

Echoes of Poetry

(An Anthology)

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Life is all about men not understanding women and women not understanding men, anything outside this frame makes life meaningless.

Givewell Munyaradzi

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Preface

Echoes of Poetry is an anthology which covers societal settings of life in general. The anthology is classified into five categories which mirror day to day life experiences. It highlights various themes such as love, war, education, politics, corruption & music. The anthology is also written in simple, but poetic language that helps the reader to understand the world from a different angle that has never been explored.

The writer explored all the spheres which encloses the African cosmos and beyond. The anthology is explicitly and refreshingly written, and quiet pleasurable to the adult as well as the young reader.

SPECIAL FEATURES

The Great Eland Bull

Thank you, Shava (The light one)

The Great Eland Bull, the Adventurer,

Yes Mutekedza, our Knobkerry Warrior,

Who at Janga battled fiercely and was richly rewarded with wives from Njanga area.

Yes Mutekedza, our warrior, who resides in UHera Mukonde.

Its accomplished Great Animal.

Whose tail brushes across their body-frames.

Whose feet sound out, when galloping.

Whose environs are swelled by wasps.

They rush in search of the soils.

To meet vengeance.

They are romantic.

A hunted species by prowlers.

They don't convince women with deception.

They adorn women with spectacular apparel.

They are kin to be the first.

Whose tears won't fall in vain, as when they do someone will surely die.

We thank the Matenhere folks.

Who dwell around the Mbwenya hills.

You have done well, you whose bracelets are white.

The Great Eland Bull.

Crossing the river, even when it's flooded beyond the banks.

We thank the Chimbare folks, from Guruuswa.

Whose gatherings are so joyful, as to resemble bright moonlight.

You are so knowledgeable Shava Mukonde, who dwells at Gombe.

We acknowledge your might.

It's accomplished Mbiru.

Your Greatness is acknowledged, Sarirambi.

It's accomplished!

LOVE THERAPY

Dear Dambudzo

I know how painful it was all those years
For you never had time for joy but tears.
Dambudzo come close, I want to hold you tight,
In my arms right, without fright!
Come close!
I want to run my hand high and low,
And feel your blood flow.
For years you were in pain and grief,
Now I want to hear you sigh with love and relief
Dambudzo come close!
You know I love you,
And this is true.
What would put your love aside?
Remember the lover`s pride,
As we strolled along the riverside.
Come close!
I want to hold you my dear.
Hold you without my fear,
But with real love.
I want to hold you in my arms like a dove!
Dambudzo come close
You come close in dreams,
Together crossing those streams,

To a place of our own,
Leading the way my crown
Come close!
Will I forever miss
Your sweet kiss?
I want to feel the warmth of your tongue,
For it was warm when you were young.
Dambudzo come close!
I can see the love me that you spare,
This is time together we should share,
Should we let our love get cold,
Because we are getting old?
Dambudzo come close!

I Got Her

There she was medium built, but tall
A city breed woman, the best of them all.
Sparkly white teeth, would sent you to rest.
If it was for the show, will be the best

I got her, so you see
Set my eyes on her for a while
Looked at me, "Hezvo", and did smile
One, two, three words I thought
To let them out I fought.

I got her, so you see.

She tore her gaze from me,
I felt a heartbeat, love would-be
There she stood still,
As though she had forgotten her love will.

I got her, so you see.
A warm hand shook mine
So I felt the charge, fine
'Madam, love into you'
Love unto you too!

I got her, so you see
I embarrassed her for a while
Swinging slowly in style,
Put my mouth near her ear,
And told her what she wanted to hear

'I got you babe, so you see'

That dizziness, seized her and nearly fell
Anchored myself and held her firmly well.
In haziness and dizziness as she felt
She gradually knelt.

I got her, so you see

Let my mouth on hers, roses and kisses
As though it was what she misses,

Engulfed my lips, with love she was possessed.
I too, was with love obsessed.

I got her, so you see

Love at first sight
Love that is not right
Embracing a woman deep
Until you send her to sleep

If He Had The 6th Sense.

It only comes once,
Who did, upon me pounce,
I recall the name, the day, the time and the place.
Whenever I think about it; comes up the face,
And I wish if there could be a playback.
This time not very fast but with a slack.

At first I did fear it.
Eventually I wanted to be near it.
Red rose flowers blossomed and grew.
Love lies, false promises grew too and I never knew
The rosy flower petals withered and were blown away.
The letters which I wrote were thrown away.

A castle built on sand.
He did not dare to his dear, wave his hand.
Not even bade farewell.
That was how the sand castle fell.

Just walked away,
Of course he is to blame,
For he had no shame.
I do not have much to say.

If he had the sixth senses he could have.....

You Switch Me On

Like you did the other day,
Let your hand crawl like a snail.
If it got stray,
It should not be very far away.
For I feel like mending stitches of love that did fail.
With love you set my eyes aglow,
And I wish you could keep it so.
When your hand runs high,
Like a musical rhythm with love I will take a sigh.
Like a sea wave hitting on a curved beach,
And I am now lost in reason,
As I gaze without a word like a man charged with treason.
I can hear the birds singing as they pass by,
Like a pendulum, I swing as I am about, on my back lie.
Now tell me what heartbreak is, as I hear them say.
Will you after this walk away?
You really switch me on.

When I Grow Old

To which my soul is scared,
For the love my youthful spared,
Hard to forget the femininity I broke,
On the glowing fire will tell the stories as a joke.

If I could be.....

Basking with the country men old and cold
Least we tell stories of love and bold,
For we share the pastime the soul's lost,
Swimming with the lasses is the love's memory cost.

If I could be.....

Day and night I face the wall,
To keep the spirit before I get old and fall,
Up to this day I could be fully booked,
As one whose youthful stands and looked.

If I could be.....

Holding hands with the lasses in the night,
To which our fathers were not in panic or fright
For we could not nurse a grudge or hate,
As nature decided our fate.

If I could be.....

The red rose flowers I looked and loved,
Sending two in a season to my beloved,
Love to the youthful soul is my belief,
To which this day has no relief.

If only I could be spared,
From getting old and cold for I am really scared

The Lover

Is that what you feel all day?
Cannot spent a day before I call
For in love I now know I did fall.
Never will I let go like a tide away
I am the lover
What comes first before all?
Oh! Ya! There was a gap I did fill.
Now I have made my will
No more playing back and forth like a ball
I am the lover
When are you coming?
Love has now find its way
I will not hear what they say.
No more roaming.
Cause I am the lover.
Do you really fell as I do?
A battle of feelings in my body is fought.
For all these years I have sought
Someone who feels like I do too!

My 25th birthday

A moment of joy

A moment of tears.

My future is embedded on fears.

I have wonderful flowers and a toy- boy.

This is my twenty-fifth birthday

Some will ask how old.

Twenty-five! But not very cold,

And would in dissatisfaction walk away.

The marriage mark is fast passing by,

In the past my age I did lie.

As if that they do not want to hear,

They would turn into the mist and disappear.

If customs, norms and values could change,

It should be now!

But how!

Women proposing love to men, sounds strange.

Why should men pay lobola for love?

For love is spiritual and lobola cannot prove.

Why should men have to start it all?

Now look, they let it fall.

I have fears,

And I do not know for how many years.

Behold, I will cling on what I value as gold.

After all Twenty-five years, I am not yet old.

Dambudzo Replies

You were to blame,

Because you played the hide seek game,

For too long.

But how dare my dear you were that strong,

To leave a woman full of milk and love, a woman you made full, you were wrong!

Maybe I may.....

Maybe I may not.....

Fifteen years,

With running tears.

I did not see you walking away,

I could have followed you that day.

Maybe I may.....

Maybe I may not....

You were warm but, but now you are cold.

Your kiss, your caressing, your fondling, your hand, I am old.

Why did you teach me?

You taught me how love ought to be.

Maybe I may

Maybe I may not....

You were a total package,

But you turned my love into rage.

Time has last passed by, will I one day try,

To gather the wholesome love that we lost?

Now I do not know what you miss most.

Maybe I may

Maybe I may not....

When I listen to many a love song,

Of our time, I would wonder how together we could have sung them for long.

The jokes,

The strokes.

But why did you show me this bliss?

You taught me things I miss.

Maybe I may

Maybe I may not...

Some love sing-along songs I sing,

Fantasizing as queen and you as king.

"Islands In The Stream".

That would evoke my dream.

Maybe I want to see you.

But can I guard against your hand?

I can see you caressing, together wrapped like brides in a wedding band,

Carrying each other's bundle of love into the horizons, the soul,

Until the rains of the wedding wagon control.

I want to see you again

Judith Is Her Name

I have a friend.

Whose life I want to know to the end.

She has got an inviting smile

With me all day that makes her style.

End to end

You are my friend.

Come out let's play

Expressing ourselves all day

You would love to know how good this play be

For it makes life worth living for you and me

End to end

You are my friend.

I have no many a word.

Many a word which would pierce like a sword

Come out let's play

Love only, it's not what we say

End to end

You are my friend.

Come out for you are full of love.

That has not been fully tapped, over and above

Be carried to the horizons, the soul.

A minute so one can lose control.

End to end

You are my friend.

It Started With Kiss

Ran my hand over her thigh
Ignited her devotion, impromptu desire for love was high.
Like a game of chess we took over where we left as such.
After all these years, I never knew her love was that much?
Moved a bit away.
Unintentionally and inaudibly said “Not today”.

It was like we were romantic actors
In a movie in which we were our own spectators.
We felt as if we discovered love.
Spoke love, we heard love, we felt love over and above
Like primroses our love did bloom.
But now it is in gloom.

Tame Your Stress

When I think of fortune and fame
I will put the blame
On my star
Galaxy is far

I cannot buy a rosy-red dress
For my mistress
One for the road
Twelve for the road are an abnormal load

Even though I cannot tame my stress
I do not blame myself for this mess
But my star
For the bar is not far

Sometimes, I stop laugh on my own
On the mirror, in the morning wondering how myself I could disown
I do not want to thing of the past
I do not want to evoke the blast

If your past is as black a star
Do not blame yourself, but your star
Be bold to come out of the cold
Hold on, one what you value as gold.

Send your former lover the last mail
Mend stitches of love, rail
Give yourself a rule
To laugh at yourself, I am a real fool!

Tame your stress!

In our own space

I will receive you in embrace
Babe will love you without rehearse
Rekindle the flame, without much blame
Truest love to my heartcore
Show me love like never before

Chorus

You bring love and tenderness each day
Babe in loving hands we can embrace
So you will without delay
Love me in our own space.

Chorus

Babe I gonna hire wings not in dream
Sing a song Island In Stream
I will receive you in embrace
Babe I am in a loving race.

Chorus

Rekindle the flame
Without much blame
An't gonna stand this sore
Show me love like never before

Chorus

Do you know how hard I try
As you pass by
To bring you solemn joy
Babe it sounds like I am a lover boy.

And will love you without rehearse
In our own space

Tell Me Love Lies

Tell me what I want to hear
Put your mouth near my ear,
And tell me love lies
Dambudzo, it flies

If I say I want to marry you
What would you do?
Be my children's mother
"Mummy, mummy, what's this?" some will bother

Tell me

If I asked you to bring the red-rosy covered
Upon where after we have fed
Together we would lie
Wondering how together time has passed by

Tell me

If I ask you to come and play the game
The game I have forgotten the name
After which you will lie
And sigh high

And put your head on my chest
And you rest
Contemplating how this game could be played forever
Whenever, wherever

There Is Much Coming

Are you in love?
There is much coming out and coming in
I am afraid I won't win
This game
For long I have called out her name
From the doorway she stands still
As though she has forgotten her love will

Are you still in love

WAR THERAPY

Classified:Wikileaks

In loud voices we clamour,
As we see body bags in amour
Internet hooks they intend to clap down,
In quagmire we are thrown.

At least you have been warned

The children and the old are shouting to disembark
From a worship into clouds dark.
Below we envisage a battleground
With merchandized buzzle armoury in sound

At least you have been warned

The world is blind!
The warship pilot, a man of canned mind
In boil, for the oil
Will make the world toil with foil

At east you have been warned

The Middle East is in flame,
And who is to blame?
To the warpath whose lineage conform?
Whose world is it they deform?

At least you have been warned

Born in a cult of war, they drive pride
Like a vampire their life thrive and glide,
On their host
In reason the world is lost

At least you have been warned

If we are not bold
As we look in fold
Very some the world will be slit and split
Poured twelve barrels of oil and lit.

The globe be smoldering

Without A Face

In my mind are stories untold
Stop these wars and stories will unfold
The young and the old
All die like they are cold.

Wherever it takes place,
What had no face.

The children are singing in discord
For their parents have all gone not on their accord
The very old cannot cool down the children,
For their voices are superseded by the siren.

On whatever race,
War has no face.

Early in the morning the devil inspects his battlefield
Countless bodies, he anticipates many more in his yield
Very soon he will suckle and bundle his human grain
And head for the next war season again.

War has no grace,
For it has no face.

Man has no love,
And could in his thought shoot down the parched dove
Look at his face,
Right across the human race.

Where is my right?
For when I ask for it, you want to fight.

Brother, brother hold my hand,
For I want to board the peace train passing through the plain land

I do not want to tell sad stories untold.
Neither do I want to see them deforming the world with my hands unfold.

Take of that mask and wear a real face
A war that you think of on this earth has no place.

A board the train I will inscribe

War has no face

War has no grace

But peace has a face

**Love, kindness, dignity,
Humanity, justice, tolerance
Equality, impartiality, conscience**

Absolutely Nothing

I have a perverse plan
To live like an American
I mean my lifelong passion
To sing-along love songs in fashion
Shake hands with R. Kelly in his wonderland limousines
Dine with, nude booby girls American cuisines

Absolutely Nothing

American life illustrated in comic books
What you see is not what you get-gobic looks
Of men who turned women, blasphemous and profane
Hold their views of freedom of expression like they are same
Dissertating creation in the name of Science-done
Like Video-game addicts they are devoid of conscience

Absolutely Nothing.

I have a preserve plan
To live like an African
I mean my life long passion
To see men of no compassion
Shake hands with the worst dictators
Showing traits of an undeterred predators

Absolutely Nothing.

African life is illustrated in newspapers
What you see is not what you here from newscrapppers
Of slain women and children gluesomely
And perpetrators fine-tune themselves on international TV-handsomely
Perpetuating to stand for freedom and independence
Destabilising the whole region and set humanity untold dependence

Like rhino-poachers, they are devoid of conscience

There is absolutely nothing to admire!

As They Die

As they die they cry with sorrow
Grief gripping the wet eyes of dying man and women
Darkness engulfing their souls
Only eyes could tell, but they can't move their lips
Even their hands can't write a word
How can they communicate when death is approaching
Relatives surrounding their death bed and they can't breath
Sorrow faces decorating side beds of dying men and women
Images of death still decorating the room
Like a python approaching its next prey
Their fragile bodies shiver with fear as smell death
Father, father, mother, mother...echoes of the grieved ones
Sighing, heavy breathe and cursing is the new chorus of grieved relatives
The Angel of death is flying around
Ready to swallow its next prey
Who is the next prey?
Maybe it's Tambu, Nhamo, Siphon, Peter, Susan or Tendai...
Only heavens know what is ahead
The clock is ticking
When is the time?
No one knows
When the time finally comes, finally they will try to say something
The Angel is here! The angel is here!
What are their last words?
Take me home
Where is home?
Is it Greenside Graveyard down town?

Or

Mangwandi cemetery, Jairos Jiri...
Relatives couldn't understand
Take me home...where?
The countryside!
So as they die they want to be buried
Buried where?
Near their ancestors
These modern beings
They spend their lives casing the roots,
But as they die,
They cherish the country side.

RACISM, CORRUPTION THERAPY

I am Sick and Tired

Moral convictions drive the naivety
Bringing in from the horizon my insatiable anxiety
To dig the aftermath of the undersea earthquake trail
I am a sole diver, wielded to the river frail

The thought tracks are full of zeal and pleasure
I have found myself real treasure
To which its magnitude deal cannot measure

I have windbreaking, ears and bulging eyes tired of wicked sight
Like the chameleon's focus, they piece through the wretched night
I carve a human frame, whatever it could be!

I drive the ecstasy
Interwoven with the moral intricacy
I drive the fantasy

The society's reason and logic defied and wrought
Entangled within the struggle to survive is the poet's afterthought
In these times of wicked intent thrive vice

The salvation I preach
To you it will never reach
But wonder for the new generation we teach.

I do not have an ear to hear
I chaff stuffed it off, now I fear
How the iron-legged society will survive
In this headcrash cashgame with unique style, new recruits arrive

Tomorrow as the sunrise
I want you to pluck off my tired eyes
Bulging as they are keeping them is not wise

I am tired of this everyday farm yield
Though they have never ever sown in their field
How good they are, theirs has no farming season
How fast man has lost reason

Pluck my eyes, the sheep's will do,
For these last days will pull me through
Cut of my limbs and forget my past
Let's see who will laugh last

The Story

Tell us sekuru, tell us the story
Of a Blackman before all the history
The story of a man who left his place,
Taken away into the intricacy of a wicked race
Taken on a journey that made him endure pain
For he had seen his brother slain and blood gushing like a fountain

Oh ya sekuru

The story of a man who sailed our pride
In the sea came the tide,
Upon which he was thrown
Before he could bade fairwell to his crown
The story of a man whose skin they did scorn,
When harvesting corn

Oh ya, sekuru

The story of a man whom they lightened his skin
And is now rejecting his kith and kin
Stripping himself the sense of brotherhood
Impersonating falsehood
Divide and rule!!
The Blackman cannot see even though he went to school

Oh, ya sekuru

The story of a man who failed his wisdom,
And could not even remember he had a kingdom.
For years the man will sing
Their songs but will never be a king
Tell us the story
Of the Blackman I will not feel sorry.

Mr Clover

All he wore gun belts trapped around his hip
Flexing a bottom stick whip
Leather thongs bolstered onto his thigh
As he passed, unnatural odour swept, high
I did not pay him no mind
For the jerked pressing his supremacy kind
All that bothered me how he called my name
Belittling the persona when he is to blame

Mr Clover

At interval would look over my shoulder
Wishing if I could lift even the nearest boulder
To show my displeasure
Of the load exerted on me without measure
Still running, cutting all edged like angry river deep
At night took a day's audit, did shiver and sleep
Rivers move boulders
Egyptians built the Pyramids, boulders on shoulders

Mr Clover

He misrepresented the trinity
Reminded my kind of the ever eternity
Kept in this school till death
Hang on the fool on his wrath
For years he painted himself white
Until now showing his rite
Preaching man to man marriage
A testimony of the divine miscarriage

Mr Clover

The Native Tongue

From the south dark succulent clouds drift to the west
Their personalities devoid of despair
As they see dry white clouds with terrestrials pictures on land
In between stands an inconceivable objectivity
Of the weather's unjust and unfair
Below their will to survive as if waving her hand .

Have you ever seen terrestrial pictures on clouds?

Yes, I have seen them.

Men on horsebacks driving cattle into the wilderness
Their deception devoid of moral conviction and conscience
As they stand in between our docility and naivety
Upon us exerting their immorality and cruelty
On many occasions have been very elusive and repulsive
I have seen terrestrial pictures when I was young
With the old talking about them in native tongue.

Talking about the plague and the drought
As their ingenuity and belief wrought
And wrapped into a big book
Upon which they were made to look
About their culture without relief but obscurity
Eclipsed white clouds' dry season longevity

Their grievances devoid of impudent
As they see for prudent
In among them stood cowardice
As if with death they would never dice
I heard them when I was young
Talking in native tongue

Did you hear them?
Yes, I hear them.

In very low voices
As if there were very limited choices
Talking about apparent displeasure
About the fast dwindling valuable treasure
About the thunder and lightening
So bold and frightening!

Talking about the lost neighborhood
About the lost livelihood
About the old man groaning
His personality, humanity and Africaness moaning
I heard them moaning the death of their culture!

In native tongue

The Ravens and Crows

The ever dark night witnessed the convulsion of despair
To the ravens and crows sound fair
Plucked eyes see no evil
Siphoning our bowels is the finishing touch by the devil
Patience is a virtue, like a vulture
The ravens and crows manifested it into a culture

Rule number one, hover over your prey
Rule number two, devour before decay
Rule number three, clean your beak on soil
Rule number four, cover up the spoil

I welcome you all to hell
Wait for your turn before the devil's bell

AFRO MUSIC RHYTHMIC THERAPY

The African Drum

My spirit runs high
Right in the sky
As I listen to the African drum sound
Oh! I can feel the sound from the ground.

Beat the drum!

In the brains it runs low
But in the veins let the sound flow
For many years
The African Drum has driven away our fears.

Beat the drum!

The beat comes with an African fame
Take this, black Africa without blame
What has brought this hell
That has left us not well.

Beat the drum!

For years, life was good.
With all the Africanness in the neighbourhood.
Now the African Drum sound faint
What has happened to our saint.

Beat the drum!

Blow the fire, blow
Because we want to see it glow
We want to hear the rhythm of the flame
Africa is not yet a lame

Beat the drum

Babylon Free Ride

I know, I know

That you did undergo

A life that was hard and slow

Now cannot make a living this way from thousand hard days,

We can make our only day

Reggae day!

Everything we do they curse

Jah we believe is false

Smoking is dread

Reggae day!

They once put us in the cage

Now they put us in rage

I cannot stand for another fate

If I see a life gate

Reggae day!

Who runs the show

Tell me whose hip-hop firm runs the show

An' whose hip-hop show makes a blow

Rapstars live once in their life time before they are broke
Keep your mouth shut I hate that joke
Rapstars once scared , live like a church mouse
Rapstars once snared, can't rap in the house

Tell you what, I fear no man
Asian, African or American
Got bodyguards scurry care galore
Don't dare explore
Got 24-hour backup in my neighbourhood
Keeping an eye on me makes a livelihood

Checkout my rival
Here comes a new arrival
Play to my tune for survival

Rapstars came and go
Fast and slow
One down (boom)
New listen , keep at bay
Gecko Deal comes to stay
From border to border
Spreading the message of disorder
Here comes the rapstar teaching and preaching
The word of unrest
Cops give me the warrant of arrest
And set up a tribunal
For you long have labelled me criminal.

Tell me who runs the show
And whose rap- firm makes a blow
Who has a bolt -action
Sending a blitz in my neighbourhood's faction
Gecho Deal lyrics spread like the Manhatan fire
No fireman for hire
Here comes the turmoil
No cops, No foil

Ladies and gentlemen you have been stalked by bogus rapstars
Masquarading as hip- hop stars

I had a vision
About the American illusion
Undeterred by the fabric
Here comes Gecko Deal immortal hard and rubric
Knocking sense into every American
Democratic or Republican
Who cares?

Tell me whose hip- hop firm run the show
And whose hip – hop show makes a blow
I have been to hip –hop schools, digitally underground
Tupac was any classmate
Snoop Dogg was my classmate
Run D M C,
Public Enemy was my classmate

I have rouged thick black lips
A reminder a cousin of the chimps
Got lips man thicker than Jay- Z
And a knob like nose bigger than 50C
Stop – sign like ears bigger than Will Smith

Any problem with that?
No problem (mob)

So tell me whose runs hip - hop show
Whose rap - firm makes a blow?
I have just graduated from my remedial lyrics class
Graduated with a perfect pass
Am peach black
But I don't crack
Yes I am a swagger
Fucked nigger
Copy that?-yes sir (mob)
Any problem with that?
No sir (mob)

I don't succumb to any threat of any kind
Can you read my mind
This is the strangest configuration of an African creativity

For I have outlived years of naivety
I have a modern – age survivor kit
Innovation and ingenuity in IT
Am not related to Farah Khan
But got a master plan
I write fully – fledged lyrics in detail
Send me a self – addressed snail mail
Look and listen to me out of curiosity
I don't give a damn whether the content is explicit

Copy that? - yes sir (mob)
Any problem with that?
No sir (mob)

So tell me who runs the hip – hop firm that makes a blow
Who has a bolt – action
Sending a blitz in my neighbourwood of faction
I have woven my lyrics like jute, brute but cute
With unmistakably notoriety of Tupac
This is nothing personal my homies
Am just another African with an American dream
But has not voted for the Democrat nor Republican
Been trying to remix Dolly Patton's Island In The Stream

Any problem with that?
No sir (mob)

I am a war vet
And have fought with afterthought like a poet
I might never have never won any battles
But there is nothing that rattles
The prolific- lyric writer
Labeled, explicit and biter
After this hip – hop hit song will hang my boots
And go back to my roots
With an award in lyrics composition
Crafted in unquestionable proposition
This is not a scheme mortal
But just to prove my mettle
Hard but gentle

Any problem with that?

No sir (mob)

So you start it don't change your mind for
 For I have combat lyrics
 Reconfiguring the humankind
 Let's rap and roll
 Gecko Deal gives a new lease of life
 Like Humpty Dumpty treat life as untrifle
 Carry on with the party
 It's an order
 The cork sure rap star once again takes control

Summon Up Your Courage

Michael Jackson i: There is much coming out and coming in
 I'm afraid this game I won't win
 On the doorway she stands still
 As though she has forgotten her love will

Babe I wanna talk to you for long
 Babe I wanna sing you a love song
 Babe can't you read my mind
 Am tongue tied

Akon: ii: Never will you spoil your day
 Be yourself and talk to her right away
 Love come and go with revocable pain
 Talk to her in the rain
 Show her how love ought to be
 Into you real love, she will see

Beyonce iii: You have come up of age
 Summon up your courage
 And save my soul
 Before I lose control
 I have not known love hurt that much
 I have a broken heart as such
 Can't you read my mind?

Michael Jackson iv: Babe you switch me on

Babe got your number in my phone
I got it babe so they say
Please don't walk away
Love come and go with irrevocable pain
Babe I will love you in the rain
Summon up your courage
Babe open the love page of our life
And sing me a sing along love song
Islands in the stream
That will evoke my dream
Summon up your courage
Don't you know you are my religious answer
My soul as been searching for
Summon up your courage...
And heal broken hearts
Broken hearts that bleeds milk and blood of lost love
Oh my angel you lock me up in the cage
The cage decorated with images of lost love
Lost love that is meant to be found
Oh babe!
Summon up your courage...

HIV & AIDS THERAPY

Keep The Promise

Here comes the flare
Here comes the snare
Call it love
Flying high like a dove!
For very soon your future will hang frail
As you live for this pandemic trail
Now that i am an orphahn child,
For mum ande dad kicked the bucket cabuse they were wi9ld !

I will keep the promise

Oh ! Lord untwine us from the cogs and wheels of hell,
And keep us well
Up to this day,
From this dismay.

I will keep the promise.

Here comes the turnoil
No cre,no foil
The youngt and the old ,
All bdie like they are cold.

I will keep the promise.

The awakening call has been m adev from thee slumber
To recollect conscience and rectify your blunder
To save the persona from today ' calamity
Before you come a casualty

I will keep the promise.

Change your behaviour,
And God will be byour surviour,
For Aids is a snare,
It will never spare
I will keep the promise.

Tribute to Dr Tofa

RE: LETTER OF APPRECIATION

It is a pleasure,
To be with you as you share with us innate knowledge we cannot measure.
We will keep your knowledge and resourcefulness forever.

Although we know you have a watertight schedule,
We hope to see you again
As we cherish and thrive,
In the drive to build our nation in this profession of ours.

Yours truly

Poetry Kings