

Windows to a Dream

Junior Mboweni

Presented by

My poetic side 



summary

Friend

Choose Your Story

Mi Story

Letters

Damned

Touched

Words

Let Go

Sonnet I

Delinquent

The Cutting Game

Untitled...

Who am I

Borderline pt1

Burning

Naked

Friend

Said you want to be my friend and nothing else
My friend, seen my pain, a friend, you prescribed it helps
A friend not a fiend I held at that!
What's a friend who calls in need? A friend perhaps

But where are friends when I'm in need? What are friends in deed
How you come when I've endured, you're made from manure
When I finally check the score we ain't friends no more
Be my friend? You want to be the first at my end...

To be my friend, it should never depend
How many friends are only friends, what's something else?
Was more or less to make me rage, is the hope you held
Now that I think of it, it's stuff... I'm glad we've settled

I would've thought you were down but you seemed a bit desperate
Mean why you wanna be around but your mug just says it
I won't wine, I've got spirit
I got friends, aplenty!
It all ends, I can't please
So what that means, you want to be friends
Only to be enemies?

Choose Your Story

I chose the sad love story
Short straw but not sorry
Not even a small leaf
Chose different they all leave

Woke in the middle of all seas
Blood in the middle, they all C's
Oh Caesar how you've fallen
Warrior, fought it all, love has stolen

Daggers thrown from all sides
The front you called love
The fire of it blinds
A pain that makes you starve
A Heart against a Mind
A pain thing, a carve

A painting on the surface of your Glam
A script that has you walking like you're damned

A fickle trouble
Type to make you slip and fumble
A troubled thing
I chose the story that seemed interesting

Mi Story

Missing in action

Missing heart

Miseducated?

Misdirected

Missile locked?

Miss emotions

Midst spirits

Mistook what's given

Lost in Mystery

Mastery, assorting me with the assaulted

Miss me with Mrs Me?

This Me story

Messy me,?

Mad me?

Mischievous me

Miss? Not me, my strays have targets

My strain Titanium petals, don't belong in a garden.

Miss me with pity pardon,

Picking parts of history to pick apart and prick at me

Won't pick me up

You pignapped me?

Pan, pin, ponder the point?

You're Petter petty

A pied Piper?

A sly slitherer?

Side stabber

Sigh stealer

Letters

Letters How many left us How many led us Still getting over many like ladders Too many set ups One should sit up Sipped up too much of my cup Can't look up A blank page I play And people scribble on it with colours that stay Words go astray like cats and dogs at night and leave a hole in my soul I cannot weigh Peaches, I'm picking up pieces of what peace is Piecing it together word for word I see a picture Trying to get out the stigma of living in fear Living ain't fair but death is Love cuts severe And even happiness brings tears

Damned

Know a changing in place of words,
Changes the meaning, it's absurd
Thinking of what I heard
Thinking about how it hurts

What you said and how you said it
Where you're going, where I'm headed
To think of all my secrets
Used as heat-seakers

Oh where is all my sleep
Thought that looked liked a wolf, where are all my sheep
Do you see the bitch in me, dissecting you, dissecting me?
Discussing me Infront of me, like discussion disgusting me

Like I don't cuss enough, like I don't even try
Who knew a diamond in the rough was a Devil in disguise

Touched

Handcock

Hancock

She says John Hancock or get a handjob

She met many who payed to play and then kicked rocks

Text messages and back scratches

A missionary, In and out addresses

Picked out good mattresses

You get what the balance is

She juggles a few who she has by the jugular

You could scam or flip, she's good with the spatula

Gotta admire her

Her love is spread like wildfire

Pieces of her left leave a trail

That circles back to a time when she was frail

When she failed to fight and ships sailed

Touching how at 6 years old she read loves brail

Words

Sticks and stones will break my bone
But words alone have fractured souls
Words, a thousand pictures
A thousand cuts and sores
Death by sword

A deafening cry of an infant
Read in an instant
Like a tempest temper
Words that tore out atria

Words that brought light
Words that brought life
Words that divided day from night
Words that gave the hopeless might

Words to arouse
Words to harken
Words that roused hellbound men to war again
Words meant and unmeant
Words that explain
Words we lament
Words that say a lot and nothing at all

Let Go

Let the pain wonder
Let it fester
Let it be your vector
Let it ease the pressure

Let the tears flow like an untapped river
Let them out to a stranger
Let them rediscover
What One has left asunder

Let it hurt til it can't no more
Let your anger animate your love for war
Let the rain pour
Let them be, all who witness, victims of what they saw

Let your pain be
To you alone set it free
Let it kill you a little, let it breathe
Let it all out, it hurts cause it's time to leave

Sonnet I

I said you'd never find a lover,
Love ya better than I did
But you did
Divided by sea,
I see you parting seas,
Grasses greener so why you here?

The sleep, I should be asleep somehow I'm weak, I can not sleep
I might not wake
I can not eat

This parasite is eating me
It's feeding me what's in my brain

I think about it,
I lost the last of me that's sane

Delinquent

Sitting in class
don't mean the standard
I mean the havoc caused when kids left in the room
Notes in the roam
You think we'll pass
I'm thinking this teacher won't learn from her mistakes
Soon as she walks in I give her correction
Ungrateful, she's not connecting
That's not my problem
Says solve it on the board
I'm bored, can't she see it on my face?
This lesson
I'm not learning
She's not teaching
She's only tryna make me feel small too
I'll bring her up to size
So I drew a size even she can't handle
With her big mouth
The horror!
I think the office is a park
So I get there and don't give a dam nor a lake
Yeah, I mean I aim high
But who do you know who's got a good job
Oh yeah that guy...
It's funny cause the key to success opens the door to failure
So when you see me and see a future
I see another nugga with colors dressed as flags
And all the drama that comes from smoking fags

The Cutting Game

*I cut myself, I call it the cutting game
Watch the scares heal and cut again
Cutting out all the pain
Cutting the surface but the inner struggle stays the same*

*Idolized a few who held their destiny by the horns
You tie your laces, tying nooses is their porn
To raise hell, for what more were they born
They say watch out for roses, watch out for they have thorns*

*Holding on, it won't be long til this ride is over
A two tailed coin is what it is, I'd rather the end be closer
blue in the face as the sky, as the wind blows through my composure
Gift and a curse, I'm glad I leave it all when it's over*

*Suicide is an option, I think about it
CSI as I see a clearer side
No sewer slide but the stench of How I feel inside
I cut myself and lie on what I feel is pride*

Untitled...

To the previous generation

Midas had a daughter
She learnt all he taught her
Pushed her on the sofa
Now she's pushing down a stroller

It was written in her stars
She knew who she was
She went from hell to Mars
Then hell again then healed the scars

Same hands that blessed the waters
Damned, they touched his daughter
She learns that that's the order
Things are never as they oughtta

The cross drawn in the sky
She believes she can fly
With the sleepers' gleam in her eyes
No longer wonders why they become gods when they die

Who am I

What am I to turn a caterpillar into a butterfly
When a butterfly is but a fly
Striding by and by
While not seeing I to I
That I may live to see
Something more somewhere across the sea
Something I don't yet see in me
Somehow it sees and it calls on me
It's lonely as I go
Dressed to see beauty in the snow
A shield to me
It hides me
A light ahead
A place to lie my head
Who am I to question who I am
What makes a man
Where to go when there's no place to go
Go on
Although it's harder as I go
It's harder as you grow
It's hard either go, up or down
I'd rather go with a smile rather than a frown

Borderline pt1

My nugga died
Was it a homicide
Or a harm of pride
A pain like knife in your side
I hum inside
Resisting the urge to cry
Wanna purge, the hurt, and so I'm high
I fear I feel outloud
I howl at the moon like a hound
Everyday seems to sprain
Raking in my brain
All these leaves
Tugging on the weeds
My reasoning's oblique
These vultures hammering beaks at me
Let me be
Let me balloon, set me free
Cause gravity feels like the devil's grabbing me
One step closer to getting over
One step closer to falling over, borderline.

Burning

Burning pages with my blood
Burning to move again, stuck in the mud
Burning of bridges we built when we were happy
Burning like dreams under hair that stays nappy
Burning to live a dream, life's a gain
Burning to live like well live again
Burning through memories like they're wrapping weed
Burning all of the ghosts we keep around that we don't need
Burning away any feelings harboured still
Burning like a forest fire blown out of will
Burn, baby burn it all to the ground
Burning like the things we long to say but are bound
Burning brain cells, burning time
Burning of ladders after we climb
Burning in hell is all you earn
Burning to watch the world burn

Naked

Wonder why it turns out like it did
Why you never win, it's rigged
Always chasing doves in the wind
Like you gotta love to know you've lived
What you would give to know where true love lies
Love lies where you lie
Will you rise?
Will you ever use your eyes
What you would never do, you did for love, it's wasn't worth it
What you thought would make a bond, like a magic wand, it wasn't working
Left you feeling naked
They say it's what you make it
Too many out here fake it
Not too much of what you throw its more of how you take it