

Poetry Series

xihluke mlangeni
- poems -

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xihluke mlangeni(19-08-1998)

Xihluke Mlangeni was born in a countryside named Burgersdorp outside was born in 1998, the last born of Grace Mlangeni and the late Reckson Mlangeni. He started writing poetry at the age of 14 years old after he lost his father. He found a driving force that made him to be who he is now. He's currently living in burgersdorp with his mother and sisters, and doing matric at Bankuna High aiming to go to varsity next year to pursue his dreams. A very ambitious boy. Who's hardworking and focused.

Alone

I always drown when i sail my boat
Surrounded by voices
That always silence me
I belong in the island
Where i am isolated
Where my dreams are alive
In this lonely world
I want to be alone like an island
I won't be silenced by people
Who don't know my story
people who are quick to judge
Slowly they are to realise
That i am a storyteller
In this lonely world
I am a narrator
lend me your ears
I will hand you knowledge
Knowledge is power
I won't be silent
You don't know my story

xihluke mlangeni

Don't Cry

Because They are Gone
smile Because they were Born
And now they are Gone
we are here to Live
so that one day one way
we shall leave
You know Life will take you to your quest
and Put you through a test
Just to remind you that you're a guest
Here on Earth
and if you are reading this know
that you are next
but don't settle for less
Give it your best shoot
so the rest shall remember you

xihluke mlangeni

Keep Them Close

[dedicated to my father Reckson Mlangeni]

There was never a smoke without a fire nor a tail without a head
Behind every loss
There is memories that lies in the skies when the soul rise

One day a father died.
And On that pain, cold morning,
In the warmth of her smile,
The daughter was stuck with the sigh of learning that sometimes
You just have to let them fly

No more hugs, no more correction when she seem to go out of the way straight
into the quite days

Sometimes, what we care about the most goes away, never to return before we
can say goodbye, say 'i love you'

So while we have it, it is best we adore it
Give it time, even if we don't have it

This is true for a friendships and relationships
And children with bad marks
and girls with bad lips
We keep them because they are worth it

Not to judge them but-keep them close

xihluke mlangeni

Life

Life in this lonely world
can be such a mess
Waking up every morning
Feeling lonely and lost
The thought
That we are guests
how our days are numbered
All in the same queue
Queueing for a present
Death inside the box
The best leading the que
And the worst at the back
Life can be such a mess

xihluke mlangeni

My Room

She was dark when i first moved in
Built only to occupy me, myself and i
Every night when i lay my head
On that bed like structure
My dreams are absorbed every dawn
By the walls
All my obstacles buried within her
If only she knew how to speak
She would tell you how much i need to see the horizon
She was never been outside
But she knows how to face the world alone
my African queen
I built her with love that is everlasting
With my head under her roof
I will conquer the world
Even if my dreams ever escape from those walls
I will put together a mansion
Right next to her
Just so i can always find a reason
Why she came into my life
How i slowly lost Mrs Dlamini
A precious soul
Because of my Room

xihluke mlangeni

Take Me Back

Take Me back to that time
when i was first introduced to fun
I was young
only seventeen
I had dreams
Wanted to be rich
Take me back to that time
When i first tasted alcohol
I drank it, so hard
That i even forgot i had dreams
Take me back
I want to go and pick up my dreams
I left them in that dirty tavern
I wonder if they are still alive
Or they are still drunk?
Only God knows
I want to go back
And make things right
This other day i heard my mom having a conversation with God
And i was the topic
She was crying, mommy kept on bragging about me

'I didn't raise a drunkard'
Indeed she didn't
Peer pressure stood between me and her

Alcohol is bitter
But a Bmw parked next to a Golf 7 in a mansion is sweeter

'If poverty is bitter
Then success is sweeter'

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Who Am I?

I sat there hopeless
With that little patience
And Listen to my inner voice
I thought to myself

'Who am I '

As i continue to sit there
With patience
About to runout
I thought to myself

'Who am I'

I stood up
before the sly dissappears
And the sunset
Searching for the horizon

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