

Poetry Series

**Gabriel Mapati**  
**- poems -**

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# Gabriel Mapati()

# A Mother's Love

Like a hen on its eggs she comforted me.  
All my life such love has never been shown to me.  
This kind I only received from one person.

Day and night she did not sleep.  
With an eagle's eye she watched over me.  
With prayers she showered me.  
Watching me to see if what I needed I had.

For so many years I never acknowledged her love.  
I did not understand.  
The pain I felt when she said "No" broke my heart.  
I thought it was hate.  
If only I knew it was love.

The first words I could utter were her name.  
Her name Mama  
What I ate she worked for.  
What I wore she bought.  
Yet I did not acknowledge that.  
I was too young, too naive and too blind.

I was too blind to realise I had two parents  
Yet only one was always there for me.  
I was too blind to see her heart break every time I shed a tear.  
Too blind to see the trouble she went in to keep me safe.  
I was too blind to notice the fights she lost and won just for me.

The permanent scars she has on her face and breasts are mine.  
Crying and screaming I forced my nails into her skin.  
Yet she still held me close.  
Held me close to help overcome my anger.

In the spectator stands she shouted at my school.  
Praising me even when the other children beat me.  
She was always at my corner.  
Her comforting hugs I had constant supply of.  
Yet all this time I was still too blind.  
Too blind to see love,

Too blind to see a mother's love.

Gabriel Mapati

# How Stupid Can Love Be?

Reading this you will hate me.  
You might even wish to slap or even kill me.  
But this is how I felt and how I feel about you.  
What you do from this point is of your choosing.  
I am done messing around.  
I am tired of being stupid.

At first glance, I knew you were worth an effort.  
I knew you had the right features that would make any man go crazy.  
At that point, I knew I wanted you.  
Wanted you just like any man would.  
How stupid I was.

Hours, days and months passed as I waited for the right moment.  
The right moment to talk to the woman I felt so enchanted by.  
I waited ready to pounce like a hungry hyena.  
But the day didn't seem to want to come.  
Until one faithful day when you finally smiled at me.  
What a stupid move that was.

At that moment I realized my chance had finally come.  
I did my best to keep you smiling, to keep you wanting more.  
If only you had known what was on my mind then, you would have hated me.  
But you had no clue, so I kept you close.  
How stupid you were.

All I wanted was to have you for a while and leave you.  
The word keep never sounded in my head.  
And to me, that seemed like a dream worth accomplishing.  
How stupid I was to think such evil.

Like prophets, your friends seemed to see me for what I was.  
But for some reason, I was able to change their minds into thinking I was an angel.  
And so their frowns were turned to smiles.  
So I weaved myself into their hearts and they took me in.  
Taking me in not knowing my real agenda.

Now I have you but all my intentions are gone.

I fight so hard to get you off my mind but I can't.  
Even my friends are now thinking I'm bewitched.  
They think so because my mouth is not getting tired of uttering your name.  
For some reason, I can't let you go.  
How stupid am I?

My initial plan has failed.  
All I have are emotions I know nothing of.  
I have been attracted before.  
I know of lust and I know of passion,  
But I know nothing of this new feeling I feel for you.  
How stupid am I? .

Because I have liked women before, I know how it feels.  
But this that I feel is beyond just liking.  
I have tried to find the right word to describe it,  
but my vocabulary seems too small.  
I have consulted those that I trust and respect.  
But the answer that they give me is that which I do not want to accept.  
How stupid am I? .

I try even harder to find another word to describe my feelings for you,  
but the same four letters remain the answer.  
How is this even possible?  
I never thought I could fall in love, but I am.  
And I am in love with you.  
And that seems like something that is going to stick for quite a while.

How any more stupid can all this get?  
And is it even possible for you to want to keep playing this stupid game with me?

A stupid question that I wish you would answer yes.  
How stupid I want both of us to be.

Gabriel Mapati

# Humiliation

The dry ground thunders beneath my bare feet as I flee.  
I flee from the prying eyes.  
The eyes that follow me where ever I go.  
Embarrassed, I feel naked.

I storm into the four walls of my room looking to hide.  
But the same walls seem to have the same eyes.  
The walls begin curving in on me.  
I can't hide my shame I realize.  
Embarrassed I feel naked.

I swing the door, step on the street and continue my gruesome journey.  
I run into the woods hoping to finally escape from them.  
I hear voices above me.  
I look up to see birds.  
I can feel their eyes burrowing through my skin.  
Their beaks move frantically as if laughing at me.

I can't escape this I realize.  
I just have to live with it.  
It's my baggage now.  
My very embarrassing baggage.  
I have to live with this endless charade of humiliation.

Gabriel Mapati

# I Found The Lord

Locked inside my own body.  
I never thought life would treat me this way.  
With my friends I live life worthlessly and recklessly.  
A girlfriend I have, yet I'm still lonely.  
My family only seem to care about money.  
Nothing in the world cares about me.  
I'm just locked inside my own body.

But wait a second.  
People don't matter, people are just passing phases.  
Only one person matters.  
Jesus Christ my Lord.

I've found someone who actually cares for me.  
Now if you thought I would come grovelling at your feet,  
You got another thing coming.  
He promised to be my friend eternally.  
Now to me that sounds like a great deal.  
So I'm now breaking your deal.  
Yours where I had to constantly look over my shoulder.  
Looking over to prevent your back stabbing.  
So I don't need your friendship anymore, it's not good for me.  
I found way better.

See, I don't think you understand what I'm saying.  
What I'm saying is I don't need you.  
Don't get me wrong though, I'm not saying I hate you.  
If it's anything, I love you.  
You are the best family I ever had. Why?  
You were the darkness that showed me the light, and for that I love you.  
You were a great help in showing me the Lord.

I have found someone better,  
Someone who offers me eternal life and peace.  
Now, even you can't contend with that.  
A good girlfriend you were.  
But he offers much better love than you ever did.  
He is not a liar like you because he is not man.

I don't think you understand the magnitude of my Lord.  
He is King and is no mere mortal like you.  
So I'm sure even you can tell what a great deal he offers me.  
You offered to be with me for less than a hundred years?  
Well, he offered to be with me for all eternity.  
Why? Cause he is Lord.

See, for a long time I lived on my knees.  
You made it seem as if I had to work for me to be loved.  
Guess I was just blind.

I was blinded by a lot of things.  
Blinded by you.  
Blinded by my friends.  
Blinded by my family.  
Blinded by the craziness of this world.  
But finally I've found The Lord.  
So thank you but your phase in my life has passed.

Gabriel Mapati

# I Was In Love

This was it.  
Finally, my lonely candle had been lit.  
I had found my soul mate.  
The one to take care of my heart.  
I was content with if this was my fate.  
I was in love.

My mind thought of nothing but you.  
I was running out of ways to please you.  
I had learned what love was through you.  
I was in love.

Roses I showered you with.  
All my savings I clothed you with.  
You were the one I wanted to grow grey with.  
The love you showed I was content with.  
I was in love.

Now to me, love has become improbable.  
My heart is irreparable.  
What's left of it are shreds.  
Trying to mend it, my mind wanders.  
Lots of friends you had.  
I never minded though because you were lovable.  
I was in love.

If only I knew behind your smile you hid your heartless chest.  
Now in people, I have lost all trust.  
What my friend had I did not have I wish you could point.  
Finally, I realize, I was stupid.  
My heart is filled with disgust.  
I was in love.

If only I had known you were not real.  
But how could I when I was trapped under your spell?  
Now I try to fix my heart but it seems impossible.  
It's now official, I'll spend my whole life miserable.  
Why? The answer is simple.  
I was in love.

Gabriel Mapati

# Lost In The Present

"Give up" voices shout in my head.  
Confused I am.  
My innocence betrayed by chancers.  
My heart trampled upon by fake love.  
I look back and see nothing but broken dreams and promises.  
Only a few I feel proud of accomplishing, yet they all seem worthless.  
I cry yet no tears fall.  
I scream yet no voice comes.  
I peek at my future and only bliqueness I see.  
Though I try to stop, time keeps on ticking.  
I run after it but I just can't keep up.  
The world spins and I lose focus that I had so little of.  
Is this it? Is this what the future holds for me?  
Questions without answers.  
I wonder about the future yet I'm lost in the present.

Gabriel Mapati

# Note To Dad

There is a new one called Bob, or is it Rob.  
His face is round just like a door knob.  
He has a mop of hair that looks like a mob.  
Although he is not, he acts like a snob.  
Although mom denies it, he looks like a blob.

He is so strange he cant even change the bulb.  
But strange is not the word cause I knew he was dumb.  
Can you believe yesterday he ran from a clob?  
I thought mom had better taste, but I think she's just bad.  
If only you were here you would laugh your sides numb.

He tries to do a lot but he just fails to inspire.  
At church you wont believe he is actually an Usher.  
I see glimpses of u but he is still afar.  
If only he stopped being you I think he'd do better.  
He tries to impress me but he just fails to deliver.  
He even cooked for me, but i''m allergic to pasta.

He loves his soda, but he's prone to shiver.  
Its not a secret cause he always has clothes under.  
His chin is funny, good thing he's a shaver.  
But he's nothing close to being an achiever.  
Believe me, he's a lot to laugh over.

Talking alone, in whispers he will murmur.  
Sometimes I believe he's a spirit from under.  
He's always with a marker yet he's not even a teacher.  
Oh, father, if you were here your eyes would suffer.

Gabriel Mapati

# Past

I scream on top of my lungs yet no sound comes out.  
A real life dream I soldier through.  
A shadow stalking me I look back and see.

Out of breath, my legs betray me.  
The shadow creeps forward and shadows over me.  
In it I see pain, I see fun.  
I see friends, I see enemies.  
I see broken promises.

Deep in the shadow I see a woman with eyes full of fright and hope.  
Eyes full of love and anxiety.  
Her lips move but no sound escapes from them, yet I know what she says.  
A lip-reader I am not, but a great memory I have.

A woman whose kisses I still feel on my cheeks stand in the shadow.  
Finally it dawns to me. My mother steps forward towards me.  
She points at the shadow, she points at my past.

Gabriel Mapati

# Screaming In Silence

She can't seem to move her arms, legs or any muscle at all.  
Her eyes blink in the bright light though she can't see anything.  
Her arms feel tied up, her whole body does.

She can feel the chains all over her body.  
Surely, she must be struggling to free herself, but no.  
She just sits there.  
With the glare in front of her, she does nothing to evade its punishing flair.

Although the chains dig into her, eating right through her,  
she doesn't seem to mind much.  
I wonder why.  
But as I keep looking I notice something.

Her face is quiet yet its screams fill the musty air.  
Her eyes blank, yet I can't seem to finish the texts it opens up for me to read.  
Going through them, I study them.

I realize she is locked in her life.  
I see her misery, I feel it as it goes down my spine in a million chills.  
She has been in this life for far too long she has gotten used to it.  
But, she still screams.

She is scared out of her mind.  
She continues to go through the sexual abuse in silence.  
She has gotten so used to it that she does nothing to evade it.  
She just stares at it head on.  
Head on without flinching from its punishing pain.

Binded by the chains of orphan-hood, she can't move.  
She just suffers in silently loud torment.  
If only I could ask her.  
Ask her why she is screaming so silently,  
maybe, just maybe, she may explode in her loudest scream.  
But that seemed like a dream.

If only the chains binding her weren't so painfull.  
If only they weren't getting any deeper.  
But, that is just how A.I.D.S operates, it never stops digging.

Pushing away all hope to her endless psycho-physical torment.

Only a mother's heart can bleed like mine is.  
Seeing my daughter in such torment stabs my heart.  
It stabs from beyond the grave.  
If only she could hear my voice,  
maybe she would be re-assured i'm looking above her.

As I watch from above in silent screams of my own,  
the door bangs thunderously.  
A woman in the finest clothing walks in.  
Behind her is a beast.  
It eyes my poor daughter as it approaches.  
Its eyes open wide in the glare of the room.  
With a whisper to its ear my sister walks out of the room,  
My own sister betraying my trust.  
The beast approaches entangling itself from its hide.  
One of my sister's clients ofcourse.

The beast approaches her.  
A beast in a man's body coming for her,  
coming for my poor daughter.  
Motionless she just sits there.  
She doesnt seem to care about the beast nearing her.

Suddenly, her screams burst my ear drums.  
The beast does not seem to react to her screams.  
But then, from the look on her face I realize why.  
She screams, only she screams in silence.

Gabriel Mapati

# What I Have Done I Do Not Know

In a room full of people, I feel alone.  
Pretenders and backstabbers form a circle and block me in.  
I can feel their eyes impelling through my skin.  
They feel nothing but hate and disgust, they are mean.  
Jealousy over-shadows their fake smiles, though nothing of mine i own.  
What I have done I do not know.

Even the people I call my family look at me with eyes of hate.  
They see me quiet they see peace.  
What they do not see is how loud I am screaming inside.  
How I wish someone could hear my screams in silence.  
But then again, that would satisfy my enemies.  
What I have done I do not know.

Troubles follow me as I walk through the roads of life, yet they do not see it.  
Like everyone else I face life's cruelty.  
My hands are covered in dirt.  
Bruised are my feet and hands through the painful work that I do, yet they still hate.  
What I have done I do not know.

None I have hurt, yet they still hate.  
None I have wished bad, yet they wish me death.  
None I have wronged yet they push me off my path.  
I weep inside fro my tears have dried out.  
What I have done I do not know.

For love I search, but of course I find none.  
With no one to hold my hand, I go through life alone.  
What I long for is a friend, not many but one.  
One who would tell me what I have done.  
For what I have done I do not know.

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