



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

NE KOPIRATI

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 way 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

NE KOPIRATI

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

NE KOPIRATI

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

NE KOPIRATI

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

NE KOPIRATI

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

NE KOPIRATI

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

NE KOPIRATI

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!

NE KOPIRATI

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 peacrats 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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