

Poetry Series

Gloria Seseng
- poems -

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Gloria Seseng(1977 November 18)

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...The World Is Too Much With Us!

A circuit that caters for all,
Wrapped in; ready for a banquet!
10 gallons of time served,
smiles at your persistent foolishness!
Pursue to acquire,
for their appreciation!
Lord please take me to a safe refuge!
The devil is now here seen,
in our long lost ghetto!
Every puppet is glue,
to those with the loot!
Rip bones from mind peace,
to make me part that's faulty!
All sel-fish-ness!
We all fish, dead halfway the torrent!
The world is too much with us!

A ripple of decision to fight severe verdict!

Gloria Seseng

A Little Red Rose State

It is that time of the year
Cold! Cold! Red winter roses
Positioned over the entire countryside
The snow glints on the leave!
A rose shivering to death!

So much the think! Known to think!
Little tiny boxes of understanding!
A fairy from the hoot!
Weird smack on the heart belly!
A rose rouse in depression!

It's sad to see a little rose,
to each door step 'trick or treat'
Parents pin their ears back!
No opening! No sound! But sound of own self
Nourish the child less the dreams!

So much the think! Known to think!
Little tiny boxes of understanding!
A fairy from the hoot!
Weird smack on the heart belly!
The rose looked at its immortal state, right there!

Gloria Seseng

A Mocking Fowl

A strange monk once spoke
of the talk amongst villain!
A close of mouth
on wagging time of breadth
won't catch any flies
But! Be a noble outlook
No wonder what the world might be!

A musk play of the Spartan
No matter return of dusk
But wave a gentle foot on that path
To make an ending river
A mocking fowl shall always stands
...a myriad tong of desire
No matter the insignificance!

Gloria Seseng

A Ribbon Of Hearts

My Beloved Father
The humble of myself before thee
Beyond many, many
flaunting waves of salty clouds!
The Love in you for me is truly deep.
At the point of this moment
Frankly, I am grateful to be!
a treasured clay pot of seashells!
My soul for now, made you a ribbon of hearts!
to symbolizes the love I have for you!
And I thank you.

Gloria Seseng

Africa A Birth Place...

Africa is a birth place of natural art
It is a place of tradition
It is a place where Dawn!
Every time the night had tacks it in!
Still- Pops out, to see what meets the universe
From our valued landscape!
To a formation of movement,
that opens the valley-
of our future hopes and dreams-
to nurture our foreign guests!
In their return,
a grant of little man-made shrug
To make them feel happy
like innocent children laughter!
'A genuine home of true love'
Our ancestor's path taught us
To always be, dressed in a friendly coat!
of an atmosphere, that welcomes
the ears of the universe!

Gloria Seseng

Ageless

A precious twinset shell souvenir
Has unfolded a cast
of letters from the alphabet ranking
To lay down a perfect whisper
on the way to say 'I thank you'
For you ceased a sister
from an endless mirror!
...that had looked like
a snail with a huge sinister trunk
sprawling to moving closer!
And for you my dear,
being grateful is entirely ageless!

Gloria Seseng

Alone

Alone on a long, long walk to simplicity!
It had turned to be tricky
in dragging our eyebrows up!
For we witness a set of isolation!
To each of them seeking!
An unlimited growth in density
over countless desires!

Alone underneath, are the everlasting arms
we forgot,
for loneliness is in disguise!
More than ever, where there's no-one else!
Inside a comfortable elliptical box!
with classes of human intellect...
Painting time away!

Alone, we are weary in well doing
In-return!
Our souls are sinking in tears!
for one is done-self, with the aid of another!
Leaning the heart, near the beginning
For a good choice
on a walk to simplicity!

Gloria Seseng

Every Dawn Rests In Place

Every dawn rests in place
A rest of peace,
A new beginning
That all of a sudden, arrives!
A place, of a figment, of our imagination
A place, of a secret to our invitation!
And yet in disguise-
Life surprisingly tells you
-To depart-
Why the come, of us!
But never the next to leave!
Up until the universe...
Chooses, its contradiction!
If God had granted us the strength
In recognizing that moment!
Would it have been correct-
To have handled the trouble!
Of the death, in us!
Back to a page of every dawn!

Gloria Seseng

Evil Deeds Solidly Appear In Torso

Wrinkles sadly can't get rid of!
Hopelessness sliced to dice!
Evil raised deeds to solidly appear in torso!

Gloria Seseng

Flashback! Escape From Egypt

There was a time,
we used to sit on a very strange tree!
To-the-view, out with my bag of thoughts!
I set a mood to lecturing time,
but only to slow down our trashy days!
Looking very stylish well on a lovely seashell!

Who are we in Egypt?
Friends of all desire, compacted-
-with a 'CARE' syrupy,
more for you believed in me!
Catching distance with our tiny ears!
To a theatrical part of two marvelling Flintstones!

We used to whiz quietly from the joint,
to nip springbok green-legs of camel-tops!
Right in-front of the brave bar-tender!
Amazingly with his two marbles
glued to a balloon of a hilarious tribute!
Next to a Red Caribbean pacifist cruise!

Our souls got terribly-terrified!
For we were tossed inside a dark foggy pot!
With one blanked labelled 'YOU-WILL-FEEL-SORRY'
...trapped for the rivals didn't like us!
At the end, the spell deliberately ripped us apart
But failed to melt the bond of us!

On a solid ground, I would like to thank God
and His gang of angels, for tying us!
For- when they cut-off the silly branch!
We both landed on a soft! Soft cushion
made from a rhythmic fur
of love and compassion!

Gloria Seseng

Gravity Of Our Situation

Gravity of our situation,
Ripples of our decision!
An awkward emotional sound...!
What we don't look forward to strengthen
The tone to that of the clock,
then surfaced a purple black bounce
Like a unique strange figment of life
The earth absorbed all judgment of customary!
In return, laced patterns of tiny little radiance!
The residue of it got us finally misplaced!
Our past thriving journey belief! ...silently knocked,
every crack of dawn to give life to a new born child
The earth-child of gravity of situation to nourish

Gloria Seseng

I Had Spoken Once

Awaken the concision of a child's unhealthy mind,
With a violin whispering unto creativity beyond
Had hoped in the wake of! to make me an amazing army assembly!
All stood there without resonance, but swollen with grand thought!
The stare within, kept the well of numerous tears back
A restless pulse of the soul beating up the night!
Upset for the mind had lost its remarkable sight!
Bundles of what I have seen to know!
A harsh flock of words agitation!
But a peaceful nature of imagination!
I had spoken everything once to congregate,
A sense of nature to patch up a leap of mistake done!

Gloria Seseng

I Think You Know...!

I think you know...!

Only once before each crash

a crave; a taste; a gentle knot!

A slap of entire outside-in

to tremble the skin

body becomes weak...!

make me the living thing in you...!

two to four times more...!

A glass of red wine...on the soft! soft fur!

...release!

Gloria Seseng

Mad In Pursuit

Beyond many-many flaunting waves, of salty clouds!
I thought our love was deep!
One mile through the storm of mystery...
Suddenly!
I found myself inside a back pocket!
With fortune relentlessly setting-
But! only something similar to love!
On a lap of a leave, constantly fading away!

A touch of melody, sweet to ease soul-tissue
In the midst of a beautiful thing, G' can't be without!
One of a pure dazzling charm!
My whiskers are now telling me...!
With a dropp of your true-self,
It would be impractical of me to show!
The abundance of your emptiness
Out of a clay pot of living cells... mad in pursuit!

The sky is now leaning,
against your strange-eagerness
I could clearly see -a degree of heat
sailing across a provocative stage
of something laying flat on acknowledgement!
But! Just like... on a mission-
... that looks like...things we did last night
On a lap of a leave, wondering...!

Blessings are things, we can't do without-
Especially, the palms that gives
The love that is granted
The inner true self!
The image you sell...
We are here for mans' sake
But! ...know the need...!
On that lap -chase... mad in pursuit!

Gloria Seseng

My People

Each life, lays a hand on existence,
with a gift to inspires other-

In a very special way!
We have dedicated ourselves to this world

From a taste of poor resonance
Our eyes heard a stream of tears

My people were damaged!
But, my people also managed to put-up right

If it wasn't for my people
There wouldn't have been any significance

In our secret bond
It became clear on what my people can do!

My people can teach
My people can spackle
My people can make you bright

My people are cheerful
My people are beautiful
My people can spare you self satisfaction

My people knows your' sad
My people knows your' weak
My people knows how you hold your treasure

My people keeps' you alive
My people keeps' you strong
My people can keep you, lingering on the flow!

My people make your dreams
My people wave your path
My people can make you intellectual and wiser!

My people...My people...My people!

Gloria Seseng

Natural Rest

Words gathered around for dispatch,
Each letter crawled to the station platform!
In anticipation! We all waited to catch,
An old luggage of love treasure missing form!
A natural rest
Peacefully looking down on us,
The ghost made us fully aware that they have rest!
Suddenly! I heard cries of everything about us,
Tear drops! Laughter! Pain!
Cracks of things to do, hearts torn –
things not done! Words lost! Rain!
But! Her Journey for life after death had born,
To this day, for words we've gathered! God has showered us.

Gloria Seseng

Nightlife Blues Of Geneses

Geneses is comfortably watching!
I know by the background
which color shouts!
It is the one which is likely empty!
Of a lie! between great they have!
But! ungratefully overconfident!

Gloria Seseng

On A Silent Slice Of Freedom

On a silent slice of freedom
To breathe a pause!
It's the Soul-child's approbation-
'long awaiting flee to blossom!
a verge to break... a pure white lilac
...release of butterflies from the loop!

There we were, hopping on a pink floral cloud!
Picking all kinds of blessings!
Well nourished to be of belonging
But was held, on a mind state that's kept!
a verge to break... a pure white lilac
...release of butterflies from the loop!

Go a place-of-no-pace...far-away!
With energy drawn from an orange dip!
To pencil-in freedom from a dream
Familiar with life appreciation!
a verge to break... a pure white lilac
...release of butterflies from the loop!

The Soul child is mending the talking
To set off the past
Become drawn to a new dawn!
Of a free peaceful silent slice!
a verge to break... a pure white lilac
...release of butterflies from the loop!

Now on this silent freedom slice,
We took off, our demon gear
To passionately fly beyond
A snip with courage and satisfaction
Ultimately breaking... a pure white lilac
... all butterflies were released from the loop!

Gloria Seseng

Origin Of Space To Get Here

There is a honey bee,
Trapped in a bird cage!
Sometimes it sat there speechless!
But when shaking dusk to wake up!
It travels to instance!
At times arrives earlier!
To deliver a message
If only we were of nature!
The bee would stand a chance,
of visiting quite often!
An open space to find,
the bird cage wasn't so bad!
We've got night flowers!
How can I forget to find space?

Gloria Seseng

Out Of Your Depth

Look... through the windowpane!
All in a streamline!
Sitting on top of the corporate world roof!
Differing from being on the road!
Chat...chat...chat...chat...chat!

The shape of modern mental is not speaking!
Eighty percent harshly lashed to rags! '
Throw mind concert of silver sand,
a play of golf on a private jet!
With a tale on classified earth globe,
ambition becomes entirely lawful!
Money does not have colour!
What is of Pirate, fights in Sahara!
Sailing unreasonably through season chats!

Gloria Seseng

Resting On Beauty

The essence of beauty belongs
to a fruit of two treasured songs
On the wait to listen...lenses transformed to dusk
Our surface of character, was now wearing a musk
Which...inevitably also became deformed
time and again, when inner branches were reformed (pleased)
To protect the outer looks it admire'
Reality provoked the walls of self-desire!
It instantly rained confidence!
Surely her reason...for the name...was Prudence!

Dear God! Please open...don't let them slit!
For the eyes of heaven, made a sharp split!
She got on her knees and asked-
Are you a spirit...or are you comforting the world?
Still on the wait...The sun sent a signal to the world!
To strike the Valera sack eyes of her attitude
For the strengthening, of her sluggish path altitude
Gradually to hide away the shade of comfort!
By conceiving a foundation of own effort!
To rest...!

Gloria Seseng

Something Love

Something love smells like a pure spackle!
It drifts an urge to the soul fur
with a twinkling pace of breathing space
beyond Cinderella's delightful groove

Something love is something with an illusion
It has a taste of an agreeable nature!
The soul itches with amusement
to the response of its thrilling elevation!

Something love is so truthful!
It has a serene pearl of beats!
With an equal amount of believes
beneath the surface of completeness!

Something love has a lenient touch!
Everything comes to life by its first appearance!
It has a top secret herb!
That soothes the heart to its tenderness!

But, one thing something love can't be...DOUBT!

Gloria Seseng

We Are Here Because Of Dawn!

Smell a peach lemon dropp of sweetness!
For pain to eventually pinch fulfilment...!

At the place of the happening of time
It was a feature of a firm trace!
Secretly on top of a class, of an emotion!
It had purified our hopes and confidence,
where it was placed!
It could have never been, without integrity!
We are here because of dawn!

Gloria Seseng