

Poetry Series

# Getrude Mamathuntsha - poems -



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## Getrude Mamathuntsha()

Qualified Foundation Phase teacher. Currently a student, studying Bachelor of Arts in Creative Writing. I appreciate my teaching degree. However, I just need to study something I relate to on a daily till the end of seconds.



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# Dear Future Husband.

I'm physically appealing but emotionally unattractive. A lot of things changed me within the interior indeed in spite of the fact that I got superior on the outside.

I'm sensitive. I cry everytime when considering of what I've went through indeed in spite of the fact that you never contributed to any of my pain. I know, it'll be a lot for you to handle since you never harmed me. It will weigh you a part since it may be as well much to handle.

I've endured for the longest time in my life, clearing out you to endure alone will not be a portion of me. I will be there for you. I will bolster you. I will cherish you. I'll challenge your challenges and I'll contribute to your healing. I accept in God more than I accept in anything. I'll bring you near to God and permit you to know that he is the ruler that spared me. Meaning, he will spare you, our adore and marriage.

I will adore you greatly. Despite the fact that I have a broken soul, I shall love you for the fact that you chose me. A soul damaged who has experienced every form of suffering there is. A damaged soul that has experienced every kind of treachery. A broken soul that loved but never loved back.

However, all I will require from you is consolation. To at least guarantee me that we are going work on my torment and recuperating together.

This letter to you does not imply that I will dwell on my feelings, past suffering, or past trauma. But it's a piece of writing that describes what I'll have to let you know in the future because we'll be spending our final moments together. I will continue to work on it. If you come through, you might think I've improved based on my behaviour.

I love you so much

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# The Dark Room You Placed Me In.

The Dark room was the final thing on my mind. However, you day by day pointed and appeared me the room. I was uninformed until you commandingly put me within the room and it got to be my reality.

A reality that I ought to live with it everyday. A reality that set me within the darkest room. Darkest room which is filled with nothing but discouragement, freeze assaults and anxiety. The room was as well dim and I couldnt perceive myself on a daily.

I seem not listen anyone's voice since there were exterior were there was light, and I was interior the dull. Dim and light they never compare together. The voice I seem listen was my claim. My possess voice telling me that Its all my blame.

Indeed in spite of the fact that my near companions (Friends and Family) attempted by all implies to remove me out of the dark room. It was difficult since you the as it were individual who had the

No one had the control to spare me but as it was you. Only you had the the control but shockingly your center was some place else. Somewhere else with excellent stars, shinning yellow lights and Joy all over.

I remained the longest within the dark room. It got to be a domestic for me. It got to be as well comfortable. What was interior the room was the as it were things which made sense.

My Mind was all over. Each night? my pillow was continuously damp due to tears. I indeed caught cold since I laid my entirety face on a really damp pillow. I attempted to reach out to you but you appeared cheerful, solid and well taken off.

I questioned on the off chance that you still had the keys. I questioned in case you indeed keep in mind me. I questioned on the off chance that you indeed imagined of me. I questioned on the off chance that you still think of me.

I had to create a plan. I had to expel myself out of the dark room without you coming back to open. I had to guarantee that atleast i see a little light.

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# Dear Soul: That Body Was Your Home, Not Theirs.

I'm too bad' Peculiar words when the harm has happened! I ought to have closed the enormous solid wood entryway. Closed all the window from the get go, unquestionably no passage would have took put.

' I failed you' best to describe. I'm the physical body which failed to protect you from all the pains.

I failed you by giving emotional pain a home that raised you for 19years. Emotional pain felt so comforting it spawned depression, anger, anxiety, panic disorder and even borderline personality disorder. All of which grew day by day and made sense at midnight.

They all sought Spiritual pain in order to experience a beautiful home in which they felt welcome and comfortable. Spiritual pain accepted the invite and came to the abode and did the job of reminding the spirit of sorrow and betrayal. Dear soul: The house was now full.

The weight became very heavy and unwieldy. That was their home at the time, so You couldn't get rid of them. You needed to get used to them and depart via way of means of their rules. It changed into an fulfillment for them, however a breaker for you motive the thoughts changed into getting damaged whilst the soul changed into getting worn-out daily.

The emotional and Spiritual pain demanded days of physical pain! When Physical become delivered and found a spot, Your character modified and you went loopy at times. Headache, lower back ache? It made certain to go away a mark so anyone might are aware of it become there. Your home was presently full of torments.

Your home? It got to be their home, you felt unworthy due to them being all over. You felt disliked cause you were the only thing that had good intentions and not trying to provide any harm and leave lifetime bruised.

You never saw your worth since they given you with a colossal sum of mental affliction and it befuddled you. Never felt the require of being in that domestic so you needed to take off that house by fair overdosing those pills. Overlooked that the body is your home not theirs!

Forgive me. I gave your home to the destroyers

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