

Poetry Series

Musa Ndhlovu
- poems -

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Musa Ndhlovu(1994 April 04)

He express his own feeling by writing them down in a form of a poem to shear them with other people. You might find them touching, but he find it relieving to write them down. He is not perfect but he strive to be the best. He was not born this way, JESUS CHRIST changed his life.

Mr. Musa Ndhlovu was born on the 4th of April 1994 at a clinic of Watervaal far outside of Siyabuswa in Mpumalanga. He was raised by his mother and father with the help of his grandmother from his father's side.

Somewhere between the year 2000 and 2003 his grandmother on his father's side passed away. He started school at the age of 7 at Oost' Eend Primary school in Pretoria 2001.2002 he changed school and went to Further Achieves Academy in Middleburg. On the same year, his parents divorced and lived with his mother, from 2003 - 2005, he went to another school in Middleburg Combined School. Early 2006 his mother passed away and he was forced to change location and school; he went to live with his grandmother on his mother's side in a village called Wolwekraal outside of Siyabuswa in Mpumalanga.

2006 - 2007 he went to school at Bekezela Primary School. As he went to high school, he changed schools and went to Slindile Secondary School in 2008 - 2010. He was successfully able to complete his Education at Kwandebele Science School in Gaphahla next to Siyabuswa 2011 - 2014 at the age of 20. Living with his aunt who was a domestic worker.

As a young man, he once got himself in a multiple relationship of three. However, there was one lady who loved him more than the others girls did. She was the first lady he proposed amongst the other two. His time with her was small and it was worth it. As a teenager, he had dreams and wishes, most of his dreams was about his family that was promised to him by God Almighty. At some period, he thought of being honest to himself as well as to the one he love the most amongst the three. But than for him to see who loved him most, he was to brake up with them all. He started by brake up with the one who loved him most. Then the one who was not even sure who and how he was and ended up with the one who he spent more time with.

The ending of his relationships with them all made him to realize that the one who he spent most time with got over him so fast. Then the one who did not know him well enough as a lover wanted to fix things with him but she gave up

on him. But then, after fourteen days; the one who loved him more than the other two was able to show him that she love him and her life was not going to be normal with out him. Mr. Musa Ndhlovu came to his sense and started to be honest with her. They bonded together and sheared many things together. They both decided to get married and live happily together.

From there on, days went by and he went back to the lady he promised he would on the poem ' LEAVING YOU WAS NOT EASY '. The lady however broke up with him. Through the pain and sorrows Mr Musa Ndhlovu went through, he somehow thought to himself that he will not date anymore. At the age of nineteen, he somehow got engaged to a lady who mourned his love; the poem 'MOURNING THE UNBOUND LOVE' tells us so. They fell in love just as Mr Musa Ndhlovu on the poem 'WE FELL' says. The love he had for her was beyond the lady's mind. Mr M Ndhlovu wrote poems like 'MY HOT WOMAN, COME MY LOVE COME, AFTER MEETING, FROM STRANGERS TO LOVERS, AM I LOSING YOU, MY SOURCE OF HAPPINESS and WHERE DID IT ALL GO' dedicating them to her. The teenage lady however, one of the bad days, she came to him brave enough and told him that she is in love with the man she was in love with before she fell in love with him...

By than, Mr Musa Ndhlovu was doing Grade Twelve: as a fast thinker, he believed the proverb that said, "THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A LOVE OF YOUR LIFE AND A SOUL MATE IS THAT THE OTHER ONE IS A CHOICE".

On the year 2011 he met Miss Buyisile Beauty Msiza who was like his biological baby sister in a noisy classroom full of learners. Mr Musa Ndhlovu told himself that he has to make himself related to the lady, however by than Mr Musa Ndhlovu was Seventeen years old. Instead of proposing Miss Buyisile Beauty Msiza who was Thirteen years old that year, he asked her to be his sister for she reminded him of his biological baby sister. The young lady had a nerve to hate him just because of her own reasons which Mr Musa Ndhlovu himself knows not. The next year after that, which was 2012 the Miss Buyisile Beauty Msiza gave in. They became like siblings without their parents knowing. As they spent time together, love grew in them so strong in a sense that, Mr M Ndhlovu would say something before the young lady would say it. On the contrary, the young lady would spot sadness and pain in Mr Musa Ndhlovu before he could even speak of it. (They were one in short.) Intimacy, passion, and commitment love grew strong in them.

(From here we see how friends became lovers)

They were both in love unnoticed.

Come 2013, the Miss Buyisile Beauty Msiza was forced to relocate, move from KwaMhalanga to Witbank. These are two different places in Mpumalanga. Mr M

Ndhlovu's life was messed up after she left. And from the young lady's side, her life was a mess too. Their communication along the year had some break up. By then, it was as if there was a force preventing Mr Musa Ndhlovu from communicating with Miss Buyisile Beauty Msiza who once hated him. Late 2013 they were both indirectly given even chances to see how life would be without each other. Pain and sorrows came their way frequently on the year of 2013. We know this from the poem, 'THE ROAD FROM NINETEEN TO TWENTY'.

On the year 2014, their communication was build. The baby sister of Miss Buyisile Beauty Msiza was kind enough to allow Miss Buyisile Beauty Msiza to use her phone ever since she had no phone that year. They spoke after a long time and Mr Musa Ndhlovu was Twenty years old and the Miss Buyisile Beauty Msiza was Sixteen years old. From what they had learned from the past. The truth was finally exposed. Miss Buyisile Beauty Msiza told Mr Musa Ndhlovu that when he is done wasting his time with the other ladies he was dating, he should know that she is waiting for him. Mr Musa Ndhlovu wrote the poem, 'FINALLY'. The poem tells us that Mr Musa Ndhlovu, all along had a clue that the right lady for him is the one who he met 2011 in a classroom that was full of noise.

On the 22nd of March 2014, this two people flipped their siblings like relationship to lovers relationship. Mr Musa Ndhlovu was so happy and pleased. We get the lady's description and character in his poem 'HER ATTRACTION'. He wrote many poems about her and to her which are, 'BUYISILE, THEY CAME TO ME, ON THAT DAY, AS MUCH AS I HATE CONFIRMING and LOVE IS IN THE AIR'. The lady however knows how to play with words. She drafted, 'KISS IN THE WIND' and other poems that are not uploaded here about Mr Musa Ndhlovu.

Today there is a long distance separating them, yet they are lovers now. Yes, Miss Buyisile Beauty Msiza started by being Mr Musa Ndhlovu's little sister and now they are lovers. They believe that it has been confirmed in the Heavens that they are to be together. They consider each other to be soul mates. At the age of Twenty, Mr Musa Ndhlovu already knew who was his soul mate.

Currently Mr Musa Ndhlovu is still at school, Praising and Worshiping the LORD God Almighty. He is waiting for the right time to settle down. He want to do Psychology, but his gardens want him to do Construction Management. At this days of his life, Mr Musa Ndhlovu is a faithful servant of the LORD JESUS. He is an Assistant Pastor where he fellowships at Siyabuswa House Of Praise.

A Man Of Different Charectarestics

He dress like a school learner
He go where school learners go.
He walk like a hooligan and he
Speak like a pimp, yet that's
Not who he is.

He dress like a church leader
He go were the leaders go.
He stand like a thug and he
Look like a fool, but that's
Not who he is.

He dress like he is in the streets
He eat what street walkers eat.
He think like a wise man and he
Small like a rich woman, however
That's just not who he is.

He dress like many different people
He occupy different positions and
He do what many people do always.
That's who he is. A combination of
Many different human character.

Musa Ndhlovu

A Silent Gun

You don't need a big bang
You can just be invincible
You can only be seen by those who know
You can never be heard

Whenever they make noises in class
The noises to answer questions
You can be there doing nothing about it
You can pretend to not know.

A silent gun don't need a big bang
It is seen by the damage it did
A silent gun don't fight for position
It just do what it does best.

I don't need to blow my own trumpet
I don't need to show how best I can do
I don't even bother making noise
I don't fight back in words.

Give me a pen and a paper to show you
Give me the task I perform best
Give me the victim to attack
My victim is a question paper to answer
I am, I am the Silent Gun.

Musa Ndhlovu

Acrostic: Musa Ndhlovu

Memories is not my thing,
Understanding is my thing.
Sometimes I talk too much,
Actually I express my opinion.

Now than, do not work to
Deceive me, I know better.
However, I swallow my pride,
Love everyone around me.
Observing nothing bad or
Very sad. Just beauty and
Ultimate God like behavior.

Musa Ndhlovu

Africa

My land Africa.

My home Africa.

My place of birth Africa.

Loved by A, Amateur, Against and Anger are the south Africans.

The place of B, Bravado, Botchand Burren is South Africa.

The land of C, Criticism, Crime and Corruption is in South Africa.

Loved by D, Danger, Drugs and Dirt is loved by South Africans.

I rob a bank. 'It's a business man.'

I kill a woman. 'It's her child.'

I escape a case. 'It's a bribe.'

The people sported a business man a child and a bribe.

'Oh land-line news! ' No truth is yet to come.

Maybe A is for Anger or B for Bravado nor C for Criticism

More like D for Danger. What is it for?

Perhaps A, B, C, D is the next altercation.

'Oh dear South Africa! ' You cannot sight A, B, C, D by majority.

You cannot compare hence A, B, C, D with W, X, Y, Z which

Is Worth, Xerophyte, Yield and Zealous.

My underpants being dragged down,

My privet part exposed.

The pride I get from my clouts, stolen.

Is this the new South Africa?

Is this the new rainbow nation of South Africa?

Their intelligence and talent are worthless, but I say with pride.

My land Africa.

My home Africa.

My place of birth Africa.

Musa Ndhlovu

After All, Open Your Eyes

After all, what I wanted
Was turned to what I hated.

Mixed up emotions with feelings
Confusion, Painful, unbearable feelings.

I look for direction but no way

How come can I lose love and
Find love from another place?

Why can't I just have one lover?
Why do you have to go?

Can't you see that I love you?

Look at me, is this not love?
I must have been inlove with you.

But you where blind to see that,
Open your eyes, and look around.

Musa Ndhlovu

After Meeting

As the distance grew bigger
Between us, I kept looking back
Measuring you as you grew smaller and
Smaller. Came a point where
I could only see your shape
As we walked in opposite directions
I kept looking back till I saw you no more.

Musa Ndhlovu

Am I Losing You?

Late night hour, alone in bed,
That's were many questions
Come up to my mind after a
Long hot day. They come up
Like this, I losing you?
If no, than why do you ignore me?
Why won't you touch the way you
Use to? Why won't you bite me?
Why don't you play your songs to
Me? Why do you act like I'm history?
If yes, is he better than me?
Is he able to do you more than
I did you? Is he worth losing kilos
For? Is he worth breaking all the laws
That woman lives by for? Is he worth
Mourning for? Am I losing you?

Musa Ndhlovu

Another Different Day

We played music,
Our voices where music.
My hands on her;
Close enough to smell her.

My head above her shoulder,
Her head on my shoulder.
Snap snap, and turn around;
So that I may snap snap the other round:

Not being late-
Made the enemy not to hate.
From a distance they watch,
With nothing to do but to watch

Boys behind her saw a
Guy. Girls in front of her saw a
Lady. Both of them are glad,
Truly, they where made.

She made me feel something.
By her touch she explained onething.
The one that is felt by many,
Even though It confuse many.

Her eyes where shining like star at night,
My chest was warn as the pillow at night.
Friands not near by than,
Enemies close by than

With pride, we did our thing,
By hate, they wanted our thing.
With love, we gave them the space,
With hate, they left our space.

Musa Ndhlovu

As Much As I Hate Confirming

As much as I hate confirming
The fact that I am falling in
Love with you. Not to mention
The feeling that I am feeling
In your absence. It's like you
Are a quicksand, the more I
Wiggle, the more I sink into
You. Running away from you is
Like running away from myself,
You are always in my heart,
Running in my mind, spinning
My world around. Controlling the
Weather, changing my dark-days,
Making every hour great for me.

As much as I hate confirming
The fact that I am missing you,
Makes me to think of doing one
Thing which is thinking of you.
The distance is always covered by
My thoughts about you. It's like
They bring you close to me: I
Feeling like I am in your mist.
Oh woman, how can I show you
The love I have for you? For my
Ways are so lame compared to
The love I have for you, and I
Mean you alone I will love and
Cherish every night after day.

Musa Ndhlovu

Buyisile

From a Zulu name 'Buyisile'
Meaning 'Brought Back'

With no hope in me
She came and something was back in me.
After a violent tempest
Or should I say a hungry pest?

After all that I lost
She... I mean her.., more like you.
It is you who brought back
Love, joy, peace, hope and laughter.

You brought back the things in need.
Yes they where lost, now they are back indeed.

Musa Ndhlovu

Come My Love, Come.

Come my love, come. I am
Calling you to come. I am
Willing to show you my love
Tonight, come I say. Remove
This things between us and
Let me express my love and
Please you. The pleasure is
All mine; from deep down is
Where my love comes from.
Come my love, let us make love.
Bring your thighs to mine love;
Let them feel the love in us.
Come my love, this love is in us.
Come love; I am calling you.

Musa Ndhlovu

Don'T Go

After a long walk with an interesting
Flow; from the woods we appeared,
Slowly stepping in to the shade ahead
Of us. We stood, with joy quenching
The heat from the blazing sun on
One spring. The conversation went on.
We knew much more was to flow.
Time went on a last lap: we slowly
Increased the distance between us.
Sadness became our musk, in us
We felt a common feeling, lov'
The mood drove her to say don't go.
With no choice, I seized, she frozen
We joined hands and a symbol of like
Was exposed to the short one who might
Spend her life with the tall one's trust.

Musa Ndhlovu

Dreaming Of You

Last night, you and I
In my mind we set talking,
Preparing ourself for a new
Ship, with my love you were satisfied.
With your love I was blessed.
Your touch, your smile, your voice.
Ok, your all is what I long for,
From my view, you deserve the best,
From their view, I'm the best; I came
To myself and realized I was dreaming.

Musa Ndhlovu

Earth, You Are So Cruel

Oh powerless earth! How long will you consume the innocent?
You shake in terror and terrify the breath on you.
You wash yourself When they are not done repairing their
Shelters. You are so weakened by the structures build
On you, you are boiling with anger. You sometimes
Let it flow down the mountain. Oh earth! You
Have covered your head and feet with ice for you know your
Anger. Why be proud knowing that you are full of moods.
You cannot even control your feelings. Speak up I say.
Stop the temporary pests that make them use their
Treasures. You are so selfish; you try to destroy their crops
By locust during the day. Why won't you stand up for yourself?
Why send the tarmacs to mess up their fortunes?
Why won't you realize that you are a coward. You should swallow
Your pride, it has no impact on their souls and it is pointless.
You should be ashamed of yourself for they are the one who are
Making you who you are. Perhaps you should think of the future
For they believe one-day, they will leave you and go somewhere.
By than to them, you will be history that is not worth talking
About. Change before it is too late for you. Shame on you!

Musa Ndhlovu

Failed To Appreciate

To all the pain I cost you,
I have no way to pay you
Back with. The effort cost
Me much to make you feel pain.

To all the time you spent with me,
I have no amount to pay you back.
The moment I tried to gather the
Amount, you spent your time with me.

To all the sacrifices you made,
I have no better one to counter
Act yours. No matter how hard I
tried to stop you, you continued.

To all the choices you took,
The one you made for leaving
Me made me to realize that you
Thought of yourself alone.

With a broken heart, you came.
With my effort I fixed it. I
Expected nothing as a payment,
Not even a favor as payment.

Wrecked as you were, I build
You up. I placed you in shape,
and you shorn so bright
I even feared to touch you.

You ignored all the things
I did for you. The love I had
For you I proved it by trust.
Yet, you boiled with lust.

I don't hate you for all
Of that; all that don't hurt
Me at all. I forgive you. Yet
Never will I forget your ways.

Nothing hurts me most
Than the fact of knowing
That you never appreciated
Every little thing I did for you..

Musa Ndhlovu

Finally

After a long time, it finally came
To heart. She runs in my mind none
Stop. The long lost feeling has
Finally came back. The lady I
Once thought will never love me
The same way as I. Has finally
Exposed her love to me. This day
I say, is the day true love was
Explained by a reminder of what
We both had in common. Finally,
I now believe that the alteration
Of flash has no effect on true love.
Finally, I say, even after the sunset,
Love will always stay the same, even
To the point of skin and bones, love
Still believe in its natural love, which
Is beyond the worth of silver and
Gold. Finally, I now conclude and
Say, hail or storm, sun or clouds,
Shall come to pass at the end. But
Love will flow till the age of skull.
In her alone is were I felt true love.

Musa Ndhlovu

For The First Time

Seeing her for the first time
Made him for the first time
To love the things he hates
About such characteristics
On a species like her.

Musa Ndhlovu

From Strangers To Lovers

Never seen together before time
Allowed them to be in the same
Field of mind building.
Not expecting any bonding.

Now both at same level,
The one I call stage eleven.
Never thought I of friendship,
Neither did I think of a relationship.

When we closed, they knew friendship,
Now we open, they find a relationship.
Yes; some will congratulate
And some will compliant.

Souls talk just as birds
Sing every day after rise.
More like a wolf in
Every full moon in the dark sky.

But now, from two months
It has finally come to mouth.
We bond; building a ship
That will revile our relationship.

Musa Ndhlovu

Happy Birth Day Mama

Joy was boiling in me; it was too
Much. I wanted to shear it with
An unknown soul which I never met,
But I somehow saw from a distance.
Not in all days, just once in a year
Comes the day which is worth smiling
More than others. I thought once and
I concluded before I even finished,
My ways of making myself smile, are
Generated by the smiles I see before
Me. I, calling it the true heart medicine.
The only one that can be constructed by
Just good words from the heart, saying
Nothing but; happy birth day Mama

Musa Ndhlovu

He Went On None Stop

Cloudy and less wind
He laughed till the end.
With no power to run away,
I had to wait till he goes away.
My actions were loud to make him happy.
Even to the point of hate, he was not sad
Not even close, not even a little bit.
The pleasure of great Joy, made
Me to end up tossing the shame
To undefined excitement from within.
To stare could not make him stop,
Even thought the second option was a step
To his terrible, trembling threat.
Complaining about the pain equally
Made him to laugh out loudly.
With no help, I moved away and
Only to find out where I went
He was there. Strangers not knowing
His fear, could not hesitate joining
His melody of laughter caused by my actions.
Confirmation: I do not regret what I
Did, for I was following the instructions I
Was to bow to. Pride ran away and
Left me with a dark feeling in the light.

Musa Ndhlovu

Her Attraction

I could feel her breath as she speaks
Next to me. I could not stop looking
In her eyes, they are as clean as snow,
Her brown chunk chubby cheeks are as
Soft as cotton. O my! I have seen
The beauty of the LORD in flash.
The structure of her body is so amazing.
My hands on her were like lotion
All over her. Before she came our love
To me was blur to me. Next to me...
It was the best I have ever seen.
If she is not love, than I here love.

Musa Ndhlovu

Him I Mean Me... Her I Mean You Part 1 And 2

I have been hurt
Once and i cried
Myself out.
She has been hurt
Once and she cried
Herself out.
We both know
How it feels to be
Heart broken.
It took me a
Long time to recover.
Yet she had no chance
To recover for I was
There to fix her broken heart.

She is afraid of the
Way things will turn
Out like the bignning
Which is what I... When
I mean I... I mean my
Self will try my best to
Show her that I can be the
Keper of her fragile heart.
I was afraid foronce
But it took courage
That is in me to stand
Up and fix my own heart
Andtry my level best
To give it to the one I love.

Musa Ndhlovu

I Am A Moving Force

Every force generates from somewhere,
It depends on the source of
The force. The distance of
The force from the source has no impact.
Yes, I am a moving force,
Everywhere I go; I make an impact.
When I say a word; people act.
Yes, I generate from somewhere,
My secret is the source I am from.
My source makes me to move from
Here to there, from first to second.
My source is from above: The second hand
Of the Almighty! Now tell me your force.
What is the source of your force?

Musa Ndhlovu

I Had Fun

The wind was blowing under my arms
As I swung freely under the arms
Of a green tree with purple tips.
I spun while I listen to the birds
Melody. Oh soul, I had fun.
From school, they walk staring
At me as I swung, enjoying
The wind blowing under my arms
As I swung freely under the arms
Of a green tree with purple tips.

Musa Ndhlovu

I Hear A Song I Hear A Cry.

Listin to the sound, with no beat
They dance to the sound, with no beat.
They make it run like dead waters
Listin to the sound of falling waters.
The song they sing has changed,
It has changed to a good night song.
All they can say is shut it down,
Heads turned it on, now they want it down.
Joy in the morning after rise
Weeping in the noon after set.
Some song when the sun is shining,
Same moves when the moon is shining.

Should we fight beck or talk beck?
Lets stand forward or stand firm.

Musa Ndhlovu

I Love You Not For Your

I love you not for your
Own love, but for the love
Of my love. Tell me, if your
Name is love, than your
Name is boiling in me, calling
You the owner to fuse and
Form a bond of silver and gold.
Yet, you stand and act as if
There is nothing that needs you
In it's presence. You know me:
Yet, you don't know the
Love I have for you.

Musa Ndhlovu

I Miss That Part

I miss that part,
The very same part
That came every night before I sleep.
It happened before you sleep.
Young as I was, with no
Knowledge and understanding on
The words of wisdom,
That invited me freedom.
I miss that part.
You used to play that part
Of reading the book of wisdom
For me, to understand freedom.
You used your time before you sleep,
To explain every line before I sleep.

Musa Ndhlovu

I Thought You Did, But You Didn'T

Feel the same way I did
When we were both
Left alone just like swans.

I thought you did, but you didn't
Get the explanation that
Was written in black ink
On a paper I sent to you.

I thought you did, but you didn't
Mean the three short
Sweet words that was stated
By you on the love note.

I thought you did, but you didn't
Understand what I meant
When I said I love you
A little bit more than you do.

I thought you did, but you didn't
Mean most of the sweet words
You said. If I am wrong,
Than correct my thoughts.

Musa Ndhlovu

I Was Told

I was told about the pride of a man who
Lived a life so free from evil, yet died.
The sun and mountains mound his death;
That was when they realized that he was
Who he said he was. I tell you, I was told.

I was told about the brave men who
Lived their life with sacrifice, yet died.
The elders and nations recall their death;
That proves to me today that this men
Striven for freedom. I tell you, I was told

I was told about the great woman who
Woke up every night praying, yet died.
Some women still stick to that tradition;
That explains why they are called the
Women of strength. I tell you, I was told.

I was told about the gossiping woman who
Knew all the news in the village, yet died.
Some women still follow her footsteps today;
That shows me that, it is gossip that will
Follow them till death. I tell you, I was told.

I was told about the three hijackers who
Stole, killed and destroyed, yet died.
Their offspring are still found in the streets;
That brings fear to many out there at
Night in the streets. I tell you, I was told.

I was told about the small smart poet who
Wrote about anything he knew, yet dead.
Many read his writing even today they do;
That taught me souls not to give up in
The things I love. I tell you, I was told.

I was told about a faithful great saint who
Preached about the resurrection of the dead.
Many people believed and some people do;

That gave hope to everyone that day that
The lost will be found. I tell you, I was told.

Musa Ndhlovu

If I Had A Plan...

If I had a plan,
I would use it to make
You feel special since
Today is your special day.

If I had a plan,
I could expose it out
To you in a way that
It will please you.

If I had a plan,
I think I should
Outlay it to you
Alone with love.

If I had a plan,
No wait, I have a
Plan. I will just
Use the things I have.

If I had a plan,
Yes, I have found a plan.
My plan is to wish you
A happy birthday in black and white.

Musa Ndhlovu

If This Is How She Sleeps

If this is how she sleeps
Then she hardly sleep.
The dreams she gets keeps her awake,
Not for troubles, yet for the hate awaits
In the morning. The man of her dreams
Has turned to a man of her grim.

Musa Ndhlovu

In Love There Is No Pride

It was not your beauty he admired,
But your personal being he desired.
With his words, he came,
Even though they were lame.
With courage, he told you his words,
But then, you thought he was wired.
You gave him a chance to see,
The beauty you have like the sea.
For a guy, like him, with no pride
Came to you, with a heart so wide.
And asked you to get on his ship
To build a new relationship.
With silence, you took back your hand
And refused to go with him to his land.
With confusion, he stood as a young man,
With pride, you walked away like a woman.

Musa Ndhlovu

Is It About Feelings?

Is it about feelings?

Me, feeling: Praised,

: Loved,

: Respected.

If yes, than why am

I feeling: Ignored,

: Rejected,

: Used?

Maybe there is no true

Love in humans. The true

Love is from God.

Who can change the odds?

Is it about feelings?

Oh no, it is about God.

Musa Ndhlovu

Is It You Or I?

Who keeps knocking,
Knocking our relationship down.

For me I mean myself
Wanted to be with you yourself
Face all odds together.

Like no other has ever been together.
But you I mean yourself
Have your own odds of confusion.

Musa Ndhlovu

Just The Love

JUST THE LOVE I HAD FOR YOU
HAS NOT CHANGE TILL YOU,
I MEAN YOURSELF BEING

CAME IN HOLDING HIM BY HAND,
YOU WALKED IN AND TOOK MY HAND.
CLOUSE ENOUGH TO MAKE US

FIGHT FOR THE ONE WE LOVE.
THE TRUTH IS IN ME LOVE,
JUST THE LOVE I HAVE FOR YOU.

Musa Ndhlovu

Kiss In The Wind

If I was the moon;
I would light a path to heart,
When you are feeling down and stormy
And when your world is falling apart.

If I was the wave;
I would wash away your doubts,
Flood your world with happiness
And show you what love is all about.

If I was the sun;
I would dry up your tears,
Your loneliness with despair
And all your remaining.

If I was the wind;
I would blow you a kiss,
Hug on your heart
And give you something to miss.

But I am just me;
Your lover and friend,
The love I have for you
Dose not have an end.

Musa Ndhlovu

Kyoze Kube Kuning?

Kukhola kwami hingani
Ungifikela ngisadla ubuntja bami?
Budoda bamihingani
Ungifikela ngisadla ubuntsizwa bami?
Kuguga kwami hungani
Ugifikela ngisagla ubudoda bami?
Kufa kwami hungani
Ungifikela ngisadla ukuguga kwami?

Kungani ungathi
Mawufika uncocoze ngikuvulele?
Kyoze kube kunini
Lapho isela lingasatjontji?
Kyoze kube lilanga
Lokuqamuka kukaJesu!

Musa Ndhlovu

Leaving You Was Not Easy

It was not easy,
And still, it is not easy.
Things from my heart
Are not different from art.
Some are not worth to say
Even though, I find them easy to lay.
The truth that you know,
Is the one I want to live with by now.
Even though, trust, believe and support was least,
Your true love, kept me in your mist.
Even though the path in the bushes may change,
Never will my love for you change.
I am not leaving you for good,
But, I promise to be back for good.

Musa Ndhlovu

Let Me End This

Let me end this,
It is not what I had in mind.
End it? Not like this
But how can I use my mind?
I tried many ways making a way,
But still, it is not working anyway.
Why shouldn't I end this?
Why can't we both end this?
What is that left for you?
Move on, you have more than me.
They are better than me.
What is that left on me?
Move on, they have more than me.

Musa Ndhlovu

Letter To My Ex's

To think about you dose not
Mean I miss yot. Your calls to me
Dose not make me to think of
Giving you a second chance. Your text's;
To me they are like wind blowing out
Of nowhere. Your sweet words to me
Are like the sound that is made by ants.
I don't hate you: If I had a glass of
Water and your hair cought fire, I
Would drink that water. I love you
As much as trees like growing in the desert.
I hope you will forgive yourself for leaving me.

Musa Ndhlovu

Letter To The Devil

Darkness I found myself lost in you,
With no mercy, my heart is what you
Pierced. You slied in and destroyed
Me in the dark. Oh yes, you betrayed
Me. You welcomed me to kill with you than
You invited me to steal something better than
What I had. You are so dark and for all the
Things you did to me; I don't hate You the
Way you hate me. I just hate the fact that
I don't hate you at all. And in all of that
I hate that you lied to yourself by believing
That you had me pinned down. Oh and one
Thing, in the dark I met light and the one
Who is called darkness bowed before Him.
I found myself rejoicing and praising in Him!
With mercy, my heart is what light fixed.
Light shined in me and gave me faith.
Oh yes, He created me. Light welcomed
Me to have a good life with Him than
Light invited me to preach something than
To steal. He is so bright and for all the
Things He did to me; I love Him the
Way He love me. I just love the fact that
I love Him that's all. And in all of that
I love that He speak the truth even to the
Point of death. Light believes He can exalted me.
Oh and last thing; I'm forever in the light now.

Musa Ndhlovu

Love Is In The Air

Soft caring love here you are,
What have you been hiding for?
Havint you heard what I was looking for?
Why don't you want to come out now?

Sorry to tell you now-
I have filled the air with many things,
Things such as Love, Romance and Kisses.
Come out now and fall in love.

Feel the love in the air,
Absorb the Cold-Soft kisses in the air.
Let the spirit of romance
Put a smile on your face.

Do you see how beautiful is the air?
It is yours from me to you for fair.

Musa Ndhlovu

Love Of My Name

She still cakes me: by the name
My blood mother loved to call me with.
But that was then, when she use to be with
Us: in the same yard. Me with no aim.

The one I call my fraternal twin,
A lady; is the one who calls me with that name.
If one calls my name, I feel at home.
At nine, I like it. Now I l've it and I'm nineteen.

My mother is gone now,
And left me with something odd.
Yes, I am the one who own
It. I always thank God.

The subject is not my desire,
But the tag, I admire.

Musa Ndhlovu

Mourning The Unbound Love

Truth be said by few even to the
Point of death, it is severe to the
One who hardly speak it. After
Few weeks, courage has been gained
To outlay the truth. Just the timing
Was not right. The rejection of a
Gradually growing love within a soul,
Ended up boiling with tears, day
And night, caused by the rejected
Love. Mourning the unbound love.

Musa Ndhlovu

My Hot Woman

What a Summer day that woke
Me up from my day dream walk.
You are hot and shiny as
A iron from a Blacksmith;
Your brightness touches my skin,
I sometime think of the sin
I do before your eyes. Oh my,
woman, you are so mine and mine-
Alone. When you walk with me,
I find every soul staring at me;
My true love showers your body
With the truth from the Holy
One above who blessed me with you.
My love; is what I will feed you.

Musa Ndhlovu

My Love After You

The sun rises once again
A awakening me from the clam of night before
Where I could hear nothing but the sound of silence
Where I could feel nothing but the breath of my soul
With the majesty of the morning sun,
comes with it the sorrows of my life,
Where the realities of losing you haunt me,
Where the shadows of my past taunt me
Cries of mine to you to return,
Falls upon the ground below
Like the autumn leaves which drops from the above
Like the droplets of the rain from the clouds beyond reach
The war within my heart
Hides between the shadows of the dark
Praying for the night for it all to go away again.

Musa Ndhlovu

My Love For You

Is what I dedicate to you.
Without my voice to say,
I take a pen and a paper to say.

Not being sure what's next,
Sometimes it makes you wonder what's next.
Not forgetting what they are saying
Keeps me thinking of the things I am doing.

Is it bad for me to touch you
On your chicks or hips? Or use you
To let your soft cold lips
To turn me on by touching my lips?

As the full moon sets behind you,
Every guy hates me behind you.
Yes; it is round just like
The marbles on your face I like.

Should I keep them away?
Or should I stay away?
For it seems as if they are not good,
Yet, not for us, but for our good...

If yes to all, than how can I?
Cause the only thing I
Can do, is to put more smiles
On your face and keep my lines.

Musa Ndhlovu

My Meaning Of Love

My true meaning of love,
A feeling that makes you fall in love.
I say love is a undefined feeling,
Some say it is a lovable feeling.

True love is unconditional,
Endless and kindly infinity.
Love makes you do unwanted
Things and things that are wanted.

They say love is blind,
But I say love is round,
With no starting point,
Nor ending point.

Love is the reason of the
Smile on my face and the
Stars in my eyes and the
Growing faith in thee.

Musa Ndhlovu

My Sister's Love

Alone in her absence, I wonder
Only of the words she never said
To me in person. Flabbergasted
I was, after the announcement.
As I tried to digest the words,
I sucked in them; for the words
Left me intoxicated. They sounded
So real and unbelievably so true.
The one was born after me - has
Finally outlayed the love in her to me.

Musa Ndhlovu

My Source Of Happiness

My source of happiness has
Turned into a unbearable trash;
Which was generated by a new fresh
Truth that exposed lust from the one who was
To be known as, the Lover's Princess.
Tossed, turned, polled with no flash,
I somehow thought I was to parish.
By then: My earthly love life was a mess.

Now that source of happiness, is
Nowhere to be seen nor found.
For the truth in me; flows with love.
Now today, the true Lover's Princess is
In the process of being seen and around
Me: Not because of lust, but for love.

Musa Ndhlovu

O How I Would Love To Be

O how I would love to be
With such structure. O ho'
I like the format of your shape.
O lady, I lust for your touch on
Every noonday. Such above
Does do chance with the simple
Time flow. If I was to pause the move
Of day, it would be by noon. Simple
because of your structure drowns
My pride and your shape fill me with
Affection. Yet your soft touch drown
Me in my own emotion. I so wish of you with
Me for loves sake. Yet, even all that may
Be so, other wishes will not come true...

Musa Ndhlovu

On That Day

On that day.
Someday, one-day,
I don't know which day.
But that day, I will sing
you a song that day
Till you fall to sleep the
next day. When you wake
Up that day: You will notic'
That I sang you a song the
Previous day; and you fell
Asleep the next day which
Will be on that day.

Musa Ndhlovu

Only If

Spotless beauty, how can I
See the beauty you have? For I
Have tried to view all the
Angles, but all I get is the
Spotless beauty.

Toneless sound, how can I
Hear the sound you make? For I
Have tried to listen to all the
Rooms, but all i get is the
Toneless sound.

Loveless place, how can I
Get to the place you're at? For I
Have tried to travel all the
Country, but all i get is the
Loveless place.

Only if you can stop viewing the angles,
Only if you can stop listening to the rooms,
Only if you can stop travelling the country,
Only if you can start looking in your heart,
That's where you can find me.

Musa Ndhlovu

Performed Upon The Wall Of Shade

I stood there with ecstasy,
Expecting, nothing but to see
You standing by me, holding
My hand, feeling the graduating
Love growing in me: Transferred
From my hands to your hands,
Heads lifted, eyes opened, hands
Clapping, complementing our position.
Admiring the standard of our situation.

I was to be somewhere, but your
Personal being, kept me in your
Mist. I went, I found myself
Craving for your touch. When you laugh
My blood dance to the
Sound you make. Oh My heart!
You always desire a natural art.
A super strong smooth sound
Keeps calling me to your place.

Musa Ndhlovu

Promise In The Dark

So we grew as days go by
Expecting the only day that comes
To level us up: My turn came
And I found no body but you
By my side. Surely the truth flowed
In the dark. Words falling like
Water from a clef landing on
Your heart: I hoping that they will
Flow in you forever. What goodness
Is in the dark? The presence
Of two opposite genders sited, shearing,
Out laying the truth that will lead
Them to make a promise in the dark.
Mixed up emotions flowed just as
Fat on a hot pen till one said
Stay by my side and I will stay by your side.
That's the promise in the dark.

Musa Ndhlovu

Quality Performance

Quality performans is what we do,
It is in us what we do,
Regardless of what they are thinking,
In our minds we are thinking.
Quality performance is what we see.
The success, place and life you see,
It is a symbol of quality
Performance that was delivered by quality.
Nevertheless, it is by Him.
Quality ability is from Him.
The strength, courage and love we have,
It is still the one they are to have.
May we all try not to be proud.
And not ignore thous who are proud.
It is in us to give love,
Not to wait to receive love.
Quality performance is in you,
Let it be seen in you.

Musa Ndhlovu

Royalty That Rule My Love

Hear me call
Go not outside looking for me,
Deep deep as a well
In thy heart I stand I say.
Up I look I say
I spin nor turn to find love.
Only in thou eyes I see love
They speak louder than thou majestic tone.
Pulse beat smooth, Smooth I say is the sound
Of your voice that woke me up,
Up from the land of loneliness.

Nor, my love expression bad looks
Thou, down written words ye feel.

Musa Ndhlovu

Sameactions

Like a tree with leaves,
Green as ever are her leaves.
Talk about behaviour around me,
Exuberating thoughts around me.
Body well served from the One,
Surely the One is pleased by her.
Shy eyes, beautiful smile,
Sexual corruption with a smile.
Loved by lover confused by love.

Musa Ndhlovu

She Is Back

There she comes again,
Thinking of her again.
Not knowing how she will run again,
I, knowing she will ask again,
Should I tell her my name again?
Since she is back in the fast lane.
What if she use her lines
To direct my own to her lines
By paralizing my beautiyul lines?

Musa Ndhlovu

Thank You Gerald Dumisani Aphane (Best Friend)

He came to me as a friend;
Yet, God proved him to be a gift.
In all he did, he showed me the right path.
The one he worships made me to be an
Instrument to be played amongst many.
As young as he was, he never destroyed a soul.
The love he has generates from the Almighty.
Some saw him wired and lame, however I
Saw hm as a gift. With nothing to give,
I use my talent to say, thank you Gerald.

Musa Ndhlovu

The Broken Frame

Windows where opened;
I saw a round pan,
From a distance it
Looked like it.
Up-close, it was a shadow
Of a frame moved by the wind,
From the opened windows.
On the floor, smashed!
Glasses all over the place.
Wait, what is that? A photo
From the frame has fell,
Oh no, I have fell, me: the photo
Have fallen with tears like
Glasses in mi eyes.

Musa Ndhlovu

The End Of It Was The Start Of It

When I think of
The crucifixion of
Jesus. My heart drops
Like the last leaf.

Against all odds and all things,
He had not wrong all things.
But for me to start living,
He had to stop living.

It is in His Spirit where I dwell,
For it is in Spirit He want me to dwell.
The faithful Samaritan,
I worship the faithful Samaritan.

Eternal life is what i inherit,
He's gift is His inheritance.

Musa Ndhlovu

The Feeling

I always thought of it
But I never thought I will do it.
Favourable position for our pride,
Our love emotions where placed
Now to the flabbagasting
Feeling that was boiling
In me, made me to lose my mind
For all of this was not in my mind.

Musa Ndhlovu

The Image In The Mirror

As I stood like a puzzled tortoise, I marvel
To the image before me as I stood
Before the mirror. The shape amused
Me. I, wondering about the mighty hand
That shaped the image before me.

Musa Ndhlovu

The Known One

He has been now by then;
But now, it is different from that.
Seen by many after a short
Moment of many days. One hot
Day came to let him be known
By the one whom he classified as unknown.
The one who told him about
Himself; Not telling him what went out
Of the bold pit which he stood before
As if he was a lion cube standing before
A merciless soul. The one who exposed
The untold history about the unfolded
Letter under the pillow; which was
There after turning to the known one.

Musa Ndhlovu

The Moment I Never Had

The Moment I never had,
Is the one that kept running
In our minds; the one we once
Hoped for. I somehow thought
Of it, wishing to find the right
One like you. Snap, someone had a
Better wish than mine. Me being
Selfish drove me to expose myself
And shower you with the real me.
The moment I never had?
Yes, the moment of spending my
Life with you: The one of making
You mine; Oh shame on me,
That's the moment I never had.

Musa Ndhlovu

The Reason I Call Your Name

Part 1

It's likable and very interesting
And because it's your name
And I wonder why we call you that.
It makes me laugh because it's almost like Mouse.
The first thing that comes to mind is Stuart Little.
But then I remember that Stuart is tiny and you are tall,
And because I have a good sense of humour, I laugh.

Part 2

Ok with no complain, I understand.
You are right, my name is mine
And you call me because I told you so.
Confirmation: It does sound like Mouse
When you call it low.
I am tall and Stuart is tiny, even though we
Have some other things in common.
However, one likes your sense of humour.

Musa Ndhlovu

The Road From Nineteen To Twenty

As I turn twenty; I thought
Of my past, I mean when I thought
Of my last days as a teen (Nineteen)
It came a point I notice some changes.
Some days where I had to be in the
Pain I took many out. Oh misery,
Sorrow and sadness. You came
My way with a blazing heat; You came
Out of nowhere. I could not run away
For you were in me. In other ways
You kept me wondering what would it
Be like when I am twenty. Now this is it.
I am twenty, it is as if You have faded
Into the darkness and I am in the light.
Some days I wonder when will You
Be back or not; it is not like I miss you.
No I don't. My expectations is that
You should never came back: Oh yes,
You are not coming back! I know You
Are not even dead. You are waiting
For those who are nineteen and waiting
To grow and turn twenty.

Musa Ndhlovu

The Street Walker

See me flowing in the streets
Is for I lost my direction, I lost
My way. I can't seem to find my
Way. Some saw it before I did
That i had no bright future. Yes,
Some see me as a beggar in this
Streets: Some say I am homeless.
Even that's so, I have a dream. I may
Not be having something, yet I
Know I am destined to something.

Musa Ndhlovu

The Two

Both twice the same size
Short tall still same size,
What can they say?
Thats all they can say.

Crazy joy lands from
The above and from
The start it destroyers
The humiliating strees.

The fastest snail's notes
Is the speed of understanding.
Up coming terrors
Adopts habits such as tortoise.

They shear love as lovers,
Yet not by dating relationship.

Musa Ndhlovu

The Unknown Lady

Her slightly faded smile seemed
To draw my attention to sneer
At my enemies. Dark in her skin.
High in her chest. Slowly on her
Thighs. Next to me she stood.
I scoped a glimpse of her breast.
She turned. I looked over my shoulder.
The better was on. She greened,
As I began to flow, a simple touch
Pulled me to suck, the suck made her
To sound, the sound drove me all the
Way. The secrete side of a known
Lady was exposed. After all that;
Dark in her skin. High in her chest.
Slowly on her thighs. Next to me
she stood. I scoped a glimpse of
her feet. She turned and walked
Away as I dip a sneer at my enemies..

Musa Ndhlovu

There It Goes Again

There it goes again
The very same feeling again.
After a long time
From a long brown line.
Hunting for nothing more
Than a pleasing sound or
A shape with no impediment
But, the one I can impliment.
Now, there it goes again
Falling in love again,
For the last time
On the last tine.
I, having many more
Reasons to be exited more.

Musa Ndhlovu

They Came To Me

Its been a while since they left;
Some days I wondered whether will
I ever see them; Are they still the same?
If not, than what has changed? They left.
I stayed waiting for them to return. Well
They never came back. I said why, some
Said that, yet they never came were we met.
As I wonder; some skills and ways
Were produced. I changed my location.
They seek for direction, they came my
Way. They traveled all the way not to
Be in my way, yet to be with me.

Musa Ndhlovu

They Spoke, But I Went On

I have been blamed by many;
Saying I play and break any
Thing that is ahead of me,
They not knowing the truth in me.
I rejoicing to the sound of the
Joy found from a vertically gifted soul.
They not knowing what some say in
The dark makes me to act in
The light, expressing the excitement
Within me, the one that is generated
By you every time when you call
My name. Not to mention the pain
You bring to my ears and chin, not
To mention the part you use your
Lips to touch my lips, your pleasant
Laughter. Need I say more? If yes,
Then I shall wait to be in your mist
And outlay the love in me to you.

Musa Ndhlovu

Time Of Confusion

Finally it has come,
I have been waiting for it to come.
Like a little bird opening its mouth
Expecting to eat from its mother's mouth.

They, came one by
One and step by
Step, to turn my feelings
On, so that I may suffer many feelings.

I can not run away,
But I can stay away.

Musa Ndhlovu

To All The Things You Said

To all the things you said,
I have never tried to prove
You wrong. Being next to you move
my love for you. You hate me I say.
You traced me, you faced me, you
Pinned me down. Yet I never lost
Hope to rise again. I get most
Of your time in your mind. You
Keep me as a prisoner, you
Fear the love I have for you.

Musa Ndhlovu

Ubusuku Nemini Abufani!

Ngisaba into eyenzeka inyezi icalile,
Ngithanda into eyenzeka ilanga licalile.
Latjinga bafuna ukucaleka;
Lahlaba ilanga abanye abasacaleki.
Kazi litjhada lani ebusuku?
Ebusuku awa! Emini iye, kazi
Ungayikhamba ungaphakamisi endleleni.
Ebusuku ayaketuka! Emini ayawolwa.
Ngizifihlela into eyenzeka inyezi icalile,
Ngizikhiphela into eyenzeka ilanga licalile.
Intjalo zithaba lihlabile;
Ebusuku uzithola zidanile.
Imilandu yenzeka inyezi icalile,
Bese igwetjwa ilanga licalile.

Musa Ndhlovu

Wait, Look Over There

What is that over there?
It is so light in
Complexion. Even in
Its mouth, it's white.

Wait, look over there,
I think I see what's there.
It looks so fair,
And it has hair.
Surly it is incisive.

Wait, look over there,
You are so right,
It looks so light.
Hmmm... It is incoherent
With less impediments.

Musa Ndhlovu

We Fell

Many people wanted to
Know what was happening to
Us, bonding out of the blue,
They, not knowing that we fell.

Only few knew what was
Happening between us.
They even concluded by
Saying, we fell in love.

After a long argument,
The truth was revealed.
We both understood the
Situation, than we fell apart.

Musa Ndhlovu

We Weep To Rejoice

It was all good,
The event turn out not good.
After a long time of hoping
Once more the event started changing.

We weep for we lost
But our lose result to their gain.
Heavenly being praise the Glory
though yet, we praise the pain.

Let us rejoice to the LORD,
For her soul rest in His hands.
What a job well done,
Her ways on earth are well done.

We stand forth to lift the family
for God Himself will lead the family.

Musa Ndhlovu

What Are They Doing

I look to the right, they praise.
I look to the left, they praise.
They bow down to your feet, they worship.
They look above their heads, they worship.
They next to me, thank you
By their hearts, they thank you.

You before, sent Him
Who was betrayed by him.
They killed your only Son
And that took sins of many sons.
They praise not to stop,
They worship not to stop.

They make noise to rejoice
Indeed in the LORD, they rejoice.

Musa Ndhlovu

What Can One Say?

One saw ye behind my beck
Loved ye from the distance.
One knew ye got my beck
Smelled ye from the distance.

Ye call my name
One thank thy name.
The sound ye make
Is the sound one dance for.

Shall one save ye for a raining day?
Or should one wate for a red-letter day?
What can one say to the sun,
That bring light to my eyes?

Beauty is what I feel,
Love is what I see.

Musa Ndhlovu

What If, Marry-Ann, What If

I told you that I still,
Deep down in my heart feel-
The same way I did when
I was in your arms by then?

What if, Marry-Ann, what if
I showed you the true
Meaning of me? For through
Me, you have ne'er seen:
Will you. Sing or sin?

What if, Marry-Ann, what if
I proved to you that
You were ne'er the one that
Was to be married by me?
Will that make you hate me?

What if, Marry-Ann, what if
I addressed you my sweet
Behove benign flint?
Would you call me evil?
Oh yes; the above is perjury!

Musa Ndhlovu

What It Was?

The sound was loud.
I did nothing for it was loud.
Wait... I thought I heard something,
I turned around and I saw something
In white with something red on top.

The sound suddenly stopped,
So i did the same, i stopped.
Freeze... I thought it will move,
But it didn't, so I didn't move
Any part of my body from the bottom.

'Huh... ' I thought it was a goust,
'Is this it'? No it's not a goust.
It is her, the one i call mama,
The thing in front of me was mama
Then, I was to say, 'Happy Mother's Day'.

Musa Ndhlovu

When You

When you need a friend, God is friendly.
When you feel lonely, God is there.
When you are alone, God is close to you.
When you need help, God is willing to help.
When you are in danger, God will save you.
When you are discouraged, God will encourage you.
When you look ahead, you need more faith.
When you look back, you need to give thanks.
When you know that God love you, you won't be lonely.

Musa Ndhlovu

Where Did It All Go?

I saw it on the day
We set together on the same
Bench, left alone unattended,
Not disturbed; just ignored as
If we were not present in their mist.

We had it on our side: by just
A short period of trial - it was
In us. We bonded together
And it kept us together for
About one summer and one winter.

You thought it had died after
That: But you know where it
Was to be going. You opened
The gate and I set it free.
It went and fade into the light.

Oh soul: It started by I
And it went on till it was
We, who had it all; than it
Ended by you wandering
Where did it all go.

Musa Ndhlovu

Write Me A New Poem

Write me a new poem
A poem you never wrote to me,
A different one from all the
Poems you ever wrote to me.
Use you talent a create one,
Let it express your skill; flow
Like eagle in a storm. Smoothly,
Set the rhyme. Feel it as you write
It to me. Let me feel it as I read.
Write me a new poem
A poem you never wrote to me,
A different one from all the
Poems you ever wrote to me.

Musa Ndhlovu

Yes, It Is You

Yes, it is you
Who keeps me smiling
Every time when I am feeling down,
Who pushes me
To get what is good for me.

Yes, it is you,
The one I call my hero
Who is not compared with a zero.
The love you have for me
Is the thing that pleases me.

Yes, it is you
Whom I look upon.
Just like any other kid demands on
A person with love
To bring back all the long lost love.

Yes, it is you.
The one I call Mom,
And I love you Mom.
You are the best for me,
You deserve the best from me.

Musa Ndhlovu

Yes, You Are An Icon

Yes, you are an icon,
That is being used by everyone.
They rely on you
Some want to be you.

Yes, you are an icon,
The one that someone looks upon.
The one that can be praised,
The one that is to be raised.

Yes, you are an icon,
That is normally turned on
Just to be made angry
Not knowing it is amazing.

Yes, you are an icon.
Seen by anyone,
Ignored by many,
Rejected by many.

Yes, you are an icon.
You know how to hold on.
Be proud of what you have
And use what you have.

Musa Ndhlovu

Yohhh Maafrica! ! !

Yohhh MaAfrica, kwendzekani kilei lizwe lakithi.

Abantu sebazizana ngama gama akhubayo, kuhlupheka abasebenzayo.

Even though you are discriminated

You can still be who you want to be.

Yohhh MaAfrica, kwendzekani kileli lizwe lakithi.

Abantu sebahenduke izilwani, kucitheka igazi, sekunenzondo; uthando alusekho.

Even though you are a murder

You can still live a life of a free man.

Yohhh MaAfrica, kwendzekani kileli lizwe lakithi.

Abantu sebazicabangela bona, omunye nomunye uzfunela okwakhe. Akasekho onaka omunye.

Even though you are suffering

You can still live a life of a capable woman.

Musa Ndhlovu

You Did It Again

As we live in this world we
Do crazy things. No I, I mean me
Came to you with a faded dream,
Which means I was faded. Dreams
Reminds us that we are still alive
In our sleep. You did it again;
You proved yourself to be the gun
I need to survive. To use you is not
An option yet to save what I want.
With your words, you flipped
The page in my life. You did it again.
You showed me you could be the
One. But you know I am not
The fit one to be with you.
As little as I am, I can only dangle
In you without you being satisfied.

Musa Ndhlovu

Your Look

The look I see
Is the look I feel,
The touch I feel
Is the touch I see.

The banana I eat
Is the banana I kiss,
The sun that rise on the easter
Is the sun that rest on my shoulder.

Oh, round moon
Why are you so comfy?
Oh, my day light hour
Why are you so sweaty?
Oh, my day night hour
Why are you so sweet?

Musa Ndhlovu

Your Specialty

Day and night I seek for the special
Things in you. Day and night all I find
Are things that kill and destroy love.
Day comes, you stand in the mist of
Gossip. Night comes, you promote the
Violence in different families.

Day and night I seek for the special
Things in you. Day and night all I find
Are things that kills and destroy hope.
Day comes, you swim in the pool of lies.
Night comes, you pursue lovers to separate
And lose hope in different families.

Day and night I seek for the special
Things in you. Day and night all I find
Are things that kill and destroy trust.
Day comes, you teach the unfaithful lesson.
Night comes, you drive out the loyalty
And leave families with trust issues.

Day and night I seek for the special
Things in you. Day and night all I find
Are things that killed and destroyed you.
Day comes, you believe not in tomorrow.
Night comes, you never think of your mistakes
And that is what is special about you.

Musa Ndhlovu