

Poetry Series

Boniface Mukeshimana
- poems -

Publication Date:
2014

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

Boniface Mukeshimana(1975 -)

Author of:

- The First Witness;
- Gallows Bird in Heaven;
- Delenda Benghazi, said Kaddafi;
- The robust bastard...
- A series of French teaching books:

Le Français Appliqué, Pour l'apprenant du français langue étrangère

All That Shines Ain't Gold

Good at infant's sight
Of eyes of innocence,
It shines like gold
And feigns gentle touch.
It creeps around the angel's hand
Like a belt on his waist,
Or a crown on the head of prince.
But oh! ! It mortally bites
To make it feel all that shines ain't gold.

Boniface Mukeshimana

In The House

Therein is birth
Then age calls death
As at the dawn
There light is born
To shine at noon
Then give in soon

Boniface Mukeshimana

Mignonne

A Cassandre

Mignonne, allons voir si la rose
Qui ce matin avait déclose
Sa robe de pourpre au soleil,
A point perdu cette vesprée
Les plis de sa robe pourprée,
Et son teint au votre pareil.
Las! voyez comme en peu d'espace,
Mignonne, elle a dessus la place,
Las, las ses beautés laissé choir!
O vraiment marâtre Nature,
Puisqu'une telle fleur ne dure
Que du matin jusques au soir!
Donc, si vous me croyez, mignonne,
Tandis que vôtre âge fleuronne
En sa plus verte nouveauté,
Cueillez, cueillez votre jeunesse:
Comme à cette fleur, la vieillesse
Fera ternir votre beauté.

' Odes ', I,17

Ronsard (1524, Vendômois) , XVIème

Boniface Mukeshimana

Power Is A Mirror

Power is a mirror of men in the world
Which cannot be used like other mirrors,
Because every people who it will hold
Will not be able to find their errors,
But will their fellows behind them standing.
The men behind do like a referee,
Who will be punishing or pardoning
Players, who mistakes will make, for them to be
Keeping fair play. Any player who resists,
Snaps his fingers at the observation
Of the referee, goes to him and casts
A look of contempt, a hard decision
Him takes offside 'cause he's found without heart
Of love, which would bring someone back on cart.

Boniface Mukeshimana

Quand Vous Serez Bien Vieille

Quand vous serez bien vieille, au soir, à la chandelle,
Assise auprès du feu, dévidant et filant,
Direz, chantant mes vers, en vous émerveillant:
Boni me célébrait du temps que j'étais belle.

Lors, vous n'aurez Eliane ayant telle nouvelle,
Déjà sous le labeur à demi sommeillant,
Qui au bruit de mon nom ne s'aïlle réveillant,
Bénissant votre nom de louange immortelle.

Je serai sous la terre et fantôme sans os:
Par les ombres myrteux je prendrai mon repos:
Vous serez au foyer une vieille accroupie,

Regrettant mon amour et votre fier dédain.
Vivez, si m'en croyez, n'attendez à demain:
Cueillez dès aujourd'hui les roses de la vie.

Boniface Mukeshimana

Sovereignty

Not any character of the jungle,
At the time power was kept by the single
Lion kind, risked jumping into the lions' jaws,
Against their rapacity raising paws:
The hares and hyenas they could strangle
And devour; in their minds best were their laws
Providing rights of the mighty
As common and full sovereignty.

The era was worsened by men-hunting,
Whose guns were used the wildlife menacing.
The weak of the forest saw that succumbed
The lions, who were the first shot at, welcomed
The hunters and their faces showed, smiling.
They were deceived when the first seen were harmed
Like the lions by the same haughty
Men set against their sovereignty.

Some lions who survived called the animals
For a meeting, and the men-criminals
Were the main topic of their discussion.
The lions warned, "Will wipe us away those men
If can't stand together as animals,
Fight them and save lion, hypo, hare and wren..."
Mocked and heckled the assembly
That ne'er had enjoyed sovereignty.

Each one's motion was that there was no need
Of obeying on the lions, who to feed
Their cubs with their flesh used to take pleasure.
They thought their forest had become seizure
Of the men for lack of unity; freed
It'd be with or 'thout a lion as major:
They'd trust who would bring unity
And help them enjoy sovereignty.

There came a time and there came protectors
Of the animals to stop the hunters
From destroying on the environment.

They showed in killing there's no contentment.
So the hunters ceased to be predators,
And the fauna had no more sentiment
Of hating the humanity
That brought them peace and sovereignty.

Some of them were kept in zoo
And the kingship of the lions they did boo.
Cows, rabbits, goats - were domesticated,
And more than ever they were protected.
Such treatment them gave of humans new view:
The protectors or authors of the deed
Looked like who'd brought brutality,
But in their hearts reigned sovereignty.

Later on the lions found that in the strong
Claws dwelt no good power, but can be for long
Which is applied to all comfort giving,
That a king marching in front of trembling
Souls, as if to hell angels would belong,
One day will see his strength brought to nothing,
But where freedom ain't scarcity
Kings and subjects share sovereignty.

What the beasts failed to know was the keepers
Of the zoo were children of the poachers,
Who'd found unfair deed what their fathers did,
To take good care of them had decided
And did not want to be called game-seekers'
Generation. In the action could read
Great kindness and humanity
The beasts savoring sovereignty.

A former foe may become a good friend,
Who breaks off with the past and turns his hand
Into protector, support provider –
Like Human Rights Activists. No wonder
Where they are from, people's torn hearts they mend.
A protector has ne'er been intruder
As long as for tranquility
He works and preserves sovereignty.

A sovereign nation is not like a house
With its closed doors, and inside, like a mouse,
A wife is beaten and loses her life
Without neighbours' intervention as if
Not hearkening the victim, and the louse
Of man not stopping is to save the life.
Is a land where people's safety
Is denied full of sovereignty?

If at The Hague someone is indicted,
It means not people he has protected,
Nor that he has well governed Liberia,
But 'cause people's hearts he has filled with fear
And a lot of trouble he's invited.
After shedding blood there and here,
The lions who've made their claws dirty
Should be there washed for sovereignty.

Wherever the lions rage it's no matter:
Matters the will to keep the world better.
Some Devil's advocates would call nations
Not in Syria to find indications
Of crimes as if is found a wife-beater
At Holy Land or brothels it opens.
In a place where reigns sanctity
Won't dwell breakers of sovereignty.

A rot of conception of sovereignty
Reeks when gangrene holds sway o'er a country,
In which Democracy swings at cannons;
Debates are feared that aim ruling with brains;
Wear noose as necklace who would change carry,
And the song "Independence" is hangmen's.
Where lions and lambs live with loyalty,
There is unshaken sovereignty.

Boniface Mukeshimana

Te Regardant Passer

Te regardant passer grande beauté voisine,
Belle comme une Aurore, et puis comme un Soleil,
Je pensai voir une fée d'un même teint pareil,
Croissantes en beauté, l'une à l'autre voisine.

La chaste, sainte, belle et très unique Eliane,
Vite comme un éclair sur moi jeta son œil.
Toi, comme paresseuse et pleine de sommeil,
D'un seul petit regard tu ne m'estimas digne.

Tu t'entretenais seule au visage abaissé,
Pensive toute à toi, n'aimant rien que toi-même,
Dédaignant un chacun d'un sourcil ramassé.

Comme une qui ne veut qu'on la cherche ou qu'on l'aime.
J'eus peur de ton silence et m'en allai tout blême,
 Craignant que mon salut n'eût ton œil offensé.

Boniface Mukeshimana

They Fight Like Heroes And Die Like Mortals

For the sake of those they love they forget
Themselves they love. For themselves they will fight,
Crawling in bushes, promotion to get.
They fight as if life is only their right.*
The arteries of their hearts become thorns
Harder than the shrubs that their elbows break,
And their hard hands hold tight the devil's horns.
They fly o'er hills their foes by necks to take,
And they'd not mind friends those have left behind
As though they mourn not like their kith and kin.
Two old men at a good distance them find
Thinking as if slaying is not a sin.
□ Have a look at their bodies spread at miles!
□ They fight like heroes and die like mortals.

Note:

*They fight as if others have no right to life.

Boniface Mukeshimana