

MY
CONFESSIONAL
LETTERS

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MY CONFESSIONAL LETTERS

First edition. December 6, 2019.

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ISBN: 978-1386320838

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Also by Smiley NTK Thefir5t

A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION Volume 1

A Step is All

Standalone

My Confessional Letters

Watch for more at www.facebook.com/smileythefir5t.

To You. It is an honor to be in your caring arms.

Thank God!

I. KALATA WANU AMBUYE



CHILUNGAMO (Candid)



In all honesty
I haven't been that honest
And life took
its toll
This is not about
trying to be modest
Though pride rides -
here is a drumroll
2015 I debarked
on an adventure
From the embankment
of a fast-flowing river
Journalizing it
in poetic letters
On sailing as the pages
of my book of revelations
Filled up with untold
Truths of my untruthful behavior
What I on this sea saw
Not with the vision of a believer
I once stood before
a whole congregation
Ready to take that oath
Hand raised for proclamation
Be Christ-like

from this day forth
But just as I took that leap
To take my place he hollered
Yo! You need to take a peep
At today's special.
Be our guest -
you're honored
You wanna try
something new
I know,
so give it a shot
In time you will
meet your boo
Don't you wanna know
the taste of the fruit?
My curiosity
it overpowered me
And I realized, too late
I'd stood over a chasm
As I plunged into
the abyss drawing onto me
With its beautiful tentacles
in spasm
The sea had been pulled
from under me
I felt,
so was my barque
When once foreseen
freedom of a refugee
Went down
the throat of Jonah's shark
Not Noah's ark

SMILEY NTK THEFIRST

to redemption
 It's funny, I tried to muster my art
 Forgetting my prayer session
 Before I let
 the master inside
 of my heart
 And I could hide the truth
 so well I became a masturbator
 Excelled through
 it with no calculator
 Yeah. Sometimes it was hands-free
 with no tissue paper
 Pausing but never
 really stopping
 That I was growing sexually
 but not mentally
 My mind was still
 "Daddy will take care of everything"
 But my body -
 My body was like Twenty three
 No job, no college and daddy's late
 And really I couldn't see
 My life was all but a hazy slate
 I didn't understand
 what it meant
 To really,
 truly grow up
 Yet still that is
 how my life was spent
 In much disgust
 you'd wanna throw up
 And I honed that skill in tow

'Till I became a pro-crastinator
'Cause I spent every meager second
of my days plotting my next get off
 Would you believe
 if I said I'm no different
 from my drunken neighbor?
 I realized something
 in that situation
Those who choose to follow Christ
Incur the most temptation
I imagined we would sit
 in a circle of trust
 And I wouldn't be
 afraid to truly open up
 As is scribbling these
 words on these pages
 What'll matter most is
neither your clap nor your snap
 But as tales of old
I'll speak words that last ages
 From here where I stand
To whichever mount I will tell
 My story 'till
 the last of my sand
Even if at the top of my lungs
 I'd've to yell
 I don't want this
 to just end up on a shelf
For how would you know if
 I do not tell?
 So unlike Pompei
 allow me to apologize

SMILEY NTK THEFIR5T

and reintroduce myself
 Hi. My name is Smiley Thefir5t
 And I'm a sinner
 I've lied,
 I've stolen
 I'm fallen
 into misdemeanor
 I could say I haven't but
 I have killed . . .
 Chicken, roaches, flies and mosquitoes
 No people, no
 I've lived mostly
 in like, "Who believes in heroes?"
 I've been mostly
 in negligence
 Like it's a
 waste of time to find purpose
 And I could just YOLO it out
 Leave the Ten Commandments
 In the Old Testament -
 I've lusted;
 If you asked
 when last it was I masturbated
 Well I'm tasked
 It's a few hours from when this letter was decided
 I have done things one-footed
 One foot in
 I know
 Following the norm
 As society terms it
 I could resist
 some sins

But not all
Lacking while claiming
to please God
I was falling
never so truthful –
But come now
Let us rejoice
For I know that my strength
Has only one true source
And that I believe is Truth
It is what gives me
complete freedom
Because that me of old
has been disrobe
I'm newly clothed
With faith and strong
I am finding purpose
To live through patience
and Him that freed me
Saved me
I no longer just exist
But I live.

Yours, Candidly

Smiley NTK Thefir5t.

April 14th, 2019. 09:22 AM



THE SECOND LETTER: To . . . The MAN Upstairs?



D^{ear . . .}

Well, I do not exactly know what name to call you by
'Cause some call you The Almighty
Some call you El-Shaddai
Some call you Holy
Some call you the Alpha and The Omega
The Heavenly Father;
Jehovah Shammah,
the Omnipotent Creator
The Maker of all
things down below,
Up on top
and high above
And yet still some
call you The Great I Am
The Good Loving Lord
The Guy that knoweth
what I would be
Why and how I would be
Not forgetting when I would be
The Guy that
twice parted the sea
And once flooded
the entire globe

For a hundred plus days—
The Guy that said
“Let there be!”
And there was me
I am searching for truth;
Trying to find proof
Of all that goes on
in and around my life
Most times asking
‘What if’?
How could it have been
if I was born elsewhere?
Maybe I would have been
living in some other lair
With much room to spare, maybe
Or worse like living in despair
But here I am
and here I hear
Things that come
hitherto my ear
That you bear
anybody's strife
If they come to you –
Confess and repent of their evil ways—
They shall survive
And I hear you keep me alive;
I hear that you know me well
That you know all the struggles I go through
I hear that you
Have seen my future and my past, too
That you
Know all

the hidden things I do . . .
 Wait, so that means
 That time
 I thought to rape
 that child you knew?
 And the things I stole
 The lies I told
 The lust I held on to
 That too
 Is not hidden from you
 Wow! I don't think that
 I can protest now
 Though maybe I should ask
 Who are you?
 Or rather
 Who am I to you?
 For I hear that you are greater
 Than I am clever
 You are the life sustainer
 You can change the complainer
 And too like I,
 the doubter
 I hear that you are
 the spiritual eye opener
 Faith deepener
 Heart softener
 Way straightener
 And word sharpener
 I hear that
 Honor, worship and glory
 Are yours
 and yours only

I also hear
That you said:
Those who have ears,
let them hear;
Those who have eyes,
let them see
And anyone that asks you
In truth shall be given
For he has been
righteously driven
And you always,
always listen . . .
There is so much
I can ask you
But for now . . .
God?

I am asking this of you
Show me the way I should live -
If all things truly work for good
Show me the truth that you give
Do not forsake me
And leave me
in the hands of the evil one -
I believe in you
And I give myself to you
I believe that you
Will never let me down
So guide me, lead me . . .
Please . . .

Truthfully Yours,

Kondwelani.

March 16th, 2015.



THE FOURTH EPISTLE: To the UNFRIENDLY COMPANION



D ear Sin,

This, what we
have going
It is a wrestle,
Now it may not contain
any trombones,
dreadlocks or unicorns
It is a wrestle -
Neither is it based upon
men in tights
Nor upon Xavier, Big E or Koffi;
the men in fights—
It is a new day . . .
Past two thousand fifteen
Another step I take —
Into two thousand sixteen
It is a New Year —
And you were
the very first thing
that came my way . . .
I invited you
on my journey
Of another 365
plus quarter days

With long kisses
of water to the quays
Holding on to you
night and day;
Like a work-suit
stuck with muddy clay
I still held on to you
and stayed
Stuck on you, all day;
It is a new day . . .
Oh! Stuck on you
With this feeling
down deep in my soul
That I just can't lose—
To you—
It is a new day;
Guess I'm on my way . . .
I needed a friend
Though times past
it seemed like
I'd be with you
'Till the end;
of the world
It is a new day;
Guess am on my way, home
And you tell me,
'Just be glad you stayed
We'll have so much
fun together
'Let me be your waiter
My promises get fulfilled
quick, no later

SMILEY NTK THEFIRST

Just be glad to have stayed'
Scoffers and mockers,
Maybe
Me? No way
Only for a few seconds
Only a few seconds
will I be glad I stayed
Only for a few, nudity-ignited seconds
will I be glad I stayed
Like fireworks
The fire burns
for lustful desire
Then spreads and fades away -
It is a new day . . .
Just three days
Away to this year
I told myself with you
I'll no longer stay
But here
I am again
Allowing us,
you and I, to stay
The same way
Still unsure if I will say
The truth and
keep at bay
Maybe even see
the end of today
It is a new day . . .
As I await tomorrow
to come my way
And the words

that my God will say -

I'm lost in need

and disparate

I can't

find the way

But some day

Maybe this day

I may

find my way . . .

Home

It is a new day . . .

YOURS LOOKING FOR A WAY OUT

Smiley.

January 1st, 2016.



THE SIXTH EPISTLE: Dear God, Is It?



Dear God, I think,

I do not
understand it
I do not
really quite get it
I -
have already taken that
"I ask you
to come into my heart"
Prayer as a start
More than once at that
But I do not see -
What I do not understand is
While these words
Seem to work
well for others
me, I irk
For me it's hard;
Rock solid
And I become stolid
To instances quite horrid
I am Pharaoh
With an untamed heart;
I am feral

No matter how high I got
Or how close I got to God
I'm no hero
The scales of my deed
still at zero
And I'm hoping
you can
help me move
that needle
In my favor
from the middle
Before Amit
has it as a meal, ho!
Yes, I do
believe there
exists Jehena
There's a life
after this life
that's better
Or worse kapena
Agony and pain
None of these
lasts forever—
Seemingly different
factions walk independent
of one another
With ideologies
that run parallel
of each other
But at some point
these individual ideals
just weave together

Into a tapestry
I cannot make
any sense of,
Nor execrate good of evil
Maybe it is because
I have indulged myself
So much in the depths
of the heathen;
Drunk out of their wineskin
That I left God's ways on the shelf
And now my mentality's misshapen
Or maybe it is
just as it seems
This world was
messed up
Way before
the Messiah came
I have talked
with the best
I have walked
with the best
And I have walked
with the blessed
I have talked
with the accursed
In the least,
that is how the world views them
As beasts,
because only the wild could breed them
But please;
God, is it?
I have a question -

More, but pro'ly one, two
Like how do we get here?
Where every pip that
thinks feels the spirit
Wants to own a congregation?
Shouldn't the church be one body
Working in perfect harmony?
But that's not the case now
Each party is on a chase
For an earthly treasure chest
When did we become so shoddy?
And made business out of ministry?
When did the word become salaula
That you only get to pick out what suits ya?
The church having branded itself
In a way the Christian should look like;
Move like
That is not closely Christ-like
Exuding a form of holiness
Yet distant from the holiest
DEAR Congregation,
Ever since I got baptized
I've realized that it's hard
to be chastised in Christ
I guess it's true in statement
That those who choose
to follow Christ
are more tempted
Than even when they
were un-converted
And with the disconnectedness
I've experienced

SMILEY NTK THEFIR5T

In these past nights
I tapped out
Of whatever you'd started in me
'Cause I didn't understand
What you were -
Who you are
What you are building in me
What you are building me into
And I couldn't
keep the fights due
I bunked out
Maybe there's some assurance
somewhere
that I haven't found out
where
Whatever it is
I pray it comes out
To me before my time
runs out . . .
Yours, maybe
Smiley Thefir5t.
June 2018.



THE EIGHT EPISTLE: Dear Grace



Dear Grace,

I am sorry I failed to
Recognize your presence
in my life to
Live by the vows I made
when I told you 'I do'
I do accept you
for who you are
I do vow to
love you just the way you are
I do vow to
fight for you;
fight by your side
when trouble brews
I do vow to accept
the wholeness of your packaging;
Your rebukes
Your attributes
Your friends, your relatives
even your neighbours too
I do vow like my Eden
that I'll care for you
and nurture you
I do vow to never leave
your side

SMILEY NTK THEFIRST

for better or worse
 In this life or the next
 I do
 vow to
 love you
 forever
 I appalled you enough
 With words of my well-rehearsed speech
 In my well-versed piece
 Drew an attention span
 longer than my earpiece
 Hear this
 At the baptistery
 remember I hailed you
 On moments my behavior
 was deemed true
 But I downscaled you
 While I saw myself sail through
 Nimbus and cloud nine
 and sat amongst stars
 That make rain
 of meteor showers
 That make gain
 of media hours
 Ours should now be
 On the rite of passage
 Remember I paid you Homage
 And this one is for you
 from a homeless savage
 That fell in love
 with the dark of night
 faster than a skim

of a Bible passage
I know you'll take my baggage
So whenever I see the light shine
I see that it's the right sign
 To pay my fine
 But since I'm fine
 With you by my side
Then debts I got none
 So the light's gone
 And I sigh . . .
 And think as I wait
 To see the sunshine
 Gazing up the sky . . .
 I see the moon
 Shall I see the sunlight?
Will it smile at me, soon?
 But 'till then...
 I am fallen...
And unto me a bad omen
 Is the light
 Save me
 O Grace.

Yours Looking For Myself,

Smiley

September 6th, 2018



A2WENTY FALL



In a single day

I have been given
Twenty plus four
More hours

Blessings they are

To receive joyfully
Poured out selflessly
Hours upon hours

What did I do

With these?
What I pre-planned
For these showers

I went fast

up the mountain . . .
And jumped down
For pretty flowers . . .

Please
Catch me.



THE LUST LETTER



Forgive my eyes
Keep 'em aside
Healthy and alive
So they can gaze upon your sight
Lord, when that time comes -
I have seen a lot
Heard a lot
Starting with the wife of Lot
It started as a test
Microphone check, check
One time, two times three
Later embraced
Babylon, chick, chick
Hen fly, on fleek
Flick and switch
I let my eyes skim through these
That I probably was not
Meant to see
Awfully engaging
But on the finger
There's no ring
Loaded on page
It seems I still don't
get these sins' wages
Curves; they are

SMILEY NTK THEFIRST

like biological weapons
 When she stands cross-legged
 Bottle-shaped
 I man ah feel a shift
 ina mi loins
 Lord a mercy
 Whose prophecies are fulfilled
 I let her fulfil my wet dreams
 Hands gripped
 tight to the sheets
 Legs up aloft
 I worshipped
 in a goddess's temple
 Mumutu ni Mr Tembo
 Actually that got sidelined
 by landmines of lust fights
 I hear Victor telling me
 Ndiwe wa Lust Fight (last fight)
 Ufighting'a lust
 But unga wine
 Ukankala serious
 I hear
 But never listen
 I see
 But never hearken
 And I tapped out
 I bunked out
 Because I left my weapons
 And I took this
 to another level
 Taking it as music
 Carefully planning

We gotta groove to this
Move to this
From chorus
where to find that DigiX
crowd dressed like, Hey!
Now let's beat up a little
the background sound
The breathing exercise
Exhaled with CB,
Rosay, and Juicy J
We the best
The Lyrics flow
like pop-ups on the net; click
Crystal clear picture
my Netflix
Imagination is
like bola ya pa zed
She got kicks
So Renard will be upstanding
throughout the game
Gotta do something 'bout it
Vocal; Mix and then Master-bate
Roll call,
Who wants to
give his life to
Christ and I don't relent
And I know that
every download
Is taking from bundles
Which means I am
gonna have pay more
for tomorrow

SMILEY NTK THEFIR5T

For that free porn
And really I can't fathom
why they still say that it's free
'Cause if it was then why
can't I login when I'm at zeros
But I do in the end any
And I was riding through
her dangerous curves; manenekela
And I wanna get over this war;
Ni nyenyempela
But I can't reach out
My hand from my phone



THE LAST LINE



Last and
most importantly
I went
back to each
Epistle set
What really is
the catch
Of the letters
herein
Perfection?
That I cannot attain
Necessity?
maybe that I can be
I am a work
in progress
Proceeding
at His command
For as man
We have fallen grace
short of His
Yet still on
we run the race
having been saved
'Till we see
the finish line.

II. VAKU M'TIMA



THE FIRST LETTER: To Namakau



Dear Namakau,

I don't know
if you've noticed
And I don't know
how best to say this
But from time
to time
my mind seeks Atlantis
When I look
at you my mind
wanders on
To a place
unknown
Just like
a tyre blown . . .
Whistling air
rushes out
'Till the tyre's flat,
my heart
I don't know
if it will
even start
Now, before you came in
I could walk around
Talk aloud

SMILEY NTK THEFIRST

and, yes,
I could laugh out loud!
But, when you came in
I was like Lot's wife
When I turned around -
I was a deer
in the headlights
Rapidly at loss of balance
This was way more than highlights
Plans I had
at first but alas
I froze . . .
Maybe I should pay the price -
Plus a rose -
Or maybe twice
'Cause your presence
makes me freeze
I cannot rise
To get the prize
'Cause I froze . . .
What more could
justify the cause
I wonder.
Yours Admiringly,
Smiley.
March 30th, 2014.



THE THIRD LETTER: For Esther



Dear Esther,
—I -

So many times
thought of this . . .

Wishing -
for a chance

That -

Maybe the time
when I get

to see you again

It shall be in bliss . . .

—I -

Have played
and replayed
what I would say

to you

That -

not to mess

Not to miss
any stripes;

You -

Speaking
in whisper's . . .

—I -

Sit again

under the same roof
Of which we -
You and I -
met
And over about
a thousand times
this I reminisced;
Wished it
The next
moment we meet,
Your voice,
I hear like you
are just speaking to me
Your name,
rings on in my mind
over, and over, and over,
and over
Your smile,
I can just
but picture
Your sight,
I try so
many times to paint,
Frame and maybe
shade more light
in a picture
But it is incomplete
without you
near and I cannot
capture your figure
This,
yes I was eager

Yet,
only memories linger
—I -
Hope at that moment
there shall be no fear
of anything
sweeter or bitter
And,
nothing to hinder
Your,
visual is
not forming
Just,
your name
ringing on;
Ding-dong,
like jingle bells
And louder,
like huge bells
of the Catholics
Heard over large,
land-stretches
No delay
On replay
in milliseconds -
in racing heartbeats
—I -
still hear roars
and cheers
all round me rising
That -
high temperature you

brought on me
slowly subsiding
Bonds created,
now breaking
Boats sailing,
now wrecking
Bridges that held,
now failing
Blocks all chances
of we meeting
What?
Was I thinking?
What?
Was I dreaming?
Was it one fling?
Probably nothing
But something sweet
Maybe it could have been
Like a bird's tweet
Well I should
have seen
—I -
was pushed
to think
I'd quickly forget
That,
very soon the memory
of you in mind
will be wiped
And,
will be buried
with my past

Reduced to nothing;
Dust to dust
But,
this wish and hope
to see you
will long last
For,
the details that must
An impale of a brush
This canvas but awash
With the colour
Of your eye
In my arms
where you lie
So truly I can
know what
is what
Or rather
if there
is another . . .
why
—I,
Hopefully hope
against hope
and wish to see
you again, Esther

YOURS WISHINGLY,

Kondwelani.

April 2015.



THE OTHER LETTER (Chronicles Untold)



To You, Berenice,

I remember the first
I knew you to exist;
You made a call and
Recited a poem that
Honestly I can't recall but
I knew it was you
'Cause you were the only one
That called and screamed Maaa!
On phone
Who does that on a show?
From that Tuesday of - whatever
I heard you say
I just couldn't wait to say;
I . . .
Have heard that voice before—
What would cause me to fall
For -
Not only with your voice
But one I'd never met before.
I should've seen
It didn't seem to make much sense
I must've gone nuts
Before the ground

In the shell I was bound
To dig you all year round
And -
 maybe it will pass;
Like flickering candle lights,
Bright before burning out
 You have a crush,
 Don't rush,
 Infatuation never
 really lasts
But maybe time may not be right
 I ain't really an expert
In such matters of the heart
 So I took a chill pill 'till
 time brought us Taco Hut
Where Noma' was taking over where I'd sat
Then you were called to the front
 By geeky Chipego
And stood up on that crate
 I saw you recite
Thinking; 'This dolly gal
 in boots
 is chaffing Christ'
You looked so small
 And I thought;
 Oh, gosh!
 No, I can't
She's too young but
 I guess it was just
 my height
So I went home
 Still crushed

Still

Stupid about no numbers got . . .

I thought it'd be over

But months later

Riding past a jogger

Past Crossroads mall—

Which should be

close by Kabulonga,

Now I think it over,—

I wished our paths could cross

And not cross out the bearer

Moreover

Christ was crucified on it

And I could've gotten your address correct

If only you'd said it over

And over time, then,

maybe I could've rode over

But scratch that

I rode past the Hut

Saw it from a long sight

Plus I had rode all the way

All day and was losing light

So I went home

Still crushed

Still

Stupid about no numbers got . . .

But I had to find you

Had to somehow

find a way

through to you

Because all I had was

a by-the-by and Philip

And to him the question
about you wouldn't leap
 Out of my mouth
 through my lip
 So I lived
 flip after flip
Through memories,
 page after page
'Till a year and a day
 after the stage
Before I knew your age
 You seemed ecstatic
 turning eighteen
Up and down in the stands
you were bobbing and jumping
 As if you live in the same,
 cruel hood as Lockdawg
And it's something unseen
 And because of
 some scene
 That I had seen
I had to reconsider
 telling you
 That last I—
My eye fell upon you that I—
 Really wanted to
 tell you that I -
 Kinda liked the gesture
 at the gazebo
 Though it was a tighter
 crowd with so many people
And you could've easily asked

SMILEY NTK THEFIR5T

somebody else to
 deliver me the info
 But you chose to tell yourself
 And you -
 I don't know
 Maybe you missed me also
 And I should've done so
 But I couldn't find the tree to
 pluck up enough courage to
 say so
 I -
 went home
 Still crushed
 Still
 stupid about no numbers got . . .
 I made one thing sure
 that time
 I wasn't gonna let more
 of it pass away
 Minus getting your line
 And giving you mine
 Heart felled
 and condensed
 I really think
 what I should've done
 is give you
 your line
 When I lost
 it in writing
 Taking so long to call;
 ringing
 But it wasn't your voice

speaking
And I hardly saw
you at the meeting
Where I never
wanted to be missing
Just in case of
your presence looming
And that's saying something
So I was wondering
and wandering
in mind, what next?
'If she says yes,
With this Mikrophone
Am I ready set?'
While Vic started saying;
'Bruh, forget'
And I saw you less
and less
than your crew met
But once I saw a chance
I told him let me
have these guys checked out
Before they check out
And one moment led to the next
No thing seemed to have changed
inside this heart
And I crush into you
Like a runaway train
Still
stupid about no numbers got . . .
'Till I ran into you
by Levy

SMILEY NTK THEFIRST

I wondered how I a sage
would be
No chain-mail or horse,
of course
But a backpack
lighter than the heart was heavy
As a dozer it could've trampled
the woods so lengthy
There were cops around
But they didn't arrest me
Pro'ly they thought we
looked lesser juvenile
so they let me . . .
I ain't so saintly
And I'm not
so comfortable
calling you
baby
But I'll blame it
on your friend, Xenia
maybe
That I had cold feet
That after a few feet
That left me tensely
That like Poe for some time
I remain stagnant in motion
Immovable
Pinch me
So I had to hit you up
To chat you up
Up to the point I said
I had something up

That's what's up
 FB is slower so
 I had to man up
 Ready to table this up
 But for some reason
 I re-bagged it up -
 So I went home -
 To my FB page -
 Still crushed
 Still

Stupid about no numbers got . . .

You should be agreeing
 with my being stupid, see
 I'm just tryna be candid, B
 'Cause when we came
 to C. Embassy
 I rightly recall you asking me
 (It can't have been a dream)
 'Do you have
 something to ask of me?'
 And I couldn't open my mouth
 wide enough, probably
 When I first saw you dance
 Then I first saw you crushed
 With all the fuss over rehearsal,
 staging
 Darsus vexing,
 saying
 Bernice and Chikwa,
 you keep talking and talking and talking
 And in the end be told
 our thing ain't happening

I went home
With guilt,
And still crushed
Still
stupid about no numbers got . . .
And on top of that;
We sat next to each other
on that K-Star show
With Eddie and
Gary beat boxing
on the Chi Gelo
In my heart the beat
was cause of you gelo
In my head
I was considering
making that song
about you
So I could
Later on be skankin'
that song for you
But time never stood
still enough for heart steal
Talk about curfews
Organ harvests
and campaign Rules
for leaders we choose
So I had to leave you
beside that dude
Jealous of him
but safety first
And find what's true
Still crushed

Still

Stupid about no numbers got . . .
I know that's quite un-gentlemanly
of sons of the Son
But I can't see how
I can be The One
Now when time says
do for one
You stood out
as one
With a bright halo space,
A smile upon your face
A crown ready to be placed—
I mean, at Do for One
You were the one
Whose face I saw
more than one
Times more through
the eye of a lens
That made me wish
I had more reason
than one to tell
I know how
this will sound
Like I'm conceding defeat
But really I'm tryna compensate
For the ideas lost -
Never got sought
To make you the one
To hold
To have
to say yes

And I do
I should've told you
I fell in love with you
Before I fell in love
with the shape of you
Unlike lineage
When the lust comes first
But not in your case
I do confess
And I do know that
But I would be happy enough
To have in you
my forever crush . . .
Yours Always Crushed,
Smiley Thefir5t.
July 5th, 2017.



THE TWELFTH LETTER: To the Girl in My Dreams



D ear Veronica,

You never were
in the beginning
Such iconic a figure
I am still trying
to figure this out, how
From that one time
An image surfaced
From nothing set
to a moment sublime, now
I wonder what
the trigger was
Once apart
besides ourselves
Now clear
and ash less
No shade
and cloudless
As the bright, blue summer skies
Crystal, in fact
Gradually they become
No more are they overcast.
A message!
Yes. It must have been

An adage
 Calling to reck the unseen
 And yet you
 always were,
 there
 There for me to uncover
 There you always were
 And I could just but stare
 There within
 the corridors of Kizito
 So indistinct
 the sounds you made
 The laughter perfectly pitched
 Was it yours?
 I couldn't tell
 There you always were
 And I could just but stare
 I could not
 compare your beauty may have appalled
 Yet it was not
 the image that so led to my brood
 That in all constraints had me wholly and utterly engrossed
 And then, "Nothing"
 An answer
 A lie
 Told many times after
 Nothing
 Something picked up
 From chambers
 Or elsewhere
 I digress
 Unnoticed, you never were

But 'Nothing'?
It never were
And I could just but stare
A vision!
Yes. Now that I think it
A dream
I must admit it
It shook me to the bone
Never easily wrought
For how could I
At all hold a heart of stone
Rather I die inside
Rather I die alone
A vision?
Yes, now that I think it
A second dream
I should state it
Boys do not play nice
Wonder why I never played so much
With them I had friends less
They always seem to wanna fight
I guess I was born
a man
Born all grown
Before seeing the sun -
They pursued you
like deer, a doe
And I stood strong a statue
To protect you, dear, my doe
Gladly I became your refuge
They never dared
To get close they knew

SMILEY NTK THEFIRST

Just from how I stared
 Knowing I had won
 With nothing but a stern stare
 I looked around and you were gone
 And I caught at only empty air . . .
 I looked and looked
 As I searched and looked
 and I feared the worse
 The hunters
 They were still close
 Had they gathered
 to catch my doe?
 Veronica! I called
 through the empty halls
 Veronica! and Nothing
 answered my calls
 But echoes of my own
 Maybe that's all
 there is to this dream
 Just echoes of my own
 A vision?
 Would the good Lord offer me these
 all for nothing?
 God's sense of humor
 Is it all a bid to tease?
 A third dream?
 How far will this go?
 A thread in seam
 tweeted aptly so
 A voice -
 Whose voice?
 God's voice?

No
But my attention it stole
Surely for behold
there it was
Clear as the crystal lake
The Sea of Glass I am yet to behold
To my ear in irk
his voice intoned
A lad
and maybe
a lass
A slap
of hand
against hand
A stomp
of feet
against earth
In rhythm
I understand
The picture
so vividly I saw
And my heart
was once more torn
Tomorrow!
He called over the rumble of drums so loud
Tomorrow!
The one you hurt is to finally wed
The rumble was of thunder
No more was it in my ear but my stomach
I felt my heart shatter
To a million shards unable to reattach
A dream?

It must have been

Deja vu

A vision?

It must be

Jamais vu

Maybe that

was the trigger

Maybe that

is all we are

Yours.

2013.



THE THIRTEENTH LETTER: Dear Future Forever



It is said that
the future is
any moment
succeeding the present
So after this moment
passes, probably
I will get to meet
you, finally . . .
I was thinking of you
all of last night
I may have dreamed of you
Or was it our wedding night
When I get to
finally meet YOU
Dear future wife
I won't know what to do
Maybe our meeting
may not be
so magical
Like something that
stops the sun
in its tracks to gaze
Or so surreal
Like something that

overshadows the light
 But it reflects in you
 Not stressed with plight
 But let it be true
 When we meet
 you and I, of course
 May it be
 I pray, without discourse
 Because I have had
 one too many crushes
 That now this
 is my refresher course
 Here, welcome to
 my life so humble
 Feel free to take
 baby steps, explore
 One at a time
 Paced to our hearts
 in rhyme
 A line reciprocates
 First let me know you
 from head to neck
 Then let me show you
 your worth in prospect
 I pray you are not a social media addict
 That the only way to get
 through to you is to adject
 to your ever-growing fan base
 That can't blow your mind away
 enough to cool you down
 Or be a dais to base your faith
 And me as I stand by you aground

Making you look good
I am no prince charming
Nor am I a shiny knight
in glamour
Armoured with battle axes or swords
But to you I will take a knee
And ask Christ to accord me
this opportunity to play hero
I like the Hermione Granger type
The kind that have
a hand up
before you completely ask the question
And has a right response
The type that
changes your perceptions
That this world is all there is
I do not imply
you an easy-goer
But let your Yea and Nay be
Not juxtaposed to your figure
of speech.
When you say YES
I'll probably be wondering;
'What do we do next?'
Bulged eyes, mouth gaping
Too high-strung
on happiness
'Do we hug,
kiss or bump fists?
Do I
deserve such
an intelligent being?'

I like brains
Coupled with character
And beauty
Beyond an eye's aperture
I pray I don't overlook
your person
As for you I look
toward heaven
These slayers
they have skill
And for allure
They can kill
With snaps
and creepy captions
Mien class
and a cross-legged pose
That doesn't stop men
to contemplate on
heaven's doors
But hallways to their groins
I have fallen
for these before
What breaks a man
through porn
But thank God
they are not you
Theirs cannot hold
a candle to the sight of you
And these are only complementary
A pretty smile and physical appeal
All but are supplementary
To your most valued appeal

I like the type that
fights with their hearts
Of steel, but still heal
as they kneel
I can't wait to go
down with you
Knowing you won't
run me through
But be running
through my heart
In bad times and good -
Peace be still -
Nor the one to use
a piece of stainless steel
But one who shares
a piece of her perfected kitchen skill
And will light
a home up even with
a mountain of bills
Peace be still -
I will sing you
psalms of praise
For your strength mends
a torn home
Raise you toward the Son
But cool it down for me
please, little woman
I put some years into these
I will not like all
your ever-changing updates
Just stick with one, please
I know there's so many up trends

And you'd quickly wanna update your fashionister status
 My words may have you upset
 Pray your attitude is not bitter
 I know that's too much of an expectation
 But just do me this one favour
 When I get to say 'I DO'
 As the angels sing
 our wedding bells
 And Christ Himself
 hands you to me
 Ukhale wokoma
 ku m'tima
 Ngati ambuya
 ndiweyo chikumbu m'tima
 Ukhale nyali mu mdima
 Otsaka zima ayi
 ndiwe dzuwa langa mu mvula
 Nyali mu mdima
 N'chifukwa chake
 ukapanga zomwezo
 Mfiti ziloza, mbabva zilowa
 mu zipinda za weo na neo
 Elo nulufuna
 lini chizorowezo
 Chonde ngati ukakhala mbabva
 uthole mutima wangu
 Pomwepo iyo nchito
 ndikuleka mwa changu
 Kaili lumba
 wakhala wangu
 Kawiri pondapo
 nane ni pondapo

Ndiwe chipadzuwa
 ndagwira m'mangu
 Banja ndi la manja awiri nchito
 Pajatu ndika khala
 dzanja la manja dzanja la manzele ni weo
 Wa chiwere-were sindiza khala
 Ndiwe mbambo langa
 Mpatso langa,
 tsiku ndi tsiku
 Mwezi pa mwezi
 Pambali yanga ngakhale
 wabuka mudzi
 Mu chikondi mpaka mapeto kusatsiyana weo na neo, awiri
 For this is the day
 most men dread
 But we've come a long way
 This should not be the end
 I am not a boxer
 So I won't so much as punch you
 But if ever the thought crosses my mind to give you one
 I'll make sure it's a huge feast
 with all round courses
 And you can invite your family and lie
 about me in the grass
 I hope you like my bizarre
 sense of humour
 'Cause most things I find fun
 Are not what others do
 Or you'll just have to put with it
 As I with yours
 Whether it be dark or morning
 I am hoping we will stick through the change in weather

When the times are hard we will cry together
Heal each other
When the blessings are pouring in we will rejoice
Celebrate together.

*Yours,
Probably Nobody
At This Time.*

2018.



WANU KWACHA CHE



Swept
off of my feet
When I
lift my head
From thought
And I
encounter
my past
As I
tell my mind
to tell my . . .
Eyes?
Argh. No,
not those
things
As I
tell my heart
to tell my mind
to tell my mouth
What it should say
to what is seen
by my eyes
My foot missteps
And I am lowly
mourning in pain

from thorns
 like I chose
 I -
 should propose,
 but first
 I pose.
 As I
 reach to
 my pocket
 only to find
 That I
 am facing Delilah
 And just one
 kwacha
 That I have
 within feeler
 And I should be
 a bad dealer
 That I don't
 have no biller
 Lomba iyi wanu kwacha
 yomwe na gwira
 Na mpamvu dzatsira.
 My distance
 I hold
 from one that
 has so nice a mold
 She walks,
 strides like a model
 And I pause
 that my tongue is beheld
 That I flush

when my name
is called by her
voice that chills me
Frozen in time
And I only hold
one kwacha
Iwe, kwacha ka!
I have known her
a long time
But that time saw her
was like a first crime
In the light
of lime
With more
to that dime
Enough for her
and me to dine
at a restaurant
that's most fine
With the most
expensive wine
And the
tastiest swine
But last I checked
I had one kwacha
in the confines of mine
And that would determine
What would be
my next crime
Not the inverse
of the sine sign
Manje ine

naine
ni pini
So dull light
surrounds me
and I start to wonder
why I even left home
Wonder why
I'm so broke
Because seeing her smile
I go into panic
I should have a tactic
that I should use
Not to be so phobic
or a brute
To take her to
the circle of arctic
When I try to
speak and I'm frantic.
I think I should
sing her a classic
When she speaks to me
I feel it as a kick to the stomach.
I try to say something
that I have hidden in holding
But I realize that
I'm holding one kwacha
That I have had
for so long an hour
And I'm breaking words instead
of breaking down the story to her
'Cause I can't
digest the fact

that I am really
facing her
She is Frieza
able to incapacitate
a whole planet of men
With one finger point
She is an eel
Able to electrocute
me with a touch
She is like sonar
Able to detect me
and my presence
in a wave
She is a thief
Able to make me
give up
my wallet at a glance
And that one glance
tells me to stop and check
And I got Wanu Kwacha che
And so
'cause I can't make
any sensible sounds
in any way
She walks away
I just watch her
drift away
And I just stand alert
Still -
Caressing my one Kwacha
Still -
Watching after her

I come to myself
and tell myself
Be glad
she doesn't really know
what she holds.
Your Besty,
Always.
2015.

III. PIECES IN ME



THE FIFTH LETTER: For Emily



To Emily, My Forever crush,
"Pali na Theresa
Nalachita shani ine
Umutima wakwe kuti nakota nankwe
Eichochine mayo—
Ifyakulanda na nobe . . ."
Where do I even begin
To write you these words
Which are yet benign
To right these swords—
To say
simply that
I miss you
Seems quite understated;
To say
that I yearn
to see you again
And spend
some time
Is somewhat
overrated—
Because you are
like a decade
older than I am
And still prettier

than some of them—
 You are
 still ka nkeche
 Ahem!
 But if I
 was this age,
 that time,
The time we first met
I would've swept you
 off of your feet
And, literally, stolen your heart
 from him;
We would take
 the place
 of the beast
 and beauty
It would be
 like the real
life of a movie parody
When the preacher rhymes like;
 Do you, Emily
 Take Smiley,
 to love and to marry
Forever, under heaven's glory . . . ?
 It could've been
 the best ploy;
 It could've made
the perfect fairy-tale story;
 It would be unlike
 the Greeks
with Helen of Troy;
 It would be unlike

in Sodom
 with its woes
 It would be unlike
 the way I tried
 to steal your
 daughter's innocence
 End—
 And . . .
 while I'm on that thought
 Let me confess . . .
 I may have
 sort of -
 kinda -
 mighta—
 Tried ta steal
 your daughter's innocence;
 once
 We were playing
 As we usually did
 Hide and seek
 Two of us,
 under the sheets
 Alone,
 no one to see
 Report,
 no one
 to witness
 Me; mind already
 Induced into porn
 At thirteen
 As a trendy internet norm;
 I click on;

switch scene
She; innocent
as a pearl before dawn
Enjoying play
time and
giggling on—
My mind works on
'What was that style
that causes less moan?'
I'm in a trance
And all I see
on her are images
of nudeness and sexiness—
I pace forward,
toward her
Closer;
toward the bedspreads
And I begin to press
A hand
through the sheets
She's covered under—
Her dress
Would be easy
to undress—
I place a hand
on her
small thighs
Another somewhere
on my jean
pants' zipper—
Began to trace
her undies

Her lacy panties—
A voice deep within I hear
It is her call
Neither scream
nor moan
Just her
calling
My name
Once -
but I ignore
Carry on
without wince or stall—
She calls
me twice
to the fore
To realize where
That other hand was
Frantic but slow
Unzipping
my pants down . . .
Oh, no! Oh, no!
Oh, no!
What am I doing
with a kid of three years old
Instead of babysitting
I was almost sitting
on her sanity
behind closed doors
I saw myself
ripping off those clothes
And achieving
that aimed for goal . . .

Please forgive me,
Emily
I know so many
times you entrusted
her to me
A helpful act
that as many
times I succeeded surely;
That is no lie
And I know
you know that
truly—
I couldn't explain fully
if you ask me why
At that moment
in a flash
I became feral
Dropped of all moral
Couldn't reason
Down to zero
Because honestly,
I do
not know
I can say
I was only 13 years old, yes
But I don't think
that is justifiable
I could make up
many excuses
To make up
for those actions
But who am I fooling?

Because really
I was drooling
To take
those actions
And if not
for her sanctions
Summoning the sane me
From deep within myself
I might've taken
those actions surely
And today we would be
telling a different story;
wholly
Instead of
just sorry
Which I truly am . . .
I had only intended to write
you of your beauty
And confess how that gap
in-between your upper jaw,
That stands out
like an open door
To your
blissful heart
Made fall for you
more and more
Every time I saw you;
Or the way the sun
seemed to reflect your glow
That never dies out
at all
In the way you smiled or spoke

Worked or
got maltreated
Yet still carried on strong
Despite your loss
Holding on to hope . . .
I guess
I couldn't
just talk of you
Leaving your child out—
I made a mistake
I was wrong
And I hope some way
I could somehow
make up for it—
And maybe . . .
more.

With Love, Respect

and Regret,

Kondwelani.

June 1st, 2016.



COLORFUL WAR PIECES IN ME



Paint with me
Of my own
I am incomplete.
Share your pain with me;
Let me feel that strength drain
That Zesco ain't your friend
power cuts again
Let me see the bruises
on your skin
That tattoo tracing
senses hidden
That no amount of ice cream headaches
could freeze
No naughty excuses
for being mean.
This is
not a bid
to evade sin . . .
Show your scars to me;
And in time,
Yes, time
not pay,
Will show your better TV
To an excellent CV
So long as you are breathing

In valor, no skivvy
Nor topsy-turvy
Every weekend reckless busy,
I admit the lineup
had me a bit tipsy
Like vertigo
had began its skirmish
From the outlines
I'd been skittish
To accommodate
and furbish a good story
That you allowed
an onslaught,
Sorry
That you allowed
an on-goal;
many
That you were
behind enemy lines
And I left you
in a point so low
And your middle earth defense
had nought mines
Can I help reinforce
those your frailing rinds?
Paint with me
Hear me out
Of my own
I am incomplete.
You had the desire
I knew
I gave you the fire

that's true
And the sticks
and stones
to rekindle it
by the hour
Shaka had
a brighter coal
before he
went higher
Before pools
of underlings
attempted to
challenge his power
I gave you not.
I gave you the two shots
And not the final blow
to down that goliath
Maybe I didn't
understand fully
I underated
these giants
Those two-one-two
jabs were not enough
To give a final knock
Out for a final hook
To end it all
That did not suffice
But bear me out
Paint with me
Hear me out
Of my own
I am incomplete.

You and I know
That love is a beautiful war
Let me lead you so
Command you, not
With me let us go
Walk over hot coals
Because we are
warriors ready for war
Commandos
heavy with arsenal
So let me not
fill your lobes
with peccant lore
I bear with you
Bear with me
Paint with me
Hear me out
Of my own
I am incomplete.
Only a brush am I
These words will
canvas the universe
to create a new world
Where love beholds
Where life revolves
Where out it pans
Where the sun
Dances with the stars
Dines with the moon
romances the earth in crimson red
And not because you're hot in red
But to a throne

you're an empress, a king
 And you should know
 I'm crazy at 'art instead
 Do you know
 your face is hard to draw . . .
 Without a flaw . . .
 Down the jaw
 Speaking plainly
 Dear woman
 I am willing
 To give you an opportunity
 Will you pick up the mic
 and change
 the world
 Bear with me
 Paint with me
 For of my own
 I am incomplete.
 To express myself,
 verbally
 It is not for me
 easy
 So I leave
 A piece of me
 One after another
 And make a trail of these
 To attract a brother
 Or a sister
 Man, child, woman
 Hopefully to inspire
 Through time, now,
 for the future

This trail is
of my personas
Drops, in paths
like breadcrumbs
Leading back
home to me
For not any
one person
But maybe a legacy
You now are in session
Paint with me
Paint a tapestry
To claim to know me
Fully
is a lie
Neither do I
know me
Fully
and this is why
Paint with me
Hear me out
Of my own
I am incomplete.
Every smile and bond
Sets a new branch
Even you with
this in hand
Are a piece
I sought
A part of me
Follow if you will
Stay close,

do not lose me
 Feel all
 that I feel
Delve into my world,
Witness herein what is
 and what may be
Walk with me . . .
 Bear me out
 Paint with me
 Of my own
I am incomplete.
I have accepted
 there is
only One that completes
 our being
Only He can fulfil
 and He fills
 that void within
When we get lonely
He works through men
 Women
 You and me
 We are family
 So it is truth
 that you add to it
Add to me being me
Stop acting so surprised
 Of course it is
 you and I
We just like Gemini
Sometimes we'll hurt
Sometimes we'll heal

Each other
Sometimes we groove,
sometimes we lose it
But still . . .
Bear me out
Paint with me
Of my own
I am incomplete.
Smiley.
November 25th, 2019.



THE SEVENTH LETTER: To My Dearest



D ear Jane,

Let me tell you a story
One with a hero or a heroine
At its peak ends in glory-
I know oftentimes you expect one from me
So I say sorry
'Cause most of my stories,
To me
Telling you seem somewhat boring
Maybe they may be un-appealing
But you never know
without trying
Speaking and hearing
I like telling stories
that the listener
And I, the teller
Will find in the end satisfying
But that is
not
What always is
I've learnt that
It is more
a matter of
communicating meaning

To what I believe in
Yes, I've heard your complaining
Well, talking of my
lack of story-telling
And it hurts me
That my lover in love expects me to act
And for that to happen
she always has to ask me
Maybe it's just me
But I gotta do
what I can to
make you
again trust me
Let me borrow George's words to
help express the words I have
My love is your love
That is what I have
I get it that you asked me for a story,
I said no
Besides not having a stable
I know that was a joke
I get it that you asked me
to pray for you
And I promised to
But I did not
Do until you went -
That was before you left
And I got left
With thoughts bereft of
reassurance
With no proper goodbyes
And through our ties

You were off
to school
You were on a mission
And I had to wait
One plus two long
months in state
Letters I sent
you didn't respond to
Grew in hurt
But I forgave you
Look, I love you
And I can't help
but worry
about you
You, I can't bear to lose
But let's not dwell on gloom
It might cause us to fume
And char all around me and you
Because you are a cheery,
beautiful flower,
My orchid
That I have seen grow
and now bloom
With your lovely presence
filling the room
That is why when
I am with you,
I find myself smiling
for no particular reason
most of the time
For that I need no reason to do
That is one thing that will last seasons over time

You know at times I get out of line
in your presence
And the essence of my speech
is under depressants
I know that you wonder what the case is
when I suddenly look to space
and turn to silence
But I want you to know
That my love for you still grows
And roars louder
than the chatter at the marketplace
I remember the first time
you were introduced to poetry
the excitement you had
when you wanted to tell it me
The laughter
We had about it after
The eagerness you held
to first tell me
You came running from school
Startling I and my brother too
Screaming my name
'cause you —
I mean I share a great bond with you
That goes beyond the school
And I don't know
if I ever do deserve you
I remember I promised
to sing you a song
I hope this is better
'Cause this is more than just a letter
So God bless you, us

And all who're around us
And by the way
I didn't ask Catherine out
Nor B...

Yours Always,
Rashid.

January 10th, 2018.



THE NINTH LETTER: TAC



To Any Concerned,
If I die of depression
Know it didn't come out of the blue
Do they recognize my existence as often
As I in my lonesome moments do?
This one's crude to the core
It's proof and it's true
as the ones before
It started as a joke
When my efforts to be tact
Earned me a moment at the teacher's desk
A great privilege that some thought a burdensome task
That's not what Sam sought to ask
For he carries his on his back
And shoulder and his dad
had more than that in mind for his son
But you know how teens are
They'd sooner believe you're restricting
their free Facebook than
Believe you have their best interests at heart;
Twishe that.
Anyhow, mi familia
Distant or near
By blood or sheer
Electro polar I own

SMILEY NTK THEFIRST

that spearheads us to glory
 Through Zeus's thunderbolts;
 I mean heaven's doors
 Even though blood is thicker than water
 That flows
 Through the deepest depths of the earth and heights
 And the hardest of objects;
 Penetrating rock
 The most potent of elements;
 Even from the High of watching that ping pong ball
 Bounce over the net;
 skipping lines in my story
 to make his story
 We landed on common ground...
 But to be Frank with you
 Her hand wasn't as to
 A caterpillar dipped in ink and let to
 Roll over the page to me
 It was nice to have someone write
 in my book for a change
 Someone that wasn't me
 So see, yours and my choice of a mate
 May not be alike
 Unlike when we fall for the;
 "Same girl
 Same girl
 And maybe someone I could trust
 That's been doubling up with us"
 Perceptions
 One side is three
 The other four
 I recall times when I'd sit and think

To just do my own thing
And I'd marvel at people who marveled at me
I could break down the bring-downs
Explaining them to simpler terms;
They could go beyond a break of a sweat in a tough industry
For a dollar a day
I was dependent
but they were independent in some way
And time came and time went
With changes that we may part ways
Some went
We stayed
Some died
We're still alive
We've been through so much together
Through the calm and stormy weather
Violent enough to completely break us
Spent moments more than just passing time
Shared a little over a line
With a taco and a soda of lime
To let all fall to dust in a single lie
We share sentiment
That came through my feeble effort
To reconnect
With people that did disconnect with us -
It feels like I'm begging for this
Like I'm the only one
hoping for this
to blossom
Because all I hear them ask
is what was I up to
Where was I hiding

SMILEY NTK THEFIRST

when they never see me drowning
 in the sea
 of loneliness -
 No body is there at my loneliest:
 God maybe
 But he feels far away lately
 I hoped things may be better
 Just like I recall mom describing Chellah
 Saying, "You two could make quite the couple;
 Of siblings"
 And now I feel I should muster their features
 In case memory escapes my reach out -
 These are thoughts that bound my discourse
 Shoots high with a cannon ball
 Then let's free-fall
 I wish you weren't so pretentious
 Pretend you care to my face
 But never there when I face adversaries
 Pretend you are there
 but when I am there
 you are not
 Pretend you are there for me
 when ask of you
 But never really there for me
 of your own will
 Am I forcing you to care?
 You should know that
 wise rhymes with lies
 'Cause while I kick back, recline
 In my whicker, barefoot
 Under a safe roof
 Somebody's searching for reason to give me the boot

I am forgiving and mostly forgetful
So remind me
not to remember to forget to forgive you
That's what you do
You are never really there when I need you to pull through
I've died before
So many times
in my head
I guess I'm a survivor
'Cause it's still there
When I check my breath
If you think you've seen it all
Then what goes here
you have never before heard
Yes, I have conceived such thoughts
As the Hemingway
The noose, the pills, the needle
Seen my wrists cry out scarlet
All along and you can't understand
with all these egos
I guess it's easier to pretend
You knew someone in the face of people
Especially when they're gone and dead
See in all my art career
I have one great fear
And it is not that
I might die alone and unknown
But that they would spread
news of my death
More than the worth of my sweat
So if you ever hear that
I died of depression-

Just know that I got tired of begging to be loved...



My hood boys and hood gals
 I always wished
 I can do something more
 I always wished I could
 shew my shrewdness
 way before now
 I know most of y'all envy them boogie peeps that go
 'Started from the bottom'
 now they're somewhere
 Life uplifted up out of a miser
 While you and I in the hood just keep lifting bottoms up
 Pa amake mpundu bottoms up
 Pa amai tili kuseli bottoms up
 "Till sun down
 And the truth is some of us ain't proud of that
 Like how can one's life surmount to that?
 At peak it's their guillotine
 Hangover to be cleared off by another hangover
 I believe we can change what our lives have succumbed to
 I believe we can break out of this vicious cycle
 Poverty is a state of mind after all
 You have to decide to change your state of mind
 If you fail to decide then try to get my aims to incite a feeling of
 progress
 This is just background music
 So I press play hard to recite this verse...
 Solomon, whose vision travels
 beyond what his feet can
 Whose will is strong

beyond what he's seen done
Whose capabilities transcend his inabilities
That entail of failure
Who is wise beyond I
Maybe that's why he's so named
He can attempt
fits that me and some alike are ashamed
To the world he may seem a cripple
But he sees himself as an equal
He can give a lesson to the learned...
I have all ways had it hard to fit in
This box is just not big enough
I tried to make a joke
But it pro'ly missed its mark
Yes, I'm ready and set
But clearly I am not on your mark
I did my best to love
And if anybody asks why I stopped
Tell them
Tell them I got tired
of begging to be loved
Tell them
Tell them these words
were from the same heart
That was opened and left apart
Tell them
Tell them to remember me...
Some day
or not...
'Cause no matter how many times you try
to ask to be remembered
You cannot control how you'll be honoured...

or not

The memories of you that are kept
or thrown away...

November 8th, 2018.



THE THIRTEENTH LETTER: For Mom.



Mom,
You made a pit
inside my chest
So empty and deep
it has been
All since
the moment you left
In wait to be filled, thus
not with longing' but
With precious, priceless treasures
A little gold to your heart
Flowing in subtle up scaling measures
A little diamond to your blazing smile
To brighten our home
Lighten our sinking spirits
Maybe ground to affirm
Or a memory to hold
Only a little do I remember
And that too vividly
To this I hold on forever
For dear life, to eternity
'Till again we meet
And from each other
Never depart

Dear mama.

Your Son.



THE ELEVENTH LETTER: To Her Husband



Dad,
I wonder what you would
Have wanted me to become
A pilot, flying
Across the world
Or a doctor,
Right close to home
I wonder
Would you have dictated
Every decision I made?
Would you have regretted
The indecisions I held?
I wonder what you would
Have wanted me to become
Would you have beheld
My career choices?
Would you have bewailed
My life so voiceless?
I wonder what you would
Have wanted me to become
All I have ever heard
Is what you didn't want us to be
Things that you had
Yourself struggled with

But this does
not explain
It is not in
the least bit plain
To me
I wonder what you would
Have wanted me to become
I wonder if you would
Be proud of the man
I have become



Your Son.



THE FOURTEENTH LETTER: For Her Daughter



Dear Child,

Do not seek birds
that fly backwards
Onwards, forwards
that's your target.

Do not seek
to be me
or your mother

Be better;
Live greater.

Be
a child
as innocent
as any other

Grow at
your own pace

Glow in
the world's darkest

See the world

Like no other

No one will
see it as you.

Be
the best

you can
always
And keep getting better.
But do not
forget who
you are
To always be you.
You are a progeny
to a prodigious pair
Yours are the hallways
of a Profound person
Purposefully prepared
for you, o princess
By the Lion King,
the Prince of peace.
Never let your eyes depart
from Him
This world you will come into
know it is crazy
It will draw you in, too,
if you are lazy
But your journey through
can be so amazing
It will offer
you satisfaction
Way beyond your imagination
Passionate appeal
Adventures to thrill
Things that feel real
But do not fulfil
I will go to great lengths
to keep you smiling

Because your happiness
keeps my heart smiling
I loved you before
I saw you
But somebody else saw
you before the world
Do not hide
your head
in the sand
For by the time
you lift it
the birds would
have sung the day out
and left you
with nothing but void
The sun would
have shied
Away
The moon will play
hide and seek and
it too drifts away
If a man won't
take charge
man up
You are enough
Do not
Seek to own
Things of the world
All they are
is vanity
Always remember
Seek wisdom

Love,
Your Father.
December 2019.



P.S.: Everybody Hates K



Happy birthday Smiley . . .

Happy birthday Smiley . . .

Happy birthday to . . .

me.

Hmmm . . .

Again I sit

in the dark

in cruel gloom of night

But scars stand out stark

I am not stuck

in the least

Or so I think,

at least.

Light me up

Douse me in kerosene

Let me be your lamp

My final deed, the death I'm in

Maybe -

Maybe then you

will have a clue

What I'm in

Maybe -

Maybe when you

hear my screams through

Kerosene

Maybe -
Maybe then you
will see proof
of my pain
When I am bathed
in agony
While I await
that epiphany
God! What am I not doing?
Echoes through my mind
Lord! What am I not doing?
Of self I have always inquired
This is not Elysium
It is Tartarus
This world's in delirium
Meant for monsters
I am surrounded
by monsters
They only notice me
in their hunger
With a brain
bound in bull
This Minotaur
mashed me in marsh
It seems I'm meant
for shallows
I guess I make
a good shadow.
The dark is welcome
Here sometimes
is where I feel at home
Sometimes I wish

to be better
Maybe I could fly
Then I wish to sleep forever
Three quarters of time
I am ignored
In tatters and grime
I, no one knows
They told me
you think too much
That's on me
Of others I don't do much
Don't think too much
Don't think too much
That's what they
tell me to do
But I got nothing else
to do than think
When first we meet
truthful they seem but in a blink
Their facade falls away
and well,
here I am again
Back in Hell.
I have been stood up
more times than I remember
having stood up
to someone
Or stood up
for something
I guess I am a walk over
Just a dog that obeys
when they say roll over

December 5th, 2018.



P.S.P.S: A Letter To Me And The Broken World



Dear You,

You are not stuck
Asking yourself what
you are not doing
Is a reminder
A way to
self-search
How you
can be selfless
Be a better person
Light a candle
Look for that glimmer
At the end a tunnel
Do you see it?
Reach out
Alone you're not
Speak out
Someone
is listening
Maybe they can't say
But they're listening
Those,
them
These,

they
That are for you remain
They
that are against you
fade away
"I don't know
who everybody is"
Goes to show
somebody heeds
These scars
are a dressing
Yes how they look
It's so depressing
And that which
you are completing
Ever heard of
a double murder
Elysium?
Hades' abode
You are
not ready for
Epiphany?
Maybe it has
happened
and you ignored
That's what
hate births
Clouds your sight
Eats you up from inside
Defeat those monsters
around you
Don't trust man

Trust God
You stand for something
Standing on the rock
You're not rolling
stone
Don't expect so much
You'll get hurt
Your happiest moments
Are not from without
This you have
been shown
This you have
awhile known
Take your own
advice sometimes
Never easy
But you are relentless
When all that
has got
to be said
is done
Remember
You are enough
God made sure
Take charge of your life
always.
Love,
You.
December5th

Don't miss out!

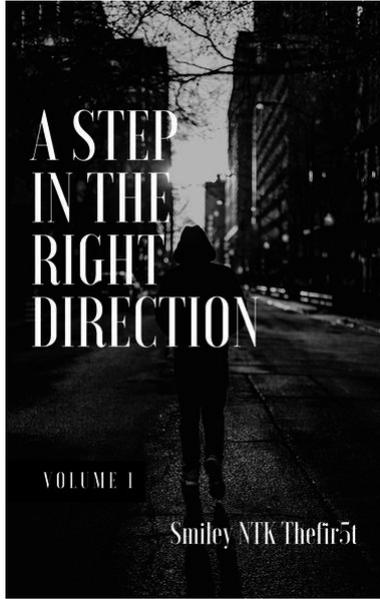
Visit the website below and you can sign up to receive emails whenever Smiley NTK Thefir5t publishes a new book. There's no charge and no obligation.

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Connecting independent readers to independent writers.

Did you love *My Confessional Letters*? Then you should read *A Step is All*¹ by Smiley NTK Thefir5t!



How far is too far? Or rather, how deep is too deep? When fast rising, promising rapper, Stevo, falls in with dangerously powerful people he is confronted with these questions, as he suddenly finds himself a pawn in a game not his. With his family and career on the line, he is facing two options; fame or justice.

Read more at www.facebook.com/smileythefir5t.

1. <https://books2read.com/u/mv28DV>

2. <https://books2read.com/u/mv28DV>



About the Author

Smiley NTK Thefir5t writes. Oh, so you don't know. He is a Zambian multi-talented Artist aand Author. proficient in Spoken Word Poetry, Directing, note-taking and Script Writing. In other words, he is always writing. That's a lot of writes, right?

He was born Kondwelani Tembo Nguluwe from parents, Peter Mwalumo Nguluwe and Royce Tembo Shawa-Nguluwe, on 5th December, 1994, in Lusaka, Zambia.

Smiley Thefir5t's love for the literary arts surfaced at a tender age. While in his first grade his teacher would summon him to her desk and ask him to create stories, in his own, from the images she would give him. Though the task was meant to keep him from sitting idly after a class task it would later inspire in him a Poet in 2013, his first poem being "WISDOM"; Script Writer in 2015, with the rewrite to the play "WHO AMONGST US?" by Lyton Phiri Jr.; Director in 2016, for Chazanga Primary School's Drama and Poetry, alongside fellow director, JR The Second.; and now Author.

Hailing from humble beginnings, he is an artist keen to explore and experiment in various avenues of art, and is a lover of Christ Jesus, aiming to Inspire, Motivate and Exalt. His works draw inspiration from life itself and the world at large, for he prefers dynamic, outside-the-box thinking for bringing out to the confines of single mindedness. And he is not one that easily gives on his endeavours, hanging on the quote, 'It is better to try and fail, than fail to try; and when you do try, and fail, try again. Creation was not completed in a day'.

*His debut book, "**MY CONFESSIONAL LETTERS**", a poetry ebook is set for December 2019 release.*

Smiley Thefir5t lives in Lusaka, with his three brothers and an overused notebook. And that is also write.

Read more at www.facebook.com/smileythefir5t.