

Poetry Series

Tsholofelo Phakathi

- poems -

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Tsholofelo Phakathi()

My name is Tsholofelo Theresa Phakathi
I am a last born from a family of 3,
I am in high school at Mandisa Shiceka Secondary
everyone can agree that I am a good learner and that I like to study.
I can say that I am a responsible and a hard-working learner.

My favourite colour is Purple and my hobby is playing Chess,
I like listening to Gospel when I'm bored.
My favourite book is "Wouldn't Take Nothing For My Journey Now"
Maya Angelou.
My favourite Quote is
"the future is for those who prepare for it" Malcom X

I attended my primary at
Entuthukweni primary school and I was a
Deputy Head-Girl and a
Chairperson in soul buddyz

I'm a Poet
I'm a Writer
and also a Motivator

"I believe in words"

How would it be like if words were not some where there.....
Cause only words have the power to enter each heart and create whats possible.

We living in the world that has its own problem though the world can't help itself
but words can.

Not only words like D Dee Deee
but words which are powerful....
Powerful to heal each broken heart
To teach each blank brain
.....

Facebook Page: Poet 2sholo4elo Phakathi

Amazing He Is

amazing he is
the one who who is in me,
how great i am to have him,
how lucky i am to know his words,
how beautiful i am to be created by him,
how knowledgable i have to know his words,
how talkative i am to talk about him

amazing he is
the one who is in me

Tsholofelo Phakathi

Can I Be

CAN I BE

Can I be happy
happy to sing like birds in the morning
with those sweet voices,
Can I dance a dance of my own culture with no discrimination,
Can I be loved
with no dove
to hurt me,
Can I let you my story
with a strong
smile
on your face,
Can I walk down the street with pride
for I don't pay a price
to wave my hands to those boys,
Can I let you hold my hands with your innocent hands?
Can I let you touch me with no hurt to cause?

Can I be...

Poet 2sholo4elo Phakathi

Tsholofelo Phakathi

Child Abuse

Child Abuse

Why hit me while you saying that you are protecting me,

Why do you rape me and you want me to
have my own children,

Why kick me away from the house and you say you care about me,

Why make me clean or give me work that is beyond my strength,

Why

You say you want my future to be bright but you bring darkness towards my life

You said I should stay away from boys because they will bring me HIV...
I never saw the Light at the end of a Tunnel,
You raped me till your raped me nomore...

Why should I suffer your purpose because this isn't a mistake.

What did I take from you?
which does not belong to me,
You always said that you love me
But now your love has become a curse
I won't forgive myself
In case when I survive...

Poet Tsholofelo Phakathi

Tsholofelo Phakathi

Death

Death

Who is your mum?
Who is your dad?
Where were you born?
Why are you doing this?
Why do you take away the people we love so much?
Why do you leave people as orphans?
Why do you take away the true leaders?
What colour are you?
I think it's black
Can you even think back
What poems do you like? I hope it's death
Can't you just leave this earth

You are so painful.....
death
You are something that does not care.....
each and every day 'death' has taken away people,

Death hope you Proud
I just can't rejoice and be loud...
For I know that I don't owe You a Price
But You always Surprise.

Poet 2sholo4elo Phakathi

Tsholofelo Phakathi

God

He said I should not fear
cause he is always near
to hear
my prayers.

Every day I pray for a wonderful year
and for my career
to appear
clear.

He is also the creator
of this atmosphere
he is like a volunteer
he blesses us with blessings
Yet again we still ignore him.....

He is a lover
a giver
and also a saviour....
people use knives
because of the devil's lies
and they turn to take away somebody's life alive.....

My darling
one day you shall pay the price
and believe me it won't be some fantasy...

Tsholofelo Phakathi

I Have A Dream

I Have A Dream

I will go there with no fear.
I will eat that food with no doubts.
I will wear that clothes with confidence.
I will dance that song with pride.

That this land
someday may be at peace...
That all the learner's may someday know the meaning of education...
That crime is not a Solution
but a problem...

I Have A Dream

Poet 2sholo4elo Phakathi

Tsholofelo Phakathi

If It's To Be, Then It's Up To Me

if it's to be, then it's up to me....

i believe in tsholofelo phakathi, i believe in me.
you are special,

you are not a mistake, you have a purpose in this world, and tsholo that is why
you were born,

i believe that you can make poetry into another level, i believe that you can
make the world a better place.

i believe that you are smart and likable,

i believe that poverty will be my history,

and being succesful will be my destination,

i believe in me, my self and i

i believe i have a positive self-esteem,

i am not a chicken but an eagle,
i soars high above the mountains,
powerful hunter,
normally associated with leadership.

if it's to be, then it's up to me....

2sholo4elo da poet

Tsholofelo Phakathi

Loving You Patient

Loving you patient

loving you with mind set
loving you even you though you left me
loving you at first side
loving you with pride
loving you because i know i don't pray a price
.....

loving you patient

even though you are ten feet underground
even though you have no breath either your brain
for you can't feel the rain
but now i can tell that i'm fine,

i didn't get that time
for you to be mine...
for me to love you
and also for you to call me your dove....
i didn't see that smile
even though i'm mile
away from you.....

2sholo4elo da poet

Tsholofelo Phakathi

My Dairy

my diry.

i have a friend who is called diary,
dairy keeps my secret,
dairy is always with me.
dairy will disapoint and anoint me as they like to ignore me.

i can shake off everything if i write,
my sorrows disappear and no where else to be found but to be told in my dear
dairy journey book as we walk in these distination, my courage is reborn, i can
recapture everything when i write: my thoughts, my ideas and my fantasies.

my dairy
2sholo4elo da poet

Tsholofelo Phakathi

My Decision...

my decision.....

nobody ever did, or ever will, escape the consequences of his choices.

i choose bad friend not by mistake but purpose.

i started drinking alcohol and geting drunk,

i droped school.....

and that leaded me to poverty.....

poverty leaded me to crime.....

crime leaded me to be in jail.....

my decision

i am stucked where i am...

bad luck is my sheppard.....

i've lost my mom,

i've lost my dad,

i've lost my family,

i've lost my dreams.....

and now the is no hope for me and life,

my decision

please don't judge me i already know my mistakes and i learnt something from my bad life.

the world's beauty confused me than i totally lost controll.

my decision

i am stucked where i am,

2sholo4elo da poet

Tsholofelo Phakathi

My Environment And Myself

my environment and myself

from the moment i was born

i am in contact with my environment:

smell

touch

sight

taste

hear

but do i see the world in my words when i write? ?

do i have same defination of my environment as my friends? ? ?

no, because i interpret what i see according to my beliefs like when i see these
leafs in summer

my environment and myself

we have different experiences

we have feelings

we have hopes

we have dreams and fears

we are not the same but inside we are the same i know you wont see it

but than trust me we are the same,

we are all created in the image of god

we all have experiences

we all have feelings

we all have hopes

we all have dreams and fears

my environment and myself

2sholo4elo da poet

Tsholofelo Phakathi

My Mind

sometime's i wounder if am i the child god really wants am i wounderful.
or am i being one the fool.
after all the things god has done for me aw i being greatful.
or am i being great the fool.
am i dead to god? like my dad who is dead too.
as i land,
down on earth so many things i should have learned like what if i was a man who
was in jail.
as i open my eyes on land,
i should have seen how beautiful is the world we are in.
and if i was promised all would, i agree or disagree.
sometimes i wounder am i fit? do i fit on that man's feet.

Tsholofelo Phakathi

My Mom

my mom.....

i am what i am today because of you who you made me to be who i am today,

my mom.

the love that grows

the love that shows,

the look that shares

the look that cares,

the touch that's near

the touch that's dear,

the love of my mother

is like no other,

my mom

you are more than a mother to me,

but also a father.

you are not a teacher but yet you touched me what is wrong and right.

you are not a doctor but when i have a headach you know what to do.

and for that i love you mama...

2sholo4elo da poet

Tsholofelo Phakathi

My Teddy Bear

my teddy bear

my molding bear
my holding dear
my always near
bear.

she never give me attitude
she never get jealous with my shooting eyes
she is a quit type
who never like to get the nape.
she is a serious type
who never likes to shout at me
she never ask me
what
when
where
why
who
how.

but all she does is to smile
and never even goes a mile
cause i know she's mine
and i won't even throw her in a bin
cause i know the pain of a pin
when its so thin
beating in my heart.
i always share,
with her my hope and dreams
she knows my tears
she see's me when i'm crying
and she feels pain when i'm screaming
but i know she likes it when i'm eating some creaming ice~cream.
i love
you
and you know that you are my dove
especially when i'm wearing does clove

2sholo4elo da poet

Tsholofelo Phakathi

My-Self

A girl who was placed on earth for a purpose
to show direction to those who are lost
to give information to those who lack knowledge
by the meaning of poetry

Tsholofelo Phakathi

A girl of dreams

I am a good example to my family a controller of my life

I am not a pretender i dont die inside

I am a foundation of success

A girl with a good imagination

A role model of innocent people

A girl with positive mind

A girl with high self-esteem

Tsholofelo Phakathi

A girl who believes that poetry is my everyday destination

A girl who her lines a xenophobia they over cross the boader

Tsholofelo Phakathi

who believes that she is a star that is always floating in the above sky

This is Tsholofelo Phakathi the girl who speaks her mind

Tsholofelo Phakathi

People Are Dying

PEOPLE ARE DYING

OH.....

People keep on lying
and denying....

Because of this disease that keeps on applying,
Children are crying
they have become orphans....

It kills and breaks
people's heart
and live them wandering
that when will I ever
stop living this life of ARV's.

Stop crying
but yet don't stop living and loving
though I would advise you to not forget the covering.....
life sometimes seems hard
but don't think bad
but think right....
Don't be selfish
Because of your stupid mind
don't let that baby from your womb
to catch that disease.....
Oh.....Mother I beg you.....
do not.

HIV doesn't like
but it strike
in the blood and leave you helpless
or shameless.....
Dear daughter
Dear Son
don't let your weak knowledge
make you useless.

Tsholofelo Phakathi

Please Friend Do Not Leave

we are going forever with our friendship.
we belong together as human beings.
i still have your space in my heart.
please i beg you don't fly away with a space ship from me.
i still wanna be a person you would have a pride to call your friend.
if you really sure you wana leave me i hope i won't get another friend like you,
who treat me nice, comfort me with friendship blanket, who sends me prayes for
life e.c.t,

i know i've made mistakes, i was not thinking straight understand that i wasn't
thinking stand what i feel right know i'm so sad to loose you.

please friend do not leave me.
2sholo4elo da poet

Tsholofelo Phakathi

Please Step Aside As I Decide

please step aside as i decide.

how can i decide my life when my friends are standing with alcohol infront of me.

how can i decide my life when this dad is standing infront of me saying that he loves me and he wana become a sugar daddy to me.

how can i decide my life when i have negative thoughts.

how can i decide my life with drugs.

please step aside as i decide.

2sholo4elo da poet! !

Tsholofelo Phakathi

Poetry Room

I tried to escape
the stage
and the gate....
It was like am in a cage
but I head to engage myself
in this silent Poetry Room.
I am left alone
like a silent ghost
without a name
it was like a game.....
I head to create
what's great
on that date....
The was nothing nor Something
only a pen and a paper
I knew I had to write something as a poet
though my mind told not to write
but my heart told me what's right
that I should use use this gift and write.

it was a silent room
so dark
I had to make a mark
I felt something inside that was strong
and long
I thought it was wrong
but this feeling is like a song
it belong
I knew that it was the feeling
of me being in love with poetry.

Tsholofelo Phakathi

Slave

slave

slave

slave

sengiyisilave sokubhala

sengiphilela ukuloba

akusekho ukulova

slave

abangani i left them behind and writting has became my true friend in these destiny

i could run cross the ocean just to get a pen and a paper and write my poem..... and place it on top of the mountain so that people won't steel it, , , but than i can't.

slave

sengiyisilave sokubhala

monday to sunday alikho ilanga lokuphumula

if writting was a drug than i'll say i'm addicted,
abanye bathi ngiyahlanya ngoba vele ngihlanyiswa ukuloba.

slave

slave

slave

2sholo4elo da poet

Tsholofelo Phakathi

Sorry, But I Can'T

SORRY, BUT I CAN'T

i just want to tell you some words before jesus comes,
i can't be your friend anymore
you cannot tell me your secret's
anymore
you can't walk with me as usuall anymore

SORRY, BUT I CAN'T

sorry if it's painful,
but i hope someone will heal you.
i'm so lucky i know
you
i'm so lucky that i know your name
i'm so popular i'm known by your heart.

SORRY, BUT I CAN'T

2sholo4elo da poet

Tsholofelo Phakathi

Speaking My Mind

speaking my mind.

i am holding these pen writting on the paper on top of the table sitting in the chair.

if i can die today where would i go?

will i go to heaven and be with god or would i go to hell and yell in there.

will people cry because they miss me or would they celebrate my funeral.

would the world be a better place without me.

would people lough at me as i am lying in my last house.

speaking my mind.

not that i want to die*never! ! ! * but than people sometimes you have to just think ahead like imaginating about life.

speaking my mind.

2sholo4elo da poet

Tsholofelo Phakathi

The Nation

shall stop and slop and top so that it could stop the cries in their eyes and dries
as they fly high wise and no lies.

the nation shall be allowed and stop being aloud because they are making ant to
go because my aunt told me the time i ate in eight hours ago,
and i shall go up and make cup cakes for the nation with flour next to the banch
of a flower, on those hours and that cup cakes is gonna be ours,
the nation
2sholo4elo da poet

Tsholofelo Phakathi

The World Must Be Enjoyable But Now We Find It Misreable

the world must be enjoyable but now we find it misreable.

i go streets by streets, what do i see? ? i see boys and girls smoking glue.

i go schools by schools, what do i see? ? i see my peer's wearing the same uniform like me sitting next to me but she is pregnant.

i go hospital by hospital, what do i see? ? i see people suffering from all kind of deases.

i go jail by jail, what do i see? ? i see my sister and brother suffering their consiquences because of their bad mistakes.

i go bedrooms by bedrooms, what do i see? ? i see a father and my peer kissing each other by the meaning of a relationship and the father become a sugar daddy to my peer.

i go church by church, what do i see? ? i see my pastor discriminating other church's and believes.

i go palament by palament, what do i see i my president's dairy filled with promises and those promises are not yet done fullfilled.

the world must be enjoyable but now we find it misreable.

2sholo4elo da poet! ! ! !

Tsholofelo Phakathi

Time

time

the time is passing by your face and you have not done anything yet,

time

the is time to lough

the is time where it is tough,

the is time when you are fitness

the is time when you have these sickness,

the is time to have hope

the is time to be dope,

the is time to top

the is time to flop,

the is time for peace

the is time for piece,

the is time for life but with no knife,

time

the time is passing by your face and you have not yet done anything.

time

2sholo4elo da poet

Tsholofelo Phakathi

Tsholofelo Phakathi

ngithi yimi utsholofelo wakwa phakathi,

ngisho lentombazane ensundu ngebala ngoba ithamela ilanga nasebusuku,

ngisho lentombazane ekhulumela kafuthi ngathi yake yabona umhlaba udikizela,

ngisho lentombazane ezibonayo kodwa vele ngizobonwa ngubani mangingazi boni siqu sami,

ngisho lentombazane abantu bahlake benyawa izinsini ngegama layo,

ngisho lentombazane abahlale bethi bayayazi kodwa ngiyazi ukuthi banephutha,

ngisho lentombazane abathi ngeke ize iphumelele ngoku loba izinkondlo kodwa ingani ngilapha ngikhona impumelelo leyo,

ngithi yimi utsholofelo wakwa phakathi

2sholo4elo da poet

Tsholofelo Phakathi

When I Think Of A Women

WHEN I THINK OF A WOMEN

I think of a women
I think of you
when I think of a women....
I think about love
when I picture a Shy women.....
I think of a dove
when I think of a women's feeling....
I think of love
I think of sharing
I just can't stop staring
More especially when their smiling
I feel like dwelling
In their presence and I just become a darling.....

When I think of a women
I think of pain
In which they can't hesitate
but to deliver it.....
While I go insane like a train
I loose my brain
just like a chain.

They are comfort
they are like the pillar
of strength
that strengthen my soul....

Tsholofelo Phakathi

When The Wind

WHEN THE WIND
BLOWS
WHILE MY MIND
FLOWS

i set outside
the house
with this mouse.
the wind started to blow
and on my mind i was having dreams and hopes.

I almost lost hope
because of my dreams and on that moment
the wind was blowing.
did i really loose hope during the moment of my dreams

WHEN THE WIND
BLOW
WHILE MY MIND
FLOW

2sholo4elo da poet

Tsholofelo Phakathi

Will It Happen?

will it happen?

if i came crying
and screaming
infront of you
will you welcome me in your arms? .

if i came smiling
while you are crying,
will you share your story with me?

if i come lost
mostly not knowing my home,
will you waste your time and help?

if i'm no-longer
available to see me doing good and bad things
will you miss me?

2sholo4elo da poet

Tsholofelo Phakathi