

Poetry Series

**Paris Thulare**  
**- poems -**



PoemHunter.com

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## Paris Thulare()

Paris Thulare is a young Poet, Writer and Student teacher from Mapareng Village, Limpopo. He was born in 1996 May 05 where later he fell in love with the paper. He tells tales not only of his life but about the life events around the world.



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# Reflection

To my Irreparable pains:

I am aware of your presence,  
And you seeking the pieces of me  
But i have a life to live.  
Soldier up,  
The Battle between us too is far from over.

My Unsettled heart:

I noticed you take things unceremoniously,  
Unto that, i support you still.  
Hold on still dear one,  
The road is thus concaved,  
You will settle for less.

To my Hawking enemies:

Your competition is by far so tonee,  
Keep firing me up,  
I am forever entertained.

My Indelible memories:

I took me decades to figure out the likes of you,  
I must say I am forever peaceful,  
You are the part of me.  
Though, no amount of crying can come to rescue

To My One and Self:

Live like you are never be told,  
But mind time,  
You are the audicious by far  
And never let your strength be tested otherwise  
Remain the a healer you have always been.  
And a person to persons.

Paris Thulare

# Let's Not

Let's not  
Dwell through pains and regrets  
And feel our our hearts with hate  
Let's not  
Live thee filled with unhappiness  
Disappointments are temporarily  
But hope is forever

Lets not,  
Live like scavengers for the dear life.  
Lets not,  
Live with shame  
because where we are raised is not a beautitude as our looks, No

Let's not  
Live in fear  
In the name of whichy and meeper,  
It's god's will after all

Let's not  
Cross the footsteps of pains and sorrows,  
Your momma and papa have been there for you  
To invent a good living than what they had then.  
Do not make them regret it Oh child!  
Make them proud.

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# For You I Will

Tell me what i want to hear.  
Tell me there is nothing to fear.  
Tell me when i lay my hand,  
That it's you my all i have.

Look into my eyes and swear,  
That you are here to stay.  
Let me hold you tight,  
So i know i am safe.  
In your arms, my flake .

I will tell you what you want to hear,  
I am not going anywhere,  
Stormy or shear  
For you i will shed the tear  
I will never break your plans,  
Never, will i disappear,  
Or leave a dispair  
It's you and only you  
My all I have.

Paris Thulare

# Nightfall

It's the dawn of another day still,  
The night is yet to scavage on us, the unamoured souls,  
Accompanied by the mirthful moonlight,  
So it's the soothing skies  
With unforgiving treats

O'er and O'er,  
Here comes Dejàvu,  
The heartpoundful man,  
With feelings of a steel.  
He who leaves us peppered with katabatics,  
Backing the cerela to the pauses of mankind.  
Spare us fartherly One  
So we too see the greetings of sunlight  
-The arrival of tomorrow  
Amen ????

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# Defination

A poet is a doctor,  
The who deals with emotional black mails when trying to heal,  
Confrontions are measles from all sides of life  
The mothers, whose babies are wearing wonded hearts  
but in the icu,  
It's all pronounced critical

The poet is a preacher,  
the he who spreads letters heavily and still hopes those who believe shall repent.

A poet is a drankard,  
the man who is filling his head with echos of alcohol so he forgets all his regrets,  
the pains and suffering

The poet is music  
That which you need in pain, in happiness and sorrows to make up the day,  
He is the beatmaker,  
the one spending sleepless nights so all his rhymes are a remedy to the world .

The poet is the waiter,  
The he who prepares meals for all genders and cultures,  
No matter how odd the critics are,  
But in the end, everyone sleeps a fullbelly

I am the poet,  
Just like weather which satisfies no soul but leaves the world nourished,  
So is flora and fauna watered

I am the poet,  
You need to not to understand how i live not,  
but my words does  
What i leave now written and said ,  
will forever be embedded in the history of mankind,  
To the generations and decades, I am the poet and i am de messenger

Paris Thulare

# If I Told You

If I  
told I was leaving would you believe me?  
If I told you  
I have no time left in me  
If I told you enough enough was enough  
Would you let Me go?

I can't help it to see how deep you are in thoughts  
I can't help it,  
to think of how are going to cry for me on that last day  
When I'm laying still there,  
Inside the box unknowns

If you have words I say  
Spit them out and let me know,  
Hours from now maybe later  
Minutes from now I might meet my maker.

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# Maybe

Maybe you should stop trying so hard to convince someone,  
Maybe you should, stop caring.  
Stop trying to prove a point

Who are you to change a soul?  
In love we don't seek attention, all should be mutual  
Can't you see?  
Stop scratching a back that can't scratch yours  
Love shouldn't be a game or fame  
It shouldn't tame or take  
It shouldn't to bring you pains.

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# Tšobana Laka[sepedi]

O a phadima wa ipona?  
O yo monanana o hloka mabadi,  
O bjalo ka Mphatlalatšane o a nkgahla.

O se dumelele thaka e sese e go wetša madibeng a bo kwena ka nkgo le kgo,  
Mogofe ke Sathane wa mosela wa ntšhuthu,  
O tlogetše kgarebe tše sehlana e le batswadi pele ga nako,  
Ge e le lehono gona ba tletše naga ga ba tsebe le morago,  
Sa bona ke go leboga phelo le go bogela thaka e sese e ja kudumela ya phatla  
tša bona.

Ba phela ka go itshola ba ikhomotša ka la bogologolo la gore se nkganago se  
nthola morwalo,  
Ga go boroko, ba phela ka go kobakobetša,  
Ba tshela mawa, senyakwa e le sealafa phogwana.

Ruri ke ya go botša nna ngwana Thulare,  
Ga go dulege tlhenkge,  
Seo setulo se bjalo ka legala la kgonye ya mohwelere kgolo la thaba tša Leolo.

Itlhokomele kgarebe kгаа!  
Koma yeo ga e ješe di welago ke a go botša

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# Ohlokile Tsebe Ngwanaka[sepedi]

Bona o ithlobogile boka mpša ya tswetši,  
Bona o ikgonere,  
nne le tshela go wena di ya swana.  
Orile o sale yo monanana, waephethola komang-kanna,  
jwalo ka Thomase wanyaka go iponela.

Kerile hlwaya tsebe wampotša ge ke sa tsebe,  
Kerile ge ke leka go go fahlolla  
Wa mpotša ge nna ke nyetšwe ke sale sehlašana,  
Lehono o lefase lego meletše meno,  
Dilo bare ke mapiano di go file bana,  
Mola wena osale leseana bokamoso omo šile kae ngwanaka?  
Baphethile wabona mošomo masogana,  
Gomme o šupa nna ke menwana.

Itebelle, ao sale wagago mong,  
Wabona! lefase lego tetile ka baka la go rata tšhelete,  
megabaru le mogofe di go šile pepeneneng,  
Thaka e sese ekikiriša lengwalo meramatlou e libile unibeshiti wena?

O duletšeng ngwanaka?  
Etebelle o inyake,  
O ile kae ngwanenyana ole wa maitshwaro le maitsego,  
Yola wa dipono le monagano wa lephefo?  
Ruri o hlokile tsebe

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## \_pain\_

Pain is art.

Pain will take your emotions apart.

Pain is the inspiration,

an enemy to happiness but filled with acclimation

Pain is the thief, that comes between couples too,

So is family at the hands of a tycoon.

Pain is fairless, yet painful.

Pain is lifeless, and dauntful.

It came in the lives of my fore ones whilst feasting and west,

Grabbed each by the legs and left them mumbling the worst.

It is what made you sob,

And yet strong.

Pain has left you and I parentless,

So are the faces you see, helpless.

Pain is the enemy,

The he who comes not knocking,

While you are the edge of seventh heaven.

He is not scared, but can surely turn you a Raiven

I am Me and I'm the poet

I am the paper ophan

I am the letters, bold

Inspired, stretched up from grieve

And I am the victim of pain

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## the Son Of No Boy

I started life from scratch  
since the dawn of my loved ones,  
Even when i cried sobfully they all clapped their dirty hands with pride  
I died million deaths,  
with no pride or postures  
I raised myself while nobody was there,  
And now still i will rise from  
The curses and desserts  
For I am the son of no boy,  
I was raised a man

I am Thulare

Paris Thulare



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# Dear Tonny Kamogelo Chego

I've seen souls in kinds,  
Met some like kite,  
But you are a walking prime.  
The one in the kinds.

Your beauty protrudes sunshines,  
Only i can bust all day till nine.  
I don't care of loosing the time,  
As long as I can make you mine  
Only then I would swim in such lake filled with smiles.

The chino the Lovely,  
The curvey the bubbly,  
You are my dumbling Kamo  
Deep into my core,  
you are indulging like that lesson in LO.

What a soul smashy,  
What a soul sassy.  
Your touch mamacita,  
Remind me of the vilour for two my bendita.  
Where Kamogelo is a queen far at island of carribbean,  
So sweet she is that chosen card at bwin, you are a walking Lamborghini.

If I were to choose between chocco, locco and el pocco I would go with you my inferno,  
You are the caramel of all flavors, my estabene.  
Thee favorite verse of this new testemente.  
Can I? Pretty please take you to thee secret place,  
Where you will own me with endlessly,  
And maybe my eyes will let go of this shyness.  
Yes you my fierce, I so wish to feel your tenderness

Paris Thulare

# My African Roots

My culture, my roots  
My culture, my blood

I was raised a son with pride  
To know what it takes to follow my tribe  
I was raised in the cave  
To respect my forefathers graves

Where I'm from history is cooked in the books of tales and poems  
The she bows down when serving he,  
The shees are to crouch when preparing meals,

I'm from the hut,  
My crib with i connect with abaphansi  
Where isidliso is buried 64meters down  
We buy no 'insipho ' ubaba knows how to make one,  
No disease is of existence when Ugogo is there,  
We are the daughters and sons of the King and his Queen

I've been told the life changing tales  
I've seen where my Grandpa used to write in the slate  
For I am on my way to keep myself safe.

Proverbs, patience and respect  
Creativity, connectity and positivity  
Umama taught me all with Umrithithi  
My culture is my quest  
For it teaches me the best  
I keen to remain the est

Paris Thulare

## dear Music ??

I didn't know you were capable of pulling such a miracle,  
I was Depressant then,  
With tears looting my face  
I was a runner in my life,  
Until I plugged you my soulful thing.

I didn't know you were such a caresser,  
A monito, the she who knows my hidden scars,  
So are my doubts and fears,

You turned me a crestfallen senhor into a mumbler,  
Yet it feels so good to stand between my eyeballs and say yes to my favorite  
tunes.

Oh! yes i say,  
Take me deeper to the center of the caliculus,  
where I'm told I'm beautiful though I look shabby .  
Dive with me down to the collar of my nerves  
And make me forget my crestfallen world a while,

The place like no where  
I found joy and forget about the failures,  
A nerve for a wave,  
A beat for tweek,

Take me back to the ages unknown,  
where I know I can control my life,  
Hit me herder, from the center of my cochlear to the back of my hypothalamus,  
I know I'm not a handi of all sorts,  
But when those two magnetic cords are connected to the sides of cereberum  
I feel no pain, so young and wondrous,  
Dear music, you are mender

Paris Thulare



# How I Wish

How I wish,  
To be there lighted by moonlight with the she I call bubbly.  
Lips staring at each other , in a paradise for us too  
How I wish  
To hold hands with pupils attached,  
Singing soulhetter tunes,  
The heart dancing a salsa one ,  
That place for us too  
where no man has ever reached,  
far at paradise,  
only a vilour for us too  
How I wish

Paris Thulare



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# Poets

WE ARE POETS

by Parizo Van Thulare

Poets don't cry  
They let the ink weep in emotions  
Down to the paper filled with margins  
They let fonts click  
From one to the another they speak

The spirits of poets never die  
As always they are watered by wisdom  
They serve the species from their kingdom  
With valor they roar as arrival of eastern thunderstorm

Our combination is more compared to amapiano  
The strength we share matches no alto  
The bond we share runs wild like tornado  
One is never weeps when one feels

You let one down  
The other strikes  
You break's one heart  
The pieces combine when one calls

We never break  
We never hate  
We build and inspire  
We invent we don't inquire

Paris Thulare

## \_\_\_Light\_\_\_

To thee pains irreparable,  
To thee lost stillborn,  
To thee poor searching,  
To you out there, the souls suffering  
The moon doesn't have types, light will follow through,  
Have faith

Paris Thulare



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## \_\_\_\_ Let Me \_\_\_\_

I gave my life to this paper,  
Let me die with it.  
I poured my rhymes to these margins,  
Let my children read them.  
For I am prepared,  
to be the eagle with my own nest.  
Far, very in vas of my triaquest  
Let me die a Poet,  
Know I have quenched all my thirst

Paris Thulare



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# Caution

Believe me is risky,  
The way to accomplish a mission is never easy,  
But these pains to me are lolliey and feezy.  
I lost friends from writing  
At west some are all winning  
But still here puzzled by the same thing,  
It's never easy and though not quicky  
But I know for sure it's my destiny,  
My remedy.  
I can't leave poetry alone  
It's my addiction, my pride.  
My pen needs me

Paris Thulare



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# I Am The Writer

I know some didn't believe,  
Only my paper won't leave.  
I know I made myself an episode you already seen  
And still I'm keen.  
I'm on a different season,  
And for that I have reasons.  
I know no everybody likes to pick lines of a nobody,  
But the truth is I'm somebody.

It's only couple hours from making a big move,  
From these that wrote to the streets groove.  
Not like all the claudines,  
In these lines I find my javelins,  
Through the heart they mend a soul broken.  
To the head, they wake a solo crestfallen.  
I'm okay when I write with thee I've been through,  
As it brings me the 'O big motivation though.

It's me, the kind who jot nothing nothing down,  
As I'm possessed like a clown.  
I don't do practice when I cast,  
It's in my blood and I'm fast.  
I'm just a picture in a shoot,  
That does not fit at any caption yet, But I'm cool

Paris Thulare

# Oh! Dear Lord Spare Us

Dear Lord

We are your children living in fear,  
We are suffering, poked by thoughts about who we might become tomorrow  
Carpenter or spicer, its you who know.

This time of an hour,  
I cast words,  
praying for better days,  
Unto the broken and the suffering,  
The blind so is the crippled.

We are vanishing with millions multiplied,  
Our lives are being stolen by the diseases we don't know of.  
We are scared,  
Roaming from pillar to post,  
Hopes are stepping stones,  
Dragging us through the cardinals of the unknown.  
Please spare us another day oh lord  
Another breaths and lathens\_  
AMEN..???

Paris Thulare

# Time

I was told one day that you would fade before the eyes of me,  
But I was younger.

I was told I would be old as the sun  
And still wish to unfold all my deeds,  
Instead I enjoyed counting stars, and busking in sun  
Unaware you are as unforgiving as alghulas mermaid.  
I was told you would be my enemy and still I will live to chase you the non-  
living.

As I stand to be corrected here.  
My heart is heavy poundlesd, corrigated that it gets eaten by acid rain of regrets.  
My palate is a dozer unsure if South is a river mouth or a river source.

I'm running the race of my life,  
Losing tracks as a result of being a thief.  
I went for crossroads instead of borders,  
I chose shortcuts instead of tunnels  
Yet I remain a fue before my enemies.

Isn't a way or by chance  
When you wish to take a breath really,  
So I too keep up your pace

Paris Thulare



# The Queen Darkar

That winter evening,  
The story non-ending was embarking.  
My heart was rusty and thirsty  
With Wishes blurring my mind.  
There you came willing.  
Surely but slowly.

With question like hurricanes,  
Imploring my cerebellum,  
Poking my emptiness in life,  
While I wanted nothing to do with love.  
With my emptiness I crawled like mamba,  
But the Vernon was running short.

That 1st strike was repulsive,  
Taken by winter winds,  
The second bitten my shyness  
But the demons in me refused to rise.  
The third, the fourth.  
By the fifth I saw that 1st text popping,  
The boy in me became a man in seconds.

I tossed and turned  
My quizzes became rethorical,  
The grip in me grew tiny,  
With only fingertips away,  
I was to trip  
Then I knew it was over.

On my way falling down,  
On my way drowning with frowns,  
I saw an angel waving.  
I saw the perfection calling.  
An inch of consciousnesses grew,  
It was blurry but cloudy,  
So gloomy but worthy.

You grabbed my broken pieces,  
When I was almost about varnishing,

You glued them with feelings so elastic,  
Mixed with that something like green plastic,  
And put them inside your package.  
I don't why, but I became part of you language.

I was a corpse singing lonely tunes,  
I was a part of a frowny mob,  
Waiting for a death sentence.  
You bailed me out,  
And maybe a believer.  
You brought me in town,  
And turned me into a lover.

The part of me became yours  
The blood of me mixed with yours  
The love in me grew in tons.  
A lyric and beat mixed to make that one song.  
A song that became only ours.

Paris Thulare

# Unto You Love

I've spend most of my life afraid And unsure  
I've seen things and I've endured too much pain  
That which made me realized I'm the one who got only myself  
Seeing those smiles in me being taken away by the people I cared so much for,  
Seeing those disappointments wearing me piece by piece  
Truly I thought I will never smile my whole life.

I then for one took a risk  
Such which I was never sure it will cost me of that tiny love in me or drown the  
little of my heart left  
I took and turn and wrote love my suicide note,  
Unaware in the hands of you I would find such warmth.

Let me be true not to only you, but my inner self too,  
I've never thought i would walk this far with you  
I've always seen you as a friend  
Unware deep in the sweetheart sould of you lies the Shee myEverything,  
As always I thought you are,  
Too Richy to fit in guys, poorish guys like me,  
Most of my time I'm an angry ant, deeply broken myself,  
Who turn fragile hearts into stone colded ones.  
I was that person who would get angry for reasons I don't know,  
So to chase people away from me.

But since you showed up, I changed  
You have been there, waiting patiently.  
Transforming me everyday nonstop

You grew the missing pieces in me,  
You stole such loneless I had imbedded for decades in weeks time  
You changed the boy I was into the man I am before your retinas  
Truly your kinds are rare my Caressal one  
Forever you are embedded in my soul and my whole of me

Paris Thulare

# I Am Limpopian

The sunshines are throbbing from the fresh breeze of morning spheres,  
Deep from mesh and flei of smashy Drankenberg mountainous slopes.

Look down there! when I'm here at the heart of a place called home, with  
greetings by the corigated inventions of my fore ones.

In this place this! I see no sorrows, nor sorries but stories that brought the sons  
and daughters like you and me to the aldulthood.

Such shrubs you see, if they had mouths they would tell the tales on how our  
culture is respected like in the movie Troy.

Oh look! Look at those skies,

So innocent, free from weatherly monsters like hydras and clouds of  
colunimbustratus.

Allow me to leave you with such smashy ones: 'My place Home is smashy most  
extraterrestrial

Paris Thulare



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# I Am Lifeless

Dear God, I'm here in a world colliding,  
love has abandoned the poor soul in me,  
So is Momma who left me hanging in basket, Down marone street.  
I never met Dad,  
words of the street say he was once a knowneer,  
mowing those of kinds.

Yet i'm hear the unknown,  
sinless and stuck, broken and stressed,  
With nobody, nor a shelter to cover my soul.  
I'm here poked by hunger,  
Following the footsteps of bins,  
to sleep at least a fully belly.

Torned as I am,  
What to wear worries me no more,  
As long as I'm covered, then I'm all at peace.  
I've heard of my family at west,  
but it seems they know I exist not.

5 years in the frontier,  
Being chased by dogs, cops, landlords with swords only coz we searching for life  
on the streets.  
If could hear me out there,  
please find me a purpose, I'm lifeless

Paris Thulare

# The Spiritual Path

Embarking on a spiritual path is fomenting I know  
Sometimes you are told horror tales  
And oh! Your mind creates barriers

There are hardships  
Lots of pains and suffering  
One way or the other  
You are forced to consult  
Either to the western side  
Or to thee, our kinds

But hey! stick to the one you consult  
And follow the faces  
Going here and there confuses not only you,  
But angers the ancestors too.  
Listen to your heart,  
It is the compass to the decision making.

But for I know  
Pills won't heal you the daughter of water  
Doubt's will ruin your spiritual path  
Apease, Phatla, Phahla, O phase ??

Paris Thulare

# Stages Of Grieve

## DENIAL

There is you, becoming a berg wind of what you see,  
Yet the heart keeps skipping beats, whilst memories are are haunting.

## ANGER

Everything your eyes sees from that moment on,  
Becomes an enemy ship in your heart,  
It rages with hatred and by then, no friend or family matters,  
Not even a word of encouragement makes you feel better

## BARGENING

Slowly the anger triggers such hatred that makes a nest in your chest,  
An Amy of moods in cerebellum and then you become recruited in the game of  
emotions

## DEPRESSION

Think of it black child,  
Sitting there with a heavy heart and soul,  
Eyes full of colunimbus clouds,  
And oh! the mind sings you twitches and rocksonical rhymes.  
Here you are, only balanced by pills, or your whole self collides

Paris Thulare

## 05 My 05

So much years in the frontier  
And still breathing,  
This place is the awesome of the world,  
Even the land wanted me dead  
I remember when,  
The deeper the cold soaked into my bones,  
And the rain made footsteps with stings of wonders and pains  
I was there a knight casting my role

I am blessed really,  
I watched souls varnish  
And as always I dodged the bullets  
Kept my faith stronger,  
And my soul brighter

I'm here today, thanking my ancestors and the one above,  
The road itself was a game of thrones.  
But I made it 365 over

Hi  
My Name is Paris Thulare  
I'm the soldier of words  
And this is neither the beginning  
Or the end of my story.

Paris Thulare



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# My Once Was

You have been my enjambment,  
The who i used to call tangent.  
Your looks connived,  
And i was conviced.  
Yet you left without a notice.

I saw your messages  
Tons like spiderwebs,  
They struck my heart,  
A jibed such scars.

Dear my once was my happiness  
And so you know, you gave lessons  
For i am not a fool,  
For i was never a tool,  
Those heartbreaks and headboards,  
Will one day make me a perfect lover.

Paris Thulare



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# Gone Are Those Days

I used to sing sweet tunes unto you my dear,  
I used to blaze my very best lines,  
With joy favouring our bolded hearts,  
And yet the dark cloud fell unexpectedly.  
Seen is on flee  
It's your words against mine,  
Pride is before our eyes,  
And slowly we are becoming the enemies of love.

Gone are those days,  
When i used to you call mine,  
In return you would pour me smiles.  
Gone are those minutes i used to wear cloud nine,  
And you would call me a lucky charm.

There i recall, sank our ship of romance because of pride  
that wiped our love like mice at the centre of nile.

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# I Come From Nothing

Father's fell in the ages of stones,  
Then I was given names by companions.  
In me there grew a pain none could see,  
As I watched back in the days,  
Others were bought Christmas gifts,  
While I sat back, with burning wishes

I recall slowly, the path itself was a war  
With that little hope I grew, daily.  
Everyday storms would sneak in the little shelter that Momma gave us  
I watched as she swam in pains and coldness with love protecting us her cubs  
Ohh dear Mommy, indeed love was only you

I knew nothing of bread and beacon,  
That steak and burger were all I wished to taste,  
But my wishes died a painful death.  
As I watched the children from neighborhood jollyng at the corners of my streets

Wearing joy with warmth of seeing their dear Dads ascending from Jozi

I came from nothing  
The very same place I was born,  
Where the richest played kings  
And us the poor watched with grieve  
That same place I was raised,  
But in return it swallowed my grandparents so is my uncle

Do you know that pain endured,  
I watched families vanish with deaths unknown  
But nothing I could do afterall.  
The pains of pains was watching my mom stolen away from me  
But I was toddler then  
I carried the pain by heart  
But I made my self a solemn  
To never back down no matter what

Paris Thulare

# Will You

If I sing you a song  
Would you give me your ears ?

If tell you a story  
Will you keep it safe?

If I offer you my arms  
Will you hold the tight in return?

If I write you my lines  
Will you them by heart?

If I tell you all I always felt  
Will you spare me yours?

If I would show you the other half of my scars  
Will stay with me?

Tell me, will you?  
Settle for life with a half man, non perfect being I am

Paris Thulare

# P.O.E.T.R.Y

Love isn't a healer anymore,  
The beauty of the natures refreshes me not,  
Not even remedies made from exotic plans.

Music says the same thing, but Poetry never does.  
Theraphy is for the weakest,  
I believe in the the power of letters,

Poetry is the master compared to thee living, the undying and the non talking

Let me sail with these lines, tags and couplets  
For they hold the powers to the ever untouched colunimbus nine clouds

Paris Thulare



PoemHunter.com

# No One

No one remembers you  
No one is here for you  
No body will ever cry for you  
No one is so keen to nourish you  
No one cherishes you  
No one cheers for you  
Nobody wants you  
No body will mourn for you  
Just be here too, for nobody

Paris Thulare



PoemHunter.com

# The Dawn Of My Happiness

Here i am with rethoric questions racing in me everyday,  
It's festive now, everyone is out to see their mothers and fathers,  
what about me Lord?

They are out there jollyng everywhere with words of praises,  
But who's praising me now?  
Who is comfortngme when ice age revists the life of me?

That last time I sawMommy,  
I was a toddler, so is Father in my ages of embryo,  
I never felt the presents of my old man,  
I'm being told stories he was like I am,  
But wearing such belief is poking Eminem.

I'm out searching for hope here and there,  
But its never enough,  
Hapiness is my enemy.  
At worst I'm being given names,  
with fingers poking me to the center of hatred.  
Why didn't you give them such chance to see me flourishing.

It is useless I'm telling you, to have all this wonderful materialistic things but  
Momma isn't here to approve these that I accomplished.I  
'm all here fed up all day with tears rolling my eyes and there isn't a soul to  
comfort me,  
ohh dear Death, You are heartless.

Paris Thulare

# I'm No Longer Myself

I'm swinging on alcohol,  
Puffing smoke from day to dawn,  
Locomoting up steetsto downtown,  
Inquisitoring forthat one pill.  
Such pill to avail me sleep  
But the doctors say they havesuch prescriptions.

I wake up everyday with chiliad of declinations,  
Accompanied by a storm of gazillion wishes,  
But still, this life keeps going.

I'm no longer myself no!  
my gullet always craves to deglutite something,  
In the greeting of the sunlight  
And the dawn of midnight  
Who am i really? ?

I once took a stand in life,  
Saw myself in such perfect family kind,  
But it seems to me, i'm just against time.

I looked while my companionsdying, helpless  
I failed to pay heed at each funi..  
I got broken relationships,  
But still i fail to fix,  
Now i got some bad habits i can't modify.

Such plane of success once booked, crushed in the middle of nowhere.  
Today im here chasing this, that and the next after,  
How about this disease eating me in inches avery day,  
And still, the insomnia has no mercy for me.

I act smiley with such big belly  
Wearing white teeth that speak hello tunes  
But im dying, slowly  
Alone, with nobody noticising  
Who Am I, really



Paris Thulare

# My Heart

, I've failed you a thousand times than I can remember,  
I've hurt you with intentions like the month November,  
I promised you and my soul the food of love,  
Yet it seems I'm just a fue,  
Foolish not enough with no aorta  
no left ventricle.  
you are there, bleeding to death because of all the pains I've caused you,  
No vein is attached and sooner I'm becoming motionless.

I thought expectations were to keep you a company,  
Unaware I was causing such devastations.  
How childish I was to think a soul with two feet and silver thighs was going to  
keep you happy.  
If I knew the such would happen,  
I would have never sold you for only kisses filled with pills and fake emotions

I'm sorry my dear one,  
Now I know you all I've got,  
It's you who keeps my life going, my lood moving,  
With ought you, I wouldn't be breathing,  
Let me narture you,  
Pick all the missing pieces and mend you.

Dear heart,  
I'm now aware,  
And I will take care.

Paris Thulare

# Nteseng Ke Itheteng

ke Motau šemane ya go ja di wela  
Ke Motau lesogana kgaah! Šateeh ka tsena  
Ke mopulana wa moswati  
Lesogana la go hloka nyatsi

Tšešu ditaola ke rile go dirutwa ka tsena mong'waseloko ka yo tsoma  
Ba nswayile tsebe go kwa bonkgolo  
Bare &quot;sa Mošemane a se go itaola &quot;;  
Ke go tšwa lesolo a tšama tšwela babo mokgola

A ke tšwe mokhi ke nne, tšwa maruping a kgoši Sekwai  
Tlase tlase thabeng tša go kguma ka tswai

Bare go mpona ba ka sefokeng  
Ba opa magoswi bare &quot;Thobela Morena!

Se mpone bosonyana wa nnyatša  
Sešu sereto ke serutile phatlalatša  
Ke serutilwe go jewa molatša ka dinawa tša maisimane a go tšwa mošola  
Ruri ka nnete di ntšwetše mohola

Nteseng ke ithweše dipataka  
Ke di file ke yola Rakgolo pele mathomong bupi e sale lepotetšana

Paris Thulare

# The Lyrics Of Thulare

I'm not the existing, not.

I'm a ghost running like winter winds in fonts,  
making clicks from thee center of the shore,  
15 knots deep into the corner of your thoughts.

I don't exist, I don't

I invent lines that makes the papers to bleed silently,  
your breath to run in circles simultaneously,  
but I'm thee you will never see.

Take a peak, I do tweets that speaks like yano beats,  
I'm that one beep in your heart when you meep,  
with 4inches of inspiration,  
8 tons of lust,  
10x the speed that your retina swings when reading thee,

I'm the cold walking front in the pupils of you

I am the son Of Paper

Paris Thulare

# I Tried

Like a dragon fly trying to hold into the moving water,  
Like a butterfly failing to get a grip on the west side of la rosa,  
Like a bird that tries so hard to nourish the petal,  
But the nectar isn't enough to let the flower bloom,  
It is just not so enough.

I pulled my biggest fight,  
Let go of my fears,  
My friends and my worst,  
But still you saw no man in me.  
I gave you my all,  
In me you saw a frost.  
I tried to crawl,  
But you just couldn't see me at all.

Let me pack my lonely-self and go.  
I will stick on being the walking walking front.  
I just can't keep entertain you no more.

Paris Thulare



PoemHunter.com

# Spirit, Lead Me

Spirit lead the way,  
I'm ready to swim into the depths of the bay  
And fetch what I was meant to flay  
Let me not be like Ray  
I have a price to pay  
I am ready.

In the darkest hours you showed me light  
In the sorrow times you gave me strength  
Into me you came unaware  
Yet I'm ready.  
No fears shall mess my destiny  
Nor shears to stop me.  
Spirit, take me deep into valleys of life.  
To thee where my forefathers want me.  
Lead the way,  
I'm olay

Paris Thulare



PoemHunter.com

# In The Memory Of: Mohubedu M.E

Dear Sir, The He whom that invented the poet in me,  
I'm here with a meeping face with tears playing down my collar,  
Asking myself why so soon,  
But I'm just at loot.

Beautiful as Malrose  
Sweet as Glucose  
Your lessons were so artistic  
You painted me Toppingly  
you were my Ace teacher

You veered me into a believer  
You gave me wings to fly places like jack reacher  
You gave birth to this dreamer  
Your support is the best noneoffered

Your lessons were as laxurous as Range Rover  
As breeze as the oceania winds  
As embellishing that i envy to rewind my mind  
You taught me to respect life

You taught me to love  
All thanks to you i still rise  
Because of you i can still smile  
I still can swipe and sail in happiness

Back then when life showed me flames  
In your arms i always had a place  
You always comforted me  
When others mocked me  
You are the hero to my soul  
You are a memory that will never fade

The best I've ever had  
You are the memory i will never wipe on my pad  
I have gone places  
I've seen faces  
Memories come and go

But yours will remain as unanimous as gold

May all the heavens take care of you

I will always bow down to your deeds

May all the happiness wear your family as a whole

May all love and life be planted into Trinity

Paris Thulare



# Ugogo Mhlanti

Intokazi yenhle kwenkanyezi,  
Indoni yamanzi,  
Indodakazi yomhlaba.  
Yena ngempela uyismomondiya, Ingane eyaziwa ngabaphansi,  
Khuluma nami Qhawekazi.  
Ungisize nami ngiqhumane no gogo nokhokho,  
Awu! Phela impepho nomcebo zaziwa nguwe mbali enhle.  
Shayi ingoma emnandi  
sphuthumise igazi

The supernatural one,  
The imperentural kind.  
Ughogho Mhlanti we mhlabhathi  
Roaring with such Beauty that melts ngha'phaghathi.

The she who know the bones in sizes, she sees, heals all the crisis  
She frees, the meeps all the frownies.  
Let me poetisize you, wear you with my lyrics.  
Like the maths teacher sharing the theory of arithmetic.

You are the asymptote of my culture,  
The she whom when i see, my retina speaks in jabs and tags  
I gag, brag, like when craving a big mac  
I dont smoke crack, i need no rehab,  
You are like my fourite snack.

You are that Jeep Cherokee SRT,  
Brand new from dealership at UCT  
Always in the mood, my soothe  
In good ways, you sway me, like a smoothie

Heavens prostate when they see you,  
Waters and the soothing breeze speak highly of your deeds,  
Even mountains at sundown sing of you.

Bow down and say praises  
Crouch and hear such lyrics  
Its you and me who should give her the respect,  
Ndoni yamanzi

Thokoza Gogo????

Paris Thulare

# My Best Man: B Marape

Things have not been the same in ages  
They took turns and we wrote the pages  
But even after all we still the two against all odds  
It's not a coincidence that we met  
Whilts weboys competing  
Teasing our enemies in bulks  
And yes we still the uncrackednuts

May the almighty spare you for the future  
My kids want their godfather  
My wife needs to see this man like McGintyre

You my very best  
The man I knew from the est  
Worst, but more fruitful to the rest  
Cheers to the memories made  
This is our fate

Paris Thulare



PoemHunter.com

# Forgive Me

Dear God

I've broken lot of hearts before,

I've wrecked many emotions.

And sinned in allways unaware.

I wasn't perfect all the way

But please show me the way,

Let me forgive and Repent.

To damage done, maybe devastating.

To curses crossed, maybe the cause of these,

But oh dear Lord

Cleanse me father

Wear me with your greatness I want to change

To those I made sad,

To those I made you weep,

Find it in your heart to forgive.

I was a lost sheep.

Help me keep those who are here to stay

Help not cause them pain

I know you can

I'm waiting with my open palms

Amen

Paris Thulare

# What If

What if the heaven we are told about doesn't exist,  
What if it's a place we see only in our dreams.  
Who has ever went there and came back?  
Who has ever seen hell with his naked eyes?

What if we are not scared of death  
We are scared of losing all the things we are used to.  
Waking up surrounded by oceans,  
And Sharing this world with the loved ones

What if,  
I'm not scared of laying there one man.  
With my body being wrapped in suits inside a woody bed,  
But I'm afraid of being given another names that I'm not familiar with.

I'm not judging the creation of mankind,  
I'm not a soul with eyes blind,  
I am a soul wearing curiosity.  
What if we are scared?  
What if we are not afraid?

Paris Thulare

# Wrong Side Of Love

Being at the wrong side of life  
Bing played by in the name of love  
seeking attention  
playing a game of pretension  
falling fo the wrong  
Tomenting if feels  
It leaves the heart in pieces  
For your eyes will weep  
Is not worthy, quit  
Give your mind peace

Paris Thulare



PoemHunter.com

# If I Die Before I Wake

If I die before I wake  
I pray you all cherish to the memories made  
Not the pains, nor the shame

If I die before tomorrow begins  
I hope you all remain in peace.  
Hold your tears  
Worry not

To all those that i hurt  
Unaware i made you sad  
I crouch before your faces  
Praying you all be freed from grudges

Let what i once wrote heal you  
Let all the words i sang, inspire you  
For that I'm forever gone.

Paris Thulare



PoemHunter.com

# The Life Of You

What is life?

Everything that your eyes see,  
Every air that your nose breathe.  
Every pump your heart makes  
And Every pain you feel.  
Life is every word your mouth speaks  
And your Every sound you ears hear,  
Life is every step you take.

It's not only about the happiness,  
But also about your downfall.  
Do not,  
Don't regret where you are  
Or what you did  
Your instincts are part of your life

Life is every one around you,  
The good and the bad,  
They are in your there for a purpose.  
To help Find yourself.  
Life is who you are now,  
And what you will be tomorrow.

For every situation has a purpose,  
To teach you  
And to lift you.  
For every tear is meant to heal you  
And let you find you.

Don't beat yourself for who you are,  
Appreciate this life.  
Live this life  
And let God guide you

This is the Life of you

Paris Thulare



# Let Go

Is it worthy being a walking river?  
Is it worthy wearing heavy feelings?  
Is it? ?

Why don't u let go of the fear  
And start living with no tears?  
Let it go.  
Let them go.  
All this drama going on,  
All these disappointments, the off and ONs  
Let them go.

You are born to be you  
Not to beg for love  
Not to be frowny all your life  
Take a stand, let go  
Make a choice, never look back  
Let go.

Paris Thulare



PoemHunter.com

# The Pandemic

The world has gone dark,  
Like the movie wild card .  
With faces looking down  
The life of man kind is at lockdown  
Seeking all ways out.

All gates are closed  
the covid is now a grey hound, scouting  
There is no more joy, it's shocking

We are the enemies of our daily lives  
Like vampires at caves, waiting to scavage at night,  
Watching the numbers peddling  
This is the beginning of the end.

We ignored Ebola as the sign  
Gave it a blind eye, yet the worst is on strike  
Abide fellow neighbors,

If the richest can't stop these  
Who are we to strike over the unseen?  
This monster is remorseful  
It ate the lives of men in sizes  
Let's lock and load  
Let's pray and praise  
We will pass through such storms

Paris Thulare

# Corona: De Covid

what have we done that which led us to thee?  
What have we done that brought this monster to flee?  
Lord! Is this what you said decades ago?  
Is this how you end the world with pablo?

This is like the nightmare of winter night,  
With fear raging like An acid in a test  
The existance of Homo is about to end,  
Here is covidthe 19, unleashed in it's nest  
Dear lord!protect us from this curse

The &quot;never thought&quot; is now a headline in the blog of the present  
The unthinkable is now scaring the lives of us, the mankind.  
There is nowhere to run  
We are about to become the slaves at our own houses  
Help us lord  
Save our world

Paris Thulare



PoemHunter.com

# Love On The Silent Street

Warm as Agulhas current  
Too far at blue moon,  
Nourishing hearts with what was of keen.  
Love was the masterpiece.  
Rhyming with the flow of waterfalls,  
Hoping such would last to infinity,  
But as always the sailor get caught up in the centre of Atlantic.  
With no clue of where lies the polar, 15 knots or shorter?

Yet Feelings are partying ways in inches  
Day and noon when one lures one with words  
Arguments are like swords  
From east to south they fly in the points of cardinal  
Good nights texts are rare  
This is like the emerging of a taxi fare

Is as lull as mount everest at noon  
So sad this ship is moving like aracon.  
Romeo is now a foe of his reflection  
With eyes looking down his shoulders, wearing incertitude  
No hope, no posture.

Phones are like christmas bells,  
They rang only occasionally,  
They beep only when one is emotional.  
It's a You or Me shift.  
Deeper it drowns,  
The love of the talking doves  
It's now a Game of thrones

Paris Thulare

# Dear Nsfas

I was in heavens that day when i saw "your application is successfull";

I became the artist of my moods and sang Ella praises.

It was like diving deep down the oceans.

My hopes rose like beat waves.

I knew you were gonna be a A saviour to my path .

It went on as a cherubi fairy tale

With retensions cute as art

Peppered with words from the heart

I knew I was also gonna be the one

Yet I'm just a soul playing cards.

Yesterday was to be thee best of my life

Today I'm sitting alone here with my tears full in my palms

The question remains "what if";

Whilst time gets chewed by the clock

It's scary, I'm not at peace

Let me be the chosen one, pretty please.

Dear Nsfas,

Don't let my dreams fade,

I hope you will change

Paris Thulare

# A Poet's Plight

I drink from waters full of wisdom  
I wear such words that gleams the heart  
Not only to assuage my thirst  
Not only to gratify my mind  
But to groom myself for the path to the future  
So when I'm gone my lines shall reign  
I will never die in vain  
I will die a legend

Paris Thulare



PoemHunter.com

# Poetry In Making

Like the thunderstorm in my mind  
It rolls, seeking a way out  
It crawls deep out of my pores, hoping to see sun

Burning as the veld fire  
From my medulla to my spine, the heat is felt.  
In words rhyming like in a flog  
Telling me to wake up and let in bleed  
Round and round down my mouth  
It wants to speak for the broken

The mender of souls  
The healer of hearts  
The remedy of doubts  
This is POETRY in making

Paris Thulare



PoemHunter.com

# My Beautiful Africa

I was born endless miles from the town  
Where tales are told about the king in his crown  
Where plates are treated same glass  
So fragile respect is of the erything  
So beautiful My land is stunning

I speak in languages of types  
Pepperd with traditions  
And dishes of all kinds  
African made withthe greatest taste  
African grilled with inspiringtales

Where I come from mountains sing the sweetest  
Rivers play the romance  
The Baobabs are cutiest  
It is the land of its own kind

My Africa, my quest  
I come far away from the mountains of Drankesnberg  
They Roar with beauty.  
Near Lies the tunnel of Straitjdom Lepelle flows peacefully  
Full of acquatics living blissfully

The words it sings  
speak for the trees  
It breezes the fume of sighs  
With a flavor of purple ice  
Down to Mapunghubjwe I rise

My Africa, my best  
The history of the greatest is unleashed  
It calls upon the genius to come and aphrend  
It calls upon the future to come and learn

My Africa, my pride  
I haven't done yet  
Get something to write  
Still I 'm here to rhyme.



Talk about the bothers of Kruger  
Worldwide are known  
Worldwide they are shown

The falls of Victoria  
The Valleys of Zambezi  
The desert of Kalahari  
Lobola or mahadi  
This is my Africa

See the cars in colors pouring  
See nations in rainbows queuing  
To see only the biggest  
To witness the wrestlemania of the nature  
Ohh! what a wonderful adventure

My Africa is my biome  
The land of dreams and hopes  
All thanks to the almighty for suchsmashing home  
I'm so proud to be an African  
I'm so down with my heritage

Paris Thulare

# As Long As

A train of disappointments  
A plane of ignorants  
A bus of jealousy  
A ship of sadness  
They might come running at full speed  
as always I will kneel  
I will be a creed

As long I have this precious life  
As long as I sleep with a full belly  
As long as I have this teddy  
Then I'm alright  
I am all fine

Paris Thulare



PoemHunter.com

# My Dear Poetry

Dear poetry

Make me your servant, I want to die on your hands.

Make me listener, I want die dancing to your beats.

Make me your slave, I want die rhyming.

Make me please, so I die knowing my thirst is quenched

Paris Thulare



PoemHunter.com

# The Compendium

This time I wear no dark color  
This time I wear no scar  
My words cleansed me  
My lines made me

From being a Black child  
I transformed and became The Voice  
Egoism and Pride tasted my margins  
From the Harbour with Valour I began singing Night Hymns

Unexpectedly Feelings bled  
I started chasing paper  
I fell for The Wrong  
Became A Fool  
I Rose Still

There began The Voyage with Poetry  
It brought the best in me  
I became a Paper orphan  
The Invention of a village life  
The Legend Walking  
From A Lyric Commando  
To being Parizo La Poeta

Paris Thulare

# Hopelessly Living

What is the use of imploring whilst the sky is dark?  
What is the use of waiting when those that lead care less of us?  
We the poor are always criticized  
Those in the 1st class carriage are on the safest side

What is the use of hoping whilst my heart is red of weeping pains?  
What is the use of counting stars whilst the rest are covered by these selfish  
clouds?  
What is the use of praying whilst those that I get play dices with me?

For how long have I been saying grace  
Whilst I lose those that I love?  
For how long shall I keep on staring at the hands of the law?  
Whilst my mates run with bachelors  
It's either bribe or you remain behind  
With no connection there is none to find

Was I praying for such bad luck?  
Or when I pray I make a face of a duck?

I've been taken for granted is fine  
I've been suffering with benignity  
Yet I draw the line  
My journey to being holy stops here  
That face of frowny stays here  
I will pick one on my way up

Paris Thulare

# Addicted

You played me  
You made me  
I tested it  
So nicer it felt

Again and again i came like mice  
Round and round i roled like hurricane  
Seeking for that something more  
Which kept coming  
That which kept me calmy

Deeper and deeperi drowned  
From my cerebulum down to meddulla

From innocent to sinfull i fell  
The words i sang we like those ofbieber  
The moves i made were those of Jenifer

My mind told me to stop  
But when i tried  
My body began gagging

I felt needles running  
From my toes telling me not be a such fool  
I guessfalling for moods made me one

At first i thought it wasthirst  
Not know you were a tenant in me  
I only wanted to reach cloud nine  
Unaware i commited crime

That which can only be erased by life  
That one which no pill can heal

I am addicted  
I am feel defeated

Paris Thulare

# When All Hope Becomes Blur

We are all born to be Daughters and the sons  
As time goes by it all changes  
The Good life we Hoped for Slowly slips  
It Gets Tougher when change sips

The journey to Hustle Starts  
Some roll the dices  
Some run the races  
We all chase the paper  
We chase perfection  
But then mother nature strikes trough

only few survive the wave  
Those who are helpless get stuck in vain  
Those who are advantageous get to see the rain  
That Sweet Love We Longed for changes its lanes  
Hate takes over our hearts  
Only few marriage ceremonies Befall  
But plenty of funerals

The road starts to tangle  
The path starts to have too many sails  
The journey grows thorns  
The chances of success become rare  
Survival of the fittest becomes the ruling party  
Hope evades to the future  
faith and morality slowly extinct

Paris Thulare

# Lerato Ase Papadi (Sepedi)

Le satlo kwišwa bohloko, la gegewa  
Le satlo tshepišwa mehlolo, la wela  
Le sa tlo bona dikgolo  
Dibotse di tlo feta  
E sale ka masa

Go hloka kgotlelelo ke kotsi,  
O tla ralala lefase la tshepišo mehla yohle  
Leratorato o ka se le bone

A gona lerato le bonolo  
Ke leshita-phiri di hlatsetše le ke bagololo,  
Le jwalo ka patla o ipetlela lona  
Wa mo swara ka botho molekani le yena a go bona

Hle! Lerato ase papadi  
Lerato a se padi  
Ebile a le nyake thwadi

Ge o rata tlogela go swantšha  
Ge o rata tlogela go ikgantšha  
Ge o rata o ikane

Paris Thulare



# The Poet In Me

The echo of my rhyming  
Making waves from the calcaneus up the nerve of auditory  
Cleansing all which was blocked in tympanic membrane

This is poetry 's core  
The beauty of wisdom making Blast  
This how i Cast

Hear them throb through the cortical cells  
Storming and stomping as the dozer of Bells

The words through my lyrics  
The bond of my syllables  
The fonts of the collabo  
This is me, the Commando  
Parizo, the village poet

Paris Thulare



PoemHunter.com

# Thanks For The Life Momma

I am the reflection of my own shadow  
The one behind the existence of barrows  
Because I have been given this life

I am the daughter with pride  
I am the son at the top of a river Nile  
Because I have been given a chance to live

My mother is the reason why I smile and cry  
The reason why I laugh and love

She gave me the chance  
yet I breathe and yes believe  
Because she chose not to abort when she was caught at lion's gate  
She chose not to leave me in a corpse's cage  
She gave me a chance to live

Who would have thought I could say words in such  
Who would have thought that my wrist needs a watch  
But Mother gave me her all

She wrapped me up when the sun ran hot  
She lifted me up when the grass was grey  
That was when lions wanted to prey

Nine months isn't a child play  
But Momma made me see the day

She is the reason why I see this sun until dawn  
I read book of different pages  
I stumble on top of different shapes  
Because I've been given the chance to live

Thank you mother, for the life you gave me  
Thank you Mdali, for not abandoning me  
I'm on my way up  
Sooner you will be proud

Paris Thulare

# Not Now

Bitter or sweet  
It's life after all

Cherry or chilly  
I will find my all

Sunny or stormy  
I will stand tall  
If sloughy, I will crawl

Steeper or concave  
I will find a way even if I fall

This too is temporarily  
God, I will answer when you call

I won't stop now  
I accept my fate and all my flaws

Paris Thulare



PoemHunter.com

# A Will Before My Ride

The minutes from now may be later  
An hour from now i might be picked by undertaker  
This may be my very last moment on this earth,  
The dawn of me

As my body will be put to rest  
I wish forgiveness and peacemay rule in the hearts of those whom i wronged

As my soul will be lifted high by the angels  
I hope you all mourn with respect

May the tales about my life be told  
May my tombstone be written in bold  
So my names will never fade  
This is my will  
Let it be done so I rest in peace

Paris Thulare



PoemHunter.com

# Poetry With Parizo

With my feelings rising like moon  
I'm on rhyming mode  
my mind is jumbling  
Dancing to the beats that the POET Is inventing

Eyes are open wide  
With no inch of a blinking  
like a hybridscouting  
One breath it all fades  
This is Poetry in making

Paris Thulare



PoemHunter.com

# I Never Knew

This yesterday you were singing sweet tunes,  
Telling the tales of how you long to see my face.  
I let go of my doubts,  
I divorced my pride.

I was like a cursed juguar.  
So happy, with a dancing heart.  
So dandy, I loved what I heard.

The clicks of your texts made me believe you were true,  
With emojis playing the third part,  
My mind became a park.

Here is the day to deliver your pledges,  
I'm waiting with the heart in my palm  
Looking at all the corners of my streets  
But you are not showing up

Hours went by and I'm still obsessed with my phone.  
You are nowhere to be found  
I'm tired of waiting, it's getting dark outside.  
I never knew you will turn me such clown.  
Yet I'm a fool walking on a nimbo cloud.  
Its fine, you won .

Paris Thulare