

DAMIAN SEMWAYO



FREEWILL



PERSONAL AUTONOMY

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Projecting Life's Cycle

"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 dissimilar.
Something unakin to religion and culture,
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.

Classical Poetry Consultancy

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.

Classiquel Poetry Consultancy

An Enigmatic Journey

She embarks on her workday, encountering beauty,

In the embrace of age.

Security, a gentle vulnerability for a lady.

Perhaps money bestowed upon her a radiant energy,

A captivating allure she became addicted to, like a drug.

A future she envisioned for herself and her children.

He glimpses a ray of second chances,

As he steps into the corporate realm.

A glimmer of hope's kiss, a new beginning.

His previous marriage must have been extraordinary,

Yet he sought a purpose to persevere.

His prior union surely caused pain,

Releasing it proved necessary,

As he aimed to rebuild his worth and uphold his values.

Does the anguish of loss surpass other woes?

May the heart assuage the burden through an abundance of love.

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And so, their tale unfolds.

Two children, a gleaming hope for a radiant life.

Bound by unbreakable knots,

Yet within the threads of their commitment,

Lies the enigmatic essence,
A hidden mystery awaiting discovery.



Through the Winter Chill

Yearning to liberate my testosterone,

Detach it from my heart and stow it away,

Beneath my bed's shelter.

These misguided choices stem from the flawed reasoning,

Of a different part of me.

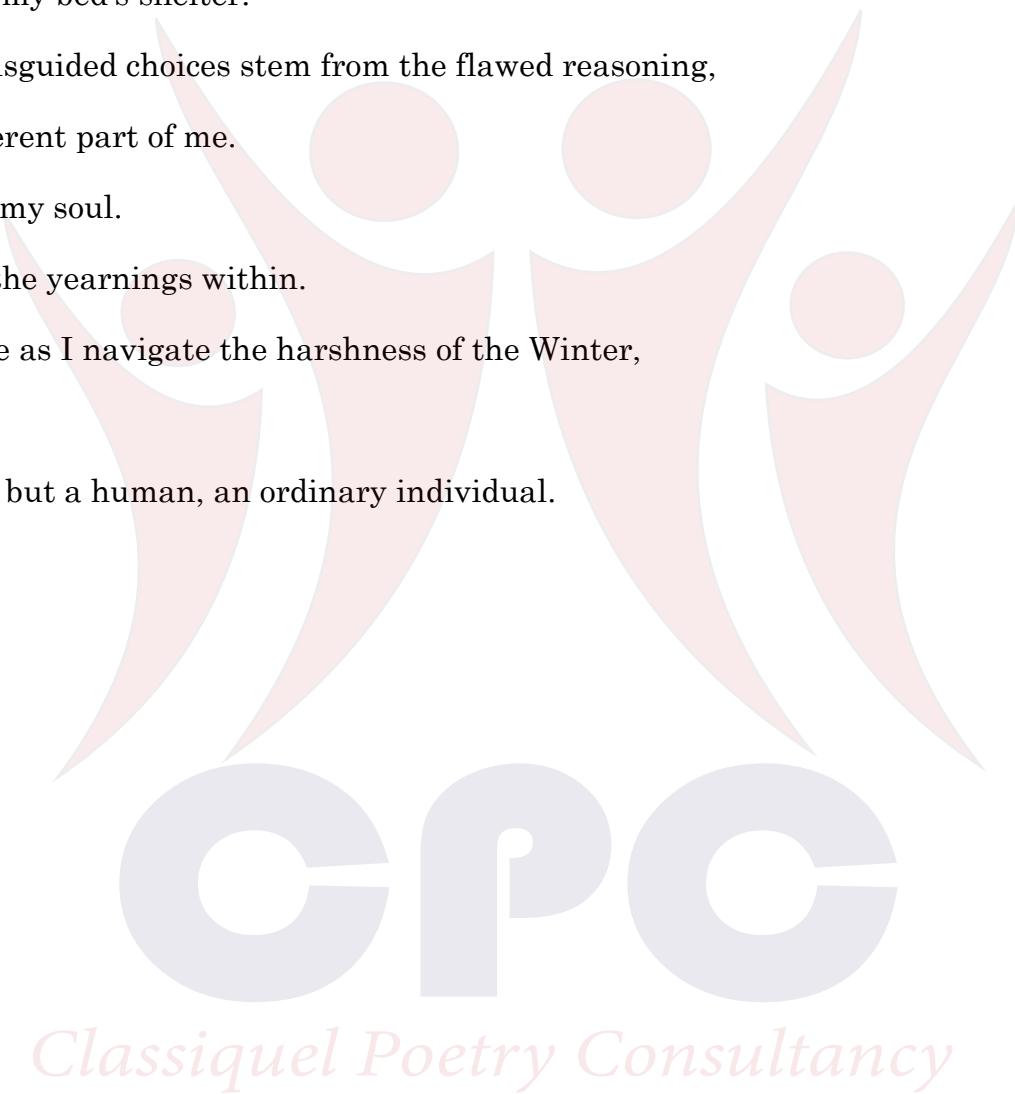
Nurture my soul.

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.



Division's Dark Grip

An cult 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, stress.
Guns aflame, a game of chess.
Misguided robberies, bloodshed, what a mess.
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.

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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.



A Release in the Wind

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.

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A Vision for a Benevolent World

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.

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Limitless Horizons

May I behold the vastness of the sea,

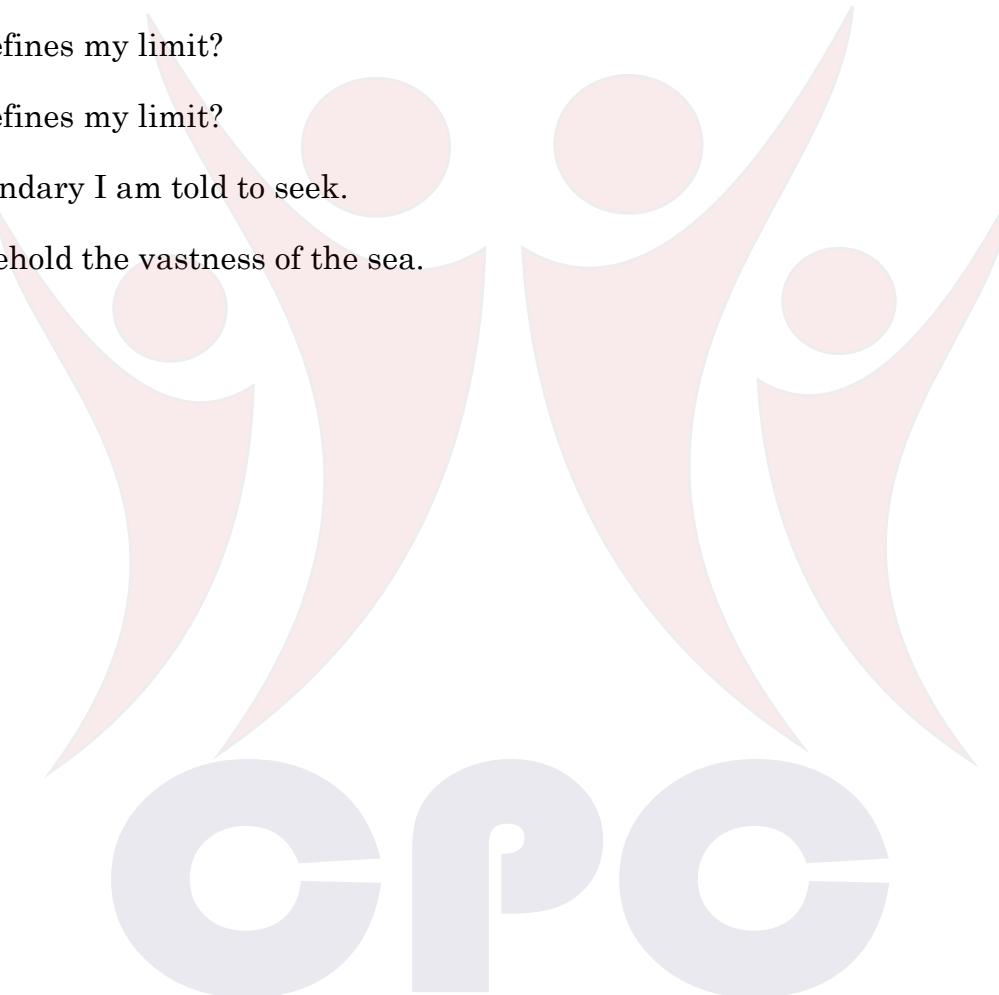
The boundary I am told to seek.

What defines my limit?

What defines my limit?

The boundary I am told to seek.

May I behold the vastness of the sea.



Whiff

I carefully hold my NMB card and gentlshuffle,
Thoughts and dreams, like weeds in a humble garden.
Their miracles unfold, unfathomable yet true,
An ethereal creed, a sanctuary of pardon.

In times of darkness, it uplifts my weary soul,
Granting strength beyond measure, a gentle nudge.
A beacon amidst chaos, it helps me stay whole,
Embracing the highs and the lows, like an eternal judge.



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Results of self-discovery

Grew up contemplative.

Finding solace in silence, a path to explore,
The depths of my being, seeking love's embrace,
That was elusive, but yearned for more.

Grew up guarded.

For no one seemed to care, to truly see,
The love within, waiting to be shared.
Now, I teach love, fostering unity,
Embracing the night, for tomorrow's not declared.

Grew up aware.

Each moment present, no time to spare,
In being kind, humanity to strive.
Against the snares of the world, I dare,
To be a beacon, standing strong and alive.

Grew up introspective.

A solitary child, misunderstood and alone.
Storms whispered, every grain felt like stone.
In silence, my voice was sewn,
No one to listen, my thoughts unknown.

Grew up learning to love.
Disliking my reflection, inner turmoil, strife.
Yet, seeking progress, a trace to find.
Life, at times, a chaotic mess rife,
But look beyond, hope's chains unbind.

Entice and demise intertwine.
Accepting oneself, a potent key,
To pursue dreams, unyielding, hearts uncaged.



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Remember, you're alone.

Anger engulfs my core, expanding its fire.
The faces around blend, mundane and tired.
I strive to be a sunbeam, not a scorching wave,
But this energy, it seems, is not mine to save.
Even the so-called "family" feels distant, untrue,
These thoughts, dear mama, they lead me to you.

Your love, a sanctuary, a refuge so pure,
Where home wrapped me in its tender allure.
But along with memories, trauma dances through,
Compelling me to pen these words anew.
Beyond the verses lies a plea, sincere and deep,
To see through the words and their intricate sweep.

What have we become in this realm so vast?
Where living can be messy, thoughts aghast,
When emptiness lingers, a weight to bear,
And the mind's whispers echo, devoid of care.

Chronicled Poetry Consultancy

One day you'll listen

In search of a celestial intervention,
To bridge the gap between dreams unbowed,
And the toil and sweat, my dedication,
These verses, they're more than ballads endowed.

With words like dagger, they pierce and inspire,
Rebuilding systems shattered and frail,
Yet they also offer an escape, a spire,
A fraction of freedom, a hopeful trail.

Freedom to exist, unchained and unbound,
A liberation sought, for my spirit to be found.



Classique Poetry Consultancy

The Quirks of Life

In this grand world we reside,
Yearning for a cozy place to hide,
Away from storms that churn and brew,
But alas, cowardice sticks like a lice or two.

Amidst the lies and sinful plight,
We plead to the skies with all our might,
Greedy beings, craving for more wins,
As if the heavens hold a stock of life's M&M bins.

Oh, if only this world could relent,
Be remorseful, less malevolent,
Perhaps then, we could uplift humanity's plight,
Bring hope to the forefront, shining bright.

Let's bask in life's quirks, the ups and downs,
For striving alone leads to endless frowns,
Embrace the present, let go of coping,
A dash of silliness, and life's worth roping.

Classique Poetry Consultancy

Winter's Whims

Oh, how I yearn to unravel my plight,
Release the tangled threads of desire's sway,
From my heart, they've bounded, causing disarray,
To rest beneath my bed through winter's night.

For choices ill-made spawn from passion's reign,
A separate mind within, its flawed decree,
But tend my soul, guide desires carefully,
To brave the frost and winds of winter's game.

As human, frail and finite, I endure,
Seeking solace midst life's bitter rend,
Oh, winter's season, test of mortal blend,
Grant strength to face the trials, to endure.

Through this sonnet penned, my plea is heard,
To navigate the storms, find joy undisturbed.

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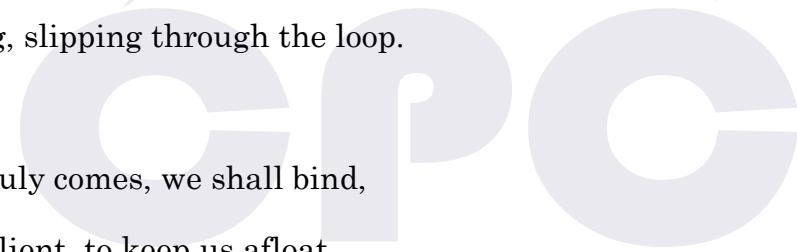
Nature's potent mote

I seek release from yesterday's embrace,
An unreal realm that left me in despair,
Snot-stained nose, a sight beyond repair,
Bloodstains left in a public restroom space.

Pain persists, gains appear to be in vain,
Oh, Lord, reveal the source, this woeful cry,
Who authored the affliction, I decry,
My mind, in bouts of euphoria, wanes.

Yet within the depths of hurt, I find,
A loss of all I've toiled for, in a swoop,
Sanity fleeting, slipping through the loop.

If tomorrow truly comes, we shall bind,
Our hope, resilient, to keep us afloat,
For now, I'll find solace, staying present in nature's potent mote.



Left to die

Chest aches from relentless coughing bouts,
Weighing heavy, like no other cough,
Nose, congested, with a winter's scoff,
Yet the heart keeps pumping, without doubts.

Amidst the snow, we'll trudge along, it's true,
Hope propels us, reaching for much more,
With fervor, facing trials that lie in store,
Energy wanes, but wrath seeks to imbue.



Classique Poetry Consultancy

Karma never deceives

Dear Aunt, one day you shall hear,
When I rise and conquer, my voice sincere,
So listen closely to my words today,
For there are things I need to convey.

I yearn to transcend our cultural chains,
To settle down and share knowledge's gains,
Yet the torment you inflict weighs heavy,
Upon those deemed lesser, unworthy.

In a world where more is often less,
The truth obscured, hidden beneath distress,
Negative narrations cloud our sight,
Unbelievable stories, shadows of blight.

Can a mind stay clear, submerged under water?
Or is the mind itself a mere flowing river?

Please forgive me, but I'm grateful still,
To the Almighty, who knows my heart's will.
From where does this hatred for kin derive?
Hate and enslavement, born to survive?

We face storms, you and I, hand in hand,
Extending aid, united we shall withstand.
That is the energy, the norm we believe,
But for you, Aunt, karma shall never deceive.

Never become a soldier in a peaceful garden,
Never be a gardener amidst a war's burden.



Such is life

Fury engulfs my core, a raging flame,
Faces in sight, mundane and tame,
I am but sunlight, not a scorching blaze,
Yet, the energy around me seems to graze,
On the souls that are not meant for me,
On the so-called "family" that fails to see.

In these moments, Mama, I think of you,
Love, home, and comfort you used to imbue,
But memories of past traumas creep in,
Compelling me to pen down this herein.

Though I type these words, I long for you to see,
Beyond the poetry, the verbosity,
What have we become, lost in this worldly mess,
When the mind is consumed by nothingness.

For life can be chaotic, a tangled morass,
When the mind's abode is filled with emptiness.

Bibliotherapy

No disrespect, I refuse to comply,
Age or position cannot make you fly,
White beards and possessions don't own superiority,
Respect is earned, it's a mutual priority.

Perhaps you mistook my humble demeanor,
Or maybe your ego makes you obscenely demeanour,
But after countless chances gone by,
Immediate action is needed, that's no lie.

Just as I was healing and finding my way,
You arrived and revealed your true colors, I say,
So vivid, even the blind could perceive,
I had to shed my nobility, and believe.

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Gathering the remnants of my former self,

To face this last ordeal, like past traumas dealt,
Respect is a two-way bond, make no mistake,
Yet when it's lost, you view me as an enemy, and take.

No matter the circumstance, respect should remain,
For when it's received, pride flows without restrain,

But when it's lost, you regard me with suspicion,
As if I were an enemy, causing division.

