

Poetry Series

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- poems -



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Lonely Heart

In the depths of my wounded heart, a lonely ache resides,
Where judgment's icy tendrils pierce, where solace often hides.
For the world, it weaves a tapestry, a portrait incomplete,
Unaware of the trials I face, the battles I discreetly meet.

They cast their eyes upon my path, yet fail to comprehend,
The struggles etched upon my soul, the wounds that never mend.
In whispered voices, they proclaim, opinions unexplored,
Unaware of the storms within, the battles I have roared.

Behind the veil of weary smiles, there lies a hidden pain,
A symphony of silent tears, like gentle autumn rain.
They see the surface, not the depths, the burdens that I bear,
Unwittingly they cast their stones, unaware, they tear and tear.

But in this chamber of my heart, a flame begins to burn,
A flicker of resilience, a lesson I must learn.
For though the world may cast its gaze, its judgments, cold and stark,
I find my strength, my solace, in the depths within my heart.

For only I can truly know the journey that I tread,
The battles fought, the lessons learned, the tears that I have shed.
So let them judge, let them assume, their words may sting and smart,
But I will rise above it all, for I know my own true art.

In the solitude of self-discovery, I find my refuge true,
Embracing scars and wounds as badges of what I've been through.
For in the darkest corners, where loneliness does reside,
I unearth the strength to carry on, with resilience as my guide.

So judge me, world, as you may, your ignorance I defy,
For in this heart that beats so strong, my truth will never die.
I am the author of my tale, the keeper of my truth,
And in the depths of my wounded heart, I find eternal proof.

Nigel Chinwadzimba

Hurting Shadows

In the depths of shadows, I find myself confined,
Bound by the weight of sins that aren't mine,
Aching heart, burdened soul, I silently bear,
The pain of their transgressions, so unfair.

I stand in obscurity, unseen and unheard,
While others revel in the light, undisturbed,
Their sins cast a pall, a haunting shade,
And I, the innocent, carry the charade.

It hurts to be a witness to their disgrace,
To be entangled in the web they embrace,
Their choices, their actions, stain my name,
As I struggle to rise above the blame.

But amidst the darkness, a flicker remains,
A spark of resilience, a hope that sustains,
For I am not defined by their misdeeds,
My worth, my spirit, no darkness impedes.

In the shadows, I learn to find my own light,
To reclaim my voice, to stand up and fight,
To rise above the sins that aren't my own,
And let my true essence brightly be shown.

For it's in the darkest hours, strength is found,
And though their sins may cast shadows all around,
I'll emerge from the depths, unbroken and strong,
With a newfound purpose, I'll right the wrongs.

So let their sins be a testament to my will,
A reminder that even in darkness, I'll prevail,
For the shadows may linger, but I'll break free,
And shine as a beacon of grace for all to see.

Nigel Chinwadzimba

Tgel

In the depths of my soul, aching and raw,
I pen this piece, my heart to draw.
For you are the embodiment of all my dreams,
The muse that inspires my silent screams.

Your presence, a balm upon my wounded heart,
A masterpiece of delicate art.
In your eyes, I find solace and sweet release,
In your touch, I discover a long-awaited peace.

You mean more to me than words can express,
Your mere existence brings me boundless happiness.
With each breath, you become my very air,
Hence each heartbeat, I declare my love for you.

You are the sun that lights up my darkest night,
The moon that guides me, casting gentle light.
There's much bright light in you that makes me feel like the man I wish I was and
forget the thing I am
Your smile, a beacon that dissolves my fears.

You're the melody that resonates within my chest,
The lyrics etched on my soul, never to rest.
Like a compass that leads a man through the storm,
The anchor that keeps me safe, steadfast and warm.

I yearn to hold you close, to feel you near,
To whisper my love, to wipe away each tear.
For you're everything I've ever longed for,
A precious gem, a love I'll forever adore.

But alas, fate plays a cruel hand in this game,
For distance and circumstances cause pain.
Yet still, my heart beats solely for her embrace,
Aching for the day our souls finally interlace.

So here, I lay bare my heart,
In hopes that you will know you are a priceless art.
Meaningful more to me than words can convey,

And in this painful longing, my love will stay.

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Bleeding Heart

In the depths of a soul, a tale to impart,
Lies a wounded spirit, a bleeding heart.
Its crimson rivers flow, a somber art,
Whispering secrets that tear worlds apart.

Within this fragile vessel, love once thrived,
Like petals of roses, so vibrant, alive.
But life's bitter winds blew, and shadows arrived,
Leaving scars unseen, pain deeply contrived.

Each beat echoes sorrow, a mournful cry,
A symphony of anguish, with no reply.
The bleeding heart weeps, tears stain the sky,
Drowning in memories that refuse to die.

It longs for solace, a healing embrace,
To mend the fragments, find a tranquil space.
But wounds run deep, an eternal chase,
And hope's frail flicker fades without a trace.

Yet through the darkness, a glimmer appears,
A gentle touch, a love that perseveres.
With tender hands, it tends to the fears,
Embracing the brokenness, wiping the tears.

A bleeding heart finds solace in embrace,
Love's balm, an elixir, a saving grace.
Though scars may linger, in time they erase,
Revealing a strength that pain can't deface.

So let the rivers of crimson bleed and flow,
For within the heart's wounds, resilience will grow.
From shattered fragments, a spirit will glow,
A testament of courage, a story to bestow.

In the tapestry of life, where sorrows reside,
A bleeding heart beats, refusing to hide.
For in its depths, compassion resides,
And through its wounds, love's essence resides.

Artful Love

In the realm where colors dance and dreams take flight,
Where imagination weaves its tapestry of light,
There lies a passion, deep and true,
A love for art, forever pursued.

With strokes of brush on canvas bare,
The artist's heart, laid open and bare,
Capturing beauty, both bold and sublime,
Transcending time, a moment frozen in rhyme.

In sculptures carved from stone's embrace,
The sculptor breathes life into form and space,
Chiseling away the excess and strife,
Revealing the essence, the soul, and life.

In melodies that float upon the air,
The composer weaves emotions, beyond compare,
A symphony of notes, a harmony untold,
Stirring hearts, a story to unfold.

In words, a poet weaves enchanting spells,
Unveiling secrets that the heart compels,
Verses that paint the world anew,
Whispering truths, both old and true.

Love for art is a sacred fire,
A burning desire that never tires,
It fuels creation, ignites the soul,
Unleashing beauty, making us whole.

For art is the language of the heart,
A universal thread that binds us apart,
It speaks of love, of joy, and pain,
A mirror to our souls, a limitless domain.

So let us cherish this love divine,
Embrace the artistry, let it intertwine,
With every breath, with every beat,
Let our love for art make life complete.

Ragging Love

In the depths of my soul, a tempest brews,
A life filled with rage, where pain ensues.
For those who hurt me, dear to my heart,
A maddening paradox, tearing me apart.

Oh, how cruel fate plays its wicked game,
Affliction and love entwined, causing me shame.
Their faces, once radiant with affection's glow,
Now wield the daggers that cut me so.

Each wound inflicted by their hands,
A testament to how our bond now stands.
For how can I bear this torment inside,
When the source of my anguish is by my side?

Their words, like poison, seep into my veins,
A constant reminder of my silent pains.
Yet, I cannot escape this bittersweet truth,
That those who hurt me are the ones I hold aloof.

In the depths of my anger, I yearn to break free,
To sever the ties that bind, to let myself be.
But love, like a tether, holds me in place,
A paradoxical maze, an eternal embrace.

For they are dear to me, despite the strife,
An intricate dance between love and life.
In the chaos, I search for a glimmer of light,
To guide me through this endless night.

Perhaps forgiveness, a beacon of grace,
Can heal the scars etched upon my face.
For rage, though consuming, cannot define,
The essence of love, so pure and divine.

So, I'll strive to find solace in my soul,
Embracing the duality, making myself whole.
In this life filled with rage, I'll learn to forgive,
And find the strength to love, as long as I live.

Lonesome Hope

In a world where shadows linger deep,
Where hope's embrace seems far and steep,
Amidst the pain and daily strife,
We yearn for solace in this life.

Through unknown paths, our steps we trace,
Seeking solace, seeking grace,
Yet time moves on, relentless, cold,
As stories of our lives unfold.

In solitude we often dwell,
A lonely toll, a silent knell,
But know, dear soul, you're not alone,
For others too, this pain is known.

Though trusted hearts may turn away,
Leaving us to face the fray,
Remember, dear, you still hold worth,
A light that shines upon this earth.

In time, perhaps, God's grace will show,
A glimmer of hope, a gentle glow,
For in our trials, we find our might,
And rise again in love's pure light.

So let us walk this lonesome road,
With courage and with strength bestowed,
And seek the hands of those who care,
To find the solace we all share.

For though forsaken we may feel,
A community of hearts can heal,
Together we'll find strength to mend,
And in compassion, hearts will blend.

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Empty Space

Alone I sit, in this empty room
My heart as still as the silent tomb
For I've driven them all away
With my actions, my words, my dismay

I didn't mean to push them away
But my fear, my pain, led me astray
I built walls, I shut them out
Unknowingly, I created my own doubt

I thought I was protecting myself
From the pain, from the hurt, from the stealth
But in the end, it was my own doing
My loneliness, my sorrow, my undoing

Now I sit here, in this lonely place
Regretting my actions, my disgrace
I wish I could turn back time
And undo the harm, the crime

But alas, I am here, all alone
With nothing but my thoughts to atone
I hope someday, I'll find my way
To open my heart, and let them stay.

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Lone World

it's the dreams that scares me
The visions that tears me apart
Exposing them draws comfort
Hence, discouraged in the process,
silence ties me and life become unfortunate,
A mysterious road untravelled.
Everyday race towards the edge of the cliff
Shuts everyone down to be alone
Stubbed with biggest rush of life
It's like a sorrowful script to be played
A life filled with unreal and strange
So painful without a shoulder to lean on
Movement of the clock belies the tale to tell us...

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Pain

Pain rains like paint, hence cuts like a knife.
It's magma mingled with stigma-
It sticks like ticks on chicks.
It stings and stinks.
Like a bee it will always be a viper with no vibe.
A nemesis from Genesis with it's excess fat in fate.
Without pain I cant paint a wall that wins a war.
Without it I cant eat coz it's a curse that wins m the case.

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Dear Future

Future I pass u my regards
Since u bear a brighter smile,
I time travel each day
Just to take a glance of your radiance
Like a mineral u are worthy

Expensive like answers to exam
Welcome m with a warmth hand
Hence my heart tires with hunger
With hope one day it will b quenched

Thorns trouble m with my mind filled with wishes
Burdened with cries like of a funeral
I look up to u n deliver my faith in u future
Remember m with food that satisfies life

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Let Go

I like to venture to the unexplored
to see the beauty in the strange n the unknown
I would go out there n have a sense of wonder
A magic of risking a dream that nobody sees but m
I've reminded myself that some birds aren't meant to b caged,
Their feathers are jus too bright,
When they fly away the part of m that knows it was a sin to locked them up does
rejoice...

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