

## Poetry Series

# Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

- 130 poems -

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## **Onalethuso Petruss Ntema (27/02/1985)**

### About the Poet

Born Onalethuso Buyile Petruss Matthews Ntema on February 27, 1985 in Maun, Botswana (Southern Africa) as the 6th from a family of seven. He is a descendant of the Wayeyi clan from the lineage of Ushikati Ntema Shalduara kinship, son of Ndaruka Ntema (Yeyi) and Mapote Motlakatala (Subia). The spoken word dub-Poet, Roots Reggae Musician, Writer and Author hails from the deep jungles of Matsaudi village, on the far East of the North West District. The outspoken and versatile Ntema grew up in the deep African jungles (Matsaudi, Mazange, Qxweeqhiri, Qxoqxao, Tjutjubega, Xhaamote, Xhodi, Gweedao, and settled in Chobe at Kachikau village). Over the years, the Poet has connected to nature, reasoning, meditation and enticed by the natural scent of life and its adventure from length to strength. He has compiled numerous unique poetry ebooks and the year 2012 was a blessed one for the poet as he handwritten about 15 books. The rhetoric, psychological, spiritual and expressive art has illustrated reality issues from a personal self thought and self identity approach to an analytic science of emotions and the mind, the self (self thought and awareness, self regard and pureness, self worth and realness, self reflection and target) in the quest to building a humble society of human and peoples among many other beings.

### Family

Ntema is a proud father and friend to a lovely daughter 'Deczybelle Daisy Shiloh' born on 22 June 2008, whose inspiration has immensely crafted daddy's art in poetry over the years, and still is. His cultured (wa) Yeyi mother, Ndaruka Ntema is the yardstick to all talents he possesses and the source of his immense inspiration.

### Career History

Mr. Ntema holds a BA (Sociology) from the University of Botswana and a trained Applied Researcher with vast experience in the social sciences, mainly Social and Community Development, Social Policing, Land and related Resources/ Tenure Rights, Environment and Natural Resources Conservation and Sustainable Utilization, Population Dynamics, Trends and Socio-Economic Development, Land Policing and Administration, Families and Households, African Social Thought among others. Over the years, he has conducted numerous research works varying from public policy, land and agrarian issues with emphasis on land and related resources/ property rights of the marginalized and vulnerable groups (including orphans and vulnerable children, women in and out of cohabitation relationships, disabled, youth, elderly), community capacity development/ enhancement and community empowerment on land and related resources rights issues, social psychology of crime and deviance (juvenile delinquency), african land governance and

reforms, among others. He has worked for the Ministry of Local Government & Rural Development in the Applied Research Unit from September 2009 and later joined DITSHWANELO - The Botswana Centre for Human Rights at its Land Rights Programme office in Kasane in March 2010.

The Poet is a businessman, owning OPN Group of Companies (Pty) Ltd which is a component and sector based venture; janitorial services, arts and culture (music, poetry) etc.

links:

<http://www.poemhunter.com/onalethuso-petruss-ntema/>

Email: [opncompanies.bw@gmail.com](mailto:opncompanies.bw@gmail.com) or [ntema85@yahoo.com](mailto:ntema85@yahoo.com)

mambo music & poetry, inc.

facebook: [opnmambo](#)

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soundcloud: [deggedegge](#)

Works:

books:

2011/2012

- stay with me o' dear heart of mine
- patterns of life
- on a journey
- the shadow
- footsteps
- the pebbles
- fallen leaves
- the mind and the science of life
- the melody of my heart

2013

- footprints (jan)
- thus spoke ntema: the unknown poet (feb)
- dry eyes (mar)
- google eyes (apr)
- cold feet (may)

'SOUL SEEDS' December 2013

## **(better) done than said**

(better) done than said

the sounds between the lines  
of the words i speak  
reminds me of the lines  
i spoke in thought and trials  
and the lines  
within the sounds of spoken word  
touched mine heart  
mine dreadlocks started skanking in joy  
of the music in mine thought  
but til done, i thought

next to mine were time and rhythm  
for less than never it were missing  
the sense to do than say  
and mine legs kept me in transit  
mine hands touched to pick a way  
whence my eyes long seen  
besides, talk were amass  
done; far less  
than which that caught mine  
til done, i do and did  
done than said

the inner mine person done me  
a thought to catch mine power  
and grab to proceed a synergy of our  
own belief to mine self and stronger  
than the sounds behind the lines  
of the words i speak  
but from the deep lines  
of the metaphor, line by talk  
with mine hands holding that thought  
to keep it moving and done  
long before said, as done

opn01112012/0849

poem: (better) done than said

'roots of mine tree' book no.12 of 2012  
november 2012

ntema's unique poetry

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **A Journal To My Person**

my eyes itch with dryness  
my lies drown to a distant ear  
my fingers talk to an instant near  
my singers walk in song, singing  
my seniors hawk in long, breathing  
my skin deepens in color  
my wing weakens in lava  
my mouth preys on green  
my doubt snails on skin  
my heart beats me faster  
my heart feeds me after  
my armor is the mind of person  
my honour is the kind to happen  
my two eyed person surrounds me  
my two legged person allows me  
my few naked eyes arouse me  
my new rated twice than seen  
i knew, fainted, i rise to team  
up with my other self  
my senses dance to a tempo  
my lenses tense to a memo  
my forces urge to a corner  
my closet edge to a loner  
my heritage restores me  
my history endures me  
my tongue seduces me  
my person rebukes me  
my ear advances me  
my eyes still itch in dryness  
my eyes still deep in kindness

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **a letter to my lover**

your love is a gift  
i treasure more  
with every passing day,  
i resound every bit  
of your symphonic song  
with every lasting say,  
like rainbow; a gift  
i adore your song  
in the rainy day,  
you are the color to my eye  
to see the beauty in you  
and your love i pursue

the night is falling  
and my heart is calling  
because i feel so lonely  
and i need you only,  
and i knew  
your love will find its way  
through paths where  
lions fear to prey,  
and when you do  
find your way soon  
in all soul by the moon

you are my souvenir  
if it be to find  
and call thee mine,  
love,  
thou art every day  
my dear love,  
i shall fall in love  
hard on my knees o' love  
soothingly crawl  
as i call  
for your love

i miss you nana

yours in love.

opn14022013/0814

poem: 'letter to my lover'  
book: 'thus spoke ntema: the unknown poet'  
year: february 2013  
book no.2 of 2013

mambo music & poetry

Onalethuso Petrus Ntema

## **A Little More Strength**

takes me through  
and through  
the paths of untrodden  
ways besides  
matters of the heart,  
and sail through...  
i do.

the realness  
of strangest fear,  
dwindling, dilemma  
of whatsoever kind...  
every path leads  
to a path way in  
or out but between  
and within  
are other peculiarities,  
commonalities,  
externalities  
and complexities...  
the choice depends on  
one's strength  
to the new day and face  
the morning sun rays  
over their shoulder!  
once in a glow  
of another, i realise  
how the whole thing  
set up and unfold(ed) ,  
caught mine unexpectedly..  
not necessarily tactical  
but unnoticed  
like a sting  
from a venomous creature  
by the darkness over  
the unknown night!  
how and why is yet to be,  
i did, too.

one such time were  
the very last chance  
i had an encounter  
with the strangest  
feeling ever,  
a very heart  
demanding spree..  
i were lucky  
not to lay  
my hands upon  
such unnecessities.  
i know i should  
have done better,

but i can only  
get this further...  
i do know that too.

i denied my heart  
the right  
to know and feel  
yet i did to my own  
abandoned face  
without say..  
i was detained  
to a mental  
and emotional dungeon..  
too hard to walk over  
than oscillating...  
i recalled what  
the old one did say  
'who feels it knows'..  
i do.

but it remains untold  
to my fully flapped ear  
from whence it was to.  
i will never hear  
such unclear  
talk from the distant other  
whose voices i have never  
heard before, so close  
to the one i did hear  
a while ago, but sounded  
too distorted  
as if i were listening  
to an old school newsreader..  
finally, i did.

an orthodox mathematician knows  
it is very unethical to solve  
an equation without  
a pre-meditated formula..  
that far we know.  
but whether such formulas  
were true is open to scrutiny,  
hence the emergence of new  
schools of thought  
to such philosophical contexts.  
i did too.

like a sound boy  
kill a sound boy ting..  
intimately straight  
like a bicycle spoke  
is what i mean



to start dwell,  
no backwardness  
any little more time.

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **a little one drop**

give me a little one drop  
of the blessings today  
to dwell by the conscious other  
and well me by the anxious other  
to reign the personal actor  
beyond the significant other,  
like the elephant mother  
chasing forth its enemy  
from the nest of its daughter  
vigilantly  
and diligently  
proudly  
jerking all traits,  
mentally  
fit, to a little one drop  
than the feathers  
of brothers  
that flock together  
away from the climax  
of thought, and tide.

opn04032013/1503

poem: 'a little one drop'  
book: 'dry eyes'  
book no.3 of 2013  
year: march 2013

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **A Wish**

make me a wish  
a wish to take me  
with you as i sleep now,  
wake me a day of another  
day of the days of my life  
and bless me through,  
i have a lot of thinking  
and this thinking  
is hurting me; i keep thinking,  
i have wronged and angered  
its been long wondered  
yet hard to be; i try,  
you are the lamp of my night  
the light of my sight  
kind, my shield tonight,  
to wake up after  
and trod on thereafter  
and make me a wish.

opn25022013/0101

poem: 'make me a wish'  
book: 'thus spoke ntema: the unknown poet'  
year: february 2013  
book no.2 of 2013

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **afrika**

afrika

the rivers of the wilderness,  
polluted and looted by modern philosophy  
executed and looted with guns and enemy  
powers of religion and heads of authority  
lovers of omission and error of reality  
matters of no reason and mental insanity  
brothers of illusion and sisters of bitterness,  
where is the love that we all talk about?  
where is the love that we all talk about?  
where is the peace that we all walk about?  
where are the means that we all need the most?  
the pieces are the only means to get us across

matters of reality, focus on your livity  
sold our souls to the grave of the next man  
overthrew our culture to the next man's  
understood their culture than the next man's  
overthrew our own, to the divide and rule  
i wish i knew, what they decide to do  
and they taught us too, to divide and rule  
what a continent sold for an island!  
afrika! our ancient memory  
afrika! you are the latest commodity  
afrika! you are the worst hit poverty  
afrika! you are target community  
rise afrika rise, stand tall alone!  
rise afrika rise, stand on your feet!

gone so fast to the hands of many men  
o' what a crisis,  
o' what a problem  
who is the culprit?  
who is to sort them?  
families, nations rise from the problem  
uplift one another  
livity is the matter  
sooner than later  
is the matter  
for the better,  
rise afrika rise, stand tall alone!  
rise afrika rise, stand on your own!

opn18052013/0820

poem: 'afrika'  
book: 'cold feet'  
year: may 2013  
book no.5 of 2013

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Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **am inspired, are you?**

inspiration is not desired  
to be inspired  
it is discovered  
and authored  
it is rewarded  
and guarded  
by the power to live  
the hour to give  
an inspired  
soul a sense to express,

so, i am inspired  
now,  
are you?  
if so,  
spread your wings  
and fly  
within you,  
reach out your hands  
and touch the sky  
(and beyond)

stay motivated  
and inspired...

if not, ask why not yourself?  
why not you inspired from yours' sense?

opn15112012/1320

from: the mind and the science of life  
book no.13 of 2012

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **are you aware?**

are you aware  
that you are  
not aware?  
are you?

are you aware  
of your heart beat?  
how often do you  
count the pulse?

are you aware  
of your senses?  
are you aware  
of your actions?

are you aware  
of your emotions?  
are you aware  
of your life?

are you aware  
that you are not aware  
of your self?  
are you?

are you aware  
that you are not aware  
of what you say?  
how and why you did

be aware  
of your true self  
and be a leader  
of your inner self.

opn12042013/0300

poem: 'are you aware? '  
book: 'google eyes'  
year: april 2013  
book no.4 of 2013

mambo

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **beyond the soul**

beyond the soul

my mind snails beyond the soul  
like a soul over the seeds of life,  
my soul calms beyond the jaw  
like emotions of an innocent child,  
my thoughts dwell beyond the law  
of gravity, walks in the wild,  
my body dies beyond the sore  
like a hidden toe to the blind,  
my tree falls over the shadow  
like mantle from the core as i explore,  
my life greens over desert vines  
like an ancient traveler's horse,  
my heart lightens its soul  
to a path like moonlight over skies beyond the soul.

opn22062013/0300

poem: 'beyond the soul'  
book: 'soul seeds'  
year: june 2013  
book no.6 of 2013

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Onalethuso Petruss Ntema



## **blind fear (in my eyes)**

i looked at my eyes  
for the very first time  
all i could see  
the blind fear in my eyes  
i roared in the middle of thought  
where is everyone when i need them most?  
how can they run away by cause?  
i asked, not  
in grief or anger, in despair may be

on foot, my face and lips all cracked  
as i ventured into the jungle,  
my teeth chattered  
in cold but very hot emotions  
of wondering  
how luck could have left me so alone,

i squat to the feeling of nothingness  
like a stone falling from a distant heart  
narrowly escaped, life at heart  
to suppress my memories at heart  
my blood runs in cold as i recollect  
a sudden cry over my shoulder at once  
i looked at my eyes again; at once

and spoke timidly to my person's eyes  
how hard it were without surprise  
of any emotional upheaval to rise  
as the wind blew into every crack of mine  
and soaked my person to the skin one time  
as i looked straight into my eyes

i could see how the grass  
and flowers  
sprout and spring in intimacy  
but pain  
within  
for all i had were  
all lost and gone again  
like the tiny little butterflies  
on my mind  
that covered all my thoughts to the end  
with misery written all over my face  
and looked a sorry sight on my face  
i could barely see myself  
and still looked blindly at my eyes  
at last, and rested

opn17112012/1315

poem: 'the blind fear in my eyes'

book: 'the mind and the science of life' book no.13 of 2012  
year: november 2012

opncompanies.bw@gmail.com

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **body and soul**

rise with me this body of mine  
sail with me o' soul of thine  
for mine is a matter of time  
to mold a body of mine  
and have a kind  
i prefer, as without me  
there is none, and without you  
there is no me

send me a sense to my body  
o' body of mine  
a friend and shadow of mine  
without a dime  
take me from wrong to conformity  
lead me from animosity  
unchain my soul from vanity  
for mine is a body and soul  
detach me from the unknown  
shine on me o' body and soul  
bring me a blessing to my soul

connect and share with me o' body of mine  
laugh and talk with me so fine  
run and steady with me so divine  
the body of my soul and awhile  
take me back to my body as a child  
...possibly not! i presume...  
if i die, you too die  
and there is no more of me then  
from whence to the end  
for i live(d) with you 'til then

extract from 'body and soul'

'footsteps' june 2012 v.7

opn18062012/1534

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **butterflies look so colorful**

butterflies look so colorful  
in their own color  
and the blue sky of emptiness  
looks beautiful when rain  
clouds gather around  
and soon rain come fall  
over the land i walketh  
to let the birds sing in joy  
as the butterflies fly over  
in their colorful color  
to co-exist with man

opn04082012/1129

poem: 'butterflies look so colorful'  
book: 'hands of hope'  
year: august 2012  
book no.9 of 2012

mambo music & poetry

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## can i be with you, o' love?

dear love, o' love, love  
can i be with you, o' love?  
can i stay with you, o' dear love?  
o' love, love, love  
you are the perfect key to every heart  
((o' love!))  
you are the string to every heart  
((dear love!))  
you are the peace to my heart  
((love, o' love!))  
your mood is so emotional  
but your love is so natural  
you are the wood to my art  
to carry me by the walls of my heart

can i be with you?  
o' love,  
wont you leave and gone?  
dear love,  
can i talk with you?  
pure love,  
can i walk with you?  
soul love,  
you are the need to my wish,  
(that is love)  
you are the feed to my dish,  
(such is love)  
you are the strength to the weak,  
(o' love)  
you are the length to the thick,  
(endless love)  
can i be with you?  
o' love

wondering not but,  
is my heart there?  
or has it faded?  
is it beating?  
or has it deflated?  
o' how i wish love you were  
so close to mine and there  
to stone me a love with care  
yes, i stare  
with eyes of love and share  
love with her that dare  
to share,

i ask with no one...

can i fall in love  
with you, o' dear love?  
wont you escape my heart?

wont you run away from love?  
wont you fade away from love?  
come stay with me, o' dear love  
come lay with me, not tear love  
some blame with you, but care love  
come wave with me, share love  
you are the perfect key to every heart  
((o' love!))  
you are the string to every heart  
((dear love!))  
you are the peace to my heart  
((love, o' love!))  
come be with me  
((o' dear love))

opn02122012/0345

poem: can i be with you?  
book: the melody of my heart  
book no.14 of 2012  
december 2012

email: [opncompanies.bw@gmail.com](mailto:opncompanies.bw@gmail.com)  
[ntema85@yahoo.com](mailto:ntema85@yahoo.com)

facebook: [opnmambo](#)  
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Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **carry me (a river)**

carry me (a river)

carry me a river  
take i there, by the river  
let the cool breeze wash away the pain  
from within me not in vain

carry me a river  
where the sweet melodies of the birds reign  
the birds in a singing mood so plain  
wipe off my mind from the railing train  
and carry me over yonder to clear my brain  
as you carry me a river

carry me a river  
by the river side  
the pebbles and the bubbles  
clear as water by the stream  
as you carry me a river  
told me the best poor surrogate of wisdom is pride  
but intelligence and self trust will avoid troubles  
not even in your dream

carry me a river  
in touch with i roots  
in my gideon boots  
and some khaki suites

carry me a river  
to dream a better me  
and look back to see  
the horizon by sundown  
lost but not a clown  
with my thinking crown  
i stood up to go back-a town

next time  
carry me a river on time  
though you carry me there for some time  
but next time  
carry me a river on time

® ntema, o.p.  
ntema85@yahoo.com  
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2133hrs

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **child of divine**

true heart of a child,  
stand long than longer blessed child,  
look further than your eye and walk there,  
do better than a smile and talk them,  
the words you speak sadden me,  
the works you did pardoned me,  
the worth you give to the darkest moment,  
the earth you live to the hardest knowledge,  
behold! child of divine truth,  
the toes of the warrior; the youth,  
stars of happiness to the eye they shine,  
past of loneliness by night they shine,

opn18042013/1434

poem: 'child of divine'  
book: 'google eyes'  
year: april 2013  
book no.4 of 2013

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema



## **Cold Feet**

the wings of a butterfly  
spread in color to my eye  
and fly away to the sky  
to rest on my cold feet,  
the winds have fallen  
the leaves are all fallen  
dry to the sun  
of desert winds by morning,

the farm land is barren  
to plant a seed, fallen  
to the roots of dryness  
to yield on each palm  
to awaken the mind  
of hunger and poverty,

the wind  
run dry over the farm,  
the man  
so tired at last to the wings,  
the dry corn fields  
without the seeds  
growing on the farm feed,

what about the women  
on bare foot to the woodland?  
the sad talk  
as they walked  
in the forest  
to get woods  
and start fire,

what about the cry over yonder?  
the cry of little ones  
thirsty of water  
in the dry lands,  
starving for food  
that has long dried out..

the arms to a cold feet  
like the lonely man  
without a dog barking  
when the night falls  
by the cold to the feet,  
his feet so cold  
like a cold feet,  
to wear not a cloth  
in the winter of season  
but a cold feet.

Onalethuso Petrus Ntema

## **Dancing Toes 1**

'Dancing Toes' 1

I sit in the darkness  
of the lonely night,  
I sing a song of oneness  
to the rhythm of the night,  
I beat the soil under my feet  
like a drum beat,  
I foot to the shoes  
of a distant toe  
like toes of the drum beat,  
I dance to the toes of the wilderness  
in the walls of happiness,  
I race to the door with eagerness  
like looming traces of the downing sun,  
My skin shines over the toes  
of history like a natural mystic,  
I seek the heart  
of a loyal soul to the music,  
I lead the melody  
to the birds of my feather,  
I feed my ears with songs  
of the wild, further,  
To my nest as I rest on my shoulder,  
Over showers of rain  
between the eyes of beholder,  
My hair is longer and stronger  
as I grow older.

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema  
(Writer, dub-Poet)

Extract from 'Dancing Toes', one of the pieces in 'SOUL SEEDS'  
Dec.2013.

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

**days are numbered**

my days are numbered

my pains are rendered

my chase (all lost than) wondered

my face (far most than) bothered

my ways are furthered

my maize are pounded.

opn17032013/0359

poem: 'my days are numbered'

book: 'dry eyes'

year: march 2013

book no.3 of 2013

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **dry cry**

the child of a distant mother  
whose cry ran dry over the other,  
the child of nothingness in winter  
whose feet ran cold to the toe,  
to whom were she without  
a glow to the unknown?  
for whom need she commute  
when she does crawl than norm?  
then who must follow when she cries  
to the voice of a soul child; so dry?  
where is the father gone too long  
or were there a mother, done too long?  
whose child a tender care must one render  
to which child than love of a parent?  
her lips cracked in instances  
and tears long soaked in her tearful skin...

opn28032013/0315

poem: 'dry cry'  
book: 'dry eyes'  
year: march 2013  
book no.3 of 2013

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **dry eyes**

dry eyes  
of a soul  
by the shore,

its dry tears  
faded  
away further more,

its dry heart  
waited  
further than not,

its cry  
to the gone  
all gone, all lost

its height  
to the heart  
all mattered for sure,

its dreams last  
shuttered  
to the fore,

but its tears  
still dried  
to the core.

opn19032013/0458

poem: 'dry eyes'  
book: 'dry eyes'  
year: march 2013  
book no.3 of 2013

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## Early Morning

the morning is falling  
the yawning is calling,  
the sleep is never anymore  
a need this time for sure,  
my eyes wide open to see  
the earliest bird and bee,  
the mosquito has finally rested  
and its buzz i can't hear, instead  
the sounds of the morning niceness  
have taken charge so priceless,  
the body fails to stand on thy feet  
but the mind dwells well and sit,

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **emotional beauty**

emotional beauty

uneasy lies the head  
that wears the crown  
no make up instead  
your face never frown  
if your lips turn red  
you still not grown

beauty is the emotion  
that emotionally connects you  
to the spontaneous self  
and you must have caution  
for that emotion reflects you  
to the simultaneous self

need not worry about beauty  
but a beauty  
that's not on the booty  
but that on the mind's duty  
to think beyond the facial  
and artificial beauty  
an emotional beauty

why worry about your looks  
did not you read in the books  
of how beauty comes from within  
and not by the looks?

-

opn04112011/1322

\*\*\*extract from 'patterns of life' november 2011 ebook  
ntema's unique poetry.

>

It is important to personally analyse yourself from within. If you get so easily carried by what goes around; so shall it come back around your neck. Look at yourself carefully and try by all means to 'imagine' that person you think its you and see how different you are from yourself. Beauty is how capable are you of any situation to respond and react in a systemic psycho-analytic being and not from the physical appearances that are enhanced by scientifically modified chemics and cosmetics. Your personality is dependent on your mental freedom and mental situation analysis. <

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **exquisite sun-day**

exquisite sun-day

clear as the sky that blues over my head  
rays of the rising sun emitting on my skin, but not red  
said i'd rather stand than sit  
walk on my feet  
like a black talon  
on a donkey wagon  
simple but random

sitting on a rock-stone  
as if i narrated from the "cemetery of the mind"  
....sigh!  
one such piece of art detained my thought  
....it read in part "when love's perished"

picked a pen and a sketching pad  
on my lap i wrote not about sadness nor happiness  
neither were it fiction or true story  
needless to say, i saw a kori  
looked at it as it flew away not in despair  
spreading vividly its wings like a flair

wondered not at ease as if it had just ended  
summoned on this rock-stone not offended  
either by serenity nor tank engine, all blended  
how if i never knew from whence it began  
need i declare my wishes not a heathen  
didn't i long tell you it were not hidden  
what else need i mention that not sicken  
tell i before i stand my body  
and carry this rock-stone to my shawty  
nah! to my one lady  
tell her that happened on this exquisite sunny sun-day

i guess not about humans  
i press hot and sort out pagans  
'am not mocking but talking whilst walking  
't is a walk-talk  
but prayer and a king solomon's psalm  
a congo drum  
to calm  
my body and soul to my palm  
on an exquisite sunny sun-day....

ntema, o.p.  
ntema85@yahoo.com  
©28.08.2011  
0725hrs

Onalethuso Petrus Ntema



## february 27th

i was born in the month  
second to the first month  
of the year 1985 on the 27th  
a wednesday it were, my day of birth  
i was born and blossomed on earth  
i shall be gone and faded by death

i was raised from the walks of many  
i was chased from the talks of any  
i was faced in stare from the looks by many  
i was traced to each way of i destiny by plenty  
my circumstance were many, mine without penny  
still to the moment of circumstance i carry  
the wish to my own penny like any of empty

i still deny my heart a chance  
i denied my heart a second chance  
by the matters of the heart at once  
and urge  
my heart to the edge  
of any that matches  
and live  
to leave  
when gone and faded  
by death than hatred

i was born  
i would have gone  
so alone  
with none  
but my own  
body and soul  
and all that knew me,  
would have known  
that i was born  
on my earth strong

opn05122012/1028

poem: feb.27th  
book: the melody of my heart  
book no.14 of 2012  
december 2012

facebook: opnmambo  
twitter: @opnmambo  
opncompanies.bw@gmail.com

mambo music & poetry

Onalethuso Petrus Ntema

## Golden Eyes

her golden eyes  
see mine  
through her eye  
shadows  
like a stone throw,  
her golden tide  
sweeps me away in smile  
to the new moon like a child,  
her walks  
stick to my eyes  
in adoration,  
her softness softens mine too,  
her soothing voice runs through  
my mind each time to a sky blue,  
her golden touch touches me at heart than soon,  
humbly dressed in her own roots  
and caressed mine eyes  
when i looked at her golden eyes  
i realized  
her loveliness and woman nature,  
she is my golden angel in nature,  
hers is a golden eyes...

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **Gone Too Long**

the child did ask  
their elder, a task  
to the death of their parent  
who has gone too long in silence  
from the day of brutal eyes  
of pain, hatred and blame  
to the days of silence  
without better in all silence  
as was told not to question  
nor say of their missing  
soul beneath their hearts  
than their tears over the hills  
to which the parent had so gone,  
was told once more  
their parent had gone to the fields  
for all seasons of their life  
or long gone to the mines  
way further too far from their child  
and would come back at sunrise someday...

the child's longing days for their parent  
had all come and gone in silence  
like the fallen trees over the shadow  
of winds in all seasons,  
to which all dwellers and mourners  
have all faded and shaded  
their faces with instant dry tears  
for them had so gone, too  
besides the emotion of missing  
a loved one long gone  
and gone too long...

in all dreams and nightmares  
the child did ask without care  
'who is to comfort me?  
who is to nurture my soul?  
who sees and feels all my tears?  
where has mama gone for too long?  
will papa ever come back to us?  
when are you coming for us?  
why should we suffer  
at the mercy of the world?  
when will all this going to end?  
will it end?  
why us, why you? '  
and no answers had come forth  
from the busy and silent walls  
of memories so hard to fade away...

the child to their eyes  
had seen the deepest of many,  
been wrestled to a silence of any

but muscled to the dark walls  
to which beyond there was hope  
to cope with the loss  
and shine again to a missing rope,  
like the shepherd knew his grass  
for the sheep and goats  
to feed,  
the fox knows to a carcass  
the bird know to a nest  
the lion knows to its prey  
the camel knows to its season  
the mother knows to a child  
the father knows to a matter  
the farmer knows to his yield  
the hammer knows to its nail  
the child knows to their heart  
and darkness over their shine  
shall come to pass  
as their face smiles  
to the heights of greatness  
with soul and emotions of life  
though gone too long.

opn18042013/0833

poem: 'gone too long'  
book: 'google eyes'  
year: april 2013  
book no.4 of 2013

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## Guidance From You Father

guidance from you father  
is what i am seeking,  
one blood from you father  
is what we are living,  
one heart from you father  
is what you have given,  
one love from you father  
is why i am living,  
the guidance from you i seek  
to live at peace within, i seek  
the pieces of life i gather and pick  
to fill my one life basket with  
and stay as you wish, o' dear father...

listen to the cry of the son  
the one gone too further than done  
their pot still had to bubble and bubbled  
to keep their journey to no trouble and humbled  
yet gone to the struggle of pain and happiness....  
as i live beyond today  
let my life bleed on the walls  
to carry my soul beyond the walls,  
let my heart seek beyond the souls  
to carry my heart across the falls,  
let my eyes see beyond the tolls  
to marry my goal beyond the odds,  
let my eyes see beyond the holes  
to journey my walk across the soles.....

i travel to a distance far near me  
and travel to a distant distance each day to carry me,  
let my travel be touched by yours as a blessing,  
let my foot run to a distant source  
of life from the day of birth without force,  
guide to my hand as i write without pause  
and face the earth for a cause,  
to live beyond today, and close  
the chapter of yester times all gone  
to the gardens of life of our own.

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## had i not stayed with you

now i live not a moment of each tear  
my eyes so dry to see me clear  
for this year  
it were all pain of no care  
a year  
of struggles but no pay  
that never did come my way  
a year  
of plain and square  
a season of gain but so unfair

for had i not stayed with you so near  
the blame; all within the air  
thou lived not in fear  
and lived of no fear  
with you not so near  
the one little voice unclear  
crying for me in tear  
but help not i offered my dear  
distanced by thoughts not with you  
and you see not what fits you  
but rather dwell in astray to defeat you

had i not shared with you  
all that i had with you  
had i not admired you  
all that i treasured were you  
had i not smiled with you  
had i not tried with you  
memories faded away with you  
the roar in your voice;  
left me so bare and lame  
the soul to mine were not the same  
and need(ed) me not with you

but, had i not stayed with you  
the history of mine without you  
demands a journey to my own  
and you not so near  
the blame; all within the air  
thou lived not in fear  
and lived of no fear  
with you not so near  
the one little voice unclear  
as you faded away without care

opn11112011/0356

'had i not stayed with you'  
from **\*\*patterns of life\*\***  
november 2011

onalethuso petruss ntema

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **Happy Birthday (By Comet Molefi)**

in the thick bushes of the mighty forests  
so deep in the dark woodlands a lion rests  
far far away hidden from all humanity  
residing, reposing in its greatness and immortality  
yet so calm yet so fierce in its brutality  
so blessed with the gift of originality  
through hardships you maintain your spirituality  
forever shall you hold for all eternity  
happy birthday mambo naturality  
have a fun filled day full of productivity

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema



## **have you ever?**

have you ever  
felt an emotion  
of struggle?  
a feeling of nowhere  
to run for cover  
nothing that no merry

have you ever  
felt an emotion  
of pain and joy?

(r) opn  
21.01.2012  
1602hrs

(nup)

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## Her

pretty and so kind  
the pearl, so fine  
the curves, carved on her  
the nerves, loved see her  
skin brown to the bone  
seen down like a stone,  
eyes bright than a morning star  
twice brighter than a yawning star  
her eyes brightens further  
to her deep heart beat  
her hair tamed  
my country boy,  
her untouched nipples  
trickles  
her touch with sensation  
her arms  
of sane session  
her charms  
got me, in arms  
with her to a dream  
further as we go  
by mountains  
of lovers  
without care  
to the flowers  
without dare

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **her name is love**

i am so pregnant with love  
when she's born, call her love  
by the winds and treasures of love  
i (will) wrap her in comfort of love  
and grow her a culture of love  
in tears and joy for love  
to love and share love  
cuddle with her in love  
seduce to stand by her with love  
stick besides her like love  
with pure love  
without denial by love  
carry me as you dry me,  
a tear of love  
as i am caught between love  
to tease me for love  
and brand me a love  
to call her love  
....let me call her love

opn13082012/0954  
extracted from 'her name is love' an except from 'hands of hope' book no.9 of 2012  
(august) .  
ntema's unique poetry (nup)

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## Hope

the sun is going down  
behind the wood  
to call upon the moon  
at dawn  
and noon  
as wise as it could  
but the time is gone  
for me to go home  
and rest upon a stone  
and wait for the sun  
tomorrow  
and unearth memories  
of ageing intellect  
with passion and hope  
as the sun  
goes down  
and usher me a kingdom come

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **humble heart**

humble heart

sleep well humble heart  
keep well lovely heart  
seek a day, of tomorrow  
pick all pieces to face tomorrow  
shine a smile to the sun as you rise by the sunrise, as you go  
find a heart within yours and wise as you sow  
kind your humble heart and hold on, than let go  
stay and journey beyond today, tomorrow  
than the day before  
wrap your face with a smile to shadow  
the feelings and emotions of the heart by the shadow  
and find a place in your heart to stay  
as you go  
by the footprints of your own  
so alone  
and alone  
as you go  
silently to the end of the sun  
and the heart beat  
as you humble a heart  
humble heart

opn24012013/2350

book: 'footprints'  
year: january 2013  
book no.1 of 2013

twitter: @opnmambo  
facebook: opnmambo  
email: opncompanies.bw@gmail.com

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **humble pearl**

the humbled pearl  
is humble like a pearl  
over the distant sands,  
served  
to serve  
its beauty to the wilderness  
of them that see,  
taller than  
longer  
to her knees  
and her face carved  
to a pearly curve  
as she smiles humbly, and serve  
the soothing eyes to the nerve,  
she is my humble pearl...  
she stands taller  
but closer  
to her woman nature  
as she looks further  
towards her shoulder  
by the rocks over  
the other  
side of her distant power  
like the lover  
of sense than flower,  
she is the humble pearl...  
her shoes i couldn't see  
her laces i haven't seen  
her shoulder neck too  
her legs i wouldn't see  
her toes, i rarely see...  
her hands all cottoned  
to a pearly wool over stoned  
distant sands on green, as cold  
like the humbled pearl long told  
me to take her hand and walk away...  
her eyes melted before seen  
her talk has shadowed her feel  
her talk has narrowed her meal  
her meal has swallowed her talk  
her feel has shadowed her will  
but her voice serenades her feel  
to touch and love without ill  
as she humbles me a little song in clean  
her longest walk walked so still  
like hidden treasures without seen  
as she walked in hands to a pearly gate,  
hers is a woman nature  
the humbled pearl, the humble pearl...

opn22042013/1645

poem: 'humbled pearl'  
book: 'google eyes'  
year: april 2013  
book no.4 of 2013

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **I Am**

i am that man  
that i am,  
mine is what i am  
for i am  
that man that i am.

i give thanks  
and praises  
each day that goes by,  
i shoot no blanks  
and don't need no red faces  
to embrace this when i pass by.

i hail the almighty  
to guide and strengthen  
my soul,  
i say a prayer to the almighty  
in whom days shall be lengthen(ed)  
even if my feet run so cold.

i am the man  
that i am  
for i do what i can  
to be who i am.

patience is virtue  
hope is not a curfew  
dont get frighten when dem catch you  
for dem nah go get you  
no matter howsoever dem try to set you.

fall not from grace  
and sing the praise  
to the mighty grace  
of the 'amazing grace'  
how sweet thou sound  
that bounce back on me,  
but not to the ground.

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema



## **i am (ed.2)**

only when  
need  
arise  
life  
empties  
to  
have a  
unique  
sense and  
occurrence

pain has no  
end  
to  
rock  
us all  
same way but  
sensibly serious

been there  
under each shade  
yawned and done all  
inclined and determined  
longer than before it  
ends: i need them saints

not only does  
time critical but  
essential in  
many walks  
afterall, its time.

i am...onalethuso petruss buyile ntema

opn22072012/1828

'i am...'(ed.2)  
• beyond today • book no.8 of 2012  
• (c) july 2012

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **i call unto ye o' lord**

?....calling on his name  
lead me off this pain  
if it were a teary rain  
to wipe away this blame  
off my face;  
lost in thoughts  
and lots  
of thoughts  
have lost  
me in thought....

all it mirrors were some complex  
abstract and distorted  
provokingly....

lost in thoughts...

i call unto ye  
o' lord!  
in you 'am never afraid  
o' lord!  
my faith (won't fade)  
in vain  
o' god!  
o' jehovah!  
bless i soul  
in this life; unfold  
ye blessings for me; not gold.

-----  
\*this is spiritual poetry that is abstract and distorted in meaning from whence it denotes. never give, live up! jah jah is there for you in every minute (and second) of your existence; he is watching over you. stand firm....  
-----

(r) opn  
(c) timeless  
\*\*\*dry not a river\*\*\*

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **i laugh so greenly**

i laugh so greenly in tree spirits  
to spring me the balloon man  
and whistled for them afar  
and almost beyond  
as i jumped away and sank  
in almost total wilderness  
and tried to think but could not  
as i saw the ant so busy  
yet could not tell  
as all ants hurried  
to wheresoever they dwell

i waved not as my feet sank  
deep in the soils of the river bank  
to sand me a foot  
and shoot  
no blank  
much further out  
and about  
than you could actually mouth  
me out  
as i laugh so greenly without

fear but flashed around no corner  
as i sat by the rocks in honor  
of the shepherd and the donor  
of life,  
to not a stone by the sun; a loner  
like not born yet,  
been long on order  
though so unknown to you,  
could not bother  
to roar on feelings of the other  
as i faded so gentle  
into the night for another  
laugh so greenly with my eyes further  
yet not so sure how yet but rather

for i knew not a man without purpose  
nor do i now without a cause  
neither of mine i not suppose  
to assume a run across the most  
of my thoughts to force  
and seduced my eyes without cause  
as i laugh(ed) so greenly my resource

steadily waving my eyes goodbye  
to wake the next light; sweet lullaby  
set my soul and mood so high  
and laugh(ed) a dry tear on my eye  
without a why  
as i laugh(ed) so greenly for a while

opn22082012/2140

book: 'hands of hope'  
year: august 2012  
book no.9 of 2012

twitter: @opnmambo  
opncompanies.bw@gmail.com  
ntema85@yahoo.com

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **i miss you**

i walk into your heart without fear  
i talk within your heart without tear  
i hold unto your love; it say  
told unto your arms, stay  
come towards your eyes not in tear  
i said as i whisper unto her ear  
your heart beat i feel o' my dear  
and the memory it brings so soothing my dear  
but..  
as i looked a little closer to you  
to bring your touch closer to mine  
and drift my thoughts in yours same time  
i realised 'am so far from you  
and all alone; i miss you

opn14102012/1615  
'i miss you'

from 'fallen leaves', book no.11 of 2012 (oct.2012)

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o

onalethuso petruss ntema (opn)  
ntema's unique poetry (nup) tm

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **i miss(ed) you**

o' long lonely days  
of miles away  
my forehead bathes in sweat  
in the bare gardens of loneliness  
forgotten in boredom or happiness?  
as my unusual face  
looks at a distant place  
so far in distance  
to see (un) clearly who is coming  
to my scene  
with an unusual laughter  
to be a happy man again  
for i miss(ed) you so much  
my dear love....

opn23082012/0614

'i miss(ed) you'  
'hands of hope' book no.9 of 2012  
aug.2012

ntema's unique poetry

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **I Was A Child**

with a smile  
on my face  
each time i rise  
to face  
this life,

as i grow older  
and stronger,  
i reach further  
to the days of my life further,  
my name is painted on the walls  
of my heart, across the walls

and i shine  
with a smile  
to the morning day like a child  
over the shadows of dreams  
of fallen leaves,  
i pick and stay at peace,

on pieces of life like a moonlight  
over the moon and the star,  
"call me julia, " i said to my friend  
on my first day in class as we chat  
so nervous i was, fast  
and faster than lions over the rainy day,

"her name is julia, " she said to my father  
as i cried but a little in joy to my mother,  
and walked me a journey  
too many,  
on my day of birth i envy  
a heart of comfort in all minute,

today is my day of birth,  
the day i cherish at length  
the worth  
it carries touches me deeply  
like a child, on my day of birth  
the new song was sung in joy to my earth day,

her face shines in joy to the new day,  
her eyes sparkle in beauty to the new day,  
as we gather to share and celebrate the day  
of birth,  
with a smile  
because i was a child.

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **If All Persons Shadowed**

where must you found  
if all traces  
are proud  
to shadow you?

when you are found  
at last, how must you doubt  
the persons that found  
you?

if all persons shadowed  
you, how will i know  
it were you  
that they shadowed?

what person would that be  
if all shadows of you  
faded away at sunset  
and never to a rainbow?

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema



## **if and when i die**

if i die  
never ask yourself why  
i had to die  
because i'd have died  
so wipe all your tears dry  
and move on for another try  
for pain is all within for a bligh  
and if i live again.....sigh!

when i die today or whenever  
i would die a sad soul forever  
for life with no meaning is never  
a life to reckon with, ever  
and my soul may go wheresoever  
to find eternal peace howsoever

say not that you did not know  
nor did you not blow  
the whistle for chains  
on my hands sore  
and again i'd just bow  
to what it should be, though  
the distance drifted further  
to strain me not to go further  
my legs sore to a weather  
from toe to toe and further

if i die  
never blame yourself how  
i had to die  
because i'd have died,  
when i die  
know that i'd be gone  
away from your eyes  
and yours too shall follow,  
never should you cry  
nor ask yourself why  
i had to die  
i'd have died.

opn11022011/0300

poem: 'if and when i die'  
book: 'google eyes'  
year: april 2013  
book no.4 of 2013

revised on 15042013/0823

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **If Wishes Were**

i would be you,

if wishes were choices  
i would choose one  
to roar my voices,

if wishes were dreams  
i would,

if wishes were words  
i speak, would worth  
to do my math,

if wishes were love  
i would love,

if wishes were my integrity  
i would live with dignity  
and stay with mine suiting,

if wishes were death  
i would die a happy man,

if wishes were wings  
that walk, or rings  
that clock, i would

if wishes were distance  
i would follow, further

if wishes were many  
i would envy  
that which i follow,

if wishes were what if  
i would wish for how if,

if wishes were soils  
over the corn fields  
i would cultivate and seed,

if wishes were poems  
i would write to recite,

if wishes were green  
i would need a bean  
and lily to feed,

if wishes were wishes  
i would wish in pieces,

if wishes were further  
i would foot nearer  
and wish me one.

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **in your arms of love**

wrap me in your arms  
of comfort  
sing to me the songs  
of one thought  
your smile charms  
my eyes you caught  
the pros and cons  
we fought to sort  
love in all its forms  
a resort  
no doubt

in your arms i belong  
sweet melody  
you sing the song  
the love remedy  
you bring it along  
wrap you around me i seek  
love strong not weak  
as a silent river run deep  
the memories we keep

in your arms i feel loved  
holding me so tight i feel gloved  
a glance at each other's eye tip  
cuddling on a tight grip

tipsy in your arms  
a hug i receive  
all the wrongs we forgive  
not to deceive  
but to give & live  
a better love we perceive

in your arms  
a tweet  
of a soothing  
amazingly soothe  
thy tweet

---

opn11012012/0632  
\*\*stay with me (o' dear heart of mine) \*\*

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **it shall...**

do you realize how it all began  
and so did it end?  
for all when it starts,  
so shall it end  
my friend.

the book cover read in part...  
'how you made it not'  
and i thought for a sec it were...  
'how you made it hot'

the inclination were on  
the interpretation of the two,  
but to carry on  
with life; not doubting you.

do you realize how it all will end  
and so did a money you spend?  
so shall it end  
my friend.

be howsoever you want to  
but a corn you need to  
plant to  
feed your hungry belly as you want to.

a life with no meaning  
is a lifeless life,  
so live a life  
with a meaning.

-

opn11052012/1116  
ntema's unique poetry (nup)

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **Kill Me Not, O' Love**

The sky is full of dirty  
Twisted scraps of clouds beyond the heart,  
Tinted with the sun by the horizon red  
And lowering its arms over fallen hearts,  
Painted with emotions of reject and fear  
Of love, like a misty dream,  
Our path emerges to end  
A dream of the color of love, darkened to its destiny,

And its voices faded  
Loudly into our ears and said,  
Let the way to death be as it might  
On the stars beyond emotions of a lover,  
Let love kill not a lover  
Kill me not in lover o' lover,  
How dare you kill me for love o' lover?  
If it were not love, would you, o' lover?

Finally, death does follow  
The memories get narrow,  
Desire becomes hatred  
Bizarre without regard but wasted,  
Voices of lovers fading to a distance  
Like waves of a dying lover,  
Still pleaded as distant tears of wandering souls  
Desperately manning their wish for a moment of hopelessness,

The reality of the dark days  
Unmasked its own other to the matter,  
Its voices were the art  
of reason to let the way to life be as it might  
Where problems will not submit to mere thought,  
But lived without despair  
Of their lost mother and father,  
Or their lost brother and further  
The guiltless souls suffer to the weakness of a lover.

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **Lead My Hand O' Dear Life**

lead my hand  
on this land  
o' dear life,  
until the end

o' dear thought  
of comfort

seed my life  
feed me not in strife  
bleed me joy from nine to five

lead me a journey of phases  
a journey of ages  
to face this

germinate in me a corn  
of survival  
a history of possibilities  
a record of living to afford  
a source to live

for this life  
is a choreographer of life  
a propeller of existence  
an economy of spiritual commodities

a tear dropp of opportunities  
yet not so many does see its commonalities  
an event of anomalies and regularities

lead me a way o' dear life  
carry me a sledge on a journey of life  
a terrain of survival and life

a gemstone for many  
a pentagon of any  
a model of penny

an artwork of joy

a string of life on a journey  
a script of many  
a stanza of any

\*\*extract from 'journey of life' and 'on a journey', a february 2012 ebook\*\*

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>> ntema's unique poetry (nup)

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Onalethuso Petruss Ntema



## Lessons of life

Wonders and abnormalities  
of blunders and absurdities  
of wanders and exceptionalities  
no doubt crawled without force  
to lessen their cause  
with comforted lies  
of realities,  
swiftly their minds  
to the life endured  
by the unspeakable violence  
and the vulgar disparity of life  
at its weakest or dearest kind,

snatched to a death  
of rarest lessons  
of life with essence  
without choice  
but crippled to a voiceless voice  
of joy, fear and endurance,  
holding its lapels  
and buried all chapels  
than resolve all quarrels  
to a solemnized order of barrels  
with swollen demands than laurels,

mistrusted nobles have come and gone  
with their soles of nobleness  
and greatest treasures,  
but life stands undefined by stones  
scattered in the wild lands  
to be nurtured by their source  
when matters remained worse  
to marry their faded curse,  
like an oasis of serenity  
by the shore of its eternity  
in the walks of many miles  
ahead with tattered smiles  
of tear-less eyes  
when the sun rise,

the unknown messages from beyond  
the unknown enemies all belong  
to the unknown energies all dehorned  
by each lesson of life we all belong  
as we learn to earn what and where we belong  
today, and die before we all know  
to live as we sow  
the seed of souls  
that showered their goals  
with lessons of life to the toes  
of figures that matter than flaws  
with imitated passions of naked jaws

of toothless ogres within the laws  
of men's strangest hobbies to their doors.

opn08052013/1111

poem: "lessons of life"

book: "cold feet"

year: may 2013

book no.5 of 2013

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## Let It, Set It

i let it  
to set it  
i get it  
whence i met it  
i face it  
not to waste it  
i race it  
not to haste it  
i let it all...it is to be!

i let it all go without care  
i set it all so without stare  
i get it all more without her  
i met it all strong without square  
i rat it fall wrong without way  
i cat it roll long without may  
i pet it call song without 'hey'  
i vet it bawl froggy without say

none to stay with thee  
want to stay so free  
to plant a heart  
of faith within

and sang  
an  
unsung  
song  
that were never sung

i let it all...it were to be!

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **Life and The Giver**

the giver has given to us the life  
the art of life  
is the science  
within the mind  
to live  
acting as rationally thought  
with realness,  
pureness,  
humility,  
tolerance,  
dignity,  
self-thought/awareness,  
self concept  
and being in life

(to which at some variance and instance, all shall and must cease to effect at once) :  
not to just exist, for we all live to die!

'one one cocoa fill basket' - one thing at a time.

'one hand wash the other' - each of us needs the other to live as people in oneness.

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **Life Seeds**

the seeds i sow  
by the corn fields shall grow  
to the sunrise and set in their seasons,  
because our souls rise to fall  
our thoughts creep to crawl  
our seeds to their roots shall grow,  
every seed renders a soul  
the life to live and sow  
the fruits of exceptionality in their seasons,  
in their soils of fertile land  
or not by the palms of their hand  
to set a trend,  
to the fields of many miles ahead  
to their end  
in saddened or happiest end.

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## Life's A Sonnet

life is a trumpet  
every being responds to  
a banquet  
singing and joy corresponds to  
a pamphlet  
reading comprehends to  
some bank it  
some complements to

awaken is the wise  
lost is the nice  
fed with a jolly of rice  
menu with a spice  
bitter taste twice  
as nice  
some telling lies  
and surely pay the price  
but to reap a slice  
you ought to sweat thrice  
and ding dong like a dice  
but sometimes not, and your infant cries  
at times you make it, and she (joyously) smiles  
for life's a sonnet, going many miles

believe you me, life's a sonnet  
that connects the next sonnet  
with the stanza of the next other sonnet  
a reflection of the next text

life's a deviant not in isolation from the rest  
it is within, to attest  
a guarantee to be the best  
or the worst  
of the wild west  
'til you laid to rest  
a life on your chest  
a beverage to quench your pleasure and zest  
an acid to fest  
on you to cleanse your pest

life's a neutron, not a proton  
a nucleus of the phantom  
an octopus of ransom  
a means to come from  
a beast to share from  
indeed, life and sonnet dot com!

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## Living Without Fade

bare  
without care  
as i run to my share

wings  
without rings  
as i fly over without means

i live without fade  
for great is my faith  
in me, unto him i await

her heart so divine  
mine heart no design  
mine works so precise

some saith, funny  
to be dummy  
but sweet to be honey

to a friend  
mine without end  
i trend  
the life i spend

speak  
without speech  
is my wish  
without bleach

lie  
i tell not, why?  
i see not so high  
than the sky

leaves  
fall and green the seeds  
for us to meet the needs  
and palm mine leaves

name i have  
each thing a name  
to identify that web  
... catch and aim

nothing identifies  
me than the identity  
of life  
...the love  
and keen for life

i live without fade

if i do fade  
i had long said  
mine body shall fade  
and shade  
to rest but paid

opn18102012/0828

'fallen leaves' book no.11 of 2012  
october 2012

living without fade! !

ntema's unique poetry

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema



## Looking Glass

manifestations of life  
a continuous interplay  
of natural forces,  
what the mind perceives  
is mirrored from the looking glass,  
elevations of life  
a rigorous path in its causes,  
what the blind receives  
is windowed like a shooting star,  
revelations of life  
a historical picture play  
of natural forces,  
what the kind forgives  
is within the looking glass.

Onalethuso Petrus Ntema

## Lost Lover

my eyes were tied on you  
but 'am tired of you,  
my hands were cuffed on you  
that i thought you knew,  
my net caught the one  
but swimmmed through and gone,  
my sweat ran dry  
but i let you cry,  
my mind thought of you  
but now you i forgot, i do  
believe we were meant to be  
but we live what earned to be,  
and i believe we still can  
unless you do not,  
just a matter  
to walk together,  
further than  
now and then

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## lost to discover

lost to discover

i silently stayed silent without talk  
snaking through the silence of thought  
as i stayed silent without walk  
as i stood amid the roar that caught  
me for a moment in matter than lot  
in my hand the grains of sand i got  
through my fingers and hand  
as i thought,

how shall the solemn song be sung?  
how shall my burial rite be done?  
who shall cry for me when i last gone?  
whose life were then than now?  
what really matters to man than now?  
why fear death upon our eyes,  
but love to shine upon our eyes?  
.. i thought  
without talk,

the memory of then emerged  
from the night around me  
and searched  
each corner of life around me  
but found me drenched  
in many than known about me  
like the flowers that matched  
the one in my heart to surround me  
.. as i thought  
silently without talk

i lost to discover beyond desire  
i searched narrowly the lines in dire  
they hold a treasure, thirst and hunger  
scarcely begun to word my lips without anger  
and still silent, i thought for a longer  
more time than mine with urge,  
what did i not express?  
how am i not drowned?  
i still frowned  
to think as i stood to a ground  
of thoughts and proud  
to do more than then on my ground

i silently stayed silent without talk  
snaking my mind,  
through the silence of thought  
a thought i lost but last to find  
and picked myself up to walk  
shaking my time  
to walk on the next thought

and said to mine,  
do more now than then  
o' dear abandoned one in thought

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poem: 'i lost to discover'  
book: 'the mind and the science of life'  
book no.13 of 2012

>>

mambo music & poetry (ntema's unique poetry)  
opncompanies.bw@gmail.com  
twitter: @opnmambo  
onalethuso petruss ntema

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **love's a token (not be broken)**

love's a token (not be broken)

when love come(s) around  
true to calf my lover's ground  
and tame me towards a love-a-dub  
as if it were a lullaby  
mara why?

and then!

love's a token  
a promise not to be broken  
my heart is like a token  
my love is like a mountain  
ever flowing like a fountain  
you dearly caught be trapped with arms so open  
for love's a token (not be broken)

thinking!  
how often than not had i been caught  
by someone as beautiful, pure and royal empress  
her that were so genuinely carved  
with respect and honor she deserves  
to be treated to her desires  
quick glance at her curves!

somebody once told me  
that when love comes around  
a token not to be broken it is

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **memories**

memories

memories of the past  
memories of the present  
memories for the past  
memories for the present  
memories of the last  
memories of the legend  
memories never last  
memories never absent  
memories of the heart  
memories of the distant  
memories of the other  
memories of the next  
memories of the life  
memories of the dead  
memories of the love  
memories of the hatred  
memories of the wise  
memories of the heathen  
memories of the rise  
memories of the fallen  
memories, memories, memories  
memories of the young  
memories of the ageing  
memories of the sun  
memories of the waking  
memories on the run  
memories on the walking  
memories of the fun  
memories of the aching  
memories of the gone  
memories of the masking  
memories of the seen  
memories of the fading  
memories keep us further  
memories bring us nearer  
memories stay with us forever  
memories bring us together  
memories take us further  
memories never say either  
memories of the significant other  
memories of the fading father  
memories of the ailing mother  
memories of the failing brother  
memories of the sailing weather  
memories of the nailing daughter  
memories, memories, memories!  
all about memories....

opn25012013/1044

book: 'footprints'  
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book no.1 of 2013

twitter: @opnmambo  
facebook.com/opnmambo  
email: opncompanies.bw@gmail.com

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **My Day Of Birth**

it transcends to my thoughts  
yet another day of mine  
the day of my born day  
as i age more today  
a day, so memorable  
adorable and honourable

i do feel older than yesterday  
and stronger than the other day  
waving through walks like many  
that do so on their earth day  
in whatever way they may  
and so do i, today

i am the man that is  
a man of swollen faces  
of growth by the cages  
like the many other pages  
of the words

within my thoughts  
and the journey within the faults  
of learning  
and earning  
the color of my own dream  
as i live, age, die and gone

i said to mine,  
blessed day of birth  
wednesday, the twenty seventh  
nineteen eighty-fifth  
a son was born; the sixth  
on this day of the month

without this day  
there is no say,  
and the mother of mine  
shall forever stay (in my heart)  
the only source of my life  
with love, at heart

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema



## **my hand drew me nearer**

my hand drew me nearer

my hand drew me nearer  
to my word, blue in color  
my land knew its bearer  
than the few in matter  
my trend grew so clearer  
by noon  
and knew its bearer  
by the moon  
i knew my barrier  
than soon  
to my carrier

i blew the word in spoken kind  
like a chariot when the seeds i find  
were grained on my feed to the blind  
eye that seen the few  
than you,  
and my hand still drew nearer  
to my word,  
red in color and clearer  
than the red in my blood  
like the monkey, climbed up to reward  
but the more he exposed the reward  
the few he could offer to reward  
himself a coward

as spoken  
i spoke to speak  
as i speak  
to pick  
my body weak  
to reach  
the green in my garden  
to feed  
my need  
to wish  
and seek  
as i need,  
and the palm  
on my hand so pale  
in color,  
the cells to my brain  
so weary as the years gone by, in pain...  
how can i not speak?  
if my hand can draw nearer  
the word i speak...  
and foot to find a place in my heart as i speak  
a word to remain by the footprints  
and fade away as years gone by.

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twitter: @opnmambo  
facebook: opnmambo  
email: opncompanies.bw@gmail.com

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **My Words**

the art of expression  
is what my words are penned down upon  
the will of wisdom  
and the essence of freedom  
to bounce like a king kong  
on the ping pong

glad or sad, is from within each or any  
stanza of my words  
from the top of my head  
to the deep end of the membrane under my melanin skin  
to the sensory nerves of my brain  
coiled upon an ancient pane

my words,  
that which mirrors my sense of thought and feeling,  
that with an ancestor  
that which the blood of my people  
was shed for; just so simple  
but my words are royal  
because `am loyal  
like an induna  
and vocal  
to usher-in a focal  
point of the meaning of my words.

my needs  
and deeds  
have a lord  
on board  
to code my words  
and shield my soul from the imp's sword.

my words are so very simple  
to understand  
and overstand  
't was my words  
that kept the birds  
away from the heads  
of my corn  
for i was born  
and sworn  
to live a life upon

my words are so very easy to grasp  
the fewer that discern  
the nobler i become  
I need not to wonder  
and ponder  
over yonder  
for such is unknown to you  
and therefore you have no knowledge of me

nor are you, about my words

yes! my words is what i like  
to write  
for i write  
what i like  
to strike  
a balance between  
the psyche  
and the mic

such is my words,  
the art of penning down what is from  
the mind  
and rewind  
to remind  
my words to decide  
my words

such is my words,  
the art of expression  
against deception  
but inception  
and intersection  
of my words

i now tell you that  
my words are the words from the art  
that which i chat  
to match what my heart  
tells me; roger that  
the art of expressing the knack of expression; my words!

Onalethuso Petrus Ntema

## **No Joy In Doing Wrong**

there is no joy  
in doing wrong  
as broken is a toy  
would be never strong  
in seasons of strength  
seasons to strengthen  
your days  
seasons lengthen  
your ways  
though you threaten  
to ignore  
and let go  
the same season  
with no reason  
but joy  
in (doing) wrong.

-

no matter how hidden it might be, if it is wrong it will always be and one day it shall reveal its true colors. make sure you play your tricks safe or you remain a conformist that embraces their true sense of existence. lest you regret tomorrow.

-

(r) opn  
(c) 05.12.2011  
1933hrs

\*\*\*extract from 'seasons of life' december 2011 ebook  
ntema's unique poetry (nup)

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

**not of empty men (with plenty yen)**

my hands are not of empty men  
the empty men with plenty yen  
but are of plenty pen  
of its own word  
to stick a broken  
jaw of men  
not so bad  
as my eyes dare not meet any men  
that hold to hurt a son of men

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **o' dear pebble**

the elephants cannot walk over you  
the birds and the worth of words over you  
but in case they do, careful they ought to be  
for yours is the flower that blossom  
that which no man can see that either  
can them that otherwise not known to you  
for you is the strength of mine hands

and so it goes the pebble on my palm  
that my eyes caught by the pebbles  
and caught by the words  
you uttered o' dear pebble  
the words you made me walk in thought  
the answers some i did not  
have until on my hand i picked you

the dances on my palm caught me  
dancing to the music  
i barely could hear  
not that i could not  
but the rhythm i tell you  
was the soul to my heart in talk  
and so were that man that walked their path

that man that looks their path  
to see where next to foot step  
and endorse my foot print  
on the yards of the pebbles  
as i lifted my head too  
in talk to mine with you  
but was in thought of memory

since i had long taken you back home  
to see you next in the next day  
of existence  
as i hope to not to die tonight  
rather see you before if i do  
for i so in dire need to see you  
o' dear pebble of my hand

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poem: o' dear pebble  
poet: onalethuso petruss ntema  
book title: the pebbles

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email: opncompanies.bw2gmail.com

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema



## **O' father**

O' father

O' father of creation and existence,  
The knower of men and each sense,  
The grower of them to their roots,  
O' father of life to my gideon boots,  
The giver of love to all the living,  
The giver of life than fall in a minute,  
The weaver of minds over the heavens,  
The singer of lines and rhymes to his servants,  
The disciple of truth to my soul,  
The hand to my need over the cold,  
You are the light to my salvation,  
The light to my dark and reason,  
You are the sound to my song,  
The fountain of love than gone,  
The mountain above us all for too long,  
You are the father that listens,  
You are the father of patience,  
Your love unto me i cannot walk without,  
Your words to my heart i cannot talk without,  
Your shield has surrounded me against all evil,  
And walked me through the valley of all evil,  
To the shadow of death without fear,  
In your arms, i run to stay so near,  
Each day of the days of my life,  
Until gone to the dust of my life.

opn09052013/1957

poem: "o' father"  
book: "cold feet"  
year: may 2013  
book no.5 of 2013

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **o' what a joy it is**

what a joy  
o' what a joy it is  
what a life  
o' what a life it is...

my mind stands within the joy in my heart  
my spirit is refreshed by the banks of the river  
my thought is enlightened by the guide of the giver  
my life walks within the joy in my heart  
o' what a joy it is  
o' what a joy it brings

my tree talks in anger to the farmer  
my being walks in hunger to the farmer  
my wind blows further to the corner  
my hinge door opens to another  
o' what a joy it is  
o' what a life it means

my leaves fall in matter to the ground  
my weaves call in matter to the found  
my means roll in either to the proud  
my deeds fall in bitter to the crowd  
o' what a joy it is  
o' what a smile it brings

my shoe laces shine to the full moon  
my few faces smile to the new moon  
my wings flew away than soon  
my feathers ran in awe from noon  
o' what joy it is  
o' what a path it is

my eyes run in joy  
my eyes cry never to a toy  
my ears catch in isolation  
my fears match in eye for reason  
o' what a joy it is  
o' what a time it is

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twitter: @opnmambo  
facebook.com/opnmambo  
email: opncompanies.bw@gmail.com

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **Of Ants and Life**

...guess me correct  
of ants and life they connect  
causing a traffic jam on their trails I cannot forget  
of ants as they swam from tree barks to get  
a source of existence cannot let  
the ants in drought to starve  
for food is what they have once collected  
and stored;  
that which none has never rejected  
nor objected  
of ants and life

the futuristic species  
that know when to pick up the pieces  
of anything,  
and the guard ants making sure nothing misses  
    from whence it were piled and stored  
    of ants and life 'am never bored  
    as I observed how they nod  
    in respect and honor on board  
as they pass each other a hustle they accord

of ants and life as they seek to conform  
to a life in all its form

if ants can manage their own  
why can't we not of our own?

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **Of Your Own**

...personal compass of your own

you are a divine  
point of creative thought  
which expresses through your thinking  
as you create your life experience  
(and personal reality)  
you are the yard stick  
of your own compass  
to guide you

so move on as directed  
(wheresoever) by you  
for you

\*\*\*extract from 'patterns of life' november 2011 ebook  
ntema's unique poetry (nup)

Onalethuso Petrus Ntema

## **one big smile in silence**

the silence on my shoulder  
fell off as i got closer  
and colder  
and could not darken my eyes  
as my hands told me to rise  
from the morning of the night  
like an army  
to an enemy  
by the night  
without a might  
as my say were so wide  
and not in comprehension  
but my ears run abroad without tension  
to hear my heart beat  
to the drum beat  
so long i lived without  
none to cheat  
apart from seeing mine  
and wondered so fine  
as my shoulder  
fell from silence  
with one big smile  
across my silence  
though it were  
not my intention to smile  
i had no other but to smile  
awhile...

opn22082012/2156

'one big smile in silence'  
'hands of hope' book no.9 of 2012  
aug.2012

ntema's unique poetry (nup)

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## Only Words Can Say

saw you from across the way  
and only words can say,  
than stare  
at you so near,  
your eyes, crystal clear  
in yours, i ought to stay.

would you stay?  
can you really do?  
would you marry me?  
would you carry me?  
questions within me  
all gone unknown to be.

i pause  
to scout  
for a spouse  
not in doubt  
to the falls  
all gone without.

forgive me for looking  
at your beauty,  
your talk is soothing  
like the morning,  
i run smoothly  
to the calling.

let me say these few lines  
to take you many miles,  
where only words can stay  
when only words can say,  
i pause to reckon with the silence,  
you walked across my silence.

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## Only Words Can Say (2)

only death can take away  
the faces we see each day  
their fading shadows suddenly gone by day  
and only words can stay  
with those on their deepest clouds on a sunny day.

only words can say,  
when life is beclouded by sacred nearness  
the quietness of fearlessness  
submits to unprofane intimacy of tirelessness  
and takes matters to its sacred writ  
by the hidden treasures therewith.

when sadness invade an emotion,  
only words can say not in abstention  
to life soul seed sown than possession  
of the sad faces to our own person  
in genesis of us all in pattern  
from dawn `til fallen.

only words can say,  
to question what we say  
only words can say,  
to humble our souls  
as we struggle to our calls  
and say to our folks.

Onalethuso Petrus Ntema

## **Our Skills and Souls are Innovative Forces**

That source their roses  
From pieces of causes  
To the limits of choices,  
When our doors are stronger  
To the calls of nature  
Between the toes of our finger  
Across the walls to the giver,  
Our laws are creative jaws  
Of selective thoughts  
Without cause  
To the pawns  
Of their faces and traces  
Of pieces  
Between the minds of souls  
When the night falls,  
Our hands touch further to the hearts of many,  
Our foot is printed on the walls of many,  
Our service a smile to the faces of many,  
Their voices I hear to the deepest of my dream,  
All sons and daughters of men shall rise to the dream  
Of quality service delivery to our community  
And go beyond a matter my brother and sister  
Sow the seeds of tomorrow that matter  
To the journey like shoulders of mothers  
Of a soul child by the river,  
Hold a hand and say to your heart  
"I serve with quality,  
I deliver with quality,  
I grow the seeds of mine to the community"  
Because our souls are innovative forces  
That source their roses  
From pieces of causes  
To the limits of choices.

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema



## **path of roses**

path of roses

i took the path full of roses  
endured the love of roses  
to strain my emotion  
and torture my innocence  
smiled with me in roses  
yet to pain me with roses

left alone by the roses  
discovered on the roses  
climb me an emotion of roses  
and lend me a rose of roses  
to torture my innocence  
and surely strain my emotion  
to endure the love of roses  
in this path full of roses

i hope we can cross this  
out and cut the roses  
and trade to the far east  
if you want it...  
it is a path of so many roses  
in variety and kind, of roses

-

contributory poem by: onalethuso petruss ntema

©opn27042012/0947

inspired by: gomotsegang sebadieta's life is a rose and ode to my mother mrs.  
sebadieta (2012)

-

(r) ntema's unique poetry (nup)  
email: opncompanies.bw@gmail.com  
ntema85@yahoo.com

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## patterns of silence in violence

...a moment of silence  
then i heard a voice  
from afar in silence  
a voice of a family in silence  
the very same voice  
of no choice  
in silence  
secretly cries  
and smiles  
a tear of violence  
a tear  
that struck my heart  
in silence  
for this violence  
weeps no guidance  
in a family of violence  
on the same  
pattern of silence  
to a woman,  
(a man)  
and a child of violence  
in silence

a pain from her faces  
i could tell  
a joy not in any traces  
they dwell  
still in the very same  
pattern of silence  
glued and trapped  
in moments of violence  
but this silence  
is the pattern of violence  
and the violence  
is silently  
silent in silence  
heard from the roofs  
somewhere  
clipping their mouths  
in pain; not a word to say  
anyway,  
for hush is the order  
of the very same way  
to each little voice  
in silence  
today  
but same way

and, who to tell  
nor cry a comfort  
to this pattern  
of silence

of some sort  
to cross  
a pattern  
of violence  
not in silence  
but in guidance?

need not a pain  
to humble this silence  
but a gain to stumble  
this violence  
by openly come to pass  
this violence  
not in silence  
but of one sense  
for a sense  
in the same pattern  
to sense  
in different but one sense  
to silence  
and end  
this violence

for these,  
are patterns of silence  
in violence  
from peace  
in the home  
to peace  
in the one  
world of our own  
a treasure of one  
piece of a stone  
to the next other  
piece of a stone  
patterned on the same  
different pattern  
of violence  
in silence

opn13032013/1333

poem: 'patterns of silence in violence'  
book: 'dry eyes'  
year: march 2013

original version: 'patterns of violence'  
book: patterns of life  
year: 30nov2011

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## Patterns Of Time

carefully looking at this time  
and that other time  
how they correlate to connect each time  
of the next time  
to follow the same pattern of time  
with no dime  
but a crime  
if a time  
is wasted on no time  
for you will never find a time  
on the same time  
that was underutilized by the time  
you realize it were time  
it will never be the same time  
but a different time  
at that point in time  
on each pattern of time  
from am to pm it is time  
still morning to midnight is time  
and any time  
of the day is time  
as from monday to sunday time  
year start to midyear and year end is time

so, time  
ticking as you may be aware of time  
that everything is well connected to time  
and must be done on time  
for you will never find the same time  
of that very point in time

-  
do what you can, on time. for time is never a fact but a situation of the same condition  
on a different setting, but still its time. therefore, time is longer than rope and shorter  
than your scope though at times time is beyond our scope of reach and intelligence of  
the mind on time.

-  
\*\*extracted from 'patterns of time'\*\*  
from \*\*patterns of life\*\* november 2011 ebook  
ntema's unique poetry (nup) .

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## pearls of the kalahari

the sun set  
to its rest  
by the sand dunes,  
swaying its way  
to the tip of a song  
by the moon light,  
sitting in circle  
around the fire,  
as the men dance  
a hypnotic rhythm  
around their women,  
clapping and chanting  
around a fire place  
by the new moon..

their stories tell  
of great lion warriors,  
ritualists of custom  
without barriers,  
women as they gathered  
in the wilderness,  
hunters of fortune  
by the moon,  
travelers of miles  
afar to the kalahari,  
marvellers of science  
to their roots  
in a distant safari,  
their quest  
all manned to their needs,  
as they sit  
temporally for their feeds,  
and sing  
for the birds in their nests  
...the pearls,  
the jewel of the kalahari...

crawling insects crawled  
by the desert winds  
dwelling forth  
to the closest means,  
telling a history  
of ants and the desert traveler  
between the lines  
of metaphysical values  
of positivist but ancient statutes,  
reeling their thoughts to attitudes  
of cohesion and latitudes  
of nomads in their spoken word  
of art by the pearls of the kalahari..

opn11052013/1013

poem: "pearls of the kalahari"  
book: "cold feet"  
year: may 2013  
book no.5 of 2013

Onalethuso Petrus Ntema

## **Pebbles**

pillow of comfort and ease  
like pebbles over the waving stream  
soothing, authentic and pebbling  
my eyes see each pebble  
as it glitters beyond the still water(s)  
and smiles back at me in awe  
each pebble utters a thousand words  
with one but different meanings  
for one word  
a diverse attitude of meaning,  
i rise to my body and pebbled  
by the waves on the banks of the river  
footing towards, to pick a pebble  
as i close(d) my eyes to rest  
on my pillow...

opn06092012/1537

'the pebbles' book no.10 of 2012  
sept.2012

[www.poemhunter.com/onalethuso-petruss-ntema](http://www.poemhunter.com/onalethuso-petruss-ntema)

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## Pieces Of Pieces (Ed 2)

i hope all and every piece of pieces  
of life comes a journey  
to start yet another journey  
of life  
as we do live a life  
in grace and blessings of the most high  
to live as people of peoples and nations  
from yard and abroad  
as we inter-act with those we never ever imagined  
we could know nor share a word of business with  
but through the nature of the almighty and creation  
we met to gather and share  
a tradition of culture and flair  
a unity of people connecting  
and linked by culture  
a spiritual necessity of the community  
of kasane and plateau  
and the villages of the enclave  
to a cultural spectrum of culture  
as we do live a life  
a journey from within each of us as people  
to gather and gain to share  
and give an emotional strength  
to a thought, of some sort...  
at that time, on a sunny sunday  
blessed is this sunday my dear  
well, my thoughts are well to a river  
as i carry me a river  
there by sevuya river of the rapids  
and stay put to meditate and relate  
with nature and existence in its form  
whence me come a river  
and listen to the birds  
so mellow  
and the river peoples of the impalila island  
a stone throw  
across the chobe-zambezi river  
this sand  
on my feet i could feel  
the hotness  
of an adventure and breeze

let me take you by the rapids....  
and go sevuya rapids....

\*\*\*extract from 'pieces of pieces of life' march 2012 ebook

a people with focus, patience and determination is a people. a lady with self respect, intelligence, stillness, love and affection is a one good and blessed lady. a man with energy, go-getting, attentive, self respect, love and affection is a real godly man.

this means we all need some love to get and give and likewise.



Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## Precious Soul (Pearl Le'poet Ndlovu & Onalethuso Petruss Ntema)

rock my boat precious soul,  
i lost my goals  
rock my boat precious soul  
and take me home  
rock rock rock,  
rock my boat precious soul  
i lost my goal  
rock my boat!

i lost my soul,  
i lost my tongue out  
i cannot even utter a word; its hopeless

i lost faith for a better tomorrow  
i am burdened by all the sorrow,  
bring me an arrow  
and bow  
so i can get rid of this coal..

coal coal coal  
am exhausted like  
men in the mines,  
i started working  
in a white overall  
but now it has turned black  
like these coals,  
my julle body is  
covered in black,  
my heart is turning black  
itself, who am i?  
show me where i lack  
precious soul

rock my boat precious soul,  
i lost my goals  
rock my boat precious soul  
and take me home  
rock rock rock,  
rock my boat precious soul  
i lost my goal  
rock my boat!

rock my boat as i sail  
away precious soul,  
hold my heart not to fade  
away precious soul,  
fold my arms  
in strength precious soul,  
told me a folklore  
i sang to my precious soul,  
my eyes so heavy  
to see by the shore

and beyond precious soul,  
my feet is ready  
and steady  
to walk my walk  
precious soul,

my arms are open  
to hold you by me  
precious soul,  
rock my boat  
and walk my walk  
precious soul,  
take me to a place  
i belong precious soul

uncover my soul  
precious soul,  
discover my goal  
precious soul,  
run to my own  
precious soul,  
wipe away the tears from  
mine eyes precious soul,  
dance to me precious soul,  
like the uhuru warriors  
by the jungle,  
drum me a rhythm of the soul  
precious soul,  
hum me a hymn of life i long  
and dream precious soul,  
find me a precious soul...

opn15032013/0930

poem: 'precious soul'  
book: 'dry eyes'  
year: march 2013

poem written by: pearl le'poet ndlovu (rsa) & onalethuso petruss ntema (bw)

poem edited by: mambo music & poetry (opn)

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **rain on me o' rain rain rain**

o' rain rain rain  
come rain on me o' rain  
rain on every plant that grow o' dear rain  
rain on every resource o' dear rain  
rain to green the plants  
the plants that of nature's decor  
rain on us and never let go  
quench my thirst; to get so  
rain on me o' rain rain rain

rain for happiness and leisure  
rain for our children to play  
rain on the soil for us this day  
so, we plant more food to feed us this way  
go to the fields and gardens; same way  
rain o' beautiful rain  
rain rain rain

\*\*extract from 'patterns of life' november 2011 ebook  
ntema's unique poetry (nup)

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **render me a journey of blessings**

render me a journey of blessings  
for survival and existence  
as the flowers grow and blossom  
and pollinate their seeds  
during and in their seasons  
of pollination  
to guide me to another season of life  
with a blessing of personality and growth  
as you grow me a strength of green from birth  
and strengthen my being on earth  
and water me a rain of thought  
as you render me a blessed journey,  
this day and yesterday,  
probably the next.

(r) opn

(c) 29.03.2012

0937hrs

ntema's unique poetry (nup) in association with ku vusu poetry gallery.

extract from 'render me a journey of blessings' poem, from 'pieces of pieces of life'  
march 2012 ebook.

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Onalethuso Petrus Ntema

## **rise to the occasion (by charlotte and ntema)**

blessed morning it is  
partly cloudy, sunny and bliss  
more sense to life it brings  
to appreciate the little things  
we do as we encounter; face the means  
than get the wings  
and fly away

the sun starts to shine  
brighter before my eyes,  
its tales  
from the talks around a fire place  
by the moon night,  
its rays  
from whence it rises  
to the morning light,  
setting its color  
by the sands  
of the soil i walked,  
and still, i rise

i rise to walk  
in all days  
at times the path looks misty  
and clouded but still i walk  
but as i walk  
past people,  
i am all smiles  
though my heart and mind  
are troubled yet still i walk,  
i have to walk  
to get to the place of color  
and still waters,

i have to walk  
to the morning,  
yawning  
and struggling my feet  
to stand,  
alone as i keep walking  
my feet  
wobble on my way  
i push on as hard  
as they can carry me  
to the path that carries me  
each day i pass,

and expectantly  
i hurry  
my feet  
for my destination is nearer,  
i can feel it on my carrier

my heavy feet will get me there  
destined for greatness  
my feet will carry me  
there, this morning  
as i rise to walk  
to the occasion

my feet shall carry me  
my eyes shall marry me  
my deeds shall bury me,  
i keep walking  
to discover me  
than dishonor me

i am a grain of soil  
swamped by the many  
i meet along the way  
with worried faces  
and pain in their eyes  
troubled souls of many  
but we cannot say  
of the heartaches  
and headaches in us

you see,  
we all deserve  
the walk to our own  
as we rise to the occasion  
from within the heart, alone  
and serve  
the self and others of our own

opn08032012/0808

poem: 'rise to the occasion'  
book: 'dry eyes'  
year: march 2013  
book no.3 of 2013

--

poem written by: charlotte oageng and onalethuso petruss buyile ntema  
poem edited by: onalethuso petruss buyile ntema

copyright: mambo music & poetry

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **rise, saddened heart**

its not easy to sudden  
the saddened heart  
but its easy to sadden  
the heart suddenly  
and forever in extreme instances

its unmanly to stay away  
from your one heart, in some way  
only to realize the long gone  
and suddenly blame the loner alone  
and forever in extreme instances

a man that sees within them  
is the man that needs a hand  
within them, to rise at once  
saddened or whichever reasonable state  
of their true mind, without cause

as humans, we are prone to situations  
but not situations are then to us  
like the eastern traveller to a distance  
of yet another life gone by  
of their true mind, without cause

the moment had just presented its presence  
for one to rise a saddened heart  
as it beats their body and mind at heart  
and finally, it asked in curiosity  
what keeps us alive,  
what allows us to endure?

opn03042013/0153

poem: 'rise, saddened heart'  
book: 'google eyes'  
year: april 2013  
book no.4 of 2013

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema



## **Run My Hand**

the thoughts  
in me force  
me to run my hand over the font  
to pen me a thought  
and bond  
to squat me a poem in thought  
like a dream that sucks my sores  
between my fingers  
and thumb, in scores  
of many other thoughts  
by the shores

stagger my mind  
in awe  
as i dig my mind  
with the pen on my hand  
between me and slightly no end  
and stuck within the same band  
as the music of the tip of my pen  
dance to my fingers and learn  
how to write; i knew not until then

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## Seasons Of Life

the desert,  
the dry wind,  
the no color wind,  
the sweating,  
the long rest,  
the cold by the wind,  
the kindness,  
the dryness,  
the eye to our need,  
the harder they come,  
the further they meet,  
the further they run,  
the weather they feel,  
as seasons come and go to the dust,  
the reasons will run and slow to the past,  
their homes in cold they fight to the dark,  
their psalms all nod in the dark,  
their proverbs long told to the masses,  
the strong legs all old to the losses,  
the moon gone too long to the sun,  
the stars stand in loneliness to the sky,  
the thoughts are longing for a try,  
the folks are mourning for a loss to the cry,  
as seasons go and come to their shadows,  
all seasons fall and rise to their narrows.

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## Seeds Of Sin

the legs of walking men have been  
bruised by the feeds of sin  
seen to the means of being  
closer to their seeds of sin  
they have never seen  
nor bring  
to the minds of their thoughtless keen,  
yet their failure has been  
so mean  
to the eyes of their need and lean  
to urge their seed of sin  
a meal to their tongues they feed,  
the works of their sin  
blew away their wind  
and washed away their wish,  
the lines between their toes were seen  
crying loudly not to walk in sin  
but their seeds proudly walked a sin,  
and their roses yawned to feel  
their vivid memories of sin  
to each pollinated being,  
their saint of darkness  
descended his journey of far-less  
to the descendants of sin  
to bring  
sadness  
to the hearts of many seeds of sin  
in their thoughtless  
disciples of heartless keen,  
yet their sheepish faces  
have sickened all seeds with lunatic ages  
with all matters of life  
and soul narrowly escaping their cages.

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **she is my sunshine**

she is my sunshine  
she is a true love child  
the one that brings me a smile  
so natural than wild,  
she is a royal woman of divine

she turns my darkness into bright light  
she turns days longer into shorter  
she grows a heart of love  
and gone lonely days of a dove  
than above

she brings further into nearer  
she strings a melody so clearer  
and sings a song to my ear  
so close and near  
as close as she can near

she is the sun that shines over  
the mountains top to a shoulder  
she is my sunshine, so pretty and stronger  
her heart takes me nearer than older  
her face so kind and pure; a lover

her legs, the roots to a true woman  
her eyes, the lead to a new born  
her palms, the means to every touch  
her arms, the wish to every comfort  
she is my sunshine, the one that makes me smile

opn31032013/1241

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **shoulder to lean on**

since we all need a shoulder to lean on  
i lean on any shoulder on me  
i kneel on many like me  
but i see a storm over me  
i feel the waves over me  
the great polar winds over me  
might have mistaken-ed over me  
but a mystery of unbeknownst  
and fantasy have purported my brains  
the pain so nice to purpose my veins  
to run through a blood of taste  
when life odds itself from waste  
the exit is to die  
that is how i never ask why  
because i am ready to die  
when no shoulder on me  
can not carry me (any further)

opn06062012/1046  
ntema's unique poetry

extract from 'shoulder to lean on' from 'foot steps' june 2012 v.7

Onalethuso Petrus Ntema

## **Silent dreamer**

These are the words of a silent dreamer  
whose drought of dying dreams  
faded their tails to a crowd of crying bees  
painting grey stones over the hills  
and thoughts with sluggish streams  
by the woods, with fallen leaves  
between the grains of desert sands not at ease,  
as if the love of long ago  
whose lover of beauty has long gone  
to the ashes as seeds sown  
over the soils of their own,  
whose belly cried to its own  
rhythm of emptiness alone,  
whose love of the lover  
back from its ashes came to uncover  
the patterns of a silent dreamer  
whose joy and hope were born anew  
to the rains of loving arms by the moon  
to the worth of a silent dreamer  
whose birth of an island dream  
has finally met his silent winger  
and said, "i am the silent dreamer,  
i am the wordsmith to a singer,  
i am the curve to a silent dream".

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## Silent Dreamer 2

□□your eyes, beyond see  
run come and stay with thee,  
your ears, beyond hear  
to the weakness in me my dear,  
your ears, beyond listen  
to the words i say in all seasons,  
your heart, beyond feel  
like ants over the hill  
your legs, beyond kneel  
like stars that share a meal,  
your worth, without doubt  
as i dream in silence  
towards you in patience,  
but my silence is impatient  
to the cold in anthem,  
my mind is silent  
to the weaves of an island  
within mine  
but says to a heart  
like a silent dreamer,  
my thoughts flow to the river  
in silence to the dreamer  
whose voice to the giver  
of love is a singer,  
whose heart beat silently danced to the feeder  
by the rains to her figure  
and eager  
to dream beyond and bigger,  
so, these, are words of a silent dreamer  
whose drought of a dying love from inner  
faded their tails to a crowd of unknown dreams.

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## silent heart

i say to a painted rose  
with painted love by the gardens  
to untag the silent heart  
of love by valentine's  
weathered storms of its color,  
it's rain drops i could follow  
on a rainy path with love puddles  
for me to swim  
as my eyes kept sinking  
into the unknown dream,

i let the her pose  
lie in her  
than dose  
to a painted pose  
i suppose  
with painted eye lashes  
and textured in dye ashes,  
dark in color with dashes  
of charcoal on its nose  
as i drew my hand so close  
to a painted rose  
by the gardens  
into the unknown

i stood patiently  
and finally  
caught an eye, suddenly  
my bones trembled eagerly  
as she walked past mine, actually  
without notice of mine, dear darling  
...and untagged the silent heart  
as i walked towards her heart  
but weathered  
as she furthered  
her waist to the toe  
for me to love more  
her scent i adore

my heart ran in silence  
to a love at a distance  
but my silent heart  
stayed in one sense  
by the rose gardens  
quietly, said to the florist  
'can i take her with me? '  
she smiled, nodded but cried  
for once and dried  
her eyes as she waved  
at eyes on the back of my head  
and died  
with painted love by the gardens



opn11022013/1632

poem: 'silent heart'

book: thus spoke ntema: the unknown poet

year: february 2013 (book no.2 of 2013)

twitter/facebook: opnmambo

email: opncompanies.bw@gmail.com

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **soul seeker (i am that man)**

i saw the man  
over the rainbow of my eyes  
his shadow rendered me  
to follow through  
to the man's hut  
over the shore of my eyes

the man smiled with ease  
his eyes ran to my knees  
his face came to my toes  
but his hands were longer  
his voice roared not in anger  
softly and tender

the man i saw  
were the man i know  
and the dream became clearer  
when i woke up nearer  
to the man i am today  
and that man inspires my day

that man is a soul seeker  
that seeks a soul by night  
and finds a soul by day  
to grow and become  
the shield to overcome  
all matters of living, on my own

i am that soul seeker  
whence i seek, the way  
of seasons that season  
in their own season  
amid the rains and dry sun days  
but still bloom with effort

opn27022013/0540

poem: 'soul seeker (i am that man) '  
book: 'thus spoke ntema: the unknown poet'  
year: february 2013  
book no.2 of 2013

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **stay with me (o' dear heart of mine)**

stay with me  
o' dear heart  
live with me  
my soulheart  
come with me  
sit with me  
talk with me  
sing with me  
dream with me  
o' dear heart of mine

kneel with me  
feel with me  
smile a joy with me  
pain a tear with me  
frown with me  
but come with me  
and stay with thee  
dance with me  
chance with me  
cleanse my heart  
and stay with me  
o' dear heart of mine

plan with me  
journey with me  
run with me  
walk with me  
o' dear heart of mine  
brand with me  
trend with me  
trek with me  
pray with me  
thirst with me  
quench with me  
o' dear heart of mine  
deal with me  
seal with me  
not steal with me  
but steel with me  
care with me  
tenderly, humbly  
o' dear heart of mine

friend with me  
blend with me  
mend with me  
bend with me  
nod with me  
unto lord with me  
come on board with me  
o' dear heart of mine

fear not with me  
as far as i see  
a life to be  
with you and me  
o' dear heart of mine  
corn with me  
form with me  
shape with me  
tape with me  
face with me  
race with me  
sense with me  
nurse with me  
o' dear heart of mine

nap with me  
not a trap with me  
this time  
o' dear soul of mine  
proud is me  
rock with me  
my heart  
o' dear heart  
of mine

map with me  
wap with me  
come with me  
alone with me  
stare with me  
not to sick me  
nor seek me  
but stay with me  
o' dear heart of mine  
cross with me  
boss with me  
sail with me  
rail with me  
if i cry  
cry with me  
when i die  
die with me  
o' dear heart of mine

cold with me  
fold with thee  
rainbow with me  
shine with me  
rise with me  
fall with me  
stay with me

o' dear heart of mine

share  
and care  
with thee  
o' dear heart of thine

\*\*stay with me o' dear heart of mine\*\* january 2012 ebook

(r) opn  
(c) 09.01.2012  
2159hrs

\*\*\*ntema's unique poetry (nup)

(p) all rights of this piece are those of the poet.

opncompanies.bw@gmail.com

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## Strangely

i (kept to) keep looking at the dark clouds  
hoping to see the rainbow  
at least to get a peace of mind  
to cleanse my heart with the morning sun when it rises

walking these few metres  
one foot in front of the other  
as i paced on with life; could not bother  
about the unknown saga  
because nobody is there; not even a brother  
to leadeth me on this one such journey,  
no wonder....

i (kept to) keep staring at the dark clouds  
in awe  
hoping to see the rainbow  
at least to get a peace of mind  
to cleanse my heart by the sunset

strangely, a sunset boulevard....  
no?  
yes?  
no...  
but strangely amazing like dem draw the card.

\*\*\*extract from 'patterns of life' november 2011 ebook  
ntema's unique poetry (nup)

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## Survivor

survivor  
there is no mountain i can climb  
nor a river i can cross  
a survivor, i am

true feeling of a heart broken  
a soul to reckon with but a token  
true words of a survivor but unspoken

from cliffs, valleys and gullies  
to shrubs, paths and tracks  
bush trails and sand dunes

dwell on my expense  
as little but a six pence  
journeying to life; that's my stance

defiance and fallacy  
covered over fantasy  
won't accept nor deal with sass

latent figures of a survivor  
engine of my own; soul driver  
blessed with joy and strength like a survivor

longing for more life  
and still yet to survive  
for as long as i live  
will i receive

there is no wall to lean on  
neither a trap to fall on  
nor a water fall to drown in  
there is no fountain,  
nor a stream to quench on

but i got to survive and live up  
a dream not to give up

weep not your tears  
dry your tearful eyes  
seems no one cares  
a survivor will always rise  
through thick and fears  
a survivor sails through and wise

carving my wood of reality  
to look and see beyond sanity  
survive all the mockery and vanity  
clear is my wish not to insanity

observant and careful as i knoweth

that better must cometh  
and fulfill all that i wisheth  
showered with blessings on sabbath

free like a bird that fly  
high up in the sky  
singing sweet melodies of a survivor!  
ntema, o.p.

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema



## tales of a midnite dreamer

i was walking along  
a stream  
beyond the thick  
jungles so alone,  
i saw  
the light  
over the shadows  
of the thick trees,  
i walked past three  
shepherds  
and said to them,  
they nodded  
as they faced each other  
and looked over  
the far east land, and the other  
one pointed over  
the rocks by the stream,  
i looked further...  
i saw beauty  
and the beholder  
as she smiled  
and waved nervously,  
i walked towards her,  
i said no word,  
i held her arm  
and walked to the one  
nicely carved rock stones over  
the other paths  
of the jungle,  
we walked and talked,  
hands in hands  
and laughed  
with a smile  
on each's face,  
we came to a tree  
with thick shadows  
and sat on the fallen  
dry leaves,  
her eyes caught  
me seated  
and sat on my lap  
smoothly felt her heart beat  
looked into her eyes  
closed my eyes  
then, i woke up sadly  
to find none but me alone,  
sadly, had i not,  
i were going to feel  
her brown lips,  
...wishes  
of a midnite dream,  
would love to watch her

walk with me,  
it was just a dream  
after all,  
these are tales  
of a midnite dreamer.

opn06052013/2330

poem: 'tales of a midnite dreamer'  
book: "cold feet"  
year: may 2013  
book no.5 of 2013

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **the art of seduction**

i lowered her lashes  
until they almost  
cuddled her cheeks  
and slowly moved my ashes  
down to hers, almost  
always ready for this  
and willing, touches  
me by the fore, almost  
caressed me to follow  
the trail of an adventure  
of seduction and rendered  
to the very edge of the abyss,  
my heart so not weary  
but rigidly adored her  
as she lowered in nakedness  
but craving for the unknown  
and sizzled,  
she lowered her lashes  
at angle with mine  
and said, 'with this ring,  
i thee wed'  
seemingly doubt not her  
for thy heart without care  
as she caressed me to follow  
the trail to her heart  
of seduction and rendered  
to the very edge of love  
and seduced me.

opn26032013/1212

poem: 'the art of seduction'  
book: 'dry eyes'  
year: march 2013  
book no.3 of 2013

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **the complex of the simplest**

the contrast between the similar  
the similar of the inter-relativity  
the extremity of nearness  
the nearness of the never  
the existence of death  
the meaning of the other  
on another  
the changes of the constant  
the plurals of the singular  
the contents of nothingness  
the nothing of many  
the many of the few  
the desire of dispossession  
the dispossession of desires  
the straight between the curved  
the elitism of the proletariat  
the power of the toothless  
the toothless of the younger  
the younger within the longer  
the day of the night nurse  
the darkness of wishes  
the sadness of the joyous  
the joy of the fearless  
the fear of the tearless  
the mere of the composite

opn01042013/1644

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **The Distant Dreamer**

my ear snakes through  
to hear from a distance  
like a distant dreamer,  
the night is quite  
melodious at night  
its quietness seduces me,  
without cloud over the sky  
but the bare rays over the sun  
i closed my eyes very closely  
its blindness  
and nothingness  
mostly,  
the night soon  
came to my eye shadow  
the shadow  
not in color to my cold feet  
the justice between darkness  
has narrowed  
my eyes,  
very closely to my arrow  
than swallowed,  
my foetus wandered  
lonely to the womb  
beneath the belly,  
fluttering and dancing  
to the breeze of her cold feet,  
her waves beside me  
her nerves blurred my inward eye  
then my heart with pleasure, filled  
as my blood ran through, sealed  
like a distant dreamer, wheeled  
to a distant giver, peeled  
as i dream to a far away further  
and far away, like a distant dream.

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **The Grass**

the dry trashes  
and ashes  
of the beige grass,  
i pass  
each time i walk through so fast  
at last,  
i grossly lost much in must  
and dust  
out the green in trust,  
the stain  
on my blood stained  
body of pieces had drained  
and laid,  
with pain  
as my eyes failed  
to glance at the tailed  
mask within the faded  
gothics and denied  
the grass  
a drop of rain,  
in cold nights  
of dry daylight  
as i walked by the dry grass  
i pass  
each time i walk through so fast  
at last  
so dry like the grass  
in seasons of winter  
like wild fires in the deep jungles  
blown away by the winds of troubles  
swept astray to find so lost like bubbles  
of the matters ahead of us....

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## The Heart Beat

the heartbeat is the snare  
and the drum beat within the flare  
it is percussioned on the strings  
of the sensory nerves, sometimes it rings  
like a bell  
to tell  
the actor when the body cell  
and muscles rebel  
against a situation

the heartbeat is the music  
that diffuses from within  
correlatively, the heart  
elevates the tempo of the music  
thus, the heartbeat propels the music of the soul  
condenses the rhythm and maintains the tempo

when confronted by fright  
the heart becomes the stimuli  
to which we respond to fright  
faster like lightning; the heartbeat  
such vibrations and continuous music  
is the rave, reggae if not the rock n' roll of the heart

be it a dream that frightens or conscious  
be it at funeral or night crawling  
be it the 'karma sutra' or 'my cousin vinny'  
be it at election polls or graduation ceremonies  
be it wherever, howsoever  
the heartbeat flexibly responds

but when we soulfully relaxed  
the music from the heart  
beats and can be heard as if from afar  
the beat can even not be felt in dakar  
nor can it be in the car  
but within the possessor of thy heart  
such is the heartbeat  
the one complex music genre.

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **the journey**

the journey

i'm on a journey from within  
like a shooting star in between,  
could not make no catch though it had all began,  
on my way towards a place so clean  
sick and tired of the conditions 'am living in,  
swindling my mind  
to find  
the essence of the blind  
side of the story; one of a kind.

in its remoteness but closeness  
i could feel it within the heart beat of my wilderness  
fulfilling the emptiness  
and the loneliness,  
animatedly gripping my attention towards  
and nearer...

i could now feel the tiredness  
through my veins  
from the membrane under my skin  
furling through my sensory nerves to the brain  
as if i was electrified, journeying to some sort, so plain  
gulling proudly in me, couldn't feel no pain  
for i am to blame  
for the fame  
of my main aim  
to claim the chain  
abruptly, back to my mind to think of the same blame  
that i've been so possessed with.

the osmosis of such thoughts nearly battered me off  
but somebody from within me,  
whispered through my ear flap not to back off  
but to strive for a better me....

like a movie script,  
all that trailed were so conversant of the other  
that i now see thyself as a true reflection of the shadow  
that follows me,  
whenever there is radiation from somewhere  
and disappears in the dark like a night hawk  
but that shadow is really me, and 'am the shadow,  
on the journey though the road too narrow  
over reels and gullies,  
and over hills and valleys  
to see tomorrow  
for i'm hopeful to reach there,  
and survive through the bow and arrow.

but still, i got to free



my psyche from the mental dungeon  
pleading with the i not to be a chained spirit,  
hence i must be on a journey from within  
like a shooting star in between  
striving for a better me to pop-in  
and those that been on a thinking spree  
like me.

the journey,  
continues, though i did not pocket any penny  
and won't be like many  
of those that give up on a journey.

in its remoteness but closeness  
i could feel its footsteps as if it were in the wilderness,  
straight from my toe  
to the foe  
to explore  
my mental galore  
this, i call the journey from the core  
to the deep end of the sore,

in my mental stream line  
towards the baseline  
of the rain-bowed sky line  
and could now move towards the horizon  
despite the radiating rays of the orion  
to reach the finishing line of the truncheon  
and the journey seemed endless but carry on  
as reflected by the journey  
on the journey!

ntema, o.p.  
ntema85@yahoo.com  
© 11.10.10

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **the melody of my heart**

my heart is on the rise  
and fall  
my heart's melody is as nice  
than all  
like the leaves  
on the tree by the river

my heart is a melody  
to the birds of love,  
life and all that worth  
as i walked the earth  
with the melody  
of my heart from then  
and sang to my heart a melody

i explore an adventure  
of the melody in my heart  
and art a melody of my heart  
with fingers dancing to the heart  
my veins rain with melody of the heart  
i feel the heart  
in talk and melody  
and that melody  
is the melody  
of my heart

my heart is a melody  
to the words of a rhythm  
its music from the heart  
a melody of emotions,  
feelings, love and death  
...after all,  
it is the melody of my heart

opn02122012/0138

poem: the melody of my heart  
book: the melody of my heart  
book no.14 of 2012  
december 2012

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## The Rains Are Almost

and the hot winds  
from far coast  
vividly cared  
to stare  
at most  
grass and fallen  
leaves by dose  
a nail over  
the toe so close  
to the roots  
of the dry rose

in the fields  
to the east post  
there is almost  
nothing to nose  
and surely the mouth  
doesn't water for  
that dry sun over the hands,  
not a metaphor  
of something  
we all matter for  
yet rarely utter so

my ankle  
is angled  
by the burden  
of mystery,  
my knuckle  
is knuckled  
and barren  
with history  
my angle  
is angled  
like wagon  
with this string

how can i deny you me?  
how can i really do?  
how need i not knew?  
i deny nothing  
i really do  
i knew

gone  
is my weakness  
born  
was a sickness  
grown  
were seeds  
from instance  
sown

were bits  
of life by distance  
fail  
were gone  
by the means  
nail  
were seen and since  
...towards,  
than then

Onalethuso Petrus Ntema

## **The Roots**

### The Roots

The roots, from which grew heaven and earth,  
Unbroken power of life prevails; its worth,  
Emptied its seeds in the soils of life at birth  
Without touch, the spoken words  
Of the mind, in abysmal stillness  
Like colors of the moon, my sight it takes,  
The voice of the music, my ear it takes,  
The tenderness of the soul, my heart it shakes,  
The grandest source to the force, I dwell  
And who, of imagination, nature shall tell?  
As the root falls, touch and emotions as well  
Our souls shall fly, our touch as well,  
Our roots shall firm to their tree as well,  
Their long journey browses through, my ears can tell,  
In cloudless dreams, harmless souls they jell,  
By the roots, from which grew heaven and earth,  
Unbroken power of life prevails; it's worth  
Before the eyes of many, like words  
Of a silent child at birth.

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema  
Poem: 'The Roots'  
Book: 'Soul Seeds'  
December 2013, USA.

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## The Skin

the skin of mine  
shines  
and browned to a kind,  
the smile of thine  
travel with mind  
and crowned to find,  
the palms, the toes  
the fingers all chose  
to find me so close,  
i rose without the means  
and conquered beyond color,  
i chose to doubt hate  
and lowered my anger for other,  
the eyes of man  
that to which he [has] see[n]  
leadeth the science of man  
that to which he means,

i pose not a threat to any  
i close not a debt to any,  
i sail on the sands  
of pearly grains  
and travelled by the rains,  
the skin of yours  
shone and shines  
and browned to a kind,  
for all man is the same  
man in all man of the same  
man, to us all...

the skin of us  
shine  
and furthered to a mile,  
if life were a crime  
how could i have survived  
the same crime without life?  
how can man see the other  
by their skin color?  
quite improbable to the modern eye  
but wholly realistic in golden skies  
of the years long gone in history,  
now, it is just a skin  
that shines  
when the sun shines  
over the brown skin  
or their skin...

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **this morning**

this morning  
is a fountain  
of lovers,

this morning  
is a mountain  
of matters,

this morning  
is a duck tail  
of others,

this morning  
is one morning  
of extremity,

this morning  
is a morning  
of mentality,

this morning  
is yet a morning  
of liability,

this morning  
a day  
it brings  
forth,

this morning  
a way  
it strings  
both,

this morning  
a new  
day  
of the rising  
sun,

this morning  
a few  
may  
rise to the dancing  
sun,

this morning  
by noon  
to the chasing  
none,

this morning

in plateau  
to the waving  
sun

this morning  
is yet a morning  
than a mourning  
one.

opn15032013/0453

poem: 'this morning'  
book: 'dry eyes'  
year: march 2013  
book no.3 of 2013

mambo music & poetry  
opn group of co.(s)

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema



## **This Poem**

this one, is for all the conscious minds  
this one, is for all the righteous ones  
this poem is the song to your life than once  
sing song, to all the birds in the sky  
too long, the words i say than try  
do more, the worth of life is thine

this poem, tolls me back from thee  
to my sole self like bees  
this poem, took me to the moan of doves  
in immemorial elms to rise above  
the murmuring of innumerable bees  
and listened to the exploits of historical wings

this poem, is the rays of the morning day  
this one, walks to the saints of souls  
to wipe away a flood of tears beyond today  
this one, is the foot to our journey  
this one, is the hand to our many  
this one, is the mirror to our any

this poem, saith in matter from thee  
to my sole self like bees over hill top  
this one, is the arrow to the mental feel  
that unravished its bride of quietness  
this one, is the metapoetic silence  
of the foster child of silence to their kindness.

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **to my brother**

to my brother

since you gone  
all hope were lost to a stone,  
my eyes always see you  
by the shadow not once,  
my dreams all mirrored upon you  
from the day you left  
us in the empty skies of tears,  
will you ever come back  
to stay with us again?  
will you smile again  
to the stories i tell?  
will you?

your child always reminds me  
of you,  
we miss you dearly  
and tenderly,  
we miss you dear brother,  
your smile i still remember,  
your house i still remember,  
your life was short my brother,  
why did you have to die?  
why did you leave us behind?  
will you ever come back?

opn09052013/2119

poem: "to my brother"  
book: "cold feet"  
year: may 2013  
book no.5 of 2013

rest in peace brother modise ntema (05.05.1979-16.05.2008)

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## walk with me (in nata)

walk with me in this village  
walk with me tonight  
no holding back anymore  
for the cold feet of mine i feel  
i tremble in talk  
but can not stop the walk  
to walk  
and link up, and talk  
with the humble wise straight-talk  
people from nata to njuutshaa  
i remember one tebetebe  
literally means a butterfly  
as she proudly talks and inspiring  
so many and much she would talk  
a point she would have in (the same) talk  
indeed a blessing to me  
a blessing to live  
a blessing to give  
and stay(ed) in a group of this group  
for it is so worth it

same again...  
let me welcome you to nata  
it would have been a night after  
a long day of intense community work  
from kasane to nata, thereafter  
proceeding to njuutshaa  
my eyes so wide open like a bright star  
met so many kind people, and laughter  
on the land of our father  
deep in the woodlands of nata  
via sepako, semowane and back to nata  
blessed people of my father

(i feel) so touched by all this  
i can not erase this  
from my memory,  
i still relate my thoughts  
my senses and energy  
as you walk with me  
a journey of thought in kind  
a place so many would find  
so barren and clear but a kind  
to settle one's own mind  
in its epic and blind  
at night not to see  
the beauty, the people and peace of mind  
as amenities you may find  
so welcoming, in nata

extract from 'nata' journal.  
'footsteps' june 2012 v.7

opn16062012/0300

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **Walked...**

? \*walked into (and out of) this life\*

i walked into this life  
alone without a doubt  
to (still) jet out of this strife  
without a south  
taking me through the walks of life  
to reign and fall  
a not so mere call  
for a but  
and a maybe  
i wont foul

my departure forever  
and never  
come back  
forever  
whence i came to live and learn  
the trails i earn  
my skin to burn  
under this sun  
by the rivers  
of memories i stand  
to blend  
a trend  
that fades  
by the shades  
of living and dead

score me a debt  
grow me a strength  
to set  
my foot on this oath  
of life to die; both

a chart to plot  
all thou points  
of all sort  
once intersected  
my glowing heart  
a way to start  
the end  
of this one point!

\*\*\*extract from 'patterns of life' november 2011 ebook

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **Way So Far**

i tremble with tenderness  
and touch with eagerness  
under the fading star  
of my own way so far  
to let me stay by you  
and say(d) a prayer  
with me in prayer  
destined to be there  
with you in prayer

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **weep not child**

weep not child

wipe those tears from your eyes  
weep not child  
weep not for you are not alone  
weep not child

wipe those very tears  
surely, over the years  
but somewhat he above us cares  
your struggle he bears  
to wipe them off and clears  
the shackles  
and tackles  
of all scuffles  
and troubles

weep not child  
for you are not alone.

®ntema, o.p.  
ntema85@yahoo.com  
©05.09.2011  
1325hrs

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **what if? (pt.1)**

what if there was no time?  
would there still be necessary  
to conform to time  
when there is none?

what if there was no life?  
would there still be death?  
what if there was no death?  
would there still be pain?

what if there was no darkness?  
what if there was no light?  
what if there was no day?  
what if there was no night?

what if there was no love?  
would there still be hatred?  
what if there was no emotion?  
would there still be regret?

what if there was no law?  
would there still be police?  
what if there was no war?  
would there still be no peace?  
what if there was no crime?  
would there still be harmony?

what if there was nothing?  
would there still be something?  
what if there were no trees?  
would there still be leaves?  
would there still be,  
the air we breathe?  
what if there was no people?  
would there be silence?  
would there be a story to tell,  
once seasons have fallen?

opn11042013/0107

poem: 'what if? ' (pt.1)  
book: 'google eyes'  
year: april 2013  
book no.4 of 2013

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema



## **what if? (pt.2)**

what if there was no money?  
would there still be greed?  
what if there was no hunger?  
would there still be poverty?

what if there was no religion?  
would there still be questions  
about the existence  
and significance of the universe?  
would there be answers  
to such questions?  
what answers?

what if there was no truth?  
would there be lies?  
what if there was no lie?  
would you [have] bother[ed]  
to tell the truth?

what if there was no rain?  
what if there was no brain?  
what if there was no pain?  
what if there was no name?  
what if there was no claim  
to verify or nullify  
whatever the blame  
on who[mso]ever?

what if there was no pen?  
would i learn?  
would i write on my hand?  
would there still be ink?  
would there be paper?  
what if there was no ink?

opn11042013/0117

poem: 'what if? ' (pt.2)  
book: 'google eyes'  
year: april 2013  
book no.4 of 2013

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

### **what if? (pt.3)**

what if there was no family?  
would there still be marriage?  
what if there was no marriage?  
would there still be divorce?  
what if there was no trust?  
would there still be infidelity?  
would there still be separation?  
would there still be custody  
or maintenance of minors?

what if there was no laughter?  
would you know the coming after?  
would there still be a matter?  
wouldn't there be a culture?  
what if there was no class?  
would there still be inequality?

what if you never existed?  
would it still be necessary  
to mention you among  
figures of the dead?  
what if you die today?  
would you, die?

what if there was no passion?  
would there still be patience?  
what there was no leaders?  
would there still be dinners?  
what if there was no bible?  
would there still be sinners?

opn11042013/0157

poem: 'what if? ' (pt.3)  
book: 'google eyes'  
year: april 2013  
book no.4 of 2013

mambo

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## what if? (pt.4)

what if there was no distance?  
would there still be speed?  
what if there was no sex?  
would there still be aids?  
what if there was no fear?  
would there still be tears?  
what if there was no science?  
would there still be nuclear?  
what if there was no space?  
would you still be near?

what if there was no wrong?  
what if there was no song?  
what if there was no sun?  
would there still be moon?  
what if there was no one?  
would there still be some, soon?  
what if there was no sky?  
would there still be stars?  
what if there was no land?  
where would you lay your head?  
what if there was no hand?  
would you still grip as dead?

what if there were no clothes?  
would there still be nakedness?  
would there still be rape?  
would there still be need to crave?  
what if there was no insult?  
would there still be privacy?  
what if there was no sickness?  
would there still be weakness?  
what if there was no comfort?  
would there still be gone thoughts?

opn11042013/0203

poem: 'what if? ' (pt.4)  
book: 'google eyes'  
year: april 2013  
book no.3 of 2013

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **what is possibility?**

what is possibility?  
what is the possible?  
how is it possible?  
when were it possible?  
why would it be possible?  
who knows possibility?  
who has ever seen possibility?  
were it possible?

what is possibility?  
is it calculative?  
how is it determined?  
is there any variance?  
does it render as expected?  
is it an expectation?  
is it an event or situation?  
is it an emotion or expression?  
does it walk or talk?

what makes one to see  
the possible?  
what really is possible?  
what about the impossible?  
why is it so?  
why would such differentiation  
determine the exactness  
of meaning and interpretation  
of action, as possible or not?  
the answer is known to you  
the one that knows the answer  
if not, find one...  
you're the possibility.

opn12042013/0233

poem: 'what is possibility? '  
book: 'google eyes'  
year: april 2013  
book no.4 of 2013

mambo

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **what makes you better?**

what makes you feel  
the comfort of your true self?  
what makes you feel  
the anger within you?  
what takes away the anger  
within your angry self?  
what makes you better  
than the concerned heart?  
what scares your eyes  
not to see the other?  
what really scares you  
further than your self?

what makes you better  
than the other?  
is it the beauty  
on your muscled face  
that roars to its smile  
or the look within your eyes  
without saying?

what makes you further  
than the other?  
is it the body that carries  
you and walk like an old folk  
waiting for their nature call  
and gone once tired to walk?  
is it the legs of your body  
to walk you that way?  
is it the only thing about you?

what makes you bother  
the other?  
what bothers you  
about the other?  
do they too  
bother you?  
how sure?  
dont be that too  
you belong to the humans too  
you are not better  
you are just a unique other...

opn12042013/0206

poem: 'what makes you better? '  
book: 'google eyes'  
year: april 2013  
book no.4 of 2013

mambo

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## when lions meet (on their day)

my belly  
is empty  
like an empty  
belly  
of a hungry lion, up early  
to prey over its vulnerable many  
and meet  
where lions meat  
to sing song gladly  
and dance to the drum beat  
until their voices cracked  
to a far corner of each mouth piece  
as their muscles waved  
in their toes  
and angered their folks  
to a game of blood on their paws  
as they swallowed to their jaws  
and meet by their throats  
as they roared over the last  
piece of their vulnerable feed,

my mother once saith,  
behold! you son of man  
untold! you son of den  
crawl than walk from then  
walk to a feed young man  
like the wise man did when  
the pellets had all gone  
the bullets and all stones  
but none to a belly at dawn  
a sad night than known  
for kept under his were some  
to find his own  
long gone  
than soon come  
to a place where lions meet  
when lions meat

my toes danced in fear as lions roared  
not far from whence we toured  
and walked the african jungles off-road  
til my belly ran belly emptied  
scene to its own eye than hatred  
of the pride of lions on their prey  
where they met by day  
[roared] to sadden their hunter's day,  
ran,  
the shepherd man did when  
pellets had all gone past  
the lions with all stones over their dust  
on their vulnerable many  
where lions roared as they meat

but none to his belly at dawn

opn09042013/1513

poem: 'when lions meet'

book: 'google eyes'

year: april 2013

book no.4 of 2013

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema



## **whence you left (ed.2)**

as the sun shine  
to shine  
on me by day  
and set  
by the sunset  
to set  
my foot, get set  
to accept whence you left  
the pain in my heart  
and the thought  
on my mind  
the joy in my strength  
but the weak in my knees  
as moon light stole my innocence  
to get  
a clear thought  
of mine  
as the winds blow through my mind  
taking away  
all the memories on my mind  
from my heart,  
the energy of emotions to find  
a way to my own  
and live a life alone  
as you never did come back home  
whence you left...

a marriage of emotions stubbornly  
molested and seduced me  
threw me in agony  
of thought but a stalemate  
as now, whence you left  
you never did come back  
since you gone  
i am all alone  
not lonely, but alone  
and just alone  
with myself

\*\*\*extract from 'whence you left' - march 2012 ebook\*\*\*

edited version: opn11052012/1056  
ntema's unique poetry (nup)

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Find me on Facebook: carry me (a river)  
Skype: ekzyl.deggedegge  
Soundcloud: deggedegge

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email: opncompanies.bw@gmail.com  
ntema85@yahoo.com

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## Why?

why are so many hearts broken?  
if love is a token,  
a promise not to be broken?  
love welcomes with arms so wide open,  
no matter how close it widens,

uneasy lies he that wears the crown,  
real love is real not clown,  
a joy to crown  
not to frown  
nor ramp with Mr Brown.

why are so many pains unspoken  
and so many hearts get broken?

...so,  
why won't bring  
a balance to the equation  
but simultaneously,  
correlatively  
sequential responses  
that which love is inferred.

-

Ntema's unique poetry (nup)

Onalethuso Petrus Ntema

## **winds of seasons with hands of hope**

i hear the wind  
by the wind sound  
talking to the waves  
with a wind sound  
mounted upon the leaves  
on the ground  
to wind through  
and around the leaves proudly  
as it runs through me so loudly  
and mannered towards me so gladly  
to sing a song  
by the winds of seasons  
as they change in seasons  
and cheer in different joy

i feel the wind under me  
i can see the sun shine over me  
i can walk along the path to sober me  
and sleep around the hands on me  
to hold me with hands of hope  
as all hands do matter  
to hold each soul  
with hope  
today and the days ever  
to let the hands of hope  
touch my heart  
and cleanse me for yet a season  
in winds of seasons

opn17082012/2305  
'winds of seasons with hands of hope'  
'hands of hope' book no.9 of 2012  
aug.2012

ntema's unique poetry (nup)

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **Wings Of My Soul**

i have wings to my soul  
the wings over the shadow  
of the silent words  
to run me a day after all,  
as i fly away but close  
to the core of my soul  
by the feathers of my heart

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## yearn for a touch

yearn for a touch

i watched the sun  
at sun down  
as the sun  
swallowed its day at sunset  
and the word saith unto mine,  
'pick up your cross and find  
a way to your way, as kind  
as you may...  
seek and find  
and yearn for a touch'

i waited in thought  
and thought  
about the month  
i were born,  
the month  
of february  
been so ordinary to my life,  
though worried  
and knew i had to bury  
all my worries  
and the voice that carries  
me from then said,

'your footprints in the sand  
shall stay for a minute  
before the waves lift them  
far away  
into the unforgiving sea,  
as they faded away  
leaving you there  
and wishing they  
would stay  
for a slight moment  
longer  
and stronger  
before they are gone forever  
and faded forever'  
i yearned for a touch

the other voice  
had me dance with rejoice  
as it saith,  
'you son of the sands  
take me there  
with your hands  
take me there  
to the ends  
of your heart strong  
as you speak

and keep  
me safe at comfort arms'  
i still yearned for a touch

as i was sitting alone and silently  
i recall a special moment of my life  
that moment ran my life  
unexpectedly  
but lasted  
only for a while,  
and asked,  
'were it real? '  
and my heart  
shuttered beneath my skin  
as the sun starts to fade,  
'how could it be so? '  
i asked  
more  
to my self alone  
and yearned for a touch

i watched the sun in a moment  
and her voice still torment  
my face and for a moment  
i thought of her,  
the one who sets  
my heart  
in desire  
the true heart  
i dearly admire,  
'were i in denial? '  
for what i had  
is what i yearn,  
a simple smile of concern  
and my heart howls audible pain  
wandering to regain  
its feet but couldn't gain,  
as my heart  
yearned for a touch

i watched the roots of the tree  
over the moonlight and could see  
how strong they meant to be  
as my tears fell for a broken knee,  
words without,  
just silence  
worth without,  
a silence  
as the word saith unto mine,  
'pick up your cross and find  
a way to your way, as kind  
as you may

...seek and find,  
yearn for a tender touch  
and stay in touch'

opn13022013/0823

poem: 'yearn for a touch'  
book: 'thus spoke ntema: the unknown poet'  
year: february 2013  
book no.2 of 2013

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema



## **You Is A Lover**

you is a lover  
clear with no snack cover  
a lover  
that cares  
and shares

you is a friend  
that comforts from then til end  
a friend...

that with love  
needs no glove  
but palm hands to hold you with care  
as you stare...

in my eyes  
to your eyes  
a love i see  
and giving thanks unto thee  
for who we be  
and mine is what you see  
yours is all i see (too)

that...

you is a lady  
with the means and no may be  
with affection, not crazy  
emotional, not lazy  
'cos you is a lady  
for dreams are fading  
and faded long but craving  
for love in realness is heavy  
when none is creating  
a love, but saving  
a love for our own making

you is an empress  
of kindness  
and royalness  
not with blindness  
for we see over yonder  
and make dem wonder  
how we made it with no blunder

you is a lover  
and me is a lovee  
but, you is a lovee  
and me is a lover  
we all love  
to be loved  
and loved

to love

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema

## **you were a star**

you were a star

each time i looked  
so humbly at your darling face  
i could see the shine in your eyes  
the smile, the joy, the wise  
the heart of likeness  
but all left mine unknown to none  
faded away all at once  
and never saw you shine again  
but, you were a star  
that sent me away at once  
and faded,

if it were a star i need  
i would low my speed  
to see the light indeed  
and stand by you as a kid  
would do, my own seed  
has fallen by the grains of weed  
never to source me a feed  
but faded,

each tree by their own stem  
curing its leaves for them  
to green and shade over them  
without care of which worm  
amongst them  
has any problem  
to grow and seed on them  
when the rain starts to fall on them  
but still faded,

each moment has a memory  
and each memory has a story  
from each story, have said sorry  
and please don't worry  
but why would i worry  
when all merry shall mellow  
and all scary shall let go  
and still faded,

to reveal is to declare  
to feel the will is to dare  
awe is never than stare  
a science of love and care  
but why dare  
today  
and run without say  
whence all shine has gone there  
and downed the star that was there  
and faded away...never to shine there

but you were a star  
fallen from grace  
yet gone by the dark  
each time i looked into yours  
a star i could see  
any man could reckon with  
but now you are never a star  
but that which fell from grace  
that day you were, a star!

opn31102012/0836

book: 'fallen leaves'  
year: october 2012  
book no.11 of 2012

email: [opncompanies.bw@gmail.com](mailto:opncompanies.bw@gmail.com) / [ntema85@yahoo.com](mailto:ntema85@yahoo.com)

Onalethuso Petruss Ntema