

Anna Kapungu

AUTUMN

Remember the days of us
Opened my mind to a new reality
A place where daylight lived
You were wisdom, music and desire
Understanding was everything
Love was an amusement park
Revealed itself in layers
Like petals on a rose
Each layer I was close to you
My fragility, your affirmations
Vocalised my aspirations
Loves melody
You were my prize, my Hesprides
Your point of promise
Made my spirits sublime
Our love sailing in the currents of the River Perfect
Pacify the child
Draw my strings like chords of a guitar
Tumbling in love
Rapids into waterfalls
Bountiful our love was
Fruits of the seasons

LEMONS IN THE FIELD

Living in the sky
The blue yonder the upper regions of self
Elevation away from gravity
A Genesis I was pristine, unbroken
For the first time I felt
My breath in the cold air
The hair of my skin tone sting
Blood rushing through the capillaries
Flowing lanes on the highway
Smell tangy fragrance of lemons in the fields
I was alive
Streaks of sun warm on my face
I smile ,feel the God in me
He is beautiful, heavenly ,arresting
Arresting I stand still in silence
Send out light from the top my head to my feet
Freedom from the scars of disgrace
Feel the leaves of the Japonica
Crown the ground as canvas

THE GREAT WINTER OF SACRIFICE

The cold Antarctica winds seem to expose the poverty
Poverty that I held within
Smile at the world with pain in my heart
Precipitation on the frozen grounds
Was it a gift from God
It was a wonder, a mystery
The world knew my name
Yet poverty lacerated the veins of my being
The force of the Mephisto
The lure of homelessness
Face out of the water
Winter was stifling, suffocating
A torrent, swept the humanity out of me
Misfortune was dancing the snow dance
Solitary nights I bear the bane
Wretchedness ,woe, and hades
Stood in my divinity
Freedom from doubt
The sun will shine in the morning

LETTERS FROM HOME

In the deserted days
Where the sun is my champion
And the blood thirsts for water
I tell the rays what I miss the most
Hear my breathing
Sweat drip down my back
My hands cracked from the labour
Labour without gains
Split the grounds to pass the hours
Read the roads of my palms
Roads that lead me back home
Then I receive your letters
Your words are like rain in the summer
Comfort my blackened heart
Feel the elevation of my spirit
My people, the force of humanity
I cannot pray to surrender my heaviness
I cannot cry to release my sentence

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

We are making history
Politics on social media
Reality of the mirrors of colour
Colour blind with fake affections
Our future inheritance lies
In chromosomes, DNA and future citizens
Transplants, mutations into the superhumans
Terrorism the war within us
Abandon the heroes of the nation
Who left their ego at the gate of sacrifice
A lateral view of the voice of the people
Where politicians serve political interests
In the corridors of power
Fight the spotlight, the savage torrents
Of becoming the political superstars
Let Mother Earth die the slow burn
Slow burn of pollution, progression, advancement
And we are killing us softly
Focused on the exchange of currency
The Euro ,the Pound and how the Dow Jones fell