

Poetry Series

Anabahati Mlay
- poems -

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Anabahati Mlay(16th of February 1990)

I am a young lawyer and a poet who enjoys putting what she feels and experience in writing, that is what i write about most of the time.I am very passionate about women and i write about women but for everyone.

I draw my inspiration from my surroundings as in what i see, experience, feel and read about daily that trickles my imagination.

I do hope my poems touch people in a positive way.

A Moment Of Silence

Beautiful souls
With dreams and hopes
Pride of their folks
Excited to learn
Off they went

With no clue off they took
What a beautiful group
But death ooh death
What an evil crook

He came with darkness
And a dark cloud of sadness
With his strike of coldness
He left them lying there lifeless

As a nation we stand
In our grief and numbness
Parents and friends
Mourning in silence

With hopes we hold hands
Tears in our eyes
May they be in a better place
A moment of silence

Anabahati Mlay

Arise!

Arise!

The daughter of the land

The pride of the clan

The forgotten one

Arise

Walked upon

like a doormat...on the rainy season

Arise

Shake of the dust

You have to walk high

Arise

Beaten to a pulp...eyes swollen

Hope lost...mist forming

Arise

Anabahati Mlay

Babu's Touch

Sitting there, next to him
In silence
Holding hands, listening to the sounds of us breathing, his being heavier
In silence

Trying to detect his feelings, maybe what he would have said to me
If he was to say anything
And there it was
Peace, peace found through pain
His breathing got louder
And I hold in my breath, look at his face
I see what I saw earlier..peace
Only through God this kind of peace can be found
I look at him and say
Look here grandpa!
It is raining outside
And he smiles and his gripping on my hand increased
Isn't that beautiful, how we can all find joy through what we always take for granted
When every little thing, even a simple taking in of breath is a struggle
But someone still hold on and manage a smile, that's strength..strength and hope
It takes courage too And we all have it now
And everytime I walk out as iam doing now I feel so alive, strong and hopeful
Isn't that what he would want us all to be

Anabahati Mlay

Beyond The Smile

We live in a world where so many people are miserable, depressed and even suicidal but trying so hard to put up a brave face and a smile for the social media.

Anabahati Mlay

Dad's Broken Hearted Girl

As i sat there staring into the room
tears kept flowing
Like the Mount Kilimanjaro rivers during rainy season
They streamed down
I have been trying so hard not to cry
so hard, very hard
But the hot tears have swollen the inside of my eyes
Welled up to form little hot pools inside
burning them that they cannot hold on anymore
And they just let them go
Let them flow vigorously down my cheeks
Burn them a bit..they are tender cheeks

Just when i thought everything was falling in place
Don't we all have a plan?
And all over a sudden it all disappears
just like the snow at the sight of the sun
Some people say destiny takes it course
But i do not believe in that now
Destiny was to be on my side now

I have tried so hard to be good...God knows i have
You don't know how you spear my heart
You just cut through that tender spot i so dearly kept for you
And as you tear me apart you loose one of your parts
i always loved you the most
And see what you have done to that love
Put it on the line of fire
Shame...ooh what a shame

You know what they say about a girl's first love
And you really are
A hero i saw when you swept across the compound
Ooh...didn't you know?
You were the tallest man I knew..
I would run to you as fast as my little girl legs could carry me
So that you could swing me on your shoulders
Let me see the world from there
The horizon of my life from up there

And grandma will cry out....Ooh this poor little thing
She will break those legs one of these days with all that running

And i thought i will always be on your shoulders

Expectations

I looked up to you

And now

No man can ever break my heart.

Should i be thankful for that?

My first love took that away

Anabahati Mlay

Empty Souls

Empty souls
With so much dryness
They try to fill their cup
With water from others wells
But they are never full
Never do they overflow

With shallowness
They try to dig holes
Into others wells
To dry them as well
But their souls remain
Empty spaces

With hollowness
They wonder around
Bitterness in their hearts
Venom filled tongues
Splitting evil into others
But empty they remain

With blindness
They fail to see
Clueless they move
Round and round
They stumble and fall
In their own wickedness

Their days
Are as dried up
As blown by the harmattan
Their souls
Are as lifeless
As the Atacama desert

Anabahati Mlay

Girlfriends!

You know that feeling
When you see something
Even when seated at different sides of the room
Your eyes search hers
And you share that 'what did we just see' look
And you laugh it all out

You know that feeling
When something has really gotten to your nerves
And you call her not necessarily to even talk about it
But just to talk even of random things
And it calms your nerves instantly

You know that feeling
When something is itching you and you can't stay calm
And there is that one person you just have to share it with
And no matter how stupid you sound
She won't judge a thing

She reason with you
No matter how vague you sound
Stick with you
No matter how messed up you have become
Laugh with you
No matter how small the step is
Be there for you
No matter how annoying you can get
Tell it all to you
No matter how painful it might be
If you have found that person
You have found a girlfriend

Anabahati Mlay

Her Days

Those cold nights
With no blanket to keep her warm
Those ruthless nights
Without a soul to console her
Those too long nights
With no shoulder to cry upon
Those sleepless nights
Have made her carry on

Those hot days
Without a shade to hide under
Those cruel days
Filled with rain and thunder
Those helpless days
With miles of walks to cover
Have made her carry on

Shameful days
with a conscious to bury
fateful days
Came and go with no hurry
Days ooh days
Have made her carry on

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Her Little Wins

This time, if it happens this time
I swear
This is the last time

It was my fault, all of it
This last time
See, I hadn't made him his favorite food
For a very long time
He isn't that bad, didn't he take me to dubai?
But this time I swear
This time I leave

I made him do it, all of it
This last time
See, I was stubborn and thoughtless
For a very long time
He isn't that heartless; he got me my dream jeep
But this time I swear
This time I leave

I was stupid
This last time
See, I enjoyed food so much and got myself fat
For a very long time
He isn't that horrible, he didn't bring her to our home
Like the other time
But this time I swear
This time I leave

What do you want this time
He will ask every time
This time, a car...a house...shopping...a boutique
He isn't that bad
There will be a next time
And I will go to Paris
Maybe china for my merchandise
Or just Thailand to relax
That will be the very next time

But this time I leave

That time

The other time

The last time

The very last time

This time

There will always be

Another time

Anabahati Mlay

Let Me Grow

Do not pluck me
I am yet to blossom
Do not cut me
I am yet to come home

I see me grown
Bring forth more petals
Beautiful in colors
With more admirers

Growth brings thorns
So u say to me
You have so many worries
listen to me

The older the berry
The sweeter the juice

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Love Her

I dare you to love her
Not in the scripted manner
Not like in the movies drama
Not in the ways of your pa and ma
In your own grammar
Not the usual saga
Love her like no else has ever loved her

Anabahati Mlay

My Speech

I prepared my speech
Walking down the village
Jumping up and down the hills
Singing like a little freed bird
Helping old women carry their loads off their shoulders

I scribbled it down
Waking up early every Monday
Have school work done by every Friday
Cleaning the church every Saturday
Singing in the Choir every Sunday

My speech was coloured
With my morning long walks to school
Filled with doubt and wonder
When it rained and when it thundered
It was sealed by my commitment to read at the candlelight

I put every word together
When the moon came out and I sat there quietly
Counting the stars like I am one of them
And down the river each cold morning
When I soaked my body in the ice cold running water

I had it all figured out
As I climbed the steep hills to our little house
Singing while balancing my can of water for the day
When the sun came out to warm my skin
And the Kilimanjaro in its glory
Was left bare for me to see

My Speech was corrected
Every time my aunt scolded me for my work
Every minute I had to write an essay of apologies
Every time I fell down going up the hills
Every single minute I was told you can't have it
Every moment grandma kind eyes said she can't do much

I had it all pieced together
When mama said I was the brightest
When grandma assured I was the kindest
When dad affirmed I was the strongest
When my siblings looked at me with their hopes at best
When friends called me the fiercest
When I finally knew my place

I rewrote it
When I realised there are no deadlines
To what I had in mind
When I knew I was the one
To write my ending
When I came to realise
I dint have to be like everyone
When I came to terms
With the journey I will walk alone

I am my speech
It's written all over me
The cheers of my friends on my smile
The scorns of my enemies at my back
The scars of the falls on my ankles
The sparkle of my victories in my eyes
The depth of my love and passions
Deeply felt by the people I have touched
The happiness in my baby's laughter
The peace in me when I go to sleep

It's all me and so much more
Ready to walk on
What a journey to behold
To find the left pieces
To fit them in the empty places
And complete my speech of a lifetime

It is not an acceptance speech
For the award I am to win
Or the appreciation I will be accorded
I know if I don't win a thing
I will definitely be the best version of me

No Love Lost

My mind kept wondering
And all i could find were empty spaces
and i journeyed into my present
isn't this what i feared the most?
life without love
Not just any love
love from that one person.
And how could i not blame me,
me for just being me
always questioning, checking and checking again
What a nuisance!
Am I wrong though?
who doesn't nowadays
Only that i am loud about it
Too loud actually
And finally i ask myself
Was the love even there
Why then did i have to check

So again i went into the empty spaces
And now even emptier
No nothing...no love
Just some imagined fantasies
And we both know what that is
We cannot expect love, love from he who doesn't love himself
Too much to ask for

So i arise from my sorrows
Wash my face, just to be sure
Get out of the room
Feel the wind on my cheeks
As i start walking down the street
I start living again
No love lost

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She Wept Silently

She was taught of silence
To be quiet and listen
Not to ask
Have some pounded bitter herbs
Drink some warm water
And hush hush the pain

She was taught of endurance
This time each month
To keep on with her chores
While her body in chaos
Her legs numb and heavy
Her price of womanhood

She was told to be a woman
How would you stand labour pain?
If you cannot take this little pain
How would she explain?
And if she tried to tell in vain
She will loose anyway

Now she is told it's all her fault
She gave her womb to her witchcraft
And had too many abortions
She isn't a woman enough
And still she lingers in her pain

She is now all grown
Have a mind of her own
Their hopes long gone
But she still holds on
To these dreams of her own
Once to hold her own

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The Dancers!

They don't know this song
But they dance to it
Not before have their ears met this beat
But they will break a leg for it
They don't understand this tune
But they marvel at it
Won't follow the rhythm
But will move to it
Forget about steps
They will be good at it

The drums are too loud
The dust raising high
Covering their eyes
But they dance
Their feet thumping...thumping
On the dried brown earth
Forgetting their sorrows
With no hopes for tomorrow
For the love of this music
They have never heard before

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This Rain

I will not go out
The little pathway to my house is flooded
It has become a raging river carrying everything away
if I dare go out I don't know what next can happen
My little home and child might be carried away

I really want to go out
To earn my bread
Get something to cook for me and my girl
But my little stall at the roadside
Has been carried away

If I go out
I might not be able to come back
The little bridge to my house
Is about to be washed away
With the heavy rain it won't last a day

My madam called today
Mad I haven't been in today
The baby has been wailing
And her clothes are not washed
And there is the rain

She complains with this rain
She cannot sit at the garden
From her third storey bedroom
She can only peep through the curtains
And watch the heavy drops hit the ground

She could later take her four wheel drive
To go to the saloon she love
Or have some tea in bed
But I didn't come to work
If I don't go tomorrow she says
I should not bother to go again

But if I go to work

I might be stranded on the way
The busses to our homes
Are not going all the way
They don't come past the highway
Please someone stop this rain

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