

Poetry Series

Fumban Innot Phiri

- poems -

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Fumban Innot Phiri(28 December 2017)

Fumban Innot Phiri is an Actor and a Script Writer at Solomonic Peacocks Theatre and currently being trained as a theatre director under Solomonic peacocks' theatre class and studying Journalism at the University of Malawi-The Polytechnic. Off stage Innot has worked widely in theatre supervision and is the Festival Coordinator of National School Youth Arts Festival and a Part Time director of theatre in several high/secondary schools.

Fumban is also a poet and has composed about 15 poems, His motivation is to help install the creative arts in Malawi as a tool of development.

On the stage Innot has worked as both actor, playwright and director. He has performed about 10 majors' plays and written approximately 30 productions to date. He also has experience in Short Film such as Letters from the Future and Final Remedy and other film documentaries. His favorite moment at SPT has been the Blantyre Arts Festival of 2015 on which He was featured as the main Actor in a stage play titled the Marauding Beast.

Currently working on Theatre for Education project by devising O-level English literature books including Romeo and Juliet by William Shakespeare into theatre pieces for easy understanding by the learners.

A Wedding Gift

Right in front of pastor's Puppet
Right there pastor hold it there...
And please pastor don't bless this wedding
I am here to confess all my suffering.
This man sweet flattery, he loves me but me alone
He was motherly, joy and my friend because we were one
Ay me, I must elude the truth,
Michael you plucked from that tender youth
Then you become my first day thought
You gave the melody of desire.
Now you abandoned me in that lovely moment
And makes my heart sunder.
For these last days am still in point of wonder.

Now you are getting married?
No pastor, don't bless this wedding.
I am here to give him this precious gift
Now he must remember this ring
From that night you give a lift
With no offence you block my virginity
I trusted you with my heart and gave all my pride of deginity.
From that night you disappeared in nowhere and reappeared
Right Here at pastor's altar after 9 months
The 9 months I went through the Golgotha labour
To have this baby without sweet voice from his father's mouth.
Pastor I am here to give him this gift, his baby.
You may now bless the wedding.

Fumban Innot Phiri

Nyembedzi (Tears)

I approached the shores of life
At a tender age I was turned into an early wife
Born a girl from a sin of my father.
My mother,
Yes my mother was called in by a sudden death
The same day I was produced in this planet earth
Right there she cried with labour pain
Yet she knew it wasn't in vain
Now I tried to forget all the pain
But it's like my silent tears are falling down like grain,
With my silent dreams going down in the drain

At a tender age I was named Nyembedzi
Is my eyes glued with perennial tears?
Is my heart impregnated with fear?
It flows so fast
My mind still dwelling on thing of the past
No one knew me but very few have seen me cry
Yes they try, but they do not mind
Now I lived the case of one eyed man leading the blind
I slept in the arms of the street
As the scorching heat hit upon my skin
This burden has no future, no prosperity.
Because I lack nurture and total security.

That I was raped, I was Harassed and
They took away my dignity
I must confess, they took away my virginity
Now am whisked alone to grieve my skin
As my new life is created within
I am followed by my ever presents tears
Thus why am stagnant, I cannot move from here.

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