

Anna Kapungu

JUNKIE

Time has way of opening wounds
The innocent child
Who did not cry for help
Brutally mishandled, exploited, the fugitive
Trusted was never gained
Home was nerves on edge
Intimidating, taxing sapping the energy of my youth
Time has a way of opening wounds
The tears, loneliness and the wondering spirit
Found himself in places of no joy
Hang my hat in places of burning fires
Artificial friendships and tainted powders
To ease the pain
Uncomfortable in the daylights
He lived for the night time
Where he hid his sin, his guilt, his shame

CHIMERA

Into the waters of dejection
I sabotaged myself to run from solitude
Craving for acceptance
Acceptance into a peculiar courtship
Ingrained in the charms of the far east
Where love was powered in the frosty nods
In the meantime I bled
Bled for the love I did not believe
Indented lesions of love
Wounded myself willingly, consciously
Prayed for forgiveness
My liberty to escape chimera
Bolt for freedom into the rain
Unchain myself from this commitment
Commitment that has scolded my spirit
Wail in a fetal position
Empty all the hurts I exude
In the meantime
I bled
The rain fell down the window pane
The clocks would turn back in an hour
I knew I did not love him

BAILEYS

Empty my days into a cup called Baileys
At the sight of you, fades all hope and dreams
All my time around you it revolves
Bitter and sweet live for the seconds
Empty my doubts
Passion fills my veins
Course my blood within, it flows
My perfect lover, I am alive, its glorious
Lay eyes on the world and beauty surrounds
Perfect for the night and time flies
Love everyone and me everyone loves
Make love all night that's the poison that lifts
Smile at creation this is the spirit that gives
Do not look for tomorrows
Tomorrow I cannot seem to face
Empty my days into a cup called Baileys