

WORDS OF INSIGHT:

A Collection of Moral and African Wisdom in Verse

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Pre-Introduction

There comes a moment when silence becomes too heavy to carry.
This book is born from that silence — from the weight of words unsaid, tears unseen, and hope that refused to die. Within these pages live fragments of healing, whispers of wisdom, reflections of a wounded society, and the heartbeat of love and faith.

If you've ever broken quietly, healed slowly, or loved deeply, may these poems speak to your spirit — not as lessons, but as mirrors.

Healing and Self

“Becoming”

To heal is not to erase,
but to remember differently —
to see scars
not as endings,
but as proof
that something tried to break you,
and failed.

Before

Before you begin,
take a breath.
Let the world outside grow still.
Here,
we do not rush through pain
or sprint toward healing.
We walk — softly —
through memories,
through words,
through the echoes of what made us whole again.

Forget About the Past

Leave the past behind, it's time to go,
Don't let old wounds sink you low.
Trauma, stress, divorce, and loss,
Have cut so deep, a heavy cross.

But now the page is yours to turn,
Step to the stage where bright lights burn.
Let go of hurt, release the pain,
And rise again like gentle rain.

Trauma grips with iron hands,
Stress repeats its harsh demands.
Divorce, a whirlwind's cruel blow,
It tears apart, leaves hearts in woe.

The death of love, the end of trust,
Pain lingers long, as ashes and dust.
But turn your eyes toward what's ahead,
A future bright, where hope is fed.

The past is a weight, a shadowed load,
A burden on your weary road.
Let go of gossip, anger, and fear,
And welcome life with vision clear.

A blank canvas waits for your hand,
To paint new dreams across the land.
Leave sorrow, bitterness, behind,
Embrace the joy you're meant to find.

Life is fleeting, time runs fast,
So live today, leave behind the past.
Rise with courage, let love thrive,
Step boldly forth, and be alive.

Survivor

I survived the hell of prison's night,
The torment, pain, the stolen light.
I rose from chains that bruised my skin,
With nothing left — yet strength within.

I am a survivor, born again,
Shaped by fire, not by shame.
Though storms have tried to take my breath,
I've wrestled darkness, conquered death.

My scars are proof, not marks of loss,
Each one a bridge I had to cross.
I wear them proud — my battle art,
The ink of healing on my heart.

So when you see me standing tall,
Know I once stumbled, once did fall.
But still I rise, through flame and rain —
A soul reborn from years of pain.

Break the Chain

Break the chain of hate and greed,
Of envy's root, of selfish seed.
Free your mind, your soul, your name,
Let love and truth reclaim your flame.

The past has built both wound and wall,
But now's the time to stand, not fall.
Forgive, rebuild, and start again,
For peace begins in every vein.

Break the chain of fear and pain,
The silent curse that still remains.
Lift your hands — unbind, forgive,
For love is strength, and strength to live.

Wisdom and Reflection

“In Quiet Light”

Wisdom does not shout;
it hums softly
between questions
and quiet truths.
Sometimes the answer
is not in knowing,
but in listening.

The Power of Words

Words are seeds, with power to create,
To shape the world and guide our fate.
They hold the keys to love and hate,
To joy, to pain, to hearts that break.

Like double-edged swords, they can inspire,
Or wound the soul with lasting fire.
They spark peace, or ignite the pyre,
Lead to war, and leave us tired.

Yet gentle words can soothe the soul,
Mend the heart, and make it whole.
They bring hope when life feels cold,
And guide us toward a brighter goal.

Words are power, not to take light,
They lift us up, or steal our sight.
With care and love, they shine bright,
Transform our world from dark to light.

Choose your words with mindful care,
For each phrase plants a seed somewhere.
To heal, to build, to love, to share,
The power of words is everywhere.

Within The Grove

In the heart of the grove,
Where tall trees stand proud,
Lies a hidden cave,
Shrouded in darkness,
Like a restless ocean storm,
Like a bird with broken wings,
Evil hovers silently.

When the wind blows,
The trees sway and tremble,
Curtains in a royal palace,
Branches dance wildly,
Spreading their proud wings,
Within the grove.

In this sanctuary of secrets,
Where dark thoughts incubate,
Hatred is born,
Forgiveness poisoned by anger,
And the sting of death sharpened,
Craving blood,
Dripping venom within the grove.

Deceitful beauty masks the flowers,
Their charm a lying smile,
Faces reflect love, peace, joy,
Like the promised land of Canaan,
Flowing with milk and honey,
Yet hiding the grove's true heart.

The uncivilized dance with the devil,
Singing the anthem of the grove,
Embracing fear and death,
Its surface known,
It's a core mystery,
No scientist or philosopher can reveal it.

Like the belly of the grave,
The grove is bitter,
A crown of poisonous snakes,
Fatal in its quiet.

Yet amidst the darkness,
A glimmer of light appears,
A seed of redemption waits to grow,
Healing, transforming, renewing,
Bringing forth new life,
Amidst the gloom, the shadow, the pain.

Wisdom

As I wander through the vast expanse of life,
I often ponder upon this gift called wisdom.

What is it, truly?

The force behind a winning heart,
The power that births victory and peace,
The mother of humility and transformation.

Wisdom is the engine of change,
The quiet strength behind a positive mind,
The source of vision, discipline, and purpose.
It lives within us — creative, alive,
Shaping dreams into destiny,
Turning chaos into order.
Wisdom rises where reason falls,
Guiding us through storms unseen.

But what truly is wisdom?
Is it knowledge in motion,
Or the courage to do right at the right time?
Is it listening before speaking,
Respecting before reacting,
Or seeing the lesson in every wound?
It is all of these, and more —
A treasure of peace, unity, and joy.

Wisdom attracts a good life,
It moulds the heart, renews the mind,
And builds character where pride once stood.
A little knowledge can harm,
But much knowledge without restraint
Can destroy even more.
Wisdom walks hand in hand
With humility, respect, and faithfulness.

Being wise is to admit your wrongs,
To learn, to rise, to try again.
Big dreams are born from humble beginnings,
But wisdom grows through patience and truth.
Embrace every chance to learn —
Rise like a phoenix from your ashes.
For wisdom is not just knowing —
It is living what you've learned.
Wisdom, wisdom, wisdom.

The Human Nature

The deepest principle of human nature
Is the longing to be appreciated —
 To feel that we matter,
 That our efforts are seen,
 Our presence valued.
Oh yes, it's human nature.

We crave confidence and trust,
 The safety of belonging,
 The comfort of being loved.
And when those are shaken,
Our confidence trembles too —
 Oh yes, it's human nature.

It is natural to seek understanding,
 For wisdom is the light of life.
 To know joy and sorrow,
 To feel anger, hope, and fear —
All are threads of our humanity.
 Laughter heals, fear humbles,
And emotions remind us we're alive.

Everyone desires connection —
 To be heard, respected, trusted.
A healthy relationship takes time,
Built on listening, love, and dignity.
 Trust, the rarest gem,
 Takes years to earn,
But one false word to destroy.

So seek wisdom and move mountains.
 Every question hides an answer,
 Every trial holds a seed of triumph.
 Each test carries within it
 The beginning of testimony.
Oh yes — it's the human nature.

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Africa and Society

Transition Poem – “The Soil Remembers”

Africa breathes beneath our feet —
each grain of dust
a name,
a prayer,
a story still unfolding.
To write of her
is to touch eternity
and feel her heartbeat
in our own.

Xenophobia

Xenophobia, the wound we hide,
The fear that eats our nation's pride.
A brother's blood, a sister's tear,
A home turned battlefield of fear.

We share one sun, one breath, one sky,
Yet still we burn, still people die.
The lines we draw are made by hand,
But love knows neither tribe nor land.

Let hearts awaken, let hatred cease,
Let every street remember peace.
We are one people, one shared flame,
Let kindness speak our truest name.

Africa

Africa, my land, my home,
From Cape to Cairo your rivers roam.
The proud son of your ancient dust,
I stand with love and endless trust.

On Mount Kilimanjaro's crest,
I see your beauty, richly blessed.
Land of the brave, home of the free,
Africa, my heart belongs to thee.

My African brothers, rise again,
Descendants of kings and noble men.
Builders of wisdom, brave and true,
Africa's strength is born in you.

My African sisters, bold and bright,
Queens of courage, hearts of light.
Mothers of nations, patient and strong,
You've carried the world for far too long.

Together let's build this home we share,
Say no to hate and despair.
Together we can, hand in hand,
Heal our hearts, rebuild our land.

Africa, my land, my home,
Forever in your arms I roam.

Slow Sickness

A shadow whispered through the land,
Invisible, it took its stand.
Sickness — the silent thief,
A story carved in human grief.

It spares no age, it spares no race,
It hides behind a tender face.
It feeds on silence, shame, and fear,
It grows when truth is not made clear.

But knowledge heals where silence kills,
And courage rises when love wills.
So spread the word, let judgment cease,
For empathy can bring us peace.

Together strong, our voices blend,
To fight, to heal, to learn, to mend.
No longer bound by fear or lies —
Let hope be loud, and stigma die.

The Brainless Barbarian

The brainless barbarian,
Inhuman and cruel you are.
A vampire feeding on pain,
Finding joy in others' fall.

Bad-mouthing is your trade,
Poison drips from your tongue.
A monster behind a smile,
A killer without a gun.

Words can build or break the world,
Peace or chaos — both are born in speech.
You, with your sharpened tongue,
Choose destruction over peace.

Your mouth is an open grave,
Your tongue, a spark of fire.
Driven by jealousy and hate,
You twist the truth to your desire.

You tear down homes with gossip,
Destroy what love has made.
Your lies feed violence and anger,
And leave hearts afraid.

Revisit yourself before it's late,
Guard your words, reshape your fate.
For gossip is a poison that doesn't pay —
"Tiva ta wena," know your way.
Being a brainless barbarian is a curse,
A life that only grows worse.

Young People of This Land

Young people of this land, arise,
Lift your dreams beyond the skies.
The soil you walk was bought with pain,
With tears and sweat, not fought in vain.

The elders paved a road of scars,
They whispered hope beneath the stars.
Now it's your turn to build and sow,
To shape the future, let courage grow.

Do not be lost in borrowed dreams,
Nor drown in others' shallow streams.
Be proud, be bold, be wise, be kind,
Let greatness dwell within your mind.

This land is rich with untold grace,
So walk in pride, and take your place.
The past was hard — the future's near,
Young people, rise — your time is here.

African Man

African man, rise from the dust,
The world awaits your voice, your trust.
You are the drum, the flame, the dawn,
The son of strength, forever drawn.

Lift your eyes from pain and fear,
Your roots are deep, your vision clear.
You are not broken, not confined —
You are the pillar of mankind.

Remember kings who walked this ground,
Whose wisdom shaped the world around.
Stand proud in who you are today,
Let history's truth light your way.

African man, the future's near,
The call of purpose loud and clear.
Rebuild, renew, take back your throne —
Your story's power is your own.

Love and Faith

“And Still, We Love”

Even after the world burns
and faith feels fragile,
the heart remembers
how to open.
Love remains —
quietly,
bravely,
a language older than pain.

Confidence

Confidence is not a mask you wear,
Nor loudness meant to prove you dare.
It's quiet strength, a steady flame,
A self-belief that knows no shame.

It grows in truth, not pride or lies,
It stands through storms, it never dies.
It learns from loss, from every fall,
It whispers softly, "You can, after all."

Walk tall, not to be seen, but to be —
At peace within your dignity.
For confidence is calm, not loud,
It's owning self — not pleasing crowd.

Love and Marriage

Love is a garden, tender and wild,
Nurtured by care, by truth reconciled.
It is not found in fleeting desire,
But built through patience, tested by fire.

Marriage is not a bed of ease,
It's the art of bending without disease.
Two hearts learn rhythm, learn restraint,
To hold through trials, to love without faint.

Love is not beauty, nor wealth, nor show,
But the seed you water when storms blow.
It asks for giving, not to be fed —
Two souls as one, through all they've said.

So keep it sacred, keep it true,
Let forgiveness shape the life you renew.
For love and marriage, when rightly done,
Are the roots that bind two hearts as one.

Love

What is love?
A tender fire within the heart,
A devotion deeper than gold or gain.
Love is the root of joy —
Without it, happiness cannot bloom.

Love without trust is not love.
Love without laughter is not love.
Love without caring and sharing
Is like tea without sugar — bitter and hollow.

The deeper your love,
The stronger your bond.
For true love builds peace and unity,
Not fear or pain.
Love does not live in violence or control —
For where fear dwells, love departs.

Learn the art of love.
Grow into its fullness.
Love is not silver or gold,
Not measured by wealth or fame,
But by the riches of the heart —
Trust, protection, compassion, and care.

Love cannot be bought or sold.
It is a gift from above —
Life's greatest treasure.
For love is life,
And life is love.
That is the meaning of love

As we End

And now,
you have read the silence.
You have walked through healing,
held wisdom in your hands,
seen the world's reflection,
and touched the soft pulse of love.

This is not the end —
only a pause
before your next beginning.

Go gently.

Go whole.

Go as you are.

The Two Paths of the Pen

We met where dawn and dusk held hands,
two authors with pages still breathing —
 one turning outward,
 the other inward.

He carried his words like lanterns,
 ready to wake a sleeping world.
To remind cities that silence can sing,
 that truth can mend broken streets.
His journey was the voice of nations,
 the pulse of hope made audible.

I carried my pen like prayer beads,
each word a small confession of peace.
I walked not to change the world,
 but to understand my own heartbeat,
to free myself from the weight of what was,
 and find stillness within what is.

We did not part —
 we multiplied,
for every reader is another pen,
 every listener another pulse.
And if you've read this far,
perhaps you are both of us —
 the one who heals the world
and the one who finds freedom within.

So let this be the bridge,
 not the end.
For one path calls you to rise,
 and the other to rest —
 and both, in truth,
will write the next beginning.

“The pen heals what silence cannot.”