

Poetry Series

# Martin Nyundu

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## Martin Nyundu(1992/08/01)

Martin Kathavi Nyundu was born on August 1,1992, in Rundu, a town located in the Kavango Region in northern Namibia. He holds an Honours Degree in Accounting from the University of Namibia, which he earned in 2016.

Martin began his professional journey in 2015 as an intern in the Actuarial Department at Sanlam Namibia, where he gained valuable experience over a 10-month period. On November 9,2015, he transitioned into his first permanent role as a Membership Clerk at Medscheme Namibia. Within just six months, his dedication and performance earned him a promotion to the Credit Control department. He remained with Medscheme for two years before joining Mediclinic Windhoek in April 2018, continuing his career as a Credit Controller.

In 2021, Martin furthered his academic pursuits by enrolling in a Finance Management degree program at Regent Business School, demonstrating his commitment to continuous growth and professional development.

Driven by a deep sense of purpose and community, Martin aspires to establish a non-governmental organization (NGO) in his hometown of Rundu. His goal is to support and uplift individuals growing up in challenging environments similar to those he experienced, fostering hope and opportunity for future generations.

# Soul Mate

I wonder what you saw in me—  
A mystery wrapped in grace.  
When I look at myself, I feel lucky,  
Blessed to have you in my space.

From sunrise to sunset, I'd watch you,  
Your presence, a calming light.  
Though your temper flares like fire,  
Your heart shines pure and bright.

I look above and thank the skies,  
For you, my gift divine.  
Through thick and thin, you stood by me,  
A love that will not decline.

The road is long, the path unsure,  
But hope is where we tread.  
You always say, "With God, we'll cope,"  
And faith is where we're led.

We've fought, we've cried, but never broke—  
Our trust, a sacred thread.  
Our bond remains unshaken still,  
By love and prayers we've fed.

Your beauty words cannot contain,  
Your smile, a healing balm.  
Your presence wraps me up in peace,  
Your eyes, a loving calm.

I'll love you now and evermore,  
My heart forever true.  
I thank the Lord for blessing me—  
With a soul mate just like you.

Martin Nyundu

# A Hero

## A Hero Remembered

As I opened my history book and began to read,  
A familiar name came into view—  
One my father spoke of often,  
A name etched in the soul of our nation.

Herman Andimba Toivo ya Toivo  
Namibian patriot, born 22 August 1924,  
In Omangundu, Oshana Region—  
A voice for freedom, a heart for justice.

He fought in World War II,  
A soldier for the Allied cause,  
But his true battle began at home—  
For the liberation of Namibia.

In 1966, his voice was deemed dangerous.  
A Pretorian court sentenced him—  
Twenty years behind bars,  
For daring to dream of freedom.

Robben Island held him,  
But never broke him.  
He endured for love of country,  
And that's why I call him my hero.

Released on 1 March 1984,  
He rose again, unwavering.  
Secretary General of SWAPO,  
Champion of the people, 1984 to 1991.

He served in the National Assembly,  
Minister of Mines and Energy,  
Then Minister of Labour—  
Always working, always giving.

He never turned away from suffering.  
He gave food, hope, and dignity  
To the San community,

To Omuthiya and Onayena's vulnerable.

He is a hero.

He risked his life for our freedom.

He felt our pain,

And stood tall through it all.

He is a hero.

He cried, but never gave up.

He protected, he fought—

With strength and a mind of steel.

He is a hero.

He saw what we could not,

Did what many would not.

He followed the call, without complaint.

A soldier. A leader.

A fighter for justice.

A man of honor,

Who deserves our deepest thanks.

God bless you, Toivo ya Toivo.

Thank you.

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# Love Was The Reason

You married her because of love—  
The girl you met long ago  
Is not the woman you live with now.  
The love you cherished has faded.

She was beautiful, undeniably so,  
But no one saw what lay beneath.  
Love is meant for two—  
You gave yours completely.

You met in high school,  
Grew up side by side.  
She called you the best man alive—  
Now you regret being that man.

Warnings came, but you turned away.  
Help was offered, but you declined.  
You said, "Too many cooks spoil the broth,"  
Not knowing beauty is only skin deep.

You knew her past,  
She convinced you it was behind her.  
She said, "History never repeats,"  
And you believed, placing all your trust.

You introduced her to your parents,  
Spoke of her with pride.  
They warned, "Don't count your chickens before they hatch."  
Mom said, "All that glitters is not gold."  
But to you, she was everything—mind, heart, and soul.

She was accepted.  
Her parents welcomed you too.  
Everything seemed perfect.  
And so, you married.

Now it's too late for regret.  
You've discovered the truth—  
She's not who you thought she was.

You want a divorce. But who do you blame?

You've made your bed—now lie in it.

You wish you had listened.

Now you know: a leopard doesn't change its spots.

Is this the end of your world?

No—it's just the beginning.

Every cloud has a silver lining.

Love is blind.

Once bitten, twice shy.

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# The Creator's Creation

Hear the whisper of the wind as it dances through the trees,  
Feel the breath of air—unseen, yet vital.  
Inhale the gift of oxygen,  
Invisible, yet essential to life.

Can you craft what cannot be seen?  
Can you know what cannot be touched?  
These are the wonders of the Creator—  
The essence of life itself.

Visit the ocean,  
Watch the water as it flows with purpose.  
Stare at the waves,  
See the creatures thriving beneath the surface.  
All are the Creator's creations.

Step into the forest,  
Listen to the symphony of birdsong.  
Feel the embrace of trees,  
Generous and unselfish,  
Giving life without asking in return.

Among the leaves and shadows,  
You'll find beings unknown—  
Strange, beautiful, and powerful.  
Some may even hold the power to take life.  
Yet still, they are the Creator's creations.

And so are you.  
And so am I.  
From the food we eat,  
To the water we drink,  
To the earth beneath our feet—  
All are gifts of love.

The Creator does not discriminate,  
He is free of hatred,  
Overflowing with grace.  
He is the maker of heaven and earth.



The Creator is God!

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# A Friendly Warning

Be Proud of Yourself

If you're not proud of anyone, at least be proud of yourself.  
If you can't do it for others, then do it for your own growth.  
If no one offers help, rise and do it on your own.  
I won't judge you—and neither should you judge yourself.

You exist because God has a purpose for you here.  
So live your life with pride, not shame or fear.  
In our faith, we reject evil—  
Be mindful of the beliefs you choose to follow.

This is no threat, but a friendly warning:  
Don't let greed blind you in your yearning.  
If money is the root of evil,  
Then the devil is its stem—  
And if you worship the devil,  
You become one of its branches.

Cut yourself free, and you shall be saved.  
I speak only truth—  
Lies won't save you,  
But truth might.

Believe in yourself.  
Do what is right.  
No one can change you—  
But you can change your life.  
Start today,  
And you shall be saved.

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# From Ashes To Ashes And Dust To Dust

It comes out of darkness,  
Without warning, without signs.  
Uncontrollable, invisible, and strange—  
It is Death, the silent thief of time.

When it walks among us, sorrow fills the air.  
We do not know why it chooses one of us.  
Only it knows why a soul must depart,  
Leaving behind flesh, taking the spirit.

It was in the night when one of mine was taken.  
I asked myself, Where has he gone?  
To Heaven... or to Hell?  
The question echoed, again and again.

Only He—the Creator of all—knows.  
He calls His creations when He wills.  
Who is He?  
Perhaps that question lingers in your mind.

When someone you love has gone,  
Do not weep too long,  
For the reasons may lie beyond our knowing.  
The Creator, in mercy, may have spared them pain—  
And called them to rest.

We mourn each day,  
Eyes wet with memory each year.  
We say these are the hardest moments of our lives—  
And truly, they are.  
But in our sorrow, love remains.

Sometimes, it moves through people to reach its target.  
How?  
We hear of people killing each other.  
Why?  
The reasons we know—money, love, and pain.

Regret might follow, if he still existed.

Only the Creator knows his fate.  
When your mission is complete, Death will guide you—  
To Heaven or Hell.

We are left with echoes of his soul,  
Flesh returns to earth, but not the whole.  
His character lingers, bold and bright—  
A whisper in day, a shadow in night.

We bury the body, but not the man,  
His stories live on in every plan.  
He's etched in our hearts, in every breath,  
A presence untouched by time or death.

They tell us, "Be strong," and so we try,  
But grief is a slow and silent cry.  
It takes not days, but years to mend,  
And still, we wish to walk with him again.

Only He, the Maker, knows the reason why  
You were left behind while others passed by.  
But hold your ground—complete your quest,  
And in due time, your soul will rest.

When your hour comes, where will you go?  
To light or shadow—do you know?  
Ask yourself, don't wear disguise,  
The truth you hide still meets your eyes.

Don't fake indifference when you care,  
Your heart speaks loud—be true, be fair.  
Do what is right, walk bold, walk clear,  
And you will live untouched by fear.

For fear is born when paths are blind,  
When we lose sight of the grand design.  
But purpose lights the darkest way—  
So walk in truth, and never stray.

Death is everywhere in the world  
You do not see it coming,  
Nor do you feel it coming—

It blows like the wind.  
Do what is right,  
And you'll be ready to welcome it

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