

Poetry Series

Kenneth Maswabi
- poems -

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Kenneth Maswabi(14 November 1977)

I am in a journey of self-discovery and enlightenment. My pen is my walking stick and my studio is my inner silence (heart) . Ever since I can remember I have always been a quiet and humble human being. In this quietness, I became aware of the silence within and in this silence i became aware of my emptiness. In my emptiness, I was liberated from ego, I am now fully in Love. I am a Lover. My life is a mystery and I don't know my destination. In this mystery, life is unfolded in pages and pages of poetry.

"I Am Who I Am." (Yahweh)

Many are confused
When God calls Himself "I AM WHO I AM";
Bewildered by His peculiar name
They have so many questions
And so many ideas
About why he gives Himself this name

I am who I am
Tells a story of pure humility
An existence purely moulded by Love
An absence of Ego
A brutal revelation of our own origin
A fantastic name only reserved for the Most High

I am who I am
No beginning nor end
The everlasting Spring of Love
The eternal path of Light
The most beautiful mystery illuminated
The Alpha and the Omega

"I am who I am
I am that I am
I am what I am
I will be what I will be
I create what(ever)I create." (From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia)

The mystery of this name is not a mystery
The name illuminates the pureness of the Holy Spirit
The everlasting path of Love
The intensity of the eternal light
The most magnificent existence in the whole of eternity

Kenneth Maswabi

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 Beautiful Moment

I spent a day in a beautiful moment
I was dressed in nectar and honey
I was the supreme overlord of Love
I was the magnificent flower
And she was my petals
We were naked
In the garden of lovers
Neither bumblebee
Nor hummingbird
Disturbed our moment
We were inside the bedroom of our hearts
And time stood still
As my heart quivered
And her heart danced
In this spectacle of Love
We were Lovers
And nothing mattered
Love was our blanket

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 Delicious Meal

In the kitchen of life
It's hard to cook a delicious meal
A meal made of romance, ecstasy and orgasms
A meal served on velvet sheets and a bed of roses
A meal that ignites the palate of consciousness
With sweet aromas and tantalizing taste
Exotic ingredients and spicy fragrances
Perfumes from the land of ecstasy
A meal that makes the heart full
A meal whose recipe is Love
A delicious meal

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

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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 Futile War

It was a futile war
Led by raging emotions
In the absence of logic
Violence the only answer
They chose guns and suicide vests
Instead of the love in their heart
They opted for the anger and rage
They went to war
With everyone
Bombing children and women
As they sat in the market place
Killing all men who did not belong to their gang
Foolishness inside the hearts of men
War has never solved anything
War brings misery
War brings death
And many died
And more died
Until only few were left
Scattered
In their deserted posts
Unwanted
Confused
Lost

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 Gift

It is not common to be given a gift
It is not uncommon to accept a gift with the greatest joy
It is totally normal to hope for a gift
It is in our nature to be pleased by a kind gesture
It is our nature to be given gifts
Love is the ultimate gift
Open your heart and give it freely
Be in Love with who you are
And be in Love with what you are capable of
Be in Love with the Spirit in you
Be in Love with the Love you in you
Be in Love with the gift of Love
"For God so loved the world
That He gave His one and only Son,
That everyone who believes in Him
Shall not perish but have eternal life." John 3: 16
It is this gift of Love that illuminates the path of eternal life
And brings joy and happiness to our lives
"Love is patient,
Love is kind
It does not envy
It does not boast
It is not proud." 1 Corinthians 13: 4
"But now faith, hope, love,
Abide these three;
But the greatest of these is love." 1 Corinthians 13: 13
It is an everlasting gift
It is your gift to the world

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 Lesson Of Love

Forget mathematics

Love does not calculate the blush or the crush densities

Nor subtract the perspiration and indecisiveness volume

Love does not add amount of courage multiplied by the effort

Love does not have a mathematical formula

Love lies outside the mathematical universe

Love is full of love not numbers

Love is a lesson of love

A total acceptance of the probability that your soulmate does not exist

A well of unimaginable depth

Love exist only in love

Capable of quenching the thirstiness of a poet

Love is not taught in class

Because love can only be taught in the heart

Love is not a physical or chemical construction

Love is a bottomless yearning

A desire to be totally in love with everything

A desire to be in love with love

Love is everything

Love is not taught in school

Because love is too simplistic in nature

But yet too complex to handle

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 Mathematical Illusion

Love is a mathematical illusion
A ghost inside the labyrinth of Science
A psychiatrist's dilemma
A medical anomaly

Love is neither measured
Nor projected by computer models
Love is not tested inside the test tube
Nor broken down into its simplest form with chemical hammers
Love is neither a protein nor a complex chemical molecule
Love is not measured by the five senses
Love does not obey the laws of physics

Love is unreal to the mathematician
Love is unreal to the alchemist
Love is unreal to the psychiatrist
Love is unreal to the physician
Love is unreal to the physicist
Love is unreal to the biologist
Love is unreal to the scientist

Love is only real to the Lover

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 Poem Is A Precious Spell

Poetry is medicine
Not a hallucinogenic beverage
Concocted in the heart
It's a mixture of silence, intuition, tears and ecstasy
A purified form of joy and sorrow
Poetry is a syrup made of consciousness
In minute portions, it opens the lid of knowledge
In bigger portions, it is the pot of wisdom
A miracle pill
Capable of illuminating the Truth
The summit of existence

Kenneth Maswabi

A Poet Versus A Scientist

A poet is a slave to the waves of consciousness
Calibrating his/her thoughts to match those of eternity
Poetry is revealed when the equilibrium is reached
The mystical world of the mind is unveiled by the silent mind
Everything becomes meaningful
And everything loses its meaning
Because meaning is a man-made construction

A scientist is a slave to waves of consciousness
Calibrating his/her thoughts to beat according to the physical realm
Science is logically constructed in the laboratory of the mind
Experiment after experiment, the scientist reaches the equilibrium of logic
The equation is reproduced and the theory is proved
Only in the finite world of physics
Can life be studied in a test tube
Totally isolated from the hands and mind of its Creator
Life becomes a meaningless piece of protein

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 Request

She made a request to her Lover
For him to love her with all his heart
To hold her in the warmth of her Soul
To fill her with laughter
Undress her joy
And be the reason for her smile
To embrace her scars
And soothe her pain
To hold her heart still
And stitch its gaping wounds
To be her true love
Who opens the door of her heart
Sweeping away all her fears
Giving her courage and hope
In a cup of Love

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A Scientific Dilemma

Science hops from one molecule to another
Searching for the substance of consciousness
Science looks from microscope to telescope
Searching for the evidence of consciousness
Science unfolded the book of physics
Searching for the laws of consciousness
Science invented mathematics
Searching for the formula of consciousness
Science invented hypothetical worlds
Searching for the telltale signs of consciousness
Science made explosive experiments
Searching for the building blocks of consciousness
Science made leaps for mankind
Searching for the boundary of consciousness
Science made advances in technology
Searching for the signs of consciousness
Science left no stone unturned
Searching for the source of consciousness

Science is still searching

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A Seeker's Dream

A Seeker's dream

A seeker journeys on a lonely path
Under the envelope of silence
Inside the illuminated tunnels of consciousness
A seeker is looking for the Truth
The ribbon of light that wraps around life
Giving meaning to the human episode of existence
A seeker is blindfolded by the many protruding eyes
That looks at him (her) with ignorance and pity
Not understanding the madness behind every human thought
Not aware of the fragility of logic and mathematical explanations
Totally satisfied by the scientific evaluation of life and the universe
Portraying life as accidental senseless evolution of molecules
And in awe of technological magicians
Displaying their so called artificial intelligence magic tricks
A seeker is not convinced by the language of physics and mathematics
Nor by the chanting voices of religious doctrine
A seeker dreams of finding the Truth
Unlocking the eternal path of Love
The sacred altar of existence
The true meaning of life
The Creator's prayer
A seeker dreams of Love

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

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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 Sip Of Silence

To all with ears, listen
Silence is the nectar
The Soul is the hummingbird
And you are the flower
A flower without nectar
Attracts no hummingbird
Be colourful
Produce lots of silence
Listen to the wings of your Soul
As you meet in silence
You become emptiness
You become hollow
You become the eternal rhythm
The timeless masterpiece
Bigger than the universe
Brighter than the stars
You become the sacred covenant
You are nothing else
But LOVE

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

A State Of Being

In the turbulence of our consciousness
Our volcanic mind gives birth to uncertainty
Uncertainty gives birth to Hope
Hope gives birth to Faith
Faith unveils a deeper understanding
Wisdom beyond the ordinary
The Truth illuminated
Beyond the molecular theory
Beyond rocket science
Within the heart of man (woman)
Moulded not by turbulence
Constructed not by science
Created not
Love is a state of being-One with everything
A state of nothingness
A stateless state
Love is the purest form of Life

Kenneth Maswabi

Absent

The cold wind of life enveloped her life
Casting a spell onto her face
And she was defaced
She could not see
Her identity was stolen
And all her attributes erased
She was a nonentity
She was absent from the radar of life
Surrounded by darkness
She was lost
In the valley of death
She was buried
In hopelessness she was wrapped
She was forgotten
Left to rot at the periphery of life
She was betrayed
By the very people she loved
Totally forsaken
By her dearest friends
She was a lost soul
Faraway in the wilderness
Away from the comforting rays of hope
She was petrified
Alone in the darkness
Silence everywhere
Enveloped by emptiness
She became nothingness
Suddenly a small voice
From deep within her heart
Spoke to her
"The Lord is my shepherd
He restores my soul;
He guides me in the paths of righteousness for the sake of His name
Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil, for You are with me;
Your rod and Your staff,
They comfort me." Psalm 23
With those little words
She was ignited

And the light of God appeared
And the Truth was revealed
She was a Spirit human being
She was alive
She was full of purpose
She was full of light
She had reached the river of hope
She had drank from the river of life
She was fully clothed with Love
She was in Love with her new self
She was eager to step outside
And tell the world
The Truth is that Love is the Truth

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

Abundance

What is abundance?

If your heart is empty

Lacking in warmth

Not punctured by laughter

Not painted in smiles

And your Soul is lost

In the noise of the world

Enveloped in selfishness

Cocooned inside the world of materialism

What is abundance?

If all you do is to search for more material things

Abandoning your spiritual needs

Neglecting yourself

In pursuit of wealth

What is abundance?

If you have never felt Love

If you do not have Love

The eternal peace

The essence of life

The sacred truth

Kenneth Maswabi

African Girl Child

You rose up from the shackles of history
And represented yourselves
In the classroom of today's most successful human beings
Against all odds, you succeeded
A beautiful example of courage and perseverance
A brilliant model for humanity's monument of success
You were downtrodden, beaten and mutilated
By both culture and society
You battled patriarchal powers and monopolies
And destroyed the foundations of masculine dominance
Yes, you are still far from conquering the seat of power
But your bold steps are reverberating throughout the corridors of power
You have modelled yourselves into powerful packages of dynamite
Capable of breaking cultural and historical barriers
You are the true Nobel Peace prize winners
You are humanity's last warriors

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

Aggressive Thoughts (Negative Thoughts)

Reckless and scandalous

Violently attaching their ferocious claws to the mind

Aggressive thoughts come to destroy and punish

And to pursue their evil agenda

They bring loads and loads of unpleasant repercussions

Aggressive thoughts use the boardroom of the mind for their evil schemes

Attaching their tentacles on the fragile corners of our consciousness

Aggressive thoughts are full of venom

Persuasive and full of pride

Aggressive thoughts will get you to do what they want

Jealousy, greed and selfishness are product of these thoughts

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

Alone By Myself

Left behind the curtain of silence
I am left alone with myself
But myself is an emptiness
A desolate land of nothingness
No self-imposed ego to steer my consciousness
Nor gold encrusted identity to attract unwanted intruders

I am alone with myself
A beautiful existence beyond me
A platform for the most magical moment
When silence freely flows through my veins
And nothing stands in between me and eternity
I am a non-existent kind of existence
Just like a rose in the middle of the jungle
My existence is not for the prying eyes
It is the climax of Love

I am alone by myself

Kenneth Maswabi

Alone, I Am Love

Alone, I knelt inside my heart
Alone, I listened to the silence
Alone, I prayed my heart out
Alone, I felt the hand of peace
Alone, I was baptized with Love
Alone, I was filled with joy
Alone, I am at peace
Alone, I am inside my heart
Alone, I am nothing
Alone, I am everything
Alone, I am 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

Kenneth Maswabi

Amazing Grace

Do not be troubled by the gathering storms
Nor be afraid of the roaring waves
Be still
In this stillness, pray
And pray some more
Be hopeful
In this hopefulness, pray
And pray some more
Be in Love
In this Love, sing
And sing some more
Amazing grace
Amazing grace

Kenneth Maswabi

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

An Outlier

Sitting alone
Inside her thoughts
Enveloped by turmoil
Everybody has deserted you
Her thoughts keep telling her
You are ugly and unworthy
The persistent thoughts are relentless
Digging deep into her emotional secrets
Her mind is a whirlpool of nasty thoughts
Spilling venom all over her body, mind and Soul
Her thoughts have overpowered her
In a bid to steal her Soul

Let's stop and listen
For those sobs in the middle of the night
Or those unprovoked tears
Or those unprovoked tears
The subtle changes in mood
The loss of interest
The blank face

Depression is real

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 Center Of Words

At the center of words
There is a story to be told
Knowledge to be shared
And wisdom imparted
This story is melted out of these words
And consumed with delicate care
A mouthful of some words is enough
To make you intoxicated
Some words are rotten
Stinking to the core
While some words are full of joy
Bringing laughter and joy to the heart
We have fallen in love with some words
Because they bring love into our lives
These are miraculous words
Inflated with wisdom and understanding
Brimming with love
These words are beautiful
Dressing us with the best smile
Words are not dead
Words are alive
Like flowers, they are colorful
And full of fragrance
And sometimes nectar
For us to enjoy
And be merry

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 End Of The Year (& A Decade)

I send this piece of my heart to you
It is not a discarded piece of poetry
It is a sacred part of my being
It is a vase of Love
And it is for you the Lovers
Clothe yourself with these words
And be a part of me
Let Love be our blanket
To keep us warm in times of uncertainty
Let Love be our path and light
To take us to the spring of life
Love is the way, the truth and the life
It is only through Love
That we can Love
It is impossible to hold Love in our hands
Let Love hold us
And feed us with Love
Let Love lead
And we will be Lovers forever

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

Beautiful Sadness

Love is above joy and pain
Encompassing the moment of joy and the moment of sorrow
Love is above the everyday emotional outbursts
It is a sacred hand that soothes the heart in pain
And a beautiful flower full of sweet nectar
To nourish the mind, body and Spirit
In times of sorrow, Love is a house of comfort
And in times of happiness, Love is a basket of joy
Overflowing with the mystical beauty of existence
Love teaches us the joy of forgiveness
And the art of humility
Love extend to us the hand of compassion
And does not require anything back
Just for us to be in Love
To be in an eternal eclipse of Love
Love is the joy of waking up
And the pain of waking up
Love is the sorrow that bind our hearts in our darkest moments
And the tears that washes our face of all the sorrow
Love is abundant with both joy and sorrow
Mysteriously entangled
In an everlasting sanctified embrace

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

Beauty Is A Page In The Book Of Mysteries

It is a book with many chapters
But there is a page dedicated to beauty
The secret recipe is displayed
And the curse and blessings of beauty
Wraps around the theme of this chapter
It is both a celebration and sorrow
The two ends of Love intersect here
The pendulum of life is ever pronounced
And the petals of existence are unveiled
It is a story about the fragility
And the colourfulness of a flower
It is a story about the sunset versus the eclipse of the sun
Both encompassed by mystery and secrets
It is a story about hope in the midst of misery
About faith and Love that envelopes existence
Beauty is not a character, it is a scent
To be smelled and tasted
To be celebrated
While it lasts

Kenneth Maswabi

Beauty Is Not A Logical Entity, It's Spiritual

In the book of creation
The geometry of beauty is not defined
It is left to the heart to elucidate
To dissect and select the attributes of beauty
The heart is immersed in eternal truth
In its wisdom, the heart unveils the patterns of beauty
Awakening the Soul, the Lover in us, to a feast
Beauty is scattered around the natural canopy of life
To give us joy and renew our spirit
To bless us and give us hope
To teach us the spiritual aspect of our true selves
To open the lid of mysteries in our hearts
Giving us a glimpse of eternity
We are all beautiful in the eyes of God

Kenneth Maswabi

Before You Pray

Look inside your heart
In that empty room
On that empty chair, sit
Remove all your thoughts
Disconnect all your fears
Take off all your worldly burdens
In your nakedness
In your emptiness
In your nothingness
Pray

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

Being Me

I am empty of me
Yet I am full of you
I am in love with the emptiness
Because the emptiness is me
And the emptiness allows me to be you
I am the emptiness that is not empty
The nothingness that is everything
I am the template of Love
And the foundation of eternity
I am the light that illuminates the heart
I am joy, sorrow, and eternal peace
I am here but yet I am no where
I am the ray at dawn
Full of hope
And yes I am the ray at sunset
Full of sorrow
I am existence
The hospital of joy and sorrow
The path of the spirit
I am the flower
That blooms today
And dies tomorrow
And yet continues to exist
In the garden of Love
I am you, her, him and them
I am the spring of life
And my life is not mine
It is ours

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 Pride

Of all the clothes that men (women) wear
Pride is the garment of lost Souls
Overly priced and over polished
Pride out shines all virtues
Preferred by sophisticated gentlemen (women)
Pride is a gown of selfishness
Overly celebrated
Pride destroys the Soul
Corroding the human spirit
Feeding on the human heart
Pride is a crown for the unwise

Kenneth Maswabi

Beware Of Selfishness

The delusion in our lives
Marinated by our selfish desires
Taste sweeter than honey
Its seductive hands
Wraps around our minds
Promising tantalizing things
An eruption of ecstasy
Beyond our wildest desires
Selfishness is a venomous snake
That wraps around our hearts
Slowly injecting its potent serum
Into our daily lives
Selfishness promises life
And life in abundance
While suffocating the Soul
The garden of your life
With its venomous poison
Beware of selfishness
Selfishness is the root of all evil

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 Belief

Hidden inside the curtain of light
The flow of consciousness is abundant
Touching the innermost part of our being
Stretching to the limit of our imagination
Enveloping our fragile thoughts
Holding our Hope
Harbouring both our fears and our victories
And yet still smooth and flawless
It's within this fabric
That everything is hinged
And everything is scattered
Seeds of humanity planted on this very soil
Beautiful roses grow
Beyond the sunsets
A new day is born
Always flowing
Through the womb of unlimited possibilities
It is a mystery that gives birth to more mysteries
A beautiful beacon of hope
Lives in us
A ray of light
Knowledge, wisdom and understanding
All folded inside the beam of light
Love
The everlasting moment
Fully developed
And unfolded
Inside the eternal blanket
It is the sacred beauty
The covenant
The illuminated truth
All displayed in us

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

Blindfolded

It is not rocket science
It is not a mathematical puzzle
It is not a magical spell
It is ego
Human beings are blindfolded by ego
Leading them astray
Into the land of selfishness
Ego is a master illusionist
Covering you with golden showers of fulfilment
And a sense of invincibility
Ego will dissect you alive
Open your heart
And remove your soul
Ego is an enemy of humanity
It is ferocious and manipulative
It is an intoxicating beverage
Full of foulness

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

Bloodless Wounds

My wounds are inside my mind
My pain is inside my Soul
My thoughts are piles of delusions
My heart is cold & hot & insane
My story is my mental illness
My disease is in my head
My sanity is questionable
My insanity is not obvious
It's hidden in my thoughts

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

Breeze-Fired

I stepped outside the rim of my comfort zone
Unaware of the belt of insecurities around my waist
I was blindfolded by my desire to travel
I was pulled by the mystical rope of discovery
I was wallowing in a pool of excitement
I was intoxicated with joy

I stepped into the wilderness
And my feet were loosened
My eyes were opened
And my heart was filled with peace
I was in the home of the ancestors
I went to Tsodilo Hills (Botswana)
A natural spectacle
A spiritual day dream
I was in the realm of ancient history
And every bone in me was awake
I was among the first people of the Kalahari
I was inside the house of my ancient tribe
I am breeze-fired

I stepped into the shores of the Okavango Delta (Botswana)
I was captivated by her spectacular beauty
I was inside the garden of Eden
And my body was hospitalized in eternal tranquillity
My heart was a bowl of happiness
And my spirit rejoiced
I am breeze-fired

Kenneth Maswabi

Buried In Silence

I am the veil of every shadow
Buried in Silence
I am the shadow of every veil
Buried in silence
I am the silence of every shadow
Buried in the veil of silence
I am silence
And there is no veil but me
I am silence
And there are no shadows but me
I am the silence
That stand guard over you
Buried in silence
Hovering in and out of your reality
To catch a glimpse of you my beloved
I am the source and the existence
I am the door and the exit
I am the alpha and the omega
I am the hands of Love
Buried in silence
That embraces your soul
And envelopes your spirit
I am who I am

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

Called To Love

In its many silent ways
Across the sealed doors of my consciousness
Love waited patiently
For the door to open
For me to listen
To the silence within

In its many silent ways
Love pursued me
In the privacy of my thoughts
And even the sanctity of my sleep
Love whispered its secrets
In those awkward moments
Love was calling me

In its many subtle ways
Love caught up with me
Through the lips of poetry
Love kissed me
And I was hooked
Love is my obsession
My medicine
And my Lover

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

Chalice Of Deception

In the darkness
He was a poem
Crawling through the night sky
In search of a home
Any place
Where he could be warm
Anywhere
Where he could be welcomed

Another sad poem
A poisonous chalice
Full of malignant lies
Dripping down her throat
Another error
Another night
Another lie
To tear her heart apart

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

Choose Love

In the middle of Life
There is an intersection
An end and a beginning
A beautiful place
Or a sad place
Make it your place of worship
A place of dreams and silence
A place of renewal
A new beginning
Choose Love
Be in Love
And enjoy peace
Stillness of the heart
And the everlasting joy
Drink from the spring of life
Be in Love with existence
The fabric of time
Be consumed by Love
The eternal path
The ultimate sacrifice
The revelation
The Truth
LOVE

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

Composing Poetry

It is not my fault that I choose silence
Rather than thinking through every word
Silence thinks for me
Every word is selected in mystery
Every syllable distilled by the Spirit
Every poem is a gift
Handed over to me
In the most amazing way

Poems are slipped into my heart
By the hands of mystery
The hands of silence
Are mysteriously smooth
Not even a noise
Just silence
Until the last word is assembled

Composing poetry is not a logical event
It is full of mystery
It is mystery
Only the Soul
Knows the truth
Behind every poem
Its root and stem
Is buried deep in mystery

I am only an empty vessel
To decipher the poem
And hand it over to the world
Poetry is a gift to humanity
A mirror to cast light into our lives
And unveil the true essence of life
For me, poetry is the language of God
And Silence is His voice
And Love is His Majestic face

Inspired by my friend Benedixio Moore Khoti

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

Conquering The Ego

I do not have a brilliant mind
A sophisticated mind
To conquer my ego
I do have a heart
A loving heart
To conquer my ego
Humbling myself
I submerged myself in the Truth
And came out naked
My heart was exposed
My Soul was unveiled
I have seen myself
In the mirror of my heart
I have seen us
Inside my Soul
Love was our only clothes
Love was our only path
Love was our only breath
And we were full of Life
We were radiating
We were existence itself
We were in Love

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

Darwinism

Life was shredded to pieces
Genetically modified in the classroom of Biology
Everything spiritual was pruned
And the physical characteristics of life were magnified
Genetics took center stage
And survival of the fittest morphed into natural selection
The theory of Darwinism/Evolution was born

In this delusion
Life continued to exist
Fully clothed in spirit and body
Darwinism/evolution was another scientific scam
Overly publicized in the journal of humanity
Life is a complex mixture of reality (mind)and unreality (heart)
Sub-consciousness is continually giving birth to consciousness
Spirituality is continually guiding the physical realm
The house of humanity is made up of a strong foundation of faith, hope and Love
And no scientific theorem is strong enough to shatter the spiritual realm

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,

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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 Ms. Poetry

It is not that I am complaining
But you have been gone too long
This long distance relationship
Is killing me
I miss your presence
As you held my hand
And dipped my mind in ecstasy
I miss that moment
When you held me still
Inside the palm of your heart
I miss wallowing in your sweet nectar
And waking up in your eyes
I cannot go for this long
Without tasting your lips
You are my caramel ice cream
And my taste buds yearns for you
Your fragrance
Is stuck inside my mind
And I cannot stop thinking of you
Your warmth is my comfort
Yours in Love,
Kenneth Maswabi

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

Death Is The Absence Of You (Ego)

In death everything is black and white
You are either light or darkness
Light will pass through the crevice of death
And darkness will await the dawn of time
It is the beloved of God
The light of the World
The way, the truth and the life
Guiding us to glory
Love is the only ax
Capable of opening the armour of death
Love never fails
Love is the light, the path and the destination
Love is Love
Be in Love

Kenneth Maswabi

Deceit

It is impossible for humanity to be cleansed of deceit
Even the best brooms cannot get rid of this malignancy
There is no scalpel sharp enough to resect this tumour
And there is no mathematical equation to define its parameters
It is totally embedded inside the human psyche
There is no x-ray to map its spread
Not even an MRI can locate its origin
Its branches touches the deepest part of consciousness
Opening an avenue for extreme wickedness
It is the cause of the new hysteria
Nourished by the spreading social media
It is now a global pandemic
Affecting even the highest echelon of society
It affects all races, tribes and religions
It is not bothered by age or political affiliation
There is no medications to alleviate its symptoms
It is an advanced form of self-mutilation
It is radical and beyond reproach
There is only one exception
It does not exist inside Love

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

Deception (Catfishing Scam)

The camouflaged sin
Enveloping the heart of social media
Many have fallen victim
To the dark art of deception
Blindly putting on this evil hat
Thinking they are invincible
Parading the streets of life
And the open spaces of social media
With reckless intentions
Evil in their pockets
The venom is real
Most of these selfish creatures
Slithers through the crevices of our lives
To deceive and manipulate
The innocent and gullible
Sometimes blinding them with their evil spell
Incapacitating them with powerful incantations
Fooling them into a love trap
And finally disrobing them of their hard earned cash
In a stone cold brutal game of deception

Kenneth Maswabi

Delicate Thoughts (Positive Thoughts)

Growing in a garden of uncertainty
Delicate thoughts are quiet in nature
Choosing to sneak into the mind without notice
Delicate thoughts emanate from the spring of life
Innocently dressed with the best virtues
Delicate thoughts carry a message of hope
In a plate of gelatinous consciousness
Delicate thoughts teach us kindness and humility
Allowing compassion to grow in our hearts
Delicate thoughts are not popular among humans
Because of their righteousness and selflessness
They are weeded in their infancy
Or pruned of their juicy contents
Delicate thoughts are full of Love
If allowed to grow
Delicate thoughts bring warmth and nourishment
A renewal of body, mind and Soul
Ushered in tiny packets of laughter, smiles and bliss
And sometimes in a full bloom of Love

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

Desire

Hold me tight
Inside your heart
Do not let me flow away
Into the hands of temptations
Into the unknown abyss of my selfish desires
My untamed fantasies
Are ever knocking at my door
To free me from you
And run wild with me
But I am afraid
I am not ready to lose your love
And be emptied of you
It is death
To be without you
Like a feather
Unplugged from its wing
I am lost
Without you
Hold me tight
Inside your heart

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

Dissecting The Mind

I am interested in the dissection of the mind, not the brain
Of course the mind is nowhere to be found
My scalpel has landed in the brain
The brain is only a nesting place
Where the questions of life are woven
And the answers are hatched
It may take a few minutes
For the idea to melt
Or sometimes a lifetime
For the mind to mature
Into a fully-fledged bird
Able to fly
Into the mysterious world of consciousness
Enlightenment or call it wisdom
Engaging the second layer of the mind
Revealing the true nature of man
The logic is not in the brain
It is in the illogical pattern
Locked inside the mind
The human mind
Mirrors the Eternal mind
But it is the lack of details
And the physical constraint of the brain
With its solid vault
That restrict access to the mind
I am interested in the dissection of the mind
But the elusive stuff slips out of my hands
I cannot see beyond the limitations of my own mind
I can only listen to my heart
To tell me the truth about silence, emptiness and nothingness
Silence is the medium of the illogical logic
Emptiness is a state of perfect calibration
Nothingness is full of mysteries
Beyond the mind there is nothingness

Kenneth Maswabi

Distorted Democracy

In the wrong hands
Democracy is a curse
A dilapidated house of misery
Unable to sustain the masses
It is a rat infested boardroom of corruption
A stinking kitchen full of rotten promises
It is a rubbish bin
Full of pain, misery and suffering
It is a factory of corruption
And selfishness
It is a pot of pure wickedness
It does not care for the people
Nor does it give a hoot about their wellbeing
It is a total waste
A broken system of unfulfilled contracts
A deep hole
Destroying lives and families
Uprooting the ethos of humanity
It is a rat's nest

Kenneth Maswabi

Distorted House Of Democracy

In the wrong hands
Democracy is a curse
A dilapidated house of misery
Unable to sustain the masses
It is a rat infested boardroom of corruption
A stinking kitchen full of rotten promises
It is a rubbish bin
Full of pain, misery and suffering
It is a factory of corruption
And selfishness
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It is a total waste
A broken system of unfulfilled contracts
A deep hole
Destroying lives and families
Uprooting the ethos of humanity
It is a rat's nest

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

Do Not Laugh At A Man Of Valour

A good man
Will listen
And learn
Not to listen
As he slips into silence
It's here where he finds rest

A kind man
Will not stop
Even if you laugh
At his unwarranted act of kindness
It's beyond courage to bow down to kindness

A brave man
Not guided by stupidity
Faces a lion
Not out of ego
But out of humility
Because in this moment of uncertainty
He has already won

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

Elephant Wars

Every person has his/her opinion
Opinions that are carelessly uttered
Regardless of the consequences
We welcome this era of technology and social media
Every jack & Jill can say whatever they like
It is a free world

But the so called human elephant conflict
Needs sober minds
To articulate the position faced by elephants
To narrate the stories of those affected by elephants overpopulation
To dissect the pain faced by rural communities having lost loved ones
To unveil the story of carefully managed conservation areas being decimated by elephants
To start the process of healing and true conservation
To address the issue without bias

We all know the story of capitalism
Manipulating the environment for profit
Disregarding the vulnerabilities of the poor
Destroying the spirit of humanity
In their reckless pursuit of their agenda

We all know the story of Africa
Abused and discarded by those with power
Permanently scarred by those without conscience
Africa is a beautiful place
A place that needs the consciousness of humanity
To carefully prune the destructive elements
To carefully manage the resources, both flora and fauna
To care for the people of Africa
To liberate the people of Africa from abject poverty
To be the guardians of human conscience

The so called human elephant conflict
Does not deserve the cunning and reckless intervention of capitalists
Does not need the voice of fly by night conservationists
Does not need the protests of those who are outside the radius of understanding
Does not need the voice of pompous and out of control egomaniacs

It needs true human beings to sit on the table of solutions
And deliberate on the future of both human beings and elephants
Seeking to find lasting solutions to the problem
In a non-judgmental and open discussion
Wild emotions cannot solve this problem
Only sober minds and progressive individuals, communities and world leaders
can intervene
Enough is enough

Kenneth Maswabi

Emotions Of Love

Passion drowns logic
Two human beings intertwined
The intersection is love
Primal desires unleashed
No barrier is tough enough
To withstand the beat of two strong hearts
An intense conversation of emotions
A beautiful union of Souls
Temporal loss of time
Temporal loss of self
In an ocean of ecstasy
Love bloom
The beautiful insanity
Spares no sense
All senses are captured
And combined to form one super sense
Love

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

Emptiness (Soul)

In the world of the Spirits (Souls)
Emptiness is not a depressed Soul
Emptiness is a humble Soul
Emptiness symbolizes the highest level of consciousness
The absence of you, the presence of God
The emptiness of you, Love in full capacity
The annihilation of ego

In the world of eternity
You can only be nothing for you to be something
The nothingness that gives birth to the everythingness
The undiluted illuminated Soul
The purest form of Light
The servant who serves only Love
The Lover who is in Love with Love
The dawn of a new life
Born again
The one who is in the image of God

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

Expect Nothing

Expectations

A knife that cuts the owner and everyone close

Expectations are deadly samurai blades

Waiting to pounce

On whomever ties himself (herself) to the stake of selfishness

It is true, expectations have ruined many lives

Marriages ending in bitter divorce

Brilliant students ending in the gutter of alcohol and drug abuse

All because the burden of expectations was too much

It is okay, to expect nothing out of a relationship

It's actually perfectly normal to submerge yourself in the pool of unconditional

Love

Kenneth Maswabi

Expectations Are A Source Of Wickedness

On the ladder of wickedness
Ego is the number one source of wickedness
Selfishness comes at position two
Expectations is tied at position two with selfishness
Do not expect anything from anyone you Love
Unconditional Love is the ability to Love without expectations
Love with expectations is not Love
It is a business transaction
Expectations are a world apart from reality
And brings strain to a relationship
Most broken hearts are caused by expectations not Love
Love is the total surrendering of yourself to Love not anyone
Love is your joy and your sorrow
Love will heal and polish you
In any relationship, just Love
Love is the foundation of long lasting relationships
Do not expect anything from yourself
Just work hard and obey the rules
To Love yourself is to surrender yourself to Love
And be empty of any expectations, selfishness and ego
Be in Love

Kenneth Maswabi

Expressions

I fell in Love with your silent lips
But I was totally smitten by your words
Your voice flowed like a gentle breeze
Touching my soul with kindness
Your words overcame all my fears
Unleashing all my desires
You captivated my spirit
And my heart celebrated
You taught me that the gentleness of a dove
And the fierceness of a Lioness
Can be combined
To make the perfect Love spell
You gave me slices of your heart
And I still wanted more
I was in Love
My heart was quivering
Your smile left me speechless
Unwilling to detach myself from you
I am in Love with your Mind, body and Soul

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

Fabricated Reality

In this fabricated reality
The truth is a victim of scams and misconceptions
Battered by the hands of unscrupulous fellas
The truth is hospitalized in the far corners of our consciousness
Barricaded in the darkest dungeons of our minds
The truth is suffocated in every corner of our life
Bludgeoned into a marshmallow of uncertainty
The truth is a victim of not one but all of us
Utterly disfigured in our search for our perfect prefabricated reality
The truth lies in the trenches of our consciousness
Totally obliterated of any semblance of truth
The truth is a subject of our violent aggression
We hide the truth in order to elevate our egos
We have buried the truth in the house of culture and religion
We are now boasting and wallowing in our new found sense of reality

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

Fall In Love

Fall in Love everyday
Fall in Love with the falling leaves
Fall in Love with the singing birds
Fall in Love with the sky above
Fall in Love with your Creator
Fall in Love
Fall in Love with your imperfections
Fall in Love with your beauty
Fall in Love with yourself
Fall in Love
Fall in Love with Life
Fall in Love with the street kids
Fall in Love with your annoying neighbour
Fall in Love
Fall in Love everyday

Kenneth Maswabi

Falling In Love Is Beautiful Madness

It is not a secret
Falling in Love is the best moment
Any man (woman) can experience
It is the adrenaline mixed with ecstasy
The intersection of imagination and reality
The unveiling of his (her) deepest desires
The naked display of his (her) thoughts
On the window of life

Falling in Love is a tempestuous moment
When you stumble across your imagination
In the streets of life
And your imagination recognizes you
And falls in Love with you
It is like meeting yourself
For the first time

Falling in Love is madness
That is too beautiful to refuse

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

Farmers

Drenched in sweat
A life of toil
Placed at their feet
You reap what you sow
Written in their hearts
Servants of humanity
Hope is their daily bread
A prayer for all times
Farming is a passion
Not for the short-sighted
Not for the weak at heart
Not for the lazy
Farmers are the guardians of hope
Farmers are the unsung heroes
Fully armed
With magazines of seeds
Farmers are the elite soldiers
Always fighting
The war against poverty

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

Fear Is A Brutal Foe

Fear is a battalion of mercenary chemicals
Capable of incapacitating even the most hardened of individuals
In the absence of faith, hope, Love and sometimes courage
Fear is stealthily deployed to incinerate the mind, body and spirit
To totally destroy the pedestal of reason and common sense
Fear arises deep in the subconscious mind
Dressed in the most vicious of costumes
Fear destroys the spirit first
Then the mind and finally the body
Fear is a manipulative force
Capable of creating delusions and illusions
Fear can incarcerate even the most innocent human being
Mutilating his (her)sense of being
Sometimes overpowering the hardwired will to survive
Fear is a ruthless force
A brutal foe
Do not surrender to fear
Because fear is an enemy of human consciousness
Do not be coerced by fear
Because fear is a ghost
Incapable of inflicting harm
It manipulates your senses into the path of self-destruction
Fear is continuously at your doorstep
Unless you have the armour of faith, hope and Love
And the ancient sacred skill of total Silence (stillness)
Fear requires wisdom
Not reason
Fear requires the arsenal of the illogical mind
Hope, Faith, Love, Courage, humility...etc

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

Finding Purpose In Life

In the streets of life it may seem like
A bag of kindness is sometimes worth nothing
A can of goodness costs a fortune
And a truck load of compassion is never enough

In the realm of Love
Kindness does not have a scale
Every good act is an act of pure goodness
Every drop of compassion opens a river of blessings
Love is the highest form of achievement

It is this sacred wisdom that makes a difference
Ushering the realm of the Spirit to the streets
Filling every street with goodness
And every act with kindness
It is through knowledge, understanding and wisdom
That Faith, Hope and Love can fully be manifested
And the light of the world can be seen from every corner of life
There is only one purpose for your life
To open your heart
And let your Love flow
It is through this Love
That life can be enjoyed
And everlasting happiness can be found

Kenneth Maswabi

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

From The Universe To Eternity

I used to find pleasure in counting stars
Mesmerized by the little twinkling giants
I stood on the roof of my mind
And projected my thoughts to the cosmos
It was a fantastic way of travelling the universe

Now I am in Love with eternity
Pulverized by the hands of Love
I am refined and enlightened
It is the spirit that is full of glory
It is the heart that is full of mystery
Eternity is my new found universe
And my joy and Love is multiplied

The universe is a university of life
But eternity is an eternal school of existence
In the universe we are programmed to survive
In eternity we are left to wander and wonder
To open the door of mystery
And be one with mystery
To step into the realm of Love
And be emptied of our ego
To be polished until our heart is a cup of Love

From the universe to eternity
A journey of awareness and wakefulness
Embarking on a path of self-discovery and enlightenment
It is a journey into the realm of insanity and beyond
Where logic and reason are not part of the natural fauna
It is the beauty of Love that possesses the dreamer, the seeker and the Lover
Pushing him (her) to the garden of Love
Eternity is the realm of Love
It is where Lovers are reunited
Into the sacred covenant of Love
And become one with Love

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

Game Of Desire

The wilderness in her was very attractive
A lush land of beauty covered by pockets of naked pools of pure magnetism
A background of mysterious mountains and valleys
Exotic rivers of the purest desires flow from her
Drowning me in a whirlpool of fantasy
Her protruding mountain peaks were capped with juicy black berries
She was like both an African wilderness and a botanical garden combined
Her cheeks were pure elegance and her smile was an ornamental masterpiece
Her eyes were like the lake of pure satisfaction
And her swollen breast were created by a skilled craftsman
I was at the centre of her gravitational pull
Being pulled into the vortex of her being
She was my black hole and I was her star dust
I felt helplessly weak but yet I was full of excitement
I was the bumble bee and she was the rose
Playing a sacred ancient game of desire
She was my total satisfaction
And I was her pet

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

Globalization

A word was manufactured
To capture the mood of the 21st century
To report the state of multiculturalism
To highlight humanity's technological advancement
To celebrate the achievements of democracy
To break down solid and liquid geographical boundaries
To bring together the world of humanity
Into a global village
Regardless of race, ethnicity, religion and other tribal identities

But what is globalization?
For the poor African child foraging for a meal
For the war ridden Middle Eastern countries
For the democratically starved Russians and Asians
For the poverty ridden slums of Africa's big cities
For the Bushman (San) and the indigenous people of the world

What is globalization?
For the religious fundamentalist swollen with hate
For the Nationalist who swore on white supremacy ideologies
For the racist who is allergic to any other colour apart from his own
For the dictators who rule their fiefdoms with an iron fist
For the minorities who are happy to keep their pristine islands pure
For the villager with no means to enter the global village

Kenneth Maswabi

God's Grace

In these simple words
Life is beautiful beyond our imagination
To live is to be totally inside the grace of God
To be enveloped by the omnipotent, omnipresent & omniscient God
To be Loved and be the Love of God
To be blessed beyond measure

God's grace is upon mankind
The divine manifestation of His Love is being revealed
Open your heart
Listen
It is the Silence that has power
To unveil the Mystery of Love
To open the veil of darkness
To usher in a new era of Love
God is Love
And Love is God
The whole of existence is swallowed in this Love
Be in Love

Kenneth Maswabi

Gone Insane...Back Soon

Sanity is a luxury
Fed to every human
To stay comfortable
To enjoy reality
The sane are lost
Inside their man-made reality
Every day, they wake up in the morning
To feed their egos
And engage in short-term satisfactions
? Sanity

The insane are crazy
Questioning everything
In their paranoia
They trust no one
The seekers are crazy
Questioning everything
In their path
The dreamers are crazy
Sifting through their dreams
In search of meaning
The lovers are crazy
Opening their hearts
To a strange kind of Love
Falling in Love with everything
Insanity

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

Harmony

It is a word brimming with magic
Harmony is the echoes that fills my heart
The elusive building blocks of the spirit
Harmony sits at the core of eternity
And Love is made up of total harmony

Harmony is not beauty or sorrow
Harmony is neither pain nor health
Harmony is the calibration of the spirit
Into its magnificent original vibrations
The frequency of Love
The fabric of Silence
The illuminated light
The dawn of existence

It is the melody of a beautiful song
The symphony for the opera of the heart
Harmony is an elaborate pattern of tranquillity
A miraculous equilibrium of all the mysteries in the universe
A sacred piece of existence
The Holiest and most sanctified state of being

Harmony is the summit of all things
The union of true Lovers
The complete resolution of conflicts
The surrendering of mind, body and spirit into one magnificent entity
The gathering of true Lovers
The complete melt down of everything
And the resurrection of nothingness
The emptiness that covers the fabric of eternity
The joy that is purified
The completeness of everything
The emptiness of the heart
The flawless flow of the spirit
Into the ocean of Love

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

He Is A Man On Death Row (Depression)

Every thought is filled with masculinity
Holding down all emotions
He is depressed
But he cannot face it
He is not a coward
To succumb to emotional defeat
He is not ready
To re-define masculinity
To let his tears fall
He will put on this mask
And that mask
Until the day
He lets go
Of all the turmoil
In his life
With his bare hands
He will end it all
Like a man
He will face his life
And snatch it from its socket

Depression is a killer, it knows neither man nor woman
Seek help soon, seek help fast

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

It is the voice under duress
Sometimes totally silent
Inside the house of pain
Help is a beautiful word
Thrown at humanity
To plead with his (her)heart
To uncover his (her)humanity
And showcase the spirit within
Help is a difficult word
Uttered in utter surrender
The ego is shattered
And the heart is exposed
It is the courageous
And the brave
Shouting "Help"
It is the ego-less
And the selfless
Calling out
To humanity
Do not wait anymore
Call for help
When you're in distress
Just shout
Help! Help! Help me! !

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

His Sorrow Was My Sorrow

The wall of my invincible invincibility have collapsed
I am empty of words to describe my emptiness
My heart is full of irregularly irregular echoes
All of my tears have gathered to bear witness to my sorrow
My heart is punctuated by great stabs of pain
And my sorrow has overpowered my jubilant character
Overthrowing the peace in my heart
I am now a pile of tears
And my whole body is a tent of sadness
I can only imagine tomorrow
When all the pain will be gone
I miss the sunshine
And all the birds chit chatting
About nothing in particular
I remember his voice
As he said goodbye
It was not easy
He knew the time has come
It was time to unpack
All the burdens of life
And gather one's spirit
As death approached
He smiled
And looked at me one last time
He was covered with sorrow
And his sorrow was my sorrow from then onwards

Dedicated to a brother, a humble soul
May His Soul Rest In Peace

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 My Hand Tight

Let me be your light
Through the darkness
Let me be your mirror
To reflect your heart
Let me be your Lover
To Love you unconditionally
Let me be you
So that you can be me
Let me open your heart
For you to come out of hiding
Let me be there
As you walk the eternal path
You are my teacher
And I am your lesson
You are my classroom
And I am your door
You are my door
And I am your keys
You are me
And I am nothing but Love

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 Is A Continuous Path

In the darkest of times
Hope is the brightest star
In the loneliest moments
Hope is your companion
In pain
Hope soothes your wounds
In sorrow
Hope wipes your tears
In your happiness
Hope is the glow in your eyes
In your sick bed
Hope calms your nerve
In your moment of weakness
Hope is the only strength you have
In times of need
Hope gives you seeds of hope
In desperate times
Hope is the light at the end of the tunnel
When life is tough
Hope is your daily bread
In Hope
We have a continuous path
In Hope
Our existence is lubricated
In Hope
Love is continuously displayed

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 Elephant Conflict

The house of humanity has expanded
His heart has continuously been stretched
His power to save and destroy tested
His passion to conserve and love examined
He is at the boundary of his compassion
Threatened by this humongous paradox
The human elephant conflict

Are human beings in conflict with elephants?
Or is it a matter of overpopulation and human needs
Do human beings have to go hungry for elephants to survive?
How do we open this can of worms?
And not talk about human suffering and sacrifice
How do we open this can of worms?
And not talk about conservation of a magnificent creature

Human beings have lived in harmony with elephants for eons of years
The very survival of elephants has been linked to the sacrifices that human
beings have made
Nature is an open field of survival
But nurture requires human compassion and sacrifice
As we stand at this boundary of defeat
We call upon our fellow human beings to come to the table
Not to dine on the table of blame shifting and finger-pointing
But to bring lasting solutions
And to work together to conserve our beloved elephants
At the same time alleviating the suffering caused by overpopulation of elephants
Together we can do this
Together we can
Hope is in our pockets
And the light in our hearts will guide us
We are for elephants conservation
And we are for humanity's welfare
There is nothing like human-elephant conflict
It is a disaster we created
And a disaster we can re-construct into a mutual and harmonious existence

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

Humanity's Tears

I cry for you
When your anger is left to recklessly roam the streets
and your venom is used to slaughter the innocent
I cry for you
When you disembowel your fellow human beings
With your bare hands
I cry for you
When you ignite the fire of xenophobia
And watch it consume my people
I cry for you
When you embrace your evil schemes
And gather together to kill others
I cry for every life lost
I cry for the children left behind
I cry even more
For those who are keeping quiet
As the fire of xenophobia burns
I cry for South Africa
I cry for Africa
I cry for planet earth
I cry for myself
I cry humanity's tears

Dedicated to the victims of xenophobia in South Africa

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

Humility Envelopes The Seeker

A few human beings understand the concept of humility
To be humble before oneself, others and God
To be the solitary star in the skies of an egocentric universe
To be the light that shines but never burns
To be the fire that is brighter than the sun
To be the servant of God and be God Himself
Humility is a garment for those who have seen God
And an envelope for those who seek God
It is through humility that you gain access to the path of light
And Love will then take you home
Humility is more than peace, more than surrender
Humility is the stillness of God in action
Humility is the acceptance of your place in the order of creation
Humility is the crown that is worn inside
Humility is when Love is your guide
Love that is potent and life changing
Humility is not about you or others
Humility is about nothingness
Emptiness and Love

Kenneth Maswabi

Humility My Friend

Humility, where are you my friend?

Humility

Why do you hide from me?

Among the thorns of the forest of life

I hunger for you

To eat the berries from your tree

To drink the water from your well

To be anointed by your grace

To walk with you

And learn your ways

To be you

Humble before everything

To be blessed

Just like you

I am in Love with you

Come out and play

With me in the heart of eternity

May I be your friend?

So that you can show me your Soul

Humility

Where are you?

You are my prayer today

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 Believer

It is futile to stand at the door of your heart
And pretend there is no door
Find a way to know yourself
And you will find the door to yourself
Find the keys to your heart
And you will find the door to your heart
Look deep into your inner self
It takes time to dismantle the ego
And remove the mist that is blinding you
Once the door is found
You will know the warmth of being alone
You will cherish the time you spend in Silence
You will be free to enjoy the company off your Soul
You will be shown the path of light
And you will walk naked on the eternal path
You will learn to embrace others as you have embraced yourself
You will be emptied of all the vile and ego
You will cease to exist and be existence
You will be melted and vaporized
And you will become nothingness (Spirit)
In this nothingness (Spirit)you will become everything
In this state you are one with God
In this state you are one with Love
In this state you are a Lover of Love

Kenneth Maswabi

I Am A Child's Dream

In my journey of life
I met you and you and them
I met my mistakes and my troubles
I met my triumphs and my trophies
I met my fears and my tears
I met the sweet smell of happiness
I met the hush tones of death
I met all the flowers in my hood
I met the quiet blue sky
I met the crawling dream
I met the illusive smile
I met the remnants of her thoughts
I met the choirmaster and the choir
I met freshly baked tears
Finally, I met myself
I met my deepest secrets
I met the silence in my heart
I met Love
And Love I am

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 Fearless Because I Have Hope

All of my thoughts
Are bandaged with Hope
My heart is filled with Hope
My life is a beacon of Hope
I am a creature of Hope
And my eyes are blind without Hope
Every step I take
It is a step of Hope
Every move I make
Is powered by Hope
I am fearless
Because I have Hope
I am full of vision and dreams
Because Hope is my pillow
I sleep peacefully at night
Because Hope is my guardian
I wake up every morning
Full of Hope
I am Hope

Inspired by Latika Shah Singh

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 Love

In my search for a home
I found this place
So tiny
Yet so warm
So isolated
But yet so homely
In my desolation
I was not alone
Surrounded by Love
I was at home
In this speck of the universe
I found an oasis
A beautiful paradise
Uncontaminated
A garden of hope
I am Love
Inside your heart
I made myself at home
I am Love
And you are my Love

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 Not Sad But Then I Am In The House Of Sorrow

I wrote a few lines of misery
And my tears punctured the page
My heart was torn apart
And my spirit was broken

I stepped on the mound of tears
And my body shuddered
I was a heap of sadness
And my soul was punctured

I went into the house of sorrow
And everything was painted black
Everyone was crying
And the cold tears pierced my soul
Striking deep at the cord of my existence
I was lost

I peeped into the window of nastiness
And my spirit was shattered
My joy vanished
And I cried

Kenneth Maswabi
(08-08-2019)

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 Pregnant

I am happily pregnant with Love
My womb is warm and swollen with Love
My heart is a labyrinth of emotions but Love is my guide
My story is pregnant not with one or two bundles of joy but with God Himself
I am eternally pregnant with the most magnificent being
I am totally in Love with my new found joy
I am a new creation in the stillness of Love
My life is enveloped by the growing Love inside my womb
It is a joy to be a house of Love
Every bit of my being is in Love
Every piece of me is a sacrifice of Love
Every step I take is a step of Love
I am beautifully intertwined with the sacred path
I am in a journey of total transformation
I dream of Love and I wake up in the hands of Love
My life is patient and Love is my hospital
My journey is dipped in sorrow
But Love covers my feet
My story is pierced by tears
But Love keeps my tears warm
My heart carries the whole of eternity
But Love holds me still
I am a beacon of Hope
And Love is my Hope
I am a messenger of Love
And Love is my message
Be in Love with Love
Be Love

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 Came Across A Poem

I came across a poem
It was embedded in my heart
Like a rare blue diamond
Glittering with the perfect hue
It was made from the perfect elements
A touch of intense radiance
Illuminating its immaculate demeanor
It was from another dimension
Filled with the most astounding beauty
It was a poem made in heaven
Its fantastic story was full of grace
To nurse the wounds of the brokenhearted
To heal the hearts of those who are full of sorrow
It was a miraculous encounter
Enveloped in the most beautiful mist
It spoke with the softest and cutest voice
It was totally captivating
And I was ready to lie down beside it
And listen to its words of wisdom
I was taken by its humility
Totally submerged in its ecstasy
I was full of life
And life was full of me
It was a poem about nothing
The emptiness found in sorrow
The aftermath of joy
The eternal Love
The broken spirit
Silently weeping
The loss of a loved one
"Tears are medicine, " it said.
Full of conviction and hope
I was overwhelmed by its Love
And overpowered by its message
My spirit was renewed
And my body, mind and Soul rejoiced

Kenneth Maswabi

I Came Here

Not to be one with the soil
But to open the canopy of life
And reveal the open skies of the heart
To emerge from my comfort zone
And be the seed that gives you hope
To not hide inside my successes
And be the moonlight that shines in darkness

I came here to open the cocoon of ignorance
And be the rainbow that brings you hope
I came here to openly love you
And show you the eternal path
I came here to be the rain
That nourishes your heart
I came here to be the thunder
That awakens you from sleep
I came here to be the flower
That smiles at you no matter what
I came here to be the teardrops
That comfort you in times of sorrow

I came here
In search of you
And you and you
I came here
To find my lovers
And be in Love

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 Celebrate You

Ever since we met
You have cuddled inside my heart
Keeping me warm
Even during cold winter nights
You wrapped yourself around my heart

You have made my days meaningful
Erasing all my fears
You showered me with your Love
And kept me nourished with your wisdom
You are a friend in need
And you are a friend indeed

You stole my heart
And replaced it with your heart
You captured my Love
And poured it back in full
You are amazing
And I celebrate you
Every day of my life

I love you Poetry

Kenneth Maswabi

I Choose A Seeker's Heart

The seeker is encapsulated in his beliefs
With every fiber of his being
He has embraced the silence within
Rejecting the illusion of time and space
He has embarked on a journey within
With his heart wide open
He has found the door to himself
And to others who are himself
He has left the world of mortals
Into the everlasting life of consciousness
He has found the fabric of existence
Drinking from the spring of life
He has encountered wisdom and peace
Kindness, humility and compassion
He has found Love
And with Love he found himself
He found others and God the Creator
He found life in abundance
He found the essence of existence
He found everything in the emptiness of his heart
He found God in the nothingness of his Soul

Kenneth Maswabi

I Choose Silence

I have listened to many voices
Academic voices dripping with knowledge
Mathematical jargon swollen with mathematical theorem
Intellectual voices full of logical algorithms
Stupid voices plastered with foolishness
Religious voices possessed by the spirit
Friendly voices full of good advice
Motherly voices full of warmth
Fatherly voices dripping with discipline
Sweet voices full of laughter & joy
Some voices full of anger
Some voices whispering in fear
Other voices calm and at peace
And I have listened to silence
Silence dissected my heart
Opened my Soul
Possessed my existence
I choose silence

Kenneth Maswabi

I Crave For The Sweet Nectar Of Her Apple Pie

My taste buds are aroused
At the thought of her tantalizingly delicious apple pie
My heart is quivering with excitement
The rowdy thoughts of fantasy are crisscrossing my mind
My medulla oblongata is overloaded
By all the excited pulses coming from my brain
I crave for the sweet nectar of her apple pie
At the bottom of my heart
I have erected an extraordinary appetite
For the deliciously tasting apple pie
I have nothing more to say
Except that I want her
By my side
Serving me her favorite recipe
Her succulent apple pie

Kenneth Maswabi

I Didn't Chose To Be A Poet

In my wildest dream
I was dreaming to be a dragon
Full of fire and fury
To conquer the world of success
And behold the beauty of life
I was totally unaware
Of the sacred plan in motion
To puncture the balloon of my worldly desires
Emptying my heart and mind of the venom of ego
And hospitalize my consciousness
Injecting my mind, body and soul
With the hallucinogen called Love
I was smitten by my new found madness
I could not bottle my desire to tell you
I am under the spell of my new Lover's
I am in Love with Love
This passion is beyond me
It is a Lover's dream
Wrapping around my heart
Unveiling the spirit of Love
Through the eyes of poetry
I am a certified Lover
For me to Love is to embrace Life
Love is the essence of Life
Poetry is the flower, Love is the nectar
And I am a humminbird

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 Found No Place For Judgment

In my perusal through the jungle of consciousness
In my forage to the furthest outpost of imagination
In my unconscious awakening through the eyes of dreams
In my open discourse with my inner self
In my sacred moments inside the house of Silence
In my joy and sorrow
In my emptiness
In my journey of Love
I found no place for judgment
Judgment is forbidden
To judge someone is to judge yourself
"If you're without sin cast the first stone." - John 8: 7

Kenneth Maswabi

I Give You My Heart

Take my heart with you
It is a gift
A treasure box
A portal of life
It is full of sorrow
Full of Love
Full of life
It is a cup
A vase
A river of goodness
A lake of silence
A delicious Spiritual garden
An everlasting path of light
It is me
It is you
It is us
Embraced
Surrendered
Emptiness
It is a brook
A river
An ocean of secrets
It is a chapter
A page
A book of wisdom
It is the sun
The sunshine
And the sunset
It is Love
The Lover
And the Loved
It is eternity
Revealed
Nourished
Illuminated
Take my heart
And I will take your heart
In this dance of Love
We will be united

Inside the envelope of 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 Poisoned

I have been immersed in a million barrel of human toxicity
Every part of my body has been mutilated
Every day of my life has been scrutinized
And every imperfection highlighted
I have been a topic in the house of gossip
I have been tossed up and down in the house of wickedness
I have been poisoned with evil spells

I refuse to stand down
I refuse to sit in a corner and cry
I refuse to open my mouth and spill out venomous words
I refuse to be a prisoner of paranoia and delusions
I refuse to be a victim of wickedness
I refuse to suffer psychosocial paralysis
I refuse to bow down to the evil spirits

I stand erect on the pillar of Love
I am a servant of Love
And I will die for Love
I am a disciple of Love
And I am a consumer of the illuminated knowledge
I will continue to walk on the path of light
And I will continue to submerge myself in Silence
I have been baptized with the fire of Love
And I am totally empty of self
I am a spirit human being
I am nothingness
And I am one with you
Love is our union with God

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 Been To The End Of Time

Time tricked us
Into believing in it
We strapped our watches
All day-long
To peep through the hands of time
And see the wall of our reality
We looked through the curtain of time
And saw our timelines shrink
We are victims of this scam
Time tricked us
Into believing it
We saw our lives
Ticking away
In anticipation of the ultimate prize
Time was bringing us closer to the gate
The gate of truth was wide open
To swallow us whole
And reveal the ultimate lie
There is nothing like time
Time is a constructed monument
That stand on the way
Hiding the beautiful Soul
That thrives on a timeless reality
I have been to the end of time
To observe my Soul
And listen to his beautiful stories
Stories about eternity
Stories about Love
The forever is real
The Truth is forever
Love is timeless

Kenneth Maswabi

I Have No Symbols

I have no symbols
To represent you
No alphabets
To write about you
I have no ink
To paint your heart
I have no words
To describe you
Only Silence
Silence is my only description
My only painting
My only story
About you
I have no tongue
To talk about you
No hands
To hold you
But yet here you are
In my heart
You are my Love
My Lover
And my everything
Love is my story
My existence
My essence
My path

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 Know

I know the state of the human Soul
Whether in sorrow or in happiness
The human Soul is deeply wounded
Imprisoned in a life sentence of despair
A life of scientific logic and religious fundamentalism
A life of fake news and false prophets
A life full of hatred and violence
A life riddled with poverty and disease

The human Soul yearns for Love
Love for God, the Creator
Love for yourself and Love for others
The human Soul yearns for peace and freedom
The human Soul yearns for humility and kindness
The human Soul is looking for the eternal path
Beyond our everyday squabbles
The human Soul is looking beyond the edge of reason
Beyond the limits of our imagination
Far beyond the elusive boundary of mathematical expansionism
And religious exceptionalism

The human Soul is looking beyond the everyday noise
Into the pit of Silence
Where existence is redefined and replenished
Life is a servant of Love
And Love is the eternal existence
The human Soul is looking for the "you" in "me";
And the "me" in "you";
The everlasting light of the universe
The sacred covenant
The human Soul is looking for Love

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 Met My Unconscious Self (Lucid Dreamer)

In every dream, while my conscious self is fast asleep
My unconscious self is awake
Looking through the prism of life from his subconscious perspective
His world is not stuck on one reality and the laws of physics
He is a creator, a magician, a fighter and a Lover
He is weak and strong at the same time
He is from another dimensions it seems
Unhinged by the laws of physics
He is able to defy gravity with ease
Not imprisoned by the physical body
He is able to explore the world of dreams
He is a seer, telepathic and a psychic
Able to see faraway places and meet long dead people
He is in the past, the present and the future at once
He is in eternity
He is invincible
He is unconsciously cautious
He is exceedingly fast
Moving at the speed of light it seems
He can cover great distances
Not imprisoned by the blindness of time and space
He is able to see witches and other entities
He is totally impressive
He has a much stronger faith than his conscious half
Able to defeat evil with ease
He is supernatural

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 Went To The Field

To plant the seeds of Love
In the dry unwelcoming soil
I dug with all my strength
My sweat fell on the ground
And the soil started to loosen up
To welcome me with open arms
I was pleased at the warmth
And the ease at which I ploughed
I planted the seeds of Love
In the heart of Humanity

I stand in awe
Of all the goodness
That germinates
Springing out of dirt
The seedlings of Love
Are ever so shining and fresh
Full of life, hope and faith

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

I, Me, You And Us

In this world of multiculturalism and expanding nationalism
The intersection of culture, religion and modernity
The mushrooming of sophisticated cosmopolitan identities
The renewal of the spiritual consciousness movements
Opens a door on the discourse of who we are as a species
There is a clear and loud call to revisit the trampled womb of our existence
And explore the path that we have taken so far
Humanity has achieved tremendous leaps of progress
Overtaking the dillydallying pace of culture
And the almost stagnant philosophy of religion
Humanity enjoys the modern world of technology
Individualism is thriving
And the culture of competition has taken root
We are no longer encircled by a communal shield of protection
Governments are turning more and more into corporate entities
Devoid of the human spirit
It is now or never that 'I, me, you and us' should be clearly defined
And a new generation of human beings rise up to lead the next chapter of human
development
Humanity has lost cause
Diving deep into the pit of selfishness
We need to renew our hearts
And search deeply within ourselves
To re-discover the eternal spark
The everlasting source of Hope
The essence of our being
Love, the master philosophy
The eternal light
The path of life
Love is our Hope

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 Could Turn Back The Hands Of Time

On the pages of history
Mothers have written so many chapters
With their bare hands
They moulded the course of history
Sometimes with tears falling from their broken hearts
They laid the foundation of perseverance and courage
They showed us the heart of kindness
And opened a path of righteousness
They cooked the best meals
And smiled with so much ease
They are the true human beings
Always choosing Love
Always on the side of goodness
Mothers are the backbone
Of everything I know
They opened the eyes of my spirit
And I saw the depth of goodness in their hearts
They are the true lovers
And their Souls hold the pillars of humanity
If I could turn back the hands of time
I will hold my mother's hand one more time
And tell her that I love her so much
I will look into her eyes
And photograph her Soul

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

Imperfections

In this furnace
The fire is hot enough
To address the imperfections
And undress the Soul
Of all the torment
And the scars
Of imperfections
Love is a fire
That crosses the boundary
Into the realm of creation
Burning all insecurities
Igniting the Spirit
Into a higher sense of purpose
Love is the healer of all imperfections

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 His Image

It is true we are made in His image
I saw His image in my heart
I stripped my heart
In search of answers
I was afraid I would not find Him
I was totally unaware of His presence
As I went about opening every closet of my heart
Seeking for the Truth
I stumbled across His light
My eyes opened
And I saw His presence
It was my absence
That made Him appear
It was my emptiness
That allowed me to see His face
It was my nothingness
That made me to see everything
I am His image
And He is my image
I saw myself in Him
And He saw Himself in me
I saw Love
And He saw Love
Love is His image
Love is the image of God
Love is God
God is Love

Kenneth Maswabi

In Love With You

Again and again
I tried to look away
To ignore your beautiful eyes
And your succulent lips
I lied to myself
That I will not look back
And see your radiant skin
Glistening in the sun
I kept quiet
When wild thoughts crossed my mind
Begging me to talk to you
And tell you how much I feel
I was frozen inside my world
And nothing could defrost me
Except your love
I wanted to see you
To be with you
And to hold you
To caress you
And kiss you
I was like a fire
Begging the wind to blow
I was admitted
In the hospital
Of my own fantasy
I could not break free
And tell you that I love you
I was afraid
You will look away
And walk away
Never to be seen again

Kenneth Maswabi

In My Heart

I have a pile of Love letters
Specially addressed to you
One for every day
That I cannot spend with you
One for every tear
That fell from your eyes
Because of me
One for every minute
You despised me
For not being there
One for every morning
I cannot spend with you
One for every winter night
I am away from you
One for every single minute
You waited for me
One for every ounce of Love
You kept for me
You are in my heart
Even though we are a world apart
I will always love you

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 My Solitude

In my solitude
I am a solid sphere
Impenetrable and barricaded
Hidden from the hands of time
I am deep inside eternity

In my solitude
Time is frozen
As silence wraps around my heart
Enveloping my life with peace
Emptiness is my blanket
As I bask in the presence of mystery

In my solitude
My heart is kept warm
By the everlasting fire of Love
My spirit is rejuvenated
I am in the private hospital of Love

In my solitude
I am everything and everywhere
I am inside the illuminated wisdom
I am inside the all-knowing God
I am mysteriously absent

Kenneth Maswabi

In My Sorrow

My tears left me dry
My heart a desolate place
Emptiness moved through my veins
I felt helplessly alone
My strength gone
My mind shattered
My heart squashed
I was a ghost inside my house
Nothingness surrounded me
I was totally empty of myself
Life was meaningless
My hope vanished
My spirit dejected

For a brief moment
I was inside the house of Silence
And I was hospitalized by the spirit
Every ounce of my body was pounded
And every thought frozen
I was numb inside
For a brief moment
I was free
I was in the land of peace
A long distance away from home
My life a distant memory

Then I came back
My ego rushed in
My thoughts melted
And flooded my mind
I was drowning in my own misery
Now I was truly helpless
My heart was an empty shell
My mind was a house of pain
And I was a victim of my own thoughts (ego)
I spent many sleepless nights inside my head
Held hostage by my own thoughts
The punishment was brutal
As I was pounded with questions

Why? Why? Why me?
There were no answers
Only pain
My tears were my only comfort
As I battled with myself
Alone under the blanket of sorrow

Kenneth Maswabi

In Our Desperate Search For Happiness

In our desperate search for happiness
We stumbled across the street of life
Holding our hearts in our hands
We gave our hearts away
To the strangers on the billboards of life
We gave our hearts to peer pressure
We gave our hearts to alcohol, drugs and sexual pleasures
We gave our hearts to the latest gadgets
We gave our hearts to fake prophets
We gave our hearts away

In our search for happiness
We did not look inside our hearts
We did not meet the silence within
We did not set foot on the eternal path
We did not drink from the well of wisdom
We were afraid to meet our true selves
We were afraid to meet the Truth
We were not ready to be in Love
We failed to recognize the true source of happiness
We were hopelessly lost
In our desperate search for happiness

True happiness comes from within

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 Dark

The outline of your demeanor erased
The room is occupied by darkness
A strange sense of not being alone erected
On the roof of your questioning mind
The wall of security around your thoughts is melting
As fear creeps closer to the center of your confused mind
Obliterating the pedestal of logic
Reality is submerged
Inside the ocean of consciousness
Ghosts sprang out of nowhere
Playing mind games with your cuddled self
The contents of your imagination unveiled
The treacherous waves of consciousness in full display
Life's secrets exposed
In the dark
Reality is frozen
Imagination runs amok
Inside the unending maze of consciousness
In the dark, insanity is the norm
Unless you stop your thoughts
And let emptiness (nothingness) reign

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

In The Realm Of Possibilities

It is futile to be you
Or me or her or him
It is the identity
That forms a wall
A barrier between you and the next possibility
Break the wall
Lose the identity
And be an ocean of possibilities

In this realm of possibilities
Be everything
Be them
Be us
Be Love

Be empty of yourself
Be empty of everything
Be the fabric of possibilities
Be nothingness
Be Love

In the realm of possibilities
Emptiness is the wise man (woman) 's choice
For in emptiness
Everything is a possibility
In emptiness
Nothingness is a possibility
You are the fabric of the path
Not the path
Not the passenger
But the essence of everything
The light that guides the path, the journey and the traveller

Kenneth Maswabi

In The Rear-View Mirror

I am not someone to look back
And get stuck in the face of history's mirror
History is full of reflecting surfaces
No matter where you look
You are going to see the joy in their faces
And a cloud of sorrow will envelope your heart
It is not easy to visit the house of history
A lot of tears will be shed
And a bag of good memories may be spilled
It is a matter of meeting the dead, the lost and sometimes the rich
Your childhood friends with their missing teeth photos
Are now full of ego and riding high
You are a world apart from your first love
Your first kiss is a comedy of errors
Your first step is full of uncertainty
Your parents are only a flickering memory
Their voice has long ceased to exist
Only their Love has stayed
Deep inside the heart
Where only you can access them
And be one with them
In the everlasting unity
Love is the reason I smile
When I look in the rear-view mirror of my life

Kenneth Maswabi

In This Poem

I am a lover
And you are my love
I am a poem
And you are the poet
I am a song
And you are the lyrics
I am a story
And you are the beginning
I am the kiss
And you are the lips
I am a rose
And you are the bed of roses
I am the sun
And you are the sunshine
I am the water
And you are very thirsty
I am the sunset
And you are watching
I am the ocean
And you are the beach
I am the window
And you are the garden
I am the artist brush
And you are the canvas
I am the sky
And you are the rainbow
I am in your heart
And you are my heart

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

Inner Silence

Underestimated

Silence stays hidden

In broad day light

Silence is enveloped

By a dark cloud of boredom

Silence is pushed to the corner

Hidden under the ocean

Silence is stashed away

In exotic islands

Underrated

Silence is sold in pennies

Given to the lowest bidders

Silence is overlooked

In the market place

Silence is unpacked

Left in heavy sacks

Unable to breath

Silence is suffocated

Misunderstood

Silence is a left over

After a heavy meal of music

Silence is not found on the DJ's list

Silence is wrapped in heavy blankets

Inside the closet of the heart

Silence is muffled

Silenced

Silence is not silent

Silence is not of words

Silence is of thoughts and emotion

Silence is a beautiful place

Silence is the sacred dream

Silence is the inside of imagination

Silence is the garden of Eden

Silence bears too many fruits

Silence is the hospital

Silence carries the burden of the world

Silence is not death
Silence is very much alive
Silence is the refuge
Silence is the orphanage
Silence is the rehabilitation center
Silence is medicine
Silence is Love displayed

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

Inspiration

The soul is a beautiful creature
Mesmerised by beauty
Whether in nature or deeds
The soul looks forward to a shower of inspirations
From all directions, the soul searches for bright lights
And colourful ideas
To nimble on and nourish the spirit
It is the beauty of creation and innovations
That overpowers the soul
Opening a deep path inside the heart
Harnessing the innate power of the spirit
The soul undresses the hidden pearls
And creates unimaginable beauty
Inside the mind of man (woman)

Kenneth Maswabi

Inspired

I am inspired
To let go myself
Undress myself
And stand naked on the doorway of the spirit

I am inspired
To detach myself from my ego
And be nakedly in love with my soul
And be me

I am inspired
To unveil the real me
To showcase my soul
To illuminate my heart

I am inspired
To look beyond today
And be in Love with eternity
To overcome the obstacle in this moment
And fall in Love with forever

I am inspired
To be you
And him
And her
And them
And us
And humanity
And existence
And life
And God
In Love with the forever

I am inspired to be empty
In order to be free
To be everything

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

Intoxicated By The Spirit

Oftentimes

I lay my head on the pillow of the spirit
And I am transformed into a dream
A beautiful journey of awareness
Light is my path and Love is my light
My footprints are nothing but a journey of Hope
On this path, I am nothingness and Love is my commitment
My eyes are loosened from the blinding light of ego
And my insanity is embraced
As I dive deep into the realm of light
There is no fear to blindfold my mind
And no courage to inflate my ego
Only pure humility fills my belly
And my heart is a cup overflowing with Love
Love is my insanity and I am insanelly in Love
It takes true courage to undress your heart
And pure humility to see your true self
It is a journey of the mind, body and the spirit
A beautiful womb of knowledge, wisdom and understanding
As I look inside the walls of my heart
I see the emptiness of the self
And the abundance of the spirit
It is an illumination beyond imagination
I can only survive here because I am covered by a blanket of Love
And the sacred path is my life
To be aware one has to be free from the bondage of ego
And be still inside the realm of nothingness
Silence is my house
And Love is my state of being

Kenneth Maswabi

Inward Journey

I am travelling inward
Between the Milky Way and the Soul
Into the dimensionless world of consciousness
Into the seclusion of my heart
In the company of silence
I am totally committed
To the inner path
The seeker's dream
To be in Love with Love
To find eternal peace
To be veiled in wisdom
To know the Truth
To be one with Love

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 A Shame

It is not a shame to breakdown the door of inequality
It is not a shame to open the stinking can of worms
It is not a shame to stand on the side of the truth
It is not a shame to put your head on the altar of sacrifice
It is not a shame to ransack the house of corruption
It is not a shame to give humanity hope
It is not a shame to stand on the pedestal of Hope
It is not a shame to disrupt the prefabricated reality
It is not a shame to hold the placard of Hope
It is not a shame to surrender yourself before ridicule (Jesus did it)
It is not a shame to hold the torch of Hope
It is not a shame to open the house of change
It is not a shame to walk on the path of light
It is not a shame to remove all of your shackles and walk free
It is not a shame to liberate your mind from mental slavery
It is not a shame to stand against injustice
It is not a shame to be a warrior of peace
It is not a shame to open your heart for the benefit of others
It is not a shame to hold your bleeding heart in public
It is not a shame to remove dirt from the sea of truth
It is not a shame to stand against the present reality
And call a spade a spade

Dedicated to Botswana politics

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 Is Not Real...It Is Surreal

Reality is not a gathering of fools
It is an orchestrated process of creation & illumination
A thought gathering dust on the outskirts of consciousness
Can be gathered and polished into a beautiful idea
An idea is useless unless the hands of time (or another idea)exposes it from the
grip of your mind
It is truly surreal to drink from the lake of consciousness
And yet feel empty of any ideas
Existence on its own is non-existent
It is the glow of consciousness that illuminates the existence of existence
The parameters of existence are not contained in any mathematical formula
They are illuminated by the path of light
It is the Creator's intention to hide the canvas of existence from our eyes
We stare at the portrait of life unaware of the blindness that envelopes us
It is imperative to know that you exist within the envelope of non-existence
It is the ocean of non-existence that gives birth to existence
It is the realm of nothingness that explodes into billions of pieces of existence
It is not even important to plot time in your graph of existence
Because existence is not a time sensitive phenomenon
It is the packets of joy that make up the solid outlines of your existence
Sorrow hides most of our cherished moments
Opening a lonely path of existence
Everything is hidden under the curtain of light
But yet the curtain of light illuminates everything

Kenneth Maswabi

It Is Not The Physical Pain

Inserted into our lives
Pain teaches us the ethos of life
In its multiple forms
Pain stabs deeper than flesh
Pain opens wounds deeper than skin
Pain lingers on longer than tears
Pain digs deep into the subconscious
Opening a track into the Soul
It's not the physical pain that hurts most
It is the loss, the grief and the heartache
It is the pain steaming out the Soul
The pain of losing a loved one
Stabs deeper into the psyche
Shaking all semblance of certainty
Challenging our Faith
Unravelling our Love
And exposing our Hope
Pain is the teacher we all hate
Pain is the only ancient sacred surgical tool
That operates on the Soul

Kenneth Maswabi

It Is Painful To Think

Thoughts have been marketed well
With well-polished shoes
We were made to go to school
And learn how to think
To think in alphabets
And numbers
To think outside the box
And within reason
We were made into logical beings
Always putting our thoughts first
We were on the road to success
But life taught us another story
Thoughts are nothing but tools
That need sharpening
But sometimes are great when left blunt
And other times are excellent when muted
To allow the silence
To take over
And introduce us to the heart
The heart is always mute
Because it is not an organ
But eternity itself
It is the receiver and broadcaster
Of everything illogical
Sorrow is nested in the heart
Laughter comes from the heart
A smile emerges from the heart
Love is domiciled within the heart
The heart is a garden of the illogical
The heart is the womb of Silence
Wisdom and understanding
Are born inside the heart
It is painful to think
That logic and reason are only confined
To the boundary of time and space
And the illogical is infinite

Kenneth Maswabi

It Is Poetry

Poetry is the mother of all languages
The father of silence
The son of the wind
The daughter of time

Poetry is the only language
That time can understand
And light can disseminate
Poetry is the ray of hope

Poetry is the midnight sky
Illuminated by silence
Naked in the darkness
Soaking with secrets

Poetry is the falling tear
Full of sorrow
Enveloped in hope
The story of life

Poetry is the arrow of Love
Piercing the lonely
The dejected
The desperate
The broken

Poetry is the cosmic wind
Full of kindness
Compassion
Love

Kenneth Maswabi

It Is The Fear

People are afraid
Of their own failures
Other people's betrayal
Their own weaknesses
Other people's strengths
Their own sins
Other people's beliefs
Their own death
Other people's fearlessness

It's the fear
That consumes your heart
That takes away your light
Extinguishing your fire
It's the fear
That drives selfishness
That fuels individualism
Cultivating a culture of corruption
And greed

It's the fear
That hides the beautiful soul
Deep within us
It's the fear
That wraps around our minds
Suffocating our dreams
Submerging us
In jealous and hate
Violence and hopelessness
It's the fear
We should not be afraid of
We should be free from
To embrace the fragility of everything
To embrace the beauty of everything
The joy of being here and now
The joy of being you

Kenneth Maswabi

It Is The Heart

Beyond thoughts and words
Emotions flood the heart
Buckets full of unanswered questions
Poured onto the goblet of life
"The logic is flawed, " says the heart
"The answers are all wrong"
The mind has no response
Stirring and swirling
A chaotic scene solidifies into a cloud
Of toxins and venom
Ready to rain down
Reality is perpetually threatened
By the mind games
And the emotional games of the heart
It is the heart
That stands at the canvas of life
Painting your thoughts and emotions
Exploiting your lack of silence
Exposing your self-destructive mode
Displaying the irrationality of logic

Kenneth Maswabi

It Is The Mystery Of Creation

I am now consumed by my desires
I have ignited the fires of passion
I am a candle burning in the dark
I need someone to hold me
And take me to bed
To undress me of my wax
And be glowingly naked in her hands
I need the fires in me to light the room
And the passion in me to burn all night
I have to open the mystery of creation
And enjoy the ecstasy of Love
I have to be at the summit of existence
And touch the open skies of her heart
I have to be a lover again
And be imprisoned by her love
I have to open the window of her heart
And feel her heart beat
I have to melt in her arms
And be her sunshine

Kenneth Maswabi

It Is The Silence Within

Like an Eternity Wide Web

The Silence within stretches in all corners of our hearts

The Silence within is the medium in which we connect to God

The Silence within is the voice of God

The Silence within is a precious gem

Possessed by mystics, dreamers, seekers and Lovers

The Silence within is the geography and the geometry of our Souls

The Silence within is the most precious commodity you can have

The Silence within is total submission into the hands of God

The Silence within is a full display of Love

The Silence within is a must have if you are to be with God

The Silence within is the beginning of Eternity

The Silence within is not a silent act

It is an act of submission to yourself, others and the Source

The Silence within is a fellowship with yourself, others and God

The Silence within is full on worship

Silence is a sacrifice

The Silence within is a covenant

The Silence within is the source of true Love

The Silence within is the source of peace

The Silence within is the source of happiness

The Silence within is God

Kenneth Maswabi

It Is Time For Love

In the streets of life
Every trace of love has been erased
It is not love that is displayed on the face of modern society
It is not love that is showcased on the stalls and boardrooms of life
It is not love that is brought home at the end of the day
Love has been dismantled and kept at the bottom of our list

In the streets of life
People are carrying heavy bags of manmade stress
On one hand, timelines and busy schedules
On the other, idleness and unemployment
It is a terrible setup
Everyone is a ticking time bomb

In the streets of life
Individualism is the order of the day
Competition is embraced
And cooperation is shunned
It is a dog eat dog world

In the streets of life
People toil under the heavy burden of unwarranted suffering
Poverty and diseases are widespread
The poor and vulnerable are neglected
No one seems to care

In the streets of life
Fake news and lies are peddled
Under the banner of freedom of speech
And the mushrooming power of social media
Everyone has forgotten the truth

It is time for Love
To sweep through the streets of life
To wash the face of humanity
To be widely spread inside the garden of our hearts
To be cultivated in our homes

It is time for Love

To fill our timelines and busy schedule
To replace our idleness
To teach us the ethos of cooperation and compassion
To demolish the power of poverty and diseases

It is time for Love
To hold humanity together
And tie an everlasting knot of Love

Kenneth Maswabi

It Is Urgent

In the past
The message was hidden
Among the different brands of poetry
The million pages of scripture
And even inside the warmth of motherly love
And sometimes the hospitality of a good friend's company

Today the message is urgent
Slipped inside your subconscious mind
With the razor sharp blade of today's technologies
The insane preaching of today's spiritual teachers
And sometimes by the warm ink of today's poets
It is imperative that you know
That Love is the only way out
Love is the medicine
To soothe your wounds and heal your broken heart
Love is the light
To show you the way
Love is the path (way)
To carry you home
Love is the Truth
Love is the essence of existence
The beginning and the end
The everlasting state of being
To Love is to be yourself
Be in Love

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 Not By Choice

It is not a choice to choose anymore
Many forces are driving change
It's not by choice that some are wearing Prada
Or that some are married
It's the constant pressure of modernity
That drives the choices we make
It's not by choice that some are unemployed
Roaming the streets
It's easy to think that "we are our choices"
Choice is no longer a leading force
In the ability to be what you are
You may be in school today
But tomorrow you might be in the ditch of poverty
We have lost our ability to pave our paths
And modernity is dictating what we choose
Someone chose an iPhone the other day
But he knows nothing about it
"It is an accessory to have, " he said
His choice is not a necessity
It's a luxury he cannot afford
We are now a people with no choices
And it is not by choice that we do not have good choices
It's an era of wrong choices
It's not a matter of "the wrong choices bringing us to the right
places" anymore

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

Judgement

Judgment stands in our path
Obstructing our view of the light
We judge in our ignorance
Painting the sons of God with foulness
Destroying the inner peace
Vandalising the pureness of the Spirit
In judgment we stand judged
We soil our own Spirit
We wallow in our own judgment
Creating a wall of unhappiness
Judge not
For it is not our place to judge
It's in our heart to Love
And in Love we find the Truth

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

Knowing

The things I know
Hidden inside my heart
Concealed under the tent of my mind
Colourful pearls and petals neatly packed
Pain and sorrow boxed together
Tears and laughter carelessly shelved

Knowing is pain that is anesthetized
Knowing is laughter that is infectious
Knowing is joy that is shared among friends
Knowing is sorrow without tears
Knowing is an intrinsic part of humanity
Both bad and good are manufactured in one plant
To be consumed as bitter sap or sweet nectar

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

Last Minute

Every piece of time
Can be squeezed
But not the last minute
When time shuts its doors
And opportunities are evaporated
Do not wait for the last minute
To pitch your life's story
To unveil your dream
To embrace Love
Do not waste this moment
To open your heart
And be one with yourself
And be one with others
And be one with God
Because the last minute is an echo of time
A mirage beyond your reach
A shadow of all things possible
The last minute is not your minute
It is a minute to smile
Having accomplished everything
And everything is now in God's hands

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

Laugh More And Be Happy

I am in a laughing mode
My laughter can't wait to emerge
And fill the room with laughter
Laughter is awesomeness unveiled
Laughter is the pedestal of happiness
The climax and the ecstasy
Laughter is always refreshing
Laughter is like sunshine
It opens the way to a beautiful mood
Laughter is like a flower
Opening up its beautiful petals
To the public
Laughter caresses the Soul
Opening a new chapter of happiness
Laughter is food to the Soul
Laughter is beautiful
Laugh more and be happy

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

Left Behind (Third Worlds)

In pursuit of gold
And platinum and wealth
The seat of humanity was dismantled
And a big hole was left behind
It is not an empty hole
It is full of people
The poor, the sick and the vulnerable
Women and children
The mentally impaired and the disabled
A whole lot of countries and nations
Third worlds occupy this forgotten space
It is a massive hole
Capable of swallowing a continent even a planet
It is the vandalized house of humanity
Left behind in tatters
It has neither structure nor orientation
It is wallowing in a whirlpool of confusion
It was fed democracy as a remedy
It spewed out big chunks of democracy
And left a few pieces of mangled remains of the Roman-Dutch law
It is through this outdated manuscript that the big hole is managed
It does not allow any form of reforms, re-inventions or revolutions
It is frozen on the surface of time

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

Liberty

In the hands of tradition
We were constrained under one tribal roof
In the hands of religion
We were restrained under the roof of doctrine
It is time to be in the hands of the spirit
True liberty is realized when the mind, body and soul is aligned
It is the heart that opens the door to the Spirit
And the Soul is liberated to interact with the mind and body
It is the Spirit that hold the key to eternal freedom
On this path
The Spirit is our light and guide
And on this path
Our way is illuminated
And our hearts are fully immersed in Love
It is this Love that fuels the Spirit
And lead us to oneness
Our ultimate destination
In union with each other and our creator
A beautiful realm of nothingness
And an era of all possibilities
Eternity

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 (Life Is Everything)

You watched me grow
Glowing in my youth
Every step I took
You looked on
In silence
Holding my hand
You gave me courage
To face my storms
You never left me
Always with me
Even when I was sick
You were there with me
You were my friend indeed
And my friend in need
I never asked questions
Always content
With your gifts
In my 40's & 50's
I started complaining
About my receding hair
You kept quiet
I complained more
About my diminishing strength
You were silent
I even complained about my loss of interest
You kept quiet still
In my 60's
I started having pains in my knees
You were silent
Even at night
When I couldn't sleep
You never said a word
I knew you were there
Because I could feel your breath
In my 70's
I stopped thinking about you
I focused on myself
I even gained weight
I travelled the world

Not bothered by your silence
In my 80's & 90's
I enjoyed the wisdom
You fed me
Never asking
Why you fed me
You were silent
Until that day
When I was on my death bed
I couldn't speak
Then you spoke to me
"Now, you know, " you said.
"That life is everything."
"Love, pain, sorrow, sickness & joy."
As you closed the curtain
And death rushed in
To hold my hand

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 Goes On

In sorrow and in happiness
Life goes on unhindered
By the heavy flow of tears
Or the flood of joy
Life sails the path of time
In peace and in war
Life carries on
Against all odds
Life emerges from the storm
Not disfigured by the angry winds
Nor distorted by the relentless blows
Life keeps going
Past the dying and the dead
Beyond the wailing of humanity
Past the grave of human suffering
Life pushes on
Past the joyous celebrations
Past the tearful reunions
And the hugs and kisses
Life goes on

Compliments of the New Year!

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 Is Not A Physical Entity

Under the intoxicating spell of life
Ego is allowed to suppress the human spirit
In its many forms
Ego is a master manipulator
Able to intoxicate the self
Feeding us with delusions
Encouraging us to overextend our presence
And inflate our sense of being
Don't get me wrong
Ego will get you ahead of the rest
You will overtake your own expectations
Ego will bring you success
And lots of accolades
But life is not a physical entity
It is more than flesh
More than the intracellular marshmallow
Life exist beyond death
Life is a spiritual experience
Right now it is just riding the tide of the flesh
But at the moment of death
It reverts back to its original configuration (spirit)
This is where Love comes in
Love is like an all-weather jacket
When you have Love you have life
Because Love is the essence of life
In all its multiple forms
Life cannot exist without Love
Life is too fragile to exist outside the boundary of Love
At its core, life is Love
It is the outburst of Love
That makes life remarkable
Love is the only entity that's purely and totally self-sufficient
Be the Love and you will conquer life

Kenneth Maswabi

Life Is Not Black And White

The open book of life
From chapter one to the end
Unleashes a prism of colours
A multiplication of biopsychosocial factors
And the environmental equation
Renders life colourful

Life is unpredictable
Whether in the short term
Or long term
Life has a shifting sky
A day full of storms
Can suddenly be filled with joy
A smile can turn sour in the split of a second
Like a beautiful rose
Consumed by a reckless worm

Life is not black and white
It is full of colours
Whether colours of joy or sorrow
It is a story for another day

It is the tent of Love
That covers the huge potholes of life
Paving our path of life with beautiful moments
Love makes life beautiful
Love is the colour of my life

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

Life's Challenges

It's all in a life time
That we experience life's challenges
Like day and night
Life's challenges are stitched on the fabric of life
Penetrating the solid barricade of our hearts
Piercing through our Souls
Until tears fall out of our eyes
Ripping open our hidden secrets
Exposing our ill-defined reality
Hospitalizing our egos
Imprisoning our minds
In a fortified fortress of distress
Life's challenges are painful moments
Pain, sorrow, grief and loss
Debt, addictions and poverty
Sickness and incarcerations
All form the spear of life's challenges

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

Living Within

It is common knowledge
That extroverts are out-going
And have more fun than introverts
But then there are those like me
Not fitting inside either of the circles
And are probably left unclassified
It is a wonderful experience
To be a non-classified entity
Living away from the prying eyes of science
And the rigid fence of psychology
It is with utmost satisfaction
That I write to you today
I am a spirit poet
Possessed by the spirit of Love
This obsession is not curable
Nor excisable
It is madness
But yet it is the perfect bliss
Most of the time
I live within my heart
Deep in the realm of the spirit
Where nothingness is the order of the day
It is the garden of silence
That draws me in
And then I find myself naked
In the hands of Love
Love is my addiction
And I am addicted to Love
Yes, I am crazy
But then who has not fallen in love
And tasted the ecstasy of Love

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

Looking Beyond The You & Me

Look beyond the you & me
Look into the singularity of our being
Look into the heart
Open the door of the spirit
Look beyond this world
Into the spring of Life
Look inside the ocean of consciousness
Look with your eyes wide open
Look with your eyes closed
Do not look with your eyes
Look with your heart
Listen with your heart
Silence
Do not fear silence
Silence is the way
The path of light
Look into the silence
Listen to the silence
Peace
Peace is a hospital
For your heart
Rest in peace
Die to yourself
Be empty of yourself
Nothingness
Nothingness is everything
Love emerges from this nothingness
Love is what you are looking for
Love is you & me & them
Love is us in total harmony
Love is life and death melted
Love is the everlasting existence

Kenneth Maswabi

Looking For God

It is not where or how or when or why
Questions born out of the limitation of our senses & mind
You need to stretch your mind beyond the world you see
And collapse your senses to nothingness
It is totally acceptable to have questions
But God is not contained in an answer
God is the reason you are asking
It is terrible to look for God within the parameters of your reality
And expect a solid path to His house
God is the path on which your eyes are looking
It is only necessary to undress yourself of your mind
And be a child once again
Put on nothingness and be empty of self
It is truly amazing what you will find
God is the naked spirit inside your existence
Do not enter the inner chambers of your heart with doubt
Because doubt belongs to the non-believers
It is hopeless to seek God while you are loaded with your own thoughts (ego)
God exists beyond the boundary of our own thoughts
It is only wise to open your heart
And put on the garment of Love
For the light within knows only Love
Love is the apparel of God
The manifestation of the Spirit of God

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 And The Lover

In the world of Love
Love is the river
And the Lover is the fish
Love is the ocean
And the Lover is the waves
Love is the sky
And the Lover is the stars
Love is the sun
And the Lover is the sunshine
Love is the rose
And the lover is the scent
Love is the heart
And the lover is the heart beat
Love is the wings
And the lover is the bird
Love is the gardener
And the lover is the garden
Love is the fire
And the lover is the warmth
Love is the light
And the lover is illuminated
Love is the path
And the lover is the footsteps
Love is the life
And the lover is full of life

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 Called Me

In its many silent ways
Across the sealed doors of my consciousness
Love waited patiently
For the door to open
For me to listen
To the silence within

In its many silent ways
Love pursued me
In the privacy of my thoughts
And even the sanctity of my sleep
Love whispered its secrets
In those awkward moments
Love was calling me

In its many subtle ways
Love caught up with me
Through the lips of poetry
Love kissed me
And I was hooked
Love is my obsession
My medicine
And my Lover

Kenneth Maswabi

Love Does Not Discriminate

If you have Love in your heart
Humanity is a reflection of your heart
Human beings are the Love in your heart
Love does not discriminate
Regardless of colour, race or creed
Love envelopes the human heart
The same Love that was present in the beginning
Exist untainted today
Be in Love
And open the well of goodness
The spring of Life will flow in you & through you
Abundance and contentment are the fruits of Love
Love is like water, it is life saving and can quench spiritual thirstiness
Love is the ultimate Truth
Love is the eternal path

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 Spiritual Path (Eternity)

Mathematics has nothing to add nor subtract

Love is complete

Science has nothing to hypothesize

Love is the Truth

Physics has nothing to illuminate

Love is Light

Biology has nothing to look under the microscope

Love is eternity

Religion has nothing to criticize

Love is God

Secularism has nothing to fear

Love is available to everyone

Astronomy has nothing to project

Love is inside us

Geometry has nothing to draw

Love is beyond imagination

Accountants have nothing to count

Love is not for sale

Artists have nothing to paint

Love is colourless

Finally, doctors have nothing to prescribe

Love is medicine

Be in Love

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 Forever Present

In his emptiness
He had nothing to give
In his nothingness
He was empty
Until his emptiness
Became his only gift
His emptiness became his Love
And his Love was given freely
Because his Love was forever present
He was forever in Love
He was complete

Love is the only true gift that is non-material
Giving Love is giving away your emptiness

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 Library

Today I woke up full of knowledge
Not the kind of knowledge that is full of uncertainties
Nor the type of knowledge that depends on intellectual capabilities
It is the knowledge that brings joy and happiness to the heart
The knowledge that opens the door to the realm of mysteries
And brings you to the river of wisdom
It is the body of knowledge that ushers the Truth
And opens the eternal path of light
It is the library of Love
Where knowledge, understanding and wisdom are kept
It is the realm of the Spirit
Where Love, kindness, compassion, peace and humility are daily meals
It is the beauty of eternity
Where judgement, hate, greed and selfishness are absent
It is the glorious gifts of Love, Hope and Faith
Today I woke up full of Love
My cup is overflowing
My heart is a temple of Love
My body is immersed in Silence
And my Soul rejoices
I am in Love

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 Abundant Fire Of The Soul

The warmest weather
Surrounds a loving Soul
Joy is ever present
To sooth & refresh the Soul
Laughter brings sunshine
A beautiful smile wraps around the heart
A blanket to be worn all day
Friends and family are the cups of coffee
To warm the heart, mind & Soul
Love is the abundance of the fire of the Soul

Kenneth Maswabi

Love Is The Fire Of The Soul

The coldest weather
Surround a lost Soul
With gusts of wind
Freezing temperatures
And no source of warmth
A lost Soul stands naked
In the arms of uncertainty
Frustrated by the unforgiving weather
Anger is used unsuccessfully to ignite the inner fires
Negative energy makes the heart stone cold
Scheming and jealousy are used as weapons
Lies are embroidered on the truth to create confusion
The cold weather beats hard on the lost Soul
Love is the only fire to the Soul
Be in Love

Kenneth Maswabi

Love Is The Perfection Of The Spirit

In the realm of poetry
It is common to sit alone
Not because one is a loner
But because silence is a mirror
That reflects the deepest part of the heart
And opens the doorway to the Soul
It is through this mysterious path
That one finds the courage
To come face to face with his (her)Ego
It is through this encounter
That one is liberated or imprisoned for life
Unless you undress yourself of the Ego
You cannot go further
Into the realm of the spirit
This is the abode of the illuminated light
Everything is shredded
And dissolved
Into nothingness
The spirit becomes one
And the union is complete
And this is what we call Love
Love is the perfection of the spirit
Love is the highest form of existence

Kenneth Maswabi

Love Is The Piece Of Perfection That We Are Missing

Every mystery has a secret door
Every road is a path of knowledge
Every human heart is incomplete without Love
Love is the piece of perfection missing in our hearts
Love is the pavement that life throws at our feet
Love is the classroom of all of our life's lessons
Love is the teacher of wisdom
Love is the pedestal on which Life stand
Love is the portal of beauty
Love is the recurring theme in our journey of life
Love is the unveiling of our own creation
Love is God

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 Is The Ultimate Chemical Of Life

When I write about Love
Everyone is thinking of romantic love
Romance is a tiny bit of the feelings of Love
Love is not romance
Love is the ecstasy of romance
Love exists even when romance have long died
Love is neither created nor destroyed
Love is far more potent
Love creates peace, hope, faith, and more Love
Love is the essence of life
Love is the ultimate chemical of life

Kenneth Maswabi

Love Is The Ultimate Miracle

Love cleanses the Soul
Opening avenues for healing
Re-awakening the sacred lamp
Purifying the intensity of our Souls

Love is the medicine to our Souls
Rejuvenating our heart, minds & Soul
Love is the secret portion for healing & prosperity
Love brings more Love
Love brings life in abundance

Love is the fuel of life
Miracles are not born of prophets
Miracles are born of Love
Love is the ultimate miracle

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
leaving behind an empty cocoon
the crumbs that fills the empty shelves
rotting away, leaving behind the stench of rotten love

Love so unkempt...
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

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

Love so unkempt...
is like a Tsunami unleashed from the depth of the sea
with fury it rushes to the shores of your hearts
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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

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 Am In Love With Love

It was the day I was born
When I first met you
In my mother's eyes
You looked at me
In my mother's heart
You celebrated
Igniting the fire in my soul
I was touched
By your tender loving care
I was in Love with you

I met you again
In the arms of many people I met
You held me
And gave me warmth
You squeezed my heart
And opened my eyes
I was in Love with you

I met you at church
When I opened the Holy Book
I was mesmerized
I fell in Love
With Your Love
I am in Love with Love

I met you again and again
In the friends I had
In the faces of strangers
In the smiles of my Lovers
In the eyes of children
You are always with me
From person to person
You never leave me
From moment to moment
You are stuck with me
I am in Love with Love

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, Silence And Dreams

The veil of secrets has been lifted
In my heart's heart
Seedlings of wisdom are germinating
Displaying fresh new secrets

Love is the lover's ecstasy
A state of pure bliss
Pushing me into the hands of life
To kiss and caress the living
My existence is my purification
Love is my addiction
My medicine and my truth
Love occupies my time and my space

Silence is my renewal
My death and my resurrection
In silence, I become nothing
Empty and non-existent
As I merge with the silence
To occupy the heart of Love
To spread my heart further than life
To be in touch with my soul
In silence, only Love exist

In dreams, time is frozen
The past, the present and the future
Moulded into one dimensionless event
Like the ocean, dreams are full of life
Vibrant and colourful
I have seen the future with my own eyes
I have opened the chamber of secrets
I saw the passage of death
I saw above the rim of life
Dreams have shattered my reality
Opening a new window inside my psyche
I have gathered my sanity
And remodelled my path
I am moulded by Love, silence and dreams

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
Funnel 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

Mastering The Use Of Words

Mastering the use of words

Words are useless
Unless there are assembled
Packaged and delivered
On a timely manner
And to the right audience

Now poetry has found a way
To tap into a different use of words
To open words and fill them with all sorts of emotions
Dissect words and remove any debris and impurities
Poetry is both a hospital and a cemetery for words
It has impregnated many words with the spirit of humanity and creation
And given birth to some of the most beautiful words
Poetry is a spiritual portal
Illuminating the spiritual side of words
Unveiling the power behind each word
Poetry is an oven
Baking words into beautiful pieces of bread
Poetry is an ocean of secrets
And words are the treasure boxes

Silence is a scared moment
Silence is all words
Subdued and empty

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

Meeting Myself

In this land of endless possibilities
I am not who I am supposed to be
I am supposed to be an ego driven man
I am supposed to be a selfish individual
I am supposed to be a competitive somebody
I am supposed to exploit every weakness
I am supposed to enter the world of wealth
I am supposed to wallow in my successes
I am supposed to take countless selfies
I am supposed to polish my fb page
I am supposed to elevate myself
I am supposed to be anything but insane
I met myself
And I am happy about my nakedness
I am happy about my insanity
I am happy about myself

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

Our only true possessions in life
Are locked deep in our heads
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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

Mob Psychology

It's often thought "mob psychology" is limited to when the crowd go berserk
Every norm and every sense of discipline undressed
And the crowd becomes one big monster
Causing havoc to the path of certainty
But in the world today
Mob psychology is a tool for the rich
Capitalism thrives on mob psychology
Every advert taps in the field of mob psychology
And every latest gadget targets the faculty of mob psychology within our brains
It's true many are unaware of the "constructed reality" around them
The tentacles of capitalism stretches into the bedrooms of our psyche
Every calendar day is an opportunity to excavate deep into our psyche
And open the "animalistic" part of our brains
Where "common sense" is absent
And chaos is the order of the day
It is not unusual for people to enter a manic state
Forfeiting every sense of responsibility and discipline
Because of these "hands free" dissections into our brains
It is common for people to make choices they don't want
It's the power of "Operation Mob psychology" (advertisement / marketing)

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

Money

In every story of success
Your picture is plastered
Naked and barefooted
You are adored by all
Some dream about you
While others fantasize
Everyone wants to be around you
And be intimate with you
You are the envy of town
With every billboard talking about you
You are a role model for many
You make our world go around
You make life simple and easy
You are a friend in need
And a friend indeed

Money, where do you come from?
Who are you?
You stole my people's heart
Erasing all the warmth
You took away their kindness
Replacing their humanity
With selfish thoughts
And individualistic ideology
You overpowered even our leaders
With all your charms
Intoxicating them
With your evil spells
You broke families
Tearing apart nations
You stole our innocence
And planted greed and selfishness
You are an enemy of humanity

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

Musical Bath

In the absence of silence
One's mind yearns for music
Finely crafted pieces of melody
The distillation of the cosmic wind
The portrait of the Soul
Neatly articulated by the finest voice
Adorned with the fragrance of a guitar
And the aromatic melodies of a piano
The crème de la crème of music
A lotion of melodies bathing the Soul
A portion of ecstasy soaking the mind
In its finest form, music is a syrup
A remedy for the lonely Soul
A painkiller and a mood jogger
In that moment of fun
Music is the antidote of sorrow
An injection of pure ecstasy
In times of sorrow
Music envelopes the Soul
Wiping away the pain
An emotional balm
Soothing to the heart

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 Lovers

I have never bothered to count my lovers
Because in my house everyone is a lover
In my heart I cannot separate their love
It is an ocean at the core of my Soul
That spills more Love into the shores of my life
Giving me the strength to pour more Love
Creating another sea of lovers
My lovers are everywhere
No colour, race or religion
Has stopped my lovers from loving me
They are always pouring their Love
Into the well of my being
And I am always pouring my Love
Into the core of their being
We are one in this ocean of Love
We are called Love
And we are Lovers

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 Secret

In my space and in my time
Silence is distilled
Purified and consumed
One glass of silence
Two glasses of silence
And I am intoxicated
Love is my drug
My addiction
My Life
Love is my joy
Love is my secret

Kenneth Maswabi

My Secret Life

I have a secret life
That is the most public
Poetry is my secret life
In my secret path
Words are my flowers
Roses and tulips
Illuminating my path
In ink I deep my heart
To unveil the sacred center
To unleash the Love within
My emotions are encapsulated
In a cocoon of silence
My existence is magnified
Into the realm of eternity
And my body, mind and soul
Is totally merged into one
To create the perfect portrait

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

Mystic

I didn't create my madness
My obsession is finding the Truth
My dream is to swim inside the mystery
And expose the mysteries of consciousness
I am chronically sick of unknowing
Not knowing the Truth is my illness
My illness is driving me insane
I am continuously drowning in my madness
Possessed by silence
I am empty
No signs of ego in me
Just nothingness
The story of my life emanates from this emptiness
This ocean of mystery
Envelopes my Soul
I am a Mystic, a dreamer and a seeker

Kenneth Maswabi

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Kenneth Maswabi

Mystics Are The Sons And Daughters Of Silence

We consume Silence
We are consumed by Silence
We thrive in Silence
Silence thrives in us
We are the sons and daughters of Silence

We are the emptiness that walks the path of eternity
The shadow of things to come
We are the silent warriors
The sons and daughters of Light
We have paved the eternal path
We are the ray of hope in the land of big egos
We look with our hearts
And we see with our hearts
We look far into the wilderness of consciousness
We are drawn to the unknown
We seek the Truth
We reveal the Truth
Love is the Truth
Within and beyond existence
Within and beyond logic

Kenneth Maswabi

Naked Soul

Die to yourself to find yourself
Rip open your mind and take out your ego
Do not display images of pride in your body
Remember to guard your heart against wickedness
Delete all those negative thoughts
Sow the seeds of Love in your heart
Plant kindness in your Soul
Humble yourself
Be Joyful
Pluck out hatred from the tree of your life
Consume goodness on a daily basis
Be careful of your wild desires
Touch someone with gentleness
Touch everyone with Love
Let your naked Soul be your torch
May your light pave the path of goodness
May Love be your daily bread
May Love be the house of your life
Remember to consume silence
Silence is good for your heart
It is the pedestal of goodness
It is the tabernacle of Love
Be in Love

Kenneth Maswabi

Naked Spirit

In the arms of poetry
My heart is very much naked
Revealing the deepest geometry of my being
Unveiling the cardinal points marking the way to the eternal path
In that sacred moment I am emptied of all the ego
And the hands of poetry opens the door to my Spirit
It is not uncommon to be totally removed from my senses
And to dive deep into the spiritual lake of nothingness
In this state I am a floating piece of emptiness
And words are the medium of my existence
Transcending the realm of imagination
My being is elevated to the dimension of nothingness
It is totally weird to exist outside the borders of imagination
But at this point I am not governed by the laws of physics
Nor am I a child of the flesh
All my being is made out of nothingness
And the only window of my existence is outlined by the flowing ink
At these upper floors of consciousness, Love is my light
And my existence is an illuminated piece of nothingness

Kenneth Maswabi

Nakedness

From the time of Eve and Adam
We clothed ourselves with the veil of secrets
Covering our spirit with foreign materials
We hid from both the light within and outside
We became partakers in the art of secrets
Introducing deception and illusions into our lives
We became invincible inside our own bodies

Our naked spirit is a jewel
An oasis of life and life in abundance
A pillar of Hope
A spring of living water
It is through our nakedness that we were close to God
For it is childish before God to have secrets
It is an abomination to be deceptive
And it is wickedness to hide from the truth

In all our actions
Let the nakedness of the spirit be revealed
Let us rejoice in the revelation of our true form
Let us shine in our new found freedom
It is the nakedness of the spirit that opens a path of goodness
It is the nakedness of spirit that resonates with Love
It is the nakedness of the spirit that forms the foundation of existence
It is the nakedness of the spirit that opens the door of eternity

Kenneth Maswabi

New Love

It's the tingling sensation that occupies her mind
Nothing can compare to how she feels right now
She is inside the box of ecstasy
Nothing can be better
It taste like love
And it feels like love
And she is submerged in it
She has no other desire
But to be with him

He is normally a drifter
Always on the move
But this time it's totally different
Every piece of him wants to be with her
To hold her and be her moonlight
To tell her that everything will be fine
It's very unusual for him to feel this way
He is a little confused
A little nervous
Inside this dream

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

Not Bound

In all aspects of life
Freedom is bliss
To be untied to life's expectations
To be loosely attached to life's material race
To be empty of the nagging power of ego
To be free inside a world of turmoil
Free of negative thoughts
Free of fear
Freedom is a gift of the spirit
Be free to roam inside your Soul
Be free to listen to the Silence
Be free in your homes
Do not be tied to unnecessary expectations
Do not be cornered by peer pressure
Be free to listen to your inner voice
Be free inside
Inside this freedom
Inside the inner peace
Freedom is exploded
And Love is illuminated
Love is your Lover
And you are the Lover of Love
And this is the ultimate freedom

Kenneth Maswabi

Nothingness

In the art of Silence
It is the cloud of certainty that hovers above
Creating ripples of palpable joy across the vastness of eternity
It is the purity of the yearning that rips open the skies of eternity
Drenching the seeker with the sacred drops of tranquillity
Awakening a deeper sense of total awareness
Like the blossoming flowers after the rains
The seeker is suddenly a lake of beautiful pearls
Waves and waves of mysterious sensations fill his (her)heart
And a beautiful melody of Silence is unveiled
As the seeker is shattered into a million pieces of emptiness
The ego is captured and burnt in the hot flames of Love
The seeker is now dressed in the most sacred of all dresses (nothingness)
The seeker is naked of all his (her)desires
The seeker has been transformed into a Lover
The seeker is in Love with Love
And Love is his (her)only garment
This moment of perfect union is called oneness
The total annihilation of existence
And the bath of pure Love
Nothingness

Kenneth Maswabi
(20-09-2019)

Kenneth Maswabi

November - The Month Of Mystics

In this reality
We are bound by laws of physics
It's not common to be wild
Untamed and free of all the restrictions of physics
Freedom of the spirit
A sacred gift
The cornerstone
In the house of mystics, dreamers, seekers & lovers
Free spirited human beings
Are born in November
Happy birthmonth to the most sacred people on earth! ! !

Kenneth Maswabi

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

Okavango Delta The Spirit Of The Kalahari

I have known you since the day I was born
You greeted me with your exotic fragrance
Clothing me with your magic
I was only a child
I couldn't understand your charm
You gave me your spirit
And blessed me immensely
You are truly magnificent
Your splendour is known the world over
Your charm has attracted millions
To grace your shores and enjoy your hospitality
You are one in a million
Your call is loud and clear
You are the voice of the spirit of the Kalahari
You have enchanted millions of visitors
With your simple spirit
And unsurpassed Love
You are truly the spirit of Africa
The home of peace and tranquillity
The house of diversity
You have nourished life
Giving the much needed life to the poor
You undressed their hunger
And poured your abundance in them
You have cleansed their minds
And healed their bodies
You are a true leader, a magician
And a miracle maker
You created a paradise out of nothing
And assembled a billion beasts
To witness your life-giving ceremony
You created a fantastic niche
For those who call you home

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

On This Day (Haiku)

A narrow opening
Enough light
Life blossoming

A key hole
Empty nest
No one home

Silent sky
Rainbow out
Whispering birds

Alone in the sky
Wide winged stranger
Looking down on me

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 Day

You will stand on the shoulders of life
You will be counted among world leaders
Or even academicians

You will be a surgeon
Operating deep into the belly of life
You will cut through the cords of human suffering
And open a channel for success

You will be a pilot
Flying far above the hostilities of life
You will hold success in your hands
And be the brightest star in the sky

You will be an engineer
Tunnelling through life with ease
You will hold the torch of hope
And make us see the light at the end of the tunnel

You will be a nurse
Bringing healing to the sick
Injecting life into the dying
You will bring joy to many families

You will be a farmer
Full of goodness
Ploughing seeds of life
You will nourish the poor
And feed nations
One day, you will find yourself
And be amazed
At what you have achieved
From rags to riches
You will teach others
The lessons of life

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

Only Love Can Do These

To send your only begotten son

To be a sacrifice

To carry a heavy burden for 9 months

A mother

To toil in the sun for hours

A farmer

To erect a wall of wisdom

A teacher

To bring health to the sick

A doctor

To nourish and nurture a garden

A gardener

To tender the wounds of the broken

A nurse

To accommodate the deranged thoughts of the insane

A psychiatrist

To offer yourself to him (her)

A Lover

To pray without ceasing

A believer

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 Choices

It is not rocket science
That determines one's life projection
It is the choices we make (and our environment)
That stand between a life flowing with milk and honey (happiness)
Or a painful journey into the forest of thorns
Mathematics cannot teach you the algebra of making choices
Science does not have a laboratory to study choices
It is the spirit that governs the ministry of choices
A weak spirit will allow you to be swayed by peer pressure
And fall into the dark world of temptations and recklessness
A malnourished spirit has led many into selfishness and corruption
Every choice is a moment of true spirituality
In that split second, your life can be changed forever
Many choices are made in a rush
To please the ego
And satisfy the flesh
Of course some choices are born out of stupidity
The right choices come from the heart
Nourish your spirit
And your choices will be perfected

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

Outside Time And Space

Outside the monotony of time and space
Outside the constructed reality
Outside the boundary of human thoughts
Outside the canopy of life
Outside the egocentric self

I am inside the realm of eternity
Emptiness of heart
Silence reign supreme
The Ego has been silenced
The lake of my heart is still
I am within my Soul
I am within the Creator
My pulsating life has ceased
My never ending thoughts frozen

In this Silence
My heart is awakened
My Spirit is renewed
My mind is totally emptied
Of all the vile and all venomous thoughts are erased
I am inside the hospital of the Soul
I am inside the womb of Love
Love is my portion and my breathe
I am in Love with Love
And I am truly free

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

Passion

In my pursuit for happiness
I packed a bag full of virtues
I even folded my best intentions
And tossed them inside my heart
I was a spirit in search of joy
I took my humility
And displayed it on the billboard of my life
I also took the seeds of my Love
And planted them across the fertile field of my heart
Finally, I sprinkled the power of passion inside my heart
And I set off on my way to Happiness

Kenneth Maswabi

Patience

When Hope is low
The mind is forced to reconfigure itself
A life-saving protocol is instituted
And patience is activated
Patience stems from the heart
It is a virtue for the wise
An injection to pacify the mind
A remedy to bring stillness to the heart
Patience offers you a sacred view point
A new pair of eyes to look at the world
Patience renews your Hope
And brings wisdom to your doorstep
Patience is an invisible cloak I am willing to wear
And be one with the anointed

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

Poem #900 (@)

It is not a poem
To spell out my complex realities
Nor a poem to open another argument
It is not a poem to rehearse a soap opera
It is the shattering of the glass ceiling
It is the unveiling of the open skies
And the defeat of all my insecurities
It is a poem about nothing in particular
It is an envelope full of mysteries
Loaded with sacred secrets
A display of the anatomy of insanity
A dissection into the tendons of reality
It is a poem about the spirituality of mathematical theorem
The cumulative effect of overdosing in poetry
It is a poem about infinity
And a story about eternity
When Lovers embrace for a second
And time is frozen
It is a story about the open ocean of possibilities
A journey of self-discovery
It is a poem to fill in the lingering questions
And maybe answer a few more mystical equations
It is an illusion
It is the shadowless dreamer
Jogging on the path of enlightenment

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 Is A Manuscript Of Love And Sorrow

Poetry is not a shiny knobkerrie
To hit others with
Or to support your cumbersome ego
Poetry is a tool for the wise
To illuminate the womb of existence
And unveil the stars that form the fabric of life
Or sometimes open the gate of sorrow
And release the pain and the sadness that steals our light
Poetry is a manuscript of love and sorrow
An intersection of humanity, nature and consciousness
A meeting of the mind, body and soul
A gathering of lovers, seekers, dreamers, and others
Poetry is a community of Souls
Tied together by their love for one another
And their obsession with curating words
Creating a magnificent museum of poems
Poetry is a platform to reflect and to advise
To reveal and unveil the mysteries of existence
To bring together humanity
And tie a knot of togetherness

Kenneth Maswabi

Poetry Is Liquid Silence

In the absence of words
Poetry is pure Silence
Engulfing the Soul
Illuminating the Truth

In Silence, poetry is displayed
Under a shroud of mystery
Totally hidden
From the prying eyes of humanity

In a gesture of goodwill
The vault of Poetry is unlocked
Unveiled
And poured into the vase of life (heart)
This phenomenon is a deep secret
Revealed only to those who consume silence
The mystics, poets, dreamers and the seekers of Truth

Writing poetry is a gift
In poetry, existence is unveiled
The truth is revealed in a swollen cloud of words
And punctured to release a rainbow of meaning
In an amazing display of God's colorful existence

Kenneth Maswabi

Poetry Is Not A Contest Of Words

In the quest for the finest things in life
Poets went in the business of distilling words
Plucking out the chaff from the daily usage of words
Poets refined the art of making stories
Reaching deep into the psyche
Drawing out the best spices
Poets enriched the meaning in words
Illuminating the flavour and texture in words
Poets found a recipe for the best stories
Stories that touched the heart
Stories about anything and/or everything
All poems are made from the richest packets of consciousness
Poetry unveils the light in everything
Poetry discloses the meaning of life
Poetry is a form of a sacred language
A language that speaks directly to the Soul
A language that comes from the deepest recesses of consciousness
A language for all times
The time of sorrow and the time of happiness
Poetry magnifies the story of life
Enhancing the quality of life
Poetry speaks to the broken
The sick and the lost
Poetry expresses Love
Opening the sacred well of joy
Poetry is a spring of living words

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

Poetry, My Love

Everyone seem to be talking about you
Your elegant stature is found on the world's billboards
Your words are truly inspirational
You are the voice of the voiceless
You have found a place in my heart
I am your number one fan

Poetry

Where do you come from?
You dressed my lips with the sweetest nectar
Unveiling the spirit of humanity in me
You poured me an intoxicating glass of poetry
And I fell in love with you
I was smitten by your sweet voice and amazing style
I fell in love with your elegance and humility
I am your lover

Poetry

You opened my heart
And found your way to my Soul
You found the path of Hope
And illuminated my Faith
You guided me to the seat of existence
Where I found Silence, emptiness and true Love
You showed me the Truth
And I fell in Love with Eternity
I am your disciple
Awaiting your instructions
To plant words in the garden of life
And let Love bloom

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 In The Air

At the core of this reality
The fibrils are held together by deception
The nuclei wants to remain intact
Abandoning the ethos of democracy
To be a government of the people by the people
And for the people
The people are just pawns in the overall scheme of things
And the machinery of the cell (democracy)is abandoned
Deception and propaganda in full display
Hypnosis and stupidity bandages the people's minds
It is an illustration of African politics
In this game of politics
It's the economy versus humanity
The numbers versus reality
Everything else is stark against the people
And the losers' trophy is well polished
Another five years of misery and neglect
Another cycle in the life cycle of politics

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
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 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

Praise

The most beautiful note is silence
In this silence you are elevated to the divine stage
You are neither a diva nor a maestro
You are just one with harmony
You are in the realm of oneness
No distinguishing features
Just the overwhelming absence of you
And the sacred presence of nothingness
It is the ultimate show of restraint
The display of divine wisdom
It is the illumination of Hope
And the fortification of faith
In Silence, everyone can praise God
And never worry about their voice
Nor their singing skills
It's the sacrifice of the self
That ultimately opens the doors of heaven
The absence of ego
Breaks down the window of mystery
And uplifts you to the summit of Love
It is on this altar of Silence
That the singer and the song become one
And are presented to the Most High

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

Pretenders

Pockets full of ego
Splashing the latest gadgets
Hanging out at the most luxurious clubs
With faces made of the latest make-up
Pretenders are everywhere
Pretending to have it all
Predisposing themselves to all the nasty abuse
By the rich and famous

Pretenders are normally school going children
Sub-adults human beings
Looking for extracurricular boyfriends and girlfriends
To teach them the lessons of life
On the blackboard of their bedrooms

Another breed of pretenders
Walk the streets of life
Unemployed and carefree
Lazy but fearless
Looking for the latest "Blessers";
To bless their life with comfort

Yet another caliber of pretenders exist
Mostly made up of young recently employed males
Driving the latest golf gti (vhrphaa)and BMWs
Totally clueless about the streets of life
Yet full of ego and eagerness
To expose themselves to the harsh lessons of life

Pretenders have a short life expectancy
Risky behaviours are part of their survival skills
Over speeding, over spending, drug and alcohol abuse
Form part of their recreational activities
Pretenders are clueless human beings
Pretending to know the finest things about life

Kenneth Maswabi

Programmed

In the dusty streets
We stand in awe of our achievements
Having paved our way out of poverty
We celebrate our polished shoes, tuxedo
And our shiny mag wheels
We are sons and daughters of the poor dad
In our minds we have made it in life
We are the crème de la crème of society
We have forgotten the hunger pangs
And the fly infested streets of our former life
We care no more
We have reached the summit of success
We have breached the thick wall of poverty
We are unstoppable
But wait a minute...
The poor are still hungry
The vulnerable are full of misery
And the elderly are neglected
Their heart has no peace
As they forage for a piece of life
Living under \$2 a day
They curse the day they were born
But wait a minute...
It is not our fault
It is not our problem
But whose problem is it anyway?

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

Rage

Walk away from this predator
Lacking deep with the human psyche
Remove yourself from this monster
Holding the hearts of young men at gunpoint
Distance your thoughts from this incurable disease
Beware of the rage within you

Instead of hiding this cancerous tumor
Seek help and seek help fast
Do not soak this abscess in good deeds
Do not ignore the nagging thoughts
That brags inside your ego
Giving you false gratification

Rage is a living hell
Able to turn an innocent young man
Into a ferocious monster
Tearing at the flesh of others
Snatching the lives of loved ones
Obliterating relationships

Stop gender based violence
Stop violence
Stop the rage

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

Reality

I want to redefine reality
And reconstruct reality
I want to use Love as my foundation
Silence as my cement
And poetry as my bricks
I want a reality based on the spirit
Not on our fragile thoughts
I want life to be free
From the laws of physics
And the hands of science
I want humanity
To realize the futility of logic
And rely on the heart
To open the realm of eternity
And fill the world with Love
I want humanity
To stop chasing the illusion
And start being real
To delete all their malicious thoughts
And be completely empty
Of all the ego
And all the selfishness
I want us to eradicate poverty
And heal the world of all diseases
I want our children to smile
And fill the world with laughter
I want life based on humanity
Not the materialistic mindset
Based on Love
Not the obsession with money
I want Love
To be our wealth
Our image

Kenneth Maswabi

Reckless Love

Do not be
A candle left to burn all night
In the midst of a furious storm
Or a
Torch meant to last for eternity
With lithium batteries
Or a
Plate of food
Meant to feed the whole family
Or a
A furious lightning storm
Without rain
Or a
A gusty windy
On a calm sea
Or a
Void
On a beautiful face

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

Religion Of Love

Nestled inside the human Soul
Love is not foreign to our existence
Love is the essence of our being
Love is the fountain of life
Love is the tabernacle of hope
Love is the summit of existence

In this religion of Love
Humanity is interconnected
Via a web of inner branches
Firmly attached to every heart
This hidden universe
Forms the eternal path
The pedestal of Hope

In this religion of Love
Materialism is rejected
Individualism is shunned
And ego does not exist
Emptiness and nothingness
Nests for the seed of Love
Kindness is a gift to be shared
Compassion is the manifestation of liquid Love
Peace is the air we breathe
Silence is the sacrificial lamb and the prayer
And Love is the Creator and Creation
Love is the beginning and the end
Love is you in me and me in you

In this religion of Love
Physical existence is a tiny portion of life
Spiritual awareness opens a window into the entirety of life
Death is a door to the upper chambers of life
Love is the crown jewel of existence
Love is the only form of life
The purest form of life

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

Rich Dad, Poor Dad

The rich dad taught his son well
He took him to his posh school of success
Deleted the poverty factor in his son's equation of life
Added the sophisticated matrix of capitalistic thought
Subtracted the reward deficiency syndrome in all his thought patterns
Deleted the space for abstract fear
And expanded the reward system
His son was delighted
The corporate world was at his finger tips

The poor dad taught his son well
He observed the laws of Love
And instilled them in his son
He taught his son to share whatever he has
He taught him to be humble and kind
He gave him the manifesto for the everlasting life
He made him swallow the pill of Love
And receive training in the art of selflessness
His son was delighted
Love was his pedestal
He has nothing to fear

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

Sacred Poetry

It is the nature of the Soul
To hold the torch of knowledge
And teach us the most sacred words and actions
Words that are naked of any worldly tattoos
Words like Hope, Faith and Love
Are empty of all the man-made flavors
And have no scientific explanations
Pointing directly to the heart
To direct and renew the Spirit
To purify and refresh the mind
To sanctify and make the heart sacred

It is the nature of words
To put on exotic feathers
And make one want to dance Salsa
But this sacred words are tongues of fire
That ignites our heart into a bigger purpose
Their flames are too bright
Illuminating the entirety of eternity

Another set of sacred words and their actions
Humility, kindness, compassion...etc
Disrupts the web of selfishness
And unveils the path of light
Between one human being and another
Together, we have a billion watts of light
To carry us into the realm of Love

It is this Love that has the power to unite us
And make us dissolve from our artificial entanglements
Our Egos, individualism, competition and selfishness
It is this Love that is the path of light
The illuminated light that was present before creation
The unending beginning and the everlasting end
Love is too sacred, holy and sanctified for us to fathom
Love is God and God is 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

Scheming

The dark art of scheming is evil
Practised by the most cunning of minds
The art of scheming is anchored on selfishness, insecurity
And a lack of conscience
It stems from a deep dissatisfaction with one's life
And spills into the streets of life
Corroding everything it touches
It is one of the most potent venom
With almost no antidote
It is capable of bringing down institutions
And permanently destroying relationships
The practitioners of this art are often sweet and very outspoken
They protrude in the eyes of society
As good people
They are the worst of the worst of human beings
Beware of schemers and their immorality
They are capable of the worst forms of evil
They are totally clothed in wickedness

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

Shattering The Ego

Stand at the door of your heart
Do not knock yet
Just stand there and listen
Listen to the sound of your soul
As he (she) walks gracefully in the garden of Love
Listen to the undiluted melody of his song
As he sings the mystical songs of Love
Listen to the silence
That wraps around your soul with ease
Listen to the joy
As your soul wallows in the presences of God
Listen to the fullness of being permanently in Love
Listen to the eternal rhythm of Love

Now, look at yourself
Outside in the cold
Where Love is an illusion
Love is distorted and contaminated
Love is rubbish
Love is nothing but an emotion
To be tossed in the dustbin of history
To be crushed with gallons of alcohol and drugs
To be dismantled and discarded
To be lost in an instant

You have only one thing to do before you can knock
Take off your ego
Be empty
Because emptiness is the key
That will open the door
Do not worry about Love
There is plenty inside

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 Creation

She is the cosmic wind
Reshaping the galaxies
Re-modelling the universe
She is the space-time
The womb of creation
The mother of existence
She is the fire
Igniting the stars
Illuminating the hidden mysteries
She is the air
That permeates life
Creating a spectacle
She is the ocean
The creator of rain
The renewal of life
She is the world
Humanity's womb
Pregnant with dreams
She is Love
The essence of life
The eternal clock

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 Is My Secret Lover

Across the Atlantic
Winds of my love flow
Beyond the setting sun
The bright light of my love glow
The morning dew melts at her feet
The rose awaits her second glance
She is the source of my smile
My heart is full of joy at her thought
Secretly I carry a heavy load of love
Inside the depth of my heart
A river of pearls flow
Only to fade in my mind
And emerge inside my dreams
She is my secret dream

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

She Was My Obsession

She whispered in my ear
Her breath puncturing my senses
Breaking them up into a million goose bumps
Her sweet voice, music to my ears
Sending me into a trance
A silent dance of love
Her words were nothing but the purest love
Pushing me to the edge of my senses
Her presence swelling my heart
Into a beautiful vase of love
Full of precious joy
My heart was oozing with love
Sending my thoughts
Into a frenzy of excitement
I was all alone in her universe
She was my cosmic wind
Blowing my heart away
She was my mineral water
Quenching my thirst
She completed my being
Erased all my fears
She was my bottle of ecstasy
She was my intoxication
She made me drunk with love
She was my obsession

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

Silence Is Food To My Soul

Where do you come from?
Who sent you?
To dance on my lips
Hiding my emotions
From my closest friends
Swallowing all my thoughts
With your overpowering stare
You inhabit the depth of my Soul
Rupturing the veil of secrets
Unveiling the wisdom within
Peace resides at the deepest end
But your hands reaches
All parts of my Soul
Your eyes reveals
The light within
The path of Truth
Hiding in plain sight
Shines bright
Love eternal
The beginning and end
The sacred path
Unleashed

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

So Many Rules

I have broken so many rules
To get close to your heart
To hold your love in my hands
To surrender myself onto you
And wallow in your love

I have broken so many rules
In my loneliness
I thought only of you
In my dreams
I held you in my arms

I have broken so many rules
In pursuit of your Love
I left my heart open
For you to enter
and be with me

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 (A Sacred Place)

An art for seekers and dreamers
A pain for others
Solitude is a sacred place
Deep within the heart
Where you dip your head
In the world of Silence

Silence is a place
Deep within the Soul
Where you dip your heart
In the world of Love

Love is a place
Deep within consciousness
Where you dip yourself
To become nothing...empty
In this emptiness, everything exist
Love is the Unit of Existence

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

Sometimes I Am Me

Sometimes I am me
Most times I am emptiness
Enveloped in silence
I am non-existent
Because I exist in Love
I am not me
Because I am Love
I am not here
Because I am in Love
I am clueless
Because I am intoxicated by Love
Love is my path and my direction
Love is my light and my beauty
Love is essentially me

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 Mbangwa 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

Spiritual Awakening

In this dense world
The sacred path of righteousness
Lay hidden in the depth of our hearts
Our consciousness is chronically congested
Our thoughts are running amok
Our emotions are clouded
We are victims of our own selfishness
We created a reality based on materialism

In this dense world
The Soul is neglected
The Spirit is bombarded with religious doctrine
The mind is a vehicle of dangerous ideologies
The heart is a pump station of wild desires
The body is a house of spiritual confusion

In this dense world
Only a few can see beyond this fabricated reality
Only a few are hardwired to probe beyond the physical world
To forage far out in the world of the spirit
To explore the world of dreams
To dig deep in their own hearts
To search for the sacred path
To seek for the truth
To nourish the Souls
To find Love
To be in Love
To be one with Love

Kenneth Maswabi

Spiritual Knowledge

It is not wise to feed on any form knowledge with a straw
It is totally acceptable to browse through the open field of knowledge
It is detrimental to swallow any form of knowledge whole
It is fatal to think you know it all
It is madness to put on a gown of knowledge and elevate yourself
It is totally unnecessary to suffocate yourself with knowledge
It is normal to dissect the heart of knowledge and touch its heart beat
It is fantastic to open the lid of the pot of knowledge
It is harmful to taste any form of knowledge without thinking
It is foolhardy to hold firm on the branch of knowledge regardless of the tree of
that knowledge
It is not advisable to embrace any form of knowledge wholeheartedly
It is wise to discern knowledge with your spirit
It is lovely to come to a perfect conclusion about knowledge
But yet it is perfectly normal to hold loosely to any form of knowledge
It is the heart that hold the answers to our knowledge dilemmas
It is the spirit that hold the keys to the purest form of knowledge
Love is the purest form of knowledge

Kenneth Maswabi

Spiritual Paths

It is the nature of the spirit to create paths
Spiritual paths are paved from the heart
Every path is a direct response to the longing within
A deep unsolicited yearning to find the Truth (God)
Opens a path in the realm of your heart
These paths are expeditions towards eternity
It is not easy to find the entrance of eternity
Because eternity is the everlasting kingdom of Love
Spiritual paths will lead you closer and closer
But most spiritual paths are dead-ends
Not leading to the heavenly gates
But to the limits of your search
If you seek peace (meditation) , you might reach the garden of peace
If you seek hope (religion) , you will enter the tunnel of hope
But if you seek Love (God) , you have to let go of yourself
And be guided by the light (Silence)
It is this light that will lead you back to your true self
And in this sacred rendezvous
You will be undressed
And Love will emerge
You are now in eternity
And you are eternity
Because Love is eternity

Kenneth Maswabi

Spiritual Starvation

At the heart of the world today
Slithering in all manner of pomposity
Selfishness has impregnated the human race
Poisoning the well lubricated womb of humanity
Injecting the most powerful and wealthy
With a potent illicit drug of egoism
And subjecting the poor and vulnerable
To a world of poverty and disease
A life full of misery
Selfishness occupies the highest seat of human reasoning
Cultivating corruption, deceit and moral degeneration
Opening a rift between the poor and the rich
Inflating the balloon of inequality
And bringing hopelessness to the dining table of the middle class
It is this epidemic of selfishness that has decapitated the strong body of
humanity
Unleashing an era of spiritual starvation

Kenneth Maswabi

Spirituality (According To Me)

Spirituality is knowing your inner self

Spirituality is embracing your inner self

Spirituality is communion with eternity (all consciousness / God)

Spirituality is not

A blanket of religion

Suffocating you with doctrine

A fundamentalist's idea of worship

Pummelling you with laws

A nonbeliever's careless disbelief

Veiled in logical endpoints

A fire's tormented cry

Buried in hot flames

A killer's distorted worldview

Poured from the pit of evil

Not a dog's obsessions with a bone

Disguised as hunger

Not a learner's absent mindedness

Camouflaged in an innocent face

Kenneth Maswabi

Spirituality Versus Religion (According To Me)

Spirituality has no written book
The heart is its manifest library
The temple and the altar
Silence is the Bible, the Quran and the Torah...etc
Love is the Word of God
Love is God
And Humanity is the manifestation of God
In this art, emptiness is embraced
The power of Ego is shunned
Life is a journey, a path of enlightenment
Consciousness is the only reality

Religion has laws, prophecies and scripture
All published in the name of Love
Love is defined for you
Life is forecasted for you
The church, mosque, temple, ...etc.
Are the places of worship
The Bible, Quran, Torah, ...etc.
Are the Holy Books
You are the sheep
Gathering in this kraal of religion

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

Stillness

Before the stillness
You have to undress yourself of your ego
Be naked before your own Spirit
And find peace in your emptiness
Now go into the house of Silence
And be one with Silence
And be the Silence
It is in this state of Silence
That the path of light will be revealed
And Love will be unveiled in your life
It is through Love that you will find stillness
And it's this stillness that will give you more Love
Love is when you have found tranquillity in the inner recess of your Spirit
But yet you choose to open your Spirit for others to enjoy your presence
It is only through the realization that we are all one Spirit
That we will know what Love is
Love is the eternal bond between us
Love is the ocean and we are the fish
Love is the nourishment and we are the plants
Love is the light of the world
Love is the stillness in our Spirit

Kenneth Maswabi

Stillness In The Heart

In the quiet streets of the heart
Silence is the fabric of existence
Love is the heart beat of silence
In silence, Love is revealed
In Love, silence is displayed
Be silenced and you will fall in Love
"Fall in love with what, " you ask.
Fall in Love with YOU
The eternal light
The Love within
The path of existence
Then you will know
That the "YOU" is the "THEM";
And the "THEM" is the "YOU";
The dimensionless eternity
The everlasting covenant
The ultimate sacrifice
The unity of being
The LOVE

Kenneth Maswabi

Stillness Of The Heart

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The everlasting covenant
The ultimate sacrifice
The unity of being
The LOVE

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

Strange Realms Of Poetry

In the realm of insanity
Poets share the same hospital bed
Ever hallucinating on the state of the human condition
Poets are forever on the edge of a psychotic breakdown
Consumed by the chronic afflictions of humanity
Poets are always looking for the cure to incurable human emotions
Betrayed by the reckless nature of fellow humans
Poets are digging deep into the realm of imagination
Barricading themselves inside the world of consciousness
Searching for a potent antidote to greed and selfishness
Poets are forever on the verge of discovery
Excavating close to the Truth
Poets are foraging the sacred grounds
Equipped with the greatest imagination
Poets are forever cursed
Exiled to live on the fringes of the so called reality
Poets are inevitably self-medicating with anti-logic poetry
A concoction made of Love, sorrow and pain
Injected daily into their pulsating minds
Teleporting them into the poetic realms
Magical worlds saturated with Love

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

Superiority Complex

A structural anomaly in the psyche of man
Holding his (or her)ego hostage
Falsifying the true nature of his insanity
Misrepresenting his true identity

The superiority complex is a destructive malignant cancer of the mind
Capable of inflicting unimaginable damage in the armour of humanity
Destroying ancient relationships and extinguishing peace between nations
Exposing the well of evil inside the heart of man

The superiority complex is one of the major cause of war and genocide
At its core, it's driven by unimaginable fear
Fear embedded in the sub consciousness
Paranoia stealthily deployed
Capable of violating human rights
And destroying the dignity of the so called others

The superiority complex is a powerful destructive disease
A cancerous tumour invading the mind
Clouding the soul with its toxic metabolic products
Creating a monster in human form

A master race
Falsely assuming the identity of God
Propagating a futile cold war
Between blacks and whites

A master tribe
Delusional and delirious psychosomatic manifestations
Capable of destroying tribal and cultural bonds
And even ancient blood relations

A master class
Constipated with imbecilic beliefs
Totally absorbed by their man-made wall of identity
Devoid of any acute awareness of the true nature of their human origin

Let's say no to this malicious epigenetic mutation called superiority complex

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 Fittest...not! !

Evolution in its distorted mind
Choose to segregate life
Into levels of fitness
Discarding the unfit
In its twisted scheme
Evolution was quick to judge

It is the journey of the spirit
That erases all the empty promises of evolution
The spirit unveils a life within a life
An alignment of the spirit, body and mind
A union of existence binding all of existence and beyond
It is the spirit that opens the eternal dimension
The heart becomes a beacon of hope
And life becomes a drop in an ocean of existence
The mysteries of life are unknown to evolution
Life is a far bigger secret than science can unravel

It is true evolution is dead
And spirituality is the new science
Open your eyes
And see yourself inside your bigger selves
It is God who brings wisdom
And it's God who brings the truth
Love is the truth
And with Love you are the truth
With Love you are one with God
Be in Love

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

Tantalizing Poetry

It is as smooth as the skin of a beauty queen
Rubbing against the throbbing pulse of masculinity
Awakening the longing from deep within
A burst of a meteoritic shower of the most hidden feelings
A wilderness beyond our imagination
A climax of maximum proportions

It is a piece of romance
Displayed in the gallery of my mind
Deeply colouring my inner thoughts
A staccato of the most erotic imagery
Breezing through my consciousness
Giving me a shiver, goose bumps
And a perfect hard on

It is a game of the mind
A wish
A fantastic fantasy
It is the gift of imagination
The sacred art of the mind
Giving birth to the most intricate story
That captivates the mind
And releases the animal instinct
To go out and hunt
Search for the perfect mate

It is tantalizing poetry
That wraps around the length of the mind
And rubs against the fabric of consciousness
Opening microscopic avenues of desire
And erecting the most intense of all feelings
It is its smooth skin
And its brazen intensity
That gives it the erotic appeal

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

Thanksgiving

"Thank you" is not uttered in bitterness
"Thank you" is not splashed for fun
"Thank you" is not wielded to the hostile
"Thank you" is not a fire extinguisher
"Thank you" is not for the weak

"Thank you" springs from a happy heart
"Thank you" is the scent of a happy Soul
"Thank you" is never a mistake
"Thank you" opens the door of the universe
"Thank you" is a prayer for all
"Thank you" is born out of a humble heart
Thank you.

Happy Thanksgiving my friends, family & everyone

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 Portals Of Life

Heart

Inside this precious organ
Lies the entrance to the Kingdom of Love
Heavenly gates made of Silence
Stealthily deployed
To allow Love to freely flow
From beyond the edge of logic
Into the abode of Man

Mind

This portal is wide open
Attracting both positive and negative thoughts
From all corners of consciousness (eternity)
To lay eggs within its nest
Sometimes golden eggs are laid
Full of life and opportunities
And other times evil is unleashed

Womb

This one-way portal is a gift to mankind
"God blessed them and said to them,
"Be fruitful and multiply,
and fill the earth and subdue it;
rule over the fish of the sea
and the birds of the air
and every creature that crawls upon the earth."
(Genesis 1: 28)

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 Absence Of Me In Me

In that incredible moment
Everything is lost
Nothing is spared
Emotions are vaporised
Thoughts are crystallised
Only the voice of silence
Echoes on the walls of my heart
I lost myself
Inside the vast territory of my being
I shed my thoughts and my emotions
And replaced them with silence
In this silent mist of silence
Love is unveiled
Perfect and sanctified
The illuminated path
Ever shining and everlasting
God the creator of beings

Kenneth Maswabi

The Academy Of Love

It is not ideology
Nor philosophy that is taught in this school
It is the intricate geometry of the spirit
And the elaborate realm of consciousness
It is not the laboratory of science
Where experimentation defines the truth
It is a realm of the illogical
Where light is allowed to illuminate the truth
Nothing makes sense until you apply yourself
It is only the wisdom of humility
That will get you through the door
And the power of Love that will help you proceed
Kindness is a course on its own
Compassion is a test and the pass mark
It is only those with empty hearts
Who will drink from the cup of Love
It is true Love is difficult
But only if you apply logic
It is totally unnecessary to bring a calculator
Just bring your heart
And no papers, pens or pencils
Leave your ego behind
Emptiness is our uniform
Silence is a core subject
And nothingness is key
To the graduation ceremony

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 Algorithm Of Beauty

I know the algorithm of beauty
Its contours are made of clay
It is not the pencil lines
Nor the smoothness of the crayon
That opens the petals of beauty
It is not the artist's flirtatious idea
That assembles the most beautiful ornament
It is the depth of consciousness
That gives birth to the aroma of beauty
It is a combination of illusions and the sacred light
A brilliant mix of colour and contrast
It is the contradiction between light and shadows
That brings about the radiance in a flower
Beauty is not constructed
It is made into being
It is not necessarily the tools of imagination
That gives birth to beauty
It is the womb of creation
That illuminates the geometry of beauty
And the flowing stream of beauty is revealed
Beauty is not a concept
It is the fabric of creation
The atoms and the molecules of beauty
Are the sacred ink
That the Creator used to make the breath of life

Kenneth Maswabi

The Answer

In sorrow
We opened our hearts
And tears flowed
In happiness
We opened our hearts
And joy and laughter flowed
In love
We opened our hearts
And everything flowed
Love, joy, tears, laughter, peace...
Love is the answer

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 Awesome Universe

In all its wonders

The universe is a magnificent creature

The culmination of the greatest artistic work ever created

In its beauty, the standards of beauty are clearly defined

In all its explosive power, the seat of power is clandestinely exposed

In all its gigantic size, the distance of the eternal path is revealed

In all its complex mathematical construction

The line between the logical and illogical mind is blurred

In all its rough edges, the basis of chaos is unveiled

In all its silence, the nature of silence is understood

In all its wonders

The universe cannot exceed the boundary of consciousness

The royal lineage of the human soul is clearly illuminated

In all its awesomeness

The universe reveals the Loving nature of our Creator

The universe unveils the majestic nature of God

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 Beast Of The Chobe National Park, Botswana

In this idyllic corner of the world
Life is a game of survival
Beauty is enveloped inside the mud
Love is a flirtatious moment
The forest is a secret palace
Hiding the royal beast
A beast among beast
A royal king

The buffalo wallows in mud
In a mock war
A special operation
A gentle disarmament of the enemy
A mixture of instinct and pure genius
A final gesture of peace

The buffalo is the knife and the bread
The dinner is set
Sunset is the place to be
I invite all African Bush Lovers
To this epic experience
The final battle

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 Bond Of Poetry

I went into the mysterious realm of poetry
Expecting to be gobbled up by a million hungry poets
In their daily foraging for words
To be made into fodder
And be broken
Into tiny pieces of me
To be deflated
And be emptied
Of all hope

But poetry is a special place
A place for dreamers, seekers, lovers and mystics
It is an insane place
A place full of Love
A beautiful place
A realm between the spirit and the flesh
A place where you are free to express your innermost feelings
A place where words are the only living things
Colourful and full of interesting stories
Magnetic and explicit
Capable of real life drama

Poets are beautiful people
Searching deep in the ocean of consciousness
Looking for all species of words
Beyond our dictionaries, Wikipedia and encyclopaedias
Poets are bonded together
By the bond of poetry
The inability to leave words alone
The obsession with sharpening words into meaningful objects
And making them into spears, hearts or sometimes tears
Poets are continuously weaving words together
Into beautiful baskets of knowledge, understanding and wisdom

Kenneth Maswabi

The Boy Child

The boy child is bound by countless generation of masculinity
Symbols of power and bondage are tattooed on his body
Generations of culture has groomed him for war
His anger and laughter are locked in one heart
His acts are purely born of testosterone
His childhood is lost as soon as he is born

He yearns to please his father
He yearns to please generations of warlords
He wants to take his place at the front of the troops
He wants to feel the piercing spear
As it shatters his innocence
Killing him instantly
In a hero's death

But yet
He wants to break free from his warrior dreams
He is defeated by every action of abuse of power
He is lost in the world of powerlessness
He is destroyed by any form of violence
He is shattered by acts of hate

He is a child after all
He yearns for his place in his mother's arms
He yearns for the warmth in his father's eyes
He is desperate to please his mother
He is disappointed at his own clumsiness
As he tries to display a soft heart
To show the world that he cares
To display acts of gentleness

Help the boy child grow
Nourish him with acts of Love
Remember he is only a child
In need of a loving home

Kenneth Maswabi

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 Case Of The Egomaniac

Lost in the web of life
Drowning in a deluge of power
The egomaniac is not in touch with reality
Totally attuned to his culture of selfishness
He cannot grasp the meaning of selflessness
Nor pretend to know the difference between wrong and right
He is living in his make believe world
A world of impunity and recklessness
A world swamped with greed and corruption
The egomaniac has breached the barricade of common sense
Enveloping himself in a fragile bubble of power
He stands ready to capsize humanity
He is not bothered by the wailing and suffering in his wake
Nor moved by the protruding fear in the face of his victims
He is totally encapsulated in a cocoon of selfishness

Kenneth Maswabi

The Certain Uncertainty Of Reality

Reality may intersect
Forming islands of sanity
But most of us live in our own realities
Far away from each other
We encircle our hearts with materialism
Abandoning our neighbours
We hug each other inside our religions
Deserting the poor and vulnerable
We are scattered on the perimeter of this reality
Not knowing the whereabouts of our fellow human beings
We are dispersed inside the labyrinth of our sanity
Forgetting to check on each other's insanity
Insanity is now classified in the halls of medical science
And the insane are bundled together
In the hands of mental institutions
It is not fair to define reality
When the so called reality
Is full of uncertainty
And different people
Spend most of their lives
Buried in uncertainties
The certain uncertainty of reality
A question we should all ponder
And come up with a better definition of reality
Reality is probably non-existent
It is common to agree to disagree
Because time is not on the side of reality
And space is not governed by this reality
So we are all unreal under the uncertainty of this reality
Kenneth Maswabi
(13-09-2019)

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 Closed Eyes Of Consciousness

Open your eyes
Look through the shroud of death
A new life awaits those who seek Love
Love is the light and path of true consciousness
Love is the propagation of life
In search of true harmony
Love is life in harmony
A pureness of being
Stillness
Love

Existence is not the same as life or Love
Existence exists inside life
Life exists inside Love
Love is lifeless
Love is nonexistent
Love is nothingness
Love is emptiness
Love is Love

In this emptiness
In this nonexistence
In this lifelessness
In this nothingness
Love emerges
Sprouting like seedlings
Rising like the morning sun
Blooming
Love is everything
Love is the womb of being
Love is Eternity

Kenneth Maswabi

The Color Of Your Heart

Choose a colour for your heart
Most people choose grey
Not committed to do good or bad
Only taking life as it comes
Indulging in any form of fun
The heart is a hospital
It needs a bit of pink
To soothe the pain
And a tinge of blue
In celebration of life
Maybe crimson red
For the romantic ones
White is for those in denial
Pretending to be in control
Black is for the mystics
Who know the beauty of silence
And the mysteries of the night
Choose whatever colour
Do not be afraid
The heart is possibly the only colourless place
In the whole of the universe

Kenneth Maswabi

The Colour Of True Romance

In the world of lovers
It is an art to be romantic
It is not the mood in the room
Nor the love song
It is not a matter of red roses
Nor the candle lights
It is not the bed of roses
Nor the velvet curtains
It is not the time
Nor the weather

It is not the short skirt
Nor the tight jeans
It is not the lipstick
Nor the six packs
It is not even the G-string
Nor the g-spot

It is the canvas of the heart
The contentment
The ecstasy of Love
The absence of me and you
The presence of us

The colour of true romance
Is found in the ability to create oneness
The absence of time and space
A perfect union
A lovers' nest
The eclipse of the hearts
Eternity
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 Deployment Of Lies

Lies are now part of the survival kit now
In every situation lies are unnecessarily deployed
To muffle or to distort reality
To silence critics and bully the honest
It is a terrible situation
Lies are deployed in front of children
Fathers and mothers are recklessly using lies
To defend their indefensible behaviour
Young children are adopting this dark art
To disarm their school yard competitors
And to deceive their unsuspecting teachers
Pastors and the so called "prophets"
Are feeding the flock with lies
To nourish their congregations
It is total chaos
When lies are deployed in churches and other religious gatherings
The dark cloud of lies
Hovers over our heads
Every time we listen to television, radio and other news outlets
No one is innocent
We are all players in this deadly game
Unless we disarm ourselves of these lies
We are doomed to wallow in the pool of wickedness

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 Dimensions Of Ego Versus Love

It is not uncommon to hold delusions in our minds
And it is not common to accept our insanity
Yet we polish our lives with the very same tools of insanity
Showcasing our man-made identities (egos)with ease
We hold the contents of our minds in high regard
And we scorn those who did not accumulate enough knowledge
Sentencing them to a lifetime of poverty and suffering
We define the perimeters of existence with material yard sticks
Subjecting the "have-nots" into the realm of nonexistence
It is the very tools of insanity that make us sane
And pushes us to accumulate bags and bags of insanity
This insanity is called wealth
And it allows us to wallow in the pleasures of this world
Creating a gigantic rift valley of inequality

It is not uncommon to clothe ourselves with Love
And it is common to hold hands and accept our insanity
Displaying our Love in the streets of life
We carelessly and recklessly parade our insanity
With no regards to the sanity of the scientists and other physical beings
With their narrow definition of reality
They have abandoned the rich dimensions of Love
With its abundant supernatural resources
And immense spirit of togetherness
The answer to all of our problems on earth
Probably lie hidden underneath the sand dunes of our sanity

They (scientists)have abandoned the phenomenon of Love
Which they cannot yet place in the scientific microscope
And have failed to come up with a logical explanation
To demystify the origin of this sacred phenomenon
They have now accepted to live side by side with the insanity called Love
Meanwhile allowing inequality to flourish
And poverty to ravish our lives

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 Ego Free Are Free

There are many prisoners
In the world of Ego
Captured by their egocentric life
Imprisoned by the burden of their selfish thoughts
Hospitalized by their lack of knowledge
The egocentric are prisoners of the mind
Locked in a dungeon of ego
They roam the streets of our life
Immersed in their self-serving cocoon

The egocentric are lost
Stolen by the slave ship of individualism, materialism and selfishness
Totally clueless about their destiny
They ride the highways of life
With their heads held high
And pockets full of pride

Totally unarmed
And defenseless against spiritual warfare
The egocentric have forgotten the art of spiritual warfare
The art of barricading your heart with Love
And serving others with humility
The spirit of kindness and compassion
The ego free are free
To launch a counterattack with Love
And be immersed in eternal victory

Love is the weapon of spiritual warriors
Love is the weapon of mass destruction of ego-centrism
Love is the ballistic missile and the shield
The bullet and the armor
The key, the lock and the door to eternal freedom
Love is everything

Kenneth Maswabi

The Emotions

Do not call me stupid
Because I was not afraid to cry
I was not afraid to taste the bitterness in my own tears
And know the meaning of sorrow

In that moment
When everything fell apart
And tears started to flow
I was inside the home of sorrow
And all my powers were drained
I learnt the art of emptiness
As I was melted into nothingness by the pot of sorrow
I knew what it meant to Love someone
And I knew what it meant to Love myself
I knew what it meant to Love God
And my test in this world was complete

I was a new found (born)Lover
I was in Love with the nakedness of my Soul
I was a renewed Spirit full of Hope
And my Faith was tested in the pit of fire
I was now ready to put on the crown of Love
And be the illuminated Light
I was a true Lover

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 Emptiness Of Loneliness

She was a river
And he was the raindrops
Together they were an ocean

She was the key
And he was the door
Together they were a home

She was the sky
And he was the sun
Together they were the day

She was the night
And he was the Silence
Together they were the dream

But today she is loneliness
And he is emptiness
Together they are sorrow

Kenneth Maswabi

The Empty Cup Of Death

She looked up the sky
And she thought it was falling on her
She was inside a dream with no windows
And she could see herself suffocating
She wished for rain
To come and wash her dream away
To dilute her pain
And make it bearable
It's not that she fears darkness
She has been there before
When she lost her beloved mother
But this time it was different
The sky was too dark
And the sun was charred
The moon was nowhere to be found
She was all alone in this burnt out life
She was at the edge of her lifeline
She wanted to let go
To be free from pain
To be empty of sorrow
She was tired of holding onto Hope
She had given up on Love
She had torn her faith to pieces
She was ready
To undress herself
And pour out her Spirit
Into the empty cup of death

Depression is real...seek help

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 Era Of Information Madness

The human brain is totally submerged in a flood of contaminated knowledge
Harmful and toxic knowledge is circulating around the World Wide Web
Social media has turned into a sewage of stinking information
Falsehoods and half-baked truths are all over the place
We are in an era of information madness
Reality is adjusted to fit the latest dump of breaking fake news
Humanity is getting lost in this pile of rubbish
Politics is spewing out toxic equations for our mounting problems
Unsolvable equations meant to fool us into submission
Religion is producing a thousand madmen per second
In this modern factory of Jihadism
Nationalism is chucking out a bucketful of hatred and violence
In a stupendous re-energization of racism and bigotry

Let us stop this madness

Kenneth Maswabi

The Era Of Spiritual Enlightenment Is Now

The clouds of consciousness parted
The mist within decimated
And a clear sky was unveiled
Now I can see the vast emptiness inside my Soul
I can see through billions of entangled neurological philosophies
I can see myself clearly
I am an empty sky
Everything else is pollution
My mind, body and soul are made up of nothingness
My spirit is the foundation of my being
And my life is a path of Light
I can only be me if I am you
I am no longer alone
I am inside you
And you are inside me
Our bond is Love
Our path is Love
Our destination is Love
Who can separate us?
Only a fool will temper with our Love
It is impossible to hold me back
Because I am in Love with Love
And you are my Lover
Love is the light, the way, the truth and the Life
Love is my commitment
And Loving you is all I can do
Do not fear
I can see clearly
There is nothing else to fear
The cloud of darkness has lifted
And the eternal path is illuminated
We are going home

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 Eternal Light

Ignited to illuminate all existence
This light is the river inside us all
It flows towards the source of all existence
It is born out of the purest Love
It is Love poured in a cup of gold
It is the same light symbolized by the stars
It is in every heart and every Soul
It is the ray of hope
The light at the end of the tunnel
It is the power supply of life
It is there to lead us home
It is a torch in the darkness
It is the only source of warmth
It is the only source of joy
It lives for ever

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 Fabric Of Deception

It's no longer a moral or religious dogma
The fabric of deception has enveloped us
Everyone is fascinated with lies, falsehood and untruths
The world over is flooded with all kinds of deception, lies and fake news
The era of the white lie as the only acceptable lie is over
Now all kinds of lies are brandished daily on television and newspaper
Whether for political gain or for social status
Lies are recklessly used to win arguments
And carelessly vomited in public places
The era of social media has inflated the space for disseminating lies
It is no longer a moral embarrassment to lie
It is cool to lie as long as you are propagating your political opinion
Truly humanity is on the path of destruction
Every layer of security in our moral senses is being destroyed
Every sacred door is being opened
It is a dog eat dog world
And we are all victims of our own selfishness
It is selfish to lie
Abandoning the collective consciousness
We are now wandering near the perimeter of darkness
Our hearts are being turned into stone cold buckets of lies
We are witnessing the insurgency of wickedness
And the final chapters of moral decay
Life as we know it is over
And a new era of darkness is upon us
It is not too late though
The path of light is always within
The truth is a sacred covenant
A sacrifice and an altar
I can only hope
That this is just a mirage in the path of life
And that the truth will always be our compass

Kenneth Maswabi

The Face Of Africa

It is the meandering streams
Rivers of hope that fill her eyes
As tears that scream of hope
The dream of Africa
Sits in her eyes
As dew sits on the grass of her plains
Full of uncertainty and nightmares from her past

The face of Africa
Wallows in misery
A chronic lack of care
Has left its mark of despair
It is her children's dreams
That fall from her eyes
It is her women's screams
That stretches her womb
It is her men's desperation
That fills her with sorrow

Where is the Hope?
In all this open plains
Where is the dream?
In all this scattered seeds
It is the face of Africa
That tells the story of ruin
A royal princess
Captured by reckless bandits

The face of Africa is a dream
That is ever clouded
By the scars
That run from her head to toe
Hiding the beauty and the splendour
Of a continent with a rich heritage
It is not certain if Africa
Will rise again
From the ever flowing dream of Hope
And wake the heart of Love
To capture and cultivate her dreams

Africa, my queen
Undress yourself of the dust and pain
Wash your scars clean
And paint yourself with Love
It is time to come back home
To your royal palace
And gather your people
To cross the river of Hope
And enter the land flowing with milk and honey

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 Fire Of Negative Energy

I lost so many potential friends
I lost close relatives
I lost part of you
I lost part of myself
I lost a whole lot of opportunities
Because of negative energy

I lost my good heartedness
I lost my peace
I lost my kindness
I lost my compassion
I lost my humility
Because of negative energy

I am never going back
To the fire of negative energy
Where my heart was scorched
By the blazing flames of hatred
The raging inferno of jealousy
The devouring flames of gormandising
The evil fire of selfishness

Kenneth Maswabi

The Foreign Land Of Change

In my country
My countrymen (women)are all peaceful people
Full of dreams and hope
They dream of a new era of equality & prosperity
They are hopeful of a new tomorrow brimming with opportunities
Peeping through the window of time
I know it's possible
It's possible to disinfect yourselves from your past
It's possible to put on a royal gown
And stand on the pedestal of success
It's possible to fulfil your dreams
And be the star that shines everyday
It's possible to unveil a new future
A bright future fully clothed with opportunities
But my tribesmen (women)are not ready to embark on a journey of change

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 Future Is An Illusion

It is not known when the future will begin or end
It is only a matter of time before the future is exposed
It is never my intention to play with the secrets of time
And expose the illusion that hold our sanity together
It is my intention to open the window of my insanity
And see beyond reason
Look far ahead of time and be present in the future
I don't want your predictions and projections
I want the untainted whisper of a dream
I want the express train of consciousness
To hold me and fold me into tiny pieces of imagination
And throw me to the ends of time
Whether in my sleep or fantasy
I want to feel the breeze of time
And pass through the door of imagination
Into the realm of my insanity
I want to delete time and space in my subconscious mind
And be present in nothingness
Naked and free
I want to be an illusion
Just like the future
I want to stay in the shadows
And not reveal my secrets
I want to remain a mystery
And be one with Silence
I want emptiness
I want total fusion
Into the fabric of eternity
I want to forget about me
And be one with you
In your hope, faith and Love
I want to touch your loneliness
And be inside your tears
I want to be your sorrow
And be your hope
I want to open the window of joy
And invite you to the garden of happiness
I want to be the flower
Openly in Love with you

It is now or never
It is time to expose the Truth
And show you eternity
A blissful existence
Neither in the past
Nor in the future
Always in the present
Love...

Kenneth Maswabi

The Garden Of Spiritual Pearls

In His wisdom
God gave us the keys to eternity
To unlock the sacred door
And feast on the everlasting fruits
Because He Loved us so much
He gave us everything we will ever need
And packaged it into a phenomenon called Love
He was very generous
And gave us Himself (God is Love)
To be the light and the path
In our daily walk of life
He certainly was a visionary
Because He opened the door Himself (Jesus)
And showed us the way
In this thing called Love
True happiness is abundant
Peace is blossoming
Kindness is planted
Humility is nourished
All the spiritual pearls
Are found in Love
Open the sacred door of your heart
And gather yourself
Remove all your fears
And be absent
Let Love be you
And emptiness embrace you
It is this emptiness
That opens the inner door
The door to eternity
From here onwards
Love is your host
Love is your fabric
Love is your food
Love is your existence
Love is you
You are a Lover

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 Heart Of A Poet

A poet lives in an island of consciousness
Bathed by the cold breeze of existence
A poet rises above his self-limiting ego
Shattering his man-made reality
A poet strives to touch silence
To become one with the un-created
To know the mystery of existence
To start from the beginning of creation
Excavating the meaning of life
From the lake of love, the purified consciousness
He moulds the first steps of our existence
Awakening a deep yearning inside the heart
A poet gives life to words
Creating a story of our existence
Exposing the secret of sorrow
Displaying the power of Love
The heart of a poet is soaked with secrets

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 Human Spirit

It is not a given
That every morning
The human spirit will wake up
And tend to the heart
And bring happiness to our lives

The human Spirit is a living being
In need of attention & care
The human spirit is fed kindness, compassion and love
The human spirit is showered with humility at every moment
The human spirit is given moments of Silence
To allow renewal and regrowth
The human spirit is elevated by good deeds

The human spirit can be contaminated
Diluted with malicious chemicals
Overpowered by evil
The human spirit is like a flower
Feeding on sunlight
Attracting beauty and life
With its colourful petals
Beautiful fragrance
And sweet nectar
The human spirit is Love

Kenneth Maswabi

The Human Spirit Is A Fluid

In its original form
The human spirit is empty of impurities
It is purely made up of Love
And it's immortal
And everlasting

Just like other fluids
The human spirit can be contaminated
And polluted with all sorts of poisonous chemicals (spells)
Just like water
The human spirit can be inhabited by all sorts of entities
It is this nature of the spirit that allows it to support life
And it is this nature of the spirit that makes it vulnerable to evil

Unlike other fluids
The human spirit is a superfluid
Capable of defying gravity
It can cleanse itself of all impurities
It can be totally eradicated of all forms of evil
It can be filled with kindness, compassion, peace, Love and all the sacred virtues

In its stillness, the human spirit is a church of God

Kenneth Maswabi

The Illuminated Light

I squeezed my mind to the brink of madness
Trying to imagine the enormousness of the universe
I had to take a chill pill
And relax my poor mind
Then I remembered my heart
I tried to imagine using my heart
I barricaded all thoughts into a soundproof vault of my consciousness
And opened my heart to the breeze of silence

It was an amazing display of supernatural powers
As physics and mathematics vaporized
And a new form of knowledge emerged
I saw the meaninglessness of the universe
It was a realm of foolishness
Where you cannot touch the sky
But yet the sky is staring at you
You cannot jump any higher
Before the forces of gravity pulled you back

I dived deep into the realm of eternity
Suddenly I was consumed by the Spirit
And I became nothingness
I was everywhere and everything
I was the beginning and the end
I was the universe
I was eternity
I was timelessness
I had disappeared from the face of the universe
And I was the illuminated light

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 Injustice Of Mr. Justice

In his dominion

Mr. Justice is a man of justice

Upholding all statutes of law

Having erected a sophisticated legal structure

Mr. Justice is proud of his achievements

With his system of lawyers and judges

Mr. Justice is certain to deliver justice to the masses

But what is justice?

Is it a swinging gate delivering bondage or freedom?

Or a complicated ethical dilemma

That offers a Band-Aid solution to the matters of the human race

A camouflaging of the pothole that stands between the rich and poor

Mr. Justice is selling justice to the highest bidder

The rich and well off are getting away unscathed by the shackles of Mr. Justice

With their pockets full of looted money

They have undressed the injustices of Mr. Justice

And revealed a system that is pro-rich people

The poor are once again left in the cold

With their faces plastered with legal jargon

The poor are too poor to afford justice

The poor cannot afford to navigate the complicated legal highway

The poor have no means of confronting Mr. Justice

Kenneth Maswabi

The Inward Path Is Outward

As I embarked in the journey of the spirit
And buried my head in the deepest part of my heart
I realized that the inward path is taking me back to you
I found you at the bottom of my heart
I found the tabernacle of my spirit
I found the umbilical cord of my existence
And as I followed this mysterious source of life
I found the womb of my existence
I found Love
Love is the womb of existence
And we are the children of Love
Love is our home
And we are the home of Love
Love is the essence of our lives
And we live to Love
Love is the source of our happiness
And we celebrate Love
Love and fall in Love
Be in Love

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 Knot Of Lies

Not many lies
Just a few
To kill time
And maybe tie a knot
It's not uncommon to fall in love
At first sight
But he thinks this time he will stay
He is a terrible liar
And she is too quick
To point him to the door
He forgot his charm at home
She is all charmed up
A good time is always short
Lies have short legs
It's over
Before it began

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 Language Of Love

Love has no language
But yet it speaks in all languages
Love is a silent language
But yet it is a billion decibels
Love speaks in metaphysical tones
But yet it's a biopsychosocial phenomenon
Love creates poetry in its path
But yet it is silent in its nature
Love listens to all languages
But yet Love speaks only in Love
Love is neither a language nor a song
Love is a language, a poem and a song combined
Love is a smile, a hug and a kiss combined
The language of Love is Love

Kenneth Maswabi

The Last Day

As if at the end of time
Time seems to be slowing down
As we gather our friends and families
In our usual traditional way of celebration
We stand in awe of this day
One decade is shattered
And another one emerges
From the burrow of time
A sense of renewal
And Hope is in the air
The womb of creation
Giving birth again
To yet another exciting moment
A new dawn of time is upon us
It is only fair
That we raise our glasses
And say 'cheers' to the past
And another 'cheers' to the future
It is remarkable
How time unfolds
Opening a new chapter
While we are still mourning the passing away of a decade
It is only true that the train of time is unstoppable
And we are just passengers
In this madness

Happy New Year! ! ! Happy New Decade! !

Kenneth Maswabi

The Life Of A Lucid Dreamer

It is not a dream
It is someone's life
It is my life
Intertwined with this reality
It becomes a dream
A passing veil of mysteries
A mist in the depth of the night
A fantastic story
To be told to the insane
Lucid dreaming is a revelation
An exploration of consciousness
A tour past the boundary of life
A rearrangement of reality
An unconscious awakening
Consciousness is unveiled in unconsciousness
Unconsciousness is made conscious
A meeting of two different beings
United by one body and one dream
Life is an untold story
Unfolding inside and outside us
Unending and everlasting
Life is a lucid dream

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

In its barricaded command center
The mind oversees complex issues
Both domestic and extra-terrestrial
Physical and spiritual dilemmas
Tactical and defensive
And sometimes offensive strategies
The mind is a military garrison, a church and a hospital
Weaponized to defend against hostilities
Or sometimes appease human emotions
With words, the mind can blow a hole in your life
And ferociously feed on your vulnerabilities
With words, the mind can bring peace
And diplomatically end wars
With thoughts, the mind can stealthily injure an opponent
Or bring innovative ideas to the table
With ideas, the mind can inhibit progress
Or exhibit brilliant mathematical prowess
The mind is an extraordinary android
Capable of Love
And also capable of apocalyptic destruction
The mind needs to be taught the ethos of humanity
And protected from wandering into the wilderness

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 Mind Of Man

The mind of man
An illusion
Always touching the sky
But not impressed
By the gliding birds
Always pointing fingers
But not moved
By the flickering flames of hell
Always looking forward
But blinded
By the lack of faith
The mind of man
A bottomless mystery
Hanging on a thread
Logic is defeated
To produce the logical mind
Which is sometimes illogical
Especially in the hands of fear
The mind of man
An enigma
Oozing out of nothing
Consciousness
The root of all mysteries

Kenneth Maswabi

The Mind Of Poets

Poets have nothing to hide
Not because they are full of lies
Or because they are well groomed
But because they are the voice of consciousness

Poets are explorers of consciousness
Unveiling the hidden worlds deep within our minds/hearts
Extracting the bad and the good out our existence
Exposing the beauty of life
As well as the ugliness of life

Poets are a treasure to society
Openly discussing the hidden realities of our daily living
Sometimes displaying the hidden madness beneath our "normal"
lives
Overtly describing some of our deepest feelings

Poets are not afraid to explore the furthest points of consciousness
Putting their own sanity at risk
In their quest to illuminate the Truth
And disclose the truth about life

The mind of poets is not hospitalized in the current reality
Nor bound by the current definition of madness
The mind of poets is a supernatural entity
Obsessed with the supernatural stuff called consciousness

Kenneth Maswabi

The Miraculous Existence

There is no sorrow in God
Only Love
Tears are clothes to keep our heart warm
Love is the armour & strength in our hearts
We are beautifully created
And all our worries are shredded before our eyes
We are a generation of Love
And Love dresses all our thoughts
In this existence
Life is a mystery that is illuminated
The path of glory shines before our feet
We offer our hearts as sacrifices
We give ourselves totally and unconditionally
We are the sons and daughters of Love
Love is everything that you can dream about
Love is the essence of this Life
Be in Love
And you will know the Truth
The miraculous existence exist

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 Mystery In You

Standing at the door of mystery
As the mystery unfolds
Your door is opened
Your heart rejoices
You are the mystery
Step in
And be your own guest
In your own house
This mystery is you
This mystery is them
This mystery is God
This mystery is eternity
This mystery is Love

Kenneth Maswabi

The Mystery Of Curves

In the mind's eye
Every curve has a meaning
Neither sour nor salty
All curves have a sweet taste
Soft and smooth
It is the language of romance
The art of lovers
It is a the fluidity of fluids
The never ending spectacle life
Curves makes life more interesting
Unveiling the hidden beauty on every corner
It is the curve of the eye that attracts lights
The original artist was a curve artist
Painting all sorts of curves
Until the canvas of creation was filled with curves
It is this curves
That bend the fabric of time
And penetrate the lover's heart
It is this curves
That makes a smile a beautiful event
It is the curve that makes sunset the perfect sight for lovers
It is the curves that hides the mysteries of the universe
The mystery of curves is neither hidden in mathematical formula
Nor a random act of recklessness
The mystery of curves opens the veil of simplicity
That covers all of eternity

Kenneth Maswabi

The Mystic

Mystery

In human form

Possessed by a deep yearning to find the truth

Inside the cosmic world of consciousness

Inside the emptiness of everything

The mystic is never asleep

Always dreaming

Always awake

To the reality beyond

To the world of the Soul

The mystic is not at home

Inside the normal boundaries of life

Exploring the wilderness of imagination, dreams & beyond

Seeking the truth deep inside the desolate valleys of the heart

The mystic is not a mathematician

Studying complex equations

And logical algorithms

In the search for the truth

The mystic is attracted by silence

Allowing silence to absorb him/her

To be dissolved in silence

And become silence

As silence explodes

Love is revealed

Kenneth Maswabi

The Mystic's Path

Drawn to the tabernacle of secrets
Attracted by the beauty of the Truth
The mystic has to die to himself (herself)
Folds his/her Ego
And buries it

Possessed by the mystery of mysteries
The mystic journeys through life
Following the echoes of silence
In the footsteps of consciousness
Wearing nothing but emptiness

Consumed by the desire to know
To be one with the truth
To be inside the truth
The mystic must enter the heart of Love
And be one with Love

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 Ocean Of Consciousness

Consciousness gave birth to existence
Existence gave birth to a diversity of life
Life multiplied and created biodiversity
Biodiversity produced colourful stories
Stories are created by the mind
The mind is the house of consciousness
Consciousness is set to recover its purpose
And redefine its destiny

Consciousness is not constructed nor created
Consciousness is not born nor destroyed
Consciousness is a river of eternal thoughts
Consciousness is the everlasting dimension
Consciousness does not have a physical vault
Consciousness does not need a physical vessel
Consciousness is a timeless ever-flowing river

In consciousness nothing exist
Yet in consciousness everything exist
The purest form of consciousness is Love
Love is the fabric of consciousness
Love is the atomic structure of consciousness
Love gives birth to more consciousness
Love is the ocean of consciousness
When everything ceases to exist, only Love remains

Kenneth Maswabi

The Pain In My Heart

It is not a stabbing pain
That hurts my heart
It is not an open wound
That afflicts my heart
It is not an ordinary pain
That torches my Soul
Hurting my spirit
It is a pain made of Love
It is a pain emanating from Love
It is a pain at the centre of my being
It is a pain that only Love can soothe
It is a pain that only Love can heal

Dedicated to the victims of xenophobia in South Africa

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 Life

It was given to us
To nourish
To replenish
To sustain
To soothe and massage
To explore its cavities
To extract its juices
To carry its burden
To nurse its wounds
To feel its pain
To remain faithful to its path
To live and let live
Life was given to us
To reap what we sow
To enjoy
To rejoice
To Love

Kenneth Maswabi

The Path Of Life (Ego Versus Love)

Broken accords scattered
Twigs on the path of life
Fragile thoughts are gathered
Twisted into a knot (ego)
To tie the inflated balloon
That envelopes our lives
It is not uncommon
To suffocate under this heavy tent
It is a philosophy for fools
And a meal for the lost
Ego is senselessness
But yet it stands erect
On the path of life
It is common
To put on the garment of ego
And think you are powerful
It is only a fool
Feeding on a bunch of delusions
An illusory state of being
Painted on the waterfalls of life
It is unusual
To see through the veil of ego
And see beyond the limit of logic
The realm of the spirit
A treasure trove of riches
An insane world
Of boundless Love
The abundance of Love
Envelopes the heart
In an eternal embrace
Illuminating the grace of God

Kenneth Maswabi

The Path Of Light

In the realm of light
It is unnecessary to doubt yourself
It is totally reckless to judge yourself
It is beyond belief to curse yourself
It is the open hand of God that guides us
It is the Truth in us that gives us rest
It is the stillness in our hearts that calms our Spirit
It is the Love in us that unites us with God
It is the ocean of eternity that quenches our thirst
It is the path of light that illuminates our way
It is the Spring of life that gives us more life
On this path there is no suffering
There is no sorrow
Love is the cloth that keeps us warm
Love is the joy that flows from our hearts
Love is the life that fills our veins
Love is the path of light

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 Pathless Path

On this path
There is no path
Only light
Illuminating the heart
The eternal path
Is not a path
But a beautiful existence
A peaceful garden
A spring of life
This pathless path
Can take you further & higher
Than you have ever imagined
It is existence
Emptiness
And Love
The fountain of life
The Creator
The potter's clay
It is the silence
That never ends
The music that never stops
It is the everlasting path
The beginning and the end
Of everything
It is Love
It is God

Kenneth Maswabi

The Pen Of Love

It is nothing out of the ordinary
For a Lover to kiss the beloved
And open the chest of secrets
Sharing the nectar of Love
In this union, the rhythm of Love is defined
And the ecstasy of Love is attained

A Lover is not interested in dillydallying
And hopping from one emotion to the other
A Lover is content with Love
In Love, a Lover is complete
In Love, a Lover is fulfilled

It is through the pen of Love
That Lovers can reach each other
And exchange Love letters
It is the Love in them
That drives them to be one
Regardless of the distance
Or the situation
Or the emotion
Lovers are continuously together

Kenneth Maswabi

The Pendulum Of Life

I have been thrown to the darkest corners of life
Covered with a blanket of sorrow
And enveloped in sadness
I have seen my tears flow
And my eyes swell with sadness
I have seen my heart broken
And my life shattered
I have been to the realm of sorrow

I have tasted the sweetest nectar of life
I have held joy in my heart
And embraced happiness
I have been to many places
And ate the most delicious food
I have held Love in my hands
And wallowed in the pool of ecstasy
I have been to the realm of joy

I have been to the classroom of logic
I have consumed endless pieces of mathematics
And submerged myself in the ocean of science
I have studied the human mind
And dissected the human body
I have knitted the facts together
And discarded lies
I have been to the realm of scientific discourse

I have been to the house of faith
Knelt down in prayer
And believed in God

I have been to the realm of Light
Wallowed in mystery
Swallowing secrets
And illuminating the pearls of life

I have embraced Silence in my life
Neither in the land of joy nor sorrow
Silence is a realm of nothingness

A realm of Love
Where the spirit is naked
And the body and mind are at rest

The pendulum of life is swinging
I am totally and wholeheartedly swinging with it

Kenneth Maswabi

The People's Voice

Traumatized by the tragedy of poverty
Chronically pestered by this inflammatory scourge
The people's voice is lost in the loud noise of deceit
Greed and corruption
The people's voice is enveloped in a smog of hopelessness
Silenced by the venomous rhetoric of politicians & economists
Overwhelmed by the power of materialism
The people's voice has been lost in the courtroom of capitalism
The poor and vulnerable have no platform to speak
Ever engaged in their search for meaningful existence
The poor have given up their right to be heard
They exist in the emptiness of their homes
Tormented by hunger and disease
The people's voice is dead

Kenneth Maswabi

The Pillow Of Silence

Every time I rest my head on the pillow of Silence
I am totally transformed
Into an illuminated being
A beautiful being
A selfless being
Everything is melted
And Love becomes my reality
In this state, Love is everything
Love is the key to every dimension
Happiness, joy, peace and freedom
Are all rooms in the house of Love
As I enter the realm of Love
My nakedness is projected
And my ego is erased
Humility, kindness and compassion
Are my clothes
Love is my flesh
Love is my spirit
And I am totally in Love with Love
In this union, Love is my path, destination and my home
I am in a journey yet I am at home
I am a physical entity yet I am non-existent
I am at the height of happiness
And my joy comes from the well of existence
It is through the pillow of silence
That my life is unfolded
And the unknown becomes visible
And poetry is poured
Into the cup of my heart
It is this pillow of silence
That keeps me both insane and sane
Allowing me to transverse the dimensions
From the physical to nothingness
The ultimate transformation
Happens when i become Love
Yes, Love is my destination

Kenneth Maswabi

The Pleasurable Taste Of Pleasure

Love is the pleasurable taste of pleasure
That is beyond imagination
Neither the sweetness of nectar
Nor the ecstatic pleasure of sex
Can be compared to Love
Love is a state of pure pleasure
When the pleasurable taste of pleasure is limitless
When the mind, body and spirit is intertwined beyond recognition

Love is neither joy nor sorrow
It is a secret that is not secretly hidden
It is a mystery that is mysteriously pleasurable
It is an everlasting pleasant taste
A state of health beyond the physical
A state of bliss beyond logic
A state of total harmony beyond perfection

Love is the pleasurable taste of pleasure
That is not defined by the five senses
A pleasure of being true to your inner self
Not defined by time nor obstructed by space
A pleasure that makes the five senses look like kindergarten toys
A pleasure that is not defined by physical nor nonphysical realities
An eternal pleasurable taste of pleasure

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 Poorest Member Of The Family

In this family of human beings
Life is a piece of bread meant to be shared
In joy, we eat together at the table of happiness
In sorrow, we gather around the cold fire of pain
In this manner, life is a blessing and a sacrifice
Life is the harmonious overflowing of Love
And the revelation of eternity
Life is a sacred covenant

Now, we dismantled this family of human beings
Dissecting the heart of this ancient phenomenon
We extracted the Love out of this Soul
And replaced it with selfishness
Branded as capitalism, individualism and competition
We made life into a race
You either win or lose, you're either rich or poor
The wedge between human beings is forever elongating
The family of human beings is mutilated

Life is a covenant of Love
A harmonious system of joy and sorrow
Tears and laughter
Life is a tabernacle
A place of worship
A fellowship of human beings

Now, we have cultivated a trillion hectares of poverty
And made a life of suffering a reality for our children
We have multiplied our sorrow
And our tears outnumber our laughter
Love is frozen still in our hearts
And greed, jealous and selfishness are roaming the streets
Ego has taken over the family business
Our lives faces an apocalyptic damnation
Humanity is at the edge of the cliff of eternal damnation

Now, Love is our Hope and Faith
Love is the light that paves the path to eternity
Love is the eternal answer, the sacrifice and the covenant

Love is the everlasting renewable energy that powers life
Love is the essence of Life

Let us remember these words said by my uncle Gothusang Kgobero
"You are as poor as the poorest member of the family."

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 Simplicity

Simplicity is a stealth technology
Designed eons of years ago
To outmanoeuvre complex personalities
And sophisticated designs
Simplicity is a weapon for the wise
A marvellous invention of unsurpassed power
Simplicity buries the type A personalities
Overwhelming them with un-paralleled mental framework
Simplicity is found buried in nature's DNA
The rose with its charm is surrounded by simplicity
A drop of water is totally immersed in simplicity
The sky is the ultimate complexity simplified
Life has conspired to celebrate simplicity
In all its form, life showcases the power of simplicity

Simplicity is my kind of poetry
Devoid of complex hidden meanings
Almost naked in its form and style
Barren of complicated words
But pregnant with life
Exploding with Love
Love is the womb of simplicity
Oozing with the simplest reason for the origin of life
Life exist to showcase Love

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 with 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 Promised Land

A political bulldozer
Hard at work
Ideological garbage
Inserted in the minds
Of the poor and vulnerable
Every five years
Eyes are strained
Necks outstretched
In search of the promise land
No questions asked
Political trickery at play
A lot of soul searching
A lot of disappointments
A new beginning
Broadcasted on loudspeakers
Into the minds of the oppressed
A new beginning
Swallowed whole
The same error
Repeated for a life time
Democracy is a bitter pill
Taken every day
For a life time
To cure life

Kenneth Maswabi

The Purpose Of Life

The journey of life
Serves two purposes
Like day and night
Life is creation and dreams
In the day we create
At night we dream
In the day we are outside ourselves
At night we are inside ourselves
As we create, we marvel at our own creation
And get absorbed in our own creation
As we dream, we forget ourselves
And pour our hearts out in silence
The truth is that life is neither creation nor dreams
Life is the force behind our creation and our dreams
Life seeks to expose our dreams
Life seeks to expose our creation
Life seeks to expose our mortality and immortality
To expose our body, mind and Spirit
Just like day and night are exposed
That is the purpose of life

Kenneth Maswabi

The Pursuit Of Justice (And/Or Injustice)

In the court of law
Justice is neither here nor there
Suspended in the inflated balloon of procedures
Justice is hanging on by a thread
And it is Injustice that is about to be celebrated
It is totally acceptable to follow procedures
But what if Justice dies?
It is not unusual for the court
To declare Justice dead
In the name of fairness
It is the fabric of law
That allows Injustice to be an equal partner
In this tug of war
The rich and wealthy know this
And the politically connected are well aware of it
It is the poor who are left in the dark
In the pursuit of Justice (and/or Injustice)

Kenneth Maswabi

The Realm Of The Spirit

In the realm of the spirit
We are all spirits
Naked & unashamed
No ego to hold us down
And blow our trumpets
We stand in awe of each other
We are each other
Ready to share our Love
To divulge our destiny
The path of glory
The eternal path
Illuminating the majestic presence
The beautiful existence
The Silence within
The lake of the spirit
Love is our only breath
And our Love is unconditional
Unhinged, crazy and perfect
We have no laws to hold us back
We have shattered the wall of ignorance
And we are free
We are in Love

Kenneth Maswabi

The Realm Of The Spirits (Darkness)

It is not uncommon for human beings to be possessed by spirits
Demonic forces that pushes them to the edge of darkness
Suffocating them with their evil intentions
Feeding them with their lies and venom
Dissecting their beautiful heart
Injecting pure evil into their veins

Now Love is the beautiful remedy
The garment of goodness
The perfect defence system against malicious spirits
The armour and the spear
Against all kinds of evil
Love is the fire
That burns all evil
Love is the hospital that rehabilitates all evil doers
Love is the medicine
That heals all hearts

In the eyes of Love
Everyone is made in the image of God
Regardless of race, creed or political orientation
It is not the strong bonds of tribal affiliations
Nor cultural identities
That opens the heart
It is Love

Love is colourless
Undefined structural and geometrical orientation
Unknown chemical construction
Very potent
And uncompromising towards evil

Love is the fire that keeps life warm
The blanket that wraps around the cold skin of life
And the eternal source of goodness
Be in Love

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 Reign Of Poetry

In this kingdom of words
I am an immortal being
Born not of matter
But of the word
Poetry is not only a womb
To give birth to poems
But a garden
To nourish
And nurture the Soul
To breakdown the substance of life
And unveil the heart of existence
To plough the seeds of Hope and Love
And rejoice in the resurrection of the spirit
Poetry is an existence
Outside the body and mind
Unmasked and naked
The spirit celebrates
Floating in the eternal reign of poetry
In this drizzle of words
The spirit is alive
Illuminated by the rays of hope
Aroused by the caressing hands of Love
Poetry is not for the pompous
And those full of venom
It is for the kind hearted
And those undressed of ego
Poetry is sorrow and joy
Openly swinging on the pendulum of life
Poetry is deeper than the deepest pain
And higher than the highest point of happiness
Poetry exist outside the boundary of logic
And is neither governed by the laws of physics
Nor constrained by the application of mathematical formula
Poetry exists to remind us of our origin
In the vastness of nothingness
We were naked
Of body and mind
Only the spirit
Existed before existence

We are all products of the Word

Kenneth Maswabi

The Religion Of Love

To Love is an honor I cannot refuse
To Love is a sacrifice I am willing to take
To Love is a glass of life I am willing to drink
To Love is a moment of creation I am willing to re-live
To Love is to die to myself and live only in the heart of Love
To Love is to accept my emptiness
To Love is to accept my nothingness
To Love is to walk the path of eternity
To Love is to drink from the spring of Life
To Love is to be yourself
To Love is to be one with them
To Love is to be one with God
To Love is to be Love

Kenneth Maswabi

The Remedy

On my prescription
Scribbled in illegibility
Life was dispensed
No doses nor formulations given
Life was a concoction of chemical remedies
And I was the sick patient on the bed of life

In this inhospitable environment
I was blessed with the hospitality of Silence
I could not go a day without submerging myself in this liquid
Silence became my antidote
And soon i realized that the true remedy of life is not prescribed
Nor dispensed on the chapters of pharmacology
It is neither medicine nor physics that hold the key to wellness
It is the calibration of the mind, body and soul
That opens the garden of peace
It is the mixture of peace, joy and Silence
Minus the toxic plume of ego
That will ultimately get you home
It is unconditional Love
That bandages and heals all illnesses
Love is the remedy of life

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 Secret

In your haste to gather material wealth
Do not forget the nonphysical matters of the heart
It is not wise to fill your house with beautiful and expensive items
While your heart is totally empty of happiness
It is not unusual for the human instinct to push us to the field of materialism
And make us gather all sorts of gadgets
It is not uncommon for people to have stacks and stacks of money
And yet feel helplessly depressed
It is wise to balance your needs
And accurately assess your physical and spiritual status
Regardless of what science says
Spirituality is the backbone of true happiness
It is inside the heart
Where life is melted and refined
Into fine mature wine
Or sometimes nectar
To be consumed in the privacy of one's company
Happiness is not sold in the shops
It is a state of being
Just like Love
Happiness is gift
To the Lovers

Kenneth Maswabi

The Secrets To Emptiness

Emptiness is a state of pure Love
Emptiness is the art of selflessness
Empty yourself of negative thoughts
Empty yourself of foul emotions
Empty yourself of the ego
Empty yourself of pride
Empty yourself of selfishness
Empty yourself of greed
Empty yourself of the "me, me, me"
Empty yourself of all that is evil
Empty yourself of foul speech
Empty yourself of fear
Empty yourself

Kenneth Maswabi

The Seeker Is A Beautiful Human Being

Every kind of insanity is unique
The seeker is not in this world
Enveloped by a deep longing
The seeker is looking for light
To illuminate his (her)obsession
And maybe cure him from his insanity
It is not the delicious contents of life that pleases him
It is the intricate workings of the heart that intrigues him
It is the realm of the spirit that mesmerizes him
The seeker is digging into the fabric of Silence
And sometimes attempting to pry open the hard shell of consciousness
It is insane to partake in this journey
Nothing makes logical sense
But it is the logic that the seeker is running away from
A rebellion of historic proportion is taking place in his (her)heart
The seeker is looking for the key
To open the sacred library of mystery
And illuminate the face of the unknown
It is a cumbersome task
But the seeker is continuously nudged on by the hands of the spirit
The seeker is not alone on this journey
There are forces of immense proportions pulling him (her)
The force of Love is the most potent
Giving him (her)the courage and strength to go on
The force of Light is too beautiful to resist
Illuminating the most sacred of secrets
The force of peace is beyond this world
And the force of happiness is too precious to resist
Making the heart a beautiful place
The seeker is already in eternity (heaven)
It is not a journey for today or tomorrow
It is a journey of Love

Kenneth Maswabi

The Seeker Is Looking For His True Self

In his heart, he seeks for the truth
Choosing the hands of silence
To guide him into the mystery of his existence
To hold him and give him strength
To calm his heart and allow his ego to die
To show him the path of light
Wisdom is not enough
To quench the seeker's thirst
Peace is not enough
To calm the seeker's mind
His destiny is deep within the truth
In the uncharted path of existence
A sacred lake of love glitters like the purest diamond
Totally illuminated and purified
Sanctified and holy
Love is the ultimate truth
Beyond the seeker's imagination
Love quenches the Seeker's thirst
And the seeker sees his true self
In the mirror of his heart
He found true Love

Kenneth Maswabi

The Seeker's Eye

The seeker's eye roams neither day nor night
The seeker's eye is not looking for the ordinary patterns of life
The seeker's eye is not blinded by the absence of light
The seeker's eye is not punctured by distance
The seeker's eye is not obstructed by time
The seeker's eye is not hinged to the mind
The seeker's eye is not paralyzed by blindness
The seeker's is neither an illusion nor a delusion
The seeker's eye sits at the edge of eternity

The seeker's eye is operating under the cover of Silence
Not bothered by the wall of insanity
Not alarmed by the questioning eyes of mathematical hypothesis
Not irritated by the ever expanding arena of scientific knowledge
Not demoralized by the lack of geographical coordinates
Nor by the absence of astronomical compass
Not based on physical laws
Nor biology or anatomy

The seeker's eye roams the skies of emptiness
Slicing through echoes of Silence
The seeker's eye is looking for answers
That are melted out of the solidified emptiness
Opening the curtain of nothingness
The seeker's eye is searching for the Truth
That is hidden in the fabric of Silence
The seeker's eye is searching for Love
That is weaved out of nothingness

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 Silence Within

In my world
There exist a time
When everything stops
Emotions are arrested
Thoughts are frozen
Surrounded by silence
All senses are hypnotized
The silence within nourished
Until the heart is aroused
The door is opened
And the silence becomes alive
Wisdom unleashed
The truth displayed
Sacred & sanctified
Love is a state of being

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 nor 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 Soul Carries The Essence Of Life

Creation has never seen
Something so intense
But yet so gentle
Light was combined with Love
Light is the created
Love is uncreated
Love the essence of life
The Truth revealed
God the Holy One
Resides deep within us
In His Majesty
He created the Soul
The path and the light
The Love and the Life
Too precious
Unimaginable
Sacred

Kenneth Maswabi

The Soul Is More Than You

Of all the wonders of the universe
Nothing beats the Soul
Not even the stars
The galaxies and the whole cosmic enterprise
The Soul is not an entity for this realm
But yet again the Soul is fully at home in this world
The Soul is a miniature of the whole eternity
A construction beyond science and technology
No mathematical formula can begin to convey the secrets of the Soul
Neither physical nor nonphysical, the Soul is made of the best idea in the whole
of eternity
It is a product not of thoughts but of Love
It is an existence inside existence
A manufacturing plant for all the virtues
A flower in the garden of eternity
A drop of the purest substance in the whole of existence
An ocean within the fabric of eternity
An emptiness beyond logic
But yet again a fullness beyond imagination
The Soul is the fabric of God
It is within the Soul that the spirit of God manifest
It is the only entity capable of housing God
The Soul, your Soul is more than you can think
An ocean of the purest thoughts (Love)reside within you
A geographical, geometrical and biological illusion
The Soul is capable of housing the whole eternity

Kenneth Maswabi

The Soul Of A Seeker

In the thicket of life
The seeker is looking for the truth
Using the pebbles of consciousness
The seeker constructs a path of knowledge
Enveloped in self-awareness
The seeker is tuned to the voice of silence
Overpowered by the unrelenting waves of silence
The seeker is swept into the ocean of consciousness
In the depth of imagination
The seeker is emptied of existence
Naked and empty
The Soul of a seeker is unveiled
The silence within displayed
The eternal truth
Love, the spring of life
Illuminated

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 Strange Reality

In this twisted set of events
Reality has been dissected
And the contents of its bowels are outside
The smell is real and the sight is unforgiving
Every fly is gathering to feast on this unwelcome strange-looking beast
It is the situation in today's world
Where lies are celebrated and the truth is shunned
Leaders with the loudest and worst lies are elected
And the masses rally behind them like a swarm of flies
Following a stench of rotten meat
It is disgusting to be in the midst of selfishness
Selfishness is a stench of rotting morality
The fabric of our collective consciousness has been removed
And big fat worms are now ransacking our sacred brains
It is a pity to open the gallery of lies
And display a portrait of satisfaction
It is totally abnormal to stare at the wall of madness
And rejoice
The strange reality is encircling us
And we are not prepared to be soaked in its stench
It is mass hysteria
And everyone is hysterical

Kenneth Maswabi

The Studio Of Existence

In this studio
There are no microphones
Nor sophisticated headphones
We only listen to the Silence
And excavate the gems of existence
Sometimes we listen
But all we get is more silence
We have learnt to hold our tears
And be patient
We have learnt to loosen ourselves
And be empty of expectations
We have learnt the art of poetry

In this studio
The music of existence is Silence
You are the medium for the voiceless
Your voice speak the ancient language of existence
Existence exists to be unwrapped and repackaged
In packets of laughter, joy, sorrow, kindness and Love
Life is an instrument of existence
Overflowing with the different vibrations of Silence
With life, Silence is extraordinarily displayed
Through the diversity of life
The seed of life propagates the story of existence
The story of existence is filtered inside the heart
The heart is a magnificent chamber of Silence
The heart is the studio of existence

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 Has No Colour

On its day of manufacturing
The truth was not prescribed any colour
It was left on its original uniform
It is the clearest thing ever made
It is easy to trample on it
Because it is invincible to the naked eye
It is easy to spit on it
Because it has no patterns
It is neither solid nor liquid
It is not a gas as well
Just like water
The truth can be contaminated
And be clothed with all sorts of colourants
It can be divided into little bits and pieces
And be distorted
Just like water
The truth has no taste
But it is the best thing ever made
It is made to quench the thirstiness of the spirit
Without the truth, the spirit is dehydrated
Dizzy and wobbling
It is delirious
And out of tune with reality
The truth is the fabric of the spirit
The truth is living water
Without the truth, the spirit is formless
And unhinged
Lost in the wilderness of wickedness

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 Universe Speaks

In its eternal wisdom
The universe stands detached
From our everyday chattering
And the cluttering of our thoughts
It is the stuttering of our voice
That sums up our brokenness
We are scattered all over the field
Not touched by the harmonious melody of unity
We stand as individuals against the collective consciousness
We have trampled the ethos of humanity
And shredded the tabernacle of our Love
It is true that we are now tampering with our DNA
And unbuttoning the template of life
All this in the name of science
In our pursuit for the finest things in life
We left our hearts (spirit) behind
And chose to carry our minds in our hands
We are now worshipping technology
And the latest gadget is our bible
We are obsessed with selfies and self-promotions
It is the utter selfishness of our minds
That will drive the world into ruin
Our climate is now dilapidated
Global warming is wrecking havoc in our homesteads
And poverty is preying on our children
While we stand choked by our greedy hearts
We have lost the keys to the house of Love
And we are homeless in our own homes
We have strayed far from our own hearts
In search of happiness
We feel suffocated by the lack of direction
And have fallen victims to depression
We have no idea where we are
And where we are going
We are led by a calendar of events
Into an uncertain future
We have lost the skills to clean up our mess
And we are now stuck in a puddle of confusion
It is no wonder the universe is so detached

Every now and then it throws a stone (meteoroid)
To try and wake us up
But our big ego has no time for attention seekers
We are in a perilous path of destruction
Unless we pause and reflect
We need to re-examine our path
To seek the truth amongst the gibberish
And retrieve our long lost compass from the mucky waters of our mind
The Universe has not given up on us
For its existence is hinged on our sober minds
Catastrophic hurricanes and cyclones are just a reminder
Long spells of drought and massive earthquakes
Just a few examples of what the universe can do
It is totally upon us to revise our ways
And re-learn the art of Love
Love is the only remedy to our blindness and stupidity
We need to Love each other
And Love ourselves
We need to care for our environment
And protect our wildlife
We need to kneel down in our hearts
And pray for our forgiveness

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 Unknown

Subconsciously I am aware of you
But I haven't met you
I am always with you
But I haven't seen you
You are always in my dreams
But I am clueless about your life
You control every aspect of my life
But I know little about you
You give me hope
But I have not seen your hand
You give me strength
But I am too weak to see you
I am always in your arms
But I am helplessly unaware
You light my world
And I am enlightened
I am submerged in you
And you are my pillow
I am your temple, altar and sacrifice
And you are my heart beat
Because you are my Love and my God

Kenneth Maswabi

The Wait

In between life's events
A desolate chunk of time
Stretches in all direction
With no visible hope
Only mirage and more time
Inflating your mind
With thoughts of hopelessness

The wait is a stretch of time
When your dreams are suspended
Your life is incomplete
Your patience is stretched
Your faith is deflated
Your love is strained
As you wallow in the pool of confusion

You are psychological stretched
To the brink of fear
"What if" syndrome
The abyss of the unknown
Looks you in the eye
Unblinking

Life is a series of events
Let your hope be unending
Let your faith be complete
Let your Love be eternal
Then you will conquer
The hopelessness in between life's events

The wait is a test you need to pass
In order to hop on to the next event
That is the meaning of success

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 Silence

In silence, everything exist
In stillness and reverence
Untainted by any worldly contaminants
Purified to the most optimum vibration
Silence is a pure state of existence
Without thoughts, but full of wisdom
Without emotions, but full of Love
Silence is self-discipline at the highest level
In silence, the ego is shredded
The nakedness of the Spirit and Soul is embraced
In silence, the self is no more
In silence, life is a bliss
A lake of everlasting Love
Silence is the secret in our hearts

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 Poets

In the world of poets
Poetry is the mistress
And the poet is the servant
Poetry is the flower
And the poet is the bee
Poetry is the garden of roses
And the poet is the gardener
Poetry is the coffee brewer
And the poet is the cup
Poetry is the universe
And the poet is the thought
Poetry is the tree
And the poet is the ant
Poetry is the ocean
And the poet is the beach
Poetry is the song
And the poet is the dancer
Poetry is Love
And the poet is the Lover

Happy Poetry day! ! !

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 World Wide Web

I refuse to be a victim of this vicious spider
To walk straight into the biggest web in the world
With my eyes blindfolded
I choose to rigorously select my path
As I walk inside the wall of this gigantic world
It is not the multiple blinking stars
That have stolen my heart
Neither is it the billions of pages of history
It is the swathes of poems
That are protruding through the crevices
I am fascinated with poems and poets
It does not matter what time of day
I am blinded to the other stuff
Politics and economics have poisoned the world
Science is busy trying to leap past religion
And sports is swallowing all the extra minutes
I am in love with the beauty of poetry
As it unfolds the different layers of consciousness
It is poetry that assembles the best moments
More than photography
Poetry brings imaginations to life
I am a spirit poet
And poetry is the reason I am (in) sane

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

The Year Of Light

The dark veil of uncertainty
Can only be illuminated by the light of certainty
The curtain of darkness
Will give away to the bright rays of Hope
Love the only certain certainty
Will reign once more
The hour of peace is here
And the kingdom of darkness will fall
Maybe just for a while
But the heart of wickedness shall shatter
The power of light shall be revealed
And the assembly of good men (women) will begin
The church will awaken
And the sons (daughters) of God will lead
In these year of light
True miracles will emerge
And the sacred hand of God will show us the way
It is not a fantasy
To dream
It is a reality
Beyond the edges of consciousness
Submerged in unconsciousness
Reality is clearer than the sky
The realm of the Spirit is revealed
And the power of Love showcased
It is upon the seekers, the Lovers and the poets
To step up and show up
All servants of light
Will gather around the Source
And unimaginable power shall pierce the sky

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

There Is No Boundary Between Non-Belief And Believing

It is all between the mind and the heart
Between the psyche and the soul
Between you and yourself
It is a journey of discovering
A journey of recovery
It is a web of Ego
Or a lake of Love

If you choose your mind
You will tend to be on the side of non-belief
And if you go with your heart you will be a believer
The mind is continuously and purposefully building the Ego
The heart is continuously and purposefully showing you Love
It is not a mind game
It is your game
Master it and you will master yourself

Remember the heart is like water
It follows the easy path to the Source (God)
And the mind is full of logic
It constructs a complex algorithm to God

Kenneth Maswabi

There Is Something About Silence And Me

When I meet silence
My mind is melted
All thoughts removed
Time and space are erased
And me too
Only nothingness is allowed to germinate
To emerge from the heart
And envelope my heart
In this moment
My hands are tied
My mouth is shut
And my heart speaks loudly
Illuminating the words
Igniting the poetic spirit
Deep within
I am no where to be found
I have been replaced
By the growing tree of poetry
In this state
My heart is embalmed
With a magical portion called Love

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

This Obsession With Love Is Self-Administered

In someone's mind
Love is a game of psychology
Where every player is a little bit delusional
Believing that Love is a formula for happiness
And something to control, manipulate and possess
Where expectations are equated with Love
And sometimes lust is mistaken for Love

For me
Love is the ultimate reality
The only reality
To Love is to exist beyond existence
To be both outside existence and inside existence
To be in harmony with all that is in you
To be in Love with your Love
To be in Love with the Love in others
To be fully and totally clothed in Love
To be nothing except in Love

For me
Love is the ultimate gift
An existence inside and outside our physical reality
A beautiful oasis in the middle of this desert called Life
A fantastic resting place in times of joy and sorrow
Love is both my obsession and my addiction
Love is my source of happiness
Love is my source of security
Love is my Life.

Kenneth Maswabi

This Path Is Not Marked

There are no sign posts
Because you are the path and the sign posts
There are no markings
Because the heart is continuously beating its drums
Calling you to come home
There are no classes
You are the class, the classroom and the teacher
Your heart contains all knowledge there is
Your heart contains Love
The signal, the ship and the destination

If you stop and listen
You will hear yourself drowning
Under the pressure of your ego
You lost track of yourself
And ran with the constructed reality around you
You are connected to the Wi-Fi
Instead of your own spirit
You are disconnected from your inner self
And connected to the cell phone towers
It is the gadgets and the technology
That you chase after
Neglecting yourself and your neighbour
Abandoning your God, the Creator

You can only hurt yourself
When you look for Love
Outside the boundaries of the human heart

Kenneth Maswabi

This Poem Is Not New

In the story of life
Poetry is not a random process
Poetry forms part of the foundation of existence
Poetry narrates the beautiful nature of life and existence
Even beyond the natural path of light
Into both darkness and the illuminated light

Poetry opens the avenues of imagination
Planting gigantic trees of knowledge
Poetry ploughs through the supernatural realms
Exposing the nuggets of gold within us
Unveiling the seeds of the Spirit in us
Poetry even goes to the ends of time
And opens a curtain of nothingness
A realm of pure freedom and peace
A sacred and holy place

Poetry has taught us Love
Ushering a new era of super human beings
Capable of loving one another
And asking for nothing in return
This breed of people
Forms the foundation of eternity
And the edge of time

Poetry took us to the land of dreams
And opened a window of mystery
Allowing us to peep into the spiritual realms
Where time and space does not have a government
And laws of gravity have long been rendered meaningless

Poetry is a state of being
That allowed us to touch sorrow
And awaken it from its periodic hibernation
In a painful self-inflicted injury
Poets are capable of puncturing the balloon of peace
And drag you through the most painful moments
Opening new ways for you to find healing

Poetry is not an open book
It is a library of knowledge, understanding and wisdom
It is a monument to those who celebrate creation
And a platform to rejoice
Whether in sorrow
Or in happiness
Poetry is a stage for human beings
To display the art of creation
And be absorbed into the fabric of existence

Kenneth Maswabi

Those Scars

A testimony to the battles fought
Those scars are a permanent eulogy
To every beautiful piece of you lost
Engraved in the mind of the Soul
Those scars tell stories of a fearless warrior
A battle hardened Soldier
Those scars symbolize every single tear drop
Every heartache and every moment of sorrow
Those scars are your statement to the world
That you came and conquered
That you sacrificed a piece of you for this life
That you accepted your place in the front line of life
Those scars represent the courage within
Those scars are pieces of art sprinkled all over your body

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 Conscious Versus Spirit Conscious

I have met people
On the express train of time
Juggling with the hands of time
Deadlines and achievements
Occupying their minds
Sometimes reckless with their own lives
Just to satisfy their time conscious egos, bosses and systems
The world is full of time sensitive milestones
But empty of classrooms of the spirit

Let me unveil Spirit consciousness
It is not the complexities of the project that matter
Nor the pursuit of timely submission of your work
It is the state of harmony in your body, mind and spirit
Sometimes you have to let time go (pass)
Not caring about the ticking hands of time
But dwelling on the Silence within
It is within this Silence
That you will be quenched
And clarity of mind, body and spirit will be fetched
And then you will beat time in whatever race you are on
It is the divine existence within us
That holds the key to happiness
And one of the most precious elements of happiness is success

It is not time that should drive you
It is the inner calmness (stillness)
That opens the library of achievements

Kenneth Maswabi
(26-09-2019)

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 My Friends

Underneath the webbed feet of this reality
Life is a simple concoction of Love, sorrow and companionship
It is the warmth of the blossoming friendship that brings happiness
It is the radiance of your spirit that hugs me from afar
It is the openness of your heart
And the abundance of your Love
That pulls me back to you
And makes me wallow in the pool of your company
I am amazed by the simple gestures
And the gift of Love that you pile on me
I am appreciative of all the million blessings that you wish for me
And I am most intrigued by the countless times you made me laugh
I pray that I brought warmth to our friendship
I pray that my Love to you is visible and touching to your hearts
I pray for your happiness
And contentment of your hearts
I most of all pray for stillness (calmness) in our relationship
May God forever bless our friendship

Kenneth Maswabi

To My Wife To Be

It is not the strength of your hands
Nor the intricate beauty of your face
That I look up to
It is not the beauty of every curve on your body
Nor the sparkle in your eyes
That tantalize my senses
It is not the heart-warming smile
Nor the aromatic smell of your perfume
That seduces me
It is not how you walk or talk
Nor how you dress
That impresses me
It is not the multiple selfies
Nor the amazing stack of educational achievements
That amazes me
It is the contents of your heart
The warmth, the kindness, the Love
It is the radiance of your humility
And the brightness of your Love
That is magical to my heart
It is the stillness in you
The calmness of spirit
That drives me crazy
It is the abundant Love
That will build me a home

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 The Lovers

Fall in Love everyday
Let your heart be a mirror
A beautiful reflection of your Soul
A sacred place of worship
A temple of life
A river of compassion
A fountain of Love
A flag of peace
A door to eternity
A tabernacle of faith
A brook of gentleness
A book of dreams
A sacred path
A beacon of hope
An altar
A sacrifice

Kenneth Maswabi

To The Poet

Be clear in you
Do not leave doubt in your heart
For the path you travel is full of mystery
And the journey is long and turbulent
Hold onto your faith
And do not let go of your heart
Believe in the light that guides you
And open the windows of the spirit (Love)
It is the wisdom from within
That will take you home
It is the absence of you
That will pave a way for you
It is the silence within
That will hold you still
When life gets tough
Stay on the positive side
Do not open the other door (ego)
And delve into the dark side
Life is a fruit
It is seasonal
It is full of sweetness
And it can lead you astray

Kenneth Maswabi

To The Poets

You hauled yourselves to the tabernacle of life
With your hearts you constructed the place of hope
Overhauling the human spirit
You refined the art of humanity
Painting the fears, sorrows and triumphs with one brush
You renovated the art of existence with your poems
You brought life to the hopeless
And a smile to the bereaved
You are a rare breed of Souls
Tempering with the fabric of existence
You created an oasis for hope, faith and Love
Shaping lives with your beautiful words
You carved a valley
Out of the solid rock of life
You crafted a beautiful nest
Where hope is nourished
Faith is concentrated
And Love is revealed
To the poets
I salute you
May your words
Be the wisdom
That gives us courage
To embrace our humanity

Kenneth Maswabi

To The Stars

You look cool
But I know you're hot
You look tiny
But I know you're huge
You look harmless
But I know you're dangerous
You look innocent
But I know you're volatile
You look sober
But I know you're intoxicated
You look like tiny diamonds
But I know you're big balls of plasma
You look frozen
But I know you're melting with rage
You look peaceful
But I know you're violent
You look too crowded
But I know you're scattered
You look similar
But I know you're from different races
You look real
But I know you're not part of my reality
You look friendly
But I know you're hostile
You look fragile
But I know you're tough
You look amazing
And I know you're amazing

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

Total Silence

It is an ancient art of self-deprivation
A total alliance with Love
An emptiness of thoughts & emotions
A surrendering to the foundation of existence
A bowing down to the absence of self
A brutal disengagement of the ego
Total silence is a place for the Enlightened
A break-away group of human beings
Total committed to the course of eternity
Total silence is a library of wisdom
A monument for Love
A pedestal of the sacred knowledge
A fantastic pilgrimage for the selfless
A proper sacrifice for the Seekers & dreamers
A dramatic absence of everything
A beautiful sunset of life
Total silence is the highest form of thinking
Thinking without thoughts or form
An exploration of the eternal knowledge & wisdom
A Creator's sacred manual
Total silence is the fabric of my being

Kenneth Maswabi

Toxic People - Be Aware

It is not the snake venom
Inside their veins
Nor is it poisonous mushrooms
It's something far worse
It is wickedness
The pedestal of evil
Flowing deep in their hearts
It is the insecurity, greed and selfishness
That drives them into the house of wickedness
It is jealousy and envy enveloping their hearts
And sometimes it is pure evil that veils their spirit
Beware of toxic people
They are full of venom
And are surprisingly dressed with the soft coat of kindness
Over their thick scaly skin of wickedness
Toxic people are not uncommon
Among your colleagues and friends
Hiding in plain sight
Waiting
To pounce
To mutilate
And to disembowel your unsuspecting heart
But be brave
And put on the armor of Love
Do not hesitate
To offer them a warm cup of Love
And pour them a glass of goodness
It is your only weapon
Your only fortress
Love is a weapon and a shield
Love is an antidote and analgesic
Love is the essence of life

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

Tribalism In Africa

Under the shadows
Hidden from scrutiny
Tribalism has no skin colour
Tribalism has no geographical boundaries
Tribalism is a ferocious monster
The mother of all genocides
Tribalism is a poisonous spear
It stabs both the enemy and the friend
In silence, it has killed cultures, languages & identities
It feeds on the psyche of the so called minority tribes
Wiping out a whole lot of historical cultural achievements
Tribalism is far worse than racism
Eroding the footsteps of history
In a silent non-explosive manner
Tribalism is the cause of Africa's stagnation
Let's say no to tribalism
For Africa's sake
For our children's sake

Kenneth Maswabi

Triggers

It is the nature of consciousness
To be triggered into action
Whether it's the falling drops of rain water
Awakening the slumbering seed
Or the cover of darkness
Ushering in sleep
Consciousness is on the lookout for triggers
Those moments when the right piece of puzzle falls in place
And the jigsaw is completed
Consciousness is made up of pockets of intense awareness
Separated by moments of emptiness
Waves of information are completely blocked
By this valley of emptiness
Now it is those triggers
That merges the drops of consciousness
Unveiling an ocean of consciousness
Be on the lookout
For those flirting moments
Maybe you will be lucky
And your moment of awakening will be revealed

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

True Love

It is not the heart
That waits for your Love
It is the whole of eternity
Always ready to welcome you
Into the house of Lovers
Love is not a tasty little snack
Nor a quick moment of ecstasy
Love is a path of enlightenment
An illuminated self-discovery journey
Love is an unconditional surrender
A moment of pure satisfaction
With what you are
Regardless of the pain or situation
Love covers your wounds
And drains your sorrow
Love is the only thing that can mend a broken heart
Love is the eternal cup of existence
Offered to you
Because you are an ocean in the drop of existence
You are valued more than existence itself
You are the missing masterpiece
In the house of Love
A priceless treasure
Beyond imagination
You are truly Loved
And Love is all you are
Be in Love

Kenneth Maswabi

Truth Seekers

Empty your heart
Remove all the vile thoughts from your mind
Your journey is a sacred one
The path of light is not for those with venom in their hearts
The eternal way is reserved for the humble, the kind and the compassionate
Pack your heart full of Love
Love is the way, the truth and the life
Let Love be your guide
Inside the silence of your heart
Let wisdom take you to the garden of peace
Where your thirst shall be quenched
And your Soul shall be illuminated
And dressed with the crown of Love
Love is your medal of honour
Be in Love and be the Love
Your journey is eternal
The truth is in you
And the truth is outside you
The truth is Love
And Love is the truth
The truth shall set you free
Follow the journey of Love
Stay close to the heart of Love
The way of Love is Love

Kenneth Maswabi

Turbulence

In the spectrum of life
It is the string of love that hold us together
During the storm and in the sunshine
We rejoice in the knowledge that Love does not fail
In times of sorrow and in times of happiness
We are glued together by Love
And it is Love that hides us from the extreme measures of ego
Love holds down our selfishness
Allowing us to see beyond our needs
It is life's turbulence that teaches us Love
It is in the chaotic moments of uncertainty when Love is planted
Love is stronger than the storms of life
Love is higher than the mound of happiness
Love is the invincible force holding us together
Love is the essence of Life

Kenneth Maswabi

Two Critical Lessons Of Life

Omitted from pre-school, primary and secondary school syllabuses
Not even part of the extracurricular activities
Not included in the thousands of modules at the university
These lessons are deliberately left out
In order to hide the "real" reality
And harness the constructed reality

Ego

Ego is a disastrous element of life
Its deleterious effects form the fabric of wickedness
Ego is subtle and deceptive
Always exuding a beautiful fragrance and strong virility
Ego is attractive and sexy
It has a strong magnetism
And engages human beings from an early age
It is nourished by societal norms
And cultural expectations
And feeds on negative energies
Like arrogance, pride, and selfishness
Ego is a predator
That feed on the Spirit
Beware of ego
It is the heart of all wickedness

Love

Love is not an option
It is the core and the fabric of existence
It is the glue that holds the spirit, mind and body together
The string that binds relationships
Love is the heart of all human interactions
Without Love, life is a piece of rubbish
That can be torched and tossed into the dustbin of history
Love drives the mental, spiritual and physical energies
Needed by human beings to function in a normal way
It is the fuel of choice
Love is the medicine of life
It brings joy and healing to the spirit
In times of sorrow
Love is the bandage and a lifesaver

Full of comfort and compassion
From the womb to the grave
You should clothe yourself with Love
Be the Love

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 Ego

I like chopping on you
My axe has fallen on your face so many times
And my hammer has pummeled you with brute force
I have unmasked your false identity

To the bystanders
You are an innocent victim
You are only a byproduct of success
Your demeanor is totally accepted

To me
You are the enemy of humanity
The true barrier to spiritual enlightenment
A wall of pure ignorance
You hide the path of consciousness

To the unwise
You are a perfect partner
A friend and a guardian
A teacher and a mentor

To me
You hide your ugliness with polished makeup
You hold everyone at ransom with your sleek moves
You are a tyrant and a manipulator

Ego is the number one enemy of humanity

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

Unreal

Our five senses

Woven on the fabric of our minds

Operate an ancient piece of software

Yet they are more advanced than all of our current technologies

It is not quantum physics per se which will open the way to the future

It is our spiritual awakening & enlightenment

That will pave the way to the realm of light

All of our senses are mere instruments

On top of an advanced system called consciousness

It is not from the future yet it extends beyond the future

It is not from the past but yet it contains the past

It is a super highway of awareness

Meant to last for eternity

It does not need the help of artificial intelligence

Because it is way ahead of the limits of intelligence

It just needs understanding

To unlock the wisdom within

It is not a fabric of knowledge

It is the creator of knowledge

It is not full of mathematical equations

Because it stretches beyond the realm of logic

The time for spiritual awakening and enlightenment is now

Because only the enlightened will explore beyond the boundary of logic

Kenneth Maswabi

Unspoken Truth

It is not mathematics
We do not need algebra or calculus
Or the tools of rocket science
To illuminate the truth
The truth is naked
And displayed in our conscience
It is true that we need each other to survive
It is true that Love is our bond
It is true that humanity is our common bracelet
Binding our wrist together
It is true that inequality stand against our unity
And that injustice is a divisive force
It is true that poverty will destroy us
And that we cannot continue on this path of self-destruction
It is not too late to go back to the drawing board
And erase all our mistakes
Paving a better path
For our future and the future of our children
Democracy has served us well
But it has its own limitations
Potholes, loopholes, big holes of corruption
It is not armed against unscrupulous fellas
It is open to tweaking and manipulation
It gives the winner the power to choke the losers
It is an undemocratic system
It is not a government by the people and for the people
It has created a class of elites
Trampling the rights of the majority
It created immense wealth for a few
Against the common course of humanity
It allowed inequality to flourish
And poverty to kill our children
It allowed injustice to be part of our court systems
And rape to be a culture
Among the dejected
It allowed the most vulnerable
To be trampled
In the stampede for resources
As the decade comes to a close

It is time to pause
And peruse our conscience
It is time to dive deep
Into the deepest part of our consciousness
And retrieve our long lost manuscript of life
It is time to unfold our arms
And embrace Love
It is time to open our eyes
And reject our blindness
To inequality, injustice, rape, violence...etc.
It is time to stand up
And re-define our democratic principles
And strengthen our institutions
We need brave and courageous leaders
Untainted by corrupt practices
Not poisoned by power
We need to go back to the boardrooms
And shred the manuals of capitalism
Corporations should pour part of their profits into a national basket
And resources re-distributed equally
Politicians should be banned from politics
And a new brand of politics should urgently be assembled
A new form of democracy will emerge
A new generation of people will be born
And a new path of humanity will be paved
It is the unspoken truth

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

We Tried

We tried to manufacture happiness
In our over-sized ovens
We baked our heart's desires
And cooked our favourite recipes
Yet we came out with full bellies
And no lasting happiness

We tried to steer happiness within
In our over-sized beds
We slept like new born babies
And wallowed in a pool of excess
We were kings and queens in our own bed of life
Yet we came out drenched with sleep
And no lasting happiness

We tried to find happiness
In our over-sized cars
We drove to the highest mountains
And made lots of memories
Yet we came out full of stories
And no lasting happiness

We tried everything possible
To concoct the formula for happiness
In our over-sized board rooms
We calculated the price of happiness
And we purchased the best things money can buy
We saw only a glimpse of happiness
Nothing to write home about
Not even a chapter of happiness completed

We tried in vain to seek for what we thought was out there
While we left our hearts to rot
We disconnected ourselves from ourselves
And branded the new found reality freedom
We thought happiness will come with our new found wealth
We thought money brings happiness
We even thought money makes the world go round
We fooled ourselves

Happiness comes from within
A fountain of joy is found deep within our spirit
A beacon of all things possible
A garden of ecstasy
A beautiful existence
Happiness is a sweet nectar of Love
Concocted inside the heart

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 Learnt From My Lucid Dreams

On so many nights
Dreams came to visit
Sneaking into our minds
In the middle of our sleep
Sometimes in the wee hours of the night
To whisper to us
To unveil the mystery of life

Yet, we remain skeptical
Not convinced by the persistent presence of dreams
Not moved by the stories told by our dreams
We remain stubborn in our beliefs
Convinced that dreams are an illusion
A restless brain or a biological event

Dreams have tried in so many ways
To give us a peep into the other dimensions
To unveil our true nature
To show us the way
To protect us
To save us
To warn us
To strengthen us

Dreams are our Souls' only channel of existence
Intruding in our well-kept physical reality
Bulldozing our scientifically approved definition of life
Our Souls are eager to connect with us
To reveal the limitations of our physical bodies
To unveil our true nature

Yet, we refuse to listen
We are happy to listen to science
Trashing dreams
Denying us of all the critical lessons
Robbing us of our true selves
We are half alive without dreams

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 Humility?

A stupendous act of seismic magnitude
A trillion bytes of pure wisdom
A beautiful surrender to your own existence
A fantastic acceptance of your sacred origin
A naked display of Love
A disrobement of ego
A brutal destruction of the primal fear
An honest display of humanity
A victory beyond imagination

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 Am Alone

I crave the sight of silence
The incredible moment when silence is born
All thoughts are crystallized
And emotions are cleared
By the beautiful face of silence
Silence overwhelms my heart
As i bow down before the illuminated presence
Taking a sip from the purified spring of Love
Silence envelopes me with the perfect bliss
Unleashing a sense of serenity within the walls of my being
I am a creature of silence
My soul is addicted to the fruits of silence
In my private garden of Love
I have planted the seed of silence
I have nourished the art of silence
I am more alive when I am silent

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 Love Is Your Blanket

In the cold streets of life
There is no tunnel of hope
Nor any ray of hope
It is the man made reality
Pushing people to the edge
"Survival of the fittest, " they say.
Deadlines and busy schedules
Are the order of the day
Idleness and unemployment
Hugs the youth
Poverty and diseases
Torment the poor
It is the geometry of suffering
Displayed on the faces of the people
Depression and other mental diseases
Nesting in their hearts
A perfect storm is brewing
On the street of life
Remember
When Love is your blanket
You shall not want
"Even though you walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
You will fear no evil, for you are with me;
Your rod and your staff, they comfort me" Psalm 23: 4

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

Where Should I Stop?

As a poet

My mind is always on the road

Foraging for the beautiful pearls of life

And sometimes stumbling across a hard block of pain

Even when I am not looking

My mind sees a lot

Some of the things I dismiss

Out of utter disgust or lack of time

Some of the things I hold close to my heart

To cherish the beauty of life

And nourish my curiosity

Some of the things

Are best left alone

I am always on the path of discovery

Sometimes the discovery is so out of this world

That I keep it to myself

Again other times I unfold my hands

To show you the mystery

The items of imagination

Are beautiful beyond imagination

Even a tear

Can cause you to smile

The intrinsic beauty

Surpasses the pain

The journey of a poet

Never ends

Where should I stop?

And rest a bit

Or should I go on?

Into the woods of imagination

The far reaches of consciousness

And bring more light

More joy

More sorrow

More Love

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

Why Do I Cry Sometimes?

It is not the pain
That makes me cry
It is something more painful
It is something outside the boundary of reason
It is something inside my heart
It is something beyond logic
It is the disconnection
Between me and you
Between us
Between us and God
It is the longing
For total harmony
For oneness
For eternity
For Love

Kenneth Maswabi

Why Do I Know What I Know?

I have been to the classroom of life
I was taught science and mathematics
I was taught English and medicine
I was taught ethics and anatomy
I was taught geometry and biology
I was taught surgery
To cut through the threads of life
And sail through the ocean of my life
In a voyage of success

I looked through the mound of my knowledge
I saw nothing about me
I saw nothing about my soul
I saw nothing about my silence
I saw nothing about my spirit
I saw nothing about my Love

I looked deep into myself
I saw the lake of life
Chaotic and full of sorrow
I looked deeper in my heart
I saw the wind of silence
I saw it blowing over the lake
And then everything was still
Everything was silent
I was all-alone with myself
I was myself
I was my Soul
and Silence had engulfed me
I was emptiness
I was a new born

In this moment
Stillness became my existence
Silence became my breath
I fell in Love with this kind of knowledge
I had stumbled across the Truth
And the Truth was my home
My home was Love

And I was totally in Love with Love
I was empty of myself
I was full of Love

Kenneth Maswabi

Why Do I Write Poetry?

In my inner world
Life is a sea of poetry
Colorful and full of rainbows
Life flows like a river of pearls
Into the ocean of peace
Life is a medium of truth
A train carrying all the unknown secrets
A ship sailing through unchartered waters
In search of the hidden temple of Love
Life breaks new barriers
Unfolding the veil of time
Life spreads its wings
Flying into the future
Life is a butterfly
Fragile in its mold
Tough in spirit
Life is creation's vehicle
In a journey of consciousness
Life is a melting point of dreams
A web of ideas
Spiraling in all directions
Life is a calm sea
In a universe full of turbulence
Life is a jewel
A spark of love
Life is beautiful and mysterious
Life is a warzone
A violent explosion
Life is a ton of TNT
An active volcano
An earthquake
A tsunami
Life is buried in rubble
In sorrow
In tears
Life is a new day
Full of raindrops
Life is a breeze of air
Through my thirst lungs

Life is soothing
Life is blue
Life is the sky
Life is the moonlight
Life awakens every morning
Full of dreams
And desires
Fantastic fantasies
Life follows a path
Into the subconscious
But then life is pathless
It's the light
Inside the eye
That defines life
Life is neither here nor there
Life is a mirage
Full of reality
Life is mound of sand
Meaningless
In its composition
Meaningful
In its majesty
Life is my home
And my grave
Life is my joy
And my sorrow
Life is my love
And my lover

Kenneth Maswabi

Wickedness

It is not uncommon for the human mind to choose wickedness
As the basis for every decision and indecision made
It is true that human decisions can positively or negatively impact humanity
It is not true that wickedness is reserved for witches and sorcerers
Wickedness has embedded itself in our families, communities and societies
Wickedness does not care about religious, racial or political ties
It is a cancerous worm born out of selfishness
It is capable of destroying relationships and mutilating the heart of humanity
Wickedness is a pandemic disease in today's society
It is inside the house of wickedness that humanity's progress is hampered
Poverty and other human malice are fuelled by wickedness
It is time to investigate and reflect on our human condition
To rip open the heart of humanity
And remove the malignant tumour of wickedness
It is time to recharge the light inside humanity's heart
And illuminate the path of humanity
It's time for Love
And only Love is capable of annihilating wickedness
Be in Love

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

Wisdom Based Knowledge

In every vessel that knowledge flows
In all the branches of academic excellence
In every knowledge based empowerment scheme
In the classroom of today's technocrats
On the billboards of our streets
Let the veil be lifted
Let the light shine through the manuals of learning
And break the window of spiritual ignorance
Let mankind drink from the spring of life
And be bloated with wisdom
Let wisdom based empowerment schemes thrive
Let the classroom be filled with Silence
As the students partake on Soul-searching lessons
Let us open our inner doors
In pursuit of spiritual enlightenment
Let the light shine through our darkness
And allow silence to guide us
Into the realm of the Soul
Let us resurrect an identity of emptiness
And let the ego rot
Let our hearts be filled with Love
And be illuminated into eternity
Let us be led by the spirit of compassion, humility and peace
Let us be hopeful in our humanity
And be joyful in our oneness

Kenneth Maswabi

With My Axe

I went inside the garden of my heart
Looked at every flower
Searched for every weed
And uprooted all evil

My axe is too sharp
To cut through every root of darkness
And open a space for Silence to grow
And allow the emptiness to be filled with Love

I looked around the garden of my heart
I saw birds singing
I saw bees zooming around their favourite flowers
I saw all kinds of butterflies
I saw beautiful petals and smelled their fragrance
I felt joy all over my heart
I was in Love with my Soul

I knelt down
And prayed
To the everlasting God
The creator of existence
I was full of Hope, Faith and Love
I was truly surrounded by Love
I was me, you, her, him and them
I was all of us
In totally harmony with ourselves

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 Reap What You Sow

In the garden of her heart
She decided to grow the seeds of Love
Fresh seedlings emerged
Made totally of Love
She was filled with Hope
And her Faith was strengthened
She prayed that her Love will grow
She immersed herself in solitude
Emptying the doubt and fear from her heart
She was possessed by her passion
She was enveloped in her dream
As she tilled the soil
Removing all the weeds
In due time
Her plants blossomed
Her life full of roses
The fruits of her Love
Refreshing to the Soul

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