

Poetry Series

**Raymond Magabe**  
**- poems -**

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## Raymond Magabe(06 02 1988)

I was born February 6th 1988. I am at present a student at the university of Johannesburg studying towards a diploma in mechanical engineering. I started writing in 2004, during my grade 11 year at Southview High School in Lenasia, south of Johannesburg. And like most writers I have been struggling to get funds to publish my work, so I turned to the internet. My written work includes poems and short stories. My passion for the written word has led me to several poetry sessions and I have had the pleasures of sharing my work there. I personally believe that in order for the world to truly be a great place for all who live in it, we need to find a perfect harmony for all who share this planet.

# A Love Like Ours

In our facebook pages we should have our relationship  
Status set to be complicated.  
For a love like ours is too divine  
For human minds to define.  
It has all the elements of being single  
And the elegance of a lifelong relationship.

You know that edge you get  
When you are about to "tap that" for the first time  
And the thrill of sharing a first kiss  
With someone you have secretly loved for a very long time.  
That beyond a friendship crush  
With the fears of not being worthy of more.

That's a love like ours.  
A classic love,  
The- "I shouldn't have done that,  
But it sure felt good"- love.  
A sexy love.  
The- "it's so cute it's sickening"- love.  
A poetic love.  
The love that tells you stories  
To make you wear a smile to match your peejays.

You know that kind of love you don't really know?  
That's a love like ours.

Raymond Magabe

# A Poem Of You

How do I describe you beyond what you see in the mirror?  
I 'google' my mind for words, but none stands out.  
No word is worthy to describe you to mere mortals.

It seems I have to search the stars  
of galaxies known and unknown just to catch a glimpse,  
for your beauty exceeds that of the rarest of jewels.

Shine as the sun may, it will never measure to your smile.  
Your eyes personify the north star to a lost sailor.  
Your laughter gives life to my visions of heaven.

Your aura is something for fairies to envy.  
Your body is a temple for earthly desires to be realised.  
Your touch is the one thing mush-mallows were meant to be.

Your voice is a symphony of angels singing me into a trance.

I am hypnotized...

Paralyzed from the head down,  
thoughts of you order me into action.  
I think of you even when I am not thinking of you.

even if I could help it, I wouldn't.  
A love this sweet gives purpose to my existence.

If I could write a poem to describe you,  
I think this is what it would sound like.

Raymond Magabe

# A Tale Of Two Bodies

We lay on our bed naked,  
with our minds really wasted,  
touched to match what we tasted,  
a pleasure adequately ripened,  
a feeling never before noted,  
this truly was destined:  
What God united,  
shall never stand divided.

Raymond Magabe

# A Voice In The Wall

Walls never keep quiet, if you listen closely  
You will hear them speak when you are not listening.  
These walls know more than we can ever imagine.

I hear them speak when I think I am not listening,  
They say they know I know who I am  
But what I am they know better.

They have watched when I transcended  
Into holy lands in ganja smokes and  
Have seen me get defined in many a females thighs.

They have seen how I gave in to this tempting golden grave  
That had lain open with my dreams in its depth.  
These walls say a prayer with me  
Whenever I go down on my knees in plea for guidance.  
They pray that I open my ears more often  
So as to hear them speak.

They have secrete conversations with my soul  
When I lay in rest at night.  
They by-pass my logic and my not-so-common common sense  
When they go over the mental diary in my head.

I swear I have seen them paint portraits of my memories,  
I have seen them paint my bleeding heart on walls of stone  
And felt the coldness within the ribs.

These walls know how to play dead very well.

Raymond Magabe

# Allot Like Love

Voice like angels singing charols on the eve of his birth,  
Smile like heaven's gate to confuse a sinner on the dawn of his death,  
Persona like the rainbow to Noah's sight on deck the legendary ark,  
Beauty like Eden to personify the glory in the exuberance of God's art,  
One who never shy's from the excitement of the fury within her wrath,  
Who sees no shame in lighting my way when lost in the dark,  
A goddess who places no false claim to the truth of her worth,  
And like the bull's eye, she lets me hit that point when I have a dart.

She gives pleasures of heavenly proportions only known to the demons of this earth,  
And will never lead you astray from your self-defining path,  
A saint for earthly measures who knows how to play her part,  
One who endures pain and always aspires to live her mark.

Though in her absence nothing seems to keep my thoughts steady,  
She can never amount to the angel I found in my first lady

Raymond Magabe

# Autumn

Look at it,  
Dancing alone in the gentle breeze,  
Live me alone it says to its leaves  
And so, they live.

A "de-blossoming" beauty  
In nature's momentary fury.

An equable sight  
With birds taking flight,  
Because autumn has come with its fright.

Raymond Magabe

# Blood Brothers

when I die,  
I want my boys to burry me.  
I want them to feel this pain for me.  
Not out of spite but endearment,  
because I know I will miss them dearly.  
I will miss feeling my boys pain when  
he's life-long love betrayed him for doing her wrong.  
My boys failed suicide attempt was deeply felt  
like a spur to a horse, straight to our hearts.  
His frustrations were firmly anchored alongside ours.  
that burning desire to avenge Pac's death  
I will never forget even beyond the grave.  
Nelson's short lived glory years  
will forever be an open wound to me as a brother.  
And blood came no thicker when a brother's reality  
became that much closer to the dream.  
Our dream.  
Their success has been my success,  
for through the mirror I see reflections of their souls.

My blood brothers with unique mothers are the future of evolution.  
I know just how much they love each other,  
I loved them like they loved me.

Let them burry me like I lived  
in silent confessions of envy for a better life.  
My brothers will feel the pain for me  
because its too much for me alone.

Light a 'spliff' as I descend,  
in a joint venture,  
let the skies be filled with holy smokes.  
Time may heal wounds,  
but the scar of their absence is for ever.  
heaven or hell, this I promise you:  
I will be living a dream.

Raymond Magabe

# Carpe Diem

different shades of smog lift up to the misty sky  
    steamy breaths trail from shivering lips.  
complains find their place rooted dip into ghetto minds  
    my spirit is part of this.

I crave for more than just the rising sun  
    to paint the morning light  
the heaven's eye shine with a shy embrace  
    there has to be more to life than meets the eye.

Raymond Magabe

# Corner Like My Heart

At this corner of the earth  
I sit and wonder what she smiles to now,  
What tickles her fancies?  
Does she still like being kissed on the neck right by the ear?  
Will her voice still be comforting to hear?

The moon has been at its full thrice already,  
And still no word to keep my thoughts steady,  
Could she have forgotten us already?

Was I a mere thorn in her rosy dreams? □  
I mean really:  
How does one by-pass reality with fantasy?  
Can one really feel passed the beating heart  
And ignore the echoes being made by aching memories  
Waiting to be relived?  
Can one just walk on by and ignore  
The reflection of their completion in another's posture?

But this is not a fair trade of affection.  
Many a man have fallen to their knee  
In the plea for happiness at another's mercy.

Raymond Magabe

# Do I Ever Cross Your Mind

Simple star shines of sweet summer skies  
Are the only similes most suiting for smiles such as yours,  
For diamonds and dining halls never possessed a beauty so pure.

Forget the Shakespearean "darling butts of May"  
I just need you for me to really live the rest of my days.

A dozen roses are dead and violets are brown,  
No cliché can ever describe how your voice sounds.

In your eyes a divine being is found,  
You truly are an angel in disguise under the skies delight.

Should you ever fade from my sight,  
Fate will have a life to rewrite, for you belong by my side,  
Our destiny was mapped so in this way we may collide.

No questions without answer, you truly are one of a kind.  
Just this for you to answer, do I ever cross your mind?

Raymond Magabe

# Endless Love

When songs and chimes get played,  
As you walk down the aisle as the best maid,  
Remember all the love we made.  
Yes, the affection too.  
All that keeps us bonded.  
Acceptance has me leaping to the origin of new memories,  
Life and all its commodities,  
Conforms me to the resilience of nature's serenity.

Having had us can never be comparably priced  
With diamonds and rubies.  
For to be honest at heart, truly,  
My heart still beats to the rhythm of yours.  
Truth be told, having had you was the best I have ever had.

There is no urgency in need  
When it comes to the longing of you,  
For in deeds, my actions remind me of you.

And I still believe in angels  
Just the same as I believed in you.

Raymond Magabe

# Father And Son

We play hide and go seek  
When I'm the one who needs to be found.  
I have done the hiding all my life  
I pray he be the one to find me.

When we role play in the corners of my eye  
I see him play a better me.  
I swear he makes me believe in his make belief,  
For in his actions I see how to better me.

My mental state of fatherhood is chained by my boyish fears,  
And he remains completely ignorant of that fact,  
He sees a man he proudly calls dad

Raymond Magabe

# Fountain

like trees in the springtime seemingly doubtful about blossoming,  
I hope for the sunlight on my toes with the eagerness  
of a child when unwrapping a Christmas gift.  
the fountain of my soul sprouts out my fire  
and set ablaze the last drying leaf of hope.  
I am alive, I believe I am.  
this reality has its fangs buried deep into my ribs,  
clinching tighter with every breath I take.  
the fountain of my soul reaches for the sky  
with a fire to melt-to-rain the dark clouds  
that hover patiently over me.  
my soul is mine to keep,  
I am not dying yet.  
no, I am not.

Raymond Magabe

# Half A Man

I try to sneak a goodnight kiss,  
but vodka beats me to it.  
my love with tight lips  
fuels my manly cravings for their touch.

I want to hold her tight  
and ensure her certainty of security in my arms.  
I would love for her to rest her head  
on my chest and smile into sleep.

I would love for her to see the true man  
that she loves but the vodka smell comes  
like blinds to the sun-rays in the mid-summer day light.

I am half the man  
whose kids she hopes to mother someday,  
I am now half the man  
whose rib formed part of her forming.

though deep down she loves me,  
it's just for her to see past the inebracy  
to the man that fights to stay sober.  
it's true, I'm half a man now  
with vodka filling my already half empty glass.

I love her though,  
through the disregard and confusion  
of reality in this state that remains intact,  
my everything is still in her posture.

her presence is still that one reason  
that makes life worth living,  
and her smile still lights my light  
at the end of the tunnel.

Raymond Magabe

# In Her Praise

There she goes...

Her foot steps in rhythm with the beating hearts,

Her pride worn like a cloak.

Her smile like the sun-ray's before dusk.

Her worth being echoed by her stature.

There she goes I said...

Critics disappear into the unbroken golden shafts caressing

The earth's tummy before early nights when she speaks.

Though as delicate as a daisy's petals,

A pillar she has become.

Raymond Magabe

# Jaguar Praises

Like black strokes of robust  
Lightning strikes,  
Across wet sheets of dead leaves  
Mounted like clouds on the amazons floor,

Like volcanic eruptions on petite islands  
With shearing strengths,  
Clearing its path with hot lava  
Down torn down peaks.

A predator on its throne,  
With Caribbean-orange like eyes

Raymond Magabe

# Life In Full Colour

life in full colour,  
where the grey reflects the black,  
back when 'zama-zama' was more  
than a concept; a lifestyle  
of blue and red lights lighting the sky.  
it was beautiful and clear:  
go to school and be somebody.

living in full colour,  
gracious and wild,  
kids with big dreams  
start a count down on those that are living.  
black and white  
with a shade of grey and blue,  
soldiers of the same struggle  
enemies of the same freedom  
contenders for the same trophy  
bounded by blood  
divided by colour.

Raymond Magabe

# Love By Force

Atleast that is what she says.  
I know she thinks I am full of it these days,  
she has noticed a bounce in my pace,  
there is something strange about my ways,  
'I love you' is now just a phrase  
in my words she does not find praise,  
and so I stepped up to the race,  
and instead of gently sliding my hand  
into hers in public, I took her hand by force.  
And instead of anticipating a soft kiss  
in the middle of the conversation, I kissed her to silence.  
And tonight when we get home,  
I will not offer to cook, I will reach for the stove.  
Force my way through the kitchen  
till its time for her bath,  
she will find a bubble bath steaming just for her,  
with a warm scent of lavender in late spring.

I will hustle my way across the city to find you.  
I will spoil you by force,  
and in the bedroom  
I will not stroke you gently in search  
of your G-spot like a well-quest in the desert,  
I will drag you through the mirage of aggression  
and force you to climax.  
I don't care how you see my love for you,  
I will love you by force.

Raymond Magabe

# Love One-On-One

My love for her can never be untwined.  
Like the mathematical phenomenon,  
it can never be defined.

When two angelic friends are sent to earth two years apart  
the first becomes a vessel for the to really exist.  
In this way I found myself in her.

Not that her beauty is not for mortals of this realm,  
but it radiates from a place no mortal can ever see.

She knows my core like the palm of her hand,  
she makes sense of my perverted sense of humour,  
she sees my tears when my pride fails me,  
she feels my pain when words escape me,  
she hears me through the deafening silence of my stubbornness,

this is love one-on-one  
and her lesson is in session.

Raymond Magabe

# Mama Found Her Peace

Mama's soul swayed when she went away,  
She swayed in the gentle winds up into heaven.  
Like the smog of ghetto winter nights  
Hovering in between sheets of natural clouds,  
She reached for the skies.

Mama found peace and her  
Memorable voice still appeases my soul.  
Her smile is still the pearl in my eye.

In long nights of short rest  
Mama's voice keeps my thoughts company.  
The murmur of the peaceful sound from her lips  
Sings lullabies and rocks me to sleep.

Though my palms yearn to feel hers in them,  
And my eyes miss her from their sight,  
And my ears long for the symphony of her caring anger,  
My heart beats each beat at peace  
For Mama has claimed her place in the father's kingdom.

Raymond Magabe

# Miner's Cry

This land that we so dearly love  
has become a breeding ground for the enemies of our father.  
We, the sons of the soil are bled dry  
on the relentless quest of being seen as equals.  
But we are not equals.  
Our blood has been darkened by the hate in our genes.  
They made monuments with the bones of our ancestors.

We now breath no new air.  
We see no light,  
this land now swallows us,  
burry' us with our dreams and betrays us with this reality.  
this land and its wealth is stolen from us  
and we carry the load and sign the lease.

'the land's wealth shall be shared amongst those who work it'

I have exhausted my will and my funds,  
I have no fight left in me.  
My sons will come and dig with me  
maybe then this wealth will come back to me  
because right now my leaders are failing me.  
They smile with rotten teeth decayed by all the sweetness in my sweat.

These 'mother-fuckers' have forgotten me.  
Playing big in black suits while I shit where I eat.  
I am not getting any richer,  
my body is getting weaker,  
and this land's wealth has eluded me.

Raymond Magabe

# My Home Is Calling.

Metal screeching,  
men pushing,  
women screaming,  
order forsaken  
the train has arrived.

Seats missing,  
armpits smelling,  
shoes boiling,  
train moving  
I just want to get home.

Metal screeching,  
I'm pushing,  
she is screaming,  
order restored  
home is now a walk away.

Keys swinging,  
bags hanging,  
pots gasping,  
fridge hissing  
I'm hoping there is something to eat.

Raymond Magabe

# My 'Romeo And Juliet'

So long as hate brews in the hearts of black brothers  
Who have had their manhood defined by gun shots  
And blood gashing out of open wounds  
With tear drops impersonating the symphony of people's cries  
I will write about love in its true form.

You know the kind that prison inmates sing about  
While tears remain frozen in the eyes of their newest member,  
The kind of love that has no room for regrets  
And its heavy baggage of "what ifs" and "should haves".

The kind that lets you eat without knowing what was cooked,  
The kind that lets you weave a sentence in absolute silence,  
The kind that lets you see rainbows in a distant horizon just before the storm  
starts.

Love in its true form,  
Not Romeo and Juliet

Raymond Magabe

# One Of A Twin

on the twin wings of a butterfly

I gained my strength

found my peace

and made a home upon her smiles

then she took to the sky

and left me fluttered

Raymond Magabe

# Our Song

I forgot the words to our song  
When I was falling out of love with you.  
That melodic pentameter lost tune  
And the serene faded from within its rhythm

Like a spider from a single threaded web  
I hung on to the pleasures in our past,  
And within your current present  
I took refuge in the warmth of our memory.

There is nothing left that's worth smiling for now,  
For in those words of the blues I find in the rhythm  
Your smile no longer gives me strength,  
I am a better me without you.

On the quest of realizing your dreams  
The fairytale of us was killed.  
Selfish was I to wish your commitment only to myself  
When a vision claimed so much more.

I now hear it play in distant monotones of thoughts  
This song we so cherished as our own

Raymond Magabe

# Our Very Own Dance

She picks her nose in front of me  
and I think of our lips touching.

She snatches the snack-pack from my hands  
and I laugh till I wet myself a bit.

She licks her fingers clean  
and I am tempted into helping.

She runs her mouth dry from talking  
and I just want to keep listening.

She groans enough-is-enough  
and I can't help but keep going.

She assures me that I am enough  
and I commit to keeping her glowing.

She says she can't feel her heels and toes  
and I say you have been dancing.

Raymond Magabe

# Sky High

I remember your smile glistening

in the bright light

of the day light,

reaching out and hoping that I would hold you tight.

That was before our love

grew wings and took flight.

Raymond Magabe

# Spice Man

I am not a spice man.  
I don't like funky aromas enticing my sinuses'.  
my taste-buds are very choosy.  
my throat is very sensitive and my tummy aggressive,  
but there is just something about this woman's cooking,  
I swear its like she mixes honey with her spices  
to give it that slightly-sweet tingle on my tongue.  
my taste-buds now tango with every mouthful.

this woman's cooking belongs in my heart,  
it found its way in from the toe up  
and truly blessed every pit-stop with its presence.

my woman's cooking is like sunset at the oceans shores.  
It untangles even the most tangled of appetites  
and ravishes all that was left of trouble.

it's like the food knows its food  
and it has a fulfilling duty to perform.  
it's like it was trained to tease my senses  
before playing 'footsie' with my desires.

I am tempted to swallow long before I see it.  
her cooking is pure pleasure chopped up and boiled  
diced down and marinated, salted and sweetened,  
and then spiced up with a naughty smile,  
before being served like to a king  
(angel wings and all)  
I swear heaven is missing a cooker.

Raymond Magabe

# Starving Eyes And Loving Arms

these four walls conversed with our dreams  
to unite the genes in our blood streams  
in the cold nights and short days

and in a distant  
a family that longs for a brothers love  
stays in the dark about the fatherhood that befalls him.

in my thoughts i long for a son's birth  
and she prays that i dont hold my breath  
for if fate hears her plea first,  
a daughters tears will flow to quench our parenting thirst.

these can only be starving eyes and loving arms.

God have mercy on souls that had to rest in peace  
before the coming of the prince.  
diamonds swell up in my eyes when i behold the truth:  
my Queen will never grace her grandprince with her wisdom.

how i yearn for the sound of your infant cries in my arms  
and the irritation of your childish mess in my watch  
for the greatest lessons in life are taught with smiles and laughs  
and are best learned with tears and frowns.

i am heavy with joy for this day has finally dawned  
before the day of my judgement  
the truth of your coming was foretold.

i can only wait and wonder about your first words:  
'what would they be inspired by', i ask myself.  
will they be a repetition of words you have heard  
being uttered by blasphemous lips  
and hold no meaning in your infant diction.

a sad depiction of a man awaiting  
he's true-worth to come i have become,  
but i will not despair for it is not in vain

daughter or son, your presence will be that of royalty.

Raymond Magabe

# The Unveiling Of Jozi

Here is a place.  
It has swallowed many a man  
And given birth to just as many.  
Dreams have been shuttered here  
And nightmares brought to life.

It's hell, they say.  
But many still call it a home:  
I'm one of that many.

I have found shelter within these rusted walls that stand in a stare  
When wallets are being fearfully given away.□  
I have gone to sleep in the midst of screams and gun shots  
And hoped for a better today in the morning.  
I have tripped over the depth of my own dreams  
And woke up to the nightmare of this city's reality.

I am a product of it's daily "voetsek"  
On the traffic jam out of this grave.  
I am the son of the many daughters that gave their dreams to it.

I am a Jo'burger to the core,  
And I know all that glitters is not gold.  
Windscreens glitter too after an accident down Soweto highway.  
□

Raymond Magabe

# To Our Mother In Resting

Your care will forever be missed.  
Your endless attempts to teach and  
The love you gave to whoever was within reach.

A mother with ancient wisdom and  
A smile bright enough to question the sun.  
A queen fit for the heavenly kingdom.

Though in heartache and pain we say bye-bye to you,  
Our tears are not in vain for we know it's true  
Someday we will meet again when all this is through.

You might be gone from plain sight  
But you will never be forgotten.  
Your legacy lives on in us.  
May your soul rest in peace Mama.

Raymond Magabe

# Wars At Home

Battlefields are drawn within kitchen walls,  
And bedroom draws have become ring side bells.

Mom's heart is no longer melted  
By roses being red and violets being blue,  
For it is now heavy with the fears of his presence.

He walks in intoxicated by anger  
Because the badge on his chest  
Won't allow him to lift a glass.

Daddy spits venom in he's speech,  
Completely arrogant he remains ignorant  
To the pretentious smile gracing mommy's face.

Best we duck,  
Lest we be caught in the cross fire.

Raymond Magabe

# We Were Open

We were intimate in our conversations  
Where metaphors were built by a hundred words.  
We shared the absence of our pasts  
And treasured the gift in each others presence.

We confided in each others confines and found passage ways  
In the secrete corners of our hearts were no one ever goes.  
We made paper plains with pages from our diaries  
Of painful memories when the rhyme in our words dried out.

We were intimate beyond arms reach  
With the four walls bearing witness to the weaknesses on display.  
We made sense when the coldness of the night creped-up  
To freeze our brains into deep-sleep where our dreams waited.

We found each other when the day was fading  
And she helped restore me when my faith was failing.

Raymond Magabe

# What We Are

you were supposed to be my 'amigo para siempre'  
my food for the soul,  
beat for the heart,  
thought for the head,  
making life easy like Albany sliced bread.

what happened...  
what happened last night  
when your silence betrayed our friendship?  
I called for you and you did not answer.

what happened...  
what happened in between sheets  
of natural clouds on our way to cloud nine?  
did I loose track of your rhythm  
so as to have you singing to another man's tune.

what happened...  
did you forget me in your dreams  
only to wake up and have me be a pest to your reality?  
was I a mere thorn in your rosy dreams?

last night I died in your arms  
when you gave me that hug good night.  
I felt my heartbeat fade with the realisation  
that we could never be more than what we are.

a future in your presence I seek,  
but the truth of its nature makes my knees weak.

Raymond Magabe

# When The City Sleeps

When the city sleeps  
The streets have conversations about who left  
And who stayed, they whisper themselves into existence  
With the shuffling sound of sliding paper on tar surfaces.  
Card boards lean on side railings of hawker stands,  
Awaiting the coming of a new dawn  
Where they will form dance floors for accessories and fast foods.

Nothing is awake when the city sleeps.  
Maxima maximizes her outreaching voice to lonely men  
Seeking shelter in the warmth of infidel thoughts,  
And Diplomat credits the city's diploma graduates  
In the middle of the night.

When the city sleeps,  
Rats rule. They come out in their grey night gowns  
In search of leftovers from the hustle and bustle  
Of metro-bus corner stations. They celebrate their  
Findings with soft sharp giggles.

Funny enough, no one dares to rock this city to sleep,  
For we have seen it live up to the labeling of the concrete jungle.  
No one sings lullabies to it for the gun shot sounds  
And the screeching tire sounds from the crashing cars has deafened its hearing.  
No one dares to recite bed time stories to it, for it has edited  
All the true stories of many man's life that had entered its barrows.

When the city sleeps,  
You can hear yourself think.  
The rhythm of your heart beat along with the bass in your foot steps  
Formulate a tune only you can dance to.

These city walls have no shame;  
For what they have witnessed men has committed.  
They do not refuse the blame for killing dreams  
When they argue that they were not worth living for.

When the city sleeps,  
Drug lords go on strikes of silent chanting.

They take offense when their customers become too high on life,  
And wake up with smiles when the reserve accepts their cheques.

You see that tall nigger,  
That tall nigger with a fake ass vodacom bandella,  
Winks at night for every shuttered dream,  
He looks on as some things that are worth dying for  
Become nothing worth killing for.  
He comes to life when the city shuns away  
Explorers not ready to trade their dreams for material wishes.

When the city sleeps,  
No one awake matters,  
It can swallow you up into its golden jaws  
And regurgitate you when the morning comes.

It mourns for no life lost within its walls.  
This city has streets that map lives of many brave men.  
The racking tin sound of voices from dungeons  
At midnight doesn't mean that it's the witching hour,  
The city bins shelter many a fallen spirit.

When the city sleeps,  
The world is silenced,  
Everyone awake is mummified,  
Only their screams are amplified.

The city bares no remembrance  
To fallen spirits that wake to walk the streets  
When all is silenced by its roaring snores.  
This city should be a home to no man,  
It plays host to tourists and young ambitious actors playing their role  
In this everyday life only to have them forget their essence.

When the city sleeps,  
Its breeze freezes warm breathes,  
It lingers in between cold sheets of high flats  
Where a man's flash rises like the tension during bedtime conversations.  
The breeze stifles the life  
Out of dreams that refuse to manifest.

Many claim to have mated their souls within these rusted walls,

They erase the memories of when these very walls  
Looked on as their bag packs and wallets were taken away  
Under their shadows when they slumber within the night.

When the city sleeps,  
Echoes of warning screams reach down  
From the layers of neon clouds in attempts  
To save us from ourselves.

Raymond Magabe

# When Thrones Rise Before The Fall

when thrones rise before the fall  
with winter sprouting into adolescence  
a throne rises before the fall.  
loving giggles and sparkling eyes,  
warm thoughts and amazing faith.  
trust is a home I pass down memory lane.

Speak to me if you would hear the truth.  
when thrones rise before the fall  
life as we know was the devil's impression.  
we made hay with hell burning out,  
and now thrones rise before the fall.

kings on solitary battles,  
struggles of a mad queen  
and fears of children.  
our very own children,  
their tears are still salty on their cheeks.

Raymond Magabe

# When You Know

I hear in poems when she paints the future for me.  
My visions make sense of abstract thoughts  
when I see her with my minds eye.  
I dare the heavens for a sight better than her smile.  
Peace anchors itself in the roots of my knowledge  
when I think she loves me, she knows she does.  
Her mind works in symphonies of emotional thoughts  
and she finds her pride when speaking her mind.

My toes now tingle when I think of her lips.  
Her seductive touch from warm delicate hands inspire me.  
The boy inside me found his perfect friend in her,  
and the man I have become  
needs her as more than just another romance.  
This love is what fantasies are made of.

Raymond Magabe

# Writer's Block Justified

We haven't drifted apart  
We just forgot to write.  
We just forgot to let flow the rhymes  
Of our time in this periodic frame  
And paint vivid pictures with golden frames.

Each by one reaches across this dividing space.  
Express our true hearts on a margined page.  
Blue lines map the path for black ink as we stand to think,  
We realize...  
We haven't drifted apart,  
We just forgot to write.

Writer's block, writer's block we justify,  
And that's how writers on a block are crucified.

Raymond Magabe