

Poetry Series

Jabulani Mzinyathi
- poems -

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Jabulani Mzinyathi(01.09.65)

poet, teacher, human resources practitioner, legal mind, writer in general

A Little Patriotism

that is all we yearn for
not too much to ask for
these waves of despair
driving some to suicide
others by hook or crook
driven by grim necessity

though blinded by illgotten gains
though deaf to the wailing
a little patriotism show
a little love you must give
just a morsel on the table
for many facing starvation
just a little love yearned for
avert this impending inferno
this quicksand of poverty
scaling the barriers erected
trampling the dogs of war
bridge these chasms now
see the rising tsunami

Jabulani Mzinyathi

Advice For Sages

in the trenches together yesterday
burying comrades in shallow graves
burying kith and kin in shallow graves
the tree of freedom by blood watered
the supreme sacrifice that was

today at each others' throats
when did the derailment start
today turned into water and oil
a square peg in a round hole
the difference between night and day

now the fish in the throes of death
having been long out of water
when was the freedom train derailed
on the tracks the gravy train taking its place
the liberation train must be back on tracks

Jabulani Mzinyathi

African Drum

the demonised drum
speaks to my soul
soothing my african soul
sweetly caressing it

invoking those spirits
the restless spirits of my people
hot iron branded pagan
those that dangled at noose ends

reverberations of the drum
spelling out my happiness
at times messages of strife
the demonised drum

Jabulani Mzinyathi

After

after the chill gusts
of the wintry night of misrule
after the nightmarish era
where there are overstaying visitors
after the gluttonous megalomaniacs

after the storm of profligacy
after the shocking blasphemy
the deification of a mere mortal
the propagation of a personality cult
and the empty vessel platitudes

after the whirlwind of greed
after the hailstorm of profligacy
after the quicksand of poverty
and the rushing rivers of sewage
and the cocktail of diseases

there shall be sunshine again
the chirping of the birds
the return of consensus not coercion
the profound african respect
the return of ubuntu/unhu

the past shall be a teacher
not a cage to hold us captive
the struggle shall not be a possession
the root of a puerile dynasty
the root of ominous depravity

this emasculation shall end
that one centre of power crap
euphemisms for a dictatorship
that should be thrown out
usher in collective ownership of power

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Bayonet Thrusts

stiff erection propaganda
our minds raped
bayonet thrusts disemboweling
mind garroted
this twirling cesspool
victims yearning for therapy

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Bedevilled

road surfaces pock marked
like they are afflicted by chicken pox
that is how it is now
those promises fast dissipated

cholera fast decimating lives
with typhoid and dysentery in tow
a people in the talons of fear
in the tentacles of abject poverty

the cancer of corruption spreading
merit lying in the trash can
the blind leading the one eyed
this voice shall not be silenced

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Bolt Bursting

The poem of my protest
Is in a smudge of blood
On a graffiti laden wall
It is in sweat no longer trickling
Down an anger creased forehead

The poem of my protest
Is in a brick that will not be hurled
By my immobilised arm
It is in the echo of footsteps
No longer thudding the streets

The poem of my protest
Is in smouldering tear gas canisters
It is defiantly there
In the truncheon inflicted raw wounds
It is there in the bullet torn flesh
Now it must touch humanity
For justice and peace to prevail

Jabulani Mzinyathi

But Why Entertain The Muses

plunged again into melancholy
engulfed by giant waves of despair
still pursuing it with maniacal zeal
my shadow dogs me continually
usain bolt can never outpace his shadow

this is what we have become
unashamed worshippers of mammon
deriving satisfaction from trinkets
souls now irretrievably lost
turned now into one dimensional automatons

without the accompanying jingle of coins
without the allure of rustling notes
these works now dumped on the dung heap
worshippers of mammon's grand idea
that i bottle these tears for sale

for the umpteenth time
whether the harvest is material prosperity
whether there is the lap of luxury
behind the images woven by this word hoard
whether there is opulence in these voices

Jabulani Mzinyathi

Certainty

the sun will set
dawn will sprout
birds will twitter
the cocks will crow
that is how it should be
the children will play
on the road to the future

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Counterfeit Coin

two sides of the same coin
the gullibility exploited
all sorts of anointed garbage
add the trickery of witch hunters
two sides of the same counterfeit coin

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Cryptic Poetry

there is a poet
embedded in every prophet

taste the caustic poetry
issuing from mounds of poverty

see the smooth poetry
spun like pottery
there on the potter's wheel

the prancing lines of potent poetry
the poet's intellectual property

Jabulani Mzinyathi

Decree Of Divorce

IN THE HIGH COURT OF THE PEOPLE OF ZIMBABWE
HELD IN THE WHOLE OF ZIMBABWE

In the matter between

THE PEOPLE OF ZIMBABWE PLAINTIFF

and

HIS EXCELLENCY RGM

.....
ORDER
.....

ZIMBABWE: WEDNESDAY 15 NOVEMBER 2017

BEFORE JUSTICE EQUAL RIGHTS AND JUSTICE

THE PEOPLE'S REPRESENTATIVES FOR THE PLAINTIFF

Defendant in default

WHEREFORE after reading documents filed or record and hearing the legal practitioner

IT IS ORDERED THAT:

- 1.a decree of divorce is granted to the plaintiff
plaintiff is awarded custody of all the children of Zimbabwe.
defendant shall not have access to any of the children.
defendant shall pay lump sum maintenance in the sum of sixteen billion dollars
united states dollars.
5. the plaintiff shall retain all the properties that the defendant has acquired and
stashed locally and abroad.

DATE 17.11.17 JUSTICE EQUAL RIGHTS AND JUSTICE

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Discordant Voice

when you sing the sweet melodies
mine will be the discordant voice
hold you by the scruff of the neck
repeatedly shaking the conscience
the conscience you now trample
under the jackboot of your gullibility
drenched by the water cannons of fear

see the rising storms of poverty
desperation walking along the streets
hunger thunder rumbling in the bellies
the mountains of hopelessness rising
lives decimated by scythes of diseases
hoping that the sun will shine once more
that there will be reverberations of laughter

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Dreams

bereft of dreams
dreams bashed by truncheons
dreams under the jackboots
jack boots of the philistines
dreams in solitary confinement
dreams whimpering for freedom
that is the healing of this nation

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Election Time

cast the first vote in the ballot box
the vote of your conscience
cast that in the ballot box of your mind
only then can we sit at the same table
only then can we blissfully wine and dine

got no time for the smoke screen
got no time for the legitimising
the legitimising of the illegitimate
got time for real people power
got no time to kneel before mammon

when securocrats grab people power
through wanton breaking of limbs
and the extirpation of lives
then count me out of polling stations
got no time for legitimising the illegitimate

legitimising the blatant emasculation
the theft of the people's power
that i can never condone
cast the ballot of peace and justice
in the ballot box of your mind

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Eros Calling

when the goddess eros calls
no option but obey her decrees
i will be willing to be sweetly chained
for your charms are irresistible

remembering that sparkle in your eyes
envisioning those dazzling dimples
that cap that angelic beauty
i will be a willing captive

over those mountains of garbage
across rivers of raw sewage
past your inebriated brothers
to answer the call of that goddess

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Fertile Ground

in the slime and grime
in the grinding poverty
in the havens of deprivation
in the heart of desperation
where unemployment runs riot
creating thieves, muggers, pimps, prostitutes
where there is no razor wire, concrete walls
where there are no twenty-four hour armed guards
where the next meal is an accident
there they get cannon fodder
there the fertile ground is
there political violence is fanned

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For The Dungheap

there is no meal here
too late to salvage anything
this fish is rotten
the foul stench
from the head to the tail
to the garbage can
take it there fast

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Free Spirit

this one will not be caged
this one is no potted plant
this one will not be in an aquarium

this one is not in the net
rejecting the constricting thoughts
forever undergoing a metamorphosis

this bird soaring through the sky
at times the fresh wind blowing
a whirlwind, typhoon, a soft breeze

at times a river in flood
at times a calm stream
then at times a lurking crocodile

with shackles and chains everywhere
truncheons, water cannons, jack boots
this free spirit having a bird's eye view

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Giving Birth

my mind is in labour
the pain is getting worse
the baby is on the way
could be a full term baby
or one destined for the incubator
the pain of a still born one

the pain is getting worse
the waiting will not be long
the naming is on the way
that is the icing on the cake
the pain gives way to joy

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Grand Masters

paulo freire long said it
we have become adept at it
this has now gone beyond mere aping
we have now raised the bar high
as usually happens the students surpassed
long surpassed their teacher

where we used to call them 'baas'
where they were called masters
shefs have now firmly entrenched themselves
crude torture chambers now designed
rights remain dead on the pages
the pages of the many smoke screens

we are now the grand masters
past masters at enslaving our own
never letting crumbs fall off the tables
the high tables of our ostentation
on display the naked, shameless opulence
with inflated egos and arrogance in tow

[shef - zimbabwean term used to refer to a boss especially a political party boss/
member of the ruling elite

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Holding On

What relay race
when the baton is not passed
what competition
where there is one competitor

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Imelda Marcos Reincarnate

imelda marcos you return
this time among us
having long left the philippines
to haunt us in africa

imelda marcos you return
your evil immortality is here
truly this is your second coming
with that love for diamonds

imelda marcos you return
but just like the sun rises
imelda your fate is sealed
one day soon the sun will set

your unceremonious departure imminent
your privacy in the public domain
that shocking profligacy exposed
down you go into an abyss

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In The Mist

enveloped by the mist
the mist of confusion
equilibrium now disturbed
searching for the answers
none forthcoming at all
this mind now buried
by an avalanche of questions

that a man should die
under a hail of bullets
killed like a mangy dog
killed like a rabid dog
my mind now befuddled
that eventful life gone to waste

far across the Limpopo river
there a widow wails ceaselessly
the children feel the emptiness
many a friend searches for answers
there in the jungle of half truths
perhaps this is futile exercise
that life should now be celebrated

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In The Tentacles

tightly gripped by the tentacles
the tentacles of solitude
the fullness of this emptiness
the rustle of leaves in a dry summer wind

in solitary confinement in this prison
this prison brimming with other demented souls
the sordid sound of this silence
the deafening sound of demented minds

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In The Trash Can

garbage in town house
spilling now onto the streets
where the sun once shone
there is darkness everywhere

a serious indictment this is
where are the city fathers
where are the city mothers
shitty fuckers and shitty muggers

service delivery lies abandoned
buried under garbage heaps
under heaps of selfishness
and the warped priorities

each vulture grabs its share
a share of the carrion
maggots devouring the corpse
there are no rules here

garbage piling up on the streets
service delivery in the backseat
the garbage there on the streets
the same garbage in their minds

service delivery in the trash can
the garbage flowing on the streets
the garbage in their warped plans
society under the mounds of trash

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Instant Riches

bits of betting cards
strewn on the floor
like confetti
bits of fractured dreams
dreams of instant riches
furrowed faces frustration laden
shattered dreams everywhere
placing bet upon bet
hoping, hoping, hoping
immersed in expectancy

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Lessons For The Future

when what has been hidden
from the wise and the prudent
has been revealed to the babe and the suckling
when the cupboards can no longer hold the skeletons
when those stories are told
when the seditious songs are sung
that is when this winter is gone
when there is the glamour and glitter of summer
that shall be the healing of this nation
that fear of the truth shall be gone
when the unrepentant shall repent
that shall be the healing of the nation
that is when the lessons of the future are drawn
drawn from the tragedies of the past

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Looking Ahead

after the storm
after the thunder
after the lightning bolts
after the downpour
after the deluge

hear the frogs croaking
hear the birds chirping
feel the fresh breeze
the warm sunshine
the abundance of life

with your crescents
with your robes
do not be robbed again
leave slogans for politicians

men and women of cloth
never again to sing praises
where there should be dirges
the abuse of your pulpits
leave those insipid slogans

each to his or her calling
each to his or her vocation
strictures be gone now
release the birds from cages
that they may freely fly
soaring on the way to liberty

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Losing Game

full to the brim
filled with poly tricks
just a smoke screen
seeking a semblance of legitimacy
and many queue up to be fooled
just an expensive losing game
the losers can just become winners
there are spin doctors galore
heads they always win
tails they also always win
there could be another way out
could it ploughshares turned swords
perhaps an appeal to consciences
those consciences now trampled

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Marching On

it is my life story
these footprints
foot prints on the page
or is it mind prints
that journey is on
these are the land marks
withstanding the wind
withstanding the rain
indelible footprints
there to be immortalised
sit up and listen

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Minister Of Commonsense

holding a doctorate in commonsense
for doctorates are now in vogue
i am a minister of commonsense
will my co-ministers now stand
for the government of national unity
is where we derive authority from

a co-minister of commonsense
capped at the university of commonsense
lectures in pragmatism were galore
the streets are the lecture halls
life experiences are the professors

i am a minister of commonsense
when cities cannot get rid of shit
when the streets become the piss pots
when cholera and dysentery decimate lives
my message is simple: clean the streets

i am a minister of commonsense
the messy divorces reveal obscene wealth
the grotesque fights over ill gotten gains
the land held for speculative purposes
the many diamond studded rings
the chests full of gold watches
all showing the same time

i am a minister of commonsense
those sparkling top of the range cars
whose ownership some long forgot
the message i send is simple
share the riches with the poor
there lies your security

i am a minister of commonsense
when medicines are bereft of medicines
when the sick sleep on dirty floors
when top executives buy luxury cars
when rulers fly abroad for treatment

again my message is simple
equip the hospitals and clinics

i am a minister of commonsense
my message is quite simple still
espouse lots of humility
be the conscientious leader
do not be their master
when people repose power in you
leave when they ask you to leave
for they may have to chase you
take this advice for it is for free

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Mounting A Challenge

a hefty price to be paid
for the dependency syndrome
turned into a human punching bag
for the uncomfortable comfort

where the answer firmly lies
kicking out the dependency is syndrome
severing the religious, cultural chains
sowing now the seeds of revolution

refusing to bow before the gods
relentless challenge to the status quo
forging ahead with determination
a new woman rising majestically

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Mzwakhe

mzwakhe
mzwakhe
mzwakhe
a cry for a home
homeless
confined like a caged bird
mzwakhe
the fight courses through veins and arteries
during those days
in these days
where lies are said to be truth
people' poet you are not alone
have you been made an outcast
an outcast in a society you fought for
mzwakhe is prison your home
mzwakhe

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No Takers

laughing when no joke is cracked
parading her shrivelled wares
with her broken English
a laughing stock in the bar
cadging a beer from all around
this hungry and salivating huntress
nauseated by her sordid ways

parading her flaccid wares
there are no takers here
the shame of it like a sore thumb
parading her pretended sophistication
and her heavily painted wrinkled face
there are no takers for her unattractive wares

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Not Heeded

and when the artist speaks
through the deft brush strokes
on the canvas
through the chipping chisel
on the marble, soapstone
through the songs about all the wrongs
through the prancing lines
the prancing lines of bitter-sweet poetry
that soothsayer i hear
'caesar beware the ides of March'
let those that have ears hear

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Obscene Feasting

the obscene feasting
the pimps and prostitutes
with hounds in tow
who will spoil the party

the obscene feasting
the mesmerised poor
jostling for the crumbs
then it's back to poverty
pawns in a mindless game

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On Trial

herded into stadia
like sheep to the slaughter

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Peace

peace is not deathly silence
a deathly silence in the morgue
peace is not a web of fear
fear of jack boot kicks, truncheons, guns

peace is softly falling rain
nurturing the tree of democracy
for the birds to build nests of harmony
and hatch nestlings of a bright future

peace is the melodious sound of harmony
putting to shame intolerant voices
peace is an impregnable fortress
built on the rock of justice

peace in all our spheres of life
peace among races for we did not choose
choose to be black, white, yellow or brown
peace in our homes and on our streets

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Picking Up The Pieces

the singer said it
pick those broken wings
learn to fly again
that drug hope delivered

failure they say
a detour on that road
that winding road to success
not on a silver platter

only the losers quit
winners have steely determination
getting up resiliently from the canvas
when staring defeat in the face

surmounting the challenges
keeping those dreams alive
fanning that fire of success
for the future is calling now

now feeling depressed and downhearted
light like a feather in a whirlwind
see the limitless pool of hope
the crowning moment shall come

there is no mountain too high
the determined reach the peak
the battle is not for the strong
not for the swift but those that endure

the dream is not in smithereens
that fire has not turned to ashes
the fanning must go on still
the crowning moment is at hand

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Politicians And Priests

i have listened to them speak
speaking from the pulpit
i have listened to them speak
speaking from the podium

i have heard them instill fear
that is the root of their message
this one here talks of hell
another wields lots of weapons

they speak from the podium
they speak from the pulpit
and the people must just listen
listen and never ask questions

for too long we have been under the stand
now we have to be over the stand
some of the prophets driven by profits
while politicians do not walk the talk

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Redemption Songs

hear the beautiful tapestry
woven from the consciousness
see the images of freedom
that undulating beat
that pronounced bass guitar
that punchy drum kit
the catchy congas and bongos
now is the redemption time
chills in the spines of the wicked
they shall be scattered and shattered

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Repatriation

to the four corners of the earth
everywhere the children scattered
deserting the once warm hearth
fleeing from the choking ashes
enduring the shocking social dislocation
the hideous xenophobia facing
of home dreaming always

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Resonating Cymbals

in the cosy arms
the cosy arms of eros
the resonating cymbals of passion
our galloping hearts
the blooming booming emotions
the fruits of that intensity
this flood of memories
this flood

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State Of The Continent [africa]

a dry barren wind of graft
blowing across this continent

nations in turbulence
flouted constitutions galore

wave upon wave of conflict
child soldiers out of this evil womb

gluttonous megalomaniacs holding on
losers that will not gracefully leave

nations held in captivity
by ghosts of the past

arms bills sky rocketing
food allocations nose diving

nations continually wilting
in the stranglehold of ideas droughts

hails storms of self aggrandisement
continually pummel emaciated populations

power hungry minotaurs
ensconced in corridors of power

the plundering of nations wealth
stashing in foreign bank accounts

wave upon wave of protests
dissenting voices brutally crushed

refugees criss crossing the continent
everywhere treated like vermin

the bright rays of undying hope
the slumbering giant now rising

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That Blood

a lot of my people's blood
on the hands of the slave drivers
more of it on the colonisers'
a lot of my people's blood
on the hands of my people
aftermaths of tribal superiority
aftermaths of intolerance
fratricide, matricide, patricide...
suicide

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The African Dream

where children are not robbed
robbed of their childhood

where the AK 47 is not a toy
and the laughter of african children resonates

where our women and children live
devoid of all forms of abuse

where there is freedom of speech
and freedom after speech

where there is tolerance for dissenting voices
and no fear of trumped up charges

where arms bills do not go up
at the expense of food production

that is the africa we want
the africa posterity should inherit

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The Bigger Picture

and now the past is here
out of the small spark
a fiery inferno engulfs us
those little hands in the cookie jar
today looting the nation's coffers

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The Charges

you are brought before this court
you are charged with serious offences
multiple counts of not speaking
not speaking for the voiceless
not speaking against their profligacy
not speaking against shameless propaganda
thus perpetuating dangerous lies
not speaking against violence
violence meant for political gains
you are brought before this court
as a co-principal offender
your silence perpetuated evil schemes
your inaction aided and abetted misrule
you turned a blind eye to the sufferers
you chose to be indifferent
you did not extinguish the run away fire
you sang songs of praise in place of dirges
how do you plead? guilty or not guilty?

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The Day Is Coming

afflicted by delusions
under the blanket of illusions
in a deep slumber
under-estimating the people
see this inferno rising
the people are speaking
the people will speak
they have always spoken

where are the listeners
that meekness taken for weakness
the seething tangible indignation
a non existent hidden hand blamed
the time for reckoning is nigh
that pool of patience running dry
breaking the walls of fear
look, that day is coming

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The Exiles

thoughts in exile
solitary confinement
haunted ceaselessly
dreams of home
thoughts in a concentration camp
nazi style
thoughts bereft of concrete evidence
yearning to bolt burst now
see the incarceration
see the caging of thoughts
ubiquitous forces of brutality
thoughts immersed in the quicksand of intolerance
these thoughts yearn to bolt burst

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The Gods

in each breath are the gods
mostly the craven ones
false deities seeking power
i have seen the money gods
social, political gods abound

everywhere you turn there are gods
gods that reap, reap, reap
gods that reap without ever sowing
the ubiquitous and deranged gods
everywhere gods afflicted by dementia

i have seen gods like mushrooms
everywhere the gods are sprouting
facebook, twitter, whatsapp gods
the gods holding our minds captive
gods immersed in unbridled avarice

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The Journey

the leaf on the ground
now warped or shrivelled
that vibrancy now gone
fast turning into humus
a new vibrancy is on the rise

when a new factory goes up
gleaming with modernity
the pumps at full throttle
lubricants making everything smooth

now grappling with arthritis
add to that the rheumatism
that machine now becoming obsolete
the pumps grinding to a halt

the looming factory shut down
the vibrancy fast dissipating
a new age is now on the way
the journey is at the beginning of the end

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The Message

gone against the grain
shooting the messengers

the message there still
immortalised by the messengers

long after the departure
singers and players of instruments

the messages still around
massaging our eager minds

the dreams, visions, hopes
the compass we still bear

the messages long immortalised
long after the messengers are interred

for in the beginning was the word
not the story of the hen and the egg

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The Mongrel

that mongrel dripping wet
thunder of hunger in its belly
the hell of its existence
failing even to whimper
dewormed and later well fed

now biting these hands
that saved it from the brink
the brink of almost certain death
the ingratitude now exhibited
the wheel will turn full circle

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The Piranhas

everywhere i turn
everywhere i look
everywhere i see them
the piranhas at it

in a feeding frenzy
the unbridled greed exhibited
soon they chew each other up
the piranhas at it

biting off chunks
ripping each other apart
rivers of blood flowing
the piranhas at it

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The Setting Sun

the great fireball
riding majestically over all
licking the mountain tops
the life wielding rays
birds triggered to chirp
mirthfully chirping in the trees
expectantly waiting are the nestlings

now the day is done
disappearing behind the mountains
the foraging has now ended
that vivacity is now wished for
reality delivers a thunderous backhander
now at the end of the tether
eagerly awaiting the rejuvenation

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The Victim, The Villain

the victim once more battered
suddenly turned into a villain
under an avalanche of attack
for daring to stop the brutality

she is lonely in the crowd
her family preaches endurance
the in-laws are blind to her pain
yet the unjust pitied and protected

weighed down by undue pressure
reeling under a torrent of blows
the home bully goes scot free
and lives again for his reign of terror

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The Village

the village torn apart
incessant quarrels everywhere
the village head drunk
his wife picking quarrels

the village head demented
his court now child's play
the village in shreds
advisors now high on kachasu

his children pissing in wells
flummoxed villagers painfully watch
the village head wields a whip
against those daring to protest

the village on precipice edge
the villagers' huts torched
the granaries not spared either
tottering on the brink of death

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The Visitor

the rousing welcome
that we still remember
we did welcome you
with all the bountiful smiles
the energetic warm handshakes

that story comes to light
the man and his tent
there in the sweltering desert
later elbowed out by the camel
a heavy price for benevolence

this now is the story
the visitor who refused to leave
strutting majestically in the village
stoutly refusing to leave
the story of the unwelcome visitor

this is the story of the visitor
one who took over our granaries
violently refusing to leave
the visitor still soiling our wells
the story of the unwelcome visitor

Jabulani Mzinyathi

This Depravity

full of inflammatory speeches
is the air

the raw wounds
inflicted

the flying bricks
and exploding petrol bombs

shameless intolerance
free thought constricting

life profaned
desecration of the sacrosanct

saying 'prayers' to the devil

Jabulani Mzinyathi

Thoughts

thought we were in it together
thought we were our own liberators
thought you were driven by altruism
did not know of latent mercenary tendencies

thought the birds would freely twitter
thought there would be a relay race
thought of the free market of ideas
did not know this would be a discordant voice

thought there would be lots of bliss
thought the law would achieve justice
thought there would be no stinking opulence
did not know i was wide off the mark

Jabulani Mzinyathi

Time Comes

with all its dexterity
off the branch
the monkey shall fall

the deep sea diver
with that proficiency
shall in a pond drown

the noose tightens
around the hangman's neck
now the tables have been turned

Jabulani Mzinyathi

Too Little Too Late

and now you get off
get off from your backside
when we raised alarm
you were deaf to our pleas
we yelled about the fire
that run away fire devouring us

as long as the platinum was mined
that one chose quiet diplomacy
that was pacifying that man of steel
did not care a hoot about our people
those that were devoured by the Limpopo
those that ended in the crocodile bellies
and those that faced unimaginable xenophobia

you acted like a leech
as long as your economy grew
grew on the sweat, tears and blood
the tears, sweat and blood of our people
you maintained a deafening silence
and our lives went up in flames

you put your interests way ahead
way ahead the concerns of our people
you were blinded by self preservation
the fire next door did not concern you
now it threatens to engulf you
forgot that cliché about a stitch in time
you hid behind the oft repeated emptiness
about sovereignty, about territorial integrity
the words still ring a bell in our minds

now you choose to get deeply involved
recall your envoys and leave us alone
we took heed of the lessons you taught
leave us to deal with our own garbage
we are adult enough to know better
we are educated enough to deal with issues

go and deal with your own shit
your own man-holes are now blocked
deal with your own rejected dynasty
deal with the headache that will not go away
that headache about state capture
go and have your day in your courts
go and deal with the looming demise
the looming demise of the tripartite
on what moral high ground are you on
when your own hands are too full
too full with the blood of our people
those that ran away from home
those that perished in the Limpopo river
those that were bludgeoned by xenophobic mobs
those that do menial tasks on the farms
the farms that still are not in your hands
go and deal with the emancipation of our people
those that still are under the apartheid ghost
they need you back home for those woes
you were a great teacher who taught self reliance

Jabulani Mzinyathi

Torture Chambers

regrets presiding over the inquisition
in the torture chambers of past hurts
the subconscious relentlessly whacked
bloodcurdling screams shatter the present
shards of broken hearts everywhere

the ghosts of the past stoutly refusing
stoutly refusing to yield to the future
there a fresh dawn yearning to sprout
the tide of pain is on the ebb

Jabulani Mzinyathi

Unanswered Questions

taking sycophancy to higher levels
sanitising that dark, dank period
singing the wrongs songs for supper
rubbishing all that excruciating pain

taking us for dimwits
abusing acres of media space
distorting that painful story
many questions left unanswered

Jabulani Mzinyathi

Untitled

deserted by sleep
eyes glued to the TV screen
spewing nauseating propaganda
the grand schemes supported
here the truth is warped
to suit the military- industrial schemes

the palestinians still pummelled
still rendered homeless
perhaps the libyans now regret
the loss of a benevolent dictator
while the iraqis wake up
from the blatant lies
for there were no weapons of mass destruction

the looting continues unabated
there in the mineral rich jungles
see the beneficiaries of fratricide
the drc still knows no peace

still deserted by sleep
wondering where the truth lies
about radical economic transformation
while crime rises in the slums
with xenophobia showing the gullibility
economic apartheid ever escalating

watching the bickering back home
all the talk about regime change
the tragicomedy now unfolding
as the sun is now setting
hear the eerie hooting of owls
the ominous laugh of hyenas
and vultures waiting for the carrion
weep no more land of my birth

refusing now to be shackled
by the chains of self hate
packaged as the biblical truth

Jabulani Mzinyathi

Warped Story

the story is warped
that reversal of roles
the servant is master
that story is warped
the leader is master
pampered by the servants
living abject poverty
drinking dirty water
smote by hunger and thirst
the ubiquitous shack dwellers

Jabulani Mzinyathi

What A Disgrace

what is this miscreant
what is this leech
what kind of vermin is this
brought forth from my loins

what monkey spirit dwells here
what baboon spirit is this
that emerged from that womb
bringing shame to the parents

barked at by rabid mongrels
under the eaves in rainy weather
under eaves in chilly gusts
ready to pounce like an eagle

a friend of marauding hyenas
a friend of rodents hunting owls
assortments of weapons ready
a gruesome death now looming

Jabulani Mzinyathi

Willing Captive

that infectious smile
those sensuous lips
the curvaceous hips
a willing captive
that is what i am

that gap toothed smile
that enticing neat row
the sparkling white teeth
a willing captive
that is what i am

woman of angelic beauty
woman of mermaid beauty
under that hypnosis
the grinding coils of a python
a willing captive
that is what i am

Jabulani Mzinyathi

Workers Day

drenched to the marrow
the acid rain of abject poverty
the napalm bombs of hunger
vibrations of despondency everywhere
the quicksand of mass unemployment
the deafening silence of factory sirens
the debilitating emasculation gripping
in the stranglehold of uncertainties
the shrinking and uncertain pay packets
in illicit brews drowning sorrows
trapped in the hyacinth of escapism

Jabulani Mzinyathi

Worshippers Of Mammon

deep down in their sewer minds
the raw sewage thoughts flow
hiding behind the facade of morality
the perversion in the publications

not a single thought for the children
the dedicated disciples of mammon
spewing pornography in our living rooms
hiding behind the facade of morality

for the jingle of sordid coins
for the rustle of soiled notes
the worshippers of mammon at it
a noose may be the only solution

Jabulani Mzinyathi

Yearning For Liberty

we created frankenstein
some actively made the parts
in your graves do you hear me
others chose to be in deathly silence
when they could speak out loudly

frankenstein then started the rampage
devouring mothers, children and fathers
devouring his creators without mercy
a web of fear spread
there frankenstein thrived

frankenstein must now be chained
the ghosts of the past must be exorcised
the time for deafening silence is up
to smithereens we blow frankenstein
the nation must now sing and dance

Jabulani Mzinyathi