

Poetry Series

Naledi Sibisi
- poems -

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Naledi Sibisi()

Naledi.

Pronounced: nah leh dee

Origin: Africa

Meaning: Star

South African.

Media Student.

An Obscure Artist

I am an artist.
An obscure artist.
See, I was named with intention; the intention to shine
Brighter than the billions of stars in my infinite sky.
My infinite sky. It's mine. I own it.
And no other tenant has the right to enthrone it.
I am an artist.
An obscure artist.
I may glance at a vacant canvas.
Then
Paint it with words.
Write down pictures.
Scribble songs.
And draw odes.
I am an artist.
An obscure artist.
I mould my character daily.
I add
I erase.
Conceal blunders with clay
That's exactly how I arrived at this place.
I am an artist
Let me explain,
Perfection one cannot attain.
But
I seek it in each piece
Thus each piece is incomplete.
See, I am an artist.
Highly obscure.
One who was named with intention; the intention to shine
Brighter than the billions of stars in my infinite sky.
Infinite sky. Hand crafted for me.
Then embellished by me.
For I am an artist.

Naledi Sibisi

Dream Within A Dream

My dreams are being controlled at the expense of consciousness
Systematically organized, the communism of my heads nest.

I'm petrified to fall asleep because I'm unprepared for the encounter
One more of a bother than in real life when I encount-her

And her

Questioning your choices to the point where I invent vocabulary
Trying to make sense of nonsense like you being mad at me

For not affording you attention? Something you're used to
You want someone different but then different doesn't suit you

When it slaps you in your face, altercat-ing with your ego
In the same way this text aggravates linguistic principles.

Bumping into you in fictitious venues is beginning to exhaust me
Like the coffee shops and libraries when I have no desire to read

Transported to euphoria where we become a team
And the smile uncertain to most becomes exactly as it seems
Because I begin to reflect the light within me that beams
Until my eyes awake and see you were a dream within a dream

Naledi Sibisi

Dust

There are certain things that need no

(isolation)

like communication and your mental compilations.
See, if you're thinking it, it need not a-maze the receiver
but I guess the heart is the minds greatest deceiver.
A thief in the night of the light that

guides

all logic. All logic proceeds to subside.

So now I insist certain things can never co-exist
like an abdomen whose tenant is a cyst.
Like a heart housing a stranger.
Like a brain aware of the danger.
No sense of urgency, no sense of rush
Cultivating ignorance and counterfeit trust.
Eliminating love and giving birth to lust.
Just remember ashes to ashes. Dust to

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Naledi Sibisi

Held In My Hand

I hold it in my hand
Modestly
and elaborately.
I embrace the life it gives you
and me.
With my preference to embrace it in stillness
in mute
Other days I wish to perform the melodies of my flute.
My flute.
For you guide my air stream
Breathing life into my being.
These songs toss me into a deep abyss
Still I'm settled within this pit.
I hold it in my hand,
My fist.
It's sensible that they are said to be the same dimension
Your heart. Your fist.
My fist.
So I hold it.
Modestly
and elaborately.

Naledi Sibisi

I Wrote

When my heart spoke,
I wrote.

When my walls broke,
I wrote.

When the earthquake in my voice immobilized
and the magnitude was unidentified - my body froze
and I had shelved toes and I wrote.

When my feelings were postponed,
I wrote.

When I could no longer trust my own,
I wrote.

When I incarcerated my tears and liberated my fears, to pen
I was prone and I wrote.

When I can no longer recognize these eyes that are lies,
I write.

When I need to understand my components of feel with all my might,
I write.

When I need to glide but my tears miss flights,
I write.

When humanity is having a lie-down and I command only the attention of the
night,
I write.

Not a soul to pry nor a soul to spy;
Embarking on a journey language and I.
These secrets within me - these words I never spoke;
until the day I wrote and wrote and wrote.

Naledi Sibisi

I'LI Assure Her That It's Historical

How do girls depend on other peoples men to feel appreciated?
Forgetting that other people wouldn't appreciate it.
How do girls depend on other peoples men for comfort?
When, if word got out they wouldn't come forth.
How do girls depend on other peoples men for an ear to listen?
Without considering the ear he'll end up neglecting.
How do girls depend on other peoples men to be a best friend?
Knowing very well the means don't justify the end.
And, how do guys leave a door open and a girl hoping for something, knowing
she's letting someone down?
Cause she no longer has her guard up just like his girl did before her walls kissed
the ground.
How do guys compromise and race with hype while they take the life out of her?
Then get mad when she talks to another when they chose not to make a wife out
of her?
How do guys feel entitled when they couldn't even give her a title?
How do they mourn when they get shot when all along, they held the rifle?
How do girls chase a heartbreaker thinking he won't heart break her the way he
did his previous "her";
How do girls forget the world believing they are his real her.
And, how do girls hurt a good guy thinking he'll be fine because of who he was
before?
Then they keep it from him thinking if he knew he'd go back to who he was
before.
How do they? Answer me, because none of this is rhetorical.
So, if one day I see the tracks of my little girls tears? I'll assure her that it's
historical.

Naledi Sibisi

Reintroduced To The People I've Been Introduced To

I'm at home
On my own
With my thoughts
And my phone.
Red light flashing and I can't reply now,
Even though I know it's from the people who hold me down.
On the other side of the wall is my nephew J,
4 years old and he's the product of pain.
4 years ago he entered the world, innocent and light
But it's like the circumstances pushed him into the night.
So he walks around smiling but he can't even talk right,
I swear the battle in his mind is what forces him to cry.
He's only a child, he should be happy and care-free,
Instead he's bitter and scared and sometimes finds refuge in me.
But I can't even help because I feel just like he does,
19 years old and I don't know how to trust.
Well, I know how to trust. Just, not with all of me
It's just like when I love and I start to feel weak.
So I'm reintroduced to these people when I think this way,
'Cause I start to wonder what turned me into this person today.
See it takes 2 to tango, that much I know
So I'm just as responsible for everyone's faults.
Family who was here but not really here,
Made it harder to admit that I needed the cheer.
And the friends who suddenly went silent on me,
I didn't let you in enough for you to believe me.
What goes around comes around and it's no cliché
So I refuse to keep up with this game of roulette.
I've taken enough shots and a few went to my heart,
Another emotional shot will just rip me apart.
It's a lethal game of chance and I don't want to play anymore
If it means one day I'm a stranger at your door.
In the rare event that we're reintroduced?
Hey, I'm Nal. And, I'm genuinely pleased to meet you.

Naledi Sibisi

The Climb

Unaware of the destination and the ingredients of conversation
After some 24hours in sequence, not a hint of rush
Stimulating my buds
You nudged
Me, and we walked. The longest walk because time chose to turtle its way
through this talk.

My foot is reminded of what lies ahead, reluctant to recline - it balances up
instead.
And the wind is amusing and the traffic is confusing and your voice blues my ear
All I hear
Is music unclear.
But this tone, this tone makes sense to me.
You animate me verbally.

Conscious of the ground,
No longer looking down.
It's been four minus two since I was introduced and
I now meet a cloud courtesy of you.
She tells me to discharge every thought, every fear
And appreciate the tunes that you engineer

And those eyes visit me
And every word is mystery
And the smile that you hide is a one and nine
And I'm enemies with time
And in those minutes into the skies I'm transported.
The slowest longest three of years recorded.

Naledi Sibisi

Then Love Is The Name

The third rule was not to use his label in vain
So, if he is love then love is the name.
Just take a step back and realize
That this idea has been disguised
By hiding pride and saying things right,
Sweet goodmornings, even sweeter goodnights.
PDA and baby's and boo's
And I need you and I love you too's
You take it lightly and break the law,
You say you love me then search for more.
And you shall not use his name in vain
'Cause if he is love then he can't be pain.
And he will not hold you guiltless if you do
Exodus chapter ten times two.
He said it was patient and said it was kind
Curiously I rushed to find
It, buried within the uncomfortable truth
That it was just a lesson waiting for you
To learn how it's supposed to be,
Unconditionally set aside for me.
So now I begin to cherish delay
And obey because this time portrays
The criteria needed to converse with me
Before I let another touch the key
To my heart, carefully guarded by my father; by Love
Who sits above and calls your bluff,
If you're a counterfeit and a thief of peace,
I'll know you weren't designed for me.

Naledi Sibisi

Were You Unaware?

Were you unaware
That my soul was bare
For you?
My eyes
Were undisguised
For you.
Were you unaware
That my hand wished to camouflage yours
Through every one of your hearts wars?

Tell me

Were you unaware
That I treasured alone time
like the jewels my mother entrusted to me?
Were you unaware
That if I had superhuman abilities
I'd put that time on repeat?
I understand the acceleration of technology,
And lack of affinity for an elderly written piece
So understand that it's your words my mind retweets
And your touch, my heart re-beats

Were you really unaware
That you flaunting another would turn me
slightly green in colour?
Were you unaware
Of my passion for photographs?
Hoping I'd be a point 5 and you'd form the other half.
Were you unaware
You could bring such light to a photo
In the synthesis of you and me?
Were you unaware
That I had no desire to leave?

Were you unaware?

Naledi Sibisi

You'Re Making A Fool Of Me

You're making a fool of me
And, please believe that I mean this not negatively;
But you're turning me into a character I'm unfamiliar with being.
Never have I found comfort in the fact that I'm thinking about someone whose
mind I may not pay visits to,
then smiled to myself without the guarantee that you'd return one too.
Exposed to so many languages and gestures and phases and nothings,
A thief of the thought that this something is something.
I was convinced that you had no right to look into my eyes as though God loaned
me the stars and placed them on my face,
reflecting all warmth into your gaze.
So I tremble. Not because I hostage all trust for you but because I don't trust
myself with you.
I fear that I will let you lead me but if I fall, disagree you receive me.

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