

Poetry Series

Lee John Siebritz

- poems -

Publication Date:

September 2005

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

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Lee John Siebritz (12 March 1985)

I was born on the 12 of March 1985 in Cape City hospital. I am twenty years old and a postgraduate student at the University of the Western Cape. Both my parents are alive and their names are Lionel and Cheryl Siebritz. I have a brother and a sister. My brother Zaundre Kurt is 12 years old and my sister Shimmonne is 11 Years old who attends Spurwing Primary[my old school].

I attended Spurwing primary School as a student and graduated at the age of 13 finishing my grade 7. For the next few years I was home schooled and in 2002 I enroled at the University of the Western Cape. Years passed by and i received my degree in April 2005 this year. i am a postgraduate student majoring in English and Linguistics.

My favourite course is creative writing and i have published a few poems by the poetry institute of Africa. To date my favourite poet and poem is Mara Angelou's poem Still I rise. this poem to me is inspiring and gives a glimpse of history and the autrocities of the white race both directly and indirectly as they benefitted off Coloured, Black and Indian labour.I am a mad fan of Mariah carey and Celine Dion and their music and lyrics have inspired my writing.

Works:

In the journalism course that I enroled for with Herman Wittenberg. I published various articles on various topics and sicovered the newly published author Verenia Keet as well as author Rayda Jacobs.They are accessible at the University of the Western cape's links.

A journey From Cape Town to the Cape Flats

On the way to Blouberg
I visit a friend in Camps Bay.
Riding around the Cape Peninsula Area
We have a bird's eye view of the Cape Point Nature Reserve

I buy some movies in Century City and get stuck in Clifton.
On the route to Constantia
I Smell Fish Hoek
Around the Noordhoek

Near Hout Bay outside Kalk Bay
I rush past Khayelitsha
To the nearest Kirstenbosch,
I visit a friend in Stellenbosch and take a trip back to Ronderbosch

I find a Kommetjie near the Llandudno
I discover the beauty of Muizenberg
I remind myself of a meeting on Robben Island
But first I must get out of Sea Point

I travel via train to Simons Town and admire the slopes on Table Mountain
I meet Victoria Alfred in Waterfront
I hear a taxi guard shouting Gatesville, Athlone, Mowbray, Kaap!
I meet old pals in Lavistown near Elsies River

I visit some technical students in Belhar on the way to Unibel

I move out of Sarepta
And discover the vastness of Bellville
I take two taxis back to Parow
I find myself in Bonteheuwel!

Lee John Siebritz

Another World

When I close my eyes and fall asleep
That is when I dream
Entering an entirely different world
Where there are different souls
Having a great time playing with them
The fun never seems to end
There's no limit to the time up their
It's very clear and everybody cares
The adventure and the view is to die for
It's like being a little timetraveller, in the sky you know
The people are friendly and there's no violence
Their lives are so hectic that that they go about in silence
Another world a place that's perfect
Boundless, breathtaking, Celestial
And when you wake up, you back in reality
In a place where there are crimes and mortality
But Hopefully this will change
And everything just like it was in my dream be perfect and great.
Lee John Siebritz

Blue

I walk out of class
In search of a colour
As I cross the bridge near the Thintana computer labs
I find my search

As I turn my head to heaven; s way
Blue stares at me
Looking down and overshadowed
With clouds and mysty weather from winter

Blue lurks behind the clouds
Blue is in my mind
I see the colour everywhere I walk
Blue bags, blue cars, blue t-shirts
The colour floats like water

As I return to class
from a ten-minute break
I see a blue poster outside the notice board
Blue overshadows my mind
Blue overshadows my being

Lee John Siebritz

Brazil (Quand Existe Ti Amor)

Gabriella walks through the streets
Ole' Ole' shout the mestizo men in the street
Her mocha skin glistens in the sun
Long lashed eyelashes and never ending hair
Gabriella observes Julio in the street
His beauty flails like petals
She yearns for his milky skin
To embrace her like he did the night before
Quand existe ti amor! ! !
Whispers Julio to her
Si! Si!
Gabriella knows that with Amor like this
Love will be forever
Lee John Siebritz

Cape Town

Strong fumes of yellow wee
Bloated turds lie distant on the side of Dikkopstraat
Illuminates Bonteheuwel as I walk
I dodge them as the rays of light penetrates my soul

On walking a guy asks, "gee `n entjie"
"Ek rook nie" I respond
" I am getting out of this area"
" Fuck! I have a degree"

Yellow faces stare back at me
Ragged jeans smiles at me
" Hey whitey, waar gaan jy? "
I am trapped in a skin that not white or black people acknowledges, but " I don't give a fuck! "

" My mocha-sunny skin confuses all in which I greet"...
" Ek gaan kaap toe, vir werk! "
" Jy is mos wit, jy sal dit kry"
My white ancestry shines through me

I am not able to accept the other side of me!
Thanks to my mother and her pale white skin
Thanks to my father for his tawny-mocha skin
"I am in between"
My sunny-tawny skin flails like sunflower seeds carried over by the bees!

I buy a first class ticket to Cape Town
On Bonteheuwel station I await,
the nine o'clock train to Cape Town
Gushes of wind swirl through the train as the door opens

The train arrives. I board the train.
On the train I see different shades of faces
White, Black, Yellow and Brown
A Black man smiles, while a White man frowns.

The train glides while the wind howls furiously outside

The white man greets me with yellow stained teeth.
I smile to the best of my ability.
"Goeie more! "
I ignore him and the others (people) as I think of my journey ahead

Stations pass...
I see the "hokkies" in Langa,
I see the course golf in Pinelands,
Blocks of what used to be glows through Esplanade,
Remnants of the passed is evident in Ysterplaat

The train hushes and stands still
I get off the platform

I board Cape Town's platform with multitudes of people
I am going to Clarke's Bookshop in Bree Street

As I walk past Keizerkragt
Jeans, t-shirts with sandals I see
Cars stream in and flashes by me
"die fokken karre gaan 'n mens mos vrek ry"

Down the streets of Loop Street
A flaxen haired harlot approaches me
" Wil jy 'n stikkie he? "
" Julle mense is mos goed in die kooi"

My Blood boils
" No thank you" I say
" Kom man dit sal lekker wees"
" Jy lyk soos jy dit nodig het"

I pass her with red blots on my face
I see Adult World with white men going in...
" Haha", a real waste of money
I disappear about the corners of Long Street

Passing the gardens I hear
"Uncle het jy nie 'n twee rand nie? "
I smile and say " ek het nie"
I take a taxi to Ronderbosch to visit a fellow academic

Different accents " Hey broe" I hear.
As I walk to UCT
Ronderbosch is a site to see
With restaurants, bars, strip clubs and tennis courts

I yearn for a game of tennis
The smash of the tennis ball pounded by the racket
The string sings in the wind
"Pop, pop" says the ball as he visits the racket again

My heart skips a beat
" Ahhh" it was all a distant memory
I miss the game
So close yet so far away

Passing Rajahs
I smell curry
The spicy smell that burns one's soul echoes through the pots
I inhale the breyani ingredients mixed with salt

Musical notes flow out of my mouth
Bare white feet stream in, they "mol"
The music sways the oldies
The children bounce their heads boldly

I stay for my fifteen minutes of fame
"I wish they knew where I was heading at the end of the day"
I smile, my smile for the judges
I receive a cellphone and picture from a flaxen haired blue-eyed man

I wonder if he knows and cares where I am heading...

I walk to Ronderbosch station
I take the quarter to six train to Bonteheuwel
I smile as I reminisce of the past few hours
" Was it all a dream? ", my glare fades

As the day draws to a close
My journey comes to an end
Goodbye to Cape Town, hello to the Flats
Rest assured this boytjie will be back...

Lee John Siebritz

Die Lewe van Ellende

Ons lewe in n' nuwe wereld
N' wereld vol hartseer en misdaad
Elke keer as ons op die nuus kyk dan is
dit dood en pyn
Ja! Die wereld het verander
Dit is nie meer dieserlfde nie
Voorheen was dit kalm en mense het by mekaar gestaan
Maar nou kyk die een vir die ander aan!
Hy of sy loop net weg
Ek sien die hartseer en pyn op mense se gesigte
Dit is nie mooi want almal in hierdie
land moet by mekaar staan want die
lewe het so verander dat dit nie meer
veilig is nie
En meeste van ons mense gaan oorsee
waar dit beter is
Kan dit nie ophou nie vra n' mens?
Kan die ellende nie voorkom word nie?
Verskillende rasse moet saam staan
sodat ons almal die kragtige vyande
kan afbring!
Ek sien n' nuwe toekoms in hiedie land
maar eers
moet die kwessie van ras af weg van
ons af beweeg
Dit gaan verewig wat

Maar vir nou moet ons dit deurbring en hoop

Vir n' sonskyn dag in die toekoms!

Lee John Siebritz

Die Polisieman se seun

Ek loop in die straat
Word by mense "gehinder"
Jy is 'n verraaier skreeu die grootbek
Ek loop en voel die wind deur my hare

Hou jou kop op my seun
Hou jou standarde
Die wind waai woes oor die land
Ek kan voorspel dat die seisoen gaan verander.

My gebleekde ma kyk my aan
"waarheen is jy op pad na? "
"Ek gaan universiteit toe ma"
Die sonskyn buit met bruisende genoë

Maar die wind waai nog steeds
Ek sit in die Engelse klas
Met A Walk in the Night by Alex La Guma voor my.
Die boek se stem tref my hard

Die woorde in die boek spring rondom my
Ek voel die gewig van die woorde
Ek is geskok om te lees wat "Michael" gedoen het!
Die atmosfeer is bleek.

My pa sal net lag as hy die boek moet lees
Hy sal nie kwaad wees en sy fuis vas klou nie
Maar lag.
Om dit te sien is die beste
Vir 'n kind se pa wat nooit glimlag nie

Die telefoon lui
"hello, who is speaking"
Ma pa trek sy blou jas aan, sy swart swaar skoene
Sy blou hemp en sy hoed met die goue steritjie in die middle.
Ek hoop Ek gaan hom weer sien

Die deur waai toe "bang"
Ek wonder of hy veilig gaan terug kom
My ma sit by die foon "just in case"
Iets verkeerd loop.

Ek gaan kamer toe
Ek le' op die bed
Nou weet Ek hoe dit moet voel
Om alleen in jou koue bed die krul
Warmte wat daai buite waai,
met een skoot dan is die warmte weg

Lee John Siebritz

Die strate van die Kaap

Ek loop uit my huis
En wat 'n taxi na die Kaap
"five rand please" vra die taxi guard
Hy kyk vir my en rol sy oë

Ek ignoreer hom
Vir die res van die dag
In die kaap hoor Ek verskillende taale
"Can I help you sir" vra 'n dame vir my

"Can I have a parcel en coke" vra ek in gebroke spraak
Ek sien die vrolike kinders
wat in die omtes speel
Dit wat my terug na my daê

"Mama wat praat hulle daar" vra Ek
"Dus engels my kind" se' sy
Ek hoop ek kan dit ook leer
As ek eendag skool toe gaan!

Jare later en hier staan Ek nou
Vaal baard en bene wat vou
Die sonskyn blind my oë
Dus tyd vir somer

Winter is verby
Kaapstad huil as dit winter is
Reën val van die lug en dreun neer op die land
Die mesne hardloop om hul hare te beskerm

Die "texture" moet hulle beskerm
Anders weet die ander mense waar hul vandaan kom
Die "kroes" hare word "uitgestraight"
Met "airbrushers" in die Kaap

Ek sien n' paar blanke vrouens wat onder "hairlamps" sit
En maak hul hare mooi
For the world to see
Dit word laat, Ek moet huistoe reis

My ma wag vir my
My "paycheck" gaan nou waai
Soos die wind op die eësel
Gaan ek nou waai
Totsiens Kaapstad!

Lee John Siebritz

First Impressions

When he first saw her
She dazzled him
She was everything to him
He wanted to ravage her

When he first saw her
She engulfs him like the sea
Her beautiful long lashing eyebrows and hair
Sent vibrations jumping wild within him

When he first saw her
She looked so young
Her mocha skin glistened in the wind
While her hair flailed like petals scattering

When he first saw her
She drove him mad
Mad with passion and lust
He had to have her

When he first saw her
He could take it no more
She was to be shaped by his being
She was to be his forever more!

Lee John Siebritz

In die Nag

Hy daar "boesman" waar loop jy rond?
Ek hoor die polisieman dit aan my vriend sê
Die blerrie boere!
Hulle maak my siek! sê hy

Hy loop teen die pad
Hy word uitgelag
Sy ouderdom wys
Met die jare in sy gesig

Sy vel is roes
"Hulle ma se p**s", sê hy
Hy hartloop vir sy lewe
Omdat die boere hom jag

Hy skuil by my huis in die nag!
Hulle kom by my deur
"waar is daai fokken etter? " vra die een beampte
"Ekskuus praat u saam met my? " vra Ek

Die een beampte se vel word nat
Hy trek pienk!
Sy hande vorm `n vuis
"hier gaan Ek"...

Skielik met flits hardloop Jakob uit
"Hy is by die agterdeur uit, " skree die drakende beampte
Hulle gee my een kyk
Passop! Jy is volgende

"Moenie dink jy kan agter jou vel wegkruip nie"
"I think I can" I muddle under my breath
Passop!
Dat jy nie gevang word vir jou misdade nie, sê Ek.

Lee John Siebritz

Leaving Home

I pack my backs
"It's time to go"
Never has this feeling of joy felt so bold

I am all grown up now
Without mommy and daddy by my side
I can make my own decisions now
I am leaving home

Goodbye to my parents
As they wail seeing the back of me
It's hard
They hope if they will ever see me
I wonder if I ever want to see them again

Europe will great
It will brighten my mood
It will take all the marks away
That the old regime as left in my way

At least there I'll be South African
And not clustered in a group
At least I'll have peace of mind
While I try to recover from remnants of the past

Adulthood, flight
I'll spread my wings and I'll overcome my obstacles
It's time to rise
It is time to fly

Goodbye South Africa
I hope I'll never see you again!

Lee John Siebritz

Music

Music is a gift of life

To listen to music and feel the tough

For some it is inspirational and others to much

Music can move an individual in a certain way

Especially if a close friend or artist as passed away

It can make you happy when you feel down or mad

We all have our idols

Young and old

There music is inspiring and the word stands out bold

We all love different flavours of music

Whether it is Classical, Rock, R&B or Hip-Hop

I Believe that the music carries a message

And we as people derive a small part of a particular song and carry that piece into our hearts

Music I believe will never die

And it will always live on and form a small part of our lives.

Lee John Siebritz

My Journey to the unknown

A journey takes a few students to a small dorp called Clanwilliam.
From campus we assemble in the dead of the night
We catch the first rays of sun
Streaming in the car

We gather in the parking lot outside UWC
In the dead of the night
Mist gathers with icy wind piercing through me
As our journey takes us away from the Cape's sea

I observe the nature that springs up from the earth.
Beautiful daffodils, roses, lilies and dandelions
Flay out with magnificent might

Songs pop up " Uptown girl", " Queen of My heart", " I have a Dream".
Along the river we see some ducks and swans that are rare in winter
Riaan takes out his camera and starts filming some footage
While Neely and Merrington discuss to us what to look out for.

The blue skies echo from above
The rough ground growls and babbles under the heavy weight of the tyres
We came home after a long journey to the unknown
A journey full of mystique and beauty that leaves me eerie at the end of the day

Lee John Siebritz

Peaches and Cream

My girlfriends are peaches
She tastes of cream
Her curvaceous body
Sends wild vibrations within me

I embrace her
Her touch tingles me
Never has any women tasted like this to me
Her cream tops the jelly

I love desert
As she sets it out for me
I have to eat more
Her yolk provokes me

By the time we are finished
The peaches are all done
The cream has been tasted
And so has she by my love.

Lee John Siebritz

Preparing Dinner

I watch the pot on the stove

Water is overspilling

The rice is cooking

With bubbles galore

I smother chicken in sauce

Sauce that is made up of green pepper, black pepper and onions

Accompanied with that is the All in one spice.

Watch out for the toilet paper

The spices start talking

The chicken gets fried

The smell of breyani echoes through the house

I chop the potatoes as well as the carrots

I open up McCain veggies

And distribute it with the food

I put more spices in and the McCain veggies

Gets assimilated into the food

The pot is filled with colours

The steam fills the house

The brown chicken starts talking to the yellow potatoes

So does the carrots

The rice is strained

It rises to the core

I use tastic rice

Because it is the best out of them all

I set the table with plates
And it is ready to be filled
One by one they get dished out
First the rice (centered) and then the potatoes and chicken
Ice cream is served as desert
Coca-Cola is poured into glasses
The sweet taste bubbles in my mouth
The hot food burns my mouth
While the cold drink soothes its pain
I smother tomatoes and onions with vinegar
And serve them next to the food
The sauce gives the tongue extra kick
And goes down with a good drink
Lee John Siebritz

Rebirth

On leaving South Africa
I experienced the other side of the world
A world different to ours
Despite it's twists and twirls

Born into captivity
Enslaved to damnation
I was reborn into maturity
My state of mind changed

I was freed from my "mind forged manacles"
I walk with a different take on life
"Fuck the rest"
They do not give a damn about you

To be able to fly
And express myself
I see a light at the end an ongoing search;
To find the metaphorical pot of gold at the end of the Rainbow!

Lee John Siebritz

Success

Success is an achievement for hard work
Through hard work and prayer and trying times
The lord makes it happen
to be blessed with the faith in him and strength
It was possible for me to succeed
Because I believed
To feel happy for what I have done
To cry tears of joy and scream aloud
To be applauded and to be envied by some
To go home and be hugged by your mother
and to see a smile on your father
To look back and be proud
saying I did and that's how
To receive an award for what you have done
Is phenomenal for some
And in the end saying it was fun
Because success is the best result under the sun.
Lee John Siebritz

Sweet Dreams

Flashbacks from dreams
Of sweet chocolate
With streams of milky lakes
Mountaining up high

The sugary taste sends sensations through my mouth
The milky bar bursts with sugar
And melts on my pallet
They tingle and twinge everywhere

The milky taste talks to my tongue
My mouth is filled with the aroma
I chew and suck with vehemence
The taste lingers on

The chocolate taste glides down my throat
My tongue years for more
Another milky bar pops in
My taste buds go haywire

The mocha bars explodes in my mouth
The volcano erupts and sends the streams
Of chocolate down my throat
They glide down like warm lava down the isles of a mountaintop

The mountains up high falls down
While the bars and milky taste intertwines
The mocha bar becomes darker
They disappear in an unknown embankment in my mouth

I wake up tasting the sweet flakes
Of chocolate deep down inside
The streams of chocolate flows down
The mocha bars burst with bubbles down the mountain and streams

Lee John Siebritz

Swimming in the sea

Summertime is here
And it is time for me to swim
Bodies of all shapes and sizes
Will be evident in the sea

Swimming in the sea
Provides closure of the winter for me
After being secluded for a few months
It is time to embrace the sea

I hope the sea will not be full
As I would really like to swim
The tingle of water through my feet
Provides peace for me

My body becomes accustomed to the sea
As the heat linger on over the beach
I am engulfed by the waves
" Ooops..." I am far back in the sea

I see various shapes floating in the sea
They take up all the space
I can hardly breathe
It is hard for me to swim

There are bodies all around me
"Fok! Hoe kan `n mens so swem"
Swimming in the sea provides solitude for me
Swimming in the sea sets me free!

Lee John Siebritz

The Drowned City

She once bore fruit of exquisite taste
Lemons, apples and bananas
Were eaten by sailors who came by
Her fruits bore life

The trees that she had
Sheltered the citizens from the sun
Now it is gone!
She will be no more

Trucks came by with bricks of stone
They built on her
A city that was cold
She was pushed back into a corner of herself

Eventually she drowned
When people come to visit her on the map
They were blinded by what they saw
They don't know what lies under the sea
Under the sea lies a city in shock!

The city is no longer there
The city can no longer be
This was Olympus
But now she is I!

Lee John Siebritz

The Perfect day for an uprising

As I sit in the creative writing class
And wonder by my troth
What I am doing
I am asked to write about a topic that I have no schema to.

My eyes are tired
My body is worn
This English department can make one wan
I would like to protest against their policy

Today I think is a perfect day for an uprising?
While my fellow peers
"If that's what I can call them" sit scribbling on the desk
I wonder are they experiencing the same hell as I feel now.

The weather is beautiful
Drops of tears fall "plop" to the ground
Strangely I hear birds chirping
The lyrical sound brings joy to my heart

Maybe the uprising can wait for another day
As the light shines on me
I hope my pen will not dry out
The lecturer scribbles seriously wondering
"What the hell these students are thinking about"?

Lee John Siebritz

The War in Iraq

I lie on the bed
And put on the telly
The newsreader declares the following
“ The war is over”, yet the fight goes on
I see on the telly
People dying and children crying
Bang! Bang! Bang! Fires one soldier
Damn! Damn! Damn! Says another bolder
The war creates stress, anxiety, fear and death
I see soldiers eighteen years of age and older
Careful aiming is essential to stay alive
Because if they make a mistake it could end their lives
I see the parents crying on the TV
“ Why did you take my son and not me”?
People running around madly and falling to the ground
The war in Iraq creates anxiety inside of me
I feel sorry for the children and parents of the deceased
Once the war is over the after affects begin
Soldiers are plagued by the nightmares of the past
At the end of the day it affects the present day
I hope that the war will end
Because it is silly to lose one’s life over something stupid
The enemy is death
Your friend is life
It’s your choice to see which one’s right!
Lee John Siebritz

Watching the hours pass by

Johnny sits waiting all day
For fish to arrive
He wonders whether they have died
For hours and hours he waits for the fish to take it's bait

A ripple in the lake
Sends his fishing rod a warning
The worm has been spiced up for the fish
Its fragrance was aroused in the lake
The fish tasted the hot spices in the cool lake

"Steady old girl" says Johnny with a smile
" Soon you will be mine"
Ripples overlap
The fish rod numbs with pain

The fish battles with the rod
Johnny pulls harder
He will not let go
Its weight surpasses that of a stone

The fish hooks himself loose
The ripple disappears
Johnny sits waiting at the end of the lake
Waiting for another to taste his spicy bait

Lee John Siebritz