

Lewis Wamwanda,
Poet and Writer

A piece of peace

So they are dying, outcasts
Skulls rotting under the scorching sun
Smiling mockingly at the rotting flesh
Flies dance to the feast of their blood
Red blood, thick fresh blood.

The machetes reflect the sun
Like a field of diamond and silver
Some trickling with blood
Others shining, color of silver
They die, not peacefully

A piece of peace
Not the whole peace
Not more than a piece
They deserved to live
And tale tales of the past

Anger has mystified their souls
Brainwashed their minds
Corrupted their hearts
And hands yearn for weapons
They hunger for flesh and blood

A piece of peace
Lost under the pieces of chaos
Violence a tune for the strong
Blood a music for the weak
And flies party, the sun scorches.

Absent sir, present

SILENCE!!!!

I mean, everyone should stay Silent
And at my command stand still

SILENCE!!!

Who's talking now?

No more words without action

Love?

Absent Sir

Trust?

Absent Sir

So who is present now?

Honesty

Absent sir

SILENCE!

Where are these people, where are they?

Hatred?

Present sir! I came earlier today

Shut up! Doubt?

Present sir

Lies?

Present sir, I am always punctual

SILENCE!

Stand up at my command

When will Love ever be present?

The day I, hatred, will be Absent sir

Really? Is that so?

When will Trust resume to duty

Sir, when doubt will be absent

I doubt if she ever misses to report

Lies, Did I ask you a question, Did I?

Sir, sir... I have a concern, Sir, listen

Shut up Mr. Concern, I am the king of Pride

And will not allow your concerns to reach the Leader

Hatred and Doubt, my friends, we have to pull them down

Stand up fellow present members

Let's stand together to fight peace

Too late Mr. pride,

Our absence was nothing but a concern

Trust Went from north to south

Love travelled from east to west

And I, Mr. Concern
Preached the song of love and harmony
We Sang the songs of peace
And now, we pronounce you, ABSENT

Hatred?
Absent sir, he was not seen today
Doubt, Absent sir
Lies
Absent sir, she never came today

Love
Present sir, always present
Trust
Present sir, present
Honesty
Always Present sir
We are here to serve the nation

The sacrifices we make

You will feed us with honey and milk
 To bribe us away from the pain
 But the memories will be buried deep within us
 Plunging deep down the thoughts of sorrow
 Like a small ship lost in the middle of a raging sea
 Or a plane in the middle of a stormy night
 And silently, within the verge of our sorrow
 We will summon death for comfort
 And take pain with us
 To ease the burden in our hearts

We will laugh together 'till midnight
 To give you hopes of triumph
 And a sense of victory and pride
 But when we lay silently in our beds
 In the cold lonely nights,
 The buried memories will find their way out
 To torment and lure us to pain
 Mocking and making fun at us
 As we bath in tears of our sorrows
 And fighting ourselves back to slumber

Nights will not be time to sleep
 For fear will be roaming at the darkest hours
 Waiting to pounce on our beaten souls
 And take control of the long nights
 We will be enslaved by our memories

Tortured by the past bitter pains
 To the point of breaking our souls
 And killing the little joy we possessed
 Extinguishing the light lit years ago
 And hope and happiness will float in the dark

We will laugh and smile all day
 And you will praise us for our happiness
 And urge others to be like us
 To follow the steps we ought to make
 But you won't understand our griefs
 And not notice the masks we wear
 That fades as dusk approaches
 Leaving us naked, afraid and lonely
 And the chains of fear will be put on us
 As we wait for our long night of torture

You won't see the sorrow behind our joy
Neither The ugly part of our beauty
Nor sense the fears behind our courage
For our masks are only worn at dawn
To give us a false impression of joy
Of courage, of happiness and of love
And you will marvel and make merry
Of how you succeeded to change us
And people will praise and sing songs for you
But we will still wait for night, for torture