

Poetry Series

**Angela Poen**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2015

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

# Angela Poen(20 April)

Brits born, last born  
Wits going, first gone  
Who bets on  
Best poets,  
Best educators & masters

I place my head on the lyrical pillow  
Everynight, Watching the stars  
and the moon through my window  
Like a widow, I sit on the mattress and mourn moments with alphabets  
I find the art in dropping my head down to the exam pad  
As I run the black ink accross those white sheets  
In the dark with the help of a lighter  
my hand, structuring every character (alphabet) with respect.  
Like a hero, I find victory in striking one's brain with those words that my pillow  
whispers in my ear everynight  
I find pleasure in thinking about what you're thinking  
And what you choose to ignore  
And I put those on a piece of paper

I am only an angel -the messanger  
Came not to judge  
But to reveal the truth that you might just not see  
To whisper into your ears what you cannot hear  
To deliver the message  
And to say on your behalf, what you cannot say

I get my revelation from the sweet sounds of nature  
I befriended isolation to fulfill this mission  
Pen and paper became my best friends  
In the midst of silence and lonliness  
As I ink the paper with the past experiences  
The present and what we all expect in the future  
I hope it all reaches your soul  
And in case you wonder who on earth is talking..

My name is Tebogo Angela Poen  
You can call me Angy/ T'go

Stay tuned, learn and enjoy

# About Me

Brits born, last born  
Wits going, first gone  
Who bets on  
Best poets,  
Best educators & masters

I place my head on the lyrical pillow  
Everynight, Watching the stars  
and the moon through my window  
Like a widow, I sit on the mattress and mourn moments with alphabets  
I find the art in dropping my head down to the exam pad  
As I run the black ink accross those white sheets  
In the dark with the help of a lighter  
my hand, structuring every character (alphabet) with respect.  
Like a hero, I find victory in striking one's brain with those words that my pillow  
whispers in my ear everynight  
I find pleasure in thinking about what you're thinking  
And what you choose to ignore  
And I put those on a piece of paper

I am only an angel -the messanger  
Came not to judge  
But to reveal the truth that you might just not see  
To whisper into your ears what you cannot hear  
To deliver the message  
And to say on your behalf, what you cannot say

I get my revelation from the sweet sounds of nature  
I befriended isolation to fulfill this mission  
Pen and paper became my best friends  
In the midst of silence and lonliness  
As I ink the paper with the past experiences  
The present and what we all expect in the future  
I hope it all reaches your soul  
And in case you wonder who on earth is talking..

My name is Tebogo Angela Poen  
You can call me Angy/ T'go

Stay tuned, learn and enjoy

Angela Poen

# Betrayal

I confided, trusted and hoped  
I gave u the knife, did not think you'd use it  
I turned my back and closed my eyes to show u how much I trust u  
Did not think u are capable of stabbing me in the back  
I had hoped to wake up from this nightmare  
Hoped it was the 1st of April  
Hoped you'd come and apologise  
But none of those took place  
I guess it's safe to say I was young and stupid; naïve as they put it

I confided, trusted and hoped  
But all that was crushed into pieces  
Pieces that I cannot mend  
Now I can't confide in anyone  
I can't trust anyone  
I don't even keep my hopes high on anything  
You took all that away  
You have fooled me  
Your innocent face,  
Your head nodding in pretendance of understanding my story  
Your comforting hands  
Told me something different  
A complete opposite of ur character  
The reason I confided, trusted and hoped  
But I can't do that anymore  
One stab is enough

Angela Poen

# Cry

When things come to an end  
Good or bad  
It somehow brings out of our eyes  
Those glands to say goodbye  
To accompany whatever it is to its place of rest

Hence we cry when we are happy  
And name those tears of joys  
Because the sad days are gone  
We cry when we have conquered,  
Because the days of struggle are gone  
We cry when we miss each other  
For the gap that needs to be filled will hang empty

We cry when we are fed up  
When we cannot take anymore of life  
We cry because we have tears to spend

So let your tears accompany whatever it is leaving your life  
For it to have a great farewell  
And for you to have peace in your soul  
Let them flow

Angela Poen

# Downtown

1st rule: u don't say 'excuse me' 2 any1. U just pass, if u hpn 2 push them, den it's not a problem.

Ok.. Then these women be chasing u with their infinite hairstyles, wanting u 2 try them on ur head.. 'helo sisi, khom 'n see, don't u want to do ur hair? '. Somehow u manage 2 escape, then dis big-headed guy grabs ur hand & be like 'hellouw sweedart' as he blows da cigarette smoke on u.. & un4tunately u have 2 pass by dat other man sitting on da corner, giving u dat 'I want 2 swallow u' look.. U try very hard not 2 show him dat u're nervous.. So u give him a daring look. Then u happen to trip, just when u were about 2 fall, the thought of those dirty, smelly waters running in the street, ready 2 grab u, gave u more reason 2 balance & hold on to that rusty pole. Then this guy shows up, giving u that 'have mercy on me' look, asks u 4 a R2 or some bread.. Seeing how u're surrounded by a pride of lions, scared of taking the handbag off ur shoulder & reach in2 it 2 find ur purse, U tell him dat u don't have it. So he leaves u & continues with his journey.. As u rush into da taxi rank, da car passes, drives into those dirty waters, & be4 u knew it, u were showered with those waters.. Eeew.! Feeling like saying da 'f\*' word.. Bt then u calm urslf, . 'this is 1 of da devils games'- u think. U carry on with ur journey.. Aaaaah! Then u come across a traffic of pedestrians.. 'this is not my day'- u think.. 'people move maan hau..'- u say it in ur heart. u feel like pushing this lady in front of u as she walks like a model. As 4 those ladies with high heels.. u just feel like screaming at them 'THIS IS NOT THE RIGHT PLACE TO PRACTISE WALKING.. Some of us are in a hurry maan'.. With a very knocked-down face, as u walking like u following a queue inside a bank, u start feeling a heat. So u think dat maybe it's a crowd.. But no.. Someone is cooking here. Heban! ! Dude where should we pass? As u walking, some1 behind u steps on ur shoe, then it comes off.. Ish. U feel like giving him a warm-klap.. But then u remembr dat u are a WJWD, So u jst walk away.. then comes dat short person whom u nearly stumbled & fell onto.. I SWEAR..!  
?#?fast4ward?.

Then u finally make it 2 ur taxi & luckily it's empty. As pissed as u are u go straight 2 da backseat, put ur headsets on.. & try 2 calmly reflect on what happened during da day..

& guess who joins u there..

Aaaaaaaargh!

Well.. Let's just sum it all up & say she came 2 spoil da mood. Da calm mood u were trying 2 create. U can feel dat ur face is literally turning red. Ok..1st of all, She's talkative, which makes it hard 4 u 2 listen 2 Babyface.. It's only gonna take a minute, u think. So she invites u in2 a conversation on politics.. Something

that u are so not interested in. U rly feel dat u gonna chew her alive, eat her all up coz u rly had a bad day.. Nxe! At dat moment u desperately wish dat u cld at least receive a call so she could shut up.. Bt i guess, no1 misses u. So u try ur luck with Naledi, u hit her with a callback, She returns it.. Ish.! Wat do u do when u find urself in si2ations like this 1 maar? Mxm.. I guess u stuck with ds momma. Bt y would she choose a backseat vele? Hai! Secondly, She's big. Jah let's call her dat 4 nw.. U realise dat u actually have long legs when 2 more people join u at da backseat.. Now u squashed, u feel like ur hips will crack in a minute. Ur knees are tightly joined. U dnt knw whether u should bend foward or sitback. So wishing dat da woman next 2 u could use some brains & go sit in da front. But no.. She's here 2 stay. U can c how comfortable she is seatd & abt 2 lay her head on ur shoulder coz yadayading 2k all her energy. Off goes da taxi.. O-oh! It's hard 4 u 2 reach in2 ur pockets 2 take out da money so u can pay. & u looking at her like 'it's all ur fault dat i'm struggling 2 take out my money' with so many tongue clicks running in ur mind 'nxa. Mxm. Nxe-xe' It's stuffy dat u had 2 open da whole window, & da air/wind (whatever u call it) be coming in, blowing ryt on ur face, ur nostrils b filled with all da oxygens, CO2s, nitrogens & al other gases dat u find in da air. So u shut da window quickly. & realise when the taxi collides with da 1st hump dat u r nt only squashed bt also swinging. Like da seat is abt 2 come off.. & it's making those funny noises, so annoying..! Will dis day ever end? At dat time u are highly pressed & could pee on urself anytime soon. Da driver is so angry at da humps, which makes ur bladder short tempered. Phew! Ok.. Looks like he's gonna stop by dat garage. Immediately when he does, u gonna get off & go 2 da restrooms. Yay! He finally does. Bt ish.. Having 2 poke 'u knw who', tel her 2 tel da guy sittng next 2 her 2 tel dat other guy 2 tel da lady in front 2 tel dat momma 2 ask dat sisí 2 open da door, so dat da momma cld jump out,4llowd by da model, den Mr ipad... Ish #fast4ward.

So u decide 2 hold it.

Ish.. Then da traffic cops..

Do these people know wat u going through?

An awful day

Angela Poen

# Freedom

Free, Freed, Freedom  
We claim it, we preach it  
Some still stretch necks to tell if we are getting there or not  
Some be confusing it with independence and democracy

Freedom will forever be preached  
But will never be reached  
Until you decide to possess it  
It's not something passing by  
That you have to grab\_ like an opportunity  
It lives within you, all you gotta do is expose it.

Stop seeking freedom from the government  
Stop seeking freedom from the system or society  
Dig deep into your soul  
A little deeper..

There it is  
Covered with your low self esteem  
Covered with your fears of the world's criticisms  
The fears of gravity  
Fears of the world  
And above all, the fear of your potential  
The fear of heights;  
Of how high you can soar  
So you come up with excuses

You see..?  
You are your own oppressor  
And only you can set yourself free from yourself  
Only you can liberate yourself

Yes the chains binding your hands have been broken loose  
But not those binding your mind, your soul, your esteem, your capability, your  
being

It is only when you can break those chains  
When they say the sky is the limit

and you go beyond the sky  
For there should never be limitations for one who is free  
When you challenge your imagination  
Through physical application  
Turning fantasy into reality  
Yes there will be criticisms, don't try to remove them or challenge them  
Rise above them

Rise 'Til the only force that causes you to look up  
Is the only one who lives in you  
He who gave you talents  
And gave you a choice to add onto them  
He who is superior above all creation  
God himself

Then we can declare you free  
Freed from all boundaries, forces, fears and doubts  
Having exposed your freedom from within

May you find freedom within you

Angela Poen

# Giving Is The Secret Principle Of Receiving

the season was very dry and dusty  
with no hope of rain  
green was a myth  
it only existed in the make-belief world  
with that last drop of water  
that was my last hope for restoring dying plants  
I applied the knowledge of science accompanied by faith  
that is when science befriended a principle of Christianity  
i.e. Giving  
expecting the same yet good measure, shaken together and pouring over  
I took my last drop of water and gave it to the atmosphere  
with the knowledge that it will evaporate  
condense into clouds  
and with the help of heat return back to earth as RAIN  
I put God's word and my faith to a test  
I gave so I could receive more

a few days later it rained  
and I knew God remembered me  
it rained on my fields  
rained on me  
and infiltrated into the soil  
that the soil couldn't take any more of it  
that is a good measure, pressed down,  
shaken together and running over  
it is always not easy to let go of what you only left with  
it was not easy for me either  
the thought of gambling with it  
bringing to you the fear of losing it  
is just unbearable  
but the results of it pay when you believe  
do you think if I saved that last droplet of water  
I'd be looking at the GREEN fields today?

so invest in God  
and whatsoever you are investing  
shall grow abundantly with good interest  
it shall multiply back to you  
invest your love

invest your life  
invest whatsoever you don't want to lose  
'try me' he said  
and you shall see that he never forgets his promises

Angela Poen

# God's Love

How much he loves you that he would sacrifice his sleep to watch over you when u asleep at night,  
Even though u haven't asked him to  
How he loves u that he would watch u not giving him ur time,  
U'd rather give it to ur pets, newspaper or magazine  
But he never stops loving  
How he loves u to watch u cheat on him over and over again yet he'd welcome u home when u come back  
How he loves you that he'd play a fool  
Knowing all dat u've been doing, the lies u've been telling, going all against him, taking the advantage dat it won't hurt him.. He's still pleased with giving u a 2nd,3rd,4th,5th.. Etc chance  
How he loves u that evn though u never stop complaining abt what he offers u, he does not stop providing.  
He loves you more than anyone could ever love you.. Even though he's at the bottom of ur list. He just loves u as if u de only one he has, the only one in the world..  
Yes, We live in a very busy, dramatic, fun, chaotic world.. But try Giving God ur time. If it wasn't for him, u wouldn't be here.. U know it very well.

Angela Poen

# Gone With Your Neatness

I went to your house to clean the other day  
And I found no gate as a means of entrance and exit  
So I stepped into the jungle  
The birds were singing outside  
I wish you were around to listen to their songs  
I remember how much you loved them and always spared the bread crumbs for them

Every tree was every reptile's territory  
Some of them I had never seen them in my years of living  
I saw them playing chase and touch,  
From branch to branch  
The goats were feasting on the greens outside  
I didn't know you sowed more seeds of unknown trees  
Indeed this is a jungle

I ignored them and stepped into the house  
I found the security guards- the ants at the door  
And they asked for my VIP ticket  
I threatened to step on them.  
That worked; they let me in  
Your furniture was covered with dust  
The spiders were having a hike on your walls  
Their webs were everywhere  
The rats were playing hide and seek on the roof,  
And inside Your cupboards,  
The cockroaches were having a party on the table,  
Where you left your favourite mug sticky with sugar, covered with ants  
Where you left some bread crumble dry and hard like biltong  
Some cockroaches were having a disco in the zinc  
Singing agekh' ugoto (gran is not here)  
The lizard was a deejay

I went to your house to clean the other day  
As I reached into the drum for some water  
It had rusted  
So I thought maybe I should use the bucket  
With it, fetch the water outside

But the frogs in there chased me out  
They told me they had rented the place  
I left them in peace

I went to your house to clean the other day  
But the broom had leprosy  
The mop had diarrhoea  
And the feather dust had flue,  
Said she couldn't come in contact with dust as it might get worse  
Your kitchen/dish cloths looked more like those that we use to scrub the floors  
with

Everything was doing as it pleased  
Had they known how you kept your house clean and sparkling  
Had they remembered how they couldn't even come close to your door  
I thought the fear they had at your presence  
Will keep them away even in your absence  
This is where I realised that when you left  
You probably took your cleanliness with  
And left the house to them as a will to please themselves with

This used to be a house of hymns  
This house was once a church  
A house I ran to when my parents and I were having a disagreement  
A home where I learnt how to play diketo  
A house built with sand and grey cement bricks  
A home of refreshing shades from strong trees  
Where every fruit came fresh and sweet from the trees  
But now, the friendly, comforting trees I used to know  
Have turned against me  
We are now strangers  
I guess I took too long to visit  
Since you left

I went to your house to clean the other day  
But I couldn't touch anything  
Your house has been turned into the hall of shame  
I wondered if your house looked like this  
How does the one at your place of rest looks like?  
How does the one that your spirit lived in look like?  
Probably the earthworms have consumed all of it  
And left the wood (coffin) that we put it in empty

But in your remembrance, I will leave this house  
And rather keep the one that my spirit dwells in clean  
Till I also leave it,  
And just like you, I will keep my spirit neat  
And this is the neatness I will take with when I leave this world

Angela Poen

# Happy Anniversary

My love

I know I may not be able to offer you the kingdom  
But in my heart you rule  
I know I may not take you to all the places you wish to go to  
But in me you have a home  
I know God is the one holding our lives  
But if it were up to me,  
Forever is what I'd give to you  
I guess it's only safe to say "til death do us apart"  
I don't know how much life I'm left with  
But the rest of it, I dedicate it to you  
In the eyes of society, we are merely a girlfriend and a boyfriend  
But I know we more than a married couple  
We just need to meet their requirements to make it happen  
I know I don't see you everyday, but I carry you in my spirit and soul  
You are everything to me  
You mean the world to me  
Happy anniversary.

Angela Poen

# Her Daily Routine

When one gets really fed up  
They try to find ways to silence their grief or pain  
Even if it means that one bullet that will shut it  
So it thinks twice before returning again

Sometimes we don't silence the pain  
Rather ignore it as we let everything remain the same  
Not that we used to it  
Just ignoring it... or... obeying it or...  
Surrendering ourselves to it

From the outside view, it was a normal household  
Mother, Father and two kids  
What was left for the lovebirds, was to together grow old  
Well, until into the house came the evil deeds

You know if you can't face it at times, you run away  
She tried and tried but couldn't see no way  
Sometimes we just sacrifice  
Keep on rolling them dice

Hoping that some answers would come  
Using them numbers to help our minds decide  
Beting on any side that comes  
Emotions we hide  
Refusing to let out what's inside

She easily covers the outside with make-up  
She seems comfortable with her daily routine  
After every knock-out, she gets up  
Just to replay the scene

Get beaten... packing... leaving... coming back  
Get beaten... packing... leaving... coming back  
Get beaten... packing... leaving... coming back

**GET BEATEN...!**

These beatings have become a constant beat that her heart rhymes to everyday  
The yellings and curses have become a melody that she can't stay away from for

a long time\_ her daily eargasm  
It seems that her heart's beating can only be controlled by these beatings  
So she's scared that she might start gasping  
As her heart stops pumping  
Then she stops breathing  
Because her flesh needs some beatings  
So she packs her bags and goes back into that house again

We all know that woman  
That mother, that sister, that neighbour  
That lover oppressed  
That lover enslaved  
That lover controlled  
That lover possessed

And the question we often ask from the outside view is:  
When are you breaking this chain?  
Are you not tired of feeling this pain?  
Are you not tired of using this lane?  
Getting up in the morning, just to be beaten again  
Loving in vain....

We all know that woman  
Using her remaining strength to see another day  
Smiling and telling everyone that everything is okay  
Wounded and bruised, she keeps getting up  
Insulted and beaten, she returns back into that house  
Just to keep the family sane

She has had it and still to have it  
So sometimes we don't silence the pain  
We just surrender for love's sake  
Or should I call it ignorance?  
We just allow ourselves to be finished off  
With the intention of being hard and cold  
So that we feel none no more

She whose heart is continuously broken  
May know what it means to be with no emotion  
And that's how we sometimes seem to be comfortable  
Because our hearts been baptised in a pool of pain

So we get up... just to fall again  
Fall... to get up again  
So keep on rising woman

Angela Poen

# I Am My Own Being

With this PRIDE I RIDE and travel miles  
I HIDE what's inSIDE  
The crying CHILD  
I walk in the middle of a WIDE street  
Like a BRIDE walking down the aisle  
I SIDE alone and convince myself  
This GUIDE inSIDE never LIED

With this ESTEEM I go EXTREME  
Deep into my own THEME  
And refuse to DIM my face  
Let it BEAM  
For I'm my own TEAM

Yes I TRIED to befriend many  
But we never clicked  
I CRIED for that  
But eventually my tears DRIED  
Got FRIED and burned away  
So I could also look like a BRIDE  
And fake the PRIDE

I am my own BEING  
Trying to make a LIVING  
This comes with SURVIVING  
In this cruel and lonely journey  
AcceptING rejection with a smile  
And not even try to convince anyone to like me

I'm dat lion that hunts alone  
If there no cheetahs or any other underdogs to share my meal with,  
More for me!

With this STRENGTH  
WEALTH and HEALTH shall follow me  
DEATH bows to me  
Like it OBEYETH he who DWELLETH in me



# I Do Not Miss You

Do I miss u because of ur silence?

Is it because I do not hear your voice any longer?

Is it because u no longer care?

Is it because u have somehow stopped saying and doing what u used to?

Do I miss you because of the distance?

Is it because I cannot reach you?

Is it because I cannot see you?

Do I miss you because of the period?

Is it because I haven't seen you for quiet a while?

Is it because I don't know how long it will ever take to see you again?

Do I miss you because of my insecurities?

That maybe somehow, something about you might have changed without me knowing?

That maybe we can no longer be what we used to be?

That maybe ur surroundings have made some edits on u?

Nay!

I just realised that I miss nothing except missing you

For I do not miss u any longer

All these aspects have turned me into this empty, emotionless being

So if there's anything I miss, is missing you.. Not that I wish to miss you again.

For my priorities have been changed by the silence, distance, insecurities and the time.

I never thought time will come where u would just cross my mind without me feeling anything.

I do not miss you.

Angela Poen

# I Need A Break

I thought I needed a break from life  
But honestly speaking i need a break from human beings  
I might also need a break from being wife  
Need it from all sorts of livings

Sorry if this appears to be a hate speech  
I know at times my view can be out of reach  
I'll try not to sound too rich  
Before u call me b\*tch

If I could make one understand  
Surely we can all stand and,  
Find ways to collect the lost and mend  
Their sense of belonging to the land

We have been socialised into thinking that things should only be done in a certain way  
The reason some of us seem to be going astray  
Being rebels that won't obey  
The reason some of us just want to go far away  
Where no one would edit our ways

I really thought I needed a break from life  
But honestly speaking i need a break from human beings

I want to spread my wings, feel free  
To soar higher than an eagle  
Without anyone telling me how it's done  
Except God leading me

Can't I for once take off this musk?  
It's now becoming a burden and curse like the elephant's tusks  
Is that too much to ask?  
Would u even call it a task?

If so.. Leave me alone  
Let me do things on my own  
You don't own my bone  
In case of emergency, I'll switch on my phone

And probably set the loudest tone  
But don't just barge into my zone  
Unless u desperately need a loan

Cause I really need a break from human beings

Angela Poen

# If God And Lucifer Were Still Friends

If God and Lucifer were still friends  
The bible wouldn't exist  
The entire earth would still be the Garden of Eden  
Adam and Eve wouldn't have eaten the forbidden fruit  
Probably man and snake would still be best friends  
We'd all be naked and seeing nothing wrong with that  
Marriage was gonna be sacred  
Adultery would have been foreign  
If God and Lucifer were still friends

If God and Lucifer were still friends  
Religion wouldn't exist  
There wouldn't be any need for the books of law to be written  
For none of us would have departed from the roots  
Probably culture wouldn't exist too  
Since it is seen as the instrument the devil uses to lead us astray  
The tower of Babel was never gonna be built  
We probably would be speaking in tongues  
If God and Lucifer we still friends

If God and Lucifer were still friends  
Government wouldn't be necessary  
Kings and servants wouldn't be needed either  
Oppressors/masters and slaves wouldn't exist  
Colonialism wouldn't have happened  
Xenophobia wouldn't also be a known word  
Tax wouldn't really be paid  
Because there wouldn't be beggars  
Poverty we wouldn't have known  
For our source and provider of everything would have been God alone  
If only God and Lucifer were still friends

Hang on...  
So vele vele if they were still friends  
My father would have married his first lover  
Even though it wasn't gonna be my mother?  
For there wouldn't be any force of sorrow,  
Only love we would know  
There wouldn't be media and sci fi movies

For darkness (opposing force) wouldn't be known  
So I wouldn't have lied to Hloks  
Wouldn't have been scared of boys in the first place  
Wouldn't have done the bad things I did  
Mistakes I wouldn't have known  
Hate would be foreign  
Jealous wouldn't be found even on the internet  
Would there be internet though?  
Hip hop wouldn't exist cause there's too much swearing  
Wait... but what would swearing even be? Not offensive I guess  
I ask myself what life would have been  
If God and Lucifer were still friends  
I wonder if this question also does cross their minds

So I guess if God and Lucifer were still friends I wouldn't be writing this  
So forget I said anything  
God and Lucifer are not friends  
So let's get back to life

Angela Poen

# If I Knew Then....?

Would I, if..?

If I knew he was gonna treat me that way, would I have dated him?

If I knew it was just gonna be a waste of time, would I still have let that time to go to waste?

If I knew he was like that, would I have given dat brother a chance?

Would I have reserved myself for 'the one' instead?

If I knew what was gonna happen to me that day, would I have gone there?

If I knew what I said was gonna make things worse, would I have still said it?

Would I have said and done things that caused me pain back then if I knew they would?

If I knew he was gonna leave this world so soon, would I have tried to spend enough time with him?

Instead of going on a holiday, would I have tried to see him almost everyday, would he have held onto his last breath and refused to let go if he saw me?

If I knew what I said to her was gonna make us enemies, would I have withdrawn my words?

Would I do things differently just so the results turn better and favour me?

If I knew earlier that a distinction is that important, would I have done better?

If I knew that some opportunities come only once in a lifetime, would I have chanced poetry?

Maybe! ! But This is how I learn,

This is how I become strong

This is how I become wise

I learn by exploring

I get stronger by the cause of pain everyday

I become wise by taking note of every result for every action

So I wouldn't change anything

I wouldn't escape the rain

Nor soften the pain

But if I knew it would be for a good course, probably I'd have done it differently.

But hey, This is me... Letting it be! !

?#?life\_has\_no\_rewind\_nor\_edits

?

Angela Poen

# In Time

So close, yet so far away  
So long, yet time could not wash away  
Tears i've spent everyday  
Everyday respects I pay  
Time flies, yet memories stay  
I still pray  
that all i've forgotten to say  
To wherever your spirit is May find its way  
What's eroded and decomposed is just clay

That's what you taught me  
That the flesh dies but the spirit lives eternally  
So this is not a letter inked with agony  
For yiu're still alive I know surely  
Everyday I see us a step closer to you slowly  
Well I can't really say that this has Ben an easy journey  
Or a light burden to carry  
But one thing I know  
After all this misery and pain  
When our spirits get to meet again  
We shall forever sing the songs if victory

I know I've held on for too long  
Refusingnto let go  
I was never that strong  
I know it's wrong  
Against everything you believed in  
I couldn't help it  
To see you again I verily long  
I cannot wait to sing you all my journey experience songs

I can't lie, I got used to having you around brother  
Hence I thought you'd hang around a little longer  
The pain of loss was introduced to my soul by your departure  
That was the first time I ever came to know what it was like to lose a loved one  
I came too close to losing myself too  
The pain was too much to bare

So this is the last letter

So many left unsaid and undone, but it doesn't matter  
I believe the place you at is so much better  
So my tears will not go any further  
For I believe one day we shall be together.

You are still remembered.

Angela Poen

# Let The Relay Begin

Let the relay begin  
As I pass my past and let it be present continuous  
There are no limits to the width of the spread of the wings  
It is just the muscles that get tired  
I hope when they do, I'd have spread enough for the world to have  
There are no limits to the depth of the ground  
So we can all be buried on top of one another

It's totally unfair to die without leaving any inheritance  
So since this is all I have, I shall give  
I'm not selfish; I also want to be remembered  
This is me fighting for equality  
Yes, equality in sickness  
Life is sick anyway  
So why care about being healthy?  
Let's not call this a revenge  
Rather call it a wage  
It comes with the whole package  
A beneficiary to all covered by the spread of the wings

Let he who goes in  
Come out with something for the world  
I know most of us prefer it skin on skin  
The world would only be a better place  
If we all have the same virus flowing through our blood vessels  
No worries about who you sleep with or how you do it  
No worries about blood transfusion  
So let the relay begin

Angela Poen

# Let's Escape The Planet

If we could all leave this world  
There won't be any more pain left for anyone  
This life is not an ending war  
Been fighting but never won  
My only break is when I mourn

Again and again it keeps going on,  
to run i tried  
but to my hiding camp i never arrived.  
War be everywhere,  
in the dark, in the light,  
here and there

Nobody warned me about the world's natural, emotional and mental disasters  
But I find comfort in looking up the stars  
Saying to myself, I'll get there  
Trying to make it to my hiding camp before I cough out my last breath  
But am I even heading there?

Will i even know I'm there?  
Will there be beings who are fair?  
whose ears can hear.  
For i have cried enough yet none gave me comfort.  
For I've fought more yet none compliments my effort.  
O! How i Wish i find a transport, ride and disappear

my biggest fear; to where?  
What if I'm closest to the last round?  
Would I even win when all I know is the smell of the ground?  
Honestly if I was warned about the world  
I would have turned to Hitler a long time ago

Call me heartless, if u think it's painless watching people living a meaningless  
life.  
My wish remains, for all of us to leave this world

(Collaborated with Cfound Sfiso)



# Love Excuses

In awe I stand,  
Looking at this awesome, handsome guy  
Trying to give me some love  
But because of some awful issues that I haven't dealt with in my life,  
I cannot let him

I know I owe him some love back  
But I don't wanna give it to him summed up with this so called 'my life'  
So I refuse to let him in  
He can wait outside at the gate  
While I'm in here trying to fix my life

I don't know how long is he willing to wait  
I don't want his love to all go to waste  
And the last thing I want is hate  
I admit, I'm too much to tolerate  
It turns out it's already late  
And I won't shift the blame  
He's been nothing but a soul mate  
But how do I let him into this state?  
How do I reveal my mistakes?  
He's the right guy to date  
But his love is now starting to fade  
Up up and away it goes  
He's now starting to hate loving me  
Or even worse, hate me because he loves me  
U know that kind of hatred?  
Gosh.. what did God create?

Angela Poen

# Love 'Negotiation' Letter

Dear boyfriend  
So far I can't call myself a good girlfriend  
I think I need a helping hand  
I do not know what is exactly expected from a girlfriend  
Could you be kind  
And let me know?

I want to be yours  
And I want you to be mine  
But I doubt I'm qualified  
I don't know how to go about this 'relationship' thing  
I wasn't born a girlfriend  
And I don't believe it comes naturally

If the question is "what am I bringing into this relationship? "  
The answer is "Me.... Simply me"  
This is what I'm willing to offer

I don't know much about your previous relationships  
I don't know what you used to get  
I'm not in for a competition with your previous girls  
And I'm not here to replace anyone  
I'm here to renew  
If you want Me to be your girlfriend  
Here's what comes with the whole package:

Me is human... simply human  
Me is capable of loving when loved  
Don't go all out to impress me  
Just like you  
Me can accommodate what's available  
And learn to settle for whatever coming out of love  
Me is willing to share everything with you  
The good and the bad  
Me gets hurt and is also capable of hurting you  
She gets fed up like every human, don't push her  
She gets weary at times and loses hope  
Capable of feeling sad too  
Above all keep in mind that she is simply a character in need of love from you

And I guarantee a favour will be returned

So you think you can love me?

Your girlfriend

Me

signed: T.A. Poen

Angela Poen

# Love Was Supposed To Conquer All

The bond was so strong  
That we never prepared ourselves for the time when anything could go wrong  
We didn't see no need  
To always check in with the planted seed

We thought we had it all  
But as we all know temptation occurs to us all  
Just a lil trip or slip one may fall  
Just a lil sleep or lose grip one may roll

What matters is what happens after  
Do you fall and roll together  
Or one lets the other off the ladder

Yes, love is patient, love is kind  
But in some well experienced souls, such is difficult to find  
It seems the seven deadly sins are planted in all the experienced souls  
And love finds itself under this pressure to conquer them all  
We carry in our hearts this burden that is too heavy for love

Some say it comes with the whole package  
Some believe love either begets or carries a cage

A cage filled with pride, greed, lust, envy, sloth, gluttony and anger  
We are simply human  
Sometimes this takes part in our imperfect nature  
And sometimes can make one unworthy to step into heaven

I swear the bond was too strong  
We never thought anything could go wrong

She held my hand and had me take my baby steps in the garden  
Man, I swear there was no fruit in there that was forbidden  
It was a perfect garden

Everyday I try to trace the road back into the garden to find the root of the  
problem  
All I find are these earthworms  
Decomposing away the evidence

That somewhere in here love dwelled once

The laughter and smiles we shared  
Have turned into frowns at the thought of each other  
Did that love beget hatred?  
Maybe that's how God and the devil now feel about each other

Remember the devil  
Was once God's Angel  
Who can blame him?  
If your position is threatened by your lover's new set of priorities  
You start exposing some feelings like insecurities

And well maybe God just had to..  
I mean if your lover can't support your craft  
You begin developing towards him this wrath  
You begin seeing How they blocking your progress  
So if you start feeling like the lover be holding you back  
That they can only destroy what you tryna build  
You just have to shut down the guilt  
And let them off the ladder

Sad ey...  
That's how strong bonds break! ! !

The bond was too strong  
But none of us is ready to admit their wrongs  
So I guess even though we still love each other  
In this journey we can never be together  
Cause the only thing we had was love  
And that love was never enough  
If the seven deadly sins could come in between and had our enemies laugh

Angela Poen

# My Headsets

?? ?? ??

The reason why I'd ignore u & not feel guilty  
The reason y I walk tall like a starring  
The reason y I choose the backseat corner inside de taxi  
The reason y I don't greet people  
The reason why it's ok for me to walk alone  
And feel like extending the distance

The reason behind my isolation  
The reason y I don't mind taking further any activity

Nobody else feels what I'm feeling  
As I put my elbow on the car window  
The reason I would tap my foot and nod my head

So u wonder what am I hearing  
What am I thinking/ feeling  
What do I see..

It makes me want to express myself  
Makes me feel like I own the world  
Makes me cool down and not worry  
Makes me feel like a hero  
Takes my mind to a different world  
And sometimes makes me cry

Pardon me for avoiving talkative people  
For I know the mood and the vision will be taken away

Let the Gospel music make me feel God right within me  
Let soul music calm me down, and of course make me cry  
Let reggae make me feel natural and free to chant  
Let rock 'n roll make me go crazy and wild  
Let hip hop make me feel like I got swag and I'm on top of the world  
Let RnB make me feel like a woman  
Let kwaito and house bring back my ghetto lifestyle

Let traditional music make me feel like celebrating my culture everyday

So I'm not being rude

I just need to spend some QT with my headsets

I hope u understand that nothing else can make me feel this way

Nothing else can take me out of this place

None else can make me forget that I'm actually a shy person

Except what's transferred through these headsets into my ears.

Angela Poen

# My Mother Slapped Me

My mom slapped me last night  
You could hear the sound of her hand getting in touch with my cheek  
Now it was all quite  
Even the silence was silenced

My mother slapped me because I was angry  
She slapped me because I told her she's not any good  
The anger I had about her not being good enough  
Is the same anger she had about me not realising that she's trying

My mother slapped me because I spit on her and called her names  
Because I didn't see any good in her  
She slapped me because I compared her to the rich, successful, married mothers  
in the world  
She slapped me because I do not understand  
Because I refused to listen  
When she said 'do as I say, and not as I did'  
She just wanted to make the best out of me  
So she could have something to hit herself on the chest for  
But all I ever did, was to remind me of her past

That's when she slapped me  
And said 'you were not there! !'  
She couldn't swallow  
Her lips started mumbling  
She slapped me, broke down and cried  
And we lived in silence ever after!

Angela Poen

# My Philosophy Of Peace (Shalom)

When meditation doesn't work anymore  
When nature seems to have turned against you  
The fresh morning breeze you used to know  
becoming the heavy storm with loud thunders  
When the quietness itself has become silenced by the chaos in the world  
Define peace in the midst of all that

See, if you have to depend on the harmonious days to say you know what peace  
is, then you may never find it  
Life has been a war since God and Lucifer separated  
It has never stopped  
The great bishops be preaching peace to the world  
but the world rejects it  
Or never understood it

When does it even take place?  
When we having witchcraft practiced in our homelands  
When the youth leave the world before the old ones  
When we having way too many religions and cultures that we don't even  
understand  
That leads us to conflict  
When we need racism, capitalism, tribalism and every other word containing  
'..ism' to define the society  
When every day one has to worry about what to eat  
Every night is just another episode of crime and witchcraft

When you not content  
When your soul is unsettled, crying, what is peace?  
Why does the word even exist when the world is just so cruel

I guess peace is defined provided the chaos, storms, drama, evil..  
Yes.. You don't have to stop the war  
We may be having the wrong definition of the concept  
Yes, you will visit those places that make you feel better and anew  
But only for a moment  
The spa treatment, nature, holiday will only give you a peace of mind  
Only for that moment

So stop searching

Remember the words 'BE STILL' from God  
He wouldn't tell you that if he knew it's easy and comes naturally  
And that ladies and gentlemen  
Is God calling you into the state of peace  
Peace is Trust, assurance  
It is not the absence of war or chaos  
Cause war will never come to an end  
It is not the ignorance of it either  
It occurs in the midst of all that

To find peace, you just have to remain still while shaken  
To remain calm, when threatened  
To trust in God when there is no sign of hope  
To remain silent when you tempted to scream  
To remain meek when provoked  
Assured when confused

Confusing isn't it?  
Peace is that spiritual  
It Confuses the devil himself  
The soul knows it when it has it  
It should not be a moment thing  
It should occupy your space  
Surrounded by all kinds of storms  
Peace never fades

And That is my philosophy of peace

?#?shalom?

Angela Poen

# My Weak Soul

These emotions be working against my will  
If I could, I'd take the pill  
To kill the hill formed in my heart  
If I could use a drill  
To destroy every piece of doubt  
Can't even take my meals  
For real, I'm ill  
I wonder how it would feel  
If I peel the hard skin, covering my feelings  
And take out what does not belong there  
Insecurities, jealousy and greed  
For love containing these can kill  
Surely my heart would heal  
My whole life would chill  
My soul would be free

This is not some exaggeration

These thoughts will definitely drive me crazy  
No matter how I try to be busy  
Or lazy to think  
I get dizzy at every thought of you  
In a way that makes me clumsy at work  
Wondering if you miss the cosy moments like I do  
Or just snoozy with none to lose  
Hang on.. maybe I'm just a lil tipsy  
But why this tizzy feeling at every thought of you?  
Why is my breath coming wheezy?  
Is this me going woozy?  
Am I losing it?

This inner conflict is just so strong  
Knocking me down  
From the crown of my head to my feet  
I drown inside  
I frown at every happy picture of us  
Am I a fool of love already?  
Well... in a good way  
Super cool isn't it?

I bow to a guy who succeeded in making me feel this way  
All hail king  
Your honour, majesty, highness  
Your kingdom in my heart  
Your reign  
Your love and strength

Yoh hai shame! I'm unable  
My soul is unstable  
I know and trust you won't gamble with it  
Maybe I'm just being unreasonable  
#sighs

Thou art missed

Angela Poen

# Note To Inlaws

I am not some foreign creature who stepped into your yard by mistake  
Love led me here, so what belongs to me, I'm here to take  
I'm not some machine to be tested on the ability to cook or bake  
But as a token of appreciation, I will present to the elders a cake  
I'm not some reproduction machine to be tested in How many children I can  
make  
But I will make children for legacy's sake  
I am not some product to be called original by you or fake  
I'm not here to be told on what time I should be awake  
I am not your slave

I am somebody's child  
The wild gets tamed at the mentioning of my name  
I am not here to seek success nor fame  
From my mother's womb, I've already brought with me the flames  
If you treat me like trash, to you i'll do the same

I am a product of peace and love  
That white dove  
All beauty, brains and above  
Don't mistake my humility, for some stupidity

I love your child as much as you do and beyond  
This relationship is beyond all bonds  
Hate or love me, but of him I'll forever be fond

Dear in-laws  
I bring with me my flaws  
Dirt cringed onto my claws  
I am not here to adapt to the New laws  
I am here to love

Dear in-laws  
Accept me with my impurities as one of your own  
Make sure that when I'm here, I don't ever miss home  
I'm not asking much. Love me like your very own  
And I shall return the favour

Your's faithfully

Daughter outlaw \_ orisha

Angela Poen

# Rest In Peace

Everytime I close my eyes and think of you  
I start to wonder how many right things I did by you  
And how many wrongs I did to you

I would think of the precious times we spent together  
None can do better  
I will treasure them forever

I wish I did all the wrongs right  
I now regret every fight  
Wish I were the one who took that flight

I cannot make peace with you being gone  
For there's so much that needed to be done  
If I could say and do one

I wish I said what I had to say  
Maybe that would have made you stay  
It's so hard with you away

Everytime I close my eyes and think of you  
I start to wonder how many right things I did by you  
And how many wrongs I did to you

Never thought of that while you were around  
For I was always up for the next round  
To knock your self esteem down to the ground  
I can't say I'm proud

I can't help but to wonder if the good outmost the bad  
Or the other way round  
But I hope you knew how much I loved you  
I hope you know I would have done better  
If I knew how much time we were left with

I hope to see you again  
To heal the pain  
And remove the rain  
I caused you

Rest in peace old friend

Angela Poen

## Sgila (School)

Chewing gums, energy drinks and sunglasses  
Popcorns, water bottles and books  
Cigarettes, weed and smoothies  
Accents and crushes  
Funky clothing and funky hairstyles  
Nerds, libraries and reading glasses  
Highlighters and dictionaries  
Sportsmen and their big bags and tekkies  
Comrades and votes  
Mean girls, pretenders and haters  
Hustlers and spoilt brats  
Survivors and drop outs  
Racists and groupworks  
Assignments, cover pages and reference list  
Printers and staplers  
Ipads and headsets

that's what comes to mind when someone mentions the words 'students' and 'campus'

Angela Poen

# Surveillance Camera

I wanna scratch my bum  
But you are watching  
Even if I scratch anyway,  
You wouldn't close your eyes

I wanna smile to myself  
But you starring without blinking  
Without even wondering what's wrong with me  
You wouldn't even comment let alone cleansing your throat  
For me to notice your presence

I wanna talk to someone over the phone  
But you are listening  
You wouldn't even close your ears when hearing disgusting things

Are you stalking me?  
Why are you invading my privacy?  
I feel like I'm being held hostage  
Haven't you been taught to mind your business?

Angela Poen

# The Lady You Want

tracksuits and worksuits

sneakers and boots

dyes and haircuts

I know you sometimes hate seeing me with those  
so I'll try to be a 'lady' for you, as you put it

I do know how to change the light bulbs

but I will let you do it

I know I can trim those trees

but I will let you do the garden

even though I can move the couch, cupboards  
bed and wardrobe,

I'll pretend not to handle the weight

so you can move them for me

I will try to cry at least once or twice a month

so you can be my knight and shining armour

as you hold me and comfort me

I will wear those bright coloured clothes

so that a difference can be spotted between you and I  
as you'd be wearing your dark colours

I will also try not to forget my manicures

I will pretend to be scared of spiders

and other creepy crawlies

so you can find me more attractive

I can take care of myself

but I will let you do it

I will try to understand your aggressive behaviour  
and not intervene

but calm you down with a massage

and a cold one from the fridge

I will try to be more feminine

so you can appear more masculine

yes, I will give you a chance to be a man,

by being your lady

the lady you want

Angela Poen

# The Tears Of A Busy Man

The tears of a busy man

All I ever wanted was to provide  
All I ever wanted was to be the head of the house  
Little did I know that all you ever wanted was  
Neither a dime nor fancy clothes  
But to spend some time with me  
I thought I was doing the best I could to give you the best life  
I wanted you to remain a trophy wife  
In the world's eyes

I agree there were times when I told you I was tired  
And wanted to head straight to bed  
Turned you down when you offered yourself to me  
What kind of a man does that?  
When every time I used to claim I have needs  
But didn't give you a chance to provide

I found emails and calls from the office more important than you  
I remember you did say there was something you needed to tell me  
But I shushed you, told you that the news is still on  
Clearly the world's affairs that did not even affect me  
Were more important than what you needed to tell me

Now who's gonna run my bath for me in the morning?  
Who's gonna pack my lunch box?  
Who's gonna take off my blazer, loosen my tie and give me a massage?  
The time I spent at the bar  
Watching those strippers do their thing  
Is the time I was supposed to give to you  
The time I went out for golf with em boys  
And side chicks  
Was the time that belonged to you

Now that you gone  
No bar, golf, soccer, emails, calls or meetings  
Can remove you from my mind  
I wish you could hear me and respond  
Tell me what can I do

To have peace in my life  
I know you had a good heart to forgive  
But I cannot forgive myself  
I cannot live with what I did  
I wish I could have listened to you  
And hear it from your mouth that you are dying

Now all I'm left with is photos of you  
And the diary where you wrote all the things you couldn't say to me  
Because I was too busy to listen  
Too busy for you while you were around  
Now I can't be too busy to remove you from my mind  
Despite all I did  
Your soul deserve to rest in peace  
may it rest in peace  
I know the hardest apology  
one could ever ask  
is that from the dead  
so I shall mourn forever  
with long days  
and sleepless nights

Angela Poen

# The Tears Of A Silenced Victim

They call it a sensitive issue to talk about  
When it's so easy to think about  
The biggest elephant in the house  
We carry on living and trying not to go there  
For what reason, I don't know

I'm so mad cause nobody wants to hear it  
So mad cause we live in distort reality  
Pretending to be all perfect, all flawless  
So that people won't talk  
Yet we die inside  
Because we are too scared  
Too scared to overcome the fear

Wait until I open up my heart  
and pour it all out, before you call me all perfect  
And you'll realise that I've just been quiet  
I chose to be the silent victim  
Chose to go "all strong" about it, as they put it  
Chose to die inside, while smiling on the outside  
Chose to give you the wrong impression  
That im all good, all is well

But everynight I go to bed I promise you  
It's the first thing that comes to mind  
The first thing I visualise  
The first question being "why me"  
Even though I did promise God that I shall never ask that question again

Waking up from a wet pillow every morning  
Showered with tears  
But hey.... Since nobody wants to hear it  
Since everybody has turned the blind eye  
I shall keep quite and not say it  
Though it's eating me inside  
But I know it can happen to anybody  
We just need that somebody to shout it out loud  
For everybody to hear  
And be aware!

Angela Poen

# The Victim's Character

A beautiful white rose trampled on the ground,  
Wrestled with dirt and the winds  
No hope of life for it  
Its only hope- the sun- the source of its life and strength, seems to be killing it  
Because it is no longer rooted to the ground  
And all the other factors known to help the plants grow strong and beautiful  
Are its worst enemies

People passing by now see a rose with brown petals- withered  
It takes the eyes of the wise to pierce through the dirt and wilt  
To reach out to the rose' poor soul  
In order to tell that the rose was once beautiful

Her shiny fearful eyes are the only thing she has left to tell that she is a good  
person, yet containing a damaged soul.  
A very lovely pair she has  
But one can't gaze into them for more than a second  
Since they are always busy moving around; all over the place, unsettled,  
Anti-social; refuse to meet with any other pair of eyes.  
The only places she can stare at for a long time are the space and the ground  
The mirror is a constant reminder of the shame and the joke she is

Her smile that she shows to hide her real feeling makes one confused  
You wouldn't know whether to smile back or ask if she's okay  
She tells everybody that she's strong and over it  
But you could see that she's crying for comfort and protection even though she  
resists  
It will surely take some time for her to trust life again

She always claims that she doesn't need help and wants to be left alone  
But at the same time, she needs some company  
(The space and the ground I suppose)  
She wants to do everything by herself, but she needs help  
She would sometime refuse to cry  
To sort of prove that she's strong and isn't hurt  
But every morning she wakes up from a wet pillow  
(sweat maybe....?)

Try showing her pity, she will put you at your place

But she really needs comfort

Her innocent and pure soul has been kidnapped and silenced

All she's left with is this confusing character that she doesn't understand herself

Now how do you bring back her real character?

How do you bring who she was before encountering the ills of this world?

How do you bring back her voice?

If 'Humpty Dumpty' could not be put back together,

What hope does she have?

You wouldn't even know where to start recollecting those broken pieces

To bring her back to her original state

'Rude' is not the best way to describe her by someone who knows her

And understanding what she's been through

Maybe emotional in a weird way will do for now, whilst we still looking for a better description

But who can blame her

Those who don't know her may say that she deserves every bad thing happening to her because of her actions

Not knowing that it's the other way round;

All her actions and behaviour are a product of bad things happening in her life from a very young age

Before you judge her, ask for her side of the story

Let her unveil the truth to you

I know that she will someday, tell the whole story

I know she will not go to the grave with it

And I believe it will have some impacts on someone's life

She just needs some time to recollect her strength

And add to that, that she will need for the world's criticisms

She would like to remain anonymous for now

But to be fair to you, I shall call her the victim

And this is the victim's character.

Angela Poen

# These Hands

These hands have done it all  
They have raised and saved  
They have lifted, cuddled and wrapped  
They have slapped, pinched and smacked

They have washed and ironed  
They have cleaned and dusted  
They have cooked, dished and fed  
They have sowed  
They have planted, watered and harvested

These hands have joined together with others in prayer  
These hands were laid on the sick and they recovered  
These hands have built, shaped and moulded the person I am today  
These are my granny's hands

I am the product of these hands

Angela Poen

# Trapped

Staring at the image of the girl I used to know  
Trying to form the words to let her know  
That it's time to let go  
But we all know the response to all ends of the road  
'What happened to the girl I used to know?  
The one who used to take things slow  
Who changed your flow? '

I replied:

'I guess at some point we all gotta accept growth  
Even though it comes with the highs and lows  
At some point we just gotta come outta the comfort zone  
Even though that may cause damage to our souls'

She then said:

'Okay. You may spread your wings and soar  
Take the whole universe'tour  
But don't expect to come back To what you used to know  
Cause I won't be here waiting on you to come back anymore'

Her eyes began to glow  
Then tears began to pour  
As I was about to exit through the door  
I started to feel all alone

Realised that this could be the biggest risk  
I could encounter the greatest disappointment  
Discovering that all that I hoped for doesn't exist

Though I knew deep inside  
It was time to let her go  
I turned, took the last glimpse in the mirror  
I knew then, that I could never let her go

Angela Poen

## Trapped 2 (Caged In A Mansion)

He who knoweth my weaknesses and fears  
Hath me on the Palm of his hand  
I'm merely at his mercy  
His fingers are my hopes'dead end

So I tremble and stumble with fear  
Fear of what he knows about me  
So much that I'm afraid to reveal  
So his commands, I follow

I bow, kiss and lick his feet with bitterness and sorrow  
This is what oppression tastes like  
Slavery has birthed me  
Freedom is just a word like 'tomorrow'  
Forever coming without arrival

So I guess it shall eternally be  
You the master, me the slave  
Just to keep my life sane

His eyes piercing through mine with disgust  
Like he sees a demon he would just want to cast out  
His saliva\_ my facial cream  
Every spit, I wipe  
I spread on my skin

I feel unworthy to be looked at by his pearly\_marble eyes  
Like all my skeletons are just brought to the judgement table to testify against  
me  
Patiently waiting for the master to release them as they've been working endless  
shifts

So I'm holding on to that piece of hope that was somehow caged in my  
imaginary world  
That may be somehow I will wake up to a new world  
A world with no oppression

Hoping that all these skeletons that escaped the closets would somehow find a  
way to their place of rest \_ the graves

But how do we let the sleeping dogs lie?  
Someone told me they sometimes need to be woken up in order to lie properly  
But this blackmail has had me on my knees, praying for the world to end

And that's the only way I could ever have my freedom  
Cause I'm tired of serving this ruthless kingdom  
Offering my flesh in surrender like a roasted full chicken  
I miss the days I once felt like a human  
If there's a hole of hope in the corners of this mansion  
I would use it to escape

If there's a wind approaching, I would flap my arms  
Move in its direction and let it take me home  
So little of me is left inside  
My breath, my heartbeat counting down like a ticking bomb  
I hope that's enough time to reach my place of rest \_ home  
A place of hope

Angela Poen

# Unbalanced Equation

Who started it?

They, they started it.

That's the very T'golintical, theoretical explanation

I always give for my so called evil actions

To support my argument, i've got Newton's third law of motion

For every action, there's an equal but opposite reaction

Therefore

An eye for an eye

It makes perfect sense to apply

Doing the opposite is just living a lie

I'm just being realistic

There's no justice served in this world for turning the other cheek

Unless your emotions are too weak

Or religion got you too meek

To this day I still use the theory to take care or solve some of the life's matters

As we all know, what you do on the right hand side

You must also do on the left hand side

That's the equation rule we given

The mathematical and scientific methods we made to belie'ven

To add on that, we told of how we need maths and science to survive

So how does applying these rules to a life's situation make one a rebel?

Or perhaps the law of language left us with this problematic definition to solve?

See, thing is, the role of a hypocrite doesn't last long

To live a truthful life freely, your soul verily longs

This is how we at some point get to die... for what we believe in

So if you still feel robbed by the system

You surely should know what it means to strive for justice

By justice in this case I mean revenge

Which some of you believe to be evil

But no! it is to make things even

To balance the equation

We need that I this world we living in

For now let us bare in mind that we are the living museums

Let the future generations who will come to learn and explore  
Discover the truth, courage, wisdom from us  
We owe it to ourselves

The only evil thing I know is hypocrisy  
Or perhaps we still enslaved  
Left to fantasize about this freedom of speech  
Is that why the whole truth you can't preach?  
The system told you to suck it up  
Is it the judgement you scared of before the judgement day they told us about

Whoa...! Wait! Rewind  
Who started it?

You know how funny it is to hear the oppressors calling the slaves savages?  
But hey, we agree to everything they say about us  
Having learnt racism, tribalism, colonialism, capitalism  
and every other-'sm' words they introduced to our innocent souls that you can  
think of

But we keep smiling to the oppressors  
We worship the oppressors  
We bow  
We buy into all they say about us  
They're still our masters and we're still enslaved  
With this freedom of speech we given  
We can't even voice out our thoughts and feelings  
Told by the TRC to reconcile  
To let the sleeping dogs lie  
But are they really sleeping?  
Or just ignoring the realities of life?

See the past can't be the past if it keeps coming back,  
Visiting the future  
And we can't be waiting so long on the rapture  
The experience of colonialism was a black man's lecture  
So how about you return a favour  
To your tutors

I'm talking to you black girl like me  
Who sometimes feels good for nothing  
To every black child who is still hustling on the streets at night

Cause economy never loved us  
And for that reason we have our fellow blacks who are scared to walk in the  
ghetto streets at night  
Scared of their own kind  
To every black child who feels separated from their own kind in the name of  
language and accent  
Every parent who feels separated from their own children  
In the name of African culture against religion  
To those who are ashamed to speak their home language in Jozi  
Because of the discrimination against by their fellows  
And so tribalism multiplies  
To every African who don't feel safe in this make-belief African country  
Those who need to be carrying their passports to prove their identity  
Not forgetting those who bleach their skin to be so called beautiful and civil

What have they turned us into  
In the name of gold?  
The tears and blood shed  
How we went from walking on top of gold  
to having all our riches sold  
Believing in every lie we're told  
As they close their car Windows to every beggar on the streets  
Leaving them cold  
Our kids be getting arrested for breaking into stores, trying to retrieve their  
world.

This used to be the land of milk and honey  
Today it is us with the exoskeleton, ribcage exposed,  
We are hungry  
It used to be the land of peace and harmony  
Today we cry rape, robbery, murders  
We are dying

Well.. Newton'third law of motion still states,  
For every action, there's an equal but opposite reaction  
For that, let me underline the word equal for you  
Remember the right to equality

But just to be on the safe side of the law  
I shall let these dogs pretending to be sleeping lie  
One thing I know, things are not yet even  
The equation is still unbalanced

But who am I to say anything?  
Just another bitter victim,  
Trying to turn you against the light  
Maybe!

Angela Poen

# Untitled

Wounds are the constant reminders of this long rough journey  
How often we trip and fall just to get up and carry on with the misery  
Heart beats and respiration are what keeps us going  
Goals and dreams are what keep us believing

They say there's light at the end of the tunnel  
Long dark tunnels we've travelled with no candles  
Stepping forward though we weren't sure of the direction  
All we knew is that we'll somehow accomplish the mission

Putting an end to the heart's longing  
Binding it so as to forbid it from loving  
To keep the focus, so we were hoping

Dusty winds blowing to keep our eyes forever blind  
Through Loud thunderstorms, awake we kept our minds

Just one step, one more step  
Maybe we'll finally get to the end of the rainbow  
Where there's all happiness, joy, peace and hope  
If it ain't the step you taking that will get you there, it might be the one after  
The Sun and the moon shone to light up our way, til they both got tired

Left us to face this dark world alone  
However, the heart longeth for what belongs to it  
You can't keep it caged forever  
So you settled for what seems like it  
To keep it going  
All the fantasies came and left you with a hollowed chest  
To remind you that they can never be real

Hold on  
There's all that you need at the end of the rainbow  
Take one step... just one step  
If it ain't this one that will get you there  
It might be the one after

Sore feet  
Wounded heart

Crushed hopes  
Messed up head  
Crawling your way to the end of the rainbow  
Expecting to hear the sounds of trumpets as you drawing nearer  
Expecting the fairness of gold to pierce through your eyes that have been forever  
blindfolded by this veil of darkness

Extending your hand so as to grab what you forever hoped for  
But your eyes meet up with those that are sore as yours  
Sore feet  
Wounded heart  
Crushed hopes  
Messed up head

All that's left In her is that wounded heart  
Pumping polluted blood  
Scared lungs inhaling and exhaling no hope

She's travelled the same miles as yours  
Searching for pots of gold  
Just like you, she's heard of the land of milk and honey  
She's come to the end of the rainbow to restore her broken soul  
But all that she sees is yet another broken soul

We've travelled a long mile in search for perfection  
Just to meet up with the flaws and imperfections  
To make all this wounds and scars disappear  
But all they do is reappear  
So allow me to heal you as you heal me  
Hold me tight as to prevent my heart from falling off my chest  
Hold me to keep my chest, lungs and ribcage together  
Hold me real close so as to stop this blood fro dripping  
I believe my skin is a bandage to your wounds  
And my Love, the spiritual portion that will heal you internally and externally

I know all about your trips and falls  
Your shame and promised calls  
Your so called 'loyal friends' who have turned into walls  
Your severe emotional injuries  
Your little hope that was crushed and left with no chance to resurrect  
Your toes tell me of the long rough journey you've travelled  
With no droplet to fall onto your tongue

In your eyes I see the loneliness, tiredness,  
The tear glands you've held back just to appear strong and masculine

....

Hush..

Let me love you passed that

Angela Poen

# Waiting On Him

How many more RIPs must we say?  
How many more stabbings and car crashings still have to come through?  
How much more must we be convinced that lucifer is really chowing on the  
peoples souls  
And all they do is surrender to him  
How much more ignorance is still needed for that?  
How many more disappointments and betrayals should one come accross?  
What's the capacity of heart memory that's still pain free?  
How much more disgrace and shame needs to meet the qualification  
requirements  
For Jesus to finally come?

How many more goals to achieve  
And new talents to discover?  
How many wishes to come true?  
How many more purposes in life still go undiscovered?  
How much more hardwork should be applied  
How many more hours of sleepless nights  
How much more stress and depression  
Sickness and disease  
Should one experience  
For Jesus to finally come down?

How many more souls must be saved  
How many more must be restored  
How many more must be won to the light  
How much more work should be done to recover God's image?  
How many more babies must be born and taught?  
How many more incurable diseases must be cured  
How many more hands must surrender  
For every knee to finally bow  
And every tongue to confess  
That the very same one they have been denying  
Is the Lord of Lords

How prepared must we get O Lord?



# What's Royalty Then?

When the years of being queen come to an end  
When everything that you used to become threatened  
Your crown, your throne and your rod  
When you have no reason to dine no more  
Even queens are human  
You may claim power but does that power make you sleep at night?  
When everynight you rest your head on your pillow all you think about is your  
enemies  
When your biggest fear being your reigning years taken away and forgotten  
Being replaced by the more beautiful and younger queen  
When your authority is drowning  
And ur king has got no eyes for you anymore  
Because the new queen is to be crowned soon  
At this point make up has ran out of options  
Your servants seem to be giving you commands  
Even those who were loyal to you have got no say  
Your wisdom is your only existance  
Two options:  
either stay fight the battle with you last strength and risk being thrown out of  
royalty in such a way that completely ruins your image  
OR  
Keep your pride, pack your bags and leave before it gets worse

What's it gonna be your majesty?

Angela Poen