

Poetry Series

# **Isunge Mwangase**

## **- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2014

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

# Isunge Mwangase(1st September 1988)

# A Dream

Today, I woke up smiling,  
The dream I recall not darling,  
But if it was not about you,  
I wouldn't wake up with this hue

Only unless I took you by the hand,  
To lands beyond those dunes of sand,  
For one or two a tango,  
Under a tree of mango,  
I doubt I'd be smiling like this,  
And unless you gave me a kiss  
Where the Sun outlines my face,  
I wouldn't be in this happy place,

Did you tell me tales of forever,  
Instilling in me a fever  
Of beautiful things to come  
In your heart that I call home?  
I know you're the source of this joy,  
Therefore this day I will enjoy.

© Sunday, September 9,2012

Isunge Mwangase

# A Rose And A Blade Of Grass

When rain falls to the ground  
from the skies,  
Its the Heavens kissing the  
Earth,  
When they make love-  
Flowers, fruits, green grasses  
are the offspring,  
The Sun does not choose where  
to shine,  
Must we choose what plants are  
of  
More value than others?  
A blade of grass I pick for you  
In a den full of lions,  
Must surely mean more than a  
rose  
I pick for you in a garden full of  
butterflies.

© November 7,2011

Isunge Mwangase

# A Rose With Three Colours

If at all love travels faster than light  
And is always a thing of destiny,  
Then by all means it is before first sight,  
Before first din be it huge or tiny,  
Hidden in the dreams we have had at night  
But in the morn remember not any  
Love, it feels different every second-  
To highs none can explain when it they find.

Isunge Mwangase

# A Sonnet For Thine

## Sonnet I

Broken and fading, I cry from my heart,  
Look at our loves reflection in my tears,  
My death, as in half eternity is cut,  
Your pleasure as my pain screams in your ears.  
Take away with you your shadow of darkness,  
My heart; break it- the turmoil in my breath,  
Leave me! Leave me to nurse my loneliness-  
Your betrayal fervent like an angry heath,  
I lied not when I said, 'You are all I have,  
Everything I am, core of my very being.'  
Good riddance of the nothingness of your love,  
Of love like a sin that washes me clean,  
A battle I fight even though I can't win,  
In a place where you end but there I begin.

Isunge Mwangase

# Afer She Smiled, A Kiss She Blew Me

After she smiled, a kiss she blew me,  
Like a woodpecker making her nest  
I heard my heart quake,  
When she turned around and drenched his lips,  
Out of my eyes came something like water;  
A garland of shattered dreams  
On a night I ere thought perfect,  
My happiness a fleeting nova,  
As she grabbed hers with all fingers-  
And toes,  
Betrayals quintessence yet she never mine was.

Had a shooting star's promise had been broken,  
Or did she wish him a moment after I her?  
Light and blackness separated by a hair,  
Took her a second to abandon our moment-  
And I, eternity

Isunge Mwangase

# African Woman

She awakes at 4 AM,  
A product of her I am,  
Fire wood on her head,  
Her social life is dead,  
She forgets her name,  
Works hard- stays the same  
Just to put food on the table,  
Though she too very feeble  
Six of us, a slice of bread,  
Politicians and their greed,  
Eating the apple and the seed,  
This is the life we lead  
Dying- encircled by crows,  
The sweat on our brows,  
Burns like the tears in our souls,  
The passion of our body's sores,  
They don't heal, we're malnourished,  
How can one be healthy ever famished?  
The tunnel has but a little light  
Although, It is not yet in sight,

But one day t'will and we'll heal

When we will never miss a meal.

All it takes are faith and hope,

God's strength to help us cope,

A lot of Love, determination-

And too, an education.

Isunge Mwangase

# Amit

I can hear your heart beating out of tune-  
It says not, 'I love you' after three a beat  
But becoming cold like the month of June,  
And I being a man without any wit  
On how to woo women with dear words,  
Wish on to see that only my love is  
Tied with God's very hair as the cords,  
How can I lose a love like this,  
A love that looks the same from all angles?  
(The universe knows that this is true)  
Men live and dream of seeing angels,  
Angels live and dream of seeing you

Isunge Mwangase

# Approaching Zero

Don't be sorry for fracturing my soul  
Though it never again will be whole,  
Loving you is worth the pain,  
I would do it over and over again  
Knowing the ending would be this,  
Just so I may re-live the bliss  
To try to change destinies mind,  
Surely for us she would be so kind-  
'Til the last dew of my breath,  
I promise never to lose faith,  
'Til the sands of our time wind up-  
I will drink to you raising my cup,  
Forgetting about the morrow  
Even as I start approaching zero.

Isunge Mwangase, Thursday,  
September 08,2011,08: 00PM

Isunge Mwangase

# Asthana

Darkness lingers, thy day fast approaches,  
Mine tears they crack the grounds of heaven,  
Death doth thee harbor any reproaches;  
The sacred in shadows of thy haven?  
In these times no one hath more faith than I  
That thou canst change thy wicked ways  
If only once thou look'd me in the eye-  
Come, and I will lead thee out of this maze.  
I know that thee hath not any friends,  
I'll teach thee the art of how to trust,  
Let me be the horizon thy sorrow ends,  
The one to polish thy heart of rust.  
Together lets hold the history pen,  
And erase all thee hath caused, the pain.

Isunge Mwangase

# Awake

Other men look at her as do I,  
But we see not the same twinkling face,  
What they view is as can see the eye  
And I, beauty that without a trace  
Of immortality looked 'pon me and loved  
My deadliness 'till twas again born,  
Restoring my breath like life outliv'd  
With warmth the Sun has never seen.

Isunge Mwangase

# Broken

I believed the world was  
round,  
'Til I fell off the edge of your  
soul,  
Getting lost not to be found  
Like you did not love me so

Not a tear in your eyes,  
Watching my life I bleed-  
And your soul black as the skies,  
As I kneel and plead

My face loses luster,  
I cannot be fixed  
with a plaster

Was my love, to you a trophy?  
Or an ingredient you used in a  
ritual  
To awaken your dead self?  
I look into your eyes with a  
brave face,  
Holding in my tears, but within,  
'Tis these tears I hold in-  
That are drowning my soul.

© November 5,2011

Isunge Mwangase

# Calling Yestaday

A step forward could mean moving on,  
Another-leaving you behind,  
Just yesterday you loved me,  
And promised my hapiness before yours always,  
Today you suck it all out  
Leaving me in a state beyond death,  
Our love drips through my tears,  
But I can't rid of the love in my blood,  
I am still you but you are no longer me  
Yet we are one-  
Joined by an umbilical cord of love,  
My mind strives to forget you,  
My heart does not even try,  
They chase different destinies,  
I chase my own, YOU.  
Why can't I live in my dreams,  
Where I feel your embrace still,  
Where the joy of a new day is you,  
And the rising of the Sun is our lips colliding?  
There is so much I could say  
But I have not the words to explicitly do so,  
You ripped out my heart,  
Rip out my dreams too so you can see.

Isunge Mwangase

# Clock, The

Somebody please, adjust my clock,  
Make it read the correct time again,  
Its doors I will not from you lock  
Nor shall I from your help refrain

Is it moving at a pace too fast?  
Or Is it from my life lagging behind  
Giving me a chance to pet my past  
That grew as lost as a Babel mind

Its not real the serenading hourly chime  
Fix it- whatever you can use the ways,  
I would love it to give the correct time  
Once more as it did in its golden days

26.12.12

Isunge Mwangase

# Complete, The

I will never look up to the sky again  
With my hands outstretched  
And feel love shining on my face,  
Today my breath only clasps  
the doors of my throat  
And is drawn back by forces I cannot fight,  
Darling, you used to love me softly,  
Now you wish to leave me gently,  
Gliding through my soul where you once trod,  
Saying that you have no choice  
Yet this the one you have made  
Oh, you also ask if I hate you?  
Pity we cannot live a thousand years;  
I would have shown you that my answer  
Would still have been an unshakeable no,  
I love you and love is a fixed thing,  
It changes only to grow- never to wilt,  
Therefore I can never hate you,  
Even though you hurt me-  
Even though you are hurting me,  
It would be like killing myself,  
For I have lived in you long  
enough to become you.  
But today I will bind myself  
with a tourniquet  
And inject myself with numbness,  
So that perhaps if I feel no pain-  
Even for a second,  
I might feel as I did when you  
loved me- complete.

Isunge Mwangase

# Curius

In our lives we will kiss people we do not love,  
We will make love and yet think of another,  
We will turn off when we should have turned left,  
We will search for things that do not exist,  
We will question things we will never find answers to,  
We will open doors that must not have been opened,  
We will betray people and then live regretting it,  
In our lives we might even attempt the impossible,  
All these not because we could, we were curius

Isunge Mwangase

# Dancing In The Rain

From a distance, perhaps from that mountain;  
Those piano keys beckoned our hearts,  
Our beckon because it was only us dancing,  
Swaying in the rain to a melody only we heard.

One to infinity, first to last, alpha to omega-  
We dedicated all our dances to us,  
We celebrated that new love we had then found,  
Without heartbeat, our breath lived in our kiss.

The world disappeared to us, maybe it did not,  
We had each other, you were my world and I yours,  
Lost in the labyrinths of your heart-  
You always found me, you created those labyrinths.

La la la di, la la la da, la di di dum,  
The melody filled the fathomless abyss of our souls,  
Even when the rainbow came, when the Sun appeared,  
We still danced until the rain found us again.

Isunge Mwangase

# Darkness

The epoch I were but only a child,  
In reality I wasn't at all a child,  
What most only heard, I had seen,  
The things they feared, I had been,  
Before I crawl'd, I'd known death,  
Embrassing her steely still breath,  
Only death, then everything else.

In the beginning I knew her pulse,  
And to it willingly lost everything,  
Myself being the very first thing,  
A nightingale I couldn't let go of—

Even before all in me had gone off,  
I was not light, I was- darkness,  
Forgotten, devoid and dreamless

Isunge Mwangase

# Day One

Tis not for lack of words I can't explain  
How I feel- words simply don't exist,  
To wholly express. The sweetest are plain,  
And honey can't compare nor gravity insist,  
The depth, miles of my emotions,  
Her love is the address of my heart,  
Answer to all my questions  
That if ever we are to part,  
Life will end and nature shrivel,  
Into a light you will name- evil

Isunge Mwangase

# Death

Pain is not pain that is not  
felt by the heart  
Or when your soul is not torn  
apart,  
When you feel nothing,  
You hold on to anything,  
And death becomes a relief,  
She brings out forgotten belief-  
Never takes you whole,  
She tears up your soul-  
Emotions imprisoned in stone  
Drip out of you one by one,  
It is like taking capsules of  
sorrow,  
That only make you hollow;  
Stealing all the smiles  
Of your lifes lived miles,  
You cry, you say goodbye-  
And then you die.

© Tuesday,  
October 25,2011

Isunge Mwangase

# Death And You And I

I saw her standing over me just before I died,  
Death-she gave out such a bright lovely white light  
She was beautiful! I understood why all life followed her,  
Where had I been not to have met her earlier?

She smiled at me as if saying, "Say your goodbyes",  
My voice had withered but my tears they spoke for me,  
Tried to speak they stopped me, I couldn't if I tried,  
I glanced at the faces I loved for the last time.

'I do not believe in love at first sight'-  
Words you utter, wait until you see her face,  
She was impossible to resist, I promise-you will understand,

My past didn't matter; I dwelled on her-my future,  
I gave up everything I adored-just to hold her,  
All this you too will do, once again-I promise,  
Life had certainly saved the best for last,  
I wanted to her, or was it her to me?  
Hand in hand to the land none has ever returned.

Isunge Mwangase

# Destiny

Every man makes his own path to follow,  
Some make wide trails and others narrow  
Based on what they wish to leave behind-  
Narrow roads die soon, wide ones others find,  
But whatever path one chooses to take,  
Including all those they opt to forsake  
Leads them into the beating of their heart-  
Wings pulled from ends but ne'er to tear apart.

Isunge Mwangase

# Dream For Sale

Lets trade dreams you and I,  
I know i'll dream of her-  
I don't want to anymore,  
My heart bled her last drop.

Its not the same dream I dream,  
Every night my dream continues,  
From where it left off last I slept.

I know it sounds fantastic,  
But it is not at all-  
Though at first I found it pleasant,  
I live dreaming and die living.

In my dreams, we're now old-  
Three children, seven grandchildren-  
Our house is on a sea shore,  
Our home is a fruit of love.

When I wake though, we are not,  
The hands of time hold us apart,  
But why then of her do I dream,  
If my soul to her forms not a bridge?

© Monday, January 7,2013.

Isunge Mwangase

# Easy Come, Easy Go

The way you poured into my life like perfume - fearless,  
The way our eyes wrestled setting our hormones on fire - priceless,  
The way our lips clasped making the world disappear - flawless,  
The way we left earth after rolling over her - speechless,  
The way earth quaked as we melted each other - breathless,  
The way we remained after minutes of bliss - timeless,  
The way we felt after our muscles enervated - powerless,  
The way we hoped the moment to have lived - Endless,  
And why we did it only one time - clueless.

Isunge Mwangase

# Easy Come, Easy Go Ii

For a moment they thought it would last forever,  
But even strongest of bonds have to sever,  
While it lasted they had each other whenever,  
It did not matter wherever,  
When people talked they said-whatever,  
They know not who pulled their lever,  
Their hearts now embrace an un-dying fever,  
They never felt that deep for another ever,  
They parted ways and will meet never.

Isunge Mwangase

# Escape Velocity

When I asked God for a sign-  
Roaring it came, not benign,  
The night I heard the thunder,  
I knew you and I were asunder

My heart had been purged,  
A familiar Sun then emerged,  
I was washed whiter than snow,  
Then a voice said- live now.  
Of my deity let everyone know

Isunge Mwangase

# Fictional Woman

The tears I cried for you,  
The tears that gave life to the roses I gave you,  
The sorrow you left me,  
The happiness you took away,  
You have moved on; so have I,  
I still talk about you,  
In lonely nights-think about you,  
Forever, a part of you in me.

Isunge Mwangase

# Finally

Finally we are falling,  
We don't even know how,  
Finally, it is raining,  
Our love now can grow,  
Finally, we're germinating,  
Soon the Sun will bow,  
Finally we are glowing,  
Can't help it but say wow,  
Finally, our love is pouring,  
We can lay our vow,  
Finally, we are reaping,  
All that we sow.

November 10,2012

Isunge Mwangase

# Hearts Apart

One blink, a single breath separates you and i,  
I weep, never imagined i possessed so many tears  
you lie six feet under, our soul disjointed.  
You have taken all of me, why not too this heart?  
It lies with me, void, consumed by misery  
its every beat, a grasp at fading memory.  
Everyone tells me that time heals all, even you.  
When we meet in another life, pass past me,  
For my spirit will not survive an encore of this.  
On that day, forgive me for breathing without you,  
Goodbye forever; rest in peace.

Isunge Mwangase

# Him And Her (A Dialogue)

HER

We should stop meeting like this,  
Though our meetings give me bliss,  
Must we always meet in a dark corner?  
Like our love knows no honour?  
You taught me how to love-  
Fit into me like a glove,  
Why then is our love hidden;  
As though our union is one forbidden?  
I beseech you to answer my question  
Candidly without hesitation.

HIM

My love your bittersweet words  
Bind my heart tighter with cords,  
As though releasing myself into ya-  
Splashing in your soul like the Musi-Oa-Tunya  
Then drying as the first dropp hits the surface.  
Do you enjoy seeing tears on my face?  
Away with such thoughts from your mind,  
We meet secretly for I have asked not your parents for your hand,  
God made you and saw that it was wonderful,  
He put us together and saw that it was beautiful

Isunge Mwangase

# I Forget He Is God

I keep secrets from him,  
Lie while looking into his eyes,  
I forget he is all knowing.

I sin, I enjoy it,  
Coat my skin with immorality,  
I forget he is all knowing.

I bow down to women and money,  
Venerate magicians,  
I forget he is all supreme.

I quaff toxic drinks and get high,  
What i should long for is your holy spirit,  
I forget he is the most high,  
I forget he can forgive all this,  
I do even more-  
I forget he is God

Isunge Mwangase

# I Lick My Lips To Taste Our Kiss From Yesterday

I lick my lips to taste our kiss from yesterday-  
Caress these scratches on my back  
To revitalize your touch-

Does not the earth stop  
When the soles of our feet kiss her surface  
As I kiss you with my lips?

Our loves' glowing divinity-  
Is it not this humanities new religion?  
They revere we pay them heed not,  
The Sun, moon, rainbows, stars alike-  
Don't they shine only at your smiles' command?

You are that lighthouse on my dock  
Beckoning my esprit-land ahoy!  
It is easy to know we are soulmates,  
Our faces share one image,  
Our bodies, shadows-they share a breath-  
Our embrass will never unglue-  
We embrass from inside out.

We have tasted our tears, we will never thirst-  
We will die; our faces will be forgotten,  
Our love will live on-  
In global archives, on their lips-  
Generation to generation,  
Yes it will my love, my only love, love of my life.

Isunge Mwangase

# I Shall Not Be Moved

You will take my breath away,  
Gild my heart with your love-  
I shall not be moved.

My eyes will gloat at your sashay,  
My lips will droll at your pulchritude-  
I shall not be moved.

You will come with religions of faiths,  
A heap of mountains you have moved-  
Still I shall not be moved.

You will give me strongest of philtres,  
Your touch will erect my one weakness-  
But I shall not be moved.

You will light my darkest paths,  
Move me here to there-  
Yet I shall not be moved.

You will sing our song,  
Your love for me will exceed eternity,  
Even then, I shall not be moved.

You will live for me,  
Die for me- For the last time-  
I shall not be moved.

Isunge Mwangase

# I Wondered In Her Heart Like A Lonely Child

I wondered in her heart like a lonely child,  
Care free- Her blood feeding my soul,  
Lost like a sweet aura escaping a fresh rose,  
It is I her heart sings for, beat after beat.

I love her with all of me-  
All of love,  
I have the sum of all love in the world in me,  
A love stronger than the strength of all of love.

Today I look for her,  
Tomorrow I look at her,  
After- I look into her,  
Take my hand- Take me to the paradise in your eyes.

Darling, breath of my breath,  
Warmth of my Sun, wings of my soul-  
Please, to the paradise in your eyes,  
There- forgotten by all but remembered by death.

Isunge Mwangase

# Jupiter, The Bringer Of Jollity

We sat on a hill watched our memories play,  
Oh, the tranquil of the cool blowing breeze,  
The stories that time could not freeze,  
And our hearts they did not break  
They ruptured but of joy to wreak-  
Fruits of our bitter sweetly tasting perseverance,  
Roots of our long-lasting pillar of patience,  
That through the years proved everyone wrong,  
Because for each other we'd been strong.

Look! Look at the memory that just passed,  
It is the moment we had first met,  
I remember the Sun did not set,  
Earth shook but we held her together,  
Flying higher than an eagle's feather-  
The sky and the after sky,  
We livened blood that once was dry,  
We journeyed east we journeyed west,  
But inside ourselves we journeyed best.

Love is not the test but the result,  
It is the cure when it's pure,  
When all obstacles it does endure,  
From seed to mountain high,  
And to sigh, yes to sigh,  
To lose count of the breath that have  
Made your life one worth for to live  
Even though I held the scepter,  
She ruled over me my Jupiter.

Friday, December 07 2012

Isunge Mwangase

# King For A Day

When a king sits on his throne to judge,  
He winnows out all evil with his eyes  
Then after, what he sees as small or large-  
The evil, does he sentence with years,  
Who can say, 'I have kept my heart pure;  
I am clean, law abiding and without sin  
Risking not thru his tongue himself perjure? '  
Tis by actions that hearts one will win.  
Only God's lantern searches man's spirit-  
Every corner of his inmost being  
Where deeds seen- deeds unseen are writ  
And words spoken or unspoken are wrung,  
Who through his son all find atonement,  
For he judges even a king's judgement.

Sunday, June 16,2013

Isunge Mwangase

# Kisses

Blown kisses are kisses wasted,  
Kisses are meant to be tasted,  
Their sweetness to be savored,  
Each one is differently flavored.

A kiss' divinity begins at the lip  
Being drunk before even one sip,  
Of the dew like dripping nectar,  
Oh my lady, more of your philtre!

(Co-written With Chifwanti Zulu)

Isunge Mwangase

# Leeanne

Sometimes I cut my wrists  
Just to know I can still feel-  
I first clench my fists,  
So my veins can all reveal,  
Then cut! Cold blood drips,  
Cool as a morning breeze,  
Then from my soul out creeps  
Something that makes me freeze!

27.12.12

Isunge Mwangase

# Legend Of Stars

It has been a century,  
For you searching on Alpha Centauri,  
With the love I harnessed on Venus,

I cut through the galaxy like a scissors,  
Made you a wedding band of Saturns rings,  
A light away I hear your heart as it sings.

I have written you poems with star dust-  
Written you poems on the Sun's crust,  
I have one of Jupiter's moons for you a jewel,  
Around your neck I'm certain it will look swell  
I bear roses red as Mars,  
I am sure this day will be ours.  
And in the milky way-  
We will stay.

© Saturday, December 31,2011 RCD 09: 00 AM

Isunge Mwangase

# Light

It is very easy to shine in darkness,  
The hardest thing for anyone to do  
Is shine amid light and blind it;  
Light to look at you and then say,  
'Look, look at that light over there,  
Look at its majestic brightness  
A seems nothing can ever undo,  
Surely he's the Sun of paradise- fit  
To be sandals therein saints sway  
When David plays his harp or lyre? '

Isunge Mwangase

# Limbo

I thought I would live forever, like Newton or Shakespeare-  
Until you were gone I realized you were my life's elixir,  
I tore your heart to pieces yet it is mine that is torn-  
Numbed, suffocated, mutilated, annihilated-  
The petals to my heart do not bloom anymore,  
I turn back the hands of time on my watch-  
Earth did not turn back for me,  
All women turn right when I turn left,  
Whatever they see cannot be less than the truth,  
No one believes I have changed-I cried love too many times,  
I am between history and forgotten, dust and ash-  
I am dead-not officially; death is taking too long to pick me up.

Isunge Mwangase

# Lorreta

Where I come from everyone is told a story  
Of love that is pure and flowing towards eternity,  
A love of happiness and all that is good,  
Love that sees light at the core of empty dreams,  
One heart to live, one love to give.  
I walk from lands of near and faraway,  
On my quest to find in whom my loves reflection resides,  
With God's breath under my wings- I fly  
Over seas, mountains and knock at heavens gates  
Oh Lorreta, if I had known you were always  
Within me, I wouldn't have made moved an inch,  
And miss all those years I did not tell you,  
'I love you.'  
Beyond death to your grasp-  
I collapsed into your soul.

Isunge Mwangase

# Loud Thoughts

One dream closer,  
One wish closer,  
One touch closer,  
One second closer,  
One blink closer,  
Who is closer between you and I?

One dream away,  
One wish away,  
One touch away,  
One second away  
One blink away,  
Who is faraway between you and I?

In laughs and crys,  
Highs and lows,  
Rights and wrongs,  
Light and darkness,  
Close and away,  
Who loves between you and I?

Isunge Mwangase

# Love Alone Is Not Enough

Love alone is not enough,  
Nor will it ever be,  
In all for it to ferry through,  
It needs beyond the eyes to see  
To listen to sounds not made  
Whispered by voiceless screams,  
In the temple of our head,  
Birthing visions that some call dreams.  
... We are taught, talk less say more,  
Words unspoken say it all,  
In hearts whereby they bore  
A pathways towards ones soul.

Isunge Mwangase

# Love Is A Thing Of The Gods

Mortals and immortals-  
What separates them?  
They share jealousy,  
But the ultimate prize is love,  
Hate is a mortal thing  
And love a thing of the gods,  
Love makes us immortal,  
While hate kills us slowly.

Isunge Mwangase

# Love Speaks Sweetly (Palindrome)

Love speaks sweetly,  
"I love all of you,  
Heart and Soul,  
Beautiful and Bright."

Everywhere love is,  
Love says forever.  
Forever says love,  
Is love everywhere?

"Bright and Beautiful,  
Soul and Heart,  
You of all love I"  
Sweetly speaks love.

(Now read from the last word  
to the first)

© Sunday, December 25,2011

Isunge Mwangase

# Love's Theory

Hearts are but all broken,  
Inert or outspoken,  
An irreversible reaction;  
Cutting to the soul, connection,  
Mending it- forlorn,  
Everyone that has been born,  
No one has succeeded,  
Wrong advice they heeded,  
Love is in the broken pieces  
Where you think it misses,  
They hold enough to save the world  
From hate in its hold,  
To those lacking love,  
Give them all you have,  
Loving a new person eachday,  
Repairs the soul everyday,  
And the day you give all your heart,  
(When all of it you part)  
At that point you're complete-  
Rich and replete

Isunge Mwangase

## Memories (Haiku)

I felt like the Sun,  
Giving out light through my  
smile,  
It was but one kiss!  
© Thursday, October 13,2011

Isunge Mwangase

# Metamorphosis

Ne'er had I felt like that before,  
A feeling as though I had become,  
I knew it from the very fore,  
My soul had found herself a home  
I could feel myself changing,  
Like caterpillar into butterfly,  
And our heart slowly merging,  
Learning to mount and fly

I grew stronger as she made me weak,  
And soon her allergies became mine,  
My love bloomed each passing week,  
Drawing a margin inside me- A line  
That cuts away all of my sadness,  
All that slumber'd in my dark past-  
Then my blood whispers in stillness-  
Master, how divine to be loved at last!

Sunday, November 11,2012

Isunge Mwangase

# My Heart Crashed With The Loudest Din

My heart crashed with the loudest din,  
Loving you is the greatest sin,  
Because the wages of it is my death,  
You made my soul leave the earth,  
Only now I see the stage clear,  
Your heart has always been its bier,  
I crack with such a pain,  
Like a land that has never had rain,  
But I will go without a fight  
For your happiness is my might.

Isunge Mwangase

# My Immortal

You let me fall but held my heart together,  
You blew me to the depths of Hades but held my breath,  
You left me but let me keep your soul,  
I cry all my tears out on the sand  
But the rain washes them away-  
Absorbing the dregs of their saltiness,  
Thus making the tears in my eyes fresh,  
You are the only answer where there is no question,  
Everyone has a place to die;  
I sprinkle my blood on your heart for it to open-  
For there, I will die

Isunge Mwangase

# My Life Without You

My breaks from the inside;  
Its maim radiant as the gods  
But weaker than the weakness of weakness,  
If I open it and cast you out,  
I might meet death and his horse  
but why do I fear him-  
I died without his help,  
I drink of Lêthê, eat of the  
succulent lotus  
But your memory is as fresh  
as the touch of a virgin's breast,  
So I let you drip through the exploded aortas of my soul  
Forming a clot of you in me forever,  
Feeling a love like love loves  
while you refuse to be mine.

Isunge Mwangase

# My Mother's Garden

My mother owns a beautiful  
garden of flowers  
Where I linger watching them  
bloom for hours,  
My radio on, Katherine  
Jenkins singing, 'The Flower  
Duet'  
I could explain this like a  
picture but I am no poet,  
Alas let me try; butterflies  
showing off their colourful  
wings,  
The garden also has an oak  
tree with hanging swings-  
Roses, daisies, jasmines,  
violets, hazels, the divine  
camillias-  
Flowers so beautiful, their  
reflections more lovelier,  
As the Sun appears to bud from some petal,  
I breathe my first, my heart  
falls off its mantle  
And in the core it once lay yours takes its place-  
The light of the smile that  
radiates from my face...  
Many wish to see angels, sirens at sea,  
But I have seen you, thats all I need to see.

Isunge Mwangase © March 17,2011

Isunge Mwangase

# My Surrender, My Suicide

Broken Heartedness feeds the absent love I miss-  
My tangible breath,  
I fail to attain wholeness because tourniquets bind  
My fractured destiny,  
My reality a texture of an illusion,  
A Breath of the dead,  
Tears as tall as the rain steal away my purpose,  
They try to wash me anew so my eyes may see  
Atleast one thing to call beautiful,  
Crystal balls never lie, stars never miss,  
In my future I see that memory of yesterday,  
That last kiss, last embrass-  
A blend of happiness and sadness,  
Perhaps I will forget you if I bleed you out,  
I opened my heart for you and you left it open- Incomplete,  
My surrender, my suicide.

Isunge Mwangase

# Natasha Mukonde Mungo (Acrostic)

News of your death to me still a shock,  
And sounds like a sick joke,  
To die at the acme of your life,  
After battling it with so much strife  
Sorrow cannot describe how I feel,  
How you've left wounds that can't heal-  
And I didn't get to say farewell  
Maybe now you are well,  
Unknown to pain where you lie,  
Known to dirges I listen to as I cry  
Oh, dear friend you left too young,  
Now more than before I hate his sting-  
Death, claimer of all lives,  
Earth's realm, no one survives.  
Missing you does me more bad than good,  
Unfortunately, I wouldn't stop even if I would,  
Nearer you are in my memory,  
Gone but never to me history,  
On not attending your burial, I am sorry.

© Sunday, October 30,2011

Isunge Mwangase

# Ndola

Ndola that's where the story is set,  
At a time my eyes were barely open,  
And spirit was too afraid to let  
Me say what I wished most to happen,  
There in Ndola, lived a girl I adored,  
I loved her as the grasses, the rain  
And safely in my soul she was stored,  
But to tell her so- my lips did refrain,  
She waited and waited but in vain,  
As my love grew as deep as my pain

I can't say she didn't give me signs,  
She gave all sorts a lady can give,  
Placing them on the lows and highs  
Of the shelves of my senses- all five  
But courage to tell her I had naught,  
I practiced and practiced but failed  
Despite her being my only thought  
The only sea all my emotions sailed  
She waited and waited but in vain,  
As my love grew as deep as my pain

In my heart I had already told her,  
And the world that she were mine,  
They could see my halo around her,  
Hear my nightingales to her so fine,  
Others professed love simply it seemed  
Yet my mouth couldn't say the words  
My spirit so passionately screamed,  
My songs became stabbing swords  
I tried and tried to tell her all in vain  
And each day this made me insane

It has been nearly a decade long,  
Having her, I am now largely too late,  
Though at times I hope she'll along  
Come to me, being a believer of fate,  
Would I do it right if she came back,  
Or would I again act as I did before?

Would she think that I've lost track  
Of the boy she had loved at the fore?  
I will never know, I've lost her forever  
That is the reality, my ever and ever.

Isunge Mwangase

## Now (1964)

Now Zambia has gain'd her independence,  
When shall she gain her freedom or perchance  
Oneness 'mong her seventy-three tribes  
That many times send each other bad vibes?

Absence of war isn't the presence of peace,  
Nor reticence that all hearts are at ease,  
We create our own light and own darkness  
By summing our cruelty and kindness,

Hold my hand, I held yours way long ago,  
Hold his hand and her hand so we may forgo  
All that was, together embracing what is,  
Only the now can give us future bliss.

We are one Zambia; we are one nation,  
We're the now and future generation,  
Taking different paths on the same road  
To prosperity- Our final abode.

Saturday, October 19, 2013.

Isunge Mwangase

# On The Banks Of River Zambezi

On the banks of river Zambezi,  
Amid climes chilly and hazy,  
I think only of you my lover-  
My fingertips gliding on the the river  
Like the way I could touch your face  
And would not wish to be in any other place,  
I wonder; are you done knitting my sweater?  
Do your kissings taste even sweeter?  
I know sometimes you hear knocks at your gate  
And get into a panic state-  
Your heart losing its calm  
Thinking that I am back home  
On the banks of river Zambezi,  
Daydreaming and people think I am crazy,  
Last night I promised I would describe you,  
From how I remember you in my point of view;  
A sweet tyranny is what you are,  
You twinkle, you are the brightest star,  
The sand dances under your feet  
Because your vision is such a treat,  
Your beauty is immaculate-  
An angel incarnate,  
When you walk whispers escape from heaven  
And the clouds they start heaving,  
Following your every move  
And you are everything I have,  
My beginning!  
My everlasting!

Isunge Mwangase

## P. S

Many a people are  
searching for love,  
They do not know;  
As long as I have  
you in my heart-  
They will never find it.

Isunge Mwangase

# Plea

I am slowly fading,  
Resuscitate my  
Kindle my heart,  
Devour my head,  
Bewitch my mind,  
Possess my dreams,  
Give me strength,  
Simplify my reality,  
On my knees,  
Oh! My love,  
This last time.

Isunge Mwangase

# Poetry

Brewing a good poem takes time,  
Doesn't matured whiskey taste better  
On the rocks or with cordial lime?  
Also a love matured is sweeter

Poetry is not about using fancy  
words,  
Though one might employ one or two  
For it leads to many roads:  
Emotions, memories-  
experiences too

Most mistake poetry for the canvas  
But is not, It is the journey,  
The clay being mould into a vase,  
The process of making the honey

It isn't alone the protagonist,  
It's every one behind the scenes,  
The chemical reaction not the catalyst  
Nor the song but why one sings

Poetry is untying a gordian knot simply,  
Its teaching angels how to fly,  
Nothing like a show of y,  
Its the tears of joy God would cry.

Isunge Mwangase

# Prayer

Unworthy I have been,  
And still you are keen,  
To wash me clean,  
All my dregs of sin

Thus Before you I kneel,  
With galaxies of zeal,  
Since you paid my sins bill-  
And made me anew.

Without you I would fade  
Like the tears I shed,  
When from you I'd strayed-  
By me you were betrayed

From sin I will now abstain,  
Your word I wont disdain,  
Till I am first among men  
Forever and ever amen.

Isunge Mwangase

# Queen Of Spades, The

When the church bells toll,  
I dream I'll tap my feet,  
So no one hears the howl  
Germinating from my  
heartbeat,

I'll await our kiss of unity,  
At the end of the aisle,  
I'd have waited an eternity,  
But it will be worthwhile

We'll count the stars  
together-  
All the hairs on our heads,  
In you my children have a mother,  
And I- a queen of spades

Isunge Mwangase

# Remember

The heart is deceitful above all things  
And beyond cure, who can understand it?  
The words it speaks or the songs it sings  
Just to achieve what it sees for it fit?

'Tis the Lord that searches the heart,  
'Tis he that examines the mind,  
And weighs the soul part by part,  
In the palm of his right hand

He rewards us according to our conduct,  
According to all of our deeds-  
Are they a good product,  
The fruits of our seeds?

In the days of our youth,  
Let us remember our creator,  
Dedicating our every breath,  
To him our sin's vindicator.

Isunge Mwangase

# Remember Your Creator

The heart is deceitful above all things  
And beyond cure, who can understand it?  
The words it speaks, songs it sings  
Just to achieve what it sees for it fit?

Tis the Lord that searches the heart,  
He that examines the mind,  
And weighs the souls of all art,  
In the palm of his right hand

He rewards us according to our conduct,  
According to our deeds-  
Are they a good product,  
The fruits of our seeds?  
In the days of our youth,  
Let us remember our creator,  
Dedicating our every breath,  
To him our vindicator.

Isunge Mwangase

# Revelation

Other men look at her as do I,  
But we see not the same twinkling face,  
What they view is as can see the eye  
And I, beauty that without a trace  
Of immortality looked 'pon me and loved  
My deadliness 'till twas again born,  
Restoring my breath like life outliv'd  
With warmth the Sun has never seen.

Isunge Mwangase

# Save The World, Plant A Tree

Save the world, plant a tree,  
For each one chopped, plant three,  
Responsibility starts with you,  
You actions, the things you do

We are one and the same,  
Killing a tree gave no man fame,  
They are alive- they breathe,  
They feel pain- they writhe

Save the world, plant a tree,  
For each one chopped, plant three,  
Go green, stop global warming!  
This is not a poem- a warning,

Trees are our friends,  
Lets not treat them as fiends,  
It's in a deplorable state, her health  
Show a little compassion for Mother Earth

Isunge Mwangase

# Separated By Pride

They crave for eachother yet they are separated by pride,  
A simple phone call could bring them together but  
Their pride prevents either from lifting that phones cradle,  
They feign not to notice their hearts evanescence away,  
They smile at reflections that nolonger smile back in those mirrors,  
They hold in their lachrymose everytime one is with another,  
And live the rest of their lives pretending to have moved on.

Isunge Mwangase

# Sex, Is Anyone More Electrifying?

'Sex, is anyone more electrifying?  
Can anyone swim deeper than your depths?  
I have caressed angels- kissed goddesses,  
These caresses and kisses blended inferior to your texture,  
A long shot from your dainty taste,  
Only you explain life with one word,  
Where they see newborns, trees grasses, flowers,  
I see only you. Without you nothing is.

All those relationships and one night stands,  
I am honored you breathed in them,  
I am hallowed you still breathe in them,  
For every pole longs to be wrapped- thumping unceasingly,  
Every hole yearns to be gagged internally- eternally,  
What I would not give to grasp you forever...  
Straight, bisexual, gay, lesbian; raise your goblet,  
Let's drink to why earth is not dead,  
Ladies and gentlemen, a toast to sex! '

Isunge Mwangase

# Sometimes Love Like Water Exists In Three States

Sometimes love like water exists  
in three states: -

Ice- compound like a diamond,  
The trust is pure,  
Fresh like a blooming rose

Liquid- When the insecurity  
creeps in,  
Emotions uncollected like  
demons,  
But you hold in your breath  
To keep the love from escaping.

Then comes the giving up,  
This is the vapour state,  
Your heart says, 'You deserve  
better'  
And you breath out- letting go.

© November 1,2011

Isunge Mwangase

# Soulmate

As a key for one lock,  
We -heart for heart,  
Through actions or frozen moments,  
Miscommunication or hailstorms,  
In word or silence,  
Still, our thoughts will remain intertwined,  
Thy beauty; thy spirit will possess my mind,  
When rain clouds engulf our eyes,  
Our solace behind the Sun's shadow,  
And though our lives mortal,  
Our love be immortal,  
Mute women will sing our song,  
Blind men will paint our future,  
I will always breathe through your lips,  
Give you life, -  
Like a gush of wind through grasses,  
As we revere our cascading loves horizon,  
'Till death takes your hand in marriage.

Isunge Mwangase

# Spirit

I trekked to a far, faraway land,  
Where lived rainbow hearts that  
Loved with a beautiful eeriness,  
These hearts loved with an echo,  
The sweetest melody of silence

At a unique frequency to but two  
Hearts, nothing else intrude could,  
No gazing to others but themselves,  
No gossip to peer into their open ears,  
Only love and more love after love

One heart would whisper, ' I love you'  
And the reply would be, ' I love you.'  
In this they knew all was a waterfall,  
Of course all this I was but only told,  
I was new in the land, my heart too

But I am a loving man and love did I,  
Her light rubbed on me- mine on her,  
As candles that you may know as stars,  
And we lived until we outlived time,  
It is rumored we outgrew him too

But as all things, nothing lasts forever,  
All things of dust to dust must return,  
Blessed are they whose hearts break  
For though not whole the pieces are,  
When my love died, my heart- it burst.

Isunge Mwangase

# The Dream Watcher

I watch her dream, peep at her dreams  
As she crosses the bifrost bridge  
Into the arms of her flare her flambeau-  
The wind, her slave and master.

I watch them collide with scintillating lust-  
Watch her hair fly as if waving me goodbye  
Or calling me to join them  
When he brushes his fingers through her scalp.

I watch her dream, peep at her dreams,  
Pausing and rewinding every culminating moment,  
As she nurtures her invisible lover  
Like a river by its course or a bull its matador.

Gods play her the lyre in sostenuto-  
Queue up to be blown one of her kisses,  
Her lipstick imprinted on all their hearts,  
Even death beseeches her for a little life.

With red voyeurism I vigil wind making love to her,  
Listen as she chimes behind those closed eyes,  
Absorb her ambrosia gasps at every exhale,  
Her moment inside a star, I dare not wake her.

Isunge Mwangase

# The Face Of God

He carved my face in his effigy,  
But so did he yours, and everybody else',  
Probably seen him a thousand times,  
I know he is looking at me now,  
I feel his presence yet his face I neither see nor touch,  
I seen his shadow though- only a torso,  
Haunts me every time I look at mirrors, still waters,  
I hear his voice, his face it describes, I still want to see him...  
I gather polaroids of every being on earth and beyond,  
Erect a decoupage of his supposedly image,  
Does it look like me? Like you? Like every human? I cannot tell,  
I cannot see it for my vision suddenly blurry,  
Though not as radiant as I thought It be- atleast it smiles,  
A man without a face, the face of God.

Isunge Mwangase

# The Final Goodbye

My feelings still hold onto you,  
Your fingers remove from my grip,  
I never learnt to love you  
But I love you,  
My eyes yes, my heart cannot  
Hold back the tears,  
Adieu only in this tangible world-  
The life of your dead love  
Colours still my invisible one-  
My fragile smile-  
How do I move on, mend this broken  
heart when the missing piece is you?

Isunge Mwangase

# The Lovers

Her sweat painted nipples brush against his skin,  
Titilating and warming his blood as they gyrate slowly,  
She feels his heartbeat ripple through her palm,  
Something else rapping to and fro against her thigh,  
He kisses her chin, neck down to her navel-  
It is so quiet that he can hear her crotch breathe,  
She then mourns in a tongue he knows not-  
He understands the tongue though-of gasping parenthesis,  
His crotch now a pendulum up and down patiently,  
He enters her recess they become one,  
One two three times.

Isunge Mwangase

# The Perfect Song

If I wrote the perfect song,  
Its notes and how the cords  
Ought to be played-  
The song would be one to  
Describe our love's journey  
All our highs, lows, ups, downs,  
Laughs- our cries—  
Its melody would be tailored by  
Orchestral instruments;  
A shed of electric guitars and drums,  
Its beat, our heartbeat- beating as one,  
Choir of two, we would sing this song  
Lost in ourselves; alto, baritone, bass,  
Soprano, tenor- oh! The jollity,  
Singing our past, singing our present  
And our future- the now  
We would sing with our heart and voice  
The perfect song would never end.  
Isunge Mwangase

# The Way I Love You

My love for you is fathomless,  
My body can never possibly  
hold  
All of it I have for you,  
It is wrong to even say that I  
'have' it because  
That is to imply it is finite-  
Let me rephrase it, ' My body  
can never possibly  
hold all it I am having for  
you.'  
My body is too small to contain  
it,  
Some of it within me;  
Escapes into the air of  
This universe and that  
is why other men also have the  
ability to love.  
When my soul is standing next  
to my spirit,  
The light they give out is the  
love  
We see in the world.  
So tonight I will go back to the place  
I have never been- transform my  
strength  
Into a rope and make a lasso  
That I will use to capture your  
heart.

Isunge Mwangase

# The World I See

I hear them in unfinished houses  
Making dins people should in bedrooms,  
And within me many a thought arises,  
'These teens- what sort of parent grooms?  
Or have they lost their way on their own,  
When are told to head left head right,  
Taking every piece of advice as scorn-  
Giving in to debauchery without a fight? '

I see them in dark corners at nightfall,  
Making the stars fade with their sin,  
They try to fly but hard they fall,  
And look for healing in bottles of gin,  
These are the next generation am told,  
The engines of tomorrow's future  
When our mothers and fathers get old,  
Then I lament, 'Will they ever mature? '  
Or will time wait for them to condense  
Into a world filled with decadence? '

Monday, September 30,2013. All Rights Reserved.

Isunge Mwangase

# Think Of Such Things

Everything you've been through,  
Whatever is and has been true,  
Those that are and been noble,  
Christened in their lable-  
Your eyes and Jehovah's sight,  
If they are and have been pure,  
Follow them ne'er to tire!

And whatever is and has been lovely,  
Surely you must cherish sweetly,  
My love, of all things admirable,  
Grasp with all you can gather able,  
Nought can be more excellent-  
Thus do not relent,  
For nothing is more praiseworthy-  
Or close to being worthy,  
Think on such things,  
And the jollity each brings.

Isunge Mwangase

# 'Tis Delightful To Watch A Child Play

'Tis delightful to watch a child  
play,  
All alone but not getting bored,  
Photons of glee, hearts they  
hold,  
Playing without a care in the  
clay

I imagine I was like this once,  
Without a hint of anger,  
Free spirit, no sense of danger,  
Just full of iridescent  
innocence.

If only all life was like this,  
Free of problems- mortal  
strife,  
But it cuts all with its knife,  
So deep until of us nothing  
there is.

© November 4,2011

Isunge Mwangase

# To Fly, Love Does Not Need Wings

To fly, love does not need wings  
Love is lighter than air and swings  
Into places only touch'd by feeling  
Where no hand manages reaching

Every morning in your soul I bathe,  
Then after in your smile I clothe,  
Your heart is the perfume I wear,  
We are something nothing can tear.

Isunge Mwangase

# Umukashana Nkumbwa (The Girl I Admire)

Ala alibumbwa,  
Umukashana nkumbwa,  
Inga apita uyu chikashana,  
Umutima ulashana,  
Ukumumonafye ninshi pesano  
nafika,  
Ici ndelanda chishinka.  
Nangula inga ayipika,  
Ifyakulya mu mupika-  
Ndakombelesha nomwinko,  
Filyafine nkombelesha  
icitemwiko  
Ampela.  
Ine nankwe mpaka kumpela  
Yachalo. Twakumene  
ukukumana imitima,  
Kulya ukushaba nakalya  
ukututuma.

I tell you she is a site to see,  
The girl I admire,  
When she walks in the street  
My heart dances,  
Upon seeing her I pay homage,  
What I tell you is the truth,  
When for me she cooks,  
Food in her pot-  
I lick everything to the cooking stick,  
The same way I lick the love she gives me,  
I and her till the end of the world,  
We met where hearts meet,  
There where they do not shiver

© Wednesday,  
October 12,2011.10: 31PM

Isunge Mwangase

# Valentine

Whene'er I send my bird to where you're,  
'Pon returning he says- she's still the star,  
The brightest light over all of the earth,  
And no other can match up to her worth  
For she is the only one of her kind,  
The only treasure that a man can find-  
I smile and then say to my faithful dove-  
How divine your words and so full of love,  
My mind rests on pillows of white clouds,  
While mine heart in jubilation lauds,  
From my body and deep within my soul,  
And from all the beauty my eyes e'er saw,  
As others grow flowers, I only love,  
The only thing I have none can remove.

Isunge Mwangase

# What If Life Is A Circle?

What if life is a circle?

We die; it goes back to where it began-  
Its starting line, with suppressed memories,  
Déjà vu being the little we remember from these-  
Whistle blows; it races to find its destinies-  
And providence always giving it chance to improve,  
Luckily or stupidly it exactly follows its past paths,  
Remaking the same mistakes, the same right decisions,  
Re-loving the same lovers, re-crying the same tears-  
To complete its revolution and start again,  
Until the best and worst of us make it kingdom come?

Isunge Mwangase

# What Part Of Me Loved You First?

&lt;/&gt;&lt;/&gt;What part of me loved you  
first?

Is it my eyes,  
As they seemed to see for the  
first time?  
Watching your hips sway  
And legs sashay as if  
The world balances under your feet?  
Perhaps it is my ears,  
At your first hello  
Or listening to your voice's  
cadence flowing in melodious laughter,  
I know! It is my hands  
As our hearts touched-  
My lips,  
Our first kiss  
As our souls were exchanged,  
No, it must be the stomach-  
That tingle when I think of  
you,  
Perhaps it is the skin,  
As our bodies collide.  
Feeling the heat from your radiating smile  
And the setting cool climes of  
your soul?  
Maybe it is from every atom of me,  
I do not know for sure what  
part of me love you first,  
But this I know,  
If I blew out all my love for  
you,  
I would create a hole in the  
sky.

© June 26,  
2011

Isunge Mwangase

# When Does Love Begin?

When does love begin?  
Is it from the eyes,  
As they seem to see for the first time?  
Perhaps it is from the ears-  
At the first words  
Or listening to your serenades,  
Your voice's cadence in your melodious laughter,  
I know! It is from the hands  
As our hearts touch,  
It is from the first kiss  
As you release your soul into me,  
No, it must be from the stomach-  
That tingle when I think of you,  
From the skin,  
Those goosebumps as our bodies collide.  
I think it may be from the tear  
That never touches the ground-  
The one that evaporates in mid air  
Because of the heat from your rising radiating smile  
And the setting cool climes of your soul,  
Your nubile grace-  
Limber waist-  
Ahh, it is from the sweet sweat descending from your  
erect rotund breasts,  
Or is it simply because it is you?  
I don't know for sure when love begins  
But this I know,  
If I blew out all my love for you,  
I would create a hole in the sky.

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# When The War Is Past And Gone

When the war is past and gone  
And I have won your heart,  
Look not 'pon things i'd done  
For from them I had part,  
When I saw that twinkle in your eyes  
Shinning for me and no one else  
Amid soundless screams of ayes  
By my heart's quickened pulse,  
Rather look at what I am now,  
The man your love turned into-  
That cannot taint a vow,  
One you can always run to,  
In all your times of despair,  
For hope, faith and repair

Isunge Mwangase

# White Flag

I raise my sword to the sky  
And stab out our love in my heart,  
Blood drips that contains memories that are us but me,  
Tears that are all of you fall down my face and I behold your reflection  
In my mirror-  
Love killed by the breath that gave it life,  
I do not want to breathe with my lungs  
After experiencing the breath of my heart-  
Your soul,  
I will love you even after the end of love,  
And me.

Isunge Mwangase

# Why Hearts Break

When two people are in love  
They share everything they  
have,  
Everything changes,  
Everything unhinges,  
Their souls are binded by God's  
very hair,  
Sewn together with the purest  
of care,  
He then cuts his wrists and lets  
his blood  
Run through them so they are  
clad  
Together becoming one entity,  
Grasping immortality,  
They become one with God,  
A feeling greater than any  
amount of gold  
Haven't you heard, 'God is  
love? '  
The one who will never leave?  
Hearts break not because they  
are weak,  
They break because of their  
weakness-  
Because their strength has left  
them.

Isunge Mwangase © Wednesday,  
August 24, 2011.

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# You

The sound of your tears as they hit the floor,  
The love you bleed through your soul is where I belong,  
Will I lose you like you have lost your heart that I seek?  
Disappear from your blood before I flow in it?  
Leave you breathless when you are-breathless?  
I fall before you; begging your broken heart to beat,  
Should I make this world disappear so that you may notice me?  
You are the rising tides of my blood,  
The heart within my heart,  
The mind within my soul-  
The image I call mine,  
The being I was born to love.

Isunge Mwangase, Chishala Ruth Zulu © 2010.

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# You Forgot To Teach Me

You taught me to breathe- forgot to teach me to breath without you,  
You taught me to live- forgot to teach me to live without you,  
You taught me to live, you forgot to teach me to live without you,  
You taught me how to kiss- forgot to teach me how to kiss without you  
You taught me to love, you forgot to teach me to love without you,

I cannot do anything unless you teach me-  
How then do you expect me to move on? To breathe, live, kiss, love-without  
you?

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