

Poetry Series

CHRISTOPHER MUDIENYI
- poems -

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CHRISTOPHER MUDIENYI(29/11/1983)

Achieve Your Dreams

ACHIEVE YOUR DREAMS

Happy are those who have dreams,
Whose price they are willing to pay,
To make them come true,

The future belongs to those,
Who believe in the beauty of their dreams,
Destiny is not a matter of chance,
But of choice,
Not something to wish for,
But to attain.

There is a time to let things happen,
And a time to make things happen,
All the flowers of tomorrow,
Are in the seeds of today,
Triumph is just "umph" added to try.

Believe in the credible power of the human mind,
Of doing something that makes a difference,
Of working hard,
Of laughing and hoping,
A turtle makes progress by sticking out its head,

You have to toil and moil,
To realize your dreams,
Don't let lack of praise nip you in the bud,
There is a tomorrow,
Just down the road.

CHRISTOPHER MUDIENYI

Fettered Freedomby Mudienyi Wa Mushira

These scars are still crystal clear,
They remind me of that star so dear,
The star that wanted to shine so clear,
Time that has swiftly flown,
By the winds fiercely blown,
Time well spent on the pavilion,
All thrown to the depth of oblivion,
On this pavilion of oblivion.

We went to this beautiful orchard,
Even though it looked so awkward,
I timidly handed her a beautiful orchid,
And she reticently giggled like a little kid,
Then she gave me this lovely red rose,
My mind went wild without pause,
□
This fresh fragrance of the red rose,
The smell of greed creed it arose,
A juxtaposition of apathy and empathy,
The stunning pain and sweltering pleasure,
The gratifying drain and the expeditious pressure,
And lo! That excruciating diminutive pain,
The pain of the pricking thorn on the red rose,
The beautiful pain from which I would gain,

What never belonged to me, I enjoyed,
Those who deserved it, I always annoyed,
I was totally entangled, not to be freed,
In this wreckage mangled, just because of greed,
I essentially thought I had absolute freedom,
But I was shackled in my invented freedom,

My destined bondage in freedom,
I wanted to savor the King's freedom,
But this was all futile,
She could not imagine that I was fertile,
To go it alone and actually make it,
She wanted to be with me to make it,

Her laughter echoes all around me,
And she's the only thing that I can see,
The ghost of her memory haunts me here,
I close my eyes and shed a tear,
I can still remember it all,
I craved for a lone time again,
She said I would get it with a pain,

I open my eyes and try to see the world,
But still I only see her,
Even though I am on my own,
On this pavilion of oblivion

In my hand, I hold a knife,
The decider between life and death,
But what's my take?
I picture her smile, I hear her voice,
The question is clear but what's my choice?

She's everywhere, I try to look,
Holding the pieces of me that she took,
She's the only one I'd ever let in,
And she has refused to let me go,
She was my queen, my whole universe,
She was my everything,
That bully that left me broken all alone,
On this pavilion of oblivion.

And this is the last place where she remains,
Because it's here, that her memory stains,
It's here even though I am on my own `
On this pavilion of oblivion

This is my choice and this is what I choose,
She is the battle that I wish to lose,
I will get up and fight again,
So this is it, my final sin.

I cut it deep through the vein,
I bleed out but I feel no pain,
It subsides, it fades away,

Even the pain does not care to stay,

I hold the blade against my chest,
I tell myself it's for the best,
The world blurs,
It's getting harder to see,
My heart slows, I can barely breath,

When morning comes,
They won't find the lifeless body,
Because it is the scars I embody,
Scars that scarred my body,
A lesson to each and everybody

CHRISTOPHER MUDIENYI

Gazing At The Graveyard's Gate

Gazing at the graveyard's gate,
I hear echoes from the land of the dead,
I hear echoes of the sound of regret,
I hear echoes of the words that remain unsaid,
Gazing at the graveyards gate with bated breath,
Clinging to my colorful wreath,
Dazzled by the mighty death and all its wealth,
Tucked away in caskets in the earth beneath.

The dreams that were cut short,
And the ambitions that had to abort,
The opportunities that should've been dared,
And the moments that should've been shared,
Gazing at the graveyard's gate,
An angel appears holding a scroll in his right,
An angel appears in dazzling bright white light,

The angel left behind the treasured scroll,
And in it this life's treasured secret I stole,
There's nothing such as the perfect moment,
Other than this very present moment,
Now is the time to be great and full of life,
To be chasing your dreams,
To be doing your thing,
To be expressing your love,
To be proud of your heritage,
Now is the perfect time to do what you got to do,
Now is the time to be where you got to be,
For time waits for no man,
So it's time to do what you can,
Life is a short sweet sojourn,
So rise, pick the pieces and soldier on,

Gazing at the graveyard's gate,
I hear echoes from the land of the dead,
I hear echoes from the land of sealed fate,
I hear echoes of my own thoughts instead,
I hear echoes of the silent prayers I said,
And echoes that say this is an ode to yesterday.

CHRISTOPHER MUDIENYI

Heaven's Visiting Hours

HEAVEN'S VISITING HOURS

If Heaven had visiting hours,
I would visit my grandpa for hours,
And suck the sap and juices from the fruits of his wisdom,
This unending wisdom, so contagious a syndrome,
To nourish me in readiness for my kingdom,
Juices that could detoxify my intoxicated system,
And rid this cruel and nasty death from my circulatory system,
I would borrow his cool and soothing balm,
To apply on my inflicted body and make it calm,
With my afflicted dry wounds turned into scars,
I would shine and reach the shining stars,
Relaxing and watching my beautiful dreams,
Fantastic dreams turned into realistic reality from the fantasy of dreams,
I wish heaven had visiting hours.

If heaven had just a few visiting hours,
A good meeting with my Dad would be ours,
I would ask all the questions there to be asked, □
Making inquiries for all I had been tasked,
I would cut a bit of his resilience cake,
So that when I bake my life's cake,
The taste that would make mine not a fake cake,
With patience I would have to listen,
To walk in his footsteps and not hasten,
The listening vehicle's seat belt I would fasten,
My head with wisdom he would christen,
I would scoop a little of his sheer toughness,
And top it up with his utter kindness,
A concoction of shrewd firmness and fairness
A downright combination of success,

CHRISTOPHER MUDIENYI

How You Made Me Feel

This is how you made feel,
When you gave me love,
And how it made me feel,
When you gave me peace of mind,
There is something that you made me feel,
When you gave me a piece of yourself,

You gave me immense love,
This made me feel totally loved,
This I will never ever forget,

You gave tremendous peace of mind,
This made me feel peaceful in my mind,
To be peaceful will be my eternal target,

You gave me a piece of yourself,
This made me feel good myself,
And this I will never regret,

CHRISTOPHER MUDIENYI

I Will Let You Go

Its thirteen years ago,
It's been thirteen years at a go,
And the apparitions of his memory,
Still so fresh in my memory,
I thought I would be calm,
In the thought that he would come,
But it is now crystal clear,
That him who was very dear,
Would never be able to return,
And that his back he would not turn,
He was long gone,
We should let bygones be by gone,
They said he was on a journey,
But isn't it so funny,
He had to go while he was asleep,
Isn't he going to slip?
I don't want him to slip and fall,
Because I want him to walk tall,
He has to be my lighthouse,
Out of this dark empty house,
Or are you waiting for me somewhere?
To lead me out of this 'nowhere'?
The blue waters seem so calm,
The sky blue has no blues,
But the turbulence, this turbulent turbulence,
Has become a thief of reverence,
I have been swirled and twirled,
In confusing circles I have whorled,
But I will not be confused,
That I have refused,
From this conniving cocoon,
I will not behave like a goon,
But will gather my strength,
And go an extra length,
Because you taught me to be strong,
Even when the journey is long,
This is the time for change,
To go beyond the range,
And like a butterfly fly so high,

Stop being a caterpillar,
And be my own strong pillar,
For this is a metamorphosis.

CHRISTOPHER MUDIENYI

My Love, My Journey, My Life.

MY LOVE, MY JOURNEY, MY LIFE.

It is a far journey, my love,
But there's no journey a man may fail to make,
Only if he sets his heart to it, my love,
There's nothing he cannot do,
There are no mountains he may not climb,
No deserts he cannot cross,
If love leads him and he holds his life in his hand,
Counting it as nothing,
Ready to keep it or lose it,
As heaven may order.

Listen my dear love I ask thee,
What is life?
What is love?
It is a feather,
It is the seeds of the grass,
Blown hither and thither,
Sometimes multiplying and dying in the act,
Sometimes carried away into the heavens,
But sometimes if the seed be good and heavy,
It may perchance travel a little.
On the road it wills.

It is well to try and journey ones road,
And fight with the air,
Life, yes life,
Man must die,
At the worst he can,
But die a little sooner,
I will go with thee across the desert,
I will go with thee over the mountains,
Unless perchance I fall to the ground,
Fall on the way my love,

What is life?
What is love?
Tell me my love,
Love of my life,

Who's wise?
Who knows the secret of my life?
My world of fantasies,
To you I revealed,
Yes, my fantasy world,
World that lies above and around,
The beautiful stars up high,
Tell me, my love,
Who flash your words from afar,
Without a voice but beautiful smiles,
Tell me my love,
The secrets of life,
Wither it goes,
And whence it comes!

You cannot answer me,
You know not,
Listen, I will answer,

Out of the dark we came,
Into the dark we go,
Like a storm driven blind at night,
We fly out of the nowhere,
for a moment,
our wings are seen in the light,
light of fire and lo!
we're gone again into the nowhere,
life is nothing,
life is something,
love is none,
love is all,
it is the hand with which we hold death,
it is the glow worm that shines in the night time,
and black in the morning,
it is the white breathe of the oxen in the winter,
it is the little shadow that runs across the grass,
loses itself at sunset,
across the desert we trek,
over the mountains we climb,
in search of germinating sensation in our blind hearts.

what do i know about the deserts?

what do i know about the mountains/
little; very little, my love,
there's a strange land yonder,
a land of beauty,
a land of ugliness,
a land of trees, streams and snow peaks,
and a white road to lead us,
i haven't seen seen it,
but heard many talk of it,
but what is the good of talking,
it grows dark,
those who'll live to see will see,

my love we need not fear each other,
i dig no holes for you to fall in,
i make no plots,
if we ever cross the mountains,
mountains behind the sun,
i will tell what i know,
take my hand, my love,
and let's start this journey,
but remember you have my love,
you have my life.

CHRISTOPHER MUDIENYI

My Lovely Bed

I thank god for my lovely bed,
That I am still alive and not dead,
For this is my source of comfort,
Taking me away from discomfort,
It is my oasis in the desert if desolating calamity,
God's providence from razing enmity,
When I am thirsty it provides satiating water,
Each and every raging time when it is hotter,
I shed my the tears of acrimony on it,
That you think I am in matrimony with it,
Or could that be it?
Like my mother's soothing lap,
With beautiful music from a harp,
I will always sing on my lovely bed,
This is a sure way to march ahead,
For it is in my lovely bed, where I find solace.

My lovely bed is a source of deserved solitude,
A merited place for personal gratitude,
For genuinely thanking my magnificent creator,
For His deeds that are awesomely greater,
That he gave me this lovely bed,
For all this auspicious life I have led,
From my lovely bed, the world I wander,
To comprehend the much that I wonder,
What I see, feel and hear, from my lovely bed I perceive,
For that information I have to fully receive,
As my bed is very calm and quiet,
So soothing that it provides a mental diet,
I thank you my sweet lovely bed,
For in you I have confided,
As I have found my solace,

My bed provides a silent moment,
Where there is nobody to make any comment,
On my wonderful bed I mutely think,
Into the world of dreams I do sink,
Away from a day of sheer frustration,
That is carried with utter discrimination,

Into my cool bed full of bustling joy,
I quietly and soundly sleep like a toy,
And really wait for the dawn of a new day,
With a lifeboat to take me all the way,
Into the sinful world once again,
So that I can feel the excruciating pain,
But why should I give a damn that I care,
When there is somewhere always and so fair,
That I can lean back to,
And this is my lovely, wonderful bed,
Where I will always find solace.

CHRISTOPHER MUDIENYI

Talking Silence

TALKING SILENCE

When silence talks the deaf hear,
When silence talks, even the dumb listen,
When silence talks, you don't have to fear,
When silence talks, the slow hasten,

The talking silence is so loud,
This talking silence is quite loud,
The silence that is deafening,
This silence is threatening,
It deafens them that don't listen,
It threatens them that don't hasten,
It hastens those that need to freshen,
Freshen their minds for the silence,
This long spell of silence that so silent,
To the keen there is no silence,
Yet it appears so damn silent,
But to my kin it is very loud silence,
It's speaking to me, the steady me,

CHRISTOPHER MUDIENYI

That Journey

I heard a knock on the door,
Or was it a thud on the floor,
Wow! My dear friend,
Come out and follow the trend,
I was very much confused,
So that to be convinced, I refused,
Then the immense booming voice,
That cruel, grumbling voice,
Was to welcome me into the desiccated jungle.

I was being thrown out of the semi paradise,
To a land full of trials and cries,
I set out on a journey so long,
Though I did not know if the way was wrong,
The way taking me from the greens of nature,
And slowly leading me into the browns of the feature,
The land was extremely dry,
How I wish the heavens could cry,
This tears that could save the baking earth,
From unknown wrath.

Basking in the non - optional midday sun,
As hot as it was, I felt I could run,
Not to sound like I was crazy,
Then lo! I saw this beautiful daisy,
I plucked one that was about to bloom,
So that my day could not be of gloom,
Through the days to come though stiff,
I could at this flower actually sniff,
At the hard smell of the desert,
That a chilly aroma if I am to assert.

As the days went by,
I was filled with hope that seemed nearby,
I saw the daisies amid the cactus,
This made me remember the green nature's features'
But that was not to be as my daisy came to wither,
I was still on long journey that was short neither,
Over the rocks, across the sandy plains,

I looked at the skies but no signs of the rains,
Then I went down the valleys,
Until I came to this little oasis.

Here I got some life,
That made me forget about my daily strife,
Then guess what! I saw a rose,
And with sighs of relief, I had to pose,
But who brought this rose to the jungle?
Where the conditions do strangle,
I had no answer but at least I had hope,
That out of the dry land I would hop,
The wonderful scent made me relieved,
But I was wrong in what I believed.

I did not know that roses were thorny,
And that the aroma and the colors were Connie,
There was a thorn in my flesh,
And I had to begin afresh,
On this long and usually short journey,
Though I did not know where to with the journey,
That was through the terrains,
And how I wish there were trains,
To take me on a journey so long,
Whose destination I so long.

Will come with me?
No! Please don't come,
For I have witnessed the tribulations,
And I don't want you to be in these trepidations,
My dear it is so tough a road,
But I have a guide to lead me on as I tread,
Through the vales of death's shadow,
Until I come to the truth of the meadow,
Where the chuckling birds full of jubilation,
Will tell me that this is my destination.

CHRISTOPHER MUDIENYI

The Brutal Vulture By Mudienyi Wa Mushira

This vulture, so brutal a creature,
Corrupted with every malevolent feature,
Like a volcano erupted through a fissure,
With its lava burning every structure,
A vulture whose spit scotches to a fracture,
It devours every hidden treasure,
Cracks every bone with immense pressure,

It was as beautiful as a peacock,
Only for its malicious gun to cock,
My rib cage it spitefully poked,
My scrawny heart it cruelly poked,
My appalling life awfully rocked,
My wavering ship of life instantly docked,
I bled, so profusely I was left for the dead,
I was lying on a bed of thorny roses, so dead,

The beauty was in my dream,
It had flown me from the reality realm,
The rancorous bitter sweet sensation,
By convention a moral dispensation,
I was flying, flying on buffed wings,
I was rolling, rolling on bristly rings,
The mixed feelings, a cooling warming breeze,
The fixed fillings, a fooling healing freeze,
A subtractive addition, so confusing,
A divisive multiplication, always diffusing,

Total fullness in downright starvation,
Sheer carelessness on a mode of activation,
Stripped of the nobility of empathy,
Sinking to the sea of audience apathy,
I was in courtship with a golden snake,
Glittering and shiny for the shining sake,
I embraced this double edged dagger,
Twirling and gyrating like a gold digger,
Like a serpent with the head erect and eyes flashing,
Its venomous tongues ferociously and viciously lashing,

If we seize it, can it change into a rod?
Like Moses' rod to lead to the right road?
These rough paws of uncertainty claw and gnaw,
We need soothing balms of certainty, to know,
To know that I can still be of culture,
And turn over a new leaf and not be a vulture,
Because this vulture incessantly raptures,
Our sense of dignity it ceaselessly captures,
The balloon of confidence relentlessly punctures,
To hell with the ruthless scavengers,
This should be our newfangled resolve,
As we change and gradually evolve,
To engage fully and our full attention involve,
To kill this scavenger, this vulture, our disaster.

CHRISTOPHER MUDIENYI

The Cock Crow

When the morning cock incessantly crows,
The lingering hope in us vibrantly grows,
We twitch the muscles of our eyebrows,
From the screeching darkness into the light we cross,
From whence our inspiration each one draws,

CHRISTOPHER MUDIENYI

The Cocktail Of Disgust

COCKTAIL OF DISGUST

Pour me a shot of Blue Moon,
Let the bitterness caress my anxious throat,
Let the colourless-ness blind my misty eyesight,
Let the toxic-ness pervert my broken soul,
Let the drunkenness reach the heights of my despair,
Madam Bartender, fill this glass with a cocktail of disgust.

Lend me your ears, not your opinion,
Induce the pain of a broken hearted ambition,
My want of a big future, big picture, bigger than my paintbrush,
I dance to the tune of devastation all damn day,
And drink to its satisfaction all naughty night,
Ching! A toast to my disappointment,
Madam Bartender, enjoy with me this glass
A cocktail of disgust!

Once upon a night, I saw the beauty and delight,
She stood there, with arm akimbo, fingers with a smoke,
Pretty child, it's rude to stare, kind to share,
One-cough, two-cough, three-cough, four-digest,
Konshens said live it up, so I did,
Tarrus said couple up, so I did,
Drake says you only live once, so I do,
Madam Bartender, dance like this lass on a cocktail of disgust.

I see a big future, I am blind to my contribution to it,
I see a bright Kenya, I corrupt my way to it,
I see an industrious teenager, I drink my way to it,
I see a successful K.C.S.E, I cheat my way to it,
I see a prosperous entrepreneur, I steal my way to it,
I see fair a competition, I pay my way for it,
I see a great deal of good in me, I never realize how I ruin it,
Oh! Madam Bartender, serve this lad a cocktail of disgust.

My vision is blurred, my speech is slurred, my youth is marred,
Uwezo fund can't wezesha me, vision 2030 is just a vision to me,
I can't build our nation, navumilia kuwa m-Kenya,

My HELB is my help to more shots and vain pleasures,
I am fast fading, failing, falling, flinching,
Could this be the end, my doom?
No! Mr. Bartender, one more shot of that cocktail of disgust.

Madam, you have had one too many,
You have not lived your life, have not done any,
I am doing my job serving you as many,
I am messing my nation, pouring you a glass, young lad,
I am in need of a penny, to feed kids-many,
But I yearn to see that Konza, Lappset, rail and road many,
I long to see peace, love, unity, prosperity and security,
Dear lad, I can't pour you a cocktail of disgust.
In this glass, I see a colourless depth,
I see a reflection of a handsome lad,
I hold the power to a bigger, better, brighter future,
I hold a concoction of ideas and breakthroughs,
I hold the solution to the advancement of my nation,
I am the next big thing, in the next big nation,
I can, I will, I must!
Madam bartender pour out from this lad, that nasty, cocktail of disgust.

I refuse the shame
Sheer shuckles of sorrow
I refuse the fake sacramental
That coagurated into a detrimenta cocktail
That shockingly succumbed dozens to death
What of the infamous yokozuna?
That blinded the vision a nation
Call me a freak or even a mono of life
Let me be!
But I refuse...not even a gulp ah! Ah!
Keep that cocktail to yourself
Or pour it we build the nation together!

CHRISTOPHER MUDIENYI

The Long Letter

THE LONG LETTER.

So long a letter,
That I wrote later,
A letter to be read later,
A letter to the policeman,
A letter not from the postman,
A letter not for the latter,
A letter not to flatter,
A later letter so long a letter.
Dear Mr. Policeman in my letter,
May I read to you this long letter,
I hope you're a lot better,
Just because you cut the fetter,
To make me a go getter,
For me to get to my later,
To write so long a letter.
Behind these gates I take position,
To rewind the juxtaposition,
This collision of situations,
That is my composition,
A composition for exposition,
A time for regurgitation,
A moment of reflection,
My sorrows I deposit,
My fears to the compost,
In a later letter so long a letter.

My dad did the deed,
'My kid', he said, 'you should read'
To get what I should need.
In a bid to get my needs,
I slid to the slimy reeds,
In the reeds the hungry feeds,
What a letter so long a letter.

My mama mumbled me,
My mum mumbled murmurs in me,
With Teddy bears I could bear,
The bare absence not so fair,

I never wanted the Teddy bear,
I just wanted you to be there,
With your lullaby to lull me there.
I met my highness,
we shook hands with loneliness,
Who invited us with calmness,
To sit beside a fire so rare,
And warm our hands without retire,
Together we recounted tales,
Of a love left behind,
Exchanged cups of tears,
And sadly smiled at each other's faces,
As the flames linked us each to each,
New tricks to me he taught,
With all my brains I was caught,
To disentangle myself I fought,
But this my idea he never bought,
In his firm grip I instantly got,
Into his potions pot I incessantly got,
Snatching me from the innocence cot.
With his love I could floss,
Even though for a loss,
He nailed me on the white cross,
He jailed me with a force so gross,
With the white powder of course,
That shook me off the course,
Confused confusion was on course,
More and more hallucinations it would cause.
In the cells, my freedom he jailed,
In my own cells, my judgment had failed,
In those cells, my fate was nailed,
In my brain cells, some sense he nailed,
In my choking cells, the truth he unveiled,
My eyes scales, he scrubbed without fail,
From my shells, he grabbed me by tail,
And assured me that I wouldn't fail.
You placed me on parole,
And told me I had a role,
A role to roll out of the wasted roll,
To play my role for which I had a call,
Not to be part of the death toll,
A horrible statistic so foul,

Out of this cruel jail, I walk,
Out of slumber's trail, I walk,
Out of the sleepy fail, I awoke,
Out of these gates of jail, I walk,
I walk the talk because I awoke,
Into the sweet freedom, I freely walk,
Into a lovely kingdom, I willingly walk,
A smell of freshness, so refreshing,
A feel of greatness, so encouraging,
A touch of kindness, so fulfilling,
A taste of freedom, so appealing,
Mr. Policeman you who let me free,
From this smoky cage that I hate,
Mr. Policeman you who jailed me to be free,
Free from the malicious son of fate,
I remain thankful to this date,
Thankful that you opened the gate,
And to date, it's not late to open this gate,
And Smell the fragrance of a fresh beginning,
Blooming into a flower of winning, yours faithfully the grateful one.

CHRISTOPHER MUDIENYI

The Other Wallside

THE OTHER WALLSIDE

On the other side of the wall,
We shall stand and be tall,
Tall not for a toll order,
But tall to bring all to order,
We don't belong,
But not for long,
As in the long run,
We shall not be wrong to run

CHRISTOPHER MUDIENYI

The Outsider Inside

I am here but here, I do not belong,
I have been here and it's been long,
It's been long but here, I don't belong,
I have been here and hiding for so long,
I know am an outsider,
They think am an insider,
I am an outsider on the inside,
I am actually an insider on the outside,
They think it doesn't matter,
But to me it does matter,
When will they ever understand?
That they have to let me stand,
I don't, I do not really understand,
Why? Just why they can't understand,
This I can no longer stand,
Could it be better to be an intruder?
To intrude inside and never be an outsider!
So that I can feel that of the insider,
Because I am the inside outsider,
Or is it the outside insider?

CHRISTOPHER MUDIENYI

The Past, Present, Future.

THE PAST PRESENT FUTURE

Yoked, I was,
Yoked in the yoke of the foregone past,
Yoked in the chains of this soon to be gone present,
Yoked in fear fetters of yet to be a bygone future,
This yoked yokes that shackle me.

Docked, my ship was,
Docked is the ship of my future,
Docked in the sea of my wasted present,
Docked in an ocean vast with my present past,
Who will undock my docked me?

Locked, my door was,
Locked in the dreams of my ones beautiful past,
Locked in this threat that is terrifying my present,
Locked in the fantasy cocoon of my supposed future,
Locked behind the doors that lock me.

CHRISTOPHER MUDIENYI

The People's Perfection

The symbols of stagnation, chaining our progression,
Walls of retrogression, derailing our transformation,
Borders of segregation, A separation from information,
A mark of limitation, dragging us into transgression,
Limitation to quality imagination, imagination notion,
Imagination out of stagnation, stagnation to transfiguration,
From stagnation into progression, progression into conformation,

A sign of surety, a surety for the future,
A surety for safety, a safety to nurture,
Safety from disparity, disparity that could rapture,
Disparity due to inevitability, inevitability of a future,
Inevitability from incapability, incapability that is a puncture,
Incapability and immobility, immobility to stature,

CHRISTOPHER MUDIENYI

The Rose

A rose once grew where all could see,
Sheltered beside a garden wall,
And as the days passed swiftly by,
It spread its branches straight and tall,

One day a beam of light shone through,
A crevice that had opened wide,
The rose bent gently toward its warmth,
Then passed beyond to the other side,

Now we who deeply feel it's a loss,
Are comforted as the rose blooms there,
Its beauty even greater now,
Nurtured by God's own loving care.

For my late Dad(1955-2002)

CHRISTOPHER MUDIENYI

The Shattered Token

I gave my whole heart as a token.
It came back totally broken,
I offered it because it mattered,
But it was brought back shattered,
I had properly and smoothly buttered it,
Like buttered bread but she bartered it,
Bartered my heart for all that glittered,
All the harm she never filtered,
All the pain that shattered my heart,
A painful pain that left me so hurt,
It was my one and only beautiful gift,
With my hands I could confidently lift,
Only now that I realize I was swift,
I should have given myself time to sift,
Sift through the trash not to fall,
This fall is not for us, who are tall,
Mum, I wish to you, I would make a call,
A call that I would always and always recall,

CHRISTOPHER MUDIENYI

The Stone Castle

THE STONE CASTLE

The wide walls stand tall,
They stand bare as they glare and stare
Reflecting an epoch when he was there
Entangled in the loop of my long arms
It was just us alone in this castle made of marble and stone

His chuckle and chortle
Echoes in my ears
His image is all I Can see
Apparitions of his memories
Haunt me here
My face begets a mask of glee
I close my eyes and linger my tears
I still remember it all
Pushing him against the wall
We tucked our lips and twirled our tongues

I remember the gallant of flowers
Sparkling frantic fragrant flowers
We twirled in cloud nine and towers
His lips had mighty powers
With trickling showers
Refined, defined and so organized
My wishful wings grew
To the sterling sky I flew
The universe twinkled like morning dew

But the scorching rays of the sun
Drained and shuttered my wings to fly
I dangled and withered from brutal burns
My weak withered wings dropped
No longer could I sleep and flap and flop
In this wild wonky world I dropped
Ahh! I opened my eyes to see the world
But still I only see his apparitions
Even though I am on my own
In this castle made of marble and stone

In my hand I hold a knife
The decider between life and death
Do I take away my breath?
Shall I be saved from the wreath of my health?
I picture his smile
I hear his voice
But the question is clear
What is my choice?

He is everywhere, I try to look
Holding the pieces of me that he took
He is the only 1'd ever let in
That has refused to let me go
He was my everything
He was my king, my whole universe
He was my everything
That bully that left me broken all alone
In this castle made of marble and stone

This is the last place where he remains
The last place where his memories sticks and stain
It's here even though I am on my own
In this castle made of marble and stone

This is my choice
And this is what I choose
He is the battle that I wish to lose
I will get up and fight again
So this is it his call I refrain

I cut it deep through the vein
I bleed but I feel no pain
It subsides it fades away
Like a cloud of mist and fog on a sunny day

I hold the blade against my chest
I tell myself it's for the best
In my blindness the world blurs
It's getting harder to see
My heart slows
I heave...I can barely breathe

When morning comes
They won't find my lifeless body
This they fail to know
I will die with people I know
I won't die alone
In this castle made of marble and stone

CHRISTOPHER MUDIENYI

The Unborn

She looks down her tummy and cries,
She's full with child and full of lies,
The broken promises and shattered dreams,
The promises made during passionate whims,
During the moment of stolen glory,
The moments they made their own love story,
Reality though, is a different story,
Or just fragments of a lucid memory,

I can only watcher from a distance,
If I go any closer she'll jump off the roof in an instance,
She curses loudly at her own unborn,
She damns the fate that remains unknown,
I pity her and the thinking of her foolish mind,
She longs for joy yet wants to leave it behind,
The pride and joy that comes with motherhood,
The news of a newborn is news that is always good,
There's not a man greater than that infant boy,
That infant boy whose story hasn't been told,
Whose fate is fresh, whose love is pure,
Whose future is bigger than he can dream,
Whose ambition is driven by our motivation?
The unborn could be anything if we believed in him,
He could be greater than the greatest men.

CHRISTOPHER MUDIENYI

The Waves

"THE WAVES" BY CHRISTOPHER MUDIENYI AND OWEN HABEL
Row row row your boat

Row row row your boat

Struggling down the stream

Struggling down the stream

Bubbles and rubbles of ethnic waves

Scandals and grumbles of sired salves

Tantalized tented souls

Tethered to raves and graves.

"THE WAVES" OUR PRODUCTION

Look at the crush, creaks and cracks

Of the burly boarded boat

Pestles and punctures

Nestles and fractures

Wrestles and raptures

By the mysteries of the wonky waves.

The empty promises

We saddle and paddle

The ethnic waves

We desert and jumble

The tangles of deceit

We fight and purge

As we paddle the boat from the waves.

Row row row your boat

Row row row your boat

Struggling down the stream

Struggling down the stream

Souls tied by sizzling tides

Cloaked in rattles of prattle promises

Embroided in battles of false democracy

Thatched in clashes of ocean currents

And to the graves of ethnic waves.

Our dreams of solidarity

Raped in scandals

Our will and unity

Rattle in grumbles

Our hopes and sovereignty

Battle and jumbles

So we hustle and bustle

In the ocean of poverty.

The ethnic muddle that we paddle

Paddle.....paddle

And capsize

Castles hopes now

Frazzled to cracks and crackles

And shambled by shocking shame

Smiling faces rattled

Squeezed and rubbished, in the grave yards of doom.

Shameless part of shapeless future

Capsizing and cracking the will and dream

S.O.S the growls and crawls of innocent souls

S.O.S this boat sanitizes the souls

S.O.S this boat finds you guilty of frustrating

S.O.S somebody help!

We reshape the capsized boat

Clomp the democratic stair ways

Climb off the messy ditches

Clutch the peddles and paddle

Paddle the ethnic waves

Paddle the vicious violence

Paddle the shapeless past, propagating to peace and unity

Attention! Fighting fighters

Arise from the pitches of battle ditches

Save the souls from growls and crawls

Shimmer and shine for future frame work

Our justified liberty and legalized peace

As we paddle the boat from the waves.

Merrily merrily merrily merrily

Life is but a dream!

CHRISTOPHER MUDIENYI

Walk With Me

WALK WITH ME BY MUDIENYI WA MUSHIRA

I sat under the dreaded sycamore,
I guess that I was no more,
Or was I in slumber land?
In and out of wonderland?
This I cannot remember,
Because there, I am no longer a member,
Out of the dark of the night,
I walked from dusk into light,
Wow! I can now see,
It is so bright that you can see,
My lovely rose,
How I wish we together arose,
And from the muddy water,
We could walk when it's yet hotter,
To the fountain of freshness,
To savor the world's freshness,
Let's come together and walk,
Let us walk and talk,
Because this is our moment,
A real time for a blissful moment,
When we shall stand on the mountain,
And look at our foundation,
We shall take a bath in the sea,
To wash away, of the past we may see,
Let's walk along love's river,
Just take courage, do not shiver,
Because I at least know the way,
Through the sun sun's rays,
Until we come to the meadow,
Chatting under the moons shadow,
With the palm leaves hissing,
As we in the gentle wind kissing,
Darling please come with me, will you?

CHRISTOPHER MUDIENYI

What Is Normal?

WHAT IS NORMAL?

Right after the long years in college,
I gain meaningful knowledge,
To debunk stereotypes,
Leading the archetypes,
That is the old normal.
But do you know the new normal?

The new normal is abnormal,
The new normal is so formal,
That the old normal is informal,
A new normal so paranormal,

Thickness of the head,
Very normal, super normal,
Thickness of the skin,
Just like any other normal,
Stolen normalcy, so normal,
This abnormality, so abnormal,
But to them absolutely normal,

Is that what the school teaches?
Is this where society stretch reaches?
That we acquire abnormal riches,
Even if to the poor we are witches?
With riches that make us abnormal witches?

We can comfortably loot,
This is beautiful music from the flute,
Our ways through systems we fluke,
Without care like the liver fluke,
We suck justice from the poor as they look,
They look at us and what they see is a crook,
Whose ways are wayward,
Without a way forward,
And you call this normal?
Are you normally sick?
You must be abnormally thick!

My hands are tightly tied, so I say,
Do I want another day just like the other day?
And feel like it is another normal day?

CHRISTOPHER MUDIENYI

When

When the bubble bursts, we shall be illuminated,
The light of reality will shine on us,
When this cocoon is ripped, we shall be liberated,
We shall be hooked to the light of freedom,
When we get out of the box,
Our thinking gears will be accelerated,
We shall be more objective and critical,
When the balloon deflates,
Our self-esteem will be invigorated,
We shall break free from this tangle,
When the earpiece is in place, we shall be rejuvenated,
We shall listen to a good piece in our ears,
When we set the lens of the eyepiece, everything will be differentiated,
Differentiated because it is well magnified,
When the masterpiece is displayed, we shall be awed,
We shall have seen a piece from the master.

CHRISTOPHER MUDIENYI

When The Sun Rises

When the stunning sun cordially rises,
The morning drops of the dew sluggishly fade,
As the slinking tide of hope rises,
All and sundry graciously pick a spade,
A spade to spade away the debris of the night,
In order to scoop the beauty of the light,
A dazzling blossoming of cognizance,
A recipe for imminent reconnaissance,
Indisposed, reluctant, not set for the fierce fight,
Irradiating, magnificent bright light,
Break free from the encumbrances of the night and be free,
Free to amiably climb the drooping fruit tree,
To diligently deliver roses before the sun is down,
For nobody needs the roses when the sun has gone down,
Working for the elegant, rolling, flowing gown,
The menu, a big chunk of hope for breakfast,
The schedule, a great task to achieve so fast,
The expectation, a peaceful home at dusk,
The outcome, an unknown and enervating task,
With a hope so stout, for the magnificent miracles,
With an urge so sturdy, to kick the denigrating obstacles,
This is the scorching urgency of now,
To access the vaults of opportunity just now,
With anticipation, the companion of imminent power,
And Hope, the mother of success to the tower,
With bated breath, the whirlwinds of change blow,
Streams of the riches of freedom meticulously flow,
The winds blow toward the land of prosperity,
The waters flow to the land copious opportunity,
From the island of abject poverty,
To the vast ocean of material prosperity.

CHRISTOPHER MUDIENYI

When The Sun Sets

WHEN THE SUN SETS

When the scorching sun slowly sets,
The darker than pitch black the world gets,
The hope of promising beauty slowly fades,
Exposing its fifty black sides of its shades,
Blurring the fifty shades of the darker grey,
With a wide open mouth to revoltingly prey,
Prey on an innocent crowd ready to pray,
So that for the sins of others they don't pay,
When the stones of agony are ultimately pelted,
The hope of sweet ice creamed future is melted,
Melted due to the blistering heat of a time in waste,
Wasted time of the sweltering sun set in the west,
Wasted energy that could have been creatively invested,
But whose worth has been awfully and sordidly divested,
This is a long winding night, so long is this nauseating night,
A vicious night for a ferocious fight, what fighting night!
Fighting to keep the cold at bay, this searing cold!
This blanket of the night so thick and cold, this plundering cold,
A cold that stabs, stabs a stabbing that stabs so deeply,
I wish I would buy the next morning so cheaply,
To run from man-made ugliness that choke the natural beauty of the ocean,
The ocean of various prospects
The source of haunting nightmares, a recipe for stagnation,

CHRISTOPHER MUDIENYI