

Poetry Series

Denny Moonde
- poems -

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Denny Moonde(November 26th)

"They Will Come For You, "

They said, today it's me,
Tomorrow it will be you,
I ignored them.
Yesterday, it was the other Guy:
I said nothing,
They went after the woman, brutalized her.
I remained in my cocoon; it was not me after all.
I had my freedom; theirs taken.
By all means it was fine by me.
So, I looked the other way.
They said let's stand together; united
I turned a blind eye;
Am not my brother's keeper.
"They will come for you, " someone said.
Deaf ear, I had no reason to fear.
Then I stood alone.
They needed someone to go for,
Life became tough, so I coughed.
They came for me, the quiet one.
Brutalized me;
Canned me with trumped up charges.
I cried out for help; No one came
I blamed everyone else but myself.
I helped create this tyranny;
I Failed to speak out against social injustice,
Corruption and the like vice.
And now they crush me like lice!
Speak, speak speak and speak.
Get involved, liberty is expensive
Seek not a route aggressive,
Shy not from being heard;
Speak.

Denny Moonde

88 Piano Keys

88 Piano keys co-exist
we shake and dance to
the rhythm they make.
The chances we take,
some mistakes to forget:
the way we relate
the song we create.
Life is a song, sing along
Some live life on a high note
others a low note
most glide life the middle note
whichever route,
all are catered for.
Happiness a choice of life,
Dream black and white like the piano keys.
Life is a song;
88 piano keys.
Like water down a stream
a melody alight
I may do wrong but won't stand alone.
life is a family, a happy song.
Life not strife
but song and dance.
Euphoria, utopia sometimes phobia
when all is done celebrate!
88 Piano keys; spare a thought
life should be soft,
if short, let it be a sweet melody,
like a mini-skirt(oops!) .
Shop around joy abounds
what can hound you out of happiness?
Life a song; sing along
Hope for the highest pitch.
Reach for the stars
You're a star! Life a fast car
life a worn out car
life a song your chose;
Life is what you make it
Life;

88 Piano Keys.

Denny Moonde

A Wink

One by the road side
Another as we cross paths
A wink
A little abracadabra
A wish; a thought
A wink
My veins pulsating
My feelings at ease
A wink
Dry fish can't swim
Water can soak dry fish
A wink
A word silent
Feeling; nerves tingly
A wink
Do you notice me?
Do you not see me?
A wink.

Denny Moonde

About You

First I said to me
Who might be she?
Then to myself I thought
For her a Lilly I should have bought.
This is about you.
I`ll give you a clue;
It's about your character.
And your laughter.
When I set my eyes on you,
I thought myself a fool.
To have liked you
Well: that was petty
For you looked far pretty.
When I talked to you,
You seemed a bit restrained.
A smile you never retained
Then the other time;
Was much better.
We talked for a while
I came to realize much later
With my face a smile
what a nice personality you had.

Denny Moonde

Absentee Husband

Its late in the night has he called you yet?
Is he heaven sent?
How can love be absent?
Is what you share fair and decent?

You cry silently, gravely torn.
You have been left on your own
The conclusion is foregone
Where he is you are forgotten.

Maybe he bumped into some bar lady
And forgotten about his fairlady.
To her he sings the same melody
That makes him part of your body

In the bar past midnight staggering with stardom
He must be a big don
His table full of intoxicating liquor
Oblivious of a marriage in troubled water.

Denny Moonde

Adorable Lady

Adorable Lady
Would you be my valentine?
Adorable lady
Care for some alcohol free wine?
Adorable lady
Our love can touch the skies
Adorable lady
What we have first prize, lock eyes
Adorable lady
You're my life's whirlwind
Adorable lady
Your image on my mind, repeat rewind
Adorable lady
You're a blossoming blessing
Adorable lady
My lips itchy feeling; kissing
Adorable lady
Am your human harvest
Adorable lady
Come live in my love nest
Adorable lady.

Denny Moonde

African Woman

Me thought black was beautiful
Me knows black is beautiful
African woman black is a pleasure
Your chocolate look is what I treasure.

Day and night you're on my mind
A person like you ain't easy to find
You are loving and kind
Yet our tradition you dare to live behind.

Do you not know that black is beautiful?
To it you must be loyal and faithful
Can you ascend the mountain and scream out loud
That you are black and proud?

African woman don't lose your dignity
You were born black till eternity
Look at yourself...what have you done to your skin?
I no longer see the beautiful black being.

African woman look into my eyes
Whoever told you those foul lies?
That the color to be is white
And so because it's bright.

African woman do not be cheated
Your face is fast becoming heated
Slowly your looks fade
And you are forced to stay in the shade

Denny Moonde

Am Done Being Your Fool

How can I let it be?
I don't believe you see
My love is above board
You keep thinking am a nobody
What is the story?
Where's all that glory?
Having and loving you is so costly
Am so over you...Totally.
Hey we won't have to marry
And it doesn't give me worry
No need to buy you a ring
What we have is a senseless love thing
Yep, you are pretty
Perhaps the fairest in the city
My undivided love, my heart...
Broken yet willing to let you depart.
If am lonely this spring
It's not because am not caring
I feel I don't need you
True I will be lonely and blue.
So with this there's no ring
It would be just another thing
That would bind me to you
But now am done being your fool.

Denny Moonde

At Your Request

At your request
I`ll be your guest.
At your request
I`ll take you out on a date.
At your request
I`ll ever be a delight.
At your request
I`ll be of good taste.
At your request
I`ll do my best.
At your request
I`ll let you on my chest.
At your request
I`ll touch your breast.
At your request
I`ll take a hold of your waist.
At you request
I`ll get you undressed.
At your request
I won't hesitate.
At my request
Will you stop being a hypocrite?
At my request
Can we make things right.
At my request
How much do you request?

Denny Moonde

Blacka Lisa

She not hang on a wall smiling
An equivalent of the Mona Lisa
A Lads favourite.
My Blacka Lisa lives!
She the lioness in the pride
A face so confident
Sun rays bounce off!
Extremity of an existence
Inner wars, conflicts; strife;
In tough times her eyes;
Majestic water ways leaving
Dry traces.
My Blacka Lisa
She wilts the sun;
Protecting her own.
Service above self.
Her walk, a dance.
I see man from across stream
Promise after promise
He scavenge her fruits
But her assets are abundant
She suffer us.
Now, we fight for her
Save Blacka Lisa!
Let her smile,
Not turn grin.
She walks, with the sunset
Dancing to our whistling and drumming
We look east awaiting her return
With the rising sun.
My Blacka Lisa, you;
Give face to word grace.

Denny Moonde

Blame Nature He's A Vulture

Blame nature he's a vulture
the torment great
a modest life
comfort zone torn
charming words
her commanding smile
her rear while;
A milestone of pleasurable treat.
Street long winding.
Meandering mind.
Drawn to acquiescent flame of shame
love not a game
dating crime a life in prime
he's future authored
anchored to inconstant inundation
unhonourable thoughts
deeds terrible hes worth;
No better than a letter of credit
dreadful secrets that fill the closet□
when she lays on his chest
his mind on rewind
crest fallen.
Another heart about to be broken
a monster about to awaken
his not a pardonable lie
she was a play time
an affair in a phase
his game a maze
will she love again?
Once he did pursue her
the chase game was magical
now hez' over her
Opportunity beckons.
The horizon another direction.
The tickle in his nerves,
Temptation, attention of another
Stimulates him to the next adventure.
He should not blame nature;
for turning himself into a vulture

Denny Moonde

Broken Hearts.

Strange I fill so lonely.
Yet I thought I'd be happy,
And you there so sad.
Though you thought you'd make it through;
Broken hearts that we carry.
Scary memories that belittle our happiness.
Lonely hearts that need togetherness.
Yet days on we put ourselves to worry
How could we be so unsuspecting?
That we let our selfish goals of pride;
Ruin that which we treasure
Because we don't want to be thought weak
We both look forward to tomorrow.
Hoping against hope that one of us
Would come by our respective places
But night eats up day and we remain hurt
Often we go to bed with thoughts of the other
Carrying them deep into our dreams
Sometimes a tear or two is shed
Yet pride gets its way over us.
We want to think the other is doing fine
Truth is both of us are feeling low
Often we quarrel over trivial matters
Certainly that has eroded our affection.
Maybe we should stop making vows
Let alone promises
For words are only lip service
And likewise can be broken.
Our lips fit only for kissing;
The distance between us makes them grow frail.
Delight on my part to see you smiling
Are we destined to make up and be merry again?

Denny Moonde

Bullet Or Ballot?

I hope you don't die
Before telling us why
You blatantly rigged the election.
What led to such action?
Oh! Democratic Africa
Taking my rights cold Antarctica
My vote stolen
My hopes fallen!
Why the vote; An outcome engineered
Where Dictators use the vote
To relentlessly stick to power
Oh! Democratic Africa
I give it to you
In cold blood the west demonised you
In return, you stopped the bloody coups
No Guns you said...
No Guns, all agreed.
But Greedy African leader;
Greed a born thing?
No regard to the suffering lot!
Loot, a good life.
The pauper majority made to sacrifice
Shame, the blame you don't feel.
Oh! Democratic Africa
Adolescent's hopes quashed,
How long does it take,
To rule long, hit the gong....rogue leader.
What's that song?
You swapped the bullet for the ballot
To the outsiders, a smart move
For all they see is the elective process
But oh no! ! ! There's more.
For you meticulously
Silence your opponents before the poll.
In reality two letters replaced in the word bullet
to make it read ballot
Africa no longer shoots by the bullet
Africa shoots by the ballot
The resultant rule, mostly Tyranny.

The bullet don't fire.
The ballot won't work
What next?
When men of God are
Turned, men of gold
Statesmen turned
Party charlatans
When man sees right in wrong
When bankrupt upright man
Stands corrupt
Africa awake.
This democratic dispensation
If not nipped in the bud
a one way ticket to oppression
Oh! Democratic Africa.
Madiba, Buchiza, Kwame where art though?
Hate speech spread against
Defenceless populace, façade
Love, unity, soiled heart.
Their smiling ivory
A rhinoceros painful death
Oh! Democratic Africa.
Am bleeding, a closed wound.

Denny Moonde

Candlelight Dinner

Candlelight dinner
This pair is a winner
Do not despair
Your mind I'll clear
If you cry, picture me
A reason for your happiness
A feeling beyond craziness!
If we try,
Love won't pass us by
My feet walk for you
My looks kept for you
My eyes search for you
My mind full of you
It's all good; it's all true
All for you
Your sweet fragrance
Fills the atmosphere
Most beautiful in this hemisphere
Believe me, am immune to deceive
Open up, love receive
You a piece of fine art
Will have me never depart
A kiss to send shivers through my body
A tease to keep me going by
You a fine blend of a woman
All for me
Wow! ..
Here, sip an alcohol free wine with me
Forever my valentine
We be one pair double
A diamond marble
No constable
To bring us trouble
This pair is a winner
Candlelight dinner.

Denny Moonde

Chameleon

Chameleon nice little thing.
Moves about slow paced,
Comfortable in any situation.
Joins in the rainbow and adapts its colors,
Its jungle a jargon of change.
When in green grass
Goes green.
Chameleon what color are you?
Always in survival mode,
Maybe that is well,
How do you do it?
Never with a case to answer
Always the good one
Your head, constant nod
Yebo, chameleon wachokela kuti?
And where are you going?
One step forward
One step backwards.
Chameleon you an amazement,
In a maze.
You look in my eye and spot my color.
The moment I turn you change color,
In return only true to your plan.
You are Deceit in living matter,
Decent looks;
Unforgivable desire to deceive.
Agreeing to any opinion
Just like a chameleon,
So is a man without conviction.

Denny Moonde

Checkmate.

The winds of change could not be restrained.
We, a society that fell for political rhetoric,
In hope for a promise of comfort attained
A historic win ushering in a rule barbaric.

Perhaps a hurried blindness in bestowing our trust
An emotional lust for change to bury the past
Today poorer, in retrospect votes cast in disparity
A reality check; Madness! A costly mistake.

Hope for a better fate is on test
Another five year walk the endless talk
The feeble will not make it to the table
When dinner is served, my vote to kick out this lot.

At what cost is our cause lost?
A society in search for truth
For when they campaigned, we listened
Then we envisioned, now we are disillusioned.

Another wasted term, a neglected society
Shall we in vanity chase sanity?
Those that lead what is the priority?
For us the led another missed opportunity.

In their game am a pawn abused and used
Bruised, grieved amazed. Still unmoved.
Our once loyal suitor turned traitor;
Checkmate. Your term am about to terminate.

Denny Moonde

Christmas Wishes

Kindly accept our warmest wishes,
Sent your way with Christmas kisses.
We can never be too busy
To send loved ones a message so easy.

With each December day that passes
Have fun and remember loved ones
Visit friends and advance family bonds
In sharing an avalanche of joy abounds

Denny Moonde

Crow Of A Headless Rooster

Am a bird, flightless.
Caught up in a life ruthless
Another year of madness
My thoughts stained
Am headless, the pain no less.
I complain no one listens.
My silent nature yokes
The violent feelings
Waiting to be unleashed,
Unpoliced mind on a free-way
Lee-way.
Life free falling, tree falling!
Dry walls of my house
Absorb my cries in their cracks.
Nightmare the endless tossing
No meals for the family
Crow of a headless Rooster
Running, crying, headless.
Rain drenched chicken.
Hen, with chicks in check
Pecking on empty ground
Serendipity? Serenity? Insanity!
Am news that sells.
Deprived, malnourished.
Pa-zed Ilike bad.
My fall will be at a price
Weakened tortured soul,
Wise up, I rise; headless
Myself belief, not a hopeless place
In reverse my face a farce
To the jubilation and elation
I once bestowed on your pre-eminency
Humiliation awaits.
My potency for dependency
In essence a nuisance
To the fabric of innocence
For economic independence.

Dance

what is dance?

Happens not once,

add bounce

now I announce-a

Dance.

which way to move?

some funny groove,

Hot plate, stove

When Push Comes to shove

Dance.

Demon possessed

Spiritually obsessed

Truth confessed

Dance.

The way you like

All in love one alike

Alight that spike

DJ - low down mike

Dance.

Denny Moonde

Dangled Carrot

Dangled Carrot

Mama; absurd the wickedness of lady luck
Malnourished baby strapped on your back
Scorching sun, merchandise by the road side
Once an avid cadre; bearer of torn pride
Dangled Carrot

Papa my memories still vivid, your wild joy!
Now withdrawn and timid cutting a lonesome figure
Your weakening demeanor embodies the failed ploy.
The empty promises, a wage still meagre.
Dangled Carrot

A country ablaze with youthful taste
Ours a prodigal generation at waste
At the smell of local champagne we campaign
Rude, undiplomatic a destructive path of mental pain
Dangled carrot

Are we an epitome of hope wasted?
In them our dreams, trust and future vested
That promised considerable portion of wealth not posted
This fight is no contest, debate prostrate
Dangled Carrot

With our ballot they became legitimate
Like toast, in their hands lies our fate.
Loud our singing for their sinking.
Ostensibly the sentiment is top billing.
Dangled Carrot.

Denny Moonde

Deluded

Deluded

Our skepticism preposterous
We the deluded hoi polloi
Our patriotism vilified
Our ballot ludicrous
Our plummet
Imminent.

Denny Moonde

Ding Dong; Sweet Music

In the dark of the motel.
No words spoken.
A cocktail in the making
The card game,
Has no regard
For the emotive guard.
How travel two this path?
No care for a dime
Chime of the clock distant
Sensual breathes
and then, time.
Oh! Time stands still
Their souls in mime
to the physical desire.
What crime!
Their bodies,
not meant twine.
Fingers in vacillating motion.
Manipulation of creation.
Despicable commotion
of hearts.
And when covered;
The sheets a wave movement
Alas the ocean sleeps.
But beneath
Confusion in near eruption
Err, travel not this road
She knew twas wrong
He played along.
Ding dong.

Denny Moonde

Drunk Driving

Engine raved, wheels spun, music blaring.
A darling to himself, speed daring.
Off he drove pedal to the metal
soon the ending would be fatal.

Gnashing teeth of hell beckoned
The irony of advice scorned and ignored
Blaring siren, screeching wheels an ambulance on scene
Time constant; Memories distant, a death instant.

For all my loss of a friend
His victim in the other car a breadwinner
He drove drunk his action not one to defend
The ending, the difference between fantasy and reality

Windows closed air cone on he lived for the chase
He loved his desire for pace
Every journey a rat race
Hopefully in heaven by God's grace.

A face too dismembered for body viewing
A page black and blank
Bereaved families left grieving
Drunk driving a deadly prank.

Drunk vehicular deaths are preventable
The loss of life irreplaceable and regrettable
For one death innocent souls obliterated
My friend drove and died inebriated.

Denny Moonde

Embrace Change

A new environment often is a big challenge
some change is bad, pan to the fire.
Unanswered questions a hearts burning desire
And life goes like a worn out tyre
when we should embrace change,
we tend to complain.
Plotting revenge against things unknown
is the place we are in any worse?
Aint it strange that in a land of plenty,
opportunity is limited.
others gladly rest on their laurels.
Some hope for handouts from the state.
whatever happened to self conviction?
A humbling experience,
can open a glorious empire of satisfaction.
We tend to be lazy and start our day late.
We are late for appointments.
We suffer crazy disappointment,
miserable at everything,
Apportioning blame to all but ourselves.
Mind in diminished solitude.
Cheerfulness cast aside, a cold shoulder to change.
Rejoice! for change evokes a pleasurable challenge;
To doors unopened so with raised hope,
Summon your strength.
Time won't stand still,
Be audacious with a mind tenacious.
Don't become a captive of change
Embrace change for when the other door is open,
The treasure is there for the harvest.

Denny Moonde

Flawless?

Am not flawless.
In your hands am powerless.
Am fluorescent,
Does if any; Your kindness
Nibble at my blindness?
Fear of losing you;
Of life in the blue,
Without my beu.
Transcends logic.
Am lost in your magic.
Are my feelings tragic?
Am at ease with you in sight.
If it ends in delight.
The struggle aint a fight,
Pigheaded state of fright:
Soul tormenting slate.
Am a lost appetite;
Sometimes feelings are trite.
Flawless?

Denny Moonde

Gat A Funny Feeling

Lately I've developed a funny feeling
is there sunlight on the other side,
I mean six feet under,
Say I die: which I must
What's in store for me?
Dinner with the devil?
Tea with an Angel?
Ha! Funny Feeling.
Kneeling with a creepy feeling,
Will there be sunshine?
Why do we adore life,
Why do we fear death?
What if death really is life?
And living is dying.
Imagine life could be a lie.
Think about it, we exist not.
I am and you are
Neither here nor there.
Confused? Nay.
Only we live in a confused world.
Gat a funny feeling.

Denny Moonde

Happiness Is On The Other Side?

I have been trying but its not working
I've wished for it but it's not come my way.
I've looked for it high and low....to no avail
Where is it? How can I find it? I've been trying
I've been chasing it but its elusive!
Should it be exclusive to a select few?
I've been trying but am not dying
Why?
Not that I want to kill myself, nay.
I don't wanna get killed
Nay.
I just want to die, naturally.
Am tired of being tired, sick of being alive.
Want to take a dive six feet under.
Dream a never ending dream.
To scream and not be heard!
To be a ghost. A rough one.
I want to die. Twice.
Death should be interesting,
No love for no one boozing without Ceasing!
No rules all fools!
Smoking cigar made of ash.
Walking backwards saying bastard.
Dancing in hell fire or taking a straw
Yonder paradise.
Either way I be dead.
We are born to die. Life is a lie;
Happiness is on the other side?

Denny Moonde

Happy Birthday!

You know, you a perfect friend
You always with me, that I know.
Singing birds; your birthday song
Dancing heart; my smile for you

You know, you a perfect Ten.
Who is to complain?
Am grateful for what we share
For you no guards; all bare

You know, you are a perfect blend
Am glad I had a chance to befriend
A charmed lady so fair
I treasure; Stolen glances of your hair

You know, you are a perfect lady
I just want to say;
Something as sound and fair
Joy is what exemplifies you.

Denny Moonde

Hypocrites

Found the world over
They are among us
We among their number
We are; as they are
Hypocrites.

Denny Moonde

I Love You

I love you;
Eight letters three words
One sentence... simple right?
How often do we express it to dear ones?
What emptiness without friendship;
What loneliness' without it.
I love you;
The hurdles of life can be overcome
If we epitomized the care free nature
Of children playing, faces smiling;
I love you;
Painless existence,
But we are crumbled up.
Emotive destruction
When all, like children;
We could to each other say;
I love you;
Eight letters; three words one sentence.
This is all our world needs.
Hold mine hand let me have yours.
Joined love; Earth a haven of peace.
Why the hate? Why the Rage?
I love you;
Humanity, planet earth bleeds for innocence.
Eight letters three words
Can heal the world.
I love you.

Denny Moonde

In Your Eyes

I want to hold you tight
With all my strength and might
Firmly close to me yet gently
You are so saintly, When
you are with me, I want to kiss you.
For in the cold of the night;
Your presence I long for
Yet your presence aint guaranteed.
When am near you I see
Happy times in your eyes.
Your eyes spell out a wonderful future
One I can't help but live for.
I kiss you and hold you
Because I want to share that joy
Today and not tomorrow.
In this unpleasant present am in
I want to live the happy future
That I see in your eyes.
The future that makes you
Smile broadly and renders your
Lips boldly kissable.
Perchance I will hold you tight
As I go to sleep tonight
I`ll say a little prayer
To thank God up yonder
For a fine woman like you
In the still of the night
I behold you with closed eyes
Pretty young lady; princess
Ready to become my queen.
So don't wonder much
As to why I like to hold you
Don't falter at my touch
Have I not told you
I love you so....as such
I`ll hold as long as I have the chance to
Love without affection
Is like a kiss without passion
It wasn't infatuation

Or a situation of simple attraction
That I came to like you.

Denny Moonde

Like A Candlelight

I sit staring at the candle
With pen in my hand I fumble
To myself I grumble
How ever did I find myself in a love tri-angle?
I watch the candle light glow
Id turn it off with a single blow
I see the wax melt away
I realize this candle won't last a day.
I say to me, `` I don't need a candle'
So I blow it off. But oh No!
I was wrong, it gave me some light
Now all around me is rendered dark.
I get the matchbox
And relight the candle
Sadly it slowly fades away
Without light id go astray.
The candlelight makes me see things
The way it glows to me joy it brings
I will sleep with it on my mind
Where else would I find light so kind?
You and I should not stumble
We have problems but that's no trouble
Let's not let what we have fade away
Unlike a candle I want you to forever stay.

Denny Moonde

Lonely

Strange I fill so lonely
Yet I thought I'd be happy
And you there so sad
Though you thought you'd make it through

Broken hearts that we carry
Scary memories that belittle our happiness
Lonely hearts that need togetherness
Yet days on we put ourselves to worry

How could we be so unsuspecting?
That we let our selfish goals of pride
Ruin that which we treasure
Because we don't want to be thought weak

We both look forward to tomorrow.
Hoping against hope that one of us
Would come by our respective places
But night eats up day and we remain hurt

Often we go to bed with thoughts of the other
Carrying them deep into our dreams
Sometimes a tear or two is shed
Yet pride gets its way over us.

We want to think the other is doing fine
Truth is both of us are feeling low
Often we quarrel over trivial matters
Certainly that has eroded our affection.

Maybe we should stop making vows
Let alone promises
For words are only lip service
And like wine can be broken.

Our lips fit only for kissing
The distance between us makes them grow frail
Delight on my part to see you smiling
Are we destined to make up and be merry again?

Denny Moonde

Love Letters In A Kiss

I hope you read them all
The flow of my heart therein
Our young hearts pounding
Feelings; a guiding star
Our love olive solid
Love letters sound better spoken,
But timely words get twisted,
Meaning lost
Eaten in ink and voice
So my love letters encrypted
In the kisses we share
My kisses to you
Are the only love letters
My heart's ever known
Extravagance of words
Are moderate to satisfaction
Of lips in sync of souls
Our holy Trinity in Matrimony
Union of bodies;
Love letters in a kiss.

Denny Moonde

Love Lotion Of Option

Intense Emotional instability
The impact it had on my internal metabolism
That moment of sheer magical transfiguration
The moment my eyes met yours.
All around me was rendered non existent
I heard you speak but I couldn't listen
Your eyes spoke a stronger, mountain moving language
One that no ordinary person could understand.
I closed my eyes for a split second,
When I looked, I beheld you again.
Eyes as ever shinning,
a diamond sparkle on the side.
My hand reached out to touch your waist,
My blood flowed faster!
Often skipping beats.....
I was ridding on a tidal wave ridden yacht!
The contours of your body
Like the beautifully watered coastline.
Your looks corrupt my mind,
Am a book in your hand do turn the pages.
Here she was my notion of devotion
My love lotion of option.

Denny Moonde

Man And Woman

Here's the trickle,
can be equal.
But never same.
what? Insane?
Reason so simple,
one is woman
the other is man.
one is male
the other is female.
can be equal
maybe a sequel.
Metabolically different
Earthly statement.
So let man be man
and woman; woman.
Man and Woman
Differently equal,
Equally different.

Denny Moonde

Me

Hi am me....

I live within ma`self

I talk to ma`self, I laugh

I cry, I sing, I smile

All things equal am

Me.

Am in love with I and ma`self

Am me, no one else

Can be what I am

See am uniquely me

Only ma`self and I know

Me inside out bcoz I live

Within me.

I am me and together

With ma`self am complete

I am body and soul

With breathe till death

Me.

Denny Moonde

Mistress

Mistress has a deceptive influence of greatness.
Pushing my marriage into distress,
The late night movies and dinners to impress.
Frequently leaving me helplessly penniless.

If ever my fling is found out,
I am in no doubt...
My fall from grace will be terrible
So am apt to keep my fling secretly stable

Mistress knows am not leaving my marriage
With her our affair is a whole new page
Suffice to say, I must meet all her needs
Am a prisoner of my libido misdeeds.

When with me Mistress is perfectly at ease
If this were a stage tease
Mistress would attract loud applause
What we share is an unjust cause

Damn, she calls my wife her rival.
Thinks my marriage is gasping for survival,
Mistress is all you would need in a toy
Offering momental bliss of joy.

Mistress sometimes becomes vicious,
Throws tantrums because she's suspicious
Her unbridled fear that I have another mistress.
How can I sustain happiness with such stress?

One morning I told Mistress it was over.
I wasn't drunk but sure had a hangover,
But as I found out...Dutch courage;
Earned me a basketful of insulting barrage.

Now it's back to where all the wrong began.
Me, her making out and having fun.
Losing out on precious family time,
Mistress a flawed representation;

Of a priceless dime.

Denny Moonde

Mmmm

Her eyes big in a small way
She is petit, elegantly wholesome
Says am handsome, awesome
Silky singing voice when she speaks.

One look at her I emotionally go weak
Blood flows faster and then at my peak
I creak and fall like jelly, ah!
I have a soft spot for her

She carries herself like a super star
I'd trade my bar sit for her
When she walks; Majestic
When she smiles; Magic

When she struts her stuff; Catwalk
When I take her out; Broke
I'd like to move her into my block
What? She can't be mine? Bullock

Mmmm there she goes again.....on my mind
Slick, cunning and interesting
How I hate to unwind
Me and her so befitting

she is the definition of sparkle
I'd dance for her; Wacko Jacko
Run my fingers through her hair
Make our bodies one pair.

Ha! That thought ticklish,
Wipe her out clean; Carwash
Once I din't see her beauty; Blindness
Squeaky clean piece of steel; Stainless
Mute, time for inner thoughts; Speechless.

Denny Moonde

Muntu Wanga

Tifunseko.

Bushe muliko?

Odi kokoliko....

Mwaikumbuka nkoloko?

Tinaifaka maloko.

Patumba maboloko

Tifunseko.

Kodi muliko?

Muntu wanga

Pa street pa mita.

Pachitika mulomo

Tipisana ma pomo

Posiya kuvoka

Tikabila ku vota.

Muntu wanga

Zonse zaka zapita

Muti shinka butter

Tizamilizani kapata

Chikonko chanipata

Tifunseko,

Tamiwonani na nseko

Nase tisebenzeko

Segulani chiseko

Mwakula Mapapiko

Kuseni Tikawuka

Tipeze Wambululuka.

Nzi nzi nzi

Monga Inzi

Panjala Zingokugwa Minzi

Akuti Pa Zed ni zi

Tikujubani mu size

Timifake napa side

Kaili simumvela

Mweka kungomwela

Mwakula chimwela

Talema chikwela

Muntu wanga

Tikuchosa ganja

Tate sogolelani banja

Aka ka verse nika Pa Street
Tibwezeleni malaiti.
Mwaka uno nayo nayo tait
Machimo ni faiti

Denny Moonde

My %age Of Abnormality

Within that, I exercise my responsibility,
Like ambiguity cast in concrete;
Your understanding of complexity,
Uninspiringly full of desecrate.

I will bear with you as we interact.
Though my thought process disrupt,
I have within me a pact.
To have yourself, system interrupt.

I need not seek defense,
Of things thought of me.
Is your world full of incense?
Or is it intent? of me on my knee?

Why my %age of Abnormality,
Fits your bill of insecurity?
And so I don't make sense?
Well, so don't take offense.

And with that, here is this;
And hear me please....
Dwell not on my %age of Abnormality
Deal with yours. In totality.
Thank you.

Denny Moonde

Not Feeling Too Well Today

Its that time of the month again
When I have no need of men
How can I explain.....
I am visiting the moon
Will be back home soon
It's a wet and lonely upsetting journey
When am mooning my temper raises
It escalates in phases
I keep to myself to avoid confrontations.
In two or three days time
When I feel all fine
You can come and land on me.

Denny Moonde

O' Ye Blatant Politician.

You strip me naked with your lies.
Bullsh%t and crap promises
We give so much.
Little is returned.
Unwavering endowment;
Left in torment
We briskly walk our emotions,
In hopeful mountain;
Of blistering fountains.
O' ye blatant politician.
A charlatan of bewildering orotundity.
A given opportunity turn'd
me destitute in my city.
My cry a trumpetn' lot of masses
Our voices seamless,
in proportionate weariness.
The seismic feeling;
When our feet start stomping
O'ye bloated bellies
Turnin' us into wanton allies
O' ye blatant politician.

Denny Moonde

October 24th; If Only For A Moment.

I'll celebrate in my national colors.
if only for a moment, light up the fire works.
In the woods they battled,
now the streets my hood.
our liberators dead and alive,
thanks for this peace in which we thrive.
no one will deprive us the joy,
birthdays bring: October 24th;
If only for a moment.
I will waste no tear drops,
I'll make no apologies.
I live in a nation peaceful at best.
Pop open a cold Mosi!
Dress in my national colours,
Some ears to the sermon,
A pastor at the pulpit.
An eve and day well spent,
October 24th; If only for a moment.
Celebrate, am a born free
Somehow torn, economic freedom not won.
....A discussion for a different day,
Today I celebrate October 24th
If only for a moment.
A basketful of joy, peace, love and unity
The struggle long won October 24th
If only for a moment;
We received a flower from a neighbour
Play Madalas soccer;
Have a family day on open ground
If only for a moment.
We realised our ears do not know
The sound of gunfire the misfortunes of war-fare
October 24th if only for a moment
Pull down the political curtain.
Look beyond religious inclinations
Dress Green, Orange, Red and Black
Glide like an Eagle.
Stamp out the confusion
Pray! Party! Dance! Do as you please

If only for a moment.
My October 24th will be blissful
How will yours be....if only for a moment.

Denny Moonde

Ode To Mabi Moonde

It's one word that has never gratified me;
Death.
So I took time to look it up;
I needed to comfort myself with a fore conclusion,
Alas I failed to find the meaning I was hoping for.
I was and maybe still left confused.
I find myself in a cyclone state of contused pain,
Unable to contend life without you.
Mabi (my Boo) our journey was just teething.
Is it right for woman to go before man?
Each day I spent with you at the Hospital
Presented hope that you'd soon awake from your slumber.
When it looked brighter it became dark,
Taken in broad day light.
Am tormented, torn, bruised,
Was there more I could have done?
Was our collective attempt too shallow to save you?
Are there any answers to my questions?
What is life? Are we here?
What is existence when substance is not felt?
Mabi, you never got angered,
You were always the happy one,
Your light shone in so many lives you touched,
You were a beacon of hope to many...truly a lighthouse;
You touched us all, each in a special way.
Am left mourning without warning.
Am comforted by the love radiating right now
But then it will phase out
My turning and tossing will have new meaning;
That has no meaning.
Had I known the outcome
I'd trade places with you (you were the better parent between us)
A pillar to the family.
You were the anchor that made our house a home.....
And the KIDS would proclaim,
Mummy you're the best!
They learnt that through the care you gave them.
Do I have anger?
That I won't see me in your bright eyes?

That our eyes will never lock
In blissful moments of togetherness.
Do I have anger?
That my shared life is tatters?
That I can only behold your resounding laughter with closed eyes?
Do I have anger?
That my Boo has passed on 3 months before her 35th Birthday?
That she has departed a year before our 10th Anniversary?
Do I have anger?
For many other untold happy times or those that were to come?
Or the few sad moments?
No, not one iota of it,
Mabi, you never had anger but love;
And love is what has brought us gathered in this manner.
You were full of life,
Never a dull moment
Every day was worth looking forward to,
Space and time has had its way over our happy indulgency.
Am forever indebted for the opportunity
I have had sharing the decade + with you my boo.
Am a better person because of you.
Our chemistry was flawless.
Curtain call, lights out this should not have been part of the script.
The memories of you won't die;
Take heed you shall always be a part of how we live.
I loved you in life and I carry that till we meet again.

Denny Moonde

Precipitation Is Upon Us

Precipitation is upon us
Hoe in hand, turn soil inside out.
Food security; we hope to acquire
Precipitation is upon us
Laziness a path to poverty.
A good harvest we require,
Precipitation is upon us
Hoe in hand, turn soil inside out.

Denny Moonde

Separate Ways

Sometimes it's difficult to understand the ways of life
Worse still words of wisdom,
That to take for granted the love we have,
The laugh we share, would be disastrous to the happiness
And joy we encompass.
Often times we hurt the people who give us love:
We justify it by defending ourselves.
Safeguarding our pride: giving away
Trust and enslaving our emotions.
To hold back and reflect becomes a waste of time
As the tide hastens we fall overboard:
And let love go like water under a bridge
We hold still refusing to apologize.
At a flip of a dime we chose to go separate ways
Never for our once loving eyes to interlock in blissful moments
Of everlasting nothingness.
Gone are the true love cries we carried,
Birthdays shared, though
Penniless then just being together on such occasions justified our
Reasoning for happiness.
We were such a carefree couple we moved to
And fro the centre of town full of laughter,
Occasional quarrels.
We were a love unmatched!
A virtue of great taste.
Who would have imagined that we'd not exchange vows?
I couldn't bare to share you with the world least id been torn with
Untold despair.
I gladly took all the blame you had
For my love far outweighed your shortcomings.
The flame of my desire still remains strong
Yet going separate ways
Was the best remedy to the love we shared?

Denny Moonde

She Beer Lure

She beer fools with hidden tools.
She beer hide smile in mascara;
She of no color, eyes ice fire.
When she go, me follow.
Then me she chows, I score own goal.
She sleep I trip! Doctor take I my equip.
Dip, slip ship on sea...wet, wait bad taste.
Rain so many men before me,
No wear coat now I sweat.
Deep sleep.
Teary, clearly wrong bait.
Ideally, nearly no buy, but she me beer lure.
Buy her, bar me not her me;
So who?
She woo and he wore not shoe,
Such fool to fall in tool,
For true to chew she too was full drunk;
So to sunk.
Submarine wet into sea when two are set,
So late in night and in morning, mourning, head in hand
Hangover, dity.
Home drive waiting madam bad habit stop it!
Should have stayed home and avoided she beer lure.
She beer Jezebel?
maybe Delilah.

Denny Moonde

She'd Turn Me Down

I looked at her with a straight face
My heart started to race
My speech was cursed
She'd turn me down
I have such a strong feeling I'd draw her in.
Am I winning?
My innate cowardly behaviour
My tasteless verbal flavour
She'd turn me down.
Her sweet fragrance fills the atmosphere
She's a love out of my sphere
The fear of rejection
Leaves me in another hemisphere
Whither this ship I steer?
She'd turn me down.
Am done with pretence
Done with putting my emotions on defence
She is a jaw dropper
A wonder
What words befit such a stunner?
She'd turn me down.
Sometimes I think myself:
An omission in her hearts staircase of oblivion.
She'd be full of life: gratified
Her smile a world satisfied
She'd turn me down
Then in the dead of night,
An emotional fight
Feeling of distress and despair
The thought we could be a pair
She'd turn me down.

Denny Moonde

She'd Turn Me Down (Ii)

She'd turn me down (II)

I dreamt a dance.
Another morning time for thinking.
Heavy blinking she's on my mind
another chance.
She'd turn me down

She is divine defined.
She don't talk much.
Her being, a thousand untold stories.
Each of which I'd know by heart.
She'd turn me down.

My every word masterly brewed;
A timeless wine.
Sentences packaged to catch the heart.
Car on gasoline; Woman on a jet stream
Worlds apart:
She'd turn me down.

Her face a persuasive allure.
Unfair she'd turn down,
an emotionally charged affair.
I sit on the edge of my bed,
chances slim.
My condensation an explosion path.
She'd turn me down.

Her presence engulfs me.
Am an arrow in her hand
Man of essence? Hearty inquest.
My total self incredulity
She'd turn me down.

So again in my mind
I let time like water,
thunder down the Mosi-o-Tunia.
Back to the drawing board.

Understood I could fail again.
She'd turn me down.

Denny Moonde

Song For Balongizo

Her Clan and mine at loggerheads,
Our villages long at war;
For land which could easily be shared.
Separated by Umlangazi stream
...and how we met, circumstances un-forgivable.
The brutal Clan fight that night, brought
my eyes to a screeching halt.
A strange weakness.
I took her covertly.
Her name; a prize song.
Balongizo.
And so in my quiet quarters;
I sing for Balongizo.
I drink from her cup
I smell and taste the sweet aroma;
Of water from the dug well.
O! Balongizo I beam;
At the rhythm of your voluptuous waist
Wriggling your way out of bed!
Balongizo, my song pierces the air;
Like the roar of a lion.
Am the warrior that beheads an eagle in its flight,
The rhinoceros drops its horn at the stomp of my foot!
But Balongizo!
Am tamed by your love.
Your sheepish look, the giggle in your voice
But then I had to...
I let you out of site;
To re-unite with your clan
And now.
We meet on the rocks near the stream,
Sad the look in your bubbly egg white eyes,
when our eyes lock.
Will our ancestors forgive us if we eloped?
Far away to whence the sun sleepeth.
My Clan and your clan may never see eye to eye,
Balongizorun away with me.
Let me sing your name in entirety.

Sorrows

Yesterday's sorrows died with the setting sun.

Today what follows but absolute fun!

Take a good look and give yourself a smile.

By crook or hook.....take your mind on a trail.

If this should fail

Send me mail.

Denny Moonde

Sunday

Hey there, how goes your Sunday?
And oooops, a happy Christmas to you!
For me it ain't much of a good day.
I feel blue coz am not with you.
I was recalled....my leave cut
So am here and you there (Sunday)
How do I even start?
Wanted to take you for ice-cream and candy
You don't have three hours for me....nay.
I have a whole lifetime for you...yes.
Perhaps another day or so we may,
Agree on time we can spend together time without duress
Sad I could not make it accept my apologies
Am dumbbed and furious
Our meeting would have been hilarious
I miss you....really, seriously!
Sunday.

Denny Moonde

That's Just Him....

That's just him....
Plain Stupid.

Denny Moonde

The Change We Vote

Change the vote
Vote the change
The change we vote
The future we write
Absentee votes
Will change the vote
Absentee votes
Will not vote the change.

Denny Moonde

The Hero In You

Insurmountable fortitude of defeat
Eats away at your very existence.
Inconsistent inspiration leaf dry
eyes cracked, cried out;
Jeepers! Your spirit....
conclusively crushed
Grotesque, how a hero
Aint around when you need one.
Call on me; Your hero
Summon the hero so quashed in you.
What attitude; what insolence
To doubt your ability
Purity of heart, awareness of self
Propels and dispels your
Un-triumphant iniquity.
Anecdote of your life
Shouldn't be subtly sad
Harness joy in perpetuity
The sad tale never to be spoken
Enunciate the hero in you
Palpable yield! rise up.
Summon the Hero in you.
You not against the wall
You preventing it from a fall!

Denny Moonde

The Lash Of Tongue

The lash of tongue,
Intermittent crafted slang.
Wickedness of speech
Nakedness of statue
Weigh the laughter.
Who are you after?
Vastness of sky
Resounding noise; a babies cry
A kings slow brewed wine
The tremble down the spine
In love without knowing
Leaving without going
Embroided, an emotional fight
Guilty because tis right.
Creepy crawlies of night
Silent blinders of sight
Oh soul; and so.
Inclined to the epicenter
Of love Apostle.
Web locked mind; Suitor?
Lips burned
Hot stuff; or?
Wet dust won't settle.
Sun wont set.
Then what?
The lash of tongue
Intermittent crafted slang.
Wickedness of speech
Nakedness of statue
Weigh the laughter.
Who are you after?
Vastness of sky,
Resounding noise; a babies cry.

Denny Moonde

The One Count Of Loving Hearts.

Your strength shears through me
I feel you; without touching you.
The sting of a bee,
Cannot stop me tasting the honey.
You seem to be a sign of brilliance.
Perhaps the fairest in this hemisphere,
Me thinks perchance;
Our own homely atmosphere.
You're a double edged sword;
Am lost in my words.
In one hand the consequence's grave,
In the other, noble result for the brave.
Nor - the imbecile thought matters
Nay - the horrible emptiness in tatters.
My weakness, is fear of losing you.
And goodness! Clearly you have no clue.
Come along, capture the moment;
That would bond our souls.
And d'ble the one count of loving hearts.
Hunt we not, a graceful torment.

Denny Moonde

The Parasite

The Parasite

In you it feels like it's in paradise
That malaria parasite
It will make you feel weak
But hey....it won't last a week
Go to the clinic get some medicine
Show that parasite some discipline
Don't just go for aspirin
Get Fancida and wipe it out clean!
Your body must feel hot
Maybe a jab would do
Whatever your thought
Get rid of that parasite lot.

Denny Moonde

Tumbuwas.

Ebullient persona
that left an indelible print
Years past, in the same spot;
she beamed
My family had moved
to another part of town
Grown, I wondered back,
to my old neighborhood.
Same spot; she beamed
A little wrinkle up her brow
Her clothes; her laughter, her aura....
Not changed, not an iota difference
From years gone by.
She sold Tumbuwas back then
Chunky ones, always hot
Years on, I find her
Still selling Tumbuwas
I salivate, instinct had me
Reaching for one
Did she call out my name?
My teeth sunk into the fresh dough
Fetish, young days gone by
Flashed rite through the bite.
In a little market place
She sat under a thatched stand
Ebullient persona
that left an indelible print
an edible treat
that does wonders in the mouth.

Denny Moonde

We Are

We are bold
We are resilient
We are divergent
We are loving
We are obedient
We are relentless
We are resolute
We are entwined
We are glorious
We are humanity
We are.

Denny Moonde

When Hordes Gather

When cowards gather.

Muted words are spoken,
identities' are taken.

When the brave gather,

Words are not minced.

Mountains are shaken.

When Hordes gather,

Which side will you stand?

Denny Moonde

When Scribes Take Sides;

When Scribes take sides;
A polarized view to the gullible hoi polloi.
A ragging storm in calm water.
When Scribes take sides;
Messages diluted; Public outrage spread.
Do scribes retrospect, hate induced conflict?
When Scribes take sides;

Denny Moonde

Zambian Jubilee Plus One

October 24th no distress
Heart beat still buoyant.
A nation teething;
Thought soothing.
I can fake a ballet
Tie my shoelace
Siniza leka.
Tired of window shopping
Amundileke
Better days coming
One minute of fame
A dogmatic shame
An eagle's flight,
Pauper's plight.
Makatazho Yakatampe
Comrades arise!
Tainted Sunrise.
Bonus words
Bogus Stereotypes.

Denny Moonde