

Poetry Series

**KwaNdebele Science
School
- poems -**

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KwaNdebele Science School()

All poets are strictly from KwaNdebele Science School.

This book is a collection of various poets, and it consists of their best and favorite poems.

We would like to outline that these poems are from students from Grade seven till to Grade twelve.

KwaNdebele Science School is willing to share with the world the young and talented poets aged from 13 years to 23 years old. These young poets express their feelings by writing poems. Some use the inspiration they find from different places to write poems.

The name of the poet will be written below the poem he/she wrote.

None of the poems in this book have been copied from another source, all poems were written from scratch by the poet listed below the poem.

DEDICATION:

KwaNdebele Science School would like to dedicate this book to every poem lover and poets in the world.

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SPECIAL THANKS TO:

MR. Musa Clement Ndhlovu (VU@)

A Christan Life

They say all Christans
Are crooks, and they say
They have got proof, and they
Tell me, we are pretending
To be good.

But I told them that they are
Designing their own doom, they
Wait to see my wrong move,
And they then drool, but my
Faith in God is so tough,
Tougher than any vanished wood.

I remain cool, even though sometimes
I feel like I am being cooked.
But in Jesus I am always hooked,
I thank God for making me His tool.

I once had sins that could fit inside
A pool. I was blind and also a real fool.
It was at noon, my faith was weak as s wool.
I was in a dark room
Dust... I am a real person not a toon.

Poem by: WILLIAM MAHLANGU

KwaNdebele Science School

A New Day

I summoned to say good morning
Bad or good are always,
Masquerading to be good.
When I look at the sun rising,
My problem are shut to be good.

When I look at the sun rise,
I fill up with delight,
To know that I am alive.
To seat down and I inquire
What different will I make.

To see the sun rising
I wonder who will I satisfy.
Being patronise of who bad I did,
Kill me even more.

To see the sun rising
I know I misguided someone.
To know everybody isn't perfect,
Kills me even more.

Because to think of a new day
Will shut all my obstacle down,
Only to realize I was err.
But I misjudged this day,
Not being a prophet.

Poem by: MOKOANE MPHO

KwaNdebele Science School

A Peace Of My Heart With A Touch Of Music

I think I never told you;
I do not have a favorite colour,
Nor a favorite thing to do. But
When I am with you, that smile
Of mine is uncontrollable and out of this world.

I did not see it before, but now it has come
To light and I see things different.
That whenever your around, I know I am a
Working progress, I am a stone that is rising and
Getting stronger with every hour. All I know is that
I am searching for someone to love me with this far I got,

Here is to the good times, the bad times,
The time that could have been, to the wrong times,
The right times, I know will breath again
Till then...

Poem by: NTOKOZO PRESCA SKHOSANA

KwaNdebele Science School

A War Zone Couple

This war! I am tired,
Sleepless nights
Of a wife who never dies
So I can stop guarding
The bravery nights.

Maybe deep in her, she says
I am tired of a husband who never sleeps
Like a lioness on labour,
Guarding the house on call up
Never sleeping.

Poem by: CURTIS MATEA

KwaNdebele Science School

Africa

Oh! Africa omuhle,
What a mother land,
What a green land,
What a continent of peace,
Sweet and honey.

Africa, Africa

The queen of queens,
The continent of all continents,
The continent of ubuntu,
The continent of batho pele.

Oh! Beautiful land.
Oh! Mother nature,
Oh! Dearest
What a wonderful continent.
Re ikgantsha ka wena.

Africa', Africa!

Poem by: TSHEGOFATSO MASHUBUKA

KwaNdebele Science School

After Dark

After dark
When sorrows are at rest.
Eyes at vest.
Drifting my lightly mange

I imagining the dark edge
Poking: The bio hatch
Siting on the mainly bench.
Foot print it makes
With the tips of claws,
Reaching her menopause.

Sudden moon cry,
Full moon: hear the wolf cry.
The moon has stepped back
Like artist gazing at work,
That points at his amazed.

Poem by: CURTIS MATEA

KwaNdebele Science School

Are We The Women We Ought To Be?

We love but take it all away,
We motivate but intimidate our ways,
We set out to impress but we never
Seem to try and impress ourselves.

We sense our bodies are in need
But we try to satisfy the need of others.
We give and take,
We build and brake.

Our mindset evolves around pride, anger
And hatred. Always on the look out for
Who's looking and who's not.
Trying to make ourselves feel better by
Opposing our mates.

Instead of empowering each other, we bring
Each other down. Instead of loving each other
For who we ate, we want to over shine each other.

As strong and firm we stand, we ought to be
Weak and emotional wreck. We need people
To tell us that we are beautiful. We don't
Believe in ourselves.
Are we the women we ought to be?

Poem by: NOMCEBO BHUDA

KwaNdebele Science School

Desiree De Busrry

Part One

Desiree the busrry
Click clock
She kissed me.
I went tick tock.
Never imagining
Steps clock clock.
Juicy cerryberry lips,
Like pinpop
Swift drifting
My lup dup

Part Two

She is yours forever!
I love you more than anything.
I know it might sound unreal...
But no word can describe the love
That I have for you.
It feels like I have known you all my life,
But I have just met you and you gave me
The reason to love again.
Thank you for showing me
The true meaning of love.

Poem by: CURTIS MATE AND DESIREE MAHLANGU

KwaNdebele Science School

Eight Things I Hate

I hate that I love you
I hate that I miss you
I hate that you are the first and last
Girl on my mind everyday
I hate the fact that I will never get over you
I hate that you accepted me as your
Boyfriend because now you got me worrying
that you may never realize how much I love you!
I hate that I can't feel any other girl than you these days.
I hate that I always want you close, hold you in my arms,
put my head on your chest and listen to your heartbeats.
I hate that every time I see your face it's like I see it for
the first time, and your kiss is truly heavenly!
And now I realize that I only hate those things because I love you,
For I can't even imagine my life without you, even for
a second. I'm just a small little boy who is scared of losing you!

Poem by: TREVOR MADISA

KwaNdebele Science School

I Adore You

Your comfort is my number one priority,
The smile on your face is my dream,
Your satisfaction is my wish,
Your safety is my concern,
Your sadness is my problem
And your concern is simply mine.
All I am trying to say is,
I adore you.

Poem by: MOKOANE MPHO

KwaNdebele Science School

I Am A Moving Force

Every force generates from somewhere,
It depends on the source of
The force. The distance of
The force from the source has no impact.
Yes, I am a moving force,
Everywhere I go; I make an impact.
When I say a word; people act.
Yes, I generate from somewhere,
My secret is the source I am from.
My source makes me to move from
Here to there, from first to second.
My source is from above: The second hand
Of the Almighty! Now tell me your force.
What is the source of your force?

Poem by: MUSA NDHLOVU

KwaNdebele Science School

I Am An Original

I am an original, and I will stay original;
I will not endeavour to copy anyone,
I enjoy being myself.
I am an original.

I am nature's greatest desire;
The universe cannot do with out me,
My country is blessed to have me.
I am an original.

I am an authorised dealer of my talent;
I am no counterfeit,
No one can fulfil my purpose: but me.
I am an original.

I am no accident, I am no mistake;
I cherish my being: I cherish myself,
I celebrate my existence.
I am an original.

God create no junk, so I'm no junk;
I am noble and special,
I am unique and irreplaceable.
I am an original.

Poem by: NTOKOZO MOEPI

KwaNdebele Science School

I Don'T Want You

You are like the first slice
Of bread, no one wants you.
What is the difference between
Your argument's and a knife? A
Knife has a point. I don't hate
You, I'm just not excited about
Your existence. According to me, U
Wouldn't appear in alphabet's. That's
Why I don't want you! ! !

Poem by: MOOSE, TAVIN AND PRINCE

KwaNdebele Science School

I Promise

I will never forget you;
To remember you in good and bad times,
To learn to forgive you when you upset me.
Focus on what we have, and taking a lot
Of pictures to help remember
To never waste your time but be grateful.

To compromise - I can't always
Get my way neither can you.
To stick around, the tallest
Who has the softer shoulder
Anyone could ever think of leading on!

Poem by: NTOKOZO PRESCA SKHOSANA

KwaNdebele Science School

I Thought You Did...

I thought you did, but you didn't
Feel the same way I did
When we where both
Left alone just like swans.

I thought you did, but you didn't
Get the explanation that
Was written in black ink
On a paper I sent to you.

I thought you did, but you didn't
Mean the three short
Sweet words that was stated
By you on the love note.

I thought you did, but you didn't
Understand what I ment
When I said I love you
A little more than you do.

I thought you did, but you didn't
Mean most of the sweet words
You said. If I am wrong,
Than correct my thoughts.

Poem by: MUSA NDHLOVU

KwaNdebele Science School

In The Middle Of The Night

In the middle of the night
When every soul is at rest and
The birds stopped their
lovely melody.
That put smiles on my face,
Butterfly in my tummy
And a soulful, sweet sound in my ears.

In the middle of the night
When my mind go round and round
Thinking of my past, present and future.
Whether am I going to hear that joyful sound
That placed smiles on my face yesterday.
Is where my mind and heart agrees to disagree
About my availability on earth.

In the middle of the night
The night where some of my kind are creating their
Master piece, but some are destroyed and others destroying
Sinless souls.

In the middle of the night
The night I got to know what I want and need,
The night that I realized that this worked is not my home,
I am just here to visit and
One-day I will return home where I belong.

In the middle of the night
There is a voice inside me busy telling me that
I should not let the pain punish my present and
Paralyze the program of my future.

In the middle of the night
The most precious night
That opened my eyes and
Lifted me up to be myself and play my part.

In the middle of the night
That's where I came to my senses

And gained self confidence.

Poem by: BRENDA LYNE MOTAU

KwaNdebele Science School

Ipilo

Siphila ipilo ebudisi,
Asisazi ngubani utsotsi, ngubani umfundisi.
Siphila ipilo engathabisiko,
Silahla amapilo weethu, siphila ipilo yobulingisi.
Ngoba siyararana uma sitjelwa ngomsindisi.

Ngibo laba ebahlala bazigadile,
Ngibo laba ebahlala baphephile,
Ngoba izinto zabo bahlala bazihlelile.
Umrhatjho, umabona-kude sewuthula imbiko idanile.

Silahla nokwazi bona simaSewula Afrika wamambala.
Sitjhugulula amaphilo, sizifanise
Neenjhaba ezinye ngokombala.
Thabela ipilo oyiphilako, ngoba yena ukukhethile.
Ngitlola lomlayezo ngesimo ezendzekileko,
Ngitlols lomlayezo ngesimo esezindlulileko.

Poem by: LETHABO EMMANUEL SKOSANA

KwaNdebele Science School

Is It About Feelings?

Me, feeling: Praised,
 : Loved,
 : Respected.

If yes, than why am
I feeling: Ignored,
 : Rejected,
 : Used?

Maybe there is no true
Love in humans. The true
Love is from God.
Who can change the odds?

Is it about feelings?
Oh no, it is about God.

Poem by: MUSA NDHLOVU

KwaNdebele Science School

It Was War

A sight that was so dreadful,
Definitely not beautiful.
It was playing with my emotions;
And it was drawing my attention.
Many People were murdered,
The world filled with wicked.
What was gone was friendship,
What did not exist was relationship:
Bloodshed was advertised.
It looked impossible.
I saw eternal life, I took some.
God's law was what they deft.
Some were left hopeless,
Some were left homeless.

Poem by: WILLIAM MAHLANGU

KwaNdebele Science School

Kuyoze Kubenini

Kuyoze kubenini siphilisana ngamanga?
Sivuswa ziindaba ezidanisako mihlangamalanga.
Sithi lithando kanye ne thabo
Kodwa lelothabo ngelokududuzwa ngamanga.
Emaswapheleni athi sengiyakhamba,
Ngidiniwe ukuphila ipilo yamanga.

Kuyoze kubenini siphilisana ngamanga?
Uthe uyamthanda kodwana,
Sowumbethela ukumbulala.
Uzizwa njani uma ukhwela embedeni ulsle?
Usufumane indoda iphethe amaththuumbo,
Itjhinga ngemazindleni, Uze ithi,
'Mkami ngilibalela ngiyendze iphoso,
Lokhu engakwendzako bekungasiyihloso.'
Utjho njalo ngiba umoyakhe ulele ngoxolo.

Ziintjijilo zepilo ezingindza ngiragele phambili
Ngokwazi bona ongabonwako uhlale
Anami kungipha amandla wokungalili.
Kuyoze kubenini siphilisana ngamanga?

Poem by: LETHABO EMMANUEL SKOSANA

KwaNdebele Science School

Love

Love, is it worth the pain?
Is it worth the tights? The hatred?
The deceit? Love builds by day.
And makes you strong by night.
Love makes the world go round
And change people. Is love worth
Turning against your own friends and
Family? Is love worth making you
Lose everything?

Poem by: TEBOGO MAKITLA

KwaNdebele Science School

Love Is A War

Love: Love is true

: Love is strong

: Love is passionate.

This are the things I know about love,
But after what I did: It broke my heart

: My feelings

: And my emotions.

Worst of all, it put series in me
And now it has just broken apart.
I feel used and useless,
Thrown away like a piece of paper.
Never though I will feel
And I would let it go with my head held high.

Poem by: CURTIS MATEA

KwaNdebele Science School

Loving You

Loving you was the best way to go.
It was the surprise of life.
Meeting you felt like loving you would
Be the first and last best choice
I'd made in a long time. Unfortunately
You had different way from mine.
Loving you felt like the stars
Were mine and I ruled the world,
Because it was love at first sight.
Loving you to me never felt like a mistake,
Until you had me fooled and left me
Wondering and with no choice but to accept
That you were never meant to reach for my heart.

Poem by: TEBOGO MAKITLA

KwaNdebele Science School

My Black Is Beautiful

Yes, I'm black, darker than most,
But in my blackness I boast.
Boasting of my own? No!
But boasting of the quality
Which He: my God gave me!

From the curvature of my hips
To the thickness of my thighs,
Yes; even down to my big brown eyes?
He made my black beautiful!
And for the first time in a long
Time, I'm loving me and mine.

Come to the truth, should have
Known it from my youth,
But now that I know my
Black is beautiful,
You cannot use me, mistreat
Or abuse me.

It is no longer a allusion but
I have come to the conclusion
Even if it means me loving
Me, cause you see
I have the power to love
Myself hour after hour.

I am God's creation. Yes,
A master plan even the
Absence of a man.
I still stand tall yell,
Refusing to fall, screaming
Loud and very proud,
MY BLACK IS BEAUTIFUL!

It is more worth than gold,
Cause my black runs deep
Into my only soul.
Not just for external for

Staring and glaring,
But it is the inner me
That God would have you see.

And it causes me to
Shout beyond the shadow
Of a doubt, MY BLACK
IS BEAUTIFUL! So if
You are a woman
And you are real and you
Feel what I feel.

Do not be ashamed to
Proclaim what he said
And what you read.
Fearfully and wonderfully
Made god very good
With what I wish you
Would tell somebody,
Anybody, your body,
MY BLACK IS BEAUTIFUL!

Poem by: ZINHLE MLOTSHWA

KwaNdebele Science School

My Dad

My No.1 guy,
My flash and blood,
My favorite guy.

You where there when I took my first step,
And when my first tooth came out.
You where there when I said my first word
You where there on my first day at school,
And read my first book 'Mahlontebe'.

You cried when I cried,
You smiled when I smiled,
And you laughed when I did.
You got angry when I was angry
You felt pain when I did,
And you failed to eat when I was sick.

I wish you saw my first day at high-school,
Consoled me when I was hurt
Gave me your male point of view when I needed it.
And saw my first high-school report.

You where there for me,
When I needed you
And when I thought I did not need you.
I will always appreciate that.

Your body is not with me,
But your spirit always is,
You'll always be proud of me, no matter what.
No one will ever take your place
My love for you will never fade away.

Poem by: MAKGOLANE BATLILE MOLOKO

KwaNdebele Science School

My Motivator

I was a laughing stock, a nobody.
My dreams to others-
Faded, really seemed impossible,
But to me, you made me somebody.
Even though it was hard,
I didn't use you as an excuse
To always be alone.
Not an excuse to commit to myself.
You inspired my perseverance.
I suffered severely but succeeded, many
To the wisdom you gave me,
The wisdom interred of failure.
From you I learnt a direction in life.
You promoted my self-esteem
And thought me to maximise poverty.
My inspiration, my motivator, my success.

Poem by: LESEGO NKADIMENG

KwaNdebele Science School

My Peers

Hustle, hustle, hustle that's
What they say.

Beers, beers, beers that's what
They lay.

Girls, girls, girls that's what
They sang.

Church, church, church that's
What I sang.

Poem by: WILLIAM MAHLANGU

KwaNdebele Science School

My Thoughts

My thoughts,
Mine and mine only.
I don't share them with anyone.
I keep them to myself,
I may tell people
But they are still my thoughts.
And I don't share them with anyone.

You may laugh.
You may cry.
You may be angry
You may be happy,
Astonished or surprised,
Shocked or hurt,
But they will remain my thoughts.

I may be lost in them,
They may be lost in me.
I may be deep in them,
They may be deep in me.
I may want to tell you
I may want to keep them to myself.
But... My thoughts belong to me.
Your thoughts belong to you.
We may be thinking about the same things,
But we have different thoughts,
Because we are different too.

You may love or hate me,
You may find me boring or interesting.
But I will always say what I think,
In a good or bad way
Because they are mine.

Poem by: MAKGOLANE BATLILE MOLOKO

KwaNdebele Science School

Orphans Prayer

Mother's and Father's of South Africa.
We are the voice of your children thous,
Who live and thous yet to be born.
We are the under nourished,
The under educational,
The homeless
And the naked.

Let the effect sprat to the victim
Morality play.

There seem so many of us,
Young one's.
Bared before reaching the age of the one's,
We call upon today
To please create for us:
A new day,
A new South Africa.

In your hands lies our future
In your hands lies our destiny.

Poem by: CURTIS MATEA

KwaNdebele Science School

Promise Unkept

I enjoyed it, in the first place
What a wrong thing I made,
I trusted you. And I thought I knew you;
But really you should have not made it
Cause, you are unable to have it set.
I waited for the treasure
And you keep running away unsure,
But you should have came
And I should have accepted.
But you always thought to hide,
Oh what a wrong thing I made.
Trusting a human like me?
The one who never respect time?
And made a promise she never kept.

Poem by: FAITH SITHOLE

KwaNdebele Science School

Someone Special

There is someone special to me
And also very very near to me.
That person has done so much
For me in life including
Raising me,
Feeding me,
Caring me,
And also being there for
Me in times of troubles.
If it wasn't for this person,
What would have been my career:
Will I be in care home?
End up doing prostitution?
Being a gangster and reining people's life
Or even ending up committing crime.
This person is my key to success
And is my ticket to good life.
And this special person is
None other than my mother.

So I would like to salute her
For everything that she has done.
Because raising up a child is a fortune.
She trained me in a very well manners way.
She went through ups and downs with
Me but still she manage to survive.

Poem by: NOKUTHULA MASILELA

KwaNdebele Science School

Teenage Pregnancy

A mark made by two people,
The results are called a mistake.
Yes, one night may be enjoyable.
But surly after years, it's a curse.
Deliberately made but called a mistake.

Only a girl is left with a mark,
But mostly a guy takes a decision.
Why girls do not have courage
To stand and fight for their dignity?
Deliberately made but called a mistake.

The future of many families are destroyed
By only one night that ruins it all.
At school we are thoroughly advised
But nothing makes sense.
No one can change the way a person think,
But everyone change one way of doing things.

Poem by: FAITH SITHOLE

KwaNdebele Science School

Tell Me If I Am Lying

I spoke words and made a move
About all that I am and like,
But still looks as not satisfying.
With the treasure I am designing
Or do you think I am just imagining?
Tell me if I am lying.

I wished and tried to be the best
And always put to a test,
I always made and dedicated my all
But you never even bother to make a call.
Or am I just making a sound, singing?
Just tell me if I am lying.

I thought you will make it up to me
But surly; I say let it be.
For I should not be wasting my time
And have been acting in a mime.
Is there anything I am missing?
Tell me if I am lying.

Did I make all this up
As you said my mind is sharp?
I thought you are faithful
But surly: you could not fulfill.
And now yours is to
Tell me if I am lying.

Poem by: FAITH SITHOLE

KwaNdebele Science School

The Broken Frame

Windows where opened;
I saw a round pan,
From a distance it
Looked like it.
Up-close, it was a shadow
Of a frame moved by the wind,
From the opened windows.
On the floor, smashed!
Glasses all over the place.
Wait, what is that? A photo
From the frame has fell,
Oh no, I have fell, me: the photo
Have fallen with tears like
Glasses in my eyes.

Poem by: MUSA NDHLOVU

KwaNdebele Science School

The Fear Lies In The Dark

In the dark, I injure
But in the light I enjoy.
The fear of the dark can
Contribute in to ruining your life.

Evil lurks in the dark,
But darkness cannot comprehend light.
The light sticks the dark and
The dark just bows to the light.

Everything done in the darkness
Is immortal. The darkness makes
Your knees weak, but the light
Strengthen them.

The darkness is impotent, but the
Light is potent. The potent of
Light is goodness.

Poem by: WILLIAM MAHLANGU

KwaNdebele Science School

The Gallery Located In My

The gallery located in my
Mind stores events that have
Played major roles in
Improved my status,

And the disappointment I
Injure lead to an extension
Of my patience.

Poem by: WILLIAM MAHLANGU

KwaNdebele Science School

The Greatest Gift

What's a gift? It's usually
Something that comes from love,
Love that's so tough. The gift
That God grant to me is salvation.
It's like a transformation that is
So encouraging, encouraging to get
To the destination.

The destination that was formed before
Creation. It's more than luck. It's like
A blessing it's reformation, from mortality to
Immortal. It's filled with devotion that's
Above imagination. In the presence
Of God I rejoice because of the
Joy I behold. In the eyes of humans,
I might look like a fool, but in the
Sight of God I look like His Son.

I possess the gift that many would have
Like to possess but they are still on
Death, and because they are deaf, I once had
A debt because of the sins that were bad,
But they were paid by death, because the price
Of sin is death. I thank the love that was
Poured on me, I thank God indeed.

Poem by: WILLIAM MAHLANGU

KwaNdebele Science School

The Love I Know You Need

You so tender, warm and loving;
You gave me joy, faith and care,
I know you deserve the best.
Things may have happened in your life
But you never gave up,
Sweet people came to you;
And you took them in but,
All they did was to destroy you.

You were there for her.
Gave her your all:
Saved her from all odds
And loved her with all the love you had.
But she brought pain to your soul,
Sadness to your face.
But you still held your face high
To prove your innocence.

You should not doubt your love
Just because she brought you down.
For me- I mean 'I', maybe 'she' is
Somewhere meant only for you.
And when I say you, I mean your heart.

I know you need the best,
The best love anyone and everyone
Dreams of. The love your heart desires.
The warmth and smooth tingling touch you need.
I know you need it, for I also need it.

Poem by: KOKETSO MASOGA

KwaNdebele Science School

The Reason Why I Call Your Name So Much

Part 1

It's likable and very interesting
And because it's your name
And I wonder why we call you that.
It makes me laugh because it's almost like Mouse.
The first thing that comes to mind is Stuart Little.
But then I remember that Stuart is tiny and you are tall,
And because I have a good sense of humour, I laugh.

Part 2

Ok with no complain, I understand.
You are right, my name is mine
And you call me because I told you so.
Confirmation: It does sound like Mouse
When you call it low.
I am tall and Stuart is tiny, even though we
Have some other things in common.
However, one likes your sense of humour.

Poem by: MOLOKO BATLILE MAKGOLANE AND MUSA NDHLOVU

KwaNdebele Science School

The Unknown Love

Loving you from memories...
Here
I couldn't help to day dream;
I would have fantasied the whole night
If I didn't catch a good night dream
and all because of you.

Oh my day dream...
No it was my daily imagination
which was never brought to satisfaction.
Not speaking of my fantasies
But my negative wishes
and my good night dream.
My worst night mare ever
and all because of you.

We met once,
You teased me.
Thou I fell in love;
I was sure you liked me.
But the results
of your reactions
Which was formed by the reactant
Which was your behavior:
Proved me wrong and never pleased me.

My misreading and my anticipation
from the situation,
Caused my heart to grief
For the affair that ended
before it has even started.

Its called...
The mourning of the unknown love.
It is the pain of loving
and not be loved back!

Poem by: SHARON LINDOKUHLE MAHLANGU

Then I Met You

for all the girls that i met
they have always given me the
reasons to die for them, then i met you,
you gave me a reason to live.
For me to hope to see the next day,
see that smile again which makes my
sorrows fade away.

then i met you, life began to make sense
it's like time stops in your presence once
my lungs are by your essence.

Poem by: TREVOR MADISA

KwaNdebele Science School

To My Mother

Most near, most dear, most loved and most far.
On the couch where I often find you,
Relaxing, sitting as huge as a happy nation.
She is the best in every way and every manner
Possible. She guides, loves, cares and is most far.
At midnight, the first hour of dawn.
She is the first one to reach out, without a yawn.
Than she cares so deep as if it might
Have been her last hope for a call I plain sight.
She gives the at most of reason for you to love
Her; and she always acts as a dove.
My mother, the greatest gift from God
And I pray the she dose not become the odd
One from my heart.

Poem by: TEBOGO MAKITLA

KwaNdebele Science School

Too Many Wasted Nights

I always wanted to rest,
And I never knew what I waste.
I always thought it had to be;
But I never knew I was lost.
Too many wasted nights.

Now I am helpless,
I never wanted to live restless.
I thought I knew what I was doing;
But now it is all amazing.
Too many wasted nights.

I felt lazy for everything,
But I thought I was to gain something.
I never wanted to be disturbed at night;
Even if it was something for me I trust.
Too many wasted nights.

I had to cross-night, and study,
But I always had my enemy badly.
The one who fooled me with everything;
But from my bed, I got nothing.
Too many wasted nights.

Now I am in pain, I failed,
And as a bed is always there.
I wish I turn back the time passed
For me to go back there;
To make my mark, pass my revenge.
Too many wasted nights.

Poem by: FAITH SITHOLE

KwaNdebele Science School

Ubusuku Nemini Abufani!

Ngisaba into eyenzeka inyezi icalile,
Ngithanda into eyenzeka ilanga licalile.
Latjinga bafuna ukucaleka;
Lahlaba ilanga abanye abasacaleki.
Kazi litjhada lani ebusuku?
Ebusuku awa! Emini iye, kazi
Ungayikhamba ungaphakamisi endleleni.
Ebusuku ayaketuka! Emini ayawolwa.
Ngizifihlela into eyenzeka inyezi icalile,
Ngizikhiphela into eyenzeka ilanga licalile.
Intjalo zithaba lihlabile;
Ebusuku uzithola zidanile.
Imilandu yenzeka inyezi icalile,
Bese igwetjwa ilanga licalile.

Poem by: MUSA NDHLOVU

KwaNdebele Science School

Ukuziphatha Kwabo

Iye bona banengi, begodu abafani,
Mihlobohlobo, nemikhuba ehlukeleko.
Siphithiphithi sabakholelwa koyedwa,
Abanye kwabaphasi abasitjhiyileko.

Iye bahlukile, bafana nesphila hlangana namabele.
Kodwana babamunye, bangavunula isijhabo.
Uzazibona intombi zakhona ngamarogwana wesikotjhi.
Nabaya!
Ngiwoke amasokana, ngamabrugu anzinyana:
Bahle, bayafanelwa; nengaphandle labo lihle,
Liyahlonipheka, banejamo.

Ngingazi ingaphakathi labo nemkhuba yabo.
Abafundisi bathi baziphethe kuhle.
Abezali bathi banehlonipho;
Abosomatekisi bathi bathanda izinto,
Angcongcothe uthi bafundekile;
Abatjhumayeli bathi barhedeni bahlangene namakholwa,
Umphakathi uthi zinini zendakamizwa;
Umthengisi marhugu uthi bathengi abathanda khulu.

Mina ngithi bafundi bemthombeni welwazi ekhethekileko,
Ojame wodwa njengekutani. Mthombo
Ofikakiwo udududu, ukhambe unelifa lelwazi
Engeke bakwemuka. Ngiyazikhakhazisa nge
Kwandebele Science School nemikhuba yabo.

Poem by: BRENDA LYNE MOTAU

KwaNdebele Science School

What He Said

The sun rises above the hills crest,
As does the joy of my heart;
Rays of warmth and love,
From her I will never depart.

Fresh dew upon the grass,
Young birds chirp in their nests;
I watch her gently sleep,
My love to her I silently profess.

RT enjoy the stillness and calm,
Watching as to smiles and dreams;
She brings me to stillness and peace,
Like that of a slow flowing stream.

My heart and soul flows with love,
And I smile as I quietly reflect;
I have been handed a sweet princess,
A sweet princess to love and protect.

A vow to myself I make,
As she quietly sleeps away;
To love and always cherish her,
Until my last breath... Until my last day.

Poem by: Zinhle Mlotshwa

KwaNdebele Science School

When Love And Hate Collides

It all started by I, I, I, I, I
In tongs I spoke. I spoke in all different
Tongs expressing the love I have for you.
I have nothing but the love you deserve.
I said I love you, I need you, I miss you,
I will always be there for you, I will
Never abandon you
I will never neglect you and I mean it
I will always love you like I want to.

It ends with I, I, I. All I can hear is I, I, I, I, I.
I wish I never met you, I wish I wasn't...
I said I love you but I lied, I can't be with you,
If I knew, I'd rather be alone than to be unhappy.
I stand accused, I can't turn back the time.
I won't go back, I don't need you.
I regret the day we met.
I got a feeling it's over, I hate you.

Poem by: LIFA MAKOLA

KwaNdebele Science School

Who I Am

I am a lady of Africa.
I am the princess of Africa,
The image of God,
The perfection of the world.
Ke lekgarebe kga!

I am, I am.
I am what I am.
I am special and precious.
I did choose who I am,
I am unique,
I am valuable.

Ke lekgarebe ka maswanedi,
Ke lekgarebe ka go se itshole.
I am, I am,
I am who I am.

Poem by: TSHEGOFATSO MASHUBUKA

KwaNdebele Science School

Why Did I Born?

Did I born to make you proud,
Or to abash you?

Did I born to make you happy,
Or to make you mad?

On what am I capable off?

Did I born to bring difference,
Or to abreast you?

Did I born to be your burden?

Did I born to be success,

Or to be a failure?

Why did I born?

Have I born to be a chosen one?

Who am I?

Poem by: MOKOANE MPHO

KwaNdebele Science School

You

I always knew you were a trouble maker.
My heart didn't take no for an answer,
I always asked myself a question
That 'Why doesn't it feel so good but hurt so bad? '
I see you everyday, putting on fake smiles
Trying to impress them but forgetting you're not
A part of them. The world was turning
Around on me, laughing at me and you
Took part too. You were with me, pretending
To care, acting like I'm your last destination
But I was your resignation.
I know you deserve to make mistakes,
But why did I have to be the mistake.

Poem by: TEBOGO MAKITLA

KwaNdebele Science School