Poetry Series

Joseph Cimanuka
- poems -

PoemHunter.com

Publication Date:
2026

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Joseph Cimanuka()

I am Joseph Cimanuka,
A son of hope and humble light,
Born where hills embrace the morning,
And rivers sing both day and night.

My father bears the name Cimanuka,
A man whose strength stands firm and tall;
My mother, Mapenzi, full of kindness,
Whose loving heart embraces all.

Second child within our household,
A family of fourteen souls,
Bound together by love and struggle,
Sharing dreams and common goals.

Eight brave brothers walk beside me:
Confiance, Claude, and Jonas too,
Patient, Daniel, Benjamin,
Obed and Ampire faithful and true.

PoemHunter.com

Three dear sisters brighten our pathway:
Mwema, Promesse, Rehema's grace;
Together we stand like trees in forests,
Rooted deeply in one place.

In Luwindja I first saw daylight,
South Kivu, Congo's precious land,
On January seventh, two thousand two,
Life was placed within my hand.

Kabobi taught my first beginnings,
Where childhood learned to read and grow;
Then Bukavu opened wider doors,
And brighter dreams began to glow.

At Camp Panzi I finished primary,
With courage burning in my chest;
L'Amitié shaped my early journey,
While Ibanda helped me do my best.

Now at ISP Bukavu studying,
English and African Culture's flame,
A sophomore chasing wisdom daily,
Working hard to build a name.

I teach English to younger learners,
Planting seeds of future light;
At Freedom Foundation in Panzi,
I guide young minds toward what is right.

I love the songs hidden in books,
The poetry dancing in silent air,
The voice of radios in the evening,
And nature's beauty everywhere.

I love long roads and distant travels,
Walking slowly beneath the sky,
Watching trees and listening deeply
To the earth as seasons pass by.

I dislike lies that poison friendship,
And idle talks that waste the day;
For truth and purpose are my compass,
Guiding every step and way.

One day I shall become a poet,
Whose words will cross both sea and land;
A teacher shaping generations,
A businessman with steady hand.

And maybe in my nation's future,
When Congo calls for honest men,
I shall rise to serve my people,
With wisdom, courage, and my pen.

For I am Joseph Cimanuka,
A dreamer walking toward the sun;
Though the journey may be endless,
My story has only begun.

Cimanuka

You are my hero,
Who loves me like a hero,
Who feeds me on taro,
And cherishes me in sorrow,
Until I grow into a buffalo.

You are my hero,
Far above Mr Zero,
Forever my hero,
Whether I am a hero
Or even a zero.

For me, you are Mr Hero,
And I will be your hero,
So let us be heroes to each other.

Joseph Cimanuka all rights reserved

PoemHunter.com

Joseph Cimanuka

The Okapi's Cry: A Message To Kigali

Okapi:
Hello, Mr Peacock!
I hope you can fly from here to Rwanda,
And be warmly welcomed wherever you go,
Thanks to your magnificent, multicoloured feathers,
And the beauty with which nature has adorned you.

Peacock:
Hello, Mr Okapi!
Of course, you can count on me.
I am gorgeous, after all,
And a remarkably skilful flyer.

Okapi:
Well, then, carry my message to him—
Carry it straight to President Kagame.
Tell him that his giraffes in Rwanda,
Those Rwandan giraffes now roaming Congo,
Are dying on Congolese soil:
Their little heads buried beneath the earth,
Their towering necks and slender bodies
Left exposed above the ground.
Tell him, this time, to show some mercy,
To spare a thought for his giraffes in Congo.

Tell him to withdraw them from this dreadful land,
Before they purchase their farms in heaven,
And bring the survivors back to Rwanda,
Where they may live, multiply and flourish.

Tell Kagame, and do not forget my words:
I am the Congolese Okapi,
A creature belonging to Congo alone.
I mourn his giraffes dying on Congolese soil;
I bury them while their children remain,
Condemned to grow up without their fathers,
And I grieve for the orphans they leave behind.

And tell him, above all, my final warning:

PoemHunter.com

There is precious little time left.
Let him gather the few that remain,
And take them home before it is too late.
Otherwise, Rwanda may soon find itself
Turned into an orphanage of its own.

Peacock:
All right! It is not a fucking big deal, Mr Okapi.
Your message has been delivered.

Okapi:
Thank you, Mr Peacock.
Until we meet again!

Peacock:
Goodbye!
(The Peacock spreads his magnificent wings and flies towards Kigali.)

Joseph Cimanuka all rights reserved

Joseph Cimanuka

Life Is Not Round

Life is not a circle;

It does not turn forever
Along the same familiar path,
Repeating every step
Through centuries without an end,
Only to remain where it began.

Life is not a circle;

It does not spin endlessly,
Round and round in the same place,
Caught in an endless journey
With no final destination.

Life is a straight line:

It has a beginning and an end.
Once the journey has begun,
It moves towards its final point;
It cannot return to begin again.

Joseph Cimanuka all nights reserved

Joseph Cimanuka

Should I Do 'cause You Did?

By Joseph Cimanuka

Should I do 'cause you did?
No! We're two, never two in one.

Should I kill 'cause you did?
No! I could be killed myself.

Should I love 'cause you did?
No! Love can sometimes be a heavy burden.

Should I marry 'cause you did?
No! Marriage can sometimes wear me out, man.

Should I go 'cause you did?
No! I might lose my way, too.

Should I die 'cause you did?
No! I may have a century more to live.

Should I fail 'cause you did?
No! I may still sprout in the desert sand.

So, I won't do 'cause you did;
I'll do what I choose because I want to,
Not because you did,
But because I love to.

Joseph Cimanuka all rights reserved

Joseph Cimanuka

The Place Where I Grew Up

I grew up in a place in the East,
Where people knew no peace, no feast,
Even in times meant for peace and feasts,
For survival was a battle that never ceased.

Pregnant women carried burdens on their backs and heads,
With little time to rest or ease the pain ahead.
Some would coldly say, "No pain, no gain, "
As though they had grown accustomed to their pain.

Some men worked all night, day after day,
To earn their families' bread and pay.
Some died deep beneath the ground,
As though they were fertilizers for the land around.

From all this, one truth I came to know:
Life is not easy where I grew.
To survive, one must sacrifice,
And sometimes pay a painful price.

PoemHunter.com

Joseph Cimanuka all rights reserved

Joseph Cimanuka

Long-Legged Ladies Last Longer

Long-legged ladies last longer!

If you get a long-legged lady,
She may last longer and longer,
Unless you cut her legs shorter!

So, look for a long-legged lady;
She won't last shorter,
And may stay longer and longer!

Joseph Cimanuka all rights reserved

Joseph Cimanuka

PoemHunter.com

Broke And Broken

In the East, we are broke and broken,
With broken legs and hearts in the war.
Broken eyes, broken dreams,
Broken peace scattered on the floor.

Joseph Cimanuka all rights reserved

Joseph Cimanuka

PoemHunter.com

If To Her You Can't Lie

If to her you can't lie,
Yet to you she can lie,
One day she'll leave you high,
Beneath a lonely sky.

You'll try, but cannot fly,
You'll wonder and ask why,
Your tears will fill your eyes,
As hope slowly says goodbye.

Your strength will fade and dry,
As pain begins to multiply,
Until you feel like you could die,
Betrayed by the one you held high.

Joseph Cimanuka all rights reserved

Joseph Cimanuka

PoemHunter.com

Life: A Never-Ending Journey

There is no rest in life;
Life is a never-ending journey.
We travel by day and by night,
Yet we know not our destination.

But one thing we know for sure:
We are all traveling,
Moving forward, step by step,
Until our journey reaches its end.

Joseph Cimanuka all rights reserved

Joseph Cimanuka

PoemHunter.com

Learn To Live Without

You should learn to live without the ones you love;
It will help you stand when they are gone.
Learn to live without your partner while she's there;
It will teach you to stand firm when she's gone.

Learn to live without your parents while they're near;
You won't starve when they're no longer here.
Learn to walk without relying on your feet,
So you can face life's trials when they fail beneath you.

Learn to live without your wealth while it's still there;
You may lose it one day, so prepare.
Learning to live with less when you have enough
Will help you resist stealing when life gets tough.

What you love will not remain with you forever;
Nothing in this world stays yours forever.
So cherish what you have while it is near,
But learn to stand alone when it disappears.

Joseph Cimanuka all right reserved

Joseph Cimanuka

Giv Is Only A Soap

GIVE is only a soap, forevermore,
For external beauty, nothing more;
You use it, for sure, to wash your skin,
To cleanse and beautify your outer core.

Yet there is another soap you need more,
One that cleans and unspots your inner core;
It reaches beyond the skin and flesh,
And touches the heart at its very core,
Cleansing and beautifying you forevermore.

If GIVE is skin-beauty, nothing more,
Money is heart-beauty at the core;
For when wisely used to help another,
It can open a heart and make it pure—
A different kind of beauty, forevermore.

Joseph Cimanuka all rights reserved

PoemHunter.com

By Joseph Cimanuka

Joseph Cimanuka

Congo's Blood Must Remain Her Own

Congo clapped for these mosquitoes,
Who invaded her netted borders,
With their toxic stings stretched out,
Silently sucking her blood out.

She should have pressed them in her hands,
Between her mighty palms;
Pressed them hard, pressed them more,
Until they fell lifeless to the floor.

Glued to the walls of Congo's net,
They would become a feast for lizards,
A meal waiting at their door;
Their only fate should be death,
Their only end—forevermore.

Then mosquitoes should be no more,
They should disappear forevermore;
And if Congo must suffer, yes,
Let her suffer from something more—
But not from mosquitoes anymore.

Let Congo guard her precious core,
Let no parasite drain her anymore;
Let her blood remain her own,
Let her borders stand once more.

For mosquitoes should be no more—
No more to feed upon her shore,
No more to suck her blood and roar,
No more to wound her evermore.

Joseph Cimanuka all rights reserved

Joseph Cimanuka

A Dream Or An Overdream?

A dream or an overdream? Out of it, I am a student, single, and living with my parents. In it, I am a traveller, a stranger living next door to a middle-aged couple. The husband is also a traveller. I dwell beside them without their notice, as though I have entered their world without leaving a footprint.
One day, the woman sees me through the window of my house and comes near to introduce herself. It is a silent introduction; hardly a word passes between us. The only words I manage to utter are, "I am your new neighbour."
After that encounter, I become her friend. Whenever her husband is away, she invites me into her house. Yet there is something strange about her. She is a witch, and she is less young than my mother.
One day, while we are together, I suddenly feel the body of a serpent pressing against my chest. Ouch! Before I can understand what is happening, the woman transforms into an enormous anaconda lying heavily upon my bony chest. I cannot breathe. I tremble. I become speechless. Fortunately, there is a hunting spear in the room. I seize it and drive it into the serpent's heavily scaled body. The creature struggles, then begins to lose its breath. At last, it dies. I sigh heavily, drawing endless air from the depths of my lungs, as though I have just returned from the edge of death.

PoemHunter.com

But outside, the world is suddenly filled with cries. People mourn the woman with whom I had been involved. Somehow, the death of the serpent is the death of the woman. I do not understand how or why. She is buried, and the villagers gather for her funeral. I attend the burial too.
Yet death does not silence her.
She appears to her fellow women and tells them things I cannot understand. She appears to me as well, but I cannot remember what she says. Her appearances become a habit, and the villagers grow afraid. At last, the village elders decide to seal her tomb, as though a grave can imprison a spirit that refuses to remain dead.
The scene of the burial and the apparitions finally fades. I decide to return home to my own people. But when I arrive, I hear that the woman's travelling husband has returned. He refuses to accept that some of his deceased wife's children are his. He asks the neighbours about them, and they tell him that I am their father. I am summoned to take my children.

But I do not know that I have children. I do not know their names. I do not know how many there are. I know nothing about them. Still, like a lion answering a

call, I resolve to go and collect them.
I am given two children: a boy and a girl. They are already attending primary school. I do not know their names, their exact ages, or even their classes. I can only guess. Perhaps the boy is five and in the first class; perhaps the girl is six and in the second. One thing I know: the girl is older.
I begin the journey back to my people with my two newly discovered children. Then, on the way, their dead mother appears again.
This time, she is not alone. Other dead women whom I do not know sit in a line upon a bamboo stick, and together they confront me. The woman looks at me and threatens, "I am going to kill you."
She repeats it three times.
"I am going to kill you."
"I am going to kill you."
"I am going to kill you."
I am terrified. I tremble in my clothes and plead for my life.
"Please, do not take my life. Please... do not take it. Who will take care of these children? "
After my pleading, she agrees to spare me. But she gives me three instructions, and her words carry the weight of a command:
"Look after these children carefully.
Give them a good education.
And go back to school for your Master's degree in Literature."
Her words seem strangely important, even within the confusion of the dream. I agree.
Then I continue my journey home with the children.
Yet their mother never tells me who they truly are. She gives me no names, no history, no explanation. So I decide for myself.
I name the boy James.
I name the girl Naomi.
They are now mine.
And as I walk with them, I begin to understand that perhaps the dream was never merely a dream. Perhaps it was a burden disguised as a vision—a strange journey through death, responsibility, education, and an unknown future.
A dream is good.
But an overdream is a burden.

Joseph Cimanuka all rights reserved

Joseph Cimanuka

Congo, Dance Alone

Congo, my only one,
My only heritage from my forefathers;
From your womb, I am fed and nourished,
On your land, I dwell and breathe,
Upon your face, I work and multiply.

Yet I am a puppet,
Moved by invisible strings,
Forced to imitate my killer's every move;
Forgetting that you are my only one,
And that upon your face
My offspring will one day sprout.

I sing and dance rumba
For the freedom I still seek:

Lumumba, my hero,
An exceptional man—
He died, yes, he died,
He died for me.

PoemHunter.com

On the thirtieth of June,1960,
He stood for my freedom;
He helped break the chains
Of Belgian colonial rule.

Yet my sovereignty
Is still waiting to be born.

I remain a puppet
Dangling from foreign strings,
Unable to dance
To the rhythm of my own heart.

But one day,
I must break these strings,
Rise from the hands that move me,
And learn to dance alone—

To choose my own steps,
To write my own destiny,
And to become, at last,
The master of my own movement.

Congo, my only one,
My only heritage—

Your freedom
Must also become mine.

Joseph Cimanuka

My Worldview

Are we children of the same world?

If you claim we are,
Where is our brotherhood—
Like children born
Of the same mother?

Why do countless borders
Stand between our homes?
Why do wars and massacres
Divide us
Like the children of rival wives?

Or is this 'brotherhood'
Only an ideology,
A word you wield
To strip me of my garment,
Clothe yourself in its warmth,
And leave my nakedness
To the burning sun?

PoemHunter.com

Yet you still insist
We are children
Of the same mother.

Better that I stand alone,
Wobbling on my trembling feet,
Than stand upright
Leaning on a hypocrite;

For the hand
That lifts me today
May release me tomorrow,
Leaving me to strike the ground
With broken bones—
And a broken trust.

Joseph Cimanuka all rights reserved

Joseph Cimanuka

White And Black Skin: An Illusion

White skin—but an illusion.

Black skin—but a confusion.

No man fashioned from clay is white,
Neither is any man black,
For clay is neither white nor black.

White is but a borrowed colour
That you wear upon your face,
To lift yourself above me,
Spreading your imperial ideology:

'I am a white creature,
Like the dove,
Near to God and His kingdom.
My ways are upright
And full of light.
Therefore, listen to me! '

PoemHunter.com

'You are a black creature,
Like tar,
Near to Satan and his kingdom.
Your ways are crooked
And full of darkness.
Therefore, be silent! '

Black is but the colour
You force upon my face,
To bring me low,
To wound my mind,
And to imprison my spirit.

But I am certain—
Not uncertain:

No man fashioned from clay is white or black,
For clay is neither white nor black.

Before you named me,
I was clay.
Before you coloured me,
I was human.

By Joseph Cimanuka

Joseph Cimanuka

Our Origin

God stoops down.

His hand, a shovel biting into riverbank clay,
Lifts a great mass of earth.

Then He sits above the sky,
Cross-legged among the winds,
Turning the clay in His hands
Like a potter studying an unshaped vessel.

A beast?

A bird?

A creature of claw and fang?

No—a man.

A being in My image.

PoemHunter.com

I shall create him.

God kneads the clay,
Pressing and shaping,
Until the earth yields a human form.

Then He bends low
And breathes into its nostrils—

Like a bellows hissing over embers.

The clay shudders.

The chest rises.

The eyes flicker.

Behold! He breathes.

The fruit of My imagination lives.

Behold Adam,

A man born from earth.

I give him power—

Power over the works of My mouth,

For he is the craft

Of My hand and mind.

Then silence settles—

A blacksmith's forge cooling to ash.

God lays Adam upon His lap in the sky

And lifts a rib from his side,

A shingle drawn

From a house of dust.

A voice rolls through the heavens,

A hammer shaping thunder:

Adam, smile.

Adam, smile.

Open your eyes, Adam.

Open your eyes.

I have made her—

The one who will make you smile.

Adam, smile.

Adam opens his eyes.

His gaze flashes—

A match striking midnight.

He blinks twice.

Wonder spreads across his face.

Then he says:

Behold, my Lord,

Her name shall be Eve.

A name ringing clear,

Like a bell striking stone.

For she shall be

The mother of life.

God approves the name

And announces the union

To all creation.

His voice strikes the heavens,

A hammer shaping thunder:

Tomorrow,

In the Church of Clouds,

Before angels,

Animals,

Trees,

Mountains,

And all things living and unliving,

I shall declare

Adam and Eve

Husband and wife.

The next morning,

Gabriel takes his place among the hosts.

Trees bend upward.

Mountains lift their stony heads.

Animals turn their eyes to the sky

To witness the wedding in the clouds.

Then God blesses the marriage:

I declare Adam and Eve married.

May they walk together in love.

May they rule with wisdom.

May they replenish the earth

With the fruit of their union.

When the blessing is complete,

God sends Adam and Eve

Into the Garden of Eden.

There they begin life's long journey together.

From their generations

Nations flow across the earth

Like rivers released from a single spring—

Black and white,

And every shade between,

Each carrying

A handful of the first clay.

That is our origin.

Joseph Cimanuka all rights reserved

Joseph Cimanuka

Death

O, Death! I curse you,
For you are impolite,
You don't knock before you get in.
Death, where is your pity?

Yesterday, you took my sister;
Today, you snatch my brother;
And tomorrow, you will take me.
Death, how like Samson you are!

Snip-snap, you've taken a zygote;
Snip-snap, you've eaten half-mature flesh;
Snip-snap, you've devoured an adult flesh;
Snip-snap, an old flesh is gone.

Have pity on this little child

Joseph Cimanuka all rights reserved

PoemHunter.com

Joseph Cimanuka

The Shi Fire Burnt Me

I went to fetch fire from Walungu,
To warm my body, my house, and light my life;
Yet this fire was a woman—a living flame,
Not the fire bestowed through dowry in Kaziba,
But a fire that devoured souls, bodies, and homes.

It burned my inner hearth to cold ashes,
And left my house a skeleton of smoke.
The smell of charred timber lingered in my throat,
While the earth beneath me darkened like a blackened pan.

I was ignorant,
Reading the world through cracked lenses,
Mistaking destruction for warmth,
And desire for enduring light.

Now I stand in an ashen land,
Among the ruins of what I once called home;
Stooping low to gather scattered pieces,
Digging through ash to plant new roots,
Mending broken walls with dust and resolve.

For fire has two tongues:
One that warms the hands,
And one that consumes the heart.

I learned too late
That beauty alone cannot sustain a life;
A flame that dazzles the eyes
May leave the soul without shelter.

Yet from these ashes I rise,
Carrying the scars of the burn,
Building again,
Stone by stone,
Hope by hope.

Joseph Cimanuka all rights reserved

Joseph Cimanuka

Africa

Africa, cradle of nations,
Land where strength and wisdom meet;
Across your vast horizons rise
Brilliant minds and untapped dreams.

Your soil is deep and fertile,
Your rivers pulse with life,
Yet your children hunger at your breast,
Unable to draw abundance from your womb.

O Africa, why do you stagger before strangers,
Yielding the pen that should write your future?
Why let distant hands sketch your destiny,
While you kneel for crumbs from another's table?

You were born to guide your people,
To stand upright upon your own ground,
Not to surrender your voice,
Nor deny your place beneath the sun.

PoemHunter.com

Now is the season to sow with thought and labor,
To harvest the wealth of your own mind;
To forge tomorrow with your own hands,
And write your fate with your own ink.

Rise from dependence into purpose.
Let your fields feed your children,
Let your knowledge shape your future,
And let your people walk as owners,
Not guests,
Upon the land that bears their name.

A Poem by Joseph Cimanuka

Joseph Cimanuka

Your Land

Keep and cherish your land,
You people of my land,
Lest you wake in Egypt
With burdens in your hands.

Hands to tools, not chains.

Digging, stone-lunged, unpaid;
Hauling firestones for Pharaoh's rise,
Dust-buried, spine-crumbled,
Building tombs that are not your own.

Hands to tools, not chains.

You may die beneath the desert wind,
Embalmed in mud and silence,
Sealed in a wooden sarcophagus,
Forgotten by the soil that birthed you.

PoemHunter.com

Hands to tools, not chains.

While your homeland waits—
Its fields fed by roots, not Pharaoh's rot;
Its hills alive with eagles and their brood,
Its future calling your name.

Hands to tools, not chains.

Keep and cherish your land,
You people of my land,
For those who abandon their roots
May become stones in another man's monument.

Hands to tools, not chains.

Keep and cherish your land, you people of my land,
Lest you end in Egypt with burdens in your hands;
Carrying firestones to build Pharaoh's pyramids,

Only to die and be buried in the sand, embalmed in mud;
Stiff and decaying in an Egyptian sarcophagus of wood,
While your own land is led by eagles, birds, and their brood.

By Joseph Cimanuka

Joseph Cimanuka

It's Me

I am Joseph Cimanuka,
A son of hope and humble light,
Born where hills embrace the morning,
And rivers sing both day and night.

My father bears the name Cimanuka,
A man whose strength stands firm and tall;
My mother, Mapenzi, full of kindness,
Whose loving heart embraces all.

Second child within our household,
A family of fourteen souls,
Bound together by love and struggle,
Sharing dreams and common goals.

Eight brave brothers walk beside me:
Confiance, Claude, and Jonas too,
Patient, Daniel, Benjamin,
Obed and Ampire faithful and true.

PoemHunter.com

Three dear sisters brighten our pathway:
Mwama, Promesse, Rehema's grace;
Together we stand like trees in forests,
Rooted deeply in one place.

In Luwindja I first saw daylight,
South Kivu, Congo's precious land,
On January seventh, two thousand two,
Life was placed within my hand.

Kabobi taught my first beginnings,
Where childhood learned to read and grow;
Then Bukavu opened wider doors,
And brighter dreams began to glow.

At Camp Panzi I finished primary,
With courage burning in my chest;
L'Amitié shaped my early journey,
While Ibanda helped me do my best.

Now at ISP Bukavu studying,
English and African Culture's flame,
A sophomore chasing wisdom daily,
Working hard to build a name.

I teach English to younger learners,
Planting seeds of future light;
At Freedom Foundation in Panzi,
I guide young minds toward what is right.

I love the songs hidden in books,
The poetry dancing in silent air,
The voice of radios in the evening,
And nature's beauty everywhere.

I love long roads and distant travels,
Walking slowly beneath the sky,
Watching trees and listening deeply
To the earth as seasons pass by.

I dislike lies that poison friendship,
And idle talks that waste the day;
For truth and purpose are my compass,
Guiding every step and way.

One day I shall become a poet,
Whose words will cross both sea and land;
A teacher shaping generations,
A businessman with steady hand.

And maybe in my nation's future,
When Congo calls for honest men,
I shall rise to serve my people,
With wisdom, courage, and my pen.

For I am Joseph Cimanuka,
A dreamer walking toward the sun;
Though the journey may be endless,
My story has only begun.

Joseph Cimanuka

My Daughter

My daughter, use your brain to be wise;
Men give with one hand while the other stretches out,
Waiting for a reward before their hearts find rest.
And after their reward, they run dawn to dusk
Until their free gift returns back to their hands.
Keep in your mind the French tale of the Crow and the Fox.

Joseph Cimanuka

PoemHunter.com

Keep Your Least

Keep your least—do not waste it on the great,
Lest you beg when all your strength has passed;
With your least, you can endure your fate,
Trust not in them, their promises won't last.

If you fail, you will be brought to need,
So hold your least and guard it firm and fast;
Trust not people swayed by want or greed,
With little kept, you still may stand at last.

They cannot keep the secrets that you share,
Nor silence hold when trumpets sound abroad;
They rise in noise, then vanish into air,
While what is least in you stands firm with God.

So keep your least—it speaks when all is gone,
The final word you hear when all move on.

Joseph Cimanuka

PoemHunter.com

A Voice In My Mind

There's a voice at the bottom of my mind,
Whispering that life is a book of pages;
That one day, my page will truly turn
Into a better chapter—it will become my turn,
And on its face, I will write: "No pain."
The same voice tells me again:
Your page may be a laughing stock,
But yet your pain is never in vain;
For one day, you will reign with brain,
And pain will break out of your veins.
It will be your day of blessing, your day of rain,
When people and things will come your way,
And everyone will sing and sing your praise.
Alas! Your turn is truly turning—
Hold on!

Joseph Cimanuka

PoemHunter.com

My Father's Wise Words

My son, my love, my dear,
Be aware of your father's words;
Uni is not the universe—do not confuse
A place where you can float without a fall,
Or where you play Romeo and Juliet.

My son, be aware of your father's words;
Do not drag your future into the flames.
Your father is old, but his words are young.

Uni is a place for knowledge, not games;
Where you go to acknowledge, not to blame.
To open doors to the right universal truth,
And take a pen to write a new verse in faith.
So, do not confuse uni and universe.

Joseph Cimanuka

PoemHunter.com

P.P.K

P.P.K stands firm with moral sight,
A leader shaping hearts, not punishing;
He guides his people gently toward the right,
From darkened ways to truth awakening.

Do you not know him? —P.P.K his name,
An African whose standards stand above;
Though mocked by those who drown in moral shame,
He answers hate with discipline and love.

They scorn his form—his nose, his fragile frame,
They laugh at what their blinded eyes can see;
Yet still he rises, untouched by their blame,
For strength is found in deep integrity.

Let fools persist—his virtue will not break,
For he remains the best, for justice' sake.

Joseph Cimanuka

PoemHunter.com

The Gravity Of My Mind

My mind is heavy like the whole cosmos,
A wonder fills my thoughts about mankind.

From dawn to dusk—on Everest's peak I stand;
My goal: to watch the world go by,
And jot a memorial note about the last days.

In those days—Carimea will rise against Nrai,
Leading to killing and famine across the world.

Covid and Ebola will spread among nations,
Their names too bitter for lips to mention.

A gender will tie the knot with itself in the open,
Saying, 'Adam for Adam, Eve for Eve—no God.'

A man will rise and say,
Better my daughter than my wife,
And a woman will say,
I'd rather lie with my son.
The old will sit awhile in the barn,
Reflecting on their fading years,
Saying they need hot blood
To warm their cold blood.

A person will trade a family for wealth without shame.

The shepherd will fleece the sheep he claims to guide;
Churches will grow like mushrooms in the rainy season,
For bread-winning—not for saving lost souls.

My mind is heavy like the whole cosmos,
And on Everest's peak, I stand in pain;
Writing this memorial note, not in vain;

Signing it:
Conscious Wakener

PoemHunter.com

Joseph Cimanuka

I'm Poetry

I love poetry, it's true!
Poetry, my daddy; poetry, my mummy;
All my siblings, poetry.

I cook in poetry, and save in poetry;
I walk in poetry; I stand in poetry.
I sleep in poetry, and rise in poetry.
I eat in poetry,
I run in poetry,
I court in poetry,

I dream in poetry, and when I don't, still poetry.
I speak in poetry,
I read in poetry,
I write in poetry,
I teach in poetry,

There, you agree that I'm poetry

PoemHunter.com

I'm Poetry
I love poetry, it's true!
Poetry, my daddy; poetry, my mummy;
All my siblings, poetry.

Joseph Cimanuka

The Shi Quest Of Mwamihood

Your majesty, our Mwami,
Where is your Mwamihood?

As the greatest hero of our land,
You let our people suffer,
Trading our future in the shadows,
Like a nation lost to darkness.

And so you flee to distant shores,
Abandoning our struggling souls.
Your majesty, our Mwami,
Where is the honor you once knew?

Joseph Cimanuka

PoemHunter.com

A Day For All

There is a day for birth, a day for death,
A day for childhood, a day for age.
A day for marriage, a day for parting,
A day for failure, a day for success.
A day for refusal, a day for embrace—
Nothing is ever truly new.

A day for truth, a day for lies;
A day for setback, a day for rise.
A day for war, a day for peace,
A day to sow, a day to reap.
All of it flows within our lives.

A day for honor, a day for shame;
A day for order, a day for chaos.
A day for sorrow, a day for joy,
A day for healing, a day for pain,
A day for fullness, a day for hunger—
All are woven into our being.

PoemHunter.com

Joseph Cimanuka all rights reserved

Joseph Cimanuka

The Pig's Brag Before His Master

I am fond of you, Lord,
Yet I despise my neighbor.

I preach your word with delight,
Yet I do not walk in your light.

I meditate daily on your truth,
Yet I remain the same as before.
I dwell within your holy house,
Yet darkness lives in me still.

I walk among fools in comfort,
Yet I cannot guide them in truth.
I promise shelter in the night,
Yet I cannot offer bread by day.

I ask for blessings rich and great,
Yet I give nothing to the least.
I am taught by the Almighty,
Yet I refuse to change my ways.

I claim to love you in my heart—
Yet my life denies your name.

Joseph Cimanuka

PoemHunter.com

The Start

The start will always come, mediocrely;
Voices in your back will whisper dismay,
Trying to make you feel black, to bring you down.
Every voice will rise, a word to say,
Tallying fails, a ledger of the past,
To make your ambitions dark, to make you doubt at last,
And let you believe in nothing, nought.

But when the éclat comes, the moment of pride,
Friends will gather 'round, a congratulatory tide,
In lion's roar, they'll celebrate with glee,
Making you believe in them, in their feigned sincerity,
Yet, all the while, they're eyeing your success, waiting to take a piece.

Guts, guts! Have courage, don't give in!
The start may be humble, but determination wins.
It rewards the brave, the bold, the strong,
Bigly rewards those who push on, all day long.

PoemHunter.com

Joseph Cimanuka

Who Will Save This Nation?

Half-dead people, hearts turned cold,
Conceived in shadows, in theft enrolled;
Born in crime, in darkness fed,
On stolen wealth their spirits bred.
In a land where corruption wears a crown,
And broken laws are written down—
Where disorder sits in power's seat…
Who will save this nation from defeat?

Murder and impurity—tradition's disguise,
Justice crushed before our eyes.
War and killing shape the norm,
Violence taught in every form.
Cruelty carves the human mind,
Greed has left no soul behind.
A war for self, no truth, no light…
Who will rise to end this plight?

Success achieved by fleeing class,
False diplomas made to pass.
Degrees bought with flesh and gold,
Silent scandals, never told.
Wisdom buried under lust,
Education turned to dust.
Truth is sold and conscience chained…
Who will break what binds this land?

Jobs are granted through a name,
Not through merit, skill, or aim.
Power passes hand to hand,
While idle youth across the land
Watch their dreams dissolve in air,
Choked by silence and despair.
Hope grows faint, ambition dies…
Who will hear the young ones' cries?

PoemHunter.com

Blessings preached for selfish gain,
False prophets feast on others' pain.
They fleece the flock they claim to guide,
While truth and justice are denied.
The sheep are lost, devoured instead,
Far from green pastures once they led.
Sacred trust is torn apart—
Even the cross now bears a wounded heart…
Who will save this nation from the dark?

Yet hope still breathes beneath the pain,
A quiet spark, a rising flame.
Not kings nor gold will make us free,
But hearts awake to dignity.
When truth is lived and courage stands,
And justice walks across these lands—
The light will rise, the dark will fall…
For we, together, shall save us all.

Joseph Cimanuka