

Poetry Series

Wilson Tinotenda Waison
- poems -

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Wilson Tinotenda Waison(07 January 1998)

A son of an electronic engineer and a manicurist, The first in a family of two, little sister Annah. Attended to Zengeza high school studying humanities and major literature in linguistic Advanced level certificate. The founder of and also a member of Ghetto Diarries.

Currently a student at Open Learning Centre studying ACCA

A Lament Joseph Mutandwa

For a moment we rejoiced
For the fruit had been bored,
And for three solid years our sorrow
Frozen and we longed for a better morrow

All this were delusions, an illusion
That tomorrow held, for the conclusion
Reached today breached the odd
Joseph Mutandwa! ..., tears stampede. How old?

Tis sad you departed mother earth
And now, we ng earth
Has devored its own, Dust to dust
How we wished you to last

Longing for a bright beam to shade
Off this darkness drawn, a spade
Now awaits to dig the trench
All efforts left hanging on a wretch...

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

A Lament Takunda

Lamentations to you young brother
For you elected death as escapism
And left us in anguish, anxious
To have your soul amidst our own

Now, just cheer to that tatty retention
You casted a dub to these fragile
Hearts, with all efforts to the wretch
Left now only to dig the trench, a ditch

Solemnly we weep and bellow aloud
For the brawl you brought is indeed
Ceaseless, knowing Mother Earth haste
To have devoured its own, dust be dust

You robbed us our smiles to the dawn
This demise inflicts more than it ensured
Takunda Wazvaremhaka how old?
To blow the shred of light into darkness

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

A Night Stand

The gaze behind her was sultry,
Her waist rambling, it instigated
This fantasy, longed for adultery
As all I could perceive was lated,

She became a figment of my mind,
A misconception that drew mine,
Miscellaneous episodes of that kind,
To have stimulated what I can't define,

Pleasure was that glance at her well
Wiggly torso, Her thoughts graced,
Yes! it did pleased a soul, fair to tell,
Fantasising, leaking her, I embraced

Osculating with passionate caress
In my imagination, fumbling tardily
Every detail of her body, to undress
And felt her mammary gland slowly,

We laid, both struggling for breath
As I seek warmth inside her pouch,
I felt my slice of heaven on earth
Thwarted my energies on her couch.

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Adolescence

What shalt you become of after adolescence
When time hast cringed past, days hast pass
Oh! , will it be that sentimental righteousness
To claim immunity as most does in wiles and
Viles, Living to regret all that matter weirdest
To have brought pleasant memories of disgust
And imprisons the minds, Bred distressing vow
Only lamentations to endure, after adolescence
Misconduct to hast cast misfortunate caressing

What shalt you become of after the clock hast
Done its art, Will it be success to acknowledge
Bloody sweat to have oozed in yokes of success
Toils of juvenile strength and bravery of ladies
To hast mold solid foundation for the journey
A journey worth cries of passion and triumphal
Joy. Hustle bustling at all the pleasures brought
Witty be the progeny whom hast worked his back
Out and did bent it to the weight of humbleness

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

African Pride

Africa
African Pride

Africa my Africa
To have poised the
Kin between many
Crowns and masters

Africa my Africa
To have impeded all
The confidence and
Bored political ulcers

Africa my Africa
To have loated all
The proccedes meant
For progressivism

Africa my Africa
To have stood us
A rinsed pride in
The southern domains

Africa my Africa
To have crafted
A profanity so
Irkesome and inflicts

Africa my Africa
My intimates sang of
Tis time we hallow
Alas, Changes.

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Author

Will ever life be fairly schemmed?
If it was a screen play I would dare
The act, your role young lion. Grief
Is all what I afford to pay you bro.

I never knew it could turn this short
Mother earth to devoure and devoid
Yet to dance in the dust storms oh!
Shades no mercy... Digging deeply

If ever I be crafty, Damn be this life
We ever live but too short for the
Epoch stood mist amidst us. That
End you are is far a distant. Not hearts

Alas this phase inflicts more than
It ever assured. Young brother you
Brought unending grief to mine fregile
Heart. With heart Rest In Peace Author.

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Behind Slabs

All I distinct is a vile panorama
Behind slabs, then locked for virtuous
And that hope to have been thwarted
Yet I grow grey hair with each daybreak
Surviving in this imaginary hamlet.

Beneath the iron forged panel
I recognize the scribe and a tabloid
To reach for these is the only craving
As I forecast all mine thoughts, scribed
In black and white. Unfolding the lit*

The lit that lies underneath the wits
To rebut this rinsed civilization that
Replete me behind slabs and the
So called globalization whom deplete
My ethics, slayers of my decency.

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Blood Cut

The pain felt never be known
Emotions so irksome to have
Poised me between these crown
Never to shout, only the nerve

This demise, descended alike a flash
Brother to have been devoured
Suddenly, so quite in that crash
Left at a wretch so scared

My conscience to have burst
Reminiscing utmost that cheer
Only to be left with a rinsed past
And never was life so dearer.

Frowning, groaning, my mourn
All that to have made no difference,
And this ditch now my misconception
Bored to know that you are no more

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Cease

How I desired it be a dual way
For the passions to cascade but
Turns were always in squabble awry
One way or the other pointing vehement
Fingers, it failed to craft a difference
And now my hands, consequently tide
And can't clutch tight to the glide for once
To ease the pain we better cease, in ride
The deed and impede the cherished odd
Cry no more a rive for you are relieved
Since it was never you and I to tide in odd
Enjoy the path so dry as we flip up
To a new chapter, I sort to call it quits
For the pain bared now dares laments

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Ceaseless Brwal

To resume on where you left
Our home now a forlorn citadel,
The bloody fields you ceased
In your toil, a quest to sovereignty
Now belongs to the despot.
Our emancipator now our persecutor
The prophecy by Benjamin Henson
Clinched woe and is in prevalence
Patently the struggle will go on.

To reminisce the odd, hatemongers
The new and mutant foes drive us
To the precincts of the domains
And lures this black blood, sent
To the deeps and crags, places of distress.
The fruit now bored as the despot
Pails the yield, where are you
To rekindle the phrase
"My bones shall rise again? "

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Chaos

Chaos if not of legions then it be legislations
Trapped betwixt wrath and vengeance of the
Crown latter the young comrades ousted one
By one, told by the courts factionalism rose

Devoid anyone wit, streets storms mobsters
As brother fattens like a baobab yet sister
Thins alike a biltong thread, the odd so absurd
Riots bursting from hood to hood, brutal touch

Damned be this life imposed, harsh turns the
Situation, Violence now a pragmatic norm in
All ghettos. If not for the gun held behind my
Head, the brave voice to shout aloud Amnesia

Blue suited brothers turns savage in their grey
Pleading not guilty raves the masses in distress
His stick to my mother's head, father's chin and
His turbulent nature natured by the elites too.

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Chitungwiza

To have risen eyebrows in hamlets
The portral of slums turns our crib
Nor ever ills to denote. Revulsions
At peak day on spells surviving kins

Sister gets paid for conjugal visits
If this be the quest of life sustenance
Gloomy penetrations, no doubt to
Bore bastards resultantly each core

Brother break a leg in pursuits awry
Upriver is a hide out, a brewage pot
Kachasu ferments off season so dry
That fails the brothers conscience...

Mother out in streets scavenging on
Ghost jobs prove the distress epoch
Prevailing round and round hamlets
With lips as dry as lizards from heats

Fathers deeds not to nitpick, it prove
Nitwits duped each moments, name
Hustle is his formal job crafts. No lie
Is vice tongues pay a prize or bribes.

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Conflict

To have drank from the Savage breasts.
It distended then placid as I sapped lively
Leaking alike an infant Bitter was the taste
I ceased... Though lame was the motive
I grieved utmost

All that to have enriched, left in remorse
Oh! I suffered. Malnutrition, fever, aches
To drink from the Savage breasts, bitter taste
I ceased... thoughts were of surrendering on life
I grieved utmost.

To have erected, infants overblown and
Poised amid dual crests, discerning the
Forte tiresome. To drink from savage breasts
I crept for a resolution, progression to happen
I ceased... contemplations of an assisting hand
I grieved utmost.

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Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Coup

The tailor booted at sixty told he's inept
Caused the economy to grow malignantly
Adding zeros at freewill accumulating to
Six figures a note, Amnesia spoken off

If not for the gun held to my forehead
I would have inquired for justice thwarted,
Too, to have denied the self imposed amnesia
Of a century blood overwhelmed by power

Though ruthless be the trailer I will protest
In rage the impartialities brought and deny
Being the victim of circumstances today
The brave voices enchants to wage war

Alas the son of soil got me yoked and mocked
Dancing in the dust, Storms so inflicting
His authority even questioned by her actions
A coup in disguise as she grace his crown.

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Curtains

One morning as the cock crawled, that dawn was splendid. It was midwinter. The snowstorm breezed slowly and its depression was sensational. A cold night it had been. Birds sang by my doorstep, singing sweet melodies. Melodies that were perceived in that deep sleep, I woke. Awake. Awakening to a new genesis, a hope that was bored by the sunrise, ascending...

I took a quick bathe, rinsed my peel. Done. Then I consumed a bowl of cereal carbohydrates for energies, I redeemed. Then decided to stroll since I had nothing of interest and mine fate to have been tempered with, twisted and renounced. Each day bored me toils, turmoil though I was crafty, the situation became jaunts, adventures, expeditions of that sort...

Nevertheless, the thought that maybe tomorrow would mold a dissimilar kept me going. It had been three solid years since I left high school, resilient in that economic hardship alike a ship in distress, oh that was mine crafted shipwreck indeed.

Though wit, I strategized a scheme and would spent most of my day hours in the CBD selling my home made butter. That was productive as it would swell my pockets daily, monthly and years past. Self-sustaining was the main agenda at the moment. Lately I could summon a quorum and plundered the proceeds, a bounty of my toil.

By then, even factories had closed, warehouses collapsing, the chimney corroding and its smog was now a mystery. Never to be perceived. Nevertheless I had that day to waste once more. It was my typical off day; I just wished to ease all that agitation days brought. Surely it had become a sapping lifestyle I had adopted due to the fiscal problems.

Two blocks away from my home, I saw this young lady; our eyed collided and instantly felt that magic. Oh! My blood fused in a rush and pierced my heart. Moments past. Both stared at each, she posed a smile equated to a cupid's arrow. She was so acute, I felt that, I never risked a blink, my visions resembled a diva - she was hot. I could stand her.

Precious yonder mos. past, staring at that girl and I then stepped.

"Hello Beauty" faintly I dared

"Hi" patiently she responded

In my mind, all I saw was this splendid panoramic later episode, readily on a prom night I imagined. That entire imaginary figment was recaptured yet again and again. I hallucinated in broad day light. I took an extra

poke then she knew I was interested to explore more on her.

"I am Tynoe...never met, are you new in the hood" I interrogated in an inquisitive tone

"Yeah" she responded

"Chantelle by the way, nice to meet you"

To my surprise she wasn't that hard to get her into a conversation, alike other girls she was so free

"Well nice to know you, Chanty" I bellowed, not at ease. She then took pace; she all of a sudden vanished. Now all I could perceive was that tatty retention, her milky white teeth, her smiles to have eased my agitation and froze all that matter. I did fantasize.

Reminiscing utmost the gaze behind her maze, so sultry and her waist below rambling, that only add more to my fantasy.

To think of her, she became a figment of my mind, yet still a misconception to have drawn miscellaneous episodes of her maze and all that to have stimulated what I could not define. I craved for her but it was this damned game. Till we meet again.

Days past, I had not forsaken my market, I brawled for a living, surely it is still a ceaseless brawl to attain a better living. To live lavish was a desire. I made my sells daily and proud I was. Never did I lost hope or was ashamed of my 10 points at Advanced General Certificate Examination. An adventure only to cherish though, it would have been bright with that sort of emancipation but the brother had took advantage of me readily. The thoughts were of enhancing my studies at a local university.

Humanities as I had elected readily. I was poised between two situations now, disillusionment and discomfort appeared so irksome. To add on my misery, I was drawn close to this emotional realm, a battlefield of affections. Oh the deed worsened my fate.

My resilience was becoming weary gradually, losing hope in that economic depression, a burden imposed to my shoulders. Even the PRESS had it that

Retrenchment rates had rose drastically from the negative stagnant phase to its extremes, Transnational enterprises forced to close due to unpopular investment policies

Universities yet to close because of shorthand and

Little resource stuff vacant

1st lady sued for assault

All that accounted to my displeasure. Concerns were not to be discussed. Somber was the state of affairs in the domain. Surely my intimates had mocked this

progeny, oh what a fate. The dusk approached. It had been days since I last met that girl. I slept anxious about her maze, agonizing with emotions at the other side of the coin I also felt the pain inflicted by circumstances. Even the muddled economies reframed most of my misery.

I wet dreamt about her, to realize I was enamored. Another pleasant dawn. About to go to work. I dressed. Suited to kill, a disguise in the hood, even the rumors had it that I was employed at a well-established enterprise though I passed wiles so deceitful in a bid to construct firm at home. Gentle I appeared and never did I fail my routine. As I paced to the carport, coincidentally I bumped into her once again.

"Chanty right..." I insisted

"Hi Tynoe" was her response. She remembered me, I was stunned "How are you this morning? Last time you were in a rush, I never got the chance to tell how your gaze pounced my fragile heart" I laughed

"Is it so dear..."

I was stunned my gaze glanced to her well resembled body so decorated, in her lenient dress, it revealed every detail of her slenderness

"Yes my dear, would you mind if I take you for dinner tonight? " I requested in a hesitant tone.

She stood quit for moments then she whispered,

"Won't I be slayed by your girlfriend? " I knew that was a big yes

I went to work and brawled alike every other day. It was time and I drove home. The dusk came with better prospects, I contacted her and picked her at her gate. We went out at a local restaurant for dinner, we danced to the soft music and that was my first contact with Chanty. I felt her behind so fluffy as we cuddled, her prom dress revealed more than it concealed. I could not let go of this diva.

The trick had worked, reconnaissance, a day out. All was left you know, obviously the mystical episode of revulsion. Oh! I had a blast and now that she took advantage of me, I did give in. One more dance and we went home. It was late so she had to hibernate...

Moments past, as we chit chatted. I was getting to know her a little bit. Pleasant was the glance at her well wiggly torso, it was a glance of immortal existence in minds. Oh! Her thought did graced, yes it pleased a soul though now not equated to her presence.

All mine fantasy became a reality, why could I wet dream that pleasant night.

Leaking her, I embraced, then we rushed for a shower. Blessed was this night.

As we skinned, her tawny peel so soft I felt overwhelmed as she graced the bathe. Under the shower, osculating with passionate caress, fumbling every detail of her body tardily. The deed

brought the sensation to undress...

I felt her mammary glands slowly drilling my chest. Oh! What a feeling, a sensational experience. I wiped her as she did the same then resort to my couch. We lay, both struggling for breathe. As I seek warmth in her pouch, I felt a slice of heaven on earth. The act sapped all my energies. I closed curtains to endure that endeavor, a black salvation.

Curtains

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Dance

No one is less important in crafting
Our Nation forth. As one lets stride
In reshaping our prospects daily in
Propell the notion in motion sisters

The fermine voice to echo triumph
As brothers beat the drums swiftly
And so loud. Let mothers feet trip
Dancing to Jikinya, Ngcuzo, Dinhe

Mbakumba my grandma sang of...
Tis just but a bliss in cast, recalling
All efforts left at wretchs be alive
Once more spells progressivism.

Oh fathers of the day roar alike the
Old lion did but the echoes of wits
That turns nous...Chaminuka Tsuru
Chinamora, Nehanda and Kaguvi.

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Dark Salvation

A tense dark-grey political cloud risen
Over the domain of Dzimbadzamabwe
Yet to rain hail, political storms in play
To stamp out the old Bastille in a flash

A symbol of despotism yet be washed
Down the sewage lines of Borrowdale
A million march to the Bastille, Down...
Mob rioting for parity, unity and liberty.

Damned be this casted sentiments for
Long the masses in distress, displeasure
Sufering from the soul political ulcers O!
Alas...* , the odd to cease with the seize

Its time the cock crawl at ease, pale audio
Retire from the self imposed hardships
Amnesia to speak of. The phonix showed
Mercy but never assured this muddlings

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Death

Let not this verse to brag about you
A sudden demise, You to have come in
A surprise without sparing us moments,
To ponder on, even to cherish nor ever
Told us reasons to this query, a quest
To last long for only now we all long
Sudden be this your damned routine
That is not even repulsive, a trail
Left imprinted and all herding for,
Neither one of us to miss your trap
Ditches you digged, deeper trenches
That garden made shavel to have
Left me dancing in that dust storm
With you fate to have twisted and
Renounced, brethren to have inflicted
This painful dub to the fragile hearts
The pain never to be known with
Emotions of passionate moans and groans
This knowledge be ceased neither did
I expected that undulated wave
To have it in cast, and our past to rust
Be your flesh to dust, a soul reaped
To have sprung anew and patiently
Bored this zealous, a bold zeal of
Lamentation.

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Death II

Death

My intimates you mocked and scored
With your encounter the domain is left
In discontent, displeasure and bored
For your meetings are so irksome craft

But why? I brag to question you fiend
And even the descendants you mute
Let in dispair, turmoil and demeaned
Too your encounter turns more acute

To inflict more than assured ever and
Your knowledge reframes the portal
In minds a misconceptional grand
Never to be unlocked and turns fatal

Even the holy book foretell your claims
A step irresistable merely or evermore
With you around turns lamantation
A norm we all cant disclaim nevermore

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Deceit

Deceit

To have vowed in vain
And to stand in a rinsed oath
So inflicting, and all that pain
Endured, alike a peel devoid cloth

To discover, it was all a lie
Promises meant to be broken
Tears exuded, despondently to the tie
As I yelp, hurt, left in dejection

My wrath to have built
Reminiscing utmost the phase lost
Thinking I had hewn the fault
Guilt-ridden was all I could post

But now truth be spoken
And virtue to ease vengeance
Since this brother was left broken
Darling be this clearance.

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Defunct

Once again it paid a visit
Its sweet bitter memories unfolding
With sorrowful melodies reverberating
All night, tears stampeding of checks
To wet the dryness of the domain.

 The garden spade for honest agriculture
Now awaits to dig the death pit
Deep into a trench
For it had strike at the wrench
From a distant, moans broke
The dead silence of that winter night
Women and children left in despair
To men, turmoil inflicted by circumstances
Justice being a misfit
She was already history
And most could not foretell this tragic mystery
Which unfolded that night
Yes, she was dead!

Grandma

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Demise

Demise

She was young, Brave and only twelve by then, so zealous and keen. She strode in so tired. "It was a blast indeed, coming out on three in the spelling Bee, oh a dream deemed true"; Her accomplishment did embrace her beneath and she was overwhelmed. She felt all the mighty in her veins as she jolted the door open.

Jovial about her presentation at school that day, she came straight home earlier than before, literary ever. Mom she called feebly. "Mom! Guess what?" The mother was astounded, without any expression even words to spit. Then Kim gladly said, "Mama I mad it";. At once she was puzzled, confused on what her daughter was referring to, she posed a vexed posture. "I meant to say I won my spelling contest mom"; then the phrase knocked sense into her skull, she was quick to respond, "that's my girl"; she bellowed in a cuddle. Mom was proud of me and we exulted for the success.

Patiently time ticked, cringing past, the pointers till surrender. Up to that late the mother and daughter were still in their jollification, waiting for John's arrival from work. "For so long I brawled, sleepless nights, studying and spelling aloud for that contest, only to be perceived in the BEE."; She was conscious. Exultant to be the outstanding feminine voice that year and position three was not that bad. After all, previously the male charm had dominated the game of words, Kim stood as hope to the females at their school and even her society, indeed she empowered many. Even her mom felt emancipated.

Her mother eyed on the humpty dumpty chronometer on her blue wall, still her husband not yet at home, that midnight, dawn almost approaching. She felt timid. All the joy did impede suddenly comprehending her father was not home yet. Dad where are you? I made you proud, that rang in Kim's mind. Both mother and daughter were suspicious about John's delay...

"Is it still at work? Mom";, she nerved...
"I am not sure Kim";, her voice so wishy-washy
"So should we call him, I am worried"; bidden little Kim

His phone was through, though it kept ringing, it went straight to voice mail- John are you safe? We are worried about your well-being; come home love, take care... Rose.

"I tried Kim, your father is not picking on me, let's not worry. He is fine"

The two went to bed not at ease...

On GOODMORNING, The television set routed to a local broadcasting frequency, the news hour marked and the headlines foreshadowed the melting economies, hyperinflation rates, sky rocketing bills amongst other economic distresses at large.

For moments, the news crew detailed most on the current state of affairs. Retrenchment schemes were amongst the rest, even well-established originalities closed gates, Oh it was a devastating state of affairs. Though propaganda had it that the real reasons not be told, the shunned government's investor policy amended was to be held responsible for the domain misfortunes. 51-49% was indeed a prank.

Investors drifted to the margins of the citadel creating an economic depression, most of the masses left jobless with tatty retentions of the goodies the so called colonial governance induced.

Still on that note, lately though, a terrifying accident was reported to have occurred the previous night at around 12 midnight. This report instantly caused a reign of terror at John's homestead, Kim and her mother bawled, weeping though it could not craft a dissimilar, John's demise to be confirmed by a call from the nearest police station. Inspector Zuva on the other end of the line "Hallo is this Rose? Calling on the intel on John your husband who was involved in a fatal car crash and currently hospitalized at Mbuya Dorcas"...

Rose in a rush she went straight to take a bathe, Kim also had the same motive, all that in a bid to upkeep with the visiting hours at the hospital. Initially the inspector was not being honest with the two desperate ladies. The real fact was, everything was really bad, precious yonder mos. past and another call rang...

John was deceased. Rose wheezed instantly as that message was perceived so loudly.

What a misfortunate ending, a demise that inflicts more than it would have ensured. To know that her father was no more at that tender age, death being not so discriminative. Discomfort was the sentimental feeling Kim had. Yet all that jollification yester posed to impede drastically, now to be thwarted by moans and groans. Dust be dust...

Demise

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Dis=grace

Disgraceful was that speech of immunity
To be vowed, a loud sounding nothing,
Just alike an empty vessel, Which whistle
To the blowing breeze, Dance to the storm
So conflicting to whisper honest or truth.

Promises meant be broken instantly
Oh! What a shame. To campaign so deceitful
Pledging wiles to the masses, concealed
Her viles to post my conscience into that
Fox trap, digged deeply, left only to agonise.

Not even graced to please any, A red devil
She is, whom depletes my prospects, Yes
She is too conflicting, Her sentiments
To have brought names, curses, shame,
Dis-Grace and instigated many conflicts.

Now it is a sour bite of the prevailing truth,
Chewing or spitting won't craft a dissimilar,
Poised between disillusionment and discomfort,
Fate worth no laughter, Only groans, moans
Lamentation to this rinsed craft, Disguised.

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Disheartened

Once a lover always a fool
It was in that complication I sort
Clues for this emotional realm
All faults awaits in resolution
To reminisce, I could have, would
Left the thought of being mystical
And violated the odds- turns so destructive

Tis indeed a battle field of emotions
Wiles cringe to outpace the magic felt
In remorse. Being a victim of the cupid
All the weight of the world to mine shoulders
How I wonder being in love
Once a lover always a dupe indeed
Yet the fragile hearts impedes immortally.

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Distraught

Was it love or a mere compromise?
Were you for real or a mere impersonation?
How i wonder it be a dream, my demise
I would not breach the affection

A dispute sparked all that blaze
And your wrath set my soul aflame
For you only to gaze,
Busting a gut on my tribulation, how fair?

Tell me you, clues i thirst for
With your wiles, all mine trust thwarted
You imprinted a lifetime mare
Now a victim of circumstances, disheartened

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Dry

The winters are so dry
To fail the yield in fields
Even the taps are so dry
To fail to quench my thirsty
So is the savanna so dry
To fail the beast in the wild
With the coffers so dry
To fail the economy of minds
The reeds so dry
To fail the breeze forces
Even the crags so dry
To fail the Sower's seedlings
So are her lips so dry
To fail her kisses so venomous
With the tank so dry
To fail the truck's momentum
The weeds so dry
To fail uetrophication
Even the brewery so dry
To fail the fermentation of the grape
So is the liquor so dry
To fail my conscience
With the joke so dry
To fail the laughter and its irony
The caress so dry
To fail the emotional involvement
Even the cow so dry
To fail the milk
So is her checks so dry
To fail the drip of the tears
With his semen so dry
To fail her tummy to distend
The nose so dry
To fail its discharge

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Dumpster

The dusk came
With its reddish ray
Promising...
To fulfill its prophecy
Of the dark shadows

And she surfaced
Her head down
Cringing...
From the door way, I heard
A cry as she vanished

Dumpster babe

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Dungwiza

Tsuro my intimate
Now my penultimate
In fact I have drifted away
From the African ways
Troubles and sorrows haunts me
Mother earths bond of intimacy
Shaken by these imperial ties
Chaminuka my pride, left a legacy
Diluted by the man of no knees
Who made me wore tie
Traditional values and its secrecy
Turned into taboos,
The true African belief sent to the guillotine
Told Tsuro Chaminuka is evil,
Without a keen vision
Brother accepts this bribe.
Now, lost the traditional track
Yet cultural delusions I suffer,
Intimate ties broken, with an arrow
To his heart, puts an end to my true reflection
Of humanity in this quest of self-discover.
Now, a man behind the mask with shaken prospects
Only deems from dawn till dusk
I am lost...

Tsuro Chaminuka, am I your imitation?
Or a mere impersonation?
Are you my true reflection?
Clues I thirst for, tell me, you
Who casted this misfortunate web
Upon my black blood.
For I barely know you the so called son of soil
Yet I nature their values
But why?
My societal lamp of old times
The prophet of Zimbabwe
Tsuro Chaminuka
Chitungwiza medium ...

Echoes Of Distress

Alas swearing on pain of death tonight
I bark deviations like a female goliath
With wrath to flare all that matter might
For the stoep reached got me rinsed, bathe

The brave voice to enchant victors triumph
Showering the masses with my dazzling light
Bursting from the impetuous minds tough
Flashy beams of enlightenment to right

The perceived portal of misconception in play
Raising eyebrows of the incursarated wit
And if not my verge to craft a dissimilar
Too, not to merge in parity then I never writ

Then I will caress my death bed forever lonely
For this endeavour stood a manifesto
Blared by the egoism of and individual
And made strenuous to the ear drum, the echo.

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Fragile Hearts

Broken before yet it dares more
Endured the path, revived emotions
Affections so daring the prospect flare
And to put an end to all those assertions

That deepest voice echoing inspiration
Cementing the newly wed to save hearts
And in minds the cravings with passion
Seek affections to stich the fragile hearts

To realise the feeling once yet again
A margin drawn from the proficient past
To cease and ease all that misery and pain
Endured, tis for now just a blast in cast.

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Gamuchirai

Despite the distance far across
Nor the spaces foes seem to post
Near, Far Wherever you might be
My heart aches for you my love
Thought actions to denote loudly

I believed mine heart to go far
Beyond imagination with that maze
Your gaze, love was when I looked
At you once yet from a distance
Tip toeing towards reality realms

For a decade stood betwixt us
And to hold you once more did
Blessed the curse, now only my
Charms to chew waiting for that
Day when we shall squeeze again
Gamue

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Ghetto Diaries

On the stoop of the bluff
I howl deviations
In a muffled loud voice
To reminisce,
I perceive the Warsaw ghetto
With its punitive conditions,
All we leave for are toils
Stop! Stereotyping
The ghetto cries.
Minority isn't my fate
Ethics now veiled
In this economic hardship
Were comrade against brother?
Sister struggles mother
Only because of bread,
It is so absurd brother fattens
Like a baobab as she thins like biltong.
Solely the diaries inscribed mirrors
The ghetto's social restrictions
For the comrade opt to ghettoize this brother,
Toils I live to endure.
Bare footed I trod
Heading for the salvation
Of the herd of my own sentiments.
Claiming space for this bred,
In this forlorn global village
Of an insensitive populace,
Striving to attain the goal
In sage as there
Is a thin line between,
Justice and vengeance
Love and hatred
Deems and dreams
Lowlife diarist, ghetto diaries

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Gracious

Ever not to spit a word or seem to care
My wrath hast flared at once, You lost
All that blazing trust I had induced, Rare
Be thine affectionate passions to trust.

I was enamoured, yet still you knew
But all that while, I never thought it bind
This tragic episode, Betrayal was anew
Mutant foe you bred and bored me fiend

I fought swiftly a battle of triumphant
Prospects in the emotional realm, love
Was all I vowed, brought and would haunt
Only to spend moments, cherished my dove

It turns all that was done in vainglorious
Only to please your conscience and never
My feelings to take account of Gracious
Then to ease I disclaim all my love ever.

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Heartfelt

A detainee to the imaginary penitentiaries
With the unleashed zeal to breakaway
This is my providence, warped indeed
And atics flares
All the tinctures to shed the portal*

A portray of misperception in my mind
Blues, reds, grey like in isolation
To reveal the concealed element so complex
Ineptitude being my adversary
An obstacle to this endeavor.

A conclusion reached, tis a manifesto
To the weak minds, daring for the goal
To flee from the fancies, awake
Thru precious yonder mos. It is merely
The artistry of being an artist.

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

How So

A rush indeed, to quench the soul
In a moment both ceased the deed
Poor tom, energies thwarted,
But still it matters in denial
So defiant yet in remorse she longs
For the brother had charmed
In regret how so?

Emotions takes the beast out of her
As she ridicule the brother, so insensitive
Jerry still clowns, busting a gut,
Yet still it matters in denial
Concealing her attachment for long
In revulsion obsessed with his charms
In regret how so?

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Hurt

Truth be told, Never seek to tell thy love
Affectionate caress to have thwarted
Love that never told can be, to have got
My scruples a corkscrew, To reminisce
Tears ooze off cheek in a remorseful
Melodic melancholy, To have drifted
Never did I taste that venom you spit
The kisses of thy twin lip glossed or
Did I got my hand to fumble all that your
Treasure, especially your twin fawn,
I was busy getting destructed by the
Illusive dream I was in, sort of a jaunt
I owe you an apology for I was young
Shy to kiss you, hold you and love you
!My lit in the sango-o!

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

If Ever

If ever life be a bitch then I be the dick
To hit the shit and deeps dick deep in
Embracing the act at revulsion's peak
Semen sweat it the going and coming in

At ease gloomy be the penetration done
If not my rubber leath to sheet then not
I will hit the piece and make peace porn
Your blood so hot turns a curse mine not

Resilient I bet be in the act, so energetic
To fred the amour in my veins, blood rush
Muscles swells twice a round, maybe thrice
The back being the pivot greased so harsh

Such is life to embrace and caress infinitely
And to grace the odds in merry a gladden
That saps energies even at ease endlessly
Yet the act so tiresome alike a slave in Eden

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Impetuous

Impetuous is my poetry to reveal that Fig
The Fig that causes havoc and to have
Caused a reign of terror in the hamlet
That Fig to have strained my zealous
Thoughts of being in a rinsed civilisation
And framed a portal of misconceptions

To reminisce about you in the hamlet
Everyone hallows the Fig, and to seat
Underneath your shade, You inflicts more
Than the piercing breeze. The thoughts
Are of lumbering you down for firewood
Yet you blaze in mist of soothe that is elusive.

The Fig, to have bored me toils and enslaves
Mine crafted axes made blunt as I had
Striven to chop you for virtuous reasons
And my energies thwarted in the action
Impetuous then be my poetry
For I will live to cheer your demise

As I thought of watering you, and that
Maybe morrow would bored better prospects
It was just an eyesore, and your leaves
Heated to red hot, my peel to the heats
That was all the Fig could bore me,
A rinsed warmth and apathy

As I thought of ploughing your course
I damn longed for your branches to build
A shade, but all I got was your coldness
And now the craving be to pluck you out
From mother earth, Your deep roots my
Hinderence and never the Fig be uprooted.

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

In Arms

Sister turns her back on me
Father disclaim this progeny
Mamma to take my verge
I am in arms, begin to ponder
Contemplations pull the query
Am I his blood? I am lost

Sister to strangle me
Father on her route
A blot on escutcheon is am
With no way to abscond, detachment rule
The demand still moulds
Am I his blood? I am lost

In her green eyes I am a schemer
As I am always erroneous
I failed them and discredited
Yet mother comforts, sister back stabs
I vomit blood as he cheer
Division reigns, in arms

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

In Isolation

I could perceive the drum
From a desolate direction
As it echoed destiny
Fate twisted and renounced
Blue, grey, red
Portrays the barren picture
That twigs in my scruples
As I think...
Of miserable ideas
So grim like horror
In this terror
Old foes I befriend
In this forlorn global village
Of a savage populace.

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Injustice

Injustice

My poetry is a loud sounding nothing
As it is filled with more poetic justice
Yet in the domains there's no divine...

My poetry is a loud sounding nothing
For it speaks of revelations more than
It does on progression and elevations.

My poetry is a loud sounding nothing
As it is filled with agony and bitterness
Yet in the domains there's no divine...

My poetry is a loud sounding nothing
For it speaks of love, parity and unity
More than ever assured in the domain.

My poetry is a loud sounding nothing
As it is filled with hopes and grandeur
Yet in the domains there's no divine...

My poetry is a loud sounding nothing
For it speaks of independence grand
More than the delivered malfunctions

My poetry is a loud sounding nothing
As it is filled with rage and discontent
Yet in the domains there's no divine...

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Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Let Him Go

Let him go- it was not ever you and him
To tide, only was a jaunt in a compromise
Duped my dear, and let along to the
Matrimonies of true minds, glow like sunrise

Never to think he upkeeps, it was for once
None less or more of the allegations,
For the quarrel outbreak was like a pounce
To the imaginary hearts-disheartened by assertions

Let him go- for his side of the story is so blare
You won't understand and let it be better or worse
That you impede the bond-don't act like your care,
For your retort stood the last thrill of a dying horse

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Life

Is this mine prospects? Oh a curse
Damn be this ethos bite so sour to
Fail the brothers conscience with it
Life spelt a dilemma. Alas, is this life

When I stride a leap further, mine
Fox trap I craft alike stage props in a
Play to weigh more the drama. Is it, I
Strive you to mocketh and condemn

Damn be this life I live to endure on
That bitterness casted not by this
Progeny rather an ulcerative colitis
That is instigated by your folly awry.

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Lovers Discover

Such is love when deep in a flash, without
A clue tomorrow spells or ever the thought
Seem to craft, Alas turns wrathful without
Notices. Emotions vapourise alike draught.

To realise not only does the puddle shelter
Fish rather the untold dangerous creature
Is love that rents beasts as prince's shelter
Beauties as serpents that stings alike adder.

Turns absurdly a fatality induced passions
So bitter that votes love a damned paranoia
At last with which blames burst assertions
Allegations that heralds lovers felt amnesia.

Lover to discover that lie in speech spoken
Which elect the oath so deceitful, and last
Recedes with not a clue, lover heart broken
A dilemma spelt maliciously, just pain cast.

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Loving

I wish I could love again, just a wonder
After all, I was in pursuit of a slut
Good pretenders, embraced me and lured,
How I ponder to right my insult.

Initially I lost the bait to the alpha,
How I thought I could win over his beta,
All this was an impractical joke... Pharaoh*
A snitch she was, never being better.

Mother confessor she appeared, dark spirit
Of old ages with her wiles, I easily traded in
For the cupid's arrow had stroke from an altered viewpoint,
I had to be her lamp to the slain.

Latter to discover her wiles, so deceitful
Heart broken and left in desolation
A victim of fate, how beautiful?
Disheartened* to love in dejection.

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Lowlife Diarist

Ghetto diaries
On the stoop of the bluff
I howl deviations
In a muffled loud voice
To reminisce,
I perceive the Warsaw ghetto
With the punitive conditions,
All we leave for are toils
Stop! Stereotyping
The ghetto cries.
Minority isn't my fate
Ethics now veiled
In this economic hardship
Were comrade against brother?
Sister struggles mother
Only because of bread,
It is so absurd brother fattens
Like a baobab as she thins like biltong.
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Bare footed I trod
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In sage as there
Is a thin line between,
Justice and vengeance
Love and hatred
Deems and dreams
Lowlife diarist, ghetto diaries

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Man In The Mirror

Difference

To stood firmly before the mirrors of times
With a gaze deeply into the refraction out
I taste no dissimilarities in the portrait in
Nor to tell the mystery behind the reframe

The eyesores blares the picture perceived
A mirage far across, turns the plague pool
Of impetuous minds. Affairs so absurd too
With the man in the mirror, Inevitable call

Further to turn up the clock, elusive spelt
The man in the mirrors, turns a perpetrator
Of ills, corruption bored in incubators each
Mos. past, peasants never being optimistic

History was, is yet be too. Nevertheless all
Blind to denote the deceit in speeches of
Immunity, claiming mongers... Yet still to
Inflict like the piercing breeze in no time.

Waison Tinotenda Wilson

Poet: Lowlife Diarist
@ 23 November 17
(c)

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Merchandise

Childhood, dad left when I was conceived
His gene did mold beauty, the beast now
Struggling for survival in the hamlet awry
Gumblin, hustling conjugal visits for not
More than a dollar note. Some to blame me
For these deeds but my reasons never told
Confused on what to call it though the quest
Points to survival in this economic depression.

Some scores, mocks and take me for a joke
Even my conscience is painted black, Perceived
To be a villain not the victim how absurd it is
On my verge, A victim of circumstances, how
Beautiful. I pay the bill and some dues from
Revulsion sacred bounty, Yet still names I am
Called, Harsh and cold hearted are my sisters
And brothers not concerned about my affair.

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Metaphor I

Take it for a game, I break all the rules
Or even for a maze, I collapse the walls
Ever be there a blank space, I will writ
Your name from the drips of my heart

As selfish it is, like biting my hand off
You see no blood, it exudes internally off
Fragile hearts, swollen with the passions
Never to share, rather ease the emotions

The odd so blissful and insane falling in
Once down, wrathful and savage turn in
A new mutant foe who truths turn no lie
To spit venom, harsh is this poetry if it lie

Today, Tomorrow as it was yester, it still
Hurts when left unattended to, yet still
No man ever understood it and it's trick
For It brought misery when I sort its peak.

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Metaphor Ii

Was it meant to be so complex tough
Or merely a battle ground of emotions
Both ends tires no difference so rough
Wrath and insanity to denote passions.

Was it meant to hurt the fregile hearts
Or merely a pledge deceitfully crafted
Both deeds so ablaze like flame heats
The burns and sores genuinly drafted.

Was it meant to inflict this much pain
Or merely a cut deeply across pulses
Both verge seems fatal with the strain
Minds no doubt twitching alike ulcers.

Was it meant to deprive each amour
Or merely a dirge of intmacy function
Both spells the rinsed felttip enamour
Mine heart bled from the faulty action.

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Momentary Snap

Her elongated face swiftly turned
My side to gaze, her maze afflicted
Oh! I felt the blood rush bursting
My pulse, the passion so piercing
I dared not to out even a phrase
Yet I perceived that misapprehension
She became a figment of my minds

Her lips as she leaked, watery
Appeared her drips so venomous
Glossed her twin lip and I craved
Utmost for the bite, An emortal touch
Sensational to the nerve and mine
Conscience she raved and my queen
Engraved, so absurd turns the caress.

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Mos.

The clock did its mystical art
And the pod cracked to out
The seed bred between the shell
At displeasure,alike a gazelle
With a swiftly graceful onset
And the odd of time to cement

The quest now to mold questions
So confusing that bores accusations.
Was not I the fantasy of April's
Fools,you embraced in drills
Oh was not I the seed sowed
That pleasant night you got laid

Now turns a blot on escutcheon
A family disgrace,third generation
And its tires to have been broken
Strained with wrath, anger, hate
Savage turns this progeny, led astray
Due to the circumstances in play

Faterenounced and twisted
That clear vision of the future so misty
Denied emancipation at tender phases
Duped with emotions so deceitful
Devoid of love and turned
Into a beast by the foster.

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Motherland

Mother land

With each morning comes a new genesis
That today would craft a dissimilar, Then
The echo of my voice to be perceived too
As it outs the grief that lies within the soul.

For father, disillusionment was all he could
Bore for the progeny, Though he allegedly
Spoke of the liberty he sort to have crafted
I never blamed him for his lameo progression

Time did vote me a bastard, that was when
I rose eyebrows and violently outed savage
For even the Phoenix had done unjust to my
Concern, Tatty retention was his upbringing

Even the ethical echo of the drum could not
Impact his thoughts, Traditional trails to have
Strain, What a shame? Not ever did his acts
Pleased any in the forlorn ancestral domains

For change he inevitably crafted the thirsty
Women and man did vote him a villain awry
Yet brothers and sisters so blind fold falling
For his schemes, That did brought conflicts

A handful of petty silver coin torn down into
Pieces the resistance that had stormed out
And eventually terror was all the deed could
Would post in the domains of Zimbabwe....

Then I realised that the struggle was indeed
Endless yet still inevitably crafted, Now the
Brother against brother, slaying each for only
Rounds of applause, Really was the situation

Even the blue suited comrade drew a blank on
This kin as he stripped my back, Then questioned

His conscience in that political storm which too
Caused social dilemmas. Victimised by my own.

Then came that day, In the new dispensation
Again another day, A dawn that maybe mine
Agitation and grief be eased with the seize
Power to the people is Democracy was, yet be.

To stood firm and vote for justice is the zeal
That burst within the guts of the brother, For
His phase was a dazzling light of enlightenment
Even not to condemn those now with the mighty.

If it is a chance, I wait not to see whether surely
I will dance to the drum once again... Thoughts
Patience paid before not today or tomorrow
It is time brother you show off what you gut.

I am weary in motherland, to have been borne
In a free doom domain, Some to say liberated
Really? where are the tangible benefits of the
Struggle my grandpa dropped for... Chinamora

Chaminuka the diviner and his prophecy to
Rekindle the blaze once more. A genuinely
Crafted revolution is what I stand for, no doubt
To die for if this riffle outs blanks in the battle.

I am tired of the hide and seek in the political
Arena of my motherland. The son of soil at heart
If ever there be a phase to post a cheer let it be
Soon for later I will summon Nehanda and Kaguvi

My bone will rise again as promised. But this
Phase in the nob of my indite with which incite
A riot not ever been seen. Alas I will shout with
Vengeance to awaken the ashes of liberation.

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

My Land

Misfortunes reign in the domain
The domain of my intimates
Where the trees bare no peach
The manufacturer now the vagrant

In the streets brother attacks brother in a rage
Devoid of anyone sage, sister against mother because of bread
The domains turn to be sombre
Disunity amongst the masses tears them apart

The domains seem to have been cursed
Many drought spells being experienced
Hunger and starvation turns to be the weapon
Fashioned against the masses

A new day has come
But it cant lend me a pair of shoes
For I barely know my size
My intimates set my soul on fire

Standing firm in this epoch of coercion
In nature surrounded by busy ants
The degree of illiteracy shakes our prospect
Where the prophecy foretells doom.

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

My Love

Let it be thine tongue to spit venom
From this moment and impetuous be
Our love found betwixt rage, wrath,
Anger and vengeance

Let my speech from now spill pages,
And be the novel of a lifetime that has
Bitter phrases inscribed in it, till you
Redeem the curse

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Rage

In streets brother attacks brother in rage
Devoid of anyone sage, sister against her
Own blood only because of bread... Riots
The domain turns be sombre each second

Suffering from political ulcers so inflicting
Its flames bursting with the zealous minds
To ease, tension bred betwixt the comrade
And cease the days terror at once, tonight

If not peace to yield, and this violence burst
Storms in streets, brought ablaze the Citadel
Yorke stained blood of the comrade whipped
In his decency by the brutal touches, YOUTH

The animal instinct propelled by those with
Seats if not the Augustus house then be the
Grand Citadel at verge of impedance, Shame
Brought to play by circumstances and LEAGE

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Ramp

To have stood firm in this epoch of coercion
In nature surrounded by busy ants and birds
The prognostication spelt doom, hereci outs
And the lands hope flees away, deeply down

No one acknowledge being the calf, all now
Seemingly bulls in the kraal with one motive
Then disastrous turns the odd at play, scary
It projects horn to horn, beast ramps beast

Savages of a life time whom inflicts more
Than they have assured before, Now dancing
In the dust, led to the precincts, survival so
Harsh though on both ends, wish it be broken.

Tempest is the prevailing state of affairs
Fragments of the political apotheosis status
Impeded more as vehement fingers are point
You, you, you all blame each after the ramp.

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Roots

Who are we? Is the question
That rings in my scruples as I think
Of roots, till a muffled voice echoed

"We are African";

We are Africans
The true reflection of Ubuntu
The Bantu from the western margins
San of the Kalahari, Koi koi of kuvhuki
Who travelled on bare feet
And endured the thorny paths
With the sun overhead,
Its rays amplified
Resulted in the toil
The toil of the quest
The quest of self-discovery
In the southern Sahara regions
An arid, blisters they endured.

Now the question,
Who are we? Still rings in my mind
I thirsty for the answer from my intimates

"We are Africans";

We are Africans
At a verge of impedance
As we have lost the traditional trail
Ethics strained, Morality sent to the guillotine
Customs now ill, tis the scratch of the
Triadic generation.
We have wandered away from the roots
Sexuality and taboos our toys
Dignity impedes as we stride
One step forward and twice the leap back
In defilement of Ubuntu.
Culture diluted by these delusions of grandeur,
Lost in the so called globalization,

Tis a dynamic village of revulsion.

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Rue Kue

April's was indeed a flash
With emotional episodes
A rush to brought jovial
Frame and snapped off.

I felt that blood rush to
embrace the momentary
Precious yonder mos I had
Oh you did brought a curse.

Reminiscing utmost that
Cuddle of yours, short it
be but felt anew in passions
And did craved for immortal.

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Savage

To have stood in between two Crowns
And drank from the plunge of impetuosity
Heresy spelt in ecstasy amidst the gowns
And the solicit queries their sacred integrity

Infants pontifical and poised in between
Told, Borne frees' but serenity never rendered.
The brother's deeds has risen my eyebrows
Being the bourgeoisie at my displeasure

Rage she had mold and disgraced the motive
Of freedom fighting for I am in an incarceration,
A domain misled by the falsehood of individuals
In pursuit of miscellaneous manifestations

The comrade bulldozed through the bayonet
And left a bunch of hypocrites to serve
Genuinely interested in enslavement of this kin
Whom turns independence into a severe affliction.

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Seized Heart's

She was a lucrative paste I dared utmost
To spread patiently, enriching my heart
And her gaze did brought, elusive post,
Panoramic portal of misconceptual art.

Her nose so pointy alike an arrow head
And to employ its end to my fragile heart
Oh a goddess she was whom hast lead
My heart into captivity, Seized heart's.

Yes she resembles a cupid, No wonder
Straight into her bulby eyes only to capture
Lots of revelations, I pondered at the yonder
Then perceived her illustrated torso departure.

Though she had no sense of humour
Mine day was a blast as she appeared a pun
And her gaze to my knowledge, I left amour,
I felt engraved six feet underneath, She seized.

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Shall I Rise

I wonder, why my fate be a toil, a distress
Brought either by circumstances in prevalence
Or merely that muddling affairs, not to impress
Ever once, yet daily brother pledge his condolence.

Even that blazing zealous impede drastically
Thoughts are of being emancipated, Yet still
The echo of their voices is never perceived loudly
And that demarcation to have stood amid still.

Straining is the odd, Brought into servitude
Whipped, lashed, and my back to bent to the
Weight of humiliation, Treated with an attitude
In the domains everyone claims to have liberated

Alas I was yoked before, Yet still I am yoked
But now without clarity. Ghettos isentropic
Mocked and shame is all mine yielding reared
Agonising. Shall I rise, conflicts still be crafted.

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Shayna

To voew my affections
I adore you more than
The phrase can weird the matter,
You my light in the Sango-o
?Shayna?

You are a wish done
Undoubtedly a shooting star
To have descent and posted
Smiles on my scar face
?Shayna?

!Tynoe! be the forged Bro as
The embrace of your hammer
Blows shapes my heart
Your cuddle to quench my soul
?Shayna?

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Shipwreck

In a histrionic manner I stride
With zealous, intensions meant to be perceived
For it has been now a prolonged rough ride
To reminisce, all the zeal thwarted

For it's now a ship in distress
At a threshold to sink for good, so incompetent,
Left without any to impress
A blot on escutcheon is the captain, so complacent

All passengers not at ease, in distraught
For it takes the best for survival
In remorse, I weep in this jaunt
Struggling with all efforts, peddling for revival

Muddled being the situation, in the seas
Battling for the last breath, held tight the rope
How I wish the feat to have cease
Maybe someday, titanic sunk but never lost hope

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Soaked

Brewage tasted sour
Sluts dancing wild
Oh an illusion from the tour
With the discordant, sluts mild

Magic felt with the pleasure
Dancing to the tranquil drum
Booty squandered in pressure
Plundering it, she summoned a quorum

In the next quarter, illusions evoked
The calamities to have ceased
Now her betterhalf got cuckolded
Fancies arose as she teased

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Son's Query

Was not I the mystical night you got
Room, laid and bored a sour citric fruit
So was not I the pleasure of that sad
Faithful night, April* fools to denote...
Now seemingly a blot on eschetcheon

Was not I the sexual apetite or rather
The escapade of the fertile dash outs
So brave to crush the pods of womb
To swell her tummy at once also time
Did vote a bastard, pleading legitimate

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Spartan

Now on a lonely path
Got served by the oath
With concealed emotions
For she now care less, proved by her actions

Tis we that tide yester
But she, now an official tester
To rob me all the plight
Left at check, within a fortnight

Left deeply in turmoil
Tis my life time toil.
Wiles she posed all along
Yet I thought love was among

All that matter dissolved so fast
And I will never live in the past
Tis so hard to walk away
But now I leave not to regret, faraway

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Tangenhamo Series I

Tangenhamo

To have stood firmly a cosmopolitan argue
Zimbabwe politics turns an ulcerative colitis
So inflicting to its blind fold masses in rage
Yet still no one to denote its aflames awry...

Wilson T Waison

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

The Bathe

As I stripped off the rag
My peel to the piercing breeze
With its blows descent, I felt that
Winter blizzard. A leap to redemption
To apply the foam to my frame
The pulse so repulsive to the rinse
In the vessel though afresh was the
Sentiment, outraged with emotions
Of disgust as the ordure dirt
Greased off, posted a smile to the face

To step under the shower
With the splash from the passions, its
Impact evoked a sensation equated
To that of sacrilege, a conversion
By the fiend to grace the fate
Oh it did seeped leaking thru
All the air poles* with the moist
To wipe off the wet
Got bruised, blood exuded
To stain the cloth - was hurt.

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

The Casted Vote

To reminisce what yester held
With the unleashed zeal beheld
I fear the prospects tomorrow holds
Ironic is it? The quest still molds

The comrade that took a bullet for me yesterday
Turns to be the oppressor today
Who lures am into submission.
I give it a thought, the equation

Tis a bliss in my tribulation with daring laments
Now my wrath can aflame in any moments
For the comrade conspired against my prospects
And ruled am with an iron sceptre, without respect

Only to impede the better of me in a life test
Look at how i frown from the word protest*
I am worn out with groaning
As it has made no difference even in moarning.

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

The Commissar

Dear commissar

My poetry is filled with agitation and grievances.
To have stood amid, betwixt disillusionment and
Displeasure before. This plea seek not immunity
Nor to pile vanity vines rather seeks progression.

Dear commissar

My poetry is the echo of distress within masses
Not to dance along to political slogans so rinsed
With which inflicts sorrows and grief rather this
Plea seeks to foster love, parity, unity, and liberty

Dear commissar

My poetry is a bayonet to pierce the relaxed son,
Sisters and brothers whom longs for petty silver
Handful coins to swell pockets at my displeasure
This plea seeks to ruin incubators of corruption

Dear commissar

My poetry is the a barrel to storm out avarice in
Series of rounds. Surely a reign of terror in cast
To stamp all political mongers whom likely fatten
Alike the baobab as masses thins, a biltong strip.

Dear commissar

My poetry the bridge betwixt the government and
The masses, not it be an absolute or a totalitarian
State, This plea rather seeks a government of the
People by the people if not democratic sentiment.

Dear commissar

My poetry is the drum beat of Chinyambire, Dinhe
Mbakumba, Jerusalem, Jikinya, Hosho, Muchongoyo
Mhande, Majukwa and Chokoto. The plea points to
Diversity no discrimination based on tribal ethnicity.

Dear commissar

My poetry is the fountain to quench on these thirst
Politically bored, turn an ulcerative colitis to masses

And all fails to burst a gut, in pain, inflammations....
Then this plea seeks not temporarily crafted upshot.

Dear commissar

My poetry is a vessel that amplifies the masses felt
Emotions, If not crafted from the ancient ashes of
Chaminuka, Chinamora, Nehanda and Kaguvi then
It be of whom? The plea seeks revolutionary ardour.

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

The Decree

Look at how he whoop it up in a splendid modus
Uncertainties thwarted- For the mate brought liberty
A bitter fruit bored* Chimurenga wars, What a triumph
With the sentimental mandate base to unite as one

It was yester that matter, Now the jollify impedes
Profoundly and the kin left so vulnerable in this
Forlorn citadel.A blank eye drawn to complement
Brother's cheerful maze in wiles so deceitful awry

Tis today of a noble time that stimulate our grief
The gloomy thoughts yet be endured on a morrow
With all the jollification, A bliss in our tribulations
Yet still the fruit so vinegary and brought impartialites

Till the brother shall be filled with the sense of obligation
For this kin, Only till then social justice be gotten
And I will revel revel to bless the profanity
In jubilation of this sweet-bitter sovereignty all claim.

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

The Drum And Horn

My intimates you mocked
And stormed my spirits
Ruled me with an iron spectre
Destroyed my shrine only to
Spare the drum and the horn.
Now I beat the drum so stiff
Blowing the horn so robust
To echo my distress and misery.
Told my rituals are evil
Yet his do work for him only and
Me they do enslave and yokes,
Damned be his gods for mine he
Mocks and his lures me into submission.
Arise the son of soil, with your
Gaze full of my black blood
To resist the adversity and recuperate
Your own liberties he thwarted.
Let my drum and horn rise
Discordant on his behalf,
Offensive to his shell yet
The deed to post a smile to
My face, to dismantle his yoke.
Justice be framed till then
Peace shall prevail and the
Global village attain stability
Mine drum and horn to blend
With his melodies and unite
The breached intimate relations,
Let the tables turn, do exult.

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

The Glide

Behindhand sealed flaps
I perceive her being molested
This is bondage *
She cannot free her self
Because of the terror
I am the glide on her wall.

She is verbally abused in my presence
Physically touched and in anguish
All I can do is to lookout.
She is profound on earning a living
Yet he takes no deed to attest
His virility
I am the glide on her wall

He is calm and incompetent
Leaves his family to agonize
As he spends his last dollar
On sluts
Starvation his weapon
And all I can do is to perceive
I am the glide on her wall
...Waison Wilson...

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

The Miller

All eyes on his evils deeds
With a muted loud voice,
Hollowing change amidst the reeds
To cease, yet he rejoice

The black salvation strengthened
With his plots, the first today
Wont be seconded, victims of fate disheartened
Epidemics transmitted at the miller each day

Life equated to a penny, easy contractions
Latex fits the first penetration so gloomy
Second, third its a mystery, without precautions
And the escapades distend her tummy

Its a vulnerable arm of the society
Left, handed to the cruelty of an individual
Grimy, mongers who exploit the society
Only because of platinum, solo or dual

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

The Pillar

All worries brought to you
Clench tight to the revealed truth
Conceal all the cravings
For the burden so daring a glee
Now the pole restores that entire
Delinquent as today and tomorrow
You ore it a resolution
Murmurs cease being supernatural
Triadic resembles change only for
The better, cry no more a river
For tis now a bliss in occurrence
Trust built on the stake

Sorrow thwarted to cement
The jovial frame of minds
Laid by circumstances for the day
Graced the odd with the shooting star
Desires brought to reality, credits
Be drawn to the stake so resilient
In merry or anarchy, whose embrace
Is so warm which restored
The strained trust
For sure cry no more a river
For the stake gave us the zeal
To rekindle the flames of trepidation.

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

The Pled

Never was I too scared, my thoughts to braille
And embroidered that feeling in disgust as it
Bored me shame to the tribunal, disgraced were
My intimates as I wandered miles away from
Ubuntu to the verge of its margins

Never was I too scared, my thoughts be scribbled
In black and white and to have fought my conscience
And violated my decency, troubled was this kin
To question the blood cut and
A blot on escutcheon I image

Never was I too scared, to have fought, a victors
Triumph, He who? To point at me by his thumb
Though mine reasons never rinsed
Civilisation to have poised me between two
Crowns, my forefathers, and mine yet to decide

Oh! Never was I too scared to violet that odd,
Memories to have brought me elusive visions
Only to strain my ethics, veil morals, impede
My belief, to rejoice on taboos and revulsion
Father to have disgraced, but now on knees,

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

The Prediction

Tis in this epoch of coercion
Where the prognostication
Spells doom, so clear like lime
As time cringe past each day.
To know what yester held for us
With the visions, tis indeed a predicament
Since evolution has barley been seen.
What an illusion? - Brother*
For how long will you love these delusions?
And seek deceitful resolutions from the wiles
For the deeds are filled with destruction.
An encounter, with communal restrictions
Drawn to the margins of the citadel
Yet the liberator now the tormentor.
The question still rings,
Was it out of love or deceit?
To stamp the figure alleged to have lured
This black blood yet now
The comrade strives for his survival
Drawing a blank on this kin.
It would have been declared, now
Complacency ruins the motive with
Nobles bulldozing through the bayonet
Only to pierce this brother, Sisters we are
Vulnerable in the hopes of an assisting hand.

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

The Storm

No wonder why you are barren
With you the trees to shade off
Even your night so cold like Karen
Devoided of affections, Her bluff.

No wonder how you craft brethren
Your blizzards that is so inflicting
To wilt my lily and rose garden
And to my skinny peel the piercing.

No wonder where you descent
Even the gutter moan in dawn
Oozing due, your frost crescent
That bites, deeply and down.

No wonder whom you are
To have ceased all that blaze
My kindled lit now so blare
As your fog brought illusive maze.

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

The Transition

Though courage sailed me through
The quest still molds bitterness.
Hostile was my father's gods be ridiculed
And vindictive my ancestral spirits scorned
Scourged my priests viciously, destroyed
Our shrines to enchant his wiles so deceitful.
Enslaved this black blood and yoked the comrades
Terror sought to ease my agitation awry,
In reaction to the lashes- my back bent
To the weight of humiliation
Yet I admitted to the sjambok
For the struggle spelt a ceaseless brawl
And Nehanda prophecy to have clinched woe.

Though courage sailed me through
The quest still molds bitterness
As the liberty secrets bitter tastes.
Now the brother lures me into submission
My emancipator turns the persecutor
As I question the serenity he claims
To have brought, a blot on escutcheon is he
Who rules his own with an iron bayonet
Laments in exchange of exults how blunt
The deed to have instigated no dissimilarity
With the mission so gloomy, tis a shipwreck
Unattended and the rudder in rotation
To where we came from, victims of circumstances

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Thot

There is nothing so dearer than a death bed
Even the French man crafted the Guillotine
All I percive now are heads from the basket
Mine yet to drop in the pool, blood stained.

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

To Embrace Death

The deeds hast cast up dust
Upon these heads, and must
Mine eyes to fail with tears
Dancing in the storm's tease.

Mocked be thy soul dost that
Sleepest in deep sleeps, that
Delights death, and embrace
Its eternal... viles* of solace

Gloomy thoughts to reclaim
Though patiently this soul,
Be reaped to sprung anew
That green stem, hope drew

Bittersweet death to have clown
Life and all its existence drawn,
And haggard from sleeplessness
This soul strained, leftmost lifeless.

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

To Evoke All That Agony

To evoke all that agony
Inflicted to my intimates
By the chap of no knees
I frowned from the word protest,
Nevertheless a cosmopolitan
Pointed to evolutionary apotheosis
Now the brother denies me
My emancipation as he exploit
All the bloody fields we brawled for
Indeed the brawl is ceaseless,
His sacks swells on my sweat
With each day I toil
Mislaid on what to call it, the involvement
So strenuous and saps all the energies
I induce - incarcerated by my brother
Now bitter liberty is what I endure

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Turbulence

Alike wild dogs let loose are my brothers in streets
Turned savages by those with all the might upfront
Without keen visions sisters backstabbing in streets
Anarchy bred, seemingly mobsters is he up in front

Clueless on the battlefield, Devoid of understanding
His rage jets to lush my back, stripped red, sjambok
Lured once more though by an ignorant commanding
Savage comrade, Basing on the context of their book

Alas, brothers and sisters, awake from the damned
Fancies imposed by those overwhelmed with power
Whom reluctantly saps your energies in deceit, led
Astray with no doubt and that deeds turns so sour

If ever you to get a hand full of goodies its only but
Just for a little while and then this phrase not to
Weird the matter, I never writ nor claim immunity
For the damned routine split the nation apart too.

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Twisted Fate

A lament to my prospects
Tis over and all expectations flee
With the pole now a prefect
Coffers dry- to the gods this is my plea
Dreams shuttered to deems
As I wonder, twisted fate* I howl

Howling deviations
In this desolate jungle I call home
Earth a place of disillusionment
Wheezing it won't even make a dissimilar
Illusions got the better of me, rinsed grandeur
The tribulation is so daring- a lament.

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Uprising

It was of yester, political conflicts to inflict
And the blue indigo left golden, bullet loat

The cock to crawl on a morning show off
Left in dispair as turmoil was its bore awry

The hen eagle in schemes to cease power
Afloat in her soar, flight to have bore chaos

Savage lacoste to have boated off leagues
Sour turns the formally cordial relationship

Now today we await, Peace and stability all
Zimbabweans thirsts for, Lets join hands too

Be loyal to the sovereignty and intergrity of
Our mother land, Fair elections we strive for

Brave voices to enchant, Viva Zimbabweans
Say no to the handful silver coins of bribe...

Arise son of soil and craft a disimmilar of
Yesters misery, Alas...We all call for liberty

Parity to subside Chaos, If not of legacy*
Then of our legends, Unity is all we need

Let today craft a noble episode that is even
Charished on a morrow, A victors stride...

If so, the good times of today to craft not
The agitation of tomorrow rather fortunes

Worth a bliss in our tribulations, moments
Not of grief but of joy... Viva Zimbabweans

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Vanity

The trait of being unduly vain and conceited
Hast took odds in the domains, Vanities, vanity
Mirrors to reframe my posture, a man behind
Veild decency in defence of his faults, faulty

The domain an incubator of ills, shame cast
Immunity all spoke of, Self righteousness too
Egocentric spawn schemes vile, shame cast
To apprehend the brother and devoids too

Revulsions parades daily, now our norms
And that sensation to gaze away impedes
Even father is involved, only to provide arms
To further fragment the ethos, and stampedes

Mother and sisters, Brawls for their rights
Reserved then, Only to perform conjugally
For not more than a dollar note, Vile outs
Shame cast, ethnic monsters bred proudly

Vanity vines piles, a new castle erected
Confusing though the verge at play, Strange
Taboos perfomed, Incestuous, Morality ejected
To elect this page, printed virtuous from a range.

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Victim

She walks to the slain
So energetic, in her voyage
Will she bare the pain?
Later to be inflicted, villains triumph of age

Yester she was shy,
After the deed, she would vanish
Without a trace, clean, clear like a blue sky
But today in broad day light as they finish

Bold she appear, with a sour taste
All the dust, white seems so resourceful
No worries to him, she is a lucrative paste,
Will he reveal his wiles, deems so deceitful

Blind folded yet she strolls further
Deep into the dark, leaping
In her summer jaunt, she leaps further
Will she discover she is tripping?

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Viva

Viva Zimbabwe

16 November 17

Bravo Waison Tynoe Wilson

Calamities to have rose and poised
The brothers and sisters, comrades
Since the idea behind only spoke of
Immunity and never our sovereignty
To render nor our liberties to grand.

Viva Mwana wevhu, Viva Zimbabwe
For the phase reached today spells
Confidence in mutal peace and unit
Never will the masses be Dis-Graced
Better prospects we all look forwardto.

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

We Are Equals

Never you young fellow to fear
And to the generality of old fox
Schemes are of taking a step to
Our ethos and values of liberty

Born in a free doom, complex...
Domain now to reedem the doom
As we are equals. Heritage to
Redraw a clear map of parity.

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Who To Trust

To have drunk from the plague cups
Of impetuosity reluctantly sipped all
Not to have realised that his phrases
Would wried the matter that phase

"Kuti nyika yatakawana negidi yotorwa
Nepenzura nhasi? Hazviitike" Rude...
Save never grasped the deceitful wiles
Ironic was that inclusivity stunts viles

Indeed he took fiends for friends awry
And vowed honesty yet the brothers
Pledged deceit... Alas Save did flow
Amid foes swifty granted the masses

The sense of democracy and the other
Brother sort savage blue suited fellors
To lush, imprison and brought affliction
Severely to Save, That were his treats

Now that he is dead...Whom is next in
Line? To blink to these monsters who
Bores political ulçers which inflames
The brothers and sisters guts in the

Ancestral domains. Who else will stood
Firm and votes for a government of the
People by the people. It began with the
Dark cup then the ice cream treat...

Wilson Tinotenda Waison

Wrath

Ever not to spit a word or seem to care
My wrath hast flared at once, You lost
All that blazing trust I had induced, Rare
Be thine affectionate passions to trust.

I was enamoured, yet still you knew
But all that while, I never thought it bind
This tragic episode, Betrayal was anew
Mutant foe you bred and bored me fiend

I fought swiftly a battle of triumphant
Prospects in the emotional realm, love
Was all I vowed, brought and would haunt
Only to spend moments, cherished my dove

It turns all that was done in vainglorious
Only to please your conscience and never
My feelings to take account of Violet
Then to ease I disclaim all my love ever.

Wilson Tinotenda Waison