

Poetry Series

Kondwani Simwaba
- poems -

Publication Date:
2018

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

Kondwani Simwaba()

A Generation Lost

A Generation lost

I sat at the top corner of the universe and observed my generation from a good vantage point; it's like we had a broken campus the way everyone was lost, I wondered what could've made Sodom am Gomorrah even worse.

In my generation; people were quick to click Facebook live on a dead man than to call for an ambulance.

In my generation; the police only came to your rescue when you assured them transport refund; in 2006 we almost got broken into but the cops are hitherto still looking for our house in John Laing.

In my generation; women only get married for status love is just a word for the dumb; so go ahead Cupid and shoot yourself.

In my generation; men are made by the number of girls they swing; it's no wonder most relationships are like sissals.

In my generation; it is not idiosyncratic that a 14 year old girl can mother someone and an 18 year old boy can have 6 children; check the reference in Manchester City.

In my generation; everyone is successful on social media yet in reality minus the boxer, everything else is borrowed.

In my generation; both men and women lie and cheat on each other like it was a cheaters contest, because even women can finish a whole bottle of Jack Daniels.

In my generation; the automatic response to unemployment for the youths is weed and alcohol, whatever happened to innovation and talent?

In my generation; all men are trash but women love to eat from the gabbage cans, I believe they call them blessers.

Everything is just so discombobulated in my generation; I am putting my kids into cryosleep for a better generation, but who will open the hatchet when I'm gone because the future isn't promised?

These are the questions asked in my dreams; so I just woke up because even if the world heard this, no one has the time to respond, but we'd rather slay our generation into oblivion and this is a generation lost.

#MemoirsOfALonelySoul

#RhapsodyArts

#AlphaCentauri

#KingTMC*

Kondwani Simwaba

A Pen, A Notepad And A Prayer...

A pen, notepad and a prayer

A pen in my hand, notepad on my table and a prayer in my heart.

What if I bled on this piece of paper, shed a tear or two? What if I pour my heart out?

What if I let my soul bleed, divulge my fears or so? What if I scribbled honesty onto this paper?

What if I showed you my fondest memories, the ones so dear and more? What if I spilled out all my flaws?

What if I told you about my insecurities, a couple of trust issues or so? What if I showed you all my misgivings; would y'all still accept me?

A pen in my hand, notepad on my table and a prayer in my heart.

I hope I write the deepest poem with this, maybe share with you my most clandestine secrets and more; perhaps then I'd touch a heart without hands.

What if I told you that even Kings need help too; that when the clouds are dark even Kings do pour rain from their eyes?

What if I told you that even Kings fight an uphill battle of addiction; but pride is the mask for deception?

What if I told you that creativity is just a scapegoat; the real battle is fought between the heart and the mind?

What if I told you that even royalty needs a shoulder to lean on; that the machoness is just a façade, deep down is a young boy scared of letting go?

What if I told you that even Kings are scared of rejection, it's no wonder they keep a closed circle.

A pen in my hand, notepad on my table and a prayer in my heart.

I wonder, would they fathom the profundity of this poem if I did write it?

#AlphaCentauri

#RhapsodyArts

#KingTMC*

Kondwani Simwaba

A Poem About People

A poem about People

I used to believe in people until research led me to an unfathomable fact that the Titanic was merely a setup to reduce the population; because he advocated for a stronger and unified Africa we heard the last of Muammar Gaddafi; how could I believe in people when they formulated AIDS as a scheme to make more money?

I used to believe in people until I saw a group of them rapping fellow humans in tires to be set ablaze under the notion that they were stealing their jobs, who thought the holocaust was bad? I mean, how could a fellow human mutilate another or worse still remove private organs of another for wealth?

I used to believe in people until I heard a father defiled his 9months old baby under the pretext of curing AIDS; he turned against his blood brother over a plate of beans; how could a biological mother set ablaze the daughter's hands for stealing relish? I swear I couldn't relish such kind of beef within a family...

I used to believe in people until I heard a relationship was terminated through a knife stabbing in the back and/or a shot through the toilet door, so much for lovers: I swear the word love is misused nowadays, if a husband can cheat on the wife with her own blood sister who's to say we are different from dogs?

I used to believe in people 'till I understood why the mortality rate grew higher than the birth rate; I mean just a mere headache killed my uncle, whoever put you in charge of population control; I wonder who the real cancer is if not the same humans that formulated it just to come up with an expensive treatment, while the poor languish...

I used to believe in people 'till they hated me for questioning religion, I mean can't I even inquire as to where our tithes go? Why does my unemployed pastor drive big cars? Whoever shaped the world to make Africa a perpetual beggar? Some people would spare a few change to pay attention to the poor, but how many would without having expectations?

I used to believe in people 'till they had to kidnap innocent young girls just to make their point heard while the so-called super powers watched on with placards reading, 'bring back our girls, ' Poor girls taken from their parents and forced into understanding adulthood before they could even understand childhood...

I used to believe in people 'till I understood why they increase fuel prices just to tell us the decision made was people driven, while using Democracy as the vehicle to mislead us and still recycling the same politicians while Pilato gets crucified for giving concern; what is equity if the rich get richer while the poor never advance?

#KingTMC*

Kondwani Simwaba

A Story Of Two Stars

The story of two stars

There's a story in the skies, in the dark of the night and when you see nothing that flies, be not deceived for this story precedes mere sight: Brightly night in the grace of the moon and somewhere in the dark is a passion more fierce than to face the desert dune; while this passion entwines itself with the Hummingbird's tune; for it began in the night only to hide at noon.

Ravaged by midday light, this enamor endeavours relentlessly to continue at the fall of midnight light; in the night something shines bright from above, so look closely and witness this love's might as two stars of distinct galactic spheres merge to cause a bond of much more durability than serge. This is a story of two stars...

The milky way lays wide open; while it's defences are weekend by this inexplicable cosmic energy that causes these stars to merge in a distinct pattern; eyes lay wide open, as perception of this mystery grows rampant, no one dares to close their curtain; for darkness is only the genesis of this passion, so why fear? But look closely for deep therein lies a little of unresolved tention.

Inspired by the glow of the moon, an out-pour of love escapes to meet the other star only to be curtailed by the reality of their distinctions of realms; perhaps opposite poles on a magnet do not always attract; but rather like clothes on a ragnet water, the sun will subtract: This is a story of two stars, destined for what reality does not allow; so even though they blossom bright at close range in the night; their union is not yet quite right and perhaps may never be; but what was, was indeed scintillating and this was a tale of two stars...

#RhapsodyPoetryGroup

#KingTMC*

Kondwani Simwaba

Africa

Africa! Why hast thou become this ignorant?
They scrambled for you like a breakfast eggs; what if I told you that Africa was
the world's food basket;
That the first farm was along the Nile in the Sahara desert and they only
deserted us after obtaining our minerals,
What better desert than this food for thought?
Look how today they call you daft when you provided them with scrolls from the
libraries of Alexandria;
The immense wisdom hidden in the great pyramids of Giza as guarded by the
Sphinx;
We wrote in hieroglyphics long before the Romans had a numerical order;
We spoke unity before the missionaries brought Christianity;
English merely translated our emotions, because we were beauty long before
filters;
So why do you bleach your skin dear African goddess, don't you see that your
Melanin sets you apart?
Germany was birthed out of 38 Prussian states;
While 54 United States formed America and Britain is only great because of its
amalgamations,
So what if 56 African states came together? But they told you that Gaddafi was
the villain,
They ousted Mugabe so what do you know about Thomas Sankara's ideology
against corruption;
How about Africa's first female president Ellen Johnson-Sirleaf's Nobel peace
prize?
They told you about Mandela but what do you know about the mysterious plane
crash that claimed Samora Machel's life?
Before I tell you about Kaunda, Nyerere, Lumumba and Jomo Kenyatta you must
first pay homage to the emperor Haile Salasie of Ethiopia;
Understand that we face neither east nor west; we face forward like Kwame
Nkhuruma;
Because like Kanye West said, little is known of Sierra Leone and how it connects
to the Diamonds we own...
These are the words of an African soul that tell of a tale of what this African saw
But if ignorance is a seed Africans sow Then we slay our kin with an African
sword and all that remains is but dust with no stories to be told...

Kondwani Simwaba

Africa Is The Richest Continent!

Africa is the richest continent!

Doubters and believers

Doubter 1

I wish I wasn't born in Africa, you see this land is full of corruption; the people are so backwards, the leaders are selfish; we are impoverished and yet we are always borrowing, this continent can never progress; we don't even have anything to point at as our own except for historical figures...

Believer 1

It figures, your lack of understanding of this continent is a shame; you look at it from the point of pain, disregarding the great wealth that remains unadulterated, this is the land of the Black Panther, this is the land of kings; open your eyes and see that Africa is more than you see!

Doubter 2

To be or not to be, Shakespeare once said but how can we be great when we only shake spears while our enemies waggle guns at us? Our culture has long been forgotten that's why we all dream of working and living in other countries; you see, I too don't agree that Africa is more than we see, you see, gone are the times when we stood for something; nothing can change the fact that Africa is in ruins...

Believer 2

Bruins, you don't understand, Africa needs only unity; we have the potential; we have the strength; we have the resources that other continents can only dream of; you see, our rich history is what makes us who we are; these other continents and us remain worlds apart; but only if we work together as one nation and citizens of one continent, can we really be at par...

Reason (Final believer)

Easy gentlemen! You see in a way you all maybe right but see; let me tell you what my grandfather told me, he said; 'Long before the system switched on we had power that ZESCO couldn't control; from the Diamonds of Sierra Leone to the Egyptian hieroglyphics, our land was abundant from the great pyramids of Giza to the palaces of Caesar; we had minerals from the cape of good hope to the shores of the Atlantic Ocean; you see, Africa was the opium of the universe; deep within the woods we had animals these others could only read about; we were blessed with farming, our maize grew in deserts I can assure you we had deserts not just feasting from food for thought; you see Africa is the richest continent, if only you lads could see that this Melanin is what paints our continent; then maybe, just maybe you'd begin to respect our ancestors and their blood, shed for our peace today...

Be Remembered!

Be remembered!

I wanna be immortal! Not in the literal sense, but I want my flames to be as perpetual as the candle light on JFK's burial site.

I have heard some say that I am down to earth; I suppose that explains why they mistook me for a doormat but I want them to remember that I had Iron bars, they should've called me hematite.

I wanna be remembered; not just for the snaps at my punchlines but for the images of hope I made their minds visualize on.

I want my name to be remembered amongst the stars; for the times I glowed in the dark with only words that could outshine the Alpha Centaury.

I have heard them say that I am fearless; but I want them to remember that the only reason I kept on going was my belief in my fellow youths, because the only place I could ever be bald was a barbershop and surreptitiously, I too was a coward.

I don't want them to remember me as just another poet; nah! I want them to know that I was a Bohemian artist and on days like this I'd use my pen as a weapon to fire at my discomforts, like the termination of employment.

I want them to remember me as a revolution; a movement for change and a voice of an African youth.

I want them to remember me for almost making them cry; because the only reason my poetry was filled with Rhapsody is that I put my life in them stories; so you could call me Lord Voldermot because for every poem I scribbled, I lost a hocrux and I suppose that makes me a Potter too.

I want them to remember me as the Memory Child and this has nothing to do with royalty but Kings never fall, they just bless the ground; so I just want them to remember me through the viscisitudes of time as KingTMC...

#BeRemembered

#RhapsodyArts

#AlphaCentaury

#KingTMC*

Kondwani Simwaba

Beautiful Birthday

Beautiful Birthday

Beautiful skies, birthdays never tell lies,
Happiness comes from the mending of all broken ties, I MEAN!
Joy comes in the morning when no one sighs,
Despite the scorching of the sun,
It is forgotten on the moon rise,
And only true friends are present both in your joy and cries,
I could say happy birthday but that maybe too corny,
So i just wanna wish you a smooth life despite it being stony,
So if ever i disappear from your life just know i protect you in my heart even
though it's not bony,
I MEAN, live today, laugh your lungs out,
Trust in your smiles and never cast any doubt,
For birthdays only come once in a year...

No journey is long just as long as by a knife your short-cut,
And because you couldn't understand me instead you sat,
Stepping over your sorrow like a door-mat,
See even birds in the sky have haters but remember revenge is a dish best
served when cold,
So we are the waiters,
And not just followers but rather the trend-setters,
So live today worry less about tomorrow,
Because only true friends can love you to the marrow,
See they say stars exist even if they may not be present in the sky,
Just like true friendship can never die,
So believe in your heart because feelings never lie,
I MEAN! We had a zillion things to say to each other but we begun with hi,
Smiling for one another and no one ever asked why,
So together we boned like a chicken and a bun to form a pie,
I forget it, I guess all i wanna say is just, HAPPY BIRTHDAY...
#KingTMC*

Kondwani Simwaba

Blind Faith

Blind faith

I gazed upon an Angel with adoration, hoping to myself if she could fall into my arms I'd never let her go; thinking I'd be her pillar, that even if her name is Victoria, I'd still never let her fall; except head over heels in love with me, even though I know nothing about ladies shoes; but she'd be my Queen, for like 30cm, even though she doesn't know it, my heart she rules; See! Because even though others say she's short, I just believe she's down to earth; because I'd still love her as much even after death and I swear at her smile my legs trembled, knees weakened and my arms got heavy; while I prayed for that day when in bed together we'd both be lazy...

I glanced upon a shooting star, hoping to myself if it aims at me I wouldn't need anything bulletproof; because her voice is the only music I desire to raise my roof; See! She glittered brightly across the sky; while her beauty let me shed a tear, even though I didn't cry; for a second my heart froze and I felt numb; while in her arms I felt young, kinda like a sheep and its lamb; except when I opened my eyes she was already gone; like the shooting star that she was, she shot past me, through my heart living only glimmers of what could be termed as hope; that maybe next time she'll be trapped by my heart and will be mine for to keep...

I gazed upon the moon, hoping to myself it'll make me whole rather than crescent; while my tears will form a lake on my chick for which she'll drown into my request; she blossomed bright in the heaven unfettered by the number of thick clouds below her even if they were seven; million miles separate her heart beat from mine and several seas created these rifts; but I carried her in my heart like the single sky and these stars it lifts; I swear! In my heart is where she belonged; for when she left, this void made me realize that for years it was for her, I longed; see! Even though many moons have gone by, I have known no other to make me a better guy, because even though I wait, I know not when she shall return but still I believe in this blind faith...

#RhapsodyArts

#KingTMC*

Kondwani Simwaba

Broken

Broken

Tears flood my eyes as I look back at my life; trynna calculate the many things lost through out life's journey; but my calculator seems to only report Syntax errors and though I parade myself from Monday to Sunday in these seven days I still lie weak; apparently my scars are bleak and the cloud of fear above me still lingers thick; Memories of pain from what wasn't but could I've been shoot straight into my brain, discombobulating the little sanity that lies therein; See! I once lost myself in this Euphoria, except good times only last for a while and the saddest take ages to end! Now since scars never mend; my heart, I never lend; so even though my shoulders are bulged; my chest huge and my voice is really loud; it's always my tears that get the last applause.. Tears flood my eyes as I look back at my life; trynna calculate the many things lost through out life's journey; but my calculator seems to only report Syntax errors and though I parade myself from Monday to Sunday in these seven days I still lie weak; apparently my scars are bleak and the cloud of fear above me still lingers thick; Memories of pain from what wasn't but could I've been shoot straight into my brain, discombobulating the little sanity that lies therein; See! I once lost myself in this Euphoria, except good times only last for a while and the saddest take ages to end! Now since scars never mend; my heart, I never lend; so even though my shoulders are bulged; my chest huge and my voice is really loud; it's always my tears that get the last applause...
Every time I wonder why I still hang ar

Kondwani Simwaba

Broken Wings

Broken wings

She sits in the corner of her room, weeping softly tryna hide the wounds; see no one knows the truth when she smiles for what lies inside her, even the X-ray machine would break from notification sounds, she's fractured. Every night she stands alone to ogle at the stars wishing she could leave but see, she is bound to this torment; this Wolf clad as an Angel is her kryptonite, am sorry did I imply the notion that she is a Supergirl? Pardon me for I wanna tell a tale of an Angel with broken wings.

He called her Honey, made her feel like she ruled over the Bees, he was as gentle as a cool breeze in October but then he forgot, no wait! he's mask fell off, and that devil in him emerged, but for her, she thought with a little touch of love like a fairytale, she'd tame him, he touched her back alright, yes he touched her with red angry eyes he touched her, no with fully pumped veins he touched her i mean with his claws disguised as nails he touched her, that smile faded, i mean her dimple remained permanent but she loved him, at any given time she could leave so one day she got to the roof top and jumped, she was free, free as the birds, she was free, free as the wind but alas! Her wings were broken so in essence she was free-falling like an Apple on Einstein's head, yes gravity embraced her and the reaper nestled her...

#KingTMC*

Kondwani Simwaba

Can You Fix Me?

CAN YOU FIX ME?

Windows wide open in the night; as I lay wide awake with terror in my eyes hoping for a knight; I fear my own misdoings, my lies and secrets have embedded in me a sense of profound fear beyond relevant; a topic in my room that's not up for discussion, like an elephant, in my room. I plan to take these so clandestine secretes to my tomb; I am enshrined with over excessive pride to admit that I am broken; I need help or atleast someone to pick me up in my falls like Victoria; I don't wanna pretend to be the capital, when we both know it's not me; like Pretoria; I am a contrite spirit let me warn you! So careful when you come to me; for there is no loving me, I am broken; there is no trusting me, my secrets are not outspoken; but if you are convinced I am the one, then you better ask yourself this: Can you fix me?

Wounds lay uncovered as I expose them to the sun; I've been the cancer to your perfect plan, not sure if I could be called your son; see! I've made you shed tears, maybe blood too; like a bad movie you wouldn't desire to see my part two; see! I pretend to be alright but when the night falls and the serene wind blows, in the midnight when the moon glows and like a lonely wolf my beaten heart growls; I am broken, though I stand firmer than a blue gun tree; I am distorted, though I speak English finer than old wine; I am helpless, so I ask you once more if you think I am the one for you; I ask you with terror in my eyes and blood dripping from my nose; I ask you with tears in my eyes and a crack in my heart, can you fix me?

#RhapsodyPoetryGroup

#CanYouTameABelligerentHeart?

#KingTMC*

Kondwani Simwaba

Despite The Pain

Despite the Pain

He stormed out of her room, with a heavy heart and a flat face; his eyes red, nearing tears and void of any glow, all the while contemplating would be solutions and striding at a very steady pace; even though he was too proud to look behind, he hoped she would follow him, no wonder he walked slow; at every blink of his eyes, he couldn't help but wish after him she would chase; except disappointment did nothing but hastened his strides and increased the flow.

He got to his room with thoughts of only wanting to sleep; he couldn't help but think, thinking about the many things on his mind that he could have said to her; like how he thought she looked amazing in her make up or how he wanted to tell her about his current problems; how he really needed a hug and to kiss her; how he thought about how he could just apologize already for whatever just so they could return to the smiles and laughter, he wanted to tell her about how funny he thought her dog looked after undergoing a haircut; I swear he only wanted to laugh with her; but he couldn't, see they were at loggerheads, moods swinging like loose pendulums, oscillating their argument and only tempers gaining momentum; he couldn't speak out, he had to leave.

He sat on his bed, pensively thinking as he let his tears go; 'just quit already' were the words he heard; he had worked really had to just let something as beautiful as this go; he needed her, she needed him, they needed each other despite the thin lines having not been read; he loved her dearly & prayed to God she loved him too, but he already knew so, he wiped his tears and just slept...

#MemoirsOfALonelySoul

#RhapsodyArts

#TheGhettoNerd

#KingTMC*

Kondwani Simwaba

Despite The Pain (The Sequel)

Despite the Pain
(The Sequel)

It happened again, except this time he didn't storm out of her room; he stuck around until the Elephant was addressed; you'd think that this ought to have put to rest all the uneasiness in the room but ironically, it only poked the bear; here we are again, at loggerheads moods swinging like loose pendulums and only tempers gaining momentum; here we are again, at the very bottom where we vowed never to return; you'd think we were daft at the many lessons history inculcated in us; here we are again, promulgating only our pride and letting our egos take precedence over that which we firmly believed in; here we are again, after the many efforts to better ourselves I still feel stupid; if ever I learnt something from Law school, now would be the right time to sue Cupid...

After a seemingly amicable settlement; he left, in the dead of night he bestowed upon her face three kisses; one on the forehead, the nose and the lips; in his mind the white flag was raised and like it happens in fairytales love conquered all and took precedence over all; see the kisses denoted something dear to him; the forehead was him apologizing if he was wrong; the nose meant he cared and the lips was his way of saying, 'you are all I need; ' but just like labour day at the post office, I guess his message was never delivered; see mistakes are meant to be lessons for the future but I guess, we were stubborn students; like CBU despite the heart beating, we protested to having our egos ripped apart and yet despite the pain, here I am still reciting the same old poem...

#TheSequel

#RhapsodyArts

#TheGhettoNerd

#KingTMC*

Kondwani Simwaba

Despite The Pain3

Despite the Pain3

(The story continues)

It happened again; except this time, she's the one that walked out on him; Feelings betrayed and a heart palpitating faster than light rays; whoever said patience pays, was probably referring to the hospital system; because that evening was filled with joy, except for that one moment of compromise; you'd think he'd have read the situation better being such an author, but I guess boys will be boys; you see this could have been sorted out in a jiffy, but he added fuel to the fire by being so defensive; I guess that's the one thing he ever did pick up from Law school...

Moods swinging like loose pendulums; oscillating their arguments and only tempers gaining momentum; see nothing could have been sorted out so he had to leave; but only to return more wounded than a buffalo, you know what they say about jealousy; he walked in, you see she had worked out her nerves so she was ready for whatever; they began with voices flaring off the roof; a little to and fro movements, 'till his hands embraced her neck; biggest mistake he'd make; because she couldn't put her hands away too, but after an hour or two of altercations; I am convinced they are meant for each other, because despite the many tests they face; they always emerge valedictorian and the way they drive each other crazy you'd think they found their love in a delorean; but what is love without a little guns and roses?

#TheStoryContinues

#RhapsodyArts

#KingTMC*

Kondwani Simwaba

Even Heroes Need Help Too

EVEN HEROES NEED HELP TOO

They said that they looked up to me, it was difficult to lower my pride; to tell them that just like them too I was suffering; that I couldn't sleep every night 'till I visited her; her, my sin.

To tell them that just like them too I needed help; that just like them too I was afaced with the same problem; to lower my pride and say I was never the hero that they thought me to be...

They said it's because of my poetry that they changed; transforming from what they were and fought addiction; that my words found a way to let them see the light, so how could I have told them that I was pinned down by the same sin?

To tell them that the same sin I helped cure them off was my arc nemesis; that everytime I picked up my pen I was reminded of my pain; that in the middle of the night I broke down in the presence of the moon...

They said that my smile always gave them courage and that everytime I stood on stage before a mic they felt victorious; that I inspired greatness in them; that it was really because of me they survived, so how could I have told them?

To tell them that if only I had someone other than my comrade the bright moon to talk to; someone to help me lift this burden off my shoulders; to reveal my most clandestine secrets to and not to be judged in return...

How could I have told them that I was broken just like them?

That I had a terrible addiction with this sin?

How could I have begun to talk when the already rated me a hero and their beacon of hope? So I write still, that for as long as they are transformed through my works, then my work is complete and the demons are mine to fight but know that even heroes need help too...

#RiseOfAnAfricanYouth

#ItsAllSerendipitous

#RhapsodyArts

#KingTMC*

Kondwani Simwaba

Fantasy (Ode To My Dreams)

Fantasy

On nights like this, she would sing to me; she would serenade my soul with beautiful melodies, in the infinite array of stars.

I remember her voice, she would soothe my pain everytime; she sung songs that communicated directly with my heart and left my feelings naked.

On nights like this, she would whisper three magical words much to the delight of my ear and it sounded like music; a rhythm of enamour entangled in a beautiful ode.

I remember her voice, she would hum to me every night; a beautiful lullaby that unmasked all my scars and healed my past pains.

On nights like this, she would be the tune to my favourite melody; the rhythm to my heartbeat and the tone to my footsteps but sadly, she only lived in my most clandestine dreams...

#MemoirsOfALonelySoul

#ItsAllSerendipitous

#OdesToMyDreams

#RhapsodyArts

#KingTMC*

Kondwani Simwaba

Far Along The Road

Far along the road, where the earth touches the sky, where the sun makes love to the sea and the day turns into night, you shall find me.

Far along the road, where the trees hide the skies, where the birds sing up high and time seems not to fly, there I shall be.

When your sorrows seem to out-weigh your smile, when evil corrupts your life and you can't seem to live out of denial, don't forget to smile because He knows the thoughts He thinks towards us, thoughts of good and not of evil to give us therefore an expected end. He is the love and the light, He is the dove and always bright, He is the lord and our God, He never sleeps nor slumbers. Seek peace and teach love in the word of God. Take a piece and learn to Love the ways of the Lord. Cast your net wide and fear not failure, learn love and happiness shall forever be your trailer, preach forgiveness and joy shall forever be in your mirror, because the Lord Himself is love.

Far along the road, where failure turns into pass, where lessons are taken not only from a class and love is seen beyond the glass, I shall build my home.

Far along the road, where your sins are blotted out, your heart knows no doubt and rain over-powers draught, seek that place in your heart, where the lord has built a hut and your blood is but a mat, you shall find love.

Far along the road, where nothing shines brighter than the grace of God, where all my worries are taken in prayer to the Lord and I fear not to ever grow old.

That road shall forever be my fortress! ! !

#KingTMC*

Kondwani Simwaba

Fire And Ice

Fire and Ice

If we lived in a perfect world, would fire and ice both exist at the same time?

Pardon my intro, I just wanted to rhyme, you see this is a tale of fire and ice...

I remember!

She was my fire and I was her ice;

She was my burning passion and I was her cooling effect,

She was hot in the literal sense and I was cool literally;

She brought heat with her love and I brought cool with my touch,

She burned my ego and I chilled her temper;

She melted my pride and I froze her image in my memory,

She incinerated my childishness and blocked her tantrums like ice - blocks;

She was my reason for summer and I was comfort in winter,

She was my light in the day, I called her the sun and I was her beaming
brilliance at night she called me the moon,

So whenever we met, we overshadowed all the worlds hate and jealousy till they
called us the eclipse;

You see we had heard a lot of people say that we cannot be,

That we wouldn't last seeing as we came from different worlds, but see we both
hailed from royalty;

She was the warm radiance of her people and I was the gentle breeze,

She was the exact level balance I needed for ice and I was the right chill for her
flames;

They called us names like lukewarm,

So I ask again: If we lived in a perfect world would fire and ice then both exist at
the same time?

Because me and my Queen are still going strong...

#RhapsodyArts

#QueenTMC*

#KingTMC*

Kondwani Simwaba

Forgotten Memories

Forgotten Memories

In pursuit of light i gaze above, looking at the stars; wondering if they make bandages for the heart to mend my scars; see! Maybe i should have bought you flowers when i was your man like Bruno Mars; because the pain in my heart from missing you is louder than musical bars; I mean i do recall that day i shoved you to the grass; we laughed about it like i was copper and you were zinc bonded together to form brass; see! Our romance stood out from the rest like a bright student in any class; I just wonder if you remember all the memories we shared so bright; because for you i could have guaranteed victory in any fight; I mean! I miss you so much, i just wonder if he treats you right; because happiness for you is my only plight and even though from you i am outta sight; i pray those memories like a poem, when alone you recite...

#Pensive_thinking

#KingTMC*

Kondwani Simwaba

Forgotten Past

Forgotten Past!

I remember the smell of your perfume; that sweet and beautiful aroma that blocked my nose.

I remember the warmth of your hands; that touch that melted the flames in my heart.

I remember the feel of your body; that cozy feeling that stirred up my soul.

I remember the pierce of your eyes; that glare that provoked my heartbeat.

I remember the times of your hour glass shape; that body clock that lost not times despite the your curves.

I remember the voice of your mouth; that sweet melody that serenaded my spine 'till the death of shivalry.

I remember your breath; those mouth watering kisses that calmed my storms.

You were the melody I became so addicted to; the drug for which I needed a licence.

You were my daily habit; I practiced you for more than 21 days.

You were my home; enshrouding me from the storms.

You were my universe; but you never did quite see in me what I found in you.

You were my hope that would start a fire underwater; you were my everything, so who would've thought that you'd become today my forgotten past?

#ItsAllSerendipitous

#RhapsodyArts

#AlphCentaury

#KingTMC*

Kondwani Simwaba

Gentle Breeze

Gentle Breeze

There is a gentle breeze outside rushing through my window and with every ounce of it my heart thumps with Joy; there is a gentle breeze outside rushing through my window and with every ounce of it happiness is my ploy; there is a gentle breeze outside rushing through my window and with every ounce of it I grow away from being just a boy; there is a gentle breeze outside rushing through my window and with every ounce of it i don't hurt because my heart is no longer a toy and so with my feelings you can no longer toy.

There is a gentle breeze outside rushing through my window and with every ounce of it i grow strong; there is a gentle breeze outside rushing through my window and with every ounce of it for once my decision to face my fears is not wrong; there is a gentle breeze outside rushing through my window and with every ounce of it my heartbeat leaps into a song; there is a gentle breeze outside rushing through my window and with every ounce of it my face is no longer long and so my success to come will not take long.

There is a gentle breeze outside rushing through my heart, warming every part so i can no longer cry; this gentle breeze makes me feel like i could fly; see, there is a gentle breeze outside rushing through my heart so with this beauty why then should i sigh? I tell you, there is a gentle breeze outside rushing through my window and with every ounce of it everything is mended including my broken tie, so the truth shall elate me and not a lie... KingTMC

Kondwani Simwaba

I

I

I is the ninth letter in the alphabet denoting the next after H in a set of items and/or categories; it is a pronoun used by a speaker to refer to himself or herself.

I, can separate a team like an Island or Isle and be at loggerheads with Argentina without grace and mercy (Messi)and still miss a penalty, so I, is for Iceland.

Big products begin with I: IMAX, IPods, you know I-phones and so do the worst apparently: Idiot, Inability you know Ineptitude.

We can all live heaven on earth and be inhabitants of Ibiza and probably eat Pizza, but no one ever goes far with the I mentality except for we, like agreeing at everything in French; so we need an ally to apply ice on our heated egos and maybe then we could comply to the rules of team play so no one can ever cry alone like loyalty will never die.

With no Law to defy well, I wanna have so much money just to go honeymoon shopping in Dubai, why? Because I wanna treat my Queen like Hair and die for her or maybe just try for her because if she ever leaves then I'll cry for her.

I is deadly because an eye for an eye leaves the whole world blind; perhaps that is good because then we would see no evil and no more voting because politicians always lie, and with no education how do these youths hope to elevate in society? I guess through weed then because of unemployment this is the only thing that can take them high; I am leaving this world for India, so I am off to Mumbai.

We are all equal you know idem per idem; so why can't Artists work together yet opt to live in division like African Countries and you wonder why this continent remains a perpetual beggar; I implore you to incinerate your egos and be iconic to iconify or iconize the industry building strong bonds like Iron and still (steel)abandon pride like Mufasa protecting Simba from the scars of individuality. Ideas are bulletproof, but it is idiosyncratic that Artists are not identified with ignited thoughts the irony; this idiopathy remains inexplicable, it's no wonder the poor people's voices remain inaudible I guess.

#MemoirsOfALonelySoul

#AlphaCentauri

#RhapsodyArts

#KingTMC*

Kondwani Simwaba

I Can See Clearly!

I CAN SEE CLEARLY!

As the lights come on and I begin to see the truth that lay before me even though, I chose to look so far beyond; the dream that never made any sense was a reality awaiting my exculpation; a fantasy that stared right into my eyes and yet I blinked and ogled at the wrong sight; though Reppunzle stood before me, it was Cinderella I really needed yet I was blinded by the former's mighty hair; even though she spoke to me so tenderly, my heart was never really there; she fell in love with my words but I never really did care; that which defined me is what she loved and I couldn't fathom it at the time; so now before it's too late I wanna describe it with a rhyme and this is a sonnet for the unseen.

This is not just another poem, because now I can see; that which was covered by darkness is revealed; that which was over shadowed by false hopes can now glow; that which was shy is now confident; I can see clearly! That which lay under my nose when I sought hope from the roof top, I can see clearly; with my heart I can feel it; with my mind, body and spirit, I swear! I can recognize it; see! When my heart broke it healed me with a single touch, but I took one too many pain killers, I couldn't identify it; except now as my comrade the mighty Moon glows and the twinkling stars appear, I can feel it, for it has always been a part of me though inadvertently, I chose to overlook it but not anymore, because this time I can see clearly!

I dare to stare at that which made us a pair; the beauty in the smile that tamed my war, a true heart slayer; so many songs to sing and words to speak but with a rhyme to prepare; the glow of eyes that weaken the soul, insidious is but this snare; the curtains to fall and veil to drop for there is no shyness when love is there; I sought amongst the stars for a beautiful love so rare; yet underneath the skies existed a heart to care; for all the times my heart got broken and I ignored her who's to say life isn't fair? But I have overlooked her for the longest and this time I remember her in prayer; so I dare to stare at that which makes us a pair, because this time I can see clearly...

#RhapsodyArts

#StayHumble

#TooNice

#KingTMC*

Kondwani Simwaba

I Love You!

I Love You!

When I am with you, I am stupid; I turn into the most complete baphoon.

I become the biggest idiot and I blame it on Cupid; my defences weaken and my emotions escapelike a butterfly from a cacoon.

When I am with you, I become light-headed; I get so high on your love, I become intoxicated.

You tell me that I am handsome and I become so big-headed; I sit in front of a mirror without leaving, to it I become so dedicated.

When I am with you, I become Superman; I can take on the entire universe, so long you are safe

Other guys look at you and I show them my teeth like a doberman; I can take them all on for you in a strafe.

When I am with you, I don't care about other people's opinions; because no matter what they say, in the end it'll still be you and I.

We do what they've never done before, so they follow us like minions; because no matter how dispicable they look at us, they'll never see you from my eye.

When I am with you I know everything, Genius; until you ask me just how much I love you do I become Ignorant.

I feel like Ferb and I can't do anything with you my Phenius; I am so humbled by your presence in my life, Queen to you I am so reverent.

So no matter how many rhymes I use in a poem; just know that they can never be enough to say just how much I Love you!

#IgnorantGenius

#AlphaCentaury

#RhapsodyArts

#QueenTMC??

#KingTMC*

Kondwani Simwaba

I Never Thanked You Enough

I never thanked you Enough

On a blustering sunny day you'll see him sweating, trying to to hide his fatigue by forcing a smile; he is beaten by the hustle; yet you'll never hear him cry foul; tougher than a mule as he breaks sweat for bread in his unforgiving bustle; never accepting defeat even in most impossible states; he taught me maths with a slap when I couldn't multiply; you'd never see his tears no matter how rough life gets; a man who taught me that to be a man you don't have to cry; but approach life with studies, for trials are merely tests; and even though my momma never had wings, his alone was enough to make her fly; always protected his own and them through school; I swear! I've never seen a greater man under the sun than my father; so I write this piece with thanks giving because I always felt like I just never thanked you enough for everything I am.

Love you papa..

#RhapsodyArts

#BlessedPeople

#StanleySimwaba

#TooNice

#KingTMC*

Kondwani Simwaba

If I Die Before We

If I die before WE

Look deep in your heart and remember only that which made you smile:
Feel with your heart only that which calmed the storms in your soul,
For when you lose your head in the heat of passion, remember not to be senile:
Remember only your youth with the love your heart did pour.
If I die before we, just know through your smiles I live:
For in my eyes like the full Moon, you always did glow,
Remember this because with every beat in your heart I too did breathe;
So when your eyes are filled with sadness, just know I live through your tears as
they flow.
Remember our kiss like an old folk song;
The rhythm with which your hips swang, shall calm your fears,
Remember the times you did Right by me and not the Wrong;
Close your eyes and imagine my finger melodically wipe your tears.
I know the profundity of our love compared only to the sea;
While the height of our passion, no Bird could ever fly,
So if I die before We, just know you live also for me;
For the number of times i fell in love with you is more than the stars in the sky,
And so I pray you thrive even if I die before we...

#RhapsodyPoetry

#KingTMC*

Kondwani Simwaba

Imagery

IMAGERY

I sought across the sky to see an angel clad in stars, she was as magnificent as the rainbow at the end of a heavy rainfall; the sun had nothing on her, I guess it's why they said she was hot; she brightened my heart with love, as the moon enlightens the night; she had a smile curved as beautiful as Orion's bow, while her piercing gaze sharper than Orion's arrow and her voice as sweet, soft and tender as the morning bird. I'll sit and think profoundly about that night by the tree and wonder if they were any stars present, because I swear I thought she shined the brightest; for when I gazed upon the sky it was nothing but her face I saw.

As I took another glance, I saw as the angels gathered from all realms to witness the magnificence of her glow; an angel after my own heart, for even the moon paid homage to her eminence; the queen of my heart; it was as if she controlled the entire cosmic body how the clouds gathered before her to give her passage; I swear not even the mighty lightning bolt of Zeus could make her smile falter; I promise you, the Orchids and Lilies admired her poise; while the Roses simply got jealous of her beauty, and even though she was scared of heights, I swear she was destined to attain great heights in life and if only she had wings, then she'd be an Eagle because sorrows to her were simply out of reach; her voice made the singing bird sound way out of pitch; she was simply amazing but Alas! She was but an Imagery of all that I desired but never quite had...

#RhapsodyArts

#BlessedSon

#TooNice

#KingTMC*

Kondwani Simwaba

Just Another Pissed Off Poet!

Just another Pissed off Poet!

So where's my respect?

I mean how many more metaphors must I scribble for you to know that I am royalty?

How many punchlines really make a knockout?

How much beards must I keep for you to see me as the G.O.A.T?

How many songs must I rap on for you to see that my heart beats poetry and my veins bleed ink?

This is the poem I should've written a long time ago, this is that Kendrick Lamar Control kind of poem; better stand next to a wheelchair if you can't understand. They should've never put me on that stage next to them munchkins, so what's a caterpillar to a fully grown butterfly?

Break the cocoon, because what's a Zephyr to the Monsoon?

I respect all y'all Artists but am trynna do like Optimus and be the Prime one, so watch my transformation; because what's a Bumblebee to a Megatron?

So you think you got bars, well then what's Mukobeko to Alcatraz?

What's a cushion to a steel chair?

Understand that I've got a park in my mind for these words to play, so what's a single definition to a Lexicon?

Must I dip-lo-ma ego to get a degree, then what's a senior teacher to a Principal?

All of y'all are stars right, but seriously what's Alpha Centauri to the Alpha Canis Majoris?

I called myself King, so how many more centimeters do I need for me to rule in this journey?

How many times must I dumb down my metaphors for you? This time I'm spazzing for Harvard because UNZA kids are just rowdy.

I did it for the Passion but look what that did to Christ, in Jesus' name these people ain't loyalty.

They should've never pissed me off because what's the Titanic to an iceberg?

This is that poem that provokes thought, so call me a bully; because this talk is much to real for me to just be another messenger so am screaming *veni vidi vici*, because I came to conquer; this ain't for the audience, so what are snaps to a pissed off poet?

Y'all talking about respect is earned, so how many jobs must blow for you?

#AlphaCentauri

#RhapsodyArts

#KingTMC*

King's Chasm

King's Chasm

Consider me the hulk in this word smash and wait for my word splash,
So, who's claiming they're hot ama turn `em into word ash;
Cuz the only time these people will ever admit you were deep is when you are 6
feet under; So am spitting deep lines, like I wrote them from an abyss.
Simple battles like this; I just pass cuz why the rush when I got words dripping,
Like a diarrhea from my ...
Ask me about word play and I'll show you who's the Lexicon in the park;
Cuz 2 changes can't make Biggy small, I've been notorious with these lines
before;
I am a lion to this beef you're just herbivore;
something like a steam engine, I am hardcore;
See me open up my mind to when they thought it was a closed door;
So, where's Linkin' Park for my Encore,
Do you want more, rock and roll for the LSK boy?
Consider me the superman, Cuz I have a weakness only for words;
My Kryptonite, cuz I only loved mathematics better when we began using words,
to solve for 'X' ask my ex 'Y' on a standard graph, I still plot my dictionary;
such an insatiable appetite for words;
Treating y'all like John Cena, watch me remain outta sight;
Killing every line, I spaz cuz am a Lawyer now watch just how I get away with
Murder...
#AlphaCentauriRising
#RhapsodyArts
#KingTMC*

Kondwani Simwaba

Lonely Bird

Lonely Bird

Let her shout out her feelings in a song; let her emotions speak louder than a gong; let her voice be heard over the Himalayas; let her heart's 808 beat simultaneous; let her sorrows be seen; let the hummingbird be her next of kin; I say! Let her eyes pour out rain; let her song describe her pain; stop her not as she cries; just let her alone as her melancholy dies; don't you act like you cared; because y'all abandoned her when she scared; she had no eyes yet she saw your plastic smiles; colder than June's feel on ceramic tiles; I say leave her alone...

See her wonder in the skies; tryna flee from this world full of lies; who was her voice when she couldn't speak? Who was her pillar when from Sunday to Saturday she grew weak? Who was her eyes when she couldn't see? Who carried her when she twisted her knee? Who cleansed her eyes? Who bonded her family ties? Let her be! Leave her alone, like you did when she was born; I say keep your compassion; now that you see in her glimpses of smiles you wanna have passion? Please! She tumbled and fell, never quite needed your help to face gravity but her brain; i mean she grew stronger because for each time she got crossed like a rail she had to train; she was mocked; trampled upon; loathed; beaten; but like a fine sword with great metal she was smitten; so just let her be...

Let her speak just listen; just be meek and glisten; let her smile; because of sorrow it really has been a while; let her flaunt herself; for she's no longer anyone's slave, just look in her shelf; let her rejoice in her own; like golden memories to pawn; let her rule like 30cm but only because she's the Queen; let her speak from her heart and worry not for it has always been clean; dare not to stop her for y'all abandoned her when she was but a lonely bird and this bird has always been my mother; that's why to describe her these words I gather...

#Love you momma...

Kondwani Simwaba

My Queen

My Queen

I met her somewhere in the stars, between the constellations of Aries and Orion's Bow; beaming with exuberance, her smile, quite like the Crescent moon in Winter's fall; Glistening with radiance, her eyes, glittering vehemently at Summer's light pour; her heart, warmer than summer yet she remained composed her poise, cooler than ice in Winter's snow; her voice, so Angelic you'd think the heavenly choir sung at her utterance of any words; her body shaped beautifully, a galaxy of enamour she belonged in the heavens because her celestial demeanor was as inexplicable as the science of the big bang theory; but she attracted me like the Bermuda triangle and 'tis for this gravitational pull that I fell for her and she became the order to my chaos, My Queen...

#RhapsodyArts

#QueenTMC*

#KingTMC*

Kondwani Simwaba

No More!

No More!

I picked up a pen to scribble my thoughts, I told stories so dear to me;
I divulged some of my most clandestine secrets, I made the pen bleed; oozing
profusely my entire itinerary.

I wrote poems from the depths of my heart, my album should have been called
an abyss;

A chasm of pain, day by day I practiced; training mind like a railway line to
withstand anything; I stood on a stage before the multitude.

I was finally here, my dreams to life; but as I begun to speak, my knees caught
the shivers; and began an involuntary movement like Michael Jackson, except
the sight wasn't thrilling; like Michael Jackson, ofcourse I was that bad;

You know tongue tied, I wasn't making a killing, I sucked.

Like a ghost from phantom they booed me off the stage and my eyes begun with
the rainy season,

The only way I am ever getting back on this stage is if there's a valid reason.

I picked up my pen, to scribble my thoughts; I told stories so dear to me, I made
the pen bleed profusely with anger; I got back on stage forget the valid reason, I
am a King and this is my season.

You know kings never fall, they just bless the ground; these are my stories I'll
own them;

This stage must feel my presence, chocking is a female trend men wear
necklaces.

So this is to eveyone that didn't believe in themselves enough; this is to
everyone that stood on a stage with wobbling feet and a slurred speech; this is
to everyone that feared to even stand before a mic.

These are your stories, so be bright like the Alpha Centaury and glow scintillating
in the dark;

Put your head up; shoulders bulged and a chest up; put your hands in the air
and say to failure... No more!

#BeRemembered

#NoMoreChocking

#AlphaCentaury

#RhapsodyArts

#KingTMC*

Kondwani Simwaba

No One Told Me

No one told me!

I began with a pen and paper; all the while I told stories, that could graduate into what could today be termed as poetry; You see! I fell in love with her, at a very tender age she promised me love; she told me, that if I could make the pen bleed beautiful words then she'd never part from me; so in my pursuit for making the pen ooze profusely, I ventured into some of the most clandestine facets of my life and I scribbled words about my demons; unconsciously I, let everyone in on my deepest skeletons until they all became osteologists.

She promised to be my wife; you see, I was convinced that she and I were meant to be like a honeycomb; everytime I graced the pen, she'd whisper sweet nothings into my ears and I felt like the only man in this world, but she lied to me! Because before me, she shook spears with William and still rose in the morning with Maya, while burning ice with fire and at the same time trying to defrost the cold crystals that Robert encased my heart in; she cheated on me! While we were playing boyfriend and girlfriend, she had already been married to a considerable few; while she promised me greener pastures, she had already prepared grazing fields for some and I was the cattle trying to graze on the concrete foundation that I thought we built this relationship on; but I guess I should have read between the lines, because this was all too good to be true, a façade; because she gave me the power to speak for the weak, taught me how to channel my emotions until I became meek; elating my heart, I forgot to be bleak; but I could have never foreseen the fall, that she would raise some and drop my heart.

You see! I have seen juveniles put a ring on her finger, while I ogled in despair because no one ever told me that love is just a moment in time and age is but a meaningless number...

#MemoirsOfALonelySoul

#ItsAllSerendipitous

#TheGhettoNerd

#RhapsodyArts

#KingTMC*

Kondwani Simwaba

Not Just Any Words

NOT JUST ANY WORDS

These are not just any words; these are my stories, my life and my feelings; this is not just mere poetry rather, this is a conviction of those values held so dear to my heart; I mean! Words alone are empty, but these tell wholly of who I am; this is not an ode like any other, NO! This is a weapon; to conquer all my fears and maybe act as my comforter in solitude and wipe away my tears; these are not just any words, No Sir! These speak for me; the weak; the voiceless and the helpless; these are a sequence of life, so look beyond punctuations and the sentencing; look beyond the spellings and the paragraphing, because only then will you fathom their cause; see! These are all I'll remain with when everything else shrivels and dies; when I lay naked with no clothes and my smiles all turn into cries; I mean, everyone has been bestowed upon with immeasurable abilities and I use these words, that one day I may also touch the skies...

I am not a magician but I could conjure these words to depict my soul; I am not a physician but with my words I could heal a broken heart; I am a rhetoric and that's why my words are so sublime; see! Because they can take away my breath but my words will last the test of time; these are not just any words, so look beyond the rhyme; for herein lays my whole worth, even when I don't have to my name a single dime; see! Something told the birds to flap their wings and fly and it turned out magnificent; something told me to pick up my pen and try and it turned out beyond benevolent; I am not a ventriloquist, but I speak for the meek; I am not a doctor, but my words too can heal the sick; these words can fight for the weak and so I will keep writing 'till one day I stumble upon that which I seek...

#RhapsodyPoetry

#StayHumble

#KingTMC*

Kondwani Simwaba

Pay Me In Applauds

Pay me in Applauds...

Surround me with art; I am a painter, which means I can draw your attention with a stencil.

Cover me with songs; I am a musician, which means I can hit you like high notes on a falsetto.

Imprison me in words; I am an author, which means I can write your wrongs with a pencil.

Surround me with creativity; I am an Architect, which means I can recreate your fondest memories.

Hit me with the bass; I am a dancer, which means my heart only beats like 808's.

Surround me with books; I am a reader, which means I've been around the world.

Abandon me in serenity; I am a creative, which means I can formulate my own happiness.

Captivate me with rhymes; I am poetry, which means I can tell your whole story in an ode.

Enshroud me with lyrics; I am the rhythm, which means I can melodically serenade your soul.

Entangle me with poems; I am the rhapsody, which means I can overcome you with emotion.

Sedate me with lullabies; I am a dreamer, which means nothing can be out of reach for me.

Keep me away from money; I am a nonconformist, which means you can pay me in applauds.

#AlphaCentauri

#RhapsodyArts

#KingTMC*

Kondwani Simwaba

Perfect Stranger

The Perfect Stranger

She was just an unknown damsel;

Blown into his cave of doom, while clad in inexplicable smiles;

She had a glow that would outshine supernova;

Her eyes contained so much life that would out shimmer the heavenly stars;

Her voice, would but mend any scars; she was the perfect stranger.

You see, she came to him when he was but a tear away from hitting rock bottom;

She picked him up and offered to fix him;

She touched his heart tenderly and eased his pain;

She embraced his imperfections the same way a writer grasps his pen;

She kissed his insecurities goodbye.

Unbeknownst to him, she too was broken;

Scars from the past haunted her like the hammer house of horror;

But with him, she had so much more like an explorer;

Because their imperfections amalgamated like copper and zinc to form brass;

You see, these strangers were home, alas!

#RhapsodyArts

#QueenTMC*

#KingTMC*

Kondwani Simwaba

Pisces

Pisces.

Tears have been shed before.

Making our relationship aquatic;

Like we were a pair of fish, tied together by their tails;

If Zodiac broke us down to pieces (Pisces) ,

We would have been the 12th sign of his sun;

Burning each other's eyes with passion rays,

Separated only by our hearts as a prism that formed a spectrum of colors;

Blue for everytime we were ever low,

Red for all the love we ever shared,

Green for all the envy I've had for your smile,

Black for all the dark times we fell on and,

White for our love so pure because;

For every palpitation, we have always been each other's cure.

Pride tried to ruin us;

But by God these Lions were much too hungry,

To even dare have a bigger bite at this beef

we had from time to time but,

Was tenderized by the over cooking our love;

Now we stand tall because the ego (Eagle)in both of us,

Could never take off like a lazy bird...

#RhapsodyArts

#QueenTMC*

#KingTMC*

Kondwani Simwaba

Poetry

POETRY

As defined by

KONDWANI STANLEY SIMWABA

It is the definitive art of expression; the channel I have to my heart's deepest desires and feelings; the bridge beyond physical experience rather emotional existence; the bridge to a world of immortality full of imagination; a world where only words live; where pain is unknown; it is a world of endless creation of possibilities beyond orthodox comprehension; it is my fortress; the only place with where if I cry, I find my solace; it is a world like no other; where feelings are nurtured like a baby and it's mother; it is one word yet defined in many; it is what brings beauty after your cheeks get rainy; it is my comfort; it is art; it is descriptive of all that a human mind can imagine and beyond; it is talent bestowed upon a common mind with uncommon virtues; it is about anything and the only thing that can define nothing; it is an oxymoron, a paradox and indeed a conundrum of words; it is porch with both its sound and feel; its rhymes tougher than steel; it is the relief from pain beyond that of a pill; it demands patience, talent and skill for it is tactfully real; its shrewdness is both undeniably astounding and inexplicable; it is Art.

It is the revealing of secrets so clandestine in the heart; it is beautiful as much as it is confusing; it touches the soul and lands beyond the eyes and ears; its gravitational force enables people to fall in love with it; just ordinary words arranged in-ordinarily; it is written with: pens, pencils, markers and everything possible; it is gracious; it is short sometimes long, small sometimes big and it has rhymes sometimes metaphors; it has rhythm, pictures and a system; it is both eloquent and vivid hence it glows on paper; it has various styles of expression peculiar to the common man; it has taste unlike that overcooked beef in Hip hop; it is in music, dancing, writing and painting; it is both imaginary and very realistic; it is told from both creative thinking and experience; it is genius as it seeks to explore and is so, curious; it is just recitation of tactfully arranged words; it is everything I feel both inside out; my feelings expressed by this wonderful wonder and its love.

It is the fuel to my soul; it is indeed my whole for it is life and it completes me kinda like a good wife; it is true, complicated and yet simple; it is green, so peaceful and tranquil yet it is also like glass, so clear and fragile; I mean! Just like a model posing in bikinis on a sunny day, it is hot and though it does not reside in a freezer, it is fresh; it is as beautiful as a full moon; it is sad and lonely; it is also unspoken, like heroes unsung; it is captivating, like the tune of a hummingbird; it defines me; it is my vehicle, for it transports me to place of serenity and joy; a place of bliss and the peace of a sleeping baby boy; it lives in

my heart; my dreams and my eyes for 'tis all I see in the sky; it is the sound of a flute played amongst closed bamboos on an isolated island; it is everywhere; in the movement of trees blown by calm winds, in the swing of a pen on a writing pad and in the deep blue sky unfettered by weather; it is the comforter of an orphan, the husband of the widow, the voice of the voiceless and the child of the barren not forgetting the rise of the fallen and the belief in impossibilities; it is indeed immortality for it possesses the profoundest of good quality; it is what it is and it is indefinable and incomprehensible type of art; it is the beauty of life in its entirety; it has been passed on from generation to generation and still it lives on and it is all that I know; it is Poetry and it is truly all that I love...

#RhapsodyArts

#KingTMC*

Kondwani Simwaba

Poetry! My Heart Beats For You.

Poetry! My Heart beats for you.

I was bleeding that night, a bruised ego and wounds running deeper than the Caspian Sea; you see, she came to me in my darkest hour, she laid a finger on my cheeks and replaced my frown with a smile; see, I had the Nile trapped in my eyes; sighs, banked in my breath; she whispered to my ears and said, I will stay with you like Sam Smith and support your will like Jaden; In pursuit of happiness, she melted my heart.

I was alone, trapped in solitude; enshrouded by many but none could hear my ululations; intonations, not picked by any; ennui was but my only friend, until she came along; she asked me to pick up a pen and paper; she said, she'd reside in my heart and promised she'd never part; see, her cousins ode and elegy were good to me; Literature, her mother kept me under her wing; Iambic was nothing but a good brother; it is quite sad what happened to her sister eulogy but her dad, rhythm accepted me like his own son.

Tears dried when she graced my pen; she filled my paper with beautiful melodies; despite studying linguistics, she spoke Art as her only language; bandages, it provided for my scars; stars, only lived in her eyes; she carried the entire galaxy on her face; yes, she calmed the storms in my raging heart; warmed the ice in my shoulder; older she got and finer she became; see I called her my honey because only the Bees would relate to her taste; zest, is all she brought to my heart; I promise there's none like her, Poetry my Love, today and 'til I die...

#MemoirsOfALonelySoul

#RhapsodyArts

#TheGhettoNerd

#KingTMC*

Kondwani Simwaba

Remember The Old Times

Remember the old times

There will be times that change these times; times, that will challenge these times, times when youths with fancy watches cannot tell when it's their time, time; these times will come with time, time unlike these times of socializing only on social media yet reality regards us anti-social, time; times like the times of the old that when I was there, then I was really there not these times that when I am here then I am actually there, times; there will be times, times that will cleanse these times, times; that will make us realize who we really are, Africans! Are we really in our actions? We haven't embraced our melanin.

Times, there were times, times when we really connected with each other, times; time is the healer of all wounds, so why do we still hold on to our slavery mentality? Times; I miss those times, times when my people shouted Cha Cha Cha! Because we cannot live like we cannot see what is happening; the News is propagated by propaganda, the same propaganda that propagated the Genocide in Rwanda, cuz who needs firefighters when man's not hot?

There will be times that change these times; times, that will challenge these times, times when youths with fancy watches cannot tell when it's their time to be heard; Talent, must never be dead because we are but young leaders to live in cowardice and misplaced identities, so if you do not know who you are in these times, then I suggest that you visit the old times...

#MemoirsOfALonelySoul

#TheGhettoNerd

#KingTMC*

Kondwani Simwaba

Respect Our Women

Respect our women

I hear them cry; tears forming lakes of sorrow, it's still amazing how these men don't ever drown in them; I can see their fears; another woman is talking about rape, afraid of walking alone; I swear it's way beyond the subject of dress code the way inside these perverts wanna peer; but then again, is it really?

Tell me, don't you feel guilty; the way every man's name has now been dragged through the mud because of your actions? Do you ever just sit and ponder what your words might have done to these women; steady breaking their hearts, I swear such actions can never be divine, we need to coach these lads to respect our women more; substitute the woman hurting and envision your mother in that same position you place them and tell me, does it turn you on now? When these women all turn feminist and launch campaigns calling all men trash because of your garbage...

I hear them scream; their voices hitting the high notes, never safe despite their clothes having tight knots; I can feel their pain; blood oozing profusely from their eyes, nothing but sodium chloride in the pores of their skins; hearts palpitating uncontrollably at the grotesque thought of you actions, can I apologize for these men?

Tell me, do you feel macho after resting on your nine months old baby?

But I am not blind to the fact that it is not all men that are trash, this garbage hurts us too; so how about women educate these young girls on how to behave and dress, because it is sad that all these slay queens are clad in nudity and we need men that will school these lads on self control and how to treat a lady; because each on has a duty to teach one and I hope that these words reach one, it doesn't matter which one...

#RespectOurWomen

#RhapsodyArts

#KingTMC*

Kondwani Simwaba

Rise Of An African Youth

Rise of an African Youth

I have seen greater things come from the hopeless most parts; I have witnessed greater heights climbed by the shortest of people; I have seen kings emerge from the useless most servants; I, have witnessed presidents emerge from the dumbest of students in class; and even though I have seen all these things, what fascinates me the most is the story of bees, Honey! Listen, even the mighty lion flees from the swam; even Samson couldn't break a bunch of twigs with his thumb; but to see my fellow youths live as though they have no power, now that renders my heart even numb or am I just dumb?

For believing that the youths can actually rise; for believing that these youths will put down their phones for a second and listen, am I just dumb for thinking that these youths can actually learn to utilize their talents. Am I?

I have heard greater voices when these youths sing; I have witnessed real art when these youths work together; I have seen great leaders emerge from these youths; I have witnessed firsthand the variety of talent embedded in them, I, have seen rappers, poets, painters, actors, dancers and the list is endless, trust me for I, have seen the potential of these youths, in their movement now I guess you can call that Kinetic energy, because like an energy drink these cats are too wild to be tamed by system that is solely designed to hinder progression of the youths; now that renders my heart even numb or am I just dumb?

For believing that these youths will actually listen to the true purpose of this poem; for believing that these youths will not just snap, at the punchlines but rather snap, from their individualistic mentality and snap, this art with their minds. Am I?

Only if we work together as a youth can we help mold this continent that we so believe in; only by putting our hands together can we actually mend this system we tame as broken, because we are the youths, Imitee ikula, empanga and we, have the power to rise...

#RiseOfAnAfricanYouth

#RhapsodyArts

#ThePoeticJuice

#KingTMC*

Kondwani Simwaba

Savage Winds

Savage Wings

Savage winds do blow through the hairs on my head; my ears do shiver from the raging sounds heard; I looked to see through the blistering cold only to see falling leaves; yet every time I seem to move forward, her memory from my heart never quite leaves; she touched my heart in very special way without using hands & I fell heavily in love for her than a crashing plane lands; I remember her warm smile like a crescent moon & I swear! My girl was hot kinda like the sun at noon; only time will tell like the sand dune; when these savage winds do change tune...

Savage winds do shake me off the ground; she swept my feet and I fell into a feeling so profound; I wrote poems for her like a university dissertation; while she melted my heart, I swear! She was my inspiration; we had never changed provinces but I swear! Her kisses were richer than a copper belt; I had never been a gambler but, she was the queen of hearts and those were the only cards I dealt; for a second my heart traded places with my brain and I fell for her more than I thought I would; but there was no shaking away my love just like the trees stand firm against savage winds when they blow more than they should.....

Savage winds do blow away my top to render me shirtless; but her beauty did more to me than leaving me breathless; it's like there was traffic on my tongue because I run out of words to describe her; while a journey through her heart was a euphoria that brought me so far; I got lost in her heart, but the truth really is that I never wanted to be found; because her every heart beat was as beautiful as the humming bird's sound; as she spoke to me gently when I was down; I realized, it was really her smile that chased away my frown; because in the night like the moon together we did glow; I guess what we had was something so beautiful, but sadly, it left to where ever the savage winds do blow.... For Natasha Azariah Tanzala

Kondwani Simwaba

Serenatà

Serenatà

I think she lives in my ink;

I know this because, everytime I begin to write about my emotions; my pen dances in the form of her name.

It forms shapes on my paper; In the same form of her smile. I know this because her smile resembles only the crescent moon and on nights like this, I just sit in the open and stare.

I think her family name is art; because, she is the poetry to every ode I write; you see I LEFT all my insecurities RIGHT at her doorstep, my queen knows am no longer AMBIDEXTROUS.

I think I have seen her before; her eyes formed the O's in my X's and O's.

I think I have heard her voice before; long before we met, her sound was in each of my favourite songs. I could have sworn, she was my lullaby...

#AlphaCentaury

#RhapsodyArts

#QueenTMC??

#KingTMC*

Kondwani Simwaba

Silver Lining

SILVER LINING

Some nights I stood alone, staring at the clouds that impeded us from the moon rays; the glimmering efforts of the moon, would from time to time brighten our days; observing cautiously at the sky so as not to miss the shooting star, the only hope we had to make wishes upon; I recall a voice that told me, 'wishes are for fools, ' but what do you do when you came from where you had nothing? So every night I spoke to the moon about me, trusting her implicitly to safeguard my secrets; I recall a voice that regarded me a fool because I made more wishes on the stars than American kids do on Christmas; with so much weight on my shoulders, I truly needed Christ to offload this Mass; I said, with so much weight on my shoulders, I truly needed Christ to offload this Mass.

See! I, came from where the ambience characterized every dream as pipeline, little faith; because no one ever believed in anything other than death; I sprung from where y'all described as a ghetto or rather, ghatta; no hopes and because nothing was ever given on a silver platter; we knew the meaning of hustle; it was the spelling that gave us quite a tussle; as we bustle through the morning, I saw gods! People that made it through high school need I say more on college grads'; everyday was darker than the nights, the ghetto; where we united in a harmonic symphony at the coming of the lights; nothing made us smile more than gazing at the Bazungus, y'all just call 'em whites; If only I could make it outta this place, I'd walk on bended knees, I thought. See! Because some nights I stood alone; staring at the clouds that impeded us from the moon rays; because the glimmering efforts of the moon, made me pray for a silver lining.

#CoolCrazyKindaNerd

#RhapsodyArts

#BlessedSon

#KingTMC*

Kondwani Simwaba

Tale Of A Crescent Moon

TALE OF A CRESCENT MOON

Sequel to the
Story of two stars...

The weather is chilly, while the moon stands incomplete; appearing much less audacious really, for its other half is entirely obsolete. Unfettered by the mirror reflections of its void, it still stands for broken mirrors can not reflect its sorrow; yet deep to the coal of its very existence lies nothing but hollow and unabashed by this so clandestine truth it'll still endeavor to glow in the dark, neglecting the very fact that unravels its once so mysterious ennui, now brought to light and in reality it is but one half of what was so bodacious and complete. On a lonely night, with a gentle breeze brushing through the leaves of tall trees; it shall surface past thick clouds, beyond the dense sky tryнна pour out light; look closely beyond its smile shape for this crescent moon is but the remnant of a once so gracious enamor; it is what was left of a strong cosmic collision that once caused the universe to tremble; so careful not to misjudge this smile, for this goes beyond a mere tale of a crescent moon...

The birds don't sing anymore, while the Hyenas no longer laugh; it was a tale of two stars that fell apart like autumn leaves and now the light poured is never quite enough, because the other part of the moon branched off like a broken tree to render this once complete moon into half and now everybody wonders when this other part shall return; while the uneducated professor yells never and the educated fool chooses to await its return if it takes forever; causing an inexplicable oxymoron; for this is a tale of lost love and not just merely of celestial profundity. See! Because on this darkened night, the moon's better half was lost and so was the love with which it did boast; causing tremendous sorrow for which this crescent moon was but the host. A cold wind blows in this lonely night; while the two stars in attendance drift even further apart; maybe they never did quite belong to the same galaxy. Howbeit, they glowed brighter alongside each other and like a security at a Samsung mobile store, they too were but the guardians of this galaxy, but time drew them apart; while the moon lost its veracity and this half sits still for whence its better half shall return and balance, this celestial paradox shall regain...

#RhapsodyPoetry

#StayHumble

#KingTMC*

Kondwani Simwaba

Tales Of An African Youth

Tales of an African Youth

I am the African youth! I am the struggle for independence, the darkness that challenges the moonlight I am, the melanin; I am the tales of my forefathers, the descendant of Kunta Kinte, the son of Madiba I am the diamonds of Sierra Leone, the Oil mines in Angola, I am the tales of the Mosi-O-Tunya, so when my smoke thunders, I pray you understand where I come from.

I am the bloodshed in Rwanda, the place from whence Moses came, I am the Apartheid in South Africa, don't forget the Solomon pits, I am the Guerilla warfare of Nigeria, , I am the tears of the Sahara when deserted, because despite the Nile, I still thirst for recognition from my bullies, I am the story of my land, Africa.

I am the origin of beauty, my curves are natural; I am the roots forgotten in the leaves of pop culture; the confidence misplaced in our leaders because despite the poor economy, we still get on a plane to visit the living stone no wonder Victoria falls everytime she hears about elections, now what do multiple movements develop when the front is not as patriotic as politicians claim? I am just a voice of an African youth but don't mistake my art for conceptual.

I am the tales my grandfather told around the fire; I am the collection of talent, the potential yet to be kinetic; yet I am a king without an empire, I am an African revolution, a movement of change, so pay attention for you'll only get the meaning of this poem at the epimythium.

#TalesOfAnAfricanYouth

#RiseOfAnAfricanYouth

#RhapsodyArts

#KingTMC*

Kondwani Simwaba

Tears To The Rescue

TEARS TO THE RESCUE

She looks me in the eyes right after I kiss her, with a face that says sorry; As I gaze at her beautiful face, I feel a heavy thump in my stomach and a grotesque chill runs through my spine; I know right there that I shouldn't have kissed her, those soft and sweet lips do not belong to me; she turns around to say goodbye and in an attempt to flatter me, she says 'you, are very handsome so you'll be alright.' Of course I smile at that, I mean, who wouldn't? But my smile is just misdirection, I am a man and big boys don't cry; so she mustn't know about the funeral in my heart, ergo I play it out with humor and she responds with a beautiful laughter Ironic! I've always been good at cracking her jaws but apparently not enough to touch her heart...

She touches my face one more time and my breath goes along with her hands; I look down to her eyes and even though it might be the sun, I still think she's glowing, but before anymore words can be uttered she walks away and like a fool in denial my head swings along with her hand as she waves goodbye at me; perhaps I bit a little more than I could actually chew; soon she disappears from my site, she's gone but my silly heart can not quite fathom that, so instead I stay a little while longer, perhaps she may have forgotten something, her number maybe, silly. But she doesn't come back, so I head back home, straight to my room and under my blankets because I lied about big boys not crying, after all, I really did love her...

In a year or two, maybe when my heart's maturity catches up to my brain; I will see her again so she can touch my face once more and allow my breath to flow her hands; in a year or two, maybe when the moon goes missing she'll wonder what happened to the glow and long for me; in a year or two, maybe when all is said and done she and I will belong to each other; as I sit up thinking about all this my pain reduces as water covers my cheeks and I soak from it and a smile for hope surfaces on my lips because I find myself being rescued by tears and in that moment I know she and I have a date with destiny, just maybe not today...

#CoolCrazyKindaNerd

#RhapsodyArts

#BlessedsSon

#KingTMC*

Kondwani Simwaba

The Memory Child*

The Memory Child*

I look in the mirror to see the man I have become, it kills me to know that y'all no longer see me for the man I truly am; I am well aware of the message my new behaviour sends, but understand my pain is enveloped behind this smile and I only pray for deliverance but I am already stamped with shame...

You look at me from afar with disgust, casting upon me judgement for all my wrongs like the courts; I could say I am only human hence I err but that's the oldest excuse known to man; I admit I am not holier-than-thou, but you dont understand just how many demons I fight against to survive; See! Everyday is a battle so I take refuge behind the pen and attack with words, because this is the only things that really gives me comfort...

The look on her face as she sees me walking could tell you just how much disappointment she has for me; Forgive me for smiling at her cuz I am well aware of her feelings, but humor has always had my back; that's why most of you will never understand just how many battles I fight daily, so next time you find me talking about success, understand this, me and failure once walked closely together like a dream couple...

If only you could look past my dances in the club; If only you could look past the mere words on my pad; if only you could look past my sins; if only you could look past my gimmicks and if only you could read between all these tiny lines only then would you really fathom why I scribble words on paper like this, only then would you really comprehend why, I am called The Memory Child*...

#CoolCrazyKindaNerd

#RhapsodyArts

#BlessedSon

#KingTMC*

Kondwani Simwaba

The Plight Of A Lover Boy

THE Plight of a Lover Boy

Open mind, single thought; your love to find for tis thee I sought; Hearts so kind for tis the at fault; when our hearts did bind lotsa demons I fought; By your broom, off my feet I was swept and while I was still on the ground I knocked you down head over heels you fell by my words; you made me smile, at your sight hairs up despite having a brush; I swear sometimes I'd even blush; when you mentioned my names I'd be shy; I had heard them before several times but from you was always my favorite; I couldn't tell if it's because of your British accent or because I belonged in an asylum for being madly in love with you; I thought of you every chance I had; sometimes I'd be guilty, because I thought, I thought about you one too many times someone would read my thoughts like an open book; but t swear I thought about you and nothing else mattered...

In time I shall have you and we will be united like Manchester football club; I belong in your arms kinda like a lioness and her cub; I may be In-sane but if you are the subject then I don't see why anyone would wanna be out; sometimes I think I was born to love you because with you I don't feel any doubt; could be that I wait in vain but the little seconds our lips were in-sync is enough to make me forget about the pain of having to lose you again; See! I miss you so much but I just blame it on my poor aiming skills; so every night I pray you return in my arms your once circle of joy; I mean! My friends think I'm losing it but in truth I have never really been good at winning either except for that little time I won you my Achilles heel.

Kondwani Simwaba

The Poet And The Pen

The Poet & The Pen

Dear pen,

I have known you for 23 years; yet deducting 22, it has left me with only one; for me to fathom that you have always been my fortress but still i remain shortsighted. (The irony) .

I can't begin to imagine the amount of patience you played, before coming to my aid. See! from this, I want to dedicate myself entirely to you; hoping I could at least attempt to replace a fraction, of your good-natured toleranceofmy delay; like back in the day, when i hadwritten those 4 tracks, and my words couldn't echo the fact; that i was moving in circles like a relay. Am sorry!

So for as long as the ink, escapes through your ball point, I promise to indite what the paper appreciates. Because of you, I will signalthese words, down to my audience and theirphone screens; just toget a message across, and not with a view to abbreviate. I will write, but won't focus on the one step required; to make my journey of a thousand miles, but focus more on my endowment; that compiles my truths; some of which will make them glad, and some of course will be sad; making them shed tears forming watercourses like the Nile, some of which will be undetermined; like relationship goals of two Juveniles.

Clear as black and white stealthily, my hands will move on the paper like a knight in pursuit of Love, the L movement you could call chess; with you on board, I won't consider useful an airplane; to reach the skies, but your handwriting in Cursive that connects every metaphor will be enough to ascertain my landing despite the turbulence.

A world once dark; because I paid a blind eye, but now i see thefire; with just a simple glance at you, that sparkles aninspiration to write words with the meaning hidingin plain sight; decoded only by the recipient war-ridden in the same fight. With the power you vested in me; id be honored to espouse you and the paper; soconjointly, you will convey peoples thoughtsfurther and aviate them higher than two birds with twin feathers to the skies of Pluto and back tothe present in one sentence.

This acquisition, I will take with both hands, like the blind receiving alms on the streets.

So dear pen, grant me my wish to put a wreath on the casket with the old me, because just like 9 months; you gave birth to the poet in me.

Yours faithfully,

Bley.

Dear Poet,

You called me from slumber; had it not been for the tango you had me dancing on that paper, I wouldn't have responded; you see! Many-a-time, souls like yours

have resorted to me for voice; but only a few have spoken that which would shake the darling buds of May like Shakespeare once did or that which captivates the hearts and makes the point in my ball bleed, words profound enough to be called an abyss; a chasm of rhapsody.

You see! I was once espoused to this paper, until death did us part when Shakespeare breathed his last; when Pablo Neruda indited the saddest poem, when Maya Angelou's heart phenomenally gave out; I was happily married until, Edgar Allan Poe's Raven shredded my spouse the paper; tell me! What good is it to dance the tango for souls that haven't quite mastered their steps?

You see! I have received many-a-promise; but what good is it if the writers are only filled with opinion and narcissism? I yield the power to build and destroy; the power of Trojan Horses in the battle of Troy, you see! I am the emancipation of slaves at Lincoln's signature, the instruction assigned to Moses at the mountain top; it doesn't matter what you know, because knowledge is pain but ignorance is bliss.

Dear poet! Will you speak for the multitudes? Will you curve your words to captivate even the blind? Will you write sonnets that can make me bleed pain and scream hope into the reader's optometry?

#ThePoet&ThePen

#RhapsodyArts

#BleyKeyz

#KingTMC*

Kondwani Simwaba

The Poet's Death

THE POET'S DEATH

The clouds came to a hold; as the singing bird lost its rhythm; in that everything turned cold; while the sky lost its system; the sun stood still; while the moon forgot to glow; as kings from around the world came to kneel; and the waters from fountains forgot to flow; truly the earth had lost one of her own; as the sun and moon stood together tall; and in this moment it was difficult to tell dusk apart from dawn; while the winds blew the trees for leaves to fall; Everything Lay motionless for a King had fallen
The clouds came to a hold; as the singing bird lost its rhythm; in that everything turned cold; while the sky lost its system; the sun stood still; while the moon forgot to glow; as kings from around the world came to kneel; and the waters from fountains forgot to flow; truly the earth had lost one of her own; as the sun and moon stood together tall; and in this moment it was difficult to tell dusk apart from dawn; while the winds blew the trees for leaves to fall; Everything Lay motionless for a King had fallen...
Pages and pens wondered where th

Kondwani Simwaba

There's Beauty In Your Scars

There's beauty in your scars

She had wounds, deeper than the narrow stream that flows into the mighty Zambezi river; Her scars, often made people mistake her for an atlas if only they could see her itinerary; She had marks that made her face look like a rainbow, a collage of pain it's no wonder her tears were stubborn; her heart could not be distinguished from a punching bag from the many times it was pounded upon by the vicissitudes of fate; her story, a tale that transcends mere rhetoric because there's more than meets the eye; her smile, the umbrella that covers all her tears; her make up, the inexplicable mask that clots her sorrows from oozing; I swear her wounds run deeper than Usain Bolt racing underwater...

Her knees to the ground, fingers folded and a head tilted towards the heavens; she petitioned God; stormed Him with questions like why she had to endure such misery at the expense of joy; little did she know that the heavens did hearken unto her plea and sent forth an Angel; she fell in love at first glance; a man willing to do chores for her, so on his very first job, using nothing but the word; he swept her off her feet but ironically he landed first with his knee and asked for her hand; in his proposal he said; 'I am the lamb that was slaughtered at the altar that your transgressions may be forgotten, I am the one that was crucified that you may be saved, I am the magician that defeated death for you.' She smiled, because at his touch byones became bygones; I mean who wouldn't if it is Jesus, you fell in love with?

#ForAgness

#RhapsodyArts

#KingTMC*

Kondwani Simwaba

To Avoid Xenophobia (T.A.X)

To Avoid Xenophobia (T.A.X)

When I was young, I read the story of Animal farm; naive and childish I didn't quite fathom the rationale behind that Story, but as I grew older, the hidden message became more apparent to me; I learnt that the big bad wolf and the three little pigs wasn't just a cartoon but a satirical depiction of our political paradigm; equipt with verbal paraphernalia, I aim to depict the tales as told before me;

Our system is quite grotesque, everything requires suits, how you gon' drill your boreholes without Tuxedos?

Read between the lines and see that Mwanawasa was a great leader, free TV because Levy was only a name on his NRC;

Graduated from NRDC, now I lead the Legal department, who said Arbitrary rule was abolished?

My name, means fallen yet I have the audacity to promise you heights; so who's naive, the goose or the gander? Everything's the same, this life's just a show... You Pee and D claims we watered the bed before you woke, political spamming; how can the front be patriotic when loyalty is just an attire?

A mask for deception, misconceptions and misdirection is when you think democracy does exist, but from corruption who can desist, resist the devil says the clergyman who hides a vixen under his garments, but where are her parents?

You see To Avoid Xenophobia; we must work hard, everyone has a role to play; you can't just wait for others to fight for you yet you claim you stand for the people! We not not equal but it is simple, each one must teach one on the ways to survive; we condone the fire fighters yet man's not hot; open your eyes and see that this is one big board game and we all being played like pawns in the game of chess but we'll never catch the sly fox; we pay more than just attention to the system; pay as you earn but if you dont then pay as you yearn, because no one is exempt from Tuxedos, so suit up as we mourn the death of Abe Lincoln's dreams.

Burocracy is the language spoken by big institutions; we call for antidisestablishmentarianism for the higher institutions, because currently a patient would die for luck of patience on a que before getting medication or attended to; amended two constitutions but lacunas full, this is a plea of an unemployed youth because the retirement age is 95; hold your tongue Kondwani, you have ventured into the wrong den, sane people prefer to hold their tongues.

#TaxIsForTuxedos

#RhapsodyArts

#KingTMC*

Kondwani Simwaba

Unanswered Prayers

Unanswered prayers

He speaks in words that are mightier than a Lion's roar; their force louder than a heavy thunder storm; feared by many, for before trials he still stands tall; those of little knowledge of him, think courage is his only norm, but!

In the night he has his knees to the ground, with fingers tucked into each other and a head held high; nothing is heard from this room, except the beat in his heart as it pounds and only his eyes remain shut as he speaks to the one mightier in hopes that his hopes are not hopeless, yet he hears nothing still from above.

With his pen, he transcribes everything he feels on a piece of paper; scribbling words with his tears when he runs out of ink; million questions remain unanswered and his pain to the bone goes even deeper; wait 'till he speaks, for his complexity renders him a paradox unfathomable. See! Because only he, can understand the thoughts of those that underestimate him.

He stands before a broken Mirror or atleast that's what he thinks, because it doesn't depict him in his entirety; Unseen shades of grey as he hopes for greener pastures yet his scent remains further from a Mignonette; his prayers fall in the void because no one ever responds; down on his knees as he prays to a god that won't talk back, so watch as he goes off track, but those of little knowledge of him think, he has everything under control but be not deceived by the words oozing from the poets pen...

#CoolCrazyKindaNerd

#RhapsodyArts

#BlessedSon

#KingTMC*

Kondwani Simwaba

Untitled

Untitled

If I decided to write a poem, what would be the title?

Would it be about the sorrows and the tears I've had to shed throughout my life's journey or would it be about that pretty girl I fell in love with but never quite had because she never felt as I did; or

Would it be about me thanking God for all the friends I have because I believe I have the best friends in the whole world or would it be about me thanking Him for my parents because I swear, I could never ask for another pair?

If I decided to write a poem, what would be the title?

Would it be about the broken smiles of the hungry kids I see on the streets or would it be about the homeless people that suffer because they put their trust in the wrong government, that cared less about them; or

Would it be about my girlfriend whose trynna find a footing in this world by pursuing school first or would it be about all the girls in my life that I've hurt or have hurt me?

If I decided to write a poem, what would be the title?

Would it be about my sisters and brothers, because trust me they are the best or would it be about me accepting that I need help in several aspects of my life; or Would it be about me re-surrendering myself to God through confession of my sins or would it be about thanking Him for how far I've gotten in life with His help?

If I decided to write a poem, what would be the title?

Would it be about me finally airing my views on how I think corruption has broke down our Countries or would it be about the rate of unemployment faced by the youth; or

Would it be about the agony of early marriages and/or the declining pass rate of the school goers because social media is the most happening thing?

If I decided to write a poem, what would be the title?

Would it be a cry about the escalating Gender based Violence in our countries or would it be a plight to eliminate poverty; or

Would it be a cry that fell on deaf ears and never quite received the desired attention or would it be regarded as just another mere rhetoric by the 'so-called' Memory Child seeking attention?

See! I don't know what the title would be but I do know this, that if I decide to write a poem, I will write about all that I feel whether the World accepts it or not...

#CoolCrazyKindaNerd

#RhapsodyArts

Untitled Rhyme

Untitled Rhyme

The land was unfertile, whoever planted the seed; cuz our youths are now corrupt with weed; we can't succeed if we full of greed; life's a lesson but we never heed; we got blood but we never bleed; no money just a single quid, how can I afford attention please? Our country's now like Chicken feed, just another auction where the Chinese bid; where corruption is the loudest deed; but the law enforcement is not even intrepid; cuz they couldn't find a single lead; what a cesspool, the government is now just insipid; Presidential pardon, but only the wrong ones are ever freed and no one remembers the tale of a mustard seed; do I get it if I really need? Only the rich get richer, shut your poor reed; sins forgotten with a simple meed; but if you're poor, then you'll forever bleed; cuz just like a closed toilet, no one gives a shit; but when it's election time, then you'll see them plead; for your votes they can even bleed; y'all just human cut the sanctimonious deed; Christian nation? just fable creed; fake newspapers, where's the Post cuz no one ever reads...

#RhapsodyArts

#KingTMC*

Kondwani Simwaba

What Happened To The Night?

What happened to the night?

Twas a lonely night that witnessed the union of the stars; a gentle glow that turned into a sparkle, a blinding flash of light shone accross the sky.

Twas a cold night when the zephyr healed the scars; a gentle breeze held these stars in one place like a belt buckle, a tightened union to untie.

Twas a luminous night, the softly bright light emitted from the stars' core denoted life; unfettered by their celestial disposition but enough to maintain the status quo.

Twas a virgin night, unadulterated by the norctunal vices; a calm night with only starlight glowing, scintillating through the pores of darkness.

Twas a night of enamour until dawn came and revealed the most clandestine secret; surreptitiously these stars were losing their grip, slowly losing their core and this time not even their radiant sparkle could conceal the cracks caused by time, because this time these stars were losing their glow...

#MemoirsOfALonelySoul

#DancesMyPenMakes

#ItsAllSerendipitous

#TheGhettoNerd

#AlphaCentauri

#RhapsodyArts

#KingTMC*

Kondwani Simwaba

What Has Become Of Us?

WHAT HAS BECOME OF US?

I never would have imagined that it could come to this; two birds of the same feathers flocking away from each other, but maybe in due season when fruit departs from tree and the sun from the day; when night falls and darkness covers the firmament; when the tree divorces the leaves and clouds are seen no more; when the poet lays down his pen and can't write anymore, because his inspiration is gone; when the artist can no longer draw any attention from his followers and the composer can't make do with his 'heart' beat. I wonder, what then shall become of us?

It was inevitable though inexplicable, we just played dumb and it remained unspeakable. This day was coming but we both ignored the truth and comforted ourselves with that which we desired and wished for; I swear I could pen them down in art, all the things I dreamt of; all that I desired and hoped for, see! Because the same things I prayed for scratched my heart beyond bandage repair, but who am I fooling? It has been too delicate; I swear this heart has experienced more falls than the mighty Niagara itself; so to say I paid attention to this journey would be but a blatant lie, because we both know how broke I was. I just wonder, what then shall become of us?

They told me what they thought, but I rejected their counsel and when they called me fool for making 'Tazama pipeline' dreams I just darted from them; I mean who are they to comprehend that which I feel? Who are they to question my emotions? I swear if I was a story teller, I'd tell it to my children's' children so they can understand, because as it always has been, 'those who know not of history are doomed to repeat it! ' I know the reader wonders too, what then shall become of us?

All I had I gave away including the biggest part of my heart, but I guess no one could ever resist that which comes quantitatively more than just a mere heart; then I heard a bird shout, "It is too far away a place, the ground for me to fall for you." I smiled at its honesty but it was raining heavily on my cheeks and even I could not fathom the act but my heart knew than most, that that which it held on for had finally given out and left, so profusely it bled and to this day I still wonder, what then has become of us?

#RhapsodyArts

#TrueSay

#KingTMC*

Kondwani Simwaba

Woman! Now You Know...

Woman! Now you know...

Part one

#Nalu

She summons the butterflies from her belly and forms with them Eagles;
She's on a path towards brilliance; super model lawyer we hope she'd become,
She's always been my movie buddy and friend.
Pretty, tall, slender and smart are but a few words to describe her;
She's always had a low tolerance for folly, better have a subject as you
approach,
She's got an attitude that may clip your wings.
She's fought me a couple of times and even though she ended up with rivers on
her cheeks,
She'd never let me drown because her smile kept us afloat.
She's always had a brain like Voltron; five heads combined she'd outthink most
of us,
Heck she'd even catch my punchlines even before I did.
My sister! They called her Towera to reaffirm her beauty to the world,
So if I never said I love you Mitsuko, then now you know...

#Themba

She summons the beasts from within; she's on a path towards greatness,
A nurse in the making, Ms. Nightingale; she's always been my confidant and best
friend.
She's always been down to earth; her height is testament to that fact,
She's fought me more times than any and despite losing the most;
She still got my back, like a spinal code.
I've seen her grow into a woman, heck she's seen me grow into a man;
Younger sister but probably more mature because when the parents were out,
She held us down like an elevator on the ground floor.
She's got a temper shorter than an inch; take precaution before you approach,
Because I promise she's got claws.
My sister! They called her Taonga to signify how the world must be grateful for
her;
So if I never said I Love you munchkin, then now you know...

#Lillian

She summons the sand grouse and projects the Egret from within;
She's on course towards nobleness,
Mother Theresa like because her caring skills are beyond stupendous.
She's always been down to earth; a statement engraved in her height,
She's always had an ear for attention because despite the recession she'd still

pay.

She's never fought me at all but don't mistake her reverence for folly;
Better buckle up on approach, because she's got some rough edges.
My sister! She hailed from a land far across the valleys,
It's no wonder they called her Lily because she blossomed like one;
So if I never said I love you kiddo, then now you know...

#Susan

She summoned a baby from her womb and raised a King;
She's the architect of our paths; the journey was initiated by her,
She's always been my confidant and gossip partner;
Short sighted, short height, short temper but never short of love in her heart;
She's fought me a couple of times and dang she caused lakes on my cheeks;
But Kings don't cry, they just make their eyes rain.

She's always been the family's economist, ever accounting for everyone;
Our magician because she'd make do with the littlest amount,
Ever willing to starve provided her children ate.

I've grown in her eyes;

She was always my pillar in this dog-eat-dog world, now I hold her hand;
Mayo mpapa naine nku pape.

My mother! The Persian Lily that blossomed our family tree;

It only explains why she was called Susan,

So if I never said I Love you Angel, then now you know...

#RhapsodyArts

#KingTMC*

Kondwani Simwaba