

Poetry Series

Melikhaya Zagagana

- 33 poems -

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Melikhaya Zagagana

Melikhaya Zagagana was born in Nqabara village in Willovale on the 24th of August in 1983 in the Eastern Cape province of South Africa. In 1987 he went to Nqabara primary for his early education, due to poor conditions of education at the school, in 1989 his mother took him to Butterworth where he studied at Vulindlela Junior secondary in Msobomvu township. He obtained his Matric at Lamplough high school in Butterworth in 2003. After matric his mother, as a widow having lost her husband in 1984, could not afford his tertiary education, and she succumbed to pneumonia and passed away in 2005. In 2006 he went to Walter Sisulu University of Technology through his former principal at Vulindlela and enrolled in Commercial Practice for a year and dropped out due to his unaffordable nature. Subsequently in 2007 he went to Cape Town hoping to change his fortunes where he met his love for writing, starting his young vigor for poetry as a pastime influenced by his jarring journey. He has a son, two sisters and three brothers. He is the second born of seven children. He now lives in Cape Town working on his writing career.

A flag in sadness

Sadly i can
not be proud

how deadly; how disappointing!

As i write, i am inspired by
sadness, disappointment and
death, that comes by our flag
evening by evening and day by day.

If a man cannot be true to himself,
how then to other man.

Melikhaya Zagagana

A tick in the neck

Burden by life is married
dreams camp in dusty plains
like pebbles in burnt rivers
though pain sick a healthy vain
death haunts for the only vim
pecking flesh in tiny pains,
draining marrow in defenseless bones
tears smile in defiance trail
soul entrapped in toothless faces and
useless charms of wishes discarding
evidence like a withering plant fading
in the garden, fear plunds resilience
like a salesman slaying a meek client,
asunder life flashes, like simmers life
waned with the wind, how can a pain
be worse if life that existed is never
were as to the grace of historical species,
cold, cold, cold! life is wonder-less in hopeless
ways, meaningless hollered a bard, meaningless!

Melikhaya Zagagana

A word for my son

My child grant
plant a chance
to life, and
observe it as
it grows, nature
yourself in it as
it matures and there
a beauty of life unleashes
only to you, only to you.

Melikhaya Zagagana

Admiring Dave

Dave, a funny and
grumpy old topie

he likes to tell
jokes for people to
laugh at ease

he specifically likes
it done silently; he likes
to talk alone for other
people to listen completely
without a grunt and groan
of comment

he lifts every morning seven
push ups with a burning cigarette in
his mouth and brags about his health

he limps when he walks and fluent
in his talks, he dreams verbally
in English and never woke up to tell

i admire Dave, he means good by telling
dreams and innocent lies that he calls
'white lies', he was a soldier but lately
he is a teller of fairies

when he drinks, he hate fishes; he thinks
they are trying to emulate his habit
Aah! Dave the master and beyond.

Melikhaya Zagagana

And The Aids Says

I'm bitter
for people to see,
and painful
to endure but i
live a proud and
successful life
of fame and respect,
a few still-take
me as their harmless friend,
and that
makes me rapture with
the widest grin,
Ow! i shall not say
it all lest they
see me for who i am and
halt my mission

Melikhaya Zagagana

Covets Of The Lost Orchid

Flowery bloom
choked in fumes
of envious covets
after a botched
attempt to vivisect
it's nature.

Suddenly it dropped
in the world filled
with fury to unmeasurable-
wonders, dismissing it's
Marvellic nature.

Ow! see them chirp
like morning birds
as they observe the flower
losing it's honey to thirsty
grounds, shamefully the Orchid
in dust surrendered.

Gracefully it never withered
to please the enemy rage,
it's scent gives life to art galleries.

Melikhaya Zagagana

Disunity

We and everyone
in one thought
for everyone
in single timing
to everything in eyes
above the land
inside oceans
there shall be no
interest in tears
to warm and wet
troubles across
the face and heart
i and everyone
without single timing
and one thought
to everything in the
eyes above the land
inside oceans
there shall always be
troubles wedded with
tears across the face
and heart...hence disunity
drags humans to death
with dirty legacies

Melikhaya Zagagana

fallible season

Like a flower
love picks,
always a fallible
season; seldom
does it germinate
to the next than
it falls in wait
of another fallible
fallible season

Melikhaya Zagagana

Forever In Feud

Forever in feud
How I hated the scene
It consumes heartily when
stopped-over, how I wished
to have despond-ed birth
to skip the pain and sadness
so fondly attached to my soul
how she lied on bed so small
with clear lines of death in her
words, I hated that her dreams never
made the walls, how I missed her
tears to understand how she felt
her eyes spoke no clear indication
of order, how I wished she knew
how I feel, how I prayed for her to
rise walking and be noisy to converse
how I wished she never "borne" me
to leave me one day for death without
a womb, death is valiantly selfish to
please like a curse, how I watched
her fate decided by death, I hated my
uselessness when death walked-out
carrying her in brutal arms, hate is a
joyless experience I know, but death
never will I be your lover, I curse you
to take me too one day, you "braved"
my mother's only soul, I forever be in
feud with you.

Melikhaya Zagagana

Forgive me, i'm overwise

Forgive me, I'm over-wise
by your beauty that overflows
in clear torrents of grace.
Don't delay me like a promise.

This flower is a rose that lives
in devoury of beautiful gardens.
Let me not wane in wither of salty
and bitter oceans, take me with a
heart of now. Drink not in doubtful
rivers of 'morrow' for they bear a
promise in moribund.

Let your nubile be in destination of
purpose and the world reborn-ed.
Beauty o! forgive me, I'm over-wise.
Like a saxifrage your beauty must have
sprung in strong terrains.

Melikhaya Zagagana

Grey season

Tears for the wrong
reasons, tears the painful
season of human nature.

Melikhaya Zagagana

I dreamed a day

O'... but my seed in tiny shoots,
the soil in arid plains
and the rain in absent mode
tears were the only way
to soak the thirsty seed
to deny the brutal sun
and let the soil swig in
water of salt and pain,
no body cared about the salty seed,
nobody cared about the blowing wind
that saw my seed in broken limbs,
that shook my seed to plant a pain and
set the soggy soil to arid plain, the dream
is moving on and the seed took a shape in
borrowed moist, to see the dreamy day, here
i shall cut a turn to see the journey through
and hen my hatchy seed, i dreamed a day, to see
my fruitful seed as handy shield in brutal days.

Melikhaya Zagagana

I had no shoes

During my youth
i had no shoes
but the brains
tightly covered
in my head,
during my adulthood
my brains bought
me the shoes
i envied

Melikhaya Zagagana

I Want To Write A Poem That Says

From the beginning adversity
has been lingering on our
necks; Lives were broken and
continues to be. People chirp
long hours with their tears
transformed into rivers of
death. I want us to change
all that, i want us to heal
and be merry. I want those
rivers of our tears to run
dry. I want to write a poem
that says all will be well,
but words but words.

Melikhaya Zagagana

In the name of love i commit

My love blooms
readily like a spring rose

my heart beams
innocently like
a newly brat toddler

my head boils in thoughts
of you

my love i come to be true

i'm brave to act but
defenseless to fight

i'm too weak to be bitter

i give you my freedom

i as you see a book
of two pages

i am a day in lack of shadows

in the name of love i compose

to you i commit my love

for you i shall swallow
the brick

for you i shall drink
the melted steel

to you i come to be true.

Melikhaya Zagagana

Indiginous kind

Africa breeds children of a dark melanic pigment, children that by faith continue their identity and adherence of their culture and values of tradition and origin.

The gatherings of dances in cultural ceremonies, the narration of stories rich in wisdom about the culture of Africans and their envisioned ancestors.

African child come home, the simple life solely dependent on what nature had given them to work with, it gave satisfaction, the essence of belonging undoubtedly perspired togetherness and novels of strong love.

Breathing hard wooden smoke in keeping the spiritual warmth of man made flames, for the African child to eat, to warm their hardened dark skins in family gatherings against bugging cold in the open night.

See the endless- valleys of fertile contours of wheat and maize embraced by diamond and gold soil, see the African rivers that never failed in meagerness, they persisted and stood through to feed and quench the thirst of African child. Africa calls you to come home child. The desperate tears of our forefathers had gathered a stream for the lost African child, for the abandoned fertile lands and forsaken values of Ubuntu. I will not suffer lose in tears to delight sadness, but my heart is bleeding for the lost African child.

Melikhaya Zagagana

Injurious numbers

I, myself leaped-out
of my skin, in loud
sock of immutability
lapsing spiteful and
mischievous by fellow
acquaintanceship.

what happened to leaders
being exempted figures-not
rags to riches and enamored
shadows.

I, myself inveigh
may the mighty beginner
make the corrupt injurious-
numbers choke in tears of whom
they falsify.

May their gold smiles vanish
in the river media, may their
despoiling hearts burn in bitter
pain and constant adversities of
their treacherous deeds-, shameful
agendas.

May they lie, succeed and achieve
nothing but their dirty souls, may you
Lord reflect their hearts to the world
and let their souls wither like a dead bone,
during this our of artless times abide and abide.

Melikhaya Zagagana

Message to My Old Friend

When i die
bring me home
tell my people
about my agony

announce my apology
for having failed
sing them that song
and i will be humming along
as an old-friend make it
sweet and bring the sound
tell them i could
have been longer,

if life was not so unkind
if flesh was only stronger
i could have lived one more
day and other days

i would have terrified death
back to the casket, but my
soul will not be lonely with
you behind, tell them i shall
be quiet and they must decide
only when i die, truly when
i die

Melikhaya Zagagana

Missing roses

When i watered roses
in my little garden.
Before sunshine burns
and afternoon dawn.

not much a garden rose
but fluently blown.
in a throng of drills,
i toiled with them-
pruning and loving them to grow.

A? came and settled along,
holding me tight in height
and surprise. why roses are
born? The roses were rose and
ready, but my roses alone.
I loved them at all seasons,
in spring when they sprung and
truly in winter when toiled
in sadness. They were still my
cute little blooms for me to care.

Would i be growing roses for-
someone's joy? Would i betray
my roses to other hands?
I even peered through the window
at evening dawns, to see them jolly
and rose. I have no other kind to love.
O' my cute little blooms where have you gone?

Melikhaya Zagagana

Mistaken identiy

I'm not the same person
that i use to be.
I have forgotten who i was,
for me nothing works for good
in the ordinary world.
But i know it now.
It would have been an interesting
combination, pity i have overgrown-ed
my earthly fellows.
I know now, we just two mountains
with a distance in-between, that
will never be one.
I'm sorry but i tried and I'm sorry that i tried.
I will always remember you, my friends
and broken lovers.
It was a cloud of mistaken identity.

Melikhaya Zagagana

Nkanti nam ndinenduku!

Iwuuu! magwala ndini.
zikhova ndini ezoyika
ukuphuma kweLanga.

Ingoma yam ayinamlandeli.
Nam ndixhwith'utyani-
entla Kwamasimi kaMjongile.
Nam ndozela ndisothuka.
Ndisenkungwini nje andinatyala.

Ndihlanganisa ndigalela nto-
zikaPhalo; mvula ndini ingenalusizi-
nasazela.
Ndihla ndinuka okwesifo seswekile,
kodwa nam ndinenduku yam!
Ndiyithembile ndigalela ndizole-
ndixel'Igwala lizincamile.

Mna ndinkunzi kaMbukhwe: -
ndixel'Umgqosini mna kanye
Umsuthu.
Kanti nam ndinenduku, intinga
njengomsimbithi kodwa ke nguMthathi
othatha zonke intshaba zam namantshontsho
azo.

Ndiqinile nje neyam ingoma ayinamlandeli,
kodwa nam ndinenduku.
Ndixhentsa ngayo kukhule umntwan' ebeleni,
ndixhentsa ngayo kukhule umntwan' ebeleni.

Melikhaya Zagagana

Not for tears but smile

A smoke of mighty mezz
blown away by trifle winds.
Not for tears but smile.
Be strong for the coming days,
cloche your eyes for mocking-birds.
Like a mirror be vigilant to passersby.
Love of decent nature bodes in valleys
of resilience, shape-up and foot ahead
Take nothing of less but decent kind.
The one to be is to be in the present of
unfamiliar times.
Let the smile unfold, let the rain melt
the stain.
He was man-less to come-at-able.
If you can, smile and take a run.
Run and seal-up the times
lost at wonder-pig.
Let the skunk chase the rats.
Like an eagle keep your aims high.
Capers keep running at no aim.
Not for tears but smile,
not for tears but smile

Melikhaya Zagagana

Price Of Obedience

Fortunate are those who know their purpose
In life, for they will lead a life of happiness
And honest sophistication, free of blunders

Blessed are those who have an early ear to hear,
For they will follow a principled life with less
Regrets but abundance of success and motivated
Generations and generations and generations

For each day are blessed for obedience
They will yield the interests of nature in their path
For they know the secret to the kingdom of the Lord
They shall eat joy and drink waters of peace and contentment

Melikhaya Zagagana

Rat bite conspiracy

My knees are hardened,
like an elephant skin.
Hence another round
shall get my knees torn.
If i were a snake, i shall
be peeling off.
The monkeys are out about
from tree to tree with a
squeaky noise, tasting
the reflex of the branches.
the snakes are proud to emulate
and the rest is a conspiracy of
a rat bite.

Melikhaya Zagagana

Raw deal

I'm bleeding darling,
my undecided destiny,
unbecoming dreams and
delayed fortunes.
Through the back door
i fled, i will not be
seeing your lazy morning
smiles. i fled with my empty
sack of myriad lies.
Though my bleeding heart is
readily missing in vain, i
must disappear without a knowing
soul.

Melikhaya Zagagana

Run soldier run

Once a soldier always a little boy,
never grow to your full adulthood.

some find a way in the middle of a
chaotic storm and run for their lives.
and some eternally sink in the abyss.

Run soldier run, awake soldier awake.

In the forefront of a ferocious storm,
there a soldier stands, at the back of a
triumphant harvest there a soldier weeps.
Run soldier run.

Melikhaya Zagagana

Selflessness Redefined

To the worth of words
he chose to write his soul
among humanity, rains shall
come and go.

a heart of defiance, a journey
of achievement that has out-shown
cullinan himself piece by piece.

He redefined leadership in simple terms
of selflessness.
To the great man who has out-shown
the present, future and the past.

The man whose love and life will never
die out of hearts and veins of the world.
To the hummer that has broken boulders into
bricks of peace and unity.
The man who took nothing but gave everything
his hands could touch.
A man of harmless nature. His leadership and
existence of extra-ordinarity shall drive us
to eternal peace and common ground.

Yes you are, and always be our icon.
who-ever makes it to eternity shall
be your witness of graceness.

Melikhaya Zagagana

Truth beyond rubies

A transparent rush
of beauty that even
eyes could see...

turning adrenalin on
to desire and heart
to pleasure.

Queer a scent of burns
hitting the nerves and
a mounting smell poking
nostrils like a soap foam.

Look for the red,
when rubies come to play;
Red is rubies necessary color.

Page the ruby and sink your eyes
beyond, and so you will see, at-last
you will find that rubies are always Red.

Melikhaya Zagagana

Waiting for the rabbit to show

I was told about the day,
to wait by the sea shores
for a ship; a ship had no name,
nor color was given plenty of
ships shown above the sea waters.
Queer i was not summoned, and they
all passed.

Then i waited, a morning grew to a
sunless noon, a noon to evening
and a subsequent moonless and starless
night. By then i could not see more ships
passing by, by then i could go back as the
time had passed. The stars and moon
had that night abandoned and sunk
to misery, by then i fell asleep
and snored a dreamless night.

Melikhaya Zagagana

when a poet runs

I might not
be back when
I'm gone

even promises
might be abandoned;
but how do i change
my heart to feel
the same when I'm gone?

I always run
but never like
a coward, how
do you hold me
not to run and run
like a poet?

Melikhaya Zagagana

When I Love

my heart trembles
and
shook my nerves awake,
when i love,
i blush a little like a boy
when i love
its hard to say
when i love
i sworn eternally like death
when i love
i roam like a chicken
and sink like water in arid plains

Melikhaya Zagagana

Where the stars fail to shine

Let them joy themselves and
the community be on its' own.
Let them leave your child
burning in angry flames.
They are of glory
and gold.
Let them say sometimes
the dog
bark out of lice bite.
When the skies claim
its' darkness all shall
come down with a humble plead.

Melikhaya Zagagana

Who would have thought of a bluff?

Remember the little pouty kisses,
we were still friends.
There was always a mistirious wave
wafting across my lonely heart,
whispering a wave of a romantic alarm.
You were always holding back in shiver
and i always waited.I always took a
damning step forward and you remained
still and terrible shaken. You always
gave warmth to my cold lips. we always
smiled for the same reason. our love
climbed higher than a squirrel.
we unified our hearts. You trusted and
i worshiped. You became my woman and i
was your man. Remember the promises we
made, we left no breathing grounds.
Who would have thought of a bluff?

Melikhaya Zagagana