



About Us: <http://www.the-criterion.com/about/>

Archive: <http://www.the-criterion.com/archive/>

Contact Us: <http://www.the-criterion.com/contact/>

Editorial Board: <http://www.the-criterion.com/editorial-board/>

Submission: <http://www.the-criterion.com/submission/>

FAQ: <http://www.the-criterion.com/fa/>



ISSN 2278-9529
Galaxy: International Multidisciplinary Research Journal
www.galaxyimrj.com

A Portfolio of Defiance

Translated from Shona by Tendai R. Mwanaka

I am stretching out my wings
Winging away to the mountain of promise, potential
With every right to hope
I am taking this shape, you could shape, too
...it's a saying, or is it musical?
I need to survive the thunderstorms and be a new rose
Spewing perfume, blooming...
With every right to hope

The fires are doing, negotiating
Black veins stuffed with hope
Dreams, angers; a soul
Of undeterred definitions of scope

No clocks, I know what time it is
The manure piled around my bones, one day
Will become the garden that I ought to be
But in the meanwhile I put in the work and dreamed I will succeed

I have clenched a coal hot October sun in my being; carry it in my throat,
dry, accumulating pain, hot, burnt
Want of a horizon of water, knowing it would boil me
A pocket of it might do, maybe moistening me
Maybe, I will pour out a steaming pot, steeped with smoldering of positivity

I weave constellations (galaxies that think rhapsody) from memory, the Milky Way blued into
the loom with fainting threads

I burn the stars with my cold breath, the swooshing, steaming sounds of burnt stones, immersed
in water

I have found threads of meaning in this existence
Ropes without meaning
I have opened out these threads, with my mouth
I have tied everything to these threads, unthreading the ropes, everything
All at once

I incline towards complexity spaced seriality of life units
I will be the tallest person on top of the mountain
The grown up

A bird with its river flows
The bird, breaking the sky, effortlessly
The lark's amplitude, disintensive
Up and up it feels, it says it is free
O, ohohoh, I am the lark, ohohoh
In my intensive disintensiveness
My brain humming with infrasonic success