

Anthology of Mpho Leteng

Presented by

My poetic side 



Dedication

to all lovers of poetry

Acknowledgement

mum and family thank you for the support
my fans too keep on your support
thank God for having called me into poetry

About the author

Mpho Leteng was born and raised in a town called Kasane,
he is the 2nd born from a family of four
he began writing poetry at the age of eight(a standard two primary school student by then)
he is now studying Bsc(hons)in electronic commerce at Limkokwing University,Botswana

summary

Kachikau

If i knew what love is

Alone in my wakeful sleep

A walk in the dance of light and Shadow

Alone

Kachikau

I took my first steps,
barefoot on the cracked earth,
the whispers of ancestors woven
into the fabric of our days.

Under the watchful eyes of Mma Ishmael,
her hands, calloused yet tender,
shaping our dreams like clay,
teaching us the rhythm of resilience,
how to dance in the rain,
how to find joy in the simplest of things.

Dikaelo, with laughter like a river,
flowing through our hearts,
her stories painted with the colors of our land,
carving paths through the thickets of youth,
guiding us with a compass of love,
reminding us that even in rust,
there lies beauty,
a testament to endurance.

Kachikau, a patchwork quilt of memories,
where the laughter of children echoes
against the backdrop of dusty roads,
where every corner tells a tale,
each grain of sand a witness
to the lives that have danced
under her vast, open sky.

Though the village wears its age
like a badge of honor,
we see beyond the rust,
beyond the faded paint and weary walls,

to the heart that beats in every home,
to the spirit that rises with the sun,
filling our lungs with the scent of earth,
with the promise of tomorrow.

Here, we learned the language of the land,
the secrets of the baobab trees,
the song of the wind that carries
the laughter of our forebears,
reminding us that we belong,
that this is our sanctuary,
our haven,
our peace

If i knew what love is

If I knew what love is, I would hold it close,
a force strong enough to silence my fears.
I would rise with the sun, certain and unshaken,
pressing a kiss to your forehead, scattering shadows.

I would love you as though time itself were fleeting,
carrying your memory like a light that never fades.
Your name would live in the lines of my soul,
etched in brilliance that no storm could wash away.

Each shared moment would become sacred,
like an ancient land untouched by forgetting.
In the quiet, I would tell you everything,
secrets only the heart can speak.

I would walk beside you as years turn and shift,
through laughter that echoes and tears that linger.
With you, I would discover the meaning of home,
the foundation of everything I am and could be.

If I knew what love is, I would take its hand,
and together, we would journey through this vast world,
holding onto each glance, each breath,
because with you, there could be no ending.

Alone in my wakeful sleep

In the quiet of the night, my thoughts wander,
Like shadows dancing in the moonlight,
Lost in a maze of uncertainty and fear,
I seek solace in the whispers of the night,
Hoping for a guiding light to appear.
Alone in my wakeful sleep I ponder,
The weight of existence heavy on my chest,
Yet in the darkness, there's a glimmer,
A flicker of hope that refuses to rest.
I am a traveler in this realm of dreams,
A wanderer in the vast expanse of my mind,
Searching for answers that may never come,
But still, I journey on, leaving doubt behind.
Alone in my wakeful sleep I wonder,
Embracing the unknown with open arms,
For in the depths of solitude, I find,
A strength that shields me from all harms.
So I'll continue to roam this inner landscape,
Exploring the depths of my being,
Alone yet not lonely, in my wakeful sleep,
Finding peace in the midst of this unseen freeing.

A walk in the dance of light and Shadow

In the embrace of twilight's last kiss,
we'll tread upon the earth's soft sigh,
a path of shadows fleeing the dawn's caress,
beneath a jumble of stars that spans the night sky.

Our steps blend with the whispers of the breeze,
as we traverse the threshold where daylight ceases,
into a realm where time stands still and dreams are easy to seize.

Here, in the quietude of nature's embrace,
our hearts in sync, our spirits free,
we'll share a tale as old as time itself,
a narrative of unity, a legacy to be.

In the dance of light and shadow,
we'll find our truths coiled together,
our stories woven into the fabric of the night,
where differences are celebrated, not confined.

As we break bread in verse and prose,
our laughter mingling with the stars,
we'll toast to a future where such walks are not a choice,
but a norm for all, regardless of who we are.

Alone

I miss my alone times?
where gravity pulls gravid thoughts
down to the bedrock of my solitary land,
where I forage among old pages of deeply buried poems,
scratching invisible marks
into the margins of my arching African poetry.

Alone, I laugh,
wondering what I might have been,
had I never been at all.
My eyes thirst for the ache of moonlight,
while the walls behind me tremble,
their grief laced with silent tears.
But unlike the evicted souls,
I die alone,
long before my moreish smiles are dismantled.

I miss my alone times?
where the vicious whip of Kachikau's winter nights
does not lash me,
where the relentless bells of Chobe's mosquito bites
go unanswered.
I listen only to the music of my lilting brain.
Alone, I am unseen.
Alone, I cannot see you.

Alone, I imagine things
that make sense only to me.
Alone, I own the world.
Alone, I am a victorious victor.
Alone, I never lose.