

Poetry Series

Kwenadi Gaaje
- poems -

Publication Date:

2021

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Kwenadi Gaaje(12 January 1997)

Biography of Kwenadi Thobejane

A young gifted and emerging artist

goes by the name of Rachel Kwenadi Thobejane...

Was born in 1997 in a place Kutlwanong Location in Odendaalsrus, she then went to Limpopo where her passion for poetry grew

After finishing school at

Commtech Comprehensive school

She went to Goldfields Tvet college

to Study for Human resource management

Her famous quotes were

“As a poet

I believe poetry is the greatest delight of my life

That it's a gift from my forefathers to give words of wisdom to my people”

She started writing poetry at the age of 8,

Rachel Tshepiso Kwenadi Thobejane

With a natural artistic gift as a poet, writer and a strong artistic heritage, She was destined to be an artist

She is a talented and unique artist who tells many stories through Poetry writing,

Kwenadi is known as being 'the voice of pain'

Her artistic trajectory creates a stir as she has a way of expressing herself honestly brutally.

Poet Kwenadi thobejane is a South African cultural icon-in-writing. Her poetry tackles racism, family and giving young African women a global voice

Kwenadi Thobejane is a South African spoken word poet who uses poetry and the power of the internet to give African women a global voice.

her words are never gone dry and are delivered without formula or measurement,

Whether in spoken word format or written, her poetry tackles serious issues with the cry they deserve

Following her she won the World Talented Poetry battle in 2016.
she released her first poetry crew in June 2017, titled
Revival of broken souls., but what makes Kwenadi a success different is her
approach to delivering her work to the world
Embracing new media such as social media, she delivers her voice directly to the
people

Collaborating with poetry artist
with Lewis Da-Lyricist, Boikano Makgai, MrVersatile paperkiller and others.
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The effect is immediate and collaborative, changing poetry from being a
monologue into an interactive dialogue
However, to read her words in print, in book form or through her social media
postings, the full effect of her use of language and metaphor offers a closer
exploration of her work

For a more in-depth look at kwenadi's work, visit her website and Facebook page

Her Facebook page " Kwenadi Thobejane"
Her Facebook account " Tshepiso Pedian Queen Thobejane"

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Self Hate

Feeling of resentment,forlornness and doubt.. Knowing you're not okay,yet okay.. Feeling down but not being able to cry... Cuts deep...

Depression,you have made your statement...i felt your presence,lost myself trying to fight you..

Bled myself to bed for I couldn't stand your emotional blackmail..

I heard your screams,your lyrics made it self home to my heart,poisoned my mind so you can have your way in me.. Cracked mirrors of my walls trying to stay away from myself..

Dear self-hate I heard you,felt you,almost believed you were love to cherish, but you taught me to bury my joy and embrace agony.. You call yourself a friend yet! My misery bring you closer to my heart...

How do you call yourself a friend when all you do is to mock me? Torment me in anyway you can? Dear self-hate leave me alone.. Is that too much to ask?

Kwenadi Gaaje

Dear Kwenadi

I know you're not perfect. But you, trying to do best, makes me believe you deserve all the chance and space to do what you have to do to put a smile on someone..

I saw you in so many spaces trying to mend hearts, building torn souls, wearing bigger shoes trying to understand the agony they're going through..

I saw how you'd go out of your way being a shoulder to lean on, eyes that looked but never judged, hand that held but never let go, a voice that spoke words of healing even when situations were forcing you to judge and criticize, I was there to witness your tears when you thought of what they're going through, battling with the fear of being a failure to console them, when all you tried was to understand and built a home of comfort for them...

I don't know if you still have a heart to hold and protect theirs, being a poet now, for you, means crying over situations you don't understand, yet! Having courage to write even if it breaks that little spirit left in you...

Allowing yourself to dwell deep in depression hoping it will save someone out there and take them out of their misery..

Just standing there, losing yourself in these papers praying that she read your poem so to not lose herself too...

Having to understand that you're not just a poet but a voice to the voiceless,
A smile to the crying souls,
A piece to mend broken hearts,
A body to protect victims..
You are a poet because you are their voice.

Kwenadi Gaaje

I Pray

I pray you learn to walk away when "MISTAKES" becomes toxic.
When "I'M SORRY" becomes his favourite song each time he breaks you..

I pray you learn to differentiate between "LOVE AND TORTURE";
I pray so hard for you that you get to see that thin line between "AFFECTION AND BETRAYAL";...

I pray you learn not to find closure.

To know your worth

To appreciate yourself after a break up

I pray you learn to walk away with a smile

I pray you never feel less of a woman because he made you feel like one..

I pray you stand for yourself after so much pain

I pray you heal and make peace... I pray you let go of everything that's toxic

Kwenadi Gaaje

I Am Tired...

All i ever wanted was and is to be happy.

Free from ache and doubt.

But then I'm dreadfully living a life filled with affliction.

Its hard but each day i wake up with a hope of a new chapter where peace is the food that i eat.

Praying for a better day?

Will there be one?

I have portrayed a picture of a maiden who's at peace and always cracking in laughter, thus now i fail to recognise the inner soul i have hid for years.

I don't know her, the maiden i have become.

Looking at myself in the mirror each time i see tearful eyes of a girl who's trying so hard to be okay.

I see a hopeless soul who's in dire need of peace.

She's bleeding yet! Smiling.

She's a loner wrapped up in a "All is well with me" phrase.

Although i smile everyday know I'm hiding an affliction that cuts deep.

I AM TIRED.

Kwenadi Gaaje

I'll Die For You

I betrothed to love you,
To always stand by your side,
To hold your hand as we embark on this journey of adulation.
For you - I long to build a fountain of inclination,
For in you - I found my home...

I made a vow to selflessly share my all,
To unconditionally love you,
To effortlessly give and in return expect nothing less than the burning desire that
I urge in you...
For you - I yearn to build and run to a paradise of love where you and I are
one...

I made a oath to be a maiden that'll occupy the centre of your heart.
To be a Queen to rule to Palace,
For you - I yearn to build a castle to call home..
For you are my King...

I'd give up my own life yo save yours.
I'd give up my soul for you to breath.
I'd lie cold in a coffinjust for you to have a life...
I'd walk a million mile for you..

I'd love you even when I no longer have a heart to love.
I'd be your imaginary fantasy - So does in your dreams - I will be your reality...
For you - I will give up my all
For to be with you - I vow
For with your love - glow..
Baby! I will die for you....

Kwenadi Gaaje

Stand By Me

I'm like a poem longing to be recited.
A metaphor longing to be on paper.
I'm like an ink of a pen that fails to drop and leave a mark of remembrance..
I'm more of a silenced reciter of a poem that I have long jot - and I'm longing for
you to recite it for me...
So I know - you stand by me....

I'm like a book covered with a reckless cover.
I'm more like a story left untold.
Maybe I am a novel and each chapter carry no meaning,
Its senseless,
It doesn't have a meaning.
For the meaning of this poem is within you,
And you are the narrator of this story.
Its then that I will know - you stand by me
If only you could read my story...

You.. You're like a wind that disappears whenever you see the light of my heart.
And I'm left alone.
I am like a song without a melody,
A poem that was never recited,
A book left unread...
For you are the very light that brightens the love in me...
Baby put in more metaphors and personifications
Sing loud the song I wrote.
Then I'll know you always stand by me...

Baby! Your words of inclination brings closer to my ear - sweet melodies.
When you say "let be my shoulder you'd lean on" you give me
senerity to show enchantment when I'm wrapped in your arms..
Lets tongue-tight so to believe you always by my side....
Stand by me ?

Kwenadi Gaaje

Love Letters I Wrote For You

Thousand letters I wrote and sent.

Million words put on paper with tears dripping down my face..

Trillion ink of pen dropped on these papers, jotting you poems of laceration and that of lamentation.

It's been years of jotting these endless songs of agony.

How I long you'd read and feel this apathy that is within me.

Are you so busy that you fail to open a single letter I sent?

Are you in a world of affection

that makes you so blind to see that I'm drowning deep in affliction?

May I jot these very last words I carry in this heart of mine.

Jot the very painful story that is within me.

Bury the very pieces of my heart that carried so much adulation for you,

That is now crying tears of agony and put it down to the grave of love that I've carry for these years..

May I be an author,

To jot to narrate these saddened love story.

Its more like I'm carrying an image of these nightmares while I'm failing to get the picture of you not being here with me..

Know its the very last tear I'll drop on these papers,

Its the last drop of spear so called SWORD

It's the last emotion I'd put on paper for you to read.

Its my last voice -for I am sending along the key to unlock my heart free for loving you..

Untie the bind that tied us together,

Break the chain we once betrothed to keep.

I kept it long enough to know you are no longer mine....

Love letters I wrote and sent

None of them you read - perhaps you read but never responded..

Kwenadi Gaaje

Streets Of Mphaaneng

Growing up in a place where everybody was a nobody

Where childhood friends was life.

Hanging around Ma'Thebe's gateplaying amadice with them skeem..

Talking about nothing and everything,crack in laughter everytime she sends us away from her gate..

Somehow she knew we were very fond of her bins that were constantly out of her gate...

Yesterday

Sh** I remember one time I wounded my leg trying to climb the wall

My cry for help got her attention,

She came out running and found me on the floor sobbing,she took me in and

cleaned my wound,I still hear her voice as she said " you are a girl,ska

dlala le bashimane,bona now o lemetse, I never wanna see you with those boys ever again..."

But did I listen? Hell Nah!

Had I known yesterday would be a memory to keep,

I'd have jot my life on a jewel so to keep on reading whenever I miss my childhood joy...

Oh! Only if today was yesterday and tomorrow was far to come.

I'd have made my way to the peaceful life of yesterday and never dwell in lamentation of today....

@Kwenadi Thobejane

Collection of Poetry

Kwenadi Gaaje

O Nrata Jwang?

O nrata jwang?

O thabela ho bona mefophodi a dikeledi marameng 'ka?

O ikotla sefuba ho nkenya tsietsing ya hoba wa hao wa lerato....

Hobaneng o sebedisa lentšwe "Lerato"; ho nkotla pelong ka lerumo?
Ke thabo pelong ya hao ho bona ke hlomohile maikutlo?

Thabo ya hao ke nyakallo pelong yaka..

O kgothala moyeng ho bona ke kgitla seboko?

Sello saka ke monyaka pelong ya hao?

O nrata jwang?

Ha thabo yaka e le thohako pelong ya hao?

Ho nkotla pelong ka mantšwe a bohloko,

Ho sotla ka moya waka,

Ho mfetola setsheisa setjhabeng,

A' ke lona lerato leo?

Se leng pelong yaka lena lerato,

Yaka pelo e rotha madi,

Se bonwang ke yaka pelo,

Se sithabetsa se mahlo a ka a se bonang....

Ho baneng o sebedisa lerato ho nkutlwisa bohloko?

O nrata jwang?

Kwenadi Gaaje

A Sad Song

I'm no poet
And i know not the difference between metaphor or a personification.
For as much as i put ink on this blank pages,
pouring my heart on this poems.
thinking of that cold day at the park..

Me,you holding hands
I could hear your distant voice voice begging me not to let go of your hand
i remember how you used to say my hand kept you safe for days,
my prayer kept you alive for long,

Had i knew when you said "hold me one more time,laugh and dance in the
rain with me, for tomorow is uncertain"
It was your goodbye line..

I'd have held you for long,
Run and dance to the rainlonger longer,
I'd have prayed for you before we l,
Asked God for an extra hour
Now you're gone,and I'm left eith your cracked laughter that u to make me
smile.

How do i say Goodbye,
When i still need you in our tryst at the park?
I fear to fall in love with the sand they buried you on..
Buddy... i fear to fall for the idea of you not being in the park anymore..
How do i say"Goodbye" when istill have your image in the park but
struggling to get the picture of you not being in our tryst?

Dear beloved Buddy..
i can't take it anymore.....

Kwenadi Gaaje

Dear Friend

Dear Friend,
I'm no poet,
And I know not the difference between metaphor or a personification.
For as much as i put ink on this blank pages,
Pouring my heart out on this poems,
Thinking of that cold day at the park..

Me.. You holding hands,
I could hear your distant voice begging me not to let go of your hand..
I remember how you used to say - 'MY HAND KEPT YOU SAFE FOR DAYS,
MY PRAYERS KEPT YOU ALIVE FOR LONG'

Had I knew when you said,
'Hold me one more time,laug and dance to the rain with me,
for tomorrow is uncertain' was your goodbye line.

I'd have held y hand for long,
Ran and danced in the rain with you,
I'd have prayed for you before we went to our different paths,
And asks God for an extra hour.
Now you're gone and I'm left with your cracked laughter that used to make me
smile..

How do I say 'goodbye' when I still need you I our tryst in the park?
I fear to fall in love with the sand theyburied on..
Buddy! I fear to fall for the idea of you In the park anymore..
I guess your grave Is our new spot...
How do I say 'Goodbye' when I still have your image in the park
But struggling to get thepicture of you not being in our tryst..
Dear Beloved buddy!
I can't take it anymore....

Kwenadi Gaaje

Dry Valley

For i so much adulation gave,
Made my heart so gloom
And my eyes ran dry of tears.
A valley so dry got watered by the river of my eye.
My heart left lamenting as i watch my inclination fading in such a hurry forming
this hopeless river.

For i so much agony dwell,
Made my armour so wicked
And became sso desperate to be hankered.
A dessert so dry got watered by the wickedness of inner strength..
My soul left tainted as i embark on this lonely path.

For i so much tears of forlornness lost in the misdt of my fragile heart.
And like an empty pot longing for water,
My heart is left in the wilderness thoughts where there's happily everafter.
A dream come true?
So sad tomorrow is uncertain...

Kwenadi Gaaje

On The Other Side

Only if life was a dream and reality wasn't so bitter.
I'd be holding you in my arms, cuddling and playing with your tiny little toes.
Had i knew you were a chapter in a book of my life,
I'd have jot only my thoughts of a happy everafter..
I'd have handled you with care.
I only wish to see how you're doing on the other side of the bed.

My tomorrow so blur
I so much dreams sold of eternal adulation for you
I thought you were my jewel,
Now you took my shrivel
I'm left shedding endless tears of affliction.
My rainbow soul - how's life on the other side of the universe?

On the other side of town,
I hope you're doing well,
For i am drowning deeo on dolor.
On the other side of the bed,
I hope you're peacefully resting,
For i can hardly sleep at night.
I hope your body is at peace,
On the other side of the sand,
I hope your soul isn't tainted,
For my temerity is afflicted.
I pray you one day wake up and see how my life is demolished it is without you.
On the other side of of bed,
I pray you are happy...

Kwenadi Gaaje

I Wonder If

At times i wonder if poetry is man.

For it knows how to put words to heal, build,destroy and to hurt a soul.

I wonder if its made of a man's genes.

For it speaks louder to the deaf and softly to those who live to understand it.

But what if poetry is a man and it means no harm?

And all it seek of a hand of a maiden to put meanings into its words.

Then if poetry is a man,

It surely have a heart,

For it understands laceration along with lamentation

But what if poetry isn't a maiden and it knows no heart?

What is poetry is no human but a metaphor?

What if poetry is a man longing for a maiden to occupy his palace?

What if poetry is a woman whose armour is fragmented by the pieces of her previous adulation?

What if poetry is a maiden who have long been in lamentation and only longing to be loved?

What if poetry isn't a man nor a woman,

But a silenced voice of a crying soul?

But what if poetry isn't a man but a verse under the shade of a man's voice?

What if poetry is a tree and it longs to bore seeds of laceration while its roots are in lamentation?

Kwenadi Gaaje

I Lost My Son..

My rainbow palm dispatched long before i could hold it.
Never did i know i had carried a seed in me.
I found out - i became very fond of my womb
I became closer to my tummy,
Knowing i had carried my own treasured trove.

It took months of silent love that is unconditional.
The enchantment in my armour,
Each and everyday when my womb grew.
Never did i know i was planting a dead seed.
My God! I was watering a breathless palm.

I did not know of his gender.
My genes were convinced that you were a boy.
Oh! Lord! Will i ever carry a term?
How come i lost something i ever longed for?
How come my heart is wary for not having what my soul yearned for?
Oh! My son! Like water in a valley - i lost you.
Like a wind - you blew yourself out of me.
You left me - a weeping soul.

Kwenadi Gaaje

I Yearn To Jot

I long to jot a poem of laceration.
My heart yearns only to jot a poem of adulation.
My soul for you- longs to sing so loud for you.
Know i yearn to only love and to hold you.

I long to show enchantment when I'm wrapped in your arms.
Baby.. Know my armour is afflicted.
It's as if I'm too tired of trying to hanker for i can only ardent.
I long to jot a poem with metaphors and rhymes but my heart only crack iin
tears of forlornness.

If only inclination was to occupy this whole in my heart and your heart was home.
I'd maybe ardent,
For I'd know with you my heart is safe.
Baby.. If i cannot have you for me,
Bury my heart unto the sand of fear and and that of agony

Kwenadi Gaaje

Heart Of A Loner

Like a blue verse,
My lines carry no simile nor metaphor.
Like a blank verse on a paper,
My stanza's carry no rhyme.
Maybe i have long lost my sword on these poems,
For my heart is left meaningless.

Like a sonnet,
My lines flow weakedly as my armour detached in agony.
Like a poem jot in doubt,
My soul is slowly getting tainted.
Oh! I am just an afflicted poem that eternally crack in tears of loneliness,
For my heart... My armour is filled with folornness.

Like an epic poem,
My stanzas so long with no rhyme nor personification.
For my words are true - if they weren't
I'd have maybe - put more of my soul on every line i wrote.

I'm no poet,
For this poem carry no simile nor metaphor.
It carry no rhyme nor personification.
It carry no meaning,
For i am a loner and inclination left my heart in lamentation.
I therefore,carry in my heart - an emotional discomfort,
For i... I am a loner.

Kwenadi Gaaje

Water My Dry Womb

For so long i had longed to bore a seed of my own.
Lamenting and yearning for a manly sweet leaf to water my womb and nourish
the seed of my pot.
Oh! Lord! How long shall i sob my armour out?

Oh! I am like a valley without water.
My dessert is so dry - like a plant longing for rain,
I am yearning for a palm to call my own.
How long shall i wait to carry a term?

For so long i have been waiting for my tree to bore seeds.
I have long been praying and my heart is put to shame.
How long shall i crack in tears?
How long shall i wait with no rush?

Oh! Lord! I am just maiden whose womb is as dry as a dessert.
But God! How long shall i pray for a drop of water to fill up my empty pot?
How long shall i embark on this dry winter?
How long shall i wait for a spring season so i can witness seeds of my own?

Kwenadi Gaaje

Yesterday

Like a tree longing to bore palms.
Like a dry dessert long for rain.
Like a precious pink pearl longing to be treasured.
Like a tainted soil longing for rain.
My life is wished to be like that of yesterday.

Only if i could - i would for day - rectify my mistakes of yesterday.
I would pray not to grow old - to grow like a shiny yellow palm.
If there was a time where i felt at home with all of my being,
Was yesterday when i was a kid.

Today udulthood welcomed me with a bitter smile.
Had i known - growing up will be more of a blessing in disguise.
I would have asked God for an extra year of childhood.
I would've never wished to grow - But life has its own ways
Udulthood welcomed me at an early age.

Had i known yesterday would be a memory to keep.
I'd have jot my life on a jewel so to keep on reading whenever i feellost.
Little did i know - life isn't fairy as they said it would be.
Oh! If only today was yesterday and tomorrow far to come..
I'd make my way to the peaceful land and never dwell in lamentation.

Kwenadi Gaaje

Goodbye Dear Friend

I remember back in the day
When you were all i had
My friend and a family
I was the only book you'd read and understand.
I was.. You were a diary to keep all my dire breathing moments.
I was your first taste of laughter and your last drop of tear.
Dear friend - You were my all.
And now you're gone and I'm left here wanting you..

Dear friend
Now that you're gone.
I feel the emptiness of my teréne.
I fear to fall for the sand they buried you on.
I fear to fall with The idea of you not being here with me.
May i ask for an extra hour?
Your last taste of tea so I'd wipe it with a smile on my face - to hear your final
laughter?
Oh! Dear friend - goodbye is the saddest word I'd utter.

Oh! My best friend
Take me back to our momentary days
Where we made an oath of you not to leave me and i not to leave you.
A vow to eternally have and to hold each other.
To smile and to walk this path of life.
Oh! My dear friend.
How do i begin to try and live without you?
How do i even plan to go another day without you?
Oh! My dear beloved buddy!
I can't take it anymore...
I just can't...

Kwenadi Gaaje

No More Pain

My heart have long been dying of this agony.

I have long been lamenting.

Like a maiden whose life is fragmented by the pieces of her past,

My life was left with no life for long.

I lived a life of a loner long enough to know my life wasn't meant to be a fairytale
But a storytale worth not to be told.

For this agony have long occupied my heart and i long for peace to take over.

Tomorrow if i could wake up,

See another day.

I know and believe - there'll be no more agony.

And i will lament no more.

Finally adulation will take over and my soul... My soul will be less tainted.

There will be no more affliction - but peace...

Kwenadi Gaaje

I Wonder If....

At times I wonder if poetry is a man
For it knows how to put words together to heal, to build, and to hurt a soul
I wonder if it's made of a man's genes
For it speaks louder to the deaf and softly to those who live to understand it

But what if poetry is a man and it means no harm?
And all that it seeks is a hand of a maiden to put meanings into its words?
Then if poetry is a man
It surely has a heart
For it understands laceration along with lamentation..

But then what if poetry is no maiden and it knows no heart?
What if poetry is no human but a metaphor?
What if poetry is a man longing for a maiden to occupy the centre of his heart?

What if poetry is a maiden whose armour is fragmented by the pieces of her
previous adulation?
What if poetry is a maiden who has long been in lamentation and longing to be
loved?

What if poetry isn't a man nor a woman
But a silenced voice of a crying soul?
What if poetry isn't a man but a verse hidden beneath his inner soul?
What if poetry is a tree and it longs to bore seeds of laceration while its roots are
in lamentation?
What if.....
What if..

Kwenadi Gaaje

Halt Hurting Me

Like a poem longing to be recited.
A song yearning to be sang.
A metaphor longing to be on paper.
A personification of adulation almost felt like home - I'm afflicted.

Like a tree that bores bitter seeds,
Like the troubled waters in the valley
Like a dry dessert my heart is wary
And it's longing to be hankered
For it had long been in agony
And it knows no inclination
But lamentation.

Like a palm I long to be nourished
Like a trove I yearn to be treasured
Like Queen I long to know my way in your
But I know I cannot occupy the centre of your heart
But you have occupied mine

Halt tormenting
Stop shellacking me
Too tired of trying to translate my soul to you
Too weak to live with a broken heart
Too scared of crying over a man I know he cannot comfort me..

If only my tears were to show the love that is within me
And your heart was so understanding
Maybe I'd be at peace knowing that my tears were to be a symbol of
enchantment and that of inclination
But because my tears are that of lamentations and that begging you to halt
tormenting me
I long for you to open this book with a reckless cover and read what's written in
it...
Then maybe.... you'll understand.

Kwenadi Gaaje

The Noko Palm

I AM KWENADI

THE VERY OWN MOHANUWA'S REFLECTION AND SHOMO'S IMAGE.
LIKE A POT BOILING I CARRY THEIR PRIDE AND IDENTITY...

I AM A FEMALE CROCODILE

BENEATH THE DEEPEST RIVERS I BOW TO RESPECT AND TO HONOUR THE GIFT
OF LIFE THEY GAVE..

I AM A QUEEN

MY BLOOD SINK INTO THE OCEAN OF ROYALTY.
LIKE A DRY DESSERT LONGING FOR RAIN
I LIVE TO TRANSLATE MY FOREFATHER'S UNSPOKEN WORDS TO MY PEOPLE.

I AM KGADI

I CARRY THE CROWN WITH PRIDE
FOR I AM A LEADER, A MOTHER AND A SISTER TO THE NOKO CLAN.

I AM LIKE A PALM OF A TREE

EACH DAY OF MY LIFE I GROW TO GLOW
TO NOURISH THE SEED OF KNOWLEDGE THEY PLANTED IN ME.

I AM KWENADI'A SHOMO WA MAHLAKO

I CARRY THE NAME OF MY ANCESTORS.
AND TILL ETERNITY I SHALL OBEY AND FOLLOW THE LEAD
FOR THESE NAME CARRY MY DESTINY....

Kwenadi Gaaje

Bury My Tears..

I HAVE LONG BEEN LAMENTING
FOR LIFE AS ALWAYS BEEN GIVING ME NOTHING BUT AGONY.
I HAVE LONG BEEN SOBBING MONOTONOUS TEARS FOR AFFECTION MOCKED
ME AND KNOW AFFLICTION OCCUPIED THE CENTER OF MY HEART.
BURY MY TEARS INTO THE SAND OF LOVE AND THAT OF SANITY.

I'M LIKE A PALM WITHOUT ROOTS
I'M SO DRY LIKE AND SO LIKE DESSERT I'M LONGING FOR RAIN TO WATER MY
POT
IT'S AS IF I HAVE LONG BEEN YEARNING FOR PEACE AND MY HEART GOT INTO
INTO MILLION PIECES OF LOST HOPE AND BELIEVE.

I HAVE LONG BEEN DREAMING OF INCLINATION
AS A MAIDEN WHO ALWAYS WISHED TO HAVE AND TO HOLD A MAN TO CALL
HER OWN..
AND IF I CANNOT HAVE YOU FOR ME
BURY MY THOUGHTS INTO THE GRAVE OF ADULATION..

Kwenadi Gaaje

If I Could

If i could walk out that door
And never come back in one piece.
Know i have made peace with all that have been troubling my soul.
For i feel like i am a tainted soil
And death..... death is near to be my peaceful home....

If i could wake up this bed
Walk and run once again
I would appreciate the gift of life
But because i'm cursed on a bed filled with animosity....
Life feels more or less important...
But if i could wake no more
Know i have fought a battle of life and DEATH.... DEATH finally took the crown...

If tomorrow i'm no more
Remember me with the little things i shared with you..
The memories, tears, days of teasing and nagging.
May my poems continue to be a part of me even in my absence.

And if i'm to be given a chance to breath
To wake up from this long lost dream i'm having.
I'll live to make life easy for you and myself.
Know my isn't going to be the same
For i will be walking with a scar that will never be seen
A scar that will remain as a reminder of where i come from...

But if i could wake up no more
Or if i could live
Know my life wont be the same as yesterday
I wont try to live like a Queen for this scar is way to heavy for a maiden to
carry.....

Kwenadi Gaaje

Sold Soul

I REMEMBER NOT MUCH OF MY CHILDHOOD
BUT I DO RECKON THE DAY I FELT LIKE I'VE LOST IT ALL AND HAD ONLY MY
SOUL TO SELL.
BUT HOW CAN SELL HER SOUL WHEN IT'S THE ONLY THING THAT IS LEFT TO
KEEP HER ALIVE?

AT TIMES YOU LEAVE EVERYTHING THAT SUSTAINS YOUR INNER PEACE IN
TRYING TO MEND SOMEONE'S JOY.
UNKNOWINGLY YOU GROW TO TRANSLATE YOUR SOUL TO THE DEAD.
YOU TRY TO VOICE YOUR EMOTIONS BUT YOU'RE UNHEARD FOR YOU HAVE
GIVEN UP YOUR SOUL TO THOSE WHO DOESN'T KNOW THE VALUE OF WHAT
YOU DO TO THEM.

I REMEMBER AS A CHILD
WHEN YOU SMIRK, VOICE YOUR GRIEVE AND CALL OUT FOR HELP
IS REGARDED AS BEING DISRESPECTFUL.
NOT KNOWING THE MALADY YOU GOING THROUGH AS A CHILD.
ITS AS IF A CHILD ISN'T ALLOWED TO VOICE HERSELF WHEN SHE'S CARRYING
SA BURDEN
YOU GROW WITH A VOID
YOU GROW TO BE A BOOK WITH A RECKLESS COVER
YOU GROW TO HIDE YOUR SCARS
YOU ARE SCARED OF BEING JUDGED.
IT SLOWLY BECOMES A HABIT TO LAUGH IN PUBLIC AND DROWN DEEP IN
CONVULSION BEHIND CLOSED DOORS.

YOU GROW TO BE A MAIDEN FILLED WITH SCARS OF HER CHILDHOOD.
YOU HAD COME TO ACCEPT YOU DESERVE NOTHING BUT TORTURE.
IT'S THE ONLY THING YOU'RE FAMILIAR WITH AFTER ALL
NOW YOU AT THE EDGE OF FIGHTING FOR PEACE AND LOVE
BUT YOU ARE SHATTERED INSIDE AND YOU DO NOT KNOW HOW TO REGAIN
THE SOUL YOU SOLD AS A CHILD

IT'S NOW THAT YOU LONG FOR LOVE SO DESPERATE THAT WHEN SOMEONE
MAKES YOU SMILE YOU THINK "ITS LOVE"
YOU YEARNING FOR PEACE SO DEEPLY THAT YOU RESTING YOU THINK YOU ARE
AT PEACE WITH EVERYTHING
UNKNOWINGLY YOU ARE HURTING AND YOU NEED MORE THAN THAT TO

FINALLY SAY YOU ARE AT THE BREAKTHROUGH WITH YOUR DIRE BREATHING
MOMENTS

Kwenadi Gaaje

Heart Of A Married Woman

Its said to be a rope of love that unites two hearts that are betrothed to be one
A chain of eternal peace
A cable tie made in "I DO'S"
But will a heart of a married woman ever be at peace?

I loved and betrothed to give and selflessly share my life
No matter the pain i'd endure
For i am told to hold on to the words i uttered in front of God.
But LORD! Have i ever said i'd bow down to beatings and endless bleeding of the heart?

I am maiden
I have blood and veins of a man
I know i betrothed to to be the bone of his own flesh
But LORD! How do i become a bone of a flesh that drags my dignity to the mud?
A bone that fails to protect my sanity and my identity?

A life of a married maiden
Feels like a fairy'tale gone wrong
Or maybe its story wort to be told
For all the dreams, desires of the heart
got trapped in the hands of a man whom i betrothed to give my soul to.....

Heart of s troubled married wife
Cries endless tears
For it yearns only for words of love and that of peace
It longs to see the very old man she met and made a husband out of.
OH! LORD! Where did we go wrong?
How come my marriage feels like a paradise of pain
And a fountain of lamentation?

Kwenadi Gaaje

I'm Fine

I have long been suffering from my unknown trauma.
All i ever feel is like i'm losing myself
Trying to pick up the pieces that got broken unnoticed.
Each day i wear a mask of a happy soul
Knowing that deep down i beg my heart not to be so weak
Beg my eyes not to lose a single tear for it takes away my strength

I said i'm fine
For i am scared of being judged
I said all is well with me
Knowing my eyes reflects another story
I said i'm a peace
Knowing that my soul is tainted and that i'm fighting a losing battle with myself.
And i looked deep inside me and saw how agony afflicted my inner being.

I longed for peace long enough to know it literally torments me.
I yearned for sanity long enough to feel like i'm losing my dignity.
I prayed for love so deeply to finally feel like i'm always lamenting when it comes to this love thing.
I keep on cracking the mirrors of my walls in tryingto mend the broken pieces of my heart.
Although i said i'm fine
I'm still trying to protect my soul from being tainted.
I said i'm fine knowing i'm not.

Kwenadi Gaaje

If Rainbow Were Tears

If only rainbow were tears
I'd love with no fear
I'd give my soul knowing that each tear that rolls down my face
would turn into a rainbow to bring light to your heart.

Maybe i'd share my my all knowing love wouldn't possibly torment me.
For as long as i long for my heart to be cherished and taken care of
I know agony will always be of me.
For this rainbow comes after a long stormy rain

If only rainbow were tears
And your heart was home.
Then i'd tensure to sing a love song to heal my broken amour
I'd give my sou; I knowing with you it's safe
For i know i wont live to translate my soul for you have long accepted me with
my flaws..
But because inclination comes with affliction
I'm scared to love for it brings agony and lamentation...

Kwenadi Gaaje

Sold Soul

I remember not much of my childhood life
But i do reckon the day i felt like I've lost it all and had only my soul to sell.
But how can one sell her soul when its the only thing that is left to keep her
alive?

At times you leave everything that sustains your inner peace in trying to mend
someone's joy..
Unknowingly you grow to translate your soul to the dead.
You try to voice your emotions but you're unheard
For you have given up your soul to those who doesn't know the the value of what
you do to them..

I remember as a child
When you smirk, voice your grieve and call out for help
Is regarded as being disrespectful.
Not knowing the malady you are going through
Its as if a child isn'tallowed to voice herself when she's carrying a burden.
You grow with a void
You grow to be a closed book with a reckless cover.
You grow to hide your scars
You are scared to talk for you fear being judged.
It slowly becomes a habit to laugh in public and drown deep in convulsion behind
closed doors...

You grow to be a maiden filled with scars of her childhood.
You had come to accept you deserve nothing but to be tortured.
Its the only thing you are familiar with after all.

Kwenadi Gaaje

12 January 2019

Its a brand new year
Brand new day
Its a time of credulity
And i long to jot a book filled with serenity
Wishes are longed to be true...

Its a brand new season of peace and that of hope
I long to grow the seed of success and that of joy.
To maintain my status
As i embark into the journey of changing the way i used to do things...

It's a new calendar
And i long to hanker
To protect my soul from being tainted
My heart from being hurt..
I long for love and peace
OH! LORD! May they be granted so i wont suffer like previous years..

it's a new dawn
I'm about to jot a story of my life
May it be a book worthy to be read
A book filled with LOVE, PEACE, HARMONY, SUCCESS and INDEPENDENCE.
May it be a book to carry out all the things i ever long for..
May it be a book of hope for my tomorrow.

Its a brand new dawn
May it the beginning of my internal peace
Eternal restoration
May it be the end of my sorrows
End of lamentation
Affliction and agony..
May it be my year of success and independence..
May i plant a seed of credulity
Wealth and peace....

Kwenadi Gaaje

Convulsion

I betrothed to speak only of "adulation"
But lately all that is within me is "Animosity"
its as if I have long armoured and my ardour is filled with agony...

.
I made an oath
To show enchantment when I'm wrapped in your arms...
But animosity occupied the centre of my heart..
it's as if I have long given up my soul and now I'm battling to win it back.....

If all that is left is affection
my zest is ached with affliction
its as if I have long been tormented and plaited
I made a vow to only give you "idolatry"
but how do I begin to give "Piety"
while I'm filled with Malady?

Do not take me wrong
I made a vow to have and to hold you
To give to share my all with you
although I wish to have credulity
my heart is ached with treachery
its as if I have long been in enmity
But deep down I know
I yearn only for wilderness thoughts where you and I are one...

I LOVE YOU

Kwenadi Gaaje

I'm Sorry

I know
you were expecting Me
for some reason you were so excited in being a mother....
I'd hear your hands when you touch my womb
reciting poems of love and that of joy for me..
Not knowing I wasn't here to stay
my journey got dispatched long before I even began to grow in you...

I know
I was just a tiny seed
and you longed for me to grow
to become a fruit of your womb
You couldn't wait to have me
to hold and to hug me for the very first time..
Mommy know i also wanted you to see me
To hold and to have me
to give me motherly love
but.... like a flow of water in the ocean.... you lost me...

You had already made plans for me.. I know
you had already gave Me a name
know I will carry it even in my absence..
I will forever be a part of you
For you are my mom
And I... I am your rainbow soul...
A product of your own womb..
I'm sorry for I wasn't here to stay
I was just a seed and I wasn't going to live for long
I did not choose to go
but I had to go long before you could conceive and hold me for the first time...

Mommy
know I couldn't possibly hurt you
I know you longed to be a mother
but I... I wasn't ready for the world..
Know one day
you will carry a seed
and have a have a chance to to do all that you planned to do for me...
you will soon be a mother

and maybe she'll close a gap I left open
maybe she'll be better than me
you will have a chance to be with her for as long as you wish for.....

Kwenadi Gaaje

Confession #2

It's been weeks of restful nights
and bright days..
Had i met you before,
I'd have given you more than what I'm offering now
I cannot deny
I am confused!
I am convinced that.....
this... us..
there's a story that is yet! to be wrote....

May i be an author
To jot this love journey
I'd prefer to call it a "DESTINY"
I'm not so good with words of laceration
For i tremble every time i try to jot a poem of Inclination....

Maybe i was never loved
Maybe i thought i was loved
Deceived by lust constructed in the "love" phrase..
And now that I'm loved by you
I feel less of pain
I forget my dire breathing moments when I'm wrapped in your arms

Yes!
in your absence i cant think of anything or anyone but you...
The wind of my love keeps on blowing your way
I guess that's where my heart longs for
To be close to your armour
To give and to share the fruits of laceration...

Each day i look in your eyes
I feel like a maiden who have to go down the journey of inclination
Fighting to occupy the centre of your ardour..
It seem to be a long path
I could barely see the light
But I'm willing to walk far for you...

Baby!
If it's love

Let it guide me
If it's wisdom
I guess i will be wise
If it's a castle
Maybe I'm the Queen to occupy the throne
If it's a journey
I wouldn't mind if you'd hold my hand and lead me to my destiny.....

Kwenadi Gaaje

Confession #1

When you finally meet someone who treat you better than your first....

He values you

Respects you

Knows your worth

Makes you feel like a queen you are...

Then maybe you think

"it's just a crush -in time it will vanish"

And you fall in love

It feels right

but you don't know what to do or think

You wish to tell your ardour him

Then you lie to yourself and say

"i do not love him, It's just lust portrayed in the 'love phrase'"

You constantly think of nothing but him...

Then you wish to believe it's too early to fall for him...

But when you with him

you hardly know how to control yourself

He doesn't hurt you

He does things for you better than your first

He doesn't make you cry

He puts you first

He trust you with everything...

You are too young

and scared to open your heart

To write the very story you hid for years

you want to make him your diary

To jot poems of love and that of sad times..

You wish to make him a book

to draw every feeling and emotion

Be it a good or a heartbreaking memory....

When you with him

You feel safe

When you wrapped in his arms

You cannot think of anything but to Pray he never stop hugging you...

His tongue-tight to light up your tremendous world..

His touch speaks directly to your body..
So when he is distant your heart longs for him
your soul yearns for him
your clings for him
Yet! you still wish to believe "it's lust, it cannot be love";

how hard can it be for you to finally open your heart
Be honest with yourself
And stop dreaming and worrying
when you know you are no longer emotionally drained and physically hurt..

You are happy
You are at peace
To your life he came with peace
He makes it easy to bear
is it because you feel like he is your brother and you cant have him as a lover?

he gives you enough to feed your soul
it's as if he knows you hurting
He quickly bring out the laughter in you
He always say with a smile "MANANA YOU WILL REMEMBER ME";
And each time he moves off your side
you wish he never leave...

It's meaningless this poem
it doesn't have a meaning
for its sense is withing him
For he is the meaning of this poem "LOVE";.....

Kwenadi Gaaje

There Comes A Time

There comes a time in a maiden's life
Where life comes to quench the desires of the heart...
To dance to the melodies of her heart
The beats in her soul
To eat fruitful days of her youth

There comes a time
A time when one falls in love
Then you wish to be loved
As much as you are willing to

You grow to live in a fantasized world
Where all things seem so easy to have and to hold
You see yourself as a livingGold
That is to be treasured by the King..

You seize to know that all Kings have plates
Their hearts cannot be forced to be fed by the hands not meant to mendthe
hunger in them..

Seeing yourself as a maiden that occupied the center of the King's heart
Does not makeyou a Queen
But a Maiden that feeds the King in the absence of the Queen...

Kwenadi Gaaje

If It Were Not For You

Amity would still be a lexeme with no allusion.
Infatuation would still be a poem I recite to my bosom.
Inclination would still be a bare in my gist.
Rapture would still be a rayless frost in me.
If it were not for you - I'd still be a loner.

An atomic whose amour is frosted by fears of her past.
I'd still be weeping unending lacerations of my demolished gist.
If it were not for you My King - I'd still a Queen uncrowned.

A queen with no castle
With no King to handle
I'd still be mourning the death of my ardour
If it were not for you - There'll still be me and my shadow..

Deserted with no one to care,
To love and to hold.
To have,
To give and to share
To cry,
To chortle and to smirk.
If it were not for you - I'd still be drowning in forlornness and fear.

Fear of being in love
I'd still be battling with my epoch.
I'd still be shivering the blaring of my gist.....

Kwenadi Gaaje

The Journey Of Life

Pain and sorrow keeps on coming back like heavy rain from heaven
Happiness do come and go
Laughter too
Tears are always there to make you strong
Memories are made and reflected at the later stage.

We face our imperfections
Perfect we only hope we were
We face challenges that forced us to give up in life
We forsake our strength
And foresee our weaknesses.

We forget that
Life is not what you want it to be
but you become what life forces you to be
We fall - We rise
We fail - We succeed
And that is a journey of life..

The journey of life
Is never an island of joy
Is never a paradise of ore'
But that of sadness and pain...

Kwenadi Gaaje

A Girl With A Mother's Love

She's an intellectual individual
Very young
Generous and very open minded
She's a girl with a mother's love.

She is young and passionate
She is a delighted lady with a burning desire towards her tomorrow
She's softhearted like a mother's heart.

She loves unconditionally
She support effortlessly
She gives and share fearlessly
She walks restlessly
For her journey is too long
She knows her goals
To bestow mother's love in her heart

She experienced tragedy towards her life
She failed to achieve some of her wishes
She cried and laughed
She fell and stood up

She have a pain of a mother
A scar of being a woman
A laughter of being a sister
A treasure of being a child
She is a girl with a mother's love...

Kwenadi Gaaje

You Have To Know

I am a dowager of solemnity and stability
A dowager with gratification and distinctiveness
You have to cognize your prerogative in my epoch

To be prominent
Shellacking me
Disintegrating me in the aristocracy does not make you a man in case you're
mystifying it.

You peregrinate with jewel
Yet! I lose my shrivel
I'm sobbing monotonous tears
I'm having insomniac obscurity and unfathomable delusions
Anticipating you could halt your evil behavior towards me.

I requisite you to halt
Mocking the recapture of our love
Tormenting my heart
Shellacking me up
For I am not your infiltration duffel

You have to know who I am on your life
Must you not cherish the devotion we have?
The cognizance we shared
All I have Is the tears I shed.

You have to know that
I am your woman
My desirability
And my dignity
Is phenomenon
Your obeisance to your lady is protoplasm
You have to know..

You have to know..

Kwenadi Gaaje

I Miss You

It's been too long
It feels like I cannot go another day without seeing you
You have long too gone
And I long to be close to you
Wherever you are
Do you still remember me?
Do you ever miss me?

I miss you
I hardly sleep at night
For my heart keeps on beating so rive for you
Where have you gone?
Are you that far where you couldn't manage to pay a visit?
Are you in a Paradise of blindness Where you couldn't remember me?

Baby!
I go through hardships
The pain of being lonely hits me like a car crash
It's like my breath is taken along with you
For I find it hard to breath without you

Every time I close my eyes
The thought of you crosses my mind
That when I wake up I'd find you sleeping beside me
Have you forgotten about me?
Will you ever come back?
Shall I wait for you?
Or shall I find a way to move on?

I miss you...

Kwenadi Gaaje

Sing A Sad Song

Days came and gone
My heart put to test
My soul put to tribulations
My life put to shame.
I Do not know if I should sing
A sad song to heal my broken heart
Or should I just sit still and mourn the death of my soul.

I loved and betrothed to honour you
With no doubt - I gave my all to you
Only if I knew love would torment my heart - I wouldn't have ever loved.
Loving you felt like sleeping on a bed cursed with sweet roses
its essence yet! So bitter and soar

Kwenadi Gaaje

How Long Will I Love You?

It took me days to love you
Years to see through you
Few nights to see to it that I give all that you demand from me
Weeks just to give in
To forget that my joy comes first.

I put you first
I respected you
I valued and our love
Protected the heart I thought you gave to me
But how long will I give my heart to you?

You were my first priority.
My first and last hope of maturity
I prided by you
Hoped for our future
Prayed for our tomorrow to be brighter
But love!
How long will I love you?

How long shall I give my heart to you?
As long as you claim to love me?
As long as I'm told not to let go?
How long will it take for me to realise that you are no good in me?

baby!
You seem to be blinded by my patience
By the woman you see...
Always standing in front of you
Begging, crying and hoping you'd halt mocking me
Yet! Never go off your side..

But how long will I enslave myself mercilessly for you to love me?
For how long will I love you?
Till the moon brings light in your heart?
Or long if I can love?

How long will it take me to see beyond these love?
How long will I stand to wish for these untouchable fantasy?

When it's s sad to look close to the lovey lovey fatal...

How sad can it be to accept that it wasn't for long?

How hard can it befor a heart to accept that things weren't meant to last?

How hard?

And how long?

How long?

Kwenadi Gaaje

Love Hurts

All along I was in fear
Fear of losing you
Doing all the things I never thought I would do
Trying to make you happy
Never did I know that I was actually losing myself.

My tactility cannot impact what I'm feeling
But my ecstasy can
My words may never describe what i wish to tell you
But my sadness will eventually speak
My tears might not offend you in anyway
What about my shattered smile?

It became difficult for me
To tell you how I felt
But deep down the feeling was real
I betrothed to be true
And of that I never lied
For if I did
Then I would possibly never fought for you to stay
For my words were few
But all I spoke of was my undying love you..

Till the DAT I you turned yourself into my untouchable treasure
And my bleeding heart filled rivers with blood
My tearful filled my life with darkness
Chaos became my life filled with anger, pain and sorrow.

Romance became my violence
Your laughter became my chronic disease
Your smile became my rare treasure
Your touch became my wish.
And you became my sweetest nightmare.

You promised me a fairytale
But it was just a story tale
Topass the time....

Silent Cry

Silent tear running down her face
Standing on her wide open window
Remembering the past that bore her with endless tears.

Pain and sorrow won't let her be
For she closes her eyes
And rejoice your presence
She then open her eyes
Reflect the void in her
And mourn your absence

Mourning the death of her heart
Trying to save a soul died unnoticed
Silent tear dripping down her face
Sobbing for a love left broken

Trying to mend the little pieces of her heart
Crying herself to be at dim
How dare her be the only person who understand her?
How dare love be a cause of her misfortune?

Tears dripping wet on her face
Droplets of blood bleeding inside her heart
Her silent cry unheard
Her pain unseen
Blinded by her smile
Yet! her eyes telling another story..

Kwenadi Gaaje

I Know

I haven't been a perfect partner
I haven't been a lady you met few years ago
Haven't been a queen you betrothed to marry
Haven't been myself.
I know.

Burden carried on my shoulder is much heavier
I cannot hold it any longer
I need not use a spear
to stab you in the back
Neither do I wish to keep peace with lies.

The sensitivity of your heart
I failed to protect
Love I betrothed to give fell between cracks of my sob eyes.
Oath I betrothed to keep kept lies and deceit.

Vow I made with you - Still stand
Amour still stand for me to try again
Yet! Drifting apart is the soul that kept unkept secrets for so long.

It's a pain me
In your eyes is going to be a shame!
I know
Oh! How do I break the chain of lie without causing pain?

Will you be able to swallow the truth?
Will I stand back to take the blame?
How dare I plan to keep this for any longer? ?

Kwenadi Gaaje

It Was Her

She who loved you
She who her heart gave you
She who stood by you
She who ensured your stability
She who valued your dignity
She who protected your identity
She who vowed to treasure you
It was her her

It was her
You who took for granted
She who cried herself to bed
She who her dignity you dragged yo the mud
She who begged you to halt hurting her
She who loved you - Wish not to halt
She who her heart you broke
It was her...

Kwenadi Gaaje

It's You

You who my heart vowed to love
You who won a silver crown of love
You who I wish to grow old with
You who my tomorrow I'd destined with
You who I love
You who I long for
It's you I love...

It's you
You who supported me through it all
You who opened your love for me
You who your love I fell for
You who stood by me
You who your heart I treasure
You who are my source of pleasure
it's you..

Kwenadi Gaaje

It's Me

Remember

There was a girl

Who during midnight used to call

Who used to wave high her hand

Yes! The hand you ignored.

Who used to run after you

Pretending not to see your silence.

That girl - It's me!

It's me!

She who loved you without hearing the sound of your voice

She who fought for a space in your heart

She who have an undying love For -A man who do not have time for

She who cry each and every night

Hoping you'd hear her voice.

It's me.

Kwenadi Gaaje

African Palm

My land - Her culture
My tears - Her river
flowing beneath the storms
Forming waves in her veins.

My body - Her mountain
My voice - Her anthem
The real staccato voice
like the echoes in the blue Sky's.

My hair - Her forest
My skin colour - soil
My people - Her nation
My eyes - Her beauty

Attracting the eye of from the inside to the out shell.
She's cutie always on duty
Like the magnet in the midst of coins.

Her eyes so evergreen as a tree leaf
Her eyes as brighter as morning rays
Her beauty relaxes nerves of thee depressed minds.

Gives a banana moon and stars a smile at noon
Her eternal smile can take eyes extra smile
Thee eternal bundle of ore'

Her black skin communicate with my body
So is yet land and sky
A woman with a lioness heart
Accommodating different nations to become one.

My heart - Her soul
My wrists - her palm
My African pride
My African Palm.

Kwenadi Gaaje

Tragedy Of Love

Wind of greedy walks beneath cemented truth to convince my heart to fall for another man

Yet! temptations I felt.

I torch the house of love

How dare I break the chain of a strong divine love?

Our love is built on greed and wickedness.

Blinded by wealth - You'll are

My tears you do not see

My forlornness you do not feel

My crying soul you do not hear

Teared apart is my heart that loves a man of my own.

Not to talk of "Love";

Hate for you - is within my heart

Fear within my soul is that of losing you

Despicable love I have with him is none treasured than that I have with you.

With you - I speak the language of thee unknown

Love not meant to be is that of you and I

Love meant to be is that of him and I

Ore' he designed in me is all gone

Drowning deep in tests of forlornness

Yearning for his words of comfort

Longing for his tender touch

I barely feel his hand touching me.

His touch I long to feel

I barely hear his laughter

I recapture our love

Is all I have

All I have is him - me in the land of our own.

My body Is with you

Yet! my soul with him

He is my body and soul

I will forever love him

It's him I love...

Kwenadi Gaaje

Untitled

It breaks my heart to say "I love you";
It shatter my soul seeing us drifting further apart

You seem not to see the love I have for you
You seem to be blindfolded by your ego
Your pride erased me from your heart and mind.

At times I tend to Question the value of my love
Is it worth to be held tight?
If I may loosen it up
Will I stand back to watch the burning flames of all that I have in?

Sweetheart
All I ever wanted was to love you
To tightly hold you
To be close to you
To pride by you
To always be by your side

Yet! !
All you do is to mock the memory of our love
You make me doubt my efforts to hold on
You were my gold
Now you make it hard for me to hold.

You were my treasure
now I'd only tonsure
To hope for the better
Though you make my heart bitter
Why do you intend in making it hard for me to love you?

The sensitivity of my heart
You failed to protect
The love you betrothed to give to me
Fell between the cracks of my tears

It pains me to say

"I love you"
It breaks my heart to say your name
You make it hard for me to say
" I adore you"
You make it hard.

Kwenadi Gaaje

What's In The Name

A strong extra ordinary combination of letters.

A hope of a good change

The first page of chapter in a book of life

Gives a pure character.

A name itself - Carry out the person

It defines you

It gives you an identity

It contains everything about you

It leads you to your destiny.

Name itself

Can be a sign of saint

But can leave a stain of fear and that of pain

It sustains us

We live to try to maintain the meaning and the message it carries.

What's in the name?

A story to be told?

A mystery worth not to be told?

How does your name defines you?

A name

Carries out the pride

Identity

Dignity

and the integrity of a person

It's a true reflection of faith and truth.

A name given by your own

Is a symbol of Love

Hope

Choice and honour.

It's a promise made in the absence of your birth - That shall be proved in the presence of your living days.

A name

Is a solid rock of trust

Endurance of hardships

Induced by the fundamental truth of your identity
But at the end - It's your name

Your first chapter and the last in the book of your living days.
It shall stay and remain as unremovable stain.

What's in the name?

Kwenadi Gaaje

Bore Me A Child

It's been years of my barrenness
Years of forlornness
Days and nights of loneliness
But how long shall I wait?

River passes a mountain without the will of it's valley
But how hard can it be for a manly sweet leaf to water my womb and nourish the
seed in me?

My heart is raged with fear
My soul is filled with sorrow
My eyes are sobbing droplets of blood
But how hard can it be?

I'm like a leaf without roots
Joy of being a woman
Taste sweet like desert
Pain of not being able to conceive
Tastes bitter
Oh! I'm just a mere clay in the hands of the Potter
But Lord! How long shall I sob?

How can life be dark
Like I'm sleeping on a bed cursed red sweet roses?
Yet! it essence yet! so bitter and soar

Shall I drink the bitterness of it's leaf that denies me a chance to plant a seed in
me?

Oh!
Wings of an angel
Fly down on me
Have mercy on me
Away take the pain

Bore my a child
Bea dear angel
And give me a soul
For my womb to nourish

But will i wait with no rush?

Running out of patience is my heart

Longing for a child

Fading Is my faith

Shall I starve myself to death?

Will my hunger bore me a palm?

Will my womb bore me a joy of my womanhood?

Kwenadi Gaaje

A Song In My Heart

A day shall go - So does the sun
A sea shall run dry - So does my tears
My heart shall sing the song of love - So does my soul
The sun shall shine bright - So does my love for you.

Through the dark - your light I will be
I will be your imaginary fantasy - So does in reality I will be your dream.

In my heart - There's a song
For you - I'd love to sing
Though my voice tend to tremble
My tongue tend to mumble.

Cover me with the wings of your hands
With you - I'd love to fly
To slay with you
Far away I'd love to go with you.

Away from sorrow - Let me be your pillow to lie your head.
When times are hard - Let it be my shoulder you'd lean on.
For to be your woman - I vow
For with your love - I glow.

There's a song in my heart
I'd love to sing for you
A love song in me

For you are my treasure
You bring me Ore'
To your heart - I'd tensure
A love song to sing...
To ease the fear of being in love..

Kwenadi Gaaje

I Love You

Like the moon and the sun
Like the stars in the dark
Like the chapter in a book of patience
I will wait for you.

Like an Apple in a shaky tree
Still I will stand
Like the Garden of Eden
The love within my heart will nourish
And I will wait with no rush.

Like a woman with a lioness heart
A lady with a crocodile's soul
Beneath the sea
The love through your eyes I see.

Like a stone
I will remain still the throne of your heart.
Like the crown in your silver metal
Strong - my love will remain.

Like a tear drop in the eye filled with forlornness
Like the heart filled with loneliness
I will remain till I'm wrapped into the arms of that my heart desires.

Like the heart longing for your warmth
Like the soul yearning for your special touch
Like the soil crying for rain
Like a stain on your T-shirt
The same my love will remain

Like the moon and the sun
Like the rain the thunderstorm
I will eternally love you
I will forever wait for you.

Be it a mountain
Be it a million miles away

To the fountain of our love
We shall meet
For you I will stay..

I love you...

Kwenadi Gaaje

Love Journey

I have grown to know that
Love is nothing but a sacred emotion constructed by feelings that are shared by
two people

It's a great feeling to explore
I need it
You need it
We all are..

We mistakenly forget...
The journey of love is unpaved
We ought to walk through a muddy path
For us to make to the paved one.

A love journey
Is none like a red Carpet
Where you'd walk like a Queen and be respected

It's a birthright to be loved
But if you want to be loved
You ought to earn his trust
You got to see to it that he loves you.

Catch the drift
It takes dedication
Persistency
Desire
Honesty And transparency To make it work.

Don't get it all twisted
We all live in a world of our own love fantasies
We are often deceived by lust
hidden under the love phrase.

Got the hear-say
"Love is blind"
Is it love that is blind
or we are blindfolded by lies?

Love
Is a journey of Ore'
Laughter
It can lead you astray
And get hurt.

Loving someone is "like walking on a broken glasses bare-footed";
Its "Like a momentary glimpse into another world";
So it's up to you
and only you
To choose
where to love
or to get hurt

Kwenadi Gaaje

Moment Of Fear

I am aghast
This burden over my shoulder
The cogitation of it
Gives me a consternation
I lay awake at night
Seek for answers
Face the delusions I contrived.

I catch the drift
I'm at a fleck of no return
I have a future to maintain
And a life to sustain.
I'm petrified
This whole thing is like a life dire breathing.

Hitherto
Here I am
Ally on my bed
Crying
and I'm trying
To face reality
I'm not ready for an of these.

I'm not ready
To walk down the path of this journey
It's like I'm sleeping
And dreaming
But No!
It's a reality
Awaiting me to face.

I sit back
And wonder for a moment
That if I could turn back the clock - Do things right
Clear all that I did that day
Things would be better.

I know
Procrastination took its part

All I ever wanted was to make a comfort out of my destination.

For my whole entire life
I hoped to build an empire
Yet! the journey is too long
I Long to reach to my destiny
For my dignity is there - waiting for me.

I am only 21
Striving to know my identity
Longing for my dreams to be true
I'm scared
Thou - One choice to make
What do I live with?
Career or a life?
I am scared

Kwenadi Gaaje

Take My Love

I'm giving you a chance to show me your love
I'm about to set vows
Our vows
I'm giving you an opportunity of a lifetime.

Take my love
It's so gentle
Yet! So strong
Take my love

Treat me like a Queen
And I shall treat you like a King
Treat me like a woman of Royalty
And shall honour you
Treat me like an African Princess
And you shall be my Prince.

Take my love
My love is free
Do not take me for granted
Do not undermine my choices
Nor my sacrifices
Because if you do
My love will cost you a fortune.

I intend to give up my life
Just to be with you
Calm Down!
Sh! Sh! Sh!
Do not say much
Hold me tight
Look me straight in the eye
Tell me you love me.

Hush!
Do not make promises you cannot keep let's get over ourselves
For I need not much from you
I need you to do these for me

I need you to love me
To take me and treat me well
To take my heart
Betroth not to break it
Take my soul
Take my precious treasure
Make me a woman.

Promise not to leave me
To be the one for me
Promise to be eternally my King
For I will forever be your Queen.

Take my heart
Take my soul
Take my love
Take me
Take me...

Kwenadi Gaaje

Never Will I Forgive You

You loved me
So you said you did
Made a woman out of me
Made me believe you were different
Made a young women feel like a complete woman
Contemplative we were
At least I hoped for nothing but good things for us.

You made a promise to
Never leave me
Promised to hold my hand
To take me to Kilimanjaro Mountain
To build a fountain of love for us.

Never will I forgive you
For lying to me
Never will I make peace with all that you did to hurt me

You promised me the world
The island of joy
I slept on a Paradise of ore'
But woke up in the bush because of your lies.

Never will I forgive you
For all the pretense
For making promises you were unwilling to keep
Never will I forgive you
Never...

Kwenadi Gaaje

Never Will You See Me Again

Count the days
I've been running after you
Crying over you
Begging you to halt hurting me
Making a fool of me
Seeking for your love.

A day without you
Felt like a thunderstorm without rain
For in my heart
I felt nothing but endless pain.
In my eyes
You left a stain of sorrow that can't stop falling.

But there will be a day
A day to wipe my tears
There will be no more me
Running after you
Crying
Begging you not to leave me
Never will you see me again.

One day
You'll wish to hear my voice
It's then than you'll feel the void in me
You'll wish to see me
Wish to hold me when loneliness hid
you
My love
Never will you see me again.

Kwenadi Gaaje

Farewell

Remember the promises we made
The day we met
The songs we sang together
The paths I embarked with you
The trust in the dark I had with you.

The hand that used to warm me up
Is about to go warm another
A love meant to be mine is no more.

Tomorrow feels so dark
And lonely
Baby I wish not to walk alone
To the pit of loneliness
The journey feels so long without you.

'Goodbye' Is the saddest word in my vocabulary never thought would exist.
It's a pain in me
A strain in me that I even fail to carry on with my life without you.

Even when you are sleeping right beside me
It feels like we are million miles apart
It's a sign that our hearts are drifting further apart.
Our love is ending.

Is there hope to hold on?
Is there faith in me that you're just distracted by your thoughts?
I anticipate your heart isn't singing the same song as your mind.

It kills me to say "Goodbye";
It shatters my soul to see you walking out that door.
It breaks my heart to hear you say "You are to start a new love journey
with her";.

I know
It's time to say our final goodbye's
I guess this is how our story ends
Our journey has come to part

Silly me - There's really no need for me to cry
But I'll try not to cry
I'll try to learn to walk down the path of my journey without you in it..

I'll carry the pain in my heart
I hope someday rain will shower off my face and wipe all the tears that filled my
eyes with endless sorrow.
I'll try to smile although it hurts.

I am not going to say "Goodbye"
But Farewell
Farewell

Kwenadi Gaaje

My Baby

My baby
I cannot deny
You came unexpected
Your father and I
Never planned to have you
But I'm glad
We are happy you are here with us.

My baby
You came in times of poverty
But I promise to give you your true identity
When I thought I have lost my pride
You made me proud
And gave back my pride.

My baby
If I'm to give you a name
It's going to be Perseverance and Success
For you are the perceiver of my goals
And a successor in my dreams.

My Angel
You are my Degree of life
You gave me a reason to live.
Ore' you brought in our lives.

I cannot stop thinking of that cute little smile of yours
Your adorable laughter as I play with your tiny little toes.

I didn't just conceived you
I gave birth to my name
You are my reflection
and the image of your father.

Beyond our imperfections
I gave birth to you
Beyond our mistakes
I became a mother of a beautiful soul.

My baby

I may have indulged myself into a ten minutes fun

Mistake they call it

But I didn't give birth to a mistake

I gave birth to my angel sent from heaven.

I gave birth to my dream

I fulfilled my goals

And I love you

My baby

My heart is at peace

My soul is restored

God blessed me and showered me with you

My baby..

Kwenadi Gaaje

Defenceless Poem

A defenceless poem comes from the bottom of my heart.

It's absurd

Yet! it gives an affection

It shows a reflection of an unknown pain.

I think I'm shattered inside.

My pain you do not see.

My broken soul you do not sense.

My countless heartbreaks you did not feel.

For my journey you did not walk.

And I... I can't expect you to understand.

My heart bleeds for a love lost in tragedy.

My soul yearns for a joy lost in vain.

For the love I had for you left me deep in pain

that I now fail to maintain my strength to walk away from you.

To walk away from this loveless bond.

To halt the fear in me for losing you.

To stop dreaming of a fantasised love...

I thought you were my life

A man to hold and to have

To give and to share all of me

For you were my one and only soulmate....

You made a promise to hold my hand

To protect my heart

To unconditionally love and cherish the recapture of our love.

And you became my everything.

I guess now it's.... nothing...

So you say you loved me

But it seems like I loved you more

Said I'm all you needed

But you're all I need...

A defenceless poem comes from the bottom of my heart.

It's absurd
It doesn't have a meaning
For the power of it is within you
And you are the defender of this poem.

Kwenadi Gaaje

A Meaningless Poem

A Meaningless Poem

A fatuous poem comes from the bottom of my heart
it's absurd
yet! it gives an affection
it shows a reflection of an unknown joy
I think I'm in love...

it arouses me at gloom
it gives me a trepidation
I toss and turn around my bed
I'm glancing around.
and I reflect the little we shared together
And it gives me a reason to write a book..

And if I'm to write a book
then the title of it will be "Our destiny awaits";
For you... are my King without rugs
my Prince without a pony.

it's said "the feeling is mutual
but what is happening to me is unusual
though it's a lovely feeling
I cannot deny
baby! I am deeply in love with you.

You walked in my life
and gave me a reason to smile
to love
to recite poem of love
to write moronic and fatuous poem.

I love you
and I only hope you believe in me
I need you
and I anticipate you need me as much as I need you

And I wrote this senseless poem
to try and express my meaningless feelings

for you to know that you won a silver crown in my heart.

it's senseless

it doesn't have a meaning

for the sense'ness of this poem is within you and you are the meaning of this poem....

I LOVE YOU...

Kwenadi Gaaje

One Last Moment

ONE LAST MOMENT

I know
our future wasn't certain
we were not meant to maintain
Though we made promises
Forever we wished to spend together
Words of love was our daily prayer
You.... You were my ore'
My knight in shining amour
You were my everything
Guess it's now nothing..

If this is my last time with you
Hold me more than we're just friend
kiss me one last time
walk down the path or my journey.
Don't let what we have - die in vain
I am not ready for the pain.
baby we shared enough worth sacrifice.

I catch the drift
it's about we part our ways
it's about time you go find a perfect girl for you
That's if perfection is what you've always wished for.
I know
I'm not perfect
Yes! I have done my mistakes
Maybe you see me as nothing but a shame..

For this is my last moment with you
take my hand
hold me near
tell me everything is going to be alright
Do not leave with me with nothing but pain
Do not torment my heart with your words
Only one last chance will make me strong enough to bear the pain.

Come close

Let's do what we used to do
Let's smile like we ain't ending things
Let's have fun like it's our first day we met.
let's make L-O-V-E
And leave me with a memory of ore' that will last forever.
That's all I ask from you.

I'm not intending to hold you back
I'm not willing to change your mind
I will set you free - Wish you all the best
Will let you fly like a free bee
Only... Only if we could do this one last time.
Let's pre - tend it's not over
whisper those sweet love words of forever..

Hold me like I'm going to die tonight
Hold me tight
Make me happy
Do not utter sad words
Smile along with me
While you move your hands all over my body.
Kiss my neck - I promise not to let you back
Give me a moment of joy
that I will carry all my life.....

"Pedian Queen Thobejane"

Kwenadi Gaaje

No Metaphors To Express

NO METAPHORS TO EXPRESS

The binding ropes of our togetherness
Tied us in the reflection of a companionship
Will there be emotions to express?
Words to utter what is within my heart?

From our smallest chats
To our sweetest poems
Under the spell of love..... we fell
Is it love that bind us to be distant
Yet! close at heart?

If time can allow me
To make you my priority
I will make you my first and last hope of maturity.

I have no metaphors to express
Yet! My heart and soul wish for nothing but for wilderness thoughts
where you..... I..... are one.....

To speak articulate words
The Power of love
The fragrance of joy
Your tongue-tight to light up my tremendous world.
To ink magic words of love
To brighten my murky life....

The wind of love keeps of blowing your way
I guess that's where my heart wishes to be
Close to your relish
For this heart longs for no other
but Your amour.

It's not only a dream wished t be true
Its a journey i wish to walk with you
A destiny awaiting us to conquer.

Wish you not to be my tryst in the dark

Wish you to be my light to the world
For everyone to see that you..... I.... belong.....

If time

If time can tell and grant us a chance to explore these love journey

I betroth to be your hope to your tomorrow

Your light through the dark

Your joy in tearful times

Your protector in fearful times..

I have no metaphors to express

But a heart to give.....

"Pedian Queen Thobejane";

Kwenadi Gaaje

Forbidden Palm

FORBIDDEN PALM

Love was something so special
Was like a treasure trove
Like a palm in the garden of Eden
We were so in love
Yet! Today I'm forgotten
In the midst of the night
Like a forsaken trove - I am forbidden.

Like a palm
Each season as it grows
And changes its colour
You nourished me in summer
Protected me from wind in winter
baby... You ensured I never turn into gold..

It was a cold winter's morning
When you walked out that door
All I could hear - Was the coldness of the morning
All I could feel - Was the fear of forlornness and fear
All I could sense - was the loneliness in my heart.....

For when you walked out that door
I knew there was no turning back
You were eager to walk away
And I couldn't stop you
All I could beg - From the bottom of my heart
Was you not to forbid me
Not to forbid the bond we have...

Just yesterday
I was your treasure trove.
Today I am your forbidden treasure
You no longer look me in the eye
My love You resent me
My mind want to desert you
yet! my heart want to hold on.....

Tshepiso Pedian Queen Thobejane

Kwenadi Gaaje

Love To Hate To Love You

LOVE TO HATE TO LOVE YOU

Walking down the path of this love journey
with tears dripping down my face
Longing for a hug that used to give me comfort
Knowing to love you is the same as hating to heart you
I wish to love to hate to love you..

My tomorrow is so dim
My heart is covered in gloom.
All that I yearn for is the lips that used to brighten my days
A hand that used to lift me up
A heart that used to love me
And now that you are no more
I endlessly weep tears of loneliness and that of fear...

The storm of our love faded in the midst of a fragile trust
You left me
My amour you broke into pieces
You left me shattered with no direction of life
Ambushed the beast in me...

You awakened the dark side of love in me
Confused my heart to be so desperate to be loved
And wickedness consumed inside
You chose to darken our path of love
Now I pray to love not to hate to love you
but I hate to love to hate you

In the dark - You left me
Away you took the light of my heart
Now I'm left In the wilderness thoughts of my tomorrow
Knowing to love you is the same as walking on a broken glasses barefooted
I now love to hate to love you...

Today I live to dream
I sleep to drown
I cry to wish to be close to you
For my relish I betrothed to give to you

To love you feels like walking near the grave I plotted for myself...
I love to hate to love you...

Kwenadi Gaaje

Kwenadi

KWENADI

Ke Kgosigadi gare ga Dikgositonna
Ke Kwenadi gare ga dikwena
Lethebeswane la noka ya Tubatse
Ke mosadi gare ga basadi...

Kgaitsemi ya masogana
Kgadi ya bo Pebetsi le bo Mahlako
Morwedi 'a Boroko 'Keba
Se tswala Kgadi ya bo Motlangwana le bo Mohlalerwa...

O betlilwe
Go betlwa go tswa popelong ya gagwe motsadi
We retwa se sa bonwa
Go ba Kgosigadi go kgakantscha Kwenatonna - bodibeng jwa 'one
O bonwe...

O retilwe
A retwa a sale monnye
Thupa ya betlwa e le nnye
Ya gola ka kitso
Mosetsana go gola ka lebitso la
DiKgosi gonne a theilwe ke Dikgosigadi...

Boipelo le Boitumelo
Di rena pelong ya gagwe
Moyeng wa gagwe go rena Khumo le Tshiamiso..

O bone le motsamao wa gone
Eketse wa Tau
Bogale jwa gagwe bo gaisa ba Tau e kwatile
Lorato go ene leabo le tuka kgabo ya molelo..

Ke ' Kgarebe ya mmala wa sebito
Mosadi tia
Se itse molao
Wa gagwe mmila o kgantshitswe
Ke ka foo a bonwang a ikgantsha ka la gagwe Leina....

Kwenadi.....

Kwenadi Gaaje

You Are Chosen

YOU ARE CHOSEN

Every time I hear your name
My heart clings for you
When I'm trying to ignore the fact that my heart chose you
The love I have for you
Forces me to be true to you..

Let not my confusion confuse you
Let not my distant heart distance the love we share
For my heart speaks the language of love
Whereas my mind speaks the language filled with faithless issues...

My heart chose you
Lack of intentions for you
Drowns me deep in pain
In trying to sustain my soul
My heart cannot maintain all of the demands....

You...
You are loved
Yet! Neglected
You demand more than I can offer
Baby! / If I could - I would...

Like a flower
My love is slowly fading
Each season you remind me of your expectations of me
The piece of me want to let go of you
While the other one wants to give in...

But will love maintain me?
Will this love grow me from this drowned sorrow?
If I may break this chain of love that tied us together
Will I stand back to watch the burning flames of love and heartbreak?

Will I stand to stare the pain in your eyes?
Will I be strong enough to hold on to the future with-out you?

You are chosen by my heart
Neglected by my soul
Hated by my mind
Wanted by my body to be close
Shall I break the chain of love
Or try to sustain this love triangle?

You are chosen and neglected at the same time.

Rachel La Poetess

Kwenadi Gaaje

Forbidden Flower

FORBIDDEN FLOWER

Love was something so special
Was like a treasured trove
Like a palm in the garden of Eden
We were so in love
Yet! Today I'm forgotten
In the midst of the night
Like a forsaken trove - I am forbidden..

Like a flower
Each season as it grows
And changes its colour
You nourished me in summer
Protected me from wind in winter
You ensured I never turn into gold..

It was a cold winter's morning
When you walked out the door
All I could hear - Was the coldness of the morning
All I could feel - was the fear of forlornness in more
All I could sense - Was the loneliness in my heart.

For when you walked out that door
I knew there was no turning back
You were eager to walk away
And I couldn't stop you
All I could beg - from the bottom of my heart
was you not to forbid me
Was you not to forbid the bond we had..

Just yesterday
I was your treasured trove
Today I am your forbidden treasure
You no longer look me in the eye
Baby! You resent me
My mind wantme to let you go
But my heart..... my heart wants to hold on.

Rachel La Poetess

Kwenadi Gaaje

Journey Of Love

JOURNEY OF LOVE

A journey less travelled
A dream worth be fulfilled
A path walked and its destiny never reached

In this journey
I loved and got hurt
I gave my all
And was left with nothing but my soul..

I failed to reach to my destiny
I failed my heart
I betrayed my soul
For I loved where unloved...

Mourning the death of my heart
As I embark this journey
Pain in me
Stain of blood running through my blood
Yet! Walking this path of love
getting harder and harder
Like I'm walking on a broken glasses barefooted.

A journey of love
A destiny of hope
A paradise of ore'
An island of joy
A fountain of laughter.

A heart so torn apart
My eyes losing its water
As I look through my broken soul
Yet! Wishing to finish the end line of this love journey...

Will I ever get there?
Will I walk to the end?
Will I walk no matter the pain I will endure along the way?

Will I love no matter the parts in that I'll lose?

Will I be strong enough to fulfil my dream of being in love?

Will it be just a fantasy?

Will it be a Happy ending?

Will love' love me like I do?

Rachel La Poetess

Kwenadi Gaaje

Questions Of The Heart

QUESTIONS OF THE HEART

Love that lies beneath a shattered soul

Will it be loyal enough to encounter to the changed of thee brightness of faith
and loyalty?

Will a broken heart love again?

Will this heart' love where unloved?

Crying bitter tears of yesterday

Doubting to give my heart to thee...

Will tomorrow be a better day

To wipe all the tears?

To remove all the fears

And clear all the doubts?

Will this heart find another treasure trove to cherish?

Or find a similar stone to crush it once again?

Will this love bestow peace in me?

Will it selflessly love

No matter the pain will it endure along the way?

Will this heart love or test its ability to love again?

Will it be so dear not to hope for the worst?

Questions of the heart..

Kwenadi Gaaje

A Chapter In A Book Of Life

A CHAPTER IN A BOOK OF LIFE

As a girl

You grow up to be a person your parents wishes you to be
You grow to be their reflection,
their pride and their image

As years goes by

You realise that their wishes of you
does not fit to your personality
Yet! good enough to protect your identity..

You fear taking change

'Cause you fear disappointing them
You fear doing wrong in their presence
You fight a losing battleinside you
For you wish not to break a binding chain of trust in them..

Forgetting that each year you grow

You become a new person
You open a new chapter in a book of life..

You realise that life isn't fairy as they told you

You constantly feel pain
And sorrow becomes your closest friend..

Now you fear growing up

You're scared
For you wish not to open a new chapter in a book of life
For you know.. this life is not like a red flowers as you thought it would be...

For this life taste sweet like dessert

Yet! Never enjoyed..
Each chapter you open
You make plans
You dream and hope thingswill work out for you

Forgetting that failure is there

As a reminder that not all things are given on a silver platter.

People will always be there to judge you
'Cause they do not understand your path
They will judge you because they fear you
For your way of doing things is different..

You fear change
You fear it will hurt your family
You forget that life isn't all about them
but you and what you want in life.

Sometimes you live to satisfy their needs
Hurting your soul
You wish not to hurt theirs
Forgetting that this life isn't all about them but you...

You fear making change
'Cause you think it will damage their reflection
You grow to be their portrayed image.

But do they know that behind this beautiful image
lies a crying soul
lies a brokenhearted girl
Lies a broke pieces of a child's dreams? ?
Do they know?
Do they? ?

Rachel La Poetess

Kwenadi Gaaje

Defend Me Not

DEFEND ME NOT

Dear diary time to keep your secrets

I failed to be

A woman you betrothed to be close to your relish - I failed to be...

Defend me not

For I've been nothing but a piece of stain to damage your heart.

Defend me not

For I am a strain of pain to your soul.

Feel no guilt

For I am not what you thought I'd be

Stay no more

For I buried all that you gave to me with lies and deceits.

Wish me not farewell

For I caused you a lot of misfortunes

Cry no more

For I will never hurt you again.

Say no more

Close the door behind you

Never look back

Leave all the shame and regrets to me

Feel no bad

For I..... I did you wrong

I broke your heart

Shattered your soul

Killed the inner joy in you

Defend me not

For I caused you pain..

Stay no more

For I am Willing to let go

To unbind these ropes that tied us together

Feel no misfortune..

Baby...

maturity ruined our relationship

And I... I am the reason why you feel so broken....

Defend me not.

Rachel La Poetess

Kwenadi Gaaje

Sleepless Nights

Sleepless Night [Ft. Kwenadi Thobejane]

I can't sleep
And my mind is glued
together with complaints,
Tears do waters my eyes
when I take a look
at my life misery,
My heart is painful
and it skips a beat
every time I think about
my life,
I feel like an organ of my heart
is loosing a tempo
cause it doesn't play a beat
but only acapella.

I feel like the world is
moving slow,
And I can't take things
a bit low,
And that's a low blow,
And my life's volume
of joy is turning so low,
And it's so hard to take
a look at my life
with a different eyesight.

I feel so lost,
In the world
and have no idea
where I'll be found,
I'm so losing my life's
direction
like the wind that blows away.

I am like a crayon
that has loosen it's color,
What I mean is,

I've lost my own purpose
and character on earth.

Where on earth do I
belong? ,
It'smy mind
that keeps me in meeting,
As it reminds me
with all the pains,
And misery I've been through
in the past.

I do go to bed,
But I pretend like
all is well with me,
My mind is nowhere
to be found,
I kinda like losing
my upper plane's signal.

I hope that
one day I'll get enough sleep
And stop being glued
with life misery of
my past.

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Lewis Da-Lyricist

Kwenadi Gaaje

One Day

ONE DAY

One day I'll go and never come back
You'll wish to see me for the last time
You'll dream of me and anticipate that I visit you even for a second of the day.
Know that when I finally leave
You may never get to see me again.

Tomorrow might be too late to fix things between us
Tomorrow may feel like a million years
You'll count the days and nights I cried
begging for my life
My freedom
You'll then realise that I'm gone and I'm not coming back..

You'll wish to be close to me
To hold my hand
To look me in the eye
And say what's good for my ear
The thought of me not being here will be a mocking moment of your life
You'll cry and I may never be there to dry your tears

You'll have a picture of my presence to you
But will you have an image of Me not being there for you?
Tomorrow - if I'm gone
Promise not to cry for me
I want you to prepare for the worst
For I am taking all that I was to you with me to the land of the unknown..

Promise to remember me for the little time I had with you
For the tears I cried
For the laughter I've found in you
For all you found in me
I'm taking it all with me...

When I finally close my eyes for the last time
Will you be there to disrupt my sweet dream?
Will you try to wake me up?
Will you ask for a minute of my shattered breath?

Will you cry and leave a stain your tear on my chest?

if.... if I may write this poem and leave it for you

Will you take your time and go through it?

Will you understand the fear in me for leaving you here?

Will you not try to wake me up?

Will you remember me?

If I may ask you to recite this poem near my coffin

Will you honour my wish?

Will you try not to cry when you recite it?

Will you feel my pain through this poem?

Will you ever realise that I'm unintentionally leaving you?

I know

There's so much to live for

There's lot that you wish to do for me

You had imaginary future with me

You had your dreams of me...us

I need not to dispatch them

But my time with you has come to part

My journey is ending

I must go

Let me go

Never try to stand in my way

Away from this world I'm heading

Tomorrow I will go

and never be visibly seen nor touched

But cry no more

Let my absence be a reason to carry on

To rejoice

To live your lives to the fullest

To enjoy all that you share

Know

I will hug you when you cry

I will help you sleep when you're having restless nights

I will be close to you

close.. when you are alone

I will be with you through days of forlornness..

You may never feel my hand when i touch you
You may never hear my voice
When I speak
You may never see me
but beside you I will stand always
to look after you.....

Kwenadi Gaaje

River

RIVER

The eyes of the poorness
Filled with tears of forlornness
Her heart filled with loneliness
Her pride hidden the truth that bore her with sadness
Her path seem so hopeless
As she embark on her love journey..

Hertears formed a river
Her life and all she had is over
She lost a lover
All that she see.. is her life drifting apart...
Her heart falling over a love that torments her soul
Forming her hopeless river.....

She lost a treasure
His laughter is her torture
All she ever longs for
Is a voice that used to give her ore'...

She's having insomniac obscurity
Misleading fantasies
that keeps her awake at night....

Her amour crying endless tears
River of eyes flowing like huge lake Malawi
Reflection of your memories running steadily on her mind

River she formed with her eyes
Her heart filled with blood of ache
Torn apart is a heart that loved where unloved.....

Kwenadi Gaaje

Unspoken Word

UNSPOKEN WORD

Words left untold
Worth not to be told
Truth behind it all
is soar and distasteful...

Hidden truth
Worth not to be told
The truth is bitter
A sensitive heart may fail to bear...

Unspoken words
Can shatter the heart of a son
Bury the mind of a daughter
Tear united family...

Lies and deceit
Pain and sorrow
Saddened truth tear a heart that loved
Break a soul that held for so long....

Unspoken words
May be cruel for a softhearted soul
May be a spear to destroy
To untie tied bonds...

Unspoken words
May be of wisdom to heal
May be of sorrow to kill
May be of reason why it left untold.

Rachel La Poetess

Kwenadi Gaaje

Pain

PAIN

It was appalling
And I fell between cracks of my tears
A waterloo that snitch me at Gloom
A phantasm that bestir me at dim...

A pain hard to bear
A stain hard to remove
An addition hard to kick...

It..... It was engaged to my heart and emotions
It drowned me deep inside
It left me helpless and dirty...
Bitter and lonely...

Tears became a pillar of my strength
Laughter became My emotion*ship
Pain became a supportive relationship..
My bed became a witness of my unknown trauma.

My soul tarnished like a piece of trash
My heart played like a melody
Ore' became my delusion

Anticipation drawn a picture without an image of the story
When I though in had found my jewel
Never thought I was actually losing my shrivel.

Rachel La Poetess

Kwenadi Gaaje

Wish I

WISH I

Love in a distant - My heart longs for
Kiss on the tryst - My lips wishes for
Words of love closely - My ear yearns for.....

Wish I had a voice of an angel
To sing a love song to heal
My longing heart
My yearning soul
My sobbing eyes
Crying for Your distant love.....

Wish I had wings of an Eagle to fly
To walk million miles
To reach to my angel
To whose my love whole heartlessly
longing for.....

From distant - I wish....
You'd sense my beating heart
The fear of forlornness in my eyes
You'd hear the calling of my shattered voice
See my pillow wet with tears of loneliness
Feel my body yearning for your touch.

Rachel La Poetess

Kwenadi Gaaje

A Letter To Romeo

A LETTER TO ROMEO

Million letters I wrote and sent
My Romeo none of them you read
Perhaps you read but never responded.
I.. I only wish you'd respond to this letter
For it's the last drop of my pen on this blank page..

It's been ages
And it feels like I cannot go another day without seeing you
You are long gone
Wherever you are
I only anticipate you remember me..

Said.....you needed time to think things through
Was it supposed to be years?
You left.. And I never heard of you
My heart bleeds
My eyes are sobbing monotonous tears
For your absence stabbed my heart with a sharp knife.
My soul is crying for a love that you took from me...

My eyes reflect a recapture that bore my heart with ache
Our memories are now my sweetest nightmares....
All I remember is you kissing my neck
whispering words of eternity in my ear
Your golden circle on my finger drown me deep in pain..

Is it a symbol of love?
Or that of sorrow?
How do I hold on to a ring without you near me?
Is it a test of my love?
Oh! My Romeo
How do I cross another gloom without your touch?

My Romeo
this is my last letter to write
My last chance to anticipate
My last day to fantasise

My last drop of tear to fall into this paper..
My last drop of ink into this poem..

Your response my love
Might awake my spirit to ink magic words of love
Now..... No more...

yours sincerely
Juliet..

Kwenadi Gaaje

He Disappeared

He Disappeared

Like a shade of a tree - He disappeared.
In the midst of the night - In the dark he left me.

It never crossed my mind....
The thought of him not being here...
Now he's gone
And I'm left wanting him.

Day and its brightness came and gone
Night and its darkness left behind as a reminder of a long lost dream I'm having

Memories remain constant
For a love lost in tragedy is that of him and I
For I lost my very own treasure
And now I'm left to tensure.

He disappeared
Like a wind - he flew to the hands of thee unknown
Like a tear drop in the eye - he fell and I lost him
Like a constant pain - our memories stayed behind.

He's now like a night that disappears when ever he sees the light of my heart.

Like a stormy weather he left me.
Now I'm left hearing the Melody's of the wind,
Voices in my head,
Screams in my heart,
Tasting streams of my tears.

Like a butterfly
My Baby! Heslipped through my fingers and disappeared.

He disappeared...

Kwenadi Gaaje

A Poem For Him

A Poem For Keith

what is a companionship?

A relationship between two hearts that a bestowed together?

A feeling of an unknown treasure trove that is yet! to be explored?

Is it amour hidden under the companion phrase?

You... you never rile my soul

You are my hamlet of faith

For when I tend to lose hope

You bring me strength to carry on

Anticipation of you..... I

A wish that is yet! To be fulfilled..

Glad God gave me a chance to befriend you

To get to know you

And you be close to my amour

Always giving me a sense of comfort.

If timeand space can allow me a chance to prove my appreciation

Forever for you I'll sing a song of love and that of Joy

For you to know that in you....Peace I've found

Though you found me in million teared pieces

Together you combined them and enlightened ore' in me...

My journey was a milestone

Because I was alone

You came and brought light for me to walk with no fear of tomorrow

Made my pains easy to bear

Turned my tears into endless laughter

My pains into joy

?

Kwenadi Gaaje

I Will

I WILL.....

Like the moon and the sun
Like the stars in the dark
Like the chapter in a book patience
I will wait for you..

Like an apple in a shaky tree
Still I will stand to the throne of your heart
Like a palm in the Garden of Eden
The love within my amour will nourish.
For you.. I will wait with no rush..

Like a woman with a lioness heart
A lady with a crocodile's soul
Beneath the sea
The love through your eyes.. I see.

Like a stone..
I will remain to the throne of your amour
Like a crown of your silver metal
Strong - mylove will remain.

Like a tear drop in the eye filled with forlornness
Like a heart filled with loneliness
I will remain till I'm wrapped in the hands of that my heart desires.

Like a heart longing for your warmth
Like a soul yearning for your special touch
Like the soil crying for a rain
Like a stain on your T-shirt
The same my love will remain.

Like the moon and the sun
Like the rain and the thunderstorms
I will eternally love you
I will forever wait for you.

Be it a rain, thunderstorms

Be it a million miles away
Be it a mountain, shrine
To the fountain of our love
We will meet
For you I will stay
Never will I slay....

I will.....

?

Kwenadi Gaaje

Blaq Poetess

Blaq Poetess

I write and recite.
My future I decide.
My words I maintain.

Dark skinned woman
Hardly recognized -
Always undermined.

"A blaq Poetess
You are just a little girl
What is it that you know that the Terrene do not know? "

I speak unspoken words.
I reveal forsaken truth
Yes! I am a liar
Yet! Truth I always tell.

I have pride.
Behind the shadows ofPoet-tree I hide.

For the words of my forefathers were left untold.
Their dreams were shattered.

And here I am to stay
Let not your heart be troubled
For I am here to fight
For me... For you.... For us.

I wasn't there to witness their pain,
To read their minds,
To listen to their poetic rhythms, sounds and their heartbeats.

.....On my mind
They left a stain of knowledge.
In my heart...
They left words that were never spoken.

For me to speak... And be heard....

Yet! Today

You are wise enough to mock the blaq knowledge...

One day

You'll cry,

Anticipate to hear the silenced voice of a blaq poetess.

I will laugh when you are in trouble.

I will recite for you..... mocking poems

When knowledge finally knocks you down.

When calamity overtakes you like a storm.

I will be just beside you with a smile on my face

Reciting poems of a blaq child.

Blaq poetess

Whose words are ambushed to the pit of death.

Whose words are easily swallowed down to the grave.

You have a voice of power to bury my words before my eyes.

You pretend not to hear my voice,

My plea for peace.

You pretend to be blindfolded.

You undermine my way of thinking

Yet! You are just simple-minded.

Know! /

Under the shade of poet-tree

I grow to grow.

Because I am a Queen - To my throne I shall always reign.

I am a blaq Poetess.

I am a Word Smyth.

?

Kwenadi Gaaje

Wish Me Not My Birthday

Wish Me Not My Birthday

A birthday.....

A constant reminder that I'm getting older.....

That I'm not getting any younger....

To learn to grow and to know

That life isn't a fairytale

But a story-tale that each page you turn

You foresee different changes in your life,

Be it a pain

Or, blessings and life itself.

To know that I can only learn to live beyond my obstacles

To pray for better days

To learn and to accept things I can't change

To live a life that pleases my soul.

A birthday.....

A reminder that my life is spared for another year!

A new chapter of my life is yet! To be wrote.

But what is it that I'm to write?

A birthday.....

Unforgettable reminder that each year I grow to celebrate his absence in my life

But God! I hate how I remember my father!

Today is my birthday

I'm turning twenty-one

Eighteen years of his absence in my life.

Never was he here for my fourth birthday

'Cause death....

Death couldn't wait for him.....

And yet! My birthday Is wished.....

Wish me not my birthday...

It could've been great with my father here.

Wish me not to grow for this life isn't a life without him....

Wish me not well.

For my wellness is beneath the grave of a man who gave me life.

All that I wish for...

All that my heart longs for.....

All that my eyes cries for

All that my soul yearns for this year

Is to hear the voice of my father singing along with me " Happy birthday
"

To be at his grave to celebrate my life with him..

...

Until then.....

Wish me not my birthday

Wish me not....

Wish me not....

My birthday.....

12 January 2018...

Kwenadi Gaaje