

so we count stones  
as time adds bones

though we stand on  
rely on  
our eldest ancestor

we forget nature

we start believing  
we discard instinct

lies get older

start resembling the truth

through neglect and lack of respect  
the unattended field of humility  
now overgrown into a forest of pride  
now every action is a chain reaction

celebrating the progress of **man** kind  
while  
woman and kindness are left behind

let everyone flourish

would not be

the wish of the selfish

feeling like we are just ourselves

brimming with confidence

so we strike conversations

and we burn like matches

our relations the trapped trees  
trespassing on stolen property

so they wither like hope

in the uncovered sun

in absence of the ancients' stampede

this new manoeuvre is not like

**muchongoyo**

if we tended the muchakata  
perhaps we would be  
shocked  
disappointed

hit by realisation that

those we thought  
had fallen  
had only fallen  
in our esteem

so it may seem

it is the

nature of time

short as a life  
long as a memory

