

Poetry Series

Boitumelo Oliphant
- poems -

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Boitumelo Oliphant(1987 09 08)

I find my roots in the torso of Bantustan, my father, my lineage.
I am defined by the demigods of my origin, bo Marcus Moziah Garvey,
My pride tiles around the boffins of my establishment, bo David walker, the black
prophets of time

I just love poetry and I hope she loves me too

Africa My Bosom

Like the Twa, the tutsi and the hutu peoples in the kingdom of Burundi I claim
your core

Flawless Dances I see in the Mount of Cameroon, home to the native makossa
and bikutsi melody as I realise solace.

Like the worst of the worst...in Mr Obiang's collage of Equatorial Guinea I refuse
to let go

I grumble at my dilute in my advocate's absentia Mr Haile Selassie for by his tally
a panacea was realised for the oldest site of human existence known to boffins,
Ethiopia. I should have made mine realised by my solace's carrier?

I build towards you in a trance like an unintended crescent formed by the guinea
Conakry as it curves from its western border

I am changing my name to missing you as Malawi changed its' to the warm heart
of Africa and Johannesburg otherwise called the city of gold did likewise.

Conversely, my partita is of no worth as I behold a hand around your hand, a
meta against your meta, and a foot against your floor.

Should I plead my case or let my solitude peak my stature?

Should I contempt gravity and challenge my muskies or should I lay down and
consider my shed as I let go?

Like Nigeria's bargain let the heart of your core decline the acclaimed deity of
this adversity as it bolts us out of a hint, into an actuality.

As I lay mine head tonight, forget all but this, I will soon have you to my bosom
and Africa... will be saved.

Boitumelo Oliphant

Excuse Me Lord

Excuse me lord

Today I had to taste my shed,

Heavy as my head was I rose up

I went to my sanctuary at my while embracing my degrade,

I observed as my likes shoot out like olive shoots,

Why could I not pass this check?

Might it be that my burden is over my quall?

Might it be that I am so deep I have to dig the more and attempt to find a way on the other side?

Can I truly realise repentance or am I just goanna behold it at distance's length?

Is it something attainable or is it just an ore set out to bring false hope to the undiscerning climber?

Can I truly realise solace?

Will I behold my pater's warmth once again?

My ruin is too heavy for my tone in address,

I cannot ask for a second chance, for inherent in my very being is the devourer of chances.

I cannot ask for favour for my reality accommodates none

I cannot ask for solace for the very giver of peace is not at peace with me,

I guess all I can ask for is... forgiveness.

Excuse me lord.

Boitumelo Oliphant

From The Pit I Came

I behold your beauty as I entangle myself in what seems your bosom's belt,
So down to earth that you denied your person a shadow's dent in the sun's
scotch as agony and pain rang your bell.

A mystery, that is the drops of your Meta by the way side palming through and
throughout your very conception.

You left glory's sit and came to par with dust.

It dawned as you carried me over to the messy sit.

Today I call myself grace for in you I tallied an unmeasurable bid of opulence's
autonomy.

I call myself favoured for you lifted me from the dents of destruction that lay
with a catholic mouth tilting by the way side as it swanned to devour my turf.
Out of ink

Boitumelo Oliphant

Her Fate

Diagonal to my reaction is the opposed voluntary knighting often induced by the arming of contemporary deities.

Be heading my vertical temperance down folding destiny, I realise that my mushy ditsy is lying at sight with the damned.

Chased by what seems fate she falls into agony and lashes out as she embraces an ambush sought.

Her world is shadowed by a daisy skillet thought to haunt the undiscerning. To rescue is a bypass only saddened to interplay the corners of time.

It remains a Mistry how she dove in and out the bosom of distress in a blink's watch.

I witness at arm's length the distance of rhetoric shackles aroused in her presence, she pursues vividly her image's fate without a cocas in her Meta. She is strong, she is courageous and with her big throat she swallows the earth's dwellings.

Boitumelo Oliphant

I Am Indebted

I am indebted

How do I bypass the burden put on me by my makers?

The chants of their toi toi are demanding my dues,

Their silence is shouting loud at my misled being, for I have become like a restless child,

How do I escape their torch in my dim?

How do I shake off the dust of their chanting,

As I grow taller, I realise the burden they've laid upon my core.

To platter my stature as I cease my appointment with their realised dream.

To body my map with their laid down subsists,

To engulf my neighbour with their flavour of forgiveness,

To unfound and remedy their enslavement's stock,

To freely walk to glory's sit without presenting a compass

Amen Nkosi yami my lord, let me cast my vote today and pay my dues.

That is the least I can do after what they've done for me.

Thank you Madiba, Steve Biko, Hector Pieterse, Oliver Tambo, Miriam Makeba, Walter Sisulu and all the others.

You have set my path and I will walk it,

For I am indebted.

Boitumelo Oliphant

I Am Tied Down By Gloom's Lace

Never had I understood a pater's warmth.
Being brought up in a size four ménage yet accompanied by solitude's bypass,
I passively behold the daunting desire of his affection as it lures me into dismiss.
Did I miss it or did it miss me, I remain out of sight.
Wishful words like thank you remain far from my reach.
Do I reach out or do I let nature reserve its territory amid a soon to bust geo
inscribed with the Legos "destruction".
Subscribing to the notion "everyman for himself" seems infallibly a measure of
my destiny.
I cry out to time's hook as it beheld without intervening, my deter in hunger for
his bosom.
I thought it be better to restrain my tears from falling, seemingly I am falling into
the grips of envy as I behold his likes do it better.
Should I do anything, should something be done?
Letting go seems a raw sentiment yet a panacea to the delusion that I will one
day get him to say.... Out of ink

Boitumelo Oliphant

Let Me Be Alone Today

When time enquires of my twit, tell her I am out of ink

When communication asks my whereabouts, disclose the mystery of my distance

When destiny seeks to part with me, ask her to leave the keys under the door mat

When providence is no longer on my side, know that she now has my back

When gloom tallies my turf, advise him to put it back when she is done

When fate calls, please answer the door

When love is on the air, I will be betting on gravity

As it be, I shall refill my ink and with it write off the distance between us. I will retrieve my fate's keys and unlock the doors to my providence. I will answer to fate as I wait in anticipation for love to fall down. My hope for our actuality does not liaise with time's advocacy nor takes refuge in my dialog. It is rather in my remote torso, hidden in my very blink and beheld by solitude's care. Let me be alone today for tomorrow I will pour your being in my reality.

Boitumelo Oliphant

Roses Are Red, All Else Is Just Complicated

Woke up in the morning, be-buzzled by a strange comfort of an apparent artefact
scent doffed upon my reality,

Without much tangle I drift from this tally graciously notched in a bubble of ego
imagined in the emptiness of things.

I call onto what glory I find in this enigma. Comfort that tables glossy around a
passim of reality.

Be it known, more deterioration befuddled with what dims extra care for the
unseen, I remain close to sight still.

Mother earth! I call you damned for in you, children are swallowed, and in my
dreams a dashing of shackles I see.

Though I am without sight, fate I recognise still.

In lines with damnation inherent in the very being of my being I resist the fallacy
of an altered state of being.

Dropping dead seemed intuitively dimmable on the rise of a new dawn.

Inevitable it is yet still remains an aborted deck pillaring my cognisance.

I abandon every one of them and consider the reality that is you.

Uncompromisingly ditched with punts of a sweet aroma you stay,

Everything else might be complicated (including this poem) , but my future with
you is not.

Boitumelo Oliphant

They Thought I Was Black

They thought I was Black

They thought Intellectual inadequacy and my fitness for enslavement is what characterises me,

They thought their greed will widespread the defilement of my model for social harmony,

They thought removing my name from the national agenda will broaden my lack,

They thought an urgency to address this terrible sin of slavery could not be realised,

And they portrayed my personage as morally benighted and culturally backward.

Though they thought I was black! @# I am still...

I find my roots in the torso of Bantustan, my father, my lineage.

I am defined by the demigods of my origin, bo Marcus Moziah Garvey,

My pride tiles around the boffins of my establishment, bo David walker, the black prophets of time

My dream makers realise solace as I live their makings, bo Madiba Mandela and Maria Stewart

I am what I am for humanity's sake... if what I am was not, then humanity would have failed

They thought I was Black, yes! I am black

Boitumelo Oliphant

Victory's Mandate

Victory's mandate

Tats and Tutsis of the Bantustan native deter my horizon as millages on my yard-speed unfold,

Today I behold the glory apparent on my fellow African's fate, because of the watch of this day... 1976

On the outskirts of oblivion, I observe the heart of the day as my brother, my saviour steps into a Zloty Street in Soweto,

It was so quiet I tell you, so quiet like a dead man's chest, as one lady puts it, As peace enquired of our whereabouts, a black voice begun to stunt a bellow, Screams and shakes of abomadala na bomagrisa blipped at harmony's erdge... sizani bo! Were legos that shook our belts.

My saviour laid there as we embraced a whip from our dethroners.

The mystery of my master's absentia is a KABOOM to date,

Let the grave embrace your aroma my leader for you have served your mandate

And let us make you proud today as we live your dream

Thank you Hector Pieterse

Boitumelo Oliphant