Boost Pantagruel's morale
To win more duels
In courts of public opinion which reject the rationale

Pushed forward with vigour
Pales into insignificance
When its frail façade and fumble figure
Collapse in the far distance on balance

Cos in the long run justice weighs heavier than a mighty sword
Mishandled over and over again
Until at breaking point, it sows discord
And yields nothing worthwhile for despots to gain

When a public relation disaster
Vile and Sterile
Might run faster and faster
But remains puerile and febrile if pushed an extra mile for a while.

John Sensele

Derelection Of Duty

There was once a garrulous mother
Who shirked duty and didn't bother
Nurturing her very own nest
In a ridiculous quest
To way her own significant other.

John Sensele

Desire To Forgive

Desire to forge ahead
Regardless of challenges that come your way
Devise winning strategies instead of banging your head
Against a wall yesterday or today.

Desire to spread joy
Regardless of hostilities and turbulence
That may pepper your life as part of a ploy
By detractors to subjugate your conscience.

Desire to embrace folks, big and small
If gregariousness so dictates
For the sake of clearing the ball
That's in your court whatever your mind states.

Desire to unify patriots
Regardless of their political affiliation
Whatever hymns and dirges Hottentots
Choose to play during your election victory celebration.

Desire to display magnanimity
When you emerge victorious
In handball games devoid of enmity
Associated with the boisterous.

Desire to forgive erring associates
Regardless of tricks and pranks
They've played on you and bets
They've gambled as they joined crook ranks.

John Sensele

Despacito

Despacito, when you melt in my arms
To suckle my breath, to imbibe my warmth
To savour our favourite tryst farms
Where as lovers we dilate and validate our worth.

Despacito, when we osculate
As the outside world we shut down
Our love pendulum to oscillate
In your crib far out of the bustle, hustle and muscle of your town.

Despacito, when I whisper sweet nothings in your ear
Crush you on my torso
To show how much I love you, dear
With neither retro regrets nor verso.

Despacito, when our trembling arms entwine
To consummate our treasure
To the accompaniment of vintage red wine
As pristine pleasure titillates our love beyond measure

John Sensele

Despair Rope

Yonder Scylla and Charybdis flies
The energy through ether that beats
In tune with yours
To unmask the cheats
Who claim
For you they'll buy Rolls Royce fleets.

Behind closed doors await
Your possibilities to walk the walk,
Talk the talk and unlock
Your potential to shock, mock and lock
The block of crocs
That frightens your dove flock.

Yonder the blanket of gloom hides
A glow of hope
That grooms you
And leads you to soap slope
To find solutions
For untying despair rope.

John Sensele

Desserts Of Self Deceit

A love triangle
Thrives on deceit
Spurring and storing an avuncular angle
Whose conclusion renders a disrespect receipt.

One and one make two
The perfect relationship
Built beautifully on cue
To relate partners on a shimmery ship.

A third heart
Steals warmth and sows trouble
Setting a couple on a doubt dart
That adds sorrow on the double.

No guarantee a relationship breaker
Injects happiness
Where opportunism characterizes the relationship wrecker
Who succeeds only in unfolding untold misery and unhappiness.

A cheater deludes herself
Greener grass thrives in the lie
She lives rubbing salt into a self
Driving at high speed into a sorrow sty gone awry.

Self delusion no good
For any couple
Regardless of the meandering mood
That can't render the relationship more supple.

John Sensele

Destiny Scrutiny

Even though confusion lurks in the background
Give up not and depart not from your sound
Philosophy of peace and prayer
To win another credibility layer.

Until opportunities for long term progress
Disappear, disintegrate and regress
Into nothingness within the ambit of veracity
Allow values and beliefs to guide your city.

Because God hasn't said it's over
Or pronounced and announced the arrival of the clover
Leaf that signifies the final destiny
Don't countenance any fake scrutiny.

John Sensele

Determine To Mine Opportunities

Make up your mind to mesmerize dangers minor and major
If your deserved destination you should reach
In spite of all perils you dare to glare at in dollops of danger
Inoculated in messages and passages which clouds of doubt preach.

Make up your mind to forge ahead despite your outrage
At injustices and prejudices along perilous paths your encounter
To bring about the best behavior built on your courage
To confront the affront and effrontery which from reason run counter.

Make up your mind to reach out for the prize
Promised long before your first breath saw the light of day
Despite cumulus clouds that obscured the sunrise
Meant and sent to light up your wondrous way without delay.

Make up your mind to hear opportunity knock
At your door piping and swiping credibility cards on the floor
You meant to hew from the evolving and revolving rock
Sent, meant and bent to open or close your dream door.

John Sensele

Detour

Sometimes in life out of frustration we lose our way
Seeing green monster in a living room and in a kitchen
Because our thoughts driven insane waylay
All that we hold dear as we metamorphosed into a headless chicken.

Sometimes in life out of expediency we utter rubbish
Pandering to our basest emotions to play to the gallery
In a vain attempt to fit into a clique when our golden fish
Rots from the head, from the heart to tear our sensitivity distillery.

Sometimes in life out of spinelessness we promote folly
Abusing substances and leading a double life
To boost our dwindling confidence pretending in public to be jolly
When deep within us turmoil and turbulence sting like a serrated knife.

Sometimes in life out of misdirection and misinformation we drift
Like ions and electrons knowing not whether we're coming or going
Because ineptitude, indecision, incompetence and inability to shift
Gears to adapt to new paradigms lead to crossroads that are life threatening.

John Sensele

Devils And Dissipation

Red herrings in your life don't fill
Nipping off your nose
Deluding yourself progress you distill
Away from your bosom runs Rose.

Pesky pride in your life don't parade
Repelling friends who vanish
Bit by bit life quality you degrade
In the end inner circle no longer nimble niche.

Stubborn sentiments in your life don't sow
Slashing webs of free friendship
Too much poison you show
Rose and Rachael no longer willing to voyage in your ship.

Freaky feelings in your heart don't fan
Their flames no one endears
They get fed up with your poverty plan
Opting wisely to ditch your fears and tears.

John Sensele

Diabolical Demons Feel No Seal Of Shame

Dear Argument don't augment the torment
Born in the dawn of your scorn
To adorn addenda and agenda that document
Perfidy and the tragedy I suffer every morn

My estranged partner and her retainer
Tear fabrics and bricks
I thought an entertainer
Built with a few clicks

On Facebook, Tweeter and YouTube
As cheats with little wit and fickle feet
Indulge in histrionics in a cube
That fails to remain discreet

As scales fall from my eyes
When I finally realize without surprise demons
Feel no seal of shame because their lies in single files
Pretend to extend sensual sermons.

John Sensele

Dialogue Dividends

Dialogue dims doubt
Dissolves differences, creates cohesion
Catalyses calmness and confers clout
On interlocutors who strive for success in unison minus derision.

Dialogue departs from divergence
Arising from suspicion and division
Perceived in a somber circumstance
In which strive seeds of confusion.

Dialogue clears conundrum
In which parties immerse
As each stakeholder beats a drum
That slays opportunities to converse.

Dialogue builds bridges
That unite interlocutors and actors
As the pacific picture panders to syringes
That vitalize vim and volition to accommodate agile actors.

John Sensele

Diamonds

Surround yourself with positive people
Who put you on your mighty mettle
To extend you, to stretch the linear limits
Of post-puberty possibilities beyond kettle
Mending so you develop fully
And grasp the nervous nettle.

Program, prepare your plans, processes,
Procedures in the form of a triangle
Like dainty diamonds that pack
Chemical carbon atoms in order to tangle
With wonderful women's whims
Which brandish their beauty at any ambient angle.

Strengthen your backbone,
Your robust resolve to the most durable degree
Of stability, stamina, sensibility, sensitivity,
Promotion, productivity, professionalism that agree
With your dynamic destiny and official objectives
To vindicate your psychological pedigree.

John Sensele

Diaries Of Doom And Gloom Disaster

Disaster when graft
Singes national fabric
Greed and kleptomania craft
Marries mafia manners and personal pocket polytrick.

Disaster when kleptocracy
Dares to bare national coffers
To the detriment of democracy
As plunder and pillage pulverize loafers.

Disaster when ego-tripping
Diverts national cake
To worship cash-ripping
As the poor, the vulnerable and the voiceless they forsake.

Disaster when the ivory tower
Radiates crime, satiates doom
Satisfies hedonism, slays power
To propagate gloom and promote gloom.

John Sensele

Dice And Lice

Graces, tresses and stresses
Leak through the lips of horrors
Unleashed and bleached when rat races
Bash the hapless curse that won't gaze at the malice in the mirrors.

Messes, faces and dresses
Spin, pirouette and unveil silhouettes
That cringe at the threat of the veil of stresses
Imbued with derision, divisions and incisions promoted by vile vets.

Addresses, caresses and races
Stand at attention then twitch muscles
That strangle vocal cords when victors and aces
Of gloom claim doom chews huge moral morsels.

Kisses, misses and hisses
Sprint at supersonic speed on the edge of Hades
Fly in tow in rockets that deny choices
To the voiceless tramps whose power succumbs to ravages of Aids.

John Sensele

Diffidence Declamations

Don't delay the dime
You dump into the hungry hand
Where your greed grows grime
Grieving, groaning, griping in my lonely land.

Don't deny dignity
To the stressed street kid
Whose crime is to undulate unity
You torment in your conspicuous consumption creed.

Don't delete the demand
I say to claim the cake
You insist disobeys the corny command
To sink my starving stomach into the lampoon lake.

Don't switch off my sanity
Wishing for hope, dishing out dope
To fly afloat in the soporific sorority
Where pangs of poverty won't stop the pain periscope.

Don't drive a wedge
Between faith and freedom
Cos you made a permanent pledge
To rid my culture of the Sodom kingdom.

Don't look down on the dopey dress
I wear as I nibble crumbs
From the truculent table you impress
As the impecunious poor admire your Paris pumps.

Don't dribble the distended duodenum
Asking for fresh fish
The stomach monitors in the moon millennium
Although you claim plenty fish favour your wicked wish.

John Sensele

Dig Deep From The Bottom Of Your Heart

Dig deep from the bottom of your heart
From empathy, sympathy, compassion, don't part.

John Sensele

Dig From Your Heart's Bottom

Dig deep from the bottom of your heart
From empathy, sympathy, compassion, don't part.

John Sensele

Dignity Of Amity

Go gentle on the accelerator pedal
For your life costs more in gold
Than frills and thrills of scooping a speed medal
Leaving your life in strife stone cold.

Go gentle and foes pat on the back
For tit for tat yields more misery
As feeble fiddles mistakenly crack
A whip with sips and swills of brandy through usury.

Go gentle and steer away from revenge
For recriminations and insinuations raised by decibels
Invite trite rites in which you sing
Vital links in total by tolling death knells.

Go gentle and build bridges in fridges
For marble impassivity and implacability
Digs deep depressions where fig trees sing dirges
To mark a termination of intercessions of the dignity of amity.

John Sensele

Dimes Aplenty

When a vest of hide and seek knocks at a door
Teeming with secrets and lies piled up
Yards high, feet wide and miles long on a floor
Gone mad, it's time for lad to discard a poisoned cup
Where venom, a bomb and sombre Tom lie
In wait to scratch, snatch and detach the soft core
That once opened her heart to dish out a hope supply
Every time Jim slew love, stabbing its every pore
In instances too many to rate or enumerate
At the count of six, sticks, clicks and sex
Dished out on a bus with pus illiterate
Because a heart tore up every vow to shout ex
With neither thought of good times eaten a hundredfold
In the distant past cast aside because hearts grew cold.

John Sensele

Dins, Pins And Sins

Inability and incapacity to express
My thoughts in English
Summarizes the level of stress and distress
I suffer when incompetence and solecism I fail to diminish

In the context of the limited grasp
Content and methodology display
If sentence structure I can't snap
Cos I spend seventy five percent in the delay

In progressing
Digressing
Buttressing
And suffering to miss retracing

The path to solid significance
To the best practices of lecturing and instructing
The silence
You ought to be constructing.

John Sensele

Dire Circumstances

The honour to help and serve the weak blesses
Generous hands in dire circumstances
When the going gets tough in low places.

Christianity through its tenets stresses
Sharing meagre resources with the poor through many donor conferences.
The honour to help and serve the weak blesses.

Warmongering among merchants of death displaces
Families, men, women and children with lances
That prick domestic routines when the going gets tough in low places.

In a world filled with hostility and bestiality, surfaces
With a plethora of empathy appear in fewer instances.
The honour to help and serve the weak blesses.

Tired of ceaseless flights from gunfire, a refugee caresses
Her gaunt son's face in Lesbos and balances
Precariously in a leaking dinghy when the going gets tough in low places.

A displaced woman hardly cares for tresses
On her unkempt head that has travelled long distances.
The honour to help and serve the weak blesses
When the going gets tough in low places.

John Sensele

Dire Situation

A great boon soon treks through not by admiring the moon
Much as the moon lights up our night delights despite a range of challenges
That baffle our shuffle if a scuffle from an unfunny cartoon
Somehow steals the limelight and deals a pack of cards sings
Hearts on fire in an empire where a wire admires the lyre
From which soothing music moves entwined silhouettes
Dancing toe to toe under the glow of a candlelight pyre
Depleting teak and oak from National plantation sets
Of exotic trees in a rather quixotic scenario raises a talon
When tight hugs saps energy despite the synergy between the sun
And the moon causes not only an eclipse in a synapse when an axon
And a dendrite delight each other by spiriting a chemical gun
That breathes fire as the ire sires more mire in a dire situation
Without passing the buck or throwing muck at any reputation.

John Sensele

Direction And Protection Door

An invisible hand switched off my light
My path fell into a frenzy flight
My hands and glands groped for a way
To restore normalcy if my neurons could pray

But red blood cells quizzed neurons who stole my direction
Demanding from neurons the restoration of protection
Trembling neurons emailed the hacker's heat and seat
Threatening retribution if in ten seconds I wasn't made fit

To board the rocket that would blast me back to happiness
So that I could leave behind the conundrum of darkness
They say I surrendered by playing the hasty hand
Which all at once diluted and depreciated the brand

God's grace granted me at birth
Scattering from inception joy dearth
Which had sneaked into my shadow
As I groped for the direction and protection flow.

John Sensele

Direction Deceit, Fabrication Feet

Flights of malice
Bursting to the brim
Peddling a charred chalice
Under no circumstances convert to cream.

Plights of prejudice
Pounding the truth
Within the din of a DNA diss
Under no circumstances caress Ruth.

Blights of fallacies
Kneading the dough of disgust
Meant to dedicate delicacies
Under no circumstances augment August.

Fights of figments
Imagination pushes to extremes
Extracting pleasure from conspiracy condiments
Under no circumstances win canonization from whims.

John Sensele

Disarmament Strategy

'Mary, why are you spending so much time on Facebook?
Have you become a crook? '
Asked William
Who lost his jam.

'Harry, are you jealous
Or just callous?
What I do with my life
Is none of your fife.'

'I've seen posts from this guy
Who buys you a love pie.
I don't like it
Because it ain't neat.'

'Harry, go to hell
Because you're beyond the pale.
I gave you everything I could
And you behaved like wood.'

'Mary, now you're calling me names
To stake claims
To sainthood?
Don't tell me you're a saint, Rude.'

Harry slapped Mary.
'Rubbish you carry
And in rubbish you'll burn
Cos of the dirty money you earn.'

Mary's cooking stick
Snapped Harry's neck.
'Take that, laggard!
For me you've had no regard.'

'What's wrong, sadist
Harry, jealous of my new tryst?
You belittled me all along
Because you were dead wrong.'

'Mary, please forgive me
Although I couldn't see
The treasure in you
Until opportunities became few.'

'Harry, I've moved on.
No more chances for your ringtone
Because your time is over.
Let me enjoy my new lover.'

'Mary, as a Christian
You can't afford to ban
Me from all we've meant all along to each other.
I swear you can't get my kinda love from another.'

Mary got a diamond encrusted ring from her handbag
And with a swag
Threw it at Harry
'Harry, me you'll never marry.'

John Sensele

Discarded Dude

Irked by prospects of losing Chocolate
Melting on a tongue accustomed to flattery
Which a better suitor was snatching from a silver plate
Sooner than anticipated bit Bully hard in agonising battery.

Harried, hustled and bustled right, left and centre
In tactical romantic moves he'd never contemplated
Bully wept as Chocolate worked the sentimental metre
That weighed and measured Bully, leaving him deflated.

Swaggering her dainty curves in a skimpy micro dress
That had jaws dropping and heads turning
Whichever direction she swung Chocolate couldn't suppress
Her mirth as Bully regretted opportunities he'd been spurning.

To drive home her pleasure at dumping Bully
Who for a decade poured verbal, financial, physical and conjugal abuse
On her as if she'd been worth nothing truly
Chocolate hugged her newfound beau. Bully's regrets were of no use.

John Sensele

Discernible Delay

Embrace any hand of worship or brand of friendship
That pops up to seek to hug life abundant
From beneath a hay stack where a relationship
Strayed and stayed until it grew redundant
So tired in a mire of social and antisocial intrigues
Trampled upon by rants and tyrants who scramble
For the latest bimbo in tiniest mini fatigues
That confuse and abuse meandering minds that grumble
Ramble and fail in a pail to scramble to safety
Cos prudery and drudgery piety portray lechers as humble
Blessers who donate creature comforts to poor cohorts in all honesty
While their prime motive and meme are to waylay
Any fly that strays into a spider web without discernible delay.

John Sensele

Discipleship And Friendship Never Spare

Precious in God's sight
Live your life right
To inherit the might

Every minute enjoy a great break
Shying away from the stake
That by mistake enables Satan to take

Away the joy
You ought to enjoy
In abundance when you employ

The right tactics
Devoid of gangrenous gymnastics
In a territory teeming with asinine analytics

Convoluting in condemned conundrums
To the beat of diabolical drums
Grown and blown in tatty tantrums

God declares null and void
With providential power to avoid
Whether they be ecliptic or ovoid

Take care
Joy and fun dare to share
Friendship and discipleship never spare

Bye bye
Don't cry
Stay blessed and fly high.

John Sensele

Dishes & Wishes

We swing the pendulum of life in tune with our wishes
Nurtured and cultured to suit the future
We desire to fire up in dishes
That we feel deals fairly with our culture

Grown, known and torn sometimes
By contractions and infractions
We impose to respose trust
In urns that burn to initiate actions

That determine how the way ahead
Pans out to move our lives to a higher level
If our strategy doesn't lie on a bed
Where lies in wait a devil

Who smiles for miles
Upon analyzing traps and maps we draw
To block piles of files
Where the key to a successful future can't grow.

John Sensele

Dismiss Devil's Dribbles

Some mistakes avoid
If your life should grow straight
When a needless void
You shunt aside, dispensing of a Castle lager crate.

Some silly steps don't take
If your fruitful future thrives
When in healthy habits you partake
As God's grace into your zeal zone arrives.

Some substances don't choose
If you should honour the health
That you intend to drown in binge booze
As you surrender sanity to Satan's stealth.

Some characters don't befriend
If pesky paralysis should leave you alone
Away from the balmy bandwagon trend
Cranky characters crave to clone and loan.

John Sensele

Diss Ditherers

Diss ditherers
Who quit when heat
Hurts horses and minces murderers
No longer fancy fabulous feet.

Kiss quitters
Who in the presence of a petite
Withdraw into their weir cos all that glitters
Ain't no woman that's a twit.

Meet musketeers
Who masquerade as macho men
Boast big and rough up racketeers
Whose presence in a pub presages an awful omen.

Salute suitors
Who flash floods of carat coins
Flounder and fudge as traitors
Whose intentions lampoon their lusty loins.

Delight damsels
Who smite supplicants
Too drunk on sentimental sales
That accommodate amorous applicants.

Flatter femmes fatales
Whose red residence
Brand them banal
Although senior citizens seek sordid silence.

Tease tipples
Which wind wigs
To nurture nipples
That trick teak twigs.

Condone corny corners
Where bush business burnish
Hornets, horses and crazy cleaners

That frighten fecund fish.

John Sensele

Dissonance

Marriage and career seldom bury the hatchet
Marriage and career sometimes swim in the same pool
Career a pride of place packs in a packet
Marriage spins a flexible spool.

Marriage undivided attention demands
Career in marriage erects a barrier
Marriage exclusive mining rights commands
Career to tame marriage hires a bull terrier.

Marriage swerves after a while
Career beauty deems unimportant
Marriage arranges brides and their grooms in a smile file
Career competence rates important.

Marriage sprinkles tights and sights
Career conflates mobility and humility
Marriage binds and blinds bliss bites
Career sometimes enhances versatility.

John Sensele

Distance From Madness

I advertise my defects
With every nonsense effects
I post for future employers to read
As I advertise my incompetence creed

Broadcasting to the world how I'm so bad
If employed I'll make their firms so sad
Contaminating the workforce with my the madness
My brain and its rain carry in slaying and stealing gladness.

I wish I knew why I act so dumb
Failing to realize my brain is so numb
It fertilizes dullness
When madness it raises to fullness.

I'm in need of a cure
Which would cure me for sure
But I'm so dunce
I don't know how from madness to distance.

John Sensele

Distance, Instance And Stance

Willing, swilling, ceiling

Tweeting, sweating, debating

Stroking, rocking, stalking

Confuse a fuse that refuses to condone sleepwalking.

Waging, edging, paging

Loving, delving, serving

Presuming, resuming, assuming

Sail in a boat committed to helping.

Reading, writing, reckoning

Counting, touting, doubting

Summoning, phoning, honing

Fly into space addicted to pace dating.

Forgiving, giving, arriving

Departing, parting, smarting

Diving, surviving, striving

Gather resources with a view to darting.

Bragging, dragging, gagging

Gossiping, sipping, weeping

Bagging, logging, digging

Declare a ceasefire in favour of peace keeping, heaping and reaping.

John Sensele

Distinct Daily Disturbance

Not on this planet of regrets and secrets
Will you reap roses rendered by tenderness
Genuinely juxtaposed just next door to a lack of threats
Simulated so cleverly it supplies plies of hallowed happiness

Because by elicited endeavour and behavior brigades
Made of mere mortals
Grow grouches and throw thimble threads and give gripe grades
As your termly totals

No matter how much you toil and moil
In their factories, firms and federations
Where minds made up long ago oil
Gears and gongs whose preoccupations

Determine, define and disregard
Your performance in romance
And in any rosy regard
Because to them you represent and symbolize a distinct daily disturbance.

John Sensele

Distortions & Disappointments

My skin tingles at the frost that steals heat
From my body whose temperature
Behaving like a yoyo skips a beat
As I have to endure in my environment a comfort rapture.

My head spins at the malaise
In the global village where so much sad news is the normal
Which power brokers in their craze
Although it lumbers humankind with so much load abnormal.

My heart bleeds as I spy so much deprivation
Where my eyes stray
The aged, the indigent, the voiceless, all bursting with frustration
As to my redeemer I turn to pray.

My conscience aches
When business as usual goes on unabated
Despite a plethora of headaches and heartaches
The common man endures as tycoons are honoured and feted

John Sensele

Disturbia In Sub City

Gone without meals for days
Stomachs grow angry nowadays
Roaming from dirge to rage
Tired of being a hunger hostage

Knowing not where the next meal
Comes knocking if you don't beg, borrow or steal
Given that no jobs look for you
Although daily your legs kneel in a pew

Asking Heaven for crumbs of bread
To fall from affluent tables they dread
To caress your taste buds
Which don't care much for spuds

They munch with gusto
While your vote they want presto
Although your stomach groans
During long nights when your muzzled mouth moans.

John Sensele

Ditch Damaged Dames

If attitudes become sinister,
Ditch liabilities that kill you relationship
With folks who minister
The death of your kinship.

If tongues wag too much
To poison personalities with slander
That feels evil to a Midas' touch
Make sure the inconveniences go under.

If relationships wither and die
Because one character poisons the atmosphere
With gossip, intrigue to tie
Your fate to a sorrow stake, from the toxin stay clear, dear.

If you cling to a liability
That stains and retains enmity
As her number one priority
Ensure you swing towards affability and amity as a duty.

If damaged dames dangle a name
Inherited from family luminaries
To whom they brought shame
Pardon or abandon such mercenaries.

If decision making becomes a weakness
Hone the craft of interpersonal skills
To bring on board frankness
Or you'll incur relationship loss bills.

John Sensele

Ditch Desire

Ditch desire before it harms your demeanour
Desire deals in dirt
Desire drives misdemeanor
Desire and deceit do hurt.

Ditch desire before it swallows your soul
Desire sets souls on fire
Desire sometimes scores a gregarious goal
Desire and doubt sometimes misfire.

Ditch desire before it mars your manners
Desire dreams of deductions
Desire brandishes blasphemy banners
Desire and disaffection deal in malefactions.

Ditch desire before it annihilates your attitude
Desire directs destruction
Desire laps up ingratitude
Desire and doom condemn construction.

John Sensele

Ditch Dissipation And Direction Dilution

Settle like dregs at the bottom of a vat
Crush self-concept and self-esteem
Recipe for treatment like a door mat
Collecting dust and dirt from a temperamental team

Capitalizing on apologies your demeanour portrays
In bargaining equitable deals you clinch
When your beaten behavior casts surrender rays

Exploiters seize to trample on toes trembling
Heart and mind disoriented in social circles with no vim
Inviting players and strayers gambling
In your casino where at first hurdle you scream

"Crush me, if you will"
You pronounce as you cringe into the shame shell
In which you retreat to incur a huge bother bill
Popping your eyes open as you endeavor to measure the scale of the hell

You've dug by dint of directionless dither
You indulge to kill the confidence God showers abundantly on you
Enjoining you to stand firm and crush any bother
That crosses your path without respecting the queue

It skips on Monday morning
When your diffidence reaches a peak
Snoring, soaring and stoning
The pathetic picture you carry in a bleak

Display until on your knees you pray
Begging for forgiveness for your betrayal of the immense gifts
That in your life have gone astray, not at sting of a stingray
But because of goalpost shifts

You've made as blessings flew your way
To open doors to prosperity
You've turned away to sway
Your fortunes asunder as time and time again temerity

Cringes and whinges in the face of your assault
On common sense and the essence
You've lumped on the back of a crazy colt
You've put to the sword in the quintessence offence
Pitting procrastination and abomination
Against etiquette and decorum
Bereft of valuable affirmation
Sacrificed in a vat of rowdy rum.

John Sensele

Divine Determination

In the face of gripping reality our mind froze
In the wake of wrenching reality delusions arose
Raising urns of concerns
Whether our mind discerns
Reality from figments of our imagination
Arguing within us whether procrastination
Ought under circumstances be the attitude
Driving and deriving the certitude
We prefer in the light of the move
We ought to orchestrate in the groove
Where we wonder if the validity
We've adopted in the rapidity
So evident in the manner
Our queering in the works of the spanner
Diminishes or extinguishes the scope
Where gravitate dictates of hope
Dwindling when swindling grows
In dice throws and blows
Make us believe room to retrieve
From mistakes from which a reprieve
Seems the best prospect
Much as we introspect
Can't brush aside the faith
We declare with every breath
We take to conquer the betrayal
Our soul feels appears in the portrayal
We feel can no longer sustain
The suspicion we maintain
In the light of evidence
Accumulating over time in the incidence
Where innocence prevails
When angels lift veils
Drained dribbles orchestrate
In a bid to frustrate
Blessings flowing our way
As by dint of faith we stride away
To terminate machinations elves engineer
Despite a plethora of jeer
God determines to put to an end

As long as creatures their ways don't mend
Despite numerous opportunities
To change course to their destinies.

John Sensele

Divorce And Dozens Of Dens

Divorce deranges dozens of dens
Severance scatters siblings and offspring
While insanity invites pesky perspiration in pig pens
Strutting sonatas, symphonies and serenades in Spring.

Severance scatters siblings and offspring
Some sailing South, others navigating North Pole
Strutting sonatas, symphonies and serenades in Spring
To unmask a mobile mole.

Some sailing South, others navigating North Pole
Disoriented and dismayed children chart a new course
To unmask a mobile mole
To whom sophomore sorority ascribes the snarling source.

Disoriented and dismayed children chart a new course
While insanity invites pesky perspiration in pig pens
To whom sophomore sorority ascribes the snarling source
When divorce deranges dozens of dens.

John Sensele

Dna And Rna

Relish when I bloody small minds
Who behave as though they play God
Regurgitating trash from behind the Venetian blinds
That pop open from their pusillanimous pod.

Far too often sadly such low life forms
Displaying colours of such poor hues
They turn off potential customers with no interest in chloroforms
That slay patients who long for sanity in corny queues.

Veils unmasked creatures of the dark
Can no longer dissimulate their malevolence
When caught red handed in the prayer park
Where they plead for forgiveness for egregious insolence

They worship in their DNA
Where destruction seeds germinate
Destroying in their wake the RNA
Providence determines to terminate.

John Sensele

Do I Matter

Years of sweat
Degrees I earn
Debts aplenty I invest in my quest
No job only tears and sorrows in my urn.

Void vacancies they advertise
Only relatives and cronies they satisfy
Prospects for the common man they cauterize
No dignity and self esteem to edify.

Frustrations galore surface
Walking the streets without positive proof
Decision makers flaunt in the race for the face
Rain and sunshine pierce under a rotten roof.

Meals on my table I lack
My saloon shop and welding shop close
Power outages my opportunities they crack
Whether I agitate, cogitate, hesitate or pause.

Stress and pain daily I undergo
At my detriment tycoons' fun is guaranteed
Twenty four seven as comfort I forgo
For fat cats to feast on their favourite feed.

Sometimes I wonder if on animal farm
I live to undergo marginalization
Lumbered with sacrifice, penury and harm
Growing or glitching in the new millennium era of desensitization.

John Sensele

Dodgy Deal

With brains that rain trains of wealth
Imagination that spans God's entire creation
Attention to detail and to the primacy of sane health
Conditions for global progress and local success prepare a meaningful mission.

With lips that kiss tips of tongues
Skinny jeans, naked navels, bling primed to kill
Facebook, GooglePlus, Twitter and YouTube tangs
Lasses en mass post pesky photographs to clinch a dodgy deal.

With hands that handle vandals and sandals
Hearts that beat in tune with seats of infatuation
Teenagers and dowagers decry rises in scandals
Pitting close relatives whose casual cause cries for urgent detention.

With faces, dresses and places that embrace lovebirds
Caught up in a rapture of passions gone too soon
To join ancestors and investors in curds
Of emotions, lovers with flower bouquets fly over the moon.

John Sensele

Dodgy Dents

Three hundred and sixty five days ago
Twenty sixteen breathed her first breath;
Lads and lasses wrote resolutions to forgo
Personal demons that only grew in strength and breadth.

Three hundred and sixty five days ago, couples took vows
To abide by each other
Through thick and thin and slaughtered cows
But now marriage lies in ruins cos Jim and Jill no longer together.

Three hundred and sixty five days ago, politicians promised milk and honey
Clergymen preached moderation, accountants pledged stewardship
Of public and church funds, money
Which now feeds friendship and kinship.

Three hundred and sixty five days ago, lecturers pledge to award
Clean marks to students
But now entrapped in flesh reward
Moral high ground begets dodgy dents.

John Sensele

Domestic Duels

Domestic duels doom
Lives, launders livid laurels
Galvanise gluttony of gloom
And cannibalise carnal corals.

Domestic duels fuel fury
Cauterise caustic culture
That in a haste Harry
Embraces, enhances and employs until marriage can't endure.

Domestic deprivation deals deadly deeds
Flying fans, prying pans and testy tempers
That wed to witless weeds
Peace hampers.

Domestic death ducks
Courage marriage
Requires to inquire about ducks and sacks
That cleanse lenses in a smelly sewage.

Domestic duels demonstrate dearth
Of conflict resolution skills
Among couples contorting earth
Mirth into deals filled with puny pills.

Domestic duels deal cruel
Blows blown black and stuck
In sullied, hurried, buried fuel
Doomed to come unstuck.

Domestic duels distance
Wife from husband
Increase an instance
For marriage to disband.

Domestic gloom and doom
Doles out dangers
In which a loom
Of death turns partners into uncivil strangers.

John Sensele

Domestic Zone

Prospects of divorce don't condone
When cash pours in and irresponsibility packs
Atoms and divisive molecules in a domestic zone.

John Sensele

Done Deal

Done deal, every event shipshape
All details in place
Processes and procedures take shape
As honour and kudos heaped on an adroit ace.

Done deal, parties ready to seal
A covenant
For Peace till
John promoted to lieutenant.

Done deal, plethora of goodwill
Prevails
Throughout territory but Bill
Tears damsel 's veils.

Done deal, rangers in twill
Camouflage
Machineguns at the ready deal
Rebels a routing ravage.

John Sensele

Donkey's Doggedness

Glad I've walked out on misery
Electing to cruise into a limpid lane
Which spins my days away from the illusion eatery
Booking a flight on the rehabilitation plane

Propelling my pulses
Towards horizons of hope
Stimulated by insistent impulses
Riding high on the sapience slope

Where I catch my breath
Think clear
Draw from my faith the strength
That pulls me near

The land teeming with bliss
Loving lasses lavish
With more than a cursory kiss
My emotions ravish

Wondering why the right option I didn't take
In years I spent and misspent
Whinging and wallowing in straitjackets of the mistake
On which I seemed hellbent

Despite tonnes of advice
Dished out with compassion and care
I brushed aside, electing to elevate the vice
Sanity and sapience offered with flair to declare.

John Sensele

Don't Agitate Or Militate

Among emotions exploding in my heart
And thoughts thumping my brain
Love leaps through to claim a part
In debates, deliberations and dribbles I refrain

From belittling lest I should shirk
Responsibilities in possibilities I confront
Day and night although I aspire to be no jerk
Striving to put excuses upfront

As I scrutinize and scan the environment
In which I come unstuck
When I embrace a truculent temperament
Dumbstruck, thunderstruck, awestruck

Hardly able to move a muscle
Cos I freeze
Knowing not how a bustle
Arose from a bother breeze

I struggle to contain
Wishing it wasn't for me to dictate
Sacrifices grandsons offer to sustain
When they tell me grandpa don't agitate or militate.

John Sensele

Don't Ask My Mask To Take Me To Task

Hurricanes of dilemma sprain and strain my brain
Should I go ahead or not
What if the move overturns my truculent trains in the rain
And my conscience tells me I cannot

Blurt nonsense and hurt the damsel's feelings
Crossing the boundary where decency
Dictates I can't glide and slide into dodgy dealings
Though my human habits can't explain the urgency

Feelings fly on the sly
To appease the ease of conquest
I can boast of in plies of the lie
I assuage to explain away my request

For space and time to accommodate Cupid
His arrows and rows of blows that fly along
When flesh in its creche urges me to act stupid
And plunge headlong into a jinx journey so long

I don't mind ditching veneers of poise
I elect to protect and project to rationalize the machismo mask
My face flatters to hex juggled joys
Before society discovers my ploys and takes me to task.

John Sensele

Don't Be Sanguine

Don't spank my flank
If my wit wizardry wallops the wiles
You flaunt to float poverty on the plank
Sobriety stoically considers as piles

Of pettiness and peevishness I detect in detours you develop
To confound and contuse clocks and strokes
Who alongside nerds elect not to espouse the envelope
In which locks of Brazilian bangs in walks and talks

Involving reconciliation and conciliation astonish adults
Fellows and folks who feel 'enough is enough'
Promoting cults and catapults
Strangling saplings and ceilings in straitjackets in the rough

Longer than they believe
They'd live without love
As long they don't grieve
Loud enough when their dove

No longer cries
No more weeps
If premature puppies prize
Their nutritional nous in heaps

Of desiccated dandelions
Whose petals parted with style and fashion
When continually you fed chameleons
On flying flies frolicking with the mission

Best suited for moths
Doodling, dabbling the grieving governance
Gismo in which cantons and cloths
Question the provenance

Sudden silver samples
In pockets and pulpits
Supply expanded examples
In which dangers and defeats

Converge in the crevice
Where night notifies nihilism
It's high time Travis
Ceased touting the metabolism

Machismo he adores to reconcile you and I
Ironing out irritations
You inflict on the tie and dye
From which you spirit civil salutations

To the point where loneliness
Grows self reinforcing deals
Which perpetuates ugliness and hopelessness
To worsen bills and ills in your social stills.

John Sensele

Don't Chase Shadows

Don't feed negativity and live life under protest
Squandering precious time with neither rhyme nor reason
To chase shadows and pursue a failure quest.

When chagrin comes calling and challenges wear the vest
That manifests prospects of rank poison
Don't feed negativity and live life under protest.

When the going gets tough and the contest
For revival and survival of fortunes spell a doom season
Don't chase shadows and pursue a failure quest.

Under no circumstances should a slick strumpet
Dangle her carrot in your direction and parrot mouthings of treason.
Don't feed negativity and live life under protest.

Stare the future in the eye with confidence and reset
Your priorities and proclivities way from gates of a prison.
Don't feed negativity and live life under protest
Chasing shadows and pursuing a failure quest.

John Sensele

Don't Cry For Me, Dreamer

I thought I read love in your eyes
Now I know better
Than to assume and presume ties
Free us from the guess fether

That had my eyes blind
Locking me up in a sentiment prison
When you float unkind
To glorify, modify and terrify the reason

I thought in my heart I knew
When our eyes first met
When I thought anew
About the feeling I get

In my head
In my restless heart
On my lonely bed
From illusion of you I need to depart

To save my soul
To grant you time and space
To score your goal in your rebel role
That freedom from want I ought to embrace

If sanity should inhabit
Once again the peace of mind
I need to regain as a matter of habit
For you and I axes never again to grind

In symbol
In action
In gamble and ramble
In true notion of portions of affection

Sailed and held dear
Beneath the roll of a tear shed
Strung in an unnamed fear
Time to let go, my dear Fred

Time to cut down losses
Time to pick up the pieces
Time to accelerate coin and die tosses
Above all, time to erase spare spices

As I wish you well
Enjoying your spell in Eden
While dreams in my streams I swell
Without you blurring my vision in the sodden garden.

John Sensele

Don't Curry Your Concubine

Don't take the life of a spouse
Who loses her way and her sense of shame.
Much better to let the louse
Elope with a tarnished name as her crusade claim.

Don't cling to a flame
That's lost her glow
It doesn't pay to apportion blame
Instead, enable courts to apply the full letter of the law.

Don't allow pain, disappointment and frustration
To colour your judgment
Seek in due course arbitration
To secure a failed marriage internment.

Don't invite a jail term
For a morbid murder
When your isotherm
Transmutes into a gangrenous girder.

Don't cling a marriage
Which has hit the bottom of an iceberg
Whose wheels unfasten from the carriage
Which no longer an ferry matrimony to Johannesburg.

Don't repay evil with evil
Despite the strain and stress
That catapult you into the ambit of the Devil
While hands of a concubine you caress as you repress your loss of face.

John Sensele

Don't Dare To Lose Hope

Don't cry when I fly high
'Cos that's God's purpose
To bring me nigh
To Him and bestow on me solace.

Don't grow green with envy
When my students shine during school experience
'Cos on them grants a bevy
Of blessings in every circumstance.

Don't get surprised when in silence
I worship my Creator
Whose wish on balance
Is to be always my mediator.

Don't get downhearted
When fortunes go sour in a moment
To upset your much coveted
Dream with a temporary torment.

Don't lose hope, dear
'Cos God loves you more
Than you'll ever believe. He's curing your fear
To fill with joy your heart's core.

Don't dare to lose hope
'Cos your best days are around the corner
To pour graces in every slope
You navigate for you're neither a loner nor a gonner.

Don't dare take away that life
'Cos it is a loan from God
In spite of the rife strife
You endure. In God's eyes, you're pure gold.

John Sensele

Don't Defile The Truth

Stay awhile

The truth's domicile don't defile

Instead blow away the lemon in your bile.

Stay afloat

Pockets of poverty don't plot

If progress should repair your tatty coat.

Stay awake

Give sooth sayers a break

Your future should escape the evil earthquake.

Stay calm

In the face of the harm

Clawing its talons into your farm.

Stay in faith

When pomposity runs out of breath

And vanity prescribes poor health

Panting in its bed

Pretending it pounds dread

Pumping lead its head till truth declares vanity brain dead.

John Sensele

Don't Demean Love Hems

Don't measure displeasure, treasure leisure
Don't stick to kicks of discomfort, tweak love forts
Don't moan and groan, be prone to loans of pleasure
Above all, enjoy ploys of love sports.

Don't salute pollutions of failure, accept fetes of love lure
Don't propagate malice, agitate for love slices
Don't look at heartbreaks, hook books of a love cure
Above all, promote votes for love without prices.

Don't recruit love slayers, root out brute love players
Don't disport love spoilers, spoil love builders
Don't break love bonds, trek to trysts teeming with love layers
Above all, address and caress love fielders.

Don't demean love hems, mean well for love stems
Don't insinuate expletives, imitate Cupid
Don't assassinate potential partners, decimate ire totems
Above all, buttress fortresses in which love is limpid.

John Sensele

Don't Depress Development

Don't put too much premium on bling
If in your life you aim to forge ahead
But to values and virtues do cling

Despite the pervasive pressure in your head
Which by dint of determination you ought to contain
Or else insanity and vanity leave you dead with dread

Unless salient strategy you entertain
In your bid to achieve the double dream
Begging and egging you to maintain and sustain

When in your thoughts, plans and actions you cream
Off crap and trap as your significant strategy evolves
Towards agile achievements in a solution stream

Teeming with an excellent effort that solves
Pesky problems and prevarications in conditions
That conflate fact and fiction as your life revolves

Around an attitude brushing aside fakes
Seeking to promote and proliferate mistaken missions
Sure to land you in ludicrous lakes where you crunch corny cakes
Exploring and expecting expeditions in futility to confirm sustained suspicions.

John Sensele

Don't Dishevel My Love

Stuck under the mango tree where you dumped me
I fret, fret, fret, fret and fret
Wondering why you disfigured my peace with glee
When happiness for you and I so much easier to target and get

Than to give me the cold shoulder treatment
On me you inflicted
As though this indictment
Sorrow from your soft centre deflected

When far better for you and I to iron out
Tiff and beef
You feel in your mind floated the doubt and gout
Shoving our love to the rim of a cliff

From which you and I might not recover
Once we plunged into the ether of the unknown
Meaning somehow to discover
The path to the perfect peace we've blown, torn and known

Throughout the years we've travelled
Through thick and thin
Although disheveled we marveled and swiveled
Through mean and din

Until at long last our wedding bells rang
To our parents' delight
Bang, clang and slang
Diffusing through nights of boundless bliss and light

Which you and I ought to save
Despite loud clouds that on our horizon gather
To divert and hurt our salvation stave and wave
As we surge forward with determination to a bright future together.

John Sensele

Don't Embarrass Or Harass Love

Don't embarrass or harass love when she grins
Cos if you do, her voodoo will unleash a coup
De grace that puts you out of your misery and pins
You down until you shout over and over again moo.

Don't give love crass brass when she pours her charms en masse
Cos if you spurn her advances, her lance in revenge
Will smack you back and crack a whip on you're the low class
You flaunt to taunt her sober binge.

Don't cast the mast of a romantic fast when love roves
Cos if you spurn her moves to prove you're clever
You'll regret in secret ejecting her great coves
In which she'll tear off your concubine diva.

Don't malign romantic alignment when she marks your assignments
Cos if you ply a trade to try her patience and tolerance
You'll succeed indeed to cede commitments and sentiments
To downward slopes on ropes of down syndrome in France at a glance.

John Sensele

Don't Entrench Africa In A Shame Shower

Africa, a prolific production line of refugees
A bastion of inequality and calamity
A continent with a penchant for defaced effigies
Reminiscent of indignity and enmity

Nelson Mandela shakes in his grave
Madiba's legacy and sacrifice desecrated
In a thuggery that metamorphose the poor into a slave
Eking out a perilous living, landless, penniless, poorly rated

In plutocracies with scanty respect for democracy
Shouted in loud rhetoric with stunted children
Sewers soaring in ghettos while Africa autocracy
Plunders resources, pretending they care for barren brethren

Whose stomachs groan and yawn, famished
While corridors of power splurge
National cakes, harassing, torturing the vanquished
In the new millennium, pandering to the urge

To play God
Distorting the law, bending the system
Imposing on the populace, a cult of demigod
While Africa's children bleed, pleading at the bottom of a pyramid ecosystem

Praying for God to save Africa from her heresy
Sunk deep into her musketry
Weeping in unmarked graves, cursing the political Pharisee
Who turns a blind eye to poverty, cosseting idle idolatry

In case a juggernaut junta, fed up with deluges of democratic disorder
Should strip tyrants of instruments of power
In a bid to restore democracy, sanity and order
But succeeding only in plunging Africa into a shame shower.

John Sensele

Don't Fire Up My Ire

If you don't hesitate to investigate me
The fire of my ire tires you like the bee
incensed at the mutiny against the tyranny
My might fights to degrade the scrutiny
You invoke to provoke the dish of the rights
I enjoy to deploy the delights
You sample in ample conspiracy
Piracy and the surrogacy in the obduracy
You claim and blame on the dainty democracy
In the pursuit of suits that pander to the brutes
Who concoct cabals to arouse routes
Where democracy weeps
Each night my temper tweets
The gist and feast my prerogatives as leader
Of the free world whether the shredder
In my office tears dodgy documents
I classify and mystify in disingenuous increments
Prerogatives I accord to my office
Where I'm entitled my opponents to diss
Whenever the moon tide rises
My fantasy vents surprises
Which vanity can't bend
Cos alternative truths I vow to vend
Since I'm free to do as I please
Whether national good suffers in a plethora of sleaze
Cos frankly I don't give a hoot
And if you cross my path, you get the boot.

John Sensele

Don't Give In To Sin

To decrease your opportunities to pray
Unbelievers claim you worship rotten fish
Because you can't give in to sin on any day.

When you doctor company account records in May
The Devil takes over your conscience dish
To decrease your opportunities to pray.

Do your part to the best of your abilities without delay
To dismiss claims that you're skittish
Because you can't give in to sin on any day.

Without valid reasons, managers chop off your pay
When your employers discriminate against the British
To decrease your opportunities to pray.

Lucifer sends a Nemesis to slay
Your proficiency in English
Because you can't give in to sin on any day.

Under pressure, don't lose your way
Although fools flaunt rubbish
To decrease your opportunities to pray
Because you can't give in to sin on any day.

John Sensele

Don't Go Breaking Your Lover's Heart

Don't go breaking your lover's heart
Swimming in illusions of greatness
Such grooves and moves don't make you smart
When in the long run company you part
Unless you strive to restore heaps of happiness
Don't go breaking your lover's heart
Or else from your vicinity love will depart
If you don't refrain from unleashing snappiness
Such grooves and moves don't make you smart
Much as you parade your pride in a cranky cart
Sneaking into grooves of dopiness
Don't go breaking your lover's heart
Delving into clumsiness you've grown into an asinineart
Sliding and gliding into dripping droopiness
Such grooves and moves don't make you smart
Even if perchance you should conceal your shame in a ribald rampart
Where you assume you'll discard your unhappiness
Don't go breaking your lover's heart
Such grooves and moves don't make you smart

John Sensele

Don't Groan, Mourn & Run

Don't groan, mourn and run
When corny clouds on your horizon gather
To seek to smoulder your plan
As in confusion lies your limbo lather.

Don't cave in, collapse and cry
When shimmy sirens shake your faith foundation
To wreck your resolve and try
To suppress seasons of your generation.

Don't cross and castigate your knees
When noise and numbness knock at your door
To wrest your resolve and fabricate foible fees
As in somnolence and silence you slump on your fetid floor.

Don't deaden and dim on your dreams
When sullied setbacks visit your view
Detach, snatch and blanch your streams of vanilla creams
As they catapult your concerns at the back of a cranky queue.

John Sensele

Don't Jump Into The Pesky Pit

I banged pots and pans
Riding tractors, mopeds and vans
Pestering God to grant me days off
So I can deplete my parents' loaf
Beating my chest, thought I was clever
Dodging, dribbling my school endeavour
Now I'm bored, bored and bored stiff
Between my shadow and tedium I sow a tiff
Waking up at sunup, wishing I was wise
Loadshedding and covid 19 spring a surprise
That heckles the precipitous actions
I vow never to invite into my life sanctions
When I build bustles, castles and hustles in the air
Proclaiming badness and sadness smell, sound and spell unfair
Bottom line: humility lessons in my life will repeat
Until I refrain from jumping into the pesky pit.

John Sensele

Don't Lay Hands

Don't slay your integrity and lay hands on a woman's waist
Without her express consent and tacit approval
To enable mutually agreeable activities to taste
The flavours, favours, odours and colours bequeathed on the diva.

Don't touch a woman's a woman in erogenic zones
Without her permission and express submission
To enable hands on her boobs, to palpate bones and tones
Meant for very private exploration and consumption.

Don't dream and stream access through brutal force
Services and devices a woman deems too special
For any Jim, Jack or Harry to face and trace
In real time or in dreams deemed too bestial in a dance hall.

Don't contemplate sauntering within an ace of a woman's privacy
Lest legal action or litigation should spirit you into a dungeon
To cool your heels over harassment and sexual savagery
Too ghastly to materialise in a cubicle or in a mansion.

John Sensele

Don't Leap Into A Dribble Ditch

Add smiles to your attitude
Subtract frowns from your words
Multiply acts, facts and pacts of gratitude
And you'll hobnob with nerds.

Add etiquette to your certificate
Subtract plagiarism from your assignments
Multiply humility in opportunities you select
And you'll minimize rejections and torments.

Add courtesy to your job application
Subtract arrogance from your circumstance
Multiply faith in your supplication
And you'll climb higher and distance sorrow from your stance.

Add consideration in your speech
Subtract malice from your plan
Multiply thinking lest you sink into a ditch
Antagonizing stakeholders, dreaming you've got victory won.

John Sensele

Don't Play Puerile Pranks

Don't play me for a fool
Just because I love you
Or I'll take you back to love school
For your heart and brain to learn love anew.

Don't play me for a spare wheel
Just because I grant you a favour
Or I'll charge you a huge love bill
For your heart and brain to savour.

Don't play me for a doormat
Just because I pay attention
Or I'll show you ain't no cool cat
For your heart and brain to cultivate a cuter caution.

Don't play me for a stool
Just because I dare to care
Or I'll prove you ain't the only bull
For your heart and brain to play fair.

John Sensele

Don't Repine, Daughter

Don't repine, daughter
Despite swarms of storms surging forth
To steal and slay the laughter
That shone in your life's growth

From a tender age
Caressed and comforted
In God's hand despite strange
Forces that felt had you discomfited

In the natural
Where their purview
Seemed impregnable although the supernatural
Scoffed at such a view

Which God couldn't bless
Regardless of sinister motives
Angels of envy chose to address
As God's omnipotence and omniscience rendered them unfit fugitives.

John Sensele

Don't Settle For A Drowsy Dream

Don't go crawling for crumbs
From high tables of the affluent
Who sneer at pangs of thin thumbs
Arrogance declares delinquent.

Don't settle for pugnacious positions
Driven to intransigence
Buoyed in eddies of soapy suppositions
Informed by clouds of negligence.

Don't sell yourself short
Assuming nonsense reigns supreme
In lands and glands of the cantankerous cohort
Which basks in lures of a drowsy dream.

Don't cultivate malpractices
In myopias of gangrenous grades
Earned on backs and sacks of sentimental solstices
If your career croons tangible trades and their threads.

John Sensele

Don't Slice, Slay And Strip Solemnity

You wake up at the break of dawn
Wondering why you chose to marry
Why you were torn to pieces to get a loan
To pray every day, to pay a daft dowry

For a sinewy spouse who heaps hundreds of misery
Into your life calling herself a wonderful strife wife day and night
When you thought you dribbled huge usury
That took your light to flight

Once kitchen party, wedding ceremony
Ate your bucks, uttered no thanks
But engineered gluttony of autonomy
That in your slave citadel sank tanks

Full of sad surprises of soapy sizes
Laughed at you because you grew into a fumbling fool
Who ignored advice, sought snoring surprises
That befell a boisterous bull

Who soiled the sanctity of his inlaws' igloo
With stench that simmered solemnity
Imported and impoverished glue and flu
Insulted dignity

Sought so closely
When quarrels in bottles and barrels
Intervened daily
To remind you that broads, roads and rails

On which your peace of mind once walked
In majesty and felicity
Disappeared as they talked
About your city in which you and your spouse sliced, slay and strip solemnity

In a casual manner
Intended to hoodwink onlookers
You carried a happiness banner
Although peace and power burnt on your cookers.

John Sensele

Don't Spurn Love

Love limps lately, Nelly
Love longs for care
Don't deal with dates belatedly
With your significant other play fair.

Love longs for care everywhere
Give full love to reap full love in return
With your significant other play fair
Take care for the love you earn.

Give full love to reap full love in return
We reap the measure of love we sow
Take care for the love you earn
Ensure love gets her glitz glow.

We reap the measure of love we sow
Don't deal with dates belatedly
Ensure love gets her glitz glow
Love limps lately, Nelly.

John Sensele

Don't Stalk My Space

Don't stalk my progress
Cos I gave you a chance
In return you lumbered on me stress
My eyes won't tolerate you, on balance.

Don't stalk my space
Cos I showered on you my very best
In return me you chose to displace
My heart won't tolerate your crazy quest.

Don't stalk my page
Cos you treated me bad
In return my mind grew rage
My heart longs for a partner to make me glad.

Don't stalk my mind
Cos I kissed and cosseted you
In return you robbed me blind
My heart concludes in love you have no clue.

John Sensele

Don't Stalk My Territory

Don't stalk my territory again
Stealing my sleep
Making me cry in vain
Which under servitude you can no longer keep

Whether all the weapons on Earth you deploy
To cull your desire
To employ
Ruse, fuse or fire

In a bid to finish
My ambition
To diminish
The mission on which I embark with passion

To protect the territory
You thought subdued
With the armoury
No longer skewed

In the favour
Your demons mustered
In your endeavor
To get my destiny frustrated

In word and deed
Just because I demand you stay
Away from the territory creed
That leads you astray

As I defend what's mine
Ordained from on high
Despite your loss of spine
That leaves you dry

As long as greed
Takes the best of your power of judgment
Indulging your misread
Of the situation that works to your detriment

Unless you desist
From hatching your evil plan
As you persist
In snatching my territory in concert with your clan.

John Sensele

Don't Steal, Heal

Gorgeous
Courageous
Advantageous

When beauty builds
Attitude, favourite fruit yields
Honourable habitude fields

In limpid life
In ways I play my fife
Manners I cheat on the wife

I chose to marry
Virtue and vice burdens I carry
Projects and rejects I hurry

When intelligence informs my attitude
Custom corrects my attitude
Credence cultivates the heightened latitude

To which I rise
In the oppression of the surprise
I toil to undermine at sunrise

At work and at home
Ensuring common sense relations roam
In every action I take to form

A coalition for progress
Denuded of small minds that regress
Into cocoons of doom and gloom whose congress

Steals
Instability seals
Devotion doubled in diabolical deals

In which cash leaks
Into my pockets whose peaks
Lie in the substance nonsense speaks.

John Sensele

Don't Tease The Tress

Don't tease the tress
That for good reasons breaks
Engagements with your mistress
As she cringes from her most sibilant snakes.

Don't squeeze the space
In which your succor lies
Although for strange reasons you opt to misplace
Your trust as you overlook your lover's cries for you to excise extramural ties.

Don't please the place
Which embraces seeds of your downfall
In a rapid pace as her lace
Pleads, 'Love me with all your heart. That's all.'

Don't accuse the ace
Of bludgeoning your broken batons
Whose genuine jamborees can't face
The reality crated in cartoon cartons.

Don't freeze the face
That once meant the world to you
When the mere crease of her dress
Fired-up femme fatale feelings for your heart to chew anew.

Don't tweeze the trace
That signifies the end of the bend
In which you brace for a race
To ensure no one on your hill can ascend or extend.

John Sensele

Don't Uncross Legs

Don't uncross legs
For a few pieces of silver
Lest lurid stories should feed rumour kegs.

A morality question begs
To differ on human rights. Although you cross the river
Don't uncross legs.

Beware of the age of HIV plagues
That decimate the unwary. Don't become an HIV driver
Lest lurid stories should feed rumour kegs.

Underwear and contraceptives tie with pegs
For your future's sake. Advises a wise weaver
Don't uncross legs.

Ostriches bury heads in the sand and lay eggs
But they preserve lives. Don't become a sex diver
Lest lurid stories should feed rumour kegs.

Although you an omelette without eggs
Surrender not to whims of a copulation retriever.
Don't uncross legs
Lest lurid stories should feed rumour kegs.

John Sensele

Don't Vex X

Don't vex your ex
When love from grace falls
Cos Semtex
Strikes love walls

Once so mighty, so sprightly
Stood proud to defeat any cumulus cloud
Which off balance slightly
Couldn't speak or spell aloud

In defence of the right
Love from her heart demanded
In a grip so tight
In a loud voice commanded

From Ben and Betty
As they strove hard
Despite little cash in the kitty
Covered in lard

As love began to dwindle on the spindle
That fastened the love Ben and Betty felt
For each other which a swindle
Jealousy dared to melt

As Ben 's heart stolen
From him in escapades on a grenade
Fallen
From Hades began to degrade

The love that shone
Throughout a dark period
Blown and torn
In a sentiment synod

Ben told
Betty not to vex
To withhold
Opportunities machismo muscles never again to flex

Or else to him love vowed never to return
Whether Ben laughed or cried
Until Ben made up his mind to burn
Ubris is love to him Cupid supplied.

John Sensele

Doodling With My Poodle

Don't delay my departure
Please your whims to your heart's content
Let me yield to fancies of my future
Dancing, doodling, dazzling and dreaming in my tent.

Don't cry when I feel pain
Please every desire of your heart
Let me find comfort and convenience in the rain
Somersaulting, sauntering, snuggling and smiling in my cart.

Don't squeal when I laugh
Please every dimension of your desert
Let me learn to grow tough carousing my preferred stuff
Hallucinating, hovering high and low as I munch my dessert.

Don't suffocate when I admire God's flowers
Please every detail of the thimble you handle
Let me grow the remit of my prisoners' powers
Giggling, grinning, galumphing and gambling with a virile vandal.

Don't blink when I think
Please learn the Parisian alphabet
Let me delight in the texture of a dopey drink
Wondering whether or not you've grown enough to pray for my pet.

John Sensele

Doormat

There was once an old doormat
That grew fast and drew a cat
On a canvas once blank
Until it grew a plank
Where a mad nerd swung a bat.

John Sensele

Dora's Aura

At last, I cast my eager eyes on your aura, Dora, for the first time
That Monday morning as your silhouette
Sauntered, savored, saluted and caressed the climb
To your flat; you whetted my appetite

Hexed for so long
Restlessness has broken through and taken every part
That in me sings a swansong;
Dora, you've awakened and stolen my heart

A heart so much at peace without a kiss
Now longing for you every moment
That elapses as I miss
You so badly and torment

Grows worse and rows of pain
Rain in my heart; won't you love me
Dora? Offer me hope, Dora, don't let me suffer in vain
As I wait to hug and kiss thee.

John Sensele

Dote On Diligence

Diligence digs its way through thorns
Singing brambles, calming down mumbles
Listening not to blaring horns
Clearing vestiges of grumbles and fumbles.

In the long run diligence pays
Handsome dividends from diligence ensue
Give up not, each effort success says
Yields good fruit, a cue and a clue, your future to glue.

Obstacles sometimes stream along
Fun detractors derive
Diligence in the end grows strong
Fruits of diligence to your doorstep arrive.

Cultivate the culture of diligence
Making each task successful
Investing in duty your best intelligence
Life's rewards grow more beautiful.

John Sensele

Doting Moms

In the eyes of doting moms, offspring remain babies
Whose every step, every move, mom feel they must protect
Lest their babies should swallow contaminated gravies
Which moms wished earlier they could detect.

In the eyes of loving moms, offspring can't look after themselves
Regardless of how many degrees they accumulate or how much gray hair
Sprinkles their heads. Moms often visit offspring and check pantry shelves
To ensure offspring feed well, sleep well and live in homes that aren't love bare.

In the eyes of caring moms, offspring can't metamorphose into independent
adults
Who think right, plan right and act right
Because offspring live in a world where cults
Can rob them, can deprive them of deserved opportunities by might.

In the eyes of responsible moms, offspring can't choose the right career
Because moms feel it's their God-ordained duty to pave the way
For offspring to reach self realization despite any barrier
That may spring up or usher in an unexpected delay.

John Sensele

Double Bother

Two siblings schemed a double bother
One son gored and killed the mother
Dad dribbled the second son
Who wanted his father done
Alert police rescued the father.

John Sensele

Double Destiny

A pig prowling pearl pavements
Breaks beautiful banners
Bungling before boring comments
Stammered with singular sinners

Who wander wildly about wilderness
Hoping and hopping hundreds
Lunatics, lumberjacks and their likeness
Somehow will throw threads

Into disarray while they play
Their jingoistic jingles to mingle
Fantasy and heresy which pray
For the elimination established

Earlier ages ago as annoyed ancestors
Came close converse to calumny
Carousels clinging close to cofactors
Who deride druids demanding a double destiny.

John Sensele

Double Edged Sword

Joy is a double-edged sword
That pleases and tweezes
When like a disorderly horde
Joy harnesses wheezes.

Joy like champagne
Bubbles forth brims
To promote a callous campaign
Teeming with sad streams.

Joy like a masquerade
Leads the naïve astray
When they indulge in a serenade
That keeps their priceless dreams at bay.

Joy like a thief
Sneaks into the middle of big plans
Muddles them up because its chief
Motive lies in impoverishing careless clans.

John Sensele

Doubles In My Do-While Loops

Doubles in my do-while loop
Iterate tenfold my improvement effort
Although dragons spin a hoop
To derange dynamics in my diligence fort.

Integers both short and long munch
Bandwidth in codes I love to hate
When pooped out I want no more number crunch
That by no means makes my coding great.

Strings and literals stream nearby
Teasing and quizzing my left brain
When coding syntax from a layby
Elects to travel away on a strain train.

Booleans and bullies I do consult
To decide whether to say yes or no
When the non-initiated on my coding pours an insult
Although they can't gyrate my java jaw.

John Sensele

Doves Cry

Doves cry when Purple Prince dies
Unexpectedly in Minnesota at the age of fifty seven.
Virtuoso Prince's creative genius scaled peerless skies.

While fans pour tears and shirk pies
The world of music bereft of Prince is shaken.
Doves cry when Purple Prince dies.

Tears, weirs, wails, pails and cries
Can't assuage the grief of a pain-sodden pen.
Virtuoso Prince's creative genius scaled peerless skies.

Global Purple Prince fans emit grief sighs
When devastation and irritation on them pour purple rain.
Doves cry when Purple Prince dies.

'I wanna Be Your Lover' gave the music world a hint of the size
Of Purple Prince's lyrical creativity and guitar productivity tone.
Virtuoso Prince's creative genius scaled peerless skies.

Music finds a muse who strengthens ties
Among fans and clans in Minnesota and in Spain.
Virtuoso Prince's creative genius scaled peerless skies.
Doves cry when Purple Prince dies.

John Sensele

Down Memory Lanes

Over the years we came through
Negotiating a patchy path where a clue
Beckoned a new start
Heeding advice to grow smart

Growing wiser day after day
Keen eyes, keen ears everyday
Gathered snippets for pets
That prevented puppets

From ensnaring minds primed to forge
Ahead from tender youth to the verge
Of maturity and security
We longed, emerging from obscurity

To the dawn of an era teeming with bliss
We sampled in humble gratitude for a new lease
Life granted to you and I
Along the way we never asked why

In our early twenties we tied the knot
Daring challenges that from day nought
Threatened our ship to capsize
Eagerness of youth cut to size

As several bulls we seized by their horns
Building our nest brick by brick despite being greenhorns
Who God by his grace elected to bless
In the face of a world so faithless

We had to tread with care
Putting our best foot forward to scare
Spooks and hooks at the ready
To bake, quake and shake our ship unsteady

But God's plans stood firm
Thwarting many a squirm
From digressing the delight
God on us poured with much limpid light.

John Sensele

Dream Hope

Dream love, dream hope, dream progress
Driven throughout by diligence
Embraced to the hilt to stress lasting success
In every single instance of providence.

Dream friends, dream trends, dream ends
Of lacklustre existence and foible life
Powered by a midget who vends and sends
Din signals tied in hot knots to the sound of a tuneless fife.

Dream Zambia, dream Copperbelt
Where real Africa beats
Drums and hits undulated debt
Into submission with love heartbeats.

Dream thaws in raw wars
Ravaging the mind of humankind
In internecine civil strife and undue woes
Meant to make billions of humans unkind.

John Sensele

Dreamers Gone Bonkers

Bathed in a sea of sorrows, dreamers shamble about the world
Oblivious to where their threadbare clogs
Tired from umpteenth repairs by cobblers unfurled
Like torn flags, clogs kick rabid dogs.

Amazed at the deterioration pates have undergone
After sustained years of banging them against stone walls
In attempts to draw sympathy from scenarios gone
Indifferent, dreamers sustain two more falls.

Wrapped in the arms of binge drinking as palliatives
Pushed to the limit and beyond self pity
Too nauseating to amuse sympathisers and relatives
Dreamers break down and cry, 'I hate this city.'

Vowing to start anew, dreamers pick themselves up
Resolve to break off old habits too ingrained to die
And too asinine to be taken seriously by a seal pup,
Dreamers tom-peep through keyholes. 'What a brown thigh! '

John Sensele

Dreaming And Winging

Dreaming coupled with tangible plans
Leads to positive outcomes
But tinkering with banns
Skirts closer to chewing insipid gums.

Dreaming big without tangible action
Yields illusions
Sows seeds of dysfunction
Engendering poisoned infusions.

Dreaming in the midst of a crisis
That demands an immediate plan B
Produces theses
No sane intellectual cares to see.

Dreaming and screaming bad luck
In the wake of escapades
Entered into on the back
Of bad decisions can't earn creditable grades.

John Sensele

Dreaming In Vain

Oh dainty dimples, flawless features and catchy curves
Smite tight eyes that rove from left to right
In search of God knows what when stalkers turn into slaves
Whose minds can't conceive a concept better than girls' might.

Oh Brazilian extensions, micro skirts, ebony leggings and wriggling waists
Low neckline ad leather boots that pound and hound concrete
As if in a battle for a title pitting tastes and vests
Worn beneath waist coats to complete an apparel feast.

Oh damsels why do take so long fixing your hair
Two minutes before an appointment for a job
That could decide your future career, plain and fair
But you linger in front of a mirror powdering your nose to entice a snob.

Oh voyeurs and onlookers why do your eyes crane to see
What doesn't belong to you, an illusion that invites pain
At your inability to catch the worm you wish to be
The apple of your eye only to wake up daydreaming in vain.

John Sensele

Dreams, Whims And Screams Of The Futility Of Morality

Reams and streams of whims
Crated the haste of pates and tastes in a row
Wasting time in climes for dreams of your teams
To negotiate the elegance and fragrance of fates and their threats slaying your
romance straw.

Lies, cries and fries became relevant
Screams and swims into beaming Brexit beasts burnt your stipend
Casting doubt on the flight, plight and slight growing irrelevant
With each second bonds ensured on traitors and detractors you could no longer
depend.

Once or twice spices of the dice did slice
Bucks stuck on your luck to deride the hide
Determining maneuvers, quivers and shivers mishandled the lice
Lies and cries supported theories that rode to hell bells of your expired pride.

The more you stuck out your neck
After they pronounced you guilty
Merely because you gave Gwen a platonic peck
Tore to pieces the Brittany believer's entitlement to futility, motility, immorality
and their volatility

Shaking foundations of the romance region and sturgeon
You believed pure
Till they cursed hearses and verses of the prude pigeon
You knew for sure held the clue to the conundrum cure

That cleaned up uncertainties confronting humankind
Forcing people to examine the truth
To exit fallacies and fantasies of every kind
From minds that grew increasingly uncouth

Denying the purity of love
Preached from the pulpit
No longer kept holy from below and from above
As long as sinners fell and sunk into the prurient pit

While Hell rejoiced
To win over converts
Angels and damsels voiced
Danced the night away at sinners' concerts.

John Sensele

Dresses Of Stresses

Corrode vats of my scars
Sustained in misadventures undertaken
In the course of tiffs we've fought in bars
Where our opinions driven to extremes were mistaken.

Explode vials of my frailties
Our hearts have grown
The more we swallowed penalties
Our indiscretions should have outgrown.

Collide electrons of my frustrations
Jumping by leaps and bounds
If our foibles feed fractious fractions
Replete in feet of our romance rounds.

Disrupt tissues of my frowns
In the fatigue and intrigue our faces
Wear if we swear to indulge gowns
Feelings fabricate in streams of stresses and temptation traces.

John Sensele

Drift From Sanity Sentence

Bloodshot eyes
Dying liver
Overcast skies
A dive into a river

Won't rekindle happiness
Lost in a sea of mistakes
In the wake of sadness
Baked in corny cakes

Frivolous fingers of fate
Lumber on a limping loin
Lost in a dull debate
As the last coin

Flies from a pocket
That breeds separation of common sense
From a stainless steel sprocket
That swings prickly pins for a few powerless pence.

John Sensele

Drivel

Woke up in the morning
Struggled with gargles of the yoke
Gripping my freedom, stoning
The determination they stalk.

Shutting up the mouth I open
To utter cries for freedom
In my soul, in my mind, in the pen
That shoves away manacles in the kingdom

Where my opinion they gag
Claiming I disseminate disorder
If their propaganda hits a snag
Torturing ordained order

They usurp from meticulous minds
Fed up with droll drivel
They wrap in risible rinds
That by default hobnob with evil.

John Sensele

Driven Dome Of A Dove

For the umpteenth time, a thought
Crossed the floss and toss of my blind kind
Of mind to muffle and ruffle shuttles that brought
Doubt, pout and gout for which I couldn't find

A reason in the prison
In which my mind chose for an overdose
To lock the cock of the season
My youth and its mouth sailing South froze

As my mind and its kind rind
Reconsidered the proposition that cider
Taken in moderation could bind
Troubles and their arable doubles to a reliable rider

Who cycles on borrowed bicycles
To sow love, tow love and grow love
In hearts of men, women and brethren in cycles
That move love, groove love and prove love on the driven dome of a dove.

John Sensele

Dromedaries Of Death

Bonfires of death breach our breath
Robbing us of our prized present
Flagellating families, enfeebling faith
Interrogating intuition, intelligence, imagination in events we resent.

Dromedaries of death desecrate our domains
Slaying sanity, stealing our celebration
Lumbering us with cries as they stab us with callous knives
Smacking sanity, sapping synergy to evaporate equilibration.

Conundrums of death cull our core
Creating chaos, annoying our ability
Engendering ephemeral mis-energy, stealing our soul
Rousing rabble, witnessing weeping to immolate intelligibility.

Mysteries of death modify, mortify our moments
Breaking bonds, breaching boundaries, bruising brains
Sowing suspicion, setting up with celerity crucibles of crazy comments
Rendering us risible, routing roses to trounce our thought trains.

Valleys of death violate our vitality
Despite our proposed plans, our voice vans
Whatever we adopt in terms of mentality, utility or versatility
Unless we look up to God to bless and bind closer our crucified clans.

John Sensele

Dromedaries Of Deceit

Duplicity and its motility defy decency
Double crossing, double talking, double dealing
Propelling redundancy, truancy, stridency and despondency
Manipulating muppets and puppets, robbing them of the power of healing.

Duplicity and its obsession sow seeds of rift
Driving a tale in one camp, preaching the opposite in the other camp
Catalyzing a whirlwind muppets and puppets can't sift
Until their blocked brains suffer a cognitive cramp.

Duplicity denies sane society
Opportunity for progress
Pulverizing pans of piety
Wading through seas of stress.

Duplicity and volatility suck
Praying for paucity of peace
Flashing fake feelings as they duck
Decency, preferring to flaunt a Judas kiss.

Soon, pretty soon enough
Duplicity suffers setback
Caught red-handed and handed stiff sentence stuff
Collapsing, disgraced on its boisterous back.

John Sensele

Droves And Love Troves Everywhere

Don't decline determined doves, valentines
In crimson cushy cashmere cullotes
Donned daintily in signs
Teeming with love lots

Designed, defined, determined dizzily
In February fairly from whole hearts
That love to love lovebirds who yearly
Expect respect, red roses and tongue teasing tarts

That delight and dispatch reams of dreams
Sent, bent and meant to please
Significant souls to whom candy creams
Fly with fanfare to ease

Inconveniences and spoil souls
Sedately serenading, sauntering somewhere
Special because their gregarious goals
Involve coves and droves of love troves everywhere.

John Sensele

Droves Of Doubts

You left me droves of doubt
Assailing my belief in the brotherhood of man
Pronounced with confidence and clout
For infants, men and women of every tan.

You left me tonnes of troubles
Shaking my belief in altruism
Pronounced with rambles and brambles
For egotism, masochism, sadism and for every truism.

You left me rivers of regrets
Shaking my belief in romance
Pronounced with open secrets
For imbalance, influence and impertinence.

You left me seas of sorrows
Shaking my belief in relationships
Pronounced with crows, rows of broken vows and tentative tomorrows
For friendships that ride shaken ships.

John Sensele

Dump Hatred

Pray for hearts driven by hate
Bless hearts powered by love
Pray for hearts that grow great
Caress aces and faces on wings of a dove

That fly high to unite folks
Who swim in a sea of contusion
Which confuses rocks and forks
When the promotion of the right disposition

Yields redeemable results compared to discernible division
Which in due season
Performs so poorly its erosion
Washes away valuable values and pales into derision

Driving naive minds into a mistaken assessment
That hideous hatred promotes a saintly status
And lucrative livelihood although such a sentiment
Rewards humankind with nothing but futile fuss

'Brethren, wake up and quit the delusion cocoon
In which you hold yourself prisoner of bitterness
That far from metamorphosing you into a tycoon
Ducks you a quicksand of worthlessness'

The more you hate, the more you suffer
Because targets of bitter emotions
Live free lives in a buoyant buffer
Free of self inflicted sorrows and sanctions

While undue pain and its train of strain
Haunt you day and night
As you find it hard to restrain
Nightmares from inflicting on you a bilious bite.

John Sensele

Dump Sorrow Into Discarded Dustbins

Dump into history's dustbins your sorrow
From the ground pick yourself up
To restore quality and humility into tomorrow
When you no longer drink sorrow from its cup.

Drive into tomorrow with confidence
Striving to tolerate nonsense no more
Determined to inject into your life a cadence
Even though your analysis sounds like a snore.

Determine to grow into happiness
Despite a recent romance setback
That injects into your heart emotional emptiness
Worrying your significant other might get you back.

Deepen your spirit of remorse
If a partner's heart you broke
Climbing and riding a high horse
Dreaming against hope you select another heart to rock.

John Sensele

Dunce Demagogues

Death dealers dared dunce politicians.
Said killers, 'Stop punching nerd physicians
Who pack peace in every space.
Until smiles spin your face,
Death will drown mundane meridians.'

John Sensele

Dwellers Of Glass Houses

Glass and class houses break
Nepotism and opportunism beneficiaries speak
Cronyism and cynicism policies a system they wreck.

Myopia in a demagogue's reign reaches a peak
When police officers an armed man they condone
As feelings of anger fever pitch they leak

Although unemployed Americans can't get a relief loan
In the midst of covid 19 pandemic
When pharmaceutical companies potential vaccines they clone

As infectious diseases stubbornly grow endemic
Assailing teams of victims in their wake
As unprecedented bush fires ravage California like a fiery epidemic

In their boots Yankees quake and shake
As a divisive demagogue grow in his pronouncements in his fake lake.

John Sensele

E Male

E male salutes machismo
E male reveals bias
E male loathes Satchmo
E male pollutes faces of an election case.

E male obsesses some quarters
E male possesses fibs
E male stresses waters
E male cracks ribs.

E male conceals Russian bears
E male deals a fatal uppercut
E male charges exorbitant fares
E male fails to make a golf cut.

E male ignores capital sins
E male suggests angels are on one side
E male sticks in some backs prickly pins
E male derides female emancipation and condones male pride.

John Sensele

Each Second Counts

Make each second count
Tomorrow for you may never come
Opportunities don't dispel or discount
All wastage discard or at least some.

Make the most of opportunity
Opportunity may never at your door knock again
If you specialize in impunity and mutiny
Lost opportunity you may never regain.

Make a way for progress
Squander neither space nor time
If at all cost sorrow and regret should digress
As all mountains high and low you determine to climb.

Make allowances for understanding
When others go wrong
Losing their way in a maze of the misunderstanding
You clear up for all stakeholders to grow strong.

John Sensele

Each Year We Make Resolutions

Each year we make resolutions
Which we seldom implement
Cos along the way solutions
To our blues we fail to cement.

Each year we pledge to improve
The way we think, act and do
And yet each December we fail to prove
That to our resolutions we remain true.

Each year we brag
About ambitious plans we create
From our lives to remove the snag
Into which we run as mediocrity and hypocrisy our lives permeate.

Each year with our eyes wide open
We pray to love our neighbor
As we scribble with our red pen
Hatred and malice never harbor.

John Sensele

Earned Urns

Twenty seventeen, welcome plenty,
Let three hundred and sixty five days and kindred
Bring singsong seventy
To lips and beeps that wed.

Twenty seventeen, take away empty
Promises and give grandsons
Ability and opportunity
To shine fine tonnes of suns.

Twenty seventeen, break away from inability
To love lads and lasses
Whose goodwill and sagacity
Shine mine brasses.

Twenty seventeen, tweak
Twists and turns
But may every week
Distil and fill to brims our earned urns.

John Sensele

Easy Does It

Life is a cocktail
One second it gives delight
The next second it stings our tail
Snapping from us rays of light

Casting us into a confusion morass
Where with a little abandon we cry
If our eyes perceive the gangrene grass
Which by default try harder to fry

Our hope
Diverting our mind from the focus
We nurture on the slope
Which slants to point out the liberation locus

We require to regroup
Efforts in forts of progress
If we work as a unified group
To relieve from one another tonnes of stress.

John Sensele

Ebola Horrors

Ebola slays kids
Guinea doctors succumb
Freetown life bleeds.

John Sensele

Ebony Eden

Love lost in a loft
Above my pillow near a willow
Tree where I first fondled her soft
Masterclass mammaries in diary prairies where to my heart she shouted hello

To inaugurate and initiate
Moments meant to diffuse my loneliness
Long felt, long hailed as a diet
Seldom sampled, seldom seen alongside wickedness

That cast vast vats vested in confusion
Whose end I tended to mend
Except that derision and indecision
On her part in my rampart could and would send

Mixed, brisk signals to risk
Frightening the complexion cream
She donned to frisk
Layers and prayers of ebony Eden in our dramatic dream.

John Sensele

Ebony Mare

Wade through life's suede oceans with care
Fade red images of dirges of a decrepit past in which
Blunders, thunders and plunders held sway with a spare
Dose of causes of neglect that chose to eject the switch
In charge of decision making which weaker
Vessels and vassals promoted through throaty voices of loss
Shouted louder, poured prouder and kidnapped the speaker
With the voice of reason in prison whom the gaol boss
Browbeat into brainwashing inmates and into pinching bling
Flaunted by aristocrats with layered cravats in public
Sprang a surprise when he snatched the sling
David used to fell Goliath's tunic with a single click
In twenty sixteen. Thread needles and tread with rare
Aplomb, pomp and regal grace in the vicinity of an ebony mare.

John Sensele

Edge, Pledge & Sledge

In the blink of an eye, I hit the road
Tearing clutters, tatters and matters
That sense the essence of odds the broad
Faces in verses the sooth sayer utters.

In the blink of an eye, I swear never again to wear
The ring and bling the fling strings together
To swing wings that swear to flare
When the glare of gloom tears for good her tether.

In the blink of an eye, I spurn the urn
That boils, coils and spoils the affection
I knew I'd earned in return
For the diligence and sapience I'd injected into the infatuation.

In the blink of an eye, I ram the slum and scam into the sledge
To edge out the page the sage waged promote the mote
That drove a wedge between her ledge and stage I pledge
No longer to quote, promote or tot.

John Sensele

Educate Citizens To Meditate

Educate citizens to meditate
On willingness to acquire diplomas
Through diligence when they hesitate
To cheat without any complicity cabals or duplicity dramas.

Educate citizens to refrain
From cheating, from copying
If they can't stand the strain
To study sets of notes and sums without spying.

Educate citizens to adopt integrity
As a progressive culture
That steers Zambia to maturity
With no student turning into a vampire or a vulture.

Educate citizens to sacrifice time
Effort and comfort to earn honest qualifications
Without thinking education is cheaper than the dime
That comes from malpractice notions and actions.

John Sensele

Education

Erudition flies yonder the mundane
Drives worlds of infinite potential
Universally propelling progress
Caressing innovations
Ambushing slovenly attitudes
Tinkling at the rough edges of the known
Inviting explorations of new competencies
Optimising mental pathways
Nodding at new universes and frontiers of knowledge.

John Sensele

Education Equalizer

Education polishes minds into precious gems
Education grows pathways in the brain for information entry
Information storage, information retrieval from which stems
Cognitive development, affective development and a psycho motor skill battery.

Education grows beyond writing simple sentences
Using limited vocabulary, using basic diction and handling rudimentary grammar
Education elevates an entire personality above fences
In which lie Arithmetic, Hand Writing, Spelling and mere clamour.

Education swims from within an intellectual
Who develops faculties to think logically, to figure out complex processes
That design artificial intelligence, engineers servers in an effectual
Mechanism that enriches individuals, develops communities, slays vanity and
relieves stresses.

Education proves to be a social mobility equalizer
Balancer, leveler that hoists an urchin from dustbins of poverty
In a ghetto to a pinnacle of wealth limited only by the imagination sanitiser
Which enables any brain to self realize with integrity and dignity.

John Sensele

Education Marvels

Education, you open a myriad doors
For suitors to enter, for suitors to explore opportunities
That you bestow on the edge of the universe whose floors
No longer limit heights suitors scale if suitors perform essential duties.

Education, you propel to the fore
The son of a marketer, the daughter of a hawker
Provided they choose to cruise past challenges they met before
You came along to realize their priceless dreams as a power broker.

Education, you redress the social balance
Dumping brats to the bottom of the economic pyramid
Raising vulnerable urchins and orphans to the apex of science
As though you were a druid, indeed.

Education, you smite scoffers
Whose cynicism pour scorn on your power
Claiming the educated roam city streets as loafers
Before they pluck their employment flower at God's appointed hour.

John Sensele

Education Notions & Portions

Eagles of education in a nation's destination and estimation
Soar high and turn the burning desire of a marketeer's son to aspire
For privileges and pledges of an international language mission
To ripen records of chords and fords that glad lads and dads require.

Eagles of education enable fables of a home economics background
To metamorphose roses of mumbles of a tumble teacher
To break cakes and stakes of new ground around
A more social, scientific and saner status switcher.

Eagles of education in their noble notion praise days of a railway's
Employee to deploy his son from the joy and ploy
Of succour and success into the certainty of a national presidency in ways
That surprise sunrises and prizes of a truculent toy.

Eagles of education in their proven proportions metamorphose mimeographs
from a treat tome
From a diurnal and nocturnal mourner
Into a masterclass mom whose home
Develops her son's envelope into secure scopes and hospitable hopes of a
winner.

John Sensele

Eggshells And Bliss Bells

Love walks a tightrope
Crawling and rolling on your sentimental slope
Till from the bottom of your heart you print on her hope.

Love walks on eggshells
Crying out in pain if you deny her bliss bells
Till you bless and caress her in sentimental scales.

Love roars to life
Flying if you pluck from her bosom strife
When you play her lullaby on your fabulous fife.

Love in your life grows into a tonic
Pampered at a speed supersonic
Unhindered by manners and banners masonic.

John Sensele

Egregious Epitaph

Matters little utterances you spit at the graveyard
When I'm six feet under
If no welcome I munched in your yoyo yard
Where each minute I dodged your thunder.

Matters little crocodile tears you pour
When my life is done
If no endearments you whispered in your door
Where each second on my rights you slapped a ban.

Matters little ceremonies you sponsor
When you mock my cadaver
If no love I got from you, sir
Where each day my connections you did sever.

Matters little antics you accelerate during the requiem mass
When I breathe my last breath
If no appreciation I glean from your class
Where each minute you flogged my faith.

John Sensele

Egregious Grief

Overcome by grief, we withdraw into a cocoon
Where we blame others for our loss
Resembling people less than a raccoon
Who gathers no moss.

Overcome by grief, we wallow in self pity
Where we gain nothing of value
Veering away from humility
Making ourselves more and more blue.

Overcome by grief, we sink beneath our dignity
Where we lose more and more
Indulging more and more in vanity
Until we score a sores that snore.

Overcome by grief, we mess up our environment
Where we repel sources of succor
As we lament and cement torment
Because we nurture ribald rancor.

John Sensele

Egregious Injustice

A wall of silence
A scroll of insolence
Affluent in theory
Dysfunctional in cogent camaraderie

Lives lost
Lives at crippled cost
Cut down in a forest of excuses
Flushed down in sanctimonious sluices

Social media triumph
Mass media gallumph
Stashed in museum dinosaurs
Stripped of the ability to save souls

Validity and versatility of the video
Catching rogue rangers with their rampaging rodeo
Which lives they cheapen
In collusion with the union pen

Sanitizing abuses of the negro
Systematic sabotage they grow
Assaulting nostrils of justice
In a concealed iceberg of egregious injustice

Millennials vow to dismantle
Millennials camera on Instagram snatch the mantle
Unleashing onset of global outrage
Ascending in a crescendo of ramped up rage

The global governance feels
Fed up with apologist eels
Rationalizing low enforcement corners
That in a heartbeat decrytenderizing toners.

John Sensele

Eighteen Holes

Tee off in grand style on a green
Course and focus on your golf task
Where records tumble in a wondrous win.

Wood or iron clubs use to mean
Serious business as hot tea simmers in a flask.
Tee off in grand style on a green.

Swing your body left to right despite the din
Mumbled by a heckler in a mask
Where records tumble in a wondrous win.

Play your best golf to make the cut as the dean
Of your club questions needn't ask.
Tee off in grand style on a green.

Subtle game is all you need. Don't embarrass your twin
Sister as it's not in your nature in expletives to bask
Where records tumble in a wondrous win.

To attempt to enter a golf club collarless is a sin
Punishable by an eighteen-hole arduous task.
Tee off in grand style on a green
Where records tumble in a wondrous win.

John Sensele

Either Intellectually Deficient Or Inefficient

Eyes see moments of our birth
As little helpless babies with no neck to support our big heads
Which push society around as they grow in girth
When we fuss and kick mom's in beds

Where once further physical development occurs
Eyes see us learning to crawl
In tandem with fate that seldom errs
As our fantasy indulges in a brawl

With siblings as eyes see us mumbling a syllable here, another syllable there
All the while driving our moms nuts
When we suckle colostrum and milk from breasts with an air
Of undiminished ubris as moms become butts

Of the unfunny jokes we crack
With unabashed joy, thinking the world a happy
Venue where blues in overdose we pack
To make family members unhappy

When from school moms cry
Despairing that we can't construct a simple sentence in correct English
At the same time as in Arithmetic we try
Harder our sums and triangle perimeter calculations on time to finish

Prompting moms to wonder if their superior genes
Live in our mediocre intelligence quotient
Whose needles and pins
Portray a number of us either as intellectually deficient or inefficient.

John Sensele

Ejected, Evicted, Unprotected And Uninvited

Expectations unmet
In love that shone light
On hopes unfelt
Strode astride in flight

To Cupid's abode
Where love smote
A heart that rode
A hurdle whose coat

Sought to suppress
An impression within an operation
Meant to address stress
Felt so keenly affection

Crept, wept and slept
A deep slumber
Swept to a pillow's left
In a mood so somber

A strident snore
Shook awake a lover
Whose interest to prick the core
Of a masked matter plucked a clover

Under the cover of a truce
Initiated to patch up differences
In opinion and substance grew loose
During conferences and inferences

Took the lover to task
Daring him to chide churlish manners
Even if the lover chose to ask
Busybodies to stop throwing spanners

In the works forgiveness
Strove so hard to bring about
Within the thickness and stillness
Commotions injected to tout

Provocations and convocations in their varieties
Seeking to surge forward
To kill realities
That fought backward

Processes of recesses
Bent on promoting increasing tension
In affection accesses
That wouldn't come to fruition

As time by dint of inevitability
Failed to heal the jilted
Despite their desire for humility
To plug up gaps for the wilted who felt ejected and rejected.

John Sensele

Elect Events To Evince

Elect in life events to evict
As egregious events unfold in your stronghold
With pomposity minus panache to depict
Trivia and trash sold so bold and cold in nuggets of gold.

Elect in life issues to ignore
As tissues of some issues stink
When detractors and their dragonflies snore and bore
Frivolities, flatteries, fantasies, futilities and foibles falling into crucibles
containing Quink ink.

Elect in life rabbles to reject
As they treasure tense insignificance
When great gurus set out to pay respect
To sages and pages who in cavalry conduits strike the best balance.

Elect in life promenades to punish
As they add no value
To major aspects of life which furnish
Pain and strain that leave you blue.

Elect in life lobbies to lengthen
As their end result
In the long run strengthen
Your resolve without in sight any tumult.

Elect in life women to want
As they change you into the kind of person
Who perfects the art that elects to grant
Women enough willpower to avoid clutches of a mason.

Elect in life boys to blame
As they stew in their own juice
Living lives without a clear aim
Crushing, cracking an conniving in a sordid sluice.

Elect in life projects to purge
As they signify total waste of time
When irrelevance and insignificance they urge

In a moribund mime mired in lascivious lime.

John Sensele

Election Paradigms

Elections worldwide sail through uncharted waters
Where systems, procedures and processes
Have gone under scrutiny and surveillance in matters
Of transparency, efficiency, efficacy in scored successes and reverses.

Far right parties in Europe, demagogues and ideologues
Have gripped the heart of politics and pragmatics
To the extent where their election agenda abhor blogs
and social media award they veer away from sarcastics.

Candidates with all shades and grades of political persuasion
Populate landscapes within scopes that petrify and electrify
Opinions of zillions of followers and hewers who in due season
Condone, contribute, conserve, correct and convert substance and circumstance
that stupefy.

As means of leadership renewal and survival of political novelty
Elections encompass a spectrum of beliefs, briefs and chiefs
Who on balance embrace tolerance in abundance with neither cruelty
Nor arrogance flaunted and vaunted under victory celebration kerchiefs.

Elections whose orientation, dispensation and motivation
Hinge on sowing seeds of division, derision with a proclivity
To entrench opacity, to kill transparency, to promote a persuasion
That retard democracy and veer towards autocracy deplete their electricity and
validity.

John Sensele

Eleven Veins In My Heaven's Leaven

Heaven hovers over hope horizons
Which highlight the light and flight of the confidence
Concealed and sealed in my sentiment seasons
When happiness hastens my perseverance and persistence.

Heaven hobnobs with hope habits
Which coupled and pooled with happiness
Humbles, fumbles and mumblesmercies at rabbits
Which habituate and situate my crimson coziness.

Heaven hosts posts and pots of happiness
Blessed to impress stress relievers
Spun in honey and money business
Which conveys a convoy of bliss believers.

Heaven blesses and kisses the noblesse of couples
Whose mission meets marital measures
Moulded to dignify and magnify dimples
Which accentuate the contours and detours of pristine pleasures.

John Sensele

Eliminate Disorder For Good

Ensnared in greed's deadlock
Where I can't open the lock
To the barn in which kindness stock

That humankind in its hour of need
Longs to free its soul from the greed
That frustrates the compassion feed

To save humankind from self destruction
Embedded in the social malfunction
In need of urgent rehabilitation and action

To braid the dreadlock
On which the empathy cock
Banishes spirits that mock

Restoration of rights unbroken
For the poor and the vulnerable forsaken
In curses in verses spoken

In tones filled with foresight
Both during the day and at night
To remove the blight

That bedevils my society
In every manner variety
That overlooks satiety

Which unless cured
To remove injustice lured
Into chords featured

In bonds of slavery
That overlook bravery
To promote the delivery

Of a more just social order
Which melts the border
Between fairness and unfairness for good removes disorder.

John Sensele

Elmina Castle

Elmina hustle, bustle and castle
Dehumanisation in every muscle
Rebelling against shipment like chattel
To the Americas where us like charcoal in the jungle

They fail and sell us to the highest bidder
Who treats us less than cider
Multiplying their wicked wealth
At the expense of our dignity and health

As though the colour of our skin
Metamorphosed us into creatures lower than their kin
To whom dignity is a must
And whose self esteem and concept held in trust

Under no circumstances they can betray
But they asked us to close our eyes and pray
While our lives and livelihoods they stole
Together with our dignity and humanity as a whole

Exploiting and discriminating against us
In the new millennium where they fuss
Paying peanuts for our property and labour
Arguing to the them we aren't fit to be neighbour

Unless we bow down to the low status
They impose on us in the hiatus
That asks God why we suffer
Having broken our backs as an offer

In building their cities and utilities
Losing life in the strife where our duties
Count for nothing
In Uncle Sam where something

Went very wrong
From the time slavery grew strong
To emaciate our value
Forever painting us blue

Despite our plea to God
To free us from indignities that unfold
Since they stole us from Africa
To build failed state America.

John Sensele

Elves & Nerves

Elves and nerves of twenty twelve swerve
Crave, delve, conserve and brave tomtoms
Against gains of rains and trains of love to serve
The verve of supple apples who reject effects of anode atoms.

Elves and nerves of twenty twelve open pent up pens
In which human resource transhumance resemblance
Transports feeling fees and dimple dealings into dens
Where the brave crave to utter in a gutter a sentimental sentence.

Elves and nerves of twenty twelve built on brazen bravado
Staccato of judo in romance halls on frolick floors
To peer through brown eyes for benign signs maligned in a dojo
That hope on a sentimental rope besotted hearts can care to dismiss despair.

Elves and nerves of twenty twelve in amazement dazes a lass who hexes
And secret suitor who can't flatter the lass on decorum grounds
Although tinged of guilt singe regrets that romantic reflexes
Let go when the lass spins pins of her inner and outer beings for rousing rounds.

John Sensele

Emaciated And Depreciated Love Lozenges

From the back of a woman's mind
A thought creeps, peeps and slips
Meandering through layers of blind rind
Summersaulting to scan sweeps

Teeming with spaces in vessels
Where the thought investigates
Which epistles and whistles
Blow hot in the vicinity of gates

Hermetically closed
Shut so tight
The thought wonders who disclosed
Innermost secrets to delight

Ears and eyes that
Pry with neither repose nor pause
In their flat
Moves designed with no gauze

In sight as the thought
Snaps to attention
Peering left and right although caught
Up in a distraction direction

That tells the thought the coast
Is clear to proceed
To a toast
For the feed and seed

Unbeloved
Unappreciated
In a myriad of pesky problems unsolved
In love lozenges emaciated and depreciated.

John Sensele

Embers Sparkle

Embers burn away
Carbon monoxide grips lungs
As life batons drop hints.

John Sensele

Embrace A Conducive Culture

In my life be the sunshine I seek
To warm my mornings and afternoons
When the future seems bleak
And the door to my happiness blocked by goons

Spells doom
Feels so cold
Spreads gloom until room
You create uncertainty and bleakness you withhold

Emitting rays of the sunshine
That the road ahead shines clear
My mood to redefine and refine
How much I hold you dear

In my heart
In my soul
In every significant part
That scores the goal

Signifying happiness
Side-stepping procrastination
Without attached a string
That diminishes the flow of holy water from the faucet

Ordained from on High
To bless my future
To bring success and progress nigh
As you and I embrace a conducive culture.

John Sensele

Embrace A Perspicacity Philosophy

In your life, embrace a philosophy of perspicacity
Steeped in clarity of thought and effective action due
To execution depth pursued with caution and sagacity
Intended to bring to fruition any assignment new.

At no time in your business pursuits, should you condone any scene
Imbued with inferiority wings couched in false morality
Under the guise of versatility presented as pristine
Discourse by nervous nerds who defy established authority.

While the tide swings fortunes in your favour
In all transactions undertaken in consort with partners,
Exploit opportunities for profit in an endeavour
To revive business prospects conducted by means of retainers.

Come rain or shine, put your best foot forward,
Implement the most efficient business strategy
To exceed customers' expectations toward
Goods and services served without due regard to their Biology.

John Sensele

Embrace Peace Everywhere

Peace at sunup
Peace when savage snakes strike
Peace for a half full cup
Trouble-free philosophy dare to like.

Peace at night
Peace when enemies assemble
Peace when joy is in full flight
Trouble-free philosophy dare not fumble, jumble or tumble.

Peace during temptations
Peace when friends convey condolences
Peace thrives with initiative intentions
Trouble-free philosophy overcomes lost lances.

Peace at home
Peace when tears dry
Peace when free thoughts in your mind roam
Trouble-free philosophy and way of life never cry.

Peace at sunset
Peace when Rupees run down
Peace and kiss pacific people never upset
Trouble-free philosophy sweeps away soporific sins in the vicinity of a creation crown.

John Sensele

Embrace Winds Of Change

Life improves by change
Qualify life doesn't ring or sound strange
If I choose to cruise towards amiability, agility and adaptability
Thereby embracing malleability, quality and higher ability.

Discomforts in life accompany change
I embrace optimism to advance in my range
To sail towards my desired destiny
With no fear of feelings mutiny.

To soar in life I vow to espouse change
Routines and comfort zones I rearrange
Alongside habits that hold back my progress
Unless henceforth I wish forever to regress.

I choose to accelerate sails and winds of change
Seizing every success opportunity directions to arrange
For chances, instances, stances and dances to advance and glance
At the fertile future leaving no actors and factors to chance.

John Sensele

Emergent Stronger & Stronger From Any Crises

Embrace the tinge of a challenge with a conquering courage
Summoned from deep within your soul
Which God's grace blesses to face any barrage
Challenges and lozenges delineate as a goal

Set and preset alongside precepts
Long ago lined up as a sign
To test your mettle in intercepts
That cut your stamina line

At a joint set of points that meet
Your vision line with a fusion
Concocted and deducted from a tweet
With no clear purpose, no remission reason

Except to test whether your best bet
To emerge from any surge and purge that urge
Your determination, self preservation not to wait
But to grow stronger and stronger from any crises that emerge.

John Sensele

Emmett Till

Taken away in a diabolical deal
To punish and banish your bravery bill
Your soul lives on a hallowed African hill where Africans love you still

Despite yearning years of macabre mourning and groaning
Wondering why evil emotions engendered and engineered the grinning
With neither trace of remorse nor ounce of meaning

From the murderous mob
Primed to symbolize the sadistic snob
Brainwashed innocent black lives without mercy to rob

At gun point with treble treason
Regardless of the syllogism season
The mob can't and won't escape the public opinion prison

Although mama in anguish tore her hair
Weeping, whispering 'it ain't fair'
Expecting neither iota of compassion nor crumbs of care

In a society conditioned and auditioned to sick cynicism
Rooted in attitude atavism revelry racism
In minds teeming with fatuous fanaticism

Breeding, feeding and speeding up supine supremacy
In an enchained, unrestrained, enslaved efficacy
That decrees slaying negroes equals distal diplomacy

That ignores 'black lives matter'
Whether crimes fly faster or wipe whiter
Planting and multiplying black death deeds and seeds in gangrene gutter.

Bye, bye Emmett Till
Our aching hearts someday soon shall heal
Cos natural justice proclaims God's will

To forgive assassins
Despite their sacs of sins
Sticking out needless needles and prickly pins.

John Sensele

Emotional Majesty

Emotional energy in its majesty floods the ether
Gravitating and orbiting like electrons
From alkaline sources to balance the anther
In search of emotional stability with zillions

Ions driven by actions and reactions within
Hearts with parts of human matter cluttered
With a plethora of cocktails of joys and sorrows in
And out of season for undefined adventures filtered

To topmost purity and maturity whether they be male
Female, eunuchs or cynics. Emotional energy drives
A gregarious agenda in which ions can tweet or email
Kindred souls to complement one another within hives

Teeming with goodwill, wit and a good dose of noble
Intentions to copulate, to osculate, to ovulate, to emulate
Best practices with neither rancour nor ignoble
Motivation to harm the electron that in unison other positrons complement.

Emotional energy in layers and sprayers inhabits
Every human heart which it manipulates from infancy
Moulding it into a synergy without any tragedy that calls it quits
At the earliest hurdle in its search for a sense of decorum and decency

Bathed in seas of hope, seas of love
Imbued with exquisite qualities in sufficient quantities
Adorned from inside and from outside with a dove
To mean let's love, let's hover, let's shove aside affinity difficulties.

John Sensele

Emotions In Ebullition

Emotions in motion

Recriminations blown and flown naked
Distil neither erudition nor devotion
Much as paucity of reality can't be faked.

Emotions in recrimination

Vacuum in valence
Remove room for a mellow mission
Much as mad blood to heads reeks of insolence.

Emotions in escalation

Dishing out dimes of shame
Salute a draconian declaration
Much as rewards repel blame.

Emotions in stagnation

Soar to eaves of insanity
Dangle a droll dearth of innovative imagination
Much as freaks frown upon vapid vanity.

Emotions in dissolution

Strategy in disarray
Dribble a dish devoid of any salient solution
Much as puppets osculate a failure foray.

Emotions in regression

Ideas in short supply
Connive to promote a transgression
Much as recidivists reason can't apply.

Emotions in question

Frivolities in abundance
Slay a future already in sequestration
Much as jesters gyrate in a suicidal stance.

John Sensele

Empire, Fire, Ire And Hire

Don't tire, set my heart on fire
Until love soars supreme
When both you and I no more ire on the sly
To sully our noble name, claiming it conjures up blatant blame.

Don't tire, light up my empire
Until love lifts us above the mundane
Which envelops a somber sky
Within a world that's insane and inane.

Don't tire, don't let our love expire
Until at the opportune occasion we consummate
The love that never asks why
You and I of late separation can't decimate in any climate.

Don't tire, don't put our love on hire
Until the end of time
When speculation and serendipity slay the spy
Who claims we love like slimes who mime.

John Sensele

Endangered Gender

Little structures and infrastructure sprout on a chest
Pelvis metamorphoses into a rose to ready a woman
To bear babies. Excuses and ruse to suffer the worst?
Not at all. Sights of female structures to a main man
Mustn't signify a nigh licence and a sense to exploit
To harass, to embarrass, to molest, to defile, to deflower
Innocent girls just because a thrust of lust chooses to hit
The wrong button in a fashion to peel off a fragile flower
By the hour intended to blossom, to bloom into a miss world
A future professor, a future heart arrestor, a future darling
Who deserves better than a letter hostage held
To ransom at random by a bevy of venomous vultures whose fling
Denigrate the girl's pearl virtue because she ain't no statue
To suffer abuse, misuse and refuse on a lecher's menu.

John Sensele

Enforced Stupor And Torpor

A coterie of unschooled children in tow
A blind woman shambles from street to street
Stretching an emaciated hand in a row
Hoping a coin her kitty will greet

From impoverished passersby
Who tighten belts to breaking point
Restraining a famine cry
In an exclamation joint

That begs for progress
Hoping against hope
The blind undergo less stress
As dark thoughts crop

Up wondering why fate
So often unfair
Hates the pate
In which brains fare

Badly at the bottom of the pyramid
Where mosquitoes
Mistake them for a hominid
Bereft of tomatoes

For which they long
But can't afford
Cos their pockets aren't strong
Enough to jump on board

The tomato malady
From which urban dwellers suffer
Shady, ready already
Succour them relief can't offer

As a coin drops into the extended hand
Eliciting a thank you
From a blesser who can't understand
The humility that greets him anew

In a cut-throat
World that reviles the poor
Whose threadbare coat
And spoor swim in enforced stupor and torpor.

John Sensele

Engender Not Creed Consequences

This I dare, this I declare
Trust given too readily
Boomerangs in the wake of lack of care
Burning burrows of deceit lividly.

This I peel, this I feel
Contrived colours in the end show
When the truth trounces the pill
To evaporate heresies that have outgrown their glow.

This I perceive, this I conceive
Temerity and integrity always triumph
Sties of lies for a while deceive
But tonnes of truth in the end gallumph.

This I proclaim, this I claim
Beneath every lie lives consequences
That kill the goodwill in the game
The lost play to the detriment of salvation sequences.

John Sensele

Enliven Limpid Lots

Mean wisdom words you utter
To flatter the focus you mean
If your words should matter
Painting your credibility clean.

Mean intentions you harbor
For your intentions to climb the ladder
When for value you labour
Making your heart always gladder.

Mean promises you make
To earn credibility
When you no longer mistake
Pride as more potent than humility.

Mean thoughts you clink
To validate the thoughts
Your inner interns link
To your ever narrowing circle of limpid lots.

John Sensele

Enters My Backdoor, Exits My Frontdoor

Despite its proverbial might, the Glass Ceiling
Couldn't freeze the dream God wrote on the page
Where my misery and the sad feeling
That in its ribald rage

Strove hard my priceless dream to delete and defeat
Breathing hard on my neck
Snatching from my outstretched hands the succulent sweet
Destined from my life to break

The jinx
That hitherto kept frustrating my career progress
When its serpent sticks
Determined to undress

My future
Until God's hands
By dint of their victorious culture
Smashed to smithereens the brands

Whose furnace fire grew cold
Restoring my dream
With a move so bold
Into my hands God landed my career's ice cream

Commanding the Glass Ceiling to step aside
Convening and commencing the inauguration ceremony
In which my pride
Flew back and grew strong as though a scripture from Deuteronomy

Installed me on the throne
As a mighty queen
Without any further obstacle in my career zone
Enabling me to reign supreme in a kingdom clean and green.

John Sensele

Entertain Enemies

Paste a smile on an enemy's face
Slices of malice and avarice displace.

John Sensele

Epo

A dark horse with neither hoarse voice nor coarse vocal cords
Springs a surprise on favourite athletes with plenty of spright
When a dark horse against all expectations tears records
At Wembley, in the Dakar rally, at Wimbledon where their might
Shatters long standing benchmarks without pause and irritates
Record holders, shaking their confidence into pieces as the defiance
Of a dark horse feat buttressed by erythropoietin drugs unfairly spits
Outstanding, superhuman performances in which the illegal substance
Uncovered by laboratory assays of urine and blood samples retested
After ceaseless demands by clean athletes in selected, specific field
Events, on cycling tracks, in boxing rings though contested
Stridently reveal traces of performance enhancing substances that yield
Medals, cups and silverware obtained through underhand means
To confer highest athletics honours on athletes teeming with dope sins.

John Sensele

Equal Economic And Political Impact

Every morning, wake up and pray for your nation
To progress and relieve stress
In every citizen in wealth distribution
Tender treatment for woman and waitress

No child to suffer hunger
No man, woman or child to experience discrimination
No poor or peasant to harbor anger
No bias or force in modes of administration

Ensure fairness
Enable unfettered freedoms
Foster national unity and oneness
In towns, municipalities and chiefdoms

Where roads and roles cruise as one
Bounty and blessing in equal measure
To ensure justice and joy seen and done
When citizens, great and small, benefit from leisure and pleasure

In togetherness
In deed and fact
To kick out wickedness
When all citizens feel fair economic and political impact.

John Sensele

Erase Eras Of Error & Terror

Erase phases of pride
That from you drive friends away
Too tired with you to enjoy another ride
When despite a plethora of sins you wouldn't pray.

Erase phases of macho manners
That reek from your every pore
As in friends' works you jam spanners
Get on their nerves and play the plain bore.

Erase phases of repulsive rage
That mirrors your chauvinistic short fuse
Melting at the slightest session on your pesky page
Where etiquette, humility and decorum you wouldn't choose.

Erase phases of horror
That mars salient aspects of your egregious existence
Reflected in your forsaken and sunken mirror
As your life begs for silence, balance and persistence.

John Sensele

Erase My Crime, Belle

Throbs of pain in my head
Thoughts of you in brownian motion in my mind
I pine and pine but sleep I can't find
Till Cupid's arrows at long last let go of my bed

While I toss about, wondering why you no longer call
Since that fateful night you found your best friend clasped in my arms
Where in foolish fashion she succumbed to my charms
Leading my heart to the downfall

I hate to register in your loud silence
That assails me every second I remember the escapade
Swimming in a rapacious cascade
You mete out with insolence

I justly deserve given the foibles
My roving eyes fed
At moments when your heart bled
Setting in motion squabbles

My sense of fidelity
Could on second thought prevent
If a sense of consideration put paid to the event
I now regret with humility

Wishing your heart could find space and time
To forgive my impulse
If the tender pulse
From your large heart could erase my crime.

John Sensele

Estates, States And Tastes In Love

Let our hearts beat as one
For the love you and have won
Much as convention irritates
Contrary to love dictates in its estates.

Let our freedoms run free
To brush and crush the love tree
Signifying the mystique we feel
When your heart and mine heal.

Let love define boundaries
In skies and ties estuaries
Where we fly in ninth clouds
Daring and caring for love shrouds.

Let fantasy and ecstasy reign
For love reigns sovereign
In fevers and rivers we digest
As love cots, lots and pots we ingest.

John Sensele

European Grapes Of Wrath

Grapes of wrath swoop over loops and hoops in Europe
Which swoons, groans and moans cos a blame game
Steals deals, peels, skills and heels of common sense to cope
With deep seated anguish and a swish that can't name
Real culprits who print dirge notices and sound the death knell
That doomsday sayers claim extinguishes the bright light
The European Union shone on a lonely world through email
Strident, discordant, dissonant noise that injects fright
In insecure populace who dance to the tune of cynics
Who pander to underhand fears and tears in minds gone
Blank through rank propaganda spread by cryptic critics
Incensed by the essence of cosmopolitans whose bone and clone
Thief executives purloin. They claim Brexit through a wake up call
Shakes the complacent bottom of Europe to shape up and play ball.

John Sensele

Every Home

Rays of hope spray radiance and light up an ambience
Rich in vitality, utility and solidarity endowing folks
With renewed vigour and rigour to live in the essence
Which feeds hope in a scope that pops not clocks or forks
But a fuller life where a housewife uses her knife
Her spoon, her kettle, her crockery, her culinary skills
To come to the fore on core factors and actors rife
In all realms that promote not her huge utility bills
But deals teeming with peaks of laughter that resonate
Wherever folks gather to tether social life to joy
Positive interactions and actions that enjoin folks to isolate
Sorrow tomorrow in Burroughs and furrows that employ
Friendship, relationship and companionship for fuller life to thrive
In every home and in every comb until leadership and kinship arrive.

John Sensele

Every Now & Then

Every now and then, I make a false move
Shove a foot in my mouth
As I fail to prove
My worth and I end up North instead of South.

Every now and then, regrets sweep through deep recesses
In my mind although moving on
Often yields more success processes
Than I derive by entertaining a feminine clone.

Every now and then, I shirk academic exercises
That eat up time and yield little or no value
As I expect surprises
To leave on a crime scene no useful clue.

Every now and then, I lower my guard
Stick out my neck
Although I feel I could play any card
To earn on a dame's cheek a prudish peck.

John Sensele

Everyone's Joy

Day in, day out, pray for everyone's joy
Sorrow and its arrows folks don't enjoy.

John Sensele

Excuse Me, Damsel

Excuse damsels who refuse to fit a fuse
Enamoured with a device sworn to being nice
At the height of a ruse
Sprung up in the midst of a slice of lice

Which no matter the way the ruse spins its refuse
Can't in succession twice
Roll unfair dice
Succeed damsels to accuse

Of neglect elected to select a peck
That damsels it flatters
On the chest in jest on a long slender neck
Delivered, sealed and billed on silver platters
Engraved on damsels' hearts
Hoisted high within a die that rides on modern carts.

John Sensele

Excuses, A Scapegoat

Lame excuses if we be a product of circumstances
We control in our lives most instances
Deciding to act or not to act
Our decisions born and bred intact.

Circumstances don't drop from the sky
We influence the path circumstances fly
In infancy, adolescence and in adulthood
Blaming circumstances is a falsehood.

As homo sapiens we're endowed with the power of thought
Rendering us more decisive beyond mores and manners we're taught
Should we grow spineless: our responsibility
Should become tyrannic: our proclivity.

Taking responsibility for our actions denotes maturity
Ascribing consequences to excuses betrays our obscurity
Most manifest when faced with stark choices
Although we often lend excuses our loudest voices.

John Sensele

Expand Thinking Horizons

Freedom from arrogance
Saves souses and strumpets
From pestilence and indolence
Which for a few dimes blow trite trumpets.

Freedom from religious bigotry
Liberates minds, enabling to grow without bounds
In matters of idolatry and wizardry
Which given room gain vital grounds.

Freedom from pettiness and weakness
Expand horizons in every zing zone
Catalysing greatness and happiness
Which grow and flow with the right tone.

Freedom from personal prisons
Catapults personalities to lofty rungs
Where they expunge poisons
Which would otherwise suffocate lungs.

John Sensele

Expediency Versus Proficiency

Don't jump on a bandwagon of shame
To reap temporary fame
In a bid to stake a claim
To choices teeming with blame.

Don't drive your life away
When your life at cross roads
Entices you to play everyday
Until you reap dire consequences in laden loads.

Don't fritter away opportunities
To learn vital lessons from past mistakes
When mad blood to your head shirks duties
In preference for headaches and heartaches.

Don't entertain present expediency
To the detriment of a bright future
That depends on confirmed proficiency
In a diligence and perseverance culture.

John Sensele

Expletives

There was once a boy huge and slick
Who licked, kicked and picked a brick
In the midst of a village
Where he dissed an old sage
To plonk explicit expletives quick.

John Sensele

Exploitative Imbalance

Demand a high standard, command the family vanguard
To commend progressive steps, recommend the next
Sage to advise the family wisely with regard
To the disposal of the estate in the context
Of unity, parity and quality relationships that ought
To prevail over and above material wealth in dispute
Since the demise of the undefeated whose favorite coat
Green eyes covet and plan to divert and execute
A couple in a look where sheep bleat and cows moo
As orphans, dependants and relatives jostle over assets
For which they neither toiled nor moiled at all due
To insolence and insistence on misquoting cultural presets
Twisted and frisked out of substance and valence in exploitative parlance.

John Sensele

Exterminate Envy

Lock out loathing
To titillate love
Supply and apply brotherhood bathing
Thereby flying on wings of the love dove.

Stalk specters of hatred
Devoting spaces in your heart
To painting raptured residues red
In full, not in part from the start.

Spread love, spread compassion
For kith and kin, for the foreigner
Your heart teeming with passion
Seeping, healing every sentimental strainer.

Unpack ugliness in envy
Driven to boiling point
In cauldrons of soporific scurvy
Growing insane, inane in your jumbled joint.

John Sensele

Extinct Species

Extinct species multiply in the global environment
Extinct species continue to increase in numbers
Extinct species warn humankind about the deployment
Favoring Polonium, Uranium and radium plumbers.

Extinct species subtract decency from planet Earth
Extinct species attract life annihilation
Extinct species reveal the dearth
To which happiness and kindness have borne multiplication.

Extinct species in the main detonate humankind's complacency
Extinct species resonate with loss of biodiversity
Extinct species shock humankind's death of decency
To the extent that fewer deserving minds enter a university.

Extinct species declaims the disappearance of dinosaurs
Extinct species informs global conversation incidents
Extinct species cries out for the sad death of souls
Taken over with a plethora of pesky precedents.

John Sensele

Eye Equation

Eyes heavy with sleep
Heart worn down by stress
Eyes too tired to weep
Jack slumped like a log on her mattress.

Eyes twinkling with mischief
Heart blown weary by neglect
Eyes in need of relief
Jack walked out on a secret sect.

Eyes spurned by friendship
Heart too weary to care
Eyes glaring at dodgy discipleship
Jack dared to wear down Clare.

Eyes burning to steer away from limbo
Heart skipping a beat
Eyes grazing glitz, gazing at a sexy soul
Jack pulled himself together and quit despite her tasty tweet.

John Sensele

Eyes' Lies & Sties

Eyes, spare me your roving risk
As you scrutinize curves and contours
Dressed in outfits that frisk
The most determined minds on tours.

Eyes, die a profound plight
As you roam around measuring lips
Entertaining a sensual sight
Sampling sense of all manners of hips.

Eyes, leave me alone
To lead a life of prayer
Away from your covert clone
Who metamorphoses into a sentiment sprayer.

Eyes, go away to Hell
To burn in perpetuity
To prevent me from heeding your bell
That earns me no grace gratuity.

John Sensele

Eyes Open, Eyes Mistaken

Eyes wide open, reason forsaken
I chose the bride
I thought unbroken
All because I spewed my pride.

Eyes wide open, decision taken
I chose against advice to go ahead
I ignored words of wisdom spoken
All because mad blood went to my head.

Eyes wide open, personality mistaken
I chose to hope against hope
I opted for options forsaken
All because I relied on a ribald rope.

Eyes wide open, events in Eden
I chose my partner to blame
I opted for solace from a maiden
All because my power her name put to shame.

John Sensele

Fabrics Of My Folklore

In my head pounds a migraine
Urging me to steer away from the disaster
I sow in strains of pain in the brain
I've disoriented, dismantled faster

To prove the groove
In which I dance unveils a winner
In every maudlin move
I engineer when I sneer at dinner

Pushing around associates
Gathered for a meal at the table
Where mad blood dissociates
Faith from fantasy and fable

I recite in the plebiscite
My hedonism adores galore
When I feel it right and tight
To undermine fabrics and fibers of my folklore.

John Sensele

Fabulous Fritters

Fritters frolicking in my basin
Fritters frying my medicine
Fritters mouth masticate
Money spinner I domesticate.

Fritters finance school fees
Fritters befriend bees and teas
Fritters to the rescue
Money spinner at the front of my queue.

Fritters fascinate family fortunes
Fritters strings of hope mom tunes
Fritters to my family a big deal
Money spinner spares us an ordeal.

Fritters furnish way forward
Fritters metamorphose into our steward
Fritters replenish our kitty
Money spinner spare us moments of pity.

John Sensele

Face To Face With A Nameless Dame

Hold your fire
Let your sharp tongue retire
When to the fore sneaks your ire

Increasing carelessness danger
Thinking in your mind you're an indomitable ranger
Although in your own skin you turn into a total stranger

Body somehow cut off from your mind
With a baggage of axes to grind
When moderation and restraint remind you to find

Better avenues conflicts to handle
As your roving hand to a pristine place strays to fondle
In the way you assuage your sorrow bundle

Hoping to progress, succeeding in failure
As your successes grow increasingly fewer
Cos your ire and short fuse couldn't find a cure

To the uncertainty and unpredictability you nurture
In times of stress. To the fore comes a procrastination culture
You extrapolate into your unreachable future

Where no spouse tolerates you
Cos normal life you have no clue
Neither can you fasten happiness with gregarious glue

Much as you dare to dream
You'd crossed over with flying colours a fast moving stream
When in fear of the unknown you did scream

And to your rescue came a dame
Svelte, graceful who declined to you give both her name and game
Fearing your bad reputation would sully her with both blame and shame.

John Sensele

Face To Face With Infestors

Three years in college I spend
My brain I beat, my back I bend
Employment I can't get
Pain and strain paint a missed target

Droves of disappointment I meet in offices
A dash they demand from novices
I wish I wasn't born
Not fair to swallow their scorn.

What's the point of education?
Why should my brain master multiplication?
To my face tycoons laugh
Life's lane proves too rough.

World order walks on its head
No rewards: I drink and shrink dead
Licking lice from impostors
Clicking clocks and flocks of infestors.

John Sensele

Face Value

No dull moment in my college
No loss in purifying knowledge
Smiling, filing, styling
As long as I don't worship bling.

Not a bad choice to wear a mask
Not a sad voice to dare a task
Planning, thinking, researching, performing
As long as I don't forget editing and reforming.

Not a bad idea to reject second best
Not a sad concept to perfect the time test
Defining, refining, sticking to a deadline
Fighting to the bitter end on the frontline.

Not every potential solution grows into a panacea
Not every road in my gloss leads to Nicosea
Where my dainty dreams come true
If real opportunities my prevarication doesn't rue.

Not every partner becomes a prince charming
Not every man comes woman disarming
Whispering soft nothings
In ears ready to hear tender things.

Not every cover dignifies a book
Not every woman typifies my hook
Weighing me in every dimension
To determine needs for hex-tension.

John Sensele

Facebook Hook

Facebook sews fabrics seamlessly
Facebook advertises Mathematics textbooks
Facebook hews divides effortlessly
Facebook knits friendships without hooks.

Facebook notifies birthdays
Facebook pokes fun at folks
Facebook functions three hundred and sixty five days
Facebook sells spoons, knives and forks.

Facebook accommodates millions
Facebook facilitates business transactions
Facebook aspires to connect zillions
Facebook performs noble missions in social junctions.

Facebook charges zero dollars
Facebook denotes best technological practices
Facebook caters for blue collars and white collars
Facebook covers several social vertices.

John Sensele

Faces Upon Spaces & Surfaces

Faces upon which we frown
Hold the key to our future
Hasten our happiness in the town
Where we grow our cute culture.

Faces upon which we cast mud
Hold the key to our forward march
Hasten our hunger for the spud
From which we secure social starch.

Faces upon which we heap blame
Hold the key to the treasure
Hasten the confirmation of the name
Which on us bestow immeasurable pleasure.

Faces upon which we lumber humbug
Hold the secret to the vault
Hasten our acquisition of the mug
That half full clears our fatal fault.

John Sensele

Factless, Mindless And Tactless

Snakes in the grass bite
Lakes in Winter freeze
Grapevine in groups turn your skin snow white
While sinking daggers in friends' backs is a disease

You ought to smite
If improvement to you should come
In the plight you fight
Crying all night long beating the drowning drum

You love to hate
As friends shy away
From the boisterous bet
Groping in the dark for the way

To the serenity you desire
Knowing not you self inflict pain
When in company you infect the wire
That grabs from you any gregarious gain

Before it sees the light
Snapped by your treachery tongue
Wagging nonsense and offence night
And day to kill company stunted young.

John Sensele

Facts Fly Further

Facts fly in truth

They distance themselves from distortion

They swim in waters of limpid proportion

Where they scare the uncouth.

Facts undress ignorance

They imbibe bridges of the immutable

Growing more and more suitable inimitable

In any circumstance despite the froth of lies and their fickle fantasy fragrance.

Facts sustain sanity and certainty

They require no layers of lies

At home, at church and in sties

Where facts buttress the truth trinity.

Facts further progress

In politics, in gymnastics

In incoherent cryptics and in porous plastics

Where every circumstance of doubt facts address.

John Sensele

Failure Fiends

Like threadbare rags, copycats emulate
Higher, superior originators who trail blaze
In unknown frontiers of knowledge where a haze
Spanks and yanks tanks of zeroes that fete
A date lost in a boast on a coast
In snooping, doping and copying a phase
Developed, cropped and propped up in a maze
That sticks, kicks out and picks up a roast
Blended, mended and amended in a hurry
When in reality a copycat imitates
Irritates, serrates and instigates a move to carry
Out low grade procedures of ordures that ferry
Fakes, necks, takes, slakes and slates
On which sets of nought nets marry corny crates.

John Sensele

Failure Fleet

Waste not your time in haste, taste not any worry
Tackle factors under your control buckle but leave
Imponderables for God to dispose of alongside any dowry
That is due. Cultivate and elevate cultures that sieve
Chaff from bluff and manners that move life forward
Towards outcomes that reward effort and commitment
In every thought, every vote, every tote, every reward
Meant to incentivize further progress in every assignment
You undertake without mistake to take the prize
That's rightly yours. Undue worry hastens misery
Heaped upon uncertainty and inability whose size
Increases as worry begets worry as you capitulate to usury
Intended to snatch batches of potential success from under your feet
When you vacillate and oscillate between action and a failure fleet.

John Sensele

Fair Play Test

Greg planted a kiss on Olivia
Who disapproved of the behavior
And pushed him away
Cos he didn't make her day.

Olivia ruminated all day long
Her world became oblong
Cos Greg disgraced her
To folks it was clear.

In her cubicle, friends grinned
To them Olivia had sinned
When she didn't deform Greg
By smashing his left leg.

Molly tugged Olivia 's teeshirt
Cos Olivia was dirt
A coward
Who deserved no reward.

Olivia slapped Molly
Who she called Polly
Olivia slapped her again
Cos Molly was vain.

Molly punched her enemy
Who loathed autonomy
Cos Olivia was a flirt
Who Greg hurt.

Olivia reached out for the neck
Where she planted no peck
But squeezed
And bruised

Although Molly kicked and kicked
Olivia she pricked
Cos Olivia was cheap
Who fell in a heap.

Molly's boot
Gave no hoot
If Olivia cried a river
Or could only shiver.

Olivia sprang to her feet
Pinched Molly's tit
As Molly wept
Cos she owed Olivia debt.

Olivia ran to a police station
To report Molly's abomination
When she provoked a fight
With no end in sight

But a call out
From police did shout
For Molly's arrest
Cos she failed a fair play test.

John Sensele

Fairness Notice

If I should flash and stash boodle
Under the guise of the prize of a surprise in a noodle
I conjure up in a surgery I doodle

Wondering why the thunder
Roaring and soaring in my sky as I blunder
To mistake the gender of a gander

I believe could sieve nonsense and offence
From the impudence I induce in the cadence
Impertinence and imbalance spring in the indigence

Perpetrated in my frustrated rate in the debate
I incubate as detractors approbate
Mediocrity and inferiority they meditate and abate

In practices that entice a malpractice
Generating and aerating negative images of the injustice
Inflicted on Beatrice and Patrice

On grounds they pound and surround
My prestige with auras that ground
And hound facts in the background

At play in the way detractors slay
Possibilities of agilities and abilities that forestall a delay
In the way I proceed to ensure my views lay

A firm foundation on which I build
A future with cultures that yield
Handsome returns in the field

In which my investment
Relies on more than vestment
To ensure equitable treatment

To friends and foes alike
As I do my level best to strike
A balance I may not necessarily like

Although I aim higher
Strike higher for my fire
To ascertain no vagrants retire
With at least a single coin in their pocket
To trace at a police station their docket
In my heaven-bound rocket

As I dare to declare
No one should threaten Clare
In the full glare and flair

Away from natural justice
In a kangaroo court teeming with injustice
Without recourse to a fairness notice.

John Sensele

Faith Frees From Fears

Faith! Faithblesses

When hope loses its way

When depression depresses

Kneel down and pray everyday.

Faith! Faithbestows graces

When supernatural speaks solutions

When you lose temerity traces

Kneel down for God's benedictions.

Faith! Faithfrees from stress

When the natural fails you

When failure fumbles with your tress

Kneel down for God to push you at the front of his queue.

Faith! Faithfactorises futures

When all else fails and jails

When fake fantasies fill cabal cultures

Kneel down, God calms wails.

John Sensele

Faith From Your Face Wipes A Tear

Wilderness and wickedness our lives stalk
When one circumstance slips from our wheels
Other unexpected glitches talk
Defeat, nagging at our heels

In an imminent sense of fear
When blues in marriage
Spectres of a tear
Dysfunction assails the carriage

Our life runs without flaw
Diffidence from nowhere sprinkles blues
Prompting our soul to draw
From unseen queues

Conclusions
Imminent defeat
Fed in wads of delusions
Nibble at the feet

That stand on solid ground
To shake and quake
As doubt spins round and round
Insinuating a fake lake

In which swims disaster
Our future to swallow
As debacle prospects faster and faster
Administer a deadly blow

That giggles
Blasting to smithereens our faith
In digit singles
And defeat's breath

On our neck
On our nape
A few seconds a speck with little respect
Snatched from the very core of our cape

Until we draw water from the wilderness
To whip our way clear
To land us into waters of calmness and happiness
And nip in the bud from our face traces and vases of a tear.

John Sensele

Faith Is That Rolls Royce

Faith is that Rolls Royce
That forever ferries souls from earthly pilgrimage
Bestowing a cast iron guarantee
To convey them to hallowed final destination
Despite shortages of fuel
Wear and tear
Mismanagement
By bush mechanics who pontificate and deploy adulterated lubricants.
Rolls Royce rolls and strolls
With its passengers, harbingers and messengers
And Jesus Christ in the driving seat
To park into destination Heaven for eternity.

John Sensele

Faith To The Rescue In The Rain

In the night, ignite the light
Meant to delight
The flight undertaken
To heal the heartbroken

Writhing in pain
Overloaded in vain
Misunderstood
In a morose mood

Catalysed
Scandalised
To a high degree
In a sentiment spree with glee

Although torture
In a suture culture
Unabated
Sated and dated

Rubs on bruises salt
Bereft of means to halt
Cycles of sadism
Cynicism and misogyny

Pursued to the hilt
To tilt the guilt
Embraced with passion
To fruition

Whether heartaches
Coupled with headaches
Subside or preside
To decide

More humane
Methods in the main
To separate
Eradicate

Scores and stores
A train of pain and strain pores
Over as slices
Splices and sluices

Invite the might
A love bite
Supplies in time
For a damsel to climb

From depths of despair
Her plight to repair
Surges forth
In victory to boldly proclaim her faith.

John Sensele

Faithfulness, Favourite Human Food For Good

Darkness, doom and danger
Sometimes saunter solemnly and seep
Through cracks and tracks in a ledger
Where credits and debits weep, sleep and peep

As certainty and uncertainty
Vie, cry and fly
Like eagles battling vanity
Immaturity and insecurity that fry

Seeds and deeds of goodness
Seen sometimes among the affluent and the indigent
When wholesomeness and frankness
Ease past the vulnerable and challenge the intelligent

To rise above weakness and fecklessness
To promote a vote for the greater good
Humankind deserves as faithfulness
Becomes human's favourite food in every mood.

John Sensele

Fake Cake, A Mistake

The slow march of fate
Grates and grins
When I dispose of the hate
My mind declines lest chagrins

Should dance and pounce on the smile
I treasure
As every morning I jog for a while
To measure

How much progress I register
To strengthen my failing health
And engage in conversations with the sister
Who promises to grow my wealth

If I acquiesce to be her escort
At parties she adores
To throw in retort
To challenges chewing bores

Hurt by her demeanour
So classy
It offends the misdemeanour
They fancy

When I declare inappropriate
The din they make
When dodgy deals they negotiate
Turn out fake as they admit their mistake.

John Sensele

Fake Cakes At The Loss Lake

Fuel shoots through the roof
Morsels of meals from your plate
Escape with neither trace nor proof
That sorrows in your tomorrow won't dilate

The plight you experience
In your budget
In the eminence of the prurience
Packed and stacked in the jetset gadget

In which they globe trot
Caring no iota for the welfare
You agreed wouldn't rot
In forests of fanfare

In which they bask
As you and your urchins languish
At the back of the calamity queue as they ask
What do you know about anguish?

Given your skinny status
In which fate imprisons your destiny
Much as you flatter the fetus
Growing in the sub-nutrition scrutiny

Which odds lumps on the majority
Who deserve nothing
Given your penchant and priority
To surrender your red card to the thing

That swallows your vote
Dumps you in the lurch
Boasting they can't to you devote
Attention when together you kneel in the church

To give the elite carte blanche
Nay, a blank cheque
To please and appease their bourgeois branch
As long as the end game dispenses fake cakes in the loss lake.

John Sensele

Fake News, Fake Views, Fake Clues

Fake news, fake views
Garnered from a single source
Blown out of proportion with no clues
As to whether views add to a ridiculous resource, of course.

Fake news, fake dues
Paid to a distorted dictionary
Teeming with a plethora of shrill shoes
That in no way sound a note cautionary.

Fake news, fake blues
Born with a studied stoicism
To impress clueless crews
Who feast on a repast of senile and servile cynicism.

Fake news, fake glues
That hermetically fasten cyclops
To followers of fake dews
That in a hallowed house up pops.

John Sensele

Fallacy Park

Seize the moment, ease the torment, tease the torrent
In your life's wine, dine and recline to rejuvenate
Tired nerves, hired craves, mired knaves who comment
With haste, with no taste and inject into a debate
Inane, asinine arguments from integuments that degrade the serenade
In which intellectuals through rigour rituals and victuals interact
With one another in fora where horror can't trade or promenade
Without incurring major sanctions because its infractions act
In vanity, inanity, opacity, obesity and pomposity
Pursued to the hilt to lift insanity for rogue reasons and revisions
With neither rhyme nor reason to promote the vote for a docile facility
Subjectivity, inferiority, sorority, mediocrity and diffusions
Reflecting nothing but emptiness and shallowness projected as a benchmark
By delusions and illusions that spring from a fallacy park.

John Sensele

Fallacy, Fantasy At Face Value

Once I thought I could trust people at face value
Now I question motives behind people's actions
To ascertain how true every clue
Rings before I acknowledge the veracity of emotions, reactions and predilections.

Once I thought people's thoughts mattered little
Now I wonder if plastic smiles
Conceal more than just spittle
That meanders to seamy sides of life for miles.

Once I thought people prioritized benevolence
Now I know people conspire to inflict harm
On souls they claim to love dishing out malevolence
Behind a façade, a veneer of charm.

Once I thought I could take amity for granted
Now I scrutinize relationships
More closely, critically instead of being enchanted
With sullied smoke silhouetted, simulated as cosy kinship.

Once I thought serpents slithered away
Now I know their forked fangs
Trigger-happy don't delay to slay
Simpleton souls despite their tame tongues.

John Sensele

Familiarity Fibs

When small talk turns into urns that in ears sear
When company cuts like a knife and repels
It's time to climb aboard a cab depart from here
Crate crap in dust bins, cut loose and set sails.

When little kisses miss, little touches die and caress vanishes
When trips out of home become a habit, love dies
It's time to mend fences, to end lies; love extinguishes
Crate crap to landfills, landfoils, secret lies and love cries.

When familiarity breeds contempt, attempt to save unkempt romantic fires
When excuses escort passages of each day, play cards right
It's time to rebuild empires, rejig hired spires, reinvent squires
To delight flights of your ego; from sinking ships alight.

When key players become slayers who undermine their own home
When deceit dishes out receipts of fibs to crack ribs
It's time to savour moments in Rome; discard a comb
That styles quaint pig wigs in ill painted, tainted cribs.

John Sensele

Familiarity Fruits

Familiarity, a gripe knife
Cutting relationships
Cheating a feeble fife
'Tis time to board separate ships.

Familiarity, a sink of blinkers
Blinding small minds
Into treating partners like clinkers
Till relationships melt beneath Venetian blinds.

Familiarity, an opacity oval
Ordering impudent partners
Plunging them into a novel
Tragedy that entwines them into guffaws of gardeners.

Familiarity, a hearse
Ferrying courtship cadavers
Into driving in reverse
Dysfunction in marital maneuvers.

Familiarity snatches the bird in hand
Deceiving simpletons better bird perches on next branch
Although early bird surrendered beforehand
Tears in eyes of the naive rain when hard comes the crunch.

'Too late', familiarity muses
The die is cast
A pity you deployed excuses, bruises and ruses
Sorrow in your life for long will last.

John Sensele

Families And Fortitude

A family rejoices when their son seeks assistance
A family thanks God for mercies
Sown their way in the far distance
To curb herbs of heresies.

A family bows down in gratitude
A family draws comfort in their son's remorse
Grown despite averse attitude
To confess love for brutal force.

A family breathes a sigh of relief
A family prays for tacit turnaround
Born out of respect for a core belief
To stand on acceptable societal ground.

A family can't thank God enough
A family seeks healing for their son who lost his way
Gone astray to indulge in regrettable stuff
To inadvertently his family slay everyday.

John Sensele

Family Crosses

What adults children grow into remains God's best kept secret
That keeps families on tenterhooks
Wondering whether hatching yields a brat, gnat or an egret
Whose demeanour adds pride, heaps disrepute or honours families' brag books.

What adults children grow into emerges starkly at puberty
When true colours concealed in childhood emerge
To delight a family or to unleash livid liberty
Whose impact and intensity leave parents on the uncertainty edge.

What adults children grow into seldom traverses a naïve straight line
Which amateurs can't foresee
Until rebellion and carrion queer the dream design
Fiction dangled on their cream canvas with neither peace nor mercy.

What adults children grow into seldom adheres to a simplistic script
That lives only in figments of the imagination
Entertained, maintained, retained and sustained in a calmly kept
Compartment, cocoon or cockpit that spurns promotion, self-satisfaction, ovation
and oration.

John Sensele

Family First, Lip Last

For me, mild manners mean a lot
If I am to keep wishes warm
My bouncy baby in her cot
In order for bliss in my bosom to swarm.

For me, gregariousness guides the conduct
I inject in my affections and actions
To ensure in the end I pick the prosperity product
That arises from my affirmations.

For me, family comes first
Because family is the fortress
That quenches my thirst
To cuddle me in comfort and subtract stress and distress.

For me, friends fly in the flood
That keeps me alive
For they bounce in the blood
That hurries us to the higher home for which we strive.

John Sensele

Family First, Number One Last

My bedroom reeks of alcohol
My tongue no longer sour, savoury and slow-melting sweets can taste
While hunger like a hovercraft harries my living room wall
To lay family life to waste in a horrid haste.

I pledge for family's sake seek the best
Way to waylay strife
In a determined quest
To spring up limpid life to my wondrous wife

To invest
Joys
To curtail the rest
Of tantrum toys senility employs

To propel a pesky pest
Into my home where its eggs and legs crawl
To test
Family patience, resilience, conscience, to brew a bashful brawl

Purloining family's rest
My wife, sons, daughter, grandsons deserve
As my life ought to centre on their best interest
Which germinates, gesticulates to jive in my family's serenity preserve.

John Sensele

Family Foment Fanfare & Fury

'Tis claimed love lavishes laughter
Spring in some step and some soul
Who enjoys insurance from a daughter
Seen in serene surroundings with a glory goal

To bowl over a boy whose toy
Surrenders to sensations and sentiments
Giddy enough, gainly enough to deploy
Feelings in ceilings, dealings, failings and ferments

The boy bothers not to decipher
Because much as the boy boasts
To his friends and foes including Portipher
Stray away from him as the boy toasts

Finding the love of his life
He dreamt and meant
To make his wife
Once his family fanfare and fury no more to foment.

John Sensele

Family Rim, Stream And Team

Senior citizens
Crated in old people's homes
Discarded denizens
Wrinkled forms

Pivotal during heyday
Generating national growth
Beyond payday
Bestowing cloth

On backs of offspring
Pouring sweat day and night
Zip in their gait and spring
Delight and sunlight

In hearts of extended families
Fountains of love and generosity
Inspiration for hallowed homilies
Wellspring of wisdom in the city

Senior citizens houses built
From scratch
Committed to the hilt
From a rural hut with thatch

Where senior citizens originated
Trekking hundreds of kilometres
Sunshine baked and incinerated
Through bush path nanometers and metres

Feet aching
Parched tongues
Future taking
Mustangs

Searing heartache
When senior citizens forsaken
Monumental mistake
Faith shaken

Time

To reconsider

Importance of the dime

To consider

Values and beliefs

That pride of place accord to the aged

In kerchiefs and handkerchiefs

Rummaged and foraged

To honour the old

Held in high esteem

To withhold

Neglect in family fabric, team and stream.

John Sensele

Fans And Plans

Hear voices of reason, clear excess romantic baggage
Widen hobby choices, lengthen quality time
Slide doors open, glide over emotional wreckage
When folks sell good guys for a dime.

Hear cries for help, clear personal debt
Widen career horizons, lengthen stay at home
Slide joy on snow slopes, glide fast toys over muppets
When gossip thinks in rules Rome.

Hear angelic voices, clear heaps of refuse
Widen election options, lengthen thought processes
Slide over hurts, glide to fix a fuse
When lightning induces load shedding excesses.

Hear shreds of advice, clear crockery from tables
Widen hobby support notions, lengthen views of fans
Slide to holier platforms, glide to save sables
When poachers decimate conservation plans.

John Sensele

Fantasies' Favours And Flavours

Feel the pulse of the spouse in a house
You thought you knew
Until your mouth turned into the louse
You became as fantasies ate you up anew.

Guilt on stilts divorced
Sombre sentiments in the mind
Imbued with dark thoughts you sourced
From reveries that in your house drove you blind.

To the hilt you moved the feet
Grown sore as you bore boredom
With disdain in pain to treat
Fantasies frivolously in your kingdom.

Don hats of cats and bats
When fantasies syncopate
In the mind that rains dogs and cats
As bonkers you go within your paltry pate.

Ashamed you feel to entertain fantasies
In hidden heavens where you expiate
Dreams society condemns as their ecstasies
Guilt of wit fantasies you ingratiate.

You walk with your head down
Wandering in circles as fantasies heckle
The shame you blame on your town
Where echoes of injustice inhabit an invincible spectacle.

Douse doubt and booze carouse
When fantasies take over
Realms of possibilities in the blouse
You decide insinuates insensitivity in a courier clover.

When sleep sets you free
You feel aghast you dreamt
Fantasies at you laughed with glee
As you felt no values lived in lampoon lessons learnt.

Why you dare ask fantasies hunt your brain
Inside the house you determine to vacate
When fantasies in your mind strain
The daylight you no longer placate.

Gasp in terror and horror
When sheets on your bed breathe fire and fury as the dead
In droves unleash an odious odour
That shakes floundering foundations in your homestead.

John Sensele

Fantastic Fact, Automatic Tact, Angelic Act

In my helicopter I grow softer
Opening up my bottled feelings
Introducing into my steel the laughter
That hitherto flies away from my dealings.

In my helicopter, I feel more man
Caressing women, rather than ripping to pieces
The dignity and serenity that define the woman
A man by mistake thinks thrive in French kisses.

In my helicopter the humility of masculinity grows stronger
The more I accept my weaknesses
Renewing, reviving remedies that no longer
Prevent my ego from slaying sadist sicknesses.

In my helicopter, a woman is the person
Equal to or more excellent than me in every respect
From whom I learn the salutary lesson
That man grows richer when empathy and sympathy displace disrespect.

In my helicopter, misogyny dies
If humanity and magnanimity gain a new lease of life
When assistance and persistence hasten to listen to cries
From throats of women who abhor the prevalence of sensual strife.

In my helicopter, I slam doors shut on gender based violence
Women bear and wear at the hands of putrefaction partners
Who filled with insolence and indolence
Harvest vats of pleasure from violence vintners.

John Sensele

Far From Over

Far from love, hearts pine

Within an ace of cogent company, care and compassion, hearts thrive

Derive pleasure, dissect leisure and do fine

Because comfort zones and quests for balance together arrive.

Far from quarrels, minds function better

Within an ace of peace, minds create innovations

Imbibe standing ovations and instill a sense of quieter

Satisfaction in which rigour researchers make more reasoned observations.

Far from home, hearts go astray

Within an ace of winning over a secret admirer

Hearts beat faster, eat better and display

Better achievements and accomplishments with or without a love driver.

Far from injustice, hearts grow supple

Within an ace of iniquity, hearts freak out and go ballistic

Because detractors queer their pitch when they fumble

Stumble and scramble, all the while believing they've grown into a mystique.

John Sensele

Farewell To Wells

Farewell to Wells, spells, sales, pails and bells I thought I knew
Far in a distant past where a vast repast
Titillated dilated taste buds that chose to elate a few
Lasses I thought I loved save until I realized my die was cast.

Farewell Janine, Theresa, Caroline and lasses
Who elected to eject to an effervescent effect my dodgy dots
In Livingstone, Mazabuka, Choma, Monze, Siavonga, Chikankata where fabulous
faces
Remain etched on my soul drenched in seas of regrets despite my corduroy
coats.

Farewell streams of dreams I beheld when seamless skirts I hurt
Stepping on toes which cropped up on mowed lawns in my coterie
As benign blood rushed and sushed my bush with a manner too curt
To unleash on buddies as if I'd won by default a loony lottery.

Farewell Fidelia, Eucharika, Maria and Delilah, Maureen and Annie
Ruth, Memory and sources of love who chose to endorse
My proclivity when stability stiffened my knock knee
As for two hours I trudged in a bush to stay the course to a maroon mess.

John Sensele

Fat Cats

Rain fell on a famine-stricken home where mice
Fat cats' lips chewed kitten's bread
Swiped every time, every slice
By fat cats who wiped away every quid from the homestead.

Mice broke their backs toiling in unison like bees
Following the queen bee into a beehive, flying in an echelon swarm
To collect nectar from every hectare make honey seas
While fat cats entertain and keep parasites warm.

Cumulo-nimbus clouds fed by lightning
In the context of fat cats' snatching every coin
Drench emaciated mice starved in the dining
Room where fat cats failed to invite emaciated mice to join.

Walking and thinking of the next move,
Emaciated mice devise a sizable strategy
To even scores with fat cats and survive
Despite tricks hidden in an idol's effigy.

John Sensele

Fatal Thief

Encounter with death is the lot
Which humankind meets
Despite spurts of hurts, cold or hot,
Death knocks at hermetic doors with or without tweets.

Fear and cold fright descend down spines
When a beloved soul departs from planet
Earth where hunger, thirst, pettiness, jealousies and fines
Blend and bet to fret on the internet.

Death stalks folks, blokes and cocks, young and old
For whom it sets up an unsolicited appointment
To deliberate when souls can fly back to the fold
Where they belong while relatives apply the final ointment.

From time immemorial, folks have grappled
With the mystery of death, attempting to decipher
Reasons why death casts barbs at the trampled
When grieving survivors loathe Lucifer.

John Sensele

Fates Of Debates

Heaven thrives when conversion drives salvation
Heaven shimmers its lights on plights
Heaven harbors a haven of redemption
For souls who complete their pilgrimage flights.

Heaven discriminates against heathen mates
Heaven depletes sleets of doom and gloom
Heaven illuminates fates of debates
That rage on in an age when pornography pages boom.

Heaven is a venue where retinues of achievers merge
Heaven ejects rejection and subjugation of minds
Heaven unifies unbelievers and believers who splurge
Diverge, converge, replace and suppress foibles of kinky kinds.

Heaven lives in tasty, unleavened pastries
Heaven reels in minds convulsed in explicit deals
Heaven inhabits habits of monks for centuries
As they clasp breviaries in aviaries with no laughter peals.

John Sensele

Favours Follow Faith

Faith furnishes favours

Faith serenizes circumstances

Faith synergies societies and energises endeavours

Above all, faith sweetens circumstances and diminishes difficult distances.

Faith fraternizes a fruitful future

Faith agilizes abilities and fruitifies figures

Faith cultivates capabilities and creates a credible culture

Above all, faith glorifies graces and rotates rigours.

Faith garnishes graces

Faith ameliorates abilities

Faith reinvigorates races and tackles tumult traces

Above all, faith catalyses capabilities and modifies maturities.

Faith flattens fickle failures

Faith brandishes and burnishes bounties

Faith lessens lures, but condones cures

Above all, faith blesses believers and boosts benevolences.

John Sensele

Fear No More, Clare

Fear no more, friend
For God is in control
To facilitate your plans to fend
Off foibles, freckles and fissures in your patrol.

Fear no more, believer
For God fights his own battles
Whether tensions, troubles and trifles tease your brain, heart or liver
Where no ailment eventually settles.

Fear no more, child
For your tomorrow lies in God's hand
Where God favours your future despite wild
Weapons, withdrawals and wishes meant to lacerate and purloin your land.

Fear no more, wondrous wife
For your marriage stands strong
Despite attempts to bring strife
Into your home although you've done no wrong.

John Sensele

Fear Not, Lass

Lass, fear not for eyes that God gave you
To see the magnificence
And boundless beauty eyes chew
Every time they gaze in wonder at God's omniscience, omnipotence and
omnipresence.

Lass, fear not for ears that sip soft nothings
Whispered in haste
To flatter your floundering ego as an egret sings
Words of wisdom in good taste.

Lass, fear not for hearts that set lads on fire
As they behold your dimples
Seen through a kaleidoscope spire
Bereft of sin samples and pimples.

Lass, fear not for hipsters that turn heads
On Kitwe streets
Where simpletons dream of beds
Beats, sweets and bittersweet tweets.

John Sensele

Fears And Tears For Jacob Blake

Seven shots in the back
Eleven noughts in the muck
As three innocent children in horror
Watch dad succumbing to police terror.

Puerile eyes perceive ghastly sight
Perennial lies lace liberty and its fight
As shoot first principle delivers another blow
While deliberate change to flaw policy runs slow.

Minds boggle
Hearts struggle
To understand why shooting first applies
In a context where commander in chief lies.

Take a knee for James Blake
Ache when blood flows in a lake
That paralyzes dad's waist and below
When mockery and chicanery insults the law.

Dignify all lives
Accord dignity to wives
Inquiring before shooting
Disarming in cases of looting.

National horror don't stir
In judicious judgment don't err
Magnifying use of force
To climb down a haughty horse.

Responding to a domestic dispute
Won't metamorphose in a fatal shoot
That aggravates circumstances
Stoking dire ire in detrimental instances.

John Sensele

Fears And Tears In Arrears

Just me wondering
Why dramatic diarrhea so destructive
If all I do straps a string on a revulsion ring
Failing on a social scale to be constructive

When the mechanical mouth I open
Letting out seeds of sorrow to thrive
Whether I sow poison or a puny pen
So long as I enable negativity to arrive

In circles seeking encouragement
Devoid of the interference
I sow and plant in the derangement
While I ought to promote a conciliation conference.

Better not to catalyze confusion
Where pacific people gather
Aiming to achieve fraternal fusion
When my actions and distractions sow bounty bother

Which people can do without
If only I contain the brisk behavior
I portray in and out
Of settings seeking Jesus Christ the Saviour

If I don't live the limpid life
Like others the best I deserve
Instead of encouraging strain and strife
As observers by right perceive

Unless my stubbornness wins
Earning my life emptiness
Whether I separate twins
Or reproduce poverty promptness

Which subtracts advantage
Pouring from my eyes tears
As I add deep disadvantage
To my fears in arrears.

John Sensele

Feather Your Nest

With determination, intuition and inspiration feather the nest
Where smart hearts in carts mine support and comfort
Sweeping clement sentiments in relationships in their quest
To dabble at a dozen dinner desserts in their soulmate's fort.

Even when ill winds blow through your relationship
Opt to invest your daintiest dandelion and devotion
Drawn from the bottom of your heart to ship
The best sacrifice that assures and ameliorates your affection.

Extend every effort in your fort to evince a warm
Nest, liven up your love, heighten your health and enable
Every event and eventuality in your relationship to swarm
With hives of happiness and gladness beyond any fable.

The quantity and quality of vitality you enjoy depends
To a large extent on how much commitment and care you invest
In your relationship and the signal your body language sends
To a date with your soulmate which deserves the very best and subjects your
messages to a tough test.

John Sensele

Feathers Of Fun

Feathers of love fly
In fine weather, in foul weather
When despite moods dealings dry
To harden like leather.

Feathers of fear freeze
In times of threats and regrets
When envy and jealousy tease
To conceal skeletons and secrets.

Feathers of flirt fondle
In times when folks freeze manners
When adrenalin fears no scandal
To throw in the works spanners.

Feathers of fun frolick
In times of jubilation and recreation
When knees grow weak
To cater for affection and admiration.

John Sensele

February Features Valentine & Mike

February features valentine and Mike's feast
On its lists of priorities
Each with its own gist
Whether for lovebirds and for dignities

Families fondly favour
As red roses, crimson crowds
Empty shop shelves and families endeavour
To savour Mike's milestone on clouds which shrouds

Can't decant in scanty scenes
When cake morsels, present parcels
Flow fast and festivity fifes and twins
From fundraising and bliss bells

Enchant camps and lamps
Chant happy birthday, happy valentine
To delight white wonders and dump damps
Away from Mike and away from lovebirds who wine and dine.

John Sensele

Feelings Fraught With Fantasies

Feelings fraught with fright fend off the fun
Facilitated in time to run with the happy aura of the sun
To lend an air of amiability that sends my bliss bend to niche number nine
Where I learn in earnest Fidelia is mine which is fine.

Feelings fraught with foibles foil festival frenzies
Fabricated by fads and duds that detest the sight of McKenzies
Alleged to smudge and disparage the image of the page
That flatters Fidelia and Delilah alongside their selfie stage.

Feelings fraught with fantasies freeze frenetic feats
Fidelia and I achieve as we arrive to scoff at seats
That promote the vote and mote to put us asunder
Though by dint of determination our marital management refuses to go under.

Feelings fraught with flux and bucks freeze freaks
Fidelia fights and finishes for several wintry weeks
To pave the way for the realization of our penultimate plan
To endorse essential events in the custom of our common clan in our vestibule
van.

John Sensele

Feelings In Full Flight

Feelings will fly, somersaulting
Their temperament and temperature high
And willpower takes a stand, assaulting
The onslaught of feelings in ceilings that won't die.

Thoughts will thump, teasing
Their effect and affect tentative
And reasons roar to the right, refusing
To render romance results negative.

Temptations will corner creed, threatening
Their breath, breadth and strength laboured
And pangs of conscience quibble, restraining
Sweet surrender you can't repay in sentimental sausages savoured.

Errors will escalate despair and despondency, groaning
Their magnitude and vicissitude scary
And corrections and rectifications gallumph, grinning
At the folly that snatches and catches sin's celery.

John Sensele

Feet Of Clay

Feet of clay, fragile feet of clay make you human;
You refuse the scurrilous status of an ignoble idol;
It lives in the mind of an ardent admirer;
The sycophant believes you deserve a prominent pedestal
Built in hideous Hades, in Dante's Inferno
Where the inquisition drives you suicidal.

Feet of clay fare better than
Mock modesty, pious poppycock;
The prude dishes out draconian drivel to whip
Servile souls, downtrodden drivers whose rise they block
To glorify their egregious egos, to win gangrene gains;
They flog feet of clay. From his brave back they peel off frayed frock.

Snow white saints, self-appointed spokesmen exist only
In the futile fantasies of dodgy dreamers;
Vicious vampires believe faults, follies and foibles make him less human
As long as he doesn't side with subterranean screamers
But, feet of clay wouldn't claim he'd never faltered
Although, so doing, entails foregoing light from streamers.

John Sensele

Feet Of My Life

I live my life the way I deem it fit
To meet feet and fathoms I set
Regardless of whether you quit
Freak out, flap, flop, flip or fret.

I live my life to suit and soothe my serenity
To boost the bar I bless
Regardless of whether you run out of humility or eternity
Displace dunces, dismiss daggers or sanitize stress.

I live my life according to my mental modicum
To pacify and project my preference protection
Regardless of whether you crawl or come
Clean, mean or glean grease in your gumption selection.

I live my life the way my God determines
To meet dictates God set in motion during creation
Regardless of whether you win over queens
Pin hope on pennies or pontificate on the pace of your purification.

John Sensele

Fences And Senses

Strike a balance between fantasies,
Reality, liberty and action
Meant to address ecstasies
Felt when minds leap into inaction.

Strike a balance between chances,
Advances, glances and pranks
Meant to show how many ounces
Sneak into lives to prick lances.

Strike a balance between jealousy,
Legacy, fantasy and total disregard
Meant to douse the supremacy
Inherent in slashing the pittance of a concubine's guard.

Strike a balance between greed,
Deed, meade and home expenses
Meant to streamline the feed
For smooth operations within home fences.

John Sensele

Fender

There was once a bartender
Who served clients with tender
Care and flair in his bar
Which gloated not very far
From a van's solid fender.

John Sensele

Ferments And Torments

A tender song I sing
To potent hope I cling
As I flee from ferments of fling and bouquets of bling

Floating flavours of faith
Catching my breath
Veering away from stealth

Promoting plumes of penance
Devoid of vestiges of vengeance
In circumstances of every stance

In the distance I take
With croissant creeds I bake
Making and faking no mistake

As my eyes to blindness close
Akimbo arms my pensive pose
With bliss bouquets of the red rose

I tender on bended knees
For unsung busy bees
As I pay my please fees.

John Sensele

Festive Season Sachets

In this festive season, give anger a one-way ticket
Give jealousy a kick
Lock up temper in a bucket
Above all, make envy sick.

In this festive season, give misunderstanding a warning
Send mischief on leave
Fire gossiping and yapping
Above all, shower everybody with love.

In this festive season, give quaffing a sick note
Pray and bless tongue waggers
Give goodwill your vote
Above all, withdraw circulation your daggers.

In this festive season, give understanding a chance
Put on hold thoughts of retaliation
Pave the way for social balance in each circumstance
Above all, preach the gospel of affection.

John Sensele

Fetid Fish

Sadness no more to bore me at my pad
Where the lad of my dreams
Makes me glad
Spoiling me with streams of ice creams

Citing and reciting platonic poems
That bathe away sorrow and enslave
Tomorrows that flow in phloems
To prevent events in which brave

Boldness slays sadness
Sowing seeds so sapient
They hover and hurry happiness
Into my tent

Lighting up my face
My heart, my mind, my whole being
For so long immersed in verses that displace
True happiness, dishing out fetid fish that ain't interesting.

John Sensele

Fetters & Letters

Throw out low crooks and their spooks
From a life of strife
Pain in vain and books
Playing a funeral fife.

Throw out clouts that tout
Bad rubbish
In your life and cast doubt
On intentions and tensions that won't finish.

Throw out characters and fetters
Holding old
Utter matters, tatters and letters
At ransom in the cold.

Throw out rows
Teeming with insanity and vanity
That grows
In proportion to hustlers of humility.

John Sensele

Fettles & Shackles

Fettles and shackles entomb sombre
Corners where families despite keeping up appearances
Ache in flakes and slakes in number
Quality, diversity and varieties no longer brook dubious dances.

Fettles and shackles heckle families' homilies
On prayer life, abstinence, virginity and holy Spirit temple
Which in modern times climb mountains families
Bury in a hurry in prehistoric eras when morals proved so simple.

Fettles and shackles frighten daylights out of youths
Derided for ditching culture and switching off parental voice
In preference for voices on Facebook and Twitter booths
Where the neglected, the flabbergasted and the scorned make a choice.

Fettles and shackles buckle under the aegis of communication
Between youths and elders, believers and heathens engage in a dialog
To chart with both parties parting with their entrenched convocation
In favour of flavors and odors more productive than a pusillanimous prolog.

John Sensele

Fever River

Spikes of fever endeavour to hike a lift in Mike's River
Petrifies family, signifies discomfort and electrifies Grandma
Who can't take her hypertension medication lest Mike's shiver
Should worsen and her life febrile quiver should mar.

Spikes of fever hikes Grandma's expenses
As medical bills for pills of family hills creep upwards
But who cares if family lenses and Shino's fences
Should turn to prayer for Mike's health rewards.

Spikes of joy deploy convoys of toys at Two Pines
When Mike demands and commands for his nursery rhymes
Or he'd charge two quid brines and surprise supine spines
If rhyme delays fail to pay for his way or waylay unmelodious mimes.

Spikes of mirth surge forth and greet grandpa
Who clears one heap of Maths methodology scripts
Faster than expected coupled with a visit to his favourite spa
When good tidings lifts gifts and shifts towards sublime spirits.

John Sensele

Few Cues

Few cues sometimes illuminate delusionary discomfiture
Few cues dissect impudent interests hidden in a sassy scripture
Few cues excuse lives squandered on the seamy side of existence
Quoted out of context via notorious negligence and pesky pestilence.

Few cues sometimes explain planes of wasted lives
Few cues espouse culinary skills dominated by chives
Few cues douse romantic fires when hired gigolos fall flat on their faces
Setting into motion a chain of events that queers a dame's designer dresses.

Few cues sometimes go a long way towards reconciling bitter enemies
Few cues drive a wedge between entrenched pygmies
Few cues signal a change of heart in which divorce fails
When spouses come to their senses at home as a judge their marriage bails.

Few cues sometimes add, subtract, multiply and divide united families
Few cues come through when the faithful listen to harvest homilies
Few cues account for systemic failures resulting in superpowers electing
demagogues
Who with arrogance and impertinence desecrate synagogues.

John Sensele

Fewer Troubles In Doubles

In January 2017. Lord
We came to you in humble supplication
To praise and glorify so we can climb on your ford
In our pilgrimage despite our infirm infraction.

In 2017, Lord grant us your grace
As we strive in our drive
To grow closer as the ace
You want us to derive.

In 2017, Lord we plead
For your infinite mercy and efficiency
To lead
Us back to your supreme presidency.

In 2017, Lord forgive
Our foibles and rabbles
As we pledge to give
You and your commands fewer troubles in doubles.

John Sensele

Fickle Feelings

Feelings like a yoyo rise and fall
When striking like an earthquake
They coerce hearts to call
For a significant other to convey a cup cake.

Feelings like a pendulum swing to and fro
When in the heat of a moment
They coerce emotions to grow
Exponentially to engender a torment.

Feelings like temperature blow hot and cold
When hearts heaving hard
Entwine, envelop each other in a fickle fold
That coerces adventurers to play their trump card.

Feelings like a chameleon turn from blue to red
When hearts hit by lightning
Search, surround, sip and savour every shred
Of emotional entanglement in a Summer evening.

John Sensele

Fickle Flesh

Fickle flesh everywhere searches
For gratification
For a nerve ending that preaches
Dissipation, commission and omission.

Fickle flesh everywhere fiddles
With creature comforts
Touted hedonism with riddles
Knotted and quoted in Polish ports.

Fickle flesh everywhere smiles
For several feral
Creatures in dope drug styles
Designed to resign positions federal.

Fickle flesh everywhere dares
To scare pairs
Of teenagers whose cares
Include flairs for fantastic affairs.

John Sensele

Fidelia's Fanfare

A thought upon Fidelia's mind tells her she rocks
Fidelia cares little if they rot or rant
As long as she dismisses their jackaroo jokes
When Heavens to Fidelia peace of mind grant.

A thought upon Fidelia's mind tells her she mesmerizes
Fidelia cares little if they quibble or crack
As long as she dismisses their sordid surprises
When Heavens keep Fidelia on her temerity track.

A thought upon Fidelia's mind tells her she charms
Fidelia cares little if they mumble or grumble
As long as she dismisses their anodyne arms
When Heavens to Fidelia grant her gregarious gamble.

A thought upon Fidelia's mind tells her she cares
Fidelia cares little if they fantasize or flirt
As long as she dismisses their gangrenous glares
When Heavens to Fidelia supply her satin skirt.

John Sensele

Fidgety Folks

Amid the coronavirus ill
I feel it's time to heighten my will
To reach out and switch to the mood
In which you and I accelerate the good
You, me and them need the most
If we're to reduce the crazy cost
Humankind pays for the indifference
Driven in part or wholly through the influence
Our common error elevates
In thinking, planning and acting as though in our pates
We be active only on the surface
Whereas deep within us lies the disgrace
We reap and heap when the least of our citizens
Starves, sleeps rough, sees little hope in cousins
Communities condemn to perennial pain
As the affluent among us in the main
Pay lip service
Turn a blind eye to the lack of peace fleece
The poor confront head on
Wondering whose caring ringtone
Sounds right
Acts right to bite
The cancer that snatches and eats the bread
The poor can no longer buy because the economic dread
Shuts down means of bread winning
Unemployment figures in theory and meaning
Frighten and threaten
Livelihoods although theories claim to retain
Credibility and practicability in a market
Where my buying power ticket
Matters more than the self delusion
I create claiming my illusion
Translates into welfare for the poor
I treat with disdain in my insecure
Mind filled with rubbish I furnish
And defend to the hilt in my sycophant dish
Despite the overwhelming number
Of folks who can't lie in solitary slumber
Forever as I ask how many folks

Should die of hunger in anger while talks
Pretending to offer solutions speak loud silence
While my mouth full of caviar disgorges insolence
Tis time you and I thought out of the box
And for once stopped cheating fidgety folks
Or else history would tell a sad story
In which you and I would plunge in the infamy estuary.

John Sensele

Fidgety Folks, Foxy Folks

Amid the coronavirus ill
I feel it's time to heighten my will
To reach out and switch to the mood
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John Sensele

Fierce Face

From my fierce face, no more could tears flow
Neither could sadness nor weakness grow
As I made up my mind trivia in Utopia to bind
Alongside lip service and pretence of their blind kind.

From my lion's heart, no more gain could pain steal
Criticism and cynicism no more could my body feel
As I steeled my system to lock out a world grown so cold
With rumours and Hades humour once so boldly told.

From my life, outsiders with pliers buy no more space
Left for cleft chins and prickly pins to run a rat race
In tiny surfaces where my preface alone peers
At unfunny jokes and unsavoury stalks at which my one man commando leers.

From the business of my affairs, no more room for tired tongues
To pour acid with lucid oddity, to lure rancid company whose pangs
Biting, fighting and conniving me no more could hurt
Because heels of steel got no interest in a see-through skirt.

John Sensele

Figments Of My Imaginagtion

Prisoner to the vitriol from my fangs
I blame society for the tacky tongues
I embrace
My foibles I fail to efface

Holding fast to the prison
Where to the wind I've cast reason
Descending into seas of inferiority complex
Racing in every capillary in the flex

Conducting a symphony of the death
Whose breath marries the wraith
Strangling flows of oxygen to the neurons
In my pea-sized brain where neutrons

Bombarding sites in the cerebrum
Die in zillions when scraps of rum
Render my grandeur nil
As my present loses its will

While horrors in droves
Surge forth peeling off any treasure troves
My numb fingers strive to snatch
Cos facts and imagination figments never match

So long as I cling to castles in the air
I build on sand dunes I can't repair
In illusions I adore
When to my future reality shuts tight its door

Reminding me the chasm between a treasure and trash
Widens with each episode where I gate crash
Striving to shrink spaces between lies
I parade in diverse digits where I hobnob with a swarm of flies.

John Sensele

Figments Of My Imagination

Prisoner to the vitriol from my fangs
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John Sensele

File An Injunction

File an injunction against greed
File an injunction to curtail unfairness
File an injunction to rid
Society of any semblance of untruthfulness.

File an injunction against divorce
File an injunction to militate against child abuse
File an injunction to nip in the bud any source
That belittles a gender based violence issue.

File an injunction against extremism
File an injunction against religious and obnoxious bigotry
File an injunction to contain fanaticism
That threatens to decimate humankind's cultural history.

File an injunction to uphold women's and children's dignity
File an injunction to restrain hackers from wreaking havoc
File an injunction to promote divine trinity
In which belief lies beyond a cassock.

John Sensele

Files & Flies In Sties

Sometimes sirens a sense of duty shed
Off in matrimonial matters and agony
Arrives abruptly, harasses harmony till marriage is dead
Because in enter centres of monotony, gluttony and telephony

Which coupled with indifference, insolence and impertinence
Speed up shifts in emphasis and adrift go core tenets
That influence congruence of goals and sanctity of silence
Without wielding knives or bayonets

To punish partners or gouge gardeners in marriage
Where sirens somehow love to hate
Partners such that hubby and wife can no more forge
Plans to breathe fresh impetus into marriage and make it great

Because focus and locus of attention
Sirens outsource in skies of perverted pies
Whose function, junction, impression, mission, intention, position and
predilection
Perambulate in piles and files of flies in sties.

John Sensele

Files, Miles And Smiles

Haze in a maze amazes
Haze in a trial phase and phrases dial
Lovers, movers, and solvers along bases
Where lovers from clovers seek refuge in a phial.

Haze and a taze gun stun
Haze dazes lovebirds heard
From no more once cores and scores of love run
Deep to keep away sleep from a curd love bird.

Haze and craze play layback games
Hazes blazes a trail on railway tracks
Where trains carry lovers in the rain irrespective of names
They assume as grooms blossom in rooms without sentimental cracks.

Haze and praise daze audiences
Haze raises profiles in files and piles of smiles
Worn on shirt sleeves and on skirt weaves in sentences
Uttered in clusters of love busters who love for miles and miles.

John Sensele

Files, Piles And Styles Of Bliss Spread For Miles

Perched on an edifice edge
Heed advice from a sagacious sage
To cling to a tried and tested pledge

Veering away from disruption
Minimizing any insidious interruption
To magnify and edify corruption

Swimming and swirling in uncharted waters
Teeming with un-clarity in your quarters
That yield no good on your silver platters

Unless honest heads reign
To let thinking out of the box remain
Your last hope to remain sane in the main

As you face and address reality
Regardless of the monster mentality
Propelled by boisterous brutality

Physically
Psychologically
Radically

Until you embrace the path of peace
To sow and reap heaps of bliss
Devoid of droves of decadence diss

Which slay slivers and splints of smiles
Sanity, sagacity files and styles
If you don't spread bliss access for miles.

John Sensele

Final Farewells

Torrents of tears flow
At the demise of a beloved friend
Striking into our hearts a low blow
As against sorrow ourselves we can't defend

Morale fallen
Strength and breadth lost
Crestfallen
Emotional cost

Too high to bear
As uncertainties our future strikes
Amid wear and tear
At high speed likes

To wear us down
Where it hurts us the most
In our crown though we attempt to avoid a frown
We can't fail to post

On the sorrow we feel
In the inner sanctum of our being
Wondering why fate and destiny steal
The pleasure our departed bestow to the living

Whom they leave grieving
Lost without a clue
As to how receiving
Pain stacks in a blue

Tears hearts to pieces
In heaps of emotion
In pain creases
Metamorphosing affection

Into uncertainty
Streaming in stacks
Whose quality and quantity
Arriving in packs

Can't hide
The pain we struggle
To chide
In the gaggle

Sorrow rains
As we say farewell
In tandem with pains
To wish the living fast recovery and soon get well.

John Sensele

Fittest Survival

Elephants eat crops
Lions slay cattle, fear spreads
River fish catch drops.

John Sensele

Flailing Flame

Sometimes you'd better let go
No point in clinging to a flailing flame
Heartaches by the dozen you can forgo
If no matter how much you try you're no closer to your goal
Reaping no value but heaps of blame
Sometimes you'd better let go
When the flame is nothing but a cantankerous claim
You pack or unpack in a disposable cargo
Heartaches by the dozen you can forgo
Instead of clinging to a flame gone lame
You once loved so much in Togo
Sometimes you'd better let go
Unless your heart by mistake grows tame
Sculpturing a sorrow logo
Heartaches by the dozen you can forgo
Although it's true it takes two to tango
But you can't twice maim the same aim
Sometimes you'd better let go
Heartaches by the dozen you can forg

John Sensele

Flair & Flavour

When through force of habit our hands touch
Adrenalin through my body runs
As interests, likes match for a perfect match
On and on we turn our gregarious guns.

When through force of habit we osculate
True feelings run riots
As emotions and motions dilate
Flying to our desired destination under the care of premier pilots.

When through force of habit we experience telepathy
Cosy chemistry comes into play
As for each other we feel empathy
No matter whether it's night or day, no space for delay.

When through force of habit we converse in silence
Communication conjoins us
As we sample balance in every circumstance
With no space on our bliss bus to fuss.

John Sensele

Flakes Of Lies

Flakes of lies slay the human soul
Leaving a yawning chasm
A huge void that collapses the moral
Compass that confers on people value and charm.

Flakes of lies peel off character
Built painstakingly to earn esteem
Among peers and supervisors who scatter
Hints of insincerity and abhor shame.

Flakes of lies are able to cheat
A few gullible souls over time but collapse
When their edifice loses balls and feet
Of clay as expiry time shreds to pieces its unseemly snaps.

Flakes of lies under no circumstances
Overcome the home of the unalloyed truth
Which seems to make slow advances
But eventually gathers steam and momentum to outsprint the uncouth.

John Sensele

Flakes Partake Of A Cake

Flakes of childhood and lakes of purity
March together on the arch of innocence
Slowly stolen and broken when incredulity and crudity
Soap eyes open to lapses and fasten saps of defiance.

Flakes of infancy and cakes of curiosity
Fan stitches and wishes to implore and explore the environment
On the body, in the home, in the yard and in the city
Where neighbours and church mates shower a convoluted compliment.

Flakes of adolescence and lakes of puberty
Set in motion physiological and psychological changes
That bewilder an adolescent whose nascent liberty and reality
Diffuse pictures and rituals in ambiguous ranges.

Flakes of menopause and lakes of old age
Hit both men and women hard as bodies ache
Mental metamorphoses confound pages of a sage
Who wriggles and struggles that on his mind tolls take.

John Sensele

Flamboyant Flowers Of Anguish

Flamboyant petals of flowers of anguish
Blossom in full bloom in your garden
Sworn your seasons and reasons for bliss to finish
Your favourite abode and space in the garden of Eden

Flowers of anguish vow at all costs to steal
Sowing and catalyzing sterling seeds of sorrow
Grown and scattered in every cranny and crevice at full capacity to fill
Your every tomorrow

Into your bludgeoned back pricking, sinking and sticking daggers
Whose blade
Singes, serrates and severs your fingers
Purloining your serene serenade to aid

Seas and vortices of pain
Shaken
Sustaining, absorbing and assimilating streams and reams of strain
Forsaken and beaten

Your teary bloodshot eyes peer into a despair abyss
Wondering if life in your case holds any more worth
As peace of mind you miss in a serpent's hiss
When all at once a vivid voice on the radio reminds you henceforth

God is in control
Despatching at once a good Samaritan your way
To patrol
And heal all flowers of anguish as on your knees you bend to pray.

John Sensele

Flashes & Sashes

Sashes and flashes of pride ride on thin ice
Blushes and flushes of challenges plunge into a ravine
Clusters and clutters of humility roll drama dice
To yield a shield of outcomes that shores up a sardine.

Sashes and flashes of risible ruse fuse into derision
Blushes and flushes of indecision lunge into an illusion.
Clusters and clutters of febrile familiarity melt into a malaise
To yield a shield of attitudes that no altitude can raise.

Sashes and flashes of indefensible invectives hurt
Blushes and flushes of explicit vocabulary nonsense blurt.
Clusters and clutters of misdemeanor yield field disappointments
To yield a shield of odious sentiments and ridiculous regiments.

Sashes and flashes of pure thoughts sustain success
Blushes and flushes of dollar bills seduce a waitress
Clusters and clutters of debauchery derange adroit planning
To yield a shield of outcomes that admit no dependency weaning.

John Sensele

Fleets Of Feeble Feet, Wit & Tweet

Adrift beast tweets came from a satire with a desire not to quit swift
When addressed in dull dresses immersed in verses so terse
Sages with wounded wedges thought goons' gift to sift through a rift
Between a horse and a hearse

Visited a vast city when a cast twist
Of fate though late in debt leapt and swept the inept who slept
Snoringly withheld wounded wings to test whether its zest to insist
On a plate dancing, glancing, pouncing on a droll debate

Staged to assuage amazement and encouraged a rustic roar to reveal
Dark dungeons in which pigeon surgeons
Tweet every morning to deal
A slow blow to their reputations

As though nothing more important
Deserved their attention in education, tuition, emancipation, participation
But Coillard spoilers' minds inhabited distant
Stratospheres because beers, fears and tears defied details of any meaningful
mission.

John Sensele

Flexibility

In your heart, harbor no malice
In your demeanour, catalyse amity
In your attitude, condone justice
To enliven the leaven of your community.

In your sleep, dream streams of progress
In your work, inject diligence and commitment
In your association, endeavour to digress
From factors that overemphasise mere sentiment.

In your prayer, communicate the truth
In your speech, delete any sense of superiority
In your marriage, avoid the void of uncouth
Cultures that soon undermine your matrimonial maturity.

In your writing, observe the seven Cs
Of sound communication, syntax
Brevity, courtesy, consideration and compassion ought to please
Your audience whose goodwill and patience you won't tax.

John Sensele

Flies And Lies In Their Sties

Truths cry with honesty
Lies fry with dishonesty
But in the end truth triumphs
Although by trickery gallumphs

In circles where facts shine
Misrepresentations you enshrine
Forcing naked lines in the public domain
Disseminating not only strain but also more pain

Where reality defies deception
While calumny distorts perception
Reality between noses striking hard
When lies melt like livid lard

Propaganda glorifies
The agendum of lies edifies
Hoping repetition lengthens lives of lies
Popping up in droves in stinking sties.

John Sensele

Flighty Freak In A Creek

When in romance a pristine patron's pace
Sanctifies synchronization alongside harmonization to simplify procedures
For granting to each stakeholder a folder of time and space
To mature victuals and individuals, it's time to honour lass class leaders.

When for peace's sake, devotion discourse dominates
Social intercourse and civilizes social media
Where creative connections and calibrations germinate on nerd nets
It's time to win over and welcome an evolution encyclopedia.

When the internet touts teenager trafficking
To fatten and fraternise pirates' palates
Contrary to proclamations from the King
It's time to sanction a salvo of pesky pellets to wound wizardry wallets.

When in politics sycophants and simpletons queer the pitch
To disadvantage the vulnerable and the voiceless
To lumber the rich with more wealth, turn on the switch
That cuts off the careless ace, brace, lace and space from sanity's face and surface.

John Sensele

Flog Boisterous Blogs And Cantakerous Clogs

Flog fears and fantasies of failure
When giggles and guffaws gallop
In your mind to deny you the calm cure
You desire to banish thoughts of a fabricated flop.

Flog blogs and clogs of sadness
When in your mind you see disappointment
That exists only in seats and tweets of madness
You imagine run engines of an abruptness appointment.

Flog songs and gongs of poverty
When in your pocket a dime refuses to lodge
Lest you should subject it to nuances of the novelty
Bitcoins and derivatives enjoy to forge as security scrutiny they dodge.

Flog thoughts and noughts of the violence vote
Demagogues and monologues in God's world soil and spoil
Preventing voters from verifying the truth they misquote
Whether honesty and travesty moil and boil in an odious oil.

John Sensele

Flow & Glow

Days and ways when a woman's lot
Belonged to songs of a kitchen belong to an epoch of cock prehistory
Cos a woman's potential in the essential plot
Of life dwarfs stereotypes befuddled and bungled in her sad story.

Days and ways how a woman in her sun tan contributes
To society's well being and how well her diverse roles have elevated
Mankind's lot by her maternal and professional services deserves tributes
Higher than a woman receives in her clan and van since being emancipated,
respected and appreciated.

Days and ways why a woman's salient status serves
Society with more productivity and agility in addition
To lending her motherly mush to each of her tasks deserves
Commendation, approbation, salutation and recommendation.

Days and ways in which society in its variety
Viewed a woman's place and space with born scorn
Belong to an ancient past in which the diversity and plurality
Of gender role and parole could blow the flow and glow of a flawed horn.

John Sensele

Flowers Of My Hours

Flowers of my hours power forward
Flowers of my hours invite a reward
Flowers of my hours shower daily
Above all, my hours shine gamely.

Flowers of my hours resemble Midas' touch
Flowers of my hours speak Creole and Dutch.
Flowers of my hours breach screeches of witches
Above all, my hours deploy convoys of surreal switches.

Flowers of my hours blossom in Fall
Flowers of my hours bounce and trounce foes at a shopping mall.
Flowers of my hours yield a shield of handsome dividends
Above all, my hours refer to truth and prefer breach amends.

Flowers of my hours scour powers of the future
Flowers of my hours bend a dour culture.
Flowers of my hours embrace in all places high standards
Above all, my hours in every shower spank laggards.

John Sensele

Flowers, Hours And Towers In My Providence Mind

Every morning my bliss bundle I handle
With gratitude as I lap up its latitude
Praying the day pans out well as I unbundle
Plans for my pilgrimage to culminate in the right attitude.

I lie low if I can, thinking how to care
How to bring a serenity sunshine to friends
Keen to build strong bonds we share
Understanding, mutual feelings and tender trends.

I stay away from soporific souls
Melancholic minds, choleric kinds
Striving hard, endeavouring to thrive in goals
Benchmarks specify and solidify each bond that binds.

Smile I do, style I do, file I do
Meditating in the wee hours
To set the tone for my subconscious mind to chew
Before the conscious mind pinches flowers from my inner powers.

John Sensele

Flutters That Don't Matter

Spell for me the hell
I create of late for you, mate
So I can ring a string of nice news and tell
My conscience to embrace a sensual science in a cosy crate

Without the repose, gauze or pause I cause
A new paradigm to trim
Excesses that press and suppress my Rose
When I deem it over the rim

In my behavior and endeavour
To labour to live and give
My sure shot towards a flavor
That metamorphoses my move

Towards an improvement in development
In matters that clutter your butter
When I behave and strive to cement
Habits and honours that in your sight don't matter.

John Sensele

Fly A White Kite

Above all, love seeks to squeeze
To ease, freeze, tease, please and wheeze to increase
A sense of silence and difference
In parts of hearts that bathe and bestow balance

When palpitations caress and address predilections
For fondling reams of creams, for dangling dreams in motions
So diffuse without any ruse to choose a cruise in a breeze
Spell a sense of robust rebellion requesting Raymond to refuse

To bow down on knock knees in Brown Town
To diss a missed moment and kiss a coquettish clown
Who irrespective of circumstance, instance, distance and persistence
Arranges to challenge ranges of strange silhouettes where resemblance

Between love and loss, between trouble and her twin
Swords cross fords to fine a queen
Of hearts and tarts quarts of arts whose darts delight
In searing sirens and siblings whose sentiments sing soporific songs and fly a
white kite.

John Sensele

Fly High, Family

Family fertilises faith, utilises and realises fondness
Cultivating culture, culturing worthiness
Joining and juxtaposing juniors and seniors
In a cocktail that every obstacle it clears

Armed with love, members fly above
Challenges on wings of God's dove
Sent and meant to shield every member
For as long as God's love members remember

Day and night as members pray
For more love and light ray
To shine God's protection wherever members go
Cos God ensures niggling members forgo

Flying above disease and fleas
To please one another, progress and address with ease
Pesky problems whether it rains, strains or shines
Cos their destiny ultimately God aligns, defines and refines

In accordance with God's plan
That defies and simplifies the clan
Natural eyes see with glee
Cos God hears every member's plea

Long before the member pleads
Whispering in God's ear a heart bleeds
When hinges of hope falter
Under pressure from an evil altar.

John Sensele

Fly High, Phoenix

Phoenix, slither from jaws of defeat
That pins your back against impregnable obstacles
But don't you ever quit
For towards you are flying God's miracles.

Phoenix, arise from the floor
Summon from deep within you
Stamina and resolve to claw
Your way back to the front of the queue.

Phoenix, God denies inserting a fullstop
To signal your discomfiture
But instead God has given you a chance to pop
A surprise blow that wipes away opponent's decadent culture.

Phoenix, although detractors have written you off
Based on natural calculations
God's intervention is enough
To nullify their machinations.

John Sensele

Focus, Fidelia

Focus on the bigger picture despite strain and pain
For your reward lies a few inches away
If only you could maintain
A discipline demeanour as to God you pray for a way.

Focus on the bigger picture despite ridicule
Heaped on your efforts to forge ahead
In the face of major setbacks or miniscule
Concussion and contusion to your aching head.

Focus on the bigger picture despite pressure and fissure
Lurking in the background
To snatch any measure of pleasure and leisure
As the grapevine sets in motion a rampage round.

Focus on the bigger picture despite misfit and defeat
Threatening to lift the lid
To your detriment on a tumult tweet
That damages the credibility of your crucible creed.

Focus on the bigger picture despite favour and endeavor
Flying away from the radar
By dint of clever
Manipulations almost sets your domestic dome asunder.

Focus on the bigger picture despite valour and colour
Diminishing from your kaleidoscope
When brutal hands discolour
Your world and reduce the scope of hope with deadly dope.

John Sensele

Foes Flee

Foes foul my path
In this town where I live
Admiring the fire of Sylvia Plath
Whose poetry for a buck I give.

Foes on their toes scam
In this daredevil duel
I win until foes grow numb
If my fuel flies cruel.

Foes in their discomfiture
Plead for mercy
To live a little into the near future
If my mercy courts no controversy.

Foes in their droves
Raise a fleece flag
Running helter skelter into nearby groves
I behind I cruise not to lag.

Foes hit a wacky wall
Plotting to queer my pitch
Too close to call
When I bamboozle their wicked witch.

John Sensele

Foolish Fuss

When at long last common sense
Returns her urns of sapience to your pate
Strewn with personal demons in whose defence
You've stood all along, let God bless your fate.

When at long last sanity blasts casts
Teeming with emptiness
Call on your crew to lower masts
From a ship that begets sadness.

When at long last you grow the right attitude
To throw away proclivities
To sow wild oats on a southern latitude
Consider the cider of clean activities.

When at long last you stop short of violence
Against a lass of class
Whose fault lies in her nonchalance
To kiss you on a boisterous bus.

John Sensele

Foolishness I Did Commit

Overnight, it dawned on me
So much worth I refused to see
In the love she supplied in full
While I was busy playing the fool
Tinkering with every curve in town
So silly to treasure becoming the clown
That like the proverbial swine
Tore up the heart that was mine
Cos pride pruned my perspective
No courage, no clout to meet the objective
Love set for us
While we cruised on the bliss bus
Riding from vagaries of adolescence
To turpitudes of obsolence
I inflicted on the love
I once claimed descended from above
But it's now history
She won't entertain my folly
Opting for good measure
To reap from my rival the pleasure
I couldn't supply
When I could comply
Too late now
I'm no longer a sacred cow
Just ascumbag
With a reject tag
I hate to admit
Sorry, foolishness I did commit.

John Sensele

Fool's Advice

Value advice from a fool
Sacrificed to the service
Dedicated to worshipping a bull.

In every circumstance, utilise every tool
To serve the cause of justice.
Value advice from a fool.

Join labourers in a factory producing wool
To enjoy the company of a miss
Dedicated to worshipping a bull.

Turn up on time and enjoy the full
Conditions of service but don't diss
Value advice from a fool.

Participate in the Kitwe beauty pageant, a jewel
In the Copperbelt calendar but don't entice the spice
Dedicated to worshipping a bull.

Saunter with aplomb to the royal swimming pool
Where a lass awaits your company but don't diss
Value advice from a fool
Dedicated to worshipping a bull.

John Sensele

Fools' Paradise

Fools' Paradise and its merchandise
Teeming with terror and error
Rear their ugly heads as a prize
When one nation doggedly rekindles its neighbours' clamour for honour.

Fools' Paradise and sultry size
Might, bite and nuclear arsenal
Amount to nothing when an ugly surprise
Bends round a creepy corner to crush its crimson canal.

Fools' Paradise coupled with myopic warmongers
Whose appetite
To promote petty agenda draw daggers
From oppressed downtrodden people who long fools to bite and fight.

Fools' Paradise fuel crises
Where opportunities for peace
Die for want of slices
Embedded in pacific processes twice or thrice.

John Sensele

For Each Fib I Fabricated

For each sin I've committed
I beg for forgiveness
'Cos my faith duty I omitted
To land myself in a state of saintlessness.

For each lie I've told
I eat humble pie and cry
'Cos my soul I sold
To make Lucifer and his disciples fly high.

For each hour of honesty I've stolen
I feel remorse
'Cos my standing from grace had fallen
To make both my predicament and plight worse.

For each indiscretion I've induced
I hang my head in shame
'Cos so many women I have seduced
To sully and spoil their name.

For each reputation I've damaged
I express regrets
'Cos in skeleton cupboard I have rummaged
To bring to light closely guarded secrets.

For each heart I've broken
I tender abject apologies
'Cos of strong superlatives spoken
To erase emotive effigies.

John Sensele

For My Future

For my faith to thrive, I'll cast out my predilections
Cutting out cravings of my throat
Sticking to, solemnizing sermon admonitions
To crucify convictions and contradictions of my Tequila toast.

For my achievements to arrive, I'll flog my foibles
Editing from bust lust and dust
Challenging and chiding chagrins from devils
To ditch debacles and discomfitures, to reap a rectitude repast.

For my love to grow, I'll ditch dodgy detours
Plucking out my troubadour ties and their lies
Embracing evolution and emancipation of testament tours
To earn my prospects prosperity pies.

For my friendship to frutify, I'll jettison jezebel journeys
Effacing from my ethos carnal contours and curves
Twice or thrice a day to pray hard on my knees
To develop steel, stamina, sapience and nous nerves.

John Sensele

For Once In Our Lifetimes

For once in our lifetimes, let us confront the truth
Which despite its sharp edges
Planes us, preventing us from being uncouth
Steering us towards peaceful pledges.

For once in our lifetimes, let us admit we're not perfect
So that we rebuild our tainted image
Damaged by double speak because we select
To feed the demon of our rage.

For once in our lifetimes, let us repent
To rekindle hopes for the future
Jettison from our lives the serpent
That eats away at our subculture.

For once in our lifetimes, let us spread love
Sow seeds of peace
Grow up and rise above
The desire to steal at any cost a kiss.

John Sensele

For The Sake Of Love

For the sake of love, I strive to bridle
My temper, which turns into a crazy horse
If a string snaps on the fiddle
That unleashes my corny cross in the absence of flavor floss.

For the sake of love, I forgo faint flames
That once lit up my excitement
When upon spying dangerous dames
I lost my sense of discernment due to trickle torment.

For the sake of love, I walk on terra firma
With my pate firmly grounded into reality
Lest a mesmerizing mamma
Should subject my crib to conjugal cruelty and inappropriate immaturity.

For the sake of love, I jettison jealousy
A bane with a penchant for wet blankets
When all my spouse and I require is mercy
Without regard to tired tombola tickets and trinkets.

John Sensele

Forever By My Side To Love

Forever by my side to love
The lady of my dream
Whom God sent from above
To swim in my company downstream.

Forever by my side to hold
The lady of my youth
Whom God chose for my eyes to behold
As her love lulls my tender tooth.

Forever by my side to delect
The lady of my wedding
Whom God in his wisdom did select
To elevate and edify my bedding.

Forever by my side to care
The lady of my days
Whom God with me chose to pair
To mend and amend my wintry ways.

John Sensele

Forever Disarmed

Oh, I can dream of you and toss and toss in my bed
And snap your crazy feelings with dizzying eagerness
And pump my ventricles for you in crimson red
Leaving me in a state of thorough helplessness

I wonder why I love you like mad
Why I love you like crazy and fall for you like this
Despite pulsating palpitations that make me glad
Wishing your red lips I could forever kiss

And never let you go
Much as reason enjoins me from you to run away
Far away to escape the love magnet I can't forgo
But I kneel down and decide I should stay

Despite pangs of longing my heart feels
Demanding too much, exacting too high a price
As my heart in saner moments in confusion reels
Wishing for a second to enjoy a peace of mind slice

But your hold on me grows stronger and stronger
The more your magnet draws me closer and closer
Sweeping me off my feet longer and longer
Wondering if I can again afford to be a chooser

When in all probability I'm bereft of room to maneuver
Squeezed tighter and tighter
Till my love can only quiver and shiver
As prospects for our reunion grow brighter and brighter.

John Sensele

Forgettable Episode

Sylvia stirs beef steak sizzling in a saucepan
As members of her expectant clan
Salivate. Aromas waft in the air
Tomatoes tease a pair

Of taste buds that anticipate
An opportunity to participate
In gulping morsels of grub
As pancreatic and gastric juices rub

Shoulders when a hoarse voice
Shouts, 'Don't pinch my choice
Cuts, Stephanie
Although the sight of your knee

Causes me grief.
Reminds me of your chief
Taster. Leave alone
My Sylvia. She ain't on loan'

David's sticky hands
Squeezing like elastic bands
Reached out but caught nothing
Because ahead of him there wasn't a thing.

David pops into the living room and casts a fatal stare
At Kris who meets his glare.
'Can I help you, David?
For a showdown, are you avid? '

Sylvia jumps between the two men
'Are you insane? '
She shoves Kris away.
'Don't ruin my day! '

'As for you, David, you're not welcome here
Do you want a beer
That Kris your daylight may switch off?
Call your buff.'

David squeezes past Kris.
'I want a kiss
For old time's sake
It's my cake'

Kris shakes his head
Enough said
He makes a sudden turn
'David, in hell you'll burn.'

David reaches out for Sylvia
'David, bad idea
Kris smacks David on the face
David falls with a blood trace.

David rises to his feet
He falls down again to the beat
Of Kris's uppercut
And on him pees Kris's cat.

John Sensele

Forgive And Forget

Lying on a leather sofa, a housewife devours several
Mills and Boon novels when her clock chimes four o'clock
Still her husband hasn't pitched up and she gets a visceral
Inkling something wasn't right in her block.

Peeping through a window, the housewife spies
Her husband teetering towards her living room door.
Her heart skips a beat. At least he'd eat pies
She'd baked; she slips her tender feet into slippers on the floor.

Opening the door to let him in
Her eyes caught sight of lipstick smudges on his cream jacket,
She opts not to let him grow thin
So, good judgment tells her not give him a cold shoulder packet.

Containing the lump in her throat, she readies her bathtub
For his bath; she treats him as though nothing had gone amiss
Because nagging him would rebound him to his favorite pub
Where a bimbo most likely on him planted a kiss.

John Sensele

Forgive Foes

At the earliest opportunity, melt the anger
That tears your attitude
Towards a fertile future which gets stronger
To raise your social status to the next limpid latitude.

At the earliest opportunity, choose love over retribution
That blocks blessings
Meant to grant you salvation
As you land in paradise where your guardian angel for you sings.

At the earliest opportunity, forgive lost sheep
Who by default embrace duplicity
As dark demons their minds sweep
Into a sea of adoration antiquity.

At the earliest opportunity, pray for detractors
Who conspire to wreck the work of your hands
In efforts to supply sordid stories to subtractors
Driven by envy and jealousy to wave wicked wands.

John Sensele

Forgive Me, Fidelia

Forgive me, Love, if I've been remiss
In the way I treated and handled you
Although I feel sorry I made you miss
The best care, the best love, I promise to start anew.

Forgive me, Love, if attention walked away
In the way I chose to behave
Although I feel sorry I could allow foibles to get in the way
Never again should I choose to misbehave.

Forgive me, Love, if distractions took a toll
In the way fickle feebleness sneaked in
Although I feel sorry I made the wrong call
Never again should open for sin and din.

Forgive me, Love, if I lost my way
As trivia assumed pole position
Although I feel sorry I couldn't pray
For a way out to make the right decision.

John Sensele

Forgive Me, Frank

Forgive me, if as time flies by, links loosen
Phone calls dwindle, text messages disintegrate
Emotions and feelings lessen
Frank, on my new status I have to concentrate.

Forgive me, if as my phonebook fills up, contacts crumble
Words don't come easy, speech slurs
Warmth and wishes fumble and ramble
Frank, our precipitous past now blurs.

Forgive me, if as my age advances, I don't remember your name
In my mind your face now features a distant memory
On me, lay neither blame nor claim
Frank, secure new supplies for your amorous armoury.

Forgive, if as matrimonial status changes, I can no longer warm up
New status nullifies freedom to befriend old flames
Lest skeletons from the past should overrun my conjugal cup
Frank, hobnob with free damsels and dames.

John Sensele

Fossil Fuel

Fossil fuels slay Earth
Carbon footprints increase
As aircraft cruise.

John Sensele

Foul-Mouthed Blocker

There was once a foul-mouthed joker
Whom fate turned into a broker
With a bulky mound
That did run him aground
Until he spied a sassy sucker.

John Sensele

Four Fingers

When a frail finger froths at the mouth others to accuse
Four fingers boldly from me blessings, graces, favours refuse
No matter how crafty my ruse
From tricks and traps let my soul recuse.
Booze and blues me they use
Loss for me queues
Humility, simplicity, let me always choose
If my Heaven-bound voyage I shouldn't lose.

John Sensele

Fragile Life Cracks Up

Fragile life shrinks and breaks
When we overfeed on junk food
Devour too many steaks
Bask in a foul mood.

Fragile life dies
When we swill too much alcohol
Tell too many lies
To dissipation we easily fall.

Fragile life weeps and sleeps
When no exercise we get
But at wee hours we dispatch tatty tweets and beeps
With no proper target we set.

Fragile life six feet under
Sinks bit by bit as malice we spread
Frowns we wear like thunder
Silly face we turn always red.

John Sensele

Fragments Of Thoughtlessness

At the stroke of midnight, a brand new day dawns
Heralding the commencement of a fresh page
In our lives where our heart no longer groans
Over challenges that somehow drew outrage

At the turn events the previous day took
Springing on us a surprise good or bad
As unexpectedly we forsook
Caution and invited onto us a bad

Omen that drove us to the brink of despair
Tossing, spinning and twisting
In a bid to repair
A green monster who insisting

Upon sneaking into our rearguard
Drove us astray
Until we realized disregard
Of prompts from our conscience when we failed to pray

Cost us plenty in lost opportunities to grow
Socially, spiritually and morally
As our moral compass we seemed to throw
Away opting instead for the line of least resistance that literally

Plunged our world into total darkness
Conjuring up paths littered with debris
That enveloped the thoughtlessness
Driving us to pluck a hexing fruit from the proverbial forbidden tree

Seeking succor but reaping retribution
For the dour disobedience
In defiance to ten commandments to which we clang in a mission whose
contribution
Shoved aside sapience

Inherited for free at birth
Squandered at will as rough seas of life
We began to navigate during our pilgrimage on Earth

Thereby planting, germinating and growing within us a reward of boundless strife.

John Sensele

Frank On The Floor

By the time my clock chimed midnight
Flagellating and lacerating my brain with worry
Growing premonitions slapped my plight
Wondering why my hubby couldn't mosey home in a hurry.

My mind began exploring scenarios
For one could it be that he was seeing someone else
Better than the nagging notes I sprang on him in trios
Or could it be that my beauty no longer counted on impulse.

I watched episodes and episodes on telemundo
Devoured pages and pages of my favourite blockbusters
It made no difference if detractors spanked Don Secundo
Or owls howled undisturbed by nocturnal tricksters.

Around 04 30, Frank finally shambled through the front door
Red blotches on his shirt
I whacked him on the drunken chin, sprawling him to the floor
Inside my heart so bad it hurt.

John Sensele

Freak Faces, Gout Glances & Pale Places

I leapt forward and wept
The demise of the dream
No longer swept or kept
Beyond the rim of my whim and swim scheme.

I leapt forward and broke
The ice at a price that couldn't suffice
To risk the stroke of the frock
I wore as I swore to roll my dream dice.

I leapt forward and spoke
The truth about the trite tantrum
That came to the fore as I broke
The jinx that hexed and vexed my sorority scrum.

I leapt forward and lost
Balance in circumstances where glances
At trivia times, in pale places and at freak faces cost
Me dear as they dimmed my charity and chastity chances.

John Sensele

Freak Mistake

There was once a freak mistake in a lake
Which worked hard to take a real break
From activities big and small
In the Fall, in the Pall Mall
Contest where winners could fake to bake.

John Sensele

Freak Out No More, Friend

Freak out no more when social shores shift
To new boundaries in Prussian prairies
When from God a new gift
Appends peace pages in your diaries.

Freak out no more when rare realities roar
To signify new seasons and reasons
When from God a bouncy boar
Overcomes odds to free freedom fighters from pesky prisons.

Freak out no more when body blows
Swell your mandibles
When from God grows
A fertile future teeming with tasty tangibles.

Freak out no more when changes
Clear a clutter of conundrums
When God re-arranges
Your social circles to the cadence of King David's drums.

John Sensele

Free Lunch

Life would be so simple
If we forever remained young
With innocence and sincere smiles,
Sober speech and a lean lung
That's free of jagged jealousies,
Quarrels and a toxic tongue.

Our lives would free us
Of quivering quills
Adults throw at one another
Whether they pose for sexy stills
Or dress to kill
With unwritten wills.

As bouncy babies, we'd suckle
Colostrum and breast milk
To get balanced nutrients
With no bothersome ilk
That plagues adult lives
Whether they dress in cotton or silk.

John Sensele

Free Nuggets

Hold your peace, my son
Haste and jest enjoy in moderation
Lest you should blot out the sun
From your den for lack of consideration.

Hold your fire, my daughter
Before you harm yourself more than your butt
Of outbursts and tantrums that shunt aside laughter
Which for free never conjures a glut.

Hold on to lofty values
For you lose nothing through wisdom
Which in good dose grants you critical clues
To how best to form character and to conform.

Hold on to bridges
That you navigate in times of trouble
But if ridges and fridges
Transmuted into your sun, expect double rabble.

John Sensele

Free Of Your Encumbrances

Free of encumbrances that tied up your initiatives
You can now deploy the full span of your wings
To invent and implement with any motives
Your pet projects in any rings.

Free of encumbrances that slowed down and clawed at your innovations
Terming them no brainers
You can forge ahead and lodge patents for your romantic devotions
Since your initiatives no longer sift and drift through any strainers.

Free of encumbrances, your creative juices can roam free and explore
To a deep extent ideas you brainstormed
From A to Z to distill the lore
That lies under underneath layers of your mind before they get formed or reformed.

Free of encumbrances, circumstances of any kind
Become mill to your grist
For you to exploit and find
Answers and dancers whose body ca contort in any sort and to great effect twist.

John Sensele

Free Speech

The free speech we beseech
The free speech we bewitch
In a bid to blast a wolf pack
Some day our back will crack.

Free speech quenches fires
Free speech punctures no tired tyres
Rolling and strolling towards fallacy
Mainly devours our democracy delicacy.

One size choice of voice fits no one
Opinion diversity everyone won
Through enacting the bill of rights
On which freedoms set their sights.

Peter say yes, Peggy says no that's normal
All of us in our error agree that's abnormal
Normal society seldom agrees
To disagree on top of troubled trees.

John Sensele

Freedom Bells Ring

Babylon bandwagon sucks
Poverty pounds the proletariat
Bundles of blues on broken backs
Indifference immerses the secretariat.

Babylon bandwagon strangles
The poor meals can't afford
The affluent extravagance dangles
Reeking of caviar, desert and discord.

Babylon bandwagon in decline
No matter how much ruse tyrants choose to use
Anger climbing the steep injustice incline
Forces of fairness and freedom fuse.

Babylon bandwagon bends laws of natural justice
Bruising voices of protest
Binding children, the aged, the voiceless in chains of injustice
The poor, the youth, the weary detest and contest.

John Sensele

Freedom In Your Kingdom

Words of a child in ears of a wise adult
Carry a message that marries innocence
Fun, sensitivity, absence of gung ho drama, tumult
Malice, injustice, avarice, impertinence and insolence.

Words of a child in the world of manipulators
Evoke incoherence, lack of depth and ignorance
Because adults blinded by prejudice and rotten rotors
Spinning years of intransigence nurture judgment incompetence.

Words of a child when they fall on receptive soil
Can open up new horizons, new reasons, new perceptions
In comprehending reality through untinted lenses which boil
Chaff and bluff stuff into new visions and new supplications.

Words of a child communicate purity
Couched in snatches and batches of random wisdom
Swollen to yards of veracity felicity
That shout out: uphold freedom in your kingdom.

John Sensele

Frenzy Fogs

Dissent discomforts demagogues
In whose eyes lies and spies in the same boat
Mustn't press for own views unless synagogues
Painted them as saints with no dent in a snow white coat

Otherwise demagogues will flog
Any contrary views with a wicked whip
To repress recent dissent in their log
Book whose hook spooks can't keep

Challenging veins of vengeful vitriol
That lashes out to bash vital views vilified
Verily as if damned demagogues' patrol
Punished and banished banners of peace petrified

At prospects of peace promenades
Risking wrecking risible rogues
Who in their droves alongside assumed aids
Violate and annihilate dissenters who condemn clumsy clogs at the onset of
frenzy fogs.

John Sensele

Fresh Year, Rash Wear

Fresh year, fresh resolutions, same challenges
Creep up, keep rearing their heads, sweep the same old corners
Clean, only for new grime to climb onboard, to pop lozenges
To cure coughs, to lure laughs and to endure blues of conveners.

Fresh year, clear thoughts, emaciated implementation
Dog days, weeks and months; lads fall into the same traps
Cheat their minds, beat their chests and improvisation
Achieves next to zero despite bling and colourful wraps.

Fresh year, fresh success, same tricks
Days cry, months dry, weeks ply their trade
As they mark time and pour mortar into life's bricks
To build and shield walls, vessels and award a lad a grade.

Fresh year, new dreams, new flavours
For ice creams, for a new fling, for a new one night stand
Taken for a ride and to left heartbroken and forsaken, attempting new
endeavours
To salvage her Facebook page littered with rage in her romance land.

John Sensele

Freudian Fairies

Freudian fairies fumble in Fantasia
Juggling joy, jeans, jeeps and jumbled genes
Seldom sired and cited in civilized angelic Asia
Where Bollywood banishes them from blockbuster scenes

Adjudged to afflict ascetic assemblies
Convened convincingly by convicts
To penetrate a plea plethora that flees
Honour hanging upheld singly in effeminate edicts

In an atmosphere abiding to recanted reincarnations
Devised and criticized in Inca inspirational
Scriptures saved from sassy simulations
That span, tan and run scales sensational

While fiendish fairies in perennial Prussian prairies pay
Homage to hedonism and herbalism
Revived and reinstated on the bay
Where systemic strain and sanguine stress sanitize sorority cynicism.

John Sensele

Friend And Foe Frolick

"Friend, friend, why do you hate me
I shower love to make you see
How much in your company I'd like to be."

"Foe, on the contrary, no friendship debt to you do I owe
Look me in the eye and friendship up will show
Despite the carbuncle that treads on your toe."

"Friend, would you rather on my back I carried you
Or would you like from me a love cue
I beseech you to consider my offer anew."

"Foe, excuse me. Why should I on you lavish tender care
When in full view of society to me you glare
Besides, airs you display to me seem unfair."

"Granted, Friend. Leave the pesky past well alone
Let's start anew to earn us a love loan
As you and I true love we might own."

"Foe, let's love each other to forge ahead
Cleanse the past from our bed and leave it for dead
And hatred for good shall desert our head and trade without any
bloodshed."

John Sensele

Friends & Foes, Forgive

Don't allow your heart to harden
Despite provocation from a maiden.
Love strive to give,
Trespassers find time to forgive.
To haters and hurters give love
As much love as in your heart you have.
From bondage of revenge quit
Free conscience dare to meet.
On your face wear no frown
Frown on your face makes you an unfunny clown.
Bear bliss smile for everybody
As you grow love for somebody and anybody.
Small matter don't grow
Tantrum don't throw.
Laughter and smile life elongate
As they keep open or shut long life's gate.
Under no circumstance should you regret
Keeping a vengeful sinful secret.
Allow forgiveness to bless your life
Between you and others, don't sow seeds of strife.

John Sensele

Friends Aint No Numbers

Friends ain't no cucumbers
To collect and collate
Like numb numbers
Which your FB page dilate and inflate.

Friends ain't no chattels
For sale to the highest bidder
In hosier hotels
Where in style you imbibe cider.

Friends ain't no statistics
For data analysis and praxis
On your computer gymnastics
On either x or y axis.

Friends ain't objects of ridicule
For taunts and tweets
Where your miniscule
Palate probes sweets.

John Sensele

Friends Discard My Sad Burden

Friends come into my life; my soul friends gladden
When from my soft centre, friends bring out the best
That's plenty in me to discard my sad burden.

Friends blend my qualities; my sorrow friends unburden
With sweet talk, slick walk; my foibles friend put to the test.
Friends come into my life; my soul friends gladden.

My resolve to progress friends harden
With skill, pill and still affection in an advisory chest
That enjoins friends to discard my sad burden.

Friends care so much, my horizon and perspective friends widen
With love, support and care aplenty; friends tolerate no waste.
Friends come into my life; my soul friends gladden.

Friends send positive vibes; true altruism friends maintain
In a blend of bottom-of-the-heart cocktail, mail and female fest.
Friends come into my life; my soul friends gladden;
Friends support me all the way and discard my sad burden.

John Sensele

Friends Trusted & Tested

Friends, old and new, plane lives
Cutting off heaps of rough edges
Polishing arteries, pruning anvils and pasting quality until their love drives
You forward to a better you with their potent pledges.

Friends, trusted and tested, bless
Your life with their love and advice
Saving you tonnes and tonnes of stress
With genuine, limpid love twice or thrice at no price.

Friends, genuine and constant, spare
You loads of pain with their support
Offered with no strings attached in a rare
Show of affection and succor to lead to a safe empathy port.

Friends, in real time, nourish
Lives they touch at a deep level
Where they enable you to flourish
By elevating your morale and pruning evil.

John Sensele

Friendship Cakes

Bake friendship cakes, chances on friendship take.
Amend approaches to social issues and bridges mend.
gregariousness; friendship priorities make.

In friendship deals, meals and seals partake
To subdue hesitation and negativity bend.
Bake friendship cakes, chances on friendship take.

Friendship aims and claims keep awake
And friendship recipes send.
gregariousness and friendship priorities make.

Obstination, and procrastination forsake
But friendship enzymes vend.
Bake friendship cakes, chances on friendship take.

Deride the pride of friendship that's fake
In substance and form and put it to an end.
Bake friendship cakes, chances on friendship take
As you gregariousness and friendship priorities make.

John Sensele

Friendship Flavours

Teach me to save and salvage secrets
To hold my tongue tight
To lead a life devoid of regrets
Above all, enable me to live right.

Teach me to appreciate a friendship flavour
To share my joys and my sorrows
To grant my foes a favour
Above all, tantalize my tomorrows.

Teach me to adhere to advice
To embrace honesty and humility
To vie away from a vice thrice
Above all, treble my tranquility.

Teach me to value time
To make each second count
To slay sleaze and combat crime
Above all, ameliorate my affability and amity account.

John Sensele

Friendship Misnomer

Friends share quality time
Which affords them opportunities to enjoy cosy company.
Friends don't depend on a dime
Which undergoes an accountant's double entry scrutiny.

Friends cannot transmute into statistics
Kept by number crunchers.
Friends share human, sentimental characteristics
Which don't reduce to statistic munchers.

Friends respect one another
'Cos they share an emotional attachment
As if they were sister and brother
For whom it's anathema to accommodate detachment.

Friends seek to outgrow their ephemeral ego
By imbibing feeds from kindred souls
With whom incompleteness they forgo
As always they strive to achieve common goals.

Friends never become chattels
Priced or counted on Facebook
Or in real time battles
Sometimes captured in a misunderstanding hook.

John Sensele

Friendships And Relationships Scram

Stuck on an island after a shipwreck
Brought about by a calamity catalysed
By a dare devil spirit of adventure for the sake
Of proving a point that common sense labelled 'unsanitised'.

Gloom and doom sweep beaches
In the mind of the hermit bereft of creature comforts
Breakfast, lunch, supper and switches
That turn on lights and gismos at modern seaports.

Friendships and relationships once so promising
Evaporate into thin air as news of his downfall
Filters through social media friends he once thought enticing
But crumbs and platitudes become the only outcomes to play ball.

Teardrops pour on the hermit's gaunt face
Sorrow sweeps his bosom and anger
Swims in his blood; frustrations surface
As his last friend Patience with him can't link up any longer.

John Sensele

Fringe Fondness Versus Finances

If the fiancé to whom you gave your all
Should, at the eleventh hour, jilt
You, would you turn your back
On all future suitors to make them wilt
Or would you take it in your stride
And vow not to suffer any gargantuan guilt.

If the misguided man should later seduce
Your close companion who didn't know
Of your rocky relationship
Because you didn't want to show
Your foibles to your strict sorority
That you just couldn't command enough dowry dough.

If, a few months after your bird took off,
You found out you expected a baby
Would you, cap in hand, beg him to return
On knock knees like a crybaby
To restore some semblance of sanity
In case the miscreant might mumble 'maybe'.

John Sensele

Fringes Of Soporific Syringes

Arrange to challenge fringes of soporific syringes
Range not to derange organized order
Singe not, whinge not on top of hinges
Binge not, cringe not and wreak not disorder.

Range not to derange organized order
Read but don't misread signs of torrid times
Binge not, cringe not and wreak not disorder
Lest you should brood and groom uncomfortable climbs.

Read but don't misread signs of torrid times
When the writing on your wall sends a meaningful message
Lest you should brood and groom uncomfortable climbs
As consequences in sequence prohibit your procrastination passage.

When the writing on your wall sends a meaningful message
Singe not, whinge not on top of hinges
As consequences in sequence prohibit your procrastination passage
Arrange to challenge fringes of soporific syringes.

John Sensele

Frivolity And Triviality

Frivolity and triviality on the surface dance well
But emptiness and grossness can't force
Admiration and admission to a professional scale
Steeped in rigid recognition and redemption by a reputable voice.

Folks fly on their weary wings and wave any drivel
Folks rate as real rank result in a land
Run by rejects and renegade rebels who reel
Under failure among foes and fans to the tune of a failed front.

Would I to waive aside a triangle of timidity
Away from serenity shy of severity sunken
Into suppression with little or no subjection to subjectivity
Immersed deep into a miasma at the count of ten.

Dreaming, drivelling awake and addiction to tripe
Psyches up low standards but dim clues to progress
Towards better quality and quantity with the stripe
Printed on honour and demeanour that catalyse every front success.

John Sensele

Frivolity Fragments

In fragments of joy, segments of jubilation,
Black and white cockcrows clean up carrion
Grey mice heighten stations of devastation
Secret lovers seek protection from detection from a centurion.

In fragments of diligence, segments of confidence
Ancillary workers dust off and mop lecture rooms, corridors and loos
Lecturers saunter in silence to deliver lectures beyond coincidence
College management procures bond paper, textbooks, pens, furniture and safety shoes.

In fragments of jealousy, segments of dishonesty
Layers of players and slayers kill partners' trust
Bevies of housewives loath disloyalty
Drunken hubbies ram jalopies into barriers teeming with russet rust.

In fragments of childhood, segments of widowhood
Street kids jostle with one another for crumbs outside After Ten
Blind women with sighted offspring beg for alms in Zesco's neighbourhood
Fresh corn peddlers secure a scarce sale and say amen.

John Sensele

From A Labyrinth In My Mind

From a submarine, my periscope decorates
A bubble life teeming with fairies and elves
Who contrive to award top box office rates
To discarded movies that for aeons have graced my shelves.

From an ivory tower, my binoculars
Perceive dames and laddies
Up of whose sleeves particulars
Of Cyclops and telescopes buy vantage points in strip-tease bars.

From an unsupervised examination room
Candidates without scruples surf the Internet
As invigilators from a binge bout cast aside their gloom
To catalyse chaos as havoc sneaks puff adders into the basement to pose a threat.

From the comfort of a single bed, a lover touches an empty space
Where cargo towed the previous night vanished with his wallet
As the loverboy snored and gored the heart ace
Who rammed into his finances a morbid mallet.

John Sensele

From Daybreak Till Dusk

From daybreak till dusk, you drive your life away
Cutting corners and boasting of no-brainers
Flying flags that won't pray
As your arms accost coasts of sentimental strainers.

From daybreak till dusk, you drive a wedge between hope and haziness
Killing caution softly
Flying flags of dozy dizziness
As your arms embrace events aimlessly.

From daybreak till dusk, you drive a barter bargain
Surrendering to seemly salutation
Plunging head-on on platitudes from which nothing valuable you gain
As your arms allow avid affectation with dilution.

From daybreak till dusk, you drive daydream ditties
Accommodating accretions
In the villages, in ghettos and in cities
Where you don't mean to modify no mundane missions.

John Sensele

From Nowhere

From nowhere an apple of the eye blows on the scene
Scattering minds and couples
Egging braggarts she'd consign them to Pliocene
Where they'd gnash their teeth in quintuples.

From nowhere a wind of change
Detonates complacent bottoms of partners
Who brush aside any message
To care for foreigners.

From nowhere a litmus test
Separates boys from men and girls from women
Stringently blocking any protest
They conjure up long before the administrator blurts amen.

From nowhere cash runs out
Love flies away
By dint of clout through a spout
To forge links with the affluent and play every day.

John Sensele

From Where I Wander

From where I wander and weep redemption rescues robbers
Who express remorse
Pledge to move from ruffians to probers
Of hurt as they dismount from their odious horse.

From where I wander and weep friends enrich enemies
Whose wild wishes
Convert them from giants into pygmies
Who no longer demand and command diet dishes.

From where I wander and weep I have no right
To treat tummies with disdain
When my teeth bite
Morsels of fresh fish I catch during a roast refrain.

From where I wander and weep I owe all my friends an excuse
For my hypocrisy
When I kick a fuss on a bus
Where to a mourning mom I show no mercy.

John Sensele

Frontier Revellers

There were once exchanges at the frontier
Where revellers and sellers swilled beer
To quench their parching thirst
Which nearly moved to burst
Scams in the anatomy of deep fear.

John Sensele

Froth & Sloth

Through a nanometric portal
Cream cruises to Heaven
While a fickle fiddle
Strums a ditty for a mendacious mortal.

Through hurdles big and small
Gallumph the cream
That won't fall
Despite teetering a risible rim.

Through heartbreaks and a sea of snakes
The cream breaks through
Although a Nemesis shakes
Kegs with dregs contorting without a clue.

Through rough times and tough climes
The cream drives forth
To codify and purify chimes
That won't sink beneath froth and sloth.

John Sensele

Fruits Of My Womb

Fruits of my womb shall come faster
Than evil tongues and their snag wag
Because the hand of God, my master
Brandishes the royal flag

Hoisted higher, flown higher
Than any dissenting demonstration on Earth
In any contrary spire
Which under no circumstance can block the birth

God decreed in his infinite wisdom
Because God's hands never short
Supplies bounties for the children in his kingdom
To creatures both great and small to whom God renders maximum support

At all times including mine
As long as God's name I place above every other name
To strengthen my spine and kindred spines by dint of God's divine
Power not only to cleanse every blemish, every blame, every unclean claim

Restoring the priceless dream
Including fruits of my womb
For my husband, me and my children as a team
Forever to live happily before the descent into my tomb.

John Sensele

Frying Pan

Jumping from a burning fire
Into a frying pan
In the hope of containing the ire
That ravages your chest is the worst possible salvage plan.

Put out the fire that your tinder dry
Hamlet cries over before the fire consumes every combustible
Fabric in its path as you cry
Foul for eating cellulose that ain't digestible.

Shamble on terra firma and quench
The source of the fire that your obstinate attitude
SEts going in your mind and on the bench
On which you ensconce your straitjacket as you free fall from altitude.

Man invented fire but can't always control
Its effects metaphorically and literally
Although fire as a tool is neutral except when petrol
Doused on it by a demented world feeds an inferno firmly.

John Sensele

Fukushima Ordeal

Nuclear plant packs up
Tsunami unleashes wrath
Japan sheds muscle.

John Sensele

Fumbling Fantasy

Caught up in a thoughtless world where ideas
At variance with the ebullience of haters who lose their cool
In a vortex and context of intolerance driven by tears and fears
That dissenting views win an upper hand over weaker ideas full
Of surprises, highrises and crises primed to drivel and swivel
Debates serrated to levels of insanity, inability and debility
From which buck stakeholders back out and suck the devil
In the details that retail, assail and prevail on mobility
Meandering and pandering to lumps of nonsense essence
Without acquiescence, eminence and the prevalence
Pushed upwards, downwards, and forwards to a sense
That impropriety, inanity, illegality and an immaturity stance
Curtail the rail and pail that fail to bail out tolerance
In the wake of advances of imbalances in a hatred sequence.

John Sensele

Fun Ta

There was once a soft drink named Fanta
That was so sweet it hailed from Atlanta
Because it stood head and shoulders
Above similar beverages at borders
Where to all aches it became the answer.

John Sensele

Funnel Flattery

Muppet master
Bragging broadcaster
Eat humble pie
Emit an obsequious sigh
Employment guaranteed
Dissent decanted
Bully cut to the quick
Skin can't grow thick
Parades subordinates like slaves
Regurgitating prompts on a podium like knaves
Scatters platters and matters
Arguing conformity lies in tatters
Religiously imbibes poppycock
From an agitated aggrandizement talk
Soon unleashed in truculent tweets
The world would rather suck sanity sweets
Than cosset inferiority complex ego
Funnel flattery a braggart can't forgo.

John Sensele

Funny Family

Sisters and brothers you belong together
Although you pray, mostly you play
To teach, to reach, to fetch one another
Even when your love groove you delay.

Together you sit, you eat, you study
You talk to them and you poke fun
At your mom who's your bosom buddy
And dear pop likes your witty pun.

Sometimes family irritates you stacks
Your fashion, your tuition they select
To pass on wisdom with love packs
When wrong choice you're about to elect.

Whatever the mood is in your cosy family
They mean well in all they choose to do;
Celebrating you or reading you riot homily
They love you. They do care, your home crew.

John Sensele

Furore Function

Furore fumed when a folly function
Bent on branding beauties at a luncheon
Sunk to slash the sash,
The slush fund, cash, bash
Stashed, mashed at the love junction.

John Sensele

Furrows & Boroughs

Furrows in boroughs mirror flavours and odours of the terror
Inflicted on a victim who cultivates a vacuum domestic life.
Furrows in boroughs signify horror
Undergone through years of abuse and sustained strife.

Furrows in boroughs etch weals that deface a face
Too young to have depreciated and emaciated in three years' time.
Furrows in boroughs sketch a wretched surface
On curves and nerves dealt a deadly blow through conjugal crime.

Furrows in boroughs bite sites, spites, blights and flights of unrequited love
Flaunted by flows of profligacy and obstinacy.
Furrows in boroughs down a dove from above
Strafing it through a surge of rage and mirage supremacy.

Furrows in boroughs perpetuate quaint rituals
Situated and habituated in cultures gone insane.
Furrows in boroughs today and tomorrow head hunt individuals
Who against sound advice opt to pluck a lion's mane.

John Sensele

Further Into Fables

Further into foibles than fables
Forlorn for too long
When the best of efforts can't turn tables
Only course of action-remain strong.

Further into squabbles than souses
Forbidden, forlorn and for too long forsaken
When the best of efforts stiffen spouses
Only course of action-don't get mistaken.

Further into jealousies than jesters
Forlorn and for too long forgotten
When the best of efforts can't mummify molesters
Only course of action-peace of mind maintain.

Further into heartbreaks than hubbies
Forgiven and foregone
When the best of efforts can't polish rubies
Only course of action-don't zero in into her zone.

John Sensele

Futility In Grapes Of Wrath

Grapes of wrath despite the fire
In your bosom they burn
Can't coalesce or coerce pressing problems to retire
Alongside frustrations and disappointments in the urn

That your world turns upside down
In lean times
That your pillow eiderdown
Limes in slimes

Raining from your eyes tears
Like fast running river water
Currents whose spears
In their sharpness batter

Your self esteem
To smithereens
Screaming and bouncing in stream
Screens and pins

From your delightful past
Have swollen
Doubt bouts cast
In stolen, crestfallen

Seesaws when your morale squeals
In its full span
Deals and reels
A regret van and pan

Floating and showboating
Restraining the anger
Clear, queer and nearby flying and floating
Pangs and gangs of hunger

Wrath can't cure
Your dilemma conundrum despite its cruelty
Lure, pure and sure
Peace of mind of the variety

That a level head
Without raising temperatures
Or ruffling feathers on a boisterous bed
Achieves in brand new conflict resolution cultures.

John Sensele

Futility Of Anger

Anger mostly serves no purpose
Agitating the brain, weakening health
Whipping your soul resource
Increasing neither your faith nor your wealth

But anger comes to the fore
To flatter a wounded ego
Breathing harder than before
Rummaging for room to appease the cargo

Pain and disdain lumber on your face
Struggling in vain to act brave
Seething beneath the surface
Wishing room increased in the grave

Anger opens
Lulling you to jump-start
Your journey to the pig pens
Where anger and its excess baggage depart.

John Sensele

Galapagos Island

There was once Galapagos Island
Which owned several life forms on land
Unique in species
With a zillion wishes
To supply and medicine from a gland.

John Sensele

Gangly Ghosts

Gangly ghosts galumphing in our lives
Gamble
With outstretched knives and chives
Fumble and mumble

Encouraging us crates of lager to quaff and drink
Tomes of pornography for our eyes to dabble
Contaminated thoughts for us to think and slink
Trouble and rabble to double in the stable

Life we feed, mislead, lead and weed
As mistakes upon mistakes we apply, satisfy, supply and multiply
In our Creed
We modify and codify

Our liver cooking in an overdose of alcohol
Our lung choking and dying with nicotine
Our wellness and health we overhaul and stall
As debauchery and dissipation we redefine in a can of worms dustbin

In our lifestyle given to extravagance and waste
Dwindle, dwindle and dwindle
Devouring vats of sin in a haste
As the quality and standard of sane life gangly ghosts from us swindle.

John Sensele

Gangrene Grapevine

Don't deny me your shoulders
When I'm weighed down by life's boulders
Fragmenting my fabric into particles
You can write into my ability articles

To make me whole again
If confidence you help me regain
As on my groggy feet I strive to arise
When with deference you manage a surprise

That instills in my soul new hope
Sliding my confidence on the sensible slope
To receive hope, to achieve hope and believe
More pain, sprain and strain you relieve

Enabling me to hold my head high
Fearing no more denigration and discrimination due to the lie
They told you anew, making you blue
On the gangrene grapevine queue.

John Sensele

Gangrenous Gluttony

Squeeze creases of debilitating decrees
Propelling the mop hopping at the top
Fortifying the grip on the keys
You believe weave wicked wishes on the rope

They unleash to nourish
The harm in the arms of despair
Dripping in the danger dish
Where Dos and Don'ts pair and glare

When you no longer stand the pitch
Tuned too high for your liking
Delivering decibels scrounging for scraps in the dish
Where you wish the truth went hiking

For a lift to sift quality from tosh
Tracked down way back
In contexts that put your trust under the kosh
Coercing you to ditch the pesky pack

You deem turned into a poisoned chalice
In which dregs of death sneaked daggers
Primed to promote the mote of malice
From which the pie of lies staggers

Opening your eyes to the straw
That urged you to quit
Dithering given the drivel draw
To which you couldn't submit

In the wake of increases in the diss
You continually absorb
Assuming a Judas kiss
Might smite the rotten robe

They flaunt
With eyes gone green
In the taunt
No sane servant can glean

From vice with eyes wide open
Striving for progress
But reaping only the pesky pen
That reeked of suggested stress

Whose ramparts came apart
Upon close scrutiny
Urging you high time to part
Company for good with the gangrenous gluttony.

John Sensele

Gangrenous Governance Gullibility

Besotted bluffers befriend blunders
That come quickly and confidently carton
After carton although philanderers
Somehow seem to civilly sample scorn

Poured on bored bosses who toss
Coins candidly to test where worst
Scenarios lie after a loss
Of face when pride burst

Into tears as fears tore up tomes
Of etiquette when sassy supporters
In tears after a discomfiture claims
The scalp of recidivist rioters

Who wandered into the capital city
Of Uncle Sam which they deride as the centre
Of gangrenous governance gullibility
Although their puny pleas in the White House couldn't enter.

John Sensele

Garbage Begets Garbage

In a thousand years, garbage begets garbage
While quality time and quality investment yields lasting love
That your heart treasures on its way to marriage without a barrage of seepage
To a bottomless pit of misery unfit for a loving dove.

In a thousand years, quality generates quality
Volatility engenders leaps into unfathomable blues
When you choose to lose sight of the validity
Reliability, dependability and agility to put nagging and fighting at the tail of love
queues and clues.

In a thousand years, negligence has failed to yield serenity
In a relationship where your main contribution is retribution, accusation
Rationalisation, imputation and socialization away from amity
Imbued with motives to heap and seep at every opportunity abomination and
disorganization.

In a thousand years, cheating, quitting and nonsense blurting
Coupled with indifference heightened by insolence
Twisted to moves filled with doubting and hurting
Saturated with efforts to promote impertinence and can only yield offence with
lengthened distance.

John Sensele

Gems In The Gentle Groove

Women with large hearts
Offering doses of love to upstarts
Seldom grasp the magnanimity
They aplenty offer in amity.

In the era of technological tyranny
Such women denote more than a nanny
Whose care and attention offer an infant
The foundation of love women implant.

Once wonderful women love
Their love springs fourth from above
Raising a sagging status
From the jaws of a hiatus.

Commiserate with women of substance
Who rise to the occasion in every instance
When heartbeats dictate a bold move
Undertaken despite the quality of the groove.

John Sensele

Gender Based Violence

Gender bias and paternalistic culture pigeon-hole women negatively,
Emasculates society,
Numbs reason into submission,
Drives misogyny forward,
Expendes brutal energy on hapless, helpless, hopeless victims,
Regresses progress in families, communities and societies.

Brutal force in conflict with civilised intercourse,
Affirms on women-friendly policies, processes, procedures and systems is essential,
Societal practices in need of systemic changes,
Enablers needed,
Denial of women rights is inimical to progress of humankind.

Violation of economic, emotional, financial, conjugal rights of women,
Iniquities with asymmetrical biases,
Overt and covert oppression,
Latent ill-treatment of women,
Exaggerated machismo needs excision,
Negative perception of women's role,
Crucifixion of victims unnecessary,
Eradication of bad policies and practices is critical in curbing gender-based violence.

John Sensele

Gender Conundrum

A foetus pleaded to be born a boy
Because he felt he'd lord it over girls
Whom he fancied could employ
His x chromosome to grow on their heads trendy curls.

God berated the boy for his macho wish
Which God felt didn't augur well
For this lad who considered girls fish
On his bloated ego which forever could swell.

The more God denied the chap the favour
The more the bloke on his knees prayed
For God to be fair to him and endeavor
To build him a harem teeming with houris or he'd see red.

God got from the boy a rib
Created a lass so blissful and beautiful
The lad fell head over heels in his crib
Went on bended knees telling the girl his ranting wasn't cool.

The lass told the urchin he'd toil
His entire life to access the love
He dissed unless on her behalf he chose to oil
Her smitten heart by flying her on wings of a pink dove.

The lad could no more debate and ate humble pie
Saying her wildest dreams were henceforth his command
And that he'd never tell, spell and sell a lie
Pledging to do anything and everything she'd demand.

The lass broke into laughter peals
Took the amazed lad for a ride
Burning his heart with taunts and turning down any amorous deals
The lad proposed and told him she'd never cosset his pride.

John Sensele

Gene Therapy Generations

Gene therapy generates journeys
To healthier, longer lives
Freer of restrictions related to tourneys
In which in the current medical paradigm thrives.

Gene therapy promises to cure
Illnesses at individual level
Where a patient with a debilitating condition is sure
To march towards a healthier life status minus a limitation evil.

Gene therapy joins hope
Gesticulates, rejuvenates, reinvigorates
Human creativity imbued with an innovation dope
In which the quality of life no longer leaves in coarse crates.

Gene therapy is a thoroughfare
A vista that opens new windows of opportunity
For the rich and the poor who dare to hope for medical care
That accords to each individual life longevity and dignity.

John Sensele

General Data Protection Regulation

General data protection regulation hits the internet running
Disrupting models of personal data manipulation, dissemination and protection
In scenarios where click and trick firms gunning
Through stealth and miscalculation

Harvest personal data
Share it, carve it, analyze it and synthesize it
Commoditizing data on a silver platter
Turning owners of data into a misfit

Whose role becomes peripheral to the resources
Inherent in the data hitherto unprotected
In environments where unknown algorithms catch data from personal sources
Converting it into commodities whose preselected

Models yield colossal sums in profit and loss accounts
That swell coffers
Bursting to the brim with huge zillion counts
Which personal information confers

On business moguls now battling for their lives
Confronting upfront a new reality
In which GDPR offers
Checks and balances to terminate the surreality

Where multinational corporations
Can no longer harvest personal information
In clandestine operations
Through intrigue and misinformation

Cornering data owners whom they render irrelevant
Milking them to the bone
Burying their rights to consent on data use as a subservient servant
Whom they harry in a dismissive tone

Until GDPR turns the tables
Demanding clarity in genuine consent
Disassociated from stables
When the subterfuge of terms and conditions suffers a descent

Into irrelevance
Which opacity
For too long hid in the lance and dance
With scorn in usury city

Adding salt to injury
Blackmailing data owners
Through perjury
Hidden and driven in motives of illicit profit spawners and partners.

John Sensele

General Generics Grind

Who am I to reap a drop of crops of hope
Where hypocrites and their treats tweet
Valences, sentences of nonsense on a slope
Wherever rudimentary rubrics refuse to quit

Because reality shorn of horns of perfidy
Preached, searched and reached in the name of creeds
Concocted, dissected, diverted and directed in a fit of malady
To feeds and deeds of breeds of weeds and seeds

That plead for genetically generated gymnastics
To practice aerobics at the crack of dawn
Prefer to offer those who suffer dialectics
In which sin is virtue and religion is born

To redeem the cream of mankind
From a kind of blind mind
That fanatics and their plastics find
Explains planes and manes that generics grind.

John Sensele

Genuine Children

Children project the truth
Adults dribble interlocutors
When adults in their interactions sprinkle a dearth
Of genuine feelings, thoughts and other factual factors.

Children genuinely smile
Adults don't always reflect what they feel
No matter how much adults pretend in a mile
Adults seldom seal a heartfelt deal.

Children are purity
Personified in their words, smiles, gestures and actions
Unlike adults whose actions despite ambiguous amity in their sorority
Reflect expedient affection in their mundane missions.

Children win Jesus' vote
Because children mean every word they say
When they blurt gibberish in their cot
In the morning, at night and at midday.

John Sensele

Get Off My Case

Gimme a break, get off my case, dunce
For neither space nor time
Spent in a tent to splurge a dime
On dregs that chance
To turn and return to cast a lance
That can't for a treason reason mime
In due season good manners, mood spanners to prime
Chances advanced to dance
Whether two left feet tweet
A fence, nonsense, common sense
For a dense dunce to pop up a tit
In good faith, feeling a prey can't quit
A relationship, in a ship and sail away in silence
To bail out sanity, tail between legs in vanity and mail fertility in confidence.

John Sensele

Get Off Your High Horse

Keep your promise
Keep your love clean
Under the best loyalty premise
To her never be mean

If perchance she treads on your toes
Cooks awful meals
She succeeds in putting your tatty trousers in ironing throes
Cos both of you ought to negotiate matrimonial ills and heels

Till death does you part
Mentoring her culinary skills
In matters of grooming give her a head start
Or you incur huge tantrum bills in sentimental stills

If indifference grows into your new normal
Pouting, shouting, doubting
Aural or oral, formal or informal
It makes no difference if you can't stop fighting

Teasing, deriving fun from the discomfiture
You inflict on her in the kitchen, in the living room
Sarcasm metamorphosing into a catcall culture
You groom into a booze boom

'Tis pointless
Cruel
Heartless
Fetid fuel.

John Sensele

Ghetto Burdens, The Heaviest

From gangling ghettoes
We emerge and surge
Groaning and mourning in our dirge
Blisters of poverty butcher toes

That ain't felt tender touches of shoes
Shambling everyday from one corner of our town
Eking out a meagre living till our teeth turn brown
We heave sighs of blues

Munching slices of air
Bread we can't afford
On a crocodile infested river we cross the fragile ford
Arguing it ain't fair

For urchins' stomachs to distend
For their heights to stunt
For their future to grunt
When towards greed our depleted defences tend.

John Sensele

Ghetto Girl

In February in Kitwe Lovebirds
Clasped arms, entwined like creepers
Dreamt, dug, dealt and dwelt on surds
That love never heard as weepers and trippers

Swapped selfies
Taken to tranquilise tremors
Felt when hearts melted mercies
Women prone to rumours

Spread samples snatched surreptiously from marriages
On the rock because spouses
Grew indifferent in stages
So vital in preventing homes from becoming houses

Where peace fled
Hubby too tired of nagging migrated to a ghetto girl
Who despite her humble status he wed
And taught her to afford a hair curl.

John Sensele

Ghetto Mosquito Proboscis

Ghetto mosquitoes bite children out of sight
Ghetto mosquitoes leave a quiver of malaria
Ghetto mosquito worsen brethren's plight
To multiply the supply of areas sucked by diarrhea.

Ghetto mosquitoes fly on their wings and sting
Ghetto mosquitoes lie by the clock and rock
Ghetto mosquitoes cry wolf and sing
When pain and strain they rain on a croc.

Ghetto mosquitoes suck buckets of blood
Ghetto mosquitoes crack and whack health
Ghetto mosquitoes in a mad mood flood
Ghettoes and by stealth steal wealth.

Ghetto mosquitoes boast on the coast
Ghetto mosquitoes break and wreck the poor
Ghetto mosquitoes propose to Rose a toast
When guided by a snide spoor for sure.

John Sensele

Ghetto Streets

Tummies belch gases
Bacteria seize ghetto streets
Cholera breaks out.

John Sensele

Gift, Lift & Shift Of Love

Lift the gift and shift of love no matter what
Disappointment and doubt swat
Give love a chance to dance
Get your life love to balance.

Lift the gift and twist of love no matter how much pain
Heartbreaks and mistakes do rain
Give love a chance to thrive
Happiness and honour in due course arrive to strive.

Lift the gift and airlift of love no matter how many times
Wrong windows and shadows clink, link and sink in sometimes
Give love a chance your core to mellow
Grant no chance in love to a brinkmanship bellow.

Lift the gift and facelift of love no matter the cost
In due course love life lands you a tasty toast
Give love a chance to make amends
To comfort kisses your heart eventually bends.

John Sensele

Gigolo's Diary

A gigolo jotted in his diary,
'The old bimbo nailed it, though hairy.
She spun the pelvic gismo
So well I couldn't fall
For any other bimbo than my old fairy.'

John Sensele

Gimme Your Shoulders

Don't deny me your shoulders
When I'm weighed down by life's boulders
Fragmenting into particles
You can write into my ability articles

To make me whole again
If confidence you help me regain
As on my groggy feet I strive to arise
When with deference you manage a surprise

That instill in my soul new hope
As I slide on the sensible slope
To believe
More pain from my sores you relieve

Enabling me to hold my head high
Fearing no more discrimination due to the lie
They told you
On the grapevine queue.

John Sensele

Girl Children's Survival

Save girl children from knaves
Whose perception of daughters
Likens them to waves
Of chattels with lurid laughters

Whom they can marry off at will
To the most boisterous bidder
For fathers, mothers, uncles and aunts to sign a deal
In which girl children become fodder

To seeds and weeds of greed
Inherent in inconsiderate, incompetent adults
Whose degree, decree and creed
Swim in tumults and cults

In which selling girl children
Seems normal
But laws against early and forced marriages, brethren
Upon conviction lands felons for life in jail for girl children's survival.

John Sensele

Girls' Grievances

Girls are cursing
At imprisonment in kitchens
Where they're fed up with the glass ceiling
Keep them in bondage chains.

Girls are demanding
Opportunities to earn the same pay
Which their qualifications though rewarding
Don't command in industrial mainstay.

Girls for so long kept underfoot
Demand society nips in the bud
Gender based violence root
Which makes families sad.

Girls violated by machismo
Educate nations when emancipated
Although boys adore a gismo
Girls feel it's high time in top management positions they participated.

John Sensele

Give God Thanx

Thank God for your breath and faith
Glorify and amplify his name
Waste not your time on the taste of stealth
Or you'll only reap a claim to blame.

Thank God for your latent talent
Glorify and amplify his name
Waste not your time on being inclement
Or you'll only reap a claim to blame.

Thank God for your life and your wife
Glorify and amplify his name
Waste not your time on the taste of strife
Or you'll only reap a claim to blame.

Thank God for your mission and erudition
Glorify and amplify his name
Waste not your time on the taste of procrastination
Or you'll only reap a claim to blame.

John Sensele

Give Up Not

Swim against the tide
Drawing board recast
Pound to pulp the pride
That to perdition holds fast.

Big picture don't lose
When blues abound
And mystery moments cruise
Hurling to push your resolve around.

Forge ahead
Rectitude path do walk
Despite pain and strain in your head
Frustrations your plans they stalk.

Catch your breath
Pluck up courage
Cultivate your faith
Despite growth and froth of rage on the stage

That vacillates
That mocks
That oscillates
Twitching and bleaching your socks.

John Sensele

Give Us Eggs You Promised

Poverty in slums and gums stinks
Avarice in ivory towers clinks
While my distended belly cries
Cos all your promises beget lies

Conning me into believing my pocket will swell
Potable water and meals will flow well when poverty you quell
But famine and thirst us kill
Because we don't see the goodwill

You promised us on election day
When you promised us kegs of eggs everyday
With a plethora of cash to warm our pockets
If our valuable votes we injected into your roaring rockets

To fly you into centres of power
Where you and your friends every hour
Plenty of meat you're fit to eat
While we languish in abject poverty at your feet.

John Sensele

Glad To Depart From My Rampart

I could write you a blank cheque
To fatten the purse you adore
In the morning in a cash prayer you partake
A major part of your adopted folklore

Which despite tons of reticence, silence and patience I dislike
To the extent moribund manners like leprosy turn me off
Spewing and spawning a revulsion spree I can't strike
In search of the lost love loaf

Your new lifestyle displaces
Shunting aside considerations of etiquette
Donning with unabashed glee your famous mini dresses
Clutching tight to a neon light the ticket

That flies you away, far away
To a destination I wish I didn't know
Swaggering left and right to sway
Opinions I deem so low they throw

Icy water into my heart
Where empty spaces you distill
With gusto and undiminished zest as you depart
My heart burning; its peace of mind you steal

To kill vestiges of the love
I once held so high
Far above
Wealth and health considerations as for you I now cry.

John Sensele

Gladden In Your Eden Garden

Lessons to learn
No bridges to burn
No opportunities to spurn
A plethora of respect and dignity to earn.

Ways to mend
Foibles to bend
Quality time to spend
A plethora of virtues and qualities to blend.

No heart to break
No friendship to wreck
Miles upon miles to trek
A plethora of occasions n you give more than you take.

Rough edges to plane
Body and mind to grow sane
Worthwhile on occasion to amble through your memory lane
A plethora of times to all pain to wane.

Qualities to flash
Rolls of love to stash
No time to blush
A plethora of vices to smash.

Nobody to sadden
Friends and foes to gladden
Lions to beard in their den
A plethora of chances to recreate your Eden Garden.

No need to cry
Needless to sigh
Much harder do try
A plethora of chances higher to fly.

John Sensele

Glances At My Stances, Distances & Defences

If I should love again
After a string of letdowns
I should drive a harder bargain
To endure my cure didn't lie on his eiderdowns.

If I should once more think of men
After a break from needless nonsense
I should on behalf of jilted women
Advise lasses raise the bar in their defence.

If I should tracks of my tears
After losing hope and smoking dope
I should fight back fears
That slide me on a sentimental slope where hillbillies grope.

If I take a definitive stance
After being taken twice or thrice for a ride
I should be on my guard and keep a dramatic distance
From losses and crosses that hurt my pride.

John Sensele

Glide, Ride Or Slide, Mr Foxy Fixit

Machiavelli through his verbose veil
Peers at seers of the recent roadshow
And leers at queers, beers and steers his somber sail
Into the Black Sea to see Vladimir Putin to plot how

Cyclops in dreary dollops can bring United Europe
To her knock knees despite her petrified pleas
To underplay bleary Brexit and waylay Mr Foxy FixIt whose delirium dope
Swims steadily in a neuter neuron filled with blue boron fleas

Fleeing from the interior of sanity to the exterior of a cavity
Drilled by psychopaths who dismiss petty pushers, epicurean homos, Moslems,
Mexicans
Whom they label mundane miscreants whose unity
Threatens tens of plans pushed to the core of croaky cans

Where huge horrors hustle hippies
Whose hairstyle they deride
As their poppycock pride parades indignities
On which Mr Foxy FixIt is yet to decide whether to glide, slide or ride.

John Sensele

Glitches And Stitches In My Wish Dishes

If I, my cries, pines, sighs and supplies should be alive tomorrow
Breathing, pleading and needing forgiveness again and again
To mom, dad, brother and sister I'd spare sleazy sorrow
For more youthful years a pride of place in my life to bargain and gain.

If tomorrow I should return to school no more would I play the fool
Taking God and the future for granted
On my eyes and eyes of my peers I dress wicked wool
Puny plans and hateful habits never again would grow hunted, vaunted and
wanted.

If long-lasting lessons from humility I could learn
Building beasts and twists in classrooms I would stop
Agility and amiability priorities my life credence and credibility would earn
To pave the way for my rise in enterprise and surprise to the top.

If covid nineteen could somehow cry, die or fly away
Simple sentiments and cosy compliments I would broach and coach
Friendship and comradeship in my life would hold sway
On my wish list to respect in retrospect the criticized cockroach.

If leaders and feeders could show credible concern
The lame, the blind, the poor would exist no more
Planning and spending priorities would discern
How sharing scarce resources fairly would grow into a favourite folklore.

If the common concern became the focal point in national planning
Crises and cannibalistic commodity prices would hit the poor less
Rich and poor, the urban and rural, suburb and ghetto seen fanning
The buxom beep, heap, peep, sip, sweep, tip and quip God would bless.

If somehow husbands and housewives could uphold conjugal commitments
Cities and communities would witness fewer stresses, weaknesses and divorces
Orphans, abused and confused kids, and maimed marriages would invite interest
rich investments
Because leaders and feeders would drown and deplete instability and dysfunction
sources.

If wives gave their husbands greater love

Fewer concubines would snatch husbands
More marriages would fly and glide on wings of a dove
As happier husbands and housewives would grow braver marriage bands.

If societies gave teachers greater respect
In times of trouble sons and daughters would behave
As covid nineteen would become a less appealing prospect
No matter how many times confinement tempted sons and daughters to
misbehave.

John Sensele

Glitz

There was once a slut whose appeal
Attracted men to her bill
For touching her fair skin
That was forever clean
In a turquoise dress, purse and mink seal.

John Sensele

Glitz & Blitz

Glitz and blitz in my silhouette
Conceal the hurt I feel inside
Despite the pretence the pirouette
Bravery and bravado brandish outside.

Glitz and blitz in my outfit
Conceal the tears I restrain in my eyes
Despite the pretence in the deceit
Bravery and bravado inject in my lies.

Glitz and blitz in my sentences
Conceal the shame shocking my Cherie
Despite the pretence in the defences
Bravery and bravado pours into my sherry.

Glitz and blitz in my feelings
Conceal the shiver in my voice
Despite the pretence glowing in glass ceilings
Bravery and bravado chime in my choice.

John Sensele

Glitz And Gismo

Gismo claims caller is miles away
Gismo tells spouse you're in another town
Gismo curtails your stay
Gismo claims your tan is brown.

Gismo is addictive
Gismo becomes smarter than artificial intelligence
Gismo utters an invective
Gismo multiplies your level of confidence.

Gismo radios signals of your presence to its manufacturer
Gismo came from Samsung
Gismo loathes a moral lecturer
Gismo can't stand the sight of dung.

Gismo elevates a woman's status
Gismo chooses megapixels
Gismo loves a hiatus
Gismo believes in miracles and spectacles.

John Sensele

Gloating My Future Into Egregious Emptiness

My lame tongue I wish I could tame
Or else society would grant me no claim
To hills, skills and wills I need
If the fragrance of arrogance I feed

Shoving society into notoriety
Boosting my bust in egregious entirety
Gloating my life into emptiness
Kneading the dough of my future into deep darkness

Darkness decimating threads of my future
Sickness spanking my cocky culture
Boasting the best education I got
Humility, wisdom and tact I forgot

All I now got is joblessness and carelessness
Spinning every minute into hideous hopelessness
Without any iota of hope on the slope of despair
Where my elementary English rots in rusty disrepair.

John Sensele

Global Novelty And Poverty

Shuffling between high and low
In search of sanity
Thrown to the dogs despite its glow
I deride the vanity

That in much of the global world
Climbs to the top
Of the global agenda curled
To biases so hot they climb atop

To conform to the threshold
Set to glorify
Items whose substance and balance hold
True to signify

Hope for minorities
Whose fate hate
Grapples to consign to low priorities
At an inane date

Too late to ameliorate
Fates swimming in abject poverty
Despite advances in the rate
At which technology and synergy spring up novelty

In theory capable to reverse
Injustices
Inflicted on the black hearse
Procured and secured at exorbitant prices

Teases the vulnerable
Whose concerns invite little goodwill
In favour of concerns of the venerable
At whose public functions vats of red wine they swill at will.

John Sensele

Globalization Patents

Take a break, bake a cake, wear your thinking cap
Before plunging into an abyss beyond the precipice
Towards which the vortex of your next lap
Is hurtling, spinning, gyrating in a savage kiss
With lips rounded in an abandon, motion and osculation
Meant to prove love which exudes a great deal
Of neglect powered by your wrong option, selection
And direction impelled by the pulse and impulse to steal
The future from the star of youngsters who aspire to mingle
With youngsters and masters from France, Germany and Italy
Whose fate, slate, plate and pate without debate or single
Doubt engage the clout of sages free of the gout malady
That afflicts and inflicts pain on pension and tension parents
Who value isolationism and nationalism at the expense of globalization patents.

John Sensele

Glorify Greatness, Satirize Smallness

Quake in the shoes
Worn to conceal smallness
So miniscule they feel blues
As they hate the greatness

Flying and plying its trade
Among the insecure
Who bully and raid
Any remedies meant to cure

Voices too faint
To discomfort the strong
Fed up with the saint
Who never goes wrong

Despite his litanies of foibles
Grappling with the status
They reinvent squabbles
Fed on so much hiatus

They dwarf Pantagruel
Whose exploits pale into insignificance
When Gulliver's duel
Dodges a lance on balance

Intending to preach to the converted
Values and virtues
So controverted
They pick no clues

From the small voice
Inside the conscience
Whose choice
To question omniscience

Falls flat on the mat
That simulates the trampoline
Where the greatness cat
Jumps on a tightrope so mean

Smallness quivers
Shakes in its boots
Crosses regret rivers
Blows horn hoots

Shrinks in its wrinkles
Contorting its disfigured face
Shouts in horror when greatness sprinkles
Aura and honour below the incongruity surface

Where greatness grows and grows
In size and status as it reaches out for the prize
The truth doesn't throw into rows
Where sooth sayers express no surprise at the greatness rise.

John Sensele

Goalpost In Utopia

Love unfurled like a flag
Flying high in a romantic blizzard
Catalyzed by an avalanche in Swiss Alps
Gathers momentum as she unleashes her hexing charm
Sites my heart, scatters my brain
Like sand grains blown away by a sirocco
Wind in the sand dunes of the soft Centre of my heart
Which longs for succour
For a French kiss
For a memorable embrace
For soft nothings
For a flattering tweet
For a post on my Facebook wall
For a mushy SMS
But the goalpost to the Apple of my eye has flown away to Utopia.

John Sensele

God Catches All Crooks

Ends don't justify means
Whether you seek stealth or wealth
Cos unclean means equal sins
You perpetrate to penetrate the health
You squeeze by tricks
That soon boomerang
When towards you land tonnes of bricks
You forgot the voiceless and vulnerable rang
For God to respond
When in ritual resources you indulge
Hoping against hope not to plunge into the pond
Where masqueraders and marauders bulge
And pay a high price
For stealing the blood of the innocent
Rated far higher than the lice slice
You reap in the abused adolescent
You send forth to draw blood
From God's creation you harass
Hoping your filthy funds flood
The truth in a morbid morass
You hope remains concealed
Despite your asinine activities
From which you draw pecuniary power
That God annihilates
Sooner than the hour and flower
Your pride dilates and violates
In proportions higher than nature nods
Regardless of ill gotten gains that can expire
Beyond standards synods
Can and will perspire
Despite your temporary gains
Whose expiry date eventually comes
When your circumstance bargains
For the poor in the slums
To come to your rescue
When you face the judgment day
With God putting you at the back of the queue
And you wish you were wise yesterday
To forestall the harm you reap

In due course
Cos promises to remain clean you couldn't keep
As you squander God's most precious resource
And your time is done
Whether you hide in a bunker
Or brandish a machine gun
For salvation requires God's anchor.

John Sensele

God Defines The Symmetry Of My Poetry

Pressure removes me from the cocoon
Where in real time I live
Propelling me away from the raccoon
Whom I elect to forgive.

I depart by day or by night
To the venue abounding in love
I sample with delight every fortnight
In accordance with the wish of my divine dove.

Pressure propels my pen
To scribble poetry
I compose with my heart open
To hone my poetic artistry.

Late at night muses drag me from my bed
Enjoining me to write a few lines
To jot down a few stanzas from my head
In accordance with the modus operandi God defines.

John Sensele

God Has Last Say

Robust health is mostly appreciated
By folks who glanced death in the eye
When their health depreciated
Until God proclaimed they wouldn't die

Before his ordained date
Which God sets
Long before fate
Presets

A distortion, a dimension
Bereft of God's permission
Intention
Sanction

Rendering such layers
Irrelevant
As prayers
Restore the health of an infant.

John Sensele

Godly Guardian

As long as your sacred song
Sings faith, bring your sling to cling to God's might
To remind you God is strong
Worry not about your plight when it gets tight.

As long as fortitude and faith flavor
Your pilgrimage on Earth
Walk tall, don't fall but endeavor
To pray without delay for way to rekindle your faith.

As long your future lies in God's hand
Walk tall, call on him whenever
Fear, dear, near you underhand
Fights your sacred sight to dilute God's favour.

As long as God inserts no fullstop
Into your life, pray and dare to face
Every hurdle with hope no matter the slope
You perceive or receive on the surface of your sunny space.

John Sensele

God's Copious Cup

Ah! If I behave I could save
Myself a myriad headaches
To reach rich records relatives have
Achieved with neither stomachaches nor toothaches

As I traverse reverses to reach a hundred years
Full of vitality, full of ability, full of agility
God bestows on me without tears
Poured due to morbid motility and fragility

In some lives where incumbents
Bend and tend towards complacency
Driven by beliefs in events
With neither sufficiency nor decency

Until realization rings
Bells to tell me and you to wake up
Seize moments without torment strings
And God's grace and generosity flow fluently from his copious cup.

John Sensele

God's Timetable

God's timetable provides space and time
For every plan to materialize
Without undue force, black magic or any mime
To grant you a reward of the right size.

God's timetable is the ultimate determiner
The last factor that grants a seal of approval
For any venture whatever whether from a saint or a sinner
To see the light of day, to see revival, survival or arrival.

God's timetable surpasses any manmade plans
Schedules, algorithms or programmes,
Concocted with a view to pandering to clans
With a motley of anagrams and diagrams.

God's timetable materializes on cue
At the right time, at the right place according to his design
Which never stalls, never delays, never lines up in a queue
Never lets you down and never forces you to resign.

John Sensele

Goodbye Twenty Sixteen

Goodbye twenty sixteen, thanks for blanks and tanks
Filled with thrills and spills you've poured into vessels
God sent on a mission bent on righting feeble flanks
During pilgrimage through images the Holy Spirit wrestles from devils.

Goodbye twenty sixteen, a clean and lean year
In which bucks and pucks proved elusive
Though diligence buttressed by confidence helped to clear
The way for balance and a conscience that grew inclusive.

Goodbye twenty sixteen, a year in which teacher education
Opened new vistas of possibilities and activities
Spanning from school experience, assessment and erudition
As ZIBSIP grew her wings well into a season of festivities.

Goodbye twenty sixteen, thanks spiriting Jo and Mike
From Senanga to Kitwe to delight and enlighten Shino
Mastering nursery rhymes and heightening opportunities to like
Wider family, higher feelings and their own self concepts better to know and
grow.

John Sensele

Goodbye, Aubrey, Goodbye

Aubrey, I bless the day faces and aces of our life courses crossed
To cement the mettle and fettle grown to own relationships with colleagues
As each day, each way, each stay a laughter, a meal, a deal, a joke you tossed
Until mercy memories on the campus, on a bus, on a field lived on like flavoured
figs.

Aubrey, I detest the day death from our midst drove you away
To snatch, to catch, to hatch your pristine personality from Earthly essence
As each day colleagues tenderness tears rendered for solace to sacrifice a weepy
way
Until merry memories married silence and salience that sailed on like an elevated
experience.

Aubrey, I mourn the day you departed with no goodbye to share
To console, to condole, to convince and to comfort the living
As each colleague consumed uncomfortable care in despair
Until mournful memories mesmerized minds of the gregarious grieving.

Aubrey, I pray God welcomed you in your new home in Heaven
To groom your soul, to bloom a never-ending life, to boom your eternity
As each colleague in vain looked for answers for the living at seven
Until meditation memories in retrospect reminisced, calling for temerity and
unity.

John Sensele

Gout Lout

How many hearts have you won because you gave to someone?
You've taken Ben, forsaken Len and slain hearts by the dozen
Cos you take, fake and fret until you slake a crown
In a brown haze, frown on hearts and drown joy, so what then?
You habituate debit habits in a pit of trivia titbits on a planet that grabs
Shrugs, brags, mugs and bugs anyone with little
Or nothing, no assets for vultures to take. Raptures break shrubs
Cos they've got no dollars or flowers that by the hour can wittle
Away humbug and hug slug at arms length without theatrics
But with a zillion unmeasured metrics can outthink the kink in ink sink
Where phonies loonies and crippled bunnies in attics
Fumble for a humble matchstick and amble about a link
That sprouts up on the snout of a lout's fate when a matchmaker scout
Pouts because the doubt of gout relishes a tout bout.

John Sensele

Grammar Panorama

Grammar and drama, mama, melt my belt
Verbs, adverbs, nouns, pronouns, adjectives mean
Nothing that sings zings of nonsense that felt
Subjects of simple sentences can clean

Blunders in which tenses of velvet verbs
Borrow patterns from lampoon language
That follows no formal rules of adverbs
Cos modern English depends on usage

Rather than on rules taught in the classroom
Where tired teachers paint in crimson ink
Erudite essays written in a room
That breaks new grammar ground without a link.

Grammar ensures etiquette epaulettes
Of language doesn't land on serviettes.

John Sensele

Grand Brand Of Love

Red light when our hands touch
In sublime bliss
As your heart and mine match
In a perfect hiss

Punctuated by language
That only lovebirds speak
In tandem with the happy carriage
Hearts on fire click

Whether it rains or shines
In our little planet
Where your heart defines
The love Internet

Our hearts navigate
Awake, asleep or at rest
With no love surrogate
But happiness in our nest to witness the best

Love offers
To you and I
When our intimacy suffers
No iota of lie or spy or sty in the sky

Where we fly high to our hearts' content
Fearing nothing, wary of nothing
As our love to an ebullient extent
Bestows on us the best of everything

For which our hearts pine to soar like eagles
To our promised land
With grins, giggles and wriggles
As for our love we promote the bliss stand as our preferred brand.

John Sensele

Grandchildren

Grandchildren spring joy as they toy with grandparents who though slow
Physically and mentally enjoy simple pleasures heaped on them
By their offspring's babies who tug their hair, hide a mug in a show
Of genuine love from innocent souls who not only name and claim
Grandparents as favourite friends but also bosom buddies with whom they crack
Jokes, watch movies, play soccer, scrabble, cards and share laughter
Their innermost fears, tears and beers if such an alcoholic libation jack
Buttresses the family chassis as a unifier factor in a matter
Of cultural, traditional, social and economic etiquette with no tickets
To buy, no invitation cards to present at the door of the home
In which offspring saw the light of day and evaded scurvy and rickets
Because a balanced diet always greeted them and a plastic comb
Groomed their hair in the bathroom before grandparents drove them to school
To gain knowledge and skills that would later build a swimming pool.

John Sensele

Grandma

Poor boy you accepted
As suitor, lover and husband
Despite obstacles erected
Wed and wore finger band.

Meagre means you wrote off
In marriage to strive
To hold on and show off
The maturity we derive.

Time thick and thin you've withstood
To start and grow family
And nurture your brood
Slowly but wisely.

Material reward can't
Surpass commitment
And affections that decant
Love to cement your department.
Grace thee soulmate
All weather friend
Lifelong mom and mate
Who sets good example trend.

Year 34 grandma
Is a special milestone to recognize
That Liz is now a mature ma
To show your family is on the rise.

If I should be born again
I wouldn't change
The colour of your family train
Or your care range.

Thank you, Christine
Meet me outside chapel Sistine
To reminisce over the great time
That gave us experience prime.

Grandpa's Brains

Grandpa's brains never once gave me stripes
When over meals I nitpicked...tripes
Detesting the taste and sight of tomato
Grandpa said is a good health motto

Grandpa's brains took mama to hospital
Where I was born bouncy and tall
Soon to learn the ropes from grandma
Who would toil day and night for mama

Whom she educated in primary school
Ensuring quality and value she injected in full
Curing my loathing for sums
Grade seven results we reaped from love dams

Now a teenager of seventeen
I value wisdom as I push eighteen
Tapping grandpa's brains
Tomorrow I'll tinker with my own trains and tame rains.

John Sensele

Grateful Gregory

Express gratitude if magnets get to your planet
To light up your days
As you escape the drudgery dragnet
Whether he sways, stays or strays.

Express gratitude if friends flock to your block
To shove shame and blame away
As you work round the clock
Whether he clears or blocks your way.

Express gratitude if love moves to your cove
To land into your lap your dream dame
As you navigate your way to the alcove
Whether he clings to or denounces your claim.

Express gratitude if favour files to your fife
To formalize family facts
As you ponder the way forward in your life
Whether he pronounces peaceful pacts.

John Sensele

Greasy Plates

'Doreen, didn't you grab my white man
That time we rode in a van? '
James sprang to his feet
And beat a hasty retreat.

'Cindy, did I hear your daughter right?
We're at this police station to sort out her plight...
She has the nerve to utter such nonsense?
No, it doesn't make sense.'

Cindy whispered words in James's ear
As to tears she drew near.
'Maggie has gone mad.
It makes me so sad.'

Maggie's family gathered under a tree
No face showed any glee.
'I suggest we drop this case.
It's a tough round of chess.'

Maggie confronted Doreen
Who couldn't suppress a grin.
'What are you laughing at
You, fat cat! '

'Cindy, discipline your daughter.
This is no laughing matter.'
James raced to his car
And stroked his cheek scar.

Sergeant Mark hammered his office table
'Aren't you able
To behave like adults
Or are you such lousy louts? '

Cindy poured tears of shame
Cos Maggie had soiled her name.
'Maggie, whose case is this?
Give Doreen a kiss.'

Maggie smacked Doreen
Who despite wearing green
Hit back. 'Maggie, don't be silly...
I don't want your Billy.'

'Sergeant Mark
Can you control this spark
Before I kill this harlot
Who yaks a lot! '

'Alright, constable Mark
I'm sorry I did bark.
I'm dropping this case
Even if it means I'm losing face.'

Constable Mark threw Maggie into a cell
To spend a spell
Among inmates
Washing heaps of greasy plates.

John Sensele

Great Days Gone By

I tell no lies my children
Great life I led with my brethren
Plenty bucks in our pockets
Always at the ready in our ration rockets

To face tomorrow
Flying far away from the sorrow
Seen in the cost of eggs
Unflattered by puny pegs

That now fetch a high price
For a bag of mealie meal or rice
Ghetto families can no longer afford
When trucks cross the ferry ford

You dream would die a natural death
If you strengthen your faith
To escape the scourge of poverty
Which doesn't require much novelty.

John Sensele

Greater Good

Difficult decisions garnish our image
If consistency nourishes the passage
We grace as we navigate
Critical corners on our search for the gate

Opening the vista
Granting our register
Room to slay doom
And pave the way for the boom

Our nation so much deserves
When paying attention serves
Purposes leaning towards the greater good
Than feeding oxygen to the morbid mood

That cossets our bloated ego
When by default we forgo
Considerations of national interests
In favour of glorifying our bloated chests.

John Sensele

Green Commotion

Of my own volition, I can't kill love or let it die
When it's within my powers to grant
Love a pride of place when love can fly
High on cloud nine with me in front
While green-eyed foes in pain grunt,
Gnash teeth as foes'envy grows enormous
By leaps and bounds while their hands turn callous
When my bliss lubricates my love portion
To eavesdroppers'discomfiture growing jealous
With a telling impact on the state of their commotion.

John Sensele

Green Dunces

Green dunces too lazy to create value
Laze about the internet with no clue
Except plans to hack
Work of a genius pack
Who boils, coils, moils, oils and toils to cure flu.

John Sensele

Green House Gases

Gases aerosols, CFCs, carbon dioxide, methane, nitrous oxide, water vapour,
Responsible for climate change,
Earth's temperature decrease happens only if heat absorbed from sunlight
decreases,
Energy absorbed is on the increase,
Natural causes contributing less to climate change.

Human activities especially combustion of fossil fuels worsening climate change,
Overall, human activities adding more than 300 billion tons of carbon dioxide
each year,
Undermining climate change,
Since mid-twentieth century when negative effects started,
Earth's temperature is on the increase.

Global climate worsening,
As the combustion of diesel, paraffin and petrol increasing,
Solace lies in electric cars, solar energy and other renewable forms of energy,
Evidence indicts human activities as culprit,
Save the Earth!

John Sensele

Grey Matter

Within an ace of provisions of quality education
Spun in the centrifugal force of progress
Skillfully dissected and concocted to perfection
The path littered with hurdles opened vistas of success.

Spun in the centrifugal force of progress
At the proliferation of deep layers of grey matter
The path littered with hurdles opened vistas of success
When chips read the royal appointment letter.

At the proliferation of deep layers of grey matter
The brain reconfigured dendrites, enzymes and synapses
When chips read the royal appointment letter
Regardless of surgical procedures that cleared concentration lapses.

The brain reconfigured dendrites, enzymes and synapses
Skillfully dissected and concocted to perfection
Regardless of surgical procedures that cleared concentration lapses
Within an ace of provisions of quality education.

John Sensele

Grief

Grief, you kick me when I'm already down
Although I haven't teased or gazed at you
And you etch on my weary face a frown
That I hate to display at the bayou.

Grief, you're a vengeful taskmaster
That slaps everybody, children and women
Despite obeying the headmaster
And brushing aside the bad omen.

Grief, you visit everyone, every time, every home
Where you split family members asunder
With your bag of tricks and a tome
Of twisted advice that leads to a costly blunder.

Grief, people shiver when you appear
To whip them, to inflict pain and blues
On innocent people who cry and fear
And drink for comfort vats of bitter brews.

John Sensele

Grieve Not For Me, Steve

In your river with a quiver vying for silver for a diva, grieve not for me, rival
Steve

Instead, plead on arrival for forgiveness

For you, my sieve of reprieve

Steals deals teeming with happiness

Brokered in crockery

Straight from Straits of China

Where batteries and flatteries told a history

That delighted plights, blights, fights and flights Diana

Wouldn't and couldn't condone

Because torturers and vultures whom she trusted

Conspired on a spire of a squire in their empire to deny her a little loan

That had her buttress busted

Twice or thrice for the price

She paid as you waylaid

Her fields and shields to wield igneous ice

That rose and froze in a haze her hedonist head.

John Sensele

Grime In The Gutter

I met a lad who was glad
To play truant
Making his culture sad
Trading and parading chaos and its mutant.

The lad crossed the rubicon
Plagiarizing at will
Playing pranks on a television sitcom
Where he incurred a boisterous bill in a dodgy deal.

Pestering pastors in his church
The lad lost his way
Upon finding himself in the lurch
Refusing doggedly to pray

Boasting he could turn night into day
Doing nothing of value
He reaped a nightmare on Friday
Upon realizing disasters to him came on cue.

John Sensele

Groping For Light In A Grotto

Youths seethe
Youths can't breathe
When chokeholds on nourishment necks jump
Fairness and welfare witness slump

Into corridors of hedonism
Caressed and buttressed by sadism
That devours fibres of honesty
Driven to periphery of integrity by travesty

Dressed in costumes of opulence
Rummaging through drawers of affluence
To stick the voiceless to crosses of want
Digging out roots of concerns that rant

Help us! Help us
My eyes are too hungry to fuss
But, they gaze at the void and vacuum in promises you make
At altars where famine our bellies you bake.

John Sensele

Grounded Minds

Etched in histories and mysteries too unfathomable
For mundane minds schooled in simplicity
With no deeper layers than disarmed philosophies unable
To grasp complex circuits, minds surrendered in the face of complicity.

Sworn to secrecy in cabalistic rituals
Catalysed and scrutinised by inverted profundities
Broken into meaningless gibberish elevated in victuals
Too absurd to admit logic, minds dismissed oddities.

Taken for granted for too long in circumstances too silly
To accommodate compassion, passion and fashion
Which admitted nudity and crudity as the Billy
Jean standard for the global village, minds took strong exception.

Banished to edges of villages too immersed in manners
Too polished, too affable and too amiable to put up with rudeness
Too obvious, too serious and too odious to brandish banners
Too prurient to breathe good taste, minds condoned politeness.

John Sensele

Groupthink

Mythologies of mob psychology lobby a drab disaster
Kinks of groupthink seldom think beyond idle ink
Mob psychology technology hobnob with a mundane master
Groupthink by dint of persistence enables a Titanic sink.

Kinks of groupthink seldom think beyond idle ink
Energies of mob psychology pledge wedges of dysfunction
Groupthink by dint of persistence enables a Titanic sink
Mob psychology bashes futures and crashes into dissipation.

Energies of mob psychology pledge wedges of dysfunction
Inks of groupthink dink progress and sink into a driven defeat
Mob psychology bashes futures and crashes into dissipation
Groupthink winks at illusions and delusions as a trivial treat.

Inks of groupthink dink progress and sink into a driven defeat
Mob psychology technology hobnobs with a mundane master
Groupthink winks at illusions and delusions as a trivial treat
Mythologies of mob psychology lobby a drab disaster.

John Sensele

Grow Supple

Grow supple
Grow into a couple
To manage marriage simple.

Build home
Build on factors bigger than income
Both rich and poor in your home welcome.

Consolidate peace
Warmth not dependent on fleece
Radiance grows not from diss.

Tie the knot
To keep from your home rot
Hubby's belly longs for delicacies from your pot.

John Sensele

Grow To Outgrow

Four fifty, I jump off my bed
Priming my mind for the day to get ahead
Firstly, I win the battle raging in my mind
Determined time and space I should find

If dreams without goals I should ditch
Working my butt off goals to reach
Despite the pain I feel
Reaching my goal is the real deal

On which my locus of attention focuses
Got to pull my resources if pluses
Are to crown my efforts with bliss
Otherwise key targets again I miss

Offering tired excuses
That don't rejuvenate the juices
I need to reach the destination
My life lifts with determination.

John Sensele

Grow Up!

Clean up your act, boy
Lest your morsel of grub you should miss
Scrambling for the toy
You grab from little bro with a diss.

Act your age, lass
Lest you should cling to barbie doll
Dreaming you were not in class
Till you score a gory own goal.

Get off your high horse, buddy
Lest society should send to Coventry
Till you learn manners from Hardy
To return to the bosom of the elite in a triumphant entry.

Pull yourself together, damsel
Lest society should confiscate the wig
You wear on your pate like a gazelle
Thinking small, but acting big.

Come back home, daddy
Lest the family should write you off
For acting like a maladjusted dandy
Suffering from a conjugal cough.y

John Sensele

Grow Up, Brat

Grow strong, lad, throw away thoughts of defeat
For destiny designs a bright future
Self realization sings on wings cherishes your feet
Salute your nature, culture and departure.

Grow wise, lass, cruise by day
For a prince charming treks from yonder
To kiss your hand, to pray
Your heart nods your gander.

Grow affable, dame, bow down at your high table
For your hubby's hobby this day spins zillions
On YouTube, Instagram, Facebook and on cable
Television. In your kitty are sprinting billions.

Grow up, brat, cut out tantrums
For your cure and its lure of pure magic
Call upon you with trumpets and drums
To ensure no censure grows tragic.

John Sensele

Grow Wiser As You Journey On

Along the tortuous path of life we learn
Several lessons, some painful, others pleasurable
That shake our comfort zone and burn
Illusions of grandeur to make our thought processes stable.

Along our pilgrimage on Earth, we stumble
Bungle, pick ourselves up and soldier on
As little voices in our conscience mumble
Advice, hints and tips that we ought for salvation's sake to own.

Along our career progression, we experiment
With shades and nuances of attitudes
That mar or cement
A plethora of desirable habitudes.

Along the trajectory of love matters, we encounter
Treasures who not sweep us from our feet
But also turn our pleasure counter
Into a gem that no amount of field playing can beat.

John Sensele

Growing Up Ain't Green

I thought growing up simple
Growing up rains strains in my brain
Attraction inhabits my dimple
I don't wanna live in perennial pain.

Growing up rains strains in my brain
Like Peter Pan I wanna stay young forever
I don't wanna live in perennial pain
I loathe life of frightful fever.

Like Peter Pan I wanna stay young forever
I don't want my heart broken
I loathe life of frightful fever
Spare me rotten words spoken.

I don't want my heart broken
Attraction inhabits my dimple
Spare me rotten words spoken
I thought growing up simple.

John Sensele

Gun Worshippers

A lone gunman totting seven military grade
Machine guns burst onto an entertainment joint
Opened fire, cut down unready lives that couldn't evade
His fatal intrusion and unbidden invasion with only a point
To steal lives that neither drew his attention
Nor provoked the yoke of his wrath unleashed with mindless venom
Bottled up for too long in a gun worshipping nation
Where loonies protected figments of the imagination from a phantom
That dwelt in fantasies that smelled death
Where death didn't exist and potential killers contended no one
Could deprive them of arsenals too needless in health
In intensity, in propensity and insensitivity won
Over defenseless victims too disposable, too dispensable
Because government, discernment and internment couldn't be responsible.

John Sensele

Habits Of The Heart

The heart must love to live
The heart hides in the face of hatred
Which undermines the heart's power to give
When, in the end, kindnesses spread.

The heart must beat to bless
The heart hides in the face of neglect
Which undermines the heart's power to guess
When, in the end, happiness and trustworthiness hearts select.

The heart must wander to wonder
The heart hides in the face of intrigue
Which undermines the heart's power to thunder
When, in the end, compassion and passion form a league.

The heart must fly to flavor
The heart hides in the face of gossip
Which undermines the heart's power to favour
When, in the end, wounds and worries whip.

John Sensele

Hack, Crack, Stack

Heart not for sale to the busiest bidder
Fumbling and bumbling to me mean nothing
Don't need your sleek cider
If all you desire for me is a threat thing.

Stay away from my sanity, will you
Sick and sad is all you mean
Can't help quizzing your shrew
As long as I can't let you win.

Sad it took too long to open my eyes
To see all you said and did belittled my life
Cos your words wore nothing but lies
You meant and sent to sneak into my back your knife.

Glad you no longer belong to me
Sad I erase and phase out memories
I thought you and I forever could see
So long we enjoyed our stormy stories.

John Sensele

Hacked Into

Stuck in the past, I lie awake
In my bed wondering why I let you go
When mad blood made the mistake
I could in all probability forgo.

Stripped of volition, I search every recess of my mind
For answers why you walked out on me
When impulse and insanity drove me blind
To consequences like a dunce I couldn't foresee.

Whipped into delirium, I cry and cry
Tearing my hair, airing frustrations
And remonstrations that your departure cannot belie
Despite regrets I express for my inconsiderate actions and emotions.

Shorn of free will and common sense, I curse shadows and memories
That remind of me of the sad day
When tired of my escapade stories
You could neither stand my foibles nor wish me happy birthday.

John Sensele

Hackers

Horrible operators on the internet

Avid to purloin private information and intellectual property

Crooks by definition

Kleptomaniac by extraction

Evil by nature

Rabid by hormones

Savage by spirit.

John Sensele

Had Love Been Easy

If love was easy life would be fun
Arm in arm you and I would smile
Worrying about nothing but our gymnastic gun
Working hard to flow smiles all the while

Arm in arm you and I would smile
To ensure our love grows stronger by the day
Working hard to flow smiles all the while
Smiling and loving each other more everyday

To ensure our love grows stronger by the day
If with every passing second we enliven love
Smiling and loving each other more everyday
As on the wedding you wears my white glove

If with every passing second we enliven love
Worrying about nothing but our gymnastic gun
As on the wedding she wears my white glove
If love was easy life would be fun

John Sensele

Hail The Sail

Hail the sail that bails out male expletives to whales
Heal the seal that deals feel good cards to tarts
Who out of tedium or odium on a podium sells
Poppycock to rock locks and clocks that block fine arts.

Heed meads, feeds on needs that plead for puerile seeds
Halve times scarves on shelves shave knaves clean of clues
Which out of malice or avarice twice price rice weeds
To glue views, shoes, dues, queues, news, ewes, and hues.

Hover over clover near Dover in a rover silver hovercraft
Hoist flags of hope despite the lag of crag slags
Which dilute, pollute the solute on the lute that's daft
By dint of hints, tints, squints, glints on the lint that brags.

Holler tall orders on folders, holders on bold boulders
Hastening to listen to sounds of silence on ground mounds
To lessen your pain in the rain torturing your shoulders
By the time you decide the climb exceeds tolerable bounds.

John Sensele

Halt Hatred Threat

If hackers and their backers didn't crack
Into democratic directories, Hillary Rotheram Clinton
Without flak could whack her presidential opponent to send him back
Scurrying and hurrying back to his Twitter phone.

If Uncle Sam plucked up courage
To stand up to Russia
Hillary Rotheram Clinton's rage
Wouldn't singe the fringe of electoral mafia.

If Uncle Sam's electoral system
Would award the White House
To the winner of the popular presidential vote, the fairness modem
Would crush and brush aside a loud mouthed mouse.

If Uncle Sam could ululate
And applaud promises from a democratic presidential candidate
Uncle Sam wouldn't hesitate
To invest in sanity, humility, stability and halt a hollow hatred threat.

John Sensele

Halt Hypocrisy

If love could inhabit hearts of marble
Creatures young and old would rejoice
When hearts elect to protect barbel
Fish which salutes the sanctity of choice.

If plastic smiles could die
Fecund friendships would prosper
At the detriment of pies of lies
Circulated with a straight face by a green grasshopper.

If an ounce of truth for a moment could live
In hearts hovering in helicopters of expediency
A plethora of opportunities would forgive
Souls bent on sowing seeds of belligerency.

If a sense of shame could suffice
In metamorphosing hypocrites
Into souls of integrity veracity dice
Would roll to reveal soapy secrets.

John Sensele

Handle With Care

The key to our happiness lies in hearts we uplift
When burdens of life crush traces of bliss
Hearts no longer find in fractures of the fleece
Hearts knew for sure would grant them a lift

To stairs leading them to hope beyond hope
Where their thirst burst
And their hunger cursed
Angry hands that chocked them on the slope

Where happiness once swam
To delight and enlight hearts
About the source of happiness which starts
From generous gestures we extend as a balm

To cure the emptiness in the living dead
Who shamble through life bereft of happiness
We take for granted as sloppiness
Becomes a way of life we embed

In routines we enact daily
Pushing around the weak
Wielding our big stick
Without and se

John Sensele

Hands & Strands

Strands and hands of time snap laps of sleep
Which assail complacency and truancy and bail out clans and their plans
For the next twenty fours and rows of months and weeks before they leap
Out of sight in a flight away from abuse plights back their venison vans.

Strands and hands of time nibble at nostalgia
Which blurs liquid lines between fact, tact, act and a pact
Mixed up and fixed by a jinx of a lynx in Georgia
Where a huge refuge and a deluge dents sought to subtract.

Strands and hands of time march forth
Forever scouring seconds and devouring hours
Spent with rare care or misspent on a calico cloth
Debating and feting trivia with neither showers nor powers.

Strands and hands of time interrogate gates
Into life and gates when life comes to the end of its tether
Ruing wasted opportunities and busted ingenuities on thresholds of threats
That etch access to success and bleach out of belief every bother.

John Sensele

Hands Slipping From Priceless Prize

Portfolio theory and investment management stole my sleep
Up and down I paced grounds of Copperbelt University
As anxiety told my soul I was once again about to weep
When fright stalked my bosom in its stark diversity

But the examination paper beamed a smile
On my face as my fountain pen raced
Mile after mile
Great answers in droves surfaced

Question after question I wired
Clarity and temerity
My bid for survival inspired
As integrity and sincerity

Munched minutes
Devoured hours
More and more hints
Supplied more answers as Providence powers

Manifested in full
To propel the success
Detractors with eyes concealed in wool
Predicted stress to buttress

Their claim
For my academic demise
In all but name
As in their view my hands slipped from the priceless prize

Receded from my grip further and further
And doubt stalked and swamped the confidence
That my mind and body stitched together
As certainty of success to me flew from Providence.

John Sensele

Hang On To Happiness

Hang on to determination
Hang on to calmness
Whether your station or situation
Unravels and undermines your happiness.

Hang on to gregariousness
Hang on to your positive perspectives
Whether positivity plunges plunderers into hopelessness
Dragging from them heaps of invectives.

Hang on to friendship
Hang on to fairness and faith
Whether the Devil and his kinship
Transmute into a wizard or a wraith.

Hang on to your limpid lifestyle
Hang on to hope and humility
Whether or not detractors diffuse bile
Charging you with docility and incivility.

John Sensele

Hang Your Heads In Shame, Africans

Africans, quit messing up the plot
Wake up and seize the time
Quit swimming in the pastime
Of dreaming, screaming and streaming a lot.

Africans, seek solutions in the right places
Tap vast resources God gave you
Excuses, excuses you offer a few
But excuses won't tie your lacklustre laces.

Africans, quit performing egregious experiments
Tinkering with cosmetic scripts
Slumbering on duty in crypts
Where you dream lie nutritional nourishments.

Africans, extinguish the fire in your quagmire
You conspire to hire at great cost
Building castles in the air as you toast
Fantasies you so lavishly and slavishly admire.

Africans, six decades ago you became independent
Your hair has grown gray
But little light urchins read in the ray
Of poverty on which their lives have become dependent.

John Sensele

Hanky Panky

A diary entry invites tears
When a spouse realizes her significant other
Had been sowing her worst fears
Tangling with another.

A diary entry on a smartphone
Catalyzes the mother of Armageddon
When a cursory look for a ringtone
Reveals the extent of her partner's abandon.

A diary entry about a forged figure
In account books
Detonates the rigour
In which an accounts clerk hid hooks.

A diary entry about sins
Committed under the cover of darkness
Attracts not rosary pins
But harsh sanction that extinguishes happiness.

John Sensele

Hapless Housemaid

There was once a vulnerable housemaid
To whom circumstance denied a good grade
In English language
Or semaphore signage
Which could push her entry into wig trade.

John Sensele

Happiness

Happiness international day is March 20 every year,
Affirmed by United Nations,
Pleasure-filled state of mind,
Positive psychology research,
Induced by hormones and a conducive environment,
Nourished by a supportive family and friends,
Effusion of joy sustained over time,
State of being swept by a supreme sense of satisfaction,
Sampled repeatedly people until it takes leave for a while.

John Sensele

Happiness & Emptiness

Happiness comes from choices you make
Happiness doesn't drop like manna from the sky
Happiness depending on feelings and dealings you stake
Can you sigh, try, ply, fly, pry or cry.

Happiness concocts and imports unhappiness
Happiness escorts or reports lonely days
Happiness befriends trends of madness
Depending on whether you prefer sprays or strays.

Happiness chaffs calves of bliss
Happiness laughs and scorfs at critics
Happiness and loneliness can't kiss
In normal circumstances where they dispose of sentimental tics.

Happiness and emptiness can't mesh
Happiness in its purest form can't wish on a significant other harm
Happiness is on the surface blues and sewage can dish
Because they neither gel or sail to a trust with no calm.

John Sensele

Happiness Harmonizer

Let me be your serenity splendour
Let me be your hope harmonizer
Let me be your bliss blender

Let me be your status stabilizer
Let me be your romance roller coaster
Let me be amorous appetizer

Let me be your trouble toaster
Let me be the slayer of your worry
Let me be your ripeness roaster

Let me be the man you want to marry
Let me be the moment you favour
Let me be the craze you carry

Let me be your felicity flavour
Let me be the man you love
Let me be your entertainment endeavour

Let me be your blessing from above
Let me be the soft center for which you long
Let me be wings of your dream dove

Let our hearts to each other belong
Let our hearts to happiness sing along.

John Sensele

Happiness Hubs And Sadness Barbs

Sprint to hubs where happiness shines
Print bliss on hearts that long to befriend you
Hint at friendship in seas where vintage wines
Flow free of inhibitions clouded in unbidden dew.

Mint coins for street kids
Let the glint of bliss wash over your life
To scatter the lint impregnated with seeds and feeds
That cast your mind back to a forgotten life.

By dint of determination and resolved action
Sprint to hubs where sorrow disappeared from vocabulary
When energy and synergy catalyzed satisfaction
Among civilians and among the military.

Print in gild letters
Happiness, fairness and gregariousness
To move the mint of love to quarters
Where communities, divinities and societies wage war on sadness.

John Sensele

Happiness Hurtles Along

Happiness harvested from whims and wishes
Happiness flashed and hushed in fetishes
Serves and preserves no benefits
As ventures and adventures yield no profits.

Happiness at the behest of behemoths
Happiness shone by fireflies to moths
Deludes and alludes to fantasies
Twisted and wasted in idiosyncrasies.

Happiness surrendered to vagaries of vagabonds
Happiness harnessed in split seconds
Yields and shields no fields of permanence
Caught up in lumpen luminescence.

Happiness hewed from hornets' nests
Happiness skewed in pockets of pests
Detests texts and contexts of honesty
Swamped and dumped in humps of travesty.

John Sensele

Happiness With Verve

Love hard, play your love card to your heart's content
Cos life is for living as a real time event
Felt, dealt, knelt, spelled and meant in every nerve
To proliferate and celebrate happiness with verve.

Love when your heart beats in tune
With the right soulmate in the chill of June
When you and your lover each other dare to serve
To proliferate and celebrate happiness with verve.

Love with the strength of feelings felt in your heart
Groomed, rhymed and primed to play a romantic part
In a love enterprise you and your betterhalf deserve
To proliferate and celebrate happiness with verve.

John Sensele

Happy Birthdays

Happy birthdays come and go
Babies see the light of day, babies suck breast milk
Happy birthdays see babies grow
Babies turn into men and women who adore silk.

Happy birthdays come, dainty cakes and red wines flow
On tables of the affluent whose appetite
For creature comforts never goes slow as they blow
Birthday candles and dressed chickens enjoy no respite.

Happy birthdays come and birthday girls don new outfits
Splurge on bling, show off accessories and entries slip into pages of diaries
Where a memorable dance, a kind word fits
A new subplot to a story about altruist dignitaries.

Happy birthdays empty pockets in some homes when
The desire to impress neighbours wrecks a kitty
What with an oversupply of booze and no token
Of frugality and thrift whacking bank accounts tatty.

John Sensele

Happy New Year, Friends

Friends, new year, new opportunity
Dart forward and fill your cart
With ability and agility
To start smart and eat smart tart.

Friends, choose to cruise
At sedate pace
Win, don't lose
A single day, but turn each race into a brace grace.

Friends, weep not, but steep
Into trends that vend progress
Success and keep
Up good cheer; my dear, and veer away from stress.

Friends, a new year deserves
New chapters to rise
Above rafters as stamina reserves
Yield a priceless prize of the right size.

John Sensele

Harder To Take Bush From Salman

Easier from a bush to take a man
Than from a man to take the bush
Cos bush sinks DNA into Salman
Making removal hard to push

In settings where Salman regresses to type
Despite apparent education
Acquired with much hype
With fanfare and pomp across the nation

That progress for Salman lauds
At the earliest opportunity
That Salman plods
In dignity to infinity

But Salman plays at full blast
In the middle of the night
Leaving neighbours flabbergasted and aghast
That Salman after all not enough light

Has assimilated despite speaking long English
Donning designer suits
Behaving Scottish
His feet brandishing slick boots

Expensive in taste and quality
Flashed in prominence
Both in versatility and quantity
Claiming a share of impertinence

Salman wears on designer shirts
From Italy and England
As with an unbearing accent Salman blurts
Nonsense that irritates the linguistic gland

A connoisseur possesses
By virtue of humility
Salman never stresses
To drown his ladida attitude in ubris humidity

That makes the mind boggle
At the misconception Salman features
In his struggle
To match characters from lofty literatures

Salman emulates
Aping wrong manners
When Salman
In his own works throws spanners.

John Sensele

Hare-Brained Hearts

Hearts seldom learn
Falling in love at first sight
Fantasizing, frolicking until they burn
Undergoing inside a topsy turvy fight.

Hearts, morbid hearts enable lightning to strike twice
Revising scenes of previous defeats
Hobnobbing with love lice
Assuming they're achieving fabulous feats.

Hearts, sleepy hearts nurture a crush
When hearts ought to fly higher
And forgo bristles of a broken-heart brush
That revives a baby-come-back fire in a sentimental spire.

Hearts, foolish hearts elevate mere mortals into icons
They'd best ignore
On computers, tablets and smart phones
But hearts prefer the thrill of a sensational snore.

Hearts, honest hearts believe suave suitors mean well
Although they advance no valid argument for such a grandiose claim
When heartaches swell their sadness scale
Lunging into a limbo a docile dame.

John Sensele

Hares & Teddy Bears

Hares and teddy bears make my day
Cats and bats occupy my time
Pigeons and parrots make way
Lemurs and leopards define my climb.

Hares and teddy bears titillate girls
Cats and bats define agility
Pigeons and parrots simulate curls
Lemurs and leopards embody sagacity.

Hares and teddy bears steal children's show
Cats and bats steal the limelight
Pigeons and parrots don't trade a blow
Lemurs and leopards don't pick a fight.

Hares and teddy bears loathe absurdity
Cats and bats least expect disaffection
Pigeons and parrots nod at certainty
Lemurs and leopards disapprove of dissipation.

John Sensele

Harness Hope

Hope always hovering in heads
That sometimes blink, clink, sink and wink into despair
Once people thump fists and jump from beds
Where they claim life's leisure and pleasure aren't fair.

Hope always hesitating to go away
In case people collude to cry
Flies into their hesitant heads asking them to pray
Cos hope with wings clipped can no longer fly, pry or try.

Hope always dripping and dreaming outside dogged doors
Meets stubborn silence
As famished faces fuss and fumble in agony on floors
After hours and hours of a groggy glance, troubled trance and dizzy dance.

Hope always pleading for an amelioration in attitude
Despairs, dares doubters, bares her milk teeth
Pleading for people to grow grace and gratitude
Or else, Hell would hassle them on its heath.

John Sensele

Hassled Little Heart

Hassled little heart-don't hurt
For God pours in your vessel victory
Despite doubts mouths blurt
In God's realm, it's a horrid history.

Hassled little heart-don't break
For God grants you fortitude
Despite follies frolicking in your rake
In God's realm, it's an anvil altitude.

Hassled little heart-don't die
For God grants you a second chance
Despite players' pranks lulling a lie
In God's realm, it's a silly stance.

Hassled little heart-don't hate
For God grants you graces
Despite disloyalty from your mate
In God's realm, foibles fumble in rectitude races.

John Sensele

Hazel

Happiness, goodness, adroitness, meekness, frankness and boldness lead the way

Affording affability, amiability, credibility, integrity and ability

Zillions of opportunities, possibilities

Elevated into an art form

Loftier in nature, kinder in approach and prettier in outlook.

John Sensele

Hazmat Habits

Hazmat suits nowhere in sight
Fear and frenzy fondle the plight
They feel in wards teeming with debilitated dwellers
Screaming in pain surrounded by trembling revellers
Reality of despair hits
Not because they grow into misfits
As order in their social circles crumbles
Given governance grumbles and fumbles
Population peels from propaganda
Social media disseminates blaming the grim gander
For plotting to wipe out the human race
They accuse of abusing God's grace
As millions worldwide to coronavirus succumb
Sulking, sucking their thumb
Knowing not how fast vaccine
Tags along with miracle medicine
To save humankind from its folly
Lurking from cult to pronouncing themselves holy
Worshipping magicians
Self annointed prophets turned technicians
Who usurp Jesus pride of place
In hearts and minds too scared to care for the lace
They discard, fearing infection takes them away
The more repentance they delay
Until they manufacture hazmat suits
With fitting hermetic boots
To soothe the guilt
They feel under the quilt
Where death stalks
And fever pitch fear in the rear walks.

John Sensele

Head Full Of Whims

Head full of whims, brain full of steam
Press on, race on and relent not
Despite hurdles along the way in your stream
Lest dreams should fall short.

Head full of ideas, brain full of ambition
Soldier on, race on and don't let up
Despite falls and rises along the way in your situation
Lest dreams should evaporate from your cup.

Head full of ideas, heart full of feelings
Move on, press on and focus on the bigger picture
Despite pecuniary challenges and culinary leavings
Lest dreams should discard an essential piece of scripture.

Head full of initiatives, life full of surprises
Cruise on, build on and rise after every setback
Despite derision and cynicism of diverse sizes
Lest dreams should hit back at your procrastination pack.

John Sensele

Head Over Heels

Heads sometimes surrender their raison d'etre
Enamoured minds arrest reason
Amorous ties scatter sapience
Driven by love, folks lose their sense of reality.

Organised thought and infatuation seldom mix well
Veritable blindness takes over
Efforts to reason meet little success
Random insanity powers romance.

Happy-go-lucky
Emotive balancing act
Enzymes hasten love reactions
Listless, libido-driven lunacy
Soft nothings whispered in deaf ears.

John Sensele

Headshrinker, Heal Me

If I bully my brand
I'm burying my head in the sand
Cruising into perdition
With my behaviour rendition

Pushing upfront chaos
Dreaming I'm frolicking in Lagos
In tune with the disaster I court
With every progress I abort

Flying aloft the flag of the madness
I tie to my vase of sadness
Swirling in vortices of loss
I mistakenly preach will gloss

Over the correlation between ineptitude and ingratitude
When I conflate fake fortitude and haughty attitude
Sinking deeper and deeper into the quicksand
That engulfs myhandicapped hand

Endeavouring in vain
To reign in the pain
My brain can no longer endure
If my insanity I don't cure.

John Sensele

Health In The Lurch

Weighed down by the burden of meals and laughter peals, Jo and Mike make me smile

Weighed down by restricted recreation, Jo and Mike welcome me back home

Jo and Mike are my two grandsons who walk with me the extra mile

Who don't care whether they're able to read every parenting tome.

Weighed down by mediocre tv programs

Weighed down by commands from grandparents

Jo and Mike despite their youth

Prove beyond every doubt they needn't be uncouth.

Weighed down by ants who invade their space

Weighed down by braggarts in the neighbourhood

Jo and Mike spare enough room to spirit on the dais

Where together we imbibe lessons on Robin Hood.

Weighed down by scanty finances

Weighed down by parenting of latitudes

Jo and Mike execute dramatic dances

That make grandma and grandpa change attitudes.

Weighed down by hikes in petrol prices

Weighed down by strictures from the church

Jo and Mike eat fewer bread slices

To leave their health in the lurch.

John Sensele

Heaps & Hoops Of Hope

Grope for heaps and hoops of hope
Spin wheels of wonder
Glide on a solace slope
Never from faith and truth wander.

Grope for gaskets and baskets of gregariousness
Spin kaleidoscopes and periscopes of love
Glide and slide on the pride of happiness
Never squander salvation seats and gratitude gifts from above.

Grope for grains of gratitude
Spin seeds of salvation and speed up solace
Glide and ride on the side of an affable attitude
Never from the Book of Life lose your place.

Grope for gifts of frugality
Spin songs and gongs of Galatians
Glide and ride on hoops of humility
Never befriend and hobnob with mean Martians.

John Sensele

Heart Hymns

A heart heaving hard next to nihilism
Swears serenely to break free
From the bondage of brigandism and weak witticism
At the count of three under a glee tree.

The heart hears calls for company
Sought from a singsong for too long
Saunters, sings for an epiphany
To grow strong and never wrong.

The heart hassles wishes and whims
Sent from conversion to convey congratulations
On determining -to a degree- to host hymns
Sung for mumbo jumbo members steeped in merciless mutilations.

The heart hoists a favour flag in her fort
In total temerity to challenge changes
Bought, caught and taught for nought in her port
Where she severs loss lozenges and sentiment sponges.

John Sensele

Heart Not So Smart

Heart, why do you bother to love so soon?
Makes no sense in essence to convince them all's well
When your insane brain sustains pain from the goon
Although in the long run it's hard to tell for him you fell.

Heart, why do you bother to care when it's so unfair?
Makes no sense in essence to convince them he loves you
When acts, facts and pacts don't play fair
Although in the long run it's hard to deny you a candid clue.

Heart, why do you bother to beat at his feet?
Makes no sense in essence to convince cohorts it's cosy
When attitude, altitude and habitude no longer fit
Although in the long run it's hard to deny life isn't rosy.

Heart, why do you bother to dial his number?
Makes no sense in essence to convince comrades it's comfortable
When pain, strain and sprain in your brain can't slumber
Although in the long run it's hard to deny he's despicable and detestable.

John Sensele

Heartbeat

When you've smitten the heart of someone special,
Amorous affection defies laws of magnets
To join both of you tightly
And turn you into magnetic magnates
Bound forever and ever
By the most efficient electromagnets.

Stemming the tide of feelings you share
Is fighting against formidable forces
Whose tender tentacles and invincible influence
Bless future action courses
To draw a tangible trajectory
That unveils sagacious happiness sources.

Accept the platonic panorama
That leads you to the perfect person
Whose heroic heart beats in tune
With your hyperactive heart and can't worsen
Your life, your looks, your lips, your loin
Even if his natural name is Herson or MacPherson.

John Sensele

Hearts Hassle

Hearts hardly hassle, faces fake
Beware of priorities
You embrace by mistake
Lest you should reap indignities.

Hearts hardly humiliate, faces frighten
Beware where you put your best foot
In case you maintain and entertain
Options that confront the affront of a brute inside a court moot.

Hearts hardly humble, faces fantasize
Beware of nurturing delusions
Entertained in a bid to reap a prize
Teeming with angled allusions and illusions.

Hearts hardly hasten, faces fraternize
Beware of courtship criteria
You formalize and internalize
Lest you should cacophonize in a courtship cafeteria.

John Sensele

Hearts Host Hearts

Hearts beat as one, hearts sang
Hearts sought, hearts got
Hearts clung, hearts hung
When the habit heaved hot.

Hearts beat as one, hearts flew
Hearts palpitated, hearts titillated
Hearts excited, hearts knew
When dream lovers got delighted.

Hearts beat as one, hearts grew
Hearts swerved, hearts served
Hearts threw away cares, hearts didn't rue
When lovebirds love preserved.

Hearts beat as one, hearts a chance gave
Hearts stuck to sentiments, hearts struck
Hearts hastened, hearts forgave
When intransigence love gave a sack.

John Sensele

Hearts Hustle & Baffle

The heart, too fragile to fight, fumbles
Freaks out, formalizes and romanticizes
When from her sojourn in the world Sylvia trembles
In his longing arms as courage and criticism he revises.

The heart, too blind to bother, bungles
For the umpteenth time despite his pledge
To nip off uncertainty when Sylvia singles
Out her best charm as Jack's mind meanders on her sassy sledge.

The heart, too kind to kick, cries
Foul, frets, fiddles
With different options and flies
Away to Cupid to grapple with romantic riddles.

The heart, too crazy to canvas, craves
For Sylvia's soft sensations
Despite Jack's mind warning him to cut off knaves
If he hopes to glow in Sylvia's affections with her incessant intentions.

John Sensele

Hearts Of Gold

Hearts of gold seldom grow old
In our memories, in our diaries where fond
Experiences shared with laughter hold
A special place, a vital vial that cement our bond.

Hearts of gold we meet if we look
With an open mind for kindred souls to bless
Our incomplete lives to cook friendship dishes and book
A ticket without rickets that pour in us grace.

Hearts of gold abound in our environment
If we dare to care enough to enrich others
With favoured friendship elevated beyond sappy sentiment
To ensure flocking together are birds of feathers.

Hearts of gold God created many
But we labour to endeavour to identify precious
Souls with goals to build last bonds in Germany
In Zambia, in the USA, in Malawi where bonds taste delicious.

John Sensele

Hearts Of Hope

Hearts of hope in this world exist
Despite much blindness
Which driven by doggedness to resist
The chance to win happiness.

Hearts of hope in this world await
A knock on their door
With little or no sweat
Ready themselves to hasten your goal.

Hearts of hope in this world abound
Despite the failure to perceive
The ground and the sound
They make them you to receive.

Hearts of hope in this world seek
Despite years of search
That make hearts weak
Or lost in a self inflicted lurch.

John Sensele

Hearts On Fire

In the middle of the night
My mind releases streams of dreams
Swirling, whirling, curling, unfurling the delight
My heart longs for when it screams

Come over, lover
Whisper words to cure my aches
No, I need no cover
Give me more catalytic cakes

Tambourine touches tease
When my whims speak in tongues
Whispering please
Bring them to me, the gorgeous gangs

You and I long to entertain
In the sweltering heat
Our pleasure and leisure sustain and retain
From our hearts to the feelings in our feet.

John Sensele

Heavy Hearts

Heavy hearts pour tears
As breakup rears its ugly head
To tear them apart.

John Sensele

Helicopters Of Disrupters

Helicopters of disrupters erupt on the global village
Where disrupters and rioters rapture protocol
Disseminate noxious news and unleash a barrage
Of prussic tactics leading to a democracy fall.

Helicopters of disrupters in their arrant anger
Promote agenda of intransigence and reject established order
Claiming their warped philosophies grow stronger
To cleanse decadence and make Uncle Sam bolder.

Helicopters of disrupters promoted Brexit
With no ounce of fact in their arsenal
Which spurned peaceful coexistence in the cosmopolitan fit
Britain engendered through its colonization vessel.

Helicopters of disrupters set eyes on killing EU
Whose Brussels policy disrupters resent to the core
Heaping every hint of unemployment on the few
Eastern Europeans in England who in disrupters' eyes are a thumb sore.

John Sensele

Help Me, Teacher

Hold my hand when I want to learn
For you and I illiteracy to burn
If you do your best as my trusted teacher
Who in my classroom shouldn't become a preacher

As I ready my mind concepts to master
When you teach me well and help me faster
To master information and communication technology
Instead of your preferred political ideology

Which my brain abhors
In bigotry bores and sores
My education doesn't need
As to you I plead

To help me acquire lasting learning
Not rote memory spinning
Which leaves my brain dead
As in reality I learn no tangible trade

That helps me to self realize
Unless in one trade I specialize
Gaining proficiency in fixing cars
And less propensity to barricade myself in bars.

John Sensele

Henry, Heave The Heyday Hand In The Grand Stand

Toast on coasts where oats
Fly coy joy for boys who deploy
Days bereft of cream coats
Worn by a torn toy

Whose motor and rotor
Collided when their Peruvian pride
Evaporated as their perforated proctor
Went for a ribald ride

That brought much sought after respite
When dowdy clouds eclipsed glee
In circumstances that advanced silent spright
That prevented events in which a free degree

Couldn't release zeal and zest
So much in muzzled in remand restriction, so much in democratic demand
In a sea where the test for the best quest
For endurance and perseverance handed Henry a heyday hand.

John Sensele

Henry's Steady Arms

'Don't lose your head
Cos it's worth more than bread.'
Henry defied his parents' advice
And went ahead to plan a wedding service.

'I wish I knew you were such a dunce
Who couldn't dance.'
Harriet shoved Henry aside
And jumped into the arms of pride.

'Please, Harriet, let's work things out
Progress will come, no doubt.'
Harriet ignored Henry' phone calls
'You got no balls! '

Henry would knock at her door
Until his knuckles grew sore.
'Why should I care?
Don't you know I'm rare? '

Henry's eyes would grow red
He'd bang his head against his cubicle walls and shed
Rivers of tears
And would swill vats of beers.

'Henry, this is Greg.
Just look at his keg.'
This is a real man
With a hexing tan.'

Harriet would dangle car keys.
Harriet would tease Henry about exam fees.
'Loser, why don't you stick
To your kind, clay brick? '

Henry would bend his knock knees
After pouring seas
Of sorrows and crying
For Harriet to do his bidding.

A visit at Kitwe Central Hospital
Took its toll.
'Harriet, you're HIV positive.
The diagnosis isn't negative.'

Harriet's bevy of hangers on
Flew away. She was all alone.
'Why did you slit
Your feet? '

'Life ain't worth living.
I know I'm dying.'
Harriet sobbed and mopped.
Harriet fretted and hopped.

When Harriet came to
The only digits to greet her were two
Arms. Two arms stood at the ready.
Henry's arms by her bedside. 'Steady! '

John Sensele

Here Alive We Dive

Here alive we sprout in a love spout
To fraternize, to frolick, to lick love nectar
Meant for us whether we laugh or pout
In your yard, in my crib or your car.

Here alive we dive into fast lanes
To rat race, to save face, to stand the heat
When the going gets precarious and pains in our trains
Signify pies of capitulation and dawns of defeat to greet.

Here alive we sigh and try harder
Despite overt obstacles to etch a millennium milestone
When hearts and parts grow colder and bolder
To frustrate rates of progress towards our prize in Livingstone.

Here alive we draw a line in the sand for a thaw
In hostilities pitting Syrian government forces, Russians against rebels
In Aleppo when mortar shells deal a fatal blow
To peace efforts for a ceasefire to spare urchins strafing salvos.

John Sensele

Here By Roads Of Bliss

Here by roads of wrath I tremble
When a whip lashes my backside, sears my flesh
Weals steal freshness from pains that resemble
Pin pickles and pricks that mesh.

Here by roads of heartbreaks I weep
Seas of tears, rivers of sorrow
That bites and cuts so deep
I cry no more for tomorrow.

Here by roads of bliss
I kiss my belle
Crash her against my chest and miss
A lecture, I love my jewel.

Here by roads of malice, I cringe
When my throat tightens
As memories take me to the fringe
Of insanity, counting creepy cuts in tens.

John Sensele

Hermits & Hoodlums

From nowhere, a hermit without a permit quit
Quit from rivers of raucous reasons
Which for him meant his defeat couldn't fit
Despite efforts and escorts of all sorts in successive seasons.

The hermit endured an epic enslavement
At the hands of hoodlums he thought thick
Who rioted and snorted during Bridget's bereavement
As for dear life, the hermit shed tears at the demise of his chick

Who held his happiness in her heart
The only abode where he felt a macho man;
Although hoodlums took his treasure apart
He fought a fierce fight in honour of his departed woman

Who by herself fought a frenetic fight
To preserve the portrait of his fiesta fame
Dented when the hermit took not to flight
But for his lass he hassled hoodlums tame.

John Sensele

Hero Robin Hood

Daily life, Daisy wife, friendly fife
Seize and freeze fleas and pleas
Whether we consume dreams and assume rife
Are possibilities and proclivities to please

Realize, incentivize and analyze
Opportunities in communities
Regardless of the progress in the size
Of a wallet, mallet or pellet in cities

Where rich and poor mingle
To disentangle rectangles of inequity
Brought about when the have-nots single
Out the affluent and their effluent whose equity

On God's ubiquitous stock market
Performs below zero confronted by Zorro
Because the bond and derivative sprocket
Promotes Robin Hood and pronounces him a hero.

John Sensele

Heroes Zap Zeroes

Wandered on the seamy side
Where life in its shrunken state
Conflate reason and its ride
On hovercrafts flew in my sky to dictate

Manners in which we give
Homage to our heroes
Whom blessers couldn't forgive
Having deleted from our currency three zeros

To please worshippers of extravagance
Who swilled libations at will
Gyrated on the podium to dance
The night away on the happiness hill

Where with remorse
We declared our willingness
To master the language Morse
Created from nothingness

Elevating innovation in communication
To an art form
Rich in simplification and specification
That eased our sojourn in Rome.

John Sensele

Hexagons Of Heresies

Love is supposed to be sublime
Nourishing hearts which climb
Mountains of devotion on time.

Hatred shreds vestiges of closeness
Propelling slices and vices of madness
Percolating and scintillating sighs of sadness.

Envy evaporates cores of hope
Denigrating and infiltrating the slope
Where deprived of common sense lunatics no longer cope.

Jealousy jinxes jives of joy
Gesticulating and simulating the toy
That for want of wisdom claim to be coy.

Insanity informs innuendoes
Couched in joy killers at doors
Whose hinges un hinge horrors of fatality floors.

Failure fabricates fantasies
Dramatizing and sanitizing heresies
Hobnobbing with femmes fatales drunk on fallacies.

Mindless midgets mint masochism
In crucibles cultivating cabalism
When demons and dragons favour and savour sadism.

John Sensele

Hideous Habits

Unlearn hideous habits
Alongside their boisterous bits
If your path should forge ahead
When spans of your wings spread

Injecting tremors down supine spines
Primed to dig crude coal from murky mines
Where the ore refuses to obey
A command carved from a bruised bay

Which in shimmery ships boisterous habits harbour
A drudgery grudge when a gringo remembers the disaster afflicting a neighbour
Concealed in a measly meal bad habits digest
In huge morsels good manners can't ingest

Regardless of dire circumstances seem
Whether sweeteners swim in a colourful cream
Or devour nutrients hideous habits serve
As hideous habits declatre their nuisance a prized preserve.

John Sensele

Higher Situation

A great boon soon treks through not by admiring the moon
Much as the moon lights up our night delights despite a range of challenges
That baffle our shuffle if a scuffle from an unfunny cartoon
Somehow steals the limelight and deals a pack of cards sings
Hearts on fire in an empire where a wire admires the lyre
From which soothing music moves entwined silhouettes
Dancing toe to toe under the glow of a candlelight pyre
Depleting teak and oak from National plantation sets
Of exotic trees in a rather quixotic scenario raises a talon
When tight hugs saps energy despite the synergy between the sun
And the moon causes not only an eclipse in a synapse when an axon
And a dendrite delight each other by spiriting a chemical gun
That breathes fire as the ire sires more mire in a dire situation
Without passing the buck or throwing muck at any reputation.

John Sensele

Highs And Lows

Push the boundary
Raise the bar
Inside the incendiary
That cauterizes creeds in the jar
Inside of which cries the brain
Whose functions baffle minds
Straining in the rain
To pander to rinds
Deriding lemons
Which glorify the miseducation
In the city of demons
Breathing fire in their devotion and dedication
Sacrificing progress
Energizing clouds
As they suppress progress and regress
At corners where shrouds
Shout for freedom
From the slavery
Demons and their kingdom
Magnify in the bravery
Demons perceive in tricks
They deploy to suck human blood
Pricking capillaries through bricks
Where God releases the flood
That wipes clean demons' efforts
To attack the innocent
Aroused to fight fallacy forts
Concealed in the scent
Flowing and glowing in the air
So pregnant within the pout
Demons prepare to declare
Their clout brooks no doubt
Until tools of black magic
Melt into nothingness
When demons die a death so tragic
Black magic turns into seas of sadness and madness.

John Sensele

Hilarious Comedy

There was once a hilarious comedy
That scared and pared black tragedy
Into total surrender
Over, beyond and under
A minute because it blew perfidy.

John Sensele

Hillary Clinton

Hillary Clinton, trail blazer
Daring to skate on men's preserve
Villified by GOP lazer
Though her campaign bubbles with verve.

Hillary Clinton, cool as a cucumber
Dishes out repartees that make sense
Though detractors lumber
Her thirty years in public service with fabricated nonsense.

Hillary Clinton surges forth
As the first American woman president
In a sea of propaganda froth
Meant to derail her race and her reputation critics endeavour to dent.

Hillary Clinton, the gladiator
The clarifier, the enunciator
The mediator, the negotiator
Surge forth, GOP terminator and GOP incinerator.

John Sensele

Hippy Hoodlums

Hippy hoodlum reeking of rum
Swaying from side to side
Crumbling with a thud, hurting his bum
Together with his pesky pride.

Haunted head teeming with invectives
Posting utter trash on Whatsapp
Filled with trivial missives and adjectives
Pleading to escape his own trap.

Maladjusted mobster teasing a lobster
Whose cousin crab bites his finger
Not a chance in hell to become a superstar
The longer he misapplied his slinger.

Headless chicken flaunting his cheek
Commanding illusions and delusions
To promote him quick
Receives a rebuff due to his divisive disillusion.

John Sensele

Hips, Lips And Whips

Judas smiles miles of lies after pulling another prank
Intended to prove a point lost
But, in reality, tricks, pricks and ricks attain a low rank.

Judas lies, pies and sties crank
Illusion devices that fabricate failures at sanity's cost.
Judas smiles miles of lies after pulling another prank.

Lies, spies and Judas sighs flow into a septic tank
Despite the momentum pies gather on the West Coast
But, in reality, tricks, pricks and ricks attain a low rank.

Plots and blots of betrayal draw a blank
As tricks clink glasses and illusions toast.
Judas smiles miles of lies after pulling another prank.

Machinations and machismo summersault on a plank
Where achievements of delirium sink in a frost
But, in reality, tricks, pricks and ricks attain a low rank.

Lips, hips and sips of Judas spank
Lies and pies of prurience pasted on a pandemonium post.
Judas smiles miles of lies after pulling another prank
But, in reality, tricks, pricks and ricks attain a low rank.

John Sensele

Hitch Hike

Relationships opt to lose their way
When lewd third parties enter the fray,
Queer the pitch and hitchhike
Sick, weak minds whom they stroke
Until relationships melt away.

John Sensele

Hold My Bold Hand, Daughter

Hold my old hand, daughter

Let's toast and boast on an East African coast, my darling

For strengths and lengths of family bonds lie in a shared laughter

You and dad together titillate palates of your royal ring.

Let's toast and boast on an East African coast, my darling

Doors and floors to your future fling wide open

You and dad together titillate palates of your royal ring

As on dad's heart love writes an audacious omen.

Doors and floors to your future fling wide open

Celebrate and fete your day and ray of glory

As on dad's heart love writes an audacious omen

To spell, tell and sell your life history and story.

Celebrate and fete your day and ray of glory

For strengths and lengths of family bonds lie in a shared laughter

To spell, tell and sell your life history and story

Hold my old hand, daughter.

John Sensele

Hollow Sorrow

There was once a lush flood of sorrow
That hissed today and tomorrow
As it drew a trail
Mail, rail, bail and sail
In vain efforts to make life hollow.

John Sensele

Holy Strumpetism And Cretinism

Evil invades Nkana East
Where church activities twist
Into cheating and avid adultery
By women who for a mystery
At the crack of dawn
On Monday morning
And Thursday snoring
Disappear from home and don
Church attire and uniform
Not to inform but misinform
Prayer and hop from bed to bed
Losing their sanctimonious head
In street strumpet festivities
In evil cars
Riding the weevil bars
At the expense of family activities
Soon marriages lurch on the verge
Of collapse in the village
Where spiritual programs
Invoke prostitution diagrams
To draw total shame on the female gender
Because adultery embarrasses church agenda
With deceit and conceit
Surfing and quaffing a strumpet city receipt
Congealed in Satan
Evil clan and plan
To unleash shame
On the church's name.
Who's to blame
For a silly menopausal game?

Jesus on his cross weeps
When his name a prostitute sleeps
Around and cheats by the clock
Associating with rotten flock
Disgracing her kind
Acting so blind
Like a street walker
Like a sleep talker

Like a mindless cretin
Lifted from Pandora's tin
To parade her nudity
With incredulity
In choices of lies
That strip and parade thighs
Without wishing to make a clean
Break to a marriage which seems to mean
So little to a merchant of death
Who jeopardises the health
Of a partner
For the sake of a floozie entertainer.

Such betrayal sinks beneath
Any sheath
Under which evil lurks
Whether for the sake of perks
Or Sodom depravity
Or Gomorrah's senility
Bypasses room for forgiveness
Cos it not only purloins happiness
But disgraces religion
Behind which a strumpet pigeon
Conceals her nymphomania
Her erotic kleptomania
Invoking not just censure
But the lure
Of wrath
Of a bath
In Dante's Inferno
To rot and gnash teeth because the low
Tricks, pricks and bricks
The strumpet and dicks
She entertains
She maintains
Beneath her betrayal
Sneak into a shame hall
Where prostitutes
In the guise of coquettes
Have broken taboos
By fornicating in loos
Like voodoo queens

Who worship adultery scenes
By pretending to attend church
While leaving dignity in the lurch.
Disgrace rejoices
When a strumpet voices
Her approval
Her disavowal
Of matrimony vows
She violates like sunken cows
On heat
Whose lame feet
Can't in honesty stand
Because insane is an erotic gland.

John Sensele

Home Agony

Look your bully hubby in the eye
Tell him he's the thorniest thug
You married due to a lie
You thought would forever give you a hug.

Hug your besotted blonde
Till your breath you hear no more
Thank on her behalf God
That she's built your love folklore.

Get up and scam from that bed
Where you don't belong
Clear your dead head
To cruise back home and sing a forgiveness song.

Spend not a dime more
Instead hand over your payslip
To your home affairs minister you bore
With promises and pledges you won't keep.

John Sensele

Home Hackers

Bimbo, break up your home
As lies in sties die to blind
Your misled, misinformed, misguided and misfed mind to imbibe trash from a
trivial tome
Whose plethora of fibs and cribs find

Fertile fodder in your feeble frame
Ready to listen and fasten her future
To a pack of lies concocted by a lame
Duck stuck in a maze, haze and daze of a culture

Whose sole motive drives
Towards wrecking stable stations
Home hackers hate as their sick soul strives
To tear affections

They fail to emulate
Because their homes in tatters
Fill home hackers with slates of malice that inflate
As home hackers interfere with exterior marital matters.

John Sensele

Home, Sweet Home

Home, abundance of warmth
Felt far beyond the belt I wear
A sanctuary safe from the wrath
I feel elsewhere in the acrid air.

Home, a feeling of togetherness
Built in the DNA of dad, mum and children
Who together share with their governess harness
The power and flower in the hour of their brethren.

Home, sweet home
An ambiance where the seamless science
Of cohesion, compassion and collaboration roam
Every room, furniture, feeling to create a bliss balance.

Home, a place beyond compare
Where I feel safe, wanted and loved;
Home, a place where members dare to care
To love, laugh and get problems peacefully resolved.

John Sensele

Honey Bees

There was once a swarm of honey bees
Who toiled and moiled from trees
To trees collecting nectar
Which differed from sweet tar
Often eager to ease and please.

John Sensele

Hoops & Soups

Life turns brown
Laughter grows deeper
When falls from grace is his crown
Without ceremony into a river.

Life grows serious
Students swat like mad
Promotion examinations loom furious
Lazy pates feel sad.

Life flashes red rose
Valentine swam by long ago
But love can't pose
Neither victors nor victims to forgo as coquettish cargo.

Life loathes expenses
Lovers lumber on sponsors
Whose bucks no longer long for dances
That turn apples of eyes into stressors and downpressors.

John Sensele

Hoops Of Harrassment

Swinging in a harassment hoop
Left and right in a hurry
My brain conjuring a scoop
As the recent past I bury
Deep into recesses I won't access
So intricate swerve thoughts I carry
Flying my destiny to a rosy recess
Where prospects of respect elect to reign supreme
Among intellectuals who wish one another success
To ensure I storm into the bliss beam
Shiningthrough shows of love to pave my way clear
Ridding my environment of the wasted whim
Choleric characters worship
In their bid to embrace the hearse
Sailing on a vitriolic voyage in a shame ship
Totally unable to carve a verse
Teeming with vitriol in reverse
Creeping to erode the little room and boom
Crosses and tosses pump into a sea of gloom and doom.

John Sensele

Hope Beyond Hope

If I aspire to succeed
In implementing actions I take and reactions I fake
When I dispense of feeds and seeds of weeds I ought to bleed
As crucibles of uncertainties prolong the mistake

I cultivate and motivate in crates of habits
Over and over again I grow
In my mind watering and aerating bits
I ought to eradicate from the reason row

Where my future lies in abundance
Waiting for the salient sign
To engage at full throttle the dance
That mind and body align and assign

When I make up my mind to quit
Conniving with masochism
And embark on the mission to meet
Conditions to rekindle my respect for the catechism.

John Sensele

Hope Beyond Scopes Of Horoscope

Hooked on hope, look at daring drops
Flying from fountains of feelings in December
Praising the resurgence of hope in scopes
Where good tidings in the main you dared to remember

What's the point? You did ask
You navigated these dates, gates and threats before
Performing with diligence your humanitarian task
In spite of mixed feelings stifling the sentimental score

That proved human nature flew fickle
Smelled unpredictable, spelled unstable at best
Wondering why your grandson's eyes twinkle
Sparkling in your darkness, urging you to pass the temerity test

In seas teeming with pettiness
To reclaim the moral high ground
You climbed in 2019 in spite of the haughtiness
That poured cold water on your resonance romance round.

John Sensele

Hope In God, Hope In Heaven

Hope in people, hope perverted
Hope in God, hope in right destination
Hope in God, hope respected
In the long run, people prone to procrastination.

Hope in bling, hope hassled
Hope in God, hope in favoured future
Hope in God, hope in prayers answered
In the long run, people prone to vulture culture.

Hope in wealth, hope in dearth
Hope in God, hope in eternity
Hope in God, hope in life beyond death
In the long run, people prone to desire destiny.

Hope in accessories, hope in dope diaries
Hope in God, hope in guaranteed growth
Hope in God, hope in dairies
In the long run, people prone to sloth.

John Sensele

Hope Never Dies

Never feel hope is gone
Cos tomorrow never dies
It brings along new hope at dawn
When joy again and again flies

Up above traces of stresses
You endure not knowing for sure
How from your soul traces
Of sorrow can't kill the cure

Your soul seamlessly desires
To fly higher and higher
Up above church spires
Although in your life burns the fire

Itching to melt away clouds
Barricades and cascades of tears
Flowing and slowing down shrouds
God tears up to wipe away your fears.

John Sensele

Hope On My Horizon

Hope hovers on my horizon
To lift my spirits
To delight my zeal zone
And to tame trivial tweets, to welcome wits.

Hope harvests my wishes
To listen to my pleas
To fraternize and familiarize fishes
That swim in my sentimental seas.

Hope harbours heaps of honour
To trace my trajectory
To dismiss the demeanour of dishonour
That fractures my feelings factory.

Hope hooks seeds of solace
To liquidate laments and liberate longings
To ameliorate my space and lace
My life, my fife and factualize my feelings.

John Sensele

Hope, Blessed Hope

Hope warmed my heart this morning
Whispering words I longed to hear
Words and meanings in my awakening

From every distance, far and near
As my heart leaped with joy
Driving away every trace of fear

That couldn't scare the lifebuoy
I welcome in blessed hope, the balm
I long with frenzy to deploy

As hope my nerves made calm
Releasing tonnes of tension I felt
From my brain, heart and palm

When pressure chooses to melt
Droves of doubts and pouts from my soul
While on bended knees hope spelt
Her faster motion to my greater goal.

John Sensele

Horoscope, Kaleidoscope, Microscope & Telescope

Grope slopes of love doves through your palpitation periscope
Sacrifice the price of neglect notoriety, preserve the verve of hope
Multiply and gratify the clue and value of courtesy
Divide glides, prides and slides of mock mercy.

Grope slopes of love doves through your happiness horoscope
Sacrifice the price of a quick kiss, preserve the nerve of hope
Modify sly cries and dignify the cure of heartbreaks
Deride delusions and illusions of miscued mistakes.

Grope slopes of love doves through your tenderness telescope
Sacrifice the price of peace paucity, preserve reserves of hope
Magnify mollification and glorify the clue and value of happiness
Dismiss dogmas of domination, demand the dismissal of sadness.

Grope slopes of love doves through your casual kaleidoscope
Sacrifice the price of ubris ululations, preserve rights and sights of hope
Modernize merit mandates and dates that picture pristine queens
Don docility and cater for crates and fates of mates in their teens.

John Sensele

Horrid Hostility

'So called judge, ' a so cold nudge
From a popular president pricks consciences
That no matter how much grudge
A president feels, disrespect stances

Illustrate a level of contempt
Hardly encountered in Uncle Sam
In recent history although an attempt
Initiated by the White House in some

Way exudes a measure of discomfort
At the brazen manner in which Donald Trump
Wields instruments of power in support
Of his arcane agenda to dump

Etiquette in favour of pursuing a personal crusade
Targeted at emasculating the sanctity
Of the Oval Office with a tirade
After tirade which is akin to defending horrid hostility and dull disingenuity.

John Sensele

Hostile Homilies

Vanity is that peacock
That flaunts peevish plumage
Suffering sapience insufficiency when a clock
Ticks off its privilege pillage

In a global gregariousness
Too tired to tinker
With war withered recklessness
Whose clinker

Spews ashes that crush
Sane soldiers too weary of fighting wars
In which rash rush
Calls

For a ceasefire when a foe's ire
Unleashes untold misery on families
Whose desire
Steers away from hostile homilies.

John Sensele

Hot Potatoes You Brought

I thought I forgot hot potatoes you brought along
Couldn't and wouldn't wound our love
Alas! We'd guessed wrong and sang the wrong song
When it became clear our love wasn't from above.

I thought we got it right and taught our love strength
To immunize it against vagaries of vogues
When it became clear our love gear didn't go the extra length
To ensure blessings flew and grew from synagogues.

I thought I forgot mottoes of goats got us somewhere
To grow and throw our love into sensual stability
When it became clear hot potatoes from anywhere
Could and would cast asunder our love's mobility, temerity and malleability.

I thought I forgot boats, coats and oats couldn't vote
Against the love we shared for so long
Alas! Wrong we grew as lies each other we taught
Until together anew we knew we were dead wrong.

John Sensele

Hot Spot

Tired of tedium, a boy thought
He could mix dagga and hot pot
To make a cocktail drink
That could fly him in ink
Where his flight, light, blight couldn't be caught.

John Sensele

Hotdogs

Hotdogs within me feel so good
They make me cry with desire
Cos they ain't nothing but good food.

Though critics say my behaviour stood
For nothing but a mind on fire
Hot dogs within me feel so good.

I don't give a cuss in what mood
Hunger finds me provided feelings inspire
Views that ain't nothing but good food.

Society and piety claim it's crude
Cos my dude children he'll sire
Hot dogs within me feel good.

A plethora of kids forms a brood
That's my legacy that ain't for hire
Or slavery cos hot dogs are good food.

Yapping and yakking are rude
Cos such talk arouses my ire.
Hot dogs within feel good
Cos hotdogs ain't nothing but good food.

John Sensele

House Or Home

Home, house with warmth
House sometimes harasses happiness
Spoiled in the coil and oil of wrath
Wallowing in waters of sulkiness and emptiness.

Home, house lubricated in lips of love
House, home stripped of togetherness
Withered on withdrawing wings of the dove
Who once applied and supplied gregariousness.

Home, house garnished with constant care
House, cold quantity of slinky survival
Jeopardized by jostling and jousting fables of feeble fanfare
Flowing in finicky fluxes on arrival.

Home, house run with a happiness heart
House, hell which spells bells of boredom
Nourished and garnished with a tantrum tart
Seekers of sobriety and sanity label kinky kingdom.

John Sensele

How A Souse Sidelined Booze

Take a look at histrionics of the souse
Whose groggy knees pirouette and spin
Groping in a sloshed manner for the gate to the house

Where alcohol coursing in his veins teases the chin
His wife withholds from his grasp at night
When the souse wobbles on his knees to pin

Blame on the wife who dreads the plight
He lumbers on her when alcohol minus food
Raises the temperature at home as the souse's delight

In pouring cold water on the atmosphere in the neighbourhood
Inviting them to send the souse and his household to Coventry
To attend a workshop on devising friendly brewed

Techniques souses can hang to a teetotaler tree
Where upon kissing the top they would grow alcohol free.

John Sensele

How I

How I live my life at present and tomorrow matters
Whether I make a difference, pout in silence, cast an indifferent glance or drift
Like leaves in a sirocco or a set of quaint letters
Which brings, strings untruths springs about too much rift.

How I use, abuse or misuse language
Makes a difference whether I heal or steal or peel broken souls
Longing for an opportunity to dispose of excess baggage
In order to score in God's eyes winning goals.

How I carry myself when I'm alone
With no nosy parkers or prying eyes to snoop
On skeletons in my cupboard determines whether I'm blown
Away by deceit or in God's I score a scoop.

How I handle scandals and spindles of inconveniences
That pepper aspects of my life now and then
Places, misplaces, displaces me in the dustbin of abysmal sciences
Or causes or pauses my last breath to whisper 'amen'.

How I live my last decade on Earth consigns me
To a pantheon on the Acropolis
Or despatches with patches of short term glee
To a limbo yonder my metropolis to rest in one terrible, horrible piece.

How I value fraud or devalue integrity
Measures and weighs my worth in diamond carats
Or dismisses my claims of sincerity
With swift admonition to scamper among gnats, brats and rats.

How I take God's people for granted
Invites folks into my life or turns people away
To spaces, places and surfaces where no slanted
Rhetoric or quick fix or sanguine simulation enjoys fat huge pay without delay.

John Sensele

Hubby & Wifey

Fabricate Fibs on Friday, consort coquettes
Daily, weekly, monthly and fortnightly till
Pockets and sockets of ribald rockets
In your erstwhile citadels of peace distill

Reagents, catalysts and debris
That undermine fine foundations on which relationships and trust
Rested with neither degree nor decree
But boosted bonds and repelled rust

Which love and trust in synergy
Wilted away and halted in its black and flak track
Because hubby and wife their energy
Traverse every nook to seal every crack

A domicile without dour docility
Nurtures to lubricate links that for so long
Hubby and wife strive in felicity
To consolidate because hubby and wife to each other belong.

John Sensele

Huge Humanism

Wipe your slate clean
Fly afresh without any din
To ban the tan and clan of sin

From the air, the flair and snare
Your mornings and nights compare
When concerns for the poor you dare to share

To override the puny pride
You fail to quail on the ride
Teeming within the stringent stride

You promote to do good, to build
Bridges when you engage the field
Feelings flaunt and haunt to yield

Compassion, passion and empathy
In tandem with sacs of sympathy
Primed to undermine shreds and threads of antipathy

Which stand humankind in sorry stead
When by commission, omission or remission they spread
Cultures and sub-cultures paid, read or said

To diminish coasts of cohesion
Fanning flames of derision and division
Affirming and confirming droves of delusion

In helms and realms where love
Cries and dies both above
Aside, beside and below the dream dove

Whose sawn song you slay without delay
In sprees and trees of indifference to lay
Down foundations grates and threats play

In bays, clays and sways where fears and tears teem
To waylay swathes of the redoubtable dream
That cries for humankind's cream and whim

To rise above pesky positions
Taking a salutary stand with or without overt ovations
To redeem conciliation and reconciliation considerations

Shunting aside and shutting up parochialism
Whether hedonism, modernism or colonialism
Embraces. defaces or stresses virtues of workaholism

Yesterday, today or tomorrow
Whether accumulation accounts shrink or grow
Whether tycoons lead lavish lifestyles in a row

To depreciate dogmatism
Arrest hegemonism and rheumatism
And flay fronts of salacious stigmatism.

John Sensele

Human Life Matters

Human complexion spans several hues
Which in essence summarise human views
On the sanctity and dignity of human life
Whether red, yellow, black or white without any hint of strife.

Human eyes span a spectrum of colours
With neither superiority nor inferiority of odours
Because humanity lies far beyond superficial phenotypes
Small minds band around as human archetypes.

Human noses sometimes resemble eagles' beaks
And sometimes sharpen their tips or flatten the clicks
Emitted by cartilage without committing sacrilege
Endowing nasal privilege or holding any folks hostage.

Human blood circulates the same hemoglobin
Because it needs the same type of iron if poured in a tin
Where platelets coagulate the same way
At the same speed with neither bias nor delay.

Humankind in the new millennium spells homo sapiens
Who archeology and anthropology claim in science
Originated in Africa and funnelled to America
And learnt to play Ska and Reggae music in Jamaica.

Humankind only succeeds in scoring own goals
When divisive forces compartmentalize souls
Into racial pigeonholes and embark on decimation
Of some of her own subgroups due to quaint theories of racial discrimination.

John Sensele

Human Nature Halo

Human nature shines light on the heartbroken
Whose tears and fears decorate days
Spent in despair and in sorrow unspoken
When heartbreaks mark Mondays, Thursdays and Fridays.

Human nature brings hope to the hopeless
Whose lives drive them crazy
With neither joy nor justice to bless
Days and weeks that aren't easy.

Human nature brings smiles to frightened faces
Whose frowns drown any semblance of serenity
These faces find in any surprise spaces
Lost to sanity, duplicity and indignity.

Human nature raises morale where gloom reigns
Supreme and squashes any blushes
Lasses and ladies as a result of pesky pains
They sample despite flashes of hushes and clashes.

John Sensele

Humankind Nerve

Seizing the bull by the horns to serve with verve the nerve of humankind
Thrown into a smart cart of life's vortex
When doors swung open to compel stubborn hearts to bind
Threads broken, smitten and forsaken in a torn, forlorn cortex.

Thrown into a smart cart of life's vortex
Courage rose from ashes and fixed
Threads broken, smitten and forsaken in a torn, forlorn cortex
To build anew and blew away a strait jacket jinxed.

Courage rose from ashes and fixed
Gashes, summoning ounces of stamina from every sentimental lamina
To build life anew and blew away a strait jacket jinxed
Seemingly to lengthen and strengthen deeds, feeds and needs for a romantic
reunion seminar.

Gashes, summoning ounces of stamina from every sentimental lamina
When doors swung open to compel stubborn hearts to bind
Seemingly to lengthen and strengthen deeds, feeds and needs for a romantic
reunion seminar
Seizing the bull by the horns to serve with verve the nerve of humankind.

John Sensele

Humankind's Facebook Poser

Two billion account holders ply Facebook
Twenty four seven to communicate
Seamlessly, to enjoy one another's life's hook
As loneliness, sadness and coldness account holders dessicate.

Two billion folks share moments
Teeming with love and glee when they lean on one another
As one huge human family to escape tents and dents of torments
Inherent in insular lives which isolate a bothersome brother.

Though Facebook's platform suffers abuse
At the hands of malicious minds, Facebook remains a force for good
That unites folks from all races, religions and ramparts whose use
Needs soul-searching from big powers to rectify suicide bombers' mood.

Facebook rakes in big bucks without a doubt
But humankind ought to introspect over root causes
That lead desperate youths to tout a suicidal clout
To resort to fatal bouts that depreciate the fragrance of red roses.

John Sensele

Humankind's Hyenas

Humankind grows poorer

When modes of transport and cash in the bank measure

A member's worth and wealth because a clearer

Yardstick lies beyond a beholder's pleasure and leisure.

Humankind transmutes into automatons, zombies

When values held dear for long take a back seat

In favour of expediency and gluttony driven by wannabees

And parasites bereft of sensitivity and wit.

Humankind loses out

When nitwits and twits usurp decision making

Merely because bigmouths shout

Louder and appoint themselves consecrators of the next family king.

Humankind goes astray

When non-thinkers push their petty agenda

In fora where custodians of culture and customs pray

For wisdom to offer equity, dignity and equality regardless of members' gender.

John Sensele

Humble Pie Eaten

Swollen to the brim with puny pride
I take on the seamy side of life a ride
That for me promises bliss
When caution advises
Analyzes and synthesizes
The obsession with a stolen kiss.

Thrown into total disarray
On my knees I bend to pray
Beseeching Providence
In its omnipotence to grant
Me wisdom never again to rant
Nor direct against a foe an egregious lance with credence.

Shaken to my foundation
For my unwise consolidation
I reconsider the way forward
Charting in earnest a new course
Drawing inspiration from a divine source
I reject advice from a clumsy coward and his risible reward.

Feeling forsaken and beaten
Despite being love smitten
I humbly submit
To dictates and edicts that respect
Perfect, select and deflect
The temptation nonsense for me to permit and tweet.

John Sensele

Humility Hints

Humility brings out our true colours
When we face adversity
Steer away arrogance odours
Alongside pomposity.

Humility like greatness
Keeps a low profile
Catalyses happiness
To dole out smiles in an extra mile.

Humility like a magnet
Attracts people of goodwill
Without trapping them in a sordid dragnet
As they clinch a solid relationship deal.

Humility like emeralds
Finds favour among men and women
Who nurture love in friendly folds
As to a peaceful prayer session they collectively utter 'Amen'.

John Sensele

Humility Versus Timidity

Humility glides a storm that flies astride
A world gone wild with a swarm of bumble bees
Swamping its equator and smashing its knock knees
To chop off bearings and rings of its pride
Too much at pains to ride the tide
Of the odium doled out through swaying sequoia trees
Swaying in whirlwinds infected with freakish fleas
To deride
The dagger that attempts to stab
On the nape of the neck of vanity and invincibility
Rapidly when the couple takes a nap
In a hut strewn with hay that utters crap
When from nowhere pops up timidity
Who rears her ugly face and lashes out at humility.

John Sensele

Humpty Dumpty

No good if every moment all you brood turns into a plight
I wish I didn't marry as in my life you pluck slivers of light
In sentiments so spangled they strangle the breath
My mortal mind kicks to fraternise the faith

To wipe out my whimper as I grope for hope
In mists that dangle the steep slope
I strive in vain as I claim to tame
When you no longer call my name

Since your eyes glue clues of their attention
To bees, fleas, keys and seas I can't mention
Without trepidation on the phone
Where your mind has been too long gone

Choking oxygen from the home
In hearts you and I vowed outside would never roam
Unless your family disappointment had been
Since from pivot pedestals you've flown into the shebeen

Where your mouth has grown unclean
To the extent where attitudes lean
More towards undoing edifices
You and I over the years built beyond offices

You and I trusted to ratify
Laws we needed to satisfy
Which in the end feel empty
Bending more and more Humpty Dumpty.

John Sensele

Humpty Dumpty Harvest

Don't bother to explain
Your cup has gone empty
Cos you've chosen to cruise in your lampoon lane
At breakneck speed to join Humpty Dumpty.

'Tis time to leave you to your devices
As you long you stew in your juice, my darling
Plunging headlong into victim vices
If you feel they thereby make you sterling.

Makes sense to protect what you own
Regardless of how fickle it feels
When you'd rather not mourn
Clutching and snatching at the hill of wilted wills.

Tap from the wellness well
Before you sink into the quicksand
That rings and sings the boisterous bell
While you in fact bury your head in the sadness sand.

Choices to make and voices to utter
Turning right or left by design
If you think nothing ain't the matter
While you fight on or to your fate you resign.

All to fight for given enough willpower
To traverse territories in your mind
Disregarding the lure of the hour and its flower
When you determine sanity over vanity you'll find.

Persist in laying your life on your phone
If that's where you become live
Casting at your future a sorry stone
Determined against common sense to catalyze a deceit-driven dive.

John Sensele

Hunger Drones

At the crack of dawn, cocks crow
To awaken the diligent and the indigent
While at sunset, fatigue and mystique grow
When commuters knock off as rushing home becomes urgent.

At midday, hunger pangs bite
Stomachs big and small, fat and slim
As pancreatic juices and gastric juices fight
To gain a vantage point in a hungry mouths' team.

Midway through an afternoon, the affluent sip
A cup of Irish coffee and bite morsels of black pudding
Chewed with gusto when the tip
Of a gourmet's tongue and palate in glee sing.

Meanwhile, a ghetto dweller cuts slices of air
Accompanied by stomach groans
Familiar since infancy wondering how fair
Life allots fortunes, lumbering on the many hunger drones.

John Sensele

Hunger For Altruism

If hunger for altruism alters attitudes
To equalize economic elements
The poor will scale higher latitudes
To rid rondavels of maudlin moments.

If hunger for prayers proves pivotal
To grant pride of place to prophets
As believers bend knees at the altar
Favours, graces and blessings will changes fates.

If hunger for peace powers patriotism
Citizens will unite to fight for the right
To promote nationalism
To minimize and eliminate the poor's plight.

If hunger for longevity liberates lovers
To transmute thirst for lust into limpid love
That springs from hearts of problem solvers
Happiness, honesty and humility will descend from above.

John Sensele

Hunt Down Hospices Of Unhappiness

Hunt down hospices of unhappiness
Regardless of circumstances
That rain sorrow and sadness
In your heart in near and far distances from acquaintances.

Hunt down negative thoughts
That assail veils of your mind
Despite reaping unfairly a river of noughts
That without due diligence drive you blind.

Hunt down thoughts of depression
Imagined or felt
As you allow the suppression
Of positivity and agility by dint of persistence both melt.

Hunt down thoughts of revenge
Against real or fake foes
Whom you feel challenge
Your struggles and battles against wicked woes.

John Sensele

Hunted Hyena

'Stop squeezing my testicles.
You're almost turning them into icicles.
I regret accepting this contract.
My balls they subtract.'

'I'm teaching you a lesson.
Don't think I'm your cheap caisson
To satisfy your desire
And quench your fire.'

'SOS, officer.'
Hyena beckoned to a sir
As Mary tightened her grip
And pain hit his hip.

'What's the matter?
Is it about a love letter? '
Officer John slid between Hyena and Mary
'Peace in a hurry.'

'Officer, Hyena ate my virginity
To me, it's injustice to infinity.'
Mary's breath came in spurts
'My apparatus hurts.'

'Officer, I'm providing a traditional service.
There's no injustice.
I'm paid to play this role
Even if it sounds droll.'

'Hyena, deflowering minors
Distorting tenors
Can't be tradition.
It's a legal altercation.'

'No, officer tradition demands that we introduce girls
To bedroom pearls
To quality as mature women
Ready to look after their men.'

'Hyena, you're a predator
Preying on an innocent daughter
Who deserves better preparation
For adult life. No need for a sullied mission.'

'Officer, why aren't you taking Hyena to your police station
I'm instituting litigation.
This is case of rape
I'm not a forlorn ape.'

'Mary, are you sure to challenge
Tradition and seek revenge?
What will your parents think?
Aren't you breaking a traditional link? '

'Officer, there's no room for harmful culture
From which I see no future.
Lock up, this vulture
Until he sustains a lasting suture.'

John Sensele

Hurray!

Wrote my seven hundredth poem on Sunday
Inspiration and aspiration everyday
Expiration and dissipation kept away
I thank my redeemer every time I pray
Toxic thoughts and prussic noughts kept at bay
Tedium poems slay
Hurray!

Wrote my first poem in twenty twelve
In poetry everyday I delve
Muse multiply my verve
Poems don't get on my nerve
The best poetry lives deserve
No putting love in reserve
Hurray!

Wrote lines and more lines
Poetry nourishes spines
Poetry device quality defines
No difference if prose resigns
Observe punctuation signs
Or you'll incur fines
Hurray!

John Sensele

Hurricane Harriet

The hurricane became a loud and proud lass
Who swore to simmer and shear my shaven life.
With scorn, the hurricane kicked my kinky carcass,
Chanted aloud and cast spells from her fife.

The bouncy hurricane flashed a boisterous breast
To jog, jolt and jive the jinx in my heart.
With a venomous gaze, she discarded my faded crest
Until her moiling furnace melted my mummy's mart.

The moist hurricane unleashed her sprinting gloves,
Capsized and clipped my cobbled telephone poles
And tossed my teary toes into tangled groves
Near a drunk hill where landed my corny soles.

John Sensele

Hurricane Katrina

Levees collapse
Louisiana falls silent once
Residents cry foul.

John Sensele

Hurt Not My Heart

Hurt not my heart, raise my role
Take me as I am
Embrace for me my connubial core
Don't change me into solace slam.

Hurt not my heart, soften my soul
Take my strength and my weakness
Embrace for me my goal
Don't change me into a sickness or a weakness.

Hurt not my heart, lubricate my love
Take my likes and dislikes
Embrace for me my dream dove
Don't change me into sentiment strikes.

Hurt not my heart, free my fantasy
Take my complexion and my confidence
Embrace for me virtues of mercy
Don't change me into a confusion cadence.

John Sensele

Hypertension Begets A Stroke

Hypertension heightens strain on arteries, veins and capillaries
Stressing their walls and damaging organs
Until hypertension vagaries
Working worse than guns

Starve brain cells
Which if combined with a rupture near or inside the brain
Rings stroke bells
That in a destructive train

Impairs the central nervous system
Paralysing metabolic functions
Regardless of the name
Victims place on nervous junctions

Of affected parts of the human body
Damages in part or in full
Bodily functions in a tragedy
For which there may not exist a therapeutic tool.

John Sensele

I

Irritation swept over me
Inconvenience stretched my patience
Immortality dared my pilgrimage on earth in wee
Hours and minutes as my life interrogated fate and its conscience.

Intelligence saved my day
Influence did my cause no good
Impatience deserted my side today
When temperament granted me a foul mood.

Imperialism reared its ugly head
Incompetence nagged my vicinity
Insolvency hunted down profligates who said
Advice deserved no iota of dignity.

Immaturity featured in small talk
Illegality cruised in minds driven blank
Ill-will harassed an innocent clock
Whose hands told time in a Utopian bank.

John Sensele

I Am A Smart Phone

I am a smart, sophisticated, mobile phone
Powered by satellite technology
Lithium ion battery and airtime
Capable of short message, voice call, multimedia and email services.

I am a more than a gregarious gismo
Enhanced by rare earth elements tantalum and columbium;
I vibrate, celebrate, emit, transmit, elicit and permit polyphonic ringtones
In addition to enabling alarm and to do tasks digitally.

I'm endowed with affability, flexibility, adaptability and a knack
For connecting callers, receivers, researchers and senders at the click of a key
Although a few users and abusers
Pinpoint targets and secrets anywhere on Earth.

I inhabit every home in Rome and roam through offices, pockets and vehicles
Cos I'm an essential gadget in contemporary life despite
My personalized prices, sizes, shapes and capabilities
To service stakeholders, circumstances and locations at their convenience.

John Sensele

I Beg Your Pardon

Forgive me if social media punched me drunk
Bubbling like overflowing champagne
Scattering lenses of my senses until like a skunk
I thought I became the sovereign.

Forgive me if I usurped the status
I've never owned
Since my mouth regurgitates the horrid hiatus
I thought I had disowned.

Forgive me if I stepped on the feet
Veering away from the sty
In which I became indiscreet
Till my future began to cry as it ran dry.

Forgive me if I dreamed I'd acquired all the education
My limited ability, agility and quality could bestow
On the bored brain which couldn't accommodate the explication
That became too complex for the brain that refused plasticity to grow.

John Sensele

I Belong To Social Media Blues

I rue the day my head went mad
I rue the way I made my life sad
Pouring vats of nonsense
Believing I vouched for common sense

Disgorging the worst I could
Hammering my future into bad mood
Nonsense at will I uttered
Ignoring imprint in social media mattered.

My school I cursed
Curse upon curse I rehearsed
Light dawned too late when no job I could find
As prospective employers berated my risible rind.

Where did you steal this certificate?
Ain't this quaint cabbage what you hate?
Sir, no job for nitwits like you
In our view you belong to the social media blue.

John Sensele

I Don't Give A Hoot

I don't give a hoot what manipulators think
When they wade in the stream
Where mediocrity and infirmity clink
Glasses to celebrate failure in a ream.

I don't give a cuss whether manipulators recognise
Or downright berate outright my insights
Into mysteries of batteries that surprise
Humankind with their ineptitude in intellectual fights.

I hardly care whether manipulators append
Fake boobs, fake hips, fake nails and fake love
On whoever scum chooses to send
Kudos to manipulators on an ebony dove.

I'm fed up with rantings and displays
Where histrionics ascend to prominence
Eclipsing virtue for the sake of replays
Of lunacy gone viral in an inferiority an ICU ambulance.

John Sensele

I Don't Wanna Quarrel

God, I don't wanna pick a quarrel
But I ask why you made me so vulnerable
So terrible, so horrible such that the barrel
On a mosquito's muzzle loader feels so uncomfortable.

God, I plead for a respite
To the chain of pains I've endured as I
Traverse years with trite
Benefits that won't fit my cry.

God, I know you gave me goodwill
To accept or intercept challenges you cast my way
From day to day as I labour to strike a deal
That enables me and my stables of fables to pray in strictures bay.

God, did you create me to serrate serenades
To amplify displeasure and dissonance as my pilgrimage unfolds
Or did you assume I mustn't consume different grades
Embellished in creatures and raptures in whose vouchers my fate folds.

John Sensele

I Dried Teardrops

Don't enter the fray if you ain't ready
To give me your best shot
When evidence portrayed you as pooped out already

Cringing from challenges in moments you felt hot
Courage in droves deserting you
As in lie webs you got caught

Spinning another fib
You thought I'd swallow
Lying to the victoryless victim in the crib

Where for months a profile low
I portrayed despite my nerves frayed
When my light you ensured didn't glow

No matter how much in the dark I felt afraid
Your attitude would lumber me with nothing but deadly dread.

John Sensele

I Exercise Care

Stopped pouring tears on my pillow
Crying my heart out for the player
In whom I invested love like a willow
That's lost her mind to a soul slayer.

Turned the page and lit a new flame
Who on me lavishes love and care
I deserve in action, not just in name
So accomplished, I declare.

No more nights spent in tears
Cascading from my eyes like rain
When skies open to heighten fears
I detest like pests of strain

I don't deserve
If I care to detect early signs of neglect
No sucker on me should serve
Provided partners with caution I should select.

John Sensele

I Feel Sad & Bad

I feel bad and sad
When my clumsiness gets out of hand
To drive partners mad
As on the seat of my pants with a thud I land.

I feel rotten
When my ineptitude steps on toes
Of siblings, friends and associates sometimes forgotten
As expedience and selective amnesia mistake them for foes.

I feel the world would be happier
If tact dominated my thought processes
To make my environment merrier
Regardless of my balance sheet of challenges and successes.

I feel more accomplished
When students, grandsons and wives
Smile all the while as dished and wished
Sentiments, emotions, actions and reactions jettison knives and thieves.

John Sensele

I Gasp For Breath

I gasp for breath when feelings choke my bosom
When in frustration thoughts tumble
In the vortex of my mind they can't hold t ransom
As my heart and my libido in unison grumble.

I grasp my pillow when tears roll down my cheeks
When in retrospect I ask why I've been so callous
To play the field with a bevy of chicks for selfish kicks
As with several of them I became so thoughtless.

I bang my head against my bedroom window
When upon reflection I realize how many hearts
I've broken on my favourite dance floor
Where it never occurred I treated ladies like disposable tarts.

I blush when introspection
Interrogates my motives in pretending to love
When in reality infatuation in action
Drives me to play the white dove.

John Sensele

I Lean On God For Succour

God by my side always stands
Ready to lift from my back the burden
Threatening to snap hands
Growing weaker and weaker all of a sudden

Until to God I pray
To make a way clear
For my weak eyes to focus on the ray
Of hope that nullifies the fear

Engulfing the horizon
On which clouds threaten
To rain despair in the phone zone
At the count of nine or ten

When the light of providence
Opens my eyes
Restoring my lost confidence
Slaying from my environment the Devil's lies.

John Sensele

I Lie Awake

I lie awake in my bed
Where sleep scorns my company
As pain throbs in my head
From which comes no invective litany.

I lie in my bed and pine
For a damsel who steals my heart
Seeps vintage wine
As my manifesto she casts into a refuse cart.

I lie in my sofa
Wishing the world could be fairer
Though I'm a loafer
Whose tomorrow can't become any clearer.

I lie in my kitchen
Deserted by emaciated mice
Which nibbled at the last chicken
Bone they devoured twice.

John Sensele

I No Longer Hesitate To Meditate

Because meditation has mellowed my horizon
I brush aside trivia and drivel
Preferring to dwell in the equanimity zone
Where I now reap a marvel

In every aspect of the life I lead
At home, at work and at leisure
A phenomenon I appreciate indeed
Beyond pleasure, beyond measure

Marriage mastering well
Health flying to a boom
Improvements so many I can't tell
With neither doom nor gloom

To darken my nights
To short-circuit my peace of mind
Where in the past I revelled in puny plights
That drove my mind blind as I grew unkind

Separating mind from wellness
Inviting blues by the dozen
Driving away the happiness
I owe to the core of my inner Kitwe denizen.

John Sensele

I Play With My Grandsons

Like Jesus I preach riches of the Gospel
Like Cresus I drive and rev a limousine Opel
Like Julius Caesar I conquer and vanquish enemies
Like Zeus I subdue divine armies.

Like David I enjoy creature comforts
Like Solomon I build temples and forts
Like William Shakespeare I craft poetry
Like Casanova I abhor wife battery.

Like Bob Dylan I have a penchant for music
Like the military I don a tunic
Like a nurse I have a bedside manner
Like an employee during a march past I carry a banner.

Like a civilized hubby I love my wife
Like a peacemaker I loathe civil strife
Like a dotting grandfather I play with my grandsons
Like galaxies I possess a plethora of suns.

John Sensele

I Plead Guilty

If I can't arrest one more heartbreak
If I can't love and save orphans and abandoned babies
If I can't prevent occurrences of one more affective mistake
I plead guilty to mental and sentimental maladies.

If I can't harass examination malpractices
If I can't apprehend gender based violence
If I can't check the cancer of injustices
I plead guilty to global incompetence and legal impotence.

If I can't stem the tide of poverty in the midst of satiety
If I can't influence the development of friendship and worship
If I can't freeze successes of notoriety
I plead guilty to puerile and sterile mentorship.

If I can't divorce my choice and my voice from tyranny
If I can't abhor and deplore cronyism and Satanism
If I can't speak out against political mutiny and gluttony
I plead guilty to cynicism and favouritism.

John Sensele

I Reap What I Sow

I pity the ignorance
I puke in the trance
Advertised in the trash I publish
When each day with flourish

Trash flows from fingers
That in the somnolence that lingers
Displays the ineptitude
Decomposing the crepitude

Nibbling at the soul
I chew in the own goal
I score with each piece of garbage
I lumber on social media morbid baggage

My morbid mind creates
In a setting sanity aerates
Pointing out low credentials I possess
When clearly failures grow into an abcess

That bloats a future I've never had
Each time my future grows bad and sad
Unless my attitude changes
If grace mercy on me arranges.

John Sensele

I Repent

If in my life maledictions multiply
I interrogate the lifestyle I lead
Asking why I attract the fly supply
I don't need. For plausible peace on nimble knees I plead.

If amorous aspects should go wrong
I ask why misfortunes move my gate
When my life should grow strong
Because I deserve a dandy date.

If my tangy tongue spreads among daughters division
I regret I'm the solitary seed
I vow to surrender to the salvation supervision
And my blues discard the withdrawal weed.

If I kill joy with my malice mouth
I repent and denounce the serpent
Bending and vending silly sentences South
Till on my knees I reverse my evil event.

John Sensele

I Vow To Befriend Happiness

I vow to befriend happiness
To banish sorrow and its offshoots
Never to run to sadness
Or glorify sorrow boots.

I vow to defend friendship
In all its manifestations despite protestations
From apologists who board the ship
That sails in currents teeming with malefactions.

I vow to devote my energies
To the pursuit of reconciliation
And the application of synergies
To genuine love and pure devotion.

I vow to glorify my Creator
Who ensures I enjoy the gift of life
Free air, free sunshine as Jesus my mediator
Clears from my environment any signs of strife.

John Sensele

I Vow To Promote The Truth

I vow neither to cry nor frown
Because frowns, tantrums and grumbles
Far from improving my life steal the crown
I earn by extricating myself from brambles.

I vow neither to hate nor lie
Because fibs, fabrications and concoctions
Far from lighting up my life they let it die
Amidst a plethora of dysfunctions.

I vow to both like and love
Because positive emotions lengthen my life
In every aspect and raise me above
Cabals that plot and nourish strife.

I vow to worship
More regularly to praise my Creator
In whom lies our eternal kingship
For Jesus is our supreme mediator.

I vow to delete records of wrongs
Heaped on me by backsliders
Whose strength lies in toxic tongues
That Lucifer uses as gliders.

I vow neither to mourn nor to groan
When creepy clouds on my horizon descend
Splashing gloom and doom on my lush lawn
Until I prove on my God I always depend.

I vow to pluck out my eyes
If they should stray in erogenous zones
Which feed naïve nerds on poisoned pies
Baked in banks that won't dispense any loans.

I vow to become honest
Because no value beats the truth
Which from heaps of lies emerges best
To embarrass the unwise and the uncouth.

John Sensele

I Wanna See The Colour Of Your Love

Bring me love in person
To delight me with a love lesson
And see much I lap it up
Don't tell me how much you love me
Let my eyes through action see
How much your love overflows my cup.

Bring me nimble news
To delight me with comfortable crews
And how much your love I lick
Don't tell me how much you care
For me proof is when you play fair
And to me like a Siamese twin you stick.

Bring me a guarantee
To delight my heart to a tee
And see how much I thrive
Don't tell me, show me
How much you love me for free
And together to our love destination we'll drive.

Bring me a heart that's open
To delight me with true love in our pen
And see how much I love you
Don't tell me stories, I need action
To cosset my heart to satisfaction
As you and I love deeply, truly, madly anew.

John Sensele

I Wonder If Lasses Listen

I wonder if lasses listen
When they surrender to players
Who urge them pleasure to hasten
Until their fate lies in freckles of sordid slayers.

I wonder if cabs care
When they ferry thieves
Who fret to fork out their fare
Until bandits brandish knives.

I wonder if pulses pound
When they prick like daggers
Which glorify gangsters on the ground
Until a gardener on groggy groins staggers.

I wonder if lads love
When they coerce lasses to compromise
Their precious prize from above
Until roses reap a sleazy surprise.

John Sensele

I Wonder If...

Animus annihilates
Mockery mutilates
Verity ventilates

Withdrawal withers
Disgust dithers
Selfishness slithers.

Normalcy nourishes
Boastfulness banishes
Romance replenishes.

Divergence defeats
Opposition overheats
Brutality beats.

Shame shortens
Fragility frightens
Solace straightens.

Reconciliation revitalizes
Gallantry galvanizes
Peskiness polarizes.

Love lifts
Drivel drifts
Sanity sifts.

Hostility haunts
Tension taunts
Despair daunts.

Emotion exists
Terror twists
Innuendo insists.

Fantasy fakes
Coquetry cakes
Benevolence bakes.

Sentimentality strikes
Hospitality hikes
Longing likes.
Distance dampens
Opportunity opens
Sharing sharpens.

Respect reigns
Casualness campaigns
Disaster deigns.

Crying creases
Mendacity misses
Company kisses.

Grumbling grieves
Responsiveness reprieves
Doubt deceives.

Thinking thrives
Drama drives
Abundance arrives.

Propinquity prefers
Interest infers
Osculation offers.

Wine whines
Protection pines
Memory mines.

Wonder welcomes
Continuation comes
Rest roams.

John Sensele

Iceberg Instance

Iceberg shears liner
Ship reels in shock and awe
Treasures, cargo sink.

John Sensele

Idle Fiddle

If you could shed a tear
For things past and present
You'd feel better to lead away fear
From lives that resent

Your dissent, your will to soldier on
In the face of rat race
That grows in rows of stubborn
Obstination and frustration that trace

Origins in pins and needles
That your heart they prick
While your idle fiddles
Play loony tunes that sick

Minds find blind in a kind
Of memory you'd best bury deep
In a grave where lemon rind
Crushes events whose dates you'll never again keep.

John Sensele

If

If solstices of prejudice and injustice could evaporate
If surgeons of religion strove to unite God's people
If the substance of tolerance could rate high and penetrate
The thick skin of malice, growth opportunities would become ample.

If people received wisdom and perceived unity as a priority
If people taught humility and sought to heal the vulnerable
If wisdom invaded hearts and olive branches pervaded every city
Recrimination and discrimination would become deplorable.

If parents booked slots and took lectures in starting a family
If strings of offspring showed more prudence and obedience
If examination shoddy practices and malpractices became silly
No charlatans would produce and sell fake papers in Science.

If peace, kiss, bliss and harmony reigned supreme
If extremism and fanaticism died a natural death
If goodwill and a bill of good health worked in tandem
Progress and success would occupy every acre on Earth.

John Sensele

If All Prejudices I Pulverised

If all the pranks I pulled could disappear
My heart would summersault
As to mom and dad joys in abundance would appear
To temper tensions of my assault.

If all the prayers I said could reach Heaven
My heart would ululate
As providence in my heart would pour leaven
To undulate and titillate my palate.

If all the wishes I nurtured could come true
My heart would rejoice
As there'd no lost loci to rue
To spoil themselves and vaunt their vivid voice.

If all the frustrations I felt could dissolve
My heart would oscillate
As the heart no affair would involve
To ameliorate my fate on a platinum plate.

John Sensele

If Any Woman Weeps

If any woman's woes worsen her welfare
Her world turns from bliss to blue
When her significant other stops to play fair
As sorrow seems to saunter without a clue.

If any woman's fate threatens her future
Her world ignites inside
When her significant other kills his compassionate culture
As sorrow swamps her soul from outside to pound her pride.

If any woman's heart hides her horror
Her world slays sympathy
When her significant other tenders terror
As sorrow signifies scarcity of empathy.

If any woman's volition vindicates her voice
Her world whips up wonders
When her significant other champions a childish choice
As sorrow hobnobs with thunders and blunders.

John Sensele

If God Could Glean Glee From Me

I don't give my life any slack
When I paint my faith black
In the vain hope redemption I gain
Treating prayer with disdain and the pain
I inflict on faith conflicting with interests
I'd best serve in repressed paths and crests
Where no matter my efforts my way I stand to lose
As long as I cruise in the bruise of booze
Deceiving my soul my goals I achieve
Hobnobbing with heresies and mysteries that deceive
So long I persist in looking for answers
In places where abound diabolical dancers
That devour my future
Which with open eyes I rapture and suture
Until sanity returns
And vanity burns its urns
To energize, revitalize and sanitize my way
If only I could fly and try harder in faith and pray
Cos God loves me
In me God gleans glee.

John Sensele

If I Should Cease To Be Me

If I should cease to be me
The rose of my raison d'etre cries and dies
My pair of care and fairness from me shall flee
Above all, my conscience shall fly the netherworld skies.

If I should cease to care for my nation
My sense of patriotism shall lose its way
My love for Zambia shall suffer obliteration
Above all, I should shrink to my knees and pray.

If I should cease to shower love on my partner
The core of devotion shall desert me through despair windows
I shall secure no suitable succour through a retainer strainer
Above all, hollows and sorrows shall sweep my doors and floors.

If I should cease to feel a sense of shame
The pinnacle of my personality shall ring hollow
I shall shoulder a plethora of bloated blame and nonsense name
Above all, stigma and sufferance shall follow.

John Sensele

If I Take Care

Today I may mumble and stumble
Tomorrow I may fumble and grumble
But if my effort insists and persists
Demanding and commanding I unclench fists

For mounds of clouds to blow away
Aerating and creating a wonderful way
For joy to deploy a smile on me again
When beautiful bearings I regain

To forge in glamorous gorges ahead
Clean thoughts striving and thriving in my head
Reminding me a silver lining
Lies within easy grasp underlining

The cyclical nature of life events
That swing this way one moment, that way the next if I close vitriolic vents
Repelling and expelling associates
Whom my heart somehow depreciates

When I bang my head against a wall of obstination
Levity in its entirety elevating procrastination
For me to keep a low profile
And for each associate walk the extra mile of a smile.

John Sensele

If In Your Eyes

If in your eyes my curves have depreciated
If in your eyes my breasts have sagged
If I your eyes my beauty has emaciated
Don't turn me into a punch bag; take me back to my parents, Mr Gagged.

If in your assessment I'm no longer the queen who swept you off your feet
If in your assessment ATM outwits, outperforms and outdoes me
If in your assessment my meals no longer taste sweet
Don't pour acid on my face; just let me be.

If in your opinion my conjugal services no longer meet your expectations
If in your opinion my heart shaped face has become too familiar
If in your opinion my care, attention and mission no longer fit your romantic aspirations
Don't disfigure me, do I make myself clear?

If in your dreams I no longer meet your love parameters
If in your dreams I should be a clone of Cleopatra
If in your dreams I no longer send your titillating love letters
Don't embarrass me; revisit your love mantra.

John Sensele

If Love Could Smile

If love could smile

I'd fly mile after mile

Pouring joy in my lover's heart

To ensure love grows smart

Every time we meet

In person, locking our feet

As we grow fond of each other

More than a baby needs his mother.

John Sensele

If Love Liberates Longings

If love-on the rebound

Cries for commitment and comfort

Shown when it matters on the ground

To protect and erect for lovers their port.

If love-on the mend

Cries for confidence and credence

Shown when inconsistencies slowly end

To protect and erect an emergency fence.

If love-on the break

Cries for understanding and unalloyed urns

Shown when there's no room for a wreck

To nullify and modify sorry spurns.

If love-on tenterhooks

Cries for growth and greatness

Shown when love stops living in books

To multiply and satisfy gregariousness.

John Sensele

If My Life Dares To Care

If my life preaches the gospel and enriches another soul
If my life by its kindness and meekness should attain the goal
Of minimizing loneliness, maximizing happiness
By its thoughts, its plans and its actions my life would proclaim success.

If my life should dog and flog others by its opulence
If my life should revolt at affluence and transport positive influence
To raise hope where despair and despondency
Hold sway, my life would scale a reward constituency.

If my life attracts sorrow and steals tomorrow
From vulnerable souls, from street children lying in a furrow
Whose bed is a carton box with no blankets in chills of June
My life wouldn't fly or sigh in high spirits to the moon.

If my life should smuggle love into broken hearts
Wallowing in abject poverty while I roll carts
Teeming with junk food in a mood of vanity
My life would swim in a brook of shame in my vicinity.

John Sensele

If Only I Can Understand Life's Nucleus

If only I can understand life's centrality
Involves more than my needs
I'd adopt and promote humility
To grow and know fate's feeds.

If only I can understand life's orbit
Involves more than my desire
I'd adopt and promote standing on my own feet
To grow and know emancipation's empire.

If only I can understand life's nucleus
Involves more than my goals
I'd adopt and promote pancreas
To grow and know friendship's foals.

If only I can understand life's significance
Involves more than my feelings
I'd adopt and promote perseverance
To grow and know sentiment ceilings.

John Sensele

If Only You Learn Wisdom From Gypsies

Cantakerous chords
In a crowded canteen
Sung out of tune on fords
No sober society condones at nineteen.

Crimson colours hidden
Concealed in seals of deceit
Fraternizing the fruit forbidden
Lest you should receive a rejection receipt.

Casual composure
In matters demanding etiquette
Can't win you the pleasure
To feast at a high table with your treason ticket.

Quit the forum of invited intellectuals
Hobnob with hippies
With whom you resuscitate rituals
If only you learnt live lessons from Gypsies.

John Sensele

If Perchance On A Dance Floor

If perchance on a dance floor a glance
Should stray without delay on the lay
Where eyes shouldn't advance
Would you freak out or pray

For your eyes to stop telling lies
About their intentions as they wander about
Magnetising pies, sties and sighs
You emit and transmit within remits that tout

Machismo that adores gismos
Bought at high cost on the Eastern coast
Where Eskimos
Share a toast

When your dance suddenly in France
Stops and pops a question eyes
Can't answer because their stance
Fills the air with libido lies.

John Sensele

If Xmas

If Christmas in homes that weep
Could offer the poor advice
To remain steadfast and faith to keep
Jesus would tell them He has paid the highest price.

If Christmas in homes that rejoice
Could cast a glance at the stance
The affluent take by choice
Christmas would ask the rich twice to think.

If Christmas in homes that starve
Could condole with families
That food and Fanta don't have
Christmas would preach poverty homilies.

If Christmas in homes that sigh
Could consider the plight
The poor bear when too hard they try
The poor would cite their special status in God's sight.

John Sensele

If You Steal My Man

If you try to steal my man, I'll fight you like a wild cat
If you want a man of substance, look around for your Mr Right
But my man no longer shows up on a search mat
So, fellow woman, to my man I pledge hold tight.

If you feed your eyes on my man, that's fine by me
If your elusive eyes magnetise my man, I'll give you a good run for your effort
But, fellow woman, I love my man to a tee
Any poaching you try will send me a report.

If you admire my man, I'll grant you the favour
If you desire my man, I won't give you a chance
But my man became mine after a long endeavour
So, fellow woman, from my man keep a respectable distance.

If you need tips on holding on to a man, I'll give you tutorials
If you plead for assistance, I'm game, any place, any time
But from my man I need no materials
So, come on board the ladder of love and climb.

John Sensele

Ifs And Tiffs

If everybody accommodated common sense
There'd be more peace because no one would offend
Others to invite spite, malice and violence
Then there'd be nothing wrong to mend.

If moms and dads loved one another to the fullest
Bliss would reign supreme and there'd be more laughter
To keep the lawyer away from us and the best
Atmosphere to grow will be for offspring, son and daughter.

If boyfriends and girlfriends were truly open
To full transparency relationships would last
And no partner would screech and sharpen
Tools of dispute which aside they'll cast.

If the whole world adopted clean technology
There'd be no climate change or global warming
Horse sense would promote friendly biotechnology
And genetically modified seed wouldn't be swarming.

John Sensele

Ignore Change At Your Peril

Change unsettles minds
Pruning souls from pity's pits
Unmasking and unnerving blinds
Sometimes querying trivia and fits

Caring less for names and claims
In contexts where change yields gold
Welcomed once furious flames
Cook doubts in crucibles grown too cold

To dissuade the inference
Drawn with nerve and verve
In banter at the confluence of a conference
Where points of view swerve

Left first then right
When winds of change pull the trigger
Daring procrastinators to grow bright
Or else they'd wither into a fretful figure

Shrivelled
Once the change train departs
Leaving laggards swivelled
Cos they allowed change canters to scatter their credential carts.

John Sensele

Ill At Ease

Fidelity died a painful death
In a world filled with make-believe,
Pretence, fleeting fads and deceit
Till it became hard to relieve
Your heart of frustration and pain
From which you now grieve.

Fidelity suffered abuse
When pride, short-termism, rat race
Began to rule the roost
And commanded you to lace
Your drink with illegal substance
To keep up with sanity pace.

Fidelity went through the window
When society chose to break
Her golden rules and standards
That would always bake
Her children into the best human capital
Who would flood productivity lake.□

John Sensele

Ill Choice

Ill choice robbed a bed of my voice
When I trod portals of teacher education
To forgo freedom to relax and rejoice
To my heart's content without sanction.

Ill choice plucked a loaded lotus
When caution threw I to the wind
Masticating and confiscating chalk bonus
Who teased the spider in a province inhabited by a fiend.

Ill choice a mole from the sole of a police academy
When a lass against better judgment
Doggedly tore up entry offer in preference for the alchemy
Teacher education dispenses to Clement.

Ill choice respects no reputations
When a greenhorn claims to hobnob with brainteasers
Claiming membership and friendship with pesky questions
That strap and clamp his brain in tweezers.

John Sensele

I'll Give You A Son

'I want a son
To perpetuate my clan'
Said Jowie whose wife bears him daughters
Who to Jowie ain't no voters

In his legacy
Compounded by profligacy
'I'll give you sons
By the tonnes'

Getrude swears she will
As a glass of wine they swill
And hopes rise
Beyond sunrise.

Jowie peels off a wad of banknotes
Which Getrude toasts
At her stock exchange
As Jowie wants no change.

Jowie and Getrude saunter
To the delight of every waiter
Who admires their courage
To spread a message

Of stolen promises
Fallen kisses
In the context of a pregnancy
That shocked Nancy

Jowie's wife
Who led a semi conjugal life
With Jowie, a half single husband
With a dubious stand

On offspring gender
On his macho man agenda
Although Nancy bears him pretty daughters
Who Jowie can't measure on beauty meters.

Days, weeks and months
Hopes, slopes and breaths
Pass and Jowie
Salivates to see

A son from Getrude
Who isn't a prude
Even when she gives birth
Through stealth.

'Your son needs milk
And plenty of silk'
But the son Jeremy
Jowie never can see

Because the son doesn't exist
And Jowie makes an exit.
Getrude takes Jowie for a ride
And tears to pieces his pride.

John Sensele

Illness

Illness plagues a plethora of creatures great and small
Illness afflicts a bevy of creatures at random
When illness elects to pay a cancer call
Whether creatures prefer pleasure or boredom.

Illness abuse adolescents and senior citizens
Illness belittles creatures' serendipity status
When illness head-on collides with clinic denizens
Whether creatures covet or banish Brutus.

Illness punishes pulmonary or cardiac metabolic functions
Illness knocks at low density and high density doors
When illness denies and dribbles folks' health options
Whether creatures dance on buccaneer beds or on fresco floors.

Illness befriends bacteria, viruses and plasmodia
Illness challenges the humble and the arrogant
When illness increases GMO germs in various media
Whether creatures consume an agile ant or an exquisite elephant.

John Sensele

Illusions

I labour in vain
If puny pride precedes my service
Sowing strain, swelling my brain
In illusions of febrile fleece.

I fail my duty
If I do to the common man an injustice
Filling my life with brazen booty
In illusions of jinxed justice.

I mock God
If I act like a Pharisee
Failing my pride to scold
When I vacillate at sea with glee.

I fail if I don't forgive my enemy
Filling my heart with hate
Thrashing my enemy enemy's plea
Distorting his plea into a threat.

John Sensele

I'm Just Me

Wisdom, my capital
Faith, my anchor
Providence, my mettle
Salvation, my succor.

Affection, my train
Prayer, my magic wand
Friendship, my crane
Confession, my hand.

Love, my profession
Sympathy, my vehicle
Empathy, my mission
Meditation, my miracle.

Equanimity, my vocation
Peace, my nerve centre
Order, my location
Harmony, my mentor.

Poetry, my past time
Mathematics, my bread
Languages, my clime
Religion, my bed.

Restraint, my colour
Punctuality, my shadow
Respect, my valour
Focus, my medal.

John Sensele

Imagination Quips

Don't squirm when hardship quips
With temerity and knocks on your door
Where a haven of kingship peeps.

Brace for a long haul if fate sweeps
Cupboard skeletons on your floor.
Don't squirm when hardship quips.

Stare fate in the eye if it keeps
Stirring a hornets' nest. Cuddle folklore
Where a haven of kingship peeps.

Count not your blues but count heaps
That blow a tender breeze into your inner core.
Don't squirm when hardship quips.

Pull yourself together if damsels' hips
Gyrate invitingly and crawl to the door
Where a haven of kingship peeps.

Gladden your mind with a dream that dips
Into a tomato sauce when roars a romantic ore.
Don't squirm when hardship quips
Where a haven of kingship peeps.

John Sensele

Imbalance In My Circumstance

I cried my tears to sleep
The day I found out he cheated on me
Although we vowed our love to leap
Into matrimony on Cupid sea.

Pain choked my mind
Couldn't eat, couldn't shake the loss
I felt drove me blind
No comfort from the taste of my candy floss.

Tossed and turned in my bed
Weighing whys and hows
That burned neurons in my head
Where dark thoughts teamed up in droves and crowds.

Morning came
Locked myself up in my bedroom
Vowed to delete from my mind his name
No more room for his doom and gloom.

John Sensele

Imbroglia

Plots, slots, clots, tots,
They all bloat your throat.
Advice, vice, device, lice,
They all slice your price.
Hide, chide, ride, slide,
They all divide your pride.
Rest, chest, test, vest,
They invest in your breast.
Bread, spread, dread, lead,
They all grade your trade.
Gloom, doom, boom, room,
They all groom your loom.

John Sensele

Imitations That Went Awry

I lash out at the incompetence
Society in its soul feels
Cringing, cowering at the impotence
Etiquette wills and deals
When for a few pieces of silver
Hoodlums in suburbs
Sell their soul to pour blood in the crimson river
Frothing occult herbs
Muggers kill for their perverted pockets to flood
With mutant money
They brandish in tinted cars
Where malevolence and indolence they conceal
In the small hours at boisterous bars
Drudgery deals they seal
To soporify the right
Who scrutinizes the weird wealth
They immerse in the fatal fright
They pour on the nation
Lumbered with the ambiguity
Of syncretism and the veneration
Of the dark divinity alongside its gratuity
Nourished in secluded saloons
Away from the public page
Where wizards and witches in their balloons
Fly on broomsticks of rage whose wage
Demands sacrificing innocent interests
Without batting a lid
Adhering strictly to rules
Masterminds impose to mislead
Spineless bloodsuckers hunting for dirty dough
Dreaming about driving Japanese jalopies
Rescued from Osaka and Hiroshima at a show
Where jalopy cemeteries in spite of pleas
Frown on the return to normalcy
Rejecting normal life
Opting for obduracy
And its attendant strife
When one location after another
Reports gassing

Neighbours mistrusting each other
Resorting to fussing
Burning to ashes
A punk they catch with chemicals in a rucksack
Sprinkling petrol on eyelashes
Gazing askance at the sack
Reduced to cinder
Emotions flying loose
Feelings frothing to surrender
Fervent freedom
For the sake of extravagance slavery
That thrives in the thieftom
Bereft of bravery
Quaking on the back of faith
Worshipping idols
Copying foreign cultures
Scoring own goals
Vaunting vultures and vapid vouchers
Imitating burial rites
Christening processes
Witchcraft bites
Kitchen party abcesses and excesses
Leading muses to comment
'What do you expect? '
Imitators would for themselves foment
Troubles in doubles like the imbecile insect
Knowing not whether they move forward
To worship the Devil
Or promote motes and notes of the laggard
Who unleashes in their bedrooms a plethora of evil.

John Sensele

Immense Feet

White Powder landed on Candy's tit.
Said White Powder, 'Tell dad to quit
Asking Mexico to build wall
At taxpayers' expense in Fall
Or else, anthrax will munch immense feet.'

John Sensele

Imminent Invitation To A Bad Ending

Beware not of the darkness of light
Fear the light of tinted glasses
You conceal in during sunlight
Assuming to you will come no minuses

You invite wrecking marriages
With consequences unwritten into the future
You slay in your crime carriages
Driving at night to your suture

Written on the wall
Your presumptions assume don't exist
Unless your moving coffins fall
As long as your offences persist

You drive moving wheels to your death
Running to you faster and faster
Unless you repent and renew true faith
You court sure disaster

Sounding the end of nonsense
You sow in light and darkness
Casting aside common sense
Cultivating a future filled with sadness

From which you can't escape
Till duplicity and stupidity you renounce
Unless death strikes your nape
In every ounce you bounce

Ignoring karma's warning
Bad you cast, bad you reap
Good you give, good you're gaining
It's up to you covenant with imminent end to keep

Remember luck doesn't come forever
If blood sucking grows
Sooner of later luck says again never
Foolishness its hide-out throws.

John Sensele

Imminent Or Latent Fuss On A Love Bus

Because you enjoy rights to encumbered time and space
To behave or dress as you please
Without interference bothering your face and surface
I deny you the bothersome disease that puts you ill at ease

In arenas where I shouldn't feature as a fly in the soup
That by inalienable right belongs to you
Excluding any dance in a loop whose scoop
Suggests no one else should glue

Nuisance in the arena
Where your whims and wishes reign supreme
Preventing a no brainer
From concocting a cantankerous cream

To spoil the oil in the coil
Whose toil captures the glamour
You flaunt as you taunt the sacred soil
On which I don the armour

That protects the honour
I deserve for sparing you any pain
You deem brings dishonor
In the rain train whose crane

Lifts the veil on the space in your shrine
Where I desist from violating the privacy
To which no grapevine or incline
Beneficiary or bereft of mercy

Should spell disaster
For either of us
As we resolve conundrums faster
To kick out once for all any imminent or latent fuss on our love bus.

John Sensele

Immutable Certainty

Facts are memorable and immutable,
Confounding doubts and putting lies to the sword
To silence every imponderable
In a consensus accord.

Confounding doubts and putting lies to the sword,
Facts twinkle like celestial stars
In a consensus accord
Whereby mediocrity hides in used cars and bars.

Facts twinkle like celestial stars,
Putting lies to bed
Whereby mediocrity hides in used cars and bars
At the cost of a loaf of bread.

Putting lies to bed
To silence every imponderable
At the cost of a loaf of bread,
Facts are memorable and immutable.

John Sensele

Impoverished African Nations

Yonder, fleshpots and creature comforts
Lies love, lofty life, living lads
Nimble norms, formal forts
Wives, widows, orphans whose pads

Bereft of beds, bread, butter
Staple seasoning, sumptuous samp
Boiled brisket, battered bans, burnt buns as a matter
Of neglect by a carousing camp

That worries about whims
To grow potbellies with a notorious neck
Who fattens and tames teams
Of kleptomaniacs and plutocrats who take

Voters for granted and reward looters
Who plunder national coffers to buy mansions
In Switzerland, the Bahamas and scooters
Which they flaunt to the detriment of impoverished African nations.

John Sensele

Impudent Instability

Slow down the flow of fatigue
Through tones and bones broken
Torn, blown bleary by intrigue
Driven inane when awoken

In anger and languor longer
Than warranted while wishes
To host happiness couldn't linger
In caravans and vans where din in drivels dishes

Strewn in stresses and races
Rumbling, fumbling, stumbling
Defacing fuss faces
Given to gambling and grumbling

In instances and stances incinerated by marauders
Overpowering and devouring order
In tandem with braided raiders
Sowing and growing disorder

Wherever their fantasies pitch up
Gallumphing on heads
Shaven unkempt whose scalp
Bumped reason to unmake bemused beds

Where dreary dreams drop dead
Crushing vestiges of hope
Sliced to smithereens made
Sadder in sties where souses conceal dope.

John Sensele

In 2017 Dream Big

Dream big

In 2017 as God opens

And brand new account of three hundred and sixty five days for a twig

That broke God's clocks in pristine pens.

Dream awake

In 2017 as God's favours

Shine upon those who break

Away from sins and make new endeavors.

Dream big and earn new vim

In 2017

When a new team with fresh cream

Deals fresh despite your pin din in a tin.

Dream big and save a twig

From a polluter

Whose gig

Praises phrases for an environment diluter.

John Sensele

In A Lion's Den

In a lion's den, steel your nerves
Kneel for a prayer and conquer demons
As fear serves no purpose when an angel serves
You a memorandum to freshen lessons from salvation sermons.

In a lion's den, sharpen your focus
Lest the big cat should put you on his menu
When your concentration vacillates and veers away from its locus
Of competence while the den teeters on the brink of a death venue.

In a lion's den, God empowers and showers
You with strength and skill beyond the natural
To conquer the beast within a few hours
As its roar grows increasingly guttural.

In a lion's den, fear no caustic consequences
As God for you, beside you and within you
Silences any deleterious circumstances
For your resolve, faith and determination to rise anew.

John Sensele

In Case

In case I step on innocent toes, I beg for forgiveness
In case I deliver a mediocre lecture, I must reteach
A whole lesson so that I harness
The full potential of students to whom I mustn't preach.

In case I wrong my wife, I beg to apologise
In case I let down my offspring and my grandsons
I ought to repent to incentivize
My dependants to ride in saloon cars, not at the back of vans.

In case I commit a traffic offence, I request traffic police to charge me
In case I act silly, I must mend my ways
To put my best foot forward, to adopt civility
In all future interactions without any further delays.

In case I fall short as a believer, I ought to plead
For God's mercy, for providence to grant me wisdom
To rise from the seat of my pants and lead
The way to amelioration and furtherance of God's kingdom.

In case I betray trust reposed in me by benefactors
In case I misread intentions of students in my custody
For me to groom into world beaters
I pledge to nip in the bud the root of such a malady.

John Sensele

In Defence Of Faith

Comfort in my blue jeans
Joy in my heart
Praise for African queens
Whom God makes smart.

Creed in my soul
Faith nourishing my life
God helps me meet my goal
Inspiring a blessing on my life.

Courage in adversity
I dare not crumble
In faith I walk forth in my city
God prevents my stumble.

Cognition in my career
I parade the serenade of diligence
As God brings down the barrier
The Devil sneaks into my intelligence.

John Sensele

In Everything

In everything you encounter, give appreciation pride of place
In every duty you perform, invest your best effort
In every experience you undergo, say thank you, for instance
That way, from everyone you'll receive a good report and support.

In every prayer you say, ask for wisdom and guidance
In every aspect of life you participate, provide solutions
In every argument in which you're drawn, opt for silence rather than offence
That way, from folks who matter you'll receive ovations.

In every city you visit, keep a low profile
In every relationship you enter, add value to lives of partners
In every word you utter, never be vile
That way, you'll receive affection from kindergartners.

In every step you take, consider options and alternatives
In every challenge you face, pause for a moment to gather clear thoughts
In every pickle in which you land, weigh your motives
That way, you'll avoid collecting a plethora of wrought noughts.

John Sensele

In God We Repose Our Trust

In God we trust as we must
Shaken, but our die isn't cast
Better days lie ahead of us
No time to despair or fuss.

In our lives, God stands firm
Shaken, but unbroken, we refuse to squirm
Tomorrow brings good tidings
No time to celebrate sorrow sidings.

God lifted us from the bottom of a pit
To Him forever beholden, we repeat
Proclaiming and declaiming his majesty
As we dispel any whiff of anxiety.

We affirm God inserts the fullstop
Ahead of us lies our bumper crop
Our hands reach out to grab
Regardless of illnesses our lives rub.

John Sensele

In God's Shield I Live

Ahead of me God clears obstacles and threats
Smiting to pieces weapons primed to bring me shame
Preventing and cancelling all my debts and nets
Cast to bring disrepute to my name.

I fear nothing cos I live in God's shield
That isolates the bulwark of my work
From machinations and fascinations that yield
Evil God won't allow for my soul to irk.

God towers bigger and stronger than any king
Supplying every skill, knowledge, value and belief
My soul desires to carry my mission in God's ring
Where in his time God allows no grief, but plenty relief.

Can't ask for more than to praise my creator
Who formed me and my destiny
According to his will enabling me to become a narrator
Of his omnipotence and omniscience regardless of any mucky mutiny.

John Sensele

In Limbo

Squeeze your feet in my shoes
Feel the hurt heaving in my heart
Heal the hurt that from my heart can't depart
No matter how much I dare to scatter the blues

Your foibles bring on me to bear
So long as you play the fool
Assuming you sound cool
When buffoons in their cartoons to you stare

Shouting and pouting for you to change
The way your roving eyes roam
Three hundred and sixty degrees to Rome
Where in their greed they seem strange

Poking from cupboards skeletons
For too long you conceal
Mistakenly believing your sanity seal
Rides in a plethora of planktons

That summersault in your mind
Making you feel ten feet tall
Kicking my pain in the stall
When with each fall your heart goes blind

Despite my plethora of pleas
For you to see sense
And restore the essence
Of the love you decrease.

John Sensele

In Limpid Love You And I Groove

From loneliness to love you and I move
Heaps of happiness for you and I we graze
When in genuine love we groove
Here you and I our love we improve
Stuck on each other, doubts and pouts you and I daze
From loneliness to love you and I move
If you and I assumptions of detractors we disprove
Cutting off oxygen from the duplicity of their gaze
Heaps of happiness for you and I we graze
Beyond a shadow of doubt, our hearts love they approve
Continually, you and I love standards we strive to raise
From loneliness to love you and I move
Fountains and mountains of doubt we disapprove
Swimming instead in rivers and slivers of our love craze
Heaps of happiness for you and I we graze
Devouring morsels of the love from hurdles we remove
Forging ahead as we chant our limpid love phrase
From loneliness to love you and I move
Heaps of happiness for you and I we graze

John Sensele

In Love You And I Trust

Your love in me drives delight
Dreaming sweet, dreaming bliss in my bed
As your love on me shines the spotlight

Enabling my affection to make the grade
Loving you more than you can imagine
Cos your love to me denotes more than bliss bread

When from your mind and mine doubts we clean
Paving the way for a more intuitive interaction
Built upon a foundation of trust we win

So long as you and I veer away from infatuation
Living to the fullest the limpid love we deserve
In every instance, circumstance and situation

Cos, my love, you and I purify our love preserve
To ensure love dignity and integrity our hearts serve.

John Sensele

In My Heart Of Hearts

The heart, I once clasped in my arms, lies breathless
Leaving me broken
Devoid of passion and happiness
No more laughter to share, no more soft nothings spoken.

The heart, which one beat in tune with mine, flies away
To Heaven where she sleeps in bliss forever
As the living on Earth search for a way
To fill the void left by a deceased lover.

The heart, which resonated to my soothing music, listens no more
Decibels from Nicki Minaj, Jason de Rulo and Ne Yo
As I open the door
For gentle feet to shine her glittering glow.

The heart, which once fed my vivid void, slumbers six feet under
After she ran her royal race
Reaching out in due course for her pristine prize without blunder
How I now miss my damsel dimples on that fabulous face!

John Sensele

In Silence

In silence, I monitor an undernourished baby's cry
When a mosquito hovering near my mosquito net
Maneuvers near a cot to bite the baby and to fly a lie
In which the gnat believes when it misses the target.

In silence, I gather my thoughts
When in the confines of my bedroom
Pictures and videos of daily failures and noughts
Assail my modus operandi, urging me to anticipate a boom.

In silence, I discard the din of the ratrace
Pitting one protagonist against an antagonist
Whose machinations waylay every trace
Of progressive initiatives to promote a pacific pianist.

In silence, I watch in horror the indifference
Society displays when gender based violence holds sway
Deleting any progress women register to reach a confluence
Where domestic issues resolve differences everyday.

In silence, my heart bleeds when a child repelled by parental neglect
Runs into streets of Kitwe Business District to a life of brutality
Sleeping in the open, feeding and scavenging for food crumbs tycoons elect
To discard with scorn, a semblance of extravagance and immaturity.

John Sensele

In That World I Don't Belong

Wicked world rewards thugs and haunted hugs
Rising in the scale of queens and ruins of bugs
Who step by step my welfare they redefine
Much as brutality and fatality to them fly fine

Devastating welfare for want of care
Creating in the middle and below fatality fare
Calamity erasing amity they can't reconcile
Contradictions and maledictions colliding and colluding in a pile

Slaying societal skies and tributary ties
As sorrow tomorrow flies, lies and multiplies
In its wake poverty in its novelty the poor punishes
While pesky poverty its pain never finishes

When tomorrow cries and dies stillborn
Sycophants in their cheeky chants blowing a horn
From motor vehicles in multiple cycles my tax buys
In livid lies living in city sties and ties to pesky pies.

John Sensele

In The Cusp Of A Love Blast

Mend and blend my heart
My love for you grow into an art
While your love tastes sweeter
In a love lozenge to me you send on Twitter.

Bend and end my unhappiness
Restore stores of my joyfulness
While love in me signifies unbroken bliss
Melting my armament in a French kiss.

Append your signature to my devotion
Ascend layers and stairs to my love potion
While we consign commitment into our hearts
Vowing no sensual surrender to uppish upstarts.

Send succulent signals to rekindle my love
Amend swings and wings of your love dove
While we replenish the niche of our ticklish trust
Serving our love libation in our limpid love crust.

John Sensele

In The Family Way

There was once a pupil who got pregnant.
She made up her mind to become stagnant.
Her dad went ballistic,
A fact that was automatic
In his repertoire of the malignant.

John Sensele

In The Lair Of My Affairs

In my lair
I seize life by her hair
Cos I'm fed up with the affair

In which folks go for broke
In harsh words and tones they spoke
Crushing my stark reality as they awoke

Feeling guilty
Cos stalking me became their utility
Frowning at the humility

I take in my stride
As they plot and slay my pride
When without an iota of shame they take me for a ride

Assuming their insidious acts never would boomerang
When calumny and salacious stories on their smart phones rang
With a boisterous bang and clung

To the past they can't escape
Although humble pie they ape
In vain with sorrow on the nape

That laughs at the folly
They flaunt as they taunt Polly
To delight Molly

Who by my side stood
Resolute in a neighbourhood
Often derided, more often misunderstood

Although I lay no claim
To the lair in which I play no game
With friends and foes none of whom I invite to shame their name.

John Sensele

In The Nick Of Time

In the nick of time, feelings feel empty
When words weave worms
That echo Humpty Dumpty
In a sentimental setting that squirms.

In the nick of time, nip in the bud
Any incipient ingredient
Which crushes with a thud
A deal that turns out to be expedient.

In the nick of time, let her go
If freedom is her fervent desire
Although in the process you forgo
A heart that sets your emotions on fire.

In the nick of time, decide on the best course
Of action in this pesky palaver
That irritates your boss and indicates a loss
In which her volcano spews lascivious lava.

In the nick of time, don't rescind the decision
For your life to move on
Burying the past behind with precision despite derision
From detractors who claim lack of temerity in your tone.

In the nick of time, slam the door shut
Despite her plea for a second chance
To reopen negotiations in her hut
Which now mirrors nonchalance, memory distance and imbalance.

In the nick of time, hurt hurtles along
As a dead flame fights for survival
When uppermost on your mind sounds a gong
To remind you she now belongs to your arch rival.

In the nick of time, hope fades
In the face of betrayal
She inflicted on you for decades
When staying power and resilience underwent under her watch a tough trial.

In the nick time, severance serves your interests better
When she reaps the fruit of the labour
She injected in the messy matter
Screwed up, spun and skewed in public at her sorority bar.

John Sensele

In The Realm Of Limpid Love

Limpid love doesn't burn
Cos lovers get the vivid value in return
Sharing quality time and caring
If limpid concludes they're truly caring
Each other's concerns they prioritize
With no further ado to analyze
But sacrifice uppermost features
In the spirit of more than sentimental signatures
Caroused
Espoused
In letter and spirit
True love to greet
Not because flattery matters
Or extravagance flatters
But because love dares the selfless
Denying space for careless
Pursuits of exploitation
Or puerile flirtation
Imbued with mundane motives
That grant no room to affable alternatives.

John Sensele

In The Twilight Of Twenty Eighteen

Blessings, graces and favours cling
Waste not your best shot on a fling
Neither should you idolize nor aggrandize bling

For your best assets lie deep inside
Surpassing the bubbly beauty outside
Putting puny pride to a side

As more purposeful grows your pilgrimage
To elevate your spiritual and mental image
Rather than flattering or fiddling with petty plumage

Scintillating like petals of a flower one moment
Succumbing and surrendering a moment later in torment
Slain at sunset with neither further ado nor cursory comment

Splashing in your mouth a tangy taste
For such a pitiful pursuit in a haste
To reap and heap into your pale palms a drowsy dose of distate.

John Sensele

In The Vortex Of Love

Deep into the vortex of love, savour sublime moments of bliss
Deep into the vortex of love, inure yourself from strictures
To fly and float on cloud nine as you dismiss
The past and tomorrow alongside their inhibition pictures.

Deep into the vortex of love, articulate sentiments and osculate
Deep into the vortex of love, ensure you reap maximum pleasure
To fly and float to tryst where lovers dilate
Their deserved moments of glory and maximize their leisure.

Deep into the vortex of love, close your eyes to reason
Deep into the vortex of love, entwine in each other's arms
To unite two beating hearts once held in the prison
Erected by prying spies and lying eyes who vaunt qualms.

Deep into the vortex of love, put cortex to sleep
Deep into the vortex of love, embrace with grace moments of glory
To ignore the snore of a smartphone beep
That at an inopportune moment rewrites your love story.

John Sensele

In The Wilderness Of Sadness

Tears from my eyes I cry
Fears from my mind I fry
When for comfort my illusion I entertain
Shielding the delusion in public I sustain

Treating a suspect like a leper
Whose reputation with ridicule I pepper
In view of his plight
Which on my morality sheds no light

I can shine
To the double standard I define
Taking advantage of the suspect's low ebb
To spin on his broken limbs the spider web

That some day will eat my pride
So long as the suspect's bride
I purloin to prove my might
When in greedy gratification I delight

Although my own foibles fumble
Gambling in the trap I stumble
Unless humility I push upfront
And on the suspect I desist from pouring undue affront.

John Sensele

In Tough Times

In tough times, don't collapse
Though pain inside tears your fabric
Through every neuron, every synapse
Bear pressure like a balcony brick.

In tough times, don't weep
Though tears on your face threaten to flow
Instead let hope peep in your sleep
Bear pressure, bear your blow to glow.

In tough times, don't curse
Though friendship circle shrinks
As bucks evaporate from your purse
Bear pressure, imbibe not dissipation drinks.

In tough times, don't contemplate self pity
Though options get fewer and fewer
Instead carry yourself with dignity
Bear pressure as God sends you a cure for sure.

John Sensele

In Your Life

In your life, give each venture your best shot
When you commit your signature to a course of action
In which integrity, intrepidity, temerity, serendipity, pity and serenity ought to
blot
Out any trace, stress and space for disaffection, disillusion, dissipation and
dissolution.

In your life, ensure you indulge in productive pursuits
Chosen with care, caution and dare to lend help to anyone
Who cries out for assistance in circumstances where suits
On their frame mustn't determine whether you grant or don't grant them a loan.

In your life, hobnob with folks from all walks of life
For God may send angels disguised as beggars or the blind you deride
By the roadside where they beg for alms not because they desire to quaff
But because society has turned a blind eye on their plight and the rich injure
their pride.

In your life, tap every talent you possess
To carve a niche for yourself under the sun be it in music, poetry or soccer
Drama, hospitality, haute couture or boxing to alleviate the stress
You impose on your siblings by constantly gambling, shambling and playing
poker.

John Sensele

Incognito

Vice vilifies
Beauty beautifies
Mellowness mollifies.

Ability aggrandizes
Sanity surprises
Vanity vandalizes.

Prudence pacifies
Knowledge notifies
Humility unifies.

Blunders break
Enmities ache
Wishes wreck.

Whips worsen
Habits hasten
Favours fasten.

Solidarity seals
Happiness heals
Freedom feels.

Bravery builds
Youth yields
Womanhood wields.

Class qualifies
Tension terrifies
Decorum dignifies.

Dignity dazes
Amity amazes
Prayer praises

God in his splendor
Whether from a viceroy or a vendor
In the end, God evaluates every tender.

John Sensele

Inconsolable Coast

When impertinence and insolence shoot up
In my baloney base
Bereft of intelligence in the map
Promoting puny pride, distress dances on the face

That eats up the status
Pontification from my pesky pride stresses
In the wake of the hiatus
I paint and vent on subnormal surfaces

Where I ought to balance the lack
Of tact tenets I tender
In order to knead the knack
Ill manners supply to a venomous vendor

Misguiding and misleading the attitude
Saluting and supporting petulance sanity can't stand
In the way to clients I vent a haughty habitude
They resent cos it bruises the benevolence brand

I take for granted
Clinging in my mind to a fantasy phantom
I worship, decorating it ranted
When I entrust my future to torrid Tom

Who though accommodated augments the arrogance
That unnerves clients and colleagues
Whom I annoy with the distance I advance
In defeated and deflated listless leagues

Which tolerance loathes
When I draw satisfaction from my boast
Believing it yields support swathes
Until a cross cannibalizes my comfort coast.

John Sensele

Incontinent Inconvenience

A beige marriage for a sage
In a deluge and siege of mortals and portals
Seem so hard to find because the pledge
Couples communicate take their toll

When lies in pies of sties
Burst open and hurt
Looms large because cries
The cheated blurt

Spell, sell and tell a sad story
Hidden hind and fore
To paint not a dent, not gory
Gamble in ensemble that no more can hind folklore

Steeped in heaps and sweeps
Whence pretence in the presence of insolence
And truth on Earth weeps
Because it can no longer condone incontinent inconvenience.

John Sensele

Inconvenient Guts

Behind my back they whisper
I no longer matter
As my fortunes fail to prosper
While my hope prospects scatter

Clothes I wear they claim don't fit
While soles of my shoes and heel bend
Shirt sleeves tear and quit
Manners and thought patterns send

The wrong signal to friends who for me pray
Day and night despite disliking the guts
That they claim go astray
Driving them nuts

Besides spoiling the fun
They derive from painting me blue
In March, April, May and June
While they argue their assessment rings true

When they suppress my freedom
Wondering what I see in Irene
Who goes out of her way to slay boredom
To make my life both supple and serene

Although I don't care what they think
Leaving me bold and defiant
Whether their glasses clink or wink
As I persist in refusing to become pliant.

John Sensele

Indefatigable Moms

Moms: love leaders who sacrifice their comfort
For nine mad months to carry and ferry a fussy foetus
In their wagging wombs, giving him oxygen, nutrients and support
While their appetite plays gastronomical games without a hiatus.

Moms: compassionate care givers who spend nervy nights
With hearts in their mouths wondering if the next day
Will smile on their fretting John who fights
To kick the bucket at the slightest excuse in prank or play.

Moms: brave budget bosses who with little cash
Perform miracles to buy improved ingredients, put meals on their tables
Cook mouth-watering morsels of offals and brisket with a dash
Of magic which only moms possess to create from nothing doubles.

Moms: tender tested towers of strength who enrol their offspring
In school, bathe protesting sons and daughters whom they dress
Ready for school with a pencil, an eraser and everything
Offspring need to assimilate knowledge, skill and belief to inflict on ignorance
distress.

John Sensele

Indifferent Dismissal

Here pondering tomorrow's path we sigh
As pros and cons we weigh
To sift fact from lie
When a caution card we opt to display.

Here rummaging through the past littered with unkindness
Hearts in our mouths, trust blown apart
We determine to forge ahead despite sadness
To cheer and veer nigh a large heart.

Here groping for answers we smile
As on our side stands the Almighty God
Who blesses every soul despite their bile
Whether in due course they blow hot or cold.

Here seething with wrath we take a deep breath
As sanity advises reconciliation
With merchant of calumny and death
For peace and harmony are our portion.

Here reminiscing about love our faith preaches we pray
As faith burns seeds of animosity
To tend an olive branch to foes without delay
Because from our hearts bottom springs generosity.

John Sensele

Infatuation Incidence

When, to my consternation, I insist on infatuation
Couched in coquettish conspiracy
Designed, demented and devoted to the evaluation
Domiciled in domestic dysfunction, I object to obduracy and piracy.

When, to my detriment, I hasten to hide away from home
To domicile my doggedness into a shanty shamble shack
Shame shouts 'Don't diss Diana, Tom! '
As I fall flat at the sound of the family flack.

When, to my surprise, I denounce dormancy
Doubled to a crescendo
I plead for mercy for the fantasy
That without a doubt engenders an interminable innuendo.

When, to my shock, I risk my rest
For the sake of a flirtatious fling
Brought about by a cruel quest contest
I osculate openly, berate bling boast and swing my wretched wing.

John Sensele

Infestors And Investors

Gladden twits, sadden and madden cheats
Treat time with respect, greet the downtrodden
Brighten up career prospects, threaten rogue beasts
When wild elephants steal veggies from a garden.

Gladden knowledge advance, sadden and madden arrogance
Treat the poor well, greet widows
Brighten orphans, threaten a lascivious glance
When a ladida tom-peeps through narrow windows.

Gladden humanitarianism, sadden and madden extreme capitalism
Treat partners with dignity, greet a marriage formality
Brighten up business prospects, threaten hegemonism
When mighty armadas desecrate a sacristy.

Gladden broken families, sadden and madden envy
Treat traffic laws well, greet international investors
Brighten up national wealth, threaten a dishonesty bevy
When domestic insecurity hastily sneaks in malevolent infestors.

John Sensele

Infestors, Unbidden Harvesters

Infestors in our lives abound
In our pleasure, our leisure, our treasure
Found on the ground our feet pound
In the illusion seizure and amnesia

We grow when blows
Whip us at the core of our faith
When sorrow throws
With fast breath

On our neck they breathe
Our bliss to steal
In their seethe
Of anger they deal

With a smile on the face
They show and draw
In depth and on the surface
In each claw bereft of law

In your flesh they sink
With rolling eyes
To blink, wink and clink
In the pyres, in the fires

They light without a fight
Giggling, wriggling
As their grip grows tight with every bite
Infestors sting in their bling, on their wing as to your sorrow they cling.

John Sensele

Infinitesimals

In awe I bow to Gottfried Leibnitz
Who for Calculus confirmation confronted Isaac Newton
In a blistering brain battle blitz
By the month, by the week, by the tangent tone

I immortalize if I should cannonize Calculus
When huge numbers flee Riemann Spaces rigour
Joining in droves an exodus to Unilus
Preferring by telepathy to pull the trigger

Breaking the lucidity and logic of the logarithm
To fete facile factorization
Claiming in there lies the breath of biorhythm
I label arrogant amortization, pedantry polarization

Swerving, unnerving
Humanity' s march towards indefinite integration
If perforce I should shamble, delving
Into covert contemplation of differentiation

From first principles
Through the Calculus of functions of functions
Via product rule and quotient rule principals
To the grandeur inherent in differential equation eruditions.

John Sensele

Information Technology

Information mediated electronically enables

Numerous numerical processing,

First digital data storing machine was Ferranti Mark I from Manchester university,

Optical devices store digital data

Random access memory plays a vital role,

Magnetic drums once stored vast amounts of data

Analog data overtaken by electronic data,

Terrabyte storage capacity available,

Internet-friendly,

Oracle made first relational database management system,

Novel effects: automation, information and transformational in business and industry.

Technology powers artificial intelligence,

Electronic digital data stored in in hundreds of exabytes,

Computer hardware and software essential,

Hard disks still stored larger quantities of data,

Normalise and modernise all aspects of daily life.

Obviously addictive!

Local area networks play a vital role,

Operating systems drive all computers,

GIGO is one of its favourite acronyms,

Yes, globalisation thoroughly depends on Information and Communication Technologies.

John Sensele

Initiatives To Sail A Venture Sack

Initiatives to sail a venture sack

Gained prominence and essence in a hallowed site
To ply new skies until peace came back.

In the event of a foe stabbing the undefeated's back
Rabid dogs would fight
Initiatives to sail a venture sack.

To counteract malicious maneuvers, the undefeated decided to crack
Codes of encrypted messages and took to flight
To ply new skies until peace came back.

The undefeated persevered despite the lack
Of support and good rapport from his inner circle who opted to fight
Initiatives to sail a venture sack.

The undefeated fled to a forlorn shack
Where circumstances and foes invoked the right
To ply new skies until peace came back.

The undefeated swore to scatter a hostile pack
Of wolves which cajoled his Nemesis to invite
Initiatives to sail a venture sack
To ply new skies until peace came back.

John Sensele

Injustice Smokescreens

By dint of determination, sprint
Towards the prize you deserve to serve
With distinction folks and blokes who hint
At self reliance with nerves of steel and verve.

Equal opportunities and vanities squint
Against one another in folks' quest
To carve a niche under the sun where they mint
Gold, silver or bronze as they toil in their nest.

Folks moil and toil to boil a meagre
Living in economic scenarios that oppress
The vulnerable and impress the venerable too eager
To amass masses of cash and exploit the poor under duress.

While fair play and fair pay displays appear
Like dead statues on statutes, in reality a smokescreen
Teeming with injustice and armistice for kleptomaniacs fly clear
Of any attempt at equity as hearts fast grow mean.

John Sensele

Inquisition Ink

There was once a stiff inquisition
That condemned folks' imagination
On flimsy grounds
In fake surrounds
To defend a phony notion.

John Sensele

Insane Incredibility

Today's ecologists, when they warn
About ravages of climate change that slay a swan
Singe Paradise City in California
Put to the sword Macedonia, Catalonia and Estonia
Cynics and critics label ecologists a wet blanket
Who preaches to the converted and panders to a fake science racket.
Demagogues belittle ecologists at the slightest excuse
Lamponing Science, claiming it's science abuse
Pretentious at best
Trivial at worst
Which they consign to history's dustbins
Teeming with hoaxes, jinxes, pins and sins.
Meanwhile, glaciers melt, sea levels rise
In Winter, in Summer, at sunup, at sunrise.
El Nino wreaks havoc
Less manioc per hectare bloc.
Rain patterns unpredictable
Facts remain immutable
Despite incredibility
In the midst of utter unintelligibility and odious observability.

John Sensele

Insanity & Vanity Versus Verity

If fame in names with no claim
To any title whose battle hurtles along
As time to climb the same
Slope whose crops and soaps belong

To higher ideals which deal
In facts intact in every respect
Details that sail South to bail out peels
That escape the nape of disrespect

In prisons where treason
Without a reason to educate
Semi somnolence and obsolence whose ransom at random sips poison
To end the bend that couldn't fend for a pate which of late

Lost a toast on the coast of a boast
Grown too hollow, too sallow
Yesterday, today and tomorrow due to a frigid frost
That vanity and insanity paint yellow.

John Sensele

Inside And Outside

Human nature sometimes stumbles
Frailty winning the battle
Wallowing in mumbles and grumbles
Indulging in tittle tattle.

Human nature sometimes smiles
Warmth beaming on facilitating faces
Singing succour for miles and miles
Indulging deeper that sentimental surfaces.

Human nature sometimes speculates
Itching to for greener grass on the other side
If a lass osculates
Inside her mind to defeat the dribble outside.

Human nature sometimes blesses
Helping and propping up the need
Whether the needy dangle laces
Or plead for a salvation seed.

John Sensele

Instances And Circumstances

In circumstances of amiability, hostility or debility
Cast your eyes on the hand of God that guides your every step
Blesses your life, showers visions that offer a possibility
For your growth, your broth, your cloth to rise on a steep slope.

Under no circumstances should you allow the spectre of failure
To blot out the bright future God has set ahead of you
Despite ripples, steeples, staples, apples and nipples that for a moment cast a
lure
That distracts your attention and your plans screws in a blue queue.

In every circumstance of warmth, of coldness, of indifference, of petulance
Keep eyes on the ball, on the bigger picture
So you can with determination, caution and action shunt aside impertinence
To stand tall, to walk with a spring in your step as you visualize and realize a
great future.

Circumstances in your life mix ups, flats and downs
Because the cycle of life is a roller coaster that thrills the determined
Drills the undermined and offers opportunities for clowns
To strut their stuff even when sidelined.

John Sensele

Integrity & Temerity

Here alive we strive
For all it's worth
In this forsaken forest where we arrive
Bereft of cloth and sloth

Denuding and deluding our feeble phantom
Stuck on our back in a sack so black
It terrifies a peeping tom
Whose evil eye about to crack

A code that spies encoded in ciphers
That make no sense either in essence
Or sapience because disciples of Lucifers
Grown too dense and too tense

Give up the fight for supremacy
Because we drive a hard bargain
To fight plutocracy and aristocracy in favour of meritocracy
In lands where there's so much for integrity and temerity to gain again and
again.

John Sensele

Internet Blues

A lover honeymooned a spinster
Who sank sedatives into his star
That knocked out his system.
Said spinster, 'Lover, lame.
I'll run over you in my blue car.'

John Sensele

Internet Pests

Licking his indolent lips with glee
A hacker fumbled with gismos to pee
In his smelly pants
'Cos he couldn't match slick ants
Who avoided swiping files from any bee.

John Sensele

Internet Skunks

Skunks pee like internet thieves
Whose only claim to fame leaves
A stench that's so evil
It overdoes the devil
With whom they wield knives.

John Sensele

Into God's Arms I Roll

In moments when bells of strain toll
In a world I feel forsaken
Into God's arms I heed my call
No point if they rate my option droll
God states alright if I'm so mistaken
In moments when bells of strain toll
Right groove and move if in the salvation street my burdens stroll
In my struggles, God ensures my soul never grows into a token
Into God's arms I heed my call
In testy times, God inscribes my name on a prayer payroll
If only from my mouth genuine prayers are spoken
In moments when bells of strain toll
God in these sorrows seals soothing control
My tepid tenets, God's angels ensure they are awoken
Into God's arms I heed my call
With renewed hope and vigour, I saunter into an angelic atoll
Despite multitudes of confusion, contusion and delusion so broken
In moments when bells of strain toll
Into God's arms I heed my call.

John Sensele

Introspection

Look at your image in the mirror
Scrutinise the face you see
Smile, smile, don't holler
If the reflected monster shows no glee.

Look at your life under a microscope
To check if the face radiates joy.
Your world needs to gain hope
Friendship, tolerance and love you deploy.

Look at your heart, not your wallet
To see how much love in your heart
You pack in large dose, not scarlet
Indifference that in your life plays a big part.

Look at your faith, does it teach love?
Does your faith preach and spread vengeance and intolerance?
If faith nourishes love, dear, soar above
Mundane mumbles, grumbles, squabbles and make a difference.

Look at values you hold dear
Do these values enrich or impoverish?
If these values starve affection, steer clear
Dear, people around you cherish before you perish like fetid fish.

Look at your philosophy face again
Do you see a sea of frowns?
If your jungle germinates jealousy germs, dear, regain
Bearings and for therapy join a bevy of clowns.

John Sensele

Inverted Retainers

Give love a chance to grow
Give up jealousy that's stifling opportunities
For love to blossom, to bloom. Don't blow
Away chances to nourish love in seas of certainties.

Sieve attitudes and vicissitudes that manifest
Deformities, oddities and proclivities to strangle the love
You desire to set alight and put your best
Foot forward since no solution rains from Heaven above.

Thorns of jealousy and corns of suspicion
Plague relationships and repel partners
Who soon tire of the pitch black darkness in your mission
To stalk your soulmate who longs for more than inverted retainers.

A miniscule dose of jealousy lubricates a relationship
In need of minor repairs provided jealousy
Doesn't rock the boat from which you chip
Away at the vulnerable love in dire need of mercy.

John Sensele

Invest In An Important Attitudinal Improvement

Invest in a quest

To perform better, to reform performance

From better to best

Until kaizen changes your philosophy into a search for excellence.

Invest in a test

To improve friendship

That consigns mediocrity to the rest

So as to heighten the quality of your real relationship.

Invest in a self reflection inspection

To raise the quality of any task

You undertake alongside related action

To ensure in your current glory you don't bask.

Invest in gratitude

For all favours, graces and blessings

God showers on you to alter your attitude

As in Heaven your guardian angel sings.

John Sensele

Invitation To A Bad Ending

Beware not of the darkness of light
Fear the light of tinted glasses
You conceal in during sunlight
Assuming to you will come no minuses

You invite wrecking marriages
With consequences unwritten into the future
You slay in your crime carriages
Driving at night to your suture

Written on the wall
Your presumptions assume don't exist
Unless your moving coffins fall
As long as your offences persist

You drive moving wheels to your death
Running to you faster and faster
Unless you repent and renew true faith
You court sure disaster

Sounding the end of nonsense
You sow in light and darkness
Casting aside common sense
Cultivating a future filled with sadness

From which you can't escape
Till duplicity and stupidity you renounce
Unless death strikes your nape
In every ounce you bounce

Ignoring karma's warning
Bad you cast, bad you reap
Good you give, good you're gaining
It's up to you covenant with imminent end to keep

Remember luck doesn't come forever
If blood sucking grows
Sooner of later luck says again never
Foolishness its hide-out throws.

John Sensele

Jamie And Janice

In the morning, Jamie and Janice readied their gauntlets to probe
The range of opportunities and festivities to sanitise the robe
That for too long contrived to sneak a pesky wedge
Between Jamie and Janice and to block their love page.

In the afternoon, Jamie and Janice plucked courage and defied
Taboos families cited and quoted to keep them apart with tired
Tricks, wicks, clicks and prices dating back to generations
Of antipathy, enmity propped up by years of futile observations.

In the evening, Jamie and Janice made up their minds to elope
If the move would enable longing hearts to jump on the slope
Of hopes for too long thwarted by hardened attitudes
With neither rhyme nor reason with offered mere platitudes.

At night, Janice breaking away from decorum sneaked out of her home
Donning translucent lingerie, hopped over her window and flew to Rome
With Jamie to breathe fresh air, to freshen her hair in a lair
Where she entwined, dined and wines with Jamie. They became a loving pair.

John Sensele

Janet's Planet

Janet slapped fate on the jetset planet
No cash, no hash, no bash for the internet
Where love leapt out, greed your feet swept
Distended dreams in stranded streams crept and wept

Jilted Janet jerked at the bling and fling
Swimming, trimming the valour in the sling
Crushing vestiges of hope
Sliding and gliding on the slope

Spilling seas of dysfunction in a heart torn between forgiveness
Dismissal of the missal you paraded and the responsiveness
Your exploitation aroused
As your greed espoused and roused

Disgust in forlorn feelings tearing the last strings
Fatalism strummed on banjos whose rings
Couldn't restrain rains of tears
Janet poured to excise tonnes of fears

That hitherto glued her captive to charms
Illusions and delusions felt in arms on farms
That once spelled and yelled comfort
Until your egregious intrigue yanked her into storming out of your fort.

John Sensele

January Jams

January reminds
Profligate lads and lasses
Their kinds
Suffer pecuniary pains befitting their classes.

January stalks families
Who in December
Squander funds on Willy nillies
Forgetting to cater for tuition fees for a family member.

January jokes with junk
Embarked upon
By dads who imitate a skunk
To pass water in Babylon.

January salary
Seems more than thirty days away
In home riveted to usury
Where debt damns nutrition every other day.

John Sensele

Jawdropper

Jawdropper, the Earth is an old bone
On which pedigrees of dare devils have broken their canines
Attempting to strip bare but leave alone
After finding out the bone is too strong for their cutting machines.

Jawdropper, humble yourself and the Earth will teach you a trick or two
On how to live longer
Attempting to reach old age with a rare clue
After finding out the old bone despite its frail bearing is far stronger.

Jawdropper, call yourself robber or rapper
But the Earth that's been around for aeons
Will bring you down with your draper
If you feel you can stretch puny years into millions.

Jawdropper, respect age and age will spirit you to your pinnacle
But invectives and expletives ought to evaporate from diction
If the old bone teeming with wisdom should anoint you in its tabernacle
When sanity and maturity bless your mission to fruition.

John Sensele

Jealousy

Jousts jugglers who play with fire,
Elicits feelings of self destruction,
Afflicts insecure folks,
Lobs masochism pips,
Opens Pandora's boxes,
Unveils vistas of vipers,
Simulates somnambulism trips,
Yields breakdowns in relationships.

John Sensele

Jealousy Joust

Jealousy is an infected computer
Whose vibrant viruses and worms wiggle like female anopheles mosquitoes
That burrow into relationship liver like plasmodia
To infect couples' mother bodies, operating systems and impair software.

Jealousy is toothache
Gone insane, grown in pain
In gums and teeth of love
Where it chews strength and hews breath to death.

Jealousy is an earthquake
Shaking foundations, walls, and pylons of affection
Tearing and smashing skyscrapers in which
Couples grew and brewed love from a slab to a roof.

Jealousy is a tropical hurricane
That picks up moisture of destruction and heat
To singe beyond hinges beddings, kitchen utensils
Furniture, fixtures until love grows into an internally displaced person or an
unwanted refugee.

John Sensele

Jelly Knees

Many thanks I failed to say today
Died in fears I felt on this day
I made up my mind to express gratitude
But fell short because in the way stood Attitude

Urging me to shut up or else Attitude would freak out
Spill the beans, pout, tout her clout and expose the doubt
Society felt in assessing my strength
Which Attitude claims was short in length

But long on verbosity
Attitude claimed in her pomposity
Leading me to wonder why the opportunity I lost
Would haunt me some day soon and the cost

Would coerce me to kneel in supplication
For you to accept my apology application.
I guess it's not too late to say thank you
For kindnesses I'll tap when foibles strike me anew.

John Sensele

Jeopardy

Sea water swims high
Swallows land, kills employment
Territory dwindles.

John Sensele

Jesus For You In All Cases

Walk not in dread
In hope and faith do tread
Your faith dare not shred

Cast your eye and net on the positive
May your supplication and intercession grow redemptive
With God's grace be assertive

In your spiritual life
As away from the core of your soul steers strife
Your lips playing the providential fife

God bestows on you
Ensuring you act on cue
Because Jesus ensures blessings flow anew

Whether storms around you rage
Straining and stretching your courage
Squeezing strength from wobbling knees an outrage

You know misplaces
Its significance in spiritual places
Cos Jesus stands by you in all cases.

John Sensele

Jim And Jill

Jim and Jill's misunderstandings grew in size
In proportion to the quiver of their quarrels
Over lives cast in a blast of the past and flat flames
Which hurried and hustled to honour past glory
Despite Jim and Jill moving on to happier horizons
Where heaving hearts charted a courteous course.

'Twas always an obtuse option to fan flames
Alive, asinine, active on a crisscross course
To confuse and contuse the present for the glory
Lived long ago which ought to sink and blink in size
Lest it spun barrels and serials of quarrels
That dimmed and dwarfed honest horizons.

Accommodating and adopting past glory
Meant to seamlessly meld past and new horizons
To stimulate differences and to increase the size
Scope of past life despite claiming the demise of flames
Once strong and sterling in the course
Of ironing out quantum mired in the quagmire of quarrels.

Cupboard skeletons and creature comfort secrets off course
Bode badly on joy and threat size
When the past cast shadows on horizons
Meant to create joy but instead fed quarrels
Arising from tired tactics on love glory
Because prurient parameters promoted failed flames.

As long as walking-dead love swept horizons
While cossetting assets and swathes of flirty flames
That like Humpty Dumpty rang and sprang quarrels
Possibilities of pervasive peace could only serve a first course
Meal in a deal, fill, bill, skill and bill whose size
Couldn't dwindle fast enough to bury past love glory.

Feuds, dudes, nudes and moods quadrupled quarrels
If Jim and Jill basked in the task of the glory
Of the past without paying due attention to the course

Embraced and endorsed to ensure old flames
Didn't increase unduly to shrink status quo's service, scope and size.

Tongue-and-cheek quarrels would strangle next horizons
If the grade of glory flaunted, fed and flew past flames
In the course of allotting sentimental space and time didn't mirror sample size.

John Sensele

Jo Cox

The star of Jo Cox scintillated and twinkled as a humanitarian
Plying her altruistic trade and grade with a generous heart
In cruel corners of this perfidy-ridden planet when Jo ran
Risks of various radii and rendezvous but Jo played her part
With flying colours. In twenty fifteen, Jo Cox won
A salient seat in the British Parliament becoming a rising star
Who debated rebates and issues with verve, nerve and fervour as one
Genuinely caring and daring mother of two whose car
Rode far and wide in her constituency. Beloved Jo, beloved Jo
Though your forty one years tell a great tale, you fell when a murderer
Wielding a gun and a knife caused strife, choosing to forgo
Sensitivity and sensibility, taking away your precious future, dear.
Fare thee well, Jo Cox, rare pearl, you ran your race with distinction
Heartfelt zeal to heal broken lives with neither rancour nor discrimination.

John Sensele

Jo, Mike And Shino

Grandpa Shino, Jo and Mike full of joy,
Frolicked in Lizzy's in sitting room and watched kid
Cartoons on Gotv, played Jean Rummy until a friend
Of Lizzy's timidly knocked at her front door and interrupted their play
Which Jo was winning when Mike scattered playing cards under the pretence
Jo played rough when he hid an ace until it turned grey.

Because of the one-thousand kilometre bus trek from Kitwe to Senanga, grandpa
had grown a few more grey
Hairs. However, buoyed by the lack of pretence
He anticipated from Mike and Jo who would treat him like a kid
To whom they'd grant unreserved permission to play
With them and by them because in grandpa Shino they saw a trusted friend.
Apart from God who's a friend to all, grandpa Shino was a bosom friend
To both Jo and Mike, a friend whose grey
Hair carried a plethora of wisdom, but they could also play
With grandpa Shino from whom they were sure to extract maximum joy.

After all, wasn't grandpa Shino like them a kid?
Moreover, he was a sage from whom they expected neither offence, indifference
nor pretence.
Mike and Jo saw the adults' world as a cocoon of pretence
Where adults differed, quarrelled and said rotten words behind the back of a
friend
Who was absent and whom gossipers treated like a bad-tempered kid
Who deserved harsh treatment whether he had little or much grey
Hair and who in their view deserved as little joy
As possible given that he disliked with other elders to play.

Mike grabbed Shino's mobile phone while Shino and Jo chose to play
Scrabble on the kitchen table while pretence
Scrammed like a wet chicken to wreak havoc. Mirth bonds brimming with joy
Greeted Shino and Jo while bonds berated Mike's friend
Who dropped Shino's phone on the floor where its grey
Face tore to pieces. Shino shook his head and wiped away tears on the face of
the inconsolable kid.

Mike, Jo and Shino sauntered to a nearby shop corridor and gave a plate of hot
rice to a street kid

Who slept rough on a bare floor where street kids would play
Rough, talk rough, behave rough and push rough as skies turned grey.
Heads shook in disapproval as the play
Street kids staged left no pretence
Whatever about their intention to kill and steal joy
Felt by the smallest and weakest of their friend
Who threw himself at Shino and began to tug at his grey
Grey trousers when on him landed a slap from another street kid.
Horrified by the turn of events, the strongest street kid
Lunged forward and told kids to stop the play.

He mopped and dusted Shino's grey
Hair and with no further pretence
Said, 'Grandpa Shino, we hereby grant you the status of trusted friend
Because elders like you are a source of boundless joy.'
Delighted like a kid, Shino cast aside any pretence,
Combed his grey hair and asked actors to resume the play
Under his direction as director and friend to share abundant joy.

John Sensele

John

Justified in God's plan and clan to
Offer academic lessons and to invest in the
Heart of Mathematics education in his
Nation and in the global village.

John Sensele

John Lewis

John Lewis at eighty one
Your way to Heaven you've won
On Edmund Pettus bridge you skull they broke
Freedom speech you spoke

With Martin Luther King our fight you fought
Lynchings our folks suffered but freedom we caught
To redeem our dignity
As we fought iniquity

Paving the way for our rights to shine
Politics and economics for African Americans we redefine
To earn a measure of prosperity
Carving activists a legacy posterity

Will treasure beyond measure
As you paved the way for Barack Obama to treasure
The honour of Uncle Sam presidency
Offering poise and political consistency

That has evaporated from the White House
Where vitriol rears his ugly head in the louse
That divides America on racial lines
As your demise to us mirrors memorable mines

You exploited through your contributions in activism
Fighting to the bitter end atavism
As we salute you, brave warrior
Some day soon we'll break the racial nd Pettus

John Sensele

Joy In Every Toy

The crown of life smiles at folks who don't frown
Regardless of how dire spires of circumstances may get
For frowns rob folks of vitality until their noun
Resembles an assembly of forsaken folks who forget
How good life can get when its food consists
Of a diet rich in smiles, in jokes and in humour
Dished out East, West, North and South with wits
Intended to tickle, to pickle wrinkles till the armour
Of joy, mirth, happiness envelops every aspect
That matters at work, at home, at leisure, at church
When a project to inject, infect, protect and select
Sources of contentment and enjoyment leaves in the lurch
Seas of misery and usury. Promote the vote for the motto of joy
Every time, in every lime, in every clime and in every toy.

John Sensele

Judging And Urging Friends Away

Reserve judgment
Accept where and how you find people
Instead of seeing in them the imaginary element
You find simple and supple

To earn you disappointment and frustration
When people play and pray
The best way they know how without your remonstrations
Leading them further and further astray

When facts contradict
Your perception of reality
That fails to meet the standard you predict
Must abide by the finality

You view in the mirror
Grown and thrown overboard
By the furor and terror
That fly and cry on board

Images you create
To suit the pigeonholes
You infiltrate and penetrate
Because you detect nonexistent flaws

Your imagination sees
In the Utopia
Your mind sails in seas and quays
Resident only in the myopia

Alive in figments
In illusions that sail far away
From real rudiments
You elect and opt to cause partners to delay

Connecting with the image
That leaves you blind
The more you rummage
For solutions so unkind

You find yourself alone
In the morning and at night
The more you clone
Reality in which you delight

Although they leave your world delated
The more victims of your slander discover
You deserve to be isolated
From the covert cover

In which defeat
Grows into the only solution
Victims believe your feet
Plunge as the solution evolution

Takes shape
Crystallizes into the structure in which lies
Can no longer escape
Scrutiny to determine the death and dearth of your ties.

John Sensele

Just A Thought

If friends command and demand so little of you
You lunge and plunge into Hades anew
Diminishing and extinguishing the perspective
For which you aspire to inspire and grow less subjective
Thinking, clinking and blinking a little more
Doze less, pause more and metamorphose into less of a bore.

John Sensele

Just Once, Josephine

Just once, Josephine, lend me your ears
Just once, Josephine, let me be the dream
That titillates your fantasy to wipe your tears
As you and I swim in unison upstream.

Just once, Josephine, lend me your eyes
Just once, Josephine, let me be the name
That titillates your fantasy to wipe away heaps of cries
As you and I synergize with love as our conquest claim.

Just once, Josephine, lend me your pillows
Just once, Josephine, let me be the prince charming
That titillates your fantasy to wipe away your sorrows
As you and I swim in unison to our homecoming.

Just once, Josephine, lend me your dimples
Just once, Josephine, let me be the kiss
That titillates your fantasy to wipe away your pimples
As you and I swim in unison to our blessed bliss.

John Sensele

Justice Jousts Injustice

Injustice injures
Ingenious ideas bind broken bones
Inconsistency justice never configures
Intransigence espouses callous clones.

Injustice horrifies
Justice builds bridges
At the bottom of the pyramid justice edifies
Intransigence hides hideous hornets in fridges.

Injustice steals and kills
Justice saves sane souls
Inconsistency the vulnerable peels
Intransigence scores own gangrenous goals.

Injustice never heals
Justice in the end triumphs
Justice for the venerable and the vulnerable feels
Intransigence never in goblin garages gallumphs.

In the long run justice prevails
God's will wins
Justice jousts vice and vicissitude veils
In the presence of comfort-conveying queens.

John Sensele

Kamasutra Books

Bite a chunk of love and love hooks
Seize your willpower to subject you
To vagaries and surgeries hidden in Kamasutra books
Which open your mind, tenderly, to view
Tricks and ropes of bottom power which if you knew
Would earn you kudos and enable you to explore
Creature comforts, in a sublime way, as Kamasutra folklore,
Legend with a blend of exaggerations professes
Copulation, in its broadest sense, comes with an adulation ore
Whether copulation pits farm labourers or white collar bosses.

John Sensele

Karma's Armour

Karma harms no psalms
No one who practices her principles
To use no forceful arms
On any peace disciples.

Karma's door mat teaches mutual respect
To do good for harm
And good for good in every aspect
Of life in a conurbation or on a farm.

Karma's glamour switches no manna and manner truth
In a world gone cold
To hurt Ruth
Because she's grown bold.

Karma's armour needed in homes that can't laugh
Where moms forget
Tenderness and grow rough and tough
With no love for kids to get.

John Sensele

Keep Away Hatred

Make way for love, keep away hatred
Dismiss feelings of alienation
Kiss opportunities to wear red
For love from above in a romantic situation.

Make way for love, keep away enmity
Dismiss feelings of intolerance
Kiss opportunities to build fields of amity
Among a plethora of folks who hunger for tolerance.

Make way for love, keep away fear
Dismiss feelings of insecurity
Kiss opportunities to dry a tear
When a heart longs for security.

Make way for love, keep away anger
Dismiss feelings of bad blood
Kiss opportunities to kill hunger
That decimates the poor during a flood.

John Sensele

Keep Eyes On The Ball

Keep your eyes on the ball whether turbulence
Shapes your little aeroplane
Sticks in dagger in your back in a fatal dance
When you saunter and strut your stuff in your life's lane.

Keep your eyes on the ball whether a damsel
Dangles a carrot for you to bite
As your eyes in confusion sail
Across curves when her outfit seems too tight.

Keep your eyes on the ball when cash runs out
Hangers evaporate in droves
Love flies away to rout
Your ego as in anger you feel like melting rings on stoves.

Keep your eyes on the ball when in confusion
You abandon your faith
Contemplate dark thoughts through fusion
With fetishism, animism when you visualize an imaginary wraith.

John Sensele

Keep Your Cool

Don't throw the baby with the bathwater
When a clumsy associate somehow steps on your toes
Because insinuations and recriminations portray your attitude no better
Than the magnitude of platitudes and vicissitudes of your foes.

Don't cut your nose to spite your face
When partners and retainers stoop beneath their dignity
Because tit-for-tat actions, infractions, reactions and sanctions only displace
The quantities of qualities you possess beyond infinity.

Don't give tongue wagers, detractors and busybodies a chance
When in your workplace, in your private place and in your church
Blinds of small minds endeavour perchance to cast a glance
That sinks beneath your skin, leaving you in the lurch.

Don't get hot under the collar or see red
When an irritation coupled with frustration sneaks
Into your space, racing to breed and spread
Spices of lies on your wall with FB wicks, sticks and clicks.

John Sensele

Kicks Of A Dying Horse

Kicks of a dying horse mustn't shake your foundation
God carefully crafted before you emitted your first cry
In a maternity ward where mom's natal mission
Came to fruition because it wasn't a lie.

Kicks of a dying ought to be sweet music to your ears
Because a harbinger brings you news
That your period of sufferance and tears
Soon comes peters away, so polish and wear your joy shoes.

Kicks of a dying horse signal a new dawn
A new page, a new milestone in which new doors open
New reserves of happiness spring through not on loan
But permanently so append a signature to the new deal with your Parker pen at
the count of ten.

Kicks of a dying horse lift the lid
On a recent past in which you lived in a torpor
Sleepwalking, led by the nose though detractors can't plead
Guilty of deceit though soon you'll kiss away horror.

John Sensele

Kill Critics With Love

Hold your head high and walk tall
Whether it rains or shines
But by all means rise when you fall
In reward sip a glass of vintage wines.

Hold your head high, don't you ever slouch
Whether your wallet is full or empty
Under no circumstances must you grouch
For you'll never be Humpty Dumpty.

Hold your head high, put your best foot forward
Don't you shed a tear
Whether a sharp tongue gives you a rebuke or reward
But from rabble rousers, by all means, stay clear.

Hold your head high, shame your critics with much love
Cos every heart needs a little warmth
Whether a tryst lies on an island or in a cove
Where you lead folks to the love path.

John Sensele

King Of Pop

There was once a famous King of Pop
Who dazzled fan and foe with his crop
Of sunshine and moonwalk
Which copycats tried to talk
Into propelling them to the top.

John Sensele

Kinky Kingdom

Begin a new year on a high note
Filled with hope
Nourished by vote to tote
Success and progress with no dope.

Begin a new year in the same skin
But new will and skill
To promote the vote to win
In your desire to aspire not to steal or squeal.

Begin a new year to mean
Well for dependants
Yourself and co in a clean
Fashion and forms for all your tenants and lieutenants.

Begin a new year to sing
A song of freedom
For refugees, internally displaced persons whose wing
Suffers brutality and notoriety in their kinky kingdom.

John Sensele

Kinsmen Of Consideration & Courtesy

Kinsmen of consideration and courtesy are affections
Affection for your neighbor
Affection for others' emotions, devotions and predilections
Affection for educated endeavor and lofty labour.

Kinsmen of consideration and courtesy are concerns
Concerns for the welfare of the vulnerable
Concerns for invited interns
Concerns for Jesus Christ, the adorable and most venerable.

Kinsmen of consideration and courtesy are street kids
Street kids who sleep rough
Street kids who survive on soya and sorghum seeds
Street kids who by default can't afford to laugh.

Kinsmen of consideration and courtesy are street peddlers
Street peddlers who at the crack of dawn scrounge for scraps
Street peddlers harassed by mindless meddlers
Street peddlers can't afford selfie snaps and mundane maps

John Sensele

Kiss Of Life

Kiss of life, lift my veil
Caress my contour, come to my crib
Kiss of life, don't let me fail
Because you hail from my right rib.

Kiss of life, come to my compound
Catapult your courage, mumble your manifesto
Kiss of life, prey on my pride pound for pound
Because our hearts halt hesitation presto.

Kiss of life, comfort my cottage
Brace for bliss, bestow my body peace
Kiss of life, don't hold me hostage
Because I promise you fur and fleece.

Kiss of life, mumble no morose monotone
Discard cards of drivel and doubt
Kiss of life, don't rely on your smartphone ringtone
Because it neither grant you solace nor grow your clout.

John Sensele

Kiss Spice

A kiss broke the ice
When enamoured lips drank love wine
To seal once, twice, thrice
An unbreakable love twine.

When enamoured lips drank love wine
Serotonin and dopamine ran rings around
An unbreakable love twine
Swept lovebirds off the ground.

Serotonin and dopamine ran rings around,
Hearts set on fire
Swept lovebirds off the ground,
Catalysing an insatiable desire.

Hearts set on fire
To seal once, twice, thrice,
Catalysing an insatiable desire,
A kiss broke the ice.

John Sensele

Kisses And Curses Of Jaded Juggernauts

Decadence stalks business as usual
Adaptation admires and inspires deft decision disruptors
Indifference and interference arouse and carouse with the casual
Future lies and ties with cogent conviction constructors.

Immolation and violation depress and oppress ostriches
Immortality invigorates game changers
Desolation and isolation bedevil rotten riches
Future ensues and pursues revolution rangers.

Demise fetes and berates dragons
Progress propels benevolence believers
Derision and confusion never bother virtue paragons
Future frightens unrepentant unforgivers.

Destruction and obstruction drive tenet transgressors
Depletion and deletion dangle demise and surprise to dinosaurs
Implosion and explosion impel, compel and repel aristocracy aggressors
Future judges, sings and smudges revulsion ores, pores, sores and scores.

John Sensele

Kitten Curiosity

There was once a kitten curiosity
That tried hard to keep a priority
When a man pricked his eye
Removed it and told a lie
As it killed any thought of maturity.

John Sensele

Kneel Down

Driven to the brink of despair
Stunned into total and utter disbelief
Spun like a chopper in disrepair
Kneel down and implore God for relief.

Mashed down to pulp by partners
Wrought to smithereens like Humpty Dumpty
Broken down like clay soil by gardeners
Ask God to fill the vessel that's gone empty.

Bashed into deformation by a head-on collision
Pinched into discomfort like a aching tooth
Discarded like second hand serviettes without a reason
Kneel down and pray for the prevalence of truth.

Incinerated like refuse in a landfill
Disowned like unwanted excess baggage
Singed to ashes like a failed deal
Kneel down and pray for a salvation voyage.

John Sensele

Knees, Don't Grow Groggy!

Balances and instances in circular circumstances of a devotion dance
On a nightmare-denominated night
Forsaken when spoken symbols dissolved the distance
In the brace, face, space and surface of friendships in flight

From a past I cast away
Far away from the soft centre
Rendered vulnerable in a way
I can no longer countenance as I enter

A brand new year, nurturing bigger dreams of a fertile future
Teeming with possibility and opportunity
In my profession, home, culture
If my subconscious mind and conscious mind synergize at infinity

To harness my full potential
Turning the corner, tearing apart the fear
That freezes my spine at a crucial
Moment when down my cheeks for weeks dances a tear

I struggle to suppress despite the race
Pitting hunger and anger in my hangar
Where my quest to wrest from stress
Rebuking the rumour monger

I hold responsible for halting happiness
That's mine
Supplying sadness in doses of emptiness
Spinning my kaleidoscope into detectable decline

Although I pluck up courage
Buckle up
Brace for a bruising battle as a barrage
Of courage all at once from my parched mouth snatches a cauterized cup

To retrieve my crucial key
To my world of providence possibilities
As I swagger to the quay
Leaving far behind all notions of hostilities

I thought would never leave alone
To bask in the bliss
I masticate far away from ringtones of the smart phone
To earn a French kiss and a share of friendship fleece.

John Sensele

Knobs And Knots Of Opportunity

Opportunity hobnobs with doors
That open when it knocks
Bypassing entrances
That dither watching clocks, counting spokes

Enabling opportunity to hobnob with eyes
Primed to spot the oncoming opportunity march
In dainty pies and blue skies
Swirling, welcoming the opportunity touch

Eager to proceed to new destinations
Where pates gear to jump on the bandwagon
To lubricate diplomatic relations
Clinched with the opportunity paragon

In conducive circumstances of space and time
Where hands grow eager to seize
Chances, glances and stances that climb
Alongside shambling opportunity hands that vie to please

When all factors remaining equal
Opportunity dives, drives and thrives
In settings that generate the sequel
In which opportunity arrives and derives

Ingredients in the environment
In terms of solvent, substrate and enzymes
To mingle ingredients into the optimal ferment
In the right climes, at the right times

To deliver the desired finished product
Designed to delight the end user
Within the supply chain duct
That metes negative reinforcement on an opportunity abuser, teaser or loser.

John Sensele

Kristine

Forty years ago, God dispatched Kristine into my life
To nurture me through thick and thin
When she consented to become the wife
Who would run my life without any din.

Trials in my life in the last month
Have tested Kristine's resolve
When a stroke twisted my mouth
And threatened to dissolve

The core of our marriage
But Kristine's trump card
With prayers, tender care despite a barrage
That on whose placard

Wrote the Devil's lies
Claiming my days from among mortals
Dwindled into trivial ties
Whose days on Earth summed up overdraft totals

But God in a loud voice
Dismissed the Devil's maledictions
Consolidating Kristine's choice
To cling to blessed benedictions

That wrought miracles
Whose kaleidoscope sprung victory colours
In scintillating spectacles
Rekindled our parlours

Enabling my stricken mouth to utter 'thank you'
For tender love, unstinting care, twenty four seven
Whether I leaned on Kristine's shoulders or tied my shoe
To glorify God in Heaven for his love leaven.

John Sensele

Lacrymal Smudges

Tears smudge eyes
Drenched in melancholy
Choking ladybirds.

John Sensele

Lad, Add A Mad Ad & Be Glad

Don't burn your candle at both ends, lad
Return good for bad though hate debates
Whether you succeed or fail, though dowdy dad
Thinks you mad and sad cos you won't wash pesky plates.

Don't drive your rascal life away, son
Eating and feasting from the truncheon tree
Which snaps naps from your eagle eyes which won
Rights to peep where angels freedom don't decree.

Don't nip tips of innocence and adolescence
In vats of vapid vinegar messed and stressed in a vineyard
Where grapes on napes of apes scrape your conscience
Rapturing scripture with the capture of a new millennium bard in a leotard.

Don't belittle wisdom and whittle
Morsels of opportunities from a panoply
Swerved your way, not heckle your habits, but to settle
Once and for all your fetish fate at an austere assembly.

John Sensele

Ladder Of Success

The ladder of success slides on a slippery wall
Meant to buttress efforts conjured to improve
Prospects for upward mobility that arise in Fall.

Cutthroat competition invites one and all
To give every chance their best shot and make a strategic move.
The ladder of success slides on a slippery wall.

Competitors from all walks of life dribble and dink the pall
Of failure as they re-energise to prove
That prospects for upward mobility arise in Fall.

Initiatives and ideas to prop up progress stall
When retrogressive attitudes contestants refuse to remove.
The ladder of success slides on a slippery wall.

Contest rules for success disregard fooball
As a success tonic. Fraud and malpractices rules disapprove.
The ladder of success slides on a slippery wall.
Prospects for upward mobility that arise in Fall.

John Sensele

Lads And Lasses Breathe No More

Provocation about to die
Episodes of uncertainty broken
Determination daring to fly and comply
Words of wisdom spoken and unspoken
At the behest of urgency and agency
Patted on the back at a sedate pace
Calling for mercy and clemency
When the cross of the toss grows heavier and heavier
I implore God for succour
To return to Earth the Saviour
Who forgives sins and sins of the skunk sucker
Inspiring ire and fire in my backyard
Where I seethe with anger
Upon reading ages on tombstones in the graveyard
Where saplings, lads and lasses breathe no longer
Lying and sighing six feet under
Their dreams, whims and wishes torn to shreds
Missing the music of the goose and its gander
Living, loving and forgiving each other in my garden sheds.

John Sensele

Lady Antebellum

Lady Antebellum
Swing your pretty pendulum
To quell in my heart bedlam

Populate my soul with laughter
Jettison from my joints the clutter
Fluttering, muttering 'what's the matter'

If for a day in your paradise my brain blunders
Thunder from my equilibrium sanity plunders
If I proclaim in your heart lies a plethora of wonders

Insane!
To perambulate the lofty lane
And prick the pain and strain in our crane.

John Sensele

Laissez Faire

Laughter unlimited loathes order
Abolish straitjackets
Implore anarchy
Sanction maximum freedom
Shackle-free status quo
Exercise in futility
Zillions of shards flying helter skelter.

Fun-driven management style
Assorted techniques from Pandora's box
Interference-free business philosophy
Risible restrictions
Evolution from disorder to chaos.

John Sensele

Lament Lilts Linger

Lament like clinker lilt lingers
The longer and stronger simmer
Disputes a singer
Pings as a wing string against a sassy swimmer.

Lament loves loquacious locations
Where pesky partners wander
Asunder in odious occasions
Falling flat at the feet of a gander blunder.

Lament loathes lulls
In conflicts, conflagrations and crises
That arise by surprise when boisterous bulls
Reject prospects for egregious enterprises.

Lament liberates low
Glow garnishing
Dangling disputes in a dour
Floury feeling feting and fretting in a searing ceiling.

John Sensele

Lap Up Unlimited Love

So much to gain
Sharing care and concern
Deleting and depleting pain
For happiness to discern.

Life much improved
If shared in a convivial connection
Nothing intellectual or ineffectual proved
When in harmony we share devotion.

Somebody special for everybody
On this planet
If we care for somebody
Love in the natural or on the Internet.

No need to bear strain
Needless to be a hermit
If loneliness we restrain
Unlimited, unreserved love we permit.

John Sensele

Laptop Laps Up New Lease Of Life

Laptop laps us moisture
Vital data fail to manifest
Sending my mind into a tail spin that threaten immediate future
As my modus operandi undergoes a stern test.

Laptop goes on strike
Vital data I can't access
I feel sad except for Mike
Who comes to the rescue with his laughter success.

Laptop wakes up
Vital data suddenly smile
I'm rejuvenated and my cup
Fills up with joy for a while.

Laptop breathes life anew
Vital data moisture couldn't delete
I'm filled with gratitude though I had no clue
Situation abnormal my cyberspace couldn't slit.

John Sensele

Lass, No More Bass

Lass, long for me no more
I'm going far away from days
Your snore
Keeps me awake and strips my bludgeoned bays.

Lass, play no more your bass
My ears no more interested
In listening to twangs of your mass
Ensnared in moments stressed.

Lass, mend your ways
Before I trek back
To kiss no more sprays
Of a perfume stack.

Lass, days no more favour
Interactions and actions
That advance lances of an endeavour
Whose one trick poney slay affections and prays for rabid reactions.

John Sensele

Last Lap, Past Cap

Last lap, last clap
Leaves loathing behind
Loosens liberty on a love lap
To save the kind, the blind and humankind.

Last lap, last trap
Leaves livid lament in the past
Focuses on a bliss map
As sorrow and sadness kind constituencies away cast.

Last lap, last gap
Love and hope to preach
Reconciliation and redemption rap
To harvest harmony within a revelation reach.

Last lap, last cap
On pates pleading for peace
Freed from grips that trap
Gangrene, grievance, it's grief in fetid fleece.

John Sensele

Lasting Leisure

In a dream I flew away to heaven to bathe in happy waters
Abandon a life of scorn and porn on the Earth;
Angels with gorgeous gels accommodated me in joyful quarters
And all at once I realized no need to fear death.

In a dream I'm free to climb trees and enjoy unlimited glee
To play with babes, to build a Babel tower;
Sinners and winners together gladly see
Values and clues of unity without worrying about power.

In a dream I'm a giant defiant of earthly conventions
Which make me sick although lads are quick
To judge, to urge caution, to purge emotions
That prick thick heads skilled in a bed trick.

In a dream I enter a paradise harem teeming with houris
Who swim me in seas of pleasure;
I feel so really manly when I deal with sarees
That caress and bless my face as I lick a lasting leisure.

John Sensele

Laugh At Life

In bed at night
Express gratitude for what you do
Accept what and who are at first sight
And laughter should become your glue and clue.

Take a deep breath
When problems appear
Calling upon your faith
To make trouble disappear.

Laugh at life
Affirming you are worthwhile
Blessed enough to conquer strife
Smiling all the while, tapping at leisure your treasure in an extra mile.

Harbour no grudges
To cleanse the lens of your mind
Ridding your mind of envy and jealousy smudges
That drive your progress blind, dragging it behind.

John Sensele

Laughable Lapses

No haste in your quest to taste
Her joy and deploy
A sound strategy to paste
Your toys and employ

Sensitive sentiments to cement
Your accurate affection
To amend and blend the comment
You made about her predilection

To pour her love on yours
If you should and could mend
Manners and solve sores
That you somehow send

In her direction through your diction
Uttered with utter contempt
As each action and reaction
You elicit from her explicitly in an avid attempt

To build bridges
Collapses because synapses
Bungled in ridges of fridges
Exposes your laughable lapses.

John Sensele

Le Freak

Open not my grave
My pen remains brave
Scribbling tales of resistance
Against the sordid circumstance

In which my nose you rub
My feelings you scrub
Boosting your alter ego
Now and a few weeks ago

When for comfort you leapt into my hut
And for discomfort you whipped my butt
Claiming it's not your fault
You dine with dragons by default

To prevent your clammy cancer
When by mistake you turn into a dreamy dancer
Casting self esteem to the wind
To land your plane in the Pakistani province of Sind, your fiend.

John Sensele

Lead Leisure Life

Appreciate your self worth
Distill not your soul into self worth dearth
Or others will hack your fun
Sacrificing it to a saturnine sun.

Don't give credit to haughty haters
Devouring brushes of trash from graters
Who claim to pigeonhole your soul on social media
If you dignify their indignity encyclopedia.

Switch off your phone and lead real life
Direct your energy into your fun life
Munching morsels of pure pleasure
Pumping prose and poetry at leisure.

Pray for hope for social media slaves
Living a fake narrative six feet in graves
Where real life they entomb
Separating their minds from bodies in Khartoum.

John Sensele

Leap Out Of Lampoon Lake

Live, don't eke out a living on the fringe of survival
Wasting time complaining, frolicking in your dead bed
Envyng neighbours, wishing dreams dished out revival
Fortunes dreamt, green dollars groomed your homestead

Posting scarlet red lip selfies on Facebook
No takers pay attention
Cantakerous comments attract the harried hook
Thought would free you from the suspended animation

In which you hold wealth and health prisoner
Trouncing school, thinking it cool
To squander time, to dangle carrots to a prude pensioner
Who for frivolity's sake employs the tool

You parade in the charade
Deluding you into waving a magic wand
Managing your self esteem to degrade
To a low ebb where you market the brand

You believe fetches a premium price
In a creature comfort market
Where for a bowl of rice and a fun's slice
You transmute into a troubadour target

Kicking your can on a merry-go-round
Accelerating to perdition destination
Where lechers and vultures abound
Waiting to accomplish annihilation mission

For losers and boozers who skate where angels fear to tread
Pulling pigeons from hats, attracting swirling sentiments
Putting up a bravado face, claiming you're unafraid
When you reap on a silver platter corny condiments

Unless you snap awake
Resolve to straighten out rough edges
Plunging your destination into a lampoon lake
Overflowing, bursting its banks beyond fatigued Facebook pages.

John Sensele

Learner's Gainful Game

Bugs of curiosity bite
Craggs of futility in the fight
To enhance the acquisition of knowledge
In silos where chunks of concepts in a village

Where nerds and their birds
Strive hard to nurture herds
Teeming with cogent concepts
Modify the pedagogy bent on precepts

Rendered obsolete in the light of methods
That fuse technology and pedagogy to even odds
For learners to perform better
In conducive environments that cater

For individual differences and abilities
In an education paradigm which derides utilities
In which rigidity reigns supreme
Surrendering to a philosophy that glorifies the learner's gainful game.

John Sensele

Leave Me Alone

Prickly wrinkle
Weekly tinkle
Leave me alone.

dongle
Supine bangle
Leave me alone.

Sickly sickle
Seemly pickle
Leave alone.

Tangled trickle
Bungled tickle
Leave me alone.

Itchy single
Botchy tingle
Leave me alone.

Molly whistle
Holy espistle
Leave me alone.

Witty wriggle
Meaty giggle
Leave me alone.

Hilly google
Billy mogul
Leave alone.

Olden weasel
Wooden easel
Leave me alone.

John Sensele

Leave Us Alone, Fragile Life

Life fragile
Throbbing within brittle bodies
At the same time fertile and sterile
Swimming in ebbing eddies

At the most unexpected moment
Fragility strikes a lung
Next inflicts on legs fragments of torment
So badly strung

A woe-struck woman weeps and weeps
Groaning and posing questions
Why pain, pesky pain, prodding pain sweeps
Through organ, tissue and cell sections

Incapacitating, disabling, debilitating
Rendering vitality weak
Smashing, slashing, soaking, stealing
Signs of stamina and succor quick

Sometimes in intensive care
Where souls land without a brand
Wondering why this acidic affair
Occurs which lives can't understand

When into their modest routines pain comes along
Inflicting, inviting, inciting misery
On the weak and the strong whose song strikes a gory gong
With or without a celery

Lives concluding
Whether the breath of life
Squanders time conjecturing
Which glad or sad song to play on the fife

'Tis unfair, I hold
For life tricks to play
Joy, justice and jingle to withhold
As streams of pains waylay

While with bated breath relatives in wait fret
Wonder what the point is
For life to pose a threat
Through incapacity, debility, illness and disease.

John Sensele

Leaven In Heaven

If you mount an account of discounts and count up to seven
Chances are that you won't go to Heaven
Although your leaven multiplied by eleven
Ensures your creams, dreams and screams odds won't even.

John Sensele

Leers And Tears Of Trickery

For a few bucks, I get my assignments written in another college
Where a mercenary eats my bribe
Expanding exponentially my corrupt tribe
As by hook and crook I enjoy a purloined privilege

I wish I didn't inflict on society
Which gets fake school leavers
Far less qualified than waste matter weavers
Who throng the job market in a vice ridden variety

From which much harm accrues
In the deployment of cognitive cripples
Whose only competence lies in risible ripples
In seas of humiliation hues

Kaleidoscopes of shame shine
In accelerated steps of incompetence
Flying flags of the pretence
That pervades a lugubrious line

Teeming with maladjusted malice members
Who boast of completing school
Having succeeded in pulling wool
Over potential employers who cry in their cherished chambers

Where day and night they cry
In utter astonishment at the trickery
Students in their despair indulge alongside flickery
When tears of abomination stoically refuse to dry.

John Sensele

Left Foot

Left foot worked miracles
To bring glory to motherland Zambia
When nation's morale sagged
After beating Gambia
But earning no further honours
Than a dream to train in Colombia.

Left foot raised Chipolopolo from ashes
After Gabon disaster
Killed entire squad and officials
Leading nation to seek consolation from Pastor
Who predicted
In near future she'd be African soccer grandmaster.

Left foot in 2012 guided Chipolopolo
To her first continental cup
Although squad faced opponents
That on FIFA rankings featured higher up
Than maiden Zambia, she succeeded
In winning tournament's close-up.

John Sensele

Legal Loopholes Tees And Cees

Tees and Cees

Loopholesfirms exploit

In very small print on transaction documents a normal eye seldom spies and sees

Until legal implications take him for a maladroit

Too gullible to bother

Too illiterate to placate

Too fallible

And too inveterate

To take seriously

To address with respect

To injure deleteriously

To treat with disrespect

With the impunity sanctioned by outdated legislation

Written for brick and mortar dinosaurs

Which enables their spineless extrapolation

To rub salt on sores

Customers sustain

When click and trick businesses

Retain and maintain in a vain

Effort to benefit from the folly their monopoly disgorge and disburse as egregious legal excesses.

John Sensele

Legions Of Religion

Moons, schooners and crooners' lips tip
The chance, valence and the balance of sanity and utility
Towards pigeonholes and poles that keep
The status quo on the go in favour debilitated duplicity.

Moons, schooners and crooners weep crocodile
Tears and they insert inverted Shaka's spears in ears
That demand and in remand prison reason with river Nile
To admit mittens of transgender agenda in front of church piers.

Moons, schooners and crooners soon swamped by monsoon
Floods gladden frightened men, children and women in the Indian sub region
To consider possibilities of arranged and deranged marriages whose boon
Potential partners in matrimony ought to explore in spite of precepts of their religion.

John Sensele

Lemons, Demons And Lemonade

When the tide turns against your aspirations, mom
Focus not on a small stricture or aperture but on a bigger picture
For deserved prize soon would and should come
As long as your determination and mission in your station don't rapture.

When from unexpected quarters currents of waters
Rock your boat and you float on the edge of despair
It's time to let God and his power create a solution that matters
In spite of tribulations and insinuations that surroundings can't repair.

When the significant half grows divergence crows, throws out hope and betrays
vows
You made in good faith, don't allow defeat to enter your vocabulary
Lest confusion sows and blows with intention rows
Of seeds of imbalance, permanence, consequence in a semblance of a dissonance
distillery.

When the bottom in your mind collapses
Due to failure by partners to meet contractual duties
Trust in God's thrust although synapses and lapses
Teem in your environment, mom, ignore crudities and obscenities.

When, mom, dark hours somehow decimate your flowers
Rise like a phoenix, prize open the lid on crates of disappointments
Let refuse recuse itself from God's powers
To blast their consciences beyond their appointments.

When, mom, society and anxiety seem to conspire
To steal the heel of the cream of your dreams
Allow the little voice within your mind to dictate choices that respire
Inspire, admire and dare to multiply seeds and feeds in your future streams.

When, mom, nuances of appearances and their dances
With a sleight of hand conjure up a battery of failed surgeries
Dare to pair hope with a slope on which enemy's lances
Couldn't harm your arm on a farm because God hid you in his hope prairies and
libraries.

When, mom, a trusted soul casts lemons

Into your home, brew lemons into lemonade
Parade your faith into a serenade that degrade demons
Whose malice slices into smithereens in a love Palisade.

When, mom, sour grapes strut steps
Teeming with rancid sentiment with an acid intent
Bow your head and pray for God to metamorphose grapes
Into a love wine detractors and subtractors imbibe at their wrath event in their
confusion tent.

John Sensele

Leprechauns

Leprechauns with their bushy beard
Hack into your peace of mind software
Inject viruses, Trojans and sheered
To inflict immeasurable harm and sometimes wreck your hardware.

Leprechauns dispatched by wizards
Purloin your food provisions
Inject salamanders, newts and lizards
Into your affection visions.

Leprechauns sometimes don microskirts
Calculated to hex you
To heap a plethora of hurts
And to make you blue at the end of a lovers' queue.

Leprechauns sometimes jump from figments of your imagination
Metamorphose into avatars
That take over your life in every single action
And spirit you away from salvation altars.

John Sensele

Lesson Clocks

Biceps flee the teacher's world where concepts
Spring into action and time spent outside
The classroom swamps lesson time and pumps precepts
Inherent in teaching and learning processes inside
Which yields society's human capital and fields cogs
Met in industrial wheels, hills, mills and deals that power
Global focal economic inputs and outputs beyond fogs
Seen and unseen in GDP lumber that number crunchers scour
On surfaces and faces that denigrate the crate of the teacher's
Thankless job misunderstood by stooge lightweights
With no iota of long hours more than the flour in a preacher's
Sacrifice to churn out sermons on doubts and fights
Endured by lone teachers and preachers who extract blood from rocks
Where other folks give up when chiming and mining are lesson clocks.

John Sensele

Lessons From Cats

Cats don't envy bats
Cats jump fast
Cats meander on love mats
Cats' lives don't dwell on their puny past.

Cats enjoy nine lives
Cats are wiser than rats
Cats envy bees in their hives
Cats draw no pride in parading haughty hats.

Cats are wiser than souses
Cats don't draw on themselves shame
Cats enjoy life in peaceful houses.
Cats veer away from boats of blame.

Cats can teach people manners
Cats set high standards
Cats don't in their work throw spanners
Cats invite pride from their gregarious guards.

Cats don't backbite
Cats share happiness
Cats don't harbour spite
Cats diminish sentimental sadness.

Cats share love
Cats don't beat their chests
Cats draw long life from God above
Cats bite pesky pests.

Cats are careful
Cats care for their peers
Cats are thoughtful
Cats don't propel fears and tears.

John Sensele

Lessons From Children

Children by their innocence teach adults purity
Children by their faith teach adults how to pray
Children by their love teach adults maturity and variety
In love tones, in affection zones and in attitude clones without delay.

Children by their examples teach adults redemption
Children by their pesky fuss teach adults discernment
Children by their friendly laughter teach adults appreciation
Of treasures and of pleasures gleaned from every shared family moment.

Children by play teach adults consequences of leisure erasure
Children by their curiosity teach adults how to fish nuggets from social strings
Children by their perseverance teach adults the pleasure
Hidden in persistence, sunk in gregariousness and woven in blessings.

Children by their pranks teach adults the worth of childhood
Children by their obedience teach adults humility and sobriety
Children by their beliefs teach adults the importance of attitude
In scaling a hurdle, in handling a muddle and in seizing an opportunity.

Children by their love of milk teach adults to be teetotallers
Children by their love of moms teach adults calmness
Children by their multiple interests teach adults to respect footballers
Who cure their boredom and elevate soccer fairness.

John Sensele

Let Go Of Morbid Mortifications

Let go of deceptive dreams
To favour and flavour cherubim choices
Leading you into succor streams
Where you imbibe vitality from invigorating voices.

Let go of pesky pursuits
To step into happiness havens
Sampling and savouring sweets
Which delete dribbles of destruction dens.

Let go of pointless procrastinations
To swing your pendulum in favour of mellowness
Flying you away from malice machinations
Which tip your bliss balance into hustle hollowness.

Let go of fruitless philosophies
To stamp your authority on solid ground
Deliberating and decorating photogenic geographies
Which consider and convert to benefit your bliss background.

Let go of obdurate options
To propel your life into bliss
Devoid of dizzy deceptions
Encrusted into cavities of calamities from a carcinogenic kiss.

Let go of ebullient emotions
To cleanse the lens in your mind
Paving the way for mellow motions
With no more axes to grind on a rotund rind.

John Sensele

Let Life Flow

Lie low, move slow, keep a profile below a flow of water currents
Whose course, source and force defy current events
Meant to capture the ferment of reality and suture surreality
Sent to meet, defeat or deplete the fleet of vitality, motility, possibility, sanity,
vanity, satiety, society, variety and proclivity.
Life strives towards reality
Regardless of whether circumstances prevail
In positivity, negativity or neutrality to jail
Nail dissent or blame assent, bail out descent
Straitjacket intent or subjugate the ascent
Of virtues, varieties and similarities
Vulgarities, duplicities and notorieties
For in the end, God's will deals
With any deviancy and despondency kills.

John Sensele

Let Me Be

Let me live my life as I please
Whether I sleep around or smoke myself to death
But worry about your keys
Which can't open doors to my failing health.

Let me enjoy the cabbage I like
Whether I have neither tomatoes nor onions
But vegetables psyche
Me up although I abhor your odious opinions.

Let me enjoy the company that fits the temperament
On which you look down
Cos I don't give a hoot about your predicament
For I get kicks from the City Square clown.

Let me support the political party of my choice
As I exercise my democratic rights
To throw my weight behind the voice
That promotes rights of women who don'tights.

Let me worship as best as I know how
Because Christianity suits my spiritual beliefs
Which everyday grow
Stronger although you claim churches forbid kerchiefs.

Let me be although I sell vegetables by the roadside
To earn the little honest income
That sustains my bride and boosts the pride
That lights up my cosy home.

Let me be although I own a basic mobile phone
Whose ringtone gets on your nerves
When I stray in your comfort zone
Which every Zambian by birth deserves.

Let me enjoy my life in Chamboli compound
Where the real Zambian lives
Although his children maize they pound

Into mealie meal which hobnobs with cassava leaves.

John Sensele

Let Me Go

Let me go if you think I've grown cheap
To stand by your side, to land your approval
In matters of social standing where you feel a leap
Into the unknown will land you in an office or a tryst oval.

Let me go, I beg you, before my heart casts you aside
Because our hearts no longer beat in tune to each other as they did
Long ago when you and I took pride
In each other before you felt away from me became the main need.

Let me go because the relationship paradigm
Has shifted into a gear in which the love between you and I
For all practical purposes has grown so dim it's a matter of time
Before we buy for it a casket since it's now a pure lie.

Let me go because it's the best option under our circumstances
That no longer breathe life in our relationship
Tired of stress and mess in so many instances
In which fatigue in the keg of disappointment has divided and derided further
friendship.

Let me go to the place where love from above
Grows and blows open opportunities for mutual appreciation
Between two partners imbued with increasing love
Dare to pour for each other so much affection.

Let me go to hearts that feel and heal
All manners and scanners spun clockwise or anticlockwise
Where hearts don't despatch a bill on a window seal
But beat in tune with kindred hearts which they make wise at sunrise despite
their size.

Let me go so you can enjoy your freedom
At random in any aspect of life and in any respect
Without my tying you down in a kingdom
Where you feel I hold you suspect.

Let me go so I can move on
To a higher level of achievements

Unconstrained by the motion, evolution and sanction
You believe can't meet essential commitments.

Let me go so you don't regret
Living under my purview where I demand rectitude
In all you think, plan and do with no secret
To hide either in your cupboard or in your attitude and altitude.

Let me go so I mingle with folks
Who dare to care and bare their feelings
With no consideration to the position of hands on clocks
Which magnify dealings without setting upper ceilings.

John Sensele

Let Me See

Let me see if the heart you broke
Can muster room and boom
To accommodate the rock
You cast at my love to ditch it into a tomb.

Let me see if leftovers you float
Mean anything to my broken and sunken heart
That you ditched and pitched low on the boat
Where Carla drew us apart.

Let me see if it's worth readmitting you
Into the bosom
You once held without a queue
But now ranks you rock bottom.

Let me see if my Christian ethics
Would find a place and space to cleanse the mess
You left behind when your lust riding on figments of gymnastics
Tore away the very love you opted to curse and stress.

John Sensele

Let's Take Vivid Values On Board

The unforgettable fire in my heart rages
Flames of love swirling and curling
When in sheer splendour love flags unfurling
Burning to cinder all doubt and pout pages

In morose moments lurking nearby
Peeling off stages where I waged your name
When doubts dribbled and scribbled blame
On the innocence to which you and I said goodbye

Climbing slopes where love lives
Opening eyes to vistas we fear
Might not return us to the clear
View which Christianity in its mercy forgives

If you and I should confess we swam overboard
And partook of the forbidden apple
When hearts proclaimed us supple

John Sensele

Lewd Fords

Conscience smacked absentee landlords
Who fled chores to loosen family cords
That claimed inherited rights
Cast asunder because tights
Hijacked minds deranged on lewd fords.

John Sensele

Libation Limits

Beer bruises the brain
Wine wows whims
Methanol mystifies your strain
Water adds to wholesomeness creams.

Beer brushes bliss
Wine withholds wisdom
Methanol mellows a kiss
Water preserves life into God's kingdom.

Beer burns the liver
Wine wanders down your throat
Methanol rains a regret river
Water wears a wholesome coat.

Beer baffles beauty
Wine wallows in villi
Methanol no better than tea
Water the best libation on which you can rely.

John Sensele

Lie Awake, Dawn

'Good morning, ' her mouth muttered to John
Whose face in places traced a surprise
Surprised that Dawn
Could to him dole out a prize

John never dreamt on his lap
Would stand up and land so soon
When a vanity and sanity cap
Would Dawn from her moon

Visit a vista visage
Beaming with love so tight
John's village
Would invite Dawn one night

To declare her rare feelings
To John whose heart she'd stolen
Long ago although wings
Of love took long to awaken.

John Sensele

Lie, Fly Away

Lie, fly away and from me delay
Any further visit because you murder
Lives which pray
To stay away from you and to pray under

God's protection because rejection
Directed at your nefarious nocturnal nicknames
Acquired at the suggestion
Lucifer launched when names

Written in gold gutters
Selected from among amorous avatars
Who somehow chose to kowtow to letters
You suddenly simulated on guitars

Whose strings of sorrow render notes of happiness
In a twist of waste and waist
To evaporate pores of sadness
In which unhappiness and unholiness you fully invest.

John Sensele

Lies Loom Tall

I used to accuse Mr X
Whom I thought so vile with so much guile and a faulty fuse, so inconsiderate
Always away from the perks and hex of his ex
Who adroit agents assessed so angelic, so fantastic until fate

Sold me a bold, cold fold
That told me 'You're dead wrong son'
'Wait until she turns so cold before she gets old'
She'd wring your life lame until strings of rings require a ban

On barrages of mundane marriages
Would prevent poverty in a majority or minority or notoriety
So pathetic in braces of races of stress sack pretences of privileges
In hustled homes in which humility and dignity

Long evaporate beyond debate of late because overrated
Marriages mean mourning in the morning or nothing at all
But cold, old odium on a podium or sodium rated
Too high because their lies loom tall reeling to fall.

John Sensele

Lies, Spies, Sties & Sighs

Don't come on too strong because of propinquity
Brought by our place of work
Where colleagues refrain from iniquity
Lest they justify a jinx jerk.

Don't come on too strong because of a hug
Availed out of politeness
Drawn from my mirth mug
To signify and salute gregarious gladness.

Don't come on too strong because of a smile
Drawn from my heart
To cheer chaps and chicks for a while
Lest company, collegiality and conviviality they should part.

Don't come on too strong because of courtesy
Displayed from corners of my eyes
Which for you and your likes mobilizes mercy
To cut out, lock out and kick out spies, their ties and lies.

John Sensele

Life In A Bubble

Life in a bubble grumbles
Life in a bubble subtracts tracts of essential feeds
Life in a bubble promotes stable fables
Nurturing illusions of met and set needs.

Life in a bubble shields from fields of external experiences
Life in a bubble steals from deals and bills of humble humanity
Life in a bubble promotes the illusion human sciences
Squirring in a comfort zone of vanity and timidity.

Life in a bubble curtails tails and trails of benefits
Life in a bubble rambles on a journey with no predetermined destination
Life in a bubble defeats droves of profits
A person derives from normal interaction, intervention and induction.

Life in a bubble double rabbles evaluated in Russian Roubles
Life in a bubble loses its luster faster
Life in a bubble trebles troubles in quadruples
Catalysed by atrophy and catastrophe from an unknown cluster.

John Sensele

Life In Bloom Jmm Sensele

Life in bloom loathes gloom
Which kills joy among revelers
Whose vocabulary discards doom
That disparages teetotalers.

Life in bloom hobnobs modesty
Moderation, balance and tolerance
Coupled with healthy respect for God's majesty
In every major decision taken in every critical circumstance.

Life in bloom promotes freestyle
For teenagers, dowagers and voyagers
Who smile for a mile in style
As law enforcement agents cage pillagers.

Life in bloom synergises efforts
From every quarter meant to unify
Men and women of goodwill from all sports
Which hearts loving and soothing mollify.

Life in bloom abhors gender based violence
Perpetrated against weaker members of society
As evidence of archaic cultural science
That has generated awful abuse variety.

Life in bloom accommodates freedom of choice
In matters of attire, copulation and modulation
Whether a micro dress adorns Joyce
Who expresses her attire preference option.

John Sensele

Life In Slums

Parents for no reason abandon a son
Who at no time applied to swell ranks of vulnerable
Children roaming city streets with no secure shelter under the sun
To eke out a Spartan existence that's not enviable.

Children elect to reject labels lumbered on street kids
Without their consent, labels reeking of shame, neglect and stigma
That push orphans and vulnerable children like crows to scrounge for feeds
Crumbs and leftovers that under normal circumstances are anathema.

Children treated with scorn and disdain run away from
Their parents' abode where they perceive misuse and receive abuse
Contending with misery, deprivation and starvation often in a home
That's a den in which survival of the fittest is the ruse of choice.

Fed up with ill-treatment in congested huts
Children weigh options and swing the pendulum
In favour of the cut throat, brutal brawls of street life where their butts
Are bludgeoned but on balance life in open air surpasses life in their slum.

John Sensele

Life Like Loam

My life like a stubborn storm bursts forth
Tastes trouble, refuses to quit
Whether its trajectory bears South or North
My life caters for wit.

My life like a harried housewife cries out for a break
Sticks out its neck, begs for a peck
On limpid lips to partake
In a quest for love that's awake.

My life like a rich rainbow paints serenity
Solace, sobriety, simplicity and stamina
When the path to dignity and unity
Slices ripples and rabbles into a loaded lamina.

My life like a virtuous virgin settles for amity
Affability, agility and amelioration
When stakeholders strafe infirmity
To demote disaffection and promote a serenity celebration.

John Sensele

Life Storms

When in your life storms warm up and rage
Unleashing their wrath on your tranquil
Life that saunters at a sedate speed in an age
Of breakneck celerity it's time to alight a calmness hill.

When in your life storms roam free
Tearing routines to shreds and splashing cluster bomb
Munitions that tear down walls and deflating balls see
That peace ingredients inhabit your home.

When in your life storms invade religious beliefs
Disguised as opportunities and impunities to flirt
Horse sense summons stakeholders and chiefs
To cage the whims of a rogue mini skirt.

When in your life storms come face to face
With deeply held values, clues and blues that resist
Storm ravages quit the vantage surface
On which storms hide if resolution chances are to exist.

John Sensele

Life's Duties

To help a blind person
Who stretches her hand for alms
Transmutes into an investment lesson
That blesses a giver's fairy farm.

To help a vulnerable child
Whose stomach for days suffers hunger
Transmutes into a mild
Gesture that shoves away a poverty dagger.

To wipe tears from eyes of a widow
Who mourns her departed spouse
Transmutes into a glow
That rekindles hope in her hapless house.

To comfort a jilted woman
Who wallows in the pangs of rejection
Brought about by ill-treatment from the man
She nourished depicts awesome affection.

John Sensele

Life's Labyrinth

Along the way as our lives unfold
We learn not to spurn
Chances and advances new and old
To build, shield, field, wield and experiential emancipation we earn.

Along the way as wisdom wanders among and in us
We learn to discern
Chaff from charm without fuss
As trash and trivia we opt to burn.

Along the way as we make new acquaintances
We weigh prospects for new productive projects
In which we minimize balances of circuitous circumstances
As in our choices and voices caution and care wisdom injects.

Along the way as we discover reasons for
The existence and experience we endure
In the trajectory and travail which before
We blink, dink, sink, clink or think upon us descends a connubial cure.

Along the way as our social circles expand
We learn from laggards, laddies and lecturers
How to understand nuances and how to disband
Cabals and cartels teeming with torturers.

Along the way as our thrift thrives
We develop pecuniary patterns
Which embrace choices in which chives
Feature fully to power our live lanterns.

Along the way as our politics prove
Ponderous we learn to deter drivels
From creating costly catastrophes in a move
To ensure a director's departure in the wake of a suit civil.

John Sensele

Life's Lullaby

Life's lullaby at times of tensions tends to evaporate
As on Earth morbid mumblings multiply
To flicker our faith and to dribble us desperate

As we wonder if in the supernatural we qualify
For any worth that upon which we can count
Although amen answers our curiosity can't satisfy

When drivel doubt drives us to discount
Peeks of pie and sigh in the sky
As deep drama drains stamina when we recount

Audacious occasions we've drunk the Devil's lie
Waving us to wean from faith and sin
Despite elf efforts to stave off a stealth cry

As for the umpteenth time we recall how great God has been
To us in grand glory and guarantee we've seen.

John Sensele

Life's Repast

Consume life's repast while it smiles,
Allow not tangles of pain and their biles
To stifle today's pleasures
When opportunity measures
Every ounce and bounce of joy miles.

John Sensele

Lifestyle File

Wiles and guiles for a while pull
Wool over observers' ploys and receivers' coy eyes
But a dime time comes when the most floundering fool
Sees the light, flees his plight and pricks open packs of lies.

Wiles and guiles pile up a senile file
Into bottles and throttles infected by russet rust
Which fiddlers, sticklers and swindlers smear into a galleon gears
A little dose at a time until traitors undermine tangible trust.

Wiles and guiles mount debts in sentimental accounts
Kept in several gut huts swept clean with palm frond brooms
That suck every speck of skirt until a ring referee counts
A lame dame out when squealing and scampering are grudge grooms.

Wiles and guiles peel off the crust of trust and conceal dromedary deals
Struck with a Berber warrior, a Bedouin wanderer and a Fulani camel herder
Who in disgust at a breach of trust squeals
Until a house of cards collapses at the feet of a senior church elder.

John Sensele

Lift It Swift

Lift the load I carry
Empowering me with the certainty
You and I shall bury
The hatchet harbouring our worst uncertainty.

Lift the veil of the cloud
Hanging over our future
When families and homilies grow too proud
Chiding us, hiding in the guise of culture.

Lift the sanction I suffer
Bearing an unfair criticism burden
Your associates to me offer
All at once in our garden of Eden.

Lift the ban I dislike
Hurting my ego, blurting nonsense
On your clan's traditional trip I can't hike
Cos primitive practices pulverize the essence of common sense.

John Sensele

Lift, Lilt & Tilt Of Life

Life, free gift to treasure
Once given, many times forgiven
Sometimes treated like leisure
Sometimes forsaken and mistaken in vain.

Life, free gift to enjoy
Once given, many times gone to waste
Sometimes treated without joy
Sometimes given a tone with neither odour nor taste.

Life, free gift to nurture
Once given, many times developed
Sometimes forced into a cul de sac without a future
Sometimes egregiously enveloped.

Life, free gift to appreciate
Once given, many times invested
Sometimes treated to depreciate
Sometimes dourly divested.

John Sensele

Lights Off

Without warning, lights that for twenty three years had scintillated and twinkled
like stars

In the cosy cubicle that smelled of lavender in which soft nothings flew from
longing lips

To ears primed to suck, swallow and synthesise ecstasies of angelic proportions

Between panting hearts beating in synchronised rhythms to a tee

Swayed between cloud nine and heaven where sentiments

Bathed in swathes of hedonic delights

Went off and her neckline scooped his powers of thought.

John Sensele

Like Sphinx Rise From Ashes

On the cusp of stepping into your promised land
Listen to the little voice
Enjoining you to cling, to hold on for dear life to the hand
Of God where your boundless choice

Lies in wait to reset your bearing and course
To restore, renew the vitality
God bestows on you from his divine source
Teeming with both quantity and quality

Essential to conquer forces that had you blind
At work, in your education, in your social circle
Where hard you try you slide on to a lemonade rind
Crying, sighing, whining, whinging as debacle upon debacle

Heaps on you sorrow that knows no thrift
Crushing you like a boa constrictor
Primed to nullify, magnify, modify and horrify your every shift
To the glee swimming on the face of a detractor

Until a little voice from within your conscience nudges you
To return to the mighty hand of God
To plan, design, prepare and begin anew
Against the cold odd

To recharge your faith battery
Fly again despite your broken wing
Back to God's factory
Away from the swing of bling and closer to the zing

God extends to enable you to rise from ashes like the proverbial sphinx
Redesigned, reconfigured, reinvented, reinvigorated, renewed
As God's hand breaks you free from the jinx
Where forays into madness had you crushed, smashed, thrashed and stewed.

John Sensele

Lillies In Family Threads

Serenades of caskets my world shakes
Sights of morgues I can't thread
In loving eyes a heart breaks

Memories in fond families don't fade
A meal shared, a smile dared, a touch felt
When loving memories made the grade

In spaces where love dwelt
Binding hearts ever closer
With family matters dealt

In anniversary milestones celebrated
Smiles booming, solutions found
When progress for members accelerated

On the ground
In sitting rooms, bed rooms
Where joys flew all around

Growing egos
Boosting confidence
Diminishing challenge cargos

In everybody's soul nurturing emotional intelligence
As family bonds grew tighter
In tandem with diligence

In moods meandering lighter
As each member grew in age
Perceiving matters brighter

Opening a new page at each stage
The family negotiates
To grow happier with each gauge

Each family member appreciates
When bodies grow strong
A thought of harm depreciates

Families a happy song singing
Wishes every child happy birthday
Congratulations everywhere ringing

When smiles see the light of day
And congratulations visit families everyday.

John Sensele

Lilly In Sicily

A coy boy with a clean basin full of fritters treks
Kilometers on foot pleads profusely for a prospect
To buy a dry fritter and fly a few kopecks
Into the boy's toy kitty with no ditty to introspect
At home in Rome where hunger looms large and meals
Invite a respite from a few sombre members to feed
At a time when despite flight efforts through skills and deals
Every family member for progress's sake produces reels to plead
For a long term solution and action to the family's thrift
Lasting longer than expected and getting on the nerves
Frayed, betrayed and strayed in a scramble city due to a shift
In emphasis in a bogus locus modus operandi that serves
To highlight blight lacunae identified and verified earlier and treated
Casually in billy Sicily till Lilly rather chilly bloated.

John Sensele

Lips & Hips

Lips and hips beep, sip, tip and whip quips
Sliding and gliding from romantic pips
That boast and clink glasses of wine
When estranged lovers pretend famished foibles and rabbles shine.

Lips and hips nick pictures and sneak thoughts
Into minds driven blind when noughts
Tear flies and bear pains of lies told
With a straight face when a lace grows cold.

Lips and hips address adrenaline and caress the mess
Vortex vends and sends into a cortex in a turmoil place
Where hormones pour scorn on reason
Daring common sense to belie and deny feelings in due season.

Lips and hips tickled and toppled sinewy Samson
Purloined fields and shields of wisdom from Solomon
When lips and hips chopped down a chopper that flew David
When ceilings of feelings grew vividly avid.

John Sensele

Listen, Darling

Sometimes I cry, sometimes I die
Sometimes I try, sometimes I sigh
Wondering why immense possibilities faded away
When wisdom dictated you and I give way

In keeping with the sadness society imposes
When by its dictates society love questions poses
Asking why you and I should unite
In circumstances where society cited night

Darkness and fecklessness you and I denied
Existed at all when your heart and mine flew to Brunei
Where our love would roam free
Climbing to the top of the tenderness tree

Harvesting at high speed fruit our love ate
When our hearts united love written on the slate
Where limpid letters spelt limpid love
Our hands sneaked into the love glove

Where, Splendour, I miss you
More than I can proclaim anew
In spite of circumstances
Love knows not in debatable distances and instances

I hold accountable
For miseries on the table
Vacated by love killed
By society so unskilled

It frowns upon love you and I would enjoy
In vats and mats where genuine love would deploy
Tactics and gymnastics to behold
Despite fates of censure we withhold

But would under no circumstances surrender
No matter how many strictures their heads render
Declaring illegal the bond
We believe never will abscond.

John Sensele

Litany Of Lies

Some men slaughter your name
Scandalizing your life
Plunging your world into shame
Lumbering your limpid life with satins of strife.

Some men flatter your ego
Making you believe you're the centre of the universe
If only your self concept, self esteem you should forgo
Listening to their vitriolic verse.

Some men slay your peace of mind
Whispering in your ears sweet nothings
Driving your soul blind
Transmuting your beliefs and values into fictional things.

Some men sell you packs of lies
Claiming you're their only lover
For whom their bottom dollar cries
Until to your chagrin too late their litany of lies you discover.

John Sensele

Little Words Restore Pristine State

Little words the broken hearted heal
Little smiles the morose comfort
Little deals prime movers seal
Little irritations sometimes stray into the fort

Where they wreak havoc
Instead of sowing care
In circumstances where cavok
Would minimize the despair

Felt in hearts lost in a sea of doubt
Sown helter skelter
Among slaves to gout who tout
Diffidence in a dark shelter

Where hope comes to the rescue
At the eleventh hour
Cutting short a queue where a miscue
Attempts to desiccate the flower whose power

Restores the pristine state
In which hearts smile
Serrating hurdles and bundles of blues in a haste
To ascertain bliss and peace of mind increase beyond the hundredth mile in style.

John Sensele

Live & Let Live

I believe greater success
In life lies in minding my own business
To achieve and nurture progress
That on me bestows optimal happiness.

I believe people are free to live
Their lives the best way only they know how
For their success enables people to give
To others a sow, a cow, a bow and a plough.

I believe people who have a life to live
Seldom find time and space
For idleness, recklessness and harshness to grieve
Over happiness bestowed on a friendly face.

I believe the best policy in life consists
Of living my life well and letting others frolick
As much as they desire to host feasts
That to their hearts' content give them pleasure for a whole week.

John Sensele

Lively Life

Life isn't loaded luggage to jettison
Live life and let life live to the fullest
Waste not wonders life spring into your zone
Life grows and throws arrows to give you the best in your quest

Live life and let life live to the fullest
If life should smile for miles
Life grows and throws arrows to give you the best in your quest
To accumulate happiness in piles

If life should smile for miles
For your pleasure and leisure
To accumulate happiness in piles
Big and small, life is a treasure beyond measure

For your pleasure and leisure
Waste not wonders life spring into your zone
Big and small, life is a treasure beyond measure
Life isn't loaded luggage to jettison.

John Sensele

Lizzy

My heart aches, quakes, slakes and shakes whenever I feel unable
To care enough, to tear myself to shreds and to bear any discomfort
You experience since you glimpse and rinse wounds and struggle
To render the best of health care and dare to bare in the Senanga fort
Where through no fault of your own and colt of your own you forgo
Any deserved respite in the delivery of bright and right services
Under tight and plight conditions that bring and spring a cargo
Of longer hours and hunger showers that sketch a stretch of crevices
In which a twitch and bleach scramble for a ramble to pair care
With a sparkle of scarce and a crackle of devices in health care edifices
In which best practices with lattice of premier service delivery dare
To afford records and accords of sterling bedside manners which kisses
Leprosy patients in ancient facilities with diminished varieties
Of interventions spring up surprises of real ultimate grade quality in unexpected
quantities.

John Sensele

Load Into Your Life Quality

Lie low

Keep low your own blood pressure

Take it slow, your life away don't blow

To minimize between your body and mind a fissure.

Load into your life quality

Jettison from your social circles poison

Inherent in increasing girlfriends' quantity

To migrate mediocre life into your bliss zone.

Laugh at your mistakes

Keep no register of disappointments

That subtract from your life cantankerous cakes

To ensure you meet your happiness appointments.

Lift up your spirits

Keep doing in every aspect your level best

As you perambulate your life's streets

To ensure you rise in quality above the rest.

John Sensele

Loadshedding Laments

Loadshedding spoils the wedding
I planned for the cousin
Long, long time spreading
The wedding news by the dozen.

Loadshedding snatches fun
From grandson whose cartoons
No longer to he can trade for a toy gun
Dreaming instead of risible ratoons.

Loadshedding steals my routine
In the morning waking up in the dark
With neither paraffin nor oil in the tin
Where happiness can no longer spark.

Loadshedding worsens deforestation
When charcoal burners chop down trees
To promote climate change infestation
To devastating degrees.

John Sensele

Lone Wilderbeest

Like a pride of lions on the offensive
Attack in unison twenty four seven.
Like a lone wilderbeest in a mood pensive
You diminish your impact to reach heaven
When you discount partners' accounts by eleven
Aiming to play soccer alone, to score a goal
In the D zone from a tight angle and the ball
Flies twenty centimetres above the upright;
You rue chances spurned and your soul
Aches because your blunders loses your team's fight.

John Sensele

Loneliness Loathes Life

Loneliness lives in the mind
Where a wench feels alone
When a wanderer wanders blind and unkind
With no reason to condone a zodiac zone.

Loneliness lampoons love
Where a wench feels the urge for company
When a wanderer grows agile like a dove
With no reason to abandon agony in Brittany.

Loneliness lurks in the air
Where a wench feels amity absence
When a wanderer whistles at a wild bear
With no reason to condone connivance.

Loneliness loosens liberty
Where a wench feels like a slave
When a wanderer whips puberty
With no reason to envy a knave.

John Sensele

Long Ago

Long ago, simplicity spoke to my life
Urging a lifestyle that whisks away whims and wishes from peepers
Who cringe and crawl at the corns of the strife
Hobnobbing with snotty snobs and sorrow sweepers.

Long ago, a pickpocket snatched my wallet
Dreaming it hosted wads of brand-new dollars
Which could and would mollify his mallet
Pounding shelves and elves on clerical collars.

Long ago, I could crack a joke or two
To poke fun and please the avid audience
I held spellbound if I gave away no clue
When their feet and sweet would create an amorous ambience.

Long ago, Jesus promised to rescue my Mathematics
Urging me to call upon him if clarity from my radar went awry
Peace and perfection have since blessed the gymnastics
Inherent in Arithmetic, Algebra and Analysis whenever intuition would run dry.

Long ago, meals meandered and plundered Monday
Empty barns, colourless corn crops in famished fields, churlish children
Who took turn to caress kindness and kiss crosses on Sunday
When sympathetic Samaritans would care for bottom of the pyramid brethren.

John Sensele

Long To Thong A Knave

Love to meet you and treat you good
To Hug you, to tag you along, to carry your hand bag
All along and make us strong in every mood
Come rain or shine, I wanna carry your pain and claim your flag.

Long to crush you in my arms and flush away your blush
To break monotony, to stake your future and feed you cake
All along, to belong to you, to paint your pubescent portrait at a bash
On my easel whether or not diesel powers my love on your limpid lake.

Long to pore over the core of your soul
To breathe on your sleeve, to rest my giddy head on your cleavage
All along, to kiss your lips, to miss an appointment mall
As we clink glasses and drink to our vintage romantic voyage.

Long to sing you a sentimental song with euphoria
To dip love morsels and keep tempting threads alive
All along to brave challenges and thong a knave with Eucharist
As my heart tells me every piece of your love I need to strive.

John Sensele

Look Inside You

Don't while away your time
Grumbling about minor headaches
You somehow feel climb
Into your comfort zone due to your fatal mistakes.

Don't curse everybody around you
Whom you perceive to pour misfortunes
Into your routines that ain't new
Because your platitudes play tired tunes.

Don't expose ingratitude
To friends, partners and associates
To whom you project an irritating attitude
That in turn your life vitiates.

Don't blame bad turns
On people on whom you've turned your back
While you somehow expect from these benefactors good returns
As you forget they've changed their tack into attack.

John Sensele

Look Out, Lad

Look out! Look out, lad, for dangers
Hasten not, fasten your belt
Cruise to the bosom of your rangers
Where love, felt love, morose moods melt.

Look out! Look out, lad, for pleasures
Hasten not, straighten your mind
Cruise to the bosom of your measures
Where love never leaves you behind.

Look out! Look out, lad, for big breaks
Hasten not, listen to your heart
Cruise to the bosom of temperance treks
Where love your heart doesn't smart.

Look out! Look out, lad, for signs
Hasten not, worsen not your fate
Cruise to the bosom of inclines
Where love dotes on you more than a dainty date.

John Sensele

Loose Seam

Skate paths where angels fear to tread
if you should achieve your dream
In the event you're no longer afraid.

Style and fashion your hairdo in a unique braid
To astound and confound your team.
Skate paths where angels fear to tread.

Front the cheerleader team and confront Fred
Whether his cronies clam up or scream
In the event you're no longer afraid.

Saunter over to Richard'd grocery to get a loaf of bread
Drop it home then go for a swim.
Skate paths where angels fear to tread.

Enroll at Samuel's Polytechnic to learn a trade
Before lights go off and prospects grow dim
In the event you're no longer afraid.

Oil your sewing machine and a needle thread
To repair on your black blouse a seam.
Skate paths where angels fear to tread
In the event you're no longer afraid.

John Sensele

Lord, Tell Me

Lord, tell me how in one soul you could pack
Kindness and unkindness, generosity and greed
Beauty and ugliness, front and back, lack and stack
And several contradictions on which Trinity disagreed

Now, these traits wreak disaster
On Earth where they've stolen the little
To the poor and vulnerable you gave faster
And on which cronies and cannibals pour their spittle

Arguing the bottom of the pyramid
Nothing they deserve
Since taste and appreciation for mead
They possess not in reserve

The poor you created to serve the rich
Who by right you destined to rule
And lord it over peasants to whom you preach
Total obedience cos their eyes can't see through Whoolworth wool.

John Sensele

Losing Face, Neither An Option Nor My Portion

I don't cry when my well runs dry
No matter how much challenges try
To land on me attitudes that wonder why

Despite tribulation and frustration I smile
As I saunter the extra mile
To make life worthwhile all the while

When I face each problem
As a solemn claim
I dare to tame and maim

Bearding the gauntlet
In each challenge goblet
I process into a morsel of omelette

My teeth masticate
Whether fate twists and turns fabricate
Pulp in bulk I confiscate

As I soar higher
To obliterate a liar
Whose smoke in a briar

I extinguish
Mediocrity from excellence I distinguish
To put to rest any traces of anguish

Daring to face the wrath
I derive from poems I inherit from Sylvia Plath
As clarity, celerity and celebrity in my path

Address the threat
I lowly rate
In a debilitating crate

I crush and trash
Without any hint of rush
To paint my future black with an ambiguous brush

Slates of fate and hate throw at me
Pleading for me to be
The naïve hermit challengers dream they could see
On bended knees, falling from grace
In life's rat race
Where I vow never to lose face.

John Sensele

Losing Your Way

Easier to lose your way
Dreaming of gargantuan glory in Utopia
While success sails away
From your future, spanking the pier

Your servile studies assassinate
Continuous assessment breathes its last
As you grow passionate
About fantasy and folly in your militant mast

That draws you stacks from the whack
Detracting you from the goal to earn the key
To the future you attack
With venom and vociferation in the glee

You flaunt with your terrible taunt
Uttering acres of baloney, achieving little
Installing and distilling advice that won't
Pour unity and dignity into the spittle

You engender
Walking on your head
Goring the gender
Balance you trade in the bed

That declaims the disarray
your social studies suffer
When you can't distinguish foolish forays from the array
With deliberation your efforts ought to offer

In salient sacks and stacks of bucks
Your studies demand
In the pack that lacks and sacks
Analytical skills in the contusion command

You raise to sanctity
Poking pores on the pact
You assented in the eventuality
Your impetuosity incurred when red handed you got caught in the act.

John Sensele

Loss On The Cross

I am afraid of hate
I am afraid of fate
Fate deals a crude card
Hate can't be my standard.

I regret dating
I regret mating
Osculation wastes time
Emasculation is a crime.

I want to live
I want to forgive
Forgiveness heals hearts
Grudges gain and regain no tarts.

I pray for hope
I pray on a sanity slope
Hope to move me forward
Lest hate should grab my reward.

John Sensele

Lost Bliss Botany

I felt like dying
The night he told me it was over
Crying, sighing, wondering
Why on Earth I couldn't keep a lover.

I felt my world breaking apart
Tears pouring from swollen eyes
Wishing never again to take part
In love affairs teeming with lies and sties.

I felt there was no point
Giving suitors a chance
To tear my heart in every joint
If to love I turned my arms perchance.

I felt old and cold
When we parted company
Misery I could no longer withhold
Our lives no longer attended to our bliss botany.

John Sensele

Lots Of Care For You And I

When in our relationship love plays fair
Love to the rescue deploys its best machines
To ensure on you and I we pour lots of care

In every aspect our attitude dares
To ensure we support scenes
In which our relationship love plays fair

Such that we least worry about a material share
Which doesn't advance the case of love means
To ensure on you and I we pour lots of care

When our main concern dictates the type of pair
We form and reform to score love wins
To grow a relationship where love plays fair

At all times, anywhere and everywhere
When you and employ a strategy that leans
On growing love to ensure on you and I we pour lots of care

As we consolidate means that grow a flair
For love to prevent the emergence of smithereens
When in our relationship love plays fair
To ensure on you and I we pour lots of care

John Sensele

Loud Demagogue

There was once a loud demagogue
Who said crap in a synagogue
As he ran an advert
In a tone really pert
To push further away any dialogue.

John Sensele

Love

Love is a little word with enormous emotional shoulders
On boulders of temporary insanity
Veer beyond the reason envelope revolvers
Even though love excises caution and precautions from minds of lovebirds.

John Sensele

Love Anatomy

Love is an ingredient that takes over a human mind
Spins him upside down, scatters reason and defies the blind
On a heart's window, tangling with alchemy, autonomy and harmony
Striving to impose her will on chapters and verses of Deuteronomy
Seething with feeble wrath if she doesn't get her way
Flying a Dutch lover comforts of Amsterdam to pray
For love's influence to prevail at Chinese Hunan airport
Where an enamored loverboy expecting Mythical Cleopatra to report
To his fantasy, splurged bucks, urging reason to evaporate to Hell
When Cupid pumps litres of adrenalin and dopamine to spell
Harp-piness, madness, quizziness, sickness, witness and prettiness
Whether non lovers laugh, crack jokes or break eggs at his business
Which is none of their business whether his heart breaks or shrieks
Sinks, sinks, thinks, winks, slinks, blinks, shrinks, kicks or clicks.

John Sensele

Love And Attention You And I Deserve

Do not steal from us the love and attention you and I deserve
Despite the way my innermost thoughts you paraphrase
Let us nourish and brandish the love we serve and preserve.

Stand firm in the face of challenges you and I attempt to unnerve
In settings and circumstances a daze praises in our catchphrase
Do not steal from us the love and attention you and I deserve.

Would rue the day for expediency's sake we abandon the verve
Love manifestations in their majesty and splendor appraise
Let us nourish and brandish the love we serve and preserve.

When the most sublime commitment we invest in affections we observe
In circumstances and contexts that set us ablaze
Do not steal from us the love and attention you and I deserve.

Despite insuperable obstacles and hurdles let's conserve
Energy and synergy against all odds to amaze
Detractors as we nourish and brandish the love we serve and preserve.

In the end, it's up to you and I to negotiate the last crucial curve
To turn the corner and emerge triumphant from the haze of the penultimate
maze
Where we enthuse, 'Do not steal from us the love and attention we deserve
Because we nourish and brandish the love we serve and preserve.'

John Sensele

Love Beyond Tribal Ties

Bleach leeches of the switch of the doubt
Your mind nurtures without reason
When in horror I gaze at your lips pout

At moments our hearts in succulent season
Ought to converge on the feasible focus
To shift our liaison lens from the puny prison

That stifles our love in the ludicrous locus
Where our love strictures suffocate
At times traditions of your family caucus

Impede reeds of new millennium etiquette
Cringe at tribal considerations your folks make
Querying conjugal creams you and I insert into the ticket

We believe breathes fresh air into the brand new cake we bake
As we forge ahead beyond tribal barriers to keep our dainty dream awake.

John Sensele

Love Caught Up In A Love Drought

Love drought worse than desert dessication
Hearts cry in every house corner, hearts hurt hearts
Love drought provides no preparation precaution
Hearts break in fits and starts.

Love drought worse than woes wrote
Hearts shrink on the brink of insanity, hearts inflict woes
Love drought processes no provocation note
Hearts break into voids teeming with zeroes.

Love drought worse than a dagger damage
Hearts shake in denial, hearts lacerate love
Love drought pervades every emotion the cheated manage
Hearts break when jilted women lose the best dreams they have.

Love drought worse than the actual betrayal
Hearts disbelieve a serial betrayal, hearts die a dungeon death
Love drought doesn't care about a divorce trial
Hearts break when partners discover sly stealth and bad breath.

Love drought worse than absence of a fertile future
Hearts in time heal, heavenly hearts heal broken fragments
Love drought doesn't dry or fry camaraderie culture
Hearts heal faster when they collect conducive condiments.

Love drought worse than a blank canvas
Hearts in time renew themselves, empathetic hearts mend bruises
Love drought doesn't last a lifetime with a convivial compass
Hearts heal sometimes during compassionate cruises.

Love drought worse than loss of hope
Hearts build anew, hearts choose someone new
Love drought no excuse to abuse dope
Hearts' options are many, limited options are few.

Love drought worse than self pity
No hearts forsaken for brave hearts opportune opportunities abound
Love drought dares to exploit its love electricity at full capacity
Hearts that hurt shouldn't forever lie supine on the ground.

John Sensele

Love Conquers Cockerels & Mackerels

Love conquers coquettes and cockerels
Flying flags of infatuation
Fiddling with mackerels
Filling in idle time with a mundane mission.

Love seals chemistry
Between two hearts that heat in tune
To each other in a tapestry
So elusive to observers in June.

Love fills spaces and blanks
With frank adulation, roaring emotion,
Fast beating feelings, emotional pranks
Longings to crush a partner on a trembling chest in a second's fraction.

Love liquidizes adrenalin
In every vein
In a besotted queen free of sin
When from love's magnetism she struggles in vain.

John Sensele

Love Creche

My love crèche refreshes the niche
Where stacks of bliss
Vie to dish
Out the kind of love fleece

That my love nourishes and brandishes
Clear avenues
Where sorrow finishes
Blues disseminated in news and views

Expected to chart the way forward
In matters of the heart
That reward
The start

To an enriched setting
Enmeshed in prisms of happiness
Waiting
To displace an episode featuring unhappiness

Which sometimes creeps
Into nooks and crannies
In a berth that keeps
No faith in pennies

Counted once in a lifetime
In need of a dose of affection
Genuine to bless a life for all the time
When attention

Needed to bless a union
Is never in short supply
But given a standing ovation
To dry

Unshed tears
To grace a salutary coupling
Bereft of beers
With no inkling

To derange the range
In which love lubricates
Gears to arrange
Happiness states

In which bliss thrives
Heartbeats breathe well
Sweet love derives
Love feelings that swell and spell a love scale.

John Sensele

Love Cues And Hues

Love blossoms into a wind
Blowing in a direction it chooses
With neither regret nor secret to rescind
Donning wings and exuding kaleidoscopic hues.

Love doesn't go blind
Smiting hearts where the chemistry feels right
Bothering not whether it blossoms in front or behind
Casting Cupid's arrows during the day or at night.

Love knows neither gender nor race
Entwining lanky and stocky, slim and plus size
It cares not for contour or colour of face
Provided protagonists crave for the proven prize.

Love sings the blues and tender tunes
For the uplifted and the heartbroken
It dance taps, teases and croons
As long as soft nothings actualize bonds unbroken.

John Sensele

Love Curls

Misguided love penetrates hearts and serrates bliss
Sows despair, throws bane darts and shunts aside a kiss
Stolen in the heat of the moment and takes breaths away
From two entwined hearts distended by greed to spread delay
While love guided in the right path grows succour
Away from any feelings and emotions of rancour
To cultivate well-being in every critical aspect of the apple
Of the eye who shines and twinkles like a star, a supple
Gazelle gallumphing and laughing at leisure
At work, at chitch, at social gatherings with unbounded pleasure
Beyond measure. Give love a chance to thrive
Give love an opportunity to enable lovebirds to derive
Optimal benefits and take love to cloud nine where it unfurls
Its conquest flag, its blossom, its bloom and its pearls.

John Sensele

Love Language Liberates Lovebirds

Love language seldom understood
Befuddles boys and girls
Men and women from a nuptial neighbourhood
Whose showy shadows caress kinky curls.

Love language seldom speaks nonsense
For lovebirds in a hurry to neck
Though reason urges common sense in its defence
As a gourmet groom into his bride's mouth pops a connubial cake.

Love language seldom couched in soft nothings
Whispered in ears too deaf to hear
When hasty hands strip her stockings
Lest the dame should manifest fear.

Love language seldom values Valentine vestiges
Once February turns the corner
Until a brand new account of 365 days envisages
A visit to shower scarlet sandals on a perfect partner.

John Sensele

Love Leisure

Love metamorphoses into a treasure
Bursting with sights and delights
To delect elect souls beyond leisure
When Cupid stimulates cardiac lights.

Bursting with sights and delights,
Love kneads and feeds hearts
When Cupid stimulates cardiac lights
To illuminate intimate carts.

Love kneads and feeds hearts
With a plethora of pleasures
To illuminate intimate carts
When hearts devour succulent measures.

With a plethora of pleasures
To delect elect souls beyond leisure
When hearts devour succulent measures,
Love metamorphoses into a treasure.

John Sensele

Love Lives And Grows From Within You

Love lives within
Where limitless love abounds
But limited love meanders at the margin
Spinning and spinning on its garbage grounds.

Pesky partners emerge from hunted love
Where they grow febrile features
Roasting resentment in your alcove
To lumber on your soul saturated sutures.

Love yourself to liberate love to share
With kindred souls
Who by nature for your feelings do care
And love you so much they'd die to realize your goals.

Give real love to receive real love in return
From partners meant for you
Partners for whom you yearn
Soulmates who build and yield real love for both of you to glue.

Love the flame you can't stand
To create room for love to flow
From within your love brand
Fast enough and soon enough for limpid love to grow.

John Sensele

Love Lullaby

Love sparks calm my nights
Catalyse sweet dreams
Soothe and bathe my sights
Spray my tongue with choice ice creams.

Love sparks open up new possibilities
To experience feelings dormant for too long
When soft nothings sing melodious ditties
Dainty delights and succulent sights in arms where I belong.

Love sparks fly me to love frontiers
I knew some day will come true
Though I disbelieved seers and peers
Who for sure gave my mind about her a clear clue.

Love sparks transmute my perception
Into a vivid vision
In which her affection and predilection
Create for both of us a fecund fusion.

John Sensele

Love Me, Love My Sea

Love me, love my imperfection
Love the allure you saw
When you won the election
To score a goofy goal.

Love me, love my snore
Love the smile you spied
When with eyes wide open you wore
On your sleeves sentiments that soon died when Cupid sighed.

Love me, love my children
Love the way the fracas fiends frolick
When they mingle with brethren
Who dabble in brand business, mortar and click every week.

Love me, love my past
Love the baggage I carry
When like in a maudlin movie you cast
Me as a bag of worry despite your diminutive dowry.

John Sensele

Love Mystery

Love: a five letter word misused, abused and confused
In human interactions and interventions as a convenient label
To express any undefined emotions, unclear feelings, underlined foibles fused
With a labyrinth of brooks, crooks, spooks and cooks who aren't affable.

Love: a master word that serves purposes and pursuits
Waxed with desires to conquer, desires to satiate, desires to dominate
Desires to please, desires to tease, desires to pluck fruits
Without investing any labour but with intent to pollute and depreciate.

Love: an unspoken language, a shorthand for shifting goalposts
When a man driven to the brink of dizziness, loneliness and emptiness
Contrives to stalk potential partners claiming to arrange for costs
Of emotional uplift only to singe egos, unhinge superegos and to sow
unhappiness.

Love: a panacea for emotional and delusional confusion
In which infatuation, deception, attraction vie for a pole position
In a heart so receptive, so emotive, so effective she offers no opposition
To scenarios in which she entwines with a suitor hoping to suffer no trust
erosion.

John Sensele

Love Nest And Quest

Love freely we receive, freely we ought to give
If much in love we strive to achieve
The more in love we invest, the more in love we get
For all mistakes made in love, let's strive to forget

If much in love we strive to achieve
As bounties of love into our hearts arrive
For all mistakes made in love, let's strive to forget
As long as limpid love grows into our tender target

As bounties of love into our hearts arrive
We ensure from love a plethora of benefits we derive
As long as limpid love grows into our tender target
Or else plain portions of love we reset

We ensure from love a plethora of benefits we derive
If our love nest in its success quest should thrive
Or else plain portions of love we reset
The less the care we give, the more our love sun will set

If our love nest should strengthen, love quest would thrive
And to its deserved destination love will for sure arrive
The less the care we give, the more our love sun will set
Love freely we receive, freely we ought to give.

John Sensele

Love Number One To Love

Love number one to achieve happiness
Despise number one and reap sadness
Setting poor priorities to conform
To ideals that deflate your preferred platform.

Midlife crisis cheats your imagination
Driving you to sow seeds of consternation
When to nowhere you travel
Expecting your destination others to marvel.

Love number one to share love
Which in abundance grows beyond the glove
Where love grows and germinates outwards
To bless and caress the needy with real rewards.

Poverty of love with no one you can share
Unless love lives in you to others you can't be fair
No matter what illusions you entertain
Cos to share love and care your altruism must be certain.

John Sensele

Love On The Rebound

Love on the rebound surrounds
Moral maladies without mercy
For a victim voyaging out of bounds
Whispering and wishing for a way far away from decorum and decency.

Love on the rebound pounds
Restless roses reeling at rejection
Suffered six successive sessions in which greyhounds
Compel casual comrades to seek solace and comfort in infatuation saturation.

Love on the rebound abounds
When appearances assassinate common sense
Juggling jingles, jerking gyms, journeying, jiving to gyration gestures on gravel
grounds
Until drivels dream in droves dance to the tune of nonsense defence.

Love on the rebound astounds
Shakes shores where the worth and wonder of her heart shine and shimmer less
As the brace of body language brandishes sashes of erotic sounds
Seeping from the mess of decisions driven by dimples on a femme fatale face.

John Sensele

Love On Wings Of A Dove

Love on wings of a dove blesses
Caresses and races alongside adrenaline
Coursing through veins, arteries and laces
That bind minds of two kinds into fine twine.

Love on wings of a dove enriches
Embellishes and nourishes every ounce
In the heart of the significant other who cherishes
Every quart of comfort where emotions pounce.

Love on wings of a dove adds peace
Holy health and a lorry of wealth
In the life of a darling whose blues cease
As love ensures the absence of further love dearth.

Love on wings of a dove fills
Every void in hearts in love and avoids
Strangling and wrangling any deals
With the potential to pontificate on ovoids.

John Sensele

Love Pews, Stews And Views

Hearts broken by misused love kiss it goodbye
Vowing never again to love open their doors
Once so keen to welcome love, now no longer interested to die
Cos abusers can twist the substance to leave broken hearts wriggling in pain on floors

Where they accuse love of treachery
Unfairly apportioned on so innocent and noble a human adventure
Never interested in mockery cherry and thuggery archery

In acts harmful to the affectionate nature
That bestows bliss
With her signature
To piece

Together augmented benefits love confers on stakeholders
Whose contribution to spreading fair love in its full gamut
Enlivens love holders
Who intimate

They mean well for anyone who explores the exciting world in which love lives
Waiting to confer comfort and support
To the affectionate bandwagon that gives
Meaning and feeling to love in her effort

To grow and thrill
Love participants who believe and promote the power
Inherent in a love skill
Whose hour, shower and flower

Empowers love supporters and backers
Who live to expound virtues
Love awards to love seekers
Who cook and consume high cuisine love stews.

John Sensele

Love Redefined And Refined

So deep a love to feel
Your muse Cupid would wonder
When the golden chance you couldn't steal
Preferring instead to explore gambits like a gander

Pushing a prevarication scheme without a clear
Strategy as to where you felt your breakthrough
Would emerge from, dear
Although to your credit you remained true

Supposing luck once again to your side
Would come swinging the pendulum
In your favour as aside you pushed your pride
To beat the drum

Whose rhythm like a wedding bell
Stimulated heartbeats into faster pulses
Denoting chances to lift the veil
On your romance for impulses

To hasten the tempo of the tango
For both your heart and hers to dance
To disentangle
Knots and spots of bother to advance

The agenda to win the love
For which all along you long
To hold, hold, hold on wings of the white dove
That your resolve makes strong

As seconds tick
You break the ice
Knees growing weak
Lips trembling once, twice, thrice

You squeeze Betty into your arms
Bodies entwined
No more romance doldrums
Love in the end redefined and refined.

John Sensele

Love Shared At The Bottom Of The Pyramid

Open hearts to victims of neglect
In communities immunized from kindness
Hardened by design to the core to select
The affluent whose blindness and fondness for coldness and heartlessness

Shunt aside concerns of the bottom of the pyramid
Whose human worth they measure in dollars and pounds
Stashed in Swiss bank vaults and coffers amid
Abject poverty that makes the rounds and plea sounds on clay grounds

On which mud and pole huts teeming with bed bugs
Vacillate as strong winds at high velocity blow
In tandem with hailstorms whose ferocity tugs
Thatch roofs and cereal bans asunder when hit below

The survival belt when victims with neither voice nor choice
Cringe, gnashing teeth, shivering under threadbare blankets
As distended stomachs yawn and groan wishing Joyce
Could spare a coin from her meager security guard pay pockets

That hardly kept her soul and body together, dreading the shylock's knock
On her door demanding Joyce settles a thousand Kwacha
Borrowed at usury interest rates on the chime of ten o'clock
To pay school fees for her fatherless urchins whose diet culture

Long forgot the taste and smell of beef last eaten
At Christmas when a Good Samaritan brought them morsel of offals
Cooked outside on a firewood stove, weather beaten
Which despite having seen better days played essential culinary roles

In feeding emaciated mouths
Pumping stomachs with green vegetables
In old family members' memories whose worship for simple truths
Ensured men, women and children prayed before eating meals on wooden tables

Where despite tiny quantities for which they scrambled
Lacked no wealth of compassion and affection
Shared unstintingly with prayers mumbled
In voices full of passion blessed by God's protection.

John Sensele

Love Sky

Fill for me a bowl of welcome
When you and I together come
To the place where our hearts meet
To love, to have each other and to fit

In soft spaces hearts desire
When feelings of indifference expire
Losing momentum to empathy
That conflates love and sympathy

In circumstances we create
As love, genuine love we aerate
In the morning, at night
Nibbling at the delight

We sample
In ample
Appetite we feel
As doubts we peel

Loving and loving
Trusting and having
Each other in love
Flying on wings of our love dove

Now and forever
Swimming as lovingly as ever
You and I
Towards our love sky.

John Sensele

Love Slayers

Love in wrong hands suffocates
Cos love falls in a cauldron of neglect
Replete with hearts hardened by marble dates
Love atrophies in a monotony gate
That neither cares nor spares an affection page
To nurture a treasure beyond measure
Cast to swine that neither values vintage
Wine nor dares to appreciate its quality at leisure
Which flying far above the elementary stage
At which a puppy lover swims in deja
Vu scenarios stuck in the insipid age
Inherent in midgets and their paltry pleasure
Can hardly dare to rise above the mediocrity
Typical of low ability, amiability and affability.

John Sensele

Love Stew

Bitten by a love bug, a teenager opens her arms wide
To welcome advances coming from a suitor
Purporting to sweep into an amorous ride
When ecstasy titillates and tingles her romance meter.

In anticipation of displeasure of the highest calibre
The teenager prevaricates and hesitates
To gauge the level of commitment from the fibre
Propelling the prince charming whose manifesto vibrates.

Weighing and measuring options, the teenager
Makes up her mind to sample a bite
Of the succulent plate the suitor makes a wager
To hunt down his bull's eye without respite.

In the fullness of time, the teenager and the prince
Converge in the circle Cupid drew
To entwine both lovers who convince
Each other of the necessity to chew their love stew.

John Sensele

Love Strength

The muscle in their castle
Can't weaken the love in your heart
Much as their bustle can't hustle
The ferment of your love from the start.

John Sensele

Love Strikes Likes & Unlikes

Love strikes with the right chemistry
Lifting levels of interaction
Beyond palmistry and dentistry
Within realms of affirmative affection.

Love strikes with the right attitude
Lifting levels of dopamine
Beyond altitude, gratitude and latitude
Within realms of certified serotonin.

Love strikes with the right temperature
Lifting levels of hormones
Beyond capture and rapture
Within realms of homophones.

Love strikes with the right hearts
Lifting levels of osculation
Beyond fits and starts
Within realms of gesticulation and speculation.

John Sensele

Love Summersaults On Bliss Sands

Let us find time and space, my love, where you and I
Fly high, try never again to cry
No matter what flak circumstances try
To lumber on us
When feelings blow hot on the bus
Where for your sake and mine we vow never again to fuss
Over trifles
Emanating from tongue-waggers' rifles
Caught up in needless scuffles
Which needn't you and I worry
Harass, embarrass or harry
Regardless of whether the sorrow celery
Lost on unknown streets
Where spooks to discourage you and I send meaningless tweets
Sugar-coated with savoury sweets
Your mouth and mine consider in bad taste
Whether in slow motion or in a haste
Determining to beat down our chest
As we determine to make a sudden leap
Forward to awaken from the sleep
Where from world troubles away we keep
Enmeshing our loving hands
As we surge forth to promised lands
Where our love summersaults on bliss sands.

John Sensele

Love Tarts

If only I could love her again
I'd give her the very best
My heart could give her in the rain
To cuddle her tight chest.

If only I could see her face once
I would smile forever
Hug her, tug her, bug twice
Hold her in a love fever
Ready to tug her mini dress.

If only I could tell her how much
I miss her soft nothings
Shared to keep in touch
With a zillion puppy love things.

If only we could meet at the count
Of three to tune two hearts
Like clockwork on a mount
Primed to bake love tarts.

John Sensele

Love Triangle

Like a fly in a soup, a love triangle
Stretches the elasticity of relationship
To breaking point where the obtuse angle
Inserted by a third party sails a ship
That absolutely mars or kills friendship
With ill intentions that can only hurt
The best of love affairs because a curt
Approach to intimate missions tears their fabric
Under the guise of admiring a skirt
And sampling carrots that lie in wait under a tunic.

John Sensele

Love Triumphs

In every circumstance, love comes up trumps
In every occasion, love conquers every obstacle
Love trumps hate, love defeats mumps
Love never features as a debacle.

In every circumstance, love sows happiness
In every occasion, love acts as a tonic
Love cures heartaches, love lives next to godliness
Love is neither Satanic nor demonic.

In every circumstance, love heals
In every occasion, love synergises efforts
Love clamps down on egotism, love overcomes affection bills
Love unifies and purifies hearts of all sorts.

In every circumstance, love is a tower of strength
In every occasion, love no one lampoons
Love smiles, love enjoys limitless tolerance length
Love pervades every space, love sometimes entertains goons.

John Sensele

Love Turned A Mangrove Into My Alcove

When doubt nibbled at my soul
Love flew in and turned my mangrove
Scoring the most important goal
That love landed in my alcove

All of sudden the way forward grew clear
Wondering why I couldn't see
The prize that's always been mine, holding me dear
Wishing me

Well through thin and thick
Through affliction and pain
Asking only to love, to care when weak
Broken, mistaken, I searched on the wrong side in vain

Rummaging through emptiness
Groping in a forest of indifference
Probing for warmth in the marble coldness
Blinding me, steering me from the influence

Love held for me in store
Waiting my heart to gladden
Although the momentum of progress I broke
Wishing I could float in a happiness den

When genuine, serene, pristine
Love stormed my blindness
Telling me clean
Intentions it's held to free me from the stranglehold of sadness and loneliness

Like a powerful magnet
To attract me to the bosom of love
Not through tricks and mirages of the Internet
But through congenial commitment that love peals on me shove.

John Sensele

Love Wanders

Love woke up wondering who to blame
As on it sadists rained trains of pain
To dig daggers of doom with no name
But weeks that wept in vain.

Spruts of hurt hit the tits of the flame
That once lit up their eyes as they necked on the train
Where wires of desire died because their lame
Curt attitude on it poured calabashes of strain.

Love wept rivers of shivers but made no claim
For them to wipe away insanity before heart or brain
Could swipe the treasure pipe they threatened to maim
If they chose to close their eyes to fickle folly or din disdain.

Cupid strode forward towards the clumsy cowards to aim
The flow of her arrows through the softness stain
That could prick their breathing brows with the same
Fire that harmed the armed arsenal of their shame.

Sanity swept aside vanity to much acclaim
It drew closer the loony lovebirds to caress their sane
Minds tens of miles away from feelings slain
To promote passionate postures and reclaim their affection game.

John Sensele

Love, My Wonder Woman

Love is my wonder woman

Love sounds like the ballad to which my heart waltzes

Love looks like the guardian flying into my avid arms

Love feels like soft texture of the pillow on I dream sweet dreams

Love tastes like honey melting on my thirsty tongue

Loves smells like the rose bouquet my partner orders for me.

John Sensele

Lovebirds

Love leaves its mark in hearts it strikes
The glow of love mellows minds it psyches
Hearts can't persist in resisting love for long
When Cupid's arrows come on too strong
To cosset their comfort
In the loft of their fort
With avid ambience
To hike, psyche and strike a bold balance.

John Sensele

Loveless Love

Love, you hover over my heart
Tearing it to smithereens
Assailing my art, my quart in each part of my rampart
Love, spank your sins, spins, skins and dustbins.

Love, you prolong my pain
Propagating dirt and hurt
Peeling of the my peace of mind, teasing the terrain of my strain
Love, save my soul from your sullied skirt.

Love, you choke my chest
Chiding my choice of chalice
Killing off calibers of my conquering quest
Love, meander my mind away from the lice in your malice.

Love, you steal my soul
Searing every sachet of savvy sense and dainty deference
Drilling in my delicate heart a hostile hole
Love, nullify from my life your nonsense and neutralize your nuisance.

Love, you precipitate my poverty
Paint pangs of palpitations
Reciting your nonsense novelty
Love, lift from my life your affections and pretensions.

Love, you smell saffron
Seeking to sap my sentiments
Sweeping away from me rays of radon and reason
Love, cut away your corny comments.

Love, you soak my season
Hugging my in a sea of sorrow
Pouring on me pain, paneling me in your prison
Stealing my tranquil tomorrow.

Love, you wield worries
Sacking sleep, seeping through my pores
Deleting data, driving drivel in my diaries
Love, strike it off your soles and reap off your roars.

John Sensele

Lovers' Limpid Lips

Lovers seldom care whether common sense
Titters when their arms entwine
At their hearts' insistence as between them distance
Shrinks when for each other they pine, dine and wine.

Lovers hardly care the sight prying eyes see
When in a tight embrace their lips seal
The bliss coursing through every wee
Moments they imbibe to feel their drum-beating deal.

Lovers' hands search for a tender touch
Whether society approves or disapproves
As to lovers it matters much
What quality time lies in their romantic moves.

Lovers hardly care whether infatuation
Platonic pulsation or osculation
Punctuates or propels the affable affection
That gives lovebirds a standing ovation.

John Sensele

Loving Isn't A Crime

Loving isn't a crime
Love doesn't flow or glow in a haste
Love matures with time
Don't soak or sink love into sensational slime
In a caring environment your love grows best
Loving isn't a crime
Enable love to glide into its perfect prime
If you love lovingly you'll pass her love test
Love matures with time
Love's acidity needs a little help from loving lime
But don't go loving under protest
Loving isn't a crime
When you nurture a limpid love climb
Loving does best with zest
Love matures with time
Loving needs more than a dime or a mime
To receive love, in love you ought to invest
Loving isn't a crime
Love matures with time

John Sensele

Loving!

Loving! Puppy loving amuses amateurs
Puppy loving in trysts
Puppy loving sears souls like secateurs
Provided puppy loving loses right wrists in sentimental streets.

Loving! Prudish loving ameliorates attitudes
Prudish loving in pristine prairies
Prudish loving soars to lofty latitudes
Provided pristine pates devour dove details in limpid libraries.

Loving! Playful loving accelerates accidents
Playful loving punish prurient persons
Playful loving promotes panic precedents
Provided pupils learn no liberty lessons.

Loving! Pristine loving advances affairs
Pristine loving mesmerizes mentored minds
Pristine loving showcases shrewd shares among pure pairs
Provided minds don't lose their way behind Bohemian blinds.

John Sensele

Low Ground, Bow Ground

Retire loneliness, inspire happiness
Deport selfishness, import altruism
Despite creeds, deeds, feeds and needs of ungodliness
That promote polytheism and demote seeds of baptism.

Retire greed, inspire selfless deeds
Deport twisted values, import revisited healthy values
Despite global propaganda to denounce creeds
Tried and tested feeds led by laissez faire, permissive views.

Retire intolerance, import tolerance
Deport shifting goal posts, import fairness
Despite quick fixes, tricks and kicks of the global lance
To kill and steal resources and unleash on the poor economic harshness.

Retire conspicuous consumption, inspire thrift
Deport terrorism, import cosmopolitanism
Despite threats of sanctions from paedophilia's gift and shift
To promote moral decadence and devote slush funds for satanism.

John Sensele

Lucifer's Glee

Plagiarized assignments, copied answers
Asinine attitudes, corny comments, chronic cancers
Broken English
Paint a picture so churlish

The mind boggles
When education toggles
Between grade one and grade twelve
Where noughts and fecal thoughts swerve

Colliding in throes of a futile future
Sailing in a vacuum of a cannibalized culture
Where a sensible sentence I can't write
Despite the vanity in which I delight

To expose my egregious ignorance
As if in a tumultuous trance
From which I struggle to flee
But only succeeding in oxygenating Lucifer's glee.

John Sensele

Lugubrious Losses, Choices, Voices And Tosses

Remonstrations, protestations, recriminations
In the wake of a calamity that strikes below the belt
In communities decimated and disabled by insinuations
Brought to a head when fickle feelings melt

As tempers in embers flare
In scenarios of utter disbelief prompted by dysfunctions
In families with implicit love deficit declare
A truce among gladiators lest functions

Held in high esteem at best
Considered tenuous at worst in the light of evidence
Adduced by a traditional herbalist to test
Depth and strength of balance, cadence, credence

In norms hitherto perceived as golden standard
In matters of natural justice
Scoring above or below zero on a scorecard displayed with prominence on a placard
Denounce the injustice

Shown and grown with no iota of shame to collect and dissect scalps
Carried, harried, buried six feet under
In Utopian Alps
Reeking of the stench of blunder and thunder by a gander who considers gender

A taboo with tattoos of blame
Training, staining, raining participants to a cabal
With the lame name
Ordinarily thought banal

Strut the shame a family feels
At a low point in the life
It purports to live when squealing eels
Swimming in family ponds and puddles of strife

Stick a sharp knife
Into taboos of bamboos it desecrates
As a funeral fife

Consecrates and concentrates cancer crates

To wind up a discourse of the mute

While weeping eyes

Refuse yielding to coercion to recruit

Sties, ties, flies and pies teeming with lugubrious lies.

John Sensele

Machismo Beef

Stupor-drunk and illusion-driven Machismo
Sauntered to a fridge for an umpteenth bottle
Of dry wine, uncorked it, kissed it and a little more
Wine took off and cruised down his gullet at full throttle.

Lying in bed with hardly any energy after putting baby to bed
Momma's brain pondered how to stretch the meagre
Pieces of silver in her kitty to put bread and butter into her homestead
Where hunger, deprivation and systemic neglect were eager.

Machismo shook Momma awake demanding respect
From Momma who rebuked his late night binge
That not only choked finances but also chose to object
To ceremony, harmony and any love range.

Said Machismo, smacking Momma, 'You're Nothing.
You'd be roaming streets if it wasn't for my generosity.
You'd be wallowing in filth. But I made you into Something.
Don't diss me or else I'll throw you out of my city.'

John Sensele

Mad Ad

Unless I see sense, I'd reap double
Blues and queues of zeroes
Stashed to rouse rows of rabble
That let down two trusted heroes.

Unless I fly, I'd go astray
Today and tomorrow
And fail to return the tray
Of clues of blues to the first row.

Unless chance smiles back at me
Once more, pain would creep on
My bed to feed a sea
Where sadness would chew a bone.

Unless blessings visit my life
Soon, the moon would croon a sad
Song a million times for a wife
Gone too clean to buy a mad ad.

John Sensele

Mafia Mania

Mafia mania is a leech
Witch winding, grinding, binding down
Towns, gowns and browns to switch
Off progress and increase stress in a town.

Mafia mania marries kleptomania
Fear and clear misdemeanor
Languor and hunger weir
Clear of a sage's manner in his manor.

Mafia mania mesmerizes Russomania
Rumania, Bulgaria, Australia ostracizing Obamacare
Daring to dribble Tanzania
All to bore the poor and roll up a medical scare.

Mafia mania messes up reindeer
Beer and mere matrimony,
Mafia mania is leer
At sober society's harmony.

John Sensele

Magic Moment

Acoustic music mesmerizes my magic moment
Event that enthuses my nettled nerves
When boisterous burdens in drab dens me torment
As staying power in a shower no purpose serves.

Event that enthuses nettled nerves
Battered beyond endurance and tolerance
As staying power in a shower no purpose serves
When distortion disses a social science licence at a press conference.

Battered beyond endurance and tolerance
Life lambasts and lampoons limpets
When distortion disses social science licence at a press conference
Which secures sleazy secrets of street strumpets.

Life lambasts and lampoons limpets
When boisterous burdens in drab dens me torment
With secure sleazy secrets of street strumpets
Although acoustic music mesmerizes my magic moment.

John Sensele

Maim Manifestations Of Malevolence

Favour friends of forward flavours to multiply
Let no malevolence manifest
In your thought, plan and action supply
As by dint of doggedness your efforts invest

Day and night, in towns and villages
Terabytes of temerity and serenity
To diminish and deal fatal blows to pillages
That deprive the poor and vulnerable of dignity

They deserve in all services under the sun
Catalyzed by God the Almighty
Who decreed no rule of terror and supremacy of the gun
Possessed by the powerful and the mighty

For whom you pray
Day and night for God to grant them wisdom
To walk the narrow nodule and never go astray
In politics, in industry, in communication and innovation in Kaizer's kingdom

Where the poor get a raw deal
Eking out a little living
With a sapped stomach due to paucity of guaranteed goodwill
As the poor invest in forgiving

The mighty who know not what their right and left hands do
Behaving like bear in God's planet
Where they do everything in their purview to woo
Insensitivity in planning, strategy on paper and on the internet

Now a haven of evil
Teeming with hackers, crackers and trackers
Hobnobbing with moguls with weevils
Whom the poor label backtrackers, fakers, mockers and suckers

Whose interest lies in hijacking personal data
They sell for a bell or a knell to the highest bidder
On the internet and on the greed gutter
To favour a fabulous fortune feeder.

John Sensele

Majority Argues No Better Than Minority

When the majority gets it wrong
Don't jump on their bandwagon to make it strong
Because majority ain't always bright or right
Despite numbers seeming to validate the might
They claim swings strength of arguments in their favour
Although reliability and validity deny them the flavour
They require to consolidate and validate the proof
Majority ain't dreaming and swimming in the hoof
Where perceptions of misconceptions abound
To fallacies and fantasies' sound
As deluges of huge subterfuge leak and sneak fallacies
That delude, denude and exude fantasies
Until deeper scrutinies of destiny discover
Flies and miles of lies pile up in tonnes
With stealth of ill health conceal in tans
Proof on the roof awaits the attention
It deserves to strengthen prevention
Rather than caress costly cure
Availed and hailed in good time to procure
A simpler solution to the illusion
The majority conspires in the delusion
Minority deserves no honest hearing
As long as the majority pulls the string
That swings the verdict to the convenience
Whose inaction and procrastination in salience
They promote against the greater good
The silent minority though misunderstood
If the course of natural justice
Decrees no favour accrues to injustice
That implies the majority always wins the argument
By virtue of larger numbers validates the comment
Contestants, recalcitrants and resistants
Favour the endeavour and flavour of proven protestants.

John Sensele

Make Love

Mediate matters to copulate,
Affirm choices to populate,
Keep bargains to osculate and
Embrace one partner to lubricate.

Lobby a single partner to anticipate
Open hearts to motivate
Veer away from doubts to undulate and
Expedite juices to participate.

John Sensele

Make Your Suit Fit Your Cloth

Break not teeth and bones fighting God's plan
Unless you desire to wipe out your own clan
Embarking on a futile fission
That still births a morbid mission

Doomed to failure from the start
As your instruments fall apart
Cutting off your noses
To please a disease of the puny poses

You strike on facebook in vain
Striving to stay dry in the rain
When defeat stares you in the face
Slaying the last ace and its trace

That made you proud
While wrapping your pride in the shroud
Where on your wobbly knees you crawl
Vowing never again in futility to play a risible role.

John Sensele

Mandolins & Pangolins

Mandolins and pangolins in our romance bloom
As we plunge and lunge into fast heartbeats
Excitement, anticipation, procrastination and sometimes a dose of gloom
When reality check snaps us back to steep incline defeats.

Mandolins and pangolins at our workplaces shoot up
As we swim in waters of complacency and plain sailing,
Finger pointing, career sailing, nail biting and our cup
Bubbles over with mirth when in our works spanners come crushing.

Mandolins and pangolins in our faith lurk
In the background as our pilgrimage on Earth cruises
At a sedate pace and we befriend a Turk
When Brexit erects a barrier and suddenly our faith licks unexpected bruises.

Mandolins and pangolins in our leisure pursuit sneak
Crack our EPL soccer prognostics when Leicester in 2015 tore up the book form
Shot to the top and we stuck out our neck
When an Earthquake snapped the complacent bottom of Rome.

John Sensele

Map A Tap Lap

Avoid any lap devoid of a map
Whose absence in a sense can lead you into a burnout trap
From which your sanity draws only crap
When you turn on a presumed wisdom tap.

Every so often schedule a nap
Session to revitalise a clap
That recognises opportunities to swap
Wisdom and freedom for mere crap.

Veer away not out of fear clear of a punitive slap
When on your smartphone you stray into forays wap
Blends to lend credence to a failure lap
Which you believe your double troubles the lap can zap.

Whether on your way down or on your way up
Grant no permission to any lass or chap
To offload onto your clean path any exam supp
Because you somehow contrived to a risible app.

Opportunities for growth, opportunities for mirth snap
Insanities, vanities and idiocies slap
As soon as ugly heads they rear as you tap
A cure for ignorance, a cure for sapience into a divine cup.

Wear at all times your thinking cap
Lest evil genies from a Pandora's box should up
Their game and contrive to snap your kneecap
And land you into a bimbo's unbidden lap.

John Sensele

Marble Hearts

Marble hearts switch between blowing hot and cold
Marble hearts feel normal and formal despite discontent in their tent
Marble hearts seal deals that soon grow old with no legacy told
As an established pattern seen in every salient event.

Marble hearts hardly care whether harm arises from their ego tripping
Marble hearts with their tarts in blue carts sound a sorrow knell
Marble hearts in their self indulgence go off ripping
As if these hearts wouldn't have a sad story one day to tell.

Marble hearts with their fine arts loving hearts can't accurately draw
Marble hearts with their lives intransigence can't dish out live emotions
Marble hearts at best in matters of can't conjure up a thaw
As feelings and ceilings advise on precautions.

Marble hearts with their impassivity can't heal
Marble hearts with surface ties tinged with lies can't soothe
Marble hearts with their disloyalty partners can kill
As in their escapades with spade cards only in blues partners can bathe.

John Sensele

March Against The Rule Of The Gun

March against the rule of guns
March in favour of human life in tonnes
Inscribed in the Book of Life
Although lobbyists promote societal strife.

March against the insensitivity of politicians
Bought by lobbyists, propped up by machinegun magicians
Whose pockets swell with bucks to buy turncoats
Ingratiated and depreciated to wear shame coats.

March for students' lives
Dignified by educational drives
Ordained from on high to run Uncle Sam' economic wheels
Despite the passage for umpteenth time of pro-gun bills.

March for human lives with conscience
Although voting for gun control laws hurts your election chance
Diminished but not extinguished by pro-gun lobbyists
Who in anger would put your name on their black lists.

John Sensele

Marching Into My Future

Dad died when I was young
Leaving me alone on Earth to suffer
Peddling trinkets on streets while tears stung
Reminding me why only the Lord is my buffer

Against turpitudes and tribulations I ought to contain
If from life meaning should arise
A little certainty my life to sustain
While the best I do to curtail surprise

That shouldn't catch me unawares
As long as opportunities I utilize
Ensuring I partake in no wicked wares
Which from my future will snatch the priceless prize

My hands reach out to grip
With efforts I inject into my studies
As I step forward determined to strip
From my life platitudes, pesky proclivities and besotted buddies.

John Sensele

Margaret Without Regret

'No, John, you can't marry Margaret
Though we're filled with regret
That you no doubt love her
But love can't sever

'Your family and all that we stand for
Rejection is our decision therefore.
Our final decision
Made with precision.'

'Uncle Sam, Margaret is my choice
Though I hear the wisdom in your voice.
I'm sorry I've made up my mind
To marry Margaret who's my kind.'

'Don't be silly, John.
Marriage isn't a decision you make alone.'
Uncle Sam banged a coffee table
Deep wrath his mind did disable.

'Uncle Sam, your blessings can go to hell
Cos Margaret's wedding bell
With pomp and fanfare goes ahead
I'm afraid.'

'John, forget about our financial support.
How can you ignore that report
About Margaret hiding the truth?
Gosh, she's so uncouth.'

'Uncle Sam, I don't care whether kids are involved
Cos differences have been resolved.
For me tribe is no issue.
That's petty tissue.'

'Betty, pump sense into your urchin
Before I smack his chin.
As the eldest member of this family
I have the final say in my homily.'

'John, listen to elders
Seriously, take their orders
Or you'll be sorry
In a marriage filled with worry.'

'Mom, I've been dating Margaret for years.
From you, I expect cheers
Not condemnation
Or damnation.'

'John, you're as stubborn as a mule
Cos Margaret has spun wool
On your judgment
And power of discernment.'

'Mom, I've had enough
Of this charade and stuff.'
John stormed out of Uncle Sam 's house
Cos to him Margaret would be the anointed spouse.

John Sensele

Marriage Cauldron

If you can't stand the furnace
Of marriage where temperatures can soar solar levels
Marry not and save your face
Or else you'll soon be cursing devils and evils.

If you can't stand the thorns
Of marriage roses that can prick your sensitive
Nature, don't marry and blow SOS horns
In your home; spare yourself from eyes and noses inquisitive.

If you can't stand a nagging and lashing tongue
That sometimes sneak into a marriage through normal channels
Enmeshed in tempers too young
To handle the marriage vortex, don't inscribe your name in marriage annals.

If you can't stand scrutiny
That under a microscope slide
Analyses foibles and imperfections long before destiny
Strides along, be glad towards marriage you'll never ride.

John Sensele

Marriage Demise In A Cantakerous Canteen

Convoys of flashy cars
Matrimonial coteries perched on car windows
Convey cosy impressions in imaginary bars
Belying divorce shadows

That stalk and haunt new marriages
Where cooking sticks, frying pans fly
As divorce spectres havoc in carriages
Speak and sing a lie

Marriages tell and fail
As happiness through windows evaporates
To spell and impale
Marriages at frenetic rates

Scaring delights and daylights
In homes haunted
In mornings, afternoons and at nights
Taken for granted and taunted

Seventeen thousand divorces
In twenty seventeen
Evil forces from frightening sources
Marriages under siege in a cadaverous canteen

Prompting minds to boggle
Wondering if matrimonial culture sutured
Too many marriages in hedonism gamble, giggle, sniggle and google
In scary scenarios captured and raptured

Time to rethink
Pose questions
Think! Wintry wine glasses don't clink the right link
Marriage institution in need of systemic overhaul actions with surgical sections.

John Sensele

Marriage Interference

'Brenda, go back to your lecturer
You adulterer
I ain't got the time
To cosset your crime. '

'i know I blew it, James
You're right to call me names.
Why am I so stupid
To give in to Cupid? '

James slammed the door shut
He stormed out of Brenda's hut
Where their marriage evaporated
Into a soap opera overrated.

Brenda sauntered into James 's office
To seek justice.
'Why did I allow Augustin to touch me
And the best for him to see? '

'What came over you?
Brenda, from friends you couldn't pick a cue?
You got pregnant
Like a desperate tenant.'

'What about you and Rose?
Weren't you caught redhanded in a pose
That spoke compromise
Without any surmise? '

I'm a man, Brenda
Get that on your agenda.
I'm free consume any merchandise
Under my franchise. '

'James, that's outdated traditional poppycock.
You've got no right to play the peacock.
It's gender balance now.
What's more I'm not your sow.'

'Grow up, Brenda, grow up.
Our culture condones no cup
Of female sex licence
But total subjugation and obedience. '

'James, have you forgiven me
Me or should I involve Given
To spill the beans,
To reveal your incest sins? '

'Brenda, go to hell!
I'm not for sale.
If anything, I'm suing for divorce.
Of that you I have no choice. '

'Lecturer Augustin, you're guilty
Of marriage interference in Kitwe City.
You're ordered to pay James
Compensation and other punitive claims.'

John Sensele

Marriage Mountains We Climb

Limpid love to me you bring
In full flight our wedding wings spread
As on your middle finger I squeeze my ring

Meaning to dribble doubts dead
With no further ado to hold
When prayers said make the grade

Affording you and I a chance to grow bold
To mature, to culture our prayerful privilege
As triumphs of truth and faith unfold

In all facets and assets of the marriage
Designed in Heaven long before we met
In flesh, in spirit and in courage

Where riding and gliding in style we create
A holy union in the dominion God blesses
Enabling our earnest efforts to penetrate

Holes, pores and scores with faith faces
We uphold with purity and passion
Despite sentimental sins, stumbles and stresses

We brave and crave to maneuver in a mission
That defies the onslaught of hazy hazards
Longing to sink and sneak a dose of friction

If a chance we should grant to blizzards
Once in a mumbling moon to festoon
When contrary to culture we belittle gizzards

Fantasizing and magnifying a caricature cartoon
Elevated to the status of a modern mannequin
When our commitment ought to focus on the blessing boon

Coming our way if we don't grow sanguine
Bloating our ego and clotting our way
Worshipping materialism and the status of sapphire and sequin

Unless for more blessings we pray
To strengthen and lengthen our union
Lest we should end up going astray
If we abandon advice, agility, affability and conjugal communion.

John Sensele

Marriage Voyage

Marriage much of the time generates joy
With mirth, home feeling and longing to savour warmth
Brimming from every corner, every moment as couples deploy
Their best commitment free of any wrath.

Marriage sometimes flounders into fisticuffs
With a partner who sulks, cracks up and nags
Winges, coughs and bluffs
Cultivates a short fuse, wags a pesky tail and brags.

Marriage sometimes bungles into boisterous burdens
With a partner who fault finds
In the other's looks, speech and gestures in dozens
Of actions, conversations and blights of all kinds.

Marriage much of time matures couples
With partners who train each other with an eye
To plant a marriage seed that germinates, grows and doubles
In appreciation, affection, attention and collaboration sky high.

John Sensele

Mary Mellows

From the bottom of a broken heart whose pain
Simmered like a saucepan over several weeks
Ruminating, rummaging for answers in the rain
Mary determined haste yielded no quick fix.

From the brink of despair, Mary contemplated
Dark thoughts, stark noughts
That offered neither purpose nor repose simulated
Or genuine and determined no use to sow wild oats.

From the depth of prayer, Mary charted a course
That straightened her life for the better
Regardless of the source detractors chose to endorse
To send a stinker to settle a pesky matter.

From several alternatives, Mary settled
On the option to forgive the lover
Who with wanton malice hurtled
Out of her life when she deemed him a problem solver.

John Sensele

Masterclass Move

Don't quake, darling, if you can't bake my cake
My taste tools await with eager
Anticipation for power paucity ain't your mistake
And I understand why you can't figure

Out my clout without a doubt
To push past proclivities that in the past
Arrested best balance sheets that could shout
'Go ahead and marry, at last'

I hear your clear fear, my dear
Trust me rust on the crust of my bust
Hasn't settled for a tear
On your face must

Not roll or crawl to spoil
Plans your clan may not approve
Although you and I moil and toil
To make our masterclass move.

John Sensele

Mathematics

Mathematics, you're my daily food
Yeah, you done me real good
I love you.
You frighten frail, loud, proud minds
Nursery, primary, secondary, all kinds
I love you.
Expansion, factorisation or Algebra
I say `em eureka or abracadabra
I love you.
You've rewarded, expanded my life
Played sweet music on your fife
I love you.
I've tamed you, tough Mathematics
Together with your kin Pragmatics
I love you.
You've inspired my creativity
To inform my logic proclivity
I love you.
Students shiver at your sight
But I stroke and kiss your might
I love you.
You and I share a common fate
Your answers seldom come late.
I love you.
God's been to me wondrous
Name on book spine, not porous
I love you.
Diagonal, symmetry or Geometry
Sine, cosine, tangent or Trigonometry
I love you.
Side, vertex, shape or benefactor
Prime, even, odd number or factor
I love you.
I often conquer and beat `em all
To my feet they crush and fall
I love you.

John Sensele

Mathematics Teacher

There was once a famous Maths teacher
Who marked wrong concepts of a preacher
But a preacher read a sermon
In the church of a Mormon
When they agreed to skin a lecher.

John Sensele

Maul The Loose Tiger

Steamroll the roller coaster
That spins high and wins souls
Of urchins who stroke their double chins and snap a pastor
On the head because he's been scoring own goals.

Roll fair dice and call for plates of rice
To land with morsels of roasted pork
Eaten with gusto twice or thrice
When in the end it matters little whether a utensil is a spoon or a fork.

Toll the knell that presages the arrival
Unexpectedly of a gangling gladiator who threshes
Chaff and chippings near cherubs with clipped wings when survival
Mode takes over floors with inches of ashes.

Maul the tiger who bares sharp teeth at saints
Who meditate and hesitate to sentence to hell
Bimbos and gigolos who twerk derrieres in events
Meant to splash a kaleidoscope of outrageous spectacles in a jail cell.

John Sensele

May The First

May the first is christened labour day
For on this auspicious day the proletariat
Tired of fattening Fat Albert's wallet for meagre pay
Gather in droves to challenge the creed of the capitalist's secretariat.

May day awakens consciences of labour
Demeaned by multinationals who siphon and spirit profits to tax
Havens and evade paying their fair share of tax in their sombre
Pockets that care for no one but the dismissal ax.

May day cries tears of despair at the feet of mean firms
Which distort the global economy and outsource jobs
From Uncle Sam and stash abnormal profits in their urns
In collusion with Bretton Wood behemoths to steal from famine stricken urchins
corn cobs.

The exploitation and extortion of labour by capital
Indicts humankind who devise subterfuges
To expropriate tiny peanuts thrown out to emaciated labourers through digital
Payrolls alongside rancid egg-rolls by means of hunger centrifuges.

John Sensele

Me

Dog tired I lay down my bones;
A breathing breeze blew over as I rested by the brook;
It swept over me and sang sweet songs;
I took out my cook book
And read recipes over and over again
Until McCook me shook and overtook.

Woke up with a start;
Forlorn? I Bjorn, first born son of Bourne?
Couldn't nod such naughty nonsense
'Cos fine clothes and courtesy I adorn
To blow proud and loud horn
And cast aside any porn corn.

Suddenly, like manna rained plenty dough
To shame alike fiend, fairy and foe
Over the bridge leading to the chateau
Of Arnaud, Biscoe, Cloe and Coe
Where Lowe, Monroe and Poe
Waited in awe of me;
On me honours plenty they bestow.

John Sensele

Meaning In The Morning

Meaning evaporates from life sometimes
Quite unexpectedly when a blow strikes the core
We assume climbs to our podium
As soon as we command it to come to the fore

To dance, glance and advance to delect our whims
As we spoil and cosset our bloated egos
Grown so besotted they demand creams
Dreams and teams of servants and excess cargos

Teeming with emptiness and hollowness
Despite the pretence of external contentment
We portray outwardly as fecklessness
Nourishes a mushy moment

That sooner or later we regret
Because life episodes bereft of meaning
Fail to aggregate and segregate
Meaningful achievement from a self serving delusion in the morning.

John Sensele

Meant To Murmur 'merci'

I meant to tell my lady sorry
For pains and indiscretions to which I've been prone
But she dismissed me. 'Don't worry! '
Left her feeling alone like a deflated drone.

I meant to tell my lady thanks
For kindnesses and kisses to which I've been privy
But she dismissed me. 'No time for your pranks! '
Left her feeling frightened like an insipid ivy.

I meant to tell my lady kudos
For the patience and tolerance for my neglect
But she dismissed me. 'Force! '
Left her feeling like a penguin without synergies to select.

I meant to tell my lady honey
For the bliss she'd given me
But she dismissed me. 'Money! '
Left her feeling like a boisterous bee.

John Sensele

Measly Bait

Indolence creeps, trips, snips and sniffs
One step, two steps and three steps
Into the mind of a labourer who picks up tiffs
With his supervisors who aims to reconfigure his ethics biceps.

Indolence bores, scores, snores and pores once, twice, thrice
Testing process, system and procedure waters in a firm's armour
Where indolence probes the urge to exact a high price
From deviants to prevent a deterioration of their work demeanour.

Indolence frolics in warm bedsheets
Where the head caresses eiderdown pillows
Swims on cloud nine of dream sheets
Ensnared with creature comforts that befriend willows.

Indolence standing akimbo
Saunters with a ladida gait
Intending to ensnare a heart in bimbo
Traps that dole out a measly bait.

John Sensele

Mediator

There was once a gladiator
Who chose to fight a mediator
He deemed vile and insane.
The gladiator smashed a pane,
A vane and a radiator.

John Sensele

Meek Manners And Bold Banners

Droves and groves of darkness driven in rickshaws of dissipation
Shake to their foundation heaps and drips of innocence
Grown in salient steps in anticipation
That progress pricks open wounds of imbalance

Weighed against flares of care cultivated
In travails that avail advances
Processed after assessment indicated
Needs for innocence to devolve dances

Minds meander in to invite dollops of hope
To rescue sanity and dignity from complacency
Imbided in goblin gulps that grope
For light and might in the darkness decency

Strains and cranes to appropriate proportions dunces imitate
Manners that grow and throw rows of spanners
In the works full of ammunition to decimate
Conduits of despair to pave the way for meek manners and bold banners

When envelopes of hope in their sterling scope
Shine light to illuminate stairs
Where despair creeps, sleeps and weeps to hope
For a solution that solves pesky problems upstairs

Sowing seeds that weed out feeds
In formulated fractions and functions with efficacy
Effectiveness and efficiency creeds
In a manner dishing out an adroit diet delicacy

When an invisible hand snaps to attention
Combat crews primed to wipe out
All clouds of despondency whose mission
Terminates defeat deficiencies beyond any shadow of doubt.

John Sensele

Megalomania Meandered

Ilk, illness and ill-will
Ignorance, arrogance and lack of skill
Converge on the verge of annihilation
Life forms encounter at the centre of implosion and inflation.

Dearth of clarity and serenity
Pervade when death to infinity
Multiplies confusion and division
In the era of erosion and implosion.

Order cedes way to disorder
Anarchy and chaos destroy the border
Between empathy and antipathy
When Cyclops and their myopia dream telepathy.

Why bother the soothsayer argues
'Let them reap the fruit of glues
They stick to kleptomania
Cos in the long run they're afflicted by megalomania.

John Sensele

Melanophobia

Melanophobia rears its ugly spears and steers seas of tears
When it enjoins campaigns to put melanin free souls to death
Due to myths and untruths that trade and spread fears
Among albinos whose only sin is to be born from parents with a dearth
That grants them recessive genes which translate into births of offspring
Without melanin resulting in skin and eyes as normal as any
But very sensitive to sunlight which subjects albinos to a string
Of irritations and inconveniences when in many
Instances the balance of nature misleads wizards and witches
Into promoting a rote vote in favour of blatant bland lies
That body parts from melanin free victims used as ingredient switches
Can cure diseases such as Aids and turn murderers and their spies
Into tycoons overnight. No such truth exists and albinos deserve
A normal life free from harassment in communities where they serve.

John Sensele

Mellow Mood From My Home

Mellow mood from my home
I bow down at your feet to tweet
I admire you, mellow mood, move away from Rome
Cos I long to meet you, to savour your sweet.

Mellow mood by my side
Gladdens my grin, gladdens my chin
I admire you, mellow mood, ride the tide
Cos I long to meet you to make you my queen.

Mellow mood in my tryst
Hastens my happiness
I admire you, mellow mood, your steps are grist
To my heart. I long to sweep away sadness.

Mellow mood in each encounter
Accelerates rates of my heartbeat
I admire you, mellow mood, crazy love counter
Cos I long to meet you for both our hearts together to beat.

John Sensele

Meltdown In A Showdown

Like a withered well in the grip of a drought
Tills and wheels of goodwill dry up
When treated like the trashed trout
Whose strain in the rain crushes the map

Propelling boisterous behaviour
To take root
When recipients reject the saviour
Sent to favour the flat foot

Flying in a frenzy to poison the mouth
Caught red handed
Pinching baby's milk in the South
Where ingratitude has crash landed

Its gears spoiling for the showdown
Ingrates can't win
In the face of the meltdown
They suffer at the hands of a mean

Opponent prepared to slaughter
Efforts they make
To repel the daughter
Who lays down her life for their sake.

John Sensele

Memories Meander

Memories of twenty seventeen linger
Shafts of shimmer from twenty eighteen beckon
For all creatures of credibility to lift a finger
As a token of appreciation a mellifluous morn to own.

Memories of twenty seventeen surrender
Shafts of shimmer from twenty eighteen brighten
For all creatures of credibility to match goose and gander
As a token of their willingness altruism to maintain.

Memories of twenty seventeen crash
Shafts of shimmer from twenty eighteen shine
For all creatures of credibility their cry aside to brush
As a token of their willingness happiness to mine.

Memories of twenty seventeen vanish
Shafts of shimmer from twenty eighteen twinkle
For all creatures of credibility love to brandish
As a token of appreciation for the nativity miracle.

John Sensele

Mentality And Vitality

Brush off busybodies
Pounding other people
Mashing up mellow melodies
Social circle seeks to grow supple.

Populate your plate
With constructive contributions
Solemnizing your social slate
With amity attributions.

Desert destructive discussions
Pitting brother against sister
Armed with anodyne ammunitions
Your twisted tongue turns sinister.

Better off fostering relationships
Drawing kindred company closer
Than funneling destructive discipleships
You lose by playing the annoyance amasser.

Listen to the vibrant voice
From your conscience
Urging you to cherish the choice
Substituting divergence with comradeship convergence

If common sense prevails
Melting machination and obstination
Ripping off vitriolic veils
Promoting puny procrastination

Until blues blossom
Driving away the vitality
Swimming in the maelstrom
You wish mellowed your mentality.

John Sensele

Mercy On Me, O Lord

Lord, thank you for creating me
In your image despite my rebellion
Getting in the way. Hear my plea
Although I behave like a sordid stallion

Worth far less than your design
To thrust on my person fitness
I threw away as worthwhile work I did consign
To second stage for the sake of popular pettiness

Draped on my nape in kaleidoscopic colours
To glorify me in human eyes
In galleries, in prairies, in diaries I keep in parlours
Where procrastination partners lure and skewer senile spies

Who violate and mutilate commandments
You told me to strictly observe
As long as you pour on me amelioration amendments
You effect in my brain the more I preserve without reserve

The divine deal you and I struck
Long before I saw the light of day
Took my first breath and climbed the truck
That in practice drove me closer to you everyday

Despite my imperfections and sinful selections
Which hurt you as much as I know how
But abound in my sections and predilections
Although by virtue of your grace to your majesty I bow

In solemn supplication action
To magnify and signify my solace surrender
Without an iota of inept infraction
As you ask my life's account to you I render.

John Sensele

Message And Passage

Don't ask me why I fly, sigh or try
Ask why you supply pain and reply
To a general message
I post with the passage
Of time on my page which makes you cry.

John Sensele

Message To Pages, Sages & Wedges

'I'm done, I can't run any more', comes a scream
From the South where a mouth tired of desire
To cross a stream, to toss to a moss or to voice the loss of a dream
Once aspired for, once on fire

Fanned, scanned, tanned in a name
Once thought to bounce and trounce ounces
In pounds on grounds and sounds though the same
Differ in offers they confer on dances

That ingested, digested and suggested more
Lay behind displays on days
When bores on the fore could snore
Pretending and sending messages to sages and pages whose ways

Once considered so dormant, divergent and dull though pretty on the surface
Advocated and dislocated social structures
Once deemed to grace the face
Insanity in its innuendoes and intents fractures.

John Sensele

Metaphysics And Death

Spiritual death doesn't send shivers down believers' spines
Though in metaphysical terms, spiritual death inflicts fatal effects
Whose impact is just as devastating as any artillery and machinegun lines
Of fire as the battlefield between forces of good and forces allied to rejects.

Physical death with its smell of abandoned cadavers
Gnashes teeth and for a moment, at least, imposes a small measure
Of repentance, penance and shaken confidence in endeavours
Believers contrive to embark upon in their pursuit of leisure and pleasure.

Eternal death with its long term consequences cossets believers' egos
Who claim the pie in the sky is a subterfuge concocted by chaperones and stoics
For whom hedonism is taboo and anathema. Instead, pleasure seekers' goals
Boil down to immediate gratification of the body. They indulge in aerobics, not
heroics.

Death be it spiritual, physical or eternal evokes a nuance of emotions
Ranging from stiff upper lip to overt histrionics and covert rituals with wide
ranging implications
On whether death signifies temporary sleep or death implies explosions
In which soul, body and ether separate, all of them to undertake missions with
varied dispensations.

John Sensele

Metatarsals

Soccer boots mangled metatarsals
Metatarsals shambled to hospitals
Where doctors found them unfit.
Said docs, 'You accepted defeat.
Bungee jump at mighty Victoria Falls.'

John Sensele

Mice And Men

Mice and men condemned twice to pay a platonic price
Lip ice and women created to display spices thrice
In a world women rule
Where men sometimes play the fool

Knowing not whether to present a mendacious manifesto
Or by default skate onto thin ice with gusto
With mixed results
If they condone carnal cults

At midnight under the cover of darkness
If luck curses misadventures devoid of frankness
Which the snobbery of men it burns
When men avoid pricking preys in egregious urns

But men grow so stubborn
Boasting rulers they were born
Until women spank smiles off their sanguine silliness
Plunging them into the sobriety of culture stillness

Which all at once controls impulses
That drive men wild, hustling heartbeat pulses
When blood pressure rises
And men receive sarcastic surprises

That cut men to size
Awarding them a wooden spoon prize
In settings where they eat humble pie
Which cannot brook the stench of any sty.

John Sensele

Micro Skirts

Fears felt with neither rhyme
Nor reason clutch emotional fibres
Deep within a heart and climb
All over fences of sentimental tibias.

Wishes that overpower willpower
Sneak onto shirt sleeves
Where they advertise every hour
The power of platonic love for a lass in Brazilian weaves.

Reasons breaking through peer circles
Deemed civil in sisal plantations
Defy a sentiment that bubbles
To the surface and attract dudes' attentions.

Beers sipped with a flourish
From tall glasses that quench thirsts
For love and tender care with a wish
To hug and kiss bimbos in mini skirts.

John Sensele

Might To Fight For Your Rights

Defend to the bitter end
Rights to love
Whenever it feels right to bend
Might on wings of a white dove.

Demand the mandate to be free
So long as your freedom infringes no one else's freedom
To imbibe glee or climb a tree
God planted for you in his kingdom.

Decrease no opportunity to invigorate hope
In every soul
Who shies away from abuse of dope
To score their salvation and edification goal.

Determine to break loose shackles
Meant to brainwash your cognitive powers
With straitjacket buckles
Sprinkled in flawed flowers and hazy hours.

Differ on the basis of principle
Steeped in scintillating skies
To double, or quadruple or triple
Excisions with precision of ludicrous lies.

Depend not on the histology of hysteria
Sowing seeds of isolation and confrontation
Mounted in favour of paranoia and convergence diphtheria
In evolutions and revolutions of risible rotation.

Degrade not fights for casual comfort
To dress in appropriate attire
In your bedroom, sitting room and in your faith fort
When you aspire to inspire and set your empire on the cusp of a freedom fire.

Deepen the mystery of faith
If you should get grace
Beneath and before the death of the wraith
You rescue from a robust rat race.

Deem unfit limitations

Imposed on rights to espouse and express the truth

In a setting where Simian citations

Adduce, introduce and induce unctions uncouth. □

Deal with ingenuous issues

With potentials for mass benefits

Favouring and flavouring tipple tissues

Engendering the vilification of tent tweets.

John Sensele

Mike

My bundle of joy
Insists on playing and doodling with me
Kind of says I'm a big boy
Expect great gismos that you'll soon see.

John Sensele

Mike's Pounds, Rounds And Sounds

Bubbling with effervescent energy
Mike runs and runs, chatting with friends in his mind
Whispering, vibrating and gyrating in synergy
With buddies so close they have no axes to grind

In devotion, in imagination, in satisfaction
One another's hearts they warm
Denying their boundless bundles of energy inaction
Anathema to the frenzy form

They detect, expect and select in pegs
In bottle tops and in toys they dismantle
Longing to figure out mechanisms eggs
Deploy and employ in the yolk and in the mantle

Pristine pleasures their mellow moods
Engender from surrender rounds
Of running, pruning strings from foods
Mike resists wishing to gain no pesky pounds.

John Sensele

Miles Of Smiles

Smile, smile every mile
Under oppression, cut out bile.
Under coercion, dish out a pile
Of contagious smiles all the while.

Smile at your foe
Hit foes with smiles every time
Let smiles hurt frowners from head to toe
Until the sheer power of smiles makes them mime.

Smile even when you're hurt
Confound derision with smiles
Which disarm detractors who blurt
Humbug. Piles of smiles run riots for miles.

Smile when clouds are overcast
because your mirth melts frowns
From for centuries because they cast
A dark shadow on their smiles and shut out smile crowns.

John Sensele

Mind At Sea

Entranced by the might of a sight so hypnotic
I gazed at a silhouette in ebony leggings
Primed to hasten heartbeats set to tectonic
Music that swims in strings of flings.
The svelte queen of hearts crossed my path
Stole my heart and rendered me so breathless
I strove topsy turvy feelings that hath
Me wondering if I could countenance her essence.
Before I could catch the latch of my breath
The gazelle burst into view and behold!
She pulled a chair and doodled a cryptic sheath
On a serviette and my hand she rushed to hold.
Reverie swept through me, desired slayed me
Words deserted me and my besotted mind sailed on a sea.

John Sensele

Mind Matters

Meditate if you will
Oscillate within boundaries of good
Hopes and dreams, don't kill or steal
Love requited, always understood.

Speculate if you can
Dilate prospects for understanding
Affections and directions utter amen
Love requited, always in good standing.

Osculate if you may
Validate options for closeness
Malice and avarice keep at bay
Love requited, always a source of happiness.

Perambulate if you must
Rebase the threshold of affection
Hatred and ubris never trust
Love requited, always teeming with devotion.

John Sensele

Mind's A Battlefield

It's been hard living
In anger and longer without forgiving
The bloke who broke my heart
But I'm glad company we had to part.

It' s been funny thinking
In sorrow I borrow joy from drinking
My health and wealth to death
Until I figure out binge beats health.

It's been painful to harbour hate
Thinking so doing makes me great
Until I figure out hate pays a high price
Which pains and drains me thrice.

It's been silly speculating
Any sirens are worth osculating
Until I figure out it's immature
Cos such haughty thoughts thrive on the impure.

John Sensele

Minds At Peace

Minds at peace never cease
To multiply plies of bliss
Sown and grown in a slice of a spice
In which a price tag tweets a kiss.

Minds at peace never lease
Sadness and recklessness although patients
In hospital beds face
Moments of discomfort in medicine patents.

Minds at peace twice find
Reasons in prison
To reflect on crimes committed behind
Moms advice to avoid infraction poison in a gangster zone.

Minds at peace find ceaseless
Opportunities day and night
To bless the stressed with less
Strain and to sow in their lives much light.

John Sensele

Minds Mellow, Minds Mediocre

Mediocre minds dudes discuss
Possessing no better alternative
Than to raise rabble and fuss
Specializing in grapevine invective.

Mellow minds ideas preoccupy
Imbued with intellect
Mellow minds a higher moral ground occupy
As mediocre and mundane they elect to delect.

Multiskilled minds think
Power of cognition they possess
Mediocrity they shrink
Innovation their minds address.

Massive minds mind their business
Teasing tongues they control
Opting for good reasons to multiply happiness
In every pacific, specific patrol.

John Sensele

Minds Morally Blind And Unkind

Deceit and duplicity, vengeance and vanity
Exploit our weaknesses and dissipate our souls' strength
As arrogance cockroaches multiply their insanity
We diminish the strength of our faith

The more we immerse ourselves in new technologies
Stung by advances in artificial intelligence
Deluding our ignorance and bestowing empty eulogies
On partners we loathe despite pangs of conscience

That work harder to retain a semblance of humanity
In souls gone dead and mad with material wealth
Accumulated and concealed from established authority
In the mistaken belief that the theft we perpetuate in our stealth

Shan't leave a trail auditors will pursue
In our bid to aggrandize an increasingly hollow ego
Gone insensitive and unreceptive to the moral malaise and torture that ensue
As the moral compass hitherto central to our lives we forgo

In preference for catalyzing the rat race that the vulnerable
Crush underfoot
To splurge with disgust as the horrible and the irascible
Thrive in the sight of the sycophants we recruit

As cheerleaders
With unabashed shame
In the midst of death traders and peddlers
On whom we're not able to pin blame

Cos together we rot
In body and mind
Our consciences bought and caught
Up in webs of ego-tripping that render us morally blind and unkind.

John Sensele

Mine To Define, Design And Redefine

Tick-tock! A time came when my stars began to shine
I figured out how to glean the gist of Mathematics
The more the plasticity of my brain opted to redesign
How best to hone my trigonometric tactics

My stars began to scintillate
In firmaments and armaments I deployed
Exploring and exploiting each nook and cranny I chose to dilate
As the best tactics in Mathematics I employed

Little by little Calculus, Algebra doors
Hitherto hermetically closed snapped open
Sprawling haughty hurdles flat on factorization floors
As Mathematics through my fingers gripped the pen

That differentiated, integrated, calculated and stimulated
Growth in mastering concepts, processes and principles
Springing them to the fore exciting neurons simulated and elated
The plasticity my brain imbibed to anoint new dimension disciples.

John Sensele

Minnows On Pillows

When in joy and mirth the birth
Through immaculate conception of Jesus
Who Christians claim as saviour of the Earth
Inhabitants who through the apple missus
Did accept for herself through the serpent
Whose wiles blinded her vision for a while
When evil deed did much harm to the dent
Toast folks' lives applied with a sigh for a mile
As the din of sins in tins on pins on Earth grew in Sodom
And gonorrhoea lust surged to a head
Worse than imagined or aligned to promoting a condom
Copulation, masturbation and osculation did spread
Like falling dominoes because moral minnows
With descending pride and stride landed on pillows.

John Sensele

Minute Minutes

Minute minutes misspent

Peel significant portion from your pilgrimage

Jeopardize a lifetime meant

For greatness as its course sinks into an emaciated, ingratiated image in rage.

Minute minutes thrown into disarray

Peel gargantuan layers from your prayers

Jeopardize investments into an array

That mingles with greatness slayers.

Minute minutes sown on rocky soil

Peel ludicrous portions from a couple's bliss

Jeopardize vows that toil and moil

All because Jill and Bill stole a French kiss.

Minute minutes spread over time

Peel herculean might from a career

Jeopardize prospects from a climb

As they erect a promotion barrier.

John Sensele

Mirage In The Mirror

A mirror scoffed at a face
It rates rotten with an angular jaw
That it feels frightens the surface
Of beauty and purity with a flaw.

The mirror measure legs
It brands twigs that can't twinkle
When assessors assign beauty pegs
To hourglass starlets without a wrinkle.

Mirrors cringe when kitchen kinky hair
Defies demands to dress it with bangs
But consents to conk it with a flair
Of heat and ember gangs.

Mirrors flee from a bootilicious butt
Accusing it of accessing cellulite
From the frontal brain lobe where it cut
Layers to lend it bite, might and sprite.

John Sensele

Mirrors And Mirages

Try harder to accommodate the good in me
Focus less on weaknesses
Gaze at success thicknesses
Blessings aplenty to you will flow in a sea

That amazes all phases and hazes
Your mind can only dream of
As you flew in hues of the dove
That roves above and below days

You wish a fuish would spring in a dish
Where karma on you p; ours rewards
Fopr positive groove flying you towards
The heaven sand leaven in a wish

That grows more and more vivid
The more you wish others well
Much as your proclivities spell
Doom when others feat make you livid

From head to toe
When your ire sets on fire
Burning vestiges of ire you fail retire
As long as you heap blame on my humble hoe.

John Sensele

Mischannelled Energy

Malevolence, malediction, misjudgment and misinformation
Circulate in cyberspace where kleptomania
Fed by ego tripping lurking in direction
Of wreaking untold harm links up with megalomania.

Misconstrued activities, misdirected proclivities and misinterpreted genius
Stings itself like a scorpion whose neural system has gone haywire
Ploughs cyberspace stinging its host and hurts the sinus of an octopus
Which minds its own business but will ensure hackers not only retire but also
expire.

Misdirection, misdemeanor, misdeed and misapplication
Of technical knowledge has turned cyberspace into a den of miscreants
Whose sole purpose is to conjure up trick with every click of the dysfunction
In their morbid brain which creates cybernetic poison as a malefactor rants.

John Sensele

Misfired To Our Detriment

Wouldn't marry you if your true colours I knew
But the best of me infatuation took
Thinking all about you I had a clue
Playing by ear the amateur's rulebook

Taking for granted I had you figured
On the surface and in depth
When blindness and recklessness in me triggered
The mistaken faith

In which I swam
Misled by the profile in you I saw
In the gullibility spam
In which in you no flaw

In the picture my mind painted
Projecting an angel
Till my illusion fainted
Though you and I did seem to gel

In spite of the distorted notion
Of you I built
To reap sorrow in the motion
Of you in silt and the slit

I spied
Conjectured
Misapplied
Textured and nurtured

Until in matrimony the knot
We tied
Signed marriage certificate on the dot
But you and I to our detriment misfired.

John Sensele

Misguided Missionaries

Missionaries trekked to Africa in the nineteenth century
Where in the main missionaries spread the gospel
Although a few missionaries indulged the luxury
That mingled destruction, desecration and denigration of African religions as well.

Missionaries fell into the trap of abetting pillaging of mineral resources
Gold from the Gold Coast, diamonds from the Congo Free State, and copper from
Northern Rhodesia
Resulting in economic impoverishment of colonies whose sources
Of revenue developed Britain, France, Germany, Portugal and rebellious Southern
Rhodesia.

Missionaries of goodwill initiated formal education in Africa
Which yielded a literate and numerate pool of clerks, interpreters and catechists
Although a few missionaries colluded with colonialists in Jamaica
Robbing the colonized of a bright future and labeling the colonized animists and
fetishists.

Missionaries imported Western capitalism and espoused unbridled greed
Where in several instances missionaries convinced Lewanika and Lobengula to
sign
Traacherous treaties with cronies of Cecil John Rhodes and other Western
adventurers whose seed and weed
Germinated into gargantuan gluttony, gangrenous governance and greed that
never grew benign.

John Sensele

Miss My Heroes

Luminaries who lit up my life are no more
Leaving lacrimonous glands to live
Beyond their feats that no one can ignore
For each icon tonnes of tender time they give

As Michael Jackson thrilled my life from the age of five
And enjoined me not to stop till I got enough
But now I strive
To lap up all the song stuff

Complemented by Percy Sledge's velvet voice
Reminding me I'd be the last one to know
If a woman wove wrong fabric by choice
Even though such gaffs grow

Low leverage as I muse over Soul Brother number one
Who mesmerized Zambia with Sex Machine
Which titillated Zambian hearts JB won
Hands down in a manner clean

When I remember Muhammed Ali who danced like a butterfly
And stung like a bee at the time his rope a dope won him back
His World Title in the rumble in the jungle to make me cry
Tasteless tears as my heart memories whack

To shreds, but I can't forget Prince
Who knew why doves cry
Although he wanted to wince
Worrying about being someone's lover on the fly

While I reminisce over icons who populated
In a real remit my village
Where I salute my valiant heroes who included
Franco Luambo, Pepe Kalle, Pepe Ndombe, Papa Wendo, Papa Wemba and Tabu
Ley whose message

Entertained, educated and elongated my knowledge
In so many wondrous ways
I'm lost for words on the edge

Of despair during a moment of reflection which strays

Into the metaphysics of why my heroes
Should leave a vacuum I can't stomach for my paradigm
Has shifted in lifts beyond zeros
Beyond a dollar, beyond a dime

For I miss pillars on whom I leaned
For succour and inspiration
Which have since fled
And I ruminate the depth of my affection

Heroes elicited from my trembling tether
Attached to Nelson Madiba Mandela, a sagacious sage son of Africa
For which he suffered indignity and bother
Which singed, stole and stifled much of his life because he couldn't surrender to a
treacherous troika

At the time Blues Boy King reigned supreme
Strumming Lucille
And the while he would aim
To prove the groove that's greater still

Although folks who cry why I ignore Lily T
Whose advice alongside PJ
And other Zambian performers who use IT
Play a pivotal part in paying a deejay.

John Sensele

Miss Understanding

As Jack spotted Jennifer at their gate
He asked her why she was so late
Jennifer looked Jack from head to toe
Sized him up and spat on the floor.

Jack asked Jennifer what the grief was about
But Jennifer could not only pout
She asked Jack how many people he'd ever beaten
To earn the right to threaten her again.

They sauntered into their house in silence
Because they didn't need any rocket science
Although a cooking stick landed on Jack's head
Which blood painted red.

An electric kettle spanked Jennifer
Who needed no chauffeur
But her teeth cut a gush
When Jennifer could smash

Bash and flush crimson
Intending to go to prison
If that was the price of her freedom
To carve a niche in Jack's fiefdom

Demanded she smash his spectacles
Which earned them vegetables
Although Jack bit Jennifer's left cheek
Where blood marks rushed quick

As a kettle landed again and again
To pour pain rain
On the home strained to breaking point
As Jack and Jennifer each other could disappoint

God and Zambia who witnessed wedding vows
Both took when two cows
They slaughtered at their wedding ceremony
Which excluded antipathy and alimony

Because matrimony loathed differences
But liked reconciliation conferences
When Fr Joseph intercepted the bleeding wife
Who saw little point in married life

But Fr Joseph gave Jennifer a lift
And asked her to shift
Her viewpoint from confrontation
To amicable reconciliation

When at the shaking home, the priest
Reminded Jack and Jennifer about the tryst
Home ought to be
For happiness to see

The light of day. Fr Joseph said prayers
Asked Jack and Jennifer to heap layers
Of apologies
And synergies

On their home, jeopardized home
Where happiness ought to roam.

John Sensele

Mission Impossible

Expecting perfection from mortals
Invites disappointment
Appointed to calculate impossible totals
Whose input excludes any gratitude sentiment.

Expecting loyalty from fickle hearts
Hobnobs with assembly lines primed to reel off frustrations
Flown in fragments and carts
Designed for impossible missions.

Expecting love from marble
Hearts draws blood from a rock
That serves a succulent meal at an amiable table
Not far from your imaginary block.

Expecting fairness from earthen creatures
Parades levels of insanity
Coming to a head at moments of flight departures
To destinations that worship vanity.

John Sensele

Missives I Perceive

World spins
Whether I frown or pout
Wishing against hope for pins
To console my dunce doubt.

World smiles
Whether I cry or sigh
Wondering why on end for miles
I secure no happiness to buy.

World shunts me aside
Whether I walk on my head
Or promote the puny pride
I wake up every morning from its bed.

World sends me to Coventry
When like a buffoon I bluff
Wishing the sentimental sentry
In me could supply serious stuff.

World hardly for me cares
Whether I boast or toast
Defeats the truth declares
Folly flying at high speed towards my frost.

World breathes better
Whether I show my feeble face
Or choose my shame to shelter
For the world to ameliorate its amity ace.

World acknowledges initiatives
I labour to make
When I withdraw maudlin missives
I scribble when feelings in my bosom quake.

John Sensele

Missy Marble Mabel

Amaranth Acoustic Guitar, hourglass heart, she craved
And wooed fawn family fusion
That, with gorgeous grace, you granted
With no tepid thought of coral red confusion
Which you never expected in the least
Until you countered craggy cordovan contusion.

Arsenic Acoustic Guitar, with no eggshell explanation, disappeared
From salmon sight and kept a loud low profile;
You found the rabid ruse peculiar
Since it featured nowhere in your friendly file
Which together you compiled in drowsy detail
So that neither of you the other could defile.

Almond Acoustic Guitar, the mustard mind with a byzantine bedside
Manner has a heart of murderous, morbid marble
That hides a sarcastic streak
She never put on the teal table
To chart the white way forward
Until asparagus arrangement she chose to disable.

John Sensele

Mistake-Marred Moments

Moments teeming with mistakes
Couldn't hold my life at ransom
As reason raised stakes
In inventions that wouldn't blossom.

Moments steeped in illusion
Couldn't diminish dangers I faced
As I dabbled in delusion
Despite revered rites I disgraced.

Moments awash with wanton wishes
Couldn't spare me the scorn
I courted when I depleted fishes
From bays and coves in Capricorn.

Moments bereft of honour
Couldn't shoo away the shame I earned
When with open eyes I courted dishonor
Despite liturgical lessons I learned.

John Sensele

Mistaken Gospel Truth Rigour

When in this wicked world
My peace of mind suffers cardiac arrest
Curled, hurled, unfurled
To wolves whose snarl can't rest

Until my courage they tear
Bringing my citadel to its knees
In my heart they dare
To inject fear, plunging my vision into seas

So deep my courage can't swim
Broken and forsaken
In a whim
Badly mistaken

On my wobbly knees I bend
Asking God why
My precious dreams flounder, to somehow end
Up in a teary cry

Torn to shreds
Stillborn
Battered on wanton beds
Teeming with scorn

Driven by envy and jealousy
In circumstances where complicity and duplicity
Know no mercy
In my vicinity

I shake my head, proclaiming 'Devil, you're a liar'
Plucking up courage with renewed vigour
To steer the focus of my thoughts clear
Of the illusion that mistakenly I believed held the Gospel truth rigour.

John Sensele

Misunderstand No Dour Dishes

Threadbare thinktank torn
To shreds
Pouring on our station scorn
As the name of shame spreads

When our wounds we lick
Waking up at 0500 in the dark
To a power paucity making us sick
Welding, hair styling, secretarial processing out of the park

That hitherto put bread on our table
Propping up our evaporating ego
Given our economic ebb grown unstable
In covert, overt opportunities we forgo

Hoping to derive from a soccer spectacle consolation
Reaping instead discomfiture
In moods marrying and carrying immolation, desolation
Not just in ludicrous literature

But also in the ethos
We hold sacred
Although plenty pathos
Grow in our face red

Closing our eyes
Reflecting how we scrambled this shore
Bereft of pyrrhic pies
That analyze, summarize, synthesize the sad score

We reap despite our wintry wishes
To bury heads in the sand
Pretending dour dishes
Not for us to understand or misunderstand

Claiming nightmare not ours
Passing phase
Soon fortunes would propel powers
Into our vortex for coats, goats and votes to amaze, daze and graze

Despite sedentary setbacks
Snapping plans we draw
With wisdom we stash in packs and stacks
Dream in reams described as raw

If we fracture and suture nature
Resorting to business as usual tactics
That cannot alter courses the future
Holds and unfolds in the creep creeds, whip winds and jeep gymnastics

We entertain and maintain
Regardless of reality frailties on the ground
Rejecting and ejecting fallacies and fantasies we sustain and retain
Brushing aside, crushing credence and pushing reality and its humility around

To soothe illusions
To deny facts
To swim in seas of delusions
And to clutch at adverse acts

We cherish
Pipe dreams we treasure
Excuses we furnish
And platitudes we measure in our platonic pleasure.

John Sensele

Misunderstandings

Missed opportunities to deepen relationships
Induced by ego tripping and selfishness
Stirred into life by mad blood to the head
Under influences of casual considerations and indifference
Notoriously corrosive if allowed to fester to extreme levels
Driven malevolently if uncontrolled and nourished
Expose foibles and character flaws
Ridiculous and risible at best
Solidly destructive
Tangibly useless and utterly purposeless
Address shallow personal needs
Normally curable if precautions taken in good time
During periods of calm recollection and lucidity
Incipient form of relationship annihilation
Nobody benefits from ensuing malaise
Given willingness to make amends,
Storms to quench and plausible solution options to explore.

John Sensele

Mixed Culture Stream

The impetuosity of inanities
Life spills, deals and fills
In tones and zones of vanities
Raised to a crescendo on hills and bills

On the beleaguered bottom
Society sinks into new perspectives
Derived from the atom
Devoid of subjective directives

Issued at the behest of power corridors
In lumps and stumps of mispronounced announcements
Trembling and rambling at defiant doors
Terrified and petrified at pronouncements

Scoffing at millennials
Accused of fussing over instant answers
To complex matters in denials
Over layers upon layers

Overlaying transitions from entrenched traditions
Assimilated and formatted over centuries
Of rigid implementations and regimentations
Too inflexible to consider modern luxuries

Striving to supplant
Commands and demands
In a slant
Teeming with reprimands

Queering the pitch
Making the foundation fusion task harder
To switch
From the tradition defender

To an accommodation of values of old
Held in high esteem
And new values so bold
They create a new mixed value cream within a mixed culture stream.

John Sensele

Mock Your Talk & Walk

Mock me not with your talk
Waste not your time and mime
Give me a break for I'm not your folk
Providence destined me for a clear climb.

Mock me not with your stalk
Waste not your breath and stealth
Give me a break for I loathe watching your clock
Providence destined me for heavenly health.

Mock me not with your walk
Waste not your energy promoting misogyny
Give me a break for I hail from saintly stock
Providence designed me from a genuine genealogy.

Mock me not with your poke
Waste not your saliva promising trivia
Give me a break and drink your cucumber coke
Providence destined me for supple Sylvia.

John Sensele

Modern Mythology

Lift up laden lads and lasses
Mentor, motivate and mollify the morale
Sagging, gasping, panting a classes
Where from Monday to Friday students as though in a kraal

Waver as they endeavor to labour
In a language whose syntax and morphology
Conflate inconsistencies and decencies wagging a sabre
Students assign and consign to modern mythology

Seeking solace and succor in social circles
In virtual villages where lie and pie
Conspire, collude, coordinate insidious icicles
Between Charybdis and Scylla to spy

Phish, infect information individuals
Surrender to cyclops who sneak cookies
Snooping and nose park in hoops in duels
Millennials and their paucity of social skills in quays

Encrypt and decrypt despite their penchant for parody
Fuss and fracas which they embrace to break down
The old order as they lap up Sarkodie
Patoranking, Platnumz, Perry and PetShop Boys on the eiderdown

Whose feathers flatter their feeble feet
In a paradox parents and their prudence puzzle
Over tearing their hair on hazy heads that won't quit
Lest dare devils should muzzle

Social media
Cutting off Internet engines
With lines of code which Wikipedia
Can't accept students play pranks in ripped jeans.

John Sensele

Mollify, Pacify & Purify Life

Into your life, don't attract angels of ire
From your life, excise fallacy feeds and sarcasm seeds
Lest you set your empire on fire
Dispersing at high celerity, winds of weevils and weeds.

Into your life, don't accommodate acres of acrimony
From your life, extract tracts and ducts of confusion
Lest you settle substantial alimony
Divorcing the partner you joined in family fusion.

Into your life, don't accumulate acres of anger
From your life, exercise patience and persistence
Lest serenity and sapience no longer
Ameliorate and activate vats of conjugal balance and substance.

Into your life, don't accelerate acts of anti affability
From your life, expunge fallacy fuses
Lest you accentuate incapacity and inability
That jeopardise justice, joy through ribald ruses.

John Sensele

Mom And Offspring

Mom wraps her offspring in her warm heart
Where a fountain and a mountain shower
Offspring in security seas that part
Distress from joy with a bliss flower
Spun with care to dare to start
Each day, each week, each month, each second, each hour
With care, confidence and commitment
To simplify and mollify every event.

Mom showers offspring with immense
Affection, intuition, devotion, action
To inculcate a daring discernment sense
In every aspect, in every section
In every sphere where a dense defence fence
Erected with precision and satisfaction
Guides every ride, every side, every pride, every tide
To collaborate with a wisdom druid.

John Sensele

Moments To Savour

Moments like these, we necked
Seconds like these, we dreamt dainty dreams
Hearts racing as we pecked
To pop into our salivating palates Croatian creams.

Moments like these, we slept
Seconds like these, our pores panted
Hearts hissing a hue as streams swept
Our sorrows serene when roaring romance we wanted.

Moments like these, we osculated
Seconds like these, we whispered nuanced nothings
Hearts hurtling hot as omens oscillated
When we both sang to sacrifice silly stings.

Moments like these, we flew to Wonderland
Seconds like these, we never blinked back
Hearts waving a wondrous wand
As in every breath so much love we did pack.

John Sensele

Mom's Mountains Of Maternal Milk

Invigorating, inspiring and enduring is mom's love
So pure, so pacific, so pervasive, so protective
It nurtures, nourishes and above
All, flatters, fondles, favours in a supportive

Manner meant to build
Bonds best
Consumed and consolidated to shield
Her baby from harm as baby from mom's breast

Sucks milk without any ilk
While tender love baby tackles
Along the way whether mom in silk
Or in satin his booties mom buckles

While time for a bath beckons
For baby to wash away dead cells
Just in time for lullaby ringtones
To soothe baby to sleep to sounds of baby bells.

John Sensele

Money Grows Tiny

Honey Winnie, money grows tiny
In God's bountiful pods
Where faith flogs any mutiny
That dares to turn you to other gods.

Honey Winnie, money grows funny
In bits
That wouldn't worship a bunny
No matter how masterful her wits.

Honey Winnie, money grows silly
In the face of spaces
Granted to ants who thong Willy
To promote motes of God's graces.

Honey Winnie, money grows puny
Compared to pairs
Comprising rising faith in a looney
Who pleaded and obtained seeds of lifelong repairs.

John Sensele

Money Inferior To Time

Time richer, more precious than cash
Which once lost finds its way into your wallet
Whereas a second lost can stash
Permanent poverty punishment on your mallet.

Time, scarce resource with powers
To determine the quality your future enjoys
If you bestow on time a bouquet of flowers
To ascertain time swaps sorrows for joys.

Time begs no one as it moves on
In its inexorable race to the destination
No laggard can either hasten or slow down in a zone
Primed to promote a tardy fascination.

Time befriends folks whose attitude
Accommodates punctuality in all activities
With the potential to soar a latitude
Towards festivities and away from tardy proclivities.

John Sensele

Monkey See, Monkey Do

Boys in their fathers' moulds grow
Recycling habits and tidbits seen
Enacted as fathers punches at mothers throw
As fathers' tantrums grow mean.

Boys in domestic settings grow well mannered
Aping fathers who set mellow manners' templates
Boys replicate to avoid growing ill-mannered
When in future homes meals wives serve on peace plates.

Boys imbibe fathers' Bible of Attitudes
Embracing silence and balance
Gleaned from meek fathers' habitudes
That shy away from insolence insistence.

Boys braggart they become
If home templates preach arrogance
Whereas stable husbands in a future home
Grow from cultures promoting peace with a wife's dance.

John Sensele

Monopolies Manifest Malaise

Monopolies, duopolies and oligopolies spell danger
Collecting scraps of personal data, averting due tax
Mingling with and tingling a ribald ranger
Displacing, misplacing and suppressing the affable axe.

Monopolies in information technology cyberspace
Slay democracy, lay foundations for autocracy
Manipulating and circulating data in stealth space
Pandering to and engendering artificial aristocracy.

Monopolies obsessed with data consolidation
For trade with bundles and blades of profits
On the back of tax evasion pursued with premeditation
Incinerate and vitiate users and account holders' benefits.

Monopolies drunk with megatons of megalomania
Kill and spill incentives to build a fairer platform
Bereft of insignias of data kleptomania
Bent and meant to degrade and invade users data tome.

John Sensele

Monumental Love Mistake

Such limpid love as graces your heart comes once in a blue moon
Sometimes spurned, sometimes welcome
In scenes and circumstances teeming with joy in an afternoon
When reflecting upon your unwise action and reaction at home

You rue the mad blood that flooded your head
Dismissing love as though on you it felt like the plague
You could shove beneath your boisterous bed
Cos the swag of this love in your mind felt vague

Until in anger the jilted love left
To hide its hurt pride for good
In a hermetic cleft from which no theft
Could persuade the love to accept the fickle food

You offered the love upon realizing you hurt it so bad
Wondering why such drastic action you had to take
To make an innocent love so sad
It cried, cried, cried because the love concluded you'd made a monumental
mistake.

John Sensele

Mood Swings And Their Wings

Moods wreak havoc by the swing life's pendulums undergo
For in one extreme, moods elevated excitement they arouse
As in the other extreme moods affability, amiability and cordiality chords they
douse
Deflating egos and Dagos when souls of parties moods dampen in a cargo

Moods drop in a bombshell
Taking party goers by surprise
Snatching from parties the pristine prize
Moods crash and dash into a shrivelled shell

Party goers in shock strive to absorb
A soul here in shock
A goal there gazing at the flock
Moods measure and weigh in a probe

Moods from their teasing tongues
Deploy and employ to accuse gig goers of blasphemy
Given the tipsy talk moods label infamy
In a dire discourse they sermonize in city slangs

Moods deploy to dice and spice the gossip
Moods in the end aid
As party scapegoats they degrade
When moods' lips from a choking chalice wintry wine they clip, grip and sip.

John Sensele

Morals Matter

In addition to respecting feelings
Partners hold very close to their hearts
Ensure that you don't indulge in double dealings
Which in the end reap toxic tarts.

In addition to wedding your sweetheart
Live by a stringent code of conduct
That caters for every part
Of your obligations and responsibilities, not in imagination but in fact.

In addition to demanding your rights as a citizen
From the country of your birth
Whether you're a campus, Kafue, Kalomo or Katete denizen
Ensure right attitude and rectitude in you aren't in dearth.

In addition to academic certificates
Accumulated over the years of exam malpractices
Ensure your competence indicates not salacious syndicates
But arduous ability to perform optimally within workplace interstices.

John Sensele

More Meaning, Less Losses

More meaningful for your life to thrive
Than for your world to tear to smithereens
When your efforts of all sorts contrive
To install in your crib soporific screens.

More meaningful to strengthen tender ties
Than to nurture blues with no clues
From which quarters your relief sighs
Originate to sedate your cantankerous queues.

More meaningful to endure challenges
Than to cut and run at the first sign of a stern test
Your character undergoes when your hinges
Come unstuck because victory smiles at a competitor you detest.

More meaningful to love with all your heart
Than to offer half a commitment
To play a divisive and elusive part
When your lover in ire cancels your last hopeful appointment.

John Sensele

More Than Cosmetics

A woman's worth dwarfs the drama on her face
The dimples on her high cheekbones, the stitches of a plastic surgeon
The firmness of her boobs, the curves in her bust, the lace
In her blouse, the tightness of her jeans, the pigeon
She cherishes, the dude she dates, the junk food she eats
The nudity she flaunts, the gait in her swagger
The bling on her slender neck, the tattoos on her tits
The odor of her teeth, the glass ceiling she cuts, the slang of her toddler
The hairdo she dons, the headboard of the bed in which she rests
The recliner in which she rejuvenates, the dough in her account
The number of clutchbags she owns, how many ponies her mates mount.
A woman's assets indeed exceed seeds of her parts
Important as parts are, parts pale in the face of a woman's tarts.

John Sensele

More Than Face Value Friendship

In the grand scheme of balances, distances, experiences, instances,
circumstances, I forgive you
Although previously I wish I knew
Your love could sometimes grow untrue
Prompting me approach and tactic to reconsider
To avoid making a serious blunder
That turns me into a mere bystander
To developments we evoke
With every bond brushstroke
As with skill and savvy we revoke
Steps that in the long run provoke
Cupid's ire
To plunge you and I into the pyre
That burns residues and remnants that expire
When we put our best foot forward to consolidate the best scenario
You and I have sampled in Ontario
In the company the awesome trio: Mario, Dario and Rosario
To reinvent our rejuvenated and reinvigorated relationship
On a love voyage on an amorous ship
Where we grow more than face value friendship.

John Sensele

Most Modest Minds Me

Most he warms my heart by his self sacrifice
Most he wins my heart by the way on me he showers care
From soft nothings, carefully chosen actions with every roll of the dice
We embrace because together we form a rare pair.□

Most he speaks to me by his subtle silence
Most he wins my heart by the way me he treats like a queen
From the way he pops morsels into my mouth with the cadence
We apply to ensure every thought, plan and action express the significance we mean.

Most he impresses me by his humility
Most he wins my heart by the way he dismisses rumours
From the grapevine to the momentous malleability
We lend to our love in all our endearments and endeavours despite contrary clamours.

Most he caresses me by his courtesy
Most he wins my heart by the way he prioritizes my pleasure
From calming my nerves, preventing pains and ploughing the mercy
We've shown to each other beyond any treasure, measure and leisure.

John Sensele

Motherland

Zambia, marvellous Motherland,
God showered upon you special sites;
On your long neck, you wear a garland
Of fine flora to delight Whites.

Motherland, you're a treasure trove
Of copper, cobalt, platinum and emerald;
Lions, elephants and buffaloes rove
Your savanna with gifted Gerald.

Motherland, you're the heartbeat of Africa;
Your waterfalls boast of the Victoria Falls,
A wonder of the world outside Costa Rica,
Near the Kalambo and Ngonye Falls.

Motherland, your peaceful people include
Men, women and children who beam smiles
At residents, tourists, and the lewd
Who sample bush safaris for several miles.

John Sensele

Mountains Of Stains

The beers of tears I hide
The fingers of fears I feel
The plethora of palpitations I chide
Cauterize the steel in my goodwill.

The more I bite and fight
The less lampoon I weed
The worse the grief compounding my plight
As long as I crucify my Christian creed.

Repentance, for instance, I can't muster
So long as I feel no force of remorse
Flying on broomsticks of a diabolical duster
Whose pins and sins I endorse

In streams of whims
I elevate into a cult
Scheming to disassemble the spiritual teams
I plunge into tongues of tumult

By the brazen bricolage I embrace
To sanitize and satirize societal standards
I denigrate in tresses of the stress
I inflict on Biblical bards

Who enjoin me to reform
When I jeopardize values and beliefs
That in my life have lost the glow of substance and form
To brandish and burnish beef in my sorority skiffs.

John Sensele

Move On When

Move on when the millstone of the past
Stifles the future and trivialises
Past indiscretions and cast
A pall of doubt more than your conscience realises.

Move on when on balance
New realities paint brighter prospects
In relationships that depend not on chance
But on jettisoning seasoned suspects.

Move on when turning into salt
Looms large as retribution
For trivial tweet you co-wrote
Briefs friends and foes on a multifaceted malefaction.

Move on when 'business as usual'
Means being economic with the truth
Or embracing a stance that signals a casual
Attitude towards love from your doting Ruth.

John Sensele

Move On, Sweetheart

Sweetheart, don't continue to weep
Although challenges hijack your pesky trip
For hours on end sorrow and pain won't let you sleep

Fact is that you have so much to give
With much power your oppressors to forgive
Including the heartless Steve

Who stole your heart
Ate to his heart's content your tart
And from your bosom chose to depart

But although you suffered a heartbreak
You hold so much at stake
If you now avoid company that smells and feels fake

To prevent injecting into your space
Company with the acrid and acid ace
Whose wish aims at spoiling the surface

You hold dear
From which you invite no tear
Alongside a dumb dose of fear

Which belongs to Hell
As betrayal you can't always foretell
Cos a traitor doesn't always ring a warning bell

To put on guard your feet
As you suck a happy sweet
And a Prince Charming you long to meet

Your heart to gladden
To decrease the beastly burden
Someone lumbers you with, all of a sudden

In the wee hours of the night
Snuffing out your light
Stealing your delight

Sinking into your broken back a dagger
As a heartless partner pulls the trigger
Giving you no chance to figure

Out what tricks he has up his sleeves
As in your circle he scatters sorrow leaves
Showing he belongs to pitiful heart thieves

Worth little
Less than spittle
And once for all, his pesky memories soon make brittle.

John Sensele

Moves And Grooves In The Mind

A pause in the mind creates
Opportunity in decision making
Veers the mind away from threats and fates
Nourishing creed quaking and fame faking.

A process in the brain triggers
A thought for the better
Bursting into motion fruitful figures
Worshipping God, turning a believer into a goal getter.

A time in the day calls for
A ceaseless search for growth
When a believer rises from a fall
Pulls himself together to contain a wanton wrath.

An absence from social media enriches
Life, devoting precious time to prayer
Wondering why an addiction to riches
In the end metamorphoses a mellow mind into a belief betrayer.

John Sensele

Mr Big Brag

Mr Big Brag, get lost and stay lost
I'm through with time wasting
Which on my life imposes a cost
I no longer can bear for I need no further twisting.

Mr Big Brag, quit the gender violence
That on my body stamp scars
Which cosset insolence and impertinence
Exported from your boisterous bars.

Mr Big Brag, satisfy a soul-mate
Who laps up the morbid mentality
That my nerves hate
As you dish out futility and frivolity.

Mr Big Brag, export your avarice
To far flung domains
Where partners throw loaded dice
To welcome odious outcomes in the wake of Monsoon rains.

John Sensele

Mr Chips Reminisces

Mr Chips, musing on his aeons in teaching
Dissed James Hilton for his scribbling
That poked jibes at teachers
As though they'd turned lechers
Who massacred their own students' learning.

John Sensele

Ms Beauty Pageant

How many times do you think about other's people's plight
How many times do you spend looking at your welfare and wellness in a mirror
How many times do you about worry about whether other people have any light
To prevent any event they slump into a gutter.

How many times do you worry yourself silly
How many times do you admire yourself
How many times you favour folly
At the expense of querying the significance of every self.

How many times should you with your eyes open bungle
How many times should run away from the bosom of your family
How many times should you scamper from home into a romantic jungle
Only succeeding to rank silly like an odious hillbilly.

How many times should you fumble, Mr Politician
How many times should you blunder Miss Beauty Pageant
How many times should tangle, Mr Magician
When you can't afford to be a progress agent, Mr Sergeant.

John Sensele

Mudness & Madness

Much mudness and madness in a realm of sadness move love
Love so misunderstood for good in a nestled, nettled neighbourhood
Wears down hearts and tarts whose ramparts claim to shove
Aside monopoly and duopoly in a glide and ride of a muffled mood.

Much fondness and fecklessness streak and prick the streak of romance
Romance so jilted, stilted, tilted and wilted in much glamour
Wears down hearts that breathe little balance in a dunce dance
Whose cadence lance in the end rains strains of much crank clamour.

Much fondness and flirtiness freak out
When lovers in their covers claim to love each other
Although eerie eyes hardly know sentiments beneath a doubt
That bakes, flakes and shakes maimed claims of 'No bother'.

Much fondness and frankness seldom signal sentiment stability
Felt, helped, kept and wept when love tears and leers
Climb home to roam and boost the roost of malleability
That defends and sends shock shivers to dunk into a beaker of bliss beers.

John Sensele

Muffled Mumbles

A researcher would be a genius
To figure out mazes in a woman's mind;
One moment her heart races in serious
Pursuit of a lad her kind

Fancies for freak reasons
When the lad gladly obliges
Thinking succulent seasons
Landed to awaken maroon meninges

Beyond assignments and lecture notes
Written in scribbles
Only a woman totes
In ribald rumbles

Muffled mumbles and scarred scrambles that leave
A lanky lad bemused and confused
When a willow woman's love
Has the lad 's bewilderment and torment fused.

John Sensele

Mugeria Forest

Captain Muso and his platoon combed every inch of the Mugeria forest
Where Greg put their skills to the test
'That structure over there is Greg's hideout
Of this fact I have no doubt.'

Greg's close-set eyes looked at his black magic radar
Where about five hundred metres away he spied a hangar.
'Let Captain Muso dare me.
In his military fatigue, Greg'll pee.'

Lieutenant Sure peeled off his combat jacket, trousers and underwear.
'I'm ready, captain, I swear
This time Greg won't escape
Despite the charms on his nape.'

Captain Muso clicked his rucksack open
He enjoyed the forest Greg thought was his den.
His fingers rummaged through the rucksack
Until they deftly peeled off an amulet pack.

'Here you are, lieutenant.
Pretty soon Greg'll be death's tenant.
I trust your sniping skills
Which have helped the platoons conquer several enemy hills.'

Lieutenant Sure opened the parcel and gazed at the powder
Whose brown with leafy materials would confer on him supernatural power.
'This stuff smells like cannabis.
This look like the talon of an ibis.'

Greg's short, pot-bellied frame came out and swaggered towards the platoon
In the oppressive heat of the Mugeria Forest, his instincts told him it was noon.
'The radar can't seem to show the cowards
Who a few minutes earlier were crawling forwards.'

As Greg started to jump, lieutenant Sure fired the powder in his direction
To distract his attention.
'I hope it works
Cos it's giving me terrible shakes.'

Greg stood rooted to the ground
Where Captain Muso he expected to pound.
'You fools, come here so I can wipe you out
And end your gout.'

Greg tried to move but failed
Him the platoon had nailed.
He lay prostate in the Mugeria Forest
Without further protest.

Lieutenant Sure blew more powder on Greg.
Greg fell to the ground and broke a bow leg
'Mission accomplished, captain.
The vermin has finally said amen.'

'Captain, Greg has regained consciousness.
It would have been a mess.
He must face justice
And for his heinous crimes paid the right price.'

John Sensele

Mugerian President Brian Mojo Mourns Chief Tete

General Lilo handed Brian a dossier
To prevent matters from getting messier.
'Mr President, we're ready to launch the final assault
And capture Greg, by default.'

'General Lilo, are using the new jet fighters
To end disasters? '
Brian dusted off his spectacles
The better off to clear remaining obstacles.

General Lilo sipped his fruit juice
And thought about his troops
Who'd been fighting Greg's insurgency
As a matter of urgency.

'General, the Kokos are very unhappy about chief Tete's death
Through Greg's stealth.'
Brian shook his head
Which felt like lead.

'Mr President, my anguish is bigger
Than any bank account figure.
Chief Tete was my father-in-law.
On my mind his death is too raw.'

'General, masses are demanding retribution
For Chief Tete's execution.
The attack must be massive.
It must be decisive.'

'Mr President, I'm meeting Induna Mama in an hour's time
No time to mime.
We're sharing intelligence
To quicken Greg's death sentence.'

'General Lilo, proceed.
I hope you succeed.
No more failures
Since there're so few barriers.'

General saluted President Brian Mojo
And sauntered out of State House door.
He jumped into his jeep
Shoving aside his whip.

From nowhere gunfire erupted
Mugerian troops were jolted.
'Take cover
Until our plans recover.'

'We've decimated insurgents, general.
Greg has fallen from his pedestal.'
Insurgents sustained 340 fatalities
And heavy casualties.'

'No time for celebrations
Or ovations
Although rebels have thrown spanners in our works
You've earned your perks.'

John Sensele

Muhammad Ali

Parkinson's disease slurred Muhammad Ali's speech
Stole his feet's speed and hammered his brain functions
But its brakes couldn't stab his indomitable spirit, which wouldn't screech
Cos Muhammad Ali soared like an eagle above sanctions
Uncle Sam slapped on his refusal
To kill the yellow man in Vietnam which he rejected
On moral grounds. Ali ducked the proposal
That contrived to have his boxing license suspended
In his prime years from twenty five to twenty nine
Years when Uncle Sam purloined his heavyweight champion
Title and barred him from the boxing ring to undermine
His career and steal the peak era when the canon
God bestowed on his punches enabling him defeat
Sonny Liston from whom he wrestled the world title
That metamorphosed him into a civil right priest
Who fought for the oppressed in Louisville, New York and Seattle.

John Sensele

Multitasking Mammamas

Mamma's love, care and concern for her offspring
Surpasses the ductility of any diamond ring
Because mamma's love overpowers obstacles and pains
Offspring, cynics, ingrates, detractors and rains

Inflict on mamma who spends sleepless nights
To care for a whimpering baby with lights
On and with lights off as dads and lads snore
Noisily while dads boast that they ain't no bore

To any family's economic circuitous circumstances
In which they claim leadership roles and stances
Although unsung heroines, multi tasking mamas toil and moil
in silence from sunup to sunset and secure oil

To keep mamma's lantern burning when a power utility
Load sheds electric power when a drought volatility
Queers family's works. Adaptable and stable mammamas
Conjure up a quick fix to preempt pesky family dramas.

John Sensele

My Battles With Tedium

At high speed I flee from the tedium stage
Fearing indecision might trip my precious time page
Which over years of sweat I've built
And now to defend to the hilt.

I can't afford to allow the spectre of tedium
In my space to build and shield a mediocre medium
Which all my efforts tedium will
Instead of helping my laziness to heal.

When tedium rears his ugly head, I scratch my head
For initiatives and ideas to put tedium to bed
Or else tedium my idle mind will engage in evil
From which I can extricate harm or the Devil.

So far the strategy works well for me
Although I'm yet to see how my bee
Will sweep tedium and sting him
All over his deformed body and his dream

Which if given a chance can penetrate
Deeper recesses in my mind at a rate
I may not be able to control
Unless my guardian angels agree to patrol

But on the other hand I feel a sense of shame
To ask angel to fly to Earth to protect the name
God gave me alongside to the willpower
To decide what I can accept or reject in every hour.

John Sensele

My Belief Freedom

I believe children are angels
Created by God to teach adults
The shame and blame of jails
Come from their addiction to cults and tumults.

I believe love dies for want of care
Displayed by couples who're lost
As their display their proud flair
In a champagne and vintage wine toast.

I believe unhappiness is self inflicted
On victims who play the wrong card
As to fantasies and jealousies they get addicted
When they dismiss advice and counsel from a boulevard bard.

I believe each woman should enjoy her full rights
Whether she marries and stays single
Regardless of whether she dons leggings or tights
As with kindred hearts she opts to mingle.

I believe Karl Marx was right
To claim controversial beliefs
That capitalist might
Robs the dignity of African chiefs.

I believe national boundaries cause trouble
Because they're arbitrary
Determined to spin rabble
Generated from a colonialist diary and breviary.

John Sensele

My Better Life's Cake

Far away from the discomfort under my skin
My soul rejoices
Recoiling at sorrows that like a pointed pin
Pricks my choices

Stealing my freedom
Drinking my peace of mind
Shoving me yonder the kingdom
Where once I lived unkind and blind

Pinned down into a sea
Of sorrow where swimming I couldn't
And glee
Mine wouldn't

On me smile for a while in a mile
As for company me sorrow sought
With green-eyed bile and gangrenous guile
Lumbered while I thought

Sorrow for company no bad idea
If only the chalice could free me from the dread I felt
Lydia
Couldn't melt in gild letter spelt

In terms I felt separated me from the hollow bread
My teeth no longer could chew
As the blight, sight and plight of dread
Grew and threw

Into reverse the order
In my life I strove to build
As I considered broader
Brushstrokes sorrows could never yield

Unless I woke up
On my groggy knees stood for good
Throwing away the poisoned cup
Whose stern hood and mood

I rejected
Wishing for company sorrow I never sought
Thwarted and dejected
I got caught

Up into an insipid, colourless, tedious existence
Whose yoke and talk
My soul strove by dint of perseverance and persistence
Away to stalk and soak

Into dustbins of history
Where sorrow fragments
Of a broken life story
Lay entwined with ligaments and arguments

I no longer wanted for mine
As my benighted eyes snapped awake
No longer would I repine or whinge and whine
Because at long last I found my better life's cake with neither further ado nor
glaring mistake.

John Sensele

My Chameleon Cameos

Once, when fantasies in my mind grew
I thought I could flirt at will
Breaking any heart into two
And vats of red wine I could swill.

Once, when mad blood could rush to my head
I thought I could lie by the clock
Playing the field and venting frustrations in my bed
And bags of baloney I could talk.

Once, when adrenalin in my veins could flow
I thought I could pick a fight
Threatening friends and foes with a big blow
I would to a foe administer under a moonlight.

Once, when naivete ruled my demeanour
I thought I could play to the gallery
Frolicking and osculating in my manor
And brunch and munch bouquets of celery.

Once, when indolence in my studies ruled the roost
I thought I could skip lectures
Going on the binge my morale to boost
And I would sample fleshpot textures.

Once, when my nation in her largesse sponsored me
I thought I could scale any height
Rummaging through concepts with glee
And I could shamble into my study in double delight.

John Sensele

My Childhood Chilling Report

Five hours on most mornings in a church
Seeking for shelter
From listless life that left me in the lurch
Which deprivation couldn't alter

Despite the fervent wish
In my mind
Entertained in a dish
From which enough meals I couldn't find

In the vicinity and safety of the kenaf sac
In which fitful sleep
My eyes stole from a pack
Of blues in plenty which deep

Within my darkness crept
Asking me in abandoned abodes
I slept and wept
Wondering why cranky cords

Scolded me and told me to hope for the best
Although school for a while I stopped
Cos on my back sat threadbare vest
As darkness and sadness hopped

During days, during nights
Until grandpa
Intervened to turn on lights
That bathed my future in a spa

Where a vista
Opened the path back to school
As my immediate younger sister
Determined my destiny to retool

Direction smiled
Providence came on stream
Test and homework in a line past disappointments filed
And alive returned the dream

That re-engineered my return
To life
Which in turn
Played aloud my future fife

Streamlining
Facilitating
Underlining
The importance in my life of providing

Direction
Support
Action
As the future on its own delivered my chequered childhood report.

John Sensele

My Chinese Miracle

Saint John sacked and kicked Death the beast.
Said Saint John, 'Ovation, devotion through Christ.
Though you've felled cute Helen
Our heroine you have stolen.
Huang's friends dare not feast. They ponder the twist.'

John Sensele

My Crimson Clover

Once like a school girl
I dropped my guard
And my hair did curl
Until my song saluted the bard

Whose tune soothed the ear
That told me
Lass, from darts stay clear
Or heartbreak you would see

If advice I didn't heed
Beating pride into the chest
In which flowed the creed
I did reap upon request

Shutting my eyes to reality
Burying in the sand my head
Hoisting incredulity
Until in tears I lay in my bed

Wishing I wasn't such a fool
Constructing in quicksand
Castles, drawing on my teary eyes wool
Dreaming I flew high the brand

I wish they could understand
Who cares what they think
So long their gossip I withstand
Cos my lips sipped the drowsy drink

They couldn't have
As their eyes green with envy
Couldn't lampoon the love
They thought suffered from scurvy

I could cure if my fancy
Flew full circle
Home to Nancy
To munch my momentary miracle

Snap my eyes open
Declaring my drought over
Daring against their wish to reopen
Visions of romance and pluck my crimson clover.

John Sensele

My Customers Cut Off Your Blues

In the wake of back stabs
Withdraw the conniving crabs
I meet in your behaviour
If Jesus be the saviour

You claim lives in the temple
I hear you proclaim in the example
Reality seldom sees
In dodgy decrees

Streets register
Once or twice, mister
When bucks disappear
In stories that appear

At convenient junctures
To mend truth punctures
Walls daily hear
When lies and sties draw near

The day I reckon
Ends the of the scorn
I wear in public
Shame adorning my republic

Where sorrow finds a home
For shambolic shame to roam
In spite of the trust in you I repose
When into my hands you coerce a ribald rose

I return into your hands
Together with the blue brands
My market no longer values
So long as they give my customers the blues.

John Sensele

My Divine Refuge

Cast me aside
Stood me astride
Robbed me of pride
But God stands by my side.

Treated me with scanty respect
Projected as prime suspect
Denied me a progress prospect
But God my life does protect.

Broke me to pieces
Lumbered me with Judas kisses
Grew on me Summer solstices
But God blesses my nieces.

Burned me to ashes
Deprived me of succour sashes
Inflicted on me lampoon lashes
But God mends me in filial flashes.

Pushed me to the rear
No soul to call me dear
Detractors from my eyes prised a tear
But God from imminent danger draws me clear.

John Sensele

My Eiderdown

If the secret to happiness I should discover
And to my heart's content I should please my lover
My search on Earth will be done
Although fibers of my soft centre will come undone.

What the heck says I
I don't mind a crazy cry
Now and then as long as pleasure's mine
And in my Utopia etiquette I confine, define, refine.

Fed up with ridicule rules
Employing and deploying my jewels
I derive a plethora of pleasure
And sample sensation beyond leisure.

I give not a hoot
If pleasure in me gains root
As long as I turn my world upside down
Living, giving and forgiving my eiderdown.

John Sensele

My Favourite Bumblebee

My heart has no spare parts
Do your level to nurture my soft centre
Lest my heart should fortify its ramparts
To lengthen their height by one metre.

My heart can't accommodate heartbreak experiments
Do your level best to migrate your romantic laboratory
Lest my heart should dismiss your condiments
To sow happiness in my territory.

My heart is fed up with empty promises
Do your level best to spare me the blues
Lest my heart should turn a blind eye on any kisses
To pour sand grains in your shoes.

My heart thrills partners I date
Do your best to love me for me because of me
Lest I should send you an empty slate
To dare to care for my favourite bumble bee.

John Sensele

My Feet Need Shoes, Too

Life in a shack
Mouths galore
Little food to pack and crack
Wealthy and healthy folklore.

Tycoons grab land
Squatters in the cold spend nights
Cancer of the bile gland
The voiceless for scraps entertain fist fights.

Green vegetables confiscated
Street vendors scamper
Famine fabricated
Near future, no dolls and teddy bears to pamper.

Flavours of hunger hunt
Famished babies
No poverty stunt
In shacks infested by scabies and rabies

Despite urchins' urns
Granaries yawning
Breadwinner little wage earns
Astonishing!

John Sensele

My Green Gangrene

The boulder in my eye
Blinds me to the innocence I insult
When mad blood in my brain I consult
Exaggerating the little fly

My roving eyes spy
In little mistakes you make
When madness and badness in me shake
Your confidence to make you cry

With neither plausible reason nor treason
My bent mind creates
As your my lie aerates
Nonsense I squeeze into your season

Wishing I could achieve half as much
As with little effort you achieve
And egregious envy and jealousy make me grieve
Secretly wondering why your stellar success I can't match

Resorting to green eyes and lies
My tangy tongues spread
Inwardly I see red
Huffing and puffing in my sties

Where in vain I curse
The bad hand I claim God handed me
While to you God heaped tonnes of glee
I wish could penetrate my every verse in front and in reverse

But I can't blame you
I am who I am by choice
Speaking ill in my voice
To your innocence isn't anything new

Because I'm choleric
Anger rises in my chest
As in vain I indulge in a futile quest
To be less chimeric, esoteric and more cleric.

John Sensele

My Guilt Goons Couldn't Croon

Weep not for me, creep
When my lights at night bade goodbye
To a wanton world that deep
In its heartless heart could only vie

For my presence and essence
To vanish and meet your wild wish
To breed in your cruel creed defence
A fast finish to the dish

On which your hostile hands
Powdered slow poison
So I could leave for good lands
That neither loved nor leisured in Summer season

For my life and my wife to entwine
As such a groove and move
When my wife and I would dine
Spelled sacrilegious sanctions although my guilt goons couldn't prove.

John Sensele

My Heart Sings Strings And Wings

My heart regrets woes inflicted on my victims and rues opportunities for forgiveness

I let go and flow by

When I ought to have dared to share happiness

With the broken hearted whose lives forever cry.

My heart breaks into new space and treks to higher ground

For which my life has longed for longer than I care to remember

How once I peddled fritters and flowers to a sombre sound

Punctuated by poverty in September, November and December.

My heart beats fast and seats in comfort in the fort

Where folks share meals with the indigent

When meager morsels enjoy the sport

In which altruism demeans an egotism sergeant.

My heart thirsts for brotherhood and bursts into tears

When the blind beg for alms by street kerbs

Where the affluent in their ebullient avarice swill beers

With pomp and fanfare as on their crockery they sprinkle herbs.

John Sensele

My Heroes

Death sneaks into lives and robs parents
And fathers of beloved offspring.
Sons and daughters death fragments
In Winter, Summer, Autumn and Spring.

Four sisters and three brothers vanish
So as to test heaven's entry bound
To ask God to polish their finish
And increase their reward round.

A tear wets my face and steals
From me pleasant childhood experiences
Games, jokes, meals and laughter peals
We shared with clean consciences.

John Sensele

My Last Wish Granted

I slept tight
Wept right
And crept to the might

I thought mine
If I could redefine
Brains that crossed no red line

Searching emptiness
For puny pettiness
Small skulls labelled prettiness

In the realm
Where follies could overwhelm
Sums if they held the helm

Playing daft
Displaying no iota of craft
Sailing in their reverie raft

Wading wanton waters
Giggles, grins and lollipop laughters
Dwarfing daughters

Demanding freedom
To conquer boredom
In the druid's dukedom

Where for once I faltered
Not that it mattered
If foolish pride felt flattered

When I made up my mind to quit
Past, present and future to delete
If retreat meant I became unfit

To break free
Walk threadbare under the chestnut tree
Where my spirits slit into three

Demanding for good I go
To pals in halls of blame in Chicago
If my skin turned indigo

My last words said
My last respects paid
More importantly, my last wish granted.

John Sensele

My Life's Multiple Maces

My life is a roller coaster
I ride for maximum adrenalin
As I traverse a trampoline toaster
To accelerate my dose of dopamine.

My life is a cattle cart
I ride for minimum motoring
As I placate the part
Played by partners in my temerity tutoring.

My life is a mountain bike
I ride for maximum mobility
As I defy calls for a strike
Induced by both futility and fragility.

My life is a hovercraft
I ride in my exploration escapades
As I hone my cantankerous craft
Detested and denigrated by my thoughtless threads.

John Sensele

My Light

I don't care if Lucifer knocks at my door
Jesus knocks him down to the floor
Where Lucifer counts stars
Wondering why he didn't ride creed cars
To save the slave in his skin
Drenched and wrenched in sin
Roaming the world to sow destruction
Among millions who give in to distraction
That I can't accommodate
As long as I fly in faith sedate
Determined to swim through the eye of a needle
In flights I vow never to fiddle
Fumbling, stumbling and gambling
My fate away in a sea of grumbling
Unless I cruise steady in my faith
Which sustains and maintains the breath
God grants me
Which I receive with much glee.

John Sensele

My Love, Juliet ML

My Love, Juliet ML

Your skin glows like the green apple I hold, blossoms consummate like a red rose in the purest hope of spring.

My yearning heart rises to your oboe voice and leaps like a gazelle at the whisper of your name, Juliet ML.

The evening ascends in on a great eagle wing as I sing for you.

I am calmed by your skinny jeans that I carry into the twilight of dame beams and hold tight to my lips.

I am filled with hope that I may dry your tears of limpid water if they should roll down your dimples.

As your enchanting eyes roam from my white t shirt to your snow-white heart, I whisper your name, lady.

In the hushed hum of my crib, I listen for the last whisper of the spring.

Your svelte silhouette leaps in that little black dress melts my mind. I wait in the crystal moonlight for your cosy comfort to dream as one from svelte silhouette to svelte silhouette, in search of the glorious turquoise and spiritual tryst of our love.

John Sensele

My Motherland

Clerics in full pastoral regalia roll up their sleeves
To hobnob with bigwig politicians
Over peace in the motherland
Where hotheads with no better agenda
Than to lick boots and swill vats of beer
Lick their lips to quench an insatiable thirst.

The desire to quench perceived youths' thirst
Ought to imbue youths to roll up their sleeves
Till the land, innovate while sipping beer.
Youths ought to cajole politicians
Into formulating and initiating a rich agenda
With a plethora of plans and synergies to develop the motherland.

Loyalty and total commitment to propelling the motherland
Into a proud and prosperous nation in which hunger and thirst
Won't feature and where Zambians dream of an agenda
That reminds and enjoins politicians
To shy away from the base culture of free beer.

A nation with a penchant for substance abuse, beer
Addiction and a proclivity for violence soon ceases to be a motherland
Because her most abled-bodied human capital and politicians
Peddle trivia, platitudes under the guise of thirst
Quenching instead of rolling up their sleeves
To exploit opportunities and resources as the sole agenda.

To list unfunny jokes and fill pettiness on the national agenda
In which hedonism, ego-tripping and illicit beer
Brewing hold sway instead of rolling up sleeves
To develop the motherland
Prevent disease, kill illiteracy, hunger, poverty and thirst
Ought to engage full time all Zambian politicians.

Save Zambia, politicians!
Draw up a national reconciliation agenda
With synergies in all key areas of national planning devoid of beer
But with a clear roadmap to propel the motherland

Into a developed country where Zambians are forever rolling up collective sleeves.

Patriotic politicians can't afford to dispense beer
At the expense of promoting a national agenda that flies the motherland
In azure blue skies devoid of thirst where citizens' prime concern consists of rolling up sleeves.

John Sensele

My Name Swam In Shame

I meandered from blunder to blunder
A tortuous and treacherous trek
Feelings in my heart began to thunder
Roaring in my mind without a break

Misdirection in my mind grew
Slanted steps my feet took
Detours by the dozen I brew
Arrogance for bravery I mistook

Cannabis, steroid steered the way
My brain bit by bit shrunk
Cocktails of spirits and tablets held sway
Ethanol in the blood beat me drunk

Sums my head could no longer do
A baggage of cabbage I became
Cigarette sticks I chainsmoked with no further ado
In the end, my name swam in blame and shame.

John Sensele

My Place For Solace And God's Grace

Twenty nineteen-five days gone
It's the dawn of a brand new lawn
Despite pound penury, I don't feel alone

As I displace the face of despair
With the certainty of the care
God showers on my Friday fare

When I make up my mind never to look back
On ups and downs I notice in the stack
Twenty eighteen pushed into the pack

Sneaked into my life to link
Access to success to a slink
I thought caught up in a wicked wink

I dismissed with contempt
As I braced for an attempt
To deny the Devil a chance to tempt

My roving eyes
Sometimes caught up in sties
Mixed in a plethora of pesky pies

I stoutly resist to taste
In slow motion or in a haste
Cos such a paste, a waste

I can't afford
In my hut or on the ford
I climb aboard

Insanity
Vanity
Inanity

As I rest my case
Reconfirming my place
For solace and God's grace.

John Sensele

My Right, My Bite And My Fight

My right, my plight, my fight, my sight how I use and choose to burn bundles of
my life's candle
Matters little what fleas and fees tongue waggers tag and drag, what doubt
dream doublers doodle.

My right, my tight, my blight, my bite, my kite to optimize my rise
Grant me the privilege on my ledge to earn, turn, return and burn my private
prize.

My right, my plight, my fight, my sight how I use and choose to burn bundles of
my life's handle
Matters little what fleas and fees tongue waggers tag and gag, what bliss boss
bleachers bundle.

My right, my tight, my blight, my bite, my kite to optimize my sunrise
Grant me the privilege on my ledge to earn, turn, return and spurn my survival
surprise.

My right, my plight, my fight, my sight how I use and choose to burn bundles of
my life's sandal
Matters little what fleas and fees tongue waggers tag and nag, what fact fun
filters fumble.

My right, my tight, my blight, my bite, my kite to whisk a whim
Grant me the privilege on my ledge to earn, turn, return and burn my serene
stream.

My right, my plight, my fight, my sight how I use and choose to burn bundles of
my life's rekindle
Matters little what fleas and fees tongue waggers tag and flag, what
circumstance sweet sweepers swindle.

My right, my tight, my blight, my bite, my kite to stake my cake
Grant me the privilege on my ledge to make, wake, take and bake my break.

John Sensele

My Right, My Bite, My Fight

My right, my plight, my fight, my sight how I use and choose to burn bundles of
my life's candle

Matters little what fleas and fees tongue waggors tag and drag, what doubt
dream doublers doodle

My right, my tight, my blight, my bite, my kite to optimize my rise

Grant me the privilege on my ledge to earn, turn, return and burn my private
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Grant me the privilege on my ledge to make, wake, take and bake my break.

John Sensele

My Sizzling Selfies

Sir, I haven't over-dramatized my beauty
Every hour or so a selfie on Facebook I post
A compulsive obsession that grew into my duty
Selfies with passages of time tasted like tutti-frutti
That smelled great, sounded gorgeous, I could boast
Sir, I haven't over-dramatized my beauty
Don't blame me because in truth I'm such a cutie
Whether you like it or not but of me you can't make a toast
A compulsive obsession that grew into my duty
You can't tire of me whether I pop up to you on FB or in Djibouti
Your brain my selfie at any moment can roast
Sir, I haven't over-dramatized my beauty
It isn't my fault if to you I sound snooty
The selfie you despise, lots of buck is the cost
A compulsive obsession that grew into my duty
Sorry, sir, selfies aren't heavy duty
But, sir, if you can't stand my selfie, I beg you get lost
Sir, I haven't over-dramatized my beauty
A compulsive obsession that grew into my duty.

John Sensele

My Support, My Escort

You love me-so you say
When I press you for proof
You claim you I waylay
Without any trace of shame under my roof.

□

You love me-so you claim
When I need evidence
You claim you I put you to shame
Without any trace of significance science.

You love me-so you boast
When I need support
You claim you I need a toast
To compensate me or you I'll deport.

You love me-so you dream
When I need comfort
You claim too much I scream
As I denounce you as my elected escort.

John Sensele

My Take

My mind shrieks in disgust
At the agony women reap from a dodgy deal
When misguided men treat women like chattel in August
Shock and anger belated remorse can't begin to heal.

John Sensele

My Treasure Beyond Measure

My darling, welcome back to the bosom
Where you belong to enjoy the comfort
That's rightly yours, where every reason
Seeks for weeks to grant you maximum support.

My darling, heaven lies in your heart
Where love feeds my every breath
Day and night to grant me a rampart
Where we both rejoice in each other's faith.

My darling, don't imitate somber mood
Don't prevaricate or hesitate
For we mean for each other so much good
As together we march forth in an amorous state.

My darling, allow no third party
To stain our treasure
With ideas and plans so tatty
They kill our joy, journey and pleasure.

John Sensele

My Way Back To Hope

Pain in my heart
Wears me down, tears me apart
Although I try hard to fight tears
Plunging my world into a sea of fears
I struggle to minimize
Much as me they criticize
When all I do is to give them love
I harvest for them from above
To inject in me strength
Projecting more vim into my faith
Lest my body and mind should give up
The more poison trickles into the cup
My lips spurn and turn away
Seeking in earnest for the way
Back to my Redeemer
And away from despondency that grows dimmer
The more I call on God
To whisk me away from the pod
Erected in walls of unbelief
Crated in mounds of the mischief
That needs to die
Or else I'll forever cry
If trivia should take over my mind
And for good drive me blind.

John Sensele

My Woman's Wonder

My woman's cold hand is a heater
That comforts my tingling heart beyond compare
As it keeps our roaring romance fitter
Than a twisted tease a bimbo can dare.

My woman's complexion and cosmetics so sober
So sublime, so subtle, so supple
Transmute her into a bomber
Who keeps me hooked because our treasure is so simple.

My woman's smile, touch, allure
So hexing, so enticing, so interesting
Ensure I'm game for pure pleasure
I imbibe on every date every evening.

My woman's charm melts my resistance
Harder as I try to carve a niche
Apart as busybodies contrive a circumstance
To kill our joy for their best wish consists of a frivolous finish.

John Sensele

My Wonderful Mom

Mom, thank you for enabling my birth
Despite dangers of gestation
Despite risks and roadblocks to your good health
Above all, I'm beholden to you for your mountain of devotion and attention.

Mom, thank you for teaching me love
The best lessons I learnt from you
When each step, each action, each thought from above
Ensured each day, each moment you taught me a value I never knew.

Mom, thank you for opening doors of opportunity
Despite little money, little meal, little lodge
Despite economic enemy, pecuniary pressure, danger to dignity
Above all, you spared no effort education roadblocks to dislodge.

Mom, thank you for enduring sleepless nights
To fight my influenza, my malaria
Despite lack of medicines, mosquito bites
Above all, you fought the menace of diarrhea in my abdominal area.

Mom, thank you for facilitating my overall development
To pave the way for my cognitive growth
To carve a niche for my emotional envelopment
Above all, you taught me to control wrath.

Mom, thank you for opening my eyes
To the magic of the Bible and the book
To love verities and unravel lies
Above all, you taught to disbelieve a spook and his hook.

John Sensele

My World For Good Enchained

Oh, when I set eyes on Janice
My world wandered into wonderland
Dreaming, diving, driving, doodling, dodging a quirk kiss
I wished Janice couldn't plant on my garland

But in a haste I dared to taste
Her red lips
To sample the best
I thought her hip trips

Could offer to a tense lens
That couldn't see
How daft it turned out in the Benz
That in glee

Metamorphosed the break
I thought I'd gained
When her nimble neck
Had my world for good enchained.

John Sensele

Myopia In Utopia

Your myopia will kill credence!
It trims to zero your reputation
Puny precedence in diffidence
A curse waylaying your orientation.

Time to change tack
Try a new paradigm
If you hope get from a wall your back
Whether it earns your dollar or a dime.

So long as new measures grow you strong
In the face of adversity
As you veer away from the wrong
Creeping into life in Strumpet City

Where you carouse
Doze off
By mundane mistake you espouse
Measures you ought to scoff

To renew vigour and rigour
They built you up not long ago
When your fingers trembled at the touch of the trigger
You now can no longer forgo

Balance blurs
Sapience suffers
Speech slurs
Odious oddities become favourite offers

John Sensele

Mysophilia

In Mysophilia, sanctions visit anyone
Who rejects indoctrination creed
And keeps an independent thought
That plants dissension seed
Among subjugated minds
Through a compassionate deed.

In Mysophilia, The Party decides
If she eats through her ears
Or drinks through her eyes
To inject fears
Of a world revolution
By driving O'Brien to tears.

In Mysophilia, Big Brother
Watches her every move,
Monitors every step she takes
Towards gathering in Freedom Groove
Free minds and emancipated souls
To allow global love to improve.

John Sensele

Mysteries Of Love

Love lives and gives glory in the cranny where you least expect
Although you search for love and her dove in all the wrong places
Expecting love to grow greener in your pantomime project
Where if luck lurks you reap and keep sentimental stresses.

Love smiles for miles not just for a while in a fondness file
But all the time you recast your focus on a romance round
Punctuated and painted in red or blue if that's your style
Developed over the years until love begins to grow on your gregarious ground.

Love lifts your spirits if you digitize and prioritize her domain
Where love grows and flows to your heart's content
Titillating your heart's home when you oscillate as you say amen
Meaning love blesses your verses when you love at the right moment.

Love cries, sighs and dies when ego tripping injures the sanctity
Love deserves and serves saplings when from the bottom of her heart love
pleases
Teases and seizes every moment you dare to preach sentimental sanity
In all you do as you deal love cards free of distress diseases.

John Sensele

Mystery Madam

Mystery madam, spin your story soon
Shed light from your hexing eyes
For you, I'll groom and zoom a cartoon
That lifts the veil on your sensual sighs.

Mystery madam, don't drag my brain on macadam
Shed light from your unspoken soft nothings
For you, I'll roll back the years to advertise Adam
The ancestor who ate the ill-fated apple and hid in Sonia's stockings.

Mystery madam, sack the sorority sister
Who shed light on your hidden hospice
Where away from scrutiny you sneak into a hipster
To dance in a trance until the dawn of the next solstice.

Mystery madam, sing me the refrain
You sing in the confines of your bedroom
Where away from my prying eyes you train
Hard to metamorphose loom into a broom.

John Sensele

Mystic Mound

Hope flourishes as the last frontier
When all other factors and actors
Diminish in skirmish tier
Devoid of proctors and detractors

Whose relevance in some circumstances
Raises questions on actions
Taken when mistaken stances
Queer the pitch for factions

Whose credibility and ability
To advance causes of justice
Fall short of verity
In favour of injustice

Fails to atone for a ringtone
Whose sound on the ground
Mesmerises a clone
Whose climbs a mystic mound.

John Sensele

Nameless Vector

Hidden at the bottom of her heart
Lies the balm
That feeds my imagination
And sends me to the palm
Of the mysterious harbinger
Who delivers message my nerves to calm.

Flown to the ends of the Earth
Is the soul
That unmask precious treasures
And gems concealed in the hole
To handsomely reward him
Who dares to reach the ultimate goal.

Caught up in the nooks and crannies,
The evil organism hacks
Into my system
To inject malware stacks
That, using my cells and tissues,
Launches on me vicious attacks.

John Sensele

Narrow Escape

There was once a home shorn of its calm
On which fate and good luck applied a balm.
The home went on to recover
Due to efforts to discover
A sure cure within confines of a farm.

John Sensele

Narrow Escape From A Blind Bind

You cruise to lose in Toulouse
If you draw a cantakerous card and play it bad
Unless you strategize to slay the haze and daze
That enable outcomes to grow mad

In circumstances and instances
When you embark on a victimisation venture
Knowing not stances and distances
Danger multiplies in the misadventure

You choose to honour in letter and spirit
At dawn, at sunup, at noon and at night
To meet the fate you hate and treat
Partners with disdain, believing your might

Confers upon you the power
To neglect to reflect upon consequences
That ensue the blight, flight and plight of the hour
You trample upon in sanguine sequences

Fraught with danger
You neither contain nor restrain
When face to face you come to the ranger
Who administers the coup the grace on the trauma train

Planting you on a horizontal floor
Where all of a sudden you come back to your senses
Scrambling to your feet to open the door
That revitalizes and re-energizes your defenses

Injecting into your knees vim
For you to pray
You no longer entertain the whim
That led you astray to a sarcastic spray.

John Sensele

Nationalism & Nihilism

'Madness marries sadness, ' says I as I contemplate
Disorder that bothers thinkers in Teheran
Where peaceful people thought the debate
On nuclear knots had run

Its course because the source of tensions
Resolved at international fora
Nullified intentions and missions
To inflict harm on neighbours whose aura

Blesses peaceful coexistence
That leads and feeds international scientific cooperation
With scientists, sages and stimulators of science
Developing medical marvels in a collaboration

That benefits humankind to cure fits
Of atavism, parochialism and cynicism
Whose potential provocation tilts
The balance of chance nearer towards naive nationalism and nihilism.

John Sensele

Natural Looks

There was once a rhino so pretty
She fled a game area and did piety
Acts in a funky town
To win a diamond crown
In contests for pure beauty.

John Sensele

Nectar

Fly high, honeybees, fly;
Fly from anther to anther;
Honey guide, don't cry
But chase away panther.

Fly high, honeybees, pollinate
Crowfoot, coltsfoot and coriander;
Honeybees don't discriminate
Daisy and daffodil from dodder.

Scan savanna vegetation;
Honeybees, fence foliage;
Prime your honey production
From sesame and sage.

Fly, honeybees, please;
Follow your mother queen
To protect virgin trees
And keep them clean.

Honeybees, do visit me;
Please make me honey
To sweeten my tea
And glean clean money.

John Sensele

Neglected Night

Neglected night, needless nonsense
Fruitless fantasy
Cannot condole the crippling cadence
That slays my peace mind without mercy.

Neglected night, pointless pursuit
Broken brand
Cannot condole the fumble from the fruit
That in ignominy tears the sympathy strand.

Neglected night, mundane motive
Painful poverty
Cannot condole the murder of the missive
That publicizes the priority of novelty.

Neglected night, listless loneliness
Hopeless habit
Cannot condole the seed of sadness
That washes away merry memories in my mind bit by bit.

John Sensele

Neither Cultivate Nor Elevate A Thistle Thieftdom

She swags in her ripped skintight jeans
Swaying right, swaying left
Sending into my heart needles and pins
Although I determine without delay to waylay

Plans she purposes in her mind
To trap my thoughts, my mind to entrap
Ensnare my capacity and blow me blind
But my subconscious labels it corny crap

I should ignore
If my sanity should persist
As long as I brush aside the snore
That I determine at all costs to resist

In the midst of ways forward
Days and ways to break the jinx
Surging forth and never moving backward
Where the celerity and ferocity of a lynx

Lie in wait to pounce on a weakness
Perchance I could and would show
If bad blood maroons meekness
In a bid a tantrum to throw and grow

When the safest and sanest solution
Lies buried in the width of wisdom
Bereft of and devoid of any daft dilution
Meant to cultivate and elevate a thistle thieftdom.

John Sensele

Neither Encode Nor Decode A Discord

Wars in my mind
Rain strains and pains of a cruel kind
In circumstances I suspect
Tear promised prospects in every respect.

Wars in my heart
Tear my trust system apart
When blues bathe my trust
In seas and rivers of russet rust in a crimson crust.

Wars in my society
Signify sorrow sown by loss of piety
Bathed in wintry waters
Diffused and contused in my quivering quarters.

Wars in my morals
Defy etiquette stuck on mortals
Whose desires diversify and crucify moral codes
Society neither encodes nor decodes.

John Sensele

Neither Here Nor There

The darkness of frankness inflames the mane
My lion detests in the savannah where pukus
Run for their lives once they smell the bane
Transmitting slivers of shiver to conspiracy coups

Brewing in the dark as nocturnal nomads
Launch their sorties to hunt down gazelles
That gallumph at high celerity mocking pads
Trouncing every bounce and ounce in veils

Concealed in the pain and drain faces
Of the daughter of laughter left in tatters
When sentiments assaulted surfaces
Where cells, quells and their gutters

Cried foul
Upon gazing at scrolls
Unfurling one line at a time to scowl
Sweeping sweat from rustic roles

Frowns figure out
Once anger arrives at my doorstep
Where feelings and dealings tout
The paradigm shift for hustled help

That runs, runs, and runs
Looking for a hole on the ground
In which to hide the baked buns
No one wants except in the mystery mound

Where wisdom in its kingdom
Crawls, crawls and crawls
Shouting for the return of the freedom
That seeks refuge in humble halls

Keeping a low profile
Pulling its threads together
Enjoining them to march in a single file
While giving me neither grief nor bother

As I nod my head
To acknowledge twists and turns
That steal dreams from my bed
Reminding me longevity doesn't lie in urns

In which I thought I saw the treasure
Shining and gleaming at night
Promising me leisure beyond measure
If only I could pray for salvation every midnight.

John Sensele

Neither Numbness Nor Nuisance

It knew neither numbness nor nuisance
But lived its limpid life at full stretch
Spurred on by courtesy and a clean conscience
That happiness and holiness could fetch.

It knew neither loneliness nor listlessness
But solidified its sense of solidarity
Catalyzed by camaraderie and coziness
That elevate and energize a sorority.

It knew neither lies nor flies
But concerned itself with causes
Driven by women's and widows' cries
That justice and juxtaposition right-size roses.

It knew neither disappointment nor dishonesty
But boasted and bestowed on boys blessings
Fallen and awakened by honesty
That strives to unfurl and flap wisdom wings.

John Sensele

Neither Real Nor Surreal

Neither whims nor wants
Care whether a daredevil
Breaks his fast or perforates his pants
As the daredevil dribbles the devil.

Neither street-kids nor street-vendors
Care whether the affluent rant or grunt
When they promise to placate big spenders
As the rich and the snitch seek street-kids to hunt.

Neither prostitutes nor pimps
Care whether sugar-daddies and sugar-mummies cry
When pandemics prey on them escorted by chimps
As prostitutes and pimps brandish bravado and favourite fish they fry.

Neither ghettos nor grottos
Care whether the caveman paddled canoes
When explorers moved motors
As the caveman drove down gnus.

John Sensele

Neither Wrangles Nor Rabbles

Hope for the best
Pass a tenderness test.
To all folks give much love
Flown on wings of a dove.

Mind your business
Share much happiness.
Heal the brokenhearted
Pray for the stone-hearted.

Your tongue keep in check
Magnify in no eye a sinful speck.
Wish foes and friends good luck
From your pocket share a buck.

Preach the gospel of gregariousness
Teach values and virtues of meekness.
Tolerate folks' foibles
Incite neither wrangles nor rabbles.

John Sensele

Nemesis Of Pride

Nemesis of pride falls flat on its face
Sunken in a miasma of sweat
Pouring within and on a surface
As observers for consequences wait.

Nemesis of pride topple from a pedestal
On which the arrogant akimbo
They stand as their fall
Brandish a defeat symbol.

Nemesis, Nemesis, Nemesis
Pride strides forth to strut its stuff
On a stage where a crisis
Brews and regurgitates snuff.

Nemesis of pride topples
Crushing pride like Humpty Dumpty
In shards and foibles
Whose cry and sigh sound empty.

John Sensele

Nemesis Ubris

Ubris, the Nemesis, misses, disses and pisses on a kiss
Intended for good, pretended for mood and subtended for rude
Pretensions presented as ascensions of an extraordinary lease
That breathes a fresh impetus through a stimulus for a prude
Put forward as a front runner to push an egotistic agenda
Gladdened by ego tripping bards spinning negative, abrasive tales
Spun on a pun that injects pessimistic features and corrigenda
Bathes in swathes of arrogance jutting to the fore in spells
Where Ubris, the Nemesis, treads on several toes and claws his way
Into every conversation and intervention that turn stomachs
Upside down because pride rides high and sides with May
Who cossets a flaw as low as it blows holes in soles and sacks
Where sanity lock Ubris he cracks a joke that far from sounding funny
Succeeds in alienating more neutrals when Ubris disses a sunny bunny.

John Sensele

Nerd And Surd

A pain in the neck teased a nerd.
'Guy, you look like a rapacious bird.
I can't over this bookworm...
Your thick pate swims like a worm
And your body feels and smells like turd.'

John Sensele

Nerds And Laggards

Sticks and stones separate
Homes and houses hermits inhabit
If their picks and phones at a rapid rate
Defuse gripe between geese and grouses a bit.

Sums and simplifications soporify
Equations and identities galore
If additions and multiplications glorify
Virtues and viewpointsofa formula folklore.

Sounds and sights civilize
Mind and memory molecules in millennia
Where artificial intelligence and algorithms actualize
The separation of boys from men in mythical Macedonia.

Polynomials and proofs pulverize
Classrooms and cafeteria that conflate
Processes and procedures they sterilize
When they award a nil mark to a savvy slate.

Skills and steps supply
Opportunity and dignity they encounter
In minds and grinds that apply
Energy and effort to a cryptic commerce counter.

If society and ceremony signify
Meaning and mentorship to every student studying
They boost students' self concept and magnify
God's grandeur and grace before applying

Biased standards
In examinations and tests
For nerds and laggards
To quell conundrums and protests.

John Sensele

Never Again, Never In Vain

Never again should innocent lives vanish in vain
Cos machineguns marshall greater protection
Than students' lives. Marjory Stoneman survivors chant 'Never Again'
Should indifference and insensitivity buttress inept inaction.

Columbine, Sandy Hook memories remain memories
Without a determined call for students lives to live
Alongside gun laws from death merchant law parodies
That no care, no concern gun proponents to lives give.

Students leave home safe, students return home safe
After school without a machinegun taking a potshot
At students attending school. No slayers students should strafe
At school without dealing death blows to dreams of a benevolent bigshot.

Never again should parents bury sons and daughters too soon
Cos a psycho with a grudge and greed for guns
Elects to discharge a volley of bullets in real time at noon
To take way lives of sons and daughters who won't become nuns.

John Sensele

Never Sought

I never sought the confrontation
Nor to worsen their temptation
To steal the freedom
I deny lives their terror fiefdom.

I never sought the infection
Nor to diminish their resurrection
Of long debunked theories
That claimed covid scrambled from lampoon laboratories.

I never sought the pain
Nor discarded Hazel in the rain
When happenstance for instance
Put to death our civil circumstance.

I never sought the fame
Nor to paint in gold the name
They blame for the promotion
In earn despite the green of their emotion.

I never sought the advance
Nor to juggle with Julie by chance
If I could cast away the sorrow I felt
When by her grave in tears I knelt.

I never sought the gender
Nor to live a life of surrender
To restrictions patriarchy ramps up
When feminism flies from the cacophony of their cup.

I never sought to love
Nor to say I do in the white glove
Mom and dad put on my hand
To nail my future into his gold band.

I never sought the shame
Nor to glorify the cantakerous claim
He made to blame my youth
For the harassment that proved him uncouth.

John Sensele

New Millennium God

Youth is the time for sensational success;
Use it to make hay while the sun shines
Or you'll forever rue wasting the cute chance
To grow wild wealth by trading in Persian pines
Whether the sublime sun rises or sets,
The wealthy dines while the poor whines.

Youth energises people and works
Their innate imagination beyond the cream ceiling;
Youth bubbles with ideal innovations, □
Temporary thoughts and improved initiatives that healing
Of the mobile mind and the brazen body courts
Without hurting the falsifier's feeling.

Youth, turn not your back on wealth
Creation for it is the loud linchpin
Of the new millennium which speaks
The loquacious languages that spin
To their side of the affluence divide
All those whose limited lives afresh can begin.

John Sensele

New Millennium Helen Of Troy

A thousand ships your face launches
Pitting my ship against a fleet of others
Snatching my heart, in a morass of mud drugging my haunches
Pouring torrents of my tears and fears in front of my brothers

Rendering me disconsolate
Wondering why I let you in
Although it ain't too late
To clean up the savoury scene

In which I swim in the juice
I find hard to invest or taste
Even when I manipulate the sluice
In slow motion or in a haste

To beseech your adorable facial asset to tone down the torment
On me you inflict
To establish whether blues you foment
Initiate no conflict

Between your conscience and hearts you singe
At will
When terrified hearts in front of you cringe
As you swill

The red wine of pain and strain you rain
On hapless hearts crazy enough to fall at the feet
Which in the main
Under duress greet

Your sublime beauty
At night, at sunup, at sunset, at dawn when by the nose
You pronounce me guilty
Of presenting you a Valentine red rose.

John Sensele

New Normal

In the new normal, innocent children
Lose their lives without provocation
As killers and their bloody brethren
Inflict on global societies a fatal sanction.

In the new normal, improvised explosives
Detonate at concerts, at football stadia where pleasure
Transmutes into a reign of pain as sieves
Of terror delete room meant for leisure.

In the new normal, demagogues label climate change
A hoax because ignorance earns followers
In powerful countries where binge
Thinking denies the existence of beauty and splendor in flowers and showers.

In the new normal, protectionism holds sway
Granting extremists and fascists room
To impose their insane ideology on a way
Of life to catalyse doom and gloom.

John Sensele

New Year, New Yearning

A new year bestows hope
Promises new pages
Sliding on a salient slope
Where the wise earn deserved wages.

A new year erases mad memories
Folks would rather forget
As they pen in their dainty diaries
'Don't entertain in the new year a regret secret.'

A new year opens vistas
Teeming with profound possibilities
For folks to metamorphose into stars
Provided they make good the propulsion probabilities.

A new year affords a chance
To grace, bless and to assess
The right wrong balance
In an effort to forestall any further stress.

A new year swings into action
An opportunity to recast lives
Into the right direction devoid of malefaction
As the dawn of hope arrives and thrives.

A new year whips sorrow
Into submission and humiliation
So long as society seizes tomorrow
To spread affection, benediction, restoration and cooperation.

John Sensele

New Year, Old Misfit

If new year clones the repast
It devoured yesterday
The present no better than the past
It's time to kneel and pray.

If new year swims in reverse
Hoping to forge ahead
New days reap a curse
That jinxes and hexes more than a head in bed.

If new year regurgitates mistakes
Made in the previous life
Claiming new year's gaining new stakes
It's time to cleanse insanity and strife.

If new year dons new outfit
But repeats past insanities
New year metamorphoses into a misfit
That indulges in popular profanities.

John Sensele

Next Nine Weeks

Here alive we pine for vintage wine
Whose alcohol of all sorts
Make imbibers tipsy and their eyes shine
When through stomach courts

Alcohol molecules and globules
Break through and swim
Backstrokes and breaststrokes in jewels
Which can't caress a whim

A teetotaler detests
To preserve and conserve a non alcoholic culture
Developed in sober envelopes pesky pests
Find asinine now and in future

Although red wine in a glass or two
Delays playing cerebral concerts in tricks
That temporary teetotalers consider overdue
For ambitious annihilation in the next six weeks.

John Sensele

Next Time

Next time, solitude to slay
Next time, truth to treasure
Lest happiness ubris should waylay
To curtail and cleave your measure of pleasure.

Next time, sanity to salvage
Next time, sobriety to save
Lest bikini bondage should emerge
To ride and romp on a wicked wave.

Next time, kisses to consume
Next time, invest not in haste
Lest disappointment and despair should resume
To run the risk of reaping worthless waste.

Next time, children to cherish
Next time, roses to render
Lest endearments should diminish
To run the risk of slavish surrender to a soul spender.

Next time, thoughts to thrash
Next time, platitudes to prune
Lest the future should slash and crash
To jeopardize justice and joy due to June.

Next time, romance to revel
Next time, moderation to measure
Lest ridicule should grovel
To limit the leeway and lullaby of leisure.

Next time, equality to elevate
Next time, recriminations to resolve
Lest dissension and despair should aggravate
As room for reunion should disintegrate and dissolve.

Next time, odium to ostracize
Next time, conscience to cultivate
Lest connivance and controversy incumbents should authorize
As whistle-blowers should shut down their grapevine gate.

Next time, ego-tripping to evince
Next time, altruism to ameliorate
Lest perdition and perfidy you should convince
For your future to deteriorate and obliterate.

Next time, dissension to deliver
Next time, ascension to amity to accommodate
Lest bright prospects should quiver
As limpid loyalty you should lacerate and liquidate.

John Sensele

Nightmare In A Transient Tryst

I awoke in shock from a nightmare
That flew me to Eden
Riding in glory a martyr mare
That metamorphosed my dreams in Sweden.

Little did I appreciate
The next morning the message depth
I gleaned from the nightmare that did ingratiate
Itself from my mind as traces shook my faith.

I awoke promptly, knelt down
Called Jesus in my prayer
As in pain I struck my eiderdown
In the wake of trials from a faith slayer.

The next morning shaken into disbelief
I consulted my parish priest
Who in high esteem held my belief
Despite indiscretions in my transient tryst.

John Sensele

Nightmares In Margins

Concrete craters sprout in the capital city
Discrete development delays stuns a ghetto ditty
Why should ghettos be marginalized
Why should discrimination be formalized?

Monsters of structures munch ghetto millions
Songsters of sorrows punch ghetto zillions
When ghetto welfare on the periphery moans
While their fanfare in the territory dawns.

Jezebel jalopies in their roads juggle
Mirabelle mirages in ghetto streets struggle
Amid conspicuous consumption they enjoy
While for ghetto priorities derision they deploy.

Puny priorities glut ghetto needs
Loony loyalties ingest ghetto social seeds
Maintenance of affluent distance lives in ghetto emaciated bread
Sustenance of effluent instances gives ghetto nightmare dread.

Dysfunctional street sockets mock ghetto friendship
Maledictional sights stroke stains and strains in ghetto kinship
Poverty riddles huts in which our rights scrounge
I wonder in which century my blistered feet will step into a lounge.

Don't ghettos deserve any better?
Aren't squatter citizens a trend setter?
Leave my ballot alone
Cleave your egotripping into a clammy clone.

Nightmares ghettos hate a lot
Blistered biceps hate it when your gangs gloat
Teasing ghetto silence
Sleazing your licence.

John Sensele

Nights With No Love To Behold

Nights, lonely and long
In a double bed that's dead
Devoid of a sentimental song
That tells me we've got love made.

Nights, sad and bad
In a mansion too empty
To offer a chance to be glad
Mutate me into Humpty Dumpty.

Nights, cold and misery untold
Kill traces and faces of happiness
I knew with old love we didn't withhold
Until you to brought along seeds of sadness.

Nights, numb and dumb
Deal me deadly blows I absorb
Though my feet too weak a mountain to climb
Enjoin me to wear the romance resistance robe.

John Sensele

Nimble Nerd

Douse fires on spires
Hired by tired tutors and sassy suitors
Who spread scores of blue briars

Whose thin thorns trade trinkets with Hussein Sadam
Ebony as botany
Taught twice termly by madam
Twiggy who turns and burns any

Plant page into a marvel that travels
From her blackboard to a bright brain
That's eager to figure out rigours and veils
In which succulent secrets in the main

Metamorphose a mundane medulla oblongata
Into a nimble nerd
Who collects and collates aces that utter
A successful story never before heard.

John Sensele

Nine One One

Nine one one when my heart is in distress
Nine one one when I love a woman
To seek comfort and relieve stress
But only succeeding in ruining my future plan.

Nine one one when bucks run out
Nine one one when exploitation is all I see
To delete and slit my clout
But only managing to hurt me.

Nine one one when social standards plummet
Nine one one when barbs pierce my back
To remind me of promises unmet
But only facing a status quo painted in black.

Nine one one when coteries come to my rescue
Nine one one when reasons take away this poisoned chalice
To give me the missing clue
But only defacing and slicing a malignant malice.

John Sensele

Nine Out Of Ten

Nine out of ten, a sentinel's seemly surface behaviour
Can't explain the melodious masquerade
In which the perfidious person indulges
To prevent ordinary observers from making a rapid raid
On the deep seated fundamental factors
That explain how from normal his blatant behavior strayed.

Nine out of ten, the person projects an aura,
An image of complete control
When, deep within him, fratricide forces
Command and enjoin him to enroll
His sane siblings in the savage school where he belongs
So they sustain the success of his droll role.

Nine out of ten, observers put the public person
On a prominent pedestal higher than his proven performance
Despite his annoying attitude
Towards noble norms of conformance
In any common good activities
That may include or exclude romance.

John Sensele

No Frigid Frown On Your Face

On your face wear no frigid frown
Which diminishes the beauty of your crown
In the midst of the covid 19 menace
Which God doesn't bless
No matter litanies of lies from speculations
Alleging to covid 19 there're no solutions.
Tomorrow promises better prospects
Smile a scintillating smile in all aspects
Cos a little smile slays the gloom
Threatening your bedroom with doom.

John Sensele

No Further Spread Of Needless Fear

Sprout out the doubt
In your social, business, romantic or spiritual life aspects
Buttressed by the clout
Normally evident in several respects

With undaunted determination to improve prospects for success
As the going gets tough
To diminish access
To debacles in several ways to grab by the neck scruff

Chances to pick up pieces
Surge forth
Brush aside unmeant kisses
Sampled up North

In simulated circumstances
Under a tropical moonlight
Which in spite of conferences and related distances
Shed light

On which intelligence and wisdom redress setbacks
Incurred in the context of vision paucity and dearth of sagacity
Call for strategy packs and stacks
Coupled with renewed tenacity

Raise hopes for a resolution
Of pesky problems
Begging in earnestness for a permanent solution
Not just in claims and emblems

But in tangible actions pointing to viable alternatives
From which the way forward shines clear
In imperatives
Devoid of fear

To clinch the deal
That hits the bull's eye
And steal
With a relief sigh

As loose threads
Enmesh
Tyre treads
To refresh

The search once and for all of the elusive answer
Which now lurking near
As the luck dancer cures the cancer
That can no longer spread the spectre of needless fear.

John Sensele

No Future For A Vulture

Don't cry when it's over
Dust yourself up and pick up the pieces
Pray for God's problem solver
Give up contaminated kisses.

Dust yourself up and pick up the pieces
Focus on the locus of your future
Give up contaminated kisses
Into disaster dustbins consign your vulture.

Focus on the locus of your future
Lift yourself into pole position
Into disaster dustbins consign your vulture
Under no circumstances should you delay your drastic decision.

Lift yourself into pole position
Pray for God's problem solver
Under no circumstances should you delay your drastic decision
Don't cry when it's over.

John Sensele

No Goodwill Goobye

No goodwill goodbye
Grins at hunger and thirst flying nearby
To purloin peals of laughter
Coercing a dainty daughter

Into a teenage marriage
Brewed in the poverty porridge
Tongues last tasted aeons ago
As the flight of the crime cargo

Taxied nearby
When the newly married daughter beef couldn't buy
Following a night of gender based violence
Whacking her spartan silence

Into sealing lips that family secrets couldn't utter
Lest hips would sleep in a nearby gutter
If slabs of truth evaporated into the public domain
To heap blame and shame on the family name

Long concealed in peeled pips
Kept in check by wintry whips
Sauntering in the wilderness of a tropical sky
In the absence of a goodwill goodbye.

John Sensele

No Greener Grass, Greg

No greener grass beyond dreams
No bigger bliss beyond Bridget
No salient success beyond teams
That build a giant from a midget.

No greener grass beyond hospitable hearts
No kinder kisses beyond Adolphine
No longer luck beyond darts
That metamorphose you into a misogyny machine.

No greener grass beyond infertile imagination
No prettier petite beyond Peggy
No stronger sentiment than the affection
That you lavish on tender Twiggy.

No greener grass beyond mellow moods
No calmer curves beyond Catherine
No titillating tangerines beyond foods and goods
That pamper your pancreas pristine.

John Sensele

No Hamlet Higher Than Home

No hamlet more hospitable
Than the home they'd love to get
With a plethora of warmth scalable
For family members to fete.

Home, sweet home
Refuge no siege
Dares to storm as we roam
Home and build the bliss bridge.

We pledge to protect
Care and spare our loved ones
Day and night to invest
A plethora of love for sentimental swans.

Hand in hand we smile
Entwine and fly far and near
Loving one another all the awhile
Holding each other's heart dear.

John Sensele

No Iota Of Feeling

Just Think! A zillion urchins
Perambulating Kitwe streets
To pick up scraps of beef and sausage from dustbins
When the rich with full bellies indulge in tweets

As though nothing untoward a few kilometers
From their massive mansions
Was unfolding with jitters
For unblanketed, unclothed, unloved, uncared for bastions and legions

Of the vulnerable and the voiceless
The unforgotten whose fate
Registers nowhere because merciless
Attitudes care for a debate

About inane non-issues
Whose only value lies in ego-tripping
Pushed past prudence in favour of tissues
Discarded in dustbins of souls with no iota of feeling.

John Sensele

No Longer At Peace In My Comfort Zone

Couldn't on the dame I love put the blame
Although on me the sleazy situation poured shame

Making me feel small
Although it wasn't a downfall

So many times I nurtured a regret
That someone let out my secret

When I wasn't ready
Making my heart feel heavy

With a burden of heartbreak
To escort a fatal mistake

I invited in a haste
It's all such a waste bereft of class and taste

With no positive outcome in sight
Cowardly wisdom in hindsight

Ain't no consolation
To the unfortunate infatuation

Into which headlong I fell
As though under the hex of a spell

That plunged me into a fix
Seemingly influenced by a jinx

By the name of a charm
Which had robbed me of my calm

My world hitherto knew
The sordid episode although so new

Left me gasping for breath wondering
If there ain't no superior rendering

The scenario then required
Before from my bosom it retired

To hunt a fresh target
As the misfortune my person did forget

To leave me alone in my every bone
At long last in peace in my comfort zone.

John Sensele

No Longer Free To Go To A Market

Impecunious news hunters on Oxford Avenue
Craned over newspapers spread on the floor
To gather ammunition about who knew
The last gossip about a politician shown the door

By hacks in his political party for consorting with the sworn enemy
Sent to Coventry in corridors of power
Or which celebrity a court of law ordered to pay an alimony
Or who among supporters of Venomous Vipers FC sent a rose flower

To a big carrot's girlfriend, raising the temperature in her home
Where her incensed husband puffing and huffing threatened to disfigure the
alleged culprit
Whom he accused of destabilizing the genome
Insisting the culprit he would ill-treat

As news hunters speculated on merits and demerits of the law of the jungle
The aggrieved husband contemplated inflicting on the innocent man
News hunters felt didn't deserve the bungle
The husband riding a rickety van planned as a ban

That would serve his wife right as she could no longer go to the market
To buy beef, cabbage, tomato
Even if she wasn't involved in any racket
To sell or buy at low prices an Irish potato.

John Sensele

No Longer To Serve A Sow

Forty years for a tasteless cup of tea
Served to sway rodent reserves
Concealed from the seal of me
Whose eye in a die conserves

A hot shot for a cold cot
In which I weep or sleep no more
Because tots of noughts on the dot
Ain't nothing but a bore at the core

Where busts of trust on a crust
Glides, resides, chides, sides, slides and rides
With folks whose fork, cork and pork rust
Due to queue, pew or screw parades

As paragon of perseverance and persistence that once
Warmed my world but not now
Lie in a sty as an ounce
Decides no longer to serve a sow.

John Sensele

No Lost Cause

No walls to close in on you
If you stay in faith
Imbibing from God the clue
To renew and rekindle your breath

Looking challenge in the eye
Wavering not, weeping not
Instead, standing firm to the lie
Your life success cannot

Obtain, maintain or retain
Cos by natural standards you're washed up
Knocked out for certain
Down on your knees, vulnerable like a pup

But forget not, succor in abundance
Lies next door in the prayer
God answers when spiritually you advance
Faith first, stronger than a sentimental strayer.

John Sensele

No Lost Lass Ever Grieves Again

Don't wink at, drink or shrink the pink mink
Your life clinks, sleeps, slinks or winks in
When life's knife lops off the link
To the source and resource of its Winter win for the queen

Achieved in a wondrous weave at the robust river
Where in the morning your life longs
For renewal of the accrual of the manual a forgiver
Authors once your life sings serenity songs

To give succor and solace to the lost
Whose date, fate, pate and slate life lifts
Spreading smiles that slay the gangrene ghost
Assailing and waylaying gifts and shifts

In mood for the greater good given
To uplifting and lifting the welfare life achieves
For the lost when life toasts the forgiven
To the extent no lost lass ever again grieves.

John Sensele

No Love Till I Reform

In trouble
On the double
I drive my peace away
Concocting chaos along the way

When lunacy my brain bursts
In choices and voices whose thirsts
My ineptitude can't quench
NO matter how much I lure the wisdom wench

Who turns down my advances
Preferring not to take chances
To entertain rides into the wilderness
Where lunacy thrives in the sickness

That blurs my vision
Pouring on common sense derision
In which I fall flat on my face
As my foe snatches the ace

I need to win
The love of my heart's queen
If I promote order
To clear from her chambers disorder

And in return earn her love
As she promises me the white glove
That symbolises her consent
If I should reform or else her love will remain absent.

John Sensele

No Marriage Breakers In Noah's Ark

Bless the face of God and press
For a stressless pace of life teeming with goodwill
For the rich, the vulnerable and stress the mess
Slices of malice and swill

A libation of affection that unites
Divided invaders and traders
Whose duty smites
Marauders and fraudsters

Who specializes in lies
Intended to put asunder marriages
God bless with pies
Cakes, compliments and garages

In which vehicles of respect
Park not in the dark
But in daylight without any prospect
Of marriage breakers climbing in Noah's Ark.

John Sensele

No Merry Xmas, Sir

No merry Xmas for us in the ghetto, no money for mealie meal
I can't afford beans, bed bugs to bite me
No cash to buy paraffin, Xmas ain't no big deal
When no job, no love, no convenient shelter to see.

No merry Xmas for us on street where we fight
Day and night for scraps of droppings and cigarette stubs;
No sir, don't talk to me about Xmas cos I might
Lose my temper in December without any scrubs.

No merry Xmas for widows and orphans
Whose daily lives famine and thirst punctuate
As if their very birth fastened them to fans
Blowing poverty air to which they struggle to habituate.

No merry Xmas for moms who wake up at the crack
Of dawn, scramble for a few pieces of silver to purchase groundnuts
And cassava at exorbitant prices; moms fry their pack
Of snacks, walk long distance with loads on their pates as customers weigh
maybes and buts.

John Sensele

No More Boring Snores

No more sad scenes
That blow my mind
To deprive my mind of maneuver means
That prevents my plans from lagging behind and making me unkind.

No more bad breaks
That mount me up the creek
To turn my plans into woe-ridden wrecks
That prick my pride quick, sick and weak.

No more egregious excuses
That suggest seamy streams
When my they blow my frail fuses
To rob reason of rights in reams.

No more tough times
That my horizons hurt
To demolish and devastate my climbs
Up the social mobility ladder minus the security of a sassy skirt.

John Sensele

No More Normal

Within an ace of committing an occasional offence
Think twice lest you should pander to effusive emotions
That you utilize in the defence
Of pathetic predilections and procrastinations in your agile actions.

Within an ace of descending into an abyss
Teeming with miscalculations
Think thrice lest you should kiss
Dust as you surrender common sense to jungle justifications.

Within an ace of embracing a heinous ideology
Think twice before you should take human life
As frugal philosophy gives way to somnolence psychology
That glorifies and celebrates rife strife.

Within an ace of cutting corners
In your romance modus operandi
Think thrice before you run out of partners
As you pander to the deceit, drivel and derangement of a dementia dandy.

John Sensele

No More Soft Nothings To Say

Your post on Facebook says you've walked away
To build a new nest in my rival's zone
You and I ain't got no more softnothings to say

Considering that I couldn't allow you to deflower my smartphone
An irritating habit you've cultivated of late
Lording it on my preserves as though I'd become your coy clone

I can assure you, buddy, go find yourself another plate
You can toss around to your hearts' content
Osculating, summersaulting, deflating or inflating the slate

On which you can record any emotive event
That tickles and tingles your ego
As for me it's a chance to retire and reinvent

Fresh favours and flavours you've opted to forgo
To pursue a path to bamboo bliss
With in tow a crazy cargo on which I place no embargo

As you gallop on a fractious horse with fantasy fleece
That spins your head and spurs you ahead
In a hope hoop you elect to lease

Falling fast asleep in your bivouac bed
Dreaming I've crawled on my knees begging to return
To a dizzy dream screaming for life in your head

When I assure it's over. Hand over the urn
Where we deposited remnants of the affair
Your impetuous instinct elected to burn

But my pride can't shout it ain't fair
Cos my self esteem won't agree
To grant you time and space to prepare

For a chance to climb the treble tree
You've treated with disrespect when you were mine
Accessing exclusive mining rights for free

Now parameters and properties I redefine
To suit my convenience
Despite the temptation to send you a sentiment sign

To tell you I've deleted from my vocabulary obedience
As I feel time has come to make amends
Replacing a weak heart with a heart of sapience
So long as your hassling heart bends my bliss blends.

John Sensele

No Pause, No Repose, No Rose

At a glance with no trance in France an advanced woman
Can take a man from a wanton woman who feels on her heels
Her husband hangs, on her petticoat her husband pleads from a ban
She's imposed with neither repose nor cause only that her eels

Dictate states of debates and rates of peace in her home
Where the wanton woman stresses and presses for her delusion and illusion
To prevail although lots of thoughtful women roam
Through life looking for Mr Right to whom fruitful fusion

Wonderful women willingly want
To realize as a prize they'd treasure
Beyond measure while wanton women can't
See seas of synergy from hubbies whose hobby and leisure

Wanton women press down
As their hubby exhausted from too much stress
Give in to the sieve in their town
Where advanced women them want to bless with limpid love, unstress them and
them caress.

John Sensele

No Saint

I don't intend becoming a saint
I aspire to lead a full life to paint
Images of happy people
Plucking and munching an apple
As they dish love, comfort and pay rent.

John Sensele

No Science Fanatics

Thoughts grew wings, thoughts ran rings
Unseen by a naked eye
Swept clean by a lean heart that brings
Joy ensconced in a blue lie
Pricked open by a spy
Caught up in the miasma of global politics
That in the main cry
For want of fairness in applicable pragmatics.

Thoughts threw tantrums, thoughts skewed slings
That elected not to die
Because thoughts being Spartan need few things
Than a spruced up pie
Under a blue sky
Hovering over nerds who devour Mathematics
In which a fair die
At all costs refuses to delve in gymnastics.

Thoughts became organic and loathed flings
Which flew high
Beyond the reach of archers with springs
Which no impecunious man could buy
After computing the cost of pi
In elementary, intermediate and advanced Genetics
Which a bevy of minds try
To study and fail cos they're not science fanatics.

John Sensele

No Simplistic Marriage Formula

Any formula for scooping miss Right or Mr Right
Falls flat on its face because the race and pace of marriage
By culture and nature is neither a game nor a sleight
Of hand reducible to a simplistic illustration cage
Or coy formula that cassette assets of toy minds
Who draw up shopping lists of hunks with plenty
Of dough and Casanova ruse or glass hour figure blind rinds
Starved to bust and waist proportions with dainty
Dreams, illusions carved from Hollywood soap operas
Enacted by love on film sets, being, flings, one night stands
Hormone driven loves at first dramas
Filled with superficial, artificial, contrived bands
Deified to flawless icons although their real lives
Feed on incompatibilities and instabilities cos marriage dwarfs drama archives.

John Sensele

No Solution In Plenty Pollution

In wrong places I grope for the solution
Refusing to see beyond my nose
Choosing to multiply pollution
Thereby attracting more heartache without pause

When I brush aside the faith
Which opens the way to the peace
My mind needs with every breath
I take if to God I give pride of place

To promote justice, fairness and solace
I need the most in this hour of darkness
In the life I lead groping for a lace
Embroidered with distress and restlessness

I continue to increase
As long as I seek help from simulated sources
When my energies ought to decrease
The loss my soul nurtures, deploying in vain my best resources.

John Sensele

No Space For Rotten Race

Join not a mob
Play not the snob
Die not on a cob

Weave fabrics of peace
Cleave from stitches of a diss
Sieve creases and vices from a kiss

Crush not your back against a wall
Think, plan and act before a fall
Walk tall, crawl not but play ball

Listen to the sound of silence
Hasten to restore salience
Worsen not vats of violence

Promote tranquility in seas of confusion
Demote incivility in droves of contusion
At all times stand for dialog diffusion

Participate in initiatives of reconciliation
Dissipate seeds of vitiation
Drive forward agendas of conciliation

Belong not to gangs of disorder
Regardless of muscles cliques grow broader
Unless mobs vow to engender order

Above all else pray for sanity
In territories in need of huge unity
Allocating neither time not space for vanity

In pursuing progress
Declining stress
Denying room for rotten rat race.

John Sensele

No Standing Ovation For Grandstanding

Don't provide a culinary delight
On a gourmet's table like a goose
Instead, stand up for just causes and alight
Your upward mobility flight of stairs like the Indian grey mongoose

To strut your agility to take on and slay cobras
Which in one form or another your tranquil life attempt to plague
As verbal problems in Algebra
You crack with ease in the league

Where mathematical equations you munch
By the dozen to feed the appetite
That taps and harnesses the curiosity branch
In your bid to develop the tripartite

Arrangement in which your soul flourishes and nourishes to while away time
Productively when from mundane platitudes
You take leave, preferring instead to climb
The ladder of conciliation and reconciliation on platforms where positive attitudes

Couched in genuine concern you reinvent
Curiosity in techniques that slay animosity
Embedded in foibles that vent
Frustrations in ways that conflate religiosity

With mumbling and mouthing nonsense
That the less pious you treat
Like lesser Christians whose sense
Of spiritual uplift you greet

With disdain and reluctance
Although Jesus preaches accommodation
Of sinners and backsliders without grandstanding askance
That salvation mission meets without any standing ovation.

John Sensele

No Surprises

Sorrow, sail to Hell
Where you wear packs of black
Slacks that ring a bell
Announcing you're stuck

In a venue whose menu
Doesn't entice any slice
Of appetite because no new
Recipe at an affordable price

Features in your dark literature
That dwells on trivia
Trash and misspent cash with neither future
Nor advert in the media

Which features fake frills
A politician patronises and terrorizes
At any press conference which thrills
His ego-tripping that offers no surprises.

John Sensele

No Trouble Tomorrow

Clouds around us shout aloud and swirl
Scopes of our hopes can't curl
Providence in every incidence we unfurl

Strutting into guts of a fruitful future
Nourishing and stashing a credible culture
Squashing and bashing a vice vulture

As with renewed vigour
Heightened rigour
To the tune of a Christian clangour

Believing every luscious leaf
Won't grow stiff on a catastrophe cliff
Despite machinations and throes of a thief

Longing to peel off our joy
With a puny ploy
Meant our future to destroy

For our eyes evaluate
In a perspective no demons can evacuate
No matter how much they mutate and punctuate

As we surge forth
Appreciating our self worth
Multiplying our mirth

Whether storms rage
We jettison excess baggage
For us God the only judge

To bless us
From our lives he cuts fuss
No time or clime for a sourpuss

Twenty eighteen
Foretells goodness hitherto-unseen
Cos tomorrow we shall win.

John Sensele

No Yield To Defeat In Our Love Field

If my daylight transmuted into the night
You taught me to put to the test
I welcome with care a chance to taste the delight

That in my heart you pressed
At night to bring us together
As we stood akimbo, blessed and impressed

In contexts where we could weather
Any storm crazy enough to tag along
Meaning on you and I to lumber bother

Strutting its soporific stuff in a sing song
Overflowing to the brim with intent to disturb
Sentiment and affection preserves that grew strong

In terms of tone, quality and blurb
Ensnared in your curly hair lock
In the morning in my crib to curb

Desires to cause havoc
Once the mood ripened to break
The ice and with determination rock

The boat in which stress came
With an acquired taste for trouble
On you and I to claim

We intended to raise rabble
On a piece of intelligence we chose to depend
To lay a rose bouquet on a marble

Pedestal we strove to defend
On the platform where we build
Love that no force on earth can end

For we don't intend to yield
To blackmail of the most egregious kind
Regardless of the arsenal busybodies deploy to strafe our love field

Because we sow love, germinate love and harvest love to grind
Happiness in our thoughts, actions and plans drawn in our mind.

John Sensele

Noble Nights

A well of love simulates serendipities
That spice solace and succor
In proclivities and activities
Romantic, platonic minus rancour

When a seeker of love lavishes
Love above wings of a dove
That flies from Cupid to flashes
Scintillating and oscillating outside a white glove

Worn on the day a bride walks in majesty
Arm in arm with her gallant groom
Whom she'd visualized since she designed her dynasty
With neither room for gloom nor doom

Because her world worthy of wonders
Opens its aura and plethora of delights
Thrills, spills devoid of blunders and thunders
As gregariously groom and bride inaugurate noble nights.

John Sensele

Nocturnal Nails

Bimbo's natty nails plucked out his heart,
Flung it on the chopping block,
Diced it, salted it and kneaded it like dough
Which they threw into a sock
That waited by the prey's side
To sound chimes of her clock.

On second thought, nails picked up
The heart cubes
Marinated them in lemon juice
That spilled on boobs
Of the woman
Who often travelled in tubes.

Nails cast the heart pieces
Into a sizzling pot
That welcomed them
And undid the knot
Joining Bimbo to him
To complete her plot.

John Sensele

Nocturnal Niggles

Every night in my bedroom I pray
For feelings of hatred to go astray
With no further ado to give scoffers love
Expecting bliss aplenty from wings of my dove
Flying my future to greater heights
Leaving behind at once sad sights
Which drag my efforts into mud
If procrastination like a comfortable cow eats its cud
While seconds, minutes and hours tick away
Prospects for which I attempt to block clocks all the way
As long as I persist in making the same mistake
Assuming asinine attitudes won't bake me a corny cake.

John Sensele

Nolle Prosequi

Nolle prosequi ennobles national exigencies
To progress to paramount peace
Minus trivial tendencies
That citizens do not miss.

Nolle prosequi paves the way to progress
In noble national notions
That accentuate agile a national address
For all citizens to carry their pacific portions.

Nolle prosequi nullifies notions of losers
As in the end nation wins
To elevate trail blazers
Whose motives, maneuvers culminate in creations of national queens.

Nolle prosequi eliminates essences
That sows discord seeds
When broader benevolence stances and circumstances
Meet major national needs.

John Sensele

None Of Your Business

Life is a demented drone
Whose wings cut to size
No longer interested me in the throne
In which I no longer perceived the cries

I once heard from dreams
I thought made sense
At the time the screams
Rose to satirize the essence

I believed rang true
Until scales fell from my mind's eyes
Which saw and foresaw feelings I came to rue
When all at once sties and their skies

Snapped open and horrors shouted
'Who are you to ask' raucous voices said
'It ain't for you to state whether we doubted
The insanity in the vanity and profanity we fled.'

John Sensele

Not My Fault

It's not my portion
To wallow in misery
Regardless of any position
I take to defer and deter usury.

It's not my lot
To walk the beaten path
Where tears abound in my plot
Whether I join joy or waylay wrath.

It's not my destiny
To swap partners like shirts
But they raise in me the spectre of mutiny
Because they lumber me with hurts.

It's not my fault
To fail to hold on to a job
When bosses order me to halt
My contribution because I can't dress like a slob.

John Sensele

Not My Right To Avenge Or Derange

I decline to despair
Although life sometimes gets unfair
It can't beat the power of devout prayer

On which I forever rely
When temptation makes me cry
But I try never to ask why

The school of hard knocks
Chiming on time like clocks
Which can't give me comforting talks

When heartbroken
Also forsaken
Like a yellow chicken

I conceal my shame in my inferiority cocoon
At sunup, mid-morning and at noon
In spiritual matters, it's a still a great boon

God in his omnipotence on me showers
Mathematical and social powers
In miracle hours whose showers

Give me a reason to go on
To fight anew in a confident tone
Without any opportune moment blown

As from the bottom of my heart I believe
Sorrow I take, happiness to the less privileged I give
And foes bitter and fitter I dare to forgive

Ultimately, it's for God to revenge
Arrange and challenge
While I possess no right any trespasses to avenge or order to derange.

John Sensele

Nothing And No One Greater Than God

Electricity on leave
Gossip gone crazy
Sympathy hard to receive
Hands too languid and lazy

Hope hides like a needle in a haystack
Pockets deflated, denuded of cash
On a wicked wall whimpers your back
Chaperones telling you to hush

Mind in a spin
Conscience at sixes and sevens
Pain your feelings pin
Rains on strike in the heavens

Adept advice given
Ears too stubborn to listen
Sins by the dozen forgiven
Hard knocks your plight worsen

Temptation teases, urging you to give up
Little voice enjoins you to persevere
When your parched lips sip a libation from a cantankerous cup
Tough decisions urge you God to revere

Suddenly, mind clears
Despair dissolves
Your faith in the right direction steers
As providence your puzzle resolves

Perking up your mood
Although providence powers you never understand
Whether providence does you good or gives your famished fabric fertile food
If you pour your cares into God's heavenly hand.

John Sensele

Nothing Else

Nothing else matters when love claims her crown
Nothing else matters when love wipes away your void
To complete you and spirit you to her miracle town
To delete negative vocabulary with toxic nouns to avoid.

Nothing else matters when arms entwine
Nothing else matters when you imbibe love wine
To greet bliss and gorge on the thrill of a kiss
To bless the face of your right miss.

Nothing else matters when love seeps through every pore
Nothing else matters when love tingles your heart to its core
To terminate sorrow and germinate blissful tomorrow
To serrate in dustbins of history your sorrow.

Nothing else matters when blues plant love clues
Nothing else matters when loneliness shoes jump to the end of bliss queues
To lift your morale above the ordinary
To transmute your manifesto into an entry extraordinary.

John Sensele

Nothing Nifty In Nonchalance

Aspects advancement
Bouquets of bliss
Parades of placement
Mean nothing nonsensical to miss.

Aspects of advancement
Bouquets of bliss
Parades of placement
Mean nothing nonsensical to miss.

Aspects of admiration
Bouquets of benefits
Parades of promotion
Mean something significant in wits.

Aspects of ability
Bouquets of balance
Parades of probability
Mean anything anywhere in silence.

Aspects of amelioration
Bouquets of benevolence
Parades of promotion
Mean nothing nifty in nonchalance.

John Sensele

Notorious Nature

Against a backdrop of a sorrow crop
Folks lose their nerves like the paper tigers
Folks portray throughout their lives in which a rope
Round their necks chops daylights from their fingers.

Frail like quails folks read Braille
Invent violent games shared through consoles
With neither purpose nor rhyme to derail
Nature's grand design trampled by boot soles.

Tears flow. Tears roll down cheeks
In genuine mourning, in jest, in solemn
Reminiscences of departed souls who weeks
Earlier folks derided and chided as ducks lame.

Hypocrisy hovers in fairies who like Pharisees
Wear on their sleeves trappings of affluence
A plethora of bling, a fleet of Lamborghinis overseas
Imported to ostentatiously display opulence.

John Sensele

Nuisance And Nonsense

Much to gain through meek manners
Nothing noble from deviance demeanour
Despite boisterous bravado and its banners

Sometimes stalking a miracle manor
Where by dint of effort
In the end you reap honour

Not just in your sport report
That paints you in caressing colours
As your behavior evolves in the port

Where once labelled sailors
You display in every way everyday
Traces of progress as parlours

Cleansed unpalatable language today
In your diction and in every thought
You convey in a bid to assuage on Saturday

Feelings of fractiousness to nought
Before your neck earns a dogthought.

John Sensele

Numbing Nails And Notice Knells

Live in the shelter of the most high
In peacetime, in times of turmoil
Regardless of the lie and cry when the die
Cast from on high fries fears. Don't recoil

From the sacrifice and price
You pay for the reward you covet
In an environment where cyclops slice
Room for maneuver as villains vet

The performance inherent in the plans
You draw and implement to rescue the peril
God's children undergo at the hands of clans
Teeming with evil tendrils and fibrils endure in April

In a bid to inject light into terminals of the tunnel
Hardly perceptible in the Hades
Cyclops and sycophants funnel
As cutlasses and bloodstained blades

Come to naught at God's command
Dictating salvation for the least of his creatures
Whether cyclops demand and reprimand
Providence voice when God's wrath raptures

Subterfuges
Ruses
Centrifuges
Cruises

To set the captives free
Sounding death knells
At the count of three in a very high degree
To sink on confrontation and conflagration coffins numbing nails.

John Sensele

Obese Jaw

A leather boot smacked an obese jaw
Yanking a white canine on to the floor.
Cried a bully, 'Oh, my tooth! '
Onlookers hollered, 'Serves you right, uncouth! '
Deflated, the bully winced to the door.

John Sensele

Oblique Conversation

There was once a global conversation
That seemed to send an invitation
To diverse sets of views
When in fact its crews
Beat dissent which it termed infraction.

John Sensele

Obliteration Portion

Dinosaurs flew into oblivion despite their huge size
Because dinosaurs couldn't think and plan like
Homo sapiens does. Now, homo sapiens despite the prize
Dangled to him by God skates towards the spike
Of extinction because complacency and vile decadence
Sip and bleep daily into homo sapiens modus operandi where
Arrogance, impertinence, semblance insolence and offence
Saunter in every way, everyday, every pay, everywhere
Because homo sapiens far from displaying strategy
Has withdrawn into a racoon cocoon where idiocy and duplicity
Malady, tragedy, perfidy and the plight of the refugee
Daily multiply and supply a litany in the city
Of a world in need of seeds and feeds of caution
Unless obliteration becomes humankind's favourite portion.

John Sensele

Odious Ocean

A mirror reflects the secret visage
You see when you're alone
Battling with the mess message
Your conscience tone and clone

Send you asking you to append
Your signature to ratify the literature
Emanating from deep within you to send
Signals that ask the basket of your future

To repent and ascent to the treachery
You dole out in the dark
Where you think the link to God's archery
Can't mark the spark

You've lost and the ghost
Born from the scorn you pour on truth
Hunts you down to host
An odious ocean where you swim as an uncouth youth.

John Sensele

Of Pockets And Rockets Bereft Of Cash

Holes in my impecunious pocket
Leak the countable cash
I rescued from the ribald rocket
Where dear dreams I stash

To leak the countable cash
That clings to the sentiment socket
Where dear dreams I stash
After I rescue cash from the rocket

That clings to the sentiment socket
I fixed beneath the sodden sash
I rescued from the ribald rocket
When elders urged bucks to hush

Having fixed blues beneath the sodden sash
Shivering and shivering in the ice of Winter
When elders urged bucks to hush
In case my eyes caught the squinter

Shivering in the ice of Winter
I blurt words of diffidence
In case my eyes caught the squinter
Who lost pounds of confidence

I blurt words of diffidence
Holes in my impecunious pocket
Which lost pounds of confidence
I rescued from the ribald rocket.

John Sensele

Off Colour

Kick daylights from fuss
Enabling harmony to prevail
When you dramatize on a bus
Where you honour the violence veil.

Calm waters of division
Poured in doses of sadism
Nourished in notions of confusion
When you glorify nudism.

Catalyze energies of tranquillity
Woven in fibres of togetherness
That won't grant any room to futility
Concealed in urns of bitterness.

Kill conduits of caprice
Cosseted with eagerness
To mollify malice
Meant to diminish nests of happiness.

John Sensele

Offshore Talents

Mama's love sinks deeper, mama keeps
Up her commitment to bring up her son into
An adjusted member of her community trips
Where the son in unison with a critical crew
Ensure mama's love counts for more than
Mere numbers that fill up space but mean
Nothing of value except for swelling a clan
Teeming with nonentities schooled in din

Production and amplification. Mama guides
Her son, chided his clumsy moves, prompts
Him to turn right, to press the reset button that prides
Its artificial intelligence to despatch him on jaunts
Where her son realizes and maximized his potential
To the family's delight which applauds his talents offshore.

John Sensele

On A Tightrope

Heartbeats of lovers seldom lie
When their arms entwine
In a trusted tryst under a blue sky
After they clink their glasses of red wine.

Don't skip a beat if you regret
A one-night stand dies a natural death
If a loose tongue should prick open the secret
That betrays and berates the depth of your faith.

Waste no your time on the taste of a dying flame
That catalyzes a baby-come-back
To reclaim the damsel or dame
Whom with a callous heart you treated like a lame duck.

Given a choice between building your future
And sowing your wild oats on binge boats
Play it safe and evade the suture
Ascribed and attributed to sparring scapegoats.

John Sensele

On Pride A Fat Cat Sat

Get not bitter
If an issue under consideration hurts her
Cos a situation abnormal can get better

If only you could see
Life ain't all about glee
Cos common sense can make you free

To roam free of matters you overblow
In circumstances and stances so slow
They make you draw

A conclusion not backed up by a fact
That claims you exercise no tact
In handling and tackling the contact

Whose mesmerized measure
Somehow deletes the leisure
You believe grants no pleasure

In stooping beneath
Circles and buckles whose teeth
Somehow sneak beside the sheath

Growth and mirth skirt
Despite beliefs on her you dump so much hurt
In words you blurt in a tone so curt

You succeed in consolidating the belief
That claims efforts invested in relief
In one particular segment whose chief

Motive defies altruism
Goes down as egotism
Painted as cynicism

You need to tone down
If society shouldn't frown
On misadventures in which you attempt to drown

Fickle emotions
Whose prime motions
Deserve no approbations

Cos some activities ain't worth it
Just eat your humble pie and quit
When optimal conditions you can no longer meet

While you wear your hedonism hat
Reclining and growing fat
As on your pride against reason you sat.

John Sensele

On The Brink Of Self Destruction

Cats among pigeons
Bats flapping among religions
Misunderstood in the neighbourhood
Where fanaticism grows fertile food
Nourishing extremist ideologies
Buttressed by algorithm technologies
That threaten law and order
Inventing self perpetuating agents of disorder
Over whom no soul has control
No matter how much they patrol
In the context of a world gone mad
Into zillions of heads pouring mad blood
Until sages take charge
Urging creatures great and small to recharge
Batteries of sanity
Peeling off veneers of vanity
Unless total destruction
The world embraces in the instruction
To initiate its own survival
Or else comes the imminent arrival
The end predicted
In the news unedited
From the creation of the world
Growing more and more curled
Withdrawing into a convoluted cocoon
Where supreme reigns the redundancy raccoon.

John Sensele

On The Bus Of Life

On the bus of life, cheer purpose
Applaud achievement
Deride rides of fuss and their surplus
To promote the vote of improvement.

On the bus of career, cultivate diligence
Shout less, doubt less, contribute more
To judicious utilization, apply your intelligence
To promote the most forward-looking folklore.

On the bus of romance, inject maximum commitment
Pushing forward the agenda of optimal care
Denying space and time to the detriment
That with force your partner they scare and ensnare.

On the bus of friendship, let actions speak louder
Ensuring at every turn proof you provide
Far beyond lipstick, mascara and face powder
And make it harder for detractors relationship purpose to divide.

John Sensele

On The Cusp Of A Breakthrough

On the cusp of a breakthrough
Strip your company to bare bones
To make a way clear and true
Towards genuine love zones.

On the cusp of lucidity
Family occupies pride of place
With neither iniquity nor duplicity
As family enjoys quality time and space.

On the cusp of fairness
Cling to your partner, the solid rock
From whom you imbibe completeness and happiness
Twenty four seven, round the clock.

On the cusp of sanity
Prioritise family duties
With neither inanity nor vanity
Despite the presence of a plethora of external beauties.

On the cusp of marriage vows
Assure your spouse total fidelity
Although several sows
Entice you into embracing family frivolity.

On the cusp of victory
Cleave away red herrings
That drag you back into hostile history
In which bimbos towed you by their G strings.

On the cusp of reason
Enable medulla oblongata
To prevent in any season
Tears, fears, beers which spell a family disaster.

John Sensele

On The Cusp Of Bliss

When in dignity I stand on the cusp of bliss
Humility tugs at my mind
Reminding me my heart ain't white as fleece
I wish I had no axes to grind.

When in dignity I stand on the cusp of achievement
Persistence tugs at my conscience
Stressing my sense of movement
As I rejig the semblance of my bookworm balance.

When in dignity I stand on the cusp of devotion
Caution tugs at my heart
Registering my virile volition
As in love I dare once again take part.

When in dignity I stand on the cusp of emotions
Feelings flutter at the pit of my stomach
Stressing the role of actions and reactions
As I dare on romance resistance mount an agile attack.

John Sensele

On The Edge Of Surges

On the edge of the wedge between hope and despair
Heightened and strengthened by determination and devotion
To clutch at the latch of the batch where love fell into disrepair
My last portion of caution urges no precaution to enliven my love lotion.

On the edge of the stage beneath the beat of my heart
Laminated, exonerated and venerated by a warmth wall
Under circumstances that sentenced the love art
To a deficit of explicit exaggeration, I advance affection accrual.

On the edge of the page where age agitated for affability
In love libations lapped by listless lips and slips
Engrossed and embossed with the imprint of amiability
In the course of temptation, I try hard the termination of tension trips.

On the edge of the sledge enraged by my outage outrage
Felt, dealt with and knelt at the altar of Cupid
Whose arrows assuage the page of the sage
Whose magic wand lands lovebirds on a reconciliation rapid.

John Sensele

On The Verge Of Extinction

Midgets fidget in the jackets
Stooges in their besotted baskets
Pontificate and replicate baloney
In the menu that shrunk to polony

In the colony that repelled the new millennium
Shrinking hippocampi in the cranium
Where grey matter turned to water
As genes of mediocrity began to falter

Spinning in orbits
Where digital bits
By design in artificial intelligence
Metamorphosed intransigence

Into a cult
That multiplied tumult
Whether lilliputs turned left
Or right or punched the cleft

In chins of wisdom
Substituted by the reign of the condom
The chief priest anointed
When human efforts grew disjointed

Promoting illiterates
Who on social media grew into prelates
Preaching the value of arrested development
And its influence expounded virtues of egregious involvement.

John Sensele

On The Visage Of Mount Etna

Grow the glow of love on wings of your domestic dove
Satiating and ingratiating appetites of your petite partner
Pour gratitude with the right attitude into pots of gifts from above
Fete your lover with a commitment cover on the visage of Mount Etna.

Satiating and ingratiating appetites of your petite partner
Practice perseverance and persistence in your romance
Fete your lover with a commitment cover on the visage of Mount Etna
Exercise extreme etiquette to bestow bliss in every circumstance.

Practice perseverance and persistence in your romance
Fight for the right to bite blisters of boasts
Exercise extreme etiquette to bestow bliss in every circumstance
At the right time, avail avenues for Tequilla toasts.

Fight for the right to bite blisters of boasts
Pour gratitude with the right attitude into pots of gifts from above
At the right time, avail avenues for Tequilla toasts
Grow the glow of love on wings of your domestic dove.

John Sensele

On Your Knees, Midgets

Posting paucity of quality on the global stage
Terminates opportunities for midgets
Who by mistake expose rabid rage on a pusillanimous page
Subtracting the last chance for servile subjects and attracting more rejects.

Wisdom in the cogent kingdom
Where proof pants through the roof
Enjoining loafers and scoffers aching from paucity of wisdom
To mount mediocrity in a Trojan horse's hoof.

Learn to crawl before you run
On thin ice where connoisseurs cruise to victory
Before a temperamental toddler claims the bun
He knows not blesses the frugal factory.

Shut up, shut up, shut up
Little limbo
Before misery overflows your quizzical cup
That neither supplies nor applies to substantial subjects a sigma symbol.

John Sensele

One Day At A Time

One day at a time we grow wiser
We see issues in better perspectives
But one of grows into a miser
Who sometimes delves in expletives.

One day at a time new ideas come on board
To spice lives, to open a new chapter
Which sometimes breaks a record
To shower in our community much laughter.

One day at a time our dreams grow
Or flounder in proportion to ways we use cards
Life spin into our poker game to throw
Fortunes into our wallets or to brandish partisan polytrick placards.

One day at a time we mend mistakes
We made in the past
Turn a new page and sweepstakes
Aplenty new horizons in our lives they cast.

John Sensele

One Door Closed, A Thousand Doors Opened

A door closes
A thousand doors open
A chance dozes
A flood of chances pour into the pen

Where for a wrong reason you cried
Wondering if sadness grew into your portion
When the harder you tried, the harder sadness fried
To suffer an unexpected abortion

That made you sad
Prompting from you expressions of sympathy
To make sadness glad
With tonnes of empathy

You bestowed on sadness
Telling her life full of twists and turns
Sometimes offers happiness
Although fate returns

Punishment if your persist in spreading sorrow
In your environment where you only care for our need
Today and tomorrow denying the less fortunate a chance to borrow
A teaspoon of bliss feed

Which you felt doesn't belong to the broken hearted
Who filled with tears
Cried out for pity which you thwarted
Time and time again as you launched spears

To hurt those you claim to like
In moments when your fancy
Rode in arrogance her bike
To spurn pleas from Nancy.

John Sensele

One Way Or The Other

Choices we make
Words we use
Voices we fake
Our lives choose, bruise.

Tongues we flap
Lies we tell
Fantasies we clap
Our lives spell or misspell.

Companies we flock
Truths we edit
Conversations we block
Our lives credit or discredit.

Appearances we suggest
Behaviours we portray
Potent pills we digest
Our lives betray or send astray.

Victims we sacrifice
Prejudices we hold
Truths we put on ice
Our lives fold or withhold.

Lives we wreck
Feelings we restrain
Promises we break
Our lives constrain or rain.

Steps we take
Gifts we count
Hearts we ache
Our lives discount or mount.

Trash we post
Images we doctor
Lies we toast
Our lives alter or falter.

Advantages we add
Wealth we share
Lives we turn bad
Our lives repair or spare.

Courages we gather
Obstacles we defy
Strengths we tether
Our lives codify or edify.

John Sensele

Online Account

I need a genuine account. I need a fake account
On Facebook to hoodwink
The worried woman I call my girlfriend
While my envious eyes wink
At other women I find prettier
Although our space and sex shrink.

I need a genuine account. I need a fake account
To tell my tipsy tribe I can't sleep
Because I spend too much time posting trivia
On Facebook, Twitter and Google Plus to keep
The appointment for my associates
To jump into my jittery Jeep.

I need a genuine account. I need a fake account
Because real life seems scruffy;
Life in real time bores me to death
And steals my space to make it stuffy;
Between you and me, I find my world
Puffy, huffy, buffy, goofy and fluffy.

John Sensele

Only God Hears My Cry

Only God hears my cry
When under pressure I teeter to the verge of collapse
As my patience and endurance they brai
Until their machinations and fabrications drive me near relapse.

Only God listens to my plea
When under pressure I teeter to the verge of insanity
As my tolerance and balance they decree
Stand for nothing but futility and indignity.

Only God nurtures my welfare
When under pressure I teeter to the verge of despair
As my dance and circumstance they pair
With pride and a ride to nowhere fair.

Only God feels my pain
When under pressure I teeter to the verge of surrender
As my chance and distance they strain
To ensure in the end I go under.

John Sensele

Only One Nil

It's only one nil
Chanted the Crested Crane;
Let Copper Bullets
Land their charted plane
At Nelson Mandela Stadium
For goals galore on them to rain.

Ugandans believed victory was already theirs;
Three nil would be the final score
In Kampala where Zambia would learn
A football lesson according to Chiding Core:
'We never lose at home' funny fans feigned
Because, at home, Cranes were hardcore.

Sleepy silence slipped over Lusaka
And wondered if it'd be pensive penalties or evil extra time;
On the edge of their seats, Zambians prayed for agony to end;
Pundits said, 'To win in Kampala wasn't a crime';
Nine eight final score told Zambians
To gobble giggling glasses of lazy lime.

John Sensele

Open Hearts

Open eyes readily see value
In little jokes, in snatches of conversation
On a bus, in a taxi and pick up a clue
That opens up new possibility vistas yonder a frustration.

Open ears listen to low decibels
Beyond the human range of audibility,
Sift chaff from nuggets in melodious sounds of bells
Tolling in nearby churches to promote affability.

Open hearts open arms to overtures
From kindred souls who aspire and desire
To interact and to mend decomposing sutures
In smitten personalities whose wheals breathe fire.

Open minds imbibe new insights
They gather from fools, from the despised
From babes, from the homeless whose sights
Are set on improving the human condition among the surprised.

John Sensele

Open Your Heart

Open your heart, ostracize offices
That sanctify, solidify and solemnify slavery
In a city where authorities pass off murders
For brazen bravery blessed and beatified in their breviary.

Open your heart, oscillate between
Hope and hurry to build bridges
To ensure your keen
Gregarious grace rebuffs racist ridges.

Open your heart, occupy oblong
Spaces where friendship
Salutes civility and sings a song
For progress and success to pummel a shame ship.

Open your heart, overcome opacity
To rekindle hopes
For reconciliation and redemption to reign in the city
Which promotes poverty and fans flip flops.

Open your heart, overwhelm hostility
Towards detractors and subtractors
Who in their miscalculations mistaken amity and affability
For fear factors among patience, prudence and peace proctors.

John Sensele

Optimism And Positivism

Arise sanity, arise sobriety and release maturity
In a world teeming with brevity, depravity and anxiety
Sown by a rat race, an egotism brace, a cynicism trace for fads
Spun around by spin doctors, proctors and emulators whose brands
Highlight the flight of doubt and gout alongside bandwagons
Flying flags of inconvenience and incontinence when paragons
Of virtue reserve far more space and offer an embrace
Not of a romantic or platonic type but of a cryptic race
That pervades, persuades, grades, trades and invades every pore of the brain
In a bid to harmonise, summarise, surprise and sanitise the train
In which the future of humanity and humankind revels and travels
In guaranteed security, certainty and immunity towards a destiny that dribbles
Trivia, drivel, trinkets, caskets, trash and short termism
In favour of long termism, stoicism, optimism, and humanism.

John Sensele

Organized Objectives

Luscious lips, savoury sweets
Hearts hustling, tumbling tweets
Thoughts thirsting, wandering wits.

Breath bated, sentiments sated
Hearts hissing, causes created
Thoughts thumping, condiments crated.

Dreams devoured, successes striven
Hearts horned, griefs forgiven
Thoughts thumping, wishes woven.

Goals guaranteed, feelings forsaken
Hearts heaving, means mistaken
Touches taken, undulations undertaken.

Objections overruled, strategies sorted
Hearts horrified, adventures aborted
Desires dropped, abilities assorted.

Rainbows reflected, raptures reaped
Hearts humbled, sentiments seeped
Embraces entwined, whims whipped.

Poems pacified, signals signified
Hearts harmed, moments mortified
Feelings fortified, dreams dignified.

Pains panting, affairs arrested
Hearts humming, mumbles molested
Desires dreaming, inspirations invested.

Prayers poured, sarcasms said
Hearts halted, prices paid
Futures famished, grins grated.

Suspicious supplied, mementos multiplied
Hearts humbled, agenda applied
Desires drowned, methods misapplied.

Sorrows spoken, attitudes awoken
Beliefs broken, housewives heartbroken
Desires darken, tons of love ain't no token.

Matters magnified, events eaten
Breaths brighten, brows beaten
Shivers sharpen, sentiments sweeten.

John Sensele

Osiris & Paris

Don't bury your ferry in the sand like a bland ostrich
If your life should traverse a tame trajectory with precision
That simulates slates of your mirage to preach
The Gospel in spells of action, reaction and informed decision.

Don't worry about the dowry your wedding demands
If your life should derive maximum varieties of benefits
That reward you with huge of happiness commands
God lumps on you despite dumps and lumps of witless tweets.

Don't harry and hurry romance science in un auspicious circumstance
If your life should diss missed chances by fits and starts
That confound foundations and ordinations in France
Where Paris catalyses coquettish and romantic hearts.

Don't quit listen to house music vibes from Timbuktu tribes
If your life should plane rough edges and pages
That freak out and freeze when daring diatribes
Which rile your febrile focus with withheld wages.

John Sensele

Our Share Of Guilt To Bear

Our share of the blame to bear
Our share of bliss to enjoy
If only for the poor we care
As to an orphan we bring a teddybear toy.

Our share of shame to show
Our share of selfishness to ditch
If only a little understanding we grow
As to altruism we switch.

Our share of cohesion to build
Our share of disunity to dismiss
If only love for the poor we yield
As to the vulnerable we grant bliss.

Our share of effort to make
Our share of care to entertain
If only to a famished infant we offer a cake
As we determine sympathy and empathy to maintain.

John Sensele

Out Of Options

Out of sight, out of service
Meant to mollify minds
Cleaned up from a crevice
To isolate inputs of disservice.

Out of sight, out of sympathy
Meant to cushion a shock
Inflicted by telepathy
To boost bother stock round the clock.

Out of sight, out of solace
Meant to console
A heart hurting out of place
When the heart honours its sole goal.

Out of sight, out of civilization
Developed aeons ago
At the dawn of sensitization
When good graces gallivanted on the go.

John Sensele

Outside My Mind

Long ago I frolicked on facebook
Till to my surprise I beheld a spook
Who enjoined me to scam
Investing my time spilling rum
That got into my brain
Boring into my cerebrum strain
The spook hooked me to trash
Bored blokes post to announce the crush
They feel for mermaids
Who killed their heads
Infecting them with brain dysfunction
Which impairs the junction where sentimental sanction
Hooks blokes to blue screens
Shining and glittering in smithereens
Posted to my page
Urging my subconsciousness to contain the rage
Choking my brain unless I harness the power to code
Lines of instructions blokes should learn to decode
Lest they should live in suspended animation
Knowing not whether the intimation
For them to rescue their names from the book of life
Would be welcome by the housewife
Facebook empowered to cure blokes from the megalomania
Social media had spread to initiate blokes into the egomania
But blokes swilling stocks of cokes
Rose in fury, 'Cut out your jinxed jokes'
Blokes said
Proceeding to shoot my avatar dead.

John Sensele

Overcast Sky

Overcast sky, birds sing melodies
Sombre mood, can't play CDs
Overt cry, goldies
Umbrella at the ready, day tragedies.

Overcast sky, last pie
Banned brood, fast lie
Told with a bold face
Contorted with creases on the surface.

Overcast sky, suspicious sigh
Emitted when mitten flies high
Near a podium in a stadium
Where a sage brooks no odium.

Overcast sky, sly spy
Befuddled, can't calculate pi
And scientific calculator battery gives up
The ghost as student sits for a sup.

John Sensele

Overgrown Children

The older they grow,
The more morbid they become
And the more abnormal abuse they cause;
Babies, infants and I come
Face to face with threats of early extinction
Because awkward adults are such sassy scum.

I wear no blatant bikinis
Nor do I show off naive nipples
To attract their unknown urges
Or induce their randy ripples
But still, more often than not,
My kind and I end up as condemned cripples.

Do they deserve to call themselves advanced adults
When, at the earliest excuse, they can't avoid
Defiling us when they grab us by force,
Reduce our fragile future to a violent void
That scars our most sacred sanctum
And leave us apprehensively annoyed.

John Sensele

Overloaded Dinghies

Rows of strife and grief grow rife when understanding flies away
Leaving families and their homilies in the lurch
Bereft of clear strategies to rebuild bridges that sway
Wandering thoughts, multiplying noughts back to church
Not to condemn souls or point accusing fingers at John
Joe, Josephine, Joyce, Job, Jonathan or Lyse Doucet
But to reconcile pedophiles and philosophers and join
In efforts to promote peace, demote strife and cancel debt
Developing countries owe to the donor community whose generosity
Has plummeted to its lowest ebb as the European Union
Grapples with Brexit, terrorism and refugees' curiosity
To sample decent life and creature comforts in the communion
Of nations that once dared to care for refugees and migrants
Whose voyage on overloaded dinghies paints images of vagrants.

John Sensele

Overt Opinions

Opinions berate; opinions irritate
But souls enjoy their onion opinions
Witty, silly, pesky or pretty on which sages meditate
Punctuate, fluctuate and cogitate several times zillions.

Opinions sometimes unite souls of different persuasions
If room surfaces to accommodate divergent views
Based on sound logic and not on arbitrary decisions
Meant to muzzle opinions which take exception to rating screws.

Opinions don't correspond to immutable facts
That speak volumes about their inner worth and veracity
In intellectual discourses and in drama acts
From Skakespeare and Wole Soyinka's electricity.

Opinions raise tempers and temperatures
In the English Premier League where Leicester
City against all odds append title signatures
And put to shame erstwhile contenders who can't deliver any better.

John Sensele

Pacific Fixes

Pacific liniments and their agents augment
Lives with neither rudiments of condiment nor argument.
Pacific attitudes at any time defeat platitudes
Cos multitudes of vicissitudes breed lacklustre latitudes.

Pacific approaches annihilate cockroaches
Which toil and moil to spoil rows of broaches.
Pacific tactics reform tunics of social gymnastics
Cos steel feels heels that deal with prognostics of pragmatics.

Pacific methods distinguish between anodes and cathodes
To saturate stables of social electricity and automacity modes.
Pacific codes encode and decode nuances of savior and traitor behavior
Cos informed minds study the etymology and etiology and human endeavour.

Pacific rims in streams deem it fit to dream big
To move forward ahead of cowards who their own graves dig.
Pacific verve serves nerves with useful purposes
Cos dissipation by force depletes resources from their salient sources.

John Sensele

Pain And Strain

Friendship and kinship
Advertise;
Necklace and bootlace
Accessorise;
Differences and offences
Minimise;
Dictator and malefactor
Satirise;
Patience and tolerance
Publicise;
Diligence and efficiency
Incentivise;
Division and confusion
Brutalise;
Vanity and impunity
Despise;
Widows and orphans
Fraternise;
Sin and din
Ostracise;
Pain and strain
Cauterise;
Empathy and sympathy
Feminise;
Actions and reactions
Harmonise;
Duplicity and hypocrisy
Pressurise;
Relaxation and recreation
Authorise.

John Sensele

Pain I Curse You

When I pound you pain
Don't you cry or sigh
Because I'm past caring in vain
For things that I thought stood by

Me all along but turns out
They never were mine
And so pain leave my clout
Alone and somewhere else go dine and pine

Cos I'm ready to chop you down
I'm tired of patience
From the country and from town
Where for granted you've taken my silence

Pain, go away
Punish someone else;
I'm ready to pay
A high price for you I curse.

John Sensele

Pain Pricks The Heart Of The Beholder

Don't denounce me when I weep
Soaking blows right, left and centre
From angled arrows that keep
Galumphing near my fort vying to enter

The crib the moon loathes
Which the venom sunshine can't sear
While sadness bothers
To rain pain and fear with the clear

Motive to abuse my space and stretch the surface
On which horror refuses to die or lie
As it rears its Dracula face
To feed my parched mouth the poisoned pie

I strive to expel
While ebbing strength and determination
Cry to exhale
As intimation of incriminating information

Smears my spine with the ice
Whose temperature challenges the lowest Kelvin
While each slice of its frozen price rolls a die that doesn't suffice
When far from fruition floats Melvin

To ask me why I cry
Grown and gone alone as I am
Although rows and crows of sorrows multiply
Cursing the slum

That moulded the character I hold
In my person
As life travails succor withhold
To teach me the lesson

Life feels I deserve
For excelling at school
At the forefront of the erudition preserve
Life feels makes me a flamboyant fool.

John Sensele

Pain Punishes Pleasure

Pain pushes pleasure
Pain and pressure-birds of feather
Together-they limit leisure
In the long run despite pain pangs-don't bother.

Pain measures strength
Pain and punishment-bed fellows
Together-they laugh at length
In the long run despite pain pangs-listen to letters of laws.

Pain seizes souls
Pain and punishment-like poles
Together-they score own goals
In the long run despite pain pangs-don't wallop widows.

Pain weighs women
Pain and punishment-simcard and smartphone
Together-they maul men
In the long run despite pain pangs-on folks don't pour scorn.

John Sensele

Pain So Pesky

Pain so pesky
It maims my memory
Pain so cheeky
It evaporates my paper emery.

Pain so pervasive
It slays my senses
Pain so elusive
It salutes no circumstances.

Pain so punitive
It pours so much plight
Pain so divisive
It turns me into a sorry sight.

Pain so powerful
It dulls my demands
Pain so pitiful
It makes obey its cocky commands.

John Sensele

Paint Love On My Heart

Paint love on my heart
With all the tenderness your bosom can muster
When sorrow from me you do part
As all the powers in your heart me forgive faster

When under the moonlight
We share
Love in the sight
Of men and women who dare to spare

A thought for delights to which we are entitled
To our hearts' content
Never inflamed, never embattled
Cos we enjoy love God sent

To revitalize and reinvigorate our hearts in every sense of the word
Figuratively and semantically
In the sentimental bird, curd and gird
We share emphatically

When we entwine
Hands in glove
Love to define, redefine and refine
With every shrewd shove

In circumstances we catalyze
In every morsel of pleasure
We tantalize
In the leisure

We sample in ample time
As we raise our hands in sheer ecstasy
When to the peak of our love mountain we climb
To realize every fantasy our beating hearts fancy.

John Sensele

Paint Me Understanding

Paint me a panorama of trigonometry
In classrooms glistening with geometry
To the tune of pluses and minuses
In unison, we'll cure cosine sinuses.

Paint me a scaffold of mnemonic devices
In libraries where we excise ignorance vices
Strumming strings of strategy
In unison, we increase symmetry synergy.

Paint me a scene of intellectual exertion
In cubicals catalysing algebraic factorisation
To enable the absorption of calculus concepts
And you and will dispense with rote memory precepts.

Paint me a river of probability distributions
In slivers that reveal sensible solutions
And I'll be beholden to you
For opening vector vistas I comprehend anew.

John Sensele

Pandemonium In An Odium Podium

Dreamers scream whims
Espousing decors and echoes
Breaking barns whose blooms
Thrive and strive to calibrate cantankerous calls.

Dreamers dangle doubts
Accelerated on rescaling retinues
Whose pandemonium in clouts, pouts, touts
Permit perverts to pocket resources and reap reclaimed revenues.

Dreamers demand drawbacks
Concealed in concerts of hurts
Hurtling and blurting baloney on backs
Brandish blues and dues on fronts favoured by the frivolous flirt.

Dreamers gore goals
Drifters and shifters shrink
Fussing and caressing calls
Commanders convert from a dribbled drink.

John Sensele

Pander To Peace

In life, people prefer positive portions
In life, people seek soul-mates
Associates, acquaintances whose devotions
Preferences, dislikes and hobbies titillate similar palates.

In life as in social media, people prefer perfect partners
In life, people share joy and grief
Feeling, ceiling, dealing in containers
Where partners and associates seek relief.

In life, people prefer positive portions
In life, people pander to peace and positivism
Which if given momentum yield augmented options
That enable emancipated elements to embrace humanism.

In life, people purify pressure
In life, people possess the power to love
To tolerate teasers, to freeze a fissure
That threatens to divert the flight of a determined dove.

In life, people paint a pink picture
In life, people scan their social environment
Striving to heal a rapture
That threatens to increase tumult and torment.

In life, people portray peace
In life, people pack pesky packages
Pay lip service to the power of a kiss
Until entire lives suffer loyalty leakages.

John Sensele

Pandora's Box

Pandora's box opens, Pandora's box spills green monsters
Pandora's box slams shut, Pandora's box expels leprechauns
To shred discord and usher in sisters
To breed harmony and heed ringtones.

Pandora's box foxes, Pandora's box dribbles
Pandora's box undermines, Pandora's box pines
To execute wiggles
To bury pride in ubris mines.

Pandora's box builds, Pandora's box shields
Pandora's box incentivizes, Pandora's box fraternizes
To glue kindred souls in amity fields
To afford seekers lasting ties and pies.

Pandora's box unmaskes, Pandora's box sets tasks
Pandora's box appraizes, Pandora's box praises
To gauge beverage levels in flasks
To spirit fighter pilots to their bases.

John Sensele

Pandora's Box Of Sorrow

Appreciate opportunities and immunities at your doorstep
Unless later days spent in risible regret for the silly step
You took thinking from God you can snatch tomorrow
Only to discover you uncovered a Pandora's box of sorrow
From which now your circumstances you can't extricate
No matter ruses your actions and emotions deploy to explicate.

John Sensele

Pandora's Palace

Fire and fury fan fragmentation
In a house haunted by horrors
Scorned, censored, sacrificed on altars of lamentation
That leaves spectators aghast with terrors of errors.

Fire and fury frighten freckles
Blushing at the sight of truth
Too inconvenient it heckles
A braggart who bruises his breath and stealth.

Fire and fury fumigate frigates
Sailing Southwards to stimulate a nuclear button
Unwelcome in pacific gates
Whose hinges thrive on a diet of climate change cotton.

Fire and fury favour faith
In a sane mind with a sane somebody
Whose faith remains unshaken across the length and width
Of Pandora's Palace inhabited by nobody in a buzzard's body.

John Sensele

Pangs Of Anger

Anger aligns alleys
Teeming with uncertainty
Leading a bevy of brains into void valleys
Where a bully brandishes and burnishes vanity.

Anger arranges alloys
Consisting of crude coal
That teases toys and bruises buoys
In a move that's neither strategic nor tactical.

Anger assassinates alliances
Slays cool heads
Drains finances
To burn benevolence beds.

Anger abbreviates apertures
That open windows of opportunity
When in the hands of amateurs
Frivolity and futility frown on divinity at infinity.

John Sensele

Paradoxically Happy And Unhappy

Shambling alone on the periphery of human warmth
Shorn of friendship
Ostracized from faith
Limited in contacts to nuclear kinship

Sausage-linked by an umbilical cord
In aeons
Saturated with discord
In the darkness away from candelas lumens of neons

Reduced to a bag of misery bones
Away from feelings
In war-weary zones
Teeming with sleazy dealings

Fed up with life
Terrorized by famine
Enveloped in knife led strife
In portions of guanine

In the DNA inherited
From dotting parents I love
Greeted and treated
With respect on Earth and from above

But, I feel so forlorn
Although I pretend to be happy
When on my own
I feel within my soul so unloved, unwanted and utterly unhappy.

John Sensele

Parcels Of Poverty

In a parcel of poverty
The poor wail when hunger strikes
Thirst parches and nihilism nods at diversity
Above all, a poor person perambulates on besotted bikes.

In a parcel of deprivation
The poor draw water from shallow wells
Cholera and typhoid join their junction
Above all, the number of stunted souls swells.

In a parcel of indigence
The poor don't know whether they're coming or going
Plots of land make an ownership disappearance
Above all, the poor pour their souls in singing and winging.

In a parcel of miseducation
The poor bask in a sea of illiteracy
Brains shriek and shrink when starved of education
Above all, the poor confront row upon row of obduracy.

John Sensele

Parenting In Utopia

In Utopia, parents take courses in child care
Nutrition, genetics, anthropology, psychology
Lactology, mental health and in methods to prepare
Every family member to study the socialization sociology.

In Utopia, parents aptitude and attitude tests
Whose continuous assessment contributes only one percent
Whereas pesky multiple choice examinations in computer vests
Together with high quality essays account for ninety nine descent.

In Utopia, a trainee parent who disobeyed an offspring's command
Condemns himself to permanent exclusion or expulsion
From the parental doctoral degree programs which demand
Tact, sobriety, humility and a keen sense towards a specific child friendly
ovation.

In Utopia, a trainee parent who administers any form of corporal punishment
Raises his voice, neglects to provide essential home facilities, amenities
Runs the risk of suspension from the course of total banishment
Solitary confinement, visit to parental rehabilitation activities and duties.

In Utopia, men and women who trade unprintables
Spend long hours in a sinbin to reflect upon the misdemeanour
On which Utopians frown from homes to stables
Where horses and hippos place a high premium on the virtue of a sober manor.

John Sensele

Partake Of Life

Partake of life when seconds tick in zillions
To scintillate your days
To inject into your account billions
But, most of all, mend your ways.

Partake of life when circumstances shine bright
To bless your affairs
To inject pace and peace into your plight
But, most of all, mind your life's stairs.

Partake of life when room for maneuvering looms large
To grace your career
To inject serenity and dignity into your barge
But, most of all, stare not at ladies' rear.

Partake of life when the going smiles in your favour
To mollify your attitude
To inject grace and gregariousness into your endeavor
But, most of all, aim for the mightiest magnitude and gratitude.

John Sensele

Pass At Any Price

Nourished by a desire to pass examinations
At any cost, morbid minds offer bribes or their steamy bodies
To invigilators and supervisors whose actions
Symbolize failure for malpractice eddies.

Dunces redefine study routines
Catalysing thefts of examination materials
Oiling diploma mills that perpetuate sins
In examination venues which thrive on malpractice rituals.

Supply chains of educational delivery
Stoop too low to cosset indolent candidates
Whose vocabulary teems with very
Nasty attitudes that dish out bimbo dates.

Attempts to inculcate any sound examination etiquette
Meet with little or no success
Because cheats by hook or crook pluck a grade biscuit
Totally oblivious of impacts on academic progress.

John Sensele

Passionate Poverty

Poverty seems like a repellent stuck on the poor
Whose only fault lies in owning no property or asset to parade
Among wealth admirers and worshippers to whom poverty seems dour
In contexts where ostentatious display of wealth cuts the grade

That profligacy and extravagance attract
Robbing the poor of the dignity glitter
As though on purpose fleas of poverty they contract
Dumping ugliness on the poor on whom fruits of affluence litter

Dwindling humanness and affection which wealth simpleton conflate
Into little human worth and warmth
Where spooks of poverty deflate
In proportion to the increase in affluence sloth

Sown, grown and thrown with utter scorn
To belittle
Abject poverty misguided affluence thinkers warn
Amounting to little less than spittle

Poverty peels off humbug and complacency
Exposing deeper layers of flawed humanity
Denuded of perspicacity and sagacity
Sometimes concealed in the deficit of humility

That often mars circles of affluence
Where possession seems to epitomise human dignity
Mistakenly regarded as diluted influence
The poor exert in extolling human unity shorn of wealth affinity and motility.

John Sensele

Past Caring, Past Worrying

Past caring, past worrying, said I
As I woke up, whipped a wonder and wished there was no point
To go on, to walk on my head, to die
Slowly, silently, solemnly since the joint

Pact my lover and I signed when I thought otherwise
Came to haunt me, came to heap blame on the same name
I thought would save me from frivolity to prize
Open a vista visiting vices which a soul sister would claim

Weren't wise as cries for sanity stripped of vanity
Rose, roared and ruled I reconsider
Whether I'd live on pity in a city
Teeming with a sensual cider

Would wander where wisdom
Freedom, favour, fun and faith
Gathered, giggled and grinned in a kingdom
Where never again I could lose my breath.

John Sensele

Pat A Cat's Hat

A mule I grew as I threw
Caution away and opted to play
Goofy games that sent away the crew
Who rescued my race the day

She told me to my face
I wasted her best years chasing skirts
Everywhere on the surface
Of Kitwe kits quaffing quarts

That cooked my liver
Lost me judgment sense
Turned me from a giver
To a hater of sapience ambiance

Until she burst out in tears
Storming out of my flat
Never again to face beers
That no longer could pat the hat of her cat.

John Sensele

Path Of Life

The path of life zigzags in unpredictable ways
Meandering left and right
Swinging up and down like a yoyo, scattering like water sprays
But it's God's design which you can't fight.

The path of life seldom cruises in a straight line like a glass of vintage wine
To cosset our wishes and to crack dishes
Which as we recline we fail to define and forever decline
To clean but it's God who gave us clashes, wishes, sashes, flashes and blushes.

The path of life stings and springs surprises pleasant and unpleasant
With a sting in the tail which we sometimes fail
To handle in a bundle whether we're an urbanite or a peasant
But it's God's plan for our clans to sail away on bail after a term in jail.

The path of life brings us a plethora of joy and a pinch of sorrow
Whether we cry, die, fly, lie, fry, tie or supply
Companionship, worship, friendship or concoct deceit today or tomorrow
But it's God's plan that our fears die and our tears sooner or later dry.

John Sensele

Patrician Magician

Dine and wine for the sake of Jo and Mike
Slacken not no matter how black flak says
For the boys and their toys a balance they strike
As long as your gong and song determination sprays.

Dine and tend to Jo and Mike's vines and extend
Sciences of patience and tolerance for their sake
For in your hands lie pies that can't pretend
As long as diligence sings of futures that are at stake.

Dine and align processes in your life to decline
Efforts and sports that escort blankets of trinkets
To glory and a salary that ill will can't define
As long as throngs of wrong, oblong targets can't get markets.

Dine and assign lines of hope on book spines
Written by a mathematician and a statistician
To waylay delays and stays of execution on wrists and priests of vines
As long as Vietnam Congs don't assume a room patrician.

John Sensele

Peace Pecks On Charming Cheeks

Cross the Rubicon
Casting your mind's eye on the prayerful picture
Prodding the savvy substance beyond the silicon
Wafer to tweak the solution structure

Lying superimposed on paths to bliss
Wrapped up in haystacks
In which your nobility needle settled the day a new lease
Of life flew into your arms if only you could send her plea packs

Teeming with words of contrition
For the abrupt attitude you showed
For no reason to wage a war of attrition
Needless, thoughtless, cuddle caprice owed

To bad blood that flew into the head
You vowed to keep in check
Or it would leave your love dead
In its tracks if you couldn't plant the peace peck

Ruth expected on her charming cheeks
After she caught you red-handed stealing sugar from her best friend
Several weeks in which she exposed bags of tricks
Whose only effect confirmed a trend

Ruth urged you to terminate
In an effort to consolidate the home
Where the stability of your marriage would germinate
After escapades and blades of frustration in Rome.

John Sensele

Peace Primacy

Promote the primacy of peace
To wipe away tears and fears
Instilled and distilled through a lease
That away from tranquility veers and sneers.

Promote the primacy of love
To direct divas and dudes
To proceed beyond admiring a diligent dove
In a setting soothing enough to please and appease prudes.

Promote the primacy of integrity
To create a conducive conduit
In which serenity, fraternity and dignity
Generate gregarious grapefruit.

Promote the primacy of care
In which loneliness and listlessness
Vanish and the vanquished dare
To hope to harvest and harness heaps of happiness.

Promote the primacy of conviviality
Among adults and agents of enmity
To change choices and voices whose priority
Catalyses humility and affability.

John Sensele

Peaks Of Challenges And Changes

Despite peaks and weeks of challenges and changes,
Sunken and broken into two halves,
Driven to the brink of seven rampages
Soldier on and peer at elves.
Sunken and broken into two halves
Purpose stirs and spurs the forsaken to
Shield fields and yields of success
When circumstances and instances split souls into two.
Purpose stirs and spurs the forsaken to
Shield fields and yields of success
When circumstances and instances split souls into two
In order to moot and promote progress.
Shield fields and yields of success
Driven to the brink of seven rampages
In order to moot and promote progress
Despite peaks and weeks of challenges and changes.

John Sensele

Peddling Personal Particulars

Obsession with higher returns on investment
Crushes man, separating a person from personal data
Collected through stealth, subterfuge hidden in a vestment
Free services claim to account holders flatter.

Pecuniary motives peddle personal information
Concealed ruse gathers and bothers to assemble
For sale with neither owners' consent nor participation
In how, what and which corporations information reassemble.

Personal information belongs not to information thieves
Who usurp personal details using terms and conditions
Which grant no legal right to knaves and knives
That manipulate and misappropriate data in misguided missions.

The global village vies to regulate
Behemoths that threaten freedoms in a cartel kingdom
That shuns integrity, expecting data owners to capitulate
In the face of trade carried out in a thoughtless thieftom.

John Sensele

Pedigree Plants

You can't borrow tomorrow
Whose songs and gongs belong to God
Who allows you to rise above sorrow
Regardless of soapy stories told

In tones of hypocrisy in a sacristy
Where worship and discipleship
Mean anything whose honesty and integrity
Convey caveats concocted in a ship

Sailing to nowhere, to perdition or to risible rendition
Perpetrated, propagated and promoted
To veritable vice, to abandoned ambition
Desiccated, decimated and duplicated

Outside territories where termites
Ants, aunts, rants, plants, wants and underpants
Rise, request, reclaim and repel rites
Of passage that pinch pants, transplants and pedigree plants.

John Sensele

Penumbra Pins

Sombre songs steer my emotions
When my heart hinges on dodgy devotions.
Sombre songs delight my soul
If for other souls I score a genuine goal.

Sombre thoughts make me blue
When mind games distort my point of view.
Sombre thoughts steer me to the brink of depression
If from promising prospects I draw a distorted illustration.

Sombre circumstances chill my mood
In settings where in vain I brood.
Sombre circumstances slay my joy
If treachery and butchery I enjoy.

Sombre souls cripple my prospects
At moments my feelings fly to suspects.
Sombre souls slaughter my serenity
When by design they scoff at my eternity.

John Sensele

Penury Pockets

Surfaces we trace as we brace for aces, races we run alongside a van
Etch memories, fetch salaries or hatch stories
In which our heroes Zorros outgun
Villains slain to save brains that gain somnolent sleep in dormitories

After eight hours of swotting and ebullient evenings jotting notes
In a curriculum our bums, drums in slums
Seldom put to votes when our homework ingests quotes
Favoured by our literature marks that come

At a price to icy dice and slice of labour
Nerds, nomads and laggards
Invest with zest in each endeavour
We make while gregarious guards

Snatch several cents with civilized scents
From our penury pockets
As our American, Afro-American and Armenian accents
Irritate rubric docketts to rotate states of stingy scores in strict sockets.

John Sensele

Perched On The Edge Of A Precipice

Our wall clock chimes midnight
You're still frolicking away from home
I cry rivers of tears in the wee hours of the night
As dreams we once shared away they roam

Far, far, far away to a distant abyss
Catalyzed and cannibalized by a heart of rock
That feels nothing of the feelings I miss
Cos you've found a new chick on the block

To steer our vision away
From the home where you once sought and brought peace
As you and I from altercations away we did stray and stay
Praying to God as our succor and comfort source

Now, distant from those heady days
We cruise and hurtle at high celerity to the edge of the precipice
Where ought to find ways
To escape despite the chink and crease

Your escapades have lumped on us
To tear our hopes, our dreams
With neither cuss nor fuss for the onus
You've dumped into reckless despair streams

I beg you to reconsider
The stance you've taken
Because of a few drops of cider
That have us mistaken and broken

Unless, God forbid
In the worst of circumstances
You should persist in the sordid and putrid
Path to cling to noxious acquaintances

With deleterious consequences
To the future you and I share
Despite chasm and distance sequences
You've created without for us any spare care.

John Sensele

Perfect Planet

Freedom reigned in the kingdom elegance
Elegance drained droves of extravagance
Intelligence for instance begot freedom
To roam free in the human right kingdom.

Wisdom wrecked promontories of recklessness
Tact in contact with intact fact trekked to thoughtfulness
Thoughtfulness begot goats of love and care
No longer did greed victory once more declare.

Unity found and bound mounds of humankind
Rich and poor for miles and miles grew kind
Kindness and fondness begot progress
From love humankind never again did digress.

Humanity invaded every human heart
Empathy and sympathy played a pivotal part
In eradicating shreds and threads of indifference
All races in unison called for a care and compassion conference.

John Sensele

Perfect Plaudits

Don't repine, redefine
Priorities and possibilities
That in the long run mine
On your behalf a plethora of utilities.

Don't repine, refine
Ways to harness happiness
As fatigue and intrigue you decline
In favour of hopefulness.

Don't repine, define
Directions and invitations
To share bliss over a glass of wine
As priorities propel progress manifestations.

Don't repine, don't undermine
Moves to unify core units
That by dint of commitment pine
For perseverance and persistence to perfect plaudits.

John Sensele

Perfidy

Perfidy is a fly
That simulates salmonella
Landing lazily on a stinking sty like a tragedy
With neither parachute nor umbrella

Contaminating any foodstuff
Its feet touch from any hair branches as its tentacles
Release bacilli with enough
Virulence in circles

That multiply malady
Inconvenience and impoverishment
To mess up the health of a lady
Though astonished suffers a punishment

In leaving her meals uncovered
To endure illness after illness
A fly painted scarlet red and discovered
Could disarm puny people and harm their happiness.

John Sensele

Perhaps An Ambition Too High

Perhaps an ambition too high
To ascend to Heaven in a state of sin
To reap comfort when you make a madam cry
After you've pronounced her your ex queen.

Perhaps a dream too crazy
To fly on a phone to the moon
To feel hot when it's breezy
After you've claimed the world will end soon.

Perhaps a mistake too much
To tell a fib to a jilted damsel
To whom you thought you were a perfect match
After you've made her life hell.

Perhaps a word too far
To utter a plethora of expletives
To swim in a binge at a boisterous bar
After you've pledged to rid your mouth of invectives.

John Sensele

Perils Of Governance

Democracy dies
When a cocktail of openness and tolerance cries
In the vice of myopia
Rusting in throes of death in Utopia

Where cabals of conspiracists
Hobnob with fascists and racists
To usurp tenets of democracy
Metamorphosed into autocracy

Demagogues extol
Despite the tribal toll
It takes on the national image
Projected in tandem with the vitriol visage

That peels off the form and spirit
Which over the years held the grit
Characterizing the heart and soul
Democracy demands in its goal

As the governance system of the people
For the greater good of their tippie
In which the poor and the rich collaborate
To create spaces where one another they tolerate.

John Sensele

Perseverance

Peer into the future
Energise staying power
Rescind thoughts of failure
Soar to lofty heights
Elevate morale
Venture into vistas of progress
Expedite rays of confidence
Renew the verve to soldier on
Abolish cynicism and pessimism
Notify fate defeat isn't an option
Consign to history's dustbins proclivities of quitting
Endure temporary irritations.

John Sensele

Persevere

Dream I must in my pursuit of bliss
Feelings and foibles, I insist
Taste sweeter in the lady I kiss
So long they justify our reason to assist.

Persevere I must to grow more humane
In the thoughts, plans and actions I undertake
If I'm to remain sane in the middle of the pain
I bear when I strive to accommodate my mistake.

Tolerate I must in my interactions
As long as I socialize and fraternize
Rubbing partners the wrong way in my reactions
To circumstances no one wishes to trivialize.

Console I must if partners fall short
Crying for forgiveness
When well laid plans they abort
Despite efforts to slay peevishness

John Sensele

Personalities

Sanguine personalities exude warmth and friendliness
Whose sociable and charismatic nature create an atmosphere
In which thrive gregariousness and happiness
Because such folks make it their business to enrich their sphere
But phlegmatic personalities take in all situations with a calm
Attitude, bothering no one and often enjoying their own company
With a stoic demeanour that excludes twisting the arm
An associate who with wisdom opts to lend to them on a farm.

Choleric personalities tend towards overt ambition
That tramples on the spaces and times set aside for others
To lead a normal life. Sometimes, passion and aggression
Get the better of melancholics who irritate brothers
To the extent where melancholy personalities lost in their mission
Tend employ a ruse, end joy, bend a pleasure toy to send bothers
Spinning in a vortex whose positive seeds can't germinate
Because seeds bereft of water, air, liniments and nutrients
Starve to death due to lack of vital personality ingredients.

John Sensele

Persuasion

There was once a faith persuasion
That grew blinkers on reason
Which the faith feared
Sneered and smeared
As though reason smelled poison.

John Sensele

Pesky Attitude

There was once a pesky attitude
That grew and flew an altitude
Boring and goring in manner
Which brandished a banner
Rich in fancy words and platitude.

John Sensele

Pesky Paydays

I loathe Mondays
Cos they give me the creeps
I love Fridays
Which spare me whips

Tuesdays give me a break
I need to catch my breath
Next day I snap a cake
To ignite at night my faith

I dread Sundays
Cos sermons make me blue
I dig Saturdays
Which suit my world view

In which a week
Despite seven days
Which run slick
Dare to curse my paydays.

John Sensele

Pesky Pits

Hearts grow cold
If feelings too bold
Tear apart covenants built
On love stir up sassy silt

Growing momentum downstream
Where heartbeats no longer cream
They get
If a target

Shifts goalposts
Burning love toasts
Expecting love to grow
When prerequisites throw

Ingredients asunder
When enzymes sneak under
Upsetting the love nest
Where love no longer finds rest.

John Sensele

Pesky Plots

Length of skirt not my concern
Guiding my eyes away from X rays
Alongside ill manners of behaviour I discern
To ensure for lofty values my soul prays.

Pledge not to please creature comforts
Which add no worthwhile values
To the life I live in flesh forts
Where lust lumbers my soul with blues.

No longevity from lust I derive
Driving my spirituality away
Under the illusion progress forward I drive
while blasts of lust lead me astray.

Pledge to wage war on my flesh
Urging my soul to stand on solid ground
Enabling my faith to grow fresh
No skirt, no dress to push my faith around.

John Sensele

Pesky Poverty

Assess how much you bless the poor
Who by your street side beg for alms
Which you deride arguing their spoor
Offends your nostrils while your arms

Shoo the poor away from your residence
Built on several square kilometers of prime land
While the poor squatter on the fringe of infertile soil without a dance, a chance or
balance
In the quality of life they lead as your band

Consisting of bankers, suckers and hackers
Amass lasses, ill gotten gains and spirit
Away national wealth in complicit with Swiss bankers
To buy mansions in Crete

In the Bahamas and several rows of tax havens
While the voiceless and the choiceless
Wallow in pesky poverty and your dens
Of crippling capitalism care for the poor less and less.

John Sensele

Pesky Predicament

Show me a mortal man who shoos away a siren
Whose charm hexes
The most hardened marine
Whose ribald reflex vexes

Normal, nimble notification
That terrifies hormones
Sent to scenes of action and reaction
That leave participants panting for ringtones

Which only their senses simulate
As delectation and adjudication send ecstasy
To Ivan Pavlov's guinea pigs who salivate
In an orgy and delicacy

Participants can't push away
With impunity although a sense of decorum
Pleads for participants to pray
Lest God should exclude them from his forum.

John Sensele

Peter Pan

Your health blossoms like green broccoli,
No sexy scent to seduce your nose;
No rib steak, rump steak or round steak cockley;
No veal or venison on you to impose.

Your health is folic acid. She's your friendly potassium;
Her variety grooms, greets and grows you.
Choose to wed her on the moderation podium
To lick her balanced foliage and her menu stew.

Suckle her youth elixir like eminent Peter Pan
To toss out trans-fats, tardy lard, cholesterol
As bony calcium saves you, son
And reduces red meat diet toll.

John Sensele

Petty Pates

Scrawny frowns on your brown brow
Purloin loins of youth and vitality
Energy, synergy and narrow
Scopes of development and deployment of utility.

Scrawny sinews tensed up for too long
Sap laps of happy health and sneak into place traps
That seduce cancer, induce anger and prolong
Sorrow tomorrow and the day after as your temper snaps.

Scrawny brawns and unkempt lawns
In your yard discard high standards;
Lards, blues bards and bent bones
Suck both bucks, tucks, sparks, ducks and sherry shards.

Scrawny plans, tourney tans and loony scans
Ingratiate life assets, facets which decimate mates
Who ride your pride to accident prone vans
Which crack packs and stacks of petty pates.

John Sensele

Petty Porridge

Lord, from the book of life my name don't delete
Although the sanctity of my marriage I soil
With the lust in my body and mind which deplete
The validity and dignity of vows that recoil

At the wanton lack of shame
I float in the boat of public scrutiny
That recoil in horror at the blame
I attract feeling impunity despite my mutiny

Ranks top as my right
To play the fool
Regardless of the public scrutiny of the fright
I insert into the sterile swimming pool

In which I inflict indignity on the innocent spouse
My arrogance dragged into marriage
When my best option rested in the louse
I should have nurtured alone in my petty porridge.

John Sensele

Philanderers Feel Too

A woman's world wanders as she wonders what the point is
In giving her best love to a man
Who feigns love but instead lumbers her with a heart disease
When he leaves a woman in a lurch in her utility service van.

A woman wonders how she deserves a heartbreak and deception
From the lover on whom on she has lavished her best love and her best service
Only for the miscreant to land her a bill of rejection
At the time she pressed his trousers to a crisp crease.

A man, on the other hand, swears women are fickle
Creatures so hard to fathom who demand big bucks and big osculation
But prefer to defer giving straight answers and instead offer precious little
To their partners who lavish on them their best attention and affection.

Women and men long for love which both mishandle
Because both partners refuse to grow up and to shoulder responsibilities
Commensurate with their age after a sage advises them to turn a new
relationship page to handle
Agile love, fragile love with affectionate care in all its varieties, entities and
entreaties.

John Sensele

Phony Avionics

Wisdom oozes and trickles from an anthill
Into a craggy mountain in Eastern Zambia in a reversal of roles
Which ordinarily launches the sage on a hill
And confines the meek, the youth to puerile poles.

Wisdom flies at supersonic speed like Concorde
Tears the air with its sonic boom
As it sows seeds and nuggets of golden accord
To audiences that are ready to thwart impending doom.

Blinking eyes of wisdom seem to have fallen asleep
While indiscretions scurry about, strutting their scatterbrains
But, in the long run, wisdom paves the way for deep
Thoughts, gems of philosophy and eternal verities to soothe growing pains.

Wisdom long ago opted for quiet, reflexive diplomacy
Away from the glare of megaphone histrionics
Blown to smithereens in public galleries with a plethora of dicy
Trivia, drivel and miasma claiming credit for inventing avionics.

John Sensele

Phony Bravery

There was once a war veteran
Who came from war and ran
A campaign to redeem
Bravery, self esteem
Due to every soldier's plan.

John Sensele

Photo Finish

Photo-finish when in her amiable arms I tremble
As love chemicals react with measured fact
To melt my pretence we'll never amble
Arm in arm again as long as I treat with contempt my cosy contact.

Photo-finish when we osculate
To blot away passersby and busybodies
As love forces in us inoculate
Renewed hope in a scope that conquer antibodies.

Photo-finish when from both of us apologies
Flow to restore our relationship to a pristine state
As we determine to jettison tautologies
That promote confusion and demote prisons of fate.

Photo-finish when she confesses her love for me
To run rings of adrenalin
In my veins as she hands over the key
To our bright future in a gesture clean.

Photo-finish when from on high descends my manna
To heal aches and mistakes
I thought stuck like plaque in my scanner
As I take my deserved sweepstakes.

Photo-finish when smiles become my portion
Every morning, every afternoon, every night
As forces of good debate merits and demerits of abortion
Among teenagers who put up a gallant fight.

John Sensele

Pick Up Pieces

Pick up pieces once toppled from a pedestal, dust off the seat of your pants
If an uppercut should lay you down
Because in a split second loss of concentration you uttered incoherent chants
Stepped on sensitive toes and well mannered chaperones expelled from their
brown town.

Pick up pieces whenever you lower your guard
Your knees crumble and tremble
As laminae of stamina from your mitochondria card
Opponents more and more gamble and grumble.

Pick up pieces lost when unrequited love
Backfires as a jilted lover's ire
Singes hinges of love ashes from creature comforts you can't save
Because eros exclusive mining rights have opted to retire.

Pick up pieces scattered over a wide radius like sand grains
Blown away by a hurricane that levels intellectual schemas
Extinguished by abuse and misuse by strains
You invite when focus feeds on misdeeds of blue cinemas.

John Sensele

Pickets Yell

Blend beauty, quality and dignity
Into a wholesome cocktail
To delight stakeholders, junior and senior, in a conducive entity.

Driven by a core of higher values, end vanity
Which rears its ugly head and wags its tail.
Blend beauty, quality and dignity.

Edify, justify and amplify piety
Until contrary machinations fail
To delight stakeholders, junior and senior, in a conducive entity.

Draw up an agenda that elevates society
In all its main facets and send your chief his recognition email.
Blend beauty, quality and dignity.

Bend no procedural rules although the variety
Of assets, sets and precepts the chairman should spell
To delight stakeholders, junior and senior, in a conducive entity.

Ensure the removal of vulgarity and the promotion of familiarity
With interview etiquette although pickets yell
'Blend beauty, quality and dignity
To delight stakeholders, junior and senior, in a conducive entity.'

John Sensele

Pieces Of Charcoal In The Grave

Pieces of charcoal parachuted into the grave
Whose residents shied way from the brave
Who heeded the clarion call
To play the peace plethora ball

When hot heads greater good they chose to retire
Cos implosions in their heads couldn't hold fire
At the junction head-on collisions chose
To deflower the peace and bliss rose

When bliss began to plead
For hot heads their impulses to bleed
Or else the crossing of the rubicon
Soon would alight from the diligent drone

Whose wrath rose to a crescendo
First here, next there not on Nintendo
But in hearts fed up with malfeasance
Gone rogue in sessions of misfeasance

Sane souls no longer swallow
Whether they shamble fast or slow
Given the breaking point encountered
When insanities and vanities sauntered

To wreck norms of daily discourse
Served in the dessert course
Where greater good no longer stood tall
For popular peace to play her robust role.

John Sensele

Pies In Skies Of Strict Scrutiny

Sad memories linger, nibbling at your present
With the venom that defeats the logic you resent
Once missing pieces tease your thinking
When with unabashed shame you turn to deep drinking
Expecting the bliss of a kiss to breathe better
As you wonder what in your love life is the matter.

Unprofitable pursuits persist, dragging your date down
Into pits of despair where you choose to drown
Dragging down every prospect of progress
As doggedly and determinedly you elect to retrogress
Despite the perspective of a proven path to prosperity
Dying to enliven the lure and cure of temerity.

Pieces of a pie dance, inviting you full life
Where you no longer sow and germinate strife
As long as you don't bury your head in the sand like an ostrich
Wallowing in self pity, envying and berating your faith reach
With boundless potential to fly you forever to a deserved destiny
Although you much subject your wayward mind to strict scrutiny.

Set mediocrity standards salivate with open arms
Dragging you into depletion like magnets of multiple harms
Surging forth, plucking life from the breath
You steal and kill in every fibre of the faith
You deem spurious, unfit in the trajectory of the tragedy
You weave and forgive, labelling facts of faith a momentary malady.

John Sensele

Pigs' Gigs & Twigs

Green Simba grass grunts, groans and grouches
When pigs in their petticoat pursuit
For hot spots got shot with pellet pouches
That frustrated a feat to greet, meet and tweet.

Green Simba grass gravitates away from pigs' putrefaction
Liquidised, herbalised, pacified and liquefied into lumps
With neither fragrance nor finance dares to function
As unseen residue and unheard matter in mood dumps.

Green Simba grass growls and scowls when lightning
Flashes and lashes out at pigs who with no due diligence balance
Dance in a trance on lances whose bane barbs one evening
When thinking the coast clear pigs slay sounds of silence with persistence.

Green Simba grass gloats as foible, rabble and squabble float
Into lives once so serene on a marine coast without rumbling rain
In the vicinity of pigs' city threw away a caution coat
Lunged forward and plunged into an ocean of perennial pain.

John Sensele

Pigs On Fig Trees

Pigs on fig trees depending on new belief descend to take a dig
At their creator whom they deride as a novice narrator
To their tales and mails of clever cars which alone can fig
Out navigation details, sails, bails, pails and rails dismiss a supernatural
manufacturer.

Pigs on fig trees free themselves from catholic clutches
Only to land into soapy sands that imprison them into a myth
In which truth grows trivial and lies fly in batches
Fastened in misnomers hastened by ascetic anthropologists who dub feet teeth.

Pigs on fig trees decree Babel Tower a global treasure that epitomises the
pinnacle
Where distorters and twisters dangle new millennium mythologies with fanfare
Denouncing conventions and inventions in favour of a sassy spectacle
Staged via a rage FB Page with baked baloney that spin doctors and Proctors
dare to pair.

Pigs on fig trees on their entry into a panorama of prayers
Scatter matters and alter the course of moral and spiritual development
Insisting on modernism and cynicism that multiply layers
Sanitizing cults of mores and norms defined anew and awarding primacy to
soliloquy sentiment.

John Sensele

Pine Wine

Live your life and let me live mine
Keep dreaming and swilling wine.
If libation tastes great
Or wine aromas set
You free or they bungle, don't you pine.

John Sensele

Pinion And Opinion

The opinion the world holds about your person
Matters little as long as your conscience
Swims clear of thoughts, plans and ransom
Jesus paid long before your brain imbibed any science.

The opinion you hold about your standing in society
Flies closer to figments of the imagination
If punctuality, absenteeism, profligacy and satiety
Converge on a platform of dissipation and perdition.

The opinion you hold about a secret admirer
Voyages in Utopia as long as you can't pluck up courage
To break the ice and pronounce in clearer
Terms sentiments you harbor deep within you even if on the cards lies no plan of
marriage.

The opinion you hold about Barack Obama
His powers of oration and his achievements since moving into the White House
Resembles hogwash if your utterances only hammer
Out lies and innuendoes much as you may ride a white horse to catch Mickey
Mouse.

John Sensele

Pink Bum

A monkey with a pink bum boasted of wisdom
Which monkey said germinated in Sodom.
Said Sage, 'Give us a break!
Cut out your fatal mistake.'
Bum lobbed mortars on Sage at random.

John Sensele

Pink Link

Coin words of happiness and join efforts
Meant to boost the roost of joy
Everywhere, every time for everyone in ports
Where goodwill, sacrifice and service ain't coy.

Coin words of friendship and join initiatives
Meant to heighten the scent of laughter
Everywhere, every time for everyone with motives
Driven by selflessness, meekness and goodness in the critical matter.

Coin words of reason and season plans
Meant to increase the ease to think
Everywhere, every time for everyone when clans
Force folks to sponsor responses to an unreasonable link.

Coin words of love and join communities
Meant to add to glad missions to delete
Everywhere, every time for everyone iniquities
That kill love at home, at church and in the street.

John Sensele

Pink, Think

Pink, don't sink
To a low ebb
When clarity and clairvoyance link
Superstition and sensation to the site of a harmful herb.

Pink, don't blink
When a caustic carrot
Dangled dangerously make you think
You've excised from your life all the rot.

Pink, don't wink
When you perceive the emerald eye
Of a cyclone meant to stink
As a nimble nymph knots your troubadour tie.

Pink, don't drink
From a cup meant to hijack
Your thought processes as you clink
Glasses with a courtesan quack.

John Sensele

Pinochio

Pinochio when I'm economic with the truth
Spinning a fake reality
Growing fond of being uncouth
Conflating fact and fiction in a castle of surreality.

Pinochio when my appetite for fibs
Grows wings and stings
In fitting fibs in roasted ribs
Whether my mind twists facts or my blues sings.

Pinochio when I lie by the clock
Denying the immutability of facts
Projecting magnitudes of lies in my talk
In my plans, my actions and my acts.

Pinochio when the triumph of lies
Grows into a harassed habit
Slaying veracity, sealing dead verisimilitude in skunk sties
Parading, peddling, prodding untruth, crating it into a cybernetic bit

John Sensele

Plan, Think And Act Well

Play your part in moulding the future very well
Plan, think and act with care and flair all the time
Ensure each step moves you nigh Heaven's bell.

Put your best foot forward to clinch a cosy clime
Despite threats and frets along your rocky way
For history and your story court the right time.

Worry not, tarry not, bend your knees to pray
With God on your side no way you can lose
Bigger picture paints rims and beams a hope ray.

Under no circumstances swim in booze
Clear head, dear hope hold mesmerizing moment
Ensconced in a seat of progress in your cruise.

Bat not your lid, cut not critical corners
As you surge forward to reap your reward
In consort with a bevy of trusted partners.

With God's help and grace surge forward
No reason in your plan for a braggart bard.
Ensure each step moves you nigh Heaven's bell
Play your part in moulding the future very well.

John Sensele

Plane Rough Edges

Welcome each morning with a prudent perspective
Expecting the best, injecting your best shot
In each task, each endeavour to achieve
The best outcomes you've ever thought.

Welcome each challenge life throws your way
Seize each opportunity with neither rancour nor complaint
To deliver your best output as you play
Your cards right and post a positive impression to correct a dreary dent.

Welcome each opportunity to rectify past mistakes
Made in the course of learning the ropes
In your career, courtship and communication as stakes
Rose higher when you slid along steep life's slopes.

Welcome each occasion to forgive
Lost sheep, misled companions, misunderstood comrades
To whom by all means you need to tend an olive
Branch and mend fences instead of cosseting trivial tirades.

John Sensele

Plane Rough Edges Of Love

Every now and then, when love catches me unawares
I struggle to break free
To sneak free of unbidden glares
From a pesky glee

When love grows fickle
Taking my breath away
Dwindling its attention to a trickle
Whose feet of clay

Make me plane rough edges
Love displays in the behavior
Monitored and featured on pages
Where love's savior

Longs to enable a smooth ride
Love bestows on lovers
Once I get matters in my stride
Assuming the status of prime movers

To chart a new course in which love thrives
In optimal conditions of pressure and temperature
As the concept of love arrives
On the scene to grant my lover and I a future

We deserve to blossom
In theory and in practice
As our twosome
Who does our love justice

With flying colours
For my lover and I to breathe a sigh of relief
As my love vectors and scalars
Soar to the loftiest height without any further beef.

John Sensele

Planes Of Pleas

Please perseverance and patience
Elevate the erudition of effort
Defend the den of conscience
When doubt assails your fabric fort. □

Please powers of positivity and pity
Elevate the erudition of thought
Defend the den of temerity
When doubt pummels your peace pot.

Please pleasures of persistence and prayer
Elevate the erudition of tolerance
Defend the den of your mayor
When cloud bedevils your balance.

Please planes of pleas and pardons
Elevate the erudition of forgiveness
Defend the den of dignity dons
When clouds fortify phantoms of unforgiveness.

John Sensele

Plasticine Puppy Prevarication

Drunk on affection, punch drunk on love
Alertness stolen, resistance broken, stung by dopamine
Flying on cloud nine on Cupid's dove
A prude pulverises puppy love plasticine.

Drunk on passion, stung on a sentimental mission
Mind topsy turvy, mind gone nervy
Heart on fire, heart invaded by a love affliction
Won't admit she's won hands down a date derby.

Drunk on love, knees melted during osculation
Catalysed in a fickle fashion sweeping reason
From its pedestal where a pensive population
Teems with feelings no longer held hostage in sapience season.

Drunk on Cupid's libation to snatch liberation
From a heart that vows to resist to the hilt
Forces of adrenalin and dopamine exploration
Contending a Spartan Samurai favours no courtship kilt.

John Sensele

Play Fair And Care For Your Sister

Dig in your heels, mister
When rabbles and troubles in your heart
Flare and scare your sister

If a thought turns sinister
Twister that slides and rides in your cart
Dig in your heels, mister

Whether trouble grows a blister
Which harasses your hope art
That glares at and scares your sister

Although you obey the chorister
To play it soft and smart
Dig in your heels, mister

Pick yourself up and administer
The common sense balm for pain to depart
Because you play fair and spare your sister

Arise and quit the catastrophe cloister
Dare to stand firm in the salvation rampart
Dig in your heels, mister
While you play fair and care for your sister.

John Sensele

Pleasure Beyond Treasure

Metrics of electric commotions and elevations

Beyond pleasure, beyond leisure

Affect my effect project cos electric emotions and ovations

Melt my belt beyond felt measure.

Metrics of electric commotions and infatuations

Beyond pleasure, beyond treasure

Affect my effect project cos electric emotions and situations

Melt my belt beyond felt pleasure.

Metrics of electric commotions and congratulations

Beyond pleasure, beyond seizure

Affect my effect project cos electric emotions and occasions

Melt my belt beyond felt azure.

Metrics of electric commotions and felicitations

Beyond pleasure, beyond countermeasure

Affect my effect project cos electric emotions and limitations

Melt my belt beyond felt disclosure.

John Sensele

Pleasure Without Measure

Fun, my fantastic foe
Leave me alone to care for my family
Whose income comes hard on a toe
With threadbare shoes, shoe string budget family negotiates daily

To bring bread back
To the table and disable drinks of alcohol
Which benefit only a pack
Of parasites on sites which haul

Pleasures without measure
While a baby has no nappies
An infant enjoys no leisure
Because trees, fees and keys

To happiness run away from home
Where pots, saucepans, kettles, pressure cookers
And a plethora of kitchen utensils roam
Free because family funds fete hookers.

John Sensele

Pleasures And Treasures

Treasures abound, pleasures rebound
Mercies flow, heresies billow
Deviations ground, solutions astound
When honesty and loyalty grow.

Treasures fly, pleasures sigh
Mercies thrive, heresies arrive
Deviations shrink, solutions can't lie
When goodwill and willpower achieve.

Treasures populate, pleasures dilate
Mercies understand, heresies grandstand
Deviations surrender, solutions deflate
When minds and binds can't land.

Treasures manifest, pleasures suggest
Mercies smile, heresies file
Deviations boast, solutions invest
When families and homilies smile.

John Sensele

Pleats & Teats

Deplete skirt pleats and hurt beats galore
Wits fit humour clamoured at a puberty party
Quit defeating feet of famous folklore
Delete tweets of low blows and jokes that smell dirty.

Wits fit humour clamoured at a puberty party
A sense of humour mirrors eras of rejuvenation
Delete tweets of low blows and jokes that smell dirty
Rumours mar relationships and bar reconciliation.

A sense of humour mirrors eras of rejuvenation
Humour breaks the ice at social functions
Rumours mar relationships and bar reconciliation
Humour films happiness and streams gladness unctions.

Humour breaks the ice at social functions
Quit defeating feet of famous folklore
Humour films happiness and streams gladness unctions
Deplete skirt pleats and hurt beats galore.

John Sensele

Pledge Endurance, Patience & Tolerance

Marriage, here we pledge endurance
To overcome your fire
Here we pledge patience and tolerance
Despite your higher ire.

Marriage, here we pledge complete commitment
To overcome your challenge
Here we pledge tender treatment
Despite your infringement at Stonehenge.

Marriage, here we pledge fidelity
To overcome distraction and attraction
Here we pledge docility and humility
Despite your mission to unleash prevarication and provocation.

Marriage, here we pledge conducive communication
To overcome misunderstanding
Here we pledge undivided unification
Despite detractors' sanctimonious standing.

John Sensele

Plethora Of Mistakes

If love in hearts that claim to love
Should shy away from shouldering responsibility
For choices and decisions made over and above
Benefits hearts reap from amity

Offered wholeheartedly by a caring partner
Such love falls short of minimum
Standards an entertainer
Enables his audience to hum

In a posh suburb or in a slum
Where a lass loves a suitor
With all her heart although lads welcome
Her ardent affection which a lad's imitator

Takes for granted, leaving a lass
Nursing heartaches
She doesn't deserve because her high class
Commands higher stakes, not fakes or a plethora of mistakes.

John Sensele

Plethora Of Pus

Worries and their cherries spell disaster
Stealing our joy and killing space and time
To progress and address more pertinent issues faster
Than wasting time on a mediocre climb

That gets us nowhere useful
If we indulge vagaries of worries
Deluding ourselves wasteful
Pursuits and their suits grant salaries

For which we long
Like proverbial ostriches
Dreaming to Utopia we belong
Streaming reams of reality riches

That never come
Whether we fuss on the bus
Or self harm in a bid to disarm
Fantasies and ecstasies in a plethora of pus.

John Sensele

Poem Hunter

Through Poem Hunter classical poets and modern poets
Strut verses in terse displays and vintage poetry
To enrich readers and offer a platform which presents
Poets with opportunities to educate and from poetic artistry.

Through Poem Hunter, poets and readers guide and motivate
Member poets to hone their craft and create poems which
Appeal to diverse interests and inclinations to satiate
Appetites noted with approval and approbation in the platform sandwich.

By availing writers and authors the global Poem Hunter
Website together with its seamless communication
Poem Hunter paves the way for poets and readers to share banter
In a convivial atmosphere that cultivates affection and appreciation.

John Sensele

Poetic Power

The power of writing poetry delights
Souls that care to communicate common sense
To any friend who shuns the thrill of fights.

The mind of a poet takes several bites
Of words and metaphors and distills them into consonance.
The power of writing poetry delights.

Writing poetry differs from sneaking on tights
Meant to defy society and proclaim the defence
Of liberty that spoils for the thrill of fights.

Metaphors and similes wear whites
As though they got ready for a wedding assonance.
The power of writing poetry delights.

An adventure into poetry elaboration invites
Kindred souls who utter more than one sensible sentence
To enter an arena where gladiators imbibe the thrill of fights.

Precocious poets sometimes fly kites
In streets where the dispersal of rioters is about to commence.
The power of writing poetry delights
A sensitive soul who abhors the thrill of fights.

John Sensele

Poetry Pot

In a poetry pot stew words to inspire
Vintage works from Pablo Neruda, William Shakespeare
Metaphors and similes from Angelou Maya
Romantic verses from Lord Byron to set hearts on fire.

In a poetry colander swim assonance
Vintage works from Emily Dickinson, Elizabeth Bishop
Sestinas, sonnets and pantoums teeming with consonance
To delect erudite minds that surf in a poetry workshop.

In a poetry saucepan lives an array of devices
Internal and rhymes vie for pride of place
Alongside enjambment, caesura which render services
To amateurs and professionals who crave a poetry space.

John Sensele

Poetry Catharsis

Poetry looms gloom into boom
That drains incipient anger
Brewing in every sinew leaving no room
To distinguish an illicit libation from limpid lager.

Poetry is catharsis
That kneads dark dough
Subjected to articulate analysis
To avert consequences of a bestial blow.

Poetry drags away dangers
Inherent in dwelling in castles of horror
Catalysed in theatres strung together by rowdy rangers
Whose motive spews a plethora of terror, stupor and error in a pesky parlour.

Poetry filters toxic tendencies
Distilling brine, decanting vintage vistas
From idiosyncratic idiocies which swamp vacancies
With soporific strings of somber spectacles by juggling jesters.

John Sensele

Poetry Planet

Poems like rubies
Fascinate and illuminate
Man's world where selfies
Imitate aces and faces irritate.

Poems like diamonds
Sparkle and twinkle
In worlds where almonds
Dwell to tickle every knuckle.

Poems like fairies
Amaze and daze
In savannahs and prairies
To arouse minds and trail blaze.

Poems like music
Titillate every palate
But unlike a tunic
Poems educate and placate.

John Sensele

Pointless Palaver

Purge the urge to hit back
When maturity suggests you let go
Of chances and glances to hack
Into sentimental systems and scenarios you'd better forgo.

Purge the urge to settle scores
When humility suggests you let her stew in her own juice
If she chooses to chide her own social cores
As you move on to sanitize your solace sluice.

Purge the urge to rub salt into injuries
When decorum demands you heal her broken honour
Which in no way vindicates vicissitude vagaries
Steeped and whipped into drivel dishonor.

Purge the urge to challenge children
When etiquette suggests you tender abject apologies
For misdemeanor that bruises your brethren
As you and your coterie sap in vain your synergies.

John Sensele

Pointless To Pander To Peskiness And Pettiness

Disappointment bleeds my bosom sometimes
I feel so hot under the collar
Although my subconscious mind higher climbs
Far above colour, pallor and squalor

To cultivate equanimity
Boosting the mental energy
Dwelling in generosity and magnanimity
Inherent in multi-path synergy

If wellness and wellbeing should grow
By leaps and bounds in salient aspects
Of life I can't afford away to throw
Casting shame shadows on progress prospects

When I pander to the gallery of pettiness
Propelled by distractions and affectations
Best sacrificed to factor in favourable fitness
If I should promote affirmations and admirations

Nerves at rest
Mind soothed
Heart unstressed
Future smoothed

I close my eyes and retire
Reflecting on values and virtues I embrace
Extinguishing and evaporating the fire
Threatening to revive the rat race

I find pointless and worthless
If I fail to address important issues
Growing callous and careless
Jumping on cantankerous queues, offering no awesome clues

To the lost
When duty calls
Wasting time counting the cost
Of bruises I garner from boisterous brawls.

John Sensele

Pointless To Shoot From The Hip

The best results don't of necessity arise from shooting from the hip
Where far from conforming to best practices, impulsive characters
Whip up antagonistic emotions which rip
Apart intended outcomes and incite detractors

Into a frenzy
Whose course of action
Hazy, sleazy and uneasy
Becomes a distraction

That not only torpedoed intended objectives but also introduces obstacles
Which add layers of unwanted complexity
That nothing short of miracles
Whose dexterity

Sorts out
By dint of sheer luck
Because clouds of doubt
Entering the fray suck and pluck

Oxygen from nascent possibilities
Slain
In the course of inserting insensibilities
Lain

Bare at the doorstep of ineptitude
Thrown into the mix
Alongside the wrong attitude
Fix

Stressed at an inopportune moment
To make a statement
Meant to comment
On a positive element

Fares badly unless a skilled diplomat recommends conciliation
To forge ahead determinedly towards a breakthrough
Obtained by virtue of a give and take mission
That yields best outcomes right on cue.

John Sensele

Poison Pressure

Men must stand the heat on love land and in an open oven
When tongue waggors deal carbon cards and tilt till
Enskonced in poison pressure to lampoon luscious love in vain.

Masculinity manifests its mantle not through a perspiration pen
That quarrels with barrels of murals on a somnambulance sill.
Men must stand the heat on love land and in an open oven.

Men ought to learn and discern when a weak witness will
Comes through to charge a bimbo bungle bill
Enskonced in poison pressure to lampoon luscious love in vain.

Despite interference from sarcasm sources, peace promoters remain open
To cuddling conquests of battles on a home hill.
Men must stand the heat on love land and in an open oven.

Absolutely resolute, proctors and propinquity partners ascend into heaven
With their spouses and solve an inside impertinence ill
Enskonced in poison pressure to lampoon luscious love in vain.

Sane men with their significant others refrain
From ebullience, exaggeration and evanescence that kill.
Men must stand the heat on love land and in an open oven.
Enskonced in poison pressure to lampoon luscious love in vain.

John Sensele

Poisoned Chalices

Poisoned chalices in slices
Cut thin in bins
Tagged with putrid prices
No longer win pesky pins.

Poisoned chalices in zones
Blown open by mortar shells spell
Doom and gloom for cloned bones
Whose scifi story annoyed arbiters no more can sell to a cartel.

Poisoned chalices coupled with demagogues
Who seize and tease power
In a failed state desecrate synagogues
Tearing down temple dimples within an hour's shower.

Poisoned chalices and malice
Twice or thrice
Dare pairs of lice
To derange hairdos of weirdos who adore genetically mollified rice.

John Sensele

Politically Correct Verse

Politically correct verse cossets
A fav grand ole party candy whose sets
Bores the planet with his wealth,
Utters poppycock on health
Policies devoid of Yankee sunsets.

John Sensele

Polytricks

Politics is a dirty game according to the observer;
The voter sees politicians when they need his vote
To become parliamentarians and later ministers
Who read speeches they learn by rote
Memory to drive posh cars and fatten their pockets
Although it's his vote that landed them in the boat.

They scramble for all contracts, jobs and opportunities
Available in the economy which they control
With ruthless gluttony and rapacious greed
So that they wear a crocodile skin sole;
They lie by the clock and doze off on duty
Oblivious of the little benefit in the observer's bowl.

They guzzle public resources and wipe the national treasury clean
Without returning change and producing a receipt;
Potholes fill roads, crops rot on farms, the poor's tummies
Do not know the taste of balanced meals or meat;
Although the politician grows a huge neck and a pot belly
He claims he's not violating the pretty petite.

John Sensele

Pompous Predilection

Suspect disrespect when you expect a mere mortal
To subject his satisfaction in action without distraction
To multiply and ratify your happiness and blissfulness in total
Because such a mortal mingles morsels of attention and affection

With tiny tidbits of sweat sweetened
On the surface to efface and deface
Your rose and its cause frightened
By his ego and his superego which on the face

Of appearances dance and glance inwards
To amplify, modify, mollify and satisfy selfish
Sentiments and condiments conveyed towards
The mortal's merciless moments that are bullish

Self centred, self satisfied, self congratulatory
In thought, in plan and in action
Directed to grant gory glory
To the mortal's self adulation with pompous predilection.

John Sensele

Ponder Peace Prospects

Ponder paths to pockets of peace
Which supplement services
Sent from above to an abyss
Where warmongers whisk whips in cracked crevices.

Ponder paths to packets of bliss
Which visit vistas of virtue
Sent from above to decrease
Prospects for a ribald residue.

Ponder paths to the promotion of progress
Which open opportunities for orphans
To surge South and sanitize the stress
They've endured in the grotto of gangsters' guns.

Ponder paths to perseverance
Which pave the way to wonders
Never seen since the severance
Of ludicrous links to blaspheme blunders.

John Sensele

Porous Amorous Pangs

Taut thoughts that I taught long ago
Turned on me like boomerangs
Taunted me to forgo
Notorious, porous amorous pangs.

Taut thoughts that I once bought
For a few pieces of silver
For a lass whom my eyes caught
Dragged me to a sorrow river.

Taut thoughts I once beheld
As models of fidelity
Haunted me as lasses withheld
Pleasures I caught in Kitwe City.

Taut thoughts I once held spellbound
In scripture verses
Sprang up and bound
My desire to hire and sire hearses.

John Sensele

Possibility Frontier

Cast out the fear yoke, blast off like a Nasa rocket from Cape Canaveral
Where achievements and accomplishments fly and cry out to go viral
Not just on the Internet but also in real time in Gambia and Zambia
For your outstanding performance, God's blessings grow near.

Day after day, think out plans, map out and activate strategies
Buttressed by determination, diligence and energies
Synergised to work in unison as doubts disappear
For your outstanding performance, God's blessings grow near.

By dint of a confluence of perseverance, persistence and positive influence
Soldier on in the face of discouragement and insistence
By detractors, cynics and naysayers to sow fear
For your outstanding performance, God's blessings grow near.

John Sensele

Potent Partners And Creepy Corners

Qualities of the person in the mirror lie within you
Moulded, built and boosted by friends and associates you choose
Although to ascend the next level blood fresh and new
Needed in a cruise

Beyond agile ambitions and inputs
From the fickle feeds you tap
To traverse thrifty throughputs
Flying higher in the next lap

That your profile raises from tapping the best asset sets
You possess in terms of potential
Lying dormant within presets
That catapult you into and beyond quintessential

Processes and procedures injecting multiple new ideas
Gleaned and mixed at the right moment
To harness contributions from proteas
Whose petals and sepals elicit from you a comment

About aspirations and inspirations you culture and nurture
When from the stagnation vulture you flee
Cultivating an outgoing culture
As you heed from a sage the plea

That to your life's core attracts fruitful feeds
Your status quo requires
To break free of creeds
Discredited and diluted by pyres and tyres

Rolling forward without advances
Essential to scale new heights
Which in your life enrich stances
You adopt to consume bites

Whose ingredients by nature and formulation
Complete your aspiration process
To new heights your assumption
Depends upon to register tangible progress

That harvests new knowledge
Skills and other attributes
Upon which your future prospects rely to deliver the message
Whose substance and form determine types of roots

That sink deep
Catalyzing celerity requirements
To reinvigorate white wings whose sweep
Enriches your investment increments

Paying off
Upon bestowing on you potent partners
Enjoining and urging you never to loaf
Or potent partners won't rescue you from the snare in creepy corners.

John Sensele

Pound Of Pristine Flesh

Pound of flesh, pound for freedom
When I crush him in my arms
To fly away to a cute kingdom
Where we no longer feel undue qualms.

Pound of flesh, pound of freshness
When we entwine
To fly away to planet happiness
Where to our hearts' content we dine and wine.

Pound of flesh, pound of fun
When we osculate
To fly away to earn a tenderness tonne
Where love fun we inaugurate and fete.

Pound of flesh, pound of fuss
When we no longer oscillate
To fly away on our bliss bus
Where love fun no one can emasculate.

John Sensele

Pour Floods

Torrents pour floods
That invade poor homes, soak sheets
Mealie meal, sugar.

John Sensele

Poverty Portraits

Ditch kids, street walkers, hippies and HipHop hustlers don't scatter
Although in your misconceptions and perceptions they don't matter
As God in creatures, crazy and crafty, clever and braver invested value
Which your wealth and stealth do their best to devalue and paint blue.

When a pauper you meet with no mask on his face
Ask yourself how you'll decrease his poverty pace
In which he wallows with no scrap of bread to swallow
Tossing right and left until sleep to him turns yellow.

Staple food the street sentinel can't afford
His body, mind, brain and belly forever in discord
Each asking the sentinel why to their needs he can't attend
Leading the sentinel to wonder how long his stomach will distend.

When on your table caviar, steak, rice and wine flow
Assume hawkers and peddlers fight a famine blow
From the first of the month to month end
Because to them your bays, days and ways need to mend.

John Sensele

Power And Hour Of Love

Arms in arms lovers walk by
Lovers laughing, no time to cry
As love lift from lovers clears stress
Power and hour of love to bless.

Support in ports for each other
Abounds for lovers share no bother.
Lovers spare no time for distress
Power and hour of love to bless.

Comfort in every fort matters
When love everywhere strain scatters
As lovers lob each other grace
Power and hour of love to bless.

Obligation grants and flaunts more care
When lovers pledge to play fair
Lovers bless, lovers stress no mess
Power and hour of love to bless.

John Sensele

Power And Prosperity When We Cross Divides

Power and prosperity when we cross divides
Effacing our bloated egos
Making a difference as our effort drives
Forward initiatives to jettison cantankerous cargoes.

Power and prosperity when we turn our backs
On parochialism, cynicism and tribalism
Directing our energy towards providing problem-free packs
In our bid to rid our society of sexism and atavism.

Power and prosperity when we confront injustice
Perpetrated against women and children
Who for no fault of their own have known scanty justice
In a warped world dominated by their boisterous brethren.

Power and prosperity when we assault xenophobia
Directed against Africans in South Africa
Where mindless mayhem fed by an unexplained phobia
Feeds hatred, envy, jealousy and resentment in a madness motorcar.

Power and prosperity when we tolerate opposing opinion
That pricks, kicks and ticks our puny pride
Enabling us to respect the ordinary onion and its pinion
As we forge forth fortified towards our glory glide.

John Sensele

Power Of Love

The power of love heals where indifference kills
The power of love extends lives, elevates success and renews vitality
The power of love seldom from a beating heart steals
If the heart draws near love, drinks love, drives love, dreams love and courts
humility.

The power of love builds, fields friendship and never fails
The power of love pumps out lumps that sow discord
The power of love unites and unveils pails
Teeming with amity, affability and abounds with accord.

The power of love drills hearts into embracing unity of purpose
The power of love prefers reason in every season
The power of love shuns pretence and shuffles minds for a prudent response
To a plethora of pesky questions with a potential for treason.

The power of love opens doors wide and invites in any life wonders
The power of love multiplies circles of associates,
The power of love amplifies light and weeds out blunders
That hold back progress and nullifies recourse to opiates.

The power of love inspires and never expires
The power of love rekindles bonds in families, among friends and among
strangers
The power of love breathes empathy that never tires
Given a choice, rejoice to embrace the voice that cares for lost rangers.

The power of love measures a person's maturity
The power of love mirrors hidden, beholden beliefs
The power of love cleans souls, injects security and heightens ability
While promoting respect and regard for traditional chiefs.

John Sensele

Pray For Hope Every Day

Continue to try harder and never cry
Despite temporary setbacks
That in your way present a face wry
Challenges aplenty in irritating stacks

Never let up
Despite sorrow and lack of glitz glow
As your happiness tap
Seems to dry up leaving you feeling drained, strained and low

Every now and then
All the more reason determination to grow
In your career, prayer life, crib and Eden
Squeezing so hard you attempt to throw

Away principles, procedures and value systems
That have borne your challenges through thick and thin
Regardless of varieties and types of items
Life at you throws in clean, lean and mean

Times when it seems as though the end of the road draws nigh
Disaster and its sister Sorrow
Not entertaining, not hearing reasons from darkness you fly
Away to a brighter tomorrow

Destined and designed for you and yours
Long before your life saw the light of day
To open for your life, your dreams, your aspirations doors
Where hope lies in wait for you as long as each day for hope you pray.

John Sensele

Pray For Zambia

Pray for Zambia, pray for motherland
Brush aside petty politics
Pray for our nation, make Zambia grand
Almighty God, save us from jezebel gymnastics.

Pray for Zambia, pray for progress
Shunt aside artificial avenues
Pray for our nation, Lord Jesus grant Zambia success
Almighty God, grant us meaningful menus.

Pray for Zambia, pray for prosperity
Wave aside worse words
Pray for our nation, Lord Jesus grant us tranquility
Almighty God beautify our birds.

Pray for Zambia, pray for wisdom
Brush aside sectarian symbolism
Pray for our nation, Lord Jesus hasten the coming of your kingdom
Almighty God, imbue all Zambians with patriotism.

John Sensele

Prayer For Humankind

All the time, feel the heartbeat and tweet of affection
That bind souls and goals of every shade
To instill a spirit of dedication and devotion
In every family no matter its grade and trade.

All the time, feel the heartbeat and wit of humility
That unite souls and wholes to reconcile
Fake foes who dream of dignity and amity
With a plethora of smiles devoid of bile and guile.

All the time, feel the aroma and drama of love
That fasten diverse strands and threads together
To inspire all souls that aspire to rise above
Iniquity, envy, pettiness and jealousy for a mourning mother.

All the time, feel the hour and power of prayer
That in their purity and maturity praise the Creator
Who showers blessings, graces and favours in every layer
Where humankind acknowledges its supreme manufacturer and initiator.

John Sensele

Prayer, Peace & Patriotism

Where prayer, patriotism and peace reign
Citizens love one another
Citizens with dissenting views in the main
Offer to protect, love and serve their sister and brother.

Where prayer, patriotism and peace pervade
Citizens' creed creates harmony
Citizens work hard to persuade
One another to sing a synergy symphony.

Where prayer, patriotism and peace dominate
Discourse in newspapers, on television and on social media
All citizens, rich and poor, determine to disseminate
A message of unity and tranquility in soccer stadia.

Where prayer, patriotism and peace promote perseverance
Citizens summon stamina and synergy
To ensure circumstance, influence and balance
Tap every citizen's contribution towards achieving sublime strategy.

John Sensele

Precious Pressure Rewards

Pressure creates from carbon diamonds
That sparkle and yield wealth.
Pressure spare vagabonds
But enhances your worth.

Pressure like fire
Cooks meals and transmutes you into a polished gem
That tycoons admire
And require if they use a sophisticated stratagem.

Pressure extracts the best
That lies with your personality
Sets you apart from the rest
And multiplies your serenity, dignity and temerity.

Pressure builds character
That any worthwhile gladiator
Requires to move their lives to the next higher chapter
With Jesus Christ as the majestic mediator.

John Sensele

Precipitous Pitfalls

Precipitous measures don't take
To no one bring or string an ache
Popular tunes don't sing
Better still to illusion don't cling

Tomorrow is a different day
Wiping away sorrows of yesterday
To bring about a new reality
That rewards versatility and agility

Punishing slices of mistakes
Made and bred in stakes
That honoured error
Cos the caution in the mirror

Received disapproval
Rather than the deserved approval
The picture painted and rented
In the reality image you dented and tainted

Assuming right measures you took
When responsibility to majority you forsook
Led and misled by a clandestine clique
Whose ill intention you chose to lick.

John Sensele

Preconditions For Your Positive Prospects

Celebrate achievements of foes and friends alike
To vibrate at the fertile frequency
Where your thoughts, actions and aspirations strike
The balance that closes the gap between your competency and potency.

Disappointment and disillusion knock at your door
Urging you to hate and frustrate in return
Till your bride, pride, ride and stride crush on the floor
Leaving you violated, vanquished and vilified in your life's urn.

Recognize good turns received and revel in partners' contributions
As success in your life unfolds
Helped in part in your environment by serene solutions
That couldn't in your life come from mundane moulds.

God in your life is the creator and arbiter
Regardless of how high you rise in society to your surprise
Where if you choose to hustle him you become a quisling quitter
With no promising prospects at your subsequent sunrise.

Manifest the greatness God inserted in you
Long before conception took place
To create a Gargantua in you among the few
God designed and decided to bless bountifully especially in your case.

John Sensele

Prepare To Promise This

Promise this, when push comes to shove
You'll be courageous enough to act right
To inflict neither pain nor punishment on the love
We bore, nurtured and grew when the sun shone bright.

Promise this, when someone's silhouette seizes your soul
You'll remember with fondness our shared memory
To inflict neither blame nor shame on the romance goal
We chose, churned and cherished more than our dromedary.

Promise this, when your roving eyes wander
You'll pull yourself together
To inflict neither deletion nor demotion on the wonder
We cared for, shared and dared to grow for each other.

Promise this, when temptations knock on your door
You'll kneel down on both knees and pray
To inflict neither skeletons nor sins on the floor
We swept clean, slept on and leapt on with every romance spray.

John Sensele

Pressing Pledge

I pledge to uphold lofty principles
Despite turbulence that whirls
In my environment where disciples
Opt to purloin my precious pearls.

I pledge to give my best shot
To every task I undertake
Although Mike in his cot
Reminds me to take from workaholism a break.

I pledge to put family first
Regardless of red herrings
That exacerbate hunger and thirst
When hubbies into a siren ocean dump wedding rings.

I pledge to desalinate my brine
As potable water runs scarce
When principled patriots decline
To sell out to a tragic farce.

John Sensele

Pressure Clone

Pleasure hovers over a satiated body
Minding not the cloudy
Weather that pricks John's mood
As he chews his food

Packs his bags and legs it for the college
Revving off from his garage
To deliver a lecture
With a Maths mixture.

Royd raises his hands
Presses his trigonometric stand
Refuses to sit down
To freak out like a clown

When Denyson berates a mob
Behaviour and misbehaviour that probe
John's patience as he differentiates
Calculus sums students appreciate

When understanding sinks
An imprint that links
Shortcuts and mnemonic devices
Which to Leticia blesses

Continuous assessment
Sneaking through a basement
To delight examination candidates
Whom management fetes

While cohorts have cleared
Arrears in courses feared
By ill-prepared students
Who inflict dents

On their academic records
With no fear of discords
Sown in families
Blown in disarray cities

Where huge cash in sponsorship
Minds neither friendship
Nor dissipation
But raises an expectation

With Mrs Counsel
Who berates the city council
For delivering a shoddy service
Within a crevice

Where hell breaks loose
With a lame excuse
Which holds no water for John
Because he kicks away a pressure clone.

John Sensele

Pretence Banes

Dressed up as inverted love, banes of pretence
Leave in their wake more pain and heartache
Than a shark teeth's bite that tears flesh and hence
Kills its prey in a sea of sorrow beyond a lake.

Warm breath from a tiger and bared teeth
Are a better option than the hypocrisy
Dished out by folks on whom one's breath
And love are wasted when water-boarded in a frustration sea.

Incomprehensible why pain flows from purported loved ones
Who with callous calculations sink daggers
Into a partner's back with tonnes
Of deliberation and premeditation as a victim staggers.

Souls intoxicated with vats of hatred
Inflict pain on partners without a second thought
As though they were painting their Judas lips red
In readiness to hop from bed to bed and score nought.

John Sensele

Prevaricate Not

Prevaricate not when patriotism calls
For reconciliation and affiliation
To dialogue and deliberation through Chipolopolo's bouncing balls
That promote and prioritise dedication and devotion to the nation.

Prevaricate not when national need
Overrides personal preferences and points of view
To scatter and sow the salvation seed
Whether or not you covet a convivial queue.

Prevaricate not when personal prestige
Confronts causes for national notions
Noble enough to veer away from the vestige
Of ephemeral erstwhile enmity emotions.

Prevaricate not when civil summons
Single you out to simplify
Formulas that discourage demons
Whose agenda differences and distortions amplify and magnify.

John Sensele

Price Tag

Price tag for flesh

Smart phone, bling, lipstick, powder

Heels, bills, deals, pills, ills.

John Sensele

Prices Of Vices

Prices of vices once or twice committed slice
Sizable swathes of reputation and invite diminution
Incurred when fury and jury flash out lice
From dice that ice fame and span blames in a nation.

Prices of vices twice or thrice sampled in ample
Quantity without humility shred red blushes
Hoist clashes, toast flashes to amble without preamble
On the seamy side of life no matter what tune a fife chooses and hushes.

Prices of vices mice manufacture
Gnawing cassava tubers, carrots and potato crops
From fields whose yields mice fracture
When their canines and incisors cut fertilizer ropes.

Prices of vices plain villains in plains learn
When in the company of hardcore criminals
In jail where with no bail possibility they spurn
A chance for parole to play a role in rehabilitation terminals.

Prices of vices consecrated and perpetrated by street walkers
Who grab bags of bread from chided children and wounded wives
Who for days on end feed on slices of air because hookers
Divert packs of bucks from drowsy souses whose wives charm chives.

John Sensele

Pride Punctuations In Rivers Of Fluctuations

Pride prunes progress
Furnishing fibres for the fall
Fertilizing distress and stress in the race
For a condemnation crash against a wizadry wall.

Pride impoverishes cantankerous talkers
Mounting the monopoly of wisdom and knowledge
Preaching they're wisdom walkers
Until pride rides their rabble onto a stony sledge.

Pride never wins
Although vanity dangles short term silver
Dedicated to cantankerous queens
Swamped in the risible river with a killjoy quiver.

Pride pounds dribbles of destruction
In malefaction mouths uttering lie after lie
In whose eyes pride sanctifies the seduction
Propelling pride promoters into a skunk sty

Where pride pulverizes prospects
Imbued with ingredients for employment
Demanding loudmouths pay respects
To systems, procedures and processes if to pride plantations should come
deployment.

John Sensele

Primacy Of The Poor Person

If human life in political circles should depreciate
Such polytricks my soul doesn't appreciate
Unless polytricks human life should place at the centre
Dogma, ideology in my heart can then enter

Provided the power of veto and ghetto vote I hold
Machinations and procrastinations they scold
Fairness and faithfulness they prioritise
Mind games and blind claims they sanitize

Enabling the fisherman and village housewife
To voice their concern for fatal strife
Polytrick players at the convenience they ignore
When on a full belly and with stacks of cash they snore

Caring vey little whether covid 19 kills or heals
So long as the ghetto taxpayer for their comfort foots bills
They incur month in month out at the casino
Where they gamble, dreaming their comfort in the snow.

John Sensele

Primitive Priorities

Venomous vipers their loose tongues they flap
Spitting sties of lies
So vile to close scrutiny they snap
Inviting swarms of green flies.

Venomous vipers drowsy dreams they kill
Fabricating figments on social media
Bragging they monopolize virtue and skill
Their dreams dying a vile death in silly stadia.

Venomous vipers self pity they entertain
Urging society to whisk whims
If fatuous fantasies they would maintain and sustain
When rigour and vigour frown on discarded dreams.

Venomous vipers vie for honours
Exuding expired excuses
Scaling heights of mad manners
No stringent standards stash into jaundiced juices.

Venomous vipers saunter on thin ice
Claiming they were crowned world champions
Dissecting and intersecting lice
When their boots would spare scurrying scorpions.

Venomous vipers amiable air they vitiate
Pumping their pates with putrefaction
Job markets and economic cogs won't initiate
Cos kinky credentials reek of malevolent malefaction.

John Sensele

Primitive Quacks

Primitive quacks slay albinos
In a phony belief albinos cause
Cures through medicines
Fabricated via scenes
Teeming with gruesome murder rituals.

John Sensele

Prisons, Reasons And Seasons

Prisons and seasons of deceit cited twice or thrice can't conceal
Befuddled stances of malice and circumstances of injustice propelling
Politics, Physics, semantics and gymnastics in which moguls seal
Deals with foreign governments to tilt a presidential vote ceiling.

Prisons and seasons of myopia in Utopia seize
Opportunities in calamities to press for a stress on appointments
Of Wall Street hacks in key government portfolios to please
Erstwhile foes with hefty pay day check increments.

Prisons and seasons of monopolism and populism
Fed and led by anger at established order and globalization
Coupled with droves of bottom of pyramid voters who cynicism
Diverts to subvert collegial votes in favour of a protectionist idealization.

Prison and seasons of short termism and neo Nazism
Rear fears of foreigners and feed skin heads whose penchant
For xenophobia, islamophobia, homophobia and racism
Shoots to the top of isolationist agenda with an atavistic chant.

John Sensele

Prius Feat

Esquire S in dire financial need at high speed
Acquires spires of wires thick and thin
Gleaned from barbed wire from a fence feed
Stolen like wind pollen making no din
Until the wire weeps tears between his hammer
And anvil where the wire is panel beaten
Flat and straight. Esquire S and crew stammer
The hapless wire into a car chassis then
A pair of eyes dart from a Prius car
Where they imitate every part from headlight,
Beam, windscreen, bonnet, boot, bar
Door, roof, suspension, indicator light
Steering wheel, steering rack, front seat
Back seat, to the dashboard. Prius is a feat.

John Sensele

Proclivity Pangs

One hundred percent presents scents
That scare scores of sanguine seers
Whose crystal calabashes present events
As happening horribly soon alongside hordes of peers

Whose influence, essence and confluence
Conjure up festoon and goon cartoons created with caution
To endure scrutiny and a semblance
Of approval in a novel audition, ovation and narration

Primed primarily by protocol professors
Whose assessment in a balloon basement
Pounds patience and portrays assessors
As monsters with toaster rosters that torment

Learners leaning lately and belatedly
On trainers tempted to grill greenhorn gangs
For whom room for grooming daily
Suffers symptoms of prime poverty and proclivity pangs.

John Sensele

Prodigal Polytricktian

Listen, prodigal polytricktian
That office occupied by you can chew
Your reputation if your Russian tactician
Feeds forth froth and few

Gems jelling and jostling to jump
Into oblivion because haste
And waste with little or no thought can't pump
Prized pearls into a treat to test

Your mettle as you hurtle along to settle
Scores with bored bargainers
Brushed briskly by the wayside by a fettle
That gags fourth estate entertainers

Who challenge lozenges
In which won't quit tweeting
On trivia, trash and trinket as your piped pride avenges
Dissent on ascent or descent you find uninteresting.

John Sensele

Proficient Poetry

Proficient poetry craft depends not just on crude drafts
But on feeds that meet needs other poets supply
In terms of quality and quantity on tried and tested rafts
Where poetic devices of every magnitude and attitude their trades ply.

Proficient poetry craft imbibes rudiments and supplements
From vibes elicited, incited and emitted by promoting poets
Whose efforts of all sorts in all ports and implements
Combine into a line of fine signs to provide phytoplankton diets.

Proficient poetry craft never develops away from inputs
Other poets supply to immerse poets in rivers where muses
Heighten creativity and originality in terms of outputs
To fire up poets to write poems no matter how short are their fuses.

Proficient poetry craft under no circumstances
Grows in rows of eminence and salience unless poets by necessity read
Works of master poets of the past and of contemporary poetic sciences
Who guide the way forward for quality poetry and its wings wide to spread.

John Sensele

Project & Protect Pervasive Peace

Peace at the start, peace at the end
Peace when tumult and trouble tinker with your door
Peace when tawdry tunics and polyester patches you mend and blend
Peace calms catastrophes when you lie on a fatigue floor.

Peace at home, peace at leisure
Peace in thoughts, peace in actions
Peace when you measure the treasure of your pleasure
Peace stresses sagacity and affirms affable intentions.

Peace within, peace outside
Peace of mind, peace in a kiss
Peace when you deride snide pride
Peace in silence and balance supplies and signifies solace.

Peace in the morning, peace in the evening
Peace in the family, peace among enemies
Peace when hustlers fly on their wing and cling to their bling
Peace creates bliss, chides chillies and willies in chimneys.

Peace here, peace over there
Peace in the brain, peace in the heart
Peace among lovebirds in all they share for all they dare to care
Peace sustains succor, creates creams and dreams for a new start.

Peace in a flight, peace in a sight
Peace in reconciliation, peace in arbitration
Peace in a frictionless favour during a fresh flavour flight
Peace blesses the success of a messianic mission.

John Sensele

Promises Broken, Forsaken, Sunken

Broken hearted, I hand in my resignation
From seas of disappointments I've suffered
At your hands in stagnation
You nurtured, progress snuffed, your ego puffed

In your Ivory Tower where power
Looms strong on the agenda
You pursue every second, every minute, every hour
Regarding back to sender

As top priority my concerns set at the bottom of the list
You draw up
In the crib where you brandish the fist
That knocks out hope from the cup

Overflowing with judgment errors
Which you deem insignificant
In the context that mars
The relationship you can't

Defend in your pursuit to overflow
Ego tripping
Slow, slow, slow
Heaping, snipping, whipping

Up no regret
I remind you time to let go
At all no secret
No more bliss to forgo

In a circus I dare not watch
Hearts sunken
No longer in a mood to catch
Empty promises spoken, broken, forsaken.

John Sensele

Promotional Examination Caper

Sylvia gyrates her assets left and right
As up in a blue sky the sun shines bright.
'Rachel, lecturer Daniel.
This man is stalking me a like Spaniel'

'Seems as if he's beckoning me.
Let me see
What is after this time.
To be pretty isn't a crime! '

'Sylvia, tell me if Daniel has made a pass at you.
What does he want to chew?
Pretend to go along
Then blow open his gong.'

Sylvia gingerly knocked at the office
Where Daniel would do her an injustice.
'Sylvia, meet me here
At 21 00 hours, do you hear? '

'Sir, I've told you I can't give you what you want.
You know I can't trade my boy. I just can't.
Can't you understand
My principled stand? '

'In that case, you'll fail my course
As a result of your stubborn discourse.
You know how powerful
I am. Be careful.'

'Okay, sir. Are you prepared to pay my price?
A leakage will suffice.
I gain, you gain.
That's a fair bargain.'

'Leakage you say.
That's nothing to me, by the way.
Give me your cake
And the promotion exam paper you'll take.'

At 2100 hours sharp, Sylvia pitched up
To give Daniel his carnal cup.
Rachel had sneaked a camera
Into Daniel's office to film the drama.

'This paper doesn't look like the real thing.
Are you sure, sir, it contains everything? '
She felt his labored breath
And relished her sting operation stealth.

'Rachel, see how this lecher handed me the prize.
And didn't realize
I caught the evidence
To hurt his finance and lance.'

Sylvia and Rachel visited the academic office
To seek justice.
'Yes, sir, lecturer Daniel leaked this exam paper.
Please fix once and for all this caper.'

John Sensele

Proportion Portions

Proportion in action and speech
Sets great minds apart
From small minds who switch
Into a low gear right from the start.

Proportion in gratitude and attitude
Defines phenomenal women and men
Who rise to a loftier latitude
Long before they utter 'Amen'.

Proportion in interference
Singles out sober souls
From mediocre multitudes whose mental balance
Enables savvy souls to attain smart goals.

Proportion in direction
Propels sane souls to sanitize family palaver
Toning down arrogance, insolence and impertinence as they undertake a mission
That endears them to a longing lover.

John Sensele

Proportionate Pride

Pride in powers and potential in you
Status that can't boast in public
Brains with a low IQ
Summersaults a lass into great fame in the Third Republic.

Pride in the obese body you have
Eyes that can't see
Eating habits that portrays an urchin as a glutton slave
Lands a bloke into a lucrative job yonder Mediterranean Sea.

Pride in a head that can't do Mathematics
A tongue that can't speak received pronunciation
Atrophied legs that can't do gymnastics
Propels a lass to lasting affection.

Pride in pockets that can't store cash
Sleeping space that hurt your back
Home with a budget slash
Steers a lad into a squadron crack.

John Sensele

Proscribe Predators

Upon providence I depend
For salvation, solution and stabilization
Cos foibles and frailties can append
Signatures on my ordained optimization.

Obstacles great and small sprout
From nowhere threatening the progress
I register to dismiss shreds of doubt
When God tames the treacherous tigress.

God makes the way clear
Ensuring I strut with confidence
Regardless of how much they leer
Clinging to maneuvers teeming with decadence.

On my knees I bend
Worshiping my Creator
Who ensures I blend
Faith and belief to dismiss a proven predator.

John Sensele

Proud Of The Person In My Perspex

Proud of the woman I wed
When as two saplings we vowed
'Twas time the past to shed
As two families in unison we wowed.

Proud of the family I treasure
When God united my parents and siblings
'Twas privilege beyond measure
As family expressed heartfelt feelings.

Proud of the grandsons I love
When two little hearts my heart warm
'Twas blessings on the wing of a dove
As my pad grandsons christen 'their home'.

Proud of the daughter God gave me
When providence on my family showered blessings
'Twas a scene that on me poured plenty glee
As Lizzy for dad at every turn succor songs sings.

John Sensele

Providence More Potent Than Pandemonium

Let God roast scoffers and mockers
When hurt inside hearts rises
Cos providence pulverizes sordid stalkers
Who in the end deserve penitentiary prizes

In the cabals where they gather
Plotting the downfall soon to smite
The evil they knead and nod in the lather
Reeking of the plight that blights the night

They live to regret
The day they register their malice membership
Simulating and stimulating a sour secret
Leaking sties of lies shambling in the ship

Drowning in the sorrow
Their deeds and misdeeds
Sow and blow to backfire today or tomorrow
When misdeeds metamorphose into fatal feeds

They earn as they burn
Crying for mercy that grows rare
Cos the fates in the Utopian urn
Send their souls to scare their lack of care

Cos no human habit grows stronger
Than God who creates every life
That can't live or survive longer
Than God's calendar and timetable compose on the faith fife

Unless humans live a lie
Cheating their chests
Rewards reside in the crocodile cry
They invest in virus vests teeming with pests.

John Sensele

Providence Petal

Figments and feelings of fear fled
Last night at 02 30 from my bedroom
God's grenade struck them dead
As I snapped awake in the room
Where tonnes of peace sauntered in majesty
Stroking and whipping my energy full
I knew then as I affirm there was no travesty
In my gallumph of faith to seize the bull
By the horns, mocking covid and cancer
Whose venom fangs though fatal
Slumped to midgets as God's dancer
Slapped them numb: a blow from his providence petal
Sleepy eyes beheld the spectacle before me in awe
A musty aroma winged its way to my brain
Fingers in frenzy trembled groping for a hole
In meninges, in neurons which shoved the strain
My knees surrendered to God
Who I know grabs strains big and small
That a while back I could stash in a pod
Expecting the ruse to break the fall
Adam and Eve bequeathed the human species
God still loves in spite of flaws
We inject in the pollution domestic dishes
Absorb daily when we contravene culinary laws.

John Sensele

Providence Power

Providence power paves the way
For affection or promotion or devotion
That redirects creatures to sway
From intimate infraction to direct divine intervention.

Providence power planes people
Ridding rogues of rough rituals
Mesmerizing multitudes and presenting a providence principle
From believers brunch floods of victory victuals.

Providence power plans purity
Empowering God's grandchildren
Blessing them with divine degrees of maturity
For their own good, for the good of their brethren.

Providence power pulverizes pavements
Littered with diurnal dreams
Lumbering them with torments and comments
That rob them of streams of Croatian creams.

John Sensele

Proximal To Perseverance

Far proximal to progress than to pain
Mind made up, best foot forward
The indomitable saunters in the rain
To brave odds and reap his reward.

Far proximal to providence than to prevarication
Trigger at the ready, knees bent
The indomitable prays for salvation with verve and variation
To plead with God for humility heaven-sent.

Far proximal to perseverance than to pusillanimity
Facts figured out, feet on firm ground
The indomitable invites divinity and unanimity
To pour peace and patience among pesky people all around.

Far proximal to peace than to provocation
Swords of sanity sharpened, swords of sainthood shown
The indomitable responds to a communication convocation
As seeds of satire, somnolence and severance apart get blown.

John Sensele

Prudent Paragon

Detractors, dissenters and double dealers, dear, don't diss
Suppress ire, oppress fire, caress a liar on a spire
Despite pain and pressure, detractors, dear, kiss
To respire, aspire and retire

To a higher heaven
Where, dear, sorrow tomorrow
Won't count caresses seven and eleven
Times as detractors in a furrow borrow

Standards stringent and sublime seen
Everywhere as everyone in harmony
They live and give clean
Love without gluttony

And peace processes project proper
Patronage with a prudent paragon primed
To promote amiability and affability to steer a dapper
Damsel driven droll when mimed.

John Sensele

Prurient Princes

Fountains of tears and fears climb down mountains
Stoutly erected on fickle faces when a relative dies
Through illness, old age and God sustains
His promise to retrieve from lies, sighs and spies

Disseminated during a pilgrimage on Earth
Lives God created in conformity with his perpetual plan
At the time of death and birth
Each clan, man and woman

From whom God demands an account of ways
They invested the soul God lent
Them as they journeyed for a zillion days
Indulging in activities meant

To bring glory to God in his splendor
Or to embarrass him through caprices
Fantasies, heresies and ecstasies as sinners wander
Though labyrinths and mazes alongside prurient princes.

John Sensele

Pseudopedia

Government invests millions to renovate your hostels
Your national leader graces your school
A drunken tongue in hotels foretells
Closure of school. It ain't cool.

Lending an audience to tongue wagers
Too lazy to disseminate the truth
Who into your best interest squeeze daggers
Makes you uncouth.

Don't jump on the bandwagon of liars
Indolent urchins
Who fan fake news fires
Bend the truth, hurting chins.

Authorities in your nation
Pass legislation to regulate social media
To prevent malice from the destination
Thriving and deriving validation in Pseudopedia.

John Sensele

Psychedelic Zombies

Cocaine-sodden minds infiltrated in all interstices
In several nanometers per epidermis pore with noxious poisons
Feed mirages to enraged dendrites and synapses
That metamorphose midgets into hulks fit for prisons.

Brains shrunk by years of substance abuse
Diminished to dead cabbages with hardly any capacity
For coherent thought that had become a luxury in use
Only by minds prudent enough to avoid a dagga proclivity.

Rehab sessions conducted in good faith by head shrinkers
Who ply their trade to rectify harm too deep
To easily rectify endeavour to wipe away blinkers
That fight a return to normalcy for addicts to keep.

Lysergic acid diethylamide infested brain
Reduced not by microencephaly induced by the zika virus
Which spreads terror among expectant moms rain
Seas of illusions in which zombies rewrite history on papyrus.

John Sensele

Puerile Plea

A bed-ridden patient laden with leukemia stirred
Murmuring, mooning and turning over in his hospital bed
'Gimme a break, Death, ' the patient uttered.
'Let me enjoy a few more hours of life to spend.'

'Patient Panic, how many years from a crying clock
Have you taken away from the time of your belaboured birth?
Has a clock ever at you tossed a romping rock
Or have chilling chimes of Big Ben stolen your mundane mirth? '

'Death, leave my misery alone
God will claim my soul in his own ordained time.
Death, don't incur God's wrath for I'm not a clone
Crate your excess bag of tricks to Hell, enjoy a one-way ticket climb.'

'Patient, spare me any more gangrenous grief
I gave you lots of chances you vanity threw away
It's high time you stopped being a chief thief
Your crocodile tears, me no longer can sway.'

John Sensele

Pull Away

Pull away from the brink of the precipice
Where mad blood to your head
Steers you not to salvation or progress
But to perdition, advice came through. Let it be said.

Pull away from the vortex of the quicksand
In which illusion, collusion and delusion attracted you
With trinkets and trivia whose brand
Shone with neither luster nor clue.

Pull away from the straitjacket
Where you've ensnared your future
With your eyes wide open as a trek into a thicket
Turned out into a nightmare that tore apart your culture in full view of a vulture.

Pull away from the tomb
In which you drove at breakneck speed
Believing you were scoring points in a womb
Where gestation brainwashed you into a puerile, sterile seed with no creed.

John Sensele

Pump Truth Trumps

Trumps of truth pump
Cramps of lies jump
In sights of truth that delight
When mumps of lies alight

From staircases where they suffer reverses
Traversing rivers where having bitten verity verses
Lies plead for redemption
Without requesting the exemption

From a thorough metamorphosis
That heal their osteoporosis
If they defer to the supremacy of truth
Thereby denouncing their adoration for the uncouth

To embrace creeds that promote verity
In form and substance of truth temerity
Embracing tenets of the standard vanguard
Truth paints to strengthen her rearguard.

John Sensele

Puny Pin In A Sin Tin

Hang in the den
When lions roam in wait
To snatch your serenity from Eden
Where the Devil's threat

Roams to pounce
On the dignity you espouse
In more bounce per ounce
To rouse and arouse

The Devil's desire
Jealousy and envy
Fire, mire and ire
In a bevy of grit gravy and scurvy

Sent with venom
Into the home
You strive so hard to form, reform, inform and roam
Free of the comb

That your lair dishevels
Your gondola destabilizes
Your plan bedevils
Cauterizes and neutralizes

Effective, efficient efforts
To consolidate family
In ports and forts
When a hiatus homily

Predicts doom
Speculates gloom
In the living room, in the bed room
With no zoom

On the Way-maker's plan
To breathe new life
To plan and scan
New initiatives to eradicate strife

From the midst
Where vision diminished
By a strange twist
Assumes family fission and friction fished

Without the Way-makers approval
No win, queen
As the Way-maker's disapproval
Refuses to grant growth to a puny pin and sin tin.

John Sensele

Purple Bees Spurn Pleas

No chances to rue if wisdom prevailed
When bad blood to your head went
Alongside public approbation that hailed
The demise of goodwill lent and meant.

No early exit six feet under
Had horse sense hovered
Nearby to ensure blunders didn't plunder
Golden opportunities that had your best bet covered.

No tears to shed, no fears spread
When at the right time wrong button you pressed
To play to the gallery as you sprayed rays of expiration on your bed
In a mood that left both of us depressed, oppressed and suppressed.

No rewarding return to learn, no honour to earn
Amid somber sorrow sown and grown in a row
Elongated and extended within an oblong urn
Cos two tendrils turned down a chance to grow.

John Sensele

Purposeful Dreams

Sometimes dreams boom, sometimes dreams scream
Cos you ignore dreams and shunt them aside
Jettisoning reams dreams from the rim
Of your strife-ridden life and hurt dreams'pride.

Sometimes dreams serve no useful purpose
When dreams prevaricate and vacillate
Like punch-drunk boxers who kiss
The dust when uppercuts cause their balance organs to oscillate.

Sometimes dreams cry, sometimes dreams stream
Idiocies, inanities and obscenities
From deep with recesses of souls of dreamers who team
Up to facilitate an injection of oddities and vanities.

But dreams analyse and scan the environment to catalyse
Efficient processes, effectives stresses and productive races
To discover a customs made cure for Alzheimer's disease
And to sponsor research and development to rejuvenate disfigured faces.

John Sensele

Pusillanimous Predilections

A disease doesn't diminish
The sanctity, salvation and worth of any human life
Regardless of how skittish and brutish
The disease behaves and how much strife

The disease may sow among relatives, friends and associates
Whose true love ought to emerge beyond the ebullient edge of a wicked wedge
To surge to the fore before plates and slates of opiates
Merge, surge, budge, smudge, engage, enrage, encourage and assuage

Guilt spilt on stilts to scatter silt and tilt
Perspectives towards a surplice of cowardice
Complacency and conspiracy that in God's eyes wilt
Into nothingness because the price

Jesus paid on the cross tosses
Puny human considerations and reactions
Into disarray because no losses
Come from condoning affections, but from pusillanimous predilections.

John Sensele

Pusillanimous Proctors

Coat the mattress boat in the ingress moat
Floating, fighting and feigning hope
At high speed when the seed of a void vote
Elevates complacency with urgency to a steep learning slope.

Roast the retardation gradation mess sunk
In deep recesses of a fecal mind
Strung on idiocies and mercies drunk
In huge gulps meant to grind and blind.

Crop mediocrity mastery and comb ramparts
Constructed to consolidate a castle's perimeter
In case failure of allures tears defence starts
Alongside tactics and pragmatics on a quality odometer.

Slide down a high horse at supersonic speed
Meant to smear and spear hermits
When twits and nitwits bid
To surprise the reprise of an enterprise aligned to wow low grade wits.

John Sensele

Put God First Always

Dear son, dear daughter, rely not on your strength
If you do so, you'll crush with a thud
Running out of faith, running out of breath
And you'll crumble and stumble in your mud.

Dear son, dear daughter, God has the final say
Blessing your plan
Enlivening the castles you build on clay
Uniting and lighting up your clan.

Dear son, dear daughter, repose not your future into people
For God proclaims, 'I own the future'
'Rely on me, trust in me.' It's that simple
Or else you'll surrender your fragile future to the vulture.

Dear son, dear daughter, always put God first
Relying on your strength last
God says, 'I always quench more than your thirst'
Blessing your life and your plan fast.

John Sensele

Puzzled Look

There was once a lass who amazed
Boys and men whom her beauty dazed
But two worried women
Felt bad, mad and sad when
Danger hit the town where the lass dozed.

John Sensele

Quaff To Laugh

To quaff-if we feel callous
Conceals the void we feel
When because we're jealous
Our sadness and sorrow we can't heal.

To quaff-if we fail to laugh
Conceals the limp in the life
We lead when pretend to be tough
To inflict misery on our wife.

To quaff-if we fear our shadow
Conceals the dark side
We feel when we can't say hullo
To the path that leads to our bliss bride.

To quaff-if we favour fright
Conceals the uneasiness of the secret
We carry day and night
As deep within our life lies a rotten regret.

John Sensele

Questions Bereft Of Answers

I ask why I live in a flask
To hide my pride
To chide and deride every task
Better to stem my indifference tide.

I ask why I feed on crumbs
To lead a life lost in poverty
To bite and fight my own thumbs
When in style I can bask in novelty.

I ask why I love in secret
To osculate in dark corners
To communicate like an egret
To conceal my amity antennas.

I ask why I earn peanuts
To eke out a meagre living
To metamorphose friends into butts
Of my banter when I need forgiving.

John Sensele

Questions, More Questions

Unless a meal spices a social element
It remains a morsel of drudgery
That deserves no worthy comment
Worse than a fabricated forgery.

Unless a relationship binds kindred souls
It remains a chunk of artifice
That can't score any great goals
Worthy of a French kiss.

Unless sacrifice nourishes love
It remains a plastic prospect
That sails into a cove
Where it earns no respect.

Unless life secures meaning
It remains a mere existence
Bereft of a winning
Mentality, persistence and perseverance.

John Sensele

Quicksand

So mad and deep
Has been my affection;
So kind and caring
Has been the connection
It came as a shock
To receive her rejection.

So vile and repugnant
Has the attitude grown
In recent months
It became known
She merely communicated
To squeeze a lucrative loan.

So bad and useless
Have mediation efforts turned
They burned bridges
And somewhat churned
Worst possible outcomes
Of little help to all concerned.

John Sensele

Quicksand Vicinity

Don't crucify the past, bless the past
To cast a net wide and amass a vast
Catch of love bream when your heart screams
In horror at inextricably locking yourself in reams
Where porcupine quills prick targets
That arrest love's journey to presets
God set in motion long ago for couples
For bound souls to enmesh not because of dimples
That adorn a face to hex unwary romantic electrons
That wander on orbitals of higgs boson particles attracting neurons
From a mind that wishes to bind when sentimental terrorists
Lay an ambush in a bush with no trysts, priests or florists
But cold hearted marble in a stable with fables that with no pity
Sears any hearts that dare to sneak into its vicinity.

John Sensele

Race To Bless

Race to place hopes beyond braces, faces and traces of confidence
Buoyed, deployed, enjoyed beyond the purview of human interaction
Experienced, sensed and commenced on the throe of rows of prudence
Embraced, stressed and buttressed in the wake of actual affection.

Race to place hopes beyond braces, faces and traces of solace
Sampled and stapled on the niche in which love weeps
For want of care in settings which lace and displace
Slots that tot hope in lots and plots in which love quips and equips.

Race to place hopes beyond braces, faces and traces of balance
Struck in a relationship in need of repair
Felt to melt in the face of vagaries of chance whose nonchalance
Peeks, sticks and kicks at opportunities to mend a tenderness tear.

Race to place hopes beyond braces, faces and traces of influence
Exerted and vetted to avert the skirt that scoffs at the palaver
Communities and coteries convene at the confluence
Of love and a glove that denies John the presence of his lover.

John Sensele

Racist Rhetoric

Black lives flatter

All lives matter

When a demagogue pits American against American

Shoving value and decency into a cantakerous can.

Black lives matter

No lives should a demagogue scatter

To revive sagging political fortunes

Singing from hymn sheets of racist tunes.

Black lives on police brutality platters

No lives should a demagogue fasten on covid posters

Side-stepping spiking numbers of covid cases

Politically correcting spiralling covid death aces and faces.

Black lives, sacrificial lambs

Black lives, not mere rhetoric iambs

A demagogue tweets with sanguine impunity

Pontificating on theories of egregious immunity.

Black lives salute American visionnaires

Who through protest brandish questionnaires

Divisive demagogues fail to complete

Preferring instead with cynical sectarians to eat.

John Sensele

Rackets Of Lies & Rockets Of Truth

Rackets, rockets and sprockets of lies in their sties fly fast
Treasures and pleasures of truth offer orphans wisdom to last
Choose to cruise in lies and perish
Cruise to groove in truth and prune proof to furnish.

Spies and sties of lies speed up blights, flights and sites of harm
Growth of truth enjoin teenagers to join joints where they stay calm
Dive in rivers of lies and land into Airport Perdition
Drive droves of truth and aggrandize erudition.

Weirs and tiers of lies blind blokes whom they hypnotize
Vats of verity and truth redeem recipients on planets where they pander to their
preferred prize
Fleas and freckles of lies flee when exposure lurks and irks in the background
Youth and truth unite to grow together in wisdom in every sound round.

Limitations of lies and imitations of truth run but can't hide
Tidbits meet and fit wits to boost blokes' pride in a right ride
Allies and lie spies rally but can't parry functions of sanctions
Tallies and rallies of truth trek troops to unalloyed unctions.

John Sensele

Radios And Videos

Tell inspirational stories, sell state-of-the-art oviducts
Hold on to vintage principles, withhold tales of despair
Frighten worry thoughts, strengthen tear ducts
When depression and suppression denigrate emotional repair.

Tell stories of space exploration, sell genuine industrial goods
Hold on to seminal norms, withhold defamation and libel
Frighten retardation thoughts, strengthen nutritional foods
When baby food packs and sacks bear a fake label.

Tell stories of a great past, sell condoms at church prices
Hold on to diplomatic ties, withhold policies of sanctions
Frighten war monger tactics, strengthen fights against systemic vices
When permissive philosophies overwhelm public presentations

Tell Aristotle, Plato and Socrates stories, sell music free of explicit lyrics
Hold on to table etiquette, withhold corruption and dysfunction videos
Frighten anti democracy proclivities, strengthen love for Physics
When a grim technology culture invades and pervades radios.

John Sensele

Rainy Nights

Rainy nights dampen my spirits
When lying on a sofa in the wee hours of the morning
I weep to death as you shower diamond treats
On concubines without for me a feeling.

Rainy nights make me cry
As the grapevine circulates stories of your escapades
With bimbos in town as to me you narrate lie
After lie in shameless fib parades.

Rainy nights test my faith
As hard earned family income into thin air vanishes
To titillate palates of blondes whose stealth
Wipe your credit card clean as you oblige all their fantasy wishes.

Rainy nights make me rue
The day I thought I met Mr Right
Only to realize I had no clue
I was stepping into a hornets' nest without a flashlight.

John Sensele

Rambles Of A Fractious Fumble

Don't break through open doors
If you should receive God's blessing
Lifting you up from floors
Where in haste and disobedience you could only sing

The blues
Wallowing in fantasies
With no clues
How to access ecstasies

God grants in the timetable
He implements for you and I
When we abandon the fable
In which we perpetuate the lie

We can forge ahead
In romance, marriage, education
Idolizing icons instead
Of consolidating the application

Scriptural tenets promote
To lead us during our pilgrimage
On Earth as we devote
Pride of space not to the image

We build in sin
But bending our knees in prayer
If we should win
Fortunes God pours into our lives layer upon layer

Beyond our wildest expectation
Every moment of God's choosing
As long as we denounce affectation
In circumstantial supplication in which we cut off boozing

Among other vices
Opting to follow Jesus Christ
Instead of clinging to sensational slices and rolling dubious dices
Playing the avarice avatar priest

Robbing the poor
Exploiting the vulnerable
Beating our chests in a cocksure
Display of the fractious fumble.

John Sensele

Rancid Bread

Stacks of piles of guile of a plastic smile
Can't spook, in a brook, an erudite mind
Propelled for miles on end on a pile
Inches high, inches wide in a grind
Primed to mislead, primed to bind
Sages to encrypted messages disguised as truce
Instruments but intended, at the core, to jeopardize peace
With intentions and machinations fed
On a sanctimonious diet delivered through a sluice
Alongside a morsel of biltong and scraps of rancid bread.

John Sensele

Rancid Regrets

Rancid regrets reveal
Expediency that fails to correct
Hurts inflicted on partners in a deal
That droves of dishonesty and deceit couldn't protect.

Rancid regrets amount to lip service
Injustice and iniquity
Heaped on victims whom our disservice
Lumbers with pain packets without pity in our sorrow city.

Rancid regrets seldom rectify
Situations sullied by our unfairness
When our intimate interaction we modify
To increase the gulf of sadness and unhappiness.

Rancid regrets for wrongs repeated
Several times in our lives
Turn away trust pitted
Against our deranged drives.

John Sensele

Ravenous Rats Capture Our Caverns

Ravenous rats in our lives
Determined to nibble the nipples
Stabbed by knives
Cutting tenuous triples in ripples

Undulating and ululating
In horror
At the humiliating and excruciating
Error and terror

Erstwhile partners and associates
Commit or omit
To implicate affiliates
Whose remit

Captures, raptures and sutures caverns
Embedded deep within bowels, dowels, towels, trowels and vowels of the Earth
Away from testing and truculent taverns
Where felt, unleashed wrath

Against ravages rodents wreak
In the calm we covet
Even when we struggle up the creek
And services of a vet

We seek, click and tweak
In our endeavor
To kick, tick and stick
Into the peace favour and flavor

Singled out as the linchpin
Enmeshed
In a twin pin whose sapience spin
Bashed, crushed, slashed and trashed

In burrows dug by ravenous rodents
Ferocious and noxious
Whose complicit correspondents
In spite of behavior fractious

Slump and succumb
To energies injected in the strategy
Ensuring ravenous rodents run numb
As triumphant emerge our deployed and employed energy and synergy.

John Sensele

Raymond's Riddle

Raymond slumped on his knees
Wondering why he should believe
Words of remorse can't assuage the pain of the brave bees
They dared to deceive

When their hearts spoke advice
Their brains choke on sums
They calculated would rid the palace of the vice
Inherent in drums of slums

Where bees on the rampage
Invaded the palace
Wreaking havoc at every stage and page
Until liars surrendered the necklace

Imbued with magic powers
Powers to cure
Powers to turn leaves into flowers
And powers to enslave puny pets to the lust lure.

John Sensele

Real Returns Rosier

The fear in my mind
Makes me blind and unkind
Lashing out and unleashing morbid moves
That drive me and grieve me into gangrenous grooves.

If fear in mind I don't conquer
Cheating myself peace lies in my unkind anchor
Trouble aplenty for me I sow
Much more than I'll ever know.

Unless mellow means I devise
And problem solving techniques I revise
I'm heading headlong for doom
Plunging my cocoon deeper and deeper into grievous gloom.

Ain't it easy for me to change
No matter how much humble pie tastes strange
If bigger benefits in the end I reap
As long as pesky problems away from me they creep.

Bringing to my comfort zone real returns
Which replenish to fullness my urns
As long term returns grow rosier
While my comfort zone grows cosier.

John Sensele

Reality Check

Reality check lands in your comfort zone when out of the blues
Steam in your career development evaporates
Students on sound grounds feel their assignments lose
Marks because of your concubines ' threats.

Reality check hits you between your eyes
When your long suffering partner points out the folly
In your pursuit for concubines cries
For a sudden halt if you're to win the respect of your daughter, Molly.

Reality check sneaks into your home
When grandsons no longer hold you in awe
As you stumble in with a concubine 's comb
Stuck in your kinky hair in tow.

Reality check flies in your face
When church elders, colleagues and counselors
Feel you ought to create time and space
To rejig friendships you've forged with philandering bachelors.

Reality check lands a fly in your soup
When your favorite EPL team suffers three defeats in a row
After you've invested in one swoop
Zillions of quid in sterling strikers for victories to grow.

Reality check jumps on your back
When weeks, days, minutes and seconds
Invested in booze, dissipation and a pack
Teeming with insolence crack a whip made from plantain fronds.

Reality check queers your popularity
Plummets and citizens feel your squadron of presidential jets
In an economy reeling under low prices which your national export commodity
Fetches low prices despite your vulture fund bets and whining debates.

Reality check hits your family
When your offspring dislike school and play pool
Twenty four seven and rate your advice silly
Because you ain't cool.

Reality check shocks your sensitivity
When a street kid strangles an urchin
Over a penny a good Samaritan whose generosity
Doles out as he strokes the street kid's emaciated chin.

Reality check hits a pinnacle
When politicians surrender their dignity
To hoodlums who pray for a miracle
For their benefactors to pit incivility, individuality against reality.

Reality check sweeps by
When the angel of your romantic dreams
Falls flat on her face and grunts a sigh
Teeming with arrogance as she unleashes invective streams.

John Sensele

Reality Residues

Hearts of lovebirds in tune
Beating as one in the joys of June
With much love to share
With supple sadness to repair.

Brains of nerds in full bloom
Advising lovebirds to beware of gloom
Love in its wake delivers
When a heartache quivers.

Moments and quality time lovebirds experience
Consigning to history dustbins a platonic love fence
Predicting bliss doesn't last forever
Although lovebirds to restrictions say never.

Better to have sampled love delights
Despite the reduction in the excitement lights
Love eventually goes through
Although intentions make couples blue.

John Sensele

Reality's Mind

Stamina and countenance stormed a mind
Sapped of energy and swept in a sombre sense
Where loss dwelt when frustration and misery
In their quest to inflict pain and torment
On souls bathed by love and passion
Dreaded footsteps prompted by time's turn to claim rent.

To enjoy accommodation, tenants paid rent
On time to Time, the landlord, whose mind
Driven by greed and envy, loathed passion,
Compassion, empathy although its sense
Of fair play delighted in the torment
Time inflicted on souls with abnormal payloads of misery.

Forlorn and torn in heaps of misery
Souls rebelled, revolted and boycotted rent
Charges despite rising seas of torment
Launched from Cape Canaveral to mind
The Interpersonal Sentimental Station to sense
Depths, lengths and breadths of utopian passion.

Tectonic, automatic and instamatic passion
Counted for little against the background in which misery
Weighed heavily on souls whose balance sense
Spun out of control when due rent
Vented wrath on a Lilliputian mind
Which unleashed a plethora of Gargantuan torment.

Like somnambulists, aching souls bore the brunt of torment
Badly, swearing and cursing at will when driven by passion
They went ballistic and didn't mind
Which detractors and sadists catalysed misery
In the pretext of claiming rent
And underlying assumptions making no sense.

Betrayed by circumstances, souls shunted aside common sense
Preferring instead to thwart torment
That surcharged and overcharged rent
Within the context of heated passion

Plunged to low ebbs of misery
That, in the end, pulverised reality's mind.

Nonsense and common sense deflected arrows of passion
From the bull's eye when torment came calling in the wake of misery
Arising from rent charges to sanitise reality's blind mind.

John Sensele

Reap A Tenfold Reward

Restless rebels, kneel down and know your God
Clean up your act, reap a reward tenfold.

John Sensele

Rear View Mirror

Leave me alone, Excuses
So I can crack
The pack of lies
To get my life back on track
And tack, once for all,
The knack to hack your snack.□

Excuses blind me
As they steal my sight
To light injustices
That I can hardly fight
Without losing flight height
And inhaling more blight.

Excuses claim I'm wrong
Because I reject the lie
They claim is a virtue
Although it cheats a guy
And leaves him in anguish
To sigh, cry, fry, try and die in the sty.

John Sensele

Reason Refuses To Budge

In the cavern
Insanities burn
Frying fragments
Frolicking in undergarments

Where madness threatens to wreak havoc
In pacific spaces where lunacy I invoke
Shunting every avenue of reason
As faculty powers I imprison

In cells where Hell's bells ring
As Lucifer and team dangle the string
Floating before my thirsty eyes
Tonnes and tonnes of poisoned pies

Reason turns down
Her head arising from the eiderdown
Pronouncing 'No'
To bullies she refuses to know.

John Sensele

Reassess Treasure Tactics

Dwell not on self pity
Dwell on self worth in the city
Though meagre living you eke out
Penury no reason to germinate doubt.

Within you roam seeds of progress
Allow not challenges to make you regress
Not matter a plethora of potholes
Striving every second to deepen hunger holes.

Begging culture don't promote
Success doesn't thrive by remote
Seize your bulls by the horns
Success doesn't accompany he who forever whinges and mourns.

Mine creativity from your rich reserves
Which metamorphose beyond the affluent preserves
You hardly conceive you possess
Unless your treasure tactics you seriously reassess.

John Sensele

Recompenses And Rebukes

Life mocks midgets
Bringing forth their mediocrity
Straffing their jocund jets
Denying them the celerity of celebrity.

Life lampoons buffoons
Cutting their pride to size
Bursting banks of typhoons
Snatching from their talons its prize.

Life rewards diligence
Spurring on synergy
Nourishing and polishing intelligence
Availing more emotional energy.

Life licks humility
Hoisting her flag on a pedestal
Energizing fidelity and credibility
Squeezing braggarts into a stuffy stall.

Life kicks cynicism
Blesses faith
Curses verses of nepotism
Edifying and magnifying her bliss breath.

Life chides childishness
Shrinking impertinence and insolence
Eradicating foolishness
Purifying ingots of incontinence and insolence.

Life qualifies and quantifies quality
Rehearsing reams of reconciliation
Upholding ductility and malleability
Synergizing cells and tissues of conciliation.

Life adapts to circumstances
Balancing her acts
Civilizing glances of peace in all her stances
Elevating figurines teeming with facts.

John Sensele

Reconfigure Your Magic Lath

Chances and choices to grow
Chances and choices to taste
Chances and choices to blow and throw
Chances and choices to invest or waste

Same chances for Tom and John
Same chances for Mary and Martha
Same chances for June and Jane
Same chances for Betty and Bertha

No rivers of tears to cry
If chances you squander
No matter how much you try
To console your blunder at the sound of thunder

Tearing your overcast sky
Unless in your life you inject order
To jettison the blue lie
That denies the hand you play in the disorder

For which by design you crave
To reap the whirlwind you sow
Pretending your paper tiger grows brave
When it self inflicts low

Blows all the while dreaming repeating the same discredited methods
Yields better outcomes
Despite playing new music on dissonant cords
Assuming oversize claims

Fate disavows
Unless you rejig and reconfigure the path
To success which crows
Steps to reengineer your magic lath.

John Sensele

Redefined, Refined And Streamlined Love

We entwine in a season of hope
Cavorting in the bliss we harvest
When with beats of our hearts we grope

Into the future in which we invest
Telepathy, empathy and sympathy we feel
When fibers describe ceilings in our souls we vest

Our best shot into the love
We culture and nurture into an art
Flying our feelings on wings of the dove

Where you and I grow sentiment smart
For each other caring and daring to better bind
Loving better in the new chapter we chart

As your heart and mine in love grow more refined
Ensuring the love we feel grows more streamlined.

John Sensele

Redemption Reward

Goodness guides grace to the doorstep
Where kindness and meekness reign supreme
Ensuring the pure in heart hovering in step
With God's grace stake their main claim

To being written in the book of life
Where in gilt letters their name
Swims in Heaven with no further strife
In eternal life denuded of further blame

In the wake of the purification pilgrimage
Undertaken day in, day out every which way
They planned, thought, acted to reflect the image
God cast them in as they strove away

From a life of dysfunction and dissipation
In anticipation for their redemption reward
That dwarfs Oscars and Grammys and standing ovation
Received and awarded whether they acted toward or untoward.

John Sensele

Redemptive Love

Redemptive love nourishes
Redemptive love heals
Redemptive love embellishes
Redemptive love empathy and sympathy feels

Under provocation, redemptive love forgives
Preferring to shield from harm
Redemptive love sublime peace gives
Redemptive love showers calm

When raging storms all around wreak untold havoc
Scattering to the wind established comfort zones
A boat of peace, Redemptive love doesn't rock
Singing tunes and melodies in soothing tones

In homes, on buses, on planes, in ships
When hearts on fire cry out
For succor as distress tears apart friendships
Assailed at short notice by clouds of doubt

Which redemptive love puts to rest
Enjoining hearts to dig from deep within
From reserves that when activated cure the unrest
To leave a romance war front clean and free of pesky din.

John Sensele

Redoubtable Reality

A love triangle
Thrives on deceit
Spurring and storing an avuncular angle
Whose conclusion renders a disrespect receipt.

One and one make two
The perfect relationship
Built beautifully on cue
To relate partners on a shimmery ship.

A third heart
Steals warmth and sows trouble
Setting a couple on a doubt dart
That adds sorrow on the double.

No guarantee a relationship breaker
Injects happiness
Where opportunism characterizes the relationship wrecker
Who succeeds only in unfolding untold misery and unhappiness.

A cheater deludes herself
Greener grass thrives in the lie
She lives rubbing salt into a self
Driving at high speed into a sorrow sty gone awry.

Self delusion no good
For any couple
Regardless of the meandering mood
That can't render the relationship more supple.

John Sensele

Reflections On Actions & Reactions

If I could rewrite slivers of my life I would
Insist on my grandsons, their sun and fun being on my list
Where priorities in diverse varieties in mood
Tone, spirit and letter would shred any sorrow cyst.

If I could spend the rest of my life vending
Amending, attending to the poor and mending fences
Each morning, each evening, I'd gladly insist on appending
Signatures on ligatures and literatures that obliterate offences.

If I could stray in the path of radiant rays of emancipation
That frees mental slaves from trees of bigotry
Driven by the dozen in denizens of annihilation
I'd willingly strive to energise and fraternize fairness and frankness symmetry.

If I could decide with pride presidential election processes
I'd weed out reeds of intransigence and feeds of false news tweets
From social media where malice and avarice stresses
Lumped on a nation with no supplication and sublimation sweets.

John Sensele

Regal Rendezvous Race For Love

Love with an honest heart
Grant love the best part
Above all, give love a head start.

Don't pour love into a pesky pot
Dare to give live love your best shot
Don't let love die or cry in a conundrum cot.

Give love pride of place
Confer on love your generous grace
Love conquers loathing in a regal rendezvous race.

Nature, nurture and nudge love
Let love fly on wings of white dove
Enable love to fly left, right, below and above.

Let love cure your emotional ills
On love don't lumber boisterous bills
Incurred in doubtful and distressful deals.

Love, more than an ebullient emotion
Love, far superior than ambient attraction
Love, more meaningful than induced infatuation.

Money
Honey
Pale into insignificance in the face of love. Baloney!

John Sensele

Reggae Ambassador To The Rescue

Walk and talk affection
In conducive tones
That fertilise attention
To concerns affecting real folks and their comfort zones

Where each critical move you make
Adds to their happiness in tough times
As for them you bake a friendship cake
To improve climes

In which they operate
Daily
As support and back up you generate
Weekly and monthly

When they feel low
As life circumstances conspire
To deal them a huge blow
That deflates their confidence tyre to retire

Their self confidence
Which sometimes oscillates
In a distorted cadence at a glance
That vacillates

Between positive and negative
Vibes
Sometimes exclusive and punitive
When scribes

Predict their imminent downfall
As life's clock chimes
To call
For the removal of mimes

Folks can't lip read
Without expertise
In decoding the love creed
Whose consultation fees

Folks can't afford
Cos no price is high enough
To convert the discord encountered into a promising accord
Between the meek and the tough

Until a Reggae ambassador intervenes
To iron out pesky issues
By using Reggae means
So no affected party in a court of law the other sues.

John Sensele

Reggae Bug

The Bug of Reggae music bit me in nineteen sixteen nine
Infecting me with a perception that spun my tinted lenses three hundred and
sixty degrees
Jimmy Cliff who stormed the Reggae scene at the age of fourteen made it fine
Then came along Dennis Brown, Peter Tosh, Bunny Wailer and the Ithrees.

The Bug of Reggae bit my curiosity when Bob Nesta Marley
Preached one love, enjoining me to realize "No Woman, No cry"
As Bob Marley graced the independence of Zimbabwe near my valley
Of course, Jimmy Cliff nudges me to try and try

Till I succeed at last in a philosophy of stress free
World which I ought to join people of goodwill to remake the world
To prevent the rip-off man from dropping off the exploitation tree
To steal children's bread. Treat youths right and give them a chance to be heard.

The harder rip-off men try, the harder rip-off men fall
Sings Jimmy Cliff who feels he'd rather be in his grave
Than entertain exploitation at a glitzy shopping mall
Or live as a puppet or a slave or a knave.

Reggae entertains, Reggae sanitises, Reggae purifies
Thought processes, nought stresses, and wrought messes
Anointing the best gift that lie deep within a conscience that defies
Facile complacency and dissing smiling faces.

John Sensele

Registered Nurses

Nurses

Thermometer, sphygmomanometer, stethoscope

Diagnosis, antibiotics, prescription, ward

Therapy

John Sensele

Regrets

Sorry my sweet sister,
I ditched my duty
And trusted trickster
To brandish my booty.

Sorry, sister, I sacrificed children;
Sorry, I left a lighted candle
Inside your igloo when
Hazard children couldn't handle.

Stupidity spanked my better
Judgment and juggled my base urge;
Sorry I caused the callous matter
That family now needs to purge.

Would I blame a hormone
For my rash decision
To rush for testosterone
And invite derision?

Fire axed children to ashes
Because I trekked to my tryst
And ignored the blushes
Now caused by a beast.

John Sensele

Regrets And Secrets Fret

Lies told from a broad, bold base
Strain and constrain relationships
Painting impressions that cannot embrace
Confidence in frayed friendships

Lies can't leapfrog
Despite webs of subterfuge
Digital or analog
Concocted in a deluge

Flooding platforms
Hitherto serene
Grown stale when sullied storms
Gather momentum to clean

Fragments of laments
Swimming in rivers of regrets
Sealed in hearts and garments
That break free of sleazy secrets.

John Sensele

Reign Of Error

Stupor, lumber and error deign
To interrogate the vigour and rigour
Inherent in adherents of truths that reign
Supreme in sublime conditions which clamour
For high stakes stacked in high standards
Set in every scenario of actions and reactions
With consequences of sequences undertaken through bards
Whose ditties for cuties with utility fractions
Reduce spruces to worthless lowest terms
That defy logic, simplify magic and mortify the public
Who assume neural factors measure several therms
On centigrade and Fahrenheit physique
Scales bent out of shape on the nape of indignity
Futility and insensibility driven to extremes by vanity.

John Sensele

Reigns Of Futility And Depravity

I defy the irascibility of gravity
I nullify the irritability of depravity
When pins of the world spin from right to wrong
And the pendulum of credit swings to vagaries of the strong

Who by virtue of sour hours of their power
Twist figure and fact to snatch scents of the flower
The masses demand in gears of governance
That balances fears of reprimand and tears of sustenance

When the weir of accountability slides
Down the priority and superiority glides
To which cure of the poor object
In manipulated lures of the project

The greedy in tragedy conceive
To ensure malleable masses they deceive
In ductility, futility, humility and reality
To cosset reigns of unaccountability, incivility and sterility.

John Sensele

Reinventing The Wheel

In confines of my mind thinking
My bosom shook with anger
The more I felt a dagger
Slide from a sheath refusing
To sneak into my back, blood oozing.

Loose lips, on their part, sweet-talking
Emboldened my resolve
Cos every tiff I knew I could solve
Given that spoils lay there for the taking
If I kept believing in my undertaking.

Crazy if bootlickers dreamt stalking
Could swing the pendulum in their favour
Imagining victory sprang from their fantasy flavor
Doubts doubling, controversies materializing
Speculation, fabrication and manipulation aggrandizing.

John Sensele

Rekindle Rare Reconstructions

Rekindle hope in hearts
Driven to the brink of despair
By a heartbreak that smarts
In love lilt that don't play fair.

Rekindle the will to live
In widows, orphans and the lonely
To whom unstintingly you give
A reason to go on handsomely.

Rekindle marriages that shake
In the wake of minor irritations
That frustrations and misunderstanding bake
To build mountains out of wild imaginations.

Rekindle the zeal to pass examinations
In students whose willingness to revise
Notes, assignments and formulas stumble at junctions
Where they see no incentives of any size.

John Sensele

Rekindle Your Love Spindle

Work overtime to keep your love alive
When flames flicker
And feelings strive to dive
To drive your love weaker

By dint of neglect
You slowly indulge as less and less care
You offer when you select
Attitudes that in full glare

Betray paucity of empathy
Seen in indifference, sulk and insolence in silence
Through dearth which sympathy
Suffers in reference and preference

For times spent away from the apple of your eye
On whom no quality time you lavish
As her sky
Stumbles cos your wish

Deletes the special place in your heart
Once guaranteed, now in tatters
As in a series of tiny steps you start
To ascribe more significance to matters

In which the apple of your eye features less and less
Until by dint of persistence
A wall of silence and resentment tinged with careless
Abandon throws and grows a distance

Between you and the love you did cherish
In slow gradations it begins to wither
If you initiate no tangible steps to nourish
The love as you dither

Knowing not what
Or why your love cries
As love caught
Up in crises dies

When oxygen no longer fans flames
Essential to rekindle
Enzymes. Claims and blames unleashed on hapless dames
Won't repair your love spindle

Until you spring into action
To seize the bull by its horns
To return to her satisfactions
Beyond remote phones, risible tones and crank clones.

John Sensele

Relationships

Ribbons of emotions bind people to one another,
Every human heart seeks other people,
Love is powered by dopamine, norepinephrine and serotonin,
Attachment, attraction and lust affect people in varying degrees,
The effect of love chemicals is to suppress reason when people fall in love.
Indeed, folks actively seek relationships,
Overtly or covertly to meet social needs.
Natural needs attract people to one another in diverse ways,
Socialisation teaches children to participate in relationships,
Happiness and unhappiness flow from interaction within societies,
Increases of love chemicals observed during sophisticated brain scans,
Passionate love together with companionate love and sexual desire drive
gregarious agenda,
Search for human warmth is inborn.

John Sensele

Remain Resolute When Roses Writhe

Remain resolute when a crowd connives
To heap on you sorrow
Sticking into your back knives
Yesterday, today and tomorrow as breathing space you beg or borrow.

Remain resolute when the sun shines
To heap on you warmth
As on your person sorrow danger defines
Alongside alleys of your worrisome wrath.

Remain resolute when frustration flowers
To heap on you worries
As your mind from danger cowers
To delete event entries from your diaries.

Remain resolute when the unexpected hangs high
To heap on you uncertainty
As frail feelings and fantasies fly
In the absence of a sense of certainty.

Remain resolute when earthquakes explode
To heap on you chaos
As thoughts in your mind implode
In Kitwe, Casablanca, Lagos and in Laos.

Remain resolute when whims wander
To heap on you disorder
As time and temper you squander
In the midst of a disparate disorder.

Remain resolute when changes chill
To heap on you a huge bill
As hope and holy habitude you kill
To enable phantoms your peace of mind to steal.

Remain resolute when traitors tango
To heap on you a heartbreak
As loose threads in your life tangle
At sunset, at noon at daybreak.

Remain resolute when roses writhe
To heap on you pain
As anger and angst in you seethe
In a snowstorm, in sunshine and in rain in a plain.

John Sensele

Remain Robust

Remain secure, sane and steadfast
When values, beliefs and attitudes collapse
In your environment where you feel aghast
At uncertainties undulating to drift into a lassitude lapse.

Ride above the lure of a fad
Evaporating effort and energy from the greater good
That accrues when you enable the listless lad
To snap out of a macabre mood for being misunderstood.

Rise above seeking puny populism
At the expense of upholding the verity value
You risk sinking into cronyism and egotism
If you relegate better options to the end of the credibility queue.

Spin your sapience to invigorate insights
Into improving the quality of dignity
Enjoyed in lives seeking salvation sites
That hitherto jump and slump into impropriety and inanity.

Slow down when values vacillate
Threatening fabrics of traditional tenets
Creating opportunities for norms and mores to oscillate
Between validation and innovation if society flies into nebulous nets.

Roast risible ruminations
Creeping to kill values held dear
In your society despite machinations
To inject into civility the tremor of a tear and fecund fear.

John Sensele

Remember Red Roses

Forget me not when you ascend to the apex
Where oxygen grows thinner
To the extent when you begin to vex
Associates, acquaintances and friends with whom you chopped dinner.

Forget me not when your bank account swells to the brim
Attracting a swarm of parasites
Who care little about the vim
That propels you to loftier sites.

Forget me not when hangers-on cloud your vision
Ensuring you glance inwards
As they secure the profusion
Of dogmas devoid of right rewards.

Forget me not when social mobility catapults you to the top
Where somehow you build new alliances
Swerving on a slippery slope with little hope
To circumvent circuitous circumstances with dwindling bank balances.

John Sensele

Remember When

In your frustration in a pesky situation, strike a balance
Between chats with her that kept you sane on Facebook
When matters seem to unravel and her dance stance in every stolen glance
Through whispered soft, sweet nothings withdrew you from a dark hook.

In your dark moments, remember when her laughter in your stern matter
Unseen on Facebook but deeply felt with every sinew in your person
Came as a breath of fresh air as she helped you to unclutter
Excess baggage you carried all along, she taught you an invaluable compatibility
lesson.

In moments when you teetered on the periphery of destruction
Remember when she held your shaking destiny in her loving arms
Wiped off your tears, rearranged your life without question
Loved you with all the love she could muster on behalf of loving moms.

Remember when in her frail moments you held a trump
Card as fate entwined your beating hearts
Your dreaming tarts, your longing arts, your feeling smarts when on a ramp
You dared to say you loved her and that you both needed fresh starts.

John Sensele

Repartee

Cuddle my heart
Ameliorate my amorous art
Then from love draw your part.

Why should I care
If love you can't spare
To selfishness I shout 'beware'.

Time after time
I grind away credibility crime
To keep from heart your sentimentality slime.

Befuddle blues
Shout honesty hues
Grant my heart cosy clues.

If you mean well
Endeavour your love to spell
Call me Belle or fly to Hell.

John Sensele

Repulsion Remedy

If my heart turns to stone
I'd be left alone
Whinging in the discarded zone.

If venom pervades my character
I'd become a distractor
Amassing baloney clutter.

If radiance beams from my smiles
I'd fraternize, familiarize and frolick for miles and miles
Attracting adults, children in friendship files.

If frowns I adorn
I'd reap torn tribute and scorn
Transmuting into a utopian unicorn.

If love I share
I'd share empathy, sympathy and care
Growing no worse for wear.

If offence I scatter
In limpid lives, I wouldn't matter
Whether I grow skinnier or fatter

In mind
In kind
Or grow so blind, no one wishes to me bind.

John Sensele

Reset Actions And Precautions

Whinging utterly pointless, act
To change the perception you project
Cursing utterly uncouth, exercise tact with the contact
Whom you desire to reject with the respect

They least expect even when they suspect
Their exploitative tendencies piss
You off big time as you ought to protect
The best asset you own even if you don't diss

Repellent contacts from whom you gain
Pain and strain as they pursue self serving agenda
But claim they'd do their level best to regain
The trust you once offered despite their utter disregard of the gender

Balance which in the new millennium
Projects fairness and awareness
Of the high premium
Socialites put on the happiness

Parties to a social contract deserve
In the way they die for each other
Sacrificing without reserve
Ensuring on each other they lump no sea of bother.

John Sensele

Reset Relationships

Life on Earth is a mirage

I thought would escape the rage

At the betrayal daily I feel

When searing sorrow can't heal

No matter the remedy I try

Whether poking noses cry

Tears I dislike to see

When convenience cavorts in the glee

Soaring on faces I long to avoid

As scenarios amount to a void

In the morning plastic smiles they wear

In a travesty they claim brandishes levels of care

Absent from arrows and daggers

They sink into my back that staggers

Oscillating right and left

Blister blows bashing my chin cleft from the trust theft

Triggering a flood of questions

To vie for reasons as to motivations

Propelling hearts of rock

To don the frigid frock

In once dreamt doled out swathes of bliss
Until it dawned on me in flatulent fleece
I can no longer repose my trust
Unless my cognitive ability cleaved the rust
Roving all over the iron
Where future undertakings metamorphose into an unstable ion
Blast into a optimal orbit
Demanding and commanding bliss in every blessed bit
I believe precedes every move henceforth I make
From now onwards to avert death in a lampoon lake
Where he who laughs last
Laughs the most in a comfort cast
Delivering limpid love
In every slice of relationship I contrive to have
Thereby preventing mental health from emerging
In sinews clearly surging
When the brain takes over
For my heart to trust a three leaved clover
Swimming nearby
In the trusted lullaby.

Restless

Would I better off
Without a necklace
Being reckless
Being faceless
Being careless
Being merciless
Being feckless
Being a waitress
Being a tigress
Being a seamstress
Sleeping on a mattress
Choosing to buttress
My most useless
Thoughts on ice
Where I kiss
A mistress
Without belittling a songstress
Whose views folks suppress
Until the mass
Media argue ladies misogynists oppress.
Wouldn't it be better if men could caress
Women instead of putting a stress
On how they dress
Or sometimes mess
Up when they address
Issues spinning dice
Or crying foul on the dais
Whose height and price
Just slice
Ramparts were lice
And traders of rice
Peddlers of spice
Can no longer suffice
In the war on the slice
Of a market smugglers keep on ice twice or thrice.

John Sensele

Restrain Ribald Rounds

In all you do, abide by God's wishes
Surrender not to despair
Worship not dishes of fetishes
Although life sometimes doesn't play fair.

In all you do, think thrice
Surrender not to prurient pleasures
Stand firm for your principles to pay a pesky price
Although life on you dishes droll demands and monster measures.

In all you do, focus on the purpose
God embedded in your person
Surrender not to a salacious circus
Although life lumbers on you a listless lesson.

In all you do, nip in the bud the notorious nature
In which temptation comes
To blight and slight the future
That belongs to you as associates and friends for you pray in their homes.

John Sensele

Restrategize With Neither Fear Nor Tear

Current station in life no final destination
To sway and slay
The bright future which procrastination
Serves to waylay and delay

If temporary setbacks your vision should blur
In times of reverses
Attitudes should slur
In occult verses

Couched in perceptions
Marred by short termism
Buoyed by misconceptions
As to benefits of long termism bereft of determinism

Wild
Churlish
Riled
Childish

Pick yourself up from the seat of your pants
Dust off cobwebs
Emulating diligent ants
Which no adversity from their mission disturbs

Go back to your drawing board
To recast, re-evaluate your strategy
Without plunging overboard
Impairing and invalidating the synergy

That your desired outcomes requires
To advance your cause
As tired strategy retires
To repose and juxtapose

Sterling searches and researches into success
Held in your heart so dear
As your desired plans access
Best laid plans without any fear or tear.

John Sensele

Retention Of Eternity

Beat a retreat, meet a threat
Elect to reject debt, command respect, butt a cult
Worship wonders, dare not to break a sweat
As you greet visitors and love depositors with no tumult.

Quit hitting heads against broken beds
Fit wits into seats with sweet beats
Warn against storms raging against aging sheds
As you break your last fast and unbundle tweets.

Hint at lints and mints that glint
Hasten to fasten fissile materials with serial
Numbers lumbered with a sombre squint
As your eyes die to spend sacks of bucks on a boisterous burial.

Walk tall, don't fall down, wriggle giggling balls
Winging about hinges that singe serenity
Wander about valleys and volleys of wonders, curtail phone calls
As your attention in detention seeks the retention of fraternity.

John Sensele

Retribution Ain't No Contribution

Cycles of life harm and happiness circulate in a hoop
Where every dribble ain't no scoop
To boost an egregious ego
Unless injustice and malice you forgo

Or else karma to you returns the injustice
You dished out in your Summer Solstice
Believing karma went to sleep
When injustice consequence made you weep

For streams of wrongs done
For the abuse and misuse of the gun
You unleash like fetid fish on the messenger
Who under fire aspires to be no challenger

Misunderstood for good
In the noxious neighbourhood
Where a premium price you would pay
If you forget every dog has his day.

John Sensele

Reverse And Revulse Not

Relent not, relinquish not, retreat not
When clouds gather, gargantuan gorges multiply
Fears grow, tears travel hot
Cos providence provides graces, blessings and favours in a ceaseless supply.

Relent not, rebel not, repel not
When odds stack up against you in dysfunction
Weaknesses whip strengths into a drowsy dot
Cos providence stirs up in you forces of benediction and protection.

Relent not, regret not, revulse not
When on your horizon failure flies forth
Weariness weighs you low in action and thought
Cos providence whacks sacks of defeat into mere froth.

Relent not, recycle not, reverse not
When ferocity forces your efforts combat
In planning, thinking, acting and in their mote
Cos providence tenderizes and tames a terrible tit for tat.

John Sensele

Revitalize & Rejuvenate Regeneration

Drivel and dribble lives sometimes derange
Pain and strain at times swim within range
No reason in any season life to imprison
No matter the dose, cause and pause of treason.

Drivel and drizzle lives sometimes sizzle
Distress and stress at times fizzle
No reason in any season life to seclude
No matter the strength and length strains include.

Drivel and dream lives sometimes swim
Disillusion and delusion at times up they team
No reason in any season progress to curtail
No matter how many times detractors and subtractors your life they assail.

Drivel and drift lives sometimes sift
Discouragement and deferment at times rift
No reason in any season life to sacrifice
No matter the level you pay as a prayer price.

John Sensele

Ribald Restrictions

Take time to tame anger
That soaks your spirits and choke your throat
Parched because it no longer
Can put up with a conman's coat

In whose pockets ponder rockets
Prime to fly lies
That no longer can linger in buckets
That ply their trade in skies

Whose blue hue glues red
Signals to regulate traffic between your soft centre
Gone crimson without any shred
Of evidence to canter

Disappointment to a sentimental sage
Whose skills in salvage operations
Surpass slices of sorrow in an age
When rage on a Facebook page succumb to ribald restrictions.

John Sensele

Ribald Rights

Don't let petty squabbles suture your future
Don't choose to lose your way and cruise astray
Cos a black dress bludgeons her Cumberland culture
With a stratagem that claims to pray and spray a hope ray.

Don't dilute doubts with no clout that pout
Don't promote promiscuity despite its popularity
Cos a micro dress in distress chooses to shout
As an act of assumed seniority in a Spartan sorority.

Don't commend demented karaokes in your tragic town
Don't condemn pardons called into question by pests
Cos nudity and crudity caress a corny clown
To modify standards mooted and hooted in the midst of charming chests.

Don't stoop into loops of deviant dangers
Don't fight the plight of heights of delights
Cos a damsel in a tinsel headdress hobnobs with rude rangers
To embrace the stress on a ludicrous routine with ribald rights.

John Sensele

Ride, Red Rose, Ride

Red Rose, you rock
In flesh and in the creche
Where reality recognizes beyond the feminine frock
That keeps you fresh

In every sight I bite
Whenever eyes tie
In a sentimental space and in a tight
Tryst where hearts can't lie

Despite strictures
We navigate with every breath
We take with or without love ligatures
In which we entertain sane stealth

When my eyes steal the sight of limpid lips
I long to osculate
In private and in a corner that equips
Feelings with feelings of late

Urging hearts in each other's fondness to fly
Warming up
Feelings that do not lie
For the limpid love in the caprice cup

We can't afford to ignore
Cos love tastes true
We can no longer say no
If we shouldn't rue

Opportunities to sample
Songs sentiments sing
In both our hearts as ample
Amourous amelioration dictates no needless surprises we should spring.

John Sensele

Right Strokes, Wrong Strokes

Friends like anchors sustain
Threats like thorns hurt
Feelings like embers burn
Mouths like drivel drums trivia blurt
Brains like computers quadrillions of data process
Shocks like boulders break
Drugs like obsessions depress or stress
Ill conceived plans like poison wreck
Toxic relationships like neck millstones kill
Divine inspired decisions like magic wands work
Prayers like modern medicines heal
Cantankerous company like bile turns you into a jerk
Loving like a tender tonic performs
Hating like self immolation corrodes
Wide reading like machine learning informs
Most of all, a vivid vision opens a zillion roads
Think, plan and act right
Under no circumstances cut corners
Under God's guidance sail alright
And God upon you showers heaps of honours.

John Sensele

Right Words In The Right Order

English I speak with a tick
Literature I lick with a click
In blockbusters, novels, short stories and poems I read
For pleasure, leisure and concepts I inject into my cognitive creed.

Right words in the right order I imbibe
Phrases and structures I prescribe and in my brain inscribe
To enlarge and enhance my mastery of the English language
Enrich the reach I elongate in my morphological, phonological, semantic, and the syntactic baggage

I devour per hour from every literature flower
I invest in the diction power
I earn when from Dorothy Parker
I gather a line of poetry to set a new marker

I contrast with the creativity I gather from Sylvia Plath
In spite of her daddy's digression which interrogates the path
I pursue with vigour in a flair flower
To explore the maze of poetry rigour

Wondering why I hobnob with Longfellow Henry Wordsworth
When early in my life I befriended William Wordsworth
With whom I sauntered on Westminster Bridge
To extricate my English from a robust Roman ridge.

John Sensele

Risible Rationalization

Covid crippled complacency
Calling for deeper human decency
To build back greener
Making thought processes better and cleaner

As unity we don't undermine
When greater diversity we mine
To prevent the onslaught of isolationism
Fed and made worse by parochialism

Cyclopes develop and envelop
In egregious efforts that elope
With fragmented trade
And its regimented grade

We scoop in haughty hoop
Dancing in a loop
Where division races to the front
And collaboration dies upfront

On altars of protectionism
Where the pandemic feeding on our schism
Whips to death humankind
Cos leaders have grown more unkind

Their focus gripped by the rearview mirror
In which they summersault in error
Firmly believing they reform the world health organization
When in reality they feed risible rationalization.

John Sensele

Risible Relationships

Cut off from your inner circle
Any kind of mind that feels too indispensable
To bend to exigencies of the pedal
Of life's voices and choices that refuse to be sensible.

Life's too important to accommodate
Poison and any toxic relationship
Whose contributions dish out worthlessness on a plate
Fit to sail on a rubbish ship.

Relationships ought to nourish souls
To whom they attach a latch
Of value, glue of love and worthwhile goals
That offer hope and point the way to a forward march.

Relationships that impoverish acquaintances
Deserve severing and dumping into deep recesses
Of forgotten memories in far away distances
Where they stew in their poverty surfaces and tie indigence laces.

John Sensele

Risible Roles

If you follow your hollow heart to borrow
Comfort in an effort to report readiness
To enter the centre and mantle tomorrow
Assure assembled hermits happiness

Flees fleas which won't please
Geese, gander and gorgeous girls
Giggling, galumphing at ease
Because bundles of curls

Your heavy hands won't handle
Now or in the near future
That contrives casually to cuddle
Misery, usury as a culture

Steeped in beeps and snips
That drill holes and thrill poles
And pump pimples and pips
For whom no one has defined risible roles.

John Sensele

Risk Averse Illusions & Delusions

Being risk averse cossets complacency
Entertains the illusion of safety and comfort
While throwing your future to the mercy
Of vagaries of uncertainty in your fort.

Being risk averse shuts doors
To vistas and windows of opportunity
Sprawls your future onto regression floors
Where you become prey to uncertainty.

Being risk averse embraces a strategy
That wallows in illusions and delusions
That you're transmuting into a prodigy
With neither guarantees nor cogent reasons.

Being risk averse hobnobs with the fallacy
That solutions to pressing issues
Somehow emerge from the obduracy
That progress from inaction ensues.

John Sensele

Rivers & Levers

Pick up a gauntlet, draw a line in the sand
Smile if you can, with good grin shake a hand
Outstretched to welcome you into a planet
Where friendship fiends navigate the YouTube craze in a daze on the Internet.

Pick up mantles of forgiveness, ride away indifference
Lead not a life of ostentatious affluence
But embrace orphans, widows and prostitutes
Forced into trading their bodies by economic attributes.

Pick up your pieces, diss no one
Acknowledge progress made and battles won
At the pinnacle of your career as a care giver
A heart mender, a bridge builder and a forgiver.

Pick up threads and remnants from romance
In which years of commitment and total devotion advance
Yield a field of ups and downs because a lover
Jilted you, cheated you, wilted your soft center lever.

John Sensele

Rivers Of Joy

Rivers of joy traverse our life journeys
Rivers tinged with bliss converge in our seas
Although our minds participate in a motley of tourneys
To accomplish purposes our eye sees.

Rivers of challenges spew green water
Rivers of hurdles stretch our patience
Although our minds single out a diffuse matter
To surprise and incentivize our intelligence on the fence.

Rivers of romance seduce our roving eyes
Rivers of lust beat us blind
Although our minds shunts aside packs of lies
To spare blues and contusions of any kind.

Rivers of dishonesty cross our life avenues
Rivers of disloyalty pepper our conscience with temptations
Although our minds opts to splurge on flings revenues
To leave us broke, broken and bleeding in seas of confused reactions.

John Sensele

Roads To Ridicule

Detaching drones from a freak forest
A much harder task
Given the prominence a bully breast
That knocks out a temerity task.

Promenading on pates
At times thinking cap required
Promotes no savvy states
Midgets manipulate till misfired.

Deleting droves of suspended science
In advanced states of implementation
Inject cause and commotion in the salience
Midgets pad sky high alongside dopey documentation.

Brandishing batons of betrayal
To sources of succor
Bulges impudence in portrayal
Until prospects in the long term grow darker.

John Sensele

Rock Bottom Self Esteem

Banter at the bar
Immersed in red wine
Stumbling on groggy knees to my car
Feeling far worse than the swine whose spine

I belittle, peeling ten feet tall
When red wine in my blood circulates
As I shamble to a cigarette stall
For a puff, wondering if my mind undulates

Or dilates, reeking of booze to rationalize the sorry state
In which I swim, knowing not whether I'm going or coming
So pitiful is the feeling roaring when my feeble foot kicks a crate
That wonders what lunacy my mind is forming

As I crush with a thud
A thousand stars laughing
At the discomfiture I surrender to the mud
Lamponing my souse status stuffing.

John Sensele

Rogue Lover

When a rogue lover behaves as though
She is the only fish in a competitive pond
It's time to move on with your life although
A modicum of mercy regardless of how much dough
Mends bridges and how much conciliatory efforts blow
Away winds of discord and to which initiative
Both parties wholeheartedly and determinedly give
Their best shot and how much residue of resentment
Swirls in the vortex of the affair to improve
Prospects of complete healing through an ancient ointment.

John Sensele

Rogue Monologue

Certificate deal, certificate steel melts faster
Under scrutiny at an examination council
Where eagles' eyes flush out a cluster
Of fake certificates tendered in a dunce roll.

Diploma stills, diploma bills, diploma ills
Dub a club status on mud candidates
Who tender to a lender invalid credentials
To back up stuck up mandates.

Degrees see, degrees foresee
Depth born in academia with a modicum
Drunk with knowledge, skill and belief for Mercy under the lens of a video cam.

Certificate mill, certificate sill, certificate keel
Enmeshed in deals, stills and meals of intrigue
Seeping through pores, ores and sores with bills
Bent on wills of fraud and tills of monologue.

John Sensele

Rogue Religion

Unless religion replaces trash
From my heart, it serves no purpose.
Religion that pays lip service to life's nitty-gritty is no better than ash
That leaves my heart restless and worthless.

Unless religion translates into kindness
In the lives people lead
It breeds complacency devoid of fondness
As an empty shell, a worthless creed.

Unless religion stops regurgitating verses and suras
To transform my heart from to rock to compassion
Such spiritual somersaults pander to terrors and errors
To inflame in naïve minds a pernicious passion.

Unless I stop wearing religion on my sleeves
To spread love, to enrich spirits
I wander in a wilderness of illusion with lust leaves
For company as I delve in truculent tweets minus worthwhile wits.

John Sensele

Role Model

Role model, I look up to you
For direction and inspiration
From you I get a cue
To influence my next action.

Role model, don't let me down
For my world will collapse
If I can no longer consult you in town
For advice, succor and solace.

Role model, every example you set
Moulds my next step
Whether I spoil or ill treat my pet without blowing my trumpet
When guilt chills my nape.

Role model, beware of escapades
In which you indulge whims
Carnal in nature because promenades
Sometimes don't yield streams of sweet dreams.

John Sensele

Romance Portions

A heart stolen, a heart fallen
In the pursuit of a suitor's suit en route to company
Thought wondrous in warm words of Ellen
Despite purging a loneliness litany.

A heart stolen, a heart beaten
In the pursuit of the suit of perfect partnership
Pounced upon by Cupid's arrows eaten
With morsels of morose roses amid pontificating prudes on Sharon's ship.

A heart stolen, a heart forsaken
In the pursuit of the suit of new names
On a campus rumpus where Ken
Played the fields to stake new conquest claims.

A heart stolen, a heart broken
In the pursuit of the suit of ephemeral explorations
Meant to measure stamina levels outspoken
Sharon withstands in the wake of robbed romance preparations and
prevarications.

John Sensele

Romantic Mall

The opportunity to love is common to all
Adults, the able-bodied, the infirm and children
Who love from the bottom of their hearts in a romantic mall.

Loving someone blesses love sources in Fall
When lovebirds hold hands and write love poems with their pen.
The opportunity to love is common to all.

Love and love some more until the call
Of love becomes an ingrained habit in women
Who love from the bottom of their hearts in a romantic mall.

Hazel Fidelia loved John at first sight in a college hall
Where John taught her to draw diagrams Venn.
The opportunity to love is common to all.

Become a love spender; don't be a love vendor but a love sender, tall
Lover who with other lovebirds maintain love and sustain sistren
Who love from the bottom of their hearts in a romantic mall.

Love even when from your lover you receive no phone call
To titillate your heart, to tingle your stomach pit when
The opportunity to love is common to all
Who love from the bottom of their hearts in a romantic mall.

John Sensele

Romantic Riddles Unsolved

Mops and crops of hopes dashed
Pieces of hearts mistaken and promises broken
Fears dealt and tears unwept
Collectives of invectives unspoken.

Mops of words in maudlin worlds unkept
Clans clashed and plans flashed
Tight nights unslept
Streams of dreams crushed.

Mops of submissions sushed and missions unaccomplished
Dates and fetes missed
Osculations and adulations undished
Pains in the rain unkissed.

Mops of loud clouds unseen
Longing hearts and blogging tarts unloved
Stakes and spates of mistakes seen
Romantic riddles and fiddles unsolved.

John Sensele

Rooms Of Boom Blooms

On thin ice don't skate
But in seas of hope do swim
If your fortunes you strive to elevate

Utilizing and galvanizing your cognitive cream
As with all your might you cruise ahead
When favourable fortunes in your life stream in a ream

Leaving vats of doubts on their deathbed
Soaring and roaring to land on a coveted cream court
As by dint of determination signals of bliss you spread

Intending with purpose sublime achievements to report
Alongside swathes of success in your redemption rate
In which good news your fortunes escort

In a manner your muses appreciate
Given that room for approval you negotiate.

John Sensele

Rope A Dope

The capacity and audacity to bear pain sets you apart
Cos pain paints a true picture of the man in your mirror
Who crumbles, grumbles, fumbles or rambles on a rampart
Cracking to pieces or sacking a scampering and whimpering error.

The capacity and agility to absorb sharp combinations of jabs and uppercuts
Turns you into a precious, priceless diamond or into a common piece of charcoal
That burns into embers but cuts
A low profile on the scale that measures and weighs figurative coal.

The capacity and ability to look pain in the eye
Challenging it to pummel you on the torso in Muhammad Ali's rope a dope
Style, absorbing tonnes of pain to fly
To loftier clouds as a gem in God's crop.

The capacity and sagacity to taunt pain
To dare pain to sink barbs
Into your skin, your soul, your sane
Mind elevate your status above lions, elephants, leopards, midgets and crabs.

John Sensele

Ropes Of Hope

Human nature though sutured by vultures
Cheers dears and peers at clear beers
Without anchors of rancour to carve futures
Where creatures of literature nurture no fears.

Human nature though flawed by blows
From the start can't part with ropes of hopes
Without inciting sites of dereliction and conflicts in rows
Where street people can no longer greet or meet popes.

Human nature commands curiosities of insecurity
Through interactions with a motley of intentions in a bottle
Which contradict one another in terms of maturity
Where clarity and celerity vie for pies of celebrity in total.

Human nature bundles blunders and brands of standards
All at once thereby embracing races to contradictions
By virtue of rituals in a retinue of bards and cards
Where horrors and rumors steal hope and on slopes deal death blows to
supplications.

John Sensele

Roses Of Laughter

Yearn for roses of laughter
To glean glows your heart is after
In tune with priceless petals
You pluck from nimble nettles.

Whisk away memories that fade
When their returns degrade
Present pleasures you treasure
In tandem with limpid leisure.

Turn over the page
Heed pleas from the sage
Who advises against rashness
That catalyzes your brashness.

The coast sweeps clear
Tears from eyes that peer
Into dawns of gems
That adorn your aims.

Shoot your arrow
Into whims that grow
Serene when you soldier on
To redeem faith flowing in the rainbow ringtone.

John Sensele

Rounds Of Disrepair

Pound the pesky podium
Purloining children's bread
They eat without odium
As they weave webs of the poverty thread.

Astound the mound of slavery
Their people reject
When by leaps and bounds grows bravery
Chains of oppression and suppression the poor eject.

Ground to a halt cycles of deprivation
The poor endure
As prospects for clarity cultivation
Signs of the times no longer ensure.

Round off feathers of fragility
In seasons of despair
Bereft of ability and agility
Poverty and privatization merge in a potent pair.

John Sensele

Rows & Roles Of Indifference

Don't wait, debate or sweat to crate plates
That become boisterous or boastful
In real time when their slates
Injure, ingratiate or infuriate a full

Complement of coaches convened to adjudicate
Over matters Mercy mean to ponder over
When strain and pain duplicate
Hurts she's got rid of when her LandRover

Teeters twice on the edge of a cliff
That nearly results in real danger
And indifference rows and grows so stiff
Mercy determines to dodge the ranger

Who enjoins ego trippers
To frustrate friends, families and fathers
Invited to remind braggarts they are their brothers' keepers
Despite disgracing themselves in front of their mothers.

John Sensele

Rude Rhetoric, Lewd Lingo

Rude rhetoric and lewd lingo paint a morbid
State of mind incinerated and impregnated by unsound socialization
That missed the metamorphosis of sordid and torrid
Edges and wedges that need total transformation and tranquilization.

Rude rhetoric and lewd lingo seem to draw roots from nurture
That complements and supplements a genotype
Gone awry not necessarily in future but in a nature
That required much surgery to yield a subtler phenotype.

Rude rhetoric and lewd lingo betray a facile facade
Which empathy and sympathy can plane
Into more refined subtype that far from making head shrinkers sad
Enjoin them to reform practices and edifices that have grown not just insane but
also arcane.

Rude rhetoric and lewd lingo require much toothpaste
To cleanse an oblong tongue that's addicted to lack of sensitivity
In its modus operandi where haste
Couples, dabbles, bubbles and tangles seamlessly with absurdity and crudity.

John Sensele

Ruins

Cut through the noise
Blunt trinkets and toys
Slice through hurdles
Collect and protect medals
Shunt aside hordes of midgets
Marvel at the wonder of widgets
But elevate the primacy of brains
Regardless of much nonsense rains
To the delight of small minds
Meandering on surfaces of rinds
Discarded for lack of credible quality
Concealed in the paucity of humility
Sorely lacking in generations lost
Whose obsession circulates on the coast
Where ignorance is bliss
No matter the bitter taste of a Judas kiss
Planted on a cherubic cheek
In parlance that sounded Greek
As I awoke
Dreams going up in smoke
Informing me paradigms had shifted
Away from the grip of the gifted
The future snatched by a pack of parasites
Devouring the fabric of intelligence in several sites
Where libraries lay in ruins
And imposters anointed cantankerous queens
Who preached the gospel of fanaticism
In a cult of cynicism and scepticism.

John Sensele

Rumbles & Mumbles

Temptations trigger tribulations and troubles
Befuddled in a muddle
Sampled in ample rumbles and mumbles
Which no sane person can cuddle.

Befuddled in a muddle
Supple people espouse ideologies
Which no sane person can cuddle
Despite the confusion in their psychologies.

Supple people espouse ideologies
Bent on cementing diverse progress
Despite the confusion in their psychologies
Which condone waitress stress.

Bent on cementing diverse progress
Sampled in ample rumbles and mumbles
Which condone waitress stress
Temptations trigger tribulations and troubles.

John Sensele

Rumour Vultures

Bushfires of rumours incinerate tinder dry forests at lightning speed,
Gain momentum from loose tongue high winds and consume
Lives of wives and their reputations for a dime or a quid
Offered in bribes by insurgents and agents of doom.

Make allowances in advance for victims of rumours
Who suffer alone as rumour jaw droppers and lie mongers
Stalk up fires of destruction as herbal humours
Lubricate their green eyes to multiply blunders.

Don't jump on bandwagons of kangaroo courts
Staffed by busybodies with too much time on their hands,
Too little value to share and fabricated sorts
Of vile lies fomented to feed grapevines in many stands.

Join a crusade to pave the way for sane circulations
Of truth to disseminate positive armatures and demote cultures
Whose sole purpose shields reputations and incentivise organisations
That spare no effort and lend maximum support to eradicate rumour vultures.

John Sensele

Run Your Race

Each day wake up smiling and for success brace
For opportunities, visible and invisible
To seize each moment and run your race.

Give each opportunity your best shot and trace
Thoughts, plans and actions that are able
To move you forward and earn you a pride of place.

Slip on fresh socks and snatch the mace
Destined to proclaim you're not culpable.
Each day wake up smiling and for success brace.

Wear shoes with snow studs to engage any surface
On roads to success that are capable
Of seizing each moment to run your race.

Wear a crown but wear no frown on your face
Because your future and culture aren't negotiable.
Each day wake up smiling and for success brace
To seize each moment and run your race.

John Sensele

Ruth

Sorry I hurt you, Ruth
Took long to touch your love truth
Too preoccupied was I
Sorting out my issue, so high
The tempo and temperature rose
Your concern I froze
Into the cocoon
I hoped to resolve soon
But reality stood firm
Crushing underfoot in the reckless realm
Reality deemed contrary
To amiable aspects reality deemed arbitrary
In spite of the limpid love you poured
In settings surreality underscored
Brushing aside a sacrificial sentiment
Whose drain and detriment
You and I couldn't see
In swathes where with glee
We consumed love
Uncaring whether love flew on wings of the dove
Who urged caution
Plus doses of precaution
But you suffered
In circumstances referred
To the plight and slight you perceived
From the love in full you never received
Although I've loved you all along
Despite time growing long
For apology and remorse to surface
Regardless of the expression on the face
I'd always remember
In September and December
When tears flow unabated
In romance circumstances hardly debated
It ain't too late
To clean the slate
Where we froze fragility feelings
Despite loving in levels beyond ceilings
You and I can hardly imagine

Over and above a tot of gin
May I tender the abject apology
I render with my love ideology
Cos Ruth, I love you still
Cos that's the way I feel
Right or wrong I don't care
Your love, I don't wanna scare.

John Sensele

Sacred Suit

Ride the crest of life doing your very best
As you invest your best shot in hot pursuit
For lofty goals, for formidable feats to defeat feet of rabble, rubble and trouble in
your quest
To wear God's glory, grace and grandeur as he bestows on you a sacred suit.

John Sensele

Sacrifice Simplistic Solutions

Sacrifice simplistic solutions to ponderous problems
When assumptions stretch beyond boundaries
Set as thresholds with clear aims
To discredit sagacity and sobriety laid down in divine diaries.

Sacrifice sinister suggestions to straightforward circumstances
When anecdotal, statistical and empirical evidence
Point to flaws in inferences
Drawn that can't stand the test of time, on balance.

Sacrifice sordid scenarios set against sane societies
Where traditional norms and taboos
Enhance modern living standards in all their varieties
To ensure a judicious blend of new and old values and virtues.

Sacrifice scandals and scams
Wherever they rear their somnolent scalps
To design defective dams
When sycophants and civil servants spirit resources to Swiss Alps.

John Sensele

Sacrificial Lambs

Love carefully, pain lurks in the background
Stalking feelings you cast around
Pretending you're the mystery woman
To conquer and subjugate every man

Too bold your snare to enter
Too silly negotiations to canter
When he lifts your veil
Enabling your hammer to sink the last nail

The man's reputation you devour
Munch, lunch and brunch in the hour
The lad his guard drops
As your tryst deploys all your props

Freezing the man's resistance
Cutting him off any lines of assistance
When reason you overpower
And mental paralysis takes over his cognitive power.

John Sensele

Sagacity Switch

Bill and Ben fight each other
For scraps of salmon sausage and poultry pies
That fall off tables of hunky hustlers who bother
Not at all for credible cries

The poor and vulnerable emit
As strife and poverty smash aspirations
They once had to quit
Slums and drum up actions

That enable Bill and Ben
To learn to read, write and reckon
So that in turn they could enter the den
Where dreams come alive and a ringtone

Sounds pounds of hope
For a worthwhile world in which
They no longer cope
On festivity fringes but turn on a sagacity switch.

John Sensele

Sailing South

If my mouth should wear a wry smile
At injustices my eyes perceive
'T will be because beyond my style
I wait for God's time to arrive.

If my mouth should castigate lies
Bandied about in bad faith
'T will be because sinister motives of spies
In my mouth leave a bad breath.

If my mouth should speak out
In the wake of sexual harassment
'T will be because bullies use their clout
To blackmail and coerce women into treasonable torment.

If my mouth should crack a joke
At the expense of a fool
'T will be because my fingers refused to cock
The pistol that in my kraal could kill a bull

John Sensele

Sallow Sequoia Sticks

Witchcraft, you're a pesky pimple
That messes up the face of Africa
Which aspires to brandish a nimble dimple
Admired in Jamaica, in America

Although some dough seekers
Resort to a portly port of occult odium
Whose podium purveys beakers
In which concoctions of sodium

Potassium, calcium and magnesium magnify
Africa's shame shown in shadows
Hanging their heads in shame because they mystify
Innocent Inuits innovating meadows

While wizards and witches wander about
On broomsticks with unlit wicks
To trouble double domiciles that doubt
Their wicked tricks sustained by boring bricks and sallow sequoia sticks.

John Sensele

Salvation For Loose Tongues Granted

Snakes in loose tongues
Proclaim one message, doing the opposite
When lie bangs and sty clangs
Identify and typify the hypocrite

Who declares faith in one moment
Swims in seas of sin
Inviting the ferment of torment
The hypocrite in his din

Can't shove away
Despite claims to sainthood
That conscience can't slay
As sin neighbourhood

Captures and raptures pretence
Leaving in the shell of loose tongues a yawning gap
In every single sentence
That in a loose tongue traces the map

In need of prayers
To bring about greater understanding deep within
That faith lies not in pretence layers
Concealed in a thin

Façade bereft of true faith
Where the chasm between light and darkness
Needs to lose its strength
To make a way clear to the meekness

In which faith lives
In both form and substance
Although in the end God forgives
Hypocrites whose loose tongue pleads for silence

As salvation sought
Salvation granted
For Jesus bought
Salvation for all even for tongues loosely slanted.

John Sensele

Salvation In Rivers Of Babylon

In the grip of Rivers of Babylon
Arise to consolidate your fight for faith
And God pain and strain from your comfort zone
Will slay to renew and reinvigorate the breath

Essential to make a way
To the salvation you deserve
As on bended knees you pray everyday
Your God in due season you serve

Reminding the Devil is a liar
Whose maneuvers to lead you astray
Can no longer soar higher
When into your life returns the ray

God shines brighter and brighter
Clearing dark clouds
That for an instant held you tighter
Enveloping you in doubt shrouds

You fight better and better
As faith grows stronger
To break away the sin and temptation fetter
The Devil squeezed a little longer

When you prevaricated
Granting him room to ensnare you
As your faith vacillated
Until your faith resolve in Babylon grew anew

To consolidate your path to salvation
Whacking the Devil
Into submission
Alongside his bags and tags teeming with evil.

John Sensele

Same Difference, Claim Preference

Go wonderful wish
To the society that upon you poured scorn
Assigning to you the fugitive fish foraging in the dish
Where indifference and interference blew the horn

Stressing your status subtraction
In relation to their bloated egos
Proportional to the retraction
Delving deep into crucifix cargoes

Where in their eyes you meant nothing
Despite years of sweat
You poured to etch value in something
That in its travails couldn't vet

Although selective amnesia they embraced
Conveniently erasing your feat
When irrelevance and irreverence they stressed
Till you sank into a puny pit

An unsung nobody
Fed to minute microbes
That forms fifty percent of everybody
I wish legally donned rational robes

When cruelty I leave
On my way home
As trash you sieve
When forever free at home I roam.

John Sensele

Same Human Nature

Green eye phenotype, brown eye phenotype

Cones, rods, vitreous humour

Don't define the human species despite the hype

Placed on such red herrings laced with a plethora of rumour.

Light complexion, dark complexion

Huge frame, petite frame, unfair blame

Add nothing to human interaction

At any societal level in reality and in name.

Station in life, financial muscle

Number of meals and quality of transport

Used to navigate from point A to point B regardless of the vessel

Used adds little or no value to human progress if the poor receive little or no support.

Human blood that flows in arteries, in veins and in capillaries

Has the same constituents and is the same red colour

Despite flowing in bodies with different salaries

Living in different regions of the world regardless of odour, rigour, figure and stature.

John Sensele

Sanctified Support

With God's support I remain I resolute
Neither lies nor cries can shake me
God's support for me remains absolute
My blessings, favours and graces scream for all to see.

Neither lies nor cries can shake me
I fear no evil, I steer from a weevil
My blessings, favours and graces scream for all to see
A plethora of pain decimates the Devil.

I fear no evil, I steer from a weevil
My days and my nights breathe blessings
A plethora of pain decimates the Devil
Birds of the air fraternize my faith feelings.

My days and my nights breathe blessings
God's support for me remains absolute
Birds of the air fraternize my faith feelings
With God's support I remain I resolute.

John Sensele

Sandy's Wrath

Sandy, you furious femme fatale,
You've wreaked your worse wrath
On charming children and weeping women
Who didn't visit your beauty bath
To peep at your curvy contours
Because they feared to cross your pathological path.

Tell us, Sandy, which mad man jilted you
So you could uproot trembling trees, flood happy homes
And shut down wanton Wall Street
Together with citadels of power and dull domes
You threatened to smash to smithereens
Unless elusive electricians reduced the number of Ohms.

Please return to your assessment asylum, Sandy
To resume your puny posture in your skinny straitjacket
So friendly families can resume their lively lives
And Mitt Romney can don the red Republican jacket
Although blue Barack Obama may not converse with him
How they'll view votes posted in a purple packet.

John Sensele

Sane Sorority

Love is that little lilly
That stirs senses and steers
Emotions, evanescence and ebullience in Billy
Catapulting commotion that leers

At eyes that say hi
To an unwary heart humming
A tune in June to sigh
When a frivolous feeling

For a moment mesmerizes a mundane mummy
Whose heartbeat and feet fumble
When playing Jean Rummy
Which in a partner's presence proves humble

As Billy brushes aside common sense
In favour of incipient insanity
In whose defence
He surrenders sapience to a sensual sorority.

John Sensele

Sanitize Man-Kind

Between flesh and spirit swims my dilemma
Thrust to the fore by a lurid lemma
I strive by all means to eliminate
When flesh fights back to dominate

Reason's strategy to quell the malaise
Scrambling for days in a haze to gaze
At alternatives from karma I receive
Endeavouring at every point to perceive

Best perspectives to contain the flesh
Striving at every turn to skirt the mesh
At all costs flesh ought to neutralize
If dignity I ought to realize

When I no longer fight the spirit
Embracing higher standards that won't quit
To enable higher moral standards to prevail
At moments I avoid to deflower my maiden's veil

Despite her vulnerability
In settings where her amiability
Dies in favour of voyeurism
I denounce to promote royal realism

Lifting the mantle of morality
Which uplifts the angle of immortality
If my true colours defend womankind
In ways that impel introspection to sanitize man-kind.

John Sensele

Sapphire

Seize moments to please
Your neighbours, your strangers
Who struck by delusion disease
Irritate and aggravate affection rangers.

Seize opportunities in your space
To confront indifference and impertinence
That in thought and action displace
Amity and affability from their social residence.

Seize the gauntlet life throws at you
To prove your mettle and settle
Simmering social salvos with a view
To diminishing the intensity of a disunity battle.

Seize sensations that in your life arise
To enhance and advance chances of fairer
Promotion prospects in the rise
In malleable measures to excise the enmity error, poverty pandemonium and
tension terror.

John Sensele

Satanic Songs

Plastic smile puffing with selenium
Pouring and purring to power
Life from a victim whose cranium
Hypocrites hide in a flower

Laced in malice for Alice
Who trusts rusted rodents
Whose heart in every part, in every diss
Surpasses Satan's students

Whose occult culture
Devours hours
From today, yesterday and the future
As plotters of slaughter of a daughter in their showers

Set into motion schemes to bombard a bedroom
That belongs to gongs
In which vicious vultures pour doom and gloom
As they chant satanic songs to propitiate their wrongs.

John Sensele

Sauna Bath

There was once a married couple in town
Who loved each other so deeply their brown
Car raced and traced the path
Of their love to a sauna bath
Where they massaged to tease a funny clown.

John Sensele

Savage Surveillance

Surveillance manipulates Android phones
At will
Even if you shut down the devices in terrified tones
When crooks hand you a diabolical deal.

Surveillance through communication towers
In your area snoops on your privacy
Stealing data they sell to potent powers
Acting in spying surrogacy.

Surveillance through analytics
Abuse phones and their apps
Converting them into paralytics
Who send to cyclops your data and snaps.

Surveillance breaks the law of natural justice
Blinding you with terms and conditions
In Legalese you won't understand given the injustice
Inherent in their intentions, predilections and perditions.

Surveillance sanitizes espionage
Dressed up as data collection
Innocently carried out in a beige
Basin to enliven a sanity selection.

John Sensele

Save Suppressed & Oppressed Souls

Save souls, empathize
When blues bludgeon buddies
Dealing them crazy cards that you hardly analyze
Titillating at their tumults and tragedies.

Save souls, don't ostracize
Victims on whom fate deals blows
Stress, distress and mess when hope dies
Alongside the cacophony of black and white crows.

Save souls, sympathize
With souls who reel in pain
At the depth of losses whose magnitude you can't realize
As mundane measures of pleasure punctuate your gangrene grain.

Save souls, incentivize
Souls who rise from ashes
To roam free and fraternize
Despite suffering sentimental slashes.

John Sensele

Saving My Life

Been for decades a prisoner in your dundgeon
Where gender based violence became my shadow
Although money for commodities never entered your door
Which your binge drinking pounded like a hapless pigeon

My mind I've made up today to discharge my broken body from your prison
Where misery and usury fly in every room
Reeking with doom and gloom from broom
To tattered, threadbare bedsheets which undergo treason

When your salary sails to concubines' caves
Where without any iota of shame you deposit funds
Condemning our children and I to tender begging hands
To well wishers who tired of our begging urge a speedy escape before you
despatch us into graves

Where six feet under my children and I will sink
If we persist in perpetuating antiquated traditions
That claim gender based violence translates into love additions
As long as I celebrate the egregious ire that lubricates your dizzy drink.

John Sensele

Savvy Look

Cook savvy look from a book everyday;
Books hook knowledge and ignorance slay.

John Sensele

Say Sorry, Sage

Crimson! 'Tis the colour of love in February
When men and women maul meditation
To leave weaves and sheaves in an aviary on the estuary of January
Behind alongside prevarication and opposition

To an open declaration of love in action
In townships, in business districts and in streets
Where red ribbons, red robes and red affection
Saunter, sing, summersault and sample sweets

Cakes, stakes, breaks
In a casual concoction that condones
Love lilt, lullabies and lakes
Where love swims, dreams, claims ringtones

Lovebirds blind to strictures find
Expression unsuppressed by outdated opinions
Unleashed in undulated, annoyed blind
Alleys and valleys in surveys that mutilate mundane love missions.

John Sensele

Scarlet Scar

'Brenda, go back to your lecturer
You adulterer
I ain't got the time
To cosset your crime. '

'i know I blew it, James
You're right to call me names.
Why am I so stupid
To give in to Cupid? '

James slammed the door shut
He stormed out of Brenda's hut
Where their marriage evaporated
Into a soap opera overrated.

Brenda sauntered into James 's office
To seek justice.
'Why did I allow Augustin to touch me
And the best for him to see? '

'What came over you?
Brenda, from friends you couldn't pick a cue?
You got pregnant
Like a desperate tenant.'

'What about you and Rose?
Weren't you caught redhanded in a pose
That spoke compromise
Without any surmise? '

I'm a man, Brenda
Get that on your agenda.
I'm free consume any merchandise
Under my franchise. '

'James, that's outdated traditional poppycock.
You've got no right to play the peacock.
It's gender balance now.
What's more I'm not your sow.'

'Grow up, Brenda, grow up.
Our culture condones no cup
Of female sex licence
But total subjugation and obedience. '

'James, have you forgiven me
Me or should I involve Given
To spill the beans,
To reveal your incest sins? '

'Brenda, go to hell!
I'm not for sale.
If anything, I'm suing for divorce.
Of that you I have no choice. '

'Lecturer Augustin, you're guilty
Of marriage interference in Kitwe City.
You're ordered to pay James
Compensation and other punitive claims.'

John Sensele

Scenes Of Sins

Conduct character conscientisation and consolidation in a calm
Manner minus misinformation marred by malice
Twice or thrice at the price of promoting harm
To Alice in a slice

Teeming with ill intentions
Catalysed, consolidated and conducted
Without shame to aim at maledictions
Predicted and promoted

Deliberately to mislead public opinion
With a view to disseminating lies
Escorted every day, every week by a mission
Whose purpose reposes in sties

Where pigs perambulate prior
To proving purely puny
In letter and spirit in dire
Need of reform in Germany.

John Sensele

School Experience

Arise at sunup, brush your teeth, comb your hair
Gulp a cup of tea, hike a lift to school
Ensure stamped lesson plans breathe fair as you chair
Morning sessions to start on time in your pool

Where management nods heads in approval
At speed, flow and quality pupils glean
As school experience renders not survival
But revival of fortunes pupils win

In homework, tests, quizzes every month
Cos you plan well, teach well, behave well
Mark well, record well, chart a path
For lasting learning, vast understanding to swell

Ranks teeming with savvy students
Fired up, inspired, motivated to enjoy
Studying, reading, revising with no dents
In their education due to tactics you employ.

John Sensele

School Of Hard Knocks

Schools of hard knocks subject folks to shock treatment,
Cauterise the pain they suffer,
Harden their resolve to perform efficiently,
Optimise the way they operate,
Offer them a plethora of opportunities,
Life teaches them authentic wisdom, knowledge and skills.

Oscillations of a hard knock school between a rock and a hard place empower people,
Form a well-rounded, stronger character by dint of exposure to real street-wise education.

Hard knock university education planes folks,
Aligns dreams, illusions and reality seamlessly,
Rearranges attitudes towards suffering,
Directs people's energy and efforts towards greater maturity and productivity.

Knocking people off the high horse on which they perch
Nullifies their illusions,
Opens their eyes wider,
Convokes reality checks,
Kneads their thought processes,
Sounds warning bells that save them from self-destruction.

John Sensele

Science Apparatus

Procure science apparatus
Required to raise the performance format
In your ivory tower to fly trail blazers to Venus.

As you alight on a Venus isthmus
Stabilise potent pesticide to slay the Zika gnat.
Procure science apparatus.

Remember you don't belong to Venus
Although with your peers you chat alongside your cuddly cat
In your ivory tower to fly trail blazers to Venus.

Be courteous to boss's missus
Who lives next door in a zillion-room flat
Procure science apparatus.

Dissuade any harm to an unborn foetus
As near an expectant mother hovers a plague rat
In your ivory tower to fly trail blazers to Venus.

Upon arrival at the Intercity bus terminus
Take off your Panama hat.
Procure science apparatus
In your ivory tower to fly trail blazers to Venus.

John Sensele

Scientific Seed

Mathematics, you initiate Informatics;
Formulas and functions feed your backbone;
You pound Physics and Pneumatics
Through familiar fishbone.

Mathematics, you relish reasoning;
Geometry and Trigonometry are your branches
Which supply a special seasoning
To braai beef and bacon behind ranches.

Mathematics, you're the seed of all sciences;
You treble Telephony, Telematics and Technology
To punish politics and pseudo sciences,
While you condone Cosmetics and Cosmology.

John Sensele

Scoop Hoops Of Tomorrow

Look beyond hooks of today to books of tomorrow
Anticipate rewards diligence brings
Shunt aside the brunt of sorrow in a row
Disregard strings fastened to risible rings.

Anticipate rewards diligence brings
Participate in activities that foresee the future
Disregard strings fastened to risible rings
Regard in a high perspective a conducive culture.

Participate in activities that foresee the future
Savour flavours and favours of diligence
Regard in a high perspective a conducive culture
Invest in vests whose zest and zeal lie in moderation, variety and balance.

Savour flavours and favours of diligence
Shunt aside the brunt of sorrow in a row
Invest in vests whose zest and zeal lie in moderation, variety and balance
Look beyond hooks of today to books of tomorrow.

John Sensele

Scoops Of Poetry Soup

Hoops of Poetry Soup offer
A platform for poets and readers
To interact in literary verses that differ
In variety, tones, experiences and leaders.

Loops of Poetry Soup expose
Poems old and new, metered and unmetered
In concoctions and functions to juxtapose
Critiques and etiquettes in literary manners undeterred.

Scoops of Poetry Soup facilitate growth
In poetic craft in friendly interactions
To enable growth bereft of wrath
As poetry evolves in several directions.

Troops of Poetry Soup in unison
Synergise energies and strategies
To elevate the poetic art within reason
With respect to literary liturgies.

John Sensele

Screams And Streams Of Conscience

Good defeats evil
When slices of vice invade a window
As you sell your soul to the devil
Planning and plotting to die in a meadow

Faster than your time
Double dealing
Believing you can climb
Fame through frivolous feeling

Shrouded in a shocking lack of shame
Devoting long hours to complacency
Boasting no value lies in a good name
To withhold and wilt decency

Riding a cancerous card
Like an expired chameleon
Ready to discard the blue bard
Who preaches robust religion

In which you claim to believe
By twisting every tenet
You and your accomplices weave
On social media, on the internet

To populate stocks of poppycock with conspiracy
In moments of mendacious madness
Where you embrace pernicious piracy
That earns you vats and vats of sadness and badness

As your liquid life decays
Plunging you into a loss on a cross
Which eats up your dreamy days
As you weep at the loss of glamour gloss

Growing obese
Pretending the future is yours
As passersby laugh their heads off at the Judas kiss
Knocking on your dwindling future on floors with dwarfed doors

That shut you out
Condemning your senile status
To life on the edge of a pout whose scout
Shouts clouts of a heathen hiatus

That separates you from culture custodians
Who declare you unfit
The more you hobnob with corny comedians
Who sane society urges to quit

Into dustbins of history
To earn urns of ignominy
For your stinking story
Instead of bringing you alimony

Deletes your bleat
From the book of life
Where henceforth you can no longer treat
The spell and scale of the notorious knife

That severs the tie
You chose to lead astray from day one
Of matrimony you decreed could fly
Into conjugal victories you declared wan

By embracing a credo creamed off from the certificate
Emblazoned in salacious circumstances
With neither original nor duplicate
To slay the stay of disingenuous instances

So dark
They hurt
With a plethora of the spark
Befitting a frivolous flirt

Who knows not whether to come or go
Whether to mingle or sting
Whether to welcome or forgo
The future so wary of bling and sling

So long as lack of shame strives

To accumulate in dreams
Nursing chives
In simulated streams with no more credence creams.

John Sensele

Screams Of Your Whims

A bird and a third in hand
Can't spring from a wand
You spin when pressure under your skin
Sticks into your heart to a prickly pin.

Hold onto the love you've got
When your love kitchen steams hot
Tempting you with one night stands to experiment
Until heartless harlots dump you without compliment.

Past escapades in Hades remember
When loveless you wept and wept in September
Vowing for lovers you'd die
Sacrificing cribs of comfort without a cry.

Without mending your ways past pain would recur
Into your soft centre greater pain you'd incur
Until lovers you hold in high esteem
Rescue you from whims and seams of a dream.

John Sensele

Scuds & Spuds

Mud and dud on my shoes
Spuds in my mouth
Suds on my foes and glues
Thoughts and noughts fly South.

Mud on my reputation
Spuds and duds in my gun
Suds and Scud missiles in my mission
Thoughts and noughts in my bun.

Mud in buds on my flowers
Spuds and guards on my gate
Suds and surds in my showers
Thoughts and noughts in my fate.

Mud and buddies in my inner circle
Spuds and duds on my radio station
Suds and pads in my icicle
Thoughts and noughts in my destination.

John Sensele

Seals & Deals Of Reality

Seals and deals of reality temper tempers
Exhibited in bits, fits, tits and twists of fate where grandeur
Pumped up on bumps and lumps of mystery embers
Shushed and hushed in anguish through febrile fish in a dish that defies danger.

Seals and deals of reality heal in a city
Without pity hearts thrown into carts blown away by tarts of marble
Ambling, dangling, mingling and singing a witty ditty
For a horrid story hurried to preempt a rabble after a cruel duel of scrabble.

Seals and deals of reality ambush in a bush
An unfair bond that pairs a sugar daddy fond of a land lady
Bent in a tent on digging gold with a bold push
For cash stashed away with little delay to mash a marriage parody.

Seals and deals of reality spring a surprise
On unwary daredevils who swivel on fancy office chairs
With no iota of duty dope to lump humps of a demise
Planned zillions ages ago to topple from grace ludicrous lads on the rise upstairs.

John Sensele

Seams & Whims

Nurture dreams you treasure in life
Feature streams in reams that ain't rife
Allude to prude dudes all the time
Dine, pine and wine but spare a dime.

Enrich cultures in red colours
Greet meddlers, dwellers and sellers.
Flex muscles till you complete climb
Dine, pine and wine but spare a dime.

Ensure pure thoughts live in your mind
Loosen vents and dents that ain't kind.
Break bricks, freaks and tricks when clocks chime
Dine, pine and wine but spare a dime.

Don't live a life of a hermit
Tweet and beat a hasty retreat
Align vines and wines that are prime
Dine, pine and wine but spare a dime.

John Sensele

Search

They searched her apartment
For the cause of the eruption
They believed formed the department
That would spawn the disruption

Famine inflicted on bouncy babies
When mom and dad would tangle
In a bid to scare scabies
As threads of despair managed to entangle

Webs of worries a lender
Sprinkled on dreams zucchini
Nurtured in a bliss blender
At the moment unwary eyes spied a bikini

On luscious curves convening
To portray a diversion dimension
When sanity awoke intervening
To impose on sensuality a suspension.

John Sensele

Searing Silt

Return the innocence from me you stole
When for dessert you precipitated my fall
To gratify your ebullient ego
Metamorphosing me into a caricature cargo

In which you pour scorn
Blowing at full blast your horn
In tune with your viral victory
That to me smacks of haughty history

You narrate with gusto
Gesticulating presto
My life ebbing and slipping away
As to a bright future I see no way

Turning left, turning right
Asking heaven why you feel alright
Destroying the treasure you built
Tearing my heart, dragging my name into searing silt.

John Sensele

Season Samples

Summer sugar and satisfaction
Winter winds and worries
Autumn olfaction and ovation
One way or the other lengthen life's diaries.

Summer supplication and simplification
Winter withdrawals and wishes
Autumn osculation and alteration
One way or the other liberate life's dishes.

Summer sanitation and sollicitation
Winter widowers and widows
Autumn offer and orchestration
One way or the other lacerate life's windows.

Summer sticklers and stickers
Winter women and wonders
Autumn odours and hawkers
One way or the other line up life's blunders.

John Sensele

Seattle Run-In

Don't lose your cool in the face of danger
Meant to put on your mettle
As assessors in the conference room quizz a stranger.

In case your pekinese runs into a husky ranger
Who contests and detests his title
Don't lose your cool in the face of danger.

Although history claims Jesus was born in a manger
Atheists and gnostics argue very little
As assessors in the conference room quizz a stranger.

Even punters and gamblers win a wager
In a biased contest alongside a cobra's spittle.
Don't lose your cool in the face of danger.

Crowds gathered in numbers surprisingly larger
Than anticipated to gaze at a turkey's wattle
As assessors in the conference room quizz a stranger.

Donald Trump and scores of his vocal supporters heckled a Grainger
Democratic assembly on Sunday in Seattle.
Don't lose your cool in the face of danger
As assessors in the conference room quizz a stranger.

John Sensele

Secure In God's Hands

To God's voice we always listen
Our lives in God's hands we fasten
Now and forever
God's love we never sever
In good times, in bad times
It matters not whether we land dollars or dimes
Our lives we dedicate to him
Whether we grow poor, rich, fat or slim.

John Sensele

Seek Sobriety

Seek sobriety, seek salvation
Wherever you live
Whatever your reaction to provocation
Empathy always give.

Seek sobriety, seek celebration
When a little happiness you share
Provided clean is your motivation
Empathy always embed in your care.

Seek sobriety, seek sympathy
When your blood boils
Whenever you're invaded by antipathy
And revenge reels reject toils and moils.

Seek sobriety, seek solace
Whenever spiritual sanity undergoes stern tests
And sanity seethes in anger out of place
As your mind multiplies hornets' nests.

Seek sobriety, seek supplication
When mad blood laces your mind
And fake facts meander in multiplication
To turn you both blind and unkind.

Seek sobriety, seek solidarity
While you associate hope and hurt
With hilarity and celerity
As your mind moods nonsense and offence they blurt.

Seek sobriety, seek support
When on the verge of insanity you skate
In the direction of a misfortune fort
As repeatedly you inflict pain on Kate.

Seek sobriety, seek civilization
Whenever your mind retreats into medieval manners
Enmeshed in webs of mis-utilization
As in society's works you throw spanners.

Seek sobriety, seek symbiosis
Whenever your brain berates buddies
And preoccupation prefers psychosis
As you garner gangrene goodies.

John Sensele

Seek To Save Symian Slaves

Seek to save souls
Whenever waves wander
To garner goals
With nothing sinister to render.

Seek to satisfy singles
Whenever the condemned call
To garner sentimental signals
With nothing to bribe a ball.

Seek to supply succor
Whenever women wade through wonder waves
To garner hints of a hacker
With nothing sleazy for Syrian slaves.

Seek to sing sentimental songs
Whenever wenches win
To garner giggles and gongs
With nothing clean for their queen.

John Sensele

Seize A Chance

A chance to glance at and to renew friendship
Isn't a chance to advance excuses and to sweep
Away a repast of the past under a carpet of kinship.

Please seize any chance to boost the roost of companionship
Alongside care, fare and a flair to reap
A chance to glance at and to renew friendship.

I plucked up the luck to spell stewardship
Which at a high table enabled me to dip
Away a repast of the past under a carpet of kinship.

A chance in France to activate and cultivate authorship
Came along without blame to tip
A chance to glance at and to renew friendship.

I cultured and nurtured friendship and sailed on a ship
To the Far East and earned a chance to rip
Away a repast of the past under a carpet of kinship.

Dwell, bail out and smell a chance to worship
God, to bless his name and to sip
A chance to glance at and to renew friendship
Away a repast of the past under a carpet of kinship.

John Sensele

Selective Amnesia

Sifts information,
Edifies favourable information,
Loathes unfavourable information,
Edits incriminating pathways,
Conducts selections of a plethora of information
Tears traces of foe's success,
Vanquishes server's database,
Educates information shredders.

Ascribes foe's success to pure chance,
Modifies methods of encryption,
Nullifies systematic processes of information retrieval,
Exaggerates cynicism and indifference,
Submits deletion procedures,
Invades deletion sites,
Appends deletion signatures and proceed to delete information.

John Sensele

Self Destruction

From your slumber, arise
Don't let your world grow cold
Dreaming on life you can spring a surprise

To multiply your chances a hundredfold
Indulging in unproductive escapades
That put your future on hold

When you can't call histrionics spades
Chopping piece by piece copper hoes
So weak they dig up no worthwhile grades

You dream swim above toes
Grown callous from walking streets after streets
In search of gangrenous glows

Fantasies pack up in tepid tweets
Teeming with bundles of pipe dreams
That summersault in fantasy fleets

Cruising in incinerated issues
Conflating dream and reality
Flying in blizzards whose world views

Assault humility and agility
Yielding no appointments
As to rearguard you confine versatility

In preference for cantakerous comments
Wealthy in verbosity but poor in execution
As bit by bit you invite tortuous torments

The more you embark on a self defeating mission
Where you appoint yourself defence counsel and prosecutor
Ramping up friction upon friction

Thereby repining not
Your lack of remorse
As stirring up embers that grow hot

Beneath hooves of the horse
You ride, ride and ride when reality you deride
Uttering messages in Morse code as your voice grows hoarse

The more you flaunt upfront your puny pride
In the face of defeats beneath your feet
As on the ruinous boulevard you ride and ride.

John Sensele

Self Inflicted Sorrows

This I proclaim and this I claim
Progress will elude Africa's name
So long as no prudent path we chart
Waste opportunities and procrastinate before we start

Displaying a mature attitude
Towards development and excise the habitude
That draws us backwards
Scrambling for undeserved rewards

Dished out to undeserved folks
Who contribute nothing but tribal talks
In which we reap no value
Dancing aimlessly without a clue

As to the right path to follow
Instead of sinking into hollow
And shallow wells where misdirection
Reigns supreme and we chart no durable direction

To redress our lack of seriousness
As we bask in the illusion of gladness
Till the populace gets fed up
Drinking empty promises from a poisoned cup.

John Sensele

Self Pity Poison

Self pity is a boa constrictor
That squashes any hope of progress
As minds shy away from a stricter
Code of conduct that sows seeds of success.

Self pity is a millstone
That drags folks into a pit of despair
Where for their transgressions they fail to atone
To leaves lives in a state of disrepair.

Self pity is a Nemesis
That folks of goodwill ought to ditch
As they lurk from crisis to crisis
Of ever rising pitch.

Self pity is a quicksand
That sucks folks into a delusion
That third parties will hand
Them a comfort cup without any valid reason.

John Sensele

Selfies, Thoughts And Skintight Jeans

Posts on my Facebook Page
Done when I feel undone
In the middle of a nuptial night rage
In no way invite predators into my zone.

Selfies sent in moments of excitement
Admired in my mirror
Invite no corny comment
From minds assailed by error.

Thoughts caught on Instagram
In no way suggest hopelessness
In pound, ounce or kilogram
Though I'm entitled to tithes of listlessness.

Skintight jeans I wear
When it tickles my fancy
Don't mean my subscription to indignities I swear
Nor do they signify my tenderness for truancy.

John Sensele

Send Sweet Tweets To Me

Send sweet tweets to me
Woman of substance
Tonight I long to see
If our circumstance at a glance

Can sweeten sentimental sensations
I feel when in my arms you melt
Every time agile actions
That loosen your belt, unleash feelings felt

While brisk bodies brush and rush to crush
Resistance at society's insistence
To push us apart and mash
Feelings and dealings every time we daydream, doodle and dance

The dance only you and I know
When in our tryst tongues tingle
Lips mingle and the glow
Of love shines, wines and dines from every angle.

John Sensele

Senility Slumbers

Mask on my face
Social distance from my bosom base
Cripple the life I lead
Planting and germinating a seed

I fear strangles my joy
In new normal strategies I deploy
As my hands swim in sanitizers
Teasing my comfort zone as baptisers

In the covid nineteen era
Where incredulity and credibility
Wrestle each other with or without error
When by the wayside slumps humility

Despite soaring death rates
Spiking in alarming numbers
In the face of demagogues whose creed crates
Catalyze politics slumbers and their pathetic plumbers.

John Sensele

Sensitive Sojourn

Oh, give us a break, love
A break from the long trek
On which we've sojourned since wings of a dove
Brought along with noughts and thoughts to wreck

Our ability, possibility and agility
To withstand on our grand land
Ravages you unleash like fickle finches whose motility
Sows rows of bitter blows that our stand

Shakes, fakes, stakes and mistakes
For obstinacy and obduracy
To resist a cyst in a tryst you insist bakes
Our intimacy, fantasy and supremacy

Whose evidence in essence kowtows to your pesky preferences
Mingled in single paths on a journey
Whose mistaken mission silences

John Sensele

Sentiments Can Be Fake

When first falling for female friends
Boys believe big banners
Ought to tout their trends
As clever Casanovas, as great gunners

Who conquer Cleopatras
Climbing cloud nine on top of the world
Where their mantras
And flags fly unfurled

But because boys and girls are mere mortals
Reality soon reels
The good and the ugly in totals
Boys and girls find in their deals

To begin to bother about sacrifice
Each has to make
Or otherwise a high price
They begin to pay because sentiments can be fake.

John Sensele

Separate Fact From Fiction

An addiction to games on a fancy phone
Means nothing unless you perceive mahogany monsters
In every page your partner peruses in a zone

Where it becomes a sin for spinsters
To seek fantasy and fallacy fun
Wearing and endearing hipsters

Inside and outside a delicatessen where a bun
Inflates and conflates affection
Emotion, half attention and devotion driven by the gun

You mistake for attraction
Nonexistent, nonplussed except in your mind
Where it earns tender traction

Than it resembles misdeed you find
In a place where it doesn't exist
Unless your judgment goes blind

When you lock your leisure into a precipice prison
Defined by unjust jealousy
In a suspicion season without any redemption reason

Driven conjecture to the height of hypocrisy
You ought to delete and quit
If you wish to diminish the grip of fantasy pleurisy

On the extent and frequency you tweet
Dense nonsense and offence
Believing you manage to meet

Conducive conditions in defence of the concurrence
Of a strong relationship in ship
You succeed in weakening with the vehemence
You inject with every weakness and recklessness into your crazy courtship.

John Sensele

Sequences Of Consequences

A vicious virus is striking
While we cavort in our blindness
Our wellbeing no havoc is wreaking
We pursue an agenda of unkindness
Assuming tomorrow virus evaporates
Figment of our imagination says
Nothing nefarious our obstination serrates
We delve deeper and deeper into ways
Violate covenant with God signed long ago
To save humankind from its pursuit of arrogance
Coupled with stupidities and infirmities we can't forgo
Despite thousands of us dying
Medical angels we send to the war front
Without thoroughly studying
Complications and implications of the affront
We launch claiming technology
Empowers our insanity to prevail
In spite of lack of support for the inane analogy
We promote as we violate the veil
That shields fields of the faith
We've held dear for centuries
Promising God we've ditched the lunacy breath
That invited floods, famines and bigotries
Thousands of years ago when plagues
Afflicted our livelihood
As we dared God in leagues
Where neighbourhood turned against brotherhood
But do we ever learn
Despite the Tower of Babel
Because forgiveness we spurn
Although like Cain today we kill Abel
In our distorted thinking
Boasting on television covid nineteen
Ain't nothing but blinking
That soon will evaporate in a demagogue's tinkering tin.

John Sensele

Serenades Of Sorry Sounds

The thrill of a deal
The drill of a seal
The shrill of happiness
Mean far more to hearts than the sulkiness

That gets in the way when we slay love
Acting as though our high horse rides above
The dignity of friends
On whom our happiness depends

Whether bucks overflow in our wallets
Or cashflow blues cry under mallets
That smash to smithereens
The pride we paint on green screens

Where our sadness struts its stuffy stuff
And friends decide they've had enough
Of the puny pride we parade
Despite sorry sounds in serenades we trade.

John Sensele

Serene Serendipity

The allure of pure fame can't cure the disconnect
Between solid illusions and stolid decisions to stay true
To home foundations on which creations and missions connect
Future success and progress built on care and love a home crew
Invests over the years of painstaking support in a fort
Fortified, rectified and purified to the highest degree
To ensure no obstacles though backed up by miracles deport
Prospects of a breakthrough with or without a pedigree
Satisfy requirements to set a threshold at an acceptable
Level of achievement in which measurement of attainment
Reflects quality, competency in any stable, traceable
Performance in conformance with rigour and vigour to implement
Stringent benchmarks rated by strict assessors imbued with dignity
In every instance and circumstance to promote serene serendipity.

John Sensele

Serrating Elements Of Sentiment

If it proves pockmarked kill it
If it dangles danger declare it unfit
If it wobbles and waffles it ain't got no meat
In the long run it's best to quit the stint from the porcupine pit.

A project that leads nowhere smells stillborn
'Tis clear adventure goes forlorn
In a setting that blows a hostile horn
To fly tambourine tarts and coquettish carts to the Tropic of Capricorn.

No time to waste
Dollops and drops of hope perchance to invest
If you can prove prospects promise the best
Although soothsayer advises no haste.

Wondering if you're doing right
Check if sortie ain't worsening your plight
Keeping you and misery pretty tight
As soon as you sample the first bite in full flight

In Hades
Clad in platonic plaids
Wishing for Syrian satin but sipping suedes
Serrating your Hellenic heart to shear shreds.

John Sensele

Serve Succulent Mutton

Friendship can taste so sweet
Whether entwined hearts tweet or meet
In efforts to reconcile and revitalise links
Sent from above in an atmosphere that thinks
Not of tears or fears but of hope
Hitched on a ladder on which a slope
Leans towards a future that builds
Nurtures, cajoles, caresses and shields
From hurt and soothes any pain
That inadvertently seemed vain
When a mouth uttered a word out of place
Not by design but because a surface
Consideration pressed the wrong button
Instead of serving to the apple of the eye succulent mutton.

John Sensele

Service In A Sentimental Swimming Cesspool

In Utopia, fools in swimming pools
Fall in and out of love
Because love belongs to bulls
Whose motivation is self satisfaction far above

Any sacrifice, any price, any advice
Given or driven by relationship advisers
Whose task in a mask or flask twice or thrice
Consists of coordinated commotion which Texan trousers

Regard without any potential placard
As fully fruitless because players
Draw damsel dividends and shoo away any simcard
They misuse to become heart slayers

Once a chance for a glance or dance is over
For a fool in wool to feel cool
That he has conquered a lover with a clover
Service in a sentimental swimming cesspool.

John Sensele

Set Eyes On God To Succeed

Your best investment lies in God's hands
Which guarantee life, love and boundless care
Regardless of kinds and types of lands
Which your feet dare to walk without forking out any fare

In kind or slush cash
Men and women whose whims
Reduced at death to mere ash
In their temperamental and sentimental teams

Depending on their tricks or moods
Choose to dole out
In their woods
Filled with mood swing and doubt

Until to the core of your mind
Comes the realization
That in men and women
Lies neither your salvation mission nor determination

To bring to fruition the destiny
God in his purpose
Chose not in your mutiny or calumny
But from his original source

Because in the end only God has the wherewithal
To anticipate, explicate, facilitate, replicate success in your every need
Without under fire a retreat tactical or strategic withdrawal
To ensure that your dreams, missions, portions and options succeed

In addition, God loves you too much
To let you continue to fail
Within every critical touch or dream bunch
In your heart, your home or in your self-inflicted jail.

John Sensele

Seven Or Eleven In The Leaven Of Heaven

I cast aside my pride
To etiquette I pledge to abide
Pins and sins I cast aside

With renewed reason
I determine to bless God's season
Whether I roam in reason or prison

For the sake of faith
I sacrifice my every breath
It matters if I suffer sin dearth

As long God's name I glorify
Every second his glory I magnify
Every Christian criterion I ought to satisfy

To move the cause of faith forward
As I strive to reap my deserved reward
Although fraud forces draw backward

Efforts I make
To diminish the mistake
I dismiss from the stake

I hold dear
Without any fear
Drawing far or near

The closer I draw to Heaven
At the count of seven or eleven
The more the Devil fries in the omnipotent oven.

John Sensele

Seventy Seven & Twenty Zero Six

A sense of achievement in my bosom glanced and danced

As in 2006 by dint of diligence, perseverance and persistence I minted my master's

Degree in business administration from Copperbelt University where I advanced My driven dream via cogently conceived streams of cognitive creams bereft of daft disasters.

A sense of glee freed my energy to synergise concepts and control at the Great East Road

Campus where in a cohort of fourteen mega minds in the entire university I waited with bated breath and sweated to earn the urn of the bachelor's degree load

I prodded, applauded and won with a tonne of kudos in pesky Maths courses in Lusaka City.

A sense of accomplishment at Mukuba University in nineteen seventy seven Rewarded my investment with a testament of a secondary teacher's diploma Awarded in Physics, Chemistry and Biology with a merit grade even Though malaria in the area conspired to light up a fire that in a fortnight discomforted mamma.

A sense of elation sweeps over my deep commitment to a writing career With over eight hundred poems at Poem Hunter for a global audience and ten Mathematics titles

On sale without fail at amazon dot com with firm facts, prudent procedures, conspicuous concepts and pristine processes dear

Readers derive from deft diamonds dug from ten textbook titles with hardly any need for brain battles.

John Sensele

Several Friendship Hats

Amenders plane rough edges

Builders motivate soulmates

Collaborators cultivate shared interests and passions

Drivers compel folks to give their best shot

Energisers boost spirits and tune up optimism

Fraternalisers dispense an amiable trace vitamin

Gregorisers induce optimal socialisation

Handlers lend a shoulder to cry on

Incentivisers edify folks by their emotional dexterity.

John Sensele

Sewer Trenches

Sewer kisses trenches
Flies dump maggots on rice plates
Diarrhea stalks urchins.

John Sensele

Sexual Extortion

Intimate contact between a man and a woman
Grows out of shared interests and mutual
Understanding buttressed by a consensual plan
Agreed upon by both parties as a desirable calisthenic duel.

Man cannot feast, pounce and prey on a niece,
Daughter or other minor without securing
Consent in terms of age, morality, legality, desirability, utility and peace
Of mind in a setting that later yields a wedding ring.

Incest and rape zest sometimes come about
When a familiar gardener, waiter or uncle under coercion
Tears underwear, beats up an unwilling victim to flout
The innocence and virginity in a sexual assault session.

Young girls and women sometimes fall prey
To sexual harassment at the hands
Of male adults in who they see grey
Hair as a symbol of wisdom in lands and bands.

John Sensele

Shackles & Yokes

Slave driver strive to ride to a river
Where I've poured your shackles and buckles
That had me behind in every rind of silver
For which I longed all along in happiness spectacles.

Slave driver, I never want to set eyes on you again
Lest my ire should fire me up to retire
Tired tricks, streaks of tedium and pricks of pain
Each time, each moment I spot the coat of your vampire.

Slave driver, my body suffers too much malady
At your coarse, bossy hands and endocrine glands
That catalyse spasms of violence and insolence tragedy
I've endured despite knowing your cure lies in far away lands.

Slave driver, let me retrieve the sieve of my future
Lost in your toss of biased dice to slice off
My freedom, promote your repressive fiefdom and devote space and time to a
vulture
Culture in pain, strain and vanity rain every time you scoff my cough.

John Sensele

Shake Shivers And Shadows

Ascending towards assets of answers
Disporting in domes of dancers
Caressing cognition away from crucibles of cancers

Impacting instances of endurance
Confronting craters of confidence
Discomforting delusions of diffidence

Committing to curves of a creed
Braving balustrades of a bricolage breed
Tempting tensions of rapture reed

Upsetting advantages of appendages
Deranging droves of disadvantages
Mending mirages of mundane marriages

Assessing armours of amelioration
Assigning attributes of acceleration
Redeeming reputations of a robust reparation

In the end, urge the best in you
To pick up paces and principles of a cue
Shave shamans, charlatans and shake shivers and shadows anew.

John Sensele

Shall I

Shall I like a prince in a pristine parlour
Plead for a woman's love
When the cutie's clamour
Hovers so high, so above.

Shall I like a bruised buffalo
Email the woman of my dreams
To declare my emotions in her bungalow
Where her sensual stilettos smite toughies' teams.

Shall I like a lion
Pluck up and summon coveted courage
To melt a woman from Zion
And ask for her hand in marriage.

Shall I like a donkey
Ignore a sophomore's sophistication
To cut the key
To her heart despite my procrastination mission.

John Sensele

Shame Shell

We die because we cheat
Criminals determined to fatten our pocket
Despite the shame from the defeat
On the society whose tears from the eye socket

We laugh at knowing fully well
Trouble by the dozen we cause
Enabling paranoia and hysteria to swell
To a crescendo despite lies we can't disclose

As long as blood money in our pockets lands
Cushioning the extravagant life we lead
Flaunting blood money to street walkers glands
Whose taste buds and moral standards we mislead

Until handcuffs our sticky fingers snap
Our reputation mired into the pit of Hell
Where with the Devil we nap
Till we sink into our deserved shame shell.

John Sensele

Share Shamrock Sherry

Pat me not, fat cat
Not that it matters or flatters
My ego for a single goal that
Loves to give squatters in their quarters

A degree of freedom to harass a head
Too proud to beg, too loud to condone a cloud
That brandishes radish in a British bed
When a crowd

Rolling sleeves believes shelves
Swimming in a sea of soundscapes
Tutored, mirrored in pillars of elves
Fix six sticks below assembled apes

Who laugh at a bully's bluff
At last with a cast living in the past
Elicits, enunciates and satirises staff
Who share shamrock sherry and save strangers who freak out fast.

John Sensele

Shed No Tears For Me, Sherry

Vying to lay hands
On the lass with the scoop neckline
I displayed in the civil stands
My morals decline

I should approach
To prove my tactics
Work wonders although my coach
Prefers gesticulation gymnastics

To a sanctimonious sermon
The puritan preacher at my church
Delivered to cast the demon
He believes in the lurch

In the past life I ought to jettison
To earn a pudding in the sky
If I should stand a chance to enter the glory garrison
When I die with neither lie nor cry.

John Sensele

Shields & Yields Of Love

Fields, shields and yields of love heal
Upheavals hearts harassed and heckled in circumstances
Maintained, retained and sustained on a hill
Disown and drown doubts in cocoons that ingratiate impertinence instances.

Fields, shields and yields of love lubricate
Gears and gaskets gleaned from garages of gregariousness
Feted and elevated to sainthood to subjugate
Spirits and writs to wean wads of wickedness.

Fields, shields and yields of love amplify
Overt and covert conduits carried over
From ashes and slashes of creativity to mollify
Hearts that vowed never again to dignify a patriarchal palaver.

Fields, shields and yields of love cure
Hearts on fire with ire to hire an empire
Driven and given to glorifying the lure
They claim names romance recidivists to fire, retire or inspire.

John Sensele

Shoot Seven Times

Trump calls every stark fact a hoax
He gathers his facts and figures from fox
Teeming vacancies with friends and relatives
On his failures he blames soliloquy sedatives

Which he regurgitates in intemperate tweets
That on innocent black tongues won't wet sweets
When from truth a bully runs
Embraces the bite and might of guns

While a mounting covid 19 catastrophe to him counts for nothing
As America records numerous deaths and heaths that mean everything
More important than the venom Trump pours
At times when the cry of a cherubish child roars

In an African American family
Reeling from a folly's homily
That selective amnesia pushes to the top
While covid 19 deaths he can't and won't stop

In tow with police brutality
That condones fickle fatality
Flying in the face of trigger happiness
Resulting the madness of gun snappiness

The bully in a hurry praises
While a soiled hand he raises
Conveniently, truth he dumps into dustbins
As his psyche sinks and dinks in seas of sins

While Jacob Blake's family hurts
In the latest shooting Trump's mouth blurts
As if American lives weigh cheap
In Trump's world where tweets whip.

John Sensele

Shoot To The Top

Shoot to the top
Boot out from your itinerary
Hurdles and stop
Indecency and insolvency in February.

Shoot to the summit
Deploy your best strategy
Don't quit or tweet
Nonsense but teach and preach synergy.

Shoot to the apex
That for so long eluded you
As you strove through harems to hex
Hecklers who turn blue anew.

Shoot to the rim
Of the universe and traverse
Populist plots to trim
Your peacock plumage and pen versatile verse.

John Sensele

Shores Of Doom And Gloom In Your Faith

Shores of doom
Needn't engulf the space in your mind
Where without your will gloom
Can't inhabit until faithless fleas and spiritual sleaze find

Room and space to waylay and slay without delay
The faith you profess to possess
In a spray without a ray stray
Strung and hung when you dispossess

Your faith of the strength and depth
Which faith has sunk into its roots
In each significant step and faith breath
You smuggle and gaggle in the boots

You wear with pride as you deride the loss
You claim not to suffer in the dwarf
You call disbelief and the abandon toss
Spotted in the wharf

Where faith ought to find succor
By virtue of the pride of place
You claim to allocate to the anchor
Faith can't in your mind squeeze from a disbelief trace in a lace

Shores of doom and gloom striving to mount
On your faith a determined assault
Within a number of sorties you dismount
As conscience pangs claim it's no longer our fault.

John Sensele

Shouts Of Doubt

When doubt assails your mind
Think twice before making a false move
That swerves you on the blind
Side of the right groove.

When doubt clouds your vision
Pause for a moment
Before confusion
Spins out of turn your firmament.

When doubt nibbles at your lucidity
Stop to take a deep breath
Lest you should let temerity
Fraternize success dearth.

When doubt invades medulla oblongata
Kneel down and say a little prayer
For divine intervention to clear garbage clutter
That blocks your hope sprayer.

John Sensele

Shove Shovels

Words of love on wings of a dove
Shove shovels
Tinged with a glove
Swabbed in hurt shush brothels.

Words of love in swords of thunder
Wither silver
In rivers and a quiver under
Slivers of riches that only God's grace can deliver.

Words of love whispered from a human mouth
Amount to nothing
In God's mirth and Earth bereft of dearth
Of boundless bounty and in countries where glory they sing.

John Sensele

Shreds Of Dread

News from the frontline sounds grim
Death numbers doubled in New York
Reality stoic minds can't trim
Neither can the smell of death cheat the stork

Who can't hug or bury dead relatives
Covid nineteen cadavers claim
Snatching emotions and adjectives
From anguish so deep it's got no name

Hotspots worldwide compete
For ventilators, face masks and PP equipment
But medical heroes though exhausted won't quit
Though confinement in an eerie encampment

Sends cold cracks down celebrated spines
Wondering whether shift will end well
Given morbid moments coronavirus defines
If entering home doors retains the traditional sentimental spell and scale.

John Sensele

Shriek In A Shrouded Ship

Profile picture painted to please Jennifer Lopez
Smiles for miles to the dynamite of Taio Cruz
Sights, heights and flights into serene skies
Bereft of dour dues, hostile hues, cantankerous queues and bludgeon blues.

Laughter in a merry matter to flatter Nicky Minaj
No grenade on a serenade to degrade a flight to Bruno Mars
Urge age to assuage a morose message
Conveyed in hearts perambulating in rickshaws and cars.

African Queen croons tender tunes for Two Baba
Heartbeats, sweets and tweets when love takes over David Guetta and Kelly
Rowland
While for miles piles of styles revile rattle sabre
As Cupid cousins celebrate in a style grand in a gregarious gland.

Ouch! Message hits bull's eye with a cry...No more Cleopatra, Romeo and Juliet
Venomous viper vanquishes vaunted friendship
Torrents of tears dent Eden events. No more merriment to fete
Julie stolen in July, Julie flown Heavenwards in a shrouded ship.

John Sensele

Shut Up, Puff Adder

My Belle is a well
A fountain from which I drink
Limpid liquids that tell
Me someday we'll clink

Glasses as my gaze would
Peer at her tinted glasses
And tell her good
Night in readiness for classes

She'd teach the morning
To teach me to tweet
Love in the evening
When we'd sit

To share a shower
To dare to care for each other
To love with all the power
To shut up a pouting puff adder.

John Sensele

Sick Signature

The aperture of the discomfiture literature
In the cyst of the midst of a defeat fleet
To which you appended your sick signature
Growing a malfeasance into into a rapture
You creamed and deemed fit to tweet
In the aperture of the discomfiture literature
Where your character succumbed to a kinky capture
In the essence of the absence of the bliss beat
To which you appended your sick signature
Surrendering in the ring of a frivolous future
Where your reputation dropped at your feet
In the aperture of the discomfiture literature
By leaps and bounds floundering into a culture
By commission and omission you elected to greet
As blindly you appended your sick signature
To promote the mote and vote of the notorious nature
Alive in the malady and parody to greet the conceit concrete
Multiplying in the aperture of the discomfiture literature
To which you appended your sick signature.

John Sensele

Sick Status

My beloved world comes apart at the seams
Carnage in London, strafing in Damascus, suicide bombs in Kabul
Theresa May eats humble pie with a dollop of sour creams
While in the USA Donald Trump loses his cool.

My beloved world cries to be heard
Climate change ravages economies and decimates my ecosystem
While a little knowledge pours invectives on a stranded bird
Which demands a global warming narrative postmortem.

My beloved world bleeds as Arabs turn their backs on Qatar
On whom they blame a thousand ills
While they choke her airspace and deny her butter
Although Qatar on time pays her bills.

My beloved world screams above flames
In Glenfell Tower where victims jump to their death
As authorities in muted claims
Run out of options and ideas in the grip of strategy dearth.

John Sensele

Silence Sounds Of A Gun

Disruptions and distractions driven by double
Dealing delect no one because they're bad
They drive and dispense trouble and rabble
Leaving teams of victims sad

No man or woman gladdens
When trains of pain and strain
Stress and distress tens or dozens
Of victims in vain

When sadists in their haste
To inflict pain succeed
In hurting and overhauling their best
Interests and feed

Self flagellation in a constellation
Of confusion that in the long run
Ruins their prospects for action
Necessary to silence sounds of a gun.

John Sensele

Sillier And Sillier

Matters meander from bad to worse
No job, no joy, no joke to share
As if my life kisses a curse
That every facet can't spare.

Wish I could wind
Hands of time and restart
The life I no longer find
Pours joy into my heart.

Why I keep asking why
Matters sneak so much sorrow
Dearest dreams a natural death die
Yesterday, today and tomorrow.

Thought I was clever
Playing the fool
Mishandling in my life every lever
Now I reap sorrow in full

Only my intransigence to blame
Failure follows failure
Not a single victory or success to claim
All because my behavior by the day grew sillier and sillier.

John Sensele

Silly Sapling

Silly to succumb like a simpleton
To the lure of a wondrous woman
Despite the polyphonic ringtone
From her smart phone. Wake up, man!

Silly to submit like a cyclop
To entreaties of conmen and scammers
Who from time to time in your life pop
Champagne and drive Hummers.

Silly to surrender like a school student
When a fad catches on in your social circles
Much better to play a prudent
Card, jog in the morning as you await from Jesus miracles.

Silly to sorrow like a sapling
When a damsel ditches you
Leaving in your mouth a febrile feeling
That hurts so bad until into your life walks someone new.

Silly to sink like a street souse
Who swills cheap alcohol
While hunger stalks his house like a louse
That can no longer play ball.

Silly to surprise your spouse
With news of an impending breakup
Because you gripe like a grouse
For whom emptiness fills a cup.

John Sensele

Silt Spittle

Losing battles
Forcing God's hands
To bless mundane mantles
Swamped in bruised bands.

Every milestone
God charts
Whether they pour glory or scorn
Waste of time to cast drivel darts.

Dreaming, speculating too cheap
Bending God's plan an impossible task
Only disappointment and frustration to reap
No matter what questions they ask.

God owns tomorrow
Human will matters little
If they should avert sorrow
In a plethora of silt spittle.

John Sensele

Silver Lining

A silver lining breaks through
To cover the naked truth hidden for so long
Through intrigue and machination so delicately crafted you
Wonder reasons whether to an illusion you did belong.

A silver lining like a breath of fresh air
Sweeps past your mind and beeps
Sublime music with such succulent flair
You wonder why you couldn't have the treasure for keeps.

A silver lining greets your morning
Pumping you up with clear thoughts, a clear mind
A clear purpose you make up your mind to sing
A tune of appreciation to God for extricating you from a terrible bind.

A silver lining accompanies every step
You take whether you stumble, fumble or bungle
Appreciating every prep and pep
Talk God whispers in your ear as your life traverse a pilgrimage jungle.

John Sensele

Silver, Gold & Diamonds

Silver, gold, diamonds
Though precious mean little
Compared to solid bonds
We build whether or not we flaunt a ceremonial title.

Sport and utility vehicles and limousines
Pale into insignificance in comparison to genuine love
We consume beyond pages of glamorous magazines
And the joy our associates and partners deserve.

Mink coats, cosmetics, accessories
Cannot elevate us far above our natural endowments
Though in some quarters luxuries
Shower on insecure folks superficial endearments.

Caviar, venison, pork
Though tasty on our palate
As we pull a champagne cork
May not assuage our emptiness when disappointment fills our plate.

John Sensele

Simple Sober Steps

Simple steps in a sober setting
Keep away loads of blues
To avoid whetting
Appetites for arrant avenues with horrid hues.

Simple steps in seamy circumstances
Keep reinventing roads to redemption
By embracing enhanced execution and ensuring distances
Dwindle between an overt option and its ingenious implementation.

Simple steps devoid of dodgy danger
Advance possibilities primed to launch
A basis for liberating larger
Reward responses if stability and steadfastness remain staunch.

Simple steps circulated simultaneously in key
Aspects of an admirable adventure
Pave the way for success when agile aspects jettison pesky
Red herrings that minimize misadventure.

John Sensele

Sinful Satiety

Pedophile, don't act vile
Pedophile, don't scavenge on children
Pedophile, beware of your bile guile
The law soon apprehends you on a train in the rain.

Pedophile, communities revile predators
Don't prey on innocent infants
Pedophile, engage the rage of gladiators and matadors
Pedophile, reiterate challenges to mighty militants.

Pedophile, don't escape the noose on your nape
Pedophile, those who live by destruction, die by immolation
Pedophile, children, toddlers and infants, don't rape
Pedophile, sexual transgression against minors invites disapprobation.

Pedophile, don't cross the boss of social decorum
Pedophile, varieties of societies condone diets of piety
Pedophile, your horrid odium salutes blame on a podium
Pedophile, labour to cultivate moral satiety.

John Sensele

Singe Both Binge And Whinge

Strive not for sentiment slavery
Rummaging for crumbs on the fringe
That limits your horizons to a pesky periphery.

Swing not your treasure on a wicked whinge
Expecting excellent outcomes from timid tactics
If you can't pluck up courage to singe a binge.

Throw not your lot into casual characteristics
If from the bottom of the pyramid you should rise
Excel in Mathematics and master heuristics.

Allow not life on you to spring a surprise
Unless you sleep walk
To veer far and far away from your priceless prize.

Listen not to double talk
If you should remain sane
Climbing like a bean on a slippery stalk
Summersaulting in a limpet lane.

John Sensele

Sinking Spectacles

Valentine's hair fares well with brilliantine
That glosses curls like girls
Whose time pristine
Unfurls

An era where the aura
Surrounded by bounds of ladida
Repels Laura in fora
Where escorted by Clotilda and Matilda

Writes off Valentine's effeminate
Demeanour
Which can't germinate or disseminate
A marvelous manner in the manor

Where Valentine is persona no grata
In circles where miracles
In a volcano's crater
Suspends sinking spectacles.

John Sensele

Sinless Lien

Unrequited love sometimes picks himself up from his pants seat
And dares to accost an intransigent lass to plead for a sweet tweet
Crafted with a wanton dismissal like a rusty whistle as though a pass
Amounted to nothing more than bank accounts of a sassy carcass
Whose love can't possibly lodge in the bulge of a high society heart
For Jim, Joe or Jack to masticate or domesticated in whole or in part
In view of the chasm fate conspires to erect on her charm like a precipice
On the outer rim of a heart born with a silver spoon and a biased dice
That lands on unseen glands of her sarcastic moon whose orbit
Jim's love will never navigate or circumnavigate because every bit
In her heart like mining bits is encrusted with high grade diamonds
Jim can't brandishing, burnish or furnish to royal hearts whose almonds
Unrequited love can only marvel at in his romantic drivel and travel although his
bosom
Teems with a selfless mission, boundless affection and sinless perfection from
his heart bottom.

John Sensele

Siphon Water

Folks siphon water
Hands wash cars, mops dry windows
Crisp bank notes migrate.

John Sensele

Sirocco In A Heart

Dust-laden sirocco blows feelings from a heart
Sunken, broken, forsaken, beaten in a house
Where the heart expected comfort from the start
But reaped scum at the hand of a sadistic mouse.

Mediterranean warm moisture kisses a face
Blessed by a compassionate heart that pours care
Attention and lavishes gifts in every shift to brace
For an adventure brimming with touching feelings laid bare.

Osculation aplenty, but copulation postponed
Until the day two hearts set up a home
Where sirocco and Sahara dust are banned
Because hands search, find and hold each other in Rome.

Sirocco flies away from the site
Where bliss overflows by the bucketful
Every second, every minute in a plethora of light
That illuminates a bright future: love in full.

John Sensele

Sister Amanda

Like a clown, Derby floated on cloud nine;
Amanda fitted his future plans to a tee;
Parents said they could entwine;
What a wedding celebration it would be!

Now, Amanda delivered a bouncy baby;
The infant's blood group differed
From the blood of Derby, future hubby;
Wedding arrangements he deferred.

Amanda pleaded guilty and joined a convent;
Derby relented and adopted her son.
'Are you attending Amanda's ordination event? '
'Definitely, ' said Derby, smiling at the sun.

John Sensele

Sister Elizabeth

When, filled with blessings, Christine bore Elizabeth;
A divine glow lit up my life;
A new beginning dawned
And boundless joy enveloped my wife,
The mother of my children, my confidante
Whose gentle hand curbed strife.

When, emulating Florence Nightingale, she nurtured patients;
A quiet calm descended on the Female Ward;
Smiles broadened, illnesses took to flight
As into viruses and bacteria entered medical sword
To administer palliative and therapeutic care
Until each patient received her cure reward.

When, at God's bidding, Elizabeth returned home
To nurse Sean who'd escaped near death;
Hope and confidence rose in mom and dad
Who'd run out of breath
As the emergency sapped their energy
Boosted by the work of Beth.

John Sensele

Situations And Circumstances In Your Favour Evolve

Neither moan nor groan
When challenges singe and strike
Darkest hour just before dawn

Pray, pray, pray a little more in your mike
For God to come to the rescue
Kneel on your knees but don't hike

Costs of faith in a conundrum queue
But let fervor of faith storm forth
To bless circumstance swings anew

When God empowers your self worth
Strengthens your resolve to solve
Problems with silver solutions in your berth

To scatter and sever your blues and brambles which dissolve
When circumstances and situations suddenly in your favour evolve.

John Sensele

Six Stones

Kids throw stones
Mangoes parachute fast
On a Winter morn.

John Sensele

Sixty Four

Sixty four, a pristine page
A milestone, a new zone
An opportunity on a serene stage
For life to laugh longer with a momentum of its own.

Sixty four, a brand new account
Three hundred and sixty five days
God grants a divine discount
In numerous ways to a creature who prays.

Sixty four, a nimble number
Sanctified in September
A momentous moment to remember
No plumber, no ember but plenty of savoury slumber.

Sixty four, a wondrous wage
A tender touch, a mushy match, a breath-taking brunch
A suave sage, an apt adage, a willful wedge
To launch a staunch hunch.

Sixty four, a tangy tomorrow
Dreams, teams, whims
Nothing nasty, no pesky palaver to grow
As you live life yonder succulent streams of ice creams.

Sixty four, a senior citizen
Reinvigorated vitality
Distinguished cosmopolitan denizen
Honours humility and tenderizes temerity.

Sixty four, tear the form book
Blaze a new trail
Revitalize your cookbook
Civility, sobriety and serenity don't derail.

John Sensele

Sixty Three

Sixty three, a milestone to honour my creator
In whose wisdom life sauntered into my person
For a purpose loftier than gratitude to a mediator
Through whom I learn everyday a humility lesson.

Sixty three, an opportunity to renew my commitment
To my duty, to my calling, to my offspring and my grandsons
My family, my friends, my nation, not just through rhetoric and sentiment
But by dint of sweat I pour to pave the way for a bright future for Lizzy and my sons.

Sixty three, time to examine steps I take
To lead a life that honours with every move the geography
Traced in the trajectory my life traverses with a stake
So high and so valuable I spare my faith atrophy.

Sixty three beckons the dawn of another decade
In which I ought to chalk with flying colors in every undertaking
My pilgrimage opts to parade in a serenade
That breathes achievements and accomplishments that are mine for the taking.

Sixty three as I stand on the cusp
Of senior citizenry I'm filled with gratitude
For a panorama and a kaleidoscope in which God poured into my cup
Blessings, graces and favours to temper my attitude.

John Sensele

Sizzlers Circumstances Spring

The world sometimes makes me slow
When moments mutter blues
In fickle feelings frustrations blow

In dreams without clues
I dislike to decipher
When patience in the end I lose

Pinning hopes in a sizzling cipher
As my mind explores horizons
In calculations I encipher

Crawling and rolling in prayer zones
I believe solace can bring
When blues I slay in layers in my tones

Where feelings of succour ring
In slick circumstances surprises spring.

John Sensele

Sizzling Slates

Hunger is that heinous hyena
That gnaws at the navel
When taste buds long for dinner
And like judges in a culinary kitchen hammer a gavel

On a chopping chair chosen
With sirloin, fillet, mutton and venison
When bucks in a wallet frozen
In a ridge and a fridge in unison

Resist Pavlov's plan to prove
Right a gourmet's gluttony and gastric garlic
In a fit of fragrance and aroma that move
A motion to praise celery and tumeric

That alongside other condiments
Promise to titillate palates
That salivate while conveying compliments
To chefs and sous chefs who ready tables for tasters to sample meals from
sizzling slates.

John Sensele

Skeletons

Like millstones round her nimble neck
Secrets from monstrous mistakes
Cast silly stones any way she turns
To remind her there aren't any crunchy cakes
For her to savour in perfect peace
Although she's avoiding such hurtful headaches.

Who in her youth didn't commit inescapable indiscretions?
Growing up is a laborious learning curve
Through which she passes
In order to grow any vital verve
That enables her to navigate life's wavy waters
And earn the right to a plate of hors d'oeuvre.

Don't throw out the bouncy baby with her bath water,
Sages may enjoin any sane society
To tone down the rambling rhetoric
That condones pompous propriety
Standards for fragile flesh
Which fights to attain any symbolic sobriety.

John Sensele

Skeletons In My Life

Skeletons in my life make me blue
As they shriek and freak out at inopportune moments
When in my mind I feel the true
Me is finally free from any pesky torments.

Skeletons from my checkered past like millstones
Drag me down and shatter the happiness
I feel I deserve although to me diamonds are more than stones
Which in eyes of material lasses engender cosiness.

Skeletons in my marriage wreak havoc
As hubby suspects Ambrose to resemble Anthony
Who somehow gives him a shock
All because I multiply infidelity gluttony.

Skeletons in my career come alive
When promotion within an ace winks at me
All of a sudden skeletons drive
My future away cos promotion for me never will be.

Skeletons arise when the national qualification authorities
Investigate the authenticity of the PhD
That pushed my application to the summit of priorities
Of headhunting that demanded competencies in my expertise field.

Skeletons in my dermatology reared their ugly head
When my upper arm skin exposed deformities
Complexion creams couldn't put to bed
Although natural ebony complexion suffers indignities.

John Sensele

Skew Neutrality

There was once skewed neutrality
Which broke a freak manager's agility
When he spoke out of turn
His fingers he did burn
'Cos he chose to boost fragility.

John Sensele

Skimpy Bikini

There was once a skimpy bikini
That lured keen voyeurs of a mini
To arouse and gaze
As lust caused a maze
Of notions in a prurient bunny.

John Sensele

Skinny Pants

The orifice swallowed zillion giants
Said orifice, 'Squash me like ants.
And I'll thrash you to powder
Though you dream of an udder
To fling me as though I wore no pants.'

John Sensele

Skulduggery, Trickery & Thuggery

Horns and thorns born on a morn
Gone bad, grown sad, grafted and given
To fits of fickle fantasies and emaciated ecstasies shorn
Of porn, pride, pesky proclivities and possibilities woven wonderfully in an oven

Whose chambers chide chimpanzees
Jumping, gesticulating, jiving and jingling
From branches, ranches, tranches and bees on seas and trees
Where mirth tingling and mingling on an evening

When mockery, trickery and thuggery
In jest in their quest to invest
Vests that pests cured, procured and secured through skulduggery
Simulated and stimulated sapience and support as incest

Gained ground on bounds and surrounds
Where morals mauled manners
That once served, swerved and observed rounds
Of cultures featured on flannel fabrics and a squad of snipers and gallant
gunners.

John Sensele

Slay And Waylay Self Inflicted Torment

Synergize to maximize growth
Perish and diminish progress in disunity
Which ensures we slay in us the mammoth
God sews when we embrace and empower unity.

No way to progress if efforts we fragment
Cultivating parcels of division
Deluding ourselves momentous march we augment
When we pledge allegiance to a perdition provision.

We introspect
We search our souls
We dare our motivation to prospect
What on Earth drives us to score own goals.

Best to change course
Seize the moment
Reassess our stabilization source
Otherwise we augment our self inflicted torment

John Sensele

Slay The Specter Of Doubt

The rattle of battles with life's shackles
Measures we take to save life's treasures
Fears and tears drowning our buckles
Paralysis without catalysis in our pleasures

Overwhelm our perspective
If we lapse into collapse
Perceiving little issues in a subjective
Light that shuts off taps

Which water our creativity
To draw on synergies
To aid the agile activity
In the hippocampus energies

Meant to pave the way for the solution
Most appropriate to the pesky problem
Threatening our existence with dissolution
If we surrender to the defeat emblem

Before we've put to use the best strategy
Intended to make the way clear
Preventing us from growing too edgy
When God declares our victory too near

Unless obstination blocks
Providence
If we beat sorrow strokes
Losing confidence

In the power of faith, belief
Boosted by creed clout
Coupled with reliable relief
We sigh slaying the specter of doubt.

John Sensele

Slinking A Doubt

Can't stand bland ploys of hackers
Can't breathe easy when hackers and fakers lurk about
Trying to spring tired tricks on backpackers
To engineer a scam by sprinkling and slinking a doubt with a bare shout.

Can't stand attempts by hackers to steal data
Can't breathe easy when hackers think they can enjoy a field day
Springing cheap histrionics dressed as excess baggage clutter
To hoodwink any internet user who has lost through the labyrinth his way.

Can't stand the brazen ploy by hackers to spring a cheap trick
Can't breathe easy when notorious thieves lure through seduction a novice
Throwing in his way cheap baits purporting to give him a kick
To exploit men's proclivity for a one night stand service.

Can't stand insults hurled at men because of their libido
Can't the indolence in case of genuine doubt by folks to conduct due diligence
To establish veracity and pen its door
To put to rest with respect to the internet any loss of confidence.

John Sensele

Slopes Of Redemption

If my life can bless a soul in distress
Beatitudes in the sermon on the mount would smile
The book of life would witness
Warmth of recruitment for a while.

If my life can marry darkness and overburdens
A relationship, heathens would rejoice
Realising my life locked horns with dens
For fallen angels with no moral ground choice.

If my life can toggle between paganism
Fetishism, occultism and Christianity
May life veers towards a disgrace of animism
And the poverty and paucity of chastity.

If my life can elevate a suppressed soul from the mire
Of deprivation, rejection and dejection
Then I dare say my life can inspire
Hope on slopes of redemption.

John Sensele

Slow Down, Calm Down

Slow down, crawl back to your senses
Indulge in damage limitation
Mend fences
As you embark on reparation preparation.

Slow down, calm down
Restore normalcy
On your face, wear no frown
Instead plead for her mercy.

Slow down, act your age
For it pays to display maturity
At work, at play and in marriage
Where maturity enhances security.

Slow down, apologise for the outburst
Which burnt and singed bridges
Lest you should get cursed
And your stained remains should garnish floors of fridges.

John Sensele

Sludge Veggies

Sludge feeds veggies
Vendors mislead customers
Tape worms multiply.

John Sensele

Slumber

Hypnos puts me to sleep;
In very good stead to keep
My health, my wealth;
No tricks, no stealth;
But true love and love deep.

John Sensele

Small Minds, Average Minds, Great Minds

Small minds people's frailties deride
Drawing comfort and report
Although average minds decide
Events to discuss in their effort

To imitate great minds
Who ideas and ideals discuss
Upfront and behind blinds
Where they fuss

On humankind greatness
Buried into ideas
Whose robustness
Fears

Nothing as they step forward
Swimming against the tide
Where a mediocrity coward
Draws succor and pride

Arguing it ain't worth
His trouble to explore the rigour
Gems of superior ideas bring forth
In the vigour

Great minds inject into prospects
Humankind ought to explore
In mediocrity suspects
Whose forte lies in the arcane methods folklore

Promotes
In the business as usual attitude
Which demotes
The forward thinking latitude which gratitude

Bestows on the progress path
Littered with trials
Feminist Sylvia Plath
In her deluge dials

Dreamt of in her poems
Where she explored ins and outs
Lying inside and outside totems
From which greatness sprouts

Undaunted by criticism
Rebuke
Sarcasm and cynicism
Which lie in the puke nuke

Super Powers in their ubris
Flaunt
Between the Euphrates and Tigris
To taunt

Prospects of humankind survival
As a fallacy
Whose conjectured arrival
Throws spanners in the Super Power delicacy bereft of mercy.

John Sensele

Smart Hearts

With hearts, tarts and carts that dart
Joy into a neighbourhood and a jolly good mood
We traverse life's journey, let's perfect the art
Of loving, forgiving and striving to emulate Robin Hood.

With hands and glands trained to seize opportunities
Let's surge forth and purge procrastination from plans
Primed and timed to keep Zambian cities
Free of deeds, seeds and weeds that defy gun ownership bans.

With ears and weirs that implement sound advice
Dished out by fishers of men
By virtue of their vocation to offer service
To widows, widowers and orphans, let's together utter amen.

With conjugal commitment and compassion
Let's honour matrimonial duty
With verve and passion
Implemented with zeal and gusto at every opportunity.

John Sensele

Smash Silicon Ceilings

Smash silicon ceilings that marginalize mammas
In the top echelon of deserved per diem
Promoting skewed salaries and dealing in dogged dramas
That oppress orphans and coerce widows to accredit 'requiem'.

Smash silicon ceilings that protect patrician privileges
Depriving damsels of their deserved space in income brackets
For damsels who brandish worthy credentials minus sacrileges
In organizational structures teeming with roaring rackets.

Smash silicon ceilings that exacerbate extremes
In pay discrepancies and in incentives
Enjoyed by macho managers at the expense of dames
Accused of paying undue attention to contraceptives.

Smash silicon ceilings that institute iniquities
Which for too long create a credibility chasm
That invites injustices evident in celebrity cities
Violating victims suspended in a state of uncertainty spasm.

Smash silicon ceilings that frustrate fairness
In industrial relations
That yield unhappiness, sickness and weakness
Cosseted by inept imaginations and egregious evaluations.

Smash silicon ceilings that suppress sororities
Rotated to redress imbalances
Which have rated puny priorities
In industrial stances, instances, distances and circumstances.

John Sensele

Smile Some More, My Friend

Smile some more, my friend
Frowns favour no one
One heart heaves away hatred
Progress and success smile at everyone.

Frowns favour no one
Joy and jokes add years
Progress and success smile at everyone
To clear away any fears and tears.

Joy and jokes add years
Humility and agility multiply opportunities
To clear away any fears and tears
And vanity proclivities.

Humility and agility multiply opportunities
One heart heaves away hatred
And vanity proclivities
Smile some more, my friend.

John Sensele

Snap Into A Joyful Future

Wipe away tears
Pouring from your aching heart
Whether in the present or in arrears
Cos letting tears depart

Paves the way for a brand new outlook
Away from dark thoughts
Where a somber spook
Trading in noughts

Creeps in wait
For souls who grant him dominion
To bite the bet
He sets alongside his deleterious opinion

Meant to ensnare your bright future
Into a cocoon of destruction that holds you captive
In a conundrum culture
In which the spook offers no sedative

To move your status to the next level
Where smiles for miles
Shunt aside the evil
Whose feeble files

Grip you in a vice
So vile
It delibilitates the device
Inside your soft centre where a smile

Reigns supreme
To bring back the spring
Your footsteps dream
Of beyond a string

That unties your fate
From hurtful aches
Sustained on a date
Soon to fill with cakes

Meant to rebirth
The life you deserve
With fervent faith
To nourish your best preserve and swerve

Into joy
Into friendship
Into the pleasure of a teddy bear toy
Into a queenship and a well-deserved discipleship.

John Sensele

Snap Your Faith Awake

Nurture your bravado brood
Favouring friendships and relationships to thrive
Regardless of the creed and colour of the mood

Drifting and shifting in the hive
Where a daft difference
That from reality to surreality arrive

Navigating and gravitating the circumference
Your culture circumstance converses, traverses
As you derive an impudent inference

Fuelled and propelled by vitriolic verses
You glean from boisterous beliefs
Riding and hiding in rabid reverses

You suffer beyond your buffer
In academia, in Utopia and in love
Despite the olive branch you offer

Tinkering the wing of the dove
God sent you
From Heaven above

To chart your future anew
Brightening up prospects
When you no longer swim in the stew

Of superstition and suppression sects
Where you fumble faith
When confusion collects

Your strength
From knees that shake
In width and length
Unless all at once your faith snaps awake.

John Sensele

Snatching A Second Chance

Limping at a border post
With smuggled mealie meal
I plead for a morsel of beef roast
While I negotiate a denominational deal.

Licked up in limbo
With scars all over my brain
I dare to decipher the hope symbol
From a morass of soporific strain.

Left to my devices
With a plethora of time on my hands
I dream of the heyday when I denigrated vices
While I played sentimental music with Copperbelt bands.

Lifted from the pit of despair
Within an ace of insanity
I chose every shred of my chequered life to repair
Banishing for good traces and races of my erstwhile vanity.

Lost in transition
With probability problems by the dozen
I formulated a sarcastic solution
Vowing never to get my faculties frozen.

John Sensele

Sneaky Sentiment

A feeling floats in my heart
Reminding my heart to beware of attachments
That heap on my heart a sleazy start
When I embrace relationships landing my heart into acidic apartments.

A thought throws my brain out of balance
Reminding my brain to beware of emotional equations
That I solve in my sentimental circumstance
When I embrace relationships yielding soporific solutions.

A trouble traverses my mind
Reminding my mind to beware of romance robotics
That I conjure up in a bothersome bind
When I embrace relationships addicting my mind to neurotic narcotics.

An emotion envelopes my body
Reminding my body to beware of fulfilling fantasies
That I surmise to surrender to somebody
When I embrace relationships subjecting my body to ephemeral ecstasies.

John Sensele

Snuff Life Out Of Stress

No one holds power over you
Your destiny lies in your hands
Where you take control and pick up the clue
To move you forward into satisfaction stands.

Be grateful to be alive
Breathing the breath of life in and out
Every second your successes arrive
Enlarging and empowering your clout.

Don't belittle your status
You enjoy in the present moment
Deriving benefits with no hiatus
No regret, no secret to forment.

Consider the future with balance
Each moment you progress
Despite circumstance and chance
To snuff life out of stress.

John Sensele

So Bad, So Mad

When my feelings like fins
Fly topsy turvy in my bosom
Curling and swirling without stop like spins
Assailing, blackmailing fibres in my heart's hippodrome

I aspire to perspire
Wondering why I'm so mad
Banking blindnesses that won't expire
I curse reasons I hurt so bad

Each time I reinvent sorrow
Short and long, mild and sharp
Conjuring up madnesses I borrow
Paying tribute to the cursed carp

Who won't leave me alone
To reflect and select courses of action
That free for good my backbone
To curtail and derail desire's distraction.

John Sensele

So Divine A Moment

So divine the moment, so delightful the second
When in public view
We felt love so deep, so strong a bond
That I scarcely knew was true.

So overwhelming the occasion, so awesome the moment
She told me she was mine
That I stood akimbo with no comment
To make as I felt so fine.

So memorable the encounter, so mesmerizing the touch
My body tingled from toe to head
I lost my power of speech and my couch
Cautioned me not to gallumph too far ahead.

So sweet the contact, so sublime the clasp
Both our hearts could melt, our hands felt
As we wandered along swatting away a wasp
To which a dismissive blow we both dealt as in gratitude knelt.

John Sensele

So Few Options

If from a woman's heart should spring
True feelings for me
I'd gladly buy her a wedding ring
To make her see

How much I dare to care
For her comfort
Her wish to wear
My name in an effort to report

Her ascribed hiatus
Conceived in her heart to spend
Our joint future with a fetus
She carries in her womb to mend

Wrongs we'd inflicted on a date
Too playful to ponder
When emotions crushed her fate
Leaving her with so few options that wonder.

John Sensele

So Indomitable My Independence

So indomitable my independence
Times spent honing social skills
Tend trauma traders to silence
As in morbid minds a fantasy fills.

So lofty my love
Times spent visiting the vulnerable
Tend to delect my dove
As in merciful minds sound admirable.

So robust my resilience
Times spent healing hurts
Tend to console my conscience
As in malicious minds bother blurts.

So sophisticated my status
Times spent in meditation
Tend to humble a hiatus
As in mellow minds accelerate affection.

John Sensele

So What?

So what if a problem takes to flight
To free time and space
For you to enjoy a new relationship bite
With a radiant and restful face.

So what if clinging to principles
Subtracts from your life bad eggs
Who profess to be disciples
Well versed in the philosophy of listless legs.

So what if you jettison excess baggage
That chokes your life
Strangles moves towards positive change
To inject into your life strife.

So what if an unfit partner walks away
To free room for Miss Right
To embrace you without undue delay
Until in your life plight transmutes into overall might.

John Sensele

Sobriety Seeds

Sow seeds of sobriety
In your inner circle
Where duty calls for a variety
Of means to invite a miracle.

Sows seeds of success
In settings where unity and dignity
Suffer from stress
That slays affability and amity.

Sow seeds of sanity
In settings sullied by malice
That vaunts vanity
To insert among erstwhile associates a cancer crease.

Sow seeds of sagacity
Among folks fatigued by despondency and despair
When by association in their sleaze city
They crave for comfort and care.

John Sensele

Soccer

Simulates exclusive elixirs,
Outclasses boredom,
Cherishes the beautiful game,
Chastises awkward hobbies,
Extricates knotty relationships from dilution,
Rejuvenates soccer fans.

John Sensele

Soccer Ace

There was once a soccer player
Who ran fast in a layer
Of defenders left in awe
Reducing them to zero
When he seemed like a slayer.

John Sensele

Soccer Savvy

Soccer stimulates senses
Slays tedium
Prolongs sobriety stances
Prevents hordes of odium.

Soccer severs sorrows
Slays distractions
Prolongs rows of tomorrows
Prevents hordes of altercations.

Soccer saves souls
Slays sadness
Prolongs rows of goals
Prevents hordes of unhappiness.

Soccer sears sarcasm
Slays pettiness
Prolongs rows of enthusiasm
Prevents hordes of peskiness.

John Sensele

Soccer Vagaries

Soccer excites feelings like religion
That turns favourite fans into teasing toddlers
Whose stamina after a ninety minute spectacle local derby results bludgeon
While twenty two gladiators despite earned dollars

Inject a vortex of adrenalin
Into arteries, veins and capillaries
Of adoring fans in need of aspirin
Although rewards of fat salaries

Swell wallets of fist waving players
Who hike blood pressure in opponents' capillaries
When a round ball without prayers
Tear form book from pages of fans' diaries

Defying statistics, opinion polls, rewriting history
But adoring fans call soccer a beautiful game
Which hypnotises fans who lap up chicory
Whether their idols accept or reject any defeat blame.

John Sensele

Social Media Scapegoats

Social Media, a much maligned platform
Neither incites nor recites cretin creeds to form and inform
Cultures and futures steeped in heaps of disorder
Which account holders in their folders call to order
To invent and reinvent possibilities so vile
They invite unfair criticism and cynicism imbued with bile.
Account holders on social media bear their fair share of responsibility
For actions and distractions they inject and project into social media versatility.

John Sensele

Socket Muppet

Wet blanket and socket muppet, leave me alone to breathe
Easy, to inhale optimum oxygen
To exhale carbon dioxide and to bathe
My lungs clean and to reject a toxic antigen.

Wet blanket and socket muppet, fly away your seasonal poison
Which slays peace, delays progress and strays
Into packs of blues, spoils stews and jams reason
Which fights flights of calm and disarms lie sprays.

Wet blanket and socket muppet, cut loose and vamoose
As fast as you can cos my cast can't condone your diphtheria
That protrudes in stability homes and inconveniences a goose
That minds his own business, lessening hysteria.

Wet blanket and socket muppet, ferry in buses lasses
Whose lives torn to shreds beg for a second chance
To build anew and to field fresh idea fragments in classic classes
Initiated to better the lot of Fugees in France at a glance.

Wet blanket and socket muppet, leave me alone to breathe
Easy, to inhale optimum oxygen
To exhale carbon dioxide and to bathe
My lungs clean and to reject a toxic antigen.

John Sensele

Software Scumbags

Software scumbags, get lost and stay lost
No sane soul seeks your kleptomania
Primed to steal content, to redirect traffic, ghost
As you mourn for megalomania.

Software scumbags, seek solace
Away from my initiatives
For you in my schemes, there neither space nor place
To accommodate your diminutives, thieves.

Software scumbags, hang your head in shame
As your cowardice and solstice
Lumbers dishonour and distaste on your dumb name
When your ubris habit bathes in prejudice and injustice.

Software scumbags, you're a pain in the neck
Primed to steal, purloin privacy
As swindle scums stake
Baloney on your ecstasy and pleurisy.

John Sensele

Sojourn In Spain

Give me compassion and passion
Give me a heart in love fashion
Where on creatures big and small I pour love
Whether love flows from my my heart or from above

As long as I the jinx of complacency I break
If on no more women I inflict a heartbreak
That shrinks bliss
In spaces where mind peace

Vacates cos responsibility I abdicate
When love spaces I ought to fail to allocate
To women who hurt
More in the simple skirt

That implies simplicity
I can repel complicity
In nights I abused
In women I accused

When I let them down
Playing the Casanova in my town
Instead of healing the pain
They felt during our sojourn in Spain.

John Sensele

Solace Slices

Savour each slice of solace
That from your life subtracts strife
Ties on your shoes the lace
That ensure strong step in your life is rife.

Savour each slice of silence
That from your life adds audibility
To your life with an ambience
That reflects humility.

Savour each slice of succor
That to your life adds peace of mind
Coupled with an inner décor
That prevents you from becoming unkind.

Savour each slice of sapience
That sharpens and shock-treats your brain
To promote for good causes the acquiescence
To clears trains of strain.

John Sensele

Solemnity Spires And Temerity Tyres

Serves no purpose to fuss
When I depart this planet
To ride for good on the bus
Rescuing my sensibility from the Internet

Where of your volition
You post from your demon dish rubbish
Relationships laced with demolition
You fail to refurbish

Natural justice
To keep my days alive
Through equinox and solstice
As you derive loss live

To diminish my days
Far from pouring on me delight
You deny me love, succor on Tuesdays
When by load shedding you switch off my life's light

Expressing indifference
Denying my self concept love
Through your crafted interference
Which can't rise above

Daggers slitting the back
Bleeding far worse
Than hurts you pack
In controversial verse

You quote while my health suffers
In every vitriol you utter
Through failure that offers
Little or no solace in the matter

My life requires
To remain afloat
Despite the mire that fires
Somber signals in the lot

Breathing enmity
Laced with a mace of prejudice
Devoid of equity and amity
Submerged in a dose of jaundice

I feel belong on the seamy side
Where life shrinks
In settings which don't abide
By flavours of dopey drinks

From a chastened chalice
My mouth rejects
As the froth of malice
My tongue at once ejects

Upon realizing your lost lap
Saps sinews
Posing unanswered questions to shout 'Asap'
As my fatigued feet frown at the nonchalance news

Trembling tendons tackle
A few moments before my eyes snap open
When asylum acolytes frighten the blues buckle
My hands casting away for good the prejudice pen

Which they grip tight
Once they knew they'd no longer spray red ink
On semblance scripts teeming with the slight
My life's labour painted pink

Once reality dawned
I'd not striven in vain
Although nocturnal noses clowned
When emaciated eddies wriggled in the rainbow rain

Upon discovering doubt
Doesn't dominate divinity
When the balance of clout
Condemns dens of immaturity

I traversed

Upon realizing succor lies in faith
Immersed and verily versed
Into the benediction breath

God granted
My life
Although slanted
Perceptions poked fun on the fidelity fife

On which I played the tune
Angels whispered in even ears
No longer interested in the cartoon the pain platoon
Flew into my breath to jettison for good faith fears

I could no longer sustain
When blues bruised bones
Too tired to entertain pain
Scampered into zero zones

To bid the wicked world goodbye
Despite the reluctance overwhelming desires
Quit the cosmos of the prick pie
Guardian angels impelled onto your spiritual spires.

John Sensele

Somber Substitution

No efficient exchange, a somber substitution of sergeants
As the world witnesses with worry
Driven directly to dream dents
Planned and pursued to parry

Medicare and scare
Millions of medium monetary members
Whose medical matters fare
Less well in embers

Burning and brimming with boast
Portrayed as prime pivots to a future culture
Seething with a multitude of solitude attitude on a coast
Whose horizon and horticulture

Need breeds of seeds of savvy
Patience, conscience and sapience
Intelligent enough to levy
Expediency, truancy and fancy finance with or without loss licence.

John Sensele

Some Days Of Sober Suggestion

Some days sow sorrow
They warn us to tread with caution
On grounds where a furrow
Threatens to thrash our mission.

Some days sing silly songs
They lighten the mood we feel
When in time we rectify the wrongs
We committed by inflating our bliss bill.

Some days seek to serve
They catalyse comfort and commitment
Which is no longer the preserve
Limited to hedonists who consume a compliment.

Some days suggest simplicity
They tweak all traces of burdensome baggage
Which hampers humility
Implied in a post palaver passage.

John Sensele

Something On My Mind

With delight, warm your red relationship,
Spring succulent surprises on your lover,
Enmesh him deep into your humorous halo
And give him outdoor opportunities to discover
The drunken delights you've reserved for him
To create your common courteous cover.

If selfless stability should flow into your rapturous romance,
Don't cut off your partner's cynical concerns
So that you repair loose links,
Calm harmful hurts and cure brute burns
To build new pathways
And grow victorious vines of fabulous ferns.

Should you catch your precious partner offside,
Don't dramatise irrelevant issues that have arisen
In the course of leading your life together
As if familiar factors became frozen
In the heat of the moment and expediency
Rather than support from Christ the Risen.

John Sensele

Sometimes I Err

Sometimes, I err like a human and purr like a cat
Sometimes, I lose my cool and act like a bull
Sometimes, I stray like a lost sheep and fall flat
On my face but God makes me a jewel.

Sometimes, I give vent to wrath and step on folks' toes
Sometimes, I shake faith and scare a wraith
Sometimes, I go blank and settle scores
But God gives me breath.

Sometimes, I brush folks the wrong way
Sometimes, I fly like a butterfly and cry
Sometimes, I kneel down and pray
All the time God never says goodbye.

Sometimes, I fail like a groggy boxer and asks her
Sometimes to leave alone like an uncloned clone
Sometimes, I eat huge morsels and feel better
All the time God never let me walk alone.

John Sensele

Sometimes I Stumble

Although I stumble and sometimes fall
I'm comforted God by my side stands
Ensuring that I don't score my own goal
Promoting trivia and drivel as my brands.

Although I nod and sometimes smile
Deep within my heart I shudder
To realize that worldly wealth lasts a while
And supernatural wealth makes my life gladder.

Although I struggle and sometimes falter
Due to my foibles as a man
I know for sure that providence can alter
The gender based violence I unleash on my woman.

Although I study and sometimes fail
I go through the motion of revision
Swinging my pendulum to a superior scale
That improves the sharpness of my vision.

John Sensele

Son Of Tomorrow

Son of tomorrow, son of sorrow
Lift up spirits, pray for God's gifts
To soar you higher lest you borrow
Hours to labour in shoe string shifts.

Son of honour, son of demeanour
Cling to your dreams, reel off streams
Blessed with feats, blessed with stamina
To dispense street kids with vanilla creams.

Son of man, son of woman
Born with no pornography to devour
In public or in private when a doorman
Spirits into your crib woman's power.

Son of love, son of dove
Let your heart part with
Unfaith when a command from above
'Love to your foes you need to bequeath.'

John Sensele

Son, Pull Up Your Socks

Anger sometimes chokes my throat
Sowing seeds so somber I fear no clear
Path lies ahead beyond the bed on which my coat
Rests as crests and breasts too near

To tragedy, to malady rather than comedy
Tease to please a diseased thought whose nought
Means mean tins, sin dins whose twins daddy
Condemns because no taught tact got caught

In silly solutions, ribald resolutions and lame liquids
Meandering, maiming, miming agile arguments
For reason to prevail despite veils and weeds
Sprouting in vintage vineyards, conjugating comments

In moments insanity permanent or transient
Inhabits in clerical cassocks
White, grey, purple or ancient
When God's hand tells me, 'Son, pull up your socks.'

John Sensele

Sorbonne Feet

Walk gingerly to avoid a trap
Set by a malicious, salacious spirit
As you sprint to win a crown in the last lap.

Under provocation without equivocation, don't snap
At the sight of a provocative twit.
Walk gingerly to avoid a trap.

Global positioning systems eclipse a map
Now outdated and inaugurated in a museum kit
As you sprint to win a crown in the last lap.

Duck a plethora of hurdles; an invisible slap
Neutralise as foes by the dozen beat.
Walk gingerly to avoid a trap.

Elegy, energy and effigy sap
When Nemesis and Charybdis meet
As you sprint to win a crown in the last lap.

Baloney, poppycock alongside crap
Don't condone at the Sorbonne feet.
Walk gingerly to avoid a trap
As you sprint to win a crown in the last lap.

John Sensele

Sore Head

Bumps on the blister-plastered head throbbed,
Breaststrokes of pain ploughed the sinews of the neck,
Nerve nodules felt as though they'd disrobed
Well-being and good feeling at the inquisition stake.

Breaststrokes of pain ploughed the sinews of the neck,
Sending megawatts of discomfort that hurt
Well-being and good feeling at the inquisition stake
Where no memory of mercy could meander from an ebony spurt.

Sending megawatts of discomfort that hurt,
Life cringed, clamoured and crawled into oblivion
Where no memory of mercy could meander from an ebony spurt
To kneel in obsequious flattery at the gate of Zion.

Life cringed, clamoured and crawled into oblivion,
Nerve nodules felt as though they'd disrobed
To kneel in obsequious flattery at the gate of Zion,
Bumps on the blister-plastered head throbbed.

John Sensele

Sore Shame Of Sorcery

Africa's penchant for witchcraft
Drags the continent backwards as wizards
Torture innocent civil servants with a craft
That deserves no sympathy if Africa is to march towards

The new millennium and carve a place
Among modern continents who develop and promote
Artificial intelligence, information technology and fly to explore the surface
Of Pluto, Saturn and exo-planets and devote

Considerable resources to engineering and science
Which open doors of progress wider
While Africa delves into a stance
Driven backwards by blood suckers and worship a leader

Whose only claim to fame is to maim
Ambitions, aspirations and devotion to duty
Which laggards and black guards aim
To fight with no sense of shame for their duplicity.

John Sensele

Sorrow

Sadness-filled state of mind driven by low morale,
Overt or covert dumps,
Ruin powered by negative emotions,
Random sense of low spirits with no plausible explanation,
Odious, avoidable precursor of depression,
Woe-driven sentiment that kills and steals bliss.

John Sensele

Sorrow Flood

Why do we bother attending funerals
When our minds are somewhere else
To shed crocodile tears with mocking roles?
Much better to frolick in another place.

Why do we pretend to have a conscience
When we're filled with jaundice and malice
To the extent where we feed on offence
To pander to gossip, envy twice or thrice.

Why do we pretend to harbor any love
When our hearts scream to inflict a barrage of damage
As we delude ourselves into believing we float above
Other mortals and park our rage in a dilapidated garage.

Why do we claim to belong to humankind
When we're vampires that aspire to suck blood
As mad blood drives us blind
Such that we drown in a sorrow flood.

John Sensele

Sorry My Darling

Sorry my darling, I treated you with disdain
Listening to busybodies who fed me with lies
For several years to maintain and retain
A stranglehold on my spies and cries.

Sorry my darling, I denied you the space and time
You so much deserve in our marriage
Where I forgot to allow you to climb
To your destiny's pinnacle because of my rabid rage.

Sorry my darling, I didn't dare to care enough
For your concerns and needs
Because blindness and clumsiness made me rough
I promise to jettison my wild weeds and their feeds.

Sorry my darling, I didn't acknowledge your feelings
Despite your cries for me to change
My beastly behavior and jettison jealousy dealings
That all the while posed to our home a big challenge.

John Sensele

Souse

There was once a souse who drank so much beer
His arms and legs melted until his dear
Wife chucked him out of their home
To lead a vagrant life in Rome
When suddenly his way popped clear.

John Sensele

Spare Our Motherland

Spare our motherland any clues of blues, evoke and invoke tolerance
Don't taunt election participants or gloat over your fortune despite election outcomes
Behave with utmost maturity, spare motherland any semblance of violence
Because our common destiny hinges on zillions of peaceful homes.

Spare our motherland tints of any provocation, appeal to peals of national unity
Don't condone any sarcasm, cynicism or triumphalism despite election euphoria
Display a desire to heal wounds, spare motherland any hints of disunity and volatility
Because our common destiny hinges on wisdom and freedom, not on hysteria.

Spare our motherland any infusion of divisions, promote one Zambia one nation
Don't salute or elevate recriminations, accusations and machinations, dilute divisive speech
Employ inclusive tactics, spare motherland any injurious action and malicious imagination
Because our common destiny hinges on uniting the spoor of the poor and the glamour of the rich.

Spare our motherland any bloodshed, promote dignity, sanity and humility
Don't chide or divide Zambians, unite princes and beggars in our ten provinces
In your home, celebrate your outcome without flaunting or vaunting vanity
Because our common destiny hinges on national unity and its nascent essences.

John Sensele

Spare Serendipity

Spare my nape
From interference in any fence
But let me escape
Any nonsense offense and defense.

Spare me any pairs
Of rubbish
Scattered on my alleged affairs
For which in the end no proof you can furnish.

Spare me your layer
Prayers
Imagination and strangulation sayers
That in me meaning sprayers.

Spare me rare scares
I suffer only
When my buffer stares
At stupidity and serendipity that suffer daily.

John Sensele

Spells Of My Slavery Broke

A memory from deep recesses of my mind crept
Meandering, probing, seething
In deep shafts of wrath swept
From crevices where the memory for too long held prisoner wept

Cursing the day it saw the light of day
In an ice cold
World where though on bended knees it strove to eat morsels of clay
No Good Samaritan to its rescue stood bold

Enough to lend a helping hand
Or a tender shoulder to cry on
As nestled thorns in the loveless land
Accommodated in its bosom no single clone

Who could pluck up courage
To defy the tyranny
Which unleashed a barrage
Teeming with calumny and larceny

Whose green eyes rolled with glee
At the sight of the memory wincing at every blow of the hippo tail
In Galilee
Where a hangman from Hell

Snapped the memory's neck
Cracking vertebrae
As a snake
Writhing and slithering whose fangs did stray

Aiming to inject venom
On the neck of the memory when God's love
Crushed the demon
On flapping wings of a white dove

On which the memory flew
Restored
Its yoke the memory threw
Away its pains gored

As the memory with a spring in its footsteps
Determinedly cruised to my heart
Snatched the forceps
Which with a start

Let go of my freedom
When all of a sudden I awoke
In love's kingdom
Enthused by God's omnipotence as spells of my slavery broke.

John Sensele

Spills & Thrills

Spills and thrills enthuse with no ruse
Hearts that sip
Simple pleasures which choose
Warmth to keep.

Spills and thrills deal porcupine quills
To sadists
Whose pills and bills
Stress plagiarists.

Spills and thrills attest to the veracity
Brewed in a Zambian pot
With sumptuous samples from Kitwe city
To derange a despot.

Spills and thrills summon skills
So agile
They mesmerize mills
In which the faint hearted grow more fragile.

John Sensele

Spills And Thrills From Russia 2018

Beautiful game, crazy game that draws maximum adrenalin
From hypnotized, soccer crazy minds
Glued to television screens to gobble spills and thrills from Russia with hopes
lean
Driven to the brink of despair behind Venetian blinds

Betting, arguing, opposing, supporting
Non African teams that their subjective minds favour
Jibing, imbibing, consulting, insulting
African teams their fickle fantasies endeavor

To predict wouldn't win
A single match based on mere whims
That claim an African queen
Throws her royal weight behind teams

A particular set of soccer fans deem fit
To take the day
While another set of soccer mad warmth seekers claim African teams should quit
Cos they lose and embarrass supporters everyday

With their lacklustre form
Lack of determination to spring a bit of magic
Although some supporters claim a reform
Needed to put to an end to the tragic

Performance African team display at the World Cup in Russia
Becoming whipping boys
But argues a wisecracker, 'Shouldn't forget Algeria beat Prussia
In Spain. So, African teams ain't no toys.'

John Sensele

Spiral Of Sanity

A modicum of sanity exists
No need to favour or flex fists
Nor entertain ill tempered twists

If we play fair
If we dare to care
If we disseminate fresh air

Cut out topsy turvy tantrums
Slay the play of war drums
Add and multiply sane sums

Rise above pesky pettiness
Dare to share happiness
Spread news of goodness

To unite one and all
Make a courtesy call
To reject the sects of the offside ball

That queers our pitch
Teetering towards a dull ditch
Promoted by a snitch

Who wishes us no good
If we pander to a boisterous brood
Ending up misunderstood in the neighbourhood

Achieving no outcome of value
To turn our mood blue
Undoing our cohesion glue

As we declare faith in the future
Imbued with no suture
Devoid of the void of rapture

That we can avoid
Swimming in an oven ovoid
To score the folklore of void

Irascibility
Inability
Irritability.

John Sensele

Spiritual Scapegoat

The Devil is a spiritual scapegoat
For our failures, foibles, fantasies
Which without shame we lumber on his throat
As on our fellow men we fail to heap mercies.

The Devil dives around dormitories
Where we invite him to sleep on hammocks
Supplied by dubious dignitaries
Who on our feeble minds lumber shocks with tender talks.

The Devil descends on our minds
When fickle fingers from a till frisk funds
Meant to alleviate all kinds
Of ills and deprivations in townships and in market stands.

The Devil feature in our courts
Accused of misleading our extravagant emotions
When stolen cash decorates our escorts
To venues where we unleash our concoctions and distortions.

John Sensele

Splitting Hairs

Kettle and teapot strove
To split hairs
By painting each other black
And putting on airs
That only alienated them further
In addition to scaring hares.

Awhile later they wondered
If they both broke
The rule that bans smoking substances
Alongside drugs that choke
Them and the other bloke
Because they couldn't crack a joke.

They came to their senses and realised
They couldn't share the bride
But could chide their pride
To get a ride
That would enable them
To make a progressive stride.

John Sensele

Spooky Avatars

A pretty lass rebuffed bachelors
Who wished to show her wedding altars
When a stranger stole her heart
Tearing her resistance apart
But the stranger came from spooky avatars.

John Sensele

Spots Of Joy

Spots of joy in toy cots
Baptise and chastise lovers in a hurry
To eat forbidden fruit with no thoughts
Of consequences such convocations carry.

Spots of joy sometimes deploy
Tactics in attics and gymnastics
That mar and scar coy
Caddies and buddies without relationship analytics.

Spots of joy displease despots
Who employ loin wraps
To steal senate and congress votes
From unwilling wasps.

Spots of joy enjoy a fair share
Of bad publicity
Blown overboard by pundits who dare
To pour cold water on untold duplicity.

John Sensele

Spring Hope

Spring hope raises and praises morale
Lighting up and blighting loopholes
Hidden in an emblem and phlegm
Broken and sunken in sounds
Heard quietly and piously in circumstances
Conducive to stances and instances of peace.

No treasure on Earth surpasses peace
Which hope catalyses alongside morals and morale
In a plethora of aura circumstances
To seal three holes and free loopholes
From the grip of a boat of sounds
Whose hope lies in stoicism and phlegm.

Hope's fame befriends phlegm
In times of strife and in times of peace
Whatever a brass instrument sounds
Like to rekindle morale
Despite a plethora of loopholes
Mitigated by dubious and serious circumstances.

Hope surprises a plethora of circumstances
With her brand of phlegm
That seals sixty six loopholes
To create enabling conditions for peace
Alongside tonnes and vans of morale
Boosting, buoying and branding bright sounds.

Hope performs optimally when supple sounds
Punctuate and pirouette all circumstances
That convulse and carry morale
To the apex where phlegm
Merges with persistence and peace
To wipe out weevils in loony loopholes.

Despair sometimes leers in loopholes
At hope for whom the piper's sounds
Multiply and modify peace

In unexpected, ullulated circumstances
That veer away from festival phlegm
To boost belief in the roost morale.
Lambast the lilt of loopholes, seal sassy circumstances
Whatever sounds challenge phlegm
In peace times in favour of phlegm masterclass morale.

John Sensele

Spring Lass

Spring night declares
Intent to utter statement
About jilted lass.

John Sensele

Spring Love

Spring love revives
Young hearts, warmth powers heartbeats
Energy abounds.

John Sensele

Sprout

There was once a coffin that freaked out
Due to an injustice that made it pout
As it sought to avenge
The pain and anguish to change
An innocent life into grass that could sprout.

John Sensele

Stabilise Dominoes

Validate friendships, consolidate plans
Backed up by deep thoughts taught
To several cohorts of students from clans
That aspire to higher heights with no hint a whisky tot.

Repudiate low forms of studies
Intended to discriminate against folks
On grounds of race and timidities
Brought about by stolen gems and rocks.

Infuriate ignorance, alleviate suffering
Among orphans, widows and street kids
Who roam streets and alleys that ring
Bells of sorrows tomorrow near squids hidden behind rapids.

Evade maneuvers and cleavers
Primed to hurt lepers and blurt nonsense to albinos
Whose sin lies in being believers
Of the dignity at infinity that stabilize dwarf dominoes.

John Sensele

Stand Up, Bobby

Stand up, lad, gladden not
To jump on bandwagon of a dragon
When a sudden spurt squirts hot
Water to wipe away virtue from paragon.

Stand up, lass, don't land
Chin, face and nose into quagmire
Headlong if your adrenalin gland
Urges fight or flight, none to admire.

Stand up, apprentice teacher, draw up
Schemes of work and lesson plans for a term
When the sun shines and Teaching Council big wigs tap
Your shoulders, demanding lesson plans to eradicate a malpractice germ.

Stand up, bobby, beware of a bribe
A motorist sneaks under your helmet
As in Anton Pavlov's style you ascribe
Saliva flow to a teacher's pet recently you met.

John Sensele

Standards Like These

Seasons like these redefine our moral compass
Measures like these ensure to next generations we pass
A torch that burns bright
To stand by beliefs we deem right.

Sacrifices like these maintain the sanctity of our moral fibre
Edifices like these ensure we sustain the right calibre
At home, in church and at work
Where we uphold the faith of the clerk

To whom examples like these set the right tone
In leisures like these we hone as we cast them in stone
Endeavouring to preserve sanity
As we strive to eliminate inanity

From standards like these we set
To ensure the right expectations we get
From the fruit we reap
If salient standards we keep

At all times
Not for dollars or dimes
But for the little children we raise

John Sensele

Stars In Your Life

Stars in your life twinkle
Moons in your life glow green
Comets in your life dwindle
Opportunities in your life flow keen.

Stars in your life huddle
Moons in your life groan
Comets in your life muddle
Opportunities in your life conceal a loan.

Stars in your life suck
Moons in your life grumble
Comets in your life whack
Opportunities in your stumble.

Stars in your life giggle
Moons in your life sparkle
Comets in your life wiggle
Opportunities in your life crackle.

John Sensele

Stars Spar

Clusters and constellations of stars in my life glitter
Shining so bright, twinkling to spin my mood
Soaring, sifting, swirling in flavours of the fritter
I masticate as pangs of emotions long for morsels misunderstood.

Rays of stars in corners of my mind twinkle
Spawning seeds of the happiness business
I savour with sentiments I sprinkle in the wrinkle
Crossing drawers, growers and sowers of my dwindling dizziness.

Stars shine, cars consign miles to smiles
They munch with each bunch of emotion
I feel and steal each time sorrow styles and lifestyles
Threaten to rain strains of pain in my crane of commotion.

Astronomy and gastronomy to me mean no harm
When assailed by pale pain from which I cringe
Peering into the telescope and periscope I charm
Once I determine never again to assent to the lure of binge.

John Sensele

Stealth Slices & Splices

A day comes when taboo and voodoo part company
As divergence demands a new direction
To promote portions of cosy cosmogony
In a bid to minimize marital misdirection.

A day comes when burdensome baggage bulge
As resilience requires reconciliation
Among sentimental stakeholders not to splurge
But to hasten the pace of concrete conciliation.

A day comes when baloney and balderdash blast into the ordure orbit
As termination of tortuous trajectories
Enable friendlies factions to prohibit
Bits and pits which drove troubles into dizzy directories.

A day comes when cacophony and catastrophe crash
As determination and decision making merge
To unmask for Christine the rush of the brush of crush
Kenneth felt for Kimberley as stronger and stronger grew his urge.

John Sensele

Steams, Screams And Streams

I expect in 2017 to rise
Above love
And fly without surprise
On wings of a white dove.

I expect my lecturing career
To thrive
Because, love, my dear
Ensures my pure dreams in 2017 arrive.

I expect success and progress
For my grandsons
To relieve my stress with neither waitress nor mattress
But love weighing several megatons.

I expect 2017 to yield
Realization of dreams in my teams
Where a field
Of love streams and screams.

John Sensele

Steep Incline

From caring friends and daring Devil's advocates
Draw precious inspiration and delicious affection from the bottom
Of hearts primed to propel your future beyond baskets

Where shattered dreams and stuttered schemes roam
Free and flee from prospects to inject a new momentum
A new quantum leap forward to reward effort
Commitment, attachment and detachment from a percentum

Which for long held you down away from the port

Lit up by rays of hope, rays of sapience and radiance
Scooped in hoops by determined souls who refuse
To cede room to defeat in pits of disorientation
Chests of pride that ride on sides of a blown fuse
That no longer serves a useful purpose in the dissemination

Of critical philosophies that effect a paradigm shift
Essential to reset your dreams on an upper lift.

John Sensele

Steep Sleep

If the brown-bottomed baboon
Should watch a candid cartoon
It'd pull out of its cold cocoon
The randy raccoon.

If a trendy tycoon should be seen
Lamponing a gangling girl aged seventeen
Who works in his company canteen
Onlookers would sneer at the sordid scene.

If a bazaar brat should kill a grisly gnat
Together with a cute cat and a ribald rat
That proudly spat and sat
On the la-di-da loveseat, about him they'd chat.

If the virgin vagrant could peep
At the shaggy sheep he wished to keep
He'd probably call it a cunning creep in the jasmine jeep
And make it weep before it could sleep.

John Sensele

Steep Slopes

Mounds of ground without bounds pound peace spaces
Behind my mind where I explore my last frontiers
To salvage pages of peace ploughing laughter paces
Left to their own devices in top notch tiers on pacific piers.

Mounds of ground without bounds astound wedges
Behind my mind where I take my final stand
To salvage remnants of the life I lived my pages
Allocated in my pacific locations on my ancestral land.

Mounds of ground without bounds hound dismissals
Behind my mind where I wake up to face accusations
Laid at my doorstep when in a twist of fate I discard missals
Read with bleary eyes despite my innocence protestations.

Mounds of ground without bounds surround my zone
Of proximal development where my Mathematics envelope
Deploys a new strategy in which I alone
Can surge my understanding forward and climb the steep slope.

John Sensele

Steer Away From Stealth

In life, you never walk alone
By your side God stands
To fight your plight blown
Out of proportion by haughty hands

Wishing you ill all the time
At work and at leisure
Resenting every ascent you climb
Much to the displeasure

Hearts of rock feel
Every time God blesses you
With ability and skill
That grow stronger anew

Every time you excel
In faith to glorify the breath
God blows in your every cell
As long as you steer away from stealth.

John Sensele

Steer Lovers To Each Other

In a lover's heart lies a seat
Set aside for the apple of her eye
Which sees beauty and quality that lie
Beyond the perception of dancing feet

Which break dance, tango and twist
As if the sky
Would open up a vista by
The side of a brook where lovers entreat

Each other with soft nothings in a whisper
Heard only by ears trained to care,
To dare to love, to fare far deeper
Than surface perceptions appear
To suggest, digest or ingest in a clear
Love that lovers closer to each other does steer.

John Sensele

Stemming The Tide Of A Sludge

A suffocating stench of sulphur dioxide trounced our nostrils
As a dark green sludge from 147 and 149 in our street crept and swept the yard
inch by inch
Having made up its mind to ax and tax the thrills
We'd hitherto munched and brunched without a pungent punch shambling up the
hills

Where our pristine palace pulsated at will
In rhythms and hymns family and I would dare to seal
When May nudged our hungry hearts to place an urgent order
For Flamboyants and their flames to catalyze the flee or fight folder

Determined night and day the green sludge didn't take over more acres in the
yard
Grandma, Mike, Kojo and Sean held dear in the family card on the placard
Where we toiled to build an equalizing ecosystem
In tune with crows and other birds who fought to stem

The tangible tide green sludge strove to waylay and slay at all costs
When grandma, Mike, Kojo and Sean elected positive posts
We erected and protected day and night, May and June
In keeping with the pacific pact we signed with nature to beep, keep and sip in
tune.

John Sensele

Stiletto Heels

If logic didn't mock wishes
Squeezed into tight corners
Where wishes hid their dishes
Laden with dreams that delighters sinners.

If humankind exhibited more tolerance
Couched in compassion teeming with allowances
For foibles of neighbours who kept a sedate distance
From rabbles, life would enjoy favourable circumstances.

If spouses upheld wedding vows made
In good faith in full view of pastors and God
Marriages would be a delight said
To appetise bachelors and spinsters into the wedding abode.

If hotheads stopped wreaking havoc
Intended to reinvent cultural wheels
Spinning from time immemorial to arouse libido in a cock
Prudes and conservatives would tolerate stiletto heels.

John Sensele

Still Born Venture

Pointless to breathe life into a stillborn venture
John toiled day and night to grow love
In an effort to promote and celebrate the future
Growing the venture with cooperation from above.

John toiled day and night to grow love
To the best of his ability and agility
Growing the venture into cooperation from above
In an effort to ensure venture's viability.

To the best of his ability and agility
John dedicated time and space
In an effort to ensure venture's viability
But matters grew well only on the surface.

John dedicated time and space
In an effort to promote and celebrate the future
But matters grew well only on the surface
Pointless to breathe life into a stillborn venture.

John Sensele

Stop & Think

Moderation, balance and variety in lifestyles
Prevent cancer, obesity and early death
As big value tiles
On a scrabble board defeat stealth.

Moderation, balance and variety in matters of the heart
Minimise blatant disappointments
That land in quick succession in a cart
Because obstination denied common sense appointments.

Moderation, balance and variety in social circles
Improve interpersonal interactions
As success overtakes debacles
Driven ahead by repeated dysfunctions.

Moderation, balance and variety in spiritual opinions
Prevent excesses that catalyse bigotry
With extremist pinions
That teems with idolatry.

John Sensele

Stop Choking Our Love

Stop mistrusting if love genuine
Beats in your heart for the welfare
I need to enable you to mine
My love for we form a romantic pair with fantastic flair.

Stop inflicting pain and anguish
On me, choking my comfort
Destabilising the balance of the love dish
I convey in my heart to your port.

Stop sneaking into my phone book
To scrutinize missed calls and received messages
You perceive to crook and hook
The love grown to advanced stages.

Stop choking the time and space
I need to nourish the affection
Written in every pore on the face
Longing to give you maximum attention.

Stop the gangrene of jealousy
That sets back our relationship
Any time you jettison the mercy
That nurtures our friendship.

Stop patronizing me
When in full view of your friends
You ignore my plea
To embrace amiable relationship trends.

Stop the sorrow
You cat into our lives
When you slay tomorrow
While your impertinence thrives.

Stop the misery
You insert into your demeanour
When you heap on me worry minus dowry
To push our future into a stupor.

John Sensele

Stormy Encounter

Thunder beats drum set
Lightning fells radio towers
Debris cuts off roads.

John Sensele

Stout Wall

The chance to lead a fruitful life is open to all
Who care to rise above the miasma of average
Existence in which fate has held down their will against a stout wall

But any soul with smart goals determined enough can call
On built in staying power every hour in a shower to send a message
That the chance to lead a fruitful life is open to all

Indomitable spirits that're clever enough not to fall
Into any traps that swamp souls with vile rage
Fate has conjured up to hold down their will against a stout wall

Where fears, tears and dears flee to a romantic mall
To declaim and claim that sweet sixteen is the favourite age
Bimbos embrace with pace to earn a chance to lead a fruitful life open to all

Who challenge fate in deeds and in words and heed the call
To miss despair, diss disrepair and kiss the sage
Who promotes the chance to lead a fruitful life open to all
Souls whose will fate can't hold down against a stout wall.

John Sensele

Straitjacket

On the verge of tears,
You tremble in fear
Because he sneers at you
To make you swill more beer
As you stay clear
Of his Cupid spear.

Within an ace of impudence,
He dishes out the shame
That became
Your claim to fame
To flatten your name
Because of his dying flame.

With utmost pride,
Suspicion kissed him anew
As he carved a bamboo niche
In hues of stew
That made you blue
Till lost opportunity you could rue.

John Sensele

Strange Ranger

Strange ranger roared into muted motion
Sight too sad to contemplate
Gait too groggy to draw a standing ovation
Spectators too sober to deflate or inflate
Overcast sky too awful to delight
Mind too baffled, muffled and shuffled to tremble
Thoughts too mangled, spangled and tangled to shed light
The strange ranger could neither amble nor grumble.

John Sensele

Strangle Slavery

Bind my bravery, bind your freedom
Beat your chest in conquest
Sow seeds of slavery and slay your fiefdom
Worse still, you emerge minus a victory vest.

Bind my mouth, bind your conscience
Beat drums of war
Sow seeds of sordid social science
Worse still, you emerge minus a sympathy soul.

Bind my hands, bind your shadow
Beat the vulnerable into submission
Sow seeds of slavery and dribble your door
Worse still, you emerge minus sane subvention.

Bind my ears, bind your soul
Beat your heart in tune with chimes of the times
Sow seeds of unity and score a guarantee goal
Worse still, you emerge minus domino dimes.

John Sensele

Streams Of Strumpets And Their Souses

In skimpy sleeveless tops, strumpets
In rows teeming with lust blow trumpets
Snatching bucks from souses
Who snap them into sleazy houses

To partake of carnal commerce
Which by guile they rehearse
Metamorphosing one souse into a cadaver
Drowning in his pesky palaver

Where knowing not if he lived or died
The souse blinded by puny pride hung tied
To stairs of flesh flex
Unaware of harlots' hex

That robs the souse of his thinking cap
In view of the judgment void and gap
In a hot head gone asinine
With the bitterness of cunning quinine

The souse saliva swallows
The souse his life breath blows
Knocking out his brain
As his mind soaks in ribald rain

Flying like a rocket to his gauche grave
Having opted to grow into the knave
Strumpets exploit
In shadows of premises of Deloitte.

John Sensele

Stress Stability

Stress simplicity, press for integrity
Suppress malice, depress avarice
Impress equality, oppress dishonesty
Above all, vie for natural justice and peace.

Stress gladness, press for wholesomeness
Suppress malpractices, depress vices
Impress progress, oppress distress
Above all, vie for condiments and spices.

Stress gregariousness, press for hopefulness
Suppress a dictatorship, depress censorship
Impress seriousness, oppress homelessness
Above all, vie for discipleship and worship.

Stress affability, press for amity
Suppress disbelief, depress mischief
Impress ability, oppress disloyalty
Above all, vie for detention of a chief thief.

John Sensele

Stressor

There was once a cop who munched graft
Because the cop was not only sly but daft
As he took a plethora of bribes
Which somehow fed and fled to tribes
In the hinterland who preferred the fraud craft.

John Sensele

Stronger Gongs

Stronger the longer
Trouble doubles
The shorter anger
Mumbles and rumbles.

Stronger the more
Oppression presses
The core ore
Which supresses and depresses.

Stronger the livelier
Life dwarfs
Clear
Cuffs.

Stronger the angrier
Dictators forget
Power hungrier
Despots far can't get.

John Sensele

Struggles To Leave Boredom Behind

Hispanic hairpieces on my head heighten the confidence
Strutting in my subconscious every time I saunter in streets
Of the hometown I call mine despite the diffidence
Critics claim I express in in my temperamental tweets.

Tattoos on my svelte silhouette temper travails
My mind ruminate when in calmer moments
I decide it ain't worth tearing veils
From truths I can no longer bear from corny comments.

Accessories in my bedroom do little to calm nerves
I conceal in public when I decry the loneliness I feel
The beauty I parade in hotels where shame shelves
Melt the belt I fondle why a limpid love deal I can't seal.

Cosmetics I buy galore grind the folklore
Mom injected in confines of my blind mind
Despite the resentment I ferment to score
Zero as I try and try to leave my boredom behind.

John Sensele

Strum Strings

Love distinguishes extortion from affection
Love gives, love strives to grow partners' health,
Partners' wealth, partners' devotion and emotion
Love doesn't partake in states and stakes of dearth.

Love fills voids, love avoids
Lumbering partners with sudden, sullen burdens
Love lifts up morale, love hurts no mastoids
Love demolishes sties, love sighs relief, love cajoles affection dens.

Love spins hoops, love scoops pain in loops
Of selflessness, love spreads shreds of gentleness
Love shifts low morale into high morale coops
Where her partners and gardeners scoop tenderness.

Love builds, love shields from harm
When a partner strays into a line of canine fire
Seedy enough to kill, ready enough to set alight a farm
Where a partner reeks joy and a retainer strums strings of a lyre.

John Sensele

Stubborn Spanner

Is it your whim that I should squirm in pain
Surrender my dignity to assuage your pride
And bend on my knees for you to reign
Supreme over me as you stand to deride

Efforts I make to breathe fresh air
Into the adventure your stubbornness
Kills with your lack of care and the unfair
Attitude you bring to bear on the happiness

We vowed to build and shield
From vagaries of indifference
That crop up over time in the field
If you and I skip the circumference

Where the heart of the matter lies
Looking askance at the manner
We handle hurdles as though our eyes
Looked forward to throwing in the works a stubborn spanner.

John Sensele

Stubborn Stance

Caress the lass, said I
In moments when my mind couldn't comment
On aspects of romance whose dance could fly
Back to packs of kisses that ended a torment

I bought for a thoughtful move
To address the stress
I endured in a lure groove
When I could press for progress

On plans to run away from a clan
That opposed the rose
I'd plucked not by luck to ban
Their insistence and persistence to cause

A delay in negotiations that in their view
Advanced the lance
That brought into question anew
Serious doubts about stubborn stance.

John Sensele

Stuck On You

My resolve recedes
When I crush you in my arms
At sentimental speeds
That rush head on despite my qualms.

Silly I crush
Whenever we entwine
Fumbling and mumbling the hush
We heal as we sip our whimsical wine.

Can't understand why
I won't stay away from you
No matter how hard I try
Rebelling to embrace someone new.

The look in your eyes
Kills the determination I feel
When I feel our love flies
To the next skill you seal.

Fighting a losing battle
So long as I push you away
Claiming to cut off the mantle
That from you loses its way.

Can't help myself no more
Hoping against hope
To shove you off from the core
You melt in my heart like dopamine dope.

John Sensele

Stuff Of Life

Stuff of life seldom laughs and bluffs
When chaps run ill-thought laps and turn on taps
Which dispense feelings, dealings and ceilings into truth troughs
Filled with broken promises, unspoken disses, untasted kisses and busted scalps.

Stuff of life sometimes thrives on strife
Dished out with rotten fish and outcomes so uncertain
They rock a boat and stock coats of paint so rife
They throw a gauntlet at a horizontal victim whose fate no arbiter can ascertain.

Stuff of life sometimes doles out a posse of cops
To interrogate surrogate sirens on shares of payments
Dished out to middle men who ensured their names came out tops
On short lists compiled from piles and files of initial recruitments.

Stuff of life sometimes springs rings of surprises
That disconcert members of an appraisal panel assembled
To a taxpayer's detriment to determine trophies and prizes
Awarded to ex sex slaves in Western brothels that swell ranks of the humbled
and disabled.

John Sensele

Stuffed Suits

Erudition energy ebbs out
You pitch up late in class
Students for your skin shout
Inside your pate, students fuss.

Your lesson plan nowhere at hand
Sums take to flight
Inside your pate, you've lost the brand
To which you once held tight.

Lecturer from college arrives
Paces up and down scribbling notes
You wonder why school experience strives
To land into your corner a plethora of noughts.

Introspection whispers you're a dunce
Always self pitying, self defeating
Seeking for a chance to advance
Only succeeding in quitting

Given lack of focus
Mind scattered
With no logical locus
Attempts half hearted

Blowing hot and cold
Reporting for lessons late
In front of pupils you can't be bold
From you students struggle Algebra answers to get

No proof of readiness
School experience falling apart
You show no eagerness
Attitude and altitude aren't smart

Perhaps high time to explore
Alternative pursuits
Given the fake folklore
Frolicking in your stuffed suits.

John Sensele

Stun Surprise

Stun surprise before it pounces
To scatter your plans
Alongside drudgery in zillions of ounces
In your academics, gymnastics and in your verisimilitude vans.

Stun surprise before it stains
Best thoughts, actions and missions
As it sullies, severs and strains
All the best budgets and benedictions.

Stun surprise before it encroaches
On your territory
To flood cockroaches
Just when you celebrate over evil your victory.

Stun surprise before it invades
Bonds, baskets and prosperity packets
As all critical corners it pervades
To infiltrate and frustrate your bliss buckets.

John Sensele

Sturgeon

There was once a proficient surgeon
Who sent word by means of a pigeon
Whose friend liked a siesta
After dancing in a fiesta
Which taught members to catch a sturgeon.

John Sensele

Suave Sands

Magnitudes of solitudes summoned through somber attitudes
Grow clear when a row of low loneliness
Cooked, booked and hooked through asinine altitudes
Hit bits and fits of sadness, sickness and saltiness

When neglected names
Decide sides of pride gone for a rude ride
Raise praises and consider claims
For a better bride

To make a new start that signals a smart
Relationship, kinship and courtship
Filled with tills, frills and deals whose art
Shines, dines and wines in a shimmery ship

Sailing to suave sands where bands
Equipped with beeps, tips and sweeps
Teeming with tranquility, temerity and tenderness whose glands and brands
In real time trim steams of a past that weeps and drips pesky pips.

John Sensele

Success Springs From Subconscious Mind

Success and suffering spring into your life from inside
Think happiness to manifest happiness
But, entertaining prisons of fear and despair, unhappiness sprouts outside
Unless you deliberately squash and banish from your world thoughts of sadness.

Grow a habit of thinking positive
To awaken and activate the wellspring of wellness
While clinging to seas of torment, earns you negative
No point in sowing in your subconscious mind hopelessness.

Subconscious mind formed you from your zygote
Dictating every step of development to your full birth
All to gain if positivity pervades your life's vote and quote
Unless you choose the path to optimal life dearth.

God locked up seeds of greatness inside you
With your conscious mind to keep safe your gate
Where positivity grows you anew
The more you nurture it and sink it deeper into your thinking pate.

Don't wallow into self inflicted misery
Seeking for happiness in wrong places
Surrendering bucks on a silver platter to usury
When your subconscious mind enriches billions of determined faces.

John Sensele

Such Love As My Heart Gives

Such love as my feelings give
Heals the heartbroken
Whom foes can't forgive
Though hope for them remains unbroken.

Such love as my heart receives
Earns a pride of place
Which my soft centre perceives
At a depth deeper than a surface.

Such love as my heart donates
Deserves a home
Where love germinates
To grow bigger than a gnome.

Such love as my heart nurtures
Nourishes, flourishes
When the love hobnobs with natures
Futures, creatures better than fishes and wishes.

John Sensele

Suicide Futility

Suicide signifies failure
Despite loss of love, loss of hope
When mad blood takes over judgment to lure
An individual around a neck to hang a rope.

Suicide coupled with lives of innocent children
Deletes from the book of life names
Frustrated, hustled and taunted by brethren
Who sow seeds of division and finger pointing blames.

Suicide offers the wrong closure
To minds that run out of sensible options
But denies families, communities and congregations the pleasure
To enjoy for long lasting associations.

Suicide at best admits defeat
In the face of matrimonial and pecuniary challenges
When confusion urges a man this Earth to quit
Because relatives purloin from his nervous system meninges.

John Sensele

Sullied Sarcasm

Break the fake stake of the lake snake
That throws troubled Sesame seeds and grows gangrenes whose needs
Between you and the mistake
You perceive to receive feeds

Born and torn in scorn
Inflicted and predicated on division and derision
Unprecedented and scented in the morn
By stealth and dearth whose fusion

At a jaded joint juxtaposes
Rubbish and a feeble fetish
Together with other causes
Whose rancid results furnish

Further reasons in a sick season
To widen the chasm
Between you and I because treason
Seems to deem it fit to object to an odious orgasm.

John Sensele

Summer Breeze

Sun smiles in the sky
A Summer breeze blows three
Kisses on my cheeks.

John Sensele

Summits And Valleys

Summits delight, valleys blight
Hopes renew, despairs chew
Joys build, sorrows fight
When trust joins mistrust in a queue.

Summits benefit, valleys defeat
Hopes boost, despairs shrink
Joys edify, sorrows ill-treat
When an erstwhile partner becomes a kink.

Summits rise, valleys surprise
Hopes add value, despairs minus value
Joys increase, sorrows decrease
When fidelity associates devalue.

Summits handle tops, valleys handle bottoms
Hopes consult, despairs insult
Joys read atoms, sorrows can't read tomes
When tested although sorrows seldom consult.

John Sensele

Sumptuous Surprises

Surprises catch us unawares
When we least expect it, surprises pounce on us
Sending us into a tail spin despite our weapon wares
Whether we fret, freak out or fuss.

Surprises cut us down to size
Knocking us off our high horse
Snatching from hands a pleasure prize
Whether we're a blue collar janitor or a boss.

Surprises stretch our thoughts
Sneaking into deeper recesses of our minds
Snatching wandering whims, wishes and noughts
Whether our windows wave Venetian blinds.

Surprises serve souls with succulence
Feeding and feasting them on a fabulous favour
Provided people pave the way for patience
To pervade in their lives every endeavor.

John Sensele

Sums Don't Add Up

Without fuss carry your cross
Love life although you loathe the fracas force
Your brutal boss unleashes from a structure source

When all of a sudden you flip off the lid
Vacillating, oscillating, crucifying your creed
Brainwashed, pate awash with musky mead

'Tis time your priorities to reset
Whether love or loathe hits your set
Prompting protection paucity for your posh pet

You plunge in doldrums
Concocted from rustic rums
To the ditty of diss drums

No lad loves
No clown craves
No civilian saves

Except for cantakerous comedians
In collusion with mundane melodians
Who hobnob with creepy custodians

In whom you no longer repose confidence
When the next morning an irritating incidence
Precipitates your dreaded decadence

Unless you mend your ways
Cease befriending social stowaways
And renounce the rhythm of rampant replays

Accelerating the reform
That cuts off craze from your storm
Hash-tagging hospitality in your home.

John Sensele

Sunshine

Sunshine, puns and fun catalyse vibes of joy
Sunshine warms our hearts and bakes our tarts
Sunshine turns urns of foils into toys
Sunshine blesses and caresses our darts.

Sunshine, buns and guns seldom cooperate
Sunshine catalyses photosynthesis
Sunshine and skin tanning enjoy their working rate
Sunshine shines puns and shores up our sentiment synthesis.

Sunshine never outdone enjoys daily reruns
Sunshine from the sun runs biological clocks
Sunshine at sunup, sunshine at sunsets sustains toucans
Sunshine perks the heartbroken whose love hits rocks.

Sunshine done by God runs all life forms
Sunshine, fine sunshine, never outdone by brine
Sunshine, radiant infrared, ultra violet in our lives roams
Sunshine, source of mirth, source of sorrow dearth, sunshine, truly divine.

John Sensele

Sunshine Shone On Masseurs

Cage the rage you envisage
At the slightest intervention
Your mood swing fails to assuage
When folly in full bloom springs into action

To boost the small ego that looms large
In response to the uncontrolled wrath
Your short fuse unleashes in a rage
Whose momentum galumphs onto the path

Littered with glass shards
Reaped from bad blood to your head
Reeled off when to wisdom bards
You fail to listen instead

Pandering to inanities
With neither rhymes nor reasons
Blown out of proportion to embrace vanities
Spirited out of prisons

Where by dint of their mammoth magnitudes
They lay caged to prevent their devastation
From breaking free, releasing moribund monsters whose deleterious attitudes
Grew increasingly worrisome to the stable station

Where you fled upon release from the mental asylum
Isolated from innocent lives and their wives
You swilled vats of cheap grade rum
Fielding and yielding to vicissitudes of knives

Whose glint on double blades
In serene sunshine on the surface of brine
Opted to shred to pieces jars of lemonades
Manufactured in clandestine kitchens in the shrine

Desecrated by your Trojan horse
That came undone
With neither coercion nor force
When your favourite colour dun

Drew roars of disapproval
From art connoisseurs
Whose absolute approval
Found favour among misguided masseurs.

John Sensele

Super Tramp

Few cues sometimes illuminate delusionary discomfiture
Few cues dissect impudent interests hidden in a sassy scripture
Few cues excuse lives squandered on the seamy side of existence
Quoted out of context via notorious negligence and pesky pestilence.

Few cues sometimes explain planes of wasted lives
Few cues espouse culinary skills dominated by chives
Few cues douse romantic fires when hired gigolos fall flat on their faces
Setting into motion a chain of events that queers a dame's designer dresses.

Few cues sometimes go a long way towards reconciling bitter enemies
Few cues drive a wedge between entrenched pygmies
Few cues signal a change of heart in which divorce fails
When spouses come to their senses at home as a judge their marriage bails.

Few cues sometimes add, subtract, multiply and divide united families
Few cues come through when the faithful listen to harvest homilies
Few cues account for systemic failures resulting in superpowers electing
demagogues
Who with arrogance and impertinence desecrate synagogues.

John Sensele

Supernatural

Smile for a while for miles
Hand over bundles of blues to your creator
Who dares to spare you any piles of biles
Every day, every hour, every minute: he's your inventor.

Smiles for a while in every circumstance
Handle spindles of prayers with reverence and confidence
God cares for you and keeps a close distance
From your bath, path and wrath: let God spare you any blues semblance.

Smiles for a while in the face of any trace or place
Where danger lurks to queer your pitch or turn your day pitch black
For traps and snares under no circumstances can displace
God's protection and affection which never slack.

Smile for a while, file to God your daily prayer
In humble supplication when in the natural
Circumstances take a fake turn for a plague layer
To dissuade you from trusting the thrust of the supernatural.

John Sensele

Superstars & Cannonballs

Superstars and cannon balls in their bars and cars cavort
To spite the plight of the poor bereft of flour who admire the rich
As spires and braii fire and fires of affluence and influence vote
Against saints who paint a positive picture for the poor to whom pie in the sky
they preach.

Superstars and cannon balls in halls of fame and game towers
Where powers scour the environment ignore the omniscient
Power of God in their fold, mould and futile flowers
Trample down rights of clowns, browns, frowns and Gypsies, for whom no cent.

Superstars like Bill Gates and cannon balls like CR seven
Dare to care for the bottom and tome of society's pyramid
Where their gesture to invest a portion of their wealth even
Though other moguls aspire for elective office for personal pride, indeed.

Superstars and cannon balls sometimes dupe troops of taxpayers
Through creative accounting and legal loopholes they exploit
To the hilt to swell their coffers as layers
Of their fortunes pray for a tax haven although petroleum gets spoilt.

John Sensele

Supertrouper & Subwoofer

Supertrouper and subwoofer, let me conceal the seal
In which my mind finds and binds solace with a lace
That resonates with strings of happiness that deal
With sorrows borrowed yesterday, today and tomorrow from a crow's face.

Supertrouper and subwoofer, display the lay of happiness
That eludes the rude, the prude and the crude
I meet and greet in streets harassed and stressed by sadness
Which invades hearts and pervades spaces and cases bereft of good mood.

Supertrouper and subwoofer, play me a replay of soothing sounds
Melodies and mellow music that resurrects joy in toys stolen
Broken and forsaken in new found riches on grounds
Where Jim and Jack prefer cotton pants to angels fallen.

Supertrouper and subwoofer, please tease the breeze
That breaks snakes and plates on which I lick crumbs
Falling off high tables of gourmets who freeze
Jobs and please snobs and slobs smashing and crushing happiness pumps.

John Sensele

Suppress Self Satisfaction

When within me grow powers of selfishness
Self satisfaction and self gratification ensue
To advance an agenda steeped in short-sightedness
Which under normal circumstances I shouldn't pursue

Unless I welcome revulsion
From circles where I draw friends
Who hobnob with me with a passion
That sets gregarious trends

Few folks enjoy
Set to an exacting standard
Which no friendship toy
Holds in high regard.

Reflecting
On consequences of embracing a selfish culture
Selecting
Options that nourish the future

That paves the way for progress
In the most critical aspects
Where selfishness doesn't address
Prospects

For congenial interaction
At the right time, in the right place with the right partners
Whose affection, selection and protection
In cosy corners

Where I get succor
That moves my modified agenda forward
With the ardour
In which the pursuit of a reward

Doesn't rank higher than the pursuit
That focuses on satisfying and meeting needs
Of stakeholders whose type and colour of suit
Shouldn't matter in terms of speeds

At which my selfishness dwindles
In major platforms
Where selfishness swindles
My bid for reforms

Meant to nip selfishness consequences in the bud
Once and for all
The scud and mud
That ensure I free fall

Unless I change
In attitude and seek fortitude
Though it may seem strange
To finally rise to my selfless latitude.

John Sensele

Suppress Servile Stress

I rue chances missed and days spent
Prevaricating whether to break the ice
Hold back, keep a low profile with my back bent
In a vow to sprinkle no more spice

In moves and grooves meant to cosset pride
Keeping up appearances to impress
Crowds that take me for a ride
Though they pretend to press for my progress

In circumstances and instances dubious on the surface
Discomforting at best
When confronted face to face
To nip off trivia whose interest

Lies in litanies of prayers
Said at altars and craters of sacrifice
In which layers of weird weirs and slayers
Rejoice in loud voice in an erosion edifice

In which they portray me as a pawn
Brushed aside, pushed aside and shunted aside
To the periphery of the mercury memory on the lantana lawn
Unkempt to vaunt vanity with a sauntering stride

When all of a sudden I snap awake
Shake my head in disbelief
Rubbing sleep off the elementary mistake
That nourished a thief and courted mischief

Multiplied several times over
In a time machine whose hands
Couldn't wind back the progress of the rambling rover
Who terrorizes the present and gathers goiter glands

In a move to exaggerate my relapse
Into subcultures that rupture progress
Made to cure neurotransmitters at the salient synapse
Where past foibles in the end suppress servile stress.

John Sensele

Supreme Solace From A Mercy Mug

Soul, stick to your prayerful protocol
What do you gain from tools of booze?
Ain't it awesome when angels your name they call?
To hug your flag on your heavenward cruise

Where no longer lumbered with earthly cares
You sojourn in peace and bliss
No longer a prisoner of wanton wares
Freed from the straitjacket of a careless crease

Your fervent focus munches meaningful matters
In the grand scheme of spiritual life
From which bliss and peace tear tatters
Wicked worries, wandering wishes and sentimental strife

Evaporating them from your pilgrimage
Paving the way for providence
To embellish and distinguish your plumage
Reminding you the sense in your dance cadence

In your momentum propels you higher and higher
Cleansing humbug and bug
Setting sensual sins, puerile pins, craving queens on fire
As you drink solace and salvation from a mercy mug.

John Sensele

Sure Thing

Sure thing, I'm insane
To speak to a world which listens
To nothing but an inane
Voice that makes sinful scenes.

Sure thing, I'm crazy
To believe the world loves the poor
For whom my daughter Lizzy
Cares every hour.

Sure thing, I dig being a Mathematics
Lecturer
Though fanatics
Think I'd rather be an ascetic adventurer.

Sure thing, I adore communication
Between a sender and a receiver
Through a medium of Facebook transmission
Undercutting and undermining a deceiver.

John Sensele

Surprise And Sanitize

Surprise and sanitize your temper
Harmonize your happiness hamper
Your lover dare to pamper.

Seek to solve problems
Seek not glory in emblems
Hate not Moslems.

Silver and gold forget
Salutation and satisfaction dare to get
Kindness, fondness make your target.

John Sensele

Surprise Symptom

However disappointed an offspring's attitude may get
Swallow your pride and do your best to turn the tedious tide
Into an opportunity lest you should forget
That offspring can't always take your side.

However rotten you feel inside, manage a smile
Which attracts folks to take you out of dumps
In which lemons and sour grapes pile
Up pressure as you negotiate life's humps.

However broke you may get, focus on the bigger picture
Lest you should fail to acknowledge innumerable bounties
You've been blessed with in literature
In marriage, at church and at leisure where you enjoy a zillion cuties.

However badly your national squad performs in a World Cup qualifier
Match, realize that soccer is a fickle lady
Led sometimes by luck which no modifier or pacifier
Can dilute, manipulate or salute. Soccer springs on fans a surprise malady.

John Sensele

Surreal Deal

In 2017 a loveless life
Doesn't need weeds to exist
Cos a pointless fife
Plays no music you can't resist.

In 2017 a life without a direction
Deserves no reserve
To summon any action or invite sanction
Without from muses' verve.

In 2017 crate any misery
Their bets
And treasury or usury
And send them away to their pesky pets.

In 2017 wait for no one
To steal
Your time or climb done
In any real or surreal deal.

John Sensele

Svelte & Smart

Dear heart, fear no part
Fed on sorrow when a bed heads for tomorrow
Sauntering, singing, saluting art
Entwined with goodwill in a glow

Love lifts with gifts
Pouring forth
From a femme fatale who shifts
From freak femininity to a gradual growth
Into an appreciation of reasoned relationships
That considers gender gymnastics
From a motive that equips
Men and women with more than Physics and Metaphysics

While dipping into a dominant dose
Of interactions in which each heart
Wins without Rose
Stopping her search to grow svelte and smart.

John Sensele

Swansong

Life, why art thou so fickle
So elusive, so inquisitive and so intrusive
Such that you withhold the miracle
I so much deserve not just in an intuitive

Sense but also in the diverse directions
Muses choose booze to inspire my ire
Despite my predilections and selections
To retire your fire

Which messes up tresses on my head
Stresses me up and depresses
Moods and great goods said
To clear wrinkles from faces

Rendered so sad, so bad
Lives loiter and limp along
Crestfallen, convinced no glad
Moments for them will sing a swansong.

John Sensele

Sweepstakes Of Mistakes

Sweepstakes of Mistakes, leave me alone
Your whip wrecks my kind mind, leaving me blind
Sweepstakes of Mistakes, for your transgressions and infractions atone
Your nuisance in essence spells unkind.

Your whip wrecks my kind mind, leaving me blind
Sweepstakes of Mistakes, I loathe loaves of your attitude
Your nuisance in essence spells unkind
Sweepstakes of Mistakes, take away your platitude.

Sweepstakes of Mistakes, I loathe loaves of your attitude
Beneath the veneer of your fortitude lie seeds of your freak fall
Sweepstakes of Mistakes, take away your platitude
Your multitude of vicissitudes irks one and all.

Beneath the veneer of your fortitude lie seeds of your freak fall
Sweepstakes of Mistakes, for your transgressions and infractions atone
Your multitude of vicissitudes irks one and all
Sweepstakes of Mistakes, leave me alone.

John Sensele

Sweet Love

Those on whom love whispers soft nothings
Count themselves lucky
For such sweet things
Dare to drive them plucky

Drunk on infatuation
Biting, stinging, feeling, caressing
In minute details affection with perfect attention
Impressing

Their hearts with delicious delight
Touching their most sensitive
Sparing rivers of plight and slight
Souls find unduly intrusive

Until love comes to the rescue
Awakening feelings for long dormant
In a cuddly hue
So gallant

Love resuscitates and ameliorates
Pages of pleasure
At rates
That accelerate paces of leisure

Returning fast
Soothing fully
To cast a vat
Brimming with sublime serenity and magnanimity so coolly

Souls and hearts mediate and radiate to share love
With kindred hearts that long to entwine
In settings that delve and have
Slices of moments to enshrine

Affection pacts and acts
To magnify unity of purpose
With love facts and contacts
That improve and increase

Connectivity and proclivity
Leaving no hearts behind
In civility and humility
In which all hearts find

Accommodation
Empathy
Celebration and consolidation of emotions treated with the care
Hearts enjoy to own
As they declare
Their willingness and readiness to disown

Disunity
Discrimination
Dearth of dignity
To seal for good vases of love portion

Which edify and fortify oneness
In the powers sweet love endows
On souls that seek and share happiness
In the firm belief sweet love grows.

John Sensele

Sweet Music In My Ears

Sweet music in my ears
When in my ears she whispers
You've been mine all along through your tears and fears
When super love instead of dwindling shines and breaks through, prospers

From her loving heart to mine
I pinch my skin to ensure super love to me is happening
To me whispering 'Cry no more. It's fine'
Super love ripening

Reassuring me, renewing my reality
I say yes I love Her in return
With all powers of love my heart can muster in full humility
For a 'once in a lifetime opportunity' I can't spurn.

Mad
Grateful she's finally mine to love and hold
Cos super love from my vocabulary for good deletes the word 'sad'
Which she stresses our lives now withhold

Cos super love traversing dark clouds like the proverbial silver lining
Entwines my heart and hers
Listening to our heartbeats, dreaming like two mad lovebirds no longer pining
Dreaming, speaking cash stashes, conundrums, cars or scars

We savour super love
Love drunk
Grateful the two of us have
Each other to love and thank

That super love and its powers on us bestow
Meaning to each word we say
As we whisper 'I love you' in low
Voices to assure each other super love is here to stay

Though the world thinks us insane
No blame, no game
Cos super love fully sane
Super love lands genuine love in deed and name.

Tears of joy and gratitude I cry
Super love I celebrate
No longer do I have to try
Cos she and I desire only genuine love bereft of any real or imaginary threat.

John Sensele

Sweetest Joy

Sweetest joy springs from the vulnerable
In whom human warmth abounds
To make the impossible possible
With their heartbeat sounds on human grounds.

Sweetest joy hobnobs with a genuine smile
Dished out as a free gift to awaken goodness
That hides under a layer of sorrow for a while
As society celebrates selfishness and ego-tripping sickness.

Sweetest joy bounces off the face of a mother
Who has so little food but so much peace of mind
Despite the poverty she and her brother
Endure because society is not only unfair but also unkind.

Sweetest joy lies in sleeping without fearing robbers
Who like Robin Hood snatch ill gotten wealth
From kleptomaniacs and redistribute national cakes among neglected members
Who wallow in abject poverty and ill health.

John Sensele

Swimming In A Pool Of Error

In my head, alcohol and its pall for callousness call
Emboldened by froth and wrath
In a show of gangrene gall in a mall
To distort my faith and misquote my oath.

Emboldened by froth and wrath
In an atmosphere teeming with terror
To distort my faith and misquote my oath
Anger sinks into a swimming pool of error.

In an atmosphere teeming with terror
Worsened by pomp and pretence
Anger sinks into a swimming pool of error
Snapping any semblance of competence.

Worsened by pomp and pretence
In a show of gangrene gall in a mall
Snapping any semblance of competence
In my head, alcohol and its pall for callousness call.

John Sensele

Sylvia

Ouch! I vouch to slouch on my compassion couch
On your back I inflict pain
Hurting the sensitivity in the pouch
Where compassion and empathy I drain

Acting cocky
Loving less
My tenderness growing rocky
Snapping into your sentimental space

When you grow weary
Pleading for more care
At the moment your visage travels teary
'I miss you, you declare

On your knees you plead
My heart walking out on you
As I became a twit indeed
Sipping the clueless cue

I wear on my sleeves
Acting peevish
Drifting into wanton winds like leaves
Swimming in whirlwinds flown feverish

In letter and in spirit
Allowing our love to drift away
Caring less for Cupid's writ
When eventually to your heart I find my way

Flying into your arms
Hugging you like mad
In February on farms
Where once more we vowed never to grow sad and bad

No matter the circumstances
We navigate
In mild or severe instances
We encounter in feelings fate furnishes at our gate

On Instagram

On Facebook

On our love diagram

As long as we catalyze hope in our compassion cookbook.

John Sensele

Symphony Stages & Wondrous Wages

Speak symphony, speak symbiosis

When ordained opportunities order you to salvage

Scenarios and circumstances where crisis and paralysis

Slay sympathy and satirize progress pages and symphony stages in a ribald
rage.

Speak celebration, speak sobriety

When necessity nudges your reluctance

To rise and rescind reactions for notoriety

That loads lust into your dance stances in advance.

Speak salvation, speak satisfaction

When faith fighters forge ahead

With promised plans to institute induction

Into a mystique that blesses and beatifies both your head and your bed.

Speak sympathy, speak synergy

When keen comrades carry out commands

To utilize empathy energy to terminate the tragedy

Facing Fulani souls in the fiery furnace of Sahara sands.

John Sensele

Syntax Solecism

Script Javascript
Encrypt a code crypt
Decrypt the string heaped

Tipped to win the treasure
You're ill equipped to measure
In your hobby, pleasure

You endeavor to savour
When an opportunity orders a flavour
To flaunt in your face a favour

You find irresistible to refuse
As you won't bask in bruising blues
When praying for shoes in pews

Fate springs and string along
Horrifying the point you thing strong
Although variables and namespaces so wrong

Entice in your hardware a new ram
As you brace to embrace C sharp and Sam
And welcome Java in front of the lamb

That teaches you Python
In a programming decathlon
Where superior skills scale a dodecathlon

Crooning in debugging deals
Decreasing code quills
Healing syntax stills

In a pseudocode
You can encode
But in the end you fail to decode.

John Sensele

Systemic Flaws

Fast and last cast of a net
Done in the last minute
Navigated on the Internet
Can't always fix a dishonor seat.

Fast and last cast of a film
In a hurry bury
Success and progress when cream
Harasses and stresses Harry.

Fast and last cast in dying seconds
On thirty first day
Of a year absconds
From duty when Sandy can't and won't pray.

Fast and last cast of a die
Shuts stout doors
On the vast past only to lie
Prostrate on future floors with systemic flaws.

John Sensele

Take A Deep Breath

Take a deep breath before leaping into a precipice
Led by wrath, impulse or more boredom
Brought about by temporary absence which peace
To test your resolve injects into your home.

Take a deep breath and wake up your radar
Sent to sleep by your base emotions that pander to whims
Driven insane by inane considerations under
Conditions of opacity in a city on sanity's rims.

Take a deep breath before you jeopardize
A bright job career by incompetence and insolence
Driven to extremes by the larger size
Your ego assumes in relation to sapience and temperance.

Take a deep breath before you fritter away
Opportunities for lifelong friendships built on solid foundations
Over years of diligence to play
And major role in cementing affections without insinuations.

Take a deep breath before you dissuade partners
From joint ventures planned for tomorrow or the day after
When clumsiness turns away gardeners
God sent along to meet your at your church's altar.

Take a deep breath before reading too much
Into a simple misunderstanding or misreading
Of data incorrectly read in breach
Of standard protocols in honest or dishonest player seeding.

John Sensele

Take Away Badness

I've lived beneath my dignity for too long
Drifting like a leaf on a breeze
Knowing not who or to what camp I belong
All because it's fashionable for my lifestyle to sneeze.

I lurch from disaster to catastrophe
Bruising my character
Inserting a needless apostrophe
Confirming my status as an avarice actor.

Jumping to the edge of collapse
Craving for doubt
Interfering with the sentimental synapse
Promoting on my mouth a pout.

Down on bended knees I go
Praying for forgiveness
For foibles I determine to forgo
If only God could subtract my sadness.

John Sensele

Take Life Seriously

Play a sax, pay your tax and relax
While the breadth of the breath of life courts you
Whether you deserve it or you owe arrears of tax
You ain't paid because you couldn't stand a decent queue.

Take your foot off the brake of fake breaks lest
You eat boots and hoots of roots from six feet under
Because you scramble to ram disaster and scam from a multiple choice test
In the human science of sapience and salience under the aegis of thunder.

Don't jostle to rustle and bustle for honours you don't deserve
Or else the tragedy and the effigy of your academic malady
Will nibble at the gulf of the turf of the foible reserve
Teeming with paucity in the city of tragedy.

Shortcuts and butts of rudeness backed up by lies and sties
In a plethora of fora of academic cascades and facades
Built up in silts on stilts over several years of ties
With charlatans kill any hope of ascent into academia palissades.

John Sensele

Taken Unexpectedly

Homeward bound lass walked
When lurking shadows on her they pounced,
Demanded favours she denied them
But, instead, trounced
Their ugly plan
That from her soul bounced.

Hot anger floated in the dark alley
And questioned why
Lass them could so defy
To extent of making them sigh
In frustration and despair
Although ugly trade long time shadows ply.

Mad blood to shadows' heads rushed,
Caused them to strangle lass
Who appealed to common sense
That never went to mass
A single time, only preferring
Her body on the alley floor to embarrass.

John Sensele

Talk With Empathy To A Refugee

Talk with empathy to a widow
Whose life turmoil assails
As her mind stares at a window
Through which her ears spy wedding bells.

Talk with love to a street kid
Whose stomach groans with hunger
As his mind plants a surreal seed
That to him signifies his community cares no longer.

Talk with generosity to a retrenchee
Whose despair grows palpable
As his mind searches for a key
To open doors to a stamina stable.

Talk with care to a divorcee
Whose pristine picture poses cranky questions
As her mind swims in an uncertainty sea
To reject sardonic suggestions.

Talk with wisdom to a housewife
Whose husband hastens hysteria
As she pleads for cessation of strife
Alongside gender based violence at her cafeteria.

Talk with sympathy to a refugee
Whose life turns upside down
As he no longer listens to a Fugee
In his refugee camp far from his home town.

John Sensele

Talking To My Alter Ego

Fed up with cribs of fibs
I elect to walk away
To create potent poetry with nibs
Fabrications can no longer lead astray.

Grown impatient
With incessant nonsense
I trounce in bounces and ounces of the transient
Subservience that slays common sense.

Drawn into an argument
I elect to glorify silence
Protecting the complexion and texture my integument
Demands to restore my mental balance.

Thrown into turmoil
With a deadly load to bear
As I moil and toil
To fly into arms and hearts that care.

John Sensele

Tambourines & Trampolines

Tambourines and trampolines refine inclines
Tramways and subways subjugate spines
Aspirin and adrenaline decline spates of defeats
Reverses and debacles with neither sweets nor tweets.

Tambourines and trampolines break monotonies
Tramways and subways dare to care for your knock knees
Aspirin and adrenaline desalinate brines
As your throat ingests oats and sips heaps of vintage wines.

Tambourines and trampolines satirize low moods
Tramways and subways lampoon baboons and their fake foods
Aspirin and adrenaline decipher ciphers of your emotions
Ovations, infatuations, oscillations and inhibitions.

Tambourines and trampolines play layers of sweet notes
Tramways and subways recite bites and mites on sites of cavernous quotes
Aspirin and adrenaline like yoyos monitor swings of depression
Brought about by misplaced and displaced impressions in remission.

John Sensele

Tame Tactics

Ability and intrepidity spur progress
Drawn back when puny plans abound
Instead of talisman tactics to spawn success
In contexts devoid of lacunae in round
Schemes tenously tethered in a bid
To surge forward lives of individuals
And corporate bodies which forbid
Short termism and inefficiency in rituals
Conceived and perceived incoherently
By boards of directors of research
And development wings that conveniently
Fund white elephants leave firms in a lurch
When forward thinking and prudent investment
Of scarce resources ensue from sound management.

John Sensele

Tangible Tactics, Memorable Mathematics

Frequently Mathematics encourages
When fingers and brains work in tandem
Elevating the diligent to a peerage
For whom Mathematics writes a memorandum

Giving brains a pep talk
Raising morale when brains stumble
In their bid to talk bravery and walk
To a Pythagorean pinnacle whether critics mumble and grumble

"Aint no use" they say
"Throw in the towel" they advise
Even when the Mathematics way
Cuts down fear and fright to size

Ensuring brains master concepts
Brains boost perceptions of procedures
When brains rise above prescriptive precepts
To create cogent Calculus cures

Whether answers spell right or wrong
Whether knees stiffen or weaken
Cos in the long run brains grow strong
To prove all along brave brains never mistaken

Creating conducive caves for brains to succeed
If brains marry Mathematics
No need for brains to bleed or plead
If brains breathe bravery and tweek tactile tangent tactics.

John Sensele

Tangible Termination

Fault lines in my bio bubble crumble
Bolt mines in my rodeo stubble stumble
When from pesky pains I extricate
Thoughts that grow more intricate

With passages of time I spare
As battle cries in my mind I repair
At sunup when I wake up
Declaring to distance my lips from the cup

Where poison in my drink they lace
Fearing the arrival and survival of the ace
I hold close to my chest
To stifle their eager quest

To extinguish the light shining
In the bio bubble declining
To give them the chance they covet
To slay the white horse crying to visit our vet

In a bid to annihilate evil edicts
Their master mind predicts
Will swing my bio bubble into pole position
Thereby sinking the last nail in their coffin incision

Which squeezes their plan up the creek
Where in no way their plan can speak Greek
To encircle my vanguard
Utilizing mortars from their rearguard

Who legend claims invincible
In prior battles they tore from feeble
Engagements with depleted forces
Cut off from supply sources

Fallen behind when my bio bubble
Stormed battle lines on the double
Cutting their infantry to size
To hand over to my king the coveted prize

For which my bio bubble longs
By virtue of the wish that prolongs
The rise in levels of hope
That in the end shines my kaleidoscope

To terminate terrors they unleash
In battles my troops finish
Putting the madness to a stop
As my bio bubble with majesty climbs to the top.

John Sensele

Tantrum Traits And Spurious Straits

Invest your trinket time as you please
My tangible time don't waste
Frolicking in fantasies with the ease
You feel my duties care and dare to taste.

Infest your world with pipedreams
Building castles in the air
Gallumphing in seas and dreams
Opportunities brand unfair

Intersecting no values
Arbiters describe as tenets
Determining whether clues and cues
Drive targets into nutritional nets

Rescuing vestiges of mathematical malnutrition
From populist and political portraits
Amazon, Google and Facebook excise from the nutrition
Package they label ludicrous from your tantrum traits and spurious straits.

John Sensele

Tap Talents

Identify, amplify and glorify your talents
Let talents enrich hopes and scopes of events.

John Sensele

Tasty Tomorrows

Love peeps, sweeps and beeps
The hardest of hearts, melting every residual resistance
Through persistence, insistence without any quips
Emanating from a balance of love science

Cultivated but not veted by busy bodies
Who never mind brown and blonde business
But soak through malice and maladies
Averse to happiness, steeped in sadness

Pored through ores which bear
Ingots and cargoes love seldom inhabits
Because love and its doves wear
A crimson ribbon that tweets

Messages of love passages for hearts
That choose to cruise towards Cupid's arrows
In conformance with platonic parts
That smell and spell tasty tomorrows.

John Sensele

Teacher & Student Tight Ties

Teachers and students bond
In the classroom, in the lecture room
To ensure the teaching and learning process doesn't abscond
As teachers their students' future groom

In bonds that over time tie tighter
As the loco parentis role teachers pursue
To mould character, attitude, knowledge and skill in better and vaster
Quality, quantity and sanctity that ensue

When ignorance hitherto entrenched
Dies and lies in a cognitive intensive care unit
While cultures of best practice and best performance grow enmeshed
In society whose prosperity teachers and students knit

To man vital sectors of national economies
Although teachers sentimentally suffer when upon course completion students
depart
After scaling with flying colours cognitive, affective and psycho motor taxonomies
When from teachers' company beloved students part.

John Sensele

Teacher, My Unsung Heroine

Teacher, you are the hero
Who recognizes my potential
Taps my innate talents from zero
To transmute my work-in-progress into material presidential.

Teacher, you are the facilitator
Who teaches me to read, count and write
To transmute my medulla oblongata
Into human capital raised to the highest performance height.

Teacher, you are the guide
Who moulds moms and dads, cops and doctors
In whom economies repose their pride
As they control and energise economic, social and military actors.

Teacher, you are the noble magician
Who by dint of diligence and patience
Transmutes a diffident urchin into a top tactician
Who masters intricacies of performance science.

Teacher, you are the mediator
Intervening to jettison ignorance
From the brain of a future aviator
Whose talents you tap in abundance.

John Sensele

Teachers, Rockstars

A teacher inducts learners
Into the knowledge, skill, affection hall of fame
Where learners transmute into income earners
Adding belief, value and honour to their name.

A teacher conducts his oral orchestra
Nurturing culture, horticulture and agriculture
In the caring and compassionate classroom opera
Which spawns nursing, teaching, engineering and aquaculture.

A teacher praises students and raises
Morale, nudging, cajoling and chiding
Where necessary and appraises
Performance, sending discouragement into hiding.

A teacher delights minds
Putting ignorance and illiteracy to flight
Guiding behavior, correcting errors he finds
In essays and sums until minds exude delight.

A teacher inspires learners and retires
Discouragement they feel
When ignorance fires salvos and tires
Minds which the teacher's skill and empathy heal.

John Sensele

Teaching Maxims

Teach with love and passion
Avoid bleaching learners' efforts
Encourage students to enhance lifelong learning skills
Instruct learners in techniques and methods that foster lasting learning
Praise students when they take a success step
Influence learners to master concepts, processes, procedures and principles
Guide learners to embrace a learning paradigm shift
Inspire learners to ask why and try their level best in each quest
Imbue in your students a ceaseless curiosity spirit
Mould students to take responsibility for their discovery learning
Create in your students invincible giants
Aerate your classroom atmosphere with constructive humour
Take into account individual differences among your learners
Most of all, be the accomplished teacher your own children deserve.

John Sensele

Teaching Passion

Teach because you enjoy teaching
Don't teach because you need money
Teach not if you're inclined to cheating
Teach not because teaching makes no honey

Don't teach because you need money
Teach the children you love
Teach not because teaching makes no honey
Teach lessons that flow from your Geometry glove

Teach the children you love
Inspire them to rise to greater heights
Teach lessons that flow from your geometry glove
Where the children munch your Biology bites

Inspire them to rise to greater heights
Teach not if you're inclined to cheating
Where the children munch your Biology bites
Teach because you enjoy teaching

John Sensele

Tears Of Fire

In the heat of the moment, Lucy wept
Assailed by years of anguish and fear
Immersed in huge sacrifice kept
Alive through faith she held dear.

Assailed by years of anguish and fear
Lucy made up her mind to stay
Alive through faith she held dear
Even though a high price she made him pay.

Lucy made up her mind to stay
To see her through circumstances so dire
Even though a high price she made him pay
In cash, in kind, in collaboration, in fire.

To see her through circumstances so dire
Immersed in huge sacrifice kept
In cash, in kind, in collaboration, in fire
In the heat of the moment, Lucy wept.

John Sensele

Tears Of Freedom

A process and abscess in the rapture of the curvature of kingship
Swallow the halo from days gone somber on the ship
Sailing night and day
Away from normalcy from Monday to Saturday
To the periphery of beriberi where sorrow
Smashes today and tomorrow in the rear row
Spanking and yanking the face of distress
In the cabin of the waitress
Society lumbers on the mind
Condemned to crawl on the ribald rind
Freedom refuses to view without the clue and cue
Hunger and thirst bite and slight anew
In their bid to liberate freedom
From shackles and straitjackets that hold liberty prisoner in the fiefdom
Freedom no longer considers her own
Since light in full flight rebelled at dawn
On account of the neglect
Freedom dreads from the sycophant sect
Which clamps on freedom, jumping on the bandwagon
Of creature comforts blown, foregone and thrown
Yesterday, today and tomorrow
When freedoms neither thaw nor grow.

John Sensele

Tease Out The Breeze

Please tease out the breeze
Blowing and flowing softly
Through the trees
That free the rind in your mind gently.

Please wheeze out the quizz
Pestering and irritating your brain
Time and time again as tuition fees
Impose on your den a strain train.

Please freeze out seas
Swelling and felling levees
In Louisiana where teas
In cups and goblets gyrate in and out of gray bays.

Please seize opportunities
Cruising through your research and development
Edifices and offices where quantities of certainties
Leap forward towards new product deployment.

John Sensele

Tease Sleazy Reasons

Meet expectations, tweet ovations
Discard chaff, call a bluff
Greet affections, slit insinuations
Dispose of a cuff, dish out love enough.

Treat folks with tact, deal in facts
Post positive articles, accost miracles
Invite a humanitarian act, clean water ducts
Don't block an ant's spiracles.

Beat deadlines, quit lying
Break your fast, take beggars seriously
Banish malice and finish disqualifying
Treat matters of the heart tenderly.

Write poetry, admire artistry
Widen horizons, visit prisons
Withhold revenge, singe sophistry
Tick vantage points, tease sleazy reasons.

John Sensele

Teenagers Tickle & Dowagers Dabble

So, love lifts lumps of ludicrous loneliness
Hastens heartbeats, honey,
When wishes and whims of happiness
With or without money

Tickle tempers, tease teenagers
Transporting tongues to territories
They hardly dreamt pagers
Could caress in frolicking factories

Where teenagers and dowagers dabble
In hugging, hustling, hobnobbing and humming
As they osculate and dream double
Rewards without swords while their stars stamp with interesting

Tales of dates, fates, slates and plates in trysts
Where they alone with tingling tosses
Of tousled hair dare to dismiss priests
Who advise love leisure entails lugubrious losses and costly crosses.

John Sensele

Tell Him Love From Above Triumphs

Tell him love from above doesn't lie
Tell him time for fibs ran out
When man and woman the knot can no longer tie
As courtship killed and condemned its clout.

Tell him love on the rebound rejects reason
Tell him time for trivia retired
When man and woman labeled marriage a prison
As denigration, denunciation and demotion in unison conspired.

Tell him love for ladies rights wrongs
Tell him ladies men liberate
When man and woman wrote love songs
As man and woman cooperate to cleanse from their lives a threat.

Tell him love of truth trounces malicious moments
Tell him life in love is worth living
When man and woman condone and compliment compassion comments
As man and woman in love start giving and forgiving.

Tell him love of one-night opportunities ostracizes
Tell him love enjoys endearments
When man and woman pick up their prizes
As man and woman garnish growth garments.

Tell him love of sacrifice satisfies
Tell him love fun fondles
When man and woman mollify spies
As man and woman procure dongles.

John Sensele

Tell Me, Honey Bee

Tell me, sweetness, why you yell at my manifesto
Treating me with much contempt in an attempt in your tent
To freak me out and convulse my confidence presto
When I decide you can keep your cipher for my repute can't brook a dent.

Tell me, lass, why you pull my bull by his horns
Treating me like I was a nonentity in your pretty pond
Where somehow I elect to swim my whims despite thorns
That prick my pride as my bride from a royal ride chooses to abscond.

Tell me, bimbo, why you me leave with pimples in limbo
Treating me like I deserve no reserve to access your preserves
Which drive me insane as I strive to serve on you a salient symbol
Of the love overflowing from my heart as you nibble at my nerves.

Tell me, honey bee, why you reject without respect the colour of my money
Treating me like stacks of my bucks mean to bribe your tribe
Which queers my pitch and switches on spears of fear, honey,
When all we desire is conjugal confirmation from a Kitwe City Council scribe.

John Sensele

Temper Temples

Temper, you're lightning
That strikes with a bang
Severs social sorties in the evening
Only to vanish in the wake of slang clang.

Temper, you're embers
That singe redhot
Metamorphosing carbon from slumbers
Only to hypnotize hot heads in one shot.

Temper, you're a tsunami
That surges six meters high
As anger ascends Sesame
Only for loneliness to cry.

Temper, you're thunder
That roars in rendez vous
Where lovebirds under
The influence of the heart queue.

John Sensele

Tender Mission

Friends ain't no toys to buy
Or discard at will when whims
Spawn bad dreams
In which relationships go awry.
Friends are precious souls who would die
In sacrifice for a beloved for whom schemes
Meant to show love in streams of reams
Ready themselves to chase away any worry.
Friends love, friends care
Friends blown away by adrenalin shower tonnes of affection
Friends display flair and play fair
To extents where they don't scare
The apple of their eye. Friends dare to shower maximum attention
To execute a tender mission.

John Sensele

Tenfold Kindness

Kindness pays tenfold
If dished generously
To all who seek it.

John Sensele

Tennis Sidelines

A chauvinist took a dig at women
Ace tennis players, 'Serena, thank men
On whose cocktails your tennis
Leans and plants her kiss.
Without men, no women's tennis. Amen.'

John Sensele

Tense Times

When blues cloud your tranquil space
Dare to look them straight in the eye
Draw a line in the sand and put in place
Measures to kill their blue lie.

When troubles try to turn your multicolour
World into a sea of aches and stresses
Challenge them to show their true colour
So that you may spank their sick presses.

When low points and fear squeeze your mind
Hold your head high and step forward to challenge
Them to attack you from the front, not from behind
Not from the left, above or from the fringe.

Don't give sad moments and cheats a chance
To discourage you, to taunt you, to shake
Your determination, your moral assurance
'Cos victory is yours to lose and yours to take.

John Sensele

Tenuous Temerity

Chameleonic kaleidoscopes conjure up caricatures whose collegiality
Swims seas, sings songs and sweeps
Floors floundering to foment futility
Portrayed as a promising promenade that keeps

Reality records reaping rewards
Invisible, insipid and inebriated iniquity
Raised rapidly with sappy swords
That hate and haunt humility

Integrity viewed as counterproductive
Unless honesty cringes
To boost a retrogressive missive
Written by loony fringes

In an era and fora
Where unity, amity and fraternity
Rule royalties without the global village getting poorer
In the context of an enmity engine and tenuous temerity.

John Sensele

Termination Only Solution

Preempt from your palace the dog
That sullies and slays the best blog
Sent and meant to flog the fog

At the farm in your calm culture
You invoke as you imbibe the pungent pig culture
Sucking from sows and boars the future

They teach you in their behavior
Questioning your quest for the savior
You access shaking hands with the squint soldier

From thriving a yellow maize mop
Instructing you to care for the crop
You hope to harvest within the scope

You assume right
As your limousine eats miles of delight
From caressing soya bean leaves to tweet

Verses with double meaning
Intending to convey the message for an inning
You can hardly score hoping weaning

From habits you can hardly afford
In your undulated umbilical cord
Where for a reason you affirm you dare accord

Decency in recency to horse sense
Stuck not in a buck in the immense
Portfolio in a rodeo where incense

Diffuses aromas that dictate a severance
Draws nigh and high as the circumstance
Projecting perdition dares to advance

A thesis whose proposal
Foretells the end of the causal
Malady in arousal and perusal

Conflate causes to terminate
The lie you can no longer disseminate
With a clear conscience unless insanities dominate
The core of store in cognition
Driven and woven in the demolition
Of the lie accelerated dissipation without in sight any salient solution.

John Sensele

Terrestrial Turmoil

Carelessness kept creeping, carousing, cavorting till
My defenses it drowned in a brown crown
When I dared to divert its daft pill to kill
Tedium, tantrum, temper as my town

Teased tears, bludgeoned bitter tears, tendered its resignation
Letter because I just wouldn't listen
I just kept leaping towards the destruction
That hurtled from my inner insolence and impotence to fasten

Its tentacles on my medulla oblongata
Stifling sensations, stealing stamina, strangling staying power, suffocating
sapience
Giggling at Google, lampooning LinkedIn as Sister Immaculata
On her knees kept crawling, crying for persistence

To prevail and unveil my best bravado
As slowly soporific symbols sentenced
For life voices and choices whose commando
Alone without a loan in my brain glanced at terrestrial turmoil and together they
danced.

John Sensele

Terse Verse

Divest from a heist of quantity, invest in a nest of quality
Created with care to dare to innovate
In products and services whose durability
Features and finish indicate

Research and development deploy
Strategies and tactics to snatch the lion's share
In markets where stiff competitors employ
The best human capital to dare

Rivals on arrival to display
Better business acumen
In designing products and services that play
A key role in spinning wheels of a domain

In which early entrants dominate
Global markets where a financial double
Trouble refuses to disseminate
Latest dividend details because the Russian Rouble

Seems set to overtake the American Dollar
As the currency of world commerce
And investors caressing their collar
Issue a rebuttal in terse verse.

John Sensele

Tested Love Invested In Our Nest

Doreen, listen to the beat of my heart
As my tears flow in rivers of your telepathy
Woven over time from the start
As our love swims in sympathy and empathy.

Doreen, don't walk out on me
Despite the ludicrous loss of face
I inflicted on you for all to see
Now I feel like a heel out of place.

Doreen, down on my knees I plead
For your mercy in earnest
Cos you and I together feed
The love tested and invested in our nest.

Doreen, rest assured I mean well
Despite foibles I somehow carry
Though stances, glances and circumstances fail to tell
You how much you I want to marry.

John Sensele

The Balance, Dance And Lance Of Innocence

Pillored and adulterated
Innocence flies away
Fearing to be underrated
In slimy circumstances for too long kept at bay

Until to her dismay
Innocence uncovers the mask
Behind facades that waylay
Every question innocence dares to ask

To establish the veracity
Banished so unfairly to confines
Where the truth plasticity
In the sand draws red lines

Challenging meninges
Whose yardsticks fall by the wayside
The day disturbances in sapience syringes
Opt to defend discredited personal pride.

John Sensele

The Birth And Rebirth In A New Dawn

Steam driven ashes and lava from volcanoes
Obscure tomorrows
Exploding from bean pods and tomatoes
Beseeching and seeking halos

Our lives require
To earn a rebirth
Inspire and inquire
Whether a new berth

Becomes of the essence
In the path the future offers
Despite the intensive care unit defence
Happiness in bloom proffers

To decrease the harm
Self destruction and self deceit
Can inflict when calm
Vanishes into the precinct whose welcome receipt

Determines if our happiness hangs on the thread
Lost in the complexity and cohesion in the spiderweb
Enmeshed in the labyrinth whose bedstead
Holds the secret to our arrival and survival on the World Wide Web

Where happiness navigates
Searching for you and I
Not as surrogates at Sorrows' Gates
But as equal partners in debunking a fatal lie.

John Sensele

The Blast Of A Cast

The blast of a cast aghast with fuss on a blunderbuss
Flew and grew a crew who rued chances and stances to discuss
Differences in conciliation conferences that coerced cooperation
Amplified by the serenity and dignity delegates drew from desperation.

The blast of a cast aghast with fuss on a boss bus
Flew and grew a crew who chimed chances and stances to fight fuss
Concealed in deals and peals of laughter undaunted daughters dismissed
When matrimony matrons measured erasures of kisses missed.

The blast of a cast aghast with bling on strings
Flew and brewed a concoction whose cadence retrieved riveted rings
When hearts in reward ramparts opted for votes and pots of conciliation
Empowered to drown doubts among strategy scouts who touted reconciliation.

The blast of a cast aghast with rum on conundrum drums
Flew and brewed a libation that lifted spirits among tankard tantrums
Tempered among embers in September to remember responsibilities
Assumed under sums and plums plucked, packed and tucked among domestic
duties.

John Sensele

The Blight Of Humankind's Hindsight

Children, small homo sapiens specimens
Inserted and inverted into a world of aggravated abandon
At the behest of guilty gangs whose amens
Count for little, brittle spittle at dawns

Dribbled, riddled with rumpus from the start
Children kneeling, reeling, dreaming, screaming
In a vivid voice as a drugged dart
Sharpened by guilt and silt on stilts miming

Suppresses the self concept of a child
Searing asunder any sign of hope scope
Hovering in Hades, lying in wait in the wild
To scupper the solace and succour slope

On which children's cherished choice
Cries, dies and slides into nihilism
Children itching, preaching, searching for a vortex voice
To assure them life matters despite assertive alcoholism

Adults adore at their craving core
Where a child doesn't fit
Despite shouting 'We know the score'
Subjected to arrant abuse, a child metamorphoses into a mental misfit.

John Sensele

The Blind Woman

At Nkana shopping mall, an emaciated hand outstretched
Hunger and thirst aren't far fetched
Alms from a compassionate Samaritan parachuted into her hand
The blind woman wonders if she belongs to this land.

From sunup to sunset escorted by her urchins
They shamle through Shoprite with sunken chins
'Uncle, I'm asking you for a dime, ' an urchin pleads
A baby cries for her malnourished milk feeds.

Disability isn't inability, the blind woman hears
Lofty words, no concrete actions, only tears and fears
Cash transfers for the vulnerable, stewards chew
Plaintive pieces, more promises. On her torn feet no shoe.

Night falls, the blind woman and her urchins sleep rough
June chills, moon ills, no thrills in the woman's trough
Shoe brushes she sells
Maroon moon rings her bells.

John Sensele

The Blindness Of Power

Had I known power can bite
I would have handled it with care
But it treated power with spite
Power told me it was unfair.

Had I known power can blind
I would have handled it with caution
But it treated power with no thought behind
Power told me to pay attention.

Had I known power can infect
I would have handled it with prudence
But it treated power with defect
Power told me to ditch arrogance.

Had I known power can corrupt
I would have handled it with respect
But it treated power for democracy to disrupt
Power told me to understand its acute aspect.

John Sensele

The Boulevard Of Bliss

Bliss blesses you and me, I believe
Warming up feelings overflowing in our hearts
Which at the ready extend glee for love to receive

When your heart and mine play their parts
Creating an amorous atmosphere for love to grow
As by dint of devotion doubt departs

Leaving in its wake cosy catalysts in a row
Where doves of love tangible commitments stress
Efforts and energies in us harvest a hero

Your heart and mine in unison caress
As our fecund feelings of love progress.

John Sensele

The Bust Of Trust In Rust

Trust in cinder
Withers and shivers
When guile tears trust asunder
From conscience cleavers

As its erstwhile shadow wanders
Bereft of direction in remission
For transgressions trust ponders
When beholders with eyes wide open inflict dereliction

In circumstances that leave
Trust aghast with wonder
As the esteem and respect trust held dive
Into a miasma of blunder

Propped up in packs and sacs of lies
Sown, grown and flown
On wings and stings ties and cries
Can no longer cure and own.

John Sensele

The Cabal Of Catastrophe

Seeds of wrath, when they scatter
Sweep aside boisterous boulders
When indomitable spirits utter
Final verdicts and raise high their chivalry shoulders.

Seeds of wrath, when they simmer
Sweep aside cabals of kleptomania
When indomitable spirits clamour
For evictions of egomania and megalomania.

Seeds of wrath, when they splutter
Sweep aside cabals of catastrophe
When indomitable spirits in the gutter
Demand a full stop devoid of an apostrophe.

Seeds of wrath, when they seethe
Sweep aside cabals of collusion
When indomitable spirits breathe
A sigh of relief as they delete democracy delusion.

John Sensele

The Cancer In Answers

I don't need the cancer in your answer
Filled with glues of morbidity
I diagnose in the dizzy dancer
Who derives value from torment turbidity.

I don't need approval from seas of simplicity
Concealing seals teeming with the myopia
Head shrinkers excise from the duplicity
That thrives and derives currency in Utopia.

I don't need the wisdom growing in straitjackets
Controlling vicissitudes and habitudes
Wrapped and propped up in jaundice jackets
Swooning and mooning in avarice attitudes.

I don't need to glorify utterances
From small minds
Sailing and springing up trauma trances
That vandalize sapience seasons from reason rinds.

John Sensele

The Cheesy Chore On My Floor

I drop my guard and rabble raps my door
Which welcomes no anachronistic arrays
To dampen the mood on my floor.

I watch on the beach as she reaches the shore
Where in remorse for me she prays
Cos I drop my guard and rabble raps my door.

Next, deep recesses in my mind roar
When on my heart spirituality she sprays
To dampen the mood on my floor.

I pick myself up although I feel sore
Gladys, by dint of pleas, my fears allays
As I drop my guard and rabble raps my door.

In a twist of fate, I dig deep into my stamina store
Hoping my reluctance Gladys no more waylays
To dampen the mood on my floor.

Tired but fired up, I opt to organise the cheesy chore
When in the end Gladys my silence slays
As I drop my guard and rabble raps my door
To dampen the mood on my floor.

John Sensele

The Cleavage In An Insidious Image

Good and evil clash
In a duel
Staged to smash
Surrogacy and supremacy fuel

In engines roaring
To influence
Folks on the Earth roaming
Bereft of conscience

Power drunk
To sample and dabble
In lamb or skunk
With tension treble

In scenes
Odious, mysterious
In virtues or sins
Folks deem delirious

When along terminator
Comes along
Brushing aside drivels disseminator
Who sows and grows worlds of wrong.

John Sensele

The Commotion And Demotion Of Opinion

Foibles human nature fraternize
Genotype or phenotype, academic argument
Remorse we sometimes sanitize
Overtly, implicitly we insert in our integument

Realizing not people's destiny we don't determine
Despite our prognostics
Driving margin of error thin
In our assessment gymnastics

We undertake with aplomb
As though our opinion, the gospel truth
Until predictions grow numb
Debunked by redoubtable Ruth

Until we grow weary
At our wits' end
Teary, teary, teary
As our wobbly knees bend.

John Sensele

The Conundrum Of Pandemonium

At times I wonder why pain
Seems to metamorphose into strain in Spain
Turning right, turning left
I absorb a blow in my chin cleft
Dodging dangers dangles no fruit
Even when I decline to invite a recruit
Into bumps, camps and mumps of misery
Invaded by minds immersed in usury
I believe I can avoid
If only to vanquish the void
In which day and night I toil
For my gears to float a little oil
Poured forward, drawn backwards
Much as I engage the gadget gear to move towards
The prize I believe to be mine
When third parties my life they undermine
Tearing my fabric asunder
As they ignore what is good for the gander
Nourishes my welfare
Although I wish to declare
Life grows pointless
When efforts invested at great cost prove fruitless
Why then do I live
To waste my time and grieve
When rejoicing should be my portion
Promised by investments I made in the promotion
Of the future I deserve
Relying on no one's preserve
But my life lingers
Fate flatters fingers
Which point the way
I should proceed to fly away
To the land where I shall suffer no more
For recalcitrants to bask in their folklore
Where they'd swim in milk and honey
Partaking in a truculent tourney
That delects their whims
Actualizing success if God permits dreams
In which I'll never partake

If only I could correct the mistake
I made to believe the world could play fair
Reflect and elect to take care
I should live and let live
If society could forgive
The blunder I made to come to this party
In which I consign no piety
Making no further commitment
To fly into the firmament
Where I no longer belong
Considering a reply been too long
And my mind is made up
I'm read to toss the cup
Brimming with despair
Which I'm no longer able to repair
No matter how I do
Because it is so true.

John Sensele

The Cranium And Premium Of Injustice

Take society's attitude
Towards indifference as given
Although women abhor gratitude
For societal foibles forgiven

In the face of the Christian faith
That burns within a woman's soul
When Providence breath
Scores a salutary goal

In consonance with the motto
One cheek slapped, the other cheek slapped
In a pilgrimage grotto
Where 2Pac rapped

All eyes on me
As though a woman were leper
Society loved to hate with glee
Alongside a pauper with no caper

To boast of
In the sight of men
Who grudgingly brandish love
As an inducement to women

Treated with contempt
Used, oppressed, dumped
In a haughty attempt
To get machismo start-jumped

In the full bloom of the sickness and ugliness
That womanhood suffers
In huge doses of humiliation and sadness
With no compensatory offers

For remorse unfelt
Hair tousled and unkempt
Expectations raised and unmet
In an egregious event and attempt

To gloss over injustices
Unleashed on the fairer gender
In equinoxes and solstices
That demand women's surrender

Although the new millennium
Demands fairness
In the cranium and premium
For women's unstinting happiness with boldness.

John Sensele

The Creed Of Concern, Consideration & Courtesy

Regardless of reasons, no one's heart do tear
Beat your chest, but dare to care
In every eventuality, display care and concern
Above all, blame and game endeavor to discern.

Regardless of reasons, no one's heart do vandalize
Beat your chest, but dreams dare to analyze and stabilize
In every eventuality, display courtesy
Above all, let personal pride amplify and dignify your partner's mercy.

Regardless of reasons, no one's heart do pulverize
Beat your chest, but your thoughts and actions dare to sanitize
In every eventuality, display consideration
Above all, multiply and satisfy amiable affection.

Regardless of reasons, no one's heart do break
Beat your chest, but prized possession for love dare to stake
In every eventuality, display humility and honesty
Above all, for your partner's sake cultivate tenets of temerity.

John Sensele

The Critical Care Cue

Amity

Unanimity

Equinamity

A chance to balance the advance
In the morning when perchance
I opt to coopt the instance of a dance

To unite night and might
In circumstances though not quite
The desired dream to delight

Friends and foes in a show
Whose returns spurn the glow
Shining in favour of the thaw

In the parlance teeming with pain
Felt and dealt with in the rain
When Madeleine chose to diminish the drain

Resources risk if the reference
To offence and defence on the fright fence
Remains an illusion for the difference

In perception, reception and perspective
Perceived in the missive whose adjective
Blows a hole in roles the subjective

Treatment, containment and deferment
Play in the delay that waylays the instrument
Critical to the resolution of the ferment

That brews and chews views
Held n high esteem by crews
So inebriated they choose

Indifference over action
Irreverence over deduction
Irrelevance over reduction

In tension tables
Counted and recounted in fables
At the behest of chests of cables

Where protagonist and antagonist stare
At each other each daring the other to spare
A modicum of mellowness in the glare

They exude
As pranks protrude
To the fore to hurt the dandy dude

Lasses love to hate
Lads plot to get
Femmes fatales long to forget

In action and deed
When antagonism so avid indeed
Pervades motions that plead

For more harm
Less room for calm
In the bedroom on the forsaken farm

Where love in the end comes to the rescue
At night when pivotal players picked up the cue
Pulled themselves together and created the critical care queue.

John Sensele

The Cue, Clue And Glue Of Mathematics

I never dreamt
Mathematics once a terror
I've ever learnt
From my life would delete a major error

As I struggled to make sense
Out of the labyrinth
Mathematics built from the nonsense
The terror in silly stealth

Conveyed in minds
That by dint of patience and perseverance
Gleaned from underneath concepts, processes and procedure behind blinds
Rewarded in a walk punctuated by persistence and insistence

To spawn understanding
Continually growing in incremental steps
To facilitate a commanding
Assimilation not through biceps or triceps

But through pen and paper dedicated practice
Through sweat and tears
Carving justice
Clearing all the fears

Mathematics once held
In my brain and in my attitude
Until with misconceptions withheld
Along grew fortitude and soared my latitude

Prompting the belief
That you, too
Could cut out the mischief
That claims you've got no Mathematics clue.

John Sensele

The Culture Of The Future

Fly into a fruitful future
Flee from fleas of yesterday
Fertilise a conducive culture with no vulture
To threaten throes of defeat into today.

Fly into the arms of a friend
Flee from simulations of salvation
Fertilise tenderness into a trend
That cultivates reams of redemption.

Fly into facts and pacts
Flee from delusions and illusions
Fertilise amiable acts
That drive away accusations.

Fly into a realm of rest
Flee from fantasies
Fertilise the zest of crest best
Drunk in exquisite ecstacies.

John Sensele

The Day We Dread

Delight in flights of the right
To play with rays of hope, the right to pray
For opportunities to conquer our pandemic plight
All the while peeling off fears and tears of the night
When in unison we desisted from growing astray
To delight in flights of the right
To bite and fight the obsession with the fright
That stole our resilience to steer away from the fray
Slaying opportunities to conquer our pandemic plight
As we resolved to facilitate our flight
To save the day and pave the way
For the delight in flights of the right
To assert our firm faith in the ray growing more bright
The more we closed ranks and inched closer to the day
Opportunities conquered our pandemic plight
That held us prisoner in the grip of the might
Once held in awe in the dreaded day
When we couldn't delight in flights of the right
For opportunities to conquer our pandemic plight.

John Sensele

The Daze Of The Gaze In A Haze

The daze of the gaze in a haze amazes the craze
In a series of streams and reams that raze
The wall between my fall and the wall
That screams no more to any tyranny should I crawl or entrall.

The daze of the gaze in a haze phases out the phrase
In a series of streams and reams that blaze
Trails, nails and pails teeming with tears I cry
When it dawns on me you'll never belong to me no matter how much I try.

The daze of the gaze in a haze tazes the maze
In a series of streams and reams that prunes the phrase
'I surrender to no one' from my vocabulary and estuary
To ensure I enjoy pure cure in feelings I foster in February.

The daze of the gaze in a haze razes the phase
In a series of streams and reams that graze
The pasture and posture that portray pusillanimity
In my endeavor and flavor to fly you into propinquity and proximity.

John Sensele

The Death Mystery

Death hits us where it hurts the most
Death though expected, catches us unawares
Inflicting much pain and a high cost
In emotions like no other phenomenon dares.

Death supplies no opportunities to settle scores
To portray ourselves as superior creatures.
Death strikes the mighty lion who roars
As it cuts sentimental raptures.

Death spares no one
For at birth we make an appointment with death
Regardless of lotteries we've won
Whether we possess little or much stealth.

Death remains a mystery
That baffles our intelligence
Tears apart our history, our story
Death mocks and pokes fun at our science.

John Sensele

The Deception, Perception And Reception Of Recidivists

When education cheats kill on a horrid hill
Miseducation they distill and quality English away they peel
In crippled classes they promote
Education quality in several ways they demote

Inflicting on learners an illusion
To which deliberately mediocrity intrusion
Yields solecism
Coupled with pervasive paternalism

That nurtures odious audacity
Buttressed by hollow opacity
Inflicting on teachers an impossible task
Although to teachers kinky questions we ask

Knowing fully well big time they've messed up
Their strategic plans thrown and strewn in a crucifix cup
Where education a distressing death dies
When chores and throes combine in sick sties

Where standards fall by the wayside
Assessment instruments scale walls on a seamy side
Scheming to undermine best practices
That block clocks from intervening interstices

Thereby overwhelming composition markers
Waylaid by milestones set for truth trackers
Who block cheaters from diluting
Set standards in which truants saluting

Malpractices prance without shame
Concealing evidence in toilets they blame
For their failure
With evidence so cogently clear

Although cheats blame the messenger
For penalties which their futures encounter

When red handed they're caught
Having forgotten concepts in limpid lessons teachers taught

In spite of which cheats walk tall
Bothering not to conceal their shame in the stall
Where they conspire during summative assessment to cheat
Unrolling malpractice material waking up from below their feet.

John Sensele

The Defiance Of Chalk Dust

You do not dare to shed a tear
Any more, white chalk
Expended on the chalkboard to wear
Thin as detractors in whispering tones talk

Peering left and right, they backbite
Complacent guffaws on their face
They whisper words to bite
Briquettes of etiquette they deface

Smug satisfaction punctuate the mood
Coursing through the conversation
Calibrated to the serrate thenimble neighbourhood
Where chalk expires expressing neither vexation

Nor satisfaction as chalk dust falls
On the floor to the delight of the understanding pupils acquire
When the writing on wintry walls
Spells boom for Mr Chips and Mrs Clicks who retire

Having taught thousands and thousands in their lifetime
Engineers, buccaneers, mutineers and balladeers
Who over the years have wiped away the slime
Chalk dust repelled with zeal as tears

Rolled down faces that mourned for chalk dust
Classrooms, hostel bedrooms took for granted
Until chalk dust fed up with the scarcity of trust
Opted to quit having ranted

Frustrated words to express disgust
At the turn of events they witnessed
When gangsters pricked daggers into the bust
Chalk dust kissed

As goodbye they said
Wishing chalk dust well
Farewell in tributes they paid

Although in truth no goodwill their mouthings could tell

But chalk dust sent their epitaph to Hell
On a one way ticket
Which dangled on a brutal bell
Sounding the death knell on a pesky picket

Chalk dust nodded
For the last time before closing her eyes
Common sense having shredded
Insensitivity and scarcity of creativity in the ludicrous lies

Chalk dust heard
As the coffin slid six feet downwards
Mocking their beard
Warning them lies can't fly upwards.

John Sensele

The Depth And Strength Of My Thunder

I wonder why he gets me so angry
Wishing I could spank his bottom
When my belly he makes hungry
Maybe I should send the buffoon to Tom

Who can teach him good manners
Which in him mom didn't inculcate
Maybe that's why in my works he throws spanners
Best for me if his rough edges I placate

Or else the stage of rage grows worse
The more I neglect emotional intelligence
To feed into my rational mind a verse
That in the end meets my sanity's exigence

Preventing lead from my nine millimetres
From sending him six feet under
If within my mind he should steal a few more nanometres
Given the depth and strength of my thunder.

John Sensele

The Despicable Face Of Love

How shall I love again if love leaves me in tatters?
Love invades my heart and turns it upside down
Driving at high speed adrenalin in my arteries where it matters
Little whether I make a scene or let love turn my heart into a clown

Sadists break at will
Claiming to love me when self gratification
Proves to be the prime mover in a deal
Filled with pretence, complacency and ingratiating

I find beneath dignity and beyond the pale
When love ensures a once technicolor
Tranquil, sedate heart love feelings fail
To pacify when the full horror

Hits me, singes my self confidence
Snips to nil the belief that love means well
While I ache and loathe the condolence
Love sends to my angels when Hell

Breaks loose
Driving me into a serene space
That commands love to vamoose
At high celerity and never again into my presence to show its despicable face.

John Sensele

The Destabilization Of Death

Death drives daggers
When it snatches a breadwinner
When death a family staggers
Although a deceased was no sinner.

Death drives family bonkers
When at an inappropriate time
Death which Jesus conquers
Plunges a family on a steep climb.

Death deranges droves of issues
Which families long assumed settled;
Death diverges dues and queues
Leaving families severely nettled.

Death always destabilizes order
Families prefer;
Death drives families asunder
Putting sorrow and strain as its lugubrious offer.

John Sensele

The Din Of A Platonic Pin

In towers of songs, I sing
Sad songs, happy songs
That in your heart move everything

Sensitive drawing us ever closer like pristine prongs
That magnetize like melodious magnets
In magnetic fields where we right all wondrous wrongs

Given that our hearts are ensnared in love nets
In which we osculate
As though we were platonic pets

In love circles where our hearts gesticulate
Imbued with the potion of dopamine
Cupid arrows in our hearts inoculate

Regardless of how much strictures on our faces pin
Reminding us petting and necking in Christian circles is a sin.

John Sensele

The Dribbled Dead

The dribbled dead teetering on a thread
Wondering whether to don a dread
Shred shame or shiver in the rancid river
Where by volition despite fever they quiver

Remembering why grumble when forever they fumble
Rolling in green sewage, conniving to stumble
Banging their heads against crags of the rock
That with glee feeds their entrails to the crock

In the rancid river where the crock protects his den
Brushing aside the gnashing of teeth that desecrated Eden
Pelted God with invectives
Melting in acrid adjectives

Until stomachs groaned on Mondays and Tuesdays
Cursing midgets who many an opportunity they reject on Sundays
Chasing angels who brought them advice
Insisting it's their right to pay any pesky price.

John Sensele

The Education Eel

Education matters a great deal
If in life you should make a grade
After you acquire a special skill
Enabling you to climb a hectic hill
Thereby for your family winning a basket of bread
Education matters a great deal
In steering your life away from the poverty ordeal
Since education on your career enthrones a tremendous trade
After you acquire a special skill
So proficient education now makes you feel
From your mind education lifts a drudgery dread
Education matters a great deal
In good time erase your education bill
If education standards should thrive undead
After you acquire a special skill
Education you nurture never stands still
If you enable education by your will to forge ahead
Education matters a great deal
After you acquire a special skill

John Sensele

The Educational Investment

Education

How nimble nerds love your power
Snap your fingers, job vacancies obey
Societies worship your hour
Which honours every investment abbey.

Education

Truants totter at your presence
Assess them, they tremble
Illiterates hurt at your absence
Which renders them feeble.

Education

Academic awards transmute into passports
That enable holders to cross job borders
Which illiterates loathe at interview ports
Where illiterates endure exclusion orders.

Education

Certificates save orphans and widows from property grabbers
Who extract estates of the deceased
Snatched from surviving members by family robbers
Leaving orphans and widows distressed.

John Sensele

The Elasticity And Plasticity Of My Private Space

If you care for me
As you claim you do
Let me see
If your feelings ring true

In words and in spirit
Deep enough to respect the elasticity and plasticity of the space
I own which with respect you should treat
Or else it'll be a deja vu case

In which words claim one reality
While actions portray the opposite
Notion which depicts frailty
You ought to quit

In circumstances that jettison
Hollow claims teeming with lame excuses
For which a levity lesson
Shuts down the last sensitivity and sensibility sluices.

John Sensele

The Elephant In The Room

The elephant in the room
Tweets tonnes of gloom
Belittling dissenters
Satirizing inventors
Berating climate change
Unleashing on rivals revenge
If perchance they stick it out their necks
Labelling congressmen snakes
So long as they contemplate impeachment
Which in his view is anathema to the enrichment
His political pursuits require
Including getting spies for hire
To dig up salacious stories on opponents
If controversies electrify exponents
To lubricate election success
No matter how much excess
Sordid stuff he sticks
On political rivals he ticks
Off as small fry
Weepers who cry
When truth metamorphoses into his acquittal
From all charges demagogues in the capital
Conspire into the horror hoax
The ostrich can coax
From senators too petrified
To raise an objection horrified
Given his power to king make
Or shake Washington in an earthquake
His tweets tantalize
When plies of lies galvanize
Into figments of the imagination
That catalyze so much consternation in his nation.

John Sensele

The Emptiness In The Life I Lead

The emptiness I feel
In the life I lead
Can't fill and steal pains that deal
Blows I seldom need

In the air I breathe
In the lungs I possess and the stress
That assails the disbelief I loathe
In the witness I assess

In circumstances whose distances and stances I witness
To circumvent events that prevent the downfall I suspect
Exploits the weakness
In the sorrows that inhabit the prospect

In mistakes for high stakes in the past I made
To sneak justification
Into the stolen grade
I accumulated from the infraction in the mission

I set without prior consideration of the gravity whose motility and propinquity
I didn't grasp
In the liquidity I invested in the volatility
Whose clasp on the last ditch gasp

Spurs breathlessness in the recklessness I kill
As considerations of dark thoughts roam free
To ask me heartbreaks to heal
For reasons I can't see

But parallax in circumstances I experience
In situations insanities dictate
In the lance dance whose influence and confluence
I hate to regret and serrate

In the hollowness I dislike
As my mind grows cold
While spikes sorrows hike
Stakes, threatening my happiness to withhold.

John Sensele

The Emptiness Of Gung Ho Postures And Attitudes

Gung Ho machismo pushed to limits of puerile pomposity
Thrives in a world of alternative reality
But falls flat on its garrulous verbosity
Especially if hitched on the back of alacrity teeming with banality

Whose preference for megaphone diplomacy
Indicates an Achilles heel
In strategy whose lunacy
Cuts off the oxygen supply from the deal

Gung Ho machismo should have clinched hands down
If humility and clarity in approach and research
Stuck to simplicity and not obstinacy driven to town in favour of the gallery of a clown
Resulting in a loss leaving Gung Ho machismo in the lurch

Aiming to win vaunted labels as deal maker but succeeding only in reaping sown whirlwinds
And sustaining bruises not only to leadership reputations
But also hurting obstinate fiends
Whose blindness earns empty salutations in sterile missions

Whose outcomes
Too low for zero
Amount to puny sums
That in the end can't turn an abysmal failure into a hero.

John Sensele

The Equalizer

Letters and digits on my slate
Scraps of offals on my plate
Plasmodia bursting my red blood cells
Dinning my auditory system like Hell's bells
I struggle to figure out the meaning
I derive when the limpidity of life keeps thinning
When I should strive to arrive
At the apex that vexes the drive
Where the fork in the reality road
Dares my brain never to paint broad
Ideas developed into clear thoughts
Leapfrogging the emptiness of noughts
Into a vista teeming with the trivia
That like Midas' touch fly my pate into Monrovia
Thinking, clinking and blinking like mad
Although more and more I feel sad
Principles have died
Virtues have cried
As university education counts for nothing
Where once university education opened doors to everything
Worthwhile
Fertile
In a job market where values and virtues found support
In an annual headhunting report
That inspired me to seize the horns of Mathematics
And dance and prance with his cousin Physics
Now, my hope lies in the might of artificial intelligence
And the twin development and acceleration of machine learning
My wily weapons to replace dinosaurs from planet Earth
Where the decency and dignity of education are in dire dearth.

John Sensele

The Equilibrium Of Our Love

Deal, feel, heal, reel, spill, swill, thrill and wheel love on your page
Contain, detain and restrain your love rage
To glean, screen and win love on your love stage

If you want for sure my love to win
Your arms and mine in an unbroken embrace to entwine
As to my heart's content you grow into my queen

Forever to cherish, comfort, console, compensate, delight, love and hold
In a love rocket, socket and sprocket so bold
That no force on earth can withhold whether climes and times grow hot or cold

In circumstances and instances you and I enjoy
To diversify, magnify, modify, mollify, multiply, satisfy and typify our bondless
joy
As a serious matter, not a ploy or a sentimental toy

When in earnestness we embark on our love ride
To fly away to cloud nine as we flawlessly glide
With boundless bliss as you assent to becoming my betrothed bride.

John Sensele

The Exploitation Price

Usury is a colon cancer
That maims and claims lives of terminal patients.
Ill-gotten wealth to your life supplies no adequate answer
Except to block blessings and punish revenue recipients.

Extortion is a boomerang
That smites and strikers choosers and users.
Ill-gotten wealth soon slips from life's ladder rung
Where it transmutes exploiters into losers.

A trading malpractice is a booby trap
That waylays and slays recidivists.
Ill-gotten wealth is a straitjacket strap
That sings wrists and phony priests.

Ill-gotten wealth is a defective car tyre
That guarantees both suicide and homicide.
Ill-gotten wealth is Hell's pyre
Fuelled and powered by an aldehyde.

John Sensele

The Face

The face, which lives to laugh, frowns
Scoffs at my plight
As I quit visiting towns
Where dust the face on our dream day makes me bite.

The face, which diminishes my dreams, no longer
Dares to care for my fare. It avails me no access
To kisses and hugs that make me stronger
As I miss laces, dresses and spaces on her mattress.

The face, which hospitalizes my happiness, steals
Pearly laughter
As my heart burns beside bane bills
That my fairies, frailties and foibles no longer flatter.

The face, which harries my heart, boasts
Claiming for itself a photogenic
Status on social media as the truant toasts
A decision to pulverize our parting picnic.

John Sensele

The Fear Phantom

Fear fossilizes opportunities
Open to risk takers
Whose sense of duty in financial cities
Transforms them into trillion dollar makers.

Fear delays, waylays and slays relationships
Breeding mistrust, wielding rust
Breaking down friendships
Gregarious hearts value and trust.

Fear blocks and chokes paths to success
Engendering images of mean monsters
Who fear claims pounce on progress
That transmutes simpletons into superstars.

Fear reveres a risk averse mentality
That prevents a bevy of blokes
From venturing into hospitality
Business armed with a few bucks, ideas, spoons and forks.

John Sensele

The Fiddle In Our Riddle

The lens of silence speaks
Balance and its lances blink
The maze of craze kicks
Glasses of glory and gregariousness shrink.

Soft nothings grow numb
Words of love wither
Dare devil moves grow dumb
Spontaneity and its celerity dither.

Fleets of feet fail
Dreams double
Mists and twists of fists flail
Guarantees and their trees grumble.

Fortresses fumble
Feelings fiddle
Mattresses mumble
Doodles decipher a riddle.

Squadrons of sentiments skip a sortie
Infantries of infatuation engage our cider
Decibels in our dialogue throw the party
That murders our riddle rider.

Don't cry for me, my darling
Pluck up courage
Whisper your whims and wishes with a sprinkling
That defies odds and defines your outrage

Cos time for me to go
Time for you and I to part ways
Given opportunity costs you can't forgo
Let me waste no more days

Hoping matters would improve
In our difference in opinion
When rigidity and turbidity prove
A bridge too far to loosen the passion pinion

You vow can't move
Regardless of the pain we feel
Dwelling and swelling the groove
That widens the gap in moments we can no longer steal

John Sensele

The Fire In The Marriage Choice We Desire

Arise at sunrise to surprise the exercise
Which in a twist of fate
Sought and wrought from you and I the prize
Wrapped and fastened in a debt

Incurred by our families
Unknown to you and I
In concealed diaries, fairies and homilies
For reasons known only to our parents and their wishes to apply

Old marriage standards
Steeped in benighted beliefs
Whose placards and bards
Emblazoned on reefs

You and I find outdated
In belief, form, spirit and substance
Premeditated and precipitated
To breach the affluence, confluence and influence of our confidence

Can't mean well
For the future you and I prefer
To foretell and spell in a groundswell
Of the love we can't refer

To whims and wishes of parents
Who seldom care
Whether marriage referents
Fair or unfair

Consider our feelings
Deep or shallow
In backdoor dealings
To say hullo

To the choice
You and I make
In our own voice
To stake

The future we desire
In marriage
And the fire
Flowing in the personal choice in our matrimonial carriage

For you and I to bless
To love and to hold
As you and I caress and address
Marriage choices, wishes, voices and whims which no parents can no longer
withhold.

John Sensele

The Fisherman

Vocation, devotion, affection and sacrifice
Brought fisherman to Africa to work
Among her sons and daughters who adopted him
As one of their favourite friends. They didn't irk
His person but with him cooperated, collaborated
So no responsibility or duty anyone could shirk.

Fisherman left the Big Apple, sacrificed comfort,
Guaranteed national peace and clean water
To lead a life laden with delicate demands, to bring
The good news to the poor man's son and daughter,
Open their earthly eyes, broaden their holy horizons
So they don't suffer final judgment slaughter.

Widows, orphans, the blind, street children, lepers
Ran to him for adequate advice, appropriate answers
Whether their pressing problems came from the realm
Of education, religion, economics or cancers
Because they knew he'd always find tranquil time
To give them solemn solace better than delightful dancers.

John Sensele

The Flower, Hour And Power Of Providence

Ideals won't die if I bite the bullet
Defending the right against the phony
Regardless of the popularity of the pullet
Who orchestrates the corniest cacophony.

Ideals thrive if I draw strength
From knowing God towers over every dominion
Regardless of how much fraud and discord decorate its length
Spoiling the social soup, adding the odious onion and its pinion.

Ideals draw their intrepidity
From the bulwark that underlies rectitude
Despite overwhelming shows of the stupidity
That sicken and seem to weaken fortitude.

Ideals cleave complacency and live another day
No matter what cabals the Devil convenes
As God's rearguards and vanguards pray
For spiritual strength to run in their victorious veins.

John Sensele

The Food Of Frankness

The mood of levity
The food of folly
The brood of depravity
Don't make coquetry holy.

The mood of peace
The food of frankness
The brood of bliss
Decrease prospects for darkness.

The mood of love
The food of stability saturation
The brood of the divine dove
Catalyze the marriage maturation.

The mood of faith
The food of bold belief
The brood of God's breath
Increase the decrease of disbelief.

John Sensele

The Fragility Of Forgery

Stem the tide of forgery
Concocted in crevices of despair
Driven insane by the conspiracy imagery
Reality resolves to repair in a fashion fair.

Stem the tide of toxicity
Lest head shrinkers should strap you in a straitjacket
Which transmutes duplicity into veracity
To clear jealousy from its jinxed jacket.

Stem the tide of mediocrity
Afflicting bored brains too idle
To separate inferiority from temerity
When conspirators conflate bridle and its side.

Stem the tide of unbelief
Creeping into cliffs of conflict
Lit up in contrast to creed and belief
Pushed beyond conjecture they derail the evil edict.

John Sensele

The Friendship Of Flies

Flies befriend you to nibble
At your meal and your waste matter
Landing their feet which though feeble
Bacteria and other germs they scatter

Spoiling the quality of your meal
Which you consume alongside bad bacteria
In the process of sealing a debilitating deal
With your tummy where diarrhea

Earns the light of day
Spreading germs in particular parts
Of the body where yesterday or today
They invade rib ramparts

Stealing from you high health
Disabling biological body workings
By sanction, subterfuge or stealth
Until your feet fear the feeling of stockings.

John Sensele

The Frivolity In Stupidity And Tepidity

Don't belittle the face mask to endanger your beloved
When the mask you wear on your chin feels enslaved
As advertising your face seems wise
Beloved lives you cut down to size

The best medical evidence your illiteracy ignores
The more your ignorance in its trance snores
Hobnobbing with other dunces
Whose attitude on wisdom trounces

Social distance your brain never observes
Hand sanitizing your mind never serves
On occasions when wisdom summons you
Time after time a reminder you squeeze at the end of of the queue

Where reluctantly for seconds the mask you pretend to wear
Slides off your flirt face as death threats you brazenly dare
As if mom, dad and siblings wouldn't thereby die
If stupidity and tepidity in your frivolity didn't fly.

John Sensele

The Futility Of An Epitaph

When your days and rays are done
Hypocrites in loud voice sing lies
Wake up from your casket, brandishing the gun
That shoots down the lie shining in their eyes.

Smite them dead
Wrecking frivolities they utter
Quoting your name in vain from a stubborn homestead
Cos from where you stand their lies don't matter.

Strip down bells and veils of deceit
They wear without any shame
Demanding from your family the receipt
On which they scribble convenient claims in your name.

Erase the evil epitaph
They describe, inscribe and prescribe on your tomb
As though it transmutes into a cenotaph
Where hypocrites roll out droves of doom and gloom.

John Sensele

The Futility Of Anger

Manage your anger tantrums before wrath consumes
The lifestyle you treasure
Which in essence assumes
You can swap anger bouts for clouts of leisure.

Manage your anger before wrath chokes
The breath and wealth of life to death
When chimes on clocks
Advise anger carries no inherent worth.

Manage your anger tantrums before you commit
A crime beyond redemption
As you pout and procrastinate to admit
Lack of morals and merits in your anger mission.

Manage your anger before wrath repels
Folks on whom you rely for assistance
When anger casts you into loneliness spells
As friends no longer condone your anger insistence, petulance and persistence.

John Sensele

The Game Changer In A Matrimonial Masquerade

Homes broken, futures stolen
Lives shattered
Children, men and women forsaken
Beauties and cuties battered

Family members scattered
Matrimonial vows broken
Values down watered
Untruths spoken

Wedding and kitchen party celebrations forgotten
Tempers raised, minds crazed
Intransigence and insolence gotten
Sorrows grazed, sanity and sobriety erased

Divorce legal proceedings pursued
Bad blood contemplated
Acrimony and recrimination ensued
In score setting scenes dilated and inflated

Dark thoughts entertained
Anger drawn, thrown and grown upfront
Malice maggots maintained
Ego-tripping agenda pushed to the front alongside affront

Courtship days and sweet nothings uttered-a distant memory
As spouses spar with sharp swords
Weapons of mutual unleashed from the matrimonial armoury
While spouses with daggers drawn scowl like ill tempered toads

Prompting church leaders with mouths agape
To stare in horror at the shambolic charade
Playing out without a sensible route escape
Leaving a rueful responsibility to a disappointed dad.

John Sensele

The Gift Of Life

The gift of life transcends bling
Cosmetics, bucks and accessories
To which by mistake men and women cling
When on balance most material possessions don't surpass groceries.

The gift of life deserves more respect
Than it receives from able bodied men and women
Who take it for granted and treat it with disrespect
Ignoring the reality that ubris often signals a bad omen.

The gift of life in the twinkling of an eye
Can slip from any individual
When from nowhere they collapse and die
Prompting crocodile tears and plastic smiles to stage a sombre ritual.

The gift of life tastes sweeter
When in hospital bed a patient gasps for breath
Wondering why for much of his life he chose to be bitter
As in a few seconds he stares at the cold hand of death.

John Sensele

The Happy Hour Wheel

Tighten up your grip in full fanfare and splendour on reality
Embracing and professing humility
Promoting and brandishing flexibility and feasibility

As the span of your life grows
In pre-arranged columns and rows
Discounting character assassination throws

Delecting, delighting and pandering to malice
Hitched on a platform of wanton avarice
Catalyzed by a Judas kiss

Planted on cheeks stung by despair
Propelled in a manner unfair
Boosted by circumstances that hardly care

Whether the poor live or die
Falling down or riding high
In circumstances and instances that won't lie

Balancing needs both big and small
To respond in a jiffy to an urgent call
At the earliest opportunity when efforts stall

With little or much impunity
Involved to a large extent in extolling human dignity
Alongside fostering an atmosphere of sanity

Buttressed by sound and all-round intelligence
Whose critical contribution grows immense
At the top of the billing that spreads its influence

In boosting standards of justice
Not that it needs an armistice
In the face of blatant injustice

Urging and enjoining vulnerable hearts to heal
As all stakeholders strike a just deal
To once again spin the happy hour wheel.

John Sensele

The Hassled Heart

The heart broken into for the umpteenth time
Pulled itself together
Withdrew into its cocoon where a sublime
Thought told the heart to give up romance altogether.

The heart treated with contempt
Opted to close its door shut
Deriding any overture to tempt
It into ridicule, to disrespect its butt.

The heart assailed right, left and centre
Told love to get lost
Demanding due diligence from any mellow mentor
Who cared enough for its welfare to whisper, 'Get lost, ghost! '

The heart treated like a queen
Opened its arms wide
To welcome back the love that strove hard to win
Back its favour after indifference chucked out its puny pride.

John Sensele

The Hate Reward

Hate is a jackal
That geckers when it pounces on a prey
To bite a flesh morsel
From it as an overcast Kitwe sky turns grey.

Hate is a tarantula
That hunts at night
When beneath a Flamboyant corolla
From a bat it snuffs life's light.

Hate is a rat poison
That sometimes slays a snare setter
When hate's prison
Of morbid minds it gets the better.

Hate is a life subtractor
That gradually nibbles at the fragile fabric
of a hater transmuting it into a factor
Which slays the hater on a disabled derrick.

John Sensele

The Heart Rhythm

The heart driven by compassion
Beats in tune with the plight
The poor ponders in every supine session
As food fragments he longs to bite.

The heart leavened by logic
Ceases its function to sympathise
As the heart embraces the tragic
Tendencies that no longer empathy prioritise.

The heart immersed in academics
Perceives no nuances in blends of black and white
Indulging in the coldness of ceramic dynamics
Primed for a reason season to fight.

The heart powered by love
Seeks to celebrate sharing, satisfy needs, to sacrifice
For a measure of the leisure and pleasure of a dear dove
Whose love and affection never suffice.

John Sensele

The Height Of Doom

The height of the doom
The loom of the plight
The bite and sight of the gloom
Converge and catalyze the might of the final fight.

The scale of the deception
The perception of the hell
The spell of the interception
Combine into laughable lines inside the brine bell.

The attitude of the oppression
The suppression of the amity altitude
The latitude and solitude of the degrading depression
Can't undo the confusion and derision of the harmful habitude.

The victory of emptiness
The sickness of the folly
The folly of the weakness
Can't stop degrading the odious oligopoly.

The iniquity of the vanity
The impunity of the injustice
The solstice of the insanity
Will forever haunt masterminds who main justice.

The laughter of the death
The dearth of laughter
The slaughter of the fervent faith
Can't mend if criminals don't kneel at the feet of the indomitable daughter.

John Sensele

The High Price Of Intransigence

Blackboard surfaces I rub
Unsure if viruses I scrub
Putting my family at risk
Cos for the greater I whisk and frisk

When some students covid risk they ignore
As ignorance and its diffidence distance grow
Face masks they struggle to wear
Making it harder wrong attitudes to bear

When infection cases in society soar
With fewer citizens in an uproar
Considering lives, wives and knives they jeopardize
If sanity and reality they don't aggrandize

in open tombs cadavers descend
When asinine attitudes ascend
Until six feet under they fly in a single file
Worshipping the cry of ludicrous lie

Charlatans push upfront
With the vigour of an affront
In which the lure and value they bought
Shutting tight and uptight truth lessons taught.

John Sensele

The Hoof Beneath My Roof

I struggle to throw in my towel and pander to despair
As events in the global village dissipate confidence
Inherent in decision making to amend, mend and repair
Lacunae in approaches towards restoring blocks of balance.

I struggle to shake off the blatant brinkmanship
Leaders inject into considerations of options they adopt
In handling matters that threaten to sink the ship
Carrying humankind's hope in peace instances skipped.

I struggle to believe humankind embraces a sanguine
Attitude that at its peak manifests indifference
Built into conflict resolutions mechanisms within
The scope that builds confidence and concordance science.

I struggle to dispel displeasure at the dichotomy
Sown between faith and dearth of practical proof
Believers do exhibit in the sham quoting from Deuteronomy
While deep within a contradiction breathes beneath their roof.

John Sensele

The Hope I Prefer, The Despair I Impair

I scooped hoops of hope in my hand
By volition took a stand
In spite of struggles I fought
To bring despair and its flare to nought.

I turned the page and engaged the sage
Who in the morning taught me to contain the rage
Despair in my bosom had brewed
Awoke the next morning feeling ever shrewd.

Despair and its fare rose at night
Claws at the ready to steal the white light
Shining ever brighter in the darkness
I tore up and wore new hope hovering nearby in my frankness.

Tighter and brighter hoops of hope rose
Froze despair and new scopes for hope arose
Blotting out aces, braces, faces and traces of despair

John Sensele

The Horizon Of Hope

Hope hovers on my horizon
To strengthen my wobbling knees
When freckle foibles freak out in the zone
Where I mould noble trainee teacher nominees.

Hope hobnobs with my harmony
To heighten my focus
As I dare to share my faith testimony
Devoid of any hocus-pocus in the lingua locus.

Hope halts the hiatus
That for a while clouds the path
Towards improvement in the status
I deserve as I defeat my Goliath.

Hope hands me a harness
That directs my energy
Towards strengthening my home as the fortress of togetherness
Which stimulates the sacrament of synergy.

John Sensele

The Interest Of Your Intention

Were you to care, my honey
To pay me a little more attention
I'd bless you and surrender the money
You requested to reveal your true intention.

Were you to stop worrying, my lass
To ditch the heartbreaker I protest
You'd be better off, giving not a cuss
Whether or not coquetry I detest.

Were you to reform, my daughter
To mend for good your ways
You'd know for once a plethora of laughter
And realize how much frugality pays.

Were to show your true colours, my darling
To caress and address my plea
I'd reciprocate and pour on your body bling
You'd wear and square with pomp and glee.

John Sensele

The Irony Of Tears

Tears of joy bless folks
As they express happiness
To the chimes of talking clocks
Which suppress sadness and weakness.

Tears that express hypocrisy
Steal joy from communities
Where folks deride a pesky policy
That belittles deaths below mid forties.

Tears enable humankind's burdens
To diminish in the wake of trauma
Endured at the hands of merciless maidens
For whom disappointment holds no daily drama.

Tears on the face of widows and orphans
Mirror the loss families suffer
When unscrupulous medics dubiously harvest organs
Which service lives of tycoons who tender the highest price offer.

John Sensele

The Joke Is On You

When six feet under we lie
Truants would scowl at the red ticks and crosses
Which in their homework hostels didn't die
Ministers, doctors, teachers, engineers and bosses

Would shed bitter tears
Missing stories and tidbits we shared
In classrooms denuded of function fears
We declared redundant because together we spared

No effort for Joseph and Josephine to understand
Concept, principle, procedure and process
That underpinned Mathematics in the blackboard brand
Our classrooms carried for us to access

The gist and twist of lessons we devoured
With gusto in the gravy we consumed
Every time our brains and fingers scoured
Nooks and crannies we never assumed

Hid nonsense cos essence and sense
Pervaded space and time treasuring
Bonds we built with neither defence nor sentence
Out of place as we ran rings in the string

Savvy brought along in the pleasure
We sampled and pampered
Striving in droves to treasure
Knowledge and skill no obstacle and hurdle hampered

As as shouted 'Spare us the charcoal
You intended to cast in the grave
Where from six feet under we heed the call
To live forever in peace because we died brave.'

The joke is on you
If you don't mend your ways
You'd remain last in the queue
To reap rewards from redemption rays and salvation sprays.

John Sensele

The Lacklustre Limpet Called Love

Should we take love at face value
Considering love's fickle nature
Fiddling with feelings, turning hypnotized hearts blue
Rendering lovers slaves of sentiment with a diminished social stature?

Should lovers interrogate love's motives
When love propels lovers into temporary insanity
Driven by fantasies and heresies mislabeled incentives
That have bedevilled lovers' vacuous vanity to infirmity?

Should lovers walk out on love
Given its risible record as a heartbreaker
Sown into human hearts who reap the madness from above
In tiny tickets, in topsy turvy tonnes turning each lover into a sleep walker?

Should lovers invest effort, time and space into flirting folly
With the potential to prune and pulverize lovers' lives
If lovers should feel jolly, kowtowing to Molly
Who looks down on the lot of hassled housewives?

John Sensele

The Last Straw

The end of the line fast comes
Disappointment all around irks
Dealing with ingrate swarms
Drawing for too long perks

At the expense of the soul
Whose life reduced to slavery
Declares he can't take the next fall
To sustain characters whose bravery

Can't stand the stern test
When a sacrificial lamb no longer bites the bullet
Which conspirators manifest
At the presentation of the poverty pullet

Exploiters extend without any iota of shame
Assuming it's fine for pain to reign
Whether or not they pour blame
On the tired life in the sovereign

Excuse
The victim has borne his entire life
Declaring it ain't no use
Speculating about silly strife

Which leaves him cold
Having borne the brunt
For too long with so much pain untold
In the pointless stunt

They label excellent
As long as they can fritter away their opportunities
Assuming feelings of the victim can relent
To infinities

They drive and derive
In social circles
Where sicknesses and weaknesses thrive
Fast engendering miracles in spiracles

Where the victim suffocates
His lap and slap done
At the behest of syndicates
Smashing to his head a gun

Telling him cremation
The only charming choice
In any sensible summation
Fairness utters in a voice

That suggests finality
To an eventful exploitation
In the nullity and incivility
Cruising to the station

Where the victim no longer cares
Sweating for the knell
To instruct him fares
For his journey to spell

Pesky preparations his departure coming soon
From a pilgrimage fraught with too much disappointment
Landing early in the new year at noon
Regardless of exploiters' appointment

To flatter fickle fears
Too little to signify any ingenuous intervention
To allay, delay, waylay and slay torrid tears
They'd cry once the victim achieves his mystery mission.

John Sensele

The Little Lullaby I Ignore

Tipping point to Hell
When I ring the bully bell
Imagining ugly misadventures my security multiply
When in reality I diminish my comfort supply.

Tipping to self destruction
When I glide on wings of evil instructions
Imagining repression, oppression and suppression live forever
Until God to my pesky ploys says never, telling me I'm not clever.

Tipping point to my end
When order of nature I bend
Believing it's my right to play god
Until I plunge my future into a pesky pod.

Tipping point to my fall
When I hurtle like a demented satellite to a wall
Where I fail to read signs of changing times
Preferring instead to swim in waters of mendacious mimes.

Tipping point to my loss
When blindly a biased die I toss
Beating my chest anticipating victory
Until I heed humility's advice to say sorry.

Tipping point can regress
If in good time I address progress
Desisting from embarking on disastrous deals
Enabling God to cancel my braggart bills.

John Sensele

The Little Voice In My Soul

A little voice in my soul tells me examinations
Assess topics and sub topics, skills and concepts to master
In all courses delivered in lectures teeming with benedictions
Primed to award my diploma to reward my sweat faster.

A little voice in my soul tells me engagement
Proceeds like clockwork
With God's blessing, testament and management
To ensure, ascertain arrangements detractors won't jerk.

A little voice in my soul tells me interviews
Proceed in consonance with God's plan
Regardless of the Devil's crews, sinews, shrews, rules, blues
Hitched, hosted, heaved or hatched in man or woman.

A little voice in my soul tells me to fear nothing
Great or small. God's palm in which I ensconce shields me
From storms, fears, leers and tears in my thinking
In things I imagine, feel, touch, taste, smell or see.

John Sensele

The Locus Of Focus

Focus, the master key that unlocks
Stoutly locked doors to your future
Feeds on discipline that blocks
Distractions and fractious fractions in your culture.

Focus, the gismo that breaks
Deadlocks and tames dreadlocks
In your environment where reckless wrecks
Catalyse red herrings teeming with simplistic spokes.

Focus, the catalysis that fires up your determination
To soldier on in spite of red herrings
Threatening to derail your momentous mission
As your momentum disentangles itself from surrender strings.

Focus, the factory that fabricates strategies
Techniques and methods to realise your potential
As you embark full throttle on your mission despite elegies
Composed and crooned in celebrations detractors deem essential.

John Sensele

The Loft & Lift Of Love

Friends are the leaven
Who raise our lives quality
As we move towards Heaven
In gratitude, serenity and humility.

Friends are the enzymes
Who hasten our happiness
As we negotiate life's climbs
To ditch the glitch of sadness.

Friends are the glue
Who bind us to progress
As every moment they remain true
To relieve us of needless stress.

Friends are the vehicles
Who transport us in bliss
As we witness miracles
To veer away from a sordid serpent's hiss.

John Sensele

The Lord's Wonders In My Life

The Lord makes my way clear
Whether I know or don't know
Wiping from my face every trace of fear and tear
Leaving me in a state of glamorous glow.

The Lord makes the impossible possible
Whether my knees weaken or strengthen
Making his mighty voice in my ears audible
Empowering my pilgrimage days to lengthen.

The Lord fills my brain with knowledge
Whether I know Mathematics or not
Ensuring he plucks up from the sin sledge
Where my life threatens to rot on the trot.

The Lord showers upon me graces
Whether I listen to a homily or preach
Levelling any encumbrances and stresses
That on impulse my bliss and peace they threaten to breach.

John Sensele

The Love Labyrinth

Love satisfies, sensitises and surprises
When feelings fan palpitations
In hearts that win prizes
In nurturing the house and nous of affections.

Love tactifises, tenderises and transfixes
When a touch of hands
Sets minds at sevens and sixes
As hearts host bliss brands.

Love simplifies, amplifies and defies
Sanctimonious sanctions prudes
Impose to trash and terminate ties
That on no account bemuse dandy dudes.

Love cauterizes, colonises and catalyses
Seasoned circumstances when lovers drunk with binge banter
Cruise into a collegiality quicksand that fraternizes
Kindness and compactness in a consummation canter.

John Sensele

The Mace Of Mess

Float fantasies in the sea
Condone crap in the morbid map
Favouring fractious tantrums from my bumble bee
Don't expect from me a convincing clap.

Caress the mess you stress
Create hate and distaste
Promoting pontoons of distress
Won't make your reputation great.

Please disease and fleas
Harnessing powers of disorder
Won't hand over creative keys
That recreate required order.

If you sow seeds of hopelessness
For souls seeking salvation
Don't offer them recklessness
Expecting to reap a standing ovation.

John Sensele

The Magic Wand Of Plan B

Plan B up your sleeves saves the day
When your main plan on its knees flounders
Your hopes and aspirations led astray far from their hope ray
In the midst of howlers and blunders

Plan B if better thought out
Better articulated
Bereft of the gout
Inherent in Plan A sometimes poorly insulated

From presumptions and assumptions sometimes too simplistic and unrealistic
Diminishing chances of hitting the bull's eye
In a manner spectacular and fantastic
Straying inna lie sty

Which Plan B benefitting from deficiencies of Plan A remedies
Clearing pipelines of hurdles
Sometimes engendering and yielding comedies
In the middle of girdles

Paves the way for achievements of Plan B
To work like a magic wand clockwork
Executed in a hive of a zillion bees at the majestic command the queen bee
Issues to get drones and other members of her swarm towards guaranteed
success to work.

John Sensele

The Magnitude Of My Attitude

Magnitude of my attitude coupled with gratitude
Propels me to destinations of my dreams
Where blessed with fortitude
I lap up choice ice creams.

Magnitude of my attitude in tandem with rectitude
Bestows on me bounties
I seldom could reap if lassitude
Invaded and pervaded my duties.

Magnitude of my attitude spells the altitude
To which my dreams and possibilities soar
When providence into my life would bestow beatitude
To initiate my selection into heaven despite heathen uproar.

Magnitude of my attitude buttressed by certitude
Paves the way for the book of life
To omit disciples of ingratitude
Who sow seeds of strife as I glorify God on my fife.

John Sensele

The Menace & Magic Of The Mukula Miracle

Please, freeze the excessive exploitation of the Mukula tree
Which calls for a wall of protection for this treasure
That provides a habitat and nectar niche for the bee
On which agriculture and aquaculture rely beyond measure.

Please, decrease the Mukula miracle exploitation spree
Which threatens the survival of this species
God gave Zambia for free
Alongside fragile flora, famous fauna and fecund fish for her dishes.

Please, increase fees on timber lumbering trade, but free
Energies and synergies to reap this resource
With care and caution to a degree
That doesn't deplete the Mukula magic from its sublime source.

Please, tease the disease of deforestation
That with mindless care and abandon robs
Future generations of opportunities to sanction
Honest harvesting of forest flora without sobs.

John Sensele

The Menace Of White Gloves

From the bush hidden
Sprouted two white gloves
Cutting short your sojourn in Eden
A fine slapped your white doves

Who cruised at one hundred and forty
Kilometers per hour
On a tarmac stretch angry at a cup of tea
With the fragrance of a rose flower

White gloves dislike
If your car smells fit
White gloves strike
At your bravery declaring your car unfit

Aiming to separate bucks from your wallet
Whether your comprehensive insurance shines right
Or the fuselage of your car ducks a mechanic's mallet
White gloves with your car will contrive a ferocious fight.

John Sensele

The Mirage Of My Perfect Love

A searing headache this morning my head splits
In circumstances whose cause I can't pinpoint
In twilights when I teeter and shamble on my stilts
As my head I wrack to diagnose the flashpoint

That turns my world topsy turvy
In the twinkling of an eye
A deluge of emotional scurvy
Debunks the lie

I nurtured in the illusion
Of the solid love I envision in my folly
Coupled with aggrandized delusion
I convince my mind wholly

The love I've found rings true
In substance and form
Until in the fullness of time grew
With stark clarity and celerity mere fabrications in my mind free did roam

But the love I thought I held in thin air vanished without a trace
Leaving me holding the baby
Alongside a stream of stress I'm grappling to address
As friends and foes nickname me crybaby

Because rivers of tears
I cry twenty four seven
Wondering why I allowed a heartbreaker at my expense into my heart to inject
spears
Forever to steal the best of love from my Heaven.

John Sensele

The Misunderstood Missy

The trilogy of mythology, tautology and psychology in a bubble
Waxes women as stables of double trouble
Society courts to control
Or else pariahs like petrol
Ignite like dynamite
Though far from the satellite
Mythology paints and taints
Her innocent image imagination dents
Every little lilt or tickle tilts scrutinized
'What is Eve up to? ' a loose tongue analyzed and scandalized
Concluding freedom and femininity don't mix
Unless fickle femmes fatales fallacies they fix in sensual sticks
But where is the proof?
Seen none down the floor or up on the roof
Best to grant women space and time they deserve
And happiness would enrich every patriarchal potential's preserve.

John Sensele

The Monkey On My Lover's Back

Coldness is the monkey on my lover's back
Stealing her heat, chilling her heartbeat
Spewing an inconvenience stack
Through her arms, through her feet.

Coldness is the fly
That queers my lover's switch
To twitch her temperature and purloin her pie
When heaps of lies signal the presence of a wicked witch.

Coldness, sneak back into your grave
On a one-way ticket in a nearby thicket
To avail peace of mind to the brave
Who sail on despite your green-eyed picket.

Coldness, quit purloining my dame's joy
Pinching sweet smiles from her face
That radiates pleasure when your pesky ploy
Snatches both her ace and mace.

John Sensele

The Motion Of Emotions In Fruition

The diamond-encrusted tiara
On the head of feelings I harbor
As in mind I behold the aura of Aurora
In a love labour

To delight Aurora's might in the moonlight
Shimmering and glowing on the periphery
Of the penultimate night I bite
On the ferry

I board with bated breath in the passion
Fastening common sense to sentiment
In the dimension of the emotion
Of the love torment I never meant

As in pain Myrtle on a bed lies
Quizzing my determination to bring her plan to fruition
In the heat of the moment she flies
On Cloud Nine when emotion

Takes over proceedings
Egging our hearts to synchronise
With intensive feelings on ceilings
Where without further ado we organize

A house warming party
Within our inner circle
Where in the company of top society
We savour our love miracle.

John Sensele

The Mystery Of Love

Love is sometimes blind, but always kind
Affection grows so fit and swift on its feet
Love affairs find, bind and mind lovers and from behind can grind a love rind
Affection is a gift in a tryst blessed by a priest.

Affection grows so fit and swift on its feet
Lovers for each other share joy and pain on a train despite strain
Affection is a gift in a tryst blessed by a priest
Lovers never mind vagaries of snow, hurricane, cyclone or rain.

Lovers for each other share joy and pain on a train despite strain
In Summer, Autumn, Winter and Spring, lovers grow awesome despite throes of
love
Lovers never mind vagaries of snow, hurricane, cyclone or rain
Because God blesses and graces love from above.

In Summer, Autumn, Winter and Spring, lovers grow awesome despite throes of
love
Love affairs find, bind and mind lovers and from behind can grind a love rind
Although God blesses and graces love from above
Love is sometimes blind, but always kind.

John Sensele

The Myth Of Mendacity Plasticity

The curse of the hearse of the purse
Lies in its inability of the infallibility to tone down
The verse in a terse tone in a zeal zone to curse
With finality the brown clown from the town

Which frets and regrets not
The strong wrong it wrings from the ring
Once believed holy and hot
With malfeasance thrust in the string

Endowed with a plethora of egregious evil
In thoughts, plans and actions
Analyzed, catalyzed and paralyzed by the Devil
When saints sanction factions and predilections

Whose demonstrations and remonstrations tend
To edit and credit edicts of the duplicity
Which lies in skies and sties whose dissertations
Accelerate and ameliorate the myth of the mendacity plasticity.

John Sensele

The Nature And Texture Of Your Goodwill

Stick out your neck for rights of the child
You cast by the wayside in the wild
When you contract debt beyond the capacity
You've forgone by virtue of misadventures you won't pity

On Sunday when Jesus questions
Your commitment to missions
Swimming in your ivory tower to sanitize
Moods and goods you aggrandize

When critical choices you won't make
While in futility you partake
To extinguish verity visions
You sink into falsehood fusions

Fastening falsehood to conspicuous consumption circles
Where heresies and fantasies ride bicycles
On which rights of the child die
When books, pencils and crayons cry

For room to thrive
If goodwill at high speed should arrive
In time to rescue the future
If you upgrade your goodwill in nature and texture.

John Sensele

The New Normal

Choose chivalry in the new millennium
Hounded by instant institutions
Vying in the main to inhabit any cranium
Prone to proclivities prohibiting and inhibiting affections.

Inject zeal and steel
Into backs bent on the Facebook platform
Where puny posts reel
In discomfort at the loss of their honesty home.

Spin wheels. Don't reinvent wheels
Although pesky posts you tweet
Every morning imply insanity spills
Into worthy worlds you no longer greet.

Cure yourself from the moon
That casts a long shadow
Into your thoughts and boats at noon
When monsoons and typhoons doodle noodles in your mind's meadow.

Instant answers mediated in social media
Twist wisps of vanity out of shape
As you glean trivia from Wikipedia
Expecting to grow wiser up your nape.

Take a deep breath
As you assess the travesty
Artificial intelligence inflicts on the faith
You once held in awe and majesty.

Worry not if pretence on Whatsapp
Stimulates seeds of somnolence
Sown in an Internet app
That kills slowly your conscience in silence.

Infect websites you abhor
Blogs you disgust
As you adopt a gung-ho
Attitude in the dust of August.

John Sensele

The Odyssey Of The Uncouth

You can't refine, redefine and reinvent reality
Despite your penchant for gangrenous gravity
Pushed to the limit and beyond depravity

Deluding yourself you can alter the course of history
Replete with debacles in distorting his story
When his strident sibilants feel sorry

For paucity of wisdom in pushing around the pen
That mirrors errors and terrors from fangs from the aspen
Whose vitriol misdirects at great cost the power of amen

In rebalancing the equation whose left hand side teeters towards intransigence
Driven to levels tantamount to an assault on immutable intelligence
Unwilling and unbending in its revulsion at the negligence

Evident in distorted perceptions
Fed on perverse prescriptions
Misled and misguided not just in subscriptions

On the seamy side of error
In judgment fraught with terror
Abetted by the absence of valour

To defend freedom
To depend upon wisdom
To offend the kingdom

In which blinkers and clinkers
Pass for virtue as common sense slides to the lowest ebb of sinkers
Hitherto teeming in practices where headshrinkers

Consign patients to asinine asylums
If they should advocate for the recognitions of slums
As havens of redemption if you should include a plethora of plums

Into the diet that saves stitches
If you should shove aside witches
Who fly on broomsticks to hunt down somnolence snitches

On the eve of the consecration of the immutable truth
Which won't to die despite the revulsion of the youth
Who won't hobnob under coercion with the uncouth.

John Sensele

The Opinion Of A Dominion

God created humankind for a providential purpose
To live in his image and lift the salvation stage
To its optimum podium where a redemption resource
Shall lift the lowly lilliputs to a providence page beyond a cage and age.

God created humankind for a motivational mission
To live in his image and dominate domestic dominion
To the best of their potential as they prune premonition
To grow far and above the stage of a mere minion and his puny opinion.

God created humankind for a temerity task
To confront upfront challenges in meninges
That provoke and rock man's frock and mask
As in binge humankind uses soporific syringes.

God created humankind for a conquest course
To innovate, motivate and cultivate cultures
That bless and stress God's supremacy as the sacred source
Of life lifted above symian sculptures and vultures.

John Sensele

The Paradox Of Sad Songs

Sad songs surprise my joys
When somber vocabulary my face light up
As I were the little boy in me playing with tender toys
That jump, slump and lump joy in my Cupid cup.

Sad songs like a conditioner curl my concerns
As vicarious experience from my soul
Sift seeds of sorrow in my sympathy urns
Where sad songs in paradox score a bliss goal.

Sad songs warm my whims
When on my guitar tunes of bliss
Abound as strings of sorrow in teams
Rush adrenalin in vein avenues that my lips kiss.

Sad songs simmer my sorrows
Whose gravy in packaged points of view
Titillate tenderness taste buds in rows
That ensure I shall smile in style anew.

John Sensele

The Peak Of A Platonic Pandemonium

My girl makes me glad
When she perambulates to my pad
Where she blesses dignity
She pours into love the unity
We feel when we entwine
Gripping and sipping the wondrous wine
With love's flames in claims
Which in all parameters dazzles dames
Who equipped with tenderness teach us
To annul the absurdity and rigidity fuss
Enchaining and training lovers
Whose strategy delivers
The power on the hour to make the impossible possible
In contexts love carouses, houses and rouses into the accessible
Which realizes time of the essence
Can't squander opportunities cursing and fussing on the fence
Defending folly
Shouting golly
When consummation required
Or else time out expired
In settings too quiet
Fed and nurtured on a dialectical diet
That conforms to norms too civilized
But impractical and unpractical when rigorously catalyzed
By amorous algorithms
Determining a pure paucity of roving rhythms
Love needs
In its fecund feeds
To insert the comma
Love longs for to prevent a critical coma.

John Sensele

The Permanence Of Change

Change in life chooses permanence
Sunday kicks off a week
Whether we talk or maintain silence
With mirth or mood on our chubby cheek.

Change in life marries reality
A man and a woman court
Unite in marriage dignity
With courts and civic authority in full support.

Change in life transcends imagination
We start off as babies and migrate into adulthood
Where we become economic cogs in our nation
To foster productivity, patriotism and nurture nationhood.

Change in life pervades every aspect
Strangers become friends
To give to one another love and mutual respect
Regardless of Tweeter, Instangram, Facebook, Googleplus trends.

Change in life rewards resilience
Whether flames fade or thrive
In permanence or transience
For requited love and empathy to their destination strive to arrive.

John Sensele

The Pest Of Selective Amnesia

Selective amnesia, leave me alone
To remember my duty
Without a grudge loan
Which diminishes my humility.

Selective amnesia, you are a cancer
I can do without
Because in my life you offer no answer
When to me the poor for help shout.

Selective amnesia, you are the gangrene
That decomposes my determination
To offer assistance when I screen
The vulnerable for my assistance mission.

Selective amnesia, you are the thief
That robs my mind
Of the memory to provide relief
To the poor to whom I need to be kind.

John Sensele

The Podium Of Casanova's Odium

Tell me, Casanova, how long you'll pine
On sodden sleeves your heart you've worn
Reputation on the line in decline
Sterile standing in society shorn

Of its aura of charm and calm
Reduced to tatters
With no love balm
In sight, your maneuver no longer flatters

As you once boasted it could
At your beck and call
Methinks you're knocking on wood
Hastening your free fall

From grace as your pedestal
Driven to its knees
Slumps horizontal
With pitiful pleas

For release from the grip
The siren on you
Seems to rip
Anew

Threads of last ditch
Hope on which bits and slits of your heart hang
Primed to switch
Off the clang

In the intensive care unit
In which between Charybdis and Scylla
Where the last throes of your discomfiture knit
In the power Priscilla

Yields to snuff out
In rapid fire
The doubt
On hire that can longer respire

Gives up its ghost
In shame and odium
To a tortuous toast
On your Waterloo podium

Where spectators fed up with your pitiful pleas
Demand the coup de grace
Sleaze
To terminate your winless race to save your face.

John Sensele

The Poison Propelling The Confusion In My Illusion

This I weave, this I believe
Monumental mistake to depend on my strength
Deluding myself so much I'm able to achieve
When I elect to neglect my faith.

This I promise, this I kiss
Salutary step to respect the poor
Empathy and sympathy I dare to fleece
Making my forward march unsure.

This I prefer, this I offer
Journey on Earth fraught with danger
If obstination in my mundane mission I suffer
Behaving as though to God I'm the strange ranger.

This I pip, this I whip
Harassment habits I deploy
Boasting and toasting trivia in my silly sleep
Hedonism and epicurianism my soul destroy.

John Sensele

The Potential Of The Past

The past preserves history
The present mirrors strengths and weaknesses in real time
The future dangles serenity, serendipity, success and sadness in your story
It's up to you to free fall or climb.

The past though gone catalyses events today
To build or break the present
That in turn day by day
Catapults success sentiment or conjures up reams of resentment.

The past teaches you valuable lessons
Sign posting paths to shun, paths to pursue
As with open eyes you browse in life's delicatessens
For solutions to an inconvenient issue.

The past seldom slips into oblivion
If you merely consign it to dustbins
Of history in a poverty pavilion
Littered with quack queens, dread dins, somber sins and prick pins.

The past like your shadow
Pursues each step you take
To mingle or tread on toes in a meadow
To maximize aftershocks of an earthquake.

The past reminds you of indiscretions
You'd rather forget
Lest their maledictions
Should disrupt pretence facades, disturb convenience and disgust your mate.

The past controls the comfort
You long to prolong
In your tryst and in your fort
Where in consolation you compose a sentimental song.

The past leaves you alone
When your behavior improves
To avoid contracting a loan
That precipitates bankruptcy moves.

John Sensele

The Poverty Of Plastics

Don't break through open doors
Reinventing the wheel
To burn and spurn souls
Who elect to reject your diabolical deal.

Persuade brains you can't tame
To embrace your point of view
Enabling them to weigh merits of your claim
If conscience convinces prior stances they should review.

Cutting corners often fails
To achieve desired dreams
If strategy to the wrong side sails
Straying and wallowing in sordid streams.

In the end you lose
Adopting tragic tactics
That submerge your brain in booze
Till fate plunges you for good into the poverty of plastics

John Sensele

The Power Of Laughter

Laughter and mirth lubricate our days
As we journey on our privileged pilgrimage
On Earth and ensure our ways
Neither accommodate nor promote rabid rage.

Laughter and wit spread joy
Among our friends and associates
Whom we hold dear as we deploy
Plans to construct synergy syndicates.

Laughter and humour yield awesome health
That we need both us and our friends
Whom we value, not their wealth
As we set and boost tactful trends.

Laughter and open minds invite folks
Into our lives as we open our arms
To welcome rich and poor in talks
For mutual merits with neither rancour nor qualms.

John Sensele

The Power To Share Happiness

The power to share happiness
Lies in your hands
Where your decision wipes away pettiness
To promote humility, serenity and inclusivity brands.

The power to heal the weak
Who lie forsaken and beaten
Depends on how quick you deploy a slick
Strategy to combat their foes and challenges for certain.

The power to live longer
Lies in choices you make
To crumble or to grow stronger
As the sleeping lion in you comes awake.

The power to advance
In the face of adversity and iniquity
Lies in how far perseverance and persistence
Incentivise, strategise and energise temerity.

The power to make a difference
Depends on how much you focus on the bigger picture
That lies deep within your conscience
To create for all a brighter future.

The power to enjoy freedom
Lies in how much you long to forgive
At work, at church, at a watering hole, in your home
If tranquility and peace of mind you should receive.

The power to grow happy
Lies in the sacrifice you make for your love
That cries out for a permanent solution in a jiffy
When in your heart lands from God above.

The power for your social life to forge ahead
Lies in making tough choices
Between hopping from bed to bed
And listening to reason's warning voices.

The power to walk tall
Lies in promoting the truth
Always and playing fair ball
To all women including Ruth.

John Sensele

The Power Within Me

The power to make a difference
Lies in my heart where
If I opt for the right circumstance
I succeed in playing fair.

The power to eradicate jealousy
Lies deep within my attitude and aptitude
Which if harnessed promotes diplomacy
Spreads the gospel of rectitude and verisimilitude.

The power to promote unity
Lies within my mind
Which if incentivized multiplies dignity
For the mute, the poor, the deaf and the blind.

The power to embrace diligence
Lies within my behavior
Which if subjected to the right influence
Magnifies, glorifies and deifies my savior.

The power to minimize friction
Lies on the tip of my tongue
Which if controlled embraces a mission
To spice my speech with sane slang.

The power to enhance productivity
Lies within my input
Which if coupled with optimal activity
Results in higher work output.

The power to spread love
Lies within the proactive proclivity
Which if blessed from above
Ensures humankind respects the poor's sensibility and sensitivity.

John Sensele

The Price Of Darkness

Addiction to powers of darkness
To lift failing fortunes from the rashness
Into which myopia ensnares
The success we covet and its wares

Imprisoning our minds
Tearing to pieces the blinds
Behind which we hide
When our future we deride

If we can't abide by norms of fair play
In the way we misuse our power to waylay
Street vendors, peddlers and hawkers
Who we metamorphose into streetwalkers

Sucking their blood to heighten the power
For which we long no matter how much we deflower
The welfare of victims we sacrifice
To altars of darkness where victims pay the price

Through the bloodshed
We catalyze in the shed
Where fetish charms
Swim on our arms

Demanding more blood
In an ever increasing flood
Until our own lives charms eat
As we metamorphose into morsels of meat.

John Sensele

The Priceless Prize In My Surprise

Caught up in whirlwinds that won't relent
Swept afloat from comfort zones
Spun around in vortices that won't repent
I shake and quake in my brittle bones

Bracing for the worst
Expecting imminent death
Feeling accursed
Out of luck, out of breath

I close my weeping eyes
Clinging to supple straws of hope
Spinning faster and faster in suffocating skies
Swirling in scope

Daring my faith to stand
Taunting my dwindling courage to rise
Smacking fingers that won't understand
I land on comfy cushions of Heaven in total surprise.

John Sensele

The Prism Of Cynicism

Cynicism spectres mustn't stalk civility
Despite sights and bites of disappointment
In the context of egregious incivility
Experienced on the fence of taut torments.

Cynicism sacs mustn't hack a peace pack
Despite the blight and slight of incensed spite
Sampled and gambled in front and at the back
Weighed down on the back of a futile fight.

Cynicism symbolisms mustn't rear their ugly head
Despite disillusion and the profusion of illusion
Perceived and received under the pretext of a head fed
To malice at a price too high to warrant a fickle fusion.

Cynicism sounds and pounds your table in a fable
Lived and grieved in a world of nightmares
Endured under the lure of a senility stable
Where experts evince events that scare mighty mares.

John Sensele

The Prudence Of Principles

Upon principles human minds uphold
Spring wells of belief in the power
Redemption renders in the stronghold
Truth defends in every tower

Where consciences care
To sow seeds justice
Dispenses with flair
Despite the high price

Principles and their disciples exact
In circumstances so demanding
They jeopardize the pact
Dangled and spangled in a commanding

Voice which multiplies opportunity
Despite the temporary cost
Paid and made in the dignity
Peace extracts from the toast

Which principles plane from rough edges
Improving prospects in a project
Aimed at metamorphosing pledges
Into foundations of hope no folks dare to reject or suspect.

John Sensele

The Purveyor Of Perseverance

Imbued with renewed vigour
Like an eagle gliding up in the sky
Determined to sustain rigour
The purveyor of perseverance pursued to the bitter end the spy.

Like an eagle gliding up in the sky
Breathing fire and ire
The purveyor of perseverance pursued to the bitter end the spy
Vowing under no circumstances to let respite transpire.

Breathing fire and ire
The purveyor of perseverance pursued to the bitter end the spy
Vowing under no circumstances to let respite transpire
In a room of gloom for doom to occupy.

The purveyor of perseverance pursued to the bitter end the spy
Determined to sustain rigour
In a room of gloom for doom to occupy
Imbued with renewed vigour.

John Sensele

The Quest For Tenderness In The Nest Of Love

Like dying embers, love sometimes dies
Sighs, cries, but tries harder
To give satisfaction despite lows and highs
Love undergoes whether love grows happier or sadder.

Like butterflies, love sometimes wears crimson colours
Flies high, flies low, but delights
If lovers with respect treat love like sailors
Who handle their ship with cosy care in the midst of scintillating sights.

Like fragile china, loves demands committed care
Agile attention, hospitable handling
If love should thrive when rare recompenses dare
To lavish amiable appreciation, affable affection, making love a darling.

Like a pedigree princess, love can't hear enough
'I love you' words that flatter and cosset her ears
With fond flattery in moments when lovers laugh
At the joy they share with neither iota of tears nor fears.

John Sensele

The Real Africa

Zambia

Peace, prosperity, progress

Fauna, flora, minerals, rivers

Tranquility.

John Sensele

The Rebirth And Triumph Of An Ace Apache Pilot

An Apache pilot once sought for a treasure
In booze, in fun
Sampling leisure and pleasure
Until an Apache chopper gun

In his attentive ears whispered
Enjoining him to a wound-prone warfront to go
Where the gun the pilot pampered
Soon sadness and recklessness the pilot did forgo

Strafing an egregious enemy
Determined to inflict huge casualties
Until the enemy's alchemy of blasphemy
Enjoined the pilot to exploit the enemy's foibles and frailties

Inflicting huge losses on the enemy who by roadsides planted improvised
explosives
To kill or maim the pilot's troopers
When the pilot engaging sibilants and plosives
Alongside paratroopers

Read a crystal ball
Hoping to glean a roadmap
To his life's call
And Wrap

Up the direction to his future
Engaging first this dame then that dame
In a complex culture
When the crystal ball requested the pilot to stake a claim

On the heart of a feminist damsel
Who the crystal warned was a tough nut to crack
Neither for hire nor for sale
In circumstances within a pesky pack

Teeming with churlish challenges
Which the pilot tackled
Unwrapping and unpacking lozenges

To his Apache chopper buckled

Somewhere in the United States of America

Where the pilot's eyes and red hair

Flew in search of Erica

With whom he played fair

All of a sudden a way crystal clear

Appeared with a miracle string

Which the brave pilot seized and bending on his knees said, 'Erica, dear

Allow me on young finger to insert a wedding ring.'

John Sensele

The Repulsiveness And Unattractiveness Of Truculence

Develop the skill

To remain still on a hostility hill

Controlling patrols of your will

When the urge to lash out

As rage rains showers of doubt

Tempting the empty vessel of clout to pout

Reign in your bouts and clouts of acrimony anger

To reap handsome dividends longer

Than lapses of haughty hunger

Urging the unwise action to respond

To tantrums from a pestilence pond

Where frustration and recrimination correspond

To a valley of risible results

Springing from catastrophe catapults

Embraced and stressed by addiction adults

Too truculent to think

Too boastful to blink

Too wistful to wink

Until reality strikes home

Demanding weakness and nastiness depart from the devotion dome

To live its dwindling days outside Rome

Where its presence becomes inimical

Its substance grows quizzical

Its attitude critical, comical and cynical

Prompting society and sobriety

To send truculence to Coventry notoriety

Where truculence surrenders its impropriety

Begging on bended knees for forgiveness

From society whose vats of protectiveness
Reach out to pardon truculence unattractiveness and repulsiveness.

John Sensele

The Resolute Reality Ring

Sad songs in sad times
Band aid bruises
We feel as climbs and pantomimes
Fail to rouse enthusiasm in cruises

Where our efforts fail to light up
Enthusiasm in partners
Who feel our cup
Does not impress strainers

To extract substance in advance
As we launch into love
With the blinkered eye lance
Assumed it comes from above

When in fact figments of our imagination
By stealth
Creation, action and motion
Promise the health and wealth

Sad songs promise
To patch over disappointments
We face as we miss
Meeting with success appointments

Which in our minds spell and tell certainty
When in fact reality spins
The opposite facets certainty
Pronounces in pins, sins and wins

We can't uncertain
Despite our grandiose belief
That the rain and strain in our pain
Sucks and sacks the mischief

Our past springs on the present
Held at ransom
To represent
At random

A sanitized future
In which struggles
We detect and elect in our culture
Unite with miracles

Sent with angels
From above
Operate so well a particular initiative gels
With love

To ensure love wins
Despite bruises
Love streams
When it sustains in the last lap of its victorious cruises

Despite the sting in the tail
Defeat threatens to spring
In a hail in the salvation sail
That in the end, sad songs ink into our resolute reality ring.

John Sensele

The Rewards Of Gratitude

Gratitude is the diamond
That large hearts exhibit
In the face of a sage and in the presence of a vagabond
Because gratitude has humility feet.

Gratitude is the hidden treasure
That blesses great personalities
Who rejoice in recognition beyond measure
For favours granted in the midst of insecurities and iniquities.

Gratitude is the yardstick
That brandishes the greatness
Great minds display to click
On web pages where altruism breathes calmness.

Gratitude is the seasoning
That brings out the flavor
That spices the reasoning
A person spins in every endeavour.

John Sensele

The Right Road

Dissect choices
Intersect faith and freedom
Interject violence voices
To cruise into Jesus Christ kingdom.

Pulverise poverty
Satirise selfishness
Energise novelty
To enrich and reach happiness.

Drive away pain
Arrive at the most adroit decision
Strive to soothe strain
To actualize amiability with precision.

Arrest populism parlance
Interest individual initiative
Rest residues of recrimination in advance
To catalyse the spirit of the co-operative.

Address cynicism
Redress revenue redistribution
Drown dresses of recidivism
To implement a dedicated dollar distribution.

John Sensele

The Right Side Of Caution

Error on the sound side of caution
Stay home as a precaution
Cos mass burial
No longer surreal

Our world on its knees
Vows to traverse sorrow seas
As millions lose their lives
To Covid nineteen knives

Tearing apart our routine
Confronting our medical machine
Testing and detesting our resolve
As our best brains gather to solve

The worst calamity to challenge
Our common humanity lozenge
Threatening to annihilate the human race
Unless we uphold our will to render to one another grace

Appreciating one another
To derail and defeat our common bother
Cross over to rediscover happier times
Once again despite losing dollars and dimes.

John Sensele

The Safety Valve Of Dreams

Dreaming enables the mind
To explore worlds of possibilities
That empower and incentivize the blind
Whose succor lies in the hands of shorties and cuties.

Dreaming frees energy
For long held captive by conventions
That limit synergy
To archaic cultural intentions, invitations limitations and citations.

Dreaming flies souls
Beyond the natural into the surreal
Where dreamers achieve their goals
In settings where dreams endeavour to feel real.

Dreaming cleanses concoctions
Bottled up within compartments of sentiments
Seldom uttered when insurrections of emotions
Grow so strong feeling cry for convivial compliments.

Dreaming triggers safety valves
To release thoughts too insane, too unclean, too mean
To circulate in a world whose elves
Promote strictures and cultures that always win against sin.

Dreaming enables a hermit
To meet the lass the coward can't accost
Lest she should label him a twit
Whose status she can't toast.

Dreaming transmutes a midget
Into a giant with crazy charisma
Whose bucks meet an extravagant budget
To consume caviar, venison and cinema.

John Sensele

The Sanctity Of A Damsel Not On Sale

Seldom mistaken
A besotted bloke in New York
In love taken and shaken
Dreaming of an infatuation stroke

Bakes in his mind
A love niche his heart to gladden
Despite the labour grind
Of the love burden

Strutting his manifesto
Under a moonlight in a tryst
That delights his toe
To roll out a love feast

The bloke splurges
In honour of the damsel of his dreams
As time essence urges
Celerity in streams

Galvanized in his desire to capture
The damsel
Who his thoughts and feelings rapture
As though she were a gazelle

Swimming at the deep end of the swimming pool
In his heart
From which only he could be the fool
To depart

Heart on fire
Mind in flight
Imagination for hire
On the crucial night

When his emotional skills on test
Ought to gather
Opportunities in haste
On suds of love lather

In consonance with the promise
The bloke made to himself
The damsel to kiss
To delight the damsel's self

Alas! Damsel repels
Advances made
In love pails
Her sanctity the damsel won't trade or degrade.

John Sensele

The Sanctity Of Sanity

Overdose is the lady I've been necking
Warm and wonderful I thought we felt
Moderate and mild are the results we've been pecking
At grand plans we believed we dealt

In reality and in fantasy
Up close and cozy we felt we knelt
Passionate and private in the ecstasy
In which our hearts melted the felt

We savoured and laboured with minds gone bonkers
Saluting and diluting senses gone overboard
In moments we knew limpid love conquers
Despite signs of rectitude we inserted on board

As cherubish check our eyes opened
To the gregarious glare shouting for more care
We ought in our own words sweetened
To embrace the fairness both us needed to ensnare

In resolutions we make
Bliss benefits we hold dear
Pain and strain we can't fake
With the resolve from our hearts to clear with no sneer

Open or hidden
Despite the pain we could absorb
in kissed bliss forbidden
As we donned the remorse rob

Without any reservation we could offer
To elevate the sanctity of the faith
For which we stood ready to suffer
Although it implied desire dearth

We pledged
In the context of the sanity
We urged
For the sake of the humble humanity

For which we craved
In love
Which we braved
To bless from above wings of our white dove.

John Sensele

The Sanity Spire In Your Penultimate Pyre

Break free from the love madness
You claim your heart feels
In the sea of sadness
From which common sense heals

If you give him the chance
He needs to weed you out
Of the love stance
Which beyond a shadow of doubt

If from your tilted and stilted circumstance
You wish to snap
To restore the balance
You wish to inject into the notorious nap

Where headlong
With your blinkered eyes
Although all along
Common sense dares to steer you from the sties of lies

You drink from the demented infatuation
You clink and slink
From a faulty evaluation of the sentimental salutation
To which peace of mind you link

With no shred of evidence
Infatuation an iota for your heart cares
Although on the truth balance you stand a chance
To reap scornful stares and glares

From the balance sorority
To which with precious pride you once belonged
Before the love notoriety
Your sisters in sanity wronged

Without batting the lid
The sorority felt
Infatuation did
Owe them even if the infatuation snow couldn't melt

Fast enough
To call the bluff
In the infatuation
You claimed too tough

To snap from
With the bare desire
Feelings roam
Into your sanity spire in your penultimate pyre.

John Sensele

The Seat Of The Pit Of My Stomach

The seat of the pit of my stomach aches by mistake
When like a fool in blue without a clue
I allow bites, blights, plights and slights
Of wily wool to benight my nights
Surrendering bumps, humps and thumps of my heart
To the blender and fender of the casanova hailing from Nova Scotia
To bend and end my weakening willpower
As he tenders with pervading power a rose flower
By Lake Love where to flakes of his fake stake
I resign by design hinges and vestiges of my hope
To consign every cosy sign of my crazy heart to miseries of his fairies and
fantasies.

John Sensele

The Shadow In My Cradle

The shadow in my cradle-a loyal lieutenant-beside me
Whether I stand or fall
Escorts me with glee by the sea
To cajole my claims, to hear my calamity call.

The shadow in my cradle-a faithful friend-bears my pain
Whether I lie, fly or cry
Escorts me with confidence into my crazy crane
To condone my craze, my gaze, my phrase though laminae look awry.

The shadow in my cradle-indefatigable investor-lends me his shoulder
Whether I sleep or snore
Escorts me with pride to the bravery border
To assure me I ain't a bottom brain bore.

The shadow in my cradle- Cupid's conspirator-salutes my sparrow
Whether I stumble or ramble
Escorts me with compassion to my bliss burrow
To plead with plaintiffs and motifs that dignity and desire disassemble.

John Sensele

The Shame Of Anachronistic African Cultures

Shame on African men
Who blame their inability to bear sons
On hapless African women
Whose duty excludes contributing y chromosome vans.

Shame on African husbands
Who boast when wives bear twins
Prompting ignorant men to adopt stands
That steal the limelight from agile African queens.

Shame on African traditions that robs widows
Of assets and creature comforts vultures
Steal when they invade a deceased's home through windows
To pillage resources in the name of anachronistic, archaic cultures.

Shame on African women whose greed
Propels them to torture widows and orphans
Without any odium sense at high speed
To cosset their egos, tans and profligacy plans.

John Sensele

The Shame Of The Slavery Science

Echoes of empire
Freckles and heckles on pyre
Groan and moan for truth
To redress stresses swinging uncouth

When pills of history prowl bitter
For truth throngs which repel the fritter
Winners wind in cheeky chillies
History apologists squeeze alongside follies

That disparage the prior perception of natives
Who cherished their territory despite negatives
Spun in ear-dogged history books
Teeming with a disdain for spooks

Who roamed ancestral sites
Mosquitoes doggedly guarded through bites
Inflicted on invaders who pillaged
African treasures beyond measure and waged

A slave trade that uprooted millions
From stars of Africa to earn zillions
Which built cities and industries
Exploiting slaves in factories and histories

That lubricated the triangular trade
From Africa to America and Europe whose grade
Summersaults in the shame
European tycoons inflicted on slaves in a game

Played and displayed with African blood
In defiance of the frenzy of the flood
Spurred on by the human conscience
That recoils and revolts at the shame of the slave science.

John Sensele

The Silt Of Guilt

'Tis written on your wall
Pride crashes before its feisty fall
Alongside the death of the sapped soul

Pumped up to look down on the vulnerable
In favour of the redoubtable and the venerable
Who for a reason and a season seem impregnable

Until God's justice levels the gregarious ground
Elevating Lazarus and Zaccheus to the sound
Of the temerity trumpet moving the mundane mound

Bribery and brinkmanship build on the gangrene steeped in guilt
Enchained and entwined to the madness and sadness silt
That by gradation slays the sick soul to the hilt

Rendering exploiters, mockers and scoffers insensitive
When they think their royalty redemptive
In evil actions whose consequences grow pre-emptive

In nature
In culture
In the rapture that resolves the capture of children and women's future.

John Sensele

The Slippery Secret Of The Future

The boulevard to a fragrant future marries a maze
Laced like a spider web in a haze of a daze
Perceived like a mirage on an acrid afternoon
Blinding a parrot who can no longer croon.

The future fixes its secrets in God's mind
Where folks despite multiple intelligences remain blind
However hard they forge ahead
As on stout walls they bang their head.

Brains build machines and invent technologies
But fall short of unlocking the future despite eloquent eulogies
For great minds who endeavored to understand
Secrets hidden in the future's brand and hand.

Frustrated and deflated folks take to libations
To quench the thirst of defeat in conurbations
Where in droves they build a metropolis
Hoping to unlock the future with a bouquet of bliss.

John Sensele

The Snore Of A Bore

I dreamt I said, 'Hullo, Fellow' on her pink plumage pillow
When from my blue sky grew and flew a sentimental swallow
That told me to fold my arms and grow calm because it didn't matter anymore
As the etiquette of entire episode chose to metamorphose into a sappy snore.

I dreamt life no longer brought, caught or taught strident strife
When for the umpteenth time a series of memories drew me to my lost life
Taken away from my puny pay on a gray Wintry Wednesday
Leaving my heart bleeding, begging and weeping every day.

I dreamt I lost my post as teacher to become a preacher
When a sermon I delivered reminded me I wasn't a true blue bleacher
Who in the twinkling of an eye could turn ebony black into snow white
Praying hard for God to restore a sinner's succor and salvation right.

I dreamt sanity and vanity from my mind vowed to quit
When by force of booze I succeeded in losing my wit
Indulging instead the bedstead of lampoon language
That infiltrated and integrated every fabric of my every message.

John Sensele

The Soap Of Talking Shops

Tears roll down my cheeks when a presidential debate
Stoops beneath hoops of a soup brawl
In which mouths from North and South of late
Regurgitate insinuations as imputations grow droll.

Tears roll down my cheeks when mediocrity
Vies with veracity for a pride of place
Amid inferiority, superficiality and alacrity
Competing to fete immaturity as quality grows scarce.

Tears roll down my cheeks when the world turns its back on Gaza
Opting instead to highlight figments favoured by the mighty
Who manipulate world opinion on a plaza
Much as they replicate duplicity in their financial city.

Tears roll down my cheeks when so many babies die of malnutrition
In a world that dumps mountains of milk and butter
Into seas while the UN and other fora display dysfunction
Failing to incinerate inertia from talking shop agenda clutter.

John Sensele

The Solution Of Illusion

A lie in its sty flies faster;
Reality and its rose rise to the occasion
To balance stances and circumstances not just with plaster
But with guts that cut the humbug from a delusion decision.

A lie and its spy spin a sauce;
Reality in its realm repeats the truth
To balance the lance that pierces the spear source
From which emanates and evaporates the untruth.

A lie and its cry climb cocoons;
Reality in its regalia reads the riot decree
To balance instances and distances where baboons, goons and raccoons
Discuss and harass the truth referee in every degree that's cruelty-free.

A lie and its slumber lumber the innocent with evil;
Reality in its humility hums facts and figures
To balance instances that distance the Devil
From God's accomplishment and achievement which the Devil disfigures.

John Sensele

The Sovereign Surgeon

Peals of laughter penetrated the parlour
Melting the iceberg blocking progress
Initiated and negotiated with vim and valour
When by dint of determination I declined to digress

From the way forward to the promised land
Where milk and silk awaited the arrival
Promised weeks earlier to repair the gregarious gland
Guaranteed and my suppressed survival.

Given the complexity my fate underwent
Through sunshine and rain
In hardship times spent
Waiting with heightened hope for the train

Taking home to the beloved
I'd missed during my sojourn
Into the kingdom where freedom so loved
Burst forth as fate flew into the arms of the sovereign surgeon.

John Sensele

The Span Of Poetry

Poetry peoples my planet with joys and jingles I contemplate
Empowered, enlightened and elevated in my mind
Images flow and glow at a speed no other genre can manipulate.

In times of loss and cross I percolate poetry on my plate
In the hope for helplessness in my mind to grind
Poetry peoples my planet with joys and jingles I contemplate

My poetry trail-blazes techniques initiates imitate
To salute the solution solute in my lemons' rind
Images flow and glow at a speed no other genre can manipulate.

Poems in all their forms entertain, recreate realms and educate
Folks from all walks of life who refuse to remain behind
Poetry peoples my planet with joys and jingles I contemplate

Poetry through sound devices and word order defies debate
Initiated to open new worlds and possibilities for the blind
Images flow and glow at a speed no other genre can manipulate.

Poetry paints literature which prose can't duplicate
Although poetry puts lesser minds in a bind
Poetry peoples my planet with joys and jingles I contemplate
Images flow and glow at a speed no other genre can manipulate.

John Sensele

The Spectre Of Global Ills Rises

The spectre of global terrorism rises
Unless humankind promotes global justice
For oppressed, downtrodden nations of all sizes
To ensure for peoples, weak and mighty, guaranteed global peace.

The spectre of global migration increases
Unless the global economic system
Reforms to offer fairer trade term prizes
To raw material producers of copper, cobalt, coltan, cocoa, coffee and coartem.

The spectre of global human extinction thrives
Unless humankind tackles global warming and climate change
To ensure the entire global population derives
A fairer share of new millennium benefits for humankind within reasonable range.

The spectre of the AIDS pandemic looms large
Unless funding for the pandemic's cure
Flow unstintingly to recharge
Initiatives to eradicate the health iniquity and inequality lure.

John Sensele

The Sprain Of My Strain

At cross roads once again
Wondering why the impasse rears its ugly head
Straining to stain my gain
I reel on my knees and slump on my bed

Vowing the truth I'll defend
To the hilt
No matter how many lies I offend
In the cosy quilt

Where lies derive comfort
Concealing their pain
In the heat of the discomfort
They strive to drain

When lies call it quits
Defeated
Unleashing a flood of tweets
Reheated and repeated

In the vain hope
Lies had me broken
Dragging me on the seamy slope
Cos I remained outspoken

Regardless of the narrative
Lies parade
In the hideous initiative
Facts degrade

In every circumstance
Lies encounter
At a glance in the instance
They collapse to their feet on my creed counter.

John Sensele

The Squint Of Tinted Glasses

Death stalks blokes who ride in cosy coffins
Deluding their souls no high price they pay for sins
They accumulate undulating marriages
Believing death stalks not their coffin carriages.

The defaced faces home wreckers conceal behind tinted glasses in their cars
Deceive their hearts into believing tinted glasses stamp not scars
Which tinted glasses can forever and ever erase
Unless hell springs and rings a hideous haze on them in a dozen days.

Tinted glasses can't stop the strain and pain
Tinted glasses earn for home wreckers in Spain
Until home wreckers concede their wives home wreckers will steal
For home wreckers to taste the bitter pill in their diabolical deal.

Tinted glasses can conceal a face but can't seal
Salvation for home wreckers Satan can't heal
Much as home wreckers rejoice for a day
Until massive misery snatches and scratches their heyday.

John Sensele

The Stew Of Truth

Corona virus and its thrust unleash fire
Arrogance and insolence at a glance expire
Sympathy and empathy shine bright on the vanguard
The miserable and the vulnerable don't disregard
Reality, humility and senility don't tweet
Racism, cynicism and sadism won't by themselves quit
Respect in every aspect of human interaction swear to protect
Climate change though beyond your grasp don't reject
Abundance of wealth no sign of greatness
Ability for verbosity doesn't signal fact fitness
Gender violence an affront to women
Glass ceiling an injustice enlivened by men
Humankind in dire need of providence
Intolerance in the global village are in evidence
Pursuit of unbridled greed harmful
Foul language and boastful baggage distasteful
Measuring soccer prowess by facial features a wrong gauge
Equating human intelligence to melanin amount inflicts damage
The Earth's health in serious jeopardy
Election manipulation both a malady and a tragedy
Patriotism a vivid virtue
Nationalism a fly in a cosmopolitan solidarity stew
Abide by the truth, ride on the truth
Lest I should declare you uncouth
If you shoot the messenger
Who befriends a peace passenger
Longing for benevolence bliss
On the fraternity fleece
That thirsts for fairness
In terminating all shades of unfairness
In critical factors multiplying poverty
Analyzing reality in all its diversity
To guarantee global and local peace
When the affluent and the indigent share a credible kiss.

John Sensele

The Stimulus Of My Love

If from love I should flee
To hide the shame that smudges my name
According to a lovers' decree
I'd have only my incompetence to blame

While her heart throbs
Expecting action and perceiving inaction
Swept into an inquiry that probes
Why my predilection

To dither
To lose the power to utter how much I love her
When her presence makes my knees quiver
I curse my inability to deliver

Words she longs to hear
From poetry buried deep within the manifesto
She expects couched in clear
Tones dropped pronto

In confines within earshot
That should steer love to a platform
Where the cot and pot
Where love expectations roam

Receive a speedy stimulus
From me to elicit the right response
The love focus
At once

If her love I'm to win
With her full cooperation
To install the queen
Who rules both my heart and my attention.

John Sensele

The Stinging Tail

Malign me to your heart's content
Though it makes no difference
Cos your vile vitriol denotes a malcontent
Drowning in a bay bereft of synergy science.

In your time of need, I lent you my shoulders
To cry on. Paradox! I nurtured a ribald rival
Whose motivation smashed my reputation on boulders
That quickly and methodically defied my survival.

Forgiveness, my friend, trounces the transgression
Laced with laceration to a high degree
Meant to promote the mote of ardent aggression
Although progress demands and commands a pacific pedigree.

In the end, my friend, pride and prejudice bend to etiquette
Enhanced and balanced to smash the splash of the marsh
That engulfs your greedy gulp on a treachery ticket
Invited to prevent evolving events from crashing a courtesy calabash.

John Sensele

The Success Den

Success is a Medusa that hisssssses
When suitors with thumping hearts jump
As a Komodo dragon nearby hisses
To sneak into their Adam's apples a pesky lump.

Success is a Gnome that nom noms
When suitors' teeth gnash
As they beat Zambian tom toms
In anticipation of reaping bonanza cash.

Success is an avalanche that roars
When suitors holler in horror
In tandem with their fright level that soars
As their minds pitter-patter in terror.

Success is a Werewolf that scratches
When suitors transmute into fluttering Sequoia leaves
As they scamper in terrified batches
With no further trump cards to zing up their silk sleeves.

John Sensele

The Surrender Of Arms Of Coldness

Arms of coldness
Snatched my soul
Robbing boldness
From the ultimate goal

Serenity strove to achieve
In society, in romance on balance
Which steadfastness too late to perceive, receive, sieve and deceive
Stood in blatant defiance from a dismal distance

Coldness couldn't conceal
From torrents of tears
That strove to seal the squeal appeal
My fate in arrears

When boldly I confronted
Arrows launched
To the dignity assaulted
Breached

In my heart
In my mind
In every part of the rambling rampart
In which affection never again succor could find

However hard
Affection sought to assuage pain
Sharp as a glass shard
Tore in my brain

By dint of mounting pressure, coldness raised her white flag
Happiness saluted the gesture
Choosing not to nag
The culture happiness injected into a friendly future.

John Sensele

The Synapse In Your Lapses

Through vantage points limited in scope you contend
With asinine arguments, growing irrelevant by the minute
Fiddling with the keyboard of a mobile phone you contend to attend
To the most pressing pressure that exposes myriads of my misfit.

Through self evaluation and self propulsion you discover
You can't cheat all the critics in their attics all the times
Because God provides sides and tides of the correct cover
For the least of his creatures to prosecute the most critical crimes.

Through diligence and patience, you achieve more score
Fine tuning scenes and episodes that ameliorate your attitude
Subjecting it to desires of fires purifying the optimum ore
From which God sanctions the excision of your most pesky platitude.

Through advantages of advocacy you subject
Essences of the nuisance you exaggerate in your conduct
That irk and flirt with the project in the subject
God condemns as the court of public justice combats your misconduct.

John Sensele

The Thin Threads Of Happiness

Beneath thin happiness threads
On which life sighs and cries
Lies hope which spreads
Belief in the future beneath blue skies

Floating up there beyond reach
Beyond education and erudition
Embracing truths that teach
Hope in which happiness finds fruition

Harnessed in veracity and sagacity vessels
From which spill serenity
Dignity, amity and utility parcels
Caressing soft centres of unity

Which elevate the quality of life humanity longs
To achieve, perceive and receive to complete
Cycles of happiness in soft songs
Whose might ensures all traces of derision, delusion and division human hearts
delete.

John Sensele

The Thrush

Slash the trash. Clash the flash
To thrash the rash.
Leave the peerage. Heave the rage,
To gauge the cleavage.
Move the mountain. Love the stain
To sprain the strain.
Brush the rest. Hush the zest
To spice the rice.
Praise the look. Hook the book
To spook the brook.
Flush the cheat. Crush the heat
To blast the cast.

John Sensele

The Thunder In My Epistle

In my life, thunders roars

From my hands slip oars

I no longer strive to work

When in my lap lands a quirk

Saluting the departure

My eyes gaze at in the suture

Severing sinews from the past

Rushing through the blast

Seeping vestiges of the hope

Peeping in tears at the slope

Where my hands let go of the derision

My soul shoves away with pure precision

Signalling the exact time I give up

For my singed lips to drink the bane in the cursed cup

Daring the world to go to Hell

At the knell of the blue bell

My ears no longer desire

As cramps in my belly won't expire.

John Sensele

The Ticket No Passenger Wanted

Never again I swear
Would I raise my little finger
To prove I could dare
Walking on my head, stalking the silly singer

Whose lyrics loaded my head
With notions and portions of complexion lotions
Simulating sophism and imitating madness in the dead
Of the might when thought processes suffered the interruption

I feared drove me to the brink of sadness
That tore my soul apart
Ditching delight, ditching gladness
When I couldn't make a new start

Hoping against hope
Heaving no sigh of relief
Hurling abuse on the Catholic Pope
Who condemned the cherubim chief

Fond of vandals
Vandalizing souls
Peeling off their salvation sandals
And scoring own goals

That brought tears to my eyes
Made me blue
Purloined my preferred pies
And never said a word that was true

In circumstances glances navigated
Sentiments serrated
Spiritual sages investigated
Opinion polls poorly rated

Setting my thoughts on fire
Letting go of etiquette
Swinging open doors to the ire
I feared released the one-way ticket

No passengers would buy
No airline would accept
No transport operator would fly
And no celebrity would walk on her red carpet.

John Sensele

The Tinge Of Sickness And Weakness Of Brinkmanship

Follow your dream
Shred regrets in a stream
Accelerate hope in a ream

Live and give hope
Stay away from dope
So you can create and reap your cognitive crop

When fratricide fails
As you tip in your favour scales
When from benighted eyes your vision lifts veils

To march forth in victory
Preaching facts and remaking history
With much mirth in the story

That sings success
Earning you unlimited access
To the ultimate prize in the process

While you smile in a freedom file
Sauntering for a while
To smack despair in an extra mile

Hope and humility hoisting your side
Shunting aside the ride of pride
You denigrate and deride

Sowing seeds of generosity
Among vagrants in Sin city
Where street saplings scramble for scraps of sagacity

In a territory teeming with selfishness
Impelled and propelled by recklessness
Tinged with weakness and sickness.

John Sensele

The Tortuous Path Of Life

Along the tortuous path of life obstacles stalk
My shadow as I encounter livid darts and large hearts
Which sharpen my skills, to teach me not to baulk
Opportunities to cleanse frailties within royal ramparts.

Along the way I've learnt salutary lessons
To scale loftier heights
Where I mingle with inspirational persons
With whom I contemplate enthralling sights.

Along the continuum of time
Miracles and spectacles
Once in a while help me climb
With determination divine-bestowed pinnacles.

Along the way spindles and bundles of hurdles
Cross and harass my vision
But hope transmutes doodles
Into gems and stratagems that shame derision.

John Sensele

The Treasure Beneath My Mask

Don't despise the beauty lying beneath my mask
The mask doesn't belittle the treasure I carry
When balls and calls of duty drive commitment to the task

I perform to perfection to wither away your worry
So long as every sinew in my soul serves your interest
Far beyond the monetary value attached to the dowry

My family received as a token for your marriage quest
Driven by your desire to change my surname to yours
As you migrate my identity in a hurry from East to West

Where conjugal commitment opens dream doors
I open every morning and every night for you
When my hands in love slay slivers from your floors

Elevating your significant status from old to new
As into our home I pour a plethora of happiness anew.

John Sensele

The Triumph Of Maternity

My culture is maternal
The linchpin of our succession arsenal
Where maternity is fact
While paternity makes little impact

When nephews their unclessucceed
With little argument to proceed
To ascension to a throne
Without the help of a dodgy drone

Paternity draws in its wake
When vigilant maternity all along awake
Stirs in a dainty certainty
To paternity's vanity

Thumped with a thud
Pundits call a dud in a stud
The piety of society underplays
While maternity doubt waylays and slays.

John Sensele

The Triumph Of Truth

Mightier than a sword, the pen triumphs
Shining the spotlight on reality
Summersaulting as it galumphs
In temerity, veracity and humility.

Mightier than a sword, the pen wins
Every duel no matter the odds
Stacked against reality and veracity queens
Despite vitriol hidden in sleaze pods.

Mightier than a sword, the pen crushes
Lies, spies, sties, flies
As the right word comes and brushes
Aside any pack and stack of lies.

Mightier than a sword, the pen annihilates
Attempts at sweeping dirt under a carpet
Tinted, tainted and humiliated as truth dilates
To brush aside any sycophant pet.

John Sensele

The Twists & Turns Of Life

Our share of joy to enjoy
Our moment of trial to endure
As tact, empathy and sympathy we deploy
To ensure we don't grow cocksure.

Our share of love to treasure
Our bittersweet relationships to navigate
As persistence and perseverance spice our leisure
To knock at life's gangrene gate of hate.

Our share of goodwill to hand
Our moment of triumph to savour
As on a graduation podium we land
To reap a priceless degree for our endeavour.

Our share of introspection to absorb
Our test of mettle to display
As the weak, feeble and misguided sob
When retribution in good time swamp their day.

John Sensele

The Ultimate Time

Wait! Don't fret
God's time ticks at God's pace
God's time thumps every threat
God's time protects your face from every stress.

Wait! Don't despair
God's time fashions every fate
God's hands crowns you with comfortable care
God's time never is late.

Wait! Don't debate or sweat
God's time for you brings the best
God's time delivers you from your disease debt
God's time blesses your every quest.

Wait! Don't hurry
God's time tenderizes your timetable
God's time withdraws from your life every worry
God's time turns the impossible into the possible.

John Sensele

The Unicorn Scorn

The scorn men pour on women singes
Bonds that bind grooms to the brides
They claim to love when love limps on its hinges
As brides tire of tenuous tirades and risible rides.

The scorn men lumber on concubines
Swim in salty swimming pools
When double dealers armed with sensual spines
Cheat on their spouses, treating them like fools.

The scorn familiarity throws on friends
Weaken withheld wonders
Tease tenderness and trouble trends
That far from fertilizing friendships fabricate boisterous blunders.

The scorn workers weave into their shift
That sustains their livelihood
Enabling them to present a glorious gift
To daughters although workers inject into their supervisors a menacing mood.

John Sensele

The Vicious Cycle Of Rudeness

Rudeness at places of work is a terminal cancer
That reduces and kills productivity
Promoting the dancer
Who feels her rudeness proclivity

Resembles a godsend in her way of thinking
Equating its futility to putting in a full day's shift without any proof
That rudeness despite its inkling and tinkering
Adds to long faces among colleagues whose home roof

Undergoes strain victims of rudeness export home where their rudeness
Hurts family members who in turn unleash
Their reverse rudeness to kill at home happiness
Inspiring butts of rudeness to dish

Out the taste of the rude message
To new victims enlarging the cycle by tit for tat
Until time passage
Widens the rudeness culture making it so fat

It recruits new rude members
Consolidating and spreading the rudeness epidemic
Insulating no one, hurting everyone to fan embers
That burn, burn, burn and burn so that rudeness no comic

Spares. Then, people wonder why so much rudeness flies about
Crashing good manners, killing decorum
Until a wisecracker reminds the person who in the first instance thought her
rudeness clout
Despite a dose of rum

Contaminates and hurts more and more
Unless everybody makes it their business
To observe good manners and tenets of politeness in folklore
Then and only then can a rude-free society exist, pouring boundless happiness
bereft of rudeness.

John Sensele

The Vim Of Whims

Stream your creams alongside their whim
If teams and reams of dreams and their screams grant you the vim
Essential in your joy journey
Undertaken to harvest the honey
Metabolism needs to feed the deed
You must implement to plant the seed
That initiates the germination of greatness
Your brand new year requires to heighten the alertness
Swinging from the pendulum of hope
Flowing and glowing on the succour slope
Where you dare to pair with the flair of optimism
In the celebration scenario filled with filters of humanism
That adds years to your life
In case you should turn your back on the strife
Harassing the horizon you entertain
Knowing little about subduing the stain
You should discard to make your way clear
And for good get rid of your worst fear
That dribbles and nibbles at the future
You deserve and preserve in the credence culture
In which new blood is a must in your thrust
To retrieve and retain treasured trust on the credibility crust.

John Sensele

The Wily Wanderer

Love, that wily wanderer who turns the world upside down
Who are lovers to question its verdict
When love lips metamorphose a man into a coquettish clown
Whose health and wealth feelings constrict.

Love, that wicked wind which melts men's steel
Who are flirts to resist its onslaught
When loving limpets glue men's eyes to the heel
Of a petite who travails their resistance to nought.

Love, that stealth sentinel who guards the gate to infatuation
Who are emotion explorers to block its flow
When beating hearts attend the ceremony graduation
Surrendering to vagaries of the love law.

Love, that head turner who spins reason
Who are adolescents to inhibit their newly acquired power
When feelings catalyze sentimental situations that season
Lasses' lives at the sight of a red rose flower.

John Sensele

The Winter Of Friendship

Friendship has flown away
In proportion to the loss of pecuniary muscle
That in my finances has mined its way
Peeling off veils of expediency in their hustle and bustle.

Friendship has grown wings
The moment bucks vanish from the wallet
That magnetizes strings of rings
When extravagance slaps and snaps my monetary mallet.

Friendship has dwindled and swindled
The more the stench of deprivation stung
Causing the exodus of the weak-willed
Who can't harness the wealth concealed in cow dung.

Friendship has grown pale and stale
The more vegetables feature in the menu
In which I regale
Cos I believe greater wealth shall adorn my life anew.

John Sensele

The Worry In My Sorrow

Never again would I feel sorry
To tell my story, to spell my worry
Heightened, brightened up by glamour
Felt deep within the heel of my clamour.

Never again would I open my heart
To depart from love, to make a new start
Although I'd pluck up courage to lay siege
To prospects of a binge or the liege of privilege.

Never again would I dare to speak
In tongues or my tongue to click or flick
If a damsel my head in awe should turn
Although in end my heart she would burn.

Never again would the lure of honey
Blind me to trade my soul for money
When banknote rolls in my face shine
Although my soul sorrow would refine.

John Sensele

The Wrath Of Zeus

The wrath of Zeus
Evaporates the juice
Where souls succumb exponentially
Dying in vain essentially

Because the covid rampage
Ramps up its rage
Where intelligence quotient seventy three
Shunts its outrage aside, flaunting the Thomas tree

While hundreds of victims
Scramble for ventilator teams
To sustain the breath of life
In the midst of a pandemic strife

That exposes attention paucity
Healthcare deficit and scarcity
In nations so lacking in shame
Where stakeholders cast blame

One on the other
While a dying brother
Struggles in self quarantine
Knowing not whether the death twine

Scrambles to chant a lugubrious litany
While medics and critics disregard botany
As a portion to pacify the anger of nature
Disturbed and perturbed by a cantakerous culture

Bent on finger pointing
Paying lip service instead of injecting
Resources into a sensible solution
To the pervasive protocol pollution.

John Sensele

The Wretched Wreck Of Africans

European perfidy purloined our land
To satisfy their gluttony gland
Pillaging our resources
Marginalizing our story sources and horses

Populating our serene soil
Subjugating us to terrible toil
Far beyond compassionate comprehension
Characterized by traumatic tension

We hate to feel
That hurts our dignity from head to heel
Shrinking our lives to the periphery
Where we slumped onto a feverish ferry

Wondering why on Earth slavery
Should trivialize our fate despite the bravery
We summoned to ask God
Why misery untold

Should slide into poverty pages
European historians in stealth stages
Malign our agile ancestors
Treated like egregious infestors

They depict like vile vermin
Who lived by serious sin
They magnify beyond fact
To amplify their atrocious act

In usurping our privileges
In the context of sacrileges
They committed
In facts they serrated and omitted

To delete and deplete our destiny
Amid the hideous ignominy
We suffer from the time of cowardly conquest
When our pain in its credibility quest

Seeks in the new millennium
Answers to the malodorous odium
That haunts our salvation sea
So long as justice we can't see

In the slanted tales
They tell within soliloquy spells
They spin
To make a droll din

Our ears abhor
In the perfidy pall
Where our sanitized story seeks
Justice to snatch salvation from beaks

That move Shaka's remains
In the grave that suffocates truth grains
They can't kill
And their perfidy can't heal

Sores that fester
In histories of esters
They selectively glorify
While reparations rarefy

In glistening ghettos
Where our terrified toes
Move and move
Wondering on which second justice will garnish in our groove.

John Sensele

The Years To Me

The years to me
Have been gracious
A doting wife, a loving daughter and spoiling sons, you see
Years to me have been most precious.

The years to me
Brought bosom buddies
In whom I could see in glee
So many gifts and so many bounties.

The years to me
Drove happiness and finesse
And nectar and a vector from the bee
Sent by God my life to grace.

The years without plea
Fielded a panorama into my life
In which every known and unknown knee
Cared to keep away strife.

John Sensele

There's Hope

Although HIV has taken over your DNA
You behave as though unprotected sex
Is still normal intimate behavior;
Condoms for men and women fly in via FedEx
To give your pleasure and prolong
Your life in the company of Mex.

Anti Retro Viral therapy looks in the eye;
It's inviting you to drink its power
To overpower HIV and prevent it
From rearing its ugly head in your shower
Or your bedroom, living room
When blossoms its infected flower.

Positive living is the way forward in containing HIV spread;
Embrace a healthy lifestyle and positive behavior
To reduce rates of infection and re-infection
Through pricking your skin and mushy misbehavior
That includes silly sex with several specimens
Among whom may be Xavier.

John Sensele

Thievery

There was once a culture of slavery
Which sailed Africans through battery
Into Carribeans and Uncle Sam
Where slaves lost lives on a dam,
Toiling without due pay or luxury.

John Sensele

Thin Line

When challenges and irritations arise
Embrace the least detrimental techniques, strategies and approaches
With a view to reciting pacific verses and inviting the sun to rise
Over our lives because peace is what humankind teaches and preaches.

When our short fuse snaps and tempers flare
Replace seething anger with a broad smile on your face
Despite the turmoil and turbulence raging within bosoms to declare
Peace triumphs over any adversity in any human trace, space and race.

When the thin line between the precinct of instincts and human decency
Veers towards extinction, it's time to take stock and reprioritize
Our conflict resolution mechanisms not because of complacency
Or expediency but because loftier social skills award a higher affective prize.

When confusion, illusion and delusion form a partnership
To divert our energies, dissipate our efforts, dilute our initiatives and denigrate
Attempts at reconciliation, at the evolution of solutions and at a voyage in a ship
That sails in blue waters of peace, expect success and progress with neither fuss
nor debate.

John Sensele

Think Before You Leap

Faith forte elevate
Doubt and crazy clout serrate
Prudence and providence conflate and inflate

In the plan for the days ahead
Long before headlong you spin your head
Contorting your creed and bruising the bed

In the household with too many kooks
Who know not the worth of Biology books
Believed hunted and haunted by Sicilian spooks

Serving puree pasta in the Mediterranean
To migrants and stowaways Crimean, Guinean or Nigerian
To cleanse urchins on dinghies of tin

When to the marvels of the new year you awake
Jettisoning dream and leftover cake
Wrapped in aluminium foil by mistake

Cos common sense sleeps
Confusion in your mind weeps
Direction from your skull somnolence sweeps

Pumping into your pancreas and pate precaution
Pruning procrastination and provocation
That deride faith devotion

Until to your detriment the year dies
Achievement cries
And your soul teems with lies

Too late?
Not if you elect to protect and perfect
Remnant of the year to project

Beneficial bearing on the right course
Returning to right source
Engaging God in a tete-a-tete direct discourse.

John Sensele

Think Twice

Think twice before you rush headlong and crash thrice
At play, at work, at church, at home, at love
Where you carve chasms at the roll of dice
Gambling, going astray, gossiping in your cove.

Think twice before you blunder and botch a task
Which your call of duty dumps into your tray
To edit, elaborate, execute before you ask
For help, for an extension on any day.

Think twice before you on your partners' toes
In a bid to make a mushy point, to settle scores
You deem you can inflict on your foes
Who you accuse of stealing your gemstone ores.

Think twice before you unleash an avalanche
A plethora of invectives and expletives
When anger clouds your judgment in a tranche
Where you blame your defeat and dismissal on relatives.

John Sensele

Thinking Cap

Contain tendencies to erupt
At situations you ill perceive
When precipitous actions disrupt
Solutions and suggestions you'd better conceive and receive.

Contain tendencies to exacerbate
Matters already in turmoil
For reasons you ill debate when you least concentrate
On substance rather than on boiling oil when you least toil.

Contain tendencies to mar
Circumstances in flux
As you pour on stakeholders tar at the bar
When you ignore critics' crux.

Contain tendencies to self harm
Reacting without grasping gist
Inherent in environments that disarm
Precipitous decisions crying and flying in a twist.

John Sensele

Third Side

When a right angled triangle courts its opposite side
Which entices the longish hypotenuse
A sine is born full of trigonometric pride
Whose formula non mathematicians can't use.

When a right angled triangle desires a cosine for his bride
Gestation after nine long months without an angle obtuse
Yields a trigonometric marvel that can divide
Boys and men with much cognitive ruse.

When a right angled triangle opts to ignore snide
Comments from non mathematicians who confuse
The sine rule and the cosine rule to hide
Their little knowledge, it's time to change a cranial fuse.

The cosine rule facilitates calculations of the longest side
Of a scalene triangle whose angles cruise
At great celerity to abide
By Einstein's relativity theory which offers explanations profuse.

John Sensele

Thirty Nine Years

Thirty nine years ago in August I wed Christine
As a twenty three year old teacher armed with ambition
Filled with hopes on slopes of life within clean
Configurations to surge forward to a gestation creation

Meant to generate our family with three offspring
In tow in a road marked by achievements God long planned
With care to dare me to place on Christine's finger the wedding ring
That in the eyes of man our free activities were forthwith banned

Because our lives, our drives, our rides, our strides
Could move in tandem not in a mayhem harem
But in striving to smooth our glides and our slides
Through commitment attributes beyond fantasy and yonder a pipedream.

Every evening I reach home to a warm welcome
Grandsons Jo and Mike extend with smiles
That disarm my fatigue, my hesitation because home
Is where I'm secure, sure my life would go on for piles of miles

While family grows in rows of branches in our kithdom
Where grandparents, grandsons, sons and daughter
Strive in unison and in unity of purpose to sample God's kingdom
Laced with freedom to synergise and energise with no recourse to a medical
doctor.

John Sensele

This And That

Don't deprive your life of blessings
God sends your way as He attends
To your life while slings
Release scents

That spread incense whose resin
Deals deadly blows
To ideas and miasmas which a cousin
Condemns in view of laws

That protect public decency and morals
Society in its diversity regards
As essential not only in extra murals
But also in many safeguards

That enrich society and individuals
Who dare to care for God's grace
Which come alongside victuals
To bless every place for the human race.

John Sensele

Thought Nuggets

Like salt that brings flavour from our meals
Tact in our lives attracts and retains associates
On whom we rely to strike business deals
To grow and mature into social magnate.

Like honey that supplies sweetness and nutrients
Wisdom in our lives enriches and ameliorate our decision making processes
To enable to clear grunts and procure ingredients
That elevate the quality of our relationships, our roses and our choices.

Like protein that grows and repairs our bodies
Humility in our lives projects our positive image
Which enables us to lead a healthier life in antibodies
Don't cultivate and invite a plethora of self harm baggage.

Like fats and oils that give us enough energy stocks
Discernment and restraint in our lives prevent blunders
That sometimes seep and sneak through the building blocks
Of our attitude and gratitude to dissuade social wonders.

John Sensele

Thoughts & Talks In My Mind

I wish I could be more generous
Towards Zambians who're less fortunate than I
Despite the price onerous
I have to pay to ensure love and peace don't die.

I wish I could always put others first
In my thoughts, my plans and my actions
So that I could help eradicate thirst
Hunger, pain, homelessness and poverty in all nations.

I wish I could pray everyday
For peace, progress, integrity and courage
So that every general worker could earn deserved pay
Happiness, comfort, tranquility in his marriage.

I wish I could put in a full shift
Everyday in my friendship, in my work, in my prayers
So that injustice, unfairness, gossip I could sift
From my community and in all societal layers.

John Sensele

Thoughts Are Elephants

Thoughts are elephants

That through trunks can smell the size, shape and temperature of a listener

Though their eyesight is so poor

Elephants swim and travel long distances.

Thoughts are elephants

With over forty thousand muscles in their trunks

Although they live up to seventy years in their bush habitats

Crying, dying, trying harder to laugh and inhabiting efficient long term memories.

Thoughts are elephants

With a slow pulse of twenty seven beats a minute

But outdo obstacles and through incisor tusks

Beat off critics and lie communicators.

Thoughts are elephants

Whose dung fertilizes soils and communication

Through sharp tongues, email, twitter

To interest and impress tourists.

John Sensele

Thoughts Thick & Thin

When all around you values crash
Relationships reel, tears overflow
Open your eyes wide and don't rush
Lest best opportunities away from you should blow.

When all around you integrity withers
Blokes and blondes can't get along
To challenge the prude with modern bothers
It's time you sang for Mike a pacific song.

When all around you denial reigns supreme
HIV and AIDS decimate lives of productive cogs
In countries where communities blame
The pandemic on superstition, conclude ignorance lives on blogs.

When all around you walks a bevy of peacocks
Speaking like hot potatoes choke their speech
Kneel and pray hard for rocks
To crush prejudices and iniquities, lest you parachute into a deadly ditch.

John Sensele

Thoughts To Ponder

'Twas a brave slave
Who taught me to smile
When his emaciated lips did crave
To excise from my mind bile.

'Twas love so suave
That sterilised my mind
When an error so grave
Threatened to make me unkind.

'Twas an innocent infant
Who enjoined me to love
When twinkling light in an instant
Shone kindness into my heart's from above.

'Twas a super sermon
That during a church service
That put to slumber my devious demon
To blow open my coffer of avarice.

John Sensele

Three Cheers, Mike

Mike turns three years in twenty seventeen
A milestone in a young boy
Showing much cognitive promise and much clean
Zest to grow beyond a toy

Despite fidgeting with his little tablet
To learn numbers and letters
Of the English alphabet
Which he recites and rehearses without fetters

Imposed by adults who lend
Support to his nimble mind
That grandma and grandpa can't mend or bend
Because Mike and his brother find

It unnecessary for adults to interfere
In a developing boy who on his own
Learns more knowledge in a domestic sphere
Where Mike and Jo call comfort zone.

Hats off, Mike, my little brother
Thank you for the light you shine in our home
Where your huge smile clears any bother
The family can't allow in our home to roam.

John Sensele

Three Days In Bed

Three days in my bed renew vitality
Rejigs my plans
Redesign the humility and maturity
I ascribe to ardent Arsenal fans.

Three days in my bed recharge my batteries
When I take leave from the Internet
Enjoying a break from digital diaries
As to messy mosquitoes I pose a threat.

Three days in my bed reinvents my imagination
Slumbering longer than my usual sunup
Waking that devours the sleep mission
That nibbles at deep sleep cup in the final lap.

Three days in my bed rekindles my focus
Slows down the workaholism
That bullies in brazen fashion the locus
In which my sleep taps tourism in a power prism.

John Sensele

Thrice Rice

Sing a song of hope, bring up solidarity
Dream to conquer, cream laziness
Drop thoughts of pain, crop notoriety
When reputations suffer from pangs of carelessness.

Sing a song of courage, bring cute lasses
Dream to rise higher, cream failure
Drop thoughts of defeat, crop tear gases
When rioters and looters become pure.

Sing a song of faith, bring up believers
Dream to enter Heaven, cream sinfulness
Drop thoughts of deceit, crop under-achievers
When substance abuse impacts wakefulness.

Sing a song of beauty, bring up divas
Dream to conquer Silicon Valley, cream skunks thrice
Drop hints of sleaze, crop clumsy divers
When Monsoon rains jeopardize yields of rice.

John Sensele

Throes Of A Heartbreak

In the throes of a heartbreak
Pray hard for fortitude and stoic attitude
To handle the spindle of the heart attack
A player sneaks alongside a platitude.

In the throes of a business meltdown
Pray hard for a new strategy to mount a speedy recovery
To handle he return to your town
A creative dealer into your pesky discovery.

In the throes of a parental challenge
Pray hard for your erring offspring to return to sanity
To handle his future without a binge
A slayer engineers with pomp and vanity.

In the throes of an examination malpractice
Pray hard for culprits to own up
To repent and embrace assessment fairness and justice
An examination body accepts in an evaluation app.

John Sensele

Throne Thief

Don't abandon dawns of dreams
Floating faithfully, flattering, fluttering
Wings that sing and sow streams
Where wear and worry withdraw in the evening

Entertained, enjoyed, established
In a mind finding peace pondered at a pacific pace
In a realm wished
Swished to fish away rat race

Seen in an unclean ambience
Sunken too deep in trips to head shrinkers
Lumbered with pseudo science without balance
As deranged minds go blind with blinkers

Masking tasks their eyes too weary
To cry sigh with relief
When women weave dreary
Dances in trances lanced at a cherub chief to chase a dream throne thief.

John Sensele

Thunders Of Blunders

Thunders of blunders promote motes of internet scam
Purporting to seek beaks and tweaks of Facebook
Friendships and relationships in ships of deceit that come
As no surprise despite initiatives to lobby for a positive outlook.

Thunders of blunders without due diligence science
Bait pates of negligence through veils of unlicensed tricks
Repeated a zillion times with an ambiance devoid of conscience
Painted and rented friendship trains in flats with black bricks.

Thunders of blunders under no circumstance
Minimise priority prizes, blatant lies and sleazy sties to devise
Internet baits, slates and debts that double the distance
Between ill will and goodwill without elements of a pleasant surprise.

Thunders of blunders scramble for heathen honours
Plying one ruse, peddling another fuse to squeeze
A path from a maze that raises trickery mastermind donors
Sullied and hurried from one victim to another team with sleaze.

John Sensele

Ticklish Titbits

Would you jump through a hoop
On fire to pry and snoop
Through fishy files and folders
To get a sizzling scoop
That would dupe your gregarious group
Into eating snake soup?

How would you feel
If your fastidious friend pretended
That he'd repented
When he merely suspended
Cowardly crooks who defended
Men whose ways never mended?

Should you at all costs
Poke fun at him who spoke
Ill of the Sabbath society
And in addition broke
Every amiable advice given by the bloke
Who spilt the yellow yolk.

John Sensele

Tight In Our Love Delight

Don't clone the zone where your ozone
Rent my heart to pieces
Speaking in a tone
That in my heart dug craters and cut slices

Riddled with pain in words
You uttered
Telling your side plate birds
Mattered

More
Than my welfare did
In the perennial score
That hurt, indeed

As my Waterloo
Drew near
In loops of the loo
Where it became clear

I meant nothing to you
In substance and spirit
As your cruel ubris drew
A slit bereft of merit

In the ozone of comfort
Where you and I first met
With every support
From you I could get

Believing you meant well
For the future we planned
In a mad love groundswell
Adrenaline fanned

Giddy
Awesome
Cindy
As a handsome two-some

Blessed from Heaven
To entwine, wine and dine
Not seven or ten but eleven
Times, love to define, refine and redefine

As an amorous process more nuanced
Beyond shades of black and white
Balanced and influenced
Beneath and above cords that bound you and I tight in our love flight.

John Sensele

Till I Trounce Temptations

Till I trounce temptations
I shall wallow in sin
I shall swim in a sea of sanctions
To diminish chances of growing into a queen.

Till I acknowledge my glaring weaknesses
I shall wallow in a wide wilderness
I shall swim in a sea of recklessness
To diminish chances of weakening wickedness.

Till I take responsibility for my choices
I shall wallow in egregious excuses
I shall swim in a sea of vicious voices
To diminish chances of ridding my life of sin surpluses.

Till I take control of short fuse
I shall wallow in ceaseless solitude
I shall swim in a sea of ruse
To diminish chances of securing fortitude.

John Sensele

Till We Torment Trouble

Till-we the gatekeepers-show courage
To quench the thirst for domestic violence
That plagues many a marriage and its carriage
Condemnation and castigation greet our stout silence.

Till-we the stakeholders-promote perseverance
To blanch broken bridges
That plunge us in a trance
We won't scale and subdue rampart ridges.

Till-we the foot soldiers-vow to rid
Our lives of ineptitude
Acceleration and momentum will wield
Powers to paralyse both our fortitude and latitude.

Till-we the salt of the Earth-bruise ruses
To embark on informed initiatives
That drive and thrive crucial cruises
We won't pander to prerogatives.

John Sensele

Time

Time grips every human life in its vice,
It invades every iota of human life from the cradle to the grave.
Moment by moment, time marks milestones-birth, baptism, barbecue, birthday
and binge drinking and
Exempts no one from its record of seconds, minutes, hours, days, weeks, months
and years.

John Sensele

Time Heals, Time Seals

Time heals, time chills
Bruises and ruses
When time lost steals
Opportunities to create cruises.

Time heals, time wills
Lasses and disses
When unrequited love peels
Opportunities to pardon pisses.

Time heals, time deals
Dudes and broods
When mishandled love feels
Opportunities to mollify mad moods.

Time heals, time seals
Deals to fraternize fragile faces
When misunderstood love kills
Opportunities to dignify dainty dresses.

Time heals, time bills
Blunders and slanders
When misapprehended love thrills
Opportunities squandered by thunders.

John Sensele

Time Ticks

Time ticks, time kicks, time waits for no one
Who knows not time value
Packed in every second, old or new;
Time likes forward steps taken, progress won
And successes scored; time likes races run
To victory; time waits not in a queue;
Time likes advancement glue;
Time enjoins folks to ban
Misuse of time and time wastage,
Hesitation, obstruction, procrastination.
Time gets in a rage
When folks turn their unwise backs on time's message
To preach time organisation
Judicious time allocation and cautious time utilisation.

John Sensele

Time To Grow Up, Time To Let Go

A no brainer, my darling, to continue playing games
Blowing cold one moment, next moment blowing cold
As though cold water couldn't quench love flames
When like a rogue driver brave braking action you withhold

Hoping a head on collision you can so prevent
With your eyes closed and bullying tactics pushed forward
To actualize an evolutionary event
In which we reap our fair reward

But for the umpteenth time
We run round and round in sterile circles
Aiming for progress only to mime an irrelevant rhyme
Expecting to work miracles

In scenarios you poison
On purpose
As I shout 'treason'
From the servile source

You glorify
In earnestness
Only to magnify and stupefy
The sadness

That drowns my wonderful world in a sea of sorrow
Without any relief
Yesterday, today or tomorrow
As your mischief

Heightens my determination once and for all
To brighten up prospects for joy
To return to you and I despite the fall
From grace which at our expense debacles enjoy

Unless either you and I decree it's time to let go
Or it's high time we grew up
Escapades, futilities, fantasies and failures to forgo
To gulp good tidings from our lofty love cup.

John Sensele

Time To Tap My Robust Resource

Grateful to live another day
A chance to mend my ways today
Unless punishment should be my portion
If to the winds I cast every precaution
Stirring up a higher profile
Denuded of worth, teeming with bile
So green and mean it hurts
Every thought, plan and action my mind blurts
When mad blood floods my head
As though best prospects lie dead
Long before I plan the next move
Lying and prying on the neighbour in the groove
Where room for progress lies in tatters
If preoccupations focus on morbid matters
From which I reap nothing of value
Considering I haven't got a clue
On initiating the progress
My heart desires if I don't digress
And swim into further trouble
Dreaming I could fumble and gamble
My way to Heaven
When sums tell me I can't break even
If I pursue the wrong cause
That makes me doze
Unless I change course
And tap to the fullest my robust resource.

John Sensele

Time To Think

Seldom does Cupid's arrow strike heart batches
So hard as to strip them of the power
To stand on their own two feet without recourse to a pair of clutches
Whose wheels come unstuck, undone every hour

Hearts breathe fast and lay a wreath as if in a trance
Felt so deeply that hearts tremble and stumble
At high celerity translated into a muffled dance
Where adrenalin races faster and mumbles

Incongruous words discounted by Twitter
Whose one hundred and forty word limit
Cuts short room for a sound expression meter
That stifles freedom of expression to greet

A straitjacket imposed and juxtaposed on a virtual
Emotional prisoner billed and filled with a void spiritual.

John Sensele

Time, The Almighty Landlord

Time: the biggest landlord
At whose feet kings and queens bow
Cockiness and stubborn they can ill afford
When time wipes humility from their brow

In consonance with the mandate
Bestowed on time from on high
As no other candidate
Dares to ply

The trade in enthralling beauty
That leaves onlookers out of breath
The next moment, time being naughty
Crumples a hexing face implanting dearth

Of supple skin, agile gait
While time grows on a souse a protruding paunch
Signaling the haste
Time employs to launch

An assault on the juvenile
Appearance time lends to youth
Only to metamorphose a once sprightly body into a senile
Bundle of misshapen blob sometimes polite, sometimes uncouth

As time mounts a punishing foray
To age cells, weaken tissues, disorganize organs
Derange systems and diminish the ray
Hope plants as a hurdle to purloin guns

Time deploys in its onslaught
Against lifecycles
Although believers plot
To summon miracles

To plead with time
Begging time to slow down ravages
Inflicted on the lime
Souls scramble to sneak into garages

Where time assembles its tanks
Armoured vehicles, jeeps
To devastate life in all its flanks
Despite pusillanimous whips

Life gathers
In the face of superior savvy and guile
Time employs as it smothers
Life's feeble riposte through its rank and file.

John Sensele

Time's Timetable

Time moves at its own pace
Whether I slow down or move fast
Whether I honour or dishonor its space
Whether I embrace Kaspersky or Avast.

Time balances opportunities
Whether I'm wise or unwise
Whether I show humilities and vanities
Whether I fall or rise.

Time sticks to its timetable
Whether I awake or slumber
Whether I choose to be unstable or stable
Whether I become an electrician or a plumber.

Time attends to its oppressors
Whether I offer peace or war
Whether I tackle or unbuckle stressors
Whether I heed or ignore its timely call.

John Sensele

Ting A Ling

Ting a ling is the status quo when you look my way
Ting a ling is the fire I feel when your lips rest on mine
Ting a ling is the electricity that flows when for our meeting I pray
To osculate and oscillate to make feel fine.

Ting a ling when my fingers pepper over your curves
Ting a ling when I shiver and quiver to melt in your loving arms
Ting a ling when your embrace soothes my nerves
To undulate and moments of fire when reserves your eagerness disarms.

Ting a ling when sexy eyes swamp my timidity
Ting a ling when your kisses wash away my faith
Ting a ling when your eager eagle flies high to invite humidity
In our tryst where from my qualms you quicken and hasten breath.

Ting a ling when you accelerate my heartbeat
Ting a ling when you gyrate like a concrete mixer
Ting a ling when my mood you make upbeat
To send me to cloud nine and you become my heart fixer.

John Sensele

Tiny Digits

A man of wisdom steers away from the fury
Brewing in a woman who the lad crosses in a hurry
When bereft of wisdom the lad squeezes her toes
Treats her with neither respect nor dignity hoping his foes
His foibles, his blunders, his plunders, his seas of idiocies
His absurdities, his iniquities, his duplicities, his idiosyncrasies
Vanish when the woman in her heart exercises her mercy
Virtue to look the other way, to turn the other cheek when Percy
Seething with impotent anger, sensing the heat of her rancour
Sneaks onto a soapbox to unleash invectives hoping succour
Would descend like manna from on high but the lass bites
His puny pride, nibbles at his machismo while her sights
Soar over his pate. Fed up with the status quo, her spirits
Buoyed up by faith and love rise beyond the ambit of his tiny digits.

John Sensele

'Tis A Pity

'Tis a pity love passed me by
Just when I needed comfort the most
To cajole me, caress me, heal my cry
When all I received was love's ghost at high cost.

'Tis a pity love stole my peace of mind
Just when I needed her by my side
To feel me, fondle me, find
The space within her where she hid my pride.

'Tis a pity love took my breath away
Just when I needed her assurance
To boost my confidence, to show me the way
To the soft heart that my peace of mind could always advance.

'Tis a pity love sent me thorns
Just when I needed her embrace
To blow for me horns
That told me once again we'd meet face to face.

John Sensele

'Tis Just Wonders Of Romance

'Tis just wonders of romance

Palpitations, anticipations, affections

Glances and advances of a second chance

Above all, the chemistry of evolving emotions and intuitive intentions.

'Tis just wonders of friendship

Sacrifice at the low ebb edifice

Discipleship and companionship

Above all, the tangerine taste of a Canadian kiss.

'Tis just wonders of marriage

Vim vows, thrill throes

Entourage, banter baggage and cleft courage

Above all, essences of emotive echoes.

'Tis just wonders of parenthood

Meetings, tests, lessons, meals

Brotherhood, sisterhood, motherhood

Above all, favours and flavours of family skills and deals.

John Sensele

'Tis Within My Powers

'Tis within my powers
To contain rage
That deflowers
My home page

'Tis within me
To suppress jealousy
That steals glee
Leaving me dizzy

'Tis within my control
To earn honest marks
Despite the toll
Diligence sparks

'Tis within God's will
To carry the burden
That crushes Bill
All of a sudden.

John Sensele

'Tis Xmas

'Tis Xmas that writes off manger Jesus Christ with extravagance in tow
When the starry eyed hurry up to splurge
In ostentatious style; a season teeming with slow
Sapience, radiance and influence that insanities purge.

'Tis Xmas and New Year festive seasons
Reason flies of the window and lunacy whims
Switch off medulla oblongata as prisons
Ingest hordes of offenders who purloin drudgery dreams.

'Tis Xmas and the dunce swim in reams
Of daft dreams explored and implored to impress
Legions of leeches who entice teams
Of cash and check handlers stewardship to distress.

'Tis Xmas and mad blood rushes to heads
Gone to seed to feed unquenchable appetites for delights
Creature comforts, binge winging and beds
Unslept in by hubbies whose flights from their crib switch off family lights.

John Sensele

To Bask In Unanswered Questions

To ask

Why for temporary pleasure we cry
As if that were our main lives' task
When our bones and muscles die

When complex answers to our questions lie somewhere else
Far and near, unclear and clear
If only our hearts and eyes could reverse
The lie we hold dear

When emotions inside our hearts take the best of our judgment
To render us blind
When in confusion we utter a nonsense comment in a ferment whose cement
Permanent answers, satisfactory answers can't find

No matter how much we sigh, ply and fly
Shedding rivers of unfelt tears
In a bid to try
To escape fears

We harbor deep within our psyche
Where lies the sting of a lace string
Of synthetic shoes from Nyke
To which for arrogance we cling

Knowing not what we want
When we know not whether we're coming or going
In the sea of delusion from which we can't
Seem to break free despite the magnitude of the madness we keep enjoying.

John Sensele

To You, My President

To you, my President, who would rate
Realities of covid 19 as a hoax crate
Despite mounting figures and facts
I enjoin you to revisit your selective amnesia acts.

To you, my President, who would select
Realities of two justice systems you elect
By your acts of commission and omission to amplify
I plead for your economy of truth to mollify.

To you, my President, who would rouse
Realities of fringe thinkers to arouse
The worst instincts in Americans
I urge you to contain emotions you unleash from injustice jerrycans.

To you, my President, who would convene
Realities of unmasked attendees to intervene
In your bid for reelection
I urge you in a fair manner to fight the November election.

To you, my President, who would berate
Realities of medical evidence as a threat
To misconceptions you embrace
I urge you to accept facts and figures with grace.

John Sensele

Toad Pods

Scan scale pans that weigh woes
Felt with fright fixed
Somehow by foes
Who wish mixed

Fortunes could flow and float boats
Coats and toasts where heroes
Turn and return ordinary oats
To metamorphose heroes into zeroes

Cynics see as prizes they lumber members
Who pander to pounds of plums
Picked, pocketed and pounded by embers
In business districts and silly slums

Where women and widows wallow
In poverty paid for by pantheons of goofy gods
Whose yellow and callow in a wheelbarrow
Scare scores of urchins who dance in toad pods.

John Sensele

Tomorrow My Heart Hassles Your Horses

Tomorrow my heart hassles your memory
To fly away beyond your reach
To replenish and rejig my amorous armoury
With neither rancor nor rage on my bliss beach.

Tomorrow my nostrils nullify your perfume
To sift and sort sentiments
To rid my heart of your name and claim
With neither condiments nor compliments.

Tomorrow my lips lose your lust
To jettison joyless gestures and juggle joys in June
To ditch drugs and diminish days of dust
With neither buffoon nor typhoon.

Tomorrow my mind erases your effigy
To start anew, to love anew
To create a savoury synergy
With neither dew nor queue.

John Sensele

Tomorrow Tests Tangibility

Tomorrow I'll be a better person
If I let go of yesterday's disappointments
From which I learn a limpid lesson
To ascertain, retain and maintain tomorrows' appointments.

Tomorrow promises a better deal
That I earned and spurned today
If no flies my opportunities spill
Into confusion, derision and division every other day.

Tomorrow belongs to my Creator
Who alone owns tomorrow
In which he inserts me as a factor
Provided sins and sin bins I don't allow in my row.

Tomorrow grants me new opportunities
For me, my kind and my mind to exploit
As God on me bestows facilities and amenities
In Lusaka, in Los Angeles, in Liverpool and in Detroit.

John Sensele

Tongue In Cheek

Tongue in cheek, crack a joke
Tongue in cheek, embrace a sense of humor
To stand a poke
To terminate a rumor.

Tongue in cheek, flog a frown
Tongue in cheek, laugh at your folly
To wear a risible crown
To rub shoulders with Molly and Polly.

Tongue in cheek, let clowns strut their stuff
Tongue in cheek, let your hair down
To add years, months, weeks, days and hours to your life
To enjoy a night out in your town.

Tongue in cheek, sip comedy
Tongue in cheek, give up formality
To cut out bouts of a manic malady
To live a jollier life with dignity.

John Sensele

Tongue Waggers

Anything they dislike
Belongs to hell
Because they stole the right
To sell and yell
Sweeping statements
Which they always tell.

Foes and detractors thrive
Where tongue-waggers
Gather to plot
How to sink their daggers
Into your back
As your body staggers.

No matter how close
Their bayonet gets,
Cruise on with zest
To chop down threats,
Nets, jets and wet sets
Till their brunette sweats.

John Sensele

Tongue Waggers Sent To Coventry

Tongues loose, tongues in a hangman's noose
Wag without care to declare nonsense
As wisdom salvaged from the sluice
Where nonsense whacked common sense

Lost in a sea of error whose terror
Harmed victims concealed by protagonists who opted to promote
The cult of nonsense whose defence mirror
Plunged into reverse gears that chose to demote

Common sense when tongue waggars
Congregated in an occult cabal to upgrade gossiping skills
As though grapevine daggers
Staggered upper echelons of wisdom whose quills

Spilled reason in dark corners where tongue waggars shared nonsense seeds
Plus fertilizers of idleness and the icing on cakes of lies
Whose taste on tongues that wagged feeds
Total belief in naked gossip sties

Tied malfeasants together tighter
The better for them to wage war on common sense and desecrate workplace
etiquette
Which is anathema to tenets of ultimate gossipers rate lighter
Than curses the wisdom ticket

That caught gossipers red handed munching grapevine beans
While sharing tins and pins of sins
For which gossipers scrambled when grapevine means
Came under close scrutiny when truth queens

Declared grapevines illegal in Wisdom Land
Where any culprit convicted of spreading gossip propaganda
Would be stripped of the royal brand
And punished for the gossip blunder

Committed without shame
To discredit the truth and integrity
In solemn worship of the blame name and claim

Would be sent to Coventry for eternity.

John Sensele

Too Late To Cry

When grounded, hounded and pounded regrets sounded too hollow
Time belittled and blasted time wasters
Because progress and prosperity declined to follow
Worn paths and baths dedicated to failure masters.

Time belittled and blasted time wasters
When wrath rose to a crescendo towards
Worn paths and baths dedicated to failure masters
In time for retribution to wipe away vestiges in regret wards.

When wrath rose to a crescendo towards
Indolence, impotence, incontinence and impertinence
In time for retribution to wipe away vestiges in regret wards
Where time wasters sought refuge, concealing shame behind insolence.

Indolence, impotence, incontinence and impertinence
Because progress and prosperity declined to follow
Where time wasters sought refuge, concealing shame behind insolence
When grounded, hounded and pounded regrets sounded too hollow.

John Sensele

Too Low For Zero

Too low for zero, second best takes over
Too low for zero, mediocrity becomes benchmark
Too low for zero, aces can no longer bother
To uphold integrity and immaturity dogs boisterously bark.

Too low for zero, dads neglect families
Too low for zeros, students no longer pay attention
Too low for zero, offspring with disdain dismiss parental homilies
To embrace fads, to wear studs, to seek infatuation.

Too low for zero, families embrace female genital mutilation
Too low for zero, soccer matches descend into humiliation excuses
Too low for zero, terms of trade dent globalization
To promote cynicism and voyeurism classes.

Too low for zero, love becomes a needle in a haystack
Too low for zero, nations retreat into protectionism
Too low for zero, religion metamorphoses into an oppression pack
To molest women, to violate their human rights and to idolize spiritual fanaticism.

John Sensele

Tooth Time

There was once a toothpick
So clever, so effective it could pick
A fragment of meat
Hiding its feet
Between its premolars and a stick.

John Sensele

Top Class, Top Brass

Unyoke me, I'm not your slave
Let me explore new avenues
Realize I'm forever brave
Whether or not you like my news.

Unyoke me, I'm not your dustbin
Let me explore fresh horizons
Realize I'm forever a kingpin
Whether or not you like both my reasons and my seasons.

Unyoke me, I'm not your doormat
Let me explore fresh conquests
Realize I'm forever a cool cat
Whether or not you like my requests.

Unyoke me, I'm not your class
Let me explore new knowledge frontiers
Realise I'm forever a top brass
Whether or you like your tears.

John Sensele

Torrents Of Tears

Torrents of tears tremble
When flushed face, jumbled jingles
Cry in vain, try to resemble
A sense of succor sampled by singles and their mundane mingles.

Torrents of tears terrorise and traumatise
Peace of mind long lost
In a relationship and a marriage that satirise and pulverise
Hopes and ideals surrendered to a guy ghost without a toast.

Torrents of tears tease a disappointment disease
That lubricates and lacerates vows verbalized in public
To signify comfort, contract and keys
To long term love, lucidity and more than a wedding tunic.

Torrents of tears trouble tempers
That on edge fly overboard
To fan resentment embers in hampers
That smack of an adventure that's gone stone cold, too young to be so old and odd.

John Sensele

Torrid Times

Tell me why my tongue shouldn't shout your shame
When all you did was to tear me apart
To paint me black, to tarnish my name
As in a vain victory you chose to depart.

Tell me why my tongue shouldn't shame your pride
When all you did was to sully my solace
To paint me sordid, to take me for a ride
As in vain victory you chose my love to displace.

Tell me why my tongue shouldn't shame your game
When all you did was to walk on me
To paint me hopeless, to heap on me your boisterous blame
As in vain victory you chose from me to flee.

Tell me why my tongue shouldn't shame your tricks
When all you did was to break my heart
To paint me lonely, to extort from me your quick kicks
As in vain victory you chose to nickname me a tatty tart.

John Sensele

Total Devotion

As a matter of fact, flatter better half
As a matter of priority, don't clutter your scarf
To accessorize to the latest fashion
To incentivize a haute couture notion.

As a matter of fact, honour the Apple of your eye
As a matter of tact, don't condone the creed of a lie
To promote veracity
To safely fly to your love city without pity.

As a matter of fact, worship nothing but the truth
As a matter of urgency, don't be uncouth
To surge forward at a high speed
To pledge your contribution with no retribution indeed.

As a matter of fact, steer away from disloyalty
As a matter of virtue, promote fidelity
To metamorphose hesitation into confirmation
To phase affection into utter devotion.

John Sensele

Total Repair

Life springs a surprise on folks who dare
To shift a goalpost gift and declare
Their ambition to blast a glass ceiling
When feelings jump to the fore dealing
A fatal blow to an unpaid fare

A revenue authority declares unfair
On account of faulty records where
Figures presented have no meaning
Cos life spring a surprise

On lovers and partners who care
To entwine their hearts with fanfare
Despite tweets that with no inkling
Blabber in vain despite healing
Breaking through in total repair
Cos life springs a surprise.

John Sensele

Tough Losses, Rough Crosses

Harden not your heart when humble pie lands on your plate
Rubbing your pride in the mud
Nudging your memory, reminding you it ain't too late to debate
Whether crushing with a thud

Kills, steals or heals
Your longing pride
That feels
Too big to deride the ride

Into peacock attitudes
Built and overblown over the years
To delude yourself you've soared to such lofty latitudes
You can't roll back the years to join volunteers

Who willingly accept the loss
Suffered in soccer
Where World Cup match outcomes toss
Out Spain, France, Argentina, Spain, or Brazil with no rancor

To entertain
Today or tomorrow
To ascertain, maintain or retain
Sanity, dignity, humanity in your bone marrow.

John Sensele

Tragedy Spun Into Greatness Strategy

Tarry not, worry not, hurry not
When fountains of fears
Overwhelm the dot and clot
Congealing in tears

That rain rivers
On your serene court
As hope shivers and quivers
At the prospect rot

Decomposes the serenity
For which you long
As sagacity and unity
Sound a garrulous gong

Whose register at Easter
Diminishes and swishes
Gallumphs in the toaster
That processes dishes

Whose meal and deal
In a dead letter
Feel empty as the seal
Of clutter and slaughter

Draw nigh
Breathing hard on the dream
To fly you high
Not on the surface of a saline stream

But on wings of glory
To implement God's plan
Spelling and telling the story
Injected in the clan

God assembles
In readiness
To turn your brambles
Into a feast of happiness and witness

As God metamorphoses the tragedy
You undergo
Into the strategy
That realizes your greatness goal.

John Sensele

Treasure Quality Time

Treasure those who love us
Treat partners with respect
To significant others don't furnish fuss
At all times veer away from disrespect.

Treat partners with respect
On significant others pour stacks of love
At all times veer away from disrespect
Shower on partners all the love you have.

On significant others pour stacks of love
Wear a crown of quality care
Shower on partners all the love you have
Life no longer plunges you into despair.

Wear a crown of quality care
To significant others don't furnish fuss
Life no longer plunges you into despair
Treasure those who love us.

John Sensele

Treasure Shared, Pleasure Granted

I cherish the love that brought sunshine in my hours of darkness
Love that lent me a shrewd shoulder on which I leaned
Love that saw gold in my loneliness
Love that from penury happiness gleaned

She bestowed on me new hope
Rekindling my belief in selfless love
So rare and inspiring she taught me to cope
With succulent fruits from her heart to have

To hold and to remove from me selfishness
That sometimes held me back from needs of others
To learn to value others' happiness
Before worrying about my little bothers

She grows me into a giant
Showering a tonic that changes me into a more caring person
Cos her love makes both of us radiant and more brilliant
Than stars that twinkle to teach us the love lesson

That reminds me to care for my woman
Whom I love without boundary
The woman of whom I'm number one fan
The woman who under no circumstance leaves me in a quandary

With all my heart I love M
Day and night she inhabits my mind
Where she surfs the soft centre, rendering the hem
Of my heart a periphery that never again goes blind

'Tis a blessing she loves me
To nourish our treasure
Both of us to work on growing love like a bee
Fed by the desire to grant us boundless leisure and pleasure.

John Sensele

Treasure The Gold God Put Inside

Obstacles mature the faith we profess
When fire extracts the best treasure we possess inside
If we stay the course and withstand the onslaught of stress
That strikes everything people see of us from outside

Because it doesn't matter the nonsense loose tongues say
The ugliness green-eyed monsters claim you demonstrate
The poverty bad-mouthed liars pretend you display
The opportunities envy-filled bystanders stress you frustrate

Because the beauty inside of you sparkles like a shining star
Twinkling in the sky to give direction to the destiny God wrote into your life
Locking up treasures within your person to buy anything your heart desires from
a car
To a mansion, rising through the ranks as God's omnipotence blows a fife

To confirm blessings, graces and favours granted to you long before your birth
As God purposed a future teeming with pleasant surprises
That convert the work of your hands into wealth and health without dearth
Of sterling outcomes and prizes

That await action from your part
To spring into action
As your contributions initiate the start
Of a great adventure in which your priceless dreams come to fruition.

John Sensele

Treat Your Tina, Theresa, Twiggy Tenderly

Treat your partner right
Despite years of familiarity
Unless you desire increase in your plight
Which comes fast on wings of celerity and wands of severity.

Treat your partner like she's your queen
The queen who turned your head years ago
Despite the presence of her twin
Whom you chose to forgo.

Treat your partner with love and attention
For that's the only honourable option
Coupled with concoctions of devotion and ovation
Unless from her you aspire for lots of sanction.

Treat your partner with much care
In consonance with the covenant
You entered into as you planned to join into a pair
With neither partner becoming dominant as your love grows poignant.

John Sensele

Tremulous Tactics

How do I get a job if I'm so bitter
Filled with bile from my liver to the litter
In my bleary brain
That clearly suffers strain

I vomit on social media
Knowing nothing from Wikipedia
To help me move forward
As I race everyday backward

Advertising the seamy side of me
For the job market petulance evidence to see
And determine I'm for purpose so unfit
Until my dysfunctional disease I quit

Or else I condemn myself to chains of joblessness
Cos no prospective employer desires recklessness
In a job applicant filled with so much hate
I somehow expect my hate makes me great.

John Sensele

Tricks In My Brain

Lover, I need a break
To consult my chaplain
Cos I can no longer stand the earthquake.

My sanity don't think fake
Although doubts still remain
Lover, I need a break

Or else I'll make a mistake
As fickle feelings I can't any more contain
Cos I can no longer stand the earthquake.

Am I fake or awake?
Seems tricks are terrorizing my brain
Lover, I need a break.

Let me visit my lover's lake
To clear my strain in the rain
Cos I can no longer stand the earthquake.

Lover, my brain don't wreck
Or else you'll lose my gregarious grain
Cos I need a break
Since I can no longer stand the earthquake.

John Sensele

Tried & Tested Treasures

Forgive foes, flatter friends
Tenderize tried and tested treasures
Where wishes and whims weaken make amends
For friends figure out potential pleasures.

Tenderize tried and tested treasures
Break through barriers to brotherhood
For friends figure out potential pleasures
Ensure environments embrace a mellow mood.

Break through barriers to brotherhood
Elevate care and compassion into an art
Ensure environments embrace a mellow mood
Into each right relationship, push a positive part.

Elevate care and compassion into an art
Where wishes and whims weaken make amends
Into each right relationship, push a positive part
Forgive foes, flatter friends.

John Sensele

Triumph & Galumph

To kisses stolen in the dark
When entwined enzymes enslave
Emotions in lotions and devotions that spark
Romantic earthquakes salute their nerve and verve bereft of reserve.

To disses that miss
The point and joint of tact
Engraved in Swiss
Etiquette effect a fact pact.

To faces heaved by pain in vain
Captured by the rapture
Inflicted by inconclusive conflicts in the rain
Say, 'Grow mature in future.'

To ladies whose hearts turned tragedies
Into triumph
Under conditions teeming with perfidies
Say, 'Rise and galumph.'

John Sensele

Triumph Of Good Over Evil

Common sense triumphs over evil
Much of the time
When sanity spans the devil
To curtail the influence of his climb.

Common sense lords it over malice
Spun with intentions to divide
God's people whose level of service
Convinces the righteous not to abandon a justice stride.

Common sense though not always popular
In palaver fora forestalls conundrum consequences
That ensue when a vernacular
Modus operandi orders mores in wrong sequences.

Common sense deserts folks who like headless chickens
Revert to nonsense and convert a licence
Into an instrument of destruction that thickens
A plot that undermines a family significance and presence.

John Sensele

Trivial Toys

Daughters' education bless nations
Feeding babies better
Defeating cash complications
And implementing family best practices to the letter.

Misleading to neglect daughter's education
Relegating them to marriage and porridge
Where thrust into miseducation
Daughters drift into capricious carriage

From which nations lose
When half the workforce
Slaves in the costly cruise
Where outdated customs daughters they toss

Investing national cake
Into the education of boys
Pushing national progress into the loss lake
Where citizens tend to reap trivial toys.

John Sensele

Trivialize Not

Trivialize not torments

A pastor's marriage undergoes
With serpentine comments in moments
When you munch and masticate morsels of mangoes.

Trivialize not tumults

That nullify normalcy in a neighbour's nest
For fate feeds insults
To you in the near future despite your zero zest.

Trivialize not tears

Poured by a jilted Julie
For soon solace disappears
From your Molly and Polly, bully.

Trivialize not torrents

Teeming with ups and downs
In lives you look down upon as their rents
Pour perennial headaches on their eiderdowns.

John Sensele

Trouble Free Philosophy

Trouble free philosophy
Demands you live and let live
If bountiful benefits should come from life's biography and geography
Which in principle asserts you give

As much freedom
As exigencies require for others
To enjoy maximum peace of mind in the kingdom
Where in harmony they live as sisters and brothers

United by a common humankind destiny
Which guarantees love and peace to all
Without your intrusive scrutiny
In which your associates and acquaintances can't play ball

Because your accursed curiosity slays the fun
They enjoy
Rather than the boisterous bun
Your lifestyle metamorphoses into the toy

They'd rather do without
In circumstances where their sanity
Excludes the doubt
You germinate alongside the vile vanity you expand into insane inanity.

John Sensele

Troubled World

Droughts bite, less rain falls
Crops fail, prices soar, hunger stalks
Poverty flies high.

John Sensele

Trump Card

A trump card slid down affluent sleeves
Promised bay, hay, clay, Autumn leaves
Into the lush oval office
Where its brand wealth orifice
Would deny Moslems visas in droves.

John Sensele

Trust Versed In Verity

Trust abused, trust misused
Churns stomachs and disgusts
When trust is accused
In setting where mistrust encrusts.

Trust earned, trust nurtured
Lives long, strengthens social links
When trust is cultivated and cultured
No matter what a saint or a sinner thinks.

Trust grown, trust flown
On wings of sincerity and sensitivity
Grows, grows and grows to own
Greater spaces for bonds that grow in sensibility and dignity.

Trust burst, trust cursed
Tears asunder threads of relationships
Built on thoughts, plans and actions versed
In openness, oneness and overt operations beyond discipleships.

John Sensele

Tryst & List

Eyes in grey skies peer at thighs of hate
Concocted without caution in an ablution factory
Where marble hearts peace can't tolerate
In September, November and December which scribble a somber obituary.

Eyes on cloud nine caress pies of love
Dying and pining to solve salves of human differences
Voting for reconciliation and affection through a white dove
Sent from above to share tidings of love sentences.

Eyes from trenches in Yemen imbibe ingots
Molten in a furnace turned upside down by foreign jetfighters
Strafing children, women and Andorra goats
Vow in thousands to serve on frontline as igniters.

Eyes in the love City of Paris
Survey the Eiffel Tower, a tryst
Where Jim and Jill first discovered an oasis
In which love blossomed on top of their priority list.

John Sensele

Tunes Of Despair

I hear my voice screaming
I hear my brain dreaming
Society has gone berserk
Responsibility elders shirk

To jump on a berserk bandwagon
Dragging society into fires of the dragon
Consuming moral fibres
Diluting credence and credibility calibres

As they gyrate to the tune of regression
Swinging left and right as aggression
In its puke pervades all crevices and crannies
Hounding mummies and nannies

If free speech they exercise
Endeavouring essential events to analyze
To offer a solution to cure
The madness and sadness grown so impure

They eat seeds of hope
Slaying seedlings on the sorrow slope
With elders growing indifferent
Because their brains are no longer transparent

As infants weep in despair
Wailing for Jesus to repair
Society swimming in cycles of loss
As on all foibles elders paint gloss.

John Sensele

Turning Point

So bothersome the burden I carry
Burning cash like a gambler
In my head a thousand thoughts I bury
Beating my chest, boasting I'm grumbler.

Whinging about how fate conspires
To frustrate initiatives I make
In calculations, in crucibles, in spires
When well meant promises I break.

No wonder I crawl on my knees
Cursing associates
Crying foul when attention flows not to my pleas
And my self worth depreciates.

I'd better change my tactics
Get serious and regain my bearings
But if I persist in gyration gymnastics
No chance ever I can wear wedding rings.

John Sensele

'Twas Tuesday When Luck Struck

'Twas Tuesday when luck struck
The impossible invite the possible
All of a sudden season of bliss rode in a truck
That's pretty! Love losses and runs of bad luck did disable.

'Twas such a delight when I meet Mildred
The lady who stole my heart
All of a sudden into my world Mildred sneaked a loaf of bliss bread
That's awesome! Love for both of us stitched a new sentimental start.

'Twas love at first sight when my heart melted
Flighty feelings fought for favours
All of a sudden my heart palpitations injected
That's incredible! Love invaded my elevated endeavours.

'Twas a golden opportunity when our eyes met
Silence spoke sweet sounds
All of a sudden we could no longer wait
That's crazy! Love from my heart lifted plenty pounds.

John Sensele

Tweet Free Trivia

Why should I write a love letter to a cold world
Which concocted my birth despite my contrary will
In circumstances seldom explained, seldom heard
No, I reject insects of this poisoned chalice deal.

Why should I write an apology with flattery imagery to a sick society
That's turned its back on the poor and tortured an alleged witch
Famished babies, lavished mansions and furnished limousines in a vintage
variety
To garnish the gluttonous appetite of the rich.

Why should I write a euphoric eulogy for a tyrant
Who raped a concealed constitution to convolute nine ludicrous political lives
Spirit zillions of dollars and decant
Babies' bread into faulty Swiss bank vaults alongside a coterie of whimsical
wives.

Why should I write to reconcile with a demagogue
Who feels the whole world is his oyster
Where he can't tweet free trivia, rant risible tripe and twist dialog
Into a rank prank to bamboozle and bludgeon a falling star.

John Sensele

Tweets Turned Tawdry

Slow down, bow your head, lad
In readiness for happiness
To bless success in your pad
Where selflessness and fondness

Lately vacated as augmented opportunities
Took over and dictated
The face and pace of events and certainties
That swam away from shores of shame and blame as decimated

Decibels and bells chose roses
As festival flowers with powers
To factories fates of poses
Whose hours and showers

Proclaimed the demise of hypocrites
Whose witchcraft and wizardry
For a while for miles doled out treats with tweets
That turned tawdry.

John Sensele

Twenty Seventeen Grew Small

Twenty seventeen grew small, harassed in December
That for three weeks invited Christmas
A festive fiend that big spenders remember
In shopping malls where they shop en masse.

Twenty seventeen shrank, pushed aside by folks
Tired of events too repetitive and diminitive
Too uninspiring to warrant space in talks
Folks hold as they grow restive.

Twenty seventeen wept, cast aside
Discarded after it longer served any purpose
In minds too preoccupied with a ride
Towards New Year, twenty eighteen for a dainty discourse.

Twenty seventeen tweeted, prompted by a desire to settle scores
With users, misusers and abusers
Whom twenty seventeen christened bores
Who exploited it. 'Childish choosers'!

John Sensele

Twenty Twenty Glory Gig

Listen to me, Twenty-Nineteen
Your time has expired
While I reach out for goodies from my treasure tin
Granting me the power to declare you retired and inspired

I don't care if for good away you go
Cos for me it makes no difference
If your certainty seconds should forgo
The privilege I preserve in reference and deference

To the brand New Year
Which I long to embrace and kiss
As humankind to progress shouts 'Yeah'
And calls for permanent peace and bliss

In Twenty Twenty
The spanking brand new kid on the block
Which to expectant moms, dads and kids promises hope aplenty
To the chimes of midnight on the comely clock

When I breathe a sigh of relief
Retire fatigue and intrigue
Inspiring joy in chief
Hope aplenty inspires hope on launching the Twenty Twenty glory gig.

John Sensele

Twenty Two Power Peals

Twenty one gun salute when widows rejoice
At mercies and graces God grants
Them when in poverty matters their voice
Metamorphoses sorrows, strains, sacrifices into cheerful chants.

Twenty one gun salute when orphans nurture hope
Clouds lift and greed grounds shift
As orphans ditch nope and dope
That contradict God's generosity gift.

Twenty one gun salute when couples communicate
Dispose of domestic damage without rancor
Pledge in future neither to decimate nor to dessicate
Opportunity and orifice for salvation succor.

Twenty one gun salute when recidivists reconcile
In the intimate interest of their nation
When they pledge to domicile
Tolerance, balance, sapience to stem the tide of trivia tension.

John Sensele

Twice Bitten

A raped orphan force aborted twice
Said Joseph, 'Abortion is not rice.
Don't kill innocent babies.
Care for many refugees.
In real marriage, don't pay a high price.'

John Sensele

Twilight

Twilight twinkles over a territory
Embroidered in feuds
With neighbours in its land inventory
Skewed towards gangrenous goods.

Twilight twinkles and blinks
Eyes and thighs
Masked in mundane clinks
Of glasses, poisoned chalices and somber skies.

Twilight twinkles dim light
Over a nation
With a passion to fight
To preserve taut tension.

Twilight teases tricks
Unleashed by dogs
Of war whose clicks
Sink into blue bogs, bleary eyed blogs and cunning clogs.

John Sensele

Two Besotted Beggars In Our Lives

Prejudice and malice
Both besotted beggars
Gamboling, galumphing, griping and gripping a solstice
In limpid lives whose tigers and daggers

Stagger, simulate and strut along
Craven
Oblong, wrong on a song gong
Sloven and driven

Unexpectedly pop up in interpersonal interactions
Writhing like serpents
Wreaking heady havoc in their insurrections
Contents, events, proponents and deponents

To defy, modify and stupefy logic
Contemplate disunity
In a rogue republic
Whose unity

The besotted beggars bring down
Tearing one member from another
Assuming every crown
Becomes anathema as Jack and Jill like each other

To the detriment
Discord prejudice and malice promote and quote
In every contrary condiment
Ever taught or caught.

John Sensele

Two Ears, One Tongue

Two exclusive ears to increase your karma knowledge;
One twisted tongue to lash out at personable proponents
Of thinking outside the black box
Who, with no good reason, you label obnoxious opponents
Although they work hard, day and night,
To bring you wealthy wisdom's crucial components.

Two eminent ears to stress the need to listen
More than you wag your terrible tongue
Which, though small, can loosen links
With marvelous mentors and associates stung
By the rush of bad blood to your hasty head
And intuitive impulses fit only for the young.

Two eyes to see the vast expanse of excellent erudition
On which God gave you double dominion
To forge ahead by controlling your tempting tongue
And graduate from the rank of midget minion
Into a person of substance and savvy
Although, you'd argue, it's only a matter of oblique opinion.

John Sensele

Two Hearts That Won't Quit

Two hearts entwined into one heart endorse love
Planned long before hearts realise chemistry
Flows seamlessly beyond the explanation of a dopamine dove
Beyond reason, within human heartbeats far above argument artistry.

Two hearts enmeshed in threads unseen by human eyes
Emblazoned in fiery feelings, stolen glances, unexplained undulations
Felt by beholders, unfelt by prying eyes, struggling to understand highs
Hearts scale, faster breaths, flirtier stirrings perform affection actions.

Two hearts drinking from a choice Cupid cup
Filled with a limpid libation fight temporary loss of reasoning power
Experienced in a sensitive dance to enhance a love lap
Of honour lovers lift shoulder high when times march in tune with their
tenderness hour.

Two hearts seek each other's presence and pleasance
Inherent in every strip of seconds breathed in with every heartbeat
That regardless of family's and friends' sentiments evoke a sense of essence
Lovers swim in when the prude fails to understand why these hearts won't quit.

John Sensele

Two Is Magic

Two is magic, three is tragic
Two is strategic, three is paraplegic
Two empowers, three deflowers
Two overpowers, three disempowers.

Two strengthens, three weakens
Two awakens, three sickens
Two flies, three cries
Two tries, three denies.

Two solidifies, three mollifies
Two satisfies, three dissatisfies
Two laughs, three bluffs
Two quaffs, three chaffs.

Three heartens, three threatens
Two maintains, three deadens
Two fills, three peels
Two heals, three steals.

John Sensele

Two Left Feet

Green envy saps energy
Driven by occult forces
Ready to pounce on the right strategy
Teeming with goodwill sources.

Driven by occult forces,
Envy strangles success highlights
Teeming with goodwill sources
To turn days into nights.

Envy strangles success highlights
Within the ambit exasperation
To turn days into nights
Through confrontation and humiliation.

Within the ambit exasperation,
Ready to pounce on the right strategy
Through confrontation and humiliation,
Green envy saps energy.

John Sensele

Two Rooms

Two rooms, a mansion to behold
Floor space, a treasure we hold
Sisters here, brothers there
Family won whispers of welfare.

Two rooms, an abode we shared
Outside latrine us never scared
Mom, dad, brothers, sisters
Family suffered no blisters.

Two rooms, a residence we treasured
Masala township, yards and acres we measured
Folk stories by a brazier we licked
Family bliss, family joy clicked.

Two rooms, our fortress minus distress
Minds moulded to cushion stress
Roof over our heads
Family didn't fuss over beds.

John Sensele

Ubris Affected, Infected, Respected And Projected

The scent of ascent
To dizzying heights sometimes impelled dark nights
To invade spaces and faces that sent
Shivers and quivers that brought down knights

Drunk on ubris
Expecting fame
Catalyzing a crisis
Drowning in shame

From which no escape route
Drew nigh the harder knights beat chests
When the glint from their boot
Failed tests

Reliability and validity in human warmth
Couched in solemn language
Dwelt not in vintage cloth
That couldn't and wouldn't conceal the seepage

Emptiness in cold hearts
Wept
In radical ramparts
Kept

Multiplying in moves so inept
Peasants and passersby
So adept
Perceived as dry

Manifestations of lost souls
Without an agenda of sympathy and empathy
Whose gregarious goals
Suffered irreparable atrophy

Cos knights reforms they repelled
Advice for improvement they rejected
Friendly folks from vicinity they expelled
Until ubris pushed to limits of insanity knights affected, infected, respected and

projected.

John Sensele

Ubris Nexus

Ubris sowed and germinated a swollen head.
Said Goliath, 'Lass, Chew morsels of wisdom bread.
Or else Nemesis will chop you down.
Your bride pride will drown
In deep misery from Nemesis' maid.'

John Sensele

Ubuntu

Know your preference and prevalence price
Don't conflate your self worth twice or thrice and egregious ice
Lest the din of desperate detractors sin and win
Regardless of the pins and skins of spurious spin

You edify and glorify by default
Dignifying and fortifying their assault
On the unity and diversity of humankind
To which they can't afford to grow blind

Either in theory or in practice
Unless they indulge the malaise malpractice
That confines different melanin proportions
To the periphery of the sherry with odious options

Demeaning the significance of the red blood flowing
In their veins, your veins, our veins owing
To our common humanity
That defies the inanity of long-held and veiled vanity

Which you and I ought to corrode
Unless we empower divisionists to erode
The ubuntu we hold dear
In the hallowed humanity we can't afford to shear or spear.

John Sensele

Umpteenth Narcissus

A tycoon loaded with zillion dollars
Sought GOP nominations from white collars
Who campaigned to beat up
Protesters and testers whose cup
Burst to the brim with anti GOP colours.

John Sensele

Unbidden Guest

Hubris, you're the hangman
Who slips the fatal rope
And reduces my ability
To broaden the scope
Of fighting substance abuse
That includes debilitating dope.

Hubris, you're the stench
That from my life repels
Prime movers
Who melt shells
Of vanity and arrogance
To the chime of heavenly bells.

Hubris, you're the curse
That plunged me into the abyss
Where I became self satisfied
And chose to reminisce
Over the last time
I speeded up my habitual crisis.

John Sensele

Unblock Pipelines

Dreams suppressed for too long scream
Feelings frozen for too long acquire vim in a ream
Imploding inside
Exploding outside

Carving gulleys where trouble flows
Starving reason which a claw blows
Crushing safety valves
Splitting minds in two asymmetric halves

Sowing seeds of chaos
Germinating crisis cotyledons in Laos
Unless headshrinkers intervene
For mental health specialists surgery they convene

To save sediments of reality
Which dreams welcome with messages of cordiality
Once from a torpor they recover
Or else dreams skeletons they uncover.

John Sensele

Unbreakable Bonds

Threads of hermetic bonds bind families
Keen to love, keen to accept, keen to secure.
Families entwine in alleys and valleys
Where family ties and dyes mature.

Keen to love, keen to accept, keen to secure,
Families metamorphose houses into homes
Where family ties and dyes mature
To invest and vest inheritance in common chromosomes.

Families metamorphose houses into homes
Where opportunities and mutual duties abound
To invest and vest inheritance in common chromosomes,
Ensuring joy, mirth and harmony take ground.

Where opportunities and mutual duties abound,
Families entwine in alleys and valleys,
Ensuring joy, mirth and harmony take ground,
Threads of hermetic bonds bind families.

John Sensele

Unbroken

Don't feel empty
When sadness overwhelms happiness
Feeling as though Humpty Dumpty
Has grown in you gardens of unhappiness

In roads you walk
In clothes you wear
In words you talk
Making life seem unfair

Cos blues you overthrow
Bliss you underrate
When failures grow
Cold winds drilling the crate

In which hope hides
Cringing in pain
Taking sides
With grains that germinate more sprain and strain

As long as you grant room
To wrong thoughts
That glorify doom and gloom
To reap heaps of naughty noughts.

John Sensele

Unchallenged Supremacy In Unprecedented Lunacy

At the behest of the druid
Camped in my vicinity
I analyse and sanitise the fluid
Whose viscosity flatters the dignity and sanity

Whose circumference and impedance
Exceeds the threshold
I set for the reactance and insistence
Meant to withhold

Uncontrolled leakage of hatred
Unleashed with total abandon
With any venom spread and shred
By the lunatic don

Who concocted and fabricated
A subterfuge in a bid to enslave
My mind in a desiccated
Prison where as a slave

I stand no chance
My freedom to recover
If perchance
I should in the end discover

The secret potion and elixir of perennial youth
In very high demand in top society where it is sought after
By an uncouth tooth
Whose sardonic laughter and chatter

Turns and burns mere mortals into eunuchs
Favoured by head shrinkers
In experiments where spooks
Reveal the mystery longevity thinkers

Vaunt as the new frontier
To life beyond one hundred years
Which wipes off a tear
From faces petrified by fears

Senility runs down spines
Bent in an arc
Reminding folks of evergreen pines
Swaying in the wind when flak

In an overdose torpedoes
Illusion entertains
As the lunatic druid slams doors
Shut to incinerate curtains

Where I cringe
Wince
Disillusions I singe
As sanity detractors give up their losing battle eversince.

John Sensele

Uncle Simon

Regularly, stationery popped up
From the Hubert Young Hostel base
Alongside local dishes and traditional brew
To feed the pace
Of shifting sophomore studies
Towards the Mathematics mace.□

Time-tested typewriter tabs mimed melodious music,
Bobbed up and down
To produce outstanding output
For the grown man in a brown gown,
Improve his diction and word power
And from his friendly face remove the feeble frown.

Although hypertension, diabetes and blindness struck him,
They failed to break down his vocation
To bring hope and succour
Where a vacation
Would help others to press on
And serve moms during lactation.

John Sensele

Unconditional And Unemotional

Faith and friendship, temerity and humility
Utilize our amity assets and catalyze progress
As we frame our way forward in civility
To nourish and flourish our forward march despite subtle duress.

Our relationships and friendships grow in strength
Driven by understanding and search for meaning
In every step that strengthens the faith
We consolidate so long as we prevent sinning

From waylaying and slaying the path to salvation
We believe God grants us in the love
We share and dare to nourish in affection
Propelling us to grow far above

Petty, puny ripples, notorious nipples
Shaking our resolve, waking it up
From temporary sleep in quadruples and triples
We conquer as we drink strength from the cup

Wherein lies our election and elevation to maturity
When we forgive and give unconditional
Love to foes and friends in unity and security
Characterizing thought, plan and action - unconditional.

John Sensele

Underneath A Wry Cry

Underneath the wry cry of an urchin
Lies the hope that tomorrow
Wouldn't strike him hard on the chin
Or on him lumber a sea of sorrow.

Underneath the febrile fear of a virgin
Lies the confidence that her groom
Would resist the lure of gin
For bliss to sweep over her bedroom.

Underneath the diffident doubt of a daughter
Lies the courage to rise above challenges
Life lumbers on her laughter
When counselors dissuade lipstick lozenges.

Underneath the boisterous bravado of a bully
Lies a bunch of fears
Of a breakup from his doting Julie
Whom he so often leaves in tears.

Underneath the careless kiss of a concubine
Lie deep assumptions and convictions
That a promising future lies beyond sin
Despite her present courses of actions and predilections.

Underneath the umbrella of an underdog
Lie hopes and scopes for progress
An unsung hero hears from the bark of his dog
That relieves him of stress and distress from his mistress.

John Sensele

Underneath My Facade Of Folly

Underneath my façade of fortitude
I tremble and fumble
As the activity and quality of my attitude
Conceal and distil the extent of my trouble.

Underneath my façade of futility
I strive hard to elevate my status
As the extent of my maturity
Grows clear without any hiatus.

Underneath my façade of frivolity
I work hard to create meaning
As I win over the majority
Of detractors I keep spinning.

Underneath my façade of fear
I pluck up courage
As I dare to stay clear
From future fragments I salvage.

John Sensele

Ungainly Gait Of Greyhounds

Hate is the horror with horns
That pounds, pricks and pretends
Not to cause crises when its thorns
Fling faults and favour no friends

Of whom it knows none
Lives lives of loneliness
Sucked successively alone
Because no one wants a share of sadness and madness

Stuck somehow in symbols
In limbo where days and nights side by side
They cohabit and cooperate in halls
Where blame, shame and a bad name together ride

In unseen paths with no word uttered
As silence sips vitality and sorrow sounds
A death ditty muttered
To the ungainly gait of greyhounds.

John Sensele

Universal Mathematics Ability

Every child is born with Mathematics ability
Which teachers kill by labeling children brain dead
When teachers' duty ought to elevate stability
Putting children's fears and tears to bed.

Teachers shouldn't perpetuate the myth of a mountain too high
Which only a few chosen nerds can climb
Instead teachers ought to open doors of achievement to the sky
Where concepts, principles and procedures enabled children mime.

Adequately taught, Mathematics exudes pleasure
Flavoured, favoured and nurtured in a caring, conducive environment
Where children of all abilities thrive beyond measure
To doubting Thomases' astonishment

Performing far beyond limits imposed by imagination
Scaling any imaginable height if children put their mind to it
Devouring Arithmetic, Algebra, Trigonometry, Differentiation
When teachers employ and deploy techniques and strategies that declare
children fit.

John Sensele

Unlike Poles

As a matter of fact, friendship builds people
In bonds so strong affections rebuke pressure.
Blessed from above, friendship isn't fickle.
Driven by a common future, love rejects fissure.

In bonds so strong, love rebukes pressure,
Building not just on emotions and surface attraction,
Driven by a common future, love rejects fissure,
Preferring instead to build on collaboration.

Building not just on emotions and surface attraction,
Love caresses, calms longing hearts and consoles,
Preferring instead to build on collaboration
To inspire ever closer knit attractions of unlike poles.

Love caresses, calms longing hearts and consoles
Blessed from above, friendship isn't fickle
To inspire ever closer knit attractions of unlike poles,
As a matter of fact, friendship builds people.

John Sensele

Unlock Your Treasure Trove

Be teachable

Tap treasures beyond measure from your subconscious

Your best potential do enable

Synergy between your subconscious mind and the conscious make precious.

Be willing to learn

To heal your body

If invitation from your deepest treasure you don't spurn

As long as long you forgive everybody, somebody and anybody.

Makes changes

To your thought substances and patterns

Flying and tapping treasures from rich ranges

If you want once and for all to address your critical concerns.

Step into the world of completion, perfection and wholesomeness

If you listen to your subconscious mind

Earning your fair share of happiness

If you determine to quit going blind.

John Sensele

Unscheduled Holiday

The Future defies a finite mind
Daring the mind to fathom its depth
If the mind had powers to find
Ways to decipher mysteries it reveals to Seth.

The future dares the simpleton
To compute its complexities
In algorithms hidden beneath a secret keyboard button
Which the future consigns to puny qualities and varieties.

The future pours scorn on humankind's attempts
To unlock its secrets
Lain beyond mortals' debts and concepts
That fill mortals with heaps of regrets.

The future saunters to Heaven
Where it saw the light of day
Taunting puny mortals to count eleven
Hours of solitude on an unscheduled holiday.

John Sensele

Unsung Heroine

Mom so dotes on her fussy family
She wakes up at the crack of dawn,
Gets her rustic routine in motion
With crimson curtains drawn
To spawn her lush green lawn
Till husky hubby and chubby children yawn.

Gender based violence hourly haunts her,
Rattles her for a ridiculous reason
Although she's the family's wisdom fountain
In every Summer or Spring season
When she puts every piece in place
So her children suffer no treason.

Nine merciless, mutinous months
She carries her feeble fetus in her wondrous womb
And improves her idyllic infant
To recreate the restful room
That promotes her precocious potential
Till she tours her tiny tomb.

John Sensele

Until I Mend My Ways

Until I mend my ways
My life and blues
Will continue receiving rays
That cook insipid stews.

Until I divorce exam
Malpractices and solstices
Crops on my farm
Would suffer army worm ravages at vertices.

Until I embrace punctuality
Commitment to duty
And quit promoting volatility
I'd forever hobnob hostility.

Until I prove my worth
To my better half
I'd forever face dearth
Of love and hobnob chaff.

John Sensele

Untold Fibs

With resilience from deep within your inner core pluck up courage
Born out of genuine conviction to confront
Any challenge thrown into your path with a barrage
Airborne or water borne of delusions with dense nonsense upfront.

Increase proportions of courage in decisions
With far reaching outcomes you ought to take
Bodily, fondly and firmly as you look specters of divisions
In the eye and lick them clean whether they're real or fake.

Slake for the sake of a bright future any doubt
Hidden in humility too scared of temerity
To reject any insects crawling with false clout
Amid challenges to remain resolute and to reach optimal solutions with serenity
and civility.

Heave a sigh of relief when from a high moral ground
Buttressed by best metaphysical, philosophical and spiritual
Practices you meditate how to eliminate and terminate any round
Of fibs, sullied bibs, cracked ribs, smelly cribs and blunt nibs especially when
truth remains immutable.

John Sensele

Untoward Actions

If nonsense could concede defeat that makes no sense
In contexts of logic and longevity where nonsense soon
Sinks too low for society to grant no licence
To nonsense that incentivizes the gloom of a monsoon
Deluge to flood the blood of common sense out of sight
Because too much blight and flight engender fiascos
Far more often to soften flows than expected in the light
Of research findings and sightings that claim discos
Mean little clean spittle when classes of brass tacks
Assume room for their roles to roll yardsticks
Which the rich employ to deploy measures of pleasure in attacks
That sap the rap vitality and motility of hexed hicks.

John Sensele

Unwary Dude

A joke fell on an unwary dude
Who desired a son by his side
When a sly bimbo promised
To give him the son missed
But the bimbo pricked his pride.

John Sensele

Unwind Resistance Webs

Unwind webs you create
When you empower for an addiction a need
Excuses, platitudes, attitudes, vicissitudes you aerate
With harmful, hurtful habits that you feed.

Dissolving from your pain and strain symptoms
Won't help you tap the treasure
From deep within you. Balance belief bombs
You and devour with pomp and pleasure.

Conquer from your mind resistance
That blocks doors to self realization
As long as you cultivate a sentimental stance
Tackling a symptom without whacking causation.

Look in the mirror and spot the wrong reaction
You exhibit as you walk the road to healing
Without beating your mind into inaction
Swimming into the deep end of a fruitless feeling.

John Sensele

Uphold A Saner Standard

Creatures of the soil sometimes cry
With some success
At other times they lie or sigh
But always pining for progress

To address, impress, oppress, undress or depress fake laughter
Which teeth tinker with in a plastic manner
When in their hearts they harass a daughter
They never wished would raise a banner

Proclaiming high morals on murals creatures deride
Because murals reflect their infamy
Fed when creatures decide with malice to ride
Towards polygamy while pretending to promote monogamy

Until snares creatures set for others
Catch them red handed poaching from a neighbours' yard
Where fathers, mothers and brothers
Decide time is due to uphold a saner standard.

John Sensele

Uphold Moulds And Strongholds Of Integrity

Honour packets and pockets of promises
Without any iota of excuses
If progress should become the portion
Blessed in action and implementation.

Honour realms and reams of reputation
With vigour and rigour
Applied to forestall a misrepresentation
Sneaking into any endeavor to reap favour.

Honour spoken and written words
Uttered and muttered in good faith
Without rattling swords and surds
Slipping through to take away strength and depth.

Honour inventories and instalments of integrity
In plans and in thoughts
Preaching serenity and intrepidity
In quotes and in votes of all sorts.

John Sensele

Vagabond

There was once a vagabond who stole
A cock from a dungeon near a pole
Which became unruly
Bruised him so crudely
The vagabond rued picking a role.

John Sensele

Vagaries Of Human Nature

Judas jives in your friend
Betrayal from fickle friends follows a trend
That pops up when you go away to pray
Such friendship traitors lead astray.

From the same crockery you and traitors munch
With laughter and light banter you share lunch
But the moment your back turns
On their tongues your friendship burns.

Wisen up and whiten your pun
Freeze the powder in your gun
Lest traitors you should peel
Unless differences you opt to heal.

Human nature embodies a complex culture
Sometimes rapture and suture you capture
When a diversity of friends you embrace
Hoping no friend laces your life with stress.

John Sensele

Vagaries Of Success

Success tastes sweeter
In the wake of a plethora of challenges
Encountered and eliminated in Winter
When irritations invade limpid lozenges.

Success rides on the back of diligence
Demonstrated in attention to detail
In every task in stoic silence
Even though composure much travail entails.

Success, a buzzword for reward
Comes as a breath of fresh air
In an office, in a lecture room, in a hospital ward
Where tangible outputs brandish their flair.

Success though always welcome
Draws daggers from green eyes
In some quarters where a dodgy drum
Beats at high pitch a tune of blatant lies.

John Sensele

Vain Jalopy

There was once a vain jalopy
That blew dust to a canopy
Which caused such a racket
Residents rose to bracket
It together with its entropy.

John Sensele

Valentine

Scarlet, crimson, red lips, red tops
Red roses, red ribbons paint the lovescape
Where lovers and admirers raise red hopes
On February fourteenth as to Valentine their red presents gape

In awe for red roses, red rhymes to reign supreme
For red tarts, red hearts
To nibble the red cream
Enabling Valentine actors and protectors to strut their amorous parts

In a red landscape driven by red love
In her scintillating red splendour
To lavish red love blessed from above
In a bid to displace the blue langour

Caught red-handed queering the pitch
Red love enjoys
For her crimson switch to beseech
Lovers to share to their hearts' content red toys

Meant to boost the red atmosphere
That catches the crimson imagination
Ensnared within the red sphere
Where lovers expressing their infatuation convey a red impression

With the crimson intention
To grant free reign
To the crimson mission
That gives pride of place to the red vein

Lovers
Arrest
On red covers
Where lovebirds attest

In full crimson glamour
On February fourteenth
With her full complement of red drama
For the red time umpteenth.

John Sensele

Valley Of Achor

A valley of Achor sprouts up into lives of folks
Big and bald, beautiful and benign, besotted and belligerent
Because Achor inextricably like a limpet locks
In its tentacles in cells, bells, veils and mails with a rabid reagent.

A valley of Achor sometimes dissimulates a silver lining
That in the cycle of life pops up when hope
Like a general enjoins infantry troops on the verge of giving
Up to launch a final assault on a battlefield and squashing the enemy's ability to
cope.

A valley of Achor like a valley of favourable tides
Tests folks, eliciting their best resolve if they endure
Transient trouble for a glorious victory whose rides
Reward tenfold while folks feel so unsure of a cure.

A valley of Achor needn't be a death sentence
A fence disguised as terminal cancers or academic test
Setbacks or marriage ripples or financial blues that once
In a while ask questions. Send Achor scampering West.

John Sensele

Vampire Ire

There was once a gregarious vampire
Who trapped lame ducks in an empire
To convolute their blood
Invoke an immense flood
Argue, skew, mew and lure an umpire.

John Sensele

Vanity Fix

Vanity mistook ego tripping
For status quo until in the offing
Came Sanity who spanked
Cobwebs from his eyes, yanked
Him to kneel before his humility king.

John Sensele

Vapours Of Construction

The passage into the massage of rest
Sanitises the fibres of my mind
Sun up awakening spares my soul being stressed

Frolicking in the folds of the comfort I find
In the wrinkles bedsheets I tease
Caressing prospects to discard the stress I leave behind

Cruising at high velocity to please
The warmth and faith my family gives
When all of a sudden I swallow the bliss breeze

Blowing away blots of drudgery faith forgives
As I remember the power of good in women
Who care to uplift souls that ache like leaves

Flying in winds of change men
Of goodwill inspire to inject hope
Into a future that prods the pen

To grow mightier than the sword on the slope
Spiralling into a spin of destruction
Until the hand of God rescues the crop
That ripens and strengthens covers of vapours of construction.

John Sensele

Venerable Vandals

Indifference ignores ignominy
Spread through a grapevine
That casts mud at a bimbo in a mini
Alleging the lass imbibes too much red wine

Fermented on a windowsill
Once or twice a year
In a kitchen whose rent bill
Kills shallow pockets as a tear

Drop crops ups and dopes hope
Stolen long ago
When hailstorms blew away a roof on the slope
Of Mount Kilimandjaro

Where pygmies, Hottentots and bushmen
Succeeded in scooping a new habitat
As hairy vandals and conmen
From Northern Europe grabbed land in a tit for tat.

John Sensele

Venerable Voices

Verbal venom vented against veteran voices
Can't vindicate victors or victims
Instead blended boisterous banter block choices
To forge for a where twitting teams

And comprehensive coalition cohorts
Synergise, fraternize, incentivize and energise
Brains beamed bright and tight whose retorts
Clap, map and tap consensus prize

That agile assemblies achieve and retrieve
From the brink of a sink link
That propels people to precipices ready to receive
Thrombosis throes that think

Power politics purveys promoting
Division, damnation, danger, disrespect
For established etiquette elevating
Cynicism, systemic stupor and a standoff subject that rules out respect.

John Sensele

Venomous Vice On Ice Twice Or Thrice

Knees knocked out by booze
I sway from side to side
My bearings gone, mild manners I lose
I push around raucous revellers outside.

Mouth dishing out din decibels, I freak out
Knowing not where the heck I'm dancing
Frenzy drives away demeanour, unprintables I shout
To the brink of embarrassment fast I'm advancing.

Wake up in the middle of the night
Can't tell where I'm snoring
How on Earth did I invite this plight
A pity a pot of pain into me is pouring and roaring!

Next morning I stumble to my pastor
Asking for his appropriate advice
The pastor says capricious cavorting needs to kneel faster
Or else my future flies into the vortex of my venomous vice.

John Sensele

Verbal Pollution

From confines of his grave, Shakespeare winces
At the zillion heaps of verbose platitudes
Folks post on FB daily to impress dunces
Too low to prick open refuse latitudes
Gone sour in a poor manner by the hour
Nonchalantly sticking out their necks
In the nick of time dunces dare to power
Their trinkets and rickets without delay specs
Meandering between zero and minus one and minus
Two without realising their rap of crap far
From being mundane or inane focus
The attention of verbiage multiplication bar
Progress, digress attention and impress dilution
Taken to extremes to hem in verbal pollution.

John Sensele

Verisimilitude Vortex

Woven in a lava oven and driven into the pit of despondency
Where light at the end of a tunnel dims
Parents explode and implode as darkness swamps ascendancy
Leading parents to wonder if their children curse their dreams.

Challenges in meninges and syringes singe petrified parents
Whose aspirations and predictions that wayward children tear
Their world asunder in the midst of invectives, calumnies and taunts
Drive detractors to wonder why pusillanimous parents children bear.

Influenced, incensed and unbalanced in a variety of ways
Children's personalities somersault and assault
Parents aspirations and predilections switching off rays
Teeming with hope in a satire scope to brush aside meek manners taught.

A shaft of light sometimes in parents' shivering shrouds shines through
As parents from their uncomfortable cocoons debunk secrecy
In conversations with sent strangers to achieve a breakthrough
That restores hope, clarity and on their torture tom-tom sprinkles mercy.

John Sensele

Vertigo Vertices

Swivels of uncivil upheavals fluctuate to punctuate
Ranges, stages and changes in moods, goods and services
Life perceives to receive without a doubt to oscillate
Between peaks and valleys, high and low vertices.

Swivels of weevils and weeds bore through corn crops
Planted, slanted and stunted in Summer
When El Nino warms up water current soaps
In the Pacific Ocean and releases infra red radiation clamour.

Swivels of vertigo vertices whip the Devil
Who roams through Rome cobbled streets and deranges church domes
To foment foibles and malign a marvel travel
To the Arctic Ocean where penguins and seals build homes.

Swivels of benediction and sanctification in the distance
Project and select the purity and dignity of prayer
Enunciated and recited in a deep faith circumstance
To elicit from Heaven a blessing, favour and grace sprayer.

John Sensele

Vestiges Of Dark Thoughts Evicted

Wobbly knees wheeze and tease
Dark thoughts fumbling, tumbling and rumbling in the mind
Which can no longer squeeze proportion peas
From thought processes, procedures and systems gone blind

In the wake of the disaster
Determined to scupper efforts
I summon to master faster
Techniques and strategies to rescue ports and forts

In which hides the succor
With the potential to dismiss the blues
Whose rancor
Fed up with queues and incomplete clues

Threaten to overwhelm vestiges of peace and calm
My world once knew
As avalanches of harm
Primed to strike anew

Sweeping, wiping off from my soul
Traces of confidence
Whose sole goal stole
From my predicament the credence cadence

That slowly began to pave the way for hope
To return
My state of affairs to normalcy to prop
Up the urn

In which ashes of despair
Began to evaporate
To initiate by gradation the repair
Process and flair in which dark thoughts could neither elaborate harm nor
collaborate.

John Sensele

Vexing Velvet

Don't vex your immunity
Permitting roving eyes to feed a mind
Gone sick, blown away by libido insanity
To graze on foliage that emotions bind.

Don't vex January
Splurging on December luxuries
Like booze, fling and creature comforts pay salary
To impress big spenders and big buyer vagaries.

Don't vex your pantry
Carousing and consuming grub
Like t bone steak, Blue Johnny Walker and sundry
Fell like manna from Heaven in your watering club.

Don't vex friendship
Borrowing like a lunatic
Pestering buddies and caddies' ship
With your incessant decadent expenditure in the middle of the Atlantic.

John Sensele

Vicious Greyhound

Envy kicked a souse to the ground
Envy fell on him like a greyhound
That tore his flesh to pieces
And poured hot pepper slices
On cuts till heed couldn't be found.

John Sensele

Vicissitude Vocabulary

Say sorry, Cyril
When vows you violate
At your peril
With no debate to deflate

An ego that fails to forgo
Puny pride that divides
Your happiness and multiplies sadness on the go
As ego strides

Swipes gripes in pipes
Full of ashes in flashes and sashes
That demean stripes
You once held high at bashes

Thrown to honour your demeanour
The public proposed as exemplary
In all fora with an aura
Whose wisdom surpasses their vicissitude vocabulary.

John Sensele

Victors

Vanquish opponents

Invite challenges

Condone resilience

Thrive on new levels of competition

Optimise performance

Recognise a match when they meet a worthy rival

Suck punches from foes before overwhelming them.

John Sensele

Violence Virus, Not Welcome

Tip tap! Sing raindrops
Beating the concrete floor
On which precariously my crops
Suck moisture at the broken door
I can't repair
Cos cash from my pocket fears
To reside in case poverty paints tears
I've shed
Sorrows I've bled
No mighty man to lend a helping hand
When my mouth mumbles truth they can't stand
Pointing out corners they cut
While my emaciated butt
Hurts
Blurts
Verity I treasure
Despite the displeasure
I incur
From the venom and violence that occur
In the wasteland now so desolate
With millions they insulate
Into the poverty papyrus
Proclaiming 'Welcome, violence virus'.

John Sensele

Virtue Of Courage

Courage arranges a strange barrage of baggages
Drawn from a siege, a binge, a garage, a gorge, a liege, a protege within surges
Of opinions, pinions, suggestions, illusions, allusions, delusions and fusions
That blend a myriad of permutations and combinations with a plausible
probability to veer away from dirges
Towards a motley of solution, conciliation and promotion pledges.

John Sensele

Virtue, Victory, Vindication, Veracity & Vitality

Salute lutes and flutes that pray and play tunes in soaps of hope
Nurtured and cultured with ingredients
Assembled into an ensemble to help you cope
With any voice and choice whose gradients

Tilt beyond silt and towards recovery
Despite stress and strain
Planted in your path to promote discovery
Of your perennial potential to restrain

Discouragement, disillusion and discomfiture
From sapping your vision and trapping derision
Into breaking into a rapture and a fracture
That promotes indecision

When the crunch comes along
And your reserves serve
A meal to boost your will to grow strong
As virtue, victory, vindication, veracity and vitality your way swerve.

John Sensele

Vistas Of Perennial Happiness

Remorse

A dainty dish great minds consume
On the humble horse
Small minds can't begin to assume

In their bid to earn fame
Coveted in the confines of smallness
Vanquished, extinguished and distinguished in blame
As they claim a dose of sadness

That leaves them empty
In body and spirit
When small minds to their detriment court and escort Humpty Dumpty
In his writ

To promote megalomania
Blown oversize
In consort with the mania
Whose prize

Swells small egos
Granting them soporific succor
Upon lumbering them with cargoes
Of ravenous rancor

While the humble
In their modesty and meekness
Shamble forth and stumble
Upon vistas of boundless bliss and happiness.

John Sensele

Voracious Library

There was once a voracious library
That visited prairies and a friary
Where it laboured to befriend
A handsome monk as a trend
Who flew far and wide to an estuary.

John Sensele

Vote Of Confidence

If moderation, variety and balance enhance
The quality my relationships enjoy
I embrace this stress-free chance
To welcome with open arms an envoy of joy.

If moderation, variety and balance accelerate
The celerity at which my relationships thrive
I give a vote of confidence to this rate
At which bliss and kiss in my life arrive.

If moderation, variety and balance catalyse
The rate of acceleration and acquisition of quality life
In the absence of sties, flies and lies
Discord and strife, I bless my wonderful wife.

If moderation, variety and balance abound
In my life I welcome golden gloves to turn around my fortunes
From a low ebb to a upper bound
That bars, burns and bans instances of inopportune misfortunes.

John Sensele

Vow No More

Vow never more to succumb to sweet talkers
Who sugar coat images they present to gullible audiences
Who they take for a ride and distress; stalkers
And street walkers utter sweet sentences to break through your defences.

Vow no more to blurt nonsense and hurt a lass
Who chooses to bruise her ego and super ego for your sake;
Repay the lass with a plethora of sacrifice that matches her high class
Although it goes against your grain to preserve her cake.

Vow no more to splurge family salaries
Entertaining your throat to gloat among binge boozers
Whose specialization starves wives and children's granaries
Which run empty of staple ingredients because their dad joins losers.

Vow no more to unleash economic, physical and emotional violence
On your boyfriend, your girlfriend, your concubine or your spouse
On whom you depend for balance
And support to clear out of your home a matrimonial louse.

John Sensele

Vulnerability Vulture

Self pity, a self defeat syndrome
That in no way enriches the home
Progress rises from concerted efforts
Injected into initiatives to strengthen fledgling forts.

Quit shirking obligations
Forward marches live beyond negations
Promoted by morbid minds
That conceal laziness behind blinkered blinds.

Services you consume don't come free
Perambulating in the vicinity of the treasure tree
Inviting you to climb a higher reality rung
When by dint of determination you sell your obligation bung.

Shedding tears of self pity
Everywhere you owe dues in the city
Slays your future
As you pander to the vulnerability vulture.

John Sensele

Vulnerable Crevice

Good morning life, good morning wife, good morning joy
My reliable, pliable, amiable, affable and compatible
Friend who stands by me whether my favourite toy
Smiles or frowns, whether I scour or devour a fable
Or admire qualities of joy, a dependable friend
Whose blend of proclivities is beyond compare
From flooding adrenalin in mood systems that send
Me to chew and swallow happiness and closeness to a fair
Match making of formidable, affordable, durable ingredients
Which catalyse sentimental reagents where expanded life flows
To my delight, to pour more light on gregarious patients
Who throughout their existence absorb more sobs and blows
Than any souls deserve from low mentality service
That sneaks, kicks, pricks and sinks a vulnerable crevice.

John Sensele

Wahala

Square pegs in round holes in a cellar
Pave the way to set up a wahala
In and out of their lives
Where they transplant knives
Until they browse the Kafue Impala.

John Sensele

Wail Not When I Die

Wail not when I die
Spare your tears, spare your lies
Enjoy yourself to the fullest when I cry
Swallow your lies in the sties alongside the fake ties

In your hearts you never meant
When in your hearts of stone
All you sent and spent
Glorified your tone of utter scorn

Poured at will
Concealed from men and women
Until
Your pen insane and inane

Wrote the sneer and leer
Hearts of rock
Clear in their crocodile tear
The truth could no more block when the clock

Chimed time up
For me to go
To take the last sip from the poisoned cup
I couldn't forgo

As to your world of sorrow
I bid farewell
Because the secret of tomorrow
Belongs to God who says it is well that ends well at the knell of his bell.

John Sensele

Wake Up

Wake up to the magnitude of the responsibility you shoulder
In singing the destiny humankind deserves
Betraying secrets to the egregious egret whose stakeholder
In his demented demeanour reserves

The right to plan, design and manufacture weapons of mass destruction
Whose reach and damage could wipe out the future humankind
Treasures in beliefs, norms and cultures whose construction
Aimed to implant virtues which find

Resonance, consonance and conformance in every facet
Various genotypes and phenotypes of the human race
Wear in awe and glamour that make up the alphabet set
That defines human nature in every trace and face

Living on the face of the Earth in the love habitude
Throbbing in hearts
Whose latitude and attitude
Once embedded in all Arts

Identified in caves, in grottos, in frescos, in cathedrals, in mausoleums
Breathing and preaching love
In beating hearts, in museums
Below and above

The heavens wake up, speak up
To reconcile warring religions, ideologies, mythologies, methodologies
Crawling as dregs at the bottom of the cup
Where the secret to the survival of the human race lies in new psychologies

Whose central tenet
Reduces
The Internet
To a platform where love produces

An elixir that metamorphoses human life
Into a form that lives forever
If only humankind could wipe away strife by mastering the art of playing the fife
Whose tenderness tune cures life brevity in a laboratory located in Denver.

John Sensele

Wake Up From Your Slumber

Wake up from your slumber, wake up and seize your bumper
Bouquet of priceless dreams, allow nothing to hamper
Your progress; achieve your success with minimum stress
For on your commitment depends the proximity of your success address.

Wake up from your torpor, wake up and endeavour
To surge fourth not as fourth contender but as a sterling achiever
With a remarkable record of quenching distress
For on your commitment depends the proximity of your success address.

Wake up from your prevarication, wake up from your lamentation
Gathered through years of hesitation, dissipation and consternation
Brewed in a pot mixed with incoherent stitches from the seamstress
For on your commitment depends the proximity of your success address.

Wake up from limbo, wake up a cast away the symbol
Of servitude and blast free from the fireball
That keeps enslaved in an endless mess
For on your commitment depends the proximity of your success address.

John Sensele

Wake Up From Your Stupor

A den of deceit
A planet of pretence
A crest of conceit
A nest of nonsense

Where the power of the subconscious
Enjoins you to brush aside the world's vicissitudes
To get firm hold of monkey moves of your rational conscious
Modify habitudes, latitudes and attitudes

Retrieve the space and time due to happiness
To gain and regain sublime solace from meditation
When you shut out the snappiness and unhappiness
Inherent in the insanity and indignity of the attention

You lavish on the wicked, wanton world
Inhabited by the rich and mighty who tread on and trampletoes of the poor
Whirled, curled, furred and hurled
On the periphery of Bliss and Peace Planet to suffer, to differ on the shore like an
unloved boar

Unless you rise from your stupor
The sorrow in your yesterday no longer aches
As much as it did before you ditched the duper
And decided to no longer dwell of the malfeasance mistakes

Which hurt but mustn't become your focus
Lest they should swamp and dump your future
The more they dominate, serrate your locus
And grow into the Holy Grail of a corrosive culture.

John Sensele

Walk A Tightrope

Walk a tightrope with your fiancée
Walk a tightrope during courtship
To give a coup design grace to hearsay
To sail safely towards your matrimony ship.

Walk a tightrope in your workshop
Walk a tightrope underneath a motor vehicle chassis
To retain your job and refuel hope
To prevent your future from becoming icy and dicy.

Walk a tightrope when you borrow bucks from a friend
Walk a tightrope when dealing with traffic police
To spice up your relationship blend
To bankroll a truce kiss.

Walk a tightrope in the face of interviewers
Walk a tightrope in a surgery theatre
To earn for YouTube a plethora of followers
To pave the way for your love letter.

John Sensele

Wanted In A Jiffy

Wanted in a jiffy hearts that care
Wanted pronto hearts that challenges can't dare
To prove worth and move wealth
To loftier levels on the earth despite love dearth.

Wanted in a jiffy hearts that feelings bare
Wanted pronto hearts winged can't tear
To heal the broken and feel the forsaken
To kill the bill for fairness sake taken.

Wanted in a jiffy hearts that don't scare
Wanted pronto hearts keen to pair
To hasten lessons in healing
To fasten instructions in yielding.

Wanted in a jiffy hearts that confer
Wanted pronto hearts that bliss don't defer
To metamorphose puppy infatuation into deep affection
To accelerate motion towards total devotion.

John Sensele

Wantonness & Wickedness

Don't choose to abuse, bruise and brutalise sweet offspring
Whether the deception and perception of temptation grow too strong or not
Don't inflict strict devastation edicts on a suave sibling
Despite the vast lust that singses your fly hot.

Don't kill the future deal and goodwill of humankind
Whether children cute beauty ignites lurid libido or not
Don't unleash dishes of your wishes to harm the chubby children you mind
Despite rotten thoughts renting your dotty pot.

Don't pluck luck and stacks of potential from innocent infants
Whether heathen or christian beliefs apply or not
Don't steal bills of success access from toddlers at any instants
Despite the blindness, hotness and weakness in your corny cot.

Don't wipe away unripe potential from any royal angels
Whether their dimples and cymbals titillate your eyes or not
Don't try sly flights and fights with infants or you'll wail in jails
Despite angels' wondrous wings and supple springs that challenge your thought.

John Sensele

Water Versatility

Water quenches my thirst
Water bathes pores on my body
Water causes a dam to burst
Water doesn't abhor comedy.

Water cools the engine of my motor vehicle
Water manufactures blood
Water metamorphoses into an icicle
Water spills from rivers to generate a flood.

Water feeds roots of trees
Water sustains the cycle of life
Water from all rivers flows into seas
Water shortage engenders international strife.

Water molecules contain two atoms of hydrogen
Water promotes hygiene and cleanliness
Water particles carry one atom of oxygen
Water to all life forms brings happiness.

John Sensele

Wave After Wave Of Reverses

Wave after wave of reverses
Upon my life rained
Although Bible verses
My heart craned and strained

To read
To divert
To knead
To insert

Into the dustbin of history
Which in the pain served a cathartic purpose
As in empathy and sympathy my story
It did endorse

To keep my bearing on an even keel
Assuaging my pain
Endeavouring to kill
The despair I felt in the rain

As the full horror
Of the betrayal he committed
In the context of the egregious error
He admitted

Into the love I felt he gave
In full measure
I could no longer save
From the ephemeral pleasure

I felt he pretended unto me
To offer
Cos for once my way clear I could see in the blues sea
Where I could no longer suffer

As a doting wife
Whom he took for granted
To rain wave upon wave of strife
Although I dare say for good reasons I sometimes ranted.

John Sensele

Wave Of Appreciation

A wave of appreciation that simulates an incentive
Nurtures companions whose opinions travel
In our lives where each wave stimulates a love missive.

Under no circumstances should a diminutive
Attitude of vicissitude fall
A wave of appreciation that simulates an incentive.

Wave after wave of appreciation alive
Enlivens relationships that travel
In our lives where each wave stimulates a love missive.

Appreciation coupled with gratitude survive
Ripples rolled to scroll
A wave of appreciation that simulates an incentive.

To conjure waves of appreciation that drive
Relationships metamorphoses into a chance to play ball
In our lives where each wave stimulates a love missive.

True waves of gratitude can't become reactive
Because design and research waves install
A wave of appreciation that simulates an incentive
In our lives where each wave stimulates a love missive.

John Sensele

Way Clear

The sun shines
Air in my lungs flow
Hope in my life God defines
As my confidence and comfort glow.

The past recedes
Clouds in my path lift
Grace from God precedes
Traces of doubt I sift.

The present pop up
Toxicity I eject
From my life, from my cup
Confusion in my corner I reject.

The future flies
Clarity climbs
Creed slays lies
Happiness in abundance mimes.

John Sensele

Way Out

Still standing
Still gaining understanding
Of the gravity of defending political pride
When covid 19 thrives in its stride

To decimate hives of lives in millions
While ignoramus ignore mistakes in zillions
Sacrificing lives we could save
If the fact factor promotion of the brave

Gained momentous momentum
Reducing by gradation the percentum
Infections of covid 19 would gain
If courage mileages of success enabled us to regain

Traction when masking, fact asking and test tasking
Would prioritize investigating and retesting
Earning us tangible time to contain infections
Burned in measures to contain insipid inflections

Medical moments of covid nineteen
Would lead youngsters above and below eighteen
To take the pandemic seriously
Act wisely and react cautiously

Would carve us a niche of survival
As the global village awaits the arrival
On the social scene of a safe vaccine
In arsenals of efficient medicine

To curb the covid 19 stranglehold
We can't in all honesty withhold
Unless we synergize
Energize and prioritize

While in unison we solemnize from the same hymn sheet
We abide and ride against our pride to defeat
The covid 19 infestation, manifestation and devastation
To save and solidify our immunity station

As together we rescue the future
Minimizing the rapture and suture
We strive to prevent
The demise of the prosperity posterity event.

John Sensele

Waylay & Slay Iniquity & Futility

Feelings of frustration discard

If you should forge ahead with certainty and dignity

As you play the deciding card

To waylay and slay iniquity and futility.

Feelings of reconciliation promote

If tranquility and progress your way should come

As to peace your efforts you devote

Efforts for every foe and enemy to disarm.

Feelings of discord shunt aside

If your relationships should flourish

As you enable your pride to subside

To pave the way in any contest for a photo finish.

Feelings of inadequacy disregard

If your efforts at progress should yield fruit

As to creatures weak and wily you pay due regard

While forward you spring your best foot.

John Sensele

We Miss The Innocence Of Childhood

We miss the innocence of childhood
When the world looked green
In our mind inhabited a mellow mood
Thoughts, plans and actions sparkled clean.

We miss the pretence of adolescence
When we discovered our true nature
In our mind inhabited human right defence
Thoughts, plans and actions defied the future.

We miss the essence of adulthood
When we started a family
In our mind inhabited preoccupation with food
Thoughts, plans and actions listened to a hallowed homily.

We miss the obsolescence of middle age
When our lives run their course
In our mind inhabited incipient dotage
Thoughts, plans and actions defend wisdom discourse.

John Sensele

We Thank Thee, Mamma

Rest in eternal peace, mamma
Best you've been spearheading our smiles
When we drove into your kitchen drama and cocky grammar
Stretching your patience for miles and miles.

We can't thank you enough
For the love you gave us always
Encouraging us to brave the tough stuff
If we walked in God's ways

Pouring glory on his name
Implementing lessons you taught
To stake a claim away from the blame
In which feeble feet get caught

If we grow remiss
Failing to thank you for the life
You gave us with plenty peace
You played on the famous fife

Tunes of love, tunes of tenderness
With you we shared
Eyes shining in the eagerness
You, grandchildren and us declared

Fit for purpose
In the love you poured into our family
Living to salute the salvation source
You taught us flew from a homily

Into hearts you educated
Hands you trained to give
Minds you said duplicated
The power to forgive

To earn forgiveness
From souls we hurt
Denying them happiness
In boisterous big words we blurt

Go in peace beloved parent
Your race is run
For you've been Heaven sent
Who are we to question God's will? It's done

In love and in strain
At home and at school
On foot and in the train
We ride towards our salvation swimming pool.

John Sensele

Wealth Of Travel

Travel widens your perspective
Opening your mind to other points of view
Making the mind more effective
Readying long-held beliefs for review

Opening your mind to other points of view
Better attitudes you adopt
Readying long-held beliefs for review
If new ways of thinking and acting you co-opt

Better attitudes you adopt
When in stringent circles you aspire to fit
If new ways of thinking and acting you co-opt
Ensuring thereby in academia challenges you defeat

When in stringent circles you aspire to fit
Making the mind more effective
Ensuring thereby in academia challenges you defeat
Travel widens your perspective.

John Sensele

Wealth Versus Health

In the end, assets, possessions and material comforts
Come into our lives and leave a mark
That flatters our egos, ferry us to sports ports
Although wealth to our lives adds neither spark nor Noah's Ark.

In the end, cosmetics, fine outfits and limousines
Come into our lives and blur the vision
That flatters our pride, ferries us to culinary cuisines
Although material possessions sow division and derision.

In the end, caviar, fine wine and bling
Come into our lives and put us into the deep sleep
That flatters our comfort, edging us into a fling
Although wealth peace of mind in our lives can neither keep nor peep.

In the end, accessories, gadgets and fat bank accounts
Come into our lives and wipe away the wisdom
That awakens our egos to dismiss debatable discounts
Although wealth guarantees no berth into God's kingdom.

John Sensele

Weed Out Proclivities

Devour creature comforts in ports and sports where joy smiles
At life too long secluded from terra firma through indulgence in strictures
Pushed into the bush of a cushy hermit who piles
Up unsure pressure on organisms too tired of morality lectures.

A little fun with a dun gun sampled with no wish
To suffocate a friend in need of a little entertainment
Paves the way everyday for outstanding productivity to finish
Every assigned task on time to clear any doubt sediment.

Eradicate dissipation monitored in a life of total abandon
In the company of strumpets whose prime motive
lies in sucking vitality from victims who condone con
Women with a penchant to wear on their heads a fancy weave.

Leading a life of seclusion and exclusion saps away
Opportunities to weed out proclivities which bosom friends
Labour day and night to tame alongside intrusive flames that play
Tricks on your psyche by promoting discredited social trends.

John Sensele

Weep Not, Daughter

Weep not, daughter of virtue
When the ruby by your side scrams
Into the hexing arms of an elusive statue
Hypnotized by erotic charms.

Weep not, daughter of substance
When the sapphire in your pad
Slips away with impertinence
Conjured, contrived, concocted to leave you sad.

Weep not, daughter of Venus
When a will-o-the-wisp like a chameleon
Splutters discordant dies into his Uranus
Orbit while you rejig your romantic pavilion.

Weep not, daughter of Eve
When Adam's prodigal pauper
Pulls another sleight of heart up his sleeve
Because he ain't nothing but a rabid rapper.

Weep not, daughter of valour
When a naïve nincompoop takes to flight
Onto a pesky pavement of sentimental squalor
As you assert, 'Right riddance of a seamy slight'.

Weep not, daughter of control
When wads of notes from your purse evaporate
As vigilance and virtue you extol
To buttress frugality which assessors highly rate.

Weep not, daughter of patience
When ripples on your horizon feature
To destabilize your emotional balance
As advisors ban romantic literature.

John Sensele

Weepers & Quitters

When a black bloke blurts beauty
Doesn't domicile in ebony effigies
Smacks so much of haughty
Harassment and debasement in orgies

That paint pictures portraying poor
Perceptions and provocations
That depict a dour
Deception in which invitations

To the piety of reality
Condemns realms and aims in such minds
Betraying surreality or incredulity
Which binds and finds

Brisk brashness and boredom
That cast vast blasts of inferiority
In minds whose cocky kingdom
Venerates a vulnerable variety

Of irascible incompetence and pitiful pretence
Insults mothers and sisters
To whom unsettled urchins owe allegiance
Although a dough of emptiness enriches urchins' blisters because they're
quitters.

John Sensele

Welcome Back Grandpa

Welcome back grandpa, Mike enthuses daily
As I knock off from cares of Mathematics and tares of life
Which earn Mike and family a salary with no homily
Fanfare, pomp a simple tune a grandson plays on his fife.

Welcome back grandpa, Mike says running my arms for a hug
As I enter home into a love-filled inner sanctum
Which washes away the bug
Of fatigue from my academic podium.

Welcome back grandpa, Mike smiles
Bringing a tablet for us to watch cartoons and share a laughter
As I marvel at precocious cognition developing for miles
In a little, pure heart God sent through Lizzy, my daughter.

Welcome back grandpa, Mike's routine
Blesses my days, stresses the value of family bonds
Woven through simple pleasures, through a child's din
More melodious than symphonies and sonatas hidden under banana fronds.

John Sensele

Welcome Into My World

Welcome into the world where I live
With the strength and fault
I care to share and give
To any soul who likes the vote

You need to nick
To win in the rat race
You kick and prick
Into the frownless face

You love to hate
Cos nonsense I can't tweet
To date
The past I quit

Long ago
To step into the future
You choose to forgo
To embrace the catcall culture

You feel fulfills dreams
You dare to entertain
Alongside streams and reams
Of the nonsense you maintain and retain to sustain

The façade
I loathe
As sentiment salad
Sanity and dignity can't breathe

Today or tomorrow
Not in the world
Where sorrow
Curled and unfurled

Owens no iota of space
To wreak havoc
Deep or on the surface
Where a cassock

No longer features
In tiny doses
With literatures
Whose poses

Can't detonate
The complacent bottom
Of society at the gate
Wherefrom

Sanity and insanity company part
In circumstances you detest
As from me insanity and indignity depart
When the reliability and validity of life test you waste.

John Sensele

Welcome Love

Welcome love with open arms when she knocks at your door
Welcome love with open arms when she honours you
Welcome love with open arms when she graces your dance floor
Welcome love with open arms when on your heart she sticks her glue.

Welcome love with affection when she quenches your desire
Welcome love with affection when she looks your way
Welcome love with affection when she lights up your fire
Welcome love with affection when her appreciation is on display.

Welcome love with devotion when she grants you her favour
Welcome love with devotion when she requests the pleasure of your company
Welcome love with devotion when she samples your flavor
Welcome love with devotion when she flies your honeymoon to Albany.

Welcome love with fanfare when she takes you on a merry-go-round
Welcome love with fanfare when she pleads for reconciliation
Welcome love with fanfare when she requests you to stick around
Welcome love with fanfare when she opts for conciliation.

John Sensele

Welcome Precipitation

Hail storms unleash ire
Swallows in squadrons migrate
From Europe to Zambia.

John Sensele

Welcome, Twenty Nineteen

Fly your redemption rocket
Money or no money in your pocket
So long neither sorrow nor sin socket

Lead, lord over the bizarre bank account
In which hope and dream you count
Before you leap forth, climb your 2019 mount

To play your part and make a difference
If you pursue the intelligent input influence
In life's conference and common sense confluence

Where life dies, cries, flies depending on the choice
Made, decision taken and vivid voice
Promoted in favour or against generous Joyce

Your guardian angel
Meant to keep you away from the jungle jail
Where distraction and dissipation gel

Diminishing, extinguishing the good
Inherent in the message understood, misunderstood
When in a nasty night over you hovers mundane mood

With potentials to kill, peel, seal dreams
God holds for you in salutary streams
Only you can jettison into rejection reams

If blinkered eyes dominate
Churlish choices you nominate
As in green dollars fundamental factors you denominate.

John Sensele

Wells Of Love

Wells of love spell bliss
Blown into a cuddly kiss
That purifies and clarifies heartbeats
Unfocused on undulating wits.

Wells of love tell stories of happiness
Grown and known in a caress
That wins and cleans broken hearts
In all aching parts.

Wells of love don't swell ranks
Of exploited women bands
Trafficked in quick buck trucks
Driven in forsaken European pucks.

Wells of love don't enslave
Lovers caught up in an enclave
Where honey money talks folks into buying
Carnal tunnels of libido in the evening.

John Sensele

Were It But Her

Were it but her who for four decades
By my side stood through thick and thin
Through elevations, emotions and escapades
Succeeded around me in drowning din.

Were it but her who right from the start
By my side stood at the altar to pronounce wedding vows
Through trials and temptations took part
Succeeded in minding our mansion minus sows.

Were it but her who along the way
By my side stood at our bank
Through delay to pray
Succeeded in pardoning a pesky prank.

Were it but her who in our crib
By my side stood by our empty pantry
Through tears and tensions to forgive a fib
Succeeded in fortifying our family infantry.

John Sensele

Werewolf

When scarlet blood drops dripped on a spatula
Seeking with bated breath to avenge
Deaths from previous lives heaped on Count Dracula
While a cadaverous mandible hankered for revenge.

Seeking with bated breath to avenge
The burning at the stakes of hordes of vampires
While a cadaverous mandible hankered for revenge
To settle scores with heathens who undermined underworld empires.

The burning at the stakes of hordes of vampires
As a matter of fact condoning cultures of bloodletting which couldn't serve
To settle scores with heathens who undermined underworld empires
Much as fairness pundits didn't swerve.

As a matter of fact condoning cultures of bloodletting which couldn't serve
Deaths in previous lives heaped on Count Dracula
Much as fairness pundits didn't swerve
When scarlet blood drops dripped on the spatula.

John Sensele

What I Have Won

What I have won I can't measure
When from the bottom of my heart flows gratitude
Which generates as much pleasure
As can flow from my right attitude.

What I have won I can't count
When the bounties in my life
Strive to give the right account
For all the right reasons to my wondrous wife.

What I have won I can't estimate
When to new and old friends I express appreciation
Especially to Christine my soulmate
Whose lifetime has fed into my life so much affection.

What I have won I can't quantify
When for old time's sake I recall special moments
Apples of my eye dared to qualify
To diminish and finish tortuous torments.

What I have won I can't specify
When God's graces and favours
Bless every step I've taken to modify
Steamy sins that enveloped my egregious endeavours.

What I have won I can't verify
When conscience demands restitution
For transgressions against souls I can't mollify
Because so many ebony embers sprang into action by my volition.

John Sensele

What People Think Of You

What people think you and reality
Sometimes coincide and sometimes differ
In substance, proportion, quality and quantity
But they can't define you, sir.

What opinion people hold is their privilege
Which you may accept or reject
In private or in public because its message
Offers for the present and the future no useful prospect.

What platitudes toxic tongues unleash
Rightly belongs to a dustbin
Where gibberish hobnobs with rubbish
Together with tongues' life of sin.

What effort tongue waggars make
To tarnish your name
Turns out to be a mistake
Which isn't worth any sane claim.

John Sensele

Wheels Of Fortune

Wheels of fortune to my tune dance
I spin wheels at a sedate speed
Ensuring I don't feed greed
Lest in the wrong direction I glance

At crumbling castles
Which grumble and fumble
When thunder and lightning mumble and stumble
If puny pestles and their vessels

Should attempt to pound mounds teeming with facts
Hoping to run facts aground
At moments hideous hands manipulate the ground
On which I strengthen contacts

Upon whom I depend for progress
In every facet of the battle
That rages to dislodge the rattle
Threatening to disgrace my tigress

From the throne where sits the king
With powers of life and death
Who prods faith
Into availing the truth to seekers without asking

Why fortune smiles my way
Every morning when I meditate
For at least a quarter of an hour to titillate
Hours, minutes and seconds as lame luck runs away.

John Sensele

When

When figments of the imagination swamp your mind
When figments of the imagination drive you blind
When years of happiness you're about to cast away
It's time to delay impulsiveness, it's time to pray.

When mad blood rushes to your head
When jealousy drives you into a perdition shed
When envy flies you where angels fear to tread
It's time to delay impulsiveness, it's time to put nonsense to bed.

When years of stability and maturity cry
When children and grandchildren to you shout goodbye
When years of professional competence are in jeopardy
It's time to delay impulsiveness, it's time to plead for mercy.

When distractions and frustrations overwhelm reason
When thought processes and taut abscesses abound in your season
When redherrings and flings pose as the ultimate
It's time to delay impulsiveness, it's time to hesitate and meditate.

John Sensele

When I Groped For Hope

Consternation marred inspiration
Frustration matched desperation
Clouds shrouded the proud
Confidence inside bowed
I stumbled and mumbled in the rain
Wondering I kept reaping strain
Whichever card I played
My rewards they delayed
It seemed I'd reached a dead end
Unless my tactics I could mend and blend
Praying hard
Prevarication to discard
Vision to revisit
Test of endurance back on the seat
Fallacy to relinquish
Jealousy to extinguish
For my love to grow
More than thrice in a row
Sharpening swathes of hope
Lighting up and brightening the scope
Disrespect swindled
When sanity dwindled
In a twist of fate
They enabled at my gate
Wishing me dead
For good in my bed
But God their wish refused
As their apprehension and consternation fused
Arms rising aloft
My heart grew soft
At the gate of Heaven
Where at the count of seven
The book of life opened
And their last chance they spurned
A taste on the crest of defeat
Biting and smiting their feet
Woke me up
And my victory flowed from the crucifix cup.

When Mystery & History Ride With Pride

When mystery and history collide
In a heart too tired to care
Time and mime slide
To retrieve a heart from fantasy fanfare.

When justice and joy jostle
In a heart that kisses too much strain
In a soft centre muscle
It's for the heart to enjoy a little rain.

When love and loneliness listen
For sibilant sounds in a heart
That seeks to hasten and fasten amen
To virtuous vows it's time for love to restart.

When decision and debate derange
Order and demand arbitration
To fly to a love range though it's seems strange
Review the purview of matrimonial ministrations and registration.

John Sensele

When Progress Regresses

Matters little when life like a lifeless leaf in the wind trembles
Surging forth, seeking serenity, summoning common sense
In quarters cut off from conversation and creative communication mumbles
As couples lost in the mendacity miasma boast and coast in notoriety nonsense.

Matters less when fickle fantasy like a nightmare numbs
Reason imprisoned in a zone unzipped from progress
In circumstances and instances that indifference hums
As couples cooped and hooked on catastrophe create chaos and retrogress.

Matters more when sense and its essence like transformers matrimony
transfigure
Sanity, supporting insanity and inanity as egos soar to the fore
In debates fed on acrimony and the prospect of an alimony figure
Lures and miscues clues that hurt the matrimony core on its floor.

Matters little when fuss like spittle fumbles and grumbles
Assuming pantagruelian proportions and portions in misnamed missions
Built on the back of vanity whose futility fumbles and crumbles
When prospects of separation and alienation fuel and fly freak, frenzy frictions.

John Sensele

When Slaves Consulted A Sage

When slaves sought services of a sage
He implored them to upgrade their mental balance
To gain an increase in their wage.

It came as a surprise to read a message
From slaves that undermined solace
When slaves sought services of a sage.

Slaves took advantage of the passage
Of time and retrieved the royal mace
To gain an increase in their wage.

With the onset of the internet age
Knowledge dissemination seeped into every space
When slaves sought services of a sage.

Slaves made up their minds to turn the page
Start afresh and tie every loose lace
To gain an increase in their wage.

When nonsense spat its rage
Slaves hid and slid in the royal palace
When slaves sought services of a sage
To gain an increase in their wage.

John Sensele

When Tender Tears Flow Fast

Break the neck of a snake
Whose forked tongue locks stocks of vicious venom
So potent, pernicious, pervasive the poison makes no mistake
When it penetrates, pulverizes, punishes people at random

Ticking off any target it gets a chance
To smite, sight, fight, bite
Without mercy, with ecstasy as its lance
Sticks its kiss of Nemesis on the white

Fresh flesh and mesh of its victim
From whom it switches off the breath
Life breathes in and out leaving a weave of wailing to a team
Relatives constitutes with adjectives that diss faith

As a cold cadaver no longer maneuvers
Streets, wits and tweets lamenting its last
Torment in an unloving world whose louvers
Close its casket for the tenth time when tears flow fast.

John Sensele

When The Dumb Speak, The Deaf Hear

Adhere not to fear but to a clear vision
Demote machinations, promote positive powers
Shunt aside maneuvers of division
At all times, ensure value from critical hours.

Demote machinations, promote positive powers
Ascend to higher societal rungs
At all times, ensure value from critical hours
If necessary, ignore the snore of toxic tongues.

Ascend to higher societal rungs
Play your part to raise the poor's quality of life
If necessary, ignore the snore of toxic tongues
At all costs, frustrate moves that catalyse rife strife.

Play your part to raise the poor's quality of life
Enable widows, orphans to carve a place under the sun
At all costs, frustrate moves that catalyse rife strife
Rely on the power and the flower of a bun.

Enable widows, orphans to carve a place under the sun
Shunt aside maneuvers of division
Rely on the power and the flower of a bun
Adhere not to fear but to a clear vision.

John Sensele

When Thoughts Wander

When tides rise and fall and tears roll
Because the apple of the eye fled
Leaving a forlorn heart screaming in a shopping mall
It's time to put dejection sentiments to bed.

When thoughts of self destruction come to the fore
To cast a dark pall on a serene scene
Bathed in suits and outfit that can't bore
Any caring soul, it's time to keep matters lean and clean.

When loneliness becomes the only friend
Who understands and cleans up sands
Beneath the heartbroken's feet and sets a trend
Steeped in positivity, it's time to recruit new bands.

When night falls too soon and the moon
Runs away from skies populated by stars
That sing and shine so bright, it's a boon
To behold and time to repair traces of romantic scars.

John Sensele

When To My Dismay

When, to my horror, in a vicious voice
I utter expletives and invectives that sear like a sword
Lexicons I'd rather I didn't unleash to loosen my choice
It's time strategy, effigy and energy trekked back to my drawing board.

When, to my detriment, I endeavour to take sides
Pitting one political presidential candidate against a mollified mother
In a campaign teeming with charred chides and randy rides
It's time I commenced to pull myself together.

When, to my consternation, lust takes the better of me
I embrace a lifestyle beyond the pale from which I stand to lose
Because confusion, illusion and delusion just won't let me be
It's time I ditched crews and shoes of booze.

When, to my dismay, a starry-eyed lass crosses my path
With salacious seductions and coquettish verbiage
To induce me to lower my sluice into a quagmire bath
It's time I acted my age without any rage.

John Sensele

When Tyres Of Love Expire

When tyres of love expire and fail to inspire
When a partner's worth dwindles to zero
When familiarity ignites a contempt pyre
It's time to move on and become a hero.

When a lover's roving eyes spy a secret admirer
When a momma's meals don't taste good no more
When a matrimonial bed in a lover's mirror
Shrinks into a haystack, it's time to revisit folklore.

When momma's curves and nerves irritate
When poppa's pot belly and snores strike a raw nerve
When momma and poppa of late fail to meditate and hesitate
To love each other, it's time for divorce to swerve.

When your beau gets on your nerves at a watering hole
When your hubby no longer fends for the family
When your boyfriend glues his romping eyes on a striptease pole
Don't stab him, don't shoot him; move on and listen to a reconciliation homily.

John Sensele

When Walls Weaken

When walls around your world seem to collapse
Call on God to make a way
Through the clouds and the lateral lapse
That prides itself in preventing you to pray.

When your mind gets into a muddle
Let Jesus guide your decision
Instead of paddling through the puddle
That emphasizes your confusion imprecision.

When at a loss as to where to go
Wandering in strange place who to contact
Where to lay down your head and, just press the right button to undergo
A life changing experience from Jesus filled with fact and tact.

When you jump into the deep end of life's swimming pool
Feeling like your swimming skills fall short
Puck up courage and by horns seize the bull
That prevents you from receiving the Jesus right report.

John Sensele

When Wisdom Wanes

Down with gowns of towns
That frown upon mounds and sounds of poverty
Pounding grounds where a pauper downs
Brown braces, faces and laces which disown the dawn of the negritude novelty

Paupers and dropouts embrace to tout
Joust and oust doubts cast on the past where blasting bullies
Created confinement to the firmament of gout
Paupers and freedom fronds alongside coolies

Threw away fearing conscripted crews rude
In character would unleash a cataract plague
On paupers who brewed and viewed a crude
Cocktail whose pail, sail and tail though vague

Would attract retribution if suspected
Of conniving with covid nineteen at thirteen
To infect minorities whose priorities respected
World Health Organisation protocols at ten fifteen

When paupers defiant of coppers
Would sing songs of freedom
Although they didn't pretend to be chart toppers
In beauties, cities and duties so oblivious of wisdom.

John Sensele

When You Cry And Sigh

Have you forgotten how much they despise you
In their minds your welfare comes last in the queue
Illusion to dream to them you matter
Delusion you'd better from your mind scatter

Before more disappointments on your doorstep land
Wasted effort in the fort where you excite your gland
Dreaming an iota of care they show
Cos priority is for their glory to glow

Whether you live or die matters little
To them you're no more than the spittle
Emerging and surging from your mouth
As your stomach groans when you sail South

Far away, far away from their mind
Your plea and gleeturn them blind
As long as the sun on them smiles
When you cry and sigh for miles and miles.

John Sensele

When, What, Where, Why & How

When frustration dares to shake your resolve
Collect your thoughts, pause for a moment
To chart a better course to solve
Issues and challenges at the heart of your torment.

When confusion clouds your horizon
Pull yourself together lest you should worsen matters
By throwing tantrums, uttering regrettable nonsense in the zone
Where common sense ought to clear confusion clutters.

When temper flares and at you she glares
Stop to weigh best options
To maintain a calm temperature until she cares
To stumbles upon a plethora of optimal solutions.

When anger takes over your thought processes
Play music, write poetry or go for a walk
To prevent you and your partner from making pesky faces
When it's sensible for you to talk.

John Sensele

Where Are You

Where are you, my bouncy bride, that you hide
From me lips I long to kiss one more time
As you and I entwine to boost my pride
Crushed, smashed and bashed in a climb.

Where are you, Belle my darling, come to me
To meet, tweet beats that warm my heart tonight
As breath brushes breath, my chest crushes thee
In a trance embrace as I hold you tight.

Where are you, Hazel my jewel, where are you
Cos I can't stand no more your absence;
I need you now more than I thought I knew
How much I'd miss senses of your presence.

Love disarms arms on farms of the strong
To pound grounds of lovers who think it wrong.

John Sensele

Where Art Thou Priority Prevalence?

The synergy of a significant start
The energy of a cogent culture
The prodigy of a mundane mart
Deal a body blow to a sorrow suture.

The arrival of a primeval premise
The survival of a seminal supply
The revival of a solid sacrifice
Signify the surrender of a pesky pie.

The competence of a cardinal cadence
The absence of a holiday heartbreak
The excellence of a robust reverence
Conflate the rapture of a worrisome wreck.

The pleasure of a laudable love
The leisure of an affable appreciation
The measure of motility on wings of a dance dove
Denote the strategy for advancing the April affection

In the context of building bridges
Pulling a lost lover from a tentative tryst
Assuaging guilt in the texture of poverty porridges
To avail laconic lovers opportunities to reassess virtues of the cohabitation catalyst.

John Sensele

Where No Longer Lives Dope

Emotions in motion
Carry and hurry commotion
Imbued with an option devoid of the devotion

Immersed in the verse
Although terse
Propel the potential purse

Releasing pieces of peace
In tandem with the bliss
Circulating and ululating in a kiss

Crying and dying to reconcile
Options at odds with the docile
Ambience and sapience not so facile

Paves averse and obverse avenues with ingredients
Assembled to engineer gradients
That narrow gaps among sparrow clients

Ensuring opinions hitherto teeming with difference
Edge closer to the influence circumference
Where clients pliant and compliant attend a conference

To catalyze harmony
To minimize parsimony
In the face of the testimony

Achieved at the cost
Personalities bear and wear as they toast
Peace beyond the coast

Of differences squarely faced
Properly addressed, assessed, placed and blessed
In the right tone laced

With the bigger picture in mind
To wind up conflicts and find
Solutions and negotiate the blind

Corner to reach out
To melt belts of clout
To diminish the myth of doubt
To protect investment projects
To shape into an art form peace objects
To cast aside simplistic subjects

Salute humility
Solidify nobility
Sanctify ability

Shake hands
Forsake belligerent bands
Stake cynicism stands

Paint hope
Pray on the slope
Where no longer lives dope.

John Sensele

Whether She Wears Me To Our Wedding

Whether she ignores my manifesto
Responds like ice despite my sacrifice
Tenses up with gusto
No more will her spice bother me thrice.

Whether her investment pays off
Dwindles into nothingness
Disburses for the poor a bread loaf
It matters if she tethers teams into togetherness.

Whether she receives her fair share
Of the love she deserves
As a matter of total care
It matters if love for humanity she preserves, reserves and serves.

Whether her love gets love in return
Matters far less than her sacrifice
To ensure her love she doesn't burn
In case sweet sentiments don't suffice.

Whether she wears me to our wedding
Warms my heart
Although we can't afford extravagant spending
It matters if we give our home a stable start.

Whether we crack chicken bones
To delect gourmets
To fanfare and pomp tones
It matters if we recognise and reward our valets.

John Sensele

Whip Weakness Into Wellness, Africa

Wake up, Africa! Rise from your slumber
Rise, Africa and serve your children
Who for too long on them poverty you lumber
Time to shine, time to bless your brethren.

Wake up, Africa! Stop sleepwalking
Awaken your potential, tap to the maximum your potential
Which for long has served a cantankerous king
Time to shine, time to cultivate your credential.

Wake up, Africa! Arise, Africa, arise
Arise, Africa and exploit your fauna and flora
Which for too long you've hidden from their sunrise
Time to shine and shimmer at fabulous fora.

Wake up, Africa! Africa, lead the way
Lead the way to your happiness and greatness
Which for too long has held no sway
Time to shine, time to whip your weakness into wellness.

John Sensele

Why Art Thou Mad

Love is a crested beast that spurns a feast
When on its ornated China plate lands the gist
Intended to gladden circumstances and tingle
Hearts that mingle and single out the spindle
That unleashes normal feelings which somehow
Tame courage and claim a deluge of emotions that might cow
A serene palaver and metamorphoses a romantic
Setting when seen in the context of a platonic
Affair sampled and pampered with no idea
That procrastination and obstination aren't no panacea
To an avalanche that propels love to blossom
Whether approval or disapproval tweets the lonesome
Who desires to lead a normal romantic life
Undisturbed and unfettered cos lovers deserve no strife.

John Sensele

Why Die So Young, Why Die So Innocent In Classrooms

Narratives of students shot in cold blood
Not on a shooting range
Draw a mass media headline flood
Background check seems a request strange

To diehard hearts hooked to the dollar
From a gun lobby kitty
Whose grip on petrified leadership as though in a kraal
Where they plead not guilty

Turning eyes the other side
Mouthing unmeant condolences
Snide pride to deride
Demands for action that advances

A search for a permanent solution
To the systemic slaughter
Repeated, replayed in lugubrious fashion
Without on petrified mouths laughter

As innocent boys and girls scamper for cover
Under lethal fire
Parents struggling to discover
In ire

If Maggie made it to safety
If Jack hid under a desk
If security agents on duty
Passersby and onlookers they frisk

Asking why students ought to die so young
In their classrooms
As though their lives were dung
Treated with scanty respect like cannon fodder grooms

Doomed in gloom to die
At the hands of loose guns

In the most powerful nation that lives a lie

Showing ineptitude

To resolve student mass murders

As a gun lobby habitude with a tongue in cheek attitude

Whose attention is glued to gun backorders

In paradoxical attitude at a somber latitude.

John Sensele

Why Poetry Cries

On a poetry pedestal
Your works stood tall
Remembering you didn't toil in vain
When increasingly you drank your rain

To soothe the pain you felt
In August when your knees knelt
In gratitude for the inspiration
That extracted from your soul perspiration

Enjoining you to persevere
Although their hearts idols did revere
Flogging flowers you grew
At the time you caressed your crew who from you inspiration drew

To unite creativity and flair
Synergizing to repair the care
That cringed in fear
When from poetry they extracted a tear

That fell when hope seemed to die
As fabrics of poetry they began to tie
In bundles of rubbish
They began to publish in a noxious niche

Cutting short your breath
In the morning they crucified faith
Proclaiming poetry lies
Roasting rhymes and flies

Unless prose proves its worth
Dressing thoughts in a firth
They couldn't play
In a dodgy display

Where poetry couldn't fit
When they amputated her feet
To minimize her influence
Where Zambezi and Luangwa rivers fraternize a confluence.

John Sensele

Why Should I Dare To Ask

Why should I dare my flask to ask
If I should apply or cry for a task?
Life rides on the side of initiative
Pressed from deep within my relative prerogative.

Why should I care to wear
Translucent thoughts, plans and bear
Excess baggage in a global village wattage
That writes off bites and kites of pillage and pilferage.

Why should I give peskiness and pettiness room?
Brooms and grooms guaranteed to gloom
Tremble and resemble wastage when a sage
Mingles and dangles at a puny page on a sad stage.

Why should I strain my brain
With wages and pledges too small to rain
To cauterize, to analyse, to synthesize sorrow today or tomorrow
When reason refuses vanity and inanity to borrow.

John Sensele

Why We Sigh When We Lie

Tell me not, in sanguine slang
Humility counts for nothing
Blown cold, grown old on the whims of the tongue
Reminding us not to belittle and pour spittle on everything

Etiquette dry-cleans in tact
We pack in stacks of esteem
We inject in elevating contact
With the least of souls in the team

We strive to build and shield
From vagaries of attitude
That distills the yield in the field
Where we retrieve deserved latitude from the gratitude

We source from respect resources in our discourse
With the interlocutor
Into whom we run away from the golf course
Where we drop the mantle of a pompous prosecutor.

John Sensele

Why Worry

While in your life the going gets gangrenous
Maintain your mental menu
To prevent a precipitation preposterous
That in the main mustn't continue anew.

While in your life unbelief undermines unison
Remain resolute and strengthen sainthood
Contrary to reasons for reason
To prop up a falsehood for good in a mischievous mood.

While in your life lust liquidates loyalty
Cut off creatures that condone cranky conventions
Meant to mollify, mummify madness and defend disloyalty
By boosting and burnishing inane inventions.

While in your life insanity and immaturity indicate inanity and iniquity
Seek solace and succour from someone
Who cares and creates quality compatibility
Through love and loyalty wonderfully and wondrously won.

John Sensele

Wicked Whims

A tear tumbles down
If I don't quit cavorting on the fringe
Where failures my efforts drown
When I persist in drowning sorrows in a binge

Placing my fate into hands of humans
Whom I glorify
To place on a pedestal man's
Limited strength which prayers mollify

When pushed to wrong limits
Hugging dust
Hiding in permits
Faith doesn't trust

Especially when cultism
Grows to extremes
Promoting occultism
Which yields nothing from wicked whims

Pushing me into despair
From which I won't emerge
Unless relationship with God I repair
As faith and belief urge.

John Sensele

Widow Under Vulture Fire And Ire

Circling and spying over aching heads
Vultures swoon and pick the flesh
Spotted from sunken skies on beds
Where distended bellies in a crèche

Bellies moan and groan
Under attack by bebies of vultures
Mourn
Lost sanity cultures

Hitherto quiet
Tranquil
On a diet
Administered with gusto on a quill

That strafing vultures who snatch a widow's
Car, house, kitchen utensils
Cash at the bank, a photograph on her bedroom's door
Pencils and stencils

Asking the widow why English dominated discourse
In her home when they visited from the village
Where three-course
Meals knew a siege

That vultures accused the widow
Of instigating by remote control
In every clean window
In their deceased brother's bedroom played a role

In his demise
Vultures accused the widow of engineering
In the prize
The widow extracted from the sneering

The widow's nose in her attitude
Reflected
In the ingratitude
Deflected

From their generosity
Which in the vultures' considered view
Existed not in their brother's home in the city
Vultures dreaded to visit because they knew

Not how the widow cruel
In demeanour
Filled with in her fuel
Of misdemeanor

Would deny vultures morsels of beef
Tea with rancid bread
Served with a stiff
Attitude ahead

Of a plethora of scorn
Heaped on vultures with a haughty gait
As the widow with her penchant for porn
An ingrained trait

In her faulty figure
Would inflict
On vultures with snigger
In every ounce of contempt the widow inserted in her relish for conflict.

John Sensele

Widows And Orphans

Mud brick walls crumble
Widows and orphans stranded
Poverty strangles.

John Sensele

Wild Whims

Wild whims wander
Wild whims yield yarns of trivia
That delight neither gender nor silver spender
Nor do the yarns excite Sylvia.

Wild whims whip up emotions
Wild whims yield yarns of bother
That propel negative actions
As they sow discord for one another.

Wild whims worry a sage
Wild whims mess up best laid plans
That specify details on the page
Which indicates cognitive cargo, affective arts and their vans.

Wild whims waver
Wilds whims withhold favours
Meant to move the lever
To dispensers of rewards for exquisite endeavours.

John Sensele

Wings Of Woes & Wars

Wings of woes and wars wading away
Warm the heart
For so long held captive pray
For freedom in a kingdom soon to dispense a tasty tart.

Wings of woes and wars walking into oblivion
Warm the mind
That held a strong opinion
On the blight and plight of the blind.

Wings of woes and wars waging wars in vain
Warm eyes
That no longer could bear the strain
That applauds and lauds ludicrous lies.

Wings of woes and wars whistling aloud
Warm windows of opportunity
That open when a corky cloud
Cringes from confronting dignity and unity.

John Sensele

Winter Cold

Kids can't attend school
Mom can't pay fees or buy fast food
Winter cold freezes.

John Sensele

Winter Cold Blizzard

In the long run, words I use matter
If I desire to strengthen contacts
Which need at least an FB message or a letter
That whispers from my heart affection facts.

In the long run, I loathe love triangles
That players take for granted
As in their hearts cheating dangles
Carrots in the thin line between being hated and wanted.

In the long run, fidelity nourishes affection
That lovebirds profess to feel for each other
In words, in thoughts and in action
That proves lovers for each other do care and bother.

In the long run, I feel trust
Doesn't land on a silver platter
Otherwise relationships go bust
Like an ice cold blizzard in Winter.

John Sensele

Winter Dagger

A Summer night kiss
Winter blues brandish dagger
Dumps soon ensue.

John Sensele

Wintry Whims

Pawns in a doom dawn□
Playing a zero sum game
Scoring too low for zero on a lampoon lawn
Boiling, coiling, moiling and toiling for a corny claim

Dreaming they'd climbed Mount Everest
Only to bump and thump the horrors of Hades
Where reality and duality claim the imprest
Buffoons and their cartoons doodle on the Devil's dreads

Where they collapse
Dreaming of a cognitive career on a catwalk
Curtail cognitive content from the synapse
That won't accommodate whimpering walk and talk

Bereft of substance
Long on solecism
But wealthy on the sarcasm stance
Engulfed in cynicism

Fed on fallacies
Decorated at great cost
Wobbles on dialectical delicacies
That reality won't toast

Given damning debaseness
Pawns in their dramatic desires
Brandish and furnish with the doggedness
That perspires and misfires

When reality discriminates
Between doers and dreamers
Whom a master mind incriminates
On sophism streamers

Where reality check
Bangs its gavel
Pronouncing a peck
On a betrayal beach flies on the nuisance navel

Earning no Nobel Prize
For the notoriety
Multiplying in size
Subtracting and serrating in moderation and variety

Wins no opportune ovation
By squeezing between Charybdis and Scylla
Implementing a rupture rotation
Reality declares ratifies rubella

When the audience longs for sobriety
In thought, plan and action
Pummels pixels which paint improprieties
Society dumps into dustbins of inane inaction

Which nourish and refurbish death
Starves rewards for innovation
On the coast of fidelity faith
Dishes out draconian decrees to pre-empt sentimental self preservation

Flying on the altitude of dinosaurs
Depriving the new millennium
Of opportunities to satirize sores
That shrink the hippocampus in the cranium

When with open eyes
Dreamers jump on the bandwagon
Strewn in sties and sophist skies
Wake up to realize their opportunity is for good foregone.

John Sensele

Wipe Away Traces Of Rancour

Wipe your tears, my son
For sorrow despite being hollow
Can't spring from the can
Where its envy won't steal your halo.

Wipe your slate clean, my son
The way you've erased past failures and discomfitures
To pave the way for bright rays of the sun
That promote and votes for congenial cultures.

Wipe away traces of rancour, my daughter
For the purpose of your life lies deeper
Than crumbs and pittances that flatter
Tongues and lips of a leper.

Wipe off seeds of diffidence, mom
Saunter with measured aplomb
Towards a warm welcome
That awaits you in a love-filled home.

John Sensele

Wipe Off Tears

Wipe off tears
Step into a fabulous future
Where God banishes fears
To plunge you into a blissful culture.

Wipe away a past tinged with regrets
Heaped upon you by minds gone bonkers
On account of occult secrets
In a setting that love conquers.

Wipe clean
Slates with scribbles of woe
Bludgeoned mean
By corny toes from feet of foes.

Wipe away escapades
That plunged your destiny
Into sickle serenades and pickle parades
Catalyzed by the elder Pliny in botany.

John Sensele

Wisdom Of A Sage

Manage each page of your life with the wisdom of a sage
Lest rife strife strikes bikes in your life in one sweep
Grown with rare tare to convulse the pulse of your age
Thrown to the dogs in bogs that at night creep and weep.

Manage each second in your life as if each bond you spurn
Could reckon how many conmen you've rescued
From rats trapped in deep recesses of faces that won't burn
No matter how many times crimes in their lives stewed.

Manage each kiss in your life with ripe appreciation
Lest osculators should modulate intimacies and caresses
They dot on you when dot your I's and cross your T's in adulation
Broken only by whispers spoken softening your senses.

Manage each opportunity in your life as if divinities
On you poured stores of gold ores threefold
To lift scales from your roving eyes in swift infinities
Calculated and inoculated with wisdom fourfold.

John Sensele

Wisdom Wanted

In and out of controversy
Flies my big mouth
Knowing not limits of the mercy
Hanging on a thread treading South.

When verbal diarrhea catches a bug
I skate where angels won't stick out their necks
Celebrating infamy mad blood pours into the mug
I brandish with a flourish in puzzling pecks.

Wishing for a moment I could cage sanity
When into my mouth I stick my foot
Revealing a penchant for the vanity
That eats and defeats my reasoning root.

Would be great if I could pause to think
Why I hasten to flaunt the folly
I sip with gusto in my drivel drink
When my hypocrisy shouts 'golly'.

John Sensele

Wishes & Whims

I wish I could bear the pain
That messes up your normal routines
Queers your sleep and imposes strain
On your mornings and pricks your body like a thousand pins.

I wish God would allow me
To be there for you twenty four seven
To warm you, lighten up your mood and make you see
How much I love you so much I could fly you to a happiness haven.

I wish we could embrace
Hermetically like a phone and its optimal simcard
Diffuse warmth, breath and face
Every challenge together to each other pay due regard.

I wish reality and dreams could merge
For streams of whims to come true
As together forward we surge
To each other cling like glue.

John Sensele

Wishes And Whims Wither

Delight to me you didn't bring
To flowers and hours you fastened string
To my needs you paid avarice attention in Spring.

Traces of distress you stressed on my face
In your hands, you held avarice ace
Gridlock you inserted into place.

Sluggishly you did move
Your chances and dances couldn't improve
You poured lukewarm light into my gregarious groove.

Once or twice, I ask
Why love belaboured a tender task
If only delight could frolick into my fantasy flask.

Sometimes, wishes and whims wither
As long as you dither
I couldn't care less either.

Why should I lose sweet sleep
If you fantasize fruitless rides in your jeep
Such time truncation I can't afford to keep.

Leave me alone
I ain't no clone in your zone
Although with you I break a bone.

Sail away from my life
Your company calls too much strife
No more games to gallop on my fad fife.

Goodbye fantasy
Welcome enchanting ecstasy
For my heart longs for bliss on a sentimental sea.

John Sensele

Wishes Of Windows Of Opportunity

Windows of opportunity wield wisdom
To knock at your door
To invite you to care kingdom
Unless you choose to freak out on your fragile floor.

Windows of opportunity wade in wondrous waters
To pour blessings into your brain
To advise you on many matters
Unless you choose to trek on a trivia train.

Windows of opportunity whisper wise words
To open your mind
To stream in your songs of bliss birds
Unless you choose to grow both blind and unkind.

Windows of opportunity wave wonders
To bless your life
To protect you from your blunders
Unless you choose to harass and embarrass your wife.

John Sensele

Wishing My World Well

If I could taunt tyrants
I'd grab wealth stashed in Swiss vaults
And share it among street kids and vagrants
On whom beleaguered leaders depend for votes.

If I could remake Africa
I'd clear cronyism
Dispatching despots to Guantanamo bay in Central America
Scourging ostentatious consumerism.

If I could wave a magic wand
I'd erect nuclear plants
Taking a serious stand
To eradicate populist slants.

If I could innovate means
To convert Mukula timber into gun butts
There would be no more scenes
Reeking of poverty in a million huts.

John Sensele

With God's Help We Cope

No problem can kill our hope
No challenge to singe our faith slope
Where God enables us to cope

Whether on foot, on train or bus
We can't afford to fuss
Because God pours graces on us

Yesterday, today and tomorrow
Neither sorrow in our row
No tantrums for us to throw

No time to cry
Nothing goes awry
No superstition to try

Everyday brings a salvation ray
On our knees we bend to pray
We can't afford to go astray

Our faith unshaken
Our resolve unbroken
We're never mistaken.

John Sensele

Within An Ace Of Expiry

This hour dwindling to a halt
In crevices and services of my fault
Precipitating a crisis I detest
In seasons without reasons I contest

Sinks my morale to a new low
I hasten to avoid when its blow
Sends me crashing to the canvas
Where groggy knees en mass

Despite my plea to the hour
Increases at high speed its power
Which administers the coup de grace
As I creep in a carpet of grass

Breathless, panting
Restless, hunting
For a hole in the floor
To swallow me near death's door.

John Sensele

Within Confines Of My Mind

Within confines of my mind, I am a king
Ruling over a motley of thoughts and feelings
From being a billionaire to being a boxing champion in a ring
Where I dispatch opponents one by one to enjoy my leisure evenings.

Within confines of my mind, I lock away a world so cold
It gives me creepy cravings to shut out pretenders and offenders
Who turn my world blue as foes and their corny toes withhold
The warmth and love I deserve. What the heck, get lost, loss lenders.

Within confines of my mind, I can play any role
Slave, queen, knave, dean, hubby, bimbo plus a lot more
To blow my own trumpet if no one does and if no parole
Is forthcoming to cut short my prison period and grant me gregariousness
galore.

Within confines of my mind, I dismiss politicians
Captains of industry, street walkers, double dealers
Quid subtractors, peace of mind wreckers and Venetians
Whose Gondola rides remind me in a funny way of Xmas travellers.

John Sensele

Within Me Bones, Loans & Tones

Within me bones, loans and tones of fatigue
Cry, sigh and freak out at the sight and might of a demagogue
Whose hues and views on global matters defy codified logic
Insisting and persisting in waving a grave wand of magic so tragic.

Within my bones, loans and tones of a fatal battle
Rages on and ravages of age simmer a scandal
Which my stronger anger fights plights of days and nights
Calenders of lenders and vendors count and discount in their midnight flights and
blight sights.

With me bones, loans and tones dare pairs of juxtaposed gestures
To defy spies whose pies bereft of leftover dressings sing blues features
For brokenhearted hippies and gypsies whose skills steal
Shows and throws out screws which squandered event sequences at a
hypermarket bill.

Within me bones, loans and tones of severed sentiments
Bleed in reeds and mumbo jumbo bamboos by banks of a rivulet with floral
ornaments
In the wake of a fake engagement ring and bling a lass
Cast away as she blasted her last aghast boyfriend who's beneath her type, hype
and mass class.

John Sensele

Within The Comfort Of Your Own Skin

Within the comfort of your own skin, break through barriers
Thrown into your trajectory as you reach out
For prizes and handsome dividends which harriers
Can't stop or delay without a single doubt.

Within the comfort of your own skin, saunter forward
With determination to accomplish missions
Set forth in the book of life to award
You honours and silverware without any temporal or tragic-comic injunctions.

Within the comfort of your own skin, shunt aside fads
Shift into a higher gear
As the target on your radar flashes ads
Intended as smokescreens when you to catch your prey from the rear.

Within the comfort of your own skin, match the best uppercut
An opponent launches to catch your chin
Which you swerve aside as you refuse to be the butt
Of jokes whose fun has worn thin.

John Sensele

Without Whims In My World

I never hear the word 'love'
Without a rush of brazen blood in my bosom,
An expectation of a dizzy dove
That plunges my heart into platonic prison.

I never hear the word 'bliss'
Without a whirl of whims
An expectation of limpid lips to kiss
In Hispanic haste a lady's daze dreams.

I never hear the word 'politician'
Without a tinge of suspicion
An expectation of a tactician
Who smears somnolence on my mind for a lesson.

I never the word 'baby'
Without a connotation of innocence
An expectation of a fantasy freebie
That lampoons little ladies' laughter licence.

John Sensele

Wobbling Wing

Please seize the moment
That plants torment
Sown
And torn and grown since you were born.

Please increase size
Opportunity occupies on the rise
To ensure pure
Endurance and excellence grow in a romantic tour.

Please freeze
Occasions whose reasons
Cast doubt on a phrase
That in poems promotes poisons.

Please clear fear sleaze
As soon as moon crooners sing
A tune whose boon cartoon craze
Confuse fuses without a wobbling wing.

John Sensele

Woe To The Lust Nemesis

Woe to you Lust

Nemesis of men whose conscience you manipulate and ensnare

Reducing their pituitary gland to impotent dust

Singing their future and dignity with no iota of care

To plunge King David to his downfall

Steal from King Solomon wisdom

Hurling mighty Samson into a spectacular free fall

And modern midgets you ensnare in Sodom

Bereft of the moral compass

Drifting in the wind like a vagabond

Who at the slightest glance at a skirt the fallen midget makes a pass

As from matrimonial home besotted midgets abscond

Squandering family jewel

Splurging to delight jezebels

With purloined family crown

Which in pitiful submission fools at the sound of Hell's bells

Turn into automatons

You manipulate pulling strings left

Then right as the fallen midgets give up bliss batons

To sink into your theft cleft

Where midgets rot wondering how they came

To Charybdis and Scylla

Filled with shame and blame to their disgraced name in a sordid game

Where they emerge thinner and taller

In sin standards

Where their cubits and fathoms pale into insignificance

As bliss bards

Wave them away to self incriminate at the tomb of impertinence.

John Sensele

Woes In Wombs

Barren women in the arena of Sylvia Plath
Weep for a baby
To bless their progenital path
With a lilting lullaby

Sung at night
Rocking baby in maternal arms
Imbued with love delight
In urban hamlets or on farms

Where baby comforts mum
Worn out by house chores
Despite nibbling a plum
On maternal shores

With fonder love
Mum derives from nurturing
Baby on wings of the dove
That needs no external culturing

As mum and baby bond
Despite pains the childless
Suffer from the infertility vagabond
Who certain wombs refuses to bless

And who robs childless women of joy
When scorn and sarcasm on them rain
As detractors and subtractors enjoy
Heightening the strain

Barren women bear
At home and in society
Where they dare
To walk tall with piety

They deserve
With or without children
In tone or in reserve
Along soothing words and hugs from brethren.

John Sensele

Woes On Troubled Toes

Humankind hurtles along
Groping for a way out from caverns of shame
Where humankind drunk on wines of wrong
Wanders without aim, name or credible claim.

Humankind loses her way
Dissecting the human race into soporific slices
Bereft of reason to say sorry, to pray
Hikes under illusion and illusion influences sullied spices.

Humanity shares red blood
In America, Oceania, Asia, Africa and Europe
Regardless of the religion or region where a futility flood
Flows, blows or grows sliding and gliding on a somnolent slope bereft of hope.

Humanity on a collision course with perdition
Stresses fractious factors, tones down fruitful factors
In spectacles lost in a risible rendition
Promoted with pomp by injustice imitators and arid actors.

John Sensele

Wolves, Quit Kissing Craven Crackpots

Wolves, don't attend church services to search
For opportunities at dawn and at night
To conduct ducts that breach
Sanctity and dignity of worship for the delight

Lucifer loves as wolves
Cast aghast looks about to seduce
Wives in hives and shelves
In which wolves reduce

Worship to a ship that covets
Moms, aunties, daughters and nieces
Whose presence in God's temple vets
Nefarious nonchalance and its perverted pieces

That delve into the occult
As wolves worm their way
Towards creating a cult
In which many members might go astray whom wolves waylay.

John Sensele

Women

Women

Loving, caring

Wonderful, graceful, beautiful

Mothers, daughters, wives, concubines

Feminine

John Sensele

Women Of Substance

Women of substance sink no lance in anyone's back
Women of substance in every circumstance portray the truth
Women of substance their don't hack
Women of substance loathe folks that veer towards the uncouth.

Women of substance tell the story of their lives in one version
Women of substance walk the narrow and straight path
Women of substance obey their conscience in every decision
Women of substance don't dislike Math.

Women of substance live by their very word
Women of substance don't public and secret lives
Women of substance when it matters demand to be heard
Women of substance sometimes cut tomatoes and onions with knives.

Women of substance honor promises and vows
Women of substance loathe forked tongues
Women of substance in their kraal nurture cows
Women of substance in their tubs use synthetic bungs.

Women of substance by lifestyles build a rising reputation
Women of substance advance boundaries of clean relationships
Women of substance promote conciliation and reconciliation
Women of substance don't jump on relationship sinking ships.

Women of substance don't divert from their professed venues
Women of substance don't play the field
Women of substance don't attract sleazy news
Women of substance to their men are a blessed shield.

John Sensele

Women's Masochism Penchant

The mind boggles why a woman attracts pests
Who treats her like disposable a toy
In whom a player invests
Chagrin and migraine as a favourite ploy.

The mind boggles why woman embrace masochism
Which hurts their very core
As though pain revitalizes their stoicism
At the detriment a good man women labels a bungling bore.

The mind boggles why women persist in falling prey
For the umpteenth time to packs of lies
Uttered with no shades of grey
Until a naïve woman of heartbreak sighs and cries.

The mind boggles why a woman's mind
So lucid in owning a sixth sense
Without cogent reason goes so blind
Such that a woman melts to zero her last line of romantic defence.

The mind boggles why women's propensity for self harm
Draws them like a prey into a spider's trap
For a predator to devour them like ham
With neither egregious epitaph nor last Pentecostal rap.

The mind boggles why women's power
Deserts women when hypnosis
Disarms an erstwhile fearless flower
Who opts to assert her own capitulation prognosis.

John Sensele

Wondering And Seething In A Sea Of Wrath

Staring at the hospital bed
At Anne, my mum, lying motionless
I shook my head
Wondering, speechless

Why this precious soul, assailed by a severe stroke
Should bear an unfair burden
Between a hard life and a granite rock by the clock
I felt my heart harden

Asking God why such a lot
Anne should stare
Was it a plot
Anne could wear everywhere

Seventy five years, twenty four seven and counting
I asked
Anger in my bosom mounting
My mind tasked

To wonder, wonder and wonder
If pilgrimage on Earth could reduce my dotting mum
To an incapacitated invalid yonder
My capacity to grow glum and numb

In circumstances that rendered me helpless
Unable to offer succor in her hospital harbour
Beyond pleading, beseeching God for less
Trauma bereft of rancor

I knelt down and prayed
For Anne who forty eight hours earlier asked for John
As on that loveless bed, Anne, lay dismayed, disarrayed, frayed
Knowing not how I dissolved in my zone in my every bone.

John Sensele

Wondrous Wine

Don't unfasten our flowchart
When our avid arms entwine
Each of us playing more than a platonic part
Our love we grow into an art
We sip in each glass of wondrous wine
Don't unfasten our flowchart
From each other let's not grow apart
As long as our hearts for each other pine
Each of us playing more than a platonic part
When in love we grow more smart
In each other's arms love we redefine
Don't unfasten our flowchart
When sweet nothings we whisper heart-to-heart
To dustbins of love heartaches we consign
Each of us playing more than a platonic part
While our limpid love flies to Stuttgart
Where under no circumstances our feelings repine
Don't unfasten our flowchart
Each of us playing more than a platonic part.

John Sensele

Wondrous Women

Fools and their droll wool block love from wondrous women
Fools and bulls cool romantic settings with their pale escapades
Fools deserve no room shut out for genuine, pristine men
Who don't hesitate to jettison sallied spades and bleach blades.

Fools and their crews veer near quarters, matters they mishandle
Fools, bullies and coolies can't feel or heal real affection
Fools, tensile tools, sterile bulls possess no capacity to handle
Complexities inherent in rents, tents and events meant for infatuation.

Fools can't endure lures of fewer choices and purer voices
Fools impose their foppish pose and pause to love dangers
Fools force sources of love to issue tissue invoices
Characterised by probing chinks to exploit, hobnobbing with total strangers.

Fools despite disguises can't match the luster of genuine suitors
Fools despite wearing trendy wigs can't hide ravages of years
Fools despite Brazilian hair, mascara, plastic surgery remain mere characters
In tragic plays immersed in scenes of plasticine, quinine beers.

John Sensele

Word Woes

Words, more words, empty shells
That spread turquoise noise
Cacophonous enough to gong bells
From which humankind draws no pressing poise.

Words, more words, mere rhetoric
High sounding but empty of substance
That titillates a neurotic
For whom words restore no mental balance.

Words, more words, mere form
Which bereft of reason nourish poverty
Ignorance, nonchalance but inform
No humankind segment of sapience certainty.

Words, more words, ordinary oration
Filled with verbosity
That from an audience draws a standing ovation
But sometimes pander to pomposity.

John Sensele

Words No More To Be Heard

'Pack your carcass and go
Cos you're too low for zero'
Joyce paced her living room like a caged lioness
Who couldn't see any goodness

In continuing life in a torture chamber
Where love had gone to slumber.
'Just leave before I get vicious
Bernard, you're malicious.

Bernard went down on bended knees
To pay his remorse fees.
'I don't know what came over me.
I don't know what Jackie and friends in me they see.'

Joyce brandished an electric kettle
The pesky affair she intended to settle.
'What are you still doing in my flat?
It's now tit for tat.'

Tears rolled down Bernard's cheeks
As to pieces he chopped leeks
Put diced cubes into a boiling pot
That on a plate simmered hot.

'Ouch! ' Bernard shouted
As a few metres away Joyce pouted.
'Leave my flat now
I don't give a hoot how

'You sink or float.
Take with you your threadbare coat.
Get out this minute...
Good luck in your petticoat pursuit.'

Bernard pasted a BandAid
Plaster and shook his enormous head.
'Joyce, why are you so heartless

And so merciless? '

Bernard packed his trinkets

He tousled blankets.

'I don't know why I've clung to you.

It's not as if you're anything new.'

Joyced punched Bernard on the mouth.

He fell headlong, facing South.

'Get lost, you little turd.

Your words no more to be heard.'

John Sensele

Words Of Doom On A Weird Wagon

Missed moments
Trivial tantrum
Futile ferments
Double deal drum.

Cannibal controversy
Silly solution
Malignant mercy
Drivel dilution.

Daft diet
Masquerade mouth
Kindergarten quiet
Sordid South.

Blunt boredom
Brisk bandwagon
Creepy condom
Wasted world whistling words of doom on a weird wagon.

John Sensele

Words Play

Promises forsaken
Irritations unspoken
Invectives unwritten
Hearts smitten
Spiderwebs woven
Lunacies driven
Turn days into nights.

Common sense blasted
Hearts devastated
Women battered
Dreams shattered
Earthy jokes cracked
Backsides smacked
Turn an affair into despair.

Harms undone
Commitments done
Lessons learnt
Promises meant
Commitments fulfilled
Voids filled
Turn despondency into decency.

Labour recognized
Humour advertized
Kindness welcome
Deceit unwelcome
Pardon granted
Smile planted
Turn sorrow into tomorrow.

Happiness anticipated
Woman emancipated
Despair decimated
Malice emaciated
Rudeness withdrawn
Lines in the sand drawn
Turn duplicity into veracity.

Integrity upheld
Disappointment withheld
Scorn broken
Stamina awoken
Love given
Foibles forgiven
Turn a frown into mirth.

John Sensele

Work Till You Drop

Work till your expiry date pops up, work till you collapse out of necessity
Despite toiling and moiling during your working life
Because in your city, water bills, gas bills and bills of electricity
Don't retire, don't rest, and don't resign without strife.

Work till blood oozes out of stones as your social security nest
Porous by nature and maladroit by extraction
Leaves your old age status in the lurch unless you invest
More sweat, more labour and more sacrifice despite dwindling your stamina
fraction.

Work till you drop because the global economy undergoes cycles
In which recession, boom and plateau strive for pride of place
To debilitate functions of pension schemes starved of miracles
Fail to grant you a comfortable space on your old age surface.

Work till you drop despite living longer and enjoying better medical facilities
Intended to cushion your health with a reasonable measure of wealth
But sums of inflows and outflows in pension scheme activities
Don't add up. Life for pensioners withers as conundrums pervade and invade the
Earth.

John Sensele

Workaholism Wrongs

Workaholism kills

Everybody needs a little break

From work stress or else ills

Take over and productivity and wellbeing die at a firm's stake.

Workaholism takes a toll

On lives of employees buried under duty mounds

Despite virtues of duty call

Set limits and work wonder upper bounds.

Workaholism translates into loss

Productivity suffers in the long run

Despite flattery from a boss

Enjoy a little break to munch a bun.

Workaholism serves no one

As it burns out employees who burn candles at both ends

Imagining they've got victories won

Only to realize health requires no brinkmanship bends.

John Sensele

World Gone Mad

World gone mad,
Promote good girls' education;
They shoot you in the harmless head and promise
To wipe out your clan contribution,
Proclaim idle ideology and vaunt vain vicissitude
As well as corny and cruel creation.

World gone mad,
Object to their azure activities;
They accuse you of evil ethno-phobia
And of pandering to pro-poor proclivities
To rape rare resources, to kill the enfeebled Earth
Until they finance fetish-festooned festivities.

World gone mad,
They bind blind boys and gangling guerillas
To pillage peasantry plots of prurient pumpkins
Together with seedy stocks of truculent tortillas
Which they peddle at peacock prices
To replace their faceless frigate flotillas.

John Sensele

Worth More Than Gold

To me hypocrisy spells tragedy
If all I miss is your body
Making me feel ten feet tall
When towards me hurtles my downfall.

Shame on me, I say
If money be the only way
I grant you dignity
Any time you step into my vicinity.

I claim you're the apple of my eye
If such soft nothings mean a cry
I whisper in your ear
To calm and conceal my insecurity fear.

Girl, you're worth more than gold
If as a man I grow bold
To act and enact the pleasure
I should give you beyond measure

Because you deserve far more
Than histrionics from the bore
I sometimes present to you
I promise you to improve in my next stew.

John Sensele

Worthy Women

Worthy women seldom weigh or wound women
Whom they judge harshly because inferiority complex bites
When critical conmen fail to utter amen
Because lost lives carry a plethora of pesky plights.

Worthy women withdraw from woes
Driven by gossip, boosted by empathy
Praise when they raise the self esteem, self concept of erstwhile foes
For whom they wield substantial sympathy.

Worthy women weave worlds
Teeming with tender templates
That catalyze, create and cajole curls
For other girls for whom they deposit joy and bliss on promotion plates and
sentiment slates.

Worthy women wander to websites
Where they learn useful trades, gather noble knowledge
To add value, verity and verisimilitude to their sites
Where great goodwill to other women they pledge.

Worthy women win over the poor
The weak, the vulnerable for whom they dare to care
Without being dour or boor, but becoming a doer
To light up lives for whom they give a fair share without fanfare.

John Sensele

Woven Wool

If love leapt from your lips
Flattering the curves of your hips
I'd declare such love null and void
To give my heart a chance to avoid

A looming heartbreak
To which I'd rather give a break
Preferring the safety of noncommittal
To the illusion of the love hospital

My heart despises
In love surprises
You spring on me
Alongside the fun you see

In taking me for a ride
Hurting my pride
Taking me for a fool
Pulling over my eyes your wily wool.

John Sensele

Wrath

Wrath like a wraith evokes expiry
Where possibilities of redemption peter to nil
But does life despite betrayal and a banter in a diary
Amount to a distillation of hopes into a fatal deal?

Wrath like refuse portrays the impression
Of goods and services no longer valued
Or is a conundrum an opportunity for oppression
To end and for renewal and rebirth to be pursued.

Wrath like a cauldron burns not just combustible materials
But catalyses instances where gems and germs
Together walk out of the door through factorials
Worked out inadvertently when on a rocky scene spring tricky charms.

Wrath like boson particles may prove elusive
If signals from proton and electron colliders give readings
Which when misinterpreted and misread can be ineffective
To the extent where nourished by darkness wrath hurts feelings.

Wrath like a spy cries, sighs, lies, dies and plies trades
That wreak destruction, disintegration, delusion and demolition
Of long held, long appreciated, long cherished bonds
Nourished, nurtured, negotiated and navigated with deep devotion.

John Sensele

Wriggling In My Wicked Willows

I tip scales to gain puny popularity
Oblivious of the planet's independence
That increases or decreases in sapience celerity
No matter my support for its offence or defence.

I tip scales in proportion to my wickedness
Believing I gain traction or distraction
Whether I spread sadness or gladness
Promoting for me repulsion or attraction.

I tip scales to risk my social sphere
Treating seniors and juniors with contempt
Jerking and jiving in the insanity stratosphere
Where I perform below average in my asinine attempt.

I tip scales when I blow and sow confusion
Boasting the world rotates at my pleasure
Because I preach behind the scenes division
So vile my bile turns greener beyond measure.

John Sensele

Wrikles On Rinks

Fantasies deceive
Ensure reality we perceive
Judgment day to you and I comes
It matters not if we dwell in suburbs or slums.

Ecstasies delight our heart
Sorrows let's allow to depart
renew sinews and news of hope
Lest you and I glide on the despair slope.

Strings of salvation we strum
To veer away from the doom drum
Which our perceptions corrode
If we ride on the error and terror road.

Once in a while we weep
If promises made we can't keep
Slapping our word of honour
Thereby iceskating on rinks of dishonour.

John Sensele

Wrongs Can't Wreck Rights

Don't play with fire
If you live in glassy grooves
Where Innuits tire with the ire
Whose moves you can't mine from hallucination hooves.

Quit the creepy kitchen
If you can't stand the heat
When the truth trounces the chain
That unshackles fantasy from its fallen feet.

Open eyes and ears wide
To avoid annihilation
You court with puny pride
Suffocating in throes of humiliation.

Seek advice from the mice
Scurrying by your bedside
Enjoining you to sanitize the spice
Your tongue teases aside when follies glide.

John Sensele

X And O

Brands of Xs and Os land on an epicurean scene to signify
Ascents and descents to new levels of affection to pacify
Hearts on fire, hearts not for hire, hearts floating in space
Strewn with multifarious relationship debris in a race
To carve a niche, to starve love misers in a setting where hope
Reigns supreme, dope renounces its name, despair lunges on a slope
Where its toxic, prussic acid, carcinogenic liquid are curbed
To the extent where affection and worthy causes are served
By reliability, inclusivity, civility, amiability and affability
Dished out generously and gregariously without notoriety
Cast aside to ride its fatal glide in strait jackets so slick
Antidotes tame any tendency and agency so potent they click
Feeble hearts back to agility and activity to osculate
The lady of recurrent dreams till full pleasure lucky lips get.

John Sensele

Xenophobic Shame

Stop harassing and assaulting foreigners, criminals
Let migrants and refugees ply their trade in peace
Anywhere in Africa. Individuals'
Breaches of the peace in Lusaka ought to cease.

Share Zambians' welcoming hospitality
With brothers and sisters from anywhere
In the global village whose mentality
Hurts no one in Zambia and elsewhere.

Don't sully the good name and reputation
Zambia has built over the years
Accommodating refugees and migrants from any nation
Who deserve to eke out a living without paying any fatal fares.

Criminals, desist from your heinous proclivities
To foment malicious rumours and create an atmosphere
Of despondency and hatred to promote frivolities
Insecurity and an excuse for robbers to swill a stolen beer.

John Sensele

Yahya Jammeh's Volte Face

Yahya Jammeh's volte face in Gambian election results
Flies in the face of democratic forward march in Africa.
Cage Yahya Jammeh `s rage, mirage and sommersaults
For Africa deserves better; break fetters of dictators' troika.

Yahya Jammeh served as an incumbent in the Gambia
At the behest of Gambian voters who in their wisdom
Elected Adama Barrow to emulate and salute Zambia
Which has changed incumbents in peace and freedom.

Yahya Jammeh's histrionics and antics
Confirm the infirmity Africa suffered in the past
When tyrants could rant and cling to semantics
Teeming with odium when the sodium of opprobrium a long shadow could cast.

Yahya Jammeh's bid to cling to power
By first conceding defeat graciously then climbing
On a soap box to teach and preach a shower
Laundering nonsense rings hollow. Yahya Jammeh, retire in peace and go
miming.

John Sensele

Yankee Democracy At Crossroads

The half full glass of democrats stresses rats
The half full glass of republicans blesses brats
Puzzling voters in Uncle Sam saunter on political plans
Who undecided scratch beats and their pleats of their clans

Wondering whether in the White House to keep Trump
Or decisively ride on the back of promises on the dem rump
Where hope lives
Sloppy scope never forgives

Choices driven by frenzy fear
In tandem with a tectonic tear
Sure to follow careless choices
Buttressed by vitiated voices

Claiming unproven nonsense
In lies defying common sense
When trust folks repose in a liar
Regardless lustre on a fickle flyer

Free minds deride
As propagandists take folks for a ride
Folks with a naive perspective
Conspiracy theorists turn aggressive.

John Sensele

Yellow Chickens

Yellow chickens dress up as hackers,
A cyclops species who with suckers
Pollute the internet
With malicious dirt
To inconvenience truckers and markers.

John Sensele

Yellow Pests

A ragtag swarm of yellow pests
Track, crack and pack internet forests
With hidden stealth gadgets
Draw up huge budgets
To steal and kill activities with their incests.

John Sensele

Yields On Fire

A heart braces itself to exact a high price
For the sake of a deeply rooted conviction
In matters where hearts set on fire
Adopt and opt to welcome love
Whose purpose in terms of yield
Measures gallons of pain

Pain in vain, rain of pain
Can't count the price
A lover pays in order to yield
Tiny ounces of affection although conviction
Spurs a heart to believe love
Still rescues hearts on fire

Whether the lover swims in bush fires
In tinder dry forests where seas of pain
Threaten to extinguish love
On the pretext that bride price
Will be jailed upon conviction
In sentimental courts with a tangible evidence yield

Whether for a given season the love yield
Measured in teragrams decreased because judges fired
Suitors in customs made tweed suits suffered conviction
In courts of law where they shivered and whimpered in pain.
The long arm of the law taught crooks the difference in price
Between infatuation, habituation, affection and genuine love

Seen, felt, understood and practiced by folks in love
Whose commitment to their cause yield
Is worth its promise, prediction and its price
In gold when love fire
No matter how much the pain
Factor may endeavour to shake their conviction

At the moments of wavering when conviction
Seems to alter and falter in love
As seas of sprain, doubt train, despair crane and blasts of pain
Belittle a love field, a love shield and a love yield

Until conviction fires
The mathematician's zero-sum love price

Even though the heart pays a high price for its conviction
It breathes fire and turns away from a love
That, on balance, yields nothing but heartache and pain.

John Sensele

You And I Cannot Forever Remain Apart

At a crossroad
With consequence questions to answer
Bothering to befriend or loathe the road
Our love lifts or else contract a conviction cancer

If obstination should prevail
Given your penchant for procrastination
Despite love lifting the veil
On the stark syllogism in the destination

Entertained and maintained at the fence
Between love life and death dormancy
Inherent and prevalent in the defence
Spelling freak fluency excised from the flattery fancy

Elevated into the art of reverie
At the level of innovation and implementation
Subjected to flavoured flattery
In a fact flotation fever and rendezvous rotation

Soaked and simulated in love
Measured and pleased with freewill
Punctuated and situated far above
Conjecture carried and curried in the deal

Courage fails to support
The more weakness comes to the fore
Fearing to love, betting to drift into the fort
Where love becomes a victim before

You make up your mind
Whether to face reality or ache in the dream
In which ebullient emotions you choose to bind
Into the illusion you scream

To entertain
Despite the evidence shouting in your heart
To ascertain
You and I cannot remain forever apart.

John Sensele

You Left Me Doves Of Doubt

You left me doves of doubt
Assailing my belief in the brotherhood of man
Pronounced with confidence and clout
For infants, men and women of every tan.

You left me tonnes of troubles
Shaking my belief in altruism
Pronounced with rambles and brambles
For egotism, masochism, sadism and for every truism.

You left me rivers of regrets
Shaking my belief in romance
Pronounced with open secrets
For imbalance, influence and impertinence.

You left me seas of sorrows
Shaking my belief in relationships
Pronounced with crows, rows of broken vows and tentative tomorrows
For friendships that ride shaken ships.

John Sensele

You Never Understand The Landless Brand

Sensational spenders, salute sepulchers
Where revered remains shake and quake
At the prospect of monetary massacres
Your wicked wand wishes to wake by mistake.

Sensational spenders, cull the culture
Steeped in salubrious sales
Craving to erupt in your vulture
Land grab you boast tip scales

In your favour and flavour to desecrate
Burial sites, living lights, recreational rights
Emaciated elements, filaments and their fate
Hate to lose as you cruise in your salacious sights

To displace, replace and suppress the voiceless and penniless
Splurging the depth and width of your wealth
Stifling my residential rights in a careless
Bid to rifle bites, fights and flights, harming the health

Impecunious individuals enjoy
Despite their perennial penury
Although your monetary muscle can kill the joy
January estuaries espouse despite your usury

Axing the acre acquisition appetite
Roaring and soaring to its crescendo
Once it casts its laser light
On usurping the nocturnal nib Nintendo

You love to hate
When desires for the land brand
You long to grab to feel great
Embarrass the acre extortion I shall never understand.

John Sensele

You Whipped My Doubt On Your Walk Out

Don't pinch my sleep
From eyes that won't weep
On the day you walk out
On me and whip my doubt.

Walk out on me
Delve into delights you see
When another soul snatches the heart
That I never dreamt from me will depart.

Heart on fire, go
When my love you forgo
To fertilize another home
As your restless rose means to roam.

Time of the past recedes
Into recesses where weeds
Crowd memories of you
As social spaces in my heart breathe anew.

John Sensele

Your Acolyte's Polite Palate

Brews of bliss
Blessing your life
Flock to favour fleece
Peeling from your wife strife.

Clues and cues of hope
Edify and signify maturity
Monitored on the scale slope
That modifies humility of your sorority.

Shoes and views of harmony
Specify dots and spots of light
Bereft of traces of the alimony
From which your wonderful wife draws no delight.

Hues and glues of reconciliation
Dignify growth
Measured in efforts at conciliation
That slay warts of your wrath

Whose consequences
Too dire to contemplate
Cry and dry in situational sequences
That flatter gourmet skills of your acolyte's polite palate.

John Sensele

Your Choice, My Voice

Shirk shrouds of shame
If you should play my game
Heightening habits and tidbits that glorify God's name.

Share my desire to fan the fire
Controlling by design the ire
That your regression and suppression inspire.

Shout for joy when your gratitude improves
By leaps and bounds mollifying gregarious grooves
That inject loftier attitudes into your mundane moves.

Shower on your lover presents she deserves
If your best interests she serves
As long as you don't harm her preserves

Now that you know my Biblical brand
In no uncertain terms I want you to understand
In case you thought you knew not my salient stand

In view of the dynamic dose of doubt
I perceive with concern in the pout
You project, misunderstanding the power in my spiritual spout.

John Sensele

Your Lemonade

On your doorstep dangle lemons
Which your mind metamorphoses into sermons
Converting moods into lemonades
Your alter ego converts into grenades

You lob on your foes
If foes fiddle with your toes
Assuming such acts earn you pride
Which by default trips the ride

On which ego-tripping embarks
When your bridled brain barks
Like a deranged dingo
You fantasize stews you into the gringo

Who lives inside your skin
Under which floats the napkin
That cossets fantasies lemons lumber
On you at moments dementia sneaks on you soporific slumber

From which you seldom awaken
If you dare not mistaken
Lemons for millstones
Dealing your fate sallow stones

You seldom discard
Whether you drop your guard
Against such amistake
In case mercy on your fate pity doesn't take.

John Sensele

Your Life, Your Image, Your Expectation

Optimal opportunity in life seldom comes
Bring it about if you play right your sums
To ensure the shimmer of your sun shines
As the gout of your doubt declines.

Take a bold step and carve a niche
In teaching, trimming a moustache
Ensuring your path grows clear
And direction to your future draws near.

Many years later you become your image
Different from your societal purification pilgrimage
You spent years and years to fulfil
Till you chose your expectations to distill.

Happiness lives not in an ideal
Your happiness lives in the best deal
You strike to meet your expectations
To minimize societal allusions, illusions and affectations.

John Sensele

Your Queen

Like the girlfriend you don't wanna lose
Lavish on the apple of your eye limpid love
All day long on your cosy cruise
Ordained and sustained from above.

Like the queen you love galore
Lumber the damsel with succulent creature comforts
All year long in proportion to family folklore
Maintained and retained in your favourite forts.

Like the treasure you appreciate beyond measure
Meet the girl's every wish
All month long at home and at leisure
Dispensed with flourish in her dream dish.

Like the diamond you don't wanna cut
Surprise her at the most unexpected moment
With attention and intention to putt
Her bloom ball with every comforting comment

You make and stake to delight her ego
Growing and flowing her belief
Marrying ego and superego
With neither trace nor stress of mischief

Confirming the promise
Made in church
On the penultimate premise
That won't leave your woman in the lurch.

John Sensele

Your Race

Run your race at a sedate pace
With steps primed to succeed
Regardless of faces of stress
Blown your way by an ill-wind.

Run your race with all the vigour
Bottled up deep within your soul
Saturated to perfection with the rigour
To surge forth as you achieve your smart goal.

Run your race and displace disgrace
Cast in the mud of envy
Swollen and woven in fabrics of mess
Stitched in a glitch switch of scurvy.

Run your race to the best of your persistence
Catalysed and authorized to yield ripe fruit
In the right proportion of balance and insistence
Perseverance, existence in your empathy and sympathy suit.

John Sensele

Yoyo

Yoyo rends Lion's heart:
Taunts and daggers come
In shrouded rampart;
Yoyo chaos brings some,
Illusion and reality company part,
Lion no longer handsome
Till Yoyo from the scene depart.

Yoyo dash hopes;
To ropes Yoyo pins Lion;
Broken become scopes
Court or dismiss Zion?
Yoyo elopes
Destination Trillion
To hurtle down her slopes.

Yoyo invites Gifts:
Life and motion to abound.
Why keep puny shifts
Going round and round
In circles. Lion sifts
Forest width and ground
To climb agile lifts.

John Sensele

Zambia, My Home

Zambia is my cherished home
Despite her imperfections
I love her no matter where I roam
Because Zambia softens my predilections.

Zambia is the nation
God bestowed on fourteen million of us
To share and care for one another without friction
Ribald reaction, careless catcalls or frivolous fuss on a bus.

Zambia is my eagle
That flies and fishes in waters of the Zambezi
Whether I'm married or single because with other Zambians I mingle
From Minga, Muyombe, Monze, Mkushi through Mwinilunga and Mulobezi.

Zambia teems with copper
Smiling faces, warm hearts, bouncy babies
Mukula trees, Mango trees and Baobab trees that prosper
My economy, my health when in unison Zambians exploit rubies.

John Sensele

Zambians In Limbo

Lost in limbo, puzzling melancholy symbols, wondering why
So much live ambience and so many Zambian lives seem
To be cut short on the fly
In a barrage of road carnage. Zambians murder they scream.

No plausible explanation to the nation comes to mind
To account for a plethora of young lives
Stolen in the prime of their youth. Zambians grind
Axes with fate as the nation to progress strives.

Negligence, traffic offence, pretence, death sentence
What the heck has hit Zambia of late?
Questions abound, amazement on the ground. Wailing sound. Indifference
Can't equate life's worth with destiny's date on a macabre plate.

Zambians wonder what goes on yonder
Than what meets the eye. Survivors and mourners ply
On and in pain sigh. Longevity that's good for the gander
Is good for Zambians. Zambians hanker for a collective national high.

John Sensele

Zambians, Hold Your Fire

Zambians, hold your fire
Much as short fuses catalyse ire
Because if tempers fly higher
Our common good may in the end tire.

Zambians, anger management is critical
In times of stress, it becomes doubly vital
To guard jealously each institution, each hospital
For mistakes come from us all because we're mortal.

Zambians, inflame not tempers
With hate speech and taunts on embers
Courts handle matters for all members
Of the national Zambian family, there be more Septembers.

Zambians, don't disseminate malicious messages
Instead let us all turn to those sages
Among us to smooth a transition to normalcy passages
Though we may be aggrieved: no hasty purges.

Zambians, don't tear our motherland
Although activity in the wrath gland
Threatens mayhem and her band
Mixed with a destructive hand.

Zambians, give the constitutional court a chance
To address matters that perchance
Have raised concerns. No ambulance
Should carry an advance party with an envious glance.

John Sensele

Zambians, Zero In On Permanent Peace

Zambians, guard against dividing compatriots
Along political lines, religious lines, economic lines.
Halt any expedient excuses that praise garrulous griots
Who separate Zambians from Zambians in shops, in streets, in savannahs or in
copper mines.

Zambians, hold your fire and ire
Never utter words of hate to inflame passions
Within townships where you mustn't burn a single tyre
Or tease political or spiritual competitors in any public or private sessions.

Zambians, spare the motherland possibilities of bloodshed
That may set the nation back or annihilate our nation
As sharp tongues awaken insane skeletons or stalk ugly emotions lying in their
sick bed
By unwise and unwelcome speeches, gestures or moves to take a destructive
action.

Zambians, promote the one Zambia, one Nation motto
At all times to consolidate our statehood and our cherished union.
Use social media, mass media with wisdom and responsibility as in total
Harmony Zambians embrace one another in a show of committed national
communion.

Zambians, the dividing line between barbarism and civility
Is too thin to contemplate. Avoid temptations to provoke dissenting views
But embrace tact, tolerance, coherence, cohesion and humility
As our seventy three tribes tie together laces of our national shoes.

Zambians, God in his magnificence gave us one motherland
Not for us to tear asunder and to set ablaze
But to build and nurture tenderly regardless of political, spiritual or economic
differences at hand
When Zambians of any persuasion ought to promote a creed of grandeur in
God's praise.

John Sensele

Zero Sums

Matters grow worse when we air hurts in the wrong forum
Where by mistake we disclose secrets and invite outsiders
To comment and recommend solution options as though rum
Stole our capacity to weigh alternatives and to respect relationship advisors.

Matters take a turn for the worse when we add salt to injury
By leaking confidential details and emails to third parties whose
Only interest involves pouring scorn on our social status in a hurry
Without offering any solution beyond imbibing more booze as a ruse.

Social media when used without caution serve an impoverishing purpose
Heightened by abuse and misuse of their nature to poison the fragility
Of relationships on the rocks and emotions gone awry which demand finesse
Discernment, restraint, patience to yield utility, possibility and field messages of
unity.

Hurting a partner distressed by domestic differences
Through ballistic and bellicose reactions, responses and utterances
Can hardly exert healing influences, obliterate offences or mend fences
When we talk at cross purposes and create a plethora of unresolved grievances.

John Sensele

Zipsip

Zambian institution of higher learning domiciled in Kitwe
Inspired to offer teacher education
Business courses built around carefully crafted curricula
So as to meet Zambia's
Indigenous manpower and
Promoting national progress through excellence and diligence.

John Sensele

Zoom Out Of Zones Of Zeros

Zoom out of negative thoughts
Zoom into prospects of a productive tomorrow
Delete and serrate noughts
From tomorrow, sorrow never borrow.

Zoom out of failures of the past
Zoom into promises of providence
Which into your life has cast
Rich treasures alongside a sense of balance.

Zoom out of mundane memories
Zoom into fruitful fragments
That tomorrow fill diaries
With credible comments and compliments.

Zoom out of your crazy comfort zone
Zoom into zones that zap zillions
That in no way create a clone with a drone
That together tether trivial opinions with pesky pinions.

John Sensele