Leena Amwaalwa (06 December)

I'm a budding poet on a quest to find my voice in the world of wordsmithism.
24 August

The day that robbed us off love.
The day that cheated us out of guidance.
The day that taught us how to spell loss.
If it was up to me then I'll remove it from the calendar for good.
If it was up to me then I'll turn back the hands of time.
Too bad I don't have that authority.
Too bad it's not my place.
Too bad I can't change anything.
I'll, instead, write it in the books of history.

Leena Amwaalwa
Be Grateful

You don't like your house?
David lives under a bridge.
You're tired of the same meal everyday?
Feni can't remember when last she had a meal.
Parents annoy you?
Helena's are no more.
Your shoes don't match your outfit?
Anna doesn't own a pair.
You don't like your legs?
Simon lost his in a car crash.
Be grateful.

Leena Amwaalwa
Broken

I am a broken soul,
I am splashed water,
I am a dropped egg,
I am a shuttered clay pot.
I see myself as nothing,
I see myself as failure,
I see myself worthless of love,
I see myself damaged beyond repair.
I am crying for myself,
I am mourning for my dreams,
I am saddened by my odyssey,
I am disheartened by the events of my life.
I want to stand tall,
But my legs are too heavy.
I want to hold my head high,
But my neck is too weak.
I want to shout out loud,
But my voice is gagged by pain.
I want to hold onto hope,
But my heart is too weary.
Help me God,
Strengthen me Yahweh,
Fix me Rabboni,
Lift me up and carry me to the finish line,
For you are my only hope,
Selah.

Leena Amwaalwa
Dear Dairy

When I'm sad, I write.
I write because the pen and paper
Are the only audience who can
Comfort me without judging me.
When I'm happy, I write.
I write because only the pen and
Paper can really celebrate with me.
When I'm mad, I write.
I write because only the pen and
Paper can bear the weight of my
Ugly rage than any human.
When in doubt, I write.
I write because the pen and paper
Are my only true cheerleaders.
When I feel like giving up, I write.
I write because the pen and paper
Reminds me of the reasons why
I started in the first place.
When I can't sleep, I write.
I write because it is the only thing
I can do.

Leena Amwaalwa
Faith

Sometimes I feel like crying, but what do I get from tears?
I, sometimes, think life's not fair but nobody ever said it will be.
Sometimes I feel like giving up, but I came this far.
I'm left with no option but to soldier on.

Leena Amwaalwa
I Am A Changing Man

I am a changing man.
I let go of anger and grudges.
I depart from hatred and envy.
I rid myself off of comparison.
I shed off fear and doubt.
I embrace forgiveness and drench myself with love.
I am me and I am beautifying myself with humility.
Help me Yahweh.

Leena Amwaalwa
I Am A Victor

When they look at me they see struggle,
I see work in progress.
They see skin and bones,
I see talent and ability.
They see a charity case,
I see a just cause.
They see a mere man,
I see God's cherished craft.
I am a victor by him who strengthens me.

Leena Amwaalwa
I Am A Woman

My aim is accurate
Because I have trained it.
My mind is sharp
Because I have honed it.
My body is strong
For I have pushed it.
I earn my keep with sweat and blows.
I am not an athlete,
I am a woman.

Leena Amwaalwa
I Have A Friend ??

I have a friend,
I have a companion.
I have a fortress,
an indestructible warrior.

Leena Amwaalwa
I Yearn

I yearn to accomplish my goals.  
I want to fulfil my mission, but my heart is tired.  
Tired of fighting battles.  
Battles without victory.

Sorrow blurred my vision.  
Tears crowded my eyes.  
Pain ached my heart.  
Agony engulfed my soul.  
I desired to be alone.  
I pushed people away.  
Suspicious of everyone.  
I struggled with trust.

I need help, but I don't know how to ask.  
I need to hear that things will workout.  
That it will be ok.  
But I don't have the courage to express my feelings.  
I'm not bound, yet I don't feel free.  
Surrounded by people, yet I feel alone.

But wait, what if this is normal?  
What if pain is okay?  
What if I'll be happy again?  
That my victory is coming in the next battle?  
That I'll soar like eagles in the sky?  
I yearn for freedom.

Leena Amwaalwa
Inner Voice

I stood there,
Ready to finish it.
I've seen it in movies, I've read about it in books.
It's very simple,
A slight prick and I'm free.
Free of the world and it's never ending woes.
No one would notice or they could've noticed the pain.
I laugh and run to everyone's rescue,
But deep down I'm screaming 'help me'.
My eyes pleaded but no one noticed.
So I kept quiet.
I suffered in pain.
Until that day I decided to end it.

But at that moment I heard the little voice:
'You came this far to end it like this. You've endured worse, it cannot end like this. Soldier on soldier, you're strong enough not to. Stand up, take your bow and go on, for your God is not dead'.
And here I am today, not trouble-free but trusting the powers of heaven.
My God, really, is not dead.

Leena Amwaalwa
Leena The Flamboyant Wordsmith

Mine is not your smartphone-age flamboyance.
Mine is not your modern 'here-today-gone-tomorrow' kind.
It lies not in my step,
But in the rhythm of my voice.
My flamboyance lies not in the switch of my hips,
But in the slickness of my tongue.
Mine is not stitched in the texture of my garments,
But wrapped in the taste of my words.
It is not in the styling of my hair,
But in the flow of my stanzas.
My flamboyance is not in the structure of my figure,
But in the boldness of my art.

Leena Amwaalwa
Oh Dear!

We live in the world where water is thicker than blood.
The world where a friend will do anything to wreck a friend's life.
You see we live in the world where wealth determines one's place in society.
We live in a place filthy with hatred, jealousy and selfishness.
We live in the world so tired it will soon, if nothing changes, topple over.

Leena Amwaalwa
Shine

You're not only brave
But smart too.
You're beautiful,
You're a rock.
You're not only a conqueror,
But a star too.
You're the backbone,
You're remarkable.
Shine forevermore.

Leena Amwaalwa
Sweet Revenge

You kicked me when I was already down,
Hoping to finish me off once and for all.
Too bad you figured wrong,
For I am a burning fire, unquenchable.
I am a warrior, resilient.
I am a gladiator, industrious.
You'll live to tell my story.

Leena Amwaalwa
Think About It

What if all this time black is not black but white and white black?
What if male is not male but female and female male?
What if all this time rich is not rich but poor and poor rich?
What if fat is not fat but skinny and skinny fat?
What if tall is not tall but short and short tall?
Really, what if all this time clever is not clever but stupid and stupid clever?
Just think about it.

Leena Amwaalwa