

Poetry Series

Lungelo Mpatho

- poems -

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Lungelo Mpatho()

African Renaissance! African Renaissance?

We do not need a renaissance
They needed a renaissance
Because they were in darkness
Back to our roots Africa must go
Fanti, the constitution makers
Zulu, the nation builders...
All sons and daughters, kings and queens

You are the center of creation
Mother to modern civilization
You need to know your history
You need to rediscover yourselves
The truth stolen from you
Is the truth, that makes you rule

See how they called you Black
O! Dark Continent!
Because they sat in BLACKNESS
In their Dark Ages
Waiting for the Light
To rise up from the East
We do not want charity...

We know who we are
How we got to where we are
Human-trades, slave-trades, exploitation!
It is no mystery, this our history-
UBUNTU, our philosophy!
AMANDLA, our peoples' power!

We know who we are
How we got to where we are
From where we come
To where we are going
We are the survivors
In a place where life's a struggle
O, Yea! We struggle continually!

I Will Connect Words

I will connect words one two three
and more words
Until it becomes a sentence
And then I will follow
with another sentence
And another one
until it becomes a paragraph
More paragraphs to fill up a page
More pages construct a chapter
And I will keep on writing
telling
sharing
I think the first chapter
finds me sitting in a train
on a journey back home
to meet myself, again-

Lungelo Mpatho

If A Child Plays With Fire

If a child plays with fire
it is because he doesn't
understand the consequences
of his actions.

If a grown man does it
he is even worse than
an imbecilic child
he is a danger to himself
as well as to everyone around him.

It is very unfortunate therefore
that we do have such men
as our leaders, in this- Our Day.

Lungelo Mpatho

If I Touch You

if i touch you
i will also touch myself
with you
if i open you up
i will have to render myself
defenseless by you
i desire the heart of the flame
to have, to hold
but i wish i knew the art
the art of keeping my fingers
forever cold...

Lungelo Mpatho

It Is Finished

battle fought well and won
although it took long enough
it is finished
everyone is with scars
both in mind and body
it is over
count the losses
and keep on moving on
it is done
no hate in my heart to carry
a new sun born of the night
it is complete

Lungelo Mpatho

Love

no mental analysis can calculate
its trajectory nor measure its form
love is like a 'one born in Spirit'
we don't know from where it comes
we don't know to where it goes
we only know that it is when we find it-
if we are lucky enough to recognize it.

Lungelo Mpatho

Mind Sex

no limits to imagination
if you and i could have sex
mind sex
with all the emotions
high's and low's
kisses
sometimes for hate
sometimes for love
to have all that is sex
or what ever lovers make
but, save the physical...
has it ever been done
can we, shall we? !

Lungelo Mpatho

Old Friend [For Zes]

Lately I have been thinking about you
Brother
Before I fall asleep and sometimes before
I become awake...
Are you warm are you cold where you lie
Can you smell the flowers of May?
Can you feel the sunshine in your eyes?
Or the wind when it blows at the night's
Silent fall
Why did you have to leave it all behind
So suddenly
Brother to my soul
Boys until the End of Time
Does your spirit remember me?
I remember how I found it out
The day I came looking for you
With my girl to show her to you
They told me, you are not around
I said, can I sit and wait for him
But they said you won't be coming;
Coming home any more...
It took me a while to get it, but
When it finally hit me it hit me
Like a lightning bolt from hell
Down to the ground I nearly fell
I will never see your proud gait
Or hear the sound of your laughter
Never in this world again...
I trust that you are good, my friend
And that we do meet again sometime
Somewhere in God's plan, Supreme

Lungelo Mpatho

Snatched

I was looking into your mouth not your eyes
As you got closer to whisper 'nothings' to my face
For a second, I wanted to kiss your thick dark lips-
Yet when I considered the consequences
I stepped backwards
But, the wall stopped me from behind
Suddenly the other eyes became too real
All the voices as solid as the pieces of furniture
Pressing hard on my chest
I couldn't take a single breath,
You could snatch me anytime, if you want
That's what you've said many times before
Maybe, you are right- but,
Maybe it is I that has 'snatched' THEE first...

Lungelo Mpatho

So I've Been Gone

so i've been gone
too long and too far away...
she said she tried so hard to hold on
but she gave it up and moved on
she wasn't strong enough
and she's sorry
a baby is growing in her tummy
not mine!
i told her it's ok, i will be ok, i understand
she's a good girl for sure!
it's only that four months and 500 miles
are just
too long and too far away...

Lungelo Mpatho

Some Kind Of 'Love'

There's a kind of love
It happens to me
Often
When I have lost something
And then I start to see
How special that thing was
To me
Maybe because I miss
That thing so much
And think of it always
But I don't want it back
To me
Maybe I'm only in love
With the pain of missing it

Lungelo Mpatho

Sometimes I Fear...

Sometimes I fear, I am losing my mind
When I find myself talking to myself
I need something better to heal the pain
Writing about it is no longer enough

There's nothing left for me on which to rely
There's no one around to cry if I cry
Nobody cares for hearing my crazy life's song
Nobody cares whether I am right or wrong

There's only me
I sing to me in the night sitting here alone
Closest to me are the moon and the stars
Dancing with me are the leaves, the grasses

I see another shooting star to wish up on
Just a silent prayer, for a better day
This strange place won't have me
Where is the Love? !

Lungelo Mpatho

The Earth Is Just A Ball

the earth is just a ball
rotating
we do not choose
where we are born
or when
don't be indifferent
to the sufferings
of others

Lungelo Mpatho

The Passing Years...

The passing years bring about experience
With experience comes a little understanding
Learning to speak less when we mean less
And to mean more in minimum words
Touchable words to name the simple things
A hard stone, a true love, a wise man....
A true stone, a hard man, or to love wisely-

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This Distance Is The True Prison

This distance is the true prison
I see only the mountains that hide your face
But, someday these mountains will fade away
Had I the wings to fly
I would fly away to you
My consolation, the thoughts
When thinking of you, remembering
Hope is my comfort, my strength
(like in the sayings of the old)
I miss you
I ask the Table of Africa
When shall all the mountains fade away
So that we can see each other again
How long shall I endure the sleeplessness
Searching in the colourless nothingness
Of dreams' land...
Those eyes those burning stars
Faint light of black night
So high are the heavens' blue; so far away
A smile of the sea shore...
When you walk you touch the ground
With the pride of a one that owns
You stay even though you are gone
You fill me up, yet I am not filled up at all
When shall all the mountains fade away
So that we can see each other again

Lungelo Mpatho

When Every Body Thought I Can't

When every body thought I can't
You said, I can
When I lost my reason to go on
You pushed me from behind
You believed in me
That I could rise up
After falling down
When I was thirsty for answers
You had wise words for me
You invested in me
Your trust, your love, and wealth
That I pursue my wildest dreams
In me you placed so much faith
And that I couldn't understand
What did you see in me
That I myself was blind to
You understood the setbacks
You explained the mishaps
You gave me second chance
After second chance...
Having you is my luck
It overrides all bad-luck

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