



JACLR

Journal of Artistic Creation & Literary Research

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Various poems

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Acidic Assimilation Sermons

They preached plastic integration
With an astonishing passion
As if they expected their roguish dreams
And the victims` noble ideas to kiss osmosis

Crying Out For A Holistic Change

He spoke as if his utterances
Were a harbinger of bounty
A kind of pragmatic prophecy
A river well for the thirsty
He trampled on the past
And its poverty and drought
But people wanted his words
Impregnated into clouds of now
They had eaten a lot of past promises
And were hungry for a real transformation

Of Old Hegemonic Habits

Last time Thebe checked the news
the national broadcasting station
had not changed much in terms
of content and programming

Save for the two faces
which viewers had come
to accept as nothing but
facetious faces of propaganda

Those two had become somehow
invisible and less and less
relevant except when they
appeared as foul faces

Coverage of news
was by and large
still biased –a one
party campaign kit

Lost Cultural Compass

Their traditional song
Was loud and long

It was about the roles
Of chiefs and a king

In a modern- day society
Wreaked by decadence

The song was about the restoration
Of a people`s dignity and identity

The song was about the restoration
Of Mthwakazi`s lost history and heritage

A Precise Presence

A superstar with a big skill of expressive speech
Catch her confidence and fluency and accuracy
An accent heaving with honey and clarity
What a particular way of speaking
Action-packed delivery and diction
Intonation and elocution
No further explication
Thokozile!

Necessary Tools In A Fast-paced World

I heard and saw critical and creative thinkers
Trying to put their chain of curiosities to work
A trio of language and content and thinking
There was a series of open-ended questions
A prediction here and a description there

A reflection here and an extension there
I heard the assured voices of educators
I heard the philosophers and politicians--
All were crazily consorting with the art
And science of astute thinking
Mine was an observation

A Better Future Or A Blasted Bet

Her tears taunted her mind
As they cascaded down her face
She had staked on the new suitors--

A crew that had crept in via the back door
With pomp and a string of pretty promises
Her wager on them was fast fading into blues

Her team of Nicodemuses was loaded and unhallowed
Their wealth of experience in the affairs of life and love
Didn't charm her a bit her but then she sought after a Canaan

Inflated Dread

His dreadlocks a perturbation
In the presence of some office snobs

Each time the quiet attorney entered the office
There was a high measure of hyperbolic uneasiness

Stereotyped whispers of 'Bhinya' were loud antics
As if he were a mighty mythical scruffy bush terror

Corporate Cruelty

The world`s biggest listeria outbreak
Exposed the unscrupulousness and heartlessness
Of some big and powerful companies in South Africa

Poor people perished after eating mainly cold food
Which was suspected to be contaminated
Losses that could have been avoided

A Slim Slingshot Boy

It sounded fictional. But it was not
folkloric. The boy had a slingshot.

It looked harmless under his bed--
but not when he used it. It nibbled.

When his parents were away
he became a proverbial weasel.

*They say the weasel is at ease
when the mamba has gone away.*

What a possession. What an obsession.

He gripped the projectile in the pouch.

The boy`s bowhunting skills came
to the fore as he took an aim...

Then he raised his slingshot and pulled
the band back. A poor passer-by screamed!

Children In The Cold

There is no delight
when one catches sight
of them. There is a nerve`s flight.

Chances of a better future
are not rosy. Fewer and fewer.
Young, there is no loser cuter.

Chances of a little education
are slim. Starved by starvation.
Stabbed by uncultured socialisation.

Their little toys are breathing obscenities
as they dance on street fights and activities.
They pester people`s peace and sensitivities.

Woman of Today

Enjoying the amenities and peculiarities
of modern living
of dynamism

Clamouring for greater marital power
at household level
at national level

Denouncing a subordinating social position
in any given locale at any given time
in any given space at any point

Basking in the prospect of reigning supreme
over patriarchal fanaticism
over male pig chauvinism

Engrossed in a conversation to give credit
to women`s reproductive and productive powers
to women`s empowerment rightists and entities

Vowing
never to accept oppression as if her hands were tied to her back
never to accept tokenism in business and in politics and in education

A woman of today says no
to the trammels of culture and religion

to an inferiority complex or pull-her- down syndrome

A woman of today
seeks to be treated as an equal at a workplace
seeks to read the epitaph of oppression and degradation

Elusive Pumpkins

Dear dear Sun
Please please send your princely rays
Down down to heat Sea and Dam
Lovely lovely live-in parents of Water

So that Water delivers Son Vapour
Who might therefore ascend to Sky
To condense and come down refined--
Talk of a lively dance of Rain and Grain

.....
The clouds are gathering in the sky
A darkness looks near but is high

I hear children singing *Woz`Malamlela*
Come down Rescuer
Singing *Woz`sidle amakhomane*
Come and let`s feast on pumpkins

For the young children understand well
That when Nature has smiled on the land
People grow lush fields with pumpkins
And everyone jives into jollity and plenty

Rain do not refrain
Please enough of pain
Come down today
Come down Rescuer

Fields are rumbling with emptiness
Sadness defaces farmers` faces

As they see no vegetation
But a fist of sickening starvation

Industry long came to a heavy halt
Life is starved of economic salt

Rain do not refrain
Please enough of pain

Come and let`s feast on pumpkins

Two Sides Of The Horizon

on one hand quitters cry
a castrated chant

they capitulate
and emasculate their spirit

on the other champs charm
mere reveries into rare realities

down the road deserters demotivate
up or down the road victors advocate

Cool And Calm In The Midst Of Storms

From where Sikhona stood it seemed as if her father
Obediently acceded to all her step mother`s requests

From expensive jaunts within and without the borders
Of the country to dresses and food, she had her way

From where Sikhona stood it seemed as if her father
Openly endorsed her enslavement and persecution

Sometimes he would walk in and find the whip shelling
Her skin and her tattered dress -but turn a blind eye on it

How many times was she humiliated and chased out
Of school owing to unpaid school fees? Did she cry?

Did he ever ask why she was too slim, decent and reticent?
Sikhona had taught a stoical acceptance of her sorrows

In fact her sorrows whose tomorrows haunted her soul—
Served to confirm her victimhood to an imposed orphanage

Semester

she had to forego pleasantries
and get down to serious business

she had to be steady and studious
for it was a time to get ahead of the game

Just A Friendly and Frank Chat

As far as Mandla was concerned
His mom was cracking a chestnut

The boy did not find all this amusing
The mother thought she was advising--

When he came back from college he knew
She would utter pleasantries and platitudes

“I`m tired of my mother`s starting and parting remarks”
Mandla decided to confide in his best college friend

“What exactly is the matter with her statements, my friend?”
Asked Mandla`s pal behind the wheel of a fairly good Honda Fit

"The moral content of her remarks smacks of something that has been used too often to be motivating or thoughtful or relevant"

Mandla responded while his friend listened as he steered the car
"She cares for you, she bought you this car, and this is how you thank her?"

What Doesn't End Is Surely Ominous

From the outset many people in and around Bulawayo
Disapproved of his party and his ascendancy to the throne

It was as if they could feel that his Johnny- come- lately elevation
To the highest office in the land was bound to be a nightmare

Bulawayo, Matebeleland Provinces and parts of the Midlands
Wore mournful faces after the announcement of poll results

No sooner had the first black president of the country
Consolidated his power than he started to make cruel forays

Power has a way of sizzling like an eternal fire of glory
Aristocracy fizzles out like morning dew on blades of grass

Supremacy is a thin fooling sphere of liquid enclosing shitty air
Sometimes the has-beens fail to come to terms with reality

During his heydays he called himself a revolutionary icon
He looked into his mirror: boom an invincible superman!

The most powerful, the most revered, the first and the last
The one and only conferrer of hero status in the entire nation

The one who had the sole right to send cold-blooded vultures
To crush and silence real or imagined enemies without a trace

The one to whom it was ostensibly a crime or an insult
To challenge in the ballot box or to criticise constructively

The one who had the right to parcel out all land and justice
The one who had the right to withdraw all those privileges

The one who independently chased away white saboteurs
The one and only guardian of people`s freedom and land

His wife stood by him, saying the center of power was one
Together they outfoxed, together they waxed and waned,

Instead of being regretful about the de-industrialisation
And pauperisation of Bulawayo, he resorted to attacks

He attacked the people from Matebeleland for the great trek
To South Africa in search of menial jobs and little blankets

On the other hand she took "Ndebele bulls by the muscular tail"---
Saying they were not interested in progress but in polygamy!

"It is common here to find a man with 5, 6 or 10 wives,
What kind of a bull is that?" she asked and derided in Gwanda

The generality of the Ndebele men and women were piqued ---
They were of the opinion she was the least qualified to say that

Those were the self-styled saviors and philanthropists
Who plundered as much as they purported to aid

Those were the greedy charlatans and rabble-rousers
Who preached development and did dirty destruction

Those were the self-styled unifiers and peace-makers
Who orated on unity and peace but thrived on tribalism

As the loud claimants of PanAfricanism they butchered,
Ridiculed and persecuted fellow Africans with impunity

They balked at tackling their awful human rights violations
They were unwilling to acknowledge the presence of skeletons

As unrepentant masters of arrogance and prejudice
They dismissed Gukurahundi atrocities as madness

Yet incontrovertible historical and political evidence
Puts the man as one of the main architects of that lunacy

It is a known fact that the Chihambakwe Commission which was set up
To pore over the Gukurahundi saga, did its work and compiled a report

Similarly the Dumbutshena Commission came out with its report,
Yet curiously, those two crucial reports have been swept under the rug!

The findings of those two Commissions have remained a mystery
Just like the disappearances of some human rights activists

To the Gukurahundists their supremacy was no bubble
Innocent villagers were sacrificed on the altar of dissidence

They failed to explain why they formed a North Korea-trained unit
To commit a genocide in which more than 40 000 Ndebeles died

They ran and sustained sinister, subtle and well-coordinated activities
Aimed at assimilating, annihilating other people culturally or physically

They frowned upon other people`s cultures and existence
No wonder they undermined other citizens` sense of worth

People from other tribes were treated as second class citizens
They could only become vice presidents, a perpetuated disparity

When they complained over the plundering of their local resources,
Or the closing down or relocation of companies—he couldn't care less

For hegemonic and tribalistic reasons, Gwelo became Gweru,
Selukwe was changed to Shurugwe, so was Mbelengwa etc

Intoxicated with ethnic supremacy they implemented
Their evil 1979 Grand Plan clandestinely and extensively

One day in Bulawayo disgruntled residents defaced signs and traded
A street named after him with one indicative of their grave concerns

Troubled about perennial underdevelopment and discrimination
They covertly changed Robert Mugabe Way to Devolution Way!

Up to this very day most of the Bulawayans want that street
Name changed as its presence is a nagging nail in their flesh

Not only because he regarded them as an uneducated group of
Malcontents and irritants who deserved to play second fiddle

They also associated its existence and essence with nothing else
But an unholy celebration of the butchering of their relatives

The two enjoyed a first status which by an error of destiny
Could crown them the first vicious incorrigible bigots and felons

The country sank and sank into paucity and distress
As corruption and mismanagement became endemic

But they believed they had innate finesse and grace
They thought that they were born to rule forever

Their appetite for power and self-righteousness
Saw them craft a self-grown *demoncracy*

Their hunger for dehumanizing and demonizing
Voices of dissent was felt and seen on the scene

What kind of parents were they --when they clearly had their favorite
Daughters and sons whom they promoted and protected at all costs?

Those daughters and sons were the uncontested beneficiaries of companies,
Mines, education, employment and business opportunities across the country

That scenario created a serious social, cultural, political and economic time bomb
Most of the beneficiaries, for their part in the rot, never raised a dissenting voice

They became gainfully employed, educated, socially and politically influential
---If not superior --and in most instances worked tirelessly to maintain the status quo

While his divide- and- rule tactics made him a hero in sections he was pampering

Protecting with tenders, executive jobs, companies and company relocations etc

They became truly and finally untenable when the economy took several nose-dives
By virtue of mismanagement ---plunging the beneficiaries into dire straits as well

Unjust harshness which used to be meted out on the ridiculed sufferers
Was gradually extended to the favorites as they grumbled about decline

Their spin doctors kissed the ground
They walked on, including all the filth

They frantically colonised all spheres of govt,
Organs of govt operated as their private entities

As the first born members of aristocracy
They did not want anything with a shabby air

Hence Operation Murambatsvina was a campaign
To forcibly clear slum areas across the country

Was it not degrading to have dirty street kids
In the presence and glare of international dignitaries?

That is why they bussed off dirty street vagrants
Before any international conference in the city

At the climax of their self-worshipping delusion
Was a passion for pontificating and purging

In the conquest of her beauty the woman sang
Songs of her elegance, and other`s nonsense

A stop -it, stop- nonsense discourteous firebrand
Full of herself, everything revolved on her whims

She had several flights, fights, farms under her belt
A self-appointed heroine, a selfless worshiper of self

My Two Ideal Worlds

If ever there was an ideal world
It would be within earshot --
Without a gunshot

I suppose it would have—
Acres and acres of pages
Lyrics and love and letters

Wedded to melodies
Seasoning life
Even in strife

Music my intimacy
A depth of emotions

Even in commotions

Without it
The world is lonely
Even hellish & hollow

Without it
My heart is hungry
Even uneasy

For it is easy
On my ears
As it seizes my fears

Through it
I touch love
An aroma of life

Therefore
Sing me a song
So real and ideal

Wedded to writing
Words my loyalty ring
Text my certificate and king

To write is right
For it`s a weapon
For justice and literacy

Not Even A ...

Did you see the medical doctors stage a demonstration?
Hear there was a solution without any documentation!

Didn't they say politicians should use government hospitals?
Hear government is failing to procure drugs and essentials!

Didn't their placards read something like "monster of health"?
Hell, something about perennial failures and politicians' wealth!

Didn't they say the old *new look* nation is open for business?
However closed for health! This is horrible. And I'm SERIOUS!

Didn't the *tired* doctors denounce a certain CEO who has a jeep?
Hell, I guess because poor patients don`t have a single drip!

Strolling Eyes

eyes...
explore this enchanting island
like a romantic tour

On The Wall

Could he have had something bewildering?

Something like a nightmare. Foreboding.

Could he have had something a bit suspicious?
Something like smiling snakes. Speaking spears.

Maybe, just maybe he didn't think about it.
That the pool could have been deep. Fiddly.

Maybe, just maybe, the pool was calm. Plain.
Its waters clean. You could drink them up fine.

Gwenya knew he could bite snakes. As always.
He knew too that he was incapable of drowning.

Gwenya buried his head under a rug. As always.
Yet it was imminent. An unwelcome change.

Gwenya had a deficiency. No decency but denials.
Gwenya drowned in them. Dehydrated, drank vexation.

He drank dryness like a lost fish. No dyeing. It was like dying.
Where was the omen? The phenomenon that foretells the future.

Caught In Between

In this context, in this discourse,
we are not talking of a contraction
of *between* or something like that.

We are discussing the wearing
of inaptly short skirts and shorts
by our youngsters, our tweens.

We discussing how to handle those
between 10 and 12 years of age
who are howling with friends---

As if, on one hand, are angry to be
considered too old to be children---
on the other, too young to be teenagers!

The Debate Rages On

ever thought of chiefs
and village heads?

of presidents
and chief executive officers?

one activist said these positions
don't come on a silver platter

women -be hungry grabbing lions
journalists-- write about one`s character

why do you tend to dwell on non-essentials?
like she is a divorcee or a single mom with two kids

ever thought of nurses and caterers or care-givers
without seeing a misleading picture of women only?

A Doctor Of Dictatorship

normalcy is showing the weaknesses
or diseases of old age or wild tantrums

about a lack of democracy when you know that
in all your life you have been alien or allergic to it

A Dinner Prayer

His father went on and on
About blessings and food
For almost six minutes

Both parents had their eyes
Closed and their mind focused
But not their boy, their only child--

He thought of the dinner appeal
As too long, and himself as too weak
To deal with salivating lips, an empty belly

When his parents finally whispered their 'amens'
And opened their eyes, Bongani`s plate was already
Half-empty, his cheeks dancing, vibrating with chewing

Tough Choices

A transitional period full of issues. Controversies.
Challenges of independence and self-identity.

Biological changes of puberty. Dramatic.
Cognitive changes come with concepts.

Adolescents and their peers and parents.
Teens and parents sometimes conflict.

Over many issues--schoolwork, drugs.
Socialisation, sexuality, alcohol, love.

If the right choices are not made: woe
Could come in as depression or suicide.

Shenanigans

There is so much hype about it
Much noise about a nil or a naught

The hysteria on listeria is sincere
It is worth all the efforts and attention

Not the naming and shaming tricks played on us
It is a spoofed movie on getting raiders exposed

The film is titled: Externalisation Versus Imitation
It is a hoax that will not snap on the heels of saboteurs

What a piece of parody and paradox good people!
Let he who hath not sinned cast the first stone

Cultural Centre

It was a weekend of inspiration and revival
The Centre took away my nagging nakedness
And clothed me with the charms of tradition

The charms of tradition echoed in their spaces
They exuded an African grandeur second to none
I felt the deepest desire to be myself and my mirror

What A Kind Of Kindness

Mr. Mlambo, a gifted Science Teacher
taught in the Kunene and Omusati regions
in Northern Namibia for more than ten years.

When he came back to Bulawayo I asked him
how his stint was in the Kunene and Omusati regions.
He talked about the beauty of the country in general,

and the hospitality of men to male visitors in particular.
He paused and smiled before saying he had lost count
of the occasions he was treated to *Okujepisa Omukazendu*.

"What is that treatment?" I inquired. He said it is a practice where
one's wife is given to one's guest to spend the night while the husband
sleeps in another room or outside. Floored, all I could utter was, "Really?"

The Time Is Here

Riding on. Riding a tight rope.
Not healthy. A brutal history.

Suppression of dissent. Untenable.
The writing. It's on angered faces.

It's no longer cast in stone. Hell!
With blocked eyes, he rides on.

He sits on the pained backs
Of small birds tightroping.

Tightroping the lean line of life.
His self-centeredness sucks. Sick!

Can't you see the bloodshed?
Check the time. Pack. Kabila!!

Workshop Them

Our history must not be a story
Lost in the lies of distorters
There lies the crust
Of our fatalities

Our history must not be a treasure
Lost in the bellies of hearsay
There lies the layer
Of toxicants

Our progenies must possess
The exact accounts of our past
In order to chart out
A confident trek

Our youngsters must be re-orientated
To retrace our journeys and ways
And undo imposed indignities
Of lies and lunacies

Faces Of Shamelessness

After years and years
in cabinet, after decades
and decades of lying and looting,
they cried and people responded.

They said they were now in the cold,
having hit hard times, short of money—
but people asked: why don't you queue
for cash like us, and where's your loot?

They said spare us your bitching: did you not
call us names, cry-babies—what-have- you
for the past 36 years when we complained
that you had turned the country into a living hell?

Authenticity Gives Birth To Capacity

There, under a Mopani tree
The young man sat -alone
He started a conversation--
A hard talk with his inner self

*We all know it though sometimes
We may not necessarily touch or see it
It is found in existentialist philosophy
It can manifest itself in aesthetics too*

*We call some artists 100 % authentic
Does it mean that others are inadequate?
Are they fake, resentful of their personality?
Are they victims of external pressures or what?*

*If people disown their hearts and innate freedom
And adopt false values because of money and all
Can they excel in careers driven by self-deception?
Shouldn't they be true to their personality at all costs?*

Acute Coughs Versus A Cute Promise

When he stepped on the podium
He did not mince his words at all

He told them that he was an antidote
To their turbulent lives in the country

He couldn't finish his speech--for people`s
Thunderous severe coughs drowned it out

Pardoned Prisoner's Shattered Expectations

A jailbird, he had been sentenced to 30 years
in prison, but after serving 10 years,
and in poor health ,Freddy was freed
under a presidential amnesty.

As he hobbled home-- a pale shadow of a robust man
whose reign of terror and debauchery was enshrined
in the victims` memories--thoughts of making up
to his wife were central to his happiness.

He was imagining himself as an innocence of love,
a baby waiting for a nipple to be properly positioned,
ready to feed. Peristalsis. Away from jail`s paralysis. Away.
Experiencing. Feeling the magic, the wave-like motion. Away.

Some people on the small bus witnessed it. The movement
of his lips. Suckling. His Adam`s apple was vibrating. Dancing.
When he finally got home he witnessed a true process. A baby
involved in a process of tongue, jaw, lips and palate. Innocence.

Startled, he watched the waves of compression by the baby`s tongue
sail, move along the underside of his wife`s nipple before pushing it--
with a patent hunger--against the hard palate. The wife greeted him.
He roared, "Who`s the father of that child? " There was a loud silence.

Wet And Wicked

Heavy dew lay on his lips
It was a glorious experience

Power glistened with dew
Departure wasn't overdue

Out of the question, it was taboo
His muscles were wet with dew

He was a scorer, he never missed
He was slippery , he got stuck in here

Heavy honey dripped and dripped
He didn't want to see it slip off

Though his spiky hands dripped
With the blood of innocent victims

Grab the sun too, it shouldn't set
But one day the sun had other ideas

It went down and disappeared fast
Like the morning coat on the grass

Bring Back Our History and Heritage

You have muddied the waters of
Our glorious history and heritage
Where shall we hide our long tails?
Our nakedness is now a public feast

Still Going Strong

The younger international teachers wondered
When the new teacher was introduced to them

Was she not an ailing and incontinent woman?
Was she not a has-been, a technological fossil?

Talk of a 64 year-old KiSwahili Language Teacher
Guess what: there was a peppy and practical soul!

She used the smart board and her laptop just fine
Not to mention how interactive her lessons were

There was dynamism, not technological dinosaurism
Her techno- savviness got students eating out of her hand!

When the younger teachers' heads ran out of steam
They could count on her to recharge their flat batteries!

When the younger educators needed first aid or a tool
They did not need to look any further than her for all that

Coming from different credos, cultures and countries—
Teachers at times argued and threatened but she conciliated

A Lesson On How Not To Betray Oneself

he was no such a man who could bring
a moral credit upon himself by accepting
reality and the dynamics and rules of life

he was ever-ready for the harsh and crazy
political roller coaster rides yet the fragility
of his body betrayed any credibility and ability

A Wiggling Car

Like some computer technicians and addicts—
Changing computer parts while the computer was still running—
From a little distance the two souls in the car were both driving!

Like some passionate presenters and orators----
Giving a talk without preparing or time to rehearse—
The couple was improvising, focusing: winging it in style!

Some onlookers undoubtedly shook their heads in dismay
Yet others, for their part in foolery, giggled giddily with glee
On the fly, the two, the car inched and wriggled like a worm!

Marvelous` Marvellous Job Title

Did you see her at Mathathawese Nightclub?
Don't for one moment think she wanted to drink

Recall she likes to talk about the dangers of drinking
Not only that-- she likes talking about things, people

The last time I checked, she wasn't a sexual predator, no!
Thus she wasn't doing some solicitation at that popular spot

The last time I checked, she wasn't given to spreading out her legs
She had a stomach-turning knack for spreading something though, yes!

I`m told her ex- best friend once said if she had a way she would make it
A point that Marvelous` passport page had *rumour-monger* for designation

Ungratefulness Stirs Up Bitter Truths

They said they didn` t expect him to suddenly
become a good old boy . He couldn't suddenly
become a saint after a prefect`s chair was suddenly
wrestled away from me. Thud! It must` ve been painful.

They said they didn't expect him to suddenly do holy things
as if he were working toward some momentous canonisation.
He was entitled to his rants, but they reminded him of his foothill
of crimes against humanity which even senility couldn't shake off.

Why She Was Afraid

I
2012.
It was not difficulty to see them----
those difficulties, deviations and disappointments.

II
A lone bystander, she was.
From a distance she saw romantic perturbations.

III
2011.
Before that. It was a different game ball.

IV

Alone she had taken strolls to gorgeous valleys and parks.
There she would see what she thought epitomised
unwavering attractiveness and togetherness.

V

She thought the beautiful arms of oneness and charm
were not on the surface.
She thought they had an undying life of their own inside lovebirds.

VI

She believed she heard a sound of their innermost engines,
that sound had its own undying heart.

VII

But then she saw romantic, seismic waves instead of warm hugs.
She heard them too. Taunting tornadoes.

VIII

She vowed she was not going to feel them.
Her grandma used to say each relationship or marriage had an ocean floor
which moved up and down ---just like when plates of the earth's crust heaped
on top of one another!
She swore to herself that nothing else but bliss would nestle on her crust.
After all, was love not about committing oneself to caring and pleasing forever?
She wondered where the scenic valleys with their promises and pride were.
She was of the opinion that the valleys and parks were calm and beautiful.
Permanently.

IX

A lone bystander, she was.
From a distance she saw a deadly deviation from beauty.
From normal to something else, from regular to an irregularity.
From hugs to hate, from heaven to hell. NO!
From a path of harmony to an alleyway of disharmony.
She could see that that the participants were feeling
sudden violent shakings of the ground. It was scary.

X

Those were the diet and dances of mountains and countries
by virtue of the movements within the earth's crust--
some volcanic action, some earth tremor.

XI

But alas the heart has its own crust too---
at times it experiences its tsunamis and earthquakes
as a result of unsavoury and unfortunate movements
within its skin, its eyes and ears, its layer, its everything.

XII

2017.

When she became a victim to the sound of her heart--
she was unafraid and unashamed like a wildlife adventurer.

"My amount of faith will save our boat from capsizing or shaking violently.
Our boat will float on our ocean of love till we reach the shores of our lives".

XIII

She could not be aloof from love. No fear of an ache could
stand in her way. *Hey girl, helm it.* Love sailed her heart.
Her heart steered her body. Bliss danced in her soul.

XIV

It was as if she were going to be immune to the shifts and swings
of life. Together they skippered the boat.

XVI

There was a stubborn air to it. A lifetime commitment. A faith.
As their boat sailed and sailed, wavy ups and downs nudged them.
As if saying: *everything real must be experienceable somewhere.*

At the Mercy Of Legitimacy

massive lands were taken
by force from the indigenous peoples

then years later some lands were taken
by force by the landless and the powerful

when will this land drama come to a stop
because land is a people`s spirituality and dignity?

Farming Equipment And Commitment

Farms, fight for people`s prosperity,
refuse to be massaged or grabbed
by those who are rapists of land

Farms, many will come to you
and say we are farmers,
but beware of fools too

For fools farm poverty
till sleepiness
and barrenness
harvest excuses

Suspicious Agenda

Cracked floors fight against beauty and peace
Non-existent ablution facilities facilitate health disasters
Leaking roofs invite in droplets and climatic caprices
Burst sewage pipes tend to advance a smelly agenda

A Call To Steer Towards Monetary Normalcy

Hope we are *fast* crawling
from under the table of terrible tangles and abuses
toward all the ideal lights and rights under the sky

In the past
bearer cheques and queues lurked in banking halls like cobras
while workers slept outside banks like begging vagrants

In the present
bond notes, cash corruption and cash shortages rule supreme--
feasibly-- the few, commissioned crawling trains envy high-speed ones in Morocco!

Wheels Are Still Off

In Lupane they saw the storm
as it swept through several villages--
viciously leaving behind a trajectory
of fatalities and miseries in its wake.

Up to this very day the powerful culprits –
for their part in those tragedies and sins ---
seek to blow away the haunting footprints
of melancholies, by all means possible.

Threats have proved to be detrimental
as they have a tendency to filter away
to the press or to the wrong people
or to catch up with one later in life.

It has proved to be a clear exercise in futility
because of the clear absence of the wheels
of honesty, transparency and justice--
as these are essential ingredients.

In the first place, who was responsible
for stirring up and steering that storm –
which the helpless or- hapless villagers—
learnt later--was a cleaning tempest?

They heard that the storm
was no ordinary one, as it was also
referred to as an insecticide or DDT
by none other than its administrators!

Contrary to the fact that these chemicals
are to be used against niggling cockroaches,
innocent villagers saw their kin and kith
perish like flies receiving an insecticide spray.

It dawned on them that the DDT powder
was not going to deal with all species of roach
that stir up troubles in their various homes—
but was an atrocity set alight on the villagers!

That DDT powder, that cleaning storm
was unleashed on young and old villagers,
on babies born and unborn, on girls and women--
pregnant or not, the innocent souls were not spared.

Over the years since the horrors of that storm-- the business
of ducking and dodging over the DDT issue has been rampant---
with the administrators throwing melodramatic live snakes

at each other as they seek to hide behind a lone finger.

That storm, which was not only a pesticide
but, by all definitions also a genocide
has seen some culprits seeking to entomb
their heinous past activities and decisions.

Like drivers who were entrusted and tasked
with the role of safeguarding the precious lives
of the passengers, they crushed villagers to death---
forgetting that in the future they would need them.

Now, owing to the dynamics of life and power,
they hunger for votes from the same people
whose relatives` lives they stole away into
shallow graves, as they preach reconciliation!

They condemn the past, and admit it was a time
ruled by decay, damage and international isolation---
but they are not honest enough to disclose and accept
the extent to which they contributed to all that fracas.

They preach a gospel of forwardness while
posing, smiling, smoking the peace pipe--
but the wheels of justice which came off long
ago are in the shallow graves and will not grovel
at their posturing, or speeches or kowtow to them!

Forget We Ever Met

Thulani knew that as a poor clerk from a village
in Gwanda, his intention to impress his new lover
in the capital city wasn't going to a bite of a delicacy.

For him to get a job in that city was a mammoth task,
in fact, he had to beg and grease someone`s itchy palms
with some borrowed funds to land that office contract.

As if their love spoke a language called Cashnglish
Thulani`s partner doubted his ability to spoil her,
already her eyes focused on his "charge of parsimony".

Thulani`s extended family members in Gwanda expected
him to visit them with some Christmas goodies and clothes,
they didn't know his new sweetheart had other ideas and plans.

When he visited her a day before his intended departure for Gwanda
he had two presents for her: a gold wrist watch and a shiny mobile phone—
"What!! This is meretricious ornamentation, I want something of substance."

The rebuff was too hostile a dose for Thulani, but he tried to steady himself,
"I`m sorry, my beautiful bae, I had to thank and repay my HR manager,"
But those words didn't pacify her, so Thulani shot back, "I give up!"

It Shouldn't Be Here

As one walks along that highway, its name becomes a reminder of a long history of massacres, madness, dishonour and decay.

Robert Mugabe Way. What an insult. What an anomaly in Bulawayo. It cannot be a part of the ethos of the residents who deserve peace.

Bulawayo says no to Genocide. *Robert Mugabe Way*. It's time to find your way to a distant domicile. In Zvimba you won't be an imposition.

Maybe, a symbol of development and heroism. In Bulawayo, you're a villainous name. And unwelcome cemetery of justice and healing.

To the residents whose relatives were mass-murdered, you're nothing else but the *Robbing Way*. All they clamour for is the *Freedom Way*.