

Poetry Series

onward mutapurwa
- poems -

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onward mutapurwa(20/02/96)

im a guy aged 22, i was born in zimbabwe in a local city of chipinge and im the second born from a family of seven, two boys and three girls.i attend my primary education at a local school sheni the for secondary at Nyamauru high scholl and Advanced level at Mutungagore for lower six and upper six at a local college Crosspower institute in 2015, now im still waiting to pursue a university level degree in politics

Beautiful Darkness

In a marvelous darkness
flame sticks scattered along the presence of a beauty fey
Her mellow yellow dress match the sky,
Complexion suits the stars;
Smiles were jupiter
Facetiously she possess a damsel's heart
Like a dandelion
She dresses the night
Her colour
Designed its fantasies
In my arms she tarry
She says
Im habit forming,
A portion she takes every morning
Melodramatically we were
In a kirk
I was the priest
burnting her an offering of love essence
We dined
We drank to excess
In a night of delirium
I was holding her hand
She was holding on to my wrist feeling on the road cheeks
only the moon attested this tide,
How perfect are you to be my wife

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I Have Found You

[onnie]

Over your sheen,
I'm cladding on a slender figure smirking with frolic smiles.
Can I say you are my lot?
petals of a rosy tender flower brim with nectary love.
Please shed it like sun,
Render it's smoke: Ashes of perfection will fetter our world.

[Rue]

My Sagittarius arrow knocks you down.
Can i trust you with my undying love?
Just a smile is fantasizing victory,
But my words are shy:
A massive attachment before dawn
I have gulped enough to drown

[Onnie...]

This love is a brand new day,
Prepare a space in your heart and
Let it through
Please don't be hard to get,
I dream of you my happiness,
I promise, will care for you and be that shoulder you can cry on.

[Rue...]

I realise I had not experienced it all.
I melt my heart,
You can swim through
You are the cyclone that has destructed my pride,
I am used to feeding upon sorrow of my suitors,
I am ashamed for I find no reason to deny you
But be careful, I'm allergic to betrayal.

[Onnie....]

There is no season or a reason that a man can't betray a woman's heart,
But my soul is so perfect to rely on,
Take my heart, don't plunder this privilege.
I'm looking forward to you,
Just hold my hand,
Turn on the lights and rule my destiny
Right in front of the priest i will grant you a pretty ring and we will never get it
over.

[Rue....]

I lift my hands and pray to be only yours,
Even if you lead me to darkness,
I will cherish the night to see the stars,
But your heart is safe with me.
I am not a seed of the prodigal son,
I am of the throne that rules just and fair,
Grabbing the opportunity leaves no alternative,
I grant you the audacity to put the shiny stone on me.

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If The Night

If this night eats me up,
please just know you were my favourite
keep calling to the sunny days we smile
than cry
See we were everything the world owes,
waters splash in our happiness
If dusk fall on our side,
under the tree we touch the night and dress the sky
Shall I compare our love to the summer rains, how it swims in my life and
overflows above the brim rivers of my heart
Don't cry if light sits in darkness,
upon the hills by your dreams I'm the lamb to give light and if death eats my
breath die with me,
in heaven we could find peace
We could smile and rejoice in the hands of the Lord.

@Onnie

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I'm Not Afraid

If the future seems bleak,
I'm not afraid.
The Lord will bless up.

Whenever darkness eats my light,
He is a lamp to brighten up my world!

In my tears;
He intervenes and sends a host of angels to smile with me when i smile.
Even when i cry,
I'm not afraid;
They cry along with me.

In a bottomless pit of shadow walkers,
He raises me high.
None of their thirsty souls can never lick my tasty blood.

I'm not afraid to be weak.
I always find strength in Him!
In his arms, dreams and wishes are alive!

My morrow is luscious.
In my rise i will not tire for more till the Lord grants me a dinary of satisfaction.

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Memories Back Then

When i used to cry
she says,

Why crying?

Is it because you are not a man enough,

Is it because you are too docile to be bold

In her slaping words,
I learn to smile when i cry,
To laugh even if it hurts

I hate my tears,
They makes me weak, but with this unhealing lesion
Can you allow mr just for a moment
Or i should burst in pain

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My Light At Night

In a starry night she was brighter than the sun
Her figure was the sky, It held the stars and the moon,
Its stillness was motherly love
It vocalised my gestures and took me to the future, some day somewhere life
could be better with her,
By the river she will hold my hand and nurse an empty heart with flawless kisses

At sunrise, her love will awaken me to the splendour of her beauty

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Purple Colour

Winding back the hands of time,
In a holy Roman empire im Leo3 of her heart
if she was to blee roses, i
guess they could have been ultra purple

For purple is the colour,
rainbow is her face upon the sky and
violet is her name inside the earth as
Byzantine is the throne of majesty,
Constantinople a stool full of scent petals she busk on,
i guess we have gone for a gorgeous purple reign

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Sorjourners

I cherish,

My lips learn to smile as my eyes lay on you a flowery figure

Our candle stick hearts lit and flame love by darkness,

In the dessertion by night we never run out of wax,

Our love so tall like the burj khalifa and precious as granites of Naple,

i dwell in you a blue summer

waiting for a dawn of the August house

Quality times

Like the titanic sailed through the pacific and

I as the captain,

We were pirates

In theBritish isles

we catch coldness

We fall out to RussiaGeneral Novemberdestroyed us(winter) ,

And we never know how we end up in Carlifonia(sun side) ,

a crystal sky city

Which blooms with motherly touch warmness and

Its so big like the earth,

brighter than the moon our melanin enriched by this magical sun ofMississippi

lets find joy upon the banks

Lets caress to the last drop of our glands and lure the sweetness to the last grain
of our bossom

Till i smile

Till i say,

"Welcome my destiny"

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The Day I Was Born

Instead of smiling,

She was crying

A moment of silence replace tumults of joy;

Thus the day i was born,

A day when the sun sat on the nook of horizon east,

Thus when the angels,

The lords sung benediction along with a dirge,

But on a hallowed neon day with my sister's breath i was born

In her calls,
I hear my calls to

In her cries,
I cried out to meet the world and when she opened her eyelets,
I recieve my sight

Thus she call me "Thomas";

She say there was no even a chance i could be alive

She say, she doubt i could live long and still today the star is shining in darkness

Thus the truth lying in her soul resting in peace

"Based on a true story...., Sometimes we are born but not just the same
some cry to meet the world and some didnt get the chance....and so as i";

@onnie

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