

Poetry Series

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- poems -

Publication Date:
2018

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

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Beast

I thought I was imagining things that night
I thought I was imagining those sounds
Those sounds of beating
I thought it was just my head playing games
But what I did not know was it was there
Right there those sounds of beating came from behind that very door
But today I saw it all
He with anger all over his face and fetches a belt
He trying to beat me but she trying to defend her does the wrong move
I see him trying to beat her with that belt that was meant for me
Me standing to witness this
Hot tears rolling down my red cheeks
Never had I thought he would do this
But he has shown me the kind of beast he is
Me praying to the lord to keep her strong
As I saw those tears roll down her cheeks my heart burned with anger
Never had I thought it would happen in my house
Little one screaming for her safety
Me, well there was nothing I could do but stand.

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Cruel World

Sitting there looking out of my bedroom window
I sat and thought of this place we call world
This place we can't always feel safe in
Women re being abused children being killed
Others raped and left with nothing left
But a cold and dry heart towards this place we call world
To them life's nothing and the best way out is dying
They took away their dignity and emotions as a person
There's nothing left to live for
In this place in which we have to act as if everything's satisfactory
We have to smile even though our hearts aches with sadness
This place in which we are judged and criticized
With none to comfort or cheer them up
They turn to suicide

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Fear

My heart and emotions are captured by fear.
My soul is being threatened
The people I thought were my own
Has grassed me because of the covetousness of power
I see my people every day being slaughtered like sheep's
Their tears being wasted like rain
But not even this can't stop this abhorrence
The beautiful country I was born in
Has turned into the pits of hell
The riches that once existed
Has been cobbled up by the whites
Leaving this beautiful place like a dry bone
Seeing my father being beaten up to death
While I stood to eye witness this disgraceful scene
My mother being raped before my very eye
Me being dragged away like a dog on a leash
How all these images have stayed in my system and spirit for so long
Now all men are debris to me
They took away the people I loved
Leaving me alone in this world

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Prison

Oh why, oh why
Why me? A question with unfilled answers
This place is not for me
But being put on trial of something I did not do is worse
That day I stood there on that stand entreating
entreating for my life for the sake of my children
Emotions take over my body and soul
Not knowing if they'd eaten or have been clothed or had a place to keep comfort
kills me more
My life's over
There's nothing left to live for but...
But because of them I have to wipe myself and stand
Now I'm stuck in here for years I can't even come to count

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