

Collected Raindrops

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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*

Woman Of Color

*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
keeping the world
from ending*

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
leaving their names on walls

-

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 Poppo
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 laughter, 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 tea
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

whilst the show goes on

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 is 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
coming undone at the seams

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

The So-Called Free World

The disturbia when
it is referred to as the free world
now and then, when many
would offer life and limb
to a penny
dying to get in
for possibilities out of reach
is but a picture called out
from a sinner's dream

Let this be known further
to whoever shall listen
in future
that today's torrentials
were a wasteland
of heavy laden hearts
wandering in the dystopia
of welfare lines
among boutique silhouettes
with earpods and umbrellas

Illuminati

Many creative ambitions die
by the altars of making a living
Ambitions of those not prepared
for paying the sacrificial price
to the gatekeepers of blood
currencies, and gifted dreams
Gatekeepers, at whose blessings
many a charlatan thrives
parading yet obscured
in vivid transparent sight

-

Keepers of the way
and torchbearers' spirits
thus decipher this indictment
on artistic consciousness

Abduction

I love it when music
takes you to a place
you've never been
Somewhere
between happy and sad
where identity and distance
don't matter
but take precedence
in resonance

To Tshepang

There's so much power
in the meaning of words

-

It's an emotional upheaval for me
every time she calls me Papa
for then I am reminded
of who and what
I ought to be; life
then makes more sense
and I am deeply moved
to be the best father
I never had; this one
is for you, Tshepi
my four leaf clover

Naked People

Somehow I've always been drawn
to naked people
with naked hearts

Those not dressed
with the artificials of this world
not embellished with pride
disarmed of self preservation
vanity and all else

-

I find they are simple
simple, as taking a breath

These barefoot wayfarers
always stand out to me
in their admirable humility
They are my tribe
for they feel natural
and genuine against my skin
like rose gold cashmere
in strands of natural hair

-

They embody evermore rarities
to which my being aspires
in their virtuous accessibilities
that ever appear
tried and tested
and never tiring

Flicker

Like a lightning flash
it caught me blindsided

-

I never saw its attire
reaching for my hand
whatever it was

-

But when it was done
I sure did admire
the lessons I'd missed
through every tear and smile
rightly lost and falsely won
on the light strips
of a perpetual skid
whence we wined
tangoed the night, spun
veered off the bridge
flipped, and crashed

Pisces Child

Dare not stare at the moon
Pisces child
when the sun goes down

Like deep river fish
shoaling unending songs
in enraptured euphoria
you shall see no sleep

Like the foraging wolf
all night long
bridging the distance nigh
in solemn howl
discovering insomnia
as the lonely town
it really is

Declare it thine phobia
Pisces child
to call it peaceful sleep
till night and day come to meet

When Death Clamors The Skin

Courage is the strive
as he tries to be brave
yet tangible is the knot
the esophagus fights for life
inside the near bursting banks
of the man choking
from death's decree
apparent in his sorrow
tailor made for center stage
gracing audience, weak
and drowning at the knees
paying final respects
to a departed dear friend

Never has there been
a sadness more transparent
Never has there been
a more sad willow tree
mourning a fall from grace
than when death punctures
the swollen pimple throning
the grieving heart's throb
only to clamor the skin
from the proceeding bleed
cleansing onlooking souls awweep
for man's original sin
in the bitterest of trinctures

All and sundry vacate
and her never returning
remains the empty scene
staring him in the face

Forever Young

I am as young as the old music my heart sings along to in its time, forever.

Unrequited Siblinghood

At times they will use the umbilical chord as a rope against you. Strangling your desire for siblinghood they know of, knowing it's a desire you'd lay your life down for. That is just the way it goes sometimes.

Introverts

And then there are those who wrestle with their own minds. Alone in a world full of people. Misunderstood, even when understood. Cosmic puzzles, even unto themselves.

Amber Lights Ahead

There's an old rustic bridge
of human wisdom
over the island
between risking it all
and letting go
ready to dissolve
into the misty blurr
of the amber lights ahead
in the dying
unto one's self
skydiving in sacrifice
injured but opting
to rather limp on
forsaking all earthly promise
when freedom is the cause

The Scent Of Her

The fabrics from her closet
let her freshness come alive
to permeate the scene
in bright color and smile
taunting senses
evading the needful grasp
of his fingers

A chuckle in tenor enhances
the imagined conversation
musical notes as she laughs
Patchouli, musk and amber
are fragrant with zeal
in the scent of her
that ever lingers

My People Are Down

Speakers blaring
in a crowded club
somewhere in Mozambique
my people are down
drinking cold quarts
to cool off the night
my people are down
down to passada
dressed to kill
kill the humidity
getting down to forget
their problems to the beat
and the infectious rhythm
sharing love from one
to another like the breeze
and the palm trees

Principles

The thing about principles
is they are available
to imagine
logical to depict
self serving to preach
yet hard to portray
by the fallible man, engulfed
in a compromised
unprincipled world
of saints and sinners

A true sage knows
the art of discernment
meditative silence
and thoughtful discipline
are the only answers
to stay the footpath
for principles are loyal
only to themselves

My Favorite Things

The cobblestone
in a waltz
with the moon
the coal stove
tin roof
and whistling kettle

Books and coffee
The snow
the fireplace
pipe tobacco
and letters from home;
Classical paintings
under the everyday sun

I

I
am humble mahogany
-
I am a craft
borne of hearts of old
whose devotion was duty
and love a sacrifice
scarred, unquestionable
soft and centered
strong and dependable
as polished oak
Time itself
had to wait for me
I
am an old soul

Moments

A cozy bask
in a patch of sun
on a winter morning
'gainst a heated wall
heated from the rays
- Promising -
-
- Funny, ain't it -
how those moments
despite unemployment
and stark uncertainty
were the greatest
and most fertile?
-

Just a thought from experience
looking back
Ghetto butterfly

Vicissitude

Whilst you complain
of not having milk
in the fridge
remember that hunger
and poverty
know no table manners
So pardon me
and judge me not
for gobbling just about
anything
Let my depravity
not offend
your anchovies!

Dismiss
Live and let live
just as I dismiss
your mispronunciation
of my name and surname
Our graves
share measuring tapes
where the sky and horizon
meet and part ways

Bitter Medicine

Those left behind
must go on
without you
and make it work
without you
all the while celebrating
your birthday
with prayer
and memories
whilst being poets
of their own fate
-

The bitter medicine
and tonic
that death is

Silver Gray

Silver gray
is a privilege
For silver gray
is the collective sum
of experience
and wisdom

In this youth
I pray that my silver gray
be worth the journey
and a holy grail
to pass on
to my descendants
in its dying tooth

Single Malt Scotch

Unleash this arrested
wanderer in me
surviving a dreary day
and pour me a shot
of single malt
searching the night
for a place
to call home

- Scotch - neat -
- on the rocks -
with a just a dash
of water
pickles all affliction
internal, untold
and brings out
the flavor
- releasing -
this poet's favor
of its troubled pause

On a rainy day
preferably
for all proclivity
at highest potency
all sweet; all sour
to run free
tap dance; and smile
free of fault
to weep - to gather
spill, and shout out
every heartfelt treasure
soaked

in elixir warmth

For the reflective moments
carried away
between the depths
of brine laden sighs
and thoughtful breaths
on this odyssey
this I decree;
Scotch the pleasure
Scotch the pain
Scotch, the stylus needle
to my gramophone

Looking Back

Feels like just the other day
through the milky way
of time
leaving the cinema
warm and fuzzy
inside
bow-tied, at you
I smiled
classy, fur coated
crossing the street
how endearing
the music

If only you knew
how perfect
the neon lights
and my affection
at the time was
just over my shoulder
to this day
that my silver age
shall not erase

Humility

Some of us come from mud houses, and not forgetting that is what keeps us grateful. We are not afraid. We are just humble.