

Toasting My Soul

I love it

I Live it

I embrace it

I am transformed by it

I toast my soul with it

Into souls I put it

A master piece so profound.

SIMON LODAI AMIN SALVATORE

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Toasting My Soul: Donesia Poetry Collection

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Dedication

To My Lovely Mother, Sabina Ityak Daniel. The pillar of my life and fountain of consolation. May she find joy in the Lord, feel the love she nurtured in me, which I in turn loved her with. She will Always be the subject of my authorship.

Preface

I feel overjoyed to delve into my inner person, explore my feelings about situations and provide an imagination of such phenomena. Writing poems is something I truly cherished from my secondary school. Poems penetrating and diffuse into the bonds of readers with an irresistible penetrating power. When you are sad, read poems, when you are happy read poems and when you are on average read poems. They are fit for all moments in life.

When a friend asked me which of my poems I love most, I find it difficult to answer. But I end up saying, "For Angelina," make me go crazy. I love these romantic and heart thrilling poetic genres. They are ever new like the Bible. They bring the world so close to my world, life closer to my being and joy at the tip of my fingers. I cannot resist but take the challenge.

Trust me, you will find the best in these poems. They are a result of meditation, intuition and experience.

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Nairobi January, 2025

Introduction

This is a collection of poems from my secondary school to this level. There are more than 30 of them. They handle different areas of life; love, history, romance, motivational among others. In my introspection, these masterpiece owes credit.

It is therefore with pride, joy and hope that this collection is unveiled to put smiles, love and lesson onto your face. Please scroll through and find the best out of it.

1. Hear me heavens

Day and night the children of this land pray.

When shall all these tragedies end?

Every Month hundreds of civilians' say

When will their mourning turn to rejoicing and jubilation?

Churches join together, religions join together.

Yet, there seem to be no change either.

What am I talking about?

Whom am I crying for?

Which is the right boat?

Which has been torn by the foe?

To whom am I petitioning my problem?

Will I ever get my emblem?

A land which has been raptured.

Whose territories were captured

A Country of great wealth from the east to the west.

Whose wealth are on the palms of the east and the rest.

The inhabitants remain tools for war.

Tools for fighting a senseless internal war.

Long time ago.

Sometime in history of this land

A very intelligent hero.

Whose agenda was to liberate this land.

Arose from a family which suffered humiliation.

To make the humiliated shout in jubilation.

Many name him Dr. John Garang.

They attributed the victory to him.

He had risked his own self to take arms.

Arms against those who oppressed him.

Not only him but all the people of the South.

He arose not alone but with like-minded Southerners.

With pangas, bows, arrows, spears, shields.

They began their move.

With weapons of determination and success.

They armed themselves to end the mourning.

They have to foot long distance.

To bring like-minded to a close stance.

So long was the struggle, so long!

Many died during the struggle.

Many survived the struggle.

Their struggle was not unsuccessful though long.

But they have moved on with greater care and intelligence.

Why, because even wolves were within their fence.

Today we are comrades.

Tomorrow we are enemies.

Today we sign peace agreement.

Tomorrow we start a disagreement.

In the struggle we are united to deal with our oppressors.

When we succeed we ourselves become oppressors.

It's a maddening reality in the ear of the wise.

But sweet fart in nose of a fool.

A journalist will call it shocking news.

Shareholders will call it fake news.

A Priest will call it injustice.

An oppressed will name it heartlessness.

2005 was the year of hope.

2005 became the year of mixed feelings.

The struggle subsided to materialize hope.

The wolves created hopeless feelings.

The hero breath his last for another life.

He did not see the fruits of his life.

Poor John died a humbled, painful death of plane
crust.

Who expected this of such a hero.

Perhaps God takes him to rest.

Thus life is short for a righteous hero.

Why is it so? Truth is not in mind of man.

Only who knows plants them in the eyes of mankind.

I can't hesitate to describe the joy of 2005.

I haven't either hesitated to summon the sorrow.

A miserable life does not deserve breath.

A joyous life deserves thousands of years' span.

The year in question gave hope to refugees.

Not less than all Sudanese.

Yele-le-le was everywhere.

SPLM Oyeee was everywhere.

Jubilation was the music of the early 2005.

But lamentation became the music of the midst 2005.

The hero was gone.

His agenda was open to dilution and scorn.

Will anything good come from this land again?

A leader of common interest.

Will the South continue with the struggle for a second time?

Demands a leader whose agenda is for people's interest.

Discernment for a sovereign South Sudan.

This is what was written on this land.

It became a success in 2011.

Another sort of countless jubilation.

A new term entered history in 2011.

It is pronounced as independence.

I was but a pupil in the east.

We had to learn the 'Oh God' by heart.

A people who had been fighting for freedom.
Who in the course received martyrdom!
Show a great joy of sovereignty.
A sense of self-determination and unity.
Their vote for separation change the course of history.
It caused a new air to be breath in history.

Like the Bible says.
A people who lived in darkness.
Have seen a great light.
This light brought in a new era of light.
A new era in the darkness of the South.
Was it dark really in South?

No words may tell how great the darkness was.
One brought in by a foreign people.
Whose agenda was not human dignity.
But human oppression of a happy people.

They blow dust into the eyes of the wise.

And they exploited the land in the eyes of the wise.

Nobody ever expected a newly independent Country.

Fresh from wars and suffering.

To turn the land again into a miserable territory.

The people who suffered repression have to resume suffering.

This is what runs me mad.

This is what makes the mud of the land mad

Not so long before enjoying the honey.

The honey preserved since Anya nya one.

Honey which was hidden in Gilo.

One which will eventually convert battle field into money.

The treasure was just being opened.

When another fire was opened.

The devil was still around the corner.
Waiting to devour the stone at the corner.
So that it will continue milking the land.
Because of the sweetness of this honey
Satan has already vexed Judas.
To betray the trust of Jesus.

There we go.
Where do we run again?
To the camps again.
Will the devil let us go?
That's the only option.
We have to use deception.

Hear me heavens.
From where shall come my honey?
Hear me, hear me heavens.
I haven't tasted the honey of anya nya one.
Am I dreaming?

Oh is it seeming?

But it's broad day light.

There's boom-boom in the capital.

What shone for a while is no light?

The suffering has been upgraded in capital letters.

So that it is called 'SUFFERING'.

That there may be no marrying.

While the ring tone continues.

The phone is in meeting mode.

Its vibration continues.

Shaking every mode.

Hear me oh heavens.

Shall I taste the honey which has been withdrawn
from my lips?

Blood! Blood! Everywhere in the city.

The remnants of the hero are haunted down in the city.

Life became useless in the city.

No more disco dances in the city halls.

No more jubilation in the outskirts.

Even drunkards, Niggas ran for their lives.

The suffering of Anya nya has been considered void.

They intend to create another page.

While erasing the former as invalid.

The later as a valid trickery pane.

Charcoal when left even with small soot of fire will burn.

And so, there was still small soot which ignited the situation.

The new nation ran drunk with wine.

A brother turned against a brother.

A comrade wants to win over a comrade.

Not knowing that alone you can't.

But together we can.

Come let us drink together this wine.

The wound in the heart of my people is great.

The thousands dead is maddening.

The hero's cry from the earth is a regret.

The songs of the musicians are lamenting.

The preaching of priest is for peace and reconciliation.

The international body yawns for peace and reconciliation.

As I lift up my eyes, I say.

From where shall come my consolation?

Heavens, heavens! Are you there?

I believe that you are there.

That's why I am submitting my petition.

That the blood which shed day and night on this land
may reach you.

Heaven, many have tried.

Many have died.

They have gone out for peace and reconciliation.

Yet, no better results than the former devastation.

Heaven, please, it's your turn.

In this history, Make a U-TURN.

By the way, a person is good in himself.

A leader is good in himself.

But external forces dilute his credibility.

Evil leads them to great incredulity.

Change is a one second venture.

Which turns the thing into a good or bad governance.

My people are desperate beyond journalist report.

Not even the VOA satisfies the report of a desperate majority.

Tears won't even bring any good report.

Tears have become bread for those enslaved by the status quo.

while laughter for the privileged minority.

Others served like kings, while others like dogs.

This is the extreme anxiety of my society.

Like the children of Israel long ago.

The children of South Sudan are waiting for a Messiah.

A messiah who will give them the honey of Anya nya one.

They're ever attentive to any noise.

Asking, is it the messiah, so we can celebrate?

Still I question in my heart.

Why questions are many in my head.

And my head doesn't burst.

Neither do answers outburst.

Yet only to hear the tomorrow bad news.

The following day extreme evil newscast.

One day I decided to clean my brain.

There was no omo, no omo in the corner.

I feared the city for people were brainwashed there.

I considered being brainwashed in Kwete, white staff.

I thought my brain was clean but I poked a police-
woman in the butts.

Just to find myself behind bars the following day.

I asked myself, silly question.

'am I in South Sudan or Europe?'

Am I a prisoner of war?

Why am I here?

Where is my favorite poem 'Hear me heavens'?

A man at the station concluded 'he is mad, let him go'
and so I left.

The people who once live happy life in ancient time.

Who did not know gun or bullet.

Their era was such a good one with worthy life.

Bows and arrows were their guns and bullets.

They did not know money and Ugali for good.

The abundance of vegetation and animals was their
food.

But now comes western fart.

Fart masked in money and religion.

Vandalizing the existing system and establishing poi-
son.

Sucking the land flowing with milk and honey.

While the inhabitants blow the horn.

They are getting on you leaving a horrible disgusting odor.

Struggle is now a brother against a brother.

A family against another family.

A tribe against another tribe.

I wonder why against instead together.

I wonder listening to this instead of a homily.

I regret belonging to what is called tribe.

One thing! I raised my eyes higher.

I thought they were going beyond lyres.

I cried loud, 'Heavens, hear me please if you are there!'

For my grief is greater here.

May the prayer be answered.

Lest we be to wolves' answers.

'Life is bad here' refugees cry.

The ratio has been cut.

These fellows have become Longonyo.

We are now Nakuma to hustle for long.

Shall we see South Sudan again?

Shall we taste the honey again?

I weep at the lament of refugees.

I hate to be called refugee.

the IDPs are in equal terror.

What equal terror?

Heaven has a better explanation.

Because journalist have short of explanations.

Many are born during war.

They grew in during war.

What better situation is a guarantee?

When the inhabitants are but being teased!

No one cares about the Lost sheep of this kraal.

Even the owners count their cows more often in their kraal.

Life here on earth is becoming senseless.

Today you are born.

tomorrow you are forgotten.

Last year you were rich,

this year has poverty reach.

You built a story house today.

It is destroyed by Tanks tomorrow.

I don't see and perceive any sense of living senselessly.

I question the many religions in this land.

Religion is well-known moral teacher.

But even in the eyes of many religions.

People are oppressed.

These religions themselves are not even united.

They claim to be praying for peace.

How do you ask your children to love each other?

When you and your wife are bitter with each other?

How can you reconcile a leopard and a lion?

Yet you yourselves are in bitter disagreement.

Are we making drama in the church?

Are we demoralizing religion by our invented chuckles?

When I think about questioning.

I lost sense to the blue imagination of my eye.

I just think about reasoning.

How long will I reason, a year?

What is my argument?

What premise will support my conclusion?

Peace is the best word I can place.

In the center of my argument.

Reconciliation will better wrap the raptured phase.

Meanwhile I will develop an ideal monument.

For the whole story of liberation.

But I haven't seen any implementation.

Peace agreement after peace agreement.

Resources after resources are wasted in fruitless agreements.

The public is blunted by numerous copies.

Of the implementation of the peace.

Hmm, things end on the booklet.

Most do not come to the outlet.

When I lift up my eyes.

Heavens, hear me, hear me!

They are provoking your eyes.

Arise oh heavens and see this mess.

Tactics after tactics oh heavens.

Postponement after postponement oh heavens.

To purchase the clock.

While driving people anticlockwise.

In fact, the situation has become usual.

People suffer, people are killed.

Having no option, they declare in surrender.

May be this is how things should be.

Is it really usual?

How usual is this usually?

No. this grief grips the heart.

Brings much hurt.

I guess somebody should do something.

But who is this body to do that thing?

Me or you or him or them.

We all have to something.

That way will come our emblem.

Then we shall jubilate while we sing.

'Oh God' with a soft heart.

Not with stone heart.

It is not pending.

I wonder why there is no ending.

Since 1955 to 1983 to 2005 to 2011 up to now.

What hell is this without know-how.

This land could be on a dining table.

Surrounded by thieves who call themselves heads of states.

They are in peace enjoying their comfort.

They are developing their countries.

By manipulating the land on dinner table.

They have no mercy, no pity on the suffering.

What they need is their share, finish.

They continue to be shareholders of a foreign land.

The currency is disappearing.

One pound is no more functioning

Five pound is no more appearing.

Ten pound is reaching extinction.

Fifty pound has become a burden.

One hundred can't buy a plate of food.

The so call Dollar is taking over the economy.

Dollar dictates the economy.

As if Dollar had fought for this nation.

As if Dollar is a citizen of this nation.

No body questions.

Yet everybody feels the questions.

Hear my voice heavens if you exist

Is there pleasure one can take in suffering?

Why can't it subside?

I long for peace but see war and blood offering

Heavens! Heavens! Are you there?

Can I hope in you?

I have no reply here.

The only reply I see and hear is suffering.

The only hope is the reincarnation of our fallen Hero

Dr. John only if you could reincarnate yourself

Take lead again and liberate us from our own selves.

For there is nothing in good in corruption.

Hear me Heavens! Hear me Heavens!

Hear me Heavens and come to the aid

Of the plighting Southerners of the Sudan.

They need you the most.

2. Divide and rule

They came to Africa.

Studied it's furthest horizons.

Explore it deepest secret.

They found it with rich zones.

They formulated a system.

A system to split the one continent.

To confuse its inhabitants.

And take over the vast rich land.

"Let us divide them" they said.

Send them more religions.

Divide the Christian Church.

Send them to Africa.

Finance the sects: protestant denominations, they continued.

Let them become numerous.

Interpret the Bible to your advantage.

They will surely vanish in the Bible.

They will continue to argue among themselves.

From chapter to chapter, verse to verse.

From Bible to Qur'an.

Trying to prove themselves right.

Finance social impact projects.

Send NGOs, INGOs and finance their CBOs.

Corrupt their minds with good.

It is a blessing in disguise.

Make them support our English Premier League teams,

Laliga, Bundes Liga, Champion 🏆.

Let them forget about their Lango Stars FC,

Malakia FC, Kuki FC and their AFCON.

Cripple their minds and enlarge your territories with their misfortune.

Their suffering is our achievement.

Paralyze their political, social, economic and religious spheres.

Then milk their abundance.

And build our cities.

Let them end in argument.

Now, that they are lost in that sugar.

Come now and let us reason together.

Exploit Africa to the maximum.

Leave them to quarrel and fight over border issues
and political positions.

Divide them and rule

#Open your eyes and see Africa on dinner table#

3. The child in distress

The child is in distress!

Lamenting in anguish and pain,

The unlucky child has no one to save her,

From the hungry ruthless man,

Who ate the fruits of foolishness?

Showed his naked body to the innocent toddler.

The child is in distress!

This merciless illiterate defiler and murderer,

who cannot distinguish girls from women,

Has no esteem for a woman?

Why rape such an innocent creature,

you are a devil to the girl child,

You are causing her trauma.

The child is in distress!

This shameless rapist and killer,

Why traumatize such an angel,
Imagine that the girl raped is your child,
What prayer would you pray?
You have done immeasurable harm to the society,
The birds are even traumatized,
Because they have pity on the mistreated and traumatized girl child,
May God's anger be upon you.

4. For my dear mother

In the embrace of a mother's love so true,
Sabina Ityak Daniel, a guiding star, it's you.
You taught me, Simon, to stand tall and free,
To be self-reliant, to embrace my destiny.

Through the corridors of education's gate,
You led with grace, making challenges dissipate.
In every lesson, both subtle and grand,
You paved the way for success, hand in hand.

A labor of love, with diligence untold,
You toiled for us, more precious than gold.
In the tapestry of life, your threads weave,
A testament to the strength only love can achieve.

Discipline, a beacon in your gentle gaze,
Yet, your warmth and kindness never strays.
Through the storms, you stand steadfast and true,

A mother's love, enduring, ever anew.

So, here's to you, Sabina, a pillar so strong,

A melody of love, a lifelong song.

For all you've given, for all you do,

Your children, forever grateful to you.

In that poor shelter you raised academic giants!! God
bless you Mother!

5. An enduring mother

The Sorrow of an Enduring Mother

She received information from an angel.

She was shocked but took the challenge.

Upon visiting Her Cousin, she was filled with joy.

It was going to be a big U-turn in her life

the Magnificat was her song.

She endured the pain of birth.

During dedication, a man of God told her
what she couldn't comprehend.

Her very heart will be pierced by a sword.

All this she resiliently pondered.

The Son got lost in the temple.

"... Don't you know I should be busy with my Father's
affairs?" He told them.

She understands but remains calm.

She became aware things were at their turning point.

The Son was arrested, tortured and nailed naked on a
wooden cross.

On the way to his death, she meets Him.

Loaded with sins he deserved not.

At the foot of the cross she wept for her Son.

That was the sword the man of God prophesied.

She took her son on her arms.

Just as the day she bore him as an infant.

She couldn't do much but pondered everything within her.

Yet, while at the foot of the cross.

He said to her and a disciple, "Behold your son, behold your mother"

Even at that she persevered with love beyond all telling.

She became the mother of every disciple of his Son.

But who is this resilient and enduring mother?

The Blessed Virgin Mary is her name.

She is a model of all mothers today.

She intercedes for her children.

She is the immaculate conception.

The Mother of God

The mother of the Church.

Who was exalted high.

When you are in torment turn to her

She is a help of Christians.

She will intercede for you.

No evil will triumph over you.

6. For my little Angel 1

In a world adorned with stars so bright,

There's a radiant presence, my heart's delight.

Her name, a melody that angels sing,

Happy Birthday, my love, to you, Angelina.

Her eyes, two orbs of celestial grace,

Reflect the moonlight, a soft embrace.

With each glance, a universe unfurls,

A symphony of love, as our story twirls.

Angelina, a name that dances on the wind,
A cherished melody, where dreams begin.
On this day, like petals in sunlight's gleam,
May joy and laughter paint your birthday dream.

Your smile, a sunrise, breaking through the night,
Igniting my world with purest light.
In your laughter, I find a sweet refrain,
A melody echoing, a love without a chain.

As the sun traces its arc across the sky,
So does our love, soaring high.
In every heartbeat, a celebration rings,
Happy Birthday, Angelina, my heart's wings.

May the stars align in a cosmic dance,
And shower you with a love so immense.
In this moment, where time stands still,

A celebration of you, my love, my thrill.

So let's raise a toast to this day so divine,

To the beauty of Angelina, forever mine.

With love as vast as the ocean's span,

Happy Birthday, my darling, my Angelina.

7. To Angelina 2

In the stillness of the night,

I send my love to you, Angelina,

May your dreams be filled with joy and serenity,

Tomorrow may bring us closer,

but tonight I'll miss you dearly.

As the moonlight kisses your face,

know that I am thinking of you,

Your presence in my life is a gift beyond measure,

Rest well, my dear friend,

until we meet again with pleasure.

In the silence of the night,
I whisper a prayer for you,
Angelina, May the stars guide you
to peaceful slumber and sweet dreams, Until dawn
breaks anew,
know that my heart with love beams.

8. To Angelina 3

In Easter's glow, my heart sings,
To you, my dear, these tidings I bring.
With every beat, your name clings.

Joy dances in this Easter air,
For you, my love, I deeply care.
In your absence, I feel bare.

Happy Easter, Angelina, my love friend,

With you, all blessings I dream of.
In your embrace, I rise above.

May this day of Easter's grace,
Bring us closer, face to face.
In your love, I find my place.

9. For Angelina 4

If you can see yourself in the mirror,
Thank God for what you are.
Smile at your beauty
There is no beautiful lady in the world other than you.

Call your name and admire it
"Angelina!" is a beautiful name deserving, you strict.
No creature under the sun should take that smile
away.
Smile with me for you are make bright, my day

10. For Angelina 5

In Angelina's grace, a steadfast friend,
Through every trial, she'll gently mend.
When others fade, she's by my side,
Her loyalty, a constant guide.

With kindness flowing, pure and true,
She lifts my spirits when I'm blue.
In Angelina, a cherished treasure,
A beacon of light, a source of pleasure.

Forever grateful for her love so pure,
In Angelina's embrace, I find my cure.
With grateful hearts, our bond will soar,
Angelina, my friend forevermore.

11. For Angelina 6

In Angelina's grace, a wife-to-be,

Her virtues shine for all to see.

With tender care and loving heart,

She's poised to play a central part.

Her gentle spirit, kind and mild,

Would soothe the woes of any child.

In Angelina, a mother's love,

Sent from the heavens, blessed from above.

Her radiant beauty, fair and bright,

Captivates all with sheer delight.

In Angelina's charming grace,

A vision of loveliness, in every place.

Donesia's love for her knows no bounds,

In Angelina, true love is found.

As a future wife, she'll surely shine,

In Angelina's embrace, love intertwine.

12. For Angelina 7

In Angelina's silence, I feel lost,
Without her presence, a heavy cost.
Her words, her voice, her every touch,
Mean more to me than I can clutch.

When she's not near, I'm filled with dread,
Yearning for the words she's said.
Her attention, a soothing balm,
In her embrace, I find my calm.

Every message, every glance,
In Angelina's eyes, I find my chance.
To feel her love, to know her care,
In her affection, I find solace rare.

Donesia's heart beats for her true,
In Angelina's love, he finds his view.
For in her presence, all is right,

In Angelina's love, he takes flight.

13. For Angelina 8

In high school halls, we laughed and learned,

Side by side, our friendship earned.

Chit-chatting away the hours,

In Angelina's company, life's flowers.

Though paths diverged, and time moved on,

Memories of our bond, forever drawn.

Through ups and downs, I'll stand by her,

In every moment, her heart I'll stir.

For in Angelina's presence, I find my light,

Even when shadows dim the night.

In her grace, my steadfast guide,

Forever by her side, I'll abide.

14. For Angelina 9

Though mere friends we may forever stay,

In Angelina's heart, I'll find my way.

Not the man she dreams of by her side,

But in her love, my heart will abide.

I may not be the one she longs to wed,

But in her presence, my soul is fed.

Though I'm not her perfect match, it's true,

In my love, she'll find her due.

For Angelina deserves the best,

In her happiness, I find my quest.

Though I may not be the man she seeks,

In her joy, my love peaks.

May she find someone to cherish her well,

In her love story, may happiness dwell.

Though it may not be me, she chooses to adore,

In her heart, I'll remain forevermore.

15. For Angelina 10

In life's journey, when shadows fall,
Know that hope shines through it all.
Though challenges may come our way,
In brighter tomorrows, we'll find our sway.

With each sunrise, a chance to renew,
In Angelina's dreams, her hopes pursue.
For in her heart, I'll always believe,
In her aspirations, I'll never deceive.

Though storms may rage, and skies turn gray,
In Angelina's path, I'll light the way.
With unwavering faith, we'll journey on,
In hope's embrace, our fears withdrawn.

16. For South Sudan”

i. Sorrow For Hope In Tears

In the world's relentless strife, tears flow free,
Sorrow and joy in an endless tide, we see,
Amidst the chaos, hearts heavy with woe,
Yet hope's flicker burns, refusing to go.

Tears of sorrow, like raindrops in the night,
Fall for the lost, for the downtrodden's plight,
In every corner, anguish fills the air,
But resilience blooms, amidst despair.

Injustice reigns, corruption stains the land,
Yet in the darkest hour, we dare to stand,
With voices raised, we fight for what is right,
For every tear shed, we'll continue the fight.

Tears of joy, like sunlight breaking through,
Illuminate the path, for me and for you,
In moments of triumph, when dreams take flight,
We find solace in the beauty of the night.

Let us rise above the tumult and the fray,

With compassion and love, we'll light the way,
For though the world may seem bleak and forlorn,
In our tears lies the promise of a new dawn.

In the land of South Sudan, cries fill the air,
Hunger grips the nation, hearts heavy with despair,
Political turmoil, instability reigns,
Amidst the chaos, the people feel the pain.

Dollar rates soaring, prices beyond reach,
Struggling to survive, the lessons hard to teach,
Families torn apart, in search of a ray,
Hundreds of thousands, in refugee camps, they stay.

Children's eyes hollow, hunger gnaws within,
Their innocence shattered, by the world's sin,
Mothers weep silently, for what they've lost,
Dreams shattered, at an unimaginable cost.

In the diaspora, their plight remains,
Echoes of suffering, across distant plains,
Separated from home, yet never truly free,
Yearning for peace, for a chance to flee.

But amidst the darkness, a glimmer of hope,
Resilient spirits, refusing to mope,
Community bonds, forged in the fire,
United in struggle, rising ever higher.

South Sudan, land of beauty and strife,
May your wounds heal, may you find new life,
May peace and prosperity, one-day return,
And in the hearts of your people, hope forever burn.

i. Plight Of Civil Servants

In South Sudan's plight, civil servants toil,
Months without pay, their burdens coil,
Families to support, bills pile high,
In the face of hardship, they bravely defy.

Teachers and doctors, soldiers too,
Suffer silently, with no breakthrough,
Their dedication tested, their loyalty tried,
Yet for their nation, they stand with pride.

In the corridors of power, corruption thrives,

A desperate attempt to keep families alive,
But the stain of greed tarnishes the soul,
As moral compasses lose control.

Deserted classrooms, empty wards,
Empty pockets, where hope once soared,
Soldiers on the front lines, courage unwavering,
Their sacrifice unnoticed, yet unfaltering.

But in the darkness, a glimmer of light,
The dawn of a new day, shining bright,
For South Sudan, young and new,
Hope rises, a dream pursued.

May peace prevail, may justice reign,
May freedom's song echo, breaking the chain,
In the hearts of the people, resilience found,
As South Sudan rises, forever unbound.

ii. For School Children

In South Sudan's schools, children sit,
Dreams deferred, their spirits bit,
Studying in vain, future unsure,
In the midst of chaos, their hopes obscure.

Books in hand, but minds adrift,
Amidst the turmoil, their dreams adrift,
Education's promise, fading away,
As uncertainty clouds another day.

In the classroom's silence, hope wanes,
As dreams of tomorrow feel the strains,
Children's laughter, now tinged with fear,
As the shadows of doubt draw near.

Yet in their eyes, a glimmer remains,
A flicker of hope, amidst the pains,
For in their innocence, lies the key,
To a brighter future, yet to be.

Though the road is long, and the journey tough,
Their spirits resilient, never enough,
For in their hearts, the flame still burns,
A fervent desire, for lessons learned.

So let us stand with them, hand in hand,
And together, we'll help them understand,

That amidst the darkness, there's still a way,
For hope springs eternal, in the light of day.

iii. For Farmers

In South Sudan's fields, farmers toil,
Amidst the strife, they work the soil,
But conflict looms, a constant threat,
As cattle herders invade, with no regret.

Harvests lost, fields trampled down,
As cattle roam, with little sound,
The soil, once fertile, tainted red,
With the blood of the fallen, the tears shed.

Farmers' dreams, turned to dust,
As conflict rages, with no trust,
Their crops destroyed, their livelihoods torn,
In the wake of violence, hope forlorn.

Yet amidst the chaos, seeds still grow,
A symbol of resilience, a silent show,
For farmers know, in their hearts deep,
That even in darkness, hope can seep.

With each new dawn, a chance to start,
To mend the wounds, to heal the heart,
For in the fields, life still thrives,
And hope, like crops, will surely rise.

So let us stand with farmers strong,
In solidarity, against all wrong,
And together, we'll sow the seeds of peace,
For a future where conflict finds release.

iv. Priest And Pastors

In South Sudan's churches, priests stand tall,
Preaching truth, risking all they call,
But dangers lurk, around each bend,
As voices of dissent, they dare to defend.

Assassinations, torture, threats abound,
Yet still they preach, with faith unbound,
Wearied souls, from years of strife,
Yet clinging to hope, for a better life.

Their words fall on deaf ears, leaders' hearts stone,
In a world where peace seems overthrown,
But still they stand, with courage true,

Guided by faith, in all they do.

For in the darkest hour, a flicker remains,
A beacon of hope, amidst the pains,
For the power of love, they hold dear,
Will overcome darkness, dispel the fear.

So let us stand with them, in solidarity,
In prayer and action, with humility,
For though the road is long, and the journey rough,
Their faith will lead them, strong and tough.

And together, we'll strive for a world renewed,
Where justice and peace are ever pursued,
For the hope of tomorrow lies in their hands,
As they continue to preach, in distant lands.

v. For The Poor Majority

In South Sudan's streets, the poor reside,
Their struggles hidden, their dreams denied,
Victims of a nation's tumultuous birth,
Their voices unheard, their plight on earth.

With empty stomachs, they wander the land,

In search of solace, a helping hand,
But poverty's grip, relentless and tight,
Leaves little room for hope's guiding light.

In makeshift homes, they eke out their days,
Amidst the chaos, in countless ways,
Their dignity shattered, their spirits low,
Yet still they cling to the hope they know.

For in their hearts, a flame still burns,
A yearning for a better turn,
A longing for justice, for equality,
In a land torn apart by adversity.

So let us stand with them, side by side,
In solidarity, we'll not be denied,
For their struggle is ours, their pain our own,
And together, we'll build a brighter dawn.

With compassion and love, we'll pave the way,
For a future where poverty's sway,
Is broken at last, and hope springs anew,
For the poor of South Sudan, and for me and you.

vi. For The Rich

In South Sudan's mansions, the rich reside,
With wealth and power, their arrogance belied,
Exploiting the poor, for their own gain,
Their greed knows no bounds, their hearts contain.

They dictate the policies, they pull the strings,
While the poor suffer, their misery stings,
Their luxury built on others' despair,
Their hearts hardened, beyond repair.

For they are the reason, the USD soars high,
Their greed unchecked, their morals awry,
They hoard their riches, while others starve,
Their conscience silent, as they carve.

But their days are numbered, their wealth will fade,
For in the end, justice will be laid,
Their short-term pleasure, a fleeting mirage,
As the consequences of their actions barrage.

So heed this warning, you who exploit,

Your fate is sealed, your end afloat,
For the poor may suffer, but they will rise,
And your reign of greed, will meet its demise.

In the ashes of your opulence, a new dawn will break,
Where justice and equity, no longer forsake,
For the future belongs not to the rich and vain,
But to the humble and just, who rise above the pain.

vii. For Dr. John Garang

In South Sudan's history, a hero once stood,
Dr. John Garang, courageous and good,
He fought for freedom, he fought for all,
Against oppression's chains, he stood tall.

With sweat and blood, he paved the way,
For a nation united, come what may,
But alas, his dreams remain unfulfilled,
As power corrupts, and hearts are chilled.

For the leaders today, have lost their way,
They've strayed from Garang's path, gone astray,
Their greed and nepotism, a stain so dark,
As they tear the nation apart, leaving a mark.

The economy, once promising, now lies,
In the hands of a few, while the rest cries,
Corruption rampant, justice denied,
As the nation's wealth is plundered and defied.

But heed this warning, oh leaders beware,
For the people's patience, will not spare,
The days of your doom, will surely come,
When justice prevails, and truth overcome.

So return to Garang's vision, his dream,
Of a nation united, where all can gleam,
For the future belongs not to the few,
But to the people of South Sudan, brave and true.

viii. For Lovers

In South Sudan's streets, lovers roam,
Their hearts aflame, yet far from home,
Caught in the turmoil, of a nation's plight,
Their love tested, in the darkest night.

Appointments missed, outings delayed,
As uncertainty looms, and fears cascade,

But amidst the chaos, their love still burns,
A beacon of hope, as the world turns.

For love knows no boundaries, no bounds,
It thrives in the chaos, in the battlegrounds,
And though the economy may falter and sway,
Their love remains steadfast, come what may.

So hold onto each other, dear lovers mine,
In the face of adversity, let your love shine,
For in the darkest hour, hope will arise,
And love will conquer, under starlit skies.

For the future is uncertain, but love endures,
In the hearts of lovers, forever pure,
So take each moment, cherish each day,
For love will guide you, come what may.

ix. For Families

In South Sudan's homes, families dwell,
Their bonds tested, in this living hell,
Caught in the crossfire of strife and despair,
Their unity challenged, beyond compare.

In the shadow of conflict, they stand strong,
Facing adversity, all the day long,
But amidst the chaos, their love remains,
A beacon of hope, amidst the strains.

For families know, in times of trial,
It's love and support that help them smile,
Through hardships endured, and battles fought,
Their unity remains, an unbroken knot.

Though the economy falters, and times are tough,
Their resilience shines, when the going gets rough,
For in the embrace of loved ones near,
They find solace and comfort, in the midst of fear.

So hold onto each other, dear families all,
In the face of adversity, stand tall,
For in unity lies strength, and in love, the key,
To weather the storm, and emerge free.

For families are the heart of the nation's soul,
Their love and bond, the ultimate goal,
So cherish each moment, and hold each other tight,

For together, you'll weather the darkest night.

17. I am human rights, I need protection.

If only human beings can guard me.

They will enjoy my privileges.

I have prepared a lot of themes.

That they might enjoy for ages.

Yet, my subjects will not listen.

They turn their ears away from me.

Their mind is full of bad intent.

They are envious of each other's merits.

But what is the primary goal of life.

What do human beings in the world sow?

Is it in being to each other wild?

I don't think so.

Who am I?

My name is Human Rights.

10th December 1948 was born I.

I am the ruler of human dignity.

18. The Tears of Trauma

Trauma! Trauma! Trauma!

Enslaving me every day and night,

Because my beloved ones died in war,

Because my feminine creatures are exposed

To emotional abuses and rape,

The children are abused,

Natural disasters, accidents and tortures

Traumatized me on daily basis,

Will the doctor really treat my traumatic condition?

Trauma! Trauma! Trauma!

Oh!! am readily affected; physically, psychologically,

emotionally and spiritually,

My tension holds me up,

My body engine no longer updates me,

I am outdated with no more energy,

Life with my grandchildren's shorten,

Oh mummy will you indeed change my situation?

Trauma! Trauma! Trauma!

Counselors lose their counselling skills,

My condition upgrades to tiredness, sexual dysfunction,

exhaustion and chronic sign emerging,

Oh South Sudan!! should these also happen

to my upcoming generation?

For am keyed in and nervous,

Why should we traumatize our citizens!!

Trauma! Trauma! Trauma!

Psychologists please change my situation,

For I have lost self-esteem and interest in activities,

Am disturbed by chaotic bad dreams

Night mares and daydreaming everyday

because of compulsive and obsessive behaviors,

Desperation and sleeplessness are already part of my time table,

I became frighten, ashamed but coward,
Peace keepers please come up with peace!!

Trauma! Trauma! Trauma!

Interest in spiritual calls descended double zero per-
cent,

No more spending of time with friends and family
members,

There is no sought of religious attention,

Anger is directed toward supervisors and co-workers,

I felt depressed and even lack time for myself,

If I will be spared by the country's political stability,

Never shall I nor my children be traumatized any-
more.

Let us fight trauma stabilizing the country's securi-
ty!!!

19. Unforgettable, deserving thanks!

He is a person like you, like me,
He makes life easier and better
for everyone around the globe.

His helpful, giving ways,
And how his generous heart
Selflessness displays comfort,
But who and where is he? People ask!

I know Walls have ears,
The wall might have whispered to your ears,
Hear from me then, your little daughter,
Oh Whitaker! You have enriched our computer,
Peace building and business skills to mention a few,
Now we have to nurture, sustain and raise,
The fallen walls of the war tone nation,
Those days; Boom! Boom! Gun every day, everywhere.

Learning in conducive environment is my pride,
Setting up businesses, working in printing press,

Participating in Community dialogues and many others.

Behold dear Madam Caroline,

Don't dwell in past fear of Torit,

Dwell in the present peaceful environment,

You made it, we are happy, the soil is happy.

We learn of the US through the peace bridges,

Wow! Join us; eat the Mangoes, drink the Kinetti wa-
ter,

And dance our traditional dance

Nahatar and Achalla dance,

Go in peace and tell Forest Whitaker,

He has done great,

He should continue to do great,

May God bless him abundantly.

Welcome to Torit Caroline, we love you Mum

20. Corona virus poem

COVID19! COVID19!

The virus which terrified the whole world,
Enslaving humans from every corner of the globe,
Creating social division and causing poverty
No work, no movement, no school, no church,
What a dreadful devil spirit!

Leave us alone, you evil spirit!

Once we use to live well,
Meeting with loved ones,
Our families and friends,
Oh!

Today we are forced to remain confined in our homes
No meetings, no social gatherings, no love games,
Everyone is oblique to wear facemasks
And respect the prevention tips,
In order to fight against this disease which is called
Corona virus.

Let us fight this virus together through harmony and peace

21. Youth poem

Youth needs consolation!

They wander restlessly yearning for a better stay,

They received no consolation,

Stormed by unemployment, idleness, and laziness,

To add to the injury,

Inadequate youth recreational and intensive centers,

Frustrated by no quality Education and scholarships,

Torit remains in poverty, a Survival ground for vultures.

Youth needs consolation!

Musicians sang, poets lamented, actors acted, and patriots advocated,

Freedom of speech, Corruption, and discrimination,

Youths are frustrated and tormented,
Pretenders for position stay, Praise and worship dic-
tators,
Youth blindly resort to alcoholism, stealing, and drug
abuse,
Trauma beyond trauma,
Youth are annihilated and messed up.

Youth needs consolation!

Laziness invaded them, greed accompanied them,
Idleness entered them and corruption altogether
played music on their heads,
They fold their hands and watch the burning bush,
Youth stand still, think reason, and believe,
You are productive, fruitful, and reliable,
Do training, engage in business, and be transformed,
Work is work! Without work, there is no work done.

Youth needs consolation!

But how can we comfort this frustrated youth,

What can we do to make them fruitful,
Adequate recreational and intensive centers,
Psycho-social support, career guidance, and proper
mentoring;
vital aspects for boosting job seeking,
Youth-friendly spaces,
above all Youth empowerment.
Farewell, dear youth.

22. Life is so sweet!

A young man born healthy and pure.
Develop mentally, physically and spiritually.
Enjoyed life eating and drinking wine.
Yet was not aware of the life's misfortune.

Life is so sweet!

Being so young, got educated and expanded
his reasoning and academic standards.

He develops a curiosity about life and indulges in

alcoholism,

sexual relations, and life distinctions.

He never knew what was underneath.

Life is so sweet!

The teenager became exposed to sexual-related diseases.

Regret of regrets.

Tears of tears.

Suffering in agony.

But I still breathe and enjoy the sun setting.

Worries of life worried him.

Pleasures of life displeased him.

What could the next step?

Life is so sweet!

The final stage finally came into power.

The teenager shed tears of advice.

He had a suffering from lesions.

Early and forced marriage is dangerous.

Adolescence is the cause.

Curiosity is the actor.

The Man became a precaution to his neighbors.

Life is so sweet but limited in all dimensions

23. Generation or degeneration!

Running toward a latrine for suicide, a 10-year-old

Sibling gave a loud cry;

Oh, spare me!! All my mates are gone.

A child stranded in fear and dilemma.

Wrongly treated against their will.

Physically oppressed and mentally tormented.

Leading a negative dimension of life.

Who in truth created such a condition!!

Generation or degeneration!

Oh South Sudanese, let us release all children associated with

Armed forces or groups.

Let us reintegrate them back into the community.

They are our future, hope, and generation.

The CRC is not just for learning.

But for change and to protect children.

Let us not traumatize our siblings.

For they are children, not soldiers.

24. Speak with actions on women issues

Much has been done.

Nothing has been realized.

We have made a lot of nothing.

In the name of the marginalized.

The manly society oppresses us.

There is no sense of rescue.

Although we shout on our voices.

Who will listen to our latent coup.

Women! Women! Women!

How long shall we be enslaved!

How much does it take to amend.

The discriminatory laws and ordinances.

They say "35% for women"

What about the remaining 15%?

To whom does it go, you traitors?

Are we not the same in our human nature?

Give us chance.

Women can do great in the society.

They are capable of holding higher degrees.

They can contribute to the development of knowledge
and society.

Why oppress us in your homes?

We are only giving birth to our dictators.

We have become mere sex objects.

When shall we be emancipated?

Equality won't drive us away from our domestic duties.

Duties are duties.

Equality in dignity is all we need.

Don't misunderstand us.

Our time will come

When we shall demonstrate birth.

No woman will accept to become pregnant.

We shall not produce our masters anymore.

Then, shall you understand that women

Should be given equal dignity as men.

Our revolution will be a cool revolution.

Men will die in their lust for us.

They will not warm themselves in us.

We need equality!

25. The joy of academic success

On this special day, I stand in awe,
Grateful for the blessings that I saw,
With joy overflowing, my heart sings,
For the honor bestowed, on eagle's wings.

In the halls of learning, I found my way,
Guided by wisdom, day by day,
To be recognized, fills me with pride,
For the journey traveled, far and wide.

To God, I offer my deepest praise,
For lighting the path, through life's maze,
And to all who walked beside me, near,
Your support and love, I hold dear.

With gratitude overflowing, I stand tall,
For the honor bestowed, I give my all,

Tangaza University, beacon of light,
Your support and guidance, pure delight.

To Tangaza Institute of Philosophy, I owe,
For nurturing my mind, helping me grow,
In the pursuit of truth, you've been my guide,
For the award bestowed, with joy, I confide.

Tangaza Day, a celebration so grand,
A moment in time, where dreams expand,
For the recognition bestowed upon me,
I'm humbled and grateful, forever free.

Receiving a certificate of outstanding performance
Is not an obvious award for everyone?
No, But to the elected ones.
Who hold books with romance

26. For the Comboni Missionaries

In the heart of Nairobi, where dreams take flight,
The Comboni Missionaries shine so bright,
Their support and care, a guiding light,
As I walk the path towards priesthood's height.

With grateful hearts, we gather to pray,
For the blessings bestowed on this special day,
Tangaza University's honor, a beacon's ray,
Guiding me closer to my vocation's way.

Through trials and triumphs, they stand by my side,
Nurturing my spirit, with love as their guide,
In their embrace, I find peace to confide,
As I journey forth with faith as my pride.

I don't take for granted this nurturing space,
Where knowledge and wisdom interlace,

For in their midst, I find grace,
To serve humanity with a priestly embrace.

Comboni Missionaries, pillars strong and true,
I thank you for all that you do,
In your footsteps, I aspire to pursue,
A life of service, forever anew.

27. Epilogue

The Joy of writing poetry makes our world a joyous place to live. We are all in the making of life, hence we need somethings to boosts our making. We were not created to in this world to suffer but to be joyful. Hence, nothing should take away this joy from us. If something hinders it, we shall to read poems to rediscover such joy.

About Myself: Short Biography

My name is Simon Lodai Amin Salvatore. I am a South Sudanese Comboni Missionary Seminarian, 23 years old; discerning vocation to religious life and priesthood in the charism of Saint Daniel Comboni with the Comboni Missionaries of the Heart of Jesus. I completed my South Sudan Certificate for Secondary Examination in 2019 while at St Mary Minor Seminary, Torit diocese and studying at Bishop Akio Secondary School. I have taught for more than four years in Bishop Akio Secondary school and St Theresa Primary school. Additionally, I am and have been a Youth Peace Ambassador since 2017, who, trained under the United Nations Mission in South Sudan Public Information Office; advocate for peace, justice, human rights and unity in diversity as well as human dignity in various ways such as poetry, drama, speech presentation, writing among other activities. I served as a trainer for Conflict Resolution Education for Whitaker Peace and Development Initiative, Torit. And have attended the Teacher Education Professional Development, Conflict Resolution Education, ICT training, Business skills and entrepreneurship and several. Currently, I am a second year student of Philosophy at Tangaza Uni-

of Outstanding Performance/Academic Excellence for the Year 2023-2024 on the 25th of March 2024 for the Tangaza Institute of Philosophy.

As a Youth Peace Ambassador, and a Human Rights Activist as well, I love writing short stories, novelties, poems and general literature. I love the Catholic Church and always wish to write about the amazing teachings about. The Catholic serves every human being, advocates for every person and ministers to people even in the most daring situations. Through various vocations, the Church continues the mission entrusted to her.

This particular work pictures the situation of the Catholic Church today and in previous times. It has not been easy to enter the cultural realities of the various people. However, God always triumphs over all. My experiences with the reality in South Sudan, provided insights to the authorship of this book. It is my prayer that this work inspires you to promote and support vocation.



S. L. A. Salvatore

**I love it
I Live it
I embrace it
I am transformed by it
I toast my soul with it
Into souls I put it
My master piece so profound.**

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