

Poetry Series

Victor Phinda Mokoena
- poems -

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Victor Phinda Mokoena(19 July 1992)

For I shall inherit my love.

Beautiful Of Woman

How beautiful are thy feet with shoes,
O prince's daughter!
The joints of thy thighs are like jewels,
The work of the hands of a cunning workman.

Thy navel is like a round goblet,
Which wanteth not liquor:
Thy belly is like an heap of wheat set about with lilies.

Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins.
Thy neck is as a tower of ivory,
Thine eyes like the fishpools in Heshbon,
By the gate of Bath-rabbim:
Thy nose is as the tower of Lebanon which looketh toward Damascus.

Thine head upon thee is like Carmel,
And the hair of thine head like purple;
The king is held in the galleries.

How fair and how pleasant art thou,
O love,
For delights!

This thy stature is like to a palm tree,
And thy breasts to clusters of grapes.

I said,
I will go up to the palm tree,
I will take hold of the boughs thereof:
Now also thy breasts shall be as clusters of the vine,
And the smell of thy nose like apples;

And the roof of thy mouth like the best wine for my beloved, that goeth down
sweetly, causing the lips of those that are asleep to speak.

I am my beloved's, and his desire is toward me.

Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field; let us lodge in the villages.

Let us get up early to the vineyards; let us see if the vine flourish, whether the tender grape appear, and the pomegranates bud forth: there will I give thee my loves.

The mandrakes give a smell, and at our gates are all manner of pleasant fruits, new and old, which I have laid up for thee, O my beloved.

Victor Phinda Mokoena

Best

Each day I'll do my best,
And I won't do any less.
My work will always please me,
And I won't accept a mess.

I'll colour very carefully,
My writing will be neat.
And I simply won't be happy

Til my papers are complete.
I'll always do my homework,
And I'll try on every test.

And I won't forget my promise
To do my very best!

Victor Phinda Mokoena

Garden

I am come into my garden,
My sister, my spouse:
I have gathered my myrrh with my spice;
I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey;
I have drunk my wine with my milk:

Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved.
I sleep, but my heart waketh: it is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying,
Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled: for my head is filled
with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night.

I have put off my coat; how shall I put it on? I have washed my feet; how shall I
defile them?

My beloved put in his hand by the hole of the door, and my bowels were moved
for him.

I rose up to open to my beloved; and my hands dropped with myrrh, and my
fingers with sweet smelling myrrh, upon the handles of the lock.

I opened to my beloved; but my beloved had withdrawn himself, and was gone:
my soul failed when he spake: I sought him, but I could not find him; I called
him, but he gave me no answer.

The watchmen that went about the city found me, they smote me, they wounded
me; the keepers of the walls took away my veil from me.

I charge you, O daughters of South Africa,
If ye find my beloved, that ye tell him, that I am sick of love.

What is thy beloved more than another beloved, O thou fairest among women?
what is thy beloved more than another beloved, that thou dost so charge us?

My beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand.

His head is as the most fine gold, his locks are bushy, and black as a raven.

His eyes are as the eyes of doves by the rivers of waters, washed with milk, and
fitly set.

His cheeks are as a bed of spices, as sweet flowers: his lips like lilies, dropping
sweet smelling myrrh.

His hands are as gold rings set with the beryl: his belly is as bright ivory overlaid
with sapphires.

His legs are as pillars of marble, set upon sockets of fine gold: his countenance is
as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars.

His mouth is most sweet: yea, he is altogether lovely. This is my beloved, and
this is my friend,
O daughters of South Africa.

Victor Phinda Mokoena

Hope

Our hope for things to come.
We can only hope tomorrow,
will bring the things we long.

Every ending is a new beginning,
a promise of things reborn.
A new day far more happy,
than the life that we had known.

Every ending is a new beginning,
with a hope of friendship true.
Of love that's never ending,
And happy days with you.

Victor Phinda Mokoena

I Am Terrified

I am terrified
And the terrors
Of death crush me.

I am gripped by fear,
And trembling.
I am overcome with terror.

I wish I had wings
Like a dove.
I would fly far away.

And find a nest
Make my home in the desert.
I will quickly find a nest.

Find myself a shelter
From the raging wind and the storm.
I AM TERRIFIED!

Victor Phinda Mokoena

I Will Always Love You

I will always love you,
Remember that.
You can push me away,
but I'll always come back.
you can deny your desire and say it can't be,
but I won't let the walls come between you and me.
You're afraid of your dark side,
the harm you could cause.
I have never feared your hands
or their sharp, pointy claws.
I love them,
I love you,
I love all that you are.
protest all you like,
but you will not get far.
You can never change my mind.
My heart will stay true.
I'll do everything I can to get closer to you.
I will wait for you forever,
so get used to that fact.
I will always love you,
'Remember That'.

Victor Phinda Mokoena

If

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you.
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:
If you can dream - and not make dreams your master;
If you can think - and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat these two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:
If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on! '
If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings - nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And - which is more - you'll be a Man, my son!

Victor Phinda Mokoena

In Love Poem

True

Victor Phinda Mokoena

Just A Normal Guy

I'd like to think myself as normal,
Just an ordinary boy.
But I'm not into butterflies,
I don't do ballet twirls.

I hate wearing make-up,
No eye shadow or blush.
I don't have time in a morning,
As I'm always in a rush.

I don't wear fancy underwear,
Especially not a boxer.
For all the boys who do out there,
I think it's kind of wrong.

I don't spend hours on the phone,
Just simply chatting away.
I only need to take five minutes,
On my hair everyday.

My room is not spotless,
My room is not a tip.
I don't put powder on my nose,
I don't give teachers lip.
I don't go after every girl,
That I come across.

I don't think I'm better than everyone.
Don't think that I'm the boss.
I don't walk with my breasts,

Held high up in the air.
I don't try to shake my head,
Or twirl and flick my neck
I just want to get through,
These taunting years of school.
I don't care what you think of me,

I don't care if I'm not 'cool'.

And I do have a good time,
A laugh with all my friends.
I balance it with learning,
This is my beginning, not my end.

Victor Phinda Mokoena

Left Unspoken

These few words don't seem right,
they don't fit or even rhyme.
But when i think about you
the words get lost some were in my mind.
Icant say it out loud
how much i really love you,
but baby i am proud
to say I'm the one that's with you.
Ihopeyou know u mean every think to me.
My world, my love, my passion
and ill shout it out so every one can see
that you are an angle made in heaven.
Idream of the day
were we sit side by side by the sea,
or laying in the green grass
your arms cradling me.
Iwould give up my life
to taste one kiss from your sweet lips.
Because baby i will die
from this throbbing in my ribs.
The pain is from the distance,
the cruel words it will never work.
But no one else can see
the love that it has took
to get this far.
What I'm trying to say
is that u mean the world to me.
Every second of the day
my love grows unintentionally.
What i mean to say
is your the best thing in my life.
Youmake me so happy,
and feel wonderful inside.
Ireally do love you,
and i fear i need u so much more than you need
me.
Ijust want you to see
that you mean so much to me.

Madness Of Love

I can't explain,
why I feel this way about you,
Every time you would come my way
I always tremble when you nearby,
feeling nervous,
It's like I wanna
Fall down unconscious.

I don't know what's
so special about you
That made me fall in love with you.
Maybe that cute face of yours,
Your smiles and ways,
Yes of course

Every time you're by my side
I'd like to stretch my hands open wide
And embrace you tight endlessly
But I can't coz you might turn away from me.
But what can I do? I ask myself

If this is what I feel for you
Can you blame me, if I have fallen?
Madly in LOVE with you my darling.

Victor Phinda Mokoena

Mxit Addiction

It all started with an invitation
You accepted me, who are you, you asked
1 2 2 2 3 the whole night we chat
Addiction people say it is
From I is curiosity
That I had lied to you my name.

A friend gave me your contacts I invited
I don't know your name neither do you.

I fell in love in the world of lies they say,
The love you sent disguise of text,
The first time I knew I had to see your face

First I ask for your picture, you requestes mine too

Unfair you are
Mone I sent
Silence today, tomorrow.
I enquired if you still care,
Silence became your response
Questions after questions I questioned
Still, silence became more even.

The piling pains pale in my dark site
MXit I regret the invitation
Only if I could I would
Tell the pains of the true LOVE I have for you
If only I knew you just like the rest I wouldn't
Have sent it
For my face is unfinished.

PRINSOFLAV. my MXit I'd
27734216643. my contacts

@slam_vicious

Mxit Prayer

Our father who art in Mxit, halo ed be thy
username, your invitations come your chatin be
done at school and at work as it is at home, give us
this day our daily airtimes and forgive us for
deleting those who are boring and offline as we
forgive those who dont want to share their
pictures with us, and do not lead us into
homeworks and house chores, but deliver us from
studying and working, for yours is the battery, the
charger and the twin plug, forever and ever Amen - Mokoena Victor

Victor Phinda Mokoena

My Forever Lover

I am the heart of love,
And the lily of the valleys.

As the lily among thorns,
So is my love among the daughters.

As the apple tree
Among the trees of the wood,
So is my beloved among the sons.

I sat down under her
Shadow with great delight,
And her fruit was sweet to my taste.

She brought me to
The banqueting house,
And her banner over me was love.

Stay me with flagons,
Comfort me with apples:
For I am sick of love.

Her left hand is under my arm,
And her right hand doth embrace me.

I charge you,
O ye daughter of South Africa,
By the roes,
And by the hinds of the field,
That ye stir not up,
Nor awake my love, till she please.

The voice of my beloved!
Behold,
She cometh leaping upon the mountains,
Skipping upon the hills.

My beloved is like a rose or a young one: Behold,
She standeth behind our wall,

She looketh forth at the windows,
Shewing herself through the lattice.

My beloved spake, and said unto me,
Rise up,
My love,
My fair one,
And come away.

For,
love,
The winter is past,
The rain is over and gone;

The flowers appear on the earth;
The time of the singing of birds is come,
And the voice of the turtle is heard in our Land;

The fig tree putteth forth her green figs,
And the vines with the
Tender grape give a good smell.

Arise,
My love,
My fair one,
And come away.

O my dove,
That art in the clefts of the rock,
In the secret places of the stairs,
Let me see thy countenance,
Let me hear thy voice;
For sweet is thy voice,
And thy countenance is comely.

Take us the foxes,
The little foxes,
That spoil the vines:
For our vines have tender grapes.

My beloved is mine,
And I am hers:

She feedeth among the lilies.

Until the day break,
And the shadows flee away,
Turn,
My beloved,
And be thou like a roe
Or a young ones upon
The mountains of Bether

Victor Phinda Mokoena

Pair Of Lovers In The Streets

A PAIR of lovers in the street!
I dare not mock: with reverence meet
My unforgetting heart I cheat.

Ah, God, spare me—so soon again
At the barred door to beat in vain,
And find their dalliance such fierce pain!

I, yearning up from Hell's abyss,
See, dreaming through their worlds of bliss,
This Dante and his Beatrice!

For these the distant goal have won
For which God made the plasm and sun;
His patient labouring is done.

For these each Spring has been a bride,
And lonely worlds were spawned and died.
Chaos for them in birth-throes cried.

Far out in seas of Space forlorn
This crescent wave was slowly born
That thunders on the beach of morn.

Ah, they, so soon to be meshed in
The web of splendour, silken-thin,
The nebulae were set to spin!

Up the long path from joy to joy
Love led the way. Can aught destroy
The task that was the stars' employ?

Their ecstasy to God is more
Than Lucifer at Heaven's door
Entreating pardon for his war.

These two are gods, for, by love swayed,
They have God's special task essayed,
And new worlds for their gladness made.

This little hour so lightly given
Makes earth too mean a place to live in,
And broken toys His Hell and Heaven.

All Time, expectant of their bliss,
Hangs fearful. Space through her abyss
Shudders if they this hour should miss.

For if their kiss they went without,
The stars would be a raining rout,
And time in anguish flicker out.

About God's room from star to sun
A stealthy slippered Thing would run,
Quenching cold tapers one by one.

But they have kissed. Eternity,
Like a great clock, beats steadily
For these mazed fools—but not for me!

Of God's wide universe the strands
They hold within their clinging hands;
The stars march on at their commands.

So from this moment blossom free
New universes tirelessly—
Aeons of unguessed ecstasy!

But I can only bow and beat
Vain hands about God's mercy-seat,
And, still remembering, still entreat.

Surely my penance is complete!
The rack turns grimly when I meet
A pair of lovers on the street

Victor Phinda Mokoena

Pretendance

I don't pretend to know what love is
for everyone,
I just show it,
And I can tell what it is for me;
love is knowing all about someone,
and still wanting to be with them more
than any other person,

love is trusting them enough to tell
them everything about yourself,
including the things
you might be ashamed of,

love is feeling comfortable
and safe with someone,
but still getting weak knees
when they walk into a room
and smile at you.

Victor Phinda Mokoena

Surrender Your Heart To Me

Surrender your heart to me;
Turn to me with love;
Turn your thoughts on me.

Forget about them;
You'll never be ashamed;
You'll confident and fearless.

Never neglect this feeling;
Like water beneath a bridge;
For it is higher than the heavens.

Safe and secure will be your pollow;
Filled with hope and emptied worry;
And sleep without fear.

Victor Phinda Mokoena

The Art Of Fair

Behold the art of fair,
Thou hast doves
Eyes within her locks:
Her hair is as a flock of goats,
That appear from the heavens.

Her teeth are like a flock of
Sheep that are even shorn,
Which came up from the washing;
Whereof every one bear twins,
And none is barren among them.

Her lips are like a thread of scarlet,
And her speech is comely:
Her voice like a piece of a pomegranate within thy locks.

Her neck is like the tower of
Metropolitan Building,
Builded for an armoury,
Whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, All shields of mighty men.

Her breasts are like
Two young roes that are twins,
Which feed among the lilies.

Until the day break,
And the shadows flee away,
I will get me to the mountain of myrrh,
And to the hill of frankincense.

Thou art all fair,
My love;
There is no spot in thee.

I come with her from Lebanon,
My spouse,
With me from Lebanon:
Look from the top of my heart,
From the top of my love

And dedication,
From the lions' dens,
From the mountains of the leopards.

Thou hast ravished my heart,
My sister,
My spouse;
Thou hast ravished
My heart with one of thine eyes,
With one chain of thy neck.

How fair is thy love, my sister, my spouse! how much better is thy love than wine! and the smell of thine ointments than all spices!

Thy lips, O my spouse, drop as the honeycomb: honey and milk are under thy tongue; and the smell of thy garments is like the smell of Lebanon.

A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed.

Thy plants are an orchard of pomegranates, with pleasant fruits; camphire, with spikenard,

Spikenard and saffron; calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense; myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices:

A fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon.

Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out. Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits.

Victor Phinda Mokoena

Your Love

Your lips give me many kisses.
Your love is better than wine.
Your perfume smells wonderful.

But your name is better than the best Perfume.
That is why the young man love you.

Take me away with you,
And we will run away.
Let the king bring me into his room.

We are very happy for you.
We will say that your love is better than wine.

How right the women are to love you!
I am dark but lovely too, young women of Jerusalem.

I am dark like the tents of Kedar.
But I am beautiful as Solomon's curtains.
Do not stare at me because I am dark.

The sunshine has made me dark.
My brothers were angry with me.
They made me look after the vineyards.

So I could not look after my own vineyard.
You are the only person that I love.
Tell me where you feed your sheep.
Tell me where you rest your sheep at midday.

Or I will be like a woman who veils herself.
And I will sit among the flocks of your friends.

Victor Phinda Mokoena