

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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Yolanda Mbatha()

I am an African woman, no more, no less. Born and bred by a single mother who instilled values of independence, self respect and a love and passion for all that I do. My passion for poetry was born after a few turmoils that overcast the joy in my life when I was only 15 of age.

A Walk Down Memory Lane

A walk down memory lane leads to screams of agony as I forcefully commemorate past tragedies. Life as a teen could be more difficult- that I know- but it could also be much easier...

The walls of my mind are engraved with the terror that is visible in my eyes, visible in my heart, yet hidden in my words, hidden in my stride- none attempts to look beyond what your tender eye wishes to see...

People talk- inexperienced yet so certain that they know what goes on in the mind of those who know, those who have been, those who are, Tongues poisoned with bitter emotions in favour of the so called victim... The offender is concluded as the offender without reason, without proof, without thought it's a natural things to do for we humans tend to kill with the tongue and consider the physical assassins murderers yet we ourselves are as saintly as what lay beyond the clouds of doubt.

I'm no more and yet no less a sinner than you
I'm me and you're just you... I'm both good and bad, and that only makes me human... difference is, I watch my tongue yet we still assassins, yes both you and me.

Yolanda Mbatha

African Roots

My DNA dates back to the trees that planted
My identity.
Soils creep up to distress how the hairs on my head were made.

My ancestor...
the ghosts that breathe through me
exclaiming their identity.
The roots that planted my existence flow through me
My
African roots.
The earth carries on its back the blood of those who fought for our liberty

Liberty... Our hips, our thighs
Free to paint itself into a frame of its own choice
And it chooses the hourglass
Dating back into time where
African women spoke through their stride
Head bowed down
An unspoken noun

That he the man and his muscles may protect his crown
Wabonga izulu
Esho izithakazelo zikaShaka Zulu
Thina ma-Afrika
Thina esinsundu
Esabeletha isintu
Ngoba kwathiwa umuntu ngumuntu ngabantu
Thina esinezimpande ezingasoze zahlubuka

Indoda yabukwa
Yabukwa indoda
Kwaqubuka ukuziqhenya
Laqhamuka iqhawe
Kwaqhaqhazela umhlabathi
Kwazalwa izwe eliqhakazile
Thina ma-Afrika
Thina esinsundu

Our DNA dates back to the trees that planted

Our identity.

(A poem by Yolanda Mbatha and Mbali Simelani)

Yolanda Mbatha

Black And Brown

Making my way down town
Fully aware of mams's Bantu time
I see a man in black and brown
In my fears I started to drown
Began to frown
take off my crown
And what's meant to be my night gown

Could this be my first time?
Where I give up my precious dime
Where my cries and his sighs are meant to rhyme

Another beast in brown and black
With a sacred purity to hijack
Now a 3rd and a 4th man
Were my legs awake I would have ran
On the typically black tar I'm forced to lie down
Without a bed told to give head
My hand to the beast unleashed was lead
In it slid, out it bled
For a seraphic moment I was partially dead

Anal pain I did receive
For they all had a mark to leave
Cry no longer, no 5min was longer
I wish I was stronger
His penetration entered my system
The rest I was to drink off him
Sour milk gone wrong was how it tasted
I observed as my so called precious dime twitched
Only moments later I was ditched

A checklist I did make
Did I ache?
Did he penetrate?
He just wasn't some sickly mate

A process originally to multiply the nation
Used for some assassin sensation

This peculiar emotion
A deformed heart, please take into consideration
No1 to wipe away the tears
Blood stains invisible to peers
No1 to discard my fears
The eyes never will dry,
Without reason to try
Afraid to shut them close
As the scream echoes after the voice froze
I no-longer belong to me
Do I define pain or does pain define me
4 it is now 5years down the line
And I still search for that precious dime
One step at a time
Searching for a motive for that crime

It's always a war, it's always a fight.
Acceptance, and love, and hatred abound
to burn out the darkness, to soak in the light.
Minds and words explode without a sound.
I claw my way up, I try to survive,
Some days it feels like I'm no-longer alive.

The breathe of night lulls in a scent in its arms
And grants me a bouquet of blood
To mother and keep me from all that harms
And you; Just let me cry for you abandoned and let me die

When you let that man in black and brown
Do as he pleases with my precious dime

Yolanda Mbatha

Black South African Woman

Because i answer to our children when you're nowhere to be found,
because i provide food with the scraps i was given;
I AM A WOMAN.

Because i am robbed of my privacy because i wont willingly satisfy you,
because i have to accept htat i am no-longer a priority for i now have a fat belly;
I AM A SOUTH AFRICAN.

Because for my children i am forced to be your slave; restricted to household
duties,
Because I am forced to tolerate your inappropriate behaviour a you get home
late from the pub
I AM BLACK

Because I do what I have to, but not what I want to;
I AM A BLACK SOUTH AFRICAN WOMAN

Yolanda Mbatha

Blame

censured for actions I was pressured into taking,
blamed for words erudite practitioners said to me...
labelled a murderer...

yet i sought after being their nurturer
they wouldve had only a father, no mother
for the predicament was a death, how stagnant
to blame me is only regnant

Abortion.

Ive become a huntsman...
every thump every bump...
yes it makes me jump

hypnotised into blaming myself
the definition of a murderer is on any bookshelf
but, to eradicate onelf, thyself
from the he category of innocent
is difficult..

people blame me,
i don't fight them,
yet i dont agree
for the doctoers told me
that the likelihood of survival for all
is only 33

and so... Am i to blame, or is that part of the game
THE BLAME GAME?

Yolanda Mbatha

Blaqpearl

Feeding off dump sites
Government preaching about human rights
The minds hunger now difficult to fight
The authority's pledge I've learnt to recite
Insanity, poverty for eternity

Your unwanted possessions
My essential obsessions
My riches, your rags
Your trash, my designer bags
Your side plate, my family's table
My love unstable
Insanity, poverty for eternity

Ngiphephephi, where am I safe?
Not in my matchbox house
Where the sun knows not the sky
Where it is eternally nightfall
Where trees never grow tall
Insanity, poverty for eternity

You preach about ubuntu
Hold on to your zips because nginsundu
Caring is sharing
Yet you scrutinize as my skin keeps shedding
Insanity, poverty for eternity

Izingane should be seen and not heard
Yet when tears overflow you fly away with the birds
A starving nation builds my judgment of life
A life of manicures and pedicures for your wife
Insanity, poverty for eternity

My brothers, my sisters sighing, crying, dying, trying
Searching for an escape from this death coated,
Pain flavoured bitter-sweet candy on which I was deserted
Stop hearing the voices of black uneducated children
Start listening to the cries of a needy youth
That life just ain't simple

For I am black because you are white
For I cook because you will eat
For I die so you can live
For I am because you are
Insanity, poverty for eternity

You are born into a cycle where luxury becomes a necessity
A cycle where education is a source of publicity
You get consequently knowledgeable that your heart matures before your head
When you CHOOSE to wet your pillow in bed
When you're incapably capable to feed yet another head
Where I am born into a cycle where necessities become an improbability,
impossibility
A cycle where education is narrowly for minority
So uneducated that your heart learns from the head
Where the tears unintentionally flow because I'm unfed
Where I'm incapable of dependently feeding all my sibling that aren't yet dead
Insanity, poverty for eternity

For you are in possession of the power to silence the critics
Inspire the pessimists
To astound the optimists
Insanity, poverty for eternity

Black is the coal that lights the fire that houses hell
Black is the pupil of the eye that enables me to see beyond the eyes of the mind
Black is the dark emptiness that "us victims" fear
Black will be the day that blesses us with God's judgment
Black is the gift of pain that tolerates abuse
Black is the strand of hair that defines my ethnicity
Black is the colour of my love extreme

Think Insanity, poverty for eternity

Yolanda Mbatha

Dramatic Theory

I got first row tickets to a show I'm still underage to view
Only I was not the offender but a victim that belonged to you
Put on stage, forced to improvise
"Put a smile on your face" one would advise
an optimist I am thought out to be
to my world; a dark room on a cold night would be your key
to know me, to see me
to realise you're glad u ain't me
a ho I may be labelled
Or invisible, might as well be dead
Oh the pain between my adolescent legs
"Please; take my life with you too" the actress begs
Almost 5years down the line
Virginity just never was mine
"At least the pain has faded" one would say
But in my heart it will always lay
Crying with No Sound is the title of this play
Mere characterization one might presume
A jubilant teenager another might assume
But the truth is difficult to imagine
With of course one single exception
An actress previously thrown into the deep-end
Left with scars in the heart that never will mend
She shall convey with anything but rudimentary skills
She being I, the teenager who when ill, needs not pills
She being I, whose aches are measured not with tape
She being I, just another victim of rape

Yolanda Mbatha

Dual Fatality

I created to love eternity
Destroyed to love unintentionally
I egocentrically murdered, lawfully, legally
A dual fatality, yes typically

Terminated a possibility
While increasing infertility
A remorse state of mentality
A dual fatality, yes typically

I exclaimed apologetically
Cried dismally
Crippled detrimentally, fatally
A dual fatality, yes typically

A teenaged mother, ex-mother, potential mother
Bearing a seed in a bed, a womb, ex-womb, potential womb- simply a stomach
Yes I felt the heart beat, as my own sped up
Yes I smelt the blood as my own heated up
I visualized, the life, ex-life, potential life
Either mother lives to imagine baby's life
Or baby lives to imagine mother's life

I smelt the blood, intoxicating, filling my lungs
Washed away by cries/ hidden under sighs/
Mother dies/ I wish it were a gathering of lies
Face down/ let her soul arise

A sin, sin, sin you might say
But your statement is overshadowed by the simplicity that complicates
A sin, sin, sin you might say
Where 60% is the possibility of survival
A sin, sin, sin you might say
The sights aren't as syrupy and pleasurable as you assume
A sin, sin, sin you might say
The siblings expected to smile simply
A sin, sin, sin you might say
T A sin, sin, sin you might say
he mother is said to possibly die

Alongside her children and possibly without
A sin, sin, sin you might say
But then again who gives you the right to criticize
A sin, sin, sin you might say
An emotional assassinator – you're a sinner or saint?
And so it's a dual fatality

Yolanda Mbatha

Innocence

As the darkness settles in and lights go out
As the city goes to sleep and the owls see light
I cradle my bundle of joy close to my heart
I am awakened by the smell of impurity both inside and out
I battle to suggest what this is about
The lights go on, my intellect switches off
I am tied up innocence dressed down
I am blinded, innocence exposed
The tears pour down as baby wails out
I keep it in she cries it out
I spectate under black emptiness
Man is happy
Innocence is weeping
Baby is bleeding
The bath fills up
Innocence instructed to get dressed
So evidence is physically invisible
But emotionally always beams bright
The lights go on
Man is gone
And so is baby's innocence
She is robbed of her pride
I am cursed with anger
Now man is locked up
Baby still crying
Mother still dying
Man still smiling
Innocence still living?

Yolanda Mbatha

Let's Be Seraphic

Let's be seraphic
Come hold my smooth hand
Come feel the rough sand
Come walk with me
Come play with thee
Let's listen to the sound of a buzzing bee
Let's listen as the pacific waves hit the shore at sea
Come hear me breathe
Hear my heart beat
Listen to the melody
Feel the sense of tranquillity, placidity
For I have the ability
To regain your serenity
Let's escape the globe
Let our hearts glow
Like a splint exposed
Let your imagination run wild
Let your soul scream loud
Be alive and lively... just be proud
For life's not for eternity
Embrace God's greatest gift
Explore life not bit by bit
But wholeheartedly you shall love
And I shall treasure this doteful walk
And no; we need not talk
For our bodies speak their own lingo
Let us be the psycholinguistics
Learn without lips
How to kiss
So come hold my smooth hand
Come feel the rough sand
Let's just be seraphic

Yolanda Mbatha

Who Am I

Who am I to question
The red lipstick on your shirt
The scars on your back
The sweet scent on your tie
Who am I to question
The black underwear in your pocket
The cheque for designer shoes
The late night and early mornings
The midnight calls...
Who am I to question
ye faithful husband?

Yolanda Mbatha