

Poetry Series

Lawrence s. Makola
- poems -

Publication Date:
2010

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Lawrence s. Makola(10/03/1979)

I was born at Motetema in Limpopo and I grew up at Vlakfontein(Umthombo ongatjiko) a small village but interestingly beautiful. I attended my primary Sokali Primary School from 1987-1994 and from 1995-2000 I at Lekala secondary school when I completed my Grade 12. I pursued my studies in the field of science, I did Bsc in water and sanitation and I completed it in 2004 at University of the North the now University of Limpopo

I am a man full of dreams to cater, my life was more depended on the present rather the future until i heard one poem from Mzwakhe Mbuli (the voice of reason) . I became a new person in everything i did, i started writing pieces at the back of my school books. at around 20is i started reviewing my written articles and i did like them. Then everything took a new direction i started writing poems

Africa

What can I write?
What can I jot down?
How can I place it on a paper?
How can I describe?
How can I make a pen to bubble?
How can I?

When I turn and look around
I am surrounded by beauty
Engulfed by the adorable smell
Shielded by the glorious mountains

Africa my origin
Africa my foundation
Africa my first step
Africa my roots

My life is rooted
In your well nourished soil
My culture is colorfully represented
My pride is buried in you caves

The soil I trample on
Is rich than the heavens
It contains treasures unmatched
Commodities and wealth undisclosed

The lakes I sail on
Stores the waters of life
Provides for the Camel of Africa
It swallows the sins of its nation

You are the stronghold
The mother to the orphans
The lighthouse to the sailor
The fortress to the soldier
The pillar to a building

Botse bjo makatshago
Ditshaba ka bo phara
O mo swana a nnoshi
Bogato bja pele ke bja gago

Through the voice of the child
Nations understand your cry
They surround you shivering and shuddering
Like the lone reed of limpopo

You are a lion in the valley
Roaring once twice is danger
Like a person with swine flu
Sniff once the world is slaughtered

The power abides in you
But still you are blind
You are a god to the nations
But you still ignorant

Africa, why are they interested?
Why are they amused?
Why so much attention?
Why this obnoxious curiosity?

They were oblivious of you
Regarded you as a landfill
The piece of land not attractive
The game reserve for hunting
The disapproval sight ever been

Today continents are looking
At the splendor you have gained
Glamour you displays
The original beauty you acquired

Africa, what have happen?
Tell me who bewitched you
Who put the spell on you?

Tell me so that I can help

They blind folded you
Let you through deep-blackened valley
Left you with sorrow
That no man can move
My Africa wake up

Lawrence s. Makola

At First Sight

First time I said shush
I look as if not interested
As she made her move down the isle
I thought I will see her no more

Two weeks were equivalent to a year
As I was packing my groceries
On the counter a smack I received
I looked back, a stunning face
Gorgeous eyes were all over me

She helped me with my stuff
We chatted for an hour
She promised to see me next time
My life was no more the same
My mind was revolving around her

We met again she became my better half
Two years we did it
I loved every moment we spent together....

Lawrence s. Makola

At The Expense Of My Man

The melodies are heard
People are cracking
The sky is blue
Happiness befriended all
At the expense of my man

He was healthy
He was intelligent
He was self caterer
He was his boss
He was well build

The spear crossed the atmosphere
The trick was pulled
The ex crushed the tree
The slinger brought the bird down

Oh destruction intruded
Oh joy faded from our faces
Our heads kissed the ground
When we were to told
The mighty man disappeared
At the expense of my man

Instead of the bells
But the mourning
Instead of joy
But sadness
At the expense of my man

Lawrence s. Makola

Dad

Life was so perfect
It was so easy sailing
Without worrying about the winds
Heating so much at me
For I was under his guidance
Waves came in their variety
But I stood my ground
I was tossed to and from
Until my mind was spinning
Even thou I didn't loss my pride
Back at home I had my Rock
The Shelter in rainy days
The essence of my joy
While I was marching through hardship
You were here to build us
Now we are strong
But you are no where
To see the fruit of your hands
Life thinks for itself
We wanted you but
It wanted you even more
My mom is doing it
Taking care of us like you'd want to
Stay in peace and enjoy yourself
With my Lord Jesus Christ

Lawrence s. Makola

Don't Despise Him

Do not try to look down on him
Seeing him on the streets
Selling fruits like a fool
Thinking he is a loser,
He does not have future
His life is depended on your change,
That wakes up still on an empty stomach
Since what he does is nothing
Compared to your fancy job
Don't despise him

Don't forget he is a father
A bread winner
A husband
A brother
More over a man in a society
Don't despise him

He was a slave driver
A house breaker
A fearless murderer
A street fighter
The ex bulldozer bully
Don't despise him

Don't hurt him but help
Don't ignore him but give courage
Don't insult him but support
Don't bypass him but improve his life
Don't despise him

He had a choice and stuck with it
He changed
He is not living in his shadow
But he died in his past life
He couldn't transmogrify his life
But sure as certain transforming it
He failed to be a millionaire in his dealings
But a proud and respected centinaire

Don't despise him

Lawrence s. Makola

Faces

From birth till now
When I sleep and wake up
Walking or jumping
I come across faces

Most are innocent
Others are frightening
While others grows not
Most are cosmetically different
While few are eye catching

I saw many speeches or unsung songs
Well captivated on dry wrangles
I saw hatred in some faces
The bitterness of ages
The grudge held against
The already gone souls

Yes faces are a good ostentation
The good device to cover evil blots
The wall before the truth
The deepest oceans of lies
Forest of back biters
What a miracle

Lawrence s. Makola

Fear

Seeing the wrong things you did
Giving up the believe you once had
Letting down the zeal
Welcoming failure in your heart
You miss the point

Yes it is clear you can't make it
Indeed you missed the step
Yes time has passed you by
But is not yet over

When you look back you are afraid
Thinking it is the end of your life
Thinking there is no good left in you
Evidence is evidently enough
But don't through in a towel

The appearance is real
Everyone can see
That you are no more
Even though lift you shoulders
And walk tall

As time goes by
Your wounds will heal
You will try again and
Definitely you'll make it
Do not fear

Lawrence s. Makola

From Her To Me

Being deeply loved by someone gives you strength
While loving someone deeply gives you courage
falling in love is like standing in wet cement
The longer you stay the harder it is to leave
And it is impossible to leave without leaving your shoes behind

A heart unbroken is a joyous soul
But a heart untouched is not a heart
Darkness cannot drive out darkness
Only light can do that
Similarly hatred cannot drive out hate
Only love can do so

Life is for the sight of a simple sunset
Beauty out of reach

For the time spent laying out under the stars
For the gentle rain heard while drifting to sleep
For the memories of kisses my lips will always keep
For the feeling i get when finally reaching my goal
For the love inside me that makes my heart whole
for all the time spent weeping over the lost
For the love we put into things no matter the cost
The best treasures in life are deep in our hearts

Lawrence s. Makola

Haiti Earthquake

There is a cry
The nation is torn apart
People are devastated
No place to call home

Why this my Lord?
What have we done?
What is our sin?
Tell us so we can cleans ourselves

We heard the end is near
Is this the sign or mistake?
Why didn't it cover the world but us?
We are small but this is big

Why this my Lord?
What have we done?
What is our sin?
Tell us so we can cleans ourselves

Our children are without parents
They die of starvation
No one to put food on their laps
Their days blackened by your wrath

Why this my Lord?
What have we done?
What is our sin?
Tell us so we can cleans ourselves

I looked from my agonizing bed
While I am tired and weary
Over the television I saw
Our kits exported to the far countries
Where we could not reach them

Why this my Lord?
What have we done?
What is our sin?

Tell us so we can cleans ourselves

Days are our enemies
We wake up and regret
These hips of broken walls
Tear down our inner strength
Leave us asking ourselve

Why this my Lord?
What have we done?
What is our sin?
Tell us so we can cleans ourselves

Lawrence s. Makola

Hurt Times

Hurt times are ravenous
Destroying the well-being of nervous
Pulling down the strength of a man
The man old enough to make things happen
They devastate the taste of life
With the edge of knife
Making kings to bow down
Depriving the man what he own
Hurt times sow seeds of double-minds
As an old wound reminds
The owner the past things
Which every thought of leaves nothing
Hurt times the pay point of life
With no guarantee to vipe

Lawrence s. Makola

I Am My Own Enemy

My days are swifter like the weavers shuttle
I don't have enough time to sin
To partake in the world activities
To loose my thoughts to the poisonous sin
That aims to bury me
And shorten the gulf between me and death

But to my own consternation
Each time I refuse
My eyes will drag me into it
And copy that I saw during to ensnare me
That which will destruct my meditation

My legs understand better
When I run after ladies
Than to bow down before God
No surprise they know the earthly language
Heavenly one no discernment

My body feels good for sex
My parts jumps at the mention
I become vulnerable and salacious
And forge ways to satisfy
By so doing paving a way
To the deadly sin

Lawrence s. Makola

I Am The Man

I am the soldier in the army
I am an anchor underneath the ship
The shuttle inside the sewing machine
The engine in the flying jet
I am the man

The creator of a nation
The head to a well balanced family
The reasonable father to my kids
The shoulder to cry on for my wife
I am the man

I am not the beast
I am not the rapist
No a slave driver
But the man

All can say I am
But I am not like them
For my values are:
Respect for woman,
Caregiver to children,
The comforter to the broken hearted
The soul mender to the bereaved
I am the man

I do not go braking into houses
I do not go hijacking
I don't do drugs
I am not forced to kill
I am the man

Lawrence s. Makola

I Hate Hatred

I had a feeling deep inside
I thought it was mutual
But it teared down my emotions
And I succumb to it
I was carried way
I forged ways to cater it
To do as I felt
I saw it pleasing but
When I realize it was hate
I hated it even more
I stopped and had introspection
I found out it is not friendly
I stop visiting it
For I hate Hatred

Lawrence s. Makola

I Was Surprised

The compound is so big
Covered by the summer's trees
Obscured to the sight of the passerby
By the green lively leaves from the trees

The moment we made our entrance
We were welcomed
By the soft snarl
From the upper room
The problem was the voice
It was touch and strong
And was exchange by the same
Tone and the same texture of the voice

We were forced to go and check
For we couldn't understand
They were fighting or strangling each other
For the snarl was so terrifying

We came closer to the door
But we decided not to go in
Fortunate enough the door was ajar
We peeped through, wow
Our eyes came back to each other
What a surprise it was two gays
Doing it like never before

Lawrence s. Makola

In The Midst Of Storm

In the midst of the storm
Hearts yearn for salvation
Souls cry for freedom
Spirit groan for heavenly peace
There is a repetition of lamentation
For the atonement of sins
this is what happens in the storm
Dreams and visions seem to be shuttered
Hopes and wishes are like fairy tale
Emancipation is like songs rendered to deaf ears
Strong holds are like smashed potatoes
Where can help come from? ?
Yes where can the peace be found?
In the midst of the storm

Lawrence s. Makola

Just To Be With You

When ever I think of you
My whole world turns misty blue
My mind is set straight in capturing your heart beat
You are my fantasy in this hunger stricken world
My breath and strength in every step I take
I surrendered, threw in a towel and
I lost my pride just to share
The piece of you heart
I paddled through iced winter of the Kalahari Desert
Through the dark forest of Drankesberg mountains
I waded in the cold Bangwela oceans
Just to be with the dearest lover of my life
The pearl of creation and
The caregiver of my bright forth coming future

Lawrence s. Makola

Kiss

The most indescribable feeling
Shared between two strangers
Bringing together two worlds
Breaking through the racial barriers
Changing the perceptions long conceived
Bringing new definition to sharing
Kiss what a marvelous feeling

Lawrence s. Makola

Ladies

The gift to the world
Wrapped in a wonderful cloth
The cloth that displays not the interior
But beauty respected by the sight

When opened joy disappears
And find out that they are:

The keys to failure
The no progress to work
The product production stoppers
The reduction of profit
The maladministration in organizations
The ineffectiveness to activities
The unbalance in relationships
The spread of untrustworthiness
The promoter of cheating
The demoter of self-worth dignity
The obstacle to spiritual discipline

Change this is no match
To what you possess
That will remain this:

You're the pillar of strength
Wall of peace in troubled times
The caregivers in disrupted communities
The leaders in the winning nation

Indeed you will remain the mothers
For men needs you to cry at
You revive the strength
Of a fallen man and
Give direction to the future
Of a doomed man
Stay positive we need you

Lawrence s. Makola

Life

It is wonderful

it is a marvelous piece of enjoyment
awaiting for one to live

full of challenges and obstacles

leading to light or darkness in future

all in the way u treat it

if u give it a *dei gratia* success is yours

take good care of it

Lawrence s. Makola

Marvelous Creatures

Marvelous creatures created
Full of miracles that moves
With motion good for locomotion
To transmogrify the world
The world that needs travelers
That absorbs the pain and travail
The solution at heart finders
The resolution full time makers
To move the world to salvation
To redeem it from its end
The end which never-ever refuse to lend
Marvelous creatures created
To glorify magnify and praise the Creator

Lawrence s. Makola

Mom

I was deposited
In the most trusted bank of this world
Interest accumulated and no stealing
But utmost care was ensured in every heart beat

My bones came out of fluid
Caused a pain that no man can describe
But love kept her strong
And hoping to see this growing
Out with no one helping

Morning after one change I made
I transformed her and she became ugly
Deformed and taken a balloon shape
She didn't care for expectations was killing
Her inner most woman, she became stronger

My first kick was her surprise
She leapt for joy
Called out the shareholder
Together screamed and gave me the name
The simple of victory (Lawrence)

Time went by, months past
There was an outbreak of water
She was in mixed emotions
Happy and feeling the pain

She didn't say a word
The moment she spoke
I was too close to lend
My first dive to this world

She wasn't taken to any hospital
But her sister's bedroom worked miracles
Out I cried separated with what was my palace
But they were happy I was alive

Like a permanent investment
They waited for returns
That now is more than their expectation
Mom you were wise and strong in keeping me
I love you mom

Lawrence s. Makola

Mugabe

What would you gain?
What have you acquired?
What kind of emblem would you raise?
How long would you continue being arrogant?
For how long would you continue treating your own people like animals?
Why do you close your hears to the cry?
Their cry even reached the outer parts of Africa
Touched the man with the stone heart
Then what was your answer to their concerns
Tony Blaire keep your Britain I will keep my ZZZZZZim
George Bush was concerned too but you didn't want to listen
What do you want?
You are too old to run the country
What you were used to then is not our system
This is a different generation
Power mongers like you do not have a place anymore in this era
I thought you were a clever when you chase the whites out of ZZZZim
But I was wrong
Ever since your currency is a joke
Your economy a tale to tell
But even so you cannot open your eyes
I do not think to call you an African
Let alone the citizen of our southern region
For I will never find it easy to relate to you
There is a place that sued you best that is the FOREST

Lawrence s. Makola

My Daughter

Soft and tender
The touch I received
Joy flooded my soul
Tears felt my eyes
When I saw the beautiful smile
From a gorgeous face
With a splendid skin texture

I said in my heart
Flesh of my flesh
Bone of my bones
Hair of my hairs
As I kissed her soft lips
Praising the Almighty
For the present I received
Thank you Lord for my Daughter

Lawrence s. Makola

My Dream

I saw my self going through a cave
It was too dark I couldn't see my hands
I could smell darkness
And touch its fair
It was as if I am with it
Its presents was too strong

The voice shouted in a corner
The shout was so huge even the cave was shaking
I went down to my knees
I wanted to know what was wrong
The voice said: my time is over
I am left with hours to my life

I pleaded deeply with the thing
For the second chance
I was told I was given plenty of chances
But even the single one was not used well
Instead I found pleasure in my activities
My memory struck me and I succumbed

The voice went on and said thank you
I said for what?
For being my accomplice in the world
You turned away from the Lord
In order to worship me
I said I didn't but it said you did

I realized my purpose to the world
Was to serve the Almighty
But I gave in to the demands of Satan
To preach his gospel to the dying nation
But I choose to indulge in sin
Continued cursing the Jesus of Nazareth

I saw that my life was going straight to Hades
I told the voice I do not know you
The voice said is too late
No repentance at this point

I cried a lot and I started running
My name was called out
I woke up and it was my mother
I then realized it was a dream

Lawrence s. Makola

My First Time

I set my eyes on her
I was drawn to her
Pulled into her
Into the most deepest part of her
The only world she rules without help

She responded as if I was her relative
Our blood boiled with passion
As if we grew up together
I had no experience
She looked as if she knew
Meanwhile I was damn disorientated

We escape the public theater
Landed in the sweetest scented
Well arranged aperture
Where genes peacefully ignited

I stretched my two erotic hands
Towards her two curvaceous mountains
My eyes closed dramatically
Imagining ardor yet to be revealed

The feeling no word can describe
Covered my unruly hungry body
As my awesome lips approached
To her gorgeous well nourished lips
They parted in gesture
Calling in desperation
They found their pleasure
As she dug down my throat

Her erect nipples brushed lightly
Against my muscular chest
As I drove into her
Feeling every inch of her swallow
My rigid rod
I penetrate her to the hilt
Her body began to sway

He soft bottom moving one way
Her pendulous breast swinging the other

She began to jerk spasmodically
Her breast heaving
Her breath came in short gasps
Her body began to convulse
The tremor wracked her quivering body
My man submitted
My body was shaking.

Lawrence s. Makola

My Friend Live Dangerously

He is naïve, simple yet complex
He is determine that he is right
What comes is fine without
Checking the danger covered

He lives as blind-folded man
Walks as headless chicken
Failing to say a word as mute
Recognizing not abyss lay forth

I thought to myself
What help can I offer
How can I make him aware?
All can see but him not

He is happy when they surround him
Encircling him like a captured man
Happy when he sees the smiles
Thinking the world is his
Forgetting danger that lies

To him all is clear
To us he is walking in darkness
His heart knows where he stands
Our hearts doubt his judgement
And feel sorry about his choice

He is my friend but
Danger is his friend too
We share him all the time
When he is surrounded

My friend wake up
See around you
Then judge with your mind
Let your sight surpass
The strength of your heart
For now I belief it sees not

Lawrence s. Makola

My Love

I saw you and I loved you
I met you and my life changed
I touched you and I was aroused
I proposed to you and you said yes

So perfect
So marvelous
So fantastic
You will always be in my heart

We made an agreement to stick together
Build our family with love
To create our own nation
To see the fruits of our bodies
Growing to be strong

Happy I remain
Full of joy I will always be
Your life means a lot to me
You're my strength every where I go
My peace in troubled times

I thought I won't make it
While I was on the ground
No woman desired to be mine
But out of no way you embraced me
You took me in your heart

Forever I will stand by you
I will make you proud
I will tread like a queen
For loved me when I was filthy

Lawrence s. Makola

My Luck In Muthi

I met a lady
When I was going through hell
I told her my story
She promised to help

I called her back
Asking about what she said
She put up a date
To meet with her traditional healer

I went and I consulted the man
And he told me exactly my problem
He consulted with the spirit
He was told my luck is in muthi

He gave me muthi
And a lot of instructions
Off I went with my shoulders
No more down droop

I used muthi when going and coming
Eventually my luck struck
I won a lotto jackpot
My life was turn around
Thinking like a president

I forget to go back to the healer
Then the money was like water in my hands
Everyone knew that I was the man
Women were my best hobbies
For before I had no one

After six months
I was left with nothing
Then I remembered the healer
I was ashamed to go back
My life was worst than before

Nature The Best Friend

Frogs singing lullabys
Crickets backing with loud voices
Rocks dancing
While water dashing unto them

Sitting just a mile away from the river
Feeling the sweet aroma from the lilies
The beauty displayed marveled the eyes
The blue water and the green algae
They surprice me deeply

Then I realized that
Nature is more educated
Than any philosopher ever lived
More wise than any ancient scientist
More literate than any biotechnologist

Nature opens the closed doors
Blesses the cursed
Showers the poor with riches
Stops suicidal thoughts
What a friend

Lawrence s. Makola

Our Poets

The ancestors of our poetic origin
Caters during the Dark Age
The straight talkers of their times
Struggled, whipped, tortured and detained
For standing up for the truth
Some of them never came back
Others are swallowed by the earthly belly
While others are on wheelchairs

Gloom is well painted in their poems
While other poems have hope and dreams
About their country
As for Don Matter hope was never a subject
As he said Remember to call at my grave
When freedom walks the land

Our poets came and made a mark
They pave a way for the present generation
But we fail them
Mattera again said let the children decide
But instead we make it worse
Xenophobia the first failure
Julius malema's kill the Farmer the worst
The shoot to kill no comparison

Let us use our minds rather our power
Let us use the pen rather the sword
Like our fathers did;
Tatamkhulu Africa- The prisoner
Sandile Dikeni- Love poem for my country
Modikwe Dikobe- grave of unknown white man
Mafika Pascal gwala- Kwela ride
Stan Mutjuwadi- Take for ride
Mazisi Kunene- Congregation of the story-tellers at a funeral of Soweto children
Ben Langa- For my brothers (Mandla and Bheki) in exile
Don Mattera- Let the children decide
Gcina Mhlophe- Sometime when it rains
Seitlhamo Motsapi- The man
Mbuyiseni Oswald Mtshali- An abandoned bundle

Lesego Rampolokeng- History

Magoleng Selepe- My name- Nomgqibelo Ncamisile Mnqhibisa(maria)

Mongane Wally Serote- Hell, Well, Heaven

Lawrence s. Makola

Perilous Acts

Swift are the seconds of to day
Brief are the moments we live in
Quick is our life span
Too short the picture that remain
Enjoyment is understood by all
the danger of hell by none
the face of death no one knows
its arrival is as quick as lightning
It destroys hopes and visions
Brings an end to calculated missions
that encompasses the future of the remaining
the perilous acts accelerates death penalty
Death carries the soul home for eternity.

Lawrence s. Makola

Porsche Matsepe

Move my borders beyond
Stretch my mind to the higher state
Give me hope to rise once more
From these piles of negativity

I am not described by my surrounding
Not by the fact that I can create
Out of what the eye can avoid
But the inner man is sure as certain

Let me out by your voice
Your words carry too much
That which a man can resurrect with
Give them straight and see me turning

You've been the centre of my strength
My role model while I was growing
Do it even today
My bra I need you

Lawrence s. Makola

Shoot To Kill

How can you utter such statement?

Without thinking of the circumstance

Incurred by misunderstandings shown by the brutal killing

The blood of the innocent children, women and men

Will stand against the state in front of the Almighty

How long shall we see families broken?

For how long shall we stand in grave yards to say our byes?

When would we wake up without the fear of losing one of us?

In the false pretentious shooting of criminals

What an excuse; we thought is a criminal

Why not reverse this before the country is destroyed

To me this is a license to kill

Rather than the way of reducing crime in our country

Families are devastated, friends are without kidneys

This came after one illiterate statement made by our leaders

Shoot to kill is not a solution but the creator of worse problem

Lawrence s. Makola

South Africa

I am the reed dancing in the river
I am the strongest eagle
In the southern hemisphere
I am the Kilimanjaro of the world

Those who know me
Call me the sunshine
For they know
There is no supernova like me

My mind revolves around the world
My ideas are carried by dove of Mesopotamia
To share them with the big shots
To give birth to the strong world

I am free at last
Nations still struggle but I am free
I can stretch to the far most villages
And give what will comfort

My strength is astonishing
My shoulders are too broad
My legs knows the way
To the orphans, the grieving and the feeble

My lands are full of food
My store room has no space
My windows knows no opening
My door is not surprised by the knock

My kids are welcoming
Their smile is as white as snow
Their eyes blinking with love
For they understand
The word sharing

Come you struggler
Find peace in my comfort
Come you refugee

Under my battlement
Find strength and love and
Rejoice with me eternally

Lawrence s. Makola

Taxi Riot

Leaving your home to town
Without knowing exactly
What surprise waits for you?
Driven by want, to fulfill

Reciting goodbyes to your child
And the whole family
Knowing that you will be back
To the adoring family

But like a responsible bird
Killed on its way back home
Carrying food for the nestlings
So a man departs from this world

With a cracking roar
The bread winner dragged down
The dust jump up high
Stricken by fear
Closing the eyes
Not to see the spirit oozing

The road became red
By the innocent blood
That cascaded down like a rive
The blood of a truck driver

Why do we devour one another?
Like snakes swallowing each other
We are like animals of prey
Destroyed by our hunters

How egocentric this is
Shedding blood for mere road
Fighting over passenger whom you kill
No fundamental thinking in this
Just stop doing it

The Colossal Life

The oversize life
The life out of the border
The life without limits
The defining type of life
The mammoth kind of life

At a tender stage having enough
Not knowing the ins and outs
Of sleeping without food
The struggle free sort of life
Indeed, the enormous life

Sleeping is dreaming about the pleasure
How the next day should spend
The transferred money should be sprinkled
How many girls to collect
Yes, the massive life

Living is the pace to sin more
Cruel as devil himself
Fornicating without remorse
Filled to the brim with jealousy
Mmm, the gargantuan life

Beautiful to the sight of human being
Well established for the poor
The higher standard to the developing
The snare to the wicket at heart
The play ground to satan
The vast nature of life

Lawrence s. Makola

The Dawning Of A New Day

Says forget what lies behind
Focus on the future
Plan, develop and reconstruct
Put your strength and don't fail

Release the gift that lay dormant
Release the chains entangling you
Move out of your bondages
And fly above the sky
See what the future has for you

Don't be splendiferous with time
Occlude being quaquaversal
You can still accentuate possibilities
There is hope in the living
And your tomorrow won't be morose

The dawning of a new day
The fuel to fly the new dreamer
The strength to the peace maker
The knowledge to inquisitive
The dawning of a new day

Lawrence s. Makola

The Emptiness In Me

Who am I?
My name is incredible
It is indeed spacious
you might say again atrocious
But it doesn't describe the emptiness in me

People call me names
Respecting my well being
My well articulated life style
My splendid future
But they can't see the emptiness in me;

When I deliver the speech
they are taken aback
they become stone cold
Goose bumps describe them well
Mean while I am like a noisy gong

Ladies call me Mr. Nice
Mothers call me charmer-man
Grannies call me sugar-son
Girls call me play-boy
But they can't see the emptiness in me

There are those who worship me
Those who gave their hearts to me
Those who starve to get me
But all to me seem like nothing
For none can fill the vacant in my heart
The real emptiness in me

Lawrence s. Makola

The Expedition

At dawn the sun was calm
As we left our nest
Our minds preoccupied by the dark forest
We were heading to
In search of what we call seshebo

We reached the place still with energy
Our dogs still wagging their tails high
Still the sun maintained its friendliness
As we drove through the bush whistling
Followed by our hunters

In a short space of time
We fall unto our first victim
The most canning and fast seshebo
But it took only ten minutes
Then Blacky catch the Rabbit
First mission accomplished

As we made our way into the dark bush
The big seshebo (Impala) was heading unto us
Running like headless chicken
Then Malesela shouted and said Nkwe (Tiger)
Deeply frightened
I froze, rolled down and fainted

After a long time I awoke up
It was at dusk
I was taken aback
I had no scratch or a wound
Then the way back was tougher
For I was alone and afraid

Lawrence s. Makola

The Mother Nature

The forces of nature
Are so immensely over
What we can expect
The mind to comprehend
At their time they destroy
Plans and actions at bay
Then tough to go back
To the drawing board
To find how we can move on
Without forgetting to mourn
Our already gone families
Swollen by the big earthly bellies

Who can control Mother Nature?
Our forefathers failed to understand
The scientist didn't recognize
The geologist still trying
To put up a clear logic
But Mother Nature control itself
We cry but no difference
When it is it's time to struck
We are left shaking
Vulnerable and emotionally destroyed
The forces of Mother Nature
No man can match

Lawrence s. Makola

The Picture

The wonderful mirror
To see my error
In the most dieing world
Where I'm dumb to say a word
The miraculous mirror

Yesterday my life was shuttered
To tough to see my shadow
Deranged, clueless and out
Then my hollow only uttered wow
The perfect mirror

My rip-roarious strength fall flat
The energy pumped within disappeared
Life crushed my tiny fillet life
My soul left still wanting more vile
The wonderful mirror

Mirror! Mirror! I exclaimed
When what I saw seemed not like me
The perfect picture I printed
Just two years while I was me
The picture in the mirror a mistake

Lawrence s. Makola

The Toyi Toyi

Pale palpable brigade
Standing still stagnate
Ordered on by the oppressor
Not to allow notorious inhabitants
To continue demolishing the construction
Believed was brought to batter the youth brains
And leave them wondering in wide wild
With no information about the struggle
Against their agitating animalist enemy
That destruct continuing contingent war
Continue to toyi toyi
For no answer without Toyi Toyi

Lawrence s. Makola

Too Short

At 10: 00 I said I do
My brains acclimatized to the world
Where everything taken a new word
That transformed me from boyish place
Left me in a total different race

The clock ticked, it was 15: 00
Dressed in wonderful clothes
Paraded the village streets
With smiles glowing on our faces
Ostentation good for an Oscar

My mother was happy I did it
Her mother was afraid she will blow it
My friends celebrated with joy
Her friends were disorientated during the day

Time waits no man, it was 18: 00
Everyone went back to their holes
I waited while I was alone
Expecting to share my single bed with her
But my eyes saw that she wasn't there

At 20: 00 I was called out
The minute movement I made
My eyes summoned a strike
Not to allow my tears to cascade
Down the smooth innocent face

My eyes believed not
My wife striding one leg out
The car not even my father owned
Letting all my wishes and dreams down

She headed straight to me
In hand clasp my ring
That I gave with love
Now returning it with hatred

Her ex was long gone
The now backsliding to spoil
The joyous day of my life
Leaving me gasping for breath

It was 20: 15 when she disappeared
Into darkness with red lights following
The sign that said she is gone
No more will I see her move
Too short my marriage lasted

Lawrence s. Makola

What Goes Through The Mind Of A Girl?

I want to know
What goes through the mind of a girl?
When she realize that she is not like a boy
Her parts are not like the boy's
She cannot walk like them
She cannot behave like them
Sit down the way they do
I would like to know
How her brains accept
The development of her breast
That every month she'll be shedding some blood
And to start living as a lady
Changing her life style to suit her surroundings
I want to know
How does she feel?
When she pass the group of guys
And hear them whistling
Again asking her to accompany her
Does she say no?
Or leave it until next time
Tell me what goes through the mind of a lady
When hearing about how guys play them
Give them babies that they won't take care of
The burden she has to carry herself
And leave them with the pain that no mom could heal
If maybe you know please inform me
I want to feel, these complications too

Lawrence s. Makola

What Have I Don?

What have I done?
What is my fault?
How did I do wrong?
Do I deserve this?
What have I done?

I know not my name
I know not the face of my father
Yet my mom I know because of the evil
She did to me
What have I done?

Amongst the seeds of my daddy
I was the one that won the race
the one that broke into the egg of women
I thought the battle was over
To my own consternation I was snuffed out

Transformation from the sperm to the body
I expected it to take place
And I waited for the transmogrifying event
From an embryo to the fetus
Which never took place
What have I done?

Flabbergasted and astound was I
Perplex and confounded was I
What breed of women is this?
Is she from GOD or devil?
Is she normal or eccentric
Could you please answer me; what have I done?

I never trampled over the dust of the earth
Yet I was found to be bad
Mistake was my glorious name
Meanwhile abortion was my birth name
What have I done?

I exclaimed Treason! Treason! !

But there was no one to help
I lifted my eyes to the hills
To my unfortunates I found no answer
What have I done?

What is my fault?
How did I do wrong
Do I indeed, deserve this?
What have I done?

Lawrence s. Makola

What Is Your Nightmare?

What tortures you?

Your torture is the money you stole from your granny
When ever you think of it the world trembles around you
For you were told that she bewitched you
And all your failures you think were caused by her...
Is that your nightmare?

What makes you suffer?

Remember the man you butchered alive
The girl you forced to commit abortion
The five year girl you rape while under your care
And the friend you betrayed while stealing
Is that your nightmare?

What is your agony?

The reality that you failed to commit to your family
Your children brought up by your sisters
Your two boys earning some fortune while despising you
Your wife gone with another man
The house you once called home just a hip of rubbles
Is that your nightmare?

What is your nightmare?

That you didn't die but you wanted to?
Is because you feel sorry for yourself
Or you regret you ever lived
Or you curse the day you were born
Is that your nightmare?

Lawrence s. Makola

When My Body Decays, Where Would I Be?

Days are bright and brilliant
Hours seem to cease not
Hopes are piled up in my brains
Like the dunes in the desert
But the question is: when my body...

The strength surpasses the mountains
The courage is more than the lion's
The wisdom outwits the snake's
The calf's joy is less mine
But the question is: when my body...

The world dish out the pleasure
My mind is dragged in like a trailer
My legs jumps in as a frog
Without much of brain digesting
That which lends in dilemma
Resulting in my spirit ejecting
But still the question is:
When my body....

Lawrence s. Makola

Why?

There is a cry
How can us without to be shy
There is lamentation
How can we still have celebration?

World closes the eyes
When one continent dies
Struggle is still on
The world proclaim it is gone

The child is found in a bin
The future has a bad turn
No hope to live for
Yet the years still to mount

Lawrence s. Makola

Wink For Me

Wink for me today
For I know I'm full of life
Wink when you work
I'll be reminded of my work
Wink when entering the toilet
I'll know others are half attached
Wink when you eat
I'll buy my own lunch
Wink when kissing
I'll miss my wife more
While driving still wink
I'll work and buy my own
When you die please wink
I'll prepare my suitcase for take off
Please wink for me

Lawrence s. Makola

Wonderful

What a wonderful world
Trim toasted and tasted
By the volcanic eruptions
That eroded the essence
Of its beauty and left it void

The wonderful world
That engulfed nature of all time
The beauty, the beast and the buffed
That which turn and destroyed itself
To leave but nothing to be desired

This world is surprising
Bewildered to no return point
Left to rot alone
In the earthly abyss
That stuck itself in Hades

Lawrence s. Makola

You

Seeing you a nice thing

Walking with you a blessing

Chatting with you the most sweetest thing

Holding your hand a marvelous gift

You

You were in my dreams

You were my focus drive

You were a goal to reach

A vision to pursue wholeheartedly

You

We ended skin to skin

Your mountainous breast against my chest

Not mentioning blood to blood

When I reached your G-spot

Not forgetting sweat to sweat

When your body odor was my pleasure

Until you sighed with relieve

When my man succumbed to your shakes

You

You are now the centre of my joy

My medulla oblongata in decision making

My eye lids when a beautiful lady by pass

My motivator when days are dark

You, yourself and you

Lawrence s. Makola

You Were Gone

Love was our connection
Foreplay our romance
Making it our joy
Sustaining it our happiness
But you disappeared

You walked out as if I meant nothing
You left as if I was a mere dream
You forget about me like your vomits
I remain wondering about what I felt
Asking my self as whether I was crazy

But you left me in total darkness
In the forest of my fears
Deep in the gulf of death
Where hope was never a subject
Peace a wayward foreigner

I tried my way out
I tore many hearts
I destroyed many young live
Demolished the future of that one
Their happiness I dismantled

No one could fill the space
No one to replace your love
To comfort me as you did
To reassure my plans

You came but you left
Without compassion you vanished
Like a ghost you were nowhere
Like a shuttle you were finished
So you died in my heart

Lawrence s. Makola