

Poetry Series

**Alan Kabanshi**  
**- poems -**

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**Alan Kabanshi(17/03/1985)**

## 26th May Is Overdue

25th May it was said you were due  
That night fears were never few  
A calling you refused, you never came through  
But on the 26th, our worries you threw  
When you were handed out you were so blue  
Was i scared to hold you? probably true  
but with your face, i realise something too  
We had a mini-me, who to the family was new  
My friends came to see you and would queue  
presents came beyond what we knew

6 days later your smile was such a view  
But they were nights when you in the snow i almost threw  
And now it isnt fun changing your diapers after poo poo  
Although i wouldnt hesitate to do it even for a moment or two  
but i cant wait to hear you say i wanna go to the loo  
I am excited, wanna take you to the park and the zoo  
Teach you how to dress and tie your shoe  
You are my son whether you are wise or a fool  
coz since the night you came all i am worth is you

I cant believe how in a short time you grew  
You challenge me to be the best man you should look up to  
Am so proud your name on my flesh i wanna tattoo  
But others think its a silly thing for me to do  
I guess 26th to me is overdue  
It accelerates to your births dejavu

Alan Kabanshi

# A Face In A Crowd

In a rush of a town crowd, we waste in sustenance of dreams  
Dreams for dreamers and goals for seekers  
Nothing seems to escape the measure of their beams  
Condemned to servitude, we unbeknownst loosen with an implement for solitude

Time befall us all to lighten-up our dew  
It's ok to be straight and true  
Don't let yourself be hard on you  
Because all that drama, will be a lost tale of just another face in the crowd

Unique, look at the glimmer of your shine!  
Never bed the worries of how you are viewed, for by your premature coming  
you're skewed  
Unapologetic, mount the sculpture of your trueness  
Lest you seam into a fabric of a face in a crowd

Aspire your soul to satisfaction, Dream without justification  
No matter how insignificant, for with a complete heart  
You will never stand empty, but a just face in the crowd

2011

Alan Kabanshi

# A Hard Long Walk

Within valleys of dreams blows a mist of prosperity  
But follies before life give shape to ghosts amidst shadows

A troubled mind stretches for a withering gasp of liberty  
And distress gather in whose wake cheerful moments die  
A tap on the shoulder bubbling wisdom words  
That beyond the end, life gives its wage

Many dare to dream, but to live it few manage  
What then shall we erect to their praise?  
Their hearts strong that even without hope they still arise  
Perseverance is questioned near finish  
Where survival hangs on habits which outlive dreams  
For those who fail, death becomes a gift in accounting their losses

Dare to live through moment that bosses  
where Life cheats you with defeat, loosing zeal  
And even when you lead it feels like on a trail  
Who a man is you that you should give up?  
For the greatness of a man is founded in difficulties to perfect him  
And that which is quenched by fire,  
equally it's yoked and cannot die

So for me,  
I shall tread on with my long hard walk  
For rest waits at the door of destination

2010

Alan Kabanshi

# A Place Of My Own

Questions aging without answers...

Why does the world tie me to everything of a loss?  
And the past bindingly holdfast to nothing that last?

Wasted I have grown to peoples ideologies  
Expected to act not in my own but widely perceived  
Why be judged by ethical standing,  
And doubt decisions I conceived?

There lies a need to differ and a need to be one  
Am ought to be, free like a bird on the wings  
Soaring in the expanse where my soul begins  
Where I can steer quiet nights and let my thoughts collide  
A place I can hold and touch things I can feel  
Live in the space of inner influence, where everything is real  
Not a place where my voice drowns in others whispered ideals  
But where I can be more than just a name  
Where time never ticks one thin dime  
A place with ambition of no limit to what you can become  
A place that knows no grudge but dwells in respect  
A place nothing but of my own

2011

Alan Kabanshi

# Bleeding Thoughts

I see you and you feel me  
Here on plain grounds we meet  
You arouse my intellect  
As you explore my psych  
Freely I let you  
Knowing you liberate me

Before you am tone with an idea  
Collection of unleavened thinking builds a concept  
Taste foreplay evolves an erection of wild interest  
Penetrating my mind to share intercourse  
And I feel you in pleasures of my psych  
My gentle fingers slowly draw to your bottom  
And in ecstasy you are filled

Silently you lie wet  
As in relief you escape my gentle scratch  
In climax of bleeding thoughts I watch you rest  
As in full you show what's on my mind

(To all writers and their relationship with the writing pad)

2010

Alan Kabanshi

# Blinks Of Time

Eyes dry, sleep bare like a desert,  
my mind full, thoughts served like dessert  
wishes flowing giving fruits barren to heart  
and questions popping tearing Alan apart  
i feel the pain costumed in disguise of hate  
hereafter, wondering does a heart bleed when its hurt?  
time slowing, i age in steps of a second,  
miles away, a promising minute never seems to approach

i see my pride saved in shame on an open plate  
my dreams shattered, ambitions die on a vine  
beaten to the cold, loneliness i whine  
without u, a single digit i stand but came close like nine  
everything drifts like the wind never to be mine  
hope my dearest of companions, whispers i will be fine  
After time, i will stand firm even to dine  
To even bath my soul in fine wine  
All becomes but a point along a cline

Alan Kabanshi



# Break In A Heart

Crooked the vessel may appeal  
In it a dropp flow shall seek to heal  
To settle at peace a profile is sort, to which impurities dwell in manifest  
Agonizing thirst throats in dripping interest

In great pains of candid disappointment, I bitterly confront the truth  
That with time deep rivers runs shallow  
And the booming sound of you leaves me hollow  
Even a fading pulse of emotion that i feel  
Make plain Love left burning too ideal

I am confined in a sorrowful sight  
A nightmare from which i am awaiting to awaken  
Where tearful regrets unravel my mind  
Its appetite consumes every peaceful thought  
Helplessly i turn to silent heavens  
That every sweet memory of her should rote □  
But cursed to torments time fails to erase  
And thoughts never seem to cease

How is covenant of our hearts broken?  
Like a tone cloth kissed by a blade  
A break in a heart bleeds out a love that never fade  
This norm my head fails to support, even to embrace the light it gives  
Indeed you are a deleted word that lost the meaning of a sentence  
And a thrice of blinks sculptured you in another man's liking

My life has crashed to pieces before me  
Tears unheard, still I shade and the price i have paid  
Bitter still are thoughts that you were laid  
And that which grows in you should have been mine

The wave of such thoughts over powers me  
though wicked its current might seem  
Nature's voice comforts me  
With time water always find its level

2009



# Catching Feelings

Diamonds that shine brighter than stars  
Brightens a heart in a soul with firm, yet falls  
And weak I come in a heap  
In memories scared by loves whip

Restrained to dream am crippled  
But in latent of gold her shadows fall  
Enriching tender dreams  
To heal experiences and foretell changing tides  
Forfeiting dreams in its veiled belief  
Aligning to catch feelings

A mind trapped in differing reflections and ignorant in the morrow  
Leaves me trapped in the midst of joy and growing sorrow  
Yet am catching feelings in faith of its tune  
Dwelling in captivity of a heart, killing reason in loves faith

More to my fears seethe  
Yet rousingly it presses to hasten  
'Stab it.' says I, 'and kill the beat'  
Lamentably, all in tireless effort  
I fail to avoid catching her feelings  
And her love for me is renewed  
life what a wonderous woman

2010

Alan Kabanshi

# Caught In Between All Wishful

I never pictured falling down looking for sympathy  
Caught in between all wishful, wondering what led to this path  
Trying to find anything ideal that I can believe in  
Because all I wish for is now caught in between all wishful

When you reveal me, I discovered a better half  
To my relief I saw the dawn coming to break  
Found my way, but how much will you give in?  
Am lost, not even sure what we are fighting  
When ghosts of my nightmares come I can't keep awake  
Help me understand, what it's for that am going through

I feel trampled upon  
like a heavy load that festers and then stink  
How unexpected that am judged by feelings  
Over doubts and questions misinterpreted as selfish dealings  
I am viewed through reflections of opinions,  
Sometimes I smile but mostly am left injured in tears  
I cry endless nights in torments infertile to my understanding  
Your judgment leaves me caught in between all wishful,  
For things I don't want to relieve in

Criticized am left to collapse between the gap of my dreams  
With a loud fallout that no one hears my screams  
That even my thoughts can no longer hear my heart beat  
I am made to limp and crawl so I may yield to a leap of joy  
Than living caught in between all wishful

2011

Alan Kabanshi

# Close To Heaven

In my thoughtful wake am taken aback,  
classic beauty, Definitely divine, demeanor elegance  
Facial structure, body morphology  
Full picture extrapolated in features satisfying a soul

In these foreign times, histories spill over  
Its dark stature hurts motives intended  
Shadows grow long like to mock the evening sun  
but today our day is hay  
In romance consummated, our life is on play  
Held in her bosom the feeling is unfathomable  
Happiness once again becomes probable  
In moments of exalted nature, my pride lay noble

Time betrays joyous moments, with its interweaving steps  
Un-noticed it moves similar to a reel  
Nightmares of parting awakes to be real  
In its view we are but a row of people lining the route of a procession  
Like dead fish we just move with the flow  
So if ever I could, then I would this moment slow  
And to a romantic song,  
Forgoing the extraordinary mixture of harsh reality for a chance  
To hold your winding figure in such a dance  
In a moment were lofty ideals give birth to joy  
And we fly so close to heaven

(2012)

Alan Kabanshi

# Dreams

"Bound for greatness" said so by the name  
Though imperfect i give not shame  
My greatness of will,  
Exist in conquest of unblemished prime

A look at me with a fairy view  
Be holds endless joy of a refreshing dew  
Wrongs men are prone to, but i make many as few

To others hopes fully am fed  
A calm between worries in heads  
And a promise of rebirth  
In sleep i rule on their beds

In bounds of happiness  
I cares fears and worries of sleep  
Untill in peace i as a dream  
leave my last breath

Alan Kabanshi

# Experience And Thought

It is the hurt that breaks me  
The pain that pulls me to my knees  
The tears that change me to what is not seen  
The hardships that out runs me to the end of myself

From this entirety a hundredfold of knowledge lie fallow  
Yet pickled thinking is reaped in scaffolds of wisdom  
And the sincerity within truly and undeservedly blossom  
As earthly toil morass what perception is freedom alike

Endearments of clarity cheapen waves as ripples strikes  
In thoughts imbalanced to human nature  
Though outcome preys against our favor  
Yet experiences deceit we savor  
meaning and value crowd in clarity of thought  
as farmed thinking fades and bleeds off discontentment  
Apprizing the durable side of its fulfillment

Alan Kabanshi

# Falling Shadows

How can a feeling so sweet be deceitful, and be thought wrong?  
Could she be too broken that with her I can't belong?  
Am I just blind a man, with too big a desire for sight, that I blinding myself from  
within my means?

But yet, dreams are filled with ghosts of her image  
As slowly away she rolls closer to the edge  
Just then am awaked by empty feelings awaiting her belonging  
And fear grips my heart lest reality presents her before another man  
Hooked in my thoughts, she is what I can't seem to forget  
Her words unspoken, yell for my touch  
"Explore my bosom, wake me to life for am yours and you are mine to love"  
The Closer I grow to reach, further apart we become  
I hike a desire to keep after her liking  
But all are just fallen shadows

Each sunrise make her grow blind to my efforts  
So within me, I seek liberation in expressions  
As in war my heart races against its own pace  
Her flashes of a smile give to a glare of a golden palace  
And laughs off my utterances like it was a joke told by an idiot  
Then in a beautiful sang melody of her voice  
She tells me it's not right  
How stupid for a heart to betray my judgment

2008

Alan Kabanshi



# Fulfilment, Love And Happiness

Lost and deeply rooted in cogitation, He quickened his pace as he blankly stared at the fading niveous sky, the dancing twinkly stars that earlier evanesced in the waking light and now peeling through the insouciance dusk. The night slowly getting established and the sleepy-gleeding sun giving off the evening sororal warmth. His afflated spirit surfeit to the life thats awaiting his presence. The joy of seeing his new born son after a days long work could not be mistaken in his hastened steps. His figure cut through the cold breeze at breakneck speed, freezing everything but the image of his sons face.

He sat in wonder, to the limit of his cognition where his father could be, for it has been hours without the sight of him. The absence has aroused his longing that he turns to every sound hoping it could be him. He hears the scratching of the key into the key hole, but brushes it aside as an empty sound that leaves his heart sick. Suddenly, he holds still as his attention is held captive by the turning door knob. His face bloated, he joyously sits in anticipation of a promise and fruition of the door knob sound. Without hesitation he astired to the edge of the bed and he could not even feel the slap of the evening cold that stealthily sipped in though the door. In daddy's arms, they indulged in laughter and for hours played until his body failed his spirit and silently he drifted into lands of dreams.

After laying him in the crib, Daddy watched him turn from side to side as he peacefully drifted deeper and deeper into the good night. He felt a deep reconciliation of feelings which dwelled on common understanding; to be alike is virtuous but to be blood is strength and if both can be present then whatever stands in between is infallible. looking up filled with contentment, love and gratitude, he whispering a silent thank you. Finally laying his head on the pillow as his wife dived in to rest on his chest. They too without a care, slowly drifted to join and meet their son into a place where dreams are born.

Alan Kabanshi

# Gathering Storms

Appeal to your soul and reach your truest feelings  
It's blowing cold but still blazing hot  
How come we see not monsters we were never?  
Growing addiction to hear ourselves screaming  
In misery that builds a prison of our own design

Slippery words accord embracement  
So stumbling in the mud leaves you defiled by it  
Embrace attention in wise words of choice, with an echo it is soothsaid  
Uninformed decisions are like gathering storms  
Patiently they grow to thunder in due time with loud laughter  
Provoking our dance in concealed misery

In love a word of caution is founded  
Who limps not with a broken leg?  
Yes you are kings of your senses, emperors of all you survey  
So look to see and listen to hear  
Eyes that see cannot be denied sight to judge  
Yet stupid ones mount a stare in ignorance  
And our eye quaffs in spreads of scandalous experience

2008

Alan Kabanshi

# I Will Rest My Head

It was a bitter view of what lied ahead, from the moment I was due.  
A doubt sowed at birth of what the world was.

Never doubt, all along you have been a pinnacle, my brightest light.  
A pillow for my head, when the world I couldnt bear.  
I rested my head on yours, during the hardest of times.

Now it is hard to bear that you are piece of the greed that I despise.  
I should have known all along, that you were the price for my peaceful nights.  
But even then, I rest my head, on yours, for your judgement to bear.  
Though I hope my sins don't stain my sons' seat on your table.  
Even then I still rest my head on yours, and hopefully not for the very last time.

I know you feel I have wronged you, that my existence is owed to you.  
It's a fact I can't ignore, something that will last till my last breath.  
I don't want an outcome neither an explanation of what we have become.  
So I just rest this head on yours, for your judgment to bear.  
You're still my best, I wont rest until the feeling is gone.  
Your judgement I will bear even to the last of my breath. Even when there is  
nothing left.

Alan Kabanshi

# If I Live, What Do I Leave?

In a brisk draft life rolls like wheels on tracks  
In the silhouetted shadows carried through florescent specks  
I crumble down and fall right through life's cracks  
On the far broken promises simply made

Ignored I pull through the sickening fragments of a strand  
Ominously I heat up like hot desert sand  
With endeavors to keep arrest of understanding  
And keep abreast with human standing

It's then too late to realize, we are racers after happiness  
Whose race tracks we tread in abundance of wrongness  
Yet its creed in self discovery saves our breed  
In truthful examinations of ourselves, we are serenade  
And like a yard stick desires are comparatively measured  
For it's not how long we live but what we leave  
So for memoirs to survive, to what things shall we cleave?

2011

Alan Kabanshi

# Liberty

In journeys of emotional liberty,  
Am imprisoned to devices of desires  
Fear to fail enslaves me to chastity of perfection  
And enlivening my material desire sucks me to the bourne  
But where there is abundance there are dreams

like a dying tide, emotions still carry me  
Blushing with splashes I awaken voices of freedom  
And embrace the boundless realm of wisdom  
In every essence, its a stretch for personal space  
Where one Searches for meaning in an insurmountable sacrifice  
Just to caress the delicate face of liberty

Am left in ruins from wars of the heart and that of the mind  
From within a part wants peace, another won't rest until am free  
Free yet enslaved to the anarchy and foul breath of freedom  
Every moment has its gains and its losses  
But my pain does not know the outcome of the diced time  
My heart hangs heavy and my mind filled with wishes

Like a pendulum, I swing to and fro in the maze of life  
And with broken wings I struggle to fly over strife  
helpless i let go of controls and hold a sad sigh  
I just sit in the sidelines watching the hour glass blow by  
And my liberty just sublime

2010

Alan Kabanshi

# Like A City Upon A Hill

In concealed steep plight, which grace voice of reason with a say  
In the hidden corners of a steadfast sight  
And in facade of naked spaces arrayed in gray  
Trumpets emerge in clouded light, anechoic to dreams, this day lie  
Its magic wrapped in warmth, holding past life's revelations laid sound  
Today, let even stealth footprint echoes rustle like summer leaves on the ground

Growth never was by your will but God's grace in nature's serendipity  
through history it speaks, "life isn't smooth sometime you embrace pain"  
Caress your heart, starve doubts but daunt not the brain  
Attest that with age comes wisdom and with it much is understood

Strengthen your spirit and stimulate your mind  
Reach your truest being and your light shall shine kind  
Humble plea, earns favor and crowns men kings  
It buys a valuable place in hearts of mankind  
And soar even heights that break eagles' wings

Many shall look up to you like a city upon a hill  
A city whose rivers flow with milk and honey  
Whose autumn drizzles with blessings

2011

Dedicated: To my friend Kada Arabat on his birthday

Alan Kabanshi

# Lost

Looking through a window within myself  
All there is are reflections of my fears  
And with silence my heart dies  
In a solemn song that a beat cries  
A void of doubt has taken over  
The spirit eager but strength wears  
Am bruised and hope just drowns in my tears  
Dawn come, that the sun dries my fears  
or light shine to chase my ghosts

How could it be, that I missed my way,  
Loose myself and forget what's day?  
Am so cold and empty inside  
My life blinded within visible darkness  
When I feel myself am lost in queer emptiness  
When I listen I hear a menacing silence  
A life so crowded but no one to help, they look and many stare  
How can I stand with nowhere to lean?  
Oh angel rays guide me through  
Maybe when I cry I might hear myself calling  
Break free to watch my worries falling  
For now all I have is myself pit

2007

Alan Kabanshi

# Menarche

What is it, which a man longs for?  
When a heart anxiously receives surprises' from time?  
What is it about a branch that attracts a bird to lay a nest?  
Or about the night, that stars multiply  
To reveal a nakedness in a sparkling sky

I have beheld the beauty in daughters of men  
Yet nothing compares to the satisfaction of her glitter  
Boldly she settles foot in a step towards me  
In silk-dark and shiny long hair, with her smooth clear light-dark tone skin  
Which highlights her beauty  
Beyond the moons pride on a clear night  
Founding my belief in incomparable completeness  
Inhalation of her fragrance I wish not to exhale  
And vividly with joy I attain menarche  
Though my coming of age bestows heartache  
But yet again, I conceal my excitement in pain  
As I whirl in emotions beyond my being  
Unfolding it all, I stand to question  
Should I fight it or let it be?

2009

Alan Kabanshi



# Oh Mama

The star fades that colors the sky  
Even the horizon loses its sparkle at twilight  
And age makes weak honorable vessels of use  
Just like sweetest roses grow wild without pruning  
But you never change  
Though now tales are what remains of your beauty  
But like sapphire under the midday light  
So your heart shines even in the darkest night  
Though entrapped under wicked storms  
You never change, a woman of all times  
You hold our futures, and with your breath you bless my days

Oh mama, Exemplary you lead  
Treading cautiously in life's crooked path  
As you reveal life's hidden truth  
Cleansing us with golden wisdom of life on cursed earth  
Avoiding sweetless baits of desired vanity  
In poverty and turmoil  
You became a lamb at the alter  
Pulling time with your hard worked palms  
wearing yourself deserves a bath in my psalms  
Even when am choked with life's anxieties'  
Am soothed with confidence of your smile  
For it rebuilds every time my heart collapse  
Though to you brought are follies in my adventures  
Oh mama,  
You never change

When am in error, Your words of counsel are swift like oil  
Lubricating my heart to restore order  
Your discipline a fortress in my storms, although with anguish I've gulped it  
Yet desired a stature am shaped out to be  
In what measure shall my shekels match your deserved appreciation?  
You are a flower of the desert  
Colored from sweat of pain, watered by tears of joy  
Indeed as you blossom in old age  
You become even more sweet and special,  
like a rose on the lips of a perfumed kiss  
Yes you are soft as morning light rising at dawn

For you is a legacy of hope  
And those paying attention finds a healing.

2007

Alan Kabanshi

# Painting On The Wall

Shine with an artistic impression, Helpless but one stands to stare  
In a glowing smile smeared with envy and a promise of an after life  
But in the palms of a reference sprouts forth a difference  
And the roots of a painting are but buried from a dropp of paint.

Vast and open like an ocean waiting to be filled  
The earth's bowls gulp without satisfaction  
Consumed to its thirsty, it imbibes men like a broken vessel  
Astonished in awe  
Many eye them like a painting on the wall  
Surrounded for a salute of last respect  
Those close at heart rip apart like it's the first  
Hymns sang for another life to be held in a museum of tales  
Where details beyond nakedness are exposed for all to feast  
Lessons framed for all to learn  
But Fools fall in blindness of their ego  
And many have their tongue make them deaf  
Open your eyes and cut your tongue, a thousand fold has fallen  
Give hear to their voice, as they speak a lesson  
All framed in experience of choices and consequences  
Lest loads of you, be fields of chaff.

2008

Alan Kabanshi

# Poetic Expressions

A spirit aloft a rising tide  
I surf up the bottomless deep of afflictions  
With cries of poetic expressions  
I write to keep sanity in times of frustrations  
To attest my serenity, I word up my experiences  
Cynical to my dramatic encounters  
For much has been abused  
And decency has broken down  
Left with only a thread of morality  
I have tried to act against despair  
But one too many times  
Am left in awe with what the world becomes  
And all left, am with my faithful poems  
saved reviews of poetic expressions

(Kabanshi 2011)

Alan Kabanshi

# Silhouette

We don't know much about another than a name shared  
To you I am a reminder of the devils work, if not a clown  
But you are a sad reminder of my hereditary piece that fits upside down

Now I stand at a crossroad, my back sagging to this oblique load  
Exhausted by the stings of kindred discord  
Should we be despicably yoked just in honor of our heirs and assign?  
I once thought us alike, but now from this distance I only see the differences  
Our kinship can only take us far by keeping up appearances

We were a fortune guarded by scarecrows, overtime the lie was overstretched  
Now all that was handed down lies broken in pieces

My choices may seem ungrateful, but know I have always been thankful  
What is to be lost, if apart we find peace or opportunity for hate to skip a  
generation?  
For whoever will stand alone, diminished the position maybe, relies but on his  
strength  
And that, if you asked, is a more reassuring sight than the current pretense we  
paint.

Alan Kabanshi

# Song Of Alan

Entangled I have fallen prey to the bait of her beauty  
Because my mind she has corrupt?  
Looking through her in just a flash of a stare  
Her statuesque erect like a present before me  
Her voice a composed masterpiece in complements  
That all words kissing her lips are the epitome of beauty

In a life out of balance  
She is revealed like a ray of light  
I watch doubts shy in a stare  
In an under tone I mutter her name  
Poisoned I have grown to the charms of her spell  
Yasaka,  
Oh sweet Yasaka  
Even by her name, she torments dreams with daily citations  
And time rush Precedence to her presence  
As a gem in people you stood hard to find  
Unveiling the impossible burdens the heart  
for how could you stand mine  
When your beauty enlightened every mans desire  
My possession, you chose as a rest in the corners of a facade heart  
And Overjoyed my heart dearly dance  
In ovations of endless romance  
A life with full meaning, played in songs within

Inspired by girl-Mpanga Yasaka Kalunga

2010

Alan Kabanshi

# Soothing A Broken Heart

Storms of love  
Thunder to rip my heart  
My mind empty to blossoming thoughts of you  
A dear and lovely lily  
Sprouting to your beauty I have been enslaved  
For years you possessed my head  
Now you captured my heart  
Mine a life yours is calling  
For to you is falling  
Two hemispheres stumbling to stable  
That Faith in love is their embrace  
Fulfilling a feeling of rhythmic love space  
With all rejections giving a heart to a poisonous pace  
Confusion scourging my sanity, for who then shall take your place?  
Erect and rooted am blessed with your grace  
A woman giving a smile to a worn face  
Hope to a weighed down spirit  
And light to my feet  
That even though I tread in doubt  
Much happiness is abound

To Mpanga Yasaka Kalunga  
2009

Alan Kabanshi

# The Past, The Present, The Future

The past a crushed velvet with a sheen  
upside held promises that would have been  
Though malleably not to change and would never be altered  
Poisonous its weight rests on our conscience and only pain to us is referred  
A die once cast spread a shadow consequential to shape  
Its choice that determines basis,  
Masks stepping height to steer outcomes in favor  
or lies a closet holed up to burdens that forever drags attempts at progress  
haunt our choices and holds captive times purpose.  
We break free of all cluster only if negative memories fade.  
Unburden the conscience, the past is lived, yet is the present

The present stands what is true, an oath of yesterday,  
A squash borne from intercourse of choice and circumstance  
Harshly its arms holds regrets and loss we are fed  
Change never wraps of the present, its moments we bed  
but it confers on providence and prospects  
brooding that emphatically changes the morrow

Tomorrow is but a dream, ours a Future not to know,  
every second we stagger the unknown,  
but dwelling on its anxieties burdens the present  
Hence, in hope man finds solace and time robs sight of mind  
Tomorrow is a faithful fantasy that plays in corners absent to understand  
so today make hay, your dreams grand

2013

Alan Kabanshi



# Time

Like the silence of the winds whispers,  
It's whisk loses everything to those holding nothing  
Even a hurried chase, grabs not it's slip  
Like flashes of lightining, and the energy of thunder  
Yes, with minuscule pace and breakneck speeds,  
Its reflexes executes, chronicling events  
immemorial yet present to our unconsciousness  
we sleep and wake in manifolds where it outlives us all

Alan Kabanshi

# Unlocking Ourselves

Broken down doors never open  
Just like eyes wide shut console beauty in darkness  
It's with mockery that a blind one embraces sight  
Each tongue obliviously perceives and interprets in its language  
Products of birth come with empty minds  
And each day thoughts sail freely like a ship under the monsoon winds

It is cast that thought alone is ours to control  
In our hands it's a hammer to a blacksmith  
It sharpens dreams to our own design  
And what you dream that you become  
Upright or lame, it will bear your name

Troubled times empowers authority over our will  
Redesigned to our dislike choices are presented  
In a stupidly wrapped heart unwise decisions have been conceived  
And hopelessly in silence we await for time to erase them  
In fear to raise an alarm for being foolish  
We pretend and wait to rote all in a good name  
For a mistake if confided overcomes shame  
The world was given for all to live and learn  
If we find us to be perfect then fly away into angels  
For a life deemed fit we all dare  
Lets then learn to share how to care

To all leaving in denial...please come out and share your stories  
2010

Alan Kabanshi

# War To Wars

Time comes, when diversion safes embitter our parting  
The fringes of belief whetted  
The faces tweaked  
Exasperation provoked, rolling out falsehood

Today Greed is lucratively idiocy, disguised to revolutionaries the peace enjoyed  
Draining our relics off its vintage and our truth betrayed  
Negativity bruited to fill the image of the media, doctoring single faced truths

lets dance to the drums sounding the war to wars  
So long our silence fuels wars, waging war against taking up arms wars their wars  
Who bears the cost, when arms are lifted and countries skirmish?  
Who lays down their lives, pays the sacrifice of justice and peace?  
Its Blossoming youths,  
whose faces stand blank in expressions of futures deceased  
Whats the necessary cause to war? will it end greed, calm the waves of war?  
Or will it hatred sow whose buds and shoots sprout to wars?  
Why cant we find a compromise before the peace is lost?  
Than prey on the ignorance filling the elites bellies with reasons to war

Have you seen the genuine face of war or heard its whispers?  
The shame of a mother disgraced to raping in plain sight of her sons  
A boy made to chose his life after his father  
The infant breastfed from the corpse of its mother  
Or the one made to executed his brother just to be fed  
What about the girl whom soldiers encircled upon  
The face of war is ugly and non dares to give an honest stare

A generation ours stand adherent to illusions of truth  
We are like trees that wither in streams of waters  
We in thralled to fears, we stand firmly not for a right  
In the sounds of our silence cracks grow breaking, reaping liberties apart  
That the greed of a number a few, consign us to oblivion  
Our heritage inveighed against,  
Honor plucked blind yet In truth we exist in calling out to one another  
I hear sounds nature carries down, and heavens roll,  
one political party UNIT  
one race HUMANITY

How do you doubt when there exists one Country FREEDOM  
In the shadows of its avenues the language spoken LOVE  
and Governance is by JUSTICE and TRUTH  
if we release ourselves to see beyond our ego, so much more arise from the  
promise

Today humanity hangs in servitude of self importance, any virtues washed off,  
left are echoes of our stupidity spoken in ruins of what is to come  
awaken to tools of truth, lets plough our lives and invent possibilities  
Before we become a story of what once existed

2013

Alan Kabanshi

# What I Am Meant To Be

Am told its close, but feels far away  
like a dream bourn astray  
A muted scream, shouting my call  
like ashes of a wish promised in the wind  
or a blind future accompanying a hope grinned  
I hear not my call, nor the path of my way  
To whom do i turn when drought chases baye  
or doubt my conviction slay  
numb i lay, afraid to pray  
Will i be heard when from the word i turn away  
Maybe i should just sag and watch at bay  
to what eventually becomes of me  
I am dried up, cashed in all my chips  
i have ripped apart shields, leaving my heart to a whopping  
Dissected my thoughts and laid my words for chopping  
To extremities, in places where my best fall  
but still i cant find what am looking for  
Should i stop, maybe this is it  
All that i am meant to be

Alan Kabanshi

# When The Sun Goes Down

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When the sun goes down, Shadows go into hiding  
We are left but with ourselves  
Memories peck, truth become blinding  
We qualm the roads taken, the dust on our feet  
Sacrifices become losses, essence regret  
Because those we love, are like the sun  
But when that sun goes down  
The darkness falls so hard and pain is only what the eyes can see  
unlike the trees that are freed by shading off cover in winter  
We are laid bare, perplexed, hearts frayed and bitter  
We question hope, betray faith  
when the sun goes down, nothing can be but tears  
Streaming down like the heavens when the skies cry  
When death betrothed a loved, their light fades  
Like autumn, their names slowly become cold  
All we have left are memories to be told  
lingering like the smell of spring in summer nights  
When the sun goes down  
we endure the dark, knowing it will rise again

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For Jimmy Kabengele: laid to rest 20-06-2015

Alan Kabanshi