

Poetry Series

Sefofane Shabalala
- poems -

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Sefofane Shabalala(1993/06/19)

I'm a son of a single parent which is my mother, she always been there for me.
I grown-up without a father meaning I don't know him...

A Gift

I thought I should talk about something different today,
I thought I should talk about a gift,
A gift that can't be given nor stolen from you,
A gift that you and only you could choose whether to share or not.

Listen to the gift i'm speaking of,
This is a gift of courageous inspiration to others,
A gift of motivation to those who feel abandoned.

This isn't just a gift but a magnanimous gift, that needs to be dispatched to the
people to hear because of it's perpetual stature,
I thought I should talk about something different today.

I thought I should write about a gift that could teach and spread w'sdom into our
inner-being,
A gift that turns imaginations into reality,
This is a gift I call poetry.

Sefofane Shabalala

A Love Poem

Why does everyone has to be the same to impress The one, "the sky is blue, roses are red, the trees are green..." If u could be unique like, the reason the sky is blue is the Reflection of your smile, your eyes blossom as if flower During spring, trees whispers the love song every heart beat Sings when one is in-love, your essence makes my flaws Flourish with passion.

Damn, would you believe me if I told you I am in love with you, This was the only way I could ever tell you that I am in-love With you, I love you, never thought I could speak of those Three I guess you were chosen, one can never understand how The universe works, I guess it's fate, when I gave up you showed Me that I can be loved and love again, my greatest gift to you Is this love letter to you, truly yours, my perfection

Sefofane Shabalala

A Pen And A Paper

Mother please buy me a pen so
I can write down my life story,
Let me have an opportunity to
spread out my words.

All I need is a pen and a paper so
I can write down my autobiography,
my true story, listen you can carry your gun
or knife calling it your weapon, well my weapon
Is a pen and a paper.

I learned to hold a pen before
I even knew how to write my own name,
friends used to tease me though I never
looked down upon myself I made sure I get
knowledge, now I can use my vocabulary
and some friends ask me what do I mean.

All I need is, one pen and a single paper,
when i'm stressed out I'll never cause any
conflicts or drink liquor so I can curse at anyone
as I please to because a pen and a paper are there to stress free my mind.
All I need is a pen and a paper so
I can express my thoughts.

Sefofane Shabalala

Have You Been In This Place

Have you been in this place,
Have you been in this place where you're treated
according to what you have, where the law
doesn't consider the crime you have
committed because of your wealth.

Have you been in this place,
In this place where hatred and discrimination
exists, have you been in this place where friends become enemies in disguise.

Have you been in this place,
In this place where you are being told you're worth nothing while trying to
achieve something in your life, have you ever been in this place where you are
restrained.

Have you been in this cold place you wish you could escape and reach a place
you could be enamoured and cherished,
have you been in this place knowing the only way out is death.

Have you been in this place,
In this place where there ain't too many happy endings.
have you ever been in this place where you have to struggle in order to
become who you intended to be, have you been in this place.

Sefofane Shabalala

He Wasn'T There For Me

He wasn't there for me, he wasn't there to teach me, he wasn't there to guide
nor to protect me,
He wasn't there to show me what it takes to be a man in this cold world.

They say an apple doesn't fall far from a tree, though I doubt it because I don't
believe I could walk the same path as he did,
Being a man I learned a hard way in this cold world so I could never pass this
curse onto my legacy.

I hate it when i'm being told we look alike because I don't even know him,
Do I need him in my life now, I don't think I do,
I'll admit it, at first it didn't matter till I was old enough to understand my world,
so my world grew colder knowing someone is missing in my life.

Yeah! I lost focus my life changed, anger and hatred grew day by day,
It was fortunate because I was never judged nor discouraged by people around
me, i'm blessed that evil couldn't conquer me to find my self having bad habits.

He wasn't there for me, every single day I ask my self, if we finally meet could I
call him Father because in my world I only had a Mother,
I was told he used to beat and curse my mother therefore I contemplate
frequently, with this anger and hatred I have i'm I related to him.

I believe we all have a story to tell, but this is my true story, lately my world is
cold though I have this belief I will surpass all odds,
And if he isn't there for you to, don't punish yourself for his mistakes, hold on to
whom ever there for you, there's still a long way to go in this cold world.

Sefofane Shabalala

Into Oblivion

Into oblivion i always considered you'll be,
Yet the universe resurrected the fountain,
I have never profound you to exist,
I deplored you from my reality nor imagination
because i always considered you none but pain.

Pain i caused to others because of your triviality,
Fond i'm not yet inscrutable i found you to be
those made me the person i was,
Yet contemplatively wisdom you bring to the
world and beyond.

Into oblivion i always considered you'll be,
Yet the universe gave me the fountain of youth
to believe your existence yet again, She allured
me to you once again, I realise only fear anguished
my perspective of you now i see things with vivid
retrospect to never miss this chance to happiness.

Sefofane Shabalala

Intoxicated By You

Intoxicated by you, flawlessly I thought we could relate Yet your flaws divulged,
blind you thought I were yet Vividly I saw through that perfect corny smile, kept
me Contemplating were you really hurt before like you told me.

Love is blind so they say yet what if I realised your imperfections Then decided
not care though to show you, you could be Loved and cared for like you were
created to be yet you were not Ready to be... Were you ever telling the truth or
just lied through your teeth That you made me believe in love again only to find
myself drowning Again through your nobble, I turned my imperfections into
noble For you girl, was I ever a fool for love? I guess you'll figure that out.

Funny how one can convince oneself of their autonomous yet they're Viciously
contingent, intoxicated by you once when you pretended to Care, when you
used to call me on my cellphone for no reason yet I hope you'll realise I was in
this for emotions not material gain.

Sefofane Shabalala

My Addiction

Never confuse my persistence and resilience
For desperation, I speak my mind,
Spread my heart like nature man deplete and
Fail to conserve yet i reconstruct my self
Like an operating system yet with abhor only
Because i am human.

My addiction ain't effective yet it hurts me so,
Heard stories before 'those who hurt us are the
Ones we love the most' optimistic yet i became,
Blind yet i pretended it wasn't though a toll
It took from me trying to assemble what was
Already dismantled.

It then made sense what it's meant by 'you never
Know what you got until it's gone', yet my addiction
Thus far i fear it's not worth giving up upon because
I for one was one impurity to others...

Sefofane Shabalala

Mystics

I'm your son as it's written,
I seek answers to know why they killed your son though there ain't no answers
but various reasons.

Dear forgive me for not believing your existence,
Though there are various reasons spoken I some how refus to listen to,
Am I making a mistake by not fully taking your ways as i'm being told by your
fellowship.

Dear did you have a greatest servant who later thought he had power to rule
heaven and you sent him rule to rule earth, and soon sent your son knowing he'll
be crucified for my sins, those are my questions to you father,
I'm told I shall fear you though i'm confused why because you are my creator,
the creater of heaven and earth now why shall I fear you father.

Sefofane Shabalala

Never The Same

In the beginning there was nothing, lonely in space I orbited, Shaded blind till she came along my dearest friend illuminated My surface yet she couldn't come closer as she was furiously Blazing I couldn't handle, yet my days of darkness where then over Then it hit me, the hollow within throughout grew hideously it made Sense that something was missing because lonely still I felt.

My tears grew to streams, then I thought of ways to maintain myself Through seasons yet it wasn't enough as obstacles grew rapidly I needed Assistance thought of things big and small till you evolved to supreme, Things where habitual till you started studding my nature, existence, life, My elements and molecules, atmosphere, space and beyond reach, Fond I was till you started to edifice my surface I was never the same, Doing good by and for existence you said, yet slowly my resources, Depleted I was no longer the same.

Till date maintaining myself, including those whom listened to my calling It is insurmountable still, lonely I ain't no longer yet WANTING, I remember when Everyone was civilized and envisaged a better and preserved future for every Being yet now, I'm just another decaying cosmos which was once earth a mother Of all man, animal and all nature itself ...

Sefofane Shabalala

Not Titled

I orbited this sphere long before mankind evolved,
I was inspired by man's ingenious inventions long before the machines were
created, now I surround this sphere,

Trying to instill positive thoughts to my comrades,
I was placed here with you by the creator of all,
I created the universal laws in which you chose to disobey, how wicked you
became living the life of savagery.

Listen, I once extinct the existence who never obeyed my commandments,
Although I wasn't fond of I could disintegrate this sphere as long this
unadulterate hatred and demolition of this globe exist.

I'm no purgatory though I capture the long parted souls,
I'm the one who's responsible for resurrection or taking your precious life,
I'm the end and also the beginning of you'll.

I capture the raptures of this and spread wisdom to the skeptics,
I feed your brains with food for thoughts you call poetry,
I mastered the four elements freedom, peace, perseverance and love,
I hope you could oneday incarnate yourself's with those elements so you could
live inhabitable once again,
Don't allow me to regret I ever allowed the creator to let you'll exist...

Sefofane Shabalala

One Day At A Time

One day at the time we will finally prevail,
We might hope for the best though the worst come forth, never give up because
that's how this life challenges our objectives.

Never make the life you live this moment an excuse to your failures because
struggle isn't a place you been to, you might be born in poverty yet you stand
the expedition of the future you lead.

Burden is an illusion we mankind refuse to overcome, most of us are living for
the moment,
I guess it's true when they say,
'teeth do not see poverty',
I hope one day we will finally resolute.

It's our duty to surpass the illusion we call an obstacle by having dreams and
goals to better our future, because your tomorrow begins with the choice you
make today.

One day at a time we will finally prevail,
They say education is the key to success I never deny it though I believe an
intellectual mind is the key to your better life, never choose friends who are
denigrate but delegate and never become reluctant because if you believe you
will become who you intend to be.

Sefofane Shabalala

The Father Of The Land You Are

The father of the land you are, when hope was lost you showed us that freedom exists,

Victory you brought to this once parted land many died for,
You shown us where there is hatred and struggle could be peace.

The father of the land you are, forgiveness you showed us is a way to success and freed'm,

27 years you were kept though you never gave-in to resolute,
Freedom you brought to our native land South Africa.

Father of the land you are, vindictive you showed us it's no path to freed'm though amiability is,

With your strong words you removed the hindrance in our broken hearts, b'cause your words were inevitable.

The father of the land you are, you brought glory in this native land which was once mangled, when the dark cloud petrified our land you illuminated without contemptuous feelings,

Hope you brought when we lost it,

Father of the land you are considered to be now and forever when you're gone
Tata.

Sefofane Shabalala

The Thought I Cannot Complete

The thought I cannot complete,
This is the thought I cannot complete,
The thought of the life I lead,
The thought of the wonderful world I live in.

Thinking am I worth living in this precious world which we destroy for our survival,
Are we born to rule on this earth or are we born to serve on this earth.

Are we born to control the nature we cannot conserve, is this really the free world they claim to be, are we yet understanding the meaning of life.

This is the thought I cannot complete,
They say the brain is intellectual yet others believe money is power and so we claim to live in the free world we cannot afford.

I used to think religion is an individual belief though now I got caught in the world where i'm forced to believe even the fabricate religion yet I stand none credulous.

Does resurrection exist nor heaven and hell we told we will reach according to our good and evil deeds, or will I perish so the young soul shall be born,
This are the thoughts I cannot complete.

Sefofane Shabalala

This Is A Letter...

This is a letter, through me I can
Envisage the life I never had that you
Could live, they say "this life is a test" but
Peep this, my test isn't what I hope for you to go through.

This is a letter from me to you, for you to
Understand living in this world isn't like
Crawling or learning to walk, it's a jungle out here but only your intellectual mind
will help you to use that hindrance as a tool to become victor,
By victor I mean prosperous.

This is a letter, a letter to my legacy, understand this,
We were born from mothers who couldn't deal with us and fathers who couldn't
built with us,
But through my struggle i'm willing to become the man you'll forever praise to
say father to,
This is a letter to my unborn child...

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