

Poetry Series

Ntando.B Da poet
- poems -

Publication Date:
2014

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

Ntando.B Da poet()

Jst an ordinary guy under da sun, a son of man who grew in a deep rural area,
east of under da warm hands of a loving male 'n female, my parents of coarse.I
am passionate abt writting, I want 2 write, read, write, read, write...

A Pencil On A Painting

Amidst the bushes
I saw a painting
Shining on it is the sun of the East warming up my cold emotions
The only painting I could understand
So colorfully and neatly painted
The only painting I could befriend
A pencil on a painting
It got my heart skipping a bit
And fear escaping
For a while I could not breath
A gorgeous pencil for poet me
For it is colorful and also portable
Could give rainbow artwork for poet me

A beautiful painting it is
Can I've it? Please...

Ntando.B Da poet

As I Climb The Stairs Of Life

As I climb the stairs of life,
To where true victory and success lies,
I sometimes wish there was a short cut or flight.

As I climb sometimes I trip 'n fall,
But motivation picks me up and then I stand tall,
Thereafter I stumble my way to the throne.

Something up there in the future is brighter,
Luckily my shades are darker.
I'll witness it in time, my pam's are lighter.

No hurricane shall dismantle my ability,
As I make up against force of gravity,
Step after step with morals and huminity.

Some come by and walk with me,
And some overtake me,
They shall never change my pace and destiny.

I'll get there, slowly but surely,
Complete and holy,
Sunny, windy or rainy.

I'll always pause 'n look back for motivation,
Up for salvation,
And wide for inspiration.

No snow shall freeze me,
No rain shall dissolve me,
I resemble the beautiful golden sun - hot.

There is nothing in between the legs,
That will help me jump some steps,
Forget, nothing inside my pants.

Ntando.B Da poet

Black 'N White.

Stand not on the way of my pen.
Of a rooster chasing a hen,
I've got that desire to write.

My chess piecies never hold grudges,
However they come in black and white-grey.
Never did my black knight resist occupying a black square.

I always put my writtings in black and white,
Yet my pen and paper never argue or fight,
Not even on one of my sleepless nights.

There is that white line on every tar road,
It never felt superior for it divides black coloured lanes.
Never did the black coloured lanes felt inferior.

Naked is the book of life without its hard black cover,
Useless it is without its soft white pages either,
Black and white as it is, it preaches righteousness.

Ntando.B Da poet

Childhood.

Once upon a time.
When all the wealth was mine,
Although I did not own even one mine.
Towards me, the world was kind.

Out of raw mud I owned cows and cars.
From repossessed wires I owned luxury cars.
I had a reasonable number of children without any
contraception.
I fathered them with no regards to any intimacy
interaction.

I was very rich,
At that time I could see no witch.
During rainy days I be on construction,
From sandy soil dam walls I emerged.

It is all gone,
I guess age won.
I miss my childhood,
If I could rewind the clock, I would.

Ntando.B Da poet

Complicated

It's midnight.
Yet thoughts are still in motion
And my eyes are still glued to sight.
Resting is no option.

I am tossing and turning.
My head is aching
And my heart is bleeding.
I cannot cry, my well is dry.

I cannot find comfort in my bed,
It's like it's made of wood, only wood.
My pillow is stiff, hurting my neck and head so bad.
I cannot feel the cotton to ease my mood.

Reaching for a pen and paper.
Thoughts and words just diverge.
I wish I was a painter,
For in painting my thoughts might converge.

Ntando.B Da poet

I Am Of No Man's Creation

I made it first inner the oval.
Went out through the birth canal-
With loose 'n weak bones,
And unfolded hands to a world of my own.

I crawled, stood and walked and fell,
Over and over again, giving in my all.
Yes it's true, I broke words-
Until I could communicate with the world.

Crayons 'n pens could go astray.
In between the lines my writings couldn't stay.
One of the reasons I hated school.
Got bullied 'n never quit school

Hush and disturbing words were said,
The direction of my precious life was swayed.
Heavy winds blew 'n precipitation fell,
Yes I shook but did not dissolve or fall

Now my bones 'n balls are stronger,
My tackling is more advanced 'n harder
I'll not give up now, never!
Firm of the african pyramids I will stand, forever!

Ntando.B Da poet

I Want To Be Alone

I want to be alone,
Free from peers and jagone,
Far from the noise of Jozi.
Of stars abandoned and lonely.

...

I want to hear my heart beating,
And feel my lungs breathing.
That quietness of a deep river.
I want to be left alone as a trigger.

...

Far from smoky atmospheres,
Is an aeroplane in stratosphere.
Not that I want to mourn,
I just want to be alone.

...

Blow me I'll fly,
Like a balloon above the sky,
Away from sorrows of daylight,
Indulged in silence of the night.

...

Without companionship- grazing
In green pastures as a lost sheep.
Swept away by puffs of weed-
To where true freedom breeds.

...

Away from the leaders that are-
Never affected by inflation.
Far from wounds of feelings
And demons.

...

I want to be alone,
Far from false prophets- and the
Tempting bait of unholy spirits.
But with the angels of heaven.

...

I want to be alone.
Where there is no colour and hate,
Sin and unlawful judgement,
But happiness that doesn't fade.

...

Lonely like i'm blind or deaf.
Of that penny that is never picked
For it is no gold but rusty and old.
I want to be alone with my God

Ntando.B Da poet

If Being A Man Means...

If being a man means...

Insensitivity, sexual immorality-

And forsaking your own identity.

Breaking vows-

And separating doves

...

If being a man means...

Carring your own burden-

And sleeping with females so to employ them.

Burning your lungs and garments,

And drowning your sorrows and talents.

...

If being a man means...

Practicing polygam and Babylon,

And denying the God of Zion.

Amending rules and not follow,

And living a lie to gain honour.

...

If being a man means...

Self concerntration-

And fake reputation.

Changing characters and faces,

And having women in all the places.

...

I do not want to be a man...

Ntando.B Da poet

If Only There Was That Ear

Too many ears for loud club music,
But none to share a secret with.
Society so hungry for our sorrows & miseries,
To dance 'n laugh as we weep.

Secrets be decaying our vulnerable hearts,
As sickness detracts our healthy being.
We can't voice out - judgment will take part.
Tears 'n sadness to our loved ones it will bring.

If onLy there was that ear,
That judges not or cries as we share-
Our sorrows, miseries, sicknesses and fears
But keeps them as secrets till death.

Ntando.B Da poet

Is There A Way Out?

Is it my eye,
My mind or heart?
That grows feelings in me,
The blazing love within.
That burns me to sin.
That makes me lie to win.

I get so jealous 'n get hurt,
At times I get so mad 'n sad.
Oh that braveness killed fear dead.
Because of that fruit with thorns,
Sheep with horns.
I forgot the cons, went the prons.

Shame on the heart that nevr sees
Seeking for love that kills peace.
Love that is never satisfied.
Love that is never love.
Love that strains the mind.
Love that wets the eye.

I wish I had no vain,
I could not feel no pain.
I wish I had no flesh,
Wanting breasts so fresh.
I wish I was not of human nature,
But just a solid emotionless statue.

Ntando.B Da poet

Music

Music penetrates deep 'n deeper,
Inner confused minds and heavy hearts.
There is something with the marimba,
That lightens dark souLs and defrost cold hearts.

The fLute-
Gets people dancing 'n mute
The trumpet-
Brings inner peace 'n joy in abundance

The piano clears clouded minds-
When fingered easiLy and kind.
When the fingers goes gentle on those strings,
I bet, the mind shall have wings.

The bass invites in rhythm-
When the sax creates a mixture of feelings.
I've got no love for deeJays,
But the music that plays on their cd jays.

Music lies with great traveling,
Since it gets oneself traveling without moving.
It heals the broken,
And comforts the forgotten.

It gives sight to the blind-
And imagination to the dull.
It gives hope to the hopeless-
And panties it loosens.

Ntando.B Da poet

Only If...

Only if...

I could stop praying while walking,
Standing & with my eyes open.
Guard my talking,
Thoughts but mostly my pen.

...

Only if...

I could live to impress-
Not the created but my creator.
Stop seeing within a woman's dress.
Be myself and less of an actor.

...

Only if...

I could play fair.
Stop being a judge.
Be simple and kind as lion's fur,
And hold no grudge.

...

Only if...

I could be down, calm & patient as stones of the ground.
I could focus only on my plate.
I could make use the phrase, "lost 'n found"
I could have unshakeable faith.

...

My creator would be proud to call me his own.

Ntando.B Da poet

She Is The Song...

She is the song...
That I cannot go a day without.
That gives my troubled mind a flight.
That gets my heavy burden so light.
That colours my dull dreams so bright.

She is the song...
That dances the strings of my guitar.
That blows my blues yonder.
That rewinds my cassette.
That is product of my trumpet.

She is the song...
That makes me sweat.
That is for my ears only!
A song that gets me horny.
A song that makes me doggy.

She is the song...
That drives me home.
That never grows old.
The song that is food to my soul.
The song that is only my own.

She is the song that competes with no song.

Ntando.B Da poet

Stay With Me

Stay with me,
I'll change the way you feel,
And give you millions of reasons to breath.

Phela mbali wena ngadzabula mahlatsi
ngikuhambela,
Etinsukwini tonke tekuphila kwami ngitakutselela,
Kute uhlale uchakate njalo ngobe ngikukhtsalela.

Stay with me and beautify my garden,
I'll take u to the seventh heaven,
And back to our Eden.

Do not leave my life so acapella,
Tinkhukhu tingaphela tinsiba ngisalwa kukubhalela,
Nenkonkoba ngingayiwela igcwele ngiye ngensheya.

Stay with me like flowers and butterflies,
And I'll never change faces like a dice,
In a herd of cattle I'll pay the price.

Stay with me,
Stay with me,
Mbali yami nginemona mine ngawe.

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There Is A Woman That I Know Of...

There is a woman that I know of...

She is fertile and oily,

Woody and salty.

She is wealthy of gold-

And dark of coal

...

There is a woman that I know of...

She is magnum-

And rich of platinum.

Hence, using less coins of bronze.

She glitters with diamonds of her own.

...

There is a woman that I know of...

She is colorful and diverse.

She owns countless of game reserves.

She is very rich yet poor.

She is Africa..

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There Is No Pause

Light dims,
Sound lowers.
Shades disappears.
The sun is setting.
Living beings are heading home,
The homeless are picking spots and setting fires.
Is the world coming to rest?
No, The clock is still ticking,
And the planet is still spinning.
Night shift is taking over.
Day shall break,
The mighty sun will emerge,
Day shift will take over again.
There is no pause, it's a relay.
Life is a perennial river.

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Untitled

My younger brother killed a cow,
For it's meat but mostly it's hide,
That he knitted to a round shape.

He cutted down several trees-
And planted them in opposite.
Rectangular and in meters apart.

I could miss him in the afternoon,
He could show up with the moon,
Tired and dusty.
Principles and duties went rusty

My mother got her hands on-
The poor flesh that does no wrong.
The passion inner the heart, Inner-
The rib cage, remained untouched.

He became popular in the village-
At such a young age,
Villagers called him the best-
And his amigo the goodest.

In seven and eight- lies
Talent that is never out of date,
Hidden in deep rural.
Poor stars shining in the mist.

"Hence, never play for recognition,
Dribble with determination
And passion- Never forsake your
Pen however do not stop playing"

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