

Poetry Series

**lon diwe buthelezi**  
**- poems -**

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## **loniwe buthelezi(31 may 1991)**

I was born in the small town of empangeni and just recently moved to durban. I owe it to my Grade 12 english teacher, Mrs Maitland, for converting me from writing stories, to writing poetry...i really love being able to express my feelings in my poetry and it's much easier to explain on paper than vocally...

I go to varsity college in durban north and am currently studying for my degree in psychology.i have a younger sister and brother and a crazy cousin who i love to you want to e-mail me personally, my e-mail address is isaun45093873@

## **\*\*\*meeting You\*\*#**

i first saw this on a video i watched  
on you tube and i figured i just had to put this  
up on poemhunter....

when i first saw you,  
i was afraid tio meet you.  
when i first met you,  
i was afraid to kiss you.  
when i first kissed you,  
i was afraid to love you.  
but now that i love you,  
i'm afraid i'll lose you....

lon diwe buthelezi

## **\*\*is Cupid A Man? \*\***

If cupid really was a man  
with a cute little dart  
who shot you with them,  
right through your heart;

Why is it that men  
are the last ones to say  
that they want to be with you  
each and every day.

I don't understand it,  
how could he be a guy?  
Did no one ever think,  
or stop to question why?

Have you ever heard of a man  
from all of the lands,  
that welcomed you in  
with wide open hands.

I know a few out there  
think that he's really cute,  
but just dress him up in a well tailored suit

and you'll see that he'll change  
be more distant than before.  
He'll probably leave you  
standing by his door.

Now don't get me wrong  
I'm all for love instead of war;  
but how do you get him  
and keep him from wanting more?

If he's so damn cute  
then he's sure to see;  
that there's more to life  
than just being with me.

He'll shoot all the women  
with his candy coated darts,  
and they'll melt like chocolate  
with a marshmallow heart.

He'd be loved and adored  
and worshipped by them all.  
and the more he smiles  
the harder they fall.

I can already hear you  
complaining to me.  
That there are lots of men out there  
who will love me for me,

but i just want to know  
If the Greeks were stupid.  
How could they say  
that a man could be cupid? ...

lonziwe buthelezi

## **\*\*raindrops\*\***

raindrops fall on my window pane,  
can't believe i'm like this again.  
still thinking about how a love just like ours  
could just fade away...

was it me that did something wrong?  
or had it been like this all along?  
still asking the questions i know  
can't be answered so easily...  
still struck by the fact that from now on  
there'll just be a you...and me

lon diwe buthelezi

## ~\*\*i Thought This Moment Would Last Forever\*\*~

shadows left carelessly at the water's edge.  
the little sun that was left fell on his hair  
exposing a few highlights;  
while the wind blew hard against him,  
desperately trying to  
caress the curves of his muscles.  
his eyelashes rested peacefully  
on his defined cheekbones,  
hiding i pair of emerald-green eyes  
that shone like the stars in sky.....  
sigh...i wish this moment would last forever

lon diwe buthelezi

## ~\*obsessed~\*

the way you smile with your eyes  
keeps me so mesmerised.  
those deep blue eyes like shining pools  
makes me think of precious jewels.

i think i might be obsessed with you...

your laughter haunts me while i sleep  
i feel a pain when i see you weep.  
my body aches to feel your touch.  
when you're around i don't think much

i think i might be obsessed with you.

my heart pounds when i hear you voice,  
i stay away because i have no choice.  
i dream one day you'll turn around  
and pick my heart up off the ground.  
no...not obsessed. in love

i think i might be in love with you...

lon diwe buthelezi

## 5 Senses

You look, but you don't see  
You hear, but you don't listen  
You touch, but you don't feel  
You taste, but you don't savour  
You smell, but you don't inhale...

What else is the world her for then?

lon diwe buthelezi

# A Policeman

He is black.  
a simple winter evening  
out on the streets.  
He is cloudy;  
a stiff, stern uniform  
behind a messy desk.  
He is law and order,  
a small bunch of inedible sour grapes...

lon diwe buthelezi

# A Serious Kiss

A seriouskiss feels  
like you're floating in the ocean,  
Yet like you're sinking slowly.  
It makes you feel  
complete, feel safe.  
a serious kiss feels like  
coming home.

lon diwe buthelezi

# Another Love Song

last night we were now i feel all alone.  
you keep ignoring me, you don't pick up the phone.  
was it something that i did? or maybe something that i said?  
one minute we we're laughing, and the next our love was dead.

it's over now; and i can't beg you to stay.  
i guess we're over now; but did it have to end this way?  
and we're over now; and i'm not feeling ok.  
so we're over else is there to say?

our conversations were so long, but now we can't even say hello  
when did all this happen? where did our love go?  
i dream about us at night, i dream we still had fun.  
but i wake up then i realise that both of us are done.

lon diwe buthelezi

# Betrayal

you can betray someone  
not by what you  
have done,  
but what you long  
to do...

loniwe buthelezi

# Breaking Hearts

hearts don't just  
break...  
that's too easy,  
like dropping a plate.

hearts are  
crushed, torn  
ripped to pieces  
too small  
for your eyes to see.

loniwe buthelezi

# Butterflies

we kill all the  
caterpillars...  
then complain when  
there are no  
butterflies.

lon diwe buthelezi

# Can'T Get Over You

can't get over you  
no matter how hard i try.  
it's no use pretending,  
no reasons left to lie.  
i keep hearing your voice,  
even when i'm all alone.  
but when i try to call you,  
you don't answer the phone.

tried to get over you  
after you left a while ago.  
but i've been missing you  
and it's time to let you know.  
i don't sleep that well no more,  
and the bed's feeling so cold.  
i don't want to keep feeling like this  
especially while i'm growing old....

lon diwe buthelezi

# Days Of The Week

Monday's i love you,  
Tuesday's i switch,  
Wednesday's i'll think about which  
one is which.  
Thursday's i hate you  
Friday's i don't  
weekends i'll think about reasons i don't

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# Don'T Take My Heart

hoping you won't take my heart,  
it's mine and i feel scared.  
hoping you can understand.  
hoping you won't feel so bad.

lon diwe buthelezi

# Finding You

I got lost.  
I stumbled.  
Walked too far on a strange  
and dark road.  
I was in anguish.  
I had nothing.  
Living a life without life.

My voice  
had no one to cry out for.  
My empty hands had nothing.  
I was a portrait  
of depression.  
so many cold nights i went through...

Almost dying,  
without hope;  
I see you.  
You gave me strength  
and renewed my life.  
today i confess  
I love you

Each day in life  
I love you more.  
My hands now hold your hands.  
My voice  
now has someone to call for.  
You

lon diwe buthelezi

# Gold

Gold glitters and shines. A cold sun, still blinding. Grabbing you with its unearthly wonderfulness

lon diwe buthelezi

# Grief

It rips through your body.

Grazing, raking, shaving away all the  
protective layers you put up all those years before.

layers you used to cover all the pain  
you couldn't possibly show to others.

Grief exposes you.

shows everyone what you really are like inside.

raw and helpless...

loniwe buthelezi

# Heartache

My heart stops.  
Beats again, but faster.  
My eyes see you,  
seals your image in my mind.  
My ears hear your voice,  
a sweet rumble that evokes unknown emotions.  
My hands sweat,  
the thought of touching you crosses my mind.  
My feet freeze,  
if i move i'll lose a moment with you.  
My legs shake; my heart breaks.  
Do you know how painful it is  
to look at something everyday  
and know you can never have it....

lon diwe buthelezi

## If I Could Talk...

If i could talk, i would tell you that i cared.  
i would try to say how i've never felt this way  
and no one else could make me feel like this

If you weren't blind you'd see, just how much you mean to me  
you don't even see when you're standing next to me  
just tell me why it's hard to let you go...

lon diwe buthelezi

# I'M Happy

i woke up in the morning  
with a big smile on my face,  
everything felt like it was alright,  
like it was all falling in place.  
it was a new and crazy feeling,  
one i'd never felt before.  
who would have thought all this would happen  
just coz you walked out my door...

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# Is Love Blind?

If it is true  
that love is blind.  
Why then can i see  
more than i had  
hoped to find.

lon diwe buthelezi

# Killing The Roach

s                    s  
  p                p  
  r                r  
  a                a  
  y                y  
    legs  
    twitch  
...eyeswiddle...  
  movement  
...c r u n c h...  
    is it  
  ...over? ...

lon di we but he le zi

# La Casa De La Bruja

Bienvenidos a mi casa;  
Aye, mi vida. do not look at the  
cage in the corner,  
or the knives on the table.  
Abuela welcomes you...  
Have a sweet,  
eat a treat, por favor-que pasa?  
Did i not tell you not  
to be afraid.  
Bienvenidos a la Cacha  
-La Casa de la Bruja...

lon diwe buthelezi

# Letting You Go

even though it's hard to do  
i have to try let go of you.  
my love for you keeps hurting me  
so now i have to set you free.  
it hurt's alot but i'll be fine.  
you've already broken this heart of mine...

lonziwe buthelezi

# Lies

the moon is a fake  
It steals it's light from the sun  
and calls it it's own...

lon diwe buthelezi

# Love

Love is useless  
and painful  
and sore.  
love is crazy, and insane  
and more.

But it's also  
gorgeous, beautiful  
and fun.  
It's also the only way  
two souls become one....

lon diwe buthelezi

# Love Again

love makes you  
feel like  
you're on  
top of the  
world...  
that's why we're  
scared we'll fall too far  
and too hard  
when he's gone....

londe buthelezi

# Maybe

maybe if i change my hair,  
or fix my crooked teeth,  
He'll finally notice who i am,  
see the beauty i have beneath.

Or maybe i should keep my hair,  
and leave my crooked teeth,  
there's no need to change my looks,  
if he can't see the truth.

lon diwe buthelezi

## More About Love

love is like making love  
on a broken mirror.  
you get cut,  
you bleed,  
you hurt.  
But love hurts.  
Eternally.

lon diwe buthelezi

# My Heart

my heart is the moon  
and you are the moonlight.  
so why is the moonlight  
so far away from the moon?

lon diwe buthelezi

# Not Over Me

i'm holding on because of hope right now.  
can't let you go because of faith right now.  
i refuse to believe that you're over me,  
i'll wait as long as it takes till you see,  
that you're not over me....

lon diwe buthelezi

# Pain

is loving him  
really worth the  
pain of  
losing him?

loniwe buthelezi

# Rose

every Rose  
has it's  
thorns...  
and every flower  
a bad petal.  
every sunflower  
might turn to the sun  
but they also  
turn their backs to  
the moon.

loniwe buthelezi

# Someone Should Have Told Me...

someone should have told me  
a million years before  
that there are no prince charmings  
and they don't exist any more

someone should have told me  
not to keep on dreaming  
and that the only people left  
are probably lying and scheming

someone should have told me  
that not every man was good,  
that believing every single one  
was giving more than i should

and since nobody told me  
how mean a man can be,  
I've let them have a parts of my heart  
now there's nothing left for me

lon diwe buthelezi

# Strength

i read about a woman,  
someone famous,  
who walked into a lake,  
pockets loaded with stones.  
They said she was mad.  
I think she was brave.  
as the water crept  
over her chin, her nose;  
how did she stop herself  
from heaving out the stones?

loniwe buthelezi

# Tell Me

tell me how do i know when he's my mr right?  
tell me how to make sense of the signs.  
tell me how do i know if he's my mr right,  
tell me how to stop hurting inside.

lon diwe buthelezi

# The Abusive Man

I understand why you won't leave him.  
It's because no matter how many times he hits you,  
slaps you,  
humiliates you,  
or even degrades you;  
you can still look at him and see the same man who  
once cherished you,  
praised you,  
worshipped you.  
The same man who promised you  
more than the moon and the stars.  
The man who loved you..

lon diwe buthelezi

# The End

can't believe i didn't notice  
that we were both drawing apart,  
i'd always thought that i would love you  
from the bottom of my heart.  
now i've forgotten our first kiss,  
can't remember our first time,  
i wonder if you even cared,  
or there was someone else in line

don't ask me when this happened,  
when we returned to just being friends.  
you probably weren't paying attention,  
maybe you wanted it to end.  
so now we're not together  
and maybe it was for the best.  
coz now i don't have to wonder  
how i compare with all the rest.

lon diwe buthelezi

# The Girl

She whispers in your ear  
the secrets of her soul.  
The passions locked inside her heart  
she puts in your control

Her voice is like dew drops  
falling on snow.  
Where her heart will lead you  
no one will ever know.

Her eyes are like a novel  
no one has ever read.  
I wish i knew the phenominal things  
she dreams inside her head.

londiwe buthelezi

# The Hair

I watch it fall to the ground.

It bends

and twists.

Lighter than a feather.

It has no soul.

I have no soul...

lon di we buthelezi

# The Looking Glass

I look into the looking-glass  
and see my face inside.  
the only place i see myself  
The one place i can't hide

Nose, eyes, mouth, and ears.  
They're all a part of me.  
But is this really how i look?  
Is this what people see?

lon diwe buthelezi

# The Moon

have you ever looked at the sky at night?

of course you have.

how could you miss the millions of flickering  
pale blue lamps floating across the dark  
purple, navy, and black sky, dimming the world  
for the next couple of hours.

The moon, bright and alone

(the sun decided a divorce was best)

swings on a rusty hinge and casts shadows down scary alleys  
and across deep oceans.

lon di we buthelezi

# The Ungrateful Dead...

A hand of leather  
reaches amongst the dirt.  
pulls up.  
breathes in through  
shriveled lungs.  
dark eyes search.  
Stiff arms and legs  
Move at their will.

The feet do not notice  
the fresh dew on the grass,  
and the body cannot  
feel any colder.  
The ears cannot hear  
the sounds of the owl  
as they watch the body  
with intense curiosity.

Why did this body, on this night  
choose to leave it's prison  
of damp soil.  
I wonder; did anyone ever ask  
if it was grateful for being dead.

lonziwe buthelezi

# The Wall

i don't understand how he does it,  
every wall i put up he destroys.  
he plays with my heart like a fragile violin,  
then breaks it like one of his toys...

lon diwe buthelezi

# Thinking.

Even now as i lay in bed.  
I'm thinking things inside my head.  
I'm thinking about what's right and wrong.  
I'm thinking i should write a song.

Sometimes i think about my life.  
If i will ever be someone's wife.  
Sometimes i think of nothing but food,  
but i know that can't be any good.

At times i wonder about outer space.  
If aliens walk with good posture and grace.  
At times i think about the stars.  
If they ever chat with venus and mars.

But mostly i think about who i want to be  
and if i really feel like i'm me.  
and even now as i lay in bed,  
I'm thinking these things inside my head.

lon diwe buthelezi

# Thoughts

it must be wonderful  
to fall asleep  
in somones  
arms...

lon diwe buthelezi

# Time And Money

women= time and money

but time is money, therefore:

women=money x money

women=(money) 2

but money is the root of all evil, therefore:

women=(evil) 2

sqaure root that and you get

women=evil

loniwe buthelezi

# Unfaithful

Shock paralyzes me.  
Denies me speech.  
Heat flares up, simmers.  
Hatred.  
Cold embraces me now, shivers.  
Numbness.  
My eyes focus, unfocus,  
focus again,  
refusing the image.  
.  
My heart doesn't want to understand,  
but my head cannot deny the truth.

lon diwe buthelezi

# Who Are You?

Who are you?

Are you just a ball of cells?

Or do your memories define you?

If so, wouldn't amnesia destroy you?

loniwe buthelezi

# Why Do I Miss Him

The grass is green, but i still miss him.  
The sky is blue, but i still miss him.

Why? why do i miss him?

The sun is yellow, but i still miss him.  
The roses are red, but i still miss him.

Why/ why do i miss him?  
I miss him because i love him

londiwe buthelezi

# You Make Me Feel

when i'm next to you, i feel so good.  
whenever i see you, a fire lights within.  
you don't play the violin, yet you play my every string  
i dont believe i can hold it in.  
these feelings are just too much to bear...

lon diwe buthelezi