

Poetry Series

# Tafadzwa Jacha

- poems -

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# Tafadzwa Jacha(27 April 1993)

# Again Again

When you left me i Thought i'd never see you Again.

Then i saw you again,  
I thought i'd never have You again.

Then i had you again,  
I thought i'd never lose You again.

Then i lost you again;  
Again! ! This time maybe  
Forever.

Tafadzwa Jacha

# Beauty Is Love Personified

Beauty is not what we see when we look at you.

It has nothing to do with the arrangement of features on your face.

It can not be defined by the number of suitors knocking at your door, and proclaiming your 'beauty'

Beauty is not what you see when you consult your mirror.

Beauty is love manifested in positive actions.

It is measured by what you have given to the world;

not monetary, not material, but seeds of love, unity, peace and joy you sowed in others.

True beauty is measured by your character, who you are when you are alone.

Aim for this beauty: be the personification of love and hope, its better than aiming for senseless, selfish facial perfection

Tafadzwa Jacha

# Before I Died, I Lived

The day i died  
i saw my body;  
lifeless  
in a wooden coffin;  
uncomfortable  
i saw the mourners,  
hired and otherwise  
very tearless and unsorrowful much.  
They did not weep at my funeral.

They speechified over my dead body at the cemetery,  
they spoke of a man who had lived his life. i agreed with them of course.

Before i died, i lived.  
I loved and lied,  
had a lot of sweethearts and was a sweetened people myself.  
Broke many a hearts and got mine bruised.  
Went places and said goodbyes.  
Forgave.  
Caution i threw to the wind.  
Regreted a lot many things but never let my past meet my future.  
Made a lot of friends and mistakes.  
Ate candy,  
slept late.  
experienced a lot many things.  
Did a lot.  
Lived a lot

I told them as i lay on my deathbed,  
do not weep at my funeral for behold before i died i lived.

Tafadzwa Jacha

# Before It All, I Loved

I loved you before you became a woman,  
You were a small girl then, and you were also my first love,  
I loved you then;  
Before your breasts were full or your hips round.  
Before your lips were honey and sweet joy between your thighs.  
Before your eyes were belligerent with latent feminine comfort.  
Oh Yes  
It was before,  
Before your smile could break me into small little pieces.  
I loved you, I loved you then,  
You loved me too, we were young.  
But now you are a woman, you dont love me anymore.

Tafadzwa Jacha

# Come Back To Me

Meeting You Today,  
Wishing It Was Yesterday,  
Coz It Don't Feel The Same,  
But I Wish We Could Return.  
Our Love Used To Be The Best,  
Now We Just Like The Rest.  
Baby Come Back Please Don't Make Me Beg.  
I Got You Back,  
I Aint Going Back On That.  
I Don't Care 'Bout What They Say, Here Is What I  
Have To Say.  
I Want You Back.

Tafadzwa Jacha

# I Guess Not

If, rather  
When i think of you,  
I remember a girl with eyes like home,  
a respite,  
a welcome relief  
a whiff of fresh morning air in a stifled bedroom.  
Your voice like the sound of the wind in the tall trees,  
Like raindrops falling into a puddle,  
like breaking glass on the hard floor,  
it sounds like freedom,  
from the miserable bondage of loneliness.

Your smile.  
Sunrise.  
Speaks of hope,  
end of darkness and cold and loneliness.

Am i not good enough for you?  
Are you playing hard to get?  
You mean heaven and earth to me,  
i wish you could see it,  
does it not show in my eyes.  
Maybe you see that i love you, and  
you spite me coz of it.  
I guess its ok this way, i wouldnt make you happy would i?  
Im a simple guy.  
Do you not want guys who pass your long and tough checklist.  
Im not them,  
i do not qualify huh?  
You want a guy like your friend's or your sisters' husband,  
impressive, expensive men.  
I can never be like them.  
So before i turn away know for one they can never love you the way i did and  
still do.

Tafadzwa Jacha

# I Took A Trip Into My Lover's Heart

I Took A Trip Into My Lover's Heart, Should'nt Have  
But I Did.

Pregnant With Hopes Of A Heartful Of Me.

Laden With Expectation Of My Name Inscribed  
Permanently, Beautifully On The Walls Of That  
Pretty Little Heart.

But Was I.

I Took A Trip Into My Lover's Heart,  
Beheld All Her Secret Desires, Hopes And Fears,  
I Was In None Of These.

I Took A Trip Into My Lover's Heart, I Beheld That  
Her Heart Held Hope For Other Men And Desire Of  
Other Men But Me.

I Took A Trip Into My Lover's Heart Alas I Was A  
Stranger In My Own Lover's Heart.

Tafadzwa Jacha

# I Wanted You To

Of all things i could do with my heart,  
I chose to give it to you,  
Because i suspected you  
Were gonna hurt me.

Maybe i really wanted for You to hurt me,  
How can i be sure of Otherwise when i always Come back for more pain Thinly  
disguised as love.  
Shall we accuse love of thePain we generously inflict On my heart.

Tafadzwa Jacha

## If I Should

If i should open my heart,  
If i should reveal my soul,  
If i should offer my body,  
If i should be yours,  
Would you be mine.? ?

I won't say i love you,  
Coz i do,  
I want to prove that,  
Every piece of my being Loves you,  
Is it too small to notice,  
Or is it too much it scares You.

Tafadzwa Jacha

# If I Was Freedom

If i was freedom:

i would be free and for free.

Citizens of the world would'nt have to  
Pay with their blood, lives and sweat.

If i was freedom,

i would be omnipresent;

in first, second and third world countries.

Poor and rich people would afford.

Black, white, green people would all know me.

If i was freedom,

i would be Nemesis:

i would destroy all humans and beast alike who seek to inhibit me,

i would conquer them with love

If i was freedom the world would be free by now.

But im not freedom.

Tafadzwa Jacha

# Me And You

Life Can Go On Without You And Me,  
If WE Die Today,  
We Will Be Buried Tomorrow And Forgotten The Next Day.  
So Let's Appreciate One Another While We Can.  
Let's Pack Each Moment With Memories,  
Let's Make Experiences.  
Tell Me A Lie And I Will Tell You Mine.  
Tell Me You Love Me, I'll Return The Favour  
If You Can't Offer Me Anything, From My World I Shall Erase You And Forget You.  
Walk Away From Me, I'll Watch You Go  
Life Is Too Short For Compromise And Bullshit.  
Love Me, Hug Me, Kiss Me,  
Let's Make That Want A Stake In My Life Have To Offer Me A Stake In Their  
Lives.  
Until Then.

Tafadzwa Jacha

# The Journey Into Myself

Why Do I Smile, When I Really Want To Smirk.  
Why Should I Embrace, When I Really Want To  
Punch.  
Why Should I Bless, When I Really Want To Curse.  
Why Should I Salute,  
When I Really Despise.  
If I Do Not Smile,  
I'm Being Conceited.  
If I Don't Embrace,  
I'm Being Proud.  
If I Don't Bless,  
I'm Being Malevolent.  
If I Don't Salute,  
I'm Being Rude.  
I Can't Be Certain Of How I Feel Then.  
I'm Jus A Rigged Up Puppet With A Set Of Socially  
Approved Emotions To Exhibit.  
What I Am Then,  
Is Not Who I Am.  
Be Very Careful Of Me Then,  
Coz I Don't Really Know How I Feel.  
Maybe My Dear Friend I Don't Really Like You,  
Im Jus Executing My Societal Duty.  
Maybe My Lover,  
My Beloved,  
My Bride,  
I Don't Love You,  
I'm Jus Going Through The Motions Set Deeply  
Within My Person.  
Be Very Careful Then My Elder Maybe I Don't Really  
Respect You,  
I'm Jus Putting On An Act.  
Be Very Wary My Enemy Maybe I Don't Really  
Hate You,  
Im Jus Pretending For The Greater Good.  
Everyone Stands Tested,  
I Don't Know How I Feel,  
I Don't Know How To Feel.  
I Have Been Told What To Feel From Childhood.

I Can't Change Now That Would Be Very  
Disrespectful Indeed.  
Hopefully Someday I Shall  
Take That Journey Into Myself,  
My Heart,  
All Articles, Individuals and Intentions Shall I  
Examine  
Then I Will Know How To Love  
What, Who, And Why To Love.  
Hopefully I Will Also Know How To Hate,  
Why, Who And What To Hate.  
I Shall Keep My Heart Open However To A Host Of  
Other Emotions But Until Then.  
I Shall Be Smiling At My Enemies And  
Inflicting Wounds Upon They That I Love Truly.  
Its The Status Quo,  
What Society Wants,  
Me Being Very Respectful I Shall Continually Oblige  
Until The Aforesaid Day.

Tafadzwa Jacha

# The Pen And The Sword

The pen is mightier than the sword,  
But the sword is deadlier.

If we write of Freedom and Equality corrupt and incompetent governments shall  
surely hunt us down,  
cut out our tongues,  
blunt our quills  
and burn our parchment.

The Sword is deadlier than the Pen,  
but the Pen is immortal.

They will never kill our words.

Never silence our song.

They that will come after us shall surely read our tears,  
we wrote in our blood and for global peace we hoped with our souls.

One day the world will know peace, i believe.

Yes the sword is deadlier than the pen, but the pen is immortal.

So i shall pick my pen and fight.

Tafadzwa Jacha

# These Our Lives

These Our Lives,  
We Are Not Proud Of Them,  
But They Are Our Lives,  
We Are Not Meant To Be Proud Of Them.  
We Are Meant To Live Them;  
If You Can Call This Gruesome Activity We  
Are Engaged In Living.  
We Can't Have What We Need,  
We Need What We Can't Have.  
In The End These Our Lives Are About Dreams,  
Hopes, Wishes And Desires Of What We Can't  
Have.  
Dreams, Hopes And Wishes  
Sustain The Poor, The Weak And The Opressed.  
No Government Can Tax Us For Dreaming,  
No Corporation Can Charge Us For Wishing,  
No Penitentiary Can Incarcerate Our Desires.  
Our Only Chance Of Being The Playwright Of Our  
Own Lives.  
So Every Morning We Have A Dream, A Wish, A  
Desire.  
It Gives Us A Comforting Sense Of Purpose In Life.  
We Can Say;  
Behold Today I Venture Out To Enliven My Dream,  
To Quench My Desire And Confront Destiny.  
Dreams, Hope And Wishes Are Our Refuge They  
Make The Ordeal Of Life Worthwhile.

Tafadzwa Jacha

# This Gun Is Strange Indeed

This gun is very strange,  
I hold it,  
Point it at You,  
Pull the trigger  
and shoot.  
The bullet is in me.  
This love is inexplicable,  
i offer it to you,  
promise it to you  
give it to you.  
You reject it.  
I get hurt.  
This love is strange.

Tafadzwa Jacha

# To Grow Old With You

To grow old with you,  
My divine wish.

To be with you when alzheimer and athritis set in.

To hold your hand when retirement comes and our bundles of joy have long left  
the nest.

When our eyesight will fail us and our bones will creek.

When our skin will fold: testimony of time.

When memory will be foggy and full of experience to be imparted to the young.

When new technology will have confused and awed us.

But we are young and long seperated.

We shall grow old in solitude

Tafadzwa Jacha