



## *Mbizo Chirasha*

### **Lumumba**

Leopard never lost its colour  
Bones that manured flowers of the revolutions  
Blood watered the trees of freedom  
Lumumba we still stand on the edges of your crucifixion [Katanga], watching the drama  
Of your rising with the new sun and sons of Black Africa

## **Kalinga- linga**

A daughter of revolution fed on rich political nutrition  
With a smile bandaging scars of the streets and falsehood by political demons  
Fingers burnt in pseudo democratic pans of the West, what a political humor  
I see you smelling love through the thick dew of corruption and robots  
True heroes and heroines swallowed up in the deep silence of *chingwere* and *uzambwera*

[Cemeteries of the poor]

Leopold hill shadows faking dances to the throbbing rhythms of *vumbuza* drums  
Kalinga- linga- your rising sun will soon spread the beauty of its fingers in the skies of Afrika

NEKOPIRATI

## **Haiti my generation**

### **Haiti, Haiti ,Haiti**

*Sorrow stole the heart of the land*

*Lungs of the east suffocating*

*South heaving with heavy smell of sweat*

*The west drunk with blood*

*The north intoxicated in tears*

*Death whispered terror in the marrow of this land*

*And the land became death, lungs of the earth heaved with,*

*Death of the beloved*

*Deathly wings flapping down green bushes, love eaten by darkness*

*Babies buried themselves, mothers went away smiling love*

*Seekers of divine run buzzing in bee-hive collective*

*Singing eulogies and laments in this perspective*

### **Haiti Haiti Haiti**

*Don't go to bed, with tears in your tender heart*

*And sweat of grief on your thighs*

*Darkness is swallowed by light*

*Energized sun springing eastwards*

*Heaven smiling to souls that went unwilling*

*Crimeless generation, when nature call even kings whimper.*

*Fire does not burn one bush, every time*

*I will sing you a song, a*

*Eulogy, crimeless generation*

**Haiti, Haiti, Haiti**

*Drink cups of hope with delight*

*Drink mugs of peace with hope*

*Light the candle lights, listening to silent freedom coming*

*Whispering moments of redemption*

**Haiti, crimeless generation**

*I am on your lap, from somberness to the day when laughter laugh again*

*To the dawn when flowers bloom again*

*Smiles triumph shadows*

**Haiti, Haiti, Haiti**

*Rise and see the smiling sun*

## **Blue Lemons**

iam the earth pregnant with poetic skulls and skeletons of prose

dawn of my poem strip nights naked

iam the nudity of truth and the rhythm of birth

with my heart dressed in pain

bring me the poetic grapes

and the metaphoric lemons

my mind is hanging like tobacco leaves

bring me the skeleton of my passion

and rhythm of my poetic license

i see killers praying for silence and peace

i see the bleaching faith of my country

hope floating in detergents of propaganda

purple buttocks of morning sitting over fire and enduring faith

i hear the grief of slogan lashes and propaganda

sjmboks in the night of the ballot

i am you and me

my poetry is a menu of provocation

and imagination, as dove of words coo-, in the dawn

in my mental trees

iam the nudity of truth

and the rhythm of birth

i itch the syphilis of sunshine city

and the hepatitis of the city of skulls

blue lemons, black , white , brown ,yellow poem

## **Black Oranges**

Xenophobia my son

i hear a murmur in the streets

a babble of adjoining markets

your conscience itching with guiltiness like

genital leprosy

your wide eyes are cups where tears

never fall

when they fall the storm wash down bullet drains

and garbage cities

come nomzano with your whisper to drown,

blood scent stinking the rainbow altar

darfur ,petals of blood spreading ,

perfume of death choking slum nostrils

slums laden with acrid smell of mud and

debris smelling like fresh dung heaps

fear scrawling like lizards on Darfur skin

kibera ,i see you scratching your mind like ragged linen

smelling the breath of slums and diesel fumes

the smoke puffing out through ghetto ruins is the fire dousing the

emblem of the state

belly of Zambezi ache with crocodile and fish

villages piled like heaps of potatoes against the flank

of eastern hills

farmlands dripping golden dripping dew

sunshine choking with vulgar mornings  
dawns yawning with vendetta filled redemption songs  
drums of freedom sounding fainter and fainter , blowing away in the wind  
when streets rub their sleep out of their eyes  
villagers scratch painful living from the  
infertile patches of sand on this earth whose lungs  
heave with copper and veins bleeding gold  
ghetto buttocks sit over poverty,kalinga-linga  
corruption eating breakfast with ministers,kabulonga  
with shrill cries of children breaking against city walls  
shire river tonight your voice rustled dry , like the scratching of old silk  
Politicians grow everywhere like weeds  
land of ngwazi,yesterday crocodiles breakfasted on flesh  
owls and birds sang with designated protocol  
ngwazi your cough drowned laughters and prayers  
your breath silenced rivers and jungles  
Mozambique  
the belief and gift of my poetry  
sweat wine poured to absent , long forgotten gods and goddesses  
soft kiss spent on golden virgins before they aged into toothless grannies  
the rhythm of samora  
heartbeat of chimurenga  
drumbeat of chissano  
today mornings blight in corruption  
a social anorexia

Abuja guns eat you more than disease  
I loved you before you absorbed poverty as sponge  
soaking out water  
before rats chewed your roof  
before you conceived men with borrowed names and totems  
ghost of abacha guzzling drums of blood and gallons of oil  
wiwa chasing shadows of babangida past delta of treasures  
Buganda cruelty is a natural weapon of a dictator  
poor lives buried under rubbles of autocracy  
pregnant mothers with eyes gouged out by bullets , pushing their guts  
back into their bellies  
luanda  
a roar of old trucks  
a whine of motor cycles  
a rumble of dead engines  
America frying its fingers in oil pans of your kitchen  
where Europe fry , America roast  
Angola , if you cough , America catch a fever  
angola quench my parched lungs with a spoon of oil  
i see the naked thighs of your desert hills  
Barotseland Setswana  
a servant positioned with trust  
American green bloomed your desert shrubs  
your loyalty is sold to she who offers the next meal  
Barotseland of seretse



## Somalia

your lips burnt brown with exposure of rough diet  
you are muffled voice , cursed and drowned into deep silence  
the smell of aged incense and stale coffee  
a tune piped by the shepherd on mountainside,only  
to be half heard by and quickly forgotten by villagers

## Ghana

the anthill of black seed  
coast blessed with gold  
once a young girl full of sap and strength  
once perfumed with richness and sacredness  
you shared your salt and sweat for freedom  
today you are like a woman who sleep with a pillow  
between her legs anticipating a miracle of man  
coast of ivory  
i see faces tight as skin of drum in moonlight  
ivory coast, once the smoke and smell of human excitement  
tonight bullet burrow into your belly like rats into sacks  
of Thai rice  
you are the broken pot we patch to put on shelf again.  
flesh of children roasting in your belly , Darfur

## **Forty years after dawn**

We burnt drums and exiled the drummers  
Still holding cows for other villagers to milk  
Undergarments of the banks stink like garbage  
Forty years after dawn  
State plans still dressed in torn overalls of the parliament  
Bullet speak louder than ballot  
Forty years after dawn we discovered no totem of truth  
And flowers of freedom never bloom  
Forty years after dawn  
Blood smells more toxic than pesticides in the lungs of the cities and nostrils of the villages

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## **Diary of the Povo**

Another whistle from election fervent fathers  
Another ululation from slogan drugged mothers  
In chimoio we roasted bullets like mealie cobs for breakfast  
In nyadzonja we boiled grenades like cassava for lunch meals  
In magagao we munched parcel bombs like tropical fruit  
In gorongoza, we learnt totems of war and syndromes of propaganda  
Today, our ears are deaf with sediments of slogans  
We are the povo

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## **Stomachs belong to the state**

Kalanda , we are raised through the smoke and stink of dumping sites,  
In dusty broken streets of dingy shanties  
Chilling culture of poverty whipping our backs and slapping our scarred faces  
Kalanda , we passed through rough fingers of the state  
Purity of sisters corrupted by bowls of spaghetti in district light cafes  
Kalanda, their smiles plant want than wheat on our doorsteps

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## **Exiled pauper**

Patriot of home in the squalor of my exile

Pauper who brewed the revolution and never drink from the gourd of freedom

In this exile, power is the game of bullet than the ballot

We built water tanks but we still buy water

Peasants have no cassava to feed babies but helicopters to fly them to propaganda stations

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## **Dream of Rain**

This is the land that fed our dreams  
Wind suffocated in the yellow smoke of wheat  
Our fields' crimson red and clouds gray with millet sheaves  
Pans hissing with oil baking bread  
Gleaming thighs of our days sweating under the rain season sun that bloomed,  
The flamboyant flowers  
Weeds of hunger already been exiled

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## **Guyana**

Raised through the bowls of sweat in millet acres  
Through the forests of bullets shells and wounded earth  
Guyana is not the mist of forgotten and tired centuries  
It is the petal whose scent perfumed the stink of revolutions

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## Dear Mother

I am the womb aborted in the Baghdadis of grenades  
I am a fetus suffocating in the mist of politricks  
I am the archaeology that you can study for your Ph.D.  
I am the cemetery of unused minds  
I am the tomb of spent bullet shells  
I am the tombstone without inscriptions of the dead history  
I can nibble poverty roasting my brothers and sisters

Mother Africa, your back is breaking under the burden of ancient humiliation  
You fought deadly battles even in the absence of man  
You are the victim of darkness  
See grime and dust for juvenile feeding  
Grenades for infant toys  
Listen to the cries and fight of struggles  
To the song of the wind  
To the sufferers who fed on grain despair  
To the discord  
Of second class citizens

Dear mother bring the flowers that I enjoy the sweetness of the revolution before sunset  
Deny to rust in silence  
Deny to dance in ignorance  
Children of mother Africa, let us mouldy share from one plate  
Of oneness  
Contemplate history and see into the future, let us not read history, let's  
Make history  
Prepare for the odyssey of pan-African progress  
Prepare for the dance offering so waited and germinate the seeds of African renaissance  
The seeds of black flowers.



## Dawn Rising

see many voices rising with the sun  
sharp spears of the sun ,undulating with coming freedom  
mother was there during liberation  
i will be there for the other liberation  
a revolution of million voices  
voices of children of song  
children of the soil  
children unborn ,children born

voices of hunger in the gutters  
voices in memory of those gone by the wind of madness  
voices of vendors whose tomatoes squashed in days raids  
voices whose taxes perished on talk tables  
voices riddled by sanctions  
voices roasted by imperialism

one million voices  
from a country whose spirit is chimurenga  
whose breath is nehanda  
whose scent is the mist of matopos  
voices of freedom coming  
voices tired of honey coated promises

i am one of voices freed by my poetic words  
drinking from poetic grape fruit  
born with sugar and salt words on my tongue  
i am mother Africa raving metaphors  
i am a slave of my verbal bravado

iam singer of africa untold  
iam the blak poet  
the bread of revolution  
the rose blooming liberation  
million voices sing me a song  
i dedicate this satire to you

## Identity Apples

I am a fat skeleton, resurrecting  
From the sad memories of dada  
And dark mysteries of animism

I am [Buganda](#)

I bleed hope

I drip the honey of fortune

[Makerere](#); think tank of [Africa](#)

I dance with you wakimbizi dance

I am [Tanganyika](#)

I smell and fester with the smoke of African genesis

I am the beginning

Kilimanjaro; the anthill of rituals

I am the smile of Africa

My glee erase the deception of sadness

My tooth bling freedom

I am myself, I am Gambia

When others seep with bullets stuck in their stomachs

I sneeze copper spoons from my mouth every dawn

I am the Colombia of Africa

I am the Cinderella of Africa

Where mediums feast with the ghost of Kamuzu in Mulange trees

Here spirits walk naked and free

I am the land of sensations

I am the land of reactions

Coughing forex blues

Squandermania

I still smell the scent of Nehanda's breath

I am African renaissance blooming

I stink the soot of Chimurenga

I am the mute laughter of Njelele hills

I am Soweto

Swallowed by Kwaito and gong

I am a decade of wrong and gong

I am the blister of freedom vomited from the belly of apartheid

I see the dawn of the coming sun in Madiba's eyebrows

I am Abuja

Blast furnace of corruption

Nigeria, the Jerusalem of noblemen, priests, professors and prophets

I am Guinea, i bling with African floridization

I am blessed with many tongues  
My thighs washed by [river Nile](#)  
I am the mystery of pyramids  
I am the graffiti of Nefertiti  
I am the rich breast of Nzinga

I am Switzerland of Africa  
The rhythm of Kalahari sunset  
The rhyme of Sahara, yapping, yelping  
I am Damara, I am Herero, I am Nama, I am lozi, I am Vambo

I am bitterness, I am sweetness  
I am Liberia

I am king kongo  
Mobutu roasted my diamonds into the stink of deep brown blisters  
Frying daughters in corruption microwaves  
Souls swallowed by the beat of [Ndombolo](#) and the wind of Rhumba  
I am the Paris of Africa  
I see my wounds

I am rhythm of beauty  
I am Congo  
I am Bantu  
I am Jola  
I am [Mandinga](#)

I sing of you  
I sing Thixo  
I sing of Ogun  
I sing of God  
I sing of Tshaka  
I sing of Jesus

I sing of children  
of Garangaja and [Banyamulenge](#)  
Whose sun is dozing in the mist of poverty  
I am the ghost of Mombasa  
I am the virginity of Nyanza

I am scarlet face of Mandinga  
I am cherry lips of Buganda

Come Sankara, come [Wagadugu](#)  
I am Msiri of Garangadze kingdom  
My heart beats under rhythm of words and dance  
I am the dead in the trees blowing with wind,  
I can not be deleted by civilization.  
I am not Kaffir, I am not Khoisun

I am the sun breaking from the villages of the east with great inspiration of revolutions  
Its fingers caressing the bloom of hibiscus

Liberation!

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## **Golgotha episode 911**

Ballot defecating shadows of hunger over

poverty creased napkins of my mind

Slums farting anopheles into the gutters of my blood

Long departed hunters urinated bullets into iron uterus of

war tired peasants

giving birth to atomic bombs

and suckling grenades

media wizards imbibing propaganda salami

and slogan pizza

hunger mandraxed rabbis licking fingers after chalk dust noon meals

i am a word dynamite fumigating corrupt economic bedbugs

sucking out the fertility of our sunshine

clouds of hungry bellies rumble with formulae

sunrise with virus graffiti scribbled on its forehead

moonrise with roaches corrupting its eczema eaten breasts

bread buttered with tustiville blood, sanguages cheesed with

Darfur wounds

gore dripping diamonds auctioned for flesh guzzling guns

brown teethed nights grazing green mealies before fingers

of dawn caress vendetta wounded minds

unrepentant Ngo bishops pimping vulnerables for fat cheque books, gong and bling

greenback laureates double crossing peaceocrats and warcrats in donor shebbens

economic whores dipping their sperm-ducts in diplomatic brothels

paparazzi gutters vomiting garbage of spray painted columns

slogan dogs parodying Hiroshima farce and bag dad comedy  
greenhorns licking leftovers of propaganda braai packs after ballot arithmetic  
undersized zealots fitting political g-strings in springs of delimitation  
political morons mastering propaganda syllabus in their gimmick-  
tired memories.

i am a poetic chlorine puritising political mental conveyor belts

from the crude oil of corruption

i am a metaphoric lotion peeling off eczema of the decade election hepatitis

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