

True Inspirations

Maria Sharon Moemise

Presented by

My poetic side 



Dedication

This ebook is dedicated to my son, Theodore Karabo Moemise, who, since his conception, has been my inspiration, my reason for living, and to carry on writing. I hope and pray that one day, he will take the time to open this book and understand, by reading each and every poem, how his mother's mind worked. My granddaughter was born in 2017 and she has become my reason for smiling all the time. Every piece of poetry in this book comes straight from the soul. My hope for this ebook is that the readers understand that each poem here is also a special dedication to those who are still too afraid to speak out against gender violence and abuse of any kind. Lastly, I dedicate this book to those I love, as well as the ones I have loved and lost

Acknowledgement

Theodore Moemise (My son and only child)

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About the author

Sharon Maria Moemise (née) Vön Meull?nn was born into a huge family of 12 as the 11th child. It was in high school that she realized her talent for writing and she attempted to write her first novel when she was 16. After sending it to a publisher, it was returned with a lot of grammar mistakes which, at first, made her lose all hope of becoming a writer. She continued writing years later, but chose the poetry route. She has been writing ever since and published online. She decided that the best way to write was poetry and short stories, based on real events. Few of these poems tell of happy times, most speak of sadness, pain and tormenting times.

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Together, whenever

Together, whenever

Sharon Maria Moemise

The smile on my face speaks of the memories of those nights
when you left a lingering kiss on my forehead
It speaks of the moments I spent in your arms, breathing softly
To the rhythm of your heartbeat in my ears
As I lay my head on your broad chest, reveling in the aftermath
of a lovemaking so pure, so raw, so passionate, so complete
The bitter sweetness of having you for but a moment
The realization that even a love so urgent has to take a pause
makes me hang onto you tighter for dear life
Ere you take your leave, till next time, to a bed devoid of love
I dream of the next time you hold me tight, moulding my body
to fit your every imagination, your every whim
When you flicker your sweet tongue over my throbbing want
While you drink from my cup of musky juice
and make me spill the drops of sensation on your chin
Then you call me your oyster...your addiction, your love
Your gentle, yet urgent kisses warns of a stormy finish
while you hold my gaze with your eyes black as night
As you thrust home, hard, groaning, grabbing me so tight
and you kiss away the tears that stained my face
The tears that's a sign that our moments together ends
You tell me you love me and I tell you I love you more
Then I watch you drive off to a bed devoid of our passion
and I know, we'll be together again, whenever.

A glimpse of God

A glimpse of God

Sharon Maria Moemise

I saw God when I woke up this morning
as I stretched, my body with sleep, still tight
When I felt a drop of water on my face
when I thanked Him for saving me last night
I saw Him as I waved to a familiar face,
when I bade good morning to a stranger
When I ruffled the hair of a little child ,
who knew all about life's danger
I caught a glimpse of God today
as I felt the chill of winter on my skin
As I donned on clothes to warm my body
and wonder at the well-being of my kin
I saw a glimpse of Him morning, noon and night
as I looked at my child, breathless...flushed
and I told him about this " Great Man"
who created us in His image, slowly, never rushed
I saw God as I sat down, writing this verse
When He gave me the words and made me to be
a mouthpiece of His existence, His wonders,
His love...I saw God and He saw me!

A letter to God

A letter to God

By Sharon Maria Moemise

Dear God, please accept my now crumpled letter
Wherein I ask Thee for a life that is so much better
from the one I've been tossed into for far too long
where all that is good and right is but sold for a song
I have a few questions for thee as well dear Lord
Which I hope will make me wiser, if a response I afford
Why, dear Lord, do innocent babies bear the horrible brunt
of the blows adults throw when it is thee they do affront?
Why, dear God, do people get away with heinous crime
and satan enter the lives of the young at the promise of a dime
Where the weak suffer and the stronger only get stronger
and make the believers in God have doubt in their Redeemer?
Dear Lord our God, I thank You, for another year to my life
Allowing me to embrace all toward which I strive
For bestowing possibilities and chances galore
and making my view on life better than before
I'm grateful, Lord, to feel heavy rain on my dry skin
For hearing my payers as I beg forgiveness for my sins
And have the rays of Summer's heat beat upon me
From thy forever faithful servant, and true I always be.

As I Lay

As I lay

By Sharon Maria Moemise

The signs of time edged on my face
the rivers of sorrow leaving my being
As I lay in state, awaiting oblivion
the stars above to erase my suffering
Prayers ringing for my soul to rest
Tears dripping, memories flowing
A black cloud turning to white light,
beckoning, whispering my name
I'm ready. I relent and loose the fight
Silence... No, it's Angel's song
I float like a dry leave on a cloud,
arms stretched, awaiting acceptance
I'm on my final journey to deliverance
A tribute to one who fought and lost
My heart is still, my soul set free
As I lay in Glory, I hear you cry
I leave you with a love that will never die.

Babes in arms

Babes in Arms.

By Sharon Maria Moemise

If you were just a little child
In a world resembling the wild
where your parents are the beasts
huge fangs awaiting, you as their feast
If you were that sleepy little one
Awoken by the sound of a blazing gun
Waking to violent prods and painful poking
Not your mommy's loving, gentle stroking
If you were just that little babe
What would be your best escape
when home has become your torture cell
and the rest of humanity gone straight to hell?
If you were that sweet little thing
Whose existence, happiness should bring
Would you be sturdy against forces of evil
when, instead, you are served up as soup for the devil?
If you were that little child
Whose lifeless little body found in the wild
Ravaged by the same humans, who pretend to mourn
Would you even have wanted to be born?

Broken

Broken

By Maria Sharon Moemise

For every word I spake he criticized and mocked
I learnt a new one to prove that I rocked
For every blow that he struck across my face
I felt worthless and got thrown in a dark place
With every step I took to move toward the light
I had my legs kicked from under me so I don't take flight
Every drop of tear I spilled in pain rocked me to the core
while he pushed me, mocked me and broke me some more
I crawled into my dark world where I dreamt of light
I dreamt of surrendering to sounds and sights of night
Yearning to just give in to the constant drumming in my head,
where his fists pounded endlessly, leaving only dark dread.
I took what I thought was an easy way out
the empty pill bottle, alcohol and me floating on a cloud
of misery, hopelessness and lots of self hate
for the pathetic life I held onto merely through fate.

Eye in the sky

Eye in the sky

Sharon Maria Moemise

Witness to the days of slavery and segregation
To where nations gathered, begging to be heard
Seeing the tears from our planet's lamentation
For wrongs that won't be righted on dear Mother Earth
Bloated babies, parents bemoaning their demise
Fat cats watching, rolling in ill-begotten wealth
Mothers weeping, young girls' deflowered, despised
By monsters who sow the seeds of disease and death
Gun- toting tots trained to maim and murder their own
Starvation and death feeling like the only way out
of a world owned by thugs where devil seed is sown
While feasting on drugs, murder and mayhem
While I look around at the destruction of Gods creations
Plundering and damage caused by human invention
I yearn for a moment's indulgence of heaven's purity
Without being burdened by thoughts of life's insecurities
Eye in the sky looking but hardly seeing the sufferings
of babies born in the streets, mothers begging for a place
To lay their heads and to ease their children's crying
shouting in agony, weeping in mourning for the human race

Feeling you

Feeling you

Maria Sharon Moemise

Your feminine scent...

sheer intoxication

Tresses of your dreadlocks

caressing my every being.

The shape of your lips

yearning to be kissed

I rise to the sweet sound

of your lusty moans

I'm trapped within

a thick whirl of desire.

You give of yourself

with reckless abandon

Ever yielding, wanting...

Imprisoning me within your crevice

Enslaving my being

to your lustful demands

Moulding my senses

Within the contours of you

Leaving me breathless,

Thirsting for many more cups

Of your sensuous delight

Giving up

Giving up

By Sharon Maria Moemise

Feeling the cold, hard steel betwixt my fingers
the smell of cordite in the air lingers
I close my eyes, shutting them tight
Should I? Could I? Who wins this fight?
Why does pain feel so at home in my life
Muddling my senses, cutting like a knife,
Always on the doorstep of my sanity
Fighting to remove all traces of humanity
I try to remember the cause of my breakdown
I wrestle my thoughts from a seed already sown
Is it worth it to cut my life's memories so short
My existence, my soul, threatening to abort
I feel the cold, hard steel betwixt my fingers
The smell of cordite in the air lingers
I close my eyes against the glare of the sun
then unwind my fingers to toss away the gun

Gone

Gone

To Doc.

By Sharon Moemise

I searched through sheaves of paper

But found nought

I searched amongst the non existents

Cos so I thought

I looked left, right then all around

But I saw none

I found the notice in a small paragraph, saying

That you were gone.

My heart sank to my lowest point

How I miss you

I was searching so long just to let u know

That I love you

The time I wasted can never be gained

So I'll let you be.

Be at peace wherever you may have gone

Just please remember me

Higher up

Higher up

Sharon Maria Moemise

The sob you hear escaping my lips
The tears you see dripping down my face
Tells of a passion so hot I couldn't breathe
Feel my body writhing in your tight embrace.
You lace your fingers through mine in ecstasy
Watching me, caressing my soul with your gaze
Passion-scented sweat beads, glistening on your body
Bathing me in a whirl of sensual animalistic release
You lather my body with hot searing kisses
Your tongue traces a path to eternity
I cling to you with insane ecstasy
Wild moans escape from deep within me
You whisper words of love in my ear
Making my soul soar high up and back
A guttural cry escapes from deep within you
As you flatten my softness under all your strength
From an earth-shattering explosion of flesh against flesh
To the faltering tempo of moans and groans
You take control of my quivering, love soaked being
And thrust my soul to ultimate heights I've never seen

Hopeless

Hopeless

Sharon Maria Moemise

I was borne to live and to spread the love
Yet the life and the love got thrown right back
I got bored and grew sick and tired thereof
So I turned to the streets to live on booze and crack
I soon found myself swimming down a pool of despair
I never looked back, and got pushed into deeper mayhem
Every move I made, every turn I took, I had my life laid bare
I ran a lonely race against time and life, against all of them
My flesh willed me toward healing, yet my spirit said nay
I wander around, aimlessly scrambling in hope of a new fix
Not a care for anything or anyone, till night turns to day.
Lying in the street gutter, discarded like a dusty pile of bricks
When love is out of reach and life's reach even further
When all I have to show of myself is a picture of dejection
I reached out, got kicked out, and wonder why I even bother
Now I'm broken, spat out, a statistic of the universe's rejection

Hurts real bad

Hurts real bad

Sharon Maria Moemise

When your eyes followed her every move

I held my head high, pretend I don't see

I kiss your sweet lips, but you're very aloof

I'm numb, yet in pain. You have to agree

That it's so sad

You hurt me real bad

As I live and breathe I don't know why

I beg you, never nag you, yet I let you

trample my soul, obliterate my life and I cry

I cry for myself, cos one thing is true

All this is so sad

And it hurts real bad

Where you bruised my face, it's easy to hide

But my broken soul just ain't so simple

I was thrown from up high to the wrong side

'Twas my soul you chose to trample

That's really so sad

Cos it hurts real bad.

I never fought back, never attempt to defend

'cos I know that all I did was to no avail

Therefore, I give up, I completely relent

And I finally accept that it is you that failed

And that it's really so sad

That you hurt us so bad

I am

I am
Sharon Maria Moemise
A sample of nature's wonder
Blemished by earth's anger
Pure of heart, without regrets
For that what I seek, I shall beget.
I'm a child, spawn of earthly nature,
Heavenly designed, God's creature
No care for scars, lines...life's directions
In His image He made me... no imperfections
Possibilities, chance or abilities
Are some of our time's realities
holding onto dreams freely begotten
Pain, hurt, past fears forever be forgotten
I am who I was made to be
Daughter, mother, sister and me
Upon whom God bestowed many blessings
Of love, peace, and life's lessons
I am, in my eyes, queen of my humble throne
mistress of my mere existence, ever alone
I am, I declare, no paragon of virtue
But I am all woman, and that is true.

I will always be me

I will always be

By Sharon Maria Moemise

You tore my soul to tiny pieces

You trampled on my dignity

My belief in love is shattered

but you can't mess with my identity,

cos I will always be me.

Broken promises, betrayal of trust

Flimsy excuses replaced what we had

I try to remember what you look or felt like

despite everything and the memories so sad,

I will always be me.

My heart bleeds for a love that didn't last

I wrestle with ideas to place you in my past

My brain still reels with thoughts of the many times

That my dear heart paid for all your stupid crimes

But I will still be me.

You may crush my body with your soullessness

And even slice my pride with your sugar coated knife

Allowing yourself to think you own my existence

But by Jove, you will never, ever, lay claim to my life

Because I'll always be me

I'm that Woman

I'm that Woman.

Sharon Maria Moemise

The reason I'm feared by those who know me not
or that I'm respected by those who get what I got
'Cos I'm the embodiment of strength, love and beauty
I'm here for a purpose, and not just out of duty.
As Woman I claim my place on this wondrous earth
Through pain and suffering, to man I gave birth
Never will I be shunned by all who sucked my strength
I'm a woman, I own the planet by its breadth and its length.
The universe ruled by Woman is called "Mother" Earth
Upon her was bestowed the best of nature's girth
She runs into no corner to hide from anyone's wrath
She stands up to all who put claim to blocking her path
I'm a woman with strength to allow the weak to lean on
I am Her who spread love to known and the unknown
I'm the one whose God given inner beauty spreads like a fan
Whose femininity helped create the miracle called man
I'm that woman who gives pleasure and receives pain
I'm a mother, sister, daughter, upon that that I lay claim
I'm the driver, the mechanic the peace and the love maker
I'm the housewife, the lover. I'm the mover and the shaker.

If I could...

If I could...

By Maria Sharon Moemise

I'd carve him from the strongest ebony

And name him after a famous tree

He'd endure rain, shine and harsh snow

And would stay steady even while winds blow

I'd outline his face bold and firmly etched

Atop shoulders and a body perfectly chiseled

Toned thighs, tight muscles, strong hands

All that and more... a modern day Adonis

I'd accentuate his eyes that stares through me

Strong jaw, delicious lips and almost perfect teeth

If I could create his touch, I'd melt before completion

It'd sear my skin, capture my senses, drive me to destruction.

If I could, I'd create his perfection in its rarest form

and the intensity with which he holds me with arms so strong

I'd create how he leaves me completely sated, yet still yearning

I would, if I could, carve him in my soul, and bind him to my heartstrings

Lately

Lately

By Sharon Maria Moemise

I find myself thinking about you and loving you from afar
I catch myself dreaming about our hearts and souls at war
The throbbing of my pulses throughout my being
Echoes how, whenever I think of you, my soul sings
I drown in an enormous pool of "should haves" and "if only "
Wondering if you remember how it felt when you held me closely
I have dreams and hopes and an entire imagination with you in it
I'm dangling on the threshold of addiction, I must admit
I wish to hear the sound of your voice once more
I just know the effect it'd have on me like before
I long to feel your lips on mine, in your passionate embrace
If I could only tell you how you completely fill my space
We dance around one another like a doe and deer in a fight
We're afraid to touch, cos if we do, we'll both take flight
Why do we tag one another and run for the hills when we see
That we both still respond fiercely and with so much chemistry?

Mystery

Mystery

Sharon Maria Moemise

I got ravished by a mystery
And put my life in jeopardy
He never revealed his identity
Now I'm not sure of my destiny
He got me screaming for my mother
I've never had that from another
Intense eyes, mouth set, passionate lover
As he tossed my senses from me over and over
His physique belied his masculinity
Yet it sings praise to his agility
He appeared from his own reality
Stern faced, nameless, no history
I got ravished by a mystery
And put my life in jeopardy
With a colorful, fruity sweet smelling johnny
He took a glorious swig of the offered honey
He got me from every which way and angle
Getting my hair, and sheets in a tangle
His pushes and thrusts drove me into a jumble
Made me feel like I was touched by an angel

New Year's wish

New Year's wish

By Sharon Maria Moemise

Fireworks lighting up the clear cloudless skies

Music to dance to and mix in the New year cries

Children's laughter, adults' banter in the luminous dark

All that's missing is the family dog's loud, yet cheerful bark.

Hour upon the hour the year makes a noisy exit

Minutes become seconds as a new dawn commits

to the wishes of many and the promises that shine

As we bade farewell to 'ere with Auld Lang Syne

Happy be the name that christens every New Year

As we allow Hope to vanquish the crosses we bear

and depend on resolutions to map out our lives

Though, as we run with the times, only the fittest survives

Happy New Year to all who believe in what the future holds

Auld Lang Syne to those who have memories new and old

May the new dawn set upon you in a manner so majestic

And let your celebrations reach all that transcends fantastic!!

No

No

By Sharon Maria Moemise

Cast in concrete, memories of when
I became a woman, forced by men
All I feared became a reality just as
the traces of childhood ran past
Shadows, wafting a stale sweat smell
Grabbing at me just as I fell
No one heard me shouting, screaming
No! They pushed, breathing, heaving
A child ran past, looking, seeing
A girl frightened, stripped of her being
No-one listened, five beasts saw
As I crawled away, shamed, beaten raw
No! A woman's cry, a girl's plea...
A sigh, a moan... A spirit set free
The decision to bear your shame
Tainted woman, that's your name
Pain, hurt and mostly the shame
Knowing, not telling, accepting blame
A childhood robbed, cruelly stolen
A web of vengeance, hate, slowly woven.

No Regrets

No Regrets

By Sharon Maria Moemise

It was an emotion I knew

Reminding me of you

When we were together

Hoping it to be forever

I loved you then

I love you now

Feels like way back when

You and I made our vow

It still hurts looking back

When 'twas only you and I

'Ere I fell and became a wreck

and stopped wondering "why?"

I loved you then

I love you now

Feels like way back when

You and I made our vow

I was queen to your king

I could never ask for more

If I knew what tomorrow'd bring

I'd do life as an encore

I loved you then

I love you now

Feels like way back when

You and I made our vow

Prisoner

Prisoner

Sharon Maria Moemise

I long for the freedom of the landscape
Where I can allow myself to escape
When the walls are closing in on me
And Hell seems the right place to be.
I reach out to touch the untouchable
I dream of reaching the impossible
I count the sand grains through the hour-glass
Knowing my fate will soon come to pass.
Helpless, hands tied behind my back
No amount of fighting will allow the chains to slack
I beg for reprieve, for a just one chance of freedom
For on last attempt to seek God's wisdom
I open the gates of the past to catch up
Allowing old pain, hurt and regrets to fill my cup
Holding on to memories of days gone by
While I beseech my soul in vain, to not cry
My mind is strong though my willpower weak
I lived a sunny dream with a future so bleak
I'm trapped in a cell with bars of a strange kind
I'm locked up for life, a prisoner of my own mind.

Skin Deep

Skin deep

Sharon Maria Moemise

My God-given crown of femininity is my nappy hair
My skin in its freckled golden-brown glory belongs to me
If perfection is what you're looking for, then let's be fair
Look in the mirror and decide who you really want to be
My rounded thighs bear witness to life's great gifts
My ample bosom attests to my absolute femininity
If the hourglass figure is on your current wish-list
Then my sagging backside and breasts are an impiety
I walk with my shoulders straight and my head held high
Every move makes my breasts jiggle and my backside sway
Every mark on my body bears testimony to the reason why
my beauty lies not in how I look nor in what anyone has to say
My worth is not measured by smooth skin and rosy cheeks
My gender no justification for being struck by anyone's fist
I'm a woman who brought forth man and was left with silver streaks
My worth is in loving myself, in deciding to finally put myself first.

Still

Still...

Maria Sharon Moemise

Living my life as if there's no tomorrow

Drying tears flowing in a stream of sorrow

Pained, yet continuing through force of will

I look for you, in vain. Hoping still...

Your departure from me was unforeseen

I believed in eternity, life unobscured, serene

Then reality struck and life spiraled downhill

I wished you'd hold on longer , yet still...

It shattered my soul to millions of pieces

Losing you, a sense of my heart decreases

I go on my knees believing it was God's will

That I feel so alone, forsaken, though, still...

I see you smiling at me through cloudy skies

I hear your voice with the birds at every sunrise

I feel a touch of your love with every raindrop that spills

I know you've gone, and I miss you still

(Dedicated to all I have loved and lost)

The Earth moved

The Earth moved.

Sharon Maria Moemise

Devour me with your hungry sight

Drink in my damp and lusty plight

I fill my lips with the hardness of you

Quenching my thirst from your musky brew

Every inch of my writhing body you sear

With your tongue, it's too much to bear

Your deftly fingers touching, stroking my core

Making me moan, cry out and beg for more

As I float on a cloud of dark heady sensation

My every inch delighting in deep dark fornication

You pierce my centre with your hungry hardness

My quivering core accepting, leaving me breathless

Assaulting my body with deep, yet gentle thrusts

Making me loose myself, your control over me, unjust

As my gasping breath quickens, your deep thrusts gain urgency

I wander from my soul, clinging for dear life to your strong body

Oh yes, I quench my thirst from your sweet musky brew

While you feed your hunger from my overflowing pot of honeydew

As you skillfully manhandle my body in every delicious way

I quiver and shiver in an explosive climax that turns night into day

The other woman

The other woman.

Sharon Maria Moemise

'cos I make you king on your mattress throne
Or that I just make pillow talk interesting
Is it cos I worship the ground you walk on
Or that my loving is hotter than her nagging?
You leave my bed cold yet satisfied
to crawl next to her in the deep of the night
Your dreams are of me in my naked seduction
while a peck on her cheek makes everything else right
I'm the other woman, here to make you forget
for only a moment where your heart should be
With my womanly wiles and perfumed assets
I entrap you in a world where there's only me
Allowing you to to own my soul for a moment
Letting you exploit my body to your desires
Whispers of endearment in my ears you fill
I'm the other woman, stoking up your hidden fires
Being the other woman, showered with glamour
Gifts in abundance, and the best of his passion
It's still a lonely business, being the one on the side
A passing phase, at times, a deadly, sinful attraction.

Time

Time...

Sharon Maria Moemise

The sign of time is in the heart of the clock

That ticks off the seconds to our destiny

The sign of our destiny is the self inflicted mark

That scars the very being of our identity.

Time...

Life is lived by the code of our own makings

Emotion switched to frivolous uncertainty

The when and the how of carving our lives path

Lies within the reckless abandonment of reality

Time...

Temporal length of an entity's existence...

As the moments happen, as the clocks tick

Time is as we speak... As we define essence

As we make memories, as we defy irresistible logic

Time...

Time is of the essence, we hear it said

Time is timeless...surpassing life's light

From childhood to adulthood, a journey endless

Time's an eternal climb to unscalable heights

Time...

To be, just be

To be, just be

Sharon Maria Moemise

A soulless wanderer, earthly creation

An enigma to some, child of the nation

Be the one you are born to be

Just be yourself, unlike them or me

Be a player, or just be played

Be the madam, or the maid

Whatever on earth you want to be

Be yourself, not like them, not like me

Be bold, fearless and daring

Never forget about caring

About who u really wanna be

Nothing like them, and unlike me

Created to live your life to the full

Never surrender to anyone's rule

Just be who you were born to be

A tribute to you, the "one" you should be

Unchained

Unchained

By Sharon Maria Moemise

Trample not on my soul's yearning
release the ties that bind my heart
For my dreams are of night and day
for my spirited heart to find a way
I live for the moment you cast a glance
At my reflection, E'en from a distance
I drink from your never ending promise of a love
that I dare to hope, a prayer answered from above.
Enslaving my heart to eternal love for you
'Tis only fair I hunger after affection too.

It matters not that you toss me aside
Nor that you've stirred the flood of pain to highest tide
My thoughts of you wane not e'en till my last breath
'Tis the truth I spake as I swore love for you till death
I long for you as I depart the insanity that life bespake
to an ethereal wonder, whence the leap of faith I take

While it lasted

While it lasted

Sharon Maria Moemise

It was just a call for attention
That continued for years by extension
The most of what was companionship
The rest got lost, I guess we let it slip.
Complacency replaced all traces of romance
Regard for one's feelings turned to ignorance
It was over almost as soon as it started
That's probably why I'm not broken-hearted
Love? We both searched and found nothing
Neither were willing to give it their everything
Not when his heart belonged to one I can't fight
Somewhere out there, I might still find my knight
I used to feel so lonely when we were apart
Then it became lonelier as I gave him my heart
My cries and laments for attention fell on deaf ears
Alas! I have to stop, 'ere I drown in my tears
Do I continue in my quest for elusive love
Or just fly away like a frightened, stricken dove?
I have one heart that can't keep getting trampled on
So, finally, I think it's time to pack up and be gone.
Time, he says, is something he doesn't have
for sweet little nothings and all that jazz
He will be too busy to spend another moment
of listening or hearing my hearts torment
I learnt to follow his art against my better judgment
My interest and faith were put down as amusement
I watched sports cos I wanted him to be impressed
But I realized afterwards, I was just another self oppressed.

Woman

Woman

Sharon Moemise

Her hands are rough, her nails chapped
the lines on her face etched, uncountable.

She rubs her hip and scratches her arms
dry from daily chores and lack of sleep

She sits a while on a bench in the sun
to catch a moment's catnap.

Then suddenly she jumps up

the kids will be home soon,

her husband yelling for attention.

Scuttling from one corner to the next,

Always smiling at her family as she does

Kids are home, bursting with complaints

expecting miracles, receiving wonders

Not once stopping to say "thank you".

She is a woman with hope and intuition

She nurtures, she gives, and never receives

She expects none, because she's a woman, a wife

Never forgetting, that above all, she's a mother

Xanthe

Xanthe

(dedicated to my granddaughter)

By Sharon Maria Moemise

You fill my soul with so much joy

Your face as bright as the glaring sun

Every sound you make I want to rejoice

Every gurgle or cry, for me, is so much fun

You stare at me through perfectly shaped eyes

Stretching your small arms, stifling a yawn

Tiny feet and legs kicking up toward the skies

God bless every second, of the hour you were born

I watch in awe, at every little move you make

and praise the Lord for creating such perfection

My promise to you with every breath I take

Is that I will give my life for your life's protection

The shape of your little mouth when you smile,

makes your sweet innocence grab at my heartstrings

I promise to guide and watch over you from many mile

I am your grandma, and guardian angel, minus the wings

Xanthe II

Xanthe II

by Sharon Maria Moemise

I continue to marvel at your growing beauty
your endless laughter, and even louder screams
Your gurgling growing louder, your drool in my face
Never have I loved a little diva more than I love you
your scream sounds like the strumming of an electric guitar
And the twinkle in your eyes like that of an evening star
Your giggle in my ear reminds me of the sound of music
And a laughter that lights up the world, just like magic
If ever a lifeline I needed for everlasting living
If ever I needed a reason to never stop breathing
I look into your eyes and I know my life's purpose
Swimming in those brown pools, perched on the surface
You're the chain of my obsessive love for life
You're the distance and closeness to which I strive
When God created you, He added perfection to mankind
Whenever I think of you, 'tis love from my soul that I find.

Yesterday

Yesterday

Sharon M. Moemise

I want yesterday to be my everyday

with you at the beginning and end of it

I still feel your burning touch from yesterday

When you lured me with your eyes

straight into your soul, quietly, slowly

where I went willingly, as if in a trance,

Looking into the black depths of your

hypnotizing stare.

I've never wanted anyone more at that moment

as when, in your low baritone, you professed

your undying love for me.

I want yesterday's moments when you held me.

When you said to look at you

Those dark pools drawing me ever so deeply,

intoxicating my senses till I'm drowning.

Yesterday should have never ended

When you lifted me in your strong arms.

and I knew you'd never let me fall

when we dreamed about today, tomorrow and everyday.

Yesterday I was enveloped in a cloud of passion.

Today I cry out for more of you...your love

If yesterday was my taste of tomorrows...

I want you to be my every day, my tomorrow, my forever