



HOW IT ENDS

COLOUR CULTURE
POETRY AND FICTION ANTHOLOGY

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POETRY

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AT THE POET'S FUNERAL

At the poet's funeral

Gathered men great and small

All dining in sorrow and feasting on pain

They wore black days for suits

Hiding their heads were pregnant clouds

That held their reigning grief willingly

Tears welled up in their eyes like treasures

Waiting to rain rapidly and ferociously

Undoubtedly the pouring was acidulous

They wore faces with mournful stories

Glaring at each other in protest

To offer a piece of mind

And amidst them rose dragons

That spat spiteful spiels

Whose anger swiftly swam in the flames,

They threw spiritual curses through Windows

Hoping it would consume the immortal enemy

Their unthinking thoughts went in vain

For they were only wet fire flames,

The dragons went down on their knees

They were poets praying for the death of COVID-19.

Dennis Malubani

Lusaka, Zambia.

BLEEDING HEART

Crying alone in the dark corner, buried in shame with no honour.

Left in misery with no humour, that's how I got dumped it's no rumour.

In the beginning it was all perfect, everyone knew about us our love was no secret,

Taking it step by step we were living in the present, dived all in into her interests.

Head over heels I was in love, free spirited, happy I was like a dove.

Like a perfect tune my heart was in grove, not realizing it will be buried in a grave.

Overtime things became so different, still together but she felt so distant.

Stone cold her heart turned militant, stabbed me in the chest my heart broke instant.

I felt so betrayed, gave her my life and she threw it in the land of the dead.

Every day to the Lord I prayed, that he keeps us together and forever but he failed.

Her words so powerful I couldn't mend, disfigured as I am left with a dent.

Recalling her words phrased, "I am sorry I just can't, you and I this is how it ends!"

Matthews Nyirongo

Lusaka, Zambia.

REGRETS

I could see her slowly dying from the inside,
Head teeth forced back to their habitat
Every overstretched skin cell that formed the perfect horizon smile
Shrinking to form a river of tears
To run through
Cry me a river
Let your tears fill me a beautiful sea of pain
Her face collecting losses as wrinkles emerge
Just yesterday I saw her for the last time
She didn't have much to say
Well she didn't say anything at all
So I spoke to myself
I'm sorry I was selfish

I can utter a thousand words

Utter them over again a billion times and it still wouldn't be enough

I wish I'd held you in my arms

Yet I let you bleed out in your bathtub alone

With a note on the floor

I watched the woman I loved slowly being pushed into an ambulance

As I watched her fade away I realized

The human heart is fragile

Lighter than gas

I realized pain can destroy and take away

So you who still has their friends and loved ones

Yield to this advice

Watch people that you keep company

Learn to apologize

Be in the company of the wise

Leave out the ungodly

Be like Christ

Be a pearl

Priceless

To my sisters; no man is worth drawing the curtain of your private chambers for if not your husband

Do not let him defile your body

Wait on the presence of God

Who am I kidding

Those brothers are liars

Pretending to be spirituals

So daughter and son of God

Read the word

Receive discernment that you may not be deceived

This story may just be a figment of my imagination

But lay waste to all ungodly thoughts

Vincent Siame

Lusaka, Zambia.

HOW DOES IT END

Close call but closed, I can't hear you breathe
I can hear your voice, the statutory you're leaving
But living in my mind is stressful
I don't know what to say or do
I've called on you
I can feel your presence but I can't feel you
Please don't let me go
How does it end for me really?
I don't know what to move to play or how to exit
Can't say the words too quick
Because I'll have them said way too fast
Please don't let me go
Whatever you decide I'll be waiting.

Vince Carter

Lusaka, Zambia.

IN THE END

In the end it's career over love,

Looks over character,

Biology over chemistry and eventually- you'll get over me

For those of you who envy the spotlight

Here's why you're better off where you are

The plight of an artist

Freely airing your dirty laundry to strangers on stages

Your partner will only ever know what's really up with you when they're in attendance

And that makes for an awkward conversation on your way back home

Truth be told it's a cause and effect world

Something's got to give

Thank God for such expressions

Thank God for language

For all who have been victims each time I've had to cut open a vein

Use my blood as ink to write a beautiful piece

Be it for a few seconds or minutes

However long I gave you a part of me freely

And you'll never know how much it cost me privately

Indeed, something's got to give

So in the end?

It's still career over love

Biology over chemistry and eventually- you'll get over me and over this piece.

Jean-Pierre Bwalya

Kitwe, Zambia.

DREAMS

In my dreams I can be anything

I can do anything

I can be a weightless cloud gently soaring into the sky never touching the ground

Where the air is thicker and impure

To the moon that stares down in the dark

Ever shining so bright

Unbothered by the emptiness of space

In my dreams anything is possible to the vast ocean

So calm and peaceful

See in my dreams I'm at peace

Everything is serene and quiet

But dreams are nothing but brief moments

Moments that feel like an eternity of nothing but serenity

To be happiest in a world apart of your soul

It is unexplainable.

Likando Muhau

Lusaka, Zambia.

MUSTERED MUSTARD

Behind all that we hide about ourselves are masks to please strangers in a time that accepts the secrecy of distorted imperfection.

Now the urge to show authenticity muffles into clouds of self-critical bolts. Lightning bolts generated from the charge of idealist suits.

Breeds over intricate poverty.

Poverties that assume effort over wellness.

Trinkets wrapped into forced snippets of forced affection.

Doomed is the one who fusses not about the unchangeable parts of themselves.

The human being must be reminded of the reason why we err.

If to have one more of everything is the key to happiness, then even our harmful holds are justified in their resilience.

Over-used by the flair flowering of empty displays.

This is what addiction pays. Leave out the uncertainty, now that you are twice the number you once lived.

The world's artful discrepancies are yours.

Yours from the break of day.

Yours until life changes its form of you beneath the grave.

Like mustered mustard we all divide ourselves only to collide into merged requests of mismatched equations.

Mapalo Chibwe

Lusaka, Zambia.

KALINGALINGA 3

Drugs and Stilettoes

So she chose to hustle with her thighs closed,
She froze her heart to this cold world with closed doors,
Frozen floors, broken cores and sold souls

Yes, her heart's cold: But not as cold as the Kalingalinga streets
Where she breaks bone and sweat, so her son could eat
She calls him a blessing when they whisper he's product of sin
Like whoredom runs through her genes
She alienated drip coz those were the oceans in a teaspoon she'd drown in
Let 'em talk but that won't feed him
Kalingalinga darkness is always grim
Like COVID they had their masks on

Don't you know, that the most toxic of all demons morph into Angelic form?

The pendulum swings differently when realization and hunger sets in

Death Artistically sets traps and desperation nets

So she nests in the power of choice

She searched for God's voice but again he's presence is ever absent

Will she do it; open up her legs again

Is this how it all ends?

Moono Chongo

Lusaka, Zambia

HOW IT ENDS

Have you ever in your life held something and thought about how great it would be to own it

Only to realize it is already yours

The magic has just worn off

But of course it isn't real magic

It was just an underwhelming experience in the end

Held a hand a thought about how great it would be to have a hand to hold

Walked home and thought about how great it would be to go home one day

The glass is neither half full or empty

It is just wishing it was bigger

Wish that the moment you find yourself looking up from everyday struggle to get through would be greater than this

The blue sky always being blue

The birds sketching a melody on the sound waves

And it isn't to say it isn't beautiful

It is just to wish it was more

And maybe that is how it ends wishing there was more life to be held

Forest

HEADLESS BEING

Through the dying history of my breath

The best art ever written was 'I own no land'

But the best life came after the reward of death was offered

Trust me, Death is beautiful

Imagine arriving 6 feet deep underground to be offered a land and a house

To live made no sense, then your slaughterers your best poets did me a favour

Feel free to call me what they made of me: A headless being

The only form of life I have now is art

The only form of breath I have now is to write

The truth is I respect your piece of mind

But the problem still stands

My knees are allergic to the ground while I carry a headless ghost

That is why you will never see me bow

No offense if I don't pick your piece of advice

I care fir your peace of mind so don't be troubled to offer corrections

Even as I'm headless I care about my peace of heart

All for the sake of the headless me

Now describe the fall of my head as the awakening of my true life

Eradicate art until the ghost is inexistent

I hope your art does consider that God is art

Maybe this is how it should end.

Brave Muzamba

Lusaka, Zambia.

HOW IT ENDS

In everything that you do

You have to be focused

Do not be anxious

Or else Satan will play us

Abusing and using that's what people know

Follow Christ and your path will be cleared

Let's focus on uplifting and reading the word of God

We shouldn't be snoozing the end is near

How it ends?

Only Christ has the final say

But we will all know

When it's judgement day

There will be no running,

No guns firing

Only the truth will be raining

No hiding every eye will see Christ leading.

Asher Lungu

Lusaka, Zambia.

DARK VISION

I'm trapped between the light and darkness

I have my eyes wide open

But I'm struggling with blindness

I wear specks to see a clear vision of the future

But all that I see is vague

Because of its misted nature

I guess the best sight is no sight

And the things we see are but just a simulation

Because we are as blind as a bat

The eyes are of no use to me

Until they can see the other side of the black hole

I'll keep them closed and enjoy the dark vision

Shadreck Mwamba

Lusaka Zambia.

WHY IT ENDS

She, a white linen hugging her perfectly sculpted body

I with no shirt just my epidermis with scars of encrypted memories

She gently holds the left side of my cheek to face her

My face she touches like braille

Trying to read what I am thinking

Her gaze piercing mine as if in search of any doubt about my feelings for her

With a kiss on her forehead comes the harsh truth

I have a casket of memories, call them ghosts

Each love that was once engulfed in lies

Torn in fragments never again to be

Here is why it all ends

First is the joy of finally having it

Quenching the desire of owning it

Then the fear of losing it

The fear of waking up to a lonely bed

The kind of fear that awakens trust issues and finally lies

All the pain caused stitched to my skin as a reminder

Michael Halachi

Lusaka, Zambia.

HOW IT ENDS

So beautiful how it starts

So funny how it's dynamic

First as strangers then as friends

You turn into lovers

You pretend you don't like it

But the energy is too strong

Even when you try to hide it

It shows even after you throw the covers on

It resides in your heart

You feel the breeze

It's not an allergy

Don't worry you won't sneeze

You become so attached you wish it never ends

So whenever you argue

You rush and mend

But how long can you?

You have tried and mended a lot,

Problems keep coming,

You have cried a lot,

And now tired of begging

You sense danger approaching

You have been through enough

You start sensing you're losing

But now you just watch

You are so hurt yet no one knows

You again think it's too late

You cry on top of your voice

And finally realize and accept that this is how it ends.

Zachariah Longwe Jr.

Mfuwe, Zambia.

SNATCHED

We walked in the breeze of spring

We laughed in the sprinkles of summer

We cuddled around in the cold of winter

We did all this and more only for it to wither

You were my best friend shoulder and rock

We went together like a pair of socks

I treasured every moment

Holidays were never the same without you

We went everywhere together

Even in our dreams we dreamt of same places

We had a favourite spot on the park where we carved our names on the bench

Now that placed is drenched in my raining thoughts as a trench

Our friendship grew as we did

Blossoming like a sweet rose in the light

We used to sit for hours talking under the starry night

Oh where did it go? That Delight?

It couldn't be hidden, how could it?

We could both feel it

A love so alive and young

Something to which blue birds sung and soon wedding bells would've rung

But then he who hated our love

Who was disgusted by our embrace

He sought to end it

Many times he tried yet our love prevailed and proved strong

Unfortunately, we could not win anymore

He took you from me

Oh death, you're a tyrant!

You lived no more

Because death took you in an accident at a time uncouneted

Now our memories together are nothing but a myth with nothing to show for

Who else but me will ever know of them?

Who else will know of our love but me?

Are you really gone, is this how it ends, could it be?

Chilanjii Mhone

Lusaka, Zambia.

THE INEVITABLE ENDINGS

Imagination is for all

Many have brushes

A few have paint

Alas that's how it ends

Poetry is for all

Many have ink

A few have heart

Alas that's how it ends

Gravity is for all

Jumping off a cliff

Is painful death

Alas that's how it ends

Numbers are for all

Every step is a statistic

For an outcome

Alas that's how it ends

Time is for all

Once a chick hatches

Its shell is inhabitable

Alas that's how it ends

Humility is for all

Honouring pride

Is a medal of one's fall?

Alas that's how it ends

Knowledge is for all

Learning nothing

Crowns ignorance on one's head

Alas that's how it ends

Change is for all

A new outfit requires

An old one taken off

Alas that's how it ends

Money is for all

Loving it

Costs one's soul

Alas that's how it ends

Work is for all

Escaping the sweat

Starves one to death

Alas that's how it ends

Battles are for all

Fighting is inevitable

One has to lose

Alas that's how it ends

Death is for all
Every living creature
Will have its last breath
Alas that's how it ends

Blessington Kakoma

Lusaka, Zambia.

SUICIDE NOTE

Why do I hurt?

Why do I hurt the people around me?

Am I tool of massive torture that brings heartache?

Am I a machine that disintegrates the feelings of those around me?

Am I a player in a game that makes people lose the same level over and over again until they give up?

Maybe that's why I am hurt

Am I a magnet that attracts horror and fear into people's lives?

Am I a train without railways or a destination?

A train that will crash at the end of the station?

Am I a pencil without grey charcoal in it?

No? Then why do I feel so empty?

Maybe I need a hug or somebody to feel my inside

Maybe they would feel how tired I am of all the pain

Am I a lonely soul made to open up and rip out people's souls which were sown by the sower of souls?

If only you too could rip off my skin and see the layers of failure, despair and anxiety

Maybe then you would understand why contemplate suicide

So to everyone who knew me if I die don't cry

You be happy live life and enjoy it

Make the most of it, cherish it

At least I won't be there to ruin it

Someone said I was a caring soul then why do people leave me?

Someone also said I was honest then why do people call me a liar?

Someone called me an angel but then why did I feel my spirit burning in an eternal inferno?

Someone said I was a symbol of hope but then why do I feel like a scarecrow?

Maybe if I Closed my eyes and never woke up people would actually like me

When you find this note my body will have decayed but don't bury me let me return to dust

Let the worms feed off my rotting flesh

At least I could make them happy
I didn't choose this depression or trauma they all chose me
I never meant to hurt people but the circumstances overweighed me
I was possessed but I didn't cast out the demon I embraced it
Because I was lonelier than the loneliest lone soul
I died every single day before today
Mama I'm sorry I've left without seeing you one last time
But believe me it's for the best
You won't get a dime but at least you finally get a pressure free mind
To my friends get the strongest liquor and toast to our days together
Know that your friend will be watching over
To my sisters don't fight over who cried the most at my funeral
You both are my favourite comedians make Mama and Dad proud
And when you're done reading this note

Come and unlock the door because I'm still locked inside.

Boniface Kasona

Lusaka, Zambia.

CURSED THOUGHTS

What if the living are the ones who are dead?

And the dead re the one who are living

Would you still love the hell you are living?

Or would you wish that you were rather dead

Life is a lethal elixir called death

A sweet poison that's killing the earth

Immortality belongs only to the righteous

For it has no use to a soul that's as dark as mine

These poems are diaries of my cursed thoughts

My devilish bars are an iron that never *wroughts*

Imagine having demons for best friends

Your soul drowning steadily at ungodly trends

Suicidal thoughts came calling

And depression kept dropping me texts

Life can at times become a very dark alley

While death remains a beautiful valley

So I sold my soul to the art

The very minute that I learnt

That the Devil is a poet at heart

To the gods of art my knee is bent

How it all ends.

Dexter Phiri

Chipata, Zambia.

CAUGHT ON THE EDGE

A penumbra of how the hearts of the people have darkened

It's not only a dream but the harsh reality of what others call the African curse

The sign of hard work means bruised knees and scarred hearts panting and pacing to the end of the road like a lion

Till a vision of Mufasa appears in the red painted sky

No need for identification, we can tell from your torn clothes, cracked heels, dry lips white with poverty that you are a child of the Zambian ancestors

Here girls have dreams of revolution and probably a second renaissance but their place is in the kitchen as emphasized by 'Bana Chimbusa'

Men hold guns of inventions and change but elders are sitting at the top of the mountain drinking the life of the youth and refusing to step down

Mothers pray but it's not enough because here hard work means bruised knees and scarred hearts

Nothing comes easy

A nation of soul survivors

Landlocked but an island of inventors and revolutionists blinded by the ecstasy of their own traditions

Sonorous susurrations of Zambian drums playing a famous song that we all dance to

Religion has been our greatest enemy though we hide behind a God that does not save through one's quantity of prayer

We hold on to what glitters without vision of redemption for our future

Here education is the only key to success because the land for your business is given to foreign investors

No matter how high you soar into space along the milky way

How long you dream that one man can really change the world

We are sons and daughters of the soil

Raised from the darkest of hearts

We are fighters

Bones clinging to the stench of our ancestor's blood

This is our land

This is our home

And here we know how it ends.

Mary Chikondi

Mazabuka, Zambia.

HOW IT ENDS

As the night becomes longer my strength starts to weaken

My stomach becomes hungrier and I soon start to break

The sky seems like home its where I'm soon destined to be

I am no longer strong I can no longer fight

I pass by the mirror and there stands a girl

No she is not me I do not know who she is to be

My wrists are now scarred so is my heart

My mind is now full of horrible thoughts

I cannot escape; I cannot fight

This dark cloud has taken over me

I try to smile but the mornings are harder

Waking up to someone I'm not

I cannot feel, I cannot think

I am numb, I am weak

I have been fighting for way too long

Things have gotten worse

And this war is now harder to fight

I was supposed to be happy, to be free

But along the way to my destiny something took over me

It was unexpected, I was not prepared

I never thought I could feel this way

It's a dark cold world

I can no longer remember who I was before

Happiness was once me but it no longer represents me

I have fallen into a never ending hole

So no matter how hard I fight

It will not end until it finally ends me

Suwilanji Sichalwe

HOW IT ENDS

Whips and chains dripping off her sleek tongue

Her words had me in place, tamed and obedient like I had a choice

At her mercy I lost my voice

I swear I tried to fight it

Gain my floating and rise from these dark dreary depths

The harder I tried the more it hurts like hooks in my limbs mining for a firmer hold dug dip into my flesh till the pain was a bright white scream that numbed my mind

So I decided to stay at least it kept the pain away

I did as she asked, turned, spoke, blinked, breathed only at her command

Her words caressed my mind so much that I began to believe this was how it's meant to be

Till one day I saw her walk towards me her face no longer illuminated as it usually was

She unhooked the steel from my limbs looked me in the eye and told me to leave

She noticed the puzzled look on my face but dared not answer any of my million questions but I knew

I knew that look, she had found someone new

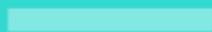
I left her niche with one question in mind covered in a blanket of disbelief

Is this how it ends?

Lovewell Mwinga Jr.

Lusaka, Zambia.

F I C T I O N



QUARANTINE DAY 12

Written by Lusekelo Naomi Chinyama

Siavonga, Zambia.

The beat of her heart speeds up, like it did when she danced to a new, fast paced Makishi tune at last years' Likumbi Lya Mize.

Her blood rushing, mild perspiration, back so arched you bet she'd boomerang if you threw her stiff.

And then...

Mind goes blank, heart almost stops while her legs quiver. She feels it. A soft, silent moan escapes her lips, then that deep sigh of satisfaction. Yes, she just came.

Kudos to her body for cooperating.

But thirty seconds later, she's mortified. The invisible perceptual veil stripped off. Now the naked people on her screen make her repulsive. She swore that last time was the last time she'd watch porn and masturbate.

'Started from the bottom now we're back.'

Habits, bad habits.

How did she get here?

IS THIS HOW IT ENDS?

Written by Alfred Masunda

Harare, Zimbabwe

“Is this how it ends?”, down on the floor thinking, “Is it over now?”, heart beating fast, cars driving by in a flash. I guess I got myself into this mess. I'm about to pass out but before I do. Let me tell you how it started.

Brandy was her name, skin so yellow, she had all the fame. She'd smile at me and I'd to myself, ‘Damn...I got game.’ and she was my favourite player.

Valentines’ came, we made plans or so I thought we did. I thought I had won her over but she had me fooled. So fooled that I was deep in love. Love was something I never trusted until she came. I thought to myself let me see where this leads.

Back to that day, that fateful day. They day that had me wishing I never met such an evil same. I used up all my money, bought more flowers than I could hardly carry. Well that's how much I loved her. Down to the last penny. I swore I'd give her my world. I was 2 hours early, she said she was still home. I walked down the street as a happy man could. Happy I was but that all changed in a flash when from the glass window of a restaurant I saw her.

She was looking so fine I couldn't take my eyes off her, even when some other guy with flowers and what seemed like a parcel of gifts joined her. Shocked I crossed the pavement so carelessly I didn't notice the car that came close to almost hitting me. Careless is what I was in that moment because someone didn't care for me. I was just a pawn all along. We locked eyes, her jaw dropped. I was still in the middle of the road, cars hooting and swerving, before I knew it...Bang! That's all it took, broken legs, blood on the ground I could feel no pain. Pain would've been a comfort compared to the sharp sting piercing my heart. Broken heart, broken body. People circled murmuring, "What happened? Is he crazy? Is he Okay?"

But I didn't care and before I closed my eyes I caught a glimpse of her, seemingly puzzled and shattered, I wondered if she would apologize. Soon after I felt the darkness creeping in covering my eyes.

THE END OF LIFE

Written by Siphon Zulu.

Lusaka, Zambia.

Life's unforeseen change entered her. Never more to be the same. To her was born a little girl.

Her mind flooded with worries, doubts. The road ahead a mountain. The burden on her shoulders heavy as she looked into her baby's eyes, her tears of delight smiling away fear.

In her heart blossomed infinite love for this little creature born.

The task would be great. The path to travel long.

Her eyes looked to the new world before her, with the love that was burning within, she felt so calm.

The end of life as she knew it.

HOW IT ENDS

Written by Asher Lungu.

Lusaka, Zambia.

How strange it was. I was walking in the streets nobody was in range. In a dark corner a woman in ropes with her mouth covered as though to keep her from screaming for help.

There was a tall man holding a gun. My heart tells me to turn back and run but I think to myself 'He's going to torture her, rape her and probably shoot her after.'

Thinking of how it ends. I thought of standing tall and holding up my fist and tightened the watch on my wrist. The man aimed the gun at me and pulled the trigger but his gun was not loaded. 'Broke fellow.' I smirk thinking to myself. I urge him to give up telling him I called the police and that and that they would be here soon.

"You will be taken to a correctional facility full of dangerous and not so generous people."

The criminal tried to make a run for it but it was too late, the police caught him. I walked towards the lady, untied her loose, wiped her tears and smiled softly, "It's okay. It's over now. He'll be put away he can't hurt you anymore. This is how it ends."

GLADIATOR

Written by Shadreck Mwamba.

Lusaka, Zambia.

Dear Shadreck,

Lexical or whatever you call yourself

I am writing this letter to you from the future

I know this sounds weird and I don't mean to spoil the coming surprise

But I'm rather applauding you for your bravery

Years from now you'll be placed in a battlefield

With the hardest, toughest and greatest gladiators the universe could produce

You will wrestle with maniacs

Friends and demons but the greatest of all is surprise

The enemy's battleground is your heart

They will go into hibernation

Have you broken into a billion pieces?

Billion is an understatement

Your whole body will be a haunted house

Painted in blood with a living room of ecstasy and kitchen of regrets

Your time in this room will be short lived

Your furniture will subject you to being a prey of insecurities

I know this sounds crazy but fear not

You will come out of the house triumphantly like a gladiator

And I won't tell you how but wow

Yours,

You.

But that's not how it ends.

THE END OF US

Written by Stephen Tauya Mambo.

Lusaka, Zambia.

“Is this the end of us?”, She asked as tears poured from her eyes creating little salty paths through her cheeks.

She was not the type to cry over a thing for she had no care in the world whatsoever. But this time seeing her end approach and every little breath she took being a war on its own, was different.

“I did not know that the pandemic was such a serious thing. I just wanted to get a few things from the grocery store. Why me of all people? Ignorance is bliss right?”, with a slight smile on her face she uttered these words.

Seeing her in that state killed me from within and there was nothing I could do but sympathize with her from distance. This is the end of us if we let it be. My lover breathed her last.

To love until the end of time is what we pray for

The question is, what happens next when we get there?

Does love cease to be? We've been here many times before

And death never does us apart cause we're one here

And in the life after. My only prayer is that you breathe. Sigh.

THE PSYCHOPATH

Written by Boniface Kasona.

Lusaka, Zambia.

The night passes so quickly and he could not feel his hands, they were bloody and he just accomplished death number 7. Sirens heard from a distance, he walked down the dark alley all alone and forgotten by society but he never cared, he just had one thing on his mind, vengeance. The police were perplexed after seeing the dead body. The face of the victim was unrecognizable, so disfigured the cops wondered if a crazy gorilla did this to him. “Look at this, how do we start investigating?” one cop said to the other as they called the ambulance to come and get the body.

In the morning he goes for therapy, as he heads out of his apartment a kid greets him, “Good morning Uncle? There is blood flowing out from your room.” He looks down and sees it rushes back inside, grabs another half dead body and locks it in the closet and makes sure the little opening under the door is well covered, “Thank you. Here’s some money go buy yourself some sweets and don’t tell anyone what you saw okay?” he says and leaves the child on wonder but excited however. His nosy neighbour tries to get into his room by all means and fails miserably.

He is at the door of the therapist buzzing the door bell, she lets him in and offers him a cup of ginger tea, “Would you like a cup of ginger tea or shall we get into the hypnosis?”, she looks deeply in his eyes and trembles. She could see the pain and the torture he gives his victims but can’t say a thing. It’s customer’s policy.

“Water will do. I have something to tell you but you have to know that if I do tell you, you’ll probably become one of my future victims.” upon hearing this Suzy doesn’t let him finish his statement.

“Let’s do the hypnosis, shall we?” with a sign of relief on her face. He nods his head in a positive response. She continues, “As the clock keeps on ticking, you will fall into a deep sleep and you will only wake at the snap of my hand.” he goes asleep taken by the spirits of hypnosis and can only talk but not move.

“Tell me what do you see Oliver? Are you home with your family?” she asks him, he starts breathing heavily and grabs her hand squeezes it and she snaps her other hand and he awakens.

“What did you see?” she asks him as he slowly gets up from the chair, “I saw my wife being murdered, my child being burnt alive and there was nothing I could do except watch.”

“It was only a memory.” she tries to make him feel at ease.

“No that happened for one reason, I need to see the face of that monster who decapitated her head off. Do it!” with an angry face he asks her to hypnotize him again but she denies his request because the trauma could be fatal to him.

“No we don’t know how your mind is responding to this, everyday it’s getting worse and I can’t continue with this. I’m sorry.”

“You can’t do this to me! We have to continue. I have to know who killed my family please.” he pleads with her but she keeps on refusing.

“I won’t ask again, take me back to the hypnosis or else!” he pulls her close and stares in her eyes which reflect fear.

“You’re hurting me Oliver, let me go, I said let me go!” she hits him in the gonads and he falls down as she rushes to a drawer and draws out a pistol.

“What’s wrong with you, I’m your therapist, you’re supposed to respect me. I didn’t expect this from you. Believe me I know your troubles; I have been there but what you are trying to do is not good for you.”

“I’m sorry, I got carried away with my emotions. I’m truly sorry. You are right. This thing isn’t going well. I think we need to stop it.”

He says all this only to ease Suzy and as he leaves before their time is up, he looks over his shoulder with a smirk on his face saying, “Everyone who had a hand in my family's death will not live to tell the story.”

HOW IT STARTS

Written by Patrick Chitengi jr.

Lusaka, Zambia.

It was a bloody scene, both of them could hardly move.

Oxygen returned into her lungs as she un-breathed her last breath, her body slowly lifted off the cold tiled floor as she returns into a few staggered steps then into a firm stance. Her left hand lifted off her stomach and so followed her right as she unfelt a blow of pain in her abdomen, her elbows lifted once again, her palms returned to her head as her fingers let go of her thick hair strands. She returned on top of Joshua's corpse, tears streamed in reverse up her cheeks then back into her eyes.

His body slowly lifted off the cold tiled floor as consciousness slowly returned to his body, the catastrophic blood pressure to his brain un-dropped as his heart un-struggled to pump blood. There was massive un-bleeding both externally and internally, blood slowly returned to his sliced arteries, the knife in his heart un-stabbed his chest almost un-slicing into half his left nipple as it moved outward back into her hand. He was back on his two feet, he watched her un-take her steps her steps as she moved backwards his heart slowed down as it beat in reverse. He unheard her angry voice as he slowly faced away towards the window a thousand thoughts unprocessed through his mind. He

went back to that point when he failed to comprehend how he went so far and why out of all days she decided to give the surprise visit.

She moonwalked back to the kitchen turned around, un-stared at the blade of knife back into the beach wood knife block on her kitchen counter then slowly un-gripped its handle, she moved back slowly un-walked into her bathroom, she un-smashed everything in her bathroom.

Joshua moonwalked slowly back to the door unclosed it then unopened it as he slowly un-walked from the house back to his car. Mwamba unheard Joshua's car outside the house, he un-parked in their yard a few minutes after she un-arrived at the house and un-drove to his office. Broken pieces of the bathroom mirror lifted off from the floor and returned to wholeness back into her hands and he hooked it back on the wall. She unlooked at her messed up face in the mirror, unbent from the sink as her strong grip in the sides of the sink slowly let go. She un-swallowed the pills into her hand and her hand full of pills returned into her doctor bag purse. She un-walked her footsteps away from the sink and un-slammed the bathroom door as she slowly moonwalked back to her bedroom.

She un-grabbed her brown leather purse from her bedside table. The sound of her screams left her house as it slowly returned back into her mouth, she un-threw herself from the bed then unran out of the room, she un-slammed her house door then unran back into her car. She restarted her badly parked car as if she wasn't this perfect driver and

un-drove to Joshua's office. She un-ran up to his office from the company parking lot, everyone in the building un-stared at her as they un-wondered what was happening.

Cynthia un-ran out of the office a few minutes after her boss's wife walked in on them with her hair undone and not properly dressed. Mwamba un-slammed Joshua's office door, "!!!...I, Mwamba wait" he un-shouted as he un-pulled his pants down, he quickly un-pushed his secretary off him as his wife un-screamed "!!! here happening what's! Joshua", tears flowed in reverse back into her eyes, the cake lifted off the office floor and slowly un-dropped into her grasp. Mwamba un-walked on her husband and his secretary who so happened to be her best friend's sister pants down, her shock and disappointment slowly returned into a happy face as she unopened Joshua's office door to give his birthday surprise, she moonwalked slowly out of the office, un-stared at her husband's secretary's empty desk as she un-walked past it until she was out of the building back to the parking lot and un-drove to pick up her cake order.

The hands of time moved anticlockwise as the lunch hour slowly started to un-arrive, they unrealized that it was now too late to stop, his hands un-navigated her body as she buttoned his shirt, their lips slowly and hesitantly parted, his lips untraveled her neck while his hands slowly let go of her hair. She got off his laps, her body moved slowly in circular motion as she un-lap danced, she unbent over and put his jacket back on him. She unlooked into his eyes immediately then un-kissed him on his cheek, she slowly moonwalked from what she just said, "Please today for just at least, present birthday little a you give to able be to is asking am I all. you for something special extra little a unwrap to me allow please day special your is today. me with off run and her leave to you asking not am I and Mwamba with love

in deeply are you much how know I Joshua” she unsaid softly while she slowly buttoned her shirt. Slowly her body lifted off the chair as she un-at up back on her two feet she un-walked to the door unclosed it then unopened it as soon as she heard Joshua answer, “in Come.” A few seconds after she un-knocked on his door, walked in reverse back to her desk and returned the file addressed to her boss on the left side of her table.

It was a warm sunny day with clear skies and Cynthia was looking beautiful as ever. She had her long black hair nicely done, the red lipstick made her lips look like honey and the fragrance of her perfume filled the room. She was putting on a lovely stylish red shirt that exposed her cleavage and a short black skirt that nicely mapped her curves making her A-shaped bottom pop. Well she had an amazing body. To compliment her medium height, she put on beautiful high heels that exposed the tips of her feet. It was Joshua's big day hence she wanted to look her best for him. She was so in love with him and it all started when she first met him at her elder sister's university graduation party. When he made a mistake of complimenting her beauty.

The Start.

C O L O U R



C U L T U R E