

Poetry Series

Angela Poen

- poems -

Publication Date:
2015

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Angela Poen(20 April)

Brits born, last born
Wits going, first gone
Who bets on
Best poets,
Best educators & masters

I place my head on the lyrical pillow
Everynight, Watching the stars
and the moon through my window
Like a widow, I sit on the mattress and mourn moments with alphabets
I find the art in dropping my head down to the exam pad
As I run the black ink accross those white sheets
In the dark with the help of a lighter
my hand, structuring every character (alphabet) with respect.
Like a hero, I find victory in striking one's brain with those words that my pillow
whispers in my ear everynight
I find pleasure in thinking about what you're thinking
And what you choose to ignore
And I put those on a piece of paper

I am only an angel -the messenger
Came not to judge
But to reveal the truth that you might just not see
To whisper into your ears what you cannot hear
To deliver the message
And to say on your behalf, what you cannot say

I get my revelation from the sweet sounds of nature
I befriended isolation to fulfill this mission
Pen and paper became my best friends
In the midst of silence and loneliness
As I ink the paper with the past experiences
The present and what we all expect in the future
I hope it all reaches your soul
And in case you wonder who on earth is talking..

My name is Tebogo Angela Poen
You can call me Angy/ T'go

Stay tuned, learn and enjoy

About Me

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Angela Poen

Betrayal

I confided, trusted and hoped
I gave u the knife, did not think you'd use it
I turned my back and closed my eyes to show u how much I trust u
Did not think u are capable of stabbing me in the back
I had hoped to wake up from this nightmare
Hoped it was the 1st of April
Hoped you'd come and apologise
But none of those took place
I guess it's safe to say I was young and stupid; naïve as they put it

I confided, trusted and hoped
But all that was crushed into pieces
Pieces that I cannot mend
Now I can't confide in anyone
I can't trust anyone
I don't even keep my hopes high on anything
You took all that away
You have fooled me
Your innocent face,
Your head nodding in pretence of understanding my story
Your comforting hands
Told me something different
A complete opposite of ur character
The reason I confided, trusted and hoped
But I can't do that anymore
One stab is enough

Angela Poen

Cry

When things come to an end
Good or bad
It somehow brings out of our eyes
Those glands to say goodbye
To accompany whatever it is to its place of rest

Hence we cry when we are happy
And name those tears of joys
Because the sad days are gone
We cry when we have conquered,
Because the days of struggle are gone
We cry when we miss each other
For the gap that needs to be filled will hang empty

We cry when we are fed up
When we cannot take anymore of life
We cry because we have tears to spend

So let your tears accompany whatever it is leaving your life
For it to have a great farewell
And for you to have peace in your soul
Let them flow

Angela Poen

Downtown

1st rule: u don't say 'excuse me' 2 any1. U just pass, if u hpn 2 push them, den it's not a problem.

Ok.. Then these women be chasing u with their infinite hairstyles, wanting u 2 try them on ur head.. 'helo sisi, khom 'n see, don't u want to do ur hair? '. Somehow u manage 2 escape, then dis big-headed guy grabs ur hand & be like 'hellouw sweedart' as he blows da cigarette smoke on u.. & un4tunately u have 2 pass by dat other man sitting on da corner, giving u dat 'I want 2 swallow u' look.. U try very hard not 2 show him dat u're nervous.. So u give him a daring look. Then u happen to trip, just when u were about 2 fall, the thought of those dirty, smelly waters running in the street, ready 2 grab u, gave u more reason 2 balance & hold on to that rusty pole. Then this guy shows up, giving u that 'have mercy on me' look, asks u 4 a R2 or some bread.. Seeing how u're surrounded by a pride of lions, scared of taking the handbag off ur shoulder & reach in2 it 2 find ur purse, U tell him dat u don't have it. So he leaves u & continues with his journey.. As u rush into da taxi rank, da car passes, drives into those dirty waters, & be4 u knew it, u were showered with those waters.. Eeew.! Feeling like saying da 'f*' word.. Bt then u calm urslf, . 'this is 1 of da devils games'- u think. U carry on with ur journey.. Aaaaah! Then u come across a traffic of pedestrians.. 'this is not my day'- u think.. 'people move maan hau..'- u say it in ur heart. u feel like pushing this lady in front of u as she walks like a model. As 4 those ladies with high heels.. u just feel like screaming at them 'THIS IS NOT THE RIGHT PLACE TO PRACTISE WALKING.. Some of us are in a hurry maan'.. With a very knocked-down face, as u walking like u following a queue inside a bank, u start feeling a heat. So u think dat maybe it's a crowd.. But no.. Someone is cooking here. Heban! ! Dude where should we pass? As u walking, some1 behind u steps on ur shoe, then it comes off.. Ish. U feel like giving him a warm-klap.. But then u remembr dat u are a WJWD, So u jst walk away.. then comes dat short person whom u nearly stumbled & fell onto.. I SWEAR..!
?#?fast4ward?.

Then u finally make it 2 ur taxi & luckily it's empty. As pissed as u are u go straight 2 da backseat, put ur headsets on.. & try 2 calmly reflect on what happened during da day..

& guess who joins u there..

Aaaaaaaargh!

Well.. Let's just sum it all up & say she came 2 spoil da mood. Da calm mood u were trying 2 create. U can feel dat ur face is literally turning red. Ok..1st of all, She's talkative, which makes it hard 4 u 2 listen 2 Babyface.. It's only gonna take a minute, u think. So she invites u in2 a conversation on politics.. Something

that u are so not interested in. U rly feel dat u gonna chew her alive, eat her all up coz u rly had a bad day.. Nxe! At dat moment u desperately wish dat u cld at least receive a call so she could shut up.. Bt i guess, no1 misses u. So u try ur luck with Naledi, u hit her with a callback, She returns it.. Ish.! Wat do u do when u find urself in si2ations like this 1 maar? Mxm.. I guess u stuck with ds momma. Bt y would she choose a backseat vele? Hai! Secondly, She's big. Jah let's call her dat 4 nw.. U realise dat u actually have long legs when 2 more people join u at da backseat.. Now u squashed, u feel like ur hips will crack in a minute. Ur knees are tightly joined. U dnt knw whether u should bend foward or sitback. So wishing dat da woman next 2 u could use some brains & go sit in da front. But no.. She's here 2 stay. U can c how comfortable she is seatd & abt 2 lay her head on ur shoulder coz yadayading 2k all her energy. Off goes da taxi.. O-oh! It's hard 4 u 2 reach in2 ur pockets 2 take out da money so u can pay. & u looking at her like 'it's all ur fault dat i'm struggling 2 take out my money' with so many tongue clicks running in ur mind 'nxa. Mxm. Nxe-xe' It's stuffy dat u had 2 open da whole window, & da air/wind (whatever u call it) be coming in, blowing ryt on ur face, ur nostrils b filled with all da oxygens, CO2s, nitrogens & al other gases dat u find in da air. So u shut da window quickly. & realise when the taxi collides with da 1st hump dat u r nt only squashed bt also swinging. Like da seat is abt 2 come off.. & it's making those funny noises, so annoying..! Will dis day ever end? At dat time u are highly pressed & could pee on urself anytime soon. Da driver is so angry at da humps, which makes ur bladder short tempered. Phew! Ok.. Looks like he's gonna stop by dat garage. Immediately when he does, u gonna get off & go 2 da restrooms. Yay! He finally does. Bt ish.. Having 2 poke 'u knw who', tel her 2 tel da guy sittng next 2 her 2 tel dat other guy 2 tel da lady in front 2 tel dat momma 2 ask dat sisí 2 open da door, so dat da momma cld jump out,4llowd by da model, den Mr ipad... Ish #fast4ward.

So u decide 2 hold it.

Ish.. Then da traffic cops..

Do these people know wat u going through?

An awful day

Angela Poen

Freedom

Free, Freed, Freedom
We claim it, we preach it
Some still stretch necks to tell if we are getting there or not
Some be confusing it with independance and democracy

Freedom will forever be preached
But will never be reached
Until you decide to possess it
It's not something passing by
That you have to grab_ like an opportunity
It lives within you, all you gotta do is expose it.

Stop seeking freedom from the government
Stop seeking freedom from the system or society
Dig deep into your soul
A little deeper..

There it is
Covered with your low self esteem
Covered with your fears of the world's criticisms
The fears of gravity
Fears of the world
And above all, the fear of your potential
The fear of heights;
Of how high you can soar
So you come up with excuses

You see..?
You are your own oppressor
And only you can set yourself free from yourself
Only you can liberate yourself

Yes the chains binding your hands have been broken loose
But not those binding your mind, your soul, your esteem, your capability, your being

It is only when you can break those chains
When they say the sky is the limit

and you go beyond the sky
For there should never be limitations for one who is free
When you challenge your imagination
Through physical application
Turning fantasy into reality
Yes there will be criticisms, don't try to remove them or challenge them
Rise above them

Rise 'Til the only force that causes you to look up
Is the only one who lives in you
He who gave you talents
And gave you a choice to add onto them
He who is superior above all creation
God himself

Then we can declare you free
Freed from all boundaries, forces, fears and doubts
Having exposed your freedom from within

May you find freedom within you

Angela Poen

Giving Is The Secret Principle Of Receiving

the season was very dry and dusty
with no hope of rain
green was a myth
it only existed in the make-belief world
with that last drop of water
that was my last hope for restoring dying plants
I applied the knowledge of science accompanied by faith
that is when science befriended a principle of Christianity
i.e. Giving
expecting the same yet good measure, shaken together and pouring over
I took my last drop of water and gave it to the atmosphere
with the knowledge that it will evaporate
condense into clouds
and with the help of heat return back to earth as RAIN
I put God's word and my faith to a test
I gave so I could receive more

a few days later it rained
and I knew God remembered me
it rained on my fields
rained on me
and infiltrated into the soil
that the soil couldn't take any more of it
that is a good measure, pressed down,
shaken together and running over
it is always not easy to let go of what you only left with
it was not easy for me either
the thought of gambling with it
bringing to you the fear of losing it
is just unbearable
but the results of it pay when you believe
do you think if I saved that last droplet of water
I'd be looking at the GREEN fields today?

so invest in God
and whatsoever you are investing
shall grow abundantly with good interest
it shall multiply back to you
invest your love

invest your life
invest whatsoever you don't want to lose
'try me' he said
and you shall see that he never forgets his promises

Angela Poen

God's Love

How much he loves you that he would sacrifice his sleep to watch over you when u asleep at night,
Even though u haven't asked him to
How he loves u that he would watch u not giving him ur time,
U'd rather give it to ur pets, newspaper or magazine
But he never stops loving
How he loves u to watch u cheat on him over and over again yet he'd welcome u home when u come back
How he loves you that he'd play a fool
Knowing all dat u've been doing, the lies u've been telling, going all against him, taking the advantage dat it won't hurt him.. He's still pleased with giving u a 2nd,3rd,4th,5th.. Etc chance
How he loves u that evn though u never stop complaining abt what he offers u, he does not stop providing.
He loves you more than anyone could ever love you.. Even though he's at the bottom of ur list. He just loves u as if u de only one he has, the only one in the world..
Yes, We live in a very busy, dramatic, fun, chaotic world.. But try Giving God ur time. If it wasn't for him, u wouldn't be here.. U know it very well.

Angela Poen

Gone With Your Neatness

I went to your house to clean the other day
And I found no gate as a means of entrance and exit
So I stepped into the jungle
The birds were singing outside
I wish you were around to listen to their songs
I remember how much you loved them and always spared the bread crumbs for them

Every tree was every reptile's territory
Some of them I had never seen them in my years of living
I saw them playing chase and touch,
From branch to branch
The goats were feasting on the greens outside
I didn't know you sowed more seeds of unknown trees
Indeed this is a jungle

I ignored them and stepped into the house
I found the security guards- the ants at the door
And they asked for my VIP ticket
I threatened to step on them.
That worked; they let me in
Your furniture was covered with dust
The spiders were having a hike on your walls
Their webs were everywhere
The rats were playing hide and seek on the roof,
And inside Your cupboards,
The cockroaches were having a party on the table,
Where you left your favourite mug sticky with sugar, covered with ants
Where you left some bread crumble dry and hard like biltong
Some cockroaches were having a disco in the zinc
Singing agekh' ugogo (gran is not here)
The lizard was a deejay

I went to your house to clean the other day
As I reached into the drum for some water
It had rusted
So I thought maybe I should use the bucket
With it, fetch the water outside

But the frogs in there chased me out
They told me they had rented the place
I left them in peace

I went to your house to clean the other day
But the broom had leprosy
The mop had diarrhoea
And the feather dust had flue,
Said she couldn't come in contact with dust as it might get worse
Your kitchen/dish cloths looked more like those that we use to scrub the floors
with

Everything was doing as it pleased
Had they known how you kept your house clean and sparkling
Had they remembered how they couldn't even come close to your door
I thought the fear they had at your presence
Will keep them away even in your absence
This is where I realised that when you left
You probably took your cleanliness with
And left the house to them as a will to please themselves with

This used to be a house of hymns
This house was once a church
A house I ran to when my parents and I were having a disagreement
A home where I learnt how to play diketo
A house built with sand and grey cement bricks
A home of refreshing shades from strong trees
Where every fruit came fresh and sweet from the trees
But now, the friendly, comforting trees I used to know
Have turned against me
We are now strangers
I guess I took too long to visit
Since you left

I went to your house to clean the other day
But I couldn't touch anything
Your house has been turned into the hall of shame
I wondered if your house looked like this
How does the one at your place of rest looks like?
How does the one that your spirit lived in look like?
Probably the earthworms have consumed all of it
And left the wood (coffin) that we put it in empty

But in your remembrance, I will leave this house
And rather keep the one that my spirit dwells in clean
Till I also leave it,
And just like you, I will keep my spirit neat
And this is the neatness I will take with when I leave this world

Angela Poen

Happy Anniversary

My love

I know I may not be able to offer you the kingdom
But in my heart you rule
I know I may not take you to all the places you wish to go to
But in me you have a home
I know God is the one holding our lives
But if it were up to me,
Forever is what I'd give to you
I guess it's only safe to say "til death do us apart"
I don't know how much life I'm left with
But the rest of it, I dedicate it to you
In the eyes of society, we are merely a girlfriend and a boyfriend
But I know we more than a married couple
We just need to meet their requirements to make it happen
I know I don't see you everyday, but I carry you in my spirit and soul
You are everything to me
You mean the world to me
Happy anniversary.

Angela Poen

Her Daily Routine

When one gets really fed up
They try to find ways to silence their grief or pain
Even if it means that one bullet that will shut it
So it thinks twice before returning again

Sometimes we don't silence the pain
Rather ignore it as we let everything remain the same
Not that we used to it
Just ignoring it... or... obeying it or...
Surrendering ourselves to it

From the outside view, it was a normal household
Mother, Father and two kids
What was left for the lovebirds, was to together grow old
Well, until into the house came the evil deeds

You know if you can't face it at times, you run away
She tried and tried but couldn't see no way
Sometimes we just sacrifice
Keep on rolling them dice

Hoping that some answers would come
Using them numbers to help our minds decide
Beting on any side that comes
Emotions we hide
Refusing to let out what's inside

She easily covers the outside with make-up
She seems comfortable with her daily routine
After every knock-out, she gets up
Just to replay the scene

Get beaten... packing... leaving... coming back
Get beaten... packing... leaving... coming back
Get beaten... packing... leaving... coming back

GET BEATEN...!

These beatings have become a constant beat that her heart rhymes to everyday
The yellings and curses have become a melody that she can't stay away from for

a long time_ her daily eargasm
It seems that her heart's beating can only be controlled by these beatings
So she's scared that she might start gasping
As her heart stops pumping
Then she stops breathing
Because her flesh needs some beatings
So she packs her bags and goes back into that house again

We all know that woman
That mother, that sister, that neighbour
That lover oppressed
That lover enslaved
That lover controlled
That lover possessed

And the question we often ask from the outside view is:
When are you breaking this chain?
Are you not tired of feeling this pain?
Are you not tired of using this lane?
Getting up in the morning, just to be beaten again
Loving in vain....

We all know that woman
Using her remaining strength to see another day
Smiling and telling everyone that everything is okay
Wounded and bruised, she keeps getting up
Insulted and beaten, she returns back into that house
Just to keep the family sane

She has had it and still to have it
So sometimes we don't silence the pain
We just surrender for love's sake
Or should I call it ignorance?
We just allow ourselves to be finished off
With the intention of being hard and cold
So that we feel none no more

She whose heart is continuously broken
May know what it means to be with no emotion
And that's how we sometimes seem to be comfortable
Because our hearts been baptised in a pool of pain

So we get up... just to fall again
Fall... to get up again
So keep on rising woman

Angela Poen

I Am My Own Being

With this PRIDE I RIDE and travel miles
I HIDE what's inSIDE
The crying CHILD
I walk in the middle of a WIDE street
Like a BRIDE walking down the aisle
I SIDE alone and convince myself
This GUIDE inSIDE never LIED

With this ESTEEM I go EXTREME
Deep into my own THEME
And refuse to DIM my face
Let it BEAM
For I'm my own TEAM

Yes I TRIED to befriend many
But we never clicked
I CRIED for that
But eventually my tears DRIED
Got FRIED and burned away
So I could also look like a BRIDE
And fake the PRIDE

I am my own BEING
Trying to make a LIVING
This comes with SURVIVING
In this cruel and lonely journey
AcceptING rejection with a smile
And not even try to convince anyone to like me

I'm dat lion that hunts alone
If there no cheetahs or any other underdogs to share my meal with,
More for me!

With this STRENGTH
WEALTH and HEALTH shall follow me
DEATH bows to me
Like it OBEYETH he who DWELLETH in me

I Do Not Miss You

Do I miss u because of ur silence?
Is it because I do not hear your voice any longer?
Is it because u no longer care?
Is it because u have somehow stopped saying and doing what u used to?

Do I miss you because of the distance?
Is it because I cannot reach you?
Is it because I cannot see you?

Do I miss you because of the period?
Is it because I haven't seen you for quiet a while?
Is it because I don't know how long it will ever take to see you again?

Do I miss you because of my insecurities?
That maybe somehow, something about you might have changed without me knowing?
That maybe we can no longer be what we used to be?
That maybe ur surroundings have made some edits on u?

Nay!
I just realised that I miss nothing except missing you
For I do not miss u any longer
All these aspects have turned me into this empty, emotionless being
So if there's anything I miss, is missing you.. Not that I wish to miss you again.
For my priorities have been changed by the silence, distance, insecurities and the time.
I never thought time will come where u would just cross my mind without me feeling anything.
I do not miss you.

Angela Poen

I Need A Break

I thought I needed a break from life
But honestly speaking i need a break from human beings
I might also need a break from being wife
Need it from all sorts of livings

Sorry if this appears to be a hate speech
I know at times my view can be out of reach
I'll try not to sound too rich
Before u call me b*tch

If I could make one understand
Surely we can all stand and,
Find ways to collect the lost and mend
Their sense of belonging to the land

We have been socialised into thinking that things should only be done in a certain way
The reason some of us seem to be going astray
Being rebels that won't obey
The reason some of us just want to go far away
Where no one would edit our ways

I really thought I needed a break from life
But honestly speaking i need a break from human beings

I want to spread my wings, feel free
To soar higher than an eagle
Without anyone telling me how it's done
Except God leading me

Can't I for once take off this musk?
It's now becoming a burden and curse like the elephant's tusks
Is that too much to ask?
Would u even call it a task?

If so.. Leave me alone
Let me do things on my own
You don't own my bone
In case of emergency, I'll switch on my phone

And probably set the loudest tone
But don't just barge into my zone
Unless u desperately need a loan

Cause I really need a break from human beings

Angela Poen

If God And Lucifer Were Still Friends

If God and Lucifer were still friends
The bible wouldn't exist
The entire earth would still be the Garden of Eden
Adam and Eve wouldn't have eaten the forbidden fruit
Probably man and snake would still be best friends
We'd all be naked and seeing nothing wrong with that
Marriage was gonna be sacred
Adultery would have been foreign
If God and Lucifer were still friends

If God and Lucifer were still friends
Religion wouldn't exist
There wouldn't be any need for the books of law to be written
For none of us would have departed from the roots
Probably culture wouldn't exist too
Since it is seen as the instrument the devil uses to lead us astray
The tower of Babel was never gonna be built
We probably would be speaking in tongues
If God and Lucifer we still friends

If God and Lucifer were still friends
Government wouldn't be necessary
Kings and servants wouldn't be needed either
Oppressors/masters and slaves wouldn't exist
Colonialism wouldn't have happened
Xenophobia wouldn't also be a known word
Tax wouldn't really be paid
Because there wouldn't be beggars
Poverty we wouldn't have known
For our source and provider of everything would have been God alone
If only God and Lucifer were still friends

Hang on...
So vele vele if they were still friends
My father would have married his first lover
Even though it wasn't gonna be my mother?
For there wouldn't be any force of sorrow,
Only love we would know
There wouldn't be media and sci fi movies

For darkness (opposing force) wouldn't be known
So I wouldn't have lied to Hloks
Wouldn't have been scared of boys in the first place
Wouldn't have done the bad things I did
Mistakes I wouldn't have known
Hate would be foreign
Jealous wouldn't be found even on the internet
Would there be internet though?
Hip hop wouldn't exist cause there's too much swearing
Wait... but what would swearing even be? Not offensive I guess
I ask myself what life would have been
If God and Lucifer were still friends
I wonder if this question also does cross their minds

So I guess if God and Lucifer were still friends I wouldn't be writing this
So forget I said anything
God and Lucifer are not friends
So let's get back to life

Angela Poen

If I Knew Then....?

Would I, if..?

If I knew he was gonna treat me that way, would I have dated him?

If I knew it was just gonna be a waste of time, would I still have let that time to go to waste?

If I knew he was like that, would I have given dat brother a chance?

Would I have reserved myself for 'the one' instead?

If I knew what was gonna happen to me that day, would I have gone there?

If I knew what I said was gonna make things worse, would I have still said it?

Would I have said and done things that caused me pain back then if I knew they would?

If I knew he was gonna leave this world so soon, would I have tried to spend enough time with him?

Instead of going on a holiday, would I have tried to see him almost everyday, would he have held onto his last breath and refused to let go if he saw me?

If I knew what I said to her was gonna make us enemies, would I have withdrawn my words?

Would I do things differently just so the results turn better and favour me?

If I knew earlier that a distinction is that important, would I have done better?

If I knew that some opportunities come only once in a lifetime, would I have chanced poetry?

Maybe! ! But This is how I learn,

This is how I become strong

This is how I become wise

I learn by exploring

I get stronger by the cause of pain everyday

I become wise by taking note of every result for every action

So I wouldn't change anything

I wouldn't escape the rain

Nor soften the pain

But if I knew it would be for a good course, probably I'd have done it differently.

But hey, This is me... Letting it be! !

?#?life_has_no_rewind_nor_edits

?

Angela Poen

In Time

So close, yet so far away
So long, yet time could not wash away
Tears i've spent everyday
Everyday respects I pay
Time flies, yet memories stay
I still pray
that all i've forgotten to say
To wherever your spirit is May find its way
What's eroded and decomposed is just clay

That's what you taught me
That the flesh dies but the spirit lives eternally
So this is not a letter inked with agony
For you're still alive I know surely
Everyday I see us a step closer to you slowly
Well I can't really say that this has been an easy journey
Or a light burden to carry
But one thing I know
After all this misery and pain
When our spirits get to meet again
We shall forever sing the songs of victory

I know I've held on for too long
Refusing to let go
I was never that strong
I know it's wrong
Against everything you believed in
I couldn't help it
To see you again I've waited long
I cannot wait to sing you all my journey experience songs

I can't lie, I got used to having you around brother
Hence I thought you'd hang around a little longer
The pain of loss was introduced to my soul by your departure
That was the first time I ever came to know what it was like to lose a loved one
I came too close to losing myself too
The pain was too much to bare

So this is the last letter

So many left unsaid and undone, but it doesn't matter
I believe the place you at is so much better
So my tears will not go any further
For I believe one day we shall be together.

You are still remembered.

Angela Poen

Let The Relay Begin

Let the relay begin
As I pass my past and let it be present continuous
There are no limits to the width of the spread of the wings
It is just the muscles that get tired
I hope when they do, I'd have spread enough for the world to have
There are no limits to the depth of the ground
So we can all be buried on top of one another

It's totally unfair to die without leaving any inheritance
So since this is all I have, I shall give
I'm not selfish; I also want to be remembered
This is me fighting for equality
Yes, equality in sickness
Life is sick anyway
So why care about being healthy?
Let's not call this a revenge
Rather call it a wage
It comes with the whole package
A beneficiary to all covered by the spread of the wings

Let he who goes in
Come out with something for the world
I know most of us prefer it skin on skin
The world would only be a better place
If we all have the same virus flowing through our blood vessels
No worries about who you sleep with or how you do it
No worries about blood transfusion
So let the relay begin

Angela Poen

Let's Escape The Planet

If we could all leave this world
There won't be any more pain left for anyone
This life is not an ending war
Been fighting but never won
My only break is when I mourn

Again and again it keeps going on,
to run i tried
but to my hiding camp i never arrived.
War be everywhere,
in the dark, in the light,
here and there

Nobody warned me about the world's natural, emotional and mental disasters
But I find comfort in looking up the stars
Saying to myself, I'll get there
Trying to make it to my hiding camp before I cough out my last breath
But am I even heading there?

Will i even know I'm there?
Will there be beings who are fair?
whose ears can hear.
For i have cried enough yet none gave me comfort.
For I've fought more yet none compliments my effort.
O! How i Wish i find a transport, ride and disappear

my biggest fear; to where?
What if I'm closest to the last round?
Would I even win when all I know is the smell of the ground?
Honestly if I was warned about the world
I would have turned to Hitler a long time ago

Call me heartless, if u think it's painless watching people living a meaningless life.
My wish remains, for all of us to leave this world

(Collaborated with Cfound Sfiso)

Love Excuses

In awe I stand,
Looking at this awesome, handsome guy
Trying to give me some love
But because of some awful issues that I haven't dealt with in my life,
I cannot let him

I know I owe him some love back
But I don't wanna give it to him summed up with this so called 'my life'
So I refuse to let him in
He can wait outside at the gate
While I'm in here trying to fix my life

I don't know how long is he willing to wait
I don't want his love to all go to waste
And the last thing I want is hate
I admit, I'm too much to tolerate
It turns out it's already late
And I won't shift the blame
He's been nothing but a soul mate
But how do I let him into this state?
How do I reveal my mistakes?
He's the right guy to date
But his love is now starting to fade
Up up and away it goes
He's now starting to hate loving me
Or even worse, hate me because he loves me
U know that kind of hatred?
Gosh.. what did God create?

Angela Poen

Love 'Negotiation' Letter

Dear boyfriend

So far I can't call myself a good girlfriend

I think I need a helping hand

I do not know what is exactly expected from a girlfriend

Could you be kind

And let me know?

I want to be yours

And I want you to be mine

But I doubt I'm qualified

I don't know how to go about this 'relationship' thing

I wasn't born a girlfriend

And I don't believe it comes naturally

If the question is "what am I bringing into this relationship? "

The answer is "Me.... Simply me"

This is what I'm willing to offer

I don't know much about your previous relationships

I don't know what you used to get

I'm not in for a competition with your previous girls

And I'm not here to replace anyone

I'm here to renew

If you want Me to be your girlfriend

Here's what comes with the whole package:

Me is human... simply human

Me is capable of loving when loved

Don't go all out to impress me

Just like you

Me can accommodate what's available

And learn to settle for whatever coming out of love

Me is willing to share everything with you

The good and the bad

Me gets hurt and is also capable of hurting you

She gets fed up like every human, don't push her

She gets weary at times and loses hope

Capable of feeling sad too

Above all keep in mind that she is simply a character in need of love from you

And I guarantee a favour will be returned

So you think you can love me?

Your girlfriend

Me

signed: T.A. Poen

Angela Poen

Love Was Supposed To Conquer All

The bond was so strong
That we never prepared ourselves for the time when anything could go wrong
We didn't see no need
To always check in with the planted seed

We thought we had it all
But as we all know temptation occurs to us all
Just a lil trip or slip one may fall
Just a lil sleep or lose grip one may roll

What matters is what happens after
Do you fall and roll together
Or one lets the other off the ladder

Yes, love is patient, love is kind
But in some well experienced souls, such is difficult to find
It seems the seven deadly sins are planted in all the experienced souls
And love finds itself under this pressure to conquer them all
We carry in our hearts this burden that is too heavy for love

Some say it comes with the whole package
Some believe love either begets or carries a cage

A cage filled with pride, greed, lust, envy, sloth, gluttony and anger
We are simply human
Sometimes this takes part in our imperfect nature
And sometimes can make one unworthy to step into heaven

I swear the bond was too strong
We never thought anything could go wrong

She held my hand and had me take my baby steps in the garden
Man, I swear there was no fruit in there that was forbidden
It was a perfect garden

Everyday I try to trace the road back into the garden to find the root of the problem
All I find are these earthworms
Decomposing away the evidence

That somewhere in here love dwelled once

The laughter and smiles we shared

Have turned into frowns at the thought of each other

Did that love beget hatred?

Maybe that's how God and the devil now feel about each other

Remember the devil

Was once God's Angel

Who can blame him?

If your position is threatened by your lover's new set of priorities

You start exposing some feelings like insecurities

And well maybe God just had to..

I mean if your lover can't support your craft

You begin developing towards him this wrath

You begin seeing How they blocking your progress

So if you start feeling like the lover be holding you back

That they can only destroy what you tryna build

You just have to shut down the guilt

And let them off the ladder

Sad ey...

That's how strong bonds break! ! !

The bond was too strong

But none of us is ready to admit their wrongs

So I guess even though we still love each other

In this journey we can never be together

Cause the only thing we had was love

And that love was never enough

If the seven deadly sins could come in between and had our enemies laugh

Angela Poen

My Headsets

?? ?? ??

The reason why I'd ignore u & not feel guilty
The reason y I walk tall like a starring
The reason y I choose the backseat corner inside de taxi
The reason y I don't greet people
The reason why it's ok for me to walk alone
And feel like extending the distance

The reason behind my isolation
The reason y I don't mind taking further any activity

Nobody else feels what I'm feeling
As I put my elbow on the car window
The reason I would tap my foot and nod my head

So u wonder what am I hearing
What am I thinking/ feeling
What do I see..

It makes me want to express myself
Makes me feel like I own the world
Makes me cool down and not worry
Makes me feel like a hero
Takes my mind to a different world
And sometimes makes me cry

Pardon me for avoiving talkative people
For I know the mood and the vision will be taken away

Let the Gospel music make me feel God right within me
Let soul music calm me down, and of course make me cry
Let reggae make me feel natural and free to chant
Let rock 'n roll make me go crazy and wild
Let hip hop make me feel like I got swag and I'm on top of the world
Let RnB make me feel like a woman
Let kwaito and house bring back my ghetto lifestyle

Let traditional music make me feel like celebrating my culture everyday

So I'm not being rude

I just need to spend some QT with my headsets

I hope u understand that nothing else can make me feel this way

Nothing else can take me out of this place

None else can make me forget that I'm actually a shy person

Except what's transferred through these headsets into my ears.

Angela Poen

My Mother Slapped Me

My mom slapped me last night
You could hear the sound of her hand getting in touch with my cheek
Now it was all quite
Even the silence was silenced

My mother slapped me because I was angry
She slapped me because I told her she's not any good
The anger I had about her not being good enough
Is the same anger she had about me not realising that she's trying

My mother slapped me because I spit on her and called her names
Because I didn't see any good in her
She slapped me because I compared her to the rich, successful, married mothers
in the world
She slapped me because I do not understand
Because I refused to listen
When she said 'do as I say, and not as I did'
She just wanted to make the best out of me
So she could have something to hit herself on the chest for
But all I ever did, was to remind me of her past

That's when she slapped me
And said 'you were not there! ! '
She couldn't swallow
Her lips started mumbling
She slapped me, broke down and cried
And we lived in silence ever after!

Angela Poen

My Philosophy Of Peace (Shalom)

When meditation doesn't work anymore
When nature seems to have turned against you
The fresh morning breeze you used to know
becoming the heavy storm with loud thunders
When the quiteness itself has become silenced by the chaos in the world
Define peace in the midst of all that

See, if you have to depend on the harmonious days to say you know what peace
is, then you may never find it
Life has been a war since God and Lucifer separated
It has never stopped
The great bishops be preaching peace to the world
but the world rejects it
Or never understood it

When does it even take place?
When we having witchcraft practiced in our homelands
When the youth leave the world before the old ones
When we having way too many religions and cultures that we don't even
understand
That leads us to conflict
When we need racism, capitalism, tribalism and every other word containing
'..ism' to define the society
When every day one has to worry about what to eat
Every night is just another episode of crime and witchcraft

When you not content
When your soul is unsettled, crying, what is peace?
Why does the word even exist when the world is just so cruel

I guess peace is defined provided the chaos, storms, drama, evil..
Yes.. You don't have to stop the war
We may be having the wrong definition of the concept
Yes, you will visit those places that make you feel better and anew
But only for a moment
The spa treatment, nature, holiday will only give you a peace of mind
Only for that moment

So stop searching

Remember the words 'BE STILL' from God
He wouldn't tell you that if he knew it's easy and comes naturally
And that ladies and gentlemen
Is God calling you into the state of peace
Peace is Trust, assurance
It is not the absence of war or chaos
Cause war will never come to an end
It is not the ignorance of it either
It occurs in the midst of all that

To find peace, you just have to remain still while shaken
To remain calm, when threatened
To trust in God when there is no sign of hope
To remain silent when you tempted to scream
To remain meek when provoked
Assured when confused

Confusing isn't it?
Peace is that spiritual
It Confuses the devil himself
The soul knows it when it has it
It should not be a moment thing
It should occupy your space
Surrounded by all kinds of storms
Peace never fades

And That is my philosophy of peace

?#?shalom?

Angela Poen

My Weak Soul

These emotions be working against my will
If I could, I'd take the pill
To kill the hill formed in my heart
If I could use a drill
To destroy every piece of doubt
Can't even take my meals
For real, I'm ill
I wonder how it would feel
If I peel the hard skin, covering my feelings
And take out what does not belong there
Insecurities, jealousy and greed
For love containing these can kill
Surely my heart would heal
My whole life would chill
My soul would be free

This is not some exaggeration

These thoughts will definitely drive me crazy
No matter how I try to be busy
Or lazy to think
I get dizzy at every thought of you
In a way that makes me clumsy at work
Wondering if you miss the cosy moments like I do
Or just snoozy with none to lose
Hang on.. maybe I'm just a lil tipsy
But why this tizzy feeling at every thought of you?
Why is my breath coming wheezy?
Is this me going woozy?
Am I losing it?

This inner conflict is just so strong
Knocking me down
From the crown of my head to my feet
I drown inside
I frown at every happy picture of us
Am I a fool of love already?
Well... in a good way
Super cool isn't it?

I bow to a guy who succeeded in making me feel this way
All hail king
Your honour, majesty, highness
Your kingdom in my heart
Your reign
Your love and strength

Yoh hai shame! I'm unable
My soul is unstable
I know and trust you won't gamble with it
Maybe I'm just being unreasonable
#sighs

Thou art missed

Angela Poen

Note To Inlaws

I am not some foreign creature who stepped into your yard by mistake
Love led me here, so what belongs to me, I'm here to take
I'm not some machine to be tested on the ability to cook or bake
But as a token of appreciation, I will present to the elders a cake
I'm not some reproduction machine to be tested in How many children I can make
But I will make children for legacy's sake
I am not some product to be called original by you or fake
I'm not here to be told on what time I should be awake
I am not your slave

I am somebody's child
The wild gets tamed at the mentioning of my name
I am not here to seek success nor fame
From my mother's womb, I've already brought with me the flames
If you treat me like trash, to you i'll do the same

I am a product of peace and love
That white dove
All beauty, brains and above
Don't mistake my humility, for some stupidity

I love your child as much as you do and beyond
This relationship is beyond all bonds
Hate or love me, but of him I'll forever be fond

Dear in-laws
I bring with me my flaws
Dirt cringed onto my claws
I am not here to adapt to the New laws
I am here to love

Dear in-laws
Accept me with my impurities as one of your own
Make sure that when I'm here, I don't ever miss home
I'm not asking much. Love me like your very own
And I shall return the favour

Your's faithfully

Daughter outlaw _ orisha

Angela Poen

Rest In Peace

Everytime I close my eyes and think of you
I start to wonder how many right things I did by you
And how many wrongs I did to you

I would think of the precious times we spent together
None can do better
I will treasure them forever

I wish I did all the wrongs right
I now regret every fight
Wish I were the one who took that flight

I cannot make peace with you being gone
For there's so much that needed to be done
If I could say and do one

I wish I said what I had to say
Maybe that would have made you stay
It's so hard with you away

Everytime I close my eyes and think of you
I start to wonder how many right things I did by you
And how many wrongs I did to you

Never thought of that while you were around
For I was always up for the next round
To knock your self esteem down to the ground
I can't say I'm proud

I can't help but to wonder if the good outmost the bad
Or the other way round
But I hope you knew how much I loved you
I hope you know I would have done better
If I knew how much time we were left with

I hope to see you again
To heal the pain
And remove the rain
I caused you

Rest in peace old friend

Angela Poen

Sgila (School)

Chewing gums, energy drinks and sunglasses
Popcorns, water bottles and books
Cigarettes, weed and smoothies
Accents and crushes
Funky clothing and funky hairstyles
Nerds, libraries and reading glasses
Highliters and dictionaries
Sportsmen and their big bags and tekkies
Comrades and votes
Mean girls, pretenders and haters
Hustlers and spoilt brats
Survivors and drop outs
Racists and groupworks
Assignments, cover pages and reference list
Printers and staplers
Ipads and headsets

that's what comes to mind when someone mentions the words 'students' and
'campus'

Angela Poen

Surveillance Camera

I wanna scratch my bum
But you are watching
Even if I scratch anyway,
You wouldn't close your eyes

I wanna smile to myself
But you starring without blinking
Without even wondering what's wrong with me
You wouldn't even comment let alone cleansing your throat
For me to notice your presence

I wanna talk to someone over the phone
But you are listening
You wouldn't even close your ears when hearing disgusting things

Are you stalking me?
Why are you invading my privacy?
I feel like I'm being held hostage
Haven't you been taught to mind your business?

Angela Poen

The Lady You Want

tracksuits and worksuits

sneakers and boots

dyes and haircuts

I know you sometimes hate seeing me with those

so I'll try to be a 'lady' for you, as you put it

I do know how to change the light bulbs

but I will let you do it

I know I can trim those trees

but I will let you do the garden

even though I can move the couch, cupboards

bed and wardrobe,

I'll pretend not to handle the weight

so you can move them for me

I will try to cry at least once or twice a month

so you can be my knight and shining armour

as you hold me and comfort me

I will wear those bright coloured clothes

so that a difference can be spotted between you and I

as you'd be wearing your dark colours

I will also try not to forget my manicures

I will pretend to be scared of spiders

and other creepy crawlies

so you can find me more attractive

I can take care of myself

but I will let you do it

I will try to understand your aggressive behaviour

and not intervene

but calm you down with a massage

and a cold one from the fridge

I will try to be more feminine

so you can appear more masculine

yes, I will give you a chance to be a man,

by being your lady

the lady you want

The Tears Of A Busy Man

The tears of a busy man

All I ever wanted was to provide
All I ever wanted was to be the head of the house
Little did I know that all you ever wanted was
Neither a dime nor fancy clothes
But to spend some time with me
I thought I was doing the best I could to give you the best life
I wanted you to remain a trophy wife
In the world's eyes

I agree there were times when I told you I was tired
And wanted to head straight to bed
Turned you down when you offered yourself to me
What kind of a man does that?
When every time I used to claim I have needs
But didn't give you a chance to provide

I found emails and calls from the office more important than you
I remember you did say there was something you needed to tell me
But I shushed you, told you that the news is still on
Clearly the world's affairs that did not even affect me
Were more important than what you needed to tell me

Now who's gonna run my bath for me in the morning?
Who's gonna pack my lunch box?
Who's gonna take off my blazer, loosen my tie and give me a massage?
The time I spent at the bar
Watching those strippers do their thing
Is the time I was supposed to give to you
The time I went out for golf with em boys
And side chicks
Was the time that belonged to you

Now that you gone
No bar, golf, soccer, emails, calls or meetings
Can remove you from my mind
I wish you could hear me and respond
Tell me what can I do

To have peace in my life
I know you had a good heart to forgive
But I cannot forgive myself
I cannot live with what I did
I wish I could have listened to you
And hear it from your mouth that you are dying

Now all I'm left with is photos of you
And the diary where you wrote all the things you couldn't say to me
Because I was too busy to listen
Too busy for you while you were around
Now I can't be too busy to remove you from my mind
Despite all I did
Your soul deserve to rest in peace
may it rest in peace
I know the hardest apology
one could ever ask
is that from the dead
so I shall mourn forever
with long days
and sleepless nights

Angela Poen

The Tears Of A Silenced Victim

They call it a sensitive issue to talk about
When it's so easy to think about
The biggest elephant in the house
We carry on living and trying not to go there
For what reason, I don't know

I'm so mad cause nobody wants to hear it
So mad cause we live in distort reality
Pretending to be all perfect, all flawless
So that people won't talk
Yet we die inside
Because we are too scared
Too scared to overcome the fear

Wait until I open up my heart
and pour it all out, before you call me all perfect
And you'll realise that I've just been quiet
I chose to be the silent victim
Chose to go "all strong" about it, as they put it
Chose to die inside, while smiling on the outside
Chose to give you the wrong impression
That im all good, all is well

But everynight I go to bed I promise you
It's the first thing that comes to mind
The first thing I visualise
The first question being "why me"
Even though I did promise God that I shall never ask that question again

Waking up from a wet pillow every morning
Showered with tears
But hey.... Since nobody wants to hear it
Since everybody has turned the blind eye
I shall keep quite and not say it
Though it's eating me inside
But I know it can happen to anybody
We just need that somebody to shout it out loud
For everybody to hear
And be aware!

Angela Poen

The Victim's Character

A beautiful white rose trampled on the ground,
Wrestled with dirt and the winds
No hope of life for it
Its only hope- the sun- the source of its life and strength, seems to be killing it
Because it is no longer rooted to the ground
And all the other factors known to help the plants grow strong and beautiful
Are its worst enemies

People passing by now see a rose with brown petals- withered
It takes the eyes of the wise to pierce through the dirt and wilt
To reach out to the rose' poor soul
In order to tell that the rose was once beautiful

Her shiny fearful eyes are the only thing she has left to tell that she is a good person, yet containing a damaged soul.
A very lovely pair she has
But one can't gaze into them for more than a second
Since they are always busy moving around; all over the place, unsettled,
Anti-social; refuse to meet with any other pair of eyes.
The only places she can stare at for a long time are the space and the ground
The mirror is a constant reminder of the shame and the joke she is

Her smile that she shows to hide her real feeling makes one confused
You wouldn't know whether to smile back or ask if she's okay
She tells everybody that she's strong and over it
But you could see that she's crying for comfort and protection even though she resists
It will surely take some time for her to trust life again

She always claims that she doesn't need help and wants to be left alone
But at the same time, she needs some company
(The space and the ground I suppose)
She wants to do everything by herself, but she needs help
She would sometime refuse to cry
To sort of prove that she's strong and isn't hurt
But every morning she wakes up from a wet pillow
(sweat maybe....?)

Try showing her pity, she will put you at your place

But she really needs comfort

Her innocent and pure soul has been kidnapped and silenced
All she's left with is this confusing character that she doesn't understand herself
Now how do you bring back her real character?
How do you bring who she was before encountering the ills of this world?
How do you bring back her voice?
If 'Humpty Dumpty' could not be put back together,
What hope does she have?
You wouldn't even know where to start recollecting those broken pieces
To bring her back to her original state

'Rude' is not the best way to describe her by someone who knows her
And understanding what she's been through
Maybe emotional in a weird way will do for now, whilst we still looking for a
better description
But who can blame her
Those who don't know her may say that she deserves every bad thing happening
to her because of her actions
Not knowing that it's the other way round;
All her actions and behaviour are a product of bad things happening in her life
from a very young age
Before you judge her, ask for her side of the story
Let her unveil the truth to you

I know that she will someday, tell the whole story
I know she will not go to the grave with it
And I believe it will have some impacts on someone's life
She just needs some time to recollect her strength
And add to that, that she will need for the world's criticisms

She would like to remain anonymous for now
But to be fair to you, I shall call her the victim
And this is the victim's character.

Angela Poen

These Hands

These hands have done it all
They have raised and saved
They have lifted, cuddled and wrapped
They have slapped, pinched and smacked

They have washed and ironed
They have cleaned and dusted
They have cooked, dished and fed
They have sowed
They have planted, watered and harvested

These hands have joined together with others in prayer
These hands were laid on the sick and they recovered
These hands have built, shaped and moulded the person I am today
These are my granny's hands

I am the product of these hands

Angela Poen

Trapped

Staring at the image of the girl I used to know
Trying to form the words to let her know
That it's time to let go
But we all know the response to all ends of the road
'What happened to the girl I used to know?
The one who used to take things slow
Who changed your flow? '

I replied:

'I guess at some point we all gotta accept growth
Even though it comes with the highs and lows
At some point we just gotta come outta the comfort zone
Even though that may cause damage to our souls'

She then said:

'Okay. You may spread your wings and soar
Take the whole universe'tour
But don't expect to come back To what you used to know
Cause I won't be here waiting on you to come back anymore'

Her eyes began to glow
Then tears began to pour
As I was about to exit through the door
I started to feel all alone

Realised that this could be the biggest risk
I could encounter the greatest disappointment
Discovering that all that I hoped for doesn't exist

Though I knew deep inside
It was time to let her go
I turned, took the last glimpse in the mirror
I knew then, that I could never let her go

Angela Poen

Trapped 2 (Caged In A Mansion)

He who knoweth my weaknesses and fears
Hath me on the Palm of his hand
I'm merely at his mercy
His fingers are my hopes'dead end

So I tremble and stumble with fear
Fear of what he knows about me
So much that I'm afraid to reveal
So his commands, I follow

I bow, kiss and lick his feet with bitterness and sorrow
This is what oppression tastes like
Slavery has birthed me
Freedom is just a word like 'tomorrow'
Forever coming without arrival

So I guess it shall eternally be
You the master, me the slave
Just to keep my life sane

His eyes piercing through mine with disgust
Like he sees a demon he would just want to cast out
His saliva_ my facial cream
Every spit, I wipe
I spread on my skin

I feel unworthy to be looked at by his pearly_marble eyes
Like all my skeletons are just brought to the judgement table to testify against me
Patiently waiting for the master to release them as they've been working endless shifts

So I'm holding on to that piece of hope that was somehow caged in my imaginary world
That may be somehow I will wake up to a new world
A world with no oppression

Hoping that all these skeletons that escaped the closets would somehow find a way to their place of rest _ the graves

But how do we let the sleeping dogs lie?
Someone told me they sometimes need to be woken up in order to lie properly
But this blackmail has had me on my knees, praying for the world to end

And that's the only way I could ever have my freedom
Cause I'm tired of serving this ruthless kingdom
Offering my flesh in surrender like a roasted full chicken
I miss the days I once felt like a human
If there's a hole of hope in the corners of this mansion
I would use it to escape

If there's a wind approaching, I would flap my arms
Move in its direction and let it take me home
So little of me is left inside
My breath, my heartbeat counting down like a ticking bomb
I hope that's enough time to reach my place of rest _ home
A place of hope

Angela Poen

Unbalanced Equation

Who started it?

They, they started it.

That's the very T'golintical, theoretical explanation

I always give for my so called evil actions

To support my argument, i've got Newton's third law of motion

For every action, there's an equal but opposite reaction

Therefore

An eye for an eye

It makes perfect sense to apply

Doing the opposite is just living a lie

I'm just being realistic

There's no justice served in this world for turning the other cheek

Unless your emotions are too weak

Or religion got you too meek

To this day I still use the theory to take care or solve some of the life's matters

As we all know, what you do on the right hand side

You must also do on the left hand side

That's the equation rule we given

The mathematical and scientific methods we made to belie'ven

To add on that, we told of how we need maths and science to survive

So how does applying these rules to a life's situation make one a rebel?

Or perhaps the law of language left us with this problematic definition to solve?

See, thing is, the role of a hypocrite doesn't last long

To live a truthful life freely, your soul verily longs

This is how we at some point get to die... for what we believe in

So if you still feel robbed by the system

You surely should know what it means to strive for justice

By justice in this case I mean revenge

Which some of you believe to be evil

But no! it is to make things even

To balance the equation

We need that I this world we living in

For now let us bare in mind that we are the living museums

Let the future generations who will come to learn and explore
Discover the truth, courage, wisdom from us
We owe it to ourselves

The only evil thing I know is hypocrisy
Or perhaps we still enslaved
Left to fantasize about this freedom of speech
Is that why the whole truth you can't preach?
The system told you to suck it up
Is it the judgement you scared of before the judgement day they told us about

Whoa...! Wait! Rewind
Who started it?

You know how funny it is to hear the oppressors calling the slaves savages?
But hey, we agree to everything they say about us
Having learnt racism, tribalism, colonialism, capitalism
and every other-'sm' words they introduced to our innocent souls that you can think of

But we keep smiling to the oppressors
We worship the oppressors
We bow
We buy into all they say about us
They're still our masters and we're still enslaved
With this freedom of speech we given
We can't even voice out our thoughts and feelings
Told by the TRC to reconcile
To let the sleeping dogs lie
But are they really sleeping?
Or just ignoring the realities of life?

See the past can't be the past if it keeps coming back,
Visiting the future
And we can't be waiting so long on the rapture
The experience of colonialism was a black man's lecture
So how about you return a favour
To your tutors

I'm talking to you black girl like me
Who sometimes feels good for nothing
To every black child who is still hustling on the streets at night

Cause economy never loved us
And for that reason we have our fellow blacks who are scared to walk in the
ghetto streets at night
Scared of their own kind
To every black child who feels separated from their own kind in the name of
language and accent
Every parent who feels separated from their own children
In the name of African culture against religion
To those who are ashamed to speak their home language in Jozi
Because of the discrimination against by their fellows
And so tribalism multiplies
To every African who don't feel safe in this make-belief African country
Those who need to be carrying their passports to prove their identity
Not forgetting those who bleach their skin to be so called beautiful and civil

What have they turned us into
In the name of gold?
The tears and blood shed
How we went from walking on top of gold
to having all our riches sold
Believing in every lie we're told
As they close their car Windows to every beggar on the streets
Leaving them cold
Our kids be getting arrested for breaking into stores, trying to retrieve their
world.

This used to be the land of milk and honey
Today it is us with the exoskeleton, ribcage exposed,
We are hungry
It used to be the land of peace and harmony
Today we cry rape, robbery, murders
We are dying

Well.. Newton'third law of motion still states,
For every action, there's an equal but opposite reaction
For that, let me underline the word equal for you
Remember the right to equality

But just to be on the safe side of the law
I shall let these dogs pretending to be sleeping lie
One thing I know, things are not yet even
The equation is still unbalanced

But who am I to say anything?
Just another bitter victim,
Trying to turn you against the light
Maybe!

Angela Poen

Untitled

Wounds are the constant reminders of this long rough journey
How often we trip and fall just to get up and carry on with the misery
Heart beats and respiration are what keeps us going
Goals and dreams are what keep us believing

They say there's light at the end of the tunnel
Long dark tunnels we've travelled with no candles
Stepping forward though we weren't sure of the direction
All we knew is that we'll somehow accomplish the mission

Putting an end to the heart's longing
Binding it so as to forbid it from loving
To keep the focus, so we were hoping

Dusty winds blowing to keep our eyes forever blind
Through Loud thunderstorms, awake we kept our minds

Just one step, one more step
Maybe we'll finally get to the end of the rainbow
Where there's all happiness, joy, peace and hope
If it ain't the step you taking that will get you there, it might be the one after
The Sun and the moon shone to light up our way, til they both got tired

Left us to face this dark world alone
However, the heart longeth for what belongs to it
You can't keep it caged forever
So you settled for what seems like it
To keep it going
All the fantasies came and left you with a hollowed chest
To remind you that they can never be real

Hold on
There's all that you need at the end of the rainbow
Take one step... just one step
If it ain't this one that will get you there
It might be the one after

Sore feet
Wounded heart

Crushed hopes
Messed up head
Crawling your way to the end of the rainbow
Expecting to hear the sounds of trumpets as you drawing nearer
Expecting the fairness of gold to pierce through your eyes that have been forever
blindfolded by this veil of darkness

Extending your hand so as to grab what you forever hoped for
But your eyes meet up with those that are sore as yours
Sore feet
Wounded heart
Crushed hopes
Messed up head

All that's left In her is that wounded heart
Pumping polluted blood
Scared lungs inhaling and exhaling no hope

She's travelled the same miles as yours
Searching for pots of gold
Just like you, she's heard of the land of milk and honey
She's come to the end of the rainbow to restore her broken soul
But all that she sees is yet another broken soul

We've travelled a long mile in search for perfection
Just to meet up with the flaws and imperfections
To make all this wounds and scars disappear
But all they do is reappear
So allow me to heal you as you heal me
Hold me tight as to prevent my heart from falling off my chest
Hold me to keep my chest, lungs and ribcage together
Hold me real close so as to stop this blood from dripping
I believe my skin is a bandage to your wounds
And my Love, the spiritual portion that will heal you internally and externally

I know all about your trips and falls
Your shame and promised calls
Your so called 'loyal friends' who have turned into walls
Your severe emotional injuries
Your little hope that was crushed and left with no chance to resurrect
Your toes tell me of the long rough journey you've travelled
With no droplet to fall onto your tongue

In your eyes I see the loneliness, tiredness,
The tear glands you've held back just to appear strong and masculine

....

Hush..
Let me love you passed that

Angela Poen

Waiting On Him

How many more RIPs must we say?
How many more stabbings and car crashings still have to come through?
How much more must we be convinced that lucifer is really chowing on the
peoples souls
And all they do is surrender to him
How much more ignorance is still needed for that?
How many more disappointments and betrayals should one come accross?
What's the capacity of heart memory that's still pain free?
How much more disgrace and shame needs to meet the qualification
requirements
For Jesus to finally come?

How many more goals to achieve
And new talents to discover?
How many wishes to come true?
How many more purposes in life still go undiscovered?
How much more hardwork should be applied
How many more hours of sleepless nights
How much more stress and depression
Sickness and disease
Should one experience
For Jesus to finally come down?

How many more souls must be saved
How many more must be restored
How many more must be won to the light
How much more work should be done to recover God's image?
How many more babies must be born and taught?
How many more incurable diseases must be cured
How many more hands must surrender
For every knee to finally bow
And every tongue to confess
That the very same one they have been denying
Is the Lord of Lords

How prepared must we get O Lord?

What's Royalty Then?

When the years of being queen come to an end
When everything that you used to become threatened
Your crown, your throne and your rod
When you have no reason to dine no more
Even queens are human
You may claim power but does that power make you sleep at night?
When everynight you rest your head on your pillow all you think about is your
enemies
When your biggest fear being your reigning years taken away and forgotten
Being replaced by the more beautiful and younger queen
When your authority is drowning
And ur king has got no eyes for you anymore
Because the new queen is to be crowned soon
At this point make up has ran out of options
Your servants seem to be giving you commands
Even those who were loyal to you have got no say
Your wisdom is your only existance
Two options:
either stay fight the battle with you last strength and risk being thrown out of
royalty in such a way that completely ruins your image
OR
Keep your pride, pack your bags and leave before it gets worse

What's it gonna be your majesty?

Angela Poen