

Poetry Series

David Ration Lekoba
- poems -

Publication Date:

2011

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

David Ration Lekoba(20/04/1983)

My name is David Ration Lekoba. I was born in Francistown, Botswana. I grew up under two cultures; a Ndebele culture and a Tswana culture.

As a toddler i was brought up by a Zimbabwean family that taught me all the norms and values that have shaped me to be the man i am today. Mr. and Mrs. Mnkandla are from Bulawayo, Zimbabwe and have four more children over and above me. I grew up as their youngest child.

I am qualified in a number of fields and graduated from the university of Botswana with a Bachelors' degree in Arts where I developed the love for literature. I am not only qualified and experienced in HR (Human Resources) but I am also a qualified teacher and have taught English Language and English literature in a number of Primary Schools, Secondary Schools (both Government and Private schools) here in Botswana.I have also taught at the University of Botswana as a teaching assistant in the faculty of Humanities, English Department.

Life prier to moving into the Mnkandla family is not as clear as I would want it to be. I am the 2nd son of Ms. Keromemang Lekoba. A loving mother who by life's circumstances, some of which I, even today, still do not understand, could not be around to bring me and my elder brother Kealeboga Lekoba up. Some of the vague memories of my childhood are trapped in this sad turn of events and perhaps better that way.

I have never known my biological father nor gotten to know my paternal history. I heard two years ago that he had passed. at that moment of my life, I had hoped i would feel some form of pain in my heart, a sense of loss; a need to know, a longing to belong but I didn't. I had neither recollection of him nor the zeal to know him. Maybe, just maybe, in the near future i will desire to know.

The Lekoba clan comes from a village in the central district of Botswana called Tonota. The village is almost the border that separates the Central district from the North East District that harbor the Kalanga tribe and as such most people in Botswana often mistake people who come from Tonota to exclusively be Kalanga. As untrue as this is, the Kalangas do make a significant number of Tonota residents and have added a flavor into the Sekhutshe language that in honesty broke off from the Sengwato language making Sekhurutse a distinct dialect of the Setswana language with its own aesthetics.

I have written a play called "A coward's meal"; A very comic play which, even though written in English, captures the linguistic aesthetics of the Setswana language; A language I `am proud of. I can very well communicate in Ndebele, Zulu, Setswana (Tswana) and obviously English. I am on the verge of completing a Novel entitled "The Verdict". It is set in Selebi Phikwe, a small town in the Central district of Botswana in the Bobirwa area. "The verdict" captures a broad range of themes and motifs, issues that affect an everyday normal human being especial here in Botswana and Africa as a whole. Look out for it.

I am a devoted Seventh-Day Adventist Christian and I currently stay and work in Gaborone, Botswana.

Bubble Gum

Now that you are here
Now that I have seen you
How come I have nothing for you?
Now that you are here
You seem not here
Go back my love
And there share our love
Things not meant to be
Crafted by the hands of man
To last a little longer
Even a moment too long
Go back now Love
So our love lives longer

David Ration Lekoba

I Can't Let Go

Dreaming back through life,
Your time-and mine...
I'm in a fix And you are out,
Death let you out,
Death had the mercy,
You are done with the century...
I, even I, still can't let you go...
For to let you go
Is myself destroyed
Your time-and mine atrophied

My jealousy, my confusion...
You dead...slave to death?
You dead...at the mercy of death?
Done with the hot larva of life
Yeah, in a fix I am
Yet still I can't let you go...

My mouth is burning.
Yeah, with words of a woman in pain.
My eyes turn to the immoderate past.
With tears running from my voice
I whisper rest in peace
Yet still I can't let go...

Some have called you mighty and dreadful.
But you oh death art a slave to fate.
For by one short sleep past.
He will awake eternally
And you shall be no more...
This I know...
Yet still I, even I, can't let go
For to let you go
Is myself destroyed
Your time-and mine atrophied

Through my teary eyes
Yeah, even this rickety voice
Is the thought to self destruct

To escape the harsh realities of solitude
No! he rests in peace!
Solitaire, I'll be in peace

You old death!
You rejoice in my weeping
Oblivious I weep for that which has been my delight
I embrace my pain
And burn it as fuel for this my solitaire journey
You, Death, are a delightful hiding place from this harsh world
I laugh at your naivety
For He that died paid all debts
My time is not yet
My time might come or never
This I know...
Yet still I, even I, can't let go
I wait in peace
You, my darling, rest in peace

David Ration Lekoba

Ian Khama

Kgadiapetsa wena moganganyane wa ga mma seipitseng
E seng gongwe wa tloga wa ikgoela di sa goiweng
Morakaladi le monyenyo wa tshelo jwa Setswana
Batho ka na ke raya motho a tshabetse monyo
Mme e seng wa go o tshabela kgakalagakala
Ka na ke bua ka tlhong tlhonyane ya ga Mma Besiakhama
Segwetha sa moeka
Sejaro sa kgalegetwa ya magagane wa kwetlepa
Ga ke batle le nkutlwa ka tsa ga morakile
Ka ke raya mogaka wa nnete
Mmotlana Khama mogaka wa lwapa laetsho

Nkutlwang ke a bua!
Ke bua ka mhinyana o sa robegeng
Mhinya wa go hatelwa ka mahatelo a matona
A matona e seng phatsana tsa merula.
Ke raya pilara ya ntlo ya losha.
Ha re diroophata di lekile di retetswe
Digai tsa pipinega mantleleke
Ene a tshwere Phuti, rinyane wa nnete
Motho a nyenyela pelong
Ka bolemo jwa gagwe bo rekomologa
A itse ele jone bo tla khumolotswang mo go jone

Ian ka na ga se motho wa tiitiipote
Ya re go tenwa ke sengwe a se fapose
E seng go se fapogela
Batho ka na mogoja dira wa bo a diikgoela
Mmapola tlalo wa bo itse go le suga
Motho a gabilwe se logaga,
A khumolotsega se lelodi
Mohatela wa nnete
Mogaka, Mogagane wa tshelo jwa losha
Thebe yoorra Khama, kgokgonyane ya nnete
Kobo e senang letshoba, mhepa wa yone o sa babeng
Mpha go se go nene the morwa Khama
Lephirime ke jele nna modiidi
Ba re ke pimpitlane baili ba gagwe
Ga ke gane ke a lesa

Ke buile go lekane, e sere ke bake lorata

Errrrr

David Ration Lekoba

If I Were You

If I were you I would be prouder than death
To know my place before hand, a gain
Why wouldn't I use my name again and again
To gain the treasures of this world?
After all this world is your home

If I were you I would be prouder than death
To know someone my battles fights.
While everyone's jealousy calls it corrupt
If I were you I would bet with life to never die
After all this world is your home

But I am not you so I toil and sweat
I am not you so my battles I face to lose.
I walk a lesser man to the eye
To gain what the eye has never seen
After all this world is your home-not mine

David Ration Lekoba

Pain-Ted Woman

Is my name so obvious?
Is my name so written all over me?
When potbellied men undress me from afar
And boys uncouth mistake me for a dog
They mistake me for a cow to whistle at
Is my name really that obvious?

You see, I didn't name myself
My father did.
In secret so did my mother's brother
He hushed me in threat to kill
The name he gave me...a secret, mine and his
Is it really that obvious?

This name, my fault...
My life's eternal seal
A gift from my father's friend
In exchange for bills unpaid.
A gift from my mother's friend
In exchange for her glim and glitter.

This is my name!
I walk it, I talk it and I use it
Boys come and like my uncle leave their secret
Potbellied fathers and husbands leave their secret
Without this name, my name
I have no other

Now by night I linger in streets
My crimson dress revealing my name
Like flies they come to pay their debts
Their secrets to leave in pleasuring my lust and theirs
In the steaming heat of the night's cold
They plunge in me, my name defined

My childhood name has grown so big
I'm by day unknown, by night the queen
My childhood scars inside me hide
My night is day, revenge on men

Imprudent to think they own me now
My name isn't so obvious now

David Ration Lekoba

Son Of Africa

Listen Africa listen!
Listen to the words of a stallion
Listen as I speak of a giant,
An African giant
A giant entangled by his own hand made snares
Yes! Indodana ya se Africa
Un-wax your ears and Listen

Great warrior of the chimurenga,
Phela you stood against white powers
And liberated black wishes
Against the Blairs and Bushes you stood.
Courageous, you battled the spite of the Smith.
Now listen Ndodana ya se Africa
Hear this young stallion galloping towards the truth.
In Limbo you stand snared by your own snares
In Limbo, you warrior remain just a memory

Hau lalela son of the soil,
It's your people who go under the soil
Their calabashes are dry, they go under the soil.
Under the soil their bellies lie empty
Hau lalela Ndodana ya se Africa
Listen son of Africa
Do not stand as proud as death
Do not let its sting be your companion
An African warrior you must once more become
Adorn the spirit of Madiba, No easy walk to freedom
Remember...Listen...Remember.

The Ndukus and the rocks, Africa's weapons of old
Now Son of the Soil's desires battle against Africa
Hau listen son of Africa
Lalela...listen...lalela

David Ration Lekoba

Sorrowed

I am empty inside
My will to live is dim
My flesh has no power and
My spirit is crushed.
I hate everything
I hate everyone
I care-less what happens to anything
I'm a bomb wait to explode!
I feel in shackles and
Death drawing near my companion to become
Shoot me on the head and
Free my flesh and spirit
Pass me a rope and by it bury my miseries
I hate life!
Call it a gift, I call it crafty!
To hell, what the hell!

David Ration Lekoba

Up Rooted

Better it is to have never tasted
For I have tasted the sweet fountain waters
And by the rich river bank basked my barks in winter
Better it is to have never tasted
For I would identify with my emaciated state
Like an ember I am alone to face my demise
Lifted off from who I should be to who am I
I know neither my name nor culture
My roots dangle in suspense
While other trees tap from the fountains beneath.
Lifted off in promises that never came
And now thwarted is my embodiment.
I am up rooted, uncultured, and un nourished
Like an ember I am alone to face my demise
Better it is to have never tasted

David Ration Lekoba

When Choice Is None

For what is choice
When choice is none?
To make belief
My ballot to win
When in glitter you are,
Mine is the dust.
So, for what is choice
When choice is none?

By nights of unrest
My choice to scream for you.
By the hot African sun
My choice still to scream for you
And now my sweat your rapture
While the shack in winter my torture
Then, what is choice
When choice is none?

Your roots so proud
A foundation lay,
My father's choice
An aid to yours
And now my choice
With yours is none
Glitter and gleam you are
Dirty and grimy I am
So, for what is choice
When choice is none?

For you my blood,
The same as me,
Arise and shine
With machete not
For under the sun
Nothing lives forever
When choice is none
The choice is us
Our land, our hope
When choice is "none"

David Ration Lekoba