

# Collected Raindrops

Garth Rakumakoe



Presented by

*My poetic side* 

## Dedication

*I have always been a peculiarly quiet child. I thought and wrote more than I spoke, listened more than I responded, and observed and knew more than I let on. I remember from a very early age, not minding my own company. Preferring it even, most times. Even in my adulthood these traits never left me. Today I see a lot of myself in my daughter, Tshepang , to whom this book, I dedicate. Life's most dearest sentiments to me are drawn simply from reflections, from and about life itself; it's music, it's tugs, ebbs and flows - what it means, or should to mean to us. These offerings are the paint brushes of my journey, my coming of age; and in many ways they are just as abstract, imaginative, plain, colorful, dark, bright, vivid, cosmic, true, celestial, imaginative, escapist and every hue in between, as I am, all in the silence of quiet pages. These are a few, of my collected raindrops.*

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## I Wrote Of You

*I wrote of you something  
never written before  
A prose...*

*I wrote you a rose, I picked  
from my field of freckles  
on a full moon  
among the daffodils  
in the ambience of your smiling eyes*

*Beneath the far-reaching rainbow  
and tall yellow grass,  
shading the fallen leaves,  
the dotted ladybugs  
and the millipedes  
I weaved of you a dream,  
whose flowing thread sways so freely  
to the soft summer breeze  
and peaceful rustle of the standing trees*

*Lost between the ants and the sand  
I wrote a dream,  
of you loving me*

## Out Of This World

*Morning breaks-  
and from a deep slumber  
I wake  
to watch myself free falling  
behind the cosmos  
of your emeralds  
far down  
to your distant Venus*

*Silently - I taste the fear  
of fear letting go,  
from the sultry red of your lips  
and in a stratus of cloud  
I lose myself  
as your planet I plunder  
with hardened want*

*I become a million meteorites  
at our skins' soft collide,  
curving the lush contours  
of your sculptured hips,  
parting the rivers  
of your thighs*

*You take me in  
I claim you as mine  
You embed me at your core,  
enclosing me in the radiant embers  
of your goddess heat  
To carry me- in your spirits  
as we traverse the galaxies  
each in the other-  
escaping the sun*



*One with the stratosphere*

*I call you*

## Dear Music

*Do not leave me  
Be present even when light  
abandons me  
Hear the unheard lonely cry  
of cowardice, amid tearful cheers  
from the proud podiums  
of my heroisms*

*Look into my inequities  
Engage my insecurities  
Feel the treble  
in my tremor  
and save me  
from the dark pitfalls  
of my fears*

*Set free my captive infirmities  
no one sees,  
and parachute courageously  
beyond cliffs  
of untold possibilities  
with me*

*Sieving my true identity  
from the tangled threads  
of my mind in the hands  
of my own reflection  
longing to sing  
its own solo;  
Be my shadow*

*Question my soul's wandering  
and ask it my name*

*to see if it has ever met me  
Tell me the distance to other side  
to the man standing in wait for me  
Urge me  
to make it before sunset  
lest I have missed my own becoming  
when you lie with me  
in my stillness*

## Self-estranged Commoners

*In his rear-view mirror  
he sees a stranger  
on common land  
The drenched figure he passed  
with outstretched hand  
He could've sworn he looked familiar  
in his helpless demeanor  
but names do not matter anymore  
much less origins much less creed*

*Doubt is the only certainty  
and mistrust the new law,  
whispers indifference  
as showers fall pots and pans  
and the shorter he becomes  
the stranger he seems  
as the distance spans*

*He could be a killer or hijacker  
says the wipers and windshield  
over the low radio chatter  
to the peeking side mirror  
back over the growing distance  
into the gaping detachment  
like the stranger's disappearance  
separating man from himself*

*Trust is a cursed well  
whence the dead last drank  
and just as they once were brothers  
so strangers they become  
and live each other by  
It's a new day on common land*

*It's a new world*

## A Morning In Autumn

*I lay the morning pages down  
for a brisk morning walk  
afloat the drying leaf carpet  
gracing the earth floor  
Far as the eye can see,  
nature attests, the warmth of thee*

*Your affection conjures the fondest  
of memories,  
as my weak sceptic heart  
grieves leaving sunny sentiments behind  
for what is to come  
Assured in your motherly embrace  
from my breath's vaped silhouette  
tinged by winter's eve,  
stings the solemn paradox  
of a temporary goodbye  
though I am not alone  
with the very own footsteps of time  
clicking beside me, carried by favour  
I am humbled and in awe  
at the marvel of thine orangery  
and sheer wonder of creation,  
outlined by the colors  
in the harmonious notes  
of the cooing dove  
and last sparrow*

*I age with Grace, as I stand to remember  
while the Creator spared me  
in your time  
the absolute beauty of living  
was most accentuated*

## Fortitude

*At once,  
from the very steelness of thought,  
vessels capsize and sink  
under the chaotic rise  
of emotive oceans- volcanoes erupt,  
and wreak havoc  
Tremors awake,  
and pandemonium breaks  
as the multiple tentacles  
of the giant octopus  
rise as monstrous whips  
from within the deep seas  
of man's leaping mind  
sweeping the skies' echelons  
eclipsing day to night*

*As he wills them  
the enormous arms  
come crashing down  
with violent vehemence!*

*They crush empires,  
decimate utopias,  
and demolish constructs-  
Clamoring the world's myths  
in a furious fist  
to swallow it whole  
sucking its epileptic fits!*

*He blinks a giant tentacle whip  
beyond orbit, purging  
all cognitive dissonance  
along the way*

*to kiss the bare-naked truth  
of his true intended glory  
bathing in the liquid furnace  
of the sun's very surface  
and spits forth a tilted axis  
beneath the stars,  
of a new globe, reimagined  
redefined, reunited  
with himself  
in the altered reality  
thought forth  
by his most screaming desires*



## The Fallen Birds Of Jamaica Bay

*Out in Jamaica Bay  
air traffic of no traffic light  
has claimed many a feathered child  
I heard on the news today  
their bodies lay still on the ground  
because mankind desires to fly*

*Before the air had crossroads and lines  
they could soar lightly and freely  
over the expanse of oceans  
from all corners of the globe  
Now they move fearfully  
and cautiously  
on their migratory road  
lest they get in the way  
and death marries their fate*

*Now some never make it home  
those still left see their kins' souls  
nest eggs and orphaned infants  
from above, taken from the skies  
They made way for bird machines  
with engines for bosoms  
whence man's concrete  
shall not break stride*

*They lay still on the ground  
At their arrival nature used to sing  
now the universe frowns*

*I heard on the news today,  
their bodies lay still on the ground  
So wanting to fly*

*unkind mankind's envy  
shot them down*

## Depopulation

*At times, in these times  
up into the night I gaze and wonder  
whether Orion's body knows  
what this period signifies  
that parts flesh and souls  
somewhat in the same way  
day and night separate*

*Her all seeing eye  
in its multitude, must know  
what turns out the stars  
and dims the human light  
whose last breath escapes  
in the graveside mournful cry  
of the orphaned child  
She must feel the pulse  
of souls yearning to wake  
their own bodies up  
to re-join their loved ones  
with no masks on  
even be it just for the day*

*She must journey into the abyss  
knowing, watching them who made  
just taking a breath so unsafe  
one after the other  
plucking out the precious stars  
adorning her glorious robe of life,  
for the stars are too many they say,  
there's no room for the night  
all the while digging up Mars  
for signs of life - some "other" life  
I suppose*

*Aurora must bear witness  
how the world suffocates  
beneath the reddened moon  
as they pluck away  
at her enchanted womb,  
oblivious  
of their destined odyssey  
through the gates  
of their very own fate  
whence she's bound  
to meet them*

## The Abstract Mind Sees

*The abstract mind sees  
the straight plain beauty of the circular  
as of the unpopular, queer, shamed, peculiar  
along the glossily finished  
over the foothills of the obscured  
and inside heartbeats full of life  
forested by pulsing arteries  
behind calabashed white enamels  
on the grinned melanin child*

*The abstract mind sees, no greater joy  
in that gutter no deeper honesty  
than this shared humanity  
a sun kissed, wide eyed nonchalance  
this blinking toy beneath Motherland sky  
in that presence the abstract mind  
sees in that doe eyed dimpled smile -  
her mind weaving seams of a having  
from the harsh winds of plight*

*Distant to the eye yet tangible  
in the heart the melancholy of a dream  
the abstract mind hears, sees, knows  
the innocence of streams unknown  
quenching hearty laughters  
by night fire glows  
charmed of squalored shambles  
precious life jewels of radiance  
in abstract sight*

## Colors Being Human

*The exquisite rainbow surely is a myth  
with its harmony of colorful diversity  
Such unworldly serenity, and coexistence  
has to be some spherical illusion  
Colors only one's ways can paint  
should paint  
Colors, being human adornment*

## Today Makes Daddy Proud

*I figure tomorrow  
ought to be a She -  
actually  
for Yesterday been a He-  
for aeons, globally  
The same yesterday of wars,  
genocides, violence,  
famine, lack, power,  
corruption, prejudice,  
injustice, greed,  
many a great atrocity  
false charms  
many irreversible harms*

*Today? - well...*

*Today is no different  
He is Yesterday's son after all,  
following in his father's footsteps  
Today makes daddy proud*

*Today's nations deplete  
at the hands of tribes  
Empty stomachs money buys  
whilst man's morality drowns  
in turbulent toxic oceans*

*Today's only love is objectified, for sale  
and nudified  
by unquenchable parched mouths  
wrist bound by greed, indoctrinated  
by self-serving money scribes*

*Tomorrow's ultrasound  
is the future's own protest  
An impassioned petition  
on today's last remaining conscience  
that it paint the world a She  
for maybe then our children's lenses  
have a different polaroid  
picture to see*



## The Wind Knows

*In the calm, invisible stare  
of silence on a breeze-less day  
I wonder, is this clarity a sprout?  
Is it a fruit, borne of contentment?  
an ominous sign maybe*

*Has the troubled wind wept to sleep?  
Does peace abound  
the vacant visitor's chair?  
of hearts' feeble whispers  
or is it a victory to deceit?*

*Throughout the chapters of ages  
the wind has told  
all prophecies of time  
To us it is better acquainted  
better than you and I*

*The wind knows him by name  
our love child of selfish passions  
pretenses, hatred and affection feigned  
When we trusted, when we betrayed  
It knows our daily aimless stray  
between darkness and light  
and hosts the most hidden of secrets  
rumors and truths, dead and alive*

*From the murmurs of souls and spirits  
in the wind they confide  
for what better trusted a friend  
than one merely passing by?*

*Amid the blizzards of life*

*it shields the candle and bears omen  
A redemption hope for the night  
the eve the savior comes  
Needing no sun and no moon  
all sin hurricanes meet its eye*

*We see its turmoil of dust  
and witness the tug of contemplation  
when its innermost being lights aflame  
only to call this uproar in its swirl  
but a windy day*

## Dove In A Cathedral

*Embarking flight -  
chords strum plaintively  
at the pond stillness  
that is my innermost coo  
My rhythmic wings respond gracefully  
and time suspends to a standstill  
in living mosaic color,  
poetry in emerald light  
as your eyes meet mine,  
warms me tenderly*

*In my joyful ripple  
I am fragile -  
mine is a sonic transcendence  
in this musical serenity  
I am but a dove  
You are the Cathedral  
and I adore you dearly*

## The Mothers We Lost

*They are with us -*

*We carry them in our spirits  
and constantly mural their faces  
on the walls of emptinesses  
left before us  
Their legacies we carry  
within us  
In our silences they visit us  
In the numb vastness of our nothings  
the sound of their voices  
never forsakes us*

*Unendingly, memories  
of their vintage masterpieces  
forever remain  
from the other side  
melancholic mighty shipwrecks  
that sank in the turbulent expanse  
of ached elusive longings  
down to the midnight floors  
of our hearts' most deepest oceans ?*

*They - are with us*

## Walls Of Hypocrisy

*It's a bizarrely fluid thing to observe;  
how perspectives morph shape  
inward out  
and how they change colour  
outward in  
how multi-layered they can be  
and how assuredly we expect  
what we refuse to give*

*We, the brave knights in shining armors  
different and right, in our convictions  
We are not common with them  
the wrong ones  
They cannot be accepted  
They are foreigners on this land  
He does not belong here  
and she, is abnormal  
that's not the way she should be!  
after all, we know how she was made*

*Her color is just not right  
She has the wrong hair  
like the gender of her lover  
and they -  
they wrong us!  
Their mere presence offends us  
After all we voted to be here  
Decided where to be born*

*Unkind mankind -  
They - are the borders in our minds  
We, the judges and prosecutors  
They, should be condemned*

*They come having nothing, misplaced  
fleeing wars they couldn't wage  
They have no right to be here  
no right to partake, they have no stake  
Self-serving separatism misleads us  
the chosen loved ones  
while justice remains a revolving door  
that spins counter clockwise*

*I tell you brick and mortar could not  
build stronger anti social walls  
and while peacocks envy us  
fiction writes novels of us  
The universe spectates,  
and mountains look on  
The animals wonder what is wrong  
They listen and watch attentively  
with inquisition as we take the pains  
to make them realize, it's those ones  
it's them; we were never wrong  
they wrong us*

*Until we see them, is one of us  
Until we see we, are they  
Until then, for all the world's prejudices  
fingers will point blame*

## Salty Tears

*From the grounds of the asleep  
distant thunder rumbles deep  
in the horizon of his eye  
consoled by the windowpane*

*Happy endings are cruel fantasies  
testifies the resident crow  
perched on willow tree  
as the table lays out in sympathy  
pillows for his salty tears  
of a fiction romance lost*

*Beneath the pages  
of a novel written short  
as fate would have it  
lies a widow in the ground*

*Her mute utterings urging him on  
Roses serve her no thing  
when he does not live  
when he does not go on  
Pity grief is blind & without ears  
Her bleeding heart so breaks  
to see his soul weep  
in hurt's quicksand neck deep*

*He does not see her spirit beside him  
unrelentingly waged in contact sport  
for his sake  
Him longing a demise, their paths cross  
She cannot stop the sun from setting  
just as she longs him life  
Just as the curtains draw*

## She

*While crown eagles circled the skies  
out on life's open road  
her spirit's harkened  
in the rains of yesterdays' desires  
It has run the length  
of a tomorrow's expectations  
It has journeyed the detours  
of hopes delayed*

*It has travelled the picturesque miles  
and like fine wine  
emerged refined, wisdom gains  
of disappointments and strife  
Femicide no man has survived  
and like a work of oriental art  
before the table of her oppressors  
lethal cowards in men's cloaks,  
open as the road, her destiny  
today unfolds  
as whirlwinds bow  
to her inner knowing*

*Written in the stars,  
descending a lineage of sheroes  
she's the rising incense  
in the corridors of dreams  
elusive and devoid of gravity  
in the adversity suspending vacuum,  
fortitude, propels her liberal rebirth  
of a people's awakening*

*Her one hand curtails the storm behind  
while the other rocks the cradle of peace*



*Redefining a defiance, vivid  
in the proceeding rainbow, She  
is a woman  
of immortal essence*

## Poor Woman

*On her own, barefoot,  
from the waterhole,  
bucket balanced on her head  
poor woman must make a fire  
Little Mpho must be fed*

*His mirror reflection daughter  
her joy and only reason to cope  
for her only, she now prays,  
lives, dreams, and hopes  
She is the embodiment  
of her heart's own consolation*

*See, no longer does she wonder  
what could have happened to him,  
the slick dresser who stole  
her heart back in the day*

*Having received no replies  
over many moons,  
to him she no longer writes  
those letters to that city of lights and gold  
for they since went, and like him  
were swallowed whole*

*Behind her tear welling eyes  
still aches the parable  
of a fate unknown  
a thorn in the wound  
whence she bleeds, unbandaged  
some days sting, worse than others,  
inside*

*No longer does she wait at the rusted gate  
anticipating his return  
for she knows  
if she ever sees his brown eyes again  
it would be too soon*

## The Tele-visions In Their Televisions

*For the tele-visions in their televisions  
we gave the shirts off our backs  
and traversed into that sunset  
of a never ending night-time  
neither of us have yet to return from  
of native echoes long lost  
with the mutters to their songs  
of who they once were  
and the empty cattle kraals heralding  
herds traded for false reflections  
that since followed the sun  
to its eternal slumber*

*The ashes of the dead campfire  
ponder the return of the nomad  
who left awander in seek  
of the oasis that once germinated  
the very roots of his being  
and the wisdom of his elders*

*If only we could learn to read  
and follow the stars  
like we did before, surely  
the cradle still longs our rebirth  
Awaiting that reclamation, longing  
our own homecoming  
Surely then, the night  
will abandon these tele-visions  
and greet the sun again, to become  
our eternal compass  
and timekeeper*

## Inside Out

*Feeling in limbo, I am defeated  
Uprooted  
Faith and validation are wavering  
Label tongue out, seams  
flapping in the breeze  
I feel unreal, like some fiction character  
There but not there, like the mannequin  
no one sees, invisible  
and naked*

*Ravaged  
by my own narcissistic expectations  
turned inside out,  
veins screaming like buttons  
facing the snow  
I am torn ? betrayed  
by the same trust I betrayed,  
acidities in the word-deed irony  
of two wretched vengeful hearts*

*Zips stuck, pockets exposed  
peg barely keeping me on the line,  
I am on the other side  
of a wormhole, window shopping  
how things were, or should be  
only, the store is closed  
no bargain sale, on redemption day*

*This may be the actual  
real world, of stuffed  
mismatched color virtues  
wrinkled and tumble dried;  
though never ironed*

*Perhaps loyalty's quality  
is an overrated double stitch  
It seems, when genuine still had longevity  
what seemed real was the fantasy*

*The notice on the window reads;  
There are no love guarantees  
made in China*

## Love Seasons Of Two

*He'd been filled with a deep longing,  
having last seen her  
a week, that felt like months ago*

*Winter turned seventy, there and then  
when his heart beamed  
the birth of spring  
at the sight of her*

*He planted a kiss  
on her forehead  
and from her smile  
down to her painted toenails,  
pointedly standing,  
to embrace his tall frame  
she took his breath away  
as her lips met his  
and blushed Autumn sixteen*

*They spent the day together,  
clasped, inter-etched,  
kissed,  
and fanned the flames,  
the flames of love...*

*She loved cooking for him  
as he toplessly did the dishes  
Tending the meal  
she turned  
their gazes locked  
and declared their promises*

*The air was flammable*

*The fire was in their eyes  
and summer was twenty-one!*



## Who Among Us?

*The remaining trees stare at us today  
with many unanswered questions  
about their many dead kin  
and the deforested land*

*Who will tell them  
we were making paper  
to make the same money  
we say does not grow on trees?*

*Who will kneel  
and tell the near barren earth  
that we deeply excavated her belly  
for her jewels, to build skyscrapers  
amass wealth and carve modern Utopias?*

*Who will explain to Mother Earth how  
children died of famine under whose feet  
the same jewels from her belly were mined?  
Who will say I planted the landmines?  
Who will say I drank the now dry rivers?*

*Who amongst us will account  
for the depleted ocean life  
and polluted water?  
Who will say I  
burnt those toxic fumes into the air  
melted the ice, and pissed off the rain?  
When Mother Nature asks these questions  
who among us will say, It is I?*

## Never

*Never underestimate  
the power of a praying woman*

*It has made many successful  
Blessed many  
Raised many  
Educated many  
Saved many  
Opened doors for many  
Carried many  
Protected many  
and sacrificed, for many*

*Never*

## Somehow

*Somehow I know  
life never dies*

*It can never not be life  
It can never not live  
It never partakes in the hymns  
we sing lamenting death  
as we watch coffins sink  
Somehow I know  
what we call death is but a baton  
in a race of life's own morphosis  
and longing for itself,  
well on its never ending journey  
into forever, free  
and never entombed*

*With the triumphant surety  
of the daisies that bloom  
from the bed of a grave  
somehow, I just know*

## Faith

*Men of vision see  
many a physical defect  
in others and around  
blind men have yet to see*

*Nonetheless I believe,  
oblivious to blemishes abound,  
blind men have seen many  
spiritual gifts and treasures  
men of vision will never see  
within and without  
for it is the very physicality  
of their inconsistent blinking light  
occupied with the visible wrong in the right  
that emblinds them*

*Melting, like a candle near the sun,  
teary, distorted, sad and wailing  
their inner peace is an abandoned child  
yearning stillness in sound, yet lost  
pointing and accusing its self made  
noise, judgments and crowds*

*Quietly orbiting beyond the realm of sight,  
faith, cometh by hearing  
and need not  
the self-righteous I, a certain light  
only blind men can see*

## Lady Weather Makes No Promises

*With the dead flakes and ashes  
that fall from my dandruff and freckles  
on a bad day  
I feed the birds, and watch them fly away*

*Rolling on a hay mattress, like a book  
I read the brail metropolis of cities  
and the stretching lines of country sides  
on my weary palms, from the vantage point  
of my hemispheric window, with sheer disdain  
heeding no anticipations and making no promises,  
it's a black coffee morning  
It's a lazy day*

*At my sneezing they bustle about  
fussing over my mood of grey  
and linen on the line  
If only they knew how uninterested  
and unmoved I am  
by the farmer's dismay  
that I shed no tears today*

*Heaven knows, I'd much rather  
make no promises and stay in;  
light a cigarette, wallow in the poetry  
of my unmade bed, and tell no lies  
Having no appointments, today  
I will paint my nails*

## Touch A Leaf, Hug A Tree

*Pebbles around bare feet,  
touch a leaf, hug a tree  
ink a wish down to paper  
and by power of whisper  
let it drift carelessly  
to the tender violins  
of the morning breeze*

*Surrender to life's photogenic seas  
that which the eye intangibly sees  
entrusting the river and your maker  
with the destiny of your dreams  
brilliant as the tattooed night sky  
when all ray has dimmed to sleep*

*Touch a leaf, hug a tree  
Stars aligned, the universe is listening  
and the pebbles are seeds*

## Sittin' On The Dock Of The Bay

Sittin' on the dock of the bay  
withering away with passing time,  
flowing happily with the tide  
are the memoirs of our pictures  
living souvenirs in my eyes

Ferried by the last ripples  
on the water, setting  
with the orange sun  
is my feebly ebbing hope  
to soon capture the motion picture  
of your ever radiant smile  
that in your very absence I paint  
and visualize, on the water  
gone with the summer rains

It gives me great warmth inside  
to know  
sittin' on the dock of the bay  
that this portrait of you  
will always be mine

## I Need A Light

*If only I had a light  
I swear I'd roll a nice spliff  
hunker down and squint  
earnestly, at the counsel  
of the wise, as they show me  
the way, to a better life*

*If I had a light  
leaning 'gainst the fence  
I'd share a puff 'cross the border  
as I listen and sympathize  
without judgment without pretense  
to my people's stories  
of troubles, anguish and strife*

*Man, I need a light in parliament  
for a circle of tuxedos  
to pass it right round  
like it dice wicked spice  
maybe what we need  
is some thug advice to redeem  
our failures and fibs  
and get things right*

*Better yet, strike me a match  
for my wayward ways  
Bring me to my knees  
by candle light, that I may heed  
to address the savior right  
the one we need to purge our sins  
of the night, and at whose feet  
I'd dare not spit, even as my lonely cravings  
catch desperate fits ? Someone please,*



*I need a light!*

## Tree Of Identity

*My mother committed a felony  
calling me Tyrone  
My father's customs how can I forget  
when five wives he had*

*He spoke when to the mountain  
I refused to go  
Today the tree of my identity grows  
but its soul remains cold, lost, and broke  
Tear these useless lungs of mine away  
from chain smoking send my spirits back  
to cave dwelling I wish not  
to be catholic anymore*

*The battle in my brain gives in  
to the gods of bones them sinners  
that worship ancestors not allowed  
anywhere near cathedrals, evil  
to his highness the pope*

*My nostrils weren't meant  
for this dope break my nose  
Trace by it the scattered remains  
of my hopes, I'm a deep thinker  
my thoughts are the clay in my brains  
that me mold*

*By your mirror only darkness shows  
my face does not, take it back -  
Take it back and release  
my grandfather's cattle from your hold  
your words I hear there's no need  
to scold I'm a deep thinker that feels*

*how such empty miseducated portraits  
yearn for newly educated souls*

*Burn down Tyrone's tree of identity  
the day my eyes close, in search  
of home, in search  
of my spilt hopes  
scattered, as pebbles  
of stone*

## Need I?

*Need I remind you  
to hug the clock daily,  
and hold minutes and seconds dearly?*

*Need I remind you,  
that you could have gone  
to eternal slumber  
after last night's conversation?  
that your still being here  
is not your doing?  
is not by might, nor is it  
by virtue of own intellect?*

*Need I remind you, just how much  
you're not in control?  
Need I?*

*Pause for the black Mariah ?*

*Dethrone your hat  
when you witness her slow elegance  
hug the neighborhood corner  
Lower your countenance  
of callousness and certainty  
Set aside your foolish pride  
and show her some respect*

*Never be self-assured, in her presence  
She hates that, for she has eyes  
and just as she passes by, remember  
she knows the remnants  
of your final day, and she knows  
the way, of your last ride*

*She knew you, and heard your name  
when you shattered her eardrums  
with your first cry, rudely waking her  
from across the sleeping ethers of time,  
announcing your arrival  
She knew from then on, she will carry you  
to the afterlife, when the hour -  
known to her only ? has come*

*Need I remind you, layman?  
No journey is more final, than hers  
? Pause -  
for the black Mariah*

## Love Is A Language

*Spoken by many, heard by the few  
love, is a language*

*? Love -  
is the only language  
your pot plant knows*

*Affectionately so,  
in the morning dew  
love's gentle fingertips softly  
unfold and rise on their stems,  
whence the heart's goodness spills  
from within, to the world*

*-  
As the word says, they do  
and eternally, they glow  
because love, is a doing word*

*Open the curtains of your heart  
Tend the garden of your being  
take in the sun, and let love's color  
adorn the windowsills  
of your soul, for written by many  
yet felt by the few, love  
is the only language  
your pot plant knows*

*Of love, never let go*

## Dry Red

Take me  
to that place, dry red  
only you and I know of  
invisible, to this earthly world  
That place where  
foregone stars roam freely,  
hosting thine perfumed aroma

Spill over my forlorn garment  
of silence and solitude  
and stain its garden soil  
with your luscious kiss  
imbued in floral hints, plum  
and berry hues

Like paper, crumple my resist  
Flick the light to my slow burn  
and in my relent to ashes  
scatter me, over the oceans  
atop crafted ivory notes  
and call me back  
to the still waters  
of my acquired self  
in rediscovery, lost  
in delectable sonics, lest I go  
and not come back

Lest I slit my wrists, take me  
to that place again  
where you and I only  
know the merlot intimacy  
of man and song

Make me bold, lessen  
the haunt of my secrets  
and troubles, be my trumpet  
be my trombone, be my cello,  
piano, and magnolia  
Heaven knows I live best  
when I forget, in musicality  
In escape!

Encapsulate me, ruby red  
Take me again  
to the moon and back  
as in this abyss  
of low jazz, and my darkened room  
I wander, aimlessly, into the night  
decadent, purple, and all yours  
to seduce



## From My Bubble, Many A Time

Lookin' out, from my bubble  
between the pages of life's book  
under life's daylight color  
I've read of it, seen it,  
lived through it  
and even heard of it, alone  
among crowds of people  
I've always worn  
my heart on my sleeve  
for another, and  
without asking permission  
I realize, I've always been one  
to wear their misfit shoes,  
walk a bit of their mile  
internalize their pain and realize  
I've fallen prey many a time  
to being labelled  
a people pleaser  
and too soft a heart, the price  
of being humane  
That's just the soul I am  
From my bubble, I've come  
to appreciate a patient stillness  
savour acceptance, and love  
being the absence of judgment  
in all madness abound  
in much the same way, I've come  
to see value, many a time  
in the chess science, self-secrecy  
and education, of offering  
the first apology, for the sake  
of peace, a weakness

worth chastize in the eyes  
of many  
I've come far enough  
to value quiet observation  
lending an open ear  
and good deceit, or deceit for good  
if such exists  
I've learned the dignified art  
of calmness in the face  
of aggressive confrontation  
arrogant bigotry  
and conceited indignation  
that despite my best effort  
I never could match  
A fight I traded, in pursuit rather  
of that inner peace  
that surpasses mortal understanding  
including, many a time  
that of my own  
Yet I have had to, painstakingly  
fathom; the earnest man  
seeks not recognition  
in writing his own story  
so it is that, this time around  
on the graffiti of all disenchantment  
I have learned to be okay  
with being invisible

I've even fought, won and lost  
to all the living crypted mazes  
of friendships, love, and honesty  
and failed against my own standards  
and those of others  
'gainst my fostered shortcomings  
battles from which shame's last name  
taught me redemption's first

Learning along the way  
and looking back, so far  
I wouldn't alter my compass  
and still wish to,  
on this lonesome trail in my mind  
remain ever same  
til this bubble bursts

## Learning To Unlearn

Onward in life  
learning to unlearn  
certain traits becomes  
a great part  
of our becoming  
One we should never  
underestimate  
The big bend  
in the river  
we should never miss  
The questioning of self  
is how stick meets stone  
The questioning of self  
is how the fire  
gets stoked  
Otherwise it dies  
we row wayward  
get lost in the smoke  
and never become

## Bottled Spider

Tinker tailor, soldier spider  
the young adventurer lay  
deaf to his favorite sound

Out of town, out of sight  
over the railroad tracks  
boy smiles

To the blazing midday sun  
of cloudless day  
of the recluse spider  
boy holds up the jar  
in fascination, eager  
to show daddy his find  
soon he gets home

Let the sheriff know  
spider sees the vagabond  
sees his smoking gun  
'pon her freefall  
Feels the cold of death  
before jar hits the sand

Eight legs to point him out  
spider sees him evermore since  
in magnified replay  
from her contained glass view

The jar lid is closed  
The fallen bicycle's wheel spins  
and all the while, perpetually  
past boy's last blink, the distant  
ice cream truck sings



## Ngwana Mama

These misfit puzzle pieces  
of awkward childhood memories  
to this day, leave me to ponder  
from time to time, questions  
I could never answer  
about us, questions  
whose tears I can only restrain  
from flooding, but could never  
explain

Tell me - Are you not  
my mother's child?  
Did you not prepare  
the womb for me?  
Did I not carry this baton  
of life over, from your gentle palm?  
Why then, does the air we breathe  
always feel at odds between us?  
What exactly, unsettles it?

Are you not cut from the same  
umbilical chord, that became mine?  
Sister mine, do we share an unspoken lie  
or did I suckle the same nipple  
you left behind?  
Why then, did your trail fade  
with the misty meadow?  
When did you disappear  
before me? And will you ever return?

See, missing what we should be  
though vividly I recall  
your silent resentment

I was a child, as were you  
and I cannot say why  
ours resembles an ever dying flower  
on an eternal winter, why  
we are scattered, torn pieces  
of what was once a letter  
from home - I cannot say

Does it matter - should it matter  
who my, or your father, is?  
If that's what it's about  
Should our needing each other  
not surpass that?  
Who is to blame?  
And what existence will blame  
afford our offspring, outside these islands  
we've helped build, and let garner mass?  
Are you not my mother's child?

Why are we so apart?  
Why is it so hard to forge  
a bond of blood?  
That child in me has to accept  
but does not understand why  
I am not your true keeper  
for though you are far away  
hand in glove  
you are still a gift to me





## Blood Red Winter

The distant dunes have turned misty blue  
and the earth surface is hard  
It is pale, and barren, it is empty  
and cold - as cold and broken  
as I feel

Yet, on plods my fickle throbbing heart  
knowing, only a jaw locked bravery  
shall remove this splinter  
from your steel arrow, trust  
wed me with - only a rough courage  
can pull this vanity curtain down, love  
adorned me with

A warm gush of color stains the snow  
as my screams tear the universe  
till my voice loses sound, in itself  
a war cry, echoing infinity, claiming  
power from pain, and victory  
from injury, with hot bitter tears

In a flick, I pass out, and ebb away  
spent and exposed, and not caring  
at all for my naked soul  
as the Blacksmith tosses the splinter  
and carries me home -  
It's a blood red winter.

## Caged Bird

Caged bird  
caged, in praying hands  
Caged bird, sing  
Sing the dew off my deceased  
suitcased dreams  
in the reverberation of thine  
flapping wings, till morning breaks  
till my release  
till the skies are blue  
and clouds are white  
I pray, sing  
caged bird, sing!

## I Was Here Before

I carry within me  
this quaint feeling one many  
an old soul and poet can attest;  
That I was here before

I was here  
when the light and sparks of time  
from the warmth of the fire  
between us, were fonder

In those years I swear  
I danced, I swear  
I laughed, cried  
and shared heartily in the oasis  
of life's innocence  
and simplicity  
Little much more did I need  
in those times

We had not much  
Needed not much  
comrades I ran the race with  
whose faces are fragments of a past  
of sheer living beneath the stars  
when hearts clad in minimal disguise  
clamored for ideals  
and what little contentment  
and peace attainable  
that mattered enough, then

I was here before  
when nobilities were true  
in art, in affection

in integrity, in humanity, in life  
I know I was here before  
when brotherhood and sisterhood  
were as genuine  
as the vanguard microphones, cursive  
handwritings and paint colored hands  
whose virtues toppled many walls  
built to class, and divide

I know my postcard sits as a footprint  
on history's unwavering memory  
that I was here before, and maybe  
just maybe, that is why  
water under bridges I don't  
recognize this world much  
and remain removed  
and unmoved till our pulse recommits  
the dreams of its inexhaustible  
nostalgic rebirth, stone  
against truncheon

## In Crevice

Hand outstretched  
blocking out the sun  
he dared step out  
dared face the light  
he dared fight back  
every forward step advancing  
an army, of critical probing eyes  
gawking, the defeated addict

He would've gone further  
had he not caught sight  
of himself, in a passing window  
the pathetic filthy creature  
he saw, a far cry  
from the a plus student  
he once was, a life  
all up in smoke  
with every perfect circle  
in the air  
he learned to blow

Back in the deep shadows  
he feels safe again  
the shadows have accepted him  
accepted his cowardice  
without judgment, without reproach  
stepping out was a flashback  
one of many, and none to come  
Stepping out never happened

Needle in arm, what good  
does courage do him really  
beside amplify his shame

when he can just go  
with the flow in his veins  
sinking high, flying low  
brains dosed asunder, ravished  
in his own abyss, in crevice  
and dying happy  
in the best living he knows

## Lone Purple

Held up  
to the bohemian philosophy  
that orbits her solstice  
her pen on paper  
reflects in blue  
but in purple she paints

Misconstrued  
Her war is passion  
in sarong, and soliloquy  
with the windmills of her mind  
fireplace, fine whisky  
and cigarette smoke  
she's as slow a molecule  
as molasses

Her passion is war  
in the rich colored violets  
portrayed by her violent thoughts  
- the most intriguing -  
inviting place to be

The lone writer  
is a matured ever-blue  
that fermented purple  
with each page



## Carrying Water

Something inside said I should commit these to paper. Something I cannot explain. Giving this a title was also a piece of work, that came with its own deliberation. The deliberation to depict can be so hard sometimes...

I could never tell you that I love you, and really mean it, no matter how much I wanted to. Driven by the urge to want to experience something I know I never had. I would give anything for us to be normal. I would carry the water, if reaching out would mean our fingertips would touch, for the first time, past the anger, hurt and inflicted trauma of the years, and the overwhelming rubix cube of emotions I've had to learn to untangle over time to try make sense of myself, so I can one day stand upright, look my own in the eye and call myself a guardian, and moreover, a man. Heaven is my witness, I don't know how I did it.

I don't know how I gathered myself up, from the scattered pieces that came from being a part of you. How I managed to unpluck the many daggers of old, whose wounds still bleed on overcast days, to this day. Against your resolute refusal to change have I had to feign affection just for us to get along, yet even that, is never good enough. Pulling myself together has been a long thorny road, and those who never believed me and took my bruises lightly I have forgiven a long time ago. I don't blame them. My story sounds unbelievable even to me sometimes. That a mother would do that to their own child.

I've lost enough tears over not understanding. Over wondering what is it I had done. If only I had enough fodder to make it true when I say the words I love you, I'm certain it would secure me the longing and affection I envy in others when they speak of home, hence I seldom come. I cannot trace and tell the mute awkward questions in our eyes when they meet. The same ones that fail the attempt before we even try. I don't mind carrying this water, for the both of us - only now, I got too used to walking alone.

These words are not my own anymore. I release them. They belong to the paper now. I need my children to shed tears of a different kind, over my grave, when the water spills, and gets swallowed up, by this bitter earth.

## Jazz State Of Mind

See, they don't understand  
We are the quiet devoted listeners  
of the world, the truest pulse feelers  
The reasoners  
The realest observers  
The mute appreciators  
of finest art forms  
The abstract thinkers  
of gentle world views

Life to us, follows a different code  
Many we are  
yet in their eyes we are few

They don't understand  
that we are merely paintings  
in art's chivalry mode, reflections  
of life's own elusive dreams  
and peaceful ideals

They don't understand  
why nobility is a code  
It's intrinsic, we know  
how sound, more than just notes  
to the refined ear  
is a sonic travel  
on a cosmic voyage

They don't understand  
how we are constantly lost  
in daydreams of soundscapes  
light as feathers  
to stratospheres, untold

They don't understand, why  
the pursuit of excellence matters  
to us, why  
we abhor conflict  
They don't understand  
and they won't

They will not understand  
silence and solitude  
Don't expect them to  
They are them  
and we love them

Jazz child dare not apologize  
for we know our kind  
when we come across them  
It's okay for them to not understand  
It is more than just ear nectar  
It is who we are  
Ours, is a love supreme

## The Way Only You Can

I miss you most  
I realize  
when you abduct me, unaware  
with those dark, gazing eyes  
When I catch myself, transiently  
wearing your face, imitating  
your lip curl, to myself  
what you would be saying  
about this, that, or other  
out of body, captured  
by sculptured imaginings  
conjured up, by your presence  
in your absence - stolen moments  
whose palatable vibratos  
thus murmur; Happy Soul  
the way only you  
can make them

## Social Media

Meanwhile, back at the river side  
they live as virtual socialites  
yet introverts on the street  
Navigating, barely visible traffic  
and catfish traffic lights  
following each other  
by and by, in dives  
in loves, trends, and in likes  
taking turns, at coming out  
for sunshine and air, mermaids  
of the never ending Nile

## Warm And Tender Love

I was ten, I remember, hearing Percy Sledge for the first time, singing Warm and Tender Love. It was a Sta-soft advert, a fabric softener brand. The imagery is still with me; vividly, the fabric softener falls gently on a comfy blanket in slow-mo, whilst the song plays. That for me was the best feeling to reach inside the tv and borrow. He was singing an anomaly, Percy. Something unreal to my existence. I knew that despite being unequal to the task of expressing it. Yet he sang it so well little did I know it would become the unheard humming soundtrack on many playing days. I knew it had to be real, somewhere inside, and looked forward to the commercial all the time.

It wasn't until quite later in life though, that I could understand the life-long question mark attached to the acute sting in the lyrics for me; that it was asking what love is, and what it means. I guess some things are indelible like that. The feeling of it takes on new meaning now, in the eyes of my little one, singing along innocently, having no idea how different it once felt, and how much more a gift her voice is to me, softening the fabrics of these once broken strings, even long after the scars have healed. My teardrops today, are pennies, and my heartaches are gold.

## When Love Dies

Hurt, is the fostered child of love  
born at high sea  
in the winds of August  
Hurt lived to tell the tale  
Hurt, is the surviving third degree burns  
from holding on tightly  
to love's burning flame

Tragic; the eternal optimist, love is  
Love is ever promising  
- despite everything -  
Love, is its own worst enemy  
Love dies believing  
in what could have been  
Love dies in hope, love itself  
dies holding on, oftentimes  
never letting go, love dies  
of a broken heart

It's a sad day when love dies  
from unmet expectations  
of two people with good intentions  
arteries beating assumptions  
opaque selective disclosures  
and jealousies hard to reconcile  
each shaping the other  
like pieces of clay  
for we both felt we loved  
and saw things the same way  
yet love dies in different colors  
in both our eyes, that have come  
to see culprits in each other  
where you and I once flew

a bright kite we called love

It's a sad day, when love dies  
for even in the September rains  
love dies a thirsty rose  
riddled with thorns, bearing  
little to no petal;

-

May the good coming rains  
wash all hurt's tears away



## Wildflower

Many a times, only Jazz hears, understands, and comprehends my loneliness the most. Like an undiscovered wildflower.

## Unforgettable

It's a uniquely special pearl, that feeling; to miss someone, when a song they love plays. Its fingerprint, is irreplaceable, indelible, unforgettable, and leaves its gentle mark, like no other.

## Tebo's Goodbye

An infectious moment  
worth a thousand words

I got home and took a bite  
of the pie I bought  
at the filling station  
along the way, but then  
didn't want anymore of it  
when you came back to me

Had I a camera then  
I would have taken  
a color picture;  
that visual impression  
of you waving me goodbye  
from the roadside, behind the house  
got so woven into me,  
for I realized in that farewell bid  
you were giving me  
a piece of yourself

Till we see each other again Tebo  
so much I took from it  
that all water became blood  
and got so sentimental  
that though it was time to leave  
all of it was enough

It's these sort of things  
that remind me why sometimes  
I yearn to be left alone, vulnerable  
to my demons, anguish and music -  
By your simple act of love

my fabric was enriched, Tebo

## The Last Mile

Many of us have seen it  
so many times  
to substantiate the view

Isn't it funny  
how we show potential  
and glimpses of strength  
in the stretch of our last mile?  
when we know we are going  
Isn't it funny?

The last bedridden effort remains  
a remnant, of the last gallant fight  
remains a promise  
These are the lessons loss teaches us  
when the grim reaper calls

## Mute

Words have caused wars  
The more less is said the better  
We have yet to understand that

## To The Weird Ones

In quietly beating their own path, the melancholic opera in the footsteps of the lone traveler, is seldom heard.

## Words Unspoken

From the wine glass beside her  
tears and sorrow overflow  
as the warm running tap  
meets the worried visitors  
by the doorstep  
in flowing red carpet

Floating, in her final quiet place  
and open wrists, in that moment  
she says all she could never say

The notes grant her every wish  
as in the background, on repeat  
Elton John sings Nikita  
knowing very well the bathtub  
runs so deep, the depth of her departure  
is something, they will never understand

Even so, in their hurried attendance  
they never take the time  
to hear her unspoken words, pouring  
out the mouth, of the unrelenting tap  
just as she predicted -  
In her silence, all she wanted  
was just to be heard



## Old Friend Muse

My muse is an old friend  
He's known me since childhood  
through all my different hues  
and coming of age  
Old muse never abandons me  
never vanishes astray  
My writer's block is merely  
him taking a break  
backpacking across Europe  
for however many days  
as and when he wishes  
Then I wake, some random day  
to find him hard at work  
humming some tune to himself  
my desk and ink laid  
We both love jazz you see  
He is the Potter  
and I the clay  
Ahead of time, we imagine together  
him and I  
May our friendship never die

## Azanian Death Of Poetry

What was the poet trying to say?  
They used to ask us in school  
Oh how I miss those days, doing the works  
of Shakespeare, Wordsworth and Frost

Over time, we have become so tone deaf  
and monotone in our perception  
of what poetry is and how and what  
we hear to be poetry  
reminds me of a post dispensation period  
when every TV show was about the struggle  
and every theme was political  
Film production, has since moved past those days  
It's clear our poetry hasn't

Whispers are never heard  
all we hear and consider, is praise poetry  
We are not concerned with the abstract  
reading the subtle writer's mind  
hearing their avantgarde frequency  
low candid tone and processing  
what they have to say  
nor admiring their window view

The obscure and nuanced is not our thing  
we mostly want praise and gallantry  
no subtleties and in-betweens  
our stimulus, confines in the spirit of tributes  
commemorations and praise

We have no room for intrigue  
and no patience to deliberate, thus  
the voice in the reader's ear should emancipate

to read as the writer wrote, lest this becomes  
the only poetry we know

I foresee this to be read and set aside  
conversational writers such as myself  
have become used to that sort of thing  
the oddities in normalized status quos  
The complicated ones  
coloring outside rhetoric lines  
Besides, not only does this touch a nerve  
it does not even rhyme

## Connectivity

The trees are connected to the stars  
in more ways than we care to imagine  
If only, we could realize  
the same applies to you and I  
soil and sky, Jew  
and Gentile  
is man at war  
with himself

## The Ponder Of It All

Of poets, kings and laymen alike  
drunk and sober  
I'm quite certain in pondering  
our own respective mortalities  
we all wonder and question  
what it is we are gathering  
with this borrowed time  
and what it will all mean  
when we are no more  
All this, whilst the windmills  
of our minds, still churn  
and steamboats still sail  
Of this, I am certain

## Regrets Of The Setting Sun

Admiring the orange colored sky  
scorn and ridicule - bitter ridicule  
is all he has, for the rays  
of the setting sun, forsaking him  
Taking all answers with it

Remarkable really, the irony  
in the curse  
beneath his breath, cursing  
the reflections of his broken dreams  
burning space, time and reach  
burning reason, burning the smirk  
burning the man  
in glorious conflagration

Needing to borrow more days  
it occurs, his glass of whisky  
cries out for ice, setting  
with the reminiscence  
of the once bright sun  
going down, with its rays  
and false promises

The lifelong sun  
must set with blame  
for his untied shoelace

## Shooting Stars

You may not believe it now  
as you hear it, but believe me  
shooting stars live a hundred years  
beyond their moments of brilliance  
and that's why the good suffer  
and die young - some from poison  
and some from confidence

Shooting stars are larger than life  
and will never be understood  
for lucifer knows God's garden  
and the lay of the land

Still we yearn, for constant stars  
and not shooting ones  
that take us with them  
The many who suffer, die young  
and die promising  
We must pray for our children

## Photo Album

I figure, we're all but pictures  
in a photo album  
Life's own memorabilia  
Still frames, of active times gone by

We are the roses adorning Pops  
next to his '86 Corolla  
We are that afro'd Dobie Gray portrait  
gracing Uncle's living room  
magnified by the warmth of his vocals  
We are ever so, the chocolate smudged  
grinning rascals, on yellow swings  
Our laughters, still echo the vinyl static  
of those days

We shed the same tears Auntie shed  
when her newborn arrived  
We are the sunshine of blessings  
jubilation, happy times, tricycles  
and the broken glass  
in Joe Cocker's voice

We are the memoirs of strife  
tape decks, combs in the hair, hopscotch  
and songs our mothers used to love

-

We'd like to think we are black and white  
truth is, we are much more colorful  
and connected, as photos in an album

Like a bag of spilled beans  
we are the collective remembrance  
of all these people - and more



We are the symphony of it all!

## I Heard It In A Song

I heard it in a song  
grasping for reach  
on the radio last night  
my soul's journey  
in the still without light  
beyond this earth  
our crutched, broken reigns  
in convicted, confident solos

-

Borrowing from tomorrow  
my sorrow heard it just right  
and regretfully, could resonate  
to take flight

-

I heard it, in a song

## The View

My heart has a room with a view  
where the countryside greenery lay  
wide, and all encompassing  
the sycamore trees  
my cup of coffee, and all  
far, dear, and near  
that within resides

## Flowers Love Music

Flowers love music I tell you  
We see them  
Our open eyes just can't hear them  
Plaintively, we live to strum their chords  
from beneath moulds of ground  
We ought to stop and listen  
Embroided is the haunt  
in the beauty and tragedy  
of living sound  
To each man his own poison  
and therapy

## This Friday

A loaded day, it's penned out to be  
This Friday  
of nostalgic heart strings  
triggered, and fervent - yet  
perceptive in reflection  
Overflowing with many longings  
Longings to right wrongs  
-  
From its reach, the heart  
is a clamoring fracture  
This Friday, needing wine  
holding back tears

## Night Magic

There exists a certain  
self adhesive, in the night;  
A certain match strike paper

Like a ghost, the juju dancer moves  
to its percussion sound  
banged, pierced, necklaced  
tattooed, misunderstood, in tune  
the dancer is an omnipresence  
He is he, she, and them  
sordid painted faces, bulged eyes  
of the horrid orchestra  
cats hear, in the wind howl

The outside light comes on  
A peek through the window  
nothing to be seen or heard  
except the moon  
and the barking dogs of course  
Except he, she, except them  
the whole concert, of prey  
and predator, in full swing  
and prowl

On this canvass  
episodes in story books begin to dance  
and come alive while their pages  
lay asleep - all fiction, but all true  
- Magic - just beyond  
the periphery of light  
plays out, in the boundless  
pregnant and eclectic night

## Upon A Lifetime

Comforting souls  
whilst ripping hearts  
the brass band leads them  
down the street

-

Blood and tears water  
the roadside grass  
that evermore attests;  
He was here  
Tau e tshela  
Motaung wa Ramokgele

## Melancholic Solitude

Unoccupied, empty spaces  
make me think, in tune  
with myself; where music  
and my thouths only  
fill the room

I soar

-

Melancholic solitude  
remains a happy place



## Tin Cups And Shacks

So cooling, they say  
is the water from a tin cup  
on a rickety stool  
under a tree shade  
And so homely  
is the cleanliness  
of organized squalor

They compliment, so good  
the food they ate  
with their hands  
amid the abject absence  
of flushing lavatories

Such is the perceived charm  
of poverty  
when merely visited  
with promises  
of a better life

## The Coo Of The Dusk Dove

Somewhere out there  
the picturesque desert is dotted  
with a forlorn figure;

The buck skinned hunter gatherer  
who finds his way  
under the scorching sun  
and against the sand storms

The only map in in his mind's eye  
that knows the vast dunes  
like the palm of his hand

-

There are no street names  
There are no landmarks  
and no trees  
Still, he gets there;  
Every time

It occurs to me;  
I don't know him  
yet, he knows my becoming  
and the softness of the earth  
beneath his feet  
is sacred ground

My nicotine poisoned soul yearns  
to borrow his cardinal instincts  
for this lonesome search  
of the self  
whilst in my world  
the coo of the distant  
dusk dove still whispers

within me

## Family Secrets

The owl stare knows  
family secrets, as taboo fingers  
twitching to murmurs  
preserving truths concealed  
in hearts carved from stone  
Cold, nocturnal and ominous  
as the distant thunder  
of a sleepless summer night  
snuggled, with their comforters  
escorting many to the grave  
stiff - as abandoned leather  
Nemesis, to the light  
of day

## Gypsy

The gypsy read my palm  
and told me you and I  
were meant to be  
Pity you weren't there  
when it unfolded  
even having met your family  
Pity we didn't find each other  
at the crossroads  
where it all waited  
Pity the wind swept our locations  
that never reached me  
Pity I don't have your heart  
and this palm's empty of it all  
but missed opportunity

## When A Man Cries

They told a lie  
when they said a man doesn't cry  
about just how deep a shun  
in time, that well runs

The resonance is not an easy thing  
to identify, when a man cries

Giving in;  
The mother of all resistance,  
and toppling of the queen  
would have met on the battlefield  
where the chariot lost its wheel  
and redemption became a fallacy  
that brought a man's courage  
to its knees, for Hercules  
to weep

For it is only when circumstance  
demands much more than his knight's  
testosterone could ever give  
When the compelling pain far outweighs  
what the armored heart can receive  
lamenting perished hopes and losses  
no consolation can restore  
that his hardened preservation  
becomes a fleeing horse

The tungsten chain is broken  
and the check mate sun  
sets in the east reckoning deeds  
of society, expected, imposed  
upheld, bought and borrowed

when this happens

Unspoken pain servers the jugular

When alfa Hercules dies

inside unto none, but himself

rendered an overnight ruin

of the once mighty coliseum

at the norm hands of the mortals

who built it

## Foreigner

I can be easily told apart  
by the shiny sweat of my brow  
toiling their gardens

-

My broken English  
is what little I offer  
to be heard  
so as to feed my stomach  
with what pittance I earn

Aware I am a question mark  
to some, and an unwanted  
to others, I have made peace  
with indignity - for dignity  
I cannot afford

My mother tongue  
meets no familiar faces  
My story is here  
and nowhere -  
I am a foreigner  
far from home  
Far, and in between



## The Smell Of Rain

The unique pollen  
in the smell of rain  
serves to remind us  
with each drop  
kissing the skin  
that we're all but little children  
in the grander scheme of things;  
Scatterlings of tiny specks  
in the universe  
of our differences  
unconscious gullibilities  
and disconnected fingers

## Raw Emotion

Raw emotion  
is windows without curtains  
Raw emotion is raspy  
and anguished  
Raw emotion is painful  
plaintive, sweet and sensitive  
like a pierced nipple

Raw emotion is a craving  
and a love stitched  
behind a human collar

Raw emotion is a catch  
a hook, a grip  
and a firm rip that scatters  
buttons on the floor

## Grandma's Cooking

You realize it now  
in the reminiscence of your adulthood;  
All the things she said  
without verbally saying them

She said I love you;  
My grandchild  
She said I care for you  
I provide for you  
She said I transfer  
whatever grace I have left  
over to you  
for you to run a well fed  
and meaningful race

She said all these things  
and more  
without fancy words  
and complex ingredients  
in her simple, and soulful cooking  
that wove all the fabric and nurture  
of who you were to become  
in her heart, more than yours  
could ever wish for