

Poetry Series

Nkululeko Mdudu
- poems -

Publication Date:
2019

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Nkululeko Mdudu(11 October 1990)

Nkululeko Gilbert Mdudu is a goat herder who grew up in the villege of Shiloh near Queenstown in the Eastern Cape. He was largely influenced by his grandfather, Simon Gilbert Mdudu who; along with his wife Beatrice Mdudu(my grandma) and the magic of the legendary true stories of their lives have shaped me. I am mad about my culture'and the world is a diamond', they said; but mainly about the story of how man creates his own Universe. All my poetry is from a place I call 'Ireshire' which is my world and soul. I have been called many things, but sadly not a poet. this could be due to the fact that poetry has always been a part of my life, only not as much on paper as on the tales that bind me to that place....the things one can do in dreams(like have two birds in the hand but wake up only to find a closed fist) , yes I have always been haunted, and helped by my dreams and the messages that lay hidden within them. Maybe I was not meant for this world for it is far too limiting, but from my limitations I have learned to fly inwardly to the planet of my soul. It all sounds mythical, as do I, sometimes, but a voice is what I'm looking for, not in language but in life. I struggle to understand the burdens I carry but I'm drawn to carry more; not as possessions but as pals.

!!! Does Black Ink Ever Turn Grey?

When this head of black strings turns grey
When this spring September turns to chilly May
When all you enjoyed becomes dull and boring
When the only noise you make is when you're snoring
When your facial hair starts to fall off
When few call you Bru. and plenty call you prof.
When none at all call you on the phone
Except your doctor with his clinical tone
When your children, if any; prefer to leave you all alone
Because they say your stories are old
Except when they are left out in the cold
By bosses or boyfriends or girls who didn't care
When you are good for tough times, it's not fair!
Because when times are good then they are tough on you
It's as if when you speak the bird on the clock goes 'Cuckoo'
When all you've got are the good old days
When all they see are your strange old ways
When time has stolen your youth
And all you can tell is the cold hard truth
When you've learnt to appreciate every moment in time
Then you might want to re-visit this rhyme.

Nkululeko Mdudu

!!! -My Love Has Loved You Best~!!!

I knew what you did to me,
But I didn't know why;
So I labelled It Love,
And I let It lie...

Deep within my soul,
Safely stored until now.
But without me knowing,
grew stronger than my vow.

A prisoner outlasting jail,
A slave turned master;
A Thing I can't restrain;
Towards you, moving faster.

As if It smells the blood of Its own kind,
and longing for Its mother there to rest.
It can't see, hear, taste or touch,
But I know my Love has loved you best.

Nkululeko Mdudu

! ! Something To Smile About ` _;

You tell me I've changed,
I can see you are right.
Your tongue do restrain,
I do not want to fight.

Keep quiet and let me think!
Trying to figure out who I am.
Brown, blue, green, purple or pink,
Oh no, thank you mam.

Those alien words fill my ears with doubt,
Trying to find something to smile about.

Travelling wore out my shoes,
Wore out my sole.
But mother it's you I'll choose,
To save my soul.

Are you hungry?
Oh I didn't cook.
So you're angry,
Or is that how you always look?

Stop for minute and breathe,
It would make your breath more bearable.
We are of the same breed, indeed,
So I couldn't be that terrible!

Just relax and let me be,
The change that is within me.

You see me roaming in and out
Looking, and ever seeking, Ma;
A little something to smile about.

Nkululeko Mdudu

! ...Written On Sorrows' Page

We tend to reduce things:

Books to pages,
Sentences to words,
Eaons to ages.

We tend to change things

Just by observing them:
Inocense to guilt,
A song, an anthem...

We tend to simplify;

Mathematics taught us so:
Words to numbers,
Things of nature we don't know...

But You created One and Only Earth:

She burned and boiled then drowned then froze,
but Earth: she remained the same.
Are your inventions pun and prose?

For I am one but not the same

As I was in days before.
Although I may have kept my name;
The one I was, I am no more.

Nkululeko Mdudu

! @~zihla Ngamqala Mnye~~

Awu!

Inkomo kabawo
Yalalis' uphondo!
Umelusi wayo
Yayi ngumfo
wakwa Sipongolo.

Mhlanazana uthile,
Wayeyi qaqadekisa
kuMalan pass,
Ngeezomini "zedom pass."

Yayivuma ke nayo,
ikhuthele,
Nangombala ikhethekile.
Yayilubhelu,
amanqina emnyama tshu!
Namehlo akhanyayo
asoloko ethe thu!

Awu!
Yatsho yandi khumbuza
Elinye iphupha-
le inkabi,
iqegu loMkhonzi...
uHulushe kaNtsikana,
Ingaba niyam nakana?

Ngale mini
kwa kune sizungu,
Emadlelweni alal' inkungu,
Kwezontaba zakwa Maqoma.

Yaletsheza yajonga
eluNweleni
Ingaziwa nokuba
ithwele ni.

Tsi!

iKhwange Lamakhumsha
Akwa Toyota!
ladibana nomkrozo...

wawu khokelwa
lithole lakwa Ford,
nenkunzi yakwa Mazda,
kunye nemazi emnayama
yakwa Volks Wagon,
Zenza loo mngcelele;
loo majikojiko ziwagona-gona.

Waye engxamile
umfo wakwaSipongolo
neKhwange lamakhumsha
licula kuhle
Lisithi "Vuuuu—uun! Vum-vuuuni!

Mawo!
Lathi kanti
limthumile,
Waqala wasika
kwe phambi kwakhe,
Wancumel' ecaleni
wasika kwakho;
Hayi ayavuma
into yakwa Ford
yathi "uqhelile
ukubenza amachela! "

Yaba nguwashiywa nowashiywa,
Ingu tshe-tshe-tshe!
kwaba bukeleyo.

Zathi zakuthatha ithafa,
Zaye zifuthelana emisileni.
"Suka kwedini wagilwa! "
Ayesitsho amadoda
awaziyo umdlalo,
Atsho nanamhla
x'abukele kwezonzalo.

Zathi zakuqabel' eqolweni;
Asazi nokuba sisigqezu,
Okanye ubushushu bogqatso,
Kodwa uSipongolo akazange
Asibone isigadla simthe ntsho.
Waqabuka xa sibhongayo,
Kwaba kukhona asibonayo.

Wazibamba zatsha!
Latswin' amatshi-tshi-tshi
iKhwange Lamakhumsha;
umsila liwuthe qhiwu!
Hayi ke,
saye sisith' isigadla,
"yithi gu! "

Hayi ke,
Yayi loo nto
uku qengeleka,
Laye nethambeka
lim thandela.

Zafika kwangoko
ekhaya ezi ndaba,
Labuza ixhego,
nela lifuye
elo khwange...

(Ndinga yazi yintoni
umntu athenge imoto
Engakwazi kuqhuba)

ukubalomfo
'uhambe njani? ',
Waphendula usomphanga
ngeli shwankathelayo,

...Wathi:

"uthe lomfo xa
eqala ukuthi qwaka,
Kwaba kanti koko

kuye konke
kusithi cwaka."

Nkululeko Mdudu

! Ah! Love!

</>Love is a different thing
A funny thing
A piece of string
A wedding ring
Love is an everything

Love is a distance
An instance
A fragrance
A sweet romance
Love is a dance

Love is an energy
A pedigree
A trilogy
Of loving free
Loving a family

It needs no wife
Only your life
Does butter love a knife?
Does pain love strife?
Does Love love all?

There is tolerance
And indifference
Then reverence
And another chance
Does love love hence?

Nkululeko Mdudu

! Will Try...

In trying to find the perfect words
to describe how I feel about you,
I forgot to listen.
In trying to write the perfect lines,
I borrowed your pen,
But I forgot to touch your hand.
In trying to envision a future for us,
I borrowed your glasses,
But I forgot to look in your eyes.
In trying to buy you the perfect gift,
I borrowed a Rand,
But I forgot to be with you.
In trying to be the perfect gentleman,
I borrowed a suit,
but I forgot to be me,
I'm sorry.

Now I'm trying to make it right,
And I borrow your time;
And this time,
I will not forget to give it back.
I will forget about moving my lips
and try to kiss you.
I will forget my fancy lines
and try to be true.
I will forget about tomorrow,
And focuss on you now.
I will forget about appearances,
and try to be authentic.
I might even forget how to forget,
And try to remember you.
But baby, if you try to change a man,
well then
You can just forget about it.

Nkululeko Mdudu

\$! Who Said.....

Who said.....This is poetry?
Who said.....That the words are free?
Who said.....This is you and me, not us or we?

Tell me! ! !

Who said.....Better safe than sorry?
Who said.....This is my life story?
Who said.....Don't you hurry, don't you worry?

Tell me the story! ! !

Who said....Things I say have been said before?
Well they can just walk right out the door
Who said...Let me say no more?

Who said....She is just a friend?
Who said....Please don't pretend?
Who said....This is where forever ends?

Who said....And I quote,
Things that people wrote,
'Not even God can sink this boat? '

Who said....Things that other people say?
Who said....Words are here to stay?
That they are for me to say
That I love you everyday?

Who said....Let my people go?
And who said.....No?
Not so long ago.

Now I see some nodding heads
others smiling in the croud
But whom of you had the courage to say....No, out loud?
Those of you who did should feel proud.

Let me say....Smiles worth wearing are words worth hearing

That said.....The best sound I've ever heard
Were when no one had said a word.

So who said....The people have spoken?
Who said.....This on a Simba chip token?

Who said.....The past is the past?
Who said.....Nothing good will ever last?

Who said.....Lord, forget me not?
Who said....That Jesus ever forgot?

Who said....Nkosi sikelela?
Who said....Mntan'am sukulila?

Who said....Everything unto thee?
And finally....
Who said.....All of this to me?

Nkululeko Mdudu

***! ! The Kid Inside Me*#

Behold, a marvelous sight!
A handsome Boy from morning to night,
Self-reliant, self dependant and oh so brave.
No one's king and no one's knave.

Free as his father, strong like a mother,
A friend whose love exceeds any brother.
A boyfriend to girls of many faces,
Sharing intimate secrets in quiet places.
A valient steed, a silent step, a bird in flight,
Charging; marching, piercing through with light.

He is smart, they say.
Some look once; and think, no way!
He is small and quick.
Too many choices to even pick,
That which holds his quality;
Care, kindness, equality.

In sharing joy and making jokes,
with numerous mates and friendly folks.

To say that; this is, or has ever been me,
Would be outcasting my Karin and V.
So for now it shall continue to be;
The Kid, the King I strive to be.

Nkululeko Mdudu

{iphupha}

Iphupha elizolileyo,
Iintupha ezomileyo,
Ulwimi olunxaniweyo,
Isizwe esoniweyo.

Waded' umhlangala
Ayafik' inhywagi.
Ibanjezelwe ngu Nomami.
Akwaba ebesekho uGazi...

Ziphin' iimpumlo zophando?
Ziphin' izandla zothando?
Ziphin' izilo zonyango:
Ezithi ndiliyilo,
Zindenz' iciko?

Nyana buza kuyihlo,
Ntombi buza kunyoko,
Banixelele ngenkcubeko.

Uz'unyevule; ulibale
kukunyantsula ndithetha!
Mhla ndanyakama
Uyakulonyanya elo theko,
Uyakuwazi wona amasiko!

Ndithi ndakubona
lomzi kaPhalo
Kucace Gca..(leka)
ukuba ijikile intlalo

Kodwa ndithi
ndakuva izibongo
abuye onke
awam amabhongo
Ndilive lithwasa
ihlobo
Litsho ngamazwi
antlobo-ntlobo:

Elinye lithi
'Ntyilo-ntyilo'
Elinye lithi
'Babetshilo: '

Mayibuye i-Afrika
Mayivuke imidaka!

Nkululeko Mdudu

...'Dr Phil

Shh.....silence sweeps the crowd
of anxious faces waiting to see
A singing legend
As marvelous as he.

I've never seen Da Vinci paint
Nor have I had words with Shakespear's king
But I tell you; the true magesty of words
Comes from hearing him sing

He has a sweet voice
And a melodic tone
That is why I have all his cds
I even have him on my phone.

Everyday I listen,
everywhere I go
And everytime he sings to me
Him 'true coloures' show

'Dr Phil-good', I call him
Dr Phil for short
His words speak volumes
Of his past experiences' retort

It was a short while ago
For the first time in December
I took some time to listen
Then I heard 'do you remember? '

From that moment
When I heard on the radio:
Next up on the Dj's double play
Would be sweet susudio

I soon got over my loss
If leaving me was easy
Then I'd wait no more for her
The heart remained but the mind got busy

We were living separate lives
But something was in the air
And against all odds
I found her standing there

She said, 'let's not hurry love'
I said, 'I've been waiting'
It was indeed a groovy kind of love
But our day in paradise was fainting

So I made this vow
As she looked through my eyes:
'As long as the testimony holds true
Then I won't stop loving you'.

Nkululeko Mdudu

/! /**icala Lomcinga/! /

Ndincwela ubuciko
bokucengeleza...

Ndichwetha ubuchwepheshe
buka Cirha
no Cwerha
Becela amacebo
okucamagusha

Ndicinga ngecala lomcinga...

Xa ndixoxa
ndixanda ndixananaza
ndixel' ixhego
lixhinela emnxebeni
ndi nxunguphaliswa
lixelegu
Elixhelel' eXhukwane

Ndicinge ngecala lomcinga...

Aba namadanda
badomboza bedandathekile,
Bebhidwe ziindudumo
zase Mdantsane,
Bedend' udondolo,
badayivel' edameni!

Ndicinge ngecala lomcinga...

Ubu cukubhede bobuciko
abucacanga.
Icebo
lichasene nabacela
ukucacelwa.
Becaphula kambe
kwidosha engena cwilika

Ndicinge kanye

ngecala lomcinga...

Kwaqalela phi
ukuqwetywa kwale nqaba,
ngamaqaba neengqondi
zenkqubela?

Zaziqamba njani,
zaze zaqeqesha
bani?
ze siqaqambe,
siqhwithe,
siqonde emqulwini

Ndicinga ngecala lomcinga...

IsiXhosa esi xabisekileyo
sinxunguphele.
Sixwebe okwamaxhwele
ka xam.
Saxhwithwa ngama xhalanga
axhonti
ase Ntshonalanga.

Ndisuka
ndicinge ngecala lomcinga.

Nkululeko Mdudu

/#~~*names#

</>Words make things of matter more tangible
Words make humans understand
Words, weapons, wounds, where warriors
Read and comprehend

Adam, Bruce, Catherine
You know your A, B, Cs
I won't name names, I'll only speak
Now try your hand at these:

AmaTola, aBantu baseCacadu.
Not the T for tut-tuts
Nor the B for butchery
No, not the C for clean-cuts

Settle your tongue on your pallet, slight
It is the T for Toro's inTroductiOn
Now part with buble, soft. And on your lips
Lies the B for uBuntu. The C requires suction

These are natural sounds
Whose meaning lies in saying them right
If you have heard a clock tick, a cat cry
You couldn't mistake that sound at night

Cultural relativity was one-sided
we voiced your words particular
Now say our Bs, Ts and clicks
It's time you spoke venacular

For as long
(and it is long)
As my name is Gcazimbane
You will not say it wrong

Nkululeko Mdudu

@! Free Range@

I like to look at the sheep nextdoor
And scrutinize every last one,
Yet still
All I can conclude is that they look the same.

Sure you get the black stained little lambs
but sooner they grow into brown than stay black
A few others, maybe one remains
black, but he behaves no differently to
the rest

And Tat' uMavi doesn't seem to mind.
Bra Manana, their herder calls the ram
'Schoolboy'!
Him, I know; Schoolboy.
Grandfather; well, he had sheep no less than a hundred
once,
But he sold them all to send his kids to school;
they too, were schoolboys.

There was no difference between Schoolboy
and the other ram,
'what's his name'?
only that he was a bud head
and the other had horns.

Grandfather loved all his flocks and herds;
The cattle most of all.
Since I had never seen his sheep
and he would call out loud in the kraal:
'Pesi pesi; where, are gone'
the merino used to bite his pants.
A whole flock-full of names
I hear;
Jonono, Jingi, Pringa, Fulale
and Jo'burg,
the dog.

'Pesi-pesi mhe...'

The children sing

'Pesi-pesi mhe..'

Free Range, Free Range,

Free offspring!

Free Range, Free Range,

Freer in spring!

The only thing that's still free
is my flock of ideas in paper kraals
and Jay-jay,
the pen.

Nkululeko Mdudu

@-Why Should I Write-

</>Why should I write an English poem,
When the English write their own?
Why should I seek the symbol's hope,
When I've never met the pope?

Why would I want or wear;
silks and satins? cottons tear!
why would I want to speak
words unheard over devil's peak?

Seventeen eighty-nine
when victory was mine,
I let them stay
Near mossel bay
So they could win
when I grew thin

Alright, alright that was long ago...
But time remembers, don't you know?

I don't, and so I ask:
Why would I take the task?
Why would I break tradition,
when It's been conditioned?

When wood made winter warm;
and made good shelter in the storm.
With paper piles and Parker pen,
dare I pluck feathers from my hen?

Go write your precious lies on stone, see if I care!
Just leave to nature what was there.

O yes! why would I write indeed,
What my grandmother would not read?

Nkululeko Mdudu

` ` ~an October

And though I write these saddened words
On the white sheets of forest abhorition
Owing their malice to both industrial
And to aboriginal organisations of destruction
My heart bleeds with every stroke of axe
and every growling chain-saw making contact
The sap oozing clear as day or moonlight May
I too, am that tall tree.

And my roots lie firmly in the sky
feeding me the strength to live
showing me worlds from long ago
Telling me that I must believe

For everyday my branches are cut
And everyday my leaves fall down
Everyday that comes to light
gives me reasons for a frown

But my eyes tell me to wonder
far beyond the world I know
And as the sun sets on september
I see the smiles from long ago

Phalo planted trees
yes Phalo planted a tree
Phalo planted three trees
Yes; one of those was me

Nkululeko Mduu

`~adversity Vs Adaptation~`

The things that make me me
are the things that make me weep
and the things that make me weak
are the things that I can't keep
and this thing that's eating at me;
being a thing that I can't see,
seems to come from within me.
So the thing that I've become
is not easy to overcome
because once I stoped being this me,
what other me would I be?

Nkululeko Mdudu

|||bazali Bam

Bazali bam, Tata noMama;
Ndithi xa ndicinga ngani
Ndiphelelwe ngamazwi.

Indlela enindikhulise ngayo
Nengqeqesho enindinike yona
Andisoze ndiyilibale.

Ndinibulele kuqala xa nithe
Anadinwa kukundixhasa
Ndade ndakwi-19 yeminyaka.

Ndinibulela ngemithandazo ebendiyazi
Ukuba nisoloko nindibeka kuyo
Xa bendingafumani msebenzi.

Kudala ndicinga ukuba
Ndingathi ze nazi ukuba
Ndiyanithanda, kwaye ndiyanibulela.

Le leta ndiyibhala
Ndibuhlungu kuba
Ebomini andikanenzeli nto.

Tata noMama ndiyambulela
UTHixo Ngokundinika
Abazali abanje ngani.

Kukho abantwana abangakhulanga
Nje ngam, yaye ndisoloko ndimcela
UTHixo anolulele imihla, nife ndiphangela.

Ndike ndicinge ukushiya iKapa
Ndincedise nina endlini, ntonje
Abukho ubom ngaphandle komsebenzi.

Nimxelele no-Bra Mol ukuba
Ndiyambulela yaye
Ndiyamkhumbula. Nihlale kakuhle.

Tata, sonke usikhulisile; sobalithoba
Hlala phantsi ke ngoku Ngwanya
Uzonwabele iimali zakho.

UThixo ukuphile ubom
Sukuba sazikhathaza
Ngomsebenzi ngoku.

Onithandayo ngenene:

T.M Mdudu

Nkululeko Mdudu

| - | izinto Azifani ~ | \ |

Imoto ayisengwa,
Inkomo ayikhwelwa.
Imoto ayixhelwa,
Inkomo ayiqhelwa.

Imoto asinkomo,
Nekomo ingemoto.
Inamafutha kodwa ayinyathelwa;
Inkomo, asiyomoto.

Imoto asinkomo:
iyazityela kwelayo iselwa
Inebisi lokubasa,
Ibona ebusuku,
Nase kephini lakusasa

Iinkomo zazilila;
Kub' iimoto zazilawula.
Iinkomo zazisitya,
Kwimbalela zazibhitya.
Iimoto zazibaleka,
ezinamatreyila ziwabeleka.

Iinkomo zimkiswa liphango,
Iinkunzi zithelekiswa lithango.
Iimoto azinamazi,
Ikhaya ngumnikazi.

Iinkomo zinobuhlanti,
Iimoto zinegaraji.
Iinkomo ziyazityela.
Iimoto ziyagalelwa.

Iimoto azizonkomo,
Iinkomo azizomoto.

Zineempondo ziyahlaba;
Zinamanqina ziyakhaba.
Naxa zingqubana

Azityoboki seziyahlabana:

Xa zigula, ziyagxwala,
Emswaneni ziyakhala.

Zisusa amabhadi,
Zisula amaqonya.
Aziva mnqandi,
Xa sezikhonya.

Inkomo ayiyomoto,
Imoto ayiyonkomo;

Ayizali, ayilali,
Ayikhuli, ayikhali.
Ayixhelelwa magqirha,
Ayiphekelwa maYira.

Aiyiyonto konozakuzaku,
Ayiwoyiki nala mabhaku.
Imisebenzi iyayenza;
Yona ngenkqu ikukusebenza.

Izinto azifani:
ngokubaluleka azishiyani.
Bath' iinkomo zezamafama,
bayayitya kodwa imyana.
bathi iinkomo zezabelusi,
kodwa bayalu sela ubisi.

Neemoto zibalulekile kuthi.
siyazidinga izithuthi;
Iinkomo ziimoto zamandulo.
azinazinjini nazitulo,
Iimoto zinkomo namhlanje nazo;
akukho sityebi singenazo.

Nkululeko Mdudu

~ocean-Bud~

What would you do
If you knew..?

How do you prepare
When It isn't there?

would you build titanic walls
Around her beaches
When Tidal waves threaten her

Would you erect her underground castle
When hurricanes like lion manes became:
Close to her dermis; dire, with fangs,
Claws, Talons, Teeth:

To meet out a wet, cold defeat
Doom and Gloom, loom inevitably
What would you do...
If you knew?

Would you ship her off to sea
When her soil had caught on fire
And when in pruning thorns aside
The gardener cuts the flower short..?

Could a bud like you prevent
Such a natural life event?

Or would you envy that spring bloom
gone to sweeten heaven's waiting room?

See her soul has caught on fire,
and her smile has caught on fire
When in pruning stems aside
The Gardener cuts her flower short

Could a bud like you prevent
Such a natural life event

Or would you cherish that spring bloom
Sweet in heaven's waiting room..?

Nkululeko Mdudu

~the Brief Moment(When She Was There) !

Young man, why do you look so old?
I'm not sure; it must be my beard,
Or the many strange stories I've told.
No; it must be this hat, it looks weird.
You see this stick beside me,
It helps me herd and defend,
But it was no use, she made me weak at the knee,
And then my bones seemed to bend.
In scorching heat I took off my shoes,
Blood fed by love; fire seemed fair.
Love chooses us, it's not love we choose,
And a fine choice love made when she was there.
Madam let me say no more,
I still have to watch the door....

Nkululeko Mdudu

2....Almost Alive....1

Miles of sand and stone. A sight alone.
Mountains of mist. Alone I list.
The sights I see. Only me.
With no other. None to call brother.

Sounds I hear. Far and near.
Coming closer. To my Mimosa.
Who's there? who's anywhere?
Where am I? Where is the sky?

Show yourself. You elusive elf.
Don't look too much. Don't even touch.
Her looks are yellow. But she won't say hello.
You are not matter. So I should know you better.

Your energy. Says you are not an enemy.
So why now? What purpose does your presence allow?
Hurry Summarrie. Oh where could that lone star be?
Come shine. Your light on this heart of mine.

And now I see. I trust you are here for a reason.
Great things to come of me. Now is your season.
Subbtle stranger. My world is about to begin.
Will your coming bring me danger? I sense the answer from within.

It's time. No please wait!
Ten; nine....Eight.
Seven; six; five. Four; Three.
I'm almost alive. Do come with me.

Nkululeko Mdudu

A Bittersweet Retreat

I'm cornered by lightning
So frightening! I'm shaking,
Just waking from afternoon napping.
Still mapping, still seeing them clapping...
But flashing and bashing
Of bold bouncing bolts of burden;

Sighs within the skies
Drumming loudly, telling lies!
Can no one, anyone
Under a shaded sun
Stop this rattling rogue thunder?

DUDDUMM....DUDDUMM...DUMM! ! !

Cracking like corn in the fire,
But much, much higher
Than rolls of smoke;
Then smashing the air
With hostile whipping, whipping and weeping

Oh here comes the rain! ! !

Sweet as the melting flowers
Of moonlight in broad daylight.
Warm with winter's absence,
Each drop; is incense
To the soul and essence
Of the mother tongue of earth.

Sweet tasting, tender touch
From volatile valleys across the sky

Let the rain come! ! !

Let it fill the dams
And dusty streams
No more sunny themes
But later, for the sun it seems.

Let it cover the oceans
And rivers; with shivers
Running wild! ! !
Let it melt the sorrows of my child.

DUDDUMM...DUDDUMM...DUMM...
Sutyu' Qha! ! !

DUDDUMM...DUDDUMM...DUMM...
Sutyu' Qha! ! !

Nkululeko Mdudu

A Letter Over The Phone

There will always be something wrong today;
That might have been right yesterday,
But who are we to decide what is wrong and right,
For today or any other day or night?

Sure there will always be the good old days,
And as sure as these days will be old, we too must change our ways.
Maybe when these days are old we will find something good
About them, for all good things are worth the wait; Dude.

We have internet and superfast communication,
But do we gain better wisdom from having more information?
We know what is causing AIDS yet still the statistics rise.
Are we overwhelmed by what we know or is it all a surprise?

I come not to offer a quick and convenient fix
To the present problems, I'm just adding a few idioms to the mix.
Idiom, sounds a lot like idiot; especially to the idiot who might
Be thinking that idioms are old, so let me set him aright:

I wrote a letter to a friend the other day,
It took three days to reach her but I at least said everything I had to say.
Now I could easily have called her in three minutes then
End up paying three times the amount for fewer words than my pen.

So which is the easier way?
The quick, pocket pinching convenience of today,
Or the slow satisfaction that was and is still available?
Hear my voice through pen and paper, Or touch my words through a cable.

Nkululeko Mdudu

A New Government

NEW words will be discovered
To describe the horror,
Pain and strife

NEW cousins of Calamity,
Catastrophe, Disaster and Death

NEW laws will be made
To counter the loss of life

A NEW currency of tears
AN economy of fears

OLD nature's patterns will be the NEW
Curse of mankind

OLD prayers will be sung on highways,
Byways, in anyway the storms provide

ALL will need insurance
Against natural homicide,
Genocide, Infanticide!

Natural causes, or a Natural Curse?

Nkululeko Mdudu

A Pillar Of Friendship

Dear God,
I'm standing between your stone pillars
With pain killers all over my chest.

I'm thinking of warmth
As my body runs cold
Inside my old-feeling bones.

As my wrists are torn
Each to his own
To support the helping hand.

On private land
Do my grieviances grow.

Sweet bitterness of the cold
That flows inside will unveil
In more detail how....

And right now
A man is weak at a woman's touch.

Such women be friends
'Till silent end
of secret's keep

And now I know
Before I sleep
That I possess

A friend indeed.
He is she when his touch
Is gentle yet effective

Irrespective of his masculine nature.
He is mine and yours
with a little wine

Then everyone's

Under the sun

And the son
Of Ireshire can see

Something that no one
Yet can say
From june 'till next may.....

He is no fool
No father neither is he
not even to me.

Wait, now I see
A pillar of salt
A pillar of pain.

I'm willing to die
Or cry or try

Anything so that
Our friendship will remain.

Nkululeko Mdudu

A World I Know

Greetings Sir;
Oh greetings Red-eye.

What an honour for a madman to meet a star.
Well Sir, become too bright and madness surely isn't far.

Still, what brings you here on this drowsy night?
You might say I've come to bring you some light.

Now; now, stop with your riddles and tell me straight.
For that kind of truth sir you will have to wait.

Then what message do you bring?
I bring no such thing.

No message; huh, explain!
I am no one's messenger.

Then what, have you come to make fun?
Please Sir... I have enough fun just seeing you run.

Then what Red-eye, tell me!
Alright then, listen carefully:

Son of Ireshire!
Gilbert of the red waters and white fire;
Borne on the flaming horns with silver stripes are you.
Black hooves tread the golden fields of your heart,
Great birds and giant trees for you were made,
Now you dare call it Madness? ? ! !

Let this Red-eye of heaven gaze harshly at you,
So you might remember:

Remember the days you played as a Kid;
Voices played inside your head.
Remember when your dreams deprived you of sleep;
As you called out in the dark,
And you heard echoes of your father's voice.

Remember when you were married in the mind
To a faceless bride,
Or when your father's throne was falling into a volcanic fire?
You rose to resurrect what is now Ireshire:

The land of gifts and time,
For those who give it time to be.

You believed in it once, Gilbert Sire,
So believe in it now as we grow cold, us stars.
A desert, not unlike Mars,
Is what remains of our minds.

Fix us, make us better!
Let not our eternal light become a special effect
Like those on a movie set.

We have seen it all; as in the night we rise,
And in the day; the sun is our disguise.

Please Sir, I am not asking you to leave this planet,
Just sail the cosmic sea winds like the gannet:
Who sleeps in the sky;
But would never this world deny,
And who never returns without a meal.

Sir, remember your deal:
"If my lord would bless me in all the ways he can,
Then I would do my best to be his right-hand man."

[When you stopped believing,
All the parental forces stopped conceiving:
The winds stopped blowing;
The currents stopped flowing;
The fires stopped burning,
The planet stopped turning.
Even those still crawling,
Could see that the sky was falling]

Do not think; for one second, that this is a message,
I told you, I am no one's messenger.

Now do what ever you have to do,
So you may ably do what you want to.

You did not create Ireshire,
Nor did it create you.
It is the king of the cosmic clan,
It is the master plan...et.
One's own world, an outside reality,
And eventually, the only world they see.

Nkululeko Mdudu

A. Sisizwe B. Sethu C. Sonke

Ukukhula kokhakhayi
Nokukhokhoba komnt' omkhulu,
Kude kuthi ngokugqama kwenkqayi,
Akuthethi kugqola kwengqondo.

Abantu abakhulu
Banezimvi kwanezimvo,
Bambi banezimvu, ngamava.
Vulani iindlebe zindlamafa
Nike niyeke ukuzidlikidla.

Musan' ukuba ngamatakane
Ngokuphum' izithuba.
Zithobeni nibengamathol'
Omthonyama athandekayo.

Bonani amabali
Obuntu nobumbano,
Kungenjalo nyamekelani
Inyaniso nenyameko
Kumanyundululu olutsha.

Mamelani, mamelani,
Mamelan' izandi, zith'
Izimbo zazo zizob' uMzantsi
Ngezisa zomzabalazo.

Thobelani, thobelani,
Thobelan' umthetho
Wentetho yohlanga
Ngazo zonk' izihlandlo.
Nihlangane, ninyangane.

Hlanganani, nyanganani
Ngay' inyanga yohlanga
Lwamahlwempu ahluthayo;
Nakhe isizwe. Nizise uzinzo
Nakwizizwe zobumelwane

Nakh' isizwe soluntu
Olukhuthalele intlalo-ntle
Yehlabathi, ngemihlali,
Neyamahlathi, mihla le.

Ningazilibalang' izalamane
Zolwandle nemimoya;
Ningazilibalanga izinyanya
ZobuMnyama nokukhanya,
Ningalilibalang' inani,
Ningazilibalanga nani.

Nkululeko Mdudu

Aaaa...Ezinma(Doughter Of Okonkwo)

This poem was inspired by Chinua Achebe's novel 'Things Fall Apart'

Let me grieve my father's death.

I should have been a man,
That is what he always wanted;
For woman cannot be the lords of the clan.

Then I would have been there at his side,
To fight the noble fight.
Noble men are no more,
They have all but melted into the night.

My father was one of them,
Now he is dead; as is this clan.
You say he killed himself,
At least my father died a man.

He loved this place,
But his people let him down.
Abandoning their war-like state,
And now they fail to cut him down.

'They are all cowards',
He would have said.
That is why he lay here,
Cold and Dead!

Sitll, I am a woman,
And that is all I could be.
So give my husband back his things,
I shall now marry my father's memory.

My mind is made up,
Bring me his mask and skirt of raffia;
Let me be the last man to lead Umuofia.

Abantu Abanobuntu

Abantu abasezintweni
Abamazele nto omnye umntu
Maxa wambi ungade uthi:
Abana buntu.

Phofu into isemntwini
Ukuba ukhetha ukungabina buntu
Okanye Ukhetha ukuba nomkhethe
Kwakunye nomkhenkce
Entliziyweni,
Asinto yamntu leyo.

Eny'into umntu yinto apha enobuntu
Nethi ngolohlobo ikhetheke
Kwizityalo kwakunye nezilwanyane

'Umntu ngumntu ngabantu, ' atsh' amaXhosa
Kodwa umntu ukwaza nento anayo etafileni
Bakhona ke abantu abangathathi-ntweni
Nabo ngabantu
Omnye wofika esithi: andinto yanto
Kodwa abe enegquba lezinto
Maxa wambi uve omnye esithi akananto
Esandleni, kodwa entliziyweni abesisisityebi
Omnye angangabina mandla
Kodwa abekrelekrele ukodlula isininzi

Ngoko ke musani ukumeya umntu
Ngokumbona emncinane ngokomzimba
Okanye emncinane ngokwe pokotho
Kakade kwake kwathiwa:
'Oyena nqontsonga, yingqondo kunamandla.'
Kusitsho mna lo kwabo banomdla
Yaye 'banoyolo abangamahlwempu,
Kuba ubukumkani bamazulu bobabo'

Asina kumthiya ungantweni
Kuba asimazi ukuba ume njani entliziyweni
Nabo bonke abasweleyo

Bazakuthi bakusweleka
Baphele beba bubutyebi bomhlaba

Kusuka ntoni kumntu xa enobuntu?
Uziphathela nje ubutyebi bomphefumlo:
Amathamsanqa, iintsikelelo, intlonipho nothando
Ukulunga ayiyonto yabelungu
Kananjalo nobutyebi
Ukubanothando ayibobuthathaka
Yinzondo ekubangela ungabi nangqondo

Ubuntu yinto edalelwe
Wonke umntu ozalwa kulomhlaba
Andazi phofu ndisatsho: 'into isemntwini.'

Nkululeko Mdudu

Africa The Mother

Africa the mother;
She gives the milk which sustains all nations
She feeds through earthly riches dug from her womb
She shelters the morals of truth and humanity
Knowing full well the tragedies of her shredded cloth
This woman is weeping to see her children die
of starvation when her house is built of gold and diamond
And so brothers kill, like apes for a stickful of honey
their rags and rugged hands have no notion of money
It is for money that their fathers died before
Now within each other they kill the more
She screams: you bullies and ignorant kids!
Now red tears like thick veils flow down my face
Stringing pains from what I see
My children killing me.
It seems, that killing and raping and burning
each other is their way of increasing their earning.
How dare you do these hateful deeds to each other?

Xenophobia is a foreign term;
There are no foreigners in my house!

Haven't I taught you Anything?
How dare you Shame my name to the world;
What would your father say if he saw this mess?

If you have a problem with your brother then talk to him
You Do as I have raised you to do

I take no preference of one over the other
After all, I am your mother

I hate it when you fight
I'm happy when you are happy
And this would be my last fight
To be as happy as you make me!

Nkululeko Mdudu

All Against, And All Opposing

I'm living in captivity,
Like you wouldn't believe.
They were saying this to me:
'There's no escape; but
anytime you can leave'

So tell me, what is a man to do,
When cornered by bitter old women?
Never should he use his fists!
should he use his words then?

I am not a man fully,
I am still a boy,
But if words are warriors for me,
Then I will destroy!

One thing is certain,
And one thing is clear:
I shall make them regret, ;
Every single minute of this year.

Oh everything is so clean,
But their hearts are filthy.
They managed a ceasefire with each other
Only to turn guns against me.

So finally there was a confrontation,
Finally the madam spoke.
Trembling as I was with fury,
She can be glad the chains never broke.

It was apparent to me right then,
And at that moment;
I felt laughter un-wrung,
It was funny to see
how short she really was;
Once she let out
all the noise from their lungs.

Still I was paralysed,
By the Iron ball on my back,
So I lifted eyes
and embraced my chains,
And with them;
I started swinging back.

Nkululeko Mdudu

Awake

It starts off
As an ordinary day,
four alarms ring
at fifteen minute intervals
and I lay there
half awake
between thought and dream.

Like a maid or mother
she knocks loudly
on the door...

'Wake up it's late! '
And truly it was-
the dream had died
till another night,

A species extinct
in the world of thought.
No habitat on waking hours
for this creature of the night,

so he hides himself
as an imperfect plan
or fleeting memory.

Big bird clipped
of its wings
and forced to play chicken.

An alien tormented
by unknowing consciousness.
Sad that a father
should forget his son,
and call him madness
when he speaks.

This house; this mind
should be enough for both,

but choice brings the biased
and one-sided path
that leads to forgetfulness,

and the justification
they call 'growing up'.
As if adults do not dream.

'I'm awake! ',
I scream.
How false, how foul
that I should rise up today,
no better a man
than I was yesterday.

Nkululeko Mdudu

Bee With Me

Deals are done and made and broken,
Lies are told with Blinded purpose.
Things are said when words aren't spoken,
And this to you I now propose:

I am NOT Mr Right,
I am left handed.
I do NOT like it when we fight,
It's NOT like I planned it.

I am not a God-send,
Although God is with me.
I am here to understand,
And to know all about you, Bee.

This is not a poem if I am not a poet,
This is not a letter if I'm not a liar;
This is the truth as far as I know it:
This is paper so keep clear of fire.

This is not a contract,
It's not legally binding;
Not a statement to retract,
Just my words for your reminding.

I know what I want because I know me;
I don't know how to get it because it has no label.
There is no 'open here' sign on you Bee;
There is no Bluetooth, no infrared, no USB cable.

I cannot explain WHY I am,
I can only know who I am.
I want to know all about you,
But that's not all I want from you:

I want to have you when it's time for you to be mine,
I want to see your beauty fair and fine;
I want to read you when you give me the sign,
And I want to tell you this ain't nothing but a line.

Nkululeko Mdudu

Body Of My Soul

I remember days
when I sat alone
In the dark,
with savage beasts
Dancing beside me.

All the while
my greatest hazard
Was the thought.

But then you came in,
Turned on the light
and, with an Unintelligible smile,
watched the monsters disappear.

Then you walked
Towards me and stood
like a leaning tower
Which came down hard
with the words:

'Ufuna ni apha? '
'What do you seek here? '

Of all the thousands of words
Running through my mind
I could only reach for one:
Me...

Half asking, half telling,
Addressed to you and I.
Then you turned 'round
Without a sound, and left;
You turned the light off
But left the door half open
With your light shining beyond.

Oh body of my soul!
Slowly you walked,

But you walked, dammit!
And you left me lying there,

Head on bed,
heart in hand;
Limbs, bones, breath,
Feeling detached
from myself.

So now you go ahead
And write the report.
I know you hate paper-work
But you...
you were the one
That found me.

Nkululeko Mdudu

Born Again...

Random Hearts
play in Drum's Dome
Waiting on
Lyrics to come....
This be the Platform
whence they are Heard,
When none of them
need say a Word.
Random child
There in your
Mummified Tomb,
A Cold Contrast
to Mother's Womb.
As far as you are
from House,
The closer you are
To Home.

Nkululeko Mdudu

Bubble

Bubble in a bowl
Constantly persued by the cold stirring spoon.

Clear neutral son of liquid and air,
What could you have done but the curse of being there?

Too many of you will give me gas so I must break you down;
starting with the larger more visible ones that float on top,
then finely sifting through the little ones all around.

Bubble in a bowl
Constantly persued by the cold stirring spoon.

Once swimming in careless custard,
now dead and invisible in space.

Nkululeko Mdudu

Buddy{love} (Inspired By A Movie Of The Same Name)

A silent love
a dreaming dove
On a tree up above

A moving train
Of joy and pain
Coming 'round again

Nothing spoken
No gift or token
Just love ten out of ten

All smiles
And secret files
Of thoughts for miles

Then He turns
In your eyes it burns
In his heart it churns

The fierce convictions
Of mis-conception
missed-communication

You hurt him so
Though you didn't know
that his love was stowed...

He loved you the longer
But his silence grew stronger

To shut the path
of thoughts yonder
Hearts,
made none the fonder

If only a word he'd say

all his world you'd see
And you wouldn't ask him to stay
Instead you'd set him free.

Nkululeko Mdudu

Bueningo

The place of the morning flamingo,
Where the summer sun rises and never sets.
They greet with nodding eyes of indigo;

this, in a time of placing ones best bets,
for no fire but ample rain
fills the shores of shadow lake;
upon which these majestic pink birds dwell.

They build their homes in the muddy bake,
one whose moist and softened cushions serve them well.
Catch a fear, catch a fright;
You'll never catch them in the mire,
such prudent stick trotters
Who's bowing heads follow the fire.

Nkululeko Mdudu

C For Crisis:

A year of unprecedented problems,
A time of note in a country's history.
A company incapable of coping,
With power plans and electrical lottery.
A cabinet overwhelmed,
By sudden calls to action of this once sleeping baby,
Almost out; yet deep in doubt,
As duty calls today.

This adolescent government barely fifteen,
Now forced to deal with problems(some unforeseen) .

Such numerous needs and heavy strains,
while no one holds the reins,
A neighbour calls for aid.

there can be no thinking twice,
But who will help us as loadshedding,
And spearheading
of food and oil price',
As interest rates
And border gates
beget crimes and sacrifice.

Aids is a crisis,
Fuel and food prices,
Emigrants will take a toll.
Service delivery,
A new discovery,
Of struggles;
Following election poles.

Our president is missing,
Too busy mediating
while xenophobic attacks erupt.

Football is failing,
The constant nailing
on our coffin yet we host a worldcup.

Bad news on coffee mornings,
And coffee breaks
Bad news twentyfour hours a day.

A new crisis,
A new country
with no one to lead the way!

Nkululeko Mdudu

Cats And Dogs

Watch, the rain is falling
Waters pouring
On roofs, on grass, on mother's child.
Wait, the seas are flooding
Dams are breaking
Rolling waters running wild

Trickle trickle here and there
Drizzle drops from cosmic air
Falling from the atmosphere
Peaches, plums and prickly pear

What good does it do?
Except drown the ants
That sting my feet on rosy mornings,
And burn the heat of spring October

Roar... goes the mountain lion
Flash... goes the whip of wonder
And when pita-patter comes to flatter
The roots that reign deep down under
suddenly..... I remember

"Oh we need the rain,
For our crops and our cattle.
We need the rain for economic gain,
And for relief in the heat of battle"

Now those words; since I've grown older,
Seem to make some sense to me.
It went up in smoke only to wait for times
When we needed the rain to be.

Nkululeko Mdudu

City

Home to all the city dwellers,
I envied all those with cellars;
Small spaces to warm my back.
I lived alone on the city crack;
Seeing violent crimes and wanting food.
Surely I could be of some good,
To the cops who ran the block.
If they'd give me food I'd wait;
With a camera at twelve o'clock,
And let the robbers take the bait.
I'd do this for some food and cash,
and some whisky with a dash
of any hand-out from the state.
Now I have a cellar too, and a date.

Nkululeko Mdudu

Come Into My Room

Come into my room
It's not the best room in the street
It's the best room in the neighbourhood
Don't be afraid of the four walls that surround it
They ensure that no stray dogs come in here
Here is my favourite street
It is paved with wood and fabric tar
This makes it soft and keeps it warm
So enter and do not be afraid
Trust in me to protect you

Never mind the speed bump in the centre
Of my street
It has not been subject to cars, nor have there entered
Any drunken feet
The covers keep it nice and neat
While the pillows give it comfort
I've made some snacks so we can eat
My pavement makes cooking eggs worth the effort

Come into my room
It has no street name, no address
But it is available to whom
That is willing to undress
Only their coat though, for me to hang
On the hook behind the door
But for you I'd pour a drink with but a tang
Then turn down the lights so we could do more
Than just talk and eat
I'd turn on some music and glance
As you kick the shoes off your feet
Then you'd get on the floor and start to dance

The purpose is to make you relax
Have some fun so you could be
Free from worrisome strains of time and tax
And stay a while with me.

My street is a dusty gravel floored room, I say

My room is a four walled street with a wooden gate
My love I invite you to come in and stay
We'll not call it dinner; we'll not call it a date
We'll call it a visit or a walk down bedroom lane
We'll call it time as sweet as sugar cane

Speaking of which, I think I see your father
You'd better decide now, on this painted by the moon
Go home to your own street or would you rather
Come with me into my room.

Nkululeko Mdudu

Day-Dream

I'm dreaming; drifting,
Lifting myself up high,
I'm waving; life-saving,
While sailing the open sky.

I'm diving; sinking;
Suffocating in a cloud.
Still well, and well so still,
I'm serenading the crowd.

Holly cow... oh wow!
So this is art,
Poetry they call it;
Hmm sound quite smart.

I'm enjoying the breath;
Enjoying the breeze....
Enjoying Jove,
So tell me of the birds and bees.

Not those, silly man
Tell me of what I see,
Tell me of the wings that fly with me.

Nkululeko Mdudu

Do Not Forget

As I walked through the valleys
of our history
I saw a green plain
turning black.
First in spots
and little dots
Then masses swept me up,
I could'nt turn back.

Thousands of strong Nguni cattle,
belonging to one man
He in turn was owned
by his riverside village
according to the law of the clan

'Molweni...'
resounded a cheerful greeting...
I waved my hand
and leaves blew off;
and there the kings were meeting

I was careful not to step
on this rich and fertile land
dogs were barking,
I could hear them
Praise poems jumped onto my hand

'Ungumntu? '
Shouted greatmother from inside
As I approached her hut
with my finger
she recognised me,
her eyes squinting wide

she said
'Tell the stories
of our past
(Joyful at work,
we forgot to write)

so our times forever last'

'Am I dreaming
or have I passed?
How did I get here,
and why? '
I asked...

Again barked the dog,
the rooster too,
made his call,
'Do Not forget',
she said
and that was all.

I fell out,
Of the book without words:
'Thsayi'
I saw place, patterns,
people living naturally
And was shot through
with Hintsas's assegai

'Do Not forget
Do Not forget
Do Not forget! '
screamed that annoying rooster

I awoke;
I bathed and dressed
in red, face white
I went to buy a book;
closed my eyes,
then started to write,

'Molweni...'

Nkululeko Mdudu

Easter

My spirit renovated, my soul renewed;
I feel elevated with a newly found aptitude.
I take bold steps into the darkness;
hoping desperately not to fall,
in my quest to truly harness;
the greatest power of all:
To stand before my lord and try,
try my best not to wonder why;
why all my angels seem to cry.

Nkululeko Mdudu

Echo Of The Drums

Alright alright hold your horses!
(they came with the foreigners too) .
We all suffered, we all lost,
I'm talking about us blacks, but we cannot
erase, delete or undo the past, hence:
Those with a past have a problem.

They gave as much as they took,
and we accepted as much as we rejected.
Let us go find ourselves, and our assegais first,
before we march in rebellion.
Let us go find the purpose for which
we had those spears,
for which we spilled the blood of others,
for which we were the way we were;
and find a way to be, now.

Let us fight our moral decay
and our greed and our loss of true values,
let us seek the lessons of the land.
Let us become what we can,
let us not blame white men, for we can
write and we have flight and we can
Westerly heal, yes we can run a mile,
on wheels, dammit!

No, damn him!
But deal with him,
dance with him,
and we will strike him
with his fire spears
and metal birds at dawn!

We have his weapons now,
we have his golden cow;
let us not praise him,
let not our dogs pray on him,
but let us pull the paper-pyramid
from under him and make him hear us.

Let the drums echo though his walls,
let the Iron curtains fall,
and let them sing for us all.

Nkululeko Mdudu

Emanyangeni

Ingqiqo engqingqwa
Ingqamene nqo
Neengqondi ezigqibeleleyo.

Ubuciko obuchubekileyo
Nobuchwepheshe
Obu nomceli-mngeni,

Yinqaba kumaqaba
Aqine iingqondo,
Aqamb' into zomqqala.

Ndithi ndothi ndakuthetha
Kuthule amathongo ethangweni,
Kuthimle ootatomkhulu
Kothuke namathongorha.

Ndenjenje ndijonge
kwaJama kaSjadu
KwaJojo nakwaJingqi
Ndijoj' umjojo maJola.

Cishe chebetyu
Ndichamel' enkcenkceni,
Ndiwuchith' enkcochoyini
Ndichukush' amaCirha!

Wona awa
Awolwa eyimilwelwe
nguTshawe obesilwa
nabakhuluwa, Whoo!

Enye inyulwa
Ibingunyana emanyangeni,
Yanyathela kuhle yanyuselwa,
Yanyembezana Inyathi emnyama
Unyana onkhulu kaNkosiyamntu

Kwagagana ingwe nengonyama

Yangu gulukungqu, kungekho inokusimama,
Yagaleleka imirhaji yakwaRudulu
Edabini leenduku yadib' umkhonto.
Egazini, othulini kuyilonto,
Zabuya zavana, Sele inguTshawe inkulu.

Ngu: Nkululeko Mdudu

Nkululeko Mdudu

First Light

First light is red,
with a gradual glare of gold.
Moonlight in bed,
brings winds like earthy wings unfold.

Beauty before pain
and pain behind beauty

(wisdom in a tooth...
please! hear the truth) :

Duty will remain
but never will we love in vain.

Nkululeko Mdudu

Forever On A Page

As I lay here in my bed;
I think of all the things they said.
'How do i love thee? ', I quote.
And 'let me not to the marriage of true minds', he wrote.
well; I have had two marriages;
one with I; myself and me, and one with bridal carriages.
(I only witnessed the latter) I have now had time to think;
and this reality begins to sink:
I am not of an era, not even an age.
I am everlasting and living on a page.
I am part of all that comes before me,
and I shall live till kingdom come.

Nkululeko Mdudu

Good Morning(Sweetheart)

Good morning my sweetheart,
I've made you some coffee (let it melt your icy heart) .
It's seven on the hour.
Before you speak, here's a flower
(Let it mask the scent of your morning breath,
Which fills the rooms' length and breath?)
Oh it's so lovely to see you smile!
(Lord knows it's been a while;
I'd almost forgotten your chronic shaded tooth,
Never knowing lies from truth)
Now, now just sit back and enjoy your breakfast
(Every meal should be our last) .
More coffee? (Let it melt your heart of stone,
And let you learn to live alone) .

Nkululeko Mdudu

Happy Birthday

Isn't it a beautiful day?
the birds are chocking
bearly breathing in poluted streets

Where are the trees that used to keep
them safe and keep them singing
for then I'd make them sing for you.

A car crash nearly killed him,
an untimely last ride;
wouldn't it be?

I know you are happy to have him
So have a happy birthday on me.

Sweet, petite, bubbly queen
all my days where have you been.

By my side and on my side
always, even as they pulled me aside

and told me to drink from an empty cup,
I did and will always come back
to you, sweet buttercup.

No birds to sing for you,
no parades on the street,
But I will sing for you
On every birthday you meet.

I will not ask your age,
Your beauty won't let me know
I will ask for your loving hand
And never let it go.

yes...no, yes... please say so
tell me I'm right,
that I'm your gratest friend for sure.

Tell me anything you know,
whether it be pain or pleasure
Tell me quick because,
Honey, you know I've gotta go.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY UNATHI,
MAY YOU ALWAYS BE WITH ME.

Nkululeko Mdudu

Her Sonnet

I loved you without permission,
Oh how loving you was great.
I loved you with no omission
But it seems my love was too late.
I loved you with my honor,
With a love that's so fine.
Every hour by the hour,
And sure I will love you for all time.
But this love was brought to an abrupt halt,
Which threw my senses into a fit of violence.
My dear I place you not at fault,
But now my love must proceed in silence.
And if it were for better circumstance,
Maybe we could have given this love a chance.

Nkululeko Mdudu

How Daunting It Is Not To Know...

Oh how daunting it is not to know,
which way your life will unfold.
Some may have had visions long ago,
but this is one story never before told.
And if any have but a clue,
what one as weary as I should do,
in order to find myself anew;
then I humbly ask that you come forth,
and advise me so.
As I wait for that lonesome report;
Oh how daunting it is nit to know! ! !

Dedicated to the memory of Steward(the boss) Mabanga;
RIP old boy Christmas comes round only once a year.

Nkululeko Mdudu

How To Pray

Are we to pray as your Son and our Fathers did before?
How can we not go astray when our matriarchs are deaf,
And blind and dumb or dead?
How can we be refined when pattern is made of incorporated
style and angled mischief?

When beauty is born of obscurities.
When our changing nature and changing ways
in your ever-changing world, have shaped our being.
When success and sacrifice,
though rare and highly coveted;
are but the brink of danger and destruction.

Shall we be as per original design
or is innovation, even in praise; needed
to sustain your strength and presence upon us?

You did not make us perfect,
is it then safe to say that you
only want us to try?

Did you make us more than man,
or it your deliberate plan
for us to work towards being so?

Nkululeko Mdudu

I Am Her Son

I am, to my family; a son, a brother, a grandson.
I am, to my people; a neighbor and a friend.
I call upon the spirits on the horizon,
and they allow some knowledge to descend...

I look up to the presence that is me,
and I tell myself of all the things i could be:

I am STATUS!
I am part of the societies that ceate US.

My life is what I and others have made it;
I am simply a part of it.

I tell myself of this,
being certain that nothing remains amiss:

I am the great hair of the sky;
working while i wait, with nothing to deny
me of what is my destiny,
And sure as well that I should die!

I am a miner; no a maid;
I am a scholar, my witts sharp as a blade.

I am a painter with black ink on hand;
I am all that is sacred to this land.

I am to my community, all that i've done;
But to my mother, I am still her son.

Nkululeko Mdudu

I Do Not Want To Prophecy

I do not want to prophesy about things
that will happen when I'm dead,
I'd rather be dead sooner.

I do not want to speak of secret files,
and broken codes or nature's call,
for national security's fall,
down the Devil's drain.

I do not want to say anything about the next world
Lest my children refuse to be born.

Suppose though, I could say; for argument's sake:
It's your fault!
Your problems are your own doing.

It's your fault, China; for being where you are
(Storms are automatic)
It's your fault, America; for being how you are
(Oil and economics)
It's your fault, Africa; for being who you are
(Customs and traditions)
It's your fault, Canada; for being when you are
(Volcanic contraptions)

Finland, Scotland, England
Come down to the Motherland,
Or you might freeze while Mexico and Morocco burn.
Canada will crumble with red flooded rivers.
Asia and Australia will blow up,
And blow out like a breathless torch.
Africa will stand; torn to see tyrants
trembling in dusty heat.

Presidents and lawyers will dine with beggars;
Some begging for restoration of manmade powers,
Others begging for a slice of soiled bread.
Money will decompose faster than its roots,
and wealth will be an ounce of fat on a baby's bottom.
Time will rule, or prove me wrong;

and giant buildings will fall to ashes,
Roots for the next germination.

Nkululeko Mdudu

I Feel Sick

I wish I could regurgitate my stomach,
Spill out my its contents and bathe it
In a pool of healthnut oils.
I wish to spill my guts accross a highway
Of contention and bring the world to a stop!
I wish this could be easier to swallow,
And yet I plead:
I need a gastric bypass
With the knife of knowledge,
and a clean hand.
My heart is heavy with undiagnosed
syndromes of insincerity.
I need an oral anima to clear my throat
for truthful words to pass;
But first I need a drink.
For no surgeon would ever think
Nor is there one more qualified than me
to perform this operation,
none more qualified than me;
Me defeating me...

Nkululeko Mdudu

I Hear The Singing

Crackle crackle pot and kettle;
how the water boils slow.
Crackle crackle dust come settle,
And hear the singing down low.

Bubble bubble burn and boil,
Ancient as the deep blue sea.
Ain't no bubble wrapped in foil;
floating high and delicately.

Waffle waffle stealing eggs;
steady aiming upon his head.
Waffle waffle-crack goes the egg,
And I shoot the poor dog dead.

Empty crackling pots and kettles,
Burning bubbles in the sea,
An egg stealing dog now dead
hears no crackling, only singing in his head.

Nkululeko Mdudu

I Remember Days

&I remember days when
I sat alone in the dark
with images of beasts
dancing beside me.
all the while my gratest hazard
was the thought.

But then you came in,
turned on the light and
with an unintelligible smile;
watched the monsters disappear.
then you walked towards me
and stood like the leaning tower
which came down hard with these
words: 'ufuna ni apha/'?

'what do you seek here'
'what are you doing? ..

Of all the thousands of words
running through my mind
I could only find reach for one:
'Me'
Half asking, half telling, addressed to
you and me. then you turned 'round
without a sound and left.
you turned the light off but left
the door half open, with your lights
shining beyond.

Oh body of my soul!
slowly you walked,
but you walked
and you left me sitting there:
head on bed,
heart on hands,
limbs, bones and breath,
feeling detached from myself.

So go on and write
the report, I know
you hate paper work,
but you were the one
that found me.

Nkululeko Mdudu

Ibhabhalaza Emafihlweni

Wena mntu ndini othe tywa...
emandlalweni kwade kwaphuma ilanga
langomgqibelo...
Ubuthand'izinto,
Ubuthand'abantu,
Ubuthand'ubumnandi...

Utsho ngomvungulo waphezolo
nezisini ingathi uphuma eposini...
Phezol'ubuthetha kamnandi
ngathi utyibilikela emendweni...
Ibinguwe kanye lo uphume ephunguza
Kanti uyakutsiba elikaPhungela.

Ngoku ubuyile, bakupheka bekophula...
bakubuz'inanana ungena mpendulo...
Ubusithi uyazivisa
kwavuswa
wavuza
kwasa se' uvaswa
uvalelwa
ungenantetha
uthule, ungasatsho nokuba
'akusemnand' ethaveni! '

Sele ulandulele eli.
Uwile ubungeyonkweli.
Zama ke phofu ukuzilungisa,
nathi sizakuvalelisa ngentselo...
kodwa wena ungayinaki leyo
kaloku akunxilwa kwelabafileyo..

Nkululeko Mdudu

Ilahle; Ilitha Lelanga

Lihloniphe ilahle,
Kuba nalo linawo umlilwana.
Lihloniphe ilitha
Kuba likhokela amalanga.

Lihloniphe ilahle,
Kuba libanga ubushushu.
Lihloniphe ilahle,
Kuba likhokelela kubuncwane bamaqhashu.

Lihloniphe ilitha,
Kuba liyabazi ubuso bukanyoko noyihlo.
Lihloniphe ilitha,
liyibonile imililwana yamalahle acimayo;
Kodwa libuyele elangeni:
Kwelo liso elivuthayo.

Nkululeko Mdudu

Imizekeliso Yezazi

Themb' ethembeni,
Uthando eluntandweni.
Thabat' eMthatha
Umfazi omabelentombi.
Ungqin' eNgqamakhwe
Ukubumdlalo uwudlalile

Hamb' eHekeni
ubheke 'maBheleni
Ezeka mzekweni
Edlala endleleni

Ncamel' iNciba
Amanzamnandi
Ukholwe ud' ukhohlele
njengo Tsorho etsarhiwe

Onegwinya akanagunya
Kwaba lambel' ilizwi.
Onentlanz' akanantloni
Zokuzalekis' imizekeliso
Esanelisa Uyise.

Uqhekezel' amaqhekeza
olulambileyo uluntu
Ahloniph' UMhlekezazi
Ligqum' igongqongqo

Andazi, ndiyazenzisa
Ndiyazama, ndiyazekelisa
Ndinezono nesizunguzane
Ndili langa nelovane.

Nkululeko Mdudu

Indoda Lhashe, Inkomo Ngumfazi

Masithi indoda lhashe, sithi inkomo ngumfazi;
Kuba indoda idla ngokuba namendu nesiggezu,
Yaye ithwala yonke into le emagxeni ayo.
Inabo ubuphakuphaku kodwa ibuya ilawuleke.
Andithethi ngebukubela ledlavu, ndithetha ngendoda.
Yona inentsebenzo newuxabisileyo umsebenzi wayo.

Sibuye ke sijonge lemazi:
Yona yintsengwanekazi
eyodla isizwe. Ayipheli mandla
nangona ithwala isizwe emabeleni.
Ayithathi nantoni na iyiphose emqolo;
lowo ubekelwe usana lwayo kuphela.

Akhona amaveliti neenkomo ezinomtshobo.
Zikhona iinkunzi ezikhabayo nezidlokovayo.
Iinkomo ziyakwazi ukuthi zigxwala emswaneni,
Abe amahashe elibele kukuleqana.
Zilunke ndoda ziyahlaba;
Sanukuwatsala ngemisila ayakhaba.

Amanye amadoda avukela enkomeni;
akube ebelele nazo.
amanye agcakamela umthunzi,
aman' ukuncataha ezimela oomatshonisa.

kodwa ke makhe sibuyele ethangweni
likantu sicubungule lombu.

Kuthiwa ubuhle bendoda zinkomo;
mayelana nokuqulathwe kulombongo
ndiyavuma ndizekelisa ngokungazi;
ndithi ubuhle bendoda ngumfazi.

Nkululeko Mdudu

Ingqula

Ukungqokola
kwengqula
kabaw' uDlula,

kwabangela
ukubanda
kwee ngqanda zakwaNgqika

Zaqokeleleka
zaqengqelekela
kwiQolo likaMaqoma...

Zingqokola
okwengqula
kabaw' uDlula

zisithi 'thyini!
Ngathi ezasemzini
Asikazichani'

Nkululeko Mdudu

Iphupha.(The Dream)

A gentle dream
With dry fingertips
A thirsty tongue
Where are the elevated ones?

A peasant left
The king did not arrive
His arrival delayed by Nomami*
If only Gazi* was still alive....

Where are the knowledge seekers?
Where are the loving hands?
Where are the symbols of healing,
That take me when I'm out of tune
And teach me all their melodies?

Son, question your father,
Daughter, question your mother
Let them teach you our culture.

Dare you smirk when I speak?
Dare you walk away from me?
The day I finally awake
All cheerful parties; you will hate
All sacred rituals; you will embrace!

When I look upon our ancestry
I see the changes that have become

But when I hear a voice of poetry
It fills me with joyful pride
I hear the spring time coming
Singing with a myriad of voices:

One says, "ntyilo-ntyilo"*
The other says, "I told you so";

The renaissance of Africa
My people's awakening! ! !

Nomami*- the which that lures the king to her lair

Gazi*- The healer and blood relative to the king

Nyilo-ntyilo*- The sound made by birds(especially the summer flocks)

Nkululeko Mdudu

Izinja Zam

Vumbuluka mvundla!
izinja zam zidiniwe
kunini zikhangelala?

Tsib' apha kwedini
ndizokulala ndinqomile.

Nank' uVukuza
Inkunz' ebhaku
ulindele uZungul' eze nawo

akundiva na?
Ndithi vuk' aph' s'bhaxa!

Ndimzamil' unziphonde
ndiwagxeleshil' amaxhalanga
ndade ndabhuda nebhadi

ngoku ndivukelwa ngumvundla
azi kwabayintoni na

Nantso! isithi prutshu
engceni ileqa ematyeni
lal'emvakwayo Vukuza

Zimela wena Zungula
uyokuvela ngaphambili

Atsha pha!
Yancwina ne ngqeqe
uTshilisi uyatsha

suka we nwi
wazifisa ukwalase

lagqitha ibhaku
lokuntlitheka emthini
lilandelwa litwina uZungula

Uthe xa ephakama
suka wafik' uTshilisi wamkhama.

Nkululeko Mdudu

Iziyalo Zesiyatha

Uh...u...u...ngaze
Uh...u...u...linge
Uh..u...u...ewe
Uh...zenze...
Uzenze ngathi
U..u..ubhetele
ku..ku.. kuku.. kunathi

Kuba wwen
Uff ufundile.
Ass...ah..asizenzi
Ss..sinjena nje
Sinjena nje...ee.. sinje!

Lll...lumka...
Lumka ke
uku...u..s'delela
Kuba..kuu..ba nn
Nathi...sinayo ingcqondo.

Nkululeko Mdudu

Life Is A Bicycle(Lifestyle Is A Frame)

Round and round and fast and forward
Steady balancing on either side
Swaying, speeding, not a coward
This is your one and only ride

Cycle Cycle, turning at the feet
Hands on the bar or up in the air
A greeting smile when strangers meet
A ring of the bell to say: I'm here!

But if you take a wrong turn
Or in your tyre you find a hole
Maybe you crash as you're trying to learn
Get up; dust yourself and take back control

This is your bike and the owner is you
One paddle is for people, one is for progress
The wheels might get worn out while the tube is new
The cog gives you problems, these are yours to address

The road gets rough, just tie the lose parts with string
The chain needs oil, the water bottle runs dry
You swallow hard and just keep peddling
Then a steep hill comes up and you wish to fly

Nkululeko Mdudu

Life Is Our Game

Oh we could have been mind readers,
life savers and care givers but instead
we chose to be ourselves. Victors against
adversity, kings of an empire, children
of mercy who only play but never win;
in the game of life.

But life is our game so we go on
searching for the ball in the woods,
for that last shot at glory before dark.
And when darkness consumes all,
we will take that shot in the dark.

Nkululeko Mdudu

Lixabise Igama Lakho

Lixabise igama lakho,
Ulinikiwe ngabanobuchule nolwazi kunawe.
Lixabise igama lakowenu,
Yeyona ndyebo nelifa elikwalamanisa nabo
Bonke abathe sa kweli lizwe kwanabangasekhoyo.
uDiba, uMpondo, uMandela; wayengu mpondo-zihlanjiwe.
Walithwala eli lizwe walonyula ebubini.
Yena uBantu(Steve) Biko wabanona abantu
Abantsundu nje ngabaz'mele geqe; enga bikwa hlaba.
uSisulu wayesisisulu sobukhoboka nobukhalipha
Ngexesha lakhe.

Masime kengoku sijonge ixabiso
Legama kulemihla siphila kuyo.

Sino Thabo oth'ehle nje uyazonelisa.
Uvuyelela ukohlutha lemali singenayo;
Ewe kaloku 'nguzonwabele' Mbeki.
Lowo ubeke isiqu sakhe nonina akatyeki.
Uzithwala ayokuzibeka phesheya kolwandle;
Abuye athelekise imali yeli nezangaphandle,
Mali leyo ayifuna kuthi.
Andigxeki kodwa ezangaphandle iiBanka zimithi
Kodwa owethu uvimba unyusa amaxabiso
Thyini! akuphilwa ngaphandle kwemali etshisiweyo.

Ndithi nomongameli we-ANC undenza ndoyike,
Kwa ukulibiza igama lakhe;
Ngenxa yemihuba yakhe.
Asazi ebeyakuthini na uYakobi, uyise kaYosefu!
Phofu kwagama eli selinobutyefu.
Abazifundayo izibhalo baya kundiphendula,
Mna kuleyam intloko ndiyakhephula.

Ewe ke kaloku mna ndingunyana kaJola;
Eyona njoli yothando, ububele, unkathalo nanceba.
Lo kaloku nguXolisile ongaxolelwayo
Kuba engena tyala. uMphankomo
Owazisebenzelayo iinkomo zakhe

Wakugqiba waziphawulela inzala yakhe.
Ewe ndithi lixabuse igama lakho nela kokwenu;
Ukwazi ukuqhayisa ngalo ezizweni!

Nkululeko Mdudu

Love In Xhosa

Mntwana wenkosi ndikuthanda ngako konke
Amandla emithi,
ulwandle nenyanga,
zode ziphele ndisakuthanda...
Andithethi ngoThandiswa
Ndingathethi ngoThandeka
Ndithanda wena wedwa s'thandwa sam

Nkululeko Mdudu

Love In Xhosa..Lol(English Version)

....I love you with my all
The power of the trees,
The sea and the moon
will diminish but I will love you...
I'm not talking about Thandiswa
I'm not talking about thandeka
You, my love; are the only one I love

Nkululeko Mdudu

Love It Or Not

Love to me is the assurance that all things;
No matter how bad, can get better.
It is not dependance though it gives support.
It is the harmised turbulance of all things,
Good and ignant. It shows that life;
Though it may be hard, is worth living.
It gives hope a craddle onwhich to rest,
And recieve comfort. It leads the mind,
Spirit, body and heart to believe;
In the unbelievable and gives
Them the knowledge that greatness
Is achievable. It is a benevolent feeling,
Driven by the connection and unbreakable
Bond between two beings.
Only the heavens fully understand Its mystery,
Only Lovers fully comprehend Its marvelty.

Nkululeko Mdudu

Love Needs Love

Love needs no reason
in life
Love has no season
or time

Love only needs
a loving heart
that kindles the life
A special part

Love is when two souls
become one
A pure passion
under the sun

I live to love you
my dear
Living without you
is my only fear

PJ.

Nkululeko Mdudu

May Day.....May Day.....

.....This is flight a35.0, come in control....

.....Yes a35.0; this is airline control, we read you...

.....Awaiting clearance to Hong kong 3000m above Tibet....

.....a350 you're clear to pass, do you read; you can go through...

.....Roger control, a35.0 now cruising at 3500m altitude....

.....Have a safe trip, and don't get any snow cones; you hear? ...

(This is your captain speaking, we are now at 20 degrees south)

....thank you control, we're landing in four hours so have no fear....

Captain, we're far ahead of schedule aren't we?

Yes we are, now initiating auto pilot.

I wonder how the kids are doing, you know it's their first trip.

Greetings captain; uncle Ben is here, and I've got your wee lot.

Hey kids, how's the flight so far?

It would be better dad if we could fly the plane.

Well, it's on auto pilot so you won't really be flying it.

Awesome! not yet Mike, first let your sister Jane.

It's not so bad, the throttle turns easily.

My turn, let me show you how to really fly.

Careful Mike, turn slowly but don't knock the red button.

Dad, I've turned it left now it won't turn back, dad why?

We must have gotten into a zone.

But the gage on the screen is also turing, I don't know.

this is strange, the plane is flying by itself.

Good heavens, can that be so?

What do I do, dad tell me.

nothing son just keep watching the screen.

the automatic map has gone from straight to curved.

this is like nothing I've ever seen.

the plane is at a 45 degree angle, it's falling

It can't withstand the pressure, it's stalling.

Aaaah! Dad I can't move.

The G forces are pulling us down, hold it so.
the plane is falling rappidly, I can't control it.
^..` ...~....-.....___if only we knew when to let go.

Nkululeko Mdudu

More Of Nothing

Muscle and bone.
Hiding a heart unknown.
Flesh and blood.
And raging floods.
Drowning this creature.
Cruel are his features.

Purple blood pouring blind.
In the medulla of the mind.
Scornful face; without a tear.
Hoping to conceal his fear.
Miserable drawings on his face.
Nothing for him in this place.
All he knew; he left behind.
Now he wonders scared and blind.

Cruel facts.
Keep life in tact.
Cruel people.
Red blood turned purple.
Upon a dying mind.
Never was its mother kind.

This is the final stop.
He reaches the end then drops.
Down deep inside his soul.
where can reach no digging moles.
Where no light can penetrate.
Where old sounds reiterate:
Men don't cry, men don't fly.
Unlike spirits, Men must reason why.
Men are just, men are strong.
Men work hard and women live long.
True to his limits he remains.
And some tail of truth he must regain;

Bold bulging muscles.
Fed by weakened vein.
He stands around then goes to hustle.

For an ancestral maid to retain.

That which he held so dear.

And held so close.

Strangled by malicious fear.

The devil's work I suppose.

Nkululeko Mdudu

Murder

How should I label this savage space,
these four corners so full of noise;
A hole, a jail, a cruel embrace,
It takes imprisonment and gives it praise.
It cheers and echoes as though it cries.
The screams, the churps, the flourished craze.
Trust in the horror that lurks and lies.
Discipline- once saw a steady income,
now it speaks of times of goodwill.
Oh come sir please come,
look; here lies the kill.

Nkululeko Mdudu

Music Nourishes The Soul;

Music nourishes the soul;
Do you disagree? It cures
broken heart; or makes it worse.
It brings happiness with little need
for understanding. Its meaning;
like a sacred scripture lies
in the listener's mind.

LISTEN UP!

I'll play you a tune; and just like good
wine or steak or poetry, It's more potent
with age. So take your mind back to the mystic
melodies of your mothers voice in the like
music you understood very little but your heart
knew it to be the best thing you had ever heard.

DON'T LET THE MUSIC STOP!

Oh please i beg; like i'm walking on eggs,
I plead with heavenly speed.
Do listen although you think
that poetry is boring;
though you may be a vegetarian
and though you may prefer whisky to wine,
I say AGAIN and AGAIN and I stand firm
when I say 'never go deaf to the music
of your mothers voice'. Never confuse
It with random noise, and ALWAYS ALWAYS keep
the volume and her blood-pressure low,
we don't the neighbors to know.

Nkululeko Mdudu

My Valentine

Valentines day...
the day of love
or so they say
I'd rather watch a dove
or a sprinting buck
even enjoy a milk tart
to celebrate my luck
in finding you; my sweetheart

Nkululeko Mdudu

Ndixolelen

Andingo mprofeti wobubi
Andingo nyana ka Yohane
Andilo Xhwele lamaxala
Ndiqhutywa zimpembelelo.

Ayindim owophule iselwa
legolide. Ayindim oqhawule
intambo yesilivere. Nakundixolela
Andina mnqweno namnqophiso
nemfazwe okanye izehlakalo ezimbi
Linye ithemba ngumsindisi;

Linye iliwa laphakade
Enkcochoyini phezu kwamafu.

Nkululeko Mdudu

Ngubani U-Nelson Mandela?

Ngubani uNelson Mandela?
Nduxoleleni ndizibona ndibuza

Bath' ungubani ngesiLungu?
Ahh! Nelson nyana womntu
Halala! Ndithi mandikubonge
Nangona lamehlo angazang' akubone

Wen' umde kunabo bafutshane
Wen'umdala kuneentshaba zakho
Ngubani ke onokwala iziyalo zabadala?
Ngubani onokuwabamba amaza?
Ndithi ndixelele ndiyabuza
Ngubani na onaloomandla?

Wena Madiba uyaziwa
eQunu, eQoboqobo naKuqumbu
Abanye bakubona kumabonwa-kude
Ewe kaloku sikubonela kude
Ngoba unobobuso bunye

Mna uyakundibona mhla
Ndikubonga ndikukhahlela ndisenjenje:

Aaah! Madib' omdala, Madib' omde
Mthembu wababonlw' ukuthenjwa
Mthimkhulu owong' imitha
Ngqolomsila ongenamsindo
Dlomo odloba akuv' ingoma
Tyhini kaloku dalibhunga! ! !

Sopitsho wathi mhla lisibekele
Walibona ilanga lilongalanga
Ngaphaya kwamafu.
Wathi maliwubone umhlaba.

Elolanga lasentsona
Wena walibona
Ngaphaya kweentsimbi zasemjiva

Wakhusa ngobukhalipha
Wahlanganisa ngokuhlakanipha
Mhla amahlosi ayehlasela

Uyabona ke wena
Intle into oyenzele esi sizwe
Nangona wawungewedwa nje

Kodwa kukho ilizwi ekumele lizalekiswe
"kukho ixesha elimiselwe sonke isehlakalo
Naso sonke isiganeko sibekelwe ixesha"

Endikutshoyo ke mna koku:

Imana inye ngelanga
Nelanga linye ngemini
iKrismesi inye ngonyaka
Nonyaka soloko ujonge kwiKrismesi.

Ulifumene ithuba lokuqhuba
Imacimbi eyayikade ingena mqhubi
Asiqiniseki, akazi nditsho no Baw' uMbeki
Ukuba kwakufanelekile
Noba mhlawumbi kwakunyanzelekile
Ukuba mayibe nguwe uRholihlahla.

Ibenguwe ozuza isitshaba
Sobukhosi kwabo badl'ubusi
Bekhawulela wena bengumkhosi
Bekukhawulela ngovuyo neenyembezi.

Ewe kaloku nguwe ukumkani onenkani
Nguwe umxolelanisi wabaxabanayo
Ngolunya, iKratshi nogonyamelo
Akunakuthi uligqesha lamanxeba
Uphinde udikwe kukudyojwa ligazi
Labo babethana ngokungazi
Uyalazi idushe eRawutini ngo-1990.

Ngenye imini uyakuba sisinyanya
Uyakuyishiya nani na inzala kaXhosa?

Ingaba uyakuwuzimasa na umzi kaPalo?
Uchophe nooHintsa nooNdlambe njalo-njalo

Ingaba umzekelo wobom bakho
Siyakuwukhumbula na nto kaBawo?
Ingaba siyakutshila na ngawo
Ingaba siyakuwusila siwusele de sikholwe?

Uze ungayinaki le ndelelo
Yalomntwana ungenambeko
Angayibuza njani na imvelaphi yexhego?

Kuthwa ungumntu wabantu
Kuthwa ungumntu ngabantu
Kuthwa Nkosi sikelela i-Afrika
Oko kwaziwa nasemaMelika

Lomsebenzi wakho asingomsebenzi
Nditsho ukuba kuwe apha ububom
Izolo ibibobakho ngoku bobam

Kwintswela-mfundo nentswela-ngesho
Kuthiwa ntinga ntinga ntaka
Kodwa ilifu elimnyama nalo liyabhabha

Qhawe lamaqhawe, ooTshatshu nooTshawe
AmaBaca namaMpinga, ooJola nooJwarha
Sithi kuwe, ewe ndiyazi sonke siyavumelana:
Nkunzi yesibaya senkululeko
Phakathi lokuphakamisa uphondo
Lwabaphilayo, abamileyo nabawileyo
Uphinda-phind' umphotho phezu kweziphukuphuku.

Njengele nenjoli yobulungisa
Eyabilel' abantu ingohluleki
Gqwetha elogqith' ingqondo
Mlowo wenkundla yamaMpondo
Sithi libala ngezomhlaba
Ezibuhlungu azipheli.

Lithi lakuphum' ikhwezi
Nditsho ndikhumbul' ekhaya

Apho sidl'amazimba sidlale ngodongwe
Apho sibon'amantombi siwatsale ngeelokhwe
Hayi bazali sifun'ukuwabuza
Ntonje wona acinga sizakuwaphuza

Asazi noba isizwe siyakumfuza
Asazi noba isizwe siyakumlandela
Lowo unguTata kwabali qela
Lowo bathi ngu-Nelson Mandela.

Nkululeko Mdudu

Note

It's not the string that's soft;
It's the hand that plays on it;
Not the music that's melodious;
but the ear that listens,
And all this is far more profound
than the heart that inspired....

The hand the claps says nothing
about the hollow mind.
Only the wind will tell the story,
only the heart will know the tale;
only the ears can take such stimuli;
only the rhythm in the mind....

You can learn any music you hear,
You will only hear the music in your soul...

Nkululeko Mdudu

Nothing But Light Runs Forever

Nothing but light runs forever:
All things of matter and energy,
thoughts and experience, mind
and body will one day wither and die...

But the light they leave behind will stay forever...
All darkness may disappear as it is fed only
By those who conceal and restrict the movement
Of light;
So when all care and courtesy subside,
All that remains is the light....

One that casts no shadow and gives off no heat
Only the natural warmth of it being there

One that learns no limit as it silently beams
like eyes from a steady stream
of devoted notions and uncured perpetuity...

The dead may lay restless in their graves
Or sleep in heavenly peace
but nothing is as silent as the light.
When it flows and when it glares
It is inevitable as the Lord when He's there
After all the light is He, and He the life

All will be transparent in this light,
And there will be no hiding place;
Not even the mind of thoughts that linger.

It knows no boundaries; neither of nature nor knowledge
As it moves sleeplessly through space, time and terrain.
By now all but one have subscribed to its perpetual source;

That the bearer of light
The key holder to its ultimate reign
Be Man- Wo-man- Hu-man- is a Wow

Our Freedom

Voices from the past,
saying good God we are free at last.
Visions they had are now present,
in the form of black president;
and I; the citizen, am free
to hear him speak
On a Capetown balcony;
Without fears of assassination
by those opposing this free nation.
His choice of words
And freedom in all forms,
Moving us ever closer
to weathering all storms.
Happy freedom day; AMANDLA! ! !

Nkululeko Mdudu

Perfect...(In Your Dreams)

We all have an ideal
Picture of how people should be,
But then we find the real
Person when we open our eyes to see.

We would like to be right
About 'THE ONE' we love,
That they be true and fair and bright.
But their stained clothes and wrinkled personalities remove
That dream-like figure at the back of our eye.
Now with leisure and time's trial; we stay or say goodbye.

Nkululeko Mdudu

Poetry And Sh! T

This is the sh! t I wake up with,
man and it's the sh! t I go to sleep with.
I cannot believe you made me call it 'sh! t'
But it is because it's the waste product of my subconscious
thought; It stinks of imagery and imagination,
It is moist with the free flow of untold thinking,
It's like a breath withheld in my inner self,
And it's the fertilizer of my personal growth.
Its raw and undigested though heavily fermented
In the gut of my soul. It is filled with bacterial interpretations-
Some of them good. the paperless stress and mental constipation
Oh how I need to releave myself!

Nkululeko Mdudu

Red Robots And Green Roses

You speed past my red robot,
Hoping to get noticed.
You make a light wave,
As your polished image is kissed
by a green bug on a budding flower.

Pity! Your disgust doesn't kill;
Nor does speed, for light travels; need
To hospital(a crossed flag) as you lay in a bed;
traumatized by a green thorny spine
On a fragrant rose.

Poking, Pricking, Proudly curious!
Standing erect from its tree.
No sight, no symbol, no influence but desire.
Paying no attention to gravity;

The gravity of steps you took,
Flying forward past Habakkuk.

Coloured symbols mean paper clips to blinded mice.
Only signs of ghostly murmurs:
A red robot, a green rose;
man's own meaning.
Indeed a beast would ram and close.

Nkululeko Mdudu

Rufus Boy!

Rufus, Rufus running wild.
Herds and birds all scatter' round.
When his mane and boarding fleas
And feet barely touch the ground

Whirlwinds running through his eyes,
Only visions does he see
Were his step a little quicker
Then a rabbit he would be.

Rackety, rackety go his hooves
Beating with them, days gone by:
Riffle; Rocket... Rufus now
Together breathing a heavy sigh

Arching backs were made for saddles;
Or maybe saddles made them bend.
Our spirits free to run and fly,
Riding Rufus has no end.

On arrival at the kraal
Mother sweeps while father strokes
His grey beard as he recalls,
Days when horses knew their folks.

"My son, " he says, "welcome home"
Testimonies spoke' by sweat.
Herds of cattle in the kraal;
Rufus' footsteps won't forget.

Nkululeko Mdudu

She Loves Me...Not

Denial is a dreadful Demon.
Because you don't think it's broken;
You are not going to fix it,
And if you think it's open;
You are not going to kick it
in. It makes for self-sufficient sloths
Because, if you don't act against
it, you will live a lie.
It will cut you from the waist;
Up untill you die.

Then you won't know who you are
Hell; you won't even care.

It's got you in its coils,
And it won't let go,
not untill you fight.
Oh and just so you know;
I'll be there to hold the light.

Nkululeko Mdudu

She Was Raped

Beaten by the raging currents;
Anguished by the violent seas,
Flung between rocks and parents,
Longing for a friend that sees.
Cold; Lost and Alone!
Disturbed and annoyed by the constant questions,
Tormented by his face with little comfort.
The constant honking and hammering, a mind's congestion,
Overwhelmed by the noise of information and transport.
'I did not do this to myself so leave me alone,
Don't confuse this toilet for my throne!
Now you have made me raise my tone,
I probably should have done that
when he was on top of me.
But I was scared and he is fat,
so I couldn't breathe you see...
All I could do was lay there and cry,
hoping with each tensed up muscle that he would die'.

Nkululeko Mdudu

Ships Ahoy(Ma Boy!)

Welcome aboard the moving sphere,
All ye destinations be here;
Underneath a dense field of nothingness.
Ye will build ye own shield in emptiness,
And decorate it with everything,
Given to ye by our captain and King.
The first of your travelling gifts is a curse,
But from the original things get worse.

Welcome to the table of life;
Where you need not a fork or a knife,
Instead I will give ye one of those life jackets,
To keep ye afloat in this soup bucket.

Your destiny is sin!
But don't let the worry of it make you thin-

After I've fattened you up with truth and honesty,
My version of it anyway.
Till you can ground your feet and find your way
With this here compass that's so blessed.
You will build your own nest;
But before that you need a station,
There you will continue to build our nation.

Be sure to keep your dreams in tact.
I too still dream as a matter of fact:
I dream of flying to heaven on a paper plane,
Its worded wings, full of those they called insane.

Welcome to the world of mortals
Your rightly passage, through the female portal.

Nkululeko Mdudu

Sivelaphi, Singobani? (Xhosa Poem)

Yeyiphi eyona nzala kaXhosa?
Besifudula sineeNkomo bafika
basinika ika iiWotshi
ekubeni besinalo ixesha.
Nani mabhinqa baninika iiFas'koti
phezu kwezo lokhwe.

Asingobelungu, asingobathwa,
singabahambi namaBani,
yaye siyazamkela nezi zixeko
zingqonge ezi lali zethu zimhlab'ubomvu.

Nina nto zooBani, oonyana neentombi
zomthonyama. Abantwana abahle kumth'omnyama.
Kuhle, kuntsundu, kulungile;
wena gwala hlala ulumkile,
usothuswa nasisithunzi sakho,
ud' uxolele ukusiph' umphako.
Wena mbhali hlal' ubalisa,
ngalemazi isoloko isehlisa,
ngalomthombo wegazi osoloko usophisa.

Nkululeko Mdudu

Sometimes I Pray

Sometimes I pray before I sleep;
Sometimes I pray, the lord; my soul to keep,
Sometimes I pray.....

Sometimes I pray in the morning;
Sometimes I pray for those in mourning,
Sometimes I pray.....

Sometimes I pray for rain;
Sometimes I pray for nomore pain,
Sometimes I pray.....

Sometimes I pray before i eat;
Sometimes I pray for good bread and meat,
Sometimes I pray.....

Sometimes I pray, my baby; that you'll stay;
But only sometimes for these things do I pray,
For I talk to my Lord everyday...

Nkululeko Mdudu

Springbok295

K(h)Ombi

Held...er

^Berg

Scattered wings

Pilfered feathers

Operation Resolve

Spontaneous flaming bird

In turbulent weather

Is cruising still

Blue waves as sturdy

As Indian rhino leather

Beckoned to her beacons

Her tail diverts the lightning

The compass is her tether

Our civic emissary is she

Nkululeko Mdudu

Steady As A Treetrunk

steady as a tree trunk,
warm as a leaf;
blind as a bat
with constant belief.

Tiny as a tear-drop
in a sea of salt;
poor as a rat
or plastic with a factory fault

I am I am,
I as in me....
Eye can, eye can;
I cannot see.

Nkululeko Mdudu

Such A Child!

My own uncle, a wonderful man;
but when I ask of his troubles, this is his reply,
'You are a child and you won't understand.'
Yet seems he more troubled though this he would deny.
A child you say as if it were foul;
what a vile and disappointing phrase!
It would perch itself like the eagle-owl
on the branch of my life and gaze
harshly on the maze of change.
Such a child...
that he would hold more keys of counsel than ministers in government.
Such a child....
yet he has tackled issues far out of range.
Such a child...
who has broke the holy covenant?
This awesome child whose spirit's filled with wicked thoughts,
would hold more comfort than the kings of the presidency,
more honour in grace than ever known by his savagery.
Would he be but the same child if you were in his place?
Or would horror strike your spine as you look in his face?
Well dear uncle if I'm only a child then I'll leave you be,
but I thought that's all my father wanted from me.

Nkululeko Mduku

Taxi To Town

Old friends share jokes,
and shake; with smiles on loving eyes.
One winks at the other as he pokes
Fun at the conductor. Giving lies
in how you take it. New friends
Share child-care secrets and cheaper remedies.
As a stranger smiles with old-time trends;
Coloureds and Xhosas, the driver plays rhapsodies.
Language is no barrier
Between mates; everyone is oblivious
to the brother with the smile of a terror.
All that to me seems obvious
is the baby sleeping, not knowing
Where or why this taxi is going.

Nkululeko Mdudu

That Boy

Who is this boy?
Why is he here?
Is he demon or devil,
Dumb thing here to thin my hair?

His eyes are clean,
His small head and crown,
His looks menacing,
Shameless without a frown.

Tiny; troublesome boy,
here to annoy,
here to destroy;
I swear his head is alloy;
Yet he smiles like a toy

Unnorming, unconforming
Live-performing,
Unlending, unbending;
Life... descending
From my brother-in-law's wife.

Tinkery, tinkery, clank
The dish-washer's prank
In my house of rank
and despicable lies

The Kid cries
while the child cheers.
Is all that he does
and all that he was:

Here to spit on my head,
here to burn up my bed;
Blazing blasphemies
with Life, truth and dread?

Nkululeko Mdudu

The Circle Of The Sun

The circle of the sun cannot be seen
at night or in broad daylight,
and since he is too big and close to us;
the circle of the sun must be seen
through the aeon glass.

It cuts through him;
a circle through a sphere,
and when its sharp jagged inside-edge;
with rays of cold heat, touches the ground,
we know the sun is here.

What can we do When him killing you,
and him killing me
is like A, B, see?

He needs to protect,
as he feeds to inject
his stinging pain
and beauty come again.

Nkululeko Mdudu

The Eye

the eye can see,
what the hand can do.
what will it be?
well that's up to you.

Nkululeko Mdudu

The Final Maybe

Think think think...
Where is that missing link?
why is it missing?
Who says it's missing?

Probably the same old philosophical guy
Well, maybe it just passed him by
Without him knowing
Or he took it along with him when he was going

Come to think of it
It's probably burried in a pit
Dug by an ancient ape
Down here at the Cape

Everyone loves a good hunt
Even better if it's for a little runt
That holds the key
To what created you and me

Maybe a genius would finally know
But personally; I don't think so
Maybe we were looking too far
Maybe things are better left as they are.

Nkululeko Mdudu

The First Glance

At first sight,
at first light,
all is bright
and all is fair;

but Blink, Blink;
Blink away the colour of night
and open your eyes
to see what's really there.

Nkululeko Mdudu

The Reason

You are the reason I smile
First thing in the morning
And thinking of you lulls me
To sleep every night

You make every day feel
like a beautiful melody
I never want it to stop
Because is it feels so right

PJ.

Nkululeko Mdudu

The Scourge

The Cape of storms has risen;
There is trouble in our midst.
He comes to claim what was once given,
As He charges forward with an angry fist.
Calm him; call Him to peace,
Let not His rage continue longer.
Calm Him with speed increased,
For yet have we seen His arm grow stronger.

Nkululeko Mdudu

The Sun And Radiance For You

The sun kissed morning ray
is here
The ray that makes me think
about you

It's that early morning feel
to be with you
And only think about you
Missing you early this day

my boy
Your smile is my reason
for joy

Nkululeko Mdudu

They Arrived, Strangers, And Stayed Friends

'I remember the day the white people came',
(Khokho khuluma ndimamele)
'There was a red blaze accross the skies,
or maybe it was the setting sun'
(hayi bo! Ilanga latshon'emini)
'They had a sneering look of cowardice
and illusions of their superior nature'
(babengenawo namandla okubopha iinkabi?)
'But we accepted them for the curious wanderers
that we ourselves once were',
(khawutsho xhego ndimamele)

'Ag but they were a great lot of fun,
curious as monkeys or toddlers;
they wanted everything we had
like hungry little children, but with natural caution.
They watched as we ploughed and planted the fields;
clever little fellows quickly learned our language, ...
though I must tell you their accent was hilarious.
We walked together, learned from each other;

But then.... '
(Thetha mkhulu ndimamele)

'Their hunger turned to greed!
Their curiosity saw them coniving;
ploting against us, splitting our land
at the Orange, kei and Vaal rivers.
Nature herself was so enraged
that she bubbled up to form the Drakensburg,
the Cape point had warned us of their coming,
the land in the north was quickly turning to coal.
Healing was needed! '
(Yho Bawo kwakunzima ne?)
'Boy shut up and let me finish! '
a.....'NOT another word son'

now Tata carries on and I listen...

Just then, as the ancient girl was being ripped
from inside; an answer came from the unlikely;
a cow, an ape, a lion, a whale and their master
spoke in an foreign tongue, though different to the whites.
these were some of the thingsthey said,
though I know not who among us knew;
'there earth bleeds with your constant battles,
make peace and her blood will turn to gold', greedy
and speedy Johanness(burg) found this first,
they further said 'where the earth was turned to coal;
a rich Diamond now you may find there', carrying Kimberly
was born of this. 'And where there were raging teary rivers',
they said, 'thurst and drought shall now be quenched with
a steady flow', they went on to describe secret corners and compartmentsof our
land,
starting with how the Drakensberg would serve
as a monument to the strong and a refuge for the weak.

In their final word, which shook our souls together; they
pronounced this: 'All the treasures you now reap,
are due to the treaty that you'll keep;
to hold the fortune of others above your own
to serve the land and never moan,
to hold peace in its in its natural state,
to never take in your hands another's fate;
and should you go against this treaty,
your land will neither be rich nor pretty.'

This was a year unknown to history,
and its tale would ensure democratic victory;

For you see we people are one and the same,
we only differ in voice, vantge and name.
(enkosi)

Nkululeko Mdudu

To The Infinite

Love is a fusion
of all surrounding familiarities
It incorporates in itself
all cares of culture;
custom; state and agency.

The affections of aged men
differ from those of young chaps,
And though it be same;
it comes in different forms and fragrances.
Some with power, pride
and pretence must love different
while those with lifetime on limb,
Their love is infinite.

Nkululeko Mdudu

To Whom It May Consern

To whom it may concern:

This is a message from an African Boy.
Least among the giants and warriors of old.
A lost sheep in the red sands of the Karoo desert.
Probably even a Khoi-San-African
reed shaken by the winds and tides
of our still largely dark continent.

I Know who I am.

I Yam what I Am.

I Write what I like.

I see you now, my other.
Son of my mother: Earth.
I see my Sister and Brother.

I see their commerce as day,
After suffering lonely night
Now reborn as Brand: New-Dawn

I am the greater
Both in spirit and patience
In truth I have prevailed

Now forward to finance
even the Amazonian pygmy's rich
in Spirit and Space.

I am not alone then in my quest.
which I ave yet to articulate.
And the hour is now at hand.
That truth and freedom be made as one.
I am with my brothers and sisters,
whose spirit and mine are one;
whose quest is everlasting:
The complete salvation and autonomy of all.

Nkululeko Mdudu

Umthi Womngcunube

Ndicela nindixhome emthini
Womngcunube; ngoba wona
Uzakundiculela, undibambe,
Undibophelele; undithande,
Undithandele ndide ndiphelelwe
Ziinyembezi emoyeni nasemehlweni.
Ndide ndiphelelwe ligazi entliziweni.
Ade onke amaxeba ehlabathi aphole.
Ndide nam ndibole.

Nkululeko Mdudu

Unconditioned Child

She knows the least
But will love the most,
She has nothing
But will give everything
She is you and she is fit
for praise though only I know it.
BUT WHAT DO I KNOW?
I don't know maths;
But you can count on me,
I don't know science;
But we've got chemistry
I don't you yet I know your heart
And now I know something,
And now I'm smart.

Nkululeko Mdudu

Wena Mjita

wena mjit'uzibona wedwa
Kodwa ujik' ukhal' ufunu'ncedwa

Asizompawu zobubi ezo
Udlelecaleni iziqhamo zomyezo

Kakade liphikhaya lakho
Apho kuphekwumpokoqo
wen' umanudlali-Lotto
Ngemali katatu-Tose

Hayi kaloku sukutala
wenzingathi awunaxhala
kubushiyumntan' ekhala
udlalucekwa noononkala

nd'yabon' ucinga ndiyadlala
Kodwa mntase mna nd'zak'xela
Kumamnci ngoba ulisela
Lentwigqibukutya ikcithixesha
Lentwimbi iqhel' ubethwa

Nonjana uyazazi uliZuma
Intloko le izelamaduma

Uphumungena wenzunothanda
Kuphekwumqa ufuniqanda.

The kid(dlala nam, sukudlala ngam)

Nkululeko Mdudu

Who Indeed...

Who has brought the sadness of the blue moon
and shone its dim light In our king?
Who painted the sunlight which touched
the sea breeze and taught the birds to sing?
Who has the power to possess fire-breathing
mountains, or take thunder to the tall trees?
Who holds the forces that bring giants to their knees?

Who could play with controversy and corrupt
the creatures that hold peace, only as a means
of finding the truth? Who indeed...
Who holds honour over all cause of circumstance
without ever forfeiting his youth?
To those who know this, father; foe and friend
of all time. Let us give thanks and praise,
for a father he is...a friend forever and
only just at the right time.

Nkululeko Mdudu

Why Did I Open That Letter

Nkululeko hi, ndisakuqumbele you know...

Plus I don't think you are a good friend because,
A good friend would not hurt the other intentionally.

Wena uthe I'm an uncivilized b...tch

(Please don't laugh because this is serious) .

If you're gonna keep up with your behaviour...

Then I'm sorry, but we're gonna have to end our friendship!

If you're still thinking that we could have something then you must be crazy! !

I don't really see you as husband material now.

I'm not saying these things out of anger or hatred VA.

I realise that I have been emotionally unstable for these past couple of
days/weeks...

And I think you had something to do with it (partially) ,

So for me to be myself again, I think that I need to 'face my fears'!

So anyway... enjoy the rest of your day VA! ! And remember that I still love you!

If you have any response/feedback to this then please, don't hesitate!

Cheers!

Nkululeko Mdudu

Yalusa La Mathole Am

Ntonga ndini ka Ntondo!
nditsh' um1886 ka LM.

Uyaziwa ezincwadini zeMoriva
IMoriva yama Jamani.

Nkulu ndini ka Oom Kwinty,
Khozi lika Quintius Glorious

Kambe akunkulu ngaku zalwa
Koko ulizibulo ngokuthunywa

Kuthethiwe phezu kwakho
Nakwelase Goli uKhwaziwe

Kwa "Nyama ayipheli"
Kuthethiwe phakathi kuwe:

Kusithwa Yalusa
Yalusa la matholana

Hlakula le mihlatyana
Jong'ilanga leli khaya.

Wasabela wena Kanye
Wena Simon ka Yise

Kwekh! ukumthanda
Kwakho uThixo!

Wena Gilbert kaNgwanya
Wama Gorha eziziba

Wamamela okuka Rhudulu
Mhl'ekhwazwa nguTshawe

Ngwevu zehla namaMpondo
zinguMbo nomXesibe

Zigudl' iintaba
Zigon' unxweme

Zangena ngeenkomo
Zabinza ngomkhotso

Kweli lamaXhosa
Kweli likaThembu.

Nanko ke umzila wakho
Ngweletshetshe yaseShiloh

iShiloh yokuBhedesha
iqula likaThixo weziHlwele...

Nanko ke umzila wakho
Ungawulahli mhl' ugoduka

Ngeloo rhatya lweenkonde
Qhaji ndini lakulo MQadi:

Uzunyuse iNciba
Ulalise eLesseyton

Kwindlu Yendlovukazi
uYilizwa ka Mapasa

Jika ujolis' eMtata
uJoyi wasikhwaph' eRhode.

Kwezo ngqaqa zigwangqa
Phezu koMbashe noMzimvubu

iThina lakowenu lilapho
iTsitsa nezo mpindo zalo

AmaKomkhulu akowenu
Imithambo yakwaMajola.

Nyana omthobeleyo uyise
Mvana emthandayo uThixo

Xolisile wothando nenyani;
ikrunekile indlela yeqhaji

Buza kuMalangana
"uNolanga langen'
endlebeni yendlovu...

"uDyamfu wase Chisela,
uNongwe yaadl' ithole"

Yalusa la matholana
Lungisa lo mhlatyana

Akhule ahluthe adlobe
Ajike akusuzele

Kambe ungathyafi noko
Uwaluse uwalimele

Loo maThole oMtwakazi....

Nkululeko Mdudu

You Are...I Know

It takes a truly remarkable human being
To pierce into the soul of another, and
find the spirit within.

It connects us to the Gods and feeds
The daily promise of future existence.

It assures our present survival.

It comforts our hearts and soothes our minds.

As we gain knowledge we drive prosperity,
But with Great insight must lie Great integrity.

Nkululeko Mdudu