

Poetry Series

Phillip Nine Mafunga
- poems -

Publication Date:

2020

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Phillip Nine Mafunga(17 September 1968)

I went to Kuwadzana 1 High School for my Ordinary Levels and then to Mount Pleasant School for my Advanced I did a certificate in Travel and Tourism with the University of Zimbabwe. I am a human resources practitioner in Victoria Falls Zimbabwe. I am a devout christian and a door to door evangelist.

A Good Night's Sleep

Menacing glare of the Bulilima sun
Toil, sweat, and slog all day long
Trying to reflect on what could have been
Twin mirrors with forged images of my tomorrow
Causing excitement and anxiety on today's young
Handicapped by fear, society is forever on the edge

Old trees bring stability of thought
The stories in them are far deep in the ground of knowledge
Nightfall is all but bliss
A serenade is going on outside my window
A hyena is reminding me that life is all laughs after all
The elephant concurs with a loud trumpet sound

Suddenly nature's mirth sweeps over my heart
Drawing shut the double curtains of love and peace
My mind to mellow into quiet and stability
I can feel His divine love begin to unfurl all over my soul
Bringing a picturesque calm all to my dreamland
A dreamland with a beautiful rainbow in the far horizon

PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA
25 April 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

A Letter To My Daughter

My love hear the words from your father
The only man that loves you genuinely and unconditionally
You are growing up in a warped world
A world full of confusion concerning everything morally cardinal
You are growing up in a world so cruel and evil
Guard your footsteps and be attentive to detail in all things
Never ever, forget where you are from, Africa.

You are a human being first then a woman
Feminity is for you to celebrate for that is the natural order of things
Man is not the cause of your problems neither is he the solution thereof
Know that you are beautiful not because someone says so but that is what you
are
Other people's perceptions should not be the foundation of how you view life in
the whole
However, know what you want, why you want it, where to get it, and how to get
it.
However, you shall never get it at all cost because there are always alternatives
out there.

I write this letter to you because I really love you
Take heed therefore to what I am saying to you today
For I may not live long like your grandfather to see you grow up
Grow up to be a woman I dream you to be, a strong willed woman
This world owes you nothing my love, not even an apology
You owe it to yourself to make things work to your benefit.
Be always positive in all circumstances my lovely daughter

Never run after fashion but dress well my love
Only fools find comfort and confidence in fashion
Dress well my dear daughter for the way you dress is the way you think.
Respect and honour is what you create in people, it does not come cheap.
Watch what you read, read into what you watch
More so, be careful of what music you listen to
You are a virtuous woman it is for you to maintain it.
For the way you project yourself is the way society views you.

Read and read a lot to make you wise
For the wise learn and fools wait to be taught
Read the Bible and practice what it teaches
In it is the foundation and epitome of wisdom
In it is the joy of peace and quality of thought
Read the Bible my daughter it will teach you the fundamentals of womanhood
Read it for it will teach you how to relate with the Maker of the Universe, your
Maker too.
Above all, keep the relationship with God by praying always.

From your loving father
Phillip Nine Mafunga
12 August 2019

Phillip Nine Mafunga

A Long Night

I have a tortuous task of being in my beautiful land
Left to march against shadows of whom we would have been
With the future of our unborn flashed down the sewer
For the sole price of being alive
Where I come nobly with a pure heart of the oppressed
Watching the future blowback of tyranny on them it once colored purple
PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA
21 July 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

A Metaphor Too Many

Black man is under siege
A history carved in bloodstain and agony
Ours is a life incused with a mark of pain and sorrow
Even the sun seems to skirt our skies
Europeans plotted to plunder our wealth
Africa, Australasia, New Zealand, Papua New Guinea
The South Seas and Polynesia alike

They have killed us for our wealth
With our sweat, we built their cities
In Africa through our leaders, they kill us
In America, they gun us down like game
They have taught us avarice ensconced in democracy
Competition we now compete to devour one another

For how long shall they spill black blood?
Women and children are crying
Hunger, starvation and famine our songs
Our culture poisoned, our self-worth trodden upon
Those who fought for our freedom, their bones must be aching in agony
Seeing what we have done with their spilt blood.

While we still smarting from the evils of the past
A more sinister future is kicking through our unguarded backside
The dragon has landed on our shores hiding behind the sun
He has no guns but corruptible power and deception
The signs of the times ahead are scarier than the past
Wake up Africa; let the sun of your sons and daughters rise again.

PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA
30 May 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

A Nation In Silence

The mood is somber
Streets are empty; doors bolted shut
Behind those bolted doors terror reigns supreme
Souls are struggling for answers
Music playing eerily in the dark morgue
The crescendo of evil intent

Those organizing cemetery welcome parties are in frenzy
The guest list keeps increasing incessantly
This darkness is very dark; the scientist is blank
Is this not the time to be humble?
Is this not the time to acknowledge the supremacy of God the Creator of all things?
Shall we continue to be smart in our foolishness and perish?

Phillip Nine Mafunga
22 April 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

A Song In My Heart

For some reason I thought Puerto Rico was in Spain
My ignorance caused me lots of pain
Well, it is lame for a fool to have fame
For without the Book, it is not easy for one to be sound and sane
In your twilight years, love is the only supporting cane
Money and fame are for the storm drain
So stay the walk and keep the lane
26 November 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Africa

Toiling through the dark past
Wars of slavery and imperial conquest
420 years of lost dignity and self-worth
Pillaged of her wealth and citizenry
Ubiquitous poverty and disease is now her day to day story
Today Africa bleeds from her wounds, as we say

Africa bled and the world was nourished
Africa bled America was built
Africa bled and her herbs cured the West
Africa bled and our kingdoms vanished
Africa bled and our morals decayed
Africa bled her children to beg for livelihoods

Those of fair skin have animalized your children
The leadership is complicit in the crimes against your dear seed
Africa my land; my blood and my breath
Just as they did with the Arabs and Europeans our leaders are selling us again
This time your wealth has pillaged by those from the land of the rising sun
However, we will fight them; not again shall we watch, not anymore.

PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA
26 April 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Africa A Cemetery

I do not have a proper formal education as in education
And yet I am educated as in being educated to know my left hand from my right
We get schooled on the continent and then run to use the skills elsewhere
outside
Could it be that what we are taught here is not good for the continent?
Maybe the Russian president was right after all
Could this be contemporary intellectual slave trade?

I hear you Minister of Garbage, Emmanuel Botalatala
Your grief is my grief and your sorrow mine too
Our skilled sons and daughters return home in the cargo section of the plane
Guns and war tanks in our streets and yet we manufacture none
For our resources we are made to kill each other with weapons we do not make
They are made in the countries that have eaten all our sharp brains for decades

I agree with you Minister Botalatala for our continent has become a cemetery
indeed
We who remain on we are here to look after our ancestors' graves
We are here to be used as cheap labour by those with whose guns we kill
ourselves
We are to watch them strip our land bare of all that matter to us
Yes, I hear you minister, I hear you perfectly well
From Marrakesh to Cape Town, Freetown to Djibout, a massive cemetery!

Phillip Nine Mafunga
24 September 2019

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Alone In The Crowd

They seemed very excited or was its intoxication?
Yes, the broadways of naivety were flooded with the simple
On an onerous march to somewhere prosperous
Sonorous voices commanding them to lands unknown
Their pockets being emptied by thugs from high walled scumholes
Then the crowd was running and screaming
The streets were full of bricks and broken glass
Dark alleys turned crimson red and some to the treatment table were taken
Oh my! He can't preach no more but cry!
Brass looks like gold, he warned them, and they ridiculed him

Phillip Nine Mafunga
1 November 2019

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Amadou Diallo

An African sojourn to the land of opportunities
The Bronx I have only read about in the story books
New York City whose nights are too dark for black men
February 4,1999 a hungry African immigrant decided to take a night stroll to the
McDonalds'
In whom a clever white foolish cop saw a potential rapist
And there in the street lay Amadou Diallo's body riddled with 41 KKK bullets

Black man knows no peace on this planet
The broken family system has seen him out in the cold streets
In the unforgiving streets, he is ducking crime and bullets alike
On the continent, thugs in government have run him out of his possession
Corruption, hunger, and disease the governing tools of oppression by them
Depriving the black man of all his self-worth and pride

Amadou Diallo is me
Amadou Diallo is you
Amadou Diallo is the blackness deep inside of us
They gunned him down as they have always throughout the centuries
Corralled us into self-pity and hate
And boy, have we self-destroyed as a result!
Amadou Diallo, the victim in all of us black nations!
PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA
25 May 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

And His Name Is Jesus Christ

Like walking through the choking dust of the Dakar Rally
Like deep in the murky waters of the sinful valley
My mind dizzy with the smokey songs of Marley
His unfailing love lifted me up; no wonder I am all smiley

My soul was in tatters
My life like smelly gutters
But to me He is more than a whole range of modern smutters
For peace to my soul He utters

His name is Jesus; the Christ of the living God
Whose love does not overreach but yet is so broad
Hanged like a sinner, yet to us, the Lord
Cry out to Him today; unto Him your sin's burdens offload
24 November 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

And I Can Still Hear The Sound

The weeping

Tears

Joy

The sparkle in the tears

Mourning and groaning

Enveloped in the sound of the future

Future resident inside of me

The sound of burning flames

The living destiny so pure and sound

That pure visibility inscribed in the sound beyond the hills

The rolling hills of visibility

Bathing in the cascades of music and beauty reserved only for the dreamers

That ageless sound

The sound of possession

Even possessing the enemy's gates

The sound in the; from Whom, I draw my faith!

9 December 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

And We Were Blind

He came, a stranger
Swaddled in a manger
To His own a danger
Arousing demonic anger
For the sinner to die no longer

Our streets and highways He traversed
The hold of sin, reversed
Sickness and diseases, He debased
He touched the blind and they were all amazed
Leaving the religious leaders dazed

As He hung on the tree, the sun blinked long in reverence
The earth shook under His weight, in terror
The elements recognized Him
And the universe seemed to know who He was
But His own image stood there cursing and mocking Him
12 November 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

As We Remember Sankara

I do not know how it feels like being a scholar
That has eluded me
Do I even know how it feels like to be popular?
May be I am and I do not know
I feel like scholars are just abstract humans
May be they live in the abstract who knows
But Captain Thomas Sankara spoke what he thought
He acted on what he spoke

Upper Volta became Burkina Faso- Land of the upright men
Africa has a reference point in his deeds
Here is man who confronted the scourge of corruption with clarity
Here is man who confronted the former colonial masters with conviction
Here is a man who revolutionized society positively
Here is a man who gave meaning to self-reliance
Here is a man who brought for sufficiency to his land
Here is great rallying point for the young people of Africa!
ALUTA SANKARAISM!
PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA
15 October 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

At A Glance

Children are singing and dancing
The religious songs at the background playing
Yet there is an eerie quiet from a distance approaching
Why are the young people so agitated?
Who has given them arms of war?
Where are the elders of our communities?
Is conflict and war the answer?

Being black and on the continent is not enough to be African
Feeling black does not qualify one to be African
The continent must see you, receive you and treat you as one
I see many black people on the continent who are not African
Those who steal from future generations are no African
Those who plunder her resources for personal gain are not African
You are African when Africa has received and treated you as such.

Brothers quarrel and fight, but they never kill each other
Unity and peace do not mean absence of diversity of opinion
Because we are black it does not mean we think alike
Because we do not think alike it does not mean there is no unity
Even though I look exactly like my grandfather, I am not him.

Phillip Nine Mafunga
11 September 2019

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Backyard Crisis

I am so good a man to ignore
I am the only man who can ignore me
No man can kill me or cremate me
No man can defeat me
Because I have no enemy or enemies
I am the only man whom I am enemies with

I am a grown man now but never old to explore the future
For all my stories are yet to be told
But I know now that what is true for me is just for me
History hangs things in my backyard I may not want people to know □
Well that is me; the only man that can compete with me and still lose
I am the only man who befriended me despite and still lived

It's strange how I love things that I despise
The very things that I disposed of still cling on me like tick
Yea, I am the man I have lived with the rest of my life
It's never been easy but the relationship stuck even though
I have gotten so used to it that I talk to me more often than before
I am the only man I am friends with permanently despite it all.

I love me!
PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA
7 April 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Beautiful People Sing

The breeze whistles through the mopani leaves
The lone bat flying merrily in the open skies
Drums sounding in orchestra-like in the moonlit evening
Dancers gyrating their waists under the glare of the moon
Yes, beautiful people singing songs of love
Dancing to the rhythm of love and joy

Let us go back to the future where love exists
Where the quality of life is not measured by the quantity of material possession
Let us return to the future where human blood is sacrosanct
The future the land of honour, fairness and justice
I desire that future where rivers flowed with clean water and the vegetation
green
It is the human greed that has dumped the glaciers into the pages of history.

Beautiful people have drums instead of bombs
Beautiful people have plough shares instead of guns
The sound of drums and song mellows the heart of those troubled.
Beautiful people take to the dance floor with song and laughter.
Let us march back to the future where life is serene and beautiful
The song is relentless in my mind and so it goes on and on....

Phillip Nine Mafunga
23 September 2019

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Before The Music Dies

Care to play the music loud
The Tonga symphony of beautiful love stories
A reminder that love still has a great chance
Hearts waxing lyrical in its warm embrace
Through turbulences, waves of sweet emotions washing ashore
Putting smiles on sad faces
Laugh always
Dance to the rhythm of your own heart
See the invisible decibels of the love tunes
Before the music dies
PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA
8 September 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Black People We Dance

A child is born into song and dance; a life to celebrate
Music in us is the umbilical cord that enjoins us with our fore bearers
To us song and dance is inborn
When a child is born, we sing and dance
The naming of the newly born is a jamboree of song and dance
We dance when we are happy we dance when we are sad
We sing and dance when at war
We sing and dance when burying an diseased loved one
We have songs and rhythmic dances for work
We sing and dance at weddings because of such are we made
Yes, black people can dance, from Africa to Brazil, Brazil to America yes that is
who we are.

Phillip Nine Mafunga
08 October 2019

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Blank Thoughts

Empty streets stretching towards ends unknown
A town square meeting called for all who care to hearken
Ladies and gentlemen, baboon presiding: agenda still unknown
Unspeakable questions; thick confused silence
Now I know that peace is neither quiet nor silent but rather salient
For in the silence of souls fate determines our tomorrow

Masked evil in us walks the pavements of our today
For human happiness is not a destination in itself
Instead, it is born in the pathways of our self-redemption
Our sorrows and pain entombed in the belly of our yesterday
We have wearied the soil with poison and famine we reap
Wrinkled and gnarled, she bares her wisdom to the unforgiving sun
In the silence of gathered souls, the town square is in fog!

A page unfurls in this dirge
One reads of a burning life beyond the age
The silence of the damning voice unto them in the echelons of power
Desiring to survive; spoken so loud in the quiet of myriad thoughts
Sonorous thoughts gathered daily in the freedom square of our struggle
Dream of a better tomorrow and build muscles of the newly born!

PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA

6 May 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Blast From Tomorrow

Crispy looking clouds afloat the human mental emptiness
Dangling energies in memories yet experienced
No place for the weak; no place at all for the sickly
The world is sliding back into a future unknown
With shadows cast in reverse angles
Sun and moon standing side by side, space for years unaccounted for

PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA

27 May 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Brazen Worship

The Word of His grace envelopes my soul today
The throne of grace from where mercy we obtain
By His bidding 'come ye that are heavy laden', we have the boldness
The entrance of His Word our lives transform
We can therefore desire a closer walk with Him daily
Crying out like Moses of old; 'show me your Glory Lord'

At the mention of His name the lame walk
Fools are haughty and Him they despise but the simple grow in wisdom
His divine love wrapped He in the name Jesus
Made He a secured embassy for our souls, His word
Like Galileans despised but our citizenship is from worlds afar
And the Word of His grace forever our comfort. Amen!

PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA
1 JANUARY 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Care To See

Care to see the creepy underhang
That slippery low ended treachery
Watch your steps: it plunges into dark unknowns
Care to see charity by your doorsteps
Hands stretched out with abundance of love
Rather care to receive the bountiful love overhang from the Almighty
Open your spiritual eyes and see the beauty of His mercy

PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA

13 May 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Charming Death Knell

The road twists and turns upslope
Running out of breath but excited to be going up top
Suddenly there far below him, plains so flung out into the horizons
Clouds hanging so low his head could touch them
Wow! He must have been right in the clouds
Yea, he was at the top
The fool in him felt like flying into space
Echoes from humanity he ignored; he was elated to be the man above all
They seemed to be waving at him from the foot of the humbling mountain
Power has a thing with fools; height has a thing against the lungs
The air became thin and scarce; it was all dark
The humble were picking limbs in the valley of the upright.

PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA

11 May 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Childhood Imaginations

When they first told me that the earth was an orb
My head grew a knob
Then they told me it spun around on its axis
And that it rotates the sun
I felt so scared and dizzy
Thinking what if it missed the spin
Or what if it went off rail and tipped over

So if the earth hung in space with nothing holding it
What if one day I walked right on its edges and slipped
Would I find myself on another planet?
Or is this the way people go to hell
Yes, hell is where volcanic lava comes from, or is that so
Maybe it is, since they say the belly of the earth is hot and molten
No wonder, God has to pour water from heaven to keep its surface cool and solid

Had always wanted to know the origins of wind
Wondered if wind had any colour at all
Or if they could show me the composition of wind
I marveled at the power it possessed
And the whirlwind looked very creepy
It seemed to be in a hurry to get somewhere
They said it was an angry mermaid on a mission

To me hospitals were baby factories
At least that's what my mom had told me
I was angry with her because every time she would pick a boy
My brother berated her for being late to the hospital all the time
Because we both thought girls were so few, and only the early mothers got them
At least that was a good explanation why mom picked four boys
Maybe dad should go to hospital himself next time

All animals spoke, well, they did in all folklore

25 November 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Confusion

Tanks or talks

War destruction or sow peace construction

Politician or mortician

Election or just elation

Acquiesce or just the ambiance

Idiot or patriot

Babble or Bible

Tooth for tooth or truce for truth

Outer space rocket or inner space pocket

Addis Ababa!

9 November 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Cool Rhythms

One cool morning I lit up my mood bright
Let my thoughts flap in the winds like a kite
Like daring the negative elements to a fight
As if that was all I could thoughtfully bite
For I would not debase myself and pay a bribe
Soar the skies; I lead the tribe

One cool morning I lit up my mood with an economic rite
Trying to rid my butt of one silly moral mite
Stepped forward to meet my shadow in the presence of His might
While I watched the earth heal of her many wounds, and it was such a sight!
Government promises are just but trite
All our dreams and visions rendered tripe□

One cool morning I picked up a book my mood to ignite
Reading in itself makes me feel so cool and right
In the shadows of my thoughts, I feel freed from the scary night□
I am so sure of daybreak, for in it He is the eternal light
All sorrow and tears will He forever wipe
In my dreams, His word will I always cite

PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA
15 May 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Cuddle Her

Sit down today and reflect
Reflect on the warmth of her bosom
Sit down with your mother and tell her stories
Stories about how great she will always be
Walk with her through the well kempt garden of appreciation
Hold mama's hand and lead her the way she led you
Cuddle and love her always.
Make her know that her sacrifices for you were not in vain

HAPPY MOTHERS DAY!
PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA
10 May 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Dare The Sky

Soar to the limitless highs of your imagination
Train your eyes and keep counting the stars
And keep your eyes away for the direct glare of the sun
The blue you see is but just an eye's end
Stretch out your wings and ride the gale
Fear not the rumbling in the dark clouds above
Didn't mama teach you well?
Find her wisdom, it is there hidden deep down your belly
Dare all and dare the sky

Phillip Nine Mafunga
28 March 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Dark Shadows

He who stands on the threshold of the darkest past
The dread of fear frightens his innards with fright
The path of the evil is infested with dark shadows; pitch darkness all around
Clouded mindset blowing out delirious socio-economic chaos
The very people he killed; the sanctuary of whom today he seeks
Poured he drivel on others yesterday, the master to appease

Yes, it is a fiction motivated by a fear of fear
Where are they from these dark shadows that have shaken the seat of the
might?
Adopted they a child, Dollar Bond by name for biological prosperity to replace
For found they not the cure for Austerity
Even the clouds cannot shed tears; posterity is crying out loud
I wish them success in their efforts those who know the truth.

Phillip Nine Mafunga
13 November 2019

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Dawn Of A New Day

Daybreak

Nature filing out towards self-sustenance

Water holes, a height of activity

Carnivores on the prowl

Herbivores keen on survival

Vegetation crying cold tears of sparkling dew

The natural garden glowing in the divine embrace

As the orange of the rising sun, colonise the eastern horizon

Birds singing merrily; butterflies flapping gaily in the open vlei

A cacophony of guttural and shrill symphony filling the aromatic air

Abuzz with new life again; nature is dancing in the rising sun.

PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA

27 October 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Dine With A Rhyme

I will try to look away from Deluke
And maybe avoid his suspicious look
Not rhyming makes me no crook
Neither does it make me a bad cook
Thus, I will, one day, respond to Deluke with a book

On many occasions I have tried
Tell you what, homeboy, I have also cried
Because I realize that, I have not yet arrived
From poetic reservoirs like yours, inspiration derived
I might not have done rhyming justice, but I guess, got it nailed

(In response to Deluke Muwanigwa. I hope this gets me a free bail)
17 May 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Dreams Beyond The Grave

Tekoa the wilderness of dread
The dreams that the grave could not fathom
Where God, His children granted He victory without the sword of war
Because what dreaded they became songs of praise and worship to the Almighty
For King Jehoshaphat understood the voice of his own fear
The dreams of the pearly gates of promise
Opening unto golden pathways of eternity
The awe-striking throne enveloped in splendor never seen by humans
Tekoa the wilderness of dread: dreams the grave could not hold back.

Phillip Nine Mafunga

26 January 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Dry Riverbed

Snaking downhill to the low plains sometimes permanently changing course
In dry season all that it ever was, is but oblivion
The history is never lost; it is carved on the surface of the stubborn earth for all
to see
Underneath that dryness, the reminder of the flow lies buried

The trees on the banks sing a different song, so lively and happy
Dancing in the wind under the menacing glare of the sun
Seemingly oblivious of the dryness around
Come summertime the roar of the torrent is heard afar off.

Phillip Nine Mafunga
08 October 2019

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Dying A Lonely Death

All around me thick bellows of smoky shadows
Dark shadows wherever I cast my eyes
Thick walls of solitude thought where no one seems to reach me
The meaning of thought thinning away into oblivion
I keep hearing sounds but not even a silhouette to match
Not even a whiff of fresh air or is it how it ends after all?

Slowly gusts of winds and flash memories flood my head
Inconspicuous strange images rolling off the auspices of yore
I feel like I am drifting away into the world of lights too bright
Can someone not reach out and stop me from drifting away?
My family is lovely; but where are they?
Coronavirus, the lonesome death harbinger.

Phillip Nine Mafunga
20 March 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Eagle's Call Invitational

I really would want the vitriol out
Whirlpools that would drown the fury in me
In the monster's death, only privileged fools eulogize
The life of who tormented the tombs of his many victims even
The monster's tomb, I am glad to stomp and desecrate
The freedom we desire is in the individual self-control
Motor bombs or Molotov cocktails will not

In the mind of the child, is the good clean breeze of self-worth
That tames the evil in the chaotic future social order
By subjecting the body mind into a serene awe
Knowing that sanctimonious piety in itself is but a fallacy
The toxicity of politics saps the fantismal energy from the living
Let everyone take a train ride to self- introspection
And reorient away from the path of social decay.

PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA
30 JULY 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Eatin On The Hoof

Swarms of mosquitos in their blood stained chorus in the reeds
With the sun settling slowly away from our day's needs
Darkness unfurling over the corralled and agitated war steeds
Waiting hopelessly for livelihoods long gone with the political geeks
We are Africans; we do not eat Halloween peeps
Nor do we have any more time for their positive pip
We have our eyes fixated on the prize: on their antics, we will not peek
As the young gird their loins for the peak
Where one can clearly watch the sun break from the horizon with a shy peep
Over the dark covered moral steep
We are running out of time; our patience is no longer up for keeps
PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA
18 September 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Eating The Bread Of Sorrow Nomore

There seem to be dark shadows in every turn
Every stride faces a competitive negating turn
Pain and sorrow; opportunities that evaporated into thin air
The unreal has become the real of today
Whatever the terrain the fight in us must hold firm
We as a people refuse to be who we are not
Success is only by our own definition
Sweat to eat your own sweet and wholesome bread

Phillip Nine Mafunga
18 APRIL 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Encoded Drone

The mirror in my heart is freaking me out
Sending out reflections, I would rather keep secret
The one who knows all things sees all that to man I hide
For to that the debt on my account paid He

Why then must I run from Him when He so much cares?
When I had not He already had it provided for
On the cursed tree had He laid it bare for whosoever
Decoding the mystery only fools deride

Phillip Nine Mafunga
1 October 2019

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Epitaph

He loved to read and write
He was in love but never was able to write about love
A prophet of doom they said he was
But to himself he was a realist and not an arrivalist

Many young people to him came they for comfort and correction
To the 'youthies' he was a man with no 'spark' in life
Most of the times alone but never lonely
Seemed to enjoy a lot the now of the hereafter

To him wisdom sparkled on his face like diamonds from the east
The dirt that covers him now must be in awe
Fruit trees of wisdom and peace must surely geminate
Surely the tomb cannot contain such and remain silent.

From the Holy Book drew he strength and comfort
From the Holy Book found he wise council
From the Holy Book comforted he them with troubled souls
He read It, he believed It and therefore taught he others also

A man dies not, for him he has transitioned
The curtain of time he waited so eagerly
We celebrate a life lived in simplicity
But whose touch remains in many hearts today.

Phillip Nine Mafunga
3 October 2019

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Faces Without Eyes

Plodding through the unlit alley ways of them yet born
Non-existent eyes turned inside out
Reaching out into the eccentric dark future
Wholly imagined but hardly fathomed
Where the loved ones are so near and yet out of arms' reach
A people whose yesterday pales away from the struggles of today
Leaving shreds of the nation's history scattered all over the sands of time
Whose rivers of blood are afloat with logs from a world unknown
Claims of a victorious past shrouded in fables and mysteries

PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA

4 September 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Fatherly Thoughts

I stay alive because I do not trust anyone but God
I stay alive because I love everyone
I do not seek to be loved by anyone but to love all
I am a man of influence and I influence men
I therefore speak what I think and think what I speak

My son you must be whom you want to be in life
Be well guided by them who have been before you
Only fools learn nothing new for they have no capacity to
Wisdom does not come by osmosis but by acquisition
My son you must have knowledge of how things work in this world

My son never labour to please men
But rather labour to make men's lives pleasant
Never be happy when given food, clothes, and accommodation
Nevertheless, be happy when taught the means by which these are acquired.
For it is more honourable to teach a man how to feed himself
Than to feed him all the time, for I do not like donations as they make a man vulnerable.

My son, democracy is but a fallacy as it turns the master into a slave.
Democracy is but premised on lies, egotism and corruption
In Africa my son, we have always had kings and queens absolute in power
Study your history my son and know where you come from
Yes my son, in Africa the family is the nucleus of society
It is the incubation of Ubuntu and a sense of belonging
We are Africans my son, never ever forget that.

Phillip Nine Mafunga
12 August 2019

Phillip Nine Mafunga

File

Decadence
Poisoned morals
Rivers turned crimson red
Blood stained opulence
Child headed families
A mean cat sits by the fireplace
Generation gap widens every day
The elderly left alone to die with no care
Society filed up to self-destruction
Let me hold your hand
None of us is born wise
Wisdom is from practice
Above all be humble always and yet critical

Phillip Nine Mafunga
22 May 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Futuristic Gaze

If I knew my tomorrow, I would indeed give it name
A name so glorious and marvellous to utter
I would gather all my yesterday
To gather recyclables on one side and dispensable on the other
My today would be very rich lacking nothing in resources
I would have a glorious and everlasting tomorrow

Today's now is wasted in profligacy
Procrastination the cankerworm eating away at the foundations of tomorrow
Arrogance born out of ignorance robs today of her wings
For yesterday has founded today and today projects tomorrow
A yesterday of falsehoods is sickness to the newly born and sorrow to the old
aged
Pack up your bags and fix your sandals for the journey is long.

Phillip Nine Mafunga
10 October 2019

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Give Us Of Your Oil

Virgins all so pure
For the coming groom, waited
The wait that would stretch their patients
Prepared they all were
Their lamps all trimmed and ready

The east wind bated its breath
The darkness dimmed in its waiting
The moon hid her face behind the sun
Excitement in them dulled
Exhaustion and disillusion set in

Are your lamps trimmed?
Do you have enough spare oil?
How quiet is the world around you?
Yes, you are not tainted by the world
However, how content are you living in it?

He came when they list expected
He is coming while they are enjoying the wait
He is coming when the music is still sounding mellow
He is coming in the middle of despair
That very "Give us of your oil" moment is at hand!
13 December 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Grandfather

You maybe old and frail
But your love for life does not fail
Keep holding your fort though you be pale
Now that you know, there is nothing holy about the grail
As you taught us whom to hail
I therefore pray that you keep your ship on sail
For your progeny is not up for sale
Keep more of your blessings in their future mail
Therefore, that He may forever keep them on the rail
Though you be fragile now and frail
Know that should you die, for you we will wail
For in your footsteps in the sands of time, we tail
And in your love and wisdom, trail
You taught us faith through sorrow and travail
19 November 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Guess What

Children will always be children
In the sun let them play
As long as you keep them hydrated
In the cold let them play
As long as you keep their little bodies warm
In the rain let them play
As long as you keep them dry
Through thorns let them walk
As long as you keep their little feet booted

On African hill slopes they will slide on their bums
As long as we let them have childhood fun
Before the winds of this world have blown them all over
Hydrate their tender brains with the Word of wisdom
Keep their little bodies warm with Love
Keep them dry with the Word of hope
Their feet shod with the Word of Life
Be their torch bearer to Eternal Life
For children will always be children no matter what!

PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA
14 October 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Gusty Winds

Set I sail on the wings of tomorrow
Playing catch up with runaway wishes of prosperity
My gown swells up with genetic pullbacks of yore
Fears of mountain peaks unreached by those who led the way before me
Dark swelling clouds spinning and racing through the expanse of my possibilities
Spreading wide my flaps in the wet wind to ride the tide in the dark emptiness of
now
I am trying to find a mountain peak of quiet: far out of reach of the racing winds
of uncertainty.

Phillip Nine Mafunga
16 February 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Happy Birthday

Warm hearts do not grow old though you are a year older today
You are rather a year wiser, I would say
Even as you watch, the pages of your person unfurl
Telling the stories of both your struggles and passions
Punctuate the celebration of your day with a victory leap
For you do deserve the best
I hope my brother bought you a matching beautiful cake
To signify the sweetness you brought into the clan
So that among us you could claim your stake
And show all who care that you are awake
I hope you have all the lovely presents today
Presented as a reminder that time does not go on vacation
The wise will always redeem it; fools will demean it!

PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA

7 October 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Hope In Despair

When you come to the end of the rope
It's time to begin the journey back
When the moon looks forlorn in the sky
The sun is shining bright on the other side of the globe
Knowing that His Word is pure
On His Word, your footing is forever sure
God's Word is like a mirror
Reflecting His eternal mural
More medicinal and aromatic than myrrh
26 November 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

I Am Her First Love

She fell in love with me
I fell in love with her
I am her first love
Right from day one, in my bosom she finds comfort
But I am in love with her mother and she doesn't mind
At times very manipulative but all the same a joy to be with
It frightens me that one day another man will snatch her away from me
Still our love will remain intact and strong

Phillip Nine Mafunga
18 October 2019

Phillip Nine Mafunga

I Shall Not Be Silent

When children in my neighbourhood disappear without trace, I will speak
When they go to school bare footed I will not stand by and do nothing
When they have no school fees, I will not shut my bowels of compassion towards them
When they sleep on empty tummies, I shall not be silent
When they have no roof above their heads, my doors I will open
I am a man and yet only yesterday I was a child and even so a child in want

I shall not be silent no longer when they daily rape my sisters
I will make my voice heard against child molesters
Why abuse her when you said you loved her?
Before she is a woman, she is as human as you are
Do you not think she deserves the dignity you also enjoy?
She is someone else's mother so dear to them as yours is dear to you

Phillip Nine Mafunga

I Would Rather Die Young

Woke up to a silent dewy morning
Wet cheeked children moaning
With sagged shoulders aimlessly roaming
She's crying; her mind a naked starry June sky looming
Seeing their future die in the choices of today, she's fuming
Walk with me and see all this peacetime destruction around us

I would rather die young for all that, I have seen
She walks the filthy backyard lanes to feed her children
The potbellied fools smiling all the way to state of the art morgues
Our country is on tailspin and the leaders demented with power of rogues
She trudges back to her a shack with nothing to show for the day's slog
I am tired; exhausted and cannot take this anymore.

Phillip Nine Mafunga
14 March 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

If All Was Well

If all was well with our country
We would all drink from the same well
If all was well with us as people
Evil amongst us would not dwell
If all was well with our politics
We would not behave like a people under a spell
If all was well with our moral compasses
Children would have beautiful tales to tell
If all was well with our religion
We would not allow foolishness to swell
If all was well with our economics and law
All thieves would be in hell
Only if all was well!
11 December 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

I'm Walking Away

I have seen the light
And I'm walking away
I have heard the Redeemer's call
I'm walking away
His call unto salvation
I'm walking away

Walking away
I'm walking away
From my sinful past
I'm walking away
From the filthy pathways
I'm walking away

Heeding the Saviour's Word
I'm walking away
From the fornication
I'm walking away
From lying and cheating
I'm walking away

Walking away
Walking away
I'm walking away
Walking away
Walking away
I'm walking away

From the wrath of God
I'm walking away
From coming hell's fire
I'm walking away
From popular thought
I `m walking away

Walking away
Into the beauty of His Glory
I'm walking away
Into the presence of His mercies

I'm walking away
Into His healing arms

Walking away
I'm walking away
Into His everlasting life
I'm walking away
Where there is no sickness or sorrow
Yes, I'm walking away
15 December 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

In This Chaos

In this chaos

I would, you set in the rain to soak

In all the day's struggles

I would, you walked in the rain

Splashing through puddles with little care

In all the mistrust there is all around you

I would, you listened to the spattering of the raindrops

In the world full of misfortunes

I would, you found within you a place of quiet and comfort

In this care free world

I would, you listened to the judgement of your own heart

In these days of avarice

I would, you tamed your own appetite

In these times of hate and war

I would, you preached love from the conviction of your own heart

In these times of disloyalty

I would, you were loyal to the spiritual convictions of your own heart

3 November 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Inaudible Rumbblings

I know that I know what I know
That it comes from the depths inside of me
That the rumbblings in my belly making inaudible sounds
Sounds only heard by those that care to care

He speaks to you and yes, He is speaking from within
Go on and declare the might of His majesty to the wise
That by the Spoken Word spread Him out the firmament
That founded He the deep foundations of the earth

Indeed made Him all things by him whom He sacrificed
The wise partake of the sacred sacrifice life eternal to attain
The table is set, invited guests sited but there still are many empty seats
Did He not set times by which the gates will be shut closed?

Phillip Nine Mafunga

3 October 2019

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Indelible Memories

Sauntering to nowhere in the storm in my mind
Legs so sore and heavy
Both hands on my heavy head
Ashen faced like spook
Vision so clouded by a flood of tears
I had cried my ribs sore

'Men are trash' or is this what they meant all along?
But who would believe my story?
For mine sounded too far fetched and gory
I needed enough courage to feel up a lorry
Seems nothing can quench this fury
Or was it my fault?
16 November 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Just Think Of It

Emmanuel Nambware insists that I must start a musical band
But how without any land?
Maybe with him managing, it could trend
I am not sure if my writing and my singing can blend
Just to think of it, the idea could be grand
I should be asleep by now but with this, I find it hard to mend

What would be the name of the band?
What would be the music genre of choice?
Maybe something, that would rhyme with loice
Obviously not in like, noise
Bu something soft with a good musical poise

What if it's a lyrical business venture
As in river rafting adventure
Not that I understand much about the term debenture
Maybe that is the only way I could see the business aperture
31 October 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Kaleidoscope Of Immorality

Streets so wide
Evil in them, the pride
Behind thinly curtained windows, the blessers' pride
Young girls' relevance the decadence's aside
Prudence and self-restraint yet forever divine

The Hockey Club; no hockey players
The celebrated and finest in society, the moral slayers
Whoever squeals to reveal, them safeguard with prayers
Greed breeds speed for social decay, burden to the taxpayers
Hockey Club but no hockey players

The secrecy, the beauty, the glamour
The power, the occult, the clamour
Models, fast lane, fast cars, splendor
Maserati, Lamborghini, Bugatti for the pretty and slender
The dark, the orgies, travels, symbols and emblems, the obvious danger

They have set the pace into space
The naïve will miss the risk in the race
And be lost in the messy maze
Liked and spiked for the sleazy phase
Debauched and left in a daze
21 November 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Kinky

All that looks kinky might not necessarily be kinky
Kinky vibes are usually not from a kinky heart
And we black people have kinky hair but not kinky hearts
Though some do have hearts borrowed from kinky aliens
Not that I am saying all aliens are kinky
But some from where the sun is birthed do have kinky eating habits
But those from where the sun hides for the night are much kinky than all
Us black people have kinky hair and not kinky hearts.

Phillip Nine Mafunga
13 December 2019

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Lone Gunslinger

We know not more than we do
Corona the virus; COVID-19 by distinction
But it appears to know more about we the humans
Spits venom; pathways strewn with desolation
Rattling the door of innocence and peace
On the mountain foot of dread the world huddles in submission

We surely are in quandary as to what has hit us
In foreign lands black souls float in strange darkness
Their lives ripped out by a landmine made in a lab of nightmares
Saving lives of them who yesterday terrorized us
Back home more souls queue for a tomorrow so dreary and bleak
But I can see the reddening of the eastern horizon

Maybe they have lied to us
Maybe someone is out to making money
Maybe humans aren't that smart after all
Maybe the cure is simply in the prevention of the unorthodox
Maybe in that simplicity lays the solution to the complexity
Maybe the fools amongst us the wisdom we seek after all.

PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA
5 May 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Lonesome Cacophony

Racism does not prevent one from marrying from the race they despise.
Racism is not one calling the other monkey or pig.
Racism is an entrenched political and financial system
That excludes other people on account of their race.
It is the system of the world that monopolizes wealth in the hands of one race
The tragedy we have today is leaders (personalities) are elevated way above
ideas and ideals.
We must never die for a leader but for an idea and ideal we can

Christians today seem to shy away from critical thinking.
They will accept any philosophy packaged as scripture without questioning
The authenticity of the message.
We were given not fear but a sound mind
Church is never meant to make people happy but your faith in the redeemer
Jesus does
I do not defend my Lord Jesus because He is more than able to defend me and
fight His own battles,
Instead I defend my faith in Him.
Jesus was not born on the 25th of December.
It's a pagan day that was christened no wonder its beer orgies appeal more than
its reverence.
To me it's just a public holiday that's all.
Law was designed to protect society from evil but evil usurped the ideal to
entrench tyranny.
Fear when numbed turns to hate

The victim will never be factual and logical in explaining pain because pain is just
painful.
The perpetrator will always come up with lots of academic and logical excuses
as to why they decided to be evil; much more when they still wield
economic, political and gun 'powder'
Deep fear brings forth hate
To outlaw an outlaw is unheard of.
How do you outlaw that which is already illegal by its mere existence?
The black market is a 'financial outlaw' market and I do not understand how it
can be outlawed
Wherever you hear these terms know that only the elite are being referred to as
the people: The People's parliament, the people's army, the people's
government.

Never be fooled, no country that uses these phrases regards people's freedoms as important

We are too busy dealing and wheeling to even think how vulnerable we are as a people. Our social fabric has been torn to pieces by thugs who drive in fancy cars and live in mansions.

They have guns, they are untouchable and guess what they have become our youth's heroes.

we now have warlords running the mining sector

This not anything our lawyer politicians are cut out for

Evil is not racial. Evil is inherent in humanity in spite of race.

Evil is only accentuated by economic and subsequent political power.

All races are capable of being racist

What happened to "mandionerepi" whose paintings are all over the caves

In Chitungwiza, Domboshava and Banket?

East, Central and Southern Africa belongs to the Pigmies and khoisan people. I call them the first nations.

We, the bantu came and took their land leaving them crammed in the hot deserts

Politicians from time immemorial have always turned to popular religion for energy.

But this has always weakened them the more.

In the last days of Mugabe and Gbagbo church services where daily, nearly. I will not say more.

All great nations are never from pure breeds but assimilating conquered and weaker tribes

Capitalism is catastrophic if left unfettered

Pan Africanism is a phoney philosophy or ideology.

Like communism sounds very good on paper and in the classroom.

Power is in being honest that you have a weakness as a human being.

dictators don't feel comfortable with young dynamic opposition leaders that connect with the youth.

Anything you get for free you mostly likely not to value it

Any revolution led by political parties is temporary

I literally lived this history I am not reading it from some book

In a certain country bordering Wakanda patriotism is supporting the president at all cost.

It's unfortunate that we redefined theft to hustling as if it's something different.

Hustling simply means obtaining illicitly or by use of force.

At times doing good things and doing the right things are not the same.

Many leaders do good things for their own selfish ends.
To be inspired is good but to realise the inspiration to benefit the now and the future is another thing all together.
Our education is too exam centred rather than knowledge based.
Anyone can cram and memorise theories and pass but very few come out knowledgeable
Enough to make society better, very few indeed.
Education shouldn't be a fashion thing.
A thief that steals from a thief is a thief still.

PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA
31 December 2019

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Love

She is not conceited but convinced
Green and lovely like a maze field viewed from a distance
So magical in her touch and feel
Love has the scent of a purple rose in the morning
So reassuring like a red rose at sunrise
Her influence lingers on into posterity

Love is mystical but not magical
She casts cooling shadows in summer and warmth in winter
Her footprints in the sands of ages are indelible
To those who seek her, a cathedral of peace and simplicity
Her lap is the portal to human comfort and safety
Yet she is alien to the auction floors

PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA

9 May 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Lyrical Warmonger

I can hear music playing in the far away backgrounds of my mind
Decibels so loud my ears are continuously ringing
Lyrics welling up rapidly from the deep darkness of my belly
Oh my! There is a camouflaged roadblock in my throat
From the putrid burp, the song must be poison worded
Someone must've poisoned my childhood thoughts

The music is dementedly loud
The poison ZANU laced my youthfulness with is upsetting my adult belly
I would rather not vomit the burning in my belly
The innocent youths may be contaminated
Can I find a pharmacy to buy laxatives to cause my stomach to run instead?
This ZANU PF poison be flushed down the hidden pipes of memories

The gurgle, the twitch, the crimson splash, and the stiffness
The eerie cries of those left behind in the background
Hushed by the threat of machete wielding 'mashurugwi' in offices of power
The future decimated for those so young to know power games
I'm simply a poet: a lyrical warmonger
The present explains our evil past that must be cleansed and exorcised

PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA
12 MARCH 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Mama

Mama I wish you would see me now
I have grown to be a man, mama
Your grandchildren are beautiful mama
You would have been proud of me, mama

The music is loud, young girls screaming, booze everywhere
Mama, they have guns and smoke bombs
The dance moves, mama, are eerie
They are killing us mama; I wish you were here

Mama I would have liked to write to you about what a man I have become
But they have guns pointed at me and I cannot see their faces mama
I would have written to you about my job, but the money is worth nothing
They are blaming them without knees mama

A long time ago when dad was away you made promises mama
Dad was away on a mission to bring freedom and peace for us
Mama, I see dad potbellied now with small girls
Mama dad is now supping with those without knees

Mama, they are killing us for telling them we are hungry
I wish you were here maybe dad would hear you
My sister was defiled, and my cousin has no marked grave up to now
I hear rumours mama, plenty rumours that it was dad's people

Mama I would have wanted to write to you about plenty good things
But mama they have whips, salted whips
Our young people have run away like when we were young
They descend on us like bees leaving some us unaccounted for

Phillip Nine Mafunga
26 September 2019

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Me

I grew up in the days of great transition
In the days of great African minds
In the days when General Tongogara was the name of great inspiration
The name that got enemies trembling
I grew up in the days of great revolutionaries Like Samora Moises Machel
The days when even poetry was revolutionary
Yes, I grew up in the days of Dambudzo Marechera
The days of Mazwakhe Mbuli and Mutabaruka
Now you can surely guess my source of influence

I grew up under Ian Douglas Smith of Rhodesia
An international pariah state that succeeded against all odds
Yes, I can tell you about the Special Branch and Selous Scouts
The days of racial segregation and white supremacy
The days of Whawha and Chikombela
I grew up to know that freedom does not just come to anyone
The days of boycotts and passive resistance
The days of ZIPRA and ZANLA forces
I grew up in the days Angola and Mozambique got their independence

Yes, I grew up in the days of great change
The days when everything was dynamic
The days when the world was on the move on all fronts
The days when cassettes replaced vinyls
The days when CDs replaced cassettes
Yes, those were my days and I have seen it all
I have seen the advent of the computers
The cellphone revolution
I have pretty much seen it all
Please do not guess my age!

Phillip Nine Mafunga
30 July 2019

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Melody Of Fools

When we kill the youths in the streets of yesterday foolishness
The common man dreams of a great future
From a today wasted in mediocrity
That which would have killed the minorities is now a pandemic amongst the majority
COVID 19 the dread that have shaken the powerful
Where are the nationalist in all this?

Take my hand up the hills into the tree line
In the thin air, I want to stand for a few moments
Stand there atop the turbulent today and peer into the future
The valley yonder is blurred the horizon I see not
From where I come, fools are incessant in their hope for better
The valley covered in cinder and ash of yesterday ravished by greed

Lead me across the river of rights consciousness
I see flash floods of wasted years etched on the dry riverbed
Skeleton like trees lining the bank on the other side
It is all that we have bequeathed our posterity with
Dry morals, dry self-worth: the only- now syndrome
The melody, the dance, and the destruction of fools
PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA
10 March 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Merry Christmas

I wish you a merry Christmas my country men
But I wish I understood or knew what that means
Because of the way we are progressing fast towards yesterday
To the poor blind bat, the tomorrow we desire is much clearer
I really wish you a merry Christmas my country women

But what does it mean really with all this dryness around us
The brooks of mercy flow no more
The backwaters of love and thoughtfulness have dried up
I can smell gunpowder in the air
Merry Christmas son, merry Christmas my love

I wish I could turn the carols I sing into tangible love
The same carols even when enveloped in avarice sing
Humanity must hang her head in shame
We gather more than we need and throw away what would have saved a soul
Merry Christmas indeed hoping it make sense to say so.

Phillip Nine Mafunga
24 December 2019

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Mob Culture

Being sorry with a cave
Is like giving evil the premises you have
Rather stick to principles and behave
For a little lie is just as grave
Mobs are the devil's enclave
You must stick it out and be brave
When they come against you in a rave
For even Jesus faced them at Calvary's wave
12 December 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Moonlit Night

They sing and dance under the watch of the bright moon
Giggles and laughs in high pitched voices
Some clapping hands in joy and yet some crying
Grandmother's tales the evening class of life's mastery
Let the children play for their future is at evil's bay

Playstation obesity the oily death trap
Let the children play nature to pay
Listen to grandma's evening tales their souls to mellow
Millennials rather dance in the mystics their brains dry
Let the children play the day end to find
The moonlit night; hope's harbinger.
Phillip Nine Mafunga
29 February 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Music

Music is multilingual
Music is multicultural
Music is multidimensional
Music speaks peace to the nations
Music is the sound of war to oceans
Music has love notes
Music has hate antidotes
Music heals the bleeding heart
Music mends a broken soul
Music is soft and mellow
Music is hard and sallow
Music can also be shallow and hollow
Music is at times deep and steep
Music is pure
Music is sometimes raw
Music is mostly honest
Music gives rhythm to a song
Music is always strong
11 November 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

My Love Is For The Living

I do not care about what I say for it has already been said by others before me
I say what I rather care about for it is of importance to me
I do not celebrate the dead neither do I hate the departed
My love is for the living for with them I commune
The comfort of the living is like a warm blanket in a Gweru winter night
The dead will never correct their errors but the living

Phillip Nine Mafunga
21 February 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

My Tomorrow

If I knew my tomorrow, I would indeed give it name
A name so glorious and marvelous to utter
I would gather all my yesterday
To gather recyclables on one side and dispensables on the other
My today would be very rich lacking nothing in resources
My tomorrow would be wonderful with a glorious name

Phillip Nine Mafunga
10 October 2019

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Mystique

He woke up young and fair
Warm thoughts with no care
Cloudless skies, joy for birds of the air
He walks with a strange gait with no shame to spare
With what seemed like celestial strides headed nowhere
Unbroken dreams so rare
His life seems all mirth and square
To him, tomorrow is but a fairy tale.

Phillip Nine Mafunga

22 April 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Naivety Unfazed

There was a young man I knew from my ghetto
With faded memories, I see him stroll through our dark streets unfazed
To him it seemed the sun would shine through the dark of his innocence always
Our streets were for the astute survivors; he seemed not to care
In high seas of life, tomorrow was never mystical to him
Where enemies lurked in the dark shadows of the purity of fame
Sneaky gun totting spooks prowling from behind the cold human walls
Now he was running; no gun no protection
A fugitive from morality and conscience
Made a wrong love turn which left him all alone, crying bitterly
Now he is all memories; fame cannot shield him from shame
I met him, in loneliness, trudging through memories of what he could have been
All alone through the rhapsodies of a life unreal
Sad that he now blames everyone for his naivety!
PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA
23 May 2020□

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Night Of Many Cold Rains

Sat all alone in a flood of nondescript emotions
The orange ball of the sun dipping into the horizon unknown
Decapitated heads bobbing up and down the stone dry and sordid political streets
Headless torsos of those of us who would have been, strewn all over our
economic highways
Dimly lit streets that pale away into the wet darkness
Heady eyes all around the centre of our social comfort
Streets kids fumbling their way; soaked to the bone
With no place to lay their sordid selves, cracked feet and putrid sores all over
their unwashed bodies
Their parents fobbed off with the fallacies of freedom and patriotism
That watched as hospitals, schools, and factories flood with inefficiencies
Let thugs steer out lifesaving boats
The night is long; the night is wet and very dark
Wet winds of poverty still blowing strong; we wake up or we all swim our way to
hell

PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA

6 September 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Nostalgia

Yesterday we would swim in natural pools of innocence
Knowing cattle by name and character
In the wild we only killed for sustenance and not for sport
With the environment we coexisted
Money was never a motivator nor was profit a buzz word
We ran around in our bathing suits for our innocence feared no paedophiles

One TV and one telephone and the whole street was served
The incredible Hulk was my favourite show
All children belonged to the community
In a tribe we were all protected by a common ancestry
One married into a tribe creating effective peace between tribes
Nature succoured us; nature nurtured us

In the streets and open spaces great football stars were honed
Leaders were birthed during childhood plays
Teaching was a noble profession and the nurse was always female
We never saw soldiers in our neighbourhood
The police oversaw our neighbourhood security
University was sacred and only for the academically gifted
Managers would never beg; they owned nice things
The ting ting bell of the postman brought excitement as he dropped the mail by
the gate
We would wake up in the morning to pick up bread and milk by the doorsteps
Thieves never stole food for it was plenty
Harare Omnibus Company (HUOC) bus was always on time
Water and power were provided for by the city of Harare

We had our stationery provided for by the school
Education was attractive; it was the gateway out of poverty
Vagrants played guitars and so we were not encouraged to play
Bankers owned cars and houses, and wore nice suits
Everyone could have a job and corruption was not in our vocabulary
Then I woke up to find that it is very sunny and hot!

Phillip Nine Mafunga
16 October 2019

October In The Zambezi Valley

No matter how long you have been here it is always a scary thought
A thought that lingers in you irritatingly like a moth
For many months on end wait we for it with great dread
The heaven's eye glares into the valley to turn it into a furnace
At noonday nothing moves for not even a shade would give enough cover
Even when it takes a long blink the valley remains an open pit of heat

Strangely in the same oven, life springs out flowery and green
The four footed and the winged wait for the darkening of the heaven's face
The puddles that where are but baked dry surfaces
To survive is a lottery chance nearly
Skeletons scatter across the valley floor having been cleaned by the scavengers
But still we love it here, we have adapted

Phillip Nine Mafunga
15 October 2019

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Oh My!

The very Great God of Heaven
For our sake, humbled Himself
To those of us in darkness, sent He a Preacher of the Gospel
To the brokenhearted, sent He the Healer
To the captives, proclaimed He liberty
To the bound, flung He open the prison gates
To those who mourn, comforted He them
To announce even the accepted year of His power
Year of vengeance and recompense
14 November 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

On This Day Many Moons Ago

You have come a long way dad to be here
You have seen the bright of the sun and the dull of the moon
The white woman thought you as being rude for not calling her 'nkosikazi'
For you believed that the title was only reserved for the African queen
And you were prepared to even lose your job of which you did

Now that I am a man, I appreciate the more what a strong man you have been
When mum passed away, I saw how devastated you were
But thirty years on the Lord has preserved you
I love you dad, today is your day enjoy it
Happy birthday Mr. Elias Mafunga

Phillip Nine Mafunga
26 September 2019

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Only If You Listen

You do not have to think yourself wise, so be wise
Even so, do fools wallow in their foolish wisdom
Fools turn their foolishness into cash
Thus, they get rich out of the foolishness of the wise
Wisdom to fools is therefore not worth any riches
I am wondering if I understand what wisdom is really?
Or, it is a matter of rumbling and semantics?

What does alcohol do to the mind of a whole grown man?
Or rather, what does it not do to him?
Is it because of the loud music and the crowd that is to blame?
I suspect alcohol and the crowd make one deaf
I have never tasted the alcohol in beer
So, I always wonder why it seems different with brand names
Maybe I am hallucinating over things I have no idea of

You do not have to think yourself wise, just be wise
An intoxicated wise man is just as good as any fool
You can imagine a fool overtaken by alcohol
Alcohol is not bad, and that is my problem
I would rather it was bad so that no one would abuse it
Well by the way, who am I? Just rumbling semantics
Wisdom is neither an ingrowth nor an outgrowth, it is rather an embodiment of
self.

30 October 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Penitentiary

Thick immoral concrete walls all around me
The smell of sin and hell rot in the air
Humans partying in the scum
I watch my religious upbringing huddled on the hard floor
Lice and mosquitos feasting on the pile of human flesh

I could imagine wailing mothers pounding on the unyielding walls from outside
Dreams for freedom
Imagined straight curves
I have to eat the poorly cooked meals of the man I have become
Even as I battle against prison gangs and self-pity
PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA
12 October 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Perceptionist

Judge me for all you want
Judge me for the lows and highs of me you know
Judge me as long as you are justified to do so
Walk in my shoes and see if they fit
Share in my struggles if you can and let's see how you fare
Judge me if that's what makes your day

PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA

14 MARCH 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Pretty Plaque In The Cemetery Lobby

Curtains flung wide open; privacy put to public scrutiny
All boats rocked, of friends and fore alike
With all abandon she swings and struts the streets of modesty
Feet shod in steel spikes, she treads through innocence carefree
The bread of disgrace, weak men to feed off her lap
As they ogle at her exquisite beauty
Racing through guilty pathways many souls to destroy
With interred dreams wrapped in red rose petals
She loves to harvest the cornfield she did not plant
All womanhood disgraced and put to shame
Nevertheless, just in a single drop all her beauty has vanished
Pimps profited from her folly
Heaven and hell are realities!
PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA
24 May 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Quest For More Of Nothing

Thugs usurped the throne
Demons have possessed those in high offices
Pleas alone will not quench the flames of hell
Pity parties are songs of joy to them
Neither will intellectual discourse bring common decency to the despot
Propriety and academics are for another day
With money, the greedy will they always manipulate
When will the oppressed ever rise and flood the streets?
And let the high streets of power rumble and shake?
When will the hungry and poor demand their place on the high table?
When will the sick demand decent healthcare?
When will we demand education for all by 2020 as was promised?
Are we ever going to have reliable public transport?
Are we not accepting the same every time expecting different outcomes?
Wake up Zimbabwe! Rise up for your own freedom like before!

PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA

28 May 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Reading It Loud

Reading it loud like the rumble in the cloud
Reading it loud into the ears of the powerful and proud
Reading it so loud to shake their ground
Keep reading it; neither fear nor your worth be found
Keep reading it and never be bound
Keep reading it and inspire the crowd
Reading it so loud fools to astound
Yea, reading it loud to pile on the mound
Keep reading it and let them hear the sound
Reading it loud and their hearts to pound
Reading it loud and leaving them confused and round.
Keeping reading it loud to kill their trusted hound
Keeping reading it loud, do not mind them even if they frowned
Keep reading loud and never tire until you are crowned.

PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA

28 April 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Red Hill

From far beyond, beacons of beauty so pure to the human eye wave
Memories sprinkled with red and green interspace
Ancient stories of a life so pure chronicled in the hidden roots
Rising majestically above the manmade animal water hole
Trees waving gaily from the summit of the future unknown
Mystical beauty; memories of love nondescript but worth savoring nonetheless

Elephants foraging through the green covered hill slopes
Thumping rhythms of nature's creative resonance in the background
Waking the living to a dance of life as it were
Up the hill, the air blows soft and sweet
Oh! How I wish heavens would open
Drops of sweet love, the green to nourish again

PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA

25 May 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Rejoice My Soul

On the hilltop the sun shined into the future unknown
The agony, the writhing, the cries and cursing
The breaking of waters and the crimson flow of promise
Her pain and labour; the new bundle of joy
Dorothy was all smiles; a woman of honour she had become
To Percy, the progeny to carry the family name into beyond

November the 28th in the year of Our Lord 1989
The lady in white spanked my bottoms life to flow in my veins
All the clouds of sadness receded; clear joy filled the sky
The mountains of Chaitezvi rejoiced
The lush valleys of Goromonzi silently waited for the news break
They desired me to be mild and gentle, Clemence so they named me

The sun that shined in my day and the moon that lit my night
The brightness that blinded my forebearers eyes
The Word He preserve for me to hear
Has become the light to my feet and my heart rejoices always
I will rejoice and celebrate His wonderful grace
With you my friends today I will drink His cup.

Written by Phillip Nine Mafunga for Clemence Hungwe for his 30th birthday.
27 November 2019

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Ride The Tide

I know I am free but free from what?

The waves that I have imagined though the sea is only in my read

Nature that swirls and swing in my vision is yet to hurt my toe

Even though I walk with a limp which I call a springy bounce

Twirl in the confusion of time, tomorrow will always with or without

Now I know, power resides in the inherently corrupt.

PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA

13 JANUARY 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Sanity In Vanity

Motionless bodies afloat the space of being
Entwined intricate jargons of a political vacuum
Born out of deformed and aborted yesteryears
With voids in valleys of sonorous sorrow
Where bare bones of vanity bear witness
To a tomorrow mirage enveloped
Soiling the very loins of men of avarice
However, love conquers, love sustains, and love supersedes

Phillip Nine Mafunga
25 April 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Serene Waterfall

The sound so discreet like the Carlos Ghosn escape
Like a lion's roar only heard afar of in Lebanon
Pouring into the gorge in a torrent of quiet and comfort
Way away from the prying eyes of the Japanese judiciary
But the tectonic vibrations rich faraway lands of freedom and joy
Whose screen of white frothy waters cascade over the stubborn rocks

Even the seismic funeral procession in the streets of Teheran
Could not silence the silent thundering thud of the falling cascade
My innards rejoicing in the torrent of the cool embrace
The rainbow hug, a sweet reminder of who we are together
Oh, how I wish the river would flood again and cover the devils pool
Fools will find no reason to dance on the edge again.

Phillip Nine Mafunga
6 January 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Shadows

Shadows in the meadows
Spread across lush green lowlands
Cast from silhouettes from far off lands
Whose still bodies, sit atop the tomorrow we aspire
However, demure are the rights we desire
Even before our long suffering souls retire
For our children have a right to a tomorrow that is safe and secure
26 November 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Shadows In The Dark

Humanity is in a death race through vanity
Yet all in smiles of guilt and regretful foolishness
With the dark of the sun an expose of their sinful mews
Musically ticketing some out of hell's everlasting harm
The writings of hope have always been but many never heeded them
For the right words at the right time have a lace of redemptive grace in them

A today lived in falsehoods
Plodding through social and moral decadence
The tomorrow we deserve is indeed on the horizon
However the wise have read the signs and sought refuge
To tame the urges of delusion, He still stands at the door
Take heed and live!

PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA

27 May 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Shall We Gather At The River

Shall we gather at the river
Singing victory songs
Halleluja to the Most High God
Who comes on a cloud

Shall we gather at the river
The long tortuous journey's end
Singing the song of Moses
Seeing the hand of God against our enemies
As we behold in awe His Glory!

Shall we gather at the river
Our lamps needed no more
With the Star of David shining bright
Illuminating the whole earth with His Glory
Babylon the great is fallen!

Shall we gather at the river
Never to remember the world drunken with sin
Having been redeemed by His precious blood
Called out from the filth of Babylon
"Alleluja! Salvation and glory and power belong to the Lord our God!
"
14 December 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

She Is Wailing For Her Slain Son

Her pain is finding no repose
She dreamt of better days for her son
Like all mothers, she is still willing to risk it all
For the love of a mother is forever so strong
Her womb roars in agony and pain
Those that slew her son still sling their guns and prowl our streets
She has sought answers but received echoes from the morgue
The disquieting silence from those snuffed his life out
Paul Makopa today, Itai Dzamara, Nabanyama yesterday
Will the pure ever survive?
Functional insanity in them charged with our protection
The mystiques of ages in between; stretched by the limits of war
Generations perish but generations revive
Yea, I can hear the sound of a storm
Natural vengeance fools to surprise
PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA
22 June 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

She Would Wait For Me To Knockoff From Work

She set by the storm water drainage waiting for me
So heavy with a child and her feet swollen
Still she would sit at the same spot everyday
At first, I was shocked to see her sited there
She would refuse to get into a taxi preferring we walked
From the Total garage kiosk, I would get her favorites
Sparletta Crimsoda and meat pie she loved
Along the way, I would tell her stories and lots of them
Maybe that is why she loved this walk
For me though it was a long walk with tea breaks
And a wonderful boy was born
Sweet memories for my love, Chipso

Phillip Nine Mafunga
21 March 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

So Precious That's Who You Are

Beauty of a vivacious soul
Gait so elegant and royal
The stars must have blinked on this day you were born
Could have been the birth of a queen; only if they had known
Precious they had to name you so at birth
A petal plucked off a rare rose
Whose romantic fragrance whiffed through the expanse to steal my brother's
heart

I wish I had a voice
A voice so mellow and sound
To sing a beautiful 'Happy Birthday' song to you mai guru
A carol of note; yet sung even by the most lyrically gifted
That would light the night skies with a starry future
I wish even the host of heaven would come sing with us on your day
HAPPY BIRTHDAY PRECIOUS NYONI!
PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA
6 October 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Soliloquy

He says he is a self-made millionaire
I never knew that millions could grow in one's backyard garden
Even with that, I still struggle to see how one could be self-made
Piped water is treated and pumped by someone else
Well he tells me he worked hard to achieve all that success
Then if hard work paid that much, farm workers would be millionaires
A ride on the ego's train headed into vanity
Avarice and self-centeredness, the prime time show

PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA

25 APRIL 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Solo

Like the whistle in the wind through tree leaves
Like tree tops swaying and dancing to nature's tune
Like when one's root is sunk deep where it holds firm
In the Lord my God, my anchor holds firm
In Him my roots are deep into the water table of eternity
I am religious, much moreso a man of faith
Yes, I have strayed many times
Been down to the desolate valley of shame
Still on that Calvary's rock my anchor holds firm.

Phillip Nine Mafunga

21 February 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Sounds Of Tomorrow

This morning I woke up with shadows of brutality standing over me
A cloud of fear hovering above my tomorrow
A putrid smell of uncertainty on my sandals
Voices of doubt whispering into my ears incessantly
They say I am a voice of doom even though all has been but doom
Even though they kill us daily, our blood will water the freedom we seek

In the streets of shame, morbid stray dogs will ravish their corpses
Forget they that power is temporary; the people are the custodians thereof
Trust they in the might of the sword
By the might of the masses, we will confront them
All their vile words we will make them swallow
We are resolved to scale the very summit of our freedoms

PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA

6 July 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Standing In The Rain

Time, always so pure and flawless
Sanctity of life divine
Sadness and sorrow never in the original design
Ember lights on both sides of the serene streets of life
The desert blossoms with nature's beauty

And I saw her standing still unmoved
I was very far away and yet I could see
I could see how beautiful she was
I hoped she could not see me or else I would blush
It took me a long time to realize that I was also getting wet

She must have been humming a love tune
Or was I just hallucinating?
"I must find out who this damsel is", so I thought to myself
Suddenly she looked at my direction and the young man in me froze stiff
She was smiling and her beauty dimmed my wits

PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Stay The Course

As you splash through the rain
Trail the rail
Paying attention to the sounds of the coming train
To the tales of the rugged terrain
Stick it out always and make use of your brain
Because it's not always all muscle or else you get the stain
Instead, stay the course to remain
11 December 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Still

STILL

The classical and neo classical merged in me
The mutation brought in me the contemporary
Does that make me backward in thought and practice?
I see myself in history as much as in the now
I trace my footsteps into the future
And I know that I have stepped into the threshold of the tomorrow

The definition of the aspired in an individual is perilous
For many politics is a quantity of books and catchy phrases
They consume fools and the simple
The terrain is covered in deceit and depths of evil
And the blind and fools have found their tragic end therein
By the barrel of the gun, poison is what they feed us.

Like township bullies, they change goal posts
To raid our future by the letter of the law
To them Pablo Escobar is no match and El Chapo a novice
They rape the nation and dare the world and nothing seems to move them
The poor are never wise so they say but they do not know that we have the
numbers
Power is derived from the people; the people sustain power

Phillip Nine Mafunga
5 October 2019

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Stumped

The unpredictable doosra against which one can hardly blink
Nudged into a solitude of misery to protect that which is vital
The poet in me sees it; the peasant in me suffers through it all
Sitting by the railroad that leads into nothingness
My homeland, a hell hole of putrid beauty
The maggots enjoy the spoil and the corpse is consumed
The bare bone is what is left of us in the end

Phillip Nine Mafunga

24 January 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Such Moments As These

Stories

Unbelievable tales

Through them all I walked

Searching through the swirling dust storms

Watched the dark of the moon on starry nights

And missed many days of beautiful smiles

Wasted the beauty of thought along the way

Moments of so much to savor

Moments of healthy worries

Now I can see the rainbow clearly

The sparkling waters of the ford around my ankles

I see the lush green mountain range beckoning yonder

PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA

7 September 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

The Bad Is Not Yet

Sat I in the shadows of hope
Singing away my singed ego
Watching my people acquiesce evil leadership
Tyrannical lapdogs gyrating to the rhythms of a sanguinary system
My mother lies still in the morgue because of the system
And we continue to watch while we perish

PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA

11 July 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

The Beauty Of Days

There is a colourful butterfly in the grassy plains of my mind
Nevertheless, I am not sure whether to celebrate the day I was born or not
Was I born or was I evicted from my mother's womb
If I was evicted, then when was I supposed to have been born?
Or does it matter really, how I came into being but rather who I have become
Yes, the beauty of this butterfly is hugely in contrast to her stages of growth.

The world does not care what happens to you but what you happen to it
The plains are lush green; let the butterfly blend with the beauty of her days
The rabbit that is slow to the burrow is lunch for the eagle above
Every minute in the plains is vital for every creature to enjoy and survive
The trees are swinging in the breeze and the cricket waxing lyrical in the swing
However, watch out for the serpent in the grass for his beauty is a slithering lie

In Africa when an old man dies, the library catches fire
Peruse the shelves therefore before yours has seen the dark of the sun
Many have judged the library by its walls and come short of wisdom
I see the butterfly flapping her beautiful and colorful wings in the sunny
savannah plains
The rabbit scuttling for cover for fear of the hawk above
And on this day today, many moons ago I became.

Phillip Nine Mafunga
17 September 2019

Phillip Nine Mafunga

The Beauty Of Misfortunes

Beauty hides her innocence in the shadows of ugliness
As death lurks in the abundance of life
They hear the voice of one crying from the pulpit as that of a righteous tribesman
Do they expect him to smile when many of his kinsmen lye in unmarked tombs
In it all, woes magnify the meaning of blessings
Nevertheless, the freedom train will keep rolling forward
Fools will standby waving at those on their way to emancipation

The will of the courageous will always pave the way
Fortifying the resolve of those resisting the evil system
In our unity of purpose is the rhythmic march to our destiny
For their persecution has driven us into convergence of will and desire
Must we not therefore mark those amongst us who sit on the fence while we die daily?
Must we let those who enable our oppressors enjoy our blood and sweat across Jordan?

We know who we are; no one can make us who we not
For that reason we rebel; against the evil system we will break their yoke
Our pain has taught us that the mystery of power resides with the people
Our blood has watered the seeds of the revolution
And those who yesterday feared death, today do confront the monster with courage
Because we have unearthed our true history, they distorted for a long time
The mystical sound of freedom feels the air around us
Those who have taken us for granted for so long can feel it too
18 August 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

The Dark Night

I stood there wandering in the lost lands of yesteryear memories
The sun slowly dropping into the unknown worlds beyond the horizon
The eerie shadow of the mountain creepy crawling into the valley
I will march backwards into the protective cave of my mother's arms
For the incoming night has those who force march us to the laughing hyenas
The night is warm; even the moon will not rise tonight but the stars ever so
bright

I will see you tomorrow, or will I?
Maybe the sea of the unknown will have extinguished my sun
With all these beady eyes looking at me from the darkness
But in the heat of the day we are asked to march like zombies
Zombies we are for it is not our names on the criminals' list
The night is warm; even the moon will not rise tonight but the stars ever so
bright

The darker the night, the heavier the fear but the deeper the sleep
Then I had a dream of a bright and sunny day
Darkness could not be seen again
The terror of the dark night was no more; never was it remembered again
Even the birds made merry in the sunny skies
The night is warm; even the moon will not rise tonight but the stars ever so
bright

Phillip Nine Mafunga
23 October 2019

Phillip Nine Mafunga

The Evil Lingers On

The blood of many the despot spilt in Darfur
There are beneficiaries of autocracy even among the poor
Sycophants are thieving bootlickers walking on evil's spoor
They realise gain; we realize pain
Our loved ones they hold in disdain
Common sense hangs his head in shame

Vice rises in pomp and fanfare
Flooding the poor man's thoroughfare
Clouding his pursuit for knowledge and freedom in the square
Lenin promised plural ownership of resources
Starlin set at the fountain; we failed to reach the water source
Hitler blamed the Jews for the curse

The land belongs to us all, so they tell us
By the letter of the law they defraud us
With phantom offer letters they switch off our tomorrow
Now the heavens have frowned, and the Almighty looked away
Those that only yesterday we fed now from them we beg
Hitler blamed the Jews; we blame the whites, same whatsapp group!

Phillip Nine Mafunga
28 October 2019

Phillip Nine Mafunga

The Hazy Sky

I sat there and began to think
I began to think about thoughts I was going to think
Thinking is a problem but not to think is more than just a problem
I thought about thoughts that shaped my thinking
But the sky I could see, the sky made no sense, the sky could not help

Phillip Nine Mafunga
2 October 2019

Phillip Nine Mafunga

The Long Night

We are so beat down
The sun has refused to rise
The clock has lost its sense of time
Minds of the gifted brains darkened
So much that moneymakers cannot make any anymore

The enemy so invisible but ever so present in the air we breathe
The ghost has sent the powerful scurrying for cover like rodents
The streets emptied fast; factories an eerie cemetery quiet
It is so dark that the brain has lost its usual logical rhythm
Power of fear; fear of the power of death
The weak do not care for both have the same result; oblivion.

It is so dark that one cannot visit their neighbor
Suddenly the path to entertainment parks is overgrown
And the way to the cemetery is the most frequented
But there is God in heaven; our foolishness has humbled us before Him
There is one way out of this; humility and repentance from our foolish ways
The now and the future are both secured at the Cross.

Phillip Nine Mafunga
16 April 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

The Mirror Image

I saw him in my full-length wall mirror
I smiled and he smiled back
He looked calm; not sure if I thought him handsome
I wish I could have guessed his age
Judging by the colour of his hair, his looks belied his age
He must have been a miller during his youth
He appeared quite comfortable with me staring at him
We did not seem strangers at all

Phillip Nine Mafunga

1 November 2019

Phillip Nine Mafunga

The Morning Dew

Dew glistening on the juicy lips of the green grass
Moisturising my bare feet planted firmly on the breast of the grass covered earth
All serene, awaiting the rising of the sun to brighten your face with a smile
Golden rays peeping out of the eastern horizon of youthful love
With darkness receding so fast we embrace the light of adult bliss

Phillip Nine Mafunga
30 September 2019

Phillip Nine Mafunga

The Poet I Am

Today I sat there in the quiet of nature
Reminiscing about the beauty of life
How the old tree that stood before me has seen time swing by
As her leaves whistled carols and danced rhythmically in the soft winds of time
How she withstood the anger in the tempest that threatened to uproot her
Emerging gnarled and hardened by the experiences of growth
Leaves of longevity shed painfully and dry
Purple and auburn tender leaves sprouting in their stead

How she learnt to spread her roots deep and wide in search of water
With age the bough toughening with every passing season
Still she stands firm
Still she stands firm even as the poet I am watches in great awe
Wondering how she ever survived the axe
Maybe her bark is too bitter for the elephant's taste buds
Nevertheless, she still benchmarks the spirit of resilience
Proud of having helped to populate the forest!

PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA

(An adaptation from poetic remarks by dear friend Ernest Namate)

27 October 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

The Quiet Of Gun Sound

Peering down the drone view of the blue sea bed
Like a sneak purview of a bloody snitch
With bodies strewn all over the valley floor of confusion
COVID-19 the hidden sniper somewhere in the dark back alleys of science
In one shot death cascades through scores of unprepared souls
Our intelligence dared and bamboozled, who will tell us what all this is?

Death smell sifts through the airways of usual opulence
The aged and immune challenged thrown on the firing line as decoys
The innocent made to scurry into dark holes of hunger and uncertainty
Those who live in high towers are running back to their history for safety
Where are the wise of this world or are they running also?
The sniper is ruthlessly sparing not the caregiver and the healer alike

We will survive; the human race will keep on bouncing back
We Africans have refused to be guinea pigs no more
As a race, we have been here before unknowingly
We refuse to pay the Bill at the Gate of disgrace again
And we rebel because we are a lot wiser today
Blackman will survive and rise from the evils of the times.

PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA
12 APRIL 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

The Roar Of The Torrent

There is a people whose history is unknown
Not because they do not have any history
The First Nation of the sub-continent remained mum about who they were
Their land had be invaded by a strange peoples
Why would they trust the stranger with their name, history, and culture?

Huddled in inhospitable habitats while strangers loot the land
Greed invading the land to strip it bare and bland
Nature is weeping and people do not understand
The herbs for healing of the nations, stronger to stand
The fire of avarice has consumed the land on a scale so grand

Who will ever remember the faceless natives of the land?
Their footprints are there for all to see on the sand dunes of time
The caves made they their dwellings in friendship with nature
The open skies were their universities of natural learning
There is a people whose history is unknown only by us the smart fools

Phillip Nine Mafunga
3 November 2019

Phillip Nine Mafunga

The Rugged Terrain

I have never been to the beach
For me the sea is way out of reach
On hilltop so I was born to preach
My formative life was therefore made of a mountain stitch.
Rolled I down, destructive laws to breach
That does not make me a rolling stone or a snitch

I have never been to the beach
To me it appears the sea of wealth is for the born rich
The hilltop of my birth is a solid rugged peat
The genes came from all over and made they one solid lump of meat
To me people are people and the same fate we all will meet
That does not make me a rolling stone or a snitch.

I have heard of the northern lights and am yet to see them
I have heard of Heavens and One who descended from them
From my hilltop of birth do I think both exist.
The smooth slide of reasoning in contrast with the rugged slopes of faith
Wisdom waters will always stream down hill into the valley of foolishness.
Still that will not make me a rolling stone or a snitch.

Phillip Nine Mafunga
25 November 2019

Phillip Nine Mafunga

The Slimmer Of Moon In Far Horizon

Restlessness in the village
Crisis in every homestead; the serpent in the chicken run
Lord, these are crucial times
Sounds of quiet in the still air
Death knells sounding from every homestead
Oh how I wish you would hear us at this hour, Lord

Beyond the dark of today, tomorrow so bright beckons
The valleys there flow with rivers of peace and harmony
Whose praises rise up the steep slopes of hope
And we will never try to hold back the years no more
With this song, comfort your heart in the dark of now
Let His glory cascade down the mountain to your valley of hope

Phillip Nine Mafunga
16 April 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

The Sliver Of Moon

The tall young man walked down the quiet street in the evening cool
Could have just been a fool
To believe thieves on the ruling stool
Would put goodies on the spool
Only to be left to drool

As he walked down the street under the clear quarter moon
His mind wound up in the loon
Seemingly so far- fetched, to us a boon
His entire attention caught by the silent voice of the moon
Whose energies caused his courage to balloon

The young man kept on walking wondering at the make-up of the moon
Everything seeming not to make sense, not even the spoon
For riches, seem only reserved for the goon
He thought hard for what seemed like a whole afternoon
He turned into his gate: staggering like one from the saloon.

PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA

25 October 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

The Story My Story

Read me when I'm long gone
Please do not read about me
On paper and in the book my voice shouts my thoughts loud continuously
I want the world to change and am the change agent it so seeks
Let no one ever remember me for anything
Nevertheless, let my thoughts forever etched in hearts of generations to come

Phillip Nine Mafunga
20 March 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

The Urgency Of Time

When they frown at me with a very wide smile, I confront them
Their unhappiness is not for me to condemn
The light in me to bring their dark paths to tame
Life is what He gave to me with others to share without shame
Hung He on the tree to give life to the lame
Like in Goshen placed He the redeemed in a serene glade

When judgement looks, hell beckons the sinner to perdition
Love smiles; Grace spreads His hands on the cursed tree
I found the freedom path only the redeemed walk
Light flooded my way and for the first time I saw
Prisoners were set free and the church is gathering
The trumpet is readying, the redemption day to announce.

Stands He today by the door of your heart knocking
Humbling Himself your life to save from perishing
Allow Him in your heart today and start living
The dead know not that they are dead.
The urgency of time compels all to embrace His love now
The season approaches where all will turn to nothing but only his love.

Phillip Nine Mafunga
6 November 2019

Phillip Nine Mafunga

The Wet Evening That Never Was

The sky looked dark and menacing over Livingstone City
Word was, it was raining cats and dogs over there
Livingstone, the tourist capital of Zambia
Cool, wet air began to blow further south
Further south crossing the mighty Zambezi River

Dark rolling clouds followed across the river
Lightning criss-crossed the northern sky accentuated by roaring thunder
Our temperatures began to drop
Wild pigs filing away into the safety of burrows
Baboons and monkeys huddling together for a very sad and wet evening

Like in Charles Mungoshi's legendary work 'Waiting for the rain'
Everyone, to their loved ones and those who cared to hear, sent their messages
'The rains were coming from Zambia' was the message
The whole sky was dark with pregnant clouds
It was now very close, droplets of rain started to hit the ground

What an evening!
We went indoors and waited for the sudden down pour
We waited and waited and waited and waited
Then the wind happened and the clouds miscarried
The story, our story of a wet evening that never was

Mosquitoes began to mobilise for their revolutionary symphony
3 November 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Them Youthies

They grow and their bodies continue to grow
Maturity remains a distant yearn and desire
For in them the puny child-like brain remains
They take what they are told to heart and they question not
For their leader in innocent blood they bathe
For a morsel of bread heinous deeds, they commit

Power excites them and their rivers of mercy are long dried up
Who will rescue them, are they redeemable?
The sparkle of money and power is alluring
Shall we all keep watching our future dying before us?
Are our aspirations as a people for ever this expendable?

Phillip Nine Mafunga
24 September 2019

Phillip Nine Mafunga

This World Can Wreak Havoc On You

This world is strange
Very strange beyond any imaginable range
Take care that you do not sneeze lest it freezes
Rather sneak out and enjoy the breeze
But if you snooze they say you lose
Yet we know, setbacks are not meant to set you back
9 November 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Thump In The Rhythm Of Peace

Oh, how I wish I could describe the sound of music
The sound of marimba that sends souls gyrating on the dance floor in ecstasy
Even the thumping sounds of peace
The agony in the song of freedom
The scream in the strings of freedom marchers
I wish I could understand the deep pain in the drumbeat of war
Oh, I would that I put together a symphony of peace and love
Mothers' ululations of joy that permeate the horizons of hate and war
Correcting the discord in the governance choir
We will not allow them to play off tune again

PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA

22 August 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Travail

Silence is not purity
Silent screams or militant thoughts bear no self-sufficiency
Analysis alone is sterile and impotent
By action, the great changed the course of history
For blackness has lost its colour
In the epidemiology of segregation and oppression, masked from reality
My people numbed from pain to a zone of non-being
Left culturally schizophrenic and disoriented
Quarantined in a moral squalor, way away from our black selves
With a drumbeat of self-consciousness, I see the black sphinx rise once again
Drop by drop filling our black hearts with the purity of love once more
Shame to those who campaign vigorous against our being
We are the proprietors of our own history

PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA

01 June 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Trying To Hold Back The River

Tears streaming down my cheeks
Yes, it was my name
My legs are failing me
Yes, indeed it is my name again
My mind is blown
I am trying hard to contain myself
Oh God, my hands are sweating and shaking
Do I scream?
Do I jump and touch the clouds?
Can somebody tell me I am dreaming?
Oh! Must I hold back the stream?
Yes, it is beautiful congratulatory shouts all around me
Just let the river flow; the sound is so beautiful.
15 November 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Uncut Mellow Moods

Dancing in the light smiling wind withal
The expired child in me to inspire without
Tapping my moral foot to the rhythm of love so pure
To the music so mellow, occupying the unfailing spaces of love eternal
Mocking the very evil onslaught upon our race
Our blood is so hot with rage
Distanced from the trappings of death till ours cools off with age
Against the destructive thick wall, guilt pummels them
Hailstorms of no mercy taunting their progeny
Consumed in their fear and worry of our good
Whose appetite is behind the fragile walls of greed; burdening life within
Our placid resistance fools their arrogance
Ours is a mummified immortality; we keep showing up uninvited.
Destruction lurks under the seat of power
PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA
6 June 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Vagabond

In the valley of ignorance, wisdom looks down from atop the mountain of knowledge

Fools wander from mountain foot to mountain foot in search of tomorrow

Late the skies smile and early they frown

The flood of depravity and disease sweep through the valley floor

The bones of those who only yesterday were fat, and round lay strewn on the floor

In memory of fools who thought much about themselves forgetting the rising of the sun.

Phillip Nine Mafunga

16 October 2019

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Venom

I keep hearing his vile and venomous rantings
The menacing glare of the African sun unkind on his white skin
Gun in the hands of hate is always lethal
But why are those of his own kind quiet?
Crusaders he says they are
Hate begets hate and war begets war

My heart bleeds inside of me seeing the tearing apart of our societies
Why do each one of us feel so justified to be callous and evil?
Why do we have to war to dialogue is that the only language we know?
Aren't there problems enough to embitter our already repugnant minds?
I keep hearing his vile and venomous rantings
Had he the gun, white crimson-flow would've washed through the streets too.

Th Holy Book, always the weapon of choice for the reprobate
Like real money in the hands of 'El Chapo' Guzman, does it then become fake?
The black man lay dead on the floor, the white man dancing in Satanic victory
Race relations having gone so awfully bad
Yes, I keep hearing his vile and venomous rantings
The shrink will declare him mental why, because he is white.

Phillip Nine Mafunga
3 December 2019

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Victory Is In The Melody

Empty highway through the dystopia
Threatening the honest species in our society
The message within, mirroring the person of the future
That redeems the prudent among us the fragile
Triggering memories saved in sonorous archived melodies
Whose echoes are from the Mountain beyond the curtain of time.

As you, watching your loved one twitch in death
A smoky gun against your head preventing you from screaming
Seething in anger so hot to burn a forest
Yet still the Butcher of Bhalagwe lies dead in a decorated tomb
The fate he denied those he butchered without cause
Will there ever be a time of recompense for the evil?

As burning stalactites, brutality hangs over our society
Whose government is perfumed by the incense of burning human flesh
As a poet I will always rave and rage against such misrule
With no privacy of words or expressions, I will challenge the powers of
oppression
For I would rather be safe in a dark prison than be imprisoned in my own mind
by fear
It is in the melody of pain that songs of victory have meanings.

PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA

1 August 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Wailing

Tear drops tumbling down the cliff
Leaving many hopes dashed and stiff
Like imaginary shreds of light dashing through a cleft
As it shines through loveless hearts
Hearts so stone cold and old

That leaves one wondering where the youths are
Young erudite people with great ideas
As we see the future in the hands of those of the past
The young are the synchronized rhythm of society
In the young is the social strength and progress

Tear drops tumbling down the cliff
Leaving many hopes dashed and stiff
Our young are dying in our streets daily
They are dying in foreign lands daily
Absentee continental leadership musing over vanities

Swells of popular anger are building under the seat of power
Like exotic music that will never be
Like galloping sounds of war steeds
Whose riders are in harmony with the sound of an African war drum
That calls for reason and order from atop the mountain

Tear drops tumbling down the cliff
Leaving many hopes dashed and stiff
I can hear the sound of a tempest
Roaring sound like that of floodwaters
Will they survive the sweeping storm this time around?
8 November 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Walking Under The Silver Lined Cloud

When they open the scroll of my deeds what will they find therein
Will I find the golden stairs to eternity?
When the sun shall shine, will my cloud ever hold?
There is a Cloud of safety so sound and fair
This rises from Calvary's glorious crimson flow
Those who find its shadow are forever shaded from the heat of hell fire

The worldly sky is angry and bronze like in anger
Life eternal afloat the Cloud of Glory forever so sure
I wonder why people ever call earth mother
When she consumes her own without remorse
My faith in Him has swallowed the dread of death
Unto glory unspeakable empties my faith

Phillip Nine Mafunga
17 February 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

We Have Made It Our Own Language After All

Memories flood my head
Memories of the good old days about my people
Where an empty bottle is just an empty'
To us it is indeed an empty because it is empty
This is what stands us out on the continent
We are Zimbabweans after all, very unique

To us every passenger minibus is a combie
Yes, it is a combie for that's what we call it
We do not have a lounge but a dining or sitting room is what we have
And we do not care what others say for we are Zimbabweans
Sorry we do not discuss things but we discuss about things here
And for that you will have to borrow me your time, sir

Phillip Nine Mafunga
4 April 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

We Was

In caravans of chains through the jungles we was
By our kith and kin to the worlds unknown we was
By the shores of eternity, white gods awaited us
Like cattle, we were loaded into ships unfamiliar
Faced with unfathomable expanse of waters to the unknown
Kicking and screaming we was
Thunderous roars of waves breaking us free from who we was
Thumping rhythms of spiritual songs our communication
With whips, the white gods terrorized us
End to end the expanses of water stretched
Distances so furious, touching the very end of life as we knew it
Of the feeble among us, to the sea were fed
To the life we knew we was dead
Our traditions and identities into the depths of waters buried
Into the afterlife we was, as commodities
New names they gave us; new languages taught
Slavery robbed us of our humanity
Their plantations and mines we worked
Their homes, towns, and cities built
But were not allowed to live in them
After getting filthy rich from our sweat and brow, freed us
Freedom into emptiness; armed with slavery as a lifetime occupation
As we was then we still is even so today
PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA
31 May 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

We Would Rather Not

Twirl in the swell of innocence
All the swag dulled in the murky waters of self-importance
With an agile swing onto every branch of our being to soil
Decadence is so evident in every strata of our society
Priming our posterity for the dark ages ahead
Dimming the very rainbow colours of our beauty with callousness
In the politics of being, evil individuals stick out tall
They do so because the good among us would rather not

PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA

16 July 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

When I Met You

You were the bud of beauty then
Petals of beauty radiating from yours
The two little hills on your chest whetting my craving
When you spoke, your voice warmed my heart
And twenty years later here we are my love

For my lovely wife Chipo
Phillip Nine Mafunga
20 March 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

When My Father Fell Sick

The cricket noise in my mental roof
Childhood nightmares that never were
Fear of a shadow less life
Confessions of hopelessness
Motionless verbs of unending evenings of hope
Dress rehearsals of seesaws of mental trauma
Fear draped flags of dishonor
Like a tomorrow undated on the calendar of beauty and comfort
Doused by the momentous noisy cascades of the mighty Zambezi
A perfect description of emotional contradictions
Do I see storm clouds gathering somewhere in the horizon?
Is it fixing to pour down just before dawn?
And she calmed down; yes she did!
PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA
19 August 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

When The Sky Is Low

Portals of mercy bountiful
Cascades of grace divine
Highs and lows of youthfulness
When the pull of energy is but fooling to the young mind
Alluring dreams of a future so rosy
Blurred by the eventual vagaries of brute reality
Whose beautiful peripheries are obscured by violent thoughts
Where politicians wantonly abuse the sacred power of leadership
We all know that popular thought is not sacrosanct
Yet, the minority is not always right either

PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA

6 October 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Year

The year that never was for me and yet at the end here I am
The lows I could have avoided but a straight face I kept to disguise only me
The high mountain peaks He put me to hide my shame in his cloud by day
The dry riverbeds I crossed in hot October days baring my heart to His Son
The valleys of lawlessness I tried to avoid but my own wisdom nearly cost me His
love
Then I saw his rainbow of promise to remind me of His mercy deeds on Calvary's
tree

The year that could have seen me in perdition
The blood from His side spoke my sins into oblivion
The mighty waterfalls of vengeance swept me away only to land on His rainbow
of remembrance
The beast bared its teeth at me but the Daniel miracle stood for me
Because of my foolishness, there was a drought but the Elijah brook sustained
The widow's pitcher overflowed with overwhelming sustained blessings
When I look back, only glory be unto His Majesty on High. Amen!

Phillip Nine Mafunga
31 December 2019

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Yet Am Still Smiling

Evil walls encircle me; pitch darkness punctuated by an eerie quiet
Blood stained rivers breaking their banks all around me
Sky so sullen and sulky looking
There I am swimming skin deep in the scum of history
With beady eyes gawking at me from a tomorrow so uncertain
Demonic whistles heard in the windy youthfulness of the today
In public, they lynch my blackness
In the pages of the book, they blackout my beauty
In the sands of time, my influence they blow away
With the flames of hate, they scrub me clean of my self-consciousness
I walk their capitals with a face sooted in scorn□
Yet Mosi-oa-Tunya roars; cascades of anger into the bottomless gorge below
With smoky sprays that cool my ascent to a life so bright
Whose clouds have defied the dictates of the local climate!
PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA□
2 July 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

You Can't Just Unring That Bell

Swelling sounds of cooling breezes around self
Sweet presence of lonesomeness and peace
Unbothered by lack of human kindness
Surrounded by gardens of green serene beauty
Watching the sound of pain fading away into the dark past
Where iron clad boots would stir up flames of strife
Flashes of memories of a kid running around barefooted
From a past deep rooted in lack, a man now feeds many

PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA

11 September 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga

Zeal Of A Dying Priest

Icicles of years lived hanging so low now
Shadows of the present drawing longer
With toils of priesthood all but fallow
He smiles as he hears sirens from the pearly gates
Imagining the sight of all that he ever preached about
I guess he can hear his sermons a load clearer now
He stretches out to preach his last sermon 'The beauty of death'
With his loved ones by his side, it was time to bid them farewell.
Godless life is but indeed hollow!

□

PHILLIP NINE MAFUNGA

15 May 2020

Phillip Nine Mafunga