

Poetry Series

**Nndanduleni Nelson
Nemaranzhe
- poems -**

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Nndanduleni Nelson Nemaranzhe()

Bless Me Oh Dear Lord 1

Bless me oh dear Lord 1

When the sun set
As the moon wane
Let me live and not die
Nor my man be few
To teach thy precepts to Jesse
And thy law to Matthan.

Bless all my skills
My talents gifts and abilities
All my knowledge and wisdom
Every work I put my hand on
In the field and anywhere else
The abundance of the oceans
Treasures hidden under sea beds
On the hills and mountain tops
Let me abound with the favor oh Lord
To inherit the southwards to the lake
And the northwards to the ocean.

Let me be blessed and again
Most blessed of all sons is Jesse
Of all daughters is Angela
The bolt of my gates will be iron and bronze
And my strength will equal my days
The heavens will drop dew forever
For the Lord is my glorious sword, shield and helper
Jehovah engraved me on the palms of his hands
My walls are ever before him
So, kings will be my foster father
Queen my nursing mother
They will bow down before me
And lick the dust off my feet.

I will arise and shine
For the glory has come
And the glory appears over me
Foreigners will now rebuild my walls
And their kings will serve me
Though in anger God struck me
In favor He will show me compassion
My gates will always stand open
They never will be shut day or night
So that man may bring me the wealth of the nations
For the nation or kingdom that will not serve me
The same will perish rapidly.

My God will make me the everlasting pride
And the joy of all generations
I will drink the milk of nations
And eat meat of the entire universe
I will be nursed of royal meals
Instead of bronze God will bring me gold
And silver in consignment of iron
In woodstead will he bring me manganese?
And iron in place of dust
The lord will make peace my governor
And righteousness my ruler
No longer will they call me deserted
Or name my land desolate
But I will be called "Hephzibah";
Meaning my delight is in her
And my land "Benlah";
Meaning married
My left hand will be blessed
Abundance will it be on my right
All my living years to the hundredth generation
Now and forever more
Amen.

By Nelson (Deut 49-62)

Ndanduleni Nelson Nemananzhe

Dreams

My mind can't comprehend
My life keep following
My being keep asking
Wherever my dreams keep leading
Dreaming of super kids
Those who will be richly famous
Thinking of super life
Of leading all these projects
Known on all kinds of media
Dreaming of super family
Of love, wealth and abundance
And dream when I have an island
I think am blessed
Because of this wealthy gift
Got this eye of future
My dreams are pouring
Where is my wellingtons
I don't gallivant at all
Or gallop by night to pleasure land
My gallant nature
No gale to shift my attention
From my gab
Or my gala night.

It's a dream land
It's a picnic world
We wait not for holiday
My burger follow me on bed
The private jet is pretty
I melt not if it's too blazing
It's a spicy world
Couldn't be watered if it's too hot
It's a misty world
Could get more rigid when chilly
My cotton is too rocky
My fire is too icy
Life is what you think not of
You get what you desire

If you cease not brainstorming
Without blue funk
Furlough not
Life is better.

My jelly world
I am from Namibia
Desert ain't strange to me
I was built betwixt sand dunes
Rain is a strange voice to me
Thirst is my last fright
My eyes got sharpened
I sleep not at night
And try to slumber by noon
I keep revising my plans
I don't know how to escape
From my love for deserts
My wealth is my camels
And my Yankee town
And my bear feet
And my smart hounds
My miracle money.

What more do I long for?
When my dreams are written
And made known to all of ya'
But this strange Wasp
That stung at my neck back
And took all my hearing
And stopped my full sight
Now all I do so far
Is to take a nap
And dream a little bit more
And sense my way to destiny.

Nndanduleni Nelson Nemaranzhe

Falling Like An Eagle

Milky, red rose to honey sweet
Pretty dawn to romantic dusk
So be it, I need rehabilitation
Why thou art the fairest
Of all the cast lot about homies
Fate said it should be you.

Silky, sexy polite voice
Delicious honey comb adored
Attractive smile of fame
So mouthwatering food you cook
It's a paid bill I found you
Yet falling like an eagle.

An Apple or Pear
I am not a shareholder in World Bank
Not even one of the World' richest either
'cause I still wear undies with eyes
For the battle lines are well drawn
I wish I could burst like a bubble
For losing the previous battles
That Military police couldn't assist
But as for this one I'll trump.

Sunday Sun isn't too hot
This is for the chosen ones
Though my surname is a zombie
And my middle name was a curse
From romantic dawn to dusk delicious
This is not a secret bill at all
I ate a lot of Calamari and Chorizo
I haven't tasted Butter-bean Stew at all
Or teased my appetite with fried rice
Or with chilly Prawns and Bacalhau
Love landscape painted a picture unique
Which accelerate our heart beats time
I can't say it in rimes like B.I.G
But can afford it in tongues
And keep eating Figs for supper

Sugarcane juice for communion
Yet still falling like an eagle
May this one be a Valentines to remember?

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House Warmers

House Warmers

I thank God for Blessing us with more time
As well with some Dimes in the Heavenly account
I thank God for a Wife precious
15 Years feels like yester night
We are graced with Kids too
Genius Angela and Jessy
They are our inspiration and motivation
The Sisters and Brothers we got
Aunts and Uncles
Friends and Neighbours
They believed in our dreams
The support from all the relatives too
For that matter we celebrate this Floating City today
Daplasma.

These are Companies special
They helped me rewrite my life story
The likes of Sonke Plants Scapers in Wits University
They help me buy this Stand and Trampoline
Dr Tshivhase M.G. Practice
My TV Licence and Thabazimbi house
Vharanani Properties
These Windows by Nemauluma the Welder
Fabar Business Enterprise
All the Block and Mampara Bricks
Lewisani Projects and Enterprise
They help me buy Lintels and Brick force
Manena Alfred for his strong foundation
How can we forget Mbula for Wall plate construction?
Mr Joe for Plaster and Topping
Mr Prince for Cobbling Plaster and Steps
Mukhwathi and his Buglers unique
Tami and his Carpentry skills
Mbofheni the Roofing magnet
Most of all I thank Naledzi Group for all the goodies unexplainable
Mr Musetsho K.D. and his electrifying Poem
Munyai F.D. and his Holy Jokes

As well as all my fellow Naledzi Participants
Your support deepest
Stay Blessed folks
calah.

Our dear Programme Director
Through Word of Knowledge he led the service.
Makhadzi with a word of welcome.
Mrs Tshivhase for Purpose of gathering,
Mr Raphalalani and his Mashashadanga Speech
Arehone on her well wishes of emotions,
I thought I am strong,
Not until today.
Mrs Tshikhovhokhovho and Mrs Musetsho E.
The role they played back then,
Thank you once again.
Pastor Manena and his back to my roots message.
Pastor Nemauluma and his oldies link.
Mrs Mamma and Mrs Muruge for decorations
Thendo and Tsireledzo for their creativity
Salah.

The DJ and his happy music,
Pat and his Pork cooking skills.
Neighbours and other Tshitereke Citizens
Even others who crossed Rivers and Rivulets
Your support is highly appreciated
You where the chosen few
To come and celebrate our victory
We are ne'er the same too
Expect our invite when we buy Driverless car
I should have given you this speech
But frankly the programme director prophesied
And Heaven descended
Selah.

Nndanduleni Nelson Nemaranzhe

I Think In Venglish

I rhyme in English
My island too western
My ship sailing harbor wards
My chopper keeps going Missouri
My cart keeps going Paris
Oklahoma to Bahamas Islands
First class on Gautrain Sandton
Got antelope for a pet
Planetarium is my living room
Raised by Bill Clinton
Being a navy student of George W Bush
Obama being my mentor
As Mandela is my influence
Ramaposa being my homier comrade
Predestined future
I am nonsensical.

I dream in Latin
And interpret in Hebrew
I always see visions of old Greek
For my left-side brains
No wonder I am this emotional
I have my home in glory
Though heaven is my future home
Hell-phobia being my challenge
I wear Roll-ex for time
While staying in Calcutta
I do visit Kansas
I also like to settle in Seattle
I miss my theater practice
My fame is shadowed
This politics culture
Viva to Vavi.

I converse in Arabic
An African though
Being a product of Kwanzaa
May we take a psychological review?
To study behavior modification
And learn about monograph approach
And practice appraising theories
And cognitive styles
Approach-approach theory
Approach-avoidance theory
Avoidance-approach theory
Avoidance-avoidance theory
Are these Edmund's theories
To see if psychology will mislead us
Or combine law with psychology
From Roman Dutch law to English law
Family to Mercantile law
Labor to law of persons
or combine philosophy with theology
While studying eschatology
Changes will avail
Maybe my brains are heavenly
Maybe nothing
Maybe something
But what, everything
Ahoy.

Nndanduleni Nelson Nemaranzhe

If You

If you

If you think I am what you want
If only you think am writing this for anger
If you dare think am writing this to impress
If you think you are my inspiration alone
If you think am so lonely writing this one
If you think you have been so cleaver
If you think Shona songs never do me a thing
If you think these memories keep me healthy
If you think I really don't care at all now
If you think you had me finished
If you think this is just a poem
If ever you thought so, just think again.

If you think upsetting you is my motive
If you think I am a bad person
If you think I really don't think of you
If you think you are so less important
If you think I gave up on us ever
If you think I am less passionate
If you think I careless by now
If you think am over you
If you think I don't think of future
If you think I lost my mind
If you think I won't propose a toast
If ever you thought so, just think again.

If you think I am lazy
If you think I am less creative
If you think am not excited right now
If you think my kids are mad at me
If you think my wealth is crumbling
If you think I lost my bible
If you think they stole my dictionary
If you think I am not a millionaire
If you think I cannot be a billionaire
If you think I cannot not be a trillionth

If you think wealth is not my gift
If you think my gift is not my career
If you think my career is not my talents
If you think am not blessed again
If you think am going to die anytime soon
If ever you thought so, just think again.

If you think my creativity end-up here
If you think this is not touching enough
If you think this tune is so low
If you think am full of doubts
If you think am eating a humble pie
If you think my background is my fear
If you think my past is my horror
If you think my memories are my fright
If you think my possession are my curses
If you think my achievements are my eternity
If you think I have lost my right track
If you think my nature is about Venice even Vatican
If you think I am not African enough
If you think illusion is my religion
If you think I have ever relate to enemies
If you think I have forgotten my Jesus Christ
If you think am not going to Heaven
If you have ever thought so, just rethink
Because am just so Anointed.

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Moon Light

Just tell me something
The first time I laid my eyes on you
I didn't see any other girl
I saw moonlight on dark desert
My souls need a Savior
Marrying a rainbow queen
The kingdom of the sweet royals
May my first born be called Angela?
The second born then Jesse
I feel like am soul lost
Trying to find my faith, hope came back
I ain't frightened by small stuff
Because I am a certain breed of man
A jo'burger, have seen stuff-done stuff.

There are few individuals am not missing
And I am sure one of them is not you
What kind of love is this honey?
It feels like happy days in the hays
It feels like cappuccino in iceberg
It feels like chilly nights with my pretty sweetheart
Switzerland ain't far any-longer for honeymoon
Whenever I think of you I thank my God
Love rain storm come pouring on me
Am forgetting my last name already
Destiny well predestined
I am so fond of my water-bed
Of all the prettiest I have seen
Thou art the fairest.

At times I forgot to classify days
As being good or bad or happy or sad
To me nowadays everyday it's Christmas
I wish I am moneyed in my swede account
I would be buying you even an island for present
This life has never stop being run by numbers
What number am I in your heart?
I have found the paradox of love life
You are who you never been afore

I lost count of my numbers
But as long as I can recall
You have always been my one number
My gift to you is a love poem
Though I also bought smartis for pleasure
May we both be swept by some honey flood?
Then we will find you in love-bay.

Tivoli shower hot is memorable
My prayer is to keep breathing
I wish I got wings of cherubim
I pray she got wings of seraphim's
May our kids have wings of angels?

Nndanduleni Nelson Nemaranzhe

Oh Bless Me Lord 2

Shower me with the fruits and veggies
The results of heavy rains and grain
Bless me with the light-rays
The light-rays of the sun and of moon
The wealth from the mountain tops
From the valley bottoms
The wealth from the sea bed
From the bush fire flames
Like Moses and Shadrack and them
All the blessings from the earth's belly
The goodies from other planets
From everything man choose to create and make
With the fullest animals may give
What wood and stone can offer?
Bless me with what the sky can release
Whatever evaporates from the earth?
Bless me with what is written on papers and scrolls
On stones, minds and on hearts-oh God
With what is said with different mouths and pictures
Bless me with the abundance of all seasons
Of winter snows and spring winds
Of autumn airs and of summer rains
Blessings from the east, west, north and south.

The goodies from all airs, road, rail and seas
And from all kinds of oil, continents and trips.
Moreover thy Word oh Lord
The abundance of thy grace and mercies
Thy anointing and salvation my God
Thy favour in faith and in gifts Lord
More of thy power and fire day in or out
When I stay or go, make me glow and flow
Bless me with the wonderful family and friends
Ministries and churches, even abundance of land
That on the last day when I grow and go-go fulfilled
To be alike to the morning star-shining
Through the blessings and glory
Everyone will realise that am the blessed
And call my offspring to the last generation blessed

And clothe them with scarlet and finery
For the Blessings of Abraham-Jacob-Nelson about them.

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Poetic Creativity

Sometimes I think dust and write rain
When my mind gets blank and blunt
Brains giving birth to nothing poetic
My mind conceiving nothing hip or hop
Or jazz or reggae or country or gospel
I scream and fumed for desperation.

This is what I write when I am less creative
So less inspired and tune lost
Inspiration needs ventilation
Creativity needs situation
I also get tempted to say
Reality it's a shadow.

Country of bold rainbows
Today it's all we can see
Tomorrow might be a day lost
Next year might be a wasted days
This work should have been a script
If not a melody-play
Maybe I am loosing sense
May I narrate you of Tom Sawyer?

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Poor Man's Anthem

Poor man's anthem

Am so much limited to time
Wasted years, painted pictures
Every time I think it's gonna be fine
I keep asking when, lackmophobia
My calendar is losing its dates
My chromatograph no longer ticking
Sytromophobia, operation pain addicted
Monsoon holy, novel poems
Walking on clouds, twilight heaven
Eternal couture, passion purple
My theosophy being my biblios.

My silence being too loud
My salt my toothpaste
My sugar my meat
By noon or by night
Encompassed by terror of horror
Legless spiders, wingless owls
I keep dreaming drowning
When am dead I will scream

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