

Poetry Series

Mugarura Jedidiah
- poems -

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Mugarura Jedidiah(4th December 1994)

Born in Kampala, Uganda, I have lived with my biological parents; Mwesiga Martin and Kyarisiima n my father owns a computer business in Uganda and Jane my mother is a commissioner in the Ministry Of Public Service in Uganda.I have three siblings and am the second last.

am still a teenager but with dreams of becoming a famous all those people who know and read my poems please keep supporting you

By The Ocean

Set in the Gulf stream off the coast of East Africa,
He was a man who fished alone in a skiff
Thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back
He didn't need a compass to tell direction
He sailed for two hours while resting in the stern.

There were hateful sharks, bad smelling scavengers
Once in the afternoon the line started to rise
But the fish only continued to swim at a
High level.

His picture was in a house of desires,
Approaching a treasure chest but all in vain
Staring at the seashell as he wished
He was somewhere else instead.

Mugarura Jedidiah

Disturbia

Disturbia, what are you?
A disease of the mind
To come and grab you

Disturbia, who are you?
A thief in the night
To come and depend on us

Disturbia, where did you come from?
The hells gates that flame always or
The inside of bats and spiders

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Early Winter In Christmas

How beautiful is an early winter!
Filled with shimmers and colds all seasons
Snowflakes falling all night

How beautiful is an early winter!
Filled with children playing in the snow
And a bright moon positioned in the night sky

How beautiful is an early winter
One with thoughts of families and friends
The early winter of Christmas

By Mugarura Jedidiah
Uganda

Mugarura Jedidiah

In Love With A Vampire

Looking at the flames of the candles in the candelabra,
She envisions him
His bronze neck straight up high
His gold glowing eyes brighter than ever and
His dark hair curled like the morning mists
Round the river valleys

In a dream, close to the river in a forest
She feels him
His body as cold as a winter morning,
His solid embrace like a guitar in the arms of a Spaniard
He loves as his cold smooth lips meet hers in a twist.

She is in love with a vampire,
A caring and loving vamp
With a good soul and a good willed manner
Able to provide all she ever dreamt of.

Across the woods, she ran when she first
Saw the light in a dream
The burden of her heart rolled away
It was there by faith and received by her sight.
(Dedicated to the Twilight Saga)

Mugarura Jedidiah

Listen Solita

Tell me the truth, there is no way you can deny it
In your eyes, there is no hope for tomorrow.
How I hate to see you like this
Stop crying because you've got someone to rely on.

Solita, tell me what is wrong, there is something
Your feeling and its shining above you.
You will be dancing once again like a
Ladybird in the dewy grass early in the morning.

Cheer up, can you hear your heart hit like drums
Within your ears?
There is something in the air and the sun is bright.
Shining for you and me
For the attachment in knowing me and knowing you.

But I only wonder, how did it all start?
To find that nothing could capture the cat.
So I say, thank you for the rhythm and all
I was in an impossible case
Do you the same way I do?

Tell me, what you think of me,
What is the name of your game?
Because I have to go
Am a fruitful child
Beginning to grow.
(to all the broken hearted and heart breakers)

Mugarura Jedidiah

Me, Myself And Mystery

honestly what has become of me
the dogs are barking at the moon
the cats are kissing the mice
am just whistling a new tune

honestly what will become of me
or water, an enemy or a friend
young or old, settled or restless
i will be whistling a new tune

fire

Why stop on exits while traveling
why call a cup half empty when half full
why smell the red blossoms
just whistle your old tune

Mugarura Jedidiah

My Love

Missing is like an endless river
A tender and soft cloud
A fragrant flower and a music of bamboo flut

In my heart there rings a melody
A melody of sweetness because of you
You my dear is the sweetest of all

Your scent is like a chrysanthemum
Colour like that of an orchid
And lips as red as blood.

By Mugarura Jedidiah
Uganda

Mugarura Jedidiah

The Last Minute

Ringling goes the bell
'The last minute, ' clocks my head
I am here to excel
Let me go ahead

Blanketing I look in my eyes
In my blanket I go again
Pastel drawings I see in a dream
I awake fast and am led to class

Aiming teachers come into class
Forty minute lessons commence
Students are hunger stricken
'I am here to excel' I say.

Teasing we face as new comers
Enforcement in giving out money we suffer
What a day it was,
My first day in boarding school

By Mugarura Jedidiah
St. Mary's College Kisubi
SILC

Mugarura Jedidiah

The Queensberry Rules

Showing worry for others feelings,
A feature of the essence of beauty.

Making friends to become a friend,
The memoirs are a treasure you should never let go.

Looking at people in the eye,
To show honour and respect

Endeavour to say,
'I love you
You are beautiful
I am sorry'
To someone in a day
They are the nine TO GET A FRIEND words

The last judgement is,
It doesn't matter who you are or where you are from
Just dance to the music of your heart

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Who Am I?

Am one who has smoky eyes
Due to the pollution in the town
One with lung cancer, cough,
Influenza and other diseases
Who am I?

Am one who is stressed and distressed
Because of a hard day's work
One who is pressured at work
And forced in many other aspects
Who am i?

Am one who is gossiped about
Because of my low life job
One who is uttered horrific words
And comments about my looks
Am a poor kampala town dweller

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Wisdom Therapy

An open garden ready to receive seeds, surely it is
Seeds of trees that will bear sweet and brightly
Colored fruit□

Be contented with the early time in this garden
As you sow the seeds, consider in the morning
And a dewy evening
Waiting for the time of ripping
Rejoice while bringing in the sheaves.

As the moon and the stars grow dark and the clouds
Roll in after the rains
Meditate towards your life and live to tell
The ones before you
An idea of bliss is to always do as your heart commands
Live a life as smooth as a cheongsam dress
And you will always be remembered for
Your goodness, a goodness that shone through.

Keep on dreaming for calmness can lay great
Errors to rest
Wisdom will make a man more powerful
Than ten rulers in a kingdom
Charm is deceptive and beauty is fleeting
But a person who fears the Lord is to be praised.

The churning of milk produces butter
The twisting of the nose produces blood
And my dear, your anger produces strife.

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