

Poetry Series

Lihle Shezi
- poems -

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Lihle Shezi()

A Colonised Mindset

They said 'they will buy you Heaven'.

They said 'They will buy you God'.

Buy you a Prophet.

Buy you a new Earth.

Buy you a new Tradition.

Buy you a Constellation.

Buy you Gold.

Buy you a new Education.

Buy you a new Religion

Bleach your skin

Clear all your sins for having

A clean conscience.

Buy you medicine.

Buy you Freedom.

Buy you a new way of Life.

Buy you a new pair of parents.

New kins and grand parents.

They said they will buy you everything if only you would die for them.

And You did

And They didn't.

Lihle Shezi

A Hoary Leper

A hoary leper once dreamt;
Of a place where seraphs trumpet
Eternity in the horizons
Of the pentagrams of life
where the immortality of each
odysseus sun-rise begins,
where every dead poet sins
are forgiven,
where the sight of blind birds pins.
And the luxurious love is no longer
a feeling but the mechanism of
a dead heart manufacturing hope.
And our Creator stands there
with a secretary's inkhorn at his
waist, to write down the names
of true poets.
Morbidity fortifies no child.
Mortalities? Nay, the misfortune is
to die young while you know how to attain eternal life.
But then, 'wisdom doesn't grow on trees, and understanding
is the virtue schools hid from us
all'.

Lihle Shezi

Across The Milky Way

Across the milky way
I walk'd,
Through bitter stars
Gardening pity, Staggered.
Holding fervent love
Endowed by guilt.
If daughters of God
Ever loved someone
Of my sinful status.

I kneel'd
Peeling off the earth
From the skin of my idle heart.
No meditative mind minister'd
lust as comfort.
Espied, then find love,
wretch'd poet.

Unsuited spring
Across my thoughts.
War memories are frugal
To those who never fought.
To old men who never tasted
Virgin love, to them
Love is a blind heaven.
A strange glow of hope
Across a tale of suffering.

Uncouth goodbyes.
The novelty of loving
A goddess.
Cold prayers as your
heart declined all
my mantras,
from linnets with five
Petals.
'She loves me, she
loves me not'.

I came across
the milky way to
find out why she'd
love me not.

Lihle Shezi

All There Is

All there is,
but pain frees,
and you never came
home.
We sat there,
with your mother
in those woody chairs.
And thought,
about your idyll childhood.
And thought about
the image of God in you.
Tears, your mother
shed tears!
As we watch
that heartless ocean
murder our fearless wind.

What do tulips
symbolise at a cemetery?
A life ended before
time, and they do not
wilt before time.
Graves, age not the
sand but the casket.
So we sat there
thinking what will
it do to your face.
Life is all seasons,
we need to accept
your autumn.
Life is all seasons,
let us sing you
a hymn.

Lihle Shezi

Aquarius

seeing your dream dying depresses me,
remember when you said you
can't exist without me?
a beautiful lie to keep you sleeping.
remember when you said I was your everything?
You must have forgotten breathing.
You existed your smile at Eden
and placed my fragile heart amongst the prosy.
You were capable of loving me forever
But you realised that forever is too long to love
someone soo empty.
for me, paucity is a chromosome.
It's a sum of the things my mother
didn't pray for.
when you need those who don't need you,
you'd really fathom the pain of dying
before someone who claimed to do it for you.
Trees dance to the feeling of wind.
pieces from a broken heart scrap the cold,
tears hoping to recollect your I love you
because their absence puzzles eardrums.

Lihle Shezi

Between Our Hearts.

Between the fringes of our
heart beats exist a sky wearing
reading glasses.

A lamp burning our heredity
as oil.

In this presence, God is a past-tense.

A loophole between our spheres,
a reality you call a son
and an illusion i call a father.

From an old tale a hungry child
emerges holding my face.

Life is only a preface of a harlot.

I am her son, with many fathers.

I even father my own.

Alphos, a man foreordained
to be my bearer; may the Lord
grant him more days to see
me fall as autumn

to his wealthy heart, rich with
loving kindness.

Thank you soo much!

All those morning stars
never thought of a black child
who will shine as gold.

Thank you soo much.

I am a carbon copy of your
former self.

A slave for love and warm hugs,
that you share outside
from seing eyes.

My heart sees all your love.

Thank you soo much.

Lihle Shezi

Book Worms.

The books o'er those
wrecked tables encompassed
by torn cagoule are my silo,
I encave my soul with their
powerful words.
Now speak sire, who do i master?
Did you not singe my tongue
your mark?
My every speech is clay.
And your every wish is a bird.
You speak with clouds
as if they were your sons,
Yet you fear blue birds
like all book worms.

Lihle Shezi

Broke Boys Love Song

You were a skyscraper
But when I kissed you
I wasn't afraid of heights.
You were the only plane,
floating around my yellow sky.
When I was hugging you I wasn't
afraid of falling.
I once found a missing star,
orbiting around your iris.
I wasn't afraid of the empty
space between our eyes.
staring at my own limitations.
You produced life giving fruits, but
that very month I was into
red meat.
You didn't break my heart.
instead you woke me up
and showed that true love is nothing
but a science fiction
where the actual reason for
loving is for women to flaunt.
well my character didn't even
make it to the first scene!
I saw thousand sunsets
Cascading pores of your brown skin.
But you saw no Flowers in me.

Lihle Shezi

Cursing My Birth

No pain is willing to leave so soon
cursing my birth wouldn't help
so I sit here, watching as pain and misery
better each other
in every memory we shared like no other.
had I not kept your heart
I would have walked away.
If your heart could give one more fight
we wouldn't have had this day.
Praying only seems to remind me
of my inabilities
when my faith couldn't move
this mountain
as plain the heart, the Devil groove.
Torturing me with my own pain
Living is a curse, death is soo peaceful.
when the expense of living gets worse
death is soo beautiful.

Lihle Shezi

Eke Frailty

wings furl'd
lullabies wilt, lucerne
cease to live, inside.

Winds tattered
fondness silt, lichen
caught no sight of a fountain.

cats wedd'd
pleiades jilt, Grootslang
Cease to live, inside.

clouds petrified
Pities tilt, heart
forge fretting love, not.

Lihle Shezi

Elfin

Elfin

I don't remember
holding you.
my memory is just
a false prophet.
You gave me peace
as I sat by your grave.
words said
the God in you was
the true poet.
and Satan is just
a bad comedian.
from the same womb we grew
same red cells, same khaki pants
with all the poverty we shared,
why can't we share your paradise?
You gave me your soul
when the world was cold.
You gave me peace
when your body was cold.
I gave your home tulips
because I couldn't just uproot
your existence from my
timeline.
My memory is just
a false prophet.
Your story telling was right,
the God in you was
the true poet.

Lihle Shezi

Empty Cup

A gust of silence fills this empty cup.
As my think pot pours thoughts to this empty cup.
'What are you drinking? ' 'My thinkings' inside this empty cup.

Empty! Empty is this cup.
I am my truest when lying.
I am more than a poet when staring.
Perception gathers-up, abduct coffee to blind-spots of this table.
What sight is able, to unlock the curse, anvils.
My blinkings string-up threads
of oxygen into empty water-vapour.
Empty, my cup of dreams was on my birth day.
High school drank up juicies of potentials i had.
Empty, my cup of manhood growing up without a dad.

Empty! Empty is this cup.
I am my truest when lying.
I am more than a poet when staring.

Lihle Shezi

Feeble Berries

Feeble berries

Composed by fragile sweetness.

Common miseries

Collated bitter memories.

Melancholia cannonad sleep

To keep awake pale dreams.

What's thicker than blood

If not your ignorance

in the hands of God?

Night is full of feeble berries.

Cemeteries are full of

feeble berries.

Mother, close not an eye alone

cover your heart too.

Retrieve your loving spirit.

For you thought of me as son

But I became feeble berries

growing inside your womb.

Lihle Shezi

Half Tears, In A Complete Cry.

To complete my life-time
would need me, to return you
to life the day you didn't
die in my heart.

Just in-time for you to kiss
the crack in my memories.

To hear you parade a name
close to your heart.

Lihle, Lihle!

Before your heart confiscate
from you what she gave me.

Haughty hearts could never resemble
the beats they gave because of you.

You said 'forever you will be
in my heart'

You lied, where i live
you do not art.

Lihle, Lihle!

As if my name was a foreword
to your epitaph.

Half tears, in a complete cry
causes more pain than unsaid
goodbye.

Half tears, in a complete cry
when the pain is too sounding
to pry.

When everlasting memories
command to die.

Life is against all my smiles.
If i couldn't complete a life-time
with you, why this poem?

Lihle Shezi

Heralding Autumn

Flaunted affection, always fall
Whilst spring gestures remain
Flowers herald autumn.
This season stalls
A heart lovers could not piece.
Whilst Paris gestures remain
As fade
Love heralds it own autumn.
Loving always fall
To wrong hearts.
Welded vows restore affection
with sentimentals.
Hideous memories leap the anvils
of a yesterday
Ecclesiastical love ebbs
goodness sashays.
Wilt eagerly await another sunset.
Whilst lovers gestures remain
Where the undying hope
Heralds to other autumns
to sprout.
Danaiidae swing flagging love
Unkissed lips coils fleeting desires
Flamboyant hugs, always fall
Lust disguised as love
whilst handmade innocence remain
warm winds drying happiness
love charms lose life.

Lihle Shezi

Idle Cirrus

Idle cirrus,
what mirrors
dusty foyers of earth?
Though these grey waters
drink dreams of
sleeping fisher-men.
And vomit fragile curse
upon the nostrils
where humans breath life.
For a retarded reflection
pictures no soul.
And ochre nightmares
possess soo much
of our mighty
potential; that
is to forgive death
before it happens.
And to name a child
before birth happens.
What is there to
buy with a second hand
life span.
For it keeper grew tiring
of nostalgic seasons
where sinning
was the nosegay
decorating insignia
graves.
And the sound of
wailing children was the
only song to remember
the dead idle cirrus,
for no Pula came!
Pula, Pula is a shame!
Where people burn books
thirst for wisdom percolates
any cascaded verbs
and accept them as true.
Yet, idle cirrus

mirrors no such truths.
Though these grey
waters drink dreams of
sleeping fisher-men.

Lihle Shezi

Insight

Birtherd bird
cage fragile winds,
the river continues
to flow south.
as the master verge
against scholars of life.
Again, the river continues
to flow south.
It continues to valleys
Where slaves are masters,
animals are peopled
to compete with ecosystem.
And man is god, Image!
My whole forest
screams nightmares undreamt,
philosophy dies off
in the hands of my lifeless
reality of gold pigs.
Again, the river continues
to flow south
where my mother, lost hers.

Lihle Shezi

Little Calf

Come here little calf
Share your milk with me
I will share, what keeps you
away from being a human,
a heart that breaks.

come here little calf
share your jolly giggles with me
I will share, what keeps you
away from being a human,
a sight of pale faces at a funeral.

come here little calf
share your happiness that springs
all your moow!
and I will share, what keeps you
away from being a human
a pain that sits you down
a thought of desirable love
that runs away with your heart.

Run away little calf
it's best if you don't become
a human.

Lihle Shezi

Ode: Noiselessness

Silence grew quiet
under the charms
of a book keeper.
Death, is this sounding.
My thoughts are too
loud, thou this whist
sounds dumbing.
My thoughts are too
proud, thou this kist
of silence keeps this planet
spining, my head is
a planet planted by
the sea breeze of this
noiselessness.
The existance of love is
Ignis fatuus!

Lihle Shezi

Ode: Tales

O, thou blithe Norse.
O, thou theatrical English man.
Does every blissful ending
Need to be told by Fairies?
Or, doldrum old women
Gather infants with little
Imaginations and tell it to them?
That living is worth more
Then breathing itself.
O, doleful foe of life,
when the time comes to hang
Yourself, for, us all, hang along
With you 'death'.
For, upon her absence
Peacefully a fish rest.
Tree's take a long nap
and Children Of Earth
Are raised by their biological Fathers.
The gestures of dole graveyards
Will be similar to the rhetorics
Of opera theatrical nights.
A night with its dreams,
Is but a play.

Lihle Shezi

Scolding Miracles

Scolding miracles;
Faith on the march
Surreptitiously.
O' my covetous pens and earth.
Can a mortal man
Hoist it from the pit of death?
A drunk man said;
'Hocus-pocus my young lad.'
Was she not in
Possession of eternity?
Bob Kaufman said she was;
And was married to the
Syncompation of Jazz amenity.
They 'slam Jam' her into
A coma.
And made the grave of Shelley
Her resting place, a home.
Poetry is Dead;
Poetry is Dead.

Would not corpus(pora) of dead
Poets grief
Upon their afterlife belief?
And may be speak with her
That my heart will be a final eyrie.
That melancholia verbs
Will facade for her pyre.
Odious to anthologist who
Cuddle her fossils.
For, the future generation
Might disagree on her 'Once
Upon time'.
That she was once celebrated
In William Shakespear plays.
Where the whole play
Was a punchline.

Thought before i grave
I would see God kissing your

Forehead, but a sashay is a sashay.
Elysum is only a spark away.
Please tell your children to flower
me upon your grave
as a gift of an afterlife bliss
each time you smell my body
soaked in a solidified myrrh.
If only moaning birds could
bring you back to life
because it is a strife to wife
a dead child.

Lihle Shezi

Stillness Of Passing Stars.

Stillness of passing
stars.

(a dedication to sir. David Wells)

O, river wells
upon the azuri sky,
at this quondam night
no star wishes to die
before the passing
of lucid nightmares,
passing before the
shadows of light.
Learned dreams still
hide upon human art
before the passing
of winter nights.
Darkness is our beloved
day light longing
for reincarnation.
And you sire,
shall remain in Limbo
cloth'd with grace
as this mortal night
passes by your
sleep and stillness
of quiet stars.
Light is a natural
Portrait of you sire,
passing as birth
before your mother.

Lihle Shezi

Sunset

Every luminary day
has her sunset, which
convert a soliloquy of
a man against his soul
on who should leave who?
Into an eulogy.
Father said; 'Son never
miss your sunset.'
As if my life began
with a sunrise,
and ended with a sunset.
Every beautiful sunset
has it dark clouds.
And every happy ending
host a mob of sad clowns.
Will the depth of the abyss
be enough as a burial place
for the sunset?
But then again, the abyss too
will have her sunset
when death is finally
engulf'd by God.
And my blind father
will be there
painting that sunset.

Lihle Shezi

Thou Foe Of Life

O, answer me,
thou foe of life.
For, i feel not, gust
of heaven between
my earths, but
green waters cascading
this incarnadine heart
which sonnets itself
against the sea of life.
I will eat your breath
of life to incise
and burn the corpse
of sadness you hold
in my absence.

O, answer me!
Thou foe of life.
Your love, an unending
inflammation in my heart.
Your poverty is darling
to me.
Heaven has it earth,
and i have your breath,
and between our nereid
death lost his strength.
God father, is a foe
appeasing littles rascals
of the devil.
Absurdity is nonsense,
so, why did you
come here thou foe
of life?

Your love is holism.
Death is freedom,

Lihle Shezi

To And Fro

To and fro,
upon this still sadness.
(a dedication to Panana,
may the Lord allow you read
this when you wake up)

To and fro,
upon this still sadness.
Thou, seasons grave
the corpse of
seedless flowers.
Spring too,
blossoms pale froths
of the happiness
that was.
A loving and caring
mother left her
child, to lone
his cries away and die.
She left him
near the altar
where death begins
and spys.

To and fro
upon this still sadness.
Young and mighty lads,
There is nothing
we find afterlife,
excepts dolour praise
of what you could
have done,
had not this selfish
love melt your heart.
Except the sins
unshun.

To and fro
upon this still sadness.

Place no tulip upon
my grave, for
love got me here,
sad and sorry
for my breath and fallacy
heart, unfair.

There is no right season,
nor age, nor garden
to die and to lose love.
For sadness remains still
as if she is watching
you bleed.

Lihle Shezi

To Write Infinite Poems

To write Infinite poems,
Yet capture immortality in one poem.
That is a sense of living every Jazzman is dreaming about, Everytime
Those counting three sheeps be Visiting by.
We die before we even discover a need to write poems to ourselves.
Seek a fantasy where poems are inlove with their maker.
As recite our own fate which is an eleven-lines Poem.
It difficult for our souls to link with these poems because the silver cord still links
us back to unfinished poems in our pastlife.
For every true poet knows this;
To never write a poem when Drunk,
To never write a poem when inlove.
To never write a poem when heart broken.
Verbs are orphans breaded by Mature poems with mother Figures.
The beauty behind broken light particles as they sleep into a page written a
poem that enlighten a dark mindset of an upcoming poet.
While Insomnia clouds never sleep.
Water is a great healer.
Grey aquarius and tiger;
Some of those poems were cleansed by her; in spirit.

Every true poet wish for his
poems to live longer than
his lifeless name,
so he tries to write immortal poems with infinite understanding of one poem.

So it shines.

Lihle Shezi

When Birds Finally Stop Singing

When birds finally stop singing
(a dedication to my beloved
my dame Nontobeko Biyela)

When birds finally stop singing
How would the spring begin.
Quiet birth, infants wailing silence.
As the hearth of sound remains
ruined, broken.

How would a morning begin,
With no sound to water sunrise.
With no cruise ship to sail the sunset.

How would lovers continue
Writing love letters to each other
While their hearts are no longer
beating.

Songwriters are only surrogates,
To songs birthed by birds who couldn't
Pride themselves to expensive theatres.
How would Jazz men sustain
Their note pads?
satire, satire this poetry life is.
Though poetry is another form of philosophy,
How would artists sound their minds.

Thou, my dame shall have
all song birds surrendering to your name.
Had birds halted their melody
The 10th of April wouldn't have come.
They shall continue to sing
Until my imperfections break your heart.
Only then they'll stop singing.
Nevermore shall you hear my sky breathing.
Nevermore shall you hear.

When I Was Six

When i six; I once went
To a candy shop.
To buy a dream.
To live by a dream.
To never bye a dream.
A palmist who was struggling to
Hold still the hands of time and read her palm.
Said the index fingure appoints no
Fortune.

For i once dreamt of a whale
Residing in a desert.
And some silly scorpions used to laugh at her.
She never care'd.
For she knew one day she would
Grow wings; and fly Onto the azuri
Sky and dye in the mist of colour changing clouds.

My english teacher said i cannot
Keep a dream as a pet.
But my friend Oscar kept his dream under his bed.
See; i had a dream where two candy planet's marry.
Told my aunt Mary and to me she said;

Go to a candy shop.
To buy a dream.
To live by a dream.
To never bye a dream.

Then, dreams had a price tag.
As for kid with rich parents
Dreams were a mine
to dig up chocolate and cocoa.
Neither Arthur nor James were english kings.
On an elephant trunk i was
known as a sorcerer of dreams,
because my dreams were magic.
In them candy was incarnated
into a beautiful a lady

who dwelt by a river made of
honey, bees were always
making noise over her.

I told my aunt Mary
and to me she said;
Go to a candy shop,
To buy a dream
To live by a dream
To never bye a dream.

When i got there,
doors were closed.

Lihle Shezi

Where Futility Hollows

Forsake a heart, a life
when a desired forge is absent.
This is where futility hollows
As the endless forlorn crows.
When loving curses broken hearts.
Yet loving neither does it urge or torment.
This is how futility hollows.
While dust to dust does
not grave the pain or tow
the memory to paradise.
surprise, surprise the devil and tousele
our pain with futility.
Give our second sky a face,
and too God a heart.
For that is where futility grows
and it inculcate faith.
Faith upon a lonely God
without a heart.
atleast death is honest,
for no grave is learned.
no riches is kept.
And your own grace dresses
like a widow, waiting to fornicate.
Prominence is futility when it fails
to grant you a chance to goodbye
your wife.
A forethought, glory for men
living life upon their merits,
having to avoid the priest
and their conscience.
Placing their dreams where
Futility hollows.

Lihle Shezi

You And I

What facet
daffodils hold against
the offsprings of blue whales
in the marrams of blind creation
whilst they will never meet,
o'er here nor o'er there.
Like you and i
Like you and i.

O'er our shroud canals
where grave'keepers plough
our dead souls,
what will we say to
the earth when it is revealed to
her that we forgot her birth name.
And how do we restore pride
to her molested sands?
Whether by the sea or
in the banks of Kouilou-Niari where warm blood of infants cloth naked sands,
so that we can see of how
much time cost the falling of each grain into 'our-glass', 'hour-glass',
our lifespan.

In Kwando, Kuiseb, Mbomou
Tugela, we took those waters
and we washed our hands.
Heedful to Nile when she spoke,
commanding us to hurl our
tears to her banks as if they were
anything possible to hold onto.

Should earth die
In your pale dreams,
would you go to her funeral?
Or you would wake up
sad in your heaven?

Earth and heaven
will never meet.

Not o'er here nor o'er there
like you and i.

Lihle Shezi

You Are A Dedication Song To Me

You are a dedication song to me.
You are a love poem.
A hymn that sings hope.
A heart that never lies
For a true heart never dies.
You are my azuri sky,
The one who belittle's
all the heavens in my heart.

You are a dedication song to me.
You are a love poem.
I lose myself inside you.
I lose myself when i am inside you

Lihle Shezi