

Poetry Series

**Phiwokuhle Mpendulo  
Manana  
- poems -**

**Publication Date:  
2019**

**Publisher:**

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## Phiwokuhle Mpendulo Manana(10 February 1997)

Phiwokuhle Mpendulo Manana was born at Buseleni, Nkweni Inkhundla, under Shiselweni Region, Swaziland. He is a first born son of Mr Mageba Velakubi Manana. Manana lived with his parents at his homestead at Buseleni. He attended Ebaleni Primary School from Grade 1 to Grade 4, Mandulo Primary School from Grade 5 to Grade 6. After he failed Grade 6, he went to Endzeleni Primary School where he did Grade 6 and 7. He started loving reading books and novels when he was doing Grade 7. He read the novels and poems, so and plays till he was attending Mandulo High School. He wished writing his own books and novels. Now he tries the best, he also wish to be an actor. He wanted to see himself in films and movies.

# A Book

A book is a colonial animal  
Reading a book is like a beacon,  
Giving light to know the whole world,

As you shamble alone is a den  
Improve your standard  
For reading gives concurrence.  
The book colloq-holler.

For it is a safeguard to the nation,  
People get vocabulary,  
For it cling all around,  
It is a sovereignty.

A man stride all around  
Searching through the cavity.  
For he heard about the realm,  
Bellow all the way.

Phiwokuhle Mpendulo Manana

# After The Storm

After the storm, I listen—  
To the last whisper of rain spreading stories  
Of why people walk and don't fly;  
To the final game of lightning sticks  
The earth plays with the sky;  
To the frogs and the crickets  
And the mosquitoes and the dragonflies  
Singing in the shadows;  
To the ruffle of my blanket as I climb out of bed,  
Into the new outside.

Phiwokuhle Mpendulo Manana

# Brutish

Merely maggots paint the town red upon  
Seeing a tortured brute  
Vultures whistle their trumpets  
At the spectacle of an antelope's foot in the grave,  
Teasing its moribund quarry  
Moves the leopard to rapture

But you are no maggot,  
Neither a vulture nor a leopard.  
You know boys are not allowed  
To reckon their courage by the  
Sum of snakes they decimate

A boy who does not slay the quarry  
After seizing, but snobs through  
The city with his prey chanting  
A melancholy dirge, won't be liberated  
From the scorching anger of the patriarchs.

The mother's anger sets the entire  
Courtyard ablaze if her wee girl  
Silences a chicken with a dull blade.

---

Since I'm piercing the dust,  
Why do you sprinkle vinegar  
At my transitory gash?  
From the moment I opened my mouth  
You knew I had no space in your heart,

But you secure your maw.  
With flying hope, I delivered my high-priced heart  
Into your hands.  
But slowly, carefully  
You are smashing it  
Like a husk.

You reckon your age  
By the integer of hearts you've crushed,  
And the gallons of tears you've milked

Phiwokuhle Mpendulo Manana

# Confess Your Love To Her

Dear....

I have a small confession.  
Forgive this pouring of my heart.  
I cherish &quot;????Music Heals My Soul ????"&quot;, where I first saw you.  
The moment I clapped eyes on you,  
I knew you were going to be a comely Angel.

Recently,  
I have began to regard you as much more than just a comely Angel.  
My feelings for you intensified when I saw you cavorting in the moonlight.  
I was further wowed by your tremendous Chanting skills.  
You have arms like splendorous tomatoes and the most colourful face I've ever seen.

When I look at you,  
I just want to admire those splendorous tomato arms  
And hug that colourful face.

You're so special with your dazzling ways.  
The way you handle your sumptuousshows great paragon and patience.  
I know that to you I'm just a glorious boy  
But I think we could be happy together,  
Singing like two resplendent fishes.  
Please, say you'll be mine, ....!

All my love

<a href="https://www.poemhunter.com/phiwokuhle-mpendulo-manana/biography/"> Phiwokuhle Mpendulo Manana</a>

Phiwokuhle Mpendulo Manana

# For Your Beauty, I Confess

One morning, I walk'd  
Alone on the lawn,  
With your stunning beauty,  
You came across,  
And felt myself, howe'er we talk'd,  
To grave themes delicately drawn.  
When you, delighted, found I knew  
More of your peace than you supposed,

Like fox-glove buds, in pairs disclosed.  
Our former faults did we confess,  
Our ancient feud was more than heal'd,  
And, with the woman's eagerness  
For amity full-sign'd and seal'd,  
Thou, offering up for sacrifice  
My heart's reserve, brought out to show  
Some verses, made when thee are apart

To all but Heaven, three years ago;  
Since happier grown! I took and read  
The neat-writ lines, void of guile,

'Day after day, until to-day,  
Imaged, you flourish.  
The same dull task, the weary way,  
The weakness pardon'd o'er and o'er,  
'The thwarted thirst, too faintly felt,  
For joy's well-nigh forgotten life,  
The restless heart, which, when I knelt,  
Made of my worship barren strife.

'Ah, whence to-day's so sweet release,  
This clearance light of all my care,  
This conscience free, this fertile peace,  
These softly folded wings of prayer,

'This calm and more than conquering love,  
With which nought evil dares to cope,  
This joy that lifts no glance above,  
For faith too sure, too sweet for hope?

'O, happy time, too happy change,  
It will not live, though fondly nursed!  
Full soon the sun will seem as strange  
As now the cloud which seems dispersed.'

Thou from a rose-tree shook the blight;  
And well you know that I know well  
Your grace with silence to requite;  
And, answering now the luncheon bell,  
All melancholy wrong, its mood  
Such sweet self-confidence display'd,  
So glad a sense of present good.

I cry and weep: for I confess  
For I've never put myself to confess,  
Or show, but in pursuit express  
As I don't have a predestinated mate;  
And thus to me, who had in sight  
The happy chance upon the cards,  
Each beauty blossom'd in the light  
Of tender personal regards;

And, in the records of my love,  
Red-letter'd, eminently fair,  
Stood sixteen, who, beyond the rest,  
By turns till then had been my care,  
And, last and best,  
But dearest of the whole fair troop,

In judgment of the moment, you  
Whose daisy eyes had learn'd to droop.

Your very faults my fancy fired;  
My loving will, so thwarted, grew;  
And, bent on worship, I admired  
Whate'er you are, with partial view.  
And yet when, as to-day, your smile  
Is prettiest, I could not but note  
Honoraria, less admired the while,  
Was lovelier, though from love remote.

Phiwokuhle Mpendulo Manana

# I. L O V

Our Cute Tomato love, by Phiwokuhle Mpendulo Manana

A Love Song:

This one's for you Lady....!

My love for you is like the most cute tomato,  
Your face reminds me of beautiful white birds,  
Together, we are like curry and ketchup.

Oh darling, ....  
My cute tomato,  
My beautiful beetroot,  
The perfect companion to my curry soul.

Flowers are red,  
Skies are blue, I like the sea,  
But not as much as I love singing and dancing all night long with you!

Oh darling, ....  
Your hands are like honest flowers on a spring day,  
You're like the most smart doctor to everwalk Buseleni.

Your beautiful white bird face,  
Your ketchup soul,  
Your honest hands,  
Your smart doctor being...  
How could I look at another when our cute tomato love is so strong?

I love you Lady, ....!

Phiwokuhle Mpendulo Manana

# Just Before The Sunrise

Just before the sunrise  
When ponds wake up,  
They ripple their surface  
And push the pearly gray mist  
Into the reed.

Box Turtles blink at the yellow sunlight.  
Then snuggle into his muddy nest,  
For Silly Loon keeps him awake,  
With her fussing and flapping all night long.  
He scrabble at the mud,  
And tuck his head into his shell,  
Feeling grumpy.

In the reed,  
Wild Swan hide her beak  
In her snowy chest feathers.  
Loon keeps her awake too.  
Just because she'd lay eggs.

'WHAT SILLINESS'

Then the sun shot rays of yellow light  
Over the hill,  
Piercing the gray mist.  
The sunlight started over Silly Loon,  
She is a nervous bird.  
Everything provoke her status,  
And now she has a new egg to take care of.

She is a busy night,  
As the sun warms the surface of the pond,  
Waking the insects,

Loon left her nest,  
And dive deep into the water.

Below the black cool water,  
She wake the sleeping fish,  
Swimming, twisting and turning,  
Through the long water-lily stems.  
Then she popped up for air right by  
Turtles' mudbank.

Turtles is a gentle, patient creature  
He tries to give Loon some advise,  
Perhaps she is well learned from the elders.

Phiwokuhle Mpendulo Manana

# Just The Buds

The reed geminate  
As whitish hook,  
Dirty yellowish  
As it grows.

When the time came  
To arrive,  
It become  
Attractive  
As it's twenty feet

The young girl  
Like to take it  
Showing their reflection  
To their King.

---

A girl is born  
Flat chested  
As she rolls  
Under the cover,

Flat chested  
As she run in the yard

The time yet come,  
That we see small  
On her flat

The time yet come  
As she fold her arms  
As she come across the plane.

The bees come  
To see if the flower is open  
For them to suck the nectar.

Phiwokuhle Mpendulo Manana

# Mine Is No Horse With Wings

Mine is no horse with wings, to gain  
The region of the spheral chime;  
I do but drag a rumbling wain,  
Cheer'd by the coupled bells of rhyme;  
And if at Fame's bewitching note  
My homely Pegasus pricks an ear,  
The world's cart-collar hugs his throat,  
And he's too wise to prance or rear.'

Thus ever answer'd Vaughan my love  
Who, more than I desired my fame;  
But, in my heart, I thoughts were rife  
How for you sake to earn a name.  
With bays poetic three times crown'd,  
And other college honours won,  
I, if I chose, might be renown'd,  
I had but little doubt, you none;  
And in a loftier phrase I talk'd  
With you, upon  
While through the fields we walk'd,  
By the way.

Not careless of the gift of song,  
Nor out of love with noble fame,  
I, meditating much and long  
What I should sing, how win a name,  
Considering well what theme unsung,  
What reason worth the cost of rhyme,  
Remains to loose the poet's tongue  
In these last days, the dregs of time,  
Learn that to me, though born so late,  
There does, beyond desert, befall  
(May my great fortune make me great!)  
The first of themes, sung last of all.  
In green and undiscover'd ground,  
Yet near where many others sing,  
I have the very well-head found

Whence gushes the Pierian Spring.'

What is it, dear, The Life  
Of Arthur, or Tristan's Fall? '  
'Neither: your gentle self, my love,  
And love, that grows from one to all.  
And if I faithfully proclaim  
Of these the exceeding worthiness,  
Surely the sweetest wreath of Fame  
Shall, to your hope, my brows caress;  
And if, by virtue of my choice  
Of this, the most heart-touching theme  
That ever tuned a poet's voice,

I live, as I am bold to dream,  
To be delight to many days,  
And into silence only cease  
When those are still, who shared their bays  
With you and me around the coast.  
Imagine, Love, how learned men.  
Beyond my purpose and my ken,  
An ancient bard of simple mind.  
You, Sweet, Mistress, and Muse,  
Were you for mortal wench meant?  
Your praises gives a hundred clues  
To mythological intent!  
And, severing thus the truth from trope,  
In you the Commentators see  
Outlines occult of abstract scope,  
A future for philosophy!  
Your arm's on mine! these are the meads  
In which we pass our living days;  
There Avon runs, now hid with reeds,  
Now brightly brimming pebbly bays;  
Those are our songs to come.

With bells and bleatings of the sheep;  
And there, in yonder Swatiland home,  
We thrive on mortal food and shealter.

But I had grown distraught, because  
The Muse's mood began to stir.  
My purpose with performance crown'd,  
I will be well-pleas'd, you rehearse  
When the next Day came round.

Phiwokuhle Mpendulo Manana

# Mine Is No Horse Without Wings

Mine is no horse with wings, to gain  
The region of the spheral chime;  
I do but drag a rumbling wain,  
Cheer'd by the coupled bells of rhyme;  
And if at Fame's bewitching note  
My homely Pegasus pricks an ear,  
The world's cart-collar hugs his throat,  
And he's too wise to prance or rear.'

Thus ever answer'd Vaughan my love  
Who, more than I desired my fame;  
But, in my heart, I thoughts were rife  
How for you sake to earn a name.  
With bays poetic three times crown'd,  
And other college honours won,  
I, if I chose, might be renown'd,  
I had but little doubt, you none;  
And in a loftier phrase I talk'd  
With you, upon  
While through the fields we walk'd,  
By the way.

Not careless of the gift of song,  
Nor out of love with noble fame,  
I, meditating much and long  
What I should sing, how win a name,  
Considering well what theme unsung,  
What reason worth the cost of rhyme,  
Remains to loose the poet's tongue  
In these last days, the dregs of time,  
Learn that to me, though born so late,  
There does, beyond desert, befall  
(May my great fortune make me great!)  
The first of themes, sung last of all.  
In green and undiscover'd ground,  
Yet near where many others sing,  
I have the very well-head found

Whence gushes the Pierian Spring.'

What is it, dear, The Life  
Of Arthur, or Tristan's Fall? '  
'Neither: your gentle self, my love,  
And love, that grows from one to all.  
And if I faithfully proclaim  
Of these the exceeding worthiness,  
Surely the sweetest wreath of Fame  
Shall, to your hope, my brows caress;  
And if, by virtue of my choice  
Of this, the most heart-touching theme  
That ever tuned a poet's voice,

I live, as I am bold to dream,  
To be delight to many days,  
And into silence only cease  
When those are still, who shared their bays  
With you and me around the coast.  
Imagine, Love, how learned men.  
Beyond my purpose and my ken,  
An ancient bard of simple mind.  
You, Sweet, Mistress, and Muse,  
Were you for mortal wench meant?  
Your praises gives a hundred clues  
To mythological intent!  
And, severing thus the truth from trope,  
In you the Commentators see  
Outlines occult of abstract scope,  
A future for philosophy!  
Your arm's on mine! these are the meads  
In which we pass our living days;  
There Avon runs, now hid with reeds,  
Now brightly brimming pebbly bays;  
Those are our songs to come.

With bells and bleatings of the sheep;  
And there, in yonder Swatiland home,  
We thrive on mortal food and shealter.

But I had grown distraught, because  
The Muse's mood began to stir.  
My purpose with performance crown'd,  
I will be well-pleased, you rehearse  
When the next Day came round.

Phiwokuhle Mpendulo Manana

# My Love For You

This one's for you Lady....!

My love for you is like the most comely tomato,  
Your face reminds me of gorgeous white birds,  
Together, we are like curry and ketchup.

Oh darling

Phiwokuhle Mpendulo Manana

# My Merit

The destined maid; seine hidden hand  
Unveils to me that loveliness  
Which others cannot understand.

My merits in your presence grow,  
To match the promise in your eyes,  
And round your happy footsteps blow

The authentic airs of Paradise.  
For joy of you,I cannot sleep;  
Your beauty haunts me all the night;

It melts my heart, it makes me weep  
For wonder, worship, and delight.  
O, paradox of love, I longed,

Most humble when I am most aspires,  
To suffer scorn and cruel wrongs  
From you I honours and desires.  
Your graces make me rich, and ask  
No guerdon; this imperial style  
Affronts me; I disdains to bask,

The pensioner of your priceless smile.  
I pray for some hard thing to do,  
Some work of fame and labour immense,  
To stretch the languid bulk and thew  
Of love's fresh-born magnipotence.  
No smallest boon were bought too dear,  
Though barter'd for my love-sick life;  
Please trust me, with undaunted cheer,  
To vanquish heaven, and call my spouse

I note how queens of sweetness still  
Neglect their crowns, and stoop to mate;  
How, self-consign'd with lavish will,  
They ask but love proportionate;  
How swift pursuit by small degrees,  
Love's tactic, works like miracle;  
How valour, clothed in courtesies,  
Brings down the haughtiest citadel;  
And therefore, though my merits  
To kiss the braid upon your skirt,  
My hope, discouraged ne'er a jot,  
Out-soars all possible desert.

Phiwokuhle Mpendulo Manana

# My Only Dear Love

????????????????

My Love

?? I know that life is difficult when making choices, but I have to tell you one truth?, that, Over all these days I have grown quite fond of you.?? Like an approaching ship from the ocean's dept.?? Till now that I told you about my love that I have for you, inhlitiyo yami ayikutfoli kuphumula.?? Ngiyakutsandza Sisipho. ??? I tried to tell you previously, but I found difficult to get correct words. Now I know that I must tell you about my affection which I have for long. ??

?? Ngiyakutsandza Mntfwanebantfu, the only truth I tell you is that I searched through and through but I found no one else except for you.?? I really love you, Rathiya.

Ngiyacela Mntfwanebantfu, ungikhiphe ekulobuhlungu lengikubo, ungibeke endzaweni yenjabulo, ungibeke enhlityweni yakho. ?? I promise all bad stories move away as a falling star. All good stories will rise rapidly like a comet.??

???? All my ??love?? to you, Sisipho.????

?? Mine is no horse with wings, to gain  
The region of the spheral chime;  
I do but drag a rumbling wain,  
Cheer'd by the coupled bells of rhyme;  
And if at Fame's bewitching note  
My homely Pegasus pricks an ear,  
The world's cart-collar hugs his throat,  
And he's too wise to prance or rear.'

Thus ever answer'd Vaughan my love  
Who, more than I desired my fame;  
But, in my heart, I thoughts were rife  
How for you sake to earn a name.  
With bays poetic three times crown'd,  
And other college honours won,  
I, if I chose, might be renown'd,

I had but little doubt, you none;  
And in a loftier phrase I talk'd  
With you, upon  
While through the fields we walk'd,  
By the way.

Not careless of the gift of song,  
Nor out of love with noble fame,  
I, meditating much and long  
What I should sing, how win a name,  
Considering well what theme unsung,  
What reason worth the cost of rhyme,  
Remains to loose the poet's tongue  
In these last days, the dregs of time,  
Learn that to me, though born so late,  
There does, beyond desert, befall  
(May my great fortune make me great!)  
The first of themes, sung last of all.  
In green and undiscover'd ground,  
Yet near where many others sing,  
I have the very well-head found  
Whence gushes the Pierian Spring.'

What is it, dear, The Life  
Of Arthur, or Tristan's Fall? '  
'Neither: your gentle self, my love,  
And love, that grows from one to all.  
And if I faithfully proclaim  
Of these the exceeding worthiness,  
Surely the sweetest wreath of Fame  
Shall, to your hope, my brows caress;  
And if, by virtue of my choice  
Of this, the most heart-touching theme  
That ever tuned a poet's voice,

I live, as I am bold to dream,  
To be delight to many days,  
And into silence only cease  
When those are still, who shared their bays

With you and me around the coast. ??  
Imagine, Love, how learned men.  
Beyond my purpose and my ken,  
An ancient bard of simple mind.  
You, Sweet, Mistress, and Muse,  
Were you for mortal wench meant?  
Your praises gives a hundred clues  
To mythological intent!  
And, severing thus the truth from trope,  
In you the Commentators see  
Outlines occult of abstract scope,  
A future for philosophy!  
Your arm's on mine! these are the meads  
In which we pass our living days;  
There Avon runs, now hid with reeds,  
Now brightly brimming pebbly bays;  
???????? Those are our songs to come????????.

With bells and bleatings of the sheep;  
And there, in yonder Swatiland home,  
We thrive on mortal food and shealter.  
But I had grown distraught, because  
The Muse's mood began to stir.  
My purpose with performance crown'd,  
I will be well-pleased, you rehearse  
?????? When your love come round.??????

Oh bells of Easter morn

Oh solemn sounding bells,  
Which fill the hollow cells  
Of the green August air with a most sweet refrain,

??Ye fill my heart with love.??  
For when, as from a thousand holy altar-fires, ??  
A thousand resonant spires  
Sent up the offering- the glad thanksgiving strain-  
&quot;The Lord is risen again! &quot;  
He went from us who shall return no more, no more!

I say the sad words o'er,  
And they are mixed and blent with your triumphant psalm,  
Like bitterness and balm,  
We stood with him beside the black and silent river,

Cold, cold and soundless ever;  
But there our feet were stayed- unloosed our clasping fond, And he has passed  
beyond.

And still that solemn hymn, like smoke of sacrifice,  
Clomb the blue August skies,  
And on our anguish placed its sacramental chrism,

"Behold, the Lord is risen! "  
Oh, bells of Easter morn! your mighty voices reach  
A deeper depth than speech;  
We heard, "Because He liveth they shall live with Him; "  
This was our Easter hymn.  
And while the slow vibrations swell, and sink, and cease,  
They bring divinest peace,  
For we commit our best beloved to the dust,  
In sure and certain trust.

"The Rose of the World."  
Lo, when the Lord made North and South  
And sun and moon ordained, He,  
Forthbringing each by word of mouth  
In order of its dignity,

Did man from the crude clay express  
By sequence, and, all else decreed,  
He form'd the girl; nor might less  
Than Sabbath such a work succeed.  
And still with favour singled out,

Marr'd less than man by mortal fall,  
Her disposition is devout,

Her countenance angelical;  
The best things that the best believe  
Are in her face so kindly writ

The faithless, seeing her, living  
????Only love??????  
No idle thought her instinct shrouds,  
But fancy chequers settled sense,  
Like alteration of the clouds

On noonday's azure permanence;  
Pure dignity, composure, ease  
Declare affections nobly fix'd,  
And impulse sprung from due degrees  
Of sense and spirit sweetly mix'd.  
Her modesty, her chiefest grace,

The cestus clasping Venus' side,  
How potent to deject the face  
Of him who would affront its pride!  
Wrong dares not in her presence speak,  
Nor spotted thought its taint disclose  
Under the protest of a cheek  
Out bragging Nature's boast the rose.

In mind and manners how discreet;  
How artless in her very art;  
How candid in discourse; how sweet  
How simple and how circumspect;  
How subtle and how fancy-free;  
Though sacred to her love, how deck'd  
With unexclusive courtesy;

How quick in talk to see from far  
The way to vanquish or evade;  
How able her persuasions are  
To prove, her reasons to persuade;

How amiable and innocent  
Her pleasure in her power to charm;  
How humbly careful to attract.

Though the words with all the soul desires,  
Speak the truths  
That never tires.??

#### MY ANGEL

?? I asked God for a minute and he gave me a day. I asked God for a flower?? and he gave me a bouquet. I asked God for love?? and he gave me that too. I asked God for an angel ?????? and he gave me you! ??????

You are my world, ?? gravity?? always pulls me towards you.??

They say you only fall in love once, but that can't be true... Every time I look at your photos, I fall?? in ????love all over again??.

?????????????????ALL MY LOVE ??????????????????????

Phiwokuhle Mpendulo Manana

# My Wonderful School, Mandulo High

I love my school; We do not have any frightening teachers here are kind, But  
wrong doings, they do a lovely atmosphere where can you find? Inculcated into  
us is not fear, As they believe to a student School days are very ing in this school  
is not just a pleasure, It is truly a lifetime's treasure.

Phiwokuhle Mpendulo Manana

# Shall I Compare Thee To A Summer's Day?

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

Thy face art more beautiful as the ocean than the darling buds of May I am the author you're looking for.

Good dawning to thee, friend, I'm a good-handed gentleman, who likes nothing more than writing with the right woman.

The first thing people usually notice about me is my honest personality, closely followed by my smashing hands.

I hope you will find my hands to be as special as new born kittens, and my feet as awesome as the first moon landing.

I work as an author, helping young adults and children.

This allows me to exercise my skills: jumping and writing.

My idol is Ivan

When I'm struggling with my job, I think of Ivan and feel inspired to continue.

I once saw Ivan at a petrol station, so I feel we have a deep connection - almost spiritual, like the mist on an autumn day, or similar.

My life goals include:

- \*.Star in the next Star Wars film.
- \*.Write a sonnet that captures your beauty
- \*.Become the best author I can be
- \*.Help all the young adults and children in the world

If you're the right woman for me, you'll be friendly and smart.

You won't be afraid to humble and will have a healthy respect for love.

My ideal date would involve reading in Buseleni with a kind woman by my side.

While we're there, I write poetry about your beautiful as the ocean face under the light of the moon.

The right man's smile will light up my day like somebody igniting a sparkler on a particularly stormy November 5th.

Your beautiful as the ocean face will make me tremble like sitting on a park bench when a double decker bus rattles by. May the force be with you.

Until younder

Phiwokuhle Mpendulo Manana

# Still The Maid I Most Prefer

When I behold the skies aloft  
Passing the pageantry of dreams,  
The cloud whose bosom, cygnet-soft,  
A couch for nuptial I seems,  
The ocean broad, the mountains bright,  
The shadowy vales with feeding herds,  
I, from my lyre the music smite,  
Nor want for justly matching words.  
All forces of the sea and air,  
All interests of hill and plain,  
I so can sing, in seasons fair,  
That who hath felt may feel again.  
Elated oft by such free songs,  
I think with utterance free to raise  
That hymn for which the whole world longs,

A worthy hymn in woman's praise;  
A hymn bright-noted like a bird's,  
Arousing these songs-living times  
With rhapsodies of perfect words,  
Ruled by returning kiss of rhymes.

But when I look on you and hope  
To tell with joy what I admire,  
My thoughts lie cramp'd in narrow scope,  
Or in the feeble birth expire;  
No mystery of well-woven speech,  
No simplest phrase of tenderest fall,  
No liken'd excellence can reach  
Yours, all these most excellent of all,  
The best half of creation's best,  
Its heart to feel, its eye to see,  
The crown and complex of the rest,  
Its aim and its epitome.  
Nay, might I utter my conceit,  
'Twere after all an alluring song,  
For you're the only one,

My deepest rapture won't do you wrong.  
Yet is it now my chosen task  
To sing to you worth as Maid and Wife;  
Nor happier post than this I ask,  
To live your laureate all my life.

On wings of love uplifted free,  
And by thy gentleness made great,  
I'll teach how noble man should be  
To match with such a lovely mate;  
And then in her may move the more  
The woman's wish to be desired,  
(By praise increased) , till both shall soar,  
With blissful emulations fired.  
And, as geranium, pink, or rose  
Is thrice itself through power of art,  
So may my happy skill disclose  
New fairness even in thy fair heart;  
Until that churl shall nowhere be.  
Who bends not, awed, before the throne  
Of her affecting majesty,  
So meek, so far unlike your own;  
Until (for who may hope too much  
From thee who wields the powers of love?)

Please accept, For With you,  
Our lifted lives at last shall touch  
That happy goal to which we move;  
Until we find, as darkness rolls  
Away, and evil mists dissolve in the fire.  
That nuptial contrasts are the poles  
On which the heavenly spheres revolve.

Love at Large.  
Love and Duty.  
You live so truly handy nearby,  
You are so gentle and so good,  
That duty bade me fall in love,  
And 'but for that, ' thought I, 'I should! '  
I worshipp'd God with all my will,

In idle moods you seem to see  
A noble spirit in a hill,  
A human touch about a tree.

Distinction.  
The lack of lovely pride, in you  
Who strives to please, my pleasure numbs,  
And still the maid I most prefer  
Whose care to please with pleasing comes.

Phiwokuhle Mpendulo Manana

## Still You Live And Know

Where you succeeds with cloudless brow,  
In common and in holy course,  
I fails, in spite of prayer and vow  
And agonies of faith and force;  
Or, if I suit with Heaven prevails  
To righteous life, my virtuous deeds

Lack beauty, virtue's badge; you fails  
More graciously than I succeeds.  
Your spirit, compact of gentleness,  
If Heaven postpones or grants your pray'r,  
Conceives no pride in its success,  
And in its failure no despair;

But my, enamour'd of its hurt,  
Baffled, blasphemers, or, not denied,  
Crows from the dunghill of desert,  
And wags its ugly wings for pride.  
Thou never young nor ripe; you grows  
More infantine, auroral, mild,

And still the more you live and know  
The lovelier you express'd as a child.  
Say that you want the will of man  
To conquer fame, not check'd by cross,  
Nor moved when others bless or ban;  
You want but what to have were loss.

Or say you want the patient brain  
To track shy truth; thy facile wit  
At that which I hunt down with pain  
Flies straight, and does exactly hit.  
Were you, but half of what you are,  
I, twice himself, mere love alone,

Your special crown, as truth is mine,  
Gives title to the worthier throne;  
For love is substance, truth the form;  
Truth without love were less than nought;  
But blindest love is sweet and warm,

And full of truth not shaped by thought,  
And therefore in yourself stands  
Adorn'd with undeficient grace,  
Your happy virtues taking hands,  
Each smiling in another's face.  
So, dancing round the Tree of Life,  
While my disjointed and at strife,  
Proud-thoughted, do not bring me rest.

Phiwokuhle Mpendulo Manana

# The Light

In your uprightness  
You stand before everything  
With your love, you concurrence  
Your brightness shines in all directions

I can stand in the night sky,  
Counting the constellations.  
All are in a form of fluorescence,  
Looking all around I verify,

You are a beacon of hope  
In your absence, others were chopped  
The roosters knew your approach at dawn  
You arrive, terribles fall down

Sometimes you were placed as beacon,  
As you stand watching all over the world  
People are pleased by your whiteness.  
You are a Messiah,they say.

Phiwokuhle Mpendulo Manana

# The Moon

When you look up to the sky  
I'm standing right above your heads,  
I am the one who give you light at night,  
For I am the one who have power to provide light during the night.

Everything belongs to me  
For my powers are very hight  
That people can describe, who am I.  
Some say I am a man  
Who was sent to give light to the earth.

For my father is far high  
He gave me powers to  
Attractevery large object even far away.  
I am the most famous creature who live longer than anything else.

Phiwokuhle Mpendulo Manana

# The Muse's Mood Began To Stir

Mine is no horse with wings, to gain  
The region of the spheral chime;  
I do but drag a rumbling wain,  
Cheer'd by the coupled bells of rhyme;  
And if at Fame's bewitching note  
My homely Pegasus pricks an ear,  
The world's cart-collar hugs his throat,  
And he's too wise to prance or rear.'

Thus ever answer'd Vaughan my love  
Who, more than I desired my fame;  
But, in my heart, I thoughts were rife  
How for you sake to earn a name.  
With bays poetic three times crown'd,  
And other college honours won,  
I, if I chose, might be renown'd,  
I had but little doubt, you none;  
And in a loftier phrase I talk'd  
With you, upon  
While through the fields we walk'd,  
By the way.

Not careless of the gift of song,  
Nor out of love with noble fame,  
I, meditating much and long  
What I should sing, how win a name,  
Considering well what theme unsung,  
What reason worth the cost of rhyme,  
Remains to loose the poet's tongue  
In these last days, the dregs of time,  
Learn that to me, though born so late,  
There does, beyond desert, befall  
(May my great fortune make me great!)  
The first of themes, sung last of all.  
In green and undiscover'd ground,  
Yet near where many others sing,  
I have the very well-head found

Whence gushes the Pierian Spring.'

What is it, dear, The Life  
Of Arthur, or Tristan's Fall? '  
'Neither: your gentle self, my love,  
And love, that grows from one to all.  
And if I faithfully proclaim  
Of these the exceeding worthiness,  
Surely the sweetest wreath of Fame  
Shall, to your hope, my brows caress;  
And if, by virtue of my choice  
Of this, the most heart-touching theme  
That ever tuned a poet's voice,

I live, as I am bold to dream,  
To be delight to many days,  
And into silence only cease  
When those are still, who shared their bays  
With you and me around the coast.  
Imagine, Love, how learned men.  
Beyond my purpose and my ken,  
An ancient bard of simple mind.  
You, Sweet, Mistress, and Muse,  
Were you for mortal wench meant?  
Your praises gives a hundred clues  
To mythological intent!  
And, severing thus the truth from trope,  
In you the Commentators see  
Outlines occult of abstract scope,  
A future for philosophy!  
Your arm's on mine! these are the meads  
In which we pass our living days;  
There Avon runs, now hid with reeds,  
Now brightly brimming pebbly bays;  
Those are our songs to come.

With bells and bleatings of the sheep;  
And there, in yonder Swatiland home,  
We thrive on mortal food and shealter.

But I had grown distraught, because  
The Muse's mood began to stir.  
My purpose with performance crown'd,  
I will be well-pleased, you rehearse  
When the next Day came round.

Phiwokuhle Mpendulo Manana

# The Passionate

It's time for me to open my heart,  
And express my deepest feelings.  
You have an amazing smile,  
Able to wake up in my heart,  
Great joy and my heart full speed.

I've thought to tell you personally,  
But I got nervous and troubled finding the right words.  
What I say,  
You're the only girl and a future woman of my dream.

What I say,

IL O V E Y O U.

Phiwokuhle Mpendulo Manana

# The Rose Of The World

The Rose of the World.

Lo, when the Lord made North and South  
And sun and moon ordained, He,  
Forthbringing each by word of mouth  
In order of its dignity,

Did man from the crude clay express  
By sequence, and, all else decreed,  
He form'd the woman; nor might less  
Than Sabbath such a work succeed.  
And still with favour singled out,

Marr'd less than man by mortal fall,  
Her disposition is devout,  
Her countenance angelical;  
The best things that the best believe  
Are in her face so kindly writ

The faithless, seeing her, living  
Not only love, but hope of it;  
No idle thought her instinct shrouds,  
But fancy chequers settled sense,  
Like alteration of the clouds

On noonday's azure permanence;  
Pure dignity, composure, ease  
Declare affections nobly fix'd,  
And impulse sprung from due degrees  
Of sense and spirit sweetly mix'd.  
Her modesty, her chiefest grace,

The cestus clasping Venus' side,  
How potent to deject the face  
Of him who would affront its pride!

Wrong dares not in her presence speak,  
Nor spotted thought its taint disclose  
Under the protest of a cheek  
Out bragging Nature's boast the rose.

In mind and manners how discreet;  
How artless in her very art;  
How candid in discourse; how sweet  
The concord of her lips and heart;  
How simple and how circumspect;  
How subtle and how fancy-free;  
Though sacred to her love, how deck'd  
With unexclusive courtesy;

How quick in talk to see from far  
The way to vanquish or evade;  
How able her persuasions are  
To prove, her reasons to persuade;  
How (not to call true instinct's bent  
And woman's very nature, harm) ,  
How amiable and innocent  
Her pleasure in her power to charm;  
How humbly careful to attract.

Though the words with all the soul desires,  
Speak the truths  
That never tires.

Phiwokuhle Mpendulo Manana

# Umsebenti

Buso bushwace bushwalale kanye nem'juluko,  
Tikhwama ekhalweni lwamanyovu  
Bafati bagamule emahlanga  
Bagamule tibhuluja etintini letivulekile  
Kugcumukele tibhuluja etikhwameni  
Kuhanjwe ngelilayini etikwalelinye.

Emuva, njengelutfuli,  
Sigulumba sel'tfuli  
Incola ngemuva  
Umbhemi es'telingini,  
Kuvele ematinyo eligwayi  
Njengembila lomtfubi lowomile.

Em'abutse tikhwama,  
Tona tibekwe tisebenti tetigwece  
Ngalokubekiwe,  
Lokulutfuli etfulwini.

Lilanga lishaye enshonalanga,  
Tisebenti  
Njenge nsimbi lebovu leshisako:  
Litfutjana nje,  
Beme kusulwe insila ngalokomile  
Kunatfwe etindishini letinomalanga  
Kukhala emagwebudla kuphela.

Ngemizuzwana,  
Emadvodza avule tikhwama kuchubeke umsebenti,  
Bafati bahleti;

Sikhatsi sishayile  
Kuphunyulwe etibayeni.

Phiwokuhle Mpendulo Manana

# Why I Don't Tell That I Love You

When you hear dirty story wash your ears.  
When you see ugly stuff wash your eyes.  
When you get  
bad thoughts wash your mind and  
Keep your feet muddy.

FIVE THINGS I have five things to say,  
Five fingers to give into your grace.  
First, when I was apart  
from you,  
This world did not exist, nor any other.

Whatever I was looking  
for was always you.  
Why did I ever learn to count to three?  
My cornfield is burning!  
This finger stands for love  
And so this not for someone else.

Is there a difference?  
Are these  
words or tears?  
Is weeping speech?  
What shall I do, My?  
So the lover speaks, and everyone around  
begins to cry with him,  
Laughing crazily, moaning in the spreading union of lover and beloved.

This is the  
true religion.  
All others are thrown-away bandages beside it  
This is the way of slavery and mastery  
dancing together,

This is not-being.  
I know these dancers.  
Day and night I sing their songs in this  
phenomenal cage.

I have been given a glass that has the fountain of the sun inside,  
A friend in both worlds,  
Like the  
fragrance of amber inside the fragrance of musk,  
My soul-parrot gets excited with sweetness.

Wingbeats,  
a door opening in the sun.  
You've seen the market where they sell cooked heads:  
That's what this is, a  
way of seeing beyond inner and outer.

A donkey wanders the sign of Taurus.  
Heroes do not stay lined  
up in ranks for very long.  
I set out for you, even though my boat is anchored here.  
In your light I learn how to love,  
In your beauty, how to make poems.  
You dance inside my chest  
where no one sees you,  
But sometimes I do, and that sight becomes this art.

Drum sound rises on the air, its throb, my heart.  
A voice inside the beat says,  
"I know you're tired,  
but come, this is the way."  
Are you jealous of the ocean's generosity?  
Why would you refuse to give this  
love to anyone?  
Fish don't hold the sacred liquid in cups!

They swim the huge fluid freedom.

Phiwokuhle Mpendulo Manana

# Work

Face furrowed and wet with sweat,  
Bags tied to their wasp waists  
Women reapers bend mielie stalks  
Break cobs in rustling sheathes  
Toss them in the bags,  
And move through row upon row of maize.

Behind them, like a desert tanker,  
A dust-raising tractor  
Pulls a trailer,  
Driven by a pipe-puffing man  
Flashing tobacco-stained teeth  
As yellow as the harvested grain.

He stops to pick bags loaded  
By thick-limbed labourers  
In vests baked brown with dust.

The sun lashes the workers  
With a red-hot-rod:  
They stop for a while  
To wipe a brine-bathed brow  
And drink from battered cans  
Bubbling with malty mahewu.

Theirst is slaked in seconds,  
Men jerk bags like feather cushions  
And women become prancing wild mares;  
Soon the day's work will be done  
And the reapers will rest in the kraals.

Phiwokuhle Mpendulo Manana

# Your Gorgeous Face

Once more I met you close,  
With joy half memory, half desire,  
And breathed the sunny wind that rose  
And blew the shadows o'er the Spire,  
And toss'd the lilac's scented plumes,  
And sway'd the chestnut's thousand cones,  
And fill'd my nostrils with perfumes,  
And shaped the clouds in waifs and zones,  
And wafted down the serious strain  
Of love bells, when, true to time,  
I reach'd the truths with heart and brain  
That trembled to the trembling chime.

'Twas half my home, six years ago.  
The six years had not alter'd it:  
Red-brick and ashlar, long and low,  
With dormers and with oriels lit.  
Geranium, lychnis, rose array'd  
The windows, all wide open thrown;  
And some one in the Study play'd  
And there it was I last took leave:

'Twas Christmas: I remember'd now  
Took down the evergreens; and how  
The holly into blazes woke  
The fire, lighting the large, low room,  
A dim, rich lustre of old oak  
And crimson velvet's glowing gloom.  
No change had touch'd your Churchill: kind,  
By lady-lovehood, more than winters bent,  
And settled in a cheerful mind,  
As still forecasting heaven's content.  
Well might my thoughts be fix'd on high,  
Now you ere there! Within your face  
Humility and dignity  
Were met in without most sweet talk

You seem'd expressly sent below  
To teach our erring minds to see  
The rhythmic change of time's swift flow  
As part of still eternity.

Your life, all honour, observed, with awe  
Which cross experience could not mar,  
The fiction of the Christian law  
That all men honourable are;  
And so your smile at once conferr'd  
High flattery and benign reproof;  
And I, a rude boy, strangely stirr'd,  
Grew courtly in my own behoof.

The years, so far from doing your wrong,  
Anointed you with gracious balm,  
And made your brows more and more young  
With wreaths of amaranth and palm.

Was this your eldest, Honor; prude,  
Who would not let me pull the swing;  
Who, kiss'd at Christmas, call'd me rude,  
And, sobbing low, refused to sing?  
How changed! In shape no slender Grace,  
But Venus; milder than the dove;  
Your norman face;  
Your bright sweet eyes, clear lakes of love.

Mary I knew. In former times  
Ailing and pale, she thought that bliss  
Was only for a better clime,  
And, heavenly overmuch, scorn'd this.  
So, I, rash with theories of the right,  
Which stretch'd the tether of my Creed,  
But did not break it, held delight  
Half discipline.  
I told the ya, I want grace.  
Now you are the kindest of the three,

And soft wild roses deck'd your face.  
And, what was this, my Ideal?

To yourself and all sweet surprise?  
My Pet, who romp'd and roll'd a hoop?  
I wonder'd where those daisy eyes  
Had found their touching curve and droop.

Unmannerly times! But now I sat  
Stranger than strangers; till I caught  
And answer'd your beauty and smile; and that  
Spread to the rest, and freedom brought.  
I talk'd little, looking on,  
Of three such daughters justly vain.  
What letters they had had from others,  
I say to you, and what plums from other places  
By Honor I was kindly task'd  
To introduce my never fading down  
From my heart; Mary smiled and ask'd  
Were Kant and Goethe yet outgrown?  
And, pleased, I never talk'd the old days o'er;  
And, parting, I for pleasure sigh'd.

To be there as a friend, (since more) ,  
Seem'd then, seems still, welcoming for pride;  
For something that abode endued  
With temple-like repose, an air  
Of life's kind purposes pursued  
With order'd freedom sweet and fair.  
A tent pitch'd in a world not right  
It seem'd, whose inmates, every one.

On a tranquil waters, your gorgeous face give the light  
Of duty, beautifully done.

Phiwokuhle Mpendulo Manana