

Poetry Series

# **givemore Manyengawana - poems -**

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# **givemore Manyengawana()**

i am searching for an organic dimension of writing reflecting the spectrum of  
life's fullness consolidating society's subtle stratus.

# A Wait For Love

I see you coming, charming,  
Down, the path of my broken heart;  
My heart is my greatest possession;  
The plan is for you to mend it;  
To restore my ego and dignity

It is only you;  
I shamelessly wait and dream the sweetest dreams,  
To feel your heart beating, to let you know my highest desires  
I am so humble, for whom am i;  
Love shall bind us, no words can express the amount of  
My anticipation,  
But it is like the force of King Solomon in his  
Ancient book; my love.

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# Dear Me

I hope my letter finds me well in this dynamic intrigue, that is life  
Dear my heart, my acquaintance, my possession,  
Dear my mind, that carries my attitude, through the  
Spectrum of my endeavors and tribulations.

How do I reminisce my the past years as I read this letter to myself,  
Am I re-connected to my dreams, fantasies, aspirations,  
My eyes a teary wanting to cry of self deception and self betrayal,  
I am bound in these chains of poverty, nightmares carry me through the night  
I break the steel with the mighty power of Samson, kamikaze.

Dear me, I hope I am not a lunatic as I read this letter to myself  
However, I must be an educated genius, in the absence of nightmares,  
My heart and my must converse with intelligence and rationality  
So that I awoke a better person,  
Best regards to me.

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# Eyes Of The Beholder.

A phenomenal ornament of my imagination,  
Flamboyance of nature undisputed,  
Epitome of beauty unchallenged,  
Burning desire an endless inspiration,  
Airlifted by invisible wings to fly in grace,  
For the happiness of this charm.

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# First Poem

The world is a curious global theater,  
My poem is nervous and anxious to capture the audience,  
This first poem is ambitious however humble in respect of poetry legacies,  
Where inspiration and attitude evolved from, masculine and famine,  
Two sided like a coin, in spite of the caution, courtesy; this first poem is haste,  
It desires to be in the halls of fame,  
This first poem is wrapped up, extreme in imaginations, all across the globe,  
Blowing the trumpets, flowing like rivers, rhyming emotions, attitudes,  
philosophy,  
all in search of love, seeking for judgment, waiting for a theme, gaining respect,  
oblivious of intelligence, that's the first poem, the radical poem, with  
conversations in each line,  
Whispers, this is my life in a pen, can my first poem betray me?  
Is it an endangered specimen of poetry species?  
my first poem is gentle in nature, claiming beauty like sunset and tantalizingly  
smiling down like a woman of my dreams, I am the perfect man for my first  
poem,  
An Adonis, a machismo.

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# Know Love

Love is basic to life,  
Love is not an art,  
Love is not a philosophy or knowledge  
Love is simple, it is not a puzzle,  
Love is not made, it just exist  
Love is priceless, it costs nothing,  
Love doesnt change,

Not to know love is a myth, not that love is a myth  
It need not be likened to anything,  
It just must be it self,

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# Poetic Justice Or Rhetoric?

No body has ever taught me,  
How am i expected to know right and wrong?  
With this pen and paper i must tell my story,  
Pardon the ignorance in me,  
Find time to reach me with your knowledge,  
Dont oppress me, dont reject me  
I have heard your compliments of the new season for the past years,  
Believe me, for the new year i have welcomed it like a window shopper without a penny in the pocket.  
Can somebody lend me a heart,  
It is too late to re-start,  
Every-time i whisper to my memories,  
Even trying to tame the past to have a better now,  
The urgency of now tears my heart apart as it races,  
Propelling me into absolute darkness,  
Isnt this a no win situation?

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# Poetmatic

In the beginning was the word;  
The word was with vision,  
Poetry was thus born through the announcement of  
Creation by God, it is crystal across the spectrum.

It is the first philosophy,  
Lyric is curious and inspirational  
Poetry find solutions, in a flat world or globe,  
Salute the poetry pen with due respect,

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# Symbol Of Truth

cant help and wonder how i can find the symbol of truth

why are dreams aren't reality?

after all it is the real me who makes and visualise them.

dreams are truths

reality is a lie.

i cant help and wonder why this immortal bondage is the truth when i need the symbol of truth.

it wont make sense to say words that have no probability to symbolize the truth but subliminalize blatant lies.

i have a dream to find a symbol of truth.

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# The Good Die Young

You went outside the house to play in the sun,  
An unlicensed driver recklessly drove in the street at high speed,  
He struck you as you were on the road side,  
You propelled into the air and hit the tarred road with your head,  
You rolled on the ground,  
Eye witnesses were petrified,  
The land Lord rushed you to the hospital  
You had survived the struck,  
Your Mother was called from the marketing were she sells goods,  
On arrival at the hospital she called me at 12: 45 PM,  
Before 1.00 pm i arrived at the hospital,  
I Heard you were in the intensive care unit,  
YOU needed a head scan, so were were transferred to the other hospital,  
You just remind me of the conversation i had had the previous day,  
To marketing radiology equipment and medical drugs from America, i had asked  
somebody to prepare the market base,  
i saw you off in the ambulance, i assisted to lift your oxygen tank into the  
ambulance, You breathed,  
you made it to the scan and i saw you again in the resuscitation last time i saw  
you alive.i could tell from the look in your eyes that you were leaving but i was  
adamant,  
i did not want to believe,  
So many kids have been caught astray Taku, So many young kids have died in  
hundreds, The Hiroshima, or taken away by the Pied Piper and buried in mass  
graves,  
You were just four years old on Friday 03 December 2010,  
Preparing to know me and develop fond memories with me,  
i could not live with you yet is your uncle  
On Saturday tears could not be held back all our faces,  
We cried, crying tears of your innocence, but you were lying in state,  
On Sunday 05 December we took your body from the mortuary,  
Tears streamed down our faces, we all loved you with all our hearts,  
I owe you a train ride at the park,  
i wanted you to laugh, you putting own your camouflage shorts,  
Mama told me you were asking for your ice cream on the phone  
Your grand mama was asking you to come for Christmas at the rural homestead,  
i was just trying to recite a poem by Robert Frost called When the frost is in the  
pumpkin, you and grandpa were going to play the fellas.i anticipated the smell of  
cow dunk for you and gathering wild fruits in the country,

Sorry Takudzwa i cannot even find words to rhyme in this poem, my hearts is so full of emotions, but how can i decode them rhythmically

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# Untitled

My thoughts in this journey;  
Eyes stare at the terrain,  
Of lifes domain;  
Acheing wrists, chained heart  
One day it will reign, (mind over matter)  
Emotions rain,  
Showers in hope,  
Never be in vain,  
in this humane campaign,  
Love to retain, and ease  
nervous strain,  
and now signs of destiny.

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