

Poetry Series

Alison Mujati
- poems -

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Alison Mujati(12 /09/1985)

To whom it may concern

Alison Mujati the Author of Three Circles (Life, love& hurt) is two faced but certainly not a monster. Just like everyone else i have enemies and at the the same time have wonderful friends. If i have one face, one body stature why do folks have assorted feelings towards me. I could be likeable the same way I can be a villain to everyone rather than to stand in blue and red corner like in a boxing match. I came to the world to win, no one must stop me come what may. Now the the spotlight is on me because you read this far let's start all over again.

Alison is a proud father of two girls, Alynn and Alyssa born in Harare during the reign of controversial leader Robert Mugabe. I lost my mother at a tender age but lived to her principles upto date and im grateful to have experienced a brief life with her.

She taught me to read and write taking over from my primary teachers'base. My mother read me bible stories and related life to it hence i inherited her teaching to relate my challenging life from then.

Things turned sour when my mother was divorced and my comfort manoeuvred into a mess. I'm not necessarily pointing fingers but life ceases to be fun when parents separate. Three years later she passed on The rest about early life you can imagine

Primary and secondary education went under turbulence but by grace and a sharp mind I overcame. I lacked funds to persue tertiary education but had everything it takes to excel there.

My passion to write grew immediately when I finished my A'level way back in 2006.The same year I lost a father and almost everything about me went against me. To escape my stress, I resorted to writing with most of those scribbles being my sentiments. I remember trying to write a novel but failed to accomplish it due to other challenging commitments.

Writing became a witch who just wouldn't burn for me. It grew to be a demon that wakes me up even from deep sleeps in the middle of the night.

I write poetry about love because I think Love binds the world if applied correctly. I see mankind and see a family not this racial nonsense the world is still struggling with in the 21st century. It's not like people chose to be black, white or yellow. No one has power over his or her race we all came to it blindly.

Therefore, let's live like it's never there. My poem on this platform, WE ARE STILL A FAMILY clearly illustrates our right to live together as one.

Out of life experiences, I come out with poem titles and use other people's lives as case studies to my poems too.

I have two novels awaiting publication, THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY and ACROSS THE RIVER.

The right time is always the best.

A writer is the loneliest person in the world, dont ask me about friendship. After work daily, I have to be on either reading or writing.

Im a soccer fanatic being a Manchester United fan, I have to be glued on my television set every weekend watching the Premier League. I enjoy banter on social media teasing rival fans in case their teams lost on the game week. Trust me I catch feelings when we lose but there is always another time.

My aspirations is to become a world figure with what I write and leave a lasting legacy even after death.

Life is a great teacher, it will never leave anyone uneducated. Alison Mujati to

Earth Times

summer

Leafy flesh holding groves like armor

Lively pulps from head to toe
clouds formed like a man clasping a hoe
The sky isn't always blue.

Up in the mountain, I climbed
Savanna camouflage molds her head
A crown so unique to ones princesses wear
Its colorful blossoms complete a pattern

A lantern brightening the dark
Romantics testify the impressions
A soothing atmosphere never replaced

Four rivers flowing from every direction
Each one from a peak of every mountain
Freshwater flows resemble the art of a vein

To the belly of the earth, the water feeds
Below lies salty sea acidic to kill the weeds
One good turn deserves another
Welcome to the belly of the world.

nature sings, no orchestra matches her mp sound
The jungle completes a perfect rhetoric
Dove coos
Eagles'whistles towards prey
And little birds tweets
Compliments roars of lions and rivers
Surely no sound can match.

Alison Mujati

Era

You are are season among million more
Every bit always leaves everything raw.
Too speedily to keep in touch
Yet very fragile to mend.

You're that big wheel, a giant one, seen not
A jigsaw puzzle constructed cryptically.
As events pass like the rest, no pulling back.
It's gone just to trouble us with memories.

As people come into our lives
We hope to keep them forever
It's relationship-building in this trust.
Time rings its bell as we part ways

For a good taste of seasons
Wished rain under duress of a famine
Yesteryear was just a memory away
A bonus of sleep dreams, maybe
Living within it but so long gone
We waste time anyways on the haystack
That needle is somewhere beyond reach.

Time is a rhythm of sorrow
In good and bad times, people weep
Why has taken that smile from their faces
Still, we rue the day when life turned on us.

Alison Mujati

Fading Hope

Speaking this mind from a reverie
words drizzling snow of conscience
Drink chilled for stormy nights
One day life drags to the green of pastures.

From dark domiciles, hope looms
A glimmer from a dozen fold darkness
nature's matrix where none dines with the vibe.

Playing bravery
A soldier's conscience
Believing every war brings peace,
Questioning diplomats and man of the cloth
Isn't a pen mightier than a sword?
Every soldier questions the belief

A chef at war with spices and condiments
Adding either in dishes goes with time.
worrying about taste as if life depends on it.
We suffer more from what we create

Silence with a mouth shut
The doors of hell to my ever taunting spirit
I'm loud within me,
Too many trust issues inside
Why would be the past hush
I wish to have lived there?
the present is hellish, I never fancied.

It goes just to come back around.
Indians call it Karma
It's a base of stamina
beautiful days are few
The guiltiest memories shape us.
Hardened beneath souls.
We learned to swallow mistakes
Smiling to terror, a rhythmical irony?
What have we got from our smiles?

We eat to be hungry
Work to work again tomorrow
Perhaps breach every contract and get punished for it.

Alison Mujati

Lay Low

Gaze now, the sky in fire
Missiles up in the air
All searching, they wish you weren't the heir.

Like a demon, you hover their back psyche
Black and dark, they tremble in fear
Stop running keep the rear

Adversary knows your strength
He sees a contest in the halo of fire
But fearing to fare

Hush, hush-hush
A snake slithers smoothly in the grass.
Disguising like a fugitive with no pass

He dines under the moon and stars
Creeps under darkness the witch way
Night vision loses a glimpse of his identity.

Hither and thither he goes
Fighting errands nightly
And dozing at daybreak like a night guard

The world thinks he bypassed
Escaped by night to the far north
Meeting allies of his cause.

Sentries come marauding like watchdogs.
One eye open at sleeptime
Hoping to sniff out the hunted

A dangerous creature
Food for the law, they wish to feed from
Yet not sure of their hope.

keep guessing like lottery players
Everyone dreaming of millions
One day is one day is their mantra.

You're an enemy among your people
No one sees you and winks a sleep
You've become an enemy of the people.

Abscond now to conserve your crown
Stay your years away to duck this tide
One day the devil forgets your sin.

You come back a holy man
Washed from sins in river Jordan
You're forgiven to all inequity

Behold, a close saint
Pure at heart all cleansed to snow white
Crown hanging on your head.

They shall surely applause
Your old self and advanced arise
Walk unblemished in gold aisles

It doesn't take much to learn

The bone of my bone
The flesh of my flesh
Blood of my blood

Lay low to cleanse your soul.
Lay low to buy time
Lay low, lay just low.

Alison Mujati

September Child

Take hold of this gift
Protect it inside your spirit.

Love's bearings pulled you to birth
Memorize the day

Infantry like the womb is profitable vanity
Validity of course but least of materiality

Well, childhood wears in silhouette
Integrity is every parent's pursuit

Be the child everyone wants to hug
As I father I'm bestowing you the blessing

To start heroics where many stutters
Remember God with every word you utter

Up keeping feels like slavery
You would wish you were all grown up

Hang in there like a prized wall portrait
Beauty buys time in every trait

As teenage creeps
life's shows not only by color but flavor too

Still, remember to honor your parents
Their word is the college for a better spirit.

Zeal, without energy, is like a runaway horse
Take everyday life for the future's sake.

As teen life ushers you adulthood
wishes never come as we wished.

Duty comes like a burden to shoulders
Carry all and it's no easy feat.

I should have kept this from you.
It is what it is, better you know before time

Independence like rainbow looks great,
Like taking poison, it too destroys you.

Thank him God for keeping parents this far.
Thank him still for everything if not too.
He knows what you need despite their absence.

You made it this far, life has been kind
The harm comes with all arrows pointing at you.

One wrong Chess move, you're out.
the calculation is the order of the day.

A man's life prospers by hard work
Women work too, avoiding over-dependence.

Stay in any house but build your own home
Pray for a happy life and God shall grant.

All wishes come true
Just remember to work extra hard.

Use your brain not feelings
Brain build people while feelings destroy them

Go my child, the wind of September is here.
I release you to the wind, I ask for no return.

Alison Mujati

Between The Lines

As this generation stand dumbfounded
All wondering how time left it grounded
Within eyes sorrow bleeds
From wells of falling rain
Filled with grief for overflows
The reaction formulates tiny streams.

Life flatters to deceive
Everything appearing deceptively
Lesson learned
Every glittering dust particle isn't gold

A lioness in sheepskin
Forever it shall remain a predator never akin.
Trust the flock at your peril.

The drive led us to the pool
We all expected a beautiful scenery
Did we not initially witness its beauty
Who imagined the mystery of mermaids
It all came as a surprise.

Arise to lovely moments
Swim to the beauty offered on a platter
Like kings and queens, we dine high table
Never forget the end of the night
A lot happens in a twinkle of an eye

Between evil and good, goodness shows
Pessimism blinkers us to horror shows
As lightning strike folks wished to foretell
It's regret but read between those lines

Alison Mujati

The Night Dance

Previously beaten, twice shy
I'm similarly scared to say hi.

The trial transpired tremendously
Entire energy, encouraging but so negatively
Love never of hope and eternity
An ordeal of pain and suffering

For all trials, fading with sound echoes
traversing with light speed,
Unalarmed of curves ahead,
I would have stopped at the first attempt.
Pride pushes beyond the result

Well then, love occurred,
comfortable to balmy hands
Delicate touches depleting my emotions
Ransacking my endurance leaving me weak

Gulping mouthfuls from a golden spoon
Hungering lofty of tables beyond
Behold, a king but in illusions
one fateful day, hope tumbled to pieces

a fool and his money, parted
blossoms waning to time
heroes of the time, now slipping to slivers
No delicate hand to gather me up
Hardly any, time to tell.

Rats scurried it away
A claret that designed my heartbeat.
I wish I could rhyme
Still, sensitivities rent me no room.

Rain droplets slam my head like rock pieces
Slamming like I never relished its soft touch.
To the beauty of butterflies, now I curse.
A reminder of pain shuts all dreams.

I'm taught now, lessons learned.
True love exists but only from a mother.
It's always high as it begins
As it ends, destiny makes it hurt

Tears dry not because pain is gone,
But admittance that it has become our way.
Love that goes, was faked
Love that was, never leaves
Suppression pains, still love exists deep within.

Alison Mujati

Footprints In The Sand

For the good and bad times
I wish contrast rhymes.
Fire and ice, none imparting the other.

All hoped for the better
Yet some stayed asunder
Rain makes noise to silence.

Life requires resilience
Everyone calling out in silence
Self troubles stuff our ears to deafness

If hope is hopeless
Who looks at the fire and believes prowess
The eye sees less than reality

Trends of everything come to a liability
Even sweetness of life ends in mortality
It all ends the same.

Love created a colorful circle
Building a legacy for Jack and Jill
Hate befriends hurt and winks
Who knows not what it means.

If sickness knows a way to people
Health has a way of kicking it out too
Transformation can be ludicrous
End designates the way to everything.

Poverty disappears to normalcy and wealth
Sickness ends in health or vice-versa
We live to die someday

Alison Mujati

Trust The Process

If this is what you die for
Surely, let it go
Love of this sort is poison
The long-run will kill you.

Good love is when you don't feel it
Begin like you want to get the hell out
Falling asleep as you should
No to prolonged nights of stupid thoughts.

when she smiles and you're mad.
He begs to see you and you feel not
That you feel control of it
A tamed dog under leash.

She must be the one
When it feels bad introducing her to pals
When you can't wait to end the chat
When goodbye is best you want to hear.

Destiny made you meet
Out of no reason you talked
To learn each other's ways
Not to jump with a head aiming a rock

Things start badly to turn to goodness
Every shade of goodness ends in turmoil
End is designation
Choose wisely

Twists and turns are part of life
People never learn from a good portion
Only a burnt child dreads fire
Hate will find a reason not to
Surely, love slowly settles.

When the chased remain trending highways
feeling more precious than gold,
When they find reasons to remain scarce

To control you remotely
And taking you for granted.

Time for that man you never fancied.
Learn to take note in the rarest circumstance
A ray of early morning light
From it, you shall enjoy a bright day
Just trust the process

Alison Mujati

Munhu Wetariro

Chivanduko chekurarama upenyu hwakavandika igoneso
Ipfungwa iripo yevimbiso

Alison Mujati

The Throne

Honored is the hero who seats this chair
Uneven ways attract lice in your hair

Theoretic physicality of the same genetics
Paws of sharp claws
Defending chunk bites of predators
Siblings eyeing the golden throne

He came A sheep hiding A savage inside
Everyone is prone at peace needless to hide
When time ripens, a true villain shows
Shining as rough summer desert glows
Many open-mouthed with surprise
Players within it now point fingers every sunrise
We knew a devil within, no one listened

Outsiders in the hideout
Waiting for the mistake and take its handout
Longevity weakens
Nothing lasts forever

Friends fight for the throne
Enemies gather never to take sides
Conspiracy is their theory
Follow the sequel, a headache strike
No truth comes from war
Believe it at your peril

Mob bought as the kiss goes by favor
We all believed a lie of thorough fabrication.
Truth surfaces for a revolution
The gone leaving a lasting legacy
Again we seek the heir to the throne
Right round in circles we go again

Alison Mujati

Stressed Up

Felony is the mother of all troubles
Good, we have nature to clean all rubble

Tired of a reeling head
Not everyone revels on the merry-go-round
Something should be wrong somewhere

Sanity beautifies life
Trouble brews toxic stuff
Surely more awaits in the aftermath

I wish the heart pumps just blood
multi-tasking on feelings hurt us instead
Still, our hope lies ahead.

Have anyone tires in inactivity
Fight negative force to some positivity
Then it pulls you back down like gravity.

A night of thousand insomnia
The dislike of this phobia
Yet you suffer even sexually like gonorrhea

Brains jumbled by one thing
Feeling as if you fight millions
Onlookers color a shade of somber on you.

Thanks to life pledging continuity
We receive distress for believing possibility
It makes no sense for kindergartens
Every grown-up testifies to this torture.

Anxiety kicks with a filthy boot
Killing sanity like an enemy of peace
Pain pushes for tears
Not this one, silent torture.

Hope points to end
We learn to pray in difficult times

Miracles happen, a believer knows better
Never blame suicides perhaps
Some deaths feel better than some life travels.

Alison Mujati

Brave Heart

having this reinforced heart
A motive of pride and art.
Learned to tangle with the nightlife a witch
Darkness has grown to become my playground
Now as a judge seeking no beseech
A hunter fears nothing but trusts his hound

A weird world bearing all evil
I stand on a good patch but remaining civil I'm that shiny path within thickets
Conductors survive from asking tickets

I'm that soldier
Bleeding no fear in midst of war
Everyone predicts extinction.
I see like everyone, more
My back mind sparkle end culmination

I've learned to challenge fear with my voice
None of this predicament lies in my choice
If sickness starts somewhere
Surely somewhere it will find a way out anywhere.

Death has a different way
A heavy face scaring greatest earthly kings
I'm the son of royal heaven way
When the time comes, it's about earthly takings
Smile for a possible outcome
If I win I know it's what I fought for anyway lose wins with Christ at the other
side.

Alison Mujati

Substance Health

It's deafening noise the deaf can hear
Presence and outstanding looking mere

Who salivates for air
An assumed nonentity
Many could have died not the heir

Blazing idle fire
An enemy of reason
Ignored for reverence
Remembered for need
They bask, cook and burn trash.

Far more important things come daily
Working seems better for money brought
Who remembers falling sick and disability
Pessimism is an enemy of peace
A healthy living cons probabilities

Seeing them laugh
I thank life for being kind
Sickness enslaves me by neck's scruff
So woes a sickly sow
Ability drags me to dancing rhythms

The sweetness of sugar comes with taste
A mere look sometimes deceive to a pinch
Would I have known they play football?
Hope lingers to the normal side

Healthiness pushes for possibilities
Illness presses for impossibilities

Do you know of two answers
A gulf divides life and death for the healthy
The sick know of the thin line

While ability dines remember God Almighty
All Thanksgiving must come timely

Sickness concentrate on negatives
Being healthy reminds hope unsaid.

Alison Mujati

Fate

He is heaven and hell
A composed ripper cloaked in Saint array
we sob, his smooth hand wipes our tears
We build hope, he comes to slash it down

A smile mimicking another breed of love
From blues entity, fondness overflows
Eyes shut, emotion blossoms
Spring flowers under the glowing sun.

Fate knows when to cut the tail
Spreading hate seeds to once a heaven
Empires dilapidated from its silent call
Maim heads to stamp eternity

Some erected indestructible empires
Bystanders believed in lastingness
Forgetfulness suited our portion as beings,
Maybe not,
Uncertainty whispers a havoc command.
The greatest we knew lies with history.

If fortune bargains today,
chance nullifies it tomorrow.

worst of today comes the best hereafter
Vice-versa it suits a paradox.

For everyone who celebrates good fortune,
A day shall come when sparks succumb
The curse of making every meal a feast,
Indeed, offspring of such feeds on crumbs

Fate knows tears end with a smile
Fate knows happiness ends in sadness
Fate knows flowers bloom to fade and dry
Fate knows.....

The North Remembers

I'm wearing this souvenir jacket
Hope lingering, time eroding this bracket

Have you dreamt of the presence
Time whispering absence

Being taken aback and,
Smiling between abyss

Who declared time heals
Surely, he was uninformed it too steals
A constant thief that never repays

Enigmatic words of poetry
Jargon sounds nothing but just poetic

Singing tragedy
Passion comes as comedy

Eternal exile is never part of the plan
I now live like a cow in the barn.

Where is the life we both lived to dream of?
Ascending just to tumble there off

Our tide of time now
So powerfully veering but how

Flare burning
I saw glory
Little did I know it came for injury
Ten years ago, good as today
I hope souls remember a time

The North remembers
What emerges if momentum moves south

Alison Mujati

Life And The Past

Flamboyance going in the dark
I've glimpsed gorgeous couples in the park
Once warriors going like heroes
Seasons gone, all lying on pillows

Better seeing a man in a bowtie
Ladies dancing around him in lingerie
His quest preys on satisfaction
Does real love have this admiration?

A man with money is king wherever he goes
If in-car value, a Rolls-Royce
Though vintage but worth every penny
Not just tales, I now remember my Granny

A woman with beauty is a goddess
Every masculine suffer hypnotic harness
One waist swing draws even the unfitting
Free my mentioning, my heart is beating.

We look now to the distant horizon
The sun sliding down the pool of crimson
Towards the edge like it never sparkle
Gone too soon, who misses not the rumble

The lost ground may never be recouped
Life lost implies a deathly scenario
Living hangs upon a piece of hope

Dying means giving up
We did many things
Fate has a designated way.
It all points to what slipped our fingers
Memories tell what we

Alison Mujati

Black Sheep

It feels unpleasant to declare
A black sheep among Lily whites
variation is talk of the flock

Ugliness doesn't give bad blood
So many backstab
Do I bruise black blood?

Bubble bathing behind my niche
aiming personal essence like everyone else
One peek, breathing halts,
skunky in the cabin, am I this bad?

an apple unduly for consumption
Fostered from one tree-like rest
Secluded from the best
Catastrophe thumped harshly
Maladies preferred me for a host
Whoever sees skips eyes for a better one.

Fear to the feeble
A buzzard approaching browsing sheep
Either they flee or freeze in my sight

Poison to their food
Eating and I are sworn, enemies
No matter how luscious, I'm judged to misfit

A gospel of evil only hell stands my destiny.
Never judge books by covers
Still, eye deducing gives this worst end

I'm a sheep
This color gives a bad tag.
I fear as the rest
I bleat like my flock

Alison Mujati

Teenage Dream

Time is money,
Wasted for no salvage
The gloomy aisle to old age

My memoir to glory days
Seemingly a Greek writing
A cryptic charade never understood

Who disregards blAZing minds
A time when life opened for the possibility
Youngblood carelessly squandered every second
Through adventure, elders' calculated risk

Gone too soon
Who needed no extra minutes
To take deeper dives
Crevices beneath would organize a smooth landing.

Boys and girls of beautiful smiles
Carefree young heavenly souls
Picture perfect, tireless zeal
We lived for each other, boys and girls

If only time waits for the man
I could live immortal as a teen

Alison Mujati

Going Round In Circles

Love is a life cycle
Born in it, mature, bask and fade.

For first, the dive of an amateur
Never an economist but rue cost
The ordeal of a novice is painful
Thank God she's just playful.

Real love came
A heartbeat of the proposal.
A needy quest
Could have been avoided
But the experience is worth every second

I ate, I drank
Palatable to the tongue
Heaven came to mother earth
A time worth every dime

And it all came back
A gob sitting on my throat
Hard to swallow and sip water
time veered from righteousness
Despair visited as an unwanted visitor
I sat to it eternally
Lesson learned to read a tragedy

Time instills pain, time heals
Trying to love the lovable
Well, a forced peace
But has happiness stayed?
we will suffocate?
Certainly not.

Wherever love is, there is an imbalance
Where it pains, a shade of it lives forever.
Where it fails, it was infatuation driven
Where it comes back, it never went away

A reality check for everyone
We all continue going round in circles.

Alison Mujati

Soulmate

Sunken within this lonely swamp
Upwards look still scanning for a ramp

Diverse paths nonetheless clinging to obsolete stance
If I die today, know of this rant

This tragic mantra has conformed to my tune
Wherever you are must be a joy
If no harmony, you would have come running back

Maybe it's me
I'm a bitter loser
At least reveal how triumphant you've evolved

Substantial fondness never dies
I reckon of you in tinges of summer
When the sun scorches, my sweat drops purposefully.

Winter comes in wrath
I resent the silent prickles of frostbites
My emotions of you deliver warmth
My desolate hiding place
May never be home anyhow.

Spring up the golden sickness
The season of love
Glimpsing petals and roses kills inside
What is love, if you don't retain it

The return of the sun each day powers me.
Keep hoping, such a dream may live again
Gone too soon, a time traveler
Maybe we meet again with the next direct sun axis.

Life truly has never been the same, my love. The

Alison Mujati

Pain

Heart dancing to fear tidbit
Hair stretching invisibly on my head
Pulling dread strings across a spine.

I could have avoided this, I didn't.
How could I, how would I

For the love that comes at first sight
For long, I searched for some right
Led by desire, the course flashed a fire.
I heat up, I lit.
Perplexed by magic
I invited everything tragic.

Stealing beauty of lion cubs
Should have someone to tell me of the wrong turn.
Here now I stand nail lacerated across my skin
Graffiti designs over my spine.
I cry a lost limb,
The predator has satisfied its hunger.

Telling this story draws tears
At least the above trials quench my fears
Trying to soothe what no one hears
But I'm a scapegoat for my actions.

I bleed within
My heart throbs to pain
I shed the tears in my closet
Bad memories haunt
Fate tortures
And I suffer in my silence

Alison Mujati

Food For Thought

Goodbye laziness
Welcome harness

The smooth walk takes fools to freedom
Have you tried sweat yet?

Hell was never meant for humans
Hope surely meant for heavens
Deeds gratify destiny
Everyone has their behavior to handle.

Intelligence was never meant for all
Still, you can avoid being idiotic

We all sleep to sweet dreams
One nightmare must never scare you to lose sleep.

The blind must not worry about their lack of sight
As the rightful must not brag for eye vision.
Tomorrow's sights remain concealed to everyone.

Through your eagerness to learn, you learn.
A disinterested person keeps darkness around him forever.

Bricks dirt and cement build a house
One house with no dwellers will never be a home

This never intended to being proverbial
It's part of wisdom some fathers never give to their children.
I gave to show my unblemished love for mankind
Everyone can change the world with what they have

Biblically, time and chance happen to all...

Alison Mujati

Life's Leftovers

The day's halt
Somber faces pout
And I gaze from the other side
I despise tears but am pleased to know who adored me.

I skim fake smiles
I curse pretenders in their numbers.
I read jealousies I withstood
I smile at substantial tributes

Who appreciated my love for books
I wish to pat the shoulders of my inheritors.
See who applauded for the sake of it.

My outfits were nothing
So is the property amassed
Who understood my life
Who missed the significance

Who went with me toe to toe
Who sat on laurels when the going gets tougher
I'm a spectator,

My birthright lies with friends
My enemies die to distort it
Tagged a hero, friends testify.
Tagged not, enemies nullify.

My spirit is gone,
Existence torn
Will this remaining corpse be symbolic
Or I become a nobody with one eye twinkle.

Alison Mujati

I Thirst, I Hunger

I hunger

I thirst

Food in my closets

Water in pails

Eat to satisfaction

Drink to enough

Something is missing

But what?

No money is ever enough

Billionaires never have enough

Politicians loot all,

Are they ever satisfied?

Love, God gave me an eternity

My wife gives most of what she has.

I receive a myriad of hugs and kisses

My daughter is my lucky charm

Luck comes but never prolong a stay

As I look to the sky for thanksgiving,

Misfortune visit like reality checks

As I look to give up, another lucky blend visits

I still hunger

I still thirst

Will this earth ever give satisfaction?

Everything about it never seems enough.

I hunger,

I thirst.

Alison Mujati

One Sweet Dream

A human decorated with wings
Imagery to the glory of holy angels
Mode within sea breeze at dawn
Taking me down below into flower valleys
Not perplexed by color
Dawn hovers in black at the beginning of light.
Sweet scents of petals feeding into nostrils
Soothing nonentity to the fervor
Oh, give me this vapourous wine.
I may get intoxicated never to come back.

A toddler grunted a horn
Let me blow it all night
A buzzing bee of honey
Oh, how proud am I without no money?

As my flapping feathers take me higher
Seeing the world like I'm heavenly bound
Feeling victorious like I've conquered the world
Between the trees, no branch hindering progress

Up the top to dine with altitude
They told me, the air becomes cooler
And experiencing the feeling grows fur over me.

Going around in circles like a falcon
Trying to find prey in imitation
Yet there is none
At least I tried, didn't I?

It took me downstream
Above greens shed black in the dawn
A minor delta began an ease
No alarm bells ringing within ears
I docked on a rock
To glimpse one wonder of creation.

Waveless water spreads none ending insight
Drops of silver like stars reflecting pay per view

A three-quarter moon guarded a dynastic way.

What a sight

What might

What a night

What a right

Alison Mujati

Am I This Judgemental

With patience I waited by the roadside
Before fulfillment things turned awkward
Still I stood aloof at the westside.

Eyes roaming around a standing man
The things I see on him are many
Surely I just became a babysitting nanny

Well, he held a pink shopping bag
And here come a certain alluding
Is he a woman inside
My soul laughs out but why.

He pulls a drink from the bag
An expensive one and I wondered
Is he showing off or something
None of my business

I thought of my transport to fetch me.
Glanced at directions where it must come
The sight brought no peace.

Back to the fellow across the road.
Black cap, white t-shirt navy pants and white canvas shoes.
Did I describe all that? Teenage sensation Kathryn Keegan falls in love for the first time. Her mother came with heartbreaking news as she sends her away for a holiday. So many miles away, a troubled male soul named Robert Hopkins drifts too. Push factors threw them to a hopeless place. Eastland, an agricultural place awaits. Both had dark spots to their stories. Expect drama Romance twist and turns still all revolves around Three circles, Life, love and hurt

Surely, I have nothing to do.
I'm not dressed to kill but I can surpass this on my best day.
Mm, do I know what he has in stall too?

When the seventh person greeted him
I noted an uncommon trend
He is famous but for what?
A Lexus beeped, he waved.

The fourth car to do so.
Who is this guy?

And he now adds jelly to his mouth
My anxiety turned south
He is a woman in a man's body for real.
Cut it up buddy see what you've become.
I swallowed trying to retrieve my words

This man is too much,
So many in short space of time
I thought as he drags his phone
Music or WhatsApp chat
I wished some insight
Never a plausible detective

And he picked his pink baggage and hit the road
I wondered why has he been standing this long
None of my business but this judgement is insane

Alison Mujati

From Politics To Exile

They lit the fire
Many caught within it
The invasion scattered citizens

Everyone fled for dear life.
Some soldiers chose to see it all
Watching distantly like prey on predators
When deathly crawls crouch they moved
Above and running for dear lives, who knows the day.

some never look back
Finishing up horizons to four sides
Who waits for the rise of evil tides
Some labeled them cowards
Well, nothing changes played cards.

Behind, they left tears, sweat and blood
Behind, they left pain, trauma and scourge
Behind was raging unquenchable fire
Behind was civil at war, encroaching dire

Who dreamt no of change under oppression.
Instead, better never met the eye
The only change came for the worst.
Starting from civilians who knew no politics
The rest is history, others only must learn from it.

Economic unrest as inflation invades,
Corruption found a grip
Power hunger found a zip
Like a hobo bag, they concealed the heap

Saying much renders tears
Everything falls into tatters
Here we're somewhere as refugees
Nomads and self prisoners of war.
Wherever we go, they point fingers

Did anyone choose to be homeless,

To travel distances with no fixed aboard.
To beg for food and search for it in trash
To be poor or seem like so.
No judgement from this bruised soul

background is safe and sound
Ask about it and see opposite of what we become.
There is more to life than what meets the eye
Humanity disqualifies cruelty on fellow being.
All over the world foreigners scatter for reasons
Don't think bad of their existence.

We're quick to blame them for perversions
How sure are we before crucifying them
In every sack, one bad potato destroys tens of clean ones
But isn't it unfair to judge every male with the sins of Adam.

Alison Mujati

For The Love Of Football

One defining moment in 1999
A victory against a ticking Munich side
As an atheist I believed
One event, good or bad changes life forever
History rules moreover

Since then ups and downs
I lived it all playing no clown

No matter the result,
Consistency is key
But am I ready for this turnout
Maybe, maybe not, still all defines me.

Laughed at other teams' barrenness
Did I hope to bear for a day this nemesis?
Only time would tell

If you can't stand my low as you applaud my highs,
You're misdefining love's definition.
Well I'm anti-promiscuous
Had you been some cheap girl I would have moved on.

I'm hurt because I love you.
I hoped you would reciprocate with perpetual wins.
I'm sad because you don't give the same way.

Now down to my agony as a traumatized wife
On the day after you proved all my aspiration wrong.
Red Army of losing battles
I'm withholding for violating paragraphs
But those who know my course still relate.

You're no longer the best Legend
Everyone sees your torment
The least you can do for your global fans is just try.

It's just football
To me it's a religion

Come unto me and I'll give you verses

I'm sad to lift the flag high

I'm sad of your inconsistency

I'm sad we're demoted to a lower league

I'm sad we're going round in circles

I'm sad I expected more than you can give

Ps. You are loved here my dear old buddy

Alison Mujati

Pride

A scary place
Breeding monsters and scorpions
My people's play things like toys

It's all about themselves
Staging it within head shelves
Everyone at their own right

Richness evaded the earthly kingdom
So did poverty in ransom
Both captured individuals at random
Look how others troll counterparts.

Hard work is for both the rich and poor
Parties toil timely day in and night deep
Fortunate slam chest
The vanquished lick the wounds.
Question?
Did anyone choose to be fortunate?
Still another question
Who in their rightful mind selects defeat?

Let him who chose to be black raise a hand
Or that one white to dance in this podium
Stupid mantras tarnishing livelihood.
I must be more stupid enough to worry of being pointed black.
Let your pride not push you to vile.

Some believe in beauty they never made
Slamming others for no possession
Sorry folks God sees interior beauty
Sameness globally if we dig in.

Fortunate and the world bows to you.
Fools of poverty tell the rich nothing.
Smart but not to him
What would they tell him they are poor
Corrupt minds don't come with a whistle blower.
It takes the wise to listen even to a psychopath.

Love yourself extremely
Never settle on it to undermine others
Talk to everyone in sameness
Eat with the unfortunate
A day will come when they will stand for you.
Get rid of this self pride A.S.AP.

Alison Mujati

Yesteryear

Looking back
To tears moulding lifetime streams
Love that knew no boundary
Spasms of pain chained to balmy hearts
Flickers of joy lightening up days
Black magic horror threats
There is more to yesteryear than what meets an eye.

Sunshine lit the city
Rainy days came with joy
We all rejoiced within admiration.

When life twirled in response
Love came like showers
I drank until intoxication reacts
Getting drunk to the other coin side.

Denial visited
How so soon
I wanted more, at least for a lifetime.
Not owning my fate repaid with just a dime
It had to keep me forever
How possible
Next to none.
I'm rueing the day I met love and still.

There is no peace for a living man
Every joy of being born comes with shame
Happy days come minimal
Toiling comes robust with strength of an animal
Yesteryear long elapsed yet still suffering after effects.

Good night sleep warrants sweet dreams
My backyard had hooting owls haunting all night.
God's creations used as evil vessels
As innocent as I was, I suffered constant visits
Black magic drowned every other night.

As we live by hope
The past duped me into believing
An unrelated future on the cards
Here I am still clung to lost

Alison Mujati

Incongruity

We play the same ball
Our titillationsee-saw

Have you ever drank for no course?
Sleep and not feeling the same.

Some people sob for their happiness
I do laugh sometimes for my troubles.

Why do we eat feeling no hunger at all.
Others don't know where to find food

Why do people pretend on non existing love.

Do you play with your kids just to please them
Doing it for others while suppressingyour self.

We ask our children why they cry.
When they ask, we pretend we're okay
Deeds aren't words yet actions speak louder than words

Do we go to really go or we do so to come back
Stay put to please or hurt feelings

Is marriage bond a source of happiness or some unheraldedbondage.

Why is love blind when the logic of all is clarity.

Questions, questions and more questions with no answers
Feels like questioning why to be born when all is destined to death.

Alison Mujati

Seeking Love

Youth era coming like just a day.
Its impact, a kind of price to pay
Dozen winters, spring Autumn and summer
All combined to a cozy single day.
As a shepherd of sheep, I come to seek the lost
As a king I come as the party's host
Tramping above molehill I take an eye toast
Watching over a kingdom
Gazelles in green garden called earth
All clad in vibrant enticing attires
Eve the queen maiden leading the bandwagon
Eyes turning and exploring never tire
I see multitudes of contrasting beauties
No easy fate on thousand hitches
One seemingly better than before
But drag eyes back and stare afore
Love burning within like hell
I look vivaciously to find all is well

What a wonder but it's making me mad.
Thousands of crochet knits my head
Then my eyes met a princess
An emblem a pure beauty
Her lackadaisical walk suits a cow
Waist swinging like a serpent but how.
Smiling but dozens possess the same prowess
I fear glances again or I could loose what I never had.
Eyes focused
Each careful step I take brings me closer to her

I reached out with no trouble
One move closer sent me into bubble
Passing my hand for greeting
The magnet catches my metal
And i knew she was the one.

Alison Mujati

Savannah Praise To Wisdom Nuggets

A day of summer calls
A morningjibe roars

Bird chirps heralding the morning
Blues of sunrise with nature roaring

Caws of black crows
Clasping cats sounds, purrs and meows

Day of clear skies coming
Duress of golden sun impending

Elegant black days
Elite summer rays

For every gleeful time
Forlorn passing by tide

Going and coming
Good timing

Heavenly feeling
How I miss sunny days

Irregular after wintry torrents
Ivy pollen scent killing off abhorrence

June, southern Africa'sdefinitionof winter
Just summer, in Augustwe enter.

Know your circles
Knowledge like grain comes In particles

Let'sremember to praise our Lord
Liliesamong thorns but beautiful

Mad at cold nights but days are calming
Mild to drinking, less intoxicating

Naysayers out of ways
Not one of them have a voice

One plan leading to grace
Ought to make everyone heroes yet not

Potent pillow of self pride
Purity is what people hide

Quest defines destined humanity
Question them and they bring out humility

Roses among piercing thorns
Running races for mankind is never a problem

Stay safe they say
Stimulation always sway for some essay

Teams are better than singles
Tennis players know the feeling better

Under achievement stirs life bitter
Unity is magic above liter

Vanity tricks us daily
Vivacity of brand new days pushes us

We are one as in God's creation
Won't it be worth a while for celebration

Xenophilia brands a good world
Xenophobia make foreigner timid

Yearning gathers friendship
Your words build my mentorship

Zeal with no knowledge tires
Zip some words in, saying much confuses listeners.

Alison Mujati

Black Eye

My painful flesh mechanism
Feels like tiredness from hard work
Swollen eye, results of thorough bash.
Clenched fists completed the chore
A heavyweight champ celebrates victory.
Hardcore practicing on a defenceless woman

Pothole pools of blood adorn the floor
One more trial would formulate a river
Name my crimes one after the other.
Silence solves not my agony

Marijuana smell chokes me
I resent alcohol to death
With them I'd seen red
Something for change
Without them I've known peace

Look how haggish I've become.
My appearance oppose my real age
I'm called with elderly names
What a shame within my age group folks?
The weep ravaged me black and blue
I know no peace trying to remember countless scars over my skin

I see you smile sometimes looking at me
Never seen shame in your bullish eyes
I feign in fear the beast in you may return

A marriage is no boxing ring
A marriage is no politics of scorpion king
A marriage is no story of traumatized wife
A marriage is a definition of pure love and peace

I hate husband phobia
I hate multiple scars
I hate this black punched eye.

Alison Mujati

Question

Whose heart is pure?

Whose rage needs no poke to show

Who can laugh with no bloody stain of hatred

Who speaks kindest words of no vile

Whom else has a godly heart

Whom the gods chose for real art.

Heart as clean as an infant

Who knows no sin

You do because freedom permits

Never liable for consequences

Confession points yet no judgement over a name

Alison Mujati

Twists And Turns

Everlasting streams of self conscious
Results come like burning streams of dread
My wrist tires not wiping drops of sorrow.
It all comes back to yesterday
A troubled today and improbable tomorrow
So regretting yesterday's bitter sweets
Why has life chosen to be a shroud of twists and turns
Aliens and mortals in one rhythm
Oh I can die of this sarcasm
Trying to explain a scorch of chill effects, while frost bites also show in this heat
wave
Everythingturns ironic, a cryptic jigsaw puzzle.
Life defined yet in the aftermath answers remain nonentity.

Gone are the days of logic and reasoning
Every other belief feeds like poisoning
The wise now set tables with so called fools
Dumb high school kids end up commanding the former cream of their history.
Tables turned from the blue
David killing goliath
Surely the race is not for the swift nor the battle is for the robust.

Man to man love coming common
None questioning Eve why she kissed Mel not Dave
It'schange they need even if it means disobeying their creator.
Let me not be that man
I pray, my children never to hike the same train.

Death is common
The earth permits all
I presume we will be judged someday
Let everyone be responsible for their actions
Be accountable for doings
For now let'senjoy and pout onthe twists and turns.

Alison Mujati

Forgetfulness

Darkness, a form of phobia
The podium of clinged utopia
Mankind and this amnesia
Boredom forgets tales of Narnia

Pages of sin, a daily bread
Preachers have gospel daily read
People fear no dread

Murdering others is in cold blood
Vipers in their brood
The word speaks, do not kill.

Hands feed babies for upbringing
Who forgets a mother's breast feeding?
Still everyday comes with words of backbiting.
Do mothers too forget babysitting?

Taught to walk from crawling
Many became speed merchants
The echoes brought the world to applause
Fur and feathers grew
Pride plumed peacock perfection
One flaw led to another
Forgetfulness came as an end product.

Alison Mujati

You Lost Me

I'm a piece cut from a different cloth
Men as butterflies, not me, a moth

Beauty on multi-hued wings hoaxed everyone.
Dark self and nocturnal time brand me.

When beauty fades, I remain the same
Maybe it's a time my nerve surfaces

Teenage gleam was never my place
Unattractiveness made me beautiful

When money possessed everyone, I remained steadfast
I waited for my gest.

Had you followed my empathy, you would have seen a bigger picture.
No looking back it's a destiny game.

Make choices and everything follows your self-containment.
By choosing someone over me, you wrote your judgment.

It broke my heart you never saw a bigger picture.
All that glitters is not gold but rough diamonds often possess hidden future
excess value.

Now finding the lost ground
The answer prickling by the eastern horizon
Now, look at my flowers glowing while your sad choices yield to nothingness.

You don't choose love
Love chooses you
While you chose to contradict gravity,
You became vulnerable to karma
Now its silent returns, reaping what you sow.

Am I rubbing salt
No, just mentioning the obvious.

I am not elite
But am I a bandit?

I feel for you
I wish like grabbing your arms and comfort you
But just like you, I also made a choice
And with it, fate judged me, no looking back.

Our only difference, I permitted love to choose me

Alison Mujati

Unending Love

All energy exhausted in this melancholy.
Losing you was a curse
A love song playing a sad harmony
But you're just a rose.
Bloom red under spring sun
Withering within days of summer still
Autumn comes with matters to run
And shades of winter takes me to Bastille.
Everything wrong spreading with speed of light.
Imagine the torture of holding tight
Broken pieces scattered like debris
I fought for no right
Trying to right wrongs for vain answers.
You took with you my urge to love really
I became a special case,
Fragile to normalcy
With every affair I enter already simulated
And I seem to predict every of my losing score
Your imagery comes to picture
Its reflection ruining possibilities
I've become a puppet and a fool.
Fool deceived on past glory
And let it destroy vital present nature.
As they sang, love the way it hurts.
A masochist at the grand stage.

I fall a thousand times
Each time I rise up I look back to my flaws
Trying to search if you could notice
Mistakes of contrasting journeys taken
Life seems to remind us we're forsaken
But like stubborn mules, status quos remain.
Like a lost puppy, I sadly try to live like it never happened.

One truth persists
It's my zeal within all weaknesses
My reason to every question
My unquestioned mantra of life
My unending dream from every sleep.

I love you forever.

Alison Mujati

Spring

Winter residues to spring
A season everything wants a cling.
Mother of all, the golden ring

Precious as worthy metal,
Beautiful as color purple

Full in bloom jacaranda touches lilac
Spring comes in obvious as black tarmac

Restoring after effects of the savage winter
Some plant colors come precious like magenta,
To decorate the beauty of mother nature

Foliage on young leaves tasty to eyes
Warrant glances of pure joy.
Speak loveliness as nature smiles

Drained brooks now coming to life
Its floating creatures regaining verve

Spring is home not a cruelty tame
Winter chills dispatched
Wonder of warmth enhanced
Scorching summer sidelined least for now.
Sulking nature of Autumn now a distant memory.

Spring rules, its dynasty worth a while.
Birds chirp in happiness
Flip flapping high up azure
The of crows lasting sunny warmth
Animal dance in fresh nature produce
Rather than dry jaw breaking winter chews

Spring gives hope to the lost
It's sunsets giving crimson touches.
Certain day shades of orange.
Who hates spring?
Oh wonderful spring.

Alison Mujati

Sorrow

Pouts to this vain life
Man crucified to this strife

What importance to life, when all is prejudged to death.
Somber to ear digestion still gross truth

Seldom ending slavery coming with living
Pain targeting the bereaving

One by one souls depart
The remaining tormented to play a part.
With heavy hearts to bury useless corpses
As bees in a colony, people unwillingly become accomplices
Like fugitives scattering yet with one escaping agenda.
Defeated inward but who is weak to surrender.
All acting strong but who is?

We are humans to onlookers
Man fit enough to satisfy hookers
Inside, hell scorches
Flesh roasting yet barbecue sizzling escapes
Splintered bones, nothing left to be called human.

The way equates a mountain climb
Every man too feeble to essay a step uphill
Living within basics with all dreaming prowess.
Yet too limited to think everlasting comfort.

Sorrow reeks everywhere
With time it chokes everyone to eternal end

Alison Mujati

Life, Our Journey

As life drifts from birth
It heads closer to death

Present pain is vain
Tomorrow's rewards is gain

Treat everyone the way you want to be treated
Fate has a way of giving back what once offered

Like hunters we all die under paws of predators.
Soldiers engage in wars knowing short numbers aftermaths

Everyone tasted disappointment
Still they're reasons someone suffers the same viewpoint

We all thrive to be happy
Still disappointment remains the unwanted visitor

Your folks remain confidantes
In your absencethey gossip about you.

It is what it is
The earth in spite of time remains the same
It's forever how it is.

Alison Mujati

Night

Dark Beauty fathomed with beautiful stars
A veil of grey mistaken as black
Seeds of shiny blue haphazard above.
Like dots of silver thrown on solid black

Young named dusk
A good day clad in this dark mask
Life still alive but fading
Not death bound but sleeping

A moving train drags to midnight
Dark forces arise
But who be there to witness evil
The night had long prepared nature to slumber.
See no evil, speak not of what you know not.

Nightmares defined sleep imaginations
Bad dreams of mere sleep hallucinations
Never believe sleep evil visions
Has reality ever thrown you down a cliff?
Night games are scary but never real.
Blink off sleep in your eyes
Normalcy prevails

Dawn named twilight impends
The morning star shines at midmorning sun's place
The west horizon turns crimson
Like morning mist, darkness drifts
Stars in their multitudes take a disappearing act
One by one sinking into whitish blue
The night stamp succumbs into staging morning.
And we wait for a routine with another sunset.

Alison Mujati

Mother

Staring where you sleep
Eternity scratches my heartbeat

Shut eyes, tears germinate
Wet Eyelashes of sorrow

Imagination and memory shoots
Stomach groans as a reminder
We truly miss a heroine
Your love, who can give just a piece

Hunger as always
no food satisfies your absence
wary pressures our heartbeats.
Claret is racing like we fear the unknown
Why earth ways are so traumatic

I water this red soil with my tears
seeds of sorrow will sprout one day.

the world stares unforgiving.
Am I a crying baby?

For years I've not called out to you.
A new normal for the world around me.
I give them rights, you're not her mom

I became a man from your mother.
Even when none believed I would
Thank you.

As if labor wasn't enough,
I suck from your nipple till toddlerhood
soiling shorts daily during the period
Different odors made you stronger
The retribution never discouraged you.

Before graduating to being a youth,

Earth days exhausted for you
I cried blood tears,
you were irreplaceable and still.

Formality took me through
Today I stand like a lost sheep
Everyday proving hard to sleep
Eyes popped open
I fear to lose them to blindness

In my smile, I celebrate your existence
In pain, I weep for your early departure

Wherever you are mommy,
I pray you to feed only on honey
Enjoy eternity and have fun

Thank you for saving me in tough times.

Alison Mujati

Daughters' Unending Love

My silence remains a book of romance
Temper with it and I give clearance

It's playing on the shores of a deep sea.
Certain deathly places you may never see

I'm the moon to darkness of the night
A sip of cool water to a dry throat

Keep me at leash like a dog
Touch not what I play father to on this earth

Alynn and Alyssa are precious
No gold or silver can buy their value on me

It's a line capital and bold lettered DO NOT CROSS sign.
Contravene and see hell coming live

I can munch the chain leash of my silence
Then come all hell and fire to destroy for reverence

No rain can stop me, no price
I become a provoked termite
My incisors can crush bones like predators'

Blood-shot eyes resemble a Dracula.
They cannot spare you while spitting fire

I snarl like a jaguar in their mistreatment
Their tears stir anger and an urge to fight for their joy.

I live for them
And so shall I stand up straight for their smile

You want peace with with me,
Stay out of my Children's torture.

Alison Mujati

Love And Its Failures

Love

The beauty lies in the name

Reality played like a game

A fire blossom of light

Kindness and passion right

Can transform to help that scorches

A mishandling that tortures

A beam of light at sunrise

Beautiful art of nature

Can be a patch of gloom on blossom

Hate defines but still love gone wrong

It's a knife in good hands

Worst case scenario attracts deepest cuts

Red Roses of bloom

Petals smeared with blood, a horror imitation.

Where it excels one wishes for more

Where it fails one berates the day it began

Love is water from a fountain

Everyone dreams to drink from

Love becomes poison if cheated

Some wish for singularity in those cases

Love starts with a good feeling

Love ends either in regret or tears

Love remains related to passion

Love changing color should never be called love

Alison Mujati

You Understand? No You Don't

Claims of silver tongues
To console and comfort
A slippery path never worth a tread

I once said words I never meant
Speaking for the sake of it
The next person needed an alibi
Playing one but the course never changed.

Do you you know how it feels like,
To be young and orphaned
To have a case but with no one willing to listen to it
To be poor among people managing life.
To be be punished for a crime you didn't commit
To be a child in need of a guardian yet playing guardian to to other children
To play music no one wishes to listen to or dances
To be at a place where no one notices your presence
To be in class where everyone judges you because of your background.

Understanding feelings and odds of being orphaned?
Save it man you grew wings being nestled with both parents
I mouth-picked ants as a food source

Why is waste time elucidating?
You won't understand

Alison Mujati

My Death Bed

A rendezvous of end time
Lying like I sleep
This death bed has a long process
Lack of sleep
A war broke out within my mind

My body ringing pain
All that I know since has come to haunt
Everything known following like a dozen hounds
Who am I
No, I no longer remember my name.

Like lightning, flashes switch sporadically
Thunders of fear trembles my body
A quick process of real time
Yet too slow to put all to rest
Still like a laboured woman, I wait for my time.

No war surpasses anxiety
Sounds of gunfire defeats within
Blood curdling screams of victims stir the remainder of my pit.
Yet inside, every nerve sobs to own pain
Combining to one focal point,
My heart shreds to agony

I'm a rattle of splintered bones
On movement of changing sleep side tortures
A caught spy has no story compared to my own.
Blood pounds within my ears
It's sound resembling a mine blast.

I could scream for help as of human nature
The urge to do so suddenly shrinks within before I can put it action.
No one can save my forthcoming judgement
I guess every dog has his day.
As such, I face my own with a sunken heart.

Like birds of feeding places people check on me.
Groups come, pursuing individuals

One after the other people come
One after the other people ask my feelings
Like a martyr I hide pain
Force smiles and feign recovery,
Am I getting better?
Certainly not.
Everyday passing by I feel like getting close and closer.
And like a sacrificial lamb, I push towards slaughter
All I wish for is a hash
Still the process drags

Food and medicine come in abundance
Hopefuls belief I can make it
How so, my soul had long given hope.
Day and night I meditate prayers for my children's upbringing.
What will become of them after I pass
It's a malevolent song
The one I wish to forget
Yet the unknown DJ still plays it for me

Coughing hard and loud to distract mounting stress.
Not my liking and making, but life sings a boring song of stress
The process remains slow and the silent mantra sings along.

Alison Mujati

The Urge To Cry

Eye fountains bruise
Pouring two hot tiny streams of agony
Down cheeks.
Behind it all anguish and sorrow brew
A sad menace to looks
Yet soothing a rage-palping heart
Taboo to masculine apprehension
But normal to feminine counterparts.
I've failed as a man, to cope up and bear
Let me in my broken stance shed it all.
People say it soothes

losing too much gain is less
Sometimes we need a team to cope
Who to look to in this standstill.
No parent for guideline, no sister no brother.
I lost all to beastly death.

Progress comes with thrive
The planet knows, how early I wake
Still the last to slumber.
Who knows not my strife

Love brings people together
Ironically mine threw everything into oblivion
A cast of doubt to belief
Reminiscing, eyes wither to two tiny but significant waterways.

Verily no news is good news to me
I'm a slave to fear
In case this leaves me
I still shed them tears of relief

Alison Mujati

Disguised Trends

Seems the trend stands on a move
Like chariots, the beauty hinges on motion
Men are soldiers,
war is made daily
Hard work tires
Bruises, sweat and blood testify
Scars symbolize journey travelled
In them, revelation sprout like seed
Following footprints, forlorn breeds
You don't untie strangling chains
Like said above the trend goes.
every man born, sturdy and feeble suffers
We meet at the other side of life.

Courage of a woman lies in her sense of beauty
Mascara and facials tell a tale
You can overpower a woman
Stand in their way to distract them
One smiling moment puts a man's vice grip on a loose
Samson's strength got breached by Delilah's soft hand
She like a flower lives delicately
Beauty of billion kinds rules the world
She can be fulfilling or mean but deceptive
One needs to be unforgiving to judge a woman.
Set a woman to catch another, seems the only way to be victorious
And the trend goes, first to mankind as in Eve.
The rest follows suit
It's like they pass it from generation to generation
Yet still no one hears them pass their prowess.

Alison Mujati

Privileged

To breath yet non acknowledge
At point of death is when everyone sees it mattered

To bask in the sun
The world rues just scorching
Quick to point fingers
What of the goodness the golden ball has on us.

To have the little
Some are wishing to be in our shoes
Surely, half a loaf is better than nothing.

To be high up, there are some languishing down
To be comfortably down rather than regretting height effect

To feed deliciousness of the world
Some survive on crumbs

We're all privileged somehow
An appreciation to that breeds happiness within our souls

Alison Mujati

Stress Free

stress free

love on board
no past dread
untroubled and stead

A breathing stomach
Not a hunger ache
Smiling Disney Donald Duck

A shelter over my head
I'm a no skipping toad
no mock of the unfortunate in the neighborhood
Breakthrough for them, I plead

Africa has been a kind world.
Hoping the universe is the same

Alison Mujati

Sickening Eyes

sickening eyes

seeing all beauty
under it lies deception.

a blink of the eye sees beautiful colours
who tells vibrancy fades with time.

even red roses bloom
the eye defines good grace
withering challenges
the rest falls to reality.

as quick as it is to notice blossoming love.
Hate stomps on firm ground
why eyes make us wonder where it came from.
eyes only discern righteousness, never crouching danger.

beautiful faces tempt clean souls
Eyes are the reason why folks believe in beauty
of all ruing faces now, beauty blinkered devilish bosoms
thanks to eyes the world is at peace

Nature parades to a beautiful valley
my eyes saw and deceived me
I gleeful flocked for self peace
strength served me from ravaging alligators
not with both my legs.

I'm now blind to all beautiful sights
the last I remember appreciating, I ended up ruing why I ever did.

Alison Mujati

A Wintry Night

a wintry night

dusk skips early
a dark page of invisible cold spears
crouching creatures versus season at parley
silent yet the world hears
Hard and heavy, our nature bears.

Dining with an enemy
a definition of hell not of fire
Praying to utter no blasphemy
Or my judgements could come dire

8pm comes like ten
midnight seem like past
5am already expecting the sound of a hen
it's not a must

prolonged darkness of torture
nature outside freezes,
Humans inside dread recapture

Alison Mujati

When The Reaper Came

when the reaper came.

she skipped no race
Black, white yellow
her way still remains a blood trace
silence stifled, a worldly bellow.

friendship withered
gatherings shrink
earthly normalcy backfired
A deathly brink

handshakes of peril
kisses of dread
Drinking from either cup tastes abysmal
greeting now seems an antithesis of daily bread

walks used to be funny
now it's all edgy, we're all horny
imperfections personifies perfection
isolationis never a tone of affection

At least class struggles ceased
Everyday the same, parity seized
A time when money buys no health
the poor seem comfortable in this stealth
they also fear for their lives.

who knows what tomorrow brings
privation clasping prosperity on its hinges
what a time to bond as mankind
to love and care for other humankind

doomed is our day
jeopardy has made us pay

(in memory of those who succumbed to the Corona virus of 2019)

The Day

The day

Bound within day and night clasp
The latter faints while morning comes to grasp.
Divine early gasp
Nature breathes again

the sun germinates from the east horizon
A golden seed grows into illumination
belief sprouts like hallucination

work work and more work
less the talk
part spoilers, everyone blames the jerk
he is the reason why everything turns berserk.

omens of tiredness like sweat
a correct time when smokers need a cigarette
and the sober play soft music from a cassette

the day discolors and the worst
Dusk draws the curtain
west skies turn black
Human eyes feel sleepy
All ends between sweet dreams and worst nightmares
An indirect way to wait for a routine
Goodnight folks.

Alison Mujati

Girls And Women

Girls and women

Beauty is virtue, everyone owns it.
Dark and light, menstrual claret defines them.
Age just a number, all are destined mothers.
Feeble in stature, their minds remain strong.
True love grows with their breast.
Let the world nestle for growth and emotion.
To hurt they suffered through merciless hands of man,
I pray they see eternity as the price for their suffering.

Alison Mujati

Disadvantaged Panorama

disadvantaged panorama

when will the rich man hear the poor man's story?

When will existence explain this allegory?

Maybe not.

If battles are prescribed for the potent, who will stand and defend the anaemic?

Injustice chances influencing law

Eyes have seen the big raw

yet no law is immune to favoritism and dishonesty.

Do judges know the pain of misjudgment?

when will black voice stand the podium

pause, when will white consult a spirit medium?

Some things are let loose but,

Few care for race barriers, why?

Why Africa has an inferior relevance?

why everyone undermines her importance?

Black is beautiful, but so is white.

Alison Mujati

Human

human

A story behind a twin legged figure,
His climaxed to certain ego
Humanity axed him to a special creation.

Prone to tears when life draws a sharp edge.
A morning joy brings a smile to her face
It seems there is a designated to everything.

Anger pushes him to war be it of words or up in arms
But his warmth comforts literally in arms.

When life misbehaves, she whines
Her world shutters even with sips of dozen wines.
A perfect wheel spin give folks an arrogant feeling.

Suffering itself is human
Ailment befalls on humans
Anger affects humans
errs are prone to humans
arrogance
deception
dislike
ego
envy
fear
friendship
hate
healthy
hurt
lies
like
jealousy
kindness
poor
rich

Love puts a smile on your face

You're still human

Alison Mujati

A Proud Sheep Shepherd

A proud sheep shepherd

A voice for the voiceless
A silent speech of the speechless
I hear more than I can speak.

A shepherd of sheep
A person who knows no sleep
I guard, the pastures are my peak

Rumbling thunder stiffened me.
Pattering rain hardened me.
Mumbling, and folks think I'm stupid.

Befriending dogs taught me to love
Human stories fill a vacuum of unloveliness
Ironically, I chose animals.

My music is chirping birds in the early savannah
Sheep bleats are no comparison to Hannah
Dog bark alarms me of impending danger.

I am a shepherd of sheep
Safeguarding them to predators builds a no-fuss heap
I'm no soldier of the crooked man
I'm a shepherd though folks see a worthless man

Alison Mujati

When Beauty Meets Personal Pride

When beauty meets personal pride

It's out of this world perhaps
Soothing water waves to the shore are nothing of beauty.
The art befits a biblical Eden
Not sure if we can fund such on this sinful earth.
Mars perhaps, but too much isolated to house a fragile girl.
She is a supreme being, I don't know how much blasphemous but her rank
deserves such a state.
The voice is magically astounding,
Put her in the choir and win a prize. her first alto note has zeal.

When did pony tails start growing on people's heads as hair?
I think I've seen one somewhere.
Don't ask me where
I may never tell.

Walking has never been graceful
Well, one in millions is artistic
A mixture of two utterly different creeping creatures yet never awful.
A heifer on hooves over gravel,
the earth seems ablaze.
When she swings, a serpent might forget, it's its tongue that deceived mankind.
She possesses hips of a kind.

It's time to drift,
standing aloof and take a rift
To be class of her on
and escape this world, disease, virus, and war-torn.

If a man cannot stand for his pride,
let him suffer another man's stride.
it's the only way selfishness wins
Do not question her means
the pride of a woman is her right to make choices

Behold a queen of Sheba
Ancient time went soon
we could eat now with a spoon

Her word has a powerful omen
Dare its judgment
face a hellish predicament
the prize of her wrath surpasses the value of her beauty.

Alison Mujati

Duress

duress

born to be free spirited
bound by nature,
doomed to death.

smiling faces
all shed tears
who chances escape.

within a smiling face
a pang of pain, stress creases faces
feigning joy,
a ghost town blazes inside.

the feeble quickly tire
the strong have endurance
practices never live forever
time kills endeavour.

champions don't last forever
champions bite the dust someday
they submit or tap out one day
seems news but one law has a say.

evil mostly perpetuate over goodness
darkness strolls over honesty
our world sings and applause
justice will be served in the end...

lose not your heart while suffering
save wings for this sacrificing
inescapable change will come
if not here, heaven awaits.

Alison Mujati

#stay Home

#stay home

the most ravenous predator has landed
to those balmy homes, we are stranded

succumbing to the beastly virus which mankind has seen not
taming everywhere unsafe but a hotspot.
the only safer place rather is being home with family.

it's taboo to stick around doing nothing
A man has to be out working to provide a thing
this time it's deathly to live your home
Stay put masculine adherence saves the human race from a wipeout.

blank streets should be a known rhythm
watching once active cities look like ghost towns, now a known rhyme
good art to defeat the virus predator.
it feeds with lives, staying home starves it to the same death
#stay home.

deprived moan of lost mojos
it sounds better than telling lost journals
it pays to stay away
#stayhome

self-isolation has an awful rhetoric
but it has lifeline results surpassing a crowded soccer match
#stay home.

a mini home prison pays more than a multi-dollar paycheck from a street mass
participation.
stay home

coronavirus struggle is real
be an activist fighting the pandemic
please#stay home.

Alison Mujati

Covid-19

Covid-19

If it's something drastic
Authentic answers need to surface

Nature is impaired to this monotonous lullabye
One more diagnosis, and i'm deathly sick
Sick to think i'm next if not already in the trail

Why fighting spiritual battles with fragile flesh and bones?

The fraternity of waiting for an invisible foe
One ludicrous itch and the world thinks the horned beast caught up.

For how long and low shall we dance to this sickly tune?

Look now,
It forces a pulping world into a slumber
Dreaming of normalcy which now stands a distant memory

When will the world view serenity again?
Will peace resuscitate again?
Are we in a melt down?
Living within fear that this Covid-19 will knock our doors.

Alison Mujati

Valentine

Valentine

Loves speaks on beautiful sunsets
Love smiles with moonshine
Love screams in silent hearts
Love dances in pattering rain.
Love is beautiful in extraordinary ways.

Valentine reminds us how special love is.
Love where you must and enjoy the fruits.
HAPPY VALENTINE'S DAY

Alison Mujati

The Blurred Figure

The blurred figure

A stare in the smoke
Standing sideways with teary eyes
Dreams waking up empty-handed.

Light tone too hot to be held
kinky orange tinted hair
I only dreamt to caress forever
Before then stamped a case closed
a mysterious crime too confusing
I dare not a visit.

To that beautiful smile,
I drew water to drink on every quench
life's definition emotional strife.

soft cheek dire to just a touch
A tabooed caress seen only asleep
soft lips timidly touched by mine
taste of saliva on that silver tongue
I blame time for limited chances
We could be in heaven now,
Time never waited for my chance.

They came
They stole from me
I know the price of my loss
I doubt your holder knows your value.
you bear a legendary rank in million years

To your slender body, I miss fireworks
Your figure distracts my mind
day one lies high in my dreams
If you only knew all this, you should have stood by me.
I regret, I never told to convince
My best punch lines were not good enough.

I still remember the touch of magic

I think butterflies of the mountain range miss love
Like piano music I remain aroused intimately
Let me drink the whiteness of the grapevine
A song of yesteryear that remember a good dance of soft, fleshy and powerful
legs
Beautiful enough to carry a curved waist I can dream of having
Unfortunately, the ride had been tremendous and we lost it all.

Alison Mujati

The Wedding Day

The wedding day...

A blink into a new day no sleep
Dozens on a to_do_list, it's a heap.

Thoughts of a bad yesteryear
Transfixed to present to benefit next year.

What has changed with the coming day?
Everyone hopes a day of flowers and feasting changes fortune
It can also be the genesis of the worst

A graduation of new strangled life
Blowing a horn of slavery
Everyone present yet no one has guts to warn of the aftermath.

A good platform to become parents
But why is no one mentioning of responsibilities ahead?

Why is no one not mentioning two are plucking off from childhood
To be given worst nightmares where you have your own problems to solve
Rather than telling respective parents to help out.

Inheriting the worst never to be seen
The vow in sickness and in health says it all.
They cannot mention in death but it's predestined.

Alison Mujati

Corona Virus

Corona virus

The struggle is real but deactivate the panic mode

Like a veld fire, the venom spreads

Causing chaos and leaving multitudes fearing for their lives

.

To those who perished, the world is devastated

To those affected, you are soldiers not the next

And to those anticipating, your hope is the only way

Let's fear but stand in this unity

It attacked mankind

And like siblings we will defeat corona virus in unity

Stay clean, stay alarmed

Together we will distract Corona and finally defeat the virus.

Like any other pandemic there was, corona will have a solution.

Alison Mujati

If

If

If this composition is the prime of the morning,
Let it not overwhelm with anxiety

If it's the endnote read before you blink a sleep
commune beforehand that you won't dine with nightmares.

I pray too that positivity follows you rather than common flaws

If you can stand within your feebleness to challenge the masculine.
The battle is not with what people see.
It's in spirit,
Spiritual battles are always supernatural
No man shall quench the fire of preternatural

A suit of wisdom lies not with people's judgment
But it's within self understanding and belief
Let not the known disqualify you.
If it happens, fight your own battle even against a thousand learned man.

If anyone of them calls you a zealot,
Make no judgement about it
Nevertheless, trust yourself for earning your first trophy
They won't argue with you thinking you are as stubborn as a mule
Great men of the world achieved the fate with no one on their side.

If one laughs
Probably for you incapability
Laugh out with them
Who knows the dream you are making in your dream.

If defeat demotivates you
Success means nothing to you either.
If it means everything
Then the same defeat makes you want to fight again.

If your motivation is all about money
You are likely to oppress others to feed your will.
Think of others and money will be worth every penny.

If they leave you for better friends
Wait your turn
Your better friends will also come

If any of this is judgement,
It's high time you mend your ways brother.
Ego and complacency have destroyed you.

If this plays you a victim,
Prepare for blessings
Experience have made you a better person.

Alison Mujati

The Morning Joy

The morning joy

darkness is taking me with its torments
Gulping the air hard and feeling not enough breath
My life is on the line, I could lose it.

Boo boo boo
My ears catch a familiar sound
Still my conscience cannot carry me home.
It's wings on flesh and the crow followed.

Back in real world I swallowed
The taste is bitter, let saliva clean my mouth.
Several times I struggled but there is positivity in breath.
Eyes roll in anticipation and I feel drops of perspiration drying up.
Welcome to earth dear boy, it felt like being born again.

I threw the blankets up in the air like a pupae embracing adulthood.
Dark still, my eyes discerned but I felt a cool breeze in the hood.
No wonder why they wish a good morning.

I staggered blindly like a drunkard in the dark.
Hands ahead to feel obstacles in my search for the exit.
Heart pulping with exhilaration that my breath was lively again.
Deathly darkness dare not keep me down.
My senses meditating freedom which came by unlocking the door.

A matter of seconds and I'm outside looking at bright stars in pitch black.
Putting all my feelings all in rack
It drags me to the east and there I met the brightest of them all,
The morning star, it has risen and the rest of others fell faintest.

Just a couple of minutes, darkness like mist, disappeared
I'm meeting a harbinger, a stranger called day.
I heard the first chirps of a bird and my heart skips a bit.
Finally all the nightmares and deathly feelings die a mere death.
In trees, melodious music filled the breeze around.
Then the closure to the morning joy came with the smiling sun
Its golden rays symbolizing joy and and dominion under it.

Alison Mujati

Where Love Dwells

where love dwells

it is a home of mystery
but the place possesses loads of chemistry

told love is attracted to both negative and positive
there is a place close to the blazing sun
that's where love is
I'm here at the south pole freezing
What case do we have if we counteract...
i guess i need no explanation

No one knows a constant repetition of the sun
There is constant wave of this shade
We still haveno case.

I can rain you with the power of love
You fend it with an umbrella of medium denial.
It's hard to tell whether in or out
but i know there is a healthy grain of belief in us both
Believe me you there is zest and zeal with red potential
with years of waiting i'll never tire.

Love is a distant memory
A dream that we cherish to hear and close by

I've tasted the soup
the flavour is unforgettable
so near, at the tips of my finger yet so far a way.
The distance across the globe
hundreds of thousand days and night
I feel the heat, it threatens to melt me.

It's a feeling I'm desperate to let go
It's still to important and impotent to do.

The fragments has every Jack and Jim talking helpless and hopelessness
I saved a pulping heart from this wreckage and waiting for resurrection

It's too hard to keep distance when i really has to be close
It kills, it breaks bones
As much as i hate to say it
It speaks volumes for the one that got away
That's exactly where love dwells

Alison Mujati

Lost

lost

once there in December zest
when love called at no cost

now within shadows of a land lost in time
tossing and turning in this grime
all thinking what it means to love when that lover never gives back.

it's the shame of a soldier staging a war of no win.
a soul filled with passion yet never a fulfilment.

when I speak out, no one listens and my words alone become noise to listeners.
gone with time but I stand on used to be like a lost puppy.
how I relinquish when my feeding hand ended back in time

to the joy I never known since then, I sing beliefs of no fulfilment
just like having a smile on a face when truthfully bearing a sorrowful heart.

eating from your hand was my plan but I'm now feeding from good memories.
all wishing for a future which the presence speaks nothing good of.
A reality slap meant to open up eyes yet blindness of yesteryear speaks the
loudest of your voices.

I mean not to harm feelings
I mean to remind of good old days
we can get back and relive memories,
forgetting all these lies we live are mere jokes.

I think of you in broad daylight
I dream likewise in the pitch of the night at pillow talk
why did we live this separate life?
it's all questions, a thousand of them.
Lovebird

Alison Mujati

Love

Love

For this seed of hope
Stands within two souls
To teach the oneness and cope
Break every barrier and skip lows

It's a chain of continuity
Follow the thread, it leads to eternity
Love tries, love deserts
Either way it's no easy feat

Love is a treat of heaven
Fantasize it in a sleep and feel magic
Great moments one wont forget to remember.
Who dares not try love?

Love is an orthodox of loyalty and passion.
You cannot win with it in double crossing
Trust me it ends in pain if that happens
Passion means hope and continuity
Love thrives there until death maybe.

Love is all fantasy and smiles
Love is spiritual
Love takes two, the rest become enemies.
Love is a tango, an extra join spoils the show.

Alison Mujati

The Soldier's Prayer

The soldier's prayer

Twilight who dreams not of daylight
To live another epoch and experience undivided sunlight
pleasant edge where we comprehend no rage
unfamiliar vacuous page deciphered of gone triumph aside from distress scares
much
A zest of ego but who may forget a place of no go.

Not a missile conserves a day if I launch
Penury is horrendous but this can be worse.
Holding this for long but just can't contemplate this possibility amplifying
Blood purges for nonentity
Why not choosing diplomacy
To spare this for another progeny and conserve this one.

It could have concluded I with crossing raging rivers.
The blister beneath my hooves which chapped
There was hunger in our clique which passed
Plagues of ailments and pests came and go
All just classes of vanity
forthwith faced with this journey of no return
Expected to conquer but who knows where this will lead.

Win with nothing left to celebrate
Only brutal and somber songs
Truce to save the remnant yet most of my fellow soldiers rest at the other facet
of life.
Be it biting the dust, left alive but scapegoats of our conquered kingdom.
And or whatever but losing body parts.

Trained to be brave and that we became
Ready to drink from this cup
To fight like jaguars and cougars
We are nothing in this war cry
Just vain souls seeking grace
Let this prayer be heard and pardon our predicament

We may boast superior armoury

Look to it as prospect and savoury
There is a an inescapable bridge of penury
There we pray for pardon
To seek and not drink from the bloody cup.
My God, let this pass us by.
We need to live another day with no regrets

Alison Mujati

Released To The Wind

Released to the wind.

The epoch of farewell is at hand
Bells are ringing
Blood in veins tingling
Nothing lasts forever.

The glamour of crystal blue joy
Now fading to darkness of sorrow which tomorrow brings
Cylindrical painful hollows
To think of the past, zest brings a shed of tear.

It's a place known to be home
Now echoing used to be like summer rain
A ghost town,
The pain tortures to be a man of this agony
Why do things never stay the same?

Loam sieved from the hand of a farmer in the dry season
Foam of dust in the gust of reason
Only he knows when the next drop of rain will come
The rest wait for thy kingdom
come

Like shadows, we sit in the dark
Waiting for the light we once knew
Hoping for milky ways within our path
No one can be sure, the complexity judges us.

Like dust, we are released to the wind.
To learn our ways different from our forefathers
Victory to savor awaits,
So does failure,
Do we have a choice?

Alison Mujati

My Little Ghost Town

My little ghost town

Here and burning
Twisting and turning
The sniff of barbecue specifies.
It's a furnace of fries
Never a game of tries
Maybe my little hell.

Crying for used to bes in this ever changing world.
No truth to be told
It's a game of hide and seek
Whoever finds me can never be sure
I suffer within my ghost town.

It all began on the day I was born.
Grew with me as I received first teeth
It still torments and leave my life torn.
In world of millions, I feel lonely and alone
Everyone suffers their little ghost towns alone maybe.

A tide that would not just go
A witch who would not just burn
Winter spring summer and autumn
Even time cannot thrust this grime
Im stuck like glue within
It's an oldie living in present
To tell folks, no one seems to care
Some seem to suffer with me but deep inside I know no truth.
It's my own little ghost town.

Anxiety is my unique invention
It has been there since day one
In the night its darkness hovers
I suffer nightmares alone, it tortures
My own little ghost time.

In love I seek justice
To do it the reciprocal way

The results I get were bone breaking
My scale can never be at evens.
Years passed by yet still facing a deathly scenario.
Imagine love, my little ghost town.

With the sweat of hard work
The correct word there is toiling
I suffer to put food on the table
The lied to me, it's the only way to success.
If that was the answer, by now I could have purchased aeroplane
I have them parked at my backyard but they are poverty related.
It my ghost town
My little ghost ton
A ghost town

Alison Mujati

The Gamblers

The gamblers

It's furtherance and anticipation
The hankering of honey bees to the colony
Peculiar hope that seldom mutate
A particular fellow hearsaid to have conquered have their drive

It's a trek of poachers to the herd of big buffalo hunt
None caring much of warthog grunt
The jubilation comes less but with great rant
Who tells them legends perished with ragged pockets

It's what they are promised that waters their desire
Day in day out the story remains the same
Yet a new day comes with same aspiration
Hearts have slogan like soldiers to war
Backwards never forward ever
Theirs is one day is one day

It's hard earned penny to trash
Yes they ever imagine poor Thomas with hard cash
Money, yes the root of all evil
Money the blossom of a disease called poverty.
Get obsessed with it and suffer pocket paralysis
The gamblers see it not...

It's music from advertisers that steal a remnant from the mob
Who is the teacher to educate the possessed that money can not be foretold?
Money comes through perspiration and hard work

Alison Mujati

Blow By Blow

Blow by blow

Who would stand for antagonism and fall for it
Do the unimaginable and prosper through that differentiable valor

Taskmasters repealing the shots
Stewards consequentially sustain blood clots
Forthrightly, shekels have a firm conviction, psyches can contest with strength
they hold
Blow by blow

Anarchy, who hasn't suffered the same hand
Cry my beloved Africa for your power lies in the hand of an enemy
Fellow brothers and sisters who take everyone for a fool.
It's time to fight back melanin to melanin, no stranger knows the bone of
contention
Blow by blow we fight

This is the courage of the feeble
To come with all they have and challenge the red eyed beast.
Who knows not the devastation of fire
Still there is the quench of water
Same strength different application
Blow by blow

There is a story of sugar and salt
Two champions but contrastive revelations
One is pour and steer, enjoy the nectarine tea taster
The other is sprinkle and mix, meattastes differently
Your name is great, a champion applied to life,
You go with it blow by blow

Be the taste of honey
That is never compromised even in thousand years
When they think of you, their memories must be taken aback
As busy as a bee, the way to which a skyscraper is build
Missed chances win no football match
Play the same way as them
Punch to punch

Blow by blow

It goes back to creation

Five equal senses, what everyone thinks, you have the same ability

Same mouth, same hands, you can name it

Where you can be, strive to be there

We have lived in that negativity of I cannot

Why not when we also can win

Try try and try again

Fist to fist blow by blow

I guess life needs that

Alison Mujati

Retiring

Retiring

Hanging gloves now

The question is not why or how

This battle, I've lost but I feel like a champion

I'm not worried about the cost, my quest deserves a champagne.

One not of the most yet still I got the tag of a chaplain

Amateur boasting with a badge of a centurion

Well, just like a host, I'm not worried about attention.

I've revolutionized love at zero cost but have so much gain

Let's sail to the shores of peace

To steal up sorrow and send it packing

Doing away with broken hearts

Picking up pieces and know there is a future beyond the dark night.

If I couldn't with certain souls, it means I can with different ones.

Yeah, words of a vanquished man but isn't it proving a feeling worth more than a thousand gold pieces.

Let those who go, leave

Embrace those who come with warm hearts.

Knowing it still hurts but then life has never been one sweet song.

Not at all a cheerleader but it seems my bit has gathered a greatest of following.

I feel like why not, building a castle with worldwide fan base of this calibre

Walk the talk.

I'm not locking myself in the upper room and moan

My father and mother passed on,

I'm promising myself not to grieve them with any kind of mourning

Why would some stranger come, steal my joy, leave and leave me wailing.

I will never accept someone's bitterness dig a grave on my conscience.

Let bygones be gone, the future is all ours to explore.

Happiness is on its way.

Alison Mujati

The Song To Life

the song to life

Sitting here like a prisoner
Meditating freedom and grace
All in the umbrella terms of hope
Why can't we all be free.

It's not what we let go that haunt us
What we keep in our hearts brand us slaves
When lightning flashes it bring thunder in precedence
Lack is no choice yet it comes with poverty
Did I choose to be blind,
Who helps now to see the brightness of colours.

Then I go flowing on wheels, my feet mock my feeling
I'm judged within the lawsuit I never wear
Typical me a crying baby to blame fate for my failures
Again why not when I cannot stop the rain

Within the race of millions where position limits not the desire.
Great to come first while pride decorates finishing
It's not about speed but ambition.
The moment it settles everyone will sing the same song

If wishes were just horses, who wouldn't dare giving a riding shot
None among us is both a chief and slave at the same time
We live within our limits
King on kingship, slavery on slaves no mix up.

Holding up nerves now
For their words describing others burns up the heart
Why cursing an elephant by its trunk and task
Or an ant by its littleness
Heartless people with small brains,
Who among you is his own maker
The moment you realise that should be the moment you stop judging

Let's pray against these battles
To keep our hearts grounded till the day of our call

To salvage eternity from where devils were dragging them

As all sing this song of life

Remember your tone will never please everyone

Humility is the answer to every life question

Practice it and earn respect that you never have imagined.

Alison Mujati

Love Is Wicked

Crossing over to a thousand more days
Flashing like lightning In my memory Dreams come and it's a time to relive this
allegory.

Only realising now, im still dining with a melancholy.
And there is a voice within this tattered bosom of mine.
Still loving, time dismally fails to steal it off.

Here now in prophecy of a bleak future
Dancing in dull songs of torture
Slavery encompasses seeds of spring.
Remain gone but my heart prays for deja vu.
I am broken, I picked up pieces but the fragments are too tiny I can't finish.

Dragged back to square one all wishing
Watch you cross from the other side,
See beauty
And then rebuke myself over pursuit
Yeah! I could have saved this self a lot of torture.
And it's all what ifs a song for the defeated
Reality has a way of hurting people
Good at saying but in this drama,I am playing a victim

I know with moments you are dragged back In time
When summer overshadows the joy you have
Whatever you see in the past when I was involved it hurts me

Deep dungeons of dreams
Hurting more when folks wish me peaceful sleeps
Torture tend to torment even more
And I came to a conclusion that,
Love is wicked

Alison Mujati

Life

Life

Life, a moving train
With some distinguishing excruciating pain
Wishing all sweet flowing like torrential rain.

Life a difficult song to sing
All mumbling lines but brave to sing the chorus
Loud and clear, wrestlers in a ring
All willing to fight yet not worrying about defeat.
Love and let live, the song is life

Betrayed by all yet hugging enemies
Why are they around when people care less.
Their excuse is right, problems under respective tails require attention.

I worked so hard to be where I stand
They believe in the omen of progress
I see no hope in my errands, yes it's hard work but strangers still point fingers.

You will know it's life when all your friends desert you someday
Speaking to them closely, the answer like strangers you met along
It's no drama but why is all shaping like one

Concerned more of what tomorrow gives
Be focused and embrace what today retrieves
You never know where today's lesson will lead you.
Bad or in its goodness, a day after depends on it.

Berating childhood for that beautiful face of deception.
Tired of glaring to milk ways and see glory
There is a lesson Jack and Jill never learnt
That we are experiencing in harmony has a day of cease
Why cursing used to be as if it was going to be everlasting.

Well, let's talk of the childhood dream
The hope that growing up will ease our problem
To be under riddance of parents and guardians
To become man and women of ourselves and writing our own stories.

Time made sure of that to happen but who among millions is satisfied with what they have grown to become.

Again people in their multitude wish never to have grown up.

Twinkle twinkle little star

We sing with high spirits

Who among us can imagine playing weirdness as a black star

Reality checking and making it all sure

All saliva from the mouth has dried up

No word to say to comfort sombre hearts

Tears have dried up, our skulls are now barren and dry

We have seen the genesis, now waiting for revelation.

Where on earth is the thing called peace

The peace that brings rain to barren land

The peace that brings hope to the lost souls

The peace that heal wounds of stabbed hearts

The peace that brings smiles to the bereaved

And there is more to this life than we actually know

Alison Mujati

Time

Time

Time and there is a sound to it
Being born, she already writes the obituary
Seeing no life but a mortuary
Seemingly benevolent but fatal to the end

It is not black and blonde that matters but grey
Joy with rising sun yet she treats everything as prey
End, the designated way not sumptuous food in a tray
Time has answers to everything

It is water when it liquid cold
The moment it heats up, all that is put to a hold
Plants surviving to it succumb
All fishes of the sea go numb
Time changes everything

People hope even in death
Time knows to patient though a great stalker
To dance and entice till the end
When it finally catches up, few will be there to witness

Time have seen creation now waiting to Armageddon
Time witnessed destruction but again restoration
Time have seen pain yet again the emptiness of hope
Time heals yet again kill
Time starts life and only time ends it

Alison Mujati

Black Day

Black day

On this day tenth of September
Bright cloudless sky though not sobber
Sobbing sentiments, yet the act metaphors a dead rubber
Dreaming of yesteryear, a story of January to December.

He is gone my brother and friend
Left behind to nurse feelings I never comprehend
Crying a river but it's a jibe none can stand
He is gone, still my brother and friend

Time give time steals
Worried about the catch, my net is full of eels
Time blossoms time fades
There were good and bad times
Tired of rhymes but they testify it charms

Who am I to be blind?
I'm learned to discern a command
Yet toll never gives for free but sweat
I'm going astray, it's madness and eloquence, so sweet
Truth be told I miss you brother

I wanted day to turn,
Not the ugly way but rightly
It's done the damage, I cannot run
Grab the pain and bear it not lightly
My own painful right, they think it's all fun

Gone is the childhood dream
Gone are the days we played as a team
Two better than one, a story of our realm
Two reduced to one, a stitch alone never makes a seam

When my time finally reaches
Will you be there by the Riverside with peaches
When my ship to the unknown sails ashore
Will you be herding them bulls of peace and no gore

Just traumatized by that spirit of need,
Why so urgent when you could wait till decades
I'm shivering, my heart plays flowing water over a reed
So many days in one but I play all parades
Tenth September will always be my black day

Alison Mujati

Paying For Sins

Paying for my sins

Born a transgressor
No toll whatsoever but there is an accessor
In my silence, the rage scream out loud
Just that the world is deaf and too proud

Within my voice words were spoken
Needless to mention the hearts I left broken
Doing it out of anger, good deeds of mine not reciprocated
Somehow deliberate but I'm left damaged

What is this unending edge of liking
Beyond the good notion, it leaves faces sulking
When I love one soul, why seeking the other as if it's not enough
Tired of games, dangerous as it is, hynas always laugh

Made friends, good for my liking
But why again did I make enemies
Within my goodness there is a devilish oldie playing on my background
Partying with a gun staffed in my pants
Human nature that can never find justification

In your presence, you are such a darling
When I speak with the other, the theme is about those who have left
Why getting tempted with good talks sour when gossip reaches its host
I rue being heroic with mere words
But still the first cannot teach me good subjects
Back stabbers all over, snitch and spy's

Destined for wrong yet my role was to play a good soldier
Where did this assassin feeling emanate from
They taught us good loyalty
I chose the different way and instantly became an enemy of the people
No one suspects my intentions, still that will not clarify my actions
I am a sinner who can be there for my cleansing

Serving them my troubles on a silver platter
Let the see the people I want them to see

When events happen in my channel,
Behold, hands in pocket, whistling and ululating timely
They point me a saint, but that make me not

For places I claim never to have step upon
I play football matches there in dark hours
Yes it's true you will never know your witch till she is caught red handed
It is not easy but only a good plan counters
Enjoying strife of people with them not knowing
Yes it is a transgression hence when time comes I must suffer for it.

I caused battles which I never fought in
One against the other, yet I sat on the terraces
One victory which I congratulated Clapping
And Pat shoulders of the vanquished uttering the hardness of luck

To everyone betrothed to sin
Where judgement is far from reach,
It's time to do away with fake smiles
Time to make amendments
Time to heal wounds and confess the sins we all committed
Let, the price for our sins be paid

Alison Mujati

The War

The war

The night is invaded
Evil sings and voodoo is the theme
Babies all wailing
Their fragile voices have polluted the air
The elders are there sobbing
Hiding behind tears for identity
Who be there to carry that baggage?
Promise after promise, none can be authentic
One by one, still no inequity can be numeric
One proceeding the other, the trail of blood speaks beyond multitude

Where is the sweet tongue of false hope.
Every dawn adorned by beautiful traumas
This is war, hope not of joy
Death is never dubious
It is closer to destiny than any hope of earning deliverance

The sound of grenades have not ceased
Smoke all over, all have taken hid
It will s catching up, folks are just waiting
For all words spoken, none can change notions
Who are we in world of strife
Where is peace when wind of war rages
Where is food in times of hunger
Where is peace, where is peace

Alison Mujati

The Greatest Miracle

The greatest miracle

What is life?

The pulp of the heart

The peep of eyes

The feeling, how cold and hot

Stop looking at the skies

No rain shall fall when you expect

Sometimes the bask of the sun is what you need rather than want

If your position stands what you need not, then it is your greatest miracle

It is not dough that will pull people through

Neither will its value lead you to the top

Nor its presence bring you peace

Some have gulped what they could not chew

Now speaking something like a constipation language

Look out, there is more to life than your obsession

Days of famine have come and gone

Their destiny did not come to leave you torn

Simple object of adorn, Spit upon yet standing tall

Beautiful lies of musicians and poets

Read between lines it is not everything you know that has grace

Sometime look in the dark to find light,

Follow the trail of that tiny glow and there you will find rescue

Dynamites come in small packages

This is a revelation butto calculate your wages

The moment you realise there is no hope in toiling, anger rages

You might burst or kill ruing the time you wasted

But then bear in mind that life was going on.

Imagine being wrapped in flesh nine months counting

A tiny but critical way

Docile to an extend of not knowing disgust preached to whoever sees

Deep in bosoms souls are told to look away

Yet you rise and become the world s greatest

It is not the life you run,
The food you eat
Clothe you wear
And car you drive
A miracle is nowhere near that

When all happen and,
Smiling and somehow cursing,
Your miracle is not in all that
Despite the tears and trauma, you still have a tomorrow
Live it, it is your miracle

Alison Mujati

Sweet Dreams

sweet dreams

the juncture of allusion

shades of peace in motion

A soft touch that manoeuvres from peach darkness to breezeway of morning.

Like a tide of cold seawater in summer.

wake up smiling, semblance of sheer happiness

from a deep fantasy of sleep

The brain recalling a sweet soft song, seen, heard and touched.

to the comfort of not just the heart but also the soul.

the moment the two tangles(heart and soul) , heaven seems a proximity of hand grip

The expanse of green pastureland maximised by the whiteness of the flock.

Bleat of satisfaction is the sound of music.

Listening to it, all sins feel washed away and holiness speak tongues.

It is peace in the warmth of the sun

Behold the shepherd in his robe with nothing but sandals and rode in his hand.

To look after creeping creatures, the wonder of creation.

No teathed creatures, snarling and howling.

Neither headdress of thick silver nor golden breastplates of evil kingdoms.

No to guns and spears

Any dream related, feels like a nightmare

To wake up from this semblance, the soul may pop out with terror

Good feelings do wonders

no wonder why Mankind wishes sweet dreams.

Alison Mujati

Dead

Dead

Dead rubber

Corpses above water floating

Carcass on land un attended

Clothed skeletal remnants

Streets in ruins like mountains after war

The countryside clad in blue perpetual smoke

Ghosts, phantoms and zombies

Life vanquished like soldiers at Sicily

Trust no movement everything is nightmarish

It is torture for me who sees

Even plant life tied laces and hit the road

Fire burning ashes all over like sand at the boarder

It is darkness but visible like in moonlight

The walk of hell, everything all dead

Alison Mujati

As Long As I Live

As long as I live

It creeps from the blue

A feeling seemingly true

Hard to acknowledge despite pages of years, it still haunts

Showing all glow like cinema pictures

Played like in rewind, the cassette does it better

I am dancing to my rhythm, the tune is mine

Shades of mountains closing in as in sundown

Unavoidable nightfall and it takes hours to dawn

Waiting for ceasing that never come

Excruciating pain torments, no one present except for smiling babies

The future cannot be predicted, all prophecies are fake

The least of my desires was to know where life heads from present

If anyone could foretell, now I could be smiling

Maybe floating high above the clouds and opposing gravity

All what-ifs, here alone and sing this ditty- negativity

Not worried about what I eat, everything is audible

I wish the same could be said about life and love

Living a good way and falling for anyone, I couldn't be that man in the mirror

Since it's the total opposite let me just fulfill these days

A man whose past no one ever misses

As long as the sun rises and set,

With my mind always reminiscing,

The past will forever haunt.

Luck you who plays no significance in it

Blessed is a builder of a house that he never stays into

Your case might be in vain but past action changed lives

Alison Mujati

Missed Call

Missed call

For you who is gone with the mist of morning
The stance that leaves nothing but moaning
I rue the the scorching sun, without it i could be dancing with the foggy whisk
Now tired lamenting the unending bask

Gone is the pleasure
Remaining is this unamusing splendour
To think of it, it brands my mood to sadness
With the flip to another day, it shifts to madness

Is it the doctrine of time?
That everything that begins has a day of end
Or it is fondness that i miscalculated

From high pitched volume
To soft silent sound
The one nature hears not with ears
But to those souls which wish to listen to whispers of the heart

Used to creep all over whenever
Now shells like deep caves of Mt Everest
To shout, the echo deafens my pulp
Life a journey, no time to rest
Give back my curiosity and watch over a soul searching gulp

I enjoyed the fire
I rebuke ashes knowing what they once were.
Where is passion, when all that we worked for is easily given up
Where is desire when we seem to let go the moment we know what it was all
about
Broken dreams broken hearts
Singing in its joy always ends in sorrow
Why not when a heart that always recalled seem all hollow
Far from magic as it used to be, this is lame art

If it was gold that you wanted
Why did you not tell me, I would have preferred death trying to have it all

extracted

If it was money, i would have knocked sense into your brain
Everything comes for those who wait
Besides, there are things that money cannot buy
The world is full of people who possess its abundancy
Yet never have they seen a shade of a thing happiness

Black cloth over my eyes, blindfolded
You slipped like an eel from my hands
Here you are in the depth and expanse of greatest waterways,
Knowing exact location but fear fuming waves and a swarm of sharks
surrounding my jewel

They speak of light after the tunnel
Nature mocks me with the opposite, darkness after darkness
Throwing in the towel
Yet my shoulders are not as tall and broad to be above others

Holding on, trying to protect my existence
The load is heavy for my feeble hands
Where you are, making that cutest smile, the man inside me revels in knowing of
your happiness

Lost and not knowing if ever i would be found
Self pride has kept me at bay
But What my heart has will never be buried

In a thousand years
With zillion more things to remember,
Your story always come atop
One most beautiful nightmare haunting me maybe until eternity
Your story simply becomes a missed call

Alison Mujati

Take Note

Take note

When sunbathe deeps, night falls with or without our recommendation
Despite anyone's will, we cannot stop coming rain

There times When people leave not because they want to but they just do
Staying also is not about contentment but maybe a choice that nullifies
selfishness.

People lapse in life, who among all intends to do so and befit a punching bag?
None is immune to vanquish though success smiles at the other side.

Arrogance is good, but being egoistic is fatal
Nevertheless, selfsufficiency perpetually wrecked empires

It's good to be loaded and have buying power
The moment it gets inside you head, it creates enemies sometimes not even
there.

People suffer for things they did not start themselves
Yet the society paradoxically crucify them for being nuisance behind closed doors

Hard work without principle yield vanity
Ethics are essential for a man who toils too

Rome was not built in a day but it took only that other day to destroy a moving
state
Ask states man, they tell you what made their kingdoms to crumble

There is never a lily without green
Despite the glow of things we appreciate, there might be an ugly background

It takes a puppy to build a dog
After all the wailing in cold night comes a thing of beauty

A prostitute was not born but made
Well, one big trauma is the base of all bad things she does

There was no colour purple until mixtures play a part
Sometimes the people we meet in life are generators to the goodness or bad
ways

Talk must be based on what you know rather than opinion
More often than not, people are judged more on what they say than their
appearance or anything

Never judge folks with race or tribe, it is growing fruit you will not ripen
People will forever be different, Not all Philistines are Goliath.

Your goodness will never be a haven to other
One man `s meat is another man `s poison says those of old

Everyday starts a generation and ends another
The end of an era marks the genesis of another

Beginning alone defines you not
Only end has more say than everything you ever encountered

Unsolved mysteries to the end, such is life take note

Alison Mujati

A Song To My Enemies

Song to my enemies

Smile with nothingness to show for it
Not rivalry but acquaintanceship often deceive
Smile of no kindness merely abhorrence, I'm learned

They daresay things
Honors and word crowns
To swindle vigilance, yet I discern their bosoms are soiled

Tender cores can be the hardest
Wherefore visiting with sympathy scribbled on pale faces,
While hearts are oozing bad blood

Paths to passion are never impugned
But those of loathe can never be disregarded
Hence whoever appears with a witty face must be vetted
Judas betrayed Lord with a tender lip

Bear the armor as if you are submissive soldiery
I know the conspiracy encircling my circuit
Those I nourished from infancy have planned for a coup
I will go to war, not as an archenemy but messmate

With the nerve I possess,
the affluence I gathered as your majesty
It dawned on me that envy is ripe and sniffing overhead
One good mistake will steer me to tumble

Your armory enemies are largely lesser than your ambition
Reading through lines settles my fragile heart
However, had it been at equilibrium, I could have been almost full from gulping
dust
Still here yet counting, my empire is growing fat

You ought to confuse sympathizers out there
Let them cry crocodile tears
Hoping the world hears
Well, they did but it is a too shallow way for the opposition to overthrow grace

If it is fortune they clamor for
I prefer giving out salaries but not bonuses
Tired of backstabbers and traitors
Enough against excess, a principle that speaks the softest of voices
Play to own tune, not anyone else' s

Being fought but not fighting back
Silence makes the loudest of noises
At least there is history to track
An experience alerted me my choices
He I am with victory in my sack

A beautiful song to my enemies

Alison Mujati

We Came A Long Way, New Beginning

We came a long way/new beginning

We came a long way
Today blowing the trumpet
Prior to the sound, walls are shaking
Just a little action no tumbling
They have heard, they have seen and a new day is rumbling

We have been there to the softness of loam,
The tenderness of clay diving like soldiers in the mud.
Those who saw, none needs detail
Hard as it could be emotion infested

Raining torrentially, streams emerged resultantly
Singing, clapping, whistling and ululating goes the choir
No stiff hearts, this is bliss time
Birds of air in their chirps of glory
Up and down goes their dance in rhythm
The air is clad in flip flaps of wings
Behold, a false version of cumulus clouds
The wonder of creation

Animals on the other hand had their way
Unimaginable description,
Moo after moo, cows sounding alike
Meow after meow cats had their song
Hiss after hiss and so forth
Gallop could not be controlled on hooves
Deep in jungles, hyenas laughed distantly
Roar! Roar! Roaaaar! Boasted forest kings
Elephants could not be forgotten with their musical trumpets
And tamed dogs wagging tails fulfilled the ecstasy

When a soldier dies, another is being conceived
The fall of an oppressor, marks the reign of a liberator
All joy for a hero being sworn in
The sun falling victim to eclipse yet instantly sanity is restored

We are young and feeling like not growing old

Where anyone falterd, ammendments will be made
Hear the sound of liberty, the sound of a revolution
New beginning even have effects on the weather
Dispersedcitizens have find their way back
Remained ones are up with renovations
Peace has all that we want for innovations

We came a long way, this is a new beginning
Everyone lives for a legacy
A statement that will be read decades after long deceased
Let unity build all that chaos have devoured
No man is an island, we need togetherness
No to same mistakes and their rumour
A new life, a breath of fresh air

Alison Mujati

Haiku Poem Of A River

A haiku poem of a river

A tide of crisp waters
The bed of liquid green depths of nature
Sails to smoothness of the vast long thread

Alison Mujati

Till Death Catches Up

Till death catches up

You can run but you cannot hide
Fly high and to the furthest latitude
Keep running, sprint or jog
Fly, fly and fly away
But messenger of end will catch up sooner or later

When you talk sense and make people applaud
Speaking crap too will make them grumble
Orators and clowns will one day end practices
Death would have play no prank

They spoke like they would live until forever
Preaching a gospel of continuity and freedom
Freedom of ways of life in existence
But in none, political legacy lives on while they suffered a ruthless massacre of death

What use of being educated?
Saying things that history is infested of
Buying time just to torment onlookers
Bragging with pieces of paper and earning loads out of it.
Keep walking, but your days are certainly coming

We dread accidents and avoid them daily
Reality says no million shall slay you but there is one
Mistake or no mistake the roar will herald the society
All of us will one day cease to be

They sung great
Legends of our time and beyond
Bad news, a superfluous voice cannot shield the worst
Nor the love of people save anyone from destiny
It all ends in one fateful day to anyone

Judges of people to death sentences
Those believing to be gods
Thinking of all right to anything even life

Quickening the end of others before Nature's time
Well the message is time catches up and death took over
Too as we speak, their souls are dancing the same tune to those they guillotined

Money and authority

Living like faggots, ants and termites are not waiting
Philanthropy or selfishness will someday be judged
As it had to people who came before our time
That judgement day comes when death finally catches up

Witches and wizards

Haters of peace to decent people
Jealousy believers who strive to harm no matter what
Juju will in that day not save you
Why not learning from your past fellows?
When the reaper comes in your houses, he will be as ruthless

Perpetual gossipers will die

So did the ones before them
Home wreckers of our time
Hard players of word who anger others with foul mouths

Prostitutes

Home wreckers
Dancing to impress and steal from the innocent
You scare not the forerunner, a deadly disease H.I.V
Arguing it is not only the one that kills
Well, all the thick brain will end
Enjoy while it lasts till death catches up

Seasonal drinkers also will suffer the same fate

Spouses will be saved loses suffered for over a half of respective lives
No more troubles anymore
But remember every end of an era marks the beginning of another
Brace yourselves folks, you may find the just elapsed one was better than the present

Matrimonies will cease, they have

There is a messenger in the hiding who overlooks
Love alone is not enough to cure it
If it was so then the universe could by now be made of two

Pain will also end
Tears will one day dry
Death will come not to destroy but to sooth the aching

For everything that ever was, is and will be
The then, now and forever
We came, we saw and will pass
From good fantasies and worst nightmare
Kindness opposed to ruthlessness
It all last as long as anything can but all ends when death catches up

Alison Mujati

Tiffany (A Ghost Name)

Tiffany

Clear as blue
Reading your mind to the last cloud
No lies, all permutations are true
No need, it will not come to the next round

Melanin like coffee
I come to sooth with taste
Aroma is what satisfy them

A smile that lightens up the day
Bright up, put in darkness and it will bring daylight
My dawn,poets brand it daybreak

Curved
Made with soft hands of a sculptor
Who among all, they direct me to your mother

Walking, it is like the ground is ablaze
Courteously she goes like an unhurried cat
Seeking, she is right in my heart, I need no maze
They never lied, she is a queen in her hat

Attitude never accused of being blemished
Even her grade one teacher prophesied grace
Here we are eating up fruits so tasty

Suites well in a cooperate world
The genesis and revelation
Ask how and find answer immediately
She is beyond competence if you were to ask companions

A ray of hope for the young generation
A role model any female life would like to emulate
Omnipresent like air for them to take notes

I could rename her to Perfection if at all I had a right

Her choice of words too affirms it
Listen to composed threading of them, honey dripping from comb
Place palms before it reaches the ground, My worry is will you stop licking
fingers?

Tiffany, the grace to my little world
Tiffany, the redemption song
Tiffany, the soundly sleep in the depth of the night
Tiffany, my imaginary diva

Alison Mujati

Contrast

Contrast

A devotion won't make me a saint

An emotion of taint

Merely personage, sometimes my miscalculations make me a transgressor

Appreciating won't make me a dog

There is nothing erroneous following triumphant people

Smiling does not mean contentment

There are times when people must feign to mislead adversaries

workless does not mean I am not competent

A degreed minion yet has nonentity to parade it.

Stamped a flop owing single putrid entity

What of all those countless triumphs they witnessed since my birth

Remembered for one failed attempt

Those excellent tries bring no contempt

Die-hard alluring mentality

Yet just being oneself is branded a flimsy personality

Black as in a race

Well, it is not a passport to let them think of naivety

Negro and proud to be

Still not that lad of queer dances and ethnic dogmas

Man of compassion

Does it ascertain a mannish flaw?

I have been in one fracas but will it make me a villain forever

In the corresponding sequence, my upright demeanor must not make people believe I am Mr. Impeccable

Being tangled in the crossfire, after calculated criminal cause, must not make them believe fabrication

So much can be at stake, it may need the side of my story for the benefit of the doubt

Days may be different, some you can be off-color
One bad day cannot make a person a lazy bugger

Judge me not of my looks, after all, no one can be an own maker
The inside may be gold made, more precious than anyone ever imagined

Judge people, it is at your peril
The following morning they will plead not guilty
Will you not be ashamed?

Alison Mujati

Used To Be

Used to be

Need for eloquence not grins
Joy gone just bald gums
Talking ate up totems,
Teeth long swallowed now languishing in intestines
The nose has grown dry
Wetness of mucus has since departed
Throat as silent, no more persistent phlegm
The flow of tears repeatedly has ceased
No adrenaline, no nerve, the body is seized
Skeletons all over now a place of the skull
Dogs of bones no longer visit
Salivation has also ceased

Bleeding hearts, songs of sorrow
A foe who betrayed fellow soldiers
Out in no fear but greediness
Gorillas likeness to man, does it give them special personalities?
In samename, they remain chief apes

The worst has made us strange and strong
Gone is frailty and timidness
Keep searching, you end up wailing like foxes

All the ladder to greatness we watched you climbing,
While snakes in the same gameswallowed us to one
Not at all amusing watching back falls,
Still, bosoms knew every dog has his day
Proverb befitting, we became on lookers,
Rather sight seers witnessing prophecy unfolding

No lot casting
Clear as crystal, Jack and Jim will grow old
Childhood ends and always gives way to adulthood
Why are people naive to think high flying birds will forever be on wings?
Crying out loud with no tears to harvest
Formality to ask yet as teachers know ideal answers
No one cares for self inflicted trauma, especially for formally thick-headed

counterparts.

People play mind games and give sympathy which is not

Nevertheless, trouble within us

Lameness that is laughable at death, we pay attention

Yet bosoms know tattoo scars are your own to look out, not for others to worry about

Tears, tears and more tears

Wishing for life once lived,

Advice which man never take

Painful death of a snake dying from own bite

Things of your own must not make you sob

Great was the past, sad is present, ? whoknows the future

Alison Mujati

Matakadya Kare

Matakadya kare

Dudzai mazwi, musanyenama
Handina kufara asi mukanwa mbwimbwi
Makadya mitupo mukamedza nemazino
Nhasi mhino hadzichadonhi dzibwa
Inga misodzi makachema ikati gwa kuoma
Mvura muraramo yeunhu ikapwa
Masara makodo sechitunha kuora
Kana nembwa dzaipembera hadzichadonha siriri

Musachemera mudundundu mhanduwe
Muri mhandu dzakadya mitupo nekukara
Mhembwe rudzi kugara nemakudo hazvirevi uhoromba
Chete chakachenjedza ndochakatanga
Kuzvitsvaga unoungudza sembwa shura
Makakwira manera gore rezvihuta
Nhasi kuwa nemisana rwava rwumbo

Hazvidi gata izvi, machena sechikwepa
Pfumbudzai mega hutsi hwegona n'ombe
Imhere yeasakachururuka misodzi iyi
Tinoziva hedu vanochema nyadzi
Kubvunza maringanwa asi yedu miromo tichasona
Kunyadza akachenjera kumusengesa vana vake

Inhamo yatiwira
Vakuru vanoti seka urema wafa
Isu mumwoyo tichiti mazvokuda mavanga enyora
Waisaona here kuti kuririsa kwengoma yaive yoda kubvaruka
Vaiona vakati toruma nzeve
Iwe ukati isvai madambura

Chiororo chenyoka kufa yazviruma
Ndomene vakati haichemedzi
Isu tikatsinhira nerinoti
Matakadya kare haanyaradzi ndumure

Alison Mujati

Get Lost

Get lost

Lost be found
Host be happy
Toast be tasty

Superman without wings
Spiderman without webs
Strongman without zeal

It takes knowledge to be wise
It takes money to be rich
It takes supernatural power to be a prophet

To be rich with no money
Must be the power of brain
To be wise without knowledge
Must be power of the brain
To be full without food
Must be the power of brains too

Life alone do not make sense

Alison Mujati

Life Story

life story

Beyond eyesight

Affection versus animosity, we pay homage to life

In midst of fantasy, there is a pot brewing not of strife but delight

And trouble and suffering reek world over

For the things that we cannot relate to life

Sometimes imagining the end is imminent

But no one can lose what they never had

The spirit that keeps us going

And things may never meet in ring

Life and predicaments

Nature things, believing misfortune hounds

Necessarily not making man a victim but an observer

Stealing, murdering and striving for dear life

Is it stubbornness or lack of tutorship since infancy?

Either way it will not justify doings

But it surely will make life stories

None is immune to misfortune

Disease and poverty are hovering somewhere

Deep in sleeps, all nightmares

It is scary meeting your worstfear

Dices are thrown, the exact number we dread flashes up

No denial but live with it, the predicament is ours to bear

We all will live our dreams someday

But worst nightmares live around us too

Let joy follow us daily

Fear can be lived without though it does not mean it is absent

Negative versus positive, a perfect life setting

Alison Mujati

A Remnant Shall Return

A remnant shall return

Throw this needle into the dune
Bow, a decent man will find the season of June

Sisters of flame, the fire that consumes
Givers of peace but never dictators of pace
Most of which perished for things never consumed
Never traitors but a charge for the human race
Believed extinct but are they?

Man of swords
Never fighters but soldiers of words
Wise men from the east and partakers of faith
Slew in cold blood for an enemy wrath
It is easy to kill a person, not a doctrine

When babies cry, the sound goes vain
Tears of the sun and calming as rain
It is not penalty or punishment, what people touch with their hands is horrific
Powerwise, it could have been electronic
Spirits of the ocean bedeviled marine
Babies do not die with wailing

Woo woo! , The hoot of the owl
Pitch black is the color of the night
Witches use big eyes like a torch
The world trembles
It is the first that alerts, caution come as trail

To feeble hands bullied
Fighting with no impact at all
Your bravery will not go unnoticed
Be hopeful, you will stand tall

Death has come with an end and beginning
To kill and start shades of sorrow for the remaining
There is no rest for the living
Do not lose hope your prayers will be heard

And to those unspoken words
Deeper souls, loudest voices
You have been quiet for long
Now it is time to speak out
To declare and claim what was lost
The least you have will compensate the more you have been deprived.

Alison Mujati

Memories

Memories

O torrential rain upon colour green
O sweet valley stream with debris
Sad today we are never even to make a grin
No noise, no sunshine only reverie

Climbing Mt Forever
Seeing past in the head, reality never
Fleeing time like anyone ever did
And things happen yet they nullify it as acts sordid
Wind With remains, here we go

O home sweet home
O how you are sadly missed
In land of strangers playing a harp tone
Lost in time thinking of what is gone

Sometimes losing the soul,
The teenage dream just but a phase
Beautiful and vibrant best buddies
Now scattered and grown strangers in nowhere

Growing old and frail
Believe not but I once had a tail
Until growth came up and squeezed it off on girdle
It is life not a south sea tale

Fearing for this life though
Maybe are there hovering to trough
Threatening us to become dinosaurs and go extinct
Yes we live but to what extent

Nothing stays the same, days must give way to the night.
It is what is left behind that does not make it right
Knowing everyone strives for change somehow
Exploration exhausted, nothing more to offer
Now choosing return to my home

O growth o exploration
Forgive my redundancy of o
Repetition that reeks opaque beer
Pain makes people behave like in obsession

O past, my beloved
Why did you allow this to torment you?
Were you that powerless to be defeated beyond repair.
To such an extend of staging no vengeance
Well then, your inability had made everyone a victim

Alison Mujati

Crossroads

Crossroads

Taking flight
Tired of fight
Choosing right
Physical presents but the soul has long left
And it is calling me from the other side.

I suffered blows of fists just for you
They mocked my innocents for your namesake
Defence that never rewarded even a penny
Not that I wanted some price
But to protect my friendship was worth more than million gold pieces
Throwing that away must not be easy, I am

My Lord Jesus died for people's sins
He fulfilled a supernatural gift
We live a metaphorical life
I am only human
When the tough gets going, the going gets tough
Our elders say, never trouble trouble till troubles you

My enemy of abomination
No longer a friend with words unspoken
Tired of running strife decathlon
Choosing my own marathon

This is crossroads
Crossroads

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This is crossroads

Alison Mujati

Is It True?

Is it true

How far rightful is that?

When lightning smacks once, it comes to strike again

The only love we have is the one from our maker

The rest from others around us is all simulation

Is it true, all work and no play make Jack a dull boy

Also told to believe only hard work is the direction to achieving

There is cure for certain diseases

But people are satisfied with status quo for personal increase

Is it true that every evil act will come back to haunt doers

Can somebody explain continuous murders around the globe

Who is going to end them for certain people

Some hate not but love,

They express passion through hate

Is it true that kingship is all about blood spills

Not all those exaggerated celebrations and moral thrills

Challenges either make or break you

The past is what demarcates present and future

Is it true some people live to please others

Even if it means tarnishing own image

Man 's worst enemy is man

And that a gun was invented by a man for man

Is it true, some believe it is not normal to sleep with an empty stomach

That poverty cannot strike to that extent

No shame in selling dignity for pieces of silver

Justification being putting food on the table

Hey! Is it true people are the same
What differ in them is how to use brains

Put to pressure, women as just women trade their bodies for freedom
But are they this weak?

Is it true that a man with money is foolish the same way he can be ruthless?
That he sleeps over and sometimes forcing his way on defenceless women

men are kids and dogs combined,
They are fished with one silly thing and still return to forbidden kingdoms

Is it true, Is it true, Is it true

Alison Mujati

Wrong Doing

The wrong doing

Midst of mayhem

Taste so sour

It feels better never to ask why?

Words cannot be enough

A heavy heart, a dozen tonne of concrete staked and compressed together.

All piled over my heart

Back in time

Words depicting strife,

Feelings contrasting two hearts

There was pressure and desire from the other

While the other was passive and willing to let it go

Battle lines draw for elephant fight

Behold, the grass was about to suffer crossfire

Love in its purity playing victim

An offer to time,

It took a hook, line and sinker

Stay around, still no joy at all

Trapped and with nowhere to run

Staying but for love not even there

the morsel is a stiff one to swallow

Tasteless too and uncomfortable in the stomach

Sinking in all regret, that i me in memories

What can I say and to who?

Zillion unanswered questions

I have seen and heard enough

My heart cannot bear the agony anymore

I kept a time bomb, nevertheless it is hard to keep it from bursting

Back to square one

No more plastic balls

Tongue-tied, the least I say now is gibberish

Go ahead harlot, cheat my presence

You have stolen enough from my garden

Who knows and care for period

After all the string that tied us together has long been broken

Time to wave, for everything

My journey starts now

Alison Mujati

My Reservoir

My reservoir

Grounded water,
The madness is passion
Pain that reeks
I am standing between opposites,
love and hate

The sun have burnt the ground
I speak beneath the thickness of soil
Dearly, I wanted to stay above
Beyond my control, i was forced to my prison
Not to die but suffer aftermaths

Call a spade a spade
This is not time of sugar-coating hurt
There is no excuse for any heartbreak
Whether a rainstorm or the bask of winter sun
You left, I am deprived, life goes on

Though I built a foundation of stone
Every brick building so wrong
An unsuccessful story of a missionary who is lone
Even a right move end up prone
And it proves worthy to be a failed attempt story of a righteous man

Let me go back to life
Breath air of good breath
Speak words in utmost good faith
To be trusted and never lose again strength
Be bold but bring belated belief

It is in me, these days
A couple of yearspronounced lifeless
Showing the pulp that even doctors have not seen
To become the miracle that none have peeped
Not to bring past back, it has long elapsed
But to showcase the reservoir of love unused

Time goes by
Changes guaranteed
Tears dried down
My love seed is preserved
New chapter, case closed
But there is still water in the reservoir
Love at birth, at life span and till death

Alison Mujati

Bereft

Bereft

Here and sorrowful
Gazelles spring pasture of spring
Still here tears has filled the lake
Believers have come for baptism

Stud deep sunk in bosom
Steps to emancipation are crucial
Stories untold grew now Americans say double storeys
She wishes tumble but,
The rubble is difficult to dispose

Somethings are not one hit wonders
Once it strikes, lightning always has a way coming back
Once hurt, no matter distance, despite time, feelings partake
Not at all present, but notions return to rack
S.O.O.N

She was there, she witnessed her mother's grave and she believes time to let go.
A gob in between the neck
To swallow or vomit before it haunts life forever
Absurd to live like nothing happen
But again must let the wind wipe up trouble

What goes is a rainstorm,
The heart keep everything to ransom,
Giving back whenever it is time
You cannot be happy forever
High flying birds land somewhere, Africans say
There is time for everything life has assured that.
The midst of all words said, not everyone of it givesaway smiles
Our joy is limited
The rest a man bears is pain and it is here to stay till a thing eternity

Alison Mujati

Snake

Snake

Blackness of the mamba
Bold but formidable victim number
Red triangle, a long forgotten amber
Burnt all bridges with last chat being lastDecember

Agile, tremendous and enormous
They see a gigantic anaconda
You crash everything in contact
Better flee for dear life immediately after discerning the herald
Remaining behind is recipe for trouble

The beauty and the beast
A colour changing creature of deceit
Goats and sheep perished with curiosity
Waiting to notice, end you up striving for dear life
Master of suffocating and stifling
Known as the python and still a snake

You cannot be a friend the same way you are an enemy
No man can serve two masters and satisfy them both
Days always end in turmoil
Snitching and two headedness leave personalities with worst faces
A snake is a snake, two heads make them no different to others.

A spitting cobra
Words poisonous as gossip
Houses crumble, marriages fail and life lost
Choice of words is toxic

Looking on the mirror
Behind has all horror
Staring face to face, it is all terror
Mysteries of Nania
Twelve headed snakes
Mentioning, everyone thinks of folklore
Really, hell no

There are people who are like these snakes around us

Alison Mujati

Traditional Dance

Traditional dance

Fire lit up
Crimson sun waving
The night threatens to be of no sleep
Dusk is home, we are embracing her
Songs and drama, here we go

Twigs over logs lighting
Cattle kraals secured
Bellies are shiny,
Cows are chewing the cud
Whistles and ululation, the night has a new sound

Man of animal skin,
Here, clad in black like jaguars
Bracing for the arena
Meeting the beautiful music, they burst into dance

Drummers on instruments
Good beats, strange rhythms
Mouth zipped, good events speak own languages

Woo, woo, woo
Kudu horn playing a trumpet
Woo, woo, woo
Kudu horn reverberates
Up in mountains within cavedungeons

Big day, rather big night
Lovely, relationship tangled
Heavens are smiling right
Everywhere is all rain, it shows
Bliss, hiss, no miss and no flaw

Boys in the arena
In song, in dance
It is lit
Tattered shorts swaying, forwards, backwards

Future man with fresh blood
Forget sadness, joy is all over
Gallop the calves' way
Up and down jumping around

Girls to wash off shyness
Tomingle with those boys
Flirts, we know how
They play hide and seek
Nevertheless, this is song and dance

Boys versus girls
Parents of the morrow
Showing off styles
Clan and group, they are all different
Noticeable, it is starting
Ah! Aye, Aye!

Man equal to women,
Traditional dance, superiority overlooked
Two after two like pigeons
Song, dance, song dance

Old brides and groom
The golden generation,
Lost teeth but gained wisdom
Why left behind when they were the first
Funny moves though energetic
Wondering where all the strength is coming from
Any reserve of it somewhere?
They sing, they dance.

Twilight, traditionalists in trance
One big voice commanding,
We listen, we hear we digest
And sunrise curtains a vivacious night

Alison Mujati

Funeral, A Modern Day Definition

Funeral, a Morden day definition

Backwards, beforehand

Before flooding when this river was still a thread of a stream,

People where used to bona fide existence

A duration where values were honoured and practiced

They respected death in homage of the deceased

A funeral had its real name and dignity

The same cannot be said in this day

Sometimes it is good to take a bull by horns,

Whoever gets hurt, will require own immediate therapy

Scratch on, if at all it itches

A message of death spreads like veld fire

The word reaches all walks of life in no time,

Brace on, people pour out from all directions

Aiming to pay last respect to their beloved

This is when you see mysteries and visions,

Blinking in any direction threatens to end your sight.

Instead of traditional way of dressing,

Behold, a fashion show

Eyes and mouths open, either appreciating or blaming attires.

As if we are at a wedding,

What does moaning has in common with what people wear?

The answer is, they are always around each other.

Funny as you ready but not even

Funeral clothes are long dark robes for women,

Never colourful clothes and stilettos

Male counterparts must be clad in black suites,

Not casual wear and jeans

Respect the dead and mourn out the cause

Not defaming a funeral and make it seem like a funky party

Drama, people are portraying it to be

Worrying more of the food served

No one have ever planned for a funeral,

The food may never be sumptuous

Boiled cabbage with no oil, mind not the taste, it is what they could offer

Death visited while they were unaware
Luxury food come from your homes folks let alone the funeral
Somehow thing could also be worse at your own funeral, so be humble.
Be the teacher to others that a funeral is a symbol of moaning not the food
people consume there

Some believe their own ways,
If they are not there, nothing at a funeral proceeds
Who are you, ? A kind of a deity,
If so, then the people who believe in you will follow
There is only one God cannot live without, The Creator.
As for you, keep your passiveness and see if they cannot be laid to rest
With the little people have, they can afford to run the funeral and finish
The past playsexemplary
Help essential but never a necessity

Time of mourning,
It flabbergasts to discover people acting frivolously
As you lay the body to rest,
Time to bury the hatchet
Culturally, the spirit of our beloved goes peacefully
The moment people wrestle, it is the other way round
Some ask for bride price that was not paid in days of living
Where were they?
Greediness and madness high grade
And you cannot pay bride price for a corpse
Absurdity, believe it or not, everything weird is waiting to happen
A funeral of today has everything you never can think of.

Alison Mujati

Apocalypse

Apocalypse

What do we have?
Billion corrupt minds
Brains to kill and destroy,
Mischief and unrestrained libido
Evil have made the earth a home
All they show up for is justification,
The question is, Are they?

The devil has many faces,
Suiting personal agenda prioritised
People no longer care about the second person
And we are facing a downhill slide
Who knows what awaits on a slippery slope?

They wage wars whenever wherever
To kill and destroy the enemy sometimes which is not
Talk about it but be ready to be defeated on sweet talk.
Million reasons given just to confuse and make you believe

Dare devils women sing evil songs
Man with libido diving in the pool like lavish sons
A mixture, watch the chaos
Behind closed door they eat the forbidden fruit
Stealing all with the absence of the orchard owner
If only walls could talk

Did God give freedom for us to oppress?
Now everything is everywhere, twist and turned
Mess the opposite of order
Thinking about it as human, that you get is a head ache
What more of a father who wanted dignity to prevail?
My dear God intercept.

It started at eighteen now the call for sixteen
To grow up and lose honour
To be free lance and mischievous
Ruling themselves like there is no Queen

It is all in umbrella terms of freedom
But is that it?

Well, well, well
Brace yourselves folks
To a day of judgement
A day when every green turns grey
A day when chaosmanoeuvres to order,
This could be more of creation revisited
When evil is curtailed, parity restored

The day is called Apocalypse

Alison Mujati

Home

Home

A land of splashing rain
A land of flashing lightning
A hand of rationing thunder

When the sun beats in impunity,
Everything withers and turn grey
We missed them all in naivety
Emancipation first number though rueing sun's ray

In the silence of the night, there is the light of the moon and stars to bask into
Music is not just speakers, amplifiers and microphones
Mimic the soul with night sound
Laughing hynas, hooting owls and croaking frogs, mix own rhyme and rhythm

When day falls in,
Clarity breaches
Birds of air sing in,
Chirps never to be heard across seas and over mountains
Will this jinx ever cease out,
All people dream not

Creeping creature of moo
Roaming around feeding place in between bamboo
Sheep and goats going AWOL,
The beauty of a place called home

It is all greeting wherever you set stride
A good feeling that goes with tide,
Alien place too, they need not to hide

Produce do not purchase is our food tune
Dance to it and never rue stupid sickness
A background of belief not giving up
Ready made champions, not destiny seeker failures

We strive, we fight

We win, we celebrate

It is all within my home

Alison Mujati

The Saddest Day Of My Life

The loneliest day of my life

The night tide before has been tremendous
My vitality had find a mate
Pleasant dreamland, my sleep had a home
However, a day was impending to contaminate all
My father initiated with the worst
Awakening me from my fantasy,
At cockcrow in swamps of my cherished sleep
His utter came in high demand
The date was not on my flank, that I admit
What was left was just waking up

Strolling to the field reluctantly
The day like any other but I treated it differently
In company of brothers and a sister
Only one knew what was happening
My brains were convicted, I could not handle them surviving jail terms
Still emotion lie dead within me
In imagination, I saw the world in its vastness falling over my head
The order of the previous day was giving me hard time
I had to accept the writing was on the wall
Kingship has a time of crumbling, that was it.

Weeding of late December became the chore
Despite the stickiness of mud, it had to be done
My father pushed us to the edge
That was nothing though to the clots of stuff my heart staked
To open up, you could fill dozens of haulage trucks
It was obvious in my sombreness
There was no one to look to for they bear their own troubles

When the sun grew to two hours of its age,
The working and my emotions start tiring me.
I heard a drone and became lively
The road was clear, I saw a car I knew well
It was happening
Coming as drama to nourish my peeps
In disbelief all I ever known was crashing

The sky falling down

Couple of yards close to the road

The sight so clear, it was vivid

My young brother knew what the rolling car meant for me

We stare at each other in dis belief

When it reached next to where we were,

It came to a halt

Out came a bulky man, I realised as a grandfather to someone

He came to meet my father in a chit-chat

Tears welled in my eyes when I saw beauty peeping through the back window

Waving on me, I waved back to untold stories

Several waves obviously from sisters I knew

The lovebird wore a lugubrious face but I needed no explanation

Intertwined heart are made to discern

I knew the stone inside her heart

The old man staggered back and drove away

My dance with time so entertaining with onlookers

Toll taken, no more joyful rides

Everything being reduced to just a memory

She was gone my love and soul,

Sank into quicksand, very hard to redeem

Powerless but just little strength of survival

There is more to say but it is right not to.

28 December of a certain year became the saddest day of my life

Alison Mujati

Goodbye

Goodbye

Farewell summer tide, meet you in memories
The sun in its pleasantness have been enjoyed
The calmness of breeze in timely mornings
Now discerning all withering like whitish stuff into blackness
I wonder how it is settling so well like faiths
The sun has set and we are on waving hands

It hurts to live in memoirs
Grieving sentiments, good ones but now it is all memories
Missing are the days of loveliness and wondrous salaries
All gone and stored in hearts of two galleries
Places of blankness and imagination, it pierces.
In unison we murmur goodbyes.

There is more to life than sheer memories
Nothing is plausible to replace a used to be
How we view life means a lot
Though some kind of heroes, no feeling can surpass former greatness
Moments folks realise what they lost, madness books in
Why do we meet things we tend to lose in life?
All questions, there are no answers

We live in dreams we are afraid of waking
Writing own wrongs as if there is an auditor around
We play songs for the goodness of our souls,
Warning, becoming hook kills us with addiction
All guess work but there is a tune to it,
A beautiful one that all can dance to
Goodbye in its sadness

If being born is such a beauty,
Why ending up in a teary way
Waving with hands yet mouths are tongue-tied
Well, it hurts to look back and read closed chapters

Tired of logic and destiny
Believing things that come back to haunt

Now realising hope may never lead to eternity
True, I should not have believed the beauty of the face
Because there is this now,
I am fulfilling what it has to be
Saying it with a heavy heart, trembling lips and a shivering body
"Goodbye the love of my life";

Alison Mujati

Destiny

Destiny

Close within clutches of my heart
It's far, million miles the reach of the sky
Seeing it though as if it is a double kilometres away
I fought many battles I know not the outcome
Did I win or lose? Fate knows better
Standing here oozing blood from all kinds of fight
But ready, I stand like a fighter for the next challenge
They say I am hopeless but none of them can be sure
My quest is to write own rags to riches story
The pen ready to scribble and tremble
Whatever outcome, it all about Destiny

Alison Mujati

Neophyte

Neophyte

Once stamped rock bottom
Only showing up this autumn
One of a kind, a flow from across seas

Treated useless, rated surplus
Among glassy pebbles but a precious diamond
I look the same yet act differently

They brought me home as an experiment
Time to play that game called frog and serpent
Why becoming like them, all I everknown was singular

Two legs, the body anda head
Particular but peculiar
Never weak but strong instead

The depth of the sea, we sailed
Thickness of the jungle, we crossed
The height of the mountain in its burden, we climbed

Now in the land of gentiles
Sleeping the cat way on tiles
To enlighten and steal exiles

Not a known breed
Neither named, nor used
Now a heroic Nerd

Within a weird name, a neophyte
That is me outright

Alison Mujati

Melancholy Love

Melancholy love

She is there in streams of her tears.
In darkness of the night she sobs no one hears
Feeling all agony from the inner her heart tears
A teenage giving up, she wishes her death nears

I listened to her story
Sorry, she sings a song by Third Storee
Not in words but within her, sad it's all history
She never asked for a waltz over the moon, it's observatory
Never wishes to let him down money wise, her love was pure and mandatory

Destined like everything that begins, none is immune to end
Memories is what people keep
And in all reminiscent the is either joy and trauma
Her story is a true identity of the latter.
It is never shameful to be loving,
Why cursing used to be s as if it was unworthy?
The preacher gave a script for time, that nothing is guaranteed in this life.

Ted bears in their velvety fur, given for comfort and remembrance
Now itchy and hard to bear like a pillow of stone, the once upon a time queen
need deliverance
Obsession virus eating up nerves and corrupting brains
Who on earth may be there to cast out the curse
Dear mother strives, it comforts but the conflict of the mind heats up.
The moment friends come close, back to square one.

Alison Mujati

Debris

Debris

Surrounded by own shadows
Actuality perceived, just pictures,
Track back, the notion tortures
In no drama all are villains
Repeat, not even a master perfects
Eloquence is great though not without senses
S.A.T.I.R.E

Let us look back to past arena called history
A time not of reality but poetry
Life lived but in a name of an allegory
Compare then and now, do own punditry
Draw a line and you will not find even a symmetry
Vintage speaks greatest finery

Sameness has that magic
The past has value
Differences of now are tragic
Some believe present overvalue
Past glory gone, today is shambolic

On a river's flow, it leaves behind alluvium
A wrecked brick structure builds up rubbles
Long journeys are depicted from traced down footprints
Experience teaches greatest of subjects
To be wise, there must be a background.

Everything mirrors past loss with glory,
Putting it all in words, it's debris

Alison Mujati

Moving On

Moving on

Growing old

All we knew turning cold

Self sufficiency, no longer controlled

Tired of resentment now a free fold

Mutual friendship cursed nine fold

Let us move on, there is nothing to hold

Gone are the times of heartbeats

Withdrawn is the case that kept us onpage

No more plastic balls, time to get rid of deadbeats

Done and dusted, enough of this rage

One thing proceeding the other like on worksheets

No weekly taunts,we are not even on wage

Giving out freedom,

For you not to suffer boredom

Fondness and allegiance are birds of the feather

Yet if you pursue, they build up an exile that strangles morality

Stand your ground now is time to explore, no strings attached

We go with the air like radio waves

Forgive my ignorance,

For it brought imbalance

Though it killed my patience

We played it hard for long, watch me give the licence

Be free,I am also completing my sentence

It is time of moving on

Alison Mujati

A Tango

A tango

Two cannot dance together unless they have agreed
Dance with me until the sun is up
Let us explore the dreamland till daybreak.

In the darkness of the night,
Let me be the moon and the light of million stars

Either driving or cruising in your car,
I am not dust but the carpet of the tarmac.

Within torrents of rain,
I cover you up with my love umbrella

With that hoarse and raspy voice,
I am your eloquence and sweet music

Cry many tears,
Behold my hand w ready to wipe sorrow dry

In the blazing sun,
Let me be the faithful shadow

For better, for worse
Two is magic
Let us do acts
I hope the world will see the beauty of a tango

Alison Mujati

Personality

Personality

At content with personality,
Affection even in darkest hours.
Pushed to edge but standing no victim to thud fall.
Amidst million troubles, only one good reason overturns adversary

When it rains trouble, the flame of hope glows
Merciless hearts have acted accordingly,
Folks make rants wrongly
Feeble hands to handle cases,
Now a man of repetition, no remorse
Despite judgements, bravery in due course.

Perusing through minds a book
The aim is never judgemental
But learning ways, good intentions
Oneness the ant way, not chaos like striking citizens

Legacy preserved
Learnt from perseverance
Lived by persistence
To be strong and conquering
What a personality?

Alison Mujati

Ruthlessness

Ruthlessness

Boom! In the air
Boom! The sound reverberates
Boom! The modulation reacts
Boom! Go and everything hibernates
Boom! Ruthlessness is impending and almost here to terminate
Boom! The rumble of terror is at hand
Boom! Boom! Boom!

Boom is the blare of a guerrilla's gun
Boom! In the wild blue, look! The powder mist is veiling the sun
Boom! It is a whistle, time to run
Boom! No more eating, throw away the bun
Boom! Here is the alarm, forget not your son Dunn
Boom! All playthings scatter, no more fun
Boom! Everyone scrambles into the woods and leaving behind a Nun
Boom! The matron cannot whisk, watch her in classroom of a school called Tun

Boom! The thud of settlers on their arrival
Watch them terrorise anyone they meet along the way
Men, oh how they are thrashed like small boys
And they scream in agony like infants
Losing everything they once own,
From fertile land to the tiniest livestock
And they become slaves on motherland

Boom! The trumpet of perpetrators goes
Here they come to loot, women and prized possessions
Abusing the former with no one to stop offenders
Power in hands of lunatics
Who is there to save worst days?
Boom! History has stories.

Boom! This is time for freedom
They voted him into power,
A product of majority voice
One of them, who saw people suffer
And formerly served under colonial rule

Now seen and chosen to stand for the vulnerable
When permitted everyone thought new beginnings,
Yet he chose the unthinkable.
Blindfolding onlookers initially then take the same tune they want extinguished
Behold, the iron hand dictates.
He forces down the Army of people
Now they suffer manipulation and conspiracy
No one risks confrontation for it request immediate penalty.
Where has justice gone in Africa?

Boom! The rumble of terror
The pandemic has spread into families
A father loses a wife through death
Out of sots, he remarries,
Daily he goes out to work for his family
Children spent all these days with no food,
His new wife makes sure there is nothing on the table
As if it is not enough she forces the to work like slaves
Woe to my mother Africa, your children are suffering

Boom! It jumps sideways,
A beast of a man, a barbarian
He penetrates under aged and gets away.
All that he does is threaten the victims
Destroying minors behind closed doors
What kind of selfishness is that?
Why would people go on a spree?
Spreading the deadly disease, the answer being he cannot die alone.

Boom! Boom! Boom
Ruthlessness is here

Alison Mujati

Status Quo

Status quo

Power is corrupt
Grab it and embrace a peace
Lead and deny to be led
A sense of life all have created
Only force will drag them down
Hopefully it overcomes resistance.

Every law have a rule
An order that nullifies the majority
And suits only instructors.
Supposedly, a law suppresses its makers,
And the decree favours the majority,
The world would not have seen the worst.

People strive for their survival,
But do nothing more to make themselves free souls.
They are powerless to a law made,
Fearing sentence and guillotine,
Yet freedom is preached world wide
"Our nation is free and citizens are happy", goes the gospel.
One big question is, are they?
A "maybe" answer but people suffer a diagnosis of power.
Authority people want continuity,
They do everything to remain in power.
Even in indecisiveness, they still believe they can.

When one gets rich, they strive to remain well up
That urge to move ahead
A lot have been in that aisle.
The legacy of poverty reeks a decaying compost.
It is better to die up there rather than fall from grace
Even if it takes all to oppress others.
We were born poor,
We are modified and upgraded,
This is life, a lot more to come,
Backwards never, forwards forever
It is a lesson learnt no one wishes to forget

When a great clergy man grows frail,
He looks at young blood for succession
He must strive to teach the upcoming
But there is this disease of flesh,
It reeks individualism and personality,
Junior can never rule seniority,
It is better they die on post like it is theirs to infinity
That alone is defined as status quo.

Alison Mujati

Despised By All, Pitied By None

Despised by all, pitied by none

Who am I?

As if I do not have a name

It is like I do not know mine.

Who regards my selfhood?

A creature of no name

They treat me like an animal

And anticipate my giggle in jubilation.

When I moan, nobody daresay nothing

Feeling low, they must know.

It feels like I respond to every question

As long as it is from them.

If it is from me, either an answer that breaks a bone,

Or no word at all.

Doing bad, they spat upon me,

All from the word, I cannot bear

To lashes, I bear daily

I carry sore skin and emotional scars.

Let it rain in my sorrow,

Torrents of joy may come too.

No mood changes but same old characteristics.

They care for my mistakes

I carry the stone in my heart to infinity.

it is easy to forget morality.

Alone, I suffer torture

My tears relieve their burdened hearts,

Tasting sweetness of sugar,

I'm bitter on salt to their tongues

Only I can suffer attitudes of their strategies.

Still human, searching for a scarce spirit of joy

Still, human, spasms of pain hurt too

I Wonder why they mock my troubles.

Kill all love in me,

Expect my smile,
Get it but trust deception
A grin mistook for a smile,
Suffering an errand that will last until second life
Yours despise and not at all pity has utterly let me down.

Alison Mujati

Slammed Doors

slammed doors

contents of the jar,
Closed doors not even ajar
Inauguration now celebrated anniversaries.
Inmates, a case of castigated adversaries.
Here now as self driven mortals.
History brands us peer totals
Who is there to conserve this mobile instance?
Whence forth, new times and it is called constancy.

When we talk fondness,
A thing that threatened to rule eternity,
Now an empty shell void of its creeping creature
Why would good things come to an end?
All question, million of them.

Death leaves no stone unturned
Life, just a shadow of itself,
Banking on it leads to bankruptcy.
Buying timeloses value with that.
Herenow, have been somewhere,
Nothing stays the same,
Everything suffers the doctrine of span

Goodbye and we are waving
Used to be s but we are not smiling.
Gone is the sound of sweet music
Gone is the taste of good food.
Gone is the good life

Alison Mujati

My Gradual Rise

My gradual rise

bottom, it all started there
Hellish, the feeling was nightmarish
Typical of journeys, mine had to start from there.
Tender as I was, people tagged it childish.

Set off, the widest road ever seen
Complication, thenarrowest of ideas it has been.
My lucky daythough, thestart of searching a rare breed, destiny.
Embracing my worst enemy with a smiling face, what an irony.

A journey through the thicket, a dark forest
Fear intimidating, no time to rest.
A mixture of fear and emotion, get drunk
Behaving like one but this was no punk
Heavy legs, thirst and hunger still could not leave me in a bunk.
Loving the feeling, the dark forest bred me into a man.

Smiling, is victory which is not
Still morning, afternoon coming with a heavy face,things would get hot
So, I have not even started?
So, that was it, the sun scorched.
It did not kill me, here I am

One step at a time, one stage to the other.
For better for worse nothing would bother.
I was there, experiencing the wrath of cold winter nights with no blanket to wear.
It is a story of my narration you do not want to hear.
I was there, out in rain, in rumbling thunder and sparkling lightning.
To ask me, I applause in my worst story telling.

Lesson learnt, it came from a long way.
Lest I forget, dawn is donemeet a new ray.
Less stress now but in destiny you pay.
Test termed, this is May
Marry me now, strictly not gay,
If you cannot now, will rue the day

For all that had been, I do not point a finger of scorn to abnormalities
That which was, encouraged my gradual rise.

Alison Mujati

Enough Is Enough

Enough is enough

Standing a confused man
A lot playing in my head
Tunes and voices all over.
I seem a lunatic, not at all one.
Tattered clothes, and stinking dirt on me.
Look, houseflies befriend me, like really.

My quest to bring the moon down has been disastrous.
The same way it has been to the Rozvi people's rendezvous.
Your brainy child and my stupidity combined, calamitous
Enough is enough, I'm leaving us.
Going away to my on chapter called Soledad.

In remorse reminiscing
The day of proposal and you asked for the auditorium.
Wouldn't deny being leashed to the ultimatum.
Here now in the aftermaths of the day i first saw you regretting.

Ever heard of a fool in love,
All clear in my head now,
Draw a circle, put pig ears, dog nose and cat eyes
This is me first number, playing victim to first degree monster love.
Thanksto you and your efforts.

I stole to please you yet judgement awaits in lastingness

Killing for love as if it is all happiness

Instead of you suffering from your obsession,
The virus is devouring my soul.

Love isn't all joy and I'm telling the whole world about it.
Sometimes people do the unthinkable sugarcoated in the umbrella terms of love.

I'm biting off the leash,
Forcing my head the hole of your cage and clamor my freedom.

Enoughis enough

Alison Mujati

For The Low Spirits

For the low spirits

Mop them off tears.
Guess not life in arrears.
You owe no one no explanation.
The world is a scenery of exploration.

It's no fault of yours to be this kind
Even the punch of love is p preached to be blind.
Pick up pieces tie laces,
Talk to nieces run races
Life is battalion rest with a medallion.
We do not talk millions but a trillion.

Today is dry and dull
Tomorrow is greener and hopeful.
Be a destiny seeker and never a trouble monger.

Time is here, always been
Who knows what sunbathe offers
Wait for tomorrow and speak another language.
Keep your head up and watch today succumb to darkness.

Alison Mujati

My Valentine Story

My valentine story

Atop red roofs

Talking scarlet named red.

Red ribbons reborn.

Red is danger but only on injured hooves

For the love of red hearts not blue.

Red foil and cover, a present proof.

A red Army member entrust to bullets and again no ruses

Valentine, a name of love

Redefine a meme of move

Define a mainframe of groove

Devine, a name they approve.

Speak deep hearts

Weak weep sweethearts

Warts creep newspeak

I could stay away, keep the vibe down.

The wide wild world ululates

My closest expects

Red T-shirts, dresses and carpet

Time to sail with the tide of red

Restraining has gobbled all strength

It is time to acknowledge the damned Valentine story

Jennifer Lopez noted love happens.

Alison Mujati

Fear And The Race To Overcome

Fear, the race to overcome

My heart in clutches
Soul depicting a snitch in the jungle of the world.
Mice traps all over
Ravenous hawks hovering daily
Anticipating my life as prey
In nonappearance, cats play the game
Timid and resultantly seek escape routes.
Everyday, anywhere the urge of being careful
One err big or small,
Carelessness, I grasp termination.
Only a trial of fortune attaches a day of living.
And I call it overcome.

In warfare, battles are fought
Blood-curdling screams are all over.
The smell of death pollutes the air
One sad news after the other,
People passing on like they are not destined to live.
Brethren and folks,
No shimmer of hope in glimpse to hang upon
With every night bringing evil and mingling life with dead spirits.
I am one of the deceased though not.
Forget not what you are and compare not to others.
Live like everyday, believe in survival and you will.
Comparisons kill identities and breed unfeeling of faith.
Achievers conquered fear and reached destinies.

And there is a rumour trending about few passingMN
The rest could not make it to a stand up
Hope fades with negative words,
But a mind that believes builds own success just like the few.
Put yourself among the elite and build a champion in yourself.
Lose no sleep in failure,
There is always second chances even if you fall.
Try again, the attempt will run the world.
Belief breeds champions,
Lost hopelabel failure.

Rise up boy and conquer. P

Alison Mujati

The Big Eyeball

The big eyeball

You have heard the pulps of my heart,
Beating cautiously on my rib cage.
Countless we killed bit on the rocks
On my chest you lied comfortably,
Denoting my feeling in relaxation.

You have seen my benevolence on high
My passion for trying people,
Poverty, sickness, oppression, you can name it.
Your support I forget it not.
We build fondness.

When tears fell from my eyes,
You were there to wipe them all dry.
Thickness and depth of tears wouldn't matter, you witnessed all.
Your comfort built my home and I'm grateful.

In accusation, you wouldn't be pleased.
You watched me plead not guilty in their trials.
I pleaded for my innocence which was your brainy child.
And I remember a soft voice encouraging, it shall pass..

You watched me facing my worst fears.
How its stabbed me on the soft spot.
You saw the spear of fate settling on my center.
But you negotiated for my emancipation and it mattered most.
Here I am, a happy man.

You heard me whisper
My deep voice singing you most loved tune.
Honey from the honeycomb,
A finger-licking goody, the taste is out of this world.
I watched you gulp the nectar in satisfaction.

Nakedness, nervousness and benevolence,
Love, fear and hope.
You have seen all about me.

Strong attitude I can give away,
To the valor that a man must have,
You have seen the best and worst of me.
My big eyeball present for my look out.

Alison Mujati

Still At Large

Still at large

I am chosen to listen to your actions.
The boiling point torments my emotions.
When you laugh, I laugh out with your sentiments.
I care most in your sorrows yet you conceive to blindness in my troubles
In all your sorrows there was my comfort to sooth your notions.
The return for such business is deficit wise.
Angels do not come in wings and dazzling feathers,
They visit least expectedly.
I am not one and never bear the tag.
See not my limitations
But just like a preacher to disobedient subject,
I give up no cheap.

I sleep in harmony because of real love.
Odds are high that we got lost in a moment.
Still I bet in no return
Trust me there is no chance.
The river can never complain on how it continually gives to the sea.
And the sea cannot.

I am part of history,
The one you would want to forget, maybe.
And you, a glimpse of a certain future,
The one the one I would want to live with forever.
Since time stole it all, I am singing used to be.
Knowing true love exists, taking it low sounds ideal..

The sun fades up affection
The wind blows it up and,
Rain washes it away.
All played it hard but gathering fragments build the monster kind love.

Let us pretend we never happen
Swim to destinies that whisks duets apart.
Not knowing what happened, the effects though have a significant mark.
We are settling debts because I'm choosing to.
I do not nag happy souls,

It's not a weaknessbut,
It's within me to keep all guessing.

This is remind you of my departure.
Take it anyway you want but,
I am still at large
Seek me in moments,
Finding me is easy.

Alison Mujati

Sentenced

Sentenced

Pattern of hands marred
State of errands soaked in mud..

No longer whistling freedom
Now my anthem is boredom

Knowing no terror
Their allegations are all horror

The motive to life is, survive
These men in uniform have it all for strive.

Sometimes intentions are good.
At times convictions lead to a viper's brood.

Here now in a stinking chamber
For the goodness of my people
But very awful to my healthiness.
Artless to their facet though not to the image of law
Majestic to my brethren yet vulnerable to this bow.

Freedom is walking around and not at all thinking about it..
Slavery is being caged and things about it come to the head.

There is more to life than making money, street roaming is also essential.
Understanding more needs testimony of a convicted man.
In peace there can be conviction
Still there is no peace for a convicted man.
Wishing reciprocity which everything may never give wholly.

Think hard
Eat less,
The permutations of a sentenced man

Alison Mujati

Politics

Politics

Sometimes virtue can be incredibly messy.
Just attempting to embrace the notion.
But this urging unfeeling of faith itching.
All wishes to take it as it is but for what price?
Using their language, money counts though not in the game.
It's proper to be outrageous.
Still thinking brethren will digest words

Politics, absolutely a game folks will never learn from,
Maybe a sport in which all strive for triumph.
Since when has we all become winner? , it's comical.
Existence is not all wonder,
Vitality is no food on a silver platter daily.
Condition is practical hence victors and flops.
Politics defines the actuality of society.
Still people perish in it's hands of deception.

A rumor is spread about a lion in ewe's fleece.
A metaphor of bad people coming as good.
Politics exemplifies that.
There are those fortunate under it.
A majority play vice-versa and suffer consequentially.
Tracing politics is like following a sunbeam..
You yield nothing and harvest regret.
Better not.

People of nerves

They preach, folks hearken
They pledge but never fulfil.
People lament the day of ballot.
They never learn from history,
Though it summaries all.
They remain causalities,
Prey to leaders whom they adorably elected
Through selfishness and heartlessness.
What more could one desire when they got power?
Power to control even flies to a bush toilet.
Theirs (power) was gobbled by this beastly thing politics.

Signing that x, they sold their virtue.

All lowlives suffer no liberty.

Fraternity and equality are now history lessons of the French revolution

No longer active where it matters the most.

What a life?

There is excess power to abuse others.

People are watching others become dirty and filthy.

None caring about odor from man mad inventions.

If those actions have everything a man desires,

From power and wealth,

Politics could not play a more pivotal role than this.

One against a million and still inferiority dominates.

What an irony?

In your slender belief, politics will make you believe again.

Alison Mujati

Cold As Stone

Cold as stone

Wishing for a hard pulp.
No feeling no sentiment.
Watch bondage and feel nothing.
It is up to the oppressor and how he feels.
That wouldn't touch me a bit
I would be unmoved.
All the same, what would I do?
I cannot stop oppression.
My sympathy will not help anyhow.
Maybe a heart of stone might do.

Let rain pour torrentially.
Let it be hail.
Or the coldness that comes with snow.
Pour over me in its capacity.
I swear nothing will torment me.
Never mind the soak it means nothing.
I have a cold heart.

It is a shame we are mistreated.
Whips come over bodies as punishment.
This human nature is something else,
Instead if suffering consequence, it gets used to pain.
The laceration from beats all over bruising,
All that you find from them is smiling face.
Their hearts are cold as stone.

Cold as stone I wish nerve to become.
To stand in the forefront and feel no nervousness.
Speaking every word from the heart for them to hear.
Hurt or hate who cares what! ?
Talk of their ill-will to care for the needy.
And speak of power which they abuse with no trembling legs.
Why should I worry with this immortality in me.
I am a true soldier of my world.
My existence is cold as stone.

Destined to end when the sun ceases to shine.

Alison Mujati

Shades Of Time

Shades of time

Fire brand in my enthusiasm
I'm so tremendous and feverous in my resolve.
Taking tribulation, my connection won't dispense synonymously.
I have survived lowly.
Damn me, I'm equitably perceiving first off.
More over, I apprehend the blaze will sink.
Reach out while it's still determinative.
We are into shadow of span.

Breath tenders discretion in status.
Staying where you are until timelessness,¹
Bustling down and relate collapse,²
And graduate to incline into a great identity,³
We fancy change for the better.
As long as the sun rises and set.
Darkness will come and we name the night.
Everyday changes, different things are brought to book.
That is how tempo is explained.

We dwell upon vanity.
Questions are asked,
Of what use is toiling in this life?
When wind comes, it assuredly leaves.
The placidity of the day typically falls in.
There might be overflow in the brook.
Water levels will drop in time.
That which takes off will rest subsequently somewhere.
It surely does either by will or by divine decree.
A shade of bit persevered the river.
And due to destiny it filled the depth of the sea.

Days have gone by,
Change is taking over,
The future is waiting by.
In tribute, conversion measures aspiration.
We are simply Under the shade of chronology.

Alison Mujati

Sorry

Sorry!

For the spell I squandered feigning
Embracing but not caring
Sparkling not at all feeling delighted
I'm all deceit not the fondness I seem to bestow.
Zero percent inside yet my scale reads above ninety.
Its what you see but not reality.

Sorry for empty days at cirque.
Sorry for all the cinch
Sorry for attachment at first sight.
Sorry for the first night out.

All intended nonentity
But it won me cash from my buddies.
Sorry and thanks for the time.

Alison Mujati

Let Him Die

Let him die

They ridicule in all accents
Ascending people and those descending.
Fastened to the tree with chains so seems with my soul.
Blood is oozing from everywhere.
Beats and whips are playing the melody.
No fellow-feeling as it necessitates.
All they want is my head.
I hear them clamor for it,
Tiny and raspy,
Guttural and hoarse,
Turner and soprano,
Auto and bass.
"Let him die" goes the chorus..
And it bellows without remorse.

The allege in vehemence
It is unpleasant tidings for me.
No assumptions, the writing is on the wall.
These people want me guillotined
And scorch my corpse to powder.
Some want shredded mince to be feasted to their hounds.
I'm feeling low with each echo.
The mode reverberate to the nerves of my soul.

My spirit has grown weary reaching an unfamiliar depression.
It's wanting, I'm urging closer to destiny
We were together daily in the chapel,
Preaching solidarity and harmony of the world.
We talked liberty, fraternity and equality,
The elegance of living in world peace.

Nobody reckons our vision today.
None to represent my soul.
All they care about is delivering my soul,
With a headless be-fitting
Such like a king though not imposing.
The crown of gold yet it pierces.

My lord has suffered enough,
I remember my guidebook illustrating 'it is done'.
Eternity came thenceforth.
Thinking not of his suffering coming around.
My life is here playing same tune but on an unrelated note.

The fire is burning,
Not at all holy, nothing to save the skin of my teeth.
My Lord had the Spirit with him.
I'm mortal, an ordinary being.
A nobody in chains waiting to die.
Voices all over,
Let him die!

My mind blazes vigor
Was it not me who fought for their freedom?
Mindless people of no hope.
Only about themselves
Didn't I mold their personalities.
Look their admirers pat their shoulders.
None recognizing my vision.

They spat upon me,
Whipping relentlessly like I am a no nerve.
My body is lacerated,
Pain has hit the tips of the toes.
I am terrified though helpless to save this day.
I cannot say must lest I anger them most.

The chant has gone since day break.
Better be valiant and drink the wine.
Let it happen as per their nuisance call,
'Let him die! '

Alison Mujati

An Obsession

An obsession

Dreams full of emotion,
Vision visible to anyone who dares,
Mind set upon one thing.
And it explains one fascinating tale of an obsession.

Places befit depictions of memoirs.
Each and every one visited elucidate the past.
The day "we" did what and this and that transpired.
Face smiles sometimes marred by unpleasant memories.
Digesting everything good and bad
It's not normal, people let go.
She is not the type, she is obsessed.

Pictures and music,
Playing a significant role.
Her life is drama though not amusing.
Pictures one by one being stared from an album always.
The father of her children a man of her life, she imagines.
Every minute of the day she fancies.
This goes with slow gems the imaginary man ever wanted.
One after the other come and pass by.
It means a lot to love, all tell a story.
Nothing explains the story to onlookers.

Reading always centered to all she wishes for.
She puts every story in her shoes.
In her dreams there is a man of valor
The one that got away though not according to her.
She wishes, she dreams. Not an ordinary brain can do that.
She is just obsessed.

And to prayers she recites.
Unlike others who ask for their desires.
Protection and deliverance people meditate.
Then comes a possessed lunatic,
She asks for his imaginary man's overall well being.
Speaking of his faithfulness to her as if it is real.

People wonder, People are bothered,
Is she a psycho or just dumb?
She is obsessed with love for him.

Alison Mujati

A Ray Of Hope

A ray of hope

Out of this journey, we have come.
From thoroughfare, rivers were crossed.
We trespassed, get detained, and were vulnerable to death.
Our way had been a heavy one.

Children suffered measles
A hag cast lots and pronounced imminent demise.
We grew skinny from fasting a bed
But new dawn brought a ray of hope.
Sickness perished by night.

We were together in winter sunrise.
Trudging prolonged distances bare-footed on graveled surfaces.
Today we watch scars stiffening our feet.
No more anguish but expectancy,
Objectivity has been attained.
Hope for the future,
Why won't when we have come a long way.?

Life is a puzzle, hard to solve,
A crystal maze with no direct way to reach destinies.
Strong hearts last long, weaker ones perish.
Despite all the negative trends of life, the future must always be enticing.

Alison Mujati

Brain Cuffed

Brain Cuffed

Strangled but not suffocating.
Sensitive like an alien although clasped in love of mother earth.
Where are my companions and beloved ones?
Their company was worth-a -while.
I am imprisoned but not in substantiality.
Why did I pick this feeble life?
A significance depleted my amusement.
Hurled away like a stone but landing in the wilderness.
My outcry, now an echo that listens to itself
In tears, the scorching sun heat them dry
Facing trouble, It is my own to solve.
Defunct is my affection that occupied my soul.
Extinct is my way I am now used to.
Thoughts are back but settled in the past,
Not the vision of present and future and to them I spit the phlegm.
Dwelling upon present and future you will not watch summer springs making
streams
Who do you tell when everyone seems too busy?
All is in my head but I am helpless
My brains are cuffed

Imagine getting everything as resolution
I want logic to be there at exact point.
Sink or swim, nobody here to command my ways.
I am drunk with my own opinions,
I need new ideas.
Read between the lines.
My blunder will assuredly leave my head in bandages.
A mad man on his errands now describe me.
A prince, the same way I am a slave
Who to lead and strive for, who cares?

This is him behind shut doors.
A man of people once called.
Cherishing all to utopia to serve purpose,
Yet languishing in these memories with vanity to pursue.
Think of an idea no one recognizes

Alit is pouring into the head but there is nothing to show for it.
The brains are in chains.

Who can scratch when everything is under nuts and bolts?
Who can laugh with you when everyone looks serious
What should I do when I feel the nerve?
Look on and make eyes do the talking.
How? The can express my feeling.
I am feeling the taste of salt in stew with my forehead.
My mouth is zipped and glued.
Tongue-tied, I have to use legs to handle a bowl of porridge.
Hands are in chains hence useless.
Chores need to be done.

Think, meditate and ponder again.
Bring the solution to the head
Let them come to decay
Nothing but a feeling though nagging.
My brains are cuffed.

Alison Mujati

Sound Of The Future

Sound of the future.

Prophecy! Prophecy! Prophecy
Prophecy! Prophecy! Prophecy

Prophecy, a word they want to hear
Zeal for things no one sees near.
Tempering with mentality yet from rear.
Here comes smartness from the future, no fear.

Love good as hate
No at all semblance
But love means a mate.
And hate is being treated with resemblance.
As if they are siblings, they rise and fall at the same rate.
It's a malady ring for the ambulance.

Positivity versus negativity
Difference playing equivalence.
Proximity explaining absurdity.
Ambiguity stealing away fidelity.
Good intentions pronounced devilish.
It is the nature around us.
What is life without prosperity?
How can one please eyes of failure with endurance?

Smiles and laughs, signs of bliss
The future resents veracity.
A giggle heralds no happiness
All the same with blank faces and tears,
You cannot find black days in someone's sadness.
Blessed is the man who judge not.
Seek humor and you will find it asunder.

Work hard to achieve,
It seems the rich and the poor work hard.
The future reeks of a certain scenario,
The two will be classified in the same group.
Asserts will have a faint voice,

Poor people will dine with those well up
The rich will listen to the poor man's story.
That gulf between the two groups will be closed by understanding

In mourning some will laugh out
Bereavement will grow a different face.
Painful to lose but meaningless to cry over death.
Why do we waste tears for things we cannot change?
The future has a new way of doing it all.,
Celebrating a loss for the deceased's freedom.
Dying empties up all burdens people encountered while living.

Laugh for pain,
Cry for just joy.
Never mourn for the deceased,
Let kings dine with beggars.
That is the sound of the future.

Alison Mujati

More Than Words

More than words

Go with the flow

Even if it keeps you raw.

Acknowledge, there are seasons when time alone cannot ripen things.

Yet still it decays down everything.

Everything turns different.

In reptile family you resent being a serpent.

Personalize your belongings to repent.

Either become a fearful lizard

Or be Colour imitation like a chameleon.

Time of violence left the scars of heavy hearts.

Needless to mention priorities for they always come with dissimilarity.

Adverse or indisputable so have things come.

The future threatens to remain similar.

How you handle positive and negative restson outlook.

It is like taking chances,

A lot at stake but either of the answers must not change you.

No matterthe enjoyment

No matter the disappointment.

Keep your head up.

Nothing challenges lastingness.

Alison Mujati

Malice

Malice

Predestined and there is a hoarse voice
His cannot be constrained but a coarse choice
The past hurts while the present has value of Rolls Royce.
It counts now more than it did ages back.
Emotions need to be contact to his ego.
He plans to revenge.

Battling for power strains yet again status quo can be double.
He who knows the impact of pain cares less.
Tears in gathering from blood-shot eyes.
Some marvel watching others tumble in their infliction of pain..
It is called pulling the strings.
Pouring trauma into lives of others. ...

Alison Mujati

It Hurts

It hurts...

Perspective not sour.
History slaughters sensitivity and devour
Discerning of bearings no longer at grasp.
To meditate much, tearsdrip like a leaking tape.
Could have been plausible with a regard wipe.
Now a manly hand that nevertires.
Though hurting not the peepers
But where it stays.
Can a home be a place of mourning and agony?
This is my position and the feeling is marauding.
Look! I am growing skinny and aging
Yet none of the two can preserve my predicament.

Yes I commemorate split oaths,
Reminiscing assurances moreover.
Mixing them well, what a wagon
I am living my luck days facing my worst fear of broken vows.
Cross-walking thick waterways and dragging in soaked sand.
Beneath bare feet, thorns are piercing,
Similar to a soldier's errandof being sent to war.
I perceive not my return but perplexed about the departure.

They talk passion, I just grin.
There is no such thing, all faces of deceit.
Not demented again not cursing,
To those gulpingremember the choke.
And those singing the anthem,
Come hither and tither,
Lets walk this miserable path together.
Our tours remain identical.
Shrewd to wholesomeness yet futile to narration.
Who am I now to scrap for the lost?
I am not some kind of a deity, the capacity is just next to none.

No need to yearn wrongness in your name.
Inquiring in my imagination the response is ex.
The instance senses come,

I abide differently.
There are things said,
Things believed to be gone with time in our generation,
But just a try around me will give a second thought.
Still seeing past memories as in now.
Yet someone in her name remembers no more.

I still remember my past personality.
I still remember promises broken,
I still remember people and their past,
There is this now,
It is hard to be telling it hurts.

Alison Mujati

Mistake

Mistake

The sun is going down.
All are retreating from the town
Here alone standing like a clown
They watch and pass me by..
The impression hurts.

An erstwhile champion now a defeated fellow.
Over exercising authority which was suicidal.
Politics is filthy and always have been.
I should have known better
Those who used to cheer now jeer.
Greeting my fame with dejection which is worse
Wishing all but dreams,
Verity is stripping me to the soul,
Flesh and bone are no longer my physicality

All regret, present so unique.
Playing hard ball yet I trained with a soft one.
Swallowing bones yet have been used to the goodness of steak..
It is like chewing the grains of river sand.
Imagining if only time could be turned back..
Now done with stamp and signature, I messed up.
Selfishness and greediness let me down.
I frittered all the money thinking no one could notice.
It all shame now but I made a big mistake.

Alison Mujati

Long Gone

Long gone

Bittersweet memories of once called life.
The foliage of all umbrella-shaped trees,
Oh! I loved the rain,
The howling of the wind in storms.
The rich aroma of dust with first raindrops to dust.
It seemed like some audible delicacy.
After the torrents, water flowed to the unknown.
Then came a calm one lives to dream about.
Step by step it's how things go.

The stillness of the day in the sunset.
It felt good to watch the dying sun thriving in the crimson sky.
Oh! I remember the beauty of the sun's last thin sliver sinking in the horizon.

Night comes with its dusk.
We played harps in ancient ways.
Lullabies were our kind of song.
Musical and chained to sound of the night.
All faded to the slumber of nature.
Dawn was alarmed for a new day.
New sounds nourished the ears.
It's daybreak, life awakes.
Birds are chirping and looking forward to a bright morning.
The sun is rising in its dazzling beauty,
Watch it reflects crisp glitters of dew on the grass.
Up, everyone wakes to their chores,
Life was moving ahead.
I used to admire all that.
But things have changed now.

Gone is the beauty she possessed.
Imagine the ecstasy of blood moving up and down my spine.
The blithesome feeling ever had under the azure.
And all spasms of exultation ever possessed around me and my sleep,
All gone with the life I chose,
That of exploring the modern world.

It is beyond my grasp now.

The wind has blown away my pleasure to a faraway place.

A place where freedom has become a dirge.

A song of sorrow promoting tears and sweat.

I am now toiling for things that are hard to get.

Working daily like there is no tomorrow.

I have companions around me but we all have lost grace to shame.

Fate has dragged us all to this unwinnable game.

A game that reeks agony and bondage.

We are tired of shame and gloom

Everything we once owned is long gone.

Alison Mujati

Where Are You?

Where are you?

Friends of time
Playing medley harp.
Boyhood back in time
Time made it sharp.
Now browsing the memory lane

Bring on the water,
Let me sail above like a mortar.
The sun had all the light,
Days were sweet and warm.
Nights sweet and cool.
Starred or moonlit all the same.

You are not here,
Gone where?
No one knows,
Here and wondering,
It is all gone but till when?

Alison Mujati

Thanks!

Thanks!

For the grace i ever believed though not.
For educating me and giving an experience honorary.
For all the happy days I mistook for eternity,
For believing lies and disobeying the truth.
Thanks for all the trauma and tragedy.

Thanks for being a true friend,
Your time was worth a while.

Alison Mujati

Golden Age

Golden Age

Brethren of twilight,
Brown, black and blonde turning grey virtuous
Basking in the halo of wisdom loads
Stash houses of experience,
No longer timid but bold for their persona.
Past daylight but have pockets full of sunshine.
Not at all intellectuals but they are great teachers.
Aged and frail but eternally a golden age.

Alison Mujati

The Sky Is The Limit

The sky is the limit

Murmuring around accomplishment,
Meditating across achievement.
Tremendous exploits not even gossip.
Deeds are not words,
Their statements has an accent.
Eyes have seen sufficient,
The exact way ears have heard adequately.

Launching for the moon with no cloud as a barrier.
Look not in what folks do.
Contemplate on what eyes give you.
Eyes on the go always will reach there.
Several assumptions drain objective.

Resort to lastingness and be illustrious.
A champions is always ready to face the toughest.
Yield every morsel of infinity and make a harvest.
Procrastination they say is a bandit of continuance.
Do not consort scarcity on your lap by thinking things twice.
The doctrine will forever be encouraging.,
Aim above and nature will be beneath your feet.
Be a man of calibre and essence.
Creatures of fate will follow success.

Endeavour like an and your compensation will be hill-high.
Time on your side to exploit, leaveamark.
In death, people will remember you.
Positive or negative, surely the will have something.

Leave a legacy and be eternal in your existence.
Fly high my boy fly.
Fly above hate and be an overcomer.
Truly, the sky Must be the limit.

Alison Mujati

The Doctrine Of Span

The doctrine of span

In the hasty of the terrene we live,
The assessment of life we live in
Welcome to the new age past well-lived upon is dragged.
Implanted in turbulence that no one can brand.
What is the principle of meeting otherin life?
You constantly wonder why?
Proceedings may seem sofactual in extent.
But gloom falls and everything vanishes like mist.
Everyone cherishes the departed feeling..
It is the doctrine of time.

Visualize living a real world.
Meeting a dream helpmate,
Everything seemingly well,
Then suddenly time takes a toll,
Time to uproot what was once planted,
Time to harvest what was once seeded
No one is there to save the day,
It has to recur,
The whistle is blown, game over.
Time goes and stay behind at the same time.
Nothing under the sun can do that,
When time leaves with what it used to have,
It leaves behind feeling and agony.
It will not matter distance or years in counting.
Passion drags people in time,
And still people can leave their past in memories.
Trying to hide under shadow of their words,
Claiming to be over the past
But only cipher knows the bitter truth.
Be elsewhere and there is precision in words.
People still misjudge them for being mere.
Character graduates to a personality.
Out of the blue personalities denounce that.
All they forget is everything starts but again cease.
Boxing peopleretire after certain years to dine with time.

Time is hot and cold
Time is volatile
Charisma breaks depending on bearings,
People renounce some queer proneness,
Maybe because odds denounce the envy of their doings.
So it becomes essential to hang up the boots.
But sometimes intervals shoulder back old personalities,
It's not because they crave for that,
But because of necessity.
All is and will be inhumed in their blood.
When the flesh is bruised,
The gush is for them to agonize.
No tour can eradicate it
Hence a doctrine of tide.

Time the healed as their concept
Time discomforts in separation,
Better in time on modes.
Yet words with virus and cancer.
Time shifts situations for achievers,
And still burdens people if they fizzle in life.
Everything in all suffers to the doctrine of Span.

Alison Mujati

Breaking Point

The breaking point

If feelings hurt us,
It is time to do away.
If it is amour,
I guess it's time to retreat but do not abhor.
If you do,
There s a possibility of either feeling it more,
Or wreck it beyond rehabilitation.
Be the stone and ice cold.
It is the breaking point.

Detach passion in your endeavour
It might be destroying that endeavour.
Brains keep meditating
The monotony is what makes it unimportant.
A mist of vanity is created.
Visions are being brewed head wise,
Together with critic, allbuoyance is irrevocable.
Less venture, less zeal can be supreme
Things will happen in their pace and time
And there could be your breaking.

Self prideis a personality
People hate pomposity.
It is most scrutinized in the life we live in.
Do away with it yet not so modest.
Mildness illuminates defeat.
But it means more than words.
Two contrastive characters of human nature.
Stay grounded and look not on the sides.
Be on the wire,
Do not fall either right or left.
And meet the breaking point.

It is folly to be morebroad-minded more than others.
Yet dullness below everyone can be worse.
Among the blind, one eyed man is a king.
But prepare to be blasted for every catastrophe of having sight.

See everything and warn your contingent.
Be that naive and they blame you for negligence.
Such a life you must live with it.
There is a way out though,
Do away with potency, yet squashing failure.
And be the prince of a kind.
It certainly becomes your breaking point.

Milk serves that allegory
Perhaps there is a way out.
Fresh milk makes taste for tea,
While sour spoils tea if added.
Milk is milk but differs with situations.
Do we have to explain things in situations?
It can be tricky.
Ask children and see analysis,
Send them at tea time to buy milk,
They bring sour milk.
Crafty and so it seems.
Better do away with sides in life,
Stay between lines and be valued easily
That is the breaking point

Alison Mujati

The Subject Is Life

The subject is life

The notion blazes hard feelings.
A catastrophe not worth human carriage.
Coming with all just to torture.
It is chaos and unfeeling of harmony.
Human nature has it all.
Calamity at large.

A Himalayan turbulence seeking immediate fix.
One day precedes the other,
Nights following suit as always
Time weather changes daily to brew a climate
Seasons come and go, one in pursuit of the other.
An errand is built in way.
Perhaps it is how Geography defines it.

Solve it simultaneously living life to the fullest,
Though the equation is head-cracking.
Expression and formulae remain in the waiting.
The general order makes up a vertex.
Nothing like improper fraction in life.
Exact answers on bail you out.
Do the math, life will calculate itself.

Deficiency defines life somehow.
Cannot manage brainslike field crops.
Good to have thoughts blossoming like flowers,
Although some feelings have a trend of galloping away like ponies.
Not all blooms produce plausible scents.
Locust control might be essential like dollars and cents.
Still, harvests may not always be bumpers
Maybe another way of describing it in Agriculture.

We talk Divinity and inspiration,
We have seen other aspire,
Worshipping to be given a desire.
Faith a way of all light.
Many have followed the trail.

Few have pointed a finger of scorn to believer.
It is how they take it religiously.

Putting life to a litmus test,
Doing just all for integrated science,
Mixing biology, the physical side of it and chemistry.
Thinking maybe life would have a face.
And everyone succeeds with that.
Fulfilling another harbour process somehow.
It is how they treat life scientifically.

Unify all kingdoms and amalgamate them.
Form a federation to give it a meaning.
Some have tasted the above waters,
All they ever achieved was failure.
Woe to those who think of winning.
Try making every happen with a revolution.
Less faith is here now to conquer such a feeling.
Slavery and Scramble for Africa have come and gone.
Human rights suppressed it, left, right and centre.
This generation has learn and forgotten nothing.
Pursuit of happiness urges.
But reality has denounced the excitement.
Historically we are victims of no answer.

Life is no drama, no metaphor.
Life is not an allegory
Expect not doom as much as we not to glory.
The diction as well is not that good.
Despite good definition to words,
Fate has a way of twisting outcomes.
Ironic, isn't it?
It actually comes to be,
Literature has its own taste to the definition of life.

Account stresses on trial balance.
But since when has numbers, words and money been easy to solve?
A deficit will certainly come by.
Bad debts always come on a silver platter.
Not everyone is an auditor or accountant to counter.
What happens next?

Everyone has the right to live to the fullest.
Everyone has a dream to such life.
Everyone has a Cryptic crossword to solve.
Everyone thinks differently.
Likes and believes are different.
As long as I believe in writing, give me a chance.
I am no geographer,
I am no historian,
I am no scientist
I am no....
But mine is subject to life.

Alison Mujati

Soul Sister

Soul sister

In a thought that tracks back to history.
A posture brought back like a memory.
The one said in abundant words like a melancholy
No longer a fairy-tale nightmare.
Let me sing to voodoo and harken to this devilish oldie.

I'm obsessed and boozed up with the reflex.
Holding on to memories of once called.
Now grasping used to be like a widow's loss of a man.
Who be acquainted deducing now except for fate?
No longer my former self but my zest has made it a castle.
I dwell there and suppose much soothed
Enjoying every sweet concept she uttered long thenceforth.
Not progressive flame but somewhere within my breast.
No wonder I christened soul sister.

Nothing related to this sphere in my fantasy.
She lives but not in my cosmos.
Named a matron just to inherit a bias of my perception.
Everyman around not related, anyhow is a soul sister.
The moment they apprehend my aspiration, doom knocks the door.
My heartbeat keeps in the hideout.
I discern tenderness around but speechless to breach.
I bury a seem hatchet in aim of preserve,
While others speak their hearts softness of their voices.
Special things are sacred,
And still my compassion remain bruised

Long elapsed but buttoned adjacent to where I yearn.
Far off yet a phone call apart.
Gone and substituted,
Nevertheless, I possess a fragile heart
She remains my love and soul sister.

Soul sister, the realm of spirituality
Enticed by just a scent I once knew
Must be extraordinary to feel it years.

Few understand sentiments,
I know exactly what is this for.
Distance happened in geography and emotion.
I am a wounded creature, let me sink in my nest.
No longer about myself but folks around me.
And to her whom I see daily, I plead solemn.
Do not let lose me now for I could be lost again.
Keep my company in night, will certainly learn your ways.

And to soul, I wish nothing but the best.
Keep the spirit to eternity.
You are the one that got away.
Guess it hurts but life heals too.
I hope you feel the same.
I know you well,
I cannot fight the cause.
In another life the dice will be thrown in our direction.
Time to look out and see a bigger picture.
Dream big soul sister, I am.
Live your life and see your destiny.
The road I travel is all on your lap,
Browse and see a beautiful heart.
Somebody keeps you well soul sister.

Alison Mujati

Bad Luck

Bad luck

My heart is throbbing fast.

My fate is robbing hash.

Blessed are you who aspire.

My will strives for that desire.

Cursed is me who clamour to retire.

Mine are mere words and not even a satire.

You have a shadow that is faithful and friendly.

Mine is careless and unruly

To think of it, you go mad truly

In presence of light, it seats there on its own,

While I wonder around like a clown.

In darkness, it grows violent and attacks me.

You are fortunate to wait for a harvest after planting.

It is unfortunate, it also finds me wanting.

If I do the same,

A kennel of dogs come to devour my field.

When I try chasing them away, they grow vicious and leave me for the dead.

Dead end too on my race to emulate others.

As I speak, my body is all sores.

On marriage, my hands are in the up.

I surrender, I have given up.

Isn't it normal to propose?

Resultantly, houses around me are all twos

Can the same be said about me, ?

Hell no!

My life despises a partner,

The moment I try, my words smell like a pit latrine.

No one wants to be associated to me the moment I mention marriage.

Money have packed the bags and hit the road

It deserted my pockets and leave them hard.

The two of us have become enemies,

Money and me cannot go together.

I'm now alone in a world of billions,
Trying to make sense when all everyone can see is trash.
Asking questions that no one can answer.
People undermine words of a "mad man";
I am not but seem like one.
A special case yet again a different one.

Mmm still thinking what can this be....

.

Alison Mujati

What If....?

What if.....?

Everything is in shreds
Refined from its original texture
For the good or contra
And it converts to be our way.

What if there is no routine to it?
With entirety identical to beforehand,
No twist, no turns but stone cold.
Born the same way and die similarly.
There could be a reputation to it.
But it's all what if.?

What if there was no conflict?
No strife, no logger-heads.
Dream of devotion and cohesion.
Embrace kiss and smile.
Brotherhood tangled to communion like Doves and Pigeons.
We have turned the world up side down.
Selfishness nullifies integrity.
What if one goal remained our motive?

Serving for a purpose of death,
Everyone knows no escape.
Between misery and joy, nature is complicated.
What if we could remain immortal?
What if that was our only way?

What if, what if what if?

Alison Mujati

Till Death Did Us Part

Till death did us part

I'm hearing this sonorous voice.
Detached from every depression of my soul.
Standing over the debris of my little soul.
Goodness so mingled with wrongness,
On summit of the world but bottom rock sadness.

Staring vanity with foresight so vivid and it comes back,
A comely smile accompanied by a waving hand
She has all glamour decorating her face,
Unexpectedly, a drop of sorry.
The glee changes into sombreness,
All hope perishes in just a flash.
Across raging rivers, deep dark oceans and thick forests,
There she finds a domicile,
A place no one knows location, we assume.
We are waiting for one lucky day to reach out.
But for now we live worlds apart.

I loved the mojo of being carried on the back.
The tenderness of muscular hands wiping off my tears
And the comfort I got from broad shoulders.
There was my father, a man of great words and deeds.
Who to look to now in face of all this trouble?
No plausible counsel when I need it most.
I suppose it is the way fate chose for me and others, my siblings.

Life had been good, changing for the better till death did us part.

Alison Mujati

1985

1985

Thursday 12 September 1985,
Time to uproot though not a destroying way.
The offspring of January the same year.
From the known ground, a bouncing baby boy is born.
We look forward to a great future,
Words were said, like everyone else at birth.

Infancy brought an ugly type of a child,
Deprived of all privileges a decent child.
Not called along cute one but still a child
In all differences, to others, I remained a human child.
Time flies for everyone to escape being a child
A child, an offspring of the year 1985.

Losing a mother to ailment molded a fragile future.
Despite glimpses of brilliance in a tiny mind,
Fate pledges everyone's sustenance.
Even in distress, everyone has the edge to moving.
When everything finally settles, the tally remains in our hands to bear.
This is life, a product we can own,
But powerless to control what it brings.
I rue that day in 1985

Childhood is a place every grown man has stayed.
Adulthood is the ground of inevitability.
If God keeps you around, you will account for the two.
Eyes broadening to see clearly,
Ears hearing lousy squeaking sounds even of tiniest creatures.
All in unison to learn of the formula to success.
Some ways are worth not stepping upon.
And beyond our vision of sight to foretell.
Lamentations were pinned in 1985.

Riddles will always raise eyebrows,
Saying much yet every ear seam deaf.
Behind, whispers are noisy,
Some wish for my life.

I wonder why?
Because I salivate for the life of other people.
It will never make sense,
Such a left behind life had admirers?
Still, it will not change me from being a product of 1985.

Despite all the loopholes over my life,
Everyone around has shortcomings.
It is inevitable to lament in life.
The world has seen my works,
A remnant acknowledged that work.
Though not perfect, pride is what I have.
And to those who see a misfit,
It is not my fault,
You may blame the year I was born in 1985

Alison Mujati

The Future

The future

Past almost fading as we look.
Embrace a hopeful feeling
We are certainly looking forward to it.
Turmoil will be gulped by this beastly creature.
The monster needs no introduction,
Its name is called the future

Unbelieving hearts will be left behind,
Faith that moves mountains been born.
The mists of yesterday vanishing.
In a ditty,
"Goodbye yesterday welcome tomorrow,
Our future welcome"

Our shades of peace lay with new onset
This is bliss,
Tears and sorrow dwell in history

We lost fathers to poverty,
Our ancestors perished in destitution
Our children are mourning the scourge of privation,
While we bath in tears of dearth.
Nevertheless, a new beginning begs to differ.
We are accepting him future because he gives us hope.

He (the future) has given life a new meaning
We like his directness and clarity towards living.
Everyone has a flame of optimism about the future
Everyone is disappointed with history and present.
The future has given hope to everyone.
The future has a clearer picture up is everyone and believing the future.
Death of oppression and discrimination
One band, people will sing together in the future.
Everything has been declared affirmative in the future.
Off they go to the helm of togetherness in the future
Black the same as white and vice-versa
Silver making the same platter as gold and or platinum

It will be equilibrium points of rights in the future,
One peace one unity in the future.
Good oppressors and bad philanthropists all in the future,
The government and people in the future.
Maybe the channel of our rights will be recognised
It is all right there in the future.

And really, the future have all this?
Is the future going to explain why the past has been a worst nightmare?
At a point in the past people had the same gospel preached to them,
We might be waiting for a ricochet in the future,
History has a tendency of repeating itself especially in the future.

The future has no war
There is no inflation in the future.
Good for them who have insight that we do not,
Perhaps it is for future people.
We will experience great leadership in the future.
Perhaps we will not die with the future
Perhaps Races will not rebel in the future
Perhaps we are bracing for the existence of happy ever after in the future
Perhaps this unfeeling of hope dies with the emergence of the future.
Waiting patiently for the future....

Alison Mujati

The Life Of A River

The life of a river

Ever moving yet so permanent
Sometimes raging but will be still
Flowing with ease
a marvel to watch.
From one generation into another,
It Controls its routine it's programmed
It Gives life to everything that seeks it,
And yes it is essential
From the kindest to the wickedest,
Distinguish between the two but not the river
Everything is equal to everyone,
Everyone is equal to everything
Take sides as you may
Its purpose is endless in mentioning,
Acting as a boundary between two landscape
Is it an exception,
smoothest rocks lie in its bed
Watch them like diamonds in field
Sparkling in blazing sun, dazzling beauty

Where a river flows must be a sanctified place,
A holy one and a heaven too,
Probably, a place of peace and enjoyment,
I would possibly call it a place of longing,
Free from all evil that our surroundings have.

Forefathers have come and gone,
Great grandchildren saw the legacy,
Still faithful and same old traits
Never compromised even with the modern world.

A river is so amazing,
Least said about it mean things larger than life,
I am greatly humbled with such a persistent life.

Alison Mujati