

THE

GOLDEN


CREATIVITY

CLEMENT MGHOGHO

Author of new choices in advanced literature

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GLOBAL HEALTH CRISIS

A gaze at the times of Shakespeare and Einstein.

It never glimpsed in their savant brains.

The times when we used to laugh and appreciate with our hands like birds along the river banks,

The times when we used to congregate and relate notions,

The times when we could walk around with exposed mouths and noses.

Gone are the cents of years together with the moments.

The thing has come.

A spark in China, then boom to the rest.

Then fueled by physical interaction.

Oh, my Malawi, you wanna die.

Oh, Nigeria my sister, you wanna die.

Tanzania, my brother, you wanna die.

Then mama Africa, be Cautious !

Here comes economic depression.

Expanding brains intimidated.

The thing has chopped a million,

Shall squander a billion,

Then deal with a trillion.

Oh, African mayhem,

American mayhem,

Then Eurasian mayhem.

Now they exercise social distancing and wear mask.

When shall the mankind be rescued from the Egypt of COVID to the Canaan of COVID-free atmosphere?

Author: CLEMENT MGHOGHO

(From Malawi)

POVERTY

Walking in the veld of calamities ,
Trudging in the valleys of food scarcity,
Feeling the vibrations of hunger,
To unknown destination.

In the morning, we peruse the book of hunger,
At noon, thank goodness,
Then in the evening, we expect dreams intoxicated with hunger.
The deadly creature makes us a man of few words.

Another day sets in,
Without even a piece of hope hiding in our minds.
Where to go?
What to eat?
How to get the "ndalama"and the "pesa"?
Interrogations with no hope for the answers.

We walk a bundle of kilometers to school,
While wearing a weared uniform,
Together with shoes that exposes our toes.
Carrying our heads,
Indeed those heads with hair looking like house flies playing on top of our heads.

We work hard to turn the tables,

We study hard to change our future,
We strive hard to drink a recipe of success,
And hope for a better future.

Author :CLEMENT MGHOGHO

(From Malawi)

WEALTH

They desire it,
They play for it,
They add it to their wish list,
They seek it in transparent paths and dark mountains.
And really, it's not a piece of cake.

They find it.
Swimming in the pool of wealth,
Stepping on bundles of money, scattering the dollar and the pound,
The ones in a million.

They never get satisfied.
They find a thousand and seek for a million,
They find a million and seek for a billion.
And then an endless sequence.

Author : CLEMENT MGHOHGO

(From Malawi)

THE SENSE OF IMAGINATION

A poor man finds himself in pictures of Imagination,
That shows him his presence in glorious wealth,
Driving a ferrari from a manshion in its magnificence.

Even an illusion of progress finds its palace in the mind of a lazy student,
As he finds his way to a brothel from school, amidst lessons, absconding classes.
Barking up the wrong tree.
A superstitious expectation.

The invisible force that drives people to momental illusion of happiness.
Now the illusion is driven away,
The happiness is driven away,
Reality burst your bubble.
And then a boring journey from imagination to reality.

Author :CLEMENT MGHO GHO

(From Malawi)

PRETENCE

They cover themselves deceiving names,

And hopes success in their floor plan.

He habitually wears a white gown.

He is used to wearing a friendly face mask

And remains quite.

He who wants to deceive others opens a can of worms.

And hopes that he will drink a cup of success in chasing day forty away.

Why wearing a white gown when you don't even know a stethoscope?

Why wearing a friendly face mask when in reality you are a hungry lioness?

Why staying quite while your mind is wickedly talkative inside?

How good can you guess the result of reality subtracted from deception?

How do you fool your own mind into thinking deception weighs more than reality?

They don't even beat around the bush,

They say,"deceiving others is deceiving yourself.

A proverb from ancient philosophy.

Author : CLEMENT MGHOGHO

(From Malawi)

PRELIMINARY THOUGHTS

The sky is now blue.

I must follow the rule,

And put on the shoe.

Not even going after the footprints of a fool.

I must gaze forth,

To put my base south.

Driven by certain winds blowing from north to south.

Will I find a cup of joe in a foreign country?

Will I not make a mountain out of a molehill?

And will I throw in the towel?

Really,I'm between a rock and a hard place.

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