

STITCHES OF COURAGE

Damian Semwayo

What've We Become

Damian Semwayo

"6 German tourists were arrested by Spanish police for gang raping an 18-year-old girl in Mallorca.

She had met one of the 6 men on Wednesday night, who suggested that she agreed to go back to his hotel, but upon entering the room 5 other men were present.

When she tried leaving, the men prevented her from doing so.

She eventually escaped and informed police about the situation.

Horrible situation..."

The echoes of history, they haunt our minds,

As we struggle to make sense of the binds.

Psychological and philosophical questions arise,

As we search for meaning beneath the disguise.

Who are we, really, in this twisted dance,

Of joy and pain, of circumstance?

Can we rise above the darkness that surrounds,

And create a world where compassion abounds?

I feel the weight of this pain so deep,
As I witness the wounds that run so steep.
But in this darkness, there is still hope,
If we dare to confront and truly cope.

For it is through introspection and understanding,
That we can heal the wounds that are demanding.
So let us come together, hand in hand,
And strive to create a more compassionate land.

#cpc

Brown Sugar Melodies

Damian Semwayo

Melodies of brown sugar,
Echoing Rihanna's Fenty Brown hues.
We honor our queens.
They embody black heritage with pride.
They symbolize our unyielding race.
Graceful faces, curves that command attention.
A form flawlessly harmonious.
A physique crafted to captivate,
Satisfying all discerning eyes.
What obstacles can hinder a soul so pure,
So breathtaking?
What boundaries can constrain a mind that's,
Driven and destined?
Behold our divine creation,
A reflection of God's own likeness.

#cpc

I Hold My Truth

Damian Semwayo

My truth feels unreal.

My truth seems grotesque.

My truth weeps with sorrow.

My truth spills tears like shampoo foam.

My truth yearns for the touch of a savior, Jesus.

My truth begs to be immortalized in a frame.

A tale of a boy.

A boy who blossomed with a light complexion.

A boy who brushed off the remnants of morning dew.

Longing for love despite a destined,

unconventional path.

Rejected and abandoned.

Father departed, leaving no trace of return.

Anger won't repay the damage caused.

Perhaps indifference will yield virtuous outcomes.

The angels recall vividly.

Ungrateful souls walk by,
unappreciative of each day.

He dragged the life force from my very being,
across the creaking floor.

Reeking breath, bloodshot eyes, countless sighs.

He stumbled through the front gate,
its hexagonal mesh steps unpredictable.

He was intoxicated.

His insecurities driving him,
to act like a punk.

But all the love and dreams of a beautiful family,
instantly dissolved.

The angels recall vividly.

He sat atop my sibling, gripping her neck with both hands.

In her heart, a single prayer.

Not for hope, but for release.

"If I die today, I pray the Lord my soul to take."

In his distorted mind,
he justified his transgressions,
subjecting thoughts to abuse.

Sometimes I lose control, relinquishing prayer.

Expelling rage with every breath.

Once, I considered calling the police,

but solace beckoned from within.

A man giving the world reasons,

reasons to weep and lament life.

I recall a love turned into a tale of strife,

my heart severed with a heated butter knife.

Perhaps, such is life.

Yet, I regret my mother being his wife,

sometimes.

At times, I seek a space within me,

to release the hatred and resentment I hold.

Perhaps then, I can forgive him and let go,

allowing negativity to flee.

Life knows no rhyme or rhythm.

Justice and hope often elude.

Embracing the uncomfortable truth is crucial.

The truth.

No hope can be the best hope.

The more we anticipate with no reward,

the more we suffer and disintegrate.
If the afterlife beckons for my spirit,
to set my soul free,
grant me passage through heaven's gate,
before the past consumes my best.
If the afterlife beckons for his spirit,
to lose his soul in Diablo's inferno,
let me hear every cry,
to find solace in his evident agony.
If the afterlife beckons for her spirit,
to liberate her soul,
may it receive a warm welcome,
and all the praises heaven bestows.
For with her, a part of my world softened.
For with her, a part of my life found harmony.

My truth feels unreal.

My truth seems grotesque.

My truth weeps with sorrow.

My truth spills tears like shampoo foam.

My truth yearns for the touch of a savior, Jesus.

My truth begs to be immortalized in a frame.

#cpc

Ghetto Canvas

Damian Semwayo

"Uncle" and "beer" entwined,
Inseparable within constructed phrases.
My uncle lived his fullest,
Justifying guilt through newfound Christianity.
Sobriety became his permanent sanctuary,
An eternal refuge.

Seeking solace in what his firstborn,
Deemed mythical fiction.
As he longed for his son to find heavenly light,
His son yearned for something similar.
Something akin to discovering truth,
Beyond entangling stories and psychological snares.

Late nights consumed his time,
Worrying about his second son.
Following his father's footsteps,

With a justified touch of exaggeration.
Or perhaps, the opposite.
Instead of a gentle sway towards intoxication,
A harder path was chosen.
A joker in place of an ace.
Preferring violence over protection.
The street code became his foundation.
Hustling from dusk till dawn, stacking,
Bricks of fortune.
Yet, in his father's eyes, he remained a child,
Bound by his desires.
Still, he expected progress and results in life.

A second marriage.
Two more children to face.
Peace,
Briefly found in their early years.
Later, life may become distracting.
When genes become entangled,
Blood pressure rises, and life grows,
Filled with stress.

This is an ordinary tale projected,
On the canvas of the ghetto.

#cpc

Through the Winter Chill

Damian Semwayo

Yearning to liberate my emotions,

Detach them from my heart and stow them away,

Beneath my bed's shelter.

These misguided choices stem from the flawed reasoning,

Of a different part of me.

Nurture my soul.

Tend to the yearnings within.

Guide me as I navigate the harshness of the Winter,

Season.

For I am but a human, an ordinary individual.

#cpc

Division's Dark Grip

Damian Semwayo

An organization rooted in hatred,
Determined to erase black humanity,
A realm far beyond sanity's reach.
Scientific proof of detrimental consequences,
The race grows,
Almost infinitely in number.
We must confront our impending self-destruction.
Children ensnared by drugs, yes.
Guns aflame, yes.
Misguided robberies, bloodshed, yes.
But let us refrain from hate-driven killings,
Eliminating our own for pleasure's sake.
A mentality trapped in adolescence.
In theory, slavery may have ended, yet we still,
Confront its vestiges.
When red and blue lights flicker alongside a ringtone,
Every dark-skinned individual evades modern,

Enslavement.

One that persists if you're willing to,

Pay a small fee for attention.

A bondage that breeds tension among nations.

#cpc

A Release in the Wind

Damian Semwayo

The pain courses through me,
An inferno within,
Nestled deep within my heart's chambers.
It unfolds like a poignant tale,
When one arrives at a place seasoned,
With echoes of the past.
Guilt ensnares,
Unveiling the firm grip of these tangled threads.
No matter how parched one's thirst,
The springs may unexpectedly turn salty.
Embracing the unsettling truth,
I yearn for a life steeped in solace and resilience.
A life brimming with vibrant energy,
Drawn to the embrace of honesty and truth.

#cpc

A Vision for a Benevolent World

Damian Semwayo

Oh, if only the world we inhabit,
Could be a comforting abode,
Quieting the tempests that rage within.
Then, perhaps, I could eradicate the fear and timidity,
That drains my essence like a persistent parasite.
Breeding falsehoods, the gravest of transgressions.
Yet, we beseech the heavens with insatiable greed,
Pleading, then demanding triumphs unending.
If only the world we dwell in,
Could be a touch more remorseful,
A touch less cruel.
I ponder, could we not improve the course of humanity?
Ignite the flame of hope within our hearts,
Live life as it unfolds,
Instead of merely enduring its hardships.

#cpc

Limitless Horizons

Damian Semwayo

May I behold the vastness of the sea,

The boundary I am told to seek.

What defines my limit?

What defines my limit?

The boundary I am told to seek.

May I behold the vastness of the sea.

#cpc