

Poetry Series

Irvin Relebogile
- poems -

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Irvin Relebogile(11-10-1998)

Name is I, profession is being a poet, just kidding.
you can call me I though, but as for poetry-it is not a job. Rather it is something I have gladly chosen to love out of my own liking. I was born in a village just outside of Tzaneen. I grew up not loving poetry but somehow life taught me that poetry is your one and only voice in the whole of galaxy.....that is the why today I write like I am about to die. poetry is my friend, in whom my consolation and confinement has established a home...I love reading and writing.I will be matriculating in 2016..hopefully, and after that I want to become an accountant.. so I am going to be a poetic accountant (PA) .

17 June 1976

And before any stones were thrown
I've heard a slug come in very fast
Into his flesh an alien rifle ball was known
Pouring tremor among the innocent vast
And we couldn't tell if he was most hated
Or conform to the simple mind and say
He was before all hence first penetrated,
But it's wisdom to say he was gone that day.
In this after day comforts need be known
In their death we saw the system apart
Its people deranged and Bantu overthrown
Illiteracy shall fall and joy in Africa's heart,
And catacombs do now mark the worlds
And the heroes' molted choice of words.

Irvin Relebogile

21 Years Of...(To All The Youth)

'Wait till 21, suffer the ungreat for only brief'
Endure against-till 21; the heat o'the cold,
Let longing an' self-denial come before the grief,
Which be, neither of loss nor soonest coaled,
Which the elders of age don't subject to scorn,
And the prophets of old find such an appealing,
And the parents eagerly wish to prolong,
For to the world, their ability-such be revealing.

Irvin Relebogile

A Dying Man's Song

This here could be my last,
With shades by the setting sun-
I recall how i wasted my past,
My soul departs' and my sight run.

This here was my first,
As i look at this memory held by a photo;
I even more despise to rest,
'we die together'-that's our motto.

O! Dear light:
I see your eyes being eager:
longing for a flight-
Your desire to sever even bigger.

O! Dear dove:
Take me too with you,
To heaven where is pure love,
And there his will i will do.

Sing me a song;
At my passing don't cry
But'with sad melodies tell'that it is wrong-
For death (so soon) to give me a try.

Send me away poetically,
Tattoo my coffin with the words
Of spear tragically:
(The world is a stage) -with birds
Flying above singing a love song.

Irvin Relebogile

A Headache

A slight cephalalgia
At first, its cause at
Direct consequence
Of fastened muscles
Lit by diverse comics,
Therefore no more
I shall express mirth,
All thin's good, anything
Amusing are wearied and gone,
Save sweat and despair;
By them i jovially frown:
Rest of my facial muscles,
Headache shall be no more.

Irvin Relebogile

A Holy Marriage

Let no man tear asunder God's sacred joint
Of righteous girls and lust-hating brothers,
But let no man attempt to overlook this point
Of acquiring God's permitting blessing to love.
A grown man was made away from the mother
To cling unto the help God made of his ribs
Ere which a great sleep was ordained upon man
Whereupon the help sinned and now reaps.
Whoever failing to harken unto this least
Lies in the bed of adultery and many fail,
Doth God alter? Or shall the sun set in the east?
Still, whoever remarries is a ship that sail
Into in the lamb's feast shall not feast?
Let no man envy his helper's wife, lest he ail.

Irvin Relebogile

A Senior High's Feast

With the long beating and annoyance of a siren,
Upon a deemed rather long and draggy lesson,
I see, with fights, hunger inspires a race to the exit,
Where no one knows no one and if, as all persons,
They once talked, all that is now ancient on rocks
The conflicts and strangeness are carried down:
In plates with marks of starving rats,
In tupperwares resembling old age;
As if desperate to say 'from dumps'
Or 'we once belonged to the dead',
-Down and up to the receiving site.

On arrival, tired old females can be seen
With hearsays say their lovers are dead,
When some say they saw better elsewhere,
And we are justified in the thought that
The aged women were enemies to obedience,
Therefore they cook they're our cooks,
And we take school children when idle
Say it is for their sons and daughters are
Some of them, say it, this one tiny reason seems
To assure them that in disgust those of old
Age would not dip a bit of toxicant in their joy.

Characters of the greedy, desperate and hungry
Makes perfect the events leading to the feast
Along the way, i saw them pulling one another,
In contempt with one another, they tear clothes,
They swear and utter incantations,
They praise the caregiver with heavenly praises,
They of charms smile and menacing figures frown,
The sighted pretend blindness behind dim glasses
The mourning finishing laughter of stand-up men

Finally, upon reception of joy in their plates,
They spread around-forming hosts of sorts
As if bees alarmed to sweet pastures they are
They don't care, they have their wants contained
They pull out papers from school books,

Put paper down and pour the food upon,
And a senior high's feast to their joy starts.

Irvin Relebogile

A Sinner's Prayer

To God in the heavens be glory!
who took a binding oath
with our forefathers
to love and cause
mammon to flow,

i pray;
that with every straying
sheep
You form a mount of
pardon
before your lanterns
to shrink
down these deeds,

these hours that
fade with the vanishing
of your love
i pray;
that they turn
and grow long,

this sun that dies soon
and the moon about to fall;
allow love mislead them
and cause great confusion
to devour their !

Irvin Relebogile

A Talk With God

Who shall live this life with me,
To the thirsty jaws of the wild?
Sucking beasts which life be,
Who shall with me bear this mild?

His greatness, and the Lord said:
Come, O'come this cruel path,
The hour is nigh an'climax laid
And patience waxed with wrath,

Steel melts for the sun goes chide
Remembering the cause which
Then in my sound head abide,
And the purpose therein reach,

What stays behind is cursed
Lo, the wild bears abundant life
Serving who shall cry is blessed
Thorns which pierce giving life,

The narrow turns narrower
Who shall see? and the few
Are devoured by sucking beasts
What is strange is what we knew,

Man wise, who shall condemn him?
But his wisdom shall condemn him
Tempting nature with his inventions
That circles many woes and afflictions,

'Who shall live this life with me,
To the thirsty jaws of the wild?
Sucking beasts which life be,
Who shall with me bear this mild? '

Who shall is out of the question
But who art wise is now present.
Who stays pure out of the nation?
But he who shall death resent.

Irvin Relebogile

After The Diagnosis

Man was no longer to be human
One with inflections in the upper body
Whose soon would be to rearrange
The innate system Proving to be in favor of life.
Docter, for he was qualified and held degrees,
Came in a calm tone and declared softly that
Man was no longer to be man,
He had in him a cruel, chronic curse cancer.

This also proved greater impact on his wife,
Instead, to him a ticket to go jolling, chasing the night.
The thirtyfive, long and short: the succession is yet
To see an please, dear wife; let rest
The idea of dying together in warmth very old.
Because she wept, rotting in pointless hope
Because she could not, not for gold nor silver
Let go of love that could last so long.

Their boy, a great fighter surely'd take this wrongly
His heart will run wild and long so long that
This curse was an opponent in a ring of death
Surely he'd grow great motivation within him,
O! how i imagine: brutal blows, delusory dodges,
Send the curse running to the grave, the grave!
Indeed he would not accept, unless HE interveens.
God the Almighty prevents such deeds being done.

The missy, their pride-in capes, sandy banks
Long forgotten, will not either accept
Lest creator interveens, her addiction will return
Crawlling, calm claiming still, after all
The inevitable would happen, old man would
Have to kick the bucket, give up the ghost
Forsaking his loved ones, to paradise or hades
For this curse called cancer.

Irvin Relebogile

All Things Bad

All things bad shall be in vain
When death in me dies
And foolish men all insane
Dig a grave scaled to death's size
And bury me in vain
Not knowing i'll rise

And all things bad shall be in vain
When true dogs bark
Under clear sky or rain
With sharp oily teeth dark
Shall sing and sing of his rein
Unto those whom country pleasures suck

In vain shall be all things bad
When the sun loses his right
To shine and bind all things we had
From darkness to his furious light
We see what closed eyes shared
With the dim world of no sight

We weep and die
We rejoice and sigh.

Irvin Relebogile

An Orphan

I'm motherless and in this dark world alone,
When sick boys and girls seek me
Who'll pity me when i don't have my own

Nor can i say i have a brother who will fight,
When bullies bully me and share me
Who'll hide me in this life an'shield my right

My father was taken with others by the war,
When colonists beasts colonise me
Who'll aid when no more is my father's roar

Nor can i say i've a sister who is now taken,
When a boy's approach approaches me
Who shall advice me when i am forsaken

When they ask me who is my name
I'll turn a fool and fool them of me
Eventually when i talk i'll say shame

For i dwell alone in this empty abode
And all visitors visiting said shame of me
Therefore shame is my name alone.

Irvin Relebogile

Can I Love, , , ?

I've spent half my
Childhood in dedication, , ,
Attempt to wake your eye
To that for you: affection,
If God so unloving:
My sad death had been,
For rebellion at him proving
My love, such many haven't seen,
Opinions and harsh names
For envy, mistaking n' lust
All lashing me as in black games,
All owing to 'love you i must'.

Yet you still question your ability
To love, rather use 'may i love? '.

Irvin Relebogile

Desire

O nothing imaginable ever dwelt so high
In the emptiness of light-blue in the sky
As these dreams seek to proudly dwell
Where no hand can reach a hand's desire
Or meet in reality the dreams that swell
These dreams that dream of being higher,

As the ocean opens up to a great depth
And swallow a great per-centum of earth
Reaching seventy-five of a hundreth whole,
In are frustrations and eventually insanity
Doth show from the north to the south pole
We are robbed of joy and hope but enmity

I'll monger a headstone fix'd on my head
And the grave to show how my joy is dead
Shall, O shall descend to my troubled heart
An' summon dark eagles to eat this carcass
Of vivid emotions when they sadly depart
By the hand of desire away they sadly pass,

Away with sailing ship into the red sun
Of sailors long gone and life their life done
In foreign countries much pleasure an' gold

Irvin Relebogile

Fornicating Minds

No man betrothed into lust
 think me injustice,
we are the same:
though his body be idle
his heart is easily seduc'd
oh'no! hearts are sighted;
breaking the barrier
of nature's law,
reaching far beyond any
covering of garments,
takin' souls back to Eden,
hearts alter with great
ease an'short-tempered speed;
to modern ways of
transgressions,
tho' the body lie with a few
the heart is fast moving
from one man to the other,
tho' the body requires an
unavowed place to do this;
hearts are ever concealed
and ready to engage in this.

Irvin Relebogile

Girls Of The 21st Century

Wake up; sleepy heads of world,
You've remained shut for ages,
Some of your own are scorned,
An'morked of homos in all stages,
Inauspicious yet cunning are these,
Tiny submerged in nothing but charity,
Wake up, O see world what is this
That these aren't worthy of cruelty.

Amongst many is the christening,
'Unlovely, cheap', thus we usually hear,
Yet the callers art more frightenning,
They instill in them such fear,
Their bodies are the temples of God,
Yet no! their bodies are a playground,
Some are forced into it, some enticed
But i know! i know the doer is bound-
To reap bitter results of his seed.

For cursed, scorned are the gay
For pain comes only after a long joy,
For joy comes only after a terrible day.

Irvin Relebogile

Goodness Within Everyone

Tho' to evil monsters our images do they relate,
For as smitten foes of mercy we are fallen victim(s) ,
To vicious sun rays' rages we are turned dim,
To the generosity of heaven-sent
rainfalls we drown in floods of
Sorrow,
By the warring winds we are tossed to and fro with fear of losing tomorrow,
And by evil men we are enslaved with teachings that not all are equal,
Then we resort to evil mearsures;
Covering our good intentions.

Irvin Relebogile

Hidden Talents

These greats lodged within my soul
Prefer exposure which is against my being
And God shall enquire of my role
Here on earth, so why it had been
That those greats instilled within my spirit
Were hidden as lambs under his shadow
When i'd have rather glorified him
I sat there still, God's delight i had a Daw.

But the bible to my help, to end this,
'God leaves, to his children valuable a talent'
He cares not in what manner they return his
But prefers that whosoever gets is hardened
In passion to glorify him with the least
Of that which God hath entrusted unto them.

Irvin Relebogile

I

I
How could i?
When the white snow
was glad to descend upon me,
I did not love with an innocent charity that chastens the childish.
Rather i thought myself
To know better,
And deemed I
The main matter.
I remember the day
He turned his back,
A head as strong than clay,

I
Could have sighed
And hailed his name
But then I had a poor sight.
To have seen better
What life was doing
I did not,
instead preferred a hotter
Head that grew prideful.

Irvin Relebogile

I Don'T Owe Anyone A Dime

I don't owe anyone a dime,
So why should i say and rhyme,
When you crave a someting nice,
So why should i well jump,
As if a car over a speed hump,
Why should you my joy throttle,
And feel as the fish in the bottle,
Why should your precense be cold,
When your self is strongly as bold,
And you triumph with both power,
When i'm wearried of you all hour,
So know you this dear my pal,
I am not one of your pearls,
I don't owe you a single thing,
I do not owe anyone a dime.

Irvin Relebogile

I Love You

I hate you...
If i'd have to
Rate my love for you,
I'd hail zero's name.

I hate you...
If i were to choose
Between thinking of you
And perishing,
I'd make an excuse to die.

I hate you...
So much that
I can not resist to
Frown when i hear of you,
I am happy.

I hate you...
That i weep now for
writting so badly about you.

I hate you...
But not as much as
I LOVE YOU.

Irvin Relebogile

It Was All Gone

Our childhood was then gone;
Lost to false perceptions,
Lost to desires body-born,
Devoured by the harsh-
Convincing words of peers,
Then it was too late;
The dawn of adulthood was in,
Traces of what used to be was all
That could be seen,
Now our hearts cry out loud in regret:
Saying 'that's our true story'.

Irvin Relebogile

It Was Jesus

Her jaw dropped and out
flew winds of horrible odor,

Her hair desert dry, missing
and slightly scarlet,

Her sick belly immense;
breakin' throu' the aged wear,
attainting the entire being,

Bones wrapped around
in weaned flash,

Her eyes shone in a dim world,
yet this world is her eyes
reddened by pain and fags
shranked down, wrinkling.

and down the forsaken road
in this old slum, immeded
her figure swaying in a dream,

Upon her born a dustbin:
of delusory hopes;
smelling and filling,
still it was her tiny home,

And in me;
a dear dime lodged;
highly valu'd,

Her jaw dropped and out
flew winds of horrible odor,

Her patient concentration
resting, resting
upon me for those seconds,

She sought help of any kind

but with a woken face;
'not even a dime have i to spare',

Her patient concentration still,
now upon my back,

Then came a shocking
realization, tormenting;
the bible says 'it is i
that asks, i that knocks,
i that hungers, i Christ'

It was, i had said no
to Jesus.

Irvin Relebogile

It Was Just A Dream

I have beheld monsters in my head,
With faces normal but behind lay hatred, evil and names of the dead.
They chased me with others,
We scared and perished with hopelessness.
Our blood had in them a remedy for unhappiness.
The roars of my breath screamed and led them to me for their collection.
I longed for a day of light,
But they were just too much in love with darkness to do what's right.
I was chased by big men whose powers equaled the earth?
All where i set my eye and had sight was them,
lo! they cometh.

Irvin Relebogile

Jealousy

It's what we tell ourselves that molds the view
Of souls, material things the world in and outside
And upon this if care is rare a mind is new
And on this we do, not caring on what values we ride
Though it is good to admire good and live anew
We see that who carry this will are dead and few
Notwithstanding the number of those who don't increase
Brandishing the mortality that best suits their ease.
We do end this curse by only sickness and death
As the world is overpopulated, going and sinking down
Only can we behold that good no more is given birth
And life of all lives do rest now neath the brown
Substance six feet have we gone wrong
For we sought not this path or ever we'll long.

Irvin Relebogile

Love

Love has no vision
Comely bodies don't exist
Except for a spiritual mission;
Decent souls do persist,
It is the inner man she takes;
His glory are not fakes,

Love possesses no taste,
No dish is sweet, nor no dish,
No compelling nerve doth haste
-Deliver love to the heart, no slippy fish
Doth escape the bounds thereof
Drawn by the wise inventor,

Love, love is a deaf child,
Insults and praises in vain,
Her form constant and mild,
Her years quiet in pain,
Love does not pain;
It's never known sweet cries,

No skin-
to make physical contact with
So soft n' light skins don't matter
Neither mass, height or width,
Love can only touch better
True hearts, God praised;
He takes both heart and body,

She holds no fifth sense;
Gratifying aromas dull-
Are nowt, nostrils are dense-
Failing to bask in this enticing.
Moving from God's hand;
No man loves truly without God.

Irvin Relebogile

Love Beyond The Grave

Take me away
And take me away
Where we won't sway
Our little bodies still
Where we fear no ill

Do this now
Or do this now
Nor do i care how
But i will it is with you
So that our love b'come true

Clothe me in white
And clothe me in white
Alive it must be to give light
But in this little house
Where darkness we arouse

Love me better
Or love me better
Our love doth not alter
But still it remain
In this tiny domain

Seek rest in my arm
Seek best with an honest heart
Lest you do me great harm
When your heart i see and we part,
No more do i see thee, my love
Only one of us reigns above.

Irvin Relebogile

Love Not The Outward Me

1 Love not the outward me....
2 Which is deceitful through charm,
3 That invokes sin through thought,
4 That lead the righteous to nought,
5 That is today and tomorrow no more.

6 Nay, look upon the inner soul,
7 He that promiseth loyalty to end,
8 And expects nix when he lends.
9 He that dotes upon your joy,
10 And boasts'bout of the Lord.

11 Give ear therefore to the heart,
12 Which seek merely charity,
13 And not the beauty of the body,
14 So you and i shall ne'er part.

Irvin Relebogile

Messiah Is The Sun

The Nazarene looks that gigantic star
Suspended solely both in obedience and afar,

threescore, threehundred and absolute five
on all sides of the star
our globe glimpses, blossoms thrive
this world be, not too far
neither not too close to this,
We wonder at this still this is his

his vow shall not shake
nor shall tremor consume
his world, but for our sake
his flesh are flames up above any fume,

the tongue is a sword
in his veins is vent
warming up a dwelling for the sacred spirit
Hence every planet for him shall bent,

the eyeballs are rocks
heating in space giving light
to melt down whatever blocks
the wickedness of man from his sight

surely the star is worthy of trust
and his children don't in any wise
doubt, any form of force'll not blast
him, nor shall unfaithfulness against him rise,
But as written, such sadness ought to pass
his flight shall hit many unaware,

leaving our world dark, hopeless and cold

they shall wake to learn; the messiah is gone
with him gone love and shall live only the bold.

Irvin Relebogile

Mirror

Mirror, mirror on the muted still wall,
Find your true reflection eye'ng back
In me see the shape of your soul tall,

The stare of your ruby eyeballs in pain
From fags of old british men that suck
To juvenile addicts that live in vain,

Behold your beauty in me shining
On top of hills and buried under the earth,
Awaiting greedy and hungry men diggin'
Looking for your beauty to the depth,

Your color immoral on my skin wrapp'd
From America's segregation to Africa's war,
Whose poor people have long been sacked
An'their cries awakening the mighty's roar

See now mirror, for i am no more with you
Or your crying pride with radiant skin
And long hair sung to our people did do
Enticed our men to follow in this doom

Irvin Relebogile

My Country S.A

My land is a many-sided diamond
Dimmed on the edge of a dying Africa
A star desolated into trials by fate
An'if fate is fix'd by warring economies
Africa, my poor Africa cues in hopelessness
If passion is drawn by carts of labour
Africa, my poor Africa shall never,
In any manner, know love

From long ago men in their white skins
Came and skinned Africa alive,
Wise inventors with their inventions to
Fool our forefathers,
Dutch colonialist to colonise our
Liberation,
But God saw poor Africa in his trials,

And God caused the birth of greats;
The dreadful Shaka with
the cry of a cub,
Long-suffering Mandela;
To free our colonised hearts of
Ill emotions,
To preach the word of Jehovah saying:
'Forgive
Cease not to overthrow
Any thought of the Beast,
Hovering in your hearts',

From sleepless nights our hearts
Weeped of racism
Now night is gone,
And the day is also
Growing horrible,
Labour is far, far
From poor Africa
Whose idle hands
Now cry to the states,
Of fraudulent leaders,

See now,
Who shall save Africa?
Will God restore
The soul of Nelson
To preach of wisdom?
Will Eden return to us
So that we eat freely?
No spirit is willing
To consume this curse,
But Africa's free will
Can brighten up our doom,

Awaiting my
Poor South Africa.

Irvin Relebogile

My Friend

Friend, O'my friend is the cause,
When cherry trees bloom early
And in my head grows chaos,
And silly causes can turn me surly

Friend, O'my friend is the reason
When my life with death to rest,
My years cut short for nothing
That is, to my friend everything

My jovial, smiling friend is sad
B'cause to my friend i'm delighted
Be not gulled by glistening stars
Facial, they serve to cause scars

To dark pits my secrets that shone
To vivid pits mine that dimmed
All in greatness fondly i've shown
To my friend, O'my friend wicked.

Irvin Relebogile

No Love

B'cause i love you
I've despiced you,
Lovers are haters:
No one defiling
The bed with fornication
Cares, yet he's a lover.
No one making
void vows is firm in care,
Yet he is a lover.
No lies permitted
To enter their path,
One who lies hates,
Yet he loves,
Unresolved conflicts
Drain the good of
The morrow,
Secrets build up fear
Also pretense,
Hope is not ever good;
Carers don't hope differently,
Yet lovers do.
For such reasons I've
Become a hater,
For loving you.

Irvin Relebogile

No More

No more sorrow is desolation
My tepid diminishing comfort
Is my o'er flowing tender emotion
Nor'is the bleeding heart e'er wrought

Sickness more greatly in fit souls
Who hie the streets an'turn poles

No more is death the final end
But very few just men to live
After his stroke unto God are blend,
He stretches his hand to form a heave

Saying'surely death is now life,
Life that's no more with his joy life

No more true love is love so true
When love is said to be twice
No God is again but when love is thru'
Love is twice and twice shall suffice

No more is hatred the enemy's da'k
To provokers, love is hate, who at me ba'k

And no more our bodies temples
Lucifer has emptied our holy house,
shepherds art driven out into the lifeless
who are deprived of God's grace

If alteration doesn't pass no more
Is no more, death to be shall be so

Salute to the great blow of thirst
Truth it is that no more we seek to eat;
Nature's yummy fruit savoring best
Or unconscious four-legged beast's meat.

Irvin Relebogile

No More 2 (Do I Regard Thee...)

No more do i regard thee as my love,
The e'er-fix'd mark is o'erthrown by tempests
And love is no more firm nor stands above
For his feeble roots are slain quite best.
Cold nights no more to eye his lit-self
Which is scar'd by lies, scorn and unresting eyes
The ever standing star fell to a palace in a delf
And the pieces e'er sought though puny be his size.
Time's saw ripped apart tho' he was not a fool
Taking rosy lips and sweet eyes that dont age
Love's kindom in my love's heart who arts cool
And taken are some valued values not rage.
But for God's sake and the ertenity
I do take my love and God as unity.

Irvin Relebogile

Our Poor Gold Diggers

Poverty has, yet again, striken Their intergrity,
It has removed them
From their dwellings and o!
Thrown them down;
Under the ground,
Under the abode of the dead!
It has placed diverse tools: in their
Rough-unfit for posession, hand,
Some are appealing, fit for eyeing,
Some pointy, somehow; ungreat,
Some are just, for the sake of noise,
They are miners.

Irvin Relebogile

Pray All Ye

Pray all ye,
Beast and man of the cursed land,
Bear the yoke alongside oh! Thee,
B'cause its is light oh! Hand;
Refrain and repent from the ill,
Surrender to, trust on, his will.

Bow down,
All you who are exalted & proud'
Think 'u deserve a golden crown,
Your shame'll be in the open'n loud-
Will be your cries when you feel:
How it's not to trust on his will.

Let'em harass-
And better believe;
'Thou art liken'd unto the holy ass,
That born he, and his relieve',
You are the one born the'fore he'll
Reward 'u for trusting on his will.

Pray ye all
You 'the dead' and you 'the mad',
Best stand firmer lest you fall,
Refrain and repent from the bad,
The foolish asleep five-
Keep sober and await his arrival.

Irvin Relebogile

Purge My Soul

Purge my soul spotless and in thine eye pure
Not as the day would that i confirm to his height
Or his norms whose might shall trickery endure,
Nor with the purity of Adam to yield to the night
Of the soft voice of the serpent amidst paradise
Or Lucifer's faint sight to spot the glory of his crown
Nor as otherwise i would seek being not wise
And render my day to the life that goes down
But for my sake and thine leave it differently tough
As a world that mayn't alter with demands in ease
Salvaging whatever life is left from anything rough,
But take steel and iron and mend whole with peace
That will mark me anew and save me from the world's saw
So that i may joy and hail thy name in the morrow

Irvin Relebogile

Secrets And Lies

Forbearing telling these secrets and lies
Is cold and a hot summer's cold day
Pulsating my heart pumps red as these eyes
I see now that secrets and lies shall store you away
From my rotting desire as i learn that fantasies
Are for dreamers and you hide in the world's mercies
I do not see, nor doth a million eyes see
This beauty of yours which sailing be

As these lies and secrets give you to another boy
His cry and despair gone he knows but joy
And i sulk in my death i call how cruel is desire
And i jot down short lines that lift envy higher
My doors ever shut, wedding bells will sing
What is left but death, i can't take any other girl
Nor can i murder these thoughts of you that ring
In my head frustration, my desire fell,
I do not know how to tell you these, darling.

Irvin Relebogile

The Cry Of Hector Pieterse (05 June 1976)

As i weep i foresee a bullet scarring Bantu education
In broad day are her pages scattered all over the road,
And some drowning in red ink calling the rise of a nation
While some are cut short, maimed across this road,
Yet i am drawn to be one in a million to as well die
And i fear that if i live none that live shall lie
Educated in a language best understood with a naked eye,
I foresee the cruelty of the state therefore in purpose i will die.
If the emerging generation vows to recall
I die to shame the illiterate behind an aging wall,
I die to be remembered in churches by the youth
Who will either appreciate my effort or be ruth,
As these tears and discomforts drop in great haste
I pray that my memory does not by spoilt youth come to waste.

Irvin Relebogile

The End Times

Gone are years, life is but a declining day
Picture a dying sun and get the picture
Tho' summer days halt, he has only one way
His path curves down to a gloomy future,
No vow stands to stand in his rough road
Nor shall chance weigh heavier than God
Life's but a planned wave behind a boat
For or against the marine empire of a cod,
Life's yet not a playground for the ludic servant
Who considers this journey a walk in the park,
No carnal man shall learn, no one with a fervent
is not fast ending except it is dark.

Irvin Relebogile

The Gates Of Heaven

Believing souls, we fear
For the muted gates of heaven
Who stand wear and tear
We fear that shame shall raven
The still serenity, eye and ear,
We weep when we picture
How judgement and just
Eternal separation after rapture
Shall sent many to dust,

There, just there so much miracles
will be proven holy
Not so that fell out in tebernacles
But puny, very folly
Incidents by the slum
Though by the dump some
Their worth will be great,

Glad and hopeful faces;
These eventually be to loss
Severing from Jehova's graces
Into gnashing of teeth
And their worm, o'shall be gross,

Before the gates of heaven.

Irvin Relebogile

The Walter Mitty Syndrom

No particular life for him,
Call pongos and snipers his name,
Being bold to safe an'heroic seem,
Surely Goliath is inferior in this game.
Ill men failing to survive to him,
Call docters and surgeons his name,
He is also in this, so mighty he may seem;
Offering advice and care in this game.
Honor and recognition for him,
Name Milton an'Shakespear his name;
Foolish may illiterate souls seem,
He turns death into words an'life into a game.
Well, Walter is just a poor man,
For life doesn't favour equally.

Irvin Relebogile

'Tis A Poem Making No Sense

There are songs of joy
And there are sounds of sad intentions,
Every girl has her own boy
Though in many are imperfections.
Everything hath an opposite,
An opposer...one against.
What's your opposite? ? ? ?
A night to a day, a death to a life?
What is most, even if not, most hated and least loved? ? ?
What is most hated is least loved? ? ?
What is life? ? ?
A journey full of lies? ? ?
What is a lie? ? ?
A false statement intentionally and knowingly stated? ? ?
Why do we lie? ? ?
For the better of us? ? ?
To get our desires met? ? ?
Or may be that to be well! ! !
What is poetry?
What's a poem?
A mere set of lines that make no sense? ? ?

Irvin Relebogile

When We Were Black

When we were black

We played in the wild
And the wild in us stuck
Shook our understanding
And qualified us as black

We played hide-and-seek
With guns with whites
And passes every week,
For twenty-seven cursed years,

We would believe God
In his creation had color
And colour had God who
Favou'd only his dear color

We played slave and master
Or slain by the monster,
We couldn't tell the difference
B'cause blacks were born blind

When we were black
We worshipped dead men
Who, whatever the trial
Remained hid and quiet

And now we're no more black,
Before our eyes no man
With a colour exists

In our hearts slaves are kings
And monsters our servants
Who bring us nigh to our maker,

No dead man shall scent
Our praises,
Lo! who is dead is dead,

And if they could only bring
Sorrow when they were alive,
What now? How much more?
Is Lucifer unjust by day
And holy by the night?

No.

Irvin Relebogile

Yet I Consider Them Blessed

Yet i consider them blessed:
Those who haven't sinned yet
bear the suffering of them,
They roam the streets;
In a winter's cold'n a summer's,
They jol in myseries caused by creeds,
And if to die with it complys;
Death is now become a wish,
For joy upon which he relies.
And this is their true story.

Irvin Relebogile

Zion

holy, holy beautiful city of God above
though you indeed i do not know
yet this i know: roses do speak of love

and deep winter nights fear do show
for you, and severe summer days
do slacken drawing back the sun's rays

and the rivers of honey do flow
as we're told that no water does stand still
but in motion do show their beauty and go

o, sweet zion of God, these streets of gold
are such that marks thee best and pure
as now the world loves, this piece of old

and hymns in books are written of you
where you are exalted and with harmony
so i sing and will celebrate you true

Irvin Relebogile