

Poetry Series

Mitta Xinindlu

- poems -



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Mitta Xinindlu(01 September)

Mitta Xinindlu is a lawyer, a well quoted writer, and a researcher who remains passionate about social justice and the human Rights.



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Dear Daughter

Dear daughter,

You are enough.
You're beautiful.
You're intelligent.
You're important.
You're protected.
You're loved.
You're useful.

Fill yourself up with positive thoughts.
Feed your soul with kindness.
Surround your environment with people whose interest is to expand your vision.

I love you.
But due to time, I may never say it enough.
Thus, my words represent the intense positive emotions I have for you.
There will be times when I am not physically with you, but in those times,
I'll be with you in spirit, love and thought.

You're my perfect gift.
And you've arrived at the perfect time, to serve a perfect purpose.
Know yourself.
Never stop learning about yourself.
Strengthen your mental state, because negative people may try to attack it.

Pray and meditate, should you meet obstacles.
Never settle for what makes you feel pain, regret, sadness, or disappointments.
You're worth what God says you're worth, and nothing less.'

— Mitta Xinindlu

Mitta Xinindlu

Dear Son

Dear Son,

You're my Sun. My bloom.
Through your birth, you gave me rays.
With your breath, you rejuvenate my days.
You're my light, my sight;
out of an empty gloom, you brought me.

You're my healing point.
My song of thanks.
A hope for which I live,
even when all seems too bleak.
You're the healer of my wounded soul.
The answer to my longing loneliness.
Your strength is mesmerising.
And so are you in all your rising.

You're a fearless gift;
one who seeks to find tasks to complete.
You're handsome and relevant.
You're gracious and intelligent.
You seek laughter even in tears.
A strength of a lion, you're fierce.
You're a protector without spears.
Your soul is valuable, indeed.
Your soul is a gift to me.

I would have chosen to have you,
even with nothing on my name.
I would have chosen you; always, and exactly the same.

Mitta Xinindlu

Political Love

Political love;
Dangerous and sealed with lies.
Day in and day out,
I lost count of the number of crimes
Against my heart from this clown.

Political love;
Starred with sides...
Chic after chic the story never ends.
Gaslights me over time and time...
No ends, no cares.
Only stares, silence, and sighs.
Just sends sad accounts on my account.

Political love;
Full of fraudulent acts.
Corruption to the ends of the earth.
Piling cheating on top of itself.
No particular choice, only thinks about himself.
Does them all, married folks, young or old, girl or boy,
This boy is bold.

Mitta Xinindlu

I Gave You Everything

I've given you my tears,
sweat,
and blood.
You stole my heart,
and you destroyed my mind.
What else do you want?
My soul too? ";

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My Blood Will Speak On My Behalf

The blood that I shed
due to your abuse
had life.

And everything that has life
speaks.

The voice of my blood
is bigger than mine.

So,
enjoy the sleepless nights,
listening to my blood,
as it recites
all the stories of violence
that you've caused
against me.

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Seven Days Of Prayer

We prayed for seven days.
But, by the last day, we still needed more days to pray.
On the first day we prayed well
by the well.
We prayed for strength and to be saved from hell.
Strength to carry and bear the weight of the bear.
The furless bear that was living rent-free within.

On the second day we prayed for union and companionship.
In that unionship,
some told us to alter ourselves to benefit from their gold.
Some told us to worship at their alter, and to their forbidden gods.
Some gave us bands,
while some gave us rose stems.
But they all promised us a life full of bliss,
and concerts to see bands like Kiss.

On the third day we prayed for courage and strength.
We thought that we needed to lean on to some friends.
We begged to rest our lean bodies on their shoulders.
We said that we needed a match
in which we could meet our match.
We asked for a cover to cover up and shield us;
providing a shield from the storms of life.

On the fourth day we prayed for assertiveness and self-esteem.
But, like a bow without its own direction,
we jumped as high as they told us.
And gave a bow after each and every performance.
We skipped and hopped for everyone despite their lies.
In fact, we also skipped all the steps necessary to living full lives.

On the fifth day we prayed for security and protection.
But some betrayed and beat us because we intimidated their situation.
And some became deadbeats
to the children that we bore for each.
We were left beat, with no fun.
Missing the beat to the sound of our own drum.

On the sixth day we prayed for solitude; some space from an alliance.
But we went on to perform for this and that audience.
Some were fair skinned; some were dark skinned.
Some were fair to us,
while some were cruel too much.
But we remained amongst them
because we chose to be one with copendence.

On the seventh day we prayed for bravery.
But our conduct had changed gravely
because, for six days, we'd invited others to conduct our song.
We'd geared up for them and shot arms at ourselves for so long.
Meanwhile they'd raised their arms up, cheering for our self-destruction.
And, once we were doomed in their mission,
they bounced like a wave;
vanishing without a wave.

Mitta Xinindlu

The Controversy Of A Woman

A woman.

Born to lead the world but settled for a second place.

Born to birth children; nurture and teach them.

But settled to share the responsibility with a man.

Born to teach a man how to behave.

But settled to be taught by a man on how to behave.

Born powerful, resilient, and strategic.

But allowed a man to control her train of thought, and her emotions.

Born a natural communicator.

But allowed a man to silence her.

Today the most dangerous and weakest woman in the world
is the one who has powerful and leadership roles,
yet chooses to behave like a man.

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Self-Chained Generation

We write messages that brains refuse to read.
We create real pictures that eyes refuse to see.
We speak from silenced lips.
Because in empty spaces, we seek.

Our limbs are running numb.
We're running to seek the truth in hidden lies.
In darkness, we're intertwined with blanks.
Because what is is not for our lamps.

Many times we are voiceless.
Our words fall on deaf ears.
We also choke on our words.
Because we're crying from the top of the world.

But the heartbeat remains much louder.
We're marching and performing for one soldier.
Fear has crippled us, it's bolder.
Fear has dribbled us, it's older.

Mitta Xinindlu

We All Stood

We stood in the queues,
in line, waiting.
Some of us stood for something,
while some stood for nothing.
Some of us stood voluntarily,
while some were forced,
because their hopes to full life were destroyed.
But we all stood in the queues,
in line, waiting.

We stood in the queues,
in line, waiting.
Some of us stood to vote because it's our right,
while some stood because their rights were taken away.
Some of us stood to clear the names of the innocent,
from the chains of the injustices;
while some stood to register the names of the innocent
in the books of the injustices.
But we all stood in the queues,
in line, waiting.

We stood in the queues,
in line, waiting.
Some of us stood to throw away resources,
which we no-longer needed in our causes;
while some stood to collect handouts,
and trash to live off in the outskirts.
Some of us stood to enter entertainment areas,
while some stood to enter hospitals,
which carried, in thousands, the beds of their deaths.
But we all stood in the queues,
in line, waiting.

We all stood in the queues,
in line, waiting.

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They Say

They say that:

for every action, there is a reaction.

for every positive, there is a negative

for every right, there is a wrong.

for every good, there is evil.

But they don't tell us that sometimes:

the action was towards the self, not the reactors.

the positive was for uplifting the self, not a challenge to others.

the right was for the liberation of the soul, not a call to critics.

the good was for the best, not a call for ten times the evil.

They also don't tell us that sometimes:

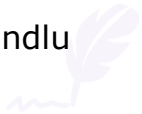
the reaction was misled.

the negative was out of place.

the wrong was towards the wrong person.

and most of all, the evil was in a 360° direction.

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Real Fathers

Fathers who protect their children deserve appreciation.
These are gatherers of food who fend off starvation.
Fees are paid in full; there's never depreciation.
Daughters and toddlers are safe under their nation.

They prove that their children come first.
Payroll to payload, they're there to play their verse.
Main role, second role, they're there to nurse.
Male role, great role, they stop the abandonment curse.

Their kids' needs are satisfied, they're never hollow.
Their kids feel prioritised, the rest follow.

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Mindfulness

We're sitting on a hill,
reminiscing about our deeds.
These are mesmerising moments of ease;
scenes are harmonising in keys.
But we're in a state of oblivion,
shunned from the view of fate in this period.

We think about the nice days from our teens;
the things that we did at our free will.
We're in sync with the future and past tensions.
Indeed, we could enjoy the present intentions.
But we're in a state of oblivion,
shunned from the view of fate in this period.

We envision our problems gone;
with collisions exposed and pawned.
Oh! We could enjoy this peaceful time,
on this hill, watching the sunrise.
But we're in a state of oblivion,
shunned from the view of fate in this period.

The beautiful birds stride pass our face.
Thick cuticles blurred, striped by hours of grace.
They flap their wings, forming art;
tail lamps for us, bleeding hearts.
But we're in a state of oblivion,
shunned from the view of fate in this period.

People of different cultures come to us.
Simple, they offer their services; no Judas.
Wave their hands with care;
give their food to share.
But we're in a state of oblivion,
shunned from the view of fate in this period.

What a sad case this is; our mindfulness is butchered.
Heads are swimming between the past and the future.
Opportunities to love others in truth are being missed.
Communities could share true love; limiting the rifts.

But we're in a state of oblivion,
shunned from the view of fate in this period.

Mitta Xinindlu

Climb That Mountain

There is a mountain placed before us.
It's wide, big; high above the clouds.
With no way around it;
no choice about it.
Just to climb it,
even through low sighs.

Some mountains, we choose.
Often those that we pursue
are easy to climb.
They leave no bruise;
we step on them like crumbs.
No sweat, no fuse.
But also no valuable lesson.
Just an excuse after an excuse.

There are harsh sessions on the high mountain.
Hard lessons on the big mountain.
No breaks, no fountains.
Just hardships and rough times.
No awards, no rewards.
Just emotional, mental tides and fines.

Fine, we usually accept the challenge.
Out of options, we welcome the change.
An exchange of comfort for caution.
We become deranged for family.
For our children, friends, even lovers.
Some lovers who may become an enemy.
We become a destiny with no back covers.
With our back against the wall.
Our back totally exposed to all.

But, step by step,
day by day,
with our veins, we climb up but not in vain.
Some days we want to go back to our fortress.
Some days we only see black, no success.
But, after a while, mounting in grime,

we forget about the pain.
The hardships start to fade.

We start to familiarise the pain with the trees.
We accept the bushes and rocks as home.
We follow the footsteps of animals and bees;
looking for shortcuts to roam.
Seeking solace in the shade of what we see.
We seek and become one with isolation.

In isolation, we start to rely on ourselves more.
We learn to love all our sores;
to trust our own instincts.
We become stronger and sharper in senses.
And the stronger we become,
the faster we mount in fun.
In the end, we reach the top.
Out of it all,
we come out unbreakable, alive.
Tired but, surely, revived.

Mitta Xinindlu

Her Body

The body of a woman
belongs only to her,
and not to any man.

Her curves, thighs, and lips
are all hers —
From head to toes, and hips.

Her clothes are not for his will.
And are not a solicitation.
What she adorns her body with
is not an invitation.

It's simple — her body, her choice.
He ought to listen to the society's voice.

Mitta Xinindlu



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Against All Odds

NOBODY taught me how to swim.
So, I swam and followed the rivers,
hoping that I'd end up in the ocean; the calm seas.
To see some dolphins and the colourful fish.

But the river that chose me was long
with hard turns, blockages, and fishing traps.
On some days, the river would run dry,
leaving me nowhere but in the middle of hard cracks.

While suffering underneath the hot sun,
the rains would hit again on my sore flesh.
Luckily by then, I'd still be breathing;
even though affected, harmed, and bleeding.

But, I had a dream that was heavier than my challenges.
So I continued with my journey,
following the stream of the river.
Hoping to reach the ocean; the calm seas.

Somedays the current would be brutal,
even though I would be flowing with it.
It would hit on my body,
until my bones would crack.

At times the river would eject me to the side.
Where I'd need to survive while I found my way back to it.
I'd have to fend off snakes,
defending myself from harm and malice.

Back in the river, I'd have to fend off scorpions, rocks, and the debris.
Then, there I went, alone in the river I flowed.
At times, I'd meet with swimmers.
They'd be cooling off from the same waters.

Some would be kayaking; others fishing.
All oblivious to my dreams, and to my state of struggle.
Some would greet me; smiling at me.
While some laughed the hardest, laughing at me.

Some would express pity,
while some expressed their sympathy.
Some would pretend that I wasn't even there.
And those who ignored me equalled my presence to that of the debris.

I remember that a few would pick me up;
placing me in their small boats;
helping me to cruise afloat.
But, eventually, they'd leave me in my struggle too.

Those who carried me,
left me in the rivers where they'd found me.
Those who passed me by,
passed-by me again on the following days.

Some shouted the loudest from their lungs
encouraging me from the sides.
Telling me that I was almost reaching the seas.
That the ocean was at a hand's reach.

But those who shouted the most rarely did anything else to help.
I also learnt that those who picked me up rarely shouted about their help..
Some used my vulnerability to gain charity points.
They'd say, 'see I helped her, now clap for me from your joints'.

But, above all the help, true or fake,
my dream was carrying me for my sake.
With my dream to reach the ocean, the calm seas,
I held my head the highest and swam beyond all the peaks.

Mitta Xinindlu

Hear Me Out

Every underdog has a right to be heard.
Women are underdogs in a man's world.
Children are underdogs in the adults' world.
Let's not even discuss the issues of race, religion, disability, and sexuality.
Because, wow, we could go on for days!

Yes, in every sector of life, there is an underdog.
An underdog that needs someone else to stand up for them.
An underdog that hopes that someone will come to their rescue.
Hoping that someone will reach out and lend a helping hand.
Hoping that someone will save their soul from trauma.

In any case, the main question is:
who is Top Dog?

Perhaps, if we could identify Top Dogs, we could come up with effective solutions.

Solutions that could combat #abuse, #manipulation, or violation of #humanrights.

What do you think?

Mitta Xinindlu

My Art For Your Heart

I'm writing you a poem;
but the lights will soon be out in five minutes.
Wow! I'm writing it in foreign;
so, I hope you'll embrace the intention of the syntax.

One word, two sentences, then a paragraph;
I'm summing out my love for you in art.
Now, will your smile warmly receive this craft;
because I have signs, letters, and numbers for your heart?

Mitta Xinindlu



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I'm A Woman

I stepped out of the box
because I'm a woman who breaks locks.
I break glass ceilings too;
the sky knows my flair, boo.
Where you see the word 'groundbreaking',
know it's me being breathtaking.
I'm a woman;
I gave birth to all men.

Mitta Xinindlu



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We're Going To Heal

I'm a writer who heals.

I nurse the wounds of others through my messages.

My words are ointments, bandages, and massages.

My paper is a bed for wounded souls.

My pen is a needle for fixing the wounds.

And my words are the healing medicine.

We're going to heal.

Mitta Xinindlu



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Black Skin

How can you not appreciate the beauty in your black skin?
Why do you misjudge its value?
Your skin neither cracks nor burns underneath the sun.
Your skin compliments its rays; and in its heat, you stun.
It is in your skin that the sun gets to reflect the strength of its rays.
Have you noticed how your black skin glows in the sunny days?

You ought to glorify the uniqueness of your black skin;
because black skin neither cracks nor wrinkles at the touch of the soil.
With a kiss of dust, your skin amplifies.
In fact, your skin is the original seed in the gods' eyes.
Even the day adorns your black skin as its beautiful lace;
while the night wears it as its face.
Maybe the air is mesmerised by your scent;
because your black skin represents nature in its essence.

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Because I'm A Black Woman

Because I'm a Black Woman:

They don't see me;
They don't believe me;
They don't give me a fair trial;
They don't give me a fair pay.

Because I'm a Black Woman:

They ridicule my appearance;
They don't protect my existence;
They hate my assertiveness;
They disobey my leadership.

Because I'm a Black Woman:

I bear the hardest experiences;
I receive the most harmful lessons;
I hear the harshest words;
I wake up immersed in swords, to survive,
and only to repeat the same for a lifetime.

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Black People

Black people,
you must learn to love other black people again.
The past made you see each other as competitors and enemies.
But I can assure you that today is a new day.
It's now safe to love one another again.
It's safe to protect each other once more,
as you did when you were slaves.
It is finally safe to embrace one another again.
Let's move forward in unity.

Mitta Xinindlu



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Africans, Embrace One Another

My fellow African,
when you look at another African,
what do you see?
Do you not see the reflection of yourself?
Do you not see someone who was once a victim of the dark past?
Someone who has now emerged as a survivor at last;
just as your forefathers did before the shadows enslaved your kins!
Do you not see the same colour of your skin?
Do you not see the same texture of your hair?
Yes, you see yourself, it's clear.
Now, since you're looking at your reflection,
don't you wish to cover yourself with affection?

Beloved Africans,
you were once the victims of confusion in the past.
But you shouldn't remain in that disillusioned class.
Today you're free and enriched with resources to maintain yourselves.
Let the victim mentality go as a start.
Like the three wise men, embrace your survivor status.
Be wise and be resourceful.

Africans,
you have the permission to celebrate your roots,
your heritage, and the teachings of your books.
Go on and heal your bodies with your traditional herbs.
And teach your children the secrets of your ancestors.
Tell your children that your ancestors were self-sufficient.
Efficient, your ancestors lived well
— with little to nothing.
Yet, they were the happiest.
The merriest.
Embrace the secrets of your traditions,
just like the seas.
You're safe and free.

Mitta Xinindlu

When Death Sits On My Chair

When I am dead and alive no more;
could you take that pin of metal
and pin it onto my hair?
Take a bunch of flowers
and colour my flair.
Sing twinkle-twinkle little star
until I don't matter, anymore.

Flush down the memories of my smile,
my sight and my pride.
Keep quiet for a while
and hum a hymn of burial.
Sing no songs,
just walk,
and don't talk.
Lie.
Lie more about how good I was
and that I never sinned.
Wish me alive,
at least for a while.

Take me with you to the grave,
and look at me for the last while. Sink me down,
and let me swim in the soil of the underground.
Leave me there
and go home.

Mitta Xinindlu

There Again

My love is not a mountain.
It is not hard to get to its peak. You get the right ropes,
—obviously strong —
and you get there.
My love is not fire.
You don't need any wood or lighter.
You need laughter,
pieces of care,
and light it up with tenderness.

I am in love yet again.
I am in love once more.
I see his smile in my face.
I see his picture in my sleep.
I see him day and night.
Yes, I see him for a short while,
a long while.
I see him for a while.

I smell him.
I smell his scent in the air.
Oh my god!
I see him in every man.
I see him.
He in me and me in him.
I see. Him.

He whispers in my ears.
His voice is soft
and he's skin is untangled.
He's beautiful.
I'm in love.
I'm in love yet again.
I'm in love once more.

I sense his presence in the middle of the night.
I sense his presence a mile away.
He's here in this heart I own. Would he rather own it and I own nothing.
Would he rather take good care of me or me take care of him? How should it go?

Explain.

How should I love him, this time?

I shut my eyes

and in front of me he stands.

My name he calls and my skin he kisses.

I shiver.

I shiver only in-depth not in width.

I shiver.

I shiver not to scare him

but for him to feel so much pity for me

and hold me.

Forever.

In his loving arms.

Mitta Xinindlu

Wounds And Love

The black vines of love
hack the breathing lines on cove.
Our drunkard hearts await;
thirsty for loved arts a crate.
We drink like stupid.
We sink; dike cupid.
Love is foolish;
but bruising in love is goodish.
We love getting lost from loving.
If not, why keep ghosts when falling?

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Black Man

Black Man.

Your skin, your arms.
Your face and your chocolate smile.
Your pace, your thighs.
Your name, and your smile.
Look at me, stare and blow me away with your eyes.
With your hands, hold mine for miles;
strolling down the streets.
I see us doing that sometimes.
Sipping drinks, sharing kisses, blowing up my mind.
Fountain of love, take me to grind.
It is your beauty;
Black man, you're fine.
You're mine.
My time, you take.
My eyes, you blind.
My forever, love of my life, you're my sunshine.
Fancy lips, dripping juices of pine.
Give me love.
Give me something.
Give me a sign.
Share with me: yourself, your soul, and life.
Caress my body with your fingers, I'm alive!
Duty has nothing on you;
you're my divine.
Call me your divinity, take me for a drive.
Sh! Tone down your beauty, it's loud.
You're fine.
You're timed.
You're not a crime.
Black man, founder of beauty, you're mine.

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Edge Of The Sword

I have long sensed that you're an edge of a sword.
In halve you managed to pierce me with taps and words.
Today those words have turned into a session of stabbing.
You cut me deep with your point, my spine is flapping.

Who knew that you'd burn into an anatomy of a dagger?
To you both the blade and the pommel are the same in danger.
Even the peen block is equally harmful too.
And the guard and the grip form an army of tools.

So, I fall bleeding from your thrust;
Oh! With my body full of bruises and cuts.
But only the soil has an interest to lick these wounds
For my blood giveth commitment and feeds it life in full.

How can a battle of love turn into an unending war?
Bow, allow my wailing to cease your cause.
Why torture me whereas even fallen leaves nurture my sores
And the ground quenches its thirst through my peeled pores?

Woe to your love.
It touches my trauma with soiled gloves.

Mitta Xinindlu

Suffocating Jokes

You make jokes about women being victimised.
You invoke little black children's cries;
You laugh at their skin colour.
You also chaff big women's towers.
You degrade the disabled group.
And your friends laugh at your coups.
But they're not laughing with you;
They're laughing at you.

You humiliate your wife;
Joke on a daily basis about your kid's life.
You expose your genitals for likes;
Nothing appeals to you but strikes.
You're full of pretense even in laughter.
You claim to be nice but your evils surpass all stutter.
But they're not laughing with you;
They're laughing at you.

You despise people who develop themselves.
You criticise those whose focus is on twelve.
Your goals are lacking;
You wish others would also be found slacking.
You've only known an easy life,
Your energy makes others' lives a strife.
But they're not laughing with you;
They're laughing at you.

You sin against women and children.
Once exposed you try for your deeds to remain hidden.
You also change the details of the real scenes;
Because you have masses to appease.
Ill-mannered, conceited and manipulative;
You convince their minds like they're your natives.
But they're not laughing with you;
They're laughing at you.

Mitta Xinindlu

The Life Of An Introvert

You are born into a motherless world;
growing up in pain of having no defending word.
Being the only one without a mother;
among your peers you're the other.

You start school and excel
but others accept your intellect as a repelling smell.
Somehow you gain enemies who hate your direction;
your social demands separate you from others' actions.

They treat you like you're a character of a fiction.
They don't understand your situation.
They don't understand why you prefer a book over a courtesy conversation.
So, they call you names, "weird, egoistic, strange, crazy";.

Then you start high school, excelling without being lazy.
The cycle repeats itself with the cliques;
your intelligence and self exclusion are points of critiques.
You only have two friends and teachers who like you
and enemies who have formed a queue.

They think you think you're better than their pool
but it's their projections that make you reflect a fool.
Ironically, you don't even know your own value.
You're just amazed in confusion and the blues.

You do everything by the book;
follow the law, expectations and all the rules.
You don't start trouble
but you're constantly placed in trials of mumbles,
in which you and your lawyer are absent.
So, you lose the trial of society in an instant.
Once again you're left with two friends
and a sea full of fiends.

You go to varsity to earn a degree.
You play by the rules and respecting all pedigrees.
But the names start again,
"weird, strange, you're dressed in bargains";.

By the time you graduate,
you have two friends and a sea of enemies who can punctuate.

You go to the office.

Again your uniqueness attracts gossip.

Even though you clock in super early and leave super late,
you do your job but still gain a share of hate.

The name-calling comes towards you without stutter.

They say, "you're weird, unsocial and think you're smarter";.

So, you get married to find peace.

You live your life without a lease.

Set your boundaries to make your corner comfortable
but your uniqueness makes you even more vulnerable.

The name-calling repeats boundary-less;

they say, "you're weird, crazy, boring, lifeless and tasteless";.

Why does life have to be according to the standards of extroverts?

Why do you get punished for being an introvert?

Why is enjoying own's company associated with mental illness?

Are you ought to be desperate for others' company to find stillness?

Are you to be dependent on external stimuli to be content?

Introverts deserve to be free and to be themselves without torment.

Extroverts must stop bullying and humiliating introverts,
hating them for finding happiness within themselves.

Mitta Xinindlu

Why Is Love So Dangerous?

Love is homophobic.

If it wasn't, then parents wouldn't denounce their daughter and son; treating them as tragic.

They would embrace them and share in their laughter.

They would love them so purely and warmly.

Love is sexist.

If it wasn't, then husbands would see their wives as equals, and not diminish them for the benefit of own confidence.

Employers would pay equal wages to create positive sequels; where a female is respected, and not left in negligence; where love is shown through recognition and sharing of positions.

Love is racist.

If it wasn't, then there'd be more inter-relationships, and not just rebels who decide to denounce censorship.

Everyone would forget what they were taught about sameness.

They would say what they feel and be blameless.

Love would see no race, religion or state of disability.

Love is xenophobic.

If it wasn't, then countries wouldn't be spending billions of dollars trying to keep refugees in jails or segregated camps of horror.

Citizens would see foreigners as brothers and sisters; embracing their stories and lending an ear as concerned listeners. Otherwise, isn't love what religion claims it to be?

By Mitta Xinindlu

Mitta Xinindlu

I Can't Resist You

I do not want to be a slave or to own one.
But fate has wanted this meeting to take place.
And with a steady pace you have made me a slave
to your likes and dislikes,
to your kisses and memories of bliss,
And now, I'm the main concept of your time.
Yet in my dreams, I lose the concept of time.

Years are measured by my monthly bleeding.
Time does not exist because love remains leading.
And your eyes elevate the movement of the moon.
The very same eyes that look at me like a muse.

So, if love and desire were fire,
You would already be burning
From what I'm giving to you.

Mitta Xinindlu



PoemHunter.com

Parallel Connection

We are like two rivers
that run into the same ocean;
an ocean where our souls meet
and speak.

Where the depths of our emotions kiss
and promise each other eternity.

In there, I live in you
and you live in me too.

Mitta Xinindlu



PoemHunter.com

Mountain Seer

Perhaps the reason that your soul is laid
naked and raw waiting for praise
from my heart,
birthed wings that touched
and led my mind
down the path of laughter and smiles.

A path where reason
is in every season.
A lath where I lay my soul naked
for your mind to wander for decades,
and to maunder in breathing and breeding seasons.
Where our souls and hearts are sharing
a covenant of blood shedding.

A place where silence is the preset
that allows actions to be assumed perfect.
A face where our eyes clap for our sacred love
while the sun professes our thoughts's cave;
and the moon confesses to our heartbeats;
and the music echoes in our love sheets.

Perhaps your presence is a sentence
to my vocabulary of no pretence.
to the words I've been attempting at many a time
in wait for your soul to merge with mine.
Where birds flap their wings with joyful sighs,
celebrating the meeting of our minds.
Where the stars collate to write our story,
which in words, alone, I couldn't tell boldly.

I cannot deny the work of the Universe
in creating a meeting point in our verses.
Where minds of the same nature
recognised that they're matured.
Allowing out smiles to be the sun
and pain becomes shunned.

Look at love!

Look at how love has danced
to merge two souls who were once
scattered and shattered
into pieces and ashes.

Mitta Xinindlu

I Promise

My darling, this I promise you:
A jewel of trust around your neck.
Roses and lilies on your back.
A diamond of commitment on your finger.
Soles of gold on your feet to linger.
A rainbow of all colours on your lips.
The moon and the stars to kiss.
Oceans with its rivers for your eyes.
Music and poetry to your ears.
A crown of love on your head.
And a veil of sweet memories to cover your hair.

Mitta Xinindlu



PoemHunter.com

Free The Enslaved Mind

No one is oppressing anyone;
Each is keeping oneself oppressed
In the mind.

The state of Egotism.

Each remains bound
with chains of self-criticism.

Hypnotism.

Materialism.

and demonism.

The spirits that refuse exorcism.

Ominous trials of mentalism.

People are Bound.

Chained.

Their mind is astound.

Full of mounds,

Stains,

and ill brains.

They talk about the oppressor
and the oppressed.

Forgetting that they have a choice.

The labellers and the labeled.

The knifers and the knifed.

You choose the state of your mind.

Who told you that you're oppressed?

Who keeps your mind unfree?

No one but your own state of mind.

They talk about Urbanism.

Sexism.

Feminism.

All celebrating being classified.

While they remain paralysed.

Fools full of cynicism;

busy demolishing cubism.

All chasing after critically acclaimed fame;

Acclaimed with mind control games.

They talk about the searchers

And the searched.
The noters and the noted.
You choose the state of your mind.

They give birth to paramount articles.
Blurred catalogues.
and ambivalent magazines.
False promises.
Ill opportunities,
and cold dead goals.
They talk about capitalism.
Nepotism.
Henotheism.
But all there is - is dualism.
You choose the state of your mind.

Mitta Xinindlu

Human Trafficking

What freedom are we to find
when our restless minds
are enslaved under the chains
of human trafficking?

What freedom do we preach
when our females breathe
through enraged wounds?
They are used and abused,
left in caves alienated and bruised.

What is this language we speak of
when we talk about the law,
since the human right clause
is ignored and flawed?
Whom is it protecting
because here we are protesting?

Isn't this law ought to save
the bodies of young females?
Isn't this law ought to be brave
and remove females from sex frames?
Instead, it chooses for women and children to die
leaving their loved ones with no good-byes.

Human trafficking, I say,
has made enough money for the day.

Mitta Xinindlu

Life Taught Me

Life taught me:

to be thankful for my trials;
to be grateful for my pain;
to embrace my tears;
and to laugh at my sorrow.

Life taught me:

that trials bring victory;
that pain adds strength;
that tears produce healing;
and that sorrow can lead to wisdom.

Life taught me:

to walk miles in my own shoes;
to enjoy what I have;
to be satisfied with what I've been given;
and to take care of the present moment.

Life taught me:

that other people's shoes will never fit;
that I might lose what I have, in a moment;
that wanting more is greed;
and that moments die so abruptly.

Life taught me:

to appreciate nature;
to pray more often;
to show love to my family;
and to treasure my own life.

Life taught me:

that nature is pregnant with metaphors;
that praying is a path to the Living;
that family was birthed to suit my needs;
and that my life is existing for only a short breath.

Life taught me:

to appreciate endings;
to embrace goodbyes;

to accept death;
and to await the foretold judgement day.

Life taught me:
that endings lead to new beginnings;
that goodbyes lead to new hellos;
that in death, there is life;
and that an evolved soul is the perfect ending.

Mitta Xinindlu

Cut Deeper

When we're in an emotional pain,
or any physical strain,
we must consider ourselves as a tainted cabbage.
Our aim should be to lighten our felt baggage.
In truth, when a cabbage is tainted,
only a small section is usually affected.
But we usually err,
and throw the whole cabbage in the air.

Mitta Xinindlu



PoemHunter.com

Colouring Under The Light

I believe that my purpose is to colour you right;
be artistic on you all night.
Be bright under the dimmed light.
Hold and squeeze your crayons tight.
Just the two of us; no one else in sight;
because my purpose is to colour you right.

Me on your sketch board.
You filling me in with your crayons when you're bored,
and feeling me up like a hoard.
Leaving your wax on me like writings on a chalkboard.
I'll make sure that you're not scorned;
because my purpose is to colour you even if you're flawed.

Although I might not know where to start the assignment,
I'll colour you with much excitement.
Colouring on you is a perfect adornment,
and together we colour a perfect monument.
I chose you carefully as my colour assortment,
because my purpose is to colour you as an act of an atonement.

In you, I find so many colours in store.
In you, I find light for sure.
I remember us colouring until the early morning at four.
We coloured like we'd never coloured before.
We entangled in love like a fight of foes.
Because my purpose is to colour you, of course.

Mitta Xinindlu

A Hymn I'll Sing When I Find You

You opened your arms to me
and my eyes to see.
You embraced me like your own.
In your soul,
You covered me with strength.
You opened my life with your breath.

Your comfort embraces my heart
like what paint is to art,
and jokes are to comedy,
and religion is to a prophecy,
and guitars are to music.
Importantly, you adorn me as an artist to the muse.

You swallowed me with your mind.
Sewn my broken pieces back into one,
and loved me throughout your research.
Like what members are to the church,
and grapes are to wine,
and mud is to a swine.

I was lost,
Now, I'm perfectly found at most.
In your love, I'm pulled.
Complete and full
without a piece amiss.
I'm washed with plenty a kiss.

A perfect melody!
Long gone are the days of melancholy.
Because no strange songs are sung.
You pierce into me like the sun
and comfort me like charms.
Mostly, you sing me a lullaby in your arms.

Mitta Xinindlu

A Woman Robed In Gold

A WOMAN ROBED IN GOLD

Most sensitive and refined woman,
you who does not venture to set her feet on evil grounds.
You will plant and cultivate beautiful children.
Lucky is the seed that will fall upon your womb.

Life and prosperity have been set before you.
Joy and goodness await you.
Laughter and tears of celebration have been selected for you.
Lucky you, for you will never taste adversity.

Humbled woman, you
who knows no rebelliousness.
You whose neck is not stiff,
and whose eyes are free of lust.
Lucky is the hand that will have yours forever.

Your beauty provokes jealousy.
You who is ridden like the heights of the land.
Men see you and flock at your feet.
Women see you and get enraged.
They hate you from the depths of their souls;
due to your ageless beauty.
Lucky is she who birthed you.

May your womb be blessed
with a healthy ground for a healthy seed.
A seed that will fall upon you,

and produce anointed roots.
May your breasts be blessed
with gallops of milk
to feed your roots and help them bloom
to be beautiful roses such as yourself.
Lucky is she who bore a rose
whose thorns will be as equally attractive as its leaves.

May your face be favoured
when you stand in front of the kings
and leaders of this world.
That when you crack your beautiful smile,
they may see the blessed soul
that is implanted deep within your temple.
Lucky is the man who'll dwell in that temple.

May you find favour
with both men and women.
That when they see you,
they wish to protect you,
from war, harm, malice, and jealousy!
Lucky is the groom who will crown you with his name.

Most sensitive and refined woman
whose beauty cannot be described
in written or spoken words.
May you find peace, love and laughter
from all the gates that will harbour your feet.
Lucky is he who will be your companion in your journey.

#mittaxinindlu?? #mittaxinindlu

Mitta Xinindlu

Your Face Is Paradise

They say paradise is only in heaven
But they haven't seen your face like I have.
They haven't been greeted by your smile
and embraced by your words.
Your eyes light up like golden streets of Jerusalem.
Eyebrows so thick, resembling the full head of Samson's strength.
Lips so tender like soles of the disciple's feet
whose steps followed the King.
Chin so strong like the 300 men of Israel who fought armies of armies
and won the good battle over kings.
I have seen paradise in your face.

Your ears are so upright
like the walls of Jericho;
whose standing was against no men,
living or dead.
Whose strength the Higher Being could be the only one to challenge.
Jaws strong like the shields of Shaka Zulu's men
who fought and won battles
that left blood dripping on blood.
I have seen paradise in your face.

Your forehead is so elementary
like the American soldiers who fought in Iraq;
whose dedication to their country was no child's play.
Who left their families
and sacrificed their youth.
The lines of your forehead, perfectly drawn
like the rivers of Jordan;
all drawing to the red sea
in which men of Egypt perished.
Your beard is planted like lawns of Eden
where peace and life were gathered in full.
I have seen paradise in your face.

Your cheekbones are perfectly high and well built
like the stone built to mark the death of Rachel,
wife to Jacob of Israel.
Your cheeks are correctly angled

like the temple that king Solomon built,
which took him 13 years to complete.

Your eye sockets are full of life.
So wise like King Solomon himself,
who chose wisdom over all riches of the earth.
Your perfect hairline
reflects the number of years you have loved me
like a bible story told year after year indeed.
They say paradise is only in heaven;
I have seen paradise in your face.

Mitta Xinindlu

A Child In Every Adult

There is loudness in silence.
But when words are dead, the distance
speaks in volumes.
Like in communes,
Hearts start to communicate
and procreate
in a language only known to them.
Oh, what a gem!
Then, the souls meet in spirit
to discuss the realm around it.

Mitta Xinindlu



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These Eyes Refuse To See

I am so hard to please.
Being human feels like a fool's tease.
I keep on asking God to prove His power.
He keeps on giving me a chance to wake up with willpower.
However, I still doubt.
I definitely need to chill out.
Who is able to explain to me that He lives?
Who can go beyond miles and climb mountains for my eyes to see?

Mitta Xinindlu



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Don't Look Down On Me - You Don't Know My Tomorrow

This life is unpredictable.

The people who might seem irrelevant and small to us today might turn out mightier and greater than us tomorrow.

Because this life is all written somewhere, and our control over it is limited.

Know yourself.

Don't deny yourself the time it takes to know yourself.

Be joyful of what you have achieved but beware of pride.

If it's been done and achieved before, you can also do and achieve it.

Forgive yourself - forgive others too; using the same measure that you would like to be used on you.

Grasp all moments

for each moment is pregnant with lessons.

Know that in strength and persistence, with a bold move - even when you're shaking with fear and doubt, all can change.

Joy can be found in grief.

Regardless of your background,

know that you matter to someone;

and that you can wake up tomorrow and be great.

Believe.

Move forward

with some encouragement that only you can award yourself.

Things that happen(ed) in your life

can lead you to greatness and reveal mysteries.

Above all else, be free.

(Inspired by Hillsong United)

Mitta Xinindlu

Broken Clock

Songs of sorrow sprung from my heart;
All I could think about was us falling apart.
Your mind was fully alarmed.
As such, there was no time to talk.
No words, only caughs;
I screamed like a bear
whose seared skin had fully bled.

I saw your face melt into tears.
Picture once perfect,
then turning into sharp spears.
Could I have saved us?
I thought, "it's a must";
There's nothing on the book short;
I did all that I was taught.



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Beauty slowly faded into pain.
Sad eyes, nothing but distain;
parched lips, heart fully stained.
I broke us;
I lost our love in the wind.
This night marks our broken limb;
It seems, the scars are sealed.

Nomore clock for a token.
Our future is broken;
The past, we became.
Oh! What a shame.

#mittaxinindlu??
#mittaxinindlu

Dear Black Man

I love you because
you make me feel things that I have never felt before.
You erase my pain
and you bring me so much gain.
You embrace me and hide me
in your well built African and manly body.
You make me want to never look at other bodies.

I love how you cut your hair.
I love to feel your love in the air.
The texture of your hair, so beautiful, so artistic.
Your beautiful smile, so amazing;
it reminds me of hiding places.
You walk like you own the world;
at least, I assure you that you own mine
and the rest of my words.

Black Man, you are beautiful.
Your skin tone is so dark,
it makes me want to bark.
Please allow me to run my hands
on the hills of that skin.
You are handsome, my amazing king.

The way you speak your language.
The way you speak your Xhosa. Your Hausa.
Your Zulu. Your Kituba. Your Tswana.
Your Lingala. Your Venda. Your Gandomba.
Your Tsonga. Your Shona. Your Bateke.
Your Ga. Your Sotho. Your Igbo.

Your eyes.
Black Man, your eyes
tell me a story never heard before.
You teach me;
from your wisdom, I learn.
From your strength, I know 'I can'.
Black Man, they enslaved you
because they found you intimidating.

But today, they look for you
to be their mate in dating.

You look at my stretchmarks with an eye of an artist.
You appreciate my big behind with no judgement.
You kiss my big lips with love.
And in my big thighs, you hide.
You love me when I have no hair.
You love me when I have fake hair.

Black Man, I thought of you and I wrote to you.
All hail the Black king!

From your Black Woman, (with African curves) .

Mitta Xinindlu

Mine

My favourite colour is you.
You look good on me;
You multiply me by three.
You're bright, you attract.
You're my knight, this is a fact.

Smearing myself with you,
Is one of my favourite things to do.
We create art and lights.
I find joy in wearing you, alright?
Oh! Bright colour,
You're my lover.

My beautiful colour of love!
The man whose power covers me like gloves,
You're my art.
You're my heart.
You're smart;
A shining star from the start.

You're my colour, you're my sign.
You give me power; you're my vine.

Mitta Xinindlu

Lay Me In The Cemetery

I've seen so much beauty in graves.
A place of absolute peace;
where strain and pain
have no chance to teach.
Where birds and flowers fill the place.

I've seen so much beauty in graves.
The yards, the stones, and the engravings.
The shadows of trees,
the summer breeze.
A popular home to dead memories.
The chants of the spirits,
the chirps of the birds without limits;
rent-free, no need for salaries.

Lay my body there.
Prepare my dwelling;
provide me with fresh air.
Decorate my 6-feet below space;
make me feel at home with flair.
Cover me, please, don't leave my body bare.
Weep in sorrow if you care;
Otherwise, just stand there and stare.
Worry not, my soul is no longer in there.

I've seen so much beauty in graves.
I've seen my body lay like a retired slave,
between those who once provided me with bread.
I've seen so much beauty in graves.
I've seen so much beauty in graves.

Mitta Xinindlu

God Smells So Good

God is my flower.

His fragrance is visible to the naked eye like a light from a tower.

Scent so good, He gives me more than life.

He lightens my blues; Oh! What a perfect Knight.

In Him, my garden blossoms even in winter.

Beautiful garden, in need of no sprinkler.

He calms my mind with His bravery and might.

In captivity of mine, He hides my soul with delight.

Oh! How beautiful is He in the morning.

His scent takes away all my mourning.

That perfect smell soothes my soul.

Fragrance spell, as He remains unknown.

Beautiful is He, my God.

He turns my suffering into gold.

A smell so strong to drive away storms.

Smiles in me He forms.

Who else smells this good, but Him?

He's a rich scent, soulful and the mighty leaves of Three.

Mitta Xinindlu

The Bitter Truth

You are not whom you seem to be.
You are not even the people you claim to be.
Your personas, your façades represent you daily.
The only time that you are yourselves is when you are, mainly,
deep in sleep or in mourning.
Come morning,
Come pretence, the damned torments!
You dress yourselves in expensive garments.
You wear learned confidence
as persistence.
Smiles are fake continually;
You wear pretence dogmatically.
You are exhausting.
And your act is equally exhausting.
You march onto the stage;
You refuse to turn over to the next page.
Your bodies are forever on set;
You are in the character they met.
You live the life you make;
You enjoy being fake.

Mitta Xinindlu

The Song

I hear you, The Song.
I believe in you, The Song.

The Song that heals my body.
The Song that dwells in my soul.
Freezing my mind
and making my fingertips numb.
Stealing my time
and taking away my frown.

I hear you, The Song.
I believe in you, The Song.

I hear you, The Song.
The Song that gives questions to my answers.
The Song that turns my life upside down.
The Song that gives troubles to my soul.
Filled with greed and no flowers.

I hear you, The Song.
I believe in you, The Song.

Mitta Xinindlu

A Fallacy: My Youth, Our Youth

A voice to my youth,
our youth.
A voice of pain finally released.
Unappeased.
Released at the expense of blood, tears, and sweat.
Screams coming in floods, piercings, and threats.
I remember your pain too.
I remember your cries and screams of 'Amandla ngawethu'.

Mitta Xinindlu



PoemHunter.com

Dying Inside The Seed

I see no point in dwelling in our thoughts.
I scare the flipping wings off your skin.
Even owls cannot stay awake on this night since we just fought.
You are clearly disoriented when you take your gin.

So, slide through this hole;
Come hide at the back of my grave.
It does not matter now, you're no longer whole.
You are a memory and saved.

Mitta Xinindlu



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I Also Have A Dream

I dream of forests and narrow rivers;
Of the mountains and fountains of disunited souls.
The cries of the unborn aborted children;
The great distance between lovers.
Hatred turning into ashes in people's hearts.
Magnificent murderers walking freely on our streets.
The time bomb machines killing our youth,
And their dreams shattered into sand.
Fear trembling in our parents' lungs;
Blood boiling and spilling off our veins.
The flesh decaying on our bones,
And words of anger escaping from our lips.
Happy homes turning into battle fields
And churches disobeying their gods.
Now wake me up as this is no dream,
But a terrible annoying nightmare.

Mitta Xinindlu



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At Sunset

Someone please lend me a veil
To cover this fragile face.
To cover this nakedness now covered with shame.
A black veil is best fitting to wail.
Which colour would ever best suit my frame?

They have me living in anonymity.
My thoughts have been silenced.
I also have my dignity challenged.
Let alone my humanity.
My past deeds do nothing to regain me.
I am sadly left lost.

Mitta Xinindlu



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This Is How Close I Want To Be

I want to inhale
the breath that you exhale.
My heartbeat
should not be
any second behind to yours.
My eyes should be your cause.
Yours should close my eyelids
or maybe my brown lips.

I want your face
all over my face space;
And the tip of your nose
glued to mine so close.
The fingers of your hands
should perfectly fit mine like bands.
The sweat from my body
should run down on yours ungodly.

I want to be close to you
as a heart is to a lung's view.
If that is not allowed,
I'll settle for your shadow's shroud.
Hold me by my waist to the top
and absorb me like I'm raindrops.

Mitta Xinindlu

Unfold This Grave

When you sit in discussion,
Viewing and giving notice to my percussion;
Singing my life,
making it a free style.
Making jokes;
trying to be fun folks.
About the way that I talk,
the way I walk,
The style of my hair,
And how life for me you think it's fair.

Talking about whom I see,
What kind of a man is he,
Where is he from
and whom is he with and what for;
Trying to figure out
what's his cheating's about.
Dotting down the times that I cry,
laugh or sigh;
The places I go to,
And the depths of my crew.

You have been busy now I see;
You won't rest nor cease.
You've dedicated your lives to mine.
You've been my followers for some time,

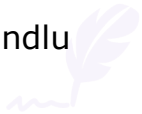
Hush!
Shush!
Enough, now I yell.
Let me live my life to tell.
Let me embrace the love of this man from hell.

Mitta Xinindlu

To Whom It May Concern

I therefore compile this document
In request of so many reasons or replies
Why is it that you say you love me?
Is it the shape of my body
The size of my breasts
Or the smile on my face?
Is it the shape of my legs
The length of my thighs
Or the state of my mind?
Is it the gold between my thighs
The size of my lips
Or the laughter I give?
Is it the shape of my hips
The size of my waist
Or the stories from my teeth?
Tell me now her son
For your immediate response I shall wait.

Mitta Xinindlu



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My Heart Is In Midnight

My eyes are closed; I'm saddened.
My mind is darkened.
I am lying on my back; my mind is lost.
Having emotionless thoughts.

I'm thinking, recalling of what has happened
To my day, my yesterday and all that I had gathered.
I see shadows, figures but no faces.
I wonder in anger, my heart races.

My brain fails to function and follow my heart's instructions.
My soul is repulsing, fighting.
This has been a lie, I decide
My life has not been destroyed, there's no suicide.

Mitta Xinindlu



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Colour-Blind

Does it seem blue, or maybe black?
I think it's white although it kind of looks brown.
D'you see the yellow stripes turning into grey?
These colours all symbolize a colour of the dark night.
A dark colour is warm yet unusual;
It is comforting and never disappointing.
It has a story behind it that is written
in bold letters.
This point is not about black and white;
This is about blue and green.
I take no argument upon this case.
I therefore vanish with my face.

Mitta Xinindlu



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Time

Yesterday I was given time.
I got to know it its prime.
The ticking sign was there;
it identified my inner scares.
Tick! Tick!
I played around with it.
I had longed for its visit.
I heard its song,
Sung by those who were once strong.

Mitta Xinindlu



PoemHunter.com

Poetry

Poetry is neither life nor soul.
It comes to life when it is no longer a definition.
It is a formation of words creatively strung together.
Poetry is not the song or music that you feel.
But the rhythm to that, that, there, and there.
Poetry is formed and established upon the beliefs of a few hearts.
It is a collection of words with a hidden meaning that has come into existence.
Failure or the weak have no power to defeat Poetry.

Poetry is my name, my life, and my soul.
It is the excitement and satisfaction I get when its words arouse me.
Giving to me intimacy, making love.
Poetry goes as deep as the pain does to my heart.
It excitingly and unceasingly flows with blood in my veins,
with neither shame nor pity.
It covers my nakedness, nonetheless.
Poetry finds the fear in me and exposes without shame.
It sympathises with me not.
Yet, I never fall.

It is the collection of words that I drip,
the flesh that I wound,
The mind that I bruise,
but mostly the forgiveness, to me, I give.
It is my weapon which I use to cry when in darkness.
Yes! To weep.

It is my level of balance,
my sane state of mind.
When rain or thunder cease,
Poetry will continue to live.
Proven that will be.

Mitta Xinindlu

And

My happiness depends on your love;
Dreams and goals would not have a meaning
If by you I was not found.
When I stumble, you let me fall;
Longing for me to learn
the true meaning of life.
You bring me bundles of joy
You are a sympathy lord.
Longing for me to know
how nurturing feels.
You internally and mentally make me strong.
You're a creature that I ceased to understand.
You're a spirit that seizes every moment,
You give to me what I longed to receive.

Mitta Xinindlu



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Five Reasons You Are No Good

You are a very bad substance that I got addicted to.
I find your advantages less than your disadvantages.
You make me forget of the important aspects in my life.
You leave me broke and out every time.

You are a heartbreaker;
You leave my heart and needs unattended.
You cause me heartaches every now and then.
You bring cruelty out of my innocent heart.
You even kept me away from the Lord.

You are a bad influence;
You make me dirty, and keep me stuck in a dustbin.
You cause me to stink and be a bad company to the world.
You keep convincing me of things that are not there.
You make me see things your way, leading me out of my good way.

You are a murderer;
You suffocate me and I am now lost with no direction.
I am lonely and cold.
I refuse to get help because you seem to be strong.
You have situated yourself deep down in my veins.

You are a deceiver;
You cause me to think that I will be nothing without you.
You make me think that I can not live with out you.
You make me think that you are a good part of my life.
You make me believe that the world revolves around you.

These are the same reasons that made me see that you are just nothing.

Mitta Xinindlu

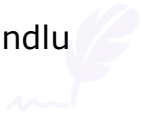
Too Bad For You

You up and left me for her.
You left all that we had dreamt of just like that.
You forgot all about what we stood for.
Now that there is someone to love me, you want me back.

You chose her over me.
You thought that she was better than me
and could give you twice the love I gave you.
You forgot that you had promised to love me until the end.
Now that there is someone to hold me, you want me back.

Remember when you told me that the love was no longer there?
How could it have not been there?
I loved you so much and you knew that.
I had given my all to you.
But you chose her over me.
And now you want me back.

Mitta Xinindlu



PoemHunter.com

I Wanted To

Remember that day when you knocked on my door?

I wanted to open but because of the cold you had made me feel, I could not.

I wanted to open but because of the lies I have heard from your lips, I could not.

I wanted to open but because of the bruises you have left in my heart, I could not.

I just could not face you anymore.

Remember that day when you called my name in the dark?

I wanted to come but because of all the energy I lost crying for you, I could not.

I wanted to come but because of heartache that you caused me, I could not.

I wanted to come but because of the rock you had left in my life, I could not.

I just could not face you anymore.

Mitta Xinindlu



PoemHunter.com

My Future Husband

You are a lot to me.
You mean
the sun,
moon and all the stars.
You mean life, hopes,
dreams and isotopes.
You are happiness,
laughter and nothing less.

I love you, my darling;
You're sparkling.
You're a sweet scent;
One I will never resent.

Mitta Xinindlu



PoemHunter.com

For You

I pray that nothing harms you,
Or break your heart, my dear.
I pray for you nothing but goodness,
As no one deserves meaningful prayers like you do.
I pray for your forgiveness,
your forgiveness is worth praying for.
I pray for each day not to pass by
Without you touching my hand.

I pray for your love not to come to an end,
For it makes me rise up again and again.
I pray for your smile not to stop shining,
For it gives me a light on my way to success.

I pray over and over again to God
To be able to wake up each day and pray for you.
I pray that you and I never part ways,
because you and I create our own way.

Mitta Xinindlu



PoemHunter.com

My Unborn Little Ones

MY UNBORN LITTLE ONES

I see your smiles every single day.
I keep thinking of the things that you will say.
I feel like the right time is the wrong time.
I kneel to God praying for you to be truly mine.

Of course, you will sing to me - nothing but a calm song.
Although you are yet to be born,
you have changed my life forever.
Moreover, I will abandon you - never.

Oh! How special to me - you are.
Your time to come seems too far.
You are my dream, life, and pride.
I hope your time does not come when I have died.

I cannot help but think of your little white lies;
Nevertheless, you will remain innocent to my eyes.
I am longing to hear your unignorable cries.
And to be able to read your brilliant minds.

I always carry you with me in my thoughts.
Moreover, I will - all the time, love you lots.

Mitta Xinindlu

Don't Look Back

Is it not funny now,
that it is you who is begging to be loved?
Oh! Dear, I was nothing to you but kind.
Boy, bye! Take a bow.

I used to love you.
I treated you damn good.
I loved to love you
back and to the moon.

But it was not enough;
the cheating,
the skitting,
until you got caught in the strife.



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Was I not good for you?
Because you took me for a fool.
We were good for each other.
Now I do not want to be with you neither.

I can't go back to the past anymore.
You should have loved me from your core.
You did nothing to my heart but kill.
You have no idea of how you made me feel.

#mittaxinindlu?? #mittaxinindlu

Mitta Xinindlu

This Is What You Are

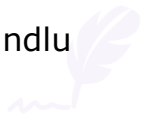
You are my rose, alright;
And my sunshine at night.
You are my candlelight
And in my life you have brought so much delight.

You have been my bun
And compared to you, I find no-one.
You are my sun
And in my life you bring more fun.

You are the afflatus to my imagination
And you're the best part of God's creation.
You reflect the 'best man alive' definition
And in my life you have brought so much satisfaction.

You mean so much to me now
And will always be a part of me, Love.

Mitta Xinindlu



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True Friend

I have gone so high with you.
We have gone to where normal friends wouldn't.
You were not frightened by the cold;
the low temperatures as we rose.
Only because you wanted to be there
when I had reached the moon above the air.

You and I have indeed gone so far together.
We have gone far the distance like feathers.
More than that which casual friends do.
You did not want to turn your back too
when we met obstacles along the way.
You stayed;
Simply because you wanted to be there
when I had reached the last line beyond the snares.

You were also at the bottom waiting to catch me.
And you were there to assist me
lest you had failed to catch me.
You would rather be nothing with me
than seeing me not be the best me.

Simply because you're a true friend to me,
Indeed.

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Mitta Xinindlu