

SAMPSON D. NGWELE

THE POETRY OF CONFESSIONS

1. CONFESSION OF A BACHELOR

That woman —
She was once a village beauty
I remember falling in love
With her ten years ago.
Today, ten years later
I thought I saw her again.
Just that same woman —
in rags & four kids
behind her. Fatherless.

2. CONFESSION OF A VILLAGER

Today
I woke up to find books & pens
on the table instead of the
matchet & the hatchet.
In the room I saw
fluorescent lights instead of
the earth fire.
On the bed I saw her
beside me. But she was not
my dear native wife.
She was white.

3. CONFESSION OF A STUDENT

Last week's
assignment, overdue!
This week's
readings, incomplete!
This morning's
lecture, bloody boring!
4 solid years of this
What a bore!
Too much studies on this
campus, said he.
There should be more —
More sex in studies
& more studies in sex

4. CONFESSION OF A TRAVELLER

After the airborne
I looked down only to
behold the white hotel —
The roof, the room
The empty bed
& vivid memories
of last night.

5. CONFESSION OF A SCHOOL KID

on my way
to school this morning
i got stuck —

watching two lovers
kissing in the rain.

6. CONFESSION OF A SAILOR

For months at sea
You, no longer I see
Only when the boat calls
When you come around
Just for the night —
One wild night
And we part

CON SCHRODERS

OF TIME AND ME

Time now has bitterly passed on
and what was once a yesteryear
has disappeared entirely into
a grey eternity — and worse:
the memories that were so sharply edged
have lost their contours and their substance
and I am left with nothing but
the thankless effort of retrieving them
and of rekindling what were then
my hateful hates, my gooey loves,
my painful thoughts and hoary actions —
the task of colouring a mist floating away
uncovering still denser fogs
blotting out landmarks that I knew so well.

And questions rise that prod and pry,
asking, for godsakes, why I had to live
the way I did — so utterly untidily
with paltry secrets everywhere and work
that, once I started it, never got finished,
and plans and dreams that never got
beyond the stage of thinking of them . . .
a chronic fugitive of stark reality.