

Poetry Series

**Isaac Maliya**  
**- poems -**

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# Isaac Maliya(4th December)

# A Beautiful World

The door always ajar  
The expected always entering  
In multitude calls and means  
Into the beautiful world  
They do not come back.

The food in abundance  
The residents know no hunger  
They have multiple choices  
In that beautiful world  
They do not come back.

□

The streets always luminated  
The entrants know no darkness  
In multiple colours they move  
In that beautiful world  
They do not come back.

They do not come back  
Fearing hunger and hatred  
Diseases and disasters  
Calamities and wars  
Tiredness and sin  
Absent in that world?  
Then it is a beautiful world!

Dedication: To Regina Nur Acub, fellow orphan,  
Who originated the wonder over the  
Beauty of the Hades.

Thursday, 17th September 1992.  
Lete, Mozambique.

Isaac Maliya

# A Land Of Peace

A land of peace is here  
It is also there, everywhere  
Quiet and eerie  
No wails, no tears  
No sound, no footstep noise  
Forever slumber, in a line  
A land of no fuss

A land of peace  
Tenants without a lease  
It is known, with overgrown  
Open gates without hate  
No master, no slave, no colour  
A land of no sleaze  
A land of peace, total peace

Sunday, 7th June, 2009  
Huyton, Liverpool, UK

Isaac Maliya

# A Place Of Places

A place of places  
A place of varied faces

A place of choices  
A place of all voices

A place of no cries  
A place of assured sighs

A place of cheers  
A place of tears

A place of hire  
A place of fire

A place to live  
A place to leave

A place to receive  
A place to give

A place, a place, a place  
A place of places  
Pinnington Place!

Huyton, Liverpool, UK  
9th February, 2009

Isaac Maliya

# A Poem For All

I am  
Looking around, all the time  
Just as before, for a poem

A balanced poem, without sides  
A poem without inclination, non-biased  
A poem without pigmentation, colourless

A poem without religion, faithless  
A poem without a nation, stateless  
A poem devoid of immigration officers, borderless

A poem without language, speechless, silent

I am  
Looking around all the time  
Just as before, for that poem  
Everyone's poem, everyone's song!

Isaac Maliya

# A Poem Is A Cluster Bomb

A poem assemble ideas,  
Concentrates experience  
Await its time, place  
For its own release  
A Poem is a cluster bomb

A Poem explodes  
Particle by particle  
Projectile by projectile  
Piece by piece,  
Varying impact on the way  
A poem is a cluster bomb

Out of a poem come wails  
Out of a poem come hails  
Out of a poem comes repair  
Out of a poem comes despair  
A Poem is a cluster bomb

It spreads in ripples  
It travels like a storm  
It is fashioned in riddles  
It can pour painful scorn  
A poem is a cluster bomb!

Friday, 17th July, 2009  
Liverpool, UK

Isaac Maliya

# A Poet Is A Solitary Soul

The poet has no soul  
But he can fall  
While in his secure sit  
Into an eternal pit  
For a poet is a solitary soul

A poet has no moral  
Although he can follow  
With his fervent pen  
Making souls, but him, learn  
A poet is but a solitary soul

A poet can but rise  
For he is also but wise  
Taking all advice  
Regardless of their size  
Notwithstanding its price  
A poet is a solitary soul!

Dedication: To my wife Vita  
Date: Saturday, 21/10/2014  
Orpington, UK

Isaac Maliya



# A Tua Sombra

Sinto-me feliz com a tua sombra  
Que penetra o meu coração  
É uma sombra de longo prazo.

A tua sombra nunca me abandonou  
De dia e de noite  
Na saúde e na doença  
Na felicidade e nas lágrimas  
É uma sombra de eternidade.

A tua sombra é muito poderosa  
Chegou a Arusha, na minha cama  
Deu-me um capacete e um pombo de coração  
Ela esta comigo em tempos de perturbações  
É uma sombra de felicidade.

Sinto-me orgulhoso com a tua sombra  
É uma sombra das sombras  
A sombra do passado, do presente e do futuro!

Dedicação: V.P.M, a minha sombra de eternidade. Terça-feira, 17 de Agosto de 1999.  
Pemba, Mozambique

Isaac Maliya

# Absence Makes The Heart Grow Fonder

Experience though not to all  
Remains to all ages  
The best of all teachers  
That hearts grow not fonder  
As a result of absence!

Experience though not all  
Teaches all ages  
The best of all lessons  
That letters are a bore  
To the once heartily friends!

Experience though not all  
Shows all ages  
The best of all itineraries  
That the young forgives  
The aged files the past  
That makes no heart grow fonder!

Dedication: To all once heartily friends,  
Who made the above proverb a  
Startling opposite.

Tuesday, 28th July 1992.  
Lete, Mozambique.

Isaac Maliya

# Africa

The global economy  
Grips you tight  
As the cheap source of materials  
A marketplace for its output  
Yours confronts the quota  
Because you are Africa!

The global ear  
Focuses on you attentively  
As their inspired wars continue  
Creating deep cleavages within you  
They jibe over the sad story  
For peace is not for Africa!

The global nuclear plants  
Look at you as filthy garbage  
The rubbish pit for radioactive wastes  
For sufferance has a place in Africa!

□

The proselytiser  
Disseminates the word with gravity  
Hoping to cleanse you "white"  
For black and sin are equal  
Does he do the same at home?  
No! For Africa is the devil's den!

The global eye  
Searches you cynically  
Thinking you'll blacken everything  
As you step on to their soils  
Do you do the same to them?  
No! For Africa is inferior!

The global medical technology  
Awaits you at their airports and docks  
For you are laden with lethal diseases  
Because you are from Africa  
The cradle of all ailments!

Friday, 5th May 1989.  
Chirunga, Zomba, Malawi.

Isaac Maliya

# Alcohol

"Walter Mitty" effect, you unleash  
Boundaries and limits easily stretched  
No civilization, no law, no regulation  
False confidence, arrogance, courage to the limit  
Of great soldiers, frontline fighters  
No giant can stand, lifters of the heaviest load  
No car can't be driven, conquerors of the road,  
Admired by the opposite sex, cheered in illusion  
"Walter Mitty" effect, you unleash  
Alcohol, you are the greatest!

Dedication: To all alcoholics

Monday, 25th May, 2009  
Huyton, Liverpool, UK

Isaac Maliya

# An Elegy For My Mother

Deserted  
Around we roam without guide  
As the last pillar  
Forever blown away  
Away into the abyss of this cruel land.

Robes of hope we wear  
Of the holy meeting with you  
As He descends in glory  
With lasting protection  
From the vultures and predators  
Which wrinkled at your sight.

Staggering ahead  
With the pains of survival  
Why did it happen?  
So early, so cruelly  
In your early forties  
Grey hair knew not your head.

Of all the days ahead  
Why 27th September of Friday, 1991?  
The young not to see you?  
Not to pay last homage?  
Not shed tears of despair?  
Only the heap was wept upon.

Ah! Blown away pillar  
Away with everything you did go  
The offsprings are scattered  
To be assembled by Him  
On the Day of His Glory.

□

Dedication: To Olpah, my late sister,  
Pioneer of this bitter ordeal.

Friday, 18th October 1991.  
Chapananga, Chikwawa, Malawi.



# An Eye's Speck?

I'm a speck in the eye  
Shying and blinking away  
My being disturbs the heart of  
An unknowing esteemed friend  
I'm a speck!

I'm a speck in the eye  
Opting for "golden" silence than words  
Alarming speck's being at best  
Why? An unknowing esteemed peer  
I'm a speck!

I'm a speck in the eye  
Proximities always abandoned  
Crocodile smiles on lovely lips  
Refugeeing into speck-free zones  
I'm a speck!

Unknowing esteemed friend  
Unknowing esteemed peer  
Unknowing esteemed colleague  
Unknowing esteemed of all times  
A speck never was, is nor will be!

Dedication: To my unknowing friend of all times!

Thursday, 24th June 1999  
Arusha, Tanzania

Isaac Maliya



# Anything Humane Is Folly

Humane deeds  
Never can be the story  
Never sees the light of day  
Never crosses the lips of humanity  
Never invades the city tabloids  
Never fills the airwaves  
Anything humane is folly

Humane deeds are vanity  
No tongue knows its diction  
No book records its history  
Away from eyes and ears  
It is under lock and key  
Anything humane is folly.

Dedication: To all those with a humane heart but not recognised!

Liverpool, UK

Saturday, 18th July, 2009

Isaac Maliya

# Azeret

Why? We never met  
But I had the feet  
To walk you over  
And save you from your lover.

Your eyes told that story  
The heart in a state of sorrow  
But it never was real  
For we had no mutual feel  
Azeret, the waters never stilled  
Azeret, why wasn't it sealed?

Liverpool, UK  
Wed.11th March,2009

Isaac Maliya

# Books For Bullets

Humanity is in need  
Of feeding itself  
Of knowing itself  
Of rediscovering itself  
Through books not bullets! !

Huyton,18/07/2009

Isaac Maliya



# Damned

I took it  
Bliss filled me  
For its potency unquestionable  
Damned never crossed over

I flew with it  
Emotionally excited  
For its agility indispensable  
Damned never thought of it

I crossed the frontier  
Its potency, agility notwithstanding  
It was taken  
I was damned  
Damned forever! ! !

Isaac Maliya

# Days Of The Rising Sun

Yokes

On our shoulders

&quot;Right&quot; men don't have shudders

Yet, these are the days

Days of the rising sun

Jokes

On our sole lips

Staring, arms on their hips

Chastising mercilessly in all directions

Yet, these are the days

Days of the rising sun

Chokes

On our necks

Their merciless hands wrecks

All chances of continuity

Yet, these are the days

Days of the rising sun

Dedication: To all those fighting to survive in a cruel world

Orpington: 04/08/2014

Isaac Maliya

# Difference

They said you're not one of them  
But you continued to do so, heartily  
Your kith had a hand in their edifice  
Although you were never to live there  
For their labour has never been a sacrifice  
They said they were different  
They said you cannot run the office  
They turned your friends into your foes  
They turned the hearts of kith and kin  
They said you are not one of them  
They shall seek your counsel and kneel.

Liverpool, UK  
21st February, 2009

Isaac Maliya

# Doloroso

Escrever, disseste  
E muito doloroso  
Alinhar palavras em ordem  
Construir uma poema bonita

E muito doloroso  
Alinhar palavras em ordem  
Construir uma poema bonita  
Que faz sentido e convida sorriso

Alinhar palavras em ordem  
Construir uma poema bonita  
Que faz sentido e convida sorriso  
Para toda agente e voce

Contruir uma poema  
Que faz sentido e convida sorriso  
Para toda agente e voce  
E muito doloroso, escrever  
Disseste!

Liverpool, UK  
Thurs.12th March 2009

Isaac Maliya



# Emptiness

Still empty  
Like a tin without contents  
The way you left me, empty!

Life is a vacuum  
No meaning, no direction  
Accumulated pain growing  
The way you left me, empty!

That leaving  
This eternal pain  
This emptiness  
This vacuum  
Can't be filled!

Liverpool, UK  
Thurs.12th March 2009

Isaac Maliya

# Eu, Quero Cantar

Eu, quero cantar  
Cantar uma musica  
Musica de uma dor  
Dor de amor  
Eu, quero cantar.

Eu, quero cantar  
Cantar uma musica  
Musica de uma flor  
Flor de amor  
Eu, quero cantar.

Eu, quero cantar  
Cantar uma musica  
Musica de um sol  
Sol de amor  
Eu, quero cantar para ti! ! !

Forno 2, Maputo,20/10/2004

Isaac Maliya

# He Still Thinks About You

He still thinks about you  
Clad in flowery simple attire  
Smiling, holding hand, cool  
The pinnacle of a happy sire

He still thinks about you  
Coming and vanishing like thunder  
The seeds of mutual ultimate adieu  
Sustenance thrust in a squander

He still thinks about you and you only!

Liverpool, UK  
21st February, 2009

Isaac Maliya

# Hold On

"Hold on! "

Voices one

An Azanian Rastaman

You heard not for diction

For time gap.

Voice of one

Substance ladden

Shake heart tendons

Save the historical memory

Tattooing us with scars

Of toiling years of yours.

An Azanian Rastaman

Longs you to "hold you"

Fruits of thy womb

Forth in multitude cometh

Settling bills of thy toil

Of thy struggle to see us through.

Thou heard not

Seeing us not

On closure of thy chapter

Seeing thee not

On being rested. Why?

"Hold on" was a phrase.

Dedication: To Lucky Dube, and to my

Mother who did not "Hold on".

□

Friday, 27th December 1991.

Blantyre, Malawi.

Isaac Maliya

# I Am Me

I am me  
Take me to the land  
Walk without stumble  
For I am me

I am me  
Leave it to them  
Destiny not in my strides  
No change, back or forth  
Take my shadow  
Leave my shadow  
For I am me

I am me  
No transformation  
Nor movement  
Nor transitions  
Take me, leave me  
For I am me.

Isaac Maliya

# I Am Thinking

I am thinking of a good poem  
To describe the ovations you sang  
You sang on the day of my arrival  
That characterised the warm welcome  
You ushered to me.

I am thinking of strong words  
To unfold the expectations you had  
You had on the day of my newness  
That characterised the frequent visits  
You made to my office and home.

I am thinking of noble words  
To unveil the strong bonds we developed  
We developed since the day of my arrival  
That characterised the home visits  
We have ever exchanged.

I am thinking of solemn words  
To dig the hidden frustrations you confronted  
You confronted in my meeting you  
That characterised the dissatisfactions  
You displayed in your daily work.

I am thinking of realistic words  
To let go the sense of mutual forgiveness  
Of the errors made to each other  
That characterised our staying together  
In Chapananga Development Area.

I am thinking of valedictory words  
To say how thankful of you I have been  
I have been during our interaction  
That characterised the mutual respect  
I enjoyed from all of you  
Will you receive my fare well! God Bless!  
I am still thinking of all these words and of you!

Dedication: To all staff in Chapananga

Development Area.

Friday, 24th January 1992.

Chapananga, Chikwawa, Malawi.

Isaac Maliya

# I Can'T Think Of A Poem Today!

Today, I am stuck  
Ideas crisscross hazily  
No strands make sense  
To mature into a case  
I can't think of a poem today!

Today, I am thick  
Words flash my mind  
From letter to syllable to word  
No strands make a point  
To mature into a poem  
I can't think of a poem today!

Today, I am trash  
I search for words of all colours  
Squeezing my brains, flapping  
Pages of my vocabulary, nothing!  
No strands make sense  
To mature into a poem  
I can't think of a poem today!

Dedication: To all poets, who share the frustration of trying to come up with a poem!

Liverpool, UK

Friday, 17th July, 2009

Isaac Maliya



# I Don'T Like This Poem

This poem unveils me  
Dissecting my whole  
Cutting assunder my hopes  
I don't like this poem

This poem lays me bare  
Exposing my true nakedness  
Weaknesses, failings, stumbles  
I don't like this poem

This poem writes my story  
Taking me where I began  
Showing my life's mediocre stages  
Gazing at all my actions  
I don't like this poem!

Wednesday, 22nd April, 2009  
Huyton, Liverpool, UK

Isaac Maliya

# I Err

Why?

The index finger

Am I not on track?

Planting seeds of posterity

Not yours, not mine, but ours

Why the fatal venom?

You err, they err

I err!

Isaac Maliya

# I Never Thought Of This Poem

I never thought of this poem  
It strolled into me, vividly  
Forcing and obliging me  
It urged me on despite resistance  
I never thought of this poem

I never thought of this poem  
It possessed and subdued me  
It never left me alone, in peace  
I could no longer resist its force  
I never thought of this poem

I never thought of this poem  
I gave in to it, to its wishes  
I wrote it, I read it  
It came out of me, liberating me  
I never thought of this poem!

Huyton, Liverpool, UK  
Wednesday, 22nd April, 2009

Isaac Maliya

# I Never Wanted You

Secretely to me, you came  
Without my know  
Making me lame  
I could have said no  
For I never wanted you!

You inflicted me with pain  
My mind focused on it  
The anxiety cost a penny  
The body could not eat  
Yet, I never wanted you!

You were the big one  
Not in tandem with the two  
An abnormal third, plucked out!  
Don't come back to me  
Trully, I never wanted you!

Sunday, 12th April, 2009  
Huyton, Liverpool, UK

Isaac Maliya

# I Was Told

No fear  
I was told  
No feeble-mindedness  
To look and see  
For the "carona" in honesty  
Humbly asked for, gleefully given

I was told  
To look and see  
Only to look and see  
I did.

Isaac Maliya

# I Wish

I wish.....

Those sophisticated bullets were tablets of cure  
Those automatic guns were slinges of life  
Those blood-letting knives were surgical tools of remedy  
Those fighter jets were air ambulances to all humanity  
Those military bases were schools of peace  
Those nuclear arsenals were food piles for the hungry  
Those soldiers were professionalised medical doctors  
Those army commanders were frontline community workers

I wish.....

Wednesday, 22/04/2009,  
Huyton, Liverpool, UK

Isaac Maliya

# Images

Images of Africa on a TV  
One can only flee  
Even go for pee  
Are there decent images at all?

Africa never change  
Dull images  
Pathetic images  
Frightening images  
Are they seriously authentic?

Images of poor Africa  
Images of hopelessness  
Images of hunger  
Images of disease  
Images of despair  
Images of war  
Images of death  
TV images are no laughter!

Liverpool, UK  
Thurs.12th March 2009

Isaac Maliya

# In My Shell

In my shell  
I feel safe, No danger! No noise!  
For I am in my shell  
Why should I go out?

I do not see enemies  
They do not either, only assumptions  
Of my dish qualities, my edibility  
I will not go out!

I dread the heat, the boiling water  
But I cannot see them either  
For I am in my shell, I will not run away!

If I die in my shell, trapped  
My identity veiled, without release  
Who will guarantee my deliciousness?  
Who will pen my history?  
Mine to eternity, all will go.  
Saving eyes from shedding tears!  
Then, I will miss my shell....

Isaac Maliya



# Indebtness

I am indebted to you  
Tied to your apron strings  
Like a toddler to its mother  
I owe you  
You owe me nothing!

I am indebted to you  
Tethered to your waist  
Like a goat to its foray  
I owe you  
You owe me nothing!

I am indebted to you  
On a lead around my neck  
Like a dog to its master  
Pushed, any-which-way  
I owe you everything  
I owe you my life  
You owe me nothing!

Isaac Maliya

# Light

There is light  
In the receding dark night  
As there emerges bright  
Where everyone is right  
There is a light.

There is light  
In the gnawing teeth of fight  
As nobody hears the inner plight  
Where venom engulfs souls' site  
But there is a light.

There is light  
In this pinhole so tight  
Where are eyes for your sight?  
Oh! Let there be no flight  
Behold the light to right.

Dedication: To my family with love.  
Orpington: 21/12/2014

Isaac Maliya

# Love

Love is love  
Not the absence of hate  
Nor of malice  
Love is love is love

Love is love  
Not the absence of friendship  
Nor of enmity  
Love is love is love

Love is love  
Not the absence of passion  
Nor of comradeship  
Love is love is love  
It is total love! !

Maputo, Friday,15/10/2004

Isaac Maliya

# Maputo

The city of hope  
Where citadels face away  
From the realities of 'povo'  
It's our Maputo, Maputo! !

The city of peace  
Where the rainbow colours criss-cross  
Postponing the time-bomb of blood-letting  
It's their Maputo, Maputo! !

The city of tolerance  
Where the 'lingua franca' is a tool  
A synonymy to class rooting  
It's your Maputo, Maputo of old! ! !

Maputo, Friday, 15/10/2004

Isaac Maliya

# Milestone

This day  
Has come again, another day  
Don't indoor stay  
Celebrate  
Feel it!

This day  
Has come again, another day  
Like the 50 ones goneby  
One per year  
Dance around  
Enjoy it!

This day  
Has come again, a special day  
A day that will always be  
A milestone to you, to us  
A celebration forever  
A happy birthday! !

Dedication: Julia Timvane Holme, a friend

Liverpool, UK: 21/07/2009

Isaac Maliya

# Mother

Seekers of wealth flooded the coastlands  
Dhows trimmed mum's humanity  
Domination's first chapter flapped  
The inception of a hard road.

Resistance flopped  
For bullets triumphed indeed  
And the Cross accelerated their victory  
Over spears and bows that crumbled  
In the bloody battlefields.

Victory is unity's offspring  
Sons of mama Africa, fight on  
Keep the bells of Liberty chiming  
Till emancipation reigns the land  
Then will be born a FREE NEW AFRICA! !

8th November 1988  
Chirunga, Zomba, Malawi.

Isaac Maliya

# Mount Mulanje!

What a stupendous creation  
Yet land is alienated beneath you,  
The landless stratum created around you,  
As the monopoliser plucks surplus value  
With an insatiable appetite.

You gaze at the crawling snakes  
Biting the naked heels of pickers.  
For protection and security is a loss  
To the landed gentries, opportunists.

You stare at the little ghettos  
That conglomerate with no aeration  
Ailments finding fertile milieus;  
Humanity succumbing to them  
For descent huts are a loss  
To the landed gentries, expropriators.

□

You sniff with a health nose  
The polluting smoke vomited  
By towering factory chimneys,  
Imperilling life's natural flow.  
For remedies cut the surplus value  
Of the landed gentries, profiteers.

You see the dependent humanity  
Scampering with no land hold rights  
Toiling for niggardly taxed wages,  
For enough cut the surplus value  
Of the landed gentries, saboteurs.

What an imposing creation  
Oh! Mount Mulanje, the magnificent.  
Bravo! Only if not in their league.  
Redress the cried old order  
Cut the hand of the profiteer  
Alleviate the untold misery.

Dedication: To all those displaced whose

- Land is what is now Tea Estates.
- Wednesday, 16th November 1988.
- Chirunga, Zomba, Malawi.

Isaac Maliya



# Mum

Mum

You said that

Said that innocence

That innocence is here

Innocence is here for all

Is here for all to practice

Mum

Innocence virtuous as it is

Falling apart, scattered

Truncated without release

Innocence, mum is strived for

Mum, it is a far cry, you said!

Maputo,12/09/2013

Isaac Maliya

# Mum, I Am Coming Back

Mum

I am coming back

This time with a final fight

To pay for my initial lack

For I can't do with a flight

Mum

I have assembled forces

To gather all the pieces

From reliable sources

I am coming with a thesis!

Monday, 6th April, 2009

Huyton, Liverpool, UK

Isaac Maliya

# Nobody's Property

I belong here  
In the multicoloured sands  
Where I live and will die in  
Whether you like it or not.

This earth has no owner  
It belongs to me, to you, to us  
No identity cards, no passports  
Whether you like it or not!

Everyone belong everywhere  
Coming and going at will anywhere  
Artificial borders notwithstanding  
No one has authority on anyone  
Whether you like it or not!

Huyton, Liverpool, UK  
Monday, 6th April, 2009

Isaac Maliya

# Ntumba

You welcomed me  
Though nothing to thee  
Ntumba, I will never forget you

Head on with mixed feelings  
Many had their special leanings  
Ntumba, I will never forget you

You gave me everything  
Love and hate protection and danger  
The road for my growing up  
Ntumba, I will never forget you!

Huyton, Liverpool, UK  
20th February, 2009

Isaac Maliya

# Of Four Walls

You are the witness, Oh four walls  
Before you are all the plans for wars  
But you're dumb to talk for the laws

Your eyes have seen it all  
Your ears have heard it all  
Your heart has kept it all  
Tight-lipped you have been to all

How much bloodletting could be stopped?  
How much betrayal could be curtailed?  
How much truth could be scooped?  
How much of the world could be saved?  
Oh! Four walls open your mouth!

Monday, 25th May, 2009  
Huyton, Liverpool, UK

Isaac Maliya

# Of Innovation

Applauded are the big brains  
For their sense of innovation  
Inventing, meeting the dire needs  
Perfecting those in need  
Not for life precious preservation  
Not for unifying the populace

Applauded are the big brains  
For their sense of invention  
For human annihilation  
For societal disengagement  
Not for innovation  
Big brains are applauded! !

Huyton, 11/04/2009

Isaac Maliya

# Of New Year 1992

You have come  
As did indeed 1991  
With what story now?  
Of seeing us through?

You have come  
As did indeed 1991  
Not to be a replica  
Of the tearful 1991.

You have come  
As did indeed 1991  
Free from tragedies?  
Away from disasters?  
Not to be meaningless?

You have come  
With new clothes  
In your own right  
There lies our hope.

Dedication: To all who could not see  
Another year.

Wednesday, 8th January 1992.  
Chapananga, Chikwawa, Malawi.

Isaac Maliya

# Olof Palme Avenue

You welcome strangers with a flinch  
You are like a Dracula, indeed  
Friendly during the daytime  
Death zone during the night.

Symbol of peace is your name  
Yet, you know not it at all  
In nocturnal darkness you are  
Devoid of the city's lumination.

How much more blood is to be shed?  
Your history is one of misery  
Record, one of mourning  
For lack of alternatives  
Not for natural passion  
Alongside you, we live.

Oh! Why can't you ceasefire?  
You T-junction the hero of liberation, peace  
The celebrated Eduardo Mondlane  
Yet you proclaim death, still.  
Olof Palme Avenue! Ceasefire!

Dedication: To all lives lost along  
Olof Palme Avenue in Maputo.

Sunday, 24th May 1992.  
Maputo, Mozambique.

Isaac Maliya



# On The Day Of Your Arrival

That noise of the barrel  
Rampant before your exit  
Is said to have subsided  
For on the day of your arrival  
Spears turned into pruning hooks!

You deserted the "Patria"  
Not in pursuit of peace  
But white man's letters  
To lift-off thy land  
But that day of your return  
Swords turned into ploughshares!

□

"Bem vindo"  
To a country of ideas  
Of multiple concepts of peace  
Of multiple approaches to life  
Transforming its ruggedness.  
But on the day of your arrival  
Got smoke screened by the passions  
Those of peace, real peace?

Dedication: To Hodges Chatepa,  
and all returnees to  
New Mozambique.

Wednesday, 7th October 1992.  
Lete, Mozambique.

Isaac Maliya

# Prisoners

Are different  
Stricken by diarrhoea  
Pinned down by dysentery  
Inmates' torture and tyranny  
Breathing their last  
With nobody's care  
These are prisoners.

Are different  
Capital offence detained  
Through false prophets  
Mere multiple suspicion  
Pick-pocketing lads  
These are all prisoners.

Are different  
Warm-handed tippers  
Of hard-hearted hawks of order  
Others succumbing to hunger  
Leaving and entering criss-crossingly  
These are prisoners of "Primeira Esquadra".

Dedication: To all prisoners

Tuesday, 9th May 1995  
Nampula, Mozambique.

Isaac Maliya

# Prostitution

What difference is there?

One of love

One of money and hate

Prostitution is all.

What difference is there?

One of own's volution

One of coercion

Prostitution is all.

What difference is there?

One of colour?

One of age?

Prostitution is all

Maputo, Friday,22/10/2004

Isaac Maliya

# Punished

Words

Are colourless

Striking a cord

Of fear, hopelessness, deceit

Words are words.

Words

Are colourless

Pricking the soul

Striking a chord of discord

Of betrayal, malice, untruthfulness

Words are words.

Words

Are colourless

Lacerating the tendons of the mind

Chaining the soul, no release

A chord of enslavement to last

Of humiliation, punishment, defeat

Words are words are words.

Maputo: 11/09/2013

Isaac Maliya

# Remember

Remember, the dream  
Walk in its tight realm  
It's never always easy  
But always very dizzy

Remember, the dream  
That academics needn't be slim  
To walk the dream's tight rope  
Never over-break on a slope

Remember, the dream  
The ultimate final claim  
After a zigzag route to fame  
Lighting your eternal flame  
Remember, the dream!

Dedication: To Jennifer Maliya, who should remember the dream at all times.

Sunday, 12th July, 2009

Huyton, Liverpool, UK

Isaac Maliya

# Reminiscence

The wagon of separation  
Came that Friday of February  
Laying asunder that intimacy  
That knew no limit.  
Remote came your voice  
As the wagon ran away  
Creating this distance  
Of miscomprehension.  
The bird from Tete did  
Lengthen the dot of encounter  
Flew to the south that Sunday.

Dedication: To the one I love,  
Vitality, my dear wife.

Saturday, 28th March 1992.

Maputo, Mozambique.

Isaac Maliya

# Rio Zambezi

That day  
We remembered your prestige  
Not as a dust-bin,  
Rio Zambezi of all times,  
But a source of life.

That day  
We did not urinate on you  
But quenched our thirst  
By sucking your blood  
Rio Zambezi of all times.

That day  
We sang one tune  
That of Rio Zambezi  
A source of all energies  
For all creation around and beyond.

□  
Rio Zambezi  
Defying the drought  
You fill our water pales  
Enlivening all creation  
Of past, present and future  
Oh! Rio Zambezi, Great you are!

Dedication: To Tete residents,  
who show disregard  
for Zambezi River.

Saturday, 19th September 1992.  
Tete, Mozambique.

Isaac Maliya

# Ripples Of Blood

Ripples of blood leave  
The scarlet pigmentation  
Flattened habitation  
The show of triumphalism  
The waving of victory flags!

Ripples of blood drain  
From scattered anonymous limbs  
Of enemy fighters, women, kids  
Oceans of tears of desperation  
Nowhere to sit, nor sleep, nor eat

Ripples of blood create  
Orphans, widows and widowers  
Of the defeated, of the triumphant  
Seeds sown of hatred  
Embryos of future war  
Incessant ripples of blood!

Liverpool, UK  
03/02/2009

Isaac Maliya



# Silent Night

Eerie, chilly, mystifying  
Corridors of darkness, unending  
Caveats of terror, awaiting  
Silent night, terrifying!

Footsteps without legs, approaching  
Movements of the unknown, silhouetting  
Trespassing, one corner to the other  
Silent night, mystifying!

Flashing eyes without the head  
Unattached hands, groping fiercely  
Trembling, shaking, in the long silent night  
Flash! Light piercing through eyes  
Still, silent, silly in a passing dream  
A new day born out of a silent night! !

Huyton, 11/04/2009

Isaac Maliya

# Solitude

It comes, it goes  
It is never permanent  
It is never temporary

It comes, it goes  
It is never planned  
It is never accidental

It is comes, it goes  
It is never satisfying  
It is never painful

It comes, it goes  
It is solitude, per se! !

Isaac Maliya

# Take Heed, Xanniroda!

I am,  
As I have been,  
Time it is, for your banking  
While I cling to the pulse,  
It can be made, now  
It can be broken, anytime  
Take heed, Xanniroda!

I will not be,  
As I have been,  
Time it is, to sharpen yourself  
Remember, I don't own the pulse  
It could have been made, yesterday  
It can be rectified, anytime, anywhere  
Take heed, Xanniroda!

In my nothingness, Xanniroda  
Tears will still trickle down  
Trickle down over sadness  
Sadness for your having broken  
Broken the promise of life  
Life that could have been taken  
Taken heed of, Xanniroda!

Dedication: To Xanniroda, please take heed!

Monday, 13th July, 2009  
Huyton, Liverpool, UK

Isaac Maliya

# Tears Always Trickle Down

Tears always trickle down  
They do not signify a clown  
For they do not go up

Tears always trickle down  
Tears mean happiness  
Tears can be sadness  
Tears are different

Tears always trickle down  
Tears are colourless  
Tears are watery, not bloody  
Tears can be genuine and faked  
Tears always trickle down and dry out!

Liverpool, UK  
21st February, 2009

Isaac Maliya

# Tears Of Humanity

Politics are a plot  
Tears are never sought  
Politics has humane tears caught  
Tears of humanity are one

Political vengeance ground to a halt  
For tears of politics are at fault  
Tears of humanity are one

Humanity's essence for a thought  
Politics devoid of humanity is a blood-clot  
Tears of humanity are one!

Liverpool, UK  
25th February, 2009

Isaac Maliya

# Tears Of Mercy James

Mercy James only shed tears  
Her protectors fought hard  
Not to be spared from her fears  
She wished to have had

Mercy James only shed tears  
Crying out loud in vain  
Her protectors caused pain  
Her eye-lids never clears

Mercy James only shed tears  
She spoke not, only stood still  
Anguish none could feel  
Nor her mountain of fears

Mercy James only shed tears  
She was betrayed and trapped  
Her defenders celebrated and clapped  
Tears of Mercy James, still flowing!

Dedication: To Mercy James, a Malawian orphan and to Madonna, a superstar

Tuesday, 21st April, 2009  
Huyton, Liverpool, UK

Isaac Maliya

# That City

Should not throw back  
Memories of Hotel Universo  
Mouth could not utter a word  
Nor could it take "comida" daily  
Not for a matter of choice  
But the realities of that City.

Should not throw back  
Memories of Olof Palme Avenue  
Initially rejected as a "Ninja"  
At times locked out in the cold  
Not for sheer forgetfulness  
But the realities of that City.

Should not throw back  
Memories of Karl Marx Avenue  
Satiated with profit motive  
Yet saved from succumbing to death  
Not for a matter of choice  
But the realities of that City.

Should not through back  
Memories of that little house  
Life became renewed, where  
Care and love knew no frontiers  
Yet it is in that same city  
That City of Maputo!

Dedication: To Greatson Raphael Kamoto,  
true friend who separates kindness, justice,  
and love from their respective opposites.

Monday, 27th July 1992.

Bele, Mozambique.

Isaac Maliya

# That Fruit Tree

Transplanted in the periphery  
Outside the stronghold of protection  
Away from the water source  
In the scorching glaring sun  
Victimised by deliberate domestic grazing.

The old attendant struggled on  
Supplying the basics scantily though  
Leaves blossomed aiding photosynthesis  
Defying the dry spell that troubled it  
Fruitition commenced.

The gardened trees withered  
The energetic attendants ran away  
Flocked to the ignored tree  
To partake the fruits that came  
From the efforts of the old attendant  
What a reality!

Dedication: To Bessie Japhet Maliya,  
Grandmother par excellence.

- Tuesday, 9th January 1990.
- Chapananga, Chikwawa, Malawi.

Isaac Maliya





# The Beast

The inescapable beast  
How long will it be  
Causing tremors of fear  
Beckoning one by one  
Into its scarlet mouth.

The insatiable appetite  
How long will it remain  
Creating eternal gaps  
As the irresistible is  
But a gravitational swallow.

□

Rare are the crossroads  
The beckon is destinious  
Leaving sobs of despair  
Tears of eternal vacuum  
As more still are being swallowed.

Dedication: To my mother, Mary.

Saturday, 14th December 1991.

□ Chapananga, Chikwawa, Malawi.

□

Isaac Maliya

# The Beauty Of War

War

You are a beauty  
For roundtable evaders  
Always the sole option  
Polished erstwhile weaponry  
The beauty of war

War

You are a beauty  
For lovers of environment  
Scorching terrain  
From vegetation into scarlet  
With ripples of blood  
The beauty of war

War

You are a beauty  
However long it takes  
However deep the destruction  
By the bulldozers of death  
You succumb to the same adage  
The sanity of the roundtable  
Thus the beauty of war!

Liverpool, UK

Tuesday,03/02/2009

Isaac Maliya

# The Colour Is Of The Shell

I am colourless  
Inhabiting this shell of shame  
Drained in rainbow pigmentation  
Of white and black and the mix!

I am colourless  
Warring agonisingly with myself  
Shell against shell  
Colour against colour  
Yet, I am one and the same!

Huyton, Liverpool, UK  
Thursday, 26th March, 2009

Isaac Maliya

# The Cry Of A Nationalist

The sojourner we welcomed  
Ovations we sang for his settlement  
His purpose blind we were  
Our affability betrayed us.

Gazing we did at his antics  
Alien values he imposed on us  
Venom he developed indeed  
His race, colour and creed  
Ah, forsaken us.  
Our reticence betrayed us.

Bestriding he did start  
Manifesting his alien powers  
In profusion we fretted over it  
Objection spread: "Majority Rule! "  
Ah! His gun-barrel incapacitated us  
Our taciturnity betrayed us.

His partial rule others celebrate  
The orients rhapsodise not  
Over our loss of heritage  
Into eternal slumber others have fallen  
For decades behind the bars are others  
Ah! Baffled are we  
Our amicability betrayed us.

Brethren, regress not, fight on!  
Hope, yes hope is there  
Have one soul, hope for hope  
Our bondage will be lifted! Hope!

Dedication: To all freedom fighters in Africa.  
4th June 1986, Chirunga, Zomba, Malawi.

Isaac Maliya

# The Curtain

Behind it I lie, we lie  
Anticipating condemnation  
That of the unknown  
It is our separator.

Behind it lies suffering  
The boots of law enforcers  
The tyranny of the smell  
The filthiness of the bathrooms  
The cries of the hunger-stricken  
The curtain divides us.

Behind it lies unknown hope  
Of its being torn apart  
Then I will sing to you  
A song of our reunion  
The curtain succumbing to justice.

Dedication: To Vitta, my wife,  
An ardent fighter for  
My freedom.

Tuesday, 9th May 1995.  
Maputo, Mozambique.

Isaac Maliya

# The Family

Lips registered smiles  
As the varied family durations  
Of three, four or five years  
Ceremoniously came to a close.

Ecstasy buried  
Periods of toil and warnings,  
Of multifarious intimidations,  
Days and sleepless nights of mating  
Of this periodic family life.

Enthusiasm folded  
Those gone unimpregnated  
Infertility divorce cases  
That spread over the time  
Of this periodic family life.

Happiness veiled  
The hard task of mating  
Where pregnancies were taken  
For deliveries in the world.  
The inception of a new family.

Dedication: To Sam Tembenu,  
 and other Chancoll's  
 prospective graduates.

Saturday, 18th February 1989.

Chirunga, Zomba, Malawi.

Isaac Maliya

# The Lone Eye

Be steady  
Haul the load  
Heavier than the word  
Till destiny greets you.

Don't blink  
For the load's sake  
Lest it strays away  
Without a lone eye's light.

Left to haul the load  
All energetic eyes closed  
Giving you the bitter chance?  
Of hauling the blind lot  
Till destiny greets you  
Don't blink.

Dedication: To all my kindred

Monday, 21st October 1991.  
Chapananga, Chikwawa, Malawi.

Isaac Maliya



# The Sad Time

The sad time  
Never far away  
Seconds and minutes away  
Hours and days away  
Weeks and months away  
Years and tears away  
It is sad time away

It comes as sad as it could  
Anytime, anywhere, anyhow  
Giving you a new identity  
An orphan, a widow, a widower  
An ex-convict, a sacked worker  
It is sad in all colours

Sad times reminds  
Of happy times filled with smiles  
Of names in the afterlife  
Of in-fights out of triviality  
Of bickering out of insanity  
Of happiness in sadness

Dedication: To all humanity, striving to maximise happiness!

Monday, 13th July, 2009

Huyton, Liverpool, UK

Isaac Maliya

# The Smartpriced Noodles

Slender, slippery, slim, and smooth  
The aroma of the cheapest  
Nice though to smell, even from afar  
Appetising though to chew  
Satisfying though to swallow  
Never quenching the appetite  
The more you eat the more you want  
The smartpriced noodles!

Isaac Maliya

# The Sound

Every time I hear the sound  
Huts turn into infernos  
Humanity run amok  
As their habitat turn desolate.

Every time I hear the sound  
Depopulation is the upshot  
Lifespan abruptly truncated  
Soil turns scarlet.

Every time I hear the sound  
Remnants cross the borderline  
Hunting for a sanctuary  
As their cradle turn lethal.

Every time I hear the sound  
Crows celebrate in their nests  
At the sight of fallen humanity  
As gunfire turn them edible.

Every time I hear the sound  
Livestock robbery grows rampant  
Land is neglected absolutely  
Factories are abandoned  
Economy fall into ruins  
Every time I hear the sound.

Dedication: To the Mozambican refugees at Mlangeni and elsewhere, ☐ victims of ideological civil strife.

☐ Monday, 12th March 1990.  
Chapananga, Chikwawa, Malawi.

Isaac Maliya

# The Sun?

They exhaled air with might  
Driving the loathed clouds away  
That concealed the SUN  
For they had enough  
Of darkness, penetrating coldness  
Enough of anguish.

The clouds forcibly blown away  
The new day came into view  
Mirth gripped the masses  
As the naked sun rose vividly  
Sunbathing era for all had come.  
Amazement holds them mute  
As the sun emits fatal heat  
Faces perspire, contort with pain  
Vegetation, streams, rivers dry  
Huts turn into infernos  
Providing sanctuary to none.

Tongues spit regrets  
Of what use in the sun?  
We loathed the clouds  
For darkness, coldness, sufferance.  
We loathe the sun  
For its unbearable hotness  
What a sad dilemma! !

Dedication: To Hodges Chatepa,  
 Tras Nampota, Henry Njolomole  
 and Grey Nkungula for this poem  
 is a birth child of their intellectual  
 stimulation.

Friday, 26th May 1989.

Chilunga, Zomba, Malawi.

Isaac Maliya

# There Is A Light

There is a light  
In this darkness  
Misfortune lurks  
As in "Turks"  
In habitual backwardness  
Always in a fight!

There is a light  
In this sombre thicket  
Devoid of correspondence  
Augmenting an air of despondency  
Never on the right!

There is a light  
In these throat-cuts  
Sweeping all from the huts  
Sponsored by the right  
Notwithstanding, the left's flight  
There is always a light! !

Orpington, Kent: 03/01/2013

Isaac Maliya

# This Eternal Marriage

This eternal marriage  
It is one of force, of no choice  
One of irresistible destiny  
How can we get divorced forever?

This eternal marriage  
One gets into long before birth  
No escape route from it, no alternative  
How can we get divorced forever?

This eternal marriage  
Can never be denied, no fugitives  
Unborn, born, young, old, man, woman  
There is no selection when time comes  
How can we get divorced forever?

This eternal marriage  
The undeniable beckon of the husband  
During the day, the night, at any time  
Medical technologies notwithstanding  
How can we get divorced forever?

This eternal marriage  
It is indeed the mother of all sufferings  
The river of tears never run dry  
The broken hearts never get mended  
The gaps of those called are never refilled  
How can we get divorced from this cruel marriage?

Dedication: To Julia Tivane Holm, friend and colleague

Nampula, Mozambique  
3rd June, 2000

Isaac Maliya

# This Poem

This poem is me  
I am this poem  
This poem and I are one!

This poem is in me  
I am in this poem  
This poem and I are inseparable!

This poem is my identity  
I am the identity of this poem  
This poem and I are inextricable!

This poem cannot hide from me  
I cannot hide from this poem  
This poem and I are mutually conspicuous!

This poem cannot run away from me  
I cannot run away from this poem  
This poem and I only run into each other!

This poem is with me  
I am with this poem  
We fall together  
Together we rise  
We are one and the same!

Isaac Maliya

# This Poem Is A Mess

This poem is a mess  
It claimed shads of paper  
Drained in pensil and ink  
Finished and unfinished  
This poem is a mess

This poem is a mess  
It victimised toilet paper  
Short and long, of all colours  
Scribbled, drafted and erased  
Pinned on the wall, anywhichway  
This poem is a mess

This poem is a mess  
It messed up everywhere  
Lying on the floor, sholved  
In the pockets, every corner  
With incomprehensible words,  
Misspelt, miswritten, strange  
This poem is a mess.

Sunday,12/04/2009,  
Huyton, Liverpool, UK

Isaac Maliya



# This Silence

This silence is eerie  
Yet it is not so early  
To be disturbed  
In this solitary silence

This silence is so loud  
Without any audible sound  
It has thrown me to ground  
This silence is forcefully painful

This eerie silence is deafening  
This not so early silence is stiffening  
This loud silence is so weird  
This disturbing silence has to go  
Lord, silence this silence!

Dedication: Madalitso Fitzisaac Maliya on his 21st birthday! !  
Saturday, 18 October 2014  
Orpington

Isaac Maliya

# Those Eyes

Those eyes are still looking at me  
They are gazing penetratingly  
Into my whole soul, they tear

Those eyes have never left me  
They always pierce through  
My whole being, they shake

Those were the first eyes  
They looked at me first  
They are looking at me  
I search, to see them!

Isaac Maliya

# Those Tears

Those tears  
You 'teared' about  
Drop by drop  
Tear by tear  
Are still trickling down!

Those tears  
You flinched with  
From mother over child  
From friend over foe  
Are still dripping down!

Those tears  
You despaired with  
Of all ages  
Of all colours  
Of all tounques  
Of all walks  
Are still streaming down!

Dedication: To Bessie Maliya, my grandma, who could not stand the death of anyone.

Sunday, 14th June, 2009  
Huyton, Liverpool, UK

Isaac Maliya

# Thoughts

Thoughts

Can be assuring  
When staying in unison  
Planning plans of what  
Is to be born, yet  
These are all thoughts!

Thoughts

Can be tantalising  
When temptations come  
To do the formerly undone  
Yet these are all thoughts!

Thoughts

Can be frustrating  
When the hopes are unhoped  
The expected, unexpected  
The planned, unplanned  
The promises, postponed  
Yet these are all thoughts  
Which need other thoughts!

Isaac Maliya

# Time Is Time

Time sits  
Time stands  
Time is time.

Time crawls  
Time walks  
Time is time.

Time runs  
Time flies  
Time is time.

Time changes  
Time stands-still  
Time is time.

Time goes forward  
Time goes backward  
Time is time, it is time

Isaac Maliya

# Where Is Freedom?

All is lost  
All is found  
In its bounds  
Where is the freedom?

All is lost  
As it is in most  
Walk not without socks  
Where is the freedom?

All is found  
In its round  
Where is the freedom?  
Without bare-feet?  
Where is the freedom?

27/09/2013 - on Blantyre - Addis Ababa flight en route to London.

Isaac Maliya

# Who Told The Development Worker

That the ghettos  
Have scaled eyes  
To see the mammoth gap  
Between the engaged and disengaged?  
What a myth, yet same eyes!

That the North's  
6th Century old citadels  
Are rebuilt annually  
For having employed  
The rife "low cost" materials  
What a lie, yet we realise!

That the uplift  
Needed by Africa now  
Should be in hundreds  
But the North's was in billions?  
What a difference, yet same dollar!

That the North's periphery  
Lifted-off without gasoline?  
The heartthrob of development  
What a slow mind  
Oh! African development worker!

Dedication: To all humanity who strive  
To see Africa awakened from her  
Deep slumber of economic backwardness.

Tuesday, 29th January 1991.  
Chapananga, Chikwawa, Malawi.

Isaac Maliya

# Why Do They Smile?

Eyes as red as crimson  
Lips spitting venom  
Hearts filled with iniquity  
Why do they smile?

Anger laden actions  
Minds exploding in rage  
Crocodile smiles on their faces  
Why do they smile?

Smiles wrapped in falsehood  
Smiles that spits fire  
Smiles that scorches the mind  
Smiles that eradicates happiness  
Why do they smile, at me?

En route to London on Blantyre-Addis Ababa Flight: 27/09/2013

Isaac Maliya



# 'Will You Be There? '

When am not there  
When my physicality disappears  
No longer talking  
No longer defending myself  
When my "three" are in tears  
Will you be there?

When they ransack my crib  
When my sweat go any-which-way  
No longer respecting me  
No regard for my "three"  
When my "three" are in tatters  
Will you be there?

When they dissect my being  
When they deride and ridicule me  
No regard for my roots  
No regard for my real story  
When my "three" are in torment  
Will you be there?

When they lay me bare  
When they shame me  
When they judge me  
When they condemn me  
When they fight over my blood  
When they argue over my sweat  
Whilst in my casket  
Will you still be there?

Dedication: To MJJ, may his soul rest in peace!

Monday, 13th July, 2009

Huyton, Liverpool, UK

Isaac Maliya

# Write Me A Poem

Write me a poem  
A poem without roots  
A poem without routes  
A poem with shoots  
Write me a poem

Write me a poem  
A poem without time  
A poem without tide  
Write me a poem

A poem of old  
A poem of odd  
Write me a poem.

13/09/13: On Maputo - Nampula flight

Isaac Maliya

# Zambezi River

Your greatness  
Usually forgotten  
Yet you are the source of life  
The spice of living.

Divorced long ago  
For not being clean  
The fear of ailments  
Yet we have no alternatives  
In eras of failed energy  
But look to you expectantly.

Your enmity with thirst  
Always forgotten  
Yet you pipe water  
The spice of the city!

Dedication: To the residents of Tete  
Saturday, 12th July 1992.  
Tete, Mozambique.

Isaac Maliya