

Poetry Series

VUSI CHRIS VENUS
MALALA
- poems -

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VUSI CHRIS VENUS MALALA(1988 OCTOBER 16)

V.C.V Malala is the last born son of the late E.S Malala. Born in 1988 October 16 in Randfontein and moved to various parts of the country before settling in at Langeloop a place about 38km east of Malelane in Mpumalanga. In 1999, while doing grade five (5) , he was introduced to drama and other forms of stage performances including debating by his teacher Mrs N.D Ngwenya(Late) . He proceeded to Lovunywa High where he continued debating until 2005 when he claimed his last title in the SADTU annual speech contest.

Malala is trained in Biosciences (Biotechnology) and Human Behaviour (Social Work) and is looking to completing five more qualifications, that is; three postgraduate degrees and two undergraduate degrees

Souls on Sand is dedicated to the late E.S Malala And the late A.B.S Malala

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Note: All amendments were done with consultation

240 Months,1680 Weeks

Two decades of life passed by
deep inside me the decaying thought of destiny is revived.
240 months,1680 weeks I've been breathing and living.
I'm one of a supernatural breed.

They tried to crush me, but they couldn't touch tried to destroy me, but they
couldn't dissolve me.
All their struggles to bring me to pain went all in vain.

My poetic life is an investment not to be invaded.

Holding on to my life after my half death, I prosper
I evacuated from death's falling towers and rose with more powers until the day I
become 240 months old.

Today I honour myself, giving my spirit a reward of Renaissance.
Today is a day that I waited my life to see...
for this is the day I was born

Happy 20th birthday to myself

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A Girl Like Me

I saw it coming but I couldn't avoid it.
I knew it was about to happen
but I couldn't utter a word for it is said that you cannot stop something from
happening if it was meant to.

Maybe I trusted my friends not knowing their intentions. They
intoxicated me,
jeopardizing my purity and innocence
but as the story unvailed...
I learnt that they were not genuine.
I am me. I stand for what I believe is right for me.

maybe I betrayed them but it was for the better.
it was worth it.
Despite my vulnerability,
I had the courage to stand my grounds.
This is only because I was designed with expertise,
built with care and equipped with power and courage
It is superior craftsmanship that completed the art in this fine piece... That is me

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A New Dawn

To others it brings fame, fortune and opportunity
To others it' s shameful
Trauma and horror is what it brings
All in the hands of South Africans

South Africa, why are we like this?
Why are we killing our blood brothers?
Have we forgotten our past, our refuge camps?

Remember those bad days
Remember exile

What have the Zimbabweans done?
What about the hate against the Mozambicans and Nigerians?

Are we still living in peace and harmony?
Maybe we are not, what is this riot?
Still I ask why we are like this.

What happened to the spirit of ubuntu?
The African spirit
What problem are we solving by killing others?
We call them foreigners because we are failures

Lets jump from this blinding dusk and reach for a NEW DAWN

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Adversity... (Where I Come From)

Heroes are made at adversity,
yes that's where they're made
At the frontiers of adversity, I seized an opportunity to be the best with my
lyrical diversity
I'm not feeding your stomach but your brain so you won't get obesity.
Now try & judge my capacity for I'm not doing this for publicity,
And that's how I got to this University.

At the brink of a catastrophic event, I pulled out.
From zero to hero I kept writing better like the latest NERO version. I cheated
death like no other human has,
hence I paved my path.
From the dusty roads of Langeloop to the satisfying waters of Mlumati River, I
spread my wings and flew away to a place of my peace
where I keep my poetry pieces.

>>INCOMPLETE<<

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Art Of Creation (Before My Birth)

Perfectly designed by the Creator.
Given balance and resistance over imagination.
Crafted and sculptured by an Expert.
Made to stand against all the winds.
It was taken and Shaken.
But it remained original
True and devine.

Hibernating for liberation and freedom of choice.
Free from force labours.
Free from mental labour caused by the imperfect human

I have set myself free.
Free to write my rhymes in times of joy.
Free to be me and not the ANGEL in the eyes of the beholder. Not the perfect
creature people want me to be but only to be me.

I tried to be perfect only to find I was the angel with broken wings
But the art of creation made me to be me.
I was made to have one life with a million pieces and I am living it to satisfy each
piece and that is the art of creation in me.
I am not perfect, not a saint and more than that, I AM JUST ME

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Beauty From Far

A rose so beautiful as observed from a far distance
And beneath is the stream that watered
and nurtured the rose to mature to whole.
Bright Red with the tears of blood
and dark Red with sweats of blood.
Pain is painted in the eyes
and sorrow that is read from the lies told in pretence in the presence of peers

The footsteps I heard behind me are those that left the prints
infront of me
The voice that whispered in my ear was the one
that had been shouting my name in the dark
I am ahead of my leaders

My destiny is marked by my visions and dreams
The images that I am gazing now are my yesterday's imaginations
But wait... Something is coming! ! !
Someone stands before me in a glowing gown and say ' What can I do for you'...
Shhhhh... He said ' I know what you want'

I heard him but never saw him
He touched me but I couldn't hold him
And again he asked ' are you ok? '
I said no but he said 'yes you are now'

Slowly he went back to the dark and light came to me
I thought he left me but he kept telling me what to do
I didn't listen to him
I kept moving at a greater pace but he caught up with me
and said ' you can't run away from your shadow'

Then someone told me of his experiences and that's when I
realized that trapped myself in a rotating cube
But as it is said ' the only way out is the only way through'
And so with victory I made it out of myself
Learnt to swallow my pride, and now I walk with pieces of joy
and peace joined to my life

Because Of You

Today I look up at the stars and smile
This may be the only way I see you
You may be distant, but your heart will never be.
I see you in my dreams everytime

Because of you I have a vision
you navigated me to my mission
The one who gave me direction
You are my beacon of success

Why are you so silent?

If you were here I'd carry you around
I f you were young I'd buy you candy
you are worth a worship.

Your love outshine everything even the stars.
Are you perfect...

I don't know! ! !

Maybe I loved you before I understood the meaning of love
now I know it's true 'LOVE IS BLIND'

I fell in love with your personality and not your heart
UNFORTUNATELY for me I got hurt...

Now I don't trust anyone, even myself.
What if all this was real?

THANKS GOD, I'M ONLY IMAGINING

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Betrayed By Death

So life begins at birth and ends with death. Isn't somehow odd that we are given nine months to prepare for the birth of a child but with death it's usually sudden, unexpected and unclear for most. Generally there are two ways of coming to earth, natural birth or through the C-section but death comes in many ways. I am forced to understand that it is the necessary end, part of the human course and journey.

What is the destiny then? People die and leave us and without meaning we force ourselves to come up with those meanings to understand what really happened on that moment.

There are discrepancies though

I have spent 12 years of my life pretending that I am in terms with death and acknowledging the fact that at one point or another it will come for me but really, have I? I lost many significant and pivotal people in my life and I was coping well with it because i was able to lie to myself that all is well.

I mastered the art to an extent that after my brother passed I just overlooked it and I lived my life life nothing terrible happened.

Well that was in 2006, almost a decade now and everything seemed well until death decided to strike again and this time it took a whole part of me. It took my Queen, The Love of my life, The base of my pyramid, First wife, prayer partner, My mentor, Role model, my lawyer, my doctor, my mother, my father and my everything. Death took the lady who made me and it's only now still after she is gone that I feel EMPTY, LONELY, SCARED AND OVERWHELMED

They say home is where the heart is and now I am asking where is my home now because in her heart I kept mine, she gave me unconditional love and comfort, taught me how to navigate life but she never thought of giving me a crash course or survivor guide to prepare me to live in her absence. They all telling me she is smiling from above, WOW really... that really makes me feel so much better because they all assume I wanted her to be an angel.

Some say I should celebrate her life, well... which life if she is not there. The lady saw me in and out of TUT, she was proud of her grandson, saw me establishing myself, constructing my Identity and she outlined how happy she was about the progress I have made in my life. Now when I took heed and responded to the call of doing Social work, deriving from her HUMANITARIAN teachings, she leaves. Just like that

How selfish, inconsiderate and ruthless could death be? My life is shattered and I cannot seem to find the bigger fragment. I am witnessing it plummeting right before my eyes

'Time is the healer Vusi' and I am like how much time. More days have gone by but it is starting to sink in deeper. Nothing makes sense and the silent sounds are too loud now.

Death betrayed me by taking all I had. I feel that I am not in control of my faculties and I am slowly losing it. This fight is too much for me. The burden is just too heavy to bear. I listened to them telling me that she lived a prosperous life, 100 years and I feel robbed, cheated on and abandoned.

She directed my planning and dictated my wellbeing in a wonderful way. From the hymns she sang when I was a child... I vividly remember her melodious voice as she sang 'Thula manje wenhliziyo, sengifuna ukulalela' a sweet sound of her voice when she would further sing 'Lalikhul'ilanga engasindiswa ngalo' that is just how my childhood weekends tasted. It was melody all day.

Lady taught me to pray, said that when I'm stuck in trouble I should always know that the DISTANCE BETWEEN ME AND THE SOLUTION IS ALWAYS EQUIVALENT TO THE DISTANCE BETWEEN MY KNEES AND THE FLOOR
Death shrinks all the lifetime sweet memories and compresses it into meaningless and helpless moans of sadness, despair and loneliness.

The lady is GONE not coming back and I am not looking for quick fix solutions to the problem I have now. She never approved of ALCOHOL and part of me really wants to drown my sorrows in that. Secondly she never approved of tattoos because of religious standings I would surely have her face inscribed on my arm.

I am honestly losing this battle.

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Breathing Under Water

The one thing no human can stand
some of us just wish we could
It's somehow inhuman
Visualize the feeling of being able to.

The feeling of not seeing the one you love.
Feels like being in a vacuum
Imagine the tension caused by the unseen gravity, yet still attached.

How far can you go to prove your love?
but still: will you be able to when they are no longer there?
Feels like breathing under water

Only those who have found genuine love knows what it is...
Just hoping that one day I will wake up to reality,
and that reality is you...

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Breathless And Worthless

Breathless, helpless and worthless
Useless and hopeless
more than that homeless in my own house.

The perfect statue that was sculptured to match the original picture fell apart and
I was the victim of witnessing this great fall.
It's like when your hero begs for his life to be spared by the enemy as he realize
that his life span is ending.

My sight was blurred
my heart is sad as I'm now left absurd with one question: will I ever find love
again?

If she can't love me, who will?
With her I was a hero, fierce and fearless but today I'm breathless and worthless.

My pride is taken and I'm shaken for the price I have to pay is more than a
token.

The smile that made me walk a mile into her heart is now the frown that locks
the entrance to her heart.

My soul is restless and alone I witness the homelessness of my heart.
I'm suffocating to death

Feels like my heart is giving its last beat and my lungs are getting their last
breath.

tis Better to die with your eyes open than never wake up
I may end my mission by changing my direction for I cannot stand this
elimination and humiliation love brought me

the end of my mission is the end of my life...

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Closer To Home

When the time comes, I will retire and retreat. I have lived and I have built.
I gave life, I shared it with laughter and love.
Closer to home I had spent my life. Closer to home I sat and I watched my seeds
germinate
My kids became adults and they had their own kids
I smiled as I looked on those I raised becoming what I raised them to be.
I moved them closer to home for home is where the heart is.

As I retired; I am going home and leaving all things and everyone closer to
home.

As I retire, I slowly closed my eyes and submitted to death... A long awaited
"REST";

I leave my wealth, my pride which are all the songs I sang, the scriptures I
shared and the children I raised.

Today I leave this world to be with those whose company I dearly missed. Closer
to home I leave what I acquired in the harsh years of my being.

Today I embrace the weakness of dying solely because I have been closer to
home long enough and now I long being at home

For those I leave behind, "stay closer to home";
Separation is our fate, reunion our hope

SOME OF THE WORDS WERE FROM A MESSAGE SHE LEFT FOR US...
RIP GOGO L.N MALALA(1915-2015)

VUSI CHRIS VENUS MALALA

Comfort Zone

LIFE IN THE DARK,
LIFE AT NIGHT...
THE BRIGHT SMILE THAT HAD BEEN PAINTED ON MY FACE FOR YEARS IS GONE
NOW.
THE POEPL E I SHARED MY LIFE WITH ARE AWAY NOW

I AM ALL ALONE IN THE DARK
I CAN ONLY SEE MY GRAVE
THE SKY IS FOREVER DARK LIKE DAWN AND THE DAY IS ALWAYS PACKED WITH
SORROW AND GRIEF
I DID NOT MAKE ME...
BUT I KNOW WHAT I WANT TO BE DETERMINES WHAT I AM.
I AM AT DEATH'S PEAK POINT

THE SILENT SOUNDS ARE CALLING MY NAME
THE BLIND EYE HAS SEEN ME
AND DEAF EAR HEARD ME CRYING AND NOW A SOLUTION IS OFFERED...
COULD IT BE DEATH OR COULD IT BE HURT BUT SOMETHING MUST BE DONE
DEATH WON'T BE MY FATE
I AM STRONGER THAN I THOUGHT.

I EVACUATED DEATH'S FALLING TOWERS AND ESCAPES UNHARMED NOW I AM
BACK AT POINT ONE WHERE MY DEATH WAS SET TO OCCUR.

I AM AN EXPRESSIONIST
I AM A GIANT WITH SHORT LIMBS
I AM SHOCKED BY THE POLITICAL CLIMATE OF MY LAND
I AM SHOT BY THE POWER OF THE BLACKSPOT

IT'S LIKE I'M DREAMING BUT IT'S REAL...
AM I DEAD, OR MAD?
LET MY RESTLESS SPIRIT BE BURIED AND LET MY BODY REST WHILE THE MIND
AND HEART IS AT WORK. LET ME BE
AND LET ME LIVE

FEELING LOW WITHOUT ANY FLOW MADE ME LOOSE MY GLOW AND I HAD TO
GO... BUT WHERE TO?
A HUGE DROP OF HOPE

AND SO I SOB TO EASE THE TENSION
AND PAY ATTENTION TO MY MISSION THAT WAS ALMOST FAILING AND I WAS
FALLING.
I AM ON THE RISE AND THEY CAN NEVER TOUCH ME AGAIN
THE SKY IS BEYOND MY LIMITS BUT I'M AIMING HIGH

I'M TORN BUT STRONG
I'M QUIET AND WRONG AND FINALLY
I'M GOOD AND GONE
... INCOMPLETE...

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Crucifixion Of The Heart

The look in thine eyes,
The smile in thy face
All of a sudden it melts as if wax is heated.
very mysterious

A dropp fell out of her eyes to the surface of my heart.
flames of love burnt from the spark of the drop.
My heart is tortured

the crucifixion of my heart was a success.
Thy love for me is great and so is the love for thee in me.
Looking at you revives the splendor and tranquility I've ne'er felt.

Why hurt me so bad?
that's what your sorrows does to me.
doth crucifying my heart worth it?
I say yes.

After all my heart won't fade with the crucifixion

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Cursed Destination

The two souls are joined by love
No one knows where it come from
both pledge to stay together,
The impossible dream is made real
It's only a matter of time before the light shines

No one is sure of love
Is it about money?
Is it about charms
or maybe magic
Is it real? who knows?

They say GOD is love
Some say He GAVE US LOVE
WHICH ONE IS REAL?
Is love the real human destiny?

To be loved is just a belief

If love is peace of mind,
why do we have to suffer?
How many times do you have to love before you find the real one?
Hearts are broken when people are in love

Is love a Blessing or a curse?
If love is a blessing, then a break-up is a cursed destination...

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Deep Into Those Eyes

Staring from a mile into those eyes
everything slowed down. The heartache caused the slow down
of the heart beat and things turned to be sour as if I had a heartburn
And it was real for I thought I was sober minded
yet my mind couldn't soar above the heights of selflessness.

Always found to be paranoid but to me it was just a sign of a patriot.
Now I lay my thoughts on the chariot of great enthusiasm and eagerness that
transcends further beyond the altitude of great minds

Like always said ' SILENCE IS GOLDEN'

I END HERE

Speechless and the only sound and words from within will guide the blind,
Sharpen the blunt knives of hope that one day I shall be heard and never
thought for

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Dying And Crying

Alone on my own I stand alone on the edge of a valley, were I look at the distant mountains were the orange-brown disc known as the sun sets to give birth to multiple diamonds.

A perfect glimpse at the shadow that stretched far long behind me.
It never changes it's appearance but only its direction. I was sure I left it but it caught up with me. I may run away but not from it. It's part of me. It's my past. Dreams faded without being aided.

I dont know me, all I know is: I'm misjudged.
Let the waters of my body cleanse my spirit and rinse all the impurities of mine imaginations.

And if this is a crucifixion, my heart wont fade with it.
Let me celebrate my past at all cost in order to attain a better tomorrow, while serving suffering humanities

Let my burried blood and ego set and calm all the winds whirling around me.

If suffering is nature, then the nature of suffering must be identified.

I'm crying but I'm not Dying

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End Of Time

As pure as refined gold
As shining as the midnight star,
As precious as silver
That is the one...

As free as a bubble floating in the air and as smooth as the still waters that
soothe the irritated soul of the lone one

On the edge of a deeper hole I stand alone.
Miscarried and misled by what I thought to be love
And now I'm on the loose like I have a couple of screws up in my head loose.
It's not that I failed to choose

But why? ...

Can't figure out if true love exist and how does it ends and why?

Happy are those who never tasted love for the pain of craving to be loved is
endless, especially if the one you love giving up on you.
What weapons do I need to fight this battle or should I buy a bottle of Cyanide to
end my struggles.

Is this how it ends? but why?
If it is so, then my life is said to...

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Ending Everything

The lips that kissed my spirit
are now the lips that leashed with my life and love.
The hips that held me close are now the blocks that put my heart on pause.
Maybe I should take a rope and tie myself up.
The last beat was fast like a ferrari on a three-lap course...but still the cause is unknown.

First she hit it down and I loved it. Now she hit it straight into my heart with a sniper's accuracy.
My heart is torn and my days are gone.

They say 'chance favors the prepared mind'
I thought mine was prepared for love.
I relied on her for my happiness, but by chance she took it away from me.

Always known happiness as a decision and not as an event of circumstances, but the inverse was: sadness is always after the happy ones and it's an event of chance.

Can I call it a quit?
but a true hero stands to fight for what he believe is right
and so shall I stand to fight my battles as I'm not a kneeling coward.

I can't suffer another defeat
I have my victories and defeats & now I'm aiming above the mark to hit the mark with precision and accuracy and I will win

And if I loose, I choose to loose my life

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Ever Asked Yourself Why?

Ever asked yourself about how many people you care for, yet they don't. How many people you give your shoulder to cry on but they won't give you theirs in return.

How many people you've helped but they won't help you? What about those you love but can't love you back...

I'm low without a flow. But still I ask: how many people you have forgiven, yet they won't forgive you & how many times do you have to forgive?

How about those you protected only to find that they want to hurt you. How many have you acknowledged & complemented their good deeds only to find that they always complain against you and have never complemented your efforts

my mom said complement first then the complaint or no comment at all.

I loved people, they never loved me. I cared for people but they never cared about me. I protected them but all they wanted was to hurt me.

Sometimes I feel like I'm not praying enough or playing enough. If I can't pray, then I can't play & today I come to ask myself: have I wondered why?

Why am I bruised & used?

How many people have I buried & how many will bury me?

How many have I respected but all they could do is disrespect me.

What about those I took instructions from but they won't take directions and navigation from me.

For now I say GOD knows.

VUSI CHRIS VENUS MALALA

Extraction Of Knowledge. (My Life Ii)

While some inherit wealth, some inherit riches.

It's somehow a matter of choice & today here I am with a pencil n & a piece of paper trying to share the wealth I extracted in the length of my health & being Drew inspiration from many leaders but never idolized any.

I listened as lessons were taught & never allowed my thoughts to flow far from reality as I thought I was bright but I didn't have the insight to life until the light shined bright.

Then the QUEST for KNOWLEDGE BEGAN

Like a mine worker, extracting knowledge was hard labour & I couldn't depend on my neighbour.

Life was never easy as it is 2day.

I laid my head against my pillow as I visualize ways to keep up with my ever changing personalities.

I viewed my life as an act, everyone knew me.

I knew them but not as they knew me.

Loud shouts, hugs n kisses are thrown & blown when I come.

I yielded my greed to serve those in need.

Lazy at times, but praises kept coming for most of my deeds & indeed I served people

But in my quest for knowledge, I learnt that it takes more than one good deed to redeem a lifetime of failure & misery

At the end of the day, it is important to get knowledge & insight.

Set yourself alight wit goals & be the bright star shining in people's hearts.

Until the day come when you have to meet your maker.

Remember to always serve to the best of your ability & live your life to the fullest wit content keeping in mind that you shall be blameless when HE comes

Finally strive not to starve your mind & deprive it of knowledge

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Falling For A Stranger

As the stars & the moon take o'er from the sun
Love takes its stand
Slowly with the eyes closed, it sparks
Almost impossible to express.

It may be love at first sight but it does not count at all,
As time waits for no man.
As fast as a shooting star, time passes by

The evolution of love is an ellusion
and when the sun comes, love radiate like splitting atoms
Joy is the ray of true love
So the stranger gave it to me

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Flowing Waters

Flavoured and bottled
Variety of taste and colours
and so are the names but
same effect

It embraces the concept 'Refreshment'
The most edible poison, penetrate the brains via the blood stream.
An addictive drop.

How much is really allowed?
Why are drivers swimming in?
What about our youth, Our generation?
These substances are labelled with age restrictions but who cares?
because I drink to my stomach

Underage children are accessing liquor like eagles on water
Who is to be blamed for this mess?
Should I blame the government?
What about our parents?

Our future is in our hands
Let's be professionals and say no to alcohol abuse
Maybe we can reduce the rate of ' ROAD ACCIDENTS', rapes and other crimes...

With alcohol: our future is floating to a dark tunnel

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Going Back To My Past

A journey that I don't even know if I'll complete in one piece or I'll be broken down on my way there. I don't really know where to start because there more I look for answers there more questions I unvail. Who is going to answer me.

My life is just a rollercoaster itself. Its like a web with all the networks. There's quite a number of events when I was happy but it's like they were all buried with my mother or maybe with my brother? What happened to my father? That crazy uncle I never had. I had love but what happened to it and the people I cared for, my conscience, where is it. How many poeple have died and yet I thought I don't care because my mom is there and I have everything? What about all the other girls in high school, was I drunk the whole time was in those relationships? What about my cousins? I think I don't really care but the truth is deep down I care just don't want to be hurt.

Is it true that everything I have is second best? What is it that I don't want and why I'm I so vicious? What happened to my twin brother? How many people know about him? What are the Doctors and Scientists saying about me, my world and the people in it? Are they also descendants of Apes? Whats with My heart? Why is it not on my left? How is it that I'm using both my hands and others use one.

I'm going back.

where are my roots, ngingubani mine, ngibuyaphi futsi ngiyaphi.

what are my principles, what are my goals, my objectives and my visions?

who is it that I'm loving do they love me back? What about that one girl I sincerly love, does she love me like I do? What about loyalty?

what are my strengths, my weaknesses?

what is it that I have in life or I'm just another puppet of the system.

Journeying back in time to find the things I like, the things I value and the things I treasure.

What is death, when am I going to die and how? Would it be painful?

Who will be there and who would be the last person I see.

Journeying back to discover my future. What is it in for me? Happy family? Big house or what?

Just not wishing to live that ostentetious life but what is important is having the

things I need and live my life happily.

Taking time to thank everyone from my grand parents, my mom, brothers, and aunts though not all are good people, my friends, the extended family and my friends.

I lived both lives; Rich and poor, fell and rose, fought, lost n won, died and resurrected.

Journey to my past connects me with many things but the questions are still not answered. I'm counting my blessings and setting up praises to my Maker. Happy is he who had attained everything in life and mantained it.

I'm not looking for pity I'm done with that, I'm not looking for money and I'm definatly not looking for you but at the glimpse of my mother my heart smiles. I went beyond the boundries and aparameters of death to get to this and now what I want is a subtle relationship with me. Got to love my heart that is sweet, love my sisters, brothers and neighbours as commanded by God and live my life. I have survived the worst to be the best and guess I can migrate and beat the rest.

As always, the quest for the truth yields questions and not answers. Firmly I stand against my psychological labour and shall I feast in the knowledge of liberation. Going back to the year I first fell in love, the time I first held you in my arms

VUSI CHRIS VENUS MALALA

Hated For Being Black(Dedicated To The Xenophobia Victims)

Black as I am, that's my nature

A proud African child who search for greener pastures only to find them sour

An African child who seized the opportunity of mining Gold to earn peanuts

All because I'm black

Today it's no longer about my skin but about my roots, my language and my rhythm

What's with my accent?

As I was tortured because of it.

Called by names:

One said I'm a foreigner, the other said I'm a grigambar

What about the one who calls me ikwerekwere?

I watched my brothers killing each other

There was nothing I could do than to wait and see

Like said patience is a virtue, it came to an end

And as always said ' Once you go black, you won't go back'

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Her Whisper

Listening with the mind and not with the intriguing imaginations
set your heart at ease and let the body configurations
find its inner strength

let the waters of your body cleanse your thoughts,
rinsing all the impurities of thine imaginations.

Mend all thine wounds with love
settle the inner conflict with yourself
finally admit all the non victory encounters haveth in thy path

Listening with the mind
Decide with the heart
And reach tranquility

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Her Whispers (Easter Version)

Listen with the mind to the word of God
And not with the intriguing imaginations
Set your heart at ease and let the body configurations find its inner strength.

Let the waters of your body cleanse your thoughts and the blood of Jesus cleanse
your spirit, rinsing all the impurities of thine imaginations

Mend all thine wounds with Christ's love.
Settle the inner conflict with yourself and finally admit to all the non-victory
encounters haveth on thy path

Listen with the mind
Decide with the heart
And reach tranquility

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His Promises

How will you know they were genuine...
if he disrespects you?
if he assault you?
He's not good but...

He calls you a failure but you don't care
What kind of a gentleman is he?
It's obvious I'm not perfect, but better
He hurts you all the time but you still keep him in.

Do you still remember the first few days?
He promised you Heaven and Earth, he even promised you all the riches
But all I can see today are tears.

How would he respect you if he doesn't respect his parents? what about
respecting himself
Do you call that protection?
Maybe he forgot his promises.

He's always sorry about cheating on you yet he keep on doing it.
Maybe it was all for the fun of it...

Please remember my words
Maybe letting you go was my mistake.

All I can promise you is my LOVE if you can give yourself to me...

I LOVE YOU, today, always and forever

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Human... The Amalgamation (For World Social Work Day 2015)

Alone on my own I stand on the edge of a valley, were I look at the distant horizon.

A perfect glimpse at the shadow that stretched far long behind me.
Shadowed memories of what was once a norm, FREEDOM for ALL.
The feeling of being lonely weakens the inner me,
What more can there be, if not the darkness in my eyes.

The silent sounds echoed in my ears
Dreams faded without being aided.
Human worth has been degraded.
People are auctioned, sold and traded.
I am a human not a priced product.
I am a breed not a brand
I may be stuck in traffic but I am not to be trafficked
I'm crying but I'm not Dying.

I am not for sale.
What might have gone wrong in this world?
They lead with greed, ignore our need.

Who am I? What am I?
I am not just a Human being, I am a Social Worker.
I serve suffering humanities
I am a humanitarian, which is why I yielded my greed to serve those in need and
in deed I serve. Through grief and the thickness of the wind, I am always there
giving a better taste to the bitterness of life.
I prosper not because I'm strong but because I endured long

I am not the Solution but a partner in finding one

By Vusi Vnet Malala (04/03/2015)

VUSI CHRIS VENUS MALALA

I Was Alone

WHEN THE DAY PASSED, I WAS LEFT WANDERING
NOT KNOWING WHERE TO TURN TO AND WHO TO CALL.
AS THE DARK AWAILED IN THE FACE OF THE EARTH
I WAS ALONE, DUST CLOUDED MY VISION & SEEMED LIKE I WAS LOOSING MY
MISSION BUT I TRIED TO BE STRONG FOR MYSELF AND ALL I SEE WERE PEOPLE
MISJUDGING ME LIKE I WAS WRONG...
STILL I STAYED STRONG

I SHROUDED MY SORROWS FROM THE CROWDS AND SHUN ALL THE
CONVERSATIONS THAT LOOSEN THE ESSENCE OF MY BEING
I SCREAMED LOUD TO THE CLOUDS BUT NO ONE COULD HEAR ME
AND I KNEW I WAS ALONE
I TRIED AND FAILED, CRIED AND LAID MY SOUL TO REST.
I FELT STUCK IN A DEEP HOLE, I LIFTED MY HANDS BUT THERE WAS NO ONE
TO PULL ME UP.

I LOOKED AT MYSELF AS A SUBORDINATE BUT I WAS BETTER THAN THAT,
I HOOKED MYSELF TO THE GEOGRAPHIC COORDINATES OF THE EARTH BUT THE
WINDS WHIRLING AROUND ME WERE TOO STRONG
AND IT WAS LONG BEFORE I COULD RESCUE MY SOUL AND LIFT IT ABOVE THE
SOLES OF MY FEET

SAD MY AMBITIONS WERE AMBIGEOUS
I ABANDONED THE KNOWLEDGE OF MYSELF, ALLOWED MYSELF TO BE CARRIED
AWAY BY THE WHIRLING WINDS OF HATE THUS CLOSING MY GATES TO
FREEDOM.
I OUGHT TO BE FREE, FREE FROM HATE, FREE FROM ENEMIES AND FREE FROM
MYSELF

THEY TRIED TO CRUSH ME BUT THEY COULDN'T WAS ME AWAY.
THEY TRIED TO PUNCH ME BUT THEY COULDN'T TOUCH ME
I KNOW I MAY BE ALONE BUT I'LL BE HOME SOON AND
THIS WILL BE A DREAM THAT WILL BE SHATTERED BY THE BEAM OF THE NEW
DAY

AND FROM WHAT I KNOW, I WOULDN'T HAVE GRUDGES IF THERE WERE NO
JUDGES AND THAT'S WHY I WAS ALONE

THE HAND THAT REACHED OUT TO CARESS ME SHOWED ME THE CARE OF

MOTHER-NATURE BUT I WAS SCARED
AND I FELT IMPAIRED BUT THERE WERE RULES I HAD TO
ADHERE TO.
'M SCARED, HURT, HAUNTED AND WANTED
BUT ALL I KNOW IS

I WAS ALONE

VUSI CHRIS VENUS MALALA

In The Line Of Duty (In The Memory Of Cst. J.T. Nkosi)

Was it a grudge?
or maybe a trap?
But why him?
A role model in the making
forced to decline
But how?

Why did he have to die?
Was it all worth his life?
His name was Justice
Has justice been done
but why him?

In the line of duty, he lost his life.
His priviledge to live.
I personally lost a hero
The question stands unanswered: has justice been done?

In the line of duty, I lost a friend, a neighbor and a role model.
but still I ask: Why him?

Cop killers have no space in my world
Lets join hands and bring them to justice.

Then his soul will rest in peace

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In Those Eyes

Kept beating myself up for a mistake of time I committed
Something that I was never going to change but the only thing that was left of
me was GUILT

In deep sorrows I looked deep into those eyes
that gave my reflection

Those eyes that predicted my future through my word.
Admiration is all that saved the heart from breaking
On the verge of a great fall I had a pillar that strengthened me and my being
became my virtue of value

Nothing in the human life could save me from me.
A change in attitude and character but that was before I knew that PERSONALITY
plus ACTS amounts to character

I am me, Emotional and rational and economical
I may be the masterpiece, but I am not perfect.
I am a craft not a draft for I was made not printed.

I own the emotional bank
I have closed all the access to my past because I am black
Black is just the colour that disguises the true ingredience of my being, my
humanity, my life and my love

Living above and beyond racial denomination, racial boundaries and racial
dermacation. I am superficial, an unknown breed
I breath through the porous skin of my light.
The hand that lead me when I couldn't see and eyes that navigated my life
through trials

Hw I view my life and lovelife with the love I have inheritted with coherent
knowledge of the truth beyond mankind.
The truth that I love You and that I shall be always true to you and be your
lovenow and forever

please wipe my tears of desperation as I listen to the song through the rythm of
you heart
The heart that showed me love without judgemet apart from the color of my

pigment

I am not perfect

I am humane

I may not be average but my love is the same because it is from the heart

Pledging to be a good man

A lover, a life-long partner, the one and only one
and lastly your greatest friend.

VUSI CHRIS VENUS MALALA

Journey To My Past

A journey that I don't even know if I'll complete in one piece or I'll be broken down on my way there. I don't really know where to start because there more I look for answers there more questions I unveil. Who is going to answer me.

My life is just a rollercoaster itself. Its like a web with all the networks. There's quite a number of events when I was happy but it's like they were all buried with my mother or maybe with my brother? What happened to my father? That crazy uncle I never had. I had love but what happened to it and the people I cared for, my conscience, where is it. How many people have died and yet I thought I don't care because my mom is there and I have everything? What about all the other girls in high school, was I drunk the whole time was in those relationships? What about my cousins? I think I don't really care but the truth is deep down I care just don't want to be hurt.

Is it true that everything I have is second best? What is it that I don't want and why I'm I so vicious? What happened to my twin brother? How many people know about him? What are the Doctors and Scientists saying about me, my world and the people in it? Are they also descendants of Apes? Whats with My heart? Why is it not on my left? How is it that I'm using both my hands and others use one.

I'm going back.

where are my roots, ngingubani mine, ngibuyaphi futsi ngiyaphi.

what are my principles, what are my goals, my objectives and my visions?
who is it that I'm loving do they love me back? What about that one girl I sincerely love, does she love me like I do? What about loyalty?
what are my strengths, my weaknesses?
what is it that I have in life or I'm just another puppet of the system.

Journeying back in time to find the things I like, the things I value and the things I treasure.

What is death, when am I going to die and how? Would it be painful?

Who will be there and who would be the last person I see.

Journeying back to discover my future. What is it in for me? Happy family? Big house or what?

Just not wishing to live that ostentetious life but what is important is having the

things I need and live my life happily.

Taking time to thank everyone from my grand parents, my mom, brothers, and aunts though not all are good people, my friends, the extended family and my friends.

I lived both lives; Rich and poor, fell and rose, fought, lost n won, died and resurrected.

Journey to my past connects me with many things but the questions are still not answered. I'm counting my blessings and setting up praises to my Maker. Happy is he who had attained everything in life and mantained it.

I'm not looking for pity I'm done with that, I'm not looking for money and I'm definatly not looking for you but at the glimpse of my mother my heart smiles. I went beyond the boundries and aparameters of death to get to this and now what I want is a subtle relationship with me. Got to love my heart that is sweet, love my sisters, brothers and neighbours as commanded by God and live my life. I have survived the worst to be the best and guess I can migrate and beat the rest.

As always, the quest for the truth yields questions and not answers. Firmly I stand against my psychological labour and shall I feast in the knowledge of liberation. Going back to the year I first fell in love, the time I first held you in my arms

VUSI CHRIS VENUS MALALA

Lady By The Door

An image of a lady in white appears to my vision
One, two second, I thought of her
She's so fine like gold
and shining like a diamond

I opened the door before she knocked
Every word she said was like a whisper of love
I felt it coming.

She never said 'I LOVE YOU'
neither did I, but I was attached
I was out for love

Not sure if it was real, but deep inside me passion popped.
I fell for her charms
I gave myself to her, she never did

I gave her my time, my love,
my trust and my heart.

Worse part of it, I'm just dreaming. It never happened

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Letter Of Appreciation

From far I can be bold and brave, because you always know how to calm my rage.

Still amazed how you do it at your age that makes you so perfect, but all I can say no wis thank you.

When my eyes were bleeding you were there

And when it felt like my world was ending; you were there again

You always saw my fears and tears and you held me

I may not be able to pay you back but atleast the world will know how much I appreciate your efforts.

THANK YOU. I LOVE YOU

DEDICATED TO: GOGO LETTIE, MOM ROSEBUD, MOM RATIWE & MOM DIMAKATSO

VUSI CHRIS VENUS MALALA

Living Long

The feeling of being lonely weakens the inner me
What more can there be, if not the darkness in my eyes?

The feeling of the world on top of my shoulders, is only when I'm on top of the world

It's like everyone has turned their backs on me
But it's me leaving them.

Life and the world is unfair to me (for a second I thought)
But it's me being unfair to the world and it's life

Like said real men don't cry, but it's fine to
Cried all my tears
Tried to live long but I can't make it longer
I'm suffocating
Drowning into the waters of distrust

I looked out for my friends but none is looking out for me now
No family, no friends and no one
No hope and no victory

Despite my problems, I shall rise
Despite my illness and weakness, I shall conquer
And at the end I shall emerge victorious, for I cheat life's threats,
Quit my addictions,
Speak my mind and sleep to dream of a world of mine own

Wipe out my tears as I wake up to realise that my dream was actually a
nightmare of success
I prosper not because I'm strong but because I endured long

The pain is still lurking
Drop of blood leaks from mine eyes
The silent sounds echoed in my ears

I'm deaf but I can hear
I'm blind but I can see
Appearing to be physically strong, within I'm weak, destroyed with mass
destruction, poor and low

Each problem gives me strength

Every challenge brings hope
And so my victories are worth cherishing
So shall I rejoice the fruit of my tears
And the seed of my endurance

At the end my Destiny will be fulfilled

VUSI CHRIS VENUS MALALA

Loosing My Breath

Just like a rose that has lost its scent.
Just like a millionaire who has lost every cent.
Just like a river that has lost its depth & an atom that has lost its energy,
I slowly opened my eyes to look at the imaginary world that was once perfect but
now crashing.

Like a superhero who has lost his strength.
Like a fruit that has lost its taste
and like a bullet loosing its velocity and momentum
I slowly went down on my knees as if I was hit by a tranquilizer dart.

Like a day loosing its light
and like a baby loosing its life,
I was left in the dark.

Despite that I found courage lying on the stars, the stars which I made THE LINE
OF MY STRENGTH,
the source of my wisdom.
The trended strand of diamonds that gave me a handful of knowledge and joy.
The river of riches.
Now I sit to cheer the art of the Creator and applaud the works of the Lord.

From the setting of the sun to the rising of the moon.
The art that halt darkness remained the mark of my destiny beyond my
imagination and education.

A perfect glimpse at the set of diamonds far at a distant horizon
aroused the senses that cheered the work of the Master.

At high lattitude, the light shines.
I give gratitude to the power that defies darkness.
The darkness in my eyes.
From proxima centuri to the milkyway.
The grid that made me yield my headdress as I salute the arrangement and
distinction of the stars

VUSI CHRIS VENUS MALALA

Losing Interest

A journey it has been, memories have been created
friends and enemies have been created
It's that time when one doesn't know either to stop or to keep going
It's not the end of the road, it just the beginning of a long one
We work for them, they treat us like dirt
They laugh when we hurt

Their utterances arouses curiosity
They are narrow-visioned.
I dropped my jaws at the sight of their wicked doings
I laid vicious in ambush.
watching them abusing their positioned powers and I thought to myself
"Who are they";

At first I was furious but I learnt that isn't me being just curious
Someone is planning something, that's my elimination.
I am hunted and haunted by their operation.
Geared for survival, the prey will ambush the hunter.
It's the clash of the titans, giants

like said "When the elephants fight, the grass suffers";
time to shake the top
time to go to war, time to face horror
Time to grab the spear by it head
Grabbing a bull by it's horns
I vow to sacrifice the shrubs just to get to the snake
It's collateral damage.
Burning everything in my way to stand victorious alone

What I'm saying may be raw but it's war I'm declaring
I have been used its enough
I have the bruise to prove it

This time I'm going forward,
I have lost interest in what I'm doing but I will not go back.
It is time to take the detour and move forward
Its time I cleared everything, It's time to cough out and take off the burden on
my shoulders

Time to fight

Their snakes couldn't poison me
their snares couldn't catch
their snaps couldn't capture my image. I am geared for war
I am a Soldier

NB: This note is nothing just thoughts of a bitter man. a man targeted my a
group of people he works for. A man who is ambushed
A man who is courageous to take anyone to war at anytime. That man is

VUSI CHRIS VENUS MALALA

Mbali Yam

All good things in my life I saw them thru U
A flower dat never stopped blossoming even wen the Bud ruptured.
Ur amazing heart remained true, Loving and firm.

You always wiped my tears and now I cry tears of joy to see you at your age. I
have nothing more To put on this page but few words of gratitude dat goes
beyond normal flight's cruising altitude.

Ungikhulise ngothando neQiniso
Wavula amehlo ami ngemikhuleko yakho
Waqondisa idlela yam ngenduku and for all that I am grateful

Writing this piece to Declare my undying love for my life-Long sweetheart; my
grandmom

Ngiyakutsandza mbali yaka Khoza, Sthandwa saMzondi Malala, mama wesive
saseLangelooop.

you are my great Queen.
I LOVE YOU GOGO LYDIA MALALA
HAPPY 98th Birthday

VUSI CHRIS VENUS MALALA

Memorizing My Death

Lying viciously still like a scavenger on its meal,
That's how the stranger came in.
Uninvited, it opened the doors to my life.
That is the day I died.

I heard voices calling my name like I was walking into the hall of fame.
' made my moves like game to avoid the blame & now I ask: how I died?

A minute ago I was fine and well, having fun with pearls
The next moment I'm lying still in a subconscious state...
Atleast I came back to write this piece in memory of my half death.

Walking down memory lane alone
My memories bring happiness and harmony and I stand today to give a
testimony,
while memorizing my own death.

As from now on I'm correcting my acts and try to avoid incoherence as it is not
my inheritance and this is how my LEGACY will be preserved for I served myself
more than anything else in the world.

I'm only confessing this as part of my memory, despite my poor economy.
I cheated death and escape unharmed, drove back memory lane and vow not to
let my mind DIE

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My Destiny

WHO KNEW IT WOULD BE LIKE THIS?
AND WHY WOULD IT BE LIKE THIS?
TODAY WE ARE STRUGGLING
MAYBE TOMMOROW WILL BE BETTER
IS THAT FREEDOM?
OR IS IT DEMOCRACY?

THIS IS MY LIFE &
THIS IS HOW I LIVE IT.

I SET MY GOALS AND AIM HIGH.
MY JOURNEY HAS NOT BEGUN...
TODAY I' M SAWING THE SEED OF SUCCESS

EDUCATION IS MY STRENGHT, BOOKS
ARE MY WEAPONS, AND KNOWLEDGE
IS MY SHIELD

IT' S NOT WHAT I CAN DO THAT
DEPICT MY ABILITIES.
IT' S NOT HOW MUCH I HAVE
THAT SHOWS MY WEALTH,
IT' S NOT WHAT I SAY THAT
MAKES ME A LEADER
BUT IT' S HOW I SAY IT

IT'S NOT MY CARRER THAT
DEFINES MY DESTINY BUT
IT' S HOW MUCH I PUT IN IT.

I DIDN' T CHOOSE TO WORK HARD
BUT I CHOSE TO WORK SMART
AND I KNOW THAT IT TAKES PESPIRATON
AND DEDICATION TO REACH GREATER HEIGHTS

AND TODAY I PLEDGE THAT I WILL
WORK SMART TO ACHIEVE GREAT
THINGS IN LIFE, AND TO WORK HARD
TO EARN MY RESPECT AND HONOUR

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My Fifth Love

I always wanted to have you.
You were the 'BEST'
I don't regret any day with you,
but today it's all gone.
I accept the blame.

You were better than my amateur first love,
Different from the second one,
Beautiful like the third one
Yet so special and superior to be compared with the fourth one
But my current love is my first, second and fourth. She's the best version of you.
She's everything

Not on earth a person like you exist, but I have a lover whose existence is made
for me by the heavens. She's the Zulu being
You changed my life
I bless the day you said yes...

Maybe I fell in love with your personality.

Will I ever see you? The distance is driving me insane
I kept searching and I found her, in the sands and seas of The Zulu Kingdom, I
found my love

How do you love someone who's not there? The distance is suffocating
Do I even have a fifth love? I have always had one and the one love I have is the
one I have now. Some men lose love, some get it from strangers and I got it
from one.

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My Life

Not sure when it began
All I know is life is unfair
I kept running away from my problems
I ne'er stood to face the world as it is.
I lived in my own imaginary scientific world.

I never thought of love, but I had it in me.
She gave me a shoulder to cry on, and that's when I felt love.
She promised me the future's finests,
Her caring hands made me see the way

She taught me what I know
Her knowledge shaped me, made me
and navigated me.

I had only one friend...
He gave me his shoulder
in A decade he gave me his 100% support

My life is complex
I am rational,
I am emotional, destructive
and imperfect yet loving

I have state that I'm a pure breed
and to confess that I am here for a reason.
This is my life and this how it is
and always will be

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My To-Do-List

Had to be born first
Move here, stay there. Move on & move over
Study and be steady.
Get that life

In time everything was then taken away from me and everyone was dying on me, I probably thought they were all dying for me.
I learnt all the lessons, good and bad as I laid on my bed.
Life is not always what it promises to be and prosperity was just another word I heard and couldn't sink it into my head

Things changes every now and then and so was my to-do-list.
As I grew up; I had to live with her and love her, bury her and love her so I could marry her.
Fight with hIm to be with him. Love him and bury him, keep memories of them,
Love him, adopt him and treasure her, fight with him but keep them with me.

Had to be hurt from the depths of the heart the distant horizons

Sing it and praise My Maker for everything that I have thus far.

Drawing lines between family and friends. Trustng my instncts in times of critics and judgement.

I am done with beggin and I am not braggin about it. it's just not in me.
I am a soldier and my soul shall not die. Taken for granted but I still can bloom beyond da walls of doom and gloom
This is My to-do-list of my time with rhymes...

VUSI CHRIS VENUS MALALA

My Two Hearts

What am I to have your love?
Who am I to have your heart?
Who am I to gain your trust?
Is it love or it's just lust?
Only if it lasts forever, it's real.
How much is thy heart?

How many ownst ye heart that gave me love?
How many hearts thine broke?
These are all the unanswered questions for the heart is deceiving and evil
and we are not even.

You promised to give me your heart and now I'm stuck in the dark with two
hearts.

Long gone from me, your heart remained behind.
Just wish I could give it to someone else...
But how?

Please set me free
Love me or let me love someone else

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My World

can see the stars shining bright,
Up in the sky...
And I know they' re shining for me
Representing a brighter day ahead.

I ne' er saw the moon so blue like this
Oh it' s a full moon
Giving me a sense of pleasure

My days were clouded
Thunder shook my nerves
Storms washed me away

And now there' s a new horizon
The sun shines bright, and dries all my tears
Today I pledge that I am going to make it.

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Myself

I carry myself with pride

I walk back and forth with troubles of my tribe

I carry them inside of me

My soul is burning, it's burning with all the desires, the greed, jealous, the envy and the lust that lasts a lifetime

it's sickening, but I do carry myself.

I carry the love that burns all fears

And the tears of joy are always near because of what I hear. It's her heartbeat, it's the rhythm tuned without the melody of a spiritual hymn.

I carry myself through the depth of despair hoping that life becomes fair. I am a leader

I lead myself along in the path of righteousness, I cheer the silent voices that speak to the inner me, the voices of courage that carry myself through hopelessness and worthlessness. The voices that seek a home frustrated by the state of nothingness that comes with being homeless.

I carry myself.

I walk with the living, summoned courage from the dead, you call them abaphansi. The ancestral meaning that never existed only through a thin veil, is it all true?

I am a man of faith

I believe I have been called by God to fulfill his purpose, to preach, to reach out and touch those who are afraid. I carry myself, my life is not mere testimony, it's an entire sermon

VUSI CHRIS VENUS MALALA

Necessary End

The secret of human kind
A revelation of saints,
The worst criminal of them all.
It' s a race against time.

The most fearful warrior
The security of life
One unknown man' s mission

The happiness is forever
The sadness is forever
Yet life is endless

An immortal instance of sadness
A tour beyond the stars
An introduction to a new world
Everything is forever, after the unknown day.
The night is absent
A marriage with no divorce

We bow before our fears
We hardly admit it was time
We push ourselves to forgive and be forgiven

The unknown day make all this

SO I WAS SAID NOT TO FEAR DEATH,
And after all, comes judgment day

For the Late AGREEMENT BONGANI MALALA (1984-2006)

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Nic (For My Zuuh)

Her name is Nic, it's not her nickname but her name.

Nic is not short for nice but she is a nice person

She is an artist, her sweet voice draws people closer to her heart as her hand sketch her emotions.

She is a natural lady

Her name is Zuziwe, I call her Zuu, not because she's Zulu, But because uyiZulu nomhlaba kimi.

Zuu is a pulchritudinous Zulu lady

A lady of class and patience

Her parents named her Nombuso, truth is uyabusa enhlizweni yami.

She emaciated my worries, used her art skills to paint a smile on my face

Her name is Nicole, I call her Nic. I call her Zuu and I Love Her.

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Our Cruelty

The abuse of power give rise to the abuse of rights.

Women over men

it's a One- One situation

South Africa why?

Men are regarded as wild creatures

Women are said to be the vulnerable spieces

We are facing an Injustice

What about our rights?

What is important: the right or the responsibility?

I think it's not cruelty, it's claiming our justice.

Men are abused but are ignored by the authorities

They say all equal before the law but women are greater

Where is the equality?

My beautiful African women please exercise your rights while practising your responsibilities

And we won't be cruel..

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Quest For The Truth

all the absurded and unanswered questions, on a brief version I call the 'QUEST'.
for it is said that the truth shall set us free.

Why are the police killing each other?

Why are they taking bribes and why are they selling weapons?

What about their involvement in scams?

What happened to their 'PLEDGE'?

What about the abuse of the states' property and powers given to them?

All I see is a direct proportionality of crime to police recruitment

Now I ask: who is to enforce the law?

It's nothing personal, just my quest for the truth as hopes in winning the battle
against crime goes shattered.

How many officers does it take to fight crime?

What is my responsibility?

What is our role as the society in this fight?

Or maybe we are just good as spectators

but why are we killing our law enforcers?

We all make mistakes but crime is never one.

How many times do cops have to play JESUS?

They put their lives in the line to save ours

Not all cops are bad and not all are good, that's mother-nature

Let's stop pointing fingers and join hands to fight crime.

To me we have enough officers and we only need to unite with them

VUSI CHRIS VENUS MALALA

Rested Heroes (In The Memory Of Lost Saps Members)

Driven by passion
Navigated by a mission
And guided by one vision
they pledge to serve and protect.
But who are they protecting?

Why do we have to REST our heroes before their actual time comes?
Why kill our own shields?
who really own the ammunition?

Is it hate against our officers?
But why?
Can't we just forget how past ERA police were like
An officer is my hero

HEROES never die, they REST

Cops are not wild creatures,
they are TREASURES
I also call them Shepherds

They bring us together.

Lets break the barriers between the police and the community
in order to build a crime free and gun free environment
safe for all.

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Souls On Sand (Inspired By Life)

A precious luck that fell from the sky
to ease my life with love
sets to seize my happiness and
I vow not to cease in loving thee,
but it's not easy though the size of the heart is great.

I kept my eyes wide open
for I know that looks may be deceiving.
I watched the beauty of nature in those eyes that nurtured my soul to whole.

The mind that accused the heart of stealing
amused the senses and abused
the feelings that stood to cheer the art of the master.
The piece that was crafted to be a landmark but ended a trademark.

What I was taught me to navigate life
and to separate love from lust,
success from destiny.
The pieces of the heart in the palm of my hand are mended
and peace shall seek after me.
Longing for the day I'd walk bare-footed on the sea sand.

My desire-driven destiny is set to prosper.
My life drifts towards success.
Let it now be proclaimed that I'm prosperous.
Let the horn be blown,
let the people be told and the image be sold
and if love is Gold, I
let it shine even on the darkest heart that foretold of the fortune.

Love and peace have found me
and ought to search no more.
The past is the foundation of my future.
Justice prevailed and I'm pleased to lease my services with ease and peace.
For now I aim to tease the lone hearts and souls.

Finally let the two souls lie and rest on the sand
as observed by the wonders of nature.
Just as exciting as the strand of pink pearls slowly pulled across the shoulder,

so are the SOULS ON SAND,

Dedicated to all the people in my life

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Tears Of The Night

every night I kept beating myself up about a mistake of time, something I would never change but the only thing left of me was Guilt.

In times of sorrow I looked into those eyes that gave my reflection... Those eyes predicted my future through my words. Admiration is all that saved the heart from breaking

On the verge of a great fall I had a pillar that strengthened me & my being became my only virtue of value. Nothing in the human life could save me from me than a change of attitude and character but that was before I learnt that personality plus acts amounts to character.

I am me. Emotional, rational and economical.

I may be the masterpiece, but I'm not perfect. I am a craft not a draft for I was made not printed.

I own the Emotions bank and so I have closed all access to my past and not because I'm black.

Black is just the colour that disguises the true ingredients of my being; my humanity, my life and my Above and beyond racial dominion and racial boundaries and racial demarcation, I am superficial. An unknown breed.

I breathe through the porous skin which housed my heart and my hands that lead me when I can't see and my eyes that navigate my life through high tides. All in all that is how I view my love life with the love I inherited with coherent knowledge of the truth beyond mankind understanding. The truth that I Love you.

Please wipe my tears of desperation as I listen to the song through the rhythmic beats of your heart that lies far beyond your breasts.

The heart that showed me love without judgement apart from the colour of my pigment.

I am not Perfect, but I am Humane. I may not be average but my love is the same as it is also from the heart.

I pledge to be good and remain the same through all seasons and keep the hate at bay by Presenting love to everyone including those who plot against me for my heart pound and longs for prosperity when every smile fade and my tears dry out at the sight of priceless gift in front of me.

It is as if I witness beauty for the first time.

It is tears of the night and not a dream for you are here with me.

VUSI CHRIS VENUS MALALA

Tears On My Pillow

MY BLOOD BOILED.
I COULD FEEL THE HEAT IN MY EYES
MY THOUGHT WERE HURTFUL

I CRIED AND CRIED BUT THERE
WAS NO ONE TO COMFORT ME.
TEARS WATERED MY PILLOW.
A SEED OF HATE WAS SOWN AND
THE FRUIT OF VICTORY WAS HARVESTED

MY TEARS GAVE ME COURAGE
MY TEARS OPENED MY EYES
MY HEART WAS FILLED WITH PASSION.

MY TEARS LED ME TO MY FUTURE.
MY FUTURE WAS AHEAD OF ME
MY PAST IS CELEBRATED AND CHERISHED.

MY TEARS ARE MY SPEAR, MY MISSILE AND MY SHIELD

MY TEARS MADE ME WHAT I AM TODAY
AND WHAT I WILL BE TOMORROW

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Thank You

Once again I thank you.
I thank everyone.

For being part of me, I thank you.
For knowing me, I thank you
For being my friend I thank you
and for being close I pass my gratitude.

At heights of great despair, you were all there, giving me strength and support
and sometimes strains and pains and for that I thank You.

For hating me, I thank you
For the abuse, I thank you
and for the pressure, pain, hurt and emotional harm, I thank you

Growing wiser and stronger each day

Have accumulated riches and lost a fortune but nothing is beyond my sincere
gratitude.

From ashes on the ground to dust on the clouds I stand firm to say, For
everything that hath been I thank you

>>INCOMPLETE<<

VUSI CHRIS VENUS MALALA

The Betrayal

I don't know what it is
but I understand it.
Who is that I'm betraying?
To me it's about how I feel.
I honour my feelings

You might be my destiny but how to reach your heart is what I don't know.
I can see it in your eyes...
Nothing comes easy.
What is the meaning of sacrifice to you?
Or you simple call it 'BETRAYAL'

Have you finally found what were you looking for?
Was that peace, joy or love?
I might have found joy but not peace without you.

I may deceive and betray friends but no man shall betray his feelings.
Doth loving thee means betrayal?

thy lips kisseth my spirit
maybe that is all worth the sacrifice and the betrayal

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The Bullet

The missile to explore the future

A hand-crafted weapon

A passport to happiness

A treasure, not found

A traitor causing destruction in the human battle field

A colossal sea of riches

An enormous mountain with a happy top

A foreigner that brings evolution

A long termed journey

A journey of three destinies before the treasure is reached

The runway is coarse, but yet is slippery

IF THE MISSION IS ACCOMPLISHED

BE SURE YOU'RE NOT DEMOLISHED

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The Commemoration

What went wrong to our nation?
I heard a buzzing of bees
I saw the streets full of kids
running wild
It was then I felt their happiness.
Full of sea water, their eyes told the story

Lambs turned to jackals to claim their names.
What went wrong on their heads?
Maybe it was their Shepherd
But was it worth the waterworks?

The place was a chaos itself
They were denied their pride
But they stood up for what they owned.
The name was changed from Sophiatown to Soweto

Youth of 1976 I salute you
We are proud of you all
You stood up so that we can live better today.

We salute our fallen heroes
Zolile Hector Peterson, I salute you.

You deserve a cheer

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The Day

People waited long,
but my mom couldn't wait longer.
Time was slow then but it's now at its peak.
I kept my eyes open to see this day.
Bongani Agreement waited for it before he passed, Patric cheered his day longer
than I can remember.
Vuyani couldnt wait longer than anyone.

I respect that but it was the day.
The day I can't even remember,
maybe I dont even know it,
all I know is we were both three.
How do I celebrate this day without them?

Are they now cheering for me?
I thank God for each day that pass by,
but still I live to see the day.
And in honour of my twin brother,
I stand on the edge of a valley to glimpse the beautiful sorrows of my past as I
celebrate my and our 21st birthday.
The only way to shroud this is to be loud.
AND SCREAM

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The Devil's Signature (I Am Not A Commodity)

The signature that authorized evil and resulted in green
In a world that was once green and alight but today it is dim n doomed
The signature that allowed slavery where money seems to be the only answer
And people are treated as commodities.
A chaotic world, that was once peaceful
But now crime & corruption at the top level became acceptable.

The Devil's signature authorized my caption into slavery
Man, Women, boys and girls taken into places away from their motherland
But why? All done for a bunch of green papers with known value
My existence is not for sale
My body is not just for sold & cold sex
I am a human and I have the right to be respected

I am not for sale.
I may be stuck in traffic but I am not to be trafficked
And to those without the voice I say 'You are not alone'

.....INCOMPLETE.....

VUSI CHRIS VENUS MALALA

The Drum

It is the drum that conquered battles
A drum that I heard beating since birth
All about it was the fine tuning that it was naturally designed with
It was a drum of choice and everyone's beat

Though I never danced to it before
It kept on playing softly
In and out of tune it played with tremendous beats

Then one day it was tuned to another rhythm, the tempo was fast at first but
The music it was amazing
In and out of tune I then started dancing to it
Did things according to the desires of the drum and its tune

The day you tuned the drum inside me was the day I felt the magic of love
Because my heart is the Drum

And for that I LOVE YOU

>>INCOMPLETE<<

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The Friendships Pact

We might have not known, might not have been there but today we are here and tomorrow we will be there.

When you're gone I will find you.

When you are no more; your spirit and memory will dwell with me forever.

We might have not been there but today we are here And tomorrow we will be there. Wherever you go I will be there if not in flesh in spirit. If I don't find you; the stars will take me to you.

The beat of my heart and the rhythmic vibrations that soon ceases. It is the sign of peace with the silent grief but I will be there through the thickness of the wind and will give a better taste to the bitterness of life.

From the past; through now and tomorrow I will be there...

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The Me Before Now

I was a blessing, because I made life easier for my mom
A star, because I was forever there during the darkest nights
A genius, because I used big words to express myself
But that's not all I was

Before now I was a true friend, 'coz I was forever there to listen
A clown 'coz everyone laughed on my presence.
But still that's not all I was

The me, before now was reliable, because I delivered to people's expectations
And never kept anyone waiting.
Trustworthy, coz people trusted me with their secrets
Honest as I always told the truth in difficult situations
But is it all I was?

The me, before now was a liar as no one cared to verify the facts
A hater because I thought I didn't need anyone to live my life
A player though I never used girls or played any game

All it was, was passion
Passion of what I knew and what I wanted in life
The me, before now was a junky coz I didn't mind the risk
A menace coz every teacher at high school complained about me
But now I think I know exactly what I am
Everything I thought I was is what people said I was
And I am not that.

Remember "You are what you eat"

VUSI CHRIS VENUS MALALA

The Person Inside

No one has ever seen Him,
but He's there.

We all trust Him, for His punishment is silent and sore
He is no stranger...

He leads us to our confessions

He is the Master but we don't serve Him.

Once we gain control over Him, we neglect Him and thus ruining our lives

Our secrets are safe with Him

Under His guide mistakes are impossible.

On His sight we respect one another.

I wish we all give Him a room in our hearts...

Because His name is 'CONSCIENCE'

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The Silhouette Of My Heart; My Wishes

The image of my heart as seen through my actions and wishes for the future. The heart engraving that is seen from distant horizons and stretches further than the rays of the sun. It is everyone's dream but only a few are willing to go that far to reach for their dreams.

So it is my wish to survive and to tell it to the world that the silhouette of my heart signals peace and the desire to be happy. This is my wish-list

I wish I could bring answers to the unanswered questions
I wish I could be the superman in every child's dream
I wish I could bring families together. I wish I could be the ambassador for world peace and change. I wish I was the president so I could change the covenant. We are said to be the lost generation but we are still on the right course. Wait a minute: I think I lost my global position. I have a clear conscience that navigates me through the four corners of the ever-rotating round globe.

What might have gone wrong in this world. They lead with greed and our needs are not any of value to them. Money changed the world and its inhabitants. What went wrong? Am I dreaming? Hopefully I will wake up to a better tomorrow and my wishes would remain still. In my deepest thoughts I see things that are not there. I see people that are not there. In my mind it is dark and I am scared. The voices are talking to me. I have moved. I moved out and moved on. Had things to treasure before but never had such a beautiful thing in the palm of my hand. Fine like purified gold and brighter than a shining star. Others say it's my luck, some say it's an achievement but all I know it's LOVE.

Moving on may be challenging but rewarding. At the cost of patience, care, commitment and dedication.

Pressure reduce leisure and adventure.

Surely, I have found something worth more than gold, priceless as life is but that was in one's ability to overcome the tremendous challenge that lied along the way and it took more than just courage to resist the temptations that life threw at me. Maturity was not a matter of chance but choice. Kept SETTING DEADLY GOALS for MYSELF as I love to lease my services. I fought emotional battles and lost all, fought mental battles and won but both were never easier than any physical combat I never took.

Now that I have you, I have everything. You are the most important part of me in a sense that I am not ashamed to say it and I don't know what I can do

without you. Thanks for Loving Me. One of my wishes came true and I am still Setting Deadly Goals for myself. But life goes on with that portrait of the lone-heart which is reflected from the eyes of the one who has his heart. The Silhouette of my life and my future lies in thy eyes.

VUSI CHRIS VENUS MALALA

The World's Greatest Fear

IF YOU HAVE IT, THEY HATE YOU.
IF YOU REVEAL IT, DISPUTE RISES
ONLY A FEW SEARCH FOR IT.
AND SOME DIE FOR IT.

IT HURTS, DESTROYS AND KILLS
OH YES IT KILLS
FAMILIES SPLIT AS IT COME OUT
HATRED IS GENERATED BY THOSE WHO FEAR IT.

SOME OF US CONFESS IT TO CLEAR OUR CONSCIENCES,
SOME OF US HIDE IT TO PROTECT
GREAT FEAR IS WHAT THOSE WITHOUT IT POSSES

IT COMES WITH REDEMPTION
IT SET OUR SOULS FREE
YES THE TRUTH SHALL SET YOU FREE

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There's A Thin Line

There's a thin line between all the opposites
There's a thin line between friends and enemies
between good and evil, between love and hate
This line exists

It is drawn between responsible and irresponsible, respect and disrespect,
between life and death.
Those who knows the line don't cross it.

There's only one place I wish I could erase this line...but unfortunately it is bold
there.
The bold line seperates the rich from the poor

Maybe education will help us draw it where necessary and erase it where not

LET'S UNITE AND TOGETHER WE CAN..

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Time

Blessed are those who use it carefully, for it waits for no man
Not sure what it is, it is twice as valuable as money.
To me it is the ultimate racer.

Time is never made and so is that time wasted is never paid for.
Regreting are those who played with theirs as it is not reversible and no mistakes
of time shall be corrected in future as time is not developing but decreasing for
every living being.

Time changes everything, for it is timeless and above that priceless and precise

Time is vital and vigilant
like the old saying 'time wasted is never regained

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To Whom Do I Belong

To whom do I belong? It is a question but this is a short message to the one I belong to.

Some say I belong to my mother and some say I belong to my father but I know I belong to me. I ask who owns me? Is it the one who made me or the one who brought me? In other sense there's the one who virtually made me and those that literally made me. I am grateful to he who made me; to He whom I refer to as my maker.

Some say I was made in his image and science says I was born through the heritage of mankind fantasy. What am I and to whom do I belong? I was raised by the community; does that give them any rights over me?

Some say I belong to my soulmate, my partner & the Love of my life. I still search for answers but I don't ask the questions. I belong to you; yes you.

The closed doors in my life bring more joy in the life shared by many as the hurt slowly surfaces. The complexity of immaturity components that migrated to adulthood halts me from taking responsibility of my lifestyle.

It's like I took a dose of morphine, I endured the euphoria of being in love and being alive sedate the pain of all the losses and falls. What are my desires & what have I acquired.

Peace sounds like a pleasant phenomenon but will I ever taste it?
May I commit or should I just omit the concept of a happy-ending?

To whom that I belong to; I leave the space to offer my endless gratitude beyond the altitude of human understanding and attitude.

I may belong to my mother but the truth is God made me for you.

VUSI CHRIS VENUS MALALA

True To Myself

Super reasoning ability,
Quick minded and forever sober.
I try to live the life I ought to but there's a lot I have to change about me, adjust
my laughter and do away with my temper.
85% past issues solved but still there's a long way to go.

Not everyone cared
I made it this far with a number of ladies by my side
It's not like I'm a good person as most people think
Just living my life the way I should.

All the things I have now, I earned them: from respect to laughter.
who could have thought that when she died I'll manage?
from 2001-2003 I did things my way without being aided
and my hope never faded.

I kept on and on. getting stronger everyday

I owe my life to myself
Thanks to friends, educators, pastors
But all these people kept their eyes opened guarding my every move

Everyone doubted me but I made it and I'm still trying.
I haven't reached my destiny but m almost there

THIS IS ME FACING REALITY AND THINKING ABOUT MY FUTURE

INCOMPLETE

VUSI CHRIS VENUS MALALA

Until The End Of Time

True love as promised
Each day brings something new.
Today I am a man, standing my grounds

You left me in the dark wandering like a dove on a statue
No shoulder to cry on, And no one to guide me.
that I call an ultimate betrayal as you promised to be by my side

You were there for me through thick and thin, never gave up on me
until you gave up on your life

For sure it was the end of time
I put the blame on you for leaving without saying goodbye

Alone I'm a man
Leaving me made me stronger, groomed and trained me
so until the end of time my love remains the same
I MISS YOU

dedicated to the late E.S MALALA (1962-2001)

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VUSI CHRIS VENUS MALALA

We Made It

We Made it...

Through it all we made it
Your hand guided us and you saw us through
During hard times and good times, your love kept shining in our hearts and we
kept going for you were there for Us.
When cars collided, you were there.
When planes crashed, you were again there
When boats capsized, ships sank you never left us
When bikes and bikers fell to death, you safeguarded us and today we thank you
that we made it.

When hurricanes twisted the land;
Tsunamis destroyed the land.
Storms washed away our land and floods covered our land, we made it through.

When lovers broke up,
Couples separate & divorce
Families split apart, you kept us united and one
When songs; poems and praises ended, melodies faded
We looked up to you for motivation to start over.

When Summer's heat turned into winter's chill and Autumn's cool dried up to
Spring's heat and we soon realized that time was no more. We gave back
everything to the CREATOR to say THANK you Lord for yet another year.

Apart from all the past hurt and pains of the past we made it through.

VUSI CHRIS VENUS MALALA

What I Have, I Do Not See

So bright and dark that I cannot see my way and my future
The life that I live is set to change other people's lives
It's in the life that I live, the love I give and the people I lead.
The problems I have and the money that I have
funny that I share it

Sweet sweats of leisure search the heart that is filled with joy
But still I was blind to see; for all I have I cannot see.
The beauty of pens, pearls and pains push me to work to earn
Respect so the people can applaud and cheer the greatest of all times

Tears, fears and peers echo their sound to my ears to find that I am fearless and
fierce.

The courage that drives me is eternal
But sad that all I have I do not see
From dusk till dawn, my thoughts of peace are crushed into pieces when I
realized I had peace and now it's gone... temporary gone

I may not see it but I can feel it
The love that I give is ever changing but the trust I had is still pending waiting
for time to stop...

Where is it? Where are they?
Can anyone answer me or show me what I have?
For all I have I do not see
I can see my darkest nights, hear my silent thoughts and touch my imaginations
It's all I see, all I have

In dreams I land in peace, with desire I find love but still couldn't see
Everything had to start with me before I can give to others
Should love me first, trust me first, respect me first and all those things I see now
Can't help it... These are just dreams

What I have I do not see

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Where Is The Future?

If we legalize abortion,
if we legalize prostitution,
Not that I'm perfect but I have to know the truth

Where is the future
if we have corrupt police officials
what about government officials?

What went wrong on the taxi industry?
are all drivers violent?
That's the only answer I know 'NO'

Why are our streets full of kids and adults?
Where are they from?
These are the questions without answers.
I couldn't hold my tears when I saw a poor child in the street.

Where is the future of Africa?
we still have racism.

I stand where I stood with my very first question
where is the future?

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Where There's Smoke, There's Fire

Not always true but cool
Not always good but brute
This is all painted on the face of an accused man
They made him do it but no one justified it.
His acts are all innocent but WHY HIM?

Days gone by as he laid down low in sorrow
With disbelief, he said: 'am I worth the pain or the game? '
Like he was tamed, he stood with a loud roar moved the shock to the far shore.

Crushed once...
Dissolved once...
but they couldn't destroy him.

He have now picked up the pace and he's at peak of his performance
Always said endurance yields prosperity and so he had to endure the hardship in
order to enjoy the fruit of his blood sweat

It is a matter of time before the smoke vanishes and soon they'll all be away that
it was mist
Had been on their list for years but they couldn't move him
And now their eyes are filled with the mist that made them miscalculate their
value and worth.
He is mistaken for a bad person but he is not a saint either

Let them shine in the light and he will shine in the night to show that he is here
for a reason

He is not down to earth as he had elevated his soul above the soles of his feet...

He may have been bruised and used but now He's grooved and moved
As the smoking fire has been put off... Ashes remains and those are the
memories they will have about him

VUSI CHRIS VENUS MALALA