

Poetry Series

Ofentse Mercy Hajane
- poems -

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Ofentse Mercy Hajane(1992-04-23)

Ofentse Mercy Hajane was reared in Munsieville; a little township located west of Mogalecity formerly known as Krugersdorp, just few kilometers off the outskirts of Johannesburg (Jozi) in 1992 the 23rd of April; under the sign of the mighty brave bull. He is currently residing in his birth place (his Afo-rui-ka) . Indeed a bull never leaves its kraal unless there's a greener pasture out there. In 2010 he succeeded in finishing his 12th grade in Thuto-Lefa Secondary School. Like all restless post-matriculantes he ventured into the world of work, where he got into a community project (CWP) . A year after he enrolled in a college (Westcol College) in pursue of a dream. Besides dreams do not come to those who wait for them to just pop up out of nowhere, do they? Each day is a step toward his final dreams. Although he enrolled in an engineering college, his love to study zoology makes him wonder if he had made a terrible mistake to fly over the lands of metal and machinery.

Ofentse discovered his love for literature in his early years (How early? Let's just say early enough) .Although arguerably with poetry, he had long love the idea of being a writer, a writer of anything as long as it could launch him out of the real world into a world he created. It was through reading short stories and novels that cemented the foundation of his love for poetry. Although he might not call himself a poet, ("I am no poet but an admirer of words") but poetry is what bleach out his darkened days. Poetry indeed is what inks each an every step he takes a day. Also the lessons of Philosophy from great men's like Credo Mutwa, Steve Bantu Biko, Nelson Rolihlahla Mandela, Gabriel Okara, Plato, Socrates and Aristotle and many others (the list wage beyond endless) , are his greatest inspiration. Not only poetry, novels or philosophy waters him with wonder, also the spectacles of Nature, the majesticity of art and paintings (African and Gothic art to be certain) and the world of science which deals with the very fabric of wonders, complexity within simplicity, Chaos theory and all of the Universe, is where he draws his inspiration from.

He also suppose that the you, the me that Socrates on about, had finally revealed itself (Not that it has been hidden, but it has been hindered by men's fear, atrocities, and religious norms.) through all of nature, either be animals or plants, poet or writers, singers or actors, artists or painters. They are all us, made into them. Through all of our works are pieces of hindered knowledge flecked wit a bit of a unique character, Ofentse's; sprinkled with quite a lot of dark poetry, as one might say; Gothic poetry. To him it is an introduction of a reminder to people that fear could be mended into a beautiful thing, however you wish to put it, fear reside in all of us. So why fear "Fear" when could use it, make it our essential parts. Do remember that it is not always the flower that a rose looks so majestic, it is but its thorns that makes it so.

So I welcome thee, dear wary reader, into my work. The work of simple scattered words, stringed together by a typical force of our universe, to pass forth a blank message, waiting to be painted by ye. Through thy imagination's capacity, my words will momentarily be thine, the message, thine to conjure. Each story, either be true or fable, thine to venture.

For some of these words are laced with dark energy (nothing to harm though) , some are just whimsical, some created with simplicity, some are questioning and questionable, some are just simply happy thoughts while others are as dull as a slow Sunday morning.

Linger if thee might, and it would be my pleasure to tour thee into my little personal museum of thoughts. Just wary of little creature awaiting to pop up any time.... DO ENJOY THINESELF! !

A Creature Once Known As An African

Once you were a god
A grand god.
You were seen as the extension of the mighty universe,
Dark, mysterious, alluring and godly
No breed was as stout as yours,
None was artistically kissed by the sun,
None did brim of power like yours.
None did understand the laws of nature as you did.
None in your presence did ever talk without bowing.
Your buildings and architecture was compared to the marvel of nature,
Your science was thought of perfect,
Your knowledge became the universe(before they crudely perverse its meaning) .
You were mighty, but you were naive.
You trusted easily and you fell.
You kingdoms, now relics of the past thoughts,
Crumbled under their invasion.
As you have lost your culture,
So too the knowledge in the songs(of your ancestors) , shall wither in time.
As said the old man who sat by the pond,
His face lost to those who knew not their history.
He kept aloud singing to his passerby:
"You lost your culture, so witness as you lose yourself and die."

Ofentse Mercy Hajane

Faults Of Intelligence

From fore,
to now.
Heads and Tails...
About grail and bread,
and darkness that lead no way.
Even when the light of new teachings arose.
Men hath done deeds.
Deeds be told by bedside,
Some flung about to sought fear,
and mend obedience.
With all good he done,
But one evil that outweighs them all.
With such evil he create a master.
Forged him unto his own liking,
But dipped it deep in rivers of fairy tales.
From night and day the self proclaimed prophets philosophize,
Drunk deep their mouth about what they know not.
O' bless all faults of intelligence...
Bless more faulty intelligence.
For now they rest upon their design like a slave lie on a bare floor....

Ofentse Mercy Hajane

Kgotso

My soul honors your soul.
My heart honors your heart.
I honor the name of your ancestors,
for the same blood that courses
through you, courses through
my veins too.
I honor the place in you were
the entire universe resides.
I honor the light, truth, love
and the being that you are,
because the same is within me.
I honor all these of you, because
in reality we are all one.

Ofentse Mercy Hajane

Living Things (Containers Of God)

Lingering upon my walls,
Motionless.

Heavy clouds of souls mixing with the water below
Cold sense ran through my blood
Knowing were they belong
Seems to petrify my glance
Victimizing my eased light soul
Darkening my darkness
Foolishly blinding my heart

My breath went shallow
The surface turned liquid
Drowning in sorrows of those who painfully seeks of souls
Philosophical mind controlling their urge
Faith talks evolutionizing their desire to steal away from those deemed not
worthy
Devoid of Love nor Joy
Devoid of Choice nor Will
Devoid of life but life that undertook their mortal containers....! !

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Lonely Man's Mind

Love eludes me my dear.
I've yet to taste its splendor.
I've yet to thrust hard and long into its mound.
And let its wet facade cascades over its fragrant skin.
I sit eerily so wondering about it all day long.
Is it like death in the winter's afternoon, or is it like life in the midst of morn?
O' dear, o' dear...
How foul the lonely man's mind is...

Ofentse Mercy Hajane

Seso'tho

Ema ngwanana ke ho hlamele nane.

Ka're ema ke ho jwetse ka hoo SeSo'tho se le monate ka hona.

Ka're se eletsa mathe noka ea lehodimo e phatsima.

Utlwa ka hoo se lelesela ka teng.

O kare tlhapi ea moritwatsi e sesa ka lewatleng.

Kana so sena se bonolo lo lemeng, okare lesea le nyenya.

Se hata mono, se hata mane, se hatelle pele.

Se hata hata ho dimo ha mae okare phefo e latswa noka.

Se boreledi jwale ka `jwe le bolele

Ho ba se utlwang, `tsebeng ho bona ho relela mamepe keledi tsa badimosana ba metse ntlha.

Hobane se phefa, se thotse o kare bosiu bo khutseng.

Se mathemelodi, se tsweretsa jwale ka tswere di aparela mohlaka.

E kare ha o se sheba o se bonele seponono sa mahlo so'tho.

Ofentse Mercy Hajane

Sol

Drawn to destruction,
Like a moth drawn to fire.
Perhaps we are moths drawn to our own demise.
Looking at ever changing force of greatness.
My ancestors were kin to its power,
They called it Ra, the giver of life, the one who is reborn eternally.
They called it Helios strutting about the sky with his chariot.
For millions of years this was as close as we got to staring at the face of creation.
Pulling about at its mask and trying to unravel the mysteries of the vast
darkness.
But not until lately did we ever muse at its true form.
Those who gaze at it at the distance,
trotting about the sky are blessed.
But those who've seen it up close know how unrecognizable the beast is,
to them it spew horror.
Some say the heavens drives life to its fate.
But we know better, hell is the center of life itself.
Boiling violently with a turbulent sea of fire about the center of our system.
This devilish mammoth form,
A titan of terrible beauty.
Mesmerizing, attracting, pulling and never wanting to let go of us.
An ever hungry beast, chowing away its core bit by bit.
Signalling danger, and threatening to bring destruction upon the earth.
This god created life and demands it to keep its distance.
Those who heed not its warning, are to heed its anger.
Spitting at them with prominence, charged particle of radiation.
But for us those who keep safe and play about the unwritten rules of its making.
We are guaranteed a slow death, under the bake of its power

Ofentse Mercy Hajane

The Human

The human creature
and its variants are quite a peculiar bunch wouldn't you agree?
They poetically speak of peace
and yet again fail to be more peaceful with one another.
"Ubuntu! ! ! "You'll hear them preach,
at the end of the day they show less Ubuntu to each other than a dog would to a
rat.
They grant freedom,
and yet none are free.
They protest against drugs
and yet again they drug each other for revenue.
They speak against starvation
and yet again the powerful have enough fruits wasted daily to feed a family of
three.
They speak of protecting the world which they inhabit,
and yet do quite the opposite.
They torture, maim, suffocate and murder without "HUMANITY",,
and yet they stand to claim it? !

This creature; the human,
isn't a creature yet to learn,
but a creature yet to unlearn.
And even in the brightest of the day, they seek out the darkness.
They go on about their individual ways -as though they can survive as so -
All the while behind their prescribed cabinets they philosophize with
"Unity".
They've tasted the sweet succulent nectar of Science - the jewel of knowledge.
Yet when the sun licks the horizon, they fold down to their primitive believes.
They sort, categorize, classify and name themselves according to places to which
they are spawned.
By the simple nature of the color of their skin, their eyes, their hair, by the
formation of their skeletal frame,
And by their polluted tribalistic cultures.
If that is not enough, they will one day sort themselves by food they eat.
O'... How rotten their pre-apocalypse is.

Ofentse Mercy Hajane

The Human God

I am a god,
Let not this cloak of flesh and fat deceive you.
I transcend space-time,
I am the superposition of your imagination.
I am the twisting, knotting and stretching strings of the eternal quantum universe.
I am a god and my universe knows no bound.
It grows, bend and stretch to my will.
And yes, I am a god,
My skin is the stuff of the universe,
Like a black hole it swallows the light into oblivion.
It is the eternal Venta black.
The heaven of those you fear.
I am a god,
Look at my splendor,
Trotting, jotting, slithering and dunking as loners.
All are but extensions of my being.
I might not see all,
But what do you suppose you are here for?
You, the sheep, the fish and the snake are my other eyes.
I am a god,
Bound by no mortal clock.
Knowing no limit to the power of my own mind.
Someday, sometime, somewhere, I hope I shall find perhaps the Ultimate.
If not...
I shall create it.

Ofentse Mercy Hajane

The Rude

One evening of a cool summer day.
I stood lost in deep thoughts of the day past.
I flashed about the image of the day through my minds.
The dark lifting from my eyes as I saw the one I love flashed by.
I could hardly continue reliving the rest of the foolish deed before she crept back
into my mind.
How fine it would be if she had felt like kind.
But how great it would be if she was to bless me with her company.

Funny how a stale name tends to pick up taste
when it is of the one you love.
Though I have outgrown the yearnings of my pubescent years,
but tonight I find myself drawn back into the humid light of its love.
This rich searing desire threatening to break loose from its vessels.
But my matured mind - which is greatly stressed - impressively fought off the
urge.
I wondered if she could be the one to make me whole,
I wondered if she could love me as am I.
The thought was scary,
Because I have not yet learned to love myself as I am.
What would prod a goddess like her to see past my flaws,
and love me like life itself?
These questions round about my mind like a whirlwind.
The sudden chaos bred doubt and shame.
Only the feelings that beckons my daily life.

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The Young Boring Chap

From the bushes of the night, I dwell in secret.
Wondering under the brilliance of nature.
My blank eyes usurping the twinkling of the stars.
My wounded heart unsure of tomorrow.

There in past pew I made friends.
Creatures who supped, dunked and dove like the kind.
And yet none did bunk about words as did I.

So I went down the road which I heard a voice say; "Don't."
There I found myself a mirror.
(An absurd one to boot)
He looked as I did.
He talked and gestured as I did.
But he was pale peach, and I was dipped in chocolate.
So comfort I found not in him.

Then I decided to turn about the dark alley.
There I met the devil,
All welcoming and charming.
We conversed all night long;
until words themselves were but tasteless boards.
When dawn came I left him a mess about that tavern's stool.
Looking back, I regret none I did (Or any I did not) .
These twisted thoughts are but jolly days.
For I find it quite cheerful to be under the dull sky.
Wrapped about my dark cup of coffee.
All the while starring at my dust filled stacks of books.

Ofentse Mercy Hajane

The Young Boring Chap II

The young boring chap sat on a bunk
watching the sun of morn as it breaks through the horizon.
His eyes lazed by the emptiness of his life.
Another piece from his heart broke again leaving him duller than the day before.
He sat and gawked at the steam rising from his cup of tea.
Even it found no pleasure of his company.
"I am dull." Said the young chap.
True to his words,
There was none to heed them.
For the young chap's life was dull.
And in silent cold, his body shall remain forgotten under the heap of boring
mortar he called a home.

Ofentse Mercy Hajane

Travelling Through The Universe

Drawn to the vast darkness of the heavens.
Shadows of the lost souls propelling us.
Abode the works of those with ashened skin,
The human mind filled with wonder and chaos.
Dust of the heavens are like gold mines, only they can simmer and bathe in
destruction.
Call out to the gods, those who came before you,
Ask for answers of questions they never had.
Far, far away a dim glow of life,
A spectre conceived by the elusive forces of the universe.
Flickering and waning in the eternal dark waters,
For the universe bakes life, and swallowed it whole in a bat of an eye.
Hurry, hurry and die,
For forever isn't eternal.

Swiftly riding the arid winds of space,
the lifelong lived under the blistering sun long forgotten.
Born into the steady hum of machine,
and dipped in to the silent stretch of darkness.
We are the children of space.
Wondering about the universe, our history long forgotten.

O.M Hajane

Ofentse Mercy Hajane