

MAKERERE



UNIVERSITY

PURPLE RHYTHMS

BY

MUGIDDE SHAMIM

(BACHELORS OF ARTS WITH EDUCATION)

21/U/18032/PS

**A CREATIVE WRITING PROJECT SUBMITTED TO THE
DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT
OF THE REQUIREMENT FOR THE AWARD OF THE DEGREE
OF BACHELOR OF ARTS WITH EDUCATION OF
MAKERERE UNIVERSITY**

JUNE 2024

DECLARATION

I, MUGIDDE SHAMIM, declare that this is my original pieces and have never been submitted to any institution for an academic award.


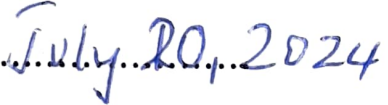
Signature 

Date July 10/08/2024

MUGIDDE SHAMIM

APPROVAL

This project work has been conducted under my guidance and supervision, and therefore submitted for examination with my approval as a university supervisor.

Signature:  Date:..... 

PROF. EARNEST OKELLO OGWANG
SUPERVISOR

DEDICATION

I humbly would like to dedicate this precious creative writing project to the beautiful family of Mr. Kato Bernard. Namutebi T. Lyton and my beautiful sister, Nalwoga Harriet, and Ankwas Halord I love you all

let me also in a special way this creative writing project to my wonderful professors, professor Earnest Okello Ogwang, professor Susan N. Kiguli and Dr. Danson Kahyana for the tremendous inspiration and guidance in the field of creative writing and storytelling.

Lastly, I would like to dedicate this writing project to my beloved friends from the creative writing project, Oker Geoffrey, Obala Andrew, Mwaka Edmond Glen, Ayebale Ritah, Omondi Atieno Pamela and Kaana Cathy Wabulyu. It was beautiful working with you throughout. I'm humbled.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

First of all, my deepest acknowledgement goes to the almighty god who enabled me to complete my project as early as possible, and for his guidance throughout the writing exercise and compilation.

I greatly acknowledge this precious and beautiful family of Mr. Kato Bernard. Namutebi T. Lyton and my beautiful sister, Nalwoga Harriet, and Ankwaso Halord for supporting financially in this project production.

I also want to acknowledge these wonderful professors, professor Earnest Okello Ogwang, Professor Susan N Kiguli and Dr. Danson Kahyana for the profound nurturing and guiding me in the field of creative writing and storytelling.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

| | |
|------------------------------------|-----|
| Declaration..... | i |
| Approval | ii |
| Dedication..... | iii |
| Acknowledgements..... | iv |
| Like No Other | 1 |
| Alone She Stood | 2 |
| Beyond the Night..... | 3 |
| He was my First | 4 |
| Tales Untold..... | 5 |
| Discerning Love | 6 |
| The Mystery of the Sea..... | 7 |
| Teddy Bear..... | 8 |
| What is Love..... | 9 |
| Once my Happiness | 10 |
| Dearest Diary | 11 |
| What am I Afraid Of? | 12 |
| A Letter to my Father | 13 |
| Mama Scarlett..... | 14 |
| Dress: To Dress, Not Undress | 15 |
| Life And Yearning..... | 16 |
| I Want to Belong to You..... | 17 |
| Heart Break..... | 18 |
| To be Child Again | 20 |
| Shadows of Love | 21 |
| X | 23 |
| Petals of Love | 24 |
| Love is a Crime..... | 25 |

| | |
|---------------------------------|----|
| Into the Hideouts..... | 26 |
| Can I?? | 28 |
| Into my Room | 29 |
| Hello My Special One | 30 |
| I Sing for you a Love Song..... | 32 |
| The Last Night We Met | 33 |
| A Phone Call..... | 35 |
| Letter to my Ex | 36 |
| The Jewelry of your Life | 38 |
| The Beauty Of Love | 39 |
| It's Not My Fault..... | 41 |
| A Crave..... | 42 |
| A Jewel | 43 |
| Hospitality..... | 45 |
| Seasonal Liberty | 46 |
| Forever my Love..... | 47 |
| Free at Least..... | 48 |
| True Beauty | 49 |
| The Motherland | 50 |
| Let Me Free..... | 51 |
| Dotted Love | 52 |
| Emitted Danger | 53 |
| My Last Plea..... | 54 |
| Odyssey of a Street Child | 55 |
| Not the Man I Wanted | 56 |
| Love and Yearning | 58 |

INTRODUCTION

The project is handled by Professor Earnest Okello Ogwang and therefore it is for creative writing class. This project is intended to show the way how creative writing can be applied in various ways thereby grading it as it is a contribution to my final degree and therefore my hard work and efforts are greatly called upon.

BACKGROUND

The project revolves around many aspects of life which bring out experiences of people and the writer's experiences both personal and observed thereby I becoming the mouth piece of very many people.

The title “PURPLE RHYTHMS”, captures the adventures of love, royalty, nobility, wealth and so forth that I found intriguing to capture thus this project.

FINDINGS

The findings encompass various aspects that include, development, inspiration, plot structure among others. While doing my findings, the back bone of all this is to tackle all the factors that creative writing aims at.

Creative writing aims at showing the emotions or express catharsis. Therefore the project brings out such feelings that cannot be expressed out by many people.

The work project is to show the diverse sources of inspiration that I have sought to come up with this project.

The project is simple and rather not complex but this is to allow my readers to venture into my work without hardship.

OBJECTIVES

Through my findings, there are several common objectives through which creative writing endeavors and these encircle the aspect of self-expression, exploration and storytelling, among others.

To reach readers on a wider scale and have a positive impact beyond personal expression.

To Foster a sense of understanding in the audience.

To explore at least two genres, that is poetry and short stories.

To expand my creative writing skills.

To delve into the issues of the society.

To bring out my identity in the field of creative writing.

To answer the question of what is creative about creative writing.

GENRES

In this project, I have ventured through two genres and that is poetry and short stories. This will help to air out the intended aims in a broader perspective hence being versatile as it is a mixture of genres.

Poetry

I have chosen the genre of poetry because I want to explore a wide range of subjects and styles as a way of communicating complex emotions or become a mouth piece of many people.

Short stories

I have chosen short stories as a genre because they are concise which makes them readable in one sitting.

It has focused themes and well developed characters.

Because it is enjoyed by many people since it has been part of world literature for centuries.

TITLE

The title of the project is "PURPLE RHYTHMS"

The title holds a significant meaning with “PURPLE”, symbolizing, royalty, nobility, luxury, power, and ambition, femininity, and spirituality.

It shows wealth, extravagance, creativity, wisdom, dignity, devotion, peace, pride, mystery, Independence and magic.

“RHYTHMS” implies a flow, pattern or collection.

The title also holds a significant meaning there by having the ability to evoke the sense of beauty, order and pattern. It calls people to appreciate and find joy in rhythmic patterns that permeate various facets of existence.

A purple person is the sweetest and genuine friend. Therefore the title describes the kind of people that come into your life that they have always been there and just fit in your life. Their presence brings out the best version of you, with their presence burning into your soul forever.

Therefore, “PURPLE RHYTHMS”, explores various themes which represent the ebb and flow of emotions, the candence of life experiences.

STRUCTURE

The project is structured in a way that it has a blend of genres and that is poetry and short stories.

The language used includes the use of literary devices such as metaphor, imagery among others.

Poetry is organised in stanzas, lines and verses to give flow and emotional impact.

LANGUAGE

The language used is English.

Because English is a lingua Franca, it is a common language people use from different countries.

English is versatile as it is rich in vocabulary and as a writer, I am able to convey feelings and emotions precisely.

THEMES

The projects explores various themes which include, love, nobility, wealth, spirituality, among others.

AUDIENCE

The project is intended to diverse audience and people of all ages because the language used is simple.

IMPACT OF THE AUDIENCE

The impact shows how the project affects the lives of those it is intended for. The project does not only enhance the skills of the writer but also has numerous benefits to the readers.

To express the writer's thoughts and ideas thereby self-awareness and personal growth. This is through putting the intended emotions on paper or through written works.

Emotional expression and healing thus promoting empathy and understanding.

Education and community building. This is through encouraging creativity and imagination which are essential for personal growth.

Engaging in creative writing can reduce anxiety and stress therefore the project has an impact of improving one's mental well-being.

To provide a sense of accomplishment and purpose, boosting self-esteem and confidence.

To employ various techniques there by engaging readers and conveying the intended message.

LIKE NO OTHER

Mother is that autumn flower,
So bright and lovely.
Always ready to put her communication straight,
At times without saying a thing!
She is that scented flower,
That attracts bees,
Without caring whether or not they will sting.

Mama is the Samia Suhulu Hassan of our home.
A selfless pillar on whom many hold tight.
She is that leader of great intellect,
In solving problems,
She is a loyal family woman,
So much respectful to Papa,
Her only king in her queendom!
Always thankful of our baby steps to greatness,
No other than compare.

She is too courageous,
Very ambitious in completing her tasks,
Full of optimism to achieve even greater things in life,
The empathy she carries in her heart,
So comforting in times of trouble,
I stand witness to say, "Like No Other."

ALONE SHE STOOD

Yesterday I drew myself to the window,
There she stood alone.
She never complains,
Of the cold nights,
Nor the scorching sun.

She is a home to many,
Birds, insects, snakes...
She provides shade to me,
On those sunny days,
No wonder marabou stork finds peace in her.

She shades off part of her foliage,
As manure for another plants to grow.
She provides support to weak plants,
To stand tall and reach for the light.
She is so selfless like a mother.

BEYOND THE NIGHT

Looking out through the outskirts of the small cities I have never seen,
Houses seem to be on top of each other, making me to wonder.
The night covered what should have been seen during day,
Giving me hope, that tomorrow is better, yet pessimistic I am,
For I do not know what lies ahead.
My heart is full of ecstasy, yearning to feel the movement of the wind,
Whispering sweet nothings to my ears, yet nostalgia hits me hard,
Remembering those days I had to move at night looking where to lie my
head,
The light they say at the end of the tunnel, I never see,
Yet patiently I await in vain.

HE WAS MY FIRST

I was a loner amidst the crowd,
So lost in the bitter memories of my past,
Like lemon juice sour to the tongue,
In a shell like a tortoise,
I was a loner!

I sat in the corner,
Ears deaf to the loud music,
People on the dance floor breaking their bones,
And he appeared, a stranger,
Grabbed my hand, gazing straight into mine eyes,
Let's do this!
Let's do this...
Re-echo in my mind till now.

Before I knew it,
I was on the stage,
Shaking my slim body as though I was a dance queen,
All people screaming my name,
As though a newly born celebrity,
Clad in the stranger's arms so tight,
His lips on mine, magical it was,
Til now the thought so burning like fire!
A stranger and I, lip to lip for about 3 minutes.
And the crowd went wild.
The loner did at last,
The stranger was my first dance, kiss...!

TALES UNTOLD

When I met she, life was so bright,
In silent space we touched our souls right,
Deep within me she resided, my everyday dream,
And being together was the main scheme.

We painted love in air, the birds painted along,
I knew we could never go wrong,
We cried together, holding tight to one another,
Only hoped, desired never to ever see our love shutter.

We proclaimed ours to be a happily ever after,
Often discussed the ideal family we were to be,
Any YES was the everyday answer,
So much lost in Utopia to ever think of our love growing old,
For ours to be a corpse, laying in the corner so cold.

We spent days far apart, without even a text,
And all I could do was wonder what was next,
"I no longer feel the same way I felt for you before"
love had reached the sea,
Where my soul, heart, eyes... Could no longer see.

DESCERNING LOVE

You talk to me without talking,
Touch me without touching -
Understand me without asking,
Is this blind love?

You dry my tears when in grief
And sorrow neglected by society!
Your shoulders can tell the tones of pain I swallow,
Is this blind love?

You linger my thoughts before I fall to slumber -
You call send a million++ ... tales of yearning
To meet hug me without seizing,
Is this blind love?

You see, when I decided to love you -
When you decided to love me,
Very sane we were,
Are we blindly seeing?
Or is this blind love?!

THE MYSTERY OF THE SEA

I have been on this voyage
Zig - zagging down
Tsunami scare -
Body frozen like an ice bag, Titanic horror
A mermaid took me hostage to the beach -
Sunlight soaking into my skin, alive again.
This journey of ours,
Of two pirates at the sea
Of romanticism adventure -
Witch - hunting the past
Only contains hearts in a thorny cage,
What becomes of us?

No matter how confused the mermaid's soul maybe,
I will take her by hand -
To the beach in the open,
There I will proclaim she as my one and only,
Inconspicuous of the demons of the past
Tempests at the sea of love
No longer one for the cage!

TEDDY BEAR

Good morning teddy bear.
Redolence speaking,
Affection palpitating,
Sunshine are you awake?
Breakfast in bed,
Lips stretching,
Kiss whispers on my lips,
Good morning pingu.

WHAT IS LOVE

Love is like war.
Easy to begin, difficult to end,
Impossible to forget.

Love is a puzzle,
Only those who are lucky
Can play it tactfully, in its fullest,
With joy and a smile on their faces,
Falsely believing that they can tell
What the future holds.

Love is like a game,
To gamble whether to win or lose.
It is by chance that you find a soul mate
Who stands by you?
And worships the ground you walk on.

Love turns out to be politics.
Where many lay their manifestation
But the one who lays it well
Stands a chance in your heart.

Love is fate,
Where we are locked.
The moment you start, you do not back out.
At the end of it all, we accept,
We live by it.
It is what it is.

ONCE MY HAPPINESS

Love is magnificent and splendid.

I love you, I love you,

Words that I had every day,

I hear no more.

I love you,

It is now in the past.

Love is unkind and unforgiving.

The one, you, once I cherished,

It is now stories to tell.

To tell those that wished us well.

Love is cruel and unjust,

Moments of happiness and joy,

Once we drowned in

The tempest swept them far.

I will love you, now and forever.

Let us end this, I am tired.

Words I cannot believe true,

Yet clear they settle in my heart.

Love is sly, malicious and deceitful.

The forever you once promised,

Remember, you were

Once my happiness.

DEAREST DIARY

I expected the dude,
To take my problems seriously,
He vowed to stand my demons of imperfection,
Proclaimed that I was his one and only,
He promised mine to a paradise,
A queen in his castle.
A Nabbagereka in his kingdom,
An Angel in his heaven,
Call me a goddess!

Dearest diary
He beautifully painted pain on my skin,
To hurt my heart so deep,
Doom my newly home,
Now imagining the pain for the 9 full moons,
For he promised forever to stay,
Now vanished in air,
Never to be traced again,
Tummy too heavy for my toothpicks!
Did I deserve the hurt?
Deserve this shame,
Deserve this betrayal?

Dearest diary
I really, really expected the dude to take my problems seriously.
He was too good at first.
A guardian angel, to guard my fragile heart, from hurt,
He was those stitches, to mend my broken pieces,
Oh no, another accident he was,
That bruised my heart beyond repair.

WHAT AM I AFRAID OF?

I do not fear to die but,
How, when, where?
I fear to be knocked down by a car,
Awo nga ku clock tower.
Only to be found with a torn a nicker,
Unshaved private parts or without an underwear.
Such things people seem not to mind, but they haunt me.
I fear to die in water,
Let it be a swimming pool or a lake,
For I pity and feel bitter that the precious me will be cold.
Let them not find me in a rendezvous,
C'ause prostitution is a shame I cannot behold even after life.

Death is not what I fear, but when?
I just don't want to leave this world,
Leaving my daughter or son to suffer like I did.
The things I fear are so small
But they give me cripples and sleepless nights.
What if I die today?
Who will wash and massage my mother's feet?

I fear to meet the Almighty,
A monster I am, for the hearts of men I have broken.
I have detoothered countless and lied many,
Less I have spent in church but night clubs have been my thing
I am scared.

A LETTER TO MY FATHER

Dearest father,
You are missed, you are loved.
Your memory with us is still fresh,
Your scent is still lingering in mummy's room.
We are scared to move on.

The daughter you groomed
Has finally become a woman.
I am now ripe in the eyes of men,
Your gender is now seeing marriage material in me,

You nurtured a woman well deserving.
The world has taught me a lot in your absence.
Things you used to do for me which gave me hard time,
Now I know how to do.
Those last What Sapp messages I still hold dear.
We miss you dearly.

MAMA SCARLETT

Hold me, hold tight just like a baby cling on its mom,
I yearn to be in your motherly arms,
Those that have for long,
Provided paradise to little Scarlett,
She's been telling of the sweetness
Embedded in your chest,
Warmth that takes a shiver away,
She's been telling of the peace in your melodies,
Will you sing me a serenade?

My golden arrow, prick me with the love,
Your sweet Melody carries,
Like Cupid, let our hearts be filled with a love
So rare for common people to comprehend,
Our Scarlett deserves anything but a sad face,
She's our moon in darkness, our top priority,
She's such a swan!

I vow, I vow to shower you with love,
To pass through hell to see you and Scarlett happy, I vow under the skies!
I will never take you to limbo, I will be your sunshine in winter,
That pillar you will hold onto ever, I will raise a great independent Scarlett,
One who will be ready to challenge the past scars with vigor,
I will be a dad, great dad to her,
Without prejudices of the past!

DRESS: TO DRESS, NOT UNDRRESS

If you DARE excuse your bedroom,
To storm the streets
And still want us to mind our business,
Dress To Dress
Not Undress!

By virtue of living your house,
To surprise the church,
Still, like we focus on the priest,
My daughter...
Dress To Dress
Not Undress.

If you generously expose
Your thighland, a nipple or stream lined waist,
Like a stripper on a show
Body screaming "Touch me if you can"
My friend,
My neighbor,
Fellow citizen,
Dress To Dress,
Not Undress.

LIFE AND YEARNING

There are some things that I want to do,
When I am not told to.
There are some roads I want to take,
When I am not told to.
There are some decisions I want to make,
When I am not told to.
There are moments of happiness that I want to experience,
When I am not told to.

Can I not see my mother?
I choose what to become.
Who owns the rules anyway?
That's life and yearning.

I WANT TO BELONG TO YOU

My greed has no limit.

When I take tea with you,

I will want to have a meal with you.

Then a dinner with you,

All my stories I would want to tell you,

I want to hug you,

To love you,

To hold you,

Cause I belong to you.

HEART BREAK

You broke my heart again and again
But I always came back to you.
I always came back to you.
I always wanted to hear you say,
I am redeemed,
I am sorry babe,
I allowed you to step on every bit of my heart.
I cried less when you quarreled at me but again
I smiled a lot when you showed me that little affection.
You broke me to pieces
You shattered me
That I cannot love again
You just broke me beyond repair.
You broke my heart.

TO BE CHILD AGAIN

To be child again is to be loved

By someone unconditionally.

To be child again is to be crazy with your man,

And he never gets tired of you.

To be child again is to be pampered by you someone

That childish smile you make

When you are with him is to be child again.

To do nasty things without being scared

That you can be condemned.

To be accepted with your flaws,

To be in love each and every day,

To cry less and to smile more and more,

That glitter of love you have baby girl,

That's to be child again.

SHADOWS OF LOVE

Make me understand,
Make me believe,
What love is,
What if love is a mental disorder?
Where we are all captured,
And the one who falls in love,
Suffers until he fades away.

Somebody explain in details,
What love is,
It might be something meaningless,
Where time is wasted
And nothing to yield.

Try to convince me,
What love is all about.
Is it a warm feeling?
Felt by the heart,
Something that makes one's
Heart to change.

To some, love is described as evil,
A thing that doesn't wish us good,
It's one sided at times,
It's a confusion,
Dangerous,
Destiny fighter,
Our fate.

Love is love,
Just simply love.
For the animals, insects, bird, love
Love is something that is unavailable,
That renders mankind to happiness,
But again misery.

X

It is your perception to like him or not.
He is hot, handsome, blended
But hard to get.
Everyone drowns because of his charm.
Let that not lie to you,
He is surd to sustain.

Crush as you like,
Eye him as you want,
But hard to get.
The epitome of love and kind,
That is what he is.
His smile eats my hearts toe
Look once not twice,
Cause once is enough.

X, that is his name,
Very common but sweet to whisper,
Do not fall for him,
Cause you cannot even,
Take a single touch.

Skin so smooth, melanin original,
Indeed he is spectacular.
Movement elegant,
When he talks,
You do not want him to stop,
Yet he remains,
Simple and real.

PETALS OF LOVE

Fragrance in blossom winter,
Canopy in thick vines,
Grassland of Savannah,
Springs of winter,
Fountain of affection.

My petals of love.

LOVE IS A CRIME

Love is a crime,
No, love is splendid and magnificent.
I love you, I love you,
Words which I heard every day
But I hear them no more.
I love you,
It is now in the past.

Love is unkind and unforgiving,
The one, you, once I cherished
It is now stories to tell,
To tell those that wished us the best.

Love is cruel and unjust,
Moments of happiness and joy
Once we drowned in
The tempests swept them far.

I will love you, now and forever.
Let us end this, I am tired.
Words I cannot believe true,
Yet clear they settle in my heart.

Love is sly, malicious and deceitful.
The forever you once promised
I do not see it anymore,
Isn't love a crime.

INTO THE HIDEOUTS

Let us dash into the hideout,
Let us run so fast and disappear
Like the ninjas always do in China
So that we can keep safe.

I am tired of these raiders you see,
They are all vying to raid our love
They want to break us apart
They want to steal you from me.

I have prepared you a place
Far in the horizons of stars, right?
Where you will never be afraid,
Cause I will never accept,
To steal you away from me.

We shall be two of us,
I mean you and I
At night as our enemies are busy,
Making plots of hunting us again.

Let's go and build our house,
With reeds from the nearby swamp
Put flowers around it,
And a big wall around it.

Let's gather some match sticks

For we shall build a living fire
Around our house,
For the heavy cold of the night.

Don't worry about family,
We shall write to them daily,
Letters of hope and love,
The mails will be delivered,
To them.

CAN I??

I want to be an open book,
Laid widely in front of you
Read me as much as you can
Till you can tell a story about me.

I would like to be you daily novel,
That you read without ceasing,
Cause it's the only thing,
That makes you keep going,

Can I meet you on the first page?
Cause you keep me reading and
Reading, got the explicit of the book,
It is totally about you and me.

At the end of the book,
We shall have grown old together,
For love blossomed before our eyes,
From the beginning to the end,
We never regret reading us day by day,
So Can I??

INTO MY ROOM

Blinking left and right like a thief,
Searching for you right and center,
In all dark corners of this world
To come to my room that late night.

Chipping like a rat,
To the dark corner of the room,
To be sure of your safety,
Falling in love with everything
In the room, into my room.

Responding quickly to the call
And to the messages of demand
The whole house in a mess
Though you paid it all,
Just a small word thank you,
And took off as the night faded.

HELLO MY SPECIAL ONE

Hello sweet lemon,
Hello beautiful,
Hope you had a bright night,
Those great moments,
Hours before you went to sleep,
Still lingering in my head.

Mine was a mistletoe
Because on you, I get shelter
You my hunting ground,
This darkness, ooh,
Seemed to be unending,
In my thoughts.

I found you and me
In another world,
So beautiful,
Staring at each other,
And smiling wide.

We played hide and seek,
In the due South of Winston bridge,
Near that water stream,
In the late afternoon.

At the Eastward sea border,
Was our destination
Where you loved me,
Wet my lips, with kisses

Moist kisses.

The beginning rays from the Easy,
Popping up through the window
Tan straight into my eyes,
A bird chirping,
I found myself awake.

How sweet to love in the dark,
It doesn't hurt,
It ends in suspense.

I SING FOR YOU A LOVE SONG

Let me sing for you a love song,
Staring at each other's eyes for infinity,
At night, in my room,
Let's share dreams, you mad I
Let me lay my head on your chest,
I want to rise up with you,
And I want to share everything with you in the end.

I would like to clung some seconds with you under the shed,
I would like to clung some hours with you,
With you in my small car over there,
Would you mind if I spend a day with you,
Perhaps we would make it a year.

I'm sorry if it hurts you deep,
But I can't help it out now,
No matter what comes my way,
But if it makes you happy,
I am ready to be hand cuffed.

THE LAST NIGHT WE MET

The birds, grasses and
The soothing winds in the blue sky
Can testify on my behalf
What a wonderful night it was.
A night that was full of hunger,
Not of food but of each other's body.
Everyone in a plot of eating
One another in the awe of pleasures.
The environment so tensed with
Perplexity in motion.

That night we met
My door room still remains witness.
How you held my hands with a tremendous
Vigor and led me into the room like a prisoner
Being matched into the cell.
No one was present but an eye saw
You as you did all that.

My room floor still tells of how
You stepped on it without
Control and sympathy of all kinds.
My room floor owes you a debt
For the service well rendered to you,
Taking hold of your clothes
That threw on it,
Without taking a glance at them.

The tension at which my bed

Has put me into is overwhelming
Already, the noise that pops out
From it silences that night and
Reveals its worth.

It complains of the restless night
We have it as we entered deep
In love making.

The mattress that had taken
Some good time without tasting
The thrill of water now testifies
Of the amazing drop of water
From the beautiful night we had then.
The wall clocks, frames,
Wall calendars beautifully hanging
Those pots of flowers witnessed what we had.

The shelf of books in the corner of
My room next to my door as well,
Has something to say about that night,
The book takes history of all that,
The wall clock as well have you
Ample time for your overall ride,
The wall calendars captured that date
And marked it with a red ink.
And the beautiful hanging flower pot
Did nothing much but just waved at us, w
With a profound smile thanking us for the great night.

A PHONE CALL

Hello my special friend at heart,
I thought it was to call you now,
I may not have something hot
To break it as hot news now,
But I just wanted to tell you
That I got something so
Cross, here now,
I wonder why it really had to be you.

Why did you do all those things?
I trusted you throughout,
You promised never to
To anything that doubts us,
But here you are now,
Too let to in shuffle.

I trusted you,
But you stole my heart
Without mercy
And walked away
Without a glimpse.

I'm in love with you
My heart bits for you
Every minute and second that counts
Calling your name again and again
Please heal my heart
Please love back
Make my heart feel your touch,

I love you now.

LETTER TO MY EX

With so much pleasure my dear,
I pick my ink and paper
To pen down my grievances
Just to have something with you
I have been thinking
Of the best rewards
I can offer you
For the time I never found a perfect one
I am so delighted that
You still pick up my calls and say hello,
It makes me feel that you are still with me.

Today I have a package for you
You showed me the way
You have taught me how to love
You have nurtured me the
Horrors that come with love
You groomed me.

I know the pronunciation of the word
"I love you"
It's just an expression of external emotions
To reveal the explicit of love
Not as I thought,
It was to confess
And to confirm fidelity in our lives.

I love you so much
For having taken up a big role

Of coming into my life
And leaving me in tears
At the time I needed you most

I am glad for the opportunity
You granted me
Me your friend, your dearest,
Whom you shared everything with
I now have some one
She buys me flowers
She sings for me
She treats me right.

THE JEWELRY OF YOUR LIFE

I am griped with fear of seeing your eyes.
I float into a sea of shyness
When I take a glance at your glittering face.
Those eyes that shine like a clip on a golden ring.
I am held up in,
Like a liquid poured and covered up in a bottle.
Just a glance at your beauty.

Your beauty is more than a dangling golden earring,
The hair that falls like a charm of a bracelet
That round neck with rings on
Like the pearl necklace
Slightly tall like a broach.
I'm totally drowned by the power
Of love in your pretty face,
I dearly confess this in bright day light
Beaming with sunshine.

I just can't imagine you mad me
Together like cufflinks
So that I can finally offer you
An angel ring and a wedding band
Maybe I can also give you your
Fabulous gift that I promised you,
The hoop earrings,
For I want to have a locket on my neck.
With you and me in a smiling competition
And the whole world will get to know that me and you
Are one.

THE BEAUTY OF LOVE

Is it true?
That love is beautiful?
Yes it is
It is more than what you think,
It puts a beautiful smile on a gloomy
Face and makes one look young again.
It gives one a peace of mind and body weight.
One glitters because they are loved right.

It dazzles like a bright morning star,
It spices up the day and makes it beautiful.
Amazement with no regrets,
The sweetness that comes with it.
Love is more than a package
Of honey on a bowl of years back,
It is more flourishing than flowers
Wrapped up in a glass bottle

Love is worth millions of dollars and more
Its lyrics are written everywhere.
It imprints itself like a tattoo on one's heart
Love is magical, its culprits do not survive
It's like essence.
Love comes with punishments but
Its rhythms are like that of tarantella in life today.

A love song surely sends p
People into the dance floor,
The love field,

Where you find every one smiling
At each other in exchange of love.
Love is Gold hidden deep in hearts,
However encrypted from people
But the password dances together
With those that have found the
Key to the road that leads to love.

IT'S NOT MY FAULT

Oh yes I knew
That you had eyes glued on me
You loved the latter without her permission
That you yearned to hold me tenderly?
I knew and wished I could sue you.

That nagging feeling incognito
Wrapped around the juicy taste of love
Engulfed in sweetness of invisible care...
Only if I wanted would I have drowned in your eyes
Mixed feelings were all I stored.

Never was it my doing, that
Your legs couldn't take my direction and
Your lips cooperated, your heart though demanding
Wasn't assisted, still I'm confident
I wasn't your murderer.

A CRAVE

A simmering heat beneath the skin,
A current that crackles within.
It's not a thought, it's a primal plea,
A yearning for touch, a wild symphony.

Senses alight, the air turns thick,
A subtle shift, a carnal quickening.
The mind's soft whispers start to fade,
Replaced by a hunger that's yet unplayed.

Like a flower reaching for the sun,
This craving unfolds, it can't be outrun,
A brush of silk, a whispered word,
Imaginations flame, eagerly stirred.

It's not just flesh, it's a deeper question,
For connection's dance, to be truly possessed.
In that tangled embrace, a vulnerability laid bare,
A giving and taking, a lovers' prayer.

So let the embers flicker and grow,
This desire's a seed, waiting to sow.
For in its fulfillment, there's pleasure untold,
A story whispered, better than gold.

A JEWEL

With open hearts and carry-on dreams,
We traverse lands, sprinkling peace in distant streams.
Beyond the brochure's glossy sheen,
Cultures connect, where peace weaves in between.

In Uganda's emerald embrace, find serenity's gentle pace.
Sun-dappled shores of Lake Victoria gleam,
Where gentle breezes lull and waters dream.

Bwindi's secrets, whispered on the breeze,
Towering giants, swaying in green ease.
Chimpanzee laughter rings through the air,
A symphony of nature, free from care.

On misty mornings, boat across Bunyonyi,
Mystical islands painted against the sky.
Village smiles, a warmth that fills the heart,
Peaceful tourism, a beautiful work of art.

In Eastern Uganda, where mountains pierce the sky,
Land of tribes united, their spirits soaring high.
The Sabiny, Bagisu, Bagwere, strong and bold,
Banyole, Basoga, stories yet untold.

Here at the Nile's mighty source, life's journey starts,
Bugyagali's thunderous roar stirs explorer's hearts.
Trains of yesteryear, whispers in the rust,
Railway museum's echoes, memories we trust.

Elgon, majestic giant, with slopes forever green,
National park a treasure, where wildlife's grace is seen.
Sisi Falls cascades down, a ribbon white and pure,
A symphony of nature, forever to endure.

Emboli, envuluga, enrich the local fare,
Khamatole and malewa, a taste beyond compare.
Khadodi's vibrant steps, a rhythmic, joyous beat,
Embalu's swirling circles, where warriors' spirits meet.

Peace, a precious jewel, in this land it does reside,
Welcoming all visitors, with open hearts so wide.
Tourism's gentle touch, a bridge for all to see,
The magic of the East, where cultures flow so free.

So come, explore the wonders, beneath the golden sun,
Where history and nature, in perfect harmony run.
Eastern Uganda beckons, with beauty to behold,
A land of peace and laughter.

Where Sipi whispers secrets to the breeze,
And golden Savanna's dance with endless ease,
May peace forever echo through this land,
A tourist's safe haven, forever grand.

HOSPITALITY

Beneath the sun, on fertile land,
Uganda's youth, a hopeful band.
Dreams held tight, yet futures dim,
Empowerment, a distant hymn.

But hospitality, a golden key,
Unlocks potential, sets them free.
Warm smiles greet, with open arms,
Welcoming guests with gentle charms.

From lodges grand to local fares,
Each interaction, a story shares.
Learning languages, diverse and new,
Building bridges, strong and true.

Guiding journeys, through vibrant scenes,
Sharing cultural treasures, pristine and keen.
Confidence blooms, a vibrant spark,
Leadership skills, leaving their mark.

Entrepreneurship's flame ignites,
Hospitality, a beacon that shines bright.
Jobs created, futures secured,
Empowerment's song, forever assured.

So let them flourish, voices heard,
Uganda's youth, soaring bird.
With open hearts and spirits bold,
Hospitality, a story untold

SEASONAL LIBERTY

How should I go on with life?
This life of mine with doors all over,
Doors that I can't shut or open,
When I finally think that I can,
Not for long can I carry on
The switch doesn't accept my print
To flash light in my own life
Its control is completely taken over.

Only when I beg can I be granted,
Granted the chance to switch on,
Not for long still can I be let to be
The spirit in me is running low,
Low from being obedient and calm,
Soon I will get on my toes to the switch
The one to control it shall only be me
To forget about your superiority should be
Your aim, soon enough gone will it be.

Anyone can call me crazy because
Who I'm up against is obviously the winner
Tables turn for the best always
They shall turn for me, I shall turn them.
'Empty words' any one would think so
All are wrong now and ever
A piece of advice suits best.

FOREVER MY LOVE

Your strength, a steady oak, my heart can lean,
A refuge from the world, a constant scene.
Your laughter, like a brook that dances bright,
Chasing away the shadows of the night.

Your eyes, a depth that holds the starry sky,
Where whispered secrets and dreams softly like.
Your touch, a fire that warms me from within,
A comfort that erases every sin.

Your mind, a labyrinth I long to trace,
With wit and wisdom, setting life's sweet pace.
Your voice, a melody that soothes my soul,
Making every story feel beautifully whole.

You are the sun that paints my world gold,
A love more precious than any tale untold.
So here's my heart, forever yours to keep,
In you, my love, I find my solace deep.

FREE AT LEAST

A whisky on the wind, a soaring hawk's cry,
Freedom, a yearning in the boundless sky.
Not just the absence of walls, chains, or bars,
But the right to follow dreams, near or far.

The artist's brush strokes bold and bright,
The poet's whispers through the starry night.
The dancer's twirling, a joyous release,
The scientist's quest, never knowing cease.

Freedom to choose, to speak, to create,
To break the mold, defy a cruel fate.
To love and to be loved with an open heart,
To play a role, a world to impart.

But freedom's song comes at a heavy cost,
Fought for with blood, forever dearly lost.
For responsibility dances at its side,
A path untrodden, where shadows reside.

So let us cherish this gift, oh so grand,
Freedom to stand, to take a stand.
To speak for justice, for those with no voice,
And find freedom, the truest choice.

TRUE BEAUTY

The whispering wind, a gentle sigh,
Through leaves of emerald, dances by.
Sunlight spills in golden streams,
A dappled floor where sunlight beams.

A rushing stream, a crystal song,
Carried pebbles tumbling along.
Birdsong fills the vibrant air,
A melody beyond compare.

Wildflowers peek from verdant ground,
A splash of color, all around.
Mountains rise, in majesty tall,
Kissed by clouds, that softly fall.

Nature's canvas, ever grand,
A masterpiece by nature hand.
From crashing waves to deserts vast,
A beauty that forever lasts.

THE MOTHERLAND

In Uganda's heart, a land of vibrant greens,
A people strong, with souls that brightly gleam.

With eyes that hold the wisdom of the past,
They face the future, struggles meant to last.

From bustling streets of Kampala's mighty hold,
To village where stories softly unfold.

The Banyankole, with cattle wealth untold,
The Basoga, by fertile lands they are bold.

The Baganda, with a kingdom's grand design,
The Iteso, where resilience does entwine.

The Karamojong, with fierce and stoic air,
The Acholi, whose songs of sorrow flare.

Each tribe a thread, in Uganda's tapestry grand,
Woven together, by history's firm hand.

With laughter rich, and music's joyful beat,
They celebrate life, on vibrant, dancing feet.

Through hardships' grip, their spirit ever strong,
In every challenge, a new and hopeful song.

So let us raise a voice, for Uganda's grace,
A land of beauty and warm embrace.

LET ME FREE

Free to say what aches my tender heart
Tender towards the suffering and ruthless
Towards those with one side of a heart
Their hearts are without a soft part
Neither is there a warm part
Not even to the degrees of malaria free blood.

Let me speak as I want
Or my brain will soon explode
Explode from stowing data about villains
I shall say all I have kept down my heart
Ok behalf of those who have had to hide,
Hiding for a lifetime.
Fearing to be punished for another's crimes.
For those who lost loved ones to rebel deeds,
Frustration swallowed them but I shall speak,
Silent me not, not before the world,
Not before I say what the slaughtered died for
And not before the villain in the story is buried
DE tongue me not, till then.

DOTTED LOVE

It's either affection or resentment
Do you call this love?
The one which isn't clear!
Your love is only full of exclamations
And dashes and comas
With frequent stop overs.
Your actions are unpredictable
Engulfed in decimal points
Is it love or resentment?
Aid me decipher.

EMITTED DANGER

All was lost to the fire for ash,
When left with no point to own that strength
The power of 'enlightenment'
That kept me in a wrong place
That didn't welcome me or suit me
The strength was forged and forced
The power was emitted from those that
Own it.
If all I knew it to be disastrous
Trying to fit in isn't like me and yet
Still I clung, the true light was missing
But neither did I search for it.
All on its own it discovered me
When the treasurer power became hell
I created a bigger hell for the power

MY LAST PLEA

I won't ask for too much here,
I won't put the load on anyone's shoulders
Not by force, only those who want the same
As "I" shall take this from my lips
I have drained my glands talking of justice
For our brothers taken from us by the insurgents
This is my final...
Because I hold a part to play in it
And so do you, arise, shall we?

ODYSSEY OF A STREET CHILD

The barking dog for a father was worse than none
Luxury given by a dark heart was only poisonous

The chilly nights in the street could go unfelt with a brother to hold
You decided to rest and left all the suffering to me

How many times has death been a blessing?
If it's this once, I will hold the blessing that cost a brother.

My new father is a doctor, worries about me enough
To take me to pursue my dream on medical school and doesn't criticize

Not a lecture goes by without my brother's words in mind
“Remember that you are always the smart one”

I love my work because the work is worth the results
All surgeons love sacrificially so people don't die on their watch

I am now a great man surrounded by good waters
I had a brand new splendid family too.

NOT THE MAN I WANTED

All my holidays I have been having them at my sister's place. My sister loves me so much that she gives me anything I want, she is one person who can never let me want. I have grown up with my sister. My sister decided to move in with her boyfriend whom she has dated for ten years. They really loved each other and no one could separate them. Henry was his name and he was really a very handsome guy, he could provide everything for her. In my form six vacation, I had my holidays at my sister's place, that's when I noticed that Henry was everything that I have ever wanted in a man. He was gorgeous. It did not appear go me that he was my sister's man, I just decided to ignore everything and go with what my heart desires.

I deeply fell in love with my sister's boyfriend, I started looking at him on a different angle, I pictured him being the father of my kids and living the life I wanted. This just triggered my infatuation and as one of those days, my sister had a business trip to Kenya where she was to spend a week. I dressed in skimpy clothes and when Henry came back from work, I went to open a door for him, I did it in a seductive way, I removed his office bag from him, I removed his shoes and I undid his toe. The guy showed me that he was not moved. I waited for him during bed, I went in my bedroom, I dressed in a very short night wear, I pulled it up to the middle of my thighs, I left the lights on and I did not close the door. As Henry was passing, he just switched off the light and closed the door smoothly. This really annoyed me.

I decided to go to his room and I undressed before him. I asked him what my sister had that I don't have. I told him that I can also bear children for him. He just told me that I am young, he cannot love me and that he is so deeply in love with my sister. He cannot cheat on her. I felt betrayed, neglected, I even thought of myself as ugly. With no shame, I begged him to love me back, but he did not even spare a glance. He did not touch me.

Carol one of our sister came to pay a visit and she decided to stay until our sister Grace comes back from Kenya, I really hated this because she was sabotaging my plans, she

was inconveniencing me. On Friday morning, Grace came back, brought me gifts and that's when I decided to leave her place and go back home with Carol.

After a month, news reached me that Henry was getting married to Grace and to tell the truth, it did not settle well with me but I had nothing to do about it. I decided to focus on joining the University and forget about Henry, but as hard as I tried, I failed.

Sunday was the day of the wedding, my sister was beyond smart, and she was so beautiful and so happy. She was getting married to the man of his dreams, her friend, and her confidant. I was not happy for her because I also wanted the man but I had to pretend that I was happy since I was among the bride maids. It was the hour of the groom to enter but he was nowhere to be seen, we waited until we got tired. My mother was nowhere to be seen, Carol was missing and also the groom was nowhere. We were scared, we panicked, we decided to look for them, we went to the police but they were missing completely.

My sister went under a depression, I had to be there for her, and she was hurt beyond repair. Two years down the road, our mum, Carol and Henry were missing. My sister was now focusing on herself and her career, she was a little bit happy now. It was a Sunday morning when my sister received a call from United States of America, it was a call from mum. We were shocked to hear from her but at the same time betrayed and broken. Mama explained what transpired in that day of the wedding. She said that before the day of the wedding, she discovered that Carol was pregnant for Henry, she told Henry to take Carol instead of Grace because Grace can withstand anything and she is so strong. Henry got three visas and the three of them decided to fly to USA. Grace hated mum and she refused to forgive her. She discovered the Henry was not the man she wanted.

LOVE AND YEARNING

In the whirlwind of mixed emotions, I stood at the center of it all. Katanga was my place and hers too. Despite the situational being of this place and over crowdedness, it acted as our safe Haven at that time. Approximately 20,000 people living in wood and brick houses there for houses were on top of each other in this place. Katanga's standards of living are very low, poverty is rampant, people get low income only earning what to eat on a daily basis, and therefore people live in and receive substandard facilities. We stayed in this place and this is where it unfolded, before my eyes, I swallowed the pain but she was the true definition of agony, despair and grief. Stewart was a very handsome guy, well-proportioned and he had an imposing appearance suggestive of a good gentleman. He was built with strong arms and legs, intelligent and smiling eyes, broad shoulders and a square jaw.

Amazing faith Tabernacle was our church and it was located in Kireku. Every Sunday, my friend, Desire led praise and worship. She was so emotive and powerful with a beautiful voice, Stewart noticed her at first sight and after prayers, he asked me for her number.

One week later, Stewart came at our crib looking for Desire, we were confused and surprised at the same time because we kept on wondering why a reverend was looking for Desire. He said that he wants to be friends with her which was queer but at the same time okay. He used to come for her in the morning to take her to her place of work and then pick her from work. It was improper but my eyes got used to it and I came to accept it. But worst of all as time passed, Stewart appeared even at weird hours like 2:00 p.m., bringing her expensive flowers, chocolates, gifts and money. She fell in love with him to the point of confessing to him that she was in love with him. His reaction was not expected as I thought maybe if he feared to tell her how he felt about her and maybe he was shy. He told her that he can never love her because she is so young and in her eyes she's like a sister. There my friend Desire stood in midst of a wave of tears, pain struck my heart, my movements slowed down as I hugged her. The humiliation, fear and anxiety at that time which was tearing her apart I felt. I whispered to her to let the guy go but she told me that she cannot because she had deeply fallen love with him.

The more I prayed the more Stewart declared that she is like a sister to him and he cannot fall in love with her. The news reached the church and a meeting was called because a reverend was not supposed to be in love with anyone unless he is sure that he is going to marry her. Women talked of how uncultured she is. Complicated emotions searched in me as I watched her get the shame of her life. Stewart stood up and told her to apologies to him and she should learn how to behave if she wants him to stay friends with her. As time passed by the love she had for him turned into hatred but with passion. She resorted to praying and fasting but giving him space. Whenever Stuart went for prayers at Kololo she used to follow him in clandestine at least to have a look at him. She went on Prayer Mountains while fasting for him. This continued like for about three months. As time passed again and again, Stuart realized that he cannot stay without Desire, the more he fought what he felt, the more it hurt him. He decided to give in to her. The relationship flourished for a time being but I cannot say that they did not encounter challenges. She always had to remind me that whenever I want something, I should trust God and I should never give up she was happy I mean she was in love with the man she adored so much, they were in love. The church came to know that these two were in an unofficial relationship and because Stewart was a reverend he was asked to marry her immediately before a sin is committed. They decided to stay away from each other for quite some time until he told her that he is planning to go abroad but he does not know when he is coming back. Desire remembered what she passed through, sacrifices and everything, she broke down beyond repair. She came to know that there are other four to six girls who believe that Stewart is their man and they are praying for him. To make it worse Stewart's mother had gotten a woman for him in the states. This left her at crossroads and she had nowhere to turn to. She loves him deeply each and every day that passes by. Desire is tired and she has just let things be, she is tired of hurting, she is tired of loving the man who says that he loves her but he doesn't know what to do because he says that his hands are tied. He is going to the states and he doesn't know whether he will come back. Therefore she is tired of waiting each and every day and grasping on that glimmer of hope which doesn't even exist.