

Poetry Series

jafta maduna
- poems -

Publication Date:

2016

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

jafta maduna()

A Young Old Man

They say his immature,
but he shows no concern.
They say he never makes sense,
but he only object them
Some rules do not apply to him anymore
But he still obeys them.

The wicked calls him crazy and
children sees him as a doll,
but he never gives up his selfless acts.
He never had a real name thou he reflects many.

The blind cannot see that his a spirit man
A man that is disgusted by foul and corrupt.
A man that walks by faith and seeks righteousness
Of cause his old but his faith makes him young

jafta maduna

Farewell My Daughter

I never thought your mother and i will live to see this day
A ceremony that stills you away from us and an invitation kiss
I watched at them,
cheering to see you leave and playing melodies that can never be forgotten
Penetrating through my heart like a needle

farewell my daughter
you have the key to locking up your life and unlocking your future now
farewell my daughter

You brought to us nothing but joy
An everlasting unity
A brave breathing ring that collected hostility out of our hearts
go my baby

Show the world what we are made of
A rhino horn i might say
Farewell my dream

Spread it to the coming generation for us
Our time in this world is gazing at us in our eyes and heavens are now open for
this old couple
Farewell my love life
The rest are in your hands now

jafta maduna

I Am A Salesperson

You can call me a salesperson and
I won't be ashamed of it
cause that is what I do for a living

Let me make my presentation clear
cause I am selling
Let me approach clients and
try to impress them
cause it's my duty

I make accurate estimates about what you need
and try to satisfy them
cause you seem clearly confused.
don't bother asking the type of products that I am selling
cause you won't be the one paying

I know you probably asking yourself whose going to pay
and I am going to answer you
cause it's an open secret.

Yes I am a salesperson
and I sell intangible products,
products that you going to live with for the rest of your life,
products that you seek daily.

I sell love, peace and joy
and your heart will be paying for them.
Thou it's your duty to authorise it
at the end you cannot buy without it.

jafta maduna

I Was Left A Cripple Man

For neither of men could tell of my broken legs, nor of my fading shoulders, and
thy image, unto me lord, reflected of a mantis
thy light shone unto me tis obscure, of obscene, and of sin.

Yet ye christ, hath speaketh to me
Oh! Barren ears, what hast ye done?
Cursed is thee who carries thy sentiment, for the lord hath speaketh, yet sounds
of rich melody hath nor done emptiness.

Should my heart be decorated of blisters?
Should my eyes see no more?
Speaketh, yet again Jesus, for I ask of you
for thou dust hath groped my skin, thy ways hath turned many, and enemies
hath found a way to my shield.

Speaketh lord!
remind me of thy sacred ground, for tis of the blissful and the weary.
Amen

jafta maduna

It Feels Like Yesterday

It feels like yesterday when I think about it
Yesterday when we were doing what we best
Playing tennis at the top of the train, jumping electric wires with disgruntled
current
Yesterday when the heat was chasing us out of our clothes and wondering when
are we going to do something with our lives to escape poverty
Yesterday when we were sworn with embarrassments, complaining about a filthy
life of squatter camps
Yesterday when we were making a pun about us being heroes of tomorrow and
zeroes of today
It feels like yesterday when I think about it first zero
I still see us ringing those bells of successors and trumpets of judgment finding
us singing hallelujah, liberty from sin has come

Now life has brought terror to our territory
The lightning has done it again
Breaking a crust into two, living each hemisphere flowing on the galaxy without a
path
It feels like yesterday when my thoughts make a climate of it
Tomorrow will come and I shall see you again on the other side

jafta maduna

John Barleycorn

Who am I?

I am John Barleycorn!

The brave and confidential one

The killer of many families

The destroyer and the creator

I am a legal murderer

The one that can turn you against yourself

The one that sees you as a clown

and take you to a circus

I will make you believe that I am a remedy for fear,
while the only thing you inhale from me is malignity.

Those I made my presence available to them

are reluctant to do good cause I have concluded

their journeys with misery and left them with painful hearts.

jafta maduna

Love Portion

Give me one so that I can love
Give me that love portion so that I can also be loved
I have been exploring for as long as I can remember
but I have not found the one.

I tried neighbourhoods,
Tried internet dating's
but I still walk away with no one to take home
Please give it to me

My enemies are making fun of me
My friends are starting to feel shame for me and
I am starting to loose hope
When am I getting mine?
When am I also receiving with my bare hands?

I keep on missing and loosing every time when I try
When is my time coming?
Give me that love portion
Please give it to me so that I can also have a close friend,
The one that I can always rely on'
The one that I can share my happiness and carry my problems with
Please give me that love portion.

jafta maduna

Love Torture

I don't know what is love anymore

Thought I caged it in my arms when I was with her but it found a key to escape
Became stronger when I enthused on to the other but the same thing happened
when I lost my eye

Is it destiny that is hindering me or is it me mystifying it with the feeling of
fascination?

I don't know what to call it anymore

What I know is that I will be seeing her from a distance and my lungs will be
moving like never before

Feeling content and hallowed to have seen her

Thinking of us against the world

The troubles I will be saved from with her smiles lighting up my life

The next thing she will be biting me as hard as a snake, living me with venom to
pass it to the next and I will be asking myself rhetorical questions that can't be
answered by any human being

I don't know what is it anymore and do not seek answers that forever takes me
to the same thing with diverse dimensions

jafta maduna

Nelson Mandela

A marvel super hero that cannot be portrayed on movies because what he did was real

He needed no unnatural powers to perform unnatural acts over freedom war

Saw apartheid as Goliath and acted as brave as David in a knock out battle

A battle where only one survives

Did he even have weapons?

No, he only needed kindness and smiles to slay it like Jack the giant slayer

When he entered the parliament

He was seen as an angel and given the right of way while others were meanly chasing their army

He spoke well and his words flowed like the water fall in their ears

Ntate Nelson Rolihlahla Mandela

You inherited the spirit of Malcolm x and Martin Luther king to make people realize that there is only one race

A race of humans

jafta maduna

No Topic

Immigration, emigration, human trafficking, commercials, xenophobia, wars to proclaim victory over our lands and vengeance seekers to redeem what is taken away from them, but what is the topic?

Arrangements and directions for certain outcomes?

Builder of high stairs that can only be climbed by authorities?

If yes then why did I see them engage into entrepreneurship?

Hears killings every night and money jumps heads of those sleeping, waiting for a fresh innocent day to get to their duties

I don't get it

I saw children hating and others holding steels with silver stones, but I still don't see the topic

The only thing I observed are their parents smiling at each other going up and down, the next thing they are signing papers with man in suits next to them, calling words that are bigger than the nation

Is that why those children were filled with grief's

I don't get this

The only thing that comes into my head is bloodiest days and survival of the fittest

There is no topic for all this

jafta maduna

Teach Me

I am not educated
I don't have fancy words to explain it
But I ones heard people talk about it
Please help me teacher,
Teach me to explain it.

I remember every phrase and every image it build me,
But I don't make out what it is
Please teach me
Teach me so that I can also enjoy it

I am not a fast learner
But I have an eager to learn
The curiosity to know about it
My heart has being telling me what to think and what to do.
Is this some kind of a magnet that magnifies my heart and talks to it without
even consulting me?
Tell me because I want to know

They say it made Romeo and Juliet die for each other
Unfrozen a frozen heart
What can it be teacher
A serial killer?
A heart poison?

My mind tells me to run away
But my heart tells me to face it
What should I do teacher
Look for peripatetic's?

jafta maduna

Tears Of A Guard

Here is what I do

I value my people by protecting their most precious assets with each and every single breath I contain

Sacrifice a father for my children and a husband for my wife hoping that one day I shall be the time that always occupies them

Inherit each and every black attitude I see on the street and exhale trauma

That's my life

Abandoned in the trash and blown by the breeze

What for?

Just for few Yuan's to keep the survival of my family in my hands

jafta maduna

That Night

Always knew that I am a conqueror
I just never thought I could conquer many things as I did tonight
I was everybody's hero
children were shocked while adults were occupied by anger and hostility
Nevertheless, as for me, it was the best night ever
A night of fulfillments and honor

That night I took all of my belongings and used them wisely
I did not mind spending and losing
They called me the bad man while others called me superman
Everything I wore was scarlet and
All the memories I left behind was indelible

Believe me when I tell you about that night
cause I am the one who was in charge of everything
The world seemed to be on my side and
perfection is what I was living

That night I went to bed with a pure heart and smiles on my face
I slept like a new born baby with a mock in his mouth.
In the morning when I wake up, I expected to be tired
However, I was as smooth as a person who never did anything
Everything I had diminished like water in a form of vapor
Moreover, the world was ordinary as it always where.
What a wonderful dream!

jafta maduna

The Midst Of Writting And Speaking

I speak of vows and of shallow tongues,
songs of the heroic and the kingsways.

I speak of the dust of thy world and the brown sculptures,
sculptures of the ancient and the incubate of the nation's.

I speak of the neighborhood, and I speak of a silenced, loneliness, and of the
gadabout.

Now what do I write of?

I write of tongues, and I speak of hands.

I write of the lost love and the shuttered tongues.

I write of the hidden identities, and the tears of the gloom,
the fallen days and the flowers that received no droplets of the heavy rains.

I write of the idle, of the vain, and of the cripple.

I write of a dream,
an African dream.

jafta maduna

The Savannah Tree

How long have you been there?
How many generations have you perceived and
how many lives have you come across?
Hope you have also realized how wicked this world is.

Our leaders are not driving us to the promised land, instead they are leading us
to the world of their own fulfilments
The world of hatred and sorrow

please tell me if you know something
tell us what to do cause we have failed on our own

I think if you could speak you were going to lead the world with good manners
great wisdom was going to be taken from you, for you have seen all the things
that the world lacks.
Are you even listening to every word I am saying?

jafta maduna

Through The Way

Through the way we tend to expect much
Through the way we come across tribulations
But who are we to expect pleasant and who are we
to expect misfortune
We are made by the image of God
Yet they still run away from us like we are zombies

Yesterday is gone
Yet the way has not ended
When are we going to get better?
When are we going to complete the journey?
We are disappearing already
Yet mother nature have not seen us

We were the first to go through the way
but we struggle to reach first
We the ones that runs faster
Yet we the ones that slack

We will always anticipate with delightful hearts
waiting for our time to come
Mother nature favours everyone
she just does not think we will all mature at the same time
Yes our time will come and it ought to find us ready

jafta maduna

Unemployment

Nothing is painful as you
You make people suffer as they did during apartheid
Democracy gave us freedom and justice
However, we cannot enjoy them because of you
You make us suffer every day and turn us into slaves of our own

Because of you we engage into crime
Because of you we lost our brothers and sisters.
You turn us into monsters
and give us no prime but to creep one another

Our families are not happy because of you
Poverty is our worst enemy because of you
Hiv/aids is who we are because of you
Unemployment you the worst thing that could ever happen to a person
One of the sickest evil ever

You brought to us nothing but shame
You took away our dignity
and spit us like saliva.
You the secret that hide behind shadows
and a sniper behind the bushes.

jafta maduna

Valley Of Darkness

Thought I knew everything
But I was just misinforming myself,
I had a key to open many doors
But now I am stuck in my own valley of darkness,
A valley that thwarts everything and swallows you back to the beginning phase
living you filthy and scared of what might happen

I was not afraid of being a failure,
Now fail is draining my brain.
They called me megabrain,
Now they call me dunderhead
A man that only thinks for the present

What happened to me?
I'm I getting old or is this part of who I should be?
Please tell me cause is getting darker
I need answers!

jafta maduna

Walking With Fear

I was walking, walking and walking
With sounds on my feet kwa! Kwa! Kwa!
Walking to save my future kwa! Kwa! Kwa!
It was at night, sky's where black reflecting the color of the universe and I could
not see images from a distance, while some cannot be read
Experts say it's a tunnel vision
But I was still walking kwa! Kwa! Kwa!
Walking for a better future

Shadows were taller than normal and I could hear the sound of dogs bugging as
if they see danger
Wolfs were ready for their prey
But I was still walking
Walking with boots on my feet
Black boots that made a slim noise like a bell on a child's chain to repel danger
from a distance

That's what I did to keep my steps on motion
Steps that leads to my fears and fears that was darkening my future

jafta maduna

You Kept Me Waiting

Waiting alone at the bus stop wondering when are you going to show up
Counting all the fallen leaves and comparing those incidentally standing in pairs
as you and I
Breeze so strong to carry a new born baby from the bottom to the top of the
khalifa tower
Listening to the sound of cars fleeting by and taxis hooting for those who are
ready for job, as those who work close by were walking in groups exchanging
amusing moments they had
Students looking pleasant in their uniforms playing around as they usually do and
fade away after some few seconds

I was still waiting
Patiently waiting for the one who promised to appear and fetch me
The one I thought is muscular enough to be lifted by me while she carries the
world and claim triumph
I was still waiting
Waiting to see her smile next to me

jafta maduna

Young Person, Where Thy Habitation Is?

Open thy ears, sheep of the lord
for I speak
I speak to ye
ye that confused thy soul, and thy mind
ye that the devil telle that the mountain is too far to climb
that confessed with his tongue that he is God and his saviour, yet doeth not of
good deeds

Go!
For I send ye
Telle thy men that everything is pure to people that are pure, and to those that
are full of sin, nothing is pure

Now I speak to thee
ye that recieveth the grace
I say unto thee
live like free people
yet use thy freedom, not as an excuse to do evil, nor turn away from the truth

I will be strict with thee, for then, thee will become strong in faith as my servant
Job

Young men, thy glory is thy strenght
praye for wisdom
swirl thy person and telle God of thy weaknesses
for he is there for ye, he loves thee and has chosen thee

jafta maduna