

Poetry Series

Kenneth Boitshepo
- poems -

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Kenneth Boitshepo(1993/09/12)

I'm still growing facing lot of things in life, I'm a student currently doing my last realy in high school. I appreciate everything that life throws at me.

An Illusions

Everything I behold,
Forever it is gold.
Striving to find something so pure,
My troubling eyes has no cure.

Everything I hath never last,
My bliss bust badly,
Now narrowness cover me up,
I no more want to hath anything.

My love is of devine,
True fondness I design,
'I love you'she mime.
So sad love is blind.

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Confession Of Great Fondness

I'm the injury of love,
Road of darkness,
My sweet words,
Smooth talking,
Weakens opposite
Genders mentality.
As i produce the sound
Of with a vibration of the
Vocal chords,
They listen to me without
No distraction but
Attraction grasping attention.
I'm the injury of love,
A man with no intergrity,
I fake fondness, generate hatred,
Thats they say all men are the same.

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Dulce Amor (Sweet Love)

A sweet feeling of great
fondness taste like sugar,
Not sour.
Out here we have love-sick youth,
They never happy,
Their in need of great salvation.
Love; A bad enthusiasm for adolescent.
It makes them to things they regret.
Early love its cigarette to young generation.
Love was never music to kids but a game
Love was never for you.

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False Love

Dreams faint, as i start to feel
Her absence in my heart
Minds played games,
Love is unknown.

Once you think you have felt it,
It responds antonym,
it felt so kind to be true,
A love letter.

Messages influenced me,
the way she kissed me
Convicted me that in all methods i
Was truly inlove,

Everyday since our
First kiss my day were fool of ecstasy,
Butterflys, nothing made me happy
More than fondness i truly felt.

I exposed my love for her in many methods,
Composed a song that will always remind her of
Us, framed my best picture and
Gave it to her as a memory of me.

Wrote the best poem alive that i know
For her to read it will be a treasure
Now all that i had fainted, its like the
Was never a picture of us painted.

We walked in the rain,
I'm alone in the pain,
Love gave me a false image that has
Brought so much damage.

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Fighting For Happiness

As a teenager, as a young boy
Me as a child,
Happiness was never on my side,
Parents were never close to me
But loneliness was the to comfort me.
Positive thinking kept me going,
The pain inside me kept on glowing.
No one discern my whining,
I became cold and unemotional.
Bizarre my universe had no texture,
Nor quality which objects have, and
Which can be seen.
Everything to me became decay,
I was fighting for happiness.
Sad thing is was defeated,
My life was a prison cell,
I had no where to go,
No shoulder to carry me.
I couldn't close my eyes at night
I needed people, friends,
Courage and I never got them.
Everyday at sunset I'm hoping, praying
That things will be okay but
Only God knows.

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I Shall Be Ready

If death comes today
I shall be ready to depart,
Be ready to essence life in a meaningful way.
For my flesh has had enough,
My desirable flesh in agony
Now i'm ready to live in harmony,
Where life is endless
And happiness infinite

If death comes today
I shall go down
Like the twin towers in the state
I shall fall in silence of ecstasy
And rise above the smiles of crocodiles
For such happiness I walked extra miles.

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Lost Generation

I see no future amongs us,
Doomed youth indeed,
Light to guide us we need,
Jail is overcrowded,
Fresh blood imprison,
Path to hell is invented,
Halloween is what we used
To believe in.
We can't distinguish
A road to be taken,
A road not to be taken and
A hand not to be shaken
We drifting apart in a deep
Blue sea of lucifer.
Grow to be angels of demons,
Denying God, selling our
Soul to become filthy wealthy,
Cudding careless combat
In a cabaret,
Life it's losing it's texture.
What a rable radiant
Role of amusement,
Truly life lost it's FAIR leaves.

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Music My Saviour

Through history, romance, tales,
Melodies described every deed.
Tune recall treasure, seized away
Pressure, rhymes with the heart as it beat.

Through hymn, harmony, soul we gazed
Music is a cure for a living heart not to bleed
Melodiousness a lecture it keeps me awakened
Sophisticated it loosen my mind to think deep

Through vitality we travelled 'joint' was pale
So simple tone mortals followed as it lead
Ponder music and wonder we danced with a relief of awe
Music I embraces, Saviour my MESSIAH...

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Skull With No Brain

Dead thoughts
Fertiling fossils
Like a recycle bin
Menopausal minds of those
Who live to think arrogant
Not applicable brain driving
Humans on the path of evil
Now its solid to rehabilitate
As they participate as saints
Of Lucifer. World whats going on
You, me. Us made it difficult
For the upcoming generations
As this will be a chain for infinite time
The will be no isolation drawn from
This adjustments, but an ever fixed mark
Not to be told for thousands years
A skull with no brain
It's like a race with no colour
Condoning no tradition.

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