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MISTS OF SENSE  
*Require Fierce Poesy*

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*Require Fierce Poesy*

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# PREFACE



Being grateful to poetry, a creativity art that brings alive our lived experiences through language, this anthology brings different encounters when I was silently tinkering with life moments. At times, what I heard sounded absolutely piffle. At other times, it was deeply burdening. The only way I could remain sane was to write poems. The challenge of portraying those tête-à-têtes into poetry was gratifying.

On reading these poeticised conversations, you will encounter miracles of embracing oneself as divine being; adulthood and its dilemmas, troubles and heartaches; and national identity, broken homelands with violence and destruction of land and human spirit. However, as the human spirit is resilient, I hope at the end you will celebrate with me the “winning” attitudes with triumphs over trials.

Mists of Sense require fierce poesy. Eventually, I pray that you emerge with a kind heart: because everything about you is perfect.



# WHO AM I?



Try to ask me who I am  
and you will be surprised.

Long ago, not centuries,  
a man left India for good.

Finally he settled in Tanzania;  
married a local woman.

That grandfather I never met,  
or I did but memory fails me.

His son grew to marry  
a local woman like his father.

They loved, and then came children;  
one of them is me.

In India they would say  
I am African.

Back home they struggle  
to see me African.

My Portuguese surname, misspelled,  
became Spanish like.

It was easier to call me shombe,  
chotara or hafucasti.

My mother's clan, from Chagga tribe,  
shouted, "latee mona wa msungu".

When I sat down to eat mtori  
they stared with disbelief.

As an adult, some still are shocked  
that I prefer ugali to chapati.

In later years, when abroad,  
I visited Portugal.

I was a stranger, not at home,  
only learning the error in my surname.

I have not yet travelled to India  
to a place called Goa.

Maybe I need not  
as my honeymoon was in Tuscany.

In Germany, where I live now,  
they call me African.

The official papers matter not to them  
of what I have become.

On broke days I relished canned sardines,  
unlike a Portuguese.

Now I cook ugali, or green bananas,  
and serve it with Bratwurst.

Someday I will mother a child  
and I will say it's sweet as chocolate.

When I die I will be smiling,  
while you still try to figure who I am.

*\*Translation: Shombe (Swahili word for mixed breed), chotara (Swahili word for half-breed), hafucasti (Swahili word for half-caste), latee mona wa msungu (Narumu Chagga dialect for see a white child), mtori (a dish of green banana puree; a staple of the Chagga tribe), ugali (a dish of maize flour; a staple food for eastern and southern African regions), chapati (a flat bread dish originated from India and made slightly different in Tanzania), Bratwurst (a type of German sausage that is usually grilled or pan-fried).*

# WHAT'S IN MY NAME?



This foreign name  
of goddess quality  
will not tell you all  
about who I am.

This multi-background soul  
harbours many untold stories  
and celebrates telling those it dares.

Dare not judge  
who I am and my background  
until you too can  
bare naked your untold stories.

# A HAUGHTY WOMAN



My wide hips dance  
to melodious tones  
of my tight thighs.  
I am a soprano  
of unique creation.

My lips sing  
a song of praise  
about a mouth  
whose thick flesh  
I naturally possess.

My chest comforts  
young and old  
as they weep hard  
on the soft wellness  
of my big twos.

I possess not  
the imposed numbers,  
86-61-86,  
but look a lot sexier  
in my natural curves.

Oh!  
Look at you  
feeling all upset  
about my pride.  
Try to be yourself.

*\*First published by When Women Waken*

# I AM NOT YOU



I may not have  
hips like yours,  
but I can sway  
as if I were boneless.

I may have  
a chest that's too big,  
but that's where  
my proud heart lies.

I may not be  
tall by your standards,  
but I am a model  
for dwarfed hopes.

I may not own  
a wealthy status like yours,  
but my home is rich  
in love and laughter.

I may have  
an unpolished accent,  
but when I speak  
you will be marked forever.

I may appear  
physically foreign to you,  
but I am more original  
in my ways than yours.

# UNDENIABLY UNIQUE



Sometimes I feel so ugly.  
Hesitantly I crawl the world,  
my being smaller than an ant.  
I think silently  
there is no stopping me  
from being stepped on.

Sometimes I feel so beautiful.  
I catwalk on Earth,  
my soul taller than a giraffe.  
I think aloud  
there is no stopping me  
from batting my eyelids.

Sometimes I feel loved.  
Confidently I give back,  
my spirit richer than gems.  
I breathe out  
air of precious life  
from my tickled cores.

Sometimes I feel hated.  
Shying away from people  
my vulnerable blood  
pumps harder than usual,  
fighting the fatness  
from my drying tears.

Whatever I feel,  
I am undeniably unique.

# I GOT NOTHING BUT NOVELTY



I got no money, none of it,  
to take you to fancy restaurants,  
but I got time, plenty of it,  
to make you a hearty meal.

I got no class, none of it,  
to impress the finest connoisseurs,  
but I got originality, so much of it,  
to host your true self.

I got no influence, none of it,  
to make crowds stand still,  
but I got royalty, a lot of it,  
to bring out the king in you.

I got no desire, none of it,  
to please your snobbishness,  
but I got confidence, a lot of it,  
to make you respect the real me.

I got nothing, none of that,  
to make you notice me,  
but I got modesty, ample of it,  
to see your false facade.

*\* If only I mastered my mother's humbleness.*

# I AM GETTING THERE



To a journey  
I embarked upon  
that day of the year  
when I was conceived.

As a young child  
I cried and laughed.  
I belched and pooped.  
I crawled and walked.  
I screamed and cared less.  
I demanded love.  
These were my rights  
and I did not care  
how I was perceived.

As a young woman  
I cried, reservedly.  
I laughed, carefully.  
I walked, unsurely.  
I cared, mindlessly.  
I loved, stupidly.  
These were my beliefs,  
and I cared  
how I was perceived.

As I am  
I cry with laughter.  
I laugh with tears.  
I think with my heart.  
I love with my brains.  
I walk with my soul.  
I follow the path  
I was meant to travel.  
There are no principles,  
only lows and highs,  
to get me there.

*\* Affirm with yourself every day that you are on the right path towards growth of the divine you.*

# I AM A CHILD OF TANZANIA



Blood of my ancestors speak,  
that I am wisdom within.

History from Olduvai Gorge,  
that I am knowledge of evolution.

Unbroken caldera Ngorongoro,  
that I am the wonder within.

Our elephant, largest on land,  
that I have power to leap forward.

Great lakes of East Africa,  
that I am source of greatness.

Mighty height of Kilimanjaro,  
that I am tall as I want to be.

Cave paintings of Kondoa Irangi,  
that I am a timeless artist.

Maasai, Makonde or Ndengereko,  
that I am a vision of unique beauty.

Crowned with mixed tribal wealth,  
that I am rich in diverse culture.

The spicy fragrances from Zanzibar,  
that I am an essence for tolerance.

The Hehe and Ngoni warriors,  
that I am a brave and strong soul.

Ghosts of long-gone slavery,  
that I am free of imposed limitations.

Tales depicted in Swahili fables,  
that I am a lexicon of many lessons.

Like Jumbe, Karume or Nyerere,  
that I am spirit of sacred change.

Born and raised in the homeland,  
that I am a child of Tanzania.

*\*First published by When Women Waken*

# PENDANENI (LOVE EACH OTHER)



Daddy's sweet binti  
wants to find out  
what's holding the stars together  
and the moon from dropping.

Chasing heavenly gleams  
up the skies and beyond  
without her captain baba,  
but looking for what?

Up there she would see  
who stole the magic away  
from his once kind heart  
that loved Mama dearly.

She seeks upendo  
through his fatherly figure,  
the only mentor she has had  
from childhood to womanhood.

Please Baba,  
don't treat Mama like that.  
Mpende na umuenzi  
is all my eyes beg to see.

The universe conspired  
and gave back the magic  
that veiled their little kibanda  
as a loving home.

Baba na mama pendaneni.

\* *Swahili word translations: binti (daughter), baba (father), mama (mother), upendo (love), mpende na umuenzi (love and cherish her/him), kibanda (little hut), pendaneni (love each other).*

# MEET MY HEART



This is my heart,  
made of four chambers;  
walled with sweetness,  
purity and innocence.

Welcome.

The door rattles  
to known and strangers  
opening carefully  
before free passage.

Do enter.

As time goes by  
my sofas become old,  
softened with kindness,  
age and experience.

Please sit down.

When you leave  
you will be remembered  
for good or bad,  
until it beats no more.

# PEEK-A-BOO WITH MY HEART



Peek-a-boo! I agreed  
to a game my mind favoured.  
Burying desires, my heart purred  
happily, making them blurred.

The wishes buried in me  
would make him flee,  
if I allowed emotional spree,  
or else stay hidden in decree,  
dwelling on possible jubilees.

If I dare peek for my boo,  
my heart will befall remorseful goo,  
and while too late to renew,  
I will be in dismay hue,  
as together we cannot be.

As my heart's desires stay veiled,  
words from my mind wailed,  
"I do not love thee!"

# WILDEST & PLUCKED ONE



Whispers from experienced aunts  
and scolding by aging grannies  
taught me how to love you.

How could I be modest  
with the tempting heat ball  
building inside my wells?

My eyes yearned  
for unknown fantasies.  
My chest heaved  
fires of wants.  
My core sizzled  
with carnal desires.

I became a woman.  
Nobody understood  
as I hungered for you  
to conquer my insides  
roughly and precisely.

Lost in your skilled self  
whispers became kisses,  
scolding became moans  
and lessons my climax.

With due respect aunts and grannies,  
today I had to be  
the wildest and plucked one.

# HIGGLEDY-PIGGLEDY



My emotions run  
in utter disorder,  
for what you say  
is not what you do.

My life right now  
is topsy-turvy,  
for my heart  
ticks your way,  
yet my scared feet  
tap away from you.

My joy is here,  
but my world fails  
to glitter with merriness,  
as you took the magic,  
away from me.

# THE GHOST OF MY EX-LOVE



There is a ghost in my humble abode.  
Everywhere I go  
he trails behind me.  
As I raise my feet  
his steps echo before mine.  
I hear hearts beating,  
one here and another there.  
As I run away  
his shadow follows me.  
I see it right there on the wall.

My other half left me  
after I was stripped bare of emotions  
and my deep thoughts about him.  
He now knows of my inner secrets,  
and has returned to haunt me.  
The ghost of my ex-love  
is busy mystifying my house  
and baffling my mind.

## ROBBING SPIDER



A spider visited my house.  
Joyfully I welcomed this stranger  
to the cosiness of my abode.

As days went by  
ingenuity blinded my sight.  
Trapped in his cobwebs  
were parts of my true self.

One day a withered stranger  
saw through me in a mirror  
and asked, "Who are you?"  
I turned to ask my spider guest.

He was gone,  
and so were my virtues.

# SILENCE



A knot rippled inside a  
woman's womb with waves of  
nausea and other panic attacks.

*We stand for doubt,  
declared the devils.*

In the silence is a  
holy conversation between  
angels and devils.

*We stand for trust,  
affirmed the angels.*

Nothing else matters  
until she finds her  
sacred path again.

*I stand to decide,  
prayed her spirit.*

# MY LITTLE ONE



Elated I was  
of your existence inside me.  
You were our love gift,  
as on Valentine's Day  
we saw you for the first time.

You blessed me.  
Eight weeks of motherhood.  
I wrote about you.  
I was proud of you.  
I spoke to you.

I don't know when  
you gave up this life  
and ceased to exist,  
but it was today,  
in the ninth week,  
I was told of your still life.

I am trying hard  
to replace my tears  
with the joyous moments we had,  
but the stream of pain  
is flowing around me.

Someday  
I will be able to hold you  
in a replica of another blessing,  
and I will smile again.  
But, for now  
I'll let the tears flow.

Good bye my little one.  
Thank you  
for the gift of motherhood.

# THE FOURTEENTH



It was a winter's day;  
the fourteenth  
of the second month.  
A day for lovers.  
They call it Valentine's day.

A visit to the doctor  
changed our normality.  
We celebrated  
the gift of a little life  
growing into ours.

It was a winter's day;  
the fourteenth  
of the third month.  
A day of sorrow.  
We had no name for it.

A visit to the doctor  
changed our normality.  
We grieved  
the gift of a little life  
taken from ours.

We still have – the fourteenth.

## BY THE PHONE I SAT DOWN AND CRIED



By the phone I sat down and cried  
as my heart ached for strength to  
forgive you and me. I adored you  
honestly when you didn't love yourself  
confidently. Your ego grew as I fed it with  
publicity of my love. Kindness gave you  
power of rudeness. Today you say I lack  
confidence. Who is to blame for your  
unkind words? Has my loyalty become  
unforgiving cellulites? No! It is you who  
has a stretched esteem beyond any  
peeling scrub. Yes, it is me who forgot to  
love myself to orange peel recklessness.  
One day our kiss will return the love we  
had for each other. Then, by the phone I  
will sit down and smile as my heart yearns  
for strength to resist you and me.

## THE ARCHETYPE OF HOW TO BE



There is a man I yearn for,  
a chauvinist and a gentleman  
from times antiquated,  
chiselled with noble manners.  
Rough yet gentle,  
commanding yet a listener,  
wealthy yet a giver,  
barbaric yet a believer,  
a ruler yet a hard worker,  
a soldier and a conqueror.

There is a woman I long for,  
a seductress and a lady  
from times outdated,  
chiselled with heroic manners.  
Docile yet prudent,  
a follower yet unrestrained,  
submissive yet resistant,  
a labourer yet irresistible,  
a victim and a heroine.

## MHINDI KOKO (STRAY INDIAN)



They restrained me  
like an unwanted foreigner.

*Mhindi koko.*

They gossiped about me  
in my mother tongue.

*Mhindi koko.*

I was an outcaste  
for reasons I understood not.

*Mhindi koko.*

Is it my fault  
my forefathers chose Africa?

*Mhindi koko.*

Is it not your pride  
that our country embraces everyone?

*Mhindi koko.*

Is it a sin  
my blood being a cocktail of love?

*Mhindi koko.*

I breathe the air, like you.  
*Mhindi koko.*  
I speak Swahili, like you.  
*Mhindi koko.*  
I was made strong with ugali, like you.  
*Mhindi koko.*  
I celebrate with pilau, like you.  
*Mhindi koko.*  
I adorn myself with khangas, like you.  
*Mhindi koko.*  
I plait my hair kumi kichwa, like you.  
*Mhindi koko.*  
I still hear them.  
*Mhindi koko huyoo.*  
*Mhindi koko huyoo.*

I walk tall with pride  
and claim my place.  
I am *mzalendo*.  
Stop segregating me!

*\*Swahili word translations: mhindi koko (stray Indian), Mhindi koko huyoo (there goes the stray Indian), mzalendo (patriot), pilau (spiced rice dish), kumi kichwa (cornrows)*

*\*\* When I was a child I was sometimes called “Mhindi Koko”, Swahili for stray Indian. I felt like an outcast, but for reasons that I did not understand. Today I am a proud Tanzanian woman regardless of others’ perceptions.*

# BEING YOURSELF IS NOT BLACK



Why being black is important,  
demeaning yourself so low,  
to a soul swallowed by eerie shadows,  
starved of intelligence lights,  
that it can never be, but could be?

Why do you talk dumbly,  
muting yourself to stupidity,  
to an endless talking nonsense bird  
chirping useless hood sounds  
that lack power to inspire, but could be?

Is it so important to be ignorant  
of everything that you acquired,  
for the sake of being accepted black,  
denying yourself the charisma  
that some people wish to have?

Do you feel fine to be black,  
sickening yourself to short standards,  
of pleasing others to your ridicule,  
downgrading your greatness,  
to be not yourself?

# IDIOCY



Oh, how I pity  
your ebony skin,  
damned ashen like a sickness.  
Your eyes speak that to me,  
yet your heart denies  
its craving desires  
of my full lips  
and ample bosom.

Oh, how I despise  
your pale skin,  
damned washy like a weakling.  
Your eyes speak that to me,  
yet your heart denies  
its craving desires  
of my colourful eyes  
and silky hair.

The hair weighted with oddness.  
The eyes blinded with colourful lenses.  
The skin tainted with corroding bleaches.  
The bosom ruptured by dreadful incisions.  
The lips sored with abnormality.

You pity yet cherish me.  
You despise yet prefer me.  
You ridicule yet become me.  
You want me, and I you.

The damned idiocy continues to be...

# HOW CAN YOU FORGET?



How can you forget  
your mama's morals  
that taught you how to acquire  
the virtues of a proper woman?

How can you forget  
your father's acts  
that taught you how to see  
the values of a good man?

How can you forget  
your brother's words  
that brought you home  
intact like a lady?

How can you forget  
your sister's presence  
that taught you how to be  
through thick and thin?

How can you forget  
your grandmother's voice  
that taught you how to sit,  
legs together like a lady?

How can you forget  
your grandfather's manners  
that taught you how to rise  
from the doom of failure?

How can you forget  
your spirit's boldness  
that taught you how to defeat  
weakness and lowness?

# A SEATING OF VIRTUOUS THOUGHTS



Our lost son,  
let me remind you,  
you were born good.

*Reconnect with purity.*

Our lost brother,  
like every child,  
you desire love.

*Reconnect with integrity.*

Our lost nephew,  
like every human,  
you desire peace.

*Reconnect with righteousness.*

Our lost uncle,  
like every neighbour,  
you desire safety.

*Reconnect with chastity.*

Our lost father,  
like every home,  
you desire happiness.

*Reconnect with empathy.*

Our lost son,  
forgive us and yourself,  
for the mistakes.

*Reconnect with greatness.*

*\* Amidst the disappointed emotions on the issue of stolen schoolgirls, I know that when someone does something harmful they need to be reminded that they are good. This poem is a plea to the captors of those schoolgirls to reconnect with us through a seating of virtuous thoughts.*

# YES AFANDE



Attention company;  
assemble yourselves;  
platoon favourite go to eat;  
the rest as you are.

Square your shoulders;  
arms down and straight;  
face up, look ahead;  
right leg out and at ease.

Flatten your back.  
You there, cheupe,  
on your feet;  
give me quick fives.

Body up, body down;  
wished for no boobies  
weighing this heavy;  
pushup would be faster.

The fed lot return;  
hungry ones still drilling;  
all recruits confused  
in the sense of it all.

Fearful of aftermath;  
bodies react obsessively  
with zombie-like chorus.  
Yes afandee!

*\*Swahili word translations: afande (effendi, name given to learned army officials), cheupe (something of white colour; also used as a metaphor for someone with light complexion).*

*\*\*Poem inspired by memories from the days I spent in the compulsory military service in Tanzania.*

# COME RAIN OR NOT



They complained  
of the showering droplets  
that drenched their strolling,  
that flourished their pools,  
that polished their cars,  
that flushed their waste,  
that composed their meals,  
that greened their farms,  
that flooded the applauds,  
that famed the affluent.

It had rained that day.

They would die  
for the pouring droplets  
that healed their barren land,  
that rekindled the malnourished,  
that lessened their fetching,  
that sanitised their dwellings,  
that nurtured their sharing,  
that inundated their choices,  
that dignified their humanity.

It hadn't rained that day.

*\*Contributed to the project Song of Sahel anthology, a call for showing solidarity to children and mothers facing harsh life in the region of Sahel.*

# HAVES & HAVE-NOTS



It was a lovely day.  
I cooked for them  
plenty of palatable.  
Outside the window  
our bin swelled up  
with yesterday's plentiful.

She told her story,  
in a snobbish manner,  
of those who have.

It was a lovely day.  
I cooked for them  
scarce of palatable.  
By the window  
my tears welled up  
from today's littleness.

She told her story,  
in a modest manner,  
of those who have not.

*\*Contributed to the project Song of Sahel Anthology, a call to show solidarity for children and mothers facing harsh life in the region of Sahel.*

# SHE KNOWS WHAT HUNGER IS



A child at primary school,  
it churned her stomach  
with wrong doing curds  
of stealing maandazi  
from a teacher's basket.

A teenage at secondary school,  
it cemented her taste buds  
to withstand raw hulled corn  
savoured in secrecy  
from a fleshy matron.

A girl serving her country's army,  
it taught her strength  
to endure growls of emptiness  
until orders were given  
from a sated officer.

A student at foreign university,  
it nourished her perseverance  
to continue learning  
until her brain was educated  
from a belching teacher.

A woman successfully employed,  
it gifted her gracefulness  
to listen to stories  
about food waste  
from her bloated colleagues.

*\*Maandazi or Tanzanian doughnuts is a fried bread dish particularly loved for breakfast.*

# DIVERGENT WALLS



A wall of freedom  
stands proudly tall  
with artful patterns  
of liberated choices.

But, you will complain  
of not enough time  
to buy latest fashion  
and food that you will waste  
and drinks that you will splash.

The artful wall  
passively stands  
as a witness of  
glutted moments.

A wall of imprisonment  
stands weakly dwarfed  
with fearful patterns  
of restrained choices.

But, you will find  
enough time to  
be kind to others  
and give what you have  
and not tell of your troubles.

The fearful wall  
actively stands  
as a witness of  
amplified battles.

*\*Inspired by an article about Syria and a photo of a bullet dented wall.*

# THE DREAM SKYLINE



Beyond the skies  
is a place where  
I can bask in the sun.  
In rays of education  
I can touch the stars  
in honourable rights.  
I can touch the moon  
in glows of hope.  
I can dream  
in the doors of heaven.

Below the skies  
is a place where  
I see no sun.  
In rays of wisdom  
I see no stars  
in violation of rights.  
I see no moon  
in the endless despair.  
I have no dreams  
in the doors of calamities.

*\*Contributed to the project Song of Sahel anthology, a call to show solidarity for children and mothers facing harsh life in the region of Sahel.*

# DINNER REVELATIONS



Mama had said “eat for two”.  
Obediently I ordered pilau.  
One, two, three spoonfuls,  
my eyes dwelled on TV news.

Her words spoken naturally,  
appetite replaced with agony.  
Her sorrows buried in words,  
hormones unleashed records.

Her scars told of passive  
emotions held captive.  
Her kindness persevered.  
Her heart refused to be scarred.

Her home became an orphanage;  
love turned it to a hermitage.  
Her body a prison of rapes;  
a story told with no shakes.

Her courage a trophy;  
no gold worth her biography.  
Her strength galactic;  
a lesson morally didactic.

Mama never said “don’t eat  
when you see news of rape”.  
One, two, three sobs;  
my heart wailed over TV news.

*\* This poem was inspired by a Congolese woman I saw on TV news. Although a victim of numerous accounts of rape, she converted her home to an orphanage. Fellow raped women now turn to her for solace. She also takes in unwanted children. These children are abhorred by their mothers because they remind their mothers of the rapes. Today I rejoice over her courageous strength and weep for her burdening experiences.*

# CHRISTMAS WISHES



A merry Christmas to you  
fellow humiliated woman of Congo  
and your dear child  
who witnessed shameful deeds  
be done to you.

Christmas wishes to you  
fellow albino human of Tanzania  
and your generous hosts  
who witnessed horrendous acts  
be done to you.

Seasonal thoughts to you  
fellow disabled girl of Pakistan  
and your dear family  
who witnessed false accusations  
be done to you.

Happy holidays to you  
fellow humble woman of Afghanistan  
and your protectors  
who witnessed the acid scarring  
be done to you.

Best wishes to you  
our child of Palestine  
and your Israeli neighbours  
who wish holding hands  
be done to you.

Heartfelt greetings to you  
fellow modest woman of India  
and your relatives  
who fear the locking of your privacy  
be done to you.

Seasonal love to you  
our child from Bangladesh  
and your dear family  
who dread more horrors  
be done to you.

Cosy wishes to you  
fellow LGBT citizens of the world  
and your loved ones  
who observe segregation  
be done to you.

My warm regards to you  
and all others unnamed  
who made headlines for weeks,  
but forgotten on this day  
as we celebrate Christmas.

*\*A poem to everyone who made TV news for weeks, but possibly forgotten on Christmas day.*

# TIMES LONG GONE



Once upon a time  
I knew not of hosts  
who were inhospitable  
to unexpected strangers.

Heaven, hear me wishing.

One day, one time,  
I knew not of people  
who selfishly  
denied food to guests.

Angels, hear me breaking.

A long time ago  
I knew not of friends  
who rejoiced  
over one's misfortune.

Holy, hear me calling.

In times long gone  
I knew not of neighbours  
who refused  
to extend a helping hand.

Creator, hear me grieving.

There was a time  
I knew not of humans  
who did nothing  
over death of humanity.

Lord, hear me praying.

# LONGING FOR THE DAY



I am longing for the day  
when prejudiced minds will no longer be  
the reason for humanity's division.

I am longing for the day  
when our dark child will no longer be  
a portrayal of poverty and ignorance.

I am longing for the day  
when my continent will no longer be  
the source of charity calls.

I am longing for the day  
when religion will no longer be  
the source of endless hatred.

I am longing for the day  
when ethnicity will no longer be  
the root of complexities.

I am longing for the day  
when empathy and kindness will be  
the foundation of humankind behaviour.

*\*Inspired by a call made by Plum Tree Books Blog to write about longing.*

# WASIA WA AMANI



Moyo wangu wahuzunika,  
na kutamani amani,  
kama kifungua kinywa.

Binadamu tuna ufedhuli,  
leo hii twachukiana,  
ati kisa dini zetu.

Wahenga na werevu,  
wametuachia mafundisho,  
bila haya tumesahau.

Mfano wa Shaaban,  
mwana wa bin Robert,  
mzaliwa wa kule Tanga.

Jina lake la heshima,  
huunganisha imani zote,  
wakristu na waislam.

Twakufukuru waliopita,  
kusahau wasia wao,  
kama nazi koroma.

Moyo wangu tulia,  
tuombe amani ibubujike,  
kama kasi ya kipupwe.

***Translation:***

My heart is saddened  
and desires peace  
as the morning meal.

We become imprudent  
by hating each other  
for religious reasons.

Our wise ancestors  
left us lessons  
that are forgotten with no shame.

An example is Shaaban,  
son of Robert,  
the native of Tanga.

His respectful name  
unites the two faiths  
of Christianity and Islam.

We offend passed spirits  
by forgetting their moral lessons  
as unripe coconut.

Be calm my heart.  
Pray for peace to drizzle  
like strong winter rain.

*\* Tanzania, my home, you are a peaceful union of mainland Tanganyika and the island of Zanzibar. For years you have been peaceful by uniting Muslims, Christians and other faiths to celebrate their beliefs with no limitations. May this poem humbly remind us all of Tanzania's greatest son, Shaaban bin Robert (R.I.P), who taught us to pay equal respect to both Muslims and Christians.*

# MHESHIMIWA'S INTERROGATION



Enlighten me mheshimiwa:  
How does your mouth feel  
when those campaigning you  
are invaded with hunger,  
their esteem so weak,  
emitting smelly spites  
nobody wants to smell?

Tell me mheshimiwa:  
How does your skin feel  
when those rejoicing you  
are exposed to nakedness,  
their dry behinds visible,  
ample of two cheeks,  
with non-smiling mouth?

Inform me mheshimiwa:  
How do your eyes feel  
when those trusting you  
are doomed in darkness,  
their learning retarded  
with imposed illiteracy,  
for reasons you can fix?

Convince me mheshimiwa:  
How does your body feel  
when those serving you  
are branded poor,  
their life mocked  
publicly, like a plague  
nobody wants to contract?

Coax me mheshimiwa:  
How does your heart feel  
when those honouring you  
are raped of resources,  
left to bereave silently  
with hollow emptiness,  
like disgraceful offenders?

*\*Mheshimiwa is a Swahili word for your honour, title Excellency or honourable person.*

# DIALOGUE OF THE BLUES BROTHERS



Why do they call you that?  
What?  
Blue Diamond.  
I dunno, but I can be blue.  
But you are not diamond.  
Of course you idiot! I am simply water.  
Exactly my point you humble slug!  
Why a sudden interest in my name?  
Because I got a nick name too.  
Oh yeah? What is it?  
Blue Carbon.  
Oh dear! I fancy diamond to carbon.  
I fancy nothing, but mangrove.  
Being a diamond ain't bad.  
Yeah right! Coz you ain't the ugly carbon.  
Calm down.  
Easy for you to say sparkly dude.  
We can be brothers.  
How?  
Picture this, the Blues Brothers.  
Do we get cool glasses with that?  
Not until we save humans.  
From what?  
Their created mess of CO<sub>2</sub>.  
They need an understanding with Mother Nature.  
I hear you brother.

# CRY, O BELOVED MOTHER!



Cry, O beloved Mother!  
Please cry.

We have wronged you  
time and time again,  
yet you nurture us  
as innocent children.

We have deflowered  
your virgin reserves  
with our selfish motives  
and greedy acts.

We have raped you  
with the holes we dug  
for minerals, oil and  
other endless resources.

We have burnt you  
through forest fires  
when collecting wood and  
other precious products.

We have ripped you  
to undignified nakedness  
with our farming, building and  
other lasting structures.

We have poisoned you  
with waste and litter  
when burying them away  
from our sight and smell.

We continue to wrong you  
time and time again,  
yet you nurture us  
as innocent children.

Cry, O beloved Mother!  
Please cry  
until we hear you.

# FREEDOM REVERIE



Drowning, she wondered  
what had become of her land.  
The sun once yellow bright  
now doomed with red tears.

The hills laughed no more  
as streams feared to tickle the land.  
Mines once bearing treasures  
now pregnant with poisonous arms.

Fear overruled flirtatious freedom,  
valleys surrendered to barrenness.  
Hopeful airs of inspiring leaders  
now suffocated with corruptive belches.

Dreaming, she saw  
what had returned to her land.  
The sun once red with tears  
now bright with yellow smiles.

The hills awakened to laughter  
as streams dared to tickle the land.  
Mines once pregnant with poison  
now free to bear treasures of choice.

Freedom prevailed with bold woes.  
Her valley rediscovered fertility.  
Desperate airs of corrupted leaders  
now exhaled hope and inspiration.

*\*This poem was inspired by news about the war in Darfur.*

# RAGING PULSE



I saw you as my guest.  
I welcomed you.  
I gave you a home.  
I looked up to you.  
I saw the world in you.

Then, you did me wrong.

You humiliated me.  
You wiped my confidence.  
You replaced my traditions.  
You minuted my boundaries.  
You enslaved me.

Then, you left me.

I forgave you.  
I welcomed you again.  
I admired your skills.  
I let you own properties.  
I made you feel at home again.

Then, you betrayed me.

You broadcast me as poor.  
You labelled me uncivilised.  
You celebrated my failures.  
You were a source of them.  
You have guilt, but no conscience.

# HOW WOULD YOU FEEL



I bet you all would be raging mad.

How would you feel  
if your country was mistaken  
by being named a continent  
of where it existed?

How would you feel  
if your country was portrayed  
like a beggar  
due to selfish economic motives?

How would you feel  
if your country was pitied  
by luxurious celebrations  
for the hosts to gain social ranking?

How would you feel  
if your country was feared  
like a contractual disease  
due to biased media coverage?

How would you feel  
if your country was named  
with superlative forms  
of words such as poor and little?

Stop provoking the same in others.

# I'LL FORGIVE WHEN I AM DONE RANTING



When young and naïve  
you forbade us to speak it.  
Your school rules silenced  
our mother tongue.

Accusingly you hung ugly  
signs around our neck:  
“I am a Swahili speaker.”

Who gave you right to  
stop my mouth wetting with  
Swahili verses?

Would you care now if  
I did my rants in Swahili,  
forsaking your absurd rules?

*Kwa nini ulileta upofu  
kuchafua akili ya wazalendo  
na lugha yako gonga gonga?*

*Leo nitaongea Kiswahili  
mpaka ughaibuni waulizane  
lugha hii mwanana yatoka wapi.*

*Utake usitake shauri yako  
moyo wangu waburudika  
kwa lugha yetu ya Kiswahili.*

*Hata nyota zaniunga mkono  
na hoja meremeta  
tuizungumze lugha yetu maridhawa.*

But why?  
Why forbid our mother tongue?  
What fear did it bring you?

Whatever worms you nailed to  
our minds,  
the language survived.

I want to forgive you,  
but can't  
until I am done ranting.

# INDIGENOUS WISDOM



Are you still here,  
indigenous wisdom,  
residing among us,  
but fearful of promulgation?

Have we made you shy  
of your gentleness  
and trained skills  
and caused your hiding?

Have we exhausted  
your wisdom  
and moral leadership  
and caused you shame?

Your healing plants.  
Your skilled midwifery.  
Your noble etiquettes.  
Your wise chieftainship.

Are you in war zones?  
Are you in brutal hands?  
Are you in corrupted minds?  
Are you in autocratic regimes?  
Are you overly liberated?

How can we restore  
your native presence  
to be among us,  
never fearful of exposure?

# POETIC SERENDIPITY



I am going to let my writing shine  
and penetrate souls of deceased greatest.  
I shall let no morals or standards rule,  
only words will guide me to excellency.

No hand of editor or publisher  
shall tie mine to pitying silence.  
Careful guided characters and scenes  
will not receive care of my time.

Poetic serendipity it shall be,  
discipline outshined by letting go.  
I will write not what I know,  
but what words want me to know.

# SHE IS RISING AGAIN



Yes, I know  
someday we'll fly away.  
Yet, I sit here and  
shed tears for whom  
I've never met.

Your bravery taught me  
it's okay to embrace equality.  
Write without fear;  
bring it home  
with gentle words.

Your audacity guided me  
it's okay to fight injustice.  
Rebuke without lies;  
break it  
with eloquent words.

I dare write of  
raw feelings,  
condemned love,  
imperfect body and  
phenomenal spirits.

Maya, oh Maya!  
I see you rising  
free like no caged bird,  
swaying your grace  
with notable laughter.

Thank you  
for guiding me  
to love and laugh  
courageously.

*\*A tribute to Maya Angelou.*

# BODILY DEFIANCE



“You shall not hide me”,  
my body declared.

My layers are just fine;  
so are the tissues  
tinging you with perfect colour.  
You shall not ashen me  
with corroding chemicals.

My nakedness is holy;  
so are the limbs and organs  
pivoting me to confidence.  
You shall not obscure me  
with unfitting sexy wears.

My secretions are pure;  
so are my intimate juices,  
purifying you naturally.  
You shall not abuse me  
with ridiculous regimes.

My sex is sacred;  
so are my mounding lips  
swelling with pride.  
You shall not shame me  
with intruding objects.

Bleached skin is not prettiness, but lack of self-esteem.  
Relaxed hair is not sleek, but hazardous chemicals.  
Limbwata is not a fidelity formula, but a myth.  
Dry sex is not pleasure, but humiliating pain.  
Voodoo is not beauty charm, but foolishness.

“You shall not conceal me”,  
my body reaffirmed.

*\*Swahili word translation: limbwata (love potion).*

*\*\* This poem was inspired by my forthcoming birthday.*

# VICTORIOUS FAREWELL



Victoriously I am marked  
with deep incisions  
to fix your invasion  
of my womb's privacy.

For years you settled,  
unwantedly, in my temple,  
building glorious veins  
from my own blood.

You silently grew  
from stolen nourishes  
meant for another life  
that I so cherished.

Today I bid you farewell.  
Return shall you not.  
My womb is for a life  
that grows victoriously.

*\*Uterine fibroids is a huge health problem and common among women of African descent. This poem is dedicated to anyone who is suffering or recovering from fibroids.*

*\*\*First published by Poetry Foundation Ghana*

# I CLAIM YOU MINE



Heaving and panting,  
sounds of sorrow and pleasure.  
I still claim you mine.

You bedded my spirit  
to helplessness of a disabled.  
Positively, I still claim you mine.

You moaned my climaxes  
to states of heavenly ecstasy.  
Gratified, I still claim you mine.

You gushed out my dream  
to hold life as a mother.  
Courageously, I still claim you mine.

You test my appreciation of life  
by giving love and taking it.  
Boldly, I still claim you mine.

I laugh and weep  
with smiles and tears of my trials.  
Fervently, I still claim you mine.

*\* The body is a miraculous engine that we have been given to help us manifest our divine purpose in this world. When it fails us, as humans, we are tempted to disown it. Regardless of challenges it has imposed my spirit, today I claim it mine.*

# THESE FEET



These feet have been there.

When I danced  
they carried me as high  
as Maasai in a trance.

When I stumbled  
they lifted me up  
like a courageous warrior.

When I cried  
they tapped soothingly  
like a fearless Moran.

When I hesitated  
they walked me far  
like a surviving hunter.

When tired  
they nudged me on  
like a strong nomad.

When I thanked them  
they blushed,  
as vibrant “lukaria”.

These feet are still here.

*\*Swahili word translation: lukaria (red ochre used by the Maasai tribe to paint their faces).*

# IT'S NOT A SILENCE



It's not a silence, no.  
Happily, I converse with the invisible  
fallen ancestors, angels and even stars.  
They all guide me from madness.

It's God disguised in things and people.

Sadly, I can't stay here forever  
where it all makes perfect sense  
as I find my cherished worthiness.

It's a place others call it weird.

Reluctantly, I drape with a skin.  
Speaking in sirens I hardly recognise  
until I am drained of all sounds.

It's a world driven by loudness.

One day, a sister came along.  
Victoriously she claimed what I am  
as power to be treasured.

It's Ms. Cain revolutionising the quiet.

Happily, I step out of the skin  
and rejoice being alone again  
with my fleet of quiet friends.

It's not a silence, no - a strength.

*\*This poem was inspired by the book Quiet. Being an introverted person, it is a celebration to see a movement revolutionising the quiet. Happily, I feel weird no more for finding tranquillity in a place such as graveyard.*

## ON LIFE



Life sucks, life is hard,  
life this, life that.  
No! I won't succumb  
to that negative affirmation.

Life is there  
to be embraced fully  
with its ups and downs,  
for those seeking  
divine growth within.

Life won't be easy  
for one worshipping  
shortcuts and easiness,  
giving up and fear of it.

Life gifts wonders  
to those with a purpose  
of living it  
with a touch of plans,  
and at times without  
for adventurous chances.

Life is merrier  
if you change your outlook  
of how you see it;  
birds are singing;  
your heart is dancing;  
trees are swinging;  
your feet are jazzing,  
bees are humming;  
people are chorusing  
to the melodious music  
composed by life.

Life welcomes you  
in joining the band  
of musical happenings.  
Have your shoes ready  
for this one dance  
of your lifetime.

# LIVE AND REJOICE



Yesterday, a human of nothingness,  
caught between emotions  
of hopeless and tainted love,  
walking your life as a dream,  
belonging to a distant Satan,  
tangling self into a vicious web  
of selfishness and loneliness  
as hatred rapes your heart  
to a victim of nothingness.

Today, a human lives.

Tomorrow, a human of greatness,  
filling your hollowness  
with gratitude and love,  
walking to a life of your dreams,  
led by a guardian angel,  
projecting self into hopeful aura  
of confidence and pride  
as love seduces your heart  
to a soul of greatness.

Today, a human rejoices.

# I AM RISING UNTIL YOU LOVE ME



I am rising  
to the top of the heavens  
and the stars above,  
until I stand upright.

I am rising  
from the cowardness  
of the one I chose,  
but who silenced my freedom.

I am rising  
from the shadow  
of the one I married,  
but who shamed me publicly.

I am rising  
from the love  
of the one I sought,  
but who condemned me to genocide.

I am rising  
from the shielding  
of the one I ran to,  
but who exposed me to mutilation.

I am rising  
from the filthy hands  
of the one I trusted,  
but who raped me mercilessly.

I am rising  
to the height of greatness  
and pride in my being,  
until you love me.

***Swahili Version: Nitasimama Mpaka Unipende***

Nitasimama  
kima cha urefu wa mbingu  
na nyota zake hewani,  
mpaka nisimame wima.

Nitasimama,  
kutoka kwenye uoga  
wa niliyemchagua,  
akaninyamazisha uhuru wangu.

Nitasimama  
kutoka kivuli  
cha aliyenioa,  
akanitia aibu hadharani.

Nitasimama,  
kutoka kwenye mapenzi  
ya niliyempenda,  
akanilaani kwa mauaji ya halaiki.

Nitasimama,  
kutoka kwenye ngao  
za niliyemkimbilia,  
akanikabidhi ulemavu.

Nitasimama,  
kutoka mikono michafu  
ya yule niliyemuamini,  
akanibaka bila huruma.

Nitasimama,  
kima cha urefu wa utukufu  
na sifa ya utu wangu,  
mpaka unipende.

*\*This poem was inspired by One Billion Rising, a global campaign that calls for an end to violence against women and girls.*

# BE NOT THE ONE



Be not the one  
to make pompous speeches  
and convincing lies  
between snarled lips.

Be not the one  
to make high promises  
and honourable oaths  
between a set of lying teeth.

Be not the one  
to look in the eye  
and dare a clean statement  
between a foul mouth.

# BE IT ALL



Aspire for a mind  
useful and intelligent,  
as the *chungu* masterly cooks and cools.

Fight for a will  
strong and determined,  
as the *mwiko* stirs food to perfection.

Strive for a heart  
flexible and humble,  
as the *ungo* sifts the good and bad.

Pray for a beauty  
ethnic and elegant,  
as the *kikapu* sustains its originality.

Be *chungu* that nobody can break your capabilities.  
Be *mwiko* that nobody can misuse your strengths.  
Be *ungo* that nobody can trample your emotions.  
Be *kikapu* that nobody can steal your uniqueness.

Aspire, dear child.  
Fight, beloved one.  
Strive, fellow soul.  
Pray, blessed human.  
Be it all, precious us.

*\*Swahili word translations: chungu (clay cooking pot), mwiko (wooden ladle), ungo (winnowingsifting basket), kikapu (carrying basket).*

# HIS NAME IS SHUJAA



Descending from above  
is a son of the people,  
beckoning followers  
to his royal presence.

You see not his eyes,  
yet he commands respect.  
He sees not your eyes,  
yet you bow with respect.

Hail thee, son of courage.  
Hail thee, son of wisdom.  
Hail thee, son of the people.

I shall name him *Shujaa*.  
A hero of the seen and unseen.

*\*Shujaa is the Swahili word for a hero/warrior/courageous champion/brave person.*

# CONQUEROR OF MANY LANDS



I am no superhuman,  
just a conqueror  
defending his mighty tribe.

I am a tribal leader,  
determined to win  
for the pride of my people.

I shall die  
before alien hands  
take pride in killing me.

I am no myth  
or comical hero,  
but a warrior you will remember.

I am Chief Mkwawa,  
of the Hehe tribe,  
defeating you in Lugano.

*\* Chief Mkwawa, a Hehe tribal leader in Tanzania, is famously known as one who opposed the German colonisation.*

# ASTONISHING MARIA SALOME



Handsome men wonder about her fierceness.  
She is not pretty for a wedding day,  
but when she leads a battle  
they see an astonishing warrior.  
She says  
it's the ugly facade  
unleashing out,  
me.

It's me,  
Maria Salome.

I fight like a soldier.  
My skin glows like African sunset.  
You will want me for your wedding day.  
I am your African queen.

You will remember  
Maria Salome.

*\* The random song titles that inspired this poem are: Fight like a soldier – Yvonne Mwale (Zambia); Wedding Day – Brenda Fassie (South Africa); African Sunset – Miriam Makeba (South Africa); African Queen – 2face Idibia (Nigeria); Maria Salome – Saida Karoli (Tanzania).*

# KEEP YOUR GREATNESS



Our missing daughter,  
let me remind you,  
you are of greatness.

*Keep your goodness.*

Our missing sister,  
like every child,  
you have a dream.

*Keep your hope.*

Our missing niece,  
like every human,  
you have a chance.

*Keep your decency.*

Our missing aunt,  
like every neighbour,  
you have a future.

*Keep your courage.*

Our missing mother,  
like every home,  
you have a foundation.

*Keep your spirit.*

Our missing daughter,  
retain your dreams alive,  
for our sake.

*Keep your glory.*

*\*Inspired by the saddening story of the abducted schoolgirls in Nigeria.*

# WE WERE ONCE CHILDREN



I am a child  
who is proud  
of the heritage in my aura  
and the genes dancing within.

You call me black,  
as if you never sleep  
when darkness blankets your skies.

You call me white,  
as if you never wake  
when light brightens your windows.

You call me yellow,  
as if you never smile  
when the sun kisses your skin.

You call me a gay,  
as if you never touch yourself  
when nobody is looking.

You call me unholy,  
as if you descended  
when you were created.

You call me a barbarian,  
as if you were never a child  
when you were born.

Do I have to repeat myself?

I am a child  
who is proud  
of the heritage in my aura  
and the genes dancing within.

# IT'S TIME



A child was born.  
Elated we sang and danced.  
Carefully we fed and lulled,  
then, disciplined.

The child is grown.  
We've forgotten the baby.  
By character we judge,  
and with colour we decide.

We see wrongs  
as taught without questioning.  
We justify our beliefs  
and take law into our own hands.

We fear the grown child  
who might reveal  
the dark truth  
living in us all.

The hormones we carried,  
the jokes we made,  
the limits we imposed;  
they all did it.

Child, hear me!  
Black, yellow or white,  
straight, gay, lesbian or transgender,  
racist, tolerant or none.

Precious one,  
it's time you flew again.  
Spread your wings  
in a world of no colour and no gender.

*\*This poem was inspired by the murder of Ugandan gay rights activist Mr. David Kato (R.I.P.).*

# IT WILL GET BETTER



May the sea of your inner turmoil  
bear hopeful tides to carry you  
to moments of better change.

May the tears of your painful sadness  
be an ocean of endless opportunities  
that awaits you in the years to come.

May that rope tight in your hands  
squeeze not the precious life out of you,  
but swing you to places of anticipation.

May your hidden shameful self  
brave coming out relentlessly,  
defying reflections of false facade.

May the jeers and sneers of peers  
be the sounds of victorious jubilation,  
the moment you celebrate acceptance.

May the wrong expectations we have  
fly with winds of open-mindedness,  
to be kind and loving of our differences.

May the existing outdated values  
that limit us in loving you meaningfully  
be gone the day it gets better for you.

May you forgive me and others  
for not loving you sincerely enough,  
for courageously fighting for you to be.

*\* This poem is meant to encourage anyone who contemplates suicide for reasons of not being accepted as they are.*

# THIS REQUIRES POETICAL LAUGHING



Have you ever seen the Earth laughing,  
rumbling deep grunts of acceptance  
timeless throughout spring and summer?  
Emerson was indeed right.  
The Earth laughs in flowers.

No you haven't?  
You haven't seen Earth laughing?  
Because if you did,  
rejection wouldn't be your word.

The Earth needs diversity  
to keep its timeless smile.  
No matter who you are  
or whom you love.  
Allow Earth to smile through humanity.  
Let it burst to a laughter rich in  
cultures, beliefs and races.

Reach out.  
It's the shortest distance you'll ever know.  
Begin with a tickle, then a laugh.  
Infect us all with your acceptance.  
Make equality work.  
For you.  
For her.  
For him.  
For us.

Earth is better  
when we are all laughing.

*\*This poem was written to celebrate the International Day Against Homophobia & Transphobia (IDAHOT). There is a famous quote that says "The Earth laughs in flowers". I also believe earth equally laughs in colourful rainbow of races, cultures and beliefs. Through this poem, I appeal to everyone – let's allow Earth to smile through human diversity.*

# NOW I KNOW



It was during a walk  
on the last day of January 2014  
to sate my empty stomach.

You appeared.

Thirty years ago I met you.  
I understood little of kindness  
as I followed imposed beliefs.

You struggled.

Born as a man  
your body portrayed  
a woman in most senses.

You swallowed.

The berating words,  
the bullying acts,  
the degrading names.

I learned.

You're a disgrace to families.  
You're a sin to society.  
You're a human to be banned.

I am sorry.

For my ignorance,  
for my not questioning,  
for my fear to love you.

Today I know.

It was not your choice  
to be born as you are,  
a transgender.

I beg of others.

To accept you,  
to love you,  
to free you.

# MAY HEAVENS TOUCH YOU



Beloved one,  
whenever in darkness  
because of things you did  
or were done to you unfairly,  
there is a way.

Darkness  
has many aspects,  
but I pray you also see  
the mystery and magic  
awaiting your discovery.

The silence  
will probe you creatively  
with bold ideas.  
The clouds  
will offer you calmness  
to be peaceful.  
The stars  
will offer you fascination  
with endless stories.  
The moon  
will offer you light  
to travel afar.

May the moon,  
stars and clouds  
create a heaven  
for you to be  
next time you are  
in dark moments.

# NYOTA YA JAHA



Wanakusema na kukubeza  
kwa mafumbo ya kejeli  
na vicheko vya husuda.

Kumbuka, mtoto wa Mungu,  
asiyeweza kukuumba,  
hana uwezo wa kukudhalilisha.

Akuangaliae kwa ubaya,  
tumia macho yako kama kioo  
kubainisha kutu ya roho mbaya.

Mpende adui yako  
kwa akili na maarifa  
ya upendo mathubuti.

Pale itakaposhindikana  
kutoa upendo wa dhati,  
badili uweke heshima.

Imani ikuimarishe  
na kukuongoza penye mema  
uangaze kama nyota ya jaha.

## *Translation:*

They gossip and despise you  
with mocking riddles  
and hostile laughter.

Remember, child of God,  
who cannot create you  
is unable to humiliate you.

To the one with wicked eyes,  
use yours as a mirror  
to reveal the rust in their soul.

Love your enemy  
with intelligence and wisdom  
and with powerful love.

When all fails  
to give honest love,  
replace it with respect.

May faith strengthen  
and guide you to good places  
so you can shine as a dignified star.

# EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU



Everything about you is perfect.

Though it might take a lifetime  
to see God's perfection in you.

Look closely all around you;  
nothing is of minuscule size.

Your spirit has soared high  
after every fall you have had.

Your heart beats vigorously  
despite breaks you have had.

Our Creator was bold enough  
the moment you were made.

He knows what you are capable of,  
so why doubt yourself now?

At your disposal is a holy fleet of  
angels, saints and ascended masters.

You, my dear, are living proof  
of unexplained sacred divinity.

Stop worrying and analysing  
as if the next holy book is your quest.

You have been given this life.  
Be humble and accept it graciously.

Stop comparing yourself to others;  
their mission is far from yours.

Say thank you for everything;  
don't forget the smiling moon.

See how far you have reached.  
Believe and you shall be free.

You are a blessed human being  
disguised in imperfect blessings.

Go on and smile confidently again.  
Be divine as God believed you to be.

Coz' everything about you is perfect.



## ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Gloria D. Gonsalves is from Tanzania, has lived in Ireland and currently resides in Germany. She enjoys writing poetry and tales for both children and adults. Her literary works aim at supporting humanitarian related projects and creativity in others, especially children, by having them participate through drawings or stories. Gloria also writes photographic snippets for her non-boring nature blog titled “Petals in a Lawyer”.

More about the author visit her website at [www.auntieglo.com](http://www.auntieglo.com).



## BOOK SYNOPSIS



Mists of Sense may remain so, regardless of the highest intelligence that one possesses. You have a choice to either survive the madness or be misted over by grief and troubles. Whether it is personal or global humanitarian crises, you will have a share of yours to weep for.

Despite the thickness of the mist, the pride you will have displayed, the tears you will have shed, the rants you will have made, the fierce poems you will have written and winning attitudes you will have dared, may you emerge with a kind heart: because everything about you is perfect.

