

Poetry Series

Koketso Marishane

- poems -

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Koketso Marishane (13-03-1985)

Koketso Marishane.

I was born on the 13th of March 1985, in a village called Ga-Marishane, in the northern side of South Africa, Limpopo Province. I started writing English poetry in 1997 when living in Flora-Park, Polokwane. I studied Information Technology at Boston Business College which was predominantly English speaking. I experienced a drought of words writing in English and now trying to resort to write in Sepedi, which is my home language. My poetry was published in various publications. I have performed my poetry at various poetry readings. I continue to write about the people, the places and the experiences that I have come to know as my own.
Kanyane 'a Mmaswi 'a Hlabirwa. Mokgobi.

Works:

Still Pending.

A Bachelor in Wives

A Bachelor in Wives

They call him "the ladies man" for preferring the ladies company always.

Being stylish is his daily routine

Utilizing his sweet tongue is a hobby whenever ladies are around

You check his phone book, no males' number is found except his brothers'

Checking his actions, he's rude to some male species and as sweet as honey to ladies.

As time waits for no man; friends get married every year and he's always a best friend to one's companion and without shame, he still maintains ties like usual. Sending messages so often to the extend that the husband get jealous and suspicious. Calling so often like situations are still the same. Visiting so often like he's a homeless person and the thought of marrying someone is nothing but a foreigner to his mind.

In times of emergency, calling him for help is a waste of time because if you're not a lady, unfortunately the service cannot be rendered. In times of ceremonies, looking for him where men sit would be a stupid idea, as he would be edutaining ladies. The ladies' man he is, and yet, 'a bachelor in wives'.

Koketso Marishane

A good black-sheep

A Good Black-Sheep

They say 'he's a child of remorse',
because he thinks before he speaks and thinks before he acts,
spitting words full of fountain of life,
for wiseness is a habit in nature.
As for humanity, inhaling is regarded bonus,
for diseases are textures of everyday life,
do respect shall be paid unto he who breathes
'coz the past is of ancient rhetoric trainees claim to manage to crack the puzzle right.

They refer to him 'as old fashioned',
for having knowledge of pursuit
'coz his mind is ever fresh to learn and not ignore.

They refer to him 'as an alien',
for he belongs to no religious group
'coz he believes in unity,
for religions have hidden agendas and separates people
as he's coward enough not to pray in public,
but knows the key to open and close the day;
Prayer...

They say 'he's an unwise child',
for lending a hand to the needy,
for praying in private when sad and smiling with tears when joyous,
but he regards himself as a child of God,
for knowing and believing that if he focuses on his acts and deeds,
he will one day manage to exceed the realm of possibilities and
the sky will not be his limit, because greatness has a space for him.
Amen.

Koketso Marishane

A Journey to Manhood

'The Journey To Manhood'

It is of every respect to respect the path my ancestors walked on, the ways they used to honour their maker and what they did to celebrate events. I might be doing things different from them, as I've already adopted the Western style of making a living, but surely I will not let go of my values. Remembering the names of those clans and their operations, is all nothing but history, and digging deep would result like I'm in search of my bones, but also abandoning them is not clever. Remembering back in the days when we sat down with our brothers who went to heaven, showing us how to operate things in events, one cannot say what one is currently doing would result in nothing but remorse.

Having told about our traditional schools and their purpose they serve in the community, educating us about them to have interest, narrating us stories of importance to reach 'manhood'. They are called "initiation schools" today by the so-called "model-c" who have been brainwashed by some foreigners to strongly believe that black is ugly so that they may wear the so-called "make-ups" to cover their originality. Yes, the wise man calls it "my culture uncut with regulations of customs". Having white men come to rescue the poor dolphins as if they know the living style.

What happened to our rooted roots, where the young-men to be were sent to the traditional schools to spend at least a month long learning about their forefathers? What happened to (bo-rantiti) the caretakers, guiders and protectors of the young learners? What happened to our old winter seasons where any boy above the age of sixteen would apply for manhood by joining the journey? , where a school would be traditionally formed by leaders followed by learners to learn about the past? , what happened to our days where one would be made to touch the sun emotionally? For those who have crossed the line, welcome to Africa!

Koketso Marishane

An Apology before I take my eternal rest

My Apology Before I Take My Eternal Rest

To 'thee' that 'pain', 'happiness', 'remorse' nor 'harmony' I brought, judge me not, for I was nothing but myself all times.

To those I 'hurt', hate me not, for the truth took charge and brought light into many lives with perseverance; and

To those I 'pleased', love me not, for my heart in charge was;

To my fellows, follow me not, for I faults did commit and righteous do, so self my part did play with excellence, and

To 'MY DOER', welcome me, for I always tried...,

Amen!

Koketso Marishane

An idea worth a million barks

An Idea Worth A Million Barks

I have an idea in mind worth a million barks, an idea soon to make me a fortune. An idea I've been seeking out of curiosity, jumping, laughing, walking, eating and kicking on all the wrong doors, but guess what, today that idea came clearly visible to me. I mean, after all that smart and hard work, don't you think I deserve it? Well, you probably getting tired of my speech and longing to hear it, well, you should be ashamed of yourselves because it's mine. Yes, I mean mine, my idea, my idea worth a million barks and telling you, perhaps later!

Koketso Marishane

An Ode to My Uncle

An ode to my uncle

To He that has touched many hearts
To He that has touched the future in generations to come
To He that strived for good health in life
To He that has power in head
To He that brought light into many lives
To my best uncle ever with harmless contagious diseases,
 You might be internally ill, but don't be mentally sick!

To He that considered the value of each day
To He that considered the worthy of each day
To He that noticed the miracles god performs
To He that tried making the most of each moment
To my uncle with great thoughts
 You might be old fashioned, but you are getting there,
 So get well!

To He that is black with a white mind
To He that is dark with a bright soul
To He that is strong with a weak heart
To He that is guilty with an innocent soul
To He that is lazy with an energetic mind
To He that had apartheid but opened arms
To He that is doctor yet not a doctor
 I'm turning back the advice,
 "Be careful of what you put in your mind! "

To He that is giant yet small in height
To He that has power yet powerless
To He that defeated minds yet none abused
To He that is boss yet don't boss
To He that learns time yet Africanize it
To He that sleeps not, but rests
To He that aspires then achieves
To He that changes with thoughts
 Your existence is deeply felt!
 Get well!

To He that a faithful politician is
To He that a best driver in urgent times is
To He that a psychologist in casual times is
To He that a weirdo in desperate times is
To He that a go-getter in real life is
 Your i.q. is still needed
 Keep it up! !

Koketso Marishane

Beauty in the eyes of the beer-holder

She was beautiful until the light came

There she was, in her short tied skirt,
Speaking with a funky sweet American accent,
Not forgetting her personality, the one you'd wish to sleep with,
Her hair, so soft, black and shiny like she uses one of those expensive hair foods,
Her tummy, so soft and small like she's been on a diet for the past two years any guy
would wish to hug,
Her thighs, so curvaceous like the work of an artist,
Her perfume, probably a collectors item, and
Her boobs, you'd swear she doesn't fatt.

There I was, sitting next to her,
Trying to get her drunk so I can make my move,
Sober, it would be a mission, like the works of an actuarial scientist, but drunk, ag, just
a piece of bread.

We both decided to move to another space, that's moving from the group of people we
were with, and moved to a corner to chat in private, just continuing to enjoy her
company, the voice, the accent, don't wanna repeat myself, just so perfect, and
ambitious too. I was so sure that I'd risk loosing my heart for hers. Yes, just so weird
hey, beauty and the brains altogether, packed into one person. A work of genius if not
God!

There we were, sitting on the same bench, charming each other about our future plans.
It was one of those moments one fooled oneself that one finally met his type and so
went with the flow. Then the morning came, the sun brightly shining in our eyes and
when I turned back to her, guess what? ,
She was an African!

Koketso Marishane

BIOGRAPHY

Re batho ba ba boago Seokodibeng ba ba mamerithi mebedi meraro mong `a maloba.
Mokgobi `a Hlabirwa `a Mmaswi.
Kanyane `a Phaahla.

I was in a village called Ga-Marishane, in the northern side of Southern Africa, Limpopo Province. I started writing English poetry in 1997.

I experienced a drought of words writing in English and now trying to resort to write in Sepedi, which is my home language. My poetry was published in various publications. I have performed my poetry at various poetry readings. I continue to write about the people, the places and the experiences that I have come to know as my own.

Kanyane 'a Hlabirwa `a Mmaswi.

Mokgobi.'a Makwa

Koketso Marishane

Bitter Beautiful Winter

Bitter Beautiful Winter

Winter is a season known by all creatures,
No longer a foreign yet a friend but an enemy
Beautiful is the atmosphere, Bitter is the cause and Winter is the name

I used to love and hate it, when I was young, back in the days, when I was a scholar. Awaken by an alarm clock early in the morning at six, having to get off bed and run to the bath. Oh yes, the touch of warm water on my light skin, hating to mention it but I would sometimes sleep inside for a couple of minutes, not by choice but rather cause. Oh yes, how nice it was that I had my room warmed up by a heater, but I guess that's one of the few advantages I had for having had good parents.

Going to school was bitter with beauties, unlike those "cheese 'boys and girls", I didn't have special teachers teaching at home, but had to run after education. Sitting still would be a big problem, for one would always try to warmth oneself by rubbing against anything. Answering the teacher's questions would also be a big problem in a manner that students wouldn't risk their efforts of raising up their hands; known stars would also turn stupid. Noises would be made but lowered, not because of choice but rather cause, no longer of words but teeth. To the science students, learning from books would no longer be necessary as they would be learning from experience. To the commercial students, theory would no longer be important, as practices would be best.

In casual times, being fat would be an advantage and the fit ones would grow fat. To those who loved nature, taking photos would be a hobby, because that's when Winter is bitter with beauties.

Koketso Marishane

Bring me pen and paper

Bring me pen and paper

Bring me pen and paper

So I may write you an exotic story to remember

So I may write you that story you've been waiting to read

Bring me pen and paper

So I may write you a poem you've never read

This poem that lies in my skull only pen and paper can help you know it

Bring me pen and paper

So I may write you a song to remember

A song so good you'd wish I had the voice to voice it

A song so good it would create it would create a new genre in the industry

A song so good nations would buy only to find out that there ain't no sing but some lyrical terms

Bring me pen and paper

So I may respond to all your questions verbally

Give you answers to solve your personal problems then call me doctor love

Bring pen and paper

So I may write those close ones letters of compliments

So I may show them of how much I feel their existence

Bring me pen and paper

So I may write you poems you wanna read

So I may beat the record your greatest writers made

'cos your great Shakespeare is long gone

Bring me pen and paper

So I prove that my poetic verses are like pistol bullets to your heart

Bring me pen and paper

So I may ink my thinking

Ink this idea that's blocking my mind every time I try to write a poetic verse

So I may prove to you that I also think and perhaps I may thank the one who came up with the spirit

Bring me pen and paper

So I may introduce you to my world of thought, my level of thinking

And perhaps, I might unlock your mystery door; after all, it's the best way of making history,

So please bring me pen and paper

So I may write.

Koketso Marishane

Canal

Canal

People talk about me, before and after meetings

Talks on how nice I am and how ugly I look

They become insane every time they think of me

Good minds become bad minds whenever I appear, all these because I am the boss

I am the canal, passage found in females

I am the canal that releases all humans

I am the canal that drives drivers dizzy

I am the canal searched for by searchers

I am the canal hidden between the poles

I, canal, am deep, sweet, small but yet ugly enough to drive giants crazy

I, canal, am famous, popular and yet good enough to make one rich

I, canal, am bad enough to make one abandon families

I, canal, am good enough to make one stand in street corners

I, canal, change stable minds

I, canal, strong enough to make giants cheat

I, canal, soft enough to make gays ejaculate

I, canal, small enough to enter into great minds of professors and make them morons

I, canal, serious enough to be operated by gynaecologists only

I, canal, interesting enough to be taught by teachers at schools

I, canal, important enough to be found in books of physiology

I, canal, grow older and deeper like any other human

I, canal, powerful, useful, playful, and beautiful

I, canal, always playing an important role in population growth

I, canal, never untrue, unsafe, unemployed, unexpected, unfair and unfit

I, canal, don't liberate, but complicated!

Koketso Marishane

Common rhyme Sense

Common Rhyme Sense

Behind every poem,
 there's a poet inspired,
Behind every man,
 there's a womb desired,
Behind realities,
 there're minds hired,
Behind every success,
 there's a dream aspired,
And behind this poem,
 there's your image captured,
Because you are an inspiration!
Baba Mandela

Koketso Marishane

DISCOVERY OF ONESELF

Coming out of the closet'.

Well, some may say it's good and some bad, but behind everything, there's a reason if not two. These days the youth has come up with some very devastating styles that communities find it very hard to live with. Fashions like, gays, lesbians and others more all to take form of reality. The human kind changing its living styles and proceeding with what has always been within, what has been existing but denying the freedom to let go, to live freely with. With hypocrites claiming to have feeling mutual none but gossips blinding themselves by failing to search for the inner them.

Time changes, fashions, philosophies, shapes in art and so do people. Failing to accept fellows in communities yet claiming to be open-minded still proves that ignorance is still the headmaster.

Why should I alienate fellows trying to put trails on land that's theirs and still obey the foreigners like heaven is their home land.

Time has come where things are not just born, but developed. Hiding in the closet doesn't heal hut helps you occupy your mind in the field of mental slavery where ignorance is the leader of all faults. Hypocrites, liars, foes of all sorts of human kind all gather to form groups to crucify against human nature yet aliens at thought but striving for revelation.

Time has come, time is changing things, man no longer superior to woman because woman is man without womb. Woman is now greater than man because of the womb, the soft shelter for new generation.

Time has come, time to reveal the inner 'you', not what you see in the mirror, because that's a man made good. Time to seek, seek what lies behind the self made, the you and now, 'yourself'.

The old century has passed, where men were greater than women, superior to women, today, woman is greater than man, because there's nothing man can do that woman can't do, and in fact, woman is greater than man because of the womb, the store-room.

Today, children aren't born poets, but develop to be poets. Unlike those ancient days where men and women would make parties celebrating the birth of a new poet in the community, where they would sit on a bench together typing long "verses for you" on the typewriter, today, I'm typing my thoughts on a computer, and I mean my own thoughts, because they're original, and today, I'm revealing the truth, coming out of the closet and telling you all that I am a poet!

Koketso Marishane

Don't thank me, thank my thoughts

Don't thank me, thank my thoughts

They call it life worth living
They ruin it by abusing their minds
They crash it by the unclearness and unrectified vocabulary
They break it by the state of minds
They unchange it by the lack of knowledge
They unfulfil their dream puzzle by unseeking the truth
And still they have the courage to blame the world or should I rather say 'reality' for being otherwise...!

Change your thoughts for your sake, for you are the architect of your destiny
Change your ways and take responsibility for your life and actions, take an alternative, for thy will be able to leave a trail to be noticed by, but following the same path as others, will end you nowhere except where others are.
Change your vocabulary, for you are not only killing yourself, but also hurting those who care for you.
Change your habits, for thy are no different from other passers-by still breathing
Change your view, try seeking what others don't see, know, have, then that way, you'll be proving to yourself and the public that 'you' are unique and there won't be another creature like 'you'. Start searching for the real 'you', not what you see in the mirror.

They spread gossip none-stop, indoors and outdoors to an extent one can't imagine, it's more and more becoming a culture of many.
They influence, discourage, and discard one from fulfilling his dreams
They make one descent, disfavor, discomfort and discreet from his well-being
They alienate, abominate, abort, and abuse thoughts from being original
Respect the ancient spirit of stewardship by looking well after the things you posses which are in your care. Be 'you' and know that you are the best 'you' in the world by being yourself always and making the most of what you are, and by doing so, you'll be in the process of fulfilling your role in life.

They come and go, in and out, sometimes touch and sometimes untouch lives
They are met in streets, workplaces and even public places
They look good, smart, well, beautiful, and sometimes ugly
They call themselves "the good people" and sometimes "the bad people"
They trap themselves by doing what others do
They become hypocrites unaware of their habits
They live in their shadows and images
They accept anything good or bad that comes their way
Have a strong backbone in life, avoid pressure by providing yourself a substitute to become a greater people.

Don't thank me instead of my thoughts, for I am only a creature with a heart in colors moving without knowledge or recognition, and my brain is one unique part I value the most amongst all parts, giving space for memory which is fruitful for art only to the extend that the estimative faculty of the mind is able to make use of it. Therefore, don't thank me, thank my thoughts.

Koketso Marishane

epigram - motion

Epigram- Motion

Breath breath
Out I go,
into a world unknown,
Participating in reality
none created by your own.

Koketso Marishane

Epigram - Reality

Epigram-Reality

Reality!

Big bums,
Long short hair,
Dark skin,
Shining teeth,
 Aren't African ladies beautiful?
 Hmmm.....,
Unlike Indians when time has gone.

Koketso Marishane

Epigram -Hooray..

Epigram-Hooray

Hooray'.

Hooray', the stupid Valentine has passed, no longer will we hear adolescent irritating pupils imitating Romeo& Juliet in love scenes but now matured adults breaching contracts proving 'faithful se-gat'!

Koketso Marishane

Epigram- Revolution

Epigram- Revolution

Bald heads full of marketting fresh brains seeking employment from tired bored brains in boardrooms as if their boredom will get chased away by boretales but boreholled skulls awaiting for employment from lazy buttured brains, what a process. Perhaps poetry did not exist then.

Koketso Marishane

Epigram- Sight

Epigram- Sight

Short is my sight,
Tall is my height,
Long is my life and
Long is my mile, but,
Is it true that I'm an albino?

Koketso Marishane

Epigram- Theory

Epigram- Theory

'Oh people animal species,
what good can I do you
when sin is my source of origin before birth?

Koketso Marishane

From dream to destiny

My Dream My Destiny

Everybody risks, that's for sure, in all kinds of acts and deeds one performs, there's only one risk one cannot avoid. With solutions to problem cases, one cannot choose a place of rest, in terms of cultures, religions, and customary laws, one gets only one chance to meet one's creator. With the physical being left untouched and the soul going where it belongs. Having culture made by our elders, religions influenced by leaders (sometimes depending in which continent, country and world one lives in) , may perhaps structure one's belief, and having customary laws in the community, might perhaps also anticipate in the decision making. Thus, being human on this earth, one should always try by all means to reach the ultimate satisfaction in terms of religion to avoid pressure. Churches come in names like colors do, and surely will the information differ from one head to another. Carefulness in thoughts then rise to effective plans to occur, with beliefs so different but leading to one creator. Dreams occurring so ordinary like parents plan for their children so will the dictionaries come in different covers but similar tenses; so I'd say, whether you believe there's heaven or not, you'll enter. Thus, shaping your thoughts in mind plays an important role, because all it takes is a second of minute to meet with your creator, depending on how your dream is, 'good' or 'bad' to rest forever.

Koketso Marishane

Growing Men

Growing Men.

We argue whenever,
not for the victory position,

more,

for the growth of the ego.

Koketso Marishane

I like that stuff

Inspired by: Adrian Mitchel from the poem "I like that stuff"

The Likes and Dislikes

Lovers are seen at it
Children play at it
Park
I like that stuff

Fish is put in it
Noise comes from it
Tin
I like that stuff

Tables are covered by it
Humans wear it
Cloth
I like that stuff

Nature provides it
Creatures utilize it
Water
I like that stuff

Bank notes are made of it
Chairs are made of it
Wood
I like that stuff

Minds are connected by it
Humans fear it
Truth
I like that stuff

Lives are misled by it
Lazy minds use it
Assumption
I hate that stuff

Humans are scared of it
Everyone practices it
Death
I hate that stuff

Humans misuse it
Brains posses it
Love
I love that stuff

Dictionaries have it
Meaningless it is
Nothing
I'm neutral

Humans lie under it
Sunlight determines it
Shadow
I like that stuff

Humans talk it
Gossip is spiced by it
Lie
I'm neutral

Noises are made by it
Unemployment is increased by it
Machine
I like that stuff

Generations are divided by it
Humans use it
Time
I like that stuff

Adrian Mitchell wrote only about the stuff he likes, unlike him, I also write about the stuff I like, hate, love and when I'm neutral!

Koketso Marishane

Imagination

IMAGINATION

They say "imagination is the eye of the soul and is the highest kite one can fly, but I think I've been abusing my brains lately, imagining the possible and impossible. I remember sitting in class and listening to the lecturer lecturing on the differences between reality and imagination, when he began addressing us to imagine everything he says.

He started by saying: "imagine a cow"!

A picture of an animal walking on four legs with a tail eating grass came to mind.

He again said: "imagine a horse"!

Again a picture of an animal walking on four legs with a tail eating grass came to mind.

He proceeded and said: "imagine your primary school teacher"!

A picture of an old lady dressed rather less fashionable wearing make-up who used to tell me to put my finger on my mouth to prevent noise and refused to let me question her work insisting that she was right and I was wrong so there was nothing I could've done about it

Further on he said: "imagine your favorite secondary school teacher"!

A picture of old beautiful lady who used to teach me physiology came in mind.

Again said: "imagine a lion"!

A picture of an ugly and dangerous animal came to mind that my feet even kicked

Again said: "imagine everything you want in life"!

A picture of this gorgeous lady ever came first, followed by this new Mercedes Benz going to a beach in MIAMI down of USA. I started fantasizing.

After a while, he said: "imagine a ghost"!

A picture of naked dead bones walking n my room without a sound came in mind.

Finally, he said: "imagine `death'"!

A picture of this darkened world came in mind and after, my mind just went blank! , then I just remembered my uncles' old saying that "I must be careful of the things I put in my mind...!"

Koketso Marishane

Letter to Ms. Myesha Jenkins

I wanted to write you a beautiful poem, but beauty cleared my thoughts. As I here now play on the keyboard typing words with little significant as you refuse to open arms, I planned to heal myself since yours are closed.

I wanted to write you a poem, not necessarily beautiful I suppose but with meaning, just to explain how this suspension you brought between us makes me feel, or perhaps I'm expecting too much from an old woman.

The calls I made, emails I sent you and the smses I sent, all add up to the nothingness in your basement I assume, but the truth is, I really meant every word I wrote. "you really lived a life worthwhile".

I wanted to write you a sweet beautiful poem, just to describe the way I operate and how I see the world and everything else in it, but I couldn't. The thought that I wronged against an elder is troubling me so much that peace has become an alien in my mind. Someone has stolen my peace.

I wanted to write you an apologetic poem, just to explain how sorry I am for disturbing your peace, your name and image during the hyper times of transformation when the sun rose, but I guess I couldn't deal with the fact that fame without money is nothing unless you're promoting humanity, something many still lack.

Now, at this given time, the only present I have, decided to use it wisely and write you a simple poem, just to say 'I'm sorry.'

Koketso Marishane

Life's no win!

Life's no win! !

Life's no win,
Or is it?

Too much heat burns
Too much cold freezes
Too much water drowns you
And no water kills you

A poor man sleeps with a hungry stomach
A rich man don't sleep at all

It is interesting for rich people to see how poor people live
But
It is also interesting for poor people to see how hard rich people work

Time is a healer
Time is a killer
And life
Is no win! !

Koketso Marishane

Lifes' Ultimate Friend

Life's Ultimate Friend

He accompanies you everywhere in all kinds of acts and deeds you perform. He brings out tears to eyes filled with sorrow and sadness bad moods to resemble humor. He makes other humans perform miracles in exchange for his service rendered. He makes foes sing songs of praises because of none abstract attachment the had to reveal their foolishness to close ties of the deceased. He makes cowards darken their visions by stupidity to proud themselves for indirect mission accomplished. He makes others point fingers to unknown and sometimes known sources of magic because of the fearful trap they wish to escape. He makes prayers be said in lengths with the objective none but demanding peace and harmonious pace of trip to eternal rest. He makes beliefs be empowered by innocent sinners who are the leaders of prayers to insinuate more about a place of eternal rest they also cannot give direction to, but encourage a habit of good will. He is the ultimate friend who never slows down, always behind you no matter the situation. A friend indeed yet not a friend in need. Death is his name!

Koketso Marishane

Magic

MAGIC

I very often hear foreigners to Africa misusing the colour of my skin (black) , always associating bad with black. Black day, black mood and black tongue, but my question is, Am I also bad as I'm black? ' I mean, are they alienating me in my home or are they giving me a brighter light in a form of improving life?

First, 'they confused my ancestors and luckily got away with land.

Secondly, ' they introduced a book titled "BLBLE THE GOOD NEWS" claiming to know more about the "CREATOR" as if my ancestors had no contact with their "CREATOR" and lucky enough, they also managed to brainwash the whole of Africa.

In few of the chapters in the book, some scriptures are against the fact that witchcraft exist and every religion in the world has its own manner of practicing voodoo. With prayers so different in tongues and periods but leading to one Creator so will ceremonies be celebrated in different ways but bringing one peace and happiness.

Foreigners to Africa call it "the black magic" but I call it 'the colorless magic', for I strongly believe every religion has it and it is colorless in motion with bright colors in symptoms. Until one is really a second or third party to the scenario and goes deep to the roots, one would agree with me that reasons are there: It comes in names like tongues with deeds to function in missions, good or bad, depending from which side one sees it. Something which religions are made intending to escape but don't because leaders are the causes with intentions. Prayers of sorts are sorted by periods with intentions to kill it but empowered because the creator is the leader of praise.

Something which scares most people yet most considers a joke in simple terms.

Something children admire yet fear when reaching maturity. Something parents fail to advice their children because they don't have the courage yet they are trapped in the cycle. Something that kills most people yet much still drive towards. Something that kills yet builds. Something that is considered a game to be played and if one cannot play it, one is considered stupid. Something that curses yet heals.

The MAGIC! THERE IS NO WITCHCRAFT!

Koketso Marishane

My brothers' nightmare

My Brothers' Nightmare

Having dreams like ordinary people is his everyday thing
Talking nonsense like drunkards do is more like a hobby
Drinking on weekends like party animals do is a culture to him
Being irresponsible like other humans is a weakness to him
Shouting at anyone is foreign to his character
Preserving finance is a characteristic and being vulgar is a personality yet a heritage to his mind
And when it comes to ladies, one can't help it but friendship is better.

Honestly speaking, he is one of those people one would appreciate to have as a family member

A big head full of brains full of theory full of unpracticals, like most college scholars with spectacles

Hating to mention it, but when it comes to bo-matofotofo, is nothing but an inheritance with disadvantages, and being a member of the clan, is indeed an advantage with disadvantages of duties

Where religion is attached, one can't it but look back to one's roots in order to make a final decision

He is the freedom giver unlike the corrupted minds claiming to have achieved something they don't own;

Yes that's my brother with the dark skin or must I rather say, 'African' with the unseen beauties

He is indeed one of the great minds, never thinking alike, one of those people that one should always try answering the asked questions directly to avoid insults in a form of compliments.

Remembering back hence, when we were sharing a roof to rest, swearing at each other till one would accept defeat and decide to rest. Sleeping was conditional but resting was a need and compulsory. The following day after rest, like other people do, he would also follow the same path, make up his bed and go to the bathing tog, there after he'd start telling about his dream and how nice it was and how enjoyable it was, but something so different happened one day. Following his daily routine like always and telling people about his dreams, so it just occurred to hear that his dream was turned into a nightmare, only because one moron appeared in his dreams. Getting a kick at the back and some few punches, not for a fault I committed, but for appearing in his dreams,

Koketso Marishane

My Identity

My Identity!

Kgomo e a tshwoa!
E gangwa ke mang?

E gangwa ke nna;
Kanyane `a Hlabirwa' Mmazwi `a Hlabirwa
Mokgobi `a Makwa
Morwa Matlejoane `a Ngwato `a Nkwana
Motswa Tswako.

Ke morwa Nong e kgolo Matlejoane
E re ke a fofa, phofa di a gana
Ke Motswako motswa Mphanama
Motho wo a boago seoko
Seokodibeng se se merithi mebedi meraro mong wa maloba.
Gabo Mmaselepe Mahlako
Selepe Mackacke, selepe gomela mere o remile
O se tla ba rema le mehwelere wapa
Mehlare e ilago
Wa se kukubanya malotso

Ke motho wa bo Mmazwi `a Hlabirwa `a Mmazwi
Tseke Mmazwi Mmamagane Mokgalogadi `a Mokwena
Tseke a bapua `a Mokwena `a Mmadire
Olle bete sa kgomo e bogale
Olle bete sa kgomo `a Matebele.

A tsama a betologela ditshaba
Tseke o ile `tseke' go metswitswana
A tsea o mong a ntsha potlana
Morwa Masemola `a Mokwena
Motswa Tswako.

Ke motho wa bo kgadi ya Batsoako Mante a Maripane
Barego ke, seyanokeng ka kgapa
Ka pitsa ke tshaba meshidi
Ke tshaba diatla go fifala;
Nna ngwana Hlabirwa `a Mmazwi.

Ke ngwana Hlabirwa `a Mmazwi,
Pudutswana `a Makwa Moshate
A rego ke bodiba bosoro ga ke tlanakelwe
Mosimane Kgorosi o kile a bo tlanakela a wela
Le nankhono o sa ile tompja, le kotsana tsa gagwe.

Ke wa meriri mebedi, ga ke beolwe
Ke beolwa ke ya dingakeng.
Matlejoane `a Ngwato `a Nkwana Motswa Tswako
Kgoshi e botho le kgaugelo, wa mogopolo wa go fola bjale ka leraka la molalaiho
Wa lentsu la sebobosela ditshabeng Hlabirwa `a Mmazwi

Ke ngwana Mogoshadi `a Ngwamorei, a Phaleane `a Mmazwi
Maboe Makgawela Lesiba, Kubjana Nkwe ya tlou
A kobo ya setla le mebala teng
Ga Mmagwe Mogoshadi `a Phogole
Ngwana noka e kgolo monoka

Ngwana noka ya gae
Noka `a go phatsa motse
Wa Raseemela motse o Matlotla
Ke setlapirwana sa Mmalekgake
Sea-pea ditshwitshwitshwi

Ke wa Pudutswana Makwa Moshate a rego:
Ga se nna Moruti, nna ke tswa felo fao!
Eupswa baruti ke ba kwele, bare swekereswekere.
Nna kere tshabang nkake, e a kakalatsa
Yo, o diretse setshaba ka potego, wena o dira eng?

Ba geso metswitswanyane e a rotelana
Dikgomo di a bokolelana, magokobu a llelana
A sape la mminatau le se gagoulwe ke dimpja le le gona.
Nanabela nong e kgolo Matlejoane `a Ngwato `a Nkwana
Nanabela Monoko ga o swe, o a tshwetshwetha!
Long live the king!

My identity cannot be translated into English.!

Koketso Marishane

My love

My other half

You are...

You are the ocean breeze in love's sunset

Breathing true happiness on my soul

You are that flower in love's orchard

Spreading you scent wherever my heart shall go

You are that dropp in love's waterfall flowing to a world that I want to know

You are ...

You are that lady who made me believe in love again

With love so strong it has killed my pain

You are that lady, who has joined me on love's journey,

A road so tedious, it nearly lost me

You are that lady, who has showed me what true love really is,

The emotional met the spiritual and the physical soul

You are...

You are that pigeon resting in love's nest,

Holding me warm and safe to your chest

You are that rose growing from love's stem

Knowing that love's thorns will protect us in the end.

You are that gentle whisper on love's breath,

Giggling a story of happiness I still misunderstand

You are...

You are that lady whom has finally managed

To remove the unseen blind-folder on my face

And showed me the unseen beauty of a lady

You are...

You are that lady whom today I know the definition

Of love

With perseverance, persistence and determination

You managed to guide me to a world of LOVE I feel

You are...

You are that lady who whispers "I love you"

On all those days the sky doesn't seem quite as blue

You are that lady who I've searched an eternity for

Stumbling, fumbling, knocking on all the foreign doors

You are that lady for whom I'd spark a revolution

Together we'll be till this love's conclusion

You are that lady who's made a dreamer out of me

Day and night, visions so perfectly complete

You are that lady who has held my hand

In return I offer you a true man

You are that lady who I truly adore

With joy and happiness and all the emotions from above!

Koketso Marishane

My Self talk in Dialogue

My Self Talk in Dialogue

Self talks happen all the time, except in dreams only, because I haven't experienced it before or should I rather say 'not yet' if it's possible. They occur indoors and outdoors, until one really notices that one has been talking to oneself, one would agree with me. It's neither a bad thing nor a good thing either, depending on which side you are and how you're feeling, but besides, good or bad, you are the decider.

To refresh your mind further, you as a third party to my writings, could be reading or listening, either way, you are communicating with my thoughts, and somewhere among my speech would disagree with me, and being so, you cannot say it to my face for some reasons unknown but then rather you would be responding in a manner that only you knows what you're saying. It's like talking to a shy parent on sex, most probably he/she would try being professional at first side, and perhaps might feel free as you proceed but surely you as a youth would obviously engage in a self talk, more like your eyes saying 'what the...', good or bad, you are the decider.

Remembering the good old days when my uncles were used to advice me on sin-taxes but checking them, they were addicted already, and every time they had started a conversation on sin-taxes, I would ask myself 'why are you doing them if they are really that bad? ', then finally conclude my statement by saying 'you are mad', in a self talk of course.

Koketso Marishane

Ode to myself

Since our childhood started, always together sitting under the shadows of lazy people, gossiping and bragging about things that didn't concern us, 'oh man, that chick is fly and stuff.'

We started our high school together at the same year, always known by the so-called "coo-guys" everywhere on school grounds, guys, ladies and even teachers respected us, because we were the so-called "most wanted people" at that time. We got almost everything we wanted at school and even better at home. Ladies were after us. We had big brothers for protection, guarding us every time someone had threatened us. We had drivers taking us from our door-steps of our homes and taking us to school, then later coming back to fetch us from school to our homes. We had computers before the public knew they exist. We managed to drive cars at our early ages before an individual could. We schooled at schools were it took a prominently well-doing family to take a child to.

We were the snobs of those times when it didn't take us a month to finish spending a large amount of money, how we wore our nice outfits' everyday to an extent that even modeling companies wanted us to model in their clothes. How we refused to get involved in some cheap sports activities because we considered ourselves worth more than that and decided to play golf and tennis rather, because then we knew not everyone could afford.

Yes we were the so-called "super-snobs" at school that everyone gossiped about, the 'untouchable'. How we used to take ladies out to restaurants and parks to chill on Sundays. How we used to cruise in our parents' cars in town, how other people wished they were us, but hey dude, since we all are big enough to know that people change as they grow older and get wiser, so did I and better know this:

I am no longer the stereotyped young man who ladies ran after, but rather the ladies man.

I am no longer the foolish young man who used to spend all his pocket money buying alcohol, cigars and stuff, but rather a young man who spends the little he has wisely.

I am no longer the untouchable young man who feared because of material wealth, but rather a young man who developed to be an extrovert, (MOTHO WA BATHO) .

I am no longer the stupid young man who used to drive illegally in town, but rather the wise young man who obtained a drivers' license to drive legally.

I am no longer the stupid young man who used to drink and drive while having ladies around because thinking it was cool and hip, but rather a wise young man who has stopped doing the so-called "sin-taxes" because of the bright light he has seen.

I am no longer the snobbish young man who used to speak with a fake American English accent and sitting in front of the computer all day watching movies, but rather a wise young man who uses his original African accent when talking and has started to offer a helping hand to people who face difficulties in computer lessons.

I am no longer the stupid snobbish young man who used to look down on people but rather the wise young man who began to ask himself what they shot to be like that.

I am no longer the stupid young man who used to call people by ugly unwanted names like: "bitches, pieces of crab, pigs, sluts, waste of sperms etc, but rather the wise young man who developed respect within himself and others.

I am saying all these because I've changed and learned a lesson about life. I am who I am because of my past experiences, what I did, how I did them and the results I got in return, is all what you see. I don't want to say more, but the question I have for you is, yes we were, but where are you and who are you? Because I am!

I am now me, the original me who does things his way, not pressurized by all those people who do sin-taxes then thereafter rape little children, but me who tries to learn anything about everything and everything about anything, the 'me' that always doubts whom he will but never himself, the 'me' that believes that chance favors the prepared mind and that procrastination is only the thief of time.

I am saying I am because I've lose my misery and found myself. I now know enough about myself. I know how to learn that makes me clever enough not to take anything for granted. I now know myself enough that I am the architect of my own destiny. I've finally reached the stage whereby I appreciate everything I see and have, whereby I don't wish to be anything except myself and always trying to be that perfectly.

I'm no longer living in a dream world where I used to fantasize every time. Yes you heard me, no longer living in a dream world, no longer dreaming the impossible but rather trying to follow my visions so that they may someday or another lead me somewhere.

I now know that my dreams can come true only if I have the courage to pursue them. Remember that courage is in doing what you are afraid of doing; there can be no courage unless you are afraid.

I now know that to understand the heart and mind of a person, I shouldn't look at what he has achieved already, but rather what he aspires to.

I now know that courage is the mastery of fear, and not the absence of fear.

I'm no longer part of the group which was always laughing at other people's mistakes seeking happiness, but rather an individual that knows that the secret of happiness isn't in what I like, but rather finding out that I'm not the only one liking the thing.

I'm no longer the foolish young man who sought happiness from distance in life, but rather the young man that knows that between far and away the best prizes that life has to offer is to work smart at work worth doing.

I'm no longer the young man who got to an ending and cry on it, but rather the wise young man who now know that every time he gets to an ending of any rope, I should tie the knot and hang on.

I'm no longer the young man who went out hunting for adventure, but rather the young man that knows that adventure is within me.

I'm no longer the young man who expected everything to be perfect every time, but rather the young man that supports the saying: "the gem cannot be polished without friction, nor man perfected without trials".

I'm no longer the young man who used to call people by witty names but rather the young man who believes that everything has its beauty but not everyone sees it.

I'm no longer the copy-cat who used to take other people's works, but rather the young man who seeks curiosity to be creative.

I'm no longer the young man who used to waste time doing nothing, but rather the young man who plans ahead and tries by all means to make a life worthwhile.

I'm no longer the young man who celebrated his successes, but rather the young man who celebrates his achievements because achieving something is worth celebrating and success is just the maximum utilization of the ability that I have.

I am the young man using his formal education to make a living and saving my self education for the future because that is the one that is going to make me fortune.

I am the young man who decided to proceed with schooling after his matriculation, and has refused some work offered by foreign countries, because of knowing that the roots of educations are bitter but the fruits are sweet.

I am the crafty man that condemns studies, the simple man that admires them and the wise man that uses them.

I am the wise young man that gives thanks to the creator of all the good miracles happening to me, with the knowledge that waking up everyday is a miracle and is reason enough to take nothing for granted, so I give thanks to the one responsible for these miracles, because I know every human dies yes, but not every human lives.

I am the young man that is always risking concerning finance, because of my opinion that 'fortune favors the brave'.

I am the young man that has opened arms to changes, but not letting go off my values.

I am the young man with principles, always using the three R's, Respect for self, Respect for others and Responsibility for my actions.

I am the young man with many friends, because I self, am a friend to myself, and that is how it should start at all times.

I am the young man who is wise enough to know how to destroy his enemies by simply being friends with them.

I am the young man who gives people freedom because of feelings which are, if I don't give freedom to others, then I self don't deserve it either.

I am the young man who always makes sure that I give presents in a special manner, because the manner of giving is worth more than the gift.

I am the young man that tries to live for others because only a life lived for others is a life worthwhile.

I am the young man that measures the glory of the great men by the means they have used to obtain it.

I am what I am today because of my brains, always concerned with my character than my reputation, because my character is what I really am, while my reputation is merely what others think of me, more like letting others know what I stand for and what I won't stand for.

I am the young man who is always educating himself by living for a time close to great minds and searching for ones' ignorance to gain real knowledge.

I am the young man who usually makes mistakes in almost everything, but I consider myself better than the one that makes no mistake because that's the one that usually does nothing.

I am the young man with discipline, because I believe that it is the foundation upon which all success is built, and lacking it, inevitably leads to failure, more like the saying that says: "those who fail to plan, plan to fail".

I am the young man learning with thought, because learning without thought is labor lost and thought without learning is perilous.

I am the young man who asks questions when confused, because he who questions is a fool for a minute, but he who doesn't, remains a fool unless knowing the answer.

I am the young man with a positive mind-set, always thinking that I can to allow my brains to face new challenges

I am the young man who loves doing something, because doing nothing sometimes gets pretty tiresome and thus you can't stop and rest.

I am the young man who is always looking for alternatives and sometimes taking them, because always taking the same path as others will probably end me where others are, but taking the alternative path, I'll be able to leave a trail to be noticed by.

I am the young man who believes anything is possible, for the dreams of yesterday are the hope of today and the realities of tomorrow and thus later history.

I am the young man that supports the saying that says "money can't buy you everything", but it's only when the last tree has been cut down, only after the last river has been poisoned, only after the last fish has been caught, only then will we find out that money can't be used to provide everything we want.

I am the young man that accepts his responsibilities with good humor hoping they'll be so much easier to carry, and after all, they are part of the texture of life.
I am the young man that loves love and peace and hates injustice, tyranny and greed, but I only hate these things in myself and not other people.
I am the young man that tries to make everyday life so interesting as possible, because I believe that a day is a story waiting to be told, thus, every action, every encounter is filled with potentials that leads onto the next chapter, so I try to make that chapter as interesting as possible.
I am the young man that plans his time so that I have space for at least one fun activity in a day because work all day long and no play make life so tedious.
I am the young man that has mastered the art of managing time, also to be referred as an important life skill, because good time management doesn't complicate but rather liberates.
I am the young man that believes that my mind is infinitely creative and just loves it when I brainstorm, so I always try by all means to pay attention to all my ideas, no matter how seemingly absurd.
I am the young man that respects the ancient spirits of stewardship by looking well after the things I possess which are in my care.
I am the young man who is expansive and celebrates the wonder of being alive in a world where there is always something new to learn.
I am the young man with integrity, speaking in word, deeds and face of one who has lived his life with commitment to his deepest values and beliefs, but besides all, I know for a fact that I am the best me in the whole world, because I believe in myself and make the most of what I am, and by doing so, I also believe that I'm in the process of fulfilling my role in life! Therefore, I AM!

Koketso Marishane

On your wedding day -dedicated to my sister

On Your Wedding Day.

The time of day has come when one's dream has finally become reality. When all kinds of acts and thoughts are focusing on one thing; bring happiness. With deeds and talks feeding family, friends and foes who wishes you nothing but miracles in compliments with unseen and unheard curses of struggle, you made your choice!

With gossip spiced by fools who are foes you managed to formalize fouts founded by hypocrites by closing windows.
With problems occurring so instinctively caused by leaders of magic to abominate your association with your companion, you made the right moves.

With pressures accompanied by ignorance from blinded gossips who became hypocrites unaware of their habits because of their stupid habits that did them no good except darken their visions, you provided yourself a substitute.

With fashions changing in times you became an 'African model-c' with deeds and tongues and still valued your roots, unlike the so-called "model-c" who are fully Westernized as if Europe is their mother land.

With pressures in teen days you went schooling in foreign provinces with an aim and had a strong backbone that always backed you-up, unlike the so-called "teen-techs" who returned home carrying big filled stomachs that did them no good except shorten their youth and give adults pain.

With teens talking in informal tongues to alienate adults in communication to prevent adults from giving advice, you adopted the style and went with the flow yet respected parents and followed footsteps.

With stages in life occurring so fast that uninformed young stars became unprepared parents because of the unrectified advice fellows had given with humor to reach unnecessary status in life with their unprepared minds that were challenged during then, you listened to your eldest.

With fellows who learnt from their mistakes now waiting for coward passers-by in material wealth to give transfer in brand citizenship, you waited for the right moment and planned ahead for promotions to occur.

Now that you've a companion in life, and decided to get married, let it not be the marriage of the Western cultures but rather that of 'African', where in your former culture we say, "lebitla la mosadi ke bogadi" and when facing rough patches, let not friends be consultants while elders are still on earth and healthy minded.

To your place, Africa your land is occupied already, and gossips are nonetheless limitless, with your experience from your former brand, please respect each other and not forgetting to close windows, for soft dust might enter and affect you all if not careful.

Now that you are a middle person between the two cultural clans, please play your part responsibly.

Now that time is aging us, and today you are no longer of my brand, guess what? , "blood is thicker than water", so no matter how far you might be going, you'll always

be my sister.
On my behalf and the families',
Pheladi Baatseba Mante Marishane, otebereketse,
Congratulations, you are officially promoted!

Koketso Marishane

Our Secret

OUR SECRET

Do you ever wish you could escape?
Leave behind a world that knows you
And enter a fresh, new place
Where you are whatever
You want to be.
A world hidden perhaps until now-
Your secret place, a spot to call
'my own'
Of all your heart longs for,
Where every hope and dream is real.
Calm for the weary spirits.
Peace for a restless soul.
A place of quiet ponds and gushing rivers
One of distant purple peaks
And green valleys.
Of perfect dawn to flawless dusk
Of renewing rain and life-giving light.
Maybe one day you'll awake to find
I've gone in search of this place-
Left to find the place,
Only my mind can see paradise,
If there is such thing.
When I find it I'll come back- I promise
I'll take you there too
We'll walk hand-in-hand
Through the forest
And feel the sun on our backs.
My place. Your place. Our place.

Koketso Marishane

PEN AND PAPER

Pen and Paper

Here I am, looking at a blank page with splendid plans at thought to write about. I pick up my pen and paper, thinking of which idea I must first ink onto my paper. I wait a while, thinking if I must first write about how I feel about this world I'm living in or rather write a useless piece that would have no literal meaning in it, but then I guess, thinking, that writing about how I feel in this world would be much better 'cos I'll be relieving myself from mental slavery and also would be consoling myself from the anger within me causing pains to my brains I cannot express in words. So I write short letters to you all that contributed something to my mind:

Dear mom, thanks for everything you've done for me, I know I brought you pains and happiness to your mind in the past, and how you tried to show me the right direction to live a better life compared to yours, but do you know that life's no win? "

Dear uncle, thanks for your guidance, but do you know that not even a PhD honorable man like you can change the this programmed world we're living in, or are you aware that you are also programmed?

Dear dad, sorry to bother you, just wanted to pass my deepest gratitude for being one in a million, you really did something to my world, although suckers failed to pay their final respect, the 'Pre-Bad Gem-Free Apartheid' you fought, has improved and gave rise to 'Post Better Buttered Apartheid' which I'm currently involved in, thanks again for your genes, from giant to giant, 'a luta continua'.

Dear sister, although your feeling are automatic and sometimes headstrong, you've really proved that blood is thicker than water and yes indeed, actions speak louder than words, your existence is deeply felt, 'thanks to your thoughts', but do you also know that 'life's no win'?

Dear brother, soon to be honored by many who still honor their roots, if at all, humanity is your nature that came with a blessing from God with a heart yet weak in actions. Many in your position don't have heads as your big cousin is already misbehaving and disrespectful to his family by defeat, in short, open your small eyes and act responsible and wiser, to a brother in a nation, thanks for playing your part, hope the future is bright, for I'll always be by your side!

Dear little sister, although respect comes in needy times, this world we're living in is terrible, "the south has gone blind" indeed, I'll always be there when you need me, take care!

Dear little brother, your experience to this world is bad enough already, but be happy you're still breathing, for rewards are awaiting for your maturation, come up, we're here already.

Dear aunt, although distance is separating us right now, believe you me, I've fondly grown for you, if I was to choose a mom, only heaven knows, thanks for being a mom and a friend.

Dear cousins, you might be too headstrong currently, but do you know that money isn't everything? Thanks for your support and hope you find peace and happiness at thought and heart.

Dear friends, thank you all that brought happiness to my heart, hope you weren't hypocrites.

To my enemies, curses unto you all that wished me nothing but shame, unlike the "South African Taxi Associations" I won't wish you long life to see my success, but rather hot death in hell.

To the inventor of Pen and Paper, God bless you, your inventions are really helping.

Humans today aren't helpful as expected to be, talking your heart sometimes seems like blowing dust into their eyes, God bless your inventions, for only this piece of paper and a pen is able to feel the pains of pains pain killers fail to kill. Pains that ceases to increase whenever I try to express myself, but only pen and paper helps me express those. God bless the day pen and paper were born.

Koketso Marishane

Perfection Sucks!

Perfection Sucks.

Should I be given another chance,
To re-live a lifetime,
Rectify all my made,
Where would your humour fit?

Inspired by the poem: "Perfection Sucks by Lebo Mashile in her Ribbon of rhythm"

Koketso Marishane

Post Better Buttured Apartheid

Post Better Buttered 'Apartheid'
People of South Africa.

It is a prestigious privilege for me as an African to welcome you all to the new South Africa. A new South Africa that has over-come a lot of bad things when looking back where we are coming from. A new South Africa that welcomes everybody with an open heart. A new South Africa that treads everybody equal before its laws. A new South Africa that has nine provinces with eleven official languages. A new South Africa that protects the rights of its citizens. A new South Africa that has a flag with colors of the rainbow nation to resemble a new South Africa that is a rainbow nation.

What a shame?

Shame to thee that depended on 'apartheid' for work, with hands so clean, white and soft, they don't deserve to be exposed to the African sun nor touch anything in it.

What a shame?

Shame to thee that argues with an old man who narrates a dream unlived.

What a shame?

Shame to thee that lives in suburbs and has forgotten your roots.

What a shame?

Shame to thee that wakes-up in the morning and bathes aiming to remove dirt from thy skin yet puts a make-up.

What a shame?

Shame to moor that has developed a skill of writing yet alienates himself in tongue.

What a shame?

Shame to thee that is highest in authority yet failed to acknowledge thy partner in crime.

What a shame?

Shame to thee that is slave yet sing songs of 'ten years of democracy'.

What a shame?

Shame to thee that is hired yet failed to pay final respect to giants that promoted thy skin

What a shame?

Shame to thee that is Christian yet doesn't know the meaning of 'Amen' in your roots.

What a shame?

Shame to thee that is 'African' and talks of civilization yet did not reach manhood.

What a shame?

Shame to thee that is blessed, yet alienates thyself in thy homes.

What a shame?

What a shame?

Shame to thee that is civilized yet proposes in 'will you marry me'.

What a shame?

Shame to thee that is 'African' and call thyself Christian with a western brand yet don't respect thy roots.

What a shame?

Shame to thee that proud thyself by speaking foreign tongue with thy countrymen

What a shame?

Shame to thee that is proudly 'African' yet wears foreign material

Shame to moor that is trapped in this western style.

They call "democracy" for being under the control of a black head, but I call it 'crazy-demo', for we are still under a white head giving a black head duties.

They call it "ten-years of freedom", for being free to do as they please, but I call it 'a continuous doom-free zone', for we are no longer being pushed around but rather

fooling ourselves that "apartheid" is over.

Well, a white head's say might be over, all that is left, is for Africans to accept history as I cannot be changed and not to revenge.

Thanks for 'Pre-Bad Gem-Free Apartheid' of yesterday that taught my uncles to work in order to get food, "no work no food", and thanks to the 'Post Better Buttered Apartheid' of today that my younger sister of sixteen years today has a baby because the authority is giving her one hundred and sixty rand to make a living.

What a shame?

Hope the 'Post Better Buttered Apartheid' consoles you!

Good luck with the journey!

Koketso Marishane

Saint Phatedi Machika

Saint Phatedi Machika

A church unseen, unheard, unknown and unborn
To thee that resembled humanity yet God's creation
To thee that was nothing but thyself always with feelings
To thee that suffered pains caused by foes because of sins thy did not commit
To thee that suffered pains of pains pain killers could not kill
To thee that were blessed with humanity that did not long stay
To thee that proved health operators minds wrong concerning faith
To thee that respected all lives

Saint Phatedi Machika

A church unseen, unheard, unknown and unborn
To thee that a African were
To thee that lived a life worthwhile
To thee that a leader were
To thee that left a mark in hearts
To thee that his absence I feel
To thee that believed without a doubt

Saint Phatedi Machika

A church unseen, unheard, unknown and unborn
To thee that protected enemies in darkness
To thee that an angel to sweethearts were
To thee that a player with smart moves and great thoughts were
To thee that impressed weirdoes and fed enemies
To thee that spoke in tongues only a few understood
To my 'my best friend' in heaven;
 You might be absent on earth
 But you're still present in my heart
REST IN PEACE, YOU DESERVE IT!

Koketso Marishane

She was beautiful

She was beautiful until the light came

There she was, in her short tied skirt,
Speaking with a funky sweet American accent,
Not forgetting her personality, the one you'd wish to sleep with,
Her hair, so soft, black and shiny like she uses one of those expensive hair foods,
Her tummy, so soft and small like she's been on a diet for the past two years any guy
would wish to hug,
Her thighs, so curvaceous like the work of an artist,
Her perfume, probably a collectors item, and
Her boobs, you'd swear she doesn't fatt.

There I was, sitting next to her,
Trying to get her drunk so I can make my move,
Sober, it would be a mission, like the works of an actuarial scientist, but drunk, ag, just
a piece of bread.

We both decided to move to another space, that's moving from the group of people we
were with, and moved to a corner to chat in private, just continuing to enjoy her
company, the voice, the accent, don't wanna repeat myself, just so perfect, and
ambitious too. I was so sure that I'd risk loosing my heart for hers. Yes, just so weird
hey, beauty and the brains altogether, packed into one person. A work of genius if not
God!

There we were, sitting on the same bench, charming each other about our future plans.
It was one of those moments one fooled oneself that one finally met his type and so
went with the flow. Then the morning came, the sun brightly shining in our eyes and
when I turned back to her, guess what? ,
She was an African!

Koketso Marishane

So Weird

So weird

So weird is everybody in desperate times
So weird is how animals communicate
So weird are foreign languages to your brain
So weird are behaviors of foreigners
So weird is how we write, read and walk

So interesting
So interesting is how much teens know
So interesting is how human communicate
So interesting is how we celebrate
So interesting is how we swear
So interesting is how we live
So interesting is how we breathe and think

So weird
So weird is how we feel when we're in love
So weird is love and hatred

So normal
So normal is how we ignore
So normal is how we hypocrite
So normal is how we see things
So normal is reality normalized

So weird
So weird is a new born baby laughing
So weird is the creation of the world
So weird is GOD, who said GOD is male?
So weird is how programmed the world is
So weird are our feelings towards each other.
So weird is how schizophrenic we are
And so weird is a weirdo

Koketso Marishane

South African Winter

South African Winter

South African Winter is very beautiful. Until one really sees the beauty of winter in South Africa, one would bet that every visitor to this country would want to over-stay the visit. Seeing the beauty of winter, causing creatures to beautifies, and by reutilizing, they too, become beautiful by just observing the beauty of winter in South Africa. Trees change, mind-sets change, talks and walks all change, all because of the bitter South African winter. The mist in the atmosphere and the water at dams, so beautiful yet untouchable because of causes. Living in Gauteng Province, Free-State Province and Eastern Cape Province will unfortunately beautifies your image even further; just smile!

Koketso Marishane

The Innocent Soul that Pleads

The Innocent Soul That Pleads

Out of us all that make history will you imitate sometimes, as celebrities foul against fans or trap themselves in deep, deep unseen, unbearable holes of tragedy causing chaos or sometimes avoiding light because of pressure they can't carry; with leaders of praises claiming to purify souls none but brainwashed minds revealing 'the power of one mind', unlike actors who act on behalf of another mind, I mind what I write and write what I feel is right. 'Poetry' is my right to write my rights right. Let the spirit rise and enjoy the ride.

Koketso Marishane

The Pedis'

BANA BA ThARI E NTSHO

Ba tlotse ka makhura a kgomo
Ke rena bana ba Matlejoane a Ngwato aNkwana
Ba baboang, seoko seokodibeng semeriti mebedi
meraro mong wa maloba, barego selepe tlogela
gorema, otlabe wa rema le mehweletshipi
ke rena bana ba mariri a tau, bana ba Thaula,
Elego rare Mphele, motho wa gabo Mosodi
Barego mosadi o botse ke o mosehlana
O re mmonago le ditshikana tsa ka gare ga diatla
Ele tse talana diile nke ke bolele bja noka ya
Ngwaritsi e pshele, ke bana ba gabo Morwamokotle
motho o moswana le marinini, batho ba go
phadimago nke ba tlotse ka makhura a dipholo
ake tshabe baditi ke tshaba sesupanako

Koketso Marishane

The undiscovered land

The Undiscovered Land

I've cried the cry of the cries of my nation
I've seen the scenes that many have cried to see
I've heard the hurt that seems to dwell in their heads
I've managed to calm the sea that roars in my heard
I've seen the sea that seems to see the will to be
I've finally been to where no man has been before
It's a place of happiness
A place of bloody unpolished walls
A place where no woman cries and no wars
A place I'll treasure today and forever
A place where no man has been before
A place no ordinary human shall ever find

Koketso Marishane

Time

INSPIRED BY THE POEM "TIME" ANON. AUTHOR.

TIME

I am the south east wind blowing among the trees
I am the water crowd and the dust breath on the flea markets
I am the distance traveled by tourists
I am air, I am miles, I am the alarm clock waking humans up
I am subject teachers fail to teach at schools
I am the sheep called to kill without a sound

I am seven o'clock in the morning when schools commence
I am the smell of the machine when products are produced
I am the place in the park where players play
I am the nice music people listen
I am the memory left in brains when all has vanished
I am the driver driving all lives

I, TIME, am the controller of all these yet none I produce
Among my employees I always beat yet they proceed buying
I, TIME, in the hands of many yet none is true
Always different in sizes, shapes and so 'I' self

I, TIME, am ocean, am animal, father, friend and enemy
Though I am existing, seen and known, all still fail to plan
I, TIME, more than your daily planner
I, TIME, you heard me, always playing an important role in one's livelihood
I, TIME, the beginner and the finisher
I, TIME, never untrue, unsafe, but just everything!

Koketso Marishane

To My Father In Heaven

To 'My Father In Heaven'
To my father in heaven,
Hallow is thy name in Africa thy land.
Blessed is thy Kingdom that has peace and remembers thy
Blessed are thy children who think of thy always and have ye at hearts.
Blessed were thee that had loving companions without cheat.
Blessed were thee that accepted God in life yet honored thy roots.
Great were thee that became a tourist because of professionalism,
With work so great nations are built yet,
Suckers failed to pay their final respect.
Wise were thee that respected great minds yet punished wrong doers polluting thy
kingdom.
Unwise were thee that left without an apology nor goodbye,
Or was it my imperfect time?
Great were thee that wanted a copy of thyself and created one biologically, with a
brand that opens doors.
Great were thee that passed a skill of art to thy copy, with amazing powers it has
become hobby when in action.
Blind were thee that did not know of thy grand-children, not by blood, but honor.
Stereotyped were thee that were a 'tsatsantsa'.
Wise were thee that left something for thy children,
And grateful I am that I used the skill you passed onto me to show my gratitude for
having had you as 'my father'.
Matlejoane Moroangoato Marishane
Robala ka Khutso, Hlabirwa `a Mmaswi!
Tau!

Koketso Marishane

Untitled One

Allow me to spit out my rhymes as I don't want to accept defeat other aspiring poets spit. I'm not a rhyme master, but master my own spits with rhythms like like songs sang by singers at sing that will not sink at seas I usually see.
Today I confess, I'm not a poet, but one who writes in a poetic style to make history hating the past I fail to change. Africa I owned but sold because I was old and broke or should I rather blame the power of one mind for accommodating me in my house today? I'm not a Christian, but in God I trust and fear yet foe in deeds. Humanity is my nature and believing is so foreign to my heart, therefore, believe you me, 'GOD is real'.., AMEN!

Koketso Marishane

Untitled Two- Just Reminiscing

Untitled Two: 02: 30am 31-12-2007

From high school friendship, developed to best friends later in life;
From best friends in life, strings attached to the ultimate level unimagined;
Brother you were to me, brother was I to you;
Unfortunately yours was shortened.

Family to family we bartered,
Sisters to sisters we had
Brothers to brothers we were;
Unfortunately yours was shortened.

Nevertheless, I'm still taken care off,
By your sisters, my sisters...,
By your brother, my crazy brother,
By your parents, my parents...,
Today I have an extended family,
Unfortunately yours was shortened.

Memories I have,
Of you, him and I,
How sad that only two remains,
not victories but loyalties.
Yours is still remembered by those who cared,
With the understanding that you always sought,
Wisdom they call it in English,
Master you were to us peers,
Who always participated with tedious beliefs,
Then clarification cleared the clouds away,
Shit, the truth hurts.
A teacher you were.

Today, the future you always predicted,
I live remorsefully, for not making the best of what we shared,
A clan might be relative, but not at most related,
For I still feel the connection, although you're long gone,
My friend, my brother,
Re batho ba ba Seokodibeng kua ga Mamerithi mebedi meraro mong'a maloba.
Kanyane `a phahla,

Inspired by the Machika Family

Koketso Marishane

Who Am i To judge?

Who Am I To Judge?

I usually preach 'life's no win',
But do I really know about 'life'?

Life as a whole!

Life's ups and downs,
Rights and lefts and so forth,
Life's dreams, realities and fantasies;
Life's company and loneliness;
Life's health and diseases;
Life's thoughts and experiences,
Then who am I to judge?

Koketso Marishane