

Poetry Series

cliff kawerani
- poems -

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cliff kawerani()

For The Sun Or Stars

The sun surrenders crown to stars
The dying rays trigger birds; home to eye
Sooner, with hazy clouds skies go decked
Again a million effort sight demands
Fearfully pupils dilate-sight bargaining
As tails of a 24hour coin turn up
Earth grows to be one a heaven
But of the smiling wolves
Earning tickets to a discotheque
Where dancing is but to a fire's tune

In dewy airs, smell of darkness diffuse
Alarming hyenas to take but lone pleasure
While the sheep gets sleep spellbound
Until the next sun up, they treasure-
But lone-long nursed virginity
Scary owls' growl; gloating over tenure
While loudspeakers boom souls to steal
The married regrets the hasty
For still buds but the mighty

Grows the idea to skulk into prime of life
As still, beckon the tired speakers
Home now becomes the worst,
Having self made paradise the first
Liquor sours the cleft heart wealth to heal
Enlivening: prostitutes too, dress to kill
So willing to sell souls are the faint-hearted
The wingless sovereign takes the wing
As hyenas scramble over and over
Poison smeared honey
Of which confession be the only antidote
Yet the hardest to earn
So be not of stars but sun
That you ever face light and the right

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Forgive Me Lord

As trickled tears; cheeks bruised
Cool air felt like mist from a volcano
As like drops of monsoon, whips came
Each for a sin man has ever known.
That for him it was done; a tale eyes told
The poor soils feted his blood the food
As saluted knees- heaviness of the cross

Motherly hearts so loud helped a cry;
The frozen clouds wealthy to drive
And proving his Godly, the sun ebbed
Triggered the heartless; wits to regain
His steep blood untied my bond to sin
While gave me a rosy life his last breathe
Which this moon, I but abuse knowingly

Misspells I; this big day of his born
Looking prayers and praises through,
But drinking, killing and stealing.
I do, I know not what
Forgive me lord! It's 25th December
Thank, pray and praise is of need
Not cheat, kill and blaspheme

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Juliana Why?

Just at an eye blink at large were you
Under the wings of woe, griped, soared you
Looked, hunted I but alas! A pin in a haystack
In me, buried in, pain footed is
And rain tears, my eyes now-red meat like are
Now, in a lipless sea mine a soul sails
Aa! Left me a solo soul; so early but why?

Will you ever re-emerge, for this chi's sake?
How crave I, on my face to efface tears
Yes, once more to eye you wait will I.

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Love

Salivating hunger, I saw it coming
Beating the wind, mine legs raced;
But as futile as from own shadow
That hunted my LO the VE was it
So to form LOVE the complete!

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Modern Angels

As they paced, saw us a beam of hope
A touch only could heal, really were blessed
Always considered practical scope
Of the era it was a calling not a profession
With Christian tinted hearts offered care
Not of these wolves for know no confession;
Worth of malpractice and fidelity is but rare.
I still evoke the services of mother Florence;
Poorly equipped but care was holistic
Unlike this set of youths, like from Lawrence
Egocentric yet of the care not very optimistic
But let not these outfits have us blindfold
For to look through the inside is vague
Too fat the sarcasm is; we can't withhold
Ours is but a plea to be counted of top value
For pledged you; openly and willingly to save,
To serve and help the helpless not to enslave

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My Letter

Hello king of the dark:
Home of vice, robbery and adultery
Partisans; musicians and pastors be
Illuminati that use furtive icons and digits
In search of gauche fame souls to devil sell.
As smears you; poison with ersatz honey
So like dry air easily driven are fools
While digging but own six feet pit blindly
Of which wits regain is but belatedly

Sick of crocodile smiles,
Ours a presage is and not a plea;
Leave Africa's flickering flames warm
For having known reality, we let it lead
Like a flower that sheds shiny petals,
His hands bestow piles of peace and love,
Filling our minds with songs of joy
While yours are but hands of iniquity;
Causing pain, sorrow and death

Yet eternal life is all we hanker after
Thus, where lies it; there we will tail.
Now in eyeing dawn of this new smiling Year,
Count your entries bolted to sepulcher
For this be to your cleverness no more,
But our red-raining tears speaking to God
So this soft alerting sound ear-in ardently
For in soft words; never again!

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Nurse

Nurse

Caring, helpful

Neglected, demeaned, tormented

Honor with golden medals

Mother

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Once Upon A Time,

In the murky holes of the third planet
There lived small and numerous creatures
Very fascinating and clever in black
Which saw the sun but in summer

Always helpful and united
Gathered food in redness and abundance
Yet with the smallest bellies
I wonder what they gathered it for

There also lived the greatest of all creature
Gargantuan and surrounded with every ability
That knew papers and all tongue types
Yet were callous, selfish and hunger stricken
I wonder what an ordinary life it was

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Papa

Since birth, I saw you nowhere
And believed I; you were not there
She said you were living elsewhere
A place she only called somewhere
But that would come, hope was there
Moon to sun, I never rested from the stare
Hoped would emerge from somewhere
But not! For you were not there
In jail was you, and died while still there
I wonder why she let you die there
When I struggled in absence of your care

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Payday

Laid up, prompted was I; my God to curse
Forgot the past, and blatantly faulted the nurse
May be was only a test,
When was supposed to do the best?
Never knew was a reply to my dirty life purse

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Siphiwe Nyirongo

Strangely born in a creepy world
Ingratitude was the only air you breathed
Poison; of your awful life turned a spice
Having tears, the only water to your dry throat
I saw you with excruciating pain battle,
Weep, worry and wonder why
Every bit was but unbearable of you

Nonetheless spared was your heart
You wished it too was taken out
Indeed life meant nothing but hell.
Rivers will flow freely, storms will calm;
Out of misfortune, fortune will be born; so-
Never tire for the good is yet to come
God lives and lose no any bit of hope
Of your sufferings aware is he, soon will fix!

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Smell Of Love

'I love you, ' the whisper hit on my ears
Roused the shrink heart to pulsate to a rest
For remembered I; having spilt the very
But was a true born October sun
With her ears ruling the east and west
A crocodile smile she pasted with zest
Certifying phony love on my heart to spy
Drawing the attack, defying the former

Started to wilt-the sprout
As by rich clouds of the needed was denied
And digging the buried, was ricking a gush
For fathering the future the past refuted
Blame be the lamps and wings of the head
For the veiled colors and lies never unveiled
The one to rule out smell then be

Mere erratic songs whispers have grown
And future tear-triggers roses be the best
Having wedding a diplomatic larceny
With rings the far worst
While a 5miles race woe the upshots
The athlete accepts the meddle no more

But looms the passionate day over
Where lies the other half attempts to locate
But in the successful success be
If from this are untied, be the luckiest
For can't tell though used
The only that can turn black into white
So be not sleepy but while still fresh smell
That the very stump you never hit

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The Liberation

I regurgitate the gone days of odd
When a game bird, felt terrified and cold
As wore all landing sites; tints of a scold.
Soft assuring voices tapped wings of my head
But weak in faith could hardly accord

And in search of the searched gold
To devil my soul was about to be sold
He assured the rescue; said was God
But alas! Terms were loads I couldn't afford
Never knew how, but was able to avoid

Overnight, of your name streets were told
Yet still, the agony malignantly grew old
Like mahogany in desert, I was easy to spot
Now much louder; the voice told me to up hold
As flowers of help and love started to unfold
Serving my soul with aroma of everlasting life

Please, never let me slide back to the days of odd
But bless everything I put efforts aboard
Too, help me overcome evil with bold
For in you only I trust; my savior, my lord!

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The Lost Key

Like house flies mad with reek
Hither and thither I rummaged
Tirelessly like specters of death
Fully focused, in and out eyes I zoomed
Combing for it but was out-of-the way
Nevertheless; griped my future, worth finding

Dust gloved were my hands in this rifle
Suggested yet vainly were different keys
Like heavenly gates, so mulish
In a flash my hope started to fade
Like a lamp bereft of gas dimmed my headlamps
But a redeemer, emerged you like an alien

Saw I; that pity over me as you gazed
Reborn was my hope as joined you the searching
The key that defines my tomorrow; so vital
Not only did you give but aided me in, too
You are one praise worth
Of your love am yet to write someday

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The Magic Woman

Energy robbed; for last air I toiled to breath
As radiated worst agony; burrowing under the sheath
She eyed, pitied then sobbed
Sooner, with jewels my hope she robed
Her eyes bared life; triggered me to breath

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The Purple Love

□

Every minute warmly shared;
Spoke of how much we each cared.
In our warm souls love was reared;
It was something to which we all fared.
Like with super glue intensely smeared;
To each other, our hearts firmly adhered.
No wonder-to rip-up; nobody ever dared.
Never like pulp paper this love to be seared
Nor with devil's cord, to be inanely snared
With so strong a rope- non-severed;
Together we shall like oxen; be tethered
For before life, we already were paired

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The Race

We were the first that arrived
Yet for their signature we strived
Inferior! Of cream care we were denied
He died; they lied-sympathy untied
Then echoed a hair's thick whisper
With newborn rules a novel world is it
The golden ruling tiara, money bears
Have to fete the fit pockets
But save the heart if like me
For no more to the swift is this race

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The Shepherd's Wisdom

I was too old to hold
Unto which I couldn't afford,
Then I thought of keeping my sheep
Than dreaming of beeping a jeep
For when they multiply with zest,
In the sky, makes me feel can fly the best
If you want to walk tall; give a try,
Cast out shy, and on top all will fly
But if you lost your sheep, consult
Am too kind to remind how to find
Love what you have than starve;
Hoping for that which you can't have
That I have sheep, only it will I keep
Because it's from which riches I reap

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William Shakespeare

Wondered I; if as well hinged on air
Intrigued attention-a pen to trust
Like a cobweb, words he latticed
Leased the whole universe of penning,
In poetry cooking as he excelled
At no cost shared his handpicked
Many years have died but as if yesterday

Still lives he; through top oeuvre
Hard to twig but like words of a toddler
A warrior who knew no sword but pen
Kinsmen: None wore the very forte
Evincing the greatness of the most high

Shakespeare-the bard of Avon
Possessed a heart-a talent to admire
Every talent is a piece of good fortune,
And it takes the keen to pinpoint,
Raise and promulgate.
Earlier this did he; now for the dynamic

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Wishes

With eyes dry he denied of knowing me
So you wished he believed being the one
But to no avail, like rays so you parted
But how I wish you were one a body
And how I wish this wish was a horse
Like Robin Hood I would have ridden

Carpeted with invisible thorns the world is
How I wish your care was here to shield me
Love and cherish -how I wish you still lived
Too, how I wish I was never adopted
For the torture was but beyond skies
How I wish for once I was treated like theirs

Like weed I grew but pigheadedly
Now, how I wish you eye witnessed my triumph
And enjoy this wealth I have gathered
How I wish I still had someone to call a mother
How I wish I got all I wished for
How I wish I never said how I wish

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