

Poetry Series

William Ndweisile Somenze

- 24 poems -

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William Ndweisile Somenze (1991-10-11)

I Was Born In Potchestroom In The Year 1991 October The 11th, I Am The First Child To the late Suzan Somenze & Grifitths Deck, I Grew Up In A Small Town Called Ottosdal, I Was rised By my aunt who has five children of her own, i have a little brother & a little sister who are still in school, and i am stil at tertiary level studying a degree in development studies, i started writing while i was in primary, at first i used read poems of the great Shakespeare, Robert Frost & the likes of E.E Cummings, thats how i became motivated & had an allure to poetry, But My Inspiration Came from one Of the Most Respected writers & recitors Here In South Africa, Maakamole[mak] Manaka, Lebo Mashile, Antony lyons & many more.

Am I Speaking Mute?

i told her how i feel,
i pronounced the feelings inside me,
like a flower at spring,
blossoming-articulating its inner beauti,
but still i find myself reeling,
i find myself still speaking,
speaking non stop with no thoughts to capitulate,
at times i say words that are like decapitated-headless words that sound meaningless
and useless but yet right to use,
i find myself speaking like a demented being,
trying to recite the encyclopedea of love,
but it exasperate you see.; speaking to someone like you are talking to a
stone-something emotionless.
every second of a minute i have with her i endeavor to turn my feelings into this visible
paint-more visible than the color white, and my tongue into a brush and start painting
this picture for her to see my gustrious image of love, .
but oh, she just cant see,
she just cant want to let me free,
and consent...
could it be that i am saying mute words to her? could it be that when speaking to her i
stammer hence she seemingly be confound and tongue tied? could a be loosing my
voice`s weight to you hence the words i say to you make no difference?

William Ndweisile Somenze

dear beautiful girl

dear beautiful girl
you have kissed the iris of my eye,
leaving my tongue to commit a crime-
raping my throat when trying to articulate-
the way you magnitize my heart-
my mind feeling constipated with these thoughts i masticated-
when i saw you-
and mesmerised my intenstine to a point where-
i couldn't swallow you down below my womb-
cause you were the first rose i ever saw walking down the palm of the earth-
and you took my breath away-
and left me falling like an autumn leave-
enchanting me with the sultry waves of your hips-
and the thinness of your sexy lips-
contesting for my heart and winning it over, hands down-
with your stealthy moves as you stroll before me-
keeping me looking from behind with the view that stimulates-
whence my erectional emotions...
i mean emotional erections emanates-
your appearance as you evince keeps on injecting me with tides of happiness flowing
through my veins-
and being the source of these happenings of mysterious occurences that i can not
explain-
what you do to me-
i hesitate to articulate that i may deviate from a degree of accuracy-
but i-
i think i am fond of you

William Ndweisile Somenze

even after all: she completes me

when they sky was dressed in dark grey cumulonimbus clouds, with a blurry path and heavy storms that shuddered the deafness in my heart to hear as love whispers my name from a distance,

she would be the voice that lurks behind the breeze that osculates my skin, a wind that ventilates to elucidate the marred gloomy vision of the sun shining refulgently and bring light into my soul.

she would be the reason my eyes bear fruits-the apple of my eye, like man she was a gregarious creature but alone she was my world, defined by laconic words-she was love that adam and eve marred when they sinned in the garden of eden,

she was my piece among millions of those when heart breaks would lie shattered on the floor, a constituency that my heart, soul and spirit are constituted with,

while i wandered solemnly in despair and agony she sprung like a rose i winters very death to breathe into me a succulent portion of her heart's compositions and made me whole.

William Ndweisile Somenze

Feeling

I feel so naked

tongue disrobes its sheath,
thoughts turn from being in a silent mode,

to speaking loud in empty pages,
wailing between mum line margins,

these fingers out of boredom,
encrypt words in stanzas and verses,

a poetical code.

i feel naked as these Words beat against my mental membranes crying to be
disengaged,

as if groves are implanted on the palm of my mind.

propelled to write,
but when i lift my hand at right with a pen that drips blue blood on its tip,
i find my clothes, there i the mind blogged can not ink, but sink in mirth for i find such
a quip!

William Ndweisile Somenze

fell inlove

she crippled my heart when her sight broke through my eyes right into my chest and ripped its bones apart,

like a boulder averted to float in the sky, it leaped like droplets of rain from the hemisphere of loneliness and solitude and came down toppling like football scrum,

seeking a path to penetrate and tread right through her bosom into her soul, to convey and mold a painting that not even words can best paint to articulate ways in which her apogee-allure of affection has robbed the heart away from its being.

she became the spark of the sun that the bud was indigent of, to unfold layers and layers of love that was never egresses by the thriving petals,

she was the reason emotions within him were knocking and thumbing his heart's membrane to be let out,

and i am dote of her because she became the first color i have ever saw defined by pale.

William Ndweisile Somenze

Good Riddance Old Year

You`ve rised before my blinded eyes, blinded eyes with tears i`ve cried, tears that have been trickling down my face for long, i thought you`d be better, you`d be the napkin to wipe away tears i`ve shed with past years, thought you`d make me glitter, but in vain, you`ve made everything i did worse, made me feel so wrong, like i am living from the back of a hearse, you were a ruinious year,

why did you abhor me this much? I`ve fronted words before you sollicitating elation for the distinct days that you carry & are yet to deliver, that they may be the birth of my jubilant mirth here on earth, but you hav bequethen me an abundance of afflictions,

goodriddance to you, for with you my wishes & prayers were but alot of nothings, my dreams toppled down like the collapsing football scrum, go on & never come my way again, for i want your haplessness no more, for you`ve brought me misery to bring a smile to your face,

you who hated me to enjoy seeing me breakdown & cry, drift & i will like you never came, leave & let me live, take along all the fears you`ve ploughed in me, for this time i am going through changes intrepidly, a new day has come to cover you with a sheath of goldeness & erase all the pain & disappointment you`ve left in me.

William Ndweisile Somenze

her life bitten the dust

her life bitten the dust,
if you ask me how i would say;

a pestiferous noxious poison penetrated her skin deep,
masticating her by bit by bit,
like an injection of acid eating her up inside,
inside she was a dumping site,
as she exhales and breathes,
a stench of a living corpse found an entry point
past my nostrils,
like a rotten rat perished within her,

she died selfless, frail and feeble,
like antartica melting
at the summer's very death,
i watched her slowly die in pain,
in despair,
drifting to eternal sleep,
whispering my name inaudibly,
as the excruciating inflictions strangled her,
with a reflection responding to my mind:
"turn your back & let me be"

tears trickling down her brows,
as she envisioned the viciousness,
that her days on earth came to cease,
her lips were as dry as raisins busking in the sun,
i couldnt even administer myself to osculate her a kiss goodbye,
consciously she was discern of that & struggled to say;
'don't be scared my son'

her face- where her eyes resided were holes,
where cheeks used to be were bones erectionally standing like boulders,
her shoulders; pointed out like excavated stones
at the wave of the wind

she sipped this lethal, cruel & marred source of her vapidness,
through a disease scientifically regarded as pneumonia,
leaving me an infinite curse of my thought's insomnia,
lest dreams i dream reminiscing me with images of how she exited earth in a way
inexplicable,
leaving behind a ravish daughter and a son,
incessantly asking me 'brother, where's mom and would she ever come back'

struck by a spear of their inquisitive question through my bosom
I said to them- her life bitten the dust

as she succumbed her life to death,
doctors spoke in an incomprehendable language:
'sorry, she couldnt make it,
her system coldnt fight it anymore'
to compensate me for my loss,

they issued out a piece of tissue,
as tears rained in a haze like storm in my eyes,

broken hearted,
i began to wail and question God's authority,
why us, why are we disrobed the only parent we had?

William Ndweisile Somenze

I Am Broken

i am a broken part that has lost its constituent,

i am a part broken,

its pieces stolen..

a part with emotions swollen.

i, i am a broken hearted being,

whose pain aches like a sting,

with my baque i stand on ropes of despair,

holding my inflicted heart on the palm of my hands,

trying to find its match,

a piece to make it whole,

but in vain...i find no soul.

i am a wound bleeding pain,

shot with the emotional pistol,

feeling like i've been slained.

i am a heart with a vast scar,

a scar that can't be mended with a patch to cease it from bleeding love.

i am a broken winged-bird that neither flies nor walks but stands on the surface of solititude,

loneliness turning me into a slave.

i am an eye that once in love could see,

but now i am blind for tears that i cry avert my sight.

i am often a shooter who never misses his aimed targets but i made a blunder and found an arrow right through my bosom because of my false ideas of being inlove with someone...i am just broken

William Ndweisile Somenze

I Am Twenty One

I am twenty one & this age should be my democracy, my freedom choice, to listen to none, but my own voice.it`s a turning point of my life, & with the life in point-resonsibility should be my wife, my law, my constitute of rules.

I am twenty one but I am not a man on my own, shall not shine & be way above the limit line.I am twenty one & i am still a child, I wont throw my toys, or cease playing with my boys, I am a lad before my elder`s eyes & respect is the sheath, they note me with.

I am twenty one & i wont cast off my old self, nor put who i really am on the shelf, Or say I am nobödys` child, since god taken what he borrowed me.

I am twenty one & i`m still dreaming, hurting & healing, breaking & mending, dimming & shining, falling & raising,
& living hence thus far i am grown & growing.

I am twenty one, careless of what life has made me be, or what death has named me-an orphan, for that didnt make me a nobodys` child, `cause god cherished me, he never left me to perish, he took me in & slowly raised me & surely am becoming a man I was born to be.

William Ndweisile Somenze

i want to write you a letter-

i want to write you a letter
with alphabets and words that
articulates the heart's matter
from my thoughts
whence it emanates and
with what the heart is certain of
and decamp these fears that I postulate
that love is pain and
let you reign the feelings i gain and
be the wind that osculates
my skin every night and
tranquilize me with thine'st kind touches and
be the construction company
i set in my thoughts to
recreate the atmospheric layers and
reduct them to two
where twain hemispheres can be found
for you and me
as a place of our residence and
where pain is foreign
and wake me up with whispers to my ears
where joy, serenity and felicity are native

and make me realize that
pain is what we bring ourselves in love, by
trying to find the right piece
that will constitute and
fit our hearts like a glove
when we endeavor to firmly hold on to
something that wasn't and
was never meant for us

forming boulders innate ourselves
hindering us to love the ones we should and
claim that love hurts
when we want to love those travelling in carts
and what is seen or lies before our eyes
than whats in our hearts
i want to say whats right and
be the candle that lights you up
that loving someone is not a mistake
but rather a right one to make
and say i am sorry
not because i look this way
but
because i
feel this way, speak this way and clothe this way
and not that other way you envisioned
hence i am wrong for you

and wish nothing for you but
hope that your eyes find love and

what can satiate the heart for you
cause girls like you never find love enough

William Ndweisile Somenze

I Wish I Never Did

Love at first sight,
that ceased shining in my eyes like a night.

it darkned in my heart,
after i realised that seeing you passingby my life was actualy a dream and not a new
start.

that in which it was like a sword right through my bosom,
arousing infinite affliction deep within me, pain; i felt it blossom,
then i embarked wishing and feeling what i never wished nor felt before, for what i saw
in you that affected me has left me reeling

And

breaking as it neither constructed me, nor, as fair as it looked, mended me, in
poigance i stood asking, why did i fall for you? for now it is my own falling,

i am left to express what life has made me realise; that loving is like stabbing yourself
at heart and writing yourself a death note,

with the inscription that says: if jesus was to rise again and walk on water, may this
heart of mine ressurect

William Ndweisile Somenze

I'll Be Myself Again

Cease praying, cease praying for me, i hate seeing you hurting, hurting to have back the son i used to be, one filled with smiles, happiness and liberty.
i`l be fine, you see pain has lost me, it has set a construction company within me to build a boulder, a vicinity around my heart to be vicious, it has darkened my vivid mind and thoughts,
i`l be able to see life again for what it could be and not what it is, i am just blinded by the curtain of darkness and mists before my eyes, i promise thee i`l get that chance to glitter in jubilation once i disrobe this dark shawl upon my shoulders.

i`l be back to life again, for i didnt know that love to me could be so peril, i will walk through this pain, loosing strength and power, but i promise prominent strength to gain, for this its a trial inwhich i learn to be strong.
i`l be myself again, back in my own shoes feeling like any of masculanities, and cease shedding tears like a feminity,

i`l be myself again, pick myself from the shelves of life for i have the strength to carry on, i have the ability to change to move from a crux i have stopped and settled at, i`l be myself again beggin no soul to teach me how to love, how to live, how feel for i am now feeling the life i live, loving myself with the love i could have ever wasted in loving, i`l be myself again, i`l throw all the toys and seriously get on to the game to play.

.

William Ndweisile Somenze

like you were my first love

i was twenty one when my heart tripped in its enormous beat cause of your alluring sight,
when i began to thrive and the scent of your skin that enabled my nostrils to sniff the aroma of love and opened up my eyes,

when shackles that fixed me to a childhood stage were broken by the dabbled emotions that spattered at your exquisite portrayal,
when the lour emaciated description vision that i had envisioned of what love is and has been got elucidated by an angel stealthily strolling down earth where angels are rare to tread,

when i began to wonder if my death has summoned me cause i embarked to see heaven under the sky because of this well moulded soul,
when i saw myself transforming into a being with metal fillings magnitized and attracted by a sultry being whose appearance was like a magic wand.

i was twenty one when my heart wailed like a lone sea-bird, palpitations beating against my bosom to articulate the pain and unhappiness that two decades of my life had instilled in me,

when i loved you before i fell now that i did your love makes me incapable to impel.

William Ndweisile Somenze

May the 5th

May the 5th
a mark on the calender
reminding me of your birth,
when your period of birth and death
came to existence,
before thoughts of inscripted
printed onyx walls could
be born in mind as
the mark that depicts that you once travelled
this tiny vicious path of life,

before your presence
could be thought
as possible to extinct
or you to fall to
eternal sleep and exit
the sight of our eyes,
we with painted papers
photographs
to remind us of the gift we werent given the chance to unwrap
to mesmerize our eyes,
complete our constitute hearts,
erecting peculiar emotions within us that we never knew-happiness

May the 5th
a day with stains
evoking restless pains that the thief
has left as prove of burglary within our hearts,
disowning us our most dear at hearts-
a mother who would
infold her children into her bosom,
unblinding their eyes
as the mist of life dawns with each day,
ploughing hope into their minds,
ripping off visions and thoughts of despair,
derailing them from a caution that life isnt fair,
liberate them to live without agitation nor fear

May the 5th
the day that never went with you to heaven
remaining as a scythe to our bosoms
cutting deeper within us
excavating wounds
screaming to our heads
reminding us; you are orphans!
with tears trickling down our faces,
as constantly, incessantly we are reminded that
in life we are charity cases

we have birthened hate towards this day
as it stirs up wrath in our hearts
as we woundedly live with it,

with the knowledge that it should've been a celebration of your life and not a moaning
one for your death

May the 5th on its arrival
we carry our hearts
upon our sleeves,
cause we cant lurk them anymore,
wishing we knew you more, felt the smouldering maternal warmth of your breasts

May the 5th
a love letter
from you, through life, to us with words that does none but cuts us like a knife
disposing sadness within us
the day that reminds us that we may have known you,
you should've held us like shackle of chains
and averted us from opting fro this life that brings us no harmony
as the best to salvage us from the misery that death has came about with,
but mishapplessly you were removed on this world like dirt stain.

William Ndweisile Somenze

Of All The Things

Of all things i`ve said to you,
my heart is not pounding in happiness,
but twisting and turning in pain...

Is this what you wished me to go through?

i inhibited you from moving as i came toward you whistling melodius words, that left me a love sentence.

you let me talk like a fool,
speaking empty words.

wasting words on you of something so true,

which to you made no clue,

yet you listened to me,

with your deaf ears,

you didnt stop me,

by saying "cant you see that i am someone`s possession, i am not available, maybe i am but not for you"...why?

hopefully i tumbled with words on my tongue, not knowing either aware that i was making a monologue, hurting myself with ny own words of affection.

now i am left with ashes of my heart on the palm of my hands,

and not a broken heart cause mine had no bones, its just burnt to death with the love i had for you....waiting for someone to reconstruct it...

.

William Ndweisile Somenze

Pregnancy Terminated

dear love i write this letter to you with emotions that you have ejaculated my thoughts with,

i write this letter to you, to tell you that this pregnancy of a child unborn in my mind is officially getting terminated,

i gave you a key to the door of my bosom and spread the ribs of my heart to let you in,

laid my heart on its back as you cohibitably injected me with your sweet lies, promising me happiness,

swearing to me to take away all my pains, to wash away all the stains in my heart.

i opened up to you, i opened out my heart on you love and perserved to your moans and groans,

because i fell for your squirmed truth, you sweetly and sultrily scrolled down a dark curtain before my eyes,

you impregnated me with your eternal promises.

love, i write this letter telling you of the murderer i have become, i am taking away a life, for when i constantly look at this womb of my heart i cry in loneliness and sadness and regrets for giving you my heart. a heart that you ditched and switched like a light, i gave you the right; to take away my innocence, to touch my heart that feared you so much, to let my tongue taste the saliva of deciet you always spit to every being you meet.i letted you to poke me.

i died inside because of grief of the loss you made me feel, i died to what me and you have agreed upon, to let you put the sharp stalk of your potent love into my feeble heart like an abyss, you taught me a language to speak; a language spoken only by the heart, you got me to heaven in an immeasurable speed-an inexpressible celerity, you dug the hole deeper in my heart by poking my vacant heart with your stalk of affective emotions, then my heart was left infected, by the sweet-bitter honey fluid you have left in me, you have left me with a virus, a growing seed in my heart that perpetually hurts me.love i write this letter to alert you that i am officially terminating this infant you have left my heart with...tears that i am only left with as the memory of the relationship we had...

YOURS IN DEEP BROKENESS: THE HEART

William Ndweisile Somenze

the mist in his eyes

broken hearted lad, in search of a path to tread on,
as life left him discarded,
seeing the unregarded.
his veins compressed with cold blood,
tears that trickle down his face, undrying,
gothic minded, he embarks to think of take the life of a butterfly in the palms of his,
squashing the dreams that were about to spring their petals out of a bud and glisten,
forlon and fiddly, complex minded he lives,
in his eyes conundrums dawns,
the mist in his eyes averts him to see the path, the way he should be leading is on
pause of some unknown causes of his neglection from his past,
questions hollow in his brain both in his cerebral hemispheres, in tears he ask himsself:
why mother gave birth to him, whereas she would never enjoy seeing him grow or
smile at him as he grows to a man, why didnt she help him sing his life like her favorite
hymn, that she alaways smiles as she sings?
these unrepliable questions cause him stings, pains and inflicts his heart,
as he try not to ruminate again a thought of another pain of why did father do same,
wasn't he glad that from that from the mother's womb and his waist a son he became,
he sits in agony and poigance as reality hits hard on his pensive cognitions that he will
never know how it feels to be told, that one day he will lead a life of a king,

tears in his eyes flow though his face is not a stream, he feels the steam as they
smoulder his skin,
he feels that these tears are an inscription, an epitath of the life he lives yet not leads,
he knows not what god's man look like,
prayer it is but peculiar to his mind, the word god its a nail to his tongue,
everything its a mist in his eyes,

William Ndweisile Somenze

The poet on stage

He stepped on stage, whistle & ululations bid him welcome, after a while then he was encompassed by inexpressible silence, great anticipations from the audience, words embarked to mold up from the palm of his mind, with a mic in his hand, they mounted up his tongue, as he prepare to begin his monologue with a lucid prologue:

Listen as i open, open the the muddy sac emanating dust to rise, borrow me your ears, & listen to the sweet noise in my voice, make no din, for this that i am about to recite shallnt be in the end, an epilogue of a poem unsung catching you by surprise...

he then flowed on stage where there was no river; I am, I am the message excavated inscripted in my forefather`s heart, an old rag napkin with no allure before your eyes, I am the infernoed light, to discern & open up your eyes, make you realize that you do not glitter while standing in the dark, I am no Jesus, , I am not perfect like heavens above, I am the reminiscent that lives with time to remind you that its life you should live & love for the clock is ticking, I am the cooing comforter, wipe away those tears & lay thine eyes upon mountains whence thy aid shall dawn, I am the short sent message to whirl about under the sky & tell you that the Lord hears your cries, I am a slave to words not troubles, problems, test & trials, I am the breeze blowing stealthy through your window to tranquilize you & tell you that the lord sees your tries & saw the strength you took to live & survive through each day, the lord will illuminate you therefore do not capitiate, he will take away your feebleness & frail self, do not put your life on the shelf, life is about those who perish to nourish.

as with these last words said by the poet, they audience gave him a standing ovation.

William Ndweisile Somenze

the room

As i walked out that chair packed room,
glancing back meeting your glittering eyes, on your face; a smile,
i raised a hand my hand to wave you goodbye, with a fake smile and a heart filled with
gloom,

in a room, with your face all over,
your voice scattered inside,
in my head the only noise i hear,

i stood up to walk out the room cause my crippled heart couldnt stand waiting on you
anymore,

i walked out in this room where it was only you i perpertually saw,
i walked out, stood up and left with a heart that has a sore,
a gigantic sore that stened so bad that i myself couldnt stand the smell of a broken
heart,

i walked out with a heart on my palms, dead like a bird`s carcass, a wreckage.,

then i looked back and my eyes crashed into yours and i saw a smile in your face,
a smile of devotion, a smile of elation depicting to me how happy you are to see me
melt like ice, becoming invisible, dying alive cause of loving you,
thats what i saw in you, a great titanic franticness that left me dissonant, regreting
pouring my heart on you...and now i forever live with this emotional debt,

i now just but live and pray for strength that i shall not by even a right blunder turn
back to that room to see if you are still there.

William Ndweisile Somenze

The World We Live In

The world we live in,
its an abyss where lives and dreams are thrown,
where Mothers throw aside their long dresses and get on skirts to tempt young Men,
leaving their husbands in soleness.

Daughters wear refulgent-silver & golden steels on their fingers, making themselves
bed`s to be layed on, throwing their legs to inverse directions like potato peels, slain
their visions & goals by marrying men who tie them to home and houses to be baby
bearers, being layed & played.

This world we live in daughters behave like queens, mother`s like princess, lads
behave like kings, men & fathers behave like boys taking women for a toy, altering
femenities & lie to them about love, break their hearts and bring their own selves
lastless joy. we live in a twisted world, where daughters go for married men, inflicting
their mothers and mothers friends pain,

We live in a twisted world where we neglect our friends for our enemies and bring them
closer to have access to break our hearts by raping our lovers, sisters and mothers,
breaking our spirits by murdering & molesting children...the world that knows every
truth about lies, and disguise lies for the truth to incarcerate oneself, the world with
minds filled with past stories to justify every single unjust actions that no neo-logical
reasoning can endeavor to fill them up for the minds of the being who live in this world
are filled with nonsense(non-sense) .

William Ndweisile Somenze

touch

touch...

touch my heart so full of glass,
dont do it much for it may break,
do it with no much mass,
at your finger tips.
touch it gently

touch its palms and leave it calm as a psalm,
make no touch you touch me with leave me frail,
or hurt me as you turn pale as ghost,
when you break me like pieces of broken glasses on the floor,
let your touch be like shackle of chains-never part with my heart.

touch me with lips full of facts,
and no lies quoth'd(said, spoken) ,
with a heart full of affection,
not affectations.

touch me and let your touch leave a mark,
when infinity comes,
so that i can hold on to it like a spark,
that your love forever in my heart will glisten,
touch me with a touch full of sound,
that forever with it i shall be fond,
and my deaf ears can solely enjoy to listen.

touch me, touch my heart,
with a touch that will create an illuminant bond,
one that doesnt come to be feeble and leave brokenness,
deep inside me.

let it be not as weak as a hydrogen bond.
give me the first touch...
that will forever last.

William Ndweisile Somenze

What Am I Doing?

What am I doing, dwelling on these memories of deeds done, that dismantles me & doesn't mend me to be one, endeavoring to excavate facts on acts not done, utilizing the past to justify present failures, trying to see the future through the mirror of negative outcomes of steps mis-taken, what am I doing,

whose life is this that i am turning to a sad song, writing its lyrics & composing but in vain to sing, whose life am I trying so hard to resurrect to bring on to existence an live, whose wrongs am I rectifying, making my life seem like a blunder than a right it is, bringing it to extinction, causing myself infliction, what am i doin, why am I incarcerating my future by living from my past, upfronting the past to be the compass of the life i`m living, what am I holding on the palm of my hands that i feed my heart with through my veins that causes ailment & fill me with animosity so hard to cast, why am I clinching fists, letting thoughts of me being abandoned as a child knife me, letting what mom couldnt be avert me to be mum, letting what dad didnt be define the man i would become, what am I doing, am I trying to tell a story, what story is this having no end of glory, am I overwhelmed by negativism that i destruct the roof I`ve constructed with so much positivity, why am I in pensive disquisitions asking why people who love you hurt you most, why am I cursing their ghosts, what am I doing, why arent I leaving this gloomy pricking hole & start living to see the light, what are you doing? why arent you & I living? we are captives of our own capture lets let it go & start living, for life its for living-Live.

William Ndweisile Somenze

whose praise do we give?

barnes in the toilsome world,
transporting the unknown
ascentral traits,
with a phrase vacillating,
flabbagastion within their minds,

a regard encrypted,
biologically innate their genes,
with a faltering comprehension
whether it emanates from their partenal
either maternal edge,

incessantly and constantly,
in the quiteness of their cogitation,
a question hollows within their minds; 'who am I? '
with a vain and vague respond,
but an euology of laconic words arises
with failure of reciting their birth's descent praise,

incompetent of their uniformity,
feeling dwindled and vexed,
as there's no vestige
to clear away their piquant vexation,
that will carry away the prohibition,
that hinders them to,
articulate the womb that molded them,
without hesitation,
of expression
lest a deviation
from a degree of accuracy,

tears embarks to trickle,
as there's an exhibition
of despairity[hopelessness] lying upon
their hanging faces
seeing no ends to tie their laces,
foreseeing naught but a misted day at dawn
so gloom escorted with mystery
as they have to be
like trees with ni groves,

in the cleavage of their period of birth
and death,
the reminiscent of the excursion that their sire
and mother,
took at the back of a hearse,
flashes in their memories,

leaving nothing but heads filled with air
vacant,
occupied by a question they rise their voice to meet the sky above,
'where does our birth's descent of praise emanates? '

William Ndweisile Somenze

You Are The Love In Me

My heart wails, Like A caged bird singing a sadness song,
so sore that it even dances to its own heart beat, moulding portrait of words to
endeavor & shudder the loneliness inside its heart like a drum, but in vain,
all it can feel pacing up through its veins its a vast vacantness altering to be some
nameless pain.

my heart is a glittering constellation of stars above the sky seeming to be so solo, that
it dimmers inside it,

it darkens, that my yoke of elation & jubilation that you have brought is but a gloom
and empty room once occupied by a tenant who recently has been swallowed by a
shallow visit,

you are the designer of my heart, your arms are the sanctuary that perfectly makes a
home for my heart, where my joy resides,

you are the artist of my emotions, the source of my affection, you avert my heart
affliction,
you are the painist of my sweet love song, the combination of the heart beat from your
warmth breast illuminates a winy knock that comes from my bosom, with you: love
like a seed blossom from my heart and arteries..

the sultry curve from your imperfect smile is a change, a resurrection of endless love
and happiness, your touch brings me to life, you`re the shadow of my soul, you`re my
constituent, you make me whole.

my heart without you is as skinny as a rail, and i am as pale a ghost, you are the one
that my heart longs, loves & misses most, because you complete me,

you liberate my incarcerated heart, with you simple touch because you give me wings,
you set me free,

you create me, i am like dough, you make me, i am just a spark but with you i am as
refulgent as light, you are my right when i am wrong

William Ndweisile Somenze