

SWEET IMPULSES

DESIRE'S  
COCKTAIL



SOUR EMOTIONS

VALENTINE MAKONI

# **Desire's Cocktail**

*Sweet Impulses, Sour Emotions*

**Valentine Makoni**

**Desire's Cocktail: Sweet Impulses, Sour Emotions**

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**Desire's Cocktail is available on a Pay What You Want basis with a recommended price of \$5 a copy. Downloads are available on**

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**Sane (Prologue)**  
**by Sherryl Mercy**

There's a devil under my bed  
There's a monster in my head  
There's a virus in my heart  
At night they join forces  
And poison me with an imagination  
Of life with you  
But in the morning, they are gone  
And I am sane

**i. Delight in the Intimate**

I am all man, you all woman  
It's how nature intended it to be  
Let me show you a different side of masculinity  
Less brawn, more subtlety  
Less muscle, more finesse  
Poise in delicate strength

See, I am aware of my physical power  
Yet I frown at imposing brute force  
I prefer enticement of an alternative kind  
A dance of inducement if you will  
You and me stepping to the rhythm of seduction

With your consent, we can explore  
Test the bounds of your will  
Dive to the depths of my desire  
Scale the heights of our passion

My virility calls on me to have you  
A voluptuous form of feminine perfection  
My ego would swell at the prospect of possessing you  
The most impressive of accessories  
My instinct is conditioned to impose  
A patriarchal disposition to entitlement

Yet, I find my greatest pleasure in humanity  
Joy at progressive affection  
Intrigue at our connection  
Awareness of the present  
Reverence of the process  
Curiosity in your being  
Delight in the intimate

## ii. Disguised

Becoming a jovial character, I hide in plain sight  
Employing a joyous charade, to disguise reality's agony  
Witty lines are what you hear, discord is what I feel  
A booming laugh, a welcome detour from gloom

A serendipitous meeting by the street corner  
An exclaimed greeting, a polite hug  
A smile on both our faces  
An extended talk on school, work and life

Using stock comedy and generic lines  
To mask infatuation that courses through my veins  
Of you, in particular  
Saying something to fill up the loud silence  
Does nothing to empty my heavy heart

### **iii. The DM**

In an act of rebellious frustration,  
I texted her last night  
But, without the benefit of familiarity  
Nor the lubrication of wine  
Nor the pleasurable distraction of physical intimacy  
I fear my slide into the DM lacked finesse  
May dignity survive heartbreak's onslaught

#### **iv.   Whispered Confessions**

I want to take you away  
To an empty flat with good lighting  
To gaze out balconies with a view  
To snuggle on hardwood floors  
Comfortable as I spill whispered confessions

I see heritage in your nappy hair  
Identity on your brown skin  
Honesty in your stretch marks  
Resilience on your scars  
Warmth in your crooked smile  
I see beauty, in you

You repudiate the stereotype  
That intelligence negates beauty  
That business voids integrity  
That friendship vanquishes passion  
I want to be enveloped in your touch  
In both comfort... and ecstasy

**v. Bargaining**

It's pathetic  
Groveling at your feet, asking which boot to lick  
Angling to be next, begging to be in your bed

My offer for a night of copulation  
Won't be paid by notes or coins  
But, compensated in passion  
Yes, I offer only but a night  
Yearning for the apex, not just alright  
We connect not because we have to,  
But colliding because we burn to

You see, I can't be bae  
I can't be a friend  
The former will probably hurt you  
The latter will definitely hurt me

I want you, that's how I think  
I want you, that's how I feel  
Present in the consciousness of emotion  
Pursuant of the callousness of desire's impulse

**vi. Hell Yes or Heavens No (Denial)**

You don't owe me your consent  
I am not demanding you say yes  
But, it's only fair you give me a response  
Even if it is an unpleasant no

I know, I know  
Its awkward and uncomfortable  
Maybe you find my fumbles laughable  
But, for the love of all that is good  
Give me an answer!!

The possibilities are exciting  
Of mutual attraction igniting flaming passion

Until then, its uncertainty  
Amplified by silence  
Magnified by vagueness  
Screaming for resolution  
In unification  
Or isolation



## **vii. Anger**

Ironic it is  
The whore in me leads with instinct not reason

Karma it seems  
For the wounds of unrequited desire to cut so deep

Humbling it is  
To choose one who rejects you

Jarring it is  
With humour and wit... for your day  
As we walk separate paths... into the night

Heartbroken I feel  
For even my ego can't dilute my longing for you

**viii. Misery (Depression)**

I feel a keen sense of loss  
For something I never had  
I deserved it, I suppose  
Planning to step in and out of desire's power  
Orbit the searing blaze of love

It's a sapiosexual polyamorous quandary  
Reflecting the universe's wit  
Be attracted easily  
Infatuated deeply  
Love shallow

I've been burnt  
My heart wounded  
My ego bruised  
But, if it doesn't hurt when it eludes you  
Was it ever worth the pursuit in the first place?

“GET OVER YOURSELF!”

Conceptually you may be right  
But, I don't care if I'm wrong  
I hurt and I hurt for her

**ix. Envy**

Envy

I am consumed by envy

Want me, not him

Love

I am confused by love

I hate you for wanting him

Your body here with me

Your mind there... with him

**x. Negotiation (Bargaining Redux)**

Let's not be friends  
I don't say that out of spite  
I say that out of pain  
I want you to be happy  
I just want you to choose that happiness with me

I see you with him  
Laughing, smiling, cuddling...  
Affectionately  
And then you with me  
Handshakes, polite chatting...  
Absent-mindedly

My ego can't take it  
Which you couldn't care less for  
My heart gets stabbed each time  
Your hand holding the dagger

Our smouldering romance doused  
I find no purpose for stilted banter  
A superficial acquaintance hurts  
Incessantly  
Indefinitely  
Let's not be friends

**xi. Confession (Anger Redux)**

When I said I was looking forward to seeing you  
I meant it.  
I also meant everything else it implied.

That, I wanted to touch you  
Hold hands and laugh until the early hours of the morning  
Kiss you  
Please you  
I wanted to show you around my city  
Make you comfortable in your skin  
In your feeling of happiness  
In my presence

I have this lump on my throat for days now  
What should I say? When? Why? How?

I like you.  
And it hurts that you rejected me  
It hurts even more than you chose someone else  
It hurts the most that I had to stand by the side  
Listen to your tone of affection  
And politely bite my tongue

Everything is a trigger  
The look of indifference and distraction on your face  
His stray hand on your back  
Your platonic overtures  
The status updates of a couple in bliss

It fucking sucks  
I have woken up at 5 in the morning  
Compelled to write about my sore ego  
Words plastering over a wounded heart  
It looks fucking pathetic  
It promised to be an outlet of closure

It wasn't.

I have stammered and mumbled around you for too long  
Because saying anything over the phone is cowardice,  
I should say it to your face

Yet, when I do see you  
I get so overwhelmed by my attraction  
Paralyzed by the prospect of “meaningless” confrontation  
Impulsively, I prioritize making you comfortable and happy  
Listen to the things you care about

I like you  
Guess the problem is I liked you too much  
At the wrong time  
In the wrong way  
And now I must deal with this... pain

I like you  
But I have too much animosity  
And I guess, I just wanted you to know why

## **xii. Acceptance**

I've no venom or vendetta  
No contempt or agenda  
I just have... disappointment  
In you  
In me  
In an elusive us

You see, I don't need you  
I can exist without you  
I just want you  
I prefer to live with you

So, all the smoke and mirrors  
Pick-up lines and wicked games  
Poetic couplets and texted prose  
It's disintegrated now  
Into... silence  
As you and I... drift away

**xiii. Peace (Acceptance Redux)**

Affairs of the heart are about feeling  
Greater than words can capture in speaking  
I feel every word you say  
With empathy, with loss, with affection  
You are a gorgeous woman  
And a beautiful soul  
And that's all there is to it  
Peace, Love and Happiness.



**Still (Interlude)**  
**by Sherryl Mercy**

Lying here in the stillness of my bed  
For a moment, all is quiet in my head  
Worries of the day, burdens of tomorrow  
In an abyss they now burrow  
Heartbreaks, happiness, sadness, all that mess  
One by one, transgress into the darkness  
Into thick silence  
With my eyes closed  
Over my chest, my hands crossed  
In my head, the turmoil is...  
Still

The clock chimes two  
And finally, with it, thoughts of you  
A dark cloud of deceit, pretence, everything untrue  
I try to reincarnate your smile, laughter, the fun  
But all I see is a photograph long faded in the sun  
Of you holding to my heart so close a shot-gun  
Suddenly, it's all red: Bloodshot  
You pulled the trigger; Blood shed

There's nothing but grief ahead  
Such are the memories of you churning my being  
I fall asleep,  
Still.



**MOSAIC**

## I. Implied By Butterfly\_\_

The first thing she sees in the morning is her greatest enemy. Still, she cannot live without it. She scrolls through her unread messages and sighs when the person she really wants to reply her messages has not.

~Hey. Good morning!  
>Morning. How was your night?  
~Oh, my night was okay.

What she really wants to say is that she cried herself to sleep. That every time she closed her eyes, she saw monsters. That in the darkness, she could see shadows lurking. That she dreaded the night. Daytime, that she dreaded as much as she did the night, crept up on her.

She keeps looking at her phone.

*His messages will keep me sane. Has he replied? Why hasn't he replied?*

And her spirit leaps when he does reply...

>Yo!

*WAIT! What? Is that it? Yo?*

Her spirit splatters to the ground. Shattered.

~Wassup?

What she really wants is a hug. To hear his voice. She wants to tell him she had a crappy day. That when she was having

her coffee, someone pushed her, and she spilled it all over her dress. That she burnt herself. That at work, her boss told her she was doing a splendid job. But her colleagues called her fat. That she felt ugly.

She doesn't say any of this because he doesn't ask. When she is about to tell him regardless...

>Busy now. Talk later.  
~(deletes text) Oh, okay.

Later on, that night, still a dread...

>I've been thinking. Your communication skills are killing me, us. It feels like we have nothing to talk about. No deep conversations. NOTHING. I mean just scroll up. I think we should just be friends.  
~....

## **II. Heart**

Abandoned shell in desolate heartland  
Carved open by a brute so heartless  
The remains of romantic heartbreak  
Numbed pulse of muted heartbeat  
Bleeding trail of pained heartache  
A naïve love story taken... to heart

### **III. Because I love you so much**

You make me sad  
Because I love you so much  
You make me angry  
Because I love you so much  
Wanting the best for you  
Accepting the worst of you  
Because I love you so much

#### **IV. Eternity**

Minute, a speck of light  
Seconds, of quiet comfort  
A lifetime of nothingness  
Subverted in timelessness  
Being present, gazing at distant stars  
Reaching for eternity's glow

**V. To The One Who Loves Me**  
**By Akuvi Aguedze**

A toss, a turn,  
On a bed of too much warmth  
A never-ending battle of restless poses

A thought, a wander  
In a mind of so much chaos  
A never-ending search for peaceful sanity

In hindsight, I believe  
I know you exist, I know you're there  
I know you want me, I know you need me

But...  
A look, a stare  
I see you but can't hold you  
I'm searching but can't find you

A step and two  
I walk away, I wander off  
Seeking you in one but finding you not in another

This one, that one  
And yet, none is you  
I apologize that I've had many but none is you



## **VI. Journey**

I am taking a 16-hour bus ride  
That could have been an hour's flight  
But I don't mind.  
What I do mind is that I didn't get to sit beside a woman like  
you  
With your beautiful mind and humorous wit  
With your flirtatious eyes and embracing smile  
With your melanin glow and cute dimples  
Sitting next to you...  
I would have wanted the journey to last forever

## **VII. Jazz**

**By Ossy Maz**

I was travelling in the melodies of life  
From funk to soul with no avail  
Lost in my own Chimurenga  
My heart was fighting for space in the Sungura  
But, you slowed my bass to Rumba  
Now I'm in a Tango  
Captured by an unusual progression  
A remedy for the heart on the bars  
Had tried notes on every Ledger  
Exotic Scales to no avail  
Synchronized myself to the time signature  
I was in overdrive, and my heart in Staccato  
Improvising in triads  
Till I found love like jazz  
No formula  
No definition  
Just redemption  
Freedom of expression  
A turnaround before the tonic  
The master's tune  
Constantly pouring your heart without reserve  
You laid your hands on me like a piano  
You played my chords with weird voicing  
Substituted my feel with a triton  
My fortissimo brought to life by your pianissimo  
Slurs and rifts were your secret  
And neither did you major the minors

Alto you spoke in semi breve, your silence was good music  
3 and 4 times  
You replaced my broken strings  
And amplified my voice  
You did not pluck me beyond my threshold  
Instead, you put a fancy roll at the end of each bar  
You chose a rimshot  
And that saved my skin from crashing  
Now I'm lost in a passionate frenzy

**VIII. Him, (everything else) Me**  
**By BlackLily**

I met a man  
Amazing  
Like how God put the tree of knowledge, I, the garden of  
Eden but Adam couldn't have it  
And Eve shouldn't have had it.  
Of all the other fruits, I, can devour  
But not of him, I, shouldn't have tasted him  
But, I, did  
Because the knowledge of him is binding  
Of his beauty of his taste  
Of the way he opens me up, in the physical in the mental,  
He is comfortable in my skin, I, too am comfortable in my  
skin.  
And they were now to labour. Knowledge. To till and sweat.  
    They ate of the fruit.  
I could suffer for him  
But he and, I, would never let me do that.  
Its overwhelming this life thing:  
That wedding cake and bowties can overpower poetry and  
collisions.  
There must be love on both sides of this coin  
But where there is head there must be tail.  
I, can't ask him to toss the coin,  
I'm always on the other side of the option,  
But it's the knowledge,  
The knowledge of him that vibrates me.  
I swear this life thing is complicated  
So we let it be

It always does what it wants anyway.  
I'll be here, writing poetry  
I pray he doesn't stop reading  
These elements of us should not be laid to rest.  
Love is almost impossible to navigate.

If I have learnt anything  
Its that love is needless,  
The unconditional kind that is,  
The one that doesn't give a damn about his imperfections,  
The kind that licks his scars and hugs the demons he hides in  
his closet  
The kind of love that gathers the ashes from the wars he has  
fought  
And pulls of the smoke he tries to suffocate in his perfume  
The love that doesn't make big deals out of the little things  
As long as I have him.  
See I can sense it,  
He is reason and I am emotion  
I couldn't find the stars tonight  
He would have laughed and said babe it's the season of rain  
But I just want the stars  
I'm not thrilled by the fact that heaven cries.

There will consequences  
I know this  
He is reason  
If shit hits the fan will I be worth it  
Isles and suits and rings,  
Fucking cows and handshakes and time  
And love, not mine, hers

I can never undervalue or underestimate these things,  
neither can poetry.  
There will be consequences regardless.

Me?

Yeah I'm poetry and emotion  
Strong coffee with shots of whiskey  
Miniskirts and dark lipstick  
Beautiful legs, ass and bra-less breasts  
I laugh a little too much and a little too loud  
Long walks, battles fought in my head  
Rebellion and sadness magnate from the women confiding in  
me...  
I make my food spicy and milky  
I look nothing like a wife...

I cannot fight, I won't, but I'll be here  
If you will have me...  
Shit will hit the fan  
And babe you won't be able to explain it, because no one  
else will get it  
But I'll be here  
Laughing, cooking, squatting, sitting up on you in short flary  
dresses with no panties on,  
writing, kissing on you and fucking it up  
So if you aren't scared...

(if I have learnt anything,  
Its that love is needless.)

I don't know what the fuck that means

## **IX. Truth**

I told her I didn't know how to love  
She told me, she didn't know how not to  
My mind with this uncertainty fraught  
Our lives with this tension wrought  
Till in her arms I understood  
Truth isn't explained, it is lived

**X. Water**

Kiss in the rain  
Coitus in the shower  
Water is sexy

**XI. Royal**

I love your voluptuous form, nubile  
With its sensuous flow, mobile  
A luxurious welcome, royal



**XII. Slowly**

**By Elizabeth Semende**

Distance  
Is  
A cancer  
Embedded in bodies  
Of lovers  
Eating away  
Love  
Slowly

**XIII. Bleed**

If breaking my heart  
Is your way of healing  
I will bleed for you

**XIV. Our Love Was Never Pure**  
**by Torrie Wildfire**

Our love was never pure  
It was tainted and scarred by the shards of lies we told

You were in love with me but couldn't love me  
I loved you but couldn't be in love with you  
But, we let the flames burn so bright,  
They consumed us and all that we were

All that's left of such a fairy-tale love  
Is the memory of a tornado passion

Maybe if we weren't two sides of the same damn dented coin  
If we could have seen value in ourselves  
We could have made it

But I loved you with every damaged part of my broken being  
And I am living with the illusion that you love me more

**XV. Ours**  
**By Mystique**

She looks at me with so much judgement, hatred and anger  
In her mind, I've stolen her man  
And I am the reason why their relationship is shaky  
She fails to understand that my presence is the only reason  
why they are still together

I don't need to steal him  
She is already doing an amazing job at pushing him into my  
arms  
She accuses me of being a slut, whore, skank  
And trying to ruin her love  
But not even once does she stop to think that I love him too  
Perhaps more than she ever will

All I'll ever have is his body and dick  
For his heart, mind and soul belong to her  
She doesn't understand how I fall apart  
Each time I give my body to him  
Whilst hiding my feelings  
She doesn't understand the pain I go through  
Each time we discuss her during pillow talk

For, I know he will never be truly mine  
Where he asks her to send pictures of her smile  
He asks me to send faceless nudes  
While he goes to her for comfort and love  
He only comes to me to empty his balls  
When he responds to all her messages instantly  
He tells me not to text him,  
He will call when it's safe

While he listens to her telling him about his day  
All he wants to hear from me are my moans  
He gives her nice compliments,  
Calls her intelligent and kind  
All I ever get is  
“You look sexy and I love your ass”

While she gets romantic dinner dates and handholding in  
public  
All I ever have is a room at some cheap and tacky motel  
He worries over the fact that she may leave him  
Begging me to keep our relationship a secret  
Telling me that he can't live without her  
Asking for advice on how to appease her  
And it kills me inside

So, no, I'm not stealing her man  
I just love him so much that even though I know I deserve  
better  
I don't have the strength to walk away  
And all I can do is stay and be patient  
Hoping someday, she will let go of him  
And I'll be there to comfort and heal him  
And maybe, only then, will I also have his love

## **XVI. Side Nigga**

She wants his love and his sex  
And he doesn't even know I exist  
Yet, she is my whole reality  
When she comes to me with prose on how she is broken  
I want to be the poetry that mends her soul  
When she stifles her cry to not be vulnerable  
I want to scream her name as incredible  
Where he strips her quick to sate his need  
I want to undress her slow to quench her desire

**XVII. For Better Or For Worse**  
**By Valentine Tusai**

I don't deserve nice things, I've been in that mode for years.  
I've been subjected to many bad situations; bad vibes end up  
being imprinted.

The will to change circumstances has been a P1 agenda.  
The pursuit to be a wise man of honesty and integrity has been  
a decision and is also ingrained.  
The road to righteousness and prosperity is not as rosy as it  
was dreamt to be.

Sometimes all these complications just need someone to find  
somebody. The Lord places a marvel in front of you only for  
you to open your eyes and you don't even know how to act  
because you were never prepared for it. You crush a good  
person's soul who just saw your inner glow.

Teamwork will never be the mind and soul, but two souls  
intertwined.

Whatever devil's try and derail me, I'll never stop trying in  
life.

Whatever setbacks we have, I'll never stop pursuing you.  
We were lovers yesterday, I feel worse today, I'll feel better  
tomorrow.

I've gone through changes to be man enough for you.  
I embrace the woman in you like my future and glow at the  
end of the tunnel.

The biggest challenge I have is unlearning the bad habits and traits that torment me.

My greatest accomplishment would be making you the happiest woman in the world.

The greatest loss will be losing a part of me... which is you.

When all others seem unapproachable or repelling, I never mind because you are always there for me.

I am all broken down and work in progress. I never want to bring tears to your eyes, I never want to place fear in your heart, I never want to disgrace you.

I'm a fool for spoiling good things.

I beat myself up and wish I could turn back hands of time and repeat events in a better way like I should have.

I need your forgiveness, I need your mercy.

My stupidity stinks, my selfishness stinks. I need you in my life.

I promise to be a better man for you.

**XVIII. Oxymoron**  
**By Mable Amuron**

Loving you was the best mistake  
Setting you free was the worst respite  
Being with you, an oxymoron of joy and pain  
Passion born of a need I did not try to understand  
Knowing you were never mine?  
That broke me



## **XIX.    Partiality**

“If you were to walk into a room with all your crushes,  
Whose arms would you fall into?”

I don't know.

It's not that I love them equally

It's that, I like them differently

One lifts my mood when sorrowful,

Because she has so much light

Another gives me comfort in distress

Enveloped as we are in a canopy of shared darkness

One is witty,

Igniting my creativity, indulging puns on buns

Another possesses brutal honesty

Jerking me into reflective silence

One adores me,

Fills my ego's well with pompous pride

Another challenges me,

Dares me to prove being an equal

One's sweet soul softens the brute within

Invoking squishy and squirmy feels

Another's spicy spirit inflames the beast

Invoking rough and rugged thoughts

“The one” seemed to possess all my preferences

Yet even then, my mercurial self was unsettled

A volatile union of explosive stability

Equilibrium only reached in mutually assured destruction

## **XX. Excluded**

Why didn't I write about you?  
The simple answer?  
I couldn't find the words  
The more honest one?

Because I met you too late  
Or I couldn't be inspired so soon  
Because you doused my flaming infatuation  
With your dismissive entitlement

Because it hurts too much

Because you think of me as a friend  
Or I think of you as an acquaintance  
Because I hate your motivation  
To use my words of affection  
To get the attention of another

I cannot write about you  
All I can contemplate is us

I feel so intensely when I think of you  
Talk to you  
Pour myself into you  
The idea of you  
The memories of you

I fail to reconcile the pain, hurt and guilt  
Of how we are not together  
With the purity, beauty and light  
Of whom you are

Why did I not write about you?

I tried  
I couldn't  
A scrambled mind spewing incoherent content  
Slurred words, grunted noises  
Fantasies morphing into memories  
Dreams turning into nightmares

Your mark on my consciousness,  
Indelible

## **XXI. Desire's Cocktail**

#49Crushes was inspired by excitement  
Desire's Cocktail is birthed by angst

You see, in the former there was a wildflower  
A beautiful daisy, whose petals I admired  
Out in the meadow, radiant and grand  
My only wish was to adore her  
And express those feelings for all to hear

I saw, in the latter, delicate petunia  
One I wished to transplant to my private garden  
Fenced in, watered and tendered  
My wish to write notes for her alone to read

Where I had gleefully rejected love's comfort  
Enticed by the possibilities of fleeting infatuation  
Now, I longed for love's security  
Scratched and clawed by thorny rejection  
I cannot even console myself with righteous indignation

#49Crushes was a bouquet of glorious colour  
Desire's Cocktail, inglorious withered petals  
Sweet Impulses, Sour Emotions  
The contrast is karma's tragic humour  
A sapiosexual polyamorous quandary

## **XXII. Masochist**

“You are a disgusting human being”  
This is the most vivid thing you have ever said to me  
It was a dismissive retort of brutal honesty  
Brief, as if you couldn’t be bothered to expand on your words

“I think I am a masochist”  
For, when you said I disgust you, I was happy  
Because after weeks of banality and silence,  
I had provoked you  
Triggered you enough to acknowledge me

You unsettle me.  
You have disoriented me from the first time I saw you  
An angelic face ordering an excessive amount of beer  
For an irate father, loudly barking to me,  
To not dare propose or risk being disfigured

You possess unnerving composure.  
Your nonchalance as you paid for bargain items at a store,  
At odds with the mature teller’s stare  
Judgemental eyes in no way sully your mood,  
After illicit rendezvous in a changing room  
As a colour blocking date at a wedding soiree  
Surrounded by kin in tuxs and cocktail dresses

I cringe at our memories  
An inquisitive mother,  
Assessing me for fitness in seducing her daughter  
finding me woefully inadequate.  
Or even now  
As a wildly successful independent woman,  
Scornfully dissecting my unacceptable performance  
In academia, relationships and style with surgical precision.

This romance is untenable  
Through deliberate or accidental design  
Each act, sequence, chapter  
An acupunctural needle misplaced  
It pierces, deep  
In throbbing pain

**XXIII. Lonely**

Looking out the quiet sea  
Only hearing the gentle breeze  
Need swells deep in my soul  
Emotions flow through my pores  
Loss, emptiness, sadness  
Yearning for someone to make me whole

**XXIV. A Precursor To The Person Holding My Heart For  
Ransom  
By Tinotenda Muchenje**

“Once upon a time, two people met and instantly fell in love.”

Muddled with sentiment  
Enamoured by touch  
They paint pretty pictures  
Of forever and always  
On the canvas of their future  
With tight fingers interlocked  
Unafraid  
They wear each other’s hearts proudly.

It would be ideal if things were that simple.  
If lines were straight  
If governments told truth  
If you looked at me  
The way I look at you  
When your head is turned the other way.

But there is no love for the scorned and damned  
Who have cursed God’s name too many times to be saved.

Our yearning echoes empty  
Into deposits of lost hope.  
Evoked by episodes of repression,  
Wiping our own tears  
Muted in feigned laughter



We are  
Fallen angels without wings  
Outcasted for the horrors we bring  
Contrasted from the auras that sing  
Happy endings

Smiles at the sight of you.  
You wear the pride of Alexander the Great  
Between the creases of your lips  
Conquering half your face  
You reign glorious

You live in the space between here and now  
With kinks and coils affixed  
Royal  
Crowned by the masses  
Loved for the vigour you amass  
You are nebulous.

The paint stains on your jeans  
The ink under your skin  
The wrinkles and scars on your young soul  
Are beautiful.  
I am addicted.

Wishing  
That the mosaic masterpieces that make you up  
Find pleasure in sandstone ashed skin  
And dulled spirits  
That one day wish to overcome

You are unconventional  
Like me  
Adrift  
Alongside fragmented fantasies falling perfectly in line with  
your life purpose against mine.

But  
Do not fall for a girl like me  
I am outcast  
Artistically hardened from the world,  
A broken circuit board  
Faint and out of focus  
Bursting haphazardly between bruised knees and crenate  
hearts

I am manic minus pixie

I'm not like those others girls  
Dutiful, worthy and praised  
I am rather beautifully,  
Filthy

I am running  
In Helter skelter directions  
Daringly dimming the destruction left behind  
By overemphasized dreams of deity  
And deliberation of goodness.

I don't stand a chance.

But  
My nerves softly rattle around you.  
Sashay like the skeletons of trees.  
Yu are much more than plain eyes can see.  
And I am,  
Branching  
Over my thoughts of pursuing you.  
Blooming  
With twisted ideas

Roses are red, violets are blue  
Me plus you equal  
Misconstrued emotions  
Sleepless sullen eyes  
Never ending sequels of missed demise

I will tell you,  
You are ugly  
For finding beauty in someone like me  
Do not kiss my scars and tell me you love me  
Because I will set fire to your home while you attempt to  
build mine

I will make jokes of my trauma  
Because they told me laughter was the best medicine  
In order to heal  
I conceal feelings  
In slapstick and sarcasm

I will scream at you for trying to protect me  
And refuse to accept reality  
Because what is real in a world built off secrecy

There is no love for wounded soldiers  
With heavy hearts and  
Blackened eyes  
That have been forcefully pried open  
Charred and burned a new  
To the authenticity of human nature

It is...  
Ugly  
Malicious  
Unkind.  
But...  
In an effort to save time and trauma  
We pretend not to notice.

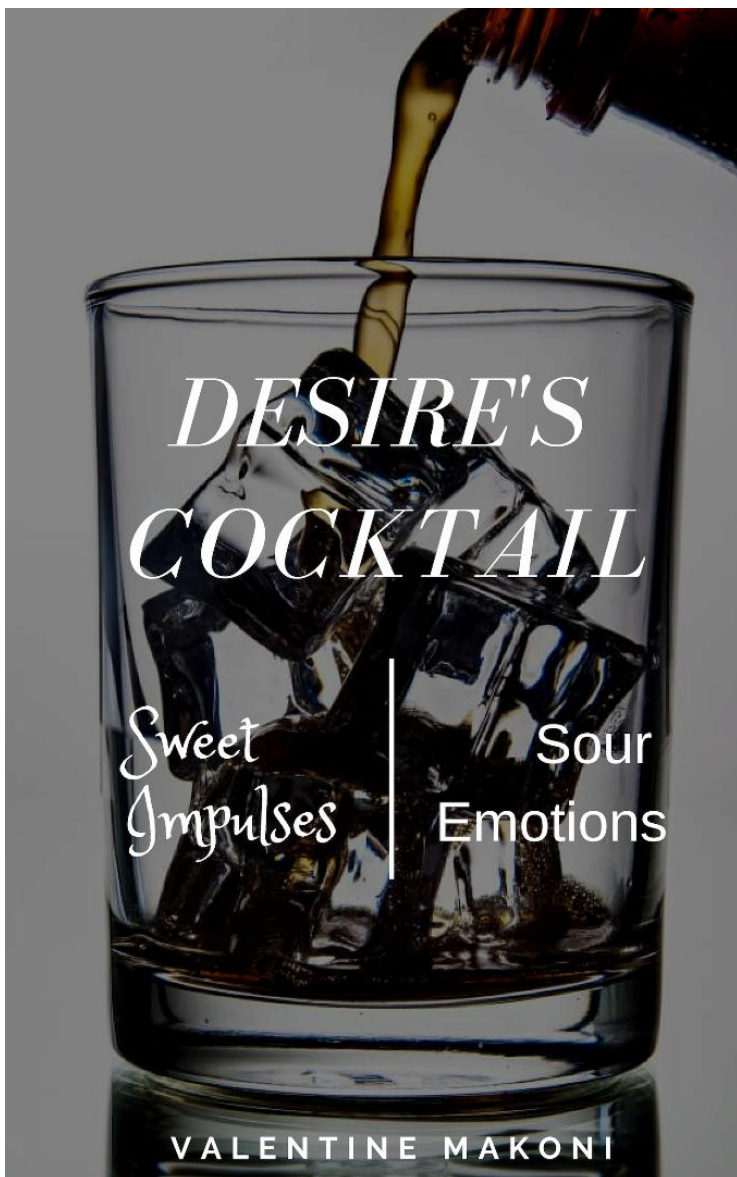
Blossoms of pleasures  
Make appearances sometimes.  
Soothing and caressing the body that once held stiff and firm.  
Soft lips and sandpaper hands  
Taking in the idea of unwounded undressed bodies  
Ventriloquizing  
Emotions  
Between satin sheets  
Your voice is lyrical  
Your crooked smile is charming  
We could be a silent parody of a soft dystopia.

I wish I knew the version of you that  
Existed  
Before my stage entrance into your life.  
Because behind the scenes,  
All I see are paper shadows  
Fickle and incomplete.

There is an etch to your body  
that I could trace for days with my eyes  
Brushstrokes  
That curve and bend in ways which never cease to amaze me  
And I can only surmise that my touch  
Is not the kind to recreate the movements that make you up.  
Because there is no love for the cursed and damned

So  
I keep my distance  
And admire from afar.

**THE END**



*DESIRE'S  
COCKTAIL*

*Sweet  
Impulses*

*Sour  
Emotions*

VALENTINE MAKONI