



Born on 22 December 1994 Brian Kalinde also known as Fat-B is a multitalented artist as he is an Actor ,a Poet, Singer, Song writer, Rapper and a Music producer. As a Poet, Brian has performed at a number of Events including;

Brian Kalinde

- Blantyre Arts Festival (BAF) at Jacaranda (2017)
- Ufulu 3rd Festival at Mibawa Multipurpose (2017).
- The rise of Spoken Word Poetry at Kwaharaba Arts Cafe (2016)
- Be My Valentine (BMV) Show at Kwaharaba Arts Cafe (2017).
- Dawning the age of Words at Kwaharaba Arts Cafe and gallery (2017) ...and was also one of the Facilitators at a workshop held at St. Andrew's International High School which was aimed at inspiring and equipping the upcoming Poets. On top of that Brian has done a number of Radio Adverts and Jingles for different Companies, NGOs and individual including;
- Sustainable Development Goals (SDGs). Jingle for Malawi government - National Registration Bureau (NRB). Jingle for Malawi government - Glam and Glory. Jingle -Sound track for Chimvano radio play aired. In addition to that as an Actor Brian is currently playing one of the main Characters in the play called Zathu Pawailesi, a Youth program under GIRL EFFECT an International Organization. As a Young man with a great ambition Brian is not just an artist but also an Insurer by profession.

A Moonlit Night in Malawi with Brian Kalinde

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ONE SUMMER NIGHT

That summer night, Mother fell deep in rest and never woke up. That summer night, I crawled to bed with broken eyes and a teary heart. We should have known better, than break news that broke her heart to fragments that never pick up. That hell-hot night, The god's wrath, rained from the dark clouds formed over above our roof. This time, we knew she was never coming back. We pinned the blame ourselves, We tortured ourselves, So much grief; so ashamed, we hid our heads under our shells. We failed to talk her son out of his naivety, his blood is on our hands. We failed her, we'll never forgive ourselves.

I remember it like yesterday that summer night, Too hard to forget. Outside we sat, Hugging the cold breeze the hot sun had earthed. We talked about everything and nothing from the harmony of the gospels, To politics and the chaos it had birthed. We talked about youth, Walking to foreign lands looking for greener pastures like ours was cursed. We talked about a country that was dying to be saved, flying in reverse, A crush-landing guaranteed, and none was safe. The president signing his cheques One parachute, every man dying to be first. We talked about not talking about the stuff we'd just talk about. It was dangerous, so we talked about other stories.

Like... One man told a story about the city of light, The city that never sleeps at night. He told a tale, a tale I'll tell mother tomorrow at first light. Mother's been ill, she's just restoring to plight Little did I know, the tragedy nearing to befall upon us. Our neighbor, (Always) the bearer of bad news called upon us. Something bad had happened to my brother, He told us. I could see his devilish, mega-watt smile hidden behind his condolence.

That summer night, I prayed for a rain that never fell. I prayed for heaven, it opened hell. I prayed for my brother's life but it was too late. We reached out for my brother's wife but the agony was too great. So much darkness in the city of light. The reaper walks in the shadows in the city of life. That summer night, Mother died of a heart attack. We fed her the saddest of news she couldn't stomach Her son, who was working for GOD knows who in South Africa had been shot dead And the police didn't even care, He was nothing but a foreigner In this case... No case. Enter your text here...