

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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Tihlohelo Ramathape()

Bittersweet

My pain is almost tangible as I experience a myriad of emotions for I have lost a friend, yet my feelings are bittersweet, for finally I have completely extricated myself from suffocating grip of an emotional vampire that sucked the life out of me everyday;

A spiritual connection has been severed, and a physical attachment will exist no longer, yet I rejoice for I have gained freedom from the negativity that hung like a dark cloud over my joy, like a weight around my neck causing me to drown in her anger and bitterness;

I may shed a tear or two, but the relief I feel overshadows any sense of loss this defining moment may accompany, yet I question whether it was meant to be forever, or has the friendship died a natural death to be buried and never exhumed?

Tlholohelo Ramatlhape

Enough

Will you open your ears and hear me when I say
It is enough, it is over
I will no longer submit
I will no longer accept
I will no longer condone
Your abuse and your misuse

Will you open your eyes to look and see
What you have done to me
The damage you continue to inflict
The anger and fear you continue to instill
With your attitude and arrogance
With your pride

Will you open your heart and feel what I feel
Look inside and tell me what you see
In that void you have created
Do you see the emptiness?
Do you see the bitterness?
Does your conscience still exist?

Will you open your mind and accept
That you cannot always be right
That some situations cannot be reasoned away
That common sense and logic are relative terms
That pain is subjective
And I can no longer stand it

Will you?

Tlholohelo Ramatlhape

I Am

I am a product of my environment,
The result of my experiences
I am the depth of my valleys
And the height of my mountains

I am the smile on my lips,
And the laughter in my eyes
I am the velvety chocolate of my skin
And the dimple on my right cheek

I am an inspiration
A reflection of what is possible
I am my dreams
I am my past, my present, and my future

I am my compassion and my kindness
I am the tears I shed in grief
I am my courage and my strength
I am the love I give to others

I am a woman and a human being
I am not perfect and am slightly flawed
I am unique, different and beautiful
I am your sister, your daughter, your friend

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Tlholohelo Ramatlhape

I Cry

I cry, not because my hope is gone
I cry for those who can not cry for themselves
Whose strength is gone from hunger, and
Whose throats are dry with thirst

I cry, not because I am empty
I cry for those whose hearts are empty
Whose will to survive has been snatched away
Whose reason for living is no longer clear

I cry, but not because I am ungrateful
I cry for the poverty stricken
For the widows and orphans
I cry for the countries torn apart by war and greed

I cry, not because I cannot make a difference
I cry because of the suffering I see each day
I cry for the women who can't nurse their babies
And the fathers who cannot feed their sons

I cry, not because the world has come to an end
I cry for those who've lost their way
For the youth who have turned to crime
Who have let greed rule their lives

I cry not because of what I see
I cry because of what I do not see
For the lack of equality and peace
The abundance of pain and disease
The death of a nation of lions reduced to a pile of bones

Tlholohelo Ramathape

My Eyes

I wonder what you see when you look into the depths of my eyes
Do you see the rainbow of emotions my eyes express, and the painful past that
hides within?

Do you see the doubts that conceal themselves behind the curtains of my eyes,
and the disappointments that have darkened my perception of the world?

When you look into the depths of my eyes
Can you see the dark clouds hovering over my peace, threatening to dissolve it in
the blink of an eye?

Do you see my deepest secrets and the skeletons that hide in my past, and the
uncertainty that lurks behind the mask on my face

Can you see the fear that stands in my way?
Do my eyes reveal my hope for better days?
Is there a sign in my eyes of the love I yearn to possess?
Is my optimism evident in the brightness of my eyes?

I wonder what you see when you look into the depths of my eyes.

Tlholohelo Ramatlhape