

JACLR

Journal of Artistic Creation & Literary Research

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"A Rude Awakening and Other Poems"

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A rude awakening

Have you ever been on a rollercoaster? Or ever dreamt of winning a big lottery? Only to discover that you are actually riding An elephant without legs, let alone a rump! Such is reverie, the rear mirror sees no hump.

As if they didn't know

Was our unkind king frog Nocturnal in nature? They asked when He had been ferried away

He spent most of the day Snoozing in his citadel Hidden amongst gold And lies and root

Was our unkind king frog Gregarious in nature? They asked when He was unable to croak

He travelled with countless frogs To many foreign ponds and lakes He liked lounging in the exotic Sibanda, Ndaba. "Nine poems and a short story." JACLR: Journal of Artistic Creation and Literary Research 5.2 (2017)

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Meadows and wetlands too

Did our unkind king frog Have a sensual soprano voice? They asked As if they didn't know

He was active in the evenings And at night: inflating his throat Pouch about the urgent need To protect our lakes and ponds

Did our unkind king frog Protect our lakes and ponds? They asked As if they didn't know

Inside

She wanted to uncover and discover something about him. She pursued to x-ray the very person inside him. The person outside was easy to stroke and rub itchiness on his body. He was no saint but a soft ram. Sometimes she rubbed roughness on that ram. His frown was far or faint. Still she wasn't sure of the one inside him. Was he easy to rub or was he too corrosive to graze? She wanted to know, but how?

Roar into life

It's better to give us a plate full of fried bitterness than too much sugar because that causes fat droplets! It was as if I was listening to a team of tough-talking health and fitness experts but those were editors! They ranted: speak rawness into the truth about life stretch our capacity for compassion. Test our understanding, enter the heart of what we cherish or cheapen and interrogate it madly. I knew then that the narrative was never going to be a sleep-inducing affair anymore but a wake-up call.

Oh my foot!

That day they loved the lesson. That time too they laughed. A laughter that seemed to rip apart their ribs and red lips. They talked about types of transport one could think of or use in one's city or country. Many modes of transport were mimicked and mentioned: on water some learners had a boat, on rails others had a train in the rain. They nailed compound nouns, like bus fare big time. On four wheels was a VW, on two one group had *footron*! The teacher sought to bare the meaning of *footron*, an obvious new coinage, one student said "on foot!"

Wondering about nocturnal wanderings

They say he was pollinated by mad moths, Polluted by pride and pretensions. He lived a life of bats and owls, His flowers followed a pattern Of opening during the night And closing at daylight.

Bioprofile of the author: Ndaba Sibanda was a 2005 National Arts Merit Awards (NAMA) nominee. He compiled and edited Its Time (2006), and Free Fall. The recipient of a Starry Night ART School scholarship in 2015, Sibanda is the author of Love O'clock, The Dead Must Be Sobbing and Football of Fools. He has contributed to more than twenty-five published books.

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