

SPRING



**A poetry anthology by
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With images by Lennox T. Makurumidze

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Thank you

Hope springs

**Summer came,
Then winter arrived soon after,
You thought you might die but somehow you survived,
Then autumn came and reminded you of all the things
you needed to shed,**

**Like a seed, you mourned as you surrendered yourself
to the ground
Uncertain of what would come but trusting in that
which cannot be seen,
Like a kernel of wheat planted in the ground,
You called out that which cannot be seen to emerge,**

**Months of waiting, weeping & longing,
Like a pregnant woman in labour, screaming and
yelling
You started to sweat blood,
It was time for death to visit one last time,**

**But as summer, winter and autumn came to an end,
The seed suddenly arose from where it had been
planted,
Sprouting so quickly and awaiting to bud,**

**Like the world itself, it also evolved,
Like a snapshot on a photograph, all is made new,
Vegetation appearing in places that were once bare,
Hidden then unraveled for such a time as this,
Everything birthed in springtime,
When hope itself decided to spring.**

THE GENESIS



**Perfection was never meant to be defined in a moment,
A moment in time against human expectations,
For as from time in time to time
Everything that never was now is, and some still to be,
Even trinity took six counts of creation
before they manifested their own image,
Dust blown and dust inhaled,
For man was their glorified mark of actualization.
The best of creations saved for last as though
It was springing, budding, blooming,
Fearfully and wonderfully made man came to be from the dust**

**A beginning in its own unique Genesis,
It was to become a new era, a new consciousness,
And eventually just as they sprung,
So was another beginning.
A possibility of turning zombie at any given moment
A realization that life was for living,
To be reborn.**

SECOND CHANCES

It was winter,
The night was gloomy and dim,
Netflix and comfort eating,
Heartbreak and soul seeking,
Tears flooded on the pillows
Pain in her heart strings

Tight chest restricting inward breath &
ability to swallow,
God help her, she's knee deep in sorrow,
She never thought he would do this to her,
Walk away at a time she needed him the
most,
She munches away the memories as she
scrolls through his messages,

How could he?
Her heart is crushed into tiny grains,
No idea whatsoever of what remains,

Late nights and wide eyes
Countless thoughts and loud cries
Comfort eating to stay sane,
Will she ever recover from this pain?

Months pass

Autumn brings her to acceptance
The heart still hurts, but a little less now,
She's not always on her laptop anymore
Sometimes she takes walks and allows the
breeze to heal her bones,

It feels like her heart is being knitted
again,
And with each day she feels better than the
day before
She still thinks of him and how he left her,
But it doesn't hurt as much as it did before

A few more months pass

Spring brings with it a chance for renewal,
Her heart still beats but quite differently
this time
She starts to bud again with joy and hope,
Like a rose growing from concrete, spring
gifts her with rebirth
To believe in second chances &
To allow herself to love again.



WHERE I COME FROM

Where I come from,
We've normalized the fragrance of
burst sewage pipes
The children here know better than to
use running tap water for
amatope/mahumbwe
They take frog like leaps into the
trenches, skins brittle and flaked
And yet when they jump out their tiny
hands and feet are a shimmering
delight
Glistening in the sun. Moisturized. By
faeces,
It's only over a hundred people's waste,
from the same neighbourhood,
So not a big deal

Where I come from, the winter
mornings are dreary cold,
On those days, to rise is to heave and
hove
We dress up in outfits that anticipate
an afternoon of sweaty brows
Because our skies know no vows,

Where I come from
There truly is no honour among
thieves, so here dreams are stolen with
ease,
The smoothest talkers are made here,
their jaws cracked so they can talk you
to bed
But treat pregnancies like STIs. If the
test comes out positive, it's a negative
They run, they've learnt this from
their fathers too you see

Where I come from,
We get and give second chances,
We understand that we only ever live
to shed our skin just as trees do,
We believe people bloom and shoot,
That reconciliation is just a chore,
The minute we start sharing our
mangoes and peaches we know it's
spring,
A time of reconciliation and starting
afresh.

Michelle

THIS ONE IS FOR THE FAKE FRIENDS

**Have you ever had your phone hand you
A package of neatly wrapped blue ticks?
When you look at your contact list,
All you see are strangers and temporary smiles instead of
friends.
When loneliness seems to be the only person answering your
messages in a group full of friends.
And life says,
"Welcome to depression."
"Please leave your friends and family at the door. Make sure
you packed your forgotten memories, loneliness and pictures of
lost friends in your galleries."**

**I think Friendship thought since this is a new generation,
It also has to change its definition.
Friends have now become the latest action figures on the
market.
Because the way we play with and play for our friends'
attention is saddening.
Conversations have slowly become seasonal events,
Care has turned into a hide and seek game.
Chats smell like dead memories waiting to be deleted.**

**So, I will ask you this,
In a constellation full of friends, do you find any that shine in
your life?
Has your DM become a museum of happy moments?
Is your Instagram feed just a wall of exiled friends?
Does your life seem to have a different best friend for every
month?
And have you ever had a friend that lasts longer than your
WhatsApp bundle?
You see, you have acquaintances,
Instead of friends!
Pride weighs more than love in your friendships.
Too busy fighting about who should have texted first,
Forgetting that friendship transcends all boundaries of social
classes,
Meaning it doesn't matter who texts first!
What matters is
someone
DOES
text! ...**

THIS ONE IS FOR THE FAKE FRIENDS

***I believe finding a friend is like falling in love.
The only difference is that with friendship you fall knowing
someone will definitely catch you.
You trust without knowing the outcome.
Accepting their faults as if they were perfections,
Helping for no payment,
Loving and wanting nothing in return.
Friendship is not perishable;
Neither does it have an expiry date.
Just because it has an "E N D" in it
Doesn't mean it was meant to end.
Friends are what you make them.***

Lennox





**THEY TELL ME TO BREATHE
AND EXPECT ME TO BE BORN
SPITTING OUT ANSWERS TO MANHOOD
AS IF THE WOMB OFFERS A FREE 9-MONTH
MATURITY CLASS.**

**THEY TELL ME TO BREATHE
LIKE I SHOULD KNOW THE MEANING
OF PERFECTION
BEFORE I KNOW THE MEANING OF MY OWN
NAME.**

**I WAS 10 WHEN VIOLENCE TAUGHT
ME HOW TO FIX THE LEAKY FAUCET IN THESE
EYELIDS,
18 WHEN I DISCOVERED DEPRESSION DOESN'T EXIST
IN A BLACK MAN'S DICTIONARY,
20 WHEN I SURVIVED THE WAR OF HOW TO BECOME A
MAN,
BUT STILL, I DIE EVERY DAY FROM THE PTSD,
BECAUSE BLACK LIVES ONLY MATTER ON HASHTAGS
AND IN SCREEN SOCIETY,
BUT NEVER IN REALITY
ALL DEAD MEN ARE TOO BUSY BEING BREATHLESS
TO ASK FOR HELP,**

**THEY TELL ME TO BREATHE!
WHEN THEY HAVE RESPONSIBILITIES STUCK ON MY
THROAT
AS IF THIS ADAM'S-APPLE WAS NOT HEAVY ENOUGH,
LIKE THIS SKIN WAS NOT ALREADY SUFFOCATING
FROM MEN-TAL OPPRESSION ...**

**B
R
E
A
T
H
E**



**SO, SOCIETY'S MEN TELL BLACK LIVES
WE ALL MATTER,
AND CHOKO OUR VOICES THE SAME WAY THEY DO
OUR LIVES,
THEY TELL US TO BREATHE!
SO, THEY GIVE ME AIR THE SAME WAY THEY GAVE ME
FREEDOM
THEY TELL ME TO BREATHE!!!**

**I DISCOVERED IN PRIMARY SCHOOL
THAT SOMEONE HAD STOLEN MY CULTURE,
BECAUSE WHY ELSE WOULD I BE PUNISHED
FOR SPEAKING MY OWN MOTHER TONGUE?
EXPERIENCES LIKE THESE
EAT AWAY YOUR IDENTITY,
AND YOU WONDER WHY I CAN'T BREATHE
LIKE YOU DON'T KNOW YOU GOT
LEG KILLING MY RIGHTS
RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME,
LIKE YOU CAN'T SEE THE INEQUALITY,
LIKE YOU DON'T KNOW I CAN ALSO HAVE ANXIETY,
LIKE SOCIETY DOESN'T ACTUALLY SEE A BLACK
MAN'S
MENTAL HEALTH AS PRIORITY,
STOP TELLING ME TO BREATHE
WHEN YOU'RE THE ONE CHOKING ME,
SOCIETY,
WE ARE BETTER THAN THIS.**

**B
R
E
A
T
H
E**

LENNOX

AND SO IT BEGAN



FEBRUARY 14TH, 2020
STREETS LITTERED WITH FRESH ROSES; RESTAURANTS
PREGNANT WITH SALES
SHOP WINDOWS BLEEDING RED, THE AIR POLLUTED WITH
SOUNDS,
ABUZZ WITH SLURRED SWEET NOTHINGS FROM LOVERS' LIPS
HER...

WILLING TO TRADE HER BODY LIKE A MERCHANT
TURNING FROM VIRGIN TO OPEN DOOR
JUST SO HE COULD DRESS HER IN HIS LAST NAME
HIM...

WILLING TO BARTER IN HIS PROMISE LITTERED TONGUE
HOPING IN HER HIPS AND CURVES HE WILL FIND A HOME
AND BE ADORNED WITH A TITLE,
HER MAN

JUNE 25TH, 2020
14TH FEBRUARY A DISTANT MEMORY
STREETS SWEEPED CLEAN, ROSES WILTED, WITHERED
ON A LOVER'S LONELY GRAVE, HER BODY MANIPULATED INTO
MUD
JUST THE WAY GOD INTENDED
HIS HEART BATTERED AND ACHING AS THOUGH IT WERE USED
FOR TARGET PRACTICE
HIS MOUTH ONCE A TEMPLE FOR HER LIPS,
NOW RESIDENT TO ALL MANNER OF GOLDEN LIQUIDS



AND SO IT BEGAN

**TRACES OF HER DNA ALL ERASED FROM HIS TONGUE
HIS SHADOW COWERS AT THIS SHELL OF A MAN AND DARES NOT
FOLLOW HIM**

**AUGUST 9TH, 2020
A NEW BOUQUET. ROSES AGAIN. A NEW GRAVE.
HE QUESTIONS THE FLUIDITY OF NATURE.
ROBBED OF ALL MANNER OF WOMEN ON WHOSE BREASTS HE
SUCKLED,
ALTHOUGH HE HADN'T GOTTEN ROUND TO IT YET
HE WANTED TO LEAVE A SUICIDE NOTE, HIS BODY**

**NOVEMBER 13TH, 2020
SILENCE...**

**FEBRUARY 14TH, 2021
SILENCE**

**SEPTEMBER 10TH, 2021
A FAMILIAR SIGHT,
ROSES FRESHLY PICKED, THE SWEET FRAGRANCE OF FLOWERS IN
BLOOM.
A SKY PAINTED BLUE AND YET A MAN NO LONGER AS BLUE
HE BEAMS AS HE STRIDES, A BAG IN HAND
HEAVY AS THOUGH IT WERE ALL THE PIECES OF HIMSELF THAT HE
HAD PICKED
FOR WITH SPRING, A SOUL ONCE STARVING WAS NOW WELL FED
FOR WITH SPRING, A MIND POLLUTED WAS NOW WELL CLEANSED**

ADDICTS



**We have become "Addicts" of some sort,
Addicted to the internet.**

**Let us call ourselves Data-Sucking Vampires,
Addicted to the text,**

**Eyes always glued to the screen,
Our generation can only be identified by the term,
"Phone Zombies"**

Welcome to the Techno Apocalypse.

**Here, the Identity Deficiency Epidemic (IDE) has
Almost pushed imagination and creativity to a point of non-existence,
With an app for everything,**

**When will we ever have time to reinvent anything?
We have been programmed to think that society leads, and we follow...**

Double tapping worldly actions,

Unable to post our own,

Playing tag with societal trends,

But how is it that we are constantly it?

Colour slowly becoming illegal,

Black and White is now beauty,

I mean, how else will we become photocopies?

Anything different is an outcast.

"I gatt two phones"

Music stations turned into bragging stages,

Speaking to the people an outdated way of making music,

Hope,

Inspiration,

Helpful messages, ...

ADDICTS



**All gasping for air in this music industry.
Drowning, because talking about money is the only way you can get it.
I guess music has forgotten its purpose over the years,
Replacing passion with money,
Lust in singers' hearts
B.O.B was right; you cannot put a price tag to music.
It's sad how we have become so materialistic.
I.G minded,
WhatsApp blinded.
Snapchat sighted,
Facebook hearted,
Friendships now based on the number of likes,
Character rated according to followers,
Love now shown through tags,
I believe Social media has killed enough relationships
To be the most wanted serial killer on earth!
Social Networks,
A place where inferiority and discouragement tattoos on us daily,
"You are not enough."
No matter what we do,
We still envy.
Slowly making US think,
"It is O.K"
To Be
F A K E!
PLEASE SAVE MY GENERATION.**

IDENTITY

Have you ever felt as though you were lost?
As if you have been looking for yourself,
As if you are not yourself,

Like an innocent bystander for the script that is your life,
Watching yourself evolve but not exactly allowing yourself to be,

Like a child holding a compass, unsure of which direction to point to,
Never sure of where you are going but walking still,
Discovering the next step as you unfold,

Bombarded with information from the news,
Society dictating its own values on you,

Springing from one identity to another,
But forever asking yourself the question "Who am I?"

Are you the total of society's expectations?
Or the sum of all your followers on Instagram?
Or perhaps the people you talk to on WhatsApp?

Who are you?
Who were you before the world told you who you were?

Oscillating like a pendulum from one identity to the next,
Yet the reality is
You are not defined by the media,
Your phone,
Or your friends,
You are not what your parents say you are,
You are a seed planted long ago.

You were God's idea before you were your own,
You are the hope that your ancestors brought forth.

You are irreplaceable
You are incomparable
You are beauty
You are wonder, and
You are light.

Chiedza



SPRING

ABOUT THE AUTHORS



CHIEDZA RWODZI

Chiedza Rwodzi is a creative entrepreneur and storyteller. Her work is best expressed through her poetry, acting and writing. Chiedza is passionate about using her creative skills to shed light on universal stories driven by marginalised voices. She is dedicated to using her craft to seek justice and speak out on global issues.

LENNOX MAKURUMIDZE

Lennox Tatenda Makurumidze a.k.a Lennoxthephotographer is an afrocentric photographer whose work focuses on African voices and afro-futurism concepts. Lennox digs into photojournalism & tells African stories that have not entered the public scene. Conceptual photography is another one of Lennox's favorite form of photography. He uses it to change the world by telling African stories. Lennox was also the founder of the harvest project which is a collaborative effort to bring together poetry and photography to tell the African narrative.



MICHELLE THANYA

Michelle Thanya Moyo is a spoken word artist, actress, singer and podcaster from Bulawayo. She has been performing since 2017 to date. Her work is inspired by personal experiences and social vices. She uses her voice as a tool to educate, advocate for mental health and also entertain people of different age groups, cliques and backgrounds.