

Anthology of Kutlo Moletsane

Presented by

My poetic Side 



Dedication

To my God, for the strength, grace, and guidance through every season.

To the woman I am becoming.

To every girl out there

Acknowledgement

These pieces were written across different seasons of my life. Moments of joy, struggle, reflection, and growth. Each poem carries a part of my journey, shaped by real experiences, emotions, and lessons learned along the way. From quiet battles to profound realizations, this collection is a testament to resilience, faith, and the beauty found in becoming.

About the author

Kutlo Moletsane is a writer, artist, storyteller, and digital creator based in Gaborone, Botswana (Africa) Her work explores themes of purpose, personal growth, and lived experiences, often expressed through poetry and reflective storytelling. Guided by faith and shaped by real-life journeys, she uses her voice to inspire, connect, and create meaning through words.

summary

A Jewel in Disguise

Ninety-Nine For The One

A Woman Loved Dearly: She did not break she bloomed

A second Man standing

A Jewel in Disguise

I went down memory lane
Seeking for answers but in vain
Once i'd felt a twinge of pain,
The echo whispered, "no pain, no gain!"

Still, I went down memory lane
But this time I set my eyes on things above
And that is when I could access Your unfailing love
And I figured, seeking You was not in vain

In my quest I discovered a Being that crafted me in the likeness of Himself
The enemy though crafty could not figure Him out you could ask the Twelve
While in my chase and in my lane I stumbled upon One that granted me another kind of Himself
He hath not deprived me of Himself and thus it is illicit of me to withhold myself

The Holy Spirit is another kind, another?
I've seen One that sticks closer than a brother
Yet I can still call Him "Abba Father!"
Your caress is warmer than that of a mother
I am now a daughter in your House all covered by Your feather

God of Abraham, You are a God of covenant
I am now a remnant in your government
You wanna speak of colorant, of sins being red as scarlet and my God making them white as snow?

You want to ask about a God so evident while He is the President and I am a resident?
The proof is right here, Jesus is near
And if you are hanging on by a thread, make sure its the hem of His garment

God of substantial significance and coherent factuality
The realism of You permeates even the hardest of hearts
Like with Ezekiel You turn hearts of stone into hearts of flesh and You are the chief corner stone
A rock and a pillar, a firm foundation

I now know One that is both a Lion and a Lamb, a safe haven to His own and a terror to the other kingdom

In all Your wisdom , You are both a King and a servant

And while still in memory lane I discovered, that no one could fathom the reality of who You really are

Ninety-Nine For The One

Once God spoke,
Twice I heard Him
The word He proclaims is seed
The same He formed on the **3rd** day
It all sprout forth like the light He'd decreed on the **forth**
His voice thundering as though from the North
By reason of His exaltation , as One from above
The same that was slain is now Savior
The same that was mocked is now Judge
I therefore cannot bear a grudge
No matter how gruesome people could be
Gruesome? Gruesome I know not
Grace? That I know much!
That which takes away the filth
The one represented by the **5th**
He has bestowed it upon the humble,
Lest they crumble
And that's just how the cookie crumbles

Its on the **6th** day that He made man
Made man not man-made but made in the image of the Maker
Can I also call Him Baker?
You know how the bread became the body,
As to who could explain that, nobody!
But as to who could partake of, everybody!
This serves as one of His best creation yet
So the Potter could rest

While birds were tweeting in their nests
And the fish bathed in the body of water without any threat of nets
The sparrows fleeing above without worrying about soaring jets
The Creator cares for the sparrow in spite of how little
How much more humanity, it is profane to deem His love brittle

For the Author is not fickle

Thus I believe Him when He says they'll come in one direction and flee away in **7**

Seven different directions, a complete mockery, so the Creator laughs!

I ponder upon these promises and I reckon, God ate (**8**)

Never wrong, never sinned, never late

Hence why I call Him Great

Because He chose to leave the ninety-**9** for the one

A Woman Loved Dearly: She did not break she bloomed

There's speculations doing the rounds
That You bind up the old wounds,
Cause light to come out of darkness
And make the best out of the worst

There's claims that have been stamped for approval
Insisting that God is a girl-dad
I believe them so bad
I'm assuming it gets the boys mad

I am inclined to believe,
Because You have covered Woman with love as with a shield
The one by the well was star-struck and dumbfound
Like a child witnessing a magic trick, she fell for it! She fell for You, Messiah
Though her dirtiest of laundry was dug up as deep as the well itself, she left knowing it is well

In the most unfathomable way did You spare the one caught in adultery
Potentially marking this occurrence as one substantial act of grace recorded in history
Guilt should have been her portion, or even death itself,
But you overcame both and shamed her shamers
She shrunk and fought for dear life as her accusers aimed at her
But You blocked them not with shield but words
It then rings true that your Word is like a sword, double-edged

You fashioned Woman in the most appealing way
Took Your time as You sat outside of time
You should have used clay but used man's rib, a sure sign of notability and unity
It could have been a life sentence, but You gave her beauty for ashes instead

A second Man standing

Can two things be true at the same time?
Or does faith oppose fear in real time?
What is it going to cost me to wait for the right time,
When my days are so dark it feels like night-time?

Two things can be true all at once.
Because even in my darkest of days,
I saw a little bit of light.
In my most crushing moments,
it was oil that oozed and not blood.

"It should have been a life sentence," they exclaimed.
But beauty bloomed...
and the Groom turned my grave
into a flourishing garden.
This burden He carried,
He held fast and never let go

Fire. Light. Scorching deep pain.
Laying there, undone, almost insane.
How do I rise from this bed
when my body feels heavy with dread?

I thought I was alone...
or so I believed.
But even in the silence,
space was being made
for beauty touched by decay.

Cold. Dark. Hollow.
A beggar of hope.
It all felt like a dream...

Until I discovered a second man
standing with me in the fire.

Like Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego...

I am not alone.

There is a mysterious Man
standing with me
in the fire.