

Poetry Series

Shelton Chiuswa
- poems -

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Shelton Chiuswa(03/03/1985)

Software Developer, Rugby Coach, Kind-hearted. I think with my heart first

Melanin Rose

Her skin glowing with constellations of ancestors,
Her silk, velvet skin, beautiful, it magnetizes my lips,
Brown eyes, petal brown lips succulent calls for a kiss and lick caressing his mind
over and over again.
Like a hot flame, she kindles nerves of passion.

Her voice is sweet, it tickles the being with a soft chime melody,
Her eyes like sweet chocolate melt one's soul,
Like gravity, her brown eyes massage one in and let them down easy the
sensation endearing.
Her soul a mirror reflection of her inner beauty,
Her enigma cannot be seen or touched but can be felt from the heart.

He hopes to shelter the melanin rose on the mead, surrounded by the Chevrons
and gullies.

He hopes to harvest joy and happiness in the land of the red soils of home,
She is not but just a mirage of a woman but a Melanin Rose.

Disappearing over the crescendo with her as one beat and one note over the
mead wherein we will lay pasture

Shelton Chiuswa

Hilario

As the sunsets over the horizon, a crimson tide of orange caresses my eyes.
The warm air of the range toggles my body whole,
Brown grass dancing elusively with the whistling wind
A tear drop kisses my cheeks, a numbness evades my spirit, as my body feels
elusive.

I gaze on my bed, a coldness as of a winter night,
Face fickle thaws with the sight of that dark place
The echoes cry on, the never ending echoes speed through the darkness.

When I close my eyes let me remember her warm smile,
That voice, a harmony in my ears so joyous and rich with love,
Tell her I lived for her and no one else,
If I die before I wake remember the good times and always the meaningless
fights
If I die before I wake take me to the mountain and scatter me there for I was
born in the mountains among kings of old.
If I die before I wake tell them I loved them truly deeply madly

But always remember, If I die before I wake I have run my race,
The horses tire and the chariot awaits my board.
Alas forget me not, if you miss me look in the mirror.

Shelton Chiuswa

Sunset

A mirage of emotions raptures through my frame
My gleeful cheers turn mellow with every shade of dusk
The tingling chill sips through my marrow I'm unease
My Heartbeat becomes faint with every reality tick of time
Tears shy away from my cheeks visibly flooding my eyes with inconsolable pain
Recollections of the day flash through my mind and the sorrows of the end take
charge
Numb and sore my body yearns for an anesthetic becoming powerless
The bird chirps no more, the monkeys laugh no more a vacuum of empties
invades my wilderness.
Tear drops christen my chick as I drown in a water fall of emotion
The sunsets with the dream.

Shelton Chiuswa

All I Gave, All I Got

Sweat drips from my head caressing my cheeks,
Dry lips chirped irking for a drop of salvation,
Beard greasy illuminated to its contours,
Breathe by breathe of great joy in completion of a shift,
Munching on dry crumbs of the previous day I straddle along with great conviction

Day dreaming of success in the city for my little ones,
My emeralds shining bright going toe to toes with world,
With every passing bus I pause in anticipation of their return,
Their return with great news, great stories, great discoveries of the world beyond Nyamatikiti.

Descending to my compound my wife speeds, gasping for breathe, she falls,
picks herself dashing toward me.
I smiled with joyous anticipation of news of our little ones success.
Alas her anguish was as visible as day, her tears where bloody and a demeanor sorrowful.

Hot air filled my chest, an inconsolable pain invaded the core of my soul.
My knees buckled, falling, drowning in anguish, i could feel the pain of a thousand pins piercing through the pores of my skin.

The Raven came she said took the young and the weak for them never to know the trails of home ever again.
The Falcon came she said and butchered all hope and enslaved them blinding them with the carnality of the city.
The vulture came and made feast leaving just bones for the world to safeguard its tombs of many hoards.

I returned where my memories carried my little ones on my shoulders and we were merry,
Days we spent at the river fishing or in the wild looking for smelly-berry finger-leaf.
All i got left are these memories haunting me....

Shelton Chiuswa

The Beast Comes At Nigh

The cold breeze of dusk sips through the sores of my feet,
Rumblings in my belly grow louder as anxiety invades me, with every tick-tock of
the Grandmother clock,
Chills fill the room as my body is asphyxiated by the sight of the orange crescent
of dusk.

Plastic solders march side by side, bed by bed geared for the ensuing night.
With every starlight glitter the beast descends from the crevices of my flesh.
Sudden rush of blood to the head catapult strength to clear my throat with a
cough and spitthe ensuing beast.
Heart palpitations race with breath as i can smell the marathon of aches within
my body.

With every swallow my clogged throat wrestles for air and food to pass the
narrow passage.
With dusk a heavy load creeps through strangle holding my throat,
Natural reflex for dear life pumps adrenaline and constant bouts of blood to the
head as I fight on.

Its claws grapple my neck pushing me downwards towards the abyss,
Its tail lodged on my chest suffocating my fight and flight.
In full throttle I fight but alas the beast is alive and in full flight marauding my
flesh with every twinkle little star my eye can see.
What a beautiful night I see the myriad of stars.

My body thaws from within and my flesh boils from outside,
The beast has taken over, alas I have resigned to fight no more
If I die before I wakethe beast will no longer haunt me in the night.
I will lay like an effigy, stone coldin the nakedness of death surely for my flesh
joy will come in the morning

Shelton Chiuswa

The One

The cello vibrant sounds sizzling with the echoes of your voice
High motion perplexes high motion with a numbness of joy
The echoes of my happiness resonate all around
The one sunshine serenade the night to day with that bubbly smile,
The itch to see lingers on.

Like the flame lily your fire burns sweet with each ray of day,
Joyous smiles like the lily light this dark soul into a idyllic rust
Flourishing the day with your smile to days no end.
Twinkle eyes resonate a surge of energy within ones souls such joy.
Hands delicate warm filled with a touch of grace.

Shelton Chiuswa

The Road Once Travelled

The wounds of reflection press on my mind,
A numbness profound tags on my hind,
Distant whispers of voices once heard echo in my tympanic membrane,
Recollections of time and times adventures, clear and calm in an abyss
of past wonders

Click clock tick as the clock chimes in hymn with the chirping robin,
Euphoria of the ballads once heard endow my imagination of voices soothing.
Joyous melodies soothe my heart.

Alas my hands clad in blisters and my nails coarse and bruised.
Like a one eyed raven i hobbled destitute of the time the celo played,
I grapple every breathe with great fight as a newly born fawn.
The sores on my feet tender, my toes numb and wood hard.

The caressing sun soothers my skin as the morning dew sips into the sores of my
feet.

My rumbling tummy irks for a replenishment a distant visitor to the contours of
my stomach.
I chew my lips for nourishment

My wears protecting my decency but weak to mother nature,
I huddle the garbage cans to keep safe and warm.
Night falls my peace is with the stars and the hoards of food stalls,
And my cough mixture to wash away my memories of the roads once travelled.

Shelton Chiuswa

Dhaliwe

We will plant an oak tree for this half a decade of love together sweetheart,
The beautiful green leaves so pure as our union,
they tear with joy with the morning dew of our new day,
We will seat at noon under the willow tree in harmony,
Carving the doors of our love for another hundred years from the trunk of the
pine.
A serenade of the flaming red maple tree and flame lilies brightens our afternoon
to sunset.
At dusk we plant a crab tree in our garden of love.

I left a kiss for you today in that drawer with silver and spoon like every other
day, did you find it?
I sent you the silverware for you to cherish foerever did the postman deliver it
today?
The silverware had hugs and kisses plastered with the box.
Tonite at moonlight the silverware will be our orchestra and the myraid of stars
our light,
Our laughter and joy sparkling through the night.
As we celebrate a life shared in the last half a decade together

Did you see the our journeys kaledioscope reflected in blue, pink and turquoise?
My color blue with all its wisdom and faith leapt us to this day today of journeys
past and conquered,
Your color pink a delicate, tender and sweet has been the light of this day today
and of journeys past and sweetneded,
Our color turquoise finding peace in one another and a friendship that has shown
us the way today and journeys past and beyond.

My sweetheart I will plant you a garden of daisies,
When you pluck one the aromatic scent will leave a print of my love in your
heart.
Thus when morning come let the blossoming yellow, the sweetness,
With morning dew melt your heart with this love till the end of time.
We celebrate half a decade of love, we celebrate a life my darling.

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