

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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Thoko Mangena()

The Dark

Mid night, the dark awakens
Its starving for my blood
my pain, my anger
I cant breath, I need the blade
I need the pain
Something is missing
Why aren't my wrist bleeding?
The voices are too loud
They are hunting me,
Breaking me
I need my knives
Screw promises
I need the pain
My bittersweet addiction

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What Is Beauty?

They talk about her hair and the colour of her eyes
They talk about her body and booty
Like its a price
What is this beauty they talk of?
Is it the colour of my skin,
The extensions and crazy weaves
What is beauty?

She spends time in the gym
Grunting and pumping
Shakes and diets
Fingers down her throught
Too skinny too fat
What is beauty?

She has Prada, Gucci and Calvin
Shes part Dolce and part money
She dresses skimpy and sells her body
Sex makes her feel pretty

The media sells colognes and perfumes
Perfect bodies, fantasies
The media sells money
And calls it beauty
What is beauty?

I pant my nails rainbow
Get my hair done special
A tight dress and painful shoes
All for a night to feel beautiful
Wont somebody tell me what is beauty

Whats wrong with my sneakers?
And natural african hair?
What wrong with my blues t-shirt
Taken from an old boyfriend?
Why is that not beauty?
Why is comfort not beauty?
What is beauty?

Thoko Mangena