

Poetry Series

**KHAYA CLARENCE**  
**- poems -**

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## **KHAYA CLARENCE()**

Khaya Clarence was born a village boy in Nqabara, Willowvale on the 24th of August 1983 in the Eastern Cape province of South Africa. In 1987 he went to Nqabara primary for his early education, due to poor conditions of education at the school, in 1989 his mother took him to Butterworth where he studied at Vulindlela Junior secondary in Msobomvu township. He obtained his Matric at Lamplough high school in went to Walter Sisulu enrolled in Commercial Practice for a year and dropped-out due to his unaffording nature. subsequently in 2007 he went to Cape Town hoping to change his fortunes where he met his love for writing starting his young vigor for poetry as a pastime influenced by his jarring life journey. He has a son, two sisters and three brothers. He is the second born of seven children. He now lives in Cape Town working on his writing career.

# A Dog Culture Common To Non-Dogs

A dog has several reasons to bark  
and most of them are nothing but moving shadows.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# A Flag In Sadness

Sadly i can  
not be proud

how deadly; how disappointing!

As i write, i am inspired by  
sadness, disappointment and  
death, that comes by our flag  
evening by evening and day by day.

If a man cannot be true to himself,  
how then to other man.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# A Golden Path To A Woman's Heart

Have i always known? never!  
It came along an eventful day  
While a woman i dated broke  
Never was it me behind brokenness

But her fateful journey had done her so  
Let details be in the mind unwritten  
Her pain had drunk all tears scant  
Come at a difficult time to count as a man

Stay even you think to disappear  
Wait and wait a woman heals  
I had then waited and loved her still  
From her sick bed i treated her like a queen

Though her sickness was early than i came  
From her eyes i could see her heart bleed with love  
She owned gold and thousand nickels  
On her final breath she persuaded to let me own

But my lady i am a poet, i can never own a woman's gold  
And so i sad, she then ask me to keep and bring it with me  
When we meet again where the departed go  
As her eyes closed, her heart was shining golden with love

KHAYA CLARENCE

# A Lament For True Heroes

Africa! true heroes have all passed, awake  
Now is time for new heroes to come  
To save this land from imminent vibrations  
Africa is the first Africa is the last of our own  
Save Africa from annex and hunger for gold

Come heroes, awake Africa our home  
Africa will soon be nothing but a bare field  
Hundreds of ships are laden with gold daily dancing away  
The beauty of Africa is coming to a weeping end  
Urgently, urgently i'm in search for heroes

I feel the remains of the old humming in silence  
The best of Africa has a white man's name  
Let us unite forces behind the economy of our own  
And strengthen our beloved land Africa  
The potential for Africa is rich, do not bow to death

The out flow of our tears will run until the end of pain  
Our tears must pierce a man until the burden is gone  
I will not sleep, i will not sit, i will not stand and  
Watch The cream of Africa packed into sizes to another man's land  
Where are the heroes in this continent?

Disbanded into puppets for pleasure and treasure  
Ah! dead sons and daughters i feel your pain  
To own a land so rich and watch it swept away  
I lay no blame for in-viable defeats but cowardice  
What use is there to a good land without heroes

KHAYA CLARENCE

# A Man Is A Man On His Own

Behold trouble comes  
Owners from the dead  
rewake a living span  
and claim forth what they own  
Behold the heir is cursed

KHAYA CLARENCE

# A Notion To Safety

Weeping old doors  
Neighs a traveler  
The house is empty

KHAYA CLARENCE

# A Passing Stranger By Laura's House

Laura is a young woman i heard, beautiful  
beautiful with a calm attitude and pleasant manners  
She has a fair light and shimmering skin tone  
Her hair grows long and brunette  
her teeth are strong and white, the lips thick and soft  
She is a tall slender and talkative;

She likes rubies and roses for presents  
She has never separated nor involved with man  
Friends rumor goes-she is for one man  
and the man has not yet come, the man is not yet known  
And the rumor continues that somewhere along her  
kind heart the man is readily seen in the dream  
I have since, evening by evening passed by Laura's house  
Intimate by intimate i have become, with this route  
by her house; the house doors are in line with the gate  
where i always pass, her doors are always closed

The house is buried in thick hedge and this is why  
i have never seen windows, noon by noon i one day hope  
The sun will be fair and friendly when passing by Laura's house  
and the doors will be fairly open; the hedge trimmed down  
to clear windows, because morning by morning she is happily  
asleep to see strangers while passing by.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# A Question To Seasons

Lavender where is love  
Thy accompanied by rose often?  
Ow sir! I spring never to winter  
Like love and rose... ask the seasons.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# A Rusty Gate In An Old Church-Yard

In an old church-yard  
Against the pale walls of a side-alley  
Lied a rusty old gate who's purpose  
was not fulfilled, his torment from a proud rain  
and aggressive winds shied its youth away away  
With pity i had him in my thoughts on the way home  
By the morning passing by he looked at me with a fading hope  
In talks with the church minder for his sake  
Attempting to have his dreams resurfaced  
He told me the gate had killed seven church members  
And was sentenced to life of uselessness  
By the time the church minder opened his blink  
I was ten houses with distance glances away minding my own business

KHAYA CLARENCE

# A Shallow Thought Sunked A Frog

In a Lake of chaotic  
peace, a flat-head frog  
reflected itself and thought  
it shallow while flex in abyss.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# A Taming Soldier From Eden

Laid in peace of Eden  
I have dreamed awake  
And walked under the parasol  
And there a dream with two eyes  
Standing erect on two legs  
Caring an intention an injection  
Of vineyard remedy and oh!  
The penetration where my strength lies  
My heart restructured to cause a gap  
A taming soldier entered and settled  
And now am a tamed seduced man

KHAYA CLARENCE

# A Thought Above A Heart

Above the human heart  
There is a human thought  
That often acts as approval  
And disapproval of human deeds  
When a man sins it invokes guilt  
When a man is in the right  
It pledges peace and honor  
Let it be that thought in use  
Let us give our path the control of a  
Thought above human heart and  
Live our lives in the right

KHAYA CLARENCE

# A Tick In The Neck

Burden by life is married  
dreams camp in dusty plains  
like pebbles in burnt rivers  
though pain sick a healthy vain  
death haunts for the only vim  
pecking flesh in tiny pains,  
draining marrow in defenseless bones  
tears smile in defiance trail  
soul entrapped in toothless faces and  
useless charms of wishes discarding  
evidence like a withering plant fading  
in the garden, fear plunds resilience  
like a salesman slaying a meek client,  
asunder life flashes, like simmers life  
waned with the wind, how can a pain  
be worse if life that existed is never  
were as to the grace of historical species,  
cold, cold, cold! life is wonder-less in hopeless  
ways, meaningless hollered a bard, meaningless!

KHAYA CLARENCE

# A Walk Away Poem

Yet to write a cautel that  
Rhymes wee-e... washaaa!  
A provocative a kite that climbs brutal currents

It's wings will be wide and featherly armed  
Overlooking the human heads and  
Laughs like ha-a... ha-a... waving away from earth

Then all shall be boed and banned  
For there will be no wind to feed them high to the skies  
Hence claucht upon my clauque and do away with poetry

KHAYA CLARENCE

# A Word For My Son

My child grant  
plant a chance  
to life, and  
observe it as  
it grows, nature  
yourself in it as  
it matures and there  
a beauty of life unleashes  
only to you, only to you.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Admiring Dave

Dave, a funny and  
grumpy old topic

he likes to tell  
jokes for people to  
laugh at ease

he specifically likes  
it done silently; he likes  
to talk alone for other  
people to listen completely  
without a grunt and groan  
of comment

he lifts every morning seven  
push ups with a burning cigarette in  
his mouth and brags about his health

he limps when he walks and fluent  
in his talks, he dreams verbally  
in English and never woke up to tell

i admire Dave, he means good by telling  
dreams and innocent lies that he calls  
'white lies', he was a soldier but lately  
he is a teller of fairies

when he drinks, he hate fishes; he thinks  
they are trying to emulate his habit  
Aah! Dave the master and beyond.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# All Are Taken, All Are Gone

Beautiful women are looking  
and searching for wealthy man  
while poor men are searching and  
looking for beautiful women  
all beautiful women are gone and  
all poor when are shadowed by poverty.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Amazwi Ombulelo Kum Nakuwe

Hamb'uhambe Madiba usenzile  
Mvana ndini ubungumntu kakade  
Wasibamba sathozama iskhwakhwalala  
Nkunzi ndini kaXhosa

Mthombo ndini wosizi  
Kude kwakholwa neenkedama  
S'bulela kuwe Madib'omde Gaga lushica  
Ubhubhile nje sithi mfondini siyatarhuzisa  
Obakho ubomi bujinge es'thebeni njenge Njoli  
Hamb'uhambe Rholihlahla themba ndini lenyaniso

Us'khonzele mfondini thina singabakho kwamhlamnene  
Ivangeli yakho asiy'ukuyigxobhagxobha  
Mahle ayehla Madiba wenze weneza Khalipha ndini  
Mthunzi wenkululeko Dumezweni Sophitsho sithi enkosi Tata

KHAYA CLARENCE

# An Early Journey Through The Rocks

I have taken an  
early journey through  
the mountain rocks and  
suffered some heavy knocks

don't wonder to see me here  
sharing my wounds in ink at such  
tender of age, i have suffered  
prematurely permanent wounds.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# An Old Song

I have here come  
to retire Sir!  
so much in life  
i have acquired.

I have missed not  
one sunshine and  
all the evening stars  
knows my age.

I'm now an  
old; only  
young enough for children.  
They delight my presents and  
have non-intentions to enemize..  
a man weeping in age.

I'm an old song; hear! when children  
sing; i am an old song o! the children sing.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# An Urging Address To Peasants

A fault of Peasants  
To yield senseless intimidation  
And unworthiness from the sad bullies  
Driven by greed and barbaric nature  
Who-ever bows to intimidation is truly a peasant

Its definition is not by hunger but by  
Lack of good use of ones brain with effect  
What significance to the wisdom of peasants  
But labouring and unworthiness until elimination by death

KHAYA CLARENCE

# And Deadly Dear, Deadly To Wait!

I have long-lost for appetite  
been dozens of full-time days,  
soaked, washed and dried in the sun.  
I have caught cold in window peeps;  
crossing roads on red light stops.

I have gone many days and craved for  
-nothing more,  
you are mirrored in the glass of water  
- as i drink.  
Dream about mindedly, windedly and  
- sadly still  
Only for you will i lose my sight for heart.

I have done mad runs but proven sane,  
i have cried tear-less in long pain-  
to see you without knowing how i feel  
it tears me out to shambles and shame.

I have changed roads and hid behind branches  
-with roses.  
I often wonder if you will ever know  
- this much of me.  
I wonder if i will ever say so much to you,  
shall i whisper to the eagles to write in  
-the skies?  
or i shall write a letter to the bright stars  
- of the night  
and say dear bright stars of the night i have  
- a wish.

I have marked the woods but pity-less man  
-burnt them for fire.  
If i buy a rose it will wither in wasted times,  
in the rain, winter-winter rain i shall be brave;  
there will be no man to conspire and  
-mock the day.  
There will be water, wind and cold; so both will  
-shake and surrender.

I will not cross the near river to have  
- my love drowned.

I shall have this converse by no man nor children  
-for history.

i will wait by the river bankx, by the sea  
-shores and gates of death.

and deadly dear and deadly to wait through life times.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# And The Aids Says

I'm bitter  
for people to see,  
and painful  
to endure but i  
live a proud and  
successful life  
of fame and respect,  
a few still-take  
me as their harmless friend,  
and that  
makes me rapture with  
the widest grin,  
Ow! i shall not say  
it all lest they  
see me for who i am and  
halt my mission

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Beginning Of The End

A temperamental lightening  
Hold firm mother here breaks  
The children lose.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Bell Ringers

Poets look  
oddest in  
the public  
eye, they  
always set  
their eyes  
in little  
things of  
none value  
to ordinated  
eyes; a passerby  
would see no  
sense of life  
alike, a sitting-by  
would spite a laugh  
and seek a reason  
to say a curse;  
they always no not  
about the coming  
storm and the poet  
is there always  
for that reason.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Between My Maiden And I

I took a walk by light regard  
It was merely a night fling habit  
It often occurred after supper rush  
My Maiden would not care to quest  
She would make her face mourn  
And pout with folded arms disally  
And couch herself tight or upright  
I would bring us fruit in the wilderness  
But the journey would not be shared  
Night journeys are secretive in a way  
It is a habit so necessary and so mannish  
This should never catch the poet's ear  
The confessor with nothing untold  
To every rumor he tells and re-tells  
Ow! the whole world would cheer in belief  
Between my Maiden and I, nothing escapes the house

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Biography Of A Coward

Within there is a man  
That by the thickness of the world  
Without there is a child.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Black Cremation

cleverly witted  
gold gains;  
held us eternally  
to debt; burn them  
to ashes of 'Strasbourg' wood

KHAYA CLARENCE

# By The Will In Chill

When my cob sheds old ashes;  
when i'm simplified to molecules.  
when my eyes had pleased all nature's beauty-  
probably would have bruised from the highest cliff-  
in search of nectar and would have been done dealed.

I want my dead body besitted beneath earth;  
my bones be hidden away from bad mannered dogs.  
father and i are perfect strangers, want away.  
Put me among women where my mother lay, there i shall be peace.  
I will die in fallible flesh and soul be solo;  
let there be life after death ripped my flesh to tears.  
let there be joy and non jealousy to ownership of things.

You are not forgotten if not mentioned;  
i have not cast you away in pestilence.  
I trust your nobility to do without pity of dividends;  
My soul will be soaring above eagle's head, to avoid bribery-  
the scent of earth, it's impure waters, and polluted manners.  
I want non and non to do with all;  
things of flesh run old and hate to say but rot.

This should not worry you if acquainted to me; -  
i am not in cower of flesh that winds to rot disregarding-  
royal lotions and strong spices.  
I have time for better things, and that is to rid off flesh-  
to ease my soul; a men or a woman should appear and show my-  
will to you. By that will these lines will be found in chill.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Casting Rand

Casting rand kept me -  
begging in my fathers land.  
Like silver i faded outward...glowing inside.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Contemplation Of The Unknown

Faces are always innocent;  
next to you there is a common trend  
whatever pleasures there is- -  
you can-never be certain and sigh.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Corset

Take me there ow corset!

Thy tease the eyes and tame the heart

Chasing the brains to tranquility

I see no Cause to fight nor flight

I all surrender the fight

Thy tinge little the upper nerve to deliver the lower nerve

Take me there corset to where waters are pure and thilk...

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Covenant Of Love And Everlasting Happiness

Earth is a dangerous world for a wondering lover

I am here brought in search  
I shall search without rest and find without delay

Let me not tend promises  
before love sink and stay  
i have here a meaning for one

Let me not mention my motto so soon and loud/ lament  
but to you share my history and  
forget the past that has led me  
to where i shall meet you

I have enough love to feed a village of thousands  
let us unite our divided path and find each other  
this is a bright bright love story  
that we shall not spoil with our fiend moods  
let us together shield the arsenious winds that aims us apart

This is a path i shall not walk alone  
with ableness if you are not found  
let me love you as my own  
i must love you the way your heart and mind wishes  
let me be your lover and live for you alone  
let me love you in ways bounded by everlasting happiness

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Covets Of The Lost Orchid

Flowery bloom  
choked in fumes  
of envious covets  
after a botched  
attempt to vivisect  
it's nature.

Suddenly it dropped  
in the world filled  
with fury to unmeasurable-  
wonders, dismissing it's  
Marvellic nature.

Ow! see them chirp  
like morning birds  
as they observe the flower  
losing it's honey to thirsty  
grounds, shamefully the Orchid  
in dust surrendered.

Gracefully it never withered  
to please the enemy rage,  
it's scent gives life to art galleries.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Crossing The Rubicon

There lay an algae virgin green  
As a blanket encaved the waters  
Tall palms stood affixed by the banks  
Ridding its weeping old barks  
It was an age in summer rains and high tide  
I crossed the Rubicon a river that lied  
With hush enallage towards my soul  
Weary, weary across i took a rest on a dead fid wood  
A scrawny Swift slinked aside with haste  
I flung the grief on my fingertips and rose away

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Damage In Somme

A boot stuck  
in a soldier's  
foot; a helmet  
stood two feet  
away from its head.

Guns a waste of steel  
waiting for recycle.

Tons of bullets heaped  
on the ground like fire woods;

The remains held hands shoulder-  
high in meditation, were powdered  
faces of dead bodies must have been burnt.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Death Is Still True

I have in history seen them in the field of war.  
Painted green their bodies like grass.  
Their faces had been killed in black like earth.  
Heavy with steel of death on their shoulder blades.  
Breathing in sorrowful gasp of unmeasurable pain.  
Shame to the family whose man is involved.  
Should they survive the war death is still true.  
Either ways by envisioned Holocaust.  
Either way soldiers die.  
To them though the sun does not set the night is still true.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Death Of Ernest Hemingway

Oh! what a valiant animal  
To have done good with living  
He to this age doubted still to have gone  
The world has bequeath many-fold a wisdom  
some conspired, if a non-married he was  
That bullet would not have won that morning  
Ow! good Hemingway so trusted and loved your assassin  
Even traveled the world in paired vestige  
Rooted voracious narrations in her honor  
Still she loved you for a vicious cause  
Spare me the marriage a genus of hemlock  
Good Hemingway could not have known that he vowed to erazor  
Of his soul and vested a scene with foolish suicide  
I am yellow with anger yellow for his death  
A death unworthy to have occurred

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Death The Cheat

As sudden as a coward  
A ceaseless cheat that continues again  
In persevering a senseless crime  
What shape are you that murders every kind?  
How big a blade that slaughters a universe?  
Death what a cheat there you are  
That no man shall witness you with an eye  
But a laid man without his breath

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Devine Complication

Show me! who he measures a woman  
from length to length and  
width to width...

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Disunity

We and everyone  
in one thought  
for everyone  
single timing  
to everything in eyes  
above the land  
inside oceans  
there shall be no  
interest in tears  
to warm and wet  
troubles across  
the face and heart  
i and everyone  
without single timing  
and one thought  
to everything in the  
eyes above the land  
inside oceans  
there shall always be  
troubles wedded with  
tears across the face  
and heart...hence disunity  
drag humans to death  
with dirty legacies

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Double Crossing

The paragraphs of doomed  
verses converted little  
paranoid evils to trample  
in our wild fields with  
broken brutal souls; -  
Endangeringly slaughtering  
our Rhinos: pathetic boardroom  
meetings suspected at dawn  
full marks luzers call themselves  
whaaaaaaaaaat! authorities.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Enlightment

In the harnessing  
of our thoughts  
in good purity and  
humbleness, hope  
finds us and carries  
us through to our  
faith and fulfills  
our dreams.

At this stage of age  
let us be true and  
honest to ourselves.

Let us lose our own  
ways in order to feel  
the change to our newly  
built kingdom and shine  
heavenly like the stars.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Fall Of Men

I then took  
a mens' land  
and hid in his  
hand a book of fame  
that made him  
weak and i then  
took all the gold  
under his unsuspecting nose.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Fallible Season

Like a flower  
love picks,  
always a fallible  
season; seldom  
does it germinate  
to the next than  
it falls in wait  
of another fallible  
fallible season

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Faulty Man

Here! a man is made  
by heavens anew priceless,  
faultless; faultless; sinless!

On earth man decide against and  
fault himself with death acquainted  
sins; O! faulty; faulty; faulty man.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Felt A Need To Say

South Africa is my

country and a bum of  
the world through  
which every Tom and  
Harry be sit and  
fart through

Every chased or per-sued  
coward, common criminal  
from his or hers own... use  
as hiding hole and a bin  
for their burden destined  
lives

It is like a country dependently  
controlled through satellite by satyrs  
who came first for the gold Gold and dine  
I feel nothing to say about Back-wardship; -  
in thought corruption is democratic.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Fools Of Love

The smoke rise from the fire  
Without delay leaps and vanishes in the air  
No greater fools to be found.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Forever In Feud

Forever in feud  
How I hated the scene  
It consumes heartily when  
stopped-over, how I wished  
to have despond-ed birth  
to skip the pain and sadness  
so fondly attached to my soul  
how she lied on bed so small  
with clear lines of death in her  
words, I hated that her dreams never  
made the walls, how I missed her  
tears to understand how she felt  
her eyes spoke no clear indication  
of order, how I wished she knew  
how I feel, how I prayed for her to  
rise walking and be noisy to converse  
how I wished she never "borne" me  
to leave me one day for death without  
a womb, death is valiantly selfish to  
please like a curse, how I watched  
her fate decided by death, I hated my  
uselessness when death walked-out  
carrying her in brutal arms, hate is a  
joyless experience I know, but death  
never will I be your lover, I curse you  
to take me too one day, you "braved"  
my mother's only soul, I forever be in  
feud with you.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Forgive Me, I'M Otherwise

Forgive me, I'm over-wise  
by your beauty that overflows  
in clear torrents of grace.  
Don't delay me like a promise.

This flower is a rose that lives  
in devouring of beautiful gardens.  
Let me not wane in wither of salty  
and bitter oceans, take me with a  
heart of now. Drink not in doubtful  
rivers of 'morrow' for they bear a  
promise in moribund.

Let your nubile be in destination of  
purpose and the world reborn-ed.  
Beauty o! forgive me, I'm over-wise.  
Like a saxifrage your beauty must have  
sprung in strong terrains.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Friendless By The River

It was a soundless river  
that drowned loud fishes  
with lifted cliffs of sweet bees  
and a friend climbed until i became friendless.

KHAYA CLARENCE

## 'Good Riddance'

In this viage

I am now coming to end

My head has fallen enough

A tease of time thy catch a man tame

And woman overcharged with victory

I am fed with thy foolish game

Thy blow me off the thrill of pleasure

And grant me grief beneath my roof

My heart, let us be far with haste

Beware prettiness of sun thy deceit me with love

Let us ride the night-up and vanish like fallen stars

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Greed Is Useless

-greed is useless-

How thirsty i turn to be

Water from the pond

Water from the rain

Far is a glass, far to fetch

-Greed is useless

out in half to touch a breeze

Curls the other half to hold the heat

Rush! rush! rush! the blood hurries

The glad veins buldging with pride

Thirsty thirsty thirsty, i thirsty again

-Greed is useless

By the pond i wait in the rain

Wet like a fish and cold like a steel

Weary weary to drink my thirst never quench

Dee! deterred in greed the sun is gone

The chance is lost and life is wasted

-Greed is useless-

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Grey Season

Tears for the wrong  
reasons, tears the painful  
season of human nature.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Hide Diamond Hide!

What choice did i have  
but to appreciate my two feet without shoes  
my two eyes to see, some are blind...

Was born into this without knowing what to-befall  
being here gives me desire to know-  
my way forward if i have one for sure

Things of land, the sun shines for most and  
yet cast one man in the dark...  
most diamonds are hiddenly found hide diamond hide!

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Honourable Deed

I might offend-you  
for being honest;  
tears and blood are  
to me brethren, though  
one is older than the young.

I respect them equally.

You might call me a rat-but  
it was my lady a broken home;  
i was inseminated by love and  
fell into a hole.

I had days and days pondered  
and decided.

I have decided awake from all the  
madness in the world.

I have decided freedom!  
I want to be myself again alone.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Hopeless Haste

Poetry with haste always moving  
I ran after you and caught a wonted wit  
Here i wait come and chase me for a virgin wit

KHAYA CLARENCE

# I Am The Authority, Life And Rule For My Destiny!

Here i establish  
myself as an artist,  
that like nature obeys  
no rules nor vanity.

I channel unexpected  
like a fountain stream  
my manners are bad with  
standards conspired away  
by wise critics who dream  
conspiracy and corruption.  
Dear sorrowful man, thy cut  
a shoot to tamper with nature's  
flow; thy spit poison with vigor.

My art is a lonely and private  
affair that no ill-mannered man  
shall come and plund, snooping  
and whispering in turns.  
I shall follow to no man's prints  
and forsake my own will and wisdom.

My course is bounded by sense-of  
idealism and optimism.  
I know how i want to grow; you know  
how you want me to grow; as a man  
i shall carry my weight to no man's  
shoulders, i will not be kept in barrels  
like wine; toiling through life without  
sunlight and freedom-sentenced to long  
silence without a charge of crime.

Let my simple wings fly, let me fly to  
simple destinations and command my pace,  
like i please, as an artist here i am the  
Authority, the life and rule for my destiny.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# I Am The Florist

Take wonderful things here granted  
Mind flowers of nature with their color of vanity  
This rush of life insinuate little to know  
From distant view its captivating  
By close of distance your sight will fade  
Day by day pending cause of death steals a sublimate  
Oh! flowers of nature wither so beautifully in view  
It is that man with wonderfully crafted ways of bait  
Caught even the golden wise in his web  
But catch me if you can, here after you i come  
I am the florist, in the name of my blooms i care to bleed

KHAYA CLARENCE

# I Care Not To Cry

I care not to cry  
Even tears is of natures worth  
To let go of worthy and unworthy pains  
To welcome a newly beautiful world  
And continue without looking back  
I care not to cry, let me be by caring not

KHAYA CLARENCE

# I Dreamed A Day

O'... but my seed in tiny shoots,  
the soil in arid plains  
and the rain in absent mode  
tears were the only way  
to soak the thirsty seed  
to deny the brutal sun  
and let the soil swig in  
water of salt and pain,  
no body cared about the salty seed,  
nobody cared about the blowing wind  
that saw my seed in broken limbs,  
that shook my seed to plant a pain and  
set the soggy soil to arid plain, the dream  
is moving on and the seed took a shape in  
borrowed moist, to see the dreamy day, here  
i shall cut a turn to see the journey through  
and hen my hatchy seed, i dreamed a day, to see  
my fruitful seed as handy shield in brutal days.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# I Had No Shoes

During my youth  
i had no shoes  
but the brains  
tightly covered  
in my head,  
during my adulthood  
my brains bought  
me the shoes  
i envied

KHAYA CLARENCE

# I Know As Much

You make me wait  
to shape me flet  
to stand a winning chance.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# I Needed To Have A Poem Laid

By thought i wanted  
to have a poem laid  
in a flet blank paper  
on my desk under my nose  
where my eyes were at stare.

Intently with willingness  
the paper was neatly stripped-  
out of lines; the paper appeared  
to be sarcastically agonizing  
with readiness, i then changed  
my gaze to my nails at my toes at  
the tip of my feet.

I had by no meaning desire to change  
a thought, i then kept my eyes still at  
my feet not to glance up and catch another  
thought that might sense to tell another  
thought and forget to have a poem laid.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# I Want To Write A Poem That Says

From the beginning adversity  
has been lingering on our  
necks; Lives were broken and  
continues to be. People chirp  
long hours with their tears  
transformed into rivers of  
death. I want us to change  
all that, i want us to heal  
and be merry. I want those  
rivers of our tears to run  
dry. I want to write a poem  
that says all will be well,  
but words but words.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# I Was Done With The World But My Heart Returned

I left the world  
By thousands of kilometers  
At the speed of anger i was swift  
No longer walking but in flight  
Half-way along a green field  
I had no pulse nor emotion  
Betrayed by my heart that returned to the world

KHAYA CLARENCE

# I Was Lost In Wine And Wrote This

Comin' home late  
defeated by wine  
telling jokes to  
non laughing shadows  
pleading the moon to  
join in my walk  
It smiled and walked  
me along banning shadows  
and laughing at my jokes  
Smelly with wine- i said  
there is no one at home  
to put me to sleep  
the kind moon promised  
to wait by my window  
until the wine put me asleep  
thousand man are lost in wine  
i thought before my eyes close  
where will i wake up to,  
when the morning comes

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Identification Of A Rat By Act

Rats lose their manners at night  
in the day are shy hypocrits  
that stays in balance with calculated turns.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# In A Hunt For Treasure I Sing A Song

It is a song  
it is a journey  
it calls me out  
about by the dream  
it keeps me-  
out of lazy paths  
it is my song  
i can not choose  
i can not escape  
i do not want to choose  
i do not want to scape  
it wearies; it absorbs; it heals  
i sing it louder,  
smooth in my tunes  
i sing for the audience's rejoice  
i sing for acceptance to my destiny  
my voice is sweet, my voice is calm  
it is a song of the world,  
i sing a song to the might o' Lord  
in a hunt for treasure i sing a song.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# In The Name Of Love I Commit

My love blooms  
readily like a spring rose

my heart beams  
innocently like  
a newly brat toddler

my head boils in thoughts  
of you

my love i come to be true

i'm brave to act but  
defenseless to fight

i'm too weak to be bitter

i give you my freedom

i as you see a book  
of two pages

i am a day in lack of shadows

in the name of love i compose

to you i commit my love

for you i shall swallow  
the brick

for you i shall drink  
the melted steel

to you i come to be true.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Indigenous Kind

Africa breeds children of a dark  
melanic pigment, children that by  
faith continue their identity and  
adherence of their culture and  
values of tradition and origin.

The gatherings of dances in cultural  
ceremonies, the narration of stories  
rich in wisdom about the culture of  
Africans and their envisioned ancestors.

African child come home, the simple  
life solely dependent on what nature had  
given them to work with, it gave satisfaction,  
the essence of belonging undoubtedly perspired  
togetherness and novels of strong love.

Breathing hard wooden smoke in keeping the spiritual  
warmth of man made flames, for the African child to eat,  
to warm their hardened dark skins in family gatherings  
against bugging cold in the open night.

See the endless-  
valleys of fertile contours of wheat and maize embraced by  
diamond and gold soil, see the African rivers that never  
failed in meagerness, they persisted and stood through to  
feed and quench the thirst of African child. Africa calls  
you to come home child. The desperate tears of our forefathers  
had gathered a stream for the lost African child, for the  
abandoned fertile lands and forsaken values of Ubuntu.  
I will not suffer lose in tears to delight sadness, but my heart  
is bleeding for the lost African child.

KHAYA CLARENCE

## Inevitable End...

In a world where  
life is a period  
and death is eternal  
i may not cry.

This is if, i get the  
late fortune by dying last.

I have not a heart left to feel;  
but veins filled with contemplated blood.  
I live in logic of scarce emotions.

Invite me not in funerals  
lest i disappoint to see a point of pain.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Injurious Numbers

I, myself leaped-out  
of my skin, in loud  
sock of immutability  
lapsing spiteful and  
mischievous by fellow  
acquaintanceship.

what happened to leaders  
being exempted figures-not  
rags to riches and enamored  
shadows.

I, myself inveigh  
may the mighty beginner  
make the corrupt injurious-  
numbers choke in tears of whom  
they falsify.

May their gold smiles vanish  
in the river media, may their  
despoiling hearts burn in bitter  
pain and constant adversities of  
their treacherous deeds-, shameful  
agendas.

May they lie, succeed and achieve  
nothing but their dirty souls, may you  
Lord reflect their hearts to the world  
and let their souls wither like a dead bone,  
during this our of artless times abide and abide.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Intyatyambo Yothando

Ndophele ndithini na Bhelukazi  
Elimanz' andonga nobulali  
Kaloku neenyosi aziwuvale ngawe  
Ncangathi ndini yothando

Kaloku wena ungumomelezi wentliziyo  
Zethu ezibuthathaka yolokazi  
Ubuhle bakho bumangalisa ihlabathi  
Besingobani na thina ngaphandle kwakho

Wena usinika intsingiselo yobom'esibuphilayo  
Isandla sakho soxolo sibumba ubuntu bethu  
Wena ungumkhanyisi weentliziyo zethu  
Xa zisithela kubumnyama beli lizwe

Wakha imbumba yemvisiswano nentlonipho  
Thina sizwe sakho sikukhonzile ngolonwabo  
Amahem-hem namayeye-ye siwanikela kuwe  
Kaloku wena uyincindi eyombethe uthando lwenyaniso

Hlala ezintliziyweni zethu nakumaqhawekazi ethu  
Xa lisitshonela eli langa wena ulithemba lethu  
Sakombatha wena ngamaxesha onke kumkanikazi yothando  
Siyathembisa sizibophelela ekwakheni amakhaya ethu ngothando

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Joyful Thought Of Death

Having arrived in thought of my death  
Fulfilled with visions of a peaceful man  
Who had abandoned his breath and people he dearly cared  
To persuade peace and total independence  
Having thought this with thorough intention  
Death is not so cruel as we perceive  
But it brings overwhelming suddenness and grief  
Thereafter sings silence until the grieving heart forgives  
Having now arrived with real terms and times  
Death is meaningful as birth of a man  
So joyous when a man is born and so be when a man leaves  
Grieving heart here forgives, death is not so unkind  
Though at first grief but a new world for you awakens  
Walk it and walk it with joy, death is on your side  
Death is a friend death is family be joyful when it comes

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Languid Lemman

An eagle caught  
The marriage vows  
By the river field wounded and  
Drowned its eyes to sigh...

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Late Returns

Thousands raunched  
Thousands slaughtered  
Cancerous terrains  
Heartless hearts  
A vent of sorrowful  
Tears by children  
Homeless, hopeless, powerless  
Ow! world, beware of late returns.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Leopard's Habits

An old man in young man's boots  
a white clear sin and  
a terrible, terrible, scene!

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Let Me Tell A Friend A Story

The good sun shown and  
earth appeared as luminant land  
After rain flown down-  
was stored in huge seas and  
sufficient rivers and  
vegetation came to life  
with animals being the first explorers  
I tell you friend there was not a thing  
like night nor dusk

An accident occured and carried on and on  
until this hour as i write to tell the story  
Prettiness purity and devine happiness is a thing for history.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Love And Curse

Like a rare scent of perfume tree  
Standing unique in a private field  
No passerby nor sitting by on that field  
By chance i possess traveling eye  
That ceaselessly took me to unique terrains  
With green leaves and running spring  
Such blessing brings abreast trouble with  
The court of law after-all i am a commoner  
By the rule of the unfair justice  
That field shall not taste my feet  
Nor be seen near with willing intention  
What should i do with such a heavy load of love and curse  
Shall i walk away and be forever lost?  
Love and curse what destiny shall i be?  
Love is brutal than a sword, though killed me still i walk  
I am wretched with curse and rich with love for thee

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Love Is Not My Trade

Little flower  
That grew from  
Pleasurable fields  
From love to life  
That bloom wide and rich

I say go by with joy  
Love is not my trade  
You sprung from happy breed  
Your soaring beauty touches  
The highest skies i say go on

Love is hard love is strong  
Little flower go by  
I the son of a dead peasant  
Without trade of love

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Message To My Old Friend

When i die  
bring me home  
tell my people  
about my agony

announce my apology  
for having failed  
sing them that song  
and i will be humming along  
as an old-friend make it  
sweet and bring the sound  
tell them i could  
have been longer,

if life was not so unkind  
if flesh was only stronger  
i could have lived one more  
day and other days

i would have terrified death  
back to the casket, but my  
soul will not be lonely with  
you behind, tell them i shall  
be quiet and they must decide  
only when i die, truly when  
i die

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Mindful Of Death

Let me go now friend  
Yesterday was my turn to live  
I chose to die  
I am mindful of death

As my destiny i cannot be shy  
Continue anyway and live  
But soon you will see no cause and follow  
How sweet not to think

Not to feel or smile  
Not to offend or fault  
Never again lie or deceive  
Never to love or hate

I am mindful to go  
Though in the beginning  
I chose to live...  
The end is inevitable

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Missing Roses

When i watered roses  
in my little garden.  
Before sunshine burns  
and afternoon dawn.

not much a garden rose  
but fluently blown.  
in a throng of drills,  
i toiled with them-  
pruning and loving them to grow.

A? came and settled along,  
holding me tight in height  
and surprise. why roses are  
born? The roses were rose and  
ready, but my roses alone.  
I loved them at all seasons,  
in spring when they sprung and  
truly in winter when toiled  
in sadness. They were still my  
cute little blooms for me to care.

Would i be growing roses for-  
someone's joy? Would i betray  
my roses to other hands?  
I even peered through the window  
at evening dawns, to see them jolly  
and rose. I have no other kind to love.  
O' my cute little blooms where have you gone?

KHAYA CLARENCE

# My Identity

Dearest little village,  
My home  
Where the grass at all is brown and sparse  
The sun comes early and the rain is despaired  
The arrogant birds often soar apace for a lack of green  
Corn suffered repeated humiliation from drought  
Though peace is large loneliness ripened  
My father toiled in this village as a young boy  
I then fled here for a lack of hope  
Pity in the face of the inhabitants,  
In their tears a sense of duty appeared  
In a bright vividness  
It is in this village that my birth came.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Nkanti Nam Ndinenduku!

Iwuuu! magwala ndini.  
zikhova ndini ezoyika  
ukuphuma kweLanga.

Ingoma yam ayinamlandeli.  
Nam ndixhwith'utyani-  
entla Kwamasimi kaMjongile.  
Nam ndozela ndisothuka.  
Ndisenkungwini nje andinatyala.

Ndihlanganisa ndigalela nto-  
zikaPhalo; mvula ndini ingenalusizi-  
nasazela.  
Ndihla ndinuka okwesifo seswekile,  
kodwa nam ndinenduku yam!  
Ndiyithembile ndigalela ndizole-  
ndixel'Igwala lizincamile.

Mna ndinkunzi kaMbukhwe: -  
ndixel'Umgqosini mna kanye  
Umsuthu.  
Kanti nam ndinenduku, intinga  
njengomsimbithi kodwa ke nguMthathi  
othatha zonke intshaba zam namantshontsho  
azo.

Ndiqinile nje neyam ingoma ayinamlandeli,  
kodwa nam ndinenduku.  
Ndixhentsa ngayo kukhule umntwan' ebeleni,  
ndixhentsa ngayo kukhule umntwan' ebeleni.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Not For Tears But Smile

A smoke of mighty mezz  
blown away by trifle winds.  
Not for tears but smile.  
Be strong for the coming days,  
cloche your eyes for mocking-birds.  
Like a mirror be vigilant to passersby.  
Love of decent nature bodes in valleys  
of resilience, shape-up and foot ahead  
Take nothing of less but decent kind.  
The one to be is to be in the present of  
unfamiliar times.  
Let the smile unfold, let the rain melt  
the stain.  
He was man-less to come-at-able.  
If you can, smile and take a run.  
Run and seal-up the times  
lost at wonder-pig.  
Let the skunk chase the rats.  
Like an eagle keep your aims high.  
Capers keep running at no aim.  
Not for tears but smile,  
not for tears but smile

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Nothing On Earth Ever Hidden

Hail! the sun has come arise  
The streams are clear and trees without shade  
The sun sees it all and fair  
Behold the heart of hemlock is shamed  
And nothing ever hidden under the fair sun

KHAYA CLARENCE

# One Thing Death Does And Love Fails To Do

Death tells and even brings it  
to an end but love never tells  
the journey of one lover to the bone.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Only In South Africa

Cecil John Rhodes famously  
said 'The surface of the  
earth is limited; there-  
fore take as much as you see  
able'

Well! there is nothing now  
in the surface of the earth  
for someone who wills much  
for himself-; empty! empty!

So they stopped digging and  
now are coiners and crooks.

Autumn has always been known  
for stripping and injecting  
yellow poison in trees preparing  
them for servile winter:

A tear dropping scene when a leaf  
lose its rightful position permanently  
landing for the dead for which science  
calls it compost.

Unlike corruption, it is not called politics  
in other countries that are not South Africa.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Poet Must Write Wisdom

A poet must write wisdom  
should he was born and  
trampled on feet across  
sweet thorn fields

If a poet come across  
frivolous of women or  
promiscuous mistress

When he feels worthless  
and formless

When tears and despair outweigh  
his soul  
Should he be lonely like wise  
Should he turn bitter and useless

When he starts and ends relations  
should he stuck in the woods with  
wolves

Should he had planted wheat and reap weeds  
Those are the exact times in the poet's life.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Price Of Obedience

Fortunate are those who know their purpose  
In life, for they will lead a life of happiness  
And honest sophistication, free of blunders

Blessed are those who have an early ear to hear,  
For they will follow a principled life with less  
Regrets but abundance of success and motivated  
Generations and generations and generations

For each day are blessed for obedience  
They will yield the interests of nature in their path  
For they know the secret to the kingdom of the Lord  
They shall eat joy and drink waters of peace and contentment

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Promise To The World

I am by birth a writer  
That by ease nor hard routes should  
Soon rise to the pedestal of  
History and divine wisdom

I promise to be one rare fountain of words  
I commit myself to the world of wisdom and literature  
I shall protect the values of human kind and  
Bring along the umbrella of one heart and mind.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Rain Of Love

Pourous rain of love  
has now come-  
farewell to seasons  
dry-broken and slanderous.

Peer at softening grounds,  
they cave and cushion my  
feet to safe walks.  
Bubles! bubbles! my heart joys.

Hurray! hurray! love rains,  
Ow! kind love; i have begged  
from the rocks wounding my  
tender heart through broken chips.

I long no more, nothing to long.  
Love rain teases my heart with  
-lasting smiles.  
My blood runs red like a newly  
-vellicated rose.

I shall find a corner in my garden,  
and sit my coriander tree next to-  
my red roses and forever my love be spicy.  
The orchid should join to keep the passionate  
flames, then iris for the faith and hope.

Carnations will stand for fascination and splendor,  
how can i forget the guilty lilacs to join the love-  
crew and my garden of love will be sealed with sunflower,  
for adoration and assurance then always and again and forever.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Rat Bite Conspiracy

My knees are hardened,  
like an elephant skin.  
Hence another round  
shall get my knees torn.  
If i were a snake, i shall  
be peeling off.  
The monkeys are out about  
from tree to tree with a  
squeaky noise, tasting  
the reflex of the branches.  
the snakes are proud to emulate  
and the rest is a conspiracy of  
a rat bite.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Raw Deal

I'm bleeding darling  
my undecided destiny  
unbecoming dreams and  
delayed fortunes  
Through the back alley  
i fled away, i will not be  
seeing your lazy morning  
smiles; i fled with my  
sack of myriad promises  
though my bleeding heart is  
readily missing in vain, i  
must disappear without a knowing soul.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Restive Journey From Home Away

I left home after  
a long dispute with poverty  
I had since then became a bad son  
My mother had been long gone to sleep  
How i miss the fallen fences and pale walls  
with rusty frames and broken window panes  
My journey is restive-fraught with unending ask  
Until my feathers throng the world around,  
in fear i shall remain away from home  
I shall remain away until the sun is fully blown.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Ritual For Peasants

Come you all  
Bold peasants  
Attend my bold invite  
Make a see never in history seen

Come with all children  
Come to chill and churn  
The ale is ready to charm  
Let the drinkers joy

I will sing a song to children  
And leave them to dance  
Let them dance until ready to rest  
Bowl of mulberries next to their resting ground

Come you all to my bold invite  
I shall kill a good deer for roast  
Come from sunrise til dawn  
My abode is wide with resting fields

To where young lovers whisper in the dark  
And children tend to hide and seek  
Come and hasten the deer and ale  
Come you all welcome

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Rocks Of The Sea

All night and rest of day,  
Sea rocks met nothing like sleep.  
As usual suffering from wet and cold-  
Bowling to the bitter blows defeatedly.  
The sand stood firm under their feet,  
They have nowhere else and be.  
All night all day lambast and grief,  
The sunrise as usual was bonding with baskers;  
As it came to fiddle and set away.  
All night the rocks wept but ceased to melt,  
The wind is on the water's side always:  
Giving authority to the sea to inflict this much pain.  
Seldom and traveling fishermen have the same to say,  
Even the seasons cannot inter-fer.  
It is a sorry, sorry, sorry affair;  
Asunder the hunting eagle shook its head in dismay,  
As it perused the rocks for strayed victims.  
Rocks of the sea, rocks of the sea,  
Still firm and standing isolated on the shores.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Romance

Romance kills so much  
a part of me i like;  
romance makes me neglect  
a part of me i care to love.

Romance bribes me away from  
things i call priceless;  
romance blind my eyes towards  
life to see.

Romance blows all the winds away  
and give rainless summer's and  
humid winter nights.  
Romance gives me roselets when  
roses wither out in time.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Run Soldier Run

Once a soldier always a little boy,  
never grow to your full adulthood.

some find a way in the middle of a  
chaotic storm and run for their lives.  
and some eternally sink in the abyss.

Run soldier run, awake soldier awake.

In the forefront of a ferocious storm,  
there a soldier stands, at the back of a  
triumphant harvest there a soldier weeps.  
Run soldier run.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Selflessness Redefined

To the worth of words  
he chose to write his soul  
among humanity, rains shall  
come to go.

a heart of defiance, a journey  
of achievement that has out-shown  
Cullinan himself piece by piece.

He redefined leadership in simple terms  
of selflessness.

To the great man who has out-shown  
the present, future and the past.

The man whose love and life will never  
die out of hearts and veins of the world.  
To the hummer that has broken boulders into  
bricks of peace and unity.  
The man who took nothing but gave everything  
his hands could touch.  
A man of harmless nature. His leadership and  
existence of extra-ordinarity shall drive us  
to eternal peace and common ground.

Yes you are, and always be our icon.  
who-ever makes it to eternity shall  
be your witness of graceness.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Silence And Contemplation

All is loud  
in deep silence  
contemplating  
reasons for the  
earth to be dancing  
under the sun;

The chill of stars  
in night time dreams  
but all is governed  
by cowardice at arrival  
and diverging roads:

Against famous things.

KHAYA CLARENCE

## Sit Where You Are And Then Rest

Tears ran scant like a perishing brooklet  
My heart was tender than a hatched bird  
The reasons were overlooked...  
By the time i spoke my first word  
It was too late to forgive and worse to forget  
My heart's life was slaughtered at tender  
I saw birds soar to high heights  
They looked free and distant  
I ran climbing endless valleys and  
Rubbled roads with tender bones  
My neck was soaked with tears of grief  
I say the skin engraved with fresh thorn rage  
Like a deer under pursuit by a foe  
I had a need to run and rest  
I had to take this heart to a place of safety  
With year's shadows and sun passing by  
I grew to know that even the highest mountain bird is broken too  
Sit where you are and rest...

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Small Fishes

Small fishes enjoy clean and insignificant  
pools, with experience through age they  
swing their gills penetrating brutal seas with precision.

KHAYA CLARENCE

## Soft Target

A soldier brave  
woman; took forth  
a journey upon the  
amazons, while onlookers  
waited on the other-side;  
had premolars to count for  
carnivores walk slow on smiles.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Some Books Are Better To Remain In Trees

Old age expose all humans to death  
having filled their heads with gibberish  
that through their fearful minds conceive  
that the world will one day end

Faithful trees are to all this victims  
of what a man vorantly invent  
feeding it through generations to carry-on and  
on - this world shall remain but man has  
been so ungratefully brutal to it

Man shall end through age or end one another  
but this world shall have itself refreshed  
through dying man and newborn child

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Sorrow Everywhere

It is an idea that many  
man died for liking-  
at once seemed profitable and sensible.  
Amazing how good ideas can fall in the-  
hands of untreated boars.  
They fret it; they scattered it in their-  
own fields: sorrow surfacing, sorrow to the  
plants eaten at their rooting, rooting stems.

Sorrow to the future; sorrow to the young.  
Sorrow, sorrow to the world.  
Sorrow in the heavens whose word' is disobeyed:  
Sorrow, sorrow, sorrow everywhere.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Suddened By Death

Ohaah! trained trouble is back again  
Tears in gallons of thousands  
Hisses and groans...  
The tired soul is rushed  
To the gullies of fate and  
Nothing to intervene in the world  
Resistance serve no purpose  
All is useless for life's sake  
Down-ward he looked into his troubled heart  
What he sees is bare compartments and  
Cold bowls of blood stagnant  
Life is gone from this body  
Only vacating breath...  
He had no need for tears  
He had no voice to cry  
Summing up his life  
Lightning torn the skies once  
And thunder followed twice  
The man departed suddenly.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Talk For Love

Love has never  
gone so far deep  
and neither felt  
so real my feet twitch  
with impatience and greediness

love does it; love cause it.  
Talk Mr; talk miss; talk for love.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# The Last Thought Of A Dying Parent

Children is when the world again begins.  
When the skies dose luminant clouds;  
Will the rainbow miss the children after the rain?

KHAYA CLARENCE

# The Man And The Mirror

Every man meets his deceits  
in the mirror and shyly say  
mirror is a thing for woman.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# The Nature Is Waning

I took along the world  
In seek of good poetry  
Near i say close  
I listened to music from the trees

But my ears grew stiff  
I climbed the sunshine mountains  
Hunting for fresh spring and  
Yet i came across bitter baby ponds

Descending the mountains desponded  
I moved on to the heart of the forest  
Where leaves and branches mingle with rich soil  
I was greeted by a pale field of drought

where else should i go?  
The nature is waning away  
where else should i run i have covered all  
The nature is waning the nature is waning

The old known river  
Had fallen scant, a home to hake  
Was overflowing with dry pale pebbles  
Remnants of decay and lose

Lying along the thirsty banks  
The air was sick with carbon  
Gaunt last haena wobbled  
towards its lair catchless

The last hunter's face was thin as salt  
His arrows were hanging on his scrawny shoulders  
And due to overwhelming sorrow i coul'nt see further  
Bowling to defeat, i went back home without a poem

KHAYA CLARENCE

# The Plight Of The Moon

The moon desperate for perfectibility;  
embarked on a tracing journey for the sun  
broughting billions of her off-springs at long.

The sun complained that, the moon is over-flooded  
with children hence the plead shall be put at rest  
in darkness where it belongs.

The moon adue-d that she never had seen humans but their  
shadows, and that humans talk about the sweetness of the  
sun in their eyes; shining heart deep to illuminate darkness  
brought by the nights.

The sun raced at the speed of the wind, painting the skies blue,  
and the moon skies ever painted with darkness and bright children.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# The Silence The Decoder

With a pint of ethyl  
an engine that familiar  
is noisy, catches on silence.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# The Story Of The Soap

Soap slips through your fingers out  
while hands are at best in vices  
like a mist in a waking sun it vanishes.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# The Sun Came By

Out, bright and brave,  
It is the sun that shines  
Nothing else came by.  
It came and burnt the chicky grass  
Leaving the corn dry and grilled  
The man curled worried  
Under the hawthorn boughs  
He turned brooklets into furrows  
He drank the rivers into ponds  
And ponds became dumping lairs  
The temperamental sun can not be tamed.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# The Wind Blows Strong

The wind blows strong  
Neatly it gathered filth  
by the street gutters  
I am now to confess  
another man's business

Let me compensate the desire and be free  
The sky is clean from soaring birds  
And the fields are flocked with every kind  
My eyes are cold from the pierce  
The wind blows strong

The army of trees dancing tiredly  
A house of order melting into comedy house  
Horrendous flow of laymans in high office  
I felt sick to write and more critical without  
The wind blows strong

My brain boils and bursts from the rush of day  
Too little time chasing the words and  
Words chasing me out of zone  
Aah! there is a joke about serious things  
The wind blows strong

Who hires idiot and votes layman to high office?  
He must be brought to base and feed answers to questions  
There is a layman in high office  
The wind blows strong the wind blows strong til blink  
The wind blows strong

KHAYA CLARENCE

# The Wisdom Of Parables

Have a piece of brain  
And be enlightened...  
Like a mustard seed abund to another man's garden.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Thousands Of Miles From My House Retreat

Let the cypress grow  
miles, thousands of  
miles from my house;  
I shall not acquaint death.

Let it deepened its roots in  
the mountain peaks, where i  
will not be pleased to come.

Even withered blown leaves in  
Autumn, must chill by river banks>  
where my garden shall not come for drink.  
I shall find a tree rich to grow; free of  
shadow of death; cypress retreat thousands  
of miles away from my house.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Trace Lanes

Set a look straight eye to eye  
contact, deepening the look further  
down the heart beat field- -

when you keep falling back into  
the eyes again while meaning to escape,  
then you must listen to the feeling behind  
the rush of the blood without leaking confidence; - -

if you can't reach for the eyes anymore without shaking  
then you must keep on trying for the heart beat field:  
How so then if the heart is in the flesh side, then say  
it out for love is something that cares to kill; - -

rich for the eyes without a trace of fear nor courage  
it is not a war, strength and reasoning will be vital  
it is in the eyes, been there always waiting and  
forever continue with or without the rhythm of human race  
love is life and body on its own; when love is there eyes never lie.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Traveler's Shoe

The man kind is adventurers  
Dare to worn me broke  
I don't eat nor drink and rest  
Thousand miles a day in the sun  
Half a thousand in the rain  
Though the wind blows, the dust interfers  
Ruble heck my spine and the mud fills me with sadness  
I shall never want again, a traveler's fee  
My life is a lose and a traveler's gain

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Trust Nothing That Desires To Live But Dies

I came halfway to death  
Meeting across thoroughly dead bodies  
And human by human, an eye by eye i have learned  
Nothing but deep and deep and deep sitted desire to be anything  
Hence i had come to decide to live out of my own with humans  
Trust nothing that desires to live but dies in the end...

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Truth Beyond Rubies

A transparent rush  
of beauty that even  
eyes could see...

turning adrenalin on  
to desire and heart  
to pleasure.

Queer a scent of burns  
hitting the nerves and  
a mounting smell poking  
nostrils like a soap foam.

Look for the red,  
when rubies come to play;  
Red is rubies necessary color.

Page the ruby and sink your eyes  
beyond, and so you will see, at-last  
you will find that rubies are always Red.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Unstable World

A dry noise by  
withered mulberry  
leaves; Autumn is a  
said moment for  
vegetation.

Why make it worse  
bringing winter thereafter.

Let summer reign seasons always.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Urgent Message From The Old To The Vernal And Young!

When gone old be wise  
flesh comes close  
to the bones and back to  
the marrow and to the ground.  
and blood runs cold and brains  
melt away with the young.

Faces will be sour to the eyes  
with dividing lines that kills prettiness  
And the young will be versantly sucking  
all the remaining energy and cover you with blanket

All your money will be used and gone.  
When you old enough for doctors to keep you,  
you will be buried underground and after a while  
your broken family will soon rejoys and be happy  
for your departure.

It is now that you plan a lasting legacy for yourself,  
in that way your family will forever proud and wished  
you were around to continue feeding them.  
Old friends will be parcels like you and young friends  
will be bored of you including your children, because  
you will be like a baby and you know what babies do.

Stand-up now and build yourself a lasting legacy  
where the world will be forever weeping for your  
presents. You will then die a happy young men in an old skin.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Vendors At Heart

Will not vend my soul  
and flesh for vanity,  
hark the how smokers run on withered boons.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Vessels Broke At Eve

Boys whistle  
towards -  
a half closed  
window at eves  
glow; a curtain  
shook its body  
gentle side by side  
in a windless eve.

- -Vessels broke- -  
silently at eves glow.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Waiting For The Rabbit To Show

I was told about the day,  
to wait by the sea shores  
for a ship; a ship had no name,  
nor color was given plenty of  
ships shown above the sea waters.  
Queer i was not summoned, and they  
all passed.

Then i waited, a morning grew to a  
sunless noon, a noon to evening  
and a subsequent moonless and starless  
night. By then i could not see more ships  
passing by, by then i could go back as the  
time had passed. The stars and moon  
had that night abandoned and sunk  
to misery, by then i fell asleep  
and snored a dreamless night.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# What About Children?

There is an eco in my heart  
It shouts loneliness and suffering  
I hear sounds and sobs  
I see despair and hopelessness  
Engraved on the faces of African children  
The infestation of abject poverty  
To who must these children cry to?

KHAYA CLARENCE

# What Clouds Have In Common With Us

If earth is a sky  
Then humans are clouds  
Shielding vague an eye from clear skies

KHAYA CLARENCE

# What Does Love Question?

Should i then sing ahead  
In a world so knowledgeable in tune  
And grant a humble blah  
About songs love makes me sing  
Would thee believe a peasant with ableness  
Of how good-some pleasures is blandished  
With knees hurting from begging  
In her velvet, will a princess stop or glance  
For her pride to kiss the dusty plains  
There is not sort that bird has not sung  
For all of us to love and charm  
For nothing gold but joyful reason  
Like string of beads familiar hearts combine or blend  
When voices fail they continue in silence  
What does love know about status?  
-Vanity  
-Lusting  
-Promiscuity  
-infidelity  
Love then has a question

KHAYA CLARENCE

## What Wisdom Is This?

He leads, steals and cheats  
What man is he?  
Who vendors his country  
and people for a dinner with thieves.

What value do we owe a man?  
That plunders trust from his people,  
for a spoon of spice and bowl of rice.  
What man is he? What wisdom is this?

KHAYA CLARENCE

# When A Poet Runs

I might not  
be back when  
I'm gone

even promises  
might be abandoned;  
but how do i change  
my heart to feel  
the same when I'm gone?

I always run  
but never like  
a coward, how  
do you hold me  
not to run and run  
like a poet?

KHAYA CLARENCE

# When I Love

my heart trembles  
and  
shook my nerves awake,  
when i love,  
i blush a little like a boy  
when i love  
its hard to say  
when i love  
i sworn eternally like death  
when i love  
i roam like a chicken  
and sink like water in arid plains

KHAYA CLARENCE

# When I Was Seven

Smelt a field grass-  
Pale brown in the windless sun;  
there lie a thirsty river in the far end.  
No channel of rats acquainted; -

Men abroad the forest with lost regard;  
hanging tears of women and children-  
no voices but a trace of pity on the surfaces.  
And - i was seven...

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Where Is The World?

A rule broke into remnants  
Tears clung upon a bare chest  
Then useless to be strong  
Tender, fragile than a baby bird  
An innocent soul sank in day misery  
Another soul another lose  
But where is the world?  
When chaos and death breaks lose

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Where The Stars Fail To Shine

Let them joy themselves and  
the community be on its' own.  
Let them leave your child  
burning in angry flames.  
They are of glory  
and gold.  
Let them say sometimes  
the dog  
bark out of lice bite.  
When the skies claim  
its' darkness all shall  
come down with a humble plead.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# While My Eyes Delight At You

The sight of you  
tend my eyes with delight.

Though my heart does not  
love much, it happens and  
flies all the ways to love more.

You bring me once again to life and  
i now can travel to my old roads to  
feel them re-newed and fullfilled.

The sight of you delights me;  
i shall not bound to thee lonely-nest  
while my eyes freely delight at you.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Who Would Have Thought Of A Bluff?

Remember the little pouty kisses,  
we were still friends.  
There was always a mysterious wave  
wafting across my lonely heart,  
whispering a wave of a romantic alarm.  
You were always holding back in shiver  
and i always waited. I always took a  
damning step forward and you remained  
still and terrible shaken. You always  
gave warmth to my cold lips. we always  
smiled for the same reason. our love  
climbed higher than a squirrel.  
we unified our hearts. You trusted and  
i worshiped. You became my woman and i  
was your man. Remember the promises we  
made, we left no breathing grounds.  
Who would have thought of a bluff?

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Will Never Love Nor Marry Unless

I have vowed not to love and marry  
But to journey earth awide  
I took oath never to sit under  
another man's shadow and await a nickel  
But would forgive me without a doubt  
when a real woman shows along to journey with me  
side by side, until then will never love nor marry

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Within The Walls

If you look at the walls  
They are painted white to the ceiling  
There is a cold air even when windows  
Are shut and doors are locked  
I a different paint than the walls  
Pilled myself away walking towards the colourless world

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Without You Without Me

Most adorable  
most desirable  
most beautiful  
most honored  
most humble  
most loving  
most honest.

I shall with you  
be gentle like a  
rose cutter  
like dimples  
i shall have your  
smile widened  
i shall fly you safe  
to where eagles bode  
if you hold me tight  
i shall overflow  
with strength.

It is the way of land  
it is the way under the sun  
i shall drink your troubles  
to quench my thirst  
it is for you  
that my heart has a beat.

When you believe  
i am stronger  
my arms are free  
only for you most dreamed  
i am thoughtless and most  
useless without you  
like a castle gate  
i shall guard you  
around the clock  
like a soldier  
i shall be sleepless and  
ready to fight.

without you without me.

KHAYA CLARENCE

# Young Graves

I was suddenly chance-d  
By pity when decided on a walk by a cemetery  
Hoping to find an abandoned wisdom  
Inscribed in one of the tombs  
That, dear death i have lived a life  
But young lads with nothing years were dominant  
With their graves inscribed born and thereafter died  
So young to have suffered an old folks curse

KHAYA CLARENCE