

Anna Kapungu

## **The Great Winter of Sacrifice**

The cold Antarctica winds seem to expose the poverty  
Poverty that I held within  
It was written on my face  
Smile at the world with the cursed luck  
Precipitation on the frozen grounds  
And it does not give the unfriendly earth  
The world knew my name  
Fame was just a game  
Contracts with no promises  
Yet poverty lacerated my veins  
The force of the Mephisto  
The lure of homelessness  
My 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

## ABSENT FROM THE PRESENT

I finally conceded to the flood  
I was mistaken  
I could negotiate the witching hours  
Searching for the peace that I owned  
Peace I lost  
Loose my nerves when sleep is the sweetest  
Wade through the folio of my hurts with tears  
Its a cliché the secrets one holds will give the mind peace  
Frantic unhinged unravelling in the night times  
Castigating, burning candles scolding the evil spirits  
Hush the powers of recollections  
Catch the morning light whispering peace to me

## WHITE FLAG

I finally washed my hands  
I explained being lonely as a place I was  
Gods gift was taking the long way round  
I keep counting the clouds in the sky  
Convince myself the sun will shine  
When loves tenderness is justified  
I lived in Antarclicas cold for a while  
Haunted by the fear of the love of a man  
The fear that haunted me for years  
Blasphemy I did not abide by the laws of love  
Love was like a stranger  
I needed  
Needed a link,a bond at an intersection  
Bring down my walls of Jericho  
Part my Red sea  
Then love would be at hand  
Encounter it as the winds through my window  
It has its own texture endemic scintilla  
By the fireplace its mood is unwavering  
Wraps in me in its inclination  
Justify the hurt in the child  
Holds me close till the panic is gone

## OSMOSIS

If it was your wish  
To dream of us in four colour theorem  
Always believe in tomorrow  
A foundation of us  
The probability of our hearts affair  
Unearth our correlation  
Fragment the shape of time  
In high spirits we catch the winds  
Crave to untangle my world, my circumference  
Reside in your radius  
Common days to be endless  
Midnight calls short of rupture  
In an indefinite proportion blossom  
Multiply our power into prolific  
The common denominator of our ambitions  
In the open space of expectation  
Tally the days of expansions  
We will be in unison, my love  
In some dimension an infinitesimal calculus  
Love as the equation  
Beloved you had me thinking

## SAFFRON

I absorbed the woman in her  
Spoke with an accent  
Sat with her legs crossed  
Her chin in her hand  
She said her name was Saffron  
She moved in with a bass guitar and Burberry bags  
Heatwave it was July  
She said she was from New Orleans  
Home of the blues, spiced oxtail and fried ribs  
Her voice was deep and accentuated  
Skin flawless, she was summer  
Brown golden highlights  
Eyes a mirror of baby Barbie  
Eyes the colour of the sea  
She sang the blues like Aretha Franklin  
Her voice rippled sonoric in the waterfalls  
Walked silently feet turned as a Ballerina  
Makes a man's heart melt  
Loved Lillies of the Fields  
Desired to study Sydney Poitier  
She was radiating  
Self-possessed, halcyon  
Deluged by her aura  
Immersed in her scent  
Absolutely blooming Miss Dior

## SIFIRNIA CONCERTANTE

If I could paint the arcane part of my past  
Unblemish the storehouse of my history  
Set free the wounded bird at the seashore  
The inflamed charred senses of certitude  
Could I be loved

If I could empty the fragmented crushed heart that was stung  
Cold words that run through my veins  
Stomach the deceit in his voice  
Misgivings in my affections  
Could I be loved

If I could let my guard down  
Put on show a picture of the heart of a child  
Fragile akin the Roses of Sharon  
Whisper nostalgic words into your memories  
Alluring inviting sounds kindred Sifirnia Concertante  
Crescent moons in my essence  
Perfumed as Moonflower and Tigerlillies  
Could I be loved

If I could chronicle my days  
Sonorous aspirations for love  
Unclothe my sackcloth and ashes  
The ambitions of my dreams  
Would love, love me

## PORT IN A STORM

He revolutionised my mind  
Envisioning the world with a slant  
Earth 23 degrees on a tilt  
Heart to heart he was my gain  
An enigma eccentric with a good name  
He mutated into my allure  
Placed himself in my thoughts  
Day dreams of fancy  
Secured me, my port in a storm  
Windswept I was standing in the gusts of his emanation  
A force of presence  
My possibility  
My odds on favourite  
My days were delight, romance and bliss  
He was my roadstead a place of safety  
My prize  
Buoyant I am happy