

Poetry Series

tinasha severa
- poems -

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tinashè severa(11/01/86)

one of zimbabwe`s most promising short story writers, novelist and comes across mostly a comical writer along the lines of Ata Ama Aidoo, but he is a strong social commentator. I was suprised when i first met the young man sometime in 2004 at the book cafe in harare, all along i thought he was in his mid 30`s, considering the subject matters of most of his `s now barely in his 20`s but he writes with the same confidence and forcefulness of a much seasoned ntly he is an accounting student at Africa university, in Mutare.

Alone But Not Lonely

Heart hardened, soul purified,
like desert sands i have fought worldly rain,
torched and scarred, through it all i felt no pain,
floating along like a msasa leaf in wales,
noticed by no one, caring about no one,
stepped on, no compassion forthcoming,
alone but not lonely ,
i have watched the clock strike, move
calendars torn off, walls crumbling
images of funerals, heart warming eulogies for my parents,
recited over and over again,
tears never shed,
my prayers have always been heard,
smiling at frustrations, hand me downs piled in bags,
always quick to move from sufferers of the dreaded condition,
...A.I.D.S orphan allergies,
stigmatised, was it my fault, my doing
the victim, the murderer, the sufferer, the orphan,
too many roles, just one poor child
one soul and one heart

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Anguish, Pain, Misery, Sorrow And Retribution

Some say life is full of anguish,
old man once sang that life is full of pain
some even preach that life comes fully laced with misery and sorrow,
and some believe that life offers no retribution
ideas clearly instilled in the hearts and souls of many a man,
but the truth of the matter is,
life is anguish,
life is pain,
life is misery and sorrow,
in the same way as rain is water
and water is rain
for where can one get one`s own share of anguish,
who`d we ever have known pain if we never had life
without life, would we live through misery and sorrow
life in itself is retribution,
for he who has life can stand ground against
anguish, pain, misery and sorrow
and live to see brighter days seemingly unscathed
but woo to he who loses his life
in anguish, or pain, or misery , or sorrow
for he will receive no further retribution
and he will depart this earth with nothing but
anguish, pain, misery, sorrow
and retribution lost

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Born Free

Post war babies, children of black rule
pick on both sides of the cake turned stale bread,
thoughts unpredictable, unstable, aliens in their own mother land
they know nothing about this world, neither do you
and your rusty guns,
wars were fought,
will still be fought,
we do not feed on bullets,
like virgins we cannot conceive from past relations

born free from white rule,
white hate and white disgust,
chosen never to face those treacherous smiles,
to be stared at like dogs, but fed less,
freckled faces, forever sweating and fainting under the African sun,
too sacred to join the rest of their kind,
where their 'supremacy' will cease to be

born under the rod of the same python chameleon,
its only assumed a different shade,
once white...now black, but it has not lost any of its fangs,
the hunger remains, the segregation remains
joblessness and destitution among blacks still remains,
the buildings have grown bigger but emptier
living in this black shell is still unbearable,
born free,
born yes, free no
the chains around mama AfriKa also surround us,
we will never be free

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Crystal Clear

Her thoughts and ways are pure as rain, crystal clear,
to his heart she truly is dear,
blinded to this none are,
yet from him she remains too far,
like childrens eyes chasing a shooting star,
he seeks to make a wish upon his wish,
in sight but out of sight,
he proposes, she opposes,
he asks why, she sulks
she cannot give a reason for her pretense,
he asks why.....she cries
he cries.....they cry,
she is crystal clear

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Drunk Again

Over the edge, tonight im flipping a new page,
the barman looks like a bird, i can swear he's flying,
a toothless old lady grins at me...or is he laughing at me,
my eyes feel heavy and my visions gone blurry,
i walk up to her and ask her for her name,

'Marita' she says as she winks to her friends,
they all look old, their skin as wrinkled as an elephant's,
they offer me a drink and ask me to sit down,
i fall off the stool and they all erupt into croaky laughter,
my lips crack, blood trickles down and stains my shirt,
i try to cry, but only manage to choke on my blood,

i cough and sputter out one of my front teeth,
the old women just stare at me, all as still as rocks,
somehow i manage to get up, and stumble onto the stool,
it rocks back, rocks forward....
the barman grabs it, and asks if i need a cab,
i laugh in his face and ask him for another lager,
he hesitates, looks at me, sighs dejectedly and pours me another,
i give him a \$100 000 note and tell him to keep the change,
he doesn't hesitate...he throws my lager onto the table and quickly leaves before
i can change my mind,

Marita wipes the blood from my mouth, and playfully slaps my cheeks,
she asks me if i like the song that's playing,
i cant hear any song playing... i just nod my head,
Marita places the glass in my hand,
it begins to expand in my hand, getting heavier by the second,
the pain throbs through me, but im afraid of putting my beloved glass down,
the drink bubbles as the foam recedes,
the bubbles look like miniature stars, twinkling on and off,
...still maintaining a glow that illuminates my whole being

the drink reminds me of the lonely nights i have spent looking at the skies
above,
the more i stared at the skies, the more i tried to decrypt them,
the less i actually saw of them, and the more confused i got about their
workings

Marita pinches my thighs and tries to kiss me,
our lips make contact, but mine remain frozen shut,
everything around me seems to be moving in slow motion,
i open my lips to her, but she's already stood up,
i grab her by the hip, and grapple for her breast,
i pull her closer to me, kissing her neck,
she screams and slaps me across the ear,
the barman charges for me,

i pass out

over the edge tonight im flipping a new page,
a taxi whirls past me, blowing its hooter,
the driver curses at me...tells me to go home,
i run after the car, my feet fail me
i wish i could have told him that i no longer have a home,
..maybe he could have taken me to his....

my coat feels heavy, i take it off and throw it onto the curb,
a street urchin looks at me, calls out to me,
i stand still, completely petrified as he walks over to where im standing,
i empty out my trouser pockets onto the sidewalk, and tell him to take it all,
he spits at me, tells me to get off his land,
a shiny object in his hand catches my eye... he swings back

i pass out

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Eternities Yard

Into eternities yard, some wont go
in my path, all will tread
fear not today,
I'm always at a beckons call,
fear not tomorrow,
i will be waiting,
fear not yesterday,
i never look back,
fear not the end,
i am the end,
fear not the beginning,
i may not let it pass

into my yard, all will go
bordered by tears, a river of blood flows,
in my path they are no cries,
in my yard,
no angel lies

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He Speaks

He speaks, they all hear but no one listens
he points his guns at them , they all bow before him but no one respects him,
he smiles at the camera, they all stare at him on TV, but no one sees him,
he laughs with them at cocktail parties, they all smile back, but no one likes him,

he tells them of all his thoughts, philosophies
visions of brighter days to come,
all they see are empty wallets and hungry children on the corner of the street,
he exalts his greatness, his sacrifice for the nation,
all they see is a sacrificed nation with greatness forsaken

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I Am Afraid

I am afraid to cross the river at night
within its waters, i have no might
i am afraid to cross the river at night
at the slightest whisper, my heart takes flight

I am afraid to stare at a gun
i will never hold it, no, not even for fun
i am afraid to stare at a gun
to stay away from it, forever i will run

I am afraid of my own reflection
i myself am never sure of my next intention
i am afraid of my own reflection
for i am a lifetime away from perfection

I am afraid to love
of companionship i would rather starve
i am afraid to love
to live like a monk, i will always strive

I am afraid of religion
palm reading, horoscopes and superstition
i am afraid of religion
who knows, it might all be fiction

I am afraid of my enemies, large and small
around myself i have built a great wall
I am afraid of my enemies, large and small
they lie awake, waiting for my wall to fall

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I Wish I Had Been There

I wish i had been there,
wish i had seen it all,
...sailed among them,
...seen them crack up,
bulging under the folds of human flesh,
...the breeze of slavery,
..punctuated by the stench of rotting corpses,
...human excretion,
...the sweat of poverty,
....wish it had blown across my face too,
my spirit...wish it had swept over the polished boards of her 'majesties decks',
...seen with my own eyes

The chosen ones...standing below the mast,
the medallions of their 'loyal' service to the queen glimmering
taking a sip of the best
the 'rotten indians' had to offer,
biting off...rather stale piieces of chestnut cake,
as the keepers of hades,
open their gates once more to another black son! !

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In The World Of The Blind

In the world of the blind
streams flow and roses grow
In the world of the blind
lions roar and fires smould
the men snar, curses and ill conceived promises they do throw
children play, hear the rain coming and smear mud on walls
mothers praying, silently yearning
for someone to stop the needless slaying
of what lies in them
true greatness in a world they cannot see but can only be
dancers over laden with worries about dowries
suitsors contemplating past rejections, mounting frustrations
knock on their doors, start asking questions
trying to reach out to someone they cannot see
but know to be their light
in a world thats forever dark

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Justice Stands Still

When justice stands still
only the fool hearted,
will contemplate pursuing even the most just of causes,
when justice stands still,
the brave only will seek retribution
for sins committed against them and their kinsman,
can any gleamse of sovereignty exist
where justice takes a tea break,
and when justice decides to stand still
will any sanity prevail,
where justice once stood still,
can any unity ever be restored

once upon a time the jews were slandered and abused
but they had the courage to stand up and refuse,
when justice stands still,
the supposed saviours become the enslavers,
who then will stand up to refuse for the people
when justice stands still,
the law makers become peace detractors,
creating laws meant not to ensure harmony,
but to bring woo to the masses,
when justice stands still,
they will seek to devour,
those they once vowed to protect,
justice stands still,
the eleventh plague,
not just a biblical fantasy,
but a present reality

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Late By The Bus Stop

Tired workmen by the pavement bustle,
lazily watching the office workers hustle,
too tired to jump into the queue,
they just stare, as if without a clue

little children late from school,
push up to use their only tool,
they pinch the tout and cry 'we are cold, and thats so true'
till he shouts out 'you, you and you'

the jostling and hustling becomes a bit too much,
the tout begs as some young men luch,
'please let the night workers and prostitutes depart,
we will all get home, if you let me play my part'

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Lost

No war
no foes
no poison in my plate

no day dreaming
no yearning
no need to fear my fate

no H.I.V
no plagues
no sickness to guide me to my grave

no tyrants
no homicidal kings....
no this cant be earth

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Mental Fornication

mental fornication...

what my teachers thought to be education
forcing me through pages
of nothing but the history of white ages

poison dripping through my soul
hungrily like water sinking into desert sands
erasing my black thoughts...black voice
colouring me white, red and blue
like cheap abstract art

leaving me mentally impotent
like Armar's ostentious cripples
spiritually barren with a black hole for a soul
sucking in every custom and bad taste
floating around me...
as if i was born everywhere...anywhere

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My Dreams Pain Me So

They pain me so
dreams of myself walking through lands
in my youth i never saw,
places my mind has never known,
floating through strange fields
with gray grass and chirpering crickets,
from the bright sunlight
my hands acting as my eyes shields,
straining to cast minute glances
across rusty wire fences
at my brothers...holding black shovels
digging...no sweat forming on their brows
knots beginning to tighten in my bowels,
digging....clad in black suits
with black shirts and white ties
straining to cast minute glances
at my brothers bending to pick up a white box
wishing that it could be all a hoax
trying to move nearer
the wind holding me still
i pride myself as one with nerves of steel
yet i scream,
and scream...beg them to stop
why do i scream?
what am i afraid of?
i am in a dream....they are there
i am here.....I scream

my head stares at me from the top of the box
covered in glass, resting on a white pillow
my brothers look up at the skies
tears already welling up in their eyes,
hesitating as they stand by the graveside
summoning up all the courage they need
to throw me their brother...onto the other side,
I call out to my sisters
i hear them singing songs of old
the ones we were told
never to sing besides the kraal

i call out to them
sisters sing songs of life
not these of strife
dance with me
for i am here with you,
they do not hear me
the tears still flow down their cheeks
as serene and final like the flow of the nyamatsanga,
all i have known and laughed with
gathered without me...but around me,
gathered to cut off our relation
the living and the dead cannot be part of the same constellation,
like the missionaries of old, they recite prayers
to guide me through my journey home
like the warriors of old,
they silently yearn that my spirit will stay with them, guide them and protect
them

Above me
those who left before me
call out to me in silence,
beckoning me to rise
their calls reaking with sadness
yet laden with promises of happiness

My dreams pain me so
all i have loved
in queues with teary eyes
hands trembling, shuddering at the echos from this pit,
as they pick up moulds of clay
throwing them at where i lay
i blink at every throw
i hear the clay drumming against the box
i try once more to move closer
but they disappear before me
leaving me in the company of only the wind

They say to die is to rest
what rest can one know
when such dreams possess you so

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Shall We Or..Should We Have

The rains have not fallen
the crops are withering
and the people are starving

shall we allow the ngo`s to
throw bags of undigestable yellow maize
and soya beans at their immensely,
ever grateful feet

or should we have
provided them with the adequate irrigation facilities
agricultural inputs and the knowledge needed
to avert such a situation

Our fifteen year old daughter
flipd aimlessly through a notebook
the life forming within her stirs
serving as a painful reminder to her
of the bleak future that lies ahead of her
a future that holds nothing but despair

Shall we
throw her out of the house and into the streets
to rid ourselves of the shame

or should we have
educated her diligently upon such matters
and kept her far away,
safe from the lustful eyes of her many suitors

Our one and only son,
lies within the confines of a prison cell
twenty years they say,
is what the judge gave him

shall we
quickly turn our heads back
and denounce him
for can our family name be associated with criminals

Or should we have
slaved and slaved, struggling relentlessly
day and night in the fields and sent him
to the school where all the other village children went to

Shall we...
or should we have

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She Came To Me

She came to me,
her hair blazing with fire,
she tenderly kissed my neck,
promised me that our love would never tire,

she nipped my lips softly, passionately
...like a vampire
she threw herself on me, hungrily,
...then, she sucked me into her empire,

she came to me,
her eyes clogged with tears,
i placed her hands in mine,
and she lay on me all her fears,
i told her everything would be fine,
love me as i love you,
let our souls entwine,

she laughed amidst her sobs
said she found it obscene,
i wasnt as rich as Forbes,
she dried off her tears on my shirt,
and laughed...,
told me i was just another flirt,

she stared into my eyes,
they were emotionless, cold
like an undertaker,
she left me in her graveyard

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The Big People

the land of the big people
my land
had greatness thrust upon her once
but that was a long time ago and the big people then already had eyes that saw
not

my land
the land were uneducated black workers
sweat endlessly under the african sun
buliding ice-skating rings for the big people
whilst their own families sit beneath shacks
under the cover of vague street lights
busy spiting thier lungs out
just like the good old days of colonial rule

my land
the land where champagne sipping ministers
sign away land and mineral concessions
in exchange for for football stadiums and empty schools
which they expect the small people to accept
without any resignation
whiling away their time in slowly serviced bank queues
the aim being to receive very small portions
from their already heavily emacipated bank accounts
the rations of money the small people need to qualify them for the other endless
list of queues
such wasted time and energies spent
serve not to unify or strengthen the small people
but to destroy their youthful zeal for life
engulfed forever in oblivion
such wasted time and spent energies
will leave the small people older
....but not wiser

After inflicting such pain and misery upon the small people
the big people then all try to be very comical
spending all their time delivering speeches fully laced with fallacies
to the loud cheerings of some heavily expectant small people
the worst of the big people have resigned themselves to toying around with

genocidal economic policy formulations
and to supplying false local statistics to the international press
seemingly unaware that for the sufferer
their comedy
..is a tragedy

through manipulating the mass media
they try to implant false hope into the minds and hearts of the small people
barren lands where no seeds of hope can ever sprout
a people with no hope
cannot ever formulate visions
visions of brighter days to come
and so how can they the small people be expected
to strive to achieve
what they themselves cannot visualise

will the day ever dawn upon us
the day when the veil of poverty shall be lifted
off the heads of the small people
the day when the small people like a new bride
will leave their old way of life and accept
a new destiny altogether

'what do they expect from us, we are just a small stretch of land in sub saharan
do not have the money, the capital the....needed for such a transformation'

sentiments shared quite equally among the big people
but alas for them
Humans
not places
make memories
and theirs shall be a legacy
a legacy that will make generations of thier
offspring to come
bow their heads down in shame
...And cry

The small people are but dogs among the masters
no matter how much they toil
the best they can ever be
is to be the most masterly of the dogs

The unending sory of the zimbabwean child
at nine a bundle of excitement and joy
at eighteen a highly gifted and immensely talented academic
at thirty a dog among the masters
the most masterly of dogs

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The Crowd In The Street

They came out of their houses
screaming, whistling and jumping
most of the women wore only dirty blouses
but that couldnt stop them coming

they stopped at the end of the street
and said to one another in excited whispers
'i told that right here tonight they'd meet'
quite proud to be the worst rumour keepers

wife, husband and someone's lover
clawed away and cursed with no break
the wife fell, blood flowing from her like lava
but she raged on, till someone broke her neck

all assembled were untrained dramatists
they feigned horror and half shutr their eyes
a little boy shouted'what mighty fists'
a little girl fumed, but no one heard her cries

'she's dead'came a murmur from the back
like a wounded lion the husband roared
this was more excitement than he could take
so old Martin stroked and away he crawled

'she's dead' became the general cry
though she wasnt as the doctor saw at once
to be dissappointed, no one wanted to try
so on the husband, they all did pounce

the police stood aside
and the doctor grew pale
a journalilst scribbled with pride
'my editor tomorrow will just love this tale'

'hes dead'they shouted as they ran away
screaming, whistling and jumping
the police shot at them with bullets of clay
but that really couldnt stop them running

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The Interview

So you want to be a big person,
have you ever told the truth,
how good a thief are you ,
what is the best way to steal from a beggars plate,
were you a sell out during the liberation war,
are you prepared to kill those who think in other terms,
do you look forward to your neighbours funeral,
has your son ever used a gun before,
which of the following two pictures do you find funnier,
an anorexic old lady in binga,
not out of choice but our own will,
or a six year old boy....lying dead,
floating in a pool of blood,
a small crowd looking on...horrified,
during the height of Gukurahundi,
your mother is horribly sick in Chivi,
what would you send her,
rat poison, mercury or an assasin

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The Last Supper

Three mice bore into my mothers bag of rice,
our last one...they shat in it,
little droppings that looked just like rice,
brown rice

we sat on the cold kitchen floor,
same song...hungry...stick thin,
she poured it into her only pot
a clay pot chipped at the top,
cracked at the side

she lit a fire...poured in water
stirred and stirred till all the droppings melted,
it looked so much like tea now,
brown tea

we drank the brown tea,
thanking God each time a little white grain
slipped onto our tongues,
she threw the bag out...her last bag,
with three dead rats in it
they had ate her last rat poison tablets,
that was my last supper...our last supper

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The Little Devil`s Trip

As the red sky`s light,
on the hills of hell shone,
a thousand devils cried,
and hissed all night,
for one little devil was gone,
and flying to earth he had been spied

the little devil flew and swooped,
wondering why the sea`s so plain,
he held up his head real proud,
as jets like little soldiers devils by him trooped,
one bumped into him, but his anger he did refrain,
'my devil, this place feels just like home, a new hell i have found'

off he went to the Congo`s jungle,
perched himself up a big tree,
and watched with glee, as ten peasants with one knife, a guerilla killed,
he picked up two dead peasants, to play with and juggle,
in hell, he`d never picked up toys for free,
'i bet i could stay here forever, if ma` willed'

he got to the states, as the twin towers fell,
just like in the revelations,
he gasped as he saw many souls begin to crawl,
and back to hell he went, with many tales to tell,
'that place is better than here, i will go there for all my vacations'
and that is how human sin in hell began to grow

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The Love Of A Beautiful Woman

A beautiful woman
before your eyes may seem fine
her aura as intoxicating as wine
within her
are thoughts as sour as lime
her intentions
those of a snake in a vine
her eyes shine
beckoning you into her lire
setting your heart and loins on fire
be wary
she might just show you how it feels to be in the middle of a bonfire

the love of a beautiful woman
flows into you like a desert river
..its stay is long enough only to forge painful memories
the love of a beautiful woman
is as mesmerising as the african sunset
..blink
and darkness falls over you

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The Old Mans Curse

Where the sun meets the moon
is where i lay now waiting for your doom
its been more than a year
and as even the wind knows, life to me was never more fair
at least here, i have nothing to fear
i am in good health, though worms chew my knees
and my hands have gone brittle, like old thorn trees
but that is just, i died at eighty nine
and of all my fine sons, my grave knows none
do not worry, i your father am not sad
shame and poverty, have always been my bed
on that bed me and your mother lay
and for that bed, you my sons will pay
i find solace only in what the pastor said
as i ate his bread and the beer he shared
'nevaro, the lord will raise you up '
even from wood, stone and dust
and in this i now place all my trust
when my words reach you as it shall come to pass
please my sons, do not make a fuss
neither the sun nor the moon has yet risen
and the devil tells me, he still hasnt finished your prison

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The Protestant Church Of The Old Tabernacle

The old woman on the front bench sat wide eyed,
song after song, the youthful praise group bellowed,
talent they had not, but to mimick angles they so tried,
when the priest arrived, a trumpet blew and the windows trembled,

he wore a white shirt, over a silky purple suit,
the congregation came alive, the minute they saw his face,
he spoke in greeting, words flowing from him like notes from a flute,
'this is the man of god', they all shouted as he took his place,

from the old woman's cheeks, flowed a river of tears,
the praise group ran, and clung to her like a prize trout,
the pastor stood up and raised his arms as if he was holding a spear,
'here in the protestant church of the old tabernacle, no demon will sprout'

the congregation sprang up, and beagn to speak in tongues,
bibles were thrown into the air, with shouts of 'hallelua' and 'amen',
the pastor unfolded a cloth bearing an emblem with two tongs,
'we have never seen her before, she is heathen',

out came a gold jug and a diamond dish,
the pastor spoke with relish, as their epitome of realism,
'like Simon and Peter did to catch those many fish,
this woman must first believe before her baptism'

he stood before her and pulled her flaky hair,
while he waved and smiled in a way so civil,
'before we save you woman, it is only fair,
that you tell us, speak! why do you dance with evil'

the old woman dried her tears and took off her spectacles,
slowly she stood up to speak to the crowd,
the praise group shifted, but their hands stuck to her like tentacles,
while the pastor wiped off his bald head, looking mighty proud

'i am not evil, nor am i heathen,
i love my lord and God, i am a catholic,
they is only one shepherd, you all are my bretheren,
they is one God, as one herd, we all must frolic'

the man of god fumed and foam dripped out of his mouth,
he jumped up and did a shagani warrior dance,
'believers, we all know the truth,
lets all drive away this demon, before it also puts us in a trance'

a cladly dressed young woman spoke into his ear,
the pastor grew cold as he nodded in agreement,
'two million dollars and a tithing contract are needed i fear,
before all esle, she must make this payment'

the old woman laughed and lifted her hands to the skies,
the praise groups hands withered as she grew wings,
the walls fell apart, and squashed them all like flies,
in rememberance, on top of their shrine, a rosary still swings

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The Saints

The saints of my land never were,
all that was, and still remains
are little devils, dressed in rented suits
living off the suffering
of the sons of the houses of stone,
the hunger of the daughters of their mothers,
the sickness of their mothers,
the deaths of their fathers

The saints that never were
took me to the top of inyanga
and showed me my land free, unchained,
my mother and father alive
money in my pocket,
the sick looking forward to recovery
i told my neighbour.....woke up in jail

They promised to bring,
justice and equality to my land
i sang it to the wind,
woke up in a mental ward

They took me to the top of the RBZ
i looked up and i saw the rivers flowing
i looked down and i saw the clouds smiling

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The Sun

The sun rises first before those who stand before it
it wilts those who try to rise too high before it
it is only those who rise before it
that know that it rises
those who know what lies after it
have never been
they have always been

the sun gives what it takes
and takes what it gives
in its eyes they are no big people
under it we were all born
under it we will all pass
for as long as it shines before me
my pen will write
my mind will talk
it knows no big people
only those who are trying to rise too high before it
and those....it wilts

tinashe severa

The Wind Blows

The wind blows
the leaves rustle
still..the mill of justice churns slowly
..too slowly
yet the wind blows
and the leaves still rustle

the ambers smoulder
the smoke drifts aloft
but,
the fire does not burn
the masses are still enslaved
..the time calls for struggle
..yet the people still remain passive
..engulfed forever in a prison of self denial and self pity
yes
the ambers smoulder,
aloft the smoke does drift
but still the fire does not burn

the old man tills
yes
the old man toils unrelentlessly
unforgiving, untiring
..the old man tills
but the soil will turn no more,
no more will it bow down to a master
from whom all the sap of life
has been sucked from already
and so the old man shall till
but the soil will turn no more

tinashe severa

Two Old Men

The old man down the street,
never could say anything complete,
the old man next door,
could never take his eyes off the floor,

The old man down the street, dreams of being a flame thrower,
the one next door was a wine grower,
the first old man claims warfare as his true domain,
the one next door abhors all forms of pain,

when im old i will go next door,
for the old man there, my ways will mend,
so long as my youthfulness remains,
i will live down the street,
for my happiness need not end

tinashe severa

We All Knew Her

we all knew her name,
..we all knew her fame,
yet we all loved her just the same,
the brothers at the local pub bore he no shame,
and neither did she,
all the sophomores blew into her flame,
..to her it was just a game

i remember her as one with hair so fair,
always with a smile to share,
its all a gray memory now,
and no one wonders how

As a freshman A.I.D.S was always just a word,
yet now it bears her name,
it stares hungrily into her face everyday,
every breath she takes,
draws her nearer to her dying day,
and everyday we pray,
that she might live to see another day

It`s not as if no one told her,
..even those who used to hold her,
..in their own self interest did try to caution her,
her roommates used to question her,
told her...its not so strange
to wait till marriage,
but in her was a passion so deep,
she just kept on piling the men in a heap,

we all knew her name,
and now also does the local grave attendant,
and all those who have passed by the cemetery recently,
we all loved her the same,
but it feels funny,
life here at campus without her,
still feels the same,
Rest my dear sister,
I cannot gurantee you peace,

tinashe severa

When You Do Choose To Love Me

When you do choose to love me
love me not like your dear life
but as your wife
for life ends only in death

Do not love me like money and wealth
money is like a prostitute
it sleeps in the hands of many men
today we might have it
tomorrow we might not

When you do choose to love me
do not love me like your shadow
and expect me to follow you around
and answer at your every whim like a chained slave
departing from your presence
leaving you to your own means by night time

Do not love me like your mother
and expect me to fuss over you like a child
you are the father of my sons

When you do choose to love me
do not love me like yourself
for in the company of drunkards
you lose yourself

Do not love me like a flower
free for all bees
which dries up and rots at the end of spring

Love me my husband
like the spirit of death
When it desires you
nothing can stand in its way

tinashe severa

Wishing For A Song

Tears dropp down my eyes,
my heart no longer beats, but throbs
my throat dries up, my eyes pulsate
a malign emptiness creeps up my soul,
...tears continue to stream down my cheeks,
Vision of myself walking through a crystal maze continue to haunt me,
trudging on relentlessly,
yet encapsulating myself even further with every step i take,
the sun begins to set on me,
...oblivion draws nearer,

...across the enumerable layers
of the walls of this crystal maze,
a small fire burns, illuminating my way through,
a fire kept alight sorely by images of you,
standing beside me,
walking towards me,
your enchanting smile,
small flashbacks of all the times we have spent together,
...but the emptiness still creeps up my soul,
devulging all the flickering glimpses of happiness,
that protrude across the path of its relentless quest,
as the minutes waver, the fire chokes itself out,
and the emptiness becomes my being

...
i lie down, wearily,
wishing that i could write you a song,
a song filled with nothing but the tongs of my undying love for you,
every note depicting all that you mean to me,
the very tempo of the song
in perfect synchrony to the way my ailing heart yearns for you,
my hands would clasp the song,
and when all my thirst for life cinders off
my hands would heave the song and lay it,
across the breadth of my heart
.... that is the way i would want to lay in my final hour,
a prayer i would then utter,
before my final departure,

begging all who dwell in the heavens,
to come and lift the song away,
and sing it in the midst of the clouds
with harps and heavenly choruses,
adding divine melodies to to my words,
as my love for you is pure, untainted
and shared by no other,
only you.....,
will hear this song,
your eyes only will bear witness to this

if i could write you a song,
it would bring you this and more

tinashe severa