

Poetry Series

Erl Mbeha
- poems -

Publication Date:
2019

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

Erl Mbeha(23 July 1997)

Born at home in winter. God put inside a soul so full of loneliness, emotion, love and decreed that my only cure from the constant pains of life will be potent fosages of heart warming (heart wrenching at times) literature.

Change

Don't bring me a fire
Because I'll grow cold again
Don't light my world
It will hurt my dilated pupils
Don't sit with me
Cause you'll eventually leave me alone.
Instead,
Go
And as you tread
Do me a favour
Shoot CHaNGE in the head for me
For it is the one that has brought me
This heartache and these phobias.

Erl Mbeha

I Have No Home In This Earth

If you burry me in Cow-Boy
Eventually people will build over my grave.

If you burry me in 'my village'
The people will eventually move away or die.

Burn my cadever
And sprinkle my ashes in the
Zambezi - to sleep with the fishes.

Erl Mbeha

If Love

If love's a crime
Then I have committed a horrendous iniquity,
I do deserve to be put on death row.

If love's a sentence
Allow me to kiss my DEAR mother goodbye
'Cause I'm gonna be serving for life.

If love is a building block
Then this love that I carry
Is the stone that the builder refused.

But if love is a gift
Then this love of mine is:
Taj Mahal; Daisies; Hanging Gardens...

Erl Mbeha

If My Darling's The Rose

If my darling's the rose:
Beautiful, mellow, and full of nourishment
Then I'm the prickles of the rose:
Barbed, repugnant, and unpleasant.

The beauty of my darling is life giving
She makes the bee to come from far
And feed on her sweet scented nectar.
She - - is the grandmother of honey.

My prickles are meant to protect her
But I'm afraid, for my power is inferior.
Her ruddy petals make lovers come flocking
And her sweet aroma fans their desire.
O lord, how I wish these woody prickles could wing.
So I could fly her far from here.

I live in a perpetual state of constant worry
Resultant of my rigid and stationary nature.
I wish I had a longer reach and a lively form
For the gardener may soon come with sheers
To mutilate my darling....I pray...
I pray the Lord makes him wonder elsewhere.

Love, do not let my worrisome heart spoil your day.
Turn your aesthetical attributes towards the sun
And cast your beauty across the land.
For the bee and the young poet depend on it.

Erl Mbeha

In Praise Of My Precious Pen

How many have had what you and I shared?
The longevity, trust, perils and troubles;
In exams, tests, and all inking duties
You stood by me.

We went through a lot of troubles
The borrowings, and going missing
But we found each other again somehow
And we failed together - oh, Sweet failure!

Sorry for breaking you
I didn't mean to do it.
Sorry for losing your other piece
And sorry for not recognizing your worth till now.

You were such a good companion
You brought some meaning to my lonesome self
And gave me something to think about, and talk to,
And something worth writing to - and about.

I'll remember you old friend
I'll hold on to your substance - I promise.
Thank you for your good service,
My good old pen.

Erl Mbeha

Mine Will Be A Lonely Funeral

All the friends I had worked my whole life making
Will be strangers for I couldn't keep them.
No one will recognise my name on the radio
For I spent all my days alone in isolation.
My mother will be crying.

In the morning, it will probably be dry and empty
The heavens will not mourn my demise.
A solitary car will carry my wretched pine box
Moving sluggishly and followed by a miniature crowd.
My sister will weep painfully.

They will form a small procession
And one by one they will peer into my pine box
To witness my cold pallid countenance firsthand.
I will lie still and cold and will not be able to respond.
My niece will break down.

My brother will most probably be a successful man then.
He will love me with a tender brotherly love
But he will have a lot of responsibilities and ends to tie
So he'll be only starting his long journey home when all this happen.
My brother will mourn for me.

My mother will say a few words of affection
And they will be heavily punctuated by sobs and tears.
My 1 or 2 friends will say something too
About how I wasn't as dense as I appeared.
My few friends will miss me.

They will lower my pine box into my dreaded sepulchre
And the pastor will have his share of words to say
But he'll just do it for the Lord for he will not have known me.
Dirt will begin to pile up - terrifying darkness upon solid darkness.
My family will lament my passing.

The days will pass and the winds of time will blow me away.

Stone Cold Hearts

We grew up with stone cold hearts
In the dark alleys, away from shine
Learning all the selfish ways
Vocabulary filled with I, me, mine
Wasting away all our precious days
On vanity and folly.
We were afraid of fires and bonds
And we ridiculed anything holly.
Look at us now, nothing but bones.

A life spent foolishly
A life without either of the Devine fires
Love, Trust, Peace, Harmony, Kindness and
Genuine Laughter
They all slipped past us like the whistling wind.
We didn't want them, we had other motives
But tell me, what did we live for?
What is really worth living for?

Life is like a day
Dawn comes shimmering from the darkness
Leaving behind all the uncanny nocturnal life
And bringing us the familiar sound of Sylvia borin.
Morning passes and noon comes and...goes
Dusk arrives and paints the celestial canvas black.
Eventually the blackness solidifies...end of day.
It has ended and you can never get it back.

Erl Mbeha

There's Historians In My Heart

There's Historians in my heart
There's a government too
A well founded government.
It's not powerful, but it thrives
(in its own way)
There's all sorts of professions
there
But two sit atop all the others:
History and Nostalgia.
These two disciplines are practiced by
Very passionate and brilliant scholars,
And their chief study... is you my love.

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