

Poetry Series

Kenneth Maswabi
- poems -

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Kenneth Maswabi(14 November 1977)

I am a Motswana born in Maun, Botswana.A Motswana means a native of Botswana.I am a Physician, specializing in clinical research.

Poetry is like a wireless network of poems ready to be accessed by those with the right minds(gadgets) . Poetry is a bridge connecting the world of human beings with other worlds such as the the world of insects, the world of emotions, the world of magic. The poetic mind is tuned to receive communications from different media and realms.

I became in touch with my poetic self in my adolescent years and i enjoyed writing poetic love letters. I recently started writing poems almost on a daily basis and i'm loving it.

100% Genuine

I am 100% genuine
authenticated by God
and validated by doctors
with their DNA tests
they certified me
an original masterpiece

I am 100% genuine
celebrated by my mother
and respected by my father
I stand saluted by my peers
with their magnificent hearts
they applauded my being

I am 100% genuine
you can gauge me in dollars
and may be in carats
putting me on the same hand
as gold and diamonds
you can wear me in your hearts
and stand proud of the shine in your smile

I am 100% genuine
fantasy and dreams
I am not
shadows and mirage
I am not
originality and perfection
I give to you.

Kenneth Maswabi

2015

welcome 2015
with your truckload of fortunes
and your heart full of love
we thank you for your generosity
you bring joy to our hearts
and smiles to our faces
as we embrace you into our life

we look into your eyes
and we see hope
we listen to your voice
and we hear words of wisdom
we reach out to you
and you bend down to wash our feet
as we journey in your train of months
you promise us great health and prosperity

you have assembled your teachers well
January will teach us Planning, Finance and Budgeting
February will teach us the Spirit of sowing
March will teach us the Importance of relationships
April will teach us the Spirit of Monitoring and Evaluation
and May will go on and teach us the Spirit of Thanks giving
June will give us Counselling as we prepare for a bounty harvest
July will teach us the Art of Healthy living and exercise
August will teach us the Spirit of Sharing and Giving
September will take us on tour of the Best things in life
October will teach us the Spirit of Harvesting
November will teach us the Spirit of Humility in wealth
and December will teach us the Art of having fun

Kenneth Maswabi

A Bag Of Ideas

I'm looking for a fertile ground
With an abundance of investors
And oversized bags of support
To plant my ideas
And nurture my story
From rags to riches
The journey of a million miles
Begins with a single step
Contained in my imagination
The well of secrets
And a bag of ideas
Overshadows my fear
And captures my doubts
Breaking down my hopelessness
Melting my hunger
In this dream of mine
I walk solo
On solid ground
Overwhelmed
Driven by the passion in my heart
The source of my faith
Is not misplaced
Portraying my inner spirit
Courage
Displayed in my footsteps
Permanently entrenched in my soul
The roots of my journey
Held tight
By the overpowering believe
In the power of God

Kenneth Maswabi

A Brand New Day Has Begun

Washing your face with sunlight
Soaking your heart in the morning warmth
Exposing the bliss in your spirit
A brand new day has begun

Bathing your mind in sun rays
Polishing your spirit with a light hug
Marinating your body with warm sunlight
A brand new day has begun

Sprinkling a warm taste of hope in your mind
Arousing the twinkle in your eye
Awakening a new life in your spirit
A brand new day has begun

Spraying a new scent of life in your heart
Igniting your heart beat
A new lease of life portrayed
A brand new day has begun

Kenneth Maswabi

A Brief Statement About Love

Love is an activity
Just like a hobby
It requires commitment
Just like a breath
It is effortless
Just like running
It is tiring
Just like cycling
It is repetitive
Just like teaching
It is requires attention
Just like coaching
It is results oriented
Just like eating
It is delicious
Just like boxing
It is painful
Just like praying
It is faith based
Just like sleeping
It contains dreams
Just like sky diving
It is risky
Just like gardening
It requires patience
Just like studying
It requires concentration
Just like long distance running
It requires discipline
Just like flying
It goes against all human beliefs

...to be continued

Kenneth Maswabi

A Conversation About Love

Love is never too sharp
To cut through your heart
To cause your heart to break
To fill you with sorrow
Love is the cure
To an unloved heart
To a broken heart
To all hearts
Love is like a diamond
It never dies
It is always waiting
To be discovered
To be polished
To be loved

Kenneth Maswabi

A Cup Of Knowledge

Pour a cupful of great teachings and a lovely environment
Add 3 spoons of pure concentration
Add 2 spoons of great memory
Stir for 2 seconds
Add a spoon of understanding
Drink it slowly until the end of class

Kenneth Maswabi

A Dreamer's Dream

inside my dream
where shadows are full of light
and darkness is encrusted in gold
success is abundant
and defeat is unknown
failure is just another way to success

inside my dream
fear is melted down
to produce courage
poverty is swept out and buried
to pave a road to success
greed is boiled and evaporated
leaving behind a pot of love

inside my dream
shadows are captured
and enlightened
ghosts are freed from their eternal dream
and love is nourished with the best nutrients
peace is washed, polished and displayed
hate is flushed down the drain
and eternal happiness reign supreme

Kenneth Maswabi

A Dreamer's Dream Unveiled

A dreamer's dream

A dream with no boundaries
Exist inside my mind
Puncturing the veil of secrecy
Into the heart of wisdom
The Holy Scriptures revealed
The truth unveiled
For mankind's sake
Love, the divine truth
Sanctified and holy
Openly displayed
The jewel of life
Gloriously embraced

Kenneth Maswabi

A Fragile Accord

Life gives us an umbilical cord
Feeding us from our mother's womb
Until the day we are born
When the cord is cut
And the stump remains
Until it shrinks into a small pit
Sometimes a mound of flesh
A forgotten source of life
Permanently imprinted
On our belly

Life gives us a heart
A sacred womb full of emotional pearls
The chemical twins of emotions
Growing in our hearts
The first in line is love
Or sometimes hate
Love is oozed from our mother's breast
The warmness of her eyes
Love is born out of love

Hate is dished by every slap on the cheek
Permanently embroidered in our hearts
Only to suffice in times of need
When wounds are reaped open
And the heart is a raging river of emotions
The flood of hate wreaks havoc
To the unsuspecting souls
Hate is born out of abuse

The silent child with those innocent tears
Screams in pain as hate is transplanted
Surgically embedded within their hearts
Hate is a chemical monster with many roots
Submerged in the deepest end of the chemical sea

Love will turn away
The raging storm of hate for a while

And keep the black clouds at bay
Until the rupturing eyes
Pours out a tear
And hate is reborn
Out of the depth of an emotional wasteland

Love is born out of love

Kenneth Maswabi

A Fragile Mindset

The youth of today
With their know-all attitude
Expensive gadgets
And an envelope of worthless certificates
Stand accused of a fragile mindset

Holding their morals in their hands
Folding their hard earned education
Hiding their lack of wisdom
They venture into the dark alleys of life
Attracted by the low hanging honeycombs
Sex, drugs and rock'n roll
Fill their tummies with excitement
Bloating their egos
Blinding their view
Exposing their fragile mindset
To the forces of darkness
Crime & terrorism

Kenneth Maswabi

A Friend

A friend is a magical gift
A wonderful wand of goodwill
A beautiful flower full of nectar
A companion sent from heaven
A spring overflowing with warmth
A shovel to bury your tears
A spoon to feed your soul
A blanket to bury your sorrow
A fire to warm your heart
A beacon of hope

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A Friend Of Hers

Someone who closes the door to her heart
When storms are overpowering her
Shutting all windows
Inside her fragile spirit
Erasing her fears
In an instant
Re-writing her story
With the colours of the rainbow
Painting her heart with love
A friend of hers
Chooses to stay
When others are gone
Chooses to laugh
At her silly jokes
Chooses to ignore
Her imperfections
And enjoys her company

Kenneth Maswabi

A Ghost In Need Of A Resting Place

Shells of my lost memories
Linger inside my empty hands
Sorrow left empty burrows inside my heart
All my tears consumed by an unforgiving world of pain
I am left holding onto an empty face
My happiness was taken away by the winds of time
I am a broken pot in need of a potter
A dry bed of a long gone river
Exposed to the harsh elements of time
My life was sucked dry by my fleeing stories
My bones left to rot inside my decaying life
I am a shell of my former self
A ghost in need of a resting place

Kenneth Maswabi

A Good Night Sleep

A beautiful time
Spent inside the room of unconsciousness
All lights are switched off
And loss of control is embraced
Trust is placed on the hands of God
And hope is the only reassurance
Faith tells us that we'll see tomorrow
In sleep we find rest
And in rest our Soul is renewed
Sleep gives us time to reset
To realign our body with our soul
To step inside our minds
And dream of tomorrow

Kenneth Maswabi

A Graveyard Of Frozen Love

The frozen shadow of my mind
Stuck in a hopeless moment
Unable to let go
That dry piece of hope
That has no marrow
Nor taste

The frozen fire in my heart
Cold flames of love
Frozen in time and space
Fossilized by time
Immortalized love
Will forever be alive
At least in my heart

A cup of frozen love
Is kept deep in my heart
Where temperatures are low
And no trespassing mortals
Can ever melt this love
It is a graveyard of some sorts
Where bones of love are kept
Never to be awakened

Kenneth Maswabi

A Hug

A simple human expression
Loaded with bullets of love
A reflex human engagement
Fired by love
A simple show of affection
Coming from the heart
A brutal display of love
From one human being to another
A transfer of positive energy
From one heart to another
A rendezvous of two Souls

Kenneth Maswabi

A Journey Of Life

A journey of a billion seconds
A billion heart beats and more
A billion foot steps and counting
A billion stars far above the sky
A billion drops of rain

A journey of a million pints of love
A million cans of happiness
A million rays of smiles
A million cups of peace
A million sunsets
A million dreams
A million breaths

A journey of a thousand tears
A thousand busts of anger
A thousand miserable days
A thousand sad moments

Kenneth Maswabi

A Letter To The Wealthy

Hope this letter finds you seated
In your cosy little world
Where mere mortals are forbidden
And life is a pleasant dream

Do you ever feel guilty?
Of your secret stash of money
Piled away in offshore accounts
Or you extravagant lifestyle
Private islands and swathes of land
With no trespass signs

Do you still have a human conscious?
Embedded within your souls
Or you have evolved a robotic one
Devoid of human emotion
The roots of mankind

Why are you amassing so much?
One house is good enough
But you are happy to own hundreds
Money, the root of all-evil
Is found in abundance in your homes

I have heard that you do Philanthropic works
Donating millions to charity
To soothe your dead conscious
But do you know that
The resources on earth
Are abundant for us all
If only, us mortals
Can share them
They will be no poverty
Diseases will be minimized
And more productive souls will live longer

Kenneth Maswabi

A Life Under The Carpet

Swept under the shadows of civilization
Africa lies frozen under the carpet of injustice
Shedding cold tears of abandonment
Africa reels under the weight of the world
Unkept, disease infested and prone to war
Africans live an underground life of beggars
Aid is a weapon of mass embarrassment
Delivered in a weird package called charity
Africa with its abundant resources
Has been turned into a junk yard
A mound of 'precious junk'
Africa overflows with natural resources
Yet life remains frozen in the cold valley of stone age
Unable to reach the highest heights of civilization

Kenneth Maswabi

A Lion's Roar

The confluence of power
Brutally magnified
In a lion's roar

The definition of power
Majestically captured
In a lion's roar

The seat of power
Magnificently displayed
In a lion's roar

The depth of power
Fanatically portrayed
In a lion's roar

Kenneth Maswabi

A Lonely Walk

The moon walks alone
Among the scary dark clouds
Her bright frightened eyes ablaze
Illuminating her torturous journey of love
She is carrying a basket of moonlight
To her lover awaiting at the end of the night
'The things we do for love, ' she whispered to herself.
Feeling brave, she kept walking
Her generous thoughts keeping her company
She felt a warm glow of love
Finally, she was a star on her own right
No one can stop her shine
She was beaming with joy
The thought of being in her lover's arms
Pushed her forward
She could not stop now
She was almost there
She can see the rays of dawn
Her lover's radiating smile
Illuminating the horizon

Kenneth Maswabi

A Message In A Bottle

Here is a thousand memories
Wrapped inside an old bottle
I have been lost for so long
Out there in the vastness of the ocean
I had no idea where I was going
A victim of a terrible nightmare
Or a messenger sent to the future
I floated in the calmness of the sea
And I floated upside down inside the raging waves
I have been scathed by the hottest sunshine
And have been submerged in the coldest weather
I have survived so many shark attacks
I have been bitten by so many mosquitoes
I have seen the most beautiful night sky
An amazing array of stars
Gazing at me with intense admiration
The beautiful thing called love
Enveloping my every being
Inside my lonely shell
My sorrow and my tears
Bottled inside my heart
Stood naked among the fish of the ocean
I hungered for love
I cried for warmth
I wished for a better day

Kenneth Maswabi

A New Breed Of Generals

A new breed of men (and women) were born
A battalion of reason and progress was deployed
An army of true soldiers were at work
In the heart of Zimbabwe
Africa was changed forever
A new order was signed
A new accord for Africa and the rest of the world unveiled
The Generals are back in the house of democracy
To stop the looting and chaos in the name of democracy
To uphold the ultimate constitution of humanity
To protect and serve the people
To harness peace and promote dialogue
To usher in a new Africa
A bloodless re-ignition of Zimbabwe
A true son of Africa has spoken
Let my people be free
Let my people be free

Kenneth Maswabi

A New Breed Of Human Beings

They came with bulldozers
And decapitated my community
Tearing the social safety nets
And the ancient bonds that withstood the test of time
They brought a new sense of individualism
And scattered my cultural sense of community
Hiding the hideous intentions of individualism
They ignited the flames of materialism
With wars they decimated our sense of humanity
Restructuring my traditional systems
They left the fabric of my community in tatters
Poverty emerged victorious
Diseases were roaming free
While the top echelon of my society thrived
A new breed of wealth seeking individuals emerged
Unperturbed and determined
They corrupted the political and financial systems
Ignoring the pleading voices of the masses
They polished their individualistic tendencies and self-enriching schemes
And accumulated an unimaginable amount of wealth
Deep in the jungle of their capitalistic world
My community was left homeless
Unable to survive in this world of dog eat dog
My community turned to alcohol and drug abuse
To nurse their sorrow and bruised ego
And escape the injustices of this new breed of human beings

Kenneth Maswabi

A New Chapter Of Violence

A documentary of pure evil
Is manifested on the world stage
Targeting the innocent
A new chapter of blood shed
Unveiled by the forces of darkness
Sons and daughters of Man
Who plot and scheme against the human soul
Fuming with pure hatred
They have abandoned the light
Their heart is in total darkness
Their souls have deserted them
They are the new breed of evil
They openly celebrate death
Unrepentant in their beliefs
They are the forces of terror
Terrorizing the human soul
With their unrestrained brutal acts
They have opened a new chapter of pure evil

Kenneth Maswabi

A New Dawn Has Began

The terrible years are over
Persistence has given birth
To a bubbly healthy baby called Fortune
Who Arrived just in the nick of time
When my dreams were starting to fade
And my friends were leaving
The shackles of life around my neck
Suffocating my hopes

The terrible years are over
No more sleepless nights
Labor pains from hell
No more uncertainties
The future is bright now
The dream has been born
Marvelous and refreshing
The dream is staring at me

The terrible years have passed
The dawn of a new beginning
A bright future is sealed
A new lease of life has been signed
A healthy and prosperous front has began

Kenneth Maswabi

A New Humanity

Deep inside the river of consciousness
Beautiful pearls are being created
Beyond the imagination of men (and women)
Life is being re-configured and refined
Beyond the edges of reason
Beyond the reach of mathematical hypothesis
Humanity is enveloped in a mystic trance
Under the spell of Love
A new generation of human beings will be born
A brand new people will walk the earth
Holding candles of hope
And hearts full of Love
Mankind will never be the same

Kenneth Maswabi

A Pilgrimage Of Love

I am going to a faraway place
In search of dreams and visions
A pilgrimage of Love
I have to skip the reality show today
And ride the winds of consciousness
I am going via the imagination highway
And hopefully will descend into the path of eternity
I will make a pit stop in Dreamland
And ask for high resolution dreams
Dreams that are life changing and uplifting
I will then catch the chariot of fire
And hold my breath for a moment
Eternity is my destination
The everlasting reality
A place of Love and for Love
Love is not encapsulated by hate
Love is the purest form of consciousness
Love is the eternal path
Love is forever
Love is the air you breathe
And Love is your natural habitat
Love is the eternal light
Love is the everlasting life

Kenneth Maswabi

A Reality Within

Breathing is not just for the lungs
Eating is not just for the mouth
Smelling is not just for the nose
Looking is not just for the eyes
Thinking is not just for the brain
Loving is not just for the heart
Dreaming is not just for the night

Kenneth Maswabi

A Short Documentary Of Love

Somewhere in the land of love
Lovebirds dance the tango
Nestled in their king sized beds
Smooching is their way of life
Undisturbed by load shedding
They spread their wings in delight
Disrobing their naked hearts
Exposing the pearls of love
Love is made inside their souls

Kenneth Maswabi

A Silent Spell

My head went silent
An emptiness swallowed my thoughts
I was numb to any emotional prick
I couldn't feel my state of being
I was stateless in my own body and mind

I could feel the words crawling out of my mind
Their nakedness was in full display
They were without feelings
Their intended path was a mystery
I wanted to touch them
To paint them with emotions

My mind was calm
No revelations emerged
Nothing to explain my state of being
No thoughts to cajole my silent mind
I was in some kind of blackhole
Nothing was emitted from my soul
I was a mysterious creature
And the only thing I felt was my silent mind

Kenneth Maswabi

A Smile

The heart cannot stop a genuine smile
From escaping the inner chamber of secrets
With a load full of goodies
A smile brings happiness
A smile brings beauty
A smile brings warmth
A smile brings love

A smile lubricates relationships
A smile penal beats bad moods
A smile is a window of a happy soul
A smile is a spiritual hug
A smile is priceless
Please smile more

Kenneth Maswabi

A Smile Is A Window To The Soul

Constructed with the best of emotions
A smile offers a beautiful view of the Soul
Openly displaying the glitter and glamour
A smile rebukes any trace of ugliness
Advertising the peace and beauty within
A smile captures your heart from afar
Arresting your attention with its magical spells
A smile is made in an instant
Not under any voluntary directives
A smile is constructed by the Soul
In an open display of the majestic & sacred
A smile undresses the hidden secrets of the heart
Openly flirting with the world of Love
A smile is a window to the Soul

Kenneth Maswabi

A Spy

The shadows are for spies
Their ghostly entrance unknown
Arousing no suspicion
With their kindly gestures
The secret narrative in their hearts
Stays immersed in darkness
Swallowed by the mission ahead
With its delicate paths
Submerged in secrecy
The art of ghosts
Unexposed by light
Fortified by the ancient oath
The secretive oath of spies
"Reveal no secrets and die a spy"

Kenneth Maswabi

Absent Minded

I deserted my post
Left my tired eyes on the table
My pen and my mind on the bench
My passion hanging inside my mindless head
I abandoned myself
And neglected my path
Now, i am lost
Struggling to find my way back
Back to myself
To my post
My poem

Kenneth Maswabi

Africanitis

A dreaded disease
Ravages across Africa
Bringing the continent to its knees
Whole nations are capitulating
Under the weight of this epidemic
Our future generations are doomed
By this brain sucking illness

Africanitis
A disease of the brain
Characterized by psychological inferiority complex,
Dependence syndrome
And inability to take charge
Of one's own destiny

Millions are fleeing
Rejecting their inheritance
Shedding their African responsibilities
In exchange for European comforts
A warm cup of coffee in the morning
In place of a bucket full of milk
An African exodus
Is taking root in the Mediterranean

The dreaded disease
Has replaced accountability with corruption
Productivity with laziness
A culture of excellence has been uprooted
By the erupting canons of dictators
The blood of our children
Washes the shores of our rivers

Africanitis
A disease by Africans for Africans
We are grazers
Always looking down on the grass
Never thinking of options
Or coming up with solutions
We have contaminated democratic institutions

Polluting our governments
With our evil intentions
Throwing opportunities
In our moment of greed

The only solutions found
Xenophobia
Genocide
CIVIL WAR
RAPE
Tribalism
Religious extremism

Africa
The beautiful continent
Brims with all sorts of riches
Diamonds and gold
Wildlife...
History...
Capturing the eye from Cape to Cairo

Kenneth Maswabi

Afrika

The sacred grounds of the gods
The temple of humanity
Screams in pain
Tears of the sun
Wraps around your skin
Sealing your nostrils
Suffocating your dreams

Afrika
The womb of mankind
The ancient lighthouse
The domain of the gods
Enveloped by misery
Afflicted by diseases
Unending wars
Infiltrated by poverty
In an eternal siege

Afrika
Hold your tears
Embrace your courage
Address your weaknesses
Bandage your wounds
Awaken your Spirit
Renew your Soul

Kenneth Maswabi

All We Need Is A Love War

We have seen xenophobic mania in South Africa
We saw extreme religious fanaticism in the Afghanistan
We saw the flood of refugees in Europe
We even saw the devastation caused by suicide bombers in Baghdad
We saw the effects of sarin gas attack on innocent children in Syria
We saw humanity submerged in soul searching all over the world

We saw the rise of religious fundamentalism in the Middle East
We saw the birth of Nationalism and Brexit in Europe
We saw the emergence of "Black lives matters" in the USA
We saw the plight of the Chibok girls in Nigeria
We even saw the desperation in #bringbackourgirls
We saw thousands and thousands of bombs explode in Aleppo
We saw rivers of human blood painting the streets of Paris
We saw fear in the faces of women and children in Mosul
We saw all these brutal acts in one decade

Now, we demand a new war
We want a Love war
All we need is a Love war

Kenneth Maswabi

Alone

Enchanted by the poetic spirits
Embracing poetry
Embarking on a journey
Enjoying the fruits of the universe
Entrenched in my intentions
Empowered by my desires
Employed by my brain
Exploited by my poetic mind
Exploring the cosmic web
Entering the universal worm hole
Expressing my thoughts
Explaining my steps
Excavating my brain
Extolling my curious mind
Exchanging ideas
Exiled to the ends of the universe
Excited by the mysteries of the cosmos
Exonerated from the false charges
Exhibiting my talents
Exhausting my lines
Exhuming my dead stories
Examining my mental faculties
Exiting my supercharged mind

Kenneth Maswabi

Alone 2

Some people fear the silence that come with being alone
Uninvited boredom is always knocking on their minds
Unwanted stressors find a way into their thoughts
Time become elongated
Stretching the boredom in their hearts
I enjoy my private moments
When i am free to chat with my thoughts and heart
Weeding off negative energies
Uprooting all traces of evil in my heart
Wiping off any intruding negative thoughts
Finding the elusive peace
And enjoying the gift of love

Kenneth Maswabi

Alternative World

Peace reigns in the streets of the world
Violence is no longer an option
Hate has been buried
Anger is rare

Poverty has been decimated
Food is plentiful
Everyone is thriving
Life is perfect

All diseases have a cure
No one is allowed to die young
Hospitals are equipped to restore life
Old age is for everyone

Equality is part of the culture
No one is left behind
Inequality is no more
Humanity is bliss

Love is reality
Love has extinguished sorrow
Love has replenished the world
Love reigns supreme

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An Evil Spell Inside My Head

A dark cloud of sorrow hovers above my head
An evil spell I cannot dispel
Has broken into my mind
Leaving a trail of destruction
My life stand battered
My mind in need of urgent care
I am a victim of life's unwarranted attacks
Help! !

Kenneth Maswabi

An Idea

A seed that germinates
When planted in the right mind
Opening new avenues
Unveiling hidden opportunities
Producing delicious fruits
A fruit of the mind
Falling into the hands of thinkers
With all its juices
And nutritious value
Set to nourish and replenish life
A priceless gift
Its value known only by the wise
Its purpose a mystery to the foolish
Its origin, a mathematical mystery
Its destiny, a probable reality

Kenneth Maswabi

And I Saw Love

On that day of mourning
In their teary eyes
Reflections of a sacred life
Lit the skies of their Souls
As their sorrow turned into songs
At the centre of their message
Stood a pure Soul
Whose life is a work of art
Meticulously designed
To inspire and motivate
Giving hope to the hopeless
Unveiling the story of Love
In its simplicity and complication
Love is the purest form of life

Kenneth Maswabi

Angels Among Us

They are always present
Among us
Showing off their angelic virtues
Offering love to the unloved
Showing kindness to the vulnerable
Sympathizing with the weak
Encouraging those who try
Lifting up the fallen
Tending the wounds of the sick

They are in us
Bringing out heavenly virtues
Filling our hearts with love
Channeling positive energy
Showering us with happiness
Counseling us

Kenneth Maswabi

Anger

the bold eagle
flying far above your head
in times of peace
masquerading as a dove
in its demeanor
decorating the sky
with its silent glide
no fumes released
stealthily waiting
for a broken accord
to provoke its descent
with its fierce speed
baring its claws
in an aggressive move
emotionally charged
to disturb peace
with a cloud of dust
sometimes spilling blood
of the innocent
the harmless

Kenneth Maswabi

Apples And Stones

Life throws apples at us
Bringing joy to our hearts
And sometimes life throws stones at us
Burdening our hearts with sorrow
The cycle of life continues
With every rising sun
Like days and nights
The way of life is wrapped in mystery

In times of happiness
We paint life with laughter
Casting away the bad omen
We show off our smiles
Demonstrating the beauty in us
We hug the human spirit
Celebrating the love we share

In times of sorrow
Let's remember the sunshine
The light at the end of the tunnel
The perpetual hope
The ribbon of steel
That binds our life
Our past, present and future
Glued together by hope, faith and love

In happy times, you should swim
In days of sorrow, you should float
Float above your sorrow
Never allowing doubt in your heart
For the day of sorrow shall pass

Kenneth Maswabi

Are You Ready For Tomorrow?

The time is ticking
with its gigantic hands
opening the doors
to an uncertain future
full of radioactive nuclear waste
with its cancerous effects
and certain genocide
mass extinction is inevitable

the time is now
to stop the war
and say "no" to nuclear bombs
and stand up against aggression
eradicate the spirit of terrorism
and evacuate the oppressed
rescue the tormented
and say no to rape and mass killings
stop the boy soldier
and arrest the wrong doer

the time is now
to stop for a second
and pray to God
pray for peace
but most importantly
pray against the spirit of poverty
and against greed
uniting man and woman
black and white
with a single umbilical cord
that will feed them as one
together as one
we shall stand
and divided we shall fall

Kenneth Maswabi

Are You The Ash Or The Fire?

The fire burns hot
Deceived by the chemical eruptions inside its heart
Unaware of the impending doom
The fire is mesmerised by the intensity of its flames
Oblivious to the approaching darkness
The fire counts time as its friend
Mistaken by the illusion of its immortality
The fire is ready to stand naked among the gods
Ignorant to the fragility of its flames
The fire is totally consumed by its pride

The ash is fast to embrace humility
Settling down to a life of immortality
The ash is veiled in a white royal garment
As it takes its rightful position among the gods
The ash is ready to be scattered by the blowing wind
To nurse and nourish the earth
In a cycle of renewal and reincarnations
The ash is forever kissed by the lips of time

Kenneth Maswabi

As If Nothing Grows At The End Of Logic

Mathematics is void of calculations
Calculations to unravel the most phenomenal existence
The truth is beyond mathematical formulae
Consciousness is outside the rim of mathematical equations
Wisdom is beautifully located above everyday logic
Eternity is far beyond the paradigm shift of mathematical thoughts
Love is hidden from the ever expanding sphere of mathematical hypothesis
Reality is but a shadow of the everlasting existence
An illusion more sophisticated than magic
With logic Love is lost in the short-lived world of emotions
With logic the truth is dissolved
With logic life is but a series of adaptations and evolutionary jackpots
With logic eternity is a madman's delusion
With logic reality can only exist inside reality

Kenneth Maswabi

At The End Of Hibernation

Rise up
Shed your old skin
Remove the scars that held you down
Wipe your tears
And put on a new hat
Full of optimism
You are now a new being
Your wounds are healed
Your colours are polished
Your mind is at its optimum state
Your body is hungry for success
The world is renewed
Full of opportunities
And rich in life
At the end of hibernation
Stretch your imagination
Defrost your dreams
The ball is in your court
Your existence is full of meaning
Your story is just beginning

Kenneth Maswabi

At The Heart Of The Human Soul

Life is mysteriously beautiful
A jewel in a deserted universe
The spark in every star
Isolated in it's uniqueness
And immensely sacred

Life is a vessel of beautiful sadness
It is the tears that flow in God's heart
The sorrow incarnated a billion times
The blessed truth is difficult to fathom
And amazingly beautiful

Life is an awesome river
Full of all the unimaginable truth
Flowing with the purest of love
Sparkling with eternal beauty
It is a jeweler's fantasy
The creator's clay

Life remains the holiest covenant in God's glory

Kenneth Maswabi

At The Window Of Life

I sat at the window of life
Watching time pass by
My mind started drifting
Away from my stagnant life
Past memories swelling my mind
Bringing joy and sadness to my eyes
To all my loved ones who passed on
I cherish the time we spent together
I will forever miss you
To my family and friends
I love you
To all of humanity
I love you too
To the Mighty God
I am in awe of your love
You bring great joy to my heart

Kenneth Maswabi

Be Still...

in your awkward moment

be still...

in your embarrassing day

be still...

in your defeat

be still...

as they oppress you

be still...

as they criticize you

be still...

as they spit upon you

be still...

in this trying hour

be still...

in the heat of the day

be still...

in the darkest of times

be still...

Kenneth Maswabi

Beautiful

A twinkling star is full of beautiful memories
Dazzled by the beautiful universe
Mesmerized by the budding roses
The star cannot wait for the nightfall
To show off its beautiful tears
And paint the night sky with diamonds

A sparkling diamond emerges from the pit of darkness
Its beauty beyond reproach
Its courageous heart displayed
Anointed and glorified
In its radiant shine

A butterfly appears on the stage of life
Clothed in a veil of beauty
A conqueror in the garden of roses
Elegance is defined
By its beautiful wings

A human flower was born
Beautiful is her name
In her elegant ways
She is a marvel to watch
A beautiful soul
Draped in a gown of love
And blessed with a brilliant mind
Beautiful

Kenneth Maswabi

Beauty

I stand in applause
As God's best creation are revealed
Inside the conscious mind
Roses are adored
For their intricate colors
Beautiful patterns
Are the source of happiness
Beautiful faces are intriguing to the mind
Life is a continual search
For beautiful things
The human heart
Is a beautiful place
An embodiment of the most beautiful thing in life
Love

Kenneth Maswabi

Behind The Curtain Of Stupidity

The foolish are forever wrapped in a blanket of uncertainties
Deceived by the beautiful draping of stupidity around their eyes
They'll forever follow their distorted uninformed thoughts
Taking pleasure in silliness and non-consequential ethical delicacies
Burdening others with their lack of foresight
The foolish conceal themselves behind the curtain of stupidity
Unperturbed by the nakedness of their silly thoughts
Running amok around the company of their imbecilic compatriots
Swimming in the sea of foolishness
They are forever blinded by the emptiness of their corrupted consciousness
The choices they make are full of self-induced harm
Including head banging stunts
Which propagates the foolishness in their heads

Kenneth Maswabi

Betrayal

Hope chopped to pieces
Love slain on the altar of lies
Faith vigorously shaken
Trust ferociously dissected
A broken heart weeps
A confused mind bedridden
A Soul out of its socket
Betrayal is a sharp knife
That rips through an unsuspecting heart
Opening a deep wound of despair
An immoral act laced with lies and wickedness

Kenneth Maswabi

Beware Of Prejudice

Part of the human brain wants to judge
To judge all that you have never encountered
Smearing the unknown with black ink
Fortifying the fear deeply seated in your soul
Closing your eyes to new experiences

Prejudice brings injury to human life
Plastering the unknown truth with fear
Mutilating human relations
With unforgiving judgments
Puncturing the hope for peace & togetherness

Prejudice has given birth to many ills
Racism is the first born of prejudice
Tribalism and xenophobia are conjoined twins
Born out of the same prejudice womb
The poisonous ideas that inhabit human minds
Were never meant to see daylight
And should be kept hidden
In the darkest corners of the human mind

Kenneth Maswabi

Beware Of Your Choice

Standing inside the mind
Consciously unconscious
To the reality within the subconscious
Consciously, he made a choice
To the detriment of the subconscious
He choose against his unconscious conscious self
Unaware of the consequences
He proceeded to the voting booth
Casting his vote
Against his unconscious will
He voted against his doubt
Against his instinct
Against his id

Kenneth Maswabi

Beware The Wolf And A Rose

Browsing through her inbox
In search of the perfect date
Sweeping through the pages
Her imaginations on overdrive
Driven by an urgent need
To satisfy her peers
And hide her innocence

She tumbles upon several faces
Struck by their protruding desires
A button of love aroused
Sprouting deep below her navel
Submerging her innocence
In a river of fantastic fantasy

The invading desires
Matching through her mind
Carrying banners of love
Immersing her emotions
Into a rushing river of love

In this day of love
The boundary between love & lust
Dissolved by the magical spell of the day
Her innocence faltering under duress
The pressure of Valentine's day upon her
She let her guard down
In the forest of wolves

Kenneth Maswabi

Beyond The Face

Remove your mask
Let the world see through your makeup
Let your Soul be your face
To reflect all your fears
To reveal your deepest secrets
To unveil the real you
The truth shall be your face
Your fears decimated
Your secrets dissolved
Your world in display
You shall be illuminated
Your world multiplied
Your reality expanded
Beyond humanity
Into eternal existence

Kenneth Maswabi

Beyond The Realm Of Life

The cosmic jet of stardust
Captures my heart beat
In a state of hypnosis
Releasing my soul to search
Roam through the universe
In search of the mysteries of the cosmos
Far beyond the realm of life
Where stars are titanic gods
And life has no meaning
The clashes of the heavenly bodies
Pronouncing life unbearable
Producing mighty explosions
And unimaginable destruction
A violent existence
The volatile world of stars
Is beyond the realm of life

Kenneth Maswabi

Black And White Clouds

Seasonal changes
Brought a storm of hatred
Black and white clouds
Gathered to produce a raging fire
A thunderstorm unhinged
Ready to break apart a bond
Between the black and white worlds
A spark was lit

But I refuse to believe
That black and white clouds
Are not of the same feather
I refuse to believe
That hatred is here to stay
The thunderstorm will pass someday
And blue skies will reign again
Peace is embroidered inside the human heart

Kenneth Maswabi

Black Heat

The hot summer sun has paid us a visit
From sunrise to sunset
The heat wave is unforgiving
Pushing the temperature beyond the mercury line
The limits of human life within reach
Ghostly mirage of death seen on the horizon

The thin fragile clouds offer no solution
Their lack of water is heart breaking
Pushing our hopes to desperation
Unmasking our lack of faith

Scotched by the simmering heat
My heart bleeds from the inside
Hot blood pouring from my veins
Penetrates the depth of my soul
Threatening to sever the cord of my life

Kenneth Maswabi

Black Lives Matter

A people downtrodden
Clinging onto their life support
Calling whoever is listening
To stop for a moment
And consider their plea
The dying breath of protest
Barely audible
To the powers that be
Has been sang for centuries
By the dying sons and daughters of slaves
On the slopes of the Mississippi
Lynched by the system

Kenneth Maswabi

Black Sunlight

I've seen the moon's secret hideout
Inside the invisible cosmos
Lakes of black holes
Flood the naked eye
With illustrious illusions
Reality reflected
The truth swallowed
By the many droplets of silence
Falling from above
Flakes of fantasy
Rubbing against our imagination
Giving rise to our daily spectacle
The sun rising from the east
The bewitched sunset
Forever in grief
Life turned upside down
By the secretive forces of the cosmos
Reality reversed
By the prism of our mind
Forbidden truth
Black sunlight is real

Kenneth Maswabi

Blackout

Darkness engulfs my conscious
Immersing me into an abyss of the unknown
The toxic contents of that bottle
Dissolving my brain whole
A veil of darkness is laid over my body
The story of my life summarized into a stupor
The senseless condition stealing my light
Pouring scorn on my stupidity
The final episode of my life
Slowly approaching
Overtaking the wheels of time
The caretaker ready to dig a hole
A bunch of would be mourners gather
Tears swelling their eyes
Puncturing the serenity of their comfortable homes
A ray of light flickers at the end of the tunnel
As a warm hand touches my forehead
An angelic voice pouring life into my subconscious
In this episode life is restored
And I am brought back from the brink of life

Kenneth Maswabi

Blank Stares

I don't mind blank stares
Emptiness is better than a world full of hate
I have encountered crocodile smiles before
They are a mouthful of evil intensions
All I want is a human face
Do not cover it with that fake Love

If you cannot show off your Love
You better look at me with that blank face
Nothing to squash my puffy face full of Love
You better show me your heart full of Love
Radiating with the intensity of life
To brighten my nights and illuminate the world

I have seen hatred on their faces
It's a heavy burden I do not desire
I have seen greed in their eyes
It's a world I do not wish for anyone
I have seen evil in their hearts
It's a far darker world than humanity can bear

Kenneth Maswabi

Bleeding Graffiti In Paris

Sneaking through the back alleys
Their evil intentions muted
Uzis ready in their hands
Their minds full of hate
Sons of terror struck

Swollen with innocent blood
Walls were dripping with fresh paint
A new portrait of terror appeared
Paraded in the streets of Paris
By the fanatical servants of terror

The peaceful night ripped apart
By the flood of innocent blood
That painted the streets red
In a midnight exhibition of terror
The bleeding Graffiti in Paris

Kenneth Maswabi

Bleeding Heart

On the path to self-destruction
Humanity has lost her empathy
Darkness inhabits her thoughts
She has lost all her goodness
Individualism is her obsession
Greed has taken over her loving heart
Money and more money is all she desires
She has forgotten about her poor neighbors
She has chosen the inequality path
Leaving her communities to rot
She no longer cares about the sick
She is focused on her make-up life
She has lost all her tears
Taking 'selfies' at every corner
Her heart has stopped caring

Kenneth Maswabi

Blind Obedience

People often fall victims
Drugged by their own dissatisfaction
They hold onto a black cloud of smoke
Unaware of the fierce fire on the other end
Ignoring the fumes that consumes at their souls
They chose blind obedience against their own will

Betrayed by their own superior beliefs
They fall for the masked ideology of race
Or the dark force of religious fundamentalism
Trampling on their own moral high ground
They stoop very low beneath their faiths
Embracing darkness with both hands
Unperturbed by the angelic call for peace
They march to the drums of disharmony

Blind obedience is a contagious disease
Transforming even the mild-hearted souls
Into machete wielding bandits
Or slogan chanting zombies
Ready to decapitate any peace loving heart
That stand opposed to their cause

Kenneth Maswabi

Bloodied Pages Of History

The unfolding pages of history
Are full of human blood
Spattered on all chapters
Blood from all corners of the globe
Paint the history of man

It happened in biblical times
Since Cain slain his brother Abel
The blood has never stopped flowing
Puncturing the times of Moses
Pools of blood are forever present

The brutal hands of man
Spilled the blood of Christ
Unflinching and unrepentant
Mankind continued his crusade
Against his own brothers and sisters

The dark ages were not spared
Pages and more pages filled with blood
The 20th century witnessed more blood flows
Rivers of blood stretching from WWI to WWII
So many unrecorded lakes of blood
Stretches from Africa to Asia and back
The brutal hand of man wielding a ferocious knife

The 21st Century was welcomed with blood
September 11,2001 was just the tip of the iceberg
Terrorism is the latest two-edged sword
Killing both the innocent and the brave
In a violent act of genocide
Masquerading as political and religious propaganda
Pamphlets of blood smeared on the walls of history
By the sons and daughters of man

Kenneth Maswabi

Bookworms

Cocooned inside the web of knowledge
Insulated against the world of ignorance
Bookworms swim through the pages of life
Absorbed by their intense need to learn
To open the door to the unknown
And enjoy the cosmic reality
Far beyond the rim of their sanity
Mathematical equations are buttered and swallowed
Stimulating a sense of unimaginable ecstasy
Deep inside their imagination
Knowledge is their cup of tea
Consumed in silence
Digested in the vast halls of one's cocoon

Kenneth Maswabi

Brain Drain In Africa

Unplugged pipes in Africa
Rat infested underworlds
Spilling brains into the vast seas of Europe
Sons and daughters of Afrika
In their search for a better life
Forages far beyond the shores of Africa
Squeezing down the drains of Europe
Propelled by the hope of a good life
And a strong desire to feed their families

Unplugged pipes in Africa
Their stomach full of African children
Betrayed by their corrupt fathers
Neglected by their poverty stricken mothers
Funneled by the long pipes of their dreams
And pushed by the pungent smell of poverty
Escaping the bowel of Afrika is their no.1 priority
In an acute rush of diarrhea
They found their underground ways to Europe

Unplugged pipes in Africa
Long chimneys from the Motherland
Loaded with their pungent smell
And toxic waste products
Spews out young healthy Africans
Into the pit of darkness
Where hope is a dream
And dreams are made of gold
Life & death are neighbors
In the middle of the Mediterranean ocean
African brains are drowned
By the greener pastures in their dreams
In a sad betrayal of human survival
Young African children perish every year

Kenneth Maswabi

Breadwinners

Keep on winning
Monthly baskets of bread
Be proud of yourselves
You're the cornerstones
You're the pillars
You stand against poverty
Your sweat will not drain in vain
You will be rewarded with a heavenly crown
You bring hope to your families
You shall keep winning forever and ever

Kenneth Maswabi

Breast Cancer

You're a monster
Hiding your nasty face
Inside an exquisite temple

You're merciless
Vandalizing a chest of treasure
Demolishing a magnificent vase

You're senseless and selfish
Plundering the public treasury
Puncturing confidence

Your heart is as cold as a stone
As you rip apart a natural wonder
In your senseless fit of fury
You robbed us of a beautiful Soul

Kenneth Maswabi

Buried Treasure

Buried treasure
Excavated by the praying mind
Love eternal
The treasure in my Soul
Hope
The path to eternity
Faith
The key to Love eternal
Kindness
The emancipation of the Soul
Humility
The renewal of the body, mind and Spirit
Compassion
Love eternal in action
Gentleness
The total submission of the Soul

Kenneth Maswabi

Burning Spear Of Love...

piercing through her heart
with cold burning pain of love
he introduced his love to her
like a love fire
set ablaze by rocket fuel
their love was propelled to the skies
with no fear they escaped to space
where they are gonna build a nest
and spread their wings
up in the heavens
beyond the deep blue sky
where love has no boundaries...

piercing through his heart
with cold burning pain of love
she welcomed his love with open arms
ready to dance the love dance
and set the house on fire
escaping with her gift of love
to a safer place
where birds roam the skies
and milk and honey grow on trees
where love blossoms all year round
under the warm Mediterranean sun...

Kenneth Maswabi

Can I Be Your Dream Tonight?

I want to live in your heart tonight
To make your heart beat pause
Pause and listen to my heartbeat
Maybe then, I can be your dream
I can wrap myself around your heart
And make love to you all night long

I want to eat from your heart tonight
Dine in a candle lit garden of your heart
Where I can taste your love
And you can taste my love
From sunset to sunrise
Under the staring moonlight

I want to touch the tip of your love
And feel your heartbeat
Inside my heartbeat
In that moment of love
Time will stop for us
For our dreams to come true

I want to dream with you
You inside my dream
And I inside your dream
Maybe then, we can be a dream
And fly away to the garden of love
Where I can be your rose
And you can be my scent

Kenneth Maswabi

Careless Whispering

The wind blows pieces of words into my ears
Carelessly whispering into my heart
Prescribing its undying love to my soul
Injecting a beautiful feeling into my spirit
Ejecting the broken heart from my heart
Projecting radiant love into my soul
Rejecting all that is sad
The wind pours its love into my heart
Carelessly painting it red with roses
In a magnificent show of love
The wind brushes through my heart
Massaging my heart beat with its delicate lips
The wind fills me with ecstasy

Kenneth Maswabi

Chains Of Slaves

The brutal chains that binds beautiful people
Mercilessly robbing them of their innocence
Puncturing their peaceful souls with their heavy load
Betraying humanity with their symbolic gesture of hate
Suffocating the human spirit with their brutal force
Chains of slaves will forever haunt mankind

Kenneth Maswabi

Chasing The Night

They call it nice time
Young girls chasing the night
Looking for old men to soothe their unpalatable life
To bandage their self inflicted wounds with alcohol, drugs and sex
Young girls are chasing the night
Putting on their delusional make up
They chase after the rich and famous
Drowning their lives in turmoil
Exhausting their youthful years
Intoxicating their fragile minds
Young girls are chasing the night
Putting on brave faces
They pursue the fat rich old men
Unaware of the dangers lurking in the dark
Their young lives are extinguished before they bloom

Kenneth Maswabi

Choice

I am armed with an arsenal of mental capabilities
Effectively deployed for my survival
And/or my demise
A labyrinth of life's choices
Stands tall on my plate

I am confronted by choices everyday
On my breakfast menu
There are lots to choose from
On my way to work
There are so many things to consider
Choice is a constant in my life

I am configured to make a choice
Not necessarily the right choice
Life commands me to choose
To choose within this labyrinth of choices
To choose which way to go
To choose which thoughts to follow
To choose which doors to open
Choice is around every corner in my life

I have learned to make excellent choices
I have chosen to live a life of love and peace
I have chosen to be aware of bad choices
I have chosen to avoid evil choices
I have chosen to be the best I can be
I have chosen to choose the right choices

Kenneth Maswabi

Common Sense Politics

We are all made in the image of God
We are all dignified human beings
We deserve to be treated equal
Regardless of race, tribe and creed
Let's us embrace humanity, compassion & love
And reject hatred, violence and wars
Let's build roads leading away from poverty
Let no one suffer the undignified state of poverty
Let there be hospitals solely for poverty eradication
Let there be peace and prosperity for all
Let no child or woman or man be at war
Let the pain of history
Give us the wisdom to navigate the streets of humanity with ease

Kenneth Maswabi

Compulsive Conscious Poetry Awareness Disorder

Compelled to borrow a pen and paper
And spill my emotional contents
Into the open mouth of the river of knowledge
I hold my heart in order
Preparing my thoughts is not permitted
Poetry is a conscious awareness of existence
A secretive existence inside consciousness exist
It's not something you prepare for
I pace through the corridors of my imagination
Awaiting the arrival of the conscious poetic awareness
I hover above my thoughts
Propelled by an unknown reality
An absence of gravity inside the halls of imagination
I am a servant of consciousness
And i suffer from compulsion conscious poetry awareness disorder

Kenneth Maswabi

Consciousness

A cloud of nothing that hovers in the brain
Creating meaning out of meaningless sparks
Breaking the code of life with unimaginable speed
Thoughts bring the subconscious reality into being
Unveiling the extraordinary world of consciousness
The creator of meaning, form and reality
Consciousness is a living extraordinary supernatural reality
A substance of nothingness capable of creating and destroying reality
Consciousness is the unreal reality behind our reality
And thoughts take us closer to reality
And sometimes into the unreal reality
The world of dreams, fantasy, imagination and insanity
A reality that exists beyond our conscious reality
An existence that is totally real on a different dimension
And capable of overlapping with our conscious reality
Consciousness form the basis of eternity
An existence that has no beginning or end

Kenneth Maswabi

Contentment

Every now and then she reaches the point of contentment
Her soul alight with the mystic fire of Love
Her spirit nourished and refreshed
Her beauty magnified
Her smile captivating
Her happiness exposed
Her desires fulfilled
Her sanity restored
Her worries erased
Her sorrow buried

Kenneth Maswabi

Cravings

I crave for the taste of beautiful poems
Flavoured with exotic metaphysical spices
Mysterious scents gathered beyond the Milky Way
To undress my desires and reveal the depth of my dreams

Beautiful poems born out of an unhinged imagination
That strays far beyond the limits of time and space
To forage on the budding flowers of life
To indulge on the blossoming garden of Love

Enchanted poems full of mysterious spells
To hold Love close to my heart
To undress my desires
And captivate my senses

I crave for Love poems
To soothe my appetite for Love
To seal the hole in my heart
To renew my Soul
And rekindle the fire of Love inside my heart

Kenneth Maswabi

Creating A Monster

Brick by brick
A monster is created
Assembled in public spaces
By mobs of free-willed souls
Their hearts full of contention
Their minds full of slogans
Intrinsically designed
To elevate the creature
To the status of nobility

Kenneth Maswabi

Creation

It's not written
In black and white
Inside the classroom of consciousness
It's written on the huge billboard of common sense
It's written on the petals of every flower
It's written in the beautiful smell of every perfume
It's written on the awesome colours of the rainbow
It's written on every rain drop that falls from the sky
It's written on every breeze that sweeps our skin
It's written on every smile that illuminates Love
It's written on the slopes of every mountain
It's written inside the painful tears of sorrow
It's written inside the silent moment of loneliness
It's written all over the faces of our grandmothers and grandfathers
It's written on every heart beat
It's written on the surface of every ocean and river
It's written on every cloud
It's written on the palms of our hands
It's written in all the pages of the universe
It's written with the colours of Love

Kenneth Maswabi

Cry My Beloved B

dark clouds of tears swell her eyes
with immense force bursting the walls
as they poured unchallenged
drenching the valleys of her cheeks
they surged with determination
in pursuit of her mouth
where they drained unconcerned
unleashing a salty taste of hatred
that washed through her soul
her innocence having been stolen
looted by masquerading gangs of bandits
in black suits, they camouflaged
pretending to care, they waited
unsuspecting she was not vigilant
she fell victim to her guardians...

dark clouds of hatred inflate her heart
as she lay there bleeding
bruised and ashamed
with gigantic holes covering her body
forensic evidence of abuse
exploited and left naked
undressed for the whole world to see
the torn flesh in her soul
oozing blood in protest
the life giving stuff sapping away
leaving her drained and weak
holding onto dear life by the threads
she held on nevertheless...

white clouds of hope stream from her soul
exposed by the voices of protest
who stood at her door with open arms
ready to lend her support
to dress her wounds
and allow her body to heal
to wrap her fragile soul in flags
white flags of hope...

Cry my beloved B

Kenneth Maswabi

Dangerous Human Beings

Creatures in human skin
Walk the corridors of humanity
Intoxicated by their delusions
Incapacitated by their lack of a human heart
These creatures are inside our homes
Inside our social media communities
Inside our families
These creatures are totally invincible
Dressed in every day human habits
They play and dine with us
While they plan atrocities against us
They are totally committed
To their heinous acts
Young and old
They wear the same kind of heart
A stone cold heart

Kenneth Maswabi

Dark Side Of Humanity (Xenophobia, Terrorism, Genocide, Holocaust, Slavery, Apartheid...etc.)

Caught in the act

The dark side of humanity exposed

Magnified by the sheer brutality of the acts

And the remorseless faces of the suspects

As well as the stupefied pose of the bystanders

The dark side of humanity lives on

Caught in the act

History repeats itself so often

Unpatented acts of humanity

The same brutality displayed

The same undeclared evil intentions

Unprovoked and unparalleled

The dark side of humanity is alive

Caught in the act

Slavery, black Africans commercialized

Holocaust in Germany

Genocide in Rwanda

Apartheid in South Africa

Terrorism in the world

Xenophobia in South Africa

The list continues unabated

The dark side of humanity reincarnated

Kenneth Maswabi

Darkness Is A Mysterious Lady

I will never fall in love with Darkness
I can only fumble with the edges of her desire
For Darkness has a way of seducing liberal Souls
Pouring her erotic spell into their hearts
Overpowering them with her soothing touch
Conquering them with her insatiable erotic appetite

I will never fall in love with Darkness
The mysterious lady who exposes herself at night
Stripping naked for all to see
Inviting stars to witness her show
Her lubricious skin attracting the heart of men
Into a hypnotic dance of dreams
Unconsciously aroused by her erotic spell

I will never fall in love with Darkness
I can only admire from a state of near unconsciousness
Sleeping through all her erotic acrobatic show
Only to be awakened by her parting kiss
Darkness is a mysterious lady of the night
Elegantly dressed with the best and worst intentions
Deliberately naked on the backstage of life
Unapologetically beautiful

Kenneth Maswabi

Day Light Robbery

Against all expectations
Equipped with stealth
The crowd marched in silence
Humming the anti-Hillary slogans
Covering their faces with deception
Intent on overpowering the system
And dislodging the establishment
The silent majority's day was on course
History was going to be turned upside down
What is abnormal was going to be normal
Expectations were going to be shattered
Democracy redefined
In its capacity to embrace dubious ideas
And be nourished by a single section of the community
Democracy is forever impaired
By this unannounced act of patriotism

Kenneth Maswabi

Dear Adam

I am aware of our beautiful existence
It feels awesome to be the mother of humanity
Let us create an everlasting love affair for our beloved children
Let the human race follow our steps into eternity
Let them know the roots of the love in their hearts
Let us join the sun and be the bright stars of the human race
Let the burden on our shoulders be as light as a feather
Let love be our passion and guardian
Let's celebrate the beginning of a long and lovely existence
Let our children's children enjoy the spring of life with pride
Let our sons and daughters carry our mantle with joy
Let us join the stars tonight in a silent and spectacular vigil
Let our love shine like a million stars
Let us make love tonight

Yours in love,

Eve

Kenneth Maswabi

Dear Adam,

I am aware of our beautiful existence
It feels awesome to be the mother of humanity
Let us create an everlasting love affair for our beloved children
Let the human race follow our steps into eternity
Let them know the roots of the love in their hearts
Let us join the sun and be the bright stars of the human race
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Let our love shine like a million stars
Let us make love tonight

Yours in love,

Eve

Kenneth Maswabi

Dear Eve

We've a duty to multiply
To procreate the human nation
To conceive the womb of mankind
To weave the path of humanity
To pave the way for the human race
To undress the hidden secret for generations to come
To cultivate the land of humanity
And plant the seed of our descendants
Let's bury our seed inside the garden of Eden
Let's make paradise a place to remember
Let's make love for the first time tonight

It's a full moon tonight
And the stars will be glittering
Full of hope and admiration
For you my love & the mother-to-be
The first mother
For me your love & the father to be
The first father

A new beginning for the human race
A journey of a million miles
Begins with a single step
Let's take our first step tonight
Let's make babies
Let's make love

Yours in love,

Adam

Kenneth Maswabi

Dear Poetry

Lend me your heart
And all the hidden secrets
I have a bunch of papers
Ready to be flooded
By a thousand channels of ink
Rivers of sacred words
That paints my thirst
My love and my pain
Lakes of untamed emotions
Ready to be explored
To be discovered
By the eye of my imagination
I have swollen thoughts
Inflamed and full of mysteries
To be unleashed into the abyss
The darkest corner of my sanity
Where demons once lived
And light has turned black
Leaving a trail of painful memories
A valley of sorrow
Where tears drain
And light is reborn
Into a billion shining stars
The pit of darkness
Turning into lovely droplets of poems

Kenneth Maswabi

Death

Death is not an evil scheme
Nor is it a cursed gate to hell
Death is a moment in history
A royal gate for those whose hearts are pure
Whose hearts are full of Love
Death offers a passage-way into the next existence
A wormhole of some sort
An elevator in the sky
Death takes us (Souls)to another dimension
To another universe
Death rewards those who served in Love
And marks the beginning of eternity
Death is not for the cold hearted
The evil doers
Those full of hate
The violent ones
The unbelievers

Kenneth Maswabi

Death Came To My House

Death came to my house
And painted my house black with sorrow
Puncturing at the core of my family
My dad had to be the sacrificial lamb
Without remorse, death robbed us of our beloved dad
The gentleman was a hero
Wrestling with Death until midnight
The venomous Death won the fight
But was far from winning the battle
Because we're strengthened by this barbaric act
We look at life with brave hearts
And we're comforted by the hand of God
Our tears may swell the eyes today
But we stand empowered by our fellow brothers and sisters
They have built a comforting shield around us
Their prayers carry a lot of power
Scrubbing all the sorrow from the walls of our hearts

Kenneth Maswabi

December...a Time To Remember

December rolls by
Closing the big door of the year
Dressing the wounds that we sustained
Flushing the bad memories that we incurred
Cleansing our beautiful hearts with oil
Pointing out our shortcomings
And tactfully addressing our concerns
Our reflections magnified
As we come to the year's end

A time to remember
The good and the bad
The year that was
Good to some
Terrible to others
The lucky ones found fortune
The unlucky ones drowned in misery
In this timely wheel of life
We continue to count our blessings
And nurse our wounds

December ushers in a new year
Life as we know it continues
In another new cycle of months
A new year and a new hope

Kenneth Maswabi

Delusional Pigeons

Bigheaded pigeons in their tuxedos
Self centered and proud
Portraying the image of the wealthy
Betraying the misery in their closet
Obsessed with their outward look
The flashy cars they drive
With their polished mag wheels
Reflecting their wishes
Substituting their fraudulent cheques

Bigheaded pigeons in their silky gowns
Materialistic souls lost to the heavenly call
Parade the city's affluent suburbs
Enveloped by a mystic aura
Created by their ill gotten wealth
Corruption their only source of income
Their pockets full of a guilty conscience
Their faces covered by fancy masks
Their black hearts wrapped in gold
In a show of wolves in sheep skin
They robbed a nation of its greener pastures
Leaving behind an empty valley full of poverty

Kenneth Maswabi

Desperation

Many have vanished
Inside the hole of desperation
Never to be seen again
Many have been swallowed whole
By their desperate need to get a fix
Their life was permanently extinguished
Life can never be the same once you enter the tent of desperation
Decision are distorted by the strain of a desperate mind
Bad choices are made in that desperate moment
And life is permanently stained
Desperation is a malignant silent killer
Especially among the youth and unemployed
It is a cancer of the mind
Ready to destroy and maim
Desperation is a fatal disease

Kenneth Maswabi

Diamonds Tears...

her eyes sparkled
as her mother held her
folding her warmly in her bosom
her labor pains still fresh
she smiled in delight
having delivered a princess
the mother of a nation
the day was .1966

she was born out of poverty
determined to succeed
with hard work and determination
she looked to the future
and never looked back
she preached tolerance
peace and democracy
with her hands she built roads
schools and hospitals
with her broom
she swept poverty away
into the dark corners of the streets
she was delighted by her achievements

she seemed to be flying
undisturbed by the rough road below
she was fearless
as she chased her dreams
she was untouchable
as she reached for the heavens
she wanted to touch the stars
and be one with them for eternity
she was captivated by her ambitions

at some point in her journey
she overworked herself
crossing her limits
exhausting the precious energy
that she thought was everlasting
she was tired and exhausted

neglecting her duties
she left the door open
her children unattended
her chickens not protected
from the foxes that the roam the forest
the wolves that howl at night
and the tigers that boldly kill at midday

she was helpless, it seemed
with no one to quench her thirst
and care for her wounds
she lay there in surrender
giving up all hope
to see her children grow
and her grandchildren smile
she cried in silence
diamond tears ever shining
hitting the ground in droves

in what seemed like forever
she lay there in a stuporous state
unwell and unattended
no good samaritan at her side
no hope to hold onto
she cried out loud
calling out to the gods
to rescue her
to break down her chains
and set her free again...

they say never say never
for someone had dialled 911
and help was on the way
with sirens help came running

Kenneth Maswabi

Dictators

Sadness engulfs dictators
For they lack human emotions
The fierce forces behind our tears
The overpowering hand in our hearts
The silent hug in our smiles
And the overwhelming powers in our laughter
Permanently erased from the hearts of dictators

They hide behind their power
Shielding themselves from the protruding eyes
Barricading their sadness within their hearts
Imprisoning their only human emotion
In a permanent state of isolation
The penitentiary of their hearts
Where demons roam free
And evil erupts with the highest forces
Soiling their hands with the blood of the innocent

Kenneth Maswabi

Disturbed Silence

Darkness lurks deep in our subconscious
Wreaking havoc within the peaceful inner thoughts
Smearing all imaginations with a dark spell
Paralyzing the peace within
Dark thoughts emerge from this blitzkrieg
Full of pride and evil intentions
Victoriously marching towards consciousness
Emerging as an army of negative thoughts
Ready and fully armed to spoil your day
Capitalizing on your weaknesses
Negative thoughts vandalizes your hard earned inner peace
Exploiting your barricaded negative emotions
Negative thoughts punches through the wall of Love
Destroying relationships with their furious storm

Kenneth Maswabi

Do Not Judge

The urge to judge is ever close
Rooted on the impulses of self-elevation
The selfish fulfillment of one's delusion
A lack of understanding and wisdom
Compels one to judge
To smear without conscious thought
To contaminate the spirit within
With slanderous accusations
To drag the Soul in the mud
To judge is to expose the underlying wound
To exacerbate the trauma to the Soul
Do not judge others
Nor judge yourself falsely
You are made for Love

Kenneth Maswabi

Double Vision

I see two worlds
Sitting side by side
Light and darkness
Under the same veil
Separated by a thin line
Goodness and wickedness

Choose you path wisely
With clear landmarks
To avoid unholy trespasses
To guard against evil temptations
Remove all negative thoughts
And embrace the positive energy

Goodness comes from the spring of eternal wisdom
Wickedness is a cancerous distortion of wisdom
Goodness is a walk in the path that leads to eternal truth
Wickedness is vandalism of the path that leads to eternal truth

Kenneth Maswabi

Doubt

A cloud of smoke
Choking your thoughts
Compressing your actions

A blanket of confusion
Captivating your thoughts
With its dark humor

A suspicious web
Deeply tangled
In its own misconceptions

A dark fume of smoke
Covering your eyes
With its noxious uncertainties

Kenneth Maswabi

Dreamland

I want to build a land of dreams
I want to walk inside my imaginations
I want to open the doors of consciousness
I want to sow the seeds of Love
I want to pave the road to success
I want to produce freedom
I want to giveaway peace of mind
I want to see happiness
I want to be with kindness
I want to Love in excess
I want to smile unopposed
I want to hold the moonlight
I want to shine like the stars
I want all my questions answered
I want all my pains taken away
I want all my desires satisfied
I want to live inside my fantasies
I want to be seduced by an angel
I want to look at her eyes forever
I want to bath inside her heart
I want to think outside the box
I want to dream and dream and dream

Kenneth Maswabi

Dreams Are Born Beautiful

Dreams unfolding
Twisting and turning
In a convoluted manner
Inside the womb of wisdom
A beautiful story weaved
By the hands of the searching mind

Brand new visions
Emerging insights
Falling stardust from faraway
Sparks ignited by imaginations
Inside the realm of unconsciousness

A golden future unveiled
By the searching mind
Inside the cosmic womb
Where glittering stars swim
Unmasked and naked
Gloriously beautiful
Dreams

Kenneth Maswabi

Dreams Are Creatures Of The Soul

I have known dreams in my sleep
All sorts of dreams have held my arms
Sharing my night with uninvited passion
Breaking the compass of my morality
Exposing my hidden desires
As well as expanding my passion
Dreams are relentless creatures
Displaying a rare trait of dynamism
Their charisma is both toxic and delicious
Luring the unsuspecting mind into the mystic world
Creating all sorts of temptations
Carrying you to the limits of your imagination
Unveiling your light as well as your darkness
Sometimes revealing the quality of your Soul
Dreams are master storytellers
Able to produce palatable stories from the stage of semi-unconsciousness
Dreams are the window to the Soul

Kenneth Maswabi

Dreams Are More Than Dreams

An imaginary world
Or another dimension
A portal to creative thoughts
Or a comatose brain twitching
A useless television show
Or a systematic display of our capabilities
A shallow pool with baseless ripples
Or a fire reignited every night
Dreams are more than dreams

Kenneth Maswabi

Echo Of Silence

Her silence left a trail
An echo of words unsaid
A shadow of her heart beat
With its hidden vibrations
A beautiful recital of her love

Her silence weaved a path
Along my heart's forest
Uprooting emotions
With its echoing melody
A beautiful recital of her love

Her silence built a nest
A peaceful home of hope
Weaved by her silent hands
With their soft finger tips
A beautiful recital of her love

Her silence left a romantic spell of love
Plastered to my heart beat
With its slice of magic
Unleashed inside my heart
A beautiful recital of her love

Kenneth Maswabi

Education

Long hours spent
Multiple exams written
Friends made and friends lost
In a desperate bid to reach the finish line
Encouraged by the thought of a black gown
The majestic symbol of education
Worn with pride and joy
Paraded for all to see
The fruits of success

Kenneth Maswabi

Emptiness

I have been to the empty pit
I found no solace in emptiness
I embraced my tears
At least to warm my heart
And wash away my pain
The Soul is afraid of emptiness
Because loneliness always follows emptiness
And loneliness is an invitation for temptation
Temptation is a hidden doorway to hell
Hell is the absence of Love
Emptiness lingers in our lives
Cunningly hiding underneath our smiles
Waiting for that moment
When life spins out of control
And sorrow floods the heart
The deepest end of sorrow is emptiness

Kenneth Maswabi

Entrepreneurship

Day and night
I dream
Pursued by the thoughts in my mind
I dream some more
Of many more ideas
Helplessly screaming at me
Punctuating my peaceful sleep
Begging me to rescue them
From the world of ideas
Into the realm of mankind

The ghostly ideas
Appear in shadows
Obscured by the bright day light
They whisper from the corners of my mind
Allaying my fears
They fill me with great powers
Awakening a vision of the future
From the depth of my mind
I foresee the brand new ideas
Taking form and shape
Manifesting themselves
The brilliant ideas are alive

Emerging from a sleepless night
The world of ideas gives birth to an entrepreneur
The mercenary of change
Carries a truckload of ideas
Planting them on the ground
Ploughing the seed
The future is in our heads

Kenneth Maswabi

Equal Heart

Let nothing separate humanity
Let's move from equal human rights to equal human society
Let's adopt equality to be our cornerstone
Let equality drive our visions & missions
Let equality be our goals and targets
Let equality be our bottom-line
Let equality be the measure of our productivity
Let equality be the outcome of our work
Let every man and woman be dignified
Let no woman suffer from the hands of gender inequality
Let no race or tribe stand on the pad stool of superiority
Let all children enjoy the fruits of equality
Let's eat together in the pot of equality
Let no one suffer the embarrassment of poverty
Let no one go to bed hungry
Let compassion be our song
Let Love be our daily meal
Let us be humanity again

Kenneth Maswabi

Every Now And Then

Every now and then
Dark clouds of sorrow gather
To discuss the fate of her thousand tears
To submerge her in a cold shower of sadness
And flood her heart with sorrow

Every now and then
Darkness outshines daylight
A blanket of sorrow enveloping the rising sun
The sky is turned into a raging river of sadness
And her tears pour out of her flooded heart

Every now and then
The smile on her face is diluted
By the bitter taste of sorrow
Her blossoming heart is shrouded
Under the thick fog of sadness

Kenneth Maswabi

Extinct

Distinguished breaths of life
Lie rotting
In a forest of death
Black logs lie silently
Among the corpses
Of all the dead species

Extinguished lights
Never shine in darkness
Forever swallowed
By the pit of extinction
Mutilated souls
Amongst the growing list
Of all the lost tribes
Of the animal kingdom

Extinction
The enemy within
Feeding on broken spirits
Ghosts of the living dead
Rhinoceros among them
Roaming the earth
In search of justice

Kenneth Maswabi

Facebook

I have journeyed on facebook
with its multiple destinations
and its multicultural communities
I traversed its multiple boundaries
and its beautiful landscapes
taking a moment to post my profile
and make local & international friends
at this global village market stall
with everything on offer
I joined several groups
shared some funny photos
and even 'liked' a bucket full of comments
I 'liked' my friend's photo
but then I was charmed by a stranger's beauty
I 'liked' that photo too
I received truck loads of messages
some advising me on life issues
and some were just hilarious stuff
I stopped at some girl's page
and my heart stopped for a second
I can not tell you what I saw
but it was awesome
FB as it is affectionately called
is a beautiful tree
with its fruits hanging low
your appetite is satisfied
with its shadow
you can be rest assured of your accommodation
and get to taste the beautiful side of the 21st century

Kenneth Maswabi

Fake News

They fed me with nonsense
To contaminate my Soul
To confuse my mind
To plant the seed of doubt
To break my thought process
And wage a war of lies among my children

They uprooted my spirit of truthfulness
And transplanted my discerning mind
So that I can listen to their lies
So that I can partake in their evil schemes
So that I can poison my children
So that I can drink from their dirty hands

They exposed my eyes to their lies
And wrapped my heart in doubt
Starting a war of doubt in my thoughts
I was vulnerable to their evil ideas
I was disabled by their lies

They brought me a plate full of fake news
And forced me to dine and wine with their lies
To celebrate the birth of a deadly serpent
To give my heart away to the devil
To throw my Soul into the abyss

I am thirsty for the truth
I don't want any more lies
I am fed up with their evil propaganda
I am now ready to fight a Holy war
A war born out of goodness
A Love war

Kenneth Maswabi

Family Tree

A maze of human ties
Planted in ancient times
Into a gigantic family tree
Where family members gather
Ancestors and descendants
The living and the dead
Spreading their arms
Holding each other
With their genetic chains
Wrapped around their waists
In an everlasting show of love

Kenneth Maswabi

Faraway In Space

I found nothing
In the fabric of my mind
No wind to blow my poem
Nothing to swell my fear
Stretches of desolation
Pulling on my imagination
Punching at my beliefs
The end of my thoughts
Hidden in total darkness

Kenneth Maswabi

Fear

An ancient survival mechanism
Embedded into the medulla oblongata
To enhance one's chance of survival
A paradox in this new millennium
A stumbling block in today's competitive world
Or a self-preservation armor?
Ready to defend your pride with no contest
Making you abstain from any race with ease
To avoid any conflict at all costs

The spirit of fear is slithering through our streets
A contagious infection affecting our youth
Holding down their dreams
Suffocating their ambitions
Forcefully disrobing them of their novel ideas
In a state of exaggerated fear of the unknown
Our youth are frozen still
Their ideas buried in a casket of ice
Never to see daylight again
Fear rules with fear
Subjugating our youth
Condemning them to abject poverty
In a perpetual epidemic of fear

Kenneth Maswabi

February

your prophesy is timeless
predicting the future of a sowing spirit
and spreading your wisdom without pause
you avail timeless teachings to us
teaching us the spirit of sowing
the ancient secrets of Kings
laid bare for us to consume
and be drunk with Holy knowledge
"you reap what you sow"
is the mantra for today, tomorrow and forever

What your heart gives
your heart shall receive
what your mind thinks
your life shall receive
the thoughts that germinate from your mind
shall come back as angels or sometimes monsters
to bless you according to your desires
positive thoughts attract positive rewards
"you reap what you sow"
is the mantra for today, tomorrow and forever

let the wise embrace this cup of knowledge
drinking from it with an understanding mind
for the seeds of knowledge and understanding
is eternal wisdom
"you reap what you sow"
is the mantra for today, tomorrow and forever

the fool shall ignore the tree of knowledge
dressing himself with a gown of ignorance
in a parade of stupidity
forever cursed to the pit of poverty
he shall wallow in his eternal pool of misery
"you reap what you sow"
is the mantra for today, tomorrow and forever

Thank you February
For this sea of wisdom

"you reap what you sow"
is the mantra for today, tomorrow and forever

Kenneth Maswabi

Feelings

what are feelings?
with their intruding pokes
disturbing my heart
with their bad manners
stealing my sleep
with their persistent knocks
conquering my emotions
with their violent attitude

the feeling of love
will forever knock at your heart
waking you up from your slumber
with its unexpected entrance
and its lovely demeanour
charming your heart
with its romantic spells
hugging your heart
with its soft hands
and caressing your mind
with its strong desires

the feeling of hate
is a bucket full of waste
pitting you against your fellow human being
arousing your demonic heart
mounting a wall of hate
summoning the dark forces
with their truckloads of evil
to wreck havoc to those concerned

the feeling of jealousy
with its stupid reasoning
is a very dangerous animal
barring its claws
and its ferocious teeth
reaping people apart
severing relationships
with its whip of a tail

the feeling of greed
with its inward mentality
is a curse to humanity
bringing suffering to multitudes
with its uncaring attitude
starving the masses
with its massive appetite

feelings.....what are feelings?

Kenneth Maswabi

Find Love Among The Stars

The silence of the stars
Glittering with hope
Mesmerizes my heart
Splintering my solitude
The roots of my loneliness
Broken and uprooted
As hope take root
And Love is stirred
Within my soul

The silent stars
The shimmering tears
On the cheeks of darkness
Arouses hope
Within my lonely heart
Shattering my sadness
The root of my miserable life
As hope take root
And love is stirred
Within my soul

The distant stars
In their black dinner gowns
With glittering diamonds
And rays of hope
Shines at my soul
Breaking the spell
That binds my heart
Refusing to let go
Of the love I lost

The shining stars
Displayed in the night sky
With their huge eyes
And beautiful smiles
Reminds me of love
The rose in my heart
Is alive and well

For All The Victims

I was not born to be a victim
To be bruised and ashamed
My dignity stolen
In a violent way
My pride ruined
Scarred for life

You were not born to be a victim
To be beaten and raped
Your innocence taken
By violent hands
Your peace
Punctured

We were not born to be victims
To be ravaged in our youth
To be injured by our habits
To be abused by life
To be dead

We demand a better life
Our human rights protected
Our homes protected
Our bodies respected
Our minds educated
Our life revered

Kenneth Maswabi

Forbidden Love

Forbidden love knows no boundaries
Bypassing the written laws of nature
Love penetrates even the thickest age gaps
Expressions have been coined
In defense of forbidden love
"Age ain't nothing but a number, " they say.

Evading the natural alarms in our moral fabric
Love matches through the gates of family trees
Bringing cousins closer than ever
The natural bonds of family ties
Broken down by forbidden love

Possessed by the intoxicating portion of love
They marched through the streets hand in hand
Declaring their love true and unbreakable
Man and man forever in love
Forbidden love breaks all rules

Kenneth Maswabi

Forgiveness

A rare gem in our human soul
Found at the bottom of our heart
Preciously coated with angelic virtues
A window to the golden gate of heaven
Forgiveness is the utmost human sacrifice

A gold bullion in our human spirit
Immersed deep beyond our earthly reach
Where only angels can reach
A holy place within our hearts
A window to the golden gate of heaven
Forgiveness requires total submission to the Holy Spirit

A diamond in our human soul
Beautifully packaged
And sewn to the core of our hearts
A place of utter beauty
A window to the golden gate of heaven
Forgiveness is the purest act of love

Let us reach down to the bottom of hearts
The realm of angels and heavenly virtues
The window to the golden gate of heaven
Let us search within the core of hearts
The holiest place in our hearts
The abode of forgiveness
Let us forgive

Kenneth Maswabi

Fractal Geometry

Ugliness is in the eye of the beholder
Patterns distorted by the beauty within
Layer after layer of intrinsic grandeur
Romantically laid in repetitive echoes of silence
Mathematics re-written in a heavenly language
To address nature's immensely gracious character
The beautiful clouds swelling with mystic droplets
The thunderous storm fortified by angry bolts of lightening
The quiet tropical jungle with its billions of wildlife
The overpowering mountain with its gigantic boulders
The restless sea of beautiful waves
The fragile leaf with its industrious mind set
Nature is a brilliant mathematician
Working with an overambitious architect
And a totally mad poet

Kenneth Maswabi

Fresh Flowers

Everyone loves fresh flowers
Especially if they are displayed on facebook
Their cute faces radiating life
Their budding leaves symbolizing life
Their provoking story capturing the imagination
The essence of their beauty revealed
By the colorful tones in their eyes
Their succulent skin laid bare for all to see
The freshness of their budding beauty
Displayed in "selfies"
Inspiring the imagination of the staring birds
With their immense appetite
For freshly cut flowers
And their juicy nectar

Kenneth Maswabi

G - Man

Man came out of the closet
With his "beard" shaved
And his masculinity redefined
Subjecting Manhood to debates
Ushering a new era of men
Both masculine and feminine men

Man came out of the closet
With his testosterone under duress
His overpowering voice subdued
His authority under question
His abilities diversified
And his gender roles under construction

Man came out of the closet
His evolution in progress
With a heart of a woman
His desires reversed
Sculptured by chemicals
Oestrogen now in play
With its feminine artistic impressions

Kenneth Maswabi

Ghosts

the sun hides ghosts from our eyes
freeing them to walk naked
swallowing their shadow
in a cloak of light
robbing us of our fear
dispelling our myths
and consoling our hearts
our lack of vision

darkness hides ghosts from our eyes
wrapping them in a blanket of darkness
occasionally revealing their shadows
in our presence
magnifying our fears
confirming our myths
and frightening our souls
our lack of faith

the sun hides ghosts from our eyes
unchaining them from their post
allowing them to roam free
in a beam of light
breaking our fear
propelling our trust
and comforting our hearts
our poor vision

Kenneth Maswabi

Ghouta (Syria)

Massacre of the innocents
Life is meaningless under tyranny
Shredded with weapons of mass destruction
Degraded by the reckless indiscriminate violence
Amputated by the hands of a thousand bombs
Life is totally desecrated by the shameless bombardment
Innocent children and women are disregarded
As bomb after bomb strike their homes
In a merciless show of barbarism
Logic has deserted the human conscience
As blood thirsty vampires are feeding on human flesh
While the world watch in silence

Kenneth Maswabi

Goodness

I am drunk from the spring of goodness
My lips are full of smiles
My heart is pumping with purpose
I have been renewed
I have seen the light
I am enveloped by Love
I am inside the house of compassion
I am have eaten from the pot of kindness
I have travelled through the path of sorrow
I have been with the truth
I am anointed with wisdom
My eyes can see far ahead of life
My heart can hear the lamentations of the Soul
I am a servant of goodness
I am a son of Love

Kenneth Maswabi

Goodness Of The Heart

I am drunk from the spring of goodness
My lips are full of smiles
My heart is pumping with purpose
I have been renewed
I have seen the light
I am enveloped by Love
I am inside the house of compassion
I am have eaten from the pot of kindness
I have travelled through the path of sorrow
I have been with the truth
I am anointed with wisdom
My eyes can see far ahead of life
My heart can hear the lamentations of the Soul
I am a servant of goodness
I am a son of Love

Kenneth Maswabi

Growing On Fertile Ground

She is a mighty seedling
Penetrating difficult terrain with ease
Awash with the essence of life
She is forever focused on her prize
She has no time for the forces pulling her down
She holds tight onto her strong determination
Fully aware of her unfolding weaknesses
She has embraced her unwavering spirit
She has accepted her beautiful destiny
And holds her head high
Far above the gushing hatred
She is growing on fertile ground
Nourished by Love and with Love
She has hope in her heart
And a beautiful smile to pave her way
She is the perfect trailblazer
A pioneering spirit
She is destined to be a giant
She is an African girl child

Kenneth Maswabi

Hallucinogen Poetry

Poetry for the insane
Uninvited voices
Full of hate
Intruding
Madness
Poets possess another kind of madness
Truth illuminated
Inside their hearts
Bright flames of love ignited
Peace created
For the sake of humanity
Love is nourished
Inside the flame of their pen
Poets derailed
Taken by darkness
Dwell in the nightmarish reality
Of broken love and hatred
Dark angels
Roam their sky
Painting their sky black
Hatred incarnated
Hallucinations
Madness & poetry merged
By the insatiable minds of men (women)
Creating an explosive mix
A destructive force
Within the poet

Kenneth Maswabi

Happiness

Showers of unblinking fun
Poured inside the bowl of my heart
My every being awakened
To celebrate the moment of fun
A refreshing time of happiness
Rains upon my Soul
Washing my tears
Renovating my heart
Reenergizing my spirit
Polishing my Soul

Kenneth Maswabi

Hate

The dark cloud is born deep beyond our souls
Fueled by marauding dark forces
The evil scavengers that feed on our human souls
Gobbling on the human heart with unimaginable brutality
Tearing the heart apart to reach the precious soul within
The seat of goodness ferociously vandalized
The remnants of a good heart disposed
Hate is conceived in a violent womb
The black hole beyond our souls

The dark cloud of hate reaps through the thick cord of bloodlines
Unleashing a vicious storm of dark feelings
That wreaks havoc among siblings
And ravages the thick bonds of friendship
Puncturing the sanctity of human life

The opposite of hate is love
The brightest star within our soul
The source of goodness
That gives birth to human kindness and compassion
The purest manifestation of love

Kenneth Maswabi

Hatred

The sharp knife of hatred
Exposes weak spots in the heart
Tearing the main vessels
That connects people
The thin bloodlines
Are not spared

The venom in hatred
Is enough to end a dynasty
Erasing all bloodlines
In a spiteful rage

The fangs of hatred
Are quick to judge
And bite with enormous force
Breaking down relationships
And crushing human ties forever

The explosive power of hatred
Is triggered with ease
And aimed with supreme accuracy
Annihilating families and friends
With a stroke of a finger

Kenneth Maswabi

Haunted Love...

Haunted love stalks you day and night
silently creeping closer and closer
ready to attack with its ferocious teeth
reaping your heart out of its socket
unleashing the love that is cursed
that burns with the intensity of the sun
poured out for all to see
soaking your every being
in a blanket of black love
that wraps around your eyes
hiding the pain that is yet to come

Haunted love preys on the weak
the heart broken and limping love
stalking them on a black summer night
unhindered by the staring stars above
slowly pursuing you in dead silence
circling above you with vulture eyes
patiently waiting for the right moment
with promises and gifts it traps your soul
like a doomed flight spiralling out of control
splashing cash at you on every opportunity
blinding your heart to the dangers ahead

Haunted love feeds on the innocent and naïve
whispering sweet melodies of love
at the same time reaping their hearts apart
with claws of an eagle tearing their tender hearts
with every mouthful robbing them of their love
disrobing them of their innocence
disregarding their purity
in a frenzy feasting like hyenas
only the love bones remains
their laughter overtaken by sadness
their love replaced by hatred

Haunted love spreads like a virus
ransacking all that stands on its path
consuming both the innocent and guilty

leaving behind broken hearts and misery
with no one to comfort and love
only the wounds left unattended
the bleeding heart left unbandaged
the magical juice of love oozing away
sucking the energy of youth
the brightness of their eyes growing dimmer by the day
their youthful bodies crumbling under duress

Kenneth Maswabi

Heartbreak

you sneaked into my life
disrobing me of my love
with sharp razors
stabbing my heart
piercing through my soul
robbing me of my peace
in haste
leaving my house empty
my spirit in turmoil

you jumped into my heart
shattering its windows
with your reckless blows
pummelling my heart
breaking it into pieces
spilling my love

you walked into my life
with your hammer
smashing my heart
in cold blood
murdering my love

you ambushed me
with your teeth
ripping open my heart
with your tongue
licking off my love

you spilled my tears
you spilled my peace
you spilled my love

Kenneth Maswabi

Help Me, I Am Depressed

A huge chunk of sadness
Stuck in my heart
Choking my happiness
Erasing my dreams

My day is turned into night
As I sleep inside my stupor
My heart enveloped by darkness
My spirit oozing away

My night is turned into madness
My thoughts jumping around
My mind scattered
My life in ruins

Help me
Break out of this prison
Help me
Find myself once again
Help me
See the sunshine
Help me
Find my happiness
Help me
Before I am lost forever

Kenneth Maswabi

Her Big Red Eyes

Damaged vessels
It hurts to see
So many tears passing by
Like broken glass shards
Piercing through her soul
Opening big red wounds
Lakes of sorrow
Beneath her broken demeanor
Her big red eyes have seen pain
They cannot be comforted by the passing light
Nor be consoled by the warmth within the tears
Her eyes bleed in silence
No bandage can hold them
And no stitches can stop them
The windows of the her soul have been shattered
By the painful hand of domestic abuse

Kenneth Maswabi

Her Heart

Her heart is the most treasured art piece in her gallery
Her body a rare sculpture
She is the artist and the art
She is the paint and the brush
She is the clay and the sculpted
She is the manuscript of beauty
She is the rose and the garden
She is the sunlight and the sun
She is the womb of pure beauty
She is the seed and the tree of life
She is perfectly created

Kenneth Maswabi

Her Love Is Free

She left the door wide open
Inside her comfort zone
She left her heart vulnerable
Inside her private parlour
She left her love flow
Inside her wildest thoughts
She was free
To unbutton herself
To release her warmth
To embrace her desires
And be the story
Priceless moments
Are born naked
And free

Kenneth Maswabi

Her Sweet Love

she gathers her love in her heart
keeping it away from flies
and nursing it to health
with her rich diet of honey
and her appetite for berries
and some vanilla ice cream
her sweet love is made
and served from a golden heart

Kenneth Maswabi

Her Sweet Story

She is a marvel to watch
Her sweet story oozing from her lips
Her sweet lips perfectly coloured
With the sweet melodies of her words
She is immersed in the juicy nectar of her story
Her sweetness enveloping every word
Her message is a sweet melody of Love
Wrapped inside the envelope of hope
She is totally absorbed into her faith
Riding the wave of her destiny
She is an angel of Love
Overflowing and generous
She paints a picture of pure Love
Her dreams are intoxicated by Love
Her life is a dream come true
Her story vibrates through the open sky
Unfolding the mystery of Love
Into the vastness of the universe

Kenneth Maswabi

Hibernation

A long period of uncertainty
With long hours of nothingness
Spent dreaming and fantasizing
Dreams that are sometimes hinged on delusions
Cluttering the skies of one's imagination
With holding the much needed sunlight
From reaching the bottom of one's life
A period of scarcity and raw poverty
Where hunger is part of the devotion
And food is a luxury best reserved for kings
Hibernation is a time of spiritual reflection
And biopsychosocial purification
A time of humility at the edge of life
A time of near death experiences
A time to shed the burdens of life
A time to review the past
Embrace the present and dream of the future
A time to filter through your relationships
Plucking out the chaff
And recognizing the gems in your life
A time to hunger for more and more
A time to polish your passions
And present a better you

Kenneth Maswabi

Hidden Faced Robber

He robbed himself first
His identity lost
His face concealed
His heart murky
His intentions tenacious
He has a mind of a thief
Wrapped around his face
His sober habits
Neatly packed
Inside his lost Soul

Kenneth Maswabi

Hillary Rodham Clinton

You're the epitome of resilience
You've a heart of a mother
You're a great human being

Day and night
They've pestered you
Shooting you down with lies
Painting your innocent soul
With the darkest stories
Falsifying your great record

I salute your human heart
I am in awe of your courage
I'm engaged by your beautiful spirit

You stand tough
You stand in goodness
You stand in honor

Kenneth Maswabi

Hiv/Aids

you are a scourge
afflicting us with your bag of diseases
worms and parasites your servants
proclaiming your evil intentions in daylight
hounding the young and old
possessing venom in your spit
discharging the final shot without hesitation
you brought death to our doorstep
and made sorrow your crown
Bathing in our tears
and basking in our fears

you are a scourge
you wasted no time
claiming your first victim
then your second
and got addicted to our flesh and blood
you became careless
killing both the innocent and guilty
unashamed by your appetite
you brought your gang of killers
Tuberculosis aka TB aka Scrofula
Kaposi Sarcoma aka "Mr. Purple Bloom"
Just to mention but a few
you killed people day and night
surpassing your expectations
you wrote your name in the history books

Kenneth Maswabi

Hold Not

Hold not to your pain
For you will only cause more pain
Hold not to your tears
For you will cause more sorrow
Hold not to your disappointments
For you will be disappointed more
Hold not to your fears
For you will only continue to fear
Hold not to misery
For you will be miserable

Kenneth Maswabi

Holding You Close

You're too precious
Your lips are truly amazing
A calabash full of the best love
Swollen and oozing with the sweetest nectar

Your eyes penetrate the deepest part of my Soul
Opening a path of pure bliss
Arousing a rare kind of ecstasy
Deep within my heart

Your smile casts a spell on my being
Hypnotizing my mind
Bewitching my heart
Stealing my breath

I am holding you with both hands
Because I will die if you fall
I am holding you close to my heart
Because I am counting every heart beat you make
I am holding you close to my Soul
Because I want you to be my Soulmate

Kenneth Maswabi

Hooked...

the spell that was cast
on our generation
is evil incarnate
roaming the streets
searching for innocent blood
the young and restless
who crowd the streets
marked for death
in their youth
their innocence

the spell was embraced
by our brothers
our sisters
our sons
our daughters
our fathers
our mothers
our uncles
our cousins

the spell blossomed
sprouting in my corner
your corner
and their corner
it grew everywhere
unabated, it raged on
no ground sparred
not even virgin soil
all were affected

the spell emerged
in powder forms
pills and injections
ILLEGAL DRUGS
produced by the devil
to wreck havoc
destroy life
in its youth

the spell is consumed
try once...twice
then ADDICTed
.....HOOKed!

Kenneth Maswabi

Hope

you are a solid dream
empowering my thoughts with your smile
overpowering my fears with your courage
casting away my demons with your faith
you conquered my lack of faith
and blessed me with hope
undressing my eyes
to see through the dream
the invisible hand of God

you are a solid dream
empowering my eyes
to see light at the end of the tunnel
and dream for a better tomorrow
putting behind my sorrow
wiping my tears
you opened my eyes
to see through the dream
the invisible hand of God

you are a solid dream
injecting me with your charm
curing my Doubt disease
you gave me sight
and psychic ability
to see through the dream
the invisible hand of God

Kenneth Maswabi

Hope Under Duress: A Ban On Refugees

A blanket covers the heart of hope
An illegitimate act to suppress peace
A ban on refugees is a stab in the heart of hope
A violent attack on the brightest star in our sky

Hope twitches with the pain of grief
Holding off tears of sorrow
Hope is under immeasurable duress
Suffocating under the hand of terror
Overcome by the new found hate

Hopeless souls litter the streets
Determined to buy back their hope
With their protesting voices
And their matching songs
Hope has been evicted by baseless orders
Coming from high up the command post
The poisoned center of power

Kenneth Maswabi

Hopeless Brown Envelopes

Hope is meticulously placed and sealed inside brown envelopes
Carried along the path of unemployment
Hungry youths eager to board the gravy train
And eat from the front tables

Hope, the eternal light
Wrapped under the burden of our despair
Hidden from the eyes of compassion
Hope, our peace and freedom
Locked inside the prison of greed

The youths with their heavy load of hopelessness
Are ever searching for the rays of hope
Under the canopy of poverty
Along the path of starvation
Inside the well of alcohol and drugs
Hope, our rescuer and master
Has nothing to offer at the moment

Kenneth Maswabi

Hopelessness

I don't want to go there
Where shadows are full of fear
The emptiness swallows you whole
Light is no more but memories of life past
The heart is but an empty cocoon
Void of all the memories of all that is good
The empty shell is stuck on a pitiless moment
Where life has no meaning
But pain spikes the heart nonstop
Exposing the hopelessness in you
The deserted shell of your eyes
Has lost the shine
Only blackness persist
Protruding beyond reach
Hopelessness

Kenneth Maswabi

Hopelessness Existence

Time flies
While my hands shake
Unable to get a grip on life
Youthfulness turned into old wrinkles
An empty & shallow existence
A wasteland of ideas lay at my feet
Tears and sorrow left deep grooves on my face
What if time was an illusion?
Holding my deluded thoughts captive
Inside the mist of reality
What if I never existed?
I am just a dream
Passing by
A drop of salt
Inside an ocean of time
Too small to effect change
Too bitter to swallow

Kenneth Maswabi

Hotel Rooms

Public spaces

Or secluded sanctuaries

Private housing

Or a common playground

Luxurious experiences

Or bed and breakfast

Comfortable and secure

Or lonely and confused

Presidential suites

Or high density housing

A bed of luxury

Or a night away from home

Kenneth Maswabi

How Do You Rewind Inside The World Of Technology?

How do you rewind
In a technologically advanced world
Where time is consumed by endless searches
Excavating through the unending rubble of the virtual world
Browsing through unlimited posts
In search of identity and eternal happiness
To cover the hidden void inside us all
Life has become a mess
A billion books
But no answers
No peace

Kenneth Maswabi

How Do You Rewind?

How do you rewind
When the storm is coming from every direction
And there is no one to hear your screams
You sail alone inside the vast ocean of life
Unattended and with no specific direction
Your destination is unknown
And your ship is a wreck
All you can do is to hope
That one day
You'll arrive safely
On a piece of dry land
With no storms
And no worries
Just tranquility

Kenneth Maswabi

Human Flowers

Meticulously made
Created for love
Planted on solid ground
They stand elegant
Their petals shining
Brushed by the passing sun

Beautifully painted
Among the wonders of the universe
They are a marvel to watch
The Creator's masterpiece
Majestically placed
Modeled on the finest piece of art
They represent the birth of beauty
They stand for the best in life
They are human flowers

Red roses, black roses, white roses
An assortment of beauty
A culmination of beauty
An act of love
Molded into fine human art
The master's gold piece
Marvelous to watch
A gift to mankind
They are human flowers

Kenneth Maswabi

Human Trafficking

Bundles of innocent life
Human flesh as merchandise
Stacked together in cold metallic containers
Their roots uprooted by sharp cold hands
Their destination unknown
Horrible acts of pure injustice
Perpetuated in the name of profit

Caskets of broken spirits
Hauled over black unmarked routes
Through the dark alleys
In a cold inhospitable manner
On the way to the black market
Where human being are chained to a price

Exchange rates muffled
Human beings are disposed
To the highest bidder
In this court of injustice
There is no mercy
Young and old
Recklessly sold
To a cold blooded animal

Kenneth Maswabi

Humanity

The goodness in Man
Is ever shining
Everlasting
Awesome

I refuse to give up
I can't let humanity die
I hold it dearly in my heart
I am a warrior for humanity

Humanity was planted in Man
By the hand of God
Regardless of your beliefs
And your social orientation
Humanity grows in you

I have looked to God for godliness
And i have looked to man for humanity
And I still believe that human beings
Have an inexhaustible amount of humanity in them

Kenneth Maswabi

Humility

A crown made of true happiness
Worn by selfless human beings
Sons and daughters of a higher order
Whose wisdom is drawn from the River of Love
And their heart is submerged in pure peace

Humility is a refined example of pride
Unashamedly embraced by champions
Humility is a classical display of wisdom
Wholeheartedly portrayed on the stage of life

Humility lies at the heart of true freedom
A delicious fruit of faith, Hope and Love
Consumed by the mind, body and Soul
A true fruit of the Spirit

Kenneth Maswabi

I Am A Survivor

Torn from my memory
Shreds of my life scattered
By the wind in my brain
My story stolen from me
My hands searching
For something to hold onto
I know people care
But there is no way to tell
For I feel alone
Trapped inside my empty shell
Only time can tell
How and when my life will end
But I do care
For all of you out there
I know you're doing your best
To cope with the loss of the real me
I want to reassure you
I appreciate everything you do
I love you all

Dedicated to the caregivers for Dementia patients.

Kenneth Maswabi

I Am

I am a seed of time
Year after year
I re-emerge reincarnated
Yesterday, i found myself
Coming out of my cocoon
Another year wrapped inside me
Another chance to prove myself
My heart full of Love
My mind ever ready to serve
Humanity my master
God my Creator

Kenneth Maswabi

I Am A Man Of Faith

I am a man of faith
I walk the path of life with no fear
I hold the beam of hope in my heart
I am fuelled by Love
I am driven by goodness
I sleep in the house of sweet dreams
I am a seeker for the truth
I have travelled the land of my imagination
I have never seen evil
I am always surrounded by positive thoughts
I am at peace with myself
I have seen the truth
I am on solid ground
I am in Love with Love

Kenneth Maswabi

I Am A Seeker

I am caught between interdimensional thoughts and reality
I am struggling to tame my promiscuous imagination
I am an interdimensional interloper
I am a seeker of the truth

My thoughts are the missing link between humanity and eternity
My imagination dwells in a world of its own
My dreams are illusions
My life is poetry

I am lost in the vastness of interdimensional possibilities
I am a child of eternity
I am a messenger
I am a poet

My thoughts are ever wandering the wilderness of space and time
My imagination is an interdimensional pathfinder
My dreams are a rendezvous with my soul
My life is an unknown destination

I search for the elusive dimension of everlasting truth
I sweep the corridors of my vast imagination
In pursuit of humanity's lost destiny
I am a son of Love

Kenneth Maswabi

I Am A Servant Of Love

I wake up every morning
Fully clothed with love
My heart singing love songs
My soul full of admiration
I am a servant of Love

Love has turned me into Love
Everything i do i do it with love
All my thoughts are painted with love
My actions are a product of Love
I wish i had more spare time to show off my love
I am a servant of Love

I see Love in all my dreams
Love has been planted in my heart
It's growing into a beautiful life
A love story written in the heart
Love is my obsession, my possession
I am a servant of Love

Kenneth Maswabi

I Am Looking For A Publisher

I have a story to tell

A story about the degradation of humanity

A story made from tears and blood

A story about hardship and suffering

A story about poverty and inequality

A story about innocent children caught in chemical warfare

A story about millions of refugees perishing at sea

A story about mindless terror against humanity

A story about the effects of climate change

A story about the rise of religious fundamentalism

A story about the dilapidated house of democracy

A story about dictators and anarchists

A story about nuclear holocaust

A story about the mutilations of young girls

A story about Tuberculosis and AIDS

A story about corruption

A story about alcohol and drug abuse

A story about millions of young people perishing in road accidents

A story about the rise of useless education

A story about fake news

A story that never ends

A story about stories about more stories

Kenneth Maswabi

I Am Not Pretending To Be Anything

I am humanity covered in tatters
I lost my beloved Love to the haters
They took away my only jewel
I am now stark naked
My underbelly is completely exposed
To those who are intent on humiliating me
On pouring scorn upon my children
On making my children wallow in poverty
On raping my women
On exposing my children to deadly diseases
On dividing my beloved United Nations
On nuclear bombing the very planet I call home
On completely eradicating my vulnerable wildlife
On polluting my precious oceans
On pouring fire upon my sacred heart
On killing me

Kenneth Maswabi

I Am Planet Earth

Mankind moulded all his hate
Into a thousand nuclear bombs
To hurt me
To destroy my womb
To render me barren
Uninhabitable
Unworthy of any life
Useless piece of rock
An insignificant outcrop
A lost piece of history
Hurtling in space
Naked
Doomed
Unrecognizable
Unwanted
Dead

Kenneth Maswabi

I Am Running Away

I am running away
Yes, I'm taking you along
To the cosmic paradise
The interdimensional garden of eden
To drink from the everlasting spring of love
The glorious home of Love and peace

I am running away
Through the thicket of my imagination
To the land of infinite opportunities
Where dreams are made true
The majestic cosmic world of angels

I am running away
Past the edge of the known universe
Beyond time and space
Into the spiritual dimensions of consciousness
Where creation is celebrated
And love is the only feeling experienced
The Holy dimensionless Conscious River of pure Love

Kenneth Maswabi

I Am Searching For My Perfect Moon

She is somewhere in the sky
Hiding among the stars
Holding her breath
She waits for my call
To serenade her
And undress her beauty
The perfect Moonlight unveiled
Her radiant beauty displayed
Her smile is my delight
Shining over my heart
She is my Moonlight
My Soulmate

Kenneth Maswabi

I Am Sorry

Climbing down your high pedestal
Holding your heart in your hands
Your ego tied to the lamp post
You sat down at the table of humility
And opened the gift of love
Tears summoned
You displayed your Soul
And all its vulnerabilities
Nothing mattered anymore
Humanity was on show
And nothing could stop you
The magical words came
Coated with the purest form of love
Stepping into the bleeding heart
Their miraculous spell
Was immediately manifested
As pain turned into love
And tears of joy celebrated
Washing away the sadness
Restoring the spirit

Kenneth Maswabi

I Am Syrian, I Am A Human Being Too

I cry out loud for your help
I beg you to listen to me
I ask you to look at me
For God's sake, I am dying here

Birds of war circle my skies
Unleashing havoc on my front yard
My house painted red by the blood of my children
"Collateral damage, " they said
Releasing destruction on my neighborhood
Pronouncing me dead on my birthday

Birds of prey circle my skies
Selecting targets aimlessly
A rich menu of human flesh at their disposal
With the abundant human carcasses
They are picky in their eating habits
Plucking out eyes only
They leave behind horrible scenes

How long can we suffer like this?
How much is the price on our heads?
How big are our transgressions?
How? Why? Who? What?
Questions in my mind
As i retreat into my deathbed

Kenneth Maswabi

I Am The Fabric Of Creation

I possess the unconscious consciousness
I live in the uninhabited world of the subconscious mind
I am a thought, an idea and the inner working of an imaginative mind
I spend most of my time popping in and out of consciousness
I think, yes, I think for the conscious mind
I make up stuff to keep you occupied
I am always busy moulding your next thought, your next move
I am the laundry and the refinery of every thought process
I create new ideas and drag you through your fantasy world
I store countless pieces of your memory
I am the seeker, illuminator and the life
I am the image inside your imagination
I am the fabric of creation

Kenneth Maswabi

I Am The Poem

I am the sun that shines poetic wisdom into your Soul
I am the moonlight that is always ready to illuminate your heart
I am the poetic rain that falls from a blue sky
I am the black night sky that unveils the world of dreams
I am the garden of roses that openly embraces Love
I am the waves in the ocean seeking for peace
I am the shining star ready to share the secrets of the cosmos
I am the seed full of life's unimaginable secrets
I am the morning dew pregnant with tears of sorrow
I am the Love song that is always ready to kiss you
I am Love, the eternal truth

Kenneth Maswabi

I Can't Stop Loving You

Do not stop my lips
Allow me to sing
My heartbeat is yours
My secret is love
I am a love song
Rubbing on your heart
Do not stop my hands
From this journey of love
All the way to the temple
Your heart is where I pray
Sing and dance
The dance of love
Is reserved for two
You and me
In one rhythm
All nightlong
You're my sweet story
My sunshine
And my moonlight
You're my daydream
And my fantasy
You keep my heart awake
At times my heart throbs
With the weight of your love
I am your sweet melody
Your never-ending love song

Kenneth Maswabi

I Found Love

Inside the chambers of her heart
Nestled on a bed of roses
Naked and alone
Listening to her heart beat
Amazed by her radiant beauty
Lured by her smile
Snared by her charm
Captivated by her love

Kenneth Maswabi

I Have A List

A list of all my tears
A list of all my agonies
A list of all my sleepless nights
A list of my pains
A list of all my nightmares
A list of all my fears
A list of all the times I felt hopeless
A list of all my sorrows
A list of all my misfortunes
A list of all my losses
A list of all the days I felt lonely
A list of all the unsaid words in my heart
A list of all life's lists of human sufferings

Kenneth Maswabi

I Have Been To The Cosmic Edge

I have travelled far
I have been to the cosmic edge
Far beyond my tiny world
Into the vastness of the universe
I have travelled in my dreams
I have travelled in my stories
I have travelled in my imaginations
I have travelled through my eyes
I have seen the canvas of life
I have seen the fabric of time
I have seen the emptiness of space
I have played with my thoughts and ideas
I have danced with the hands of time
I have bathed in the rays of a dream
I have touched the Soul of man
I am a dream floating in an empty mind
I am an idea struggling to survive
I am consciousness & unconsciousness

Kenneth Maswabi

I Have To Tell My Story

In my confusion
I lost my story
In my memory loss
I lost my life
In my speech
I lost my coherence
In my tears
I lost myself
In my sorrow
I lost my sleep
In my senility
I miss my life

Kenneth Maswabi

I Lost Them

Along the way
They disappeared
No messages left
I saw their footprints
As they vanished into the sand
With no traces left
By the blowing wind
I could not find them
Searching through the piling time
I found no traces of their existence in my life
Our communication has been terminated by the hands of time
Our relationships have been erased by the powerful monopoly of success
Our connections have been severed by the sharp knife of accumulated wealth
I stand on this sand dune of my life
Surveying the horizon
With the hope that one day they'll understand
That I hold dear to the memories we made together
I cherish the laughter we shared during our "innocent" years
Dedicated to my lost friends

Kenneth Maswabi

I Love All My Friends

Love is found in different vessels
Small vessels & large ones
Pink vessels & yellow ones
Bright vessels & dull ones
Love does not discriminate
Like water, love takes shape in any vessel
I love all my friends
I love my 'real' life friends
I love my facebook friends
I love all my friends from different platforms of life
I love my unknown friends
I love all my friends
Let's love our friends

Kenneth Maswabi

I Met A Nasty Person

A mouthful of nastiness
Vomited on my soul
Rotten words
Smearred on my heart
A plethora of malicious venom
Poured all over my mind
I crossed the path of a nasty lost soul

I stood strong in my convictions
Amazed by my strength
Humbled by my kind soul
Love was my protection
I stood under the banner of love
Refused to be tormented
Rejected every nastiness
Brandished my soul
In salute of love

Kenneth Maswabi

I Miss You

Under this blanket of loneliness
My heart hungers for you
Unable to let you go
I hold my imaginations in my hands
Fantasizing about the day we shall meet again
Mesmerized by the glittering stars in your eyes
Overpowered by the warmth in your heart
Bewitched by the magic spell in your breath
Hypnotized by the thought of your sweet lips
I surrender myself to your charms
Under my unrealistic reality
You're my sky
You're my moonlight
You're my sunshine
You're my glittering stars
You are my day and night
I miss you more and more

Kenneth Maswabi

I Need A Poem

A poem that is beautiful and outgoing
A poem that knows how to caress the heart
A poem that has a radiant smile
A poem that speaks to my dreams
A poem that knows the limit of my abilities
A poem that satisfies my wildest desires
A poem that will dance with my thoughts
A poem that drinks from the spring of positive energy
A poem that wraps around my pillow at night
A poem that looks like sunshine

Kenneth Maswabi

I Never Gave You A Rose

I have always held you close to my heart
I have washed you with the best of my love
I slept naked inside your heart
I listened to your heart beat all night long
I held your hand throughout the storm
I am in love with you

You are my sweetest day
You are my sweetest memory
You hold my heart together
You reveal my deepest love
You unveil my weakest spot
You are my ever shining star
You are my moonlight
You have seen my heart
You have stitched my scars
You gave me Love
You gave me hope
You made my faith strong
Because you are my rose
I gave you my heart

Kenneth Maswabi

I Remember

Her golden skin covered by age
Her story matured with time
Her hair was a canvas of wisdom
Her age meaningless
Her memory lost
Her smile

Her smile has been the source of my joy
For many generations
She has been the anchor
Holding together a family
Throughout her life
She was strong
She was warm
She was beautiful

I remember her
I remember my grandmother
I remember her love
I remember her sorrow
I remember her life

Kenneth Maswabi

I See The Light

My candle has stood the test of time
Burning through the storms
Witnessing my pain
Observing my patience
And partaking in my prayers

The cord of our bond was too thick
Standing together in the rain
Nothing between us
Only love, hope and faith
Kept us glued together
Under the umbrella of life

My candle shed tears for me
Waxy tears that burnt hot
Through the cold nights
They kept me warm
And kept my hope alive

Now, i see the light
That burns with love
On the other side of the tunnel
A thousand candles burn
A welcome song of light
Illuminating my path

Kenneth Maswabi

I Sleep On So Many Tears

There are so many tears on my pillow
Drowning my head with their sorrow
Sucking the warmth out of my dreams
Suffocating my unconscious mind
With their bucket full of sadness
My eyes ruined by the knives in my tears
My heart shattered by this recurring nightmare
My days punctured by the gloomy memory of my dreams

I sleep on the roof of life
My head soaking in my tears
The pillow of my life destroyed
By the painful stings from my dreams
Pummeling my head with sorrow
The bloody nightmares unbearable
Choking my precious sleep
Robbing me of my much needed rest

I sleep on so many tears
Dark clouds of sorrow hanging over my head
The story of my life heavily soaked
By the bucket full of tears
That rains from my eyes
The memory of my life ruined
By the multiple stings from my dreams
With their venomous fangs
Bringing sorrow to my life

Kenneth Maswabi

I Smell The Good Times Ahead

Winter is almost over
Trees are almost fully naked now
Ready to embrace the coming spring
Birds are preparing their voices
For the choir of the decade is about to begin
Bees are buzzing around the protruding buds
Unashamed by their own lack of manners
I smell the good times ahead

The snake is about to shed its skin
Distancing itself from those nasty scales of yesterday
Embracing the smell of a new skin
Its cold blood is about to get warm again
Caressed by the beautiful morning sunshine of spring
The seasons are changing
The times are changing
I smell the good times ahead

Winter is melting away
Giving way to a fresh morning cup of sunshine
Bursting with the sounds of the happy season
Revealing the new found love between flowers and bees
The happy trees revealing the newest fashion of leaves
Exposing their fruitful hearts to the birds of the air
The flowing nectar too good to miss
I smell the good times ahead

Life is about to lighten up
The black winter coats giving way to colorful dresses
Beautiful legs exposed by the cool breeze of spring
Mini skirts will be blooming soon
All shapes and style paraded
By the carelessly beautiful souls
Who roam the streets of my city
In their happy mode
I smell the good times ahead

Kenneth Maswabi

I Stand With Humanity

Bullets are too small to kill humanity
Knives are too blunt to rip apart humanity
Hate is too narrow to swallow humanity
Racism is too shallow to dissect humanity
Religious wars are too weak to divide humanity
I stand with humanity
Peace is too rich to nourish humanity
Tolerance is too wise to guide humanity
Hugs are too warm to comfort humanity
Smiles are too bright to re-energize humanity
Love is too elastic to hold humanity together
I stand with humanity

Kenneth Maswabi

I Try To Stay Focused

I try to stay focused
On one point at a time
On one minute of my life
On one byte of my memory
It's a painful endeavour
To try and piece together one's life
To try and remember everything
To try and dissect my memory slice by slice
I have to complete this chapter
It's not that long
It's about my wedding day
But I can't find my pen
To catch this beautiful moment
Like a butterfly sitting on a twig
Silently flirting with me
My memory is a beautiful creature
Right from the depth of consciousness
My memory is not here to stay
It is like a flickering flame in the wind
It's warm and beautiful
But very fragile

Kenneth Maswabi

I Used To Dream Of Beautiful Flowers

It is hard to dream of flowers nowadays
Human flowers that used to paint my nights red
With their colorful display of human sensuality
Their sense of youthful exuberance pronounced
By their unsolicited appearance on the stage of dreams
And their reluctance to wither away with the dying night
The world of my dreams besieged by the rising sun
As I lay there clasping the ghost of my dreams
My dreams melted away by the warmth of the approaching sun

Kenneth Maswabi

I Walk A Beautiful Path

It's not a path made of stone
Nor a path made of marble
It's a path of Love
A sacred path
A path of enlightenment
A path through the fabric of eternity
A path filled with positive energy
A path oozing with Love
A path for the heart, mind and Soul
A path inside consciousness
A path protected by Love
A Lovely path

Kenneth Maswabi

I Walked With You...

My thoughts races back in time
Stopping for a moment to reminisce
To wallow in the pool of delight
The juicy thoughts undisturbed
Untouched for a while
Ever so ready to be tapped
Unwrapped in front of my eyes
To be consumed in private
Opening the flood gates of tears
Tears of joy awakening my soul

The day I walked with you
Those memories protected
Stored deep in my heart
Protected by a cushion of love
Saved for special occasions
When one can nibble on them
Allowing every bite to count
Taste buds aroused
Caressed by the tender thoughts

My thoughts races back in time
To that same moment when we met
Allowing me to smile
To bask in a pool of delight

Kenneth Maswabi

I Want To Write A Poem

A poem about you
A poem that explores your desires
A poem that reveals your dreams
A poem that shares your fantasies
A poem that can only be for you
A poem that undresses your secrets
A poem that unveils your Soul
A poem that displays your Love
A poem that opens your heart
A poem that is written only for you
A poem that speaks for you
A poem that speaks to you
A poem under your spell
A poem understood only by you
A Love poem

Kenneth Maswabi

I Wish

I wish words were free
Free to roll down my tongue
And create a roller-coaster
Of Love and happiness
Free to unleash the truth
To sweep the world with Love
And make the world a better place
A place for humanity to thrive
Free to swim through tearful eyes
And wipe away sorrow
Free to dissolve the agony that life brings us
To dissolve the scars that holds us captive
And free us from the bondage of pain
Free to groom and restore my dreams
To open my skies
And fill my days of darkness with sunshine
Free to open the storeroom of consciousness
And give me a plate full of imaginations
Free to serve me with kindness
And a cup of warm hugs

Kenneth Maswabi

Ideas

They're born in silence
Cloaked in light
Mesmerizing
The protruding mind
To unfold the hidden world
The secretive womb of knowledge
Partially unveiled

Kenneth Maswabi

Idol Worship

I kneel not at your feet
I refuse to be tricked by your golden makeup
I am gonna walk away every time you call
I follow not your superficial décor'
I detest your thin veil of beauty
I protest against your shallow reign
I oppose every thing that you stand for
I suggest you stop lying to yourself
I refuse to be swallowed by your staring beauty
I stand unmoved by your media possessed stunts
I follow not at your footsteps
I value not all your fake demeanor
I banish all thoughts of being with you
I surrender all ideas of worshiping you
I cannot fall under your charm
I propose you find another soul
I purposefully ignore your magical spells
I do not worship idols

Kenneth Maswabi

If I Was An Animal

I will be a bumblebee
With my mouth full of power
Wearing a fresh smell of perfume every day
In my colorful summer shirt

I will carry my sword
Like a royal prince
I will display my sting with pride
Polished steel
Ready to instill fear
Among my subjects

I will party in the royal gardens
Served by the most beautiful waiters
Bottles of the most exquisite nectar champagne
With their exotic taste
Exciting my mood

Kenneth Maswabi

If I Were A River

If I were a river

I would gladly accept my destiny

To nourish and replenish the earth

To permeate the dry river beds & create a beautiful niche

To swell my heart with the life giving substance

And pour my heart out to every soul I meet

I would gladly accept my great responsibilities

And transport the much needed life support to my kingdom

I would offer fish & water to the hungry & thirsty

I would be a messenger & the message of peace and freedom

I would take great joy in nourishing and sustaining life

If I were a river

I would refuse to stay stagnant

I would endeavour to take my payload to the needy

I would never refuse to quench thirst

I would always willingly give my water away

I would put the needs of others before mine

I would pour out my heart to the desert

And replenish the valleys and the mountains

I would never tire to carry a heavy load to the driest places on earth

I would carry my work with determination and passion

I would fulfil my destiny by going all the way to the ocean

Where I would pour all the last drop of my Love & surrender my life

"The river that never reach the ocean dies an undignified death."

Kenneth Maswabi

If Love Was A Book

I'll write you a song
And sing from my heart
The truth about my love for you
But then love is not a book
I can only pray from my heart
Maybe just maybe
Your heart will hear
Maybe just maybe
Your Soul will know

Kenneth Maswabi

I'll Crawl To The Finish Line.....

The hour came the gun fired
The race began in haste
A new life was born
Wrapped in mystery
Unknown was her journey
The warmth of her mother's bosom
Comforting her for now
The first lap was done
Sleep came and she slept

The hour came, the gun fired
The race began in haste
Sweet melodies of childhood
Unperturbed she played
The games of childhood
Comforting her for now
The second lap was done
Sleep came and she slept

The hour came, the gun fired
The race began in haste
Beating was the sounds of the hood
Adolescence was sweet
Flowing like honey
Discovering her youth
The beautiful fountain of life
The third lap gone
Sleep came and she slept

The hour came. The gun fired
The race began in haste
Her early twenties were the years
Fuming and sizzling with wonderful things
Sparkling with the joy of youth
Love came and she embraced
The mysterious spell was sweet
Consuming her being
She drowned, unable to let go
The love that was doomed

Because her heart was hooked
Imbibed she was drunk
Drunk with the juices of love
The mysterious spell unseen
Devouring her heart
Her only mistake was to love

Sleep came and she was awake
Awoken by the endless dream
That pursued her every thought
Nightmares uninvited
Invading her mind
Causing her unimagined pain
The terrible price of love

Sleep came and she was awake
Streams of sweat down her head
Trying to wash her pain away
The pain that robs her of sleep
Causing her heart to ache
The song in her heart disturbed
Messed by the thing she loved
The one she thought was to be
The one and only one to ring her wedding bells with

Sleep came and she was awake
Approaching was dawn
Her eyes pierced by the approaching light
The promise of a better day
The day she shall be able to let go
The love that was doomed
The terrible price she paid
Stumbling on the racecourse
When the race was hers
She let go of the win
Settling for the bronze
The gold flashing past her
Zooming with speed of light
Discouraged she was not
For the day has come

The beginning of an end

Sleep came and she was awake
The final lap was dying
Having made her mind
She knew she was done
Drowning in her sorrow
Settle for the pain she refused
Encouraged by the bright sunrise
She dreamed of the day of victory
Her heart pounding she will run
Past her sorrows towards happiness
Her thoughts swelling, brimming with tears of joy
As she crawled across the finish line

Kenneth Maswabi

Imagination My Imagination

I went into the lake of imagination
To swim and to catch mysterious fish
To swim with the waves of consciousness
Transforming myself into a supernatural entity
Inside the realm of eternity
The lake of imagination is a supernatural dimension
Its depth is immeasurable
It's our only window into the realm of everlasting wisdom
Where Love and truth are found
Poetry and music reside
Creation and innovation are natural inhabitants
The mysterious fish full of ideas
Swim deep beneath the surface
Imagination my imagination
An everyday miracle

Kenneth Maswabi

Imagine A Poet

Imagine the poet
Melting into silence
Invisible to the naked eye
The poet becomes the silent sky
Watching upon the stars
Holding the raindrops
A silent ray of hope
Poured into the heart of humanity
A silent moment
Captured by the passing time
A silent thought
Warming the heart of man
A silent imagination
Shining over the dark
A silent tear
Falling apart
A silent monument
Full of life
A silent universe
Full of noise
A silent book
Full of stories
A silent window
Inside the soul

Kenneth Maswabi

In Africa

There are no shithole countries in Africa
Only shithole mental state disorders
Openly displayed in public offices
Openly embraced by politicians & the elites

Shithole mental state is a disease
That attacks the fundamental way of thinking
Breaking down critical hard-wired communal survival skills
Chewing through the frontal lobe
And any other lobe that contains common sense

Shithole mental state disorders can be classified into 2 classes

Acute onset greed on someone who was previously not well-off
This lead to acute mania with possible psychosis
Other symptoms include a ridiculously high "sense of power
And abandonment of family, friends & everyone from their past
An unrealistic show of wealth & poor financial judgement
Often leading to extreme poverty within five to ten years

Chronic inability to empathize with the poor & vulnerable
A rejection of the critical humanistic trait of compassion
This class mostly affects politicians, civil servants and the elites
Other symptoms include a high, often "sense of achievement
And an inability to see beyond the individual
This disease is the major cause of poverty in Africa
It breeds corruption and fuels wars
It is anti-humanity & unAfrican

Kenneth Maswabi

In Her Arms

I am the wax and she is the flame
I am melted by her touch
I am the light and she is the candle
I am freed by her burning desire
I am the air and she is the flame
I am constantly falling for her
I am the rhythm and she is the music
I am dancing to the tune of her love
I am the heart beat and she is the heart
I am forever chained to her Soul
I am the kiss and she is the lips
I am blown away by her love
I am the king and she is my queen
I am so much in love with her
I am the world and she is the universe
She is everything to me

Kenneth Maswabi

In My Search For Meaning

I looked through the prism of life
From the eternal beginning
To the eternal end
Life is meaningless without Love
But what is Love?
Love is life eternal
It is the ultimate gift
Priceless and beyond value
It is worn inside the Soul
And shines like a million stars
It is magnificent and sacred
Made out of the purest thoughts
It is a marvel beyond comprehension
Love is made out of Love
To Love is to create more Love
Love of self is closely intertwined with Love of others
The ultimate show of Love is the Love of God
The source, the creator and the Love
To Love is to Love Love

Kenneth Maswabi

In My Sleep

Everything is possible
Reality and mystery
Parallel and intertwined
Power and innocence
Intermix inside my mind
Life is both known and unknown
Spiritual realities mixed inside my life stories
Sometimes i am my Soul
Other times i am my mind
Consciousness and unconsciousness
Overlap within my dreams
My dreams are as real as reality
But yet again i'm a spiritual being
Capable of everything
Sometimes true freedom
Is found inside my sleep

Kenneth Maswabi

In Silence Dreams Are Weaved

Do not fear silence

It's a land of wisdom and truth

A land of dreams and reflections

A silent world of deep thoughts

A place to renew your Soul

A tranquil garden in the middle of the universe

A quiet place made of dreams, fantasies and imaginations

A fantastic place full of reflections, memories and refreshments

A special place reserved for your mind, body and Soul realignment

Kenneth Maswabi

In The Arms Of Love

I am constantly in your hands
I am continuously in your world
I am conspicuously hiding in your arms
I am consistently drawn to you

You are my precious companion
You are my beautiful miracle
You are the light of my universe
You are the power of my heart

You are the heartbeat of my life
You are the center of my world
You are the perfect companion
You purify my existence
You are the love of my life

Kenneth Maswabi

In The Land Of The Free

Rain falls free of thunder
Unfazed by the absence of light
A million fluffy clouds happily kiss the ground
Their hooves buried in silence
They stomp the ground in droves
Painting the ground white
With their ink of water

A warm cup of knowledge is shared
Among the thirsty flock of schoolers
Faraway from their nests
They dream of an HIV free world
A world free of coughs and aches
An HIV free generation

Slides of new knowledge passes by
Pregnant with a message of hope
That together we can conquer
And divided we fall

Kenneth Maswabi

In The Land Of The Hippopotamus

Power is an obsession
Unashamedly displayed
Unapologetically wielded
To slash both foe and friends
In a toxic display of power

Power is the only truth
Shared only with the foolish
Standing on the path of death
A lesson for the living
Who stand frozen
Inside the pool of fear

Power is the ultimate deathblow
Striking with ferocious determination
A mouthful of destruction
A savage bite of death
Unleashed from the seat of power

Kenneth Maswabi

Inequality

The rich are getting richer
Their golden goblets are overflowing
Drenched with best that life can offer
Their future is ever so bright
Illuminated by their multimillion bank accounts
Their rides are ever so shining
Polished by the best butlers

The poor are drowning in poverty
Their hopes plunged into a dark abyss
Overpowered by the weight of capitalism
Their dreams submerged in hopelessness
Their hands full of bread crumbs
They scramble among themselves
Pushing and shoving one another
Drenched in a layer of bitterness
Death is never too far
From their battered life

Inequality, the monster in the room
Conceived in the womb of capitalism
Incubated by a new generation of Elites
Grows unhindered in the streets of the world
Threatening the existence of billions of people

Kenneth Maswabi

Inner Consciousness

Hiding inside the room of seclusion
I listened to my thoughts popping
In and out of the fabric of consciousness
I listened to them whispering
As they rushed through my mind
In their haste, they forgot to mute their thoughts
Opening a portal into the inner recesses of existence
A beautiful story that remains unfinished
Lurks in the interior of our consciousness
Where silence is unknown
And beautiful songs are composed
Magnificent ideas are manufactured
Poetic marvels are illuminated
Hope is moulded
Love is worshipped
A sanctified place
Full of miracles
Exist inside Consciousness

Kenneth Maswabi

Inside The Factory Of Love

The heart beat monitors time
In an all-nightlong vigil
Unperturbed by the ever-cranking machines
As they create and re-create love
Making love nonstop
Inside the factory of love

The emotional detonators are ever firing
Exploding at every love spark produced
In the pressurized chamber of the heart
Where love is momentarily distilled into pure love
Unleashing a dazzling emotional chemical reaction
Firing the love pistons into overdrive
Inside the factory of love

Persistence and patience
Are the true drivers of this love machines
Lubricated by the best oils in the industry
The intricate process of making love
Goes on nonstop
Until the final whistle
When the steam engines detonates the final spark
And the ultimate love show has been reached
The machines can now be rested
Until the next round
Inside the factory of love

Kenneth Maswabi

Inside The Unknown

Humanity plows through the years
Meandering through the thick cloud of uncertainty
That clogs the mind of men (and women)
With a perpetual question mark
About the secret of death

Throughout the history of mankind
The unknown reality has been illuminated
Exposed in the resurrection of Christ
Death was unveiled for all to see
The eternal Love was vividly displayed
But Mankind chose the path of darkness
Overpowered by the heavy smoke of disbelief
Humanity dived into the science of Darwinism
Opting for the radical path of discovery and exploration
But science failed to break the code of death
And death remains an enigma
Within the minds of unbelievers

The eternal truth lives within our Souls
Love, the everlasting covenant
Binds mankind to the eternal truth
The celebration of our eternal existence
Is revealed only to a selected few
Those who wear the precious gift of Love
Inside their mind, heart and Souls

Kenneth Maswabi

Internet

Travelling across the globe
Breaking world records
With your bucket load of data
Your unprecedented pace
And your effortless stride

You are a master athlete
An elite sportsman
A Don of sorts
A professor of information
A doctor of speed
A brilliant network

You swallowed my boredom
Rescued me from my ignorance
And made my education possible
You gave me friends
Regardless of their facial expressions
We meet as equals
And part with pockets full of love
A beautiful world it is

You are a magician maker
On the stroke of my finger
A virtual universe appeared
Books of knowledge emerged
And wisdom was gathered

Kenneth Maswabi

It Is A Sad World I Live In

The sad world I live in
Throws balls of violence at me
Captured by the new digital cameras
And relayed by an endless stream of mass media
Which brings the violence to my living room
To be shared with my family at dinner time
And discussed with my colleagues at work
The endless violence displayed in our memories

Kenneth Maswabi

It Is A Weekend Frenzy Again In Botswana

Everyone is talking
Their eyes full of sparkle
They're full of excitement
The event is Toyota Kalahari 1000 desert race

Everyone knows the truth
Hidden within the excitement
A veil of sadness envelopes the heart
Death is stalking all of us once again

People of Botswana
Let's not equate fun with death
Remember "drinking and driving is dangerous"
Safe driving, saves lives
Let's trim our excitement
Let common sense reign
And remember, safety is not automatic
Think about it

Kenneth Maswabi

It Is Not My Fault

I was attacked by Love
And my life was never the same
I suffered a heart attack
From the multiple Love bites
I stood full of Love
And felt dizzy outside Love
I was moulded into a beautiful Love song
That forever plays inside my heart
I stand accused
For carrying too much Love inside my heart
I stand for nothing but Love
My life was redefined to represent only Love
Love is my creator
And I am in Love with Love
Love is my wine
And I can't miss my glass of Love
Love is my companion
And I enjoy every bit of my compassion
I am a slave of Love
And my heart slaves after Love
My life is a Love monument
Love is in full display
It's not my fault
That Love is always on my lips

Kenneth Maswabi

It's A Rotten World

It stinks
Swollen with unattended issues
Its priorities upside down
The poor are still hungry
The sick are swollen with worry
The rich are gobbling everything on the menu
There is no fair play
Corruption is on the rampage
Pulverizing everything on its path
Politics is rotten
Surrounded by hungry vultures
Orphans and widows are not being fed
Water is a scarce resource on the planet
Even though our oceans are full
Our oceans are even bitter because of this nonsense
Alcohol and drug abuse offer refuge
To the lost and the lonely
Unemployment is on the rise
The youth are roaming the streets
Shit happens everyday
But no one cares

Kenneth Maswabi

It's Been A While

It's been a while
Since I took my medicine
My heart is thumping
My head is spinning
I am restless
I've lost my appetite
I don't know what to do
I have a bulge in my crotch
I might be coming up with the flu
Or something much worse
I may be swollen
But my head is light
I can't think
I feel dizzy
I am thirsty
Thirsty for love

Kenneth Maswabi

It's Winter In Summer

Rain clouds gathered
And drove away the flames
A hot summer day
Gave way to coolness
The unbearable heat wave broken
By the rushing cold front
Now, i can dream
Under the warm blankets
No stinging Mozzies
To bite my night away
Love is welcome
Under the cold moonlight
If only summer and winter
Were great friends
I would ask them
To do this more often
Embrace each other
And make love

Kenneth Maswabi

January

you are the first born
the eldest in a brood of twelve
the kingmaker and the breadwinner
you offer yourself as a sacrifice
putting your head on the line of fire
you are the epitome of humility and courage
you serve us a dish of hope and faith
sparing a minute to wash our feet
as you prepare us for a journey of 12 moons

you stand proud as a teacher
determined to produce the best
to mould us into better persons
your first lesson started on time
teaching us the art of planning
you delivered a masterpiece
that shall remain pinned to the walls of our hearts
as we trespass through the treacherous path that lie ahead
we shall look back to you
and delight in your wisdom

of course some shall fall
betrayed by their lack of discipline
their absence of mind highlighted
in their wayward ways
breaking every rule known to man
destroying the well of wisdom
with their unwise decisions
burying your teachings
with their stupidity

your second lesson was mind boggling
Finance is always a hard nut to crack
the funds are always insufficient
plenty of excuses to abuse the wallet
poking it nonstop is our way
emptying it on a rush of mania
you persevered and gave us another masterpiece
the trick is found in discipline and accountability

always taking responsibility for our actions

Finally, you delivered your favourite delight
the art of Budgeting can be fun
often mixed with a headache
the numbers are easy to distribute
the difficulty lies in the action
putting funds where the numbers are
is always a moral and ethical dilemma
a biopschosocial confrontation
that we shall wrestle with all year round

Kenneth Maswabi

Joy

There is a river that flows in the heart
With its heavy load of life experiences
Its waters are exposed to all sorts of dirt
Its riverbanks are bombarded by chemical spillages
Contaminating its delicate load of love
Masking the river bed of the heart
Where joy resides

For you to experience joy
You have to clean the river of you heart
Purifying the waters of your river
Removing all dirt in the heart
Then you'll be able to see the riverbed
Arousing Joy from the depth of the heart
You shall then have joy!

Kenneth Maswabi

Kindness

I enjoy the company of kind people
Who willingly share their kindness
Wrapping me in a blissful moment of generosity
Feeding me the contents of their hearts
Serving me the best of humanity
Dressing me with joy
Kind people are a blessing
They've been blessed with a beautiful heart
A beautiful mind
And a beautiful Soul
They are born beautiful
And will always remain beautiful
Kindness is a heavenly virtue
It springs from a happy heart
A loving heart and a generous Soul

Kenneth Maswabi

Knowledge

I have laboured for you
Working extra hours to gain your attention
Submitting to my teachers to bask at your door
Subjecting my body to biopsychosocial neglect
To be counted among your disciples

I hungered for you since my early days
My appetite for you was titanic
Overpowering my laziness with ease
Bypassing my boredom with cunning agility
I became a professional knowledge seeker
Pouring on volumes of books day and night
My imagination stretched to the limit
I was totally possessed by your spirit

I dreamed of you from a young age
Uncovering your face became my dream
Undressing your soul became my dream
Unwrapping your mystery became my dream
Unwinding your heart became my dream
Understanding your limits became my dream

I climbed the tree of knowledge
I wrestled the overwhelming fear of heights
I propelled myself to the higher branches
I hoped your majestic fruits were nearer
I wished for a bite of your magical beans
I prayed for an end to my torturous journey

I now believe in your eternal existence
I know now that you have a infinite height
I know now that you are part of life
I know now that you are born every day
I know now that you are everlasting
I know now that you have no boundaries

I thank you for allowing me to dream
I thank you for encouraging me to learn
I thank you for showing me the value of patience

I thank you for teaching me discipline
I thank you for opening huge doors for me
I thank you for bringing out the best in me

Kenneth Maswabi

Knowledge Is A Liquid

Permeating all cultures
Knowledge fill brilliant minds
Rejuvenating the wheel of civilization
Mankind thrives in this aquatic environment
Swimming through the sea of knowledge
Mankind has substituted generations of dubious thoughts
With new innovative ideas
Artificial intelligence is the new wave of this moving body of knowledge
Mankind is on the brink of creating a humanoid
Who will swim through the labyrinth of numbers
Reprogramming the beautiful matrix of life
Re-defining humanity
Destabilizing the equilibrium

Kenneth Maswabi

Late Night Poetry

Sleep is medicine
Poetry is neurosurgery
Reengineering the thought process
In the middle of the night
Resecting insomnia from a sleepless brain
Late night poetry is a surgical scalpel
That opens the dreamless mind
Injecting sweet dreams in the middle of the night
In an emergency operation against insomnia
Poetry is an anesthetic
To soothe the mind
And rescue the Soul from its dreamless stupor

Kenneth Maswabi

Laughter

Born out of joy
Jovial moments are captured
By the wavering laughter
Bursting out of a happy heart
With hands full of joy
A child of love
Laughter

Kenneth Maswabi

Leadership

the call to lead is spiritual
starting with the noble appointment
and courageous display of trust
by those who anointed you
entrusting their project to you
enshrining their confidence in you
Assigning their powers to you
With the wealth of their purse
Dressing your ego
magnifying your image
in a portrait of great leaders
engraving your name
among the list of supreme leaders
in a daylight display of the human Spirit

Kenneth Maswabi

Learn To Be Free

Step into the world of consciousness
And learn to be free
To walk naked inside your imagination
Exploring the secrets of the universe
Listening to the silence behind every thought
Peeping through the window of life
Puncturing the mysterious fabric of time
Undressing yourself from the reality around you
And looking through the prism of Love
Enjoy the spectacle before you
The fabric of Love is life eternal
Enter the everlasting reality
And live your life with hope
Remove the chain of negative thoughts
And embrace the everlasting covenant
Accept the gift of Love
The everlasting truth
Put on a gown of Love
And be free

Kenneth Maswabi

Leave My Heart Alone

Do not open my heart
With your evil charms
And rip me apart
With your lies
Licking me
With your forked tongue
Until I'm as dry as a twig
Leave my heart alone

Do not enter the inner chamber of my heart
With your dirty hooves
And spoil my mood
With your muddy intentions
Spare my bed of roses
Leave my heart alone

Do not come inside my heart
With your baggage of expectations
Expecting me
To heal your shredded heart
And help you gather your tears
And store them inside my heart
Leave my heart alone

Kenneth Maswabi

Left Behind

Left behind

You feel alone
Under the cloud of uncertainty
A heavy blanket of hopelessness
Hangs on your shoulders
Your parents are all gone
You are now an orphan
Life will never be the same
You look in the mirror
All you see is a shattered Soul
Your eyes are swollen with questions
Your mind is numb
Darkness seem to engulf everything
You are lost in your own desert
No one can hear you
Your screams are muffled
You are inside a horrible dream
Hold tight on the rope of faith
Your heart will be filled with hope
There is light at the end of the tunnel
Love yourself more
And learn to love everyone else
Your life is nothing without love
Your only source of hope

Kenneth Maswabi

Let Me Light Your Night Sky

Let me light your night sky
ignite your imagination
reunite your mind, body & Soul
under the same blanket
Of Hope, Faith & Love
Restore your intensity
Illuminate your humanity
with the bright torch of Love
Let me walk with you
under the lights of my dreams
and show you the stars
that shines inside my heart
Let me be your guide
through the thicket of wisdom
to show you the truth
that reside inside the tent of a human heart
let me take you
to the river of Love
where life is pure
and Love is life

Kenneth Maswabi

Let Me Tell You My Story

My story is about humanity at war
My story is a book made of tears
My story is stitched together under the blanket of sorrow
My story is about the brutality of man
My story details the horrors of war
My story is about bullets piercing flesh
My story is about broken families
My story is about dead corpses littering the streets
My story is tormented by blood from innocent children
My story is about thirst, hunger and death
My story is about mental torture and nightmares
My story is about you and me looking away
My story is a sad chapter in the history of mankind
My story is not new
My story is a call to action
My story is a plea
My story is your story and their story

Kenneth Maswabi

Let The Tears Fall

Tears are particularly attracted to the thunderous explosion of sorrow
Breaking all the rules inside the calm inner sea of consciousness
The cloud of sorrow brings a heavy pouring of tears
A tsunami of tears released on the spur of the moment
To help cleanse the inner being
To carry away the bad omen
And display the empathy within the Soul
Tears are an ancient sacred salutations
A display of the purest form of humanity
Let the tears fall

Kenneth Maswabi

Let Us Celebrate Love

let us celebrate love
in our own way
let us talk love
in our own corners
let us feel love
in our own heart beat
let us enjoy love
with our own souls
love is smooth
soothing to the heart
with its lovable soul
awesome to fall in love with love
happy valentine's day! ! !

Kenneth Maswabi

Let Us Stand Together In Our Humanity

The Human Race is our only Race
Humanity is our only habitat
We stand judged by our inhumane acts
Let us stand together in our humanity
Let us protect our human race
From the bloody hands of terrorism
Let us put a stop to terror
And find our humanity
Let us pick the scattered pieces of humanity
And work diligently to restore what we have lost
Let Love lead our way
Let our hearts remember Love
Love is the light of Humanity
We are lost without Love
Humanity is our hope
Love is our destiny

Kenneth Maswabi

Let's Celebrate Valentine's Day In December

The blooming flowers cover the land
Spreading their fragrance along the way
Bathing the air with their sweet smell
Butterflies sweep the air with their colorful wings
Birds and insects outcompete each other with their songs
The celebration of love is in full swing
Love has returned to the land
The beautiful creatures are embracing it
Even bugs are dressed to kill
Some in tuxedos
Others in long red gowns
The mood is love
The theme is love

Kenneth Maswabi

Let's Stay Real During The Festive Holidays

A mist of excitement is already choking the air
Intoxicating those with fragile minds
Luring them to let go of their moral standing
Coercing them to imbibe in the forbidden desires
To drown in a sea of unprotected sex, drugs and alcohol
Betraying their year long commitments
Denouncing their acquired knowledge
Cursing their religious beliefs
In their moment of stupidity

Let us stay real in times like this
Holding on unto our moral ropes
Never letting go of our shining armor of knowledge
Always prepared to denounce bad behavior
To bury bad habits in their infancy
To disrobe all peer pressures
And wield our common senses with pride
Disciplining our inner senses
Mastering the art of self-preservation

Drinking and driving is not a fun act
It is a form of self-destruction
Always waiting for an opportunity
To end your life in a merciless way
Puncturing the peaceful hearts of your loved ones
Severing the cord of life in a moment of utter stupidity
Do not drink and drive, period.

Unprotected sex is your enemy
With its low hanging fruits
And a bag of nasty stingers
You're going to get bitten
By a battalion of nasty diseases
Gonorrhea and syphilis are waiting
HIV is around the corner
Bidding for your blood
Unwanted pregnancies are waiting
To be scooped by the foolish ones
Embarrassment is waiting

Remember, "Prevention is better than cure";

Drugs are nasty

Luring you to an early grave

Stealing your shine

They prey on the weak

Snatching those with fragile minds

Snacking on those with reckless attitudes

Stay away from drugs of abuse

Do not be tempted to sniff the innocent looking powder

Never inject yourself with death

Stay real and live

Life is good

Kenneth Maswabi

Lies

The devil's oil
Lubricating evil intentions
Fabricating stories
Distorting life
Manipulating the truth
With their evil web
Catching souls
In their twisted hands
Breaking accords
With their harmful toxins
Destroying relations
With their fiery flames

Kenneth Maswabi

Life And Age

We started well together
Enjoying the easy life of childhood
We drank milk at every opportunity
Unconcerned about a balanced diet
And unaffected by our sedentary ways
We found pleasure in sleep

We saw our teeth grow
Gaining our strength
We took our first steps
And found freedom in walking
As we escaped our infancy

We welcomed our toddler years
Learning the ways of the aged
We fell in love with language
Communication was intoxicating
Allowing us to make our own choices
Demanding our rights at every opportunity
We were enchanted by life

Teen age came and was horrible
Taking us on a chemical joyride
We were confused and scared
By the hidden emotions within
Preying on our innocence
Our hormones rebelled
Plastering us with pimples
And blasting us with mixed feelings
We hated our bodies
For betraying our innocent minds

Our early adulthood was fabulous
As we shed the skin of innocence
Transforming into beautiful beings
With succulent bodies and a thousand ideas
Life was a dream come true
Fulfilling our every desire
And betraying our inexperience

We were intoxicated by our explorations

We don't know when it happened
But we found ourselves in these adult bodies
Pregnant with life experiences
Our body swollen with broken promises
We accumulated extra weight
As we struggled to understand love
We found solace in food

Life goes on, they say
Age was among us
As we hit our forties
Embraced by adulthood
We learnt to be patient
We learnt to accept ourselves
We found communion in our friends

The fifties and sixties came and went
We were anxious about our crumbling bodies
Hiding our fear within our accumulated fortunes
We played golf on a daily basis
Taking breaks only when traveling the world
We re-discovered life and fell in love with it
We started to listen to every advice dished by doctors
And the rest is history...

Kenneth Maswabi

Life Is A Pie

A pie of a thousand pieces
You can select your own pie
From the menu of life below

Pieces of success
Pieces of failure
Pieces of boredom
Pieces of happiness
Pieces of love
Pieces of sadness
Pieces of rain
Pieces of sorrow
Pieces of anger
Pieces of work
Pieces of sex
Pieces of jealousy
Pieces of beauty
Pieces of misery
Pieces of sunshine
Pieces of dark clouds
Pieces of a windy day
Pieces of a broken heart
Pieces of a renewal
Pieces of breaths
Pieces of calm days
Pieces of stress
Pieces of exercises
Pieces of good food
Pieces of pure lust
Pieces of adventurous journeys
Pieces of good health
Pieces of smiles
Pieces of laughter
Pieces of age
Pieces of insecurity
Pieces of falling hair
Pieces of heartaches
Pieces of breakfast
Pieces of dreams

Pieces of a goodnight sleep

Pieces of roses

Pieces of spirituality

Pieces of cake

Pieces of ...life

Kenneth Maswabi

Life Is A Precious Moment

Eternity has no beginning and end
Wisdom cannot be measured by mathematical formula
The truth stand unequaled in the scale of history
Love is a masterpiece awash with mysterious spells
Humility is wisdom directed upon oneself
Kindness is the revelation of wisdom to your fellow human beings
Life is a precious moment in the garden of Love
Life is a rose in the garden of Love
Life is a shining star in the sky of eternity
Consciousness has no architectural foundation
Imagination is an unimaginable phenomenon
Thoughts are forever manufactured under the cloud of mystery
Dreams are meaningless inside the wall of reality
Humanity is the core of the mystery of creation

Kenneth Maswabi

Life Is A Secret Affair

Hidden in a tiny cloud of existence
Away from the prying eyes of the cosmos
An oasis in the middle of nowhere
Life is a nursery of ideas
A top secret affair
Full of mysterious creations
And amazing inventions
Life is hospitalized on earth
Undergoing surgical extraction
Of the most beautiful pearls
And a rare collection of gems
An open display of hope and Love
Inside this magnificent gallery
A garden of pure tranquillity
Exist untouched
By the extended hand of the universe

Kenneth Maswabi

Life Is An Illusion

Real but not real
A virtual reality wrapped in reality
Forming a mist in the morning
Painting the grass with clouds of water
Ambushing the sleeping bugs
With the dropless rain
The mist that was consumed
By the ever-hungry morning sun
Warming its way up
As it rose out of its humble pit
Shedding its yellowish skin
Giving way to a mighty hot ball of fire
Light that gives birth to life
Nurturing plants
Natural gifts of fruits
Born in the belly of the sun
Far away in the pit of darkness

Kenneth Maswabi

Life Is Beautiful

The stuff of life is mysteriously concealed
Hidden beyond the edges of our imaginations
Under the canopy of existence
Where mankind's destructive hands can't reach

The stuff of life is beyond our imaginations
Its location within the human body remains elusive
Intentionally buried in plain sight
Life remains a mystery

Life is tucked deep within the human soul
Permanently engraved in the fabric of our souls
Indestructible and everlasting
Life is a permanent aspect of the universal existence

Kenneth Maswabi

Life...

deep beyond the horizon
faraway where the sun never set
where auroras rule the night sky
in an eternal dance of lights
that magnifies the beautiful darkness
in an unholy show of beauty
the place of extreme cold and serenity

deep beyond the horizon
faraway beyond the deep blue sky
where stars shine forever
in a glimmering show of lights
that magnifies the emptiness of space
in an unholy show of beauty
the place of extreme space and emptiness

deep beyond the ocean horizon
further down in the belly of the ocean
where fish dare not to go
where darkness and water reside
in an eternal absence of light
that magnifies the beautiful darkness
in an unholy depth of water
the place of extreme pressures

deep beyond the horizon
in the centre of one's heart
where love freely roam
in an eternal search for love
that magnifies one's soul
in a holy show of love
the place of extreme tenderness

Kenneth Maswabi

Live Like A Butterfly

Live like a butterfly

Do not be afraid to open your wings everyday
Do not be afraid to show-off your beautiful attributes
Do not let flowers outshine your beauty
Do not be afraid to be out shined
Do not be afraid of diversity in colours
Do not be afraid of your ugly dots
Do not be afraid to be colourful for the rest of your life
Do not be afraid to stay positive while flying with dragons (-fly)
Do not be afraid to fly while others think you're weak
Do not be afraid of silence
Do not be afraid of the sky
Surround yourself with beautiful things
Embrace peace and freedom

Kenneth Maswabi

Living From Hand To Mouth

Squeezed from all sides
Drowning in debt
Life becomes a boxing match
Pouncing on you non stop
Bringing you down with every punch
Celebrating your fall
In search for a technical knockout
Life keeps lifting you up
While at the same time
Burying you alive
Living from hand to mouth
Unveils the new face of poverty
Injustice that soothes the throat
As it burns your lungs

Kenneth Maswabi

Loneliness

you walk alone
in a deserted path
with no footprints
erased by the wind
you keep on walking
hoping to see
a single foot print
saved by a leaf

you walk alone
in darkness
with no candles
to light your heart
you keep on walking
hoping to see
a flickering light
carried on angel wings

you walk alone
your heart stiff
held back
by scars from the past
lost love
lost life
maybe
just lost

Kenneth Maswabi

Long Distance Love

dear beloved
time flies unheeded
our days apart stretched
our love tormented
punctured by the passing time
temptations in our hearts
threatening our accord
intoxicating our minds
with wild thoughts
brainwashing our hearts
with forbidden desires
the source of wickedness

dear beloved
the boat of our love
is ever rocked by the feisty winds
hostile waves bashing us nonstop
bruising our hearts
with their powerful emotions
breaking our love
with their convincing force
severing our bond
with their sharp edge
condemning our love
with their lightening touch

dear beloved
hold onto our love
do not allow time to trick you
stay away from those temptations
abstain your mind from those wild thoughts
never open the lid of the pot of the forbidden desires
pray hard for the feisty winds to pass
and the storm to die
for the boat of our love is strong.

Kenneth Maswabi

Longing

an emptiness has descended in my heart
with a blanket of sadness
overpowering my soul
into submission
the place of sorrow
where tears fill the rivers
to wash away the pain
that robs me of the smile
the windows of a happy soul broken...

a heavy load rests in my heart
anchored with strong ropes
piling sorrow in my heart
awakening my long forgotten pain
that feeds on my soul
shredding my heart to pieces
the abode of my love destroyed
shattered by the hurricane of sorrow
that robs me of the smile
the windows of a happy soul shattered...

a longing has entered my heart
with eagle claws
hanging on my soul
unleashing the dreaded pain
that slashes at my heart
opening a path in my soul
for evil thoughts to evade
hijacking my mind with ease
dispersing the serenity in my heart
the stool of a happy soul lost...

I long for the days gone past
when my heart was a bastion of love
the pot of my love overflowing...

Kenneth Maswabi

Look At Your Eyes

I have seen many glittering stars
Hovering inside the black night sky
The glowing milky way
Bursting full of shimmering lights
In silence, their beauty magnified

I have seen the light inside your eyes
In beauty and majesty
You stand like none other
Inside the mirror of your eyes
You are perfect in every way

Look at your eyes
Naked and revealing
The inner peace inside you
The deepest part of your Soul
An ocean of Love

Kenneth Maswabi

Loose Your Mind

This is what happens when i let my mind loose

The never ending words come tumbling in their acrobatic magic pushing and pulling at the strings of my mind in a never ending war of words culminating in a peaceful bliss that forms at the bottom of my heart where love and hate wrestle day and night in search of space...a place to reside and maybe get married to ones' poems

The rumbling of volcanoes in the belly of my soul creates a bellowing sound in the depth of my mind where electrical circuits are short-circuited in a disastrous epic journey of errors that culminate in ashes piling at my feet...the fire in my heart magnified in its intensity spewing out in an endless eruption of words

Kenneth Maswabi

Lots Of Hugs

Hug someone
Tell them to hug someone else
Let us build a train of hugs
To celebrate our humanity
And share our Love
Spread your heart
And let it be known
That your Love is deep

Kenneth Maswabi

Love

You are neither here nor there
You were last seen on Valentine's day
Criss-crossing the city streets
Your heart full of love
Your lips painted red
With the blood of young lovers
Flowing through your veins
You made promises
That inflated people's hearts
Giving them hope
Of a better tomorrow
You gave people love
On a silver platter
With ribbons of love
You tied their hearts
To a fantastic fantasy
That never came
Only pain remains
Memories of your one-night stand
Still haunts us today
With its blissful tale
Puncturing our hearts
Robbing us of our peace
You have been gone too long

Kenneth Maswabi

Love & Peace

Two phenomenal forces
Released by my positive thoughts
Permeates my body, mind and soul
Allowing me to shine

Two phenomenal forces
Have found a home in me
Building their nest in my heart
Painting my body, mind and soul
With their radiant beauty

Love & Peace

Kenneth Maswabi

Love Birds

Moon light is my mirror
Magnifying my undying love
Illuminating my desire
To hold you inside my heart
To feel the warmth in your soul
To bask inside your love
And hold your heart in my hands
Your smile is never too dim
To hold my heart together
Your voice is the rain of love
Filling the pond in my heart
With waves of admiration
You're the love inside my love

Kenneth Maswabi

Love Bite...

you cooked me a pot of love
in your heart kitchen
you mixed spices and herbs
in a magical pot of love
with aromas sent from heaven
I could not resist the taste
that pulled at my heart
with a strong charming smile
you drew me closer to you
with your strong soft voice
you charmed your way into my heart

you dished me a plate of love
in your heart counter
you dished love salads and love potatoes
with a side dish of love bites
you caressed my appetite
and drew me closer
with your love dish
you cast a spell on me
and I begged for more

you served me dessert of love
a mixture of love yoghurt and ice cream
with strawberries sprinkled on top
flavoured with vanilla
in a beautiful display of love
you undressed my desires
and aroused my spirit
inviting my soul to the party
the private party in your soul
where we met naked
in celebration of our love....

Kenneth Maswabi

Love Bliss

I am blessed to have you
Occupy the space in my heart
Possessing my thoughts
You have made my heart your sanctuary
You have given me peace of mind
You are the bliss in my life
Painting all of my thoughts with your favourite colours
Portraying the beautiful side of life
Your hands wrap around my Soul
Caressing the deepest part of me
Unveiling my deepest secrets
You have made me whole
Love, I love you more & more

Kenneth Maswabi

Love Is A Painless Existence

Love is an extraordinary life
Not influenced by your present situation
Not tainted by your bad experiences
Love is the understanding that life cannot go on without love
Love is an eternal fulfillment
An absence of negative energy
Love is the glue that connects the human soul to its origins
Love is an existence inside the heart of God
Love cannot be understood by self obsessed souls
Love cannot be studied under a microscope
Love is the Spirit of God
Love is ever waiting for your heart to open
Love is an embrace of eternity
Love binds mankind to the everlasting Love
Love is the light that lives in us

Kenneth Maswabi

Love Is A Timeless Entity

I searched through the pages of history
Trying to locate the womb of love
Where the first love was conceived
Or even constructed by philosophy
I found not the spot where love emerged

I found a long tale of love
As far as humanity can remember
Love was always there among us
Throughout history
Love never changed
Illuminating hearts
With the intensity of the sun
Remember Romeo & Juliet
Or King Solomon (Songs of songs)

Some have tried to conceal it
Under the guises of philosophical reasoning
With their gigantic mathematical formula
Or under the canopy of cultural taboos
Or sometimes under the tables of religion
Love has no culture
Love is a universal language
Love is a timeless entity
Love lives forever

Kenneth Maswabi

Love Is Addictive

It's not the composition of love
That we seek and yearn for
It's neither the time frame that love inhabited our hearts
It's the purity of the emotion of love
The juicy feeling of being in love
Overwhelms even the hardest personalities
Fracturing the hardened emotional crust
Softening the heart in ways far beyond reason
Love is the total experience of life
Wrapped inside one emotion
Love is a positive intoxication
The only addiction that I pray for
Love is a life purifier
Love is why we exist

Kenneth Maswabi

Love Is All We Have

It is the birth of the human race
It's a celebration of humanity
It's the beginning of the best partnership
The bond between man and woman is eternal
It's the covenant for me & you
It's everlasting love
With its ups and downs
Humanity is an eternal concept
A rare display of the beauty of creation
A prayer & fellowship to the Almighty God

Kenneth Maswabi

Love Is An Ocean Of Consciousness

Beyond eternity

Beyond the furthest point of imagination

Beyond the parameters of logical thinking

Beyond the physical wall of ignorance

Beyond the edge of mathematical calculations

Beyond the limits of scientific discoveries

Beyond the boundary of philosophical reasoning

Beyond the origin of life and death

Kenneth Maswabi

Love Is Everything

Be the heart
That understand love
Excited by the soft hands of love
Awakened by the strong pull of love
Aroused by the sweet smell of love

Be the heart
That remembers the pain of being hurt
Rejects the temptation to poison love
Pulls away from situations that spoils love
Hides from those whose hearts are malicious

Be a beautiful heart
Full of hope and sweet love
Love that has no expectation
Love that shines in the dark
Love that is in demand
Love that can never be broken

Kenneth Maswabi

Love Is Full Of Silence

It touches my heart
With silence
It touches my mind
With silence
It touches my Soul
With silence
I am silently touched by Love
I stand in total silence
My body mind and Soul in total bliss

Kenneth Maswabi

Love Is My Desire

I looked deep into your eyes
Staring into the realm of your Soul
I found what I've been looking for
I found a garden of Love
A place to lay my head forever
To undress my feelings
And unveil my heart
A place to stretch my arms
And draw a beautiful rainbow
Declaring to the world
That my storm is over
In your Soul
I found my long lost dream
I found my sacred universe
I found you

Kenneth Maswabi

Love Is My Possession

I am holding on
Regardless of furious storms
I am holding on
Regardless of curious eyes
I am holding on
Regardless of serious temptations
I am holding on
Regardless of various comments
I am holding on
Regardless of spurious claims
I am holding on
Regardless of anxious stares
I am holding on
As long as I live

Kenneth Maswabi

Love Is Never Absent

Regardless of your situation
Love is your companion
Always heeding your call
In times of peace
Love shares your joy
And in times of pain
Love stands guard at the door of your heart
Holding your heart together
Comforting your Soul
Love is your guardian angel

Kenneth Maswabi

Love Is Not Painful

Love has no sting
Stealthily waiting for that day
When hearts are ripped apart
By two people finding their separate ways

Love does not have fangs
Poisonous needles posed to sting
heartbroken souls
Whose sin was love

Expectations are painful
Venomous monsters
Carried under the wings
By those with a solid plan
Whose contents are secret
Putrid intentions concealed
Under the guise of love

Insecurities are painful
Poisonous creatures
Secretly wrapped
With the best stories
Under the same cover
Fine prints well concealed
Under the veil of love

Kenneth Maswabi

Love Is The Soul Of My Soul

I think i know what is inside my Soul
I feel it in every beat of my heart
I feel it all the time when i smile
I feel it in everyone i touch
I feel it as it rubs my heart
I feel it in every act of kindness
I feel Love working inside me
I feel it when Love whispers to my Soul
I am made of Love and for Love
Love is the Soul of my Soul

Kenneth Maswabi

Love Paradise...

There is a place in your heart
where flowers grow
blossoming in their thousands
painting the heart red
the garden of the heart
ever so mellow
dressed in exotic smells
captivating the heart
with magical spells
love paradise...

There is a song in your heart
calling her name
with melodies from heaven
appearing in their thousands
making the heart beat
dancing to the tune
ever so happy
dressed in exotic beats
captivating the heart
with magical beats
love paradise...

there is a well in your heart
ready to quench her thirst
with cold juices of love
gushing out of your heart
submerging her cheeks in tears
ready to drown her soul
in an everlasting moment of love
love paradise...

there is a spot in your heart
with her name on it
written in gold
ever so shining
reflecting your heart beat
with the beauty of your smile
capturing her heart beat

in an everlasting hug of love
love paradise...

Kenneth Maswabi

Love Prison

The heavy hand of love has befallen some
Wrapping them in a thick glass of love
Their love chained to a cold-blooded heart
That rejoices in their misery
Unashamed by the abusive acts
Rendered in the name of love

Twisted love exist in this love prison
Where lovers haul abusive words at each other
Slashing each other with shameful whips of hate
Breaking the fragile accord between their hearts
Burying the remnants of love in their love prison

Yet, a wicked force chains them together
Binding their hearts with an evil spell
The two lovers hate each other to pieces
As they wait for that brutal day
When vengeance will be the order of the day

We hear of "passion killing"
The senseless act of killing one's love
The fatal manifestation of a twisted love
The final blow to the roof of this love prison
That shatters the foundation of wicked love

Love prisons exist
Surrounded by a glass wall
That is invincible to the unsuspecting friend
Or the curious aunt with her oversized lenses
Let us all beware of these pitiless relationships

Kenneth Maswabi

Love Sick

Love is my sickness
Enveloping my heart
With untold mysteries
Covering my Soul
With unimaginable pleasures

Love is my sickness
My chronic desire
Unending and everlasting
Too powerful to fathom
Too sweet to resist

Love is my sickness
Overpowering my senses
Overcoming my fears
Overwhelming my heart
Love is my recurring infection

Kenneth Maswabi

Love So Sweet...

love so sweet...
touching the young and old
capturing the unsuspecting
with hands so soft
reaping through their cocoon
in a show of defiance
freeing the unloved
from their self-imposed exile
into the love light
where love shines
and hearts meet
in a rendezvous of love

love so sweet...
keeps them awake at night
whispering into their heart
telling them love stories
in a romantic dream
arousing their desires
from their slumber
into the love light
where love shines
and hearts meet
in a rendezvous of love

love so sweet...
is cooked in their hearts
with exotic spices of love
mixed with romantic herbs
allowing the mix to boil
not more than a minute
and served hot
in a bowl of love

love so sweet..
flows in their veins
with the rush of a hurricane
emerging in their hearts
where love abode

and hearts meet
in a rendezvous of love

Kenneth Maswabi

Love So Unkempt 1

stored in unfaithful hearts
those hearts whose windows are broken
allowing the strangers to nimble
like rats they taste the sacred love on the shelf
taking away the juice that makes love magical
leaving behind an empty cocoon
the crumbs that fills the empty shelves
rotting away, leaving behind the stench of rotten love

Kenneth Maswabi

Love So Unkempt 2

The stench of rotten love consumes the heart like wild fire
it turns the tender loving heart into an unforgiving soul
filled with all sorts of misery and sadness
the demons awakened from the depth of the human soul
bringing conflicts and mistrusts between lovers
Intense hatred dished on a platter
consumed by lovers in a spate of broken love
leaving them fatigued with the blood of their love
sipping away from their veins
turning them into pale ghosts of love

Kenneth Maswabi

Love So Unkempt 3

Love so unkempt...
is like a mirror in a dark room
its light is stolen by darkness
leaving behind a shadow of all the beauty
A shadow of all the happiness
the laughter that used to fill the lovers' hearts
no longer flood their faces with smiles
In silence love has turned cold
frozen for the next lover to defrost

Kenneth Maswabi

Love So Unkempt 4

Love so unkempt...

is like a Tsunami unleashed from the depth of the sea
with fury it rushes to the shores of your hearts
with immense strength it turns love into ruins
the bright shiny beaches of your hearts are filled with rubble
the paradise of love is completely swallowed
in an unforgiving moment all the love is destroyed
turning the white sand of your hearts into mud
the stuff that sticks to your souls unleashing hatred
turning lovers into monsters for others to see
with bared sabre teeth they stare at each other in a rage of broken love
fighting in daylight, unleashing their dirty linen for the public's consumption

Kenneth Maswabi

Love So Unkempt...Complete Edition

Love so unkempt...
stored in unfaithful hearts
those hearts whose windows are broken
allowing the strangers to nimble
like rats they taste the sacred love on the shelf
taking away the juice that makes love magical
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fighting in daylight, unleashing their dirty linen for the public's consumption

Love so unkempt...

is like a volcano sitting next to a village
in silence it rumbles with the voice of a dragon
slowly building a torrent of hot lava
ready to unleash the dreaded contents of its belly
the village unaware of the impending doom
walks about in their daily chores
undisturbed by the occasional tremor that rattles their legs
the black smoke dished out of a gaping mouth
is a sign of all things to happen
the last supper of love is served unaware
eaten in darkness in a feast of love
their hearts beeping in their final moment
the lovers unaware of the ignition phone call
the hidden sms uncovered for the partner's eyes
the hour of doom is here
Tomorrow will never come...

Love so unkempt...

glows like a fire on a windy night
its brightness changes with the passing minute
dragged by the wind in a tug of war
until the sudden spit quenches its final glow
and all is swallowed by darkness...
Love so unkempt.....

Kenneth Maswabi

Love, I Love You

I love love

I love love because I love love

I love love because I love to love

I love love because I love to be loved

I love love because I love the feeling of love

I love love

I love love intensely

I love love immensely

I love love passionately

I love love wholeheartedly

Kenneth Maswabi

Love, I Love You More & More

I am blessed to have you
Occupy the space in my heart
Possessing my thoughts
You have made my heart your sanctuary
You have given me peace of mind
You are the bliss in my life
Painting all of my thoughts with your favourite colours
Portraying the beautiful side of life
Your hands wrap around my Soul
Caressing the deepest part of me
Unveiling my deepest secrets
You have made me whole
Love, I love you more & more

Kenneth Maswabi

Love, My Love

You're a mysterious existence
You make my heart jump with joy
You push my senses to the limit
You're full of everything

You hold me captive
Inside your wings
But I'm not complaining
I cannot refuse
I am addicted to you

Your perfume is my desire
Your heart is my destiny
You're my Soulmate
Your painless existence
Your sanctified presence
Is all I desire

I yearn for your touch always
I dream of your hands
I am nothing without you
I am taken by your Love
I am addicted to your heart beat

Kenneth Maswabi

Love, My Love...I Love You

Hold me close
Never leave me alone
Stay with me
In times of joy
And in times of sorrow
Remember my name
When the winds blow
And the storm rage
Never forsake me
Nor leave me by the roadside
Mend my broken heart
With your bare hands
Hold unto me
Even when the boat rocks
Always remember to paddle us to the shore
May the light in your heart
Be our path in times of darkness
May you have the courage to pick me up
When I am falling behind
Remember to clothe my heart
With your beautiful smile
Hug me tight
When I am cold
Kiss me on the lips
When I am lost
Be my bread
When I'm hungry
Always hold my hand
And lead me to your heart

Kenneth Maswabi

Love, Please Call Back

I shall wait patiently
For your call to come
The melodious ring
Shattering the silence
My heart skipping in joy
As I rushed the phone
Ready to hear your voice
The sweet words of love
Tumbling out of you
Like a rushing breeze
In a mid summer night
Caressing my heart
The sweet home of our love

Love please call back
In the silence of the night
The melodious ring
Capturing me from my sleep
Releasing my sorrow
Allowing love to emerge
Washing the shores of my heart
The sweet home of our love

Love please call back
At sunrise I shall await
The melodious ring
Arousing me from my sleep
With abated breath
Heart jumping in joy
I shall embrace your voice
Bringing you closer to my heart
The sweet home of our love

Love please call back

Kenneth Maswabi

Love, What Is Love?

Love is the truth
That lives in the heart
A spiritual lake of life
Love is where life began
It's the way, the truth and the life

Love is a force
That drives people to do good
It's the creator
Of all goodness
It's a service rendered to the Creator
It's a fellowship
It's a prayer in action
It's the only door to the Soul
It's the true meaning of life

Love is alive
Love has a pulse
Love has a purpose
Love is life

Kenneth Maswabi

Lucid Dreaming

I woke up inside a dream
I was inside my head
I could see my thoughts racing
I could hear my head thumping
I was temporarily unreal
I could change the future
I could live here forever
I was the miracle
I was not dreaming
I was riding the tide of the dream
Everything was possible
I could fly away
Never to return
I could dance with angels
Or just be me
I chose to be me
To embrace my fears
And be supernatural

Kenneth Maswabi

Lust

The innocent wind
With its energetic wings
And a mind full of destructive love
Funnels through an unsuspecting mind
Disturbing the serenity within
Awakening a powerful storm
A destructive force

Dirty thoughts
Laced with erotic fantasies
Penetrate deep into her mind
Washing away the innocence in her eyes
Breaking the moral belt around her waist
Betraying the love in her heart
Portraying the desire in her soul
The unquenched thirst in her bowels

Dirty thoughts
With their heavy load of waste
Push through his conscious mind
Into the subconscious world
Where fantasy and reality meet
In an expanded erotic stage
Where morality is stampeded by desire
Exposing the innocent soul
To the vast lush world of lust

Kenneth Maswabi

Make-Up

Make-up your mind
My love is getting cold
Apply some gloss
To seal our love with a kiss
Use a pencil
To draw your thoughts
Inside my heart
Put a bit more foundation
To the story of our love
Don't apply too much shadow
To that beautiful poem
Remember excessive make-up
Is not good for you

Kenneth Maswabi

Male Lion

The king of the Jungle
Majestically dressed
In a long manicured scarf
A tinge of black mixed with brown
Falling down his muscular arms
Like the ancient heroes
Hercules and Tarzan
Fear is unknown to him
Power is a homemade remedy
Worn with pride
A royal inheritance
Passed from generation to generation

Kenneth Maswabi

Malicious Human Beings

A walking raging storm sweeps the hall of life
Puffed up with poisonous venom,
Profuse wickedness, a hollow heart
And a bag full of evil intentions

Beware of malicious people
Displaying their deceptive smiles
At the same time howling obscenities
Smearing others with the dirtiest brush
While wrapping themselves in angelic wings

Malicious people are thorns in the flesh of mankind
Their sharp knives are quick to cut through the steak of human life

Kenneth Maswabi

Mankind

Mankind has conquered the world
In a parade of technological success
A display of the superiority of the human brain
Mankind leaped into the future
Dressed in a silky gown of pride

Mankind with his immense brainpower
And his hunger for more resources
Bulldozed the least gifted animal species
Eradicating them in their millions
Declaring them extinct in a century
Closing the history books on them
In celebration of his success

Mankind turned away from the Creator
Declaring Science as the creation tool
Devoid of any spiritual connection
Lacking any spiritual input
Science was born out of lack of faith
In the mighty Creator who created the universe
The stars in their billions
And the cosmic forest with its many lights
Mankind lost the spiritual warfare

Mankind with his multiple personalities
Engorged on the fruits of the earth
With his bulimias appetite
Beautiful forests were destroyed
And the garden of Eden decimated
Lost for generations to come
The spiritual blackout was allowed to thrive

Mankind with his immense resources
And a desire to conquer the universe
Started entering space
The domain of the gods
Mankind with his supersonic rockets
And his telescopic eyes
Pushed the limits of discovery

Expanding his reach beyond the solar system
In a reckless abuse of power
Peeping into the heavenly worlds
Where stars live

Mankind with his pompous EGO
Secretly searched for the Creator
In the cosmic forest of lights
With his band of gadgets
Crossing the sacred line
Trespassing in the backyard of GOD
The Holy grounds breached
In a apocalyptic declaration of war
The created against the Creator
A futile war

Kenneth Maswabi

March

The month of introspection
Self-criticism is a virtue
Allow you to harness the inner power
To position yourself
Into good relationships
The foundation of a good life

Good relationships are priceless
Pieces of jewellery in life
Worn with pride and honor
Decorating our social gatherings
With their valuable positive energy
And precious socialization spark

March is a time to pause
To look inside yourself
And rearrange your emotions
Making sure to correct your actions
To allow good relationships
To emerge from their cocoons
And bring light to your life

The year is long and at times brutal
Subjecting you to physical strain
And emotional turbulence
Necessitating the need for good relationships
The cushions in life's bumpy roads
The pillows for our emotional headaches

Kenneth Maswabi

Mater Spei College

Mother of Hope

You are the epitome of motherhood
Your responsibilities are immense
Grooming young future leaders with style
Breeding rare thoroughbreds in your stable

You taught me the art of discipline
You gave me a torch to light my path
You stood with me in the turbulent years
When my adolescent hormones were all over
You bathed me in the river of knowledge
And prepared my eyes for the world over
I stand in awe of your tremendous achievements

You breastfed me a nutritious bowl of knowledge
Pampering me with your motherly love
You taught me the delights of education
Addressing all my future needs
You stood proud on my graduation day
Giving me a grand farewell fit for kings
I stood there holding my tears
Your face full of pride
Knowing you have given me HOPE

Kenneth Maswabi

May Be I'm As Mad As A Madman

How do you define madness?

Is it the presence of a hyperreality

Or just delusions and hallucinations

May be it is both reality and the unreal

Wrapped inside daylight

My madness comes out in my poems

And sometimes in my dreams

My madness is a creative force beyond normal

My madness is the realization that Love is the ultimate gift to Mankind

My madness is the total belief in dreams and the spiritual world

My madness is found in my insane scribblings

My madness is my every day joy

Embroidered in ink and paper

Kenneth Maswabi

May I Borrow Your Tomorrow

the clouds are gathering
with their hazardous load
and their frightful temper
threatening to erupt
into a malicious all out war
with apocalyptic consequences

the tremor in my heart
with its richter scale high reading
threatens to blow my head off
and seal the fate of my today
with the kiss of death

may I borrow your tomorrow
and escape the hounds that follow me
with their ferocious teeth
and their menacing red eyes
ever ready to reap my heart out
and steal my tomorrow

surely i'll return your tomorrow
with interest on top
and a bag of blessings
to sustain your days
and keep you protected
for the rest of your life

Kenneth Maswabi

Memories

Our only true possessions in life
Are locked deep in our heads
Where there're distilled and refined
With time eroding the sad details
We're left only with a skeleton of our memories
Hidden in the thicket of our thoughts
Delicately preserved
For future interrogation
In times of need
And sometimes in times of joy
The bread of memories is broken
And shared among friends or family
Memories are the only true evidence of a life lived
Memories define who we are and who we've met
Painting the journey of life in fascinating details.

Kenneth Maswabi

Memories Are

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Painting the journey of life in fascinating details.

Kenneth Maswabi

Memory (Loss)

I can't believe you're gone
You stole my shine
Now I can't tell my story
Without looking sad
I have searched for you everywhere
I have looked inside the house of hope
I have even looked through the window of time

You're nowhere to be found
You used to be my companion
Reminding me of all the good times
And sometimes opening a can of sorrow
You reminded me of my mother
You even reminded me of my long lost friend

I can't believe you're gone
You have been there for me
Through the good times and the bad times
You were always on my side
You were my light
Through the thicket of life
You showed me the way

Kenneth Maswabi

Mental Distress

Every day and every second
Layers upon layers of stuff
Carelessly piled on the mind
Trickle down to the subconscious
And forms a layer of mud
A wishy washy soup of molten lava
Ready to ferociously erupt
Into the realm of consciousness

A psychological disaster of unknown proportion
Is sitting at the bottom of our subconscious
Hysteria and delusions loom at the gate of our consciousness
Mental illness threatens our colourful minds
Overworked and overburdened
The conscious mind is on edge

Overthinking and worry
Stress and anxiety
Erodes our mental capacity
And corrodes our abilities
Robbing us of all the innovative ideas
And the expected long healthy life ahead

Kenneth Maswabi

Mob Justice In South Africa

There is no justice in the mob
But a court full of delusional beings
Overtaken by their false beliefs
And their state of emotional blackout
And an imbecilic murderous rage
Culminating in barbaric acts

There is no justice in the mob
But streets full of moronic judges
Overpowered by their evil hearts
Putting on their long robes of xenophobia
And their vicious appetite for blood
Justice is murdered on the streets

There is no justice in the mob
But a gang of killers and murderers
Bandits, rapists and thieves
Masquerading as patriotic beings
Brandishing their diabolical hearts
And portraying their sadistic fantasies
In a public arena full of stupefied bystanders

There is no justice in the mob
But a headless procession
Overcome by evil spirits
In a demonic match of the year
Pitting citizens against foreigners
With the obvious home ground advantage
Culminating in barbaric human sacrifices
The spilling of innocent blood inevitable
Betraying the so-called mob justice

Kenneth Maswabi

Mona Lisa

Her soul stitched to her garment with a paintbrush
Arousing her heart to dream
Ready to shout with joy
Celebrating the life full of butterflies
Genuinely believing that she is alive
Born out of a brush and paint
Conceived in the bowels of a dreamer's mind

Her expressions staring out on an empty space
Reflecting and reminiscing about life
'Is life worth all the trouble? ' she asked
Mesmerized by the thought of breathing
the thought of love

Kenneth Maswabi

Month End

Another month end on planet earth
The rich are getting richer
And the poor are forever broke
No referees to stop this humiliating match
No judges to rule against this injustice
Humanity is on a path of destruction
Workers all over the world
Feel cheated by this miscarriage of justice
No voice to speak for them
The Unions have been swallowed
By the big mouthed monster called capitalism
Governments are no longer 'by the people and for the people'
In their monthly family report
Household debt is ever expanding
Salaries are shrinking
No more ice cream for the little ones
The family home is under attack
Capitalism is eating away the value of their labour
Robots are taking over jobs
Retrenchment is on the rise
Unemployment is higher than ever
Education is no longer the key to success
Corruption is rising its ugly head
Signs & symptoms of a rotten system
Morals and ethical norms have been flushed down the drain
Breadwinners are finding new ways
Of joining the over luxurious capitalist's club

Kenneth Maswabi

Morning Erection

His thoughts concealed under the tent of dreams
His youthful desires displayed on the canvas of life
His shame covered by the blanket of darkness
His manhood standing on the pedestal of freedom

Morning erection is a senseless display of desire
An ancient form of masculinity
An unconscious determination to make love
A brutal show of one's agility and prowess

Morning erection is an unconscious usurpation of power
A clear revelation of the mysterious hand of the unconscious thought
A subversion of the entire conscious thought under the auspices of sleep
A direct challenge to the throne of consciousness
A pronouncement of the existence of an active subconscious entity
A rude display of arbitrary power

Kenneth Maswabi

Mount Kilimanjaro

The stepping-stone of the gods
Standing high above the clouds
With the snow white veil
And a magnificently erect pose
Shrouded by the mystical spirits
Surrounded by magical spells
Applauded by master artists
You stand with pride
For you stand for Africa

The bride of the gods
Beautifully moulded
Awesomely dressed
In a mystical gown
As ancient as the gods
You stand with pride
For you stand for Africa

The mighty Kilimanjaro
The spirit of Africa
Towers above all
In might and honor
Strength and beauty

Kenneth Maswabi

Ms. Butterfly

you are a supermodel
with your elegant walk
your flawless stride
mesmerises me
cuffing my heart
with your soft hands
your sweet pleasant scent
chaining my soul

you are a supermodel
spreading your wings
over the flowering stage
capturing my imagination
with your long beautiful legs
parading your awesome look
over the blossoming lights
you stole my heart

you are a supermodel
exuding confidence
in your long bright yellow dress
you brought love to my heart
with your flapping wings
casting a spell on me
as I gazed in awe
taken by your beauty
and your bloom

Kenneth Maswabi

Music

You are my companion
Accompanying me on my spiritual escapades
You took me on a cosmic joyride
Carrying me in your beats
Taking possession of my heart
Absorbing my fear of stage
You carried me through the song
Displaying your beautiful voice
You stole my heart

You are my mentor
You taught me relaxation techniques
Taking me through your meditations tunes
You allowed me to find my inner strength
Under your guidance, I searched for love
Stealing a few lines, I found love
In your private sessions, I found comfort
Relieving me of the mounting pressures of life
In you I found the well of happiness

You are my best friend
Spending hours together
Learning from each other
We enjoyed each other's company
Singing together
Rhyming as one
We even rapped together
The beauty of our friendship
Can never be captured
Nor displayed in galleries
In you I found true friendship

Kenneth Maswabi

My African Princess

I am searching for my African princess
The daughter of King Africa
Veiled by the blackness of the night
She is lost in the vastness of the universe
She is forever imprinted on the face of galaxies
She is the fabric of eternity
A mysterious being among the stars
Her beauty is a source of superstition
An eternal spell enveloping the cosmos
She holds the universe inside her womb
She holds the power of a billion supernovas
Inside her unchartered temple
She is my African princess

Kenneth Maswabi

My Blood Line

I search for the drops of blood
That marks the footprints of my forefathers
Painting the path taken by the great Makololo tribe
From the mountains of South Africa
To the wetlands of the zambezi river
My warrior tribe unfazed by their long quest

Sebetoane was the undisputed King of the Makololo tribe
A trailblazer by birth and nature, he made the first step
Pushed by the great difaqane wars of the early 1800s
He collected his tribal elders and made a decision
He was going to leave his motherland forever
Never to come back

The great Makololo tribe, a remnant of the Basotho kingdom
Collected their belongings and left
Puncturing the heart of southern Africa
With their stampeding feet
Fighting their way through the desert
They were possessed by the great adventurous spirit
Giving them courage and strength
To fight many battles

Many of my tribal men and women were scattered
From the mountaintops of our motherland
The path of my blood line is broken and disconnected
Erased by the great desert winds
Swallowed by the immense Okavango delta
My tribe is lost within the many tribes of Botswana

Drops of my blood line were found in the modern day Caprivi
Moving Northward towards the present day Malawi
Through the great nation of Zambia
The Makololo tribe disappeared
Wiped off from the face of the earth
By their lust for the unknown

Now, the great Makololo tribe live
They live in the blood of their sons and daughters

Who roam the plains of Southern Africa
Disoriented by their lack of identity
Misrepresented by their adopted tribes
My blood line is forever in limbo

I represent the last of my blood line
Someone calling in an empty desert
Calling those of my blood
To listen to their ancestors' call
A call to reunite...

Kenneth Maswabi

My Broken Mirror

I cry for my reflections
Stored deep in my shattered mirror
I mourn for my countless encounters
With my self
Day and night
I have looked at myself
Through the prism of my broken mirror
I have seen myself
Sad on some days
Mellow on most days
I have seen my emotions displayed
And my private thoughts revealed
I have seen myself grow
Into a beautiful soul
It was always a humbling encounter
Between me and my mirror
But now my mirror is gone
Shattered into a thousand pieces
My thoughts have no where to bounce
As they roam my room in confusion
My emotions are numb
Hiding in the corners of my imaginations
As i mourn the loss of my mirror

Kenneth Maswabi

My Childhood

A path of uncertainty stood before me
A plethora of challenges barricading my way
A wall of diseases and dangerous predicaments stood on my path
An 'unnatural' reality for every African child

Against all odds, my life was spared
Untouched by the hands of poverty
Untainted by marauding diseases
Uncompromised by the lack of resources
Unchallenged in its path to victory

Against all odds, my life pushed through the thick smog of uncertainty
Opening a channel of hope among my tribe
Education was my weapon of choice
Perseverance was my motto
Excellence my desire

Against all odds, I ploughed through unchartered territories
Sowing seeds of hope among the hopeless
Opening new avenues of passion
Dissecting the unprinted stories of legends
My life became a template for success
My childhood was 100% trial and error

Kenneth Maswabi

My Extroverted Self Against My Introverted Mind

My mind pulls that way
Choosing solitude against worldly pleasures
Solidified in its state of solitude
My mind is condensed into a dense cloud of thoughts
The gravitational force from the poetic universe
Pulling strongly on the stem of my mind
Droplets of words fall from my subconscious
Words conceived in the womb of my pregnant mind
Lines and lines of poetic gems exploding out of my combusting mind

The self in me is ever ready to explore
To mingle with the excited crowd
Embracing the pleasures of this world
Chewing on every cord of pleasure
Swallowing the erotic juices of life
The self in me is extremely excitable
Choosing socialization against the tranquility of a solitary mind

My mind pokes at my conscious
Excavating the hidden treasures
Plucking out the ripe fruits
Silently laboring on the expansive poetic orchards
Sometimes quietly enjoying the gardens of love
Meditation takes most of my mind spare time
Trespassing in the Garden of Eden is my mind's hobby
Emotional journeys into the universe
In search of the hidden meaning of life
Sometimes in search of the meaning of love
Bags of emotions are ripped apart
In search of meaningful feelings
Sadness is found hidden in the valley of sorrow

The self in me seeks worldly pleasures
Probing every poster for advertised fun
Yanking on every opportunity to party
Chasing the socialization hotbeds
The self in me rips apart the cans of pleasure
Reaping the flowing juices of life
Absorbing every moment of fun

The tug-of-war continues between the self in me and my mind

Kenneth Maswabi

My Opinion

Shrouded in a cloud of dust
My opinion is never seen
Drowned in the poetic vast ocean
My opinion is never read
Masked by the elusive poetic vibes
My opinion is never heard
Broken by the hands of time
My opinion is never seen
Folded by the passing days
My opinion is never read
Buried by public spit
My opinion is never heard

Kenneth Maswabi

My Oversized Hat

I have a hat full of responsibilities
Wrapping around my head
Weighing heavily on my capabilities
Puncturing my human limits
With its multiple stings

Strings of responsibilities
Wraps around my brain
Stretching my capabilities
Weakening my capacity
With its heavy demands

Chains of obligations
Hangs from my neck
Overpowering my strength
Pulling me down
With their heavy load

A cage of responsibilities
Envelops my short life
Swallowing my freedom
Suffocating my time
With its noose

Kenneth Maswabi

My Shadow's Footsteps

Silent steps follow me
Beautifully camouflaged under my footprints
In a magnificent display of stealth
The art of ghosts
Is ever displayed by my shadow's footsteps
Like the silent consumption of daylight by dusk
I'm stalked by my shadow's footsteps

Kenneth Maswabi

My Struggles

I used to struggle with pen and paper
A wilderness without grass
Stood at the valley of my thoughts
I could not say the words
Because they were not there
I was confused and lost in my own mind
I didn't know the way
I missed the sign posts
My heart was my destination
Love was calling me
But I could not hear
I stood still
And listened to my heart beat
The rest is history

Kenneth Maswabi

My Sunshine

you come out of bed
every morning
wearing your golden gown
with your smile
removing the blanket of darkness
warming my heart
with your light

you serve me breakfast
with a bowl of sunrise
mixed with a warm ray of hope
lending me your heart
to brighten my days
packing my lunch box with sunshine
you make my days beautiful

Kenneth Maswabi

Nightmares

Nightmares are not born at night
They are created by curious minds during the day
And lay in silence waiting to ambush the unsuspecting mind
People breed monstrous nightmares in their thoughts
Converting them into real life beings
Capable of overturning the tranquility of our existence
And devouring the progressive dreams in our hearts
Nightmares are attracted to the negative energy pole in our minds
Attaching themselves to the inner turbulent emotions
Distorting perception with their bad sense of humour
Carelessly robbing people of their hard earned peace of mind

Kenneth Maswabi

No Kind Action Is Ever Lost

Kindness is the offspring of a happy soul
A tender gift from one soul to another
Wrapped elegantly with the best intentions
A present delivered in times of extreme need
A momentous gesture that can never be erased
From the unwritten books of the spiritual world

Kindness is a manifestation of divine love
It springs from the well of heavenly virtues
It is an act born out of a pure and clean heart
The sum of all our angelic qualities
Kindness is a service we render to our Creator

“Be kind to one another, tenderhearted,
Forgiving one another, as God in Christ forgave you”
(Ephesians 4: 32)

Kenneth Maswabi

No Peace In Their Minds

A terrible storm rages in their minds
Uprooting their sense of humanity
Stripping them naked of their morality
Wrapping them in a cold fury

A terrible storm rages in their minds
Blowing their warm hearts apart
Allowing stone cold killers to rule
To plot against the innocents
And their bombs to pierce through the peace
With deadly consequences

A senseless storm of violence
Viciously erupting out of their minds
Unhinging the wheel of civilization
Submerging humanity into darkness

Kenneth Maswabi

No Short Cuts In Life

The road to success
Is wide and tarred
With big road signs
And a band of teachers
Heavily armed and ready

You reap what you sow
Is the mantle for today
Tomorrow and forever

Students of today
With their busy schedule
And their know-it-all mentality
Are perpetually missing the road
Dismissing the road signs
Ignoring the teachers
Chasing their facebook friends
And dodging their lessons
Unperturbed by their lack of discipline

Graduates roam the streets
With fancy certificates
And sober faces
Unashamed by their job seeking mentality
Unaware of their rich mental faculty
Blinded by their shiny degrees
And polished English accents
Unable to be counsel themselves
And gang together
Into powerhouses of knowledge
And mastermind groups
With their vast resources (education)
Deep mines of knowledge
And their complex structured brains
To Create and innovate new ideas
Build and harness brilliant business concepts
Always reminded that there is no shot cuts in life

Obsession

Standing tall above his own insecurities
Overshadowing his own fears
Hiding behind the veil of masculinity
He is intoxicated by her every move
Unashamedly obsessed

Following her every move
Shielding her against her will
His overpowering claws of obsession extended
He holds her captive inside his delusional mind
Unwilling to let her live

She cowers under the shadow of his claws
Surrendering her vulnerable life
Sacrificing her own freedom
Chained to his obsessive hands
By her own fears

Kenneth Maswabi

Okavango Delta

The Spirit of Botswana
The bearer of good news
And gifts from above
Meanders through the desert
In a silent parade
Pregnant with life
And magical spells

The Queen of the Kalahari
The mother of Sand
Brimming with life
Shimmering under the morning sun
Undisturbed and untamed
Slithers through the sand
Carrying papyrus reeds
And a diversity of life

The peacemaker
Dressed in Tranquility
With a heavenly aura
Roams the desert
With a bucket of water
A patch of grass
And a diversity of life

The dreamer's pillow
Attracts multitudes
From across the globe
In search of inner peace
Spiritual renewal
And a beautiful dream

The Okavango Delta
Is a mystical Spirit
An ancient relic
The giver of life
Majestically dressed
Revered by many
Unapologetically beautiful

Kenneth Maswabi

Old Music

Listening to my old music collection
I am transcribed into a thousand pieces of poems
My heart dissected by the lyrical fingers of old
Revealing a heart still yearning for Love
Pouring with exotic reincarnate feelings of pure Love
My heart is frozen in time and embalmed with the best perfumes
Fragrances of the old music
Permeates my mind
Awakening old memories
A river of life
Turbulent at times
With pools of swirling desire
Aroused from the depth of my memories
Life becomes a song
Every second of life a lyrical masterpiece
Composed to distill and refine Love
To paint the most intriguing portrait of Love

Kenneth Maswabi

On Memory Lane

Along the path of my memory lane
All the beautiful moments stand like trees
Breathing life to my soul
Painting my thoughts with flowery scenes
Swelling my mind with beautiful scents
Exotic smells run through my spine
Breathing freshness into my life
A forest of colorful thoughts
Standing guard against sorrow
A treasure trove of memories
Planted deep in my psyche

Kenneth Maswabi

On The Cliff's Edge

Full of thoughts
Sitting on a broken dream
A heart full of despair
And a bucket full of tears

She has a lot on her plate
Life is too hostile for her
She paid a heavy price
An unwanted pregnancy

Her tender age pronounced
On her soft uninhabited skin
She is too young to be a mother
Not ready to be a school dropout

She has to face her peers
With shame all over her face
She has to carry her dreams
As a broken piece of fantasy

She is not here by mistake
Lured by her rich handsome uncle
She left her virginity at the age of 12
Wallowing in a bed of roses

For a while life was fun
Enveloped by expensive gifts
She couldn't ask for more
She thought all was well

She never knew pain
She has never encountered loss
Her dreams were ever shining
Her sweet life was flowing

She made a deal with the devil
She sold her innocent soul
The mystique old lover tantalized her
She broke all the rules

That fateful day came unexpected
Through the misty veil of the morning sky
She saw her dreams break down
She saw the glow of her life dim

She was pregnant at a tender age of 14
Her lover was no where to be found
Her peers were sharpening their dreams in school
She was all alone and lost

Kenneth Maswabi

On The Path Of Poetry

A door opens where there was no door
To disseminate new wisdom and to dispel loneliness
To give insight into the world of dreams
Exposing the hidden truth
To hold you by the hand
And massage your Soul
To show you Love
And give you peace
To puncture the silence
And open the hidden window of wisdom
To nourish the Soul
Revealing the unknown truths
To whisper the sounds of eternal Love
To serve the best imaginations imaginable
To share your inner thoughts
And embrace your consciousness
To expose gems made of poetry
And allow your mind to dance
To forget the pain
And enjoy life to the fullest

Kenneth Maswabi

On The Pillow

I left my story on the pillow
Riddles of painful memories
Lost in the lake of tears
Buried inside my pillow
My head remains afloat
With nothing but sorrow
Swallowing my every dream
I tried to swim out of my confusion
And try to be normal again
But I am stuck in this mud
My consciousness cannot be interpreted
Only fear is drawn on my face
A skeleton of happiness
Buried deep in my skin
Is too weak to rise again
I am no longer with you
Sadness has taken over my body

Kenneth Maswabi

Once Upon A Time When I Was A Teenager

Love was an elegant dream
Full of mysterious energies
That subdued my insecurities
Conquered my fears
And embraced my weaknesses

Love was pure and sanctified
A mystic creature
That brought unimaginable happiness
Unearthing unknown feelings in me
Rare precious gems that sparkled in my heart
Love was a precious gift
Mostly consumed in the privacy of my heart

Love was a fantastic fantasy
Refreshingly fresh
A world of some sort
A place of pure joy
A sanctuary
A pleasant dream

Kenneth Maswabi

One Cloudy Summer Night

the sun was about to set
the bed was about to rumble
the silence was about to stop
the room was about to be rowdy
the heart was about to explode
the screams were about to get louder
the sex was about to get wilder
but the erection failed to hold

Kenneth Maswabi

One Step Forward

A step is a perfect statement
Solid in its intentions
Rooted in its humble beginnings
A step will take you far
Far beyond the barricaded corridors of your mind
Far along the highway of success
A step will move you forward
Into the wide path of life
Into the hands of creativity & innovation
Into the wilderness
Into the universe
Into the future
A step will erase your fears
Delete your insecurities
And absorb your lack of faith
A step will introduce you to new things
New people & new environments
New opportunities
One step
Can push you into the hands of success
Just take one step
And you'll see the world of wonders
Far beyond your imagination

Kenneth Maswabi

Open Your Door

Hold open the door of your heart
Let love be your guest
Let kindness be your faithful servant
Let hope be your light
Let faith be your prayer
Let compassion be your food

Enjoy the company of love
Embrace the kind service
Bask under the rays of hope
Pray with a faithful heart
Let compassion be your daily bread

Kenneth Maswabi

Opportunities

Opportunities are shy creatures
Shrouded in magical spells
Invincible to the lazy eye
They stand hidden in plain sight
Waiting for you to rescue them
To undress them and give them meaning
To delve into their mysterious world
To unravel the contents of their being
To wash and dress them
To love and cherish them

Kenneth Maswabi

Our Journey Of Love

we have travelled so far
across this ocean of love
you bathed in my heart
and I slept in your heart
we ate nothing but love
we saw nothing but each other
we made love at sunset
infront of the golden sun
we were careless at times
our bags full of challenges
caused our boat to rock
but our hearts full of love
paddled it to shore

Kenneth Maswabi

Over Excitement

Hold unto your joy
Don't rush to express it
Emotions are running high
Too many people are excited
The festive mood is contagious
The festive period is dangerous

Lives are gonna be lost
Recklessness is a sign of impending doom
Many are crying
Their hearts are bleeding
Death is stalking us
Road accidents are killing us
Over speeding is destroying lives
Drunken driving is dangerous
Fatigue is a killer

Avoid over excitement
Rejoice with restraint
Let your life come first
And may you continue to enjoy so many xmas'es to come
Stay alive

Kenneth Maswabi

Peace

the soul of humanity yearns for peace
the tranquil servant of justice
the supreme judge of human kindness
the arbitrator of human blindness
sanctifying the human soul
nullifying the wickedness in man
fortifying the human spirit
justifying the search for peace

Kenneth Maswabi

Peace In Colombia

People are reaching deep in their hearts
The gate of peace is opening
The hand of love is within reach
Humanity is in display
Forgiveness is a virtue
Togetherness is a strength
Reconciliation is a godly attribute
War has never been the answer
It's never too late to forgive
Embrace the joy of peace

Kenneth Maswabi

Perseverance

The stuff of legends lives inside me
The super quality of the brave and courageous
The visionary's pedestal is my own pedestal
Perseverance is alive inside me

I have stood face to face with turmoil
I have seen the passing times pass me by
I have stood on the pedestal of my faith
I have looked straight ahead
I have seen the unseen with my naked eye

Perseverance is a path taken by the brave
A tumultuous pilgrimage of the faithful
Perseverance is a weapon for visionaries
A pot full of hope for the hopeful
Perseverance is a precious gift

I walked with my thoughts in my heart
I tamed my fearful mind
I taught my heart the tenets of faith
I disciplined my nervous brain
I stand victorious within my mind, heart and spirit

Kenneth Maswabi

Please Be My Valentine

I search for the perfect flower
A tulip to brighten my day
With its many colors
And an audacious makeup
To be perfectly displayed
In a vase of love
On the day of love

I search for the perfect flower
A water lily to quench my thirst
With its bucket full of love
And its radiant beauty
Mixed with a touch of honesty
And sobering beauty
To be planted in my heart
On the day of love

I search for the perfect flower
A rose to spoil me with love
With its beautiful perfume
And a fantabulous look
Its red lips perfectly availed
For my million kisses
And a celebration of love
On the day of love

Kenneth Maswabi

Please Take Me Back In Time

Push me off the cliff of time
Allow my Soul space to dream
Of a young untamed life
Unbuttoned heart sitting still
Waiting for the hands of Love
To reach deep and switch on the lights
The road of life is illuminated by Love
The eyes of Love see only the true path
The path of Love is full of Love
Love is the only truth I seek

Kenneth Maswabi

Please, Be My Tomorrow

Hey lady
Please, be my tomorrow
With your radiant face
Brightening my morning sky
Ushering in my sunlight
Arousing a ray of hope
Inside my heart
For a better tomorrow

Hey lady
Please, be my tomorrow
With your vibrant heart beat
Chiming my morning away
Alarming my senses
To the beautiful scent of your skin
Arming my heart
For the sacred love from your heart

Kenneth Maswabi

Poems Are Living Words....

Poems are buckets of words poured on unresponsive sheets of paper
Like fish the words find their rhythm within the sea of white paper
Effortlessly swimming together in synchronized verbosity
Gushing through the roof of the mind
Words find their form in the open skies of empty pages
Penetrating the depth of emotions in their search for shelter
Exposing the swollen wounds and the broken hearted
They march through lines and lines of uncharted waters
Possessed by their ability to find meaning in meaningless worlds
Words are magical clouds drifting towards a deserted heart

Kenneth Maswabi

Poems Are Part Of The Creative Force

Poems arise from the well of creation
Creation is a spontaneous process
Ignited from deep within the spring of Love
Poems are like flames
Emanating from the Soul
To warm and comfort
To paint the world afresh
To restore the dying spirit
To undress Love
To open the window of life
To unveil the eternal truth
To reveal the hidden eternity
To re-energize humanity

Kenneth Maswabi

Poems Are....

Poems are buckets of words poured on unresponsive sheets of paper
The melting ink inside the mind of a poet
The provoked mind spitting out a mystic array of gems
The trembling pen shaves the ghostly shadows of words left behind by the
careless poet

Poems are stories of love, tales of heroic deeds left behind by the fleeing
shadows. Ghostly figures emancipated by their experience in the war zone.
Poems are chains linking the dreamer to his dreamless journey

Poems are tears of slaves, the silent screams of dying soldiers on the battlefield,
the bleeding heart of a broken spirit.
Poems are the pleasant morning sunshine, the leathery feel of a rose, the
sensual ejaculation of the human spirit.
Poems are a celebration of art, a portrait of the deepest end of the human soul.

Poems are...

Kenneth Maswabi

Poetic Coup D'état

Politicians be warned
A poetic coup d'état is underway
Your time in office is coming to an end
Humanity is a noble enterprise
In need of poetic minds
To fully recover the original manuscripts
That humanity was founded upon
To ignite the fading light
Inside the human spirit
Poets of all colours and creed
We call upon your minds
To inhabit the office of human affairs
And bring healing to the land
To recover the bowl of hope
And feed the hungry
To illuminate the heart of Love
And bring sunshine to the human race
To find the secret path
Leading to the Kingdom of Heaven

Kenneth Maswabi

Poetic Exploration

Hold my hand
Lead me onto
The path of life
Do not hesitate
Show me everything
Show me kindness
Show me Love
Show me peace
Show me war
Show me sorrow
Show me death
I want to know
The essence of life
I want to hold
The soft hands of love
I want to explore
The dark world of sorrow
I want to live
The life of a sailor
The life of a dreamer

Kenneth Maswabi

Poetic Joyride

This rollercoaster
Springs to life
Spreading its wings
As it slides
On its belly
Across the bed of steel
Zigzagging as it twists
In its painful journey
Slithering on metal
In a confused chase
Unwavering in its pursuit
Committed to its race
Aiming for gold
It fell into a steep slope
In a downward spiral
That lasted for eternity
Only to be resuscitated
By the yelling passengers
Choking on their Vomit
It took a deep breath
In its final corner
A hundred meters to go
Victory was certain

Kenneth Maswabi

Poetic Meditation

Silence appeared in my mind
Full of peaceful intentions
A broken piece of my heart
Was healed instantly
An emptiness inside my soul
Was filled effortlessly
My spirit renewed
I crawled inside my imagination
Searching for eternity
A veil of light was lifted
And i saw Love
The most beautiful existence
Stood before my eyes
Holy and sanctified
Beyond imagination

Kenneth Maswabi

Poetic Mindset

Under the rising sun
You are the magnetic force
Foraging far beyond the twinkling stars
You travel the universe
Seeking for the true meaning of life
You have seen the eternal truth
You have found Love
And veiled yourself with this everlasting wisdom

You are the perfect companion
You are full of wonders
You fill my days with Love
Your warmth is beyond reproach
Your eye has seen the light
The eternal path of glory
Magnified beyond logic

Inside your humble heart
Emotions are distilled
Compacted and refined
To unveil the everlasting truth
Love, the great mystery
Unveiled for all to see

Kenneth Maswabi

Poetic Rituals

the art of poetry
ever so mellow
combines the beauty of words
mixing them with the spices of life
grinding and pounding the words together
and distilling the honey from the honeycomb
in the refinery of the mind
where waves from outer space
carried on unidentified flying objects (UFOs)
intersects and intertwines with daily life
with spectacular outpouring of emotions
in an innocent vessel of love...
and sometimes hate
embroiled in a dispute between good and evil
towards the apocalyptic gateway
or may the rupturing of a new world order
a world born again
exorcised of its demons
the dark-side of life
never shouted on rooftops
only whispered
in hush tones
by those who dare
to challenge the devil
in their spirit filled moment
they call fire! Holy Fire!
Upon the sons of Satan
exorcising the poor souls
victims of evil spirits
trapped in their wanderings
on the dark side of the moon
where no light shines
and darkness rule the day

Or is it?
the poetic rumbling of the innocent SOULS
who stand by the wayside
in search for treasures of the heart
that beams and shines as they pass

with their pleasant smell
and their decorated bodies
ever catching to the eye
the beauty of the human smile
revealing the inner beauty
that lies in one's heart
the LOVE nest

Kenneth Maswabi

Poetry

I woke up one morning
With a pen in my hand
A beautiful sunshine
And a cloudless sky

I woke up unhinged
My door was not there
I was an open plan heart
My tears and my sorrow
Displayed for all to see
My pain was fully awake in my mind

I woke up unveiled
Naked emotions on display
My sorrow was painted on the wall
My laughter was dry as a bone
I could not hide my tears
The bloom in my heart was no more
My garden of roses has withered
I was a pile of sadness
Ready to be buried

My pen refused to write the poem
It was too dry to report my storm
It was not ready to spill my sorrow
It was a painful conversation
Between the poet and his lover
A plain sheet of paper
Was all they had
To bury their pain
And forget their past

Kenneth Maswabi

Poetry Has Deserted Me

I stand alone in darkness
Stumps of ghostly words appear
Brushing on my imagination
Their emptiness betrayed
By their lack of emotions
The desolate state of my mind confirmed
The empty pages of my imagination exposed
The hollow shell of my heart uncovered
No ink to paint my sorrow
No words to express my pain
Poetry has deserted me

Kenneth Maswabi

Poetry Love

In my weakest moments
You filled my heart with warmth
In my blanket of sorrow
You brought me a bowl full of hope
On my darkest days
You illuminated the Love inside my heart
In my coldest hour
You ignited the fire inside my Soul
You are the torch that lights my path
You fill my sky with poetic rain
You are the reason I found Love
I am attracted to your lips
I am your true Love

Kenneth Maswabi

Poetry Of The Soul

the soul is captured in our portrait
the portrait of life with golden rims
where sunlight warms the heart
and moonlight calms the mind
the portrait of life with blue skies
undressed for all to see
the naked stars that dances at night
in a midnight dance of giants
their wavering tears drizzling on us

the soul is captured in our portrait
the portrait of life with gazing eyes
overlooking the naked body
with contours and ridges
conspiring together
in a secret plot
their spell is cast
and the beautiful being is born
from an amazing brush

the soul is captured in our portrait
the portrait of life with a dark side
deeply submerged
hidden in our hearts
evil intentions
emerging from their burrows
to rob us of our goodness
and spoil the ink in our brush
betraying the beauty in us

the soul is captured in our portrait
shielded from the harsh weather
the wind that blows in our face
causing lines to emerge
in the sand of our skin
where age lies hidden
exposed only by the passing time
betraying the immortality in us

Poetry Posses Me

I am afraid of delusions
That wraps around the mind
Injecting their toxic venom
The syringe of madness

I am afraid of demons
That robs the Soul of its light
Projecting their darkness
The pit of evil

I am not afraid of poetry
That posses my soul
Emancipating my mind
Releasing my spirit
To roam the uncharted paths
The realm of Spirits

Kenneth Maswabi

Political Ideology

A foreign object inserted into the psyche of Mankind
Slicing through the core principles of human existence
Political ideology is a double edged sword
Capable of both good and evil
In the right hands, political ideology is a catalyst for progress
Removing barriers and exposing the hidden dangers
Allowing humanity to co-exist in peace and prosperity
Political ideology is capable of immense evil
Against the marginalized and the vulnerable
Robbing them of their human decency
Exposing them to the darkest acts of abuse
Political ideology has driven countless wars
Encouraged the extermination of millions
Propagating diseases and poverty
Expanding the gap between the rich and the poor
Exploiting the weaknesses in Mankind
Uprooting cultural and religious beliefs
Cultivating hatred on an industrial scale
Political ideology has the capability to destroy civilizations
Bringing us to the end of history
The end of times
Expunging the future
In a blink of an eye

Kenneth Maswabi

Political Power

Political Power

The illusion is real
Power is intoxicating
Punching through the faculty of logic
Power is possessive
Imprisoning its victim
In a sense of invincibility
Power is delusional
Pumping its victim with a lot of ego
Power is magical
Elevating its victim to the highest podium
Power is a miraculous
Injecting its victim with powers
Power is unreal
With no terms & conditions
Political Power is reckless

Kenneth Maswabi

Politics Against Humanity Must Fall

Politics turned into a weapon of mass destruction
It's sharp edges cutting through the heart of the helpless masses
It's heirs a bunch of forked tongue mercenaries with pockets full of deception
Ready to use their devious minds to deceive the unsuspecting masses
Ready to excavate through the vulnerabilities of the poor
To unashamedly exploit the weaknesses of democratic principles
To unleash terror among the opponents of injustice
To unabatedly destroy the doctrine of equality
Reaping apart the world of goodness
Politics against humanity is an evil of enormous power
Masquerading as peace loving serpents
Bulldozing every sense of human decency
They unleashed their evil intentions against the planet
Allowing their minds to fantasize about nuclear war
Wallowing in a pool of global climate change denialism
Politics against humanity is the monster in every parliament
A political numbness to the everyday needs of the masses
An absence of empathy to the sufferings of humanity
A blind eye to the atrocities committed in the name of sovereignty
A disregard for the United Nations agenda
A dismantling of the well intentioned international bill of human rights
Politics against humanity is a brutal raging war against the poor
Perpetuated by the search for everlasting dominance against their own people
Fueled by greed and their romantic fantasies with extreme capitalism and
religious fundamentalism
Politics against humanity must fall

Kenneth Maswabi

Politics Of Race/Tribe And Religion

It all started as a trickle of hatred
Now, it's a raging flood
Aimed at the heart of humanity
The miracle of love has been abandoned
The truth within our souls vandalized
Morality has been swept under the carpet
Politics has been hijacked by the soulless bandits
Who looks to plunder the human heart
Sucking all the positive energy
Until humanity has withered
Love has been killed
And our souls burnt out

Let's barricade ourselves
Inside the bubble of love
Let's insulate our hearts
Against the coming hatred
Let's bow down our heads
And pray to the Almighty God
The creator of the Universe
To intervene on our behalf
To cast these demons
Out of the hearts of men (women)
To cleanse our souls
And bring back harmony

Kenneth Maswabi

Pollution

Planet earth lie dying
Long before you killed her
Choked by the putrid smell
Blowing from your nose

Planet earth is rotting
From the inside out
Corroded by the chemicals
That you threw into the rivers

Planet earth is drowning
In a pool of waste
Carelessly abandoned
In your backyard

Pollution, you are a killer
Stabbing my mother on the heart
Slashing her with your sharp knives
You left gaping holes in her flesh

Mother earth shouts for help
Her broken body in pain
Her battered body in stitches
In a land of broken promises

Kenneth Maswabi

Poly-Tricks

A mirror shattered
Images left on the floor
Distorted faces full of confusion
Unbelievable stories of lies and betrayal
Hangs on the wall of shame
No one owns the truth
Fake stories are the breaking news
Politics of the stomach
The loudest mouth gets the best audience
Money talks
Life's realities abandoned
Left to rot in the hands of the poor
There is no shame anymore
Politicians have assumed total power
The people are powerless
Democracy is a handicapped monument
Overlooking the suffering of the masses
A false flag of hope hangs loose on his hands
A narrative of a rotten world

Kenneth Maswabi

Post Card

My love is worn inside out
I want to show off the price tag
And display hand made stitches
Made from the toughest fibers
Timeless patches of devotion
Displayed on a canvas of flesh
For the whole world to see
And maybe find solace in the truth

Kenneth Maswabi

Post Valentine Stress Disorder

She hangs her head inside the bin of confusion
Her mind muddled by last night's events
Her imagination stretched to the limit
Her thoughts racing up and down the tracks of life
She had the best night of her life
But questions pummel her mind
Was last night real?
Is he Mr. Right?

A small voice inside her head
Holding the reins of sanity
Tells her to calm down
To re-access her life
To redefine her moment
To accept that
Reality is a very interesting phenomenon
Able to be manipulated by the hands of time
Into unrealistic pieces of excitement
Disconnected from everyday reality
But yet again, reality is dynamic

She lay on her bed of confusion
Her headache magnified
Her thoughts in a tumultuous state
Her heart in the middle of a crisis
Her mind unfazed by the reality in her head
She was falling into her own imaginary world
A world of fantasy and dreams
An unrealistic world

Kenneth Maswabi

Poverty

You have found a nest in Africa
Despite the abundant resources
You built a permanent base
Where you can wreck havoc
With your powerful forces
Subjecting multitudes of Africans
To violent poverty attacks
Using guerilla tactics
Decimating thousands of women
Brutalizing millions of children
With your iron fist
And your dictatorial tendencies
You spared no one

Kenneth Maswabi

Poverty And Africa

Poverty is a blackhole
Centered in the middle of Africa
Spinning out of control
Ravaging the highlands of Ethiopia
And the great rift valleys of East Africa
Exposing a land full of corruption
And a bunch of misfits in high places
Ruling over Kingdoms full of hungry faces

Poverty roams the African plains
From the dunes of the Kalahari desert
To the grasslands of the Masai Mara
Soaring far above the African sky
In a daylight show of domination
A brutal dictatorship reigns in Africa

Poverty is a monster from hell
Dressed in a coat of fury and a pair of sunglasses
Red eyes and steam oozing nostrils
It has an appetite for young African children
Tender and juicy little souls
Gorged at breakfast, lunch and dinner
Baked into small little pancakes
Roasted on hot charcoal fire
And sliced into pieces of Apple pie

Kenneth Maswabi

Poverty Is A Curable Disease

Desperate for a source of living
Kneeling at the table of life
Bread crumbs are not enough
To sustain these children
Ribs poking out
They have a story to tell
Of a life of hardship
At the edge of life
Hunger is their number one enemy
Spending every minute of everyday
Searching for a decent meal
With nothing to write home about
Only cold nights and lonely years
Envelopes their young lives
No growth or progression
In this path of life
Life is a slow painful death
For these humble human beings

Kenneth Maswabi

Poverty Is Not A Choice

Desperate for a source of living
Kneeling at the table of life
Bread crumbs are not enough
To sustain these children
Ribs poking out
They have a story to tell
Of a life of hardship
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Kenneth Maswabi

Poverty On Make-Up

A layer of make-up covers the dry skin of poverty stricken youths
Hiding the hideous scars on their faces
The heartache on their hearts
And the broken hope in their souls

Poverty camouflaged with make-up
Delicately concealed on the busy streets of our minds
Poverty roams the back rooms of our thoughts
Hiding among the broken ideas of our political systems

Poverty is embedded in our political psyche
Indistinguishable from flora and fauna
Poverty grows unattended
Breaking the canopy of reason
Pushing through the stagnant pool of political will
Into the courtyard of our unequal society

Kenneth Maswabi

Poverty, A State Of Mind

The monster in my brain
Holding my thoughts captive
Imprisoning my thoughtless brain
In a careless state of useless thoughts
My thoughts lacking any hope to escape
The long claws of poverty reaching deep in my psyche

Poverty is a disease of thoughts
Puncturing the inflated balloon of ideas
Decimating the healthy chain of thoughts
The thought process paralyzed by the ravaging illness
The contagious disease can afflict whole families
And it is even passed on from generation to generation

The roots of poverty are immersed in the mud of a lazy brain
Overpowering the psychic defense systems
The anti-poverty mechanisms destroyed
Allowing poverty to roam free
Relentlessly attacking the roof of my mental capabilities
Erasing any embedded dreams
Erecting a wall of hopelessness
Along my mental frame

I refuse to be defeated
I reject the kingdom of poverty
I shall forever fight an eternal war against poverty
I shall fortify my fortress with fresh ideas
And build a wall of dreams along the highways of my brain

Kenneth Maswabi

Prayer

The doorway to heaven
Left ajar for all to use
Laid on a solid foundation
Simplicity defines this majestic entrance

The beginning of humility
The foundation of a good life
The fountain of goodness
The well of health
The spring of life
The key to success

Keep on praying...

Kenneth Maswabi

Questions For The Superconsciousness/Collective Unconsciousness

Reality is a construction made of thoughts
Thoughts are a construction made of reality
Is reality a reflection of our thoughts?
Or are our thoughts a reflection of our reality?
Do we live in an uncertain mathematical halogram
Made of nothing but tiny atoms glued together
Or is there another reality bigger than this?
An atom-less world made of the purest form of energy
I want you to look beyond your extensive network of mysteries
And answer me with nothing but the truth
Is the truth real?
Or is it a construction of our delusional mind?
Can Love ever be seen?
Or is it a construction of our broken reality?
What is humanity?
Is it a come together moment for the human race?
Or is it a far bigger reality than we can imagine?
Where is the boundary of reality?
Is the madman sitting at the edge of reality?
Who defines reality?
A bunch of scientists with their ever-changing hypothesis
Or is reality an intrinsic phenomenon engraved into the human consciousness?

Kenneth Maswabi

Questions For Today's Youth

Why?

Passionless youth roam the streets
Their ears crowded by the blasting music
The fruits of the latest cellphone technology misplaced
Abused by the clueless youth with their big headphones
Their senses compromised by this display of ignorance
Their minds polluted by the senseless beats
That chokes out the flow of novel ideas
And the delicate 6th sense is totally switched off
Rendering their creative part of the brain useless

Why?

Gangs of youth parade the classrooms
Oblivious to the teachers before them
In their drug induced comatose stupidity
They fail to gather freshly baked knowledge
Choosing to revel in their hallucinatory creations
The proceeds of their "fashionable" hobbies
Senselessly destroying their future
Rendering them unfit to be leaders of tomorrow

Why?

A pack of youth choose to go astray
Criminal minds growing in their adolescent bodies
Mushrooming into gigantic weeds in their brains
Wiping away years of grooming by their loving parents
Chasing away the blossoming dreams in their young lives
They choose crime against the benevolent act of learning
Robbing people of their hard earned belongings
Slashing down their own time outside the penitentiary
A hollow prison cell awaits them with every passing day
Their future's obituary written and sealed

Why?

A handful of youth completed the unforgiving race
Graduating from their laborious courses with difficulties
Having spent a lifetime at the university or college
Supplementing exam, their way of life
Victims of recurrent educational mishaps

Finally discharged to the world outside
Reveling in their newfound freedom
Partakes in idiotic road stunts
Unconcerned about their new found future
They carelessly wallow on the temptations of alcohol
Drinking and driving, their new hobby
Death becomes a matter of time

Kenneth Maswabi

Racism

the cold emotion of a species
fuming in rage against God
who allowed colour to appear
and multiplied races among nations
in a spectrum of light
where colours merge and dissolve
into one human species

the cold emotion of a species
with clouded eyes
that sees only black and white
declaring war against a species
that thrives in the diversity of its colours
the flowers that shape nations
blossoming in their millions
into one human species

the cold emotion of a species
with no logical explanation
with no religious extrapolation
with no physical justification
with no spiritual destination

Kenneth Maswabi

Rain

Let the water fall
Pouring from the cup in the skies
We welcome the heavenly waterfall
With our open arms and hearts
We shall dance in the rain
Celebrating the day of rain
Washing away our dry skin
With its cracking mud
Exposing our youthful side
Undressing our beautiful spirit
In a moment of happiness
On this day of rain

Kenneth Maswabi

Reconciliation

Gather your senses
Sit them down
Have a long discussion
Counsel them
Together make a decision
To reconcile with those you've lost

Gather your shoes
Trace your step
To that same moment
The same spot
When you departed
In that tumultuous haste

Gather your strength
Be sober in your mind
Have a little prayer
Do not be afraid
The truth will set you free

Reconciliation is an art
Requiring the right mix of paint
The setting and time
The mood and environment
Patience and humility
Forgiveness and humanity
The bigger picture

Kenneth Maswabi

Relationships

Relationships define humanity
Exploring the mound of gems in some people
Extracting the terrible scars in others
Constructing beautiful smiles in some
Defining and refining others
For the benefit of all humanity

Refreshingly enjoyable or nauseating sourness
Full of laughter or drowning in sadness
Tightly bonded or too loose to sustain
A web of convenient attachments
Or a picnic of love

Relationships shape human experience
Portraying life in happiness or sorrow
Carrying lessons in sweetness or bitterness
Making connections in blood or in spirit
Short lived or long lived
Relationships hold the key to divinity

Kenneth Maswabi

Religious Intoxication

Imbibing on religious dogma
Innocent young men (women) are silently brainwashed
Offering their humanity on the altar of religion
Religion becomes their campus
Pointing them in the direction of violence
Violence becomes their modus operandi
In blood, they celebrated their new found religion
Desecrating the ethos of humanity
Zealots totally immersed in their own abomination
Innocent blood staining their hands
Slowly suffocating their Souls
As they fell deep in the abyss of the unknown

Kenneth Maswabi

Rhythm

The sliding ocean waves
Pushed against the soft belly of the beach
In a passionate moonlight dance
The two love birds trapped in their romantic spell
Unaware of the passing time
The ocean and the beach were inseparable
Possessed by their orgasmic dance

Kenneth Maswabi

Rise From The Rough Patch

I shall not submit to the poisonous thoughts
that criss-crosses my mind effortlessly
with their truck load of venom
ready to unleash havoc in my life
Even though I stand in this patch of sadness

I shall cry my tears for now
and extinguish the anguish in my heart
calling upon the Lord above
I shall rekindle the flame
and my days shall be filled with light
and my heart shall be a beacon of hope, love and faith

I shall pick up my heart
and stitch it with my bare hands
the broken pieces shall come together once again
and the fresh heart beat shall emerge from the ashes
with its heavenly sounds I shall conquer life once again

I shall learn to forgive and forget
the essence of my renewed self
I shall learn to pray
calling upon the Lord above
to remove the scars in my heart

I shall stand proud
and wallow in the pool of my happiness

Kenneth Maswabi

River Of Tears

At the end of sorrow
Painful memories lie dead
Drowned by the gushing river of tears

A peaceful memorial ceremony of tears
Sings in silent protest
Along the road of hope

Sorrow is buried
By the hands of time
At the bottom of the river of tears

An amazing sense of hope
Arise from the river of tears
Soaked with unwavering faith and love

Kenneth Maswabi

Sadness

Some hearts bleed at night
When no one is looking
Sorrow emerges from the burrow
Soaking the heart with painful thoughts
Hurting the precious Soul
Submerging the heart in sadness
Beware of the heavy blanket of sorrow
Never accommodate the tears of sadness
Remember, you're not alone
Prayer is a door to the River of Love
Positive thoughts are a great barrier
That stops the ferocity of the pain
And heals a broken heart

Kenneth Maswabi

Sadness In My Heart

Humanity is slowly decaying
There is no light in her face anymore
There is no peace in her heart anymore
There is no smile in her lips anymore
There is no warmth in her hug anymore
There is no happiness in her spirit anymore
There is no love in her soul anymore

Kenneth Maswabi

Sarin Nerve Gas Attack In Syria

A blanket of hatred poured on unsuspecting children
A heavy fog full of evil envelopes their playground
A gaseous atrocity of unimaginable consequences
A bloodless murdering of the innocent
A brutal reminder of the extent of evil inside humanity
A blow to all of humanity on the side of goodness
A violent attack on any man's (woman) consciousness
An explosion deep inside the psyche of man (woman)
A mindless uninformed wreaking of the human psyche
A shameful act of cowardice

Kenneth Maswabi

Say 'no' To Gender Based Violence

Tear down the anger in your hearts
Put on a robe of peace and love
Wear a smile in whatever you do
Remove jealousy from your thoughts
Polish your heart with the best love herbs
Sit down with your partner
And cherish the absence of violence

Respect each other's individuality
Hurtful words are as violent as a hail of fists
Black eyes and broken ribs are never a sign of love
Too much expectation is never a sign of love
Reckless invasion of privacy is never a sign of love
Insecurity is never a sign of love
Caring is a sign of love
Respect is a sign of love
Love has no burden
Love has no pain
Love is a beautiful existence
Say 'No' to gender based violence

Kenneth Maswabi

Search

Search your heart
Search your mind
Search your dreams
Search your thoughts
Search your Soul
Keep searching
Until you find Love
Keep Loving
Until you find yourself
Keep yourself submerged in Love

Kenneth Maswabi

Searching For Love In Darkness

The tentacles of love
Groping in darkness
In their search for love
Stumbles upon a deformed
Casket of love
With its many scars
And a heart full of pain
No handles to define this love
Only a casket full of mysteries
Ghosts of love call it home
Their wailing mouths
Betraying the pain in their hearts
Awakening a storm of sorrow
Within this deserted heart
A mound of sadness
Punctured by the trespassing tentacle
Coughs up a bucket full of dust
Ripping open the scars
Left behind by love drifters
With their poisonous tentacles

Kenneth Maswabi

Searching For Miracles

Pacing through the corridors of mega churches
Searching for that defining moment
When his or her name will be called
Prophetically embalmed for success
Miraculous heavenly dispensation
Or deceptive words of wickedness
Born in the minds of men
Hope, Faith and Love vandalized
By the wicked hands of man
Foraging for a living
Inside the forest of desperation

Kenneth Maswabi

Searching For Peace

I opened the gate to my soul
Looking for peace
That has been missing in my life
I didn't know what to expect
I was just tired of my daily unrest
I wanted to hold peace in my heart
And feel its warmth in my mind
Inside my soul
I found a river of love
Feeling thirsty
I drank from it
And immediately
I was embraced
By the soft hands of peace
Time stood still
As my heart was transplanted
And my mind was healed
I woke up inside my dream
And peace was my heart beat
For the rest of my days
I shall enjoy peace in peace

Kenneth Maswabi

Seasons Of Words

words words words
in their galactic masses
raining heavily into my mind
in a torrential storm
bombarding my soul
with their emotional blackmail
poetic love
wrapped in roses
stealing my heart beat
drumming away
in their universal chorus...

words words words
appearing in their multitudes
in a seasonal spectacle
attracted by pheromones
their chemical orgy
culminating in their poetic dance
in their universal party...

words words words
young and old
their great migration
travelling in waves
in pursuit of greener pastures
punctuates the heart
with their hooves
a wordly stampede
in their millions

Kenneth Maswabi

Seduction

Red paint dress her lips
The confluence of her beauty defined
Portrayed by the flowing hair down her neck
Her blossoming spirit pouring from her lovely eyes
The touch of diamond on her ears magnifies her defiance
Puncturing the air with radiant positive energy
Her flawless smile capturing the moment
The hands of time momentarily tied
And the wheels of time punctured by her majestic beauty

This seductive scenery is not from a James Bond movie
It was not photo shopped nor found on Playboy magazine
It is a picture of the seductive natural phenomenon
The revelation of beauty
Displayed on the silk sheets of my bed

The best artist did not paint this masterpiece
She is a natural sculpture designed to impress
The infinite curiosity of mankind
The ultimate seductive moment reborn
Beautifully wrapped in a transparent shawl
A canvass of some sort
Draping her nakedness
Purposefully betraying a portion of skin on her thighs
Her curvaceous hips magnifying the erotic moment as it is unveiled

Kenneth Maswabi

Selflessness

Deep in the house of humanity
Selfless individuals indulge in love
Putting on acts of kindness
An apron of goodwill
Hang on their hearts
As they go about the path of love
A string of good deeds follow their footsteps
Marking the way for humanity
Opening a path for love
To emerge from the eternal ocean of consciousness
And fill the hearts of men (and women)

Kenneth Maswabi

She Has So Many Questions

She looks at me
With adorable bright eyes
She has something to say
She has a flicker of light in her eyes
A bright idea illuminated
Inside her lost world
She starts to speak
She can't find the words
She has lost her light
She is alone again
She has no idea why
She keeps forgetting
All her life memories
Dissolved inside her mind
Her precious stories lost
Her misery pronounced
Her confusion visible

Kenneth Maswabi

She Is A Phenomenal Woman

She lives close to my heart
Her breath envelopes my soul
Her smile captivates my senses
She is a phenomenal woman

She is my moonlight
Giving me a sense of direction
A beautiful view
Security
Love
She is a phenomenal woman

She is my sunset
Permanently engraved in my heart
Never to be lost
Among the billions of stars
She is a phenomenal woman

Kenneth Maswabi

She Is Beautiful

I saw her naked
Her golden skin revealing pure beauty
Her perfect curves beyond imagination
Her face radiating with the intensity of a million diamonds
She is my sunset
Her flames hold my heart captive
Her smile is the reason I breathe
She is too hot to comprehend
Her warmth is the source of my happiness
She is my sunset
Her kiss is all I desire
Her lips are made from the perfect recipe
Her glowing beauty is beyond imagination
She makes my day complete
She is my perfect sunset

Kenneth Maswabi

She Is Forever Beautiful

She is forever sparkling
Her skin shines bright
Like sunrise at midnight
The aftermath of an eclipse
She is born out of darkness and mystery
Moulded out of the ashes of a volcano
Her flames are hidden inside her heart
She is the mysterious flame in my eye
She holds my heart captive
Her smile is my fountain of joy
Her lips my bed of roses
She is forever beautiful
My moonlight and my sunshine
My darkest desires illuminated
By her flammable breath

Kenneth Maswabi

She Is Lost Inside Her Own Mind

I saw her pain
As she stared into the pit of confusion
Her identity has been stolen
Her memory erased
Now, everyone is a stranger
She is lost inside her own mind
With no doors to let her go
Nor windows to reveal her identity
She sits clutching on her thoughts
Trying to rip them apart
And open the door to herself
She is frustrated by her lack of strength
Annoyed that she can't recall her wedding day
Nor remember her husband
She is alone inside her barricaded mind
She was my grandmother
May her Soul rest in peace

Dedicated to my late grandmother who suffered from Dementia.

Kenneth Maswabi

She Walks Alone

She doesn't know when it started
She does not remember the day it all began
She can't even recall where it happened
She remembers one thing though
She remembers bits and pieces of everything
She walks alone on this path of misery
She tries hard to remember
She even tries to engage in conversation
She has to recollect her memories
She has to share her story
She is unable to find the beginning of her story
She wanders into the darkness
She has no plan to return
She has no answers to her conundrum

Kenneth Maswabi

Shithole Countries

A new word added
To the world of the marginalized
As if "marginalization" is not enough
As if political and economic freedom is not meant for them
The marginalized are lumped into a worthless piece of rubbish bin
Thrown into an uninhabitable place of condemnation
The marginalized are depicted with vile and hate
As worthless and unproductive
Not worthy of any hope, peace and love
Rejected and banned from the list of immigrants
Spitted out of the house of hope and prosperity
Haitians and Africans are the marginalized
People from the so called "shithole countries";

The world stand accused
Of crime against the marginalized
Brain drain and over-exploitation
Cheap labour and slavery
Unfair distribution of resources and opportunities
Mineral extraction and exploitation
Support for renegade and corrupt leaders
The marginalized are marginalized within their countries
Undressed of any dignity and hope
Exploited beyond recognition
The marginalized are falling deeper into the pit of marginalization

Let us stop and think
Let us remember that "shithole countries" is just the tip of an iceberg
Underneath this unfair classification
A whole continent is buried
A whole race of people condemned
A bunch of countries lumped together on the stage of worthlessness
Human rights and dignity is trampled upon
Democracy and ethical leadership rejected
Is this the beginning of something dark?
Something beyond our imagination
A world where Haiti & Africa is totally deleted from the world map
A world where the marginalized are forever condemned and rejected as
worthless piece of "shit";

Kenneth Maswabi

Silence

Listen noise
silence is speaking

Kenneth Maswabi

Silence - A Friend Or Foe?

Silence speaks in a quiet monotone
Sometimes in distilled silence
Soaking the thoughts
Sobering the mind

Silence has the power to heal
Silencing the chaos within
Stopping the turbulence
Summoning the soul

Silence breeds chaos in an unstable mind
Overhauling the comforting noise within
Silence slices through the forbidden door
Disrupting the peaceful music within

Kenneth Maswabi

Silence In Africa

Stop and listen
There is a blistering silence
Pervading the African continent
A constipated silence
Full of protesting voices
Songs of freedom sung in silence

Africa is full of silence
No one is protesting against inequality
No voice shouts against the ravaging poverty
Not even a soul to protest against brutal dictatorships
Silenced protesters roam the plains
And the highlands of Africa
Muffled by their perpetual hunger
Stifled by their perpetual fear

Wild politics soak the mud of Africa
Democracy has been turned upside down
A minority rules against the majority's wishes
Sentencing millions of people to hunger
Unleashing havoc among the poor
Their voice permanently muted by hunger
Their prison cell is poverty

Kenneth Maswabi

Skeletons In The Closet

Dry bones lay awake behind the closet doors
Swollen with secrets of a life lived
Drowning in fear of the days to come
When the vow of silence will be shattered
The pit of darkness illuminated
The skeletons in the closet will come tumbling
Brimming with all sorts of nasty secrets
A bucket load of rotting bones spewed
Into the bright street of life

Kenneth Maswabi

Sleep

You took advantage of my weakness
And drove me crazy with your seductive eyes
Knowing very well that I'll fall for you
You cast your spell upon me
Charming all my five senses
Into a hypnotic trance

Your intoxicating cup is amazing
Betraying my physical fitness
You manhandled me to the ground
Putting me to bed with ease
Conspiring with my dreams
You conquered my night

You wrapped your arms around me
And made love to me for hours
Answering my inner desire
You came a multiple times
Conquering my senses
And sending them amok
You aroused my inner freedom
Solidifying my inner peace
And putting my soul to rest
You did not stop until sunrise

You left me a note on the pillow
Reminding me of our unfinished business
In haste you left
Your shyness betrayed
By the intruding sunlight

Kenneth Maswabi

Sober Mindedness

Full of intoxicated thoughts
Unable to stay sane
Under the gazing stars
Insanity is my disease
My whole existence is insane
Unreality is my reality
Unconsciousness is my consciousness
I sleep under the subconscious tree
I eat droplets of mysterious thoughts
I imagine the hand of God
Pouring Love into the heart of man
I imagine things that are not imaginable
I am the intoxicated sober mind
My conscious is full of unconscious thoughts

Kenneth Maswabi

Sold (Modern-Day African Slaves)

As if slavery was not painful enough
Young Africans are being sold again
Intoxicated by the power of capitalism
Young African men gather in high numbers
On the stalls of the Libyan slave market
Ready to sacrifice themselves
And drown humanity into another dark hour

Africa is being ripped from within
Poverty is a monster with no heart
Inequality is an ugly monster with no brains
Tribal wars and genocide are rampant
Dictatorships are everywhere
There is nowhere to hide from these marauding monsters

Slavery can never be the answer
Humanity must reject this barbaric act
Humanity must shield himself from the curse of slavery
It's easy to be sold in an open market
But the scars created are going to haunt mankind forever
Africans will never heal from the brutal wounds of the past
The slave masters are burying themselves deep into the abyss of the unknown

Kenneth Maswabi

Solitary Minds

Some minds are fuelled by silence
Bursting into combustion of ideas
For either good or bad
Construction or destruction

Silence feed some solitary minds
With undisturbed thoughts
Full of potential for great innovation
Inventions and great artistic works

Silence feed some solitary minds
With raw thoughts awaiting to be chopped
To be ripped apart and refined
Into valuable products

Silence feed some solitary minds
With weird thoughts that have no morals
Strange thoughts that are full of wickedness
Guilty thoughts that are full of paranoia
Evil thoughts that were never meant to see daylight
Dark thoughts that come straight from hell

Kenneth Maswabi

Solitude

she stands alone in thoughts
isolated by the blanket of pain
that stabs at the heart of her heart
the crown of her soul destroyed
annihilated by the broken promise
her hopes drowned by her sorrow
her thoughts having reached a dead end
spins out of control with fatal consequences
the destruction of a human life imminent
one two three tablets washed down her throat
the whole bottle in her her hand
awaiting the final instruction...
the final pause took longer than expected
allowing a ray of light to pass through the slit in her heart
warmth brought hope
and hope bought life
a human soul spared
the tears started to flow...

Kenneth Maswabi

Solitude 2

Time and time again
Silence knocks at my door
Bringing me memories
Awakening intense reflections
Igniting powerful emotions
That burn deep in my soul
I am a disciple of Love
I only accept Love
Inside my heart
Inside my mind
My thoughts are forever positive
My dreams are covered with Love
I wallow in the pool of solitude
I thrive inside the room of silence

Kenneth Maswabi

Some Days

Some days I feel lonely
Barricaded in my little heart
Iron chains around my soul
A heavy load in my chest
Strapped to my soul

Some days I feel lonely
An emptiness wrapped around my heart
Punching holes into my soul
With its poisonous fangs
Dripping with emptiness venom
That numbs my heart

Some days I feel lonely
Transfixed by my solitude
Oblivious to the pain in my heart
Transformed by my empty heart
Into an emotionless pit
A black hole of some sort

Kenneth Maswabi

Sometimes

When doors are locked
My private thoughts displayed
In the mirrors of my imagination
I see life like never before
Reflected by the prism of my mind
Life becomes a dream
A timeless uninterrupted illusion
Beyond the dreamer's imagination
Life breaks down before my eyes
A story of love unfolds
Inside the shadowless dreamer
A river of love is found
Beyond the gate of peace
Life is reborn
Inside my dream
I dream of love

Kenneth Maswabi

Somewhere On Planet Earth

Brexit has ignited a ravaging fire
Poised to consume Europe
With unintended consequences
Hate is on the rise
Racial segregation is on the table
Multiculturalism is on the sick bed
Europe

The margins of reality are being shifted
Virtual reality has captured the presidency
Tweeter storms are common
Order has been replaced by chaos
The future is unpredictable
USA

A new found order
A wolf in sheep skin
Patrols the Mediterranean
Eager to show strength
Regardless of the victims
Russia

Heavy guns are levelled at young children
Blood flows in the street ways
Unidentified corpses litter the street
Human beings are slaughtered
In the name of politics
Syria

A dictator is dead
Crocodile tears fill the streets
A dead philosophy is celebrated
Freedom is around the corner
Hope paints the streets
Smiling is on fashion
Cuba

Governments are sleeping on the job
While millions are being syphoned

Corruption is the order of the day
Diseases are terminal
Poverty is rampant
Africa

Silence rules the day
Asian tigers are resting after a heavy meal
Prosperity and poverty are partners
Modernity and tradition are intertwined
The future is whatever you make it
Asia

Down under
The planet's belly
Lies a beautiful place
Extremely generous
Extremely quiet
Australia

In between
The waters of the Pacific
And the cold arctic circle
Life goes on
Unperturbed by world events
Canada

Kenneth Maswabi

Sons Of Legends

We the sons of legends
Shall forever be courageous
Born of the brave
Our souls have a tough skin
Coated with beads of courage
We do not sweat in fear
We stand in courage
Our stories are forever written
Our heroic acts are pieces of our blood line
Our ancestors stood face to face with beasts
Our children shall conquer their fears
In commemoration of our legendary fathers

Dedicated to my bother Stanza Mbang Molaodi who stood face to face with
beast of the Chobe waters and prevailed.

Kenneth Maswabi

Sorrow

please leave me alone
forget we ever met
never hug me again
or kiss me on the lip
Sorrow, please go away

I never invited you into my house
I never asked for your love
I never wanted you
but you forced yourself onto me
because of my loss
you wrapped your blanket over me
and surrounded me with darkness
chaining my heart
with your cold grip
afflicting my soul
with your bad omen
Sorrow, please leave me alone

I never sleep a night
my heart ever painful
crushed by your weight
suffocating under your breath
I cry day and night
under your blanket
there is no love
only sorrow

I am tired
my eyes are red
my tears have dried
and my heart is a stone
under your blanket
there is no light
no hope to make me dream
and hope of a better tomorrow
only sadness

Sorrow...

just leave.

Kenneth Maswabi

Soul Mate

you possess my heartbeat in your heartbeat
you process my thoughts in your thoughts
you justify my love in your love
you house my soul in your soul
you wish my wish in your wish
you realize my dream in your dream
you saw my heart in your heart
you felt my love in your love
you tasted my sweetness in your tongue
you shared my pleasure in your joy
you defined my love in your love
you live your life in my life
you stand where I stand
you sleep where I sleep
you think when I think
you and me are one

Kenneth Maswabi

Souls Don't Rest, Even After Death.

Souls are tireless creatures
Never ever needing rest
Because fatigue is not in their nature
Souls can only be bound by our inner thoughts
Positive thoughts set them free
Negative thoughts are their prison
Love is the ultimate freedom that you can offer to your soul
Souls are creatures of Love and for Love
In death, souls are released into another dimension
Their ultimate aim is to find LOVE
LOVE ETERNAL, their only home

Kenneth Maswabi

Star Light

you journey through great distances
unfazed by the emptiness of space
the ever so present gravitational force
that pushes and pulls at you
in an endless power game
your persistence remains the same
channeling through the blackness
in your race against time
your destination unknown
your perseverance surpasses all

with a clean conscious
you shoot through millions of miles
your dream well preserved
your race unchallenged
you cruise with forbidden speeds
with no fatigue to stop you
and no sweat to wet your face
your pace remains the same
as you exceed your targets
passing every milestones
succeeding in your duties
that is what you do...

traveling at the speed of light
putting a million miles behind you
every second is an exploration
a search for meaning
a journey through life
but yet you tire not
you never age a bit
that is who you are...

in your wild voyage
you spent not even a cent
you consumed not even a pint
your energy is unsurpassed
your greatness unchallenged

in your race of a lifetime
your trip around the universe
you do not carry a back pack
nor a bottle of water
to quench your thirst
and recharge your batteries
that is what you are made of...

your spirit is positive
your prayer is eternal
and your light shines forever...

Kenneth Maswabi

Stop Corruption

Termites at work
Dissolving the system from within
With their toxic intentions
And their unrestrained destructive habits
Blowing huge holes
Inside the government coffers
Day and night
Huge amounts of "unaccounted funds";
Fall into this hole
Never to be seen again
Except inside the bulging pockets
Of those morally depleted souls
Who roam the streets
With their newly polished smiles
Concealed under the canopy
Of their newly acquired BMWs
Range rovers and Ferraris
Corruption is the bottomless pit
That is sinking Africa

Kenneth Maswabi

Stray Dog

The merciless streets are messy today
With their foul smell and dirty alleys
Bins are turned upside down
Night crawlers have left their mark
With their dark habits and putrid smell
Hanging out for all to see

As for me, I woke up in a dusty corner
With the morning noise overpowering my ears
My nightmarish dream dissolving with the night
As the morning sunlight warmed its way to my heart
And the smell of breakfast poked my nose nonstop
Awakening my humongous doggy appetite
And my stomach started to tremble
Pushing me on to my feet, as the fleas started to feed
The life of a stray dog must go on

Kenneth Maswabi

Street Smart

The streets are not kind
With their pockets of criminals
And their reckless drivers
Out to cause havoc
And rob people of their dignity

The streets of life are crowded
Simmering with all kinds of attitudes
Brimming with a diversity of the human traits
With their varying IQs
And their competing needs
Sometimes colluding together
To manipulate the system
With their corrupt tendencies
And their insatiable appetite
Their obsessive desires to create wealth
And reconstruct their social status

Be street smart
Picking up opportunities like oranges
Not relying on your education alone
Reading the signs on the streets of life with ease
Always staying ahead of your peers
Soak in knowledge and dress yourself with wisdom
Address your basic needs and redress your wicked desires
Always trust in God and believe in yourself
Dig up your talents, and wash them clean
Polish and display them on the street corners

Opportunities are always present
Visible only to the wise
Waiting to be plucked from their tree
With the swiftness of a snake
And the audacity of a fox

Do not be restrained
Chained by the lure of a permanent job
With its dumb restrictions
And obsessiveness with month-end salary

Be street smart
And unchain your abilities
Unearthing your wisdom
To work the streets of life

Kenneth Maswabi

Suffering

I saw the hole in you heart
I saw the emptiness in your eyes
I saw the loss on your face
I saw the heavy footprints you left with your bare feet
I saw the hunger inside your world
I saw your tired Soul
I saw the heavy burden in your life
I saw all the tele tele signs of your suffering

I saw the cracks in my beloved humanity
I saw the true meaning of defeat
I saw the senselessness of inequality
I saw humanity in tatters
I saw the blanket of sadness wrapped around my heart
I saw the weakness in my hands
I saw my own suffering

Kenneth Maswabi

Sunset

Sunset is a time of beauty
When love emerges from the heart
To glimpse at the ecstatic encounter
Between day and night
And to dream the lover's dream
To dream of love eternal
And enjoy the peaceful sight
The change of guard
Between two wonderful friends
Day and night have been together
For millions of years
Holding hands, a deep devotion
That has never been broken
Nor vanquished
By the staring eyes
Of love birds
Smitten by the beautiful union
The everlasting love

Kenneth Maswabi

Superstitious

The ammunition for the fearful
Coating their baseless fear with belief
Choosing to believe in their delusions
Rather than walk in faith with God
They are forever imagining witches
Seeking counsel among the evil-doers

The superstitious are forever cursed
By their own deformed belief system
They blame all their misfortunes on some unknown witch
They are quick to search for answers among the witch doctors
And unashamed to knock on the doors of false prophets
With their bucket full of promises
And the their appetite for easy money
The superstitious are forever robbed
By those with whom their trust is embedded

Superstition is a weapon of fear
Deployed by the power of darkness to rob us
To subject us to a life of paranoia
And project us as faithless beings
Undeserving of the love of God
Forever cast away into the hands of darkness
Foraging for answers in the wrong places

Kenneth Maswabi

Survival Of The Slickest

Thousands of youth roam the streets
With bags full of empty smiles
And pockets full of empty promises
Foraging through the thick streets of life
Their hearts broken by these urban deserts
Only the slickest will survive

Hundreds of youth parade the streets
Their belt tightened with education
Yet they remain jobless
The strain in their faces
A sign of the hopelessness in their hearts
Only the slickest will survive

Thousands of youth staggers through the streets
A putrid smell following them
The rooting carcass of their educated minds
Overwhelming their emotional prowess
Overpowering their coping abilities
Drenched in a cocktail of drugs
Quenched by a dozen bottles of alcohol
They have abandoned the search
Broken beyond repair
Only the slickest will survive

Hundreds of youth puncture the streets
With their pointed cunning eyes
And protruding hunger
Perforating the streets
With their new found talents
Pickpocketing & burglary
Their only way of life

Kenneth Maswabi

Take Care Of Yourself

The count down has began
2016 is winding down
2017 is fast approaching
It's time to really take care of ourselves

Take care of yourself
Stop and review your plans
Take a minute to pray
Wait a minute and think
Rest yourself from all the excited thoughts
Think safety

Sometimes taking care of oneself
Means avoiding what you like
Avoiding your normal friends
Abstaining from all your bad habits
Subjecting yourself to boredom
Staying home with the kids

Take care of yourself
Fasten all seat belts of your life
Condomize, drink alcohol responsibly
Do not take any drugs
Drive safely
Do not get over excited
Do pray for yourself
Happy New Year! !

Kenneth Maswabi

Tall Oaks From Little Acorns Grow

It takes a seed of ideas, a plan
And a bucket full of passion
To grow a successful business

This is a story of the little acorns
Their roots grow into gigantic networks of survival
Anchoring the mushrooming business enterprise
Embracing the ever changing business landscape
Addressing the shortage of conducive business opportunities
They form a strong network rooted in one master plan
The little acorns aspire to reach heights never before attained
Their perseverance is unmatched
As they march upwards where the sky is the limit
Determined to beat the odds
And outgrow their competition
The little acorns are a mastermind gang of leaders
Passionately seeking to dominate their peers
Tall oaks from little acorns grow

Kenneth Maswabi

Tata Madiba I Cry For You...

A great leader of Africa is gone,
departing on a summer evening of December 5,2013.
having lived a life full of opposites,
love flanked by hatred, peace embraced by violence
stone pavements wrapped in Arabic carpets,
prison bars shadowed by marble walls,
soft voices and harsh tones...

A great leader of Africa has left,
departing at a great age of 95
having lived a life full of journeys,
"the long walk to freedom", he said.
footpaths and bridges, rivers flowing with hope,
a silent steam boat to nowhere
silently slicing the cold waters of the Cape,
emerging in an isolated landmark,
alone in the belly of the ocean...
the curse that became the light – Robben island

A great leader of Africa is gone,
departing at the end of a life full of fear and misery
having lived in the shadows of prison walls,
the bloody streets of Soweto,
the murderous riots of the Apartheid era,
the sweet voices of those he loved
engulfed by screams in the midnight,
African children calling him to lead
To lead from the front as the darkness was creeping with monsters, hot bullets
from machine guns, souls departing in haste,
young African lives consumed by apartheid beasts.
The fear and misery in their hearts oozing into the African soil - the path that
Tata Madiba was on...

A great leader of Africa is no more,
departing at the end of a life full of hope
having lived with great men and women of Africa,
people full of passion, empowered by the believe in the African spirit.
The same Spirit that boiled in his blood, showing him the way...
"Even though I walk in the valleys of death I shall fear no evil", he mumbled.

Consumed by the hope that one day, just one day...
light will shine in his homeland – South Africa

A great leader of Africa has left,
departing at the end of a life of liberation and democracy
having lived in the Rivonia times,
the New York Times and Sunday Herald's times,
the colonial times and the liberation times.
The times of freedom, truth and reconciliation,
blacks shaking hands with whites, whites hugging blacks,
Tata Madiba ushering democracy in Soweto,
the dark alleys of Johannesburg,
the beautiful beaches of Cape Town – beacon of Africa

A great leader of Africa is gone,
loud cries carried by the whispering wind,
telling me Tata Madiba is no more,
having departed on a quiet summer night,
the beautiful African City
the city where it all began - Johannesburg

Kenneth Maswabi

Teach Me How To Remember

I have a million memories
All merged into one life
I have a million tears
All awaiting my demise
I have a million reasons to love
All neatly packed in my heart
I have a million kisses on my lips
All waiting to be accepted
I have a million volts of positive energy
All discharged for free
I have a million seconds of sorrow
All alive and ticking
I have a million things to do
All to be done in one life span

Kenneth Maswabi

Teamwork

The brazen art of teamwork is sacred
Admired by Kings for millions of years
And displayed by slaves for centuries
Embraced both by the military and civilians
Adopted by businessman of repute
With their profit driven desires
And their target controlled schedules

Teamwork is key to every industry
Connecting individuals from different backgrounds
With a solid string made of steel
And a common goal towards success
Arousing unimaginable energies
Emancipating the team members
To act as one, with one vision
To succeed at all costs

The heartbeat of the team is key
With its persistent controlled rhythm
And its life giving powers
It nourishes the team members
Coaching them to success
Addressing their shortcomings
Empowering their egos
With its shepherd-like attitude

Team members are the playmakers
With their effortless stride
And lubricated self-esteems
Working together as one
Discipline and hard work
Their daily bread
Dedication and selflessness
Their mantle

Kenneth Maswabi

Teardrops

The eyes speak in tears
Tearful emotions spilled
Poured out for all to see
Either the pain that comes from the heart
Or the happiness that springs from the soul
Tears are a source of comfort
Releasing the negative energy
Funneling it to the ground
Balls of tears
They fall unperturbed
The victory in their eyes
Clear for everyone to see

Kenneth Maswabi

Tears Of Joy...

they came uninvited
from my confused state of mind
to my sudden happiness
they broke through the walls
as they pursued my emotions
tumbling and whooshing
they made it to the door
spilling out the contents of my emotions
in a joyous moment
they celebrated
with warmth
embracing my cheeks
their drizzle
soothed my heart
in that final moment of peace

Kenneth Maswabi

Tears Of The Son

(In loving memory of my mother)

Even though your life evaporated
When your age was tender
Even though your life vanished
When your hopes were high
Even though your life shattered
When your light was bright

You left a permanent fire in my life
You poured your love into my heart
You planted your hopes into my Soul
You ignited a million lights in my spirit
You painted my life with your own dreams

You are the shining star in my life
Giving me warmth & strength to live
Enveloping me with eternal love
You gave me a beautiful heart
That is full of kindness
Faith, hope & Love

Kenneth Maswabi

Temptations

the pirates of the mind
ambushes the heart with ease
raising the heart beat
with their overdose of wicked thoughts
freeing the heart from its moral stand
exposing the dark side of the heart
where there is no spiritual light
only pleasurable treasures of the heart
exposed by the invading thoughts
and looted by the wicked mind
that takes you hostage
in its wild earthly journey
of sex, drugs and rocknroll
or sometimes just pure lust,
greed and power.

Kenneth Maswabi

Terror - A Weapon Against Peace

Men have chosen the path of blood
Pronouncing terror as a weapon against peace
With hatred strapped around their chest
They pounced on unsuspecting souls
And poured their venomous load
Obliterating the path of peace

Kenneth Maswabi

Terror In My Dreams

The door closes and my eyes rolls back
Fearful of the approaching darkness
That contains "real life"; monsters
Terrible memories
Encapsulated in my psyche
Reborn in my dreams
Terror in my dreams

Sometimes the sun rises high
But yet my dreams persist
Stealing my sanity
Displaying the horrors
The terrible events from the past
Reignited in my tormented mind
Reincarnated in my fragile heart
Terror in my dreams

The moon shines through my window
But all I see is shadows
Shadows of memories from the past
Awakened from their graves
To afflict my sleepless body
With their horrible stories

Post-traumatic stress disorder
The terror in my mind

Kenneth Maswabi

Terrorists

The dark streets of the heart of man
Are full of horrendous desires
The desire for extreme power
Overshadows the desire to love
With its violent outbursts
And careless outpouring
Manifesting in different forms of wickedness

The hollow hearts of terrorists
Contains no love at all
With its venomous fangs
Striking at both young and old
With the same vengeful spirit
Murdering the human race
Is their daily bread

The evil hearts of terrorists
With their twisted agenda
And overwhelming faith
Seeks justice in a barbaric way
With their suicidal team of followers
Wrecking havoc to communities
And subjecting nations to terror

Kenneth Maswabi

Thank You

You bravely bandaged my heart
And painstakingly stitched every gaping wound
With your bare hands, you killed the pain in my heart
And washed me of all the bad memories
You folded my heart in your arms
Answering my morning prayer
To be loved and cherished

You artfully dressed my heart with love
Unearthing the scars in my soul
You surgically deleted them from my mind
With artistic skills, you painted my heart red with love
Portraying the love we share
You masterfully planted a garden of love in my heart
Answering my morning prayer
To be loved and cherished

Thank you for all the beautiful moments
Thank you for the sea of love in you heart
Where I can swim with the sun
I can swim with the blue sky
I can swim with the black dark night
I can swim with angry clouds
And I can swim with stars
I can swim everyday in your love
You answered my morning prayer
To be loved and cherished

Kenneth Maswabi

The "lows" And "ups" Of Life

River valleys and mountaintops
Life is forever flowing
Sweeping through time unabated
Unhinged by the day of happiness
Nor by the flowing tears on a rose
Life goes on, they say

The valleys of life are uncompromisingly painful
Covered by a mist of sadistic sadness
Sorrowful beings bound to their flowing tears
Hearts full of unexplained sadness – depression
Lonely souls unable to reach the light above
Lost spirits wrapped in their on misery

The lowest end of life is brutal
Sipping your energy through a straw
Unconcerned by the wicked thoughts
Bombarding your mind with evil intentions
Suicidal thoughts awakened by the coldness of your heart
Life seems to come to an empty end
With no good memories to revel in
Only a thick blanket of sadness

The mountaintop of life is a blessed place
Surrounded by tranquility and blissful moments
Dressed in beautiful snow caps
The party hats are worn with pride
Paraded along the ecstatic streets of life
Unfazed by the slopes on the mountainside
Or the bellowing sound underneath the volcanic mound of life
Life's peak is a maze of beautiful things
It is a beacon of hope and love
It is a temple of pleasure and happiness

The "ups" and "downs" of life are light years apart
Pulling forcefully on the fabric of life
Pummeling us mortals with bullets of sorrow
As well as plastering our hearts with euphoric moments
In a perpetual tug-of-war

Life itself is wrapped in a canvas of stone

Kenneth Maswabi

The 3 Stairs To Heaven

The golden stairs to heaven
Is found in our hearts
The first step is love
Love one another
Love God

The golden stairs to heaven
Is found in our hearts
The second step is hope
To have hope is to trust God

The golden stairs to heaven
Is found in our hearts
The third step is faith
To have faith is to totally believe in God

Kenneth Maswabi

The 6th Sense

Somewhere deep beyond your eyes
Where light breaches the brain-mind barrier
Lies the instinctual pot of mysteries
The naked 6th sense betrayed
By the passing beam of light
Reveals the mysteries of the universe
In a tiny passing second
Life is exposed to the discerning mind
The future is momentarily unveiled

Kenneth Maswabi

The Absence Of Love..

she is freezing
inside her heart
no flame
to warm her heart
no soul
to rub her heart
her desolate heart

he is dry
inside his heart
no rain
to soothe his heart
no rivers
to wash his heart
his deserted heart

she is empty
inside her heart
nobody
to fill her heart
no room
to share in her heart
her vacant heart

he is lonely
inside his heart
no love
caresses his heart
no bed of roses
occupies his heart
his depressed heart

Kenneth Maswabi

The Addicted Mind

Rivers of toxic addictions
Wash the shores of his (or her) mind
Diluting his sanity
Replacing his reality
With contaminated thoughts
Poisonous ideas rush in
Into the open space of his subconscious
To hold him captive
Manipulating his senses
Delusions and hallucinations
Pouring into his unhinged mind
Overpowering his defences
He is now in the land of pure madness
Where reality is dead
And unreality is embraced
The illusion is real
Reality is unreal

Kenneth Maswabi

The Adventure Of Love Mankind

Love Mankind was born out of love
The spitting image of his father
He was groomed and nurtured
By the hands of his father
He was gifted and talented
Possessing a bag full of special gifts
The gift of love was the greatest of them all

Love Mankind drifted away from his father
Exploring the secrets of the universe
Pondering on the origin of life
He discovered science
A toolbox from his father's workshop
And started experimenting with scientific tools
To uncover the blanket of life
He dug deep into the human body
And discovered the genome
The blueprint of life

Love Mankind played with his newfound toy
Science became his obsession
His blade used to cut through the unknown
Dissecting the mysterious nature of the universe
The unending cosmic sail thrilled him
The mysterious chains at the core of cells thrilled him
The origin of Mankind was lost to him
He lost himself in this playground
Obsessed by the tiny grains in his father's garden

Kenneth Maswabi

The Agony Of Love...

To love or not?

The question lingers in my mind
following my every thought
as I listen to my heart
the heartache unbearable
causing me nightmares
visions of a broken heart

To live or not?

Standing on the corridor of life
watching my life spinning out of control
the question lingers in my mind
following my every heart beat
as it accelerates unchecked
causing my tears to flow
the pain unbearable
visions of a broken life

To love or not...

the happy times i miss
full of laughter and joy
with every smile i witnessed
my heart shinning with laughter
caressed by the one i loved
time standing still
as i lay down amazed
amazed by the mysterious spell called love
the desires of my heart fulfilled
the beauty of someone in love
the vision of true love

to live or not...

watching from the windows of life
my life becomes a dream
possessing my every thought
swallowing the screams in my heart
questions hammering my soul
is it worth all the pain?
should i continue to breathe?

Answers nowhere to be found
i stand isolated in pain
the pangs of life unbearable
vision of a distressed soul

To love or not?
The question lingers in my mind
exploding in pain I cry
tears flooding my heart
the dreaded panic attack upon me
hijacking my very being
the love that was cursed
stealing my tender heart
only to cut it in pieces
leaving it to bleed
the pain unbearable
visions of a broken heart

To live or not?
Peeping from the shadows of darkness
looking back at time
I desire the life that I had
flowing with milk and honey
from the bottom of my heart
my voice screams for help
calling the strangers above
to rescue me from the cold
the pool of the unloved
no song and laughter
surrounded by silence
not even a single heart beat
I yearn for life
the happy times and the bad times
sorrow immersed in happiness
smiles submerged by passionate kisses
hearts aroused, caressed by magical hands
the good life
visions of a new beginning

To love or not...

the answer is easy
love and life i choose
the Agony of love rejected
cast away never to be seen
erased from the chapter of life
leaving behind experiences
the oil that lubricates life
allowing love to flow
smiles to shine
hearts to beat
the beauty of life
is a mystery i know
FOR TO LOVE IS TO LIVE! ! !

Kenneth Maswabi

The Art Of Illumination

I hold fire in my mind
To illuminate my thoughts
And ignite my imagination
To burn through walls of stupidity
Awakening my consciousness
To open the path of enlightenment
On my eternal journey
As I seek for the truth
Love, the great mystery
Wraps around my mind

I hold the flames of Love
Deep within my heart
A sacred fire
Burns unabated
By time and space
Personal situations
And expectations
The intensity of Love
Burns through my Soul
Illuminating the eternal truth
Love, the great mystery
Wraps around my heart

Kenneth Maswabi

The Art Of Loving

Make Love your everyday dream
Write about it on your daily post
Scribble a love poem every once in a while
Remember to Love your neighbor as you love yourself
Loving God is priceless
Work hard and make Love your daily bread
Embrace humanity with your heart
Forget about color or tribe
Hug them as much as they can allow
Remember Love is not a religion thing
Love is a human and Godly covenant
Love does not choose
Love sees more than the person
Love does not die
Love brings love to your life
Forget about heart break
Focus on the love in you
Spoil yourself with self love
Reach down into your heart
And serve others the purest of your Love

Kenneth Maswabi

The Art Of My Love...

the art of my love...
is exhibited in my heart
in the privacy of my soul
painted with a fine brush
on a canvas of flesh
glowing with blood
allowing the colours of my love
to be captured by the rhythm of my heart
magnified a thousand times
allowing my blood to rush
my eyes to shine
my lips to moisten
in an artistic painting of love

the art of my love...
is a song I like
playing in my heart
in the privacy of my soul
with soft tunes of love
echoing on the walls of my heart
with vibrations of love
released by the rhythm of my heart
amplified a thousand times
allowing my soul to dance
my heart to jump
and my bowel to rise
in an artistic dance of love

the art of my love...
is an amazing picture
captured by an amazing person
with an amazing camera
digitalized and printed in my heart
in the privacy of my soul
with amazing colours displayed
in an amazing heart
electrified by the beats of my heart
glowing day and night
with amazing love

in an artistic display of love

the art of my love...
is a romance novel
capturing the romantic spells
love unleashed
energized by the blue hills behind
the green grass around
and the bed of red roses
rivers flowing over the rocks
mystic waterfalls
in lovers' paradise
where love is reborn
hearts are merged
and souls swapped
with whispers and warm breath
soft hands caressing each other
in a rhythmic moment of love

the art of my love...
is like the art of war
is personal and intense
heart beats and sweat
accelerating my desires
in a violent rush
my love unleashed
with the power of a thousand bombs
capturing my lovers' heart
in a moment of surrender
souls are wrapped
and hearts merged
ending in a climax.

Kenneth Maswabi

The Artificial Heart

Sewn together
Chunks of emotions deleted
Gripped by numbness
The hollow heart is alive
Portraying signs of recovery
The wounds hidden by a thick blanket of numbness
The smog that hides the hideous battle within

A dark tunnel
Clutching on Hope
The pacemaker
The only light at the other end
Flickering in the wind
Living on borrowed time
Life seems meaningless
Bound together in depression
A whole wall of emotions destroyed

The artificial heart strapped into our chest
Held together by a thin line of hope
Our only source of life
Full of uncertainties
Fragile

Kenneth Maswabi

The Baggage

the baggage that we carry
manufactured by our past experiences
and maybe our long assembled ideas
robs us of our inheritance
our place on the table of life
our armour in times of trouble
our crown on the stage of kings (& queens)

the baggage that we carry
is a heavy load in our hearts
a bag full of jealous
occupying the seat of Love
contaminating the pool of life
with its black smoke of hatred
breaking the dam of Hope
with its sharp claws
Crushing our Faith
with its twisted beliefs

the baggage that we carry
brings venom to our life
severing relationships
wiping our smiles
and painting our hearts black
with its necrotizing nature
muting our heart beats
with its suffocating hands

the baggage that we carry
is a cage of stones
hiding us from the light
chaining our souls
to the blackness of its fabric
conspiring with darkness
to eliminate the twinkle in our eyes

Kenneth Maswabi

The Bags Under My Eyes

They emerged one Sunday afternoon
Inflated and heavily pregnant
Swollen with painful breaking news
A sudden downpour of sadness
Wrapped across my chest
Holding my heart down
An anxiety attack of some sort
Took charge of my body
Incapacitating my thoughts

I was now a prisoner of my mind
Held down by heavy chains of fear
Flashes of unanswered questions
Rained on my frozen thoughts
Striking at the heart of my fear
Sending tremors across my body
Releasing sparks of raw fear
To terrorize my confused mind

As my thoughts struggled to defrost
My heart struggled to beat
And my knees struggled to be strong again
I found myself staring in the mirror
Frozen in time and space
An ancient relic
Unveiled
Age

Kenneth Maswabi

The Battle Is In The Mind

Everyday life is a warzone
Fought inside the mind
Decisions and choices made
Stand between life and death
Risk assessment is a daily necessity
Prudence and vigilance are survival skills
Self-awareness is a special weapon
Needed to increase one's chances of survival
Inflated egos are destructive
Laziness and carelessness are counterproductive
The battle is real and victory is rare
Life is a continuous battlefield
Luck and inner strength
Form the basis of defense
Love is the final bastion of hope
In this mental warfare

Kenneth Maswabi

The Beautiful Game

It is ignited by a passion beyond reproach
Fueled by the chemical mysteries of the heart
The beautiful game of love is a wild fire
A spark is enough to set it ablaze
Feeding on the ferocious winds of emotions
The love fire consumes the heart
Blindfolding the logical mind
With its mystical forces
Fair play is the order of the day

The beautiful game has a vulnerable side
It is affected by changes in the emotional wind,
The rough tackles of the opponent
And most important, time
The beautiful game is able to withstand stress
Passing through difficult challenges
And surpassing all expectation
Culminating in a win – the wedding day

The beautiful game is sometimes cursed from the start
The fire burns only for days and maybe months
And then the chemical wells of the heart dry up
Leaving behind cracking dry mud
And some love ashes
The love game takes a brutal blow
Sometimes even a technical knockout
And the fire is distinguished
The game is over

The beautiful game has a dark side
Brutal tackles produce black eyes
And sometimes a redcard is given
The heart break can be immense
Multiplied by the humiliation
The love game turns nasty
The fractured heart is unforgiving
Mercilessly brutal
Leading to breakups
Or even bitter divorces

And sometimes the ultimate price is paid
"Passion killing"

Kenneth Maswabi

The Beautiful Side Of Life

the beautiful process of conceptions
has captured my imagination for years
taking my thoughts on a joyride
male and female sniff each other
finding comfort in a dance of love
that culminates in a marathon of a million sperms
outpacing each other in a race of faith
their fate wrapped in their belief in life
their stamina pushed to the limit
there is only one winner
in this life or death race
the survival of the fittest
the ultimate survival skills tested
in a silent swimming contest
only the toughest, the best and the luckiest
will pass the point of no return
penetrating the overprotective wall
that houses the delicate egg
where the sperm meets the egg
in a silent celebration
they tie the knot
the seed of life is planted

Kenneth Maswabi

The Bible

The 7 wonders of the world
Are nothing compared to you
With your Word, life is renewed
From Genesis to Revelations

You have revealed the secrets of LIFE
Opening our eyes to the Spring of Life
To quench our thirst and renew our Hope
"I am the Way, the Truth and the Life"
(John 14: 6)

You have given Us LOVE
Unimaginable Love born on a Cross
Was given to Us for eternity
"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want"
(Psalm 23)

You have given Us HOPE
The Path of the Righteous
Whose hearts are clothed in Faith
"Now the God of hope fill you with all joy
and peace in believing,
that ye may abound in hope,
through the power of the Holy Ghost."
(Romans 15: 13)

You have given Us FAITH
The Ultimate gift of Love
Allowing Us to Believe in the Unseen
The Supreme Creator of the Universe
"I Am That I Am" (Exodus 3: 14)

Kenneth Maswabi

The Big African Tree

This is not a Christmas tree
It's not a decoration to sit inside the house
It does not have lights and whatever else comes with a Christmas tree
It does not have any particular name
It is actually not celebrated at all

The African tree is a majestic icon
Every village is dotted with these supreme creatures
Every road side is intermittently overshadowed by these giants
Every african home has its own tree of choice

The African tree is passed from generation to generation
It is a place of rest and renewal
It holds intergenerational secrets
It's a place of family gatherings
The coldest spot on a hot summer day
It's a place for children and adults
It's also a place for justice administration or worship

The African tree is an air-conditioner of some sort
It is a board room for important meetings
It's occasionally a bedroom especially on those hot summer afternoons
It's a sitting room and a lounge
It's a classroom and an entertainment centre
It's a milling factory and sometimes a butchery
It can be turned into a makeshift garage
It's a place for everything

The African tree comes with different shapes and sizes
It's a fortress for both people and animals
It's loved for its cool shadow
Also, adored for its delicious fruits and nectar
Sometimes cherished for its medicinal properties
It's admired for its majestic size

The African tree is a symbol of African life
It's an icon of Africa
A revered masterpiece
Never to be cut down by men

Only destroyed by natural disasters
Or old age
It is a supreme structure
Accommodating all sorts of life
Accepting all kinds of guests

Sadly, the African tree is missing from african cities
Destroyed by progressive forces
Overtaken by Western developments
Overlooked by urban dwelling africans
Misunderstood by the new generation of africans
Associating it with evil and ghosts

The African tree is a dying specimen
Its legacy is everlasting
Captured in great african stories
Admired by botanists and spiritual healers alike
Squirrels and elephants adore it
Owls and leopards call it home
Lizards and small birds can not survive without it
Snakes are envious of this great hotel

Kenneth Maswabi

The Birth Of Poetry

the disturbing pain in my belly
squeezed words out of my heart
in a controlled delivery of words
in the maternity ward of my mind
where poetry was born
screaming and kicking
as he consumed his first breath
butt-naked and free
Poetry was a boy...

the soft hands of my heart
caressed the newborn
maternal instincts
rubbing poetry into his soul
bonding with the lad
as he stared at me
with those big white eyes
radiating in their poetic pose
Poetry was beautiful...

the sucking of his mouth
was soothing to my bosom
allowing the milk to flow
and Poetry was happy
tumbling and tossing
in his new home
in a moment
Poetry was asleep...

the passing times
encouraged his poetic wobbling
in an unsteady search of meaning
he took his first step
towards the journey of a million miles
where he gonna drink
from the poetic spring of life
and enjoy life full of Poetry.

The Caliphate's War

Ideology and theocracy enveloped the desert city of Mosul
A caliphate born under the blinding sand storm
Overpowered mankind's desire for peace
Casting away the book of law
Embedding itself on the psyche of men
Rupturing into the streets
In a violent act of war
Against mankind
Women and children
Young and old
All prosecuted under the desert sun
All found guilty of being human
All executed on a stake

Kenneth Maswabi

The Chamber Of Secrets

The secret chamber of the heart
Hides many precious jewels
With its gigantic wall
And invincible lock
The chamber is protected
Secured by a steel door

The chamber of secrets
Is opened by the faithful
Those with a clear conscious
And those with a God fearing spirit

The chamber of secrets
Is brimming with life giving energy
Surrounding a pool of love
And a peaceful garden of Hope
With an invincible wall of Faith

The chamber of secrets
Is a source of life energy bars
With its rivers of joy
And bubbles of peace
And a tranquil pool of love

The chamber of secrets
Has life renewing powers
Energy giving fruits
Love pools
Hope wells
And faith filled air

Kenneth Maswabi

The Chronicles Of Life (Part 1)

In the beginning Love begat life
Life is Love's only begotten existence
Love is the ultimate eternal existence
With neither a beginning nor an end
Love is the ultimate emotion of life
With no impurities within
Love amplifies life
Far beyond the daily existence
Into the realm of eternity
Inside the eternal truth
Where there is everlasting wisdom
The spring of life
The purest life is Love

Kenneth Maswabi

The Creative Force

It's not the big bang
It's not the force of gravity
It's a force beyond imagination
Yet it's a force within us
It is at the center of our Souls
It's made of Love and for Love
It's seen in the beauty around us
It's there in the artist's imagination
It's prominent in nature
It was there in the beginning
It's an eternal force
It's force for good
It does not destroy
It only creates

Kenneth Maswabi

The Crumbling Spider Web

one string holding
as the spider web crumbles
its delicate arms
rendered useless
by the elements of change
bashing it from all sides
in a relentless onslaught
the power of the web
is proved futile

one string holding
as the spider web succumbs
its invisible charm
corroded by the elements
in a sustained attack
devoured at its core
in a merciless raid
the power of the web
is proved hollow

one string holding
as the spider web crashes
colliding with the elements
in a violent rush
its steel power
too weak to hold
the brutal explosion
the power of the web
is proved useless

one string holding
as the spider web crumbles
plummeting down
under its obese weight
the power of the web
is proved barren

The Cry Of The Human Soul

Created with the purest of Love
The Soul looks at humanity with bleeding eyes
Suffering multiple stab wounds at the hands of politicians,
Capitalists, and religious fundamentalists
Betrayal, greed and violence rages in the hearts of men (women)
Poverty and inequality unleashed in an unprecedented proportions
Mysterious incurable diseases roam free
Genocide against children is now a norm in our fast changing world
Nuclear war is on the cards of this raging fiery madness
Global warming denialism is a weekend sport
Played by the monstrous unconcerned capitalists cum politicians
Human decency has been shredded
Human dignity is now reserved for the few
Love has lost it's meaning in this raging storm
Darkness has descended in every household
Death dominates the skies, the waters and the earth

Kenneth Maswabi

The Cup Of Silence

Let your lips suckle
On the cup of silence
Serenade your heart
With the voice of silence
Baptize your Spirit
In the heart of silence
Immerse yourself
In the ocean of silence
Enjoy the silence

Kenneth Maswabi

The Curse Of 3rd World Existence

People are peeling themselves away
Uprooting their families and fleeing
The scourge of 3rd world existence
Biting deep within their souls
Tormenting their brittle bodies

The 1st world is just waking up
The curse of 3rd world existence
Approaches their comfortable abode
Demolishing the serenity on its path
Wiping decades of equanimity
Brexit is only the beginning

3rd world existence is a curse to humanity
It is the aftermath of colonialism and capitalism
It is the damage after the stormy years of neglect
The 3rd world is on a collision course with the 1st
A new world order is beginning

The answer is simple
Let's all strive for a 1st world planet
Let's demolish any 3rd world mentality
Let's rebuild the capabilities of the lost continents
Let's rebrand the values of Mankind
Let's us stand together as one
Let's avoid hiding in our long lost belief systems
Let's us bury fascism, racism, and religious fundamentalism

Kenneth Maswabi

The Cycle Of Sadness

the sadness in her eyes
was peeling off her feet
rubbing off her footprints
that stuck to the sand
carried by the wind
sprinkling in her eyes
in a cycle of sadness

the sadness in his eyes
was dripping off his forehead
carried by his sweat
that fell to his feet
into the dry ground
mingling with the dust
that peeled off the ground
in a gust of wind
settling in his eyes
in a cycle of sadness

the sadness in her eyes
painted her eyes red
in a show of sorrow
the cold fire within
releasing a smoke of sadness
embroidering her eyes
with a blanket of sorrow
in a cycle of sadness

the sadness in his eyes
accommodates no light
in the pit of darkness
sorrow roam free
undisturbed by hope
the rain of light
never reaching his soul
stuck in a drought of happiness
his sorrow nourished
in a cycle of sadness

The Day After Valentine's Day

Soaked with the lubricants of love
Overdosed with injections of love
Silenced by the kiss of love
An SOS is all I might need
To rescue me from the bonds of love

Wallowing in a pool of love
Fused together by a chain of promises
To a garden of roses sprouting on the bed
And a blinding sense of belonging
I can't resist the temptations of love

Kenneth Maswabi

The Day I Slept Far Above The Clouds

In the belly of human achievement
I sat with my heart on my hands
I prayed nearer to God than before
I placed my fate on those fluffy clouds

My fellow human beings sat still
Clutching their faiths in their hands
And Slipping deep in meditation
A bottle of prayer was consumed
As they whispered to their God
They sat unmoved by the clouds
Comforted by the hand of love

Looking in their eyes
I saw the heart of humanity
Firmly connected to the love of God
I was comforted by the unsaid truth
The silence in their eyes
Was warm and full of love
Our destination connected
We sat together in faith
We closed our eyes in prayer
As sleep came uninvited

Kenneth Maswabi

The Day Love Came To Town...

the air was thick with love
painted red by the blossoming love
unwrapped for all to see
displayed in restaurants and cafés
sweet melodies flowing unabated
calling love to emerge
to jump out of its cocoon in delight
having been nourished undisturbed
young love and old love
poured out for all to see
the delight of lovers in display
as they embraced the moment
the day love came to town

settling in their corner
their hearts soaked by the flowing love
glued together by the love they share
the air above them witnessing the occasion
silently absorbing each and every laughter
smiles radiating for all to see
in celebration they ate together
taking turns to sip from the same glass
holding hands in delight
the light shining in their eyes
burning bright for all to see
as they embraced the moment
the day love came to town

the night was crawling away
as the whispering sounds slowly disappeared
replaced by caressing hands and long kisses
passions oozing out for all to see
in unison heart beats rhymed together
inviting powerful feelings to emerge
answering the call of love
the chemical spillage of love
causing their bowels to boil
as they embraced the magical moment
the day love came to town

the stars ever shining
like diamonds in the sky
a gift from the gods above
left for lovers to share
as they lay down in the open grass
their hearts beating faster and faster
their kisses growing stronger
like hungry beasts they consumed each other
opening the doors for more magical spells
to flow in them causing their bodies to spasm
in a tonic clonic dance of love
unaware of the passing time
the cooling breeze around them
caressing their skin undisturbed
arousing the feeling in their bowel
the steam engines starting to erupt
as they embraced the magical moment
the day love came to town

they lay there for a while
exhausted, they tried to breathe
their bodies submerged in sweat
their hearts calling for more
the stars looking at them in silence
having witnessed the magical moment
their tears held back
their cries subdued
as they embraced the magical moment
the day love came to town...

Kenneth Maswabi

The Death Of My Mother

Smashing through my heart
Like a bolt of lightening
The news broke my heart
Sawing through the vault of my soul
The terrible news was unbearable
It crushed the roof of my soul
Totally exposing my naked soul
On that fateful day,5th Sep,1993

The death of my mother
A senseless explosion in my life
Came early in my youth
Leaving a gapping hole in my soul
And a teenager full of questions
The terrible nightmares unbearable

The loss of my mother
As terrible as it was
Was a getaway to a deeper excavation of life
In my search for comfort
I stumbled across a vast wilderness
A new world of the spirit uncovered
A beautiful land of comfort discovered
My soul drifted towards this forest of lights
A new beginning was unfolded
And God came into my life

The newfound life
Erected a roof over my soul
A golden dome of strength
A bastion of peace and stability

Kenneth Maswabi

The Death Of Tolerance Progressive Reasoning Aka Tpr

Tolerance Progressive Reasoning died on the 8th November 2016

He was a humble human being

His only mission in life was to promote tolerance & progressive reasoning

He rose from humble beginnings and achieved his fame in the front lines of human rights activism

He was a democrat, a father and a beautiful human being

He leaves behind a miserable world full of paranoia and fear

He shall surely be missed by all black people, latinos, asians & progressive whites

He was buried today at 9 am at the Global village cemetery.

Rest in Peace TPR

The world shall surely miss you

Kenneth Maswabi

The Democratic Republic Of Love

Situated in the vast expanse of her heart
A sprawling island of love
Emerges from the ashes of her past
Ushering the rays of hope
In this war torn country
Swarming with painful stories
Rivers of blood
And unimagined sorrow

A new day has began
All across the island of love
Reconstruction has started
The walls of her heart are renewed
Painted with a bucket full of love
Her heartaches removed
Her broken heart restored
Her tears have dried
Leaving behind petals of love

A new beginning
A new body & soul
A new island of love
The Democratic Republic of Love

Kenneth Maswabi

The Depth Of Silence

Beneath the silent vow
Lies a silent roar
Swallowed by the unforgiving rage
Echoed through the darkness
In a ghostly growl

Beneath the silent sobs
An emotional thunderstorm rages on
Unperturbed by the empty face
Gusts of wind blows a war trumpet
In a final declaration of war

Beneath the shallow waters of silence
A monster roams free
Unchained and hungry
Ready to devour
Swallow whatever moves the silence

Beneath the volcanic wall of silence
Hot lava brews undisturbed
Punching holes into the fabric of life
Puffing through the nasal crevices
Toxic gaseous fumes escape
Loaded with hot angry chemical bullets
A massive eruption waiting to happen

Beneath the empty shadows of silence
A beast lays a trap
Protracting its fangs in readiness
Prepared to do the unthinkable
The vicious rape of a mother

The depth of silence
Is deadly and toxic
Bustling with dangerous beasts
Betraying the garden of silence above

Kenneth Maswabi

The Dilemma Of The Unbeliever

Everything seem to be out of touch
Mathematics cannot explain Love
Equations are too shallow to express faith, hope & Love
Astronomy cannot find the future
Reality is limited to the present
The future is beyond the logical mind
The past lay wasted inside the cocoon of memory
The lubricant of friendships is not sold in shops
A smile is freely expressed
A hug is warmer than the beach
Happiness is not expressed in numerical terms
Peace is easily diluted by hate
Love gives birth to love

Kenneth Maswabi

The Distant Star

the distant star...
glows dim in the sky
from a billion miles
competing with nearer stars
for your attention
your time and love
your heart and soul

the distant star...
ever so alone
in the pot of darkness
never tires to shine
never give ups the race
never complains
never steals others' light
and never sleeps

the distant star...
calls your name
in a loud voice of stars
lost in the vast space of the universe
almost never reaching you
except for your sharp ears
your replied with a smile

the distant star...
cries day and night
tears so hot
they shine in the sky
a billion miles away
on the cheeks of the star
they flow forever

the distant star...
with longs arms stretched
wanting to embrace and hug you
with the warmth of a star
to caress and love you
with the heart of a star

to write your name
in the heart of a star

the distant star...
is not so distant after all
is not so lonely after all
is not crying after all
is not sad after all
is not embarrassed after all
is not so dim after all
It is a STAR after all

Kenneth Maswabi

The Divine Inheritance

The heart is a living symbol
Of all that is divine & sacred
Of the source of Love
Of good & evil
Of life

Open the doors of your divine inheritance
Look beyond the wall of pain & suffering
Look beyond the tower of sorrow
The mound of tears
Do not be afraid
Hold onto your hope
Take a leap of faith

Open the door to your Soul
Into the inner chamber of secrets
The beginning of eternity
The gate of peace
The everlasting covenant
The divine Love
The spring of life

You are now on the path of righteousness
Eat the fruits of the sanctified truth
The eternal wisdom
The everlasting joy & peace
Drink from the spring of life
Swim in the ocean of everlasting Love

Kenneth Maswabi

The Dream

I am a dream
The eyes of the Soul
That stretches beyond the horizon of time
Protruding Into the dawn of eternity
Opening the magical veil of nature
Unleashing the supernatural
Breaking the rules of the universe
With a single touch
The physical laws are not for me
Neither are the physical barriers
I swim in the ocean of consciousness
Fishing for the unconscious truths
I ride the tide of the eternal light
Going beyond the edge of madness
I am the invisible insanity
The undefined reality
The speck of truth
In the circus of life
I am a dream

Kenneth Maswabi

The Dry Pond

I wished for a glass of water
to quench my drought
wash my throat
and maybe plant a few words
in my poetic garden
that stand empty
having lost its bloom
words wilting under the sun
losing their shine
under my watch

I stand at your feet
covered by mud
leaving me without words
to describe my loss
my eyes running dry
with no tears to wet your face
soothe your mind
and heal your wounds
in your dry bed
sorrow abound

I sit by your side
no words flowing
no poetic songs
no butterflies
nothing exist
your life gone

Kenneth Maswabi

The Dry Season

I have searched everywhere for precious poems
I have been inside the hall of my imagination
I have listened attentively to the silence within
I have even looked deep into the world of dreams
I peeped through the thick fog of consciousness
I even ransacked the bedroom of my emotions
I came out empty handed
I came out without my precious poems
I can only kneel down inside the emptiness of my heart
And pray for this dry season to pass

Kenneth Maswabi

The Emotive Self

emotions simmers in my heart
stirred by the days ahead
unparalleled in history
as the nation stands
to cast their vote
in dead silence

mixed emotions pokes my soul
apprehensive of the times ahead
dark clouds that promises rain
or maybe the storm of a century
sending my emotions into turmoil
one second brings anxiety and fear
yet another dishes excitement and arousal
the pot of my emotions is about to explode
as I kneel down and pray to God
to calm my nerves
and promise me a better tomorrow

my heart pounds in fear
most probably exaggerated
in my delusional state
as I imagine the worst
the loss of hope
but I refuse to give up
I refuse to accept anything other than a bright tomorrow
a tomorrow flowing with milk and honey
a tomorrow full of prosperity and love
a better tomorrow

Kenneth Maswabi

The End Of My Night

I've been walking in darkness for too long
I've encountered troubled souls on the way
I've been called a troubled soul
I've lost a lot of great friends
I've seen my heart grow
I've seen my Soul shine

I've been walking in darkness for too long
I've developed a great vision
I've nurtured a great spirit
I've conquered fear
I've wrestled with my own insecurities
I've won every match

I've been walking in darkness for too long
I'm one with the stars
The moon is my companion
Darkness is my suitor
I'm sparkling in the dark
I am a polished diamond
I'm ready for a new day

Kenneth Maswabi

The Eternal Flame

Love was ignited before time and space were formed
Love is neither dissoluble nor destructible
Love of Love forms the foundation of God
Love of God forms the foundation of existence
Love of man (and woman) forms the foundation of life
Love of nature and all of creation forms the foundation of eternity
Love is the eternal flame
Love gives birth to more Love

Kenneth Maswabi

The Explosive Death Of A Star

every star is afraid
fearful of the day to come
when its shine is no longer
its beauty has deserted
leaving behind a cocoon
a shell with no sparkle
its scars pronounced
left bare for all to see
the dead star exposed

every star is afraid
petrified of tomorrow
when the lights are no more
no red carpet to bling bling
no cheering crowd left
no autobiography to sign
only dead silence
surrounded by darkness
the dead star deserted

every star is afraid
haunted day and night
by the lack of foresight
no warning bells
as the day ticks closer and closer
the dreaded day of doom
when the star will die

every star is afraid
anguished by the approaching day
the apocalyptic moment
when the star will be no more
buried and forgotten
never to be heard of again
the explosive death of a star...

Kenneth Maswabi

The Fast Lanes Of Life

The corridors of life
Are teeming with a million footsteps
Parading in a endless search
Foraging for a better life
Along the crowded city markets
The burden of life exposed on their faces
Fault lines appearing in pairs along their foreheads
Permanently imprinting the memories in their skin

The fast lanes of life
Are full of elusive wealth
Invisible packaged packets of riches
Hangs from the ceiling of life
Where no poor souls can reach
Even those with extraordinary arms of education
Have long lost their ability to use their folded certificates
Their arthritic educational papers rendered useless
Unable to lift them from their seat of misery

The fast lanes of life
Are brimming with opportunities
That hangs on huge billboards
Protruding from every street corner
With their fancy price tags
And their expensively placed status
Unavailable to the masses
Who toil daily on the streets below

Kenneth Maswabi

The Four Killers

1. Worry

You worry too much
Channelling all your energy
Into the abyss of the unknown
Weighing down your inner peace
Burdening yourself with reckless thoughts
While the future has so many escape routes
Time is forever on the move
Time that you don't have
Stop worrying, worry will not bring solutions
It'll only consume your time
And bring you closer to your deathbed

2. Overthinking

The mind is a highway of some sort
Always troubled by traffic congestion
The smog is a persistent pollutant
Do not overthink
Overthinking kills
The outcome is always a sleepless night
Or an erectile dysfunction
Depressed mood
The list is long

3. Negative thoughts

Darkness lingers in every thought
Stay guarded against the invading masquerades
Stealth and cunning is their game plan
Repel them with positive thoughts
Never underestimate the power of prayer

4. Negative emotions

The heart is a big place
It can carry tumultuous storms
Beware of rage and jealous
These destroyers are hot
Their flames are inextinguishable
Keep away the troubled ghosts
Of long dead relationships
Heart breaks and abuse
Life is easier when you look at the brighter side

The Fundamentals Of Love

Love is intrinsically good
No impurity can soil it
No amount of hate can change it
Not even violence
Love serves Love
In all its workings
Love begets Love
In all its chemical composition
Love is pure
In all its form
Love is truly magnificent
In all its foundations
Love is strong
In all its state
Love is still

Kenneth Maswabi

The Future

My eyes can only see now
Immersed together in their blindness
Enveloped by the thin filament of time
Standing between now and later
The mysterious future remains elusive
Concealed by the curtains of time
Keeping future visibility to zero

My eyes yearns for the future
Aroused at the thought of tomorrow
Inspired by the generous clock on the wall
That plough through time with ease
Erasing time in a matter of seconds
Pushing the curtains of time away
Ushering in the future
The future that drops dead in the nick of time
Giving way to the past
In an endless TUG OF WAR

My eyes searches for the future
Within the crevices of time
Layers and layers of seconds removed
Like a needle in a haystack
The future remains elusive
Forever imprisoned by time
In a solitary windowless cell
Called the future

Kenneth Maswabi

The Great Healer Of Hearts

Bruised and broken
My heart was a heap of misery
Covered by a blanket of sorrow
My heart was wrapped in desolation
The shadow of death hovered over my head

The great healer of hearts answered my prayers
The great Comforter returned my calls
My heart was held together by stitches of love
Warmness was allowed to return to my heart
The great Physician was at work in my soul
Mending every broken wall of my heart
Removing all traces of sorrow
My heart was allowed to beat again

The great healer of hearts has shined his torch in my heart
Uprooting the spreading weeds of misery
Planting a sense of hope in my heart
My days of sorrow curtailed
The shadow of death defeated
The sun is shining once again
My tears are drying up

Kenneth Maswabi

The Hand Of Sorrow

You are a heavy-handed master
Submerging my Soul in pain
Clothing my heart with a thick blanket of sadness
Your scalpel has found the deepest parts of my Soul
Tearing through the tenderness of my heart
Ripping open a deep wound inside my being
I am at your mercy
My tears bear witness to your destruction
My heart is scattered in pieces
My spirit is broken

I will survive
The barrage of your torment
I will gather the pieces of my heart
And stitch them together
I will refill my spirit
And stand up again
I will find peace and comfort
Inside the house of my faith
I will embrace hope
And wallow in eternal Love

Kenneth Maswabi

The Heart Has Seen Many Years

The heart has seen many days
Counting seconds in a heart beat
Pumping hours off its chambers
Ejecting years from its blood stained valves
Breathing the life giving blood
Baptizing the master upstairs
With its river of emotions
And lakes of energy
In a sea of heart beats

The heart has seen many years
Enveloped by a solitary cell
Hiding under the shadows
With its heart beat muted
And a steady rhythm
The ancient art of monks embraced
By the shy heart inside

The heart has seen many years
The turbulent years of youth
With their hormone firing machine guns
The heart was captivated by fear
The fear of a life out of control
Protruding from its bleeding nose
Punched by the overbearing emotional discharge

The heart has seen many years
Wrapped in a cage
Silenced by the chains in its neck
Unable to confront the heart breaker
The bugger who stole the precious love
Stabbing the heart with an emotional knife
Leaving behind a heart broken soul
With the pronounced scars on the face
And a limping ego

The heart has seen many years
The traumatic years of the elderly
With their fragile stamina

And reduced libido
Depressing the heart beat
Exposing the mortal soul
To the elements of age
The curse called Impotence
A Cancerous monster born
In a disease riddled body
Covered by the approaching shadow of death

Kenneth Maswabi

The Hidden Reality

Consciousness is shrouded by a thick wall of mystery
Ideas are generated in a cloud of unknown origin
Thoughts are manifested in a chamber of uncertainty
Dreams are revealed under the spell of darkness
Life hinges on the boundaries of the hidden reality
Stealing the light from this mysterious unrealistic reality
Life is a manifestation of a tiny speck of reality
Love is distilled from a mysterious supernatural reality
Beyond the imagination of man (and woman)
Love is far more beautiful and sacred
The reality is that we live in an eternal reality
A reality governed by Love and for Love
An everlasting reality
An abundant reality
Love is the hidden reality

Kenneth Maswabi

The Incarcerated Mind

the shackles of slavery
with their bold chains
wraps around the mind
chaining its thoughts
into a self-defeated heap
unaware of their potential
to unravel the mysteries
that lies beneath the junk

the mind in its power
pulls and pushes
with its bold hands
searching for a way
to escape the iron bars
that hold it captive
in this state of hopelessness

the soul with its mysterious spell
keeps the mind away from the clutches of madness
cleansing the mind of its demons
in this metaphysical world
where battles are fought
between light and darkness

Kenneth Maswabi

The Journey Around The Sun

mystery surround our journey
through the fabric of space
in our planetary spaceship
from january to december
the four seasons of the year
in a psychotic spin around the sun
or maybe a merry-go-round
cosmic madness

life thrives in this journey
sprouting everywhere in its convoluted forms
unaware of the spinning ball of rock
in its maniac pursuit of time
with its vast speed and spin
life hangs onto its skin
counting days and nights
browsing through the seasons
counting the years
in a desperate attempt
to control its destiny

the torturous journey of life
is just a parasite
feeding on this mad planet
in a game of life and death
cosmic parasitology 101

the mysterious journey continues
from year to year
decades giving birth to centuries
a millenia is born every now and then
our planetary dance around the fire
is a never ending journey

Kenneth Maswabi

The Journey Of Life

the passing of seasons
has taught us well
permanently marking us
some on the face
others on the hearts
and plenty others on the soul
they left none untouched

the passing of years
brought us laughter
sorrow and misery
we saw the birth of HIV/AIDS
we saw it crawl
and we saw its first steps
we saw its first teeth
and we saw its first mark
as it brought death
and more death
with no family spared
young and old
girl or boy
man or woman
the wise and the fool
the teacher and the pastor
no where to hide
no where to run
we were cornered
helpless
but not defeated
not finished
we fought back
we rose
with swords
with shields
with guns
we rose
in defiance
our defence
we survived

DEATH

the passing of times
Tossed us to and from
the poverty pit
with education
hope came
and we dreamed
with jobs
more hope came
and we forgot
then came debts
and more debts
and we cried
in hunger

DESOLATION

the passing of seasons
has brought bright skies
and black clouds
that crowded my thoughts
and kept me busy
sometimes in silence
at times wild
in anger
and despair
outnumbered
and defeated
yet it also freed my heart
allowing me to love
as I discovered
my inner jewel
my heart
my spirit

LOVE

The passing of age
brought us wisdom
and misery
and hope
and more misery
and more hope

as we saw our sons born
our daughters married
and our grandchildren grow
we saw the death of loved ones
and the death of our enemies
we cried
and cried
we graduated
we grew
we aged
burdened
with new challenges
diseases
and impotence
weak
and fragile
alone
and demented
DEAD

Kenneth Maswabi

The Lake Of Silence

I have been to the lake of silence
I have listened to the silent waves
Beating their drums on the banks of my heart
Injecting their purified bliss
My Soul is ever shining
With the radiant beauty of lake silence

I have tasted the waters of lake silence
I thirst no more
I have been restored
I bathed on the waters of lake silence
I am totally consumed by silence

Silence is a hospital
A place to nurse your Soul back to health
A place to taste the lips of peace
A tranquil place full of mystery
A place for the lonely & dejected
Silence offers a new beginning
A proper purification of the heart
A renewal of the Spirit

Kenneth Maswabi

The Language Of Dreams

I speak the language of dreams
Morphing in and out of reality
Unperturbed by the lack of coherence
Unstoppable in my pursuit for the hidden truth
Dipping my mind into the ocean of consciousness
Opening the subconscious hidden world
Peeping into the world of eternity
I hear the songs of glory
I see the rays of hope
I feel the faith in me rejoice
I speak the language of Love

Kenneth Maswabi

The Life Of A Poet

The human soul wants to reach out
To teach us the wonders of life
To give us a glimpse into our own past, future and eternity
To reveal the mystical nature of God
To open the chamber of secrets
And show us the heart of love
The poet is mysteriously recruited
To be the bearer of the unimaginable truth
To be the voice of the mysterious truth
To be the conscience in a lost world
To bring hope where there is hopelessness
To reveal the heart of our Creator
And expose the love within
The poet learns to listen
To the eternal voice within
The everlasting wisdom
Made in the image of God
The human soul
The unimaginable truth is a river of life
Beyond the fringes of our understanding
Holy and sanctified
Beyond the limits of human wisdom
The Creator of the universe
The God Almighty
Is the river of truth
I, the poet
The seer of the unimaginable truth
Sorrow and despair
Love eternal
The glorified life
The everlasting covenant
Love immortal
Love everlasting
Love is truth

Kenneth Maswabi

The Life Of A Soulful Poet

I bow down to my Soul
To pave the way to the inner secrets
In silence, I listen
To the delicacy within
I wait patiently
For the light to be revealed
And the path unveiled
The secret to life's mysteries
Enveloped in a cloak of silence
Lies beneath our hearts

The deep conversation
Between man (or woman) and his Soul
Opens the chamber of secrets
Revealing the mystery of life
Life is not a random phenomenon
Life is a beautiful creation
The product of the purest Love

The mystery of life is Love
In Love there is no mystery
Life is but an offspring of Love

Kenneth Maswabi

The Love Obituary

love died in a horrific accident
when a heart full of love
was shattered by a stranger
breaking it apart in a head-on collision
and love was tossed out the window
and landed on a heartless tree
and love was pronounced dead on arrival
in a heartbreaking moment
the love bird was devastated
by the loss of love
love is survived by a son(Heartbreak)
and a daughter (Ms. Trust)
R.I.P Love

Kenneth Maswabi

The Magic Of Poetry

Poets are full of magic
Magical spells cast from the depth of life
And sometime horrendous memories of sorrow
Wraps around their heads
With their clandestine intentions
Rubbing into their minds
The life experiences of both the wicked and the good
The happy ones and those full of sorrow
Are captured by the wavering ink
As it flows from the master's hand
The pen stupefied by the content of its belly
Bellowing out huge chunks of words
With hidden meaning and purpose
The code of the gods revealed
By the colorful flow of words
As they meander across the plain
The blank stares on the pages of time
Filled to the brim with blossoming words
Flowers of messages coming in all sorts of color
The magic of poetry in full bloom

Kenneth Maswabi

The Mask

Hiding in plain sight
Horrible scars
Broken hearts
Sadness
Loneliness
Worn in public
On our masked faces
As we try to forget
To be normal again
In our hearts
In our spirits
We stand stitched together
Our hearts beating stronger
Determined to succeed
To shed our past
And face our future
In our brand new masks

Kenneth Maswabi

The Mastermind

wisdom brings together great minds
to gather around the same table
and ponder over the mysteries of the universe
with their powerful supercomputer
the science of quantum physics is simplified
untangled into a simpler form of energy
only visible to the mastermind
who will dine on it with vigor and understanding

the art of business will be dissected
and assembled into a powerful multinational company
the secret of the mastermind is ever elusive to the peasant
condemning him to the fringes of life
where breadcrumbs are the order of the day
and sweating for a living is a daily phenomenon

Kenneth Maswabi

The Maze Of Love

Everyone is looking for it
In their own maze
Stumbling across a few dead ends
In their desperate search
The elusive love
Stays one step ahead
Hidden in their own hearts
As they push through the maze
Blinded by lack of knowledge
They keep running
Heart broken and lonely
They lose hope
The maze of love is an illusion
Stop and look inside your heart
Love flows in abundance
Just share your love with love
No strings attached
And love will keep coming

Kenneth Maswabi

The Meek Shall Inherit The Earth

The earth belongs to the gentle
Those with inner peace
Lacking any violence
Soldiers of peace
Ever watchful of their tongue
Not amused by violent tempers
Totally against any hostile behavior
Guarded against venomous postures
Always true to themselves
Unmoved by the winds of war
The peace lovers
Sober souls

Kenneth Maswabi

The Mind Has A Life Of Its Own

The mind is a place of extreme meditation
A fusion of thoughts, memories and imagination
Separating reality from delusions
Suspending dreams and fantasies
Holding down hallucinations
Choking evil
And showcasing goodness

The mind is a hostile unrealistic reality
Billions of neurons interconnected by thoughts
Billions of thoughts disconnected to the reality outside
Billions of decisions to be made in automation mode
Distilling one thought at a time
Rejecting a billion premature thoughts
Storing billions of memories
At the same time forgetting a billion more memories
Accepting all sorts of imaginations
Rejecting all sorts of fantasies
Creating pictures with a billion pixel in a second
Destroying them in the blink of an eye

Kenneth Maswabi

The Mind Is Born With No Morals

Born as a template of both good and bad
The mind stands on the shoulder of the growing child
Looking out for any experiences to consume
Unaware of the danger within

Sometimes the mind is fed love and kindness
Wrapped in a bubble of good family values
And bathed in a bath tub of religious pearls
The mind learns to be good
To always be sensitive to others
To pray and worship God

Sometimes the mind is fed nasty things
Abused and violently assaulted
The mind learns to be bad
"Vengeance is mine." says the mind.
Consumed by hatred

The mind goes on a self-destructive mission
Juvenile delinquencies
Criminal tendencies
Violence against humanity
Rape
Suicide

Kenneth Maswabi

The Moon Never Shines In The Dark...

the pit of darkness ever so hollow
unblinking in its emptiness
unrelenting in its darkness
ever ready to swallow you
give you a ride in its belly
where screams are muffled
and eyes pops out in fear
the abode of demons
from the cradle to the grave
where the moon never shines

the pit of the human soul
conspiring with light and darkness
in its search for salvation
tumbles and turns in pain
as it journeys through life
tempted by demons
and rescued by Angeles
in a tug of war of life
life becomes a dream
where nightmares abode
unchained and loose
tormenting the young and old
from the cradle to the grave
for the moon never shines in the dark...

Kenneth Maswabi

The Mother I Had

Her life was so short
Her heart was so big
Her Soul filled my sky
Her Love lives eternal in my heart
Her beauty is embroidered in my spirit
Her charisma is a plate I enjoyed
Her works are forever my inspiration
Her lessons are my favorite recipe in life
Her life shall forever be embedded in my memory

Kenneth Maswabi

The New Freedom Struggle

Chains hangs on our necks
Shackles of the new world
Holding us captive
In our own households
Technology reigns supreme
The cancerous devises are wrecking havoc

Parents are pitted against their own children
In a lifelong struggle to restrain the epidemic
The new freedom struggle is in our living rooms
A fascination with the ever-multiplying gadgets
Has capsized the new generation in a sea of baseless activity
Pronouncing the newly acquired taste for gadgets
As the iron chains that binds our necks
To the technological penitentiaries of the new world
The marauding technological beasts is in possession of our psyche

The new generation wastes countless hours
Basking in the rays of technological fantasies
Unashamed by their stupidity
They brand all those unhooked as "old fashioned"
The apps and PlayStations are the new fiefdoms
Overpowered by technological warlords
Creators of useless fantasy worlds
Where virtual reality is the order of the day
And the sun does not rise from the east
The moonlight is not white anymore
Overshadowed by the bloody games on our screens
The stars are but a long forgotten reality

Kenneth Maswabi

The Passageway Of Time

A narrow path runs across the sky
Hidden by the bright sunlight
Time sneaks across our sky
In a clandestine mission of some sorts
To usher the future in a smooth automatic succession

The mortal beings across the earth
Are stupefied by the monotonous stroll of the sun
Silently flying across our sky
With its timely deliveries
Sunrise is ushered at the same time every day
Noon is never too late
And sunset never fails to impress
But time hides behind the sun's rays
Piggybacking on a natural spectacle
Time is left unexposed

The passageway of time
Holds humongous amounts of secrets
Bags of ideas are channeled through everyday
The future waiting anxiously
For the baton of ideas to exchange hands
And a bright new day to begin

Kenneth Maswabi

The Path Of Uncertainty Certainty

Life is a path of uncertainty certainty
Throwing obstacles to some
And opportunities to others
Imprisoning some in evil dungeons
Revealing the truth to the kindhearted

Uncertainty exist at every corner of life
Every decision made is full of unknown risks
Life is a volatile transaction
Full of unimaginable surprises

The path of certainty exist
Inside everyone of us
Stealthily designed
Magnificently made
Majestically revealed
The path of certainty is LOVE

Kenneth Maswabi

The Path To Eternal Beauty

Walk naked in the garden of life
Let nature mould your Soul
Be bold and embrace your faults
Bow down to humility
Take a daily pill of kindness
Let Love be your guide
Remember to pick yourself up when you fall
Love does not judge
Drain your heart
Of all the vile temper
And all the hate
Stand up against prejudice
Judge no one
Love everyone
Pride yourself in goodness
Let your heart expand
Beyond your daily needs
Embrace all creation's wonders
Allow peace to hide in your heart
Introduce Love to the unloved
Show hope to the hopeless
Let faith be your eyes
And remember to keep walking
Even when it's dark
Love is with you
On this path to eternal beauty

Kenneth Maswabi

The Poem Hunter

you are my hero
stalking words with your sword
slaying words with your style
and painting words with your pain
the dead ink in your line
soaking words in your sorrow
washing away the pain with your words

you are my hero
patiently weaving words with your hands
making a basket of words
that is displayed in the heart
for all to see
the hidden path to the soul

you are my hero
planting a garden of words
watering your words with love
with your blooming words
you created a paradise of love

you are my hero
mining the heart with words
you discovered love with words
you painted your lips with words
telling stories about love
your smile full of words
you charmed your way to the heart
where you found a well of love

you are my hero
you entered the world of dreams
embarking on a journey
to discover your soul
and recover your poem
in the forest of dreams

Kenneth Maswabi

The Poet Rises

Above everyday talk
Above everyday thoughts
Above everyday memories
Above everyday visions

The poet rises above
The meandering rivers
The towering mountains
The soaring eagles
The empty volcanoes
The stormy winds
The twinkling stars

The poet rises
In his poetic song
In his intense dream
In his meditating stupor
In his poetic pose
The poet rises

Kenneth Maswabi

The Poetic Mind

Poked by the universe
Shock waves from the big bang
Manipulating the poetic mind
Forcing it to wonder
To process words
Refining them with utmost care
Emotional straws pulled apart
Broken into tiny pieces of meaning
Life dissected into minute particles of love
Or maybe sadness
An eternal accord of life left intact
For life to proceed
Unharmd by the trespassing poetic mind
With its entourage of words
And their stampeding hoofs

Kenneth Maswabi

The Politics Of Poetry

Poetry emerges from the pages of history
Dripping with ink that fill the pages of time
The uncertain future captured by the lone poet
Who sat on the stool of time and saw a bleak future
Wanting to escape back into his inhospitable dream
He dreaded the path of uncertainty that stood before him and his dream
The reality of his political course swallowed by his fear
He sat down and choked on a piece of his heart
Stumbling across a few words, he expressed his mind
On the stage of time, there are no spectators
All players are playing to win
And at the end of it all, the players are lost to the elements of time
Degenerating into a mound of dirt
That hides the hideous scars on their faces
Their life stories gone
Captured by their fleeing memories
The game of life is painted on mysterious clouds
That hangs on the heads of poets
Who dare opens the mystic book of poetry

Kenneth Maswabi

The Positive Mindset

I call upon all positive thoughts
to overpower my mind with their raw power
and assume the seat of power in my mind
and govern my mind with their positive energy
surely my mind shall be a beacon of positive change
and my life shall shine with eternal wisdom
as I tap into the mystic river of positive energy
I shall be transformed into a mighty angel
and shall live a beautiful life full of great things
and all my enemies shall confess their sins
and dine with me in an everlasting peaceful accord

Kenneth Maswabi

The Power Of Her Words

Tumbling down the shadows of her imagination
Her words are the breaths he breathes
With every sparkling flow of words
His love is renewed
With every foul words spoken
His life is turned upside down
With soothing words
She stumbles upon his heart
With her comforting words
He is reassured of life
Within her effortless silence
He discovers himself

Her sweet words are the stars in his sky
Her foul words are the darkness in his soul
Her sweet words are the verses in his bible
Her foul words are the betrayals that he has faced
Her sweet words are his rivers of life
Her foul words are his broken bleeding ego

Her words have an ability to cut through his heart
Slicing through bandages that hold his heart together
At the same time, her words bring life to his broken ego
Breathing freshness to his dying love
Her words are his meal of the day

Kenneth Maswabi

The Power Of Imagination

The secret of the hidden Truth
About Man and God
Lies deep within our hearts
Imagination is the key and the path
A path in the fabric of the mind
Imagination can take you straight to the chamber of secrets
Where the coded lock is manipulated by thoughts
And the door is opened
Love is the hidden Truth
Between Man and God
Love is the only thing that connects Man and God
We live for Love
Love is Life
Love is the truth
Love is God

Kenneth Maswabi

The Power Of Tears

Under rated

Crying is tucked away

Among the undesirable involuntary human acts

Pasted together with WEAKNESS among men

Scorned at with impunity by our macho wilding society

Tears are a source of embarrassment to a plenty of men

Nowadays, even ladies find crying as undesirable and unsexy

Puncturing the power of tears into a marshmallow soup of weakness

An undesirable human habit belonging to the rubbish bins

The power of tears is found deep in our mortal hearts

Where sorrow is an ever-emerging threat

Pursuing the human spirit in search of vengeance

Tears have the power to dilute hopelessness

Recycling hopelessness into hope

Overpowering the power of sorrow

Overcoming the sense of hopelessness

Tears washes our hearts

Drowning our sadness

The power of tears is hidden within the confines of our human emotions

Secretly deployed as the first line defense against sorrow

Ten times more powerful than a human hug

Tears are the ultimate defense against hopelessness

Paving way for time to heal our hearts

Tears are an agent of peace within our soul

Refreshing our spirit

Hugging our soul

Tears are powerful

Kenneth Maswabi

The Red Rose Versus The White Rose

Love is in your mind
You only dress for love
Your beautiful style is love
Your blossoming smile is love
You are the red rose

You are the comforter
The hand that rest on my shoulder
The warmth that comes with your smile
Shall forever be rested in my heart
The silk in your skin is amazing
Captivating the soul
You are the white rose

You push the limits of love
Sprinkling your perfume
You embrace love in your elegance
Outshining the lovers at times
You have perfected the art of love
You are the red rose of love

You are the inner peace
You are the friend in need
You are the friend indeed
You give me comfort
Your soothing beauty
Brings tranquility to my heart
You are the white rose

Kenneth Maswabi

The Restless Mind

I left my brain to consume the sky above
And poetry was born
Insane words came tumbling out of a turbulent mind
Touching and caressing the sky
Words blew out of the depth of my mind's pit
Where the dreams in the shadows
Are a reflection of the illusion that is life
Words tormenting my mind
Looking for a door to escape
A brush to paint life again in a poetic universe
Where dreams and reality are intertwined
Bound together by the searching mind
Ransacking the universe for the meaning of life

Kenneth Maswabi

The Road Ahead

your journey begins
encapsulated in an angel song
sanctified by our prayers
and blessed by the GOD ALMIGHTY
You should have no fear
embracing your future
with your open hands
you should keep on smiling
never allowing others to spoil your day
with their unintentional human errors
and their uninspiring wickedness of heart
stand proud and be cheerful
as you open a new chapter of life
for the road ahead is full of success

Kenneth Maswabi

The Road To Independence

I am walking along the road of freedom
I have not yet tasted the waters of liberty
I am toiling on this high slope to self-determination
I have conquered the rough terrain of education
I am negotiating the mind bending route to success
I am ploughing through hard ground
I will not give up
I will gather my thoughts and re-strategize
I will find another way if need be
I want to taste the sweet nectar of financial freedom
I want to sit at the same table with the wealthy
I want to know what drives their minds
I want to break bread with the rich and famous
I want to share a cup of tea with royalty
I want to wear the star-studded costumes of celebrities
I want to find my way to the upper echelons of society

Kenneth Maswabi

The Rough Patch

standing on a patch of sadness
overwhelmed by her desolate heart
feeling betrayed and rejected
tears clinging her face
sorrow squeezing her heart
a blanket of dark clouds upon her
she felt alone in this dream

Kenneth Maswabi

The Runaway Star

wandering from the margins of the universe
with unrelenting speeds
you passed me in haste
not knowing where you were going
you gathered speed anyway
you zoomed across the sky
in search of a better place
somewhere you can sleep
lay your head down
with your eyes wide open
you passed me in haste
leaving me behind
in a trail of star dust...

across the skies
the blue unwavering sky
that gave way to darkness
with a million eyes popping out
you rushed on without fear
consumed by your desire to escape
across the vast emptiness of space
into the belly of the universe
the abode of gigantic monsters
dwarf stars and black holes
with your eyes wide open
you passed me in haste
leaving me behind
in a trail of star dust...

alone in darkness
you kept on swimming
across the vast ocean of space
where midgets dare to go
possessed by your desire to be free
you ran naked unashamed
into the belly of the universe
the abode of gigantic fires
that burns with the intensity of the sun
with your eyes wide open

you passed me in haste
leaving me behind
in a trail of star dust...

above the sky line
dressed in white gown
you galloped on undisturbed
no nightmares to haunt you
or chains to bind you

Kenneth Maswabi

The Sad Rose

the seasons are changing
wobbling dark clouds pass me by
with their puffed up face
they bring me no love
striking me with their tears
soaking my heart
with their venom
spitting on my dress
leaving me to wither

Kenneth Maswabi

The School Bus Has Left

Tears clothe her eyes
Pouring down her cheeks
Draining into her mouth
With their bitterness pronounced
Relaying the inner emotions
The sad feeling in her heart
Swelling up with every minute
Drowning her heart beat
In a pool of sorrow
That shimmers in the morning sun
With waves of sadness hitting her heart's shores

the school bus has left
her highway to education, the mother of hope
with its big doors of opportunities
and its fancy certificates
will pass her by

Kenneth Maswabi

The Shadow Of Life

Life wakes up everyday
From its unconscious slumber
Its journey uncharted
Its pursuits forgotten
Barely remembered as dreams

The shadow of life wakes up at night
From its conscious slumber
Its journey uncharted
Fooling us to sleep early
And sometimes intoxicating us
With a sleep inducing chemical
That renders us unconscious
Slaves to the marauding shadow of life

Life is followed by a shadow
As daytime is followed by night time
And activities of the day are followed by dreams
The shadow of life is alive and well

Kenneth Maswabi

The Shadow Of Love

It is useless to stay in the shadow of love
You won't get any shade from there
You won't get satisfaction
You won't find love
It is just a shadow.

The shadow of love is not evil
It is neither hate
Nor abandonment
It is a cute yearning
For the presence of love

The shadow of love
is only a memory
a fantasy
a dream
a mirage

Kenneth Maswabi

The Shadows

Shadows and secrets
Are often paired
By innocent hearts
Unaware of the secrets in the light

Shadows and Spies
Are often paired
By untrained eyes
Unaware of the spy in the light

Shadows and evil
Are often paired
By the scared hearts
Unaware of the evil in the light

Shadows and ghosts
Are often paired
By blinded souls
Unaware of the ghosts in the light

Shadows and darkness
Are often paired
By human beings
Unaware of the light in the shadows

Kenneth Maswabi

The Shovel In My Heart

I keep a shovel in my heart
to bury the sadness in my life
and cultivate a garden of happiness
sometimes I dig holes in my heart
for my tears to drain away
and wash away the pain in my life

I keep a shovel in my heart
to till the soil and plant a garden of love
to remove the weeds that chokes my love
nurturing the tree of my love into maturity
allowing it to bear fruits
and supplement my romantic menu

I keep a shovel in my heart
to dig a tunnel of hope
and open a route to my success

I keep a shovel in my heart
to channel the flow of positive energy
and build rivers of positive thoughts
with my shovel
I shall dig myself out of poverty
and transplant myself onto a garden of wealth

Kenneth Maswabi

The Shy Bumblebee

Attracted by the brightly dressed petals
The shy bumblebee is too shy to protest
In his silky new suit of scents and pollen
He matches aimlessly around the ever-smiling flowers
Apparently intoxicated by the free flowing nectar
The contents of his smile revealed
Exposed by a flirting group of roses
As they paraded their newly acquired hats
And a provocative line of perfumes
The shy bumblebee is too shy to refuse
This bountiful group of sunflowers
With their brightly colored hearts
The source of his love

Kenneth Maswabi

The Silent Pose Of An African Princess

You stare into nothing
As if staring into something
Possessed, obsessed by the emptiness before you
The silence within protruding through your invincible thoughts
The sound of your heartbeat muted to avoid unnecessary echoes
Vibrations have a way of distorting the perfect picture
The silent pose of an African princess

Words are not enough to describe your peaceful existence
Nor capture the emotions in your motionless face
I need a brush and a can of paint
Maybe then I will paint a masterpiece
The silent pose of an African princess

Kenneth Maswabi

The Singularity Of Love

Love, the eternal truth
Has no dimensions
Has no beginning nor end
Love is a purified state of existence
Untouched by the ills of existence
Love is beyond imagination
Love is the ultimate destination of all existence
Love is the pureness of everything
Love is the pureness of life
Love has no uncertainty
Love has no error
Love is perfection of life
Love is love of life

Kenneth Maswabi

The Sky Is Never The Limit

Once upon a time
The sky was the limit
Binding mankind
To the earthly trenches
Restricting the human brain
From exploring the outer limits of space
Withholding ideas from breaking through the ceiling
Into the treacherous pockets of the universe
Where life has no meaning
And the world of matter and energy are at war
A violent world of cosmic proportions
Where knowledge is born every millisecond
And ideas are multiplied
In a cosmic chamber of secrets
The sky is never the limit

Kenneth Maswabi

The Slippery Floor Of My Life

the slippery floor of my life
with its polished surface
propels me forward
with its hands of education
at the same time pulling me down
with its capitalistic mentality
monopolising my sanity
in a game of survival of the fittest
on the jungle of modern life
with its twisted branches
and hungry politicians
interrupting my african desire
to live a simple life

the slippery floor of my life
reflects the dreams I possess
virtual reality in reality?
or reality in virtual reality?
those questions unanswered
echoes of my heart beat
bounces off the wall of my life
in a desperate attempt to continue living

the slippery floor of my life
with its life insurance policy
bank loans and credit cards
chokes life out of me
with its bare hands
stripping me of my dignity
undressing my vulnerabilities
in the streets of modern life

Kenneth Maswabi

The Soul

Deep within the core of the human Soul
Beyond the garden of peace
A door to eternity is forever open
Love eternal, the everlasting covenant
The spring of life
The eternal truth
The beginning and end of everything
The substance of our Souls
Neither moulded
Nor created
The sanctified existence
The purest form of life
Forever beautiful

Kenneth Maswabi

The Spirit Of Man

the spirit of man
is wonderfully created
with innovations ahead of our time
and creativity beyond our imaginations
embroidering the body and the soul
into a delicate masterpiece
hand-crafted to perfection
with its marvellous mind
inter-woven in a flawless art piece

the spirit of man
is ever exposed
to the treacherous corners
of human exploitations
and the cunning ways of human emotions
with their deceitful outpourings
and their overpowering powers

the spirit of man
is pummelled by temptations
in a timeless attempt
to manipulate the righteous nature
of the human spirit
and move it away from light
into the pit of darkness

the spirit of man
remains defiant
to the manipulative hands of time
from generation to generation
millennium to millennium
the spirit of man remains true
to the CREATOR.

Kenneth Maswabi

The State Of The Universe

In perpetual rotation
Expansion is inevitable
Gigantism is the order of the day
Life and death are meaningless
Time is broken down
The journey is unlimited
Eternity is a far off destination
There is no space for reality
Illusions are perfectly normal
Migration is taken to another level
As predatory black holes feast
Swallowing whole planets in one bite
The king of the jungle is massive
Beyond the limits of imagination
Sitting at the center of gravity
Ruling with an iron fist
Life is not sacred
Day light is a permanent dream
All natural laws bow down
Subdued by the humongous universe
The universe is well and thriving

Kenneth Maswabi

The Subconscious

Thoughts popping in and out of existence
Temporarily ignited
Momentarily illuminated
But nothing is formed
The hands of consciousness
Waiting eagerly
To catch a bright thought
To steal the dream
And reveal the secret of life
Wisdom has a home
Inside the subconscious mind
Nestled between the real and the unreal
The subconscious is a garden
Where knowledge grows
Beautiful flowery dreams
And fierce nightmares emerge
From the fertile untamed mind
Some thoughts grow tall
Reaching the skies
Consciousness
A dark underworld
Carried inside the mind
A secret orchard
Hidden inside the mind
A beautiful factory
Fortified and concealed
A rich mine
Where thoughts are excavated
The subconscious

Kenneth Maswabi

The Sum Of Poetry

Holding life under the microscope
Questions and equations
Fill my eyes with tears
I see nothing illogical
Reality is distorted
To accommodate logic

Love is side-lined
Under the blanket of emotions
Humility is shunned
Kindness is seen as weakness
Peace is a flirtatious moment
Only fully enjoyed by butterflies

True leadership is rebuked
Poured with a bucket full of scorn
Justice is diluted with unjust laws
Equality is a dream for the insane
Politics of greed is embraced
Religious fanaticism is accepted
Poverty is franchised under the banner of third world

The sum of poetry is found in an illogical poem
A poem that does not defend logic
A poem that explores the insane mind
A poem that looks at the deepest part of the human Spirit
A poem that holds Love in awe
A poem that holds hope higher than hype

Kenneth Maswabi

The Sun Is Rising

All eyes are focused to the east
Where the sun is about to rise
Zimbabwe is waiting for a new day
A new dawn of hope and peace
A new beginning and a new chapter
The skies are full of hope
The rains are coming
We can only look with happiness
As the people of Zimbabwe celebrate
We can only wish them a bright day
And a future filled with prosperity
A renewal of Spirit
A renewal of hope
Inside the house of Zimbabwe
Let the sun rise again
Let it be a new day

Kenneth Maswabi

The Supra-Conscious

Consciousness is born everyday
Awakened from an 'unrealistic' adventure
Inside the conscious world of unconsciousness
The realm of the supra-conscious
An ocean of consciousness beyond the human mind
A superconductor of knowledge and wisdom
An interdimensional entity
Born not of matter and energy
But of pure consciousness
The fabric of Life
The unit of existence

Kenneth Maswabi

The Terror Within

The heart of men is forever stained
Fear, hate and all negative emotions
Poisonous venom that stains the heart
Destroying the heart from within
With its corrosive intentions
Tragic malicious acts

The terror within our hearts
A dark stain on our beautiful heart
Saps our positive energy
Eroding our love
Darkening our hope
Poisoning our hearts

Stand guarded against evil
Remove all negative thoughts
Purify the base of your heart
Reject all evil thoughts
Embrace your neighbor
Love humanity
And most of all sanctify your soul

Kenneth Maswabi

The Ticking Clock

There is no silence in a minute
The ticking clock labors day and night
With the crude weight of time
Wrapped on its shoulders
The burden of the past
Strapped to its chest
In agony, time is consumed
Baptized by the ticking clock
As it opens the future
With its massive arms
The ticking clock is a slave of time
A messenger from the past
And an angel of the future

Kenneth Maswabi

The Ticking Clock On My Wall

I am reminded daily
By the ever present voice
The ticking clock on my wall
Of life's fragile comforts
Under the thin veil of time
Superficially coated
By the beautiful sunrise
With a little sunlight
To suppress our fear
Endearing us
To relax
To forget
The terror that is coming
For some it is the slow death of cancer
Others it is the sudden death in a car accident
While some will face off with dreaded disease like AIDS
The rest might live up to a hundred years
Sulking under the heavy burden of poverty endured
Life's comfort zone
Warms us
Providing refuge
For our fragile bodies
Trapping us in a glasshouse of happiness
Dressing us with a thin layer of security
Filling us with a shallow mood of ecstasy
Lest we remember
The horror of death

Kenneth Maswabi

The Tip Of Love

They dived deep
Falling in love
Their hearts pounding
Swallowing the juice of love
Weaving a path of love
Penetrating the jungle of love
Their perspiring bodies tied together
In a single knot of love

An ecstatic journey of love
Unraveling before their eyes
With mountains of pure joy
Covered by layers of erotic pleasure
And a summit of unimaginable climax
They uncovered and exposed the tip of love
To the delight of their hearts

Kenneth Maswabi

The Tree Of Love Is Blossoming

It started with an exotic bloom
Inside her excited heart
Love was planted
Sprouting everywhere
Inside her life
Love was growing
In strength and beauty
Radiating with pure joy
Love was everywhere
Love hugged the sky
Overpowering the streets
With beautiful colours
Everything was red
With the touch of Love
Her lips were red
Her heart was red
As she sat under the tree of her life
Waiting for the blossoming tree of Love
To present her Soulmate

Happy Valentine's Day! !

Kenneth Maswabi

The Truth

Made of solid facts
The truth is truly remarkable
Written by the hand of God
The truth has stood the test of time
Beautifully hidden from the messy hands of drifters
The truth is displayed inside the envelope of mystery
To be revealed only to the seekers of truth
The truth is not found on the billboards of life
But is found inside the vase of goodness
The truth is a beautiful secret
Sealed with pure Love
The truth is a jewel
Treasured by those whose hearts are pure

Kenneth Maswabi

The Truth (Hurts) ... Or Shall Set You Free

for decades they hid under the shadows of peace
pronouncing democracy with confidence
they preached to the masses of africa
in loud speakers they shouted
with songs and dancing they celebrated
drinking from the glass of stability
having held peaceful elections for eons
they drunk with impunity
stupefied by the sense of superiority
they allowed illusions and hallucinations
to conquer their senses with ease

the dark clouds came unexpected
kidnapping the skies without hesitation
threatening to unleash tyranny
with their thunderous bellows
they introduced themselves
with a whip of lightening
they brought terror to their hearts
with every passing second
they threatened to release the dogs
the pack of wolves ever ready
to gnash their teeth on the flesh of the innocents
spilling innocent blood for all to see
with impunity they will wreck havoc
spreading their cause
leaving a trail of rotting flesh

the heavens in their mercies
ever ready to answer prayer
came rushing to the rescue
waving flags in protest
white flags of clouds appeared
pushing and pumping
they delivered their message
the message of peace and harmony
love and reconciliation
that poured in silence
allowing life to emerge

and restoring hope
to both young and old
ushering a new era
where chaos is conquered by order
and unrest is settled by peace
in a court of democracy....

Kenneth Maswabi

The Truth Is Found In Love

Deep beneath all things
A river of Love flows
Full of truth
Knowledge and wisdom
Open your eyes
Look into yourself
Remove all layers of dust
Forgive all your enemies
Love your neighbor
Remove all negative thoughts
Eradicate all negative emotions
Pray and pray
Keep your life clean from all negative thoughts
Pray and pray some more
Remain humble
Be kind
Enjoy life
No matter the storm
You're walking on the path of righteousness
before long, you'll reach the gate of peace
Keep walking on that path
Peace will come
And with peace comes knowledge, understanding and wisdom
The river of everlasting Love is near
Knowledge and understanding are a gift
A reward for your faithfulness
Now you can drink from the river of Love
Love is eternal
No sorrow is big enough
For Love eternal is God

Kenneth Maswabi

The Twinkle In Her Eyes

she whispered into my ear
her warm breath arousing my groin
as the words tumbled out of her mouth
my smile slipping out of my soul
in an awkward moment of desire
I felt a surge of electrical current
passing through my spine
a hard lump formed in my throat
as I struggled to respond
words were not available in my mouth
my breath surged
as I struggled to breathe
my heart racing out of control

she looked straight into my eyes
the twinkle in her eyes aroused
like diamonds in the sky
glittering unashamed
as our eyes met naked
under the blue summer sky
in an awkward moment of desire
my bowels trembled
its vibrations reaching my soul
unlocking the doors to my heart
where kegs of love are kept
left there to mature
into fine sweet love

she kissed me straight on the lips
leaving behind a pleasant taste of roses
that painted my lips red
and sent my heart astray
into the forest of love
where flowers bloom
with scented smells
and exotic aromas
under the canopy of her smile
that lay hidden beneath her lips

she is a strong beautiful woman
with a strong rubbery voice
and a sparkling diamond in her eyes
her kiss is made in heaven
and dressed for a prince
her smile robs me of my breathe
casting a spell on my heart
with her sweet pleasant smell
unleashing her love
for me to bath in it

Kenneth Maswabi

The Universe

you stretch to the limits of my imagination
in a continuous sea of blackness
where you grow stars and galaxies
cultivating them in their billions
you never stop to rest
you never stop for a cup of tea
for your duties are immense
and your responsibilities unimaginable
for you are the universe...

you have stretched time to its limits
pulling on the fabric of space with ease
untangling the mysteries of the cosmos
you built a never ending industry
that is surrounded by darkness
leaving us to ponder
meditating on the reality of your existence
the vastness of your empire
and the powerful forces that you possess
dark matter and dark energy
the substance of your costume
the skin of your armour
and the pulses in your heart

you have stretched mankind to his limits
from your atoms to your stars
you never stop amazing me
with your billion lights in the sky
you never ran out of power
with your big bang
you never needed explosives
with your blackness
you never needed the sun to set
with your supernovas
you never feared destruction
with your many suns
you never ran out of energy
with your gravity
you never planned to escape

you have multiplied the world a billion billion times
starting with planets you did not rest
planting the solar system you continued
with your innovation
you build a galaxy
the "milky way", they say
a hundred thousand light years apart
a billion suns and a trillion planets
multiplied by a billion galaxies
equals to the universe

Kenneth Maswabi

The University Of Life

Poets hold life in their focused brains
Examining the strings that bind it together
Searching for the elusive Soul
The eternal womb of Love
Pregnant with eternal truths
The honeycomb of life
The source of eternity
Love, the ultimate truth
The eternal covenant
Everlasting and beyond logic
Sacred and sanctified
The cornerstone of life
The unbreakable truth
The river of life
Love begets Life
Life is but an offspring of Love
Life exists for Love
Love is the university of life

Kenneth Maswabi

The Wall Of Philosophy

People hide behind their walls
Oppressed by the beliefs in their heads
Suppressed by their self-induced exile
Behind the wall of ideas erected around them

People need to erect invincible walls
Walls that will allow ideas to be liberated
Walls that never bind people to stakes of knowledge
Walls that observe humanity's fundamental diversity
Walls that respect human rights
Walls that magnifies peace, equality and justice

People should bring down the wall of hate
Philosophical walls that are breeding violence
Walls that are spreading the scourge of inequality
Walls that propagate religious fundamentalism
Walls that harness the ideas of tribalism and racism

Kenneth Maswabi

The Walls Of My Heart

an impenetrable fortress
against the forces of darkness
standing erect against time
magnificently built
with their muscular face
and elaborate strength
shielding my soul
with their bare hands

a bastion of hope
a true paragon of virtue
brimming with love
overpowered by goodness
righteousness and integrity
sanctified by the Most High
a true reflection of beauty
wrapped around my heart

Kenneth Maswabi

The Way Of The Jackal

Hopping into the jackal's shoes
He was one with the jackal
Size didn't matter
It was the skills he mastered
Strategy was his daily bread
Totally invincible to the naked eye
Able to blend among his enemies
To assess his chances and complete his mission
He was the jackal incarnate
Being at ease among his foes
Was his modus operandi
His days were full of risk
But his lunch was fit for kings
Success was his main objective
He explored opportunities like a true jackal
Exposing weaknesses and managing risk
He was a master of illusion
Playing his tricks among hyenas and lions
He was a mastermind at work
A true chameleon

Kenneth Maswabi

The Well Of Secrets

the well of secrets
stand proud against time
astonishing both the noble
and peasants
quenching thirst in the shadows
where secrets lovers hide
with their mouthful
of gossip and rumours
the harbingers of both light
and darkness
with their silly lips
opening the well of secrets
secretly camouflaged
in their hearts
the treasures in their secrets
the hidden sparkling explosive gems
can make or break a war
ruining life
with their poisonous spit
or sometimes saving life
with their lightening touch

Kenneth Maswabi

The Windowless Window

Imagination is like a window
That looks through time
Above time and beyond time
Unveiling the multiple facets of reality
Revealing the illusion of its own existence
Hiding the footsteps of eternity
Under the carpet of the unimaginable
Eternity is the single most phenomenal event
The truth beyond logic
The path of righteousness
Illuminated wisdom
Hidden inside our hearts
Our hearts are like a door
Into eternity

Kenneth Maswabi

The Wolf In The Painting

Convinced that it is alive
Bares its long sabre teeth in protest
A ghost that dreams of blood
Peeping through the windows of life
Possessed by a desire to live
To roam the forests again
Howling at night with no fear
Addressing those who dare listen to a lost soul
The wolf rose out of the paint
Energized by the majestic hand that gave it breath

Kenneth Maswabi

The World Of Venom

A dark cloud of venom
Shrouds the world
Trapping the heart of men
Inside a blanket of hate
Terror rains on us
Corroding our thoughts
Eroding our morals
Unveiling our deep darkest secrets

Terror breeds terror
Reject the world of venom
Embrace peaceful actions
Never partake in malicious deeds
Remember to pray for humanity
Always cover yourself with love
Be kind to those tormented
Do not persecute them

I stand hopeful
Encouraged by the beautiful souls
Who stand without fear
On the path of terror
Opening their hearts
Embracing humanity
A world of peace
Germinating inside their brave hearts

Kenneth Maswabi

The Wrong Person

Today I spoke to the wrong person
with his negative attitude
and his degrading words
I collapsed inside
and crumbled outside
electrocuted by his negative energy
my heart felt like ashes
with sorrow in my hands
I shed a tear
to warm my heart
and kindle the flame
with positive thoughts
overpowering my sobbing eyes
I swept my mind clean
of all the contaminated words
and washed my heart
with a love detergent

Kenneth Maswabi

There Is A Poem In The Doctor

The seriousness in his face
Is betrayed by the poem in his mind
Examining the story of life
Untangling the delicate balance
Between health and disease
The doctor is possessed by his poem
As it erupts in his mind
Swallowing him whole
Magnifying his intelligent mind
To come to a diagnostic conclusion
And map his way forward
Smiling to the client
A hand on his shoulder
Clasps the much needed hope
Inserting it into the heart
The spreading news
Connecting families
In a web of poetry

Words of comfort
Reassurance painted on the wall
As the fight is unraveled
The disease disintegrated
Hope gives way to life
The poetic tunes of machines
No longer scary beats of death
But soft comforting tunes

The poem continues
At times full of sadness
Enveloping the bond between
Binding them together
In this final confrontation
Life melting in his hands
Death approaches with a smile
Helplessness is matched with courage
In a parade of human limits
The doctor rests his pen
Bowing to the spirit before

The final departure of words
Captured by the dying sunlight
The poem drying out in a veil of sweat
Sadness...

Kenneth Maswabi

Think First

Unprocessed thoughts are chunks of restless consciousness
Inside the thick skull of unrealistic reality
Unprocessed thoughts are too wild to be released
Into the open space of reality
Unprocessed thoughts are too raw to be dished
Into the open bowl of society

Unprocessed thoughts are rebellious and promiscuous
Uncensored and reckless
Full of negative energy
And destructive
Able to unleash terror
And wreak havoc
Ruin families
And destroy relationships

Thoughts need to be tamed
Inside the kraal of humanity
And refined inside the hall of knowledge
And defined within the boundaries of logic
Painted with the best intentions
Filled with positive energy
Before they can be transformed into words or actions
Think first

Kenneth Maswabi

This Love Is Not For Consumption

This love is a secret
Between me & my heart
Wrapped nicely
And concealed inside my heart
This love is not for consumption

This love is precious
Prettier than diamonds
More valuable than gold
Kept safe within my heart
This love is not for consumption

This love is priceless
Time cannot corrode it
Nor erode the sparkle on it
It is forever shining
This love is not for consumption

This love is cryopreserved
Saved for the future
When love will be rare
A scarce commodity on the market
This love is not for consumption

Kenneth Maswabi

Thoughts

Nonconforming neuronal connections
Squeezing out electro-chemical pulses
In an attempt to bring meaning to life
By-products of excited chemical stew
Or a window into the complex mind of the Creator
Thoughts are the basic components of creation and innovation
Sacred and above ordinary
Thoughts are directly connected to the ocean of consciousness
An intelligent, omnipresent Creator
Able to bring something out of nothing
Thoughts are self-assembled bricks of knowledge and wisdom
Required for human life to progress
They build and recreate the components of life as we know it
And even beyond our current wisdom
Tapping from the river of Love
Thoughts are a supernatural phenomenon masquerading as natural

Kenneth Maswabi

Through The Eyes Of Poetry

I, through the eyes of poetry
Have seen beyond the curve
Of human consciousness
Into the realm of Love
The eternal reality
Beyond our understanding
Love is the basis of life
The purest form of creation
Exist independent of logic
Unrestricted by natural laws
Unconstrained by human consciousness
Love has no explanation
It lives beyond the supernatural
An everlasting mystery
Simplistic in nature
Extraordinarily complex in structure
Love cannot be explained by simple mathematical equations
Love has no equivalent image
Love has no beginning and end
Love is the highest form of humanity

Kenneth Maswabi

Time

the ticking clock
never tires
counting seconds
with its long arms
killing time
with its bare hands
unwrapping the future
with its prophetic eyes

the ticking clock
stays awake
counting seconds
day and night
swallowing time
to quench its thirst
in its pursuit
of tomorrow

the ticking clock
is sailing
unabated
through the rough waters
of time
shaving seconds
and waves of seasons
in its race
against time

the ticking clock
is unrelenting
in its search
peeping
through the curtains
of time
to unveil the elusive
future

Kenneth Maswabi

Time Stoppers

Stop that passing beam of light
Hold it down with steel ropes
Make it surrender its knowledge
And some of its energy packs
Hold it in a quiet dark room
And interrogate it
Until sunrise
Make it sweat
Make it surrender the ashes from the sun
Stashed in its backpack
And also the moonlight
Brightening its path
Stop that passing beam of light

Kenneth Maswabi

Time Travel

Riding on the wings of my memory
Propelled by my desire to connect
To capture the past in my own lenses
To tell the story of my forefathers
And witness the epic journey of my tribe
Through the passing eyes of time
I shall follow the light in my memory's eye
I shall awaken the smell of my father's shadow
Opening the gateway to a memorable past
I shall shout from the mountaintop
Inviting my sleeping ancestors
To an epic journey across the vast ocean of time
Back to the beginning of time
Tracing my ancestors' footprints
Through the muddy waters of Gondwanaland
And the slopes of ancient volcanoes
The prehistoric beasts shall not stop me
Nor the burden of time on my back
I shall find the slit in which time first emerged
I shall find the womb where time was conceived

Kenneth Maswabi

To All Whose Tears Are Still Wet

You are all sons and daughters of the Spirit
Your tears are but a message from the Spirit
Your hearts has seen the depth of sorrow
The arrows of sadness pierce your Soul
But Hope is stronger than sorrow

You hold your tears in the barrel of your eyes
Afraid they might puncture the thick blanket of sorrow
Releasing a toxic spill of sadness
Unleashing a violent spell of misery

Do not be afraid to let your tears fall
Do not be ashamed of those tiny pellets of hope
Do not allow sorrow to strangle you
Your tears are your first line of defense
Ready to break down the wall of sadness
Destroying the thick armor of sorrow
Puncturing the veil of misery
Allowing hope to reign

Kenneth Maswabi

To Create I Must First Dream

My tool is my thoughts
My space is my mind
My dream is my imagination
My imagination is my creation
My creation is my words
My words are my stories
My stories are my poems
My poems are my gifts
My gifts are for humanity

Kenneth Maswabi

To Hate Is To Betray Love

Hatred is failure to see beyond your man made insecurities
Eyes that stay fixated on the darkest corner of humanity
The heart that blames others for its own inadequate Love
The mind that is perpetually searching for violence
A cycle of non-existent sense of doom
Combined with a hunger for revenge
A thirst to harm your so called enemy
Hatred is failure to embrace the beauty of humanity
An embrace of the inhumane ways of resolving conflicts
Hatred is a symptom of the damaged world you've created in your mind
A desire to soak Love in a stench of rotten emotions
An obsession driving you to expose the rotten wound inside your mind
To hate is to betray Love

Kenneth Maswabi

To Hillary

You are standing on solid ground
Your conscience is clear
You fought your battle with all you had
You excelled in the Oval office of opinion
You're a decent human being
Your pain is only temporary
Your peace is eternal
You won many hearts
Your courage is above board
They persecuted you in their courts of injustice
Roasting you in the fire of hatred
Smearing your image with darkness
They failed to extinguish your light
Your torch shall forever burn bright
Your path is paved with righteousness
You're a champion of humanity
They used falsehoods to defeat you
Stooping so low
In their quest to silence you
You shall forever dwell in the white house of our hearts

Kenneth Maswabi

To The Broken Hearted

Don't throw away your heart
Wrap it nicely with clear intentions
Deep it inside the well of Love
Leave it to soak for sometime
While waiting, wipe away your tears
Listen to your Soul
Remove all negative thoughts
Remember to pray
There is always light at the end of the tunnel
Hope is a gift from God
Faith is the vehicle of your Love
Love is not a gift, it's the life we live
Love yourself more, Love others
Love always, regardless of your situation
Always Forgive
Forgiveness is your gift to God
God is with you

Kenneth Maswabi

To Those Whose Eyes Have Seen Tears

My brothers, my sisters, my family, my friends
I stand with you in these difficult times
I pray for healing to your hearts
I pray for God's comfort
and for the passing of time to give you hope,
strength and courage to face another year
May those who passed on rest in peace
May their Souls find everlasting peace
May their memories live in our hearts forever
May we have a renewal of life in our sadness
May we have knowledge, understanding and wisdom
As we battle the questions from our hearts
and the tears from our eyes
May our tears remind us of the warmth in their hearts
and the love we shared.
May God's hand rest on our shoulders
as we stand isolated in pain
May a new dawn bring us hope and sunshine
As we open a new chapter of life without our loved ones
May we Stand proud that we lived and laughed with them

Kenneth Maswabi

To Those With Swinging Moods

Set your mood right
Switch off those annoying moods
Arrest them before they escape
Incarcerate them in the furthest corner of your mind
Where they can swing aimlessly without hurting anyone
Life is too short to be disrupted by moods
Life is too precious to be harassed by those antisocial moods
Relationships should be protected from those predatory moods
Allow the right moods to conquer your life
Be submissive to the positive moods
Attract those moods with positive energy
And shut the door to those negative moods
Do not allow yourself to be enslaved
By the swinging shackles of those moods
Set yourself free

Kenneth Maswabi

Today

Today I am free to write a poem
About all those beautiful people
Who are full of love and joy
Somewhere within their busy schedule
They find a minute to smile
To refresh with a beautiful laughter
To think positive thoughts
And be enveloped in positive energy
To open their arms
And embrace life
Inside their heart
Love and peace reign
Their Souls are happy
And happiness surrounds them
For the rest of their lives

Kenneth Maswabi

Today's News

Today's news
Breaks my heart
With their emptiness
And lack of empathy
Fake news
Have taken over the stalls
In every newspaper
Fake news bear its ugly head
Fake leaders
Sit on the throne
With loads of empty promises
Cast out in huge empty smiles
Social media
Squirms under the heavy load of falsehoods
Loud mouths and anarchists are given the platform
To disrobe the truth and market their foul ideas
Fake prophets
Are worshipped
Inside the house of God
With loads of empty miracles
Tossed at the unsuspecting masses
Today's news is full of garbage

Kenneth Maswabi

Traditional African Woman

Where art thou?

You disappeared with the passing years

Like morning dew, you're missing on the paths of modern life

Your delicate existence has been extinguished

Your sober habits are forever lost

Your commitment and dedication to family is unmatched

You are the symbol of motherhood

You are the shattered backbone of Africa

We will forever yearn for your breast

We will miss the warmth of your back

Your silent composure is forever departed

Your capabilities will be told in folklore

Your resilience is legendary

You are the Mother I miss

Kenneth Maswabi

Traffic Congestion

The roads of our life
Are clogged with traffic
Delaying our way to success
Arresting our future
In the shell of our past
Chaining our mind
To the snail paced traffic
Blinding our eyes
To the opportunities ahead
Bombarding our senses
With the black exhaust fumes
Eroding our chances
Of succeeding at work
Binding our life
To the post of our station
Sealing our fate
To an early grave

Kenneth Maswabi

Trapped

In her dream she was lost
Trapped in a world of confusion
Troubled by her restless inner being
She held onto that branch of life
Not knowing that she is holding onto hopelessness
Her inner voice kept coming back
To knock some sense into her numb mind
To bring her back to reality
To set her free once again
She held tight to the mirage of her dream
Never wanting to believe
What she already knew
That she is in a ghost ship
Sailing the ocean of life
With no captain to steer her home
She looks up to the stars
To save her cursed voyage
To rescue her dreamless mind
She looks to the rising sun
For another cup of hope
She is forever numb
To the voice within
That wants to take her home

Kenneth Maswabi

True Freedom

the secret to my freedom
is found in my sacred heart
the silo of my human Spirit
moulded by the hands of God
overflowing with holy fruits
the foundation to my freedom

the secret to my freedom
is a spring of positive thoughts
an ever flowing river of positive energy
and an ocean of love, hope and faith
the bastion of my human soul

the secret to my freedom
is pureness of heart
mixed with positive thoughts
and served with love and hope
the foundation to my faith

Kenneth Maswabi

True Friendship

Mix pure love with 2 or more radiant Souls
Add a warm sauce of kindness
A teaspoon of mutual respect
A shared vision of the future
Remove all traces of jealousy, competition and greed
Add sweet chilled personalities
Remember to add patience, hope and faith
Also, a spoon of sweet humanity
Do not heat or cool the mixture
It's now ready to be consumed at room temperature

Kenneth Maswabi

Unity And Duality Inside Love

Love is a homogenous existence
Purified to the highest degree

Inside the perfect eternity
Love accept unity

Love is unity
Beyond physical laws

Duality is dead
Inside the heart of love

Kenneth Maswabi

Unmasking The Monster

Follow the trail of words from the monster's mouth
The stink is unmistakably
Coating every string of mucoid words
It's the monster's putrid nose
That covers his words with stench
Destroying his message
With his own rotten speech
Pushing people away
In disgust and protest
The monster is exposed.

Kenneth Maswabi

Untangle Yourself

We are living in a world of webs
Spanning our entire life perimeters
The cellphones in our pockets
Our facebook friends
The bills in our mail
Cyber webs trapping us
In their stupid games

The webs extend to the church
Pastors trapping their congregations
In a spiritual upliftment web
Promising them prosperity
Uncompromisingly strangling them
With one hand on the bible
And another in their pockets
The methodical lure of these scams is similar to the spider webs

Banks are trapping us in their own webs
A web of loans and credit cards spans the entire globe
Catching the unsuspecting victims in their domains
Financial entanglement is the result
This web is super tough
Suffocating you with every new loan or credit card
Until the last breathe escapes your wallet
And you are left alone to face the law

It is time to untangle yourself from these webs

Kenneth Maswabi

Unveiled

The heart of a woman
Is a phenomenal creature
With unimaginable abilities
Unreserved beauty
Revered by man

The heart of a woman
Is a blessing to humanity
A sacrificial lamb of the gods
Anointed and sanctified
Worthy of all the accolades

The heart of a woman
Is patient and caring
Pregnant with love
Unperturbed by responsibilities
Unscathed by childbirth
The pride of mankind

The heart of a woman
Has a dark side
Uncompromisingly dangerous
Catastrophically brutal
Unpredictably evil

Kenneth Maswabi

Victims Of War

Inside their heads
A mound of agony erected
A mountain of questions
No one can heal their broken psyche
Not even the hands of time
Nor the silence of peace
Their wound reaches deep in the Soul
Their pain is unimaginable
A barrage of bullets
Flash lights in the night
And the sounds of bombs falling
Consumes their sanity
Tearing down their sanctity
Devouring their peace
It is a vicious cycle of violence
The war continues in their heads
With no signs of peace in sight

Kenneth Maswabi

Violence

the devil works tirelessly
in his consultation room
prescribing violence with ease
unflinchingly, declaring war
sowing the seeds of hatred
among fellow human beings
with his trigger-happy morons
shedding blood is his hobby
with his blood stained spectacles
and his black heart
he justifies violence
as a means to an end

sitting on a bench
in his lawless court
brandishing his teeth
exposing his hatred
for humanity
with his gigantic finger
firing lethal bullets
to the innocent beings
in a genocidal mode
killing multitudes
in the name of war

watching from a distance
with his self-inflated ego
and his evil heart
as man kills man
on the rampage in their own planet
unashamed of his methods
exploiting the heartless
with his magical spells
sparing no one
in his bloodsucking mission

Kenneth Maswabi

Visionaries

Tearing down the curtain of time
A visionary literally seizes the future
Putting on his thinking boots
He steps into the timeless dimension
Where events are clearly labelled matchsticks
Ready to be ignited by the right hands
At the right time, for good or bad
Visionaries are given the keys to redirect world events

Possessing the unpossessed
Visionaries have the power to unfold the future
Revealing the coded patterns
That maps the future
A 'DNA' of some sort
Encode all future events
Visionaries like poets possess the imaginative power
Needed to break open the chamber of secrets
Where the hidden Truth is stored

Kenneth Maswabi

Voices In Me

I speak languages unknown
Where words are pearls to be admired
Gems made of everlasting passion
Sparkling in an eternal flow of love
Words are nutrients to my soul
Breaking down barriers
Allowing the light to shine
Words are tears
Expressing the deepest pain
Words are clay
To be moulded into bricks of love
Words are full of kindness

I speak in rivers of ink
Sparkling along the valleys of my imagination
I speak life
To the hopeless kind
Whose sorrow has burrowed deep holes of despair
I speak in my silence
Comforting the fearful
With my unspoken words
I reach deep into the heart
Cultivating hope
Planting love

Kenneth Maswabi

Volatile Imaginations

A world weaved by a web of thoughts
Hangs deep in my untamed mind
Suspended by the hands of madness
Imaginations are way too volatile
Caught between my sane mind
And the tumultuous insanity
That exist inside the dreamer's head
Imaginations are balls of explosive thoughts
Carelessly detonating inside my dream
Sometimes into fantastic poems
A dreamer's hopeless attempt
To redeem himself
From the treacherous world
Of volatile imaginations
A persistent unhinged illusion
Exist inside my battered mind
My reality is expanded
Stretched beyond the limits of logic
Words are the elastic strings
That hold my sanity together
Insane thoughts are the key
To the universal knowledge
Far beyond the gates of peace
The everlasting river of Love
Is forever majestic
Beyond the limits of my volatile imaginations

Kenneth Maswabi

Wake Up From Your Deadly Sleep

you have been sleeping for long
in your nightmarish forest
where you encountered beasts
you saw poverty in the eyes
the king of the jungle
you tried to shoot with a gun
your education was not enough
your certificate was not a spear
to stab your next enemy in the gut
coming across unemployment
you could not defend yourself
you thought to yourself
maybe I should apply for land
where I can hide in peace
and dream of wealth
the stool of the rich
land, what land?
There was no land
you slept some more
now employed in your dream
you worked hard
but the hope for a better tomorrow
was drowned by debts
the capitalistic highway
not your way
you slept some more

Kenneth Maswabi

Wars

I have been accused
Of terrible acts
Against humanity
But who is my sponsor
Who is my mentor
Humanity himself
Has stood with me
Through the years
I was sharpened
Given new guns
So many bullets
To cause havoc
To kill and destroy
Massive bombs
Placed in my hands
Lethal weapons
Against the human race
Genocide
Civil wars
World wars
We fought together
Under the same hate
Against the same enemy
The human race

Kenneth Maswabi

Wasup?

The question lingers in my mind
Begging me to explain my lack of plan
Forcing me to lie about my emotional space
To deny my protruding emotional fracture
And respond positively amid my impending suicide

Cool... my answer betraying my heart
Arm-twisting my mental objections
Muting my screaming soul
And silencing my will to live
Condemning me to the chains of a twisted mind
Subjecting me to a torturous death

Kenneth Maswabi

Water

The pillar of life
Flawlessly made
Pure in its intentions
Sure in its ways
And certainly refreshing

The spring of life
Flowing in our veins
Refreshing our souls
And extending our life
With its extraordinary elements
And magical superpowers
Purifying our bodies

The fountain of life
And foundation of our survival
extracting wrinkles from our skin
Magnifying our youth
Spearheading our physical strength
With its thirst busting powers
And supreme kindness

Kenneth Maswabi

Welcome To Poetry 101

Cuddle your thoughts and embrace your feelings
Never underestimate your intuition
And remember poems are living words
Handle them with tender loving care
Love, life, nature, humanity, spirituality
And the universe are all templates of poetry
Unfold them, and fold them into beautiful pieces of poems
The stars are always looking, and dreams are forever magical
Keep in touch with your feminine, masculine, animalistic & natural self
Dig deep in the heart and listen, always listening to the spring of living water.
The soul is alive.
Find the soul and you'll find Love.
Love is God.
Your interest and passion is your poetry
Remember Poets carry so much burden
The urge to unload is always there...
Write one or two poems, then observe the stream that will start to flow...
Until you see big rivers and then an ocean of poems
Keep writing, no standing by
Listen to the whispering breeze
Find the heart beat and go with it
Once you've opened a can of words and you'll never stop
Keep up the inspiration
Love is eternal
Do not dwell on the dark side
Darkness is full of mysterious creatures
Words that torment the emotional being
Always stay positive

Kenneth Maswabi

What Are Thoughts?

The supreme structure of our consciousness
Fluid but yet rigid in its construction
Fragile but yet solid in its composition
The leap from physical to the supernatural
Where do they reside?
Inside consciousness or outside?
Thoughts are the supreme building blocks
They create and destroy in the blink of an eye
They exist in and out of life
Thoughts are an important link to our supernatural Souls
Thoughts sit at the gate of reality
Funnelling ideas in and out of existence
Illuminating the path of life
Exposing the hidden truth
Revealing the darkest secrets
Thoughts can build or destroy you
Thoughts are extraordinarily flammable
They can ignite in a spilt second
And cause either good or bad
Thoughts are the treasure within
Projecting your future
Hiding your past
Visualizing your every step before it happens
Thoughts are made of neither flesh nor electromagnetism
Thoughts are neither here nor there
Thoughts are present but yet absent
What are thoughts?

Kenneth Maswabi

What I Lost

As soon as I opened my eyes
To a world full of stories
I got out my pen and started writing
Every precious encounter jotted inside my mind
Everyday brought a thousand stories
The pages of my mind were never satisfied
They were never too full for a story
I pinned my life on the wall of my mind
All my emotions posted in different colors
All my milestones compiled
All my achievements highlighted
I had a full picture of my life
Pasted in the privacy of my mind
I was satisfied with my achievement
I was ready to tell my story
But tragedy happened
I lost all of it
I lost my life story
I lost my memory

Dedicated to Memory Loss patients all over the world

Kenneth Maswabi

What Is Out There?

The universe has many doors
Ever open to swallow my thoughts
And sometimes my dreams
And send them to the other side
Where the cosmic wind is quiet
And the big bang has left no trail
Only silence roams the night
In search of echoes

I looked outside my window
And saw the stars in their billions
Trapped in their eternal twinkle
Drowning in the sea of darkness
The sadness in their eyes
Protruding from the night sky
Their tears ever shining
In the middle of the night

My sad dream interrupted
By the intruding noise
The starlight above
Exposed the dark edges
Of an Unidentified Flying Object
As it stealthily approached

The unconscious conscious me
Unable to scream
My tongue tied by fear
The remnants of my courage
Unable to rescue me
From this night crawler

Kenneth Maswabi

What Is Poetry 2?

Poetry is an extension of the mind beyond everyday thoughts

Poetry is a journey through the imagination's interdimensional space

Poetry is a dissection of one's thoughts, knowledge and imagination

Poetry is a rebellious mind on ecstasy

addicted to provoking emotions through the power of words

Poetry is the mind reaching down into the secret chambers of consciousness

Poetry is a story written on the air we breathe

Poetry is you, me and the rest of humanity trying to exist in a tight globe

Poetry is the colour of your smile and the size of your heartache

Poetry is our instincts switched to high capacity

Poetry is humanity searching for answers beyond the edge of knowledge and wisdom

Poetry is anything that you want it to be...It's the beginning and end of a long beautiful existence

Kenneth Maswabi

What Is Poetry?

The singularity of poetry
A slice of all poems written
Contains an emotion of life
A combination of emotions at play
Releases a sense of poetry
A hidden voice within
A guiding principle of poetry
Pulls you deep into the darkest path
Or brings you to the light
Poetry becomes an unrealistic reality
Woven in the depths of our emotional selves
There we find an interaction of emotions with thoughts
Interplay between emotions, memories and imaginations
A bridge connecting reality and imaginations is erected
Along the path of dreams and desire
A wonderful road is built with courage and love
A desire to reveal the unreal takes over your anxiety
Your love for the truth propels you beyond the fear of the unknown
Channeling you to the gates of peace
Where poetry starts to appear within your calm mind
A litany of words dreaming to escape the unrealistic world
And paint the emotionally charged picture of the Soul
At last poetry is created in our mind
And written in the pages of the poet's eyes
A beautiful but sometimes awful story is told
From one Soul to another
Poetry is the language of Souls.

Kenneth Maswabi

What Is Reality 2?

A present natural phenomenon
Or a mathematical construction
A biophysical sense of the now
Or an inability to see beyond the present
A biopsychosocial interpretation
Or a metaphysical illusion
An individual's holistic impression
Or a societal hysteria
A muted observation
Or a blindness to the spiritual dimensions
A programmed physical phenomenon
Or an eternal distortion of the supernatural

Kenneth Maswabi

What Is Reality?

A simple life without dreams
Or an acceptance of dreams
Irregardless of their meaning
A switch between consciousness
And spells of subconsciousness
Or a total numbness to the spiritual world
A beautiful co-existence with the abnormal
Ghosts and dreams wrapped inside one blanket
Or a moronic blindness
Fooled by politicians and philosophers
Scientists included
A permanent denial of facts
Or a delusional co-existence
With the spiritual realities

Kenneth Maswabi

What Is The Purpose Of Life?

I have travelled far
Beyond the limit of our 21st century compass(Science)
Looking for humanity's direction
Searching for the meaning of life
I looked through the window of time and space
breaking the laws of nature and the supernatural
I opened the doors of my imagination
Searched through countless dimensions of consciousness
I walked naked through worm holes
Past the limit of logic
And beyond the mathematical infinity
Into the realm of the majestic dimensionless existence
The very beginning and end of life
Inside the conscious River of pure LOVE
The purpose of life is revealed
LOVE

Kenneth Maswabi

What Is Your Secret?

The shining stars smiles at us
with their eternal wisdom
shimmering in delight
their secrets remain hidden
forever guarded by angels
in their majestic uniforms
and their heavenly swords

the sun wakes up every morning
with a giant torch on hand
searching for the lost treasures
of the universe
illuminating the dark pocket of space
peeping into the contents of the planets
in search of hidden treasures

the ocean waves at us everyday
pouring out its magical spell
hiding the secret that lay beneath
the enormous body of water
its immeasurable depth beyond our reach
our hands too short to reach
our eyes blinded by the waves
the illusion is complete

the human heart never sleeps
paranoid and scared
haunted by its deepest secret
the ominous feeling ever present
the stalker is in every shadow
death is the ultimate peacemaker

Kenneth Maswabi

What Kind Of Words Are These?

Words that stab the heart like a knife
Puncturing the sac of life with their ferocity
Mutilating the organ of love with their acidity
Violating the tranquillity of the heart
With their brutal force

Words that are born of hate
Cancerous words that have no boundary
Destroying the delicate stuff of life with ease
Piercing through the armour of love
Contaminating the soul with their pungent smell

Words that shatter peace
Throwing the peace lovers into turmoil
Overcoming them with a blanket of toxic venom
Overpowering them with their thunderous shots
Sowing the seeds of disharmony among friends

Kenneth Maswabi

When Greed Takes Over

The search for prosperity for all is halted
Inequality is expanded beyond the horizon
Life becomes a nightmare for the majority
Democracy is pushed under the carpet
Developments are sabotaged
Corruption is nourished
Politics is infested
By rabid human beings
Progress is frozen
Divisions are widened
Blood is spilled
Wars are common
Peace is vanquished
The spirit of humanity is broken
Relationships are severed
Love is rarely mentioned
Hate is magnified
Life is doomed

Kenneth Maswabi

When I Was The Dream

I soaked myself on the fabric of the universe
Covering myself with all sorts of mysteries
Anointing myself with the beauty of creation
I was the magical spell from the pot of wisdom
Wandering the universe in search of dreamers
Seekers and drifters who have never known sleep
Whose thoughts are covered with questions
Difficult mathematical equations permeating their minds
Day and night they look to the stars
Searching for the hidden speck of knowledge
Within the dazzling pot of cosmic mysteries
Wisdom is unveiled inside the subconscious mind of men (and women)
Dreams can only be dissected by those who live within
The inner chambers of life are full of knowledge
The path of dreams follow the everlasting light
Revealing and displaying the mysteries of creation

Kenneth Maswabi

When No One Cares

Tears flow from her heart
Unhindered by the silence in her world
The absence of comforting voices
Rips through her hurting heart
Exposing her already fragile spirit
To the memories of a loveless world
A careless world that stand still
Unaware of her tormented life

Her dreams stolen by strangers
Her life abandoned by those she loved
Because no one really cares
Cares about her loss of virginity
To a violent act of rape
At a tender age of twelve
Because no one really cares
Cares about her dead parents
Slaughtered by a brutal gang of political despots
Because no one really cares
Cares about her impending suicide
Because no one cares

Kenneth Maswabi

When The 3rd World Becomes The 4th World

A storm is brewing
Gusty winds of change are blowing
Pummeling the famine prone 3rd world
Uprooting the last stumps of hope

The poverty stricken 3rd world
Shakes with fear
Under the cloud of uncertainty
Below the poverty datum line
3rd world countries are being transplanted
And thrown into the pit of the 4th world

With the thin life-line about to be amputated
By the new world order
UN dissolved
WHO ruined
UNICEF broken
EU decimated
USA unrecognizable
The dark cold 4th World is among us

Kenneth Maswabi

When The Earth Sneezed...nepal Earthquake

A trail of destruction produced
A path of misery excavated
A well of tears uncovered
A moment of despair unleashed
A chronicle of death published
A glorious day ruined
An avalanche of sadness triggered
A call for help broadcasted

Kenneth Maswabi

Where Art Thou My Love?

Where art thou my love?
searching around the corners
listening through the crevices
I wonder where you went
I ponder over the loss day and night
Reminiscing about the old times
when you lived in my heart
bathed in my heart
and slept in my heart
forever I shall not forget
the wonderful moments consumed
cherished forever
arousing an oasis of serenity within my heart
the memory so elusive
staying only for a moment
as I embraced you my love
you vanished in my hands

Where art thou my love?
everlasting in my heart
embroidered in my soul
forever engraved in my mind
sealed with gold
the memory so elusive
staying only for a moment
as I embraced you my love
you vanished in my hands

Where art thou my love?
why are you hiding from me?
leaving me here to wander
searching in vain
yearning for your smell
the taste of your flavor
ever present in my mouth
causing my heart to hunger
the memory so elusive
staying only for a moment
as I embraced you my love

you vanished in my hands

Kenneth Maswabi

Where Do Broken Hearts Go?

Bleeding hearts
Broken vessels of love
Traumatized by the departed love
Severely wounded and alone
The pain unbearable

Punctured and ailing hearts
Are washed with tears
Sewn together in private
Uncertainty galore
The heart is nursed in ICU
The absence of love unbearable

Days pass, sometimes months
The heart wrapped in a blanket of pain
Feverish and in isolation
The ailing heart severely malnourished
With no love appetite
The hollow heart lying in ruins

Hope emerges from the shadows
Bring life to the dying heart
Re-energizing the empty heart
The vessel of love is molded afresh
A strong heart emerges from the ashes

Kenneth Maswabi

Where Eyes Cannot See

The mind stares deep into the heart
Beyond the reaches of our human eyes
Past the stretches of the unfathomed supernatural
Through the Gate of Peace
Towards the everlasting River of Love

Our eyes are restrained to delve into the spiritual realm
Shackled to the physical reality
Our eyes are blind to the supernatural
Forbidden to see beyond the rim of our daily lives
Our eyes hold us prisoners to our earthly dominion

Without goodness, our minds remain blind
Restricted by the blinding light of our dark thoughts
Prohibited by the poisonous effects of our negative emotions
The mind is forever unaware of the existence of the Soul
Chained to our human eyes forever and ever

Goodness opens the gates to the Spiritual realm
Allowing the mind to see the Soul
The precious Soul is above everything natural
The Soul sees deep into the Supernatural
Beyond the Gate of Peace
Into the River of everlasting Love

Kenneth Maswabi

White Supremacy & Religious Fundamentalism

The breakdown of logic
The disintegration of scientific evidence
The total disregard for human progress
The meltdown of democratic principles
The dissolution of religious beliefs
The careless portrayal of human stupidity
The baseless slaughter of humankind
The extrapolation of a violent past
The fanatic display of moronic behavior
The death of an intelligent mind
The pollution of mankind
The senseless disregard of reason

Kenneth Maswabi

Who Is Out There?

Standing on the boundary of life
Repelled by the intense darkness beyond
Floating unhindered in eternal emptiness
Swathes of blackness lays unconscious
In a state of cryopreservation

This intricate fabric perplexes me
Pushing my thoughts to overdrive
Puncturing my sanity
Soaking my Spirit
With a Déjà vu feeling
That someone is watching
Far beyond the darkness

Kenneth Maswabi

Wild Thoughts

Sometimes i dream
With my eyes wide awake
Locked in a state of trance
Restrained by the wild thoughts
That pokes my mind with such brutal force
Exposing my flirtatious heart
That lays hidden beneath the roses
Blanketed by sheets of wild exotic thoughts
That has invaded my space with ease
Taking me on a wild ride
Where love and lust are pals
Identical twins from the same mother
Wild thoughts...

Kenneth Maswabi

Wisdom

the boat of my knowledge
is stirred by waves of understanding
towards wisdom
the lighthouse of the sea of knowledge
standing erect with hope
illuminating the sea of knowledge
and sifting life experiences
exposing wisdom
the true essence of knowledge

Kenneth Maswabi

With The Sweet Pleasant Smell Of Her Perfume

capturing my nose unaware
with a sweet pleasant smell
that knocked at my heart
and pulled me with a strong rope
propelling me to the window of my soul
where I stared out unashamed
in a magical moment of the day
I saw her face...

our eyes met for a second
releasing electrical bullets
that shot down my spine
and pierced my heart
causing it to jump
in a senseless coup d'e tat
where the winner gets love
and there are no losers
as she gets love too

the sweet pleasant smell
that touched my heart
yanking at my soul
with a romantic poke
stroking my heart
in a pleasant moment
love was born...

she walked away
I chased undeterred
following her smell as she escaped
her perfume ever strong in my nose
I never looked back
determined to catch her
and to tell her
how much I felt
the burden of my love
ever so heavy in my heart
is something she needs to have
to accommodate in her heart

with her sweet pleasant smell
she walked into my life
ransacking my heart
in search of love
the precious jewel
that comes from the heart

I caught up with her
as she jumped into a boat
ready to sail away
across the ocean
into the vastness of the blue sea
where I would never find her
and tell her how much I love her

with her sweet pleasant smell
that infected my heart
leaving me unwell
so sick in love
with no cure available
only her can vaccinate me
and offer me her love
that would sustain my soul
until death do us part

at that moment
she crumbled
giving up her heart
unchaining her soul
she looked me in the eye
and knew I was the one
her prince charming in person
her love incarnate
the hercules of her heart
who rescued her soul
from the fear of love

with her sweet pleasant smell
chaining us together
binding our souls
we sailed away

across the oceans
and so they say
the rest is history

Kenneth Maswabi

Words

they came drizzling
enveloping my soul
in a mysterious blanket
the poetic mascot exposed
liberated and free
soaking in the poetic rain
drinking poetry of love
and spitting poetry of hate
in a drunken stupor
poetry is born

words...
sizzling my mind
with their brazen smell
speaking to my soul
with their emotional exploitation
descending on my heart
with their colourful love
dressing my spirit
with their excited mood
poetic romance is guaranteed

words...
watering my mouth
with their juicy vibes
seducing my mood
with their sexy dress
chasing my heart beat
with their dramatic flow
caressing my lips
with their tasty love
words are phenomenal

Kenneth Maswabi

Words Are Powerful

Words are powerful tools of communication
Carrying the explosive power of a thousand bombs
Or the soothing power of a loving heart
Words are a reflection of the heart
Filled with love in abundance
Or injected with the venomous load of wickedness
Words can pave a way to a great relationship
Or destroy the bridge between two hearts
Words can nourish and refresh
Or totally disembowel an opponent
Words can reveal the truth
Or unveil a heart full of hatred
Words can construct the road to total freedom
Or destroy the heart of humanity in a second
Words can weave a nest full of warmth
Or shoot through the heart with a thousand arrows
Words can bring healing and prosperity
Or rip open the wounds of a broken heart

Kenneth Maswabi

Wordsmith

Alone in his own shadow
Blinded by the brightness of his torch
Overpowered by the poetry inside him
The wordsmith chops up words
Piling them into pieces of poetry
Stacked against the wall of paper
In a show of his poetic prowess

Alone in his world of dreams
He is overwhelmed by the desire to weave
Tie words together in to a fish net
And a basket full of worms
Using his hook to plug out words
From the ocean's depth
Where words hide in darkness

Alone with her school of thoughts
Overburdened by her mood
And the blasting sound of her stereo
The wordsmith bakes a cake of words
Mixing together lyrics
Into a gigantic dream
Made of eccentric words

Alone in his garden of dreams
He works day and night
Uprooting words with his sharp mind
Planting seeds of poetry
In the fertile grounds of his imagination

Kenneth Maswabi

World Poetry Day

Poetry

You're my companion

You're my best friend

You're my counselor

You're my teacher

You're my mentor

You're my truth

You're my Love

Kenneth Maswabi

Writing Poetry

A strong addiction translated into words
Or a pastime adventure
An inability to hold secrets
Or a busy mind wondering aloud
A deep insight into the mysteries of life
Or a tendency to reveal secrets
A broken dream re-lived
Or an attempt to re-construct life
A swollen heart full of sorrow
Or a revelation of the true meaning of life
A mad man (woman) trying to hide their insanity
Or a beautiful art full of mysteries

Kenneth Maswabi

Xenophobia In South Africa

The black plague of xenophobia
Slithering across South Africa
Is an abomination to the African gods
Betraying the Spirit of Africa
As espoused by Nelson Mandela
And captured by the South African anthem

“Nkosi sikelel’ iAfrika”
“Lord bless our nation,
Stop wars and sufferings,
Save it, save our nation,
The nation of South Africa, South Africa”

The black plague of xenophobia
Ploughing into the heart of Africa
With a sharp knife of hatred
Pouring innocent blood
Breaking the sacred accord of the gods
Betraying the Spirit of Nonviolence
As espoused by Mahatma Gandhi
And captured by the Truth and Reconciliation commission

The black plague of xenophobia
Washes the shores of Africa
Erasing the fruits of the African struggle
Opening the scars of Apartheid
Rupturing the spirit of hatred
Into the peaceful streets of Durban
Betraying the Spirit of World Cup 2010
As espoused by the South African Football Association
And embraced by the Africans

South Africans! !
Xenophobia is un-African
A betrayal of the South African Heroes
Who found refuge in foreign lands
And were emboldened to come back home
And eradicate Apartheid forever
Ushering in the new South Africa

"The Rainbow nation"

"Rainbow" symbolizing peace

Kenneth Maswabi

You Are Not Beautiful

You are not beautiful

You are the garden of beauty
Your smile is like a bouquet of white roses
Your lips are the gate to paradise
Your heart is the bed of red roses
You are the Garden of Eden
You are paradise personified
You are truly and simply majestic
You are an African woman

Kenneth Maswabi

You're All Invited

You're all invited
To my unveiling
Exposé extraordinaire
All my secrets
Exposed
All my stories
Displayed
All my actions
Exhibited
All my tastes
Revealed
All my scars
Opened
All my fears
Examined
All my thoughts
On show

Kenneth Maswabi

You're Your Own Brand

Every star is worth its shine
Every moon has its moonlight
Every sun rises from darkness
Everyday is a new day

You're what you're
You're your own brand
Keep polishing your shine
And remember to market your brand
Choose a blank sky to display your light

Kenneth Maswabi

Zero Tolerance

Stay away from evil thoughts
Ever present in abundance
Always encroaching on your space
With their malicious intentions
And promiscuous behavior
Deceiving the innocent
To trespass into the pit of darkness

Abstain from negative energy
With its radiant facial beauty
And its ferocious speed
Trapping the unsuspecting souls
Into a submissive state of existence
Ruled by the vindictive heartless spirits

Separate yourself from evildoers
Lest they dress you with their poisonous venom
Stealing your good heart
Blinding your unsuspecting soul
Baptizing you into their evil sect

Kenneth Maswabi