

Poetry Series

Jonathan Tafreg
- poems -



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Jonathan Tafreg (Jo Africa) was born in Buturi, Mara, Tanzania in October 4,1985. He graduated from Teofilo Kisanji University, Mbeya City, Tanzania in 2015 (Bachelor of Arts with Education) and had a Postgraduate in IT Programming from St. Petersburg State University, Russia (2018) . He is a Reggae Artist, Poet, Playwright, Novelist & School Teacher.



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Blaming The Dead

He was not a good leader,
He was a murderer,
He killed everyone,
Including himself.

He was very selfish,
He wanted all for himself,
He never listened to me,
He was an educated fool.

He mocked the disease,
He succumbed to it,
Oh! It was something else,
And by the way, who cares?

Economy is bad,
He is the one to blame,
He used all the money,
For his nonsensical projects.

Unemployment is high,
He is the one to blame,
He distributed all the money,
To his unknown poor citizens.

But don't be afraid,
Of what you are about to suffer,
We must use all the money,
For a fresh next election.

You must vote for me,
I deserve to be your leader,
That is the only way,
To make your lives better.

I will bring you development,
I will bring you employment,
I will bring you enjoyment,
But for now, I need a moment.

Jonathan Tafreg

The Great Ukraine

I see the caves and the ruins this way,
I see the bombarded cities this way,
I see the blood and corpses this way,
But I must stay.

I see the women and children this way,
I see the world and NATO this way,
I see the Donbas region this way,
But I must stay.

I see the tanks and shelling this way,
I see the rape and killing this way,
I see the face of the devil this way,
But I must stay.

I see the innocent graves this way,
I see the tears of Bucha this way,
I see the shadows of peace this way,
But I must stay.

I see the patriotic spirit this way,
I see the colors of hope this way,
I see the fruits of faith this way,
But I must stay.

I see the doors of Kremlin this way,
I see the gates of hell this way,
I see the angels of shame this way,
Truth, let me say.

Jonathan Tafreg

Africa My Happiness

I'm black and that's so cool
Change my ways? I'm not that fool
Old Africa my new school
Love you.

Hard work or laziness
Africa my happiness
Don't silence my noisiness
Love you.

This land is so fertile
All I need to make me smile
Full time here, no exile
Love you.

My culture makes me strong
And no one can prove me wrong
Africa is where I belong
Love you.



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Rusty Constitution

How can you talk about the past,
And then you call it the prediction,
Don't you know the future,
I'm asking you?

How can you talk about the rust,
And then you hate the revolution,
Don't you get the picture,
I'm asking you?

How can you talk about the blast,
And then you call it Constitution,
Don't you get the stricture,
I'm asking you?

Jonathan Tafreg



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Madam President

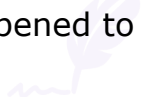
I am no man of politics,
I am a man of arts,
And I'm a citizen,
Of this great land of ours.

No meat so why the toothpicks?
Though I feed on hearts,
But not a citizen,
Who sleeps on bed of flowers.

I may know what you're going through,
But you're not alone,
For as a citizen,
My loyalty is with you ma'am.

There's a mole in your crew,
You need to disown,
I'm just a citizen,
Who happened to hate that scum.

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The Last Children Of Africa

The street is not our father,
The street is not our mother,
Good life is not our brother,
The last children of Africa.

HIV is no guest at our home,
Witchcraft no guest at our home,
Fighting no guest at our home,
The last children of Africa.

We take up arms in the morning,
Guns and bombs we go farming,
The future we plant is charming,
The last children of Africa.

We fear no blood hot we drink,
We near no flood we can sink,
We cheer no mud though we stink,
The last children of Africa.

No more 'Save women and children'
No more peace and life war-ridden,
Rape and theft nothing hidden,
The last children of Africa.

The school is no longer the key,
The problem no longer the fee,
We have no more family tree,
The last children of Africa.

Jonathan Tafreg

The Sun And The Scars

Life taught me fast and slow,
Things I don't know things I know,
How to come back how to go,
Let the cock crow.

Life taught me hard like stone,
How to switch off and switch on,
Now you see how up I've grown,
Let the cock crow.

Life taught me day and night,
How to defend how to fight,
How to let go and hold tight,
Let the cock crow.

Life taught me how to shine,
Though my scars may not look fine,
But the future is all mine,
Let the cock crow.

Life taught me how to plan,
Since I knew that I'm the sun,
And the winner is but one,
Let the cock crow.

Life taught me how to try,
How to live and how to die,
And limit is not the sky,
Let the cock crow.

Life taught me how to fare,
How to care and how to scare,
How to go far don't mind where,
Let the cock crow.

Life taught me how to pick,
How to kick and how how to trick,
And that life is no picnic,
Let the cock crow.

Jonathan Tafreg

Tears Of The Dead

I woke up one day by chance,
And told that you're gone,
And to make it worse,
They said that someone killed you.

I was not in good finance,
I borrowed a loan,
And used all the purse,
Just to know what you went through.

In that coffin you shed shed tears,
It was true,
And you suffered all these years,
No good chew...

Stress! Betrayal...
All in the morning,
Shameful portrayal,
The strike of hunger though farming.

I remember taking me to the school,
Now I'm educated and longer a fool,
Now I got a job, a wife and children,
And I miss you mom...
My life is vengeance-ridden.

Now the man you claim
To be your sweetheart,
Is busy tearing all your children apart.

All he knows:
'My children send the money'
And he thinks that all the time
We find it funny.

Jonathan Tafreg

Holy Demons

No shop to purchase your happiness,
No ghost to care for your nothingness,
No fool to mind your productiveness,
Nobody cares for your doomed life.

Resist intentional poverty,
Your life is your only property,
No matter what no equality,
No body cares for your doomed life.

Resist the wicked authority,
Be priceless you're not commodity,
Withstand corruptive monstrosity,
No body cares for your doomed life.

Unemployment is very dangerous,
And the leaders are very traitors,
And the elections are very cancerous,
No body cares for your doomed life.

When the virus tells you to quarantine,
In the meantime they trade the vaccine,
Without Almighty God to intervene,
No body cares for your doomed life.

Don't make a deal with your laziness,
Befriend them not, off their greediness,
Keep faith, never mind their noisiness,
No body cares for your doomed life.

Jonathan Tafreg

Lady In Blue

If you take your life as a story,
And you'll never reach any far,
If I did you wrong then I'm sorry,
Now that I know who you are.

Let me shower you with the glory,
Hear the sound of my guitar,
Now that you're mine never worry,
And I'll make you shine like a star.

What I can't do in the middle of the night,
I can do it in the morning,
Loving you is true and let me hold you tight,
Keep on calling me darling.

Lady in blue never get off my sight,
Making my lion roaring,
Give me that dew of the forbidden site,
And the serpent go crawling.

After rainfall take the shower,
And then you can bling like before,
Whenever sweet things turning sour,
The bitterness awaits by the door.

If your love is true that's the power,
You can bring the roof down the floor,
You can brighten up darkest hour,
And the peace at home you restore.

Jonathan Tafreg

A Glass Of Nile

Sometimes life is very hostile,
For you to prosper then you must fail,
Sometimes you can change your lifestyle,
Today superstar and tomorrow jail.

Sometimes you become a crocodile,
You terrorize them with your giant tail,
Sometimes you put on a fake smile,
You lie, you pretend, you become a snail.

Sometimes you can drink the whole Nile,
For your bloodline to secure a trail,
Sometimes you can be so fertile,
But if no trust, trouble comes in full sail.

Jonathan Tafreg



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The Last King Of Africa

Welcome to the church,
Hear the voice
That of the preacher.
'Blessed is the one
Who reads the words
Of this prophesy,
And blessed are those
Who hear it
And take to heart
What is written in it,
Because the time is near.'

And the preacher,
Our very own preacher
Goes on preaching,
'To the angel of the church
In Africa write:
I know your civilization
And bravery,
Yet a stranger will come
And rule you all,
But be PATRIOTIC,
Even to the point of death!
And I will give you freedom!
And power! and wealth!
And the stranger's descendants
Will soon be your slaves.'

Welcome to the school,
Hear the voice
That of the teacher.
'We are the descendants
Of the Great Africa!
And not that of Monkeys
And Zinjanthropus!
We are NOT black
As the skin color suggests,
And NOT weak at all
As Charles Darwin presumed.'

And the teacher,
Our very own teacher
Goes on teaching,
'We are NOT barbaric
As their history reads,
And NOT poor at all
As their media reports.
We are neither cannibals
Nor bloody grass eaters!
Though not all Africans
Are Intelligent...
We have few goats
And top ranking hogs,
But Africa is Great!
Greater than Africa itself.'

Welcome to the kingdom,
Hear the voice
That of the King!
'We have the metals and gemstones
We have the land and trade zones
We have the gas and oil
We are the Kingdom!
I have the army of invisibles
I have the throne of majesty
I am a man of my words
I am the King! '

And the King!
Our very own King!
Goes on decreeing,
'We are rich,
And Mighty!
We know how to hire
And fire.
We have our own science
And technology,
Our own hell and heaven
The True Gods of Africa,
And we are blessed indeed
With ALL miseries and melanin,

But poverty, ignorance and diseases
Are the poor substitutes for Africa! '

Jonathan Tafreg

Rotten Afterlife

You see,
You feel,
You make life,
And all the trouble begins.

You live,
You die,
You rot,
End of Story.

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Behind The Moon

Can you close your eyes,
And imagine being mine,
Can you close your thighs,
And imagine being wine.

Can you be my dear guest,
And let me do my best,
Can I get hold of your waist,
So close to my chest.

Can I be in your busy mind,
And a refuge in your heart,
Can I flow in your veins,
Though you're not easy to find.

We'll dwell behind the moon,
Where no manly jealousy,
Just me and you on the spoon,
And feed our starving intimacy.

Jonathan Tafreg

Special Corona

Is it in the name of the devil,
You got that toilet anointed?
Is it the knowledge of the evil,
You allowed it get appointed?

Are you so crystal dirty,
Like a Satan's hell?
Is it your charming beauty,
Or a magic spell?

Your existence is a disgrace,
A mockery to the creation,
Worthy of the devil's mistress,
A living abomination.

Whoever pays you money,
Is your esteemed client,
And you steal people's honey,
For you're still the giant.

HIV is on the way coming,
The Coronavirus is coming,
And your monsters,
Homecoming!

Your guilt will be innocent,
But your body and your soul,
When you can't use any cent,
To save your little poor soul.

For now be the ruling queen,
For you're our special corona,
The battle that we'll never win,
But spreading it every corner.

You give us tension everyday,
No peace at home,
Why don't you die anyway,
Leave us alone.

Jonathan Tafreg

Respect

Do you believe in male domination,
And you want to treat them,
Like their Lord?

To see them working is abomination,
Who are you to women,
Of this World?

To God alone they give an adoration,
If you want the worship,
"In your Dreamworld."

The kingdom is your mental aberration,
For you can't rule,
Without them on board.

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Demimondaine

You brought me in this world,
A world of billions choices,
And I found this Dreamworld,
A world of distinct voices.

But I'm not an alien creature,
I'm a native of this world,
And experience is my teacher,
In this part of Netherworld.

I'm just a humble lover,
Loving what I cherish the most,
But I want to blow my cover,
After seeing that I'm getting lost.

Hello dear demimondaine,
You highly name the price of your heart,
Your hedonism will bring you pain,
And your queenlines will fall apart.

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Let Them Celebrate

There's a party going on,
Down the planet Earth,
A party of a wellborn,
Jesus of Nazareth.

Let them celebrate,
Since it's not a blunder,
Let them federate,
Under rainbows and thunder.

Let them eat and drink,
For that's their Christmas Day,
Let the heavens blink,
For the end of time is underway.

It's a controversial calendar party,
But let them celebrate,
As long as they make it hearty,
So let their worries ameliorate.

Jonathan Tafreg

Give Them Food

If you deal with a creature,
And you dream of making best,
Do dealing alone.

If you know you're a preacher,
And you dream of making best,
Do preaching alone.

If you know you're a teacher,
And you dream of making best,
Do teaching alone.

But if you don't earn enough,
And so be Jack of all trades,
Get ready to make it wrong.

You will be a wealthy slave,
Working harder to reach your grave,
And you will look sharp and strong.

They will come heaven and earth,
And they will party for your death,
And for you they'll sing a song.

So long as they eat,
For sure they won't leave,
What they do is overspending.

So long as they drink,
Each dawn they will come and grieve,
As if they don't understand.

The moment food is shut down,
Mourners want to take some rest,
They will call them all bad names.

Whether it's a church or school,
Meeting with the elites or fools,
When no food is restless mess.

Just give them some food,
Then burn them like firewood,
That's when they'll understand.

Jonathan Tafreg

A Good Teacher

Behold!

The purities of a mother profession.

A business just like any other,
Selling knowledge for money and that's it:
Paying more money for more knowledge,
Crying no money and no good things out of it.

A good teacher is he who brands himself,
The one whose service leads to performance:
He who's honored by students and parents,
The one with reputation in payment.

Poverty doesn't make a good teacher,
And wealth doesn't define mastery,
But service and its output,
The qualities of a good teacher.

He who makes it home,
With standards and principles,
Where clients find life out of it,
That is the purity of the teaching industry.

Jonathan Tafreg

Acrostic Of A Refined Self

Enlightenment is essential in overcoming
Darkness which is the most scariest and
Ugliest of all that obscures human
Character and personality whereby
A man who trades wisdom for
Taboos and a bag of idiocies
Is as useless as a curse and
Omen that stands before the prosperity of the
Nation.

Violence!
Extreme violence and vulgarity is the
Result of mental darkness and
Suspiciousness of one's inability to
Understand the ways of a remedial
Solution.

Money!
Only money without education can't make a
Nation, and so the outgoing generation must
Empower and enlighten the
Youth to shoulder the nation towards its transfiguration.

Jonathan Tafreg

Man In The Office

Hello Mr. Man with a big stomach,
Are you pregnant or obesity?
Breaking wooden chairs,
Is that not too much?
Are you the owner of this city?

I remember your face,
A couple of years ago,
Your eyes deep down your sockets,
But now they are popping out,
You look big everywhere,
Including your underwear.

You can't read but you're very rich,
You must be a wizard if not a witch,
You tell people to employ themselves,
While you offer them with empty shelves.

Are you still the son of a peasant?
The one with bodyguards and long cars?
Are you still the son of a poor man?
The one with Swiss accounts and a spokesman?

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Short Everywhere

Short upstairs and short downstairs,
Short in memory and no spare.

Short in hands that gives,
Short in hands that receives.

Short in legs that rush to opportunities,
Short in connections to possibilities.

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The Moonlight

Changing little children,
Cheating the poverty-stricken,
Mucus in the kitchen.

Moonlight in the heaven,
Uniting eagles and chicken,
Sour to be eaten.

Thanks need to be given,
Gross domestic product sicken,
Omnipotent listen.

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Peacemaker

Keep preaching your peace,
While people are fighting war,
One thing you don't understand.

You want holy kiss,
Your mouth full of neither nor,
This too you don't understand.

Your belly don't miss,
You want us to suffer more,
But still you don't understand.

Jonathan Tafreg



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Give Your Daughter Education

Is she truly not your daughter?
The little one that seats by the door,
For one day she can be the doctor,
If you decide to give her some more.

Go give your daughter some education,
The best one never seen before!
She can be one that will rule this nation,
Go this time and settle the score!

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Victory After Victory

They will speak and whisper and gossip,
They will pray and blaspheme and worship,
All in all they are nothing but black sheep,
And we shall rise to show them our lordship.

It's nothing but victory after victory,
Till they get it that we are making history,
Since they are used to old-fashioned things,
That's why they don't treat as like kings.

They will plot chaos and plans to kill us,
They will send spies and traitors to check us,
But again we shall put them to shame,
Till they find someone else to blame.

We are heroes and that's what they hate,
We are legends and that is our fate,
But they always try to prove us wrong,
And that's what always makes us strong.

We believe in God and not in magic,
And we pray that our end mayn't be tragic,
For our deeds and our wishes are glorious,
So we shall all rise and stand victorious.

Thank you Lord for bringing us this far,
You're our redeemer and our morning star,
We shall win this war and honor this day,
And on top of the world we shall stay.

Jonathan Tafreg

The Naked Man Of God

Behold!

The Naked Man of God

He is a self acclaimed prophet,
Son of a harlot born in a brothel,
He is a crown womanizer by birth,
And a demon's brother by faith!

He lives in a self-contained mansion,
Eating nice dishes and snacks,
But his followers impoverished indeed,
Living in shanty lowlife flats and shacks!

His stomach as hollow as a caldera,
Can't be filled with the offerings and tithes,
He feeds on the churchgoers' blood,
And yet he stands and behaves like God

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Let Them Be

Let them be brother!
For that is how it is.

Let blessings shower those who seek for it:
Let the good fortunes be upon
Those who deserve it!

Let the sainted ones get rich and healthy:
Let the wicked ones get sick
And hungry!

Let the beggars keep on begging:
And so let the givers too keep on
Giving!

Let the upper class enjoy their upperness:
And so let the lazy ones too
Miss the happiness.

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A Midnight Visitor

When the sun goes down, she wears a long face,
Then she takes her anti-aging pills, and a necklace,
As if she wants to live forever young, she takes a pace,
Straight to the bathroom, her most sacred place.

Then she sits on her dressing table, for about three hours,
Beautifying herself, the little victim of ours,
She dresses her bed, with perfumes and some flowers,
Waiting for imponderables; her darkened powers.

She prepares the table, for the one below,
The one that enters, not through the door,
The midnight incubus, initiates the show,
He does so heavily, until the cockcrow.

Early the next day, a husband comes,
He finds his sweetheart, speaking in tongues,
Her slim body tattooed, with talons and fangs,
For her midnight visitor, had stolen her lungs.

He cries like a baby, for leaving her alone,
Then he holds her hand, 'Oh baby I'm home'
Only then when he realize, she was long gone,
On the table was a letter; on it was a big stone.

He use to come every day, at the midnight,
Whenever I refused, he would start a big fight,
Threatening to eat me, that my heart was his right,
He loved it in darkness, he hated the light.

I had no the choice, Oh poor unlucky me,
I heard no your voice, you never called me,
The thought got me moist, nobody warmed me,
So he came to hoist, the flag that dangled me.

If we're to meet again, maybe in the next life,
I won't bear the pain, that of being your wife,
And I'll wash the stain, the blood on my knife,
And I'll curse again, for ruining my life.

Jonathan Tafreg

Divine Proof

He gave them everything for free,
Free air, free land, free water
Water that gave them fish,
Fish that gave them proteins,
Proteins that nourished their health!

And forth they multiplied,
With some crude technologies applied,
As the gods of rain smiled,
For the ancient nature never lied!

And so to the next level they extended,
Crossing limits forward they expanded,
And at last to Canaan they landed,
Mighty Titans! How they branded!

Greedily they ate, and ate, and ate
A mammoth quantity of lifeless dishes,
For they wanted to fake their fate,
Drinking liquor and making wishes!

Yet they wanted to be like gods,
While to the helpless they summoned guards,
And they wanted no poverty in their yards,
Prayers and pain from the hospital wards!

So the gods gave them time to repent,
Those tenants who pay no the rent,
They deafened their ears and off they went,
The betting society who can't tithe a cent!

There came a time for the wind of change,
When everything appeared to be strange,
And they tried harder to restore the range,
But to gods teaching a lesson isn't revenge!

At last they declared 'There's no God'
God that gave them everything for free,
Free births and free lives and free death,

Death that came to claim them all,
All who rejected redemption at last!

Jonathan Tafreg

A Monster Of Our Own Making

He came from nowhere,
Terrorizing the neighborhood,
Sucking blood of the less fortunate ones,
A monster of our own making!

His home looked much like a shipwreck,
The one that sank centuries ago,
Rusting down the bottom of a dream sea,
A monster of our own making!

His canines sharp like a razor blade,
Piercing into blood veins across the neck,
Of those paying for their offensive births,
A monster of our own making!

The people needed someone,
Someone to lead them to salvation,
Then the idea of democracy popped up,
A monster of our own making!

They sang and hold no to their applauses,
Whispering from tongue to tongue,
Praising free and fair elections,
A monster of our own making!

They had a party at the state house,
Plenty of wines and colorful women,
Signing treaties in private mansions,
A monster of our own making!

They called him a legend,
King of the poor,
The ones who exist only in his mind,
A monster of our own making!

They voted for him and yet,
He gave them hell in return,
As a parting kindness to bind them together,
A monster of our own making!

As they waited for the next election,
He pruned them down like tree branches,
Those who went against him,
A monster of our own making!

And they cried like starving babies,
Cursing all sorts of ancient curses,
At last they feared him even when bringing gifts,
A monster of our own making!

Jonathan Tafreg

Bride Price

No wrong is done to one who consents,
The worst comes when you fail to confess,
For the things that one can't express,
And for the problems one can't address.

Love! True love as we know it,
Intimate, casual just name it,
Whether from the liberal or extremist,
But it can kill you if you believe it.

Let me tell you one, just this one story,
If you'll like it good, if you'll hate it I'm sorry,
It's boring but I insist do not worry,
It's about some bride prices and dowry.

Any property or money for the marriage,
Calls for modern enslavement don't encourage,
You tribal societies scarce of knowledge,
Why giving bridegrooms such a luggage?

If marriage is biblical, why should I pay?
If is historical, why till this day?
Or is it magical, lesbians and gay?
If love is technical, can a blind fool stay?

Women are part and parcel of men,
If we buy them we treat them like hen,
And we sign on some papers with pen,
Then we call them our wives, since when?

And we claim to be telling the world,
While we let our daughters being sold,
With our own greediness we are told,
We act like children while we are old.

I suggest that we reach a conclusion,
Giving gifts will sound a solution,
Or we say bride price is an option,
But we can't make marriage an auction.

Jonathan Tafreg

Forgive Me

Forgive me!

For all the pain and suffering I brought you,
For all the years of tears I rained you,
For all the sorrows and long faces I gave you,
For the thoughts of rejection I caused you.

Forsake me not!

Fear me no more my darling wife,
Feel me one more and save my life,
Ferry me through you heart not your knife,
Feed me like your son and your life.

Jonathan Tafreg



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Let's Love One Another

Walking again, gain, gain, gain - babe,
I'm your man not your brother,
Give me no pain, pain, pain, pain - babe,
Let's love one another.

I need your love, need your joy and happiness,
I need your time, need your light in darkness,
I need your kiss, need your hug and softness,
I need your humble romcom and uniqueness.

Why don't you stay, stay, stay, stay - babe,
I'm your man not your brother,
I'll make your day, day, day, day - babe,
Let's love one another.

I'll be your king, just admit you love me now,
I'll be the best man ever, this is my vow,
I'll be the doctor of your heart, just give a bow,
I'll be your Kevin and I think I deserve a wow!

Jonathan Tafreg

Hill Of Pleasure

A beautiful hill of pleasure at the back,
Bewitching round spots on her breast,
Shining eyes like fireflies in the dark.

Calling lips that can quench my thirst,
Spongy thighs that invite heart attack,
Yummy cheeks that refreshes my chest.

Jonathan Tafreg



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When I Eat You Raw

About your sweet lips and your gentle thigh,
Girl I like when I eat you raw,
And your big hips O the most high,
Girl I like when I eat you raw.

I love your taste and breast and waist,
I love the essence of the pleasure below,
I love when you place your cheek on my chest,
I like it girl when I eat you raw.

Jonathan Tafreg



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My Sweet April

When I look upon your cheeks, when I look upon your lips,
When I look upon your hips, you're my spongy girl,
You're the only one I need, you're the only one I love,
You're the only one to marry, my spongy girl.

You're my spongy girl, Bready like a mattress,
When I stay with you my babe girl, I feel no distress,
You're the only one I need, mirror of my face,
Let us stay together in safe place.

And I do love you forever my spongy girl,
I wanna stay high like a mountain,
If there's any wrong just tell me girl,
I'll do plant a sugar cane in a fountain.

Even if that's a case, even if there's no place,
To support a love plantation, my spongy girl,
Just tell me the right time now,
And I shall come back tomorrow, my spongy girl.

As I told you yesterday, now it's another day,
Babe girl it was April, now is May,
Ever since you're my spongy girl, now the house
Is a referee for the fair play.

Evening till morning, let's enjoy,
Let's stay together, my spongy girl,
Better when I touch your waist, I touch your breast,
When I touch your thigh, I do feel so high.

Baby the story is about you, about you girl,
I'll do love you forever, my spongy girl,
Babe ever since I love you, I love you girl,
You're the only one to marry, you're my spongy girl.

Jonathan Tafreg

Premier Of Roses And Wine

I am the son of a bitch as you said,
But you go to toilet 'cos I have paid,
What you have is just out of raid,
I know you well mister son of a maid.

The wild is cool, calm and fine,
I love these creatures, they are mine,
But for you premier of roses and wine,
Bad for she-creatures crossing your line.

Where I am I can say hallelujah,
Who I am I can hallelujah,
What I am I can say hallelujah,
For the wilderness is mine hallelujah.

All these elephants, rhinos and crocodiles?
All these kilometers, squares and miles?
All these treaties and top secret files?
All these mansions of good Chinese tiles?

My fist, from now on thumbs down,
Village chairman, what are you doing in town?
Go back home and dress up your gown,
Dress them all, warm your freezing crown.

Jonathan Tafreg

The Winged Ones

Will you be pleased, if you swallow me?
Are you not so big to feed on me?
I'm just a little, take a look at me!
O mighty winged; have mercy on me.

If no other choice, so take me now
Come and rejoice, my humble vow
Don't dry my voice, so let me bow
O mighty winged; have mercy on me.

Jonathan Tafreg



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So Different

I remember when you told me
That you no gonna fight,
And I thought you're just
Feeling alright,
But I wonder why you keep
On just pressing me tight.

All the time when it goes dark
I turn you on O my light,
'Cos I know you gonna be on my side,
But it seems somebody took away
That sense of sight.

I remember most of time,
You use to pay a visit
Down in my villa, yes I remember!
But I never know the prime concern,
I thought you're just a friend
And not a killer, now I remember.

Tell the truth I wanna know,
'Cos I cannot stand it
That a friend and my neighbor
Now is against me,
Or you call me on the phone,
If you cannot make it
Walking down in my villa
'Cos you'll offend me.

Why did you turn to be
So different, my neighbor!
Why did you turn to be
So different?
Tell I the truth, my neighbor
Why did you turn to be
So different?

Jonathan Tafreg

Take Me To Aruba

I heard it in her whisper
O my babe, take me to Aruba
And I saw it in a vista
O my babe, take me to Aruba.

I shall take you to the Baby Beach
I shall take you to Arashi Beach
I shall take you to the Palm Beach
I shall take you to the Eagle Beach.

I shall take you to the Casibari Rock Formations
I shall take you to the California Lighthouse
I shall take you to the Halloween celebrations
I shall take you to the Tierra Sol Del Golf Course

If you need all the Florins in the world
I shall take you to Aruba
I'm gonna take you Downtown Oranjestad
The Capital of Aruba.

You gonna see the Iguanas
See the Yatu cactus
See the Caves, see the Frenchman's Pass
And we gonna sing, Aruba Dushi Tera.

Jonathan Tafreg

Dust Man Dust

It's just paining a lot,
On the last day I'm gonna leave this world,
It's just paining a lot,
On the last day I'm gonna say no word,
It's just paining a lot,
On the last day I'm gonna leave my beloved family.

People will cry, on the day I'll die
Others will be shocked, blaspheming why?
People will cry, on the day I'll die
Others will be laughing cos they are standing high.

Remember the serpentine,
Enjoying with my friends while drinking wine,
What about the Valentine? ,
My corpse inside golden coffin, nothing shines.

Dust man dust, dust man dust
When I think of the last
I do cry_ PoemHunter.com
Dust man dust, when I think of the last
I do cry.

People will carry my coffin
To the burial ground,
The clergy man gonna say this
To the people around,
I was the best man church never had before,
I was an expert each and everything I know.

My nice cars and wife all gonna stick around
My nice shoes and suits and all that I found
Another guy will come and claim them all?
And my name shall be forgotten O my soul?

Dust man dust_
When I think of the last I do cry.

Jonathan Tafreg

The Great Africa

I'm looking at you, from the Bering Sea
I'm looking at you, Mediterranean Sea
I'm looking at you, from Arabian Sea
I'm looking at you, from Caribbean Sea
I'm looking at you, from Erythraean Sea
I'm looking at you, from the Coral Sea.

I'm looking at you, from the eyes of Achebe
I'm looking at you, the Great Africa
I'm looking at you, from the eyes of Nyerere
I'm looking at you, the Great Africa
I'm looking at you, from the peak of Makerere
I'm looking at you, the Great Africa.

The home of the Blacks, Caucasians and the Colored
Where human scrambles in turn like a ballad
Driven faithfully by the crusade and the Jihad
O great Africa, you're the best thing I never had
When I look at you, I feel home, I'm not sad
You're old and young, and without a bald.

I'm looking at you, from the top Kilimanjaro
I'm looking at you, the Great Africa
I'm looking at you, down the bottom Ngorongoro
I'm looking at you, the Great Africa
I'm looking at you, from the canes of Kilombero
I'm looking at you, the Great Africa.

Jonathan Tafreg

Home Girl

I shall stand alone, until I get a crown
Just stay with me, stay at home
We gonna take over throne
I'm the one whom you need, babe take me home
I'm here for you, and that's why I was born
I'm the stone, their leader will be overthrown
If you can try, just hug me through the phone.

I wanna stay high, like a mountain
I'll never dry, perpetual like a fountain
Let me fly, in lower higher and plain
They will cry, but let's laugh no pain.

Their hearts are plastic, my fist is more than fire
My love is classic, I wanna make you full higher
That's fantastic, an Emperor without empire
I'm titanic, you're only one I admire.

My home girl, I do love you, look at my motion
You're the only one I need, babe you're my lotion
Stay at home girl, babe my heart is your portion
I'm still in love with you my girl, I'm more than an ocean.

Don't ask what is this?
What I need is peace, what I need is kiss
What I need is you my sweet miss,
Almighty God who art in heaven, just bless this
Even with a little piece
Of what we call a bliss.

Home girl you just rest
Babe you're the best, from east to west
Babe feel free, you're the first
I've fell in love with you my girl
Rest on my chest, down hill and crest
Babe you are the blessed.

Welcome in the house
Allow me to take your blouse,

In the same cage, a bull with some young cows
I wanna stay high like sun above clouds,
In the house, much knowing like a mouse.

This is a real thing,
Believe it's not a novel
And with a great amazement,
Babe don't marvel
Babe don't be afraid as if you've seen a gravel,
You need a prize of honor
Like that of Nobel.

Jonathan Tafreg

Bones For The Poor

Bones for poor, flesh for rich
Take your water, I'm not a fish
Don't forget this in your speech
I'm still a poor man.

They say we have many parks,
They say we have many trees,
They say we have many mines,
I'm still a poor man.

Children are sitting on stones,
Neither chair nor desk in schools,
And you promise better life,
I'm still a poor man.

In the North is Afro top,
In the East Erythraean Sea,
Inland we have many lakes,
I'm still a poor man.

Graduates don't have a job,
In the office all your friends,
And you want my vote again,
I'm still a poor man.

Marijuana is what you see,
But CORRUPTION down your feet,
In the school they're selling names,
I'm still a poor man.

Jonathan Tafreg

Am Very Busy

Do you think I'm very little man?
Wide like an ocean,
Am very busy.

Get me the world I say,
Babe soft my lotion,
Am very busy.

One who gives me the sweet love,
My heart your portion,
Am very busy.

Babe look at me,
My face, my words, my motion,
Am very busy.

Jonathan Tafreg



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