REMIND ME TO FORGET



Lewis Wamwanda

LEWIS WAMWANDA

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Those that I have loved, those that love me and to those that know I love them. This time, I want to thank my readers, who have appreciated and shared my work.

To all the hearts that I have touched and to all the hearts that I have hurt (I’m Sorry).

DEDICATION

For all those who inspired me to fly even when it hurt

And

To the strongest person I know, me

How I wish you could put your right hand on this page and pretend that I am giving you a high five. How else can I thank you for buying this book

(I know some people will let this book rot on their shelves without flipping a single page)

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SCARS

Wounds heal, Pain fades
Scars bring back memories,
To remind us of whom we are,
The purpose of our present.
It is in the scars that we find ourselves, and
The strength to fight our wills,
Scars are our Testimonies

REMIND ME TO FORGET

Take me home with you,
Stay with me till midnight
Before I go to bed tonight
Remind me to forget
We can always begin again

I wish not to wake up here
A new road waits out there
Remind me to forget
No one's there to listen
Stay with me till midnight

Show me a new dawn
Give me a new name
The sun rises again
Remind me to forget
I wish not to wake up here

IF ONLY

How many times can I tell you?
You're beautiful just the way you are
Don't let them change who you are
Never let them break you into pieces

Don't stare at their gazes
Never listen to what they say
Don't let them extinguish the spark in your eyes
If only you could love yourself the way I love you

How many times can I tell you?
You don't have to put make up
Don't put short dresses to seduce me
Don't let doubt creep in

Throw away the ashes, light up your fire
Open your eyes wide open your heart wide
Don't let the world change you
If only you could love yourself the way I do

And if you one day lost your way
And your mind blocked by fog
And if they one day creep in your mind
Come back to me, my arms are wide open

TILL WE MEET

Rivers flow
Flowers bloom
Time flies

I lost count of time
I lost words to tell
My heart beats with love

Tell me of yours love
I can't promise you the world
Or to make you happy always,

But,
To wipe your eyes,
I will

Words won't say enough
Look into mine letters
Love's written in red

Till we meet
I'll keep you in my hearty heart

ACCEPTING

You
Rejecting me
Was
The beginning
Of me
Accepting myself

AND IF I DIE

And if I die
Today
What will my eulogy read?

What good will
I have planted
In your hearts and soul

Will my memories live?
Long enough to
Be a legend?

If I die today
Which crowd will
I pull?

LOST

I lost
My mind
Trying to find yours

Now

I break
My heart
Trying to fix yours

THIS STRANGER

I fell in love
With this stranger
Who understood me
Asked no questions

REFLECTION

In me I found Gold
Diamond,
A blooming flower
Power and Grace
Love and Peace

LOVE'S NOT A MISTAKE

You loving me was not a mistake, that's a promise
I stand in front of you to atone for my sins
No amount of words will justify my apologies
Yet, still, like a prodigal son, I return

I have travelled to the deepest tunnels of my heart
Searching for that one reason to keep my happiness afloat
Still, I ran into the broken paths and bridges
I let you down this time, like a hundred times I did yesterday

I want to try to love you, and
In the process, accept who I am today
I want to rise, like a phoenix from ashes
Like a Mustard from its seed

Teach me, show me thy way,
Give me the reason to fight again
The spark of love and life
Show me how to love you like before

Like I want the vibe we had when we first kissed
The care when we first flirted

The love when you first said yes
Yet I keep fighting for all these

TOMORROW

And tomorrow you will pick up the broken pieces
You will learn how to sew them piece by piece
You will scrap of the scars on your skin
And wash away the blood of pain
You will remember what it means to live again
That broken pots can be molded a new
Tomorrow you will rise up
To celebrate your rebirth, you're healing

TODAY

And if you woke up to pick your broken pieces
And if you stood up to try again
And if you woke up to wipe your tears
I'm proud of you

IT'S NOT MY FAULT!!

It's not my fault that I wake up at noon
Find myself in chang'aa dens
Spanking your wives and daughters
Bruising your husbands and sons

It's not my fault
It's not my fault that I stand by the streets and bars
With miniskirts and braless tops
Waiting to pounce on your husbands and sons
I need to eat too

It's not my fault that your children look like me
It's the system that has made me idle
So idle that I don't mind planting seeds
In every available hole I get

Blame the system
The corrupt leaders of our choice

It's not my fault that I wake up at midnight
It's not my fault that my hands get itchy at times
That I keep people's staff safe against their will
And resale to them where applicable

It's not my fault that your wives stay at the market for too long
It's not my fault,
The government has not given me a job
And now I employ myself to be the Minister of entertainment
Of your wives and daughters ministry

Blame it on the system
I employ myself to keep your staffs safe
To unlock and lock your property without your knowledge
To sow where I did not reap

Until the government hears my cries
Don't blame me for the rapid disappearance
Of your chicken, goats and cows
Or that your phones get lost in a blink

MUSTARD

You see, Pamela, Every morning I wake up
I wish that I could turn round the clock,
It has not been easy for these past years
And I still want to have a close-up
My mind will be at peace.

My dreams are colored Black and white
The fading light at the end of the tunnel
And the bridge connecting my past to present
Have been illusions all this time, illusions

Sometimes, I want to ask God to give me rest
But again, I ask myself to fight again
One more time Lewis, One more
I am a prodigal son,
I am a broken pot

I want to feel his embrace on me
I want to dine with him at his table
To stand up and speak like how Kings do
I have a dream to chase, maybe not his anticipated one
But I have to make him understand.

He's a man well respected,

He lives his dreams, ones he chose ages ago
And I feel like, He has to let me dream mine too
Do you understand my point of view?
Pamela, I have to live a dream

It has been ages since He popped in
I'm not complaining, our dreams lie on different paths
Slowly, my heart sinks into the abyss
Not that my dreams aren't valid,
Like mustard, I want to rise.

GUILT

I saw tears flow down her cheeks
This time, I knew I fucked up
My shaking hands, my beating heart
And for the first time in years
I had raised my hands on her

I wanted to hold her
To make her feel safe, loved
But the rage in her eyes
And the betrayal in her heart
My cuddles were nothing compared to them

"There's always no second chance in this"
Her shaky voice pierced my heart
I knew I had lost this battle
My bad, was it a dream?

That I am not worthy doesn't hurt
Het tears, her beautiful face washed by pain
Her once lovely eyes now filled with hatred
Wake up! It's over!

No, I won't lose this battle
For she's all I got and we both know it

My heart bleeds
My body aches

I promise her that it was the last time
She looks at me, blankly
Empty promises, she believes in me not
The pain of a lover lives in the heart

The memories refresh themselves
On a time loop, on a daily basis
Time moves backwards not
And I have to live with this guilt

HOME

In the creepy streets
Of my heart,
Your voice
Still whispers

In the silent nights
In my bed
Your breathe
Still warms my neck

In the cold streets
At midnight
Your perfume
Still manifest in my coat

And I will be wrong
If I say not I miss you
And every day
I want you home

THE WAY TO A MAN'S HEART

For the third time today
I opened the door to my house
Found the one I call mine at the couch
Her closed eyes wiped away the sorrows of the world

I looked at my empty hands
Before dipping them in my empty pockets
They say a way to a man's heart's through the stomach
What of a woman? Money? Love?

Then,
If love's the way to her heart
I ask, will my love feed this woman on the couch?
This woman I want to sire with, I ask.

Stomachs grumbled,
She woke up,
Sighed,
Looked up to me, pleading

"I can't do this"
"What"
"I can't live here a day more,"
"Why?"

And
It all dawned on me
The way to a woman's heart is still the stomach
The way to anyone's heart is the stomach

And
That is why daddy never made us
Go to bed hungry
I understand.

LITTLE PAINLESS THOUGHTS

I take a sip of vodka
The burning sensation on my throat
Reminds the 100 times you've burnt my heart
Yet I still hold on,
Aren't you my blood?

I know you know my name
Yet I don't know if you know my heart
Sometimes, I blame myself for my pain
Many a times I blame you
I don't want to wake up here anymore

I try to scream for help, HELP!
But no one's listening anymore
I have nothing to trade for your love
That love when you first held me
Remember, Twenty something years ago

So, it will be my wish if you come clean
And wipe away my doubts
Help me remember to forget the pain
Stay with me at these darkest hours
I don't want to be alone

I am a homeless mad man
Who cries like a baby boy in distress
Everyone knows how happy I am
Do they really know?
My heart is black with pain

I always asked for happiness to follow you
Forgetting that my heart needs it too
And in my deathbed I whisper
Are you happy?
And I forget that I am not

ON BAD DAYS

I am human, on a race
On bad days I break down
Melting butter on a hot platter
Picking the fragments of my broken heart

On good days, I smile
Counting on the days I believed in me
Walking through the paths of my youth
Each time thinking of the happiest moments

On bad days,
I keep reminding me, that
I am broken
Broken beyond repair

On good days,
I keep telling myself, that
I'm not walking alone in this
I am not the only one

I cling to the hope my mind gives
That I'm broken, is the truth
Not beyond repair
I can be fixed, if I want to

A PIECE OF PEACE

So they are dying, outcasts
Skulls rotting under the scorching sun
Smiling mockingly at the rotting flesh
Flies dance to the feast of their blood
Red blood, thick fresh blood.

The machetes reflect the sun
Like a field of diamond and silver
Some trickling with blood
Others shining, color of silver
They die, not peacefully

A piece of peace
Not the whole peace
Not more than a piece
They deserved to live
And tale tales of the past

Anger has mystified their souls
Brainwashed their minds
Corrupted their hearts
And hands yearn for weapons
They hunger for flesh and blood

A piece of peace
Lost under the pieces of chaos
Violence a tune for the strong
Blood music for the weak
And flies party, the sun scorches.

DREAMS

You meet a girl in the streets and
You feel your heart's not yours anymore
You see yourself on your knees
"Will you marry me?"
Is what comes from your dry mouth

You now see her get pregnant
And each year for seven years
You watch her bring forth life
You are living a dream

She wakes up one night crying
She wants to leave and
Meet people, other people
You understand how hard it is to live without her
And after that you get more sleepless nights

A month or two later you see her being driven away
The ones you trusted have taken your prize
With seven mouths to feed, you pay the price
And now you understand your dreams

You had a girlfriend,
A girlfriend who became a wife

A wife who became a mother
A mother who woke up one night
And the other night she was no more

You still convince yourself that
She will never find a man who will wash her utensils
A man who will bath her after work
A man who will wash her clothes and
Clean her house

But your girlfriend is no more
Your wife is gone, and
Your trusted allies have your prize
The dream is over, Wake up

THE BURDEN

These will be my last
"I love you"

My last
"I miss you"

For my fading voice
Will be carried in a whirlwind

Loud voices that turn into whispers
And my soul will rest in pieces

My memories will remain
To judge you till your soul shatters in pieces

Only then will you understand
That the pieces you once broke

Are too many to be picked
And they will be scattered all over the world

Your guilty conscience will point fingers at you
To remind you of the gold you lost

And you will be too weak to cry
Too late to fix

And the weight of the world will be on your shoulder
For the rest of your human life,

And when death finally calls you,
You will understand how hard it is to die

When your heart knows no piece of peace
The stitches won't even fit the patches

I STILL WAIT FOR MY DAWN

I could have eaten each slice of bread
Only if you could have invited me in
When your sine rises early
Doesn't mean that my moon will dim
I still wait for my dawn

I have a million reasons to quit
And just go home to lie down
And wait for my death,
Painless, non-eventful one
But my beating heart asks me to push harder

My heart is still working
Even with the small broken pieces
Attached with little threads of emotions
Plastered with a cupful of tears
I still wait for my moon to brighten

My ladder's broken
My ropes cut
But I still hold to that one thing
That gives me the strength to live
My beating heart.

WHAT IF

What if
I tell you
That your tears
Amuses me

And
In your pain
I find pleasure

That I could
Follow you to the light
But I choose to
Let the darkness lead me

'Cause in the dark
I shine
My blood warms

What if
I find pleasure
In the chaos?

A BROKEN HEART

Do you remember when
I told you that my heart was broken?
Now, my broken heart has
Broken again, this time into smaller pieces

Even though I try to fix them
I still get patches at the bottom part
'cause I'm yet to find
The other broken pieces

I have learnt to cry,
This time not as loud as I used to
You won't even see the tears flowing
'Cause I don't know how to fix broken hearts

If you are a heart healer, or somehow
Can fix broken hearts,
I have a heart with stitches
And some missing pieces

SELF LOVE

She opened her eyes
And
For the first time
She saw what she was missing

Self-love was there
Ready to embrace
Her lost soul

A BEAUTIFUL LIE

So, as we sat at that bar that night
She popped out the easiest question
Or so it seemed, But
It was a rock on my side
"Where were you all this time?"

Where was I?
I was chasing the demons
Through the darkest tunnels of my heart
Feeding my soul with pain and
Choking my brains with thoughts

And I've been trying to find love
In the wrong places of the world
I've been busy looking for attention
In the lonely cold night bars

"Megan, I wish we could have met earlier"
Her voice echoed in my empty head
And I stared in my half empty Tusker bottle
Then through her burning eyes
"I've been waiting for the most beautiful girl,"
I said,
"I've been waiting for you"

LOVE COMES AS A PACKAGE

At first I thought that the way they loved me
Wasn't enough,
That I deserved to be pampered with love
Cared like a golden egg
So, I made myself believe so

I walked down the streets looking for a perfect match
One loaded with a love to match my heart
Loaded with attention, like a mother to her firstborn
Drunk with love like Noah of the bible
I didn't find her though

Instead, I found this girl who cared less
Who could go for weeks without talking to me
And I still made my heart cling to her
She punished me with pain and torture

She made me confess to myself
That
You don't find love until you learn,
Until you learn to love yourself first
Until you learn what it means to be hurt

And I understood this,

That all this love chasing I was doing back then
Was all a child's play with mud
That I need to find the inner peace

And teach my heart to accept me, for who I am,
A coward who can't understand the nature of love
That one that comes with a package
Of love, care, hurting, jealousy and pain

Since I understood this,
I have been trying to abide by the laws of love
That love comes with pain
Hurting and above all jealousy

Guess what,
I know how to love myself
And now, can channel this self-love to her
Who taught me how to accept myself
Before accepting to be loved by others

MAMA KAILANI

I might not be the one that,

Everyone would call a perfect boyfriend.

I might not have everything you wish for

Not be able to make you smile every time

But,
I will be one, who watches you cry,
Hold you in my small arms,
Rest your head on my shoulder
I will be the one to wipe your tears

You have been nothing but a blessing
Taught me to believe in myself
Brave and smart,
You're a star that shines in the morning

I love you from your smiles
From your eyes and lips
Down your firm breasts
And your heart that beats for love

I have a request to you my queen

One that needs your sober mind and will
Be mine, not today, not tomorrow
Be mine, even when the sun sets

I wish I had money and wealth
To take you to Dubai and Paris
To buy you the wants of your heart
Here, I only offer my heart
My most valuable item

I love you like how bees love flowers
Let me hold you in my arm
Kiss you under the moon
I love you

REBECCA

Even for a bottle or two of my favorite whiskey
A kilo of nyama Choma
Or better still a cup of well brewed Coffee
I'll not trade my painful memories

I like the way you took things too slow,
And you left without a kiss on my cheek
And a peck on my lips
I still hurt, you know

I watched as your beautiful face faded
Each day a portion of our memories left
Till the best memories got erased
And now I'm left with these bitter ones

A hole in my heart
And a forced smile on my face

As I walk down this isle
And kiss my wife to be at the altar
I still long for a touch of your palms
And a kiss from your lips

A PEN, A PAPER AND GLUE

A pen, a paper and glue
A bag, a knife and soup
I have a list of items
And a handful of Wants

A pen to write down my wrongs
A paper to pen down my thoughts
Glue to stick them in your thoughts
Earth is hard

A bag to carry my burdens with
A knife to cut of the emotional attachments
Soup to give me strength on my journey
And I still want a black coffin with a touch of red

I want Pamela to sew me a black suit
Maria to bring me a pair of red shoes
Tell Solomon to marry my wife,
And Jorab my daughter

And to everyone I owed
Don't worry about that, I got you covered
I am on my way to take them all
The debts son of man paid

I am leaving for heaven at midnight

THE NIGHT IS STILL YOUNG

Every moment brings happiness
And a shadow of sadness with it
Here I stand at the brim of love
And life has colored it black and white

I am a prisoner of self-condemnation
Broken beyond repair
The storm’s hitting harder
And with every thrust,
I break.

But is there hope where light is?
Perhaps I just need a new spark
A little wind, a little blow
A little courage

I won’t let this darkness overcome me
This cold won’t freeze my heart
A little spark, a lightly blow
The night is still young

LIGHT

On my darkest days,
I hide deep in the tunnels of my heart
I call these days doomed

But when the sun's rays flicker
I rise, like a phoenix from ashes
I call these rays Hope

There's light to light my path
Hope to give me strength
And to faith, I cling

DEAR YOU

The storm will eventually stop
And the sun will continue to rise
Over and over

DEAR FAITH

I want to promise you that,
All the love you give
Will always return back to you

And it will be worth
Because
You always deserve it

To be loved
To be happy

Unconditionally

A BROKEN PIECE

I want to be a hero,
To hold the most beautiful pen
To color the world
With the colors of the rainbow

But how can I color blue
Yet I don’t know the difference
Between black and the other colors
I am a sinking ship in the middle of a storm

So, sing me a song of the weak
Remind me of how broken I am
And I deserve nothing better than death
I am a broken piece

I want to wake up at dawn and dance
Listen to all the voices of praise and love
Your eyes with pride
And the warm embrace of your arms

Remind me that I am a sad soul
And I don’t deserve to be loved
Leave alone the praises
Wake me up before I drift to sleep

HEALING

My intentions were pure
Like a mother breastfeeding her child
I was healing, you know...
Picking all the broken pieces
Sewing all the pieces I picked

And as I tried fixing my heart
I cut you with the broken pieces
I was trying to stop the bleeding
I'm sorry.

It was not part of my plan
To make you bleed, as
As I tried to stop my bleeding
I was trying to save my heart

I'm sorry because you can't understand
I dropped the veil to see your heart
I opened your heart to see your intentions
I learnt to put myself first, for a change

Today is my beginning, and
Tomorrow will fall into place
I have a long way to go

And I have to take myself with me
You don't have to understand

I have been there,
When I opened my flesh to them
Showed 'em every inch of my skeleton
For my flesh needed the blood
One their hearts were beating for

I wanted to be a doctor
To heal their broken hearts,
I didn't figure out that I was a patient too
Dying slowly, with every heart I tried to heal

But, again
You are your own doctor
And you heal on your own
Just the way I did

Come back after picking all your pieces
Don't mind the small cuts you give to people
You will understand why I guard this little peace
And why I protect this heart with all my life

BERYL

Her eyes, stars in the sky
Her lips, red of a berry
Her face, that of the moon
Her long legs will remind you of Akoko

You'll see her sway her hips
On her way to the shops
She'll smile at you when you stay
And her voice will calm your demons
Like David's harp to King Solomon

She will seduce you with her flirty eyes
Touch you with the hands of love
And before you know it,
You'll be swimming in her charm of love

I call her Beryl, for her lips are red like berries
I watch her sway her hips to the shops
And watch her boobs, melon-like
Under her cleavage free top
On her way from the shops

If you meet her by the road
At the shops or at the river

Tell her of my intentions
And forget to mention not my purity

LEGACY

.

.

.

I want to be remembered for my sacrifices
For touching people's hearts with happiness
For loving selflessly

I want to be remembered for being kind
For offering a shoulder to lean on
For believing in people
And being there when no one is

I want to be remembered for giving a million chances
For trusting when no one does
For giving hope; for having faith

If I fail in this, then I fail in life
Help me remember to offer my heart
Though not as pure or righteous
Let me give my whole for the good of the world

FREEDOM

I lost my wings
But freedom doesn't come from the sky
I have the power to fly in the sea
The will to create my imagination
I don't need wings to fly
I don't need wings to be free

I can still fly
I can still soar high
My mind's free
My imagination is great

I am free

BROKEN

I start to imagine the world with you gone
Makes me sick that I can't count one plus one
Without thinking of us two
It will be okay

The future we dreamt of,
Is fading like dusk to dawn
It's painful like a dagger deep in my flesh
I can't pull you off me

I will kiss the bleeding
Hug the pain
It will be okay
Tomorrow comes with a new dawn

I will love you when you're gone
And when our paths meet again
I hope you will remember my face
It will be okay

CARELESS

In this chapter of love,
We've made it through the clouds
I still have you under my coat
And in my heart,
You still occupy the biggest space

I hope you understand how much I love me
I believe you see through my eyes
And you know that this,
This is the purest perfect perfection

I wait for you at night, like the moon
In a starless sky,
I am so sorry if I wait for too long
But I still have the letter you wrote to me
That says I am the one you will forever,
Forever spend the rest of your life with

Why then are you so careless?
Someone saw you with her the other night
I could have understood if it was only a hug
But the kisses and mourns...
Why were you so careless?

You gave me your word,
I shouldn't worry about her
And now you share a bed, a chair and streets
It could have been me under your arm

Why then are you careless?
You could have taken a bath before coming home
You could have deleted those nudes
And come to me, you know I love you

You could have washed that lipstick
Let me wash for you instead
And prepare a warm bath for you
Our bed's ready for a second match

You know,
I love you, but
Why could you be that careless?

SHE IS THE HARDEST GIRL TO LOVE

She is the hardest girl to love
She overreacts by day and
Overthink by night,
And gets more insecure
One day at a time

She has these trust issues
And fights till her strength fades
She has mastered the art
Of getting away with her wrongs
And knows how to shut you out
When she feels you're a threat to her comfort

One morning, she craves for your attention
Lies on your chest all day long,
Sometimes sleep finds her at the comfort of your hugs
And she'll ask you as many times as she can
"How much do you love me?"

The next morning she'll wake up late
And grumble that you give her space not
She would push your hands off of her
And ask you to stroll down street, alone
She won't even let you kiss her goodbye

She is the hardest to love, and
You have to learn how to take control
You will see tears in his eyes and,
Still she'll want to make you believe she's okay

You will have to learn the art of loving her
To be strong enough to fight, for
What she needs is patience and understanding
She is that submissive and loving girl today
And that hostile, least friendly girl tomorrow

It's not an easy ride with her, you know

She says that if she loves, she loves with her heart
She will break your heart into pieces
But has learnt the art of putting back the
Broken pieces together.

She doesn't know how to be loved
But her loving you, is a mastered piece of art

I LOVE BEAUTIES

I want to look into your eyes
And see the beauty of life
I want to feel the same warmth
One we had on our first glares

I want to be your friend
To share secrets of old and new
I want to be your lover
Yet I don't know how to say it.

You're a beauty,
Like stars in a Starry night
Like the moon at midnight
I love you

I love you in ways I can't explain
Talking isn't my thing, but
Poetry is the best way to open up
I did write a poem, one for you

I want to dance in the rain with you
To sweat under the sun with you
And watch the stars with you at dawn
I love you

Then look at me with your beautiful eyes
Bless my day with your beautiful smile
You're a beauty
And I love beauties

I SHOULDN'T HAVE LET YOU GO

I've lost all my chances, and
I know I'm too late
And Joseph is taking care of you

I still think of you when I'm drunk
And I buy bottles of beer,
For all the women who bare your name

Are you still thinking about me?

I don't know how I should do this
But I still got all the pictures of our lifetime
And I think you still think of me sometimes

I know it's late,
Please tell Joseph you love me
Come to me love, I miss you

You're all in my mind
And my heart's bleeding your name

Come home with Joseph's sons
Together we will make them beautiful sisters
And forever be a happy family

I shouldn't have let you go
If I knew that Joseph will treat you as a queen
I swear, come home, and
Instead of 7 bottles of booze a week
I'll reduce to 2 bottles a day

STILL THINKING OF YOU

It's almost noon and,
My stomach is grumbling,
The dishes on the sink have piled up
Dirty clothes on the floor
And I still wait for you

I don't know what I should do
And, I fill like I miss a part of me in you
I don't know where you are,
I know, it's too late, but
Please come home

I still have the scars you gave me
The ones on the face make me miss me
The mirror has been part of me,
And every memory brings you closer to me
I'm still thinking of you.

I don't know what I should do
I wish you could be here with me
My body aches from your beatings
Yet I yearn for your message

The scars in my heart hurt

But with you away from me, I
I, crave for every touch of your arms
I forgive you love

Come to me, the scars on my face will heal
I know it's too late, but
The scars in my heart won't heal without you.
I'm still thinking of you in our bed

I still have the pictures of our wedding
And the memories of our wedding night keeps flowing
Is it too late?
I'm still thinking of you.

It's my fault that I didn't give you what you want
And I should have tried to deliver one bundle of joy
Is it too late to try again?
I'm still thinking of you

THE LOVE OF MY LIFE

To the love of my life,
I have been living with faith
And hope that one day, one day
I'll meet you when I least expect

I will meet you when the sun sets
Or at a queue, waiting to be served food
Least expected though; in the village at the spring

I will be full of energy and life
And for once, made life out of my tatters

To the love of my life,
I am working hard to make you a beautiful home
You and my, no, our seven beautiful sons and daughters

IF YOU SEE ME

If you see me collecting firewood
Know that my wife woke up at noon
And is too tired to work
You know how hardworking she is

If you see me Washing and cleaning
Know that my wife is sleeping
You know how basking at the sun
Makes one tire

If you see me going to the market
Know that my wife's preparing for work
And won't return till tomorrow noon
I have to make food before she leaves

If you see me carrying my son on my back
Singing a lullaby for him
Know that my wife's tired
Needs to go to Kabuga's son for a chit chat
And won't return till late at night

DARKNESS

And I find peace in pain
For that brings me closer to you
You are the darkness within my light
The pain in my joy

You gave me salt when I was wounded
And as I looked through your eyes
I saw the triumph beneath your tears
The mocking in your voice

You're my stumbling rock
And when I look at our future
I see you dragging my lifeless body asunder
Can you read the pain in my smile?
I want to die with you in the end

I try to be happy and my pain proves me wrong
I find comfort in my cocoon of tears
And I marvel at the clouds of sorrow
Our home, your home, my home
Is made of thorns.

I QUENCH MY THIRST

In those days when my guards were down
When my belt stopped holding my pants
My knees knew every floor of bars
And my body trickled with sweat

When my eyes were fed with beautiful views
Occasionally of big and small breasts
Hard and soft nipples
And my ears used to both mourns and screams

Short dresses never escaped my gaze
And my hands found themselves between their thighs
Preparing a way for the master under my belt

My lips were sore from kissing and sucking
My back stiff from pushing and pumping
But the juice never quenched my thirst
I yearned for more juice and flavor
From small to large bottles
Narrow and wide bottles
I still drank from them all

And as I settle for this bottle less drank from, forever
I give a sigh of satisfaction

Of my life well lived,
Of the bottles, juices and flavors
I quench my thirst

IF I LEAVE SOON

I could have waited patiently
In this cocoon of depression
Did you mention that a butterfly,
Was once this ugly caterpillar

I see myself born again
This time as a big ugly moth
Lurking in the dark side of life
Blinded by light and ways of men

I have no blame to cast
Perhaps I was a wrong caterpillar
Waiting,
Not peacefully in this cocoon

I fail to look at the bright side of life
How can I do that, yet
I can't read the alphabet on my palm
Without a 0.50 diopter astigmatism in each eye
You see,

How can I marvel at a yellow butterfly?
Yet I can't distinguish between red and black
Broken pots hold no water, you know?

I fail to understand your perspective of life

What's the difference between a moth and a butterfly?
They breed in a cocoon, feed on leaves, right?
Is it the beauty?
My love for darkness blinds me away from light

So, if you see me leaving, soon
Understand my decision
Moths come from cocoons too
The sad part is,
They say moths have ugly eyes

BONDAGE

You can't tell us to give up
To let the flame consume us
That time heals the broken souls
You can't promise: things will be brighter

You don't even know about the bondage
For you were born free
With beautiful hearts
Scar less skins
Unbroken souls

You have been in the light for so long
That you don't know the color of darkness
You won't even understand how important it is
For us to light the little spark we hold onto

You won't understand the sacrifices we've made
That what remains of our hearts
Are patches of stitched broken pieces
Smeared in red with grief and pain
You can't tell us to hold on

You won't understand our tears
The only thing close to darkness

Your shadows under the sun
Covered with big white umbrellas

We've seen tears of our mothers and fathers
We've heard the groans as life, itself
Whip our brothers and sisters
The scars on their faces, and
The other hidden under their skins

These are the battles we fight, and
We can't give up till our sparks flicker
Till our sparks light up and show as the way
Till we fight the demons lurking in the darkest parts
Of our stitched pieces we call hearts

You can't tell us to give up
We won't give up these fights
We want to free ourselves from this bondage
You can't tell us to hold on

I AM THE STORM

"What will happen when I leave?"
She asked.

“I will break, into small uneven pieces,
My heart will shutter, blow out, bleed out"
I smiled

"What will happen afterwards?"
Her eyes avoided mine

"I will sit down, patiently,
I will pick the broken pieces
One by one, wash them
Wipe them, till they sparkle clean"

"I will fix the smaller pieces
Bond them together
I will fix my bleeding heart
That no one, not even you
Will ever break them again"

"I am the storm!
The fire!"

And to those who made this far, I am proud of you

Remind Me To Forget is a collection of poems that talks about the challenges of a person goes through, the pain that people undergo to satisfy others and how they live in a rotten society, This book touches on key issues that the society faces in its day to day lives including love, injustice, depression, hypocrisy, pain, among others .Lewis Wamwanda's Remind Me To Forget is a must read for those seeking to understand the sacrifices people go through on there day to day lives.



Lewis Wamwanda

Lewis Wamwanda is a poet and writer of prose. He has written three anthologies of poems namely: Reflections(2018), Yours Truly (2019) and When I Marry Rimanto (2020). He is the founder of The Writers Pen Publishers. He was nominated for the Founder of The Year Awards in the year 2021 and 2022. Lewis Wamwanda's poetry has featured in many sites including: Poetrysoup, Kistretch Magazine 7th Edition, Spillwords, The Campus Magazine, Arthut, The Giant Pen among others. He believes in Awakening Dreams

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