

Poetry Series

Wilson Chipangura
- poems -

Publication Date:
2017

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

Wilson Chipangura(04 March 1998- present)

Zimbabwean-born poet-cum-author who has worked as a columnist and editor at Bulawayo24 News site, contributor at Sportbrief and Newsday, chief executive officer at Heavmany Production Group and RosGwen Group.

He learnt in Zimbabwe from 2004 to 2016 before moving to China on a scholarship bursary in 2017.

He has won several literary awards such as Shoeshine Writer of the Year, Classic Editor Award and lately Cover to Cover Short Stories Competition Award (2016)

Dr Duck(Love)

Yesterday I ate doctor duck,
My gullet had requested for a mate,
I had thought it was suck,
But ages after, I couldn't hold it!
That faint smile turned into laughter, Breaking my ribs for a surgery,

A delicate portion of mr three toes,
Who always reckon how we were foes,
Left some sores on my tongue,
Serial trials and errors of self-biting
Went away with that thick soup-
That stretched the muscles of nostril,

Looking at the big belly,
Swollen and flowing like jelly,
The inevitable smile played the beat,
Violins of a soul tied around strings,
Memories that fail to shed off
The way leaves obey the summer,

Long thorns of affection sink
In the cardiovascular, river bank
Full of emotions running like a gazelle;
A flavoured romance so sweet,
That never ceases to cure
Like the nutritious doctor,
In the celestial space inside.

Wilson Chipangura

New Gift

NEW GIFT(????)

Standing by the touchline in the field,
The rays of a unfamiliar sun
Torched the eyes with its reflection,
That was shining like a polished floor,

Playing its hide-and-seek,
Everything seemed cheeky,
In the sport pitch; the common training
Was turning hard like a stone,
In that sacred forest of Nanjing

Cogitating about throwing in the towel,
With that sombre smile on the face
That looked like a mastered farce,
Everything changed in my watery eyeballs,
Slowly stepped a strange figure,

Shyly I approached to greet,
Feeling proud of my white teeth,
Everything looked good for real,
Finally in that quagmire I found a pal.

*by Wilson(???) Chipangura

Wilson Chipangura