

Poetry Series

donald kuutsi
- poems -

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donald kuutsi(HARARE, Zimbabwe)

About the Poet

BORN 1991 9 JULY

#Grade 1-5 Glen View 8 Primary school

#Grade 4_5 HERMAN GERMAINER SOS PRIMARY SCHOOL

#Grade 6_7 Ruware Primary School Marondera [MASHONALAND EAST PROVINCE]

#ZJC & O LEVEL ST PAUL'S MUSAMI MISSIONARY HIGH SCHOOL [2005-2008]

#ADVANCED LEVEL HERENTIALS COLLEGE 2009-2010

#NATIONAL CERTIFICATE IN MARKETING MANAGEMENT HEXCO 2013 KWEKWE POLYTECHNIC COLLEGE

#NATIONAL DIPLOMA IN MARKETING MANAGEMENT HEXCO HARARE POLYTECHNIC COLLEGE 2013 -2016 MARCH

7time weekly published poet in Zimbabwean national newspaper the Sunday mail bridge

[including 4 multiple- nations collaboration poems with

Onalethuso Buyile Petruss Matthews Ntema& Mpho leteng from Botswana, Deb Harman from Australia, Stevens cadet. from USA, and lilian dupasupil kunimasa from Philippines]

SOURCE OF INSPIRATION

all Poets and musicians don't use their wisdom when. it comes to wordsmithing " INSPIRATION" is the driving force that lead us to write..I m inspired by the daily activities that take place in my day to day life

poetry I use it my hotline of emotions and I regard it as my silent voice when ink and thoughts collide as my emotions express what the mouth refuses to say.

I give credit to " TORI EVANS" my late Girlfriend who passed away on 23 December 2013, she was my biggest source of inspiration as she supported my poetic career..I give thanks & Glory to the almighty who gave me this ability of poetry whom I also regard as the MAIN SOURCE OF MY INSPIRATION

CAREER

Donald is a Holder of national certificate in marketing management and he is still pursuing with his marketing studies at Harare Polytechnic College in Harare, studying towards national diploma in marketing management...

Donald Kuutsi has worked for SPAR Zimbabwe a multi. national retail under rockmount trading as a vouchers clerk for 10 months in 2011.

Donald Kuutsi also has vast experience in customs clearance and shipping&

forwarding as he worked for Startrack customs and clearance, shipping& forwarding agents as a clerk and field marketer for months in 2013 May until November when he left as he joined NATIONAL HANDLING SERVICE [NHS] ZIMBABWE'S leading aviation handling company in 2014 January to 30 April 2015 where he worked as a customer services&check in agent and ships papers clerk...

3rd Degree Tragedy [unplugged Mystries]

Everybody seemed to be happy,
as the sun was bright, happiness floating in air above our hats,
until we noticed the shadow approaching towards our door of happiness, soon
the sky was dark,
as the wind opened the door, the realm of truth threw the black box in front of
us, skeletons in the closet,
the bones peirced our hearts,
as our heat beat ceased, the shock
broke the codes of happiness
as the hidden skeletons in the closet emerged,
the wind blew towards where I was, a written story on the sand emerged, the
wind flipped back my memory to the 3rd Degree
zone, I could see it vivid it was just
yesterday me as a young boy going with him to pay a couple of visits, I didn't
understood as they was no psych to read the life lines for me as I was blind
folded, now the wind has blew the sand&chips from my eyes I can see the 3rd
degree tragedy wounds and scars all over the woman who knows and love me
best, wish I could turn back the realm of time back in time I would have erased
the 3rd degree tragedy from our radar
the skeletons are inevitable as the closet is in front of us, the closet has been
made visible with the realm of truth, I can smell another
closet of another skeleton as my compass is showing me the direction, my heart
beat is now beating fast and the pulse rate is high as I boil with anger looking
at the woman I truly love as the 3rd degree tragedy has whipped her face leaving
her in pain each day, the wire cutting her deep like a surgery,
I still remember what you did
I saw you though I was young,
feelings have changed but the memories are being tossed by the wind towards
my face,
whatever happend, it happend it can't be erased, thats reality
it time to move on with the future
I ONLY PRAY I DON'T WANT TO DRINK THIS CUP ALSO, apology accepted, trust
denied, just because we gave you a second chance doesn't mean we forgot what
you did because we still have marks from the 3rd degree tragedy..

donald kuutsi

A New Day (Brand New Day)

Finally its a brand new day!
I can see the sun shine
open up ONE HAPINESS!
for we have been given
another chance by the almighty
GLORY BE TO THE ALMIGHTY,
its a brand new day.I got a feeling
new hopes, new thoughts
a new day has arrived lets celebrate for I m high as a satellitte
today, let the ray of the new day
shine on me,
Let the spirit of the new day ignite
my soul and make me shine and brighter than the sun..for the new day has
come, new memories and new thoughts let it be a joyful day
enter rejoice enter me, ignite my
heart and soul to move on from
all the pain and missery of yesterday,
Let the ray of the new day wipe
away all the pain, sorrow as the new breeze from the almighty
ignites my heart to stay wide awake for the new day has come

donald kuutsi

Better Days Awaits Collaboration[With Miosha Simon, Kudakwashe Chiwara&Gaylord Munemo]

[DONALD KUUTSI]

Be strong, I know you can do it
I KNOW YOU ARE FEARLESS WHEN IT COMES to life,
Breathe, it's just a bad phase, not a bad life
You will never be alone; we are on your side,
We will pray hardest when it's hardest to pray at this moment,
Fight for battle more than once in order to win
A relationship with God it's always a win,
You are still breathing, you are blessed, smile
Inhale. Hold it, exhale, and smile
Roll up your stress and burn the rest,
Don't worry, for God has plans for you
Plans for welfare and not for calamity to give you a future and hope

[GAYLORD MUNEMO]

Well as you rest there with your thoughts,
Let it ignite in your spirit that you will succeed,
The moment of pain and agony did approach your door,
Yet in you there is life and life in abundance,
This mountain you are climbing is very tough
The road is never smooth but always rough,
Silence yourself from saying enough is enough,
For you are a conqueror,
Better days are coming

[KUDAKWASHE CHIWARA]

Did you notice that the sun had risen?
Did you notice that the sun had risen from the east?
Did you realize that the air was invisible?
It was just an ordinary day,
Then suddenly from the blind side of all your suspicion,
Creeps that cursed intruder with foul surprise,
A tragic moment drunk with misfortune,
Could that day be forgiven?
Could there be a reason?
Your body has become a shell of agony,
Yet somewhere within,
A stubborn spirit clings to an unknown hope,
There is a sylph of rebellion in mid air,

Even the smoke of burning dreams could not suffocate your will to live,
Could there be any reason?
Who is that prince? Are they his sisters?
Was it gravity of their prayers that hauled back your ghost?
Are they your inspiration?
You are their inspiration,
You have fought for life and won,
Now as you pray for healing you ought to be answered,
Just believe, march on soldier teach us victory

[MIOSHA SIMON]

God will never let you go through what he knows you can't endure,
Take this as a tribulation,
For when you come out of it,
You will only be stronger,
It needs no fortune teller or magician,
To know that your perseverance & faith is your greatest strength,
And even when you lose hope, I will have faith for you,
For it is not long now
For the light aint so far away,
For now I see,
Better days that await you.

[dedication to Donald's kuutsi Close sibling who was involved in an accident with
other four ANGLICAN C.P.C.A CHURCH MEMBERS COMING FROM BENARD
MUZEKI SHRINE IN MARONDERA...AND TO ALL THE PEOPLE WHO ARE IN
HOSPITALS AND THOSE WHO ARE NOT FEELING WELL]

donald kuutsi

Cecil Square Park Affair

Listening to the melodies of the birds,
Violin rhythm soothing the love birds hearts
As love was in the air, enchanted with her Philter,
The love birds were brighter than the sun,
The 1st Kiss changed the breeze of the Cecil square park as love was written
over our shinning faces like deers that had been caught between the headlines,
Encircled by the cloud of love that kept on precipitating upon our souls,
strengthening our LOVE,
Everything seemed perfect as we looked at life through the sunglasses We never
noticed the fate that was coming out of the blues towards our love zone,
Until fate & time became ruthless to the Cecil square affair
The journey was perfect, the next day it was over
Separated by TIME from their destiny,
Our love was over powered by the realm of time which was inevitable and
ruthless,
The Cecil square park affair was short lived,
I was left alone,
Gazing at the world moving in a slow motion
As time moved fast whist the mind became slow
The memories we shared left my thoughts hanging in the Cecil square park,
The gravity of the love pulling me backwards,
Struggling to move on with a broken heart all he was left with
Was the scars and memories they had in the Cecil Square Park

donald kuutsi

Chishuwo(In Memory Of The Late Antony Kuutsi I And Angela Kuutsi

CHAIZOVEWO chishuwo changu kukuwonai muri pedyo
nesu, ndinosuwa kwazvo kuti handina KUTENDERWA kukuwonai
nepamusana pemuganhu watakatarirwa NA VAMUSIKAVANHU, UNOVA 'RUFU'

Asi ndinodavira kuti kwamuri ikoko SEKURU NA MBUYA(ANTONY KUUTSI SNR
AND NEE MAKONI, ANGELA KUUTSI) MOYO YENYU izere nemufaro
nenyemwerero
nepamusana peMHODZI DZAMAKASIYA, DZASAIZOKUNYADZISAI
DAI MAIZOVE vatano muri pakati pedu....

Ndino garo punyaira neshungu nepamusana pe MUGANHU watakatarirwa
naMUSIKAVANHU, kuti chishuwo changu chaizozadzikiswa ndakuwonai.
Asi nepamusana peMUGANHU wakatarwa ndinosuwa kwazvo, asi ndinotenda
Mwari neMHODZI ARIRO NDIDZODZIRI MATIRI
HATIKUKANGANWE, NEBASA GURU RAMAKAITA, NEKUTI SIYIRA MHODZI
DZINOKOSHA
MWEYA YENYU NGAIZORORE NEKUSINGAPERERE
MURUGARE RWAMWARI....

ZORORAI MURUGARE.....

IN MEMORY OF ANTONY, ANDREW, REGERAI KUUTSI I
IN MEMORY OF NEE MAKONI ANGELA KUUTSI

donald kuutsi

Come With Me Extended Version Allstars Collaboration

[GAYLORD MUNEMO]

And so we looked for the answers,
Never knowing what the south installed,
Here they come, we are strong believers

[DHLAMINI SAKHILE]

Come with me
Where the sun strikes to rise
Where the dreams build to rise
Where life indeed lives to shine
Where mind-set opened as shrine
We wear our hearts on our sleeve
We wear sackcloth and ashes never to leave

Come with me
To see the light in diamonds
To see the nature greened
To see the minerals and mines alive
To see the rainbow of nations
To see the beauty of black nation
To the variety of many notations
To steal someone's thunder, not our duty
To see the diversity of people in harmony

[DONALD KUUTSI]

Come with me
Let's take a walk,
Close your eyes,
And listen to the breeze,
The Majestic Ethiopian Lake Tana,
Feeling the beautiful nature of Africa,

[DHLAMINI SAKHILE]

Come with me
In valley of every land,
In the bags, yes we got it secured.
Where they is solidarity of societies
In oral sharing knowledge of our forefathers

In which the community is a family
In which the human kind is originate
In humanity created population
In which sea breeze lay in your shore
In which land breeze set in your hands

[BENEVOLENT MASORA]

COME WITH ME

Descendants cast for comfort & freedom,
Lay not waste our powers,
Rising from those we see no more,
As we glide through the ancient floor,
Foot worn hallowed and thin,
Where the dead feet walked through,
Alive enough to have the strength to die,
Enslaved our ancient pulse shrunken,
Hard & dry,
Live to its sad self here after kind charitable
To live the tormented spirit,
Yet tormenting

COME WITH ME

To my mother land Africa
As we take the act of stealth and troubled pleasure,
With voices driving us as sound an eyelid's blink
Can we move on?

[DHLAMINI SAKHILE]

Come with me

I'll show you Africa

The land of peace

Not that big but such a piece

Constrain in vain with slavery

Convey it esoteric freedom

Eurocentric never on-top of our African perspective

All we got it such a respective

Our loud people mind not to shout

Out on our towns, enjoy it

Our knowledge passes through our generations.

Our history isn't written but it is in our-self as decorations.

Come with me I will show you my Africa, Africa!

[MUDI KANI GONDORA]

Come with me,
I will show you the land filled with endless discoveries,
Possessing concealed treasures,
Africa land of exceptional beauty,
Adorned with outstanding & outspoken natural beauty,
Magnificently structured with great mountains,
Freely flowing rivers,
Blessed with mortals which embrace hidden talent & intelligence,
Africa & its inhabitants true bonafied absolute definition of beauty

[SIMBARASHE MUDUKUTI]

Come with me
for safety, please stay close to me
you wouldn't like to taste the sting of a bee
welcome to the land of milk and honey
the land where people buy with no money
take your camera with you,
for you shall capture the picture of your soul
watch your step
for your step shall guide you
welcome to my motherland
welcome to Africa

[DONALD KUUTSI]

Come with me
Take my hand,
As we go to the Promised Land,
My mother land,
The cradle of mankind,
Africa
Come with me
To the land of ice & fire,
The pride & prestige of Africa
Mount Kilimanjaro,
The roof of Africa,
The African pride that has inspired legends,
The pride that has lured adventures,
Fueled imaginations,
Captivating the minds of the Tanzanians & visitors,
Visitors from all walks of life around the world,

[BENOVELENT MASORA]

Come with me
Fear not shadows
For they resemble presence of light,
Through the familiar ground,
Our ancient feet once dragged with sound of a whip eyes shut blind,
Barefooted,
In iron collar and chained in a row,
Come with me,
Now we stride shinning so bright,
We light every mile,
Silver buttons arranged in a row,
Let say that now we are not as we were,
Only the underlying the sense,
Of tears breaking the calm,
And bitterness of our ancient,
Dancing to the sound of a whip,
Come with me
Now we sing our souls in our prime,
A crown we now posses,
Granted by the bevy that lies underground,
Loud silence calls upon,
Come with me
Explore the land,
The blind eye in the day,
Groped around the comfortless

[SIMBARASHE MUDUKUTI]

Come with me
and board the train of Africa
we shall travel from Cape to Cairo
from rugged escarpments
to grasslands
to penepains
going down into the jungle
where we shall see the mambo jumbo
straight into the rainforests
before we sweat ourselves in the desert
feel the love in the air
smells of love and care

for that's what we share
with my brothers and sisters in Africa
for when you live, i shall give you some
so that you give those in your land
for we have it in abundance here
pouring tears of joy

[GAYLORD MUNEMO]

How far can your vision go?
Beyond the hills are diamonds of bliss,
Beneath the seas are nature's wonderments
The eagles of the air
The predators of the land
Open your eyes, it's a new kingdom
How enduring are your feet?
The adventures are unveiling before you,
Come with me, I will make you a witness

[ALBERT SITHOLE]

This is my Africa, Our Nest!
Always united by the themes of our struggles,
And the frameworks of our fallen Heroes!
A network of legacy running down to the youth,
To brood the African destiny,
The African Original
Africa, my beloved!
Come with me.

[SIMBARASHE MUDUKUTI]

Come with me
ohhh! what are the bags for?
i can see you are now ready to live
but why so early?
here! take some love with you
tell them that you were in the land of peace and harmony
the land where love is grown
the land far beyond the horizon
the land where the sun rises
the land where you see the sun set into its mother
the cradle of mankind
a place I call my home

Africa

[ALBERT SITHOLE]

Come with me,
Let's explore the African panorama,
Where birds sing in the morning dew,
To embrace a new sunny day
Emblem of Mother Nature
A carpet of vegetation,
Deposits of precious stones and soil,
Diverse languages yet One people,
A hub of divine mankind.
Full of life, full of hope,
A rainbow continent
Knitted by peace and love

[GAYLORD MUNEMO]

Like the pounding arrows of Soshangane,
Hear the sound of drum beats,
How beautiful be it the mysteries unfold,
Ancestors comprehend and get pleased,
Prowess and magnificence, oh yes
The angry face of Zambezi,
The furious Nile eroding the rocks of Masai
Let the world see and praise,
The seed of new age,
Rising towards Kilimanjaro,
Come with me, I will show you Africa,
Come with me, you won't leave Africa

[ASHLEY MAWERE]

Into my ears she whispered come with me
Why say no to one blessed with the Kalahari,
As her skin tone,
Why resist one who is ever green dress call to adventure,
Surely this dame is home to the wildlife,
It's not about the diamonds that adorn her,
It's not about the gold she has to offer,
I came to hear her song a tonal pattern composed in tears as her children,
Slain in the name of colonization,

Taken and sold for a day wage into slavery a melody that will one day be the
anthem,
As she gives birth at the dawn of independence,
Come with me to Africa and we will sing into your ear,
I now whisper come with me

BLESSING MASORA

Runaway with me
From the tremendous, blubbering human kind
Come reach for my hand, close your eyes
Come with me and let us take a venture in Africa
Feel the fresh scent of the savannah
Of the virgin lands untouched yet to be discovered
Unleash your imagination let it go free
Let it run wild along with the wild beasts
Now open your eyes
Feed them with tantalising beauty mother nature has to offer
Flow along with the silver fresh glittering water
Quench your thirst with juicy fresh fruits in many different quantities
Africa has nothing less to offer than the best quality of its produce
We are the global heart the mother land
We don't need Botox here
Our skins are natural natured by flawless milk and honey
Instead let us not mourn and sob on what we don't have
But let us blow our trumpets beat our drums
To celebrate Africa
To be proud to be African
Just come with me,

?SAKHILE DHLAMINI- Hons Education KWAZULU NATAL UNIVERSITY 3rd YEAR
SA

?GAYLORD MUNEMO- MSc ANTHROPOLOGY 1ST YEAR STUDENT @UNISA SA

?ASHLEY MAWERE-MEDICINE 2ND YEAR WITS UNIVERSITY SA

?SIMBA MUDUKUTI - - -INFORMATION&TECHNOLOGY GZU 1ST YEAR STUDENT

?DONALD KUUTSI—ND MARKETING MANAGEMENT 3RD YEAR, HARARE
POLYTECHNIC COLLEGE

?ALBERT SITHOLE—ND PURCHASING& SUPPLY MANAGEMENT 3RD YEAR
KWEKWE POLYTECHNIC COLLEGE

?MUDIKANI GONDORA-MALBOROUGH HIGH SCH L 6TH COMMERCIALS

?BENEVOLENT MASORA-CHURCHILL BOYS HIGH SCH SCIENCES [MPC]

donald kuutsi

Coming Home [seven Wounds Of The Goodwill Hunting]

I m coming home,
I m almost there,
I coming home,
A place where my heart belongs,
I lost my soul in the woods,
In search of goodwill hunting,
Seven SEASONS of goodwill hunting,
In the woods I lost peace,
My heart is now in pieces,
I lost my soul in the woods,
I m almost there,
But I m exhausted,
I have succumbed to the harsh coldness in the woods,
I don't have much energy
Stretch your hands,
Please don't let me fall,
Leave the doors wide open,
I don't have the energy to open them,
The scars and wounds of goodwill hunting are so deep,
Stretch your hands, the wounds are drenching my energy,
Don't let me fall,
My soul is paralyzed,
Struggling to breathe once again,
Along my way,
The scars are making me breathless
I have a fury in my soul,
I have a story to tell you,
I m coming home,
My soul has succumbed to the harsh weather
My soul is exhausted,
I m coming home
Where my heart belongs,
Where my soul will be ignited with warmth to heal the wounds from the woods,
That's why I coming home....

donald kuutsi

Conflict Of Intrest

I have been searching for a solace as my heart
was so heavy until, the wind blew where I was standing,
as I felt a cool breeze coming from behind, the moment
I turned and looked back only to discover an ANGEL
In my g a quick glance at her our eyes met
and the wind blew with a huge breeze that touched my heart
and quenched the thirst of sorrow inside I was
like a deer caught between the headlines as I fell into
a love spell as the wind blew again hearing a still
small voice whispering in my eyes 'she is the one you have been waiting for'.
then I knew the conflict of intrest has started.

donald kuutsi

Conflict Of Intrest(Clean Version, Donald Kuutsi&Gaylord Munemo Collaboration)

For the first time I met with you,
you set my heart on fire
I fell into a love spell and I asked "myself is it you I have been waiting for? ,
At that moment my eyes collided with your presence,
my senses were suspended in amusement, like an astonishing wonderment in my
sight, my eyes were so vivid about the beauty I saw in you,
soon my mind was in ego,
where we were alone,
I fell into a trance where,
I saw you coming to my rescue,
igniting my heart with the light
that eliminated sorrow from my heart,
I regained my senses&I saw
you smiling at me as you held
my hands softly, a shock of love
circulated in my body& at that moment I was like a deer
that had been caught between the headlines,
my senses were suspended again from me as I inhaled the new breeze of love
and soon the sky was bright with the vibe that had emerged between you and
me, i regained my senses and I discovered this was the begining of the
CONFLICT OF INTREST

donald kuutsi

Consider Me

I wish you knew the path I m passing through,
Tired of this journey,
As my heart is filled with pain,
Can't you hear my silent plea?
sometimes I try to reach you,
Why do you ignore me?
Giving me your back,
I need your trust back in my life,
Give me another chance,
I haven't finished growing up,
I try my best to please you,
Can't you see?
Can't you hear me for once?
Every step I make is a mistake another mistake to you,
I m struggling, and trying my best
This is a sign that I making progress,
My progress can be slow I know,
But I m ahead of everyone who are not trying,
Why can't you consider my effort?
I know I m not perfect but I know who I m
I screwed up I know,
Please don't let me fall,
I need another pair of wings to fly,
Consider me,
Consider the path I m walking,
Consider what I m going through,

donald kuutsi

Continental Drift World Aids Day Poem " All Stars Poets" Extended Version Part 2 We Are The Generation

[LILLIAN DIPASUPIL KUNIMASA, PHILIPPINES]

How can one person condemn another
Ignorance does superstitions gather
Virus to fear, no right for spirit to shatter

Acquired illness reason to ostracize in society
Indifferent to afflicted's pains and tragedy
Devoid of compassion and acts of humanity
Shame on us AIDS knows no diversity

Whatever reasons may be infected ones need not our pity We are needed to
show empathy
To be just there for them our moral duty
One can't be infected with mere touch of care
Support and love definitely can share
Put your feet in their shoes if you dare
Not just risks but their plight be aware

[SIR Rex Nigeria]

AIDS

Acquired Ignorance Deficiency serves us a greater truth
Irrespective of the existence of the brute
Don't over look the letters of old etched on scrolls
Sepulcher of this dreadful creature is in your hands

[WORDSMITH_DONALD KUUTSI, ZIMBABWE]

For how long?

Are we going to dwell under the spotlight of the predator's shadow of death? ,
Relatives & friends being swallowed by the earth,
How many relatives, how many friend? , Succumbing to the predator's poison?
Day & night lying on bed helpless,
No time to sleep living in nightmares,
Watching them as they suffer,
Reaping what they sowed,

Karma haunting them staring at the hour glass
Time is ticking as we count the hours
#Time a circus always packing up & going away, #
The predator is on the prowl taking lives and our autonomy

Let us stand firm on the ground and pray
Asking for mercy and grace intervention so that we won't be the prey
The time is now, time to embrace the future,
For a better tomorrow and a better change
Are we going to make it every hour, every second another life taken?
Arise with a vociferous cry,
What kind of legacy are we going to bestow the next generation?
Poverty? H.I.V & Aids Generation?
Out of promiscuous practice, multiple sex partners?
Wakeup & smell the coffee beneath your nose,
Run fast so that the earth doesn't swallow you Alive,
Let us chose to live, embrace change to make a difference.
United we Stand divided we fall, together we can make it,
Paving a way for a free HIV/AIDS GENERATION

[Pearl Da poetic empress Durban S.A]

With every silent night sung
Our hopes in the heavens hang
Doubt feels our hearts, will any human kind rise above this
Would Christ himself have messy on us?
Our past does matter
For we breathing in and out our forefathers unnatural hand.
For if it was natural,
With so much time passed the scares would have healed
As the children of the sun we
Hang on under the naked African skies
And chant the songs our forefathers composed for the remedy could be in
between the lines
Africa and the Art, the truth lies on the tip of our tongues.
We spit all we can in hopes...

[Phoebe Nyashanu, Zimbabwe]

Will we ever be free from this monster?
Maybe not in this lifetime
But is this reason enough to castrate the inflicted from society?
Even come up with names for them?
We look at them like outcasts, unclean and cursed

Yet they have just had the unfortunate luck
Of being picked on by a ruthless monster

Is it truly wise to remain haunted and immersed in the discrimination
That began when there was no such thing as enlightenment?
And we still want to call ourselves the educated and enlightened generation!
Let go of the old mindset and adopt a better view to the world
Shall we purge the old meaningless habits of ostracism?
Yes we shall!

What we cannot change at this point is the absence of a remedy
But we can change our mindsets and attitudes
The inflicted shall not be victims of circumstances
But victors of the vices that have plagued our existence
And so, forward we shall move in glory
Leaving the devil and his weapons of mass destruction
To swim and squirm in their own dirt

[ADELERE ADESINA, NIGERIA]

The cries of the mother dead last night
Still makes this infected child shiver;
For, ghosts of the trauma haunt
Even this feebly bold ink.
Must these eyes suffer another plight?
You killer with a knife to cut throats
Of the souls of the victims swiftly slowly
Will be by the vengeance of our marked hearts
Eliminated.
You stole our sisters away,
Both way wards and wards on ways of blades.

[THE SPEAKER, ZIMBABWE]

Knock knock! ! !
A visitor by the door,
A stranger outside the house
Let in by the heart undecided
A monster galloping people
An animal squashing mankind for food,
IT'S A CREATURE AT LARGE! ! !
Mom said 'beware my sons',
Dad said 'watch out it'll rearrange your being'
Our neighbour had seen it and fled

They said it was a soul taker
A body engulfer
The community named it AIDS
AUTOMATIC INEVITABLE DESTRUCTION to SOCIETY
Ignore and you will fall into its mouth unaware
Resist it and fellow mates will say you know not
Try to drive it out alone and you will notice that your power is inadequate
THE LARGE CREATURE AT LARGE! !

I hate it with a passion,
Because no zoo can contain it
It's a ravaging beast
Wilder than Beauty's man
Attracted by the maimed minds
Drawn by the viscosity of reckless joy
THE CREATURE IS OUT THERE
The creature needs to be bound in chains, and be put into permanent
confinement where it can't break loose
Covering the scars is abandoning a cause
The creature needs capturing,
Let's protect the generation
Before it leaves the world empty
If you glance at its victims
You won't dare to behold a second time
Ignoring them would be a sin to the One above
Covering the scars is doing injustice to a cause
FOR THE CREATURE AT LARGE! ! !

[BOB EVANS, KENYA]

The GRIM reaper,
With your sickle,
None you have spared,
Our cries and wails far,
From your ears you have flung,
It has been decades now,
Since you invaded our lands,
Harvesting all that you did not sow,
In your wake leaving pain unimaginable,
Gaps so big nothing can fill,
With arrogance you have plundered our fields,
Like a mighty wave,
You have swept everything in your paths,

Trampling under your mammoth feet,
The flesh of our loved ones,
Tearing at them with the greed of a hungry vulture,
At our attempts you laugh,
To vanquish you into oblivion,
A master spy you are,
Camouflaging within us,
Hiding for a time,
With the ferocity of a lion,
You pounce and devour to the bone,
Mocking every attempt to exterminate you,
To you a game it is of cat and mouse,
Toying with your prey before jumping to the kill,
As forces united we stand,
With a voice of togetherness,
A war has been declared,
No more shall we lose,
Our vibrant youth,
Mothers, fathers and any beloved,
To such a cruel and undignified ending,
And as monstrous as yours,
You might have won the battle,
But a war has just began,
AIDS; we are coming for YOU.

[ANESU A.J JENAMI, ZIMBABWE]

AIDS can kill you with a Yes
As its terror can't be cursed
Hear the cry from my body kingdom
As intruders from outside world have come to enslave
And torture us
We are not keen to let Aids take us to extinction
Without blood spilled on the battlefield
Too good to be true but believe my brothers and my sisters
Got potential
I am an Artist so I express my feeling through the sound
Should I lay my thoughts on the beat or the instrumental?
When you Aids told me it was not the same
Lost my hopes till God reached his hand on me,
Told me not to quit till the war was over! ! !

[TWO_SIK. ZIMBABWE]

The cure,
Who knoweth a man?
That could deliver such a cure,
To an illness so gripping that it shakes society's core,
Leaving loved ones no more,
too countless to bare,
If there was such a man that existed,
We would surely rejoice,
For the curse would be lifted,

[GAYLORD "THE MARXIST ' MUNEMO, ZIMBABWE]

Beyond the scary dark clouds is a marvelous blue sky,
Beyond the darkest hour is a sparkling dawn, ,
Beyond the scary pandemic is a brave generation,
A generation to fight the ghost that haunts that of our kind,
Relegating it to the edge of utter oblivion,
For behold the ghost have taken many of our kind,
Today we raise our flag to support the affected,
Today we raise our guns to kill that which poses a threat to our kind,
Today we remind the world of our diligent endeavor to fight AIDS to the last
breath,
Today, and I mean today, we raise our banner of hope, faith and perseverance,
Remembering our role to our affected beloved ones,
Remembering our role towards an AIDS free generation,
Its my duty, it's your duty, its everyone's duty

[SAKHILE DHLAMIMI, SOUTH AFRICA DURBAN]

Aids and poverty in our shoulders
Now we climb mountains to reach the surface with our safe face.
Now we are crawling in the rain that pouring.
Storm is curving God we are praying.
Now we are mumbling
But our words are talking within the soul
Aids has turned us to monsters.
We have created a new life in it with fear.
Fear to be born today and die tomorrow
Fear to live in Aids as our slave master.
Controlling our moves as remote.
We going to live not survive.
We strongest species the best the men distressed.

Our problems will be compressed.
 Our present impressed
 Our sins confessed to run the race never rest.
 We are possessed:
 We are progressed and we are obsessed.
 Our future undressed to be addressed
 We survive slave trade we going to serve Aids...

[FLORENCE CHIKUMBA, ZIMBABWE]

I cannot but be compunctious,
 Jaded and cleaved with no place to go,
 The four vicious letter words stay prominent,
 The epidemic has turned into pandemic so soon.
 Reality complemented sporadically then smashed into smithereens,
 The pieces in abundance having lived a life of agony,
 Hiding behind the dark side of you.

The mind reduced to haste
 The flesh reduced and ruined.
 Our friends, relatives and loved ones had fallen victim to AIDS.

I was shocked out of the narrative,
 By their face, physical fact of their inches from mine, smooth, loving and alert.
 Why is it so difficult?

Remembering the real look of them now?

Because the vicious four letter word has over shadowed them.

When I stand on the front lines no

cussing the lack of truth,

The absence of willful change and strategic coalitions.

I pleaded with AIDS to give us a break for millions have to live.

Secure our lives are all we can pray.

I have realized that sewing bait will not make it vanish,

Nor save us...

But all we pray is 'Getting to Zero,

Zero new infections, Zero death from AIDS related illness

And Zero discrimination.'

[ALBERT SITHOLE, ZIMBABWE]

Humanity decimated,

Physically gored by this merciless stigma,

Aids the pandemic,

Snatched away my parents under my watch,

Took my brother from my arms,
My sister, weaned under my watch,
Legacies crumble as we succumb to this dragon,
To what do we owe our plight?
For in this existence we are startled,
People dying like flies, without honour,
Destructed homes, innocent cries of babies left to nurse the wrath alone.
Boys and girls gone without wishes,
The young, the old punished by death so painful.
Merciful God save us the pain.
Lest we find a cure soon enough,
To save ourselves from this gazelle,
And our cry in unison is the medicine we seek.
To root out discrimination and ignorance,
To chase away the blame game,
To charge our responsibility
And mould our devoured humanity,
Into building a generation that cares,
A generation that fights with every desire to be free,
Free from this artificial man eater,
Together we can build it,
United we can defeat it
Together we can be free,
Free from fear, from distress,
Freedom that ignites a code, a discipline.
A free generation that is HIV free!

[GRACIOUS NYATANGA, ZIM/SA]

The world suffers as the virus scatters,
Peeping through shutters we utter and mutter,
As we mutter we let splatters of eye water,
The ratter has shattered all future matters.
Unfair affairs ire our emotions,
They bare our health and tire adoration,
Bringing shares of care connotations,
And where our mere affections.
The common enemy of the universe,
AIDS, the appendage of the unwanted worst's,
She rests within demeanors of the human race,
And await the opportunity to reach rest.
Why adhere to our enemy's mission,
When we can deter her existence,

Why pretend we cannot reason,
When we can defer to better sons.
Let's unite and smite her with might,
For she might wipe our fine lives,
Ply her sly and ill trials,
And dry out our fine PIs.
As I leave my verbose expression,
Please note my very intention,
To have a great inversion,
That motivates AIDS prevention.

[CHARLES DUNCAN MALAWI]

The world fought and the world prevailed.
The world still fights, united to
Disembowel common enemies:
War, terrorism, hunger.
But when it comes to you, the greatest of our adversaries.
The destroyer of mankind, disunity reigns in.
While a few sleep walk through their life in search of a cure,
The majority ceaselessly pour kerosene onto the fire.
Why is mankind so naïve?
Why should laboratories forefront instead of supporting the fight?
For how long will we hope?
When will we join the frontline?
The most potent weapon is in our hands.
What we fight is mighty yet miniscule
Just posed with the ills our paws quashed.
When we wake up and collectively harvest this inert energy.
Then this tiny smudge
Will be squeezed to dust!

[GREGORY SAMAKANDE, ZIMBABWE]

Society looks at me like a walking grave
Infected doesn't mean frayed.
If only the windows of your soul could open their eyes
How can touch contaminate your skin?
Sickness turned to sin
I object, I'm not an object
This soul needs a hug, turmoil in a coffee mug
My mistake was serving the god on the mirror
Neglecting the latex, warn broods not to envy gold caskets
Thinking I'm immortal without safe sex

Should have used latex on my late ex
I am now a refugee in my own body, often
You speak and your tongues curl, often I am the orphan
Why do you mourn me before I am a tomb?
A disease does not meter a womb
My esteem glides in a hail storm
People treat me like I am branded
Children scream my voice in mockery
Yet my vitals inverse the mortuary
Circumcision could have changed a lot
Compaction stirring the pot of thought
As the vector consumes my self-worth
Beneath my chest bounds an engine
And it won't stop for a whisper
I'm not here to outlive anyone, just surviving
The sickness is not in my cells or reversed central dogma
Because of HIV you treat me like poison ivy
It's in the world that's failing to relate
The lips that speak of me as a slave
Failing to separate my body from my soul
All blood is red, I'm as black as coal to the core
Love me, understand me
A generation free from stigma is the right tactic
Together we will rice like tastic

[MONICA RUPAZO, ZIMBABWE]

Raising A-H-A!
I have a dream
That one day my kind will live longer
And partner in joy and sadness with humanity
To come in their joy
And stay in their sadness.
Here I am
The virus
The common rival of good soldiers
The demon with a ravenous appetite
I crave for human juice
And through blood transfusions
I come from old homage's to fresh attractions

Seeding my offspring in boards of survival
 That they build their inherent empires.
 I come in blades abandoned
 I come in matter mucosal fathomed
 I come in the young ransomed
 I come to kill soldiers and securities
 And succumb the homage under my spell
 The more careless humanity becomes
 The more our domains survive.
 And until they cease to cheat on their securities
 I will be the cause of their misery
 And price for their immorality
 But my kingdom mates scatter away from my plan,
 Evading back to the condemned abyss
 Because one thing threatens their loyalty
 And that is A-H-A!
 Awareness of HIV to All!

[SIR T.A.E.P.S, SA/ ZIM]

Forsake my ways for this hope seems fake
 Forget the days i tried to smile for sorrow pours over the next mile
 But forgive my flesh for my soul conforms not to these thoughts
 Born in a day that knew no sun
 As AIDS was served for breakfast
 We were breastfed on Nevaripine so I learnt to wish upon the stars
 Stars that fell not to grant me a wish,
 but 3 stars that fell down my throat to help my body fight
 We are the generation with this story to tell

BIOGRAPHY of the poets

?□LLIAN DIPASUPIL KUNIMASA, PHILIPPINES – Accountant and Poet

?SIR Rex Nigeria – Sound Engineer, Blogger, Writer & Poet

?WORDSMITH_DONALD KUUTSI, ZIM- Harare Polytechnic ND Marketing, Poet & 12time Sunday Mail Bridge published Poet of the week, Writers International Network of Zimbabwe [WIN-ZIMBABWE], National Handling Services Aviation Pvt Marketing Intern

?Pearl poetic empress SA- Guitarist, Designer, Poet & writer

?Phoebe Nyashanu Zim- Outgoing Senior Prefect Westridge High & Multi-Published Sunday Mail Bridge writer, Harare Junior Council

?ADELERE ADESINA, NIG-University of Ibadan, Economics, writer & Poet

?Bbb Evans Kenya—Mass Comm. Zitech University College, Poet & Writer

?Two_sik Zim- Hip Hop Artist, Web designer & Programmer, Songwriter/ Poet

?Elorence Chikumba Zim- L6 ARTS Royal College, Zimbabwean Sunday Mail Bridge 2 time Published Poet of the Week

?Sakhile Dhlamini - Kwazulu natal university education,2time Zimbabwean Sunday Mail bridge published Poet of the week

?Albert Sithole Zim- Kwekwe Polytechnic Purchasing & Supply ND,9 time Zimbabwean Sunday Mail bridge poet of the week

Anesu A.j Jenami - Hip Hop Singer, Beat maker & Songwriter

?Gregory Samakande - I.T ND Harare Polytechnic, hip hop artist, graphics designer,2 Zimbabwean Sunday mail bridge published POET

?The Speaker - Spoken word artist,2time Zimbabwean Sunday mail bridge published Poet of the week

?Charles Duncan- spoken word artist, Poet & Author

?Gracious Nyatanga ~ civil ENG,1 time Zimbabwean Sunday mail bridge published poet

?Tapiwa Ashley Mawere wits 5th Year medical student,5 time Zimbabwean Sunday mail bridge & 1980 alliance published Poet, Wits Medical school The DRIP magazine published.

?Monica Rupazo, University of Zimbabwe tourism, loving Trust& true lies published author, Sunday Mail Bridge Multi- Published Poet of the week, Writers International Network of Zimbabwe [WIN-ZIMBABWE]

?GAYLORD ' THE MARXIST' MUNEMO, Young People for African Development Director, special honors Anthropology 2014 Great Zimbabwe university, BSSc Anthropology, BSSc Hons Sociology, MSc Anthropology GZU,7 time Published Poet of the week Zimbabwean Sunday mail bridge

donald kuutsi

Dream- -Donald Kuutsi And Gaylor Munemo Collaboetry

Donald Kuutsi]

The hearts pounds so louder
Avoiding to close my eyes into deep sleep
Where nightmares are waiting for me ahead
Racing against time and earth,
I'm at war
Filled with endless fights
And sleepless nights,
Time is chasing me
Earth lunging towards my courage
With long strides towards my hope,
Its like running a race
Running with amputated legs,
With the absence of hope,
These dreams are keeping me awake all nights
I don't know my destination,
What do I live for?

[Gaylord Munemo]

Wasted nights of a lone haunted man,
What do I live for?
The wind that blows my curtain,
The darkness that fills my room
The fear that grabs my courage,
Such are my long frightful black nights,
Deceive not my night, I'm asleep
Approach me by day, I face you
How coward are you dark dream,
Attacking an unarmed resting man by night,
And failing battle with him by day,
How long are you weird nights,
I miss the sun that comes with reality,
For with darkness you have no surity,
Concealing the most of my meanings,
Conceding the most of your cravings,
Find another bed,
Find another room,

Find another night,
Lest else expose the destination you create,
The meaning you hide,
The expedition purpose in my nights,
What do I live for?
Dreams without meanings?
Void meaning in a dream free world?
Spare me the nightmares,
Better surreal and day affairs.

donald kuutsi

Falcons Family Anthem R.A.P #high Note#[collaboration With Zoey Hastings]

We are,
Who we are,
We are never late when it comes to the GAME,
We don't stack paper to the ceiling,
But we are living it up,
We party without any limits,
Only the sky is our limit,
Everyday its party in Falcons mansion
Where we lose control on the dance floor,
High like satellites,
We don't take any crack, dope &Hennessey,
To boost up our energy,
Haters talk sh*t yet they don't know sh*t
We play our beat loud,
They can't hear it because they are old,
We are always hooked up high with the "HAPPINESS DRUG"
Rolling the dices under the table,
Even in the dark,
Life of Don,
Lights keep glowin'
CAUSE IN GOD WE TRUST

[ZOEY HASTINGS]

We do it for the love of the game
Doing it for the belt,
We don't do it for the paper,
Haters want to see the titanic sinking
Trying to hit us,
Yet we have caliber wounds,
If they bring the beef, we are prepared to eat
We can race in the sand storm without any goggles,
Our eyes are wider than the falcons we can see clearly,
We don't need bands to make us dance,
We don't need any beat to fall in a trance,
We can roll the dice,
We can sing with Mbira, violins and xylophone
Party don't stop till we walk in,

Whenever we take the dance floor,
Cameras flash so much as we take over the floor,
Only the rhythm, like a sonic bang will let you know we are in the building,
We are not worried about completion,
We are in our own race,
Keeping it on low keys

donald kuutsi

Falcons Mansion

A Place called home
Where dreams are made to come true,
A home where true hommies make you feel good
In hard times nursing the wounds with music to make me feel good
As the music hits me feeling no pain,
As zoey's music relaxes my mind,
Giving the soul to universe,
Wings to the mind and flight to imagination
FALCONS MANSION, a place to escape from any miseries in life
A place where I got secrets of life abolishing strife in my life,
A place called home where everyone is there for me,
A place where, I can only find peace...

donald kuutsi

Falling In Love (Donald Kuutsi&Gaylord Munemo Collaboration)

For the first time I set my eyes on you,
my heart was touched with your beauty and when our eyes collided, you smiled
at me,
at that moment my heart beat ceased, the vibe that shined in your eyes restored
my heart beat...

That was when the pulse rate increased, beating the drum beats
of the amazonians
with pronounced precession
I fell down in a pit where blurred yet I want to stay,
the cherubic experience, momento
, an attraction the great polarity magneto,
I m falling in love

my heart is so heavy as this affliction has gripped my heart,
my heart is killing me as I m dying
to be with you
you are the only antitode which can cure this affliction which has taken over my
heart, as if it is a
computer system that has been corrupted by love-byte virus

I think I m loosing my mind
I see you in my ego everytime I think about you, you have been engraved in my
mind, I think I m " falling in love" with you

donald kuutsi

Final Hour(Final Academic Battle)

This is it academic soilders
the tribe has spoken as the
final hour triumphet has been
blown ARISE, ARISE and pull
your arsenal wagons to the
battlefield...

The moment we have been waiting for has arrived
this is it the final hour has come
Go well to the battlefield and The
lord is with you, dont forget a war
cry before the battle begins...

This is it the moment has come
all these years as you have been
preparing your artillery the moment has come so take it out
from the arsenal and strike n smote everything you come across in the BATTLE...

The final hour has come, this is it
what do we stand for "WAR" WAR" For the rest of our lives beacuse thats where
THE HERITAGE to future lies, we were born to fight this war to safeguard
our MIC SOILDERS
GO IN PEACE move your arsenic
wargons to the battlefield line
take heart be strong this is not
the first battle,
you have been down this road before be strong.....ARISE
FOR THE FINAL HOUR IS@HAND

DEDICATION TO ALL EXAM CANDIDATES WORLD WIDE...GOOD LUCK! ! ! !

donald kuutsi

Flying Memories-Collaboration With Miosha Simons, John Fihijin&Gaylord Munemo

Was this a blessing or a lesson?

Where did I go wrong I wonder? Time was so ruthless separating us from our destiny and buried our hopes

Happiness sneaked out through the door I didn't know I left it unclosed here I m, alone lying on a cold ground, struggling to nurse my heart as I try to move on but memories are drawing me back and my heart is filled with pain as I have fallen somehow feet off onto the ground from the paradise we used to enjoy as your love was the only hope that kept raining down on my soul quenching the thirsty that was inside my heart as your love was a seasonal fruit at all times within the reach of my hands and heart,

[MIOSHA SIMONS]

It was never easy to let go

Even with only emptiness left to show

And when the passion had finally died

And the flames became hurtingly cold

And our love was degenerated to ashes

And there was nothing left

I still endeavoured to hold on to that nothing left

And kept my poor burning heart..

With my mind playin a melody of all our

Flying memories

[JOHN FIHIJIN]

We walked like strangers today

Yet like lovers yesterday,

In the gardens I found you not,

In history yet you over exist,

We lost our way my lover,

No one is catching my fall

Your existence only in flying memories

[GAYLORD MUNEMO]

Was it desire or respire,

Burying the hatchet yet some spirit resurrecting it completely desolated in the pit of melancholy `

A place where realization marries uncertain imagination,

You have gone, I searched for you yet I found my self

Tears rolling down my innocent cheeks,

Yet my heart flooded with guilt,

Me in soliloquies, us flying in memories□

donald kuutsi

Fury

Gazing at the broken mirror,
Trying to join the remains of the broken mirror,
I still see the reflection,
I don't know what I have become,
With the absence of free will,
Without any Goodwill,
Where I m I going? I wonder..
An empty heart filled with only shapes and kings,
The fury driving me crazy, having sleepless nights,
All I have is only a pen in my hand,
To quench this thirstiness of fury in my soul,
May be when the ink& thoughts collide on paper
The fury is going to set my thoughts free,
Because I m tired of this torture everyday,
As I crawl alone in solitude,
Without anyone on my side but only poetry and music,
Is always there for me when everyone fail to be there for me
My heart beat fast, as silence fills the heart,
Whilst the shadow of sorrow sneaks beneath the door inside my world
I try to race against this fury, which I can't escape
Whilst the shadow is attached to me,
Scared to face the world like a valedictory,
Fate fills my heart, pushing me at the edge of the world
Where they is no worse death than the end of hope
I wonder where my free will and the felicific power is,
Because I m tired of racing against this fury

donald kuutsi

Future Anthem-(Life)

Life is like a game sometimes,
you have to win or lose.....
Its a climb, its an uphill battle its
not about how fast you get there..

Wake up and smell the coffee under your nose...to have the smell of the
direction out of the have to open up your eyes wide like a falcon kestrel
to see what the future holds....

The game is like an F1 race, you got to open
your eyes wide on the journey
to stay focused inorder to win, within
a blink of an eye
if you close your eyes you will be lost...

We are living in the 21st century,
open your eyes wide and strive to enter by the narrow door, life is
what is available, the game is not
about facing problems
but how you find a solution to win in the game....

Always fight hard to get what you want, its never too late with the Grace and will
of the Almighty..
Fight hard like a " hungry cavalier who is hungry for NBA
Championship" for you to succeeded.

Never back down, when it feels
like living than dying giving up is
a way harder than every opportunit that comes in your way like a falcon which
has got its prey...

Make a hay whilst the sun shines
one step at a time in this game
its never too late with the Almighty.....

donald kuutsi

Guns&Dices

I had a dream, God showing me the direction to reach my destination, I tried to close my ears but destiny is calling me, the guns and dices are in my hands, They try to bring me down, they are always happy when ever they see me crying, ENOUGH, IS ENOUGH, who ever holds my dice whilst it is rolling in the air, will smell the gun powder, the guns are always loaded my hand is on the trigger, ENOUGH IS ENOUGH, POWER TO our PEOPLE, WE ARE in the new Hour, I will always stick to the guns and dices, thats the game they want. Bring it on, in the wet sand we can play it but my dice wont sink, on hot ashes we can roll the dice, I dont hesitate rolling the dice because I was born to be in the Game, but they are trying to bring me down, they want me to touch the sky yet the trumpet has nt been blown yet, As long as I breath, the dice will never cease to roll, anyone who holds the dice, the Guns are always loaded, you will exhale the gun powder, this is how I roll ENOUGH, IS ENOUGH, I m now wide awake as I hold the GUNS&Dices

donald kuutsi

Harare

Welcome to the zone where sleeping is not an option
and money never sleeps,
the dice never cease to roll to be in the game,
Harare, the zone 263, #04
life is too fast in the sunshine city
fast life, fast lane, with flash lights
glowing in the sunshine city but the environment can be unfriendly if you dont
hustle to get what you want..sometimes the Game can be safe and unsafe@ the
same time
you got to rise up and strive hard, playing it hard and safe as it is the survival of
the fittest in Harare, Harare a zone where environment can be unfriendly, of
course it the sunshine city, but you alone can make the dice glow and shine by
yourself,
no one will help you pull your wagon of life but instead you got to pull it alone
through God's will as life is n't a bed of roses,
Beautiful streets lights, but the street lights are turned on and off just like
moments passing as the zone has fast lanes because life is too short,
Harare, a zone where sleeping is not an option you got to work late to keep on
the lights sometimes, its the survival of the fittest in HARARE...

donald kuutsi

"Heaven I Need A Hug"

Life lines too lurid to see the future,
The Future is so bright to see
life lines turning grey,
The soul is getting weary,
will I finish this journey,
Embracing uncertainty,
Each day as it comes,
as if I m hugging a cactus,
Oh! ! heaven I need a hug,
Spare me from these hands of these oppressors who gain Wealth from my
lucious sweat,
The earth is about to swallow me alive,
They have drenched&sucked my energy,
This yoke is so heavy,
The soul is getting weary,
Spare me from this yoke,
The heart pounds so louder
like the drums of the asante,
Embrace the pain in my heart
uncertainty blind folding my eyes,
oh Heaven I need a hug
I m so blind to see the way
But I have the compass in my hands
Bestow me the ray of hope and vision to reach my destiny
Oh Heaven Take me away,
The earth wants to swallow my valor and vision
The shadow of sorrow craves for my Soul,
Trying to vindicate Destiny
Oh heaven I need a hug,
Embrace me from this yoke
Heaven I need a hug

donald kuutsi

Hero

A hero is some one who
is brave enough to risk
his or her life for others
out of his love for his
nation, friends and family.

A hero is some one who saves
other using his/her strength
a hero can be young or old,
a real hero does not bring justice
and peace for the sake of glory
but he does this because of love
and passion he has for his people...

A hero is some one whom people
have their hopes on, a hero is
someone who never let his people down as all their eyes
will be upon him, for him to bring a change on the lives of his nation
a hero is someone who is prepared to put his life at the edge of death for his
nation as
he grants his nation freedom and the restoration of the lost hope.

A hero is someone who dedicates
his life to face any tribulations
to bring freedom and at the end
a hero turns tragedies into victory
and triumph...

A hero is someone who provides
hope to his people during hard times and dark moments, a true hero fights
bravely to restore the stolen hope back to his people
from the villians..

A true hero exist in a real world
not just in comic books and movies only! ! a hero is some one who
faces reality and chances that are
available at that time and he endures all the pain as he stands
firmly on the ground..gathering all
the necessary courage and strength that leads to victory

A true hero never loses hope, but he endures all the obstacles and tribulations he faces.....

(Dedication to the Gallant sons&
daughters of the soil and our heroes who lost their lives in the
process of fighting for our freedom in war may their soul R.I.P)
11/08/12

DONALD KUUTSI

donald kuutsi

I Cant Believe It [tori Evans]

Today here I m, still I stand,
stuck in the mud of the good memories we shared, I m trying
to escape from the past
I m finding it difficult to move on
to the future but the memories are pulling me back,
Feelings change but memories can't as the wind is flipping back
the written story that I want to forget as I want to start a new story on a new
page,
I cant believe it you are gone Tori
I can see it vivid, it was yesterday
me and you in cecil square park enjoying the ryhme of the violin you used to play
as it quenched the thirst that was inside my heart, all I see today is the glowing
lights that are being switched on and off just moments passing as I sit on the
same spot where we used to sit as you played the violin in cecil square,
I cant believe it Tori, all the moments we had have been blown away like ashes
blown away by the wind,
I m trying to escape from you and trying to accept the reality but I m finding it
difficult as I always see you in my dreams,
in paradise flying high like birds
the rhyme of the violin giving the
sky the brightness as love was in the air, each time I wake up I begin
to realise I have fallen some how feet off onto the ground from the paradise as
your love was the only cloud of hope that kept raining down on me as it
quenched the thirst that was inside my heart,
now I m wide awake only to find out I m alone, you are out of my sight forever,
no more you
all I have today is the letter, violin and the bracelet you gave me
, I cant believe it you are gone.

donald kuutsi

I Do It

I do it for the best
I do it to have a rest,
I do it for the falcons belts
I m going to roll the dice till it melts,
I have decided to roll the dice till the day I touch the sky,
I will do it as long as I breath
because I do it for my heart
I do it for a change to the world
I dont do it for Glory
I dont do it for Tori
I do it to drive the chronic pain in the heart, I do it to quench the thirsty of
sorrow in my heart
I do it in persute of happiness for my heart,
I do it to dissolve the clots of misery in my thoughts
I do it for my future
I do it for the game,
beacause I m a gift to the game
as I was born to play the game,
and to make it happen,
thats why I do it...

donald kuutsi

I Dont Want (917 Prayer Ii)

I dont want to spend my life
burying my head in a pillow
crying for someone who will
never be there for me to lean
on when I need solace..
I dont want to spend the rest
of my life wondering like a tod
which realises like the importance
of water when the pond dries up
all I want is a cup I know that I will be
able to drink from which doesnt choke me@ the end of the day...
I dont want to reminisce about the
past for all I got is today so that
I live like no tomorrow, I dont want to mess the game instead
I would rather shuffle the cards
whilst my head is buried in the sand for me to make ends meet...
I dont want to mess the game up
for I want to be forever young
I know why I get looked over by
others, I will understand the game
may be when I grow older...I will
be able to read the life lines...
I dont want to see close whilst my
eye lids are closed...because I wont
be able to see the life lines that
guide me in the game(life) ...I want
see the road that will lead me to
A BRIGHTER FUTURE.....

donald kuutsi

I Had A Dream

I had a dream
that one day through
the grace of the Almighty
I m going to sail through in
this voyage...

I had a dream, that through
the wire I m going to spazz
when " GOD SAYS YES! ! "Its only
a matter of time, one day
I will make it to the top of the
spotlight in the game not for
sake of GLORY

I had a dream that one day
my name will light up
the world sky line bringing a change and I had a dream
that one day they are going
to put my name under perfectionist in their books..
I had a dream

donald kuutsi

I M Back (#the Unplugged Mystries#)

Yep, its good to be back
I m back on my grind
I m still alive and kicking
Glory be to GOD all the times
they thought they had silenced me and the game forever?
I guess they figured it all wrong
because I M BACK..

its been so long after they what they did to me, as they snatched my
ANTHOLOGY AND HERITAGE in daylight, they toured my concience, courage,
hope and power as I saw them burning my HERITAGE TO ASHES,
I saw happiness written on their faces as they exhausted my courage and
strength
they were happy to see me sinking in the quick sand as I
disappeared from the radar soon
I was plunged into darkness

at the end of the tunnel they is light, The almighty Ignited my eyes to see the
light here I m today I m back...

The moment I rolled back into the game after a long time, they were
shocked to hear "camera lights and action" as I entered the spotlight of the
GAME as if I was going to cause drama in the soap scene

guilty concience filled their hearts and the guilty was written all over their faces,
as the guilty are always afraid..I could see the sad faces as if the had been
served a Gazpacho for their meal..

I m not afraid ANYMORE,
because my zeal has been upgraded like the return of Napoleon from Exile...

I m back in the game which they tried to eliminated me
I do it for the belt, I do it for the streets, I do it for a change not for the benjamin,

watch the space nothing is going to quench the wild zeal because the time is
right to grab the spotlight once again because I m back to finish the game I
started
nothing is going to stop be because
I m still breathing

And this is a sign that "I M BACK"

donald kuutsi

I M Coming Home(Inequity Confession)

I M coming home oh lord, I m coming home
I have been lost all along for my eyes have
been blind folded by inequity.

I need your light and strength to arrive home
safely, I need the spiritual guidance to reach
at home safely..I cant on my own WITHOUT YOU
SIN is demanding justice for my soul but YOUR LOVE&
MERCY is saying 'NO'
LORD I NEED YOUR TOUCH because I can not bear
this anymore I need to come HOME, where I belong

Let your rain pour upon my soul and flesh to wash
away all the INEQUITY AND TRANSGRESSIONS and let there
BE LIGHT IN MY LIFE for my flesh is willing to come
back home BUT MY SOUL IS TIRED due to heavy burden and marks
of inequity In my FLESH....I NEED YOUR POWER, UNCONDITIONAL
LOVE 'GRACE' BECAUSE I M COMING HOME..

donald kuutsi

I M Just A Poet

Im Just A Poet [Collaboration With Donald Kuutsi, Kudakwashe Chiwara And Albert Sithole]

[KUDAKWASHE CHIWARA]

Worship not the wagon though its faries
Your king, I m just a poet,
Do you care of a bird's broken wing?
Or just the song it might sing
I m just a poet

[DONALD KUUTSI]

A POET with a pen,
A poet with a pen in his hands,
Ink and thoughts collide on paper,
Sonnets and ballads reducing the temper,
Fury fills the inner heart,
Starring at the mirror through sunglasses,
With fury in soul and thoughts,
Thoughts in solitude,
Without any solace,
Poetry liberate me,
Crawling between the stanzas,
In pursuit of happiness,
Taking a glance in the mirror I see a poet with a
pen,
Ink and thoughts colliding on paper,
Thoughts and soul in Ecstasy,
As the pen and paper unveils the hotline of
emotions within the poet's
heart

[GAYLORD MUNEMO]

I was once surrounded by a punitive expedition, I was once put into a corner of
immediate
extinction,
I was once denied of my fine poetic explanation, Men came with weapons, Guns,
Swords,
My lines were not mere arrangements of words, To them my words perspectives,

I m a poet, A poet with a difference

When they shall so fight with swords,
I shall fight with my pen,
My words are strength to the weak,
And justice to those whose freedom is objected, Life to the victims of fate's
anger,
I m a poet and so is my dream
I m a poet, so is my life

[Albert Sithole]

Through the fibres of life
And fingers of draconic existence
There flows the stream of my imagination and
ponder
With a horizon from my dear childhood
And the craving of the words Ooze out of my mind
Through my hand to the pen and paper
And relief comes upon me
The pen is my spear And paper my shield Whenever im charged
The mind is the battlefield
Through me the minds are freed
Im just a poet, with a pen in hand
Im just a poet!

donald kuutsi

I M Just A Poet 2 [a Poet With A Pen Only]

**Collaboration: Simbarashe Mudukuti Kudakwashe
Chiwara, Ashley Mawere, Donald Kuutsi, Gaylord
Munemo, Albert Sithole & Benevolent Masora**

[SIMBARASHE MUDUKUTI]

As the sun rises,
So do my ideas,
Pen & paper in my hand,
Bend down to write,
For writing is my food & drink,
I fight with my pen,
Love with my pen,
I m a poet,
A round of applause,
For I m the cause,
The reason behind the pose,
Mind over head,
Pen over paper,
Ideas I spilt,
As gigantic word bombard the shieldless paper,
Through the gun barrel of my pen,
For you know the solider is here,
I m a poet

[KUDAKWASHE CHIWARA]

Worship not the wagon though its faries
Your king,
I m just a poet,
Do you care of a bird's broken wing?
Or just the song it might sing

I m just a poet

[ASHLEY MAWERE]

Forgive my lips for the words they never said,
It's not my heart you heard,
But words knocking from behind the locked doors of my chest,
The truth was meant to set us free,
But I was a fool keeping it captive,

Surely the daughters of selfishness led me astray,
Lady wisdom I m grateful that you helped me find my way,
Though I m drunk with emotions I hear you knocking behind my chest,
Let my lips be put on trial,
Let your voice be heard
So as the stage clears and the crowds wait,
I will introduce my self
I m a poet

[DONALD KUUTSI]

A POET with a pen,
A poet with a pen in his hands,
Ink and thoughts collide on paper,
Sonnets and ballads reducing the temper,
Fury fills the inner heart,
Starring at the mirror through sunglasses,
With fury in soul and thoughts,
Thoughts in solitude,
Without any solace,
Poetry liberate me,
Crawling between the stanzas,
In pursuit of happiness,
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Swords,
My lines were not mere,
Arrangements of words,
To them my words perspectives,
I m a poet,
A poet with a difference
When they shall so fight with swords,
I shall fight with my pen,
My words are strength to the weak,

And justice to those who freedom is objected,
Life to the victims of fate's anger,
I m a poet and so is my dream
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[Albert Sithole]

Through the fibers of life
And fingers of draconic existence
There flows the stream of my imagination and ponder
With a horizon from my dear childhood
And the craving of the words
Ooze out of my mind
Through my hand to the pen and paper
And relief comes upon me
The pen is my spear And paper my shield
Whenever I'm charged
The mind is the battlefield
Through me the minds are freed
I M just a poet, with a poet in hand!

[BENEVOLENT MASORA]

My utterance is the zealous words I catch in flight,
Those that flow in my hand with the rhythm of the ripples of my thoughts,
My pen being the intimidator,
Efforts dissolving on paper,
All evidence of my glory is the scars left on paper,
Quenching the thirst of those who are yet to find hope,
My letters as bold as the pioneering muse that unleash the courage of the meek,
My every statement finished with a period,
But a giant leap of mankind,

Simbarashe Mudukuti- - - - Information&technology student GZU
Kudakwashe Chiwara- - - - -Visual Arts Student Kool Institute Karoi
Ashley Mawere- - - - - Medicine student @wits University S.A
Donald Kuutsi- - - - - Marketing Management Student Harare Polytechnic
Gaylord munemo- -Msc Anthropology student GZU
Albert Sithole- - - - Purchasing& Supply Management Kwekwe Polytechnic
Benevolent Masora- - - -MPC lower six Sciences student Churchill Boys High

2014

donald kuutsi

I M Tired Ii

Each time I take a glance at the mirror, all I see is the broken life lines, as the reflection haunts my soul and memory, I m tired of this reflection, wide awake @ night the reflection and the affliction won't leave my thoughts, tried to smoke ports to ease the thoughts, hope used to keep me going and strong now Its being pushed @the edge of the cliff by the memories haunting mee, only peace exists in my dreams, screaming eagle carbernet sauvignon hennessy take my energy away into a deep sleep where peace only exist, because I m tired

donald kuutsi

I Put On

I put on the falconz belt,
for ever until the dice melts,
the colours of their flag are
printed in my heart permanently
just like a tattoo..

I put on the little things I have on my life radar, the grand slam tittle, the
silverware though I lost
the only woman who knew that was in my heart, her violin could sing it back
each time when I had forgotten the lyrics,
I put on Paida on my radar, as she taught me a future lesson as
the memories taught me to move
on as igniting my
heart to walk away from the past that made me to cry but I now have the power
to focus in the present that completes my smile today..

I put on my family on my life line radar, they are the only valuable bestowal I
have in my life from,
I put on my mom on my radar,
despite the "3rd Degree tragedy"
she opened her heart giving us the greatest gift anyone could give another
person in life time,
she believed in Goodwill..I salute her I put on my mom on my life radar forever..

donald kuutsi

I Salute You

I salute you, all the ladies
who work late to keep on the
lights on and putting food on the
table to make the ends meet..

I salute every mother out there
who is responsible with looking
after the family, bringing joy, love
and happiness inspite of the dark
moments in the family...

I salute and put on all the single mothers who work up early and
work late just to keep on the lights on and putting food on
the table.

I salute and put on all mothers
on the radar, for the tremendous
efforts to keep the family happy
and striving to ensure the family
is happy through dark moments
of life...

I salute all mothers on the streets
who are making all ends to meet
inorder to earn a living for the survival of the family, and out of
love for the family's sake..

I salute every mothers out there
who are bringing a change to the
world and all mothers who are breadwinners, all mothers who are
playing a pivotal role for the survival and a change in the family, I salute you
all....

Dedication

Mai masora(muyotcha D)
Anita Masora
Mai nyarai

Mai Muza
Mai shumba
Mai nyatoti
Mai Chitaka

God bless every MOTHER.....GOD BLESS MY MOTHER I LOVE YOU MOM

donald kuutsi

In Memory Of Maxine Williams

I m still confused that your are gone,
So early without completing our journey,
I can't believe it you are gone,
I can see it vivid, it was only yesterday doing the yayo dance
As I laughed as if my lungs were going to come out,
I still reminisce the moments you used to taught us how to play the violin, as
you were patient with us, like a fishermen
I wish I could stop time like a photograph,
Everything looked perfect until cairos the inevitable race,
Sneaked towards your destiny,
No more you!
What I m going to do?
Memories can't fade
As they have been printed in my heart like a tattoo,
Things will never be the same without you,
I couldn't wait for August to see being capped
Now I cant, cairos abducted you from us
Death ended your destiny but not our relationship
Your memories is the only thing you left,
These memories are going to ignite my soul and finish the
Journey you started, Maxine your memories and doctrines will always stay even
though you are gone, we will cherish your works
MAY YOUR SOUL REST IN ETERNAL PEACE

donald kuutsi

Inside The World I Dwell

The moment I open my eyes
from the hybonation I feel
like "the vietnam war" has just
began, for everyday I come across
many challenges that open my eyes in this journey called life..

Standing and starring at the window, outside I see happy faces
but as for me I dont know what
happiness is, I guess I will understand one day when I get more older..

Inside the world I dwell, I stand still alone as I m scared to face the
world, each time I look at the hour
glass my heart starts to beat fast
as I count the hours ticking, and I
always hear a small still voice in my ears "what does tomorrow hold for you" and
fear starts to
grip me slowly inside my heart.

Inside the world I dwell
it seems as if I m in total darkness
as I dont have hope about tomorrow, I dont know what holds
my future, but I know who holds it
and only heaven knows about tomorrow...

Only the almighty knows what
the future holds for me inside
the world I live, for he is the my
Legacy for he looks after my life
he is the only one who can solve
the mystreys that I can not solve
alone inside the world I dwell

donald kuutsi

Just A Dream

It was just a dream
truly it was just a dream
a dream that never came true
all along I was not aware I have
been in hybonation, until I wake
up to smell the coffee and my eyes we opened wide only to
reminise it was just a dream..

It was just a dream
a dream that was never meant to be I guess, all the hope and courage, the vibe
between us that
varnished off from the radar like
a stealth, I have smelled the coffee
in my dream only to wake up it was just a dream full of hopes that never came
true

it was just a dream
all the joy, love and happiness
we used to share, now I have
opened my eyes wide only to
realise I was dreaming....now
my eyes are wide opened like
a falcon I know all
glitters I used to see as Gold was are not Gold truly..

It was just a dream
all the good times we had
the joy, pride I used to have
I was not aware that I was
in a deep sleep inside a dream
which never came true..I was
aware that it was just a dream
when I opened my eyes to see
the pride, hope and my heart
had been robbed, the glory
I used to have has flown away
like a bad, the good memories
I used to have are gone like ashes
blown by the wind! !

It was just a dream that never came true

donald kuutsi

L M Tired Of Trying

I m tired of trying, I m tired,
I m tired of trying to find solace for my heart but I can not find it

I m tired of trying, I m tired
I m tired of trying to create a
puzzle that can give me solace
but it seems as if I cant figure my way out from the sorrow inside my heart,
because I m tired of trying.

I m tired of trying, I m tired,
I m tired of trying to find solace
from love, finding love from
people who pretend as if they love me, but deep down in their
hearts it is clear no love at all
I m tired of trying

I m tired of trying, I m tired
I m tired of trying to love people
who will stab me at the back pretending as if they are caring and loving yet they
are only
there to hurt my feelings.

I m tired of trying, I m tired
I m tired of finding solace and finding the meaning of love? when people whom I
love are only there
to hurt my feeling, every step and move I make is a mistake to them

I m tired of trying. I m tired
I m tired of trying to grasp
solace from love, not knowing
it is going to stab me at the heart
and hurting my desire and courage, I m tired of trying how to love.

I m tired of trying, I m tired
I m tired of trying how to love
in order to have solace inside my heart, may be I m going to find the
strength to have solace from writting the poems to have courage and express
how I feel and rolling the GOOD WILL HUNTING DICE to have solace in my heart.

I m tired of trying, I m tired
I m tired of trying how to love
to have solace, may be I will have
to let the cup pass away from me
to have may be I will have solace
rather than getting hurt, because I
m tired of trying

donald kuutsi

Legacy

Life most urgent question, "what are you doing for others? "

What are we doing about the HIV/AIDS epidemic? , a disease that has claimed the lives of our siblings and friends...Are we going to sit back and relax as if its a show?

I wonder sometimes, if the WORLD HAS GONE CRAZY! as 87year old man rapping a 10year old girl, a man rapping a 21month year old toddler, its happening inside the world we are living? does our childrens lives have a brighter FUTURE with the presence of THESE VIPERS? I wonder if tommorow is certain if these vipers are present? is this the least we are doing to leave a "LEGACY" to THE GENERATION that is going to be left behind huh?

Should we be proud to say we are living a "LEGACY" to the next generation if these vipers are abusing our children? We are talking about tomorrow, "these children are the future and tomorrow "

Ladies and Gentlemen do we ask ourselves when we engage in multiple sexual relationship and promiscuous, what "LEGACY" are we going to bestow to our children who we are going to leave behind? AN HIV/AIDS EPIDEMY? then we call this a "LEGACY? " think before you act to mitigate the spread of the epidemic?

If we stand and unite against the HIV/AIDS EPIDEMY together we can build an HIV/AIDS FREE GENERATION AND LEGACY...TOGETHER WE CAN MAKE A DIFFERENCE&a CHANGE TO THE WORLD, TO LIVE A "LEGACY"

donald kuutsi

Letter To Paidia-Strangers With Memories Ii[where Do Broken Hearts Go]

Every Second,
Every Hour,
Everyday,
I always reminisce the 18th of December,
I can't refrain reminiscing this day,
tears which used to stream down my face have evedporated,
Exhausted with reminiscing about you as the soul is now weary,
where did I go wrong,
I tried to work on the locks,
you locked the doors,
loving you was a crime the that I committed,
the punishment you gave me was rejection,
Yet my heart didn't said good bye
yet my heart continues to beat for you,
Everyday my biggest challenge is fate which I have to swim in it,
it is inevitable to be together since you pushed me away,
I can feel the fate cutting me deep in the flesh like a surgery,
the wounds keep on growing,
and enlarging,
we used to chat everyday.
The saddest part is we no longer talk,
we are just strangers with memories,
drastically all tha vibe just faded,
But it printed on my heart,
memories we had keep on holding my thoughts,
I can't believe it you closed the doors for me,
yet my heart beats for you
may be the vibe is wrong,
This is beyond my control,
May be one day we will meet in the same lane,
all I know is we are strangers with memories

donald kuutsi

Letter To Tori [white Rose]

Emotionally constipated
by sounds 4rm Greenwood
violins awake me@ night,
but u are n't there in e spotlight,
I still hear the violin,
Where are are you?
memories taking me back,
do happy ever ending exist?
This was a happy never ending
time vindicate our love
excuting our hope,
Now that you are gone,
things will never b the same,
now I m alone,
screaming in the woods
do you hear my cry,
my soul is weary,
Cant complete the journey,
For my thoughts are exhausted,
no one to pick me up,
like what you used to do,
when I fall in the woods,
No more sounds of violins,
to make me reminisce,
the lyrics I would have forgot,
with u on my side I was someone
without u now I m no-one

- -REST IN PEACE TORI EVANS- -

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Letter To Tori Evans [lovers Lost In Greenwood] Unplugged Version

Taking each day as it comes
Is like a hard pill to swallow
Another year, another month
I m walking away with a battered soul
Clutching the pieces of my broken heart
I still can't believe you are gone
All the memories we had are gone
Death swallowed our plans
Plans turned into misfortunes
Death moved a step ahead of then time of our lives we had
All the memories we had were turned into ashes and trapped in Hades
All the audacious moments we had,
Eating candy floss
Laughing out loud until we couldn't feel our legs
Chasing moments cycling in paradise gardens,
Thought this was going to last forever,
I didn't know I exceeded my limits
I had illusions about tomorrow
Now I know, I m scared to trust tomorrow again,
As tomorrow creeped out of the blues hiding his hangman's glooves with a
loaded gun to smash the our glass,
I thought tomorrow was going to bring the white roses for more life instead a
gun to put an end for our happiness...
Today still I stand, trying to ignite my soul
And thoughts from the misery which left
My heart with scars that in healing my soul
Things will never be the same without you
The killers are on the run,
But they won't runaway from their shadow which is stained with your innocent
blood
JUSTICE IS GOING TO BE MADE
To the ATROCIOUS Killers,
Karma will wait for them at the doors of the FUTURE
Reaping what they sowed
Like a disobedient child who get UNSALTED FOOD As Punishment

Today would have been a joyful day if you were here with me

Celebrating your birthday

Time and death created a boundary between us
Hades and Earth
Life and Death

MAY YOUR SOUL CONTINUE TO

REST IN PEACE

Happy Birthday and REST IN PEACE

donald kuutsi

Life Design (Life As A Design)

Life a game with unlimited possibilites,
the art of the life design to achieve it you got to create it
if you get a chance, take it
let it change your life securing you
the perfect design you wish to have...

Securing a perfect life design you want, you have to go through pain to have the
pattern you want
you wont succeed until you face risks..

The environment is unfriendly when making the life design you want, life
sometimes never gives you what you deserve, you have to fight for it if you want
to come up with a great design..

Never rely on people for life design materials, because people will dissapoint you,
ONLY GOD CAN GRANT YOU THE MATERIALS,
dont expect anyone to come and design it for you, you alone can change the
design you wish to have as you are the GAME CHANGER...

life design can be stressful to achieve, take heart, open your eyes, interpret the
wind direction for the life lines because happiness is not destination to the life
design but a method to achieve the life design...

donald kuutsi

Live Whilst You Are Young

Open your eyes my dear and see
what lies ahead, keep moving
open your eyes wide like a falcon
live whilst you are young..

Enjoy every moment of your youth life, always bear in mind THE SKY IS THE
LIMIT...

The game is on, the ball is always in your hands and the courts are wide open,
the power is in your hands, to make anything HAPPEN..

Open your eyes and smell the coffee and have the sense of direction that leads
to future
make a hay whilst the sun shines
embrace all the time you have, use it wisely, mitigate life that comprises of
regrets like a toad which realises the importance of water when the pond dries
up..

Love your life no matter what you
are going through, don't let life control you, control your life,
you are the game changer so make it happen through God's will.

Don't let anyone despise you
you are a gift in this game, born to play the game, never wait for anyone to tell
you are AMAZING
YOU ARE AMAZING gift from God
that's why you are here today..

Dream, achieve, create your life whilst the sun still shines upon you, handle with
care the gift CALLED life that is in you because it's fragile, once you lose it it can't
be recycled, be happy, open your heart for happiness to ignite your
courage.. don't let any one ruin your happiness because no one is in charge of your
happiness except you, the game changer

live and enjoy every moment of your life, no matter how good or bad a situation
is it will change, embrace the gift of life everyday, consider each day a bestowal
not a ride and
live whilst you are young.

donald kuutsi

Lost Glory

Inside my heart I only see
shapes and kings..perhaps
I was addicted to the darkside
somewhere inside my childhood
I missed out the moments of happiness as MISERY always follow me where ever I
go....

My heart is so HEAVY..I cant believe
what I have become..as misery takes over..my heart is so cold.
LORD IGNITE IT FOR ME TO BE BACK
AGAIN WHERE I BELONG...

How I m I going to fly when my glory and strength have been stripped off? I need
a pair of new
wingz to fly again like I used to do
the game is getting foul every sec; evry hour, day..

I will never back down from this WAR.I m married to this game because I was
born to be part of the game despite the LOST GLORY

donald kuutsi

Lost Glory II

Every minute, every hour, everyday I m trying to move
with the deep wounds inside my heart..

I used to fly high like a bird,
I can't fly anymore with the wounded wings.
Everything I touch is turning Grey
the doors leading to happiness are closed, trying to work on the locks
but I can't find the keys the locks..

Trying to design the perfect design to lean on, the hope and courage is being
pushed at the edge of the cliff, my body is willing to accept the reality but the
soul is nt willing, I m so exhausted may be I will have to let the cup pass to have
HAPPINESS AND FREEDOM may be I will regain the lost Glory...

The vibe that used to ignite the heart was quenched by the sky fall, the ink and
the thoughts aint colliding on the paper, I got a fury
in my soul, at the moment I m lifeless inside the world I live only
the heart beat that is loud is the only notification that I m in the zone though I
lost my glory I used to have..

donald kuutsi

"Lost Love" (Donald Kuutsi, Gaylord Munemo Collaboration)

Looking at the mirror, holding your photos in my hands,
ego comes into my way,
tears stream down my face
as I reminisce all the moments we shared,
I can't believe it the doors have been closed,
the hopes have been shuttered,
Fate fills my heart every time I take a glance at the mirror as the the reflection
flips my memory back to the world where we used to enjoy ourselves,
the reflection is cutting me deep in the flesh like a surgery,
I dont have any strength left to continue this journey

I have tried to ignore the mirror,
looking at the mirror through the sunglasses I m trying to erase the visions and
memories we shared
but they cant be erased as you are
engraved at the back of my mind
I cant study war no more
I cant dwell on the past all I have is today,
the only option is to smash this mirror and continue with the journey..

the journey is so painful,
walking in the lonely road alone
I m trying to escape history,
the vivid visions brings to me again the story,
I see fate in the eyes of the seer and visionary,
this is the sound of my failing heart,
chased in the forest by the hanging thoughts of such a haunt,
will I ever escape,
I lost love and found myself in you again, in that voyage seeing you again in the
train..

donald kuutsi

Love Melody

I read bad poetry, into your machine
I save your messages just to hear your voice,
you always listen to my akward rhymes,
you always say my name, like I would not know it's you

At your most beautiful
I love you more than ever, I cant say it better so I had to write down this love
melody and if I never taken time to say what I m feeling deep inside my heart,
we do fall from graces
I do try to sing your praise as I m serious to make the words true...

donald kuutsi

Memorial Poem Of Honour To #the Late# Antony Andrew Regerai I Kuutsi& #the Late# Nee Makoni Kuutsi

DEDICATION TO SEKURU

AND MBUYA KUUTSI

Staring at your photographs
time a circus always flying away,
Packing away,
Reminscing vividly
How happy
would it be to have you on my side
time flies,
Its been two decades
without SEEING your faces,
All I know is you were here,
leaving a trace,
of the off spring,
and a legacy,
which shows you used to exist,
tears stream down my face,
when I take a glance@ your photographs,
I wish I could stop time like a photograph,
To witness the KUUTSI empire we are building
inside my heart its filled with shapes and kings,
When I think about you,
Your memories printed on my heart permanently
where they cant fade
Time separated us with
a thin boundary of death
Hades,
and Surface,
Your name,
your legacy will always be preserved for the next
generations,
Your love,
Legacy will be passed on
like a mornachical crown
passed on to every future
generations

Even though I didnt have
a chance to see your face
Sekuru and Gogo
Your memories and lecacy are with us,
Your works,
and legacy will
continue to live...

MAY YOUR SOULS
CONTINUE TO REST IN PEACE.. ANTONY ANDREW REGERAI KUUTSI&NEE
[MAKONI] KUUTSI

donald kuutsi

Mirror-Collaboration With Unique Princess

When I look in the mirror, I don't know who I am anymore Trying to find my place and forget her face, which I try to please, wanted her to stay, but she couldn't stay because she was never there Physically or metaphorically..When she looks in the mirror I don't know what she sees player or angel fell for an angel and found a player, she pushed Yahweh aside and I did the same, her love left but mine still remains for the God has given me the name...I never thought this will happen to me, now I know because I m now awake from the dream, maybe this was not meant to be..Every moment I take a quick glance at the mirror I see the reflection of all the memories we shared I can't take another glance at the mirror because each time I do so, I feel the pain penetrating deep cutting me like surgery, I m tired of this feeling because I love and hate you the same time, I got to keep it going at the same time as love fads away may be its time I move and smash the mirror because I got is today.

donald kuutsi

Mother- - [you Are Appreciated]

SOILDER of my heart,
My source of strength and power,
Key to my success,
Key to my happiness,
Without you mama I m like a ship without a compass,
Your love, a fruit that is luscious,
Your love a ' SOAP' which is always continuous,
Your love is like a fountain,
Mother my source of inspiration,
A lurid star,
Where ever I go, indarkness she is always glowing,
Shading me with light to see the path,
When ever I m exhausted her love ignites me with strength,
Mama, thank you for the nine months you carried me,
On the 9th day of the 7th month of the year,
You brought me in this world,
Before you I was nobody
With your presence now I m somebody,
I used to be invisible,
Now I m invincible in the "GAME"
Mama you raised me,
You nursed me,
All because of you,
Mama, my shadow, my
Look at me now I m on a journey to GOODWILL HUNTING,
Journey that is going to light up the world skyline,
Joining all different kinds of lifelines
Thank you mama, for your love and support
Mama a violin of my heart that help me to reminisce the song in the journey
whenever I forget it,
She sings it back to my heart,
GOD BLESS MY MOTHER WITH A GIFT OF LIFE EVERYDAY UNTIL THE PAROUSIA
As long as I breath you will never be alone,
Until the day I touch the sky, love you MOTHER

donald kuutsi

Music- -[seven Season Clean Version I]

Music my addiction,
an addiction with no side effects,
when the beat hits me,
the rhythm hits me back feeling no pain,
My old time lover, always there for me when species fail to,
Music my painkiller for the Chronical pain in my soul,
Dark times ahead,
making a friend afraid to ask,
they is a fury,
music takes me to Glory,
No need for hennessey
to boost the energy,
Music my key to my happiness,
when the heart beats louder in
whilst I m solitude,
I crawl between the notes 4 solace

donald kuutsi

Music[Collaboration With Gaylord Munemo, Miranda Mabuto And Delboy Jones]

[DONALD KUUTSI]

Boom! ! Zoom, who is in the room,
we got company in the studio,
Delboy on the mic with the vibe,
Donald on the piano, randie on the violin and Gaylord on the drums as the beat
makes the heart beat louder diluting the chronic pain in the heart, camera lights
action as Randie takes the dance floor as if its like pick and roll on the floor,
as the zeal ignites the rhythm of the music in our hearts, suspending our
conscience into ego while the beat and rythm of the drums ignite our hearts
away from sorrow, as music takes over the heart
the vocal sounds and instruments produce beautiful rhythms and melodies that
soothes the heart and mind from any tension in our lives,
music, a special antitode for the virus called missery and sorrow that is in our
hearts and beat and rhythm creates the breeze that dilutes the fury in our souls
[Dj DELBOY JONES]

Music an art of expressing emotions, tones arranged in order
and sequence as the beat, Rhythm and emotions in our hearts convey a meaning
to different people in the community circles as the sound, beat and rhythm
arouse hidden happiness and interests that we can't express alone,
Music a state of relaxation to the mind and solace during hard times,
Music a realm and hotline for hidden emmotions in the inner heart, Music a wake
up call for the mind when the zeal is so high, high as a satellite.
One may fail to explain the zeal and what is in the heart, only the Harmonics, the
pitch, the flow of dynamics and timbre binds and open one's heart to express the
hidden emotions, as thoughts will be induced to open the realm of truth....

[Gaylord Munemo]

Boom! ! Boom! ! There goes the drums of the Amazonians,
hear the echoes from the sea, the precision of the caribbeans,
To heal a wound, to broden a smile and a special faith,
To shed a tear, and to make one see a bit more clear,
Encoding of utterings either exotic or erotic decoding vocals, alien or foreign,
Music my old time lover, let it be you and you always,
Divorce not yourself from my ears,
Your Flow in a slippery floor of my veins,
Rhythm to boost lost count of stimuli to come from Euphonic from Stereophonic,
Music the art that revitalise the weak, Music the unquenched thirsty of a desert,
Music the truth coexisting in reality.

[Miranda Mabuto]

Music, a whisper of the wind in the willow tree,
The pitter, patter of the rain, the cobble the street,
The swishing of the eagle wings high up and free,
Thus the real Music have you listened to the harmony of the bees, the melody of
the ants, the crescendo of the whale,
how can one fail to stop and listen to this music...

donald kuutsi

Music[unplugged Version]

I have a fury in my soul,
a fury which on the sound of the violin and the beat of the drums
is the only solace that can drive the chronic pain inside my soul,
music the perfect solace that nurses my heart, shapes and kings
fill my heart silencing me,
but music speaks when words can't express my feelings..
Music the realm that express my feelings,
people think I m crazy when I m hooked on the beats, in my zone
the beat is too loud,
they are too old I guess if the can't
hear it..Music, art of conveying hidden intrests&message as the beat and the
rythm kindles the hidden intrests..

donald kuutsi

My Ego

Gazing at the window,
its written in the sky
trying to escape from the past
Ego is in my way, as it is drawing
my thoughts to reality..
Ego, a zone with limited possibilities where one has
no limit as the sky is the limit,
Each time I m alone&silent,
my mind goes on a trip as Ego
tries to fill the emptyness inside
the heart, but in the end it opens
the chapters I dont want to read
trying to move away from the past but it pulls me back,
I try by all means to avoid the ego so close in my position I have no choice but to
let the position fall,
as the ego goes with my position away,
Ego my imaginery friend, who takes me to the dreams I want to achieve,
inducing me with self esteem,
each time I m silent alone in my world, I try to avoid falling into ego, I have
succumbed to this zone, as long I m awake the thoughts wil be wide open like a
parachute that works when it is opened, I cant escape my ego

donald kuutsi

My Heritage(917 Legacy Heritage)

ALONG THE BEACHES, IN THE SAND I m going to fight
for you my heritage, till the day I touch the sky
I will do everything in my power to see that no
one violates your will...

No matter how fast or late I get I will be there
for you my heritage, no matter how the game gets foul
I will raise my head high to look for the foul
and protect you my HERITAGE, LIKE A FALCON KESTREL
protecting its CHICKS...Because I was born to make
it HAPPEN IN THE GAME, I will always be loyal to you
my heritage, turn around and take a look at the footprints
where we have walked on, all the moments of sorrow and joy
look where we have came from, take a glance in the mirror
the reflection of all the moments we have ENDURED IN THIS
JOURNEY, i will never and will never let you go for I have
endured for you MY HERITAGE..

I m MARRIED TO THIS "GAME" for
i cant escape it like running away from my shadow, no matter how tough the
game will be
THE LORD WILL PROVIDE "LIGHT" FOR HE knows I have endured
for you in THIS GAME TILL THE DAY I TOUCH THE SKY I WILL
FIGHT ALONG THE BEACH, IN THE SAND, because through many
tragedies the ALMIGHTY TURNED THEM INTO A TRUMPH AND VICTORY
NO matter what people say I will hold on firm and I will
never forget WHERE I CAME FROM WITH YOU, MY HERITAGE.....

donald kuutsi

My Hero[Father]

A man of honor and valour
Carrying half of my genetic make up,
Inseparable like my own shadow,
A man with wisdom
He never looks for praises
He never does everything for glory,
But to make us happy,
And being there for the family,
My father my hero,
My rock, my mentor of my dreams,
To be what I m today, it's all because of him
I disappointed him several times,
Making him boil with anger,
But he didn't abandoned me,
Whenever I m lost,
He shows me the way,
Like a tour guide,
Without him I m lost,
Without you papa, I m a ship without a compass
I LOVE YOU DAD, YOU ARE APPRECIATED
MY LIVING LEGEND
MY HERO.....

donald kuutsi

Only Heaven Knows

Only heaven knows the truth
only heaven knows the answers
that we need to know.

Standing and starrng at my window deep down in my heart
and thoughts, I only see these visions I dont understand about
what's lies ahead of me in the game, only heaven knows

I dont know how certain is tommorrow going to be, as I dont have an clue who
holds the future
but only heaven has all the possible answers, only heaven knows..

Do I still have time to grow?
Because things they always say
keep me wondering, do you know
what tommorrow hold for us all?
Only heaven knows..

Let us be always at the correct
place and be alert at regular intervals, and talking to them ALMIGHTY to find
clue, answers to solve mystries that lies ahead our our lives and to surrender our
HEARTS, TRUST AND FAITH TO HIM
for he is our legacy of life...

Only heaven can heal sorrows which earth can not heal, we might be have
troubles and many,
questions we cant answer, but only heaven knows

donald kuutsi

Paida

Paida, a heaven sent
a gift from heaven
a rare black diamond that is beautiful and not easy to find
she is like a black hidden diamond
that needs patience to extract under the earth's surface....

Her natural beauty, can make your
heart beat cease when you collide your eyes with her, she got the eyes of an
angel and a beautiful smile that can quench a man's desire and love..

Looking at her, she amaizing just the way she is, looking at her at a distance you
can resist staring@ her, she is like a shinning diamond which never ceases to
shine even in the dark..

Her beautiful voice can nurse wounds in the inner heart, her voice can make a
single heart beat
louder than the beat of the Asante drums

donald kuutsi

Phantom

Silence breaks the code of my zone inside the world I live,
I m scared to face the world like
a validictory,
It seems as if I dont exist in this world only the elements of the
game identifies me as I m invisble but I m invincible as I play the apparition cards
when people think they have silenced me as the love to see me going through
the worst,
I distance my self for a reason
we might be together laughing
but my thoughts will be far away
in persute of happiness that is not
in my heart,
All I see is the eyes Glued upon
me, people talk so much about me
my cards are always stacked high to read the life lines I don't have a clue with
but I notice every thing I just act like I dont as if I m an invisble Phantom as I play
my cards alone in my zone like an invisible phantom

donald kuutsi

Poetry

Poetry, food for the thoughts,
food for the brain, food which is consumed in ego..
Poetry a language that is expressed in metaphors, riddles,
poetry a language in an orbit
poetry is not a matter of feelings
it is a matter of language,
poetry a hotline to one's emotions,
poetry is a mere amusement,
poetry a force that opens the realm of truth that, the truth we can't express
openly,
poetry a language that brings man to the measure of his being and world...
Poetry a gospel that one can convey in his own view and inside his or her world
alone, poetry a language that reads life lines whilst one is in ego...
Poetry a language which one can express unexplained riddles and mysteries, as
man is least himself when he speaks alone but if you give him a mask he will tell
you the truth, according to the GOPSEL OF POETRY..

donald kuutsi

Prayer

An entreaty to the MOST HIGH,
A salve to every malady
A formidable weapon from any kind of Atrocious act,
A formula to life success,
A weapon that ignites faith and hope
Prayer a key that unlocks many hidden mysteries in life we can't unlock alone,
A guide to a tour called life
Entreaty for guidance and protection.....

donald kuutsi

Rest In Peace Maya Angelou

[BENEVOLENT MASORA]

DR Maya Angelou,
How vivid your greatness seems now as you lay,
In the slow dignity of your eternal pause,
Or is it some humble lay?
Some natural sorrow, loss or pain,
That has been and may be again,
In the history of poetry, You sang a melancholy strain,
Only if your song had no ending, as we listened motionless,
And still the music in our hearts we bore,
Long after it is heard no more,
For this, for everything we are out of tune,
For our noble titan has departed from the long journey,
Encased in talent like uniform,
But made weak by time and fate,
Though much is taken, much still abides in us,
That, which we are, One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Strong in will to strive to seek, to find,
Joys we are now inherit, seldom yet attain,
By these young knights who fight on paper,
Ink expanding their conquered territories,
Field is the moment we visibly heard you,
But arrives that moment we sulk upon your wisdom,
As you rest in eternal peace, Can we move on

[ASHLEY MAWERE]

Sometimes we take moments for granted
Some days we never really appreciate the meaning of life
Somehow we never realize what it really means to spend a day with those we
care about
So somewhere beyond the clouds I hope we will meet again
so that I can make it up to you for the moments we never had.
With tears flowing to tell my sorrow,
Here I am gazing upon a star in memory of another star

[DONALD KUUTSI]

Time spirited like a charged Knight, riding a horse to the battlefield,
The realm of time has arrived,
Hour glass blown into ashes,

Final archangels trumpet being blown,
Could it be the end of time?
Day light robbery by the realm of time,
Robbing Maya Angelou from us,
Realm of time creating a boundary that separates us from Maya Angelou,
Without you Maya earth, a Prison to us,
Going through the same door, Staying in different cells,
Earth and Hades,
OH LORD! ! ! we have been robbed, A great Knight who fought with a pen,
Mind being the battlefield,
Ink and thoughts colliding on paper, exposing the hidden co-existence of truth
to execute justice,
Dr. Maya Angelou, the Mirror of the world that brought reflection,
Time distorted the mirror leaving it in pieces,
Even though the mirror has been broken into pieces,
The pieces have left a piece of a reflection with a vision, The memories, ballads,
Sonnets,
Will grant us a peace in our thoughts
Igniting the stolen hope to us,
Your name, Your heritage, will continue to survive
Being passed to each and every generation,
Like a hereditary monarchical crown,
REST IN PEACE Dr. MAYA ANGELOU

STEVENS CADET

Deeply devastated,
your words that kept levitated.
Dreams concerning your opinions for the day I made it.
Just for you to say... 'Your work is Greatness'.
You were among the greatest.
You shall forever be known.
Mere words made you a Goddess.
Mere words is all us Poets know.

[ALBERT SITHOLE]

its that final whistle again
From above the kingdom of creation
That dug a hole amidst us
And uproot the blossom of art
The light of the visionary poet
Into a new world of final destiny
And as we remain here, sobing

And reminiscing those fine lines of poetic justice you breathed
We are humbled by the queer shine of your mind
And we hold dear to perfect memoirs of the legacy you leave..
And so the strength is gathered in us
To move, to continue
To shone the light of poetry
And bless the world with a word
And all thanks to you
So we hope in all eternity
You rest in peace
Maya Angelou!
REST IN PEACE Dr. MAYA ANGELOU

[BLESSING MASORA]

A duplicate of an ANGEL
Many griefs for you ANGELO
The touch of your hand was ANGELICAL
The thought of your mind was MAGICAL
Thy talent was a MARVEL
Your words were so MISTICAL□
We embrace works of a heroin
We admire your heart, such a big heart
Despite the abuses you surprisingly lived to love
You believed in yourself, so that all humanity can believe in thyself
You made ink your sword and paper your shield

your breath brought life to all infinity
Your talent of expression became our identity
You raised hope for all humanity
Hope for all even under hostility
We saw your creativity
In poetry
As graffiti
Brothers sisters mothers fathers
Let us not mourn our ANGELO
INSTEAD LET US CELEBRATE THE WORK OF A LEGEND
LET US LEARN THE LOVE IT TEACHES
LET US STAND FIRM AND BOLD
AS WE WAVE GOODBYE TO OUR ANGELICAL "MAYA ANGELO"

[INOMUSA NDLOVU]

MAYA ANGELOU

A rose that blossomed signaling the birth of beauty,
To give a serene smell to the world was its destiny,
Inspired all through the work of pen as it sharpened the planet through inspiring
utterances

But the lord was shot of vocalist,
He called you to join the choir and poets,
To be poetic from higher places,
Where you would watch the sprouting new roses,
That would scent through poetry,
To our memory you shall forever dwell
In the pages of books and archives
Silenced in death,
Alive in written poetry,
Your legacy is what will keep you alive

?BENEVOLENT MASORA—LOWER 6 MPC, CHURCHILL BOYS HIGH

?ASHLEY MAWERE—MEDICINE 2ND YEAR, WITS UNIVERSITY SA

?DONALD KUUTSI—MARKETING MANAGEMENT 3RD YEAR, HARARE
POLYTECHNIC COLLEGE,

?ALBERT SITHOLE- PURCHASING & SUPPLY 3RD YEAR, KWEKWE
POLYTECHNIC COLLEGE

?STEVENS CADET—ELMONT MEMORIAL HIGH SCHOOL, NEW YORK UNITED
STATES

?BLESSING MASORA—VISUAL ART, SPOKEN WORD ARTIST, ALLIED ARTS
SCHOOL OF ARTS

?INOMUSA NDLOVU- - UZ POLITICAL SCIENCES STUDENT

donald kuutsi

Restoration Of Glory[19 November 2012]

On this day we became legends,
Walking in victory going back home,
Returning back from Five year Exile,
Marching, singing and ululating,
Giving praise to THE MOST HIGH,
Our REDEEMER, who freed us from the BONDAGE,
Under five years of exile and persecution,
Our hopes and faith, plunged in darkness
As the iron fist kept us away from our beloved home,
We did not lose any Courage,
As predictions were made, that until the end of time THE REDEEMER WILL BE
WITH US.....[MATT 28: 20]
Life was not easy away from home,
Scorched by the sun and on open ground,
Everyone prayed without ceasing,
Although the Iron fist kept on Holding us and persecuting the congregation
The more they persecuted the, Congregation the more we became stronger,
As we held our breathe as we knew it was just a bad phase not bad life,
Persecution from the iron fist was a blessing in disguise as it made "US" Stronger
each day.....
Everybody prayed without ceasing in exile,
With the iron yokes on our necks and iron legs,
This didn't stopped us from Rejoicing to the "MOST HIGH"
As HE, made it clear, blessed are the ones persecuted for RIGHTEOUSNESS,
For there is the kingdom of HEAVEN,
Through many tribulations and tragedies the MOST HIGH, OUR REDEEMER,
Did not abandoned us,
Whenever we were exhausted and losing hope,
HE made us stronger, though the Yoke was heavy,
Tossed by the iron fist for 5 years, THE MOST HIGH didn't abandoned us
Like what HE had said in the HOLY SCRIPTURES, [MAT 28; 20]
Reviled and persecuted for HIS sake, HE REWARDED US
Hungry for FREEDOM For so long, in exile,
THE MOST HIGH, recognized our cry
Tragedies were turned into Triumph,
The iron yoke and iron legs were uncuffed IN HIS NAME! ! !
We were in Darkness but through his word, HE SAID "let there be
light"[GEN 1: 3]
The darkness departed and TODAY here we are we can now see the light,

GLORY BE TO THE MOST HIGH, OUR REDEEMER WHO SET US FREE,
PRAISE TO THE LORD, FOR THE RESTORATION OF GLORY

donald kuutsi

Saddest Part

One day everything changed
Everything seemed to be perfect until it changed,
As you left my thoughts in solitude,
Walking out of my life,
Walking out of my sight,
For ever now, I m alone in the spotlight,
This was the hardest part letting you go,
Now that I know you will never grow until you let it grow,
I wonder if you came as a blessing,
Or a lesson?
So it's true you got to fall sometimes to learn a lesson?
When you came into my life I was somebody,
Now that you are gone I m nobody,
As I m on my own,
I thought I was falling for something
Yet I fell for nothing,
You left my heart in pieces,
Leaving my it without any peace,
But instead you filled with misery

This is the saddest part, letting you go,
After I have been holding you for so long,
No more you what I m I going to do?

donald kuutsi

Sky Fall

Struggling to breath as I lie in the sun, as the rays and the breeze try to nurse the wounded heart from the sky fall, the heart is so heavy as it is struggling to beat like it used to do before the sky fall.

Deep down in my thoughts, I m trying to re-construct the puzzle.

Where did I go wrong?

They is n't much strength left in me, lying on the bed of sorrow and doom that is piercing my flesh, I m trying to sleep to forget what happend..

Soon I m in a trance, I thought I had closed the chapter but inside the dream I still see her visions...

The wind blew me to where I used bo be where TORI left me hanging in the air as the gravity of her love left my thoughts hanging in the air...the wind blew the relm of time flipping the pages of the story...

Here I m hanging in the air, I saw a beautiful girl whom I was always dying to be with, as she approached where I was flotting in the air FROM Tori's Gravity of air which left me in comma as my thoughts float in the air, my heart leapt with joy opening my dry lungs, I thought I had found a solace and new breath of air to remove me from this gravity which had pierced my heart with a deep cut as if I had a surgery...

She came where I was and tried to nurse my heart....not knowing I was going to be stabbed in the heart and ribs..I tried to gave him my hands to pull me from this gravity suddenly, the sky turned grey and a harsh wind tore my flesh, I cried to her help she stretched her hand but not for so long she pushed be back and the harsh wind unplugged the life line parameter that was giving me air around her, she turned her back on me, soon my heart beat ceased as she was out of my sight...the wind tossed me down from the gravity and smashed me from the sky...I fell out of reach for solace from the sky fall and soon I crushed on the ground as soon I heard a small still voice "welcome to the heart break" the thorns of rejection, sorrow and pain pierced through my heart as I lie lifeless..

My conscience pinched me awaking me from this dream then I knew this was "the sky fall".

The game is messed up, its not going to be easy to mend this heart from the

sky fall, glory and hope have departed from me like a flock of birds flying away..
What is going to ignite the vibe back to the wounded heart
from the sky fall...is it the game or dice?

Only lights and a new ray can provide the lost strength from the
SKY FALL-

donald kuutsi

Soldier Of My Heart

When ever I m so low
they is only one soilder
of my heart whom is always
there for me, that is my mother
truly you are my soldier of my heart...

Without you I m hopeless
you smile, poolishes my heart
and the love which you have for
us which is like

she is like my favouite book
of poetry maya angelou and madison parnell, like my source
of relief..her love washes all the
pain and sorrow in my heart..

Through the dark times and good
times you are always on my side
when ever I need you, you are
a special gift which is fragile
a gift which More worthy than
my Grand slam tittles, you are the soilder of my heart....

You are the only doctor
who can heal my wounds inside my heart, with your love and back mommy
and look at the foot prints
and how far we have come from
in this journey.

In 1994 tragedy, the tragedy
that almost claimed my life
but through the mercy of the
Almighty I made it, you were
there for me.....a moment where
tragedy that was turned into
trumph, you are the best gift I
ever had which God bestowed me.
My soldier of my heart.

God bless my mother
the soilder of my heart
continue to bestow her many more rains to witness, the growth
and harvest&off spring of the
special seed you bestowed her.
The only soilder of my heart
who can stand for me during the
dark times and sorrow, a soldier
who gives me hope in this journey
without you I m nothing, I m hopeless, they is no worse death than the end of
hope

Through darkness moments
in the journey, they is always a soilder who brings light in my
heart giving me solace..with out
you I m like a ship without a compass..

You always there for us to
make ends meet and to see us
happy! ! Oh lord here my cry God
bless my Mother, the only soldier
of my hear

donald kuutsi

Strangers With Memories

I have been loving you,
Now I cant anymore,
No more broken hearts,
I still care for you but I m tired of chasing you
I m not going to chase,
But to replace,
Don't be mad because you left me,
Be mad you pushed me away,
We were just wasting,
But we used to be in the same lane,
We are no longer in that lane,
I never needed you,
All I wanted was you,
The saddest part,
We used to talk to each other every day,
Now we don't,
One day everything changed,
I don't know what I have become
As time has crushed my feelings,
Memories are still the same as they don't fade,
No more broken hearts,
No more, hide and seek,
We are no longer in the same lane,
We are not friends anymore,
But strangers with memories

donald kuutsi

Take Heart-Collaboration With John Fihijin&Gaylord Munemo

[GAYLORD MUNEMO]

Solider up strong lady and be brave
Shoulders up stand tall and be bold,
Challenges won't move you,
For the faith you keep you unleash
Your hopes have no limit,
In this cold world courage makes you warm
In this ugly world hope makes you beautiful,
In this cruel world goodness is in you,
Quitting is for the novice,
Excellent in you abilities you prevail,
When the world says left you shall say right,
When it screams bad you shall say right,
Divorce doubt from your perfect credentials,
Delink mistrust from your perfect potentials,
Destroy distrust from your perfect essentials,
These challenges shall be stepping stones
Success awaits for you friend,
Your story shall be inspirational,
Your tale an express aspiration,
Coming to the world as great motivation,
The walls shall before you,
The world shall stop and stare
One day the odds rise against us,
Yet another day the even stands for us,

[JOHN FIHIJIN]

They closed the book,
They burnt the book,

[GAYLORD MUNEMO]

Another book another story
Another page another glory

[JOHN FIHIJIN]

The darkest that approaches us,
The fear we have, the hopeless mind,

[GAYLORD MUNEMO]

You shall bring light in excess,
Great and luminous to your family,

[JOHN FIHIJIN]

When you feel lonely and desolated,
In loneliness and great pain
You are not alone remember that,

[GAYLORD MUNEMO]

In our prayers you rest and reside,
Just look over your shoulder I will be there,
To protect and be there for you always,

[JOHN FIHIJIN]

Wipe away the tears of fear,
Clear away the thoughts of hopelessness,
You are not alone remember that,

[GAYLORD MUNEMO]

Throw your fear in river,
We are human, we are family
We are love we are one,
And God is love

[DONALD KUUTSI]

Open your heart and take heart,
At the end of every tunnel there is light,
Lights will guide you in your path and ignite you with more strength and hope
Everything will be alright,
May be not today but EVENTUALLY,
TAKE heart, trust the almighty
After all he gave it to you,
Fight for the battle more than once in order to stay strong when it feels like
everything is falling apart

donald kuutsi

Tango Pal

Oh tango pal, open your heart and let me in and engrave my heart with the cha-cha rythem, I m addicted to you,
each time we are on the floor it will be like pick and row as we dance side to side sweaving our bodies together with ful energy as
the cha-cha rythem and vibe keeps us awake on the dance floor
and the flame of zeal draws me closer to you,
each time we are on the dance floor I feel high as a satellitte oh my tango pal..let the cha-cha rhymes flow in my veins and ignite my heart from missery and dilute the chronic pain away
each time we are on the dance floor the cha-cha ryhm suspends my thoughts deep into paradise
separating my soul and flesh from
sorrow....

donald kuutsi

The Climb

Now I m alone standing alone in the zone gazing around to see if
they is anyone left..What I m I going to do? I got a fury in my soul
its going to take me to Glory because the zeal is making my heart beat so fast as
if I m in the fast lane of the formula one race..

The climb to the highest to the Glory is so painful, climbing alone slipping and
losing the grip from the climb I m scared to look at my self in the mirror, so
much scars and wounds in the flesh...

Moving on is n't easy, try to climb another mountain as ego is coming in my way
blind folding my vision and the memories pulling me back so that I can loss a
firm grip on my hopes and dreams for tomorrow....

I can see the mountain, but I not there I know my destination because at the
moment I dont know what holds my future, all I know is the one who holds it....
but its going to take time to reach at the top, nothing is going to stand in my
way, I have to continue with the climb, pulling my wagon with fury in my soul I
m going to make it, I have the vision and my lights towards the climb

donald kuutsi

The Days Of Our Lives

Run before the earth Swallows you its better to be bitten than to be swallowed...
Time is a circus always packing up annd moving away,
Don't think about the problem,
Think about the solution,
Faith,
Courage
Hope,
Passion,
Will take you to the destination,
Take each day as it comes,
Stand up on your toes,
and stand tall,
so that you wont fall,
At the edge of the cliff
Take each day as it comes
Make a move that is best,
the move you wont regret,
Smile when the life throws
all the kind of bulsh**t,
Stop complainng
Think about the way forward
Dont stress,
Stress will cause problems that were not there before,
We can't control all aspects in life,
Stop wipping away the tears,
wipeout e ones who made 2 u cry,
take a breath &look up in the sky,
life to short,
Be on the fast lane,
Go an extra Mile,
Take each day as it comes,
painting a potrait of the days of our lives

donald kuutsi

The Game- (Future Anthem Part 2)

We were born to make it happen
in the game, we were born to be
part of the game, every one was
born to play the game...

The game called life has got many rules to win it, through many obstacles and tribulations in the game you got to endure in order to win, you have to feel the pinch not the hit to have a clear picture of the game

You got to take chances and face
every tribulations that comes in your got to deal with what is present, life is what is available..you cant avoid risks and obstacles, its like running away from your shadow..the game is not about facing problems but how you over come them...

Life is fragile, its a precious gift
we are living in the 21st century
you got to handle it with care since its fragile because you only live once you got to stay focused
if you dont guard the game jealously like rondo guarding his championship tittle to remain on top of the spotlight....

Its never too late to become what
you want to be in life, in achiving
your future hopes and dreams never get discouraged by everybody
because everbody is people

you got to aim higher like elis howard Who never misses his target on baskets, if you want to win the big and aim higher.

You got to roll the dice and shuffle your guards smart to be on top of the game.

donald kuutsi

The Generation Of Reconciliation (917 Prayer)

We are the future, hope and
light for tomorrow,

Let the rain come down and wash
away all the pain and sorrow and
all grievances between us...why should we keep on clinging about
the past? for yesterday is a ghost
that can keep on haunting us and tommorrow is a dream
we cant dwell on the past all
we got is today

I only pray to the almighty to
bestow our hearts the spirit
of love to give us light and shade
all the grievances and give a room for "LOVE LEGACY" for the
next generation, let the spirit of
LOVE BIND US ALL TO BECOME ONE
Why should we only wait to
Bring flowers for our beloved
ones when the can't smell them
anymore? let the everlating "LOVE LEGACY"
be passed on from one generation
to another like unQuanchd flames of fire being spread by the
wind.....

A special dedication to my family

donald kuutsi

The Life We Lived Collaboetry By Allstars: Pardon Simango Ft Donald Kuutsi, Albert Sithole, Blessing Masora, Sakhile Dhlamini, Gaylord Munemo, Deb Harman, & Benevolent Masora

[GAYLORD MUNEMO]

May the odds, forever be on your side
Prologue of the poets in soliloquize,
Remember the days of wailing,
Teleport me to the maze of history

[BLESSING MASORA]

The life we have lived
We raced and survived
Too emotional less automated
Situation brutal nevertheless we were strongly forged
We went through it all, moments which were odd
But it taught us not to live and grow old
But stand tall for our ambitions and be bold
I tell you life is not all glittering gold
However everything we not, made you everything we are
Our bread came from polishing ones shoe
Our marvelous ambitious strength came from driving a hoe
By that in our consciousness we felt we needed to fill a deep hole
We had honor in nothingness, so we enriched our united souls

[DONALD KUUTSI]

At one point I asked myself questions without answers,
As if I knew what the future held for me
I thought it was the end
Yet it was beginning of the game,
Earth almost swallowed me alive
Being drawn to the edge,
the grace of the heaven became the wedge
I was loyal to the game,
Yet in valor I found hope,
Taking each day as it comes,
We have learnt the lessons of the journey called life

[GAYLORD MUNEMO]

May the scales even to your advantage,
Prelude to the utopian poets in solitude,
Remember the days of hopelessness,
When being different became dangerous

[SAKHILE DLAMINI]

Hopeless life without any voice
Silencing our perspective by blood
Our brother and sister being chained like dogs
Tortured, killed without sympathy
Here then we cry to God to whom they used to gain rule
Put people in chain and say it is a promise land
Delivered to the dark minded place
I said don't remind me of the life we lived
With that fear without voice
With that tears without verse
With that spears without guns or worse
Telling us to pray but blood continue to split, even the brave
Telling us to grieve but our life continues to grave.

Women scream and man groan electric chair,
Questions inside their heart, 'why telling them truth? '
'Why letting them know that we are evil but covered by angel's gowns? '
Our life is ruined by slavery in our veins
Our life is bound with pains of our past
Our scars still bleed fresh blood
But it is the life we have lived.

[The Speaker] PARDON SIMANGO

Its neither a walk in the park
Nor is it a row of the ark
But every touch we make upon anything becomes a spark.
From township to city
Village to town center
Looking for ways to survive.
Mum died in heart agony,
Dad went in pain of the skull.

But we still want to keep the scouts
Gaining terms of understanding.
Gaining power from over life...
the life we've lived...

[GAYLORD MUNEMO]

Forget not the avalanche that stomped our hands,
When the ends always justified the means,
The life we lived, the dream we lost,
Will we ever be the aspiration we authored?

[BLESSING MASORA]

Its best you believe me if that possible
Maybe one day you will become an honorable
Let pride dwell far aside and be sociable
As a long time ago centurion knight be unbootable
To your servants be lovable
Give what you were not given in the life you live
Make a tomorrow a better one
Seed the good seeds of the olivine
The extra ordinary live the common life we used live
It might seem to be a long journey but adhere to my words and you will arrive
Its better to be late than never, but never late is better
Go further is the life we are now living
Accomplishment songs we will be singing
Swallow my words, like honey as they pour
For we are kings of the quarter we shall roar
Diversify, achieve great and go far
The life we live

[GAYLORD MUNEMO]

My visions are blurred howbeit wise one,
Enlighten my mind Albert twice or once,

[Albert Sithole]

Our minds marred by a living hope,
Trembled upon by murky waters,
Life bends and beckons,
Like a semi-colony
Carrying us through the hills and mountains,
Poverty

Diseases

Living with them but not defeated

We cry to conquer

But none liveth, our cries nomore

Battles we have fought, guns and fists

Freedom comes, sweet as candy

Happiness in our homes and caves,

Power and greed approaches,

Drawing us back to beggars pride

Casting a look backwards,

Its all but a stumbled walk

Like footprints on the sand,

And where we going, remains, a mystery

Its the life we have lived...

[DONALD KUUTSI]

Rays of the sunshine protruding through the window,

Sand rushing in the hour glass,

Wrinkles writing the story of the

Life we have lived,

Leaving traces of the story line

Memories engraved at the back of our thoughts,

Reminiscing the moments

Good& bad times,

From moments of pain

Raising from dust in order to gain

We have been down the road before facing rejection,

Denial, humiliation,

Death snatched my beloved ones away

Could it be day light robbery?

Swallowed by the earth yet my heart didn't say good bye

[GAYLORD MUNEMO]

The ignition of petted gloomy poverty,

Subjected to the peripheral calamity,

Boney and breathless in the face of the city,

Conceal not the truth, I remember the reality

SAKHILE DHLAMINI

The life that we have lived

Don't remind me of the life we have lived
Running, fighting for survival
Leaving our homes and hide, before the revival
Resisting colonialism, it was hard, for them an archival
Little babies crying, inside huts
With no mercy they burned down all our huts
Reminiscing inside our hearts
Taking all what we have
Being a slave in our homeland, can't refuse
Abandon all our point of views
Being careful of what you sing
Being careless of what you need
Please don't remind me the live that we have lived

[DEB HARMAN]

need to rejoice by lived
as you survived need to praise
to be in peace and sing the song fierce
because you are a truly a survivor

BENEVOLENT MASORA

We've died everyday with air of solid authority upon our lives,
Yet this life conspired to do everything to overwhelm us with tonnes of agony.

[DEB HARMAN]

tough and thick skin so braved
in the struggle in the fighting of your land
as you reach for a hand to give strength in life
to show you love and true faith of holy blessing

by the gift of heart and compassion needed
by none of that burning light so torched
by the sky high of smoky grey

light should be drawn to peace live
not the pain of what you have lived

[BENEVOLENT MASORA]

By day we would wipe the beads of cold perspiration of our hardwork,
And at night burn the midnight fuel,
That seemed trailed off, weighed down by the oppressive silence of the night,
The days flew past, they left us no shadow,
Oblivious to the familiar trials and tribulations that sped past,
Time became meaningless,
For day and night were no difference.
We all merged into one equal temper,
To free ourselves from this dome cast upon us,
But like pirates we pursued the winds of deep oceans,
Never knowing when to stumble upon an island.
Tugged on a leash we would bleed,
To fill our master's cup of greed,
Recognized as inhuman we could not feed,
And a long while life was no need.

But from our black inertia,
We developed some stamina,
To some natural degree, our maxima.
It was time for black to shine,
To illuminate rage,
Polished on by all the suffering and agony bruised on us,
Our scars bleed the light,
That shines to those who fight,
So radiant and jubilant

donald kuutsi

The Predator

Are we going to make it? if another life is taken every second, every minute, every hour,
THE PREDATOR, AIDS, world number one enemy has got the whole world shaking, everyday our relatives are being taken away..

Its like running the race whilst the legs are amputted everyday as we lose lives because of "THE PREDATOR" a creature which doesnt have mercy and favouratism, whether rich, poor, young and old it strikes you...

Whenever you cross it zone you will be its prey, "THE PREDATOR" a vicious creature which doesnt spare anyone who crosses its boundary, once you are in its zone it will strike and spit at you with its poisonous venom which will paralyse your immune For the rest of your LIFE..NO one will escape from it jaws when it holds you when u are in its zone...

"THE PREDATOR" has no mercy to anyone who crosses its boundary, it will strike you, "THE PREDATOR" Doesn't hunt for its prey but insteda its prey hunts for THE PREDATOR, through prostitution, multiple sexual relationships and promiscuous behaviour, you will be its prey...

Although they is medicine to prolong the victims of the predator, life will be uncertain because you will be a walking grave as THE PREDATOR'S VENOM will be permanent just like a tattoo..Still life remains uncertain because we keep on loosing our beloved ones daily..

The biggest question of the legacy will be left behind for the orphans who have deceased parents? HIV/AIDS GENERATION, Ladies and Gentlemen, lets us think before we act, let us think about the siblings we have @ home each time we are about to engage in "THE PREDATOR'S ZONE" because THE PREDATOR'S VENOM has no cure the power to make it happen is within us, the only cure is ABSTAINANCE AND STICKING TO ONE PARTNER...

Are we going to sit back and relax
as if nothing is happening, everyday orphans are being left without guardians...

Let us be louder than the silent killers, the power is within us, we can win the race if we unite against the fight of the HIV/AIDS epidemic..It is time for a change
let us wake up and smell the coffee and have the sense of direction for

tommorow, united we stand divided we fall, TOGETHER WE CAN MAKE A
DIFFERENCE AGAINST THE "PREDATOR"

donald kuutsi

The Rare Breed

THE REAR BREAD #THE UNPLUGED MYSTREIES

When he was just a little boy he couldn't speak,
As his mouth was always shut,
Learning to open up his small minds rather than opening his mouth,
Perhaps he was addicted to the dark side,
Somewhere along the lines his heart beat ceased,
As misery and sorrow grew within his heart,
Felicific power was snatched away from his heart,
Everyone talks behind his back not knowing walls had ears to hear,
Sorrow engraved at the back of his thoughts,
Everyone thinks he has a fallacy in his imagination,
As has become louder than the silent killer,
Those who can't hear his voice which is loud
May be they are too old,
When words fail to speak music and poetry does,
As they express what he can not say as it was impossible to be silent
As pain and sorrow changed his life,
Everyone views the future with naked eyes,
Now that he saw where fate came from he wears High definition glasses, eyes
wide open like a falcon as the pain has gave him a lesson,
A lot of shit is always said,
He notices everything but he act as if he doesn't
He reminisces what people would have forgot,
When it comes to life he is fearless
Predictions were made, he is the rare breed

donald kuutsi

The Spirit Of Brotherhood

Why, why, why, should I be happy&content while my brother is miserable and degraded?

Do I have to feel healthy when ny brother is deformed?

We are one blood, one love, one team, one humanity,
we sink or rise together,
united we stand together, divided we fall..

Through the darkness when it prevails, a real brother help you to get through, making you feel good in moments of darkness when the blanket of uncertainty and fate chokes and suffocates you, they will pull you out giving you a shoulder to lean on as a solace

rich, poor, strong, weak we are one family, one heart, one blood
thats the spirit of brotherhood
my brother ANDREW, a friend who knows the song in your heart and he will sing it back to you to reminise it when you would have forgot the lyrics,
thats the SPIRIT OF BROTHERHOO...

A TRUE brother gives you a hand when you want to climb the ladder to succeed in your dreams and hopes, the golden rule of the day to the brotherhood is LOVE, DONT HATE, stay your eyes focused on the game because, thats the spirit of the brother hood zone....

donald kuutsi

The Told Legend [collaboration With Kudakwashe Chiwara&Gaylord Munemo]

[GAYLORD MUNEMO]

And the puzzle comes you shall complete them,
The skirmishers hope shall tremble before you,
Such shall be legends told among skeptics,
For the rising against you shall fall before you,
When you can run they shout stand,
If you can see when they ask you to look,
If you can sit when they ask you to stand,
The discovery of the ability in you,
The recovery of the agility in you,
Such shall be the tale of the skeptics if you can,
The legend shall be told you will show the how it appears like,
You have to go through a struggle to appreciate success,

[KUDAKWASHE CHIWARA]

Skeptic memories,
Prophets of doom,
Clothed in fear fashioned,
Meditations, ornate with fear fashioned hesitations
Encroaching the state of the mind,
Preaching doubt,
Approaching the gate of my heart,
Only to meet with cold fate,
At the hands of violent desire,

[DONALD KUUTSI]

Its never too late to make things right,
Even if the discourage you, Hold on firm
Remember a relation with God is a win,
Pray more,
Worry less,
Negative thoughts will destroy you, stay positive
Stay focused & keep your eyes wide open for you have a race you must
complete,
THROUGH MANY TRIBULATIONS YOU WILL MAKE IT
No matter what they say, keep moving don't look back
For you are I n the victory lap,

Every day is a chance to turn it around, make that day today,
Kill them with happiness and bury them with success,
Stay strong, make the wonder how you are still smiling
They might broadcast bad things about you,
Soon they will whisper about your success,
From fury to glory
This will be your story,
A tale of a legend and a champion
Don't let life control you, control it,
Be responsible for your happiness, as you are in charge of it,
Power& will is in your hands,
You are the game changer,
Born to make it happen,
You have to go through a struggle to appreciate success,
They is no fire with out smoke,
Every hero has a story,
To inspire the skeptic,
The Told Legend

donald kuutsi

The Zeal

Its been, days, weeks, months the can't study war anymore in my mind and heart as destiny is calling my name, the zeal for the game is glowing bright and the zeal is like a fire that can't be unquenched..

I have succumbed my self to this zeal as this envy is making my nerves to boil as if I have drank Screaming Eagle Carbenet Sauvigion as the zeal has made me to be wide awake, eyes wide opened like a Falcon Kestrel..

Its time high time I spit it out
the zeal is burning in my heart
and Glowing in my heart like a Richard II sword glowing from blacksmith's Furnace, the time is now, I was born to make it happend, the zeal is making me to inhale a different oudour, tomorrow's certanity that is hidden like a blackdiamond which is not easy to find..

The zeal has made my heart strong, any with that comes in my way I m ready, I was born ready to play the game, on the wet sand along the beaches, smooth sand, in hot ashes , thorns, THROUGH GOD'S WILL, the dice will always roll on the table and guns will be in my hands to protect the dice, I dont need a mask to inhale the gunpowder, the time is now I have to accept the zeal

donald kuutsi

Time-Collaboration With Kudakwashe Chiwara

[DONALD KUUTSI]

Time the parameter that measure the quantum of future events, the span that measures the life lines of day to day human activities,

[KUDAKWASHE CHIWARA]

Legends are only mortals who struggled longer but no one survives,

[DONALD KUUTSI]

when realm of time arrives in your zone separating the life lines and from your destiny,

[KUDAKWASHE CHIWARA]

Time is the soul of becoming,

Time declared practical,

Ford's imagination and vindicated Luther's imagination

The burden of time is to be ruthless,

To draw the chop of the fruitless

To wear hangman's Gloves,

Executing hopeless dreams for their sins in seducing lazybones.

[DONALD KUUTSI]

Time a circus always packing up and moving away, you got to chase it, nothing valuable can be lost by taking time, make a hay whilst the sunshine's, wake up and smell the coffee and bear in mind the value of time, snatch, seize it and enjoy every moment, life is too short be in the fast lane to be in the spotlight to be part of the limelight, do what is right, do it because it is right, then do what it is right at the crucial moment, life is too short use time wisely because life is made up of marble and mud...

donald kuutsi

Tomorrow

Lead long your hand my dear,
Morning and Night
lead long your hand,
Waiting for tomorrow,
Lead long your hand,
Walk through the present life,
Lead long your hand,
Generation after generation as we wait for tomorrow...

donald kuutsi

Vaccation

Its so hard to move on when memories are pulling you back,
yet I want to open a fresh new page, may be I need a vaccation,
far away in wonder land,
I m tired with this journey,
my thoughts are exhausted,
life is moving too fast I need
to slow down,
I need a vaccation in paradise,
where they is no sorrow
where the melody of the birds will
touch my soul, washing away the clots the inside my thoughts
I will come back when the time is right in the spotlight like Napoleon coming from
Exile
I wont abdicate the journey
still have a future ahead, but all
I need is a vaccation

donald kuutsi

We Are The Generation [collaboration With Kudakwashe Chiwara, Miranda Mabuto & Gaylord Munemo

[GAYLORD MUNEMO]

Hear the trumpets of the wise,
The time is now,
Within our heads are not pieces of flesh,
Within our heads are ideas,
Ideas to give a hand to the need,
Ideas to give life to the lifeless,
Ideas to make our country a better place,
If you can see like I see,
If you can feel like I feel,
If you can care like I care,
Arise and stand with me,
This is the time,
Yourself, myself our country

[DONALD KUUTSI]

The hour has come,
Wake up and arise,
The voice of the voiceless,
We are the generation,
Born to make it happen,
Born to make a change,
Together we can bring justice to life,
Eliminating crime,
with one voice, clamoring for peace,
For a change,
Destroying hatred, uniting all nations,
We are the generation,
Born to make a change,
If you are out there shout along with me,
Shout with a vociferous outcry,
Louder than the silent killer,
Louder than the sonic bang,
Shouting for a better change,
Shouting for a better future,
Shout along with me if you are out there,

We are the generation,

[MIRANDA MABUTO]

Oh hear now the drumming of the excited,
It has arrived,
The time to celebrate our greatness,
Rejoice in your gladness,
Our hard toil recognised,
Our vivid imagination regarded,
Our day as poets,
Our day to be us,
Our day for Poems

[KUDAKWASHE CHIWARA]

Speak forth, these words,
These words that birth these worlds,
These worlds that assume choral obit dancing about the sun,
In cosmic revolutions in an universe of consciousness,
Speak forth these words that birth these celestial bodies that we are,
For we are these worlds that earth these seeds,
These seeds of truth that bore the clarity,
This clarity that lead us not into democratic fallacy,
But shall deliver us from the cramping limits of traditional bias and prejudices,
So that ours is freedom the influence and the voice forever and ever,
All rights are reserved,
All values are preserved by these words which I the poet shall recite yes,
These words which we, the GENERATION shall speak in due declaration and
statement of purpose speak forth such words

donald kuutsi

We Are The Generation II- -Time For A Change

For how long?

Are we going to dwell under the spotlight of the predator's shadow of death?

The predator has got the whole world shaking,
relatives&friends being swallowed by the earth,

how many relatives,

how many friends,

succumbing to the predator's poison?

Day&night lying on bed helpless,

no time to sleep living in nightmares,

watching them as the suffer,

reaping what they sowed,

karma haunting them

staring@the hour glass

time is ticking as we count the hours

enough is enough

time a circus always packing up&going away,

the time is now,

time to embrace the future,

for a better tomorrow and a better change

are we going to make it?

If everymonth every year,

everyday,

another life taken away,

arise with a vociferousc ry,

the future yesterday

but tomorrow starts now,

what kind of legacy are we going to bestow the next generation? ,

Poverty?

Hiv&Aids Generation?

Out of primiscuous practise, multiple sex partners?

Wakeup&smell the coffee beneath your nose,

Run fast so that the earth doesn't swallow you alive,

let us chose to live

embrace change to make a difference, .united we stand divided we fall,

together we can make it,

paving a way for a free HIV/AIDS GENERATION

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donald kuutsi

We Salute You Gallant Sons And Daughters Of The Soil

Gallant sons and daughters of the soil, hail heros, we salute you for the tremendous and outrageous job you did in restoration of the lost glory and hope, FREEDOM...

We salute you gallant sons and daughters of the soil for putting your lives at risk and the sacrifice you made in restoring our legacy, from our fore fathers.

We salute you gallant sons and daughters of the soils, today we are enjoying the fruits of your sacrifice and dedication of your lives just to restore the legacy heritage and freedom which we enjoy today....

Freedom was born out of bloodshed of the gallant sons and daughters of the soil, freedom was born out of the armed struggle, we salute you gallant sons and daughters of the soil..

We salute you gallant sons and daughters of the soil, thank you for restoring the glory, heritage and legacy which had been robbed from us! !

Hail gallant sons and daughters of the soil, they exchanged freedom with the blood which they spilt in the process of restoring the lost prestige and glory, heritage..

We salute you gallant sons and daughters of the soil for breaking down the iron yoke from our necks granting us solace, you did all this out of love and loyalty.

We salute you gallant sons and daughters of the soil for the endurance, dedication you made in bringing freedom and the lost heritage, through the wire and many challenges you met, but you risked your lives to bring freedom..

Today we enjoy the fruits of the
armed struggle which brought freedom, revolution completed
its course we are enjoying the fruits of the armed struggle
we salute you gallant sons and daughters of the soil may your
soul rest in peace

dedication to the gallant sons and
daughters of the soil of zimbabwe who lost their lives in the process of fighting
for freedom..

donald kuutsi

Wounded Heart(Stolen Heart #unplugged Version#)

Even if you were poor, even if you were rich all I wanted was to share the same breath, all I wanted is you, to be there for me, to be my solace, to put a smile on my face during the hard times when I will be struggling to make ends meet...

I m still in pain from the sky fall, my heart is still wounded, only if you were by my side I would have recovered well, how do I breath with these deep wound in my heart...how do I breath with a wounded heart like this....

Tori left me in comma, as my thoughts were hanging in ego being tossed by the GRAVITY OF YOUR love, Paida's hands slipped
as I had wounds left by tori, another deep wound in my heart,
ohhh what I m I going to get solace so that I can wake up and open a New Page,
still I cant because of the wounded heart

donald kuutsi

You Have Gone[collaboration With Gaylord Munemo]

Another day, another month,
Another smile, another tear,
but they will never be another you again,
Gazing at the red candles glowing at the dinner table, the light is fading just like
moments passing,
I have tried to masticate the food and swallow it but I can't,
I cant believe it you are gone,
out of my sight forever,
I wish I could stop time like a photograph, I would have reversed the realm of
time into my hands&hold you tight in my arms so that you wont leave me
[Gaylord Munemo]

An Empty house, an empty home
An empty home and an life
An empty song, an empty rhyme,
gazing at the passing window through my window, I discover my self in solitude
like a lonely widow,
on my bed I only see one pillow,
I wonder why you Gone far away,
in my mind there is a storm of resurrecting moments, bringing realisation, it
could have been better together,
my arms holding the memories of the things we did,
my mind the essence of things we hoped for,
the hope we never lived,
the memories we never kept for long..

donald kuutsi