

Poetry Series

**Peter Daniel Phiri**  
**- poems -**

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**Peter Daniel Phiri(21/06/1989)**

# A Friend For Life (Poetry And I)

On the 21st of June,  
1989 was the year...  
This young fellow bellowed,  
On a biting cold morning when birds were too cold to sing,  
Long minutes after the mother writhed and contorted,  
What a noisy lad!  
And to cause such pain to the mother,  
Too proud,  
Taking his time to withdraw from his alien world..  
And when he suddenly artistically painted that charismatic smile across his face,  
He seemed to be interpreting dreams,  
So Daniel they called him...  
His will was amazing,  
Too much strength and power for an infant,  
So they named him Peter, the rock!

The sound of music in the sky,  
Or was it in his head?  
Somewhat distant,  
Somewhat wild, .somewhat imaginary,  
Often entertained his sleep with dreams,  
And took his soul, mind and thought to worlds unknown..  
And there he met a fellow named poetry..  
A fellow with no face, who spoke with rhymes, wisdom and rhythm.  
Weird but addictive...  
So he willed to part ways with him and their silence took them to different  
forests,  
Somewhat camouflaging common sense and will..  
So the young fellow walked the avenues of life and love...  
And he became a man!

He knew there would come a time when,  
He had to leave the nest and family,  
And fly sky high like a bird,  
Singing victory songs!  
He tried,  
But fell,  
Deep in the thick forest,  
Where the leaves and the ground bellow them grunted,

Yearning to shake off the color off snow?  
So cold!  
The birds neither offered their voices nor charm,

In the midst of the confusion and misfortune,  
As it is well known,  
That friends meet to part and part to meet,  
Hysteria slapped him hard as he met with his old, true and forgotten friend,  
Poetry!  
And so now they walk hand in hand,  
Like the sun and the moon,  
No darkness,  
Victory and love,  
They write on paper,  
And their fondness and magical union inspires multitudes,  
Touching not just their hearts,  
But lives and souls,  
Healing, paving new avenues!

Peter Daniel Phiri

# A Gun In Life's Hands

I'm like a gun in life's hands.  
It's holding me by the trigger, I'm about to explode.  
I am aimed at success,  
When I hit it, I will make a bang.

Patience taught me to be patient.  
But why is it I can't stop my flapping wings anymore?  
Hear me laugh! ! !  
These haters still dream they can stop me?  
What a hopeless dream..

All I've been doing till now is seeding,  
I toiled and laboured, now I'm about to take a rest.  
Hear me now,  
Nothing is as sweet as eating fruits of your labour.

Let me climb the highest mountain,  
Should I make the loudest noise?  
Or will I smile till you smile with me too?  
Will you raise your glasses high and help me celebrate?

Peter Daniel Phiri

# A Minute To Pray

Somewhere out there is an artist like me striving to rise.  
Somewhere out there is an orphan in tears.  
Somewhere out there is a hungry widow dying of Aids.  
Somewhere out there is a heartbroken soul with naked hope.  
Somewhere out there is an infant living on the streets.  
Somewhere out there is a child raped and traumatised.  
Somewhere out there is a saint in battle with the devil.  
Join me in a minute of silence,  
Help me make a silent prayer.

Peter Daniel Phiri

# A Sacrifice For Love

In plight of loving you,  
I bleed,  
And willingly surrender my self to death.  
For with death,  
comes emancipation.

But my heart is entangled with yours,  
And so is my life,  
But I have to depart now.

My soul is halfway across the journey,  
singing joyous melodies.  
My spirit stays with my heart for a while,  
Which with both great joy and pain, ..  
Engage in plucking its biting nails from yours,  
Before the trinity of me flies away to eternity.

I can't stop your bleeding heart,  
Since my heart's nails were rooted so deeply within yours,  
Neither can I stop your tears from flowing,  
For it's better your tears flow than your blood drain.  
Since tears cleanse your soul, your heart and your spirit.  
Within you I've departed,  
But besides you,  
I'll forever stay.

On the gates of heaven,  
I'll forever wait for your arrival,  
Days may turn into months,  
Months into years.  
I let the minutes roll by,  
But yet clinging desperately to every second.

Life is not fair,  
It hides so many things,  
So many emotions, words and actions it can't express.  
But I've come to understand,  
My eyes are open to divine wisdom,  
That the greater love silent in our hearts which life cannot define nor express to a

mortal body;  
Will be revealed in our eternity.

My love,  
When we meet again,  
we shall rejoice.  
And I shall love you, far more than I am able to.

Peter Daniel Phiri

# A Transient Wanderer

The chilly hand of duty startles me again,  
As a transient wanderer, from settling you refrain.  
This pain is not strange,  
But my heart chills, I'm like a fridge.  
I wobble, with a whiz, comes twilight.  
It's not right, I will fight.

Morose smirks with annoyance,  
Short memories scurry across the fence.  
A promise of blooming days ahead now looms,  
A goose chase! ! You shall lose.  
Lie again, it's so sweet.  
Look! now fondness creeps.

I'm so weak, I can't say goodbye,  
My strength comes from saying hie.  
I disappear like snowballs at dawn,  
Had I took your number, I'd busy my phone.  
I look back from the horizon,  
Yet you read this and believe my mind is a strange zone.  
But from my laurels, birds are chipping loud.

Now cross your fingers tight,  
We are not strangers in sight.  
I've seeded love in your heart, please harness,  
And before you know it, I will come harvest.

Peter Daniel Phiri

# African Spirit

Unfortunately, I will not stop,  
Across Africa, I will travel with this African face,  
My African pride,  
And my African story.

I saw your face in Zimbabwe;  
Then I saw it again in South Africa.  
You smiled at me in Malawi,  
Why were you surprised to see me again in Angola?

I carry the African song,  
Listen to soulful rhythms from within.  
I have an African heart,  
With lots of love and pain, it won't part.

Your African face smiles at me with inspiration,  
Across Africa and the world, give me an ear;  
I speak an African language.

Someday you will know my love,  
Someday you will sing my song,  
Someday you will hold my heart;  
Someday you will cry the same tears in my eyes.

Someday you will relieve my pain,  
One day you will understand me.  
Someday you will join my fight and we'll make Africa our pride.

Peter Daniel Phiri

# Aids Caught Me By Surprise

Your pain hides somewhere in my heart,  
How can I pull you up,  
when I'm falling down?  
I'm poised to lose this fight,  
But I shall win this war.

My strength and focus was dedicated to fighting poverty,  
But from my blind side,  
Aids caught me by surprise and declared war.

Away goes my virginity to Aids.  
Defeated and infected I now live.  
Another victory yet again for HIV,  
I infected her without knowing,  
And now my heart rages like a violent storm from deep within.

But my weapon shall conquer,  
My message is stronger.  
I may die on my knees,  
But on my feet,  
I will give them the keys.

Open your eyes and see,  
We joined hands like the sea.  
Safe sex and abstinence will set us free.

Peter Daniel Phiri

# All I Want For Christmas

Tick tick, my heart beats together with my watch,  
Counting down the time, my spirit can't wait for a new year; for new joys and  
accomplishments.

I heard Santa is coming,  
So I await here on my window panting and anticipating.  
But you my love are my Christmas present,  
For my mind turned into a thief and stole you into my dreams.  
When you kissed me that night under the tree, you kissed not just my lips, but  
my soul also.  
So touch not just my hand, but my heart also.

As the stars twinkle and my hands fiddle through the moist air, I await and can  
only hope.  
I hope that Santa comes with lots of cheer like a shooting star but being Christ.  
And I hope he will give me virginity for my soul and seal our tangled lives  
forever!  
Through all this meandering of my soul, my hunger is for Christmas, for you and  
a new year.  
So may Santa come to bless and usher us hand in hand into a new year?  
For you are the only present I yearn for this Christmas!

Peter Daniel Phiri

# An Orphan Unto Love

You say you are an orphan unto life, ..  
But I'm an orphan unto love.  
You refuse to give me another chance,  
But soon you will be my past;  
Let's talk now while we still can.

My body yearns to go where my imagination stretches,  
To touch not just your heart, but your soul.  
To hold not just your hand, but your dreams.

Is it funny that when I look into your eyes, ..  
I see a picture of my childhood years? ,  
A heart still virgin, untroubled by love;  
A soul with an angelic makeup.  
But now I'm an orphan,  
You insist on killing my love,  
And I'm dying with it too.

At least I feel safe,  
I built an empire meant for us that I'm giving to you.  
So you should be fine,  
At least financially.  
If you can't remember me as you special love,  
I hope you will remember me as a father you never had.

A human heart must continue living, ..  
Even in the absence of love.  
So I guess this is farewell.  
Allow me to close the doors to the love chambers of my heart.  
Wish me luck,  
Pray that I find a way to the most distant and serene places hardly found.

I hope my eyes and ears shall not recognise your face nor voice.  
I hope my memory shall free you from my mind;  
And let you fly away like a bird...  
I hope you will find happiness.

Peter Daniel Phiri

# As New Year Approaches

As the year reaches twilight,  
My love burns like firelight;  
And faded dreams disappear like nightmares at dawn.  
In the interim darkness to come, may you, my love, stay close to my light?  
As new year approaches like dawn, through the interim cold, may you harness its warmth?

As joy of today's happiness soar sky high,  
May we not forget the tears of yesterday?  
For tears of yesterday was nothing but seeds for today's happiness.  
Be careful, likewise, today's joy may be mustard seed for tomorrow's sorrow.

It's strange but true, at times the past awaits us in the future,  
Lovemore, my brother, I hope it becomes true in my life.  
For I can't forget you just like that!  
Another year on the verge of birth and we can't celebrate it with you.

I know you are amongst the dead and saints growing impatient,  
Relax, stop flapping your wings, your day of glory will come,  
For it is written, the dead and the saints will come with the Lord through the skies.  
I don't know when the Lord will come, but I know it's soon, but definitely not this year.  
So please allow us to celebrate, wish us all a happy new year!

Peter Daniel Phiri

# Blessing In Disguise

For it's not wisdom I scribble on paper,  
But junk that cloud my head with a seductive song that takes me to the horizon;  
And further forward into oblivion,  
Where only the impossible thoughts and dreams seem so true and real.

Mere awe and surprise are the tools to life and a passage to sanity.  
I don't know why my heart is so fond of wonderous adventures that it constantly  
eludes my mind;  
And communicates with my soul in whispers before their disagreement brings  
back reality,  
Another long silence, and a forgotten memory.

I empty old thoughts and vague aspirations,  
Like a well builder empties mud so that water may sprout;  
So that wisdom and new imaginations may spring forth.

When I speak, they listen,  
For they believe I speak their minds out, their fears and pain;  
And give them the strength to outdare this evil world.  
But little do they know that their attention and presence frees me from my fears  
and demons;  
And elevates me to superior layers of heaven.

Peter Daniel Phiri

# Burden Of Love

I can't be your lover,  
Because I can't love you,  
Without hurting you.

I can't have you,  
Because I can't lose you.  
Nomatter what I do,  
I can't run away from you,  
But I can't touch you,  
I can only love you from a distance.

I learned to be silent,  
Since I can't confess my love to you.  
Tears no longer run down my cheeks,  
For their well has dried up.

I am a bridge to your happiness,  
The person you should step on,  
To get to your destiny, ..  
You happiness.

I'm the reason for your joy,  
And you are;  
The reason for my pain.  
But you are my better half,  
My love,  
My life,  
My soulmate.

You are the reason for my weakness,  
For my lack of purpose.

How can I ever fight? ,  
For something I can't have, ..  
Something that can only destroy you;  
My only love.

I don't desire to have money,  
Nor do I yearn for treasure,

For I strive for somethings better than money and treasure.

I'm not a seeker of love,  
For I have love in abundance,  
Though I can't give it away;  
The source of my burden,  
And my misery.

Peter Daniel Phiri

# Burdens Of Hiv

She does not have to suffer from stigma and discrimination,  
She is just a child born with HIV;  
A curse that will not respect her innocence or her purity.

Her mother lies in bed fighting for her life,  
Some part of her wants to die and face judgement,  
But the other yearns to stage an impossible fight;  
To go back five years in time and prevent the pregnancy.

She can only recall her memory of an innocent youth turning so rogue.  
With the eagerness to explore her sexuality,  
And emotions rushing through her blood;  
The pleasure of his hand touching her body,  
And his adventures into her fruitful domain.

As her tummy grew,  
Her fears grew together with it.  
With the father gone,  
And disgrace borne.

She did not afford a hospital,  
The midwife delivered her And handed her her God given gift,  
Which later seemed like a curse once HIV started tormenting her;  
And made her life a living hell.

She receives punishment for the sins of the father.  
A sexual partner of many  
And a carrier of Aids,  
Who like many,  
Ignore the fight against HIV/AIDS.

Peter Daniel Phiri

# Can We Bury This Love?

After some time, a bird leaves the nest,  
And petulantly flies away just like the rest.  
So am I suffocating you?  
You say you need time and space to breathe;  
Yet strangely, you look at me with a drooping face as I leave.

Beyond your eyes glitters wonderland,  
Give me a spade, let's bury this love before I go mad.  
Whither shall I wander? Eden or Dreamland?  
Angels join my laughter, behold! A stairway to heaven.  
Stars dropp at my feet like brethren,  
I squeeze my eyes, is this real or its a dream?  
But the Lord restores order, in my face your eyes beam.  
Beyond your left eye is Eden, beyond your right is Dreamland.

Love is almighty, it won't leave us alone; It's prowling.  
Virgin shyness swirls across your face;  
In my own lake I'm drowning.  
How deep is your psyche? I can't resist prying.  
My prudence is provoked, I better change my pseudonym.

Peter Daniel Phiri

# Children's Prayer

Like a jungle untamed,  
Wisdom untapped,  
The holy garden of Eden unveiled.  
We are never certain,  
For we are only but children.

Walking barefoot,  
On the shores of life,  
Naked!  
And pure...  
With love,  
And in faith!

As we pray innocent prayers,  
Building ladders,  
Towards heaven and destiny,  
May we remain pure Lord?  
Shining,  
Like diamond pieces.  
Lord, ...  
Be our guide! !

Peter Daniel Phiri

# Chipolopolo

Unfortunately we will not retire,  
Across Afrika, we continue to inspire,  
With this African trophy,  
Our national achievement;  
The African glory.

I heard celebrations in Angola,  
Then I heard them again in Malawi.  
They went nuts in Zimbabwe,  
It was thrilling in Mzansi;  
In praise to Chipolopolo.

We hold the African title,  
We are the champions.  
It took a lot of struggle and plight,  
But it was worth the fight.

A new dawn has come,  
From dust, a new King sprouts,  
Now Chipolopolo they shout!

Peter Daniel Phiri

# Deep And Wide

What I feel is deep and wide...  
like I can never reach its depth...  
Someone told me it's rich and wise...  
i can only picture her in white!  
I might be enchanted but dont let me off that spell...  
For i would murder my will if I lose her and would dig my grave of shame!

She doesn't exactly know how i feel, ...  
Though it's alright still..  
But still my heart beats, and faster, LOUDER like I am about to die!  
Still she asks me why?  
Somethings are left to faith, everybody wonders why?  
Still I try....  
And If i fall a hundred meters before the line, still I have won..  
My heart is empty, I have given her all it had!

Peter Daniel Phiri

# Don'T Follow That Star

Don't follow that star you always show me at night,  
All that glitters is not gold, be careful,  
It dwells in dark lands strange unto men

Shrine and home,  
To many souls prone,  
Don't follow that star you always show me at night.

So often that star appear  
Glittering in the eye... Cold fear!  
It dwells in dark lands strange unto men.

Lurking therein  
Darkness! Camouflaged, shining,  
Don't follow that star you always show me at night

For night is  
Strife and wrath  
It dwells in dark lands strange unto men.

Lest it grips your soul,  
Follow that little man within your core  
Don't follow that star you always show me at night  
It dwells in dark places strange unto men.

Peter Daniel Phiri

# Don'T Wail

He dumped you and left you torpsy-turvy on the ground.  
But I will pick you up like a diamond soaked in mud.  
My love shall rain upon your traculant state,  
My noble heart shall gently touch yours in tatters;  
And you shall again return your 'cool as ice' character and composure.  
Don't wail, you shall shine again.

Flowers may wither in winter,  
But spring will come and they will bloom again.  
Even the bees shall come again looking for nectar.  
And then, .only then,  
I shall bid you farewell.  
For you will be stronger and more stunning than any other earthly force.  
You shall be swifter like the wind;  
Glamorous and illuminous by makeup.  
And wiser like the wisemen beyond the sun shall you be.  
Don't wail, you shall shine again.

Peter Daniel Phiri

# Drifting Away

Don't put on that sorry face because you are leaving me,  
I'm happy for you.  
For whatever makes you happy,  
Makes me happy as well.  
But you mean the world to me,  
Sorry I never told you that before;  
Forgive my pride.

But for a long time, ..  
I missed the girl I fell in love with.  
The girl with the most magnificent eyes I've ever seen.  
The girl who when she looked at me,  
I would hear life overflowing,  
I would hear my heart pound,  
And my sorrows flee to make room for joy.

There were times when you used to look at me with no lie in your eyes.  
How I miss those happy days.

You are a blessing to me,  
And a gift from heaven.  
So it's not goodbye,  
But bye bye for now;  
Because I know we will be together again.

Peter Daniel Phiri

# Fading Lights

Some speak;  
Not that you may give them an ear,  
But that you may give them a meaning,  
And a direction into their dreams.  
Just like a newborn baby cries out loud,  
so that you may cover it with a blanket.

Some laugh,  
So that you may see the sorrow that stains their heart and put out their lights;  
With a fading flame of hope that you may rekindle theirs.

Some surrender their lives so that we may live,  
Some hurt,  
So that we may find a reason to love.

Some cry and pray that we may be forgiven,  
And live life freely without guilt.

Peter Daniel Phiri

# Farewell, Dear Old Poet

Oh, dear old poet!  
Your words make sense to me now,  
Five years after you are dead and gone; lying in your grave quiet.

My spirit is full like the river before my eyes,  
Like these ripples and seductive song it enchants without thought;  
Sorrow fills my spirit as wisdom comes to me with enlightenment sky wide.  
I am a keeper of the fiber of wisdom hidden in every poet's thought.  
I was an egg, but now I've hatched, I no longer hide.

My soul is enchanted,  
Coated with the addiction of rhyme, wisdom and mystery;  
Fear has long departed.  
I feel the little steps of my mind creep to the same levels,  
Of poets of yesteryear.

Farewell dear poet,  
I'm quoting your words now and I'm so sad,  
I wish I should have said thank you not walk out on you.

You said.....  
'Lad, you are too young to be famous,  
But in your poems, I find wisdom and sense you have no idea you put across.  
Your mind should peel to its core, then you will understand these things I utter.  
Poetry is an art of living;  
To be a great poet; poetry must consume you a great deal.  
But your day will come when you shall utter things that make sense;  
Way after their echoes have faded.  
Only then Lad, shall you become a great poet....  
Mind and know where your poems root from,  
And fame will follow you.  
Unfortunately you shall become famous after I've gone,  
So I hope these things I utter shall remain tattooed in your mind,  
And be your guide

Peter Daniel Phiri

# For My Love

Even if silence steals my voice,  
And time keep running away from me..  
In my silence, and in my absence,  
Just know that I love you....

I don't want my mind to go helter-skelter,  
So understand.  
Because my heart is yours,

I have a long journey ahead of me,  
I must win at all costs..  
From my deep thoughts arises my silence..  
But from my heart, shouts your love..

Peter Daniel Phiri

# Get Well Soon

If it's sickness,  
Treat it as such;  
For it's not weakness...  
Be glad that our lives are connected,  
As long as I'm strong, you will never be weak.

Don't mind the distance,  
Look at the bright side;  
We can only enjoy the sun if it is that far,  
If it was any closer, earth would be hell.

Be at peace,  
You are always in my heart,  
So you will always be close.

Peter Daniel Phiri

# Hand Of Love

Behold, the dawn's sight sterneously replaces the stealthy night.  
As night and day exchanges roles,  
Darkness is maribound, it goes.  
Crows and whores dissapear like snow balls.

Dusting off my flaws,  
My heart melts and flows,  
Like a river, it grows.  
Is my suave nobility enough to make you my wifey?  
Now I'm weary, I think about it daily.

My mind veers and falls,  
Yesterday nears and nostalgia calls.  
Joy and sorrow,  
Love and fear, they are like peers.  
Vehemence creeps in like fear,  
Your beauty sways me.Is this a bout?  
Conscience take control, no more merry go round.

With this kiss, there is a wish.  
Feel the bliss, now your love leaks.  
I ogle you with a lavish twinkle,  
And from that fountain, I shall not drink little.

This vermal love is strong like alcohol.  
Oh No! It's sublime, now everybody is like Whoa!  
There is no protégé nor teacher,  
Like laurels, great love does not wither.  
Though the night may be strange like winter,  
Morning will come with summer and flicker.

Peter Daniel Phiri

# If I Find Time, I Will Love You

I'm a hustler, I have to keep moving.  
Money is my business, yours is loving me.  
Don't place too much hope on eyeing another eclipse,  
It may take a lifetime.  
Please smile, don't waste your precious tears my dear.  
If I find time, I will love you.

I can't promise you or society anything,  
If I do, I deserve punishment.  
But I'm certain I'll make it in life.

Let me pack my bags again;  
I'm going globetrotting.  
I can hear the sound of water in Victoria Falls.  
I'm afraid I will take another leap of faith.  
I will mount an elephant and proceed to Barbados Islands.  
When the sun goes down, the fun begins.  
If I'm left with my last cent, I will hustle again.  
Time is a luxury I don't have,  
But if I find time, I will love you.

I have a lot of languages to learn,  
I have a lot of places to go,  
And an empire to build.  
It may take me a lifetime.  
I was born a hustler, I can't give guarantees.  
But if I find time, I will love you.

Peter Daniel Phiri

# Let's Tango

Lets tango,  
Like Rango and Amigo,  
With more vigour and ego!

Close your eyes,  
Let's make the angels tight;  
And our heads light.

Lose your mind,  
Free your spirit,  
Like the wind, let's travel deep into heaven.  
Don't be weary,  
No need to worry.

Enjoy my movements,  
Feel my body;  
And embrace the rhythem; Let the rhythem find its way into your head.

Give me that smile,  
Leap with me into adventure.  
Forget the crowd and sing out loud.  
Let's dance in praise to love.

If life can be so alive,  
Then let's dance and tangle for the rest of our lives.

Peter Daniel Phiri

# Life Is The Thing That Defines Me

Life is the thing that defines me.

The King enthroned in my most deepest and most sacred mansion.

Life is me in speech,

In action,

And in thought.

Life is my compassion,

Your love,

And their hospitality.

Life is me inspiring people,

You making a difference,

And them changing the world.

Peter Daniel Phiri

# Love Lost

Without you, my love,  
I'm just a fading dream,  
A fallen star,  
and a mortal angel.  
In my darkness, you were my light,  
But now in my light,  
you are an invisible gaze,  
A clear darkness with no form.

My tears cloud my vision,  
And make my path a run straight into the burning dangeon.

Oh! , my beautiful memory,  
Bring me to that place again,  
To that first kiss that seems so real now as it was back then.

Let the star of yesterday shine again today,  
And as it fades and drops its tears to the ground;  
Let them join my own.

But how dare you lose my hand and watch me venture blindly into the jungle?  
Should I take my life and search with the clearer eyes of the spirit?  
Or the abundant energy of the soul?

Oh, my lost love,  
Let me cry again for the last time.  
For this time, my tears will clear my vision.

Peter Daniel Phiri

# Love Poem

Behold, the ground shaking,  
The same pound hammers pounding.  
Somewhat louder, wilder, ...carefree!  
Wandering out in the dark.  
Shining.  
Naked and pure, with no shame.  
A love mirrored on her lips,  
Smiling....  
A wild heart turned tame

Lofty, .. ever present.  
A sweet caress..  
To small, innocent footprints  
engraving on that mighty shore..  
Of her heart  
A sea of life!

A toddler of yesteryear  
Once scared of bees,  
Same age as mine..  
Never uttered 'please'  
Like me, haunted with pride  
A peacock!  
With beauty and pride.

My Valentine,  
Since the age of nine..  
A song jelled together to a fine tune with the spirit..  
A wife,  
Taking charge of life,  
Arranging it carefully,  
The same way her husband to be writes..  
The same way God decorated the skies!

Peter Daniel Phiri

# Murderers

They killed him like he was a chicken;  
They are devils, he wasn't ready to go.  
Lord forgive him his sins, take him into your hands.  
The dead cry, believe me, his tears poured through my eyes,  
But he wasn't done, they poured through everyone else's.

I looked at his corpse, lying lifeless in the coffin.  
Yet he stood besides me; he was emotionally hurt.  
I didn't want to cry, but he cried and his tears came through my eyes.  
As we covered his grave with gravel, he sobed softly and closed his eyes;  
His lone journey started, there was nothing I could do.

His face is forever tattoed in my memory,  
Tears have dried, but I will fulfill his dream.  
He gave me streangth, the Lord gave me grace and devine protection.  
Don't bother trying, you cannot kill me too.  
Heads up! Your trial awaits you in heaven.

Peter Daniel Phiri

# My Dear

My most delightful dear,  
My loved one, come near.  
Don't queer nor fear,  
Though I trance like I'm drunk with beer.

In my heart, your love stays near.  
And in my prayers, you are not mere.  
This love we found, please let's rear,  
Let them talk, I choose not to hear.

My heart beats with love, not fear,  
I'm giving it all to you, please bear.  
For you are more than a peer;  
It's not weird, I chose to be here.

Peter Daniel Phiri

# My Fear

I fear my greater joy may never be seen,  
Though its reflections may glitter in my eyes.

The song that grace my spirit and arrays my poems may not be audible enough  
to be heard;  
Though its echoes and melody reach every fibre of my heart, being and soul.

Just like a whale may never abandon the sea and live in a river or dam,  
My greatest poems, aspirations and dreams may never find a way out of me.

But with love,  
Sympathy and faith;  
There is always hope.

Peter Daniel Phiri

# Natural Mystique

Tear after tear,  
They cloud my vision as they struggle;  
with great agility for recovery.

Their pain shreds my heart,  
They keep getting infected, day in, day out.  
And I keep getting affected as well.

They look at me,  
And I see death notices on their faces,  
They smile at me;  
And I see them fade away upon the face of earth.

Though I try to answer all the questions they ask me,  
Confusedly, without sequence,  
They continue to fall as prey;  
To the deadly HIV.

I cry out to them with advice,  
But they give me deaf ears and thicken their heads.  
My fragile heart breaks into pieces like a shattered home.  
My eyes glitter with a sea of bitter tears;  
Though my strength is gone,  
I prepare myself for one last fight.

Please lord,  
Gladly take my life,  
But make my spirit and my soul the cure to this disease;  
And this generation.

Peter Daniel Phiri

# On A Runway

When you speak□ you sing life from deep within your soul□ and it's quite clear  
when you smile in the mirror□ the world smiles back at you!

□ Inside, you are still the same kid□ □ Playing childish games

Together with others□ On the runway

□ Under the full virgin moon□ Chasing butterflies with childish endurance

Delirious, lost in fantasy! □ Like the blind man on his walking sticks

□ So don't cry□ The day you realize, that I meant happiness in your life

□□ Deny nostalgia□ Lurking in your thoughts, □ Helter-skelter often lead  
to strangers avenue

Harness patience and endurance □ What would it profit you?

Writhing and contorting? □ □ Why would you rob your spirit of  
exuberance?

□ Your heart is not as hard as stone.

Meanderings of your soul root from some place...□ Somewhat pregnant  
with love!

□ □ It's hard for me □ To fit into your delicately made frame

So I forgot your beautiful face, □ And easily made strangers laugh

□□ I wish you would understand □ The  
same thing that inspires me□ Is the same thing that  
drives me crazy!

Peter Daniel Phiri

# Once Upon A Love Story

Alone in thought,  
I hear the soft sounds on the roof,  
My eyes dash to the window;  
And witness the gentle rain kissing the grounds of the earth.

Serenity builds,  
A vision unfolds,  
A lost dream revamps,  
And a forgotten memory smiles with clarity.

My mind winds itself backwards to our first memory,  
To that first kiss;  
And that love that fell upon my heart and made it home.

I remember that smile that curled upon your lips;  
And hurled me from my crest to my tips.

My heart blossomed once,  
Pain came to dearth.  
My silent self came alive and walked on foreign territory;  
Oh! It felt good to be alien.

Peter Daniel Phiri

# Papa, You Taught Me The Wrong Lessons

No, I won't cry ever again,  
Papa, you are dead and gone just like Mama.  
I'm standing aloof on this shore watching this tempest and I'm thinking of you  
Papa.  
You molded my life and made me a hustler.....  
In me a fierce animal was born, ....  
And I took my soul to worlds unknown.

No, Papa, I won't regret!  
I used to feel your invisible hand and whisper like filthy bats in the night;  
No disrespect Papa, I think you taught me the wrong lessons.  
You believed a wrong can only be justified by another wrong;  
You were too foolish to choose porn over corn.  
I threw your ashes in this river and here I am again bidding you farewell.  
I am wise enough to craft my own path and dig my own well.  
I lay my arms down, I'm done being a hustler, I no longer want to hurt people!

Peter Daniel Phiri

# Reality In Dreams

You glitter like the sun,  
You melt everything I believe in.  
Look at me straight in my eyes,  
With your eyes 'full of sky';  
You pierce my heart.

Smile at me oh please,  
Open the floodgates in my eyes.  
Kiss me again,  
My love, you make me insane.

I remember you looked at me for the first time,  
It was a long time ago.

Then I felt thunder in my heart like a rocket taking off;  
And watched my guard drop, surrendering the little resistance left in me.  
Then I struck your heart like lightning with my love.

The entire evening stars,  
danced upon our heads.  
Then we made our wish,  
And lived like total fools.

In one buried memory,  
We shined upon each other,  
Then we exchanged hearts;  
And took some adventure to the moon.

I came back with your heart,  
But you couldn't take it back.  
I became stronger but I couldn't fight.  
The nearer I came, the further I drifted.  
And the more I loved,  
Is the more I learned to hurt.

But am I like thunder in your heart?  
Is your love lightning to my life?  
Am I making sense?

Oh my dearest love,  
Please don't let me go insane.  
Is this not the end of the dream?  
Please make me wake up.

Peter Daniel Phiri

# Serenity Sobs

This poem is dedicated to you,  
My love,  
For so many things you don't understand,  
So many nitigrities I have no power to explain.

I hope life will give you insight,  
understanding and wisdom.  
In due season, ..  
Your inner eyes and ears shall open,  
And you shall see how great my love for you is.

My eyes are blind to our future,  
They are bright and glittering to our present,  
And have no account of our past.

I am happy but my tears are near,  
With each lie you tell,  
They push towards the surfarce,  
Soon they will roll down my cheeks.  
Will I wipe them away?  
And lose all memory of you?  
Or will I let them fall to the ground and learn to let go?

My heart is in pain,  
and my soul in rage.  
Echoes of a lonely sad song, hover hopelessly in my spirit.  
My mind is playing dangerously on the edges of insanity,  
But my will is strong.

I smile even though I don't have a reason to.  
I laugh not because of your jokes,  
but my own sorrow.

Be at peace my love,  
Unlike life, love is always fair.  
Memories may pierce your heart and soul like a thousand swords,  
Don't regret your flaws,  
No one is flawless.

Your longing will not remain unsatisfied,  
but will be seed;  
In the hearts of your children.

Peter Daniel Phiri

# Sick Love

I have something to say,  
And I want to say it to you.  
I have love in my heart,  
and joy in my soul.  
But I want to share it with you.

How silly am I to wait for a memory yet to come?  
For a gift yet to be discovered;  
And pleasure yet to be tasted?

How cruel are you? ...  
that you smile and wave me goodbyes,  
In front of my tear filled? eyes.

How strong am I to turn my back on you?  
Tell me,  
How weak are you to surrender your life without a fight?

Peter Daniel Phiri

# Silent Loud

They look at me as their leader;  
As their front man.  
But I prefer leading from the crowd,  
It's in my nature, in my blood;  
written all over my character, face and body language.

I may not stand up and shout in a loud voice,  
You see...I am not that talented.  
But I am a silent,  
Yet loud, audible voice communicated through people's hearts,  
And translated outwardly as love, passion and sympathy.

Peter Daniel Phiri

# Silent Treasures

I believe in the greater calling,  
I believe I can change the world.  
I am a voice of hope,  
A voice of encouragement,  
And a voice of inspiration.

I hear what most of you can't hear,  
I see what most of you can't see;  
I find laughter in every situation.

I know the beautiful songs that grace your spirit;  
The sweet words and undying love hidden in your heart.  
For I know the great imaginations that run across your mind.

I am crazed, fascinated and joyful of the treasures that lie in your silence,  
And yet very sorrowful that you will never show it to the world.

I know your greatest treasures lie in your silence,  
And therein your silence,  
I shall plunge myself,  
Dip my pen,  
And reveal all your treasures to the world.

Peter Daniel Phiri

# Such Is Life

I guess in the end everything seems to follow  
the same pattern as mother nature.  
As young kids, like the grass of the forest,  
We played together,  
Peace, love and harmony ever abundant in our hearts.

As the years went by,  
And love,  
Once a stranger..  
Became a surprise captain controlling the ship.  
Then the battles began,  
Many bonds were untied,  
Survival of the fittest was the law,  
Just like in a savanna jungle..

After some time,  
Like after every storm or war,  
Calmness prevailed,  
And our hearts were filled with love...  
Then we tried to make up for lost time...

But like the birds in a nest,  
All had departed,  
Riding on the fast lane of life..  
Somewhat driving us further apart..  
Permanently, .....

Just like the stars in the sky.

Dreams running different directions,  
We started to paint ourselves,  
With different thoughts,  
Different colors....  
And whenever we came together..  
We seemed to be forming a rainbow...

Peter Daniel Phiri

# The Question

How come you smile?  
With so much pain in your soul?  
How come you look sad? ,  
With so much love in your heart?  
Why do you whisper?  
When your spirit is roaring like a lion?

Why is it then?  
That silent tears find their way on a beautiful face like yours?

How come you are a miracle that needs another miracle?  
How come you give more than what you have?  
And take less than what you need?  
How come you shine and glow like the sun?  
And yet so cold and still like the night?

Why is it your love is dangerously bittersweet?  
How is it that your lips smile more than they talk?  
How come they think you are crazy?  
When I see wits and genius scibbled across your face?  
How come we are seen together?  
Yet we are worlds apart.

And why is it then? ,  
That I can't answer any of these questions?

Peter Daniel Phiri

# Ugly World

The harder the fight, the nearer the victory.  
I keep chasing my dream, but like a butterfly,  
It whimsicals, too bad I can't fly.  
My beauty stays intact, but the world has turned ugly.  
Cowards! ! They've surrendered, I say it matter of factly.

The stronger in me crumbles at my feet,  
No way! The weaker stands tall at peak.  
My voice muffles, I yearn for vergil,  
Humanity is lost, society has turned evil.

They praise money, to hell with these monsters,  
Actors and bitches, thugs and fake pastors,  
Thieves and politicians, they are all the same.  
They cry for gay rights with no shame,  
They are wolves in sheep tic! !

Righteousness, they no longer preach,  
It's all prosperity, they want to be rich.  
Elders no longer have shame,  
They are corrupt, they want fame.  
They are full of disguise, God! Their mask is strong.

I don't know where this whim came from,  
Anyone nubile they want, tirelessly they roam.  
Yokels are in trouble, I whip up a fight,  
Rapists are rampant, they need light.  
There is no zing, society needs wisdom.

Peter Daniel Phiri

# Voice Of The Unborn Child

I am the voice of an unborn child,  
Who demand some changes before he comes to the world.

Though tiny,  
His lips will shine so broadly,  
His cheeks will burn, before he starts crying again.

Nature will rejoice,  
Birds will sing,  
And angels will gather.

The lord will whisper into his ear his path to life,  
His blessings and gifts;  
Though soon to be forgotten once a teenager.

The world will dampen his spirit,  
Love will break him apart,  
And fighting will make him weary.

His dreams,  
Though sweet;  
Will forever remain locked in his head.

Peter Daniel Phiri

# We Are The Future

I bring new life and hope like a spring season,  
When your love is dying, my undying love is even,  
Like a chain, I'm the one who holds families together.  
My love is eternal, it will cause your storms to weather;  
Mommy, I'm your child, Daddy, I'm the seed you planted and helped grow.

I'm the future, I'm the incorruptable seed,  
Yet even so I glance around, Alas, I'm surrounded by weed.  
My wits grows together with me daily,  
My light is glowing brighter, like the sun, I will shine surely.  
My peers are no exception, we are the cure to society.

You're titilated huh? Evil bastards, you caused this young mêlée,  
Our trust now recedes naturally, Sophie was defiled by her uncle.  
Auntie you've lost yourself, every weekend you have an orgy, its dangerous.  
This odyssey of yours is now languid daddy, mommy thinks you're too lacherous.  
What happened to your sanguin self? Nowadays you're maudlin.  
Remember I'm your streangth, shun evil demands and be my role models.

But one day I will be Mr President,  
And in my country, evil won't be resident.  
They come against us now with sickels and evil practice,  
Later shall be greater, we will come against them with purity and justice.  
No! Unlike Jesus, we won't die for their sins on the cross,  
They will carry their cross, law and justice shall be boss.

I'm like a tree daddy, my roots are growing deep,  
But now I'm just a child, that promise you swore, please keep.  
Protect me from abuse me mommy, I'm may harm me.  
Daddy, pay for my education, you'll be proud of me one day.  
We are laconic beings, but one day we will roar and break new ground.

Peter Daniel Phiri

# Welcome Me Dear Poets

One little step after another,  
I humbly bow my head low,  
In submission,  
In utter respect,  
Joining your family...

I hope you haven't served dinner yet,  
For I yearn for my hunger to go away,  
At the same time quenching my thirst,  
With your amusing words, rhymes and rhythms.  
Don't be mad at me,  
My only addiction is poetry!

But I bring thought and imagination,  
From deep within my forest,  
Where crazy thoughts sing in my head,  
And stain themselves on paper!

Peter Daniel Phiri

# Whither Shall I Wonder

So here I am again in this alley,  
I'm confused.  
The weather is bad,  
My soul is uncomfortable.  
All the tears in the world just rained today.  
Whither shall I wonder?  
Why am I afraid?  
Why am I like this?  
Why do I feel like a lost puppy?

I was here before,  
The situation wasn't this bad.  
I despise you for ushering me in love.  
I hate you! ! !  
You gave me love and made me weak, dependable and vulnerable.  
Now that you swept me away like dirt,  
And adjusted my brains to a madman's standards,  
I ask myself,  
Whither shall I wonder?

I'm humming a new song,  
It's so sad! ,  
The world and the birds are crying too;  
Their tears just rained a while ago.  
But the skies are clearing up and getting brighter,  
Soon I have to get up and move on.  
But whither shall I wonder?

Peter Daniel Phiri

# You Remind Me

You remind me of my struggle,  
You remind me of my strength yet to come;  
Of a dream in the making,  
And a love once dear to my life.

Like heat in my cold heart,  
Her love was comfort to my life,  
But now it burns like hell inside of me.

You remind me of a place I dread with my soul;  
Of a crime I can't accept forgiveness.  
You remind me of the innocence I robbed from my love,  
Of the virginity she lost to me;  
And the promise I couldn't keep.

You remind me of my unworthiness to be loved,  
And my promise to a fresh start.  
My friend, ..  
You remind me of my life.

Peter Daniel Phiri