

Poetry Series

**Stella Sisanda Qishi**  
**- poems -**

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# Stella Sisanda Qishi(12-05-1986)

# A Ballad

Every street is seething with impotent mobs  
Scudding towards bushes and caves  
Desperately searching for cover  
As the angry barrels target each one of them,  
Bullets singing the anthem of the day

Where vicious throngs reside, truncheons  
Are too lenient to bring back law and order  
As the steady sirens fall silent  
Muted by land mines, suicide bombers and  
Bullets singing the anthem of the day

The supposed leaders of tomorrow  
Carry ak 47s following suit of their fathers  
Whether it's self defence or barbarism  
I cannot tell but all I hear are  
Bullets singing the anthem of the day

Sun baked blood-stained avenues  
Awake to angry growls of guns  
Fired at humans like they're hunted animals  
Felled like fruitless trees occupying wanted spaces by  
Bullets singing the anthem of the day

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# A Bloody Questionnaire

where in your body is your heart located?  
is it oval or block-shaped?  
does it beat in regular intervals as you decide their fate?  
how many will quench your persistent thirst?  
tell me ever hungry beast,  
do you dream of butterflies and roses at night?  
do you dream at all?  
have you ever wondered why you, why them?  
were you conscripted or did you go at your own will?  
what did they drug you with to lose all empathy?  
do they applaud you for superbly executed missions?  
will they remember you when you're no more?  
i wonder.  
how do you describe your job to your son?  
do you tell him you left another man's child fatherless  
and slept with the widow thereafter?  
do you feel manly as you sing paeans  
of victory at dusk, inebriated?  
how exactly will ferocity bring about peace?  
in your manual, is it fair killing an unarmed man?  
and do you write home telling your significant other  
how many you've wasted thus far?

i expect answers when you return  
from your bloody missions...  
if you ever will

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# A Daffodil

I did not choose my presence  
To be good enough today  
And be thrown in the desolate tomorrow.  
I did not choose this fragile structure  
To be intimidated by mere breezes  
Bending this way and that, involuntarily.  
I did not choose this outdoors lifestyle  
Being spanked by easterlies and branded by eternal rains.  
I did not choose to be overexposed  
To blistering suns and colds and howling gales  
Though poets find my struggle metaphoric.  
I did not choose to grow on man's footpaths  
And cry unheard under their feet  
Set here and there in a drunken blunder.  
I long for the day when I'd hear myself say  
'I owe my success to my travails'  
But that day seems to be brushing against my skin,  
Sliding away despite my impotent attempts.  
I only dream of leaning against a window pane  
And view the city lights at night,  
Of course that's ordinary to you  
But to me it's a fantasy  
For my height or lack of it  
Forbids me from seeing over distant roofs  
The heave of the maddened waves  
And the magnificent sunset.

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# A Feather In A Cyclone

It is hurled up to slate-coloured skies,  
Twirled in buoyancies unreachable to man,  
Passed on from droplet to droplet and back  
Almost like a pendulum  
Taking heavy clouds from a rasp cloudburst.  
Sodden.  
Battered.  
Torpido.  
Emasculate.  
Plummeted to heavily-barked trees  
And lie supine under leaves saturated by persistent rains  
Taking hurried breaths,  
Keeping its spinning head in place.  
And as solace begins to settle in  
The twister comes again and scoops it up and up and up.

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# A Friend Called Jesus

I was chained  
I was choking  
I was chided  
In my past  
For my past  
By my past

I had no idea  
Whether I was coming or going  
Or whether I was going or coming  
For life chewed and spitted pieces of me hither and thither

I looked around  
Searching for a pillar,  
But the people I thought were my friends  
Thought me insane  
For thinking they  
Would even spare me a thought.  
They proved me gullible  
For believing I was worthy  
Of them thinking of me  
In my darkest hour.  
And the one person I never thought a friend  
Remained behind when all those  
I thought would stay had gone.  
Ndithetha ngomhlobo ongu Jesu.

He was my guide  
When I refused letting go of my past  
And, like the Israelites  
Reluctant of turning their backs  
On their oppressors,  
I mourned my yesterday,  
Holding on to my murky past for dear life

Fearing the Light that was too bright  
For my darkness  
To illuminate even the deepest compartments of my past  
That no one knew of

Except myself and myself only.

For malum' John had already declared  
That darkness, as dark as it may be,  
Would never overpower the Light  
For the Light was the Word  
And the Word was the giver of life.

So I surrendered to the Word,  
Murky past and all.  
I was brittle  
I was battered  
I was broken  
And I expected nothing less than rejection  
Just like the people  
I thought were my friends did  
Who had drugged me with lies,  
Pretence, deceit and betrayal  
And in the end rejected me,  
But to my surprise  
He remoulded me  
He remodeled me  
He rewired me  
And all the while never leaving my side.  
I'm talking about a friend called Jesus.

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# A Grudge

a grudge haunts you,  
it gnaws at you,  
it redefines you.  
a grudge keeps total bliss at bay,  
it ails you,  
it dismantles your heart,  
it bedevils you.  
a grudge lusts for revenge,  
it precludes all hopes of perfect zest  
and broils you with incessant anger.  
it rearranges your fragile into a stone,  
the animosity turns you into an inanimate creature  
blimey! even that smile is a total guise!

but what do you do  
when you discover that the person  
you hold dear harbours a grudge against you?  
i don't want to be a stone  
so i beg you  
can't we let there be peace?

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# A Journey To Hallowed Grounds

I imagine the final breath to be the hardest,  
The longest and the ruthless  
With the mind tracking back on memories  
The joys and te pains but none like this  
For a moment or so time stands still  
All stands still  
Amid the usual routine of daily life  
And abruptly time flies  
But life remains still  
Struck by the inexplicable ironic amalgamation  
Of sorrow and bliss  
And before it decides which one to buy  
Life is but another memory  
Taking a journey to hallowed grounds  
If hallowed grounds it ia they all see

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# A Lazy Summer's Day

Listen...

There's no sound of anger or of annoyance,  
There're neither cars racing on the highway  
Nor that highway for them to race on,  
There're neither kids chanting on the playground  
Nor bells calling us to Christianity.  
There's neither the cracking of the sky  
Nor the persistent rain pattering on my roof.  
There's no couple arm in arm to admire the magnificent view  
There're no drums to feed our ears  
Nor sirens to steal the boredom away  
There's no unfamiliar wing creeping underneath the November afternoon  
Nor floods to enshroud the thirsty grounds  
The land lies lonely out here  
On this lazy summer's day  
There's no pollution to poison the airs  
Nor forests to give them life  
All I hear is the hushing sound of the wind  
Assisting the sand to fall into beautiful undulations

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# A Tribute To A Playa

i will wear a solemn face, a half-broken smile  
and cry tears borrowed from your unsuspecting victims  
i will stand above you casket  
and sing you eulogies roughly scripted  
in my head, not scrutinized all night  
with a sobbing heart and end up grieving myself  
Lord No!

i will pray for your acceptance every night, though  
and say no one deserves it more than you  
i will not mention the strong bonds you've utterly broken,  
the trust you weren't worth nor the hearts that wept  
from the blows of Dismay as strong  
as those of a cowhide whip  
No, i won't mention any of that  
though you were always enclosed in brief,  
concealed, unofficial meetings with taken women  
Rife with Fickleness, Unsrupulousness and Subversion  
leaving devoted men demented.

safe trip to wherever you're going  
though i won't miss you,  
not one bit.

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# A Woman's Misery

of all the things that life had given me  
still, i felt my heart brimming with discontent  
there was a hole somewhere inside me  
that no one could seem to fill  
so i asked God to mould me a child  
He blessed me with a girl  
well, they raped her, chopped her like butchery meat,  
her beautiful eyes poked out,  
her soft cheeks sliced  
i cried myself to sleep every night

i asked God to mould me yet another child  
He gave me a boy  
well, he mugged and raped pensioners  
on their way home from church,  
pushed drugs round some street corner  
doping scholars to stupor,  
vaunting them to becalm the daily babel  
and found him the following day bullet-riddled and lifeless

so tonight i kneel once again  
asking nothing for myself  
but praying for humanity for every soul that lives on earth

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# Ah! Hell No!

You sat on the sofa  
Your legs crossed over an armchair  
Staring blindly at the images on the tv screen  
your heart as distant as Jupiter  
carelessly chosen words flowed from your mouth  
it felt as though you were tryna slit my throat with a blunt knife  
but you were sawing instead of cutting  
myself wide awake through it all;  
the smug running in riots on your face  
and the searing pain.  
i felt the crack and life escaping my body.  
now you kneel before my stiff body  
all remorseful if remorseful you truly are  
but you're not anywhere near being God  
you don't have the might to command;  
' Let there be light '  
and the whole world illuminates.  
i'm not turning back  
i'm happy here.

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# Ajar Windows

Down the alleys of St Familiar  
I hear a mother weeping behind ajar windows  
After failing yet another test  
After giving in to yet another pull of the tug-of-war.  
The lecture had been tough, it seems,  
From the tears she cries  
A droplet at a time topples from a balcony  
And together awash the dirty streets of Fort Despair.  
The professor had no shame  
Putting a cross across her face  
Teen Management failed  
But tell me, did anyone expect the poor woman  
To come with a merit in this new syllabus  
Of Raise a Hand and Do Time?

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# An Ode To The Velvet Voice

for Lebo Mathosa

around my heart are bruises and grooves  
that prove my devastation as i pay tribute  
with every day i meet i pray  
to gain strength to pull through to another day  
around my soul tears abound whenever i think of you  
i could not wound your badly infected wounds  
i fumble for words to explain  
i mumble the feeling i cannot express  
the shadow almost held my heart still  
the requiem won't arouse you from your peaceful sleep  
our friendship is enshrined in my living room  
not long ago i offered my silent homage to you  
i trust you know this is no goodbye  
though the shadow falls from time to time  
with no sanction from any ruler  
nor approbation from any resider  
now every yesterday is recorded in the books of history  
the anthologies won't bring you back, those i keep

they published your departure in different fonts  
and said you'd gone to a place where happiness abounds  
they captured your pictures in different poses  
but chose only the perfect amongst the rest  
and felicitously gathered words to tell the story of your life  
from the cradle to the day you took your rest

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# Autumn Roses

the chemistry saw us through the early morning mists  
we stood steadfast against the whirling winds  
the fervour-filled beauty in her deportment  
the acme of maturity in her own department  
what i felt i cannot compress into written words  
how i feel i cannot put into rhyming verses  
the serenity drove us to where we were  
those were the happiest times we ever shared  
suddenly, the evening candles flickered and went out!  
dear Lord, grant me the intellect to understand the science of love  
all that we promised we couldn't keep  
how we parted i can't seem to find the answers, still  
it crossed gorges and won several wars  
this heartbreak seems to be a morden norm

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# Beating The Odds

There were times when inspiration became sparse,  
When the closest people to me derided me,  
Calling my attempts stagnant dreams,  
Frivolous dreams

There were times when I could no longer  
Keep up with the sarcasm, when I could no longer  
Placate my weeping heart  
I almost let the bitter flays get the better of me

I searched for sojourn  
And found peace in letting go  
I sought for asylum  
And found a home in independency  
Now as I read comments and messages  
Sent by those who share the same passion about poetry  
I am delighted to say  
"I Have Made It! "

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# Because I Could Not Wait

Because I could not wait to jet set  
I left my intellect behind  
Amazed by the weight of this thing  
To buoyant through the air

Because you did not send me the memo  
I took it the seats were meant to rock  
Then you took off without warning  
And jerked me so hard  
My head spun out of control

The plane crashed on take off  
Three passengers and you, the pilot

And only myself, the sole casualty  
Because you did not let me buckle up

Because I could not stop to assess  
The injuries I sustained, the wreck  
And those trapped inside and call for Mayday  
After all, I was the only novice there

Because I could not stop to weep  
For there wasn't much to wail about  
Except for flamboyance quickly turning to sullenness  
So I simply turned my back and limped away

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# Behind That Smile

behind that smile  
there lies love,  
unwavering, unswerving love.  
there lies a melody  
that turns over a new leaf.  
there lies a story that's still neither written nor told.  
there lies laughter  
that awakens the happiness in me  
there lies an alluring view  
that satisfies my inspection  
there lies veracity  
that no lie-detector can deny

behind that smile  
there lies love,  
unyielding, unremitting love.  
there lies a poem  
that caters the soul.  
there lies a dream  
that everyone hopes to unveil.  
there lies harmony  
that permits no sadness.  
there lies a memento  
that portrays no evanescence.  
there lies a horizon  
that i've been trying to reach.  
behind that smile  
there lie you

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# Black, White, Pink And Brown

i look through the eyes of a troubled woman  
black, white, pink and brown  
and walk a mile in her shoes  
searching her soul for that last piece of happiness  
trampled by heartless earthly beings.  
i walk on grounds overgrown with disrespect  
infiltrating emotions of all kinds  
with my shoulders aching from the laden burdens  
stuffed up on them  
i groom offsprings who think they know better  
who choose to be hard-headed and spurn my advice  
when i straighten the ragged edges of their meandering routes  
i meditate with poetry  
trying to fill her lacuna  
and voice out her ineffable struggles  
bound together by tears of despair.  
i look through your eyes, you troubles woman  
black, white, pink and brown

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# Breast Cancer

that lump leaves a cut in you  
a hollow sapce  
it leaves your heart bereft of joy  
vexed  
confounded  
dislodged  
enclosed in an airtight propinquity with pain  
circumscribed by fear and despair  
to that dark corner of loneliness and weeping  
reduced to a statistic

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# Confessions Of A Mountain

lovers hand in hand stroll September away  
fully protected gear they deploy  
to prove their love endless and mature  
do climb my ribs so broken,  
they're in tatters. the easterlies disturb my eloquence,  
obliquely they attack and stretch my appearance  
too bad for an eye. they position  
their sharp daggers slightly askew  
and thrust them across your view  
away the silver summer rains do wash my pedigree

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# Conscience, You Brutus

If u wud ease up on the pestering.  
Maybe i wud find will and space  
to revise my logic.

If u wud quit the yelling and the screaming.  
Pointing out my wrongs and never my rights.  
Maybe i wud find peace and time  
to heal both body and soul.

This madness has got me running in circles.  
Ears blocked, mind dysfunctional, soul displeased.  
The questions in my head need answers,  
but the answers i have pose even more questions.  
What good will possibly come of this Forgiveness?  
I've forgiven umpteen times,  
but i've heard no apologies in the umpteen times i've been wronged. I'm running  
low on patience.  
Being betrayed by my conscience.

Stella Sisanda Qishi

## Corner Pocket

lithe bodies sway hither and thither  
postponing today's troubles to tomorrow  
like tomorrow will never come  
exotic dances taking the centre stage  
a stranger's arms locked round your waist  
lost in the moment of pleasurea moment of get-to-know-ya  
screaming for every record played  
till there're no more records to play  
dancing the night away  
till the moon gives in to sunrise  
you drag your heavy body homewards  
and meet your troubles waiting  
for you by the door

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# Curtain Closed

images whirled before the slaving blighter  
he appreciated the perfectness of the rotating lights  
the stars he imagined on the vertical horizon seemed so right  
pictures drew themselves though hardly brighter  
he spoke in languages that Ecstasy brings,  
the colab of powder, the herb and the schnapps  
revealed a man frailer than his pride, a twerp;  
and in times thought he saw something that blings  
he flew to the highest buoyancy of recorded degree  
as he walked in careless, untimely waddles and defied his decree  
the gap occupied between his synapses assured him of great pleasure  
and his mind, familiar with this escape, no longer felt any pressure  
he allowed hallucination to hold the fort  
while he lost his flair to gather his limited thoughts  
his character took a rather queer turn  
a single ride and return was nothing simplest  
he only worshipped the doping he overdosed  
and staggered and lost his footing as the curtain closed

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# Deafening Silence

Father,

Why did you rob me of my innocence?  
Look at the shards of mine you left behind  
Why did you make me a thing to take away  
Your frustrations of your longest days?  
Yesterday I was that tiny sweet child you held in your arms,  
Your arms have turned me into someone  
I never thought I could see with a naked eye

Sister,

Why didn't you catch me  
When the worldly troubles dangled me?  
When they swayed me carelessly like a bird with one wing.  
Why did you turn a blind eye on something so imperative?  
The bond of sisterhood doesn't exist here anymore.  
Why did you fold your arms and watched from the sidelines  
While they worked on a mission  
To destroy my innocent spirit.

Brother,

How did this world steal away your conscience?  
What made you lead me to a blind alley?  
You, too, made me a thing to fill the gaps and boost  
Your shattered confidence.  
Why did you drug me and leave me hallucinating  
And sold my body for a living?

And Mother,

Why didn't you protect me  
When they dandled me like an hourglass?  
Why did you turn a deaf ear when I needed you to listen?  
I no longer feel your motherly love.  
It seems we've drifted apart  
Now this beautiful butterfly can't set its eyes in the world  
And dare to dream.

They claim they never heard me screaming in my bedroom  
No one opened the door for me to freedom  
Now I'll always wonder

What if I'm not the only one?

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# Domino Effect

Hypnotic love, urgent love. That  
Irrevocable blunder leaves faces blanch  
Vandalizing joy, crippling perfect life when  
Affinity bears death instead of birth  
Injecting significant others in the name of love. But those  
Doleful screams can never hinder symptoms from showing and those  
Sour tears will never cure the pandemic. It  
Keeps finding time to attack along the lines of Carelessness and  
Injures the inside before showing on the outside  
Latent death working its way through your body as you  
Languid, uncertain whether to Conceal or Reveal  
Sicknesses taking turns, killing you softly

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# Echoes Of Silence

For Koketso Marishane

they knock my heart to numbness,  
echoes so cold and so inevitably strong.  
they bang the doors of my shattered heart,  
echoes so bleak and so inevitably gruff.  
they crash the walls of my poor heart,  
echoes so baleful and so inevitably loud.  
they push my heart back and forth,  
echoes so cold and so inevitably cold.  
they shrink the appreciation I always longed for,  
echoes brush it off, leaving no stones unturned.  
they tear my bliss into shreds,  
echoes so audible and so inevitably baleful.  
they fill my ears with the supersonic sound,  
echoes so gruff and so inevitably bleak.  
they steal words out of my mouth  
and leave me empty-headed and completely powerless.  
echoes of your silence obliterate me...

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# Electronic Romance

You pleaded me to punch you special phrases  
each day and said you'd whisper in my ears in response.  
these modern cords and keys curtail the miles  
you trod and now little do i convey my undying love  
with hopeless voices  
Your access restricted machine prohibits  
every other eye, save yours  
We took a vow that our hearts would know  
no other love  
now neither speedy hurricanes can copy these words to hire  
nor heavy storms can blow out this naked fire  
We purloin these moments to meet in spirit  
for you cannot serenade me before i pray to dream  
the rime-covered acres lay still between us  
now our thoughts collide only up in the sky

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# Enactment

Life's a play scripted before the creation  
of you and I, penned down by Ambition,  
Edited by Dogmatism and directed by Greed.  
Our cues mystify both the cast and the crew-  
Some lines we memorise,  
Some we extemporise.  
Slowly this melodrama is turning into a horror.

We are fractur'd by the truth  
Though aspirant to slander and sabotage.  
The plausible of arguments are rendered abominable,  
The cruelty in us is not imperceptible  
And the celerity at which we fluctuate  
Is faster than the speed of light.  
We are assiduous in rendering help and destroy,  
Efficacious in landind ourselves facade  
Of sensitivity though derisive.  
'Rest assured', we say  
And conceal instead of revealing,  
Divulge instead of discretion.

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# Entrapment

I understood none of it  
that those parlous tasks were to serve  
as assurance, preludes to much  
perils yet to come  
with no option whatsoever  
to withstand or withdraw  
examine then the stretches of my fidelity  
and the exposed features of my perfidy

this role of servitude is my turf  
measure then the depth or shallowness  
of my wisdom  
where i stand i'll let you decide  
and the rasp orders that block my ears-  
i'll let them slide  
God knows how much i despise confinements  
that lecture me how to betray my fealty

but when i'm gone will you talk  
of the Acuteness of this used or abused Fool,  
the Omniscience of this unbeknown Layman  
or the Dependency of your proclaimed Entity?  
Will you brag about how fabulous a job you've done  
standing up on behalf of society?  
well, i pray that your society  
does not retrace my steps

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# Fallacy

from long and bumpy rides  
i turned to solitude,  
ensconced in false pretences,  
wearing a smile every morning  
like a piece of cloth or some traditional  
hide cut out from a sacrificial cow  
fooling some killjoys, mitigating  
the gashes of wounds they've opened  
in my heart  
and pose unfazed, completely nonchalant

i've tried letting go of the shadow  
but the shadow wouldn't let go of me  
to their unbeknown they say  
i inherited my uncle's smile  
unaware that i had long mourned ]  
the death of my inner self

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# Heritage

Where redolence of pedigree once reigned  
Identity is no more  
But how deceiving an eye could be  
Not to admire the unfractured rings  
Of miscellaneous traditions  
And how ungrateful an ear to ignore  
The plangent drums  
Doesn't the primeval clothing goads you to celebrate?

This modernization has razed the dunes  
Of our sweet escape  
Cor! Look at this mutilated nation  
Negated by copycat  
And the nebulous tomorrow flickers inn my head  
Like I've seen it before  
Perhaps in a dream, but I have – somewhere  
This complicity...  
Oh life! Bring back my traditional self!

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# Hope You Found It All

Your fingers slipped through mine  
my heart weeping for you  
aching for you  
you set off on a journey  
to find your truest self  
now years have gone by  
without news on your solitary voyage  
i hope you found all that  
you were looking for:  
the sense of belonging,  
the peace of mind,  
the dignity,  
the appreciation,  
and your significant other.  
i hope life is everything  
you wanted it to be.

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# I Have Tried, Believe Me

i have tried blocking my ears  
while he called you things you were not,  
but the epithets were heart-rending  
i have tried looking away  
while he beat you up  
but your doleful screams of help  
held me back  
i have tried calling 10111  
but the line just went dead  
i have tried defending you  
but my arms just went numb  
i have tried calling 10177  
but they were out of ambulances  
i have tried calling your neighbour, too  
but he went fishing that day  
and the lads across the street  
they went boozing  
i have tried reasoning with him  
but he called me an outsider  
your sister was in labour  
your mother lay sick abed  
your brother ducking and diving in Darfur  
your father partying at club Numbers  
so i locked myself in my room  
hoping that God's mercy would intervene  
and now as i stand above  
your lifeless body bathed in blood  
i curse myself for my helplessness  
but believe me, i have tried!

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# I Was Looking For It

When I was frantic  
Desperate to rhyme...  
I was looking for it

When I adopted Amiability  
Trying not to tread on anyone's toes...  
I was searching for it

I then changed to Amicable Aggression  
Letting my presence felt...  
I was after it

When I crammed many different ideas in one stanza  
Trying to comply with the demands of Brevity...  
I was stalking it

When I sought after unfamiliar words  
Desperate to sound educated...  
I was looking for it

Even when I tried being artistic  
And blending different figures of speech...  
I was looking for it still

But now I'm battling to keep up  
Desperate to catch my breath,  
Compelled to despair

I am done chasing after Perfection  
Perhaps when the time is right  
It will come crawling to me.

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# I Wish I Never Knew You

i wish i never came t know you,  
to love you for the person you were,  
the things you did and most importantly  
how you made me feel  
i wish i never opened the gates and doors  
of my heart for you  
i wish i could've raised the drawbridge  
so you could go wandering someplace else  
perhaps then my heart wouldn't break  
perhaps i wouldn't find getting over you this difficult  
i find the world too small to accommodate my wrath  
nothing's lilke it used to be

i will mourn your departure the only way i know how

Stella Sisanda Qishi

## Ill At Ease

I'm terrified of growing up  
I fear the endless pains,  
The eternal struggles, the prolonged responsibilities  
With fortune keeping its distance  
And fame coming in countable measures  
I foresee an episode in my life  
Kicking myself in the corner,  
Wincing at my embarrassing failures soaring  
To unreachable heights  
Drowning my aspirations down an abyss  
A fear becoming the man on the street  
Telling people which route to take  
And go the other way  
I fear failing the tasks bestowed on me by old age

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# I'M An African Poet

i'm an african poet  
i hail from the dark soil  
baked by the southern sun  
coated in my glaringly black skin  
yet nop self-pity governs me  
as i rise from the dark ashes of independency  
to my tormented self  
this is one prescription you won't find in pharmacies

i'm an african poet  
i write to quench the thirst  
from the long runs i made to exile  
and free the small voice at the back of my head  
urging me to empty the kegs of anger  
brimming inside like malty Chibuku  
i do not need Ecstasy to arouse my creative self,  
the callous are doing a far greater job  
leaving me with not much of a choice  
but scribble my sorrows down a white paper

it is safe to say  
i owe my sanity to poetry  
this is how i celebrate,  
this is how i grieve

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# I'M No Rolling Stone

rapt, turning with every step  
drooling, whistling, fraught with need,  
pimped out rides hooting, faces  
dangling from lowered electric windows  
with lascivious gestures offering rides,  
eyes darting from pillar to post  
with come-hither glances.  
wistful.  
observing.  
covetting.  
their cohorts intervene but wink  
with hungry eyes, beckoning me,  
revealing their promiscuity,  
desperate to inaugurate their own queen  
of some brothel and pass me  
from arm to arm  
taking lubricant rides on these  
salient contours but fortunately  
these curves are not for sale  
despite what they may think

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# Internal Conflicts

sometimes i wish i could bleed  
my heart out and tell you how i feel  
but i fear losing a friend in you  
sometimes i wish i could stay  
in your mind for the longest time  
but i saw you with another woman the other day  
sometimes i wonder if you've ever noticed  
how i act around you  
if you have then i guess you're simply indifferent  
i've considered composing you a poem  
but due to my slim vocab  
i couldn't find the right words to say  
it's been difficult differentiating between  
a friendship and a romantic relationship  
but why can't you feel what i feel?  
in my fantasies you've caressed me  
in the darkest of times

with all the trouble that i went through  
still, you had not a scintilla  
of emotions for me  
so i'll suppress mine  
seeing that loving you  
is out of the question

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# Labels

they have a way of finding  
the perfect faces to sanctuary themselves on  
be they good or bad  
it's the same difference  
they differentiate you from me  
and myself from others  
they stick to us like glue  
they take over our lives  
and even if we could try to see the person you really are  
we would always see what has been  
carved on your forehead

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# Let Us Part Like Strangers

after years of pining for you  
we meet at last  
but soon we'll part again  
like we did a long time ago  
the thought of it alone unsettles me  
for i am not good with goodbyes  
i hate waving at you  
like we'll never meet again  
so when the time comes  
when you have to leave me... again  
let us part like strangers  
no kisses, no hugs, no holding hands,  
no sobbing, no promises, no goodbyes  
and when you're miles away  
don't look back  
that'll make the burden much lighter

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# Many Elegies Compressed To One

Especially for Lesley Manyathela  
Gift Lereimi and Fernando Matola

streetlights blur before every dark hour  
the plangent drums pause letting the BANG! be heard  
and steal my breath away in a whispering murmur  
and bring it back flooded with tears of despair

the beast blew sticky breath across your face  
so cold my heart had never before been this numb  
across latitudes, whirling winds and climbing clouds your soul raced  
to report things down here done and undone

now this fervent heart in this world is saved  
felled by some silent affray on some unfortunate day  
all that's left now are canned poses in many scattered lenses  
clinical, aplomb, salient, eminent and innocent

the flamboyance is forever borrowed  
like it was yesterday and the day before  
as you trudge to your windowless flat  
grounded to muse about the good life you led

not even this pandemonium can bring back your pulse  
neither sirens nor eulogies can hinder your walking away  
the baleful chimes tempered with your longevity before the end of day  
and stole you to some adorned world where happiness is a must

the dazzling light of the glimmering sky left your lonely lass  
abated, ailed, addled and frothing with disgust  
hoping your memory won't be folded and shoved into dark compartments  
or your existence be forgotten with the passing of long days and years

in the waiting room you'll see familiar faces  
as they anoint you, welcoming you to the envied life  
as they massage your fatigued body in varying paces  
and pacify your troubled soul throughout the night

in a few years you'll be turning fossil

torpid, unbecoming of your vlient self  
cor blimey! the age is stooping lower and lower!  
like gravity pulling me down from a rooftop of the tallest tower

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# Meetings At Sis' Beauty's Place

she moves swiftly between tables  
decorated by empty schooners  
and empty bottles of beer manned  
by drunks calling for refills everytime  
she passes by

behind the coounter,  
walled by cases of distilled beer,  
she sits listening to yesterday's reminiscents,  
the same euphoria, the same fulminations  
like broken records  
emptying kegs lilke they're drops of tears  
falling on vast oceans

or play referee in a feud  
over the kings of local football  
and utter vile imprecation over her broken chairs,  
smashed windows and threatening bottle pieces  
awaiting prey

she serves lost-love victims  
avoiding all thoughts of alimony  
and the retrenched completely falling apart  
but that's none of her business  
as long as they settle their debts

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# Mortality

this is not the end of life  
it is in fact a sequel to the life we led yesterday  
it is these heartbreaks that lecture us  
how to love, how to live and who to consort  
ourselves with  
it is the same helplessness we share  
the defines our weakness  
and the quick learning of letting go  
that defines our strength

we can cry ourselves to madness  
but the deed would still be done  
and there wouldn't be much we can do  
to undo it  
except accepting the fact that fate  
is indeed a done deal

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# On His Selfishness

Fathers sigh

Mothers weep

Sisters scream

Brothers sob

As the dagger plunged too soon through their hearts  
dances with their quavering voices  
they each in turn sing the song of despair

'Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani? '

Voicing their sorrows in faithful prayers  
seeking clemency for sins committed unknowingly  
hoping He'll have mercy on them  
and spare their progeny  
till He decides they're not worthy of her purity  
and invited her to have supper in His banquet  
they then curse that Godly stuff  
for letting leviathans satisfy their needs  
in her soft contours without her consent...hardly a teenager.

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# One Fatal Myth

The devastated blighter groaned  
and grunted with almost every breath  
and in times he vigorously shook his head.  
He flickered his eyelids  
desperately trying to halt the inevitable Embarrassment  
'Men don't cry', he'd been told  
when his mother died,  
he dared not cry.  
when he found his younger sister  
sliced like a sacrificial cow,  
he shed not a single tear.  
then a string of heart-rending situation followed  
still, he held on to the myth and took it like a man  
Time went by and the hilarious man without a joke to tell  
but instead shut himself out of the world  
till one day his system crashed  
overloaded by pains of yesteryears  
He politely asked for his brother's shoelaces  
and hung himself in the backyard.

Stella Sisanda Qishi

## Picture-Not-So-Perfect

Something seems to be amiss with this picture...  
you were once so frolic, so carefree,  
so fraught with joy and so ebullient  
amid the stranger taking ownership of your space  
your second father, your assailant.  
Abruptly you trudged and withdrew  
you spoke in monosyllables,  
always on the verge of tears  
dealing with troubles inequivalent to your age  
for that leviathan pig rused his way up your skirt  
in your mother's absence  
and revved his engine and disappeared in the face of the earth  
leaving you speaking in a monotone.

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# Remember Us

Dear Lover

Remember the time you courted me?  
The late phone calls,  
Seductive message,  
The tenderness of your voice  
And how gingerly your hands reached out for me?  
Remember?  
Remember how you swore with everything you hold dear  
That no tear of mine  
Shall trickle down my face on your account?  
You said you knew what you wanted  
And that was poor me  
Remember how I kept telling you  
About the fragile state of my heart?  
Remember?  
You promised to never inflict any more pain  
But bring bliss into my life.  
I know tears of joy  
That they don't break one's heart.  
I'm left bamboozled...  
You claim to adore me  
Though your actions don't reciprocate  
Your sweet utterances.  
I'm starting to believe that I'm the only one in love  
Or am I infatuated with the idea of being in love?  
O, how it hurts to romance an unresponsive wall!  
Remember us,  
Won't you remember us?

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# Remember When They Said

remember when they said  
they loved you with their whole hearts?  
suppose between you and sport  
is approximately a tie, but how much space  
is there left for ambitions,  
material things, machinery or family?  
what about leisure, travelling,  
life and literature perhaps?  
the eye will always find faces and things to admire  
and accommodate them along edges  
or between the furrows of your growing heart.

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# Rendezvous

We scheduled an appointment to meet at the church confessional  
And brainstorm solutions to my fruitless life.  
He called to postpone.  
We set up yet another meeting at the peak of the mahogany hilltop.  
I'm quite embarrassed to admit that He stood me up in the scorching sun.  
He promised to attend the one by the mouth of the roaring sea,  
The one at the valley of a beer bottle and the one in the mist of the cigarette  
smoke.  
But I never came to His encounter.  
GOD! You're such a typical male!

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# Shadow

It disgusts to admit that for every hour  
I gain I near the constant guest  
And every bliss bears a burden so laden  
Even the heaps of brawny hunks cannot heave  
Each tender touch ends in sullenness  
And solicit for pure endless happiness  
Is probably asking for quite a lot  
The chronicles show it is quite common  
For swans to disappear at the sound of that chime  
For clarity to that brief moment is denied  
Even to the faithful followers  
Singing remembrance to the lost ones  
We gather in hordes to embrace our hopes  
Even though we cannot withdraw from this grief  
For every once in a while a wish goes unfulfilled

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# So We Sat And Waited

We sat on hard, naked, long plank chairs  
Choked by anaesthetics and painkillers  
Waiting with bated breaths  
To cry tears of joy and ululate  
Calling her the greatest things we've come to know  
We waited...  
The sun turned askew above the mountains  
Our ears crowded by the awful silence  
Eventually Sisters came out without smiles on their faces  
Overwhelmed by curiosity we stopped them  
Before they could pass us by  
'Doctor Bezuidenhoud will inform you', they said  
And dragged their feet and disappeared in the hallway  
Doctor Bezuidenhoud followed  
His eyes locked firmly on the ground  
Afraid to meet ours  
Ours confronting his despair  
He told us things our ears refused to believe  
Our little Cinderella was stillborn

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# Steve Biko

Erected on a monument  
Breathless and motionless  
He holds his poise slightly askew to the light winds  
His lifeless eyes never knew a blink  
Only holding the observer's gaze  
His permanent posture in profound stillness  
His face bears half a smile  
And half an expression indescribable  
His shimmering copper suit indistinguishable  
From his shimmering copper skin  
Having endured acidic rainfalls, harsh winds  
And blistering colds with no complaints  
He stands there, seemingly attending a meeting with himself,  
Perhaps pondering what his following step would've been,  
If he would've survived it had he survived the blows  
Now a resemblance of him stands outside the city hall  
For those who never saw him in his splendour  
A memory everlasting like a precious stone.

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# Still Waters Run Deep

the lament of heart-rending words  
pregnant with hostility jetted off through  
the airs, stuck in the crazy moment  
of raging fury and inevitably  
no soul nor might could pacify  
the profoundly disturbed mind  
the embodiment of uncontrollable veldfire  
seduced by impetuosity  
and the quest to end the pain  
filled a simple day with drama  
the palpable sense of hatred  
overwhelmed by vengeance and resentment  
eventually rendered a pang of underestimate  
an overflowing calabash

bow to the inexorable for it seems  
countless souls live to destroy  
or perhaps destroy to live

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# Suppose Life Were A Sinless Colleen

Suppose life were a sinless colleen  
Her pedigree etched in her diplomacy,  
Wont to bounty, the queen of all kingdoms,  
Featured in every man's dream.  
Suppose she led a life free from predicaments  
And we adopted her traits and feigned life in Eden

O! But what a shrew she's grown to be!  
Sparingly she smiles and often she frowns  
And now evry man's heart feeds on revenge  
Other's prosperities disgust my eyes  
We have become those with hearts of iron  
the villains always vilifying every reat effort  
Wishing our mates' affluent minds barren  
Shouting words muted  
Every now and then we applaud  
But again it's all muted.

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# Table Mountain

I cast my eyes over this comely landscape  
To closely perceive the historical beauty of the mountain  
She's gorgeously dredged with leafy trees almost fastidiously assembled  
And a mass of stones overlapping  
She poises there pinioned by the beautiful Mother City  
Together with the cheering voices of the renowned  
And the simple plebs  
Flaunting her limpid waters that silently giggle, constantly.  
They furtively unclimb from her broad shoulders  
In this hazy view to endear themselves with the thirsty grounds of Cape Town  
So it recurs forever and ever with the intake of air  
Whilst the quiet gullies secretly replenish the ocean  
Observing this fascinating view so heavenly resplendent  
In my heart there's no time for discontent

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# The Circle Of Life

from the very first cockcrow  
to the very last tick of time's utility  
they tread this life always on opposite lanes  
now every step forward nears fatality  
and velocity declines but only at the shaking of hands  
one short breath exhaled is inhaled by this SIGNIFICANT other!  
so whenever the other turns right  
this proclaimed partner turns left  
and meet again at the crossroads like they never parted

God crafted them of different manners  
soon flawless life is enervated,  
impeded, incumbered and not endorsed  
every inspiration is matched with almost adequate conspiracy,  
they appear miles apart but they're locked  
in close proximity like a wheel to a rim  
and when the cries of despair uproar  
you discern that you'll always be back to square one...or not

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# The Guy Almost All The Good Girls

the guy almost all the good girls lose their goodness to  
comes in all shapes and forms  
he comes from all walks of life  
and from all racial communities  
he wears the latest trends, religiously,  
and drives saliently opulent sportscars  
with electric windows, shiny mags and sub-woofers  
he lets them splurge his money on his behalf  
and demands physical settlement in return  
he's good with poys too,  
whispering them sweet nothings,  
taking them to his world of mak-believe  
he calls them all the sweetest names you'll ever hear  
not because he loves them  
but because the list is way too long for him to keep track  
good lilfe seekers dropp out of school  
to play part-time bodyguards and full-time sex-slaves  
and curse the male species when dumped  
by this professional philanderer with an naked baby  
suffering from malnutrition

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# The Lost Struggle

For Lucky Dube

Our importunate desires were bound  
To meet the implacable end  
As it brushes itself onto each one of us,  
Sporadically, without flaws  
Leaving behind an almost palpable fracas  
And too many unanswered questions  
With wistful wishes blown away like a thistle-down  
By timely, indecipherable fate  
Frontiers close in at the coming of this unbridled norm  
Hurdles are folded and put aside for now and ever  
Emancipation and Deception at once  
As the final eclipse closes on you

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# The Power Of Emptiness

Oh child!

I can see your patient eyes  
Gawping at an open space  
Watching dark angels riding snails  
Your bowels whistling and mourning with nothingness  
Your tight skin closely wrapping your fragile bones,  
Your sunken sockets, your parched lips.

It seems you are nearing the place  
Where life and death collide  
You are tiptoeing along the fine trapeze of surrender  
Impotently letting long days pass you by  
In slow motion  
Gaunted to skeletal

Picturing at the back of your mind  
An empty funeral,  
No one missing you  
For you were all things but elite  
Had you been, you wouldn't be so stricken

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# The Profile - Teko Modise

the skill is axiomatic,  
flagrantly untamed  
and utterly unimpeachable  
dictating the enemy grounds  
with serpentine deportments,  
ubiquitous, conspicuous,  
too lubricant to hold firm  
yet too firm to knock down,  
sending onlookers into a frenzy  
with elaborations elementary only to you  
pervading the aura of success around you  
across the field with impeccable executions  
walking under the radar of  
international acknowledgement

what they say about talent  
may just prove them wrong  
because yours seems to be contagious

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# The Sad Reality

She queues outside the community hall  
With a two-month old hanging loosely on her back,  
The worn out towel carelessly tied;  
A three-year old on her left  
And a five-year old on her right  
Their empty stomachs roaring at the sight of sizzling boerewors  
They constantly slap the air, misjudging the fly's flight  
Whilst their 18-year old mother flips her silky hair back  
Saturated with expensive gels, combed to reach shoulder length  
And her 3-inch heels keeping dust at bay.  
The budget has long been in place;  
Stilletos, Levi's jeans, a perfume and a fresh hairdo  
The rest goes to booze  
The long nights jamming with like-minded souls  
    'What about the kids? ', we wonder  
Well, they'll just have to torment their neighbours  
With weeping like they did the previous months.  
Being brought up by the streets  
Soon they'll learn how easy it is  
To point a gun for a slice of bread

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# The Story Of Tuletu

standing in the corner  
under the fading lights  
a leper out of sync,  
a whisper in the pandemonium  
that no one seems to hear,  
prone to becoming a fall guy,  
always has and always will  
but still can't get used to the heartbreak  
walking on fields overgrown with backstabbing  
pestered  
underestimated  
hapless  
stalking happiness but happiness  
seems to be moving faster.

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# The Waiting Sped Up The Weariness Of Patience

The waiting sped up the weariness of patience  
Upon that lonely shore so heavily boulder  
To as far off as the eye could see  
I watched there afar where the ocean seemed to meet the firmament  
What appeared to be swallows swaying  
Above the white crests, intimately, mocking my loneliness

I've walked the subways at night  
Hoping to come to your encounter  
Then I heard you prospected for new lands  
Where you and your lover shall dwell  
Even the memories we made do not seem to bother you  
But I would've appreciated the incisive truth

Now there's nothing there that is left to say  
Just that I have to summon the pieces of my heart  
For there's no proper way of letting go  
So there's nothing there that is left to say  
Only that my heart must learn to subside

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# There's No Time For Anecdotes

there's no time for anecdotes  
as we lower yet another scholar  
down the lonely corridors of earth  
stabbed several times late last week  
or as we pay homage to junkies  
resting their high minds frothing  
from fatal powders and winos  
fallen prey to influences

there's definitely no time for anecdotes  
as the amorphous cosmos comes  
crashing down trampling innocent  
men, women and children in Darfur  
and the 'In my days' tune seldom helps  
or in the least curtail the physique  
of this Cupidity, this Selfishness, this Savagery

there's nothing humorous about AIDS  
hacking us down like a harvester  
scudding across hectors of plantation,  
striping them row upon another

there's nothing jocular about the new trend  
of fatal hijacks pervading the cities in circles  
robbing us of pure bliss

all that we can do is brace ourselves  
with long plaintive poems for another setback  
to shrink our zest or disturb our slow dance  
all that we can do is wait for another  
despondent cry to interrupt us  
as we boogie through the night

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# They Say Love

they say love is a fountain  
flowing down like the Victoria Falls  
magnificent. genuine, indescribable.  
they say it's where waters of the same current confluence  
they savour the smooth and turbulent flows  
together intertwined  
with much deference and pure affinity

but what do you call it  
when the sense of revulsion takes the helm  
malevolent. antagonistic, forefingers poking  
the open space into a fitful polka-dot?  
is it still a flawless fountain when  
blows rearrange your facial features  
turning them ashen?  
abrasion perhaps  
i think it very unlikely

love does not lie in perfectly boned faces,  
high social standards or fat credit cards  
it is merely the promise of common hearts  
unsurpassed by beauty or property  
so the least a person should do  
is let their love do the talking

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# This Heart

this heart churns love  
this heart brews hatred  
this heart houses my passions  
my passions share a room with my disinterests  
this heart manufactures aspirations  
and later decides to go against them  
this heart admires  
this heart chastises  
this heart misses you  
and this very heart avoids letting that show  
this heart longs for you  
yet it doesn't want to be broken by you  
this heart is a superwoman  
juggling between east and west,  
what's right and what's wrong,  
reality and fantasies  
and puts it all in perfect balance

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# Traffic Lights Operators

they don wild outfits  
and overdo their wild make-ups, too,  
they keep the western time  
gaining themselves the status of Reliability  
they must've taken Captivative-Standing lessons  
as they queue there with figures like supermodels  
in their revealing gear  
waiting to be picked  
and each waiting to be picked  
by a wealthy insatiable hubby  
to fatten that flat purse so she can feed  
the empty stomachs left at home  
I call them Traffic Light Operators  
but misers call them whores

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# Unacknowledged

beside this solitary island  
the sun's rays, dismayed by the unwelcoming  
reflection, refract to the edges  
occupied by reeds that dance  
gratefully to the autumn breeze.  
the murk of the night whispers the wishes  
of the yellow sun but it all  
comes to no avail  
and the ripples seem to laugh  
at the survey of lovelorn

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# Untitled

She queues outside a community hall  
With a two-month old hanging loosely on her back,  
the worn out towel tied carelessly;  
A three-year old on the left  
And a five-year old on the right  
Their tawdry clothes sticky with mucous  
their empty stomachs roaring at the sight of sizzling boerewors  
They constantly slap the air, misjudging the fly's flight  
while the 18-year old mother flips her silky hair back  
saturated with expensive gels  
combed to reach shoulder length  
and her heels keeping dust at bay  
the budget has long been in place;  
the stilletoes, designer jeans a perfume and a fresh hairdo  
the rest goes to booze  
the long nights jamming with like-minded souls  
'What about the kids?' we wonder  
well, they'll just have to torment their neighbours  
with weeping like they did the previous month  
being brought up by the street  
soon they'll learn how easy it is  
to point a gun for a slice of bread

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# We Dandle The Culture

We dandle the culture to immortality  
And frill it with all kinds of figures of speech  
We let the rhythm be its cloak  
And the plangent drums its heartbeat  
We are cleave to revealing the truth,  
Enshrine history, tell the tales  
And smother ferocity  
Behold the saint that feeds on treason  
And that pally face coated in a smile of still tedium  
Poetry has strewn to all directions  
Strewn to unequal dimensions  
Towards the east its modest  
And modern towards the west  
It is audible in the south  
In the north the plea is sound  
And we'll only rest when the star  
Of eternal life leads us back home  
That is our plea and God,  
Please don't let us grow cold

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# Welcome Home, Stranger

my heart has wept  
long after you left  
my heart weeps again  
now that you're back  
my eyes have grown blank with despair  
i can barely recognise you aged face  
your swarthy skin battered by the northern winds  
raddled by age, advanced by solitude  
jaded.  
bilious  
baked by foreign suns to senescence  
though you went in search of propitious opportunities  
you sacrificed me for greener pastures  
i do not complain, though  
for the strong winds have  
blown you back home  
welcome, stranger

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# You Are So Quiet Tonight

you are so quiet tonight. i wonder  
whether it'd be smart or folly  
to call you comely  
but your silence is louder  
than the spoken word.  
what more words could i collaborate  
to elaborate  
my apology? can't you see this dagger is as sharp as a razor blade?

i saw your tears as you turned to look outside the casement  
i would've been pleasant if those were  
tears of joy but your anger torments,  
you keep it all inside.  
you have my thoughts racing in rotary tracks  
and the deformity of my heart keeps coming back

like the unhealth plume  
of the factory smoke, your silence  
chokes me almost to doom  
is it what i said and should'nt have?  
or perhaps what i should've done and did'nt do?  
either way, your silence and your weeping vacant my heart, yes they do.

Stella Sisanda Qishi

# You Love Me Or So You Say

Im Puleng

and my droplets of love rain over your head  
to shake u back to sanity.

You're Ngozi...well now, what in the Lord's name was i thinkin?

Roughly translated you're 'DANGER', 'ACCIDENT'

and i've been having a lot of those since u tagged along.

Blindfolded by love i played along

softened by ur half-hearted sorries.

'No, chommie. He didn't hit me. I bumped into a wall last nite'.

What a lame excuse?

And how stupid of me to literally hand over my freedom to u.

U expect me to go

ahead and make it official

and live a lie all my life.

Angekhe mntakwethu.

This ends here.

This ends now.

Im Puleng and im taking back my life.

Stella Sisanda Qishi