

Poetry Series

Artwell Masuku
- poems -

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Artwell Masuku(28 November 1965)

Artwell Masuku was born in Pumula, Bulawayo. He currently resides in Johannesburg, South Africa. He has studied various subject at several schools and institutions, none of which resulted in a degree. He works for a living as a computer engineer, freelance journalist and writes for fun.

He has published poems in 'GIYA MTHWAKAZI' a Ndebele poetry anthology (Longman, Zimbabwe,1990) . Some of his works are published on SMASHWORDS and LULU.

Baba

Why do You always seem
To slam the door in my face
When will my life be done
So that You might finally
Take me from this place?

When will this life
Ever turn around
When will my heart
Be put to ease
What am I here for
If not
To keep on searching
If not
To keep on learning
What am I to do
If this fire within me
Just won't ever
Cease its burning?

What do I do
When hope is shattered
What do I do,
Now that I can only
Lick my wounds
How do I focus on you
When I still feel
All these scars inside of me
Just how do You expect me to live
When I really don't even want to?

Baba please eases the suffering
I hate to live
With all of this
Constant pain and strife.

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Dilemma Of A Poet

I woke up bloody
Bleeding
Guilty
Of saying my mind
And the crowd
Screaming for more

Give them
What they want
Let them take
Your head
If it so pleases them

If you are worth
Tearing limb
From limb
Let them have it
Your mouth will speak

It is not easy
To be brave
When you write
And your audience
Of ink
Ask for more.....

and some lunatic
wants you dead
for speaking your mind.

Artwell Masuku

Freedom

Oppression

Repression

Jails

Genocide

Death

They think tear smoke

Can silence the truth

They think gun powder

Can crash the truth

They think propaganda

Can rewrite the history

Don't they see

The writing on the wall?

No man can

Arrest the pace

Of change.

Artwell Masuku

Gone

Dead
Lifeless.
No will
No energy
No drive
No power
Empty
Unable
With no prospect
Of change
Or adventure.

Hopefully
With faith.
You will have
Confidence.
And
Hopefully
Live on.

Artwell Masuku

He

He was stumbling
Down freedom way
Dripping blood
A wooden cross on his back
A throne of thorns on his head

Exhausted
He fell
With the load
On his back
They yell
Scream at him
Get up stand up
Don't give up the fight

The authoritarian cops
Hijack the young man
Drinking his coke
At the Chinese shop
'Help him carry his load! "

Nailed on the cross
On Constitution Hill
Bloodied and helpless
He tells them he is thirst
And they give him petrol

Somewhere a man
Confused
By the three chirps
Of a cuckoo
Stood up and cried.

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Hello There

My whole life
I've spent searching
But never finding
Wanting
But never getting

I've grown scared
Don't know what to believe
Don't know what is real
Every day I think
And i am losing hope

I see you
You see me
I am scared
Confused
I want you so bad
But really it's up to you.

Artwell Masuku

Hope

Is it in the future
When one cannot
Take care of the present
And cannot feel
Or see
What it holds

Is it real
Or fake
Always for something
When there is nothing
In the heart

Is it to believe
In the Highest Authority
To take care of things
For you
When there is nothing
Else to be done.....

Because of fear.

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I Fill My Mind With Hope

I have waited for you
Hour upon lonely hour
Like a dog waiting
For his master

I would be pleased
To sit forever
Next to you
Within your gaze
And listen
To how lovely
Everything
Becomes.....

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Lady Of The Night

An attractive
Woman
Stood under
Neon lights
On a street corner

Her face
Radiated
Heavenly
Warm tones
Of rich gold

I loved her
Posture
And the way
She smelt

She pretended
She was
Nice
I knew
Different.

Artwell Masuku

Life

The road is rough
Long and pregnant
With potholes
Some of us
Live on the side
As passers by

It is exhausting
To walk when others
Drive past and leave
You behind

Some struggle
Not to get run over
But sometimes
Stand there
Hoping to get run over
To end the misery.

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Life Goes On.....

A parade of pontificates
Slithers past
Spewing charges
Counter-charges and lies
On election time

On election eve
A new mirage appears
Party faithful will perpetrate
Unbelievable cruelties
Upon one another
And sometimes do a good turn too

It will take a while
For reality to set in
A magnanimous victor
The good-nurtured defeated
Trading congratulations
Accusations
Party faithful jubilant
Cheering
Everyone goes home
To some needed rest

Nothing really changes
For most
The poor will remain poor
The downtrodden
Continue to be trod upon
The rich will keep on
Enriching their coffers
Public officials will
Obfuscate and confuse
Fighting fires
Holding problems at bay

The wheel keeps turning
Life keeps on at its own urging
Politicians pop up every so often

They keep lying and lying
'Change.....'
Life goes on.

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Love

Love composes
The most stunning
Melodies of the heart

In all of its splendor
It comforts the hate
And the fear
Releasing a majestic charm

So giving and tender
Love follows
And keeps clear
All of life's harm

Love is a test
Of patience
And virtue
Won through
The great struggle
And strife

Love is a quest
That has brought me
To you
And put perfection
Into my life.

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Love Me Now

Love me now
For whom I am
Not for whom
I may be tomorrow
Teach me lessons
That I need to know
Help me to grow

Love me now
This very moment
Because that is all
That ever matters

Forget transgression past
And memories past
Just be with me now

Ponder not the future
It's not about
Who I was before
It's not about
Who I will be tomorrow

Just love me now
For whom I am.

Artwell Masuku

On The Horizon

the past is long gone
from here
there is no way back
how could there be

the present is over
too quickly
for feeble desires
to have any effect
except to hide peace

the future races
ahead
forever
out of reach

life and death
carry on
as they always have
and always will

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One Day

A volcano can lie
Dormant for a century
And suddenly erupt
And so
The people will
Wake up
Open their eyes
And demand
Human respect
Human dignity
In the land
Of their birth
And no bullet
Torture
Will stop them
From building ☐
A new nation

Artwell Masuku

Only Six Feet Of Soil

Once people could roam
Free
Unbound
So noble and fair
They shared
Until scarred lines
That never fade
Denied people entry
Onto land that was
Theirs
Everyone's.....
The peace was shattered

With poisoning malice
And dissatisfaction
Wars were brewed
The corpses piled
Tears were shed
Creatures great and small
Withered into nothingness
Smothered by hungry
Fumes of perpetual greed

The lust was unstoppable
Greed was infected
Some wanted more.....
More of everything
That belonged to anyone
Grass that I had seen green
Blackened
Flowers caressing the dew
Of rain wilted
Rivers of blood ran
Through the land
Whilst the heavens
Closed their doors

I stand naked
Humanity stripped away

Afraid to walk
Onto the soil that gave me birth
Wondered at all the killing
Done by man against man
What good will it profit him
For when he departs from this earth
He will only need a few
Planks of wood for a coffin
And only six feet of soil?

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Remembering Tata

You can shed tears
That he is gone
Or you can smile
Because he has lived
You can close your eyes
And pray
That he'll come back
Or you can open your eyes
And see that he has left
You can feel empty
Because you can't see him
Or you can be full of love
That you shared with him
You can turn your back
On tomorrow
And live yesterday
Or you can be happy
For tomorrow
Because of yesterday
You can remember him
Only that he is gone
Or you can cherish
His memory
And let it live on
You can cry
And close your mind
Be empty
And turn your back
Or you can smile
Open your eyes
Love and go on.

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Shame

It's the lies
That succeed
If it's too good
To be true
It must be
When you fall victim
And don't notice
The voiceless do

The ignorant are
Stronger
Than the weak
And the righteous
Who shout lies
Over our heads

The ignorant
Don't listen
To our silence
The weak
And the righteous
Scream so endless
For no true purpose
For we are voiceless

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Speaking For Those Who Can'T

Do I watch with folded arms
Concentrate on my rhymes
Ignore what's going on
The slaughter of the sheep
If not by the gun
By starvation
And by disease?

The strong kill for peace!
The weak remain on the run
The wise man drowns in the bottle
The beast wears sheep's skin
Making noise for peace.....

Life hasn't changed
Since the day I was born
And I hate what I write...

Artwell Masuku

Streetwise

Everywhere you turn
An army badge
A police baton
A threatening militia
Machete brandished
The streetwise know
When it's time
To maintain silence
And watch the damage
In advance

Anger doesn't help
Neither does complacency
I will not plead
Beg to be heard
It is my right
Monitoring my every cough
Won't get you nowhere

I'm against violence
Against anything
That is against me
I will not run around
Trying to make friends
With someone
Who's depriving me
Of my rights

I did not graduate
With a crippled mind
I've got a right
To register
And vote
Without being
Murdered.

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Tell Me

Tell me that life
Is not about waiting
For the storm to pass
But about learning to dance
In the rain

Tell me about love
That the most painful thing
In life is seeing the one you love
Love somebody else

Tell me that it is okay
To lose your pride
Over someone you love
That it is okay
Losing someone you love
Over pride

Somewhere between all
Our laughs
Long talks
Stupid little fights
I fell in love.

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Thanks

I thank the hands
That makes food
The breasts
That make milk
The heart that gives
Unconditional love
The mind
With positive thoughts
The hands that wash
The dirty clothes
That changes nappies
I thank my other half
For being a good
Caring mother
To my sons
And daughters.

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The Portrait

I look at you and me
Hanging by the wall

There are never
Enough words
To say
Just how I feel

Though I cry
My eyes are always dry
For my tears
Can not been seen

Pictures can be cruel
When they remind
Of the happiness
One had
And lost.

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The Road Home

When the clouds darken up the sky
There is a rainbow highway to be found
Somewhere over the rainbow way up high
The road home stares beyond the skies

Once the valley was green and golden
Now desolate and barren
We wake up to a vulture's feast
In the house of pain and hunger

With our troubles melting like lemon drops
Our lives full of needful things
From dusk till dawn we struggle
Walking the valley of the shadow of death

Lonely, lost and scared in a foreign land
Feeling the sadness and all the pain
Brother killing brother
Wondering when all this madness will last
The road home beckons.

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Thinking Of You.....

I hear your name
A piece of my soul
Breaks away
And drifts into oblivion

I recall your face
A twinge in my heart
Sinks deep
And takes root

I feel the one kiss
That sustained me
As water
To a dying plant

Time can be cruel
It never forgets
True love.

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Truth

We were friends once
I knew him from my childhood
But as friends sometimes do
We lost contact with one another
Since then my wandering eyes
Have been seeking blindly for him

I ran into him
When I went on a far away journey
I had turned my eyes from him
But he recognised me
Approached me
We talked
Had lunch together
And reminisced about old days

I embraced him
Forever more
We exchanged information on
Where we resided currently
And made a vow
To never lose touch
Until the day we die

I looked at him
Amazed he had not changed
Back then I knew Truth
And he was my friend

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