

Poetry Series

Sir Tshiamo Modise
- poems -

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Sir Tshiamo Modise(1990 10 05)

Sir Tshiamo Dice Modise born in Johannesburg (Gauteng South Africa) grew up in a remote village known as Mabaalstad (North West South Africa) .

A lover of nature, everything art, and practices self-healing poetry or what he refers to as: 'the art of dissolving problems in ink and leaving the solution on paper'.

A Moment In Life

She took a pencil and drew my ultimate attention
Leaving me a portrait of unsaid intension
Better are portraits, they do tell a tale despite being still
She still does not know how i feel

Sir Tshiamo Modise

Am I Glad You Know

A rhetoric question I've been living
How you knowing the contents of my heart would set me free
Maybe I was wrong
The same thing is still having my heart for lunch you see

Love was what I had at first
With your help I slowly turned into a beast
A beast that once said I love you
Loves you and shall eternally do

Was my first impression not the best?
If so I beg to differ because I know myself as well as my worst
A test I wrote and you delayed the result
No wonder letting go is so difficult

I let you know and I am supposed to be free now
It seems that the war of minds in my head and feelings in my heart will never
cease
According to the world I should be, but the question is
Am I glad you know?

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Am I Right

Am I right to write to light the world
Am I right?
Am I right to write to right the world
Am I right?
Am I right to write to forfeit my blood
Am I right?

Yes even right deeds can be incorrect depending on the context
Just like the possibility of lack of sight even when it is bright
Despite the mate to foe conversion due to what I write
Despite threats of life converted to an eternal sunset and night

To my pen, paper, truth and passion I shall hang on tight
Since inking my feelings in black and white has always been a delight
Suicide and self-torture are infants of "everything shall be alright"
And emancipation has never been achieved by fright

My heart pounds: don't keep quite
My heart pounds: write
My heart pounds: recite
My heart pounds: follow my beat

Sir Tshiamo Modise

An Ode To Poetry

LOVING HER IS AN ACT I'LL NEVER ABDICATE
SHE IS CLOSE TO MY HEART
LIKE A WARM HOME HUT
I'D NEVER MORTGAGE EVEN TO A BANK I APPRECIATE

I'VE NEVER MET SOMEONE WHO ABASED THEMSELVES THE WAY THAT SHE
DOES
THAT IS WHY I AM NOT ABASHED TO HAVE SERENADED AN ODE
FOR HER TO ACCEPT FOR THE ENTIRE PLAY OF MY LIFE'S EPISODE
I'M READY TO DO WHATEVER SHE DOES AND GO WHERE EVER SHE GOES

SHE RESURRECTED NUMB ORGANS IN ME, TURNED ME INTO A LYRICAL NUDIST
THAT SPEAKS NOT ONLY THE NAKED
TRUTH BUT ALSO SPITS MEDICINE THROUGH A BALL POINTED
INK SYRINGE, SPREAD IT TO PAPER ANTI RACIALLY VERY WIDE
IN BLACK AND WHITE TO CURE THOSE WHO HAVE A PROBLEM SWALLOWING
THEIR PRIDE

I'VE NEVER DOUBTED HER INSTEAD I LOVED HER
FROM THE MINUTE I WAS INTRODUCED TO HER
IT WAS INDEED A BITE OF LOVE AT FIRST RECITE
LEAVING NO ISSUE FOR MY MIND AND HEART TO DEBATE

SHE RAN THROUGH MY VEINS IN TUNE WITH THE DRUM BEAT
OF MY HEART
PUNCHLINES FLOWING LIKE A NON VISCOUS FLUID FLOWING THROUGH A
SMOOTH PIPELINE
FOR THE FIRST TIME I EXPRESSED MY LOVE FOR SOMEONE WITHOUT HAVING
BUTTERFLIES IN MY INTESTINE

SHE LIVES ON LIKE SONG THAT REFUSES TO EXPIRE MY DESIRE, I'LL NEVER
RETIRE
ON THE CONTRARY I'LL SURRENDER MYSELF TO YOU LIKE SOULS
THAT LONG FOR OR REQUIRE
FROM MESSIAH THE FIRE TO BURN SINS AND ACQUIRE BLESSINGS

Sir Tshiamo Modise

Appearance Trade

Her smile mined, well cut and polished diamonds out their pockets
She always awarded her heart before earning theirs' first
It may peradventure be because they had none, as they were puppets
Dangling on strings held by lust

Buttering her heart for diamonds
Left her heartless
Being careless
Left her a rock less precious than diamonds

Appearance trade
Rarely parts with you unpaid

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Colour Boundaries

Ghetto the sea of shacks & sharks the sweet-hazard that has my lifeline written upon
Leth'imali! Sounds of the sharks appearing from the pitch-black shade of shacks
Knives, books, crime and penitentiary rehabilitation, to live these are the ropes we got to hang on
SOWETO, my mother's nest. So-where-to asked forefathers that had our black backs

Bright got charmed & fell in love with what she used to fall asleep on.... His hands
Hands once used for tsotsi deeds in kasi, but again these are the 'burbs
Phat places in South Apart-freakier & varsities yes, yes multiracial & multi-everything lands
Lands where lurking prejudice caused the spark we had to be caught in cobwebs

Will the world understand that what we have is poetry?
Love, which knows no colour, love as blind as citizens of this country?
World please understand and leave the rules of the past at the cemetery
All I ask for is liberty; emancipate this beautiful country from this colour boundary

Love tries to give life to what colour boundaries and race ties kills until love itself dies
Arise South Africa; whether black, brown, white or pink we are one
Let this be the answer to the knowledge drought & thirst that couldn't be quenched by ancestors' tears
I'm done before your eyes & presence but let not these words adhere to absence when I'm gone

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Full Stop

Bought a pen, got a page and met a stage
Clouds of our memories formed and my soul smiled before ink could wet the
page

It is an odd norm that whenever my soul smiles
I put a full stop and nothing I write afterwards

I had thought of creating a path to my soul by writing about you for you
The page that had only a full stop on it was confusing too
As I sat there, sense arrived
"Do not despair, " he said

Words exist in the beginning, actions in between and memories at the end
The full stop is God who is everywhere the beginning, throughout life and beyond

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Goodbye

My love for you painted my world with happiness
Until I decided to re-paint it with your true colours

I walked through hot lava
Just to be your lover
Flower source of my tummy butterflies
One more hour to look into those eyes

And ask: "Remember how we used to be a semi-sonnet? "
Each of us carried a seven-day love
You heptet me heptet
You half me half

My heart bleeds red rose petals
Hitting hard like pieces of metals
I will not forget the times we had
All the best in life ahead

These pieces will never recombine
Hold yours and I will hold mine

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Haba Haber Huba

I am not shy I am not!

It is just that whenever I gaze at your face
My mind executes words that do this beauty some injustice
Until I am out of words, you or anyone in this planet understand

When you said I have an indistinct enunciation problem
The initial high self-esteem I had responded positively to the law of gravity
I found myself asking God to help me speak mirror
So that my words can reflect the unique you
The only thesaurus holding the unexploited words I used to describe such beauty

I am not shy I am not!

Sir Tshiamo Modise

Insomnia

We sailed through the night like never before.
He was ticking and tocking.
I was tossing and turning.
Caffeine had extended the distance to the shore.

We aimed for the shore as it held freedom from activity.
This quite journey had to be honoured by silence we opted for telepathy.
My glances he replied to by digital ascending figures terminating with am.
Together we witnessed the unseen when darkness began to get a golden tan.

Sir Tshiamo Modise

Leboko La Batlounng Boo Tlhofela

Ke dirobaroba nakedi tsa ga Mmasedi' a Mphela
Ke tlou ya ga Mmammipa-a Moatshe
Pholola matlhare, Pholola Matlhare oo Masudubele
Motho wa ga nthapele ga ke ntse
Ga ke tla go ema ga ke na borapelo
Ke Letebele le lentsho la ga Mzilikazi
La ga Mzilikazi wa Mmashobane
Motho yo go tweng ga a beelwe tema
Motho wa o ka mpha nka mo raya maina
ka go raya maina mafatshwa
Motho yo o rileng a tshela noka
A tshela mmamanthane
Mosetsana a kgaoga thapo.
A re o se tsamaye le banyana ba metsaneng,
Ba tla go ruta dipuo
Ba go rute dipuo di sele
Ba go rute bo kepelekepete.

Ke motho wa marobaroba a magolo a mpepe
Mpelege ke se we, nka wa nka palelwa ke go ema
Ka selopo ke belege lesea, ke fate ke fatakolole
Ka dinao ke gate ke gatoga.
Fa ke tsamaya o tlhoke go ultwa mokgwasa
Ba bo ba re ke mabela ba be ba ntshoga mmele
Fa ke gatile go sale dibataolo e sale a le sekaka.

Nna Letebele le le ntsho la ga Moselekatse
Mmina tlou ya go tlhoka molekane.

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Love Cycle In Nature

When like propels love
Words collide
Differences count
Love doesn't get hurt
It takes refuge behind pride
Until like fades and lust
Worlds divide
Silence and space are the spoils of this war
Until time brings another attractive world near too far

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My Environment My Heritage

Here I stand as free person
I part of the rainbow nation
In a beautiful and Coloured place
Yes! That's my environment my heritage

Try to conserve and sustain
And it will serve by it's attraction
If ploughed manured and watered
Food is pumped and no one is starved

Pick a paper you threw away
And be a camper far far away
For a city without pieces
Is as pretty as an ice princess

Climb a mountain and look back, beyond this freedom
Lies a fountain oozing tears, sweat and blood
Make peace but don't forget
For a tree without roots knows no water
A tree without roots knows no stability and is bound to fall

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Nothing Left

Let's not be tied by the knot
Entangled feelings and clods of suppressed emotions
A forest of lilies with springs oozing joy is now a stretch of sand masking beneath
a pool of boiling lava
You don't have to say it's over

Take with this box of memories
Being victorious in this war owes you the right to tell it's stories
I'll be here till my heart is pure
As you move on to a next land of promised fairies, caramel coated maybe's and
what else I am not sure

Sir Tshiamo Modise

Pelo E Ja Serati

Fa nkabo ke itse kene ketla ipala mebala ya kgaka
Fela bontle jwa gago bo a nkgaka
Ke aga ke felela ka lele reng ke mabele
Mme o ntebe ekare ware ipale ya kgaka eseng ya serurubele

Ao! Seilatsatsi sa marata go lejwa
Meno masweu seratwa ke nna
Ka bosweu jwa semathana godimo ga thaba
Monyebo le dipounama tsa ntsoetsa diletseng tsa maloba fa ken eke kopa
Rramasedi mafoko gore ere motlhang ke rakanang nao, ke thelele jaaka
thellabodiba.

Go sego yoo reng gogo bona a bone sego
Eseng bo tududu batla salang ba didimetse bokgaitsemi ba fetoge mafetwa bale
teng
Bo malome ba tlhoke go ja ditlhogo
Dikgomo ditlhoke go wela mogobeng

Kgang e e boteng jwa petse ya matlhoka go okomelwa
Fela jaaka go batlelwa kgarebe ke bakgekolo
Dilo tsa bogologolo
Majwe a sale metsi, badimo ba tlhabelwa

Pelo e ja serati
Serati se meditse loleme lolo borethe
Go bokete, pelo tshweu lebala ka manno
Mmatla sa gagwe gaana maano

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Prayer Of A Lazy Soul With Unlimited Potential

I

I am pranged up by laziness
God help me abort
I do not want to suffer
The pains of hard labour

II

I wish the money cured hands of time
Can massage the past
And leave it a tender future world
I live in whenever I close my eyes and dream

III

Amen

Sir Tshiamo Modise

Reconciliation

Expecting us to reconcile

Is like building a brittle wall as a remedy for a while

Forgetting that inside BEE nepotism, e-Tolls', and money greed continue to pile

Be warned that the wall shall break to haunt like that of exile

Awethu amandla! Now distant by a mile

Awenu amandla and walking money down the isle

Big up to the much anticipated rand-bow nation

Never, never and never again shall there be mental emancipation & reconciliation

Let us live and strive for donation

In suffer apart-freakah our land of political deception

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Swagg

It's good when everything is bad
You don't have to get me to dig what I am saying
Yeah it's cool to be hot, are you confused?
That's swagg in the pushing

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Unconditional Love

Being aware that what she uttered to his ears were sweet nothings meant nothing.

He continued to listen with a bogus gesture of promise and understanding. The reason being her sweet mesmerizing voice which sounded like a piano complemented by a harmonious coherent single cord harp, and her company which soothed his soul and gave it the buoyancy of floating whenever his heart leaped.

The music and luxury that no man would wish to either cease or forfeit had it been within and never beyond his control.

Unconditional love was what he was blessed with, being able to love a soul, which was a clear hazard to the future existence of his own.

Sir Tshiamo Modise

University

A pot of growth
Brewing them too strong for the world to swallow
A tomb of immaturity
Wombing the premature
A straight route to success
Constructed with sharp learning curves

Varsity in what category hast thou espoused to fall?
Good, bad, or a thin line between all?

Sir Tshiamo Modise

You

From you I am not anticipating the world.
For it has been neither enough nor ours in the first place.
I vow to ignore all the relationship boundaries that limit your ownership of this
God granted space
Yes, reach for and own the stars,
Dig deep and keep the precious minerals.
Do all those that fills-up the spaces in your childhood cross-dream puzzles.
Own them with pride.

Without restrictions, share with me; yourself
The correct alignment of your happy soul,
Your genuine imperfections',
Sums of how your pillars of strength manage weakness fatigue,
The maps to cerebral island holding your sacred scrolls,
The distance of the radius from the core to the surface of your wholeness

Because I am a dreamer of simple dreams like;
Exploring your mind's landscapes,
Leaving prints on your DNA as I walk red carpet arteries to your heart,
Laying back on your voice to sip your expensive thoughts
From a glass of silence under the sunset of my loneliness
Now that I'm awake

Woman hand me, provide me, or serve me you
The person I longed for until I eventually said I love you

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