

Poetry Series

**Lina Mthethwa**  
**- poems -**

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Lina Mthethwa()

# I Did Me

With my fusion of lyrics and rhythm  
There is no confusion that I'm refusing to simply be disillusioned  
With intellectual distribution  
I do not have hesitation to let you give me recognition  
Realizing that my vision is empowered by my necessitation of not wanting to  
simply be the illest  
But the illest who conveys parables continuation  
Guaranteed expectation of never being word stranded, inspiration  
Protection from all lyric dieticians, word anorexia, rhythmic bulimia  
Representation of obese lyrical content, larger than life  
Not afraid to speak what's on my mind  
Plantation of human strength to express ones feelings with the spoken word  
Avoiding repetition of past mistakes  
Promotion of inner strength to flourish  
Installation of anti-verbal abuse  
Living your own dream with motivation and authority on ones lips  
Inspiration being drawn from the depths of self  
Allowing others to march behind me  
You are not motivated?  
Self-pity embraces you  
Self-pity moulds you  
Allow yourself to blossom  
Your uniqueness is rare  
Only you possess that rareness  
Abuse it  
Use it  
And you will be surprised the person you will become...

Just look at me.....

Lina Mthethwa

# My Mothers Sister

I remember you telling me that I must work hard in life  
You witnessed my highs and my lows  
You helped me wipe my tears away  
Never allowed me to sway  
Trips to see you I took  
Trips from seeing you I hated  
Trips to give you gifts I loved  
Trips to cry with you I feared  
Trips to cook with you I observed  
Trips to see your own I enjoyed  
Trips to laugh with you I will miss  
Life took its toll  
Far away we moved  
Wrapped in my own thoughts, I forgot to take a trip to you  
I forgot where I was coming from  
I forgot who looked after me  
I became busy, had a lot to deal with  
Silly excuse  
Now that you are unreachable  
I have learnt my lesson  
No more trips  
No more seeing you  
No more crying with you  
No more cooking with you  
No more seeing your own  
No more laughing with you  
Regret is all I have  
Time does not stop for no one  
It did not stop for me, it continued on its journey  
I am sorry I never told you  
I am sorry I never called you  
I am sorry I never wrote to you  
I am sorry I never sent you love  
I know it is futile for me to apologise  
You have gone forever  
I have always loved you  
You and your own  
My heart ached, still aches  
You died without me telling you "I love you"

You died without me telling you "Thank you"  
And for that, I will always be sorry.

Lina Mthethwa