

Poetry Series

kaunda kapungwe
- poems -

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kaunda kapungwe(19th June1988)

Africa

mama afrika the land of nature,
mama, the milk of your breasts will
never be drained off,
that's why your land is full of milk and honey,
your rivers' and lakes' are of resplendent beauty,
your beauty is incomparable, infinite,
mama afrika you brighter than the stars,
you the land of silver and gold
which a lot of people want to steal,
ya they will steal but mama you will still stand firm and strong,
that's why you are the mother of minerals,
you the land of green and brighter morning sun,
mama without you, the world would have been a void,
mama, you blessed amongst continents,
mama, you will forever live despite all the calamities you have,
mama, mama, mama mama,
mama am proud to be your son.
that's why i got to say
' hail afrika full of grace, the lord is with you
blessed are you amongst continents.
blessed is the fruit of your womb{afrika},
holy afrika the mother of the world, pray for us.'
long live my sweet mama afrika.....

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Life At Hand

life is one thing beyond human understanding.

life holds what you want it to be.

if you choose ignorance, for sure it will turn its back on you, but if you choose knowledge and wisdom, for sure you will be sentiments with life.

life is like time which can not reverse itself neither can it wait for you to catch up. so when you do things, do to perfection or rather have it in mind that you will never be accorded that opportunity again.

life itself is like a journey taken through the road of potholes where you do not have expectation of the future but you drive by hope of reaching your destination.

life is also like holding a mug cup, once you drop it, it will break and if it breaks, you can never mend it and if you mend it, you can easily bend it.

in addition, life has its span like that of a bulb in which it has a chance to shine brighter and a time it will never shine at all.

therefore, if you want to live good life comply with its rules.

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Love U Gal

I thought I have ever being crazy about someone,
I thought I had ever loved,
I thought I had been confused,
I thought I had seen beauty,
I thought I had ever seen sunny face,
until now, she is naturally beautiful.

but now my heart is stolen
my mind is confused
my soul lost,
my dreams are captured,
my sleep is lost,

and all I want is to talk and be with her

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Mum Who Where The Greatest Of All

What a great MOTHER she was
She could make us happy even when we could read her face that things are not good on her side,
She stood by us, even through those times she knew she could not stand by us.
She gave me courage even when she knew that am totally down.
I can never forget all she said to me.
I remember how she sacrificed for me and my siblings.
She stood alone to educate us.
I remember the catholic songs she used to listen to and sing along.
She was such a caring mother to all the pipo at home.
She gave me milk even when I was asking for porridge.
She added sugar when I asked for only water.
She gave me food when I asked for the plate only.
She cried on my sorrows and sadness, coz all she wanted was for me to be happy.
She made me to love others through her.
Whoever I loved, I loved through the memories of her love and care.
I have been working hard to at least do what she expected out of me.
I have been trying to do all possible things could make her happy.
But how sorrowful it is right now for her to go minus even saying good bye to me.
Minus letting me even see her face this year for the last time.
Mum, How can you die minus even waiting for me mayo kwena?
Not even hearing your voice for the last time.
You were there to give me courage, comfort and motivation.
You were there to wipe way my tears.
Now who is going to give me all that at this moment because I really need them?

You could be there even when I didn't asked you to be there for me.
Am alone here mayo, I have no one like you to run to at this moment.
As I sit in this chair wondering what's the way forward
Thinking of all the plans I had for you when I get back to Zambia
How I wanted to make you happy
And all I really wanted, is you to be there on my graduation day, my first pay
and my wedding coz that's all you needed much.
But right now they all sound meaningless because there were meant to make you happy and proud.
They say men do not cry but whatever memory I recall break the resistance to the tears

When am alone in the room tears come out like a tap of water
My body starts shaking, my bone starts trembling
My head starts aching, my mouth runs out of vocal
She said to my best friend that she won't die until she sees me again
My eyes can't stop shading tears when I rephrase that statement.
As they are putting you to rest, for me i am busy writing an exam.
I was planning to buy you a present on coming home as I always do, and why
couldn't you just wait for it mayo
Mum I know you are in a better place right now, I know you are in a place where
you wanted to go most when you die
Mum your sons and daughters here are going to be exactly what you wanted.
I won't disappoint you mayo no matter how hard life will become....
Love you Mum (ANNIE HOSANNA KALAMBAI KAPUNGWE)
Rest in Eternal Peace and God Bless You.
Your Boy who is now a Man "Kaunda"

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My One Solution

Here i sit in the darkness
my eyes are broad open but seeing nothing
my mind busy trying to make sense out of life
my brain busy thinking of a thousands of thoughts
but all looking forward to one solution

here i get up and take a lonely walk
and my brain busy trying to figure out what is in my mind
but still i could not come up with one solution

now questions arose in my head
asking myself sad and deep questions
'what am i missing in my life because i have food to eat,
i have clothes to wear and change,
i have entertainment to watch,
i have some little money to spend,
i have education at hand.'
but sadness grew higher after realizing there was no answer to my queries

here rises a war in my mind and heart
one is telling me that am lacking something big
but the other is telling me that you are becoming weak.
delusional and frustration is anchoring my head,
and stress has increased within me.

here i go to church for deliverance
but instead my thoughts and questions just rose higher,
i came to believe that what was in me was not evil
but it was just looking forward for one solution.

i went out for beer in order to release the stress out of me
but when i got sober my mind took me back to my inner sorrow.

then from nowhere hear came the star sparkling in my eyes,
so brighter than diamond itself, so resplendent and so naturally beautiful. you
conquered my heart and mind with your twinkling eyes.
and my mind and heart came to one realization and signed a treaty to love you
because that was the only one solution to peace within me.
you are my one solution to my mind and heart.

i reeeeeaaaaaally loooove you GIRL

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Prayer Of A Sufferer

'i stand firm onto this ground,
restless working, sweating blood now
and then, my fots have turned
black because i always moving on ashy and hot
ground, my black hair is now brown because
i always walk under the burning sun,
my neck is now paining because i always walk
whilst carrying heavy stuff, my hands are now as hard
as a rock because i cant let go this hoe and axe,
my dreams have turned sour
because i always dream of what to eat
the following day, for sure real sufferers never rest.'
lord i humble myself at this moment, please lord
here the humble plea of this sufferer, lord he has no
other way out but through r is about to
kill him mercy on him. amen

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Song Of Sorrow

am like a body without a heart
am like a head without a brain
am like a stream without water
am like a hanging mountain
am like a house without a foundation
am like a computer without a hard-disk
am like a shoe with a sole
am like a bird without wings
am like a human without a creator
am like a Shepherd without flocks
am like a ship without a captain
am like a song without vocals of which no one can sing
am like food without salt of which no one can taste
am like a mechanic without tools
am like a driver without a car
am like a forest without trees
am like a christian without faith
am like a house built in a desert
am like a butcher without meat to sell
am like a serial killer whose afraid of people
am like a party without music
am like a house without a roof
am like a game without players
this is all because you left without saying good
if i could bribe God, i could have done so
now all these are just wishes,
the only consolation i have is my tears from eyes
my life now is now ascetic, i feel like i have nothing to live for
because you never left me with any child
so let me cry til i get dehydrated and die

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Where Do I Belong

it was a night and a night of silence,
it was a rumble and a rumble of non wrestlers,
it was a dream and a dream of non dreamers,
it was a rhythm and a rhythm of no sound,
then i realized that it was something being built from nothing
it was nothing plus nothing which equal to something...

as a man feeling too hot on ice,
as a pig feeling clean in mud,
as a baby feeling too strong to fight,
as a story book without words,
as a school without class rooms...

therefore this is life,
a real one and nothing more,
the only truth and no other.
believe in oneself and not delusion,
live to enjoy the moment and not being lustful,
at the end you will find life to be useless if
you are too fascinated by the bad fruits,
but those who follow the good fruits end up with a
smiling face like in fairy tales

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