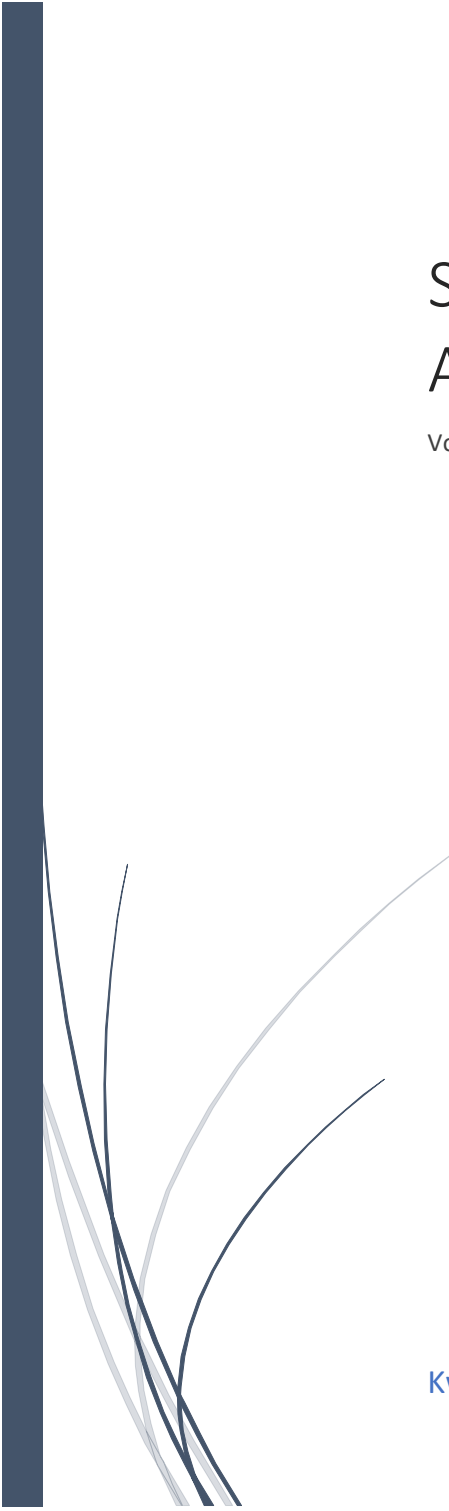


Sometimes If Not Always.

Volume 1. (*the free edition*)

Kwame



PREFACE

If you'd listen; to what you see with your heart, your sight,
would grow ears for your soul.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

While most books take time to thank the people you don't know and obviously will never meet. Well we chose to do something different, and thank you for taking your time to journey with us through this compilation.

You may not like anything you read; but I guarantee, out of the many disliked, one will stand out to you.

FOREWORD

Youthful ignorance, obsession, a search for purpose, survivors' guilt and the turmoil; of growing into an adult, by accepting you're no longer a child. These are what best paints, the picture of this poetic Avant Garde. Enjoy your read.

Dedicated to people who have no time to read.

**My aim is to put down on paper what I see and
what I feel in the best and simplest way.**

—Ernest Hemingway (1899-1961)

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With the stench of fear
in my unbrushed mouth
yours were the lips
I'd ever kissed while drunk.

Hey...

I hate how you found me

heart was in disarray

I drunk to the bitterness of tragedies

but yet still leant to care about you.

Still here.

When they get

fed up of using you

I will wait

to pick what remains.

Without Friends.

I'd say I'd be weak

but seeing I've survived

I'd be fine alone.

DAMN.

You only stayed because you knew

I'd break if you left

That hurts

more than being cheated on

shreds fabric of affection

into doubt

of whether, what I felt too was a lie.

Idk

I hide what I feel

afraid you'll laugh

at what I would take seriously.

?

I tell myself I'm strong

strong enough to tell her

soon we meet

I forget where to start

afraid she won't understand

just how much she means to me.

We were too young to understand.

Mukubutila

muma bula yankonde

twalemonamo nefyupo.

Selfish.

I hate how you love spending time alone

it only makes me want you more.

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