

Poetry Series

Stella Sisanda Qishi

- poems -

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Stella Sisanda Qishi

A Ballad

Every street is seething with impotent mobs
Scudding towards bushes and caves
Desperately searching for cover
As the angry barrels target each one of them,
Bullets singing the anthem of the day

Where vicious throngs reside, truncheons
Are too lenient to bring back law and order
As the steady sirens fall silent
Muted by land mines, suicide bombers and
Bullets singing the anthem of the day

The supposed leaders of tomorrow
Carry ak 47s following suit of their fathers
Whether it's self defence or barbarism
I cannot tell but all I hear are
Bullets singing the anthem of the day

Sun baked blood-stained avenues
Awake to angry growls of guns
Fired at humans like they're hunted animals
Felled like fruitless trees occupying wanted spaces by
Bullets singing the anthem of the day

Stella Sisanda Qishi

A Bloody Questionnaire

where in your body is your heart located?
is it oval or block-shaped?
does it beat in regular intervals as you decide their fate?
how many will quench your persistent thirst?
tell me ever hungry beast,
do you dream of butterflies and roses at night?
do you dream at all?
have you ever wondered why you, why them?
were you conscripted or did you go at your own will?
what did they drug you with to lose all empathy?
do they applaud you for superbly executed missions?
will they remember you when you're no more?
i wonder.
how do you describe your job to your son?
do you tell him you left another man's child fatherless
and slept with the widow thereafter?
do you feel manly as you sing paeans
of victory at dusk, inebriated?
how exactly will ferocity bring about peace?
in your manual, is it fair killing an unarmed man?
and do you write home telling your significant other
how many you've wasted thus far?

i expect answers when you return
from your bloody missions...
if you ever will

Stella Sisanda Qishi

A Daffodil

I did not choose my presence
To be good enough today
And be thrown in the desolate tomorrow.
I did not choose this fragile structure
To be intimidated by mere breezes
Bending this way and that, involuntarily.
I did not choose this outdoors lifestyle
Being spanked by easterlies and branded by eternal rains.
I did not choose to be overexposed
To blistering suns and colds and howling gales
Though poets find my struggle metaphoric.
I did not choose to grow on man's footpaths
And cry unheard under their feet
Set here and there in a drunken blunder.
I long for the day when I'd hear myself say
 'I owe my success to my travails'
But that day seems to be brushing against my skin,
Sliding away despite my impotent attempts.
I only dream of leaning against a window pane
And view the city lights at night,
Of course that's ordinary to you
But to me it's a fantasy
For my height or lack of it
Forbids me from seeing over distant roofs
The heave of the maddened waves
And the magnificent sunset.

Stella Sisanda Qishi

A Feather In a Cyclone

It is hurled up to slate-coloured skies,
Twirled in buoyancies unreachable to man,
Passed on from droplet to droplet and back
Almost like a pendulum
Taking heavy clouts from a rasp cloudburst.
Sodden.
Battered.
Torpide.
Emasculate.
Plummeted to heavily-barked trees
And lie supine under leaves saturated by persistent rains
Taking hurried breaths,
Keeping its spinning head in place.
And as solace begins to settle in
The twister comes again and scoops it up and up and up.

Stella Sisanda Qishi

A Grudge

a grudge haunts you,
it gnaws at you,
it redefines you.
a grudge keeps total bliss at bay,
it ails you,
it dismantles your heart,
it bedevils you.
a grudge lusts for revenge,
it precludes all hopes of perfect zest
and broils you with incessant anger.
it rearranges your fragile into a stone,
the animosity turns you into an inanimate creature
blimey! even that smile is a total guise!

but what do you do
when you discover that the person
you hold dear harbours a grudge against you?
i don't want to be a stone
so i beg you
can't we let there be peace?

Stella Sisanda Qishi

A Tribute to a Playa

i will wear a solemn face, a half-broken smile
and cry tears borrowed from your unsuspecting victims
i will stand above you casket
and sing you eulogies roughly scripted
in my head, not scrutinized all night
with a sobbing heart and end up grieving myself
Lord No!

i will pray for your acceptance every night, though
and say no one deserves it more than you
i will not mention the strong bonds you've utterly broken,
the trust you weren't worth nor the hearts that wept
from the blows of Dismay as strong
as those of a cowhide whip
No, i won't mention any of that
though you were always enclosed in brief,
concealed, unofficial meetings with taken women
Rife with Fickleness, Unsrupulousness and Subversion
leaving devoted men demented.

safe trip to wherever you're going
though i won't miss you,
not one bit.

Stella Sisanda Qishi

A Woman's Misery

of all the things that life had given me
still, i felt my heart brimming with discontent
there was a hole somewhere inside me
that no one could seem to fill
so i asked God to mould me a child
He blessed me with a girl
well, they raped her, chopped her like butchery meat,
her beautiful eyes poked out,
her soft cheeks sliced
i cried myself to sleep every night

i asked God to mould me yet another child
He gave me a boy
well, he mugged and raped pensioners
on their way home from church,
pushed drugs round some street corner
doping scholars to stupor,
vaunting them to becalm the daily babel
and found him the following day bullet-riddled and lifeless

so tonight i kneel once again
asking nothing for myself
but praying for humanity for every soul that lives on earth

Stella Sisanda Qishi

An Ode To The Velvet Voice

for Lebo Mathosa

around my heart are bruises and grooves
that prove my devastation as i pay tribute
with every day i meet i pray
to gain strength to pull through to another day
around my soul tears abound whenever i think of you
i could not wound your badly infected wounds
i fumble for words to explain
i mumble the feeling i cannot express
the shadow almost held my heart still
the requiem won't arouse you from your peaceful sleep
our friendship is enshrined in my living room
not long ago i offered my silent homage to you
i trust you know this is no goodbye
though the shadow falls from time to time
with no sanction from any ruler
nor approbation from any resider
now every yesterday is recorded in the books of history
the anthologies won't bring you back, those i keep

they published your departure in different fonts
and said you'd gone to a place where happiness abounds
they captured your pictures in different poses
but chose only the perfect amongst the rest
and felicitously gathered words to tell the story of your life
from the cradle to the day you took your rest

Stella Sisanda Qishi

Autumn Roses

the chemistry saw us through the early morning mists
we stood steadfast against the whirling winds
the fervour-filled beauty in her department
the acme of maturity in her own department
what i felt i cannot compress into written words
how i feel i cannot put into rhyming verses
the serenity drove us to where we were
those were the happiest times we ever shared
suddenly, the evening candles flickered and went out!
dear Lord, grant me the intellect to understand the science of love
all that we promised we couldn't keep
how we parted i can't seem to find the answers, still
it crossed gorges and won several wars
this heartbreak seems to be a morden norm

Stella Sisanda Qishi

Beating The Odds

There were times when inspiration became sparse,
When the closest people to me derided me,
Calling my attempts stagnant dreams,
Frivolous dreams

There were times when I could no longer
Keep up with the sarcasm, when I could no longer
Placate my weeping heart
I almost let the bitter flays get the better of me

I searched for sojourn
And found peace in letting go
I sought for asylum
And found a home in independency
Now as I read comments and messages
Sent by those who share the same passion about poetry
I am delighted to say
"I Have Made It! "

Stella Sisanda Qishi

Behind That Smile

behind that smile
there lies love,
unwavering, unswerving love.
there lies a melody
that turns over a new leaf.
there lies a story that's still neither written nor told.
there lies laughter
that awakens the happiness in me
there lies an alluring view
that satisfies my inspection
there lies veracity
that no lie-detector can deny

behind that smile
there lies love,
unyielding, unremitting love.
there lies a poem
that caters the soul.
there lies a dream
that everyone hopes to unveil.
there lies harmony
that permits no sadness.
there lies a memento
that portrays no evanescence.
there lies a horizon
that i've been trying to reach.
behind that smile
there lie you

Stella Sisanda Qishi

Black, White, Pink and Brown

i look through the eyes of a troubled woman
black, white, pink and brown
and walk a mile in her shoes
searching her soul for that last piece of happiness
trampled by heartless earthly beings.
i walk on grounds overgrown with disrespect
inflicting emotions of all kinds
with my shoulders aching from the laden burdens
stuffed up on them
i groom offsprings who think they know better
who choose to be hard-headed and spurn my advice
when i straighten the ragged edges of their meandering routes
i meditate with poetry
trying to fill her lacuna
and voice out her ineffable struggles
bound together by tears of despair.
i look through your eyes, you troubles woman
black, white, pink and brown

Stella Sisanda Qishi

Breast Cancer

that lump leaves a cut in you
a hollow sapce
it leaves your heart bereft of joy
vexed
confounded
dislodged
enclosed in an airtight propinquity with pain
circumscribed by fear and despair
to that dark corner of loneliness and weeping
reduced to a statistic

Stella Sisanda Qishi

Confessions Of A Mountain

lovers hand in hand stroll September away
fully protected gear they deploy
to prove their love endless and mature
do climb my ribs so broken,
they're in tatters. the easterlies disturb my eloquence,
obliquely they attack and stretch my appearance
too bad for an eye. they position
their sharp daggers slightly askew
and thrust them across your view
away the silver summer rains do wash my pedigree

Stella Sisanda Qishi

Corner Pocket

lithe bodies sway hither and thither
postponing today's troubles to tomorrow
like tomorrow will never come
exotic dances taking the centre stage
a stranger's arms locked round your waist
lost in the moment of pleasure a moment of get-to-know-ya
screaming for every record played
till there're no more records to play
dancing the night away
till the moon gives in to sunrise
you drag your heavy body homewards
and meet your troubles waiting
for you by the door

Stella Sisanda Qishi

Curtain Closed

images whirled before the slaving blighter
he appreciated the perfectness of the rotating lights
the stars he imagined on the vertical horizon seemed so right
pictures drew themselves though hardly brighter
he spoke in languages that Ecstasy brings,
the colab of powder, the herb and the schnapps
revealed a man frailer than his pride, a twerp;
and in times thought he saw something that blings
he flew to the highest buoyancy of recorded degree
as he walked in careless, untimely waddles and defied his decree
the gap occupied between his synapses assured him of great pleasure
and his mind, familiar with this escape, no longer felt any pressure
he allowed hallucination to hold the fort
while he lost his flair to gather his limited thoughts
his character took a rather queer turn
a single ride and return was nothing simplest
he only worshipped the doping he overdosed
and staggered and lost his footing as the curtain closed

Stella Sisanda Qishi

Deafening Silence

Father,
Why did you rob me of my innocence?
Look at the shards of mine you left behind
Why did you make me a thing to take away
Your frustrations of your longest days?
Yesterday I was that tiny sweet child you held in your arms,
Your arms have turned me into someone
I never thought I could see with a naked eye

Sister,
Why didn't you catch me
When the worldly troubles dangled me?
When they swayed me carelessly like a bird with one wing.
Why did you turn a blind eye on something so imperative?
The bond of sisterhood doesn't exist here anymore.
Why did you fold your arms and watched from the sidelines
While they worked on a mission
To destroy my innocent spirit.

Brother,
How did this world steal away your conscience?
What made you lead me to a blind alley?
You, too, made me a thing to fill the gaps and boost
Your shattered confidence.
Why did you drug me and leave me hallucinating
And sold my body for a living?

And Mother,
Why didn't you protect me
When they dandled me like an hourglass?
Why did you turn a deaf ear when I needed you to listen?
I no longer feel your motherly love.
It seems we've drifted apart
Now this beautiful butterfly can't set its eyes in the world
And dare to dream.

They claim they never heard me screaming in my bedroom
No one opened the door for me to freedom
Now I'll always wonder
What if I'm not the only one?

Stella Sisanda Qishi

Echoes Of Silence

For Koketso Marishane

they knock my heart to numbness,
echoes so cold and so inevitably strong.
they bang the doors of my shattered heart,
echoes so bleak and so inevitably gruff.
they crash the walls of my poor heart,
echoes so baleful and so inevitably loud.
they push my heart back and forth,
echoes so cold and so inevitably cold.
they shrink the appreciation I always longed for,
echoes brush it off, leaving no stones unturned.
they tear my bliss into shreds,
echoes so audible and so inevitably baleful.
they fill my ears with the supersonic sound,
echoes so gruff and so inevitably bleak.
they steal words out of my mouth
and leave me empty-headed and completely powerless.
echoes of your silence obliterate me...

Stella Sisanda Qishi

Electronic Romance

You pleaded me to punch you special phrases
each day and said you'd whisper in my ears in response.
these modern cords and keys curtail the miles
you trod and now little do i convey my undying love
with hopeless voices
Your access restricted machine prohibits
every other eye, save yours
We took a vow that our hearts would know
no other love
now neither speedy hurricanes can copy these words to hire
nor heavy storms can blow out this naked fire
We purloin these moments to meet in spirit
for you cannot serenade me before i pray to dream
the rime-covered acres lay still between us
now our thoughts collide only up in the sky

Stella Sisanda Qishi

Enactment

Life's a play scripted before the creation
of you and I, penned down by Ambition,
Edited by Dogmatism and directed by Greed.
Our cues mystify both the cast and the crew-
Some lines we memorise,
Some we extemporise.
Slowly this melodrama is turning into a horror.

We are fractur'd by the truth
Though aspirant to slander and sabotage.
The plausible of arguments are rendered abominable,
The cruelty in us is not imperceptible
And the celerity at which we fluctuate
Is faster than the speed of light.
We are assiduous in rendering help and destroy,
Efficacious in landind ourselves facade
Of sensitivity though derisive.
'Rest assured', we say
And conceal instead of revealing,
Divulge instead of discretion.

Stella Sisanda Qishi

Entrapment

I understood none of it
that those parlous tasks were to serve
as assurance, preludes to much
perils yet to come
with no option whatsoever
to withstand or withdraw
examine then the stretches of my fidelity
and the exposed features of my perfidy

this role of servitude is my turf
measure then the depth or shallowness
of my wisdom
where i stand i'll let you decide
and the rasp orders that block my ears-
i'll let them slide
God knows how much i despise confinements
that lecture me how to betray my fealty

but when i'm gone will you talk
of the Acuteness of this used or abused Fool,
the Omniscience of this unbeknown Layman
or the Dependency of your proclaimed Entity?
Will you brag about how fabulous a job you've done
standing up on behalf of society?
well, i pray that your society
does not retrace my steps

Stella Sisanda Qishi

fallacy

from long and bumpy rides
i turned to solitude,
ensconced in false pretences,
wearing a smile every morning
like a piece of cloth or some traditional
hide cut out from a sacrificial cow
fooling some killjoys, mitigating
the gashes of wounds they've opened
in my heart
and pose unfazed, completely nonchalant

i've tried letting go of the shadow
but the shadow wouldn't let go of me
to their unbeknown they say
i inherited my uncle's smile
unaware that i had long mourned]
the death of my inner self

Stella Sisanda Qishi

Heritage

Where redolence of pedigree once reigned
Identity is no more
But how deceiving an eye could be
Not to admire the unfractured rings
Of miscellaneous traditions
And how ungrateful an ear to ignore
The plangent drums
Doesn't the primeval clothing goads you to celebrate?

This modernization has razed the dunes
Of our sweet escape
Cor! Look at this mutilated nation
Negated by copycat
And the nebulous tomorrow flickers inn my head
Like I've seen it before
Perhaps in a dream, but I have – somewhere
This complicity...
Oh life! Bring back my traditional self!

Stella Sisanda Qishi

Hope You Found It All

Your fingers slipped through mine
my heart weeping for you
aching for you
you set off on a journey
to find your truest self
now years have gone by
without news on your solitary voyage
i hope you found all that
you were looking for:
the sense of belonging,
the peace of mind,
the dignity,
the appreciation,
and your significant other.
i hope life is everything
you wanted it to be.

Stella Sisanda Qishi

I Have Tried, Believe Me

i have tried blocking my ears
while he called you things you were not,
but the epithets were heart-rending
i have tried looking away
while he beat you up
but your doleful screams of help
held me back
i have tried calling 10111
but the line just went dead
i have tried defending you
but my arms just went numb
i have tried calling 10177
but they were out of ambulances
i have tried calling your neighbour, too
but he went fishing that day
and the lads across the street
they went boozing
i have tried reasoning with him
but he called me an outsider
your sister was in labour
your mother lay sick abed
your brother ducking and diving in Darfur
your father partying at club Numbers
so i locked myself in my room
hoping that God's mercy would intervene
and now as i stand above
your lifeless body bathed in blood
i curse myself for my helplessness
but believe me, i have tried!

Stella Sisanda Qishi

I Was Looking For It

When I was frantic
Desperate to rhyme...
I was looking for it

When I adopted Amiability
Trying not to tread on anyone's toes...
I was searching for it

I then changed to Amicable Aggression
Letting my presence felt...
I was after it

When I crammed many different ideas in one stanza
Trying to comply with the demands of Brevity...
I was stalking it

When I sought after unfamiliar words
Desperate to sound educated...
I was looking for it

Even when I tried being artistic
And blending different figures of speech...
I was looking for it still

But now I'm battling to keep up
Desperate to catch my breath,
Compelled to despair

I am done chasing after Perfection
Perhaps when the time is right
It will come crawling to me.

Stella Sisanda Qishi

I Wish I Never Knew You

i wish i never came t know you,
to love you for the person you were,
the things you did and most importantly
how you made me feel
i wish i never opened the gates and doors
of my heart for you
i wish i could've raised the drawbridge
so you could go wandering someplace else
perhaps then my heart wouldn't break
perhaps i wouldn't find getting over you this difficult
i find the world too small to accommodate my wrath
nothing's lilke it used to be

i will mourn your departure the only way i know how

Stella Sisanda Qishi

I'm An African Poet

i'm an african poet
i hail from the dark soil
baked by the southern sun
coated in my glaringly black skin
yet nop self-pity governs me
as i rise from the dark ashes of independency
to my tormented self
this is one prescription you won't find in pharmacies

i'm an african poet
i write to quench the thirst
from the long runs i made to exile
and free the small voice at the back of my head
urging me to empty the kegs of anger
brimming inside like malty Chibuku
i do not need Ecstasy to arouse my creative self,
the callous are doing a far greater job
leaving me with not much of a choice
but scribble my sorrows down a white paper

it is safe to say
i owe my sanity to poetry
this is how i celebrate,
this is how i grieve

Stella Sisanda Qishi

I'm No Rolling Stone

rapt, turning with every step
drooling, whistling, fraught with need,
pimped out rides hooting, faces
dangling from lowered electric windows
with lascivious gestures offering rides,
eyes darting from pillar to post
with come-hither glances.
wistful.
observing.
covetting.
their cohorts intervene but wink
with hungry eyes, beckoning me,
revealing their promiscuity,
desperate to inaugurate their own queen
of some brothel and pass me
from arm to arm
taking lubricant rides on these
salient contours but fortunately
these curves are not for sale
despite what they may think

Stella Sisanda Qishi

Internal Conflicts

sometimes i wish i could bleed
my heart out and tell you how i feel
but i fear losing a friend in you
sometimes i wish i could stay
in your mind for the longest time
but i saw you with another woman the other day
sometimes i wonder if you've ever noticed
how i act around you
if you have then i guess you're simply indifferent
i've considered composing you a poem
but due to my slim vocab
i couldn't find the right words to say
it's been difficult differentiating between
a friendship and a romantic relationship
but why can't you feel what i feel?
in my fantasies you've caressed me
in the darkest of times

with all the trouble that i went through
still, you had not a scintilla
of emotions for me
so i'll suppress mine
seeing that loving you
is out of the question

Stella Sisanda Qishi

Labels

they have a way of finding
the perfect faces to sanctuary themselves on
be they good or bad
it's the same difference
they differentiate you from me
and myself from others
they stick to us like glue
they take over our lives
and even if we could try to see the person you really are
we would always see what has been
carved on your forehead

Stella Sisanda Qishi

Let Us Part Like Strangers

after years of pining for you
we meet at last
but soon we'll part again
like we did a long time ago
the thought of it alone unsettles me
for i am not good with goodbyes
i hate waving at you
like we'll never meet again
so when the time comes
when you have to leave me... again
let us part like strangers
no kisses, no hugs, no holding hands,
no sobbing, no promises, no goodbyes
and when you're miles away
don't look back
that'll make the burden much lighter

Stella Sisanda Qishi

Meetings At Sis' Beauty's Place

she moves swiftly between tables
decorated by empty schooners
and empty bottles of beer manned
by drunks calling for refills everytime
she passes by

behind the coounter,
walled by cases of distilled beer,
she sits listening to yesterday's reminiscents,
the same euphoria, the same fulminations
like broken records
emptying kegs lilke they're drops of tears
falling on vast oceans

or play referee in a feud
over the kings of local football
and utter vile imprecation over her broken chairs,
smashed windows and threatening bottle pieces
awaiting prey

she serves lost-love victims
avoiding all thoughts of alimony
and the retrenched completely falling apart
but that's none of her business
as long as they settle their debts

Stella Sisanda Qishi

Mortality

this is not the end of life
it is in fact a sequel to the life we led yesterday
it is these heartbreaks that lecture us
how to love, how to live and who to consort
ourselves with
it is the same helplessness we share
the defines our weakness
and the quick learning of letting go
that defines our strength

we can cry ourselves to madness
but the deed would still be done
and there wouldn't be much we can do
to undo it
except accepting the fact that fate
is indeed a done deal

Stella Sisanda Qishi

On His Selfishness

Fathers sigh
Mothers weep
Sisters scream
Brothers sob
As the dagger plunged too soon through their hearts
dances with their quavering voices
they each in turn sing the song of despair
 'Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani? '
Voicing their sorrows in faithful prayers
seeking clemency for sins committed unknowingly
hoping He'll have mercy on them
and spare their progeny
till He decides they're not worthy of her purity
and invited her to have supper in His banquet
they then curse that Godly stuff
for letting leviathans satisfy their needs
in her soft contours without her consent...hardly a teenager.

Stella Sisanda Qishi

One Fatal Myth

The devastated blighter groaned
and grunted with almost every breath
and in times he vigorously shook his head.
He flickered his eyelids
desperately trying to halt the inevitable Embarrassment
'Men don't cry', he'd been told
when his mother died,
he dared not cry.
when he found his younger sister
sliced like a sacrificial cow,
he shed not a single tear.
then a string of heart-rending situation followed
still, he held on to hte myth and took it like a man
Time went by and the hilarious man without a joke to tell
but instead shut himself out of the world
till one day his system crashed
overloaded by pains of yesteryears
He politely asked for his brother's shoelaces
and hung hiself in the backyard.

Stella Sisanda Qishi

Picture-not-so-perfect

Something seems to be amiss with this picture...
you were once so frolic, so carefree,
so fraught with joy and so ebullient
amid the stranger taking ownership of your space
your second father, your assailant.
Abruptly you trudged and withdrew
you spoke in monosyllables,
always on the verge of tears
dealing with troubles inequivalent to your age
for that leviathan pig rused his way up your skirt
in your mother's absence
and revved his engine and disappeared in the face of the earth
leaving you speaking in a monotone.

Stella Sisanda Qishi

Remember When They Said

remember when they said
they loved you with their whole hearts?
suppose between you and sport
is approximately a tie, but how much space
is there left for ambitions,
material things, machinery or family?
what about leisure, travelling,
life and literature perhaps?
the eye will always find faces and things to admire
and accommodate them along edges
or between the furrows of your growing heart.

Stella Sisanda Qishi

Shadow

It disgusts to admit that for every hour
I gain I near the constant guest
And every bliss bears a burden so laden
Even the heaps of brawny hunks cannot heave
Each tender touch ends in sullenness
And solicit for pure endless happiness
Is probably asking for quite a lot
The chronicles show it is quite common
For swans to disappear at the sound of that chime
For clarity to that brief moment is denied
Even to the faithfull followers
Singing remembrance to the lost ones
We gather in hordes to embrace our hopes
Even though we cannot withdraw fro this grief
For every once in a while a wish goes unfulfilled

Stella Sisanda Qishi

So We Sat And Waited

We sat on hard, naked, long plank chairs
Choked by anaesthetics and painkillers
Waiting with bated breaths
To cry tears of joy and ululate
Calling her the greatest things we've come to know
We waited...
The sun turned askew above the mountains
Our ears crowded by the awful silence
Eventually Sisters came out without smiles on their faces
Overwhelmed by curiosity we stopped them
Before they could pass us by
'Doctor Bezuidenhoud will inform you', they said
And dragged their feet and disappeared in the hallway
Doctor Bezuidenhoud followed
His eyes locked firmly on the ground
Afraid to meet ours
Ours confronting his despair
He told us things our ears refused to believe
Our little Cinderella was stillborn

Stella Sisanda Qishi

Still Waters Run Deep

the lament of heart-rending words
pregnant with hostility jetted off through
the airs, stuck in the crazy moment
of raging fury and inevitably
no soul nor might could pacify
the profoundly disturbed mind
the embodiment of uncontrollable veldfire
seduced by impetuosity
and the quest to end the pain
filled a simple day with drama
the palpable sense of hatred
overwhelmed by vengeance and resentment
eventually rendered a pang of underestimate
an overflowing calabash

bow to the inexorable for it seems
countless souls live to destroy
or perhaps destroy to live

Stella Sisanda Qishi

Suppose Life Were A Sinless Colleen

Suppose life were a sinless colleen
Her pedigree etched in her diplomacy,
Wont to bounty, the queen of all kingdoms,
Featured in every man's dream.
Suppose she led a life free from predicaments
And we adopted her traits and feigned life in Eden

O! But what a shrew she's grown to be!
Sparingly she smiles and often she frowns
And now evry man's heart feeds on revenge
Other's prosperities disgust my eyes
We have become those with hearts of iron
the villains always vilifying every reat effort
Wishing our mates' affluent minds barren
Shouting words muted
Every now and then we applaud
But again it's all muted.

Stella Sisanda Qishi

Table Mountain

I cast my eyes over this comely landscape
To closely perceive the historical beauty of the mountain
She's gorgeously dredged with leafy trees almost fastidiously assembled
And a mass of stones overlapping
She poises there pinioned by the beautiful Mother City
Together with the cheering voices of the renowned
And the simple plebs
Flaunting her limpid waters that silently giggle, constantly.
They furtively unclimb from her broad shoulders
In this hazy view to endear themselves with the thirsty grounds of Cape Town
So it recurs forever and ever with the intake of air
Whilst the quiet gullies secretly replenish the ocean
Observing this fascinating view so heavenly resplendent
In my heart there's no time for discontent

Stella Sisanda Qishi

The Circle Of Life

from the very first cockcrow
to the very last tick of time's utility
they tread this life always on opposite lanes
now every step forward nears fatality
and velocity declines but only at the shaking of hands
one short breath exhaled is inhaled by this SIGNIFICANT other!
so whenever the other turns right
this proclaimed partner turns left
and meet again at the crossroads like they never parted

God crafted them of different manners
soon flawless life is enervated,
impeded, incumbered and not endorsed
every insiration is matched with almost adequate conspiracy,
they appear miles apart but they're locked
in close proximity lilke a wheel to a rim
and when the cries of despair uproar
you discern that you'll always be back to square one...or not

Stella Sisanda Qishi

The Guy Almost All The Good Girls

the guy almost all the good girls lose their goodness to
comes in all shapes and forms
he comes from all walks of life
and from all racial communities
he wears the latest trends, religiously,
and drives saliently opulent sportscars
with electric windows, shiny mags and sub-woofers
he lets them splurge his money on his behalf
and demands physical settlement in return
he's good with poys too,
whispering them sweet nothings,
taking them to his world of mak-believe
he calls them all the sweetest names you'll ever hear
not because he loves them
but because the list is way too long for him to keep track
good lilfe seekers dropp out of school
to play part-time bodyguards and full-time sex-slaves
and curse the male species when dumped
by this professional philanderer with an naked baby
suffering from malnutrition

Stella Sisanda Qishi

The Power Of Emptiness

Oh child!
I can see your patient eyes
Gawping at an open space
Watching dark angels riding snails
Your bowels whistling and mourning with nothingness
Your tight skin closely wrapping your fragile bones,
Your sunken sockets, your parched lips.

It seems you are nearing the place
Where life and death collide
You are tiptoeing along the fine trapeze of surrender
Impotently letting long days pass you by
In slow motion
Gaunted to skeletal

Picturing at the back of your mind
An empty funeral,
No one missing you
For you were all things but elite
Had you been, you wouldn't be so stricken

Stella Sisanda Qishi

The profile - Teko Modise

the skill is axiomatic,
flagrantly untamed
and utterly unimpeachable
dictating the enemy grounds
with serpentine deportments,
ubiquitous, conspicuous,
too lubricant to hold firm
yet too firm to knock down,
sending onlookers into a frenzy
with elaborations elementary only to you
pervading the aura of success around you
across the field with impeccable executions
walking under the radar of
international acknowledgement

what they say about talent
may just prove them wrong
because yours seems to be contagious

Stella Sisanda Qishi

The Story Of Tuletu

standing in the corner
under the fading lights
a leper out of sync,
a whisper in the pandemonium
that no one seems to hear,
prone to becoming a fall guy,
always has and always will
but still can't get used to the heartbreak
walking on fields overgrown with backstabbing
pestered
underestimated
hapless
stalking happiness but happiness
seems to be moving faster.

Stella Sisanda Qishi

The Waiting Sped Up The Weariness Of Patience

The waiting sped up the weariness of patience
Upon that lonely shore so heavily boulder
To as far off as the eye could see
I watched there afar where the ocean seemed to meet the firmament
What appeared to be swallows swaying
Above the white crests, intimately, mocking my loneliness

I've walked the subways at night
Hoping to come to your encounter
Then I heard you prospected for new lands
Where you and your lover shall dwell
Even the memories we made do not seem to bother you
But I would've appreciated the incisive truth

Now there's nothing there that is left to say
Just that I have to summon the pieces of my heart
For there's no proper way of letting go
So there's nothing there that is left to say
Only that my heart must learn to subside

Stella Sisanda Qishi

There's No Time For Anecdotes

there's no time for anecdotes
as we lower yet another scholar
down the lonely corridors of earth
stabbed several times late last week
or as we pay homage to junkies
resting their high minds frothing
from fatal powders and winos
fallen prey to influences

there's definitely no time for anecdotes
as the amorphous cosmos comes
crashing down trampling innocent
men, women and children in Darfur
and the 'In my days' tune seldom helps
or in the least curtail the physique
of this Cupidity, this Selfishness, this Savagery

there's nothing humorous about AIDS
hacking us down like a harvester
scudding across hectors of plantation,
striping them row upon another

there's nothing jocular about the new trend
of fatal hijacks pervading the cities in circles
robbing us of pure bliss

all that we can do is brace ourselves
with long plaintive poems for another setback
to shrink our zest or disturb our slow dance
all that we can do is wait for another
despondent cry to interrupt us
as we boogie through the night

Stella Sisanda Qishi

they say love

they say love is a fountain
flowing down like the Victoria Falls
magnificent. genuine, indescribable.
they say it's where waters of the same current confluence
they savour the smooth and turbulent flows
together intertwined
with much deference and pure affinity

but what do you call it
when the sense of revulsion takes the helm
malevolent. antagonistic, forefingers poking
the open space into a fitful polka-dot?
is it still a flawless fountain when
blows rearrange your facial features
turning them ashen?
abrasion perhaps
i think it very unlikely

love does not lie in perfectly boned faces,
high social standards or fat credit cards
it is merely the promise of common hearts
unsurpassed by beauty or property
so the least a person should do
is let their love do the talking

Stella Sisanda Qishi

This Heart

this heart churns love
this heart brews hatred
this heart houses my passions
my passions share a room with my disinterests
this heart manufactures aspirations
and later decides to go against them
this heart admires
this heart chastises
this heart misses you
and this very heart avoids letting that show
this heart longs for you
yet it doesn't want to be broken by you
this heart is a superwoman
juggling between east and west,
what's right and what's wrong,
reality and fantasies
and puts it all in perfect balance

Stella Sisanda Qishi

Traffic Lights Operators

they don wild outfits
and overdo their wild make-ups, too,
they keep the western time
gaining themselves the status of Reliability
they must've taken Captivative-Standing lessons
as they queue there with figures like supermodels
in their revealing gear
waiting to be picked
and each waiting to be picked
by a wealthy insatiable hubby
to fatten that flat purse so she can feed
the empty stomachs left at home
I call them Traffic Light Operators
but misers call them whores

Stella Sisanda Qishi

Unacknowledged

beside this solitary island
the sun's rays, dismayed by the unwelcoming
reflection, refract to the edges
occupied by reeds that dance
gratefully to the autumn breeze.
the murk of the night whispers the wishes
of the yellow sun but it all
comes to no avail
and the ripples seem to laugh
at the survey of lovelorn

Stella Sisanda Qishi

We Dandle The Culture

We dandle the culture to immortality
And frill it with all kinds of figures of speech
We let the rhythm be its cloak
And the plangent drums its heartbeat
We are cleave to revealing the truth,
Enshrine history, tell the tales
And smother ferocity
Behold the saint that feeds on treason
And that pally face coated in a smile of still tedium
Poetry has strewn to all directions
Strewn to unequal dimensions
Towards the east its modest
And modern towards the west
It is audible in the south
In the north the plea is sound
And we'll only rest when the star
Of eternal life leads us back home
That is our plea and God,
Please don't let us grow cold

Stella Sisanda Qishi

Welcome Home, Stranger

my heart has wept
long after you left
my heart weeps again
now that you're back
my eyes have grown blank with despair
i can barely recognise you aged face
your swarthy skin battered by the northern winds
raddled by age, advanced by solitude
jaded.
bilious
baked by foreign suns to senescence
though you went in search of propitious opportunities
you sacrificed me for greener pastures
i do not complain, though
for the strong winds have
blown you back home
welcome, stranger

Stella Sisanda Qishi

You Are So Quiet Tonight

you are so quiet tonight. i wonder
whether it'd be smart or folly
to call you comely
but your silence is louder
than the spoken word.
what more words could i collaborate
to elaborate
my apology? can't you see this dagger is as sharp as a razor blade?

i saw your tears as you turned to look outside the casement
i would've been pleasant if those were
tears of joy but your anger torments,
you keep it all inside.
you have my thoughts racing in rotary tracks
and the deformity of my heart keeps coming back

like the unhealth plume
of the factory smoke, your silence
chokes me almost to doom
is it what i said and should'nt have?
or perhaps what i should've done and did'nt do?
either way, your silence and your weeping vacant my heart, yes they do.

Stella Sisanda Qishi

You've Been Warned!

Hypnotic love, urgent love. That
Irrevocable blunder leaves faces blanch
Vandalizing joy, crippling perfect life when
Affinity bears death instead of birth
Injecting significant others in the name of love. But those
Doleful screams can never hinder symptoms from showing and those
Sour tears will never cure the pandemic. It
Keeps finding time to attack along the lines of Carelessness and
Injures the inside before showing on the outside
Latent death working its way through your body as you
Languid, uncertain whether to Conceal or Reveal
Sicknesses taking turns, killing you softly

Stella Sisanda Qishi