

MASHAWILA PHIRI

A PICTURE & A THOUSAND WORDS

EMMANUEL MUDENDA

PRESENT:

A CITY OF LIGHTS

A six-piece catalogue of the restless metropolis of Lusaka

CATALOGUE

03

S U N S A N D
G O D S

04

I F T O M O R R O W
D A W N S

06

T H E S O U N D
O F N O I S E

08

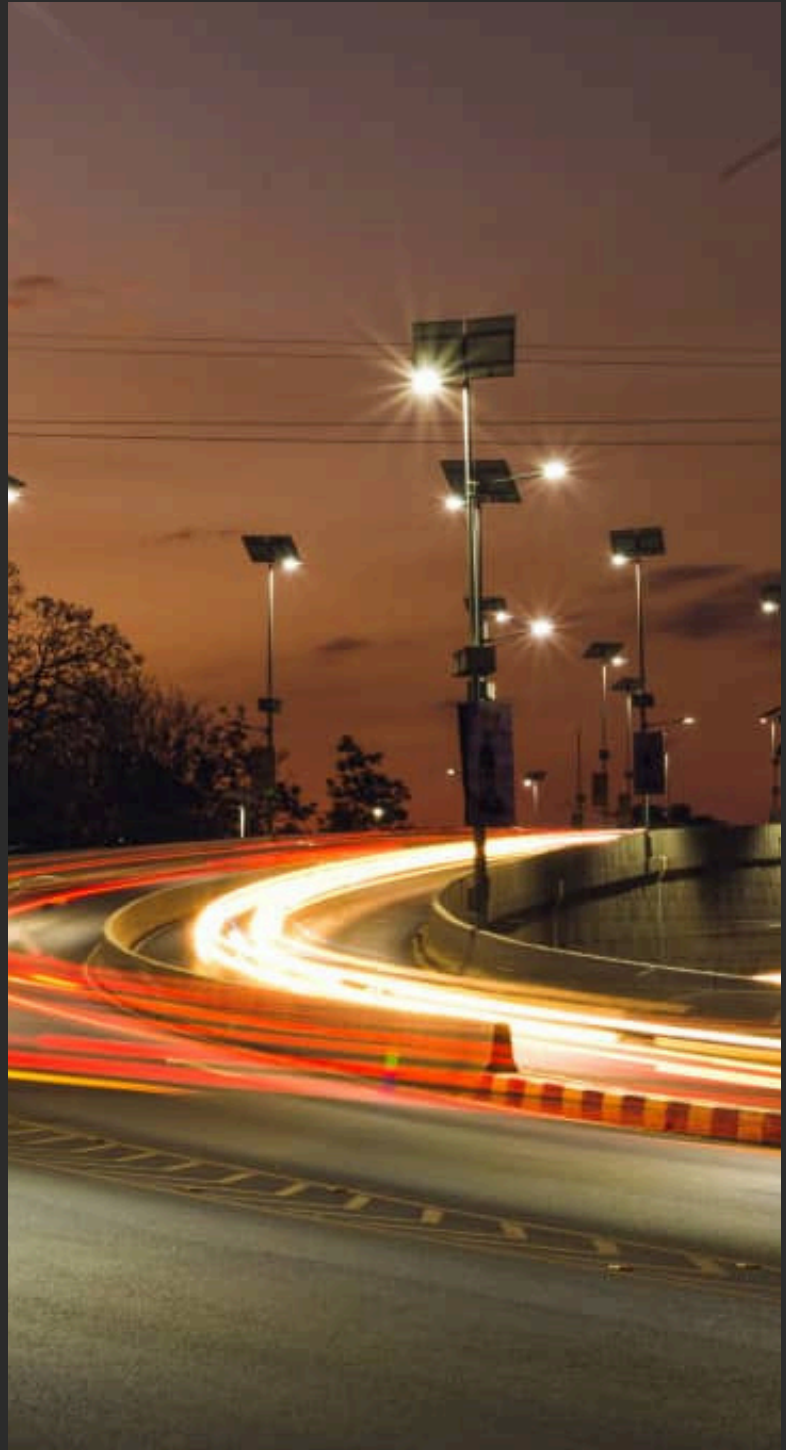
T H E B E E S

09

& T H E I R K I N G

10

A W O N D E R F U L
W O R L D



suns and gods

As her light burns onto brick and mud,
his bright ember smiles; subtle with flame
in reply. her rays of splendour hands
then meet his soul: behind his walls divine.
and together, they delight and embrace in
silent song. the two sear as one; father and
sun; giving yet still have, while shining in
awe of glory shared and lent to kinds of all.

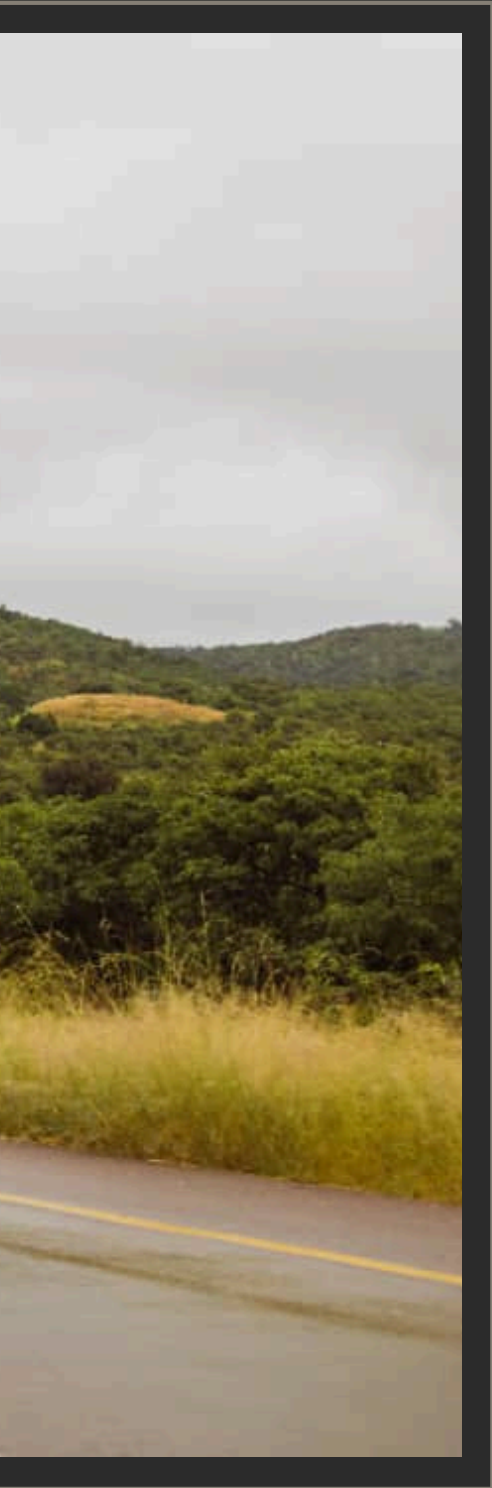
Lines, once so many, could seem as none,
but mortal eyes yet fail to set each and
most apart, thanks in kind to the noise of
neon bright. for their two hearts, pure
unseen, lie sinless in sight, yet speak glory,
greater still, onto sightless gaze till our eye's
come again, unblind



A ROARING BACKDROP OF HILLS AND GREENERY



IF TOMORROW DAWNS



Fear not the roads yet travelled.
nor fret the life unlived.
but ferry forward, as god's heron.
for the way may yet be paved,
but there's much to see ahead

Go far beyond the red and blurry roads and in,
towards the foot paved towns-
down, below god's good country
where trees sway in the language of old men.

Make your way with trunks on empty -
unheavy from the loads not claimed.
left, will be the prancing shadows
on the walls of our tunnelled caves.

Leave not the vows unpromised.
but live not for vows unmade -
for the seat's only one;
the fare costs your blind;
and the ride goes only one way

ON THE FLY-OVER BRIDGE

THE SOUND OF NOISE

The buzz is a sound whose morin' cry we've come to know.
It's noise, as the wings of a fly, ring and ring and force
us; dream no more. But dreams come to man, as
wonder does the mind. Yet still, it will buzz;
nasty little bugger! Until alas, we rise
and off to the day, we go.

The taps are the rhythm whose dance we've come to loath.
Their songs plague the paves as needles to a north,
flocking their feet for meat and bread. Yet, come
dawn, they return in a humdrum of bones and
crumbs. But long as the streets are lit,
still, they press on.

The hoots are strings of discord our ears have come to love.
Their busy fills the night breeze; as choirs out of harmony.
When their eyes beam discordant, in most blinding red
and white, they forbid us see the stars as serene
betrays quiet night - until the only sound we
know is the rush of blinding noise.



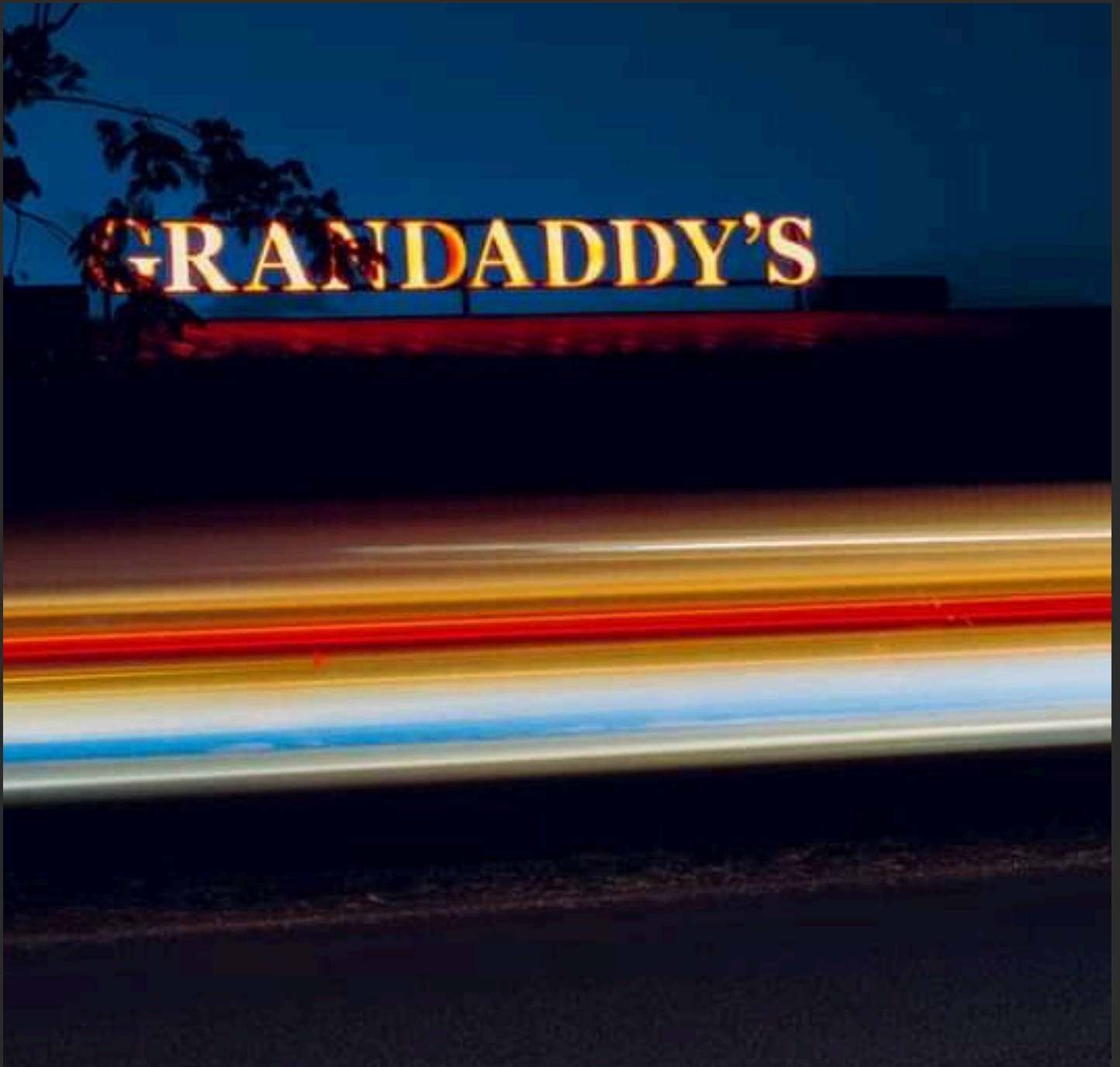


The Bees



*Who stands there, at the helm of this many-tired street?
Whatever is that voice, that spews sweet nothings in my ear?
What mysteries, I wonder, are the curious keen to see undressed?
What crowds could be commanded, by such unsleeping scenes as this?
How high a sweeping sight, towers beyond me and my thrifted garb?
Wherever would I begin in addressing one as grand as he?*

& their King



It is I, said he, the mighty gatherer of dreams.

I blot the air with my cheer and lure the unsuspecting here.

I reveal the masked and hidden face - of this city and all her best.

Every race and creed from distant lands and seas docks their chariots for me.

Yet, my smile of red and ember - shines on both the haughty and the beggar.

Cheer; "Behold!" as you cross my threshold, and hail the mighty gatherer of dreams.

A WONDERFUL WORLD



My sore head was once blotted, till rounded
and strained - with noises that had muddled
and mazed the fields that once pastured my brain.
When lost, the sounds offered to restore my
sane - with needles and bottles and
toys, till my flesh was tattered and torn.

And when the pain made my rest it's bed, they
set out to avert my gaze. their mission: 'pay no mind
to my state'. so trinkets became my sight's new
fame. brightly and loudly: their name. with promise on
promise, they came: first with honour and favour from
the gods; then with the love of most lovely a love.

But somehow I groped, with but darkness in eyes,
with no one to heed of my asks; nor comfort
to grace my lonesome side. Thus, my fury set out
to damn every sound from the cities, cathedrals
and streets. To hex their lips, and bright illusions
that blur all the lines while vows rot unfulfilled.

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But instead; my rage
was graced: turn right,
into a tunnel-like place
lit by green from all sides.
with gentle breeze, the leaves
waved in tongue most kind.
and the sun smiled with
light so sweet, that it's hand
reached between stem and
branch from somewhere
beyond the ether.

Though still, the strides of
men tapped away at the
blacktop lining the long way,
they tapped so - in tune, with
the melodies of the wind. the
distance tried to storm the
sheltered underpass with it's
buzzing and screeching of tyres.
but in space touched by light
infinite, no red nor fire made
by man enters within it.

In these caves of green
there's found; an essence
that states true my worth -
and speaks gently yet certain
with weight that enfolds
within the sound of life.
then I waken, anew; to a
most wonderful world.



the creators



WRITTEN AND CURATED
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MELLOW
GALLERIES