

Anna Kapungu

## PARADISE EMPEROR

Loved the idea of you  
Houses in Cape Town, Houses in Tuscany  
Devotion I treasure  
Cherish I adore  
You are love that is my shelter, my dear  
A ship at the seashore, my harbour  
Bliss, it's you I consider  
My asylum, out of me tenderness pours  
Nights in Paris  
Moments we conquer  
Cascading fountains of summer  
Comforts our nature  
Tete-a-tete, the love we nurture  
Ablaze in superfluous rapture  
Paradise's Emperor  
Freedom is our master  
Listen to the oceans  
Loves is secure  
I am the sun in your winter

## THE LOTUS

Left my beloved at Necropolis  
Challenging my spirit  
That the ground would breathe  
Bring you back  
Embrace me one more time  
Must have been a dream  
The black glass coffin  
Scones with tears  
Goodbyes with no ends  
Catholic carol songs  
Destined solemnities  
Silences in uncertainties  
Reality of my days  
Dejection in my affections  
My citadel had fallen  
Territory exposed  
Bare barren deserted grounds  
No rains to soften the earth  
Licence the lotus to bloom  
Unfulfilled void  
And still the river flows

## OSMOSIS

Beloved, you had me thinking  
Love was osmosis  
Pictured in some dimension  
We could be in unison  
Mathematical count the days  
In the land of expectations  
Our ambition as our common denominator  
Lose myself in your power  
Common days to be endless  
Midnight calls without tears  
Crave to leave my world,  
my circumference  
To reside in your radius  
Hear the wind whistle in high spirits  
Fragment the shape of time  
To find our correlation  
The probability of our hearts affair  
Blossom into an indefinite proportion  
A foundation of us  
Believe tomorrow is always  
Dream of us in four colour theorem  
If that is your wish

## THE HOUSE BY THE LAKE

They wore white lace dresses  
Braided hair and yellow toned skins  
Beautiful with graceful features  
Spoke a language of their own  
Explicit intriguing it was mystifying  
Lived by the lake of the Weeping willows  
Where the water currents whispered into the nights  
They spoke of the eyes of the lake  
That watched over their days  
Sing songs of Creole experiences  
travels in the Atlantic Oceans  
Fasted for favour and  
lived on the love of sisterhood  
Sustained chastity  
Spoke of men as if they were strangers  
Beings that they had to embrace  
They were worthy good women  
Refined, cultured in the art of being  
Painted portraits of New Orleans  
Lived in pleasance  
In the truth of the world