

Poetry Series

PHUMLA KHANYILE
- poems -

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PHUMLA KHANYILE(17 June)

Phumla Khanyile is first and foremost a mother of three, a grandmother, a daughter, and a sister. To some, she is a reliable friend. She studied Journalism at the Tshwane University of Technology in Pretoria, South Africa; looking back, she says this was her then misdirected heed to the love she has always had for writing. Her ventures into writing poetry are recent. She calls them her 'means of self-release from emotions of things experienced personally or observed'. Her poems are heart-felt, and Phumla hopes they appeal to other emotional souls out there, talk healing, and preach understanding to those who have the need.

Phumla's work features in a number of poetry groups on Facebook and in the year 2015 she has been published in two poetry anthologies: Cupid (published in Zimbabwe in February) and Letters from Africa (published in Uganda in May) and Out of the Storm (published in US) . In the Month of September, her first book Love Notes hit the shores of Mzansi (South Africa) and braced Amazon pages.

Few of her poems have been also selected to be featured in the Nomads Choir Poetry Journal to be published in 2016.

What distinguishes Phumla from other writers is mainly her style of writing and tone. She writes from the heart and evokes strong emotions through her pieces.

Africa Arise

Stand and be counted
Lift up your voices and be heard
Break the silence
Tear the dividing walls

Africa rise from the ashes
Shoot with uniting words
Liberate souls in dungeons of silence
Lift and heal the wounded

For how long shall our tales be told?
Not by the ink of our pens
Not from the tips of our tongues
But with twists and lies

Arise oh sons and daughters
Pick up your pace in the race
Let your voices rise above the crowds
Tell your own tales to the world

PHUMLA KHANYILE

Am A Strong Woman

Measure not my weakness by my tears
I do not cry because am hopeless
These running streams tell that am human

You cannot judge me by my fears
How can you tell how deep they run
Just by mere look in my eyes

I am not frail because am a woman
It is out of meekness I bow my head
A sign of respect out of free will

I do not cling because am hopeless
I choose to stay on out of faithfulness
To hold on because I care

Dare never treat me as useless
Always taking me for granted
Am worth more than imagined

PHUMLA KHANYILE

As We Lay

Tell me who resides in your heart
Whose reflections dwell in your mind?
Is it I you deeply thinking about
When often lost in a gaze at night?

As we lay back to back
Whose face is in your fore?
I doubt am the cause of your smile
For it seem to come from afar

How I wish tis I who cause your happy hums
Am I the sweet voice in your head?
Do I cause your heart to dance?
Or we just friendly strangers

As we lay
Is it I you embrace with a squeeze
Or an untold desire
Is it a lost lover in your past?

Would you tell if you regret
Or rather honour the waning vows
Is it I you still want?
Or we just stuck until death do us otherwise

As we lay in the still of the night
How I wish to sneak into your mind
To take a journey to your heart
To make your silent thoughts known

PHUMLA KHANYILE

Ballentine's

What is a valentine without a Ballantine?

If not a lonely sad sober day

Come Sunday I'll drown my sorrows

Sink my lips in the tallest of glasses

I'll drink to all the lovers out there

While moaning the lonely hearts

Though i do not have my valentine

I sure can get a Ballantine

Unlike all lovers that comes and go

He'll abide to soften my heart

Until all tears dry into flakes of laughter

With all memories dazed out for a while

I will not remember what use to be

Nor bother to wear red nor white

I'll be confined in my home alone

Wetting my soul in golden streams

What is a valentine without a Ballantine?

If not a feast day for memories to roll

Come Sunday I'll toast with a sip

And dance until my feet ache

PHUMLA KHANYILE

Be Still

Though the rivers roar
The tides rise up high
Dare not quiver a little
The Lord shall hold you still

These sands are sinking
Your feet are weakened
Faith is dwindling
Don't be so shaken!

The lord is faithful
You think he cares not
His eyes are blinded
He sees all your fears!

Be still in your storms
He comes with a calm
To wipe all your tears
To sweep away your fears

The Lord is in control
Even when all seems hopeless
He is the clear path
In the maze of darkness

PHUMLA KHANYILE

Beaten!

Swollen eyes

They did not see eye to eye

Bruises all over her arms

She could not bar the harm

Her screams echoed

To many ears heard

She wailed in fear

While begging in tears

She's been beaten

Beyond recognition

So lame is the reason

No logic in the excuses

Did he not claim to love

By his hands he harmed

He spilled her blood

As if she's not worth a dime

Beaten by him she loves

Ridiculed in the neighbors' eyes

How will she walk with pride?

They all heard her cries

Beaten with aggression

As if by hateful hands

How could this be by?

The one vowed to forever love

She is so scarred

In and out

Her faith shattered

She no longer trust love

She sees in half

With her swollen eyes

Her mouth is mum

He broke her jaws

pic from Thando Thabethe ?#?MakeitStop? campaing (with Actress - Manaka Ranaka)

PHUMLA KHANYILE

Broken Cord

Time stole the thoughts
Slowly they faded to the past
Distance stood tall in the midst
Memory waved like subsiding waves

Broken is the joining twine
We no longer intertwined
Your gaze is cold as ice
Gone is the spark that shined

Who undid the knot we tied?
Was it the tides of time?
Did they spew us apart?
Or was it just an act of fate

So broken is the cord
We no longer in accord
You stand aloof though near
So out of reach like a dream

PHUMLA KHANYILE

Chemistry Is...

The erupting surge of emotions
Beyond walls of concealment
Pass stature of seriousness
Disrupting one's true senses

It is wires crossed causing a spark
Each time we inches apart
Like a distant thunder that raptures
Without too much a sound but lightning

Chemistry is you in me
Invading all my sacred spaces
Defeating all my forms of resistance
Bending my will like a blown weed

Chemistry is the sounding drums
The song my heart sings when you call my name
Echoing pass the moment
Trailing all the movements

Chemistry are the moments spend in silence
With our hands glued palm to palm
With not so many words spoken
Yet the silence is filled with assurance

Chemistry is my stirred up feelings
Warmth at the thought of your touch
Shivers at the thought of past occurrences
Chills each time we paste our lips to kiss

PHUMLA KHANYILE

Colour Of Your Emotions

I wish I were the strings of your guitar

Striking all my notes with passion

Clutching me close to your heart

Sealing each play with a kiss

I wish I was the lyric of your song

Composed from the deepness of your heart

Sang with such passion and sincerity

Translating all your felt emotions

I wish I was your pulse

Embedded in your veins

Pumping life to your every corner

Locked up within your walls

But I am a distant memory

A place seldom visited

A thought often shifted

A reality unacknowledged

I walk close yet to you am miles away

A blurred shape or form

Am I not worth to be housed in your mind?

Just for a while matter most to your eyes!

Can I be the colour of your emotions?

Brightening your world with peace and splendor

Be the laughter in your eyes

The sugar on your salted tears

I wish I were the air you breathe

The waters your drink

The land you walk on

For a while rule in your world

PHUMLA KHANYILE

Cupid's Arrow

God of love see me now
Wipe my tears, they blind
Shoot me with your arrow of love
I've lowered my guard this time

God of love smile at me
For how long shall your arrow miss?
Don't you care I cry at night
Unto a coil unconfined

Lord of Love, oh sweet Amor
I've watched them go
I've waited past my time
Why can't you find my true love?

Am growing impatient
My heart is hopeless
My nights are sleepless
I here lie helpless

Dare not turn a blind eye
To the pleas of a breaking heart
Nor mock me with empty words
I need a genuine love

Oh God of love
Dear son of Venus
With your bow and arrow
Infect me with sweet pains of love

I stand yearning, wishing
Wondering in waiting
Time fast passing
Longing unending

PHUMLA KHANYILE

Dare Not Return

Soon you'll remember
When all doors are shut on your face
When all roads reach a dead end

I know you'll seek to return
To the love that was not good enough
The arms not warm enough

You will knock, I'll not open
You'll call, I'll not answer
For time is no longer on your side

You'll want to go down memory lane
Seek to talk of things I'll rather forget
Remind me of long gone good times

I know you'll say
'I've come to my senses'
You'll pledge your apologies

But my ears will be deafened
My eyes will be blinded
My walls will be high up

Did you not make a choice to walk?
Despite all my tears and pleas
So by it you should stand

Dare not seek to return
Even when blown by winds of rejection
Even when hailed by stones of doubt

PHUMLA KHANYILE

Dark Waters

Some are war unto self
Attacking from within
Blowing fits to their faces
Inflicting wounds to their souls

Some are enemies of self
Forever trampling on their hopes
Dismissing their every attempt
Declaring failure before a try

They walk as if owed by the world
Yet never ready to claim their place
They rather sit and be aggrieved
Instead of stating their case

Some are just flowing along
Letting situations toss them to and fro
Nothing is ever their cause
Yet in their lives they seek a course

Some are slaves of their pasts
They live in yester years
Imprisoned in the gates of hate
Wallowing in their sadness

They choose not to see the light
So blinded are their eyes
They lead each to darkness
In the confines of pain and regret

Although the rainbow shines in their eyes
They see not its wonderful colours
They still see the storms
The still float in dark waters

PHUMLA KHANYILE

Darker Days

Like a thief they come
To some for a brief stay
To others to own
Darker days that weighs

They dare not knock but descend
Stealing the bread on the bin
Emptying the sugar in the bowl
Darker days that steal oil in the lamp

Days that cause friends to disperse
Revealing who has your back
They come hard like hail stones
Sending one to coil in shame

Yet we need not despair
Not when it is a life norm
To fall and rise
To gain, to lose

Darker days will always come
Ours is to stay strong
For faith will carry us through
Better days always await!

PHUMLA KHANYILE

Dazzling

So dazzling is a woman
Whose strength lies not on her muscles
Each trouble she faces, unfazed
Unwilling to bend to defeat

The world she carries in her womb
Her beauty fades not with time
She preserves it in her heart
She spreads it through her deeds

Such is a woman who dazzles
She who knows her worth
Not counted in notes nor coins
Nor concealed behind mirrored stares

She carries herself with pride
Regardless of her daily pangs
Without a flinch from blows
She's not blown off by setbacks

Her smiles lights the world
The darkened pathways of many hearts
With her frail hands she rescues
For her strength lies in her words

She is not aged but seasoned
By highs and lows from rougher days
Yet love is forever a song in her chords
Her open heart houses a lot

PHUMLA KHANYILE

Dear Player

Upon shattered pieces
You walk tall with pride
Your face you fan with tears
Blown by hearts wailing

You beat your chest
Tell the world you the best
But your day is coming
Will you stand your share of pain?

Oh heartless player
You've caused lakes of tears
See the pile of broken heart pieces
Where is your shame?

Why pay love with hurt
Why this thorny high wall of defense
Don't you too long to be loved
What if you lose the best of loves?

Player change your ways
Before fate comes your way
With vengeance to rip you apart
To pay you back for all the harm

PHUMLA KHANYILE

Dividing Lines

In a world that knows no happiness
Where hearts are drenched in sadness
The salty tears are quenching waters
How can we mend the broken bridges?

Why is human race
Quick to lay a destroying hand
To kill than to shield and save
To mock but not embrace?

Ours should be a solid stand
Yet daily we are submerged
Without a helping hand
Despite the wails and pleas

Why is human race
Enemy to self
Judges without honor
Hurtfully unforgiving

Is it not by our hands?
That so many souls perish
Is it not by our words?
So many fires are burning

In a world that has so much
Why are many without means
What is the source of our hatred?
Why can't we be united?

Who drew in our midst?
All these skewed dividing lines
Of race and greed
Of status and creed

What shall it take?
To rub off the dividing lines
To forgive the past deeds
To join hands as one

PHUMLA KHANYILE

Do You Know Who I Am?

There's more to me for sure
More than the colours of your paint
More than the confines of your box

Am not a tragedy to mourn?
Nor a disappointment to endure
You wouldn't know my worth for sure

Certainly am beyond your comprehension
This I see by your misjudgments
Search me not in my past deeds!

Do you even know my shoe size?
Would you walk in them without a cry?
Or even toe my thin lines for a little while?

Am more layered and deepened
Judge me not by my surface
Not until you know my core

You do not know me don't lie
You've only gone as far as I could allow
You know the little I could reveal

PHUMLA KHANYILE

Does Love Lie?

So many are claimed casualties
Mercilessly slayed by love
Though without thorns
Does love really hurts?
Or it is our lips that lies

Does love really change?
Or end just like that
Was its glory claimed?
Or was never here nor there
Its presence only faked

Can sweaty palms
Truly attest its truthfulness
Are these gallops from the heart?
Reflective of its fullness
Can love be truly measured?

Does love see with mortal eyes?
Chasing after things seen by human eye
Or is it from a place of lust
Where what matters is devalued
Where hearts pursue their own fictions?

Does love lie?
Or it is us who never knew its worth
Who only pledged it with our lips
Draped it with words never meant
While truly never knew its depth

PHUMLA KHANYILE

Down This Road

So familiar are these feelings
This smile I've seen before
We're in a place we've been
We've been down this road before

Tell me is it worth another try
Even though it may bring a cry
Can we sail in these waters?
Can we risk to drown under these tides?

We've been down this road before
Down these familiar paths of pain
I've tasted salty tears of shame
These same words you once uttered

We stood right at this point in time
So many times, back to square one
I've seen the spark ignite only to die
I've waved as we said our goodbye

Though I come with an open mind
Is it really worth another try?
We've been down this road before
What would make this time last

I've been down this road before
With salted lips
With a big sore heart
How can we tell we won't part?

We've been down this road a lot
I know these streets of pain
With tall unlocked gates of fear
Often covered by clouds of sadness

Tell me is it worth another try
To open the mind to hope
Lacing the heart with love
Have we not try so many times?

PHUMLA KHANYILE

Drunken Love

She walks dazed, so light is her head
Her heart floats up in the air
Butterflies flap in her tummy
Her emotions flow like wild seas

Lyrics are platted in her lips
Of classic songs that don't age
They shoot from a place never tapped
Telling tales of drunken love

She woke up with a swollen head
So heavy it weighed her down
Yet her heart leaps with joy
Though she walks with a sway

She drank from a cup of love
She drank beyond her portion
Some claim she lost her senses
Her mind houses guests of thoughts

She fell deep in love
Dipping her heart in his
Opening herself to possibilities
Regardless of what may come

Beyoncé calls it drunken love
Friends says tis crazy love
She sipped from a jar of passion
She's been arrowed in her heart

PHUMLA KHANYILE

Eye To Eye

We don't see eye to eye
It seems you don't mind
What clouded your mind?
Wiped your beautiful smile

We don't see eye to eye
Your back is on my fore
You've walked far for miles
You no longer mine

Gone are the talks
Am I out of your thoughts?
You so distant and cold
Where is the one I loved?

Can we go back to time?
Or is it too late to try
Did I tell you a lie?
How can I fix the wrong?

We do not see eye to eye
We walking miles apart
Though it breaks my heart
I am not going to cry

PHUMLA KHANYILE

Falling In Love

He splashed her with emotions
Like ink thrown on bare canvass
The droplets of his affection
Coloured her bruised frame of mind

He captured the hands of her soul
Embracing all her longings
She tossed and turned in defiance
As if to shield her heart from breaking

She has known loads of pain
All in the name of love declared
Yet its thorns were so sharp
Like daggers they tore her apart

But he came with love
So true and kind
To heal her fragile heart
To restore her judging mind

He showered her with passion
Caring for her every emotion
Sewing her back stitch by stitch
Mending her broken trust

For he gazed past her insecurities
Beyond her erect walls of defense
He cared not for her glaring flaws
He loved her to her very core

She conceded at last
Submitting to his appeal
Lowering her tall prickly walls
Bridging the gap in-between

They fell in love
With body and soul
With feelings and deeds
Blending in oneness

PHUMLA KHANYILE

Fear Not

What if tis love that knocked
In the mid of the darkened night
Yet fear held you back
The past pulled you back

What if the one that got away?
Was the one meant to stay?
Yet he did not make your list
Nor did he fit your description

Did you let love pass you by?
Yet each day you wonder why
You claim no one cares
Did you let them close enough?

Fear has robbed you great
All the love you deserved
Flew and landed afar
Loneliness is now your friend

It is true love knows no limits
Just like it bends not to rules
Why judge it by looks and lists
When it takes no form or shape

Fear not, where there is love
There's an eraser for errors
The bends get straightened
The flaws are but bearable

PHUMLA KHANYILE

Fears And Tears

I'll not show you my tears
I'll wear the sweetest smile
Stand in your fore un-bended
Though my inside walls are falling

I'll not show you my pain
So you can by it, gauge my weakness
I'll wore a painted joy
Masking beneath all my tortures

I'll conceal my fears
You'll only see my boldness
Through my presented posture of calm
Even though am severely shaken

You'll dare not see my tears
Though they gather to lakes and ponds
I'll give you assurance
Even when I am slowly fading

Yes am not the strongest
Sometimes I need to be anchored
To fall on my knees and be captured
To be told it'll be ok

Beneath this rough skin
Lies a woman with needs
Covered is a heart that breaks
I too have my fair share of fears

I will not show you my tears
Giving you some ammunition
To judge me by my weaknesses
Telling the world of my fears

PHUMLA KHANYILE

Forgive Me

Did I hurt your heart?
Did I let you down?
Was it I who sliced you apart?
Did I cause your world to fall apart!

Did I shatter your dreams?
Did I steal your joy?
Was it I who caused your tears?
Did I leave your heart so scarred!

Pardon my lies
I never meant no harm
I thought I was just having fun
I did not know how much you cared

I cannot change the past
Nor can I wipe away your pain
All I can wish is for you to heal
Someday leave behind the past

Forgive me I plead
If I could carry your pain I would
I know I deserve your wrath
Poured out without measure

PHUMLA KHANYILE

Happiness Come...

Happiness why mock me from a distance
Pretending to come my way
To a point I heard your footsteps
Yet like morning dew you melted

Did you not approach to embrace?
With open arms ran my way
Just as I sighed with relief
You floated pass my grip

Like patches of shades
In the sunniest of days
You choose whom to touch
Without as much a regret

Tell me why I must give you a chase
Like a shadow tail your hidden heels
Yet to some you rise in glory
Never to set behind the hills

Can't you choose me without a plea?
In the crowd of hearts that yearns
What should I do to make you stay?
To make my smile always shine?

Happiness I am here
Waiting patiently for my turn
With hope that you'll soon come
To plough joy in all corners of my heart

I hope time will not steal my chance
Nor envy cloud my opportunity
I'll await you with a song of hope
Till am awakened by sound of your coming

PHUMLA KHANYILE

Her Aura

A distinctive atmosphere she emits
Just as she waltz without a thought
All eyes gaze her every move
She cares not to be their feast

Aura she oozes
It bleeds through her pores
She warmly greets with a smile
It trails her down the path

She is that face amongst many
That lingers on way beyond the meet
A planted desire that remains
To a stranger who waves and pass

She is a lyric on a singer's song
A still portrait on an Artist's canvas
A creeping thought cropped in his mind
She waltzed and housed in their hearts

PHUMLA KHANYILE

Her Lyrics

She writes words from her heart
On black inked bare pages
She writes of love that hurts
Her crumbling walls of defense

A bleak image she paints
Smeared page by page
Her heart compose lyrics
Of high and low notes

She writes of her thoughts
Truths concealed in dotted lines
Behind ghosts that never lived
Of Imagined people and places

The truth is not far from home
These words are her lyrics
Composed from a place of hurt
Poured out of an aching heart

These written words are her soul
An ink flowing in her every vein
Perspired through her every pore
Bleeding through her nails

She writes of a tale of deceit
A paint that taints the heart
She tells of the broken trust
Of dreams cut short

PHUMLA KHANYILE

Home Of The Silent

Oh city that lies in silence
With folks names written on cold stones
So silent are your whispers
Your winds chants louder than songs
Does peace really reigns in you?
Are their souls finally at rest?

How true is this I do not know?
Until I lower my anchor there
To lie motionless beneath concrete floors
With few lines telling my tale
Jotted small on lonely headstones
In a bed of dying beauty of flowers

They call you a home of the silent
But who knows the screams of their voices
Just as the dust of soil covers their coffins
And the trail of hymns come to an end
Do they really remain mum?
Are they finally resting in peace?

Who can really tell?
If they've not descended to the bowels of the earth
To throngs of folks long waiting
Or if they're not ushered in with jubilation
Or they just lie there in eternal silence
While fading in the minds of those left behind

If these cold walls could speak loud
Surely they should forever proclaim
Here lies sons and daughter'
'Men and women of all sorts of caliber
Rulers and the ruled'
'The rich and poor alike'

Perhaps these winds are whispering
Stating their cases to those who dare listen
Of chapters written but left unclosed
Of Secrets left un-exposed

Of Dreams unjustly shattered
Of the loneliness of their new home

PHUMLA KHANYILE

Hopeville

We'll meet on the streets of Hopeville
Wide, unpaved lanes of hope
Big beautiful gardens
Of hearts driven by dreams
Of wishes told by dazed looks

We shall pass each other by
As if we've never met before
Or on Centre Street hail loud
You'll be chasing your destiny
I'll be sculpting my course

We will definitely meet in Hopeville
You may wave cheerfully
While I choose to nod in silence
For each word uttered
Tis time wasted

I'll meet you in Hopeville
Dare not let go of your dream
In the main garden square of hope
We'll plough them there
And watch them leap to growth

PHUMLA KHANYILE

I Am Who I Am!

Am deeper than the ocean
My waves rise and fall
They gather and pour

I am unstoppable
I flow against the winds
Though they blow wild

Like a thousand stones of sands
Am scattered along the shores
Am carried over the lands

I stand tall against all weight
My will refuse to bend
I walk with my head held high

I am wider than the wild
So unconfined are my visions
I see beyond the envisioned

I am greener than the pastures
Fertile like my forefathers' lands
Ploughed in me are his seeds of wisdom

I am the running rivers
The falling waterfalls
I gather into lakes and ponds

If you want to hear me well
Listen to the whirr of the winds
The splashing of the waters

I am who I am
The unbendable rod
The grinding stone

I am my father's daughter
A princess of my clan
I am the strong post that holds

Who are you?

PHUMLA KHANYILE

I Purged

I bared my soul open
All my hidden contents spilled
Though I knew not the reason
Perhaps it was his ear
He shared in my fears
He spared me his sympathy
So I gave him all my shame

I purged until there was little left
Words poured without restraint
He picked them one by one
He did not hold back his judgment
I hope i did not weigh him down
So heavy was the burden laid
Too many were the sad words said

I purged my soul in his ears
I could not hold back the tears
Though it all left me exposed
To some degree almost drained
A new path of hope opened
The chains of pain were broken
Nothing can hold me back now

He came out of no where
A face I never knew before
It matters not why he came by
Even if it was by error he stopped
One thing is now certain
He gave me an ear
Today I cracked my soul open

PHUMLA KHANYILE

I Rise, Oh I Rise!

Though floors of insanity
Shake so vigorously
The bed of sands below
Seek to swallow me whole
I rise, oh I rise!

These torrents have long risen
With fierce and force driven
Down the gushing streams
Towards the hungry seas
Yet they shall have no hold

I rise oh I rise!
More than my countless falls
Up to the steepest slopes
Unto the deepest ravines
I shall not remain fallen

Along these lonely paths I walk
Though the world weighs me down
The heart fails to hold on to hope
My feet do carry me through
Out of this maze let me rise

PHUMLA KHANYILE

I Swear

I'll remember you in my days of honour
For you held my hand in my darkest hour
This is my promise
By you I'll do right

In the crowds that hail my name
With words that wish me well
I'll never forget your words
They pulled me out of shame

This is my promise I swear
Never to let fame blind my reason
Nor let its flames be my prison
I'll stay true in all seasons

I'll remember you in my glory
In the tall plains that tower
I'll hold you with high regard
For you knew me when I was nothing

Yes this is my promise
Made in earnest
Without forceful fear
I'll never forget you

PHUMLA KHANYILE

If You Were Here...

So cold, these blankets seem wet
These sheets are but a layer of ice
If you were here you'd shield my back
Breathe warmth to this icy cold room

If you were here I would be warm
My bones would not be achy and sore
If any tremble it would be from your touch
And the goose bumps from the feeling

Yet am almost frozen all by myself
No amount of blankets to keep me warm
My back is bare without a shield
If you were here I would be cushioned

Am caught between two cold layers
Tossing and turning without a safety net
To the edge of the queen-sized bed and back
Yet this Queen is without a King to hold

If you were here you'd chat me to sleep
It wouldn't have mattered the chilly winds
Your voice would have mumbled on my ears
Your love would have been a hot cup of soup

We would have coiled into a twisted ball
Made steamy sweet love beneath the cold covers
With our bodies blanketing one another
Conquering every cold ushered our way

...only if you were here...

PHUMLA KHANYILE

Insomnia

How I wish to close my eyes
Drift slowly for a while
To a place where feet float
Where Strangers wear many faces
And reality is not questioned

Yet insomnia holds me still
Am kept wide awake from the doze
Though shadows on the walls I've counted
Waiting for the moment to finally come
But the clock still ticks loudly and clear

I am so wide awake it bothers
How I wish to drift to a quiet land
To silently lie upon the pillow of time
Where butterflies softly flap their wings
And birds sweetly sing the lullabies

Oh nightfall take me to that place
Where reality diminishes with every dream
A place where peasants are kings
Take me to the thornless bed of roses
To the waterfalls and glimmering streams

Come beautiful sleep come
You're not that far I can feel your steps
From a distance I heard your soft thuds
Did the wind not blow me your fragrance?
Very soon you'll softly kiss my brows

PHUMLA KHANYILE

Let It Rain

Smile down on us oh Lord
Smile with flood of tears
Wet our hardened grounds
Free us from the plight of drought
Send us million drops from above

Just as the sun rise upon the good and bad
Pour your rain upon us all
Quench us from all our thirsts
Cool us for we daily burn
Cleanse us we plead

Let it rain oh Lord Let it rain
Open the flood gates of heaven
Shower the world with your mercy
Pardon us, spare us from pain
Father for your rain we pray

Heal our tattered horizons
That no longer shield us
Tame the aggressive sun rays
Spare us from their scorch
Bar the heatwaves

Let it rain oh Lord Let it rain
Quench our thirst
Nourish our dry lands
Fill the empty lakes
Restore life to all beings

PHUMLA KHANYILE

Letter To The Lover

Now tell me the truth oh dear one
Let me understand the reason why
Why is your voice lodged in my head?
And your heartbeat in my pulse

You seem to be the iris of my eye
The tongue embedded in my mouth
Are you the cillia that sifts the air I breathe?
Or the aorta that pumps life to my walls

Here I state my confession
Since the day you crossed my path
I have seen with eyes of joy
I've lived in the bubble of hope

Tell me the truth at once
Why I no longer see any other
Tis only your voice I hear in crowds
Have you somehow invaded my mind?

I spring like a gazelle when you come
Yet crawl like a snail in sorrow when you gone
Tell me dear one why do I love you so
Cling and counts every second to your coming

Dear lover you're none like others
I hold your thoughts close to my heart
The mentioning of your name heals my ills
I can go on for miles and not hunger

PHUMLA KHANYILE

Light The Candle

Light the candle for love
Ignite the wick, melt the wax
With every drip that falls
Fill the empty cup of love

Light the candle of love
Let it slowly burn to the mind
Just as it soaks the heart with joy
Until a yearning soul find its melt

Dare not let the flicker die
Let it breed hope in the dark
To the heart that silently breaks
To the spirit that limps

Light it though it rains at times
Even in the midst of blowing winds
Though it may be too dark at times
Light it regardless of the tides

Light the candle of love
For the world that lacks time
Light and burn all resistance
For the lovers who lost faith in their love

It matters not the place
It cares not for the state
Be it in good or bad times
Light the candle with love

PHUMLA KHANYILE

Love And Deeds

What is love without deeds
If not a word without action
A declaration without weight
Confession that lacks sincerity

Can a river be called a river
When its waters lie still
Or its bed is bare and dry
Without a flow of streams

What is love without deeds
If not an engagement doomed
A fire that lost its spark
Dying slowly with every passing hour

Like a seed that lacks a caring hand
Thrown to grow lonely in wild lands
So is the death of a love not nurtured
It slowly let go of its glow

Don't you know that love
Grows leaps and bounds
When inflated with deeds
Expanded by good gesture

Put a little yeast on love
Let it grow a little in size
Lest it deflates and wanes
Naked, without its cloak of honour

Remember love is a doing word
Of emotions deeply felt
Lived and written in deeds
Lest its just an empty word!

PHUMLA KHANYILE

Malia Is A Child

Yesterday a virus broke loose
Spreading from heart to heart
Painted in these walls in words
Yet none may have her heart
Malia is of royal creed

Yesterday she turned seventeen
A beautiful almost ripen to the eyes
Yet as tall as she may seem
Malia is still Obama's little girl
So wish her well and let her be

Yes she blossoms like sun in summer
Curvy like the bends of river Nile
Her infectious smiles caught many
But dare not forget she is but a child
Though seven feet and nine inches tall

Sweet were the words written
A true reflection they painted
Barak would have wet his eyes
Michelle would have felt a pang
The White House would have bowed

Yesterday Malia braced these pages
A guest not by choice but by date
Her name became known to strangers
Poets showed their riches in words
But Malia's heart is yet to be claimed

A time will come for Malia to be taken
Perhaps by a prince tall as she
From a mansion big as her father's
When that day finally comes
It will be known in these pages

PHUMLA KHANYILE

Poet's Hand

So lucky is the paper you write on

It gets a frequent touch of your hand

How I wish I was the ink in your pen

To write out the thoughts of your mind

Dear Poet am in love with your words

I wish they were my own

If not written with me in mind

Only for my eyes

I love how you tell your tales

With words that pleads

Even with a whisper

So full of sincere

So lucky is the paper you write on

For you mark it with you ink of affection

Wetting it with your emotions

Turn it over with tenderness

I wish twas my heart you writing on

With an ink that never fades

Implanting eternal feelings

Within hardened covers

I love your lines of verses

They sing a soothing song

Oh let alone your thousand voices

They speak to me in the still of the night

Write on hands on the poet, write on

Page the petals of my heart, write on

Dare not leave any sweet word untold

Tell me all that my heart ought to be told

PHUMLA KHANYILE

Power To The Woman

Dare not listen to the voices of the skeptics
Why measure a woman by her fragility
Think of the things she has done
The rivers, crevices, mountains climbed
The disappointments, hurt, ridicule endured
I call her an unbendable rod
Insimbi engagobeki!

Fragmented by situations she still gathers her dignity
With the fragrance of ubuntu she carries the world in her waist
A woman of character is her essence
Caring for those who care less for themselves
Forever giving from her well of love that never dries
She is a woman of substance
Umfazi oqotho!

Some call her imbokodo, the grinding stone
I call her the cornerstone that pillars strong
Without her THERE is deafening wailing and growls
The motherless run amok with no help at hand
The nations starve and the neglected wallow
No handkerchiefs to wipe the tears of the aggrieved
Intandana umakhothwa unina....asho amaZulu
What is the nation without a woman?

To all the ladies, young and the old
Our mothers, sisters and girls
The soul of humanity, the essence of creation
Arise; fear not the challenges
Build, lead, and govern
Stand tall and climb to the tip of success
Ride on the wings of opportunities
Land gracefully to the high places
Ilungelo lakho, yisikhathi sakho!
It is your right, it is your time...

Power to the women!

PHUMLA KHANYILE

Run Sparrow Run

So notorious is your moment
It steals from your spotlight?
It is too bright, it blinds
Spinning you out of your wits

Like a monkey business it is
See how you coil your tail in shame
To climb such a tallest tree
Only to lose your grip and fall

So hard is your fall
So hard my bones ache along
But tis your mouth you should blame
It littered all sorts of garbage

Run along Sparrow run
Dig a trench and hide
Your rants were your shovel
By you own words you dug too deep

Now you must know monkeys have a heart
They feel, they hear, they stand up and fight
No more are their brains barricaded by words
No racial lines are too thick to pass

Pack your bags Sparrow run to the forests
True monkeys awaits to put you on trial
For your words are as sharp as dagger
And your heart as dark as a night

PHUMLA KHANYILE

Run The Race

They seem to float while you standing still
They're at peace yet chaos brews within
You wonder why you many miles behind

It is a feeling that weighs you down
To watch as time take flight at such a pace
Yet for you so much is still at stake

You're on a race against the world
Along runners with tricks to track
They seem to fly above all counted steps

You must run though heavy are your feet
It matters not how long miles it takes
Yours is to run until you reach the end

Run a race to defeat yourself
Against all odds, be it doubt, be it fears
You got to run beyond the winning line

Run the race at your own pace
Dare not give in to any form of defeat
Don't stop until you gain your victory

PHUMLA KHANYILE

Salted Rain

When the rain finally falls
Petals will not remain closed
Metal will melt unto droplets
As rivers run unhindered

Yes it shall rain hard
Streams will be on a chase
Heels will sink deep in puddles
Lakes will gather to spill

When the rain finally comes
It'll fall with a deafening sound
The horizons will be darkened
The winds will wail in defiance

But it'll rain regardless
Even if women gather to wail
Just as dogs coil their tails to hide
They'll run for shelter to pray

The streets will part with their debris
Until droplets fall as if boiling in crystal streams
Dusty winds subsiding to cooling breeze
As fallen petals are washed away

It will rain like a lullaby
To lovers coiled in their love nest
Yet to others it will be a mocking song
As its drops usher in memories once held

When that rain finally falls
Gates of resistance will be broken
The heart will be soaked in sadness
Pain will flow out in salted streams

Then clouds will slowly shift in clearance
For the grand appearance of the rainbow
Bringing all streams to a stop
As the sun creeps back with warmth

PHUMLA KHANYILE

Sleep Tight...

On the softest of petals
In the center of his palms
Take rest oh beloved
Sleep peacefully without sound

His angels will carry you
Rocking your tired soul to and fro
Until the shadow of things remain
And your soul find its peaceful rest

Let your eyes flap and close
As you take your shallow breathe
Sleep dear one, sleep
Forget for a while all your toils

He shall rise you up at crack of dawn
With new hope and revived will
But for now lie in peace my love
Let no bad dreams come your way

If fear descends at midnight
Dare not coil in misery
Search by hand in the dark
I'll be just near to hold you still

Let me kiss you goodnight beloved
Seal this day just like many
It is I you should take to your dreams
Sleep dear one hope we meet there soon

PHUMLA KHANYILE

Smile

Though it rains so hard
The winds blow too high
With chilly storms from afar
Smile though it pains you great

Wear your coat of many colours
Though tattered your soul
Its radiance shall cover your pain
The world shall not see you crumble

These tears will not drown you whole
No matter how bruised your petals
Though it aches from head to toe
Smile through the rise and fall

There will always be a reason
This may not to be your season
And the odds are but rising
Smile for you are still standing

Of all the things you can loose
Dare not let go of your smile
What will you be without your shield?
Smile and heal your broken shell

PHUMLA KHANYILE

Tell Your Girl

Tell your girl she is lucky
She has your time and heart
She lays her head on your chest
She leans on your shoulders

Tell her to value the love given
For the same someone else longs
If she knew she would make you her treasure
Place you amongst her valued pieces

Tell your girl there are eyes watching
Counting on her flaws and ignorance
What she views as falling crumbs
Are worth more to someone who lacks

Tell her to hold on to your love
Never let go of your hand
Nor let her eye to wander
For you worth all the attention

I wish to tell your girl these words
She lives the life someone dreams
She has your heart in her palm
She even owns your affection

Someone lacks her happiness
She longs for a fraction of your affection
Prepared to go miles to return the attention
Tell your girl to count her blessings

PHUMLA KHANYILE

The Tigress

Woman I love your strength

Though not worn like crown on your head

Nor packed in muscles on your arms

It oozes through your pores

See how majestic you stand

Like a post ready to pillar

Your pointy spear does not kill

It only stabs with love to heal

A true tigress you are

Never losing your spots

Pouncing to protect

Majestic in your prowls

See the birds rise up in honour

The tall grass bows under your feet

Unto you oh mother of nature

Rivers of milk and blood flows

Woman I love your humility

Just hear the pace of your grace

Making a way in a maze

Lighting a way in the dark

You who carries herself with pride

While walking under the meek cloud

Always true to yourself

Bowing your head un-coerced

PHUMLA KHANYILE

The Wave

I saw you wave at a distance
As steps widened to miles
I saw you disappear to the eyes
Pass the thoughts, out of the mind

You waved like a blowing wind
Your voice trailed and faded
Its echo died to the ear
You became a mere form from far

In my fogged memory
Your existence got swallowed
Back to the shadowed confines
You walked never to return

I saw you wave farewell in my dreams
Far beyond the maze you came
Though the sun laughed at my face
It also warmed my frozen faith

Today I am ready to wave back
To your long departed self
To the shadow behind the walls
To the fading memories in my head

PHUMLA KHANYILE

Titans Never Die

Their bones may lie cold in the bowels of earth
Yet titans never die
No grave is deep enough to conceal their good deeds
They will forever steal moments in our minds
Their names are tattooed on our tongues

Their spirits shall forever resonates with time
Because shallow are their graves
They could not gag their mouths
They still walk amongst men
Talk to the attentive silence of our minds

Titans never die
It is but a lie
Are these not their words spoken?
How come they are still mentioned?
Even though tears have long dried

Chinua Achebe is not dead
Neither did he fell apart, he is at ease
Armed with the arrow of God
He's still the man of the people
Ant hills of the Savannah have echoed

PHUMLA KHANYILE

Towards Destiny

Upon these unfamiliar paths
Where human feet has trodden
Where winds call in strange voices
Beckoning every footstep

I follow thee oh dear heart
Trusting your every judgment
Even when the mind wavers
Staggering from winds of fear

I'll walk down these lonely paths
With a song hummed in my heart
Igniting hope long buried
Telling my tale in foot prints made

Just as the earth wears its green
The trees heal from their loss
So shall my heart take a leap of faith?
In every step taken towards destiny

PHUMLA KHANYILE

Treasure Mines

Men with treasures know no rest
Their nights are as brief as winks
So full of worries are their days
Even unto a falling needle sound
Or the blowing whirr of passing winds
Their hair rise from fear of loss

Him, the master turned slave to self
Of things earned and owned
He rather keep awake and wait
To guard his wealth from being snatched
See how tall the walls he builds
Just to hedge himself from all

His treasure mine is his chest of dreams
Yet tis so hard to find him joy
Of all precious things his money buys
His heart still yearns for love to come
Every cent he opts to count and stash
Has failed to won him the heart he loves

He placed his wealth on things that wane
Based his worth on things prized
In all his pursuit with gifts and tokens
He now knows love is not for sale
Though its treasures are hidden to the eye
Their glitters is only known to the heart loved

So place your treasure in your heart
Where no robbers descend
Bury your chest of dreams in there
Far and safe from snatching hands
Let no money give value to love
Rather count her worth by her deeds

PHUMLA KHANYILE

When Time Flies!

Who can hold still the hands of time?
Just from hurryingly passing us by
Just to hold on to a moment most cherished
To keep it free from being tarnished

Who can tell time to linger a while
To give to life an extra mile
Keeping company most loved
Counting years in the arms of love

Time seem to escape our grip
Dodging our every attempt to prolong
But wait until you are lodged in grief
It staggers in the slowest of pace

Why does time tap to our minds?
Stealing memories safely stored
Slowly fading them pale
As years pile up into the past

Why does time fly when you have fun?
Driving us out of our places of comfort
Yet so quick it is to deliver us to sorrows
Holding us hostages to our own pains

Time rushed me out of my years of glory
Swiftly it placed me in my anonymity
Like a lightening it wipes away happiness
While flooding our eyes with rain of tears

Sometimes I wish I was a child
With not so much a worry in my mind
To have less cares to shoulder
And a heart painted with smiles

Why does time fly?
Just when you finally find love
It whispers quarrels that divides
If not planting death that defeats

PHUMLA KHANYILE

Why Me?

Why should it be me?
Who holds the fort that crumbles?
Who keeps afloat a ship that sinks?
Do I stand strong to pillar most?
Though my walls slowly fall
And the streams of doubt rapidly flow

Why can't I be the weakest?
Just so I could slump and coil
Be absolved from duty that calls
If not for a while hide behind a veil of tears
Forever receive from the kindness thrown
Why Should I toil twice as much

Why should it be me?
Who remains sane in the boat of insanity?
To make sense in a senseless world
Why should I carry the burden to care?
When all care not about tomorrow
Carelessly living each day as it comes

Why should I be the one?
To hide her falling tears
To conceal her pain with a smile
Why can't I just break down and cry
Tore into shreds this mask of pretense
Write gloom in my every public page

Am I the strongest to face these winds?
What if troubles prove hard to mount?
Will you still call upon me if I fail?
What if am buried beneath the rubble
Would you still call me your hero?
Or at last you'll see I need help too?

PHUMLA KHANYILE

Woman To Woman

Who knows a woman but a woman?
For she shares in her pangs
She who knows all her fears
Did she not wear the same shoe?

She is the chosen vessel of life
An ark torn and parted
Her skin has cracked, bones shifted
Just to bring forth sons and daughters

Only she can swell for months
Find joy in anticipation and not burst
She who sobs in pain with joy
And love eternally beyond the flaws

She is a creature that heaven adores
With faith entrusted with life
For she endured with love
And receives with hope

Who knows a woman if not God?
Him she molded with care limb for limb
Fitted her a heart within a heart
So she could embrace with affection

Woman to woman let it be known
Thou art the favoured of the world
The salt that gives flavour to mankind
A human shelter from all weathers

PHUMLA KHANYILE

Write Your Own Story

Who will write your story?
Will it be the neighbors that lie?
The friends on whom you can't rely
Or will you let faith just decide

Who will tell the world your tale?
With accuracy, eloquently
Unseasoned, without error
Nor layered with twisted lies

Why don't you jot your own lines?
Be the captain of your own life
Though they claim to know you well
Only you knows the truths of your mind

Write your own story my friend
Without tweaking the realities
Why toe their set lines
Succumbing to their fabricated lies

Not even the mirror can tell
The depth of your character
It only sees the polished surface
But you can reach your mind

Uncompromise your story
Write your own life lines
Without a pint of apology
Without tons of regret

You are not a rumour told
Nor the flaws counted
They can count your falls
Show them you can rise!

PHUMLA KHANYILE