

Poetry Series

Tafadzwa Matamba

- poems -

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Tafadzwa Matamba(10/06/1977)

A Mothers Song.

In her womb the seed became life.
The nights of sweet vicious kicks
That jerked her off tender dreams of girlhood!
Unknowingly biting the hand feeding me.
Nine months passed like summer lightning_
The labour pains came and passed_
Piercing screams from mother and child.
How on your back I clung, unaware!
I suckled from your perennial milk fountain.
Those songs that you sang for me
During my golden days of old_
I still sing them up to today.
And oh how I feel so good!

Tafadzwa Matamba

Another Poem

A night so dark!
The silence is frightening;
I am just but stuck
And have stopped walking.

The stars shine so faraway;
Never faltering, they shine on_
Against the sky that is grey_
And still, I stand on my own.

Tafadzwa Matamba

Changing Seasons.

On Thanksgiving day it shone brightly
And the following day it disappeared;
Lately, the mornings had become cooler and so had the nights;
The squirrels seemed to get busier and hurried,
Now I think I understand:
For the sun shines no more on the island!
Yet I see it still in the yellow and brown leaves
Of the maple trees that are strewn on the ground.

Soft winds mourn and the poor robin grieves.
In a battle they will sure lose sooner than later,
Shades of red leaves cling tightly to the stems;
One by one they let go and to the ground they clutter.
The light rains are a wonder;
Such sweet music all day and into the night!

In my dreams, as the season changes,
When my mind is relieved of the body asleep,
How so joyously I dance to mbira and marimba music!
And for each new day I am grateful;
Grateful for the gift of life;
Grateful for my family and friends the world over...

Tafadzwa Matamba

Death Took My Forward!

How could I ever forget of you?
Oh my dear Forward!
All the days that together we knew!
Several years by have passed,
Yet of you I still mourn so deeply;
Even if my eyes won't show how so much I weep_
In my heart memories of you I keep
And such that you had to go I wonder why?
As I hear thunder rumbling above the skies!

Your life snatched off during budding;
Only thirty one you had seen!
And of life you were so keen!
So many dreams you had of your life;
But all was cut with a sharp knife
And you went on your own way:
You bade farewell in the cool of the day,
In the ghost mining town of Mhangura.
From my heart you were wrenched forever.

Had you been alive today my dear Forward,
Thirty six seasons would have passed by!
I can only but sigh.
It left me so speechless and feeling down.
Each day at the break of dawn,
The birds chirpy still, beautifully like before!
With their singing they tear my heart to the core_
For my Forward is not with me anymore!
Yes, death took my Forward!

In disbelief I look through the rain seasons,
That together we walked through together;
The ship you stirred intelligently dear brother,
Yet still it was not enough for you to stay.

It is raining! It is raining again!
I cant help the pain;
The tears have since dried
And the memories deep in me buried.

The rain brings memories of home.
How so we would till the land!
Those maize fields, oh boy!
Compounded into the earth you lie!
I hang down my head and not cry.

Tafadzwa Matamba

Fall.

A southeasterly wind has sprung up,
The sun is setting on the horizon;
Shades of red and yellow leaves_
Rattling along the tarred road.

Tafadzwa Matamba

I Love Mother Nature!

O! What a pleasure!
The beauty of mother nature:
The full moon is shining over the ocean;
How so the ocean glows in silver streamlines!
Such as to excite my adrenalin;
For the gift of life I am grateful,
And thankful to be surrounded by people so wonderful!

Tafadzwa Matamba

Its Damn Cold!

Such a typical wintry night; like they write it in them books!
The wild wild wind howling through the snow white village
Blowing off the snow that fell all day and gathered on the evergreens.
The vicious waves lapping against the desolate shores
Not a single soul is out, only two cars at the bottom of the hill: stuck
A few lonesome stars to cheer me, a bet it will be a long winter!

Tafadzwa Matamba

L Refuse To Hate!

The full moonshine floods back memories:
Was I not just but six rainy seasons old?
My grandmother was full of charming stories
Of love and not just the love for gold.
Faraway from the cackling village chickens
Boundless love from my heart overflows;
Family, friends and foes I shall treat alike!
I refuse to hate these innocent souls
Even in their misdirected anger back I will not strike!

Tafadzwa Matamba

Lost In Your Kiss.

Chills down my spine
As your tongue touched mine;
Melting in your embrace so sweet!
I still feel your heart beat_
Beating as one while we cuddled.
I was lost in your kiss
Because it was our first snuggle.

Tafadzwa Matamba

Lovers Dancing Through The Night.

Even though its been a while now,
I still hear the sweet yet mournful moan
Of the trombone lighting the dimly lit bar;
And I still wonder what was going through his mind:
Eyes closed and hands moving smoothly as he made music.
I whistle the tune with a melancholic smile
And remember the lovers dancing into the night, arm in arm.
Time was of no importance as heaven froze on earth;
In each others embrace they melted!
Their hearts united and beating as one_
Souls with pure love that yearn and stir
Feelings buried deep in dark shadows of imagination;
Entwined bodies swaying slowly to the silky music tone.

Tafadzwa Matamba

Memories Of False Bay!

On a more remote hour_
Far away from my native home,
The moon and the stars for me do shine;
In the blackberry brambles, crickets chant
Just as they did in the village.

The seagulls I hear in the back of my mind;
The lovely sandy beach of False Bay I envision;
The sound of mbira still chime in my head
And so does the mourning wild wind!
And the angry waves would come crushing against the shores!
O, Zame! Let these for me abide
Till I go back to my native roots...!

Tafadzwa Matamba

Memories Of Those Evenings!

My heart is heavy, I am so sad.
This lonesomeness is driving me mad!
Three straight days of non stop rain;
Wishing it could wash away the pain.
I fondly remember those evenings with you:
Holding you close in an embrace sincere and true_
By that small moonlit village when time stood still
Kissing deeply under the shining stars.

Tafadzwa Matamba

Nhemamusasa North.

The soothing sound of the mbira music,
Oh listen to the hosho as it slices through the night's cool air
With the near full silver moon shining over the burning fire.
Through song and dance we come together.
Nhemamusasa North! ! !

Tafadzwa Matamba

O, My Dearest Friend!

My heart cries out for you,
As I recall it all:
The troubles you are swimming in,
And your heart that is sore.

TO tears I am moved,
Hearing you narrate the fates
Which are always against you
And appears to spare all your mates.

I imagine a lone figure;
Gliding wearily, across the plane,
A strange site in the wilderness
That is no longer sane.

O, my dearest friend,
I can feel the pain
That I read on your brave face
Trying to conceal it vain.

Tafadzwa Matamba

Of Life And Death

oh my oh my oh my oh my..
huya uzoona zviripano nhai hama yangu(come watch this spectacle my dear)
what I sight! no camera nor artist can capture that! all that splendor!
the red big ball of fire climbing slowly
from I don't know where
there is a blessing in the air
in my sincere gratitude I enjoy the fullness of life
I feel it in the evocative murmur of the sea
above where the red ball continue to glide
its light falling neatly across the glistening water
in the deepest recesses of my soul
I know money does not guarantee happiness
nor will a diamond chain but these simple treats from mother nature.
each day I strive and struggle to deliver right the music of my ancestors
I am not moved at all that the notes I handle no better than many
my heart tells me I am the hero of my story
the eyes of my soul I kept open as summer rolled into autumn
autumn swiftly handing over to winter.
it all feels like an illusion. an illusionist in the house?
for I feel not all the same that we move
yet I welcome still each new day full of things that never have been
like the seasons I know we have a limited time
yet we have no way of knowing when our time is up unlike the seasons
such that we should live each season to the fullest
as if it was the only one we had.
this red moon nourishing this culture physically, emotionally and spiritually
in this day where most are spiritually starved, overfed yet malnourished.

Tafadzwa Matamba

On Another Day

A lone white sail boat
Slowly gliding south-wards.
The mournful cry of the seagull,
Soon swallowed into fog's belly
Camouflaging my world with so much easy.
Such a gray day it is!

Rain! Rain! Rain!
All day long showers fall unabated;
Mother earth quenches her thirsty.

Outside the wind whistles,
Caressing mother earth's gonads;
Leaves rattle on the ground;
The wind continues on its secret journey:
Area of origin and destination details unknown,
Yet for centuries untouched it has blown.

The rain has stopped.
Stars shine brightly
And the crickets never stop singing.

Tafadzwa Matamba

One Hour Back!

Grey skies, rain, fog, cold and damp air;
Darkness that seem to go on forever,
Fall is here and the days are short;
By an hour we have fallen back!
That is all as far as the hour hand can go_
Only if they could move it a decade or two back!
I would smile my way back to childhood,
To the greatest days of all time.
It is O, so impossible!
No one can turn the hands of the passing seasons!

Tafadzwa Matamba

Playing Mbira By The Mill Bay Beach.

Today watched dawn going into day,
The morning star melting into the sunrise;
As spectacular as it was_
It did not last, everything golden does not stay!
Thick fog blanketed the sun,
Reducing it to the whitest full moon I have ever seen!
A cutting wind warns me of the cold to come.
The geese squawking about the sky_
Behold how they maintain that neat V-shape as they fly!
The days of my childhood rise fresh in my mind.
Within my breast, my heart is at rest
And treasure I do all the years I have left behind.
Oh where does the time go?
Just a while ago in my father's shop,
That special sweet rural scene I recall!
Now I was perhaps six and very small.
Then I thought our village was the whole world
And my father was the richest man that ever lived!
My heart filled with so much glee_
I greeted every customer with such an honest smile;
Yet my real excitement was the mania for sweets
That had blinded my mind with dust
And three decades later I have bad teeth.

Tafadzwa Matamba

Shed Not A Tear My Darling.

You just have to let it be
Should that fateful day come;
Shed not a tear darling for me_
For I will no longer be lonesome
When my heart shall beat no more.

Tafadzwa Matamba

Singing In Vain (I)

If by any chance, through my singing that for sure I know
Might never be the best the world has heard;
I should enlighten an unhappy soul and make the sick well
And rekindle the spirit of thine kindreth
Then I shall not sing in vain.

Tafadzwa Matamba

Smiles To Dreamland.

If by any chance, through my singing
That for sure I know might not be the best
The world has been waiting
To hear but instead enlighten an unhappy soul
And rekindle the spirit of thine kindreth,
Then I shall not sing in vain!
Moonshine magic is in the air tonight
And I know my dreams will be bright
After such a beautiful moment at the Norway House!
Their smiles will follow me to dreamland;
The thunderous applause and the ovation I hear
As before I left the stage that was so grand
And seeing one or two of them shade a tear
Oh sweet mbira music...

Tafadzwa Matamba

Sunny Days Once Again!

The trees do quiver from the morning breeze,
On whose boughs joyful birds sing
As they welcome the month of March!
Occasionally the sun breaks through the dark clouds,
Shining brightly on the few sail boats dotted on the ocean.
Maybe the sunny days once again will grace us!

Tafadzwa Matamba

Sunshine

The rays will some day shine,
In her lonely life wrapped in misery.
The pain and sorrow will be gone,
It will be a forgotten story.

Look! How she forges ahead,
Amidst the trials of this world;
Still, she soldiers on, steadily,
Destined for days with joys untold.

Tafadzwa Matamba

The Feeling Again.

It is close to noon;
The feeling had disappeared,
Mysteriously like the moon_
Yet here again it has reappeared!

The feeling again_
O, so soothing it is;
And there is no more pain,
Only the feeling, so easy.

Tafadzwa Matamba

The Full Moon

I can't see it;
Yet I feel it so strongly,
Hiding behind the clouds!

Tafadzwa Matamba

The Sweet Dreams.

Was it at all to me clear
That I was gonna shed a tear?
Maybe my gut mumbled and I turned a deaf ear;
All I wanted was to hold you near
For to me you were only but dear!

Your flirting romance saw me in cloud nine
I believed that all your love was mine
How so wrong I was as now I have to start anew!
It is plain that with me you are through
And I have to forget of you.

I know dreams do come true;
But these sweet dreams about you
Of the days and pleasures we once knew
That I wake up from each night makes me blue,
And I was such a fool to believe you

Tafadzwa Matamba

The World

A hopeful look in the eyes;
I look forward to a better tomorrow,
Filled with only but joy and no tears;
And there will be none such as all this sorrow.

Are they only dreams
That fill my days?
Or yonder, there are times
When things shall be okay?

Tafadzwa Matamba

These Are The Days

From a very deep slumber arise!
To a morning that is cold;
A condition I so much despise,
Yet still I have to be bold_
For these are the days.

These are the days;
Through which we pass,
Towards a destination unknown.
Where victory remain concealed,
That is if it is there:
All we know are these days.

Tafadzwa Matamba

Time.

The books I have read,
The faces I have seen;
The places I have been to_
And the joys that I have known
And all the sorrows I walked through;
This if I add it all up:
To the knowledge undiscovered,
People I have never seen;
Places and pleasures untrodden and unknown;
And still, the sorrows unearthed....
Makes my time.

Tafadzwa Matamba

Welcoming Spring!

Ducklings bobbing up and down
The restless white cap adorned sea
Over which clouds scurry to destinations unknown;
Mourning trees sway back in the marauding winds;
As the duel between sunshine and spring showers rages,
The unperturbed red robin joyfully picking the wriggling red worms!

Tafadzwa Matamba

When I Am Sad

I have the urge to be mad;
Mad at any one who dares me
Each time I am down and sad.
When I am sad the world with another eye I see;
Everyone for me is a stick in the mud!
Such as to make me feel so bad_
As I snarl up and about with and for no reason;
Perhaps because everything has a season:
A time to cry, to be sad, happy, smile and laugh;
And I must remember that life is tough.

Can I maintain this happiness all the days?
The answer I know I might not like;
For a myriad of problems will come I say!
What would I do when sadness strikes?
Would it help a bit to cry?
To exfoliate the hurting coat,
Shading a river of tears till eyes dry;
Sitting by the ocean and watch the boats
Go by and disappear into the fog;
With chin in hand as I alone sit on a log.

I will not forget even when I am sad,
That better days lie ahead.
It will soon for me brightly shine,
The dark cloud that looms above my head
For the pleasure that will be mine,
Will soon heed the winds and drift away;
When the sun shines I make hay,
Make merry and be happy!
When I am sad it's not the end of the world,
But just the other side that is wild.

Tafadzwa Matamba

When My Time Has Come!

When my time has come and I am gone,
When everything about me has been said and done;
Weep then at all not darling for me!
For the sun again I shall not see;
Even guess what the future will for you bring;
Neither will I hear the birds sing
On a morning beautiful and bright,
Nor the marauding and moaning winds at night.

When my time is up in this world,
And I am by myself in the ground cold;
Weep then at all not darling for me
When my time has come and I am gone!
They might laugh, mock and of you make fun,
Should they discover you called me honey!
Think of me when I am no more
And know that it is you I always shall adore!

Tafadzwa Matamba

When The Waves Did The Mbira Dance.

Mbira in hand alone I walk on the beach.
The wind is whispering in my ear
And the pebbles massaging my feet.
With prayers and thoughts in my head,
My heart beats with a Zimbabwean rhythm.
The smell of the ocean is so soothing
And I watch the waves joyously perform the mbira dance.

Tafadzwa Matamba

Wishing For A Kiss In The Pouring Rain!

Semi naked trees in the wind do quiver;
Leaves rain down around trunks one by one_
Alas, the glamour was not to be forever,
All the golden armour they adorned is gone!

Far away from the distant bleating of goats,
The smell of cow dung I do miss;
All I see before me are passing boats_
It is so cold I need a kiss!

Wishing for a kiss in the pouring rain,
My heart tightly bound in a love chain!

Tafadzwa Matamba

Yesterday Is Gone.

like a dark cloud that hovers over the full moon,
the scars from the days gone by can cloud
the vision of a great human being.
what was is no longer, only memories linger
sheer folly not to observe nature's simple rules.

Tafadzwa Matamba

You Are Not Alone!

You are not at all alone my dear
Even if you feel lost and there is no one near!
Never think that you are weak
When the future seem only but bleak;
And all day all you do is cry_
Crying a river yet there is none to stand by!
Natural it is for the tears to fall
As we answer to the heart's painful call;
At least we have to at some point in life_
And it shows that we are very much alive!
You may yearn to leave a mark
In this happy life with no luck_
Nothing wrong still in trying our best_
Lest we are forgotten when they put us to rest
By that knoll in the village
To close a happy or sad page.

Tafadzwa Matamba