

# **MY INKED VIEWS**

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# ***MY INKED VIEWS***





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*Special note to “you” (the reader)*

*AS I write these pieces of my yet not so vivid mind I question myself is any of it worth the ink and paper. Maybe I have written hogwash. Read it at your own free will and time. It is my upmost believe that with time you will be able to put forth an, assertion of my mental well-being. I hope you will find the contents of these amateurish views of life to be emotionally and morally acceptable. If it was a plane taking off I would say fasten your seat belts alas let me point it out in bold black ink that if the book and any of its contents are in anyways unacceptable to you throw it away and continue no more with it.*

*Yours with love*

*Writer*

**“Poems are worthless unless they teach. They serve absolutely no purpose unless they reach someone” TJ Dema**

## **PROLOGUE-RACE**

**The issue about race is something that is close to my heart. Growing up in post-colonial Zimbabwe I have not faced racism but that can't be said for all black people growing up in predominately white communities or in some instances it maybe vice versa, whites in a predominately black community. Racism is not a one way affliction. As much as there are white racist. There is also a growing group of black racists just waiting to take revenge for past misgivings. I sympathise with neither of these blood thirsty groups. From the Ku Klux Klan to the Black Panthers I identify with none. Once a racist always a racist. You can place a ban put fines on racist but you can never suppress that racist nature in them. You can take a horse to the water hole but you can't make it drink. The best solution to root out racism is to instil into the young and uncorrupted mind irrespective of race that a man is not defined by the colour of their skin but by the nature of his actions. I don't want blacks to be chosen out of sympathy by a quota but because of merit. Blacks are smart enough to earn a position based on their wits and not their colour. Drawing inspiration from the one thing that has perturbed me live long. Why do we have different dyes? Is it because of geographical conditioning or purely it's just a distinguishing mark between the progressive coterie and the regressive coterie. This two questions have formed the basis of my thought process in coming up with these inked words. With all the anger and animosity it is just a matter of time before a full blown out racial war erupts.**

## CHAPTER 1-RACE

### BLACK AND WHITE

Everything in life seems to be in black and white,  
it may not be as clear as in the 60s,  
where racism was and its height  
why must everything always be defined along racial lines?  
I am sick and tired of black and white spite  
Let us all unite  
we must all desist from these colour bar  
The labelling must stop, it has gone too far  
We must not decide based on skin pigments  
On the top of my voice I scream out, "Stop these racial segments"  
We must let go of these apartheid elements  
My wish is that someone out there echoes my sentiments  
Should we always choose based on skin colour?  
There is more to a man than the colour  
I envision a place where brother black and brother white share humour  
Quietly he whispers into a fellow racist's ear,  
"These darkies are dumb"  
This is the kind of behaviour which makes me numb  
You would think that only whites have racial tendencies  
But you will be damned to think so since it's not the full story  
The animosity is two way  
I was sitting next to this guy on this particular day in May  
He said whites remind him of pink skinned gluttons  
Unknowingly he is planting seeds of division  
I always have this vision  
Where there is no one calling another a glutton or a baboon  
Where everything is as clear as a full moon  
A situation where things are not seen as black or white  
The thought of a white or black racist scares me  
Black and white must engage  
Stop the racism wear the honour badge  
I believe there will be a time when all races will merge  
A time when people will not see a black or white image  
Racism in all its forms must purge  
I can feel the tension around me racial relations are on an edge  
Killing and hurting caused by racial tensions are on the verge  
Sometimes I wish we were all colour blind  
I wish that at our births colour is erased from the mind  
As thoughtless and meaningless as my thoughts are, these are my wishes

## SUPERIORLY INFERIOR

I always ask myself am I a form of an unevolved species of hominid  
It seems as If people of my colour are always in need  
Are we that inferior we always follow they lead  
I feel the wretchedness, throbbing of my people, I feel my heart bleed  
My forefather was meant to think he was a homo erectus  
Their cognisance they said was the same as the wits of a platypus  
My forefather was chained and handcuffed and fed food as spikey as cactus  
I am not growing a seed of hatred,  
I am just asking why people of my colour are so miserable  
They rated my I.Q they told me I was a clown  
So colour blind thought brown was black, choose not see me as brown  
Maybe black people are fated to writhe  
For those many injustices all I want to see is retribution  
It just feels like people of my dye are second class citizens  
Nothing seems to go right, adversity after adversity befalls us  
They associated our so called “Blackness” with misfortune and misery  
From black sheep, black eye, black death,  
Even though the latter wasn’t even caused by people of my colour  
Crammed into an inhumane chamber, held like faunae,  
Alienated a man from his family  
She was a proud Mandinka lady,  
They told her name was n’t Aminata but Emily  
Raped her, deflowe red this beautiful flame lily  
She was forced to leave her home contemporary Senegal  
Trodden and manacled by men coming from far north as Gaul  
We lived our lives free from bigotry, as embryonic as it was,  
They came with the biggest of their ships, told us we were savages  
In large hoards their ships came and took us, working for no wages  
We were kept under lock and key like lions in cages  
As embryonic as were my forefathers, there were no savages,  
We welcomed them here with open arms never were they ravaged  
All I want is for my people is to have their dignity salvaged  
I believe not in leaking blood so that my forefather’s life will be avenged  
Maybe we are just a superiorly inferior race.  
Superior than animals,  
But inferior to the so called “White race”

## MY WISHES

From Lourenco Marques he set out  
His wish was to have better opportunities  
In the land west, but people there lived in segregated communities  
In his homeland his kind lacked basic amenities  
My grandfather's wish was to prosper  
His voyage made during the great depression  
He was met with oppression  
His wish, segregation wouldn't live a lasting impression  
His wish was to see his offspring's have equal opportunities  
He envisioned them going to Harvard  
Learning in the Ivy League  
He saw a time when blacks were not seen as a plague  
When all their oppressors would stand trial at The Hague  
His wish was to see blacks seen as equals  
He wished long before Luther dreamed  
Just as Luther,  
He went to the land beyond, before living the dream  
Blacks are physically free, but not economically emancipated  
Just like my Grandfather,  
I wish  
My wish is for people of my colour  
To free themselves from mental enslavement  
Black people can't invent  
Black people can't go to Mars  
Black people can't lead  
Black people can't swim  
I resist these notions of mental enslavements  
My wish is for all races to progress  
As my Grandfather wished I wish also

Until the philosophy which hold one race superior and another inferior is finally and permanently discredited and abandoned everywhere is war (Bob Marley)  
Darkness cannot drive out darkness only light can do that. Hate cannot drive out hate only love can do that. (Martin Luther King Jnr)



## **CHAPTER 2- SOCIAL PERCEPTIONS**

### **PROLOGUE-SOCIAL PERCEPTIONS**

**Society creates notions of what is right and what is wrong. People ride high on their moral campuses seeking out to point the misgivings of others. Human beings are hypocritical animals, bent on proving their wrongfulness in correctfulness.**

## **Fake**

**There are a lot of imitations, impersonations in the world  
Girls apply skin lightening creams  
In the hope that there will find the man of their dreams  
One with a 6 pack who always gyms  
Many of the women go to a lot of extremes  
Under the knife she goes to have a breast enlargement  
Hoping that it will surge her odds of engagement  
Society has a pre conceived mentality that dark toned girls are not glamorous  
Nowadays somatic augmentations have become famous  
They say beauty is skin deep  
But many of these girls would change their looks in a beep  
Even if it costs them as much as a Jeep  
Beauty is defined as per Hollywood standards  
Many want to look like Hollywood actresses  
They believe it will release their stresses  
Many resort to theft to buy those fancy dresses  
They bemoan their own local seam-stresses  
Many spend their last penny  
In their defence they say they do not want to look like a Jenny  
Nowadays its natural beauty versus artificial beauty  
The latter part is winning  
I am no genie  
But my wish is to see the former winning  
She shies away from her complexion  
Peer pressure tells her lighten your complexion  
Overnight she has turned into a yellow-bone  
It signals a start of a new dawn  
She always wanted to be a supermodel like clone  
The skin lightening craze has taken over like a Caribbean cyclone  
She has so much face powder she looks like a clown  
Tip toeing like she is going to break a leg, in high heels strolling into town  
Unbeknown to her are consequences of lightening all she craves is the beauty crown  
Fast forward years from now her skin, some shades greyish, some brown  
Her skin resembles that of a person with camouflage  
Her former self now seems like a distant mirage  
Society shapes us to be who we are  
Never be overtaken by the far-fetched fake notions of society  
Dark skinned as you are do not be tempted to be yellow  
Do not be fooled your skin is mellow**

## **King of solitude**

**I don't enjoy much of jokes or any man's company  
I have never shared my love with no one, nor have I called any honey  
Mine is not a profound fear of losing money  
But rather I enjoy being alone whether it's cold or sunny  
Once I was told no man exist as an island by my granny  
I never took her words to mind  
I try not to poke into other people's lives, my own business I mind  
Never in my life have I wanted to socialise  
I keep to myself away from the prying social eyes  
Such is I can't remember a single day I socialised, not even when they hypnotise  
Speaking to someone, feels uncomfortable like my hip is on ice  
I am a proud gauche  
I enjoy much my solitude  
Mine is rather an inimical attitude I only care about three people  
Me, Myself and I,  
I don't need any friends  
I don't live for the public eye  
Riding solo, I am the modern day lone ranger  
On my life they have put a wager  
Some say I will fail  
Some say I will succeed in my solitude  
All I know is that I am the King of solitude**

## The Sundowner Lady

As a teen dropped out of school,  
The streets are her own institution  
This is the only means she can pay her son's tuition  
Dressed skimpily, she strides along in high heels  
The street corners are her office, where she seals her deals  
She depends on this lifestyle to provide meals  
Striding along the road in a dress made of spandex  
Her attention turns to a being who waves his index  
Dressed scantily, its cold we are in winter season  
She saunters to the risen index, to complete her mission  
The coupé transmutes into an inn, as they go all missionary  
Swaying side to side like a reed in fast flowing water  
Exchange of phony sensations for Washington's and Benjamin's  
Just as nocturnal as an owl  
Her work helps her fill her son's bowl  
He is growing up fast, dear Leroy  
For he is her bundle of joy  
One of these days a client pretends to be coy  
Exceeds his spell and enjoys her amenities for free  
It's an occupational hazard  
Mr "Coy" licks her jaggedly like a lizard  
Ragtag like she has been ripped inside by a blizzard  
Staring in the mirror  
Her doppelgänger is a distant cue of her former self  
Freckles, wrinkles she is aging but not gracefully  
She has to vie with the fresher and more energetic ones  
It's the only work she has known  
Ever since she was born  
Its money per mourn  
Her life has taints  
But who are we to judge, we are no Saints  
Word on the street is that she is infected  
The real truth, years back she went to be inspected  
The results of the inspection left her jaded  
Who are we to pass judgement?  
When we are not judged  
They have such high moral campuses  
Acting like they don't have issues  
But behind those saintly eyes  
Dark secrets, immorality are covered  
At the corner of 5<sup>th</sup> Avenue she stands

**She sits in the bar sipping down her sundowner  
She prepares for another day at work at sundown  
She is the sundowner lady**

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