

BLEEDING SANDS

Bleeding Sands

By

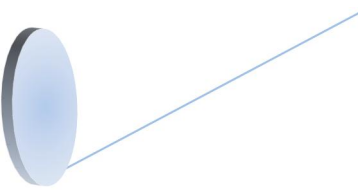
Stephen Mupoto

Bleeding Sands

Poetry anthology

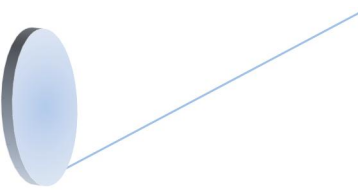
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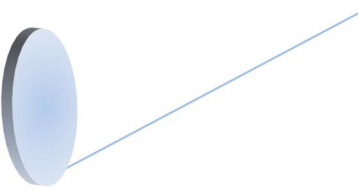
DRY GRASS

Like a raging inferno,
Gossip licked at the sad petals,
Under the dark brushes of withered shadows,
Of my little village called Pachedu,
We basked and drowned in her coolness.
Our feet circumnavigating the shores,
Of the cool white sands.
That day, I remember,
When I send young Tino at your homestead,
With the missive,
That was my heart's harbinger,
Written in my blood.
This was the sacred seal of my love,
I never at any point,
Had reservations as to the course to take,
Surfing the tides of your family's resistance,
I became a warrior in search of love.



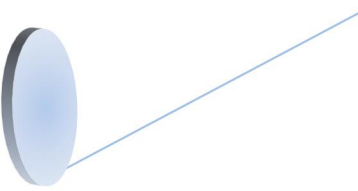
BLEEDING SANDS

Twirling was my brittle heart,
Fragile was my pursuit,
For true love I believed in.
Tenaciously to that distant hope,
I held like a spent swimmer,
Gagged at the nick of expiration,
And like a raging fire,
You singed at my blossoming petals,
Like dry grass I wither,
And sulk in melancholy,
Reflecting on the days that were to be,
But never was.



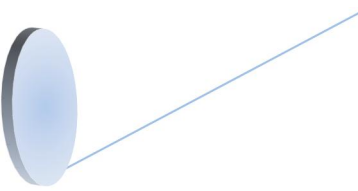
BROKEN SHARDS

You died a piggish death,
And by the road side naked you lay.
I could not believe that this was a dark visitation,
By the harbinger from the lake of desolation,
That flew clandestinely,
With tarloned feathers,
Whose fanged wings were spiked.
In your memory,
Your indelible name I write,
On this silent epitaph,
I scribble the sacredness of your love.
These children you leave behind,
I shall forever protect.
Where you are,
Watch over us.
You are now an angel that patrol in the cirrus,
We see you racing over the skies,



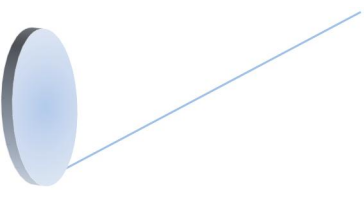
BLEEDING SANDS

And your tears wet the earth,
And nourish our fields,
Forever I shall remember you,
In my small enclave,
As I reel in these broken shards.



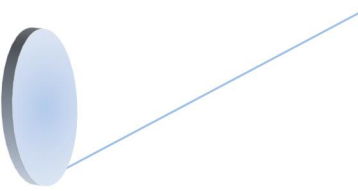
THE SQUARE PEG

In this land of impossibilities,
Basking under the fiery wings of dearth,
Like a hornless heifer,
Contemplating what has eaten her horns.
Like a rogue soldier who shoots the entire platoon,
And visits the shrine to enquire,
On what has destroyed the cantonment,
I find myself betwixt the maze,
Walking about the crypt,
Like a trapped flie gagged with faecal threads.
I know not who farted on this sacred earth,
And awakened the wraith from slumber.
The elite talks the poor man,
Into selling his piece of land,
To add another hectarage to his sprawling empire,
Forever the farmer knocks at the door of opulence,
Extending a bowl of alms,



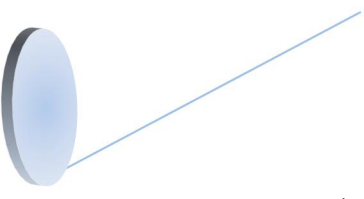
BLEEDING SANDS

We aren't fixing vice,
But putting a square peg in a round hole.



WRAITH OF DISCORD

I had no hand in his death,
Yet in my dreams he rages like a bull.
I am a mere nestling,
Born naked in a garb of innocence.
Questions without answers leave not my lips,
I stammer like a Mosaic infidel,
My lips uncircumcised for I speak vile
A stranger I took to the pews,
And played to the gallery of my heart's daggers,
My emotions bore the wings for flight,
And perched on the heart of a warmonger.
In my family I welcomed her,
And the demons she clad were an apparition,
I had no hand in his death
Her breath stirred the ship of despondency,
And under my feet I stepped on anarchy,
Her streets full of chocking dust,

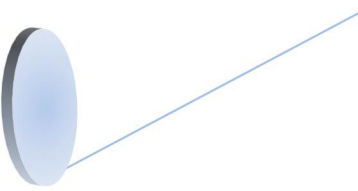


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And my eyes webbed by the seeds of perfidy

She is a rare parrot,

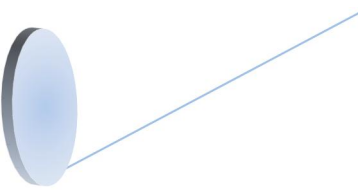
And a wraith of discord.



BLEEDING SANDS

THE DAY HE DIED

That fateful night,
He just left the crib.
In his hand, he held a brown bottle,
By the throat.
He staggered to the waterhall,
Where the binge was his last.
All the family's savings,
The little we had scavenged,
And tied to the cloth,
He took it all.
They called him Dzasukwa,
We had saved enough for my siblings' education,
And my mother's operation.
She had cancer.
We had saved enough,
For two months' rent,
He bet it all in a game of chance,



BLEEDING SANDS

In the hope that our goose will lay golden eggs.

It was eroded.

He lost the bet.

Those he owed bayed for his pound of flesh.

Our little rickety bicycle,

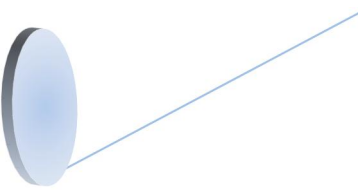
Our sole priced possession he sold,

And that was the day he died,

His pockets empty,

And the last we had was gone,

So was the last straw of his name.



DEAR SIR WHITMORE

This is my small small letter,

To you sir.

When I was a bachelor,

I was content with the six pint sized,

Grains you doled out to me.

I never had a reason to complain,

I kept myself silent on your leash.

Today I am married,

Have an extra mouth to feed,

The six grains are miserly to share,

Yet it remains thus,

The weevils keep pursuing it,

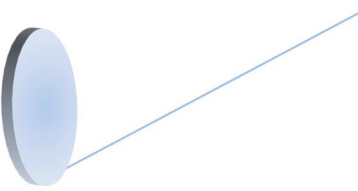
Eroding the six grains to nullity.

My wife now has four children,

And have to make do,

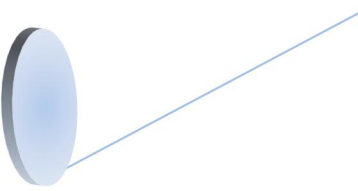
With the six miserly grains,

You tell me 'tailor your needs,



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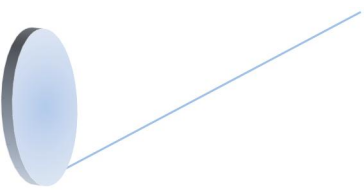
According to your means'
I am drained and worn out,
Not because of exhaustion,
But the cries of my own,
Your leash now chocks me,
Dear Mr Whitmore.



BLEEDING SANDS

SACRED STOOL

Native son,
Has the white man's opium,
Intoxicated you that you return,
And urinate on the cistern of tradition,
The very troughs,
That defined your existence?
Your mind corrupted,
B'ond redemption.
Don't you have face?
Why then have you,
Desecrated the sacred stool?
What have you gulped,
In foreign lands that you,
Painstakingly turn your back,
On what defines you?
Do you know the potency,
Of the stool?



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Its symbolism and importance?

You seized it yet you marinate it,

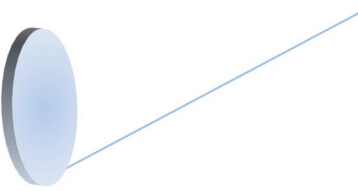
With disdain and blood.

You have excreted on its head,

And your shit chock the gods,

No amount of veneration,

Will atone the sacred stool.

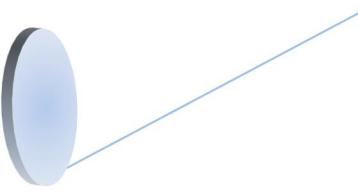


SONG OF NGEMBAH.

Standing on top,
Of that broken bridge,
Supported by the sinews,
Stripped of tensility,
My heart in ceaseless gallops,
Like a Trojan horse plop-plombling.

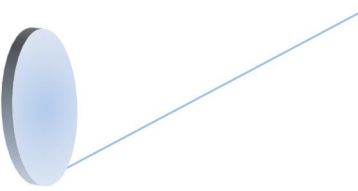
I could see the pleading eyes,
Of a bleeding nation,
That survived on doled rations,
Like a crumbling fraction.

The zealous though,
With empty purses,
And moribund granaries,
Pursued a mass of flesh,
Whose rhetoric is but music,
To the ears of a starving nation.
Ngembah they name me,



BLEEDING SANDS

I am a rainbow of voices in anguish,
Drowned in my sorrows,
And fateful ambush,
Ontop of that bridge,
Where my soul collapses,
Into an avalanche of fragments.



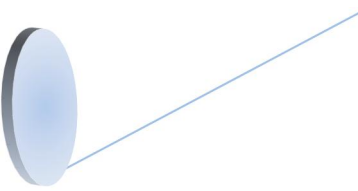
REVOLUTIONARY BEATITUDES.

Blessed are those that hunger,
And thirst for freedom,
For they shall break the chains of servitude.

Blessed is a robber,
Who steals from the rich,
To feed the poor for theirs,
Shall be a portion of Knighthood.

Blessed are those who trudge,
The streets and flood,
Common houses,
For in their purposed unity,
They shall run over the barricades,
Of despotism.

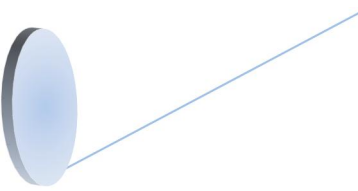
Blessed is a widow, who injustice,
And brutality snatched her soulmate,
For her tears shall water,
The ground for revolution.



Blessed is an opharn,
Who is a product of a brutal dictatorship,
For he shall inherit the agonies,
Of reclusivity.

Blessed is a vendor,
Who toil day and night,
For they shall inherit the legs,
Of Usain Bolt,
To aid their flight,
From organised Council hooligans.

Blessed are the hungry,
For they shall enjoy,
The rumbles of their protesting stomachs.



A BEGGAR'S PRAYER

Hearken to mine cry,

Oh, Lord.

My life is a crumbled grain,

Thawing by day,

Like a piece of ice.

I tarry in my makeshift abode,

In this eternal street,

Where the chills of the night kiss and flap at my naked soul.

I raise my voice to thee Lord of mercy.

My heart is blind to the pomposity of man,

And his beguiling spirit.

My feet are at the mercy,

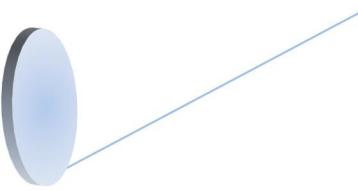
Of the biting cold,

And angry lashes of the wind,

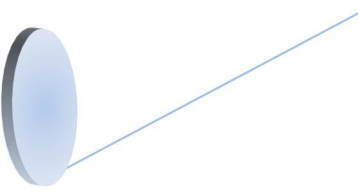
The fists of hunger jab me like a torrential hailstorm.

My stomach rumbles,

Like the arena of Jikinya.



I tumble and turn like a turbine,
Why art thou silent?
I am frail in this frolock,
That is a burden to my soul,
Tied by the shreds of my master's tunic,
Forming a noose around my neck,
As I await for the call,
To grace the earth,
And lie content under the leveling dust,
In the bosom of the dark wings,
Of death the equaliser.
Oh, Lord wipe my tears.



LETTERS BACK HOME

Dear wife,

I am writing to you,
from the slums of foreign lands.

My heart is heavy,

And misses home.

I yearn for malt beer you used to brew,

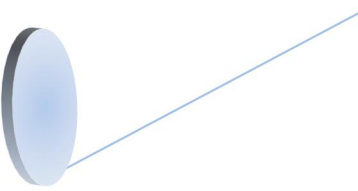
Soghurm pap from your kitchen,

And our traditional chicken.

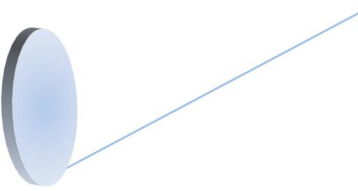
I yearn to see the light of day,
The hue at dusk lining mountain tops,
And the crimson orange ball rising behind the mountains,
At dawn.

I miss the bleating of my goats,
And baa baaing of my sheep,
The mewing of my six head of cattle,
A flock I treasure.

I yearn to run my fingers,



In the cool waters of Nyazvidzi,
And water my garden from Nyahurekure stream.
My heart is in deep pain,
Lacerated by want.
Life in the slums is dearth,
We live like chicken,
If you do not use your feet, you die of hunger.
Each moment I step out of the house,
Into the dark world,
My love, I first say my deep invocations,
To the gods lest I do not return.
Do not forget to bequath,
The little I had to my son,
Lest I do not return home.

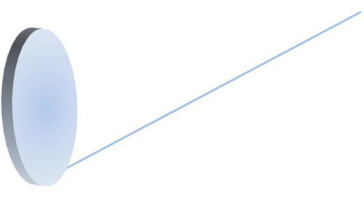


THE SEEKER

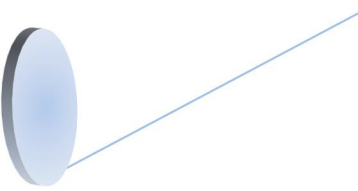
Lost in the effervesce,
Of a painful dandelion tranquil,
Busted by the chains of oppression,
Silenced by the yoke of despotism.

Justice is but elusive,
A dream of a blind piper,
The fluty cadence of a broken chandelier,
Smashing in agony,
On the floors of hopelessness.

Is this Zawe,
The land of my navel?
Fed I by the sods of anguish,
Dreary tears,
Reek with the blood of the lost,
And forgotten heroes.
Those blighted by history,
Interred in the canals of dejection.



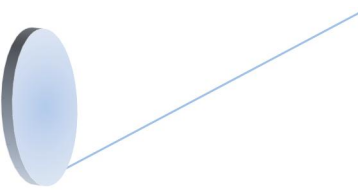
A vagrant I was,
In the poschie parks,
Of a broken childhood,
Where I traversed the terrain of draconism,
Fed from the troughs of fear,
Sangfroidly I followed,
The path to a social abattoir
The seeker.



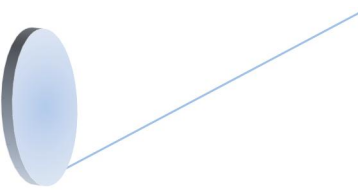
THE TEMPLATE

Man's existence,
Has paragraphs of anguish punctuated,
By commas of want,
Abjectivity and miserliness.
It is a clause of dearth,
And an affixing peg of death,
Upon which the testament,
Of skewed destiny is premised.

It is a phrase of perpetual agony,
Punctuated by colons of destitution,
And hyphens of vagrancy.
A template of forsaken tales,
Told from a nonentity's perspective,
A man of debase standing.
Man's struggles,
Are but unto the grave,
The only abode where he rests,



In eternal slumber,
Yet consumed in the kiln,
Of the after life
The template,
So bleak as a forgotten past,
A history without characters,
A defunct progeny,
As unto impotent seeds,
Of a blighted generation.

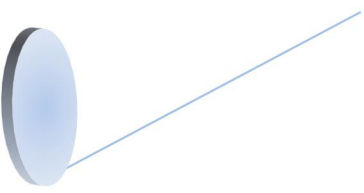


RUSTY KEYS

In the morta of newwity,
The colonial pestle,
Keeps turning its crushing turbines,
Grinding the feeble seeds,
Into a mish-mash.

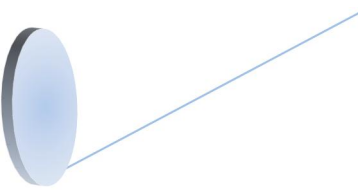
Thawing celebrations,
Of a newly wed groom,
Who finds an unforgiving crater,
In his bride on their wedding night.
Who has she been whoring with?

Her turpid make up,
Had been her manifesto,
Of wheatled chicanery,
Clanking left and right,
Aboard a mocking bird,
On fractional tax,
The wounded agonised to pay,



BLEEDING SANDS

The reward is nought,
A rusty key.



A LETTER TO MY WIFE

Dear Dorothy,

I write this missive clad,

In a garb of simplicity.

My heart is in chains as my soul bleeds.

I am not sure how this letter reads,

But I am certain you will see it.

When you open this letter,

Always know my heart is a crater,

It is a cesspit,

More decrepit,

And sore.

I am here down the Limpopo,

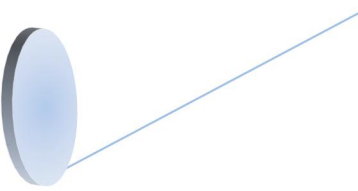
I work and live on my paw,

The ground is ravaged and predatory,

Like a scavenger I go,

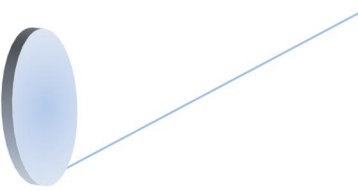
My dagger is my pillow,

My life is all willow,



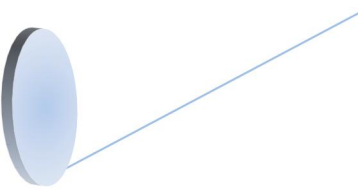
Like a fugitive I tarry,
The streets at night are starry,
Yet in vain I labour,
I always have a dream my love,
To perch home like a dove,
And make honey in my hive,
In celebration we jive.

Stark on a stave
That is an octave of desolation,
I am but a recluse,
Worrying while you are away.



THIS WORLD.

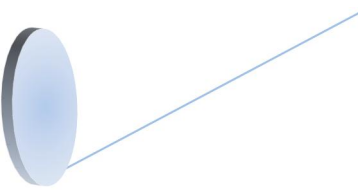
This world is but cruel,
Ruthless and unforgiving.
Let this song pilfer through,
The ears of those,
Who care to listen,
My heart is but heavy,
Is it an offence to be orphaned?
Is it willed?
Why has this world,
Paid a blind eye,
On the suffering of orphans?
If I were God,
I would have intervened,
My pain rips my heart,
At the agony of this world.



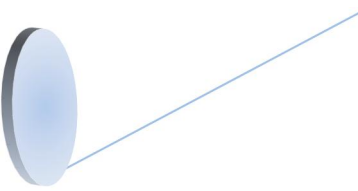
LETTER TO MY WIFE.

I am thither my love,
In the land of sojourn,
Where I am clad in borrowed robes,
And my glands are always with sobs,
Like licking door knobs.
When you see my silence,
It is not that you are forgotten,
But I am rummaging,
Through the industrial quire,
In search of a byre,
To set the foundations of our life.

Heed my call my love,
I am wary of your plight,
But keep my granary locked,
Its emptiness is but vitiated,
On my day of return,
The drums we shall burn.



The hose here is safe,
The lid rusty and intact,
The cockrels of time,
Could not consume mine,
Because it is a preserve for you,
The druggar'd we shall chew,
Upon the matrimonial mat,
Where hostility we abate.



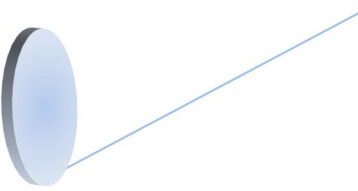
THE PROBLEM OF AFRICA

The problem of Africa,
Is of individuals obsessed with power,
When they get it,
They cling to it like an ancestral jacket.

The problem of Africa,
Is of players who do not,
Know when to leave the stage.
Most leave when they are dragged.

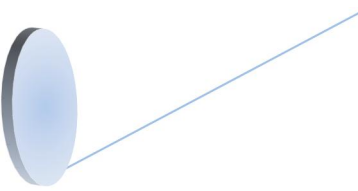
The problem of Africa,
Is an asphyxiated democratic space,
Uneven playing field and censorship.
Perceived but imaginary witchcraft,
Sanctions are but superstition.

The problem of Africa,
Is a deliberate creation,
Of sangfroid masses,
Who follow the butcher to the slaughter house.



The problem of Africa,
Is bragging about blinding education,
That shuts the mind,
The creation of intellectual monsters,
Ravaged by the vagaries,
Of high sounding diction,
Yet are slaves to the less educated.

The problem of Africa,
Is a shut brain and a loud mouth.
Producing masses of graduates,
Without a capacity to lead or create,
Only to queue for employment.
The problem of Africa is over dependency,
On doled out rations,
Cupping the hands in genuflective ambience,
A posture of gratitudes,
And expecting the next ration to come,
Yet the fields are weedised.

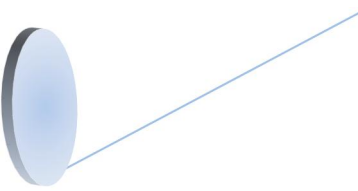


FANGS

Rising like broken turbines,
Turning on the grid,
Of existentialism,
Life is but just a whiff,
So tiny and irrelevant,
In the wake of dearth.

My baptism was a new beginning,
I was adopted into the new fold,
I was a new creation,
The fang was my turn around point

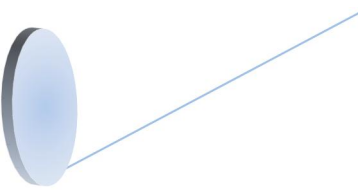
Until when the fang,
Gave me nothing but a pang,
As my heart,
Like a chiming bell rang.



PATHOS

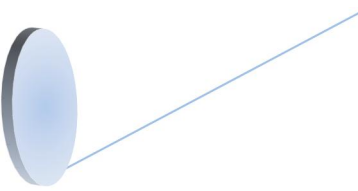
To the many saints,
Interred in the caverns of the earth,
The silent and vanquished,
Who bask in the notoriety,
Shades of oppression,
 To those in the shackles,
Of the penitentiary of the mind,
Who labour day and night,
To redefine the course of their lives,
Yet they are crushed,
Under the enormity of beguiling seasons,
Whose masters press them,
With unbearable yokes of servitude.

 To the many displaced families,
Whose only hope are powers above mankind,
A galaxy of widows,
Whose salty tears constantly water,



The furrows of their faces,
And a constellation of orphans,
Whose hope lies not in mankind,
But powers above humanity.

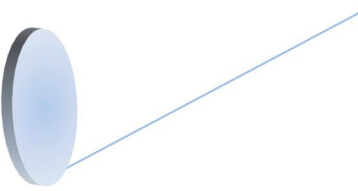
 To those who constantly battle,
The facade of those around them,
And most of all those bruised,
By the wiles of time,
This is my epistolary,
To you.



ABROGATED

Once upon a time,
Life was sanctified,
In hospitals the angels were ever busy,
Up and down they strolled,
The corridors of creation,
Clad in their garbs of peace, an emblem of hope.

A mericarp is born,
In an isolated ward,
The angels in white,
Like the Cherub,
Move up and down,
They bring in the life,
Of a recluse to be,
A loner in his right.
Frustrated angels sit,
Their tools down,
And life they abrogate.



QUICKSAND

Struck!

I am knee deep in the political quicksands of my nation,

Yawning are the gallows of the clawing,

Sanguine fellas,

Who bask in the glory of mass turmoil,

Whose bellies protrude,

As they feast in the pain of the sangfroid,

A flock of meek masses,

Driven to the slaughter house,

The gaunt clad in the sinews of penury,

The lean delicate like small intestines,

The bony like monumental artifacts,

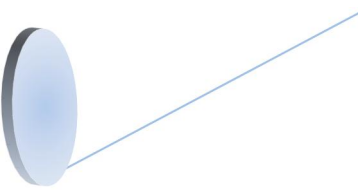
All swallowed by the quicksands of dearth.

The sledgehammer falls,

Falls like a downpour lashing at the naked mendicant,

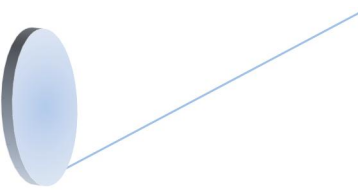
On the perceived voices of dissent.

Gagged is the watchdog,



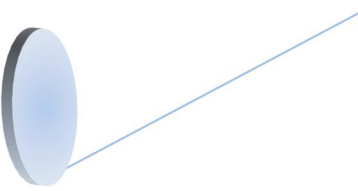
The hounds of lope-sided justice unchained,
From the barracks,
Unleashed on the masses,
Who peacefully demand the restoration of their dignity,
Neck deep in the asphyxiating quicksands.

What brews under the quicksand surface,
Is a recessive volcano,
Gathering its venom as pain transcends restraint,
Boom, from recessive to dominance,
The revolution raptures,
Under the quicksand the opulent drown,
Swallowed is the oligarchy and all it represents,
All institutions of perpetual draconism,
Are laid to rest,
As the phantom draws neigh.



THE WAIL

Gagged in the enclaves of the butcher,
Who sermonises democracy wielding a gun,
Buckled like sheep to the slaughter,
With a noose around my neck,
Just a cough of resilience,
they dub conspiracy,
and behind the high walls I find sanctuary.

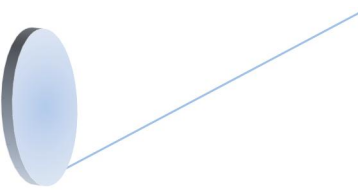


TELL ME NOT

I am tired,
Tired of this rhetoric.
I am out of gas,
I can't stand this fuss.
Tell me not that you are innocent,
A cleric that devours its own,
Dining with rabid wraiths,
Munching our fortunes,
Leaving us all in willow garb,
Basking under the shades of penury.

Tell me not,
That you are the lover, who raped my mother,
And claim a bastardised offspring,
As own progeny.

The day you supped with the goats,
Telling them fiery tales of bravery,
In sheep's denims you clad,



BLEEDING SANDS

Sniffing at the stew of our supple flesh,

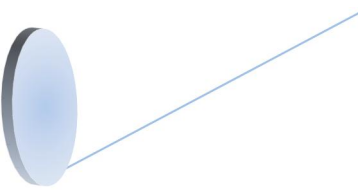
Yet you were a hyena in our midst.

Tell me not that you repented,

And turned away from the sanguine club,

That stick the laurels of a dying nation,

With staves our souls rave.



A DESPOT'S DECALOGUE

i

Thou shall not vote,
For any house other than mine.

ii

Thou shall not plough,
For I will be your benefector.

iii

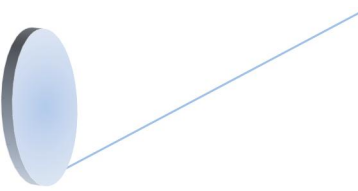
Thou shall not have any savings,
If thou goest against,
This precept, the weevils,
Shall devour your account

iv

Thou shall not sing praises,
To others except me,
For I am always Right.

v

Thou shall not own any property,



For heavy tax shall crash you.

vi

Thou shall not own a farm,

For all wealth is mine.

vii

Silver and gold is mine,

Thus says the lord

viii

Thou shall not pick a chunk,

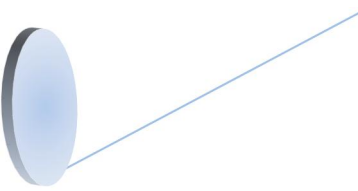
Before I have my turn.

ix

Thou shall call me sovereign.

x

Thou shall call me lord.

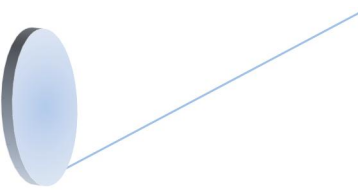


WHEN I GROW UP

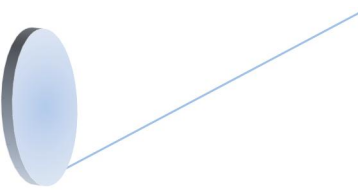
When I grow up,
Was the kindergarten song,
The anthem of childhood,
Clad in the garb of innocence,
Hoping the future will be,
As we dreamt it to be,
When I grow up.

A morphed dream,
That was a simple ghetto echo,
That reverberated,
On the thin walls of our existence,
The only curse, our dream,
So elusive in the enclaves,
Of rising capitalism,
Where every man is for himself,
And God for us all.

Where have those precepts,

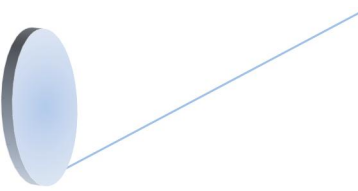


Of socialism gone,
That used to deck every song,
That we sang,
As we wad and surf,
The dusty streets of the ghetto.
 The prisons now an abode,
 Of the once decorated with virtue,
 Officers of the law
When I grow up,
I would rather be an atheist,
And do not call it nihilism,
For everything is a ticking spasm.



CHICKEN HUT

In that small hut,
A hub in the heart of town,
Where they are fed before slaughter,
The chicken hut,
That shuts the mind,
And open the thighs,
A rinder that pastes,
A catalogue of rinderpests.
When they eat the wings,
They eat the thighs,
Each munch they make,
Corresponds to the contractions of ardity,
As they are bed in absurdity.
Call me what you want,
A recalcitrant,
Or a recluse in love,
That poetise this vice.

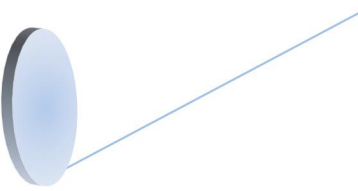


THE LITTLE DOT

As elusive as it could be,
Life is but a little grain,
It withers with intensity,
It crumbles at the turn of a turbine,
It dies an isolated and virtual death.

That elusive prospect,
A little dot ahead of me,
As I am capped,
With the cap of knowledge,
I trudge the width and breath,
As a carrier of a curse.

This opium I gulped,
Is a none event, at every turn,
There is a horde of the capped,
The cap itself a curse,
That little dot vanished,
Like an echo, it resounds afar-elusive.



LOVE MY FOOT!

Do not tell me,

That you love me,

At my graveside.

I do not need these praises when I expire,

There is no honour beyond the grave.

Bank these eulogies,

And poetise them.

Immortalise those fallacies,

And engrave them on soapstones of facade.

Let them be indelibly etched in the carvens,

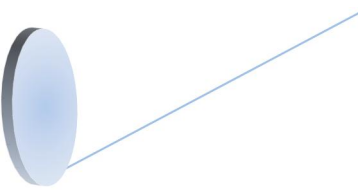
Of those hard rocks,

Be frugal in your praises,

For they are but mere vagaries,

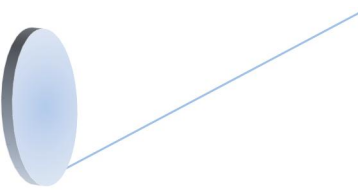
Of a worn out past.

Love my foot!

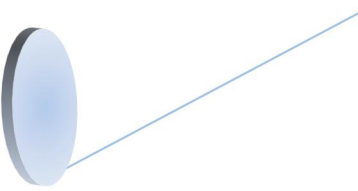


THE MYSTIC FLAG

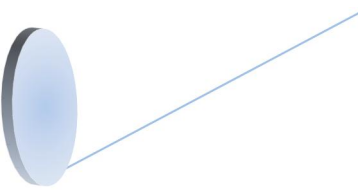
Prided in the integrity,
Of its rainbow colours,
That fly high in the caressing winds,
With red for dissident saints,
Who clutch at the club,
To water the seeds of tyranny,
That germinated in the bush,
Through a chronic struggle to enslave fellow men and women
of like melanin.
Disaffected by racial disparities,
Salivated at colonial grandeur
Waged a war to selfish ends,
With the colour black,
A symbol of mass suffering and raped aspirations,
A dark cloud of wailing to come,
Under dark oppressive regimes.
Yellow nugget that flies high,
A flaunt of opulence,



Representing an oligarchy of few elistic looters,
Whose fortunes are watered from the sweat of the masses,
Whose strength and labour is the rung to their pleasure.
The nation that has shunned beef and eat no flesh,
Turned vegetarian not by choice,
The green colour screams up there,
Of a herbage nation,
That has shut its hospital doors,
And the masses turn to herbs.
The white colour screams hard,
Of the exposure to all vagaries of want,
A nation with nothing,
No peace, no currency all is white,
Plain for all to see,
Except wild all white parties,
The mystic flag flies in agony.
The sad bird lost flight,
And lumbers no more,

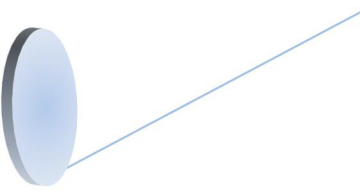


Like the defunct national airways,
It sits silently in a three sided white cage,
While shielding the red star of those with blood in their hands,
A civil servant in uniform,
Protecting an egoistic master,
Like a beast that carries a tick,
That sticks its pincers in her buttock.

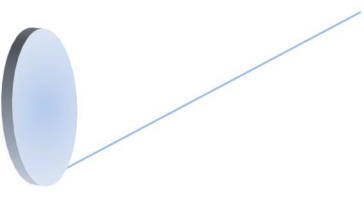


THE FLAG POLE

Upon this mast,
The cloth of conquest was raised,
It flew in the bleeding winds,
Amid torrents of tears.
Short sleeved our progeny was,
Deemed black legs,
They were drawn to the abattoir,
Their heads on the block they chopped.
This flag pole,
Remains a colonial relic,
Upon which the cloth of our freedom is hoisted,
Nothing has changed but only the cloth hoisted thereon,
It flies in the bleeding winds,
It's rusty foot watered by the tears of its progeny.



BLEEDING SANDS



BLEEDING SANDS