

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*

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*

Handheld Device

Now he's texting to get her back

He would've felt her disbelief

and probably believed it

He would've heard her screams

He would've felt her arms eject his

Would've felt love recede

He would've heard the door slam

He would've, seen her leave

had he not been so handheld

by the device

-

Classic modern day love chronicle

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!

The Truth About The Truth

*The truth about the truth
is that it's a world on its own
whose nakedness we might never know
and whose hidden scars may never heal,
for it's cursive contortions dance
off the very tip, of a sharp knife's blade
scribed for the ears' auricles*

*It contrasts that easily believable truth
whose libra weighs profits
lives and vaccines
That truth that birthed the three worlds*

-
*The peddlers of this truth
preach socialism to the poor
yet they die rich, whilst the homeless die
seeking a land of refuge*

*See, the gospel truth the savior died for
was painted different a color
like they did the shade of his skin
Salvation traded today for elusive prosperities
from pulpit altars of glittered deceit
This truth does not free, it enslaves -
enslaves even it's own storyteller*

*Sadly, where the real truth lives
it's now the poor who further deprive the poor
depravity traits learned, from ageless
dusty pits of parched wells
whence the self-serving placed them
in scarcity, each man living for himself
inclinations long taught by chains*

*accepting apologies them never gave
wealth drained, masquerading a guilt redemption
as reparations and world aid*

*The truth about the peddled truth
is that none of it, was ever
true at all - The uncomfortable,
real truth, seeks no favor
will leave many dumbfounded
and has to offend the vain*

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 is 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*

*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 and 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

