

Poetry Series

Tendekai Mugonda

- poems -

Publication Date:
2013

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Tendekai Mugonda(17 April 1988)

Tendekai Mugonda is one of modern poets who deals with painting poetry with his inner depth of understanding the world surrounding him. Mugonda started poetry when he was 14 years old and started really penning them down when he was 21 years old. he was moved by the saying that if you cannot be a poet be the poem. Tendekai chose to be come a poem and he believe that God is the greatest poet ever and he the greatest poem ever up in Manicaland the richest province in is also studying social work with Bindura University of Science Education. Mugonda's poetry is influenced by his beliefs and life experiences.

Anita Memezi

As life unfolds meticulously,
Novel aura of her,
Irresistible charm which,
Tremendously stole me,
Away from my sanity.

Mesmemerising me off my,
Every thought and,
Memories in existence as,
Emotions shoot for the,
Zenith as i can not sustain them,
In me but just let my love flows.

Tendekai Mugonda

Fading Colours

Its like dying of a deadly plague sorrow have become a companion.
A kiss from a chameleon it wont touch your lips without fading your colours.
Time as a killer watching belief turning into myth.
It is like an old man white hair showing proof of wisdom yet still in the web of
foolishness he speak.
A palace made for kings yet inherited by servants.
Mind filled with rainbow, when the eyes are colour blind.
Its all about fading colours that are more colourful in everyone's fantasy.

Tendekai Mugonda

Flame Lily

Beautiful yet poisonous.
Wonderful yet dangerous.
Rare yet famous.
She is a beauty a goddess.
She is more adorned than cleopatra.
A mother of all types of colour.
Yet a daughter of mother nature.
In some countries she is a queen and in some she is just a maid.
Flame lily a beauty that pierce the heart more than a blade.

Tendekai Mugonda

God's Love

God's love is like a stream,
it softens the hardest rocks.
It gives life to different species of fish.
It gives frogs a new song to sing.
And maintains growth of shrubs on the river banks.
Such is God's love

Tendekai Mugonda

Greatest Artist

They say you need sorrow to be the best poet.
But God with happiness and love as a duet was the greatest artist.
Painting the world with his brain.
Not designing it with his pain.
He fashioned it with his cheerful word.
Nature brings out his harmony world.
His word is the greatest architect for everything was build through him.
He is the foundation and the beam.
He is enough yet his love is extreme.

Tendekai Mugonda

If I Knew What I Know Now

Dreams are meant to be dreamt by those favoured by,
opportunity.

Destiny and fate choose everyone but success shun,
some.

Being free leading to death is not freedom but error,
which needs scrutiny.

Life on an edge reaching out a leg instead of,
an arm.

The world can sometimes choose to be,
cruel to the wise.

Every turn made by the wise can be deemed,
heresy to the norms.

The truth of this earth is nothing but a,
disguise.

Those who preach its gospel are feeding the caged,
birds these fault worms.

Faith can be a fuel to embrace true hope.

One chose to be a child in order to learn more.

Selling hope is a misguided motive.

Yet what is true nowadays is based on feelings,
and emotions experienced before.

Quickly to shun away the invisible reality and,
ignoring its existence.

Knowledge is power to those who understand,
the essence of true wisdom.

Doors of opportunity open to patience and persistence.

Men's truth is a fallacy like royalty without a kingdom.

Tendekai Mugonda

Its All In The Mind

Raised in a country like mine where to be revolutionary is the only fashion of the gods.

I was raised to be a prince among them walking alone towards spiritual roads.

Too much hatred in my mind yet singing the tune of love.

The world upside down only being fortunate to remain above.

I refused to believe in their dogma which is so small than my cause.

My heart race with time that i am blinded from their pulse.

I know how it feels to be African more than Charles understood evolution.

We are more than humans because we are every aspect of God's creation.

Everything's existence was channeled in our life dominion.

Building castles in the air from dirty thoughts from rare imagination.

My passion is fed by my hunger more than my hatred starved by my anger.

A shipment of sea of ideas from deeper thoughts with no anchor.

Its a highway of love and only fixed to a corridor of hope.

I will continue to live even when my heart stop.

It will never stop until we reach the top.

Anyway who can understand it more than me

Tendekai Mugonda

Just A Robber In The Street

Fierce like a roar of a hungry lion and strong as hyena jaw.
Even maturity has given up in trying to make him grow.
His ways were pitch black as darkness of dawn.
The only son of his single mother yet he chose a different road.
Destiny abandoned him waiting for fate to take control.
Sheebens and highways were places he knew to patrol
His only resource centre and only served him more than
a cartel.
Change failed to transform him and it given up
the battle.
A master in reaping were he did not sow and believed that the
harvest was plenty ready with a sickle.
He was nothing to everyone but just a robber in the street.

His experience was strange to everyone but not him.
As a child he wondered if a boy with no father was completely a
human being.
Echoes of past laughter's by other kids still
fills his mind.
The only history he had enough for him to put on rewind.
Was his mother to blame for negligence or his father mistakes
and selfishness to reject his seed.
Maybe he was nothing but just a robber in the street.
Perhaps he had quickly accepted defeat and that he refused
to listen to his uncle Pete.
One rainy day he robbed and injured a catholic
priest.
Took the loot and discover a book which made
his heart beat.
About a story of a man hanged on a tree with pierced hands and feet.
Maybe he was nothing but just a robber in the street.

A story he have heard his entire child hood
but has never appeal to him like now.
Sweat dripping off his forehead and his eyes like oasis
in an place were tears themselves feels uncomfortable and strange,
fingers are heavy making his hands numb.

Slowly reaching for his pocket and he took his knife a friend he knew
try to stab his chest.
His hands so fragile now sluggishly unable to let him fulfill his quest.
The only brightness about him is his shiny cufflinks of
his blue blood soiled shirt.
Caught up with reality he has been fighting and trying to forget.
A thought of suicide has left leaving an accommodating
room for regret.
Sirens of approaching police vehicles now fill his head but his body is too
weak to move up with the speed.
He was nothing but just a robber in the street.

Tendekai Mugonda

Life Experiences

In a life you opt to be a king yet enslaved by circumstances beyond
your control.
were you are forced to live in yesterday and forget tomorrow.
A strange place where happiness is not a resident but completely filled
with sorrow.
Were you realize that change is not an easy journey but a trip too
fast to move a little bit slow.
Expected to move with the tide but your legs are in shackles.
Singing songs of freedom in large numbers like memorizing barcodes.
Were your life experiences are more dangerous than sharp teeth of jackals.
Patience as your friend like a vulture waiting for life to manifest yet these
experiences
are nothing but carcass.
They are life experiences which go beyond every man's class and also the signs
of time
like the hour glass.

In a life you feel nothing more but just like the grain of sand on the beach.
Were you let not your hands but your heart to reach for those who seek.
Your life as a serial killer watching belief turning into a myth.
It is like an old man white hair showing proof of wisdom yet trapped in the web
of the foolishness he speaks.
A tune of life experiences with hiccups like a broken string of a violin.
Its all hypocritical changes every now and then like colours of a chameleon.
Your life a desert only hoping for an oasis yet being promised an ocean.
Beware of every step as you approach without caution.
As life gives you a good reception remember it can also comes with deception.
Life is a mixed bag of feelings waiting to be carried along a bumpy road of
experiences.

Tendekai Mugonda

Life Is A Battle Ground

This anger of rejection is working in the mind,
more than the danger of a battle ground.
Life aims on the wrong target yet the goals,
are finished as the ammunition round.
One cannot be sure of the true colours as everything appears,
to be camouflage.
Yet it's all clear to them who safeguard every step like,
watch tower light flash.
Sometimes caution is needed as you crawl in every situation,
since some conditions can be sharp like barbed wire.
Some get gratification in crushing others down under in mucky circumstances,
like a jeep tyre.
Yet life is nothing but a time bomb ready to explode any minute like a grenade.
Our thoughts have imprisoned us instead to protect us in a wisdom brigade.
Barricading our dreams we need to declare a psychological war.
Sometimes one should raise his faith above like a flag on a pole.

Death is a waiting on life to perform a coup.
Sometimes we hear death noise like an approaching
sound of a decibel of a horse shoe.
The man head is more than a cranium but also a,
protector of memories as a battalion.
Yet it has become a penitentiary instead of a,
garrison.
Sorrow is stabbing life longevity encouraging depression,
as a dagger.
At the closing of these curtains everything goes down,
like landing of an apache helicopter.
It will not go down without a crush like landing of a army parachute.
Life's end is precise like the aim of a sniper rifle shoot.

Tendekai Mugonda

Looking Out A Broken Window

As I gaze through the window I saw a poor boy
by the vegetable market with torn out trousers and broken rubber shoe
sole.

The whiteness of his skin has darkened to the blackness of coal.

An authoritative policemen with a whistle in his mouth and hands in the
air whilst vehicles come to a stop.

His shiny brown shoes touch roughness of the tarmacked road
and clothes filled with the scent of lavender soap.

Chubby dog gulping food from dirty restaurant leftovers
from an untidy silver bins overwhelmed by stench rubbish on a corner.

A cautious vendor selling green ripe apples holding
in her old cracked hands a corer.

A beautiful woman with a warm smile as a handsome young man
gives her a red rose.

He had bought from an accommodating florist.

A stout old woman with unzipped purse holding a wooden stick trying
to cross the busy road.

A calculating thief following her pretending to be a
gentle man but easily given up by his dirty and cheap wardrobe.

Tall shopkeeper chatting with an ugly fat butcher
about business patterns around the globe.

An angry cat waiting tirelessly for a carefree mouse
to come out of its hole.

I see nothing but only a busy street around the market street
as I look out through a broken window.

Tendekai Mugonda

Love

I could jump with joy because inside I feel warm.
I am overjoyed but hiding from my feelings to remain calm.
I cannot believe love can be this strange.
I could write all my emotions on this blank check.
It's a priceless work of art being adored still in its sketch.
No exact definition but everyone feels it running in his blood.
To me it's even hard to decide.
How best can i say it or show it.
I think it's a word less in our action and extinct in habit.
Love to me is a flower which blossom in every weather.
Since the day it got me I feel light like a feather.
It's a four letter word which means a million dozen ways.
To me it's a road which everyone passes through their mortal days.

It's a feeling which makes the mute stammer.
The blind to paint the world in a rainbow colour.
Love a game of the heart whilst the mind applauds.
I suffer to express it in my emotions as life unfolds.
My tenderness innate arouses.
Like a bunch of roses.
With its petals intact yet its leaves fall.
My love is the answer to your call.
It is not measured in the stylish clothes I can buy,
for you at the mall.
But it's a satisfaction that can sustain us tomorrow.
It will be able to erase your sorrow.
Come with your broken heart my love will mend it.
I will give you a prescription you will not resist.
It's a habit you would not quit.

Tendekai Mugonda

Love And Hate

Love is like water and hate is like a fire.
Love makes the world go round and hate makes it flatter.
In water there is life and in fire destruction.
Love set the world on expansion and hate on extinction.
Love is us and hate is me.
Hate is the door and love is the key.
Love expands age whilst hate dwindles it.
Love is paradise and feels like heaven whilst hate is bottomless pit.
Love is genuine and hate is fake.
They are not colours love is not white nor hate black.
Maybe iam blind but love would be rainbow.
Love is like the first raindropp which come with a surprise than hate which come to suppress.
Hate is seeing in little and love is seeing in surplus.

Tendekai Mugonda

Mildred

She is everything iam not.

She is a secret a fantasy, that lives in my heart.

I would cherish more if, she only remains my secret.

She my everything and, yet she knows nothing of it.

Oh Mildred you are like a rose that grows on, concrete.

You are the definition of, word perfect.

Your tender beauty is, enriched by a warm,
welcoming smile.

Its hard to lose you when, i dont even have you.

You are so calm yet iam, not at peace.

Iam so thirsty of your, thirsty desire of your, warm kiss touching the, tip of
my lips

Tendekai Mugonda

Moon Lit

Light flashing vertically from the sky.

A false act of motion lyk following everyone yet it does not pry.

Illuminated the whole bush with a rabbit like creature inside.

A creature enveloped with clouds inside.

It evolves sometimes in halves but lit conveyed is the same.

Such is moon lit flashing all the way for mortals and gods alike.

Tendekai Mugonda

My Cause My Beauty

In all my life i have never felt so weak.
Iam left tongue tied with no words to speak.
Some say it is love but to me it is beyond.
No gift can explain what iam feeling in my bone.
God created me for only your satisfaction.
It burns inside my heart like a fire of desperation.
She is not a goddess but a fairytale that live in my fantasy.
Yet iam the story teller of her ancient story of her beauty
Maybe its curses of your beauty that haunts me of,
loving you forever.
My cause you make a child, turn into a warrior and,
a blind man to go to war to die for honour.

Tendekai Mugonda

My Dream

Whats my dream.

My dream is to see a child in Somalia having food on his table.

A world full of love than rumours on a wikileaks cable.

A hood with empowerment of the poor.

A place where there is no struggle for power.

An event which connect us like thanksgiving.

A tomorrow with no problems that resorts to kneeling.

A life worthy living.

A gutter which produces doctors and lawyers.

A continent of peace in every endeavours.

A Africa with true emancipation.

Not in our leaders lips and in national anthem.

Leaders who are ready to lead not by decree.

Not easily carried away by their greed.

Leaders who stands for what they believe in.

Whether its in or out of season.

A true African women who is not tiresome until she reaches the top.

My dream is to find love even in a wounded soul.

To embrace opportunity when she call.

To see a better you and a better me for a better us.

Where privilege is not a matter of class.

A life with equality to success.

Not a world where philosophy is the order of the day.

But where it is the change of the day.

Tendekai Mugonda

My Life A Metaphor

I refuse to live a life which is not mine.
Maturity is getting me better with time like wine.
My life is able to direct some like a sign.
Yet i am willing to fly away but yet i still embrace the ground.
Mine silence to some is the best sound.
The world is a circle and thank God i am still around.
My steps towards success are channelled by excellence.
Not mine but that i have attained from life brilliance.
Experience maybe the best teacher but I am also a student of reason.
I choose the best out of life to escape my own prison.
Freedom to me is nothing but a season.
Which entail the true taste of real hope.

Some call me a philosopher.
I am just embracing the piece of art of beauty culture.
All my life I have exercise patience more than a vulture.
My true African is not in my dialect.
You cannot distinguish it in my skin colour and my accent.
Yet you can see it vividly well in my character in silence.
I see more than visions when i close my eyelids.
Faith has taught me to visualise without my ability to envisage.
In this life i have chose to be a student of every circumstance.
I am not afraid to be an example in every instance.
My life is a breathing sacrifice.
In which its existence is not sustained in me but in the source.

Tendekai Mugonda

My Pain

I have tried to be patient but iam sick and tied,
of the same drama.
Sometimes I feel like my life is lifeless like in comma.
I am filled with anger at the same predicaments.
Which always draw me back to my senses.
Yet I like to sink in my own vision and withdraw myself,
from prescribed reality.
It pains me how to live in world eroded its sanity.
In a narrow way which is not crowded, I sometime feel alone.
Pregnant with thoughts yet they want me to kill them,
prematurely for a lump sum.
My existence to some is next to none.
I give them happiness and in return they award me sorrow.
Today I feel empty so that I will be fulfilled tomorrow.

My pain is more severe than deeds of betrayal.
Too much crocodile tears are shed for my denial.
By those who I thought were too close to be near.
They remind me i am still half deaf but strong enough not to shed a tear.
For in my incompleteness the voice of truth I hear.
I don't wish to be someone else because my shoes are custom made.
They mean nothing to you and everything to me,
because they carry my name.
It is my cramp today but my future fame.
This pain is a bitter sweet of exquisite taste.

Tendekai Mugonda

Only You Is Enough

Its not what i think its what i know.
I used to say i was hard core.
Until you my ideal match came into my life and settle the score.
I was willing to give you a place but you gave me the whole world.
I keep my finger crossed so that to you i remain nailed.
You complete me like iam a jigsaw puzzle.
A queen of my dreams my heart your castle.
As a tune of sweet melodies of blessings above.
Is just as your love.
Which changed me from a boy to a man of intergrity.
You are more than fate you are destiny.
You are not the air i inhale but i exhale that comes out with every part of me.
You are everything that i know about me.
Without you is like playing a piano without knowing the keys.
A w without two v's.
My wife, my life and my perfect half.
You make me whole my everything you are just enough.

Tendekai Mugonda

Parmella

Priceless artifacts,
Are only,
Replaceable with another,
More worth artifact which,
Excquisite taste is,
Less than its,
Longetivity and Value,
As is Pam in my heart.

Tendekai Mugonda

Readers Title It

Suddenly quick in the sense of man, Are the pple he count on to stretch to him a hand,
Dilemma as the only way out,
But choice itself filled with doubt,
Of the next step to be taken in this chain of motion,
Its an enforced satisfaction and affection of this magical love potion,
This erodes evry men sanity and dignity,
One thing for certain like as poverty it has no intergrity,
As maturity is not measured by puberty,
The importance of something is not its severity,
But a sacrifice made everday to channel its existance to purity.

Tendekai Mugonda

Sorrow

It seems as a friend but yet it colours the face,
and decorates it with wrinkles.
It comes with age and maturity like pimples.
It's a companion which leads unto death.
It walks with those deemed simple and great.
Sorrow a cup of water from a shallow cistern.
Yet it drowns you in trap slowly like quick sand.

Tendekai Mugonda

We Can Do Better Than Us

Like a flower which needs a little ray of sunlight.
Is like the soul of a man which needs light.
Change has come and goes, but still we forget what is right.
Is what we agree upon that which is right or what is sacred
No matter how free we call ourselves we will always be dependent.
Knowledge says no man is an island.
But wisdom whispers to us that it is better to prosper in silence.
Yet we make a lot of noise impoverishing ourselves in violence.
Being wise does not start in mind but in the heart.
For God does not knock were life is not kept intact.
It's like every heart beat is like his gentle knock on our hearts.

Tendekai Mugonda