

Poetry Series

Tea Kawana
- poems -

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Tea Kawana(10th February)

Mostly I find it hard to talk; to open my mouth and just talk. I prefer to reveal every layer of thought, expressing it on a piece of paper.

1st April, Wednesday

As oxygen relights a glowing splint,
my heart re-lit when you spoke.
My thought's wings were cut off,
and everything stood still in my head.
To my right you were about a metre and a half away.
As you spoke, you looked ahead.

You could not notice that you
made me tingle.
After searching a 5 item list,
I managed to at least say something.
But now as I write, I'm wishing I said two.
If only you knew...

Tea Kawana

A Boy

Under his rich,
Deep-filled brown lashes and lids,
His eyes grasped my eyesight.
I faded into his iris;
into a scene;
into a world...
the evening was peaceful,
everything;
sodden in his innate colour;
it was a cosy, woolly atmosphere.
As I walked barefoot upon the warm sand,
the caramel sunset tucked itself in,
and chocolate birds dashed home to slumber.
The wind blew gently past my face,
carrying an aromatic scent of coffee,
cappuccino crickets whistled out their songs,
and the milky moon shone...
I discovered a wooden door;
I reached out for the handle,
turned...
they blinked,
and turned to their work.

Tea Kawana

A Fear

If you'd boast of some defeat
Then why should I move towards you?
Why should my steps be at the same pace as yours?
For each time I'd make a step you'd get closer
to what I'd assume your reward.
and in the end
I'd wonder whether it was
something,
or all that was from the beginning
never was.

Tea Kawana

A Heart's Cry

I did not choose to love –
It came upon me.
I did not call it yet it walked near me
For a while
Then suddenly wrapped me within itself
As it did others.
I did not choose love –
It came upon me.
...I could almost say that love is kind of like a being
For it roams around grabbing people
And stores them in a room they can't get out.
But ah – I may not say such a thing for love,
Love is made by One who is superior to itself.
He holds it firmly in His Hands and He drops it
Letting it flow to its location by His Will.
"If we love" cries Love's prisoner "it's because it isn't really our will;
It's a force that even if we tried with our entire might to fight it,
We'd fail to conquer, so we let it be"

Tea Kawana

A True Woman

I don't stare
But I've made a trillion glimpses.
She is beautiful without
And within, my heart is in awe of her.
Her speeches: words of truth,
Words of wisdom, words of motivation,
Words of encouragement,
Like rain fall
On my parched ground.
She is a teacher and a
Leader; in heart a mother.
She is strong;
She is my wonder;
My failures' success.
She is a warrior,
Facing opposition with steadfast bravery.
She is a true woman;
A gift of God.

Tea Kawana

A Vessel

Dear God,
Use me as a vessel upon this desert sea
To travel
Use me as a vessel still to reach
the coasts I'm not able to see.
Let my hands be gentle
to haul up those broken hearts
for I know You'll be there to mend.
Make my arms fit for the propelling
of my oars.
Make my feet firmly rest
on the floor.
And the others too;
so we many come home
sailing towards the ocean
into the eternal dwelling will be.

Tea Kawana

Allow Me

Allow me only to take a peek;
to turn; my feet, my body, my head,
to face the other direction.

Allow me only to open;
to place my fingertips on the sill,
to push it hard.

Allow me only to see,
to speak to them,
I promise not to touch.

All I'll touch is the dirty window,
I have to clean once in a while.

At times, it gets so uncomfortable,
without cleaning my little window.
The dust particles itch...
I have to clean...

Allow me to clean.

Tea Kawana

Alone

I sat at my desk,
at work,
and I looked outside
watching people pass by.
My head was partially killing me;
the ache hadn't completely gone away.
I know it had all been tiredness.

I sat at my desk,
at work,
and I looked outside
watching people pass by.
My eyes stared straight ahead
somewhere where myself didn't know.

I was motionless.
My heart was doleful;
and yet my mind wanted to take the
lead. But that was
impossible: I wept.
I just wept.

I know the world wasn't looking at me,
and of course they never had the slightest care,
they would never.
Nobody could share someone's else's
Sorrow. Well perhaps you could but not to the core,
For it isn't yours. Who'd like to be unhappy anyway?
Happiness is easier because it simply is happiness.

I sat there and wept;
dug my face into my skirt
as I held part of it in my hands.
I wept.

Tea Kawana

Because Of Today

I'm alive because of today:
about more than two thousand years ago
something amazing happened.
Today, then, it was a terrible time
that as much as my mind would try
to picture; it wouldn't match up.

I have peace because of
You, my Saviour, Lord Jesus Christ.

I know that I can't give to You
the way you give to me,
which should never be compared
because I am mere man.
But I will give You what I
can and remember.

Tea Kawana

Daddy

</>Daddy,
I know you notice my complication;
your daughter's confused state.
Daddy,
I want to listen to correction,
I want to listen to my parents.
I don't want to make the same mistakes as I have.
I'm listening, Daddy.

Daddy,
I'm not going to be doing this anymore,
I'm listening to you.
I'm taking in your words.
As the Holy Word says,
"Whoso loveth instruction loveth knowledge:
but he that hateth reproof is brutish."
And so do I.

Tea Kawana

Dear Friend

She put herself in your shoes.
And her heart started to hurt
like yours.
Her recent alterations get her confused.

She was close to him
and things would be spoken of
as easy as counting
and perhaps her tongue would slip
and she didn't see or feel it
a mistake.
Then in a way it was known,
that she hurt you.
She wonders after all these
previous fights, you guys had
been able to establish a friendship.

She enjoys your company.
Dear friend, she doesn't want to let you go.
She is the mistake

And I can only wait on you

I'm sorry...

Tea Kawana

Death

Death becomes such a natural thing
when you view another's funeral:
one not of your own.
When she comes to someone close to you,
it's the most heaviest thing to carry and accept.

God giveth and He taketh;
He taketh at a time well known for Him;
We are all unable to understand God's Will
Unable to comprehend Why at this time?
Why now?
We feel like...
(it's inexplicable)
We continue to ask Him why?
We just want to fall
A piece of our heart is torn
taken away with our beloved
We wonder how we'll bare
with the sudden loss
And I don't think anybody
ever really knows
yet it's God who comforts us

Pray God He helps you
to cope
cry to Him and
He'll comfort you in His arms
Pray God.

Tea Kawana

Empathy

I'm stuck in between
crying silently and conquering the
compulsion to convey into writing
my mother's words.

Words of...

I'd cry and that wouldn't show
Enough
To explain.
I just want things better for her.

Tea Kawana

Empty-Handed (Fill Me Up)

It's my compulsion to write
To You
Because passing each day
without telling You
is like a portion of water
evaporating from my soul
and I don't want to run dry.
And so Lord I ask you to fill me;
fill me for me to reach that stupor
I get locked in:
where the bars and the chains
and the pad lock are a comfort,
because in that way I am free.
You said You would never leave me
and I believe that.
I'm not empty nor feel empty
it's just that at times I don't feel
You like I should be;
it's not distance
but it's not as close.
Lift me Lord, Saviour You who
saved me.
And don't leave me empty-handed,
fill me to learn,
fill me to prepare,
fill me to speak,
fill me as You lend
Breath
to me.

Tea Kawana

Galatians 5: 17

I am not impeccable,
My natal scars bring about unpleasant things,
Part of me wants to destroy the other;
I want to eat my own flesh, yet drive away my belief.
I get hot at times,
I link up to the global hereditary climate
I get closer to the flames,
Which intoxicate me with their beauty.
The fume makes me almost suffocate,
The smoke races up my nose,
It hurts and makes me cry,
I'm submerged by confusion.

My mind cools down.
Full refreshing droplets of pure water fall slowly and lightly
Yet have the weight of a quenching glass of water.
What a delight to be released;
Harps and gentle voices soothe my mood,
Lilies shine with hues cast by dawn.
A calm atmosphere,
To be consoled,
To be at ease.

Tea Kawana

Glimpses Far And Near

Its odd

how i'm aware of your surprising presence, which comes often
and rare

in glimpses of nearness and far.

Odd too, how i have no form of as of conspicuous to my mind.

So often the motor i hear, and its dress of silver i've come to study. Let it be
when i come

to hear no more and c,

and then that familiar shall be unfamiliarity

and be gone.

Then all my blood shan't rush.

Oh but let it be whatever be, a

and i shall calm myself by learning to breathe

Tea Kawana

Graduation Day

I liked graduation day
I think I liked it from the beginning,
even though I still had an exam.
It wasn't that I could not wait for the night
to see everybody all dressed up, not even for the food.
I don't know...that day had in itself something.
It wasn't that much of a busy day for me.
Perhaps it was the simplicity of rest before a big occasion
like waking up in the morning to brush one's teeth.
Yet, I don't know...
I felt good about myself that day;
I wasn't too over-joyed or excited,
I felt good.

Tea Kawana

Happy Solitude

It was sunsets then,
It was tea.
It was eyes then
That leaked ease.

Mingling letters
forming words,
It was spitting thoughts onto paper,
It was soaking my face,

It was breathing air.

Tea Kawana

Help Me

Lord,
Give me what I deserve
For breaking hearts.
Unintentionally do I,
I'm unstable,
A learner in speech – I rush.
I'm a criminal.
A criminal of hearts;
The dearest organ of which emotions flow out.

Lord,
Judge me,
And that they may know it wasn't my knowledge
To hurt,
To break them.
And they may find the right time
To forgive me.
In turn you may return to a whole
What I broke.

I ask of You, Lord.

Tea Kawana

Hurt You No Longer

It was war for a simple talk,
misunderstandings had shadowed
the view of what we are now.

I'm unable to tell
at what time we both
surrendered; putting away
our knives and taking off
our armour.

My matter is in my gratitude,
which reaches the brim of my heart's cups
that we have been made friends,
from enmity.

And now I unknowingly
retrieve my armour
and weapons,
so happening that you are in
front of me; I cut you
or stab you

I don't know why this happens,
but best I leave you, or keep a distance
not to hurt you longer.

Tea Kawana

I Admire Her

I met her for the second time;
well this time saw her
from afar,
And as my footsteps
followed on
My head turned
to steal another glimpse
of her.

It reminded me of the
amazement that I had when I knew
what had happened to her
in her younger years.

It makes me think and imagine
the time.

It makes me ponder of all the
ongoing ambivalence;
the days:
perhaps the tears but yet
those pinches of unsure happiness.
To the goal of acception
and later delight.

It makes me see her strength

Tea Kawana

I Am Not Every Girl

You say
you are foolish
and stupid
and regretted trusting me
You say
"You are all the same"

I'm saying
I am a woman:
I am strong yet soft
I am subtle
yet basic.
Yet I am me.

I do care; considering feelings
But I'm the fragile
One
Here. If I had to go
on, I may crumble.
For life - I turn,
so I do not crumble
in your hands.

you say
you are foolish and stupid
and regret trusting me
You say
"You are all the same"

I'm saying
Do not lock me in the past
and stack me with the others
I'm saying
"I am different"

I say
I am not every girl

Tea Kawana

I Don't Feel Alive

Sometimes I don't feel alive,
and sometimes my feelings are ambivalent.
My thoughts are songs that are on repeat.
I cry a thousand tears within and without and
I tire myself with work to ensure I have a peaceful slumber,
yet it does not fall
on me.
I write to breathe.
I pray for Love covers me and holds me and will show me the way.

Tea Kawana

I Hate Myself

I HATE MYSELF

is all I want to say,
to scream it out loud,
to cry!

I want to cry!

I'm scared to death at times
and after mercy

I still prove myself to be useless:
Reluctant like I did not receive it.
How many times can one be sorry?
and regretful?

I don't know what to say

I just don't...

My God take it away from me

I pray.

It used to be and then wasn't
but now is.

I don't want to look at my past
because it's not necessary
yet this all started then

I know...

I'm not pointing fingers
even though just a little bit

I should.

YOU knew me

and YOU know me now

and I want to change,

I do.

Take what brings this about
out of my life or far away from me
that we don't share the same universe.

Create the largest void between us.

Father I pray

Give me the strength to tell it
to go away

Give me the strength to disallow it
to hold me

Give me the strength to push it
in the opposite direction.

I hate my conscience feeling
uneasy, I hate myself feeling insecure,
I hate myself far from YOU.
I want to be near YOU.
I could travel to all distant places
and it could still find me.
It is my mind:
we are attached.
I'd cut off my head or pull out my veins
if it were that I'd stay alive
so it'd be easier to ONLY listen to YOU.
I know it is my nature for I still have my body
but I want to believe that I can Overcome it in
YOU, and YOU alone.
So Lord, help me be focused on YOU
Let me think of YOU when it comes around
let me be distracted.
I know YOU'RE still mine
but I don't want YOU to have me like this.
Dear Lord, HELP ME!
I cry...
I want to grow in YOU
I was delighted when I read the Pages of Life
and learnt that YOU are light and love
and so I should look to YOU
and if ever I go astray, I must be reconciled back to
YOU in forgiveness.
Lord I'm weak –
HELP me to be strong in YOU
I'm sorry that I hurt YOU once again
knowing it was wrong.
I come to YOU to confess this wrong doing of mine
I don't want to play with YOU'RE WONDERFUL GRACE
Let me not have that in mind lest I look to it like I can do anything
that pleases my eyes and not YOURS!
Lord, forgive me for what I have done
and take me back
through YOU'RE PRECIOUS SON
MY SAVIOUR,
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.
Amen.

Tea Kawana

I Hate The Distance

I can't fight something when
I'm close to it, it makes me cry
and when you're far from it,
you long for it,
and it still makes you cry.

Tea Kawana

I Love Music

We are like instruments,
Unique; percussion, wind, stringed...
Our moods are the keys:
We can be happy, sad, angry,
express so many emotions.
Tell a story,
Be a journey,
A new world.

When I listen to music,
the music I love,
I become invisible:
I turn into vapour, condense...
and melt in the melody,
the notes play in my veins,
flowing with my pulse,
my eyes closed,
and my heart listens.

I'd be left in tears,
Or lifted up.

I love music.

Tea Kawana

I Lv U For U

I love you not because you have touched me.
If it were then
love would be a temporal being,
in tht moment we'd live in; in its heat we'd lavish
and soon in its death,
it would disappear and be void.
And oh yes, if it were a temporal being,
we'd be satisfied in a moment to throw,
and yet not grow.

In what love does: grow. I love you for you.

Not in your touch,
nor your facial expressions,
nor your warmth,
but for you.

Those linger on love after,
that i hv no option but take

Tea Kawana

I Miss Me

I fell into a trap,
I was certain I'd enjoy
because the bricks seemed to lay on well.
Now that I am at this height,
I am uncomfortable.
And I won't pretend this time,
I want to come down!

I miss my solitude.

Tea Kawana

I Need To Change

</>Tabo, you need to change!
You need to change!
Why have you been going round
this way?
Opening your heart as if this
isn't the world?
As if everyone is trustworthy?
How could you take the risks?
You're a woman.
A woman ought to have value.
Don't lose your integrity!
STOP THIS and CHANGE!
Tabo, change!
Promise me you'll change.
Girl, you ought to change.
Change

Tea Kawana

I Needed My Man

I could not stand it,
It slowly bloated horribly,
It was unbearable,
I cried.
I needed him,
Not only in sight,
But to exchange words with,
To touch him, to hold his hand,
To look him in those pretty eyes.
With my left hand on his back,
And my right, fitting his strong squared jaw
Reaching to kiss him;
And his hands resting on my lower back.

At another desk,
My eyes got a peek of him,
Swaying his right foot from side to side,
As it rested on the other,
Working on his laptop.
Later, I got him in total view,
Excluding his legs; which the mean old grey cabinet stole.
His soft hands worked on wiring,
And when that was done,
His job stole him again.
My eyes fell,
Went heavy,
Blinked,
And a tear dropped to the ground.

Tea Kawana

I Ought To

</>I'm weak,
I feel worthless,
And I ought to.
For all the hurt
And hearts I've broken.
I don't want to break any more.
I get heart unrest
When my phone rings
Or vibrates,
I can't eat
Nor sleep,
And it ought to be.
My consequences
I should pay.
Pray I only to the Mighty One,
To help show to those
I hurt that I'm sorry
And I will change.

Tea Kawana

I'm Sorry

I gave you hope,
In my try,
Made it confident,
You took inside
Your heart;
You termed it us
I did it too.
And I had made us smile,
It had only lasted a while

Words have run out to say,
Plus I don't deserve to speak,
Ooh Ooh,
I'm sorry

No, it was not my intent,
To hurt, to break you.
I can't find why,
I had to switch to switch
From that to that
Why did my heart have to speak?

Words have run out to say
And I don't deserve to speak,
Ooh Ooh,
I'm sorry

Tea Kawana

I'M Yours

Today, I was stabbed,
stabbed in my abdomen, thighs and feet,
and my neck was slightly slit.

I'm heavily bleeding,
but in pain of another.

Never did I want to get pricked by the roses and cactus,
but they followed instead.

My heart's still beating,
I'm alive.

We can't be beat,
if we are meant.

I won't let go.

Tea Kawana

It Hurt

My eyes failed to view a certain perimeter
because he happened to be
found in it.

I was afraid for my eyes to
speak pain in public: so I silently
lowered my head. I failed to tell
my heart something and so my
legs took me home.

Tea Kawana

Keyboard

I don't want my voice,
I want yours;
I want you to sing to me;
to play the coldness of my heart
or better its cheer, when it be high.

I want your voice
in its consolation to me
sing
As my fingertips play with yours;
from the core of feelings
you pull and network into yourself,
from me to you, we share,
And by the end of it,
Our hands are placed into each others

I want your voice
to lift me,
and work through.
I want your voice
to praise Him who deserves
all praise.

I want your voice
because you are close to me.

Tea Kawana

Kids

I like kids,
and it is because,
they hav bigger
imagination than us.
Reality limits us,
nd they havnt cum to it
yet. So wud one say that
maturity shatters our childhood dreams?
And we laugh at ourselves of the impossibilities we had known as possibilities.
I like kids,
nothing limits them,
fiction is reality n their lives.
I feel like a kid when i scribble my thots on paper nd my mind runs on
imagination - possible and impossible

Tea Kawana

Let Me Not

When You send me, let me not
utter a single BUT; if honestly
I am anxious or in any uncomfortable state
that I shake, may I completely
submit myself to You. For I am
in Your Care and You'll know how
to do it; to use me where You
want to use me and how. May I
simply obey that

trust may cast out fear.

Tea Kawana

Lord Uphold Me

I used to hurt myself for the
bad causes I'd done to others
and myself. I used to think
it would make things better; at
times it did feel good- but only for a
little moment. And the change I'd get
lost in never at all existed.
I used to like that hurt feeling;
even when sterilising my tools. I had
thought that now I still could – but my
conscience and new being won't make me.
It just doesn't live within me. Let my
heart hurt if it be. Let me drown in my
tears and kill my head to sleep. And
let me not exchange them
for useless toil; where what
is ploughed was never ploughed.
Let me hurt and Lord uphold me.

Tea Kawana

Lord, I'm Sorry

I feel bad
I feel so bad
I'm a fool
but no matter how much I tell myself that
it won't settle my heart.
I was clean for three weeks
and I guess more
and now I want to fall.
I don't want to become what I was
I don't want to keep falling.
Lord, I'm sorry;
Forgive me in that moment I didn't fear You
Forgive me in that moment if I threw You
back on the cross Saviour,
in that moment if I thought that Grace would abound
that I should abuse.
Let me not misuse my freedom;
as overwhelming it is.
I don't want to tell myself that I hate myself
because You love me.
And I almost took the sharp object to hurt
but it would only make it worse
and deepen my offence.
I feel like I'm letting Grace flourish –
Take That Away Lord, I pray...
Take It.
I don't want to fall back again;
not a step.
I need You and I need me
to look to You Always
that my weak mind may think
things of You.
Lord, I am sorry
for hurting You.
Let me put That Away
and with Your Help
let me Look forward
for It is past.

Tea Kawana

Love Fool

I never could work it out
whether young love was
for fools or was ours
Or not knowing I a fool
was caught under my own stupid justification
of not checking the beam in mine own eye
Yet so quick to point to the mote in all these lovers' eyes.

Our young minds can they live with the simple conversation?
Can they hold hands for just consolation?
Or do they rush for exploration
Of exploring their recent alteration?
Fervently burning for taste and to be
Tasted;
To feel as if you've given
As you have got.

Yet it's fantasies, plays
we want to take part in:
We are the Director; we know what we'd like
Not so to want.

And we realize it's our minds
that's been making our hearts follow.
So when it has been told
the right way round,
our fragile hearts break
And we are love fooled;
That's what we believe.

Tea Kawana

Mad Man

There comes a time,
When I am the mad man.
I can stand the reek of my unwashed mouth,
Saliva's corpse laid at my lips,
Stale air with every breath.
I can accept my unpleasant odour,
I am drowned in sweat glory.
Water is not my essential.
When the dirt underneath my nails is ordinary,
And the soil on my feet make me feel comfortable,
As if in shoes.

Overtaken by my heart's matter
I survey through the streets of my mind for the
Ever-sought solution.
Until I find it,
I remain homeless.
I am homeless.

Tea Kawana

Maid In Love

Whenever you come near,
your radiation penetrates through my skin,
my blood pressure rises,
my pulse races.
Your speech improves my hearing;
I am able to count the syllables in every line.
Your eyesight stimulates my heart rate.
You wear with you, an authentic aroma of coffee
and cigarettes. My nostrils fill up, the scent rushes in my head,
unknowingly creating an impossible present.
My finger tips twitch to be at your service,
My hands get compelled to touch you,
My arms want to hold you.
Your body is mine to cater for.

Tea Kawana

Momma

Does she despair?
I don't know...
Her expressions inexplicit;
Her face the same.
Yet for a time I looked closer:
analysed.
Beneath her plump softened cheeks
Her veins tighten,
Her blood, bloated; ready to explode.
Concealed in her eyes:
Sorrow, restraint from freedom,
Red of anger.
Debilitated; she still goes on

I gasp at what makes her run

Her pain submerges me into tears for her.
Does she ever breakdown?
I don't know...
But I admire her
She is my strength

Tea Kawana

Mortal

We are as the grass;
for it withereth
And as a flower,
for it falleth away after it flourisheth.

Sometimes we forget
that we are
mortal...
And take each step like it's
our own.
And so often its when we
feel life is treacly,
we consign to oblivion.

We forget we are held by
the Immortal
who was, is
and forever will be,
God only.

Simple it is not,
but each day we ought to have
our placement in all
to Him.
For he knows,
for He holds us.
Humbly live,
for it's in His will,
and not yours.

Tea Kawana

Mustn't Know

On bended knee,
Bowed head,
Hands clasped together,
She prayed.
Tears strolling,
Every drop,
A stream leading to her mouth,
Tasting salty tears,
Brine from her sorrowing eyes,
She prayed.
Every drop,
A stream leading to her trembling, unpoised mouth,
A further breath of faith, a leap
Was made,
She prayed.
A door opens.
They mustn't know,
She mustn't know,
The waterfall that often pours in solitude.
Burying her head speedily
Under her blouse
She pulls a full swipe
Displaying the waterfall all dried out.
And turns and smiles at her.
She must not know.

Tea Kawana

My Home

No, it doesn't need to dazzle in splendour;
flashily primped from head to toe –
everything a flair.

But it should be soft
and warm, a
cosy, woolly atmosphere.

Its company may not be large
for joy will be brought about
even if there be two or
one.

I'd want it in my
Simplicity.

Tea Kawana

My Saviour

I feel this awe
when I think of You deeply;
Your purpose – for me,
I can't explain.
You love me...
I'm lost for words.
Jesus
My Saviour

Tea Kawana

No One Compares To You

When you left,
I went into the kitchen,
To make myself a cup of tea.

I still shivered through the whole day

Tea Kawana

Once Again

Once again I'm at this downfall in life,
which I never get to see
its beginning or where it lies.
"I don't get it" I cry.
Are my heart's feelings decayed?
or not set right that I'm a
hurt to all.

In a day you wake up
as cheerful as a bird
and you take your time on living;
putting your communion with the
Almighty well.
True you never know
what can befall you in a day.

Trust was not something
I was comfortable with.
But I'm here,
in a place where being completely on
your own only builds
to yourself, no lessons, no criticism, no help,
no change.

I'd try,
and my tries had come to an
accumulation
that I, myself should preside
and just be who I am.
Though I am who I am all along.

Disparity is only that,
then I wasn't willing;
I had denied all lessons, criticism and help
and remained in unchange;
which isn't life.

And here I am
perplexed at all what is said.

And so once again I remain;
though not in an opaque place
but in transparency.

And Lord please keep me

Tea Kawana

Our Invisibility

The little world we belonged to,
Defined me as East, and you as West.
A line was determined beforehand;
Splitting us by our visible differences,
Which this little world sees and regards,
Exhibiting us as opposing forces in a force-field;
Allowing us to become acceptable only when we are in possible proximity,
With the limit of a line of conversation, a question, mere courteousness.
The little world would not question.

Disappearing into sudden shared events,
While being in the little world,
We were and are invisible;
When we can reach out and touch
At our fingertips,
Times that have lasted less than three minutes,
And yet felt like a day's walk in the park,
Talking and having ice-cream,
Where conversation departs from the bareness and simplicity,
Of which the little world we are in would die to listen to.
Where our differences melt into somewhat similarity,
And we are comfortable.

And when all that disappears,
It gives way to nothingness,
And we return to the little world.

Perchance,
Ignored this little world,
And its odd titles and definitions it's wrapped around us,
An unpleasant ambience would droop in the air,
And eventually reek of desperation,
If I attempt to.
But what I am prohibits me.

So,
Tell me the journey's end,
Or should we patiently wait for its fade,
Believing it in-existent,

Discarding all the events and packing them away into a box of old lost memories,

Throwing them in the sea of limbo.

To nothing more,

If the truth of possibility was to be present,

The little world would drown in curiousness,

Exploring and searching for answers,

Only which we would know.

Tea Kawana

Prayer

It's in your place
I find solace,
It's in your presence,
I find rest.

When in that moment,
the world is shut away
from me.
In this serenity,
I feel whole,
satisfied;
for in You there is but sufficiency.
You do not lack in what the world does.

In your presence,
In my tears and laughter,
In my emptiness,
I cling onto You,
For I know You are there,
You said You would never
leave me.
And Your promises are not
like the world's; that
change.
But You are unchanging,
Faithful and Love.

I keep my trust in You.

Tea Kawana

Programming Is Art

As if he were a painter,
he interpreted his thoughts using colour, with his tools:
several brushes and a paint palette.

As if he played in some orchestra or band,
and the notes from the sheet music were
expressed through the very contact of his
instrument and himself; and the translation
of the incomprehensible beautiful marks on the sheet,
to a set theme, one could envision in the mind, was impeccably evident through
play.

As if he were a dancer,
having polished up all the various essential techniques...
and how the flexibility and movement of his body
extract the notation to beautiful action.

Through his own specialty,
I see all these come into play,
I see art.

Tea Kawana

Rainbow Silly Putty

Let me sit still in your palm.

Let me sit still in your palm, and
Tolerate I implore you
My being mean green,
My being warm and vibrant orange,
From my anonymity of black which draws
You to question our familiarity
To a surprised confidence of a cool, clean blue
Which restores and repairs your uncertainty.

Mysterious purple I may become and may hold myself
Of highest nobility,
Or clad myself in a melancholy grey from an optimistic yellow...
Still let me sit in your palm.

Allow me not to slip off the side of your hand,
Or seep through your fingers.

Please do not count the hours, days, months or years
For this is what I can be right now
Till the verge,
If there is one.

Tea Kawana

Save Me

I don't want to doubt
and let me not be confused.
I know that You came into
my heart because
I accept who You are.
Sometimes I feel like
I'm going out of direction
or my focus is slightly faded.
I feel bad being unable to grasp the way
I used to.
Lord help me
find rest in You
and peace again that my
lips may boast of You.
Bring me back to You.

Tea Kawana

She Doesn'T Know What She Wants

Awake my heart to educe all that it keeps.
there are thots nd words
tht it stores of wanting none bt u to share.
For each time sm1 cums along, it whispers to
me tht the words it prefers to hold to give out
to the 1 who ought 2hear. As at now, as u r around,
the words r thumping for release,
yet im doubtful to agree,
and im leaning to 1 side in ambivalence,
so make my doubts go.

Tea Kawana

Singing Practice

He came to watch us practise;
To spot the specks of dust,
To wipe them clean.
With piercing eyes, quite
He looked at us,
Still marking.

And when he spoke.
His words bellowed
From the heart.
I glanced at him
From time to time;
Momentarily taking in his words
And staring at him.

He spoke with passion,
So much passion.

The tone in each note
he carried played what
they had to play:
solemnity, care, love, empathy
I know he twisted nerves
and shook hearts.

He fixed us up with his words.

Tea Kawana

Skinny

As I stand
 with my left leg
 crossed over my right thigh
 and sponge my left thigh
 at the corner of my eye
 I see a crescent made
 between my pelvis
And hip.

As I bend
To lotion my foot,
At the corner of
My eye
In the mirror
I see more than half of my
Backbone protrudes.

My collar bone;
Defined.

I cry

Tea Kawana

Sometimes I Own You

Sometimes I own you in my
heart; my inner speaks to me
and tells me this is definitely yours.
Yet sometimes I want to push you away
for your own safety
to not fall in my traps of hurts.
My sorries won't make up for
all the hurts,
and you know that.

Sometimes I own you in my
heart; my inner speaks to me
and I just don't understand it.
You may even think pride holds me up,
but it's actually that I feel terrible,
yet saying it would tire you
of forgiveness.

Sometimes I own you in my
heart; my inner shouts at me
that I should leave things, and just
let you be; than kill you because of me
of which you don't deserve.

Your happiness is my absence,
And though my heart shouts at me
I can't.

Tea Kawana

Sunday Afternoon

As I watch my sisters' sleep,
I look at them closely
They sleep carefree.
Being a hot Sunday,
they've taken a nap
with the windows wide open
to welcome the breeze.
They've closed their eyes willingly
And they're lost in dreams.
They turn slowly as they
change positions to make themselves
comfortable.
In whichever position, they are
comfortable.
I fancy them.

Tea Kawana

Tea At Sunset

During the mauve sunset,
She was with me; hot, mild, assiduous, all so luxuriate,
clothed in black and a tint of lemon.
She was fair, and my desire for her lead on,
Her body, delicate, as honey-dew - she tasted natural and sweet.
She sunk into me...
Not in feign did I, but let out a pleasurable moan;
she raised me up in bliss.
What we had was exquisite, not a delusion,
it was rich...lasting,
it was love.

Tea Kawana

The Cold

At the times when I reach the heat of the fire.

It's pleasant warmth,
it's light and loveliness.

The cold creeps in, warning me.

Leading me to divergence; ,
I am brought down to my knees,
where the chill sets in my heart,
challenging me to recall
of what price is my worth.

When all has sunk.

I get to my feet,
return to where I came from

Tea Kawana

The Sun In Front Of The Classroom

Every day for registration
I would walk in and turn right
to give him a 'good morning' smile.
He would reply with that soft voice he had,
dilate his eyes a little,
drawing a few lines on his forehead,
and would turn to his work.

I'd try my best in his lessons –
Perhaps that wasn't good enough,
I'd ALWAYS greet him in the corridors –
well that doesn't seem to count.

Maybe I should move to the front row seats –
but no, it would be too hard to breathe; I would twitch – maybe choke!
His exposure is too intense.
His rays absorb into my skin,
and make my blood vessels pump harder.
I burn easily.

Oh, his such a delight to look at...

Tea Kawana

They Took Him Away

a day in which, coming seconds
are filled to the brim of pain,
ambivalent thoughts,
non-stopping thoughts.

a calm assurance too hard to find,
and searching hurts,
at every step,
because there's none to find,

but of which I lost.

Tea Kawana

To Nature

I'm guilt-ridden, more yet,
conscience-stricken

They touched me,
yet not out of respect,
exuding their pleasure upon me,
and yet I could not resist,
I detest myself that I could not desist.
Me and my fatuity.

...I'm sorry because I crushed you,
ruined you, and I guess never really had you.

But if it would me,
I don't want a rank
beneath my nose, but that
rich, sweet, cuddly scent.
That beautiful scent of nature
I would not want to eradicate.

Tea Kawana

To Speak

To write is my oxygen;
it's to breathe.
what the Lord has given me,
to express through my
silent voice.

I'm not silent,
I'm not so eloquent
to bring out points
plainly in my speech.
It's not hard,
I just seem to get
tongue-tied right at the
beginning: when
I know I'm the one being
heard, my voice taking
the stand.

I think I'm slow,
You have to bear with
me,
give me patience.
I'll learn to speak;
I am trying.

Tea Kawana

To Writing

I won't pity myself,
In spite of being in the midst of
Telling whether my heart's room
Is luminous or dim.
Radiant or dull.
I won't pity myself,
In this while,
Where I sit at this board,
And my tools don't match.
My tools don't match.
I won't pity myself,
In spite of my heart's ongoing questions
Which erupt from my core
And explode within me,
And my heart cries
Its
Own
tears
Circumstances sway and
Sway my body

I am only disquiet
About us.
Shall we continue to be?

Tea Kawana

To You

I encountered many,
and many seemed to have no reason,
Though young I may be,
I've been shown what's mine,
so now I am sowing,
to gather up an ample harvest:
of plentiful luscious bright fruits,
and succulent veggies.
I'll place them in my basket,
and carry them home.
I'll place them on the table.
I'll wash my hands, then
rinse, slice, chop and cook
with delicate assiduity,
and serve you.

Tea Kawana

Ugly

I faced the white duvet cover,
but couldn't see it in front of me.
Tears flooded my eyes,
but I couldn't feel them.
Unable to produce a voice,
Unable to hear,
I became dumb.

I hear steps -
They stop, and a door knob turns.
Unnecessary words, a heart beating faster.
A hard grip - eye contact, and harsh words spitting.
A zip - unzipped quickly.
A scream - a large dirty hand to a mouth.
A body rigidly trying to escape from a power unable to overcome.
A head on a chest, to a neck - forcefully and rough.
Two faces; eyes shut facing eyes gone blind.
A pleasure exuded
A satisfaction fulfilled,
An innocence lost.

A picture of a recent memory.

Tea Kawana

Untitled

I grew so weary;
My concealment meant only not to hurt you
Yet in time, it's obscurity cluttered my aim;
Lead me to an almost deadly destruction,
To another direction;
Complication.
Even so, my aim was foolish;
I regret that brink of almost gushing it all out
Just to tell you, I wanted to tell you.

You put me on your lap
Like a little child.
I am a little child, especially to you
For you are my mother.
Your motherly arms cuddled me into your chest
And still loved me.

I love you

Tea Kawana

Untitled 2

Ive known the way you talk - ur change of conversation - ur alarms to which i myself i'm alarmed. Nd in instant, you roar upon al tht ppl hv built nd take me to the not 1 sided - giv an ear accompanied with patience to hear thots nd eyes dnt oways point us frm othrs; each othr we notice our faltering to correct nd our strengths; wrongs nd rights. We cnt stop what we hear but we can choose what to get to take in frm all these good we accept nd the bad are the residue left upon our filter. Sm tek bad 1s...nd find thm out to b stepping stones unknowingly discovering a strength- an evident 'impossibility' sm1 must hv thot.

Tea Kawana

Wedding Dress

Like a bride ought to be set
let me also be primed:
Or like a young girl who
awaits for her season
and takes care of her purity
till she meet him.

Like a bride ought to be set
let me also follow the path:
let me abide by the rules;
let me read and grow
and know how I ought to be.

As a bride dressed for that special day
let me put it on even now
for mine is an exception
and although the dress is not visible
Only You can see the work in my heart
Yet let me put it on
even though I do not know the day
when You my Saviour Lord Jesus
shall take me away.

Tea Kawana

What Happened To Us?

What happened to us?

Of course it's me; You are perfect.

It can never be You and will never be You.

I just don't get it, I don't understand!

I was so close to You; You were my best friend!

I could talk to You about anything at any time,

I would read and know more about You.

It got easier at pleasing You because I started to enjoy it. And soon You were my oxygen.

At times when it got harder to breathe and everything got complicated, I found the best comfort in You. In my entire life, never had I felt what I felt with You. And now it seems faded; I wonder if it was real or true...

Was it my thinking?

Or were we just never together?

Tea Kawana

Withhold Me From The Knife

</>Lord, withhold me from the knife,
I don't want to go there,
I don't want to go back.
I know that I am A MESS,
But bleeding won't solve the problem.
I don't want to Lord,
And each time I reach,
The brink of it,
I think of Jesus, my Saviour,
Who's taken all that away,
That I'm free from my past.
Lord withhold me from the knife.
Help me solve my problems,
It's only to You I can come.

Tea Kawana

Worry

It feels like plastic,
At the part where my lips
clasp; they're curled and peel off.
Saliva's carcass lies between them too;
white, stretched to the corners.
My tongue rarely moves,
only forced by a toothbrush
to drive away the bacteria and reek
that now tastes permanent.
My eyes: sleepless, pale,
Unable to repress all that they see
Thoughts swerve inside my head.
Turning and twisting
they cause my vessels to
Pump.
I ache...
I cannot help it but
Think.

Tea Kawana

You

Silence
when is born
of thought;
I lay
I see the people,
and I feel dragged down.
When I think of You,
I know the Truth;
that You are mine.
It doesn't make me hold my head high
but comforts me within.

Tea Kawana

You Are Amazing

As unworthy as I am;
I came to you.
For there was none other I could
go to.
I went against You,
I turned Your Word upside down
And took it as if it we're right.

How DARE I think I could play with Your Grace?

I took pleasure in its contrary,
And did it in Your sight.
I hurt You and disappointed You.
And I didn't realize until
it hit me that hurting You
was the most serious issue in my life,
and it only made me hurt myself and our relationship.
You are my number One priority,
You are my life.
My doing wrong could not be hidden,
I'd be killing myself.
And why would I hide it
when I could come to You?
To make things right,
To make us right.
I told You, and from my heart
wept sore for going against You.
And in Your Mercy and Grace
You took me in.
You Are Wonderful,
You Are Amazing.

Tea Kawana