

Poetry Series

Benedict Shinsange
- poems -

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Home

As the moonlight cloaks the dark earth,
As the clouds hovers when the wind blows,
As the twilight hangs low above the heavens,
I turn home.
As the wind dwindles and dies along the mountain,
As the song of psalms stand still,
I turn home,
Through blue shadows and purple woods,
To the place where I first loved.
As the Suns rays touches the wandering earth,
Home I turn to my beloved.

Benedict Shinsange

I Sought Her

I sought her, my lover,
But I found her not.
My soul was taciturn,
and my heart was deep as an abyss.
I wandered about the narrow road.
The wind could not sweep both sides as the streets stood quietly in
bewilderment.
I sought her, my lover,
But I found her not.

I walked on perilous paths,
Flowers blossomed not, but thorns grew where flowers grow.
But I still sought her vainly hour by hour,
my lover.
As the stars gleamed west
I found her whom my soul loves in the night's sharp blast,
And I saw heaven in its breast.
I held her,
Behold!
'O' her eyes were like doves,
So tender and full of grace

Her body glowed with eternal splendor from her head to her toes,
The sweet chasm of ecstasy.
When evening comes she sat me on a vase
'O' she ravished my heart
She is the redeemer of my lifeless soul.
I'll cherish her boundlessly.

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My Lass Is Beautiful

'O' my lass is beautiful like roses with their sharp spines being gone,
Not royal in their daisy scent alone,
But in their hue of maiden pinks and odour faint.
And yet most quaint and sweet thyme true.
My lass is beautiful, she's like a roaming dove of the wild that sings high and low
with glee and mirth,
And like the lark that sings in the gates of heaven.
If hair be snow, golden snow blooms upon her head!
And if eyes be stars, green stars shines upon her face.
I've seen roses damasked, red and white,
But no such roses seen I in her cheeks
'O' my lass, if I told thee of thy beauty,
Thou will desire not desire a lad like I.

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Regrets For Leaving My Lover!

Regrets for leaving my lover!

From the thickest I disappeared like a dwindling star before my lover's eyes.
Like a spark I twirled, and like wind I was no more!
Though it all wasn't my intentions,
Death hath came to me like a thief in the night.

I would look back at life with a scornful face as tears oozed from my lovers divine
eyes with misery And mingled with her pillar.

Looking back, I saw eternity on the other side,
All calm as it was bright.
But my life was upon a brink of death.
Around beneath time in hours, days and almost years,
She awaited for my return and her heart that I had carried with me,
The tragedy was that she'd never know how the earth hath consumed me,
But the tragedy of all is that she'd never know how much I love her.

From the river of regrets I floated as the wind blew north,
Until to the mud where I slowed and finally stopped.
Lying dead in the mud of shame I was,
And for my lover I awaited to resurrect me with a kiss of eternal bliss.

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What Life Hath Given And Taken From Me

How plendrous and prosperous life is when given a piece of heaven,
A fervent spirit and a vivacious soul,
A love that exceeds all bounds,
And a love that can consume one's spirit as well.
How beautiful and tranquil life is as it hath given thee unto me.

How grotesque and grim life is when it hath taken away all what it has given
Joy, beauty and glory in one's languid eyes no more,
But all that remains is a heart like an empty void and a scornful face.

How sadistic of life to leave no remedies to the pain and sorrows that it hath
caused.
How unrelenting of life to give not comfort to the anguish, torment and grieve
that it left in one's heart.

My heart bleeds with intense agony,
and my face luses with sadness,
and my eyes cries a river like the Nile.
All the fruits of life hath vanished before me,
And my life hath became bitter,
All because life hath given and taken thee from me.

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