

Poetry Series

**Irvin Relebogile**  
**- poems -**

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## Irvin Relebogile(11-10-1998)

Name is I, profession is being a poet, just kidding.

you can call me I though, but as for poetry-it is not a job. Rather it is something I have gladly chosen to love out of my own liking. I was born in a village just outside of Tzaneen. I grew up not loving poetry but somehow life taught me that poetry is your one and only voice in the whole of galaxy.....that is the why today I write like I am about to die. poetry is my friend, in whom my consolation and confinement has established a home...I love reading and writing.I will be matriculating in 2016..hopefully, and after that I want to become an accountant.. so I am going to be a poetic accountant (PA) .

# 17 June 1976

And before any stones were thrown  
I've heard a slug come in very fast  
Into his flesh an alien rifle ball was known  
Pouring tremor among the innocent vast  
And we couldn't tell if he was most hated  
Or conform to the simple mind and say  
He was before all hence first penetrated,  
But it's wisdom to say he was gone that day.  
In this after day comforts need be known  
In their death we saw the system apart  
Its people deranged and Bantu overthrown  
Illiteracy shall fall and joy in Africa's heart,  
And catacombs do now mark the worlds  
And the heroes' molted choice of words.

Irvin Relebogile

## 21 Years Of...(To All The Youth)

'Wait till 21, suffer the ungreat for only brief'  
Endure against-till 21; the heat o'the cold,  
Let longing an' self-denial come before the grief,  
Which be, neither of loss nor soonest coaled,  
Which the elders of age don't subject to scorn,  
And the prophets of old find such an appealing,  
And the parents eagerly wish to prolong,  
For to the world, their ability-such be revealing.

Irvin Relebogile

# A Dying Man's Song

This here could be my last,  
With shades by the setting sun-  
I recall how i wasted my past,  
My soul departs' and my sight run.

This here was my first,  
As i look at this memory held by a photo;  
I even more despise to rest,  
'we die together'-that's our motto.

O! Dear light:  
I see your eyes being eager:  
longing for a flight-  
Your desire to sever even bigger.

O! Dear dove:  
Take me too with you,  
To heaven where is pure love,  
And there his will i will do.

Sing me a song;  
At my passing don't cry  
But 'with sad melodies tell' that it is wrong-  
For death (so soon) to give me a try.

Send me away poetically,  
Tattoo my coffin with the words  
Of spear tragically:  
(The world is a stage) -with birds  
Flying above singing a love song.

Irvin Relebogile

# A Headache

A slight cephalalgia  
At first, its cause at  
Direct consequence  
Of fastened muscles  
Lit by diverse comics,  
Therefore no more  
I shall express mirth,  
All thin's good, anything  
Amusing are wearied and gone,  
Save sweat and despair;  
By them i jovially frown:  
Rest of my facial muscles,  
Headache shall be no more.

Irvin Relebogile

# A Holy Marriage

Let no man tear asunder God's sacred joint  
Of righteous girls and lust-hating brothers,  
But let no man attempt to overlook this point  
Of acquiring God's permitting blessing to love.  
A grown man was made away from the mother  
To cling unto the help God made of his ribs  
Ere which a great sleep was ordained upon man  
Whereupon the help sinned and now reaps.  
Whoever failing to harken unto this least  
Lies in the bed of adultery and many fail,  
Doth God alter? Or shall the sun set in the east?  
Still, whoever remarries is a ship that sail  
Into in the lamb's feast shall not feast?  
Let no man envy his helper's wife, lest he ail.

Irvin Relebogile

# A Senior High's Feast

With the long beating and annoyance of a siren,  
Upon a deemed rather long and draggy lesson,  
I see, with fights, hunger inspires a race to the exit,  
Where no one knows no one and if, as all persons,  
They once talked, all that is now ancient on rocks  
The conflicts and strangeness are carried down:  
In plates with marks of starving rats,  
In tupperwares resembling old age;  
As if desperate to say 'from dumps'  
Or 'we once belonged to the dead',  
-Down and up to the receiving site.

On arrival, tired old females can be seen  
With hearsays say their lovers are dead,  
When some say they saw better elsewhere,  
And we are justified in the thought that  
The aged women were enemies to obedience,  
Therefore they cook they're our cooks,  
And we take school children when idle  
Say it is for their sons and daughters are  
Some of them, say it, this one tiny reason seems  
To assure them that in disgust those of old  
Age would not dip a bit of toxicant in their joy.

Characters of the greedy, desperate and hungry  
Makes perfect the events leading to the feast  
Along the way, i saw them pulling one another,  
In contempt with one another, they tear clothes,  
They swear and utter incantations,  
They praise the caregiver with heavenly praises,  
They of charms smile and menacing figures frown,  
The sighted pretend blindness behind dim glasses  
The mourning finishing laughter of stand-up men

Finally, upon reception of joy in their plates,  
They spread around-forming hosts of sorts  
As if bees alarmed to sweet pastures they are  
They don't care, they have their wants contained  
They pull out papers from school books,



Put paper down and pour the food upon,  
And a senior high's feast to their joy starts.

Irvin Relebogile

# A Sinner's Prayer

To God in the heavens be glory!  
who took a binding oath  
with our forefathers  
to love and cause  
mammon to flow,

i pray;  
that with every straying  
sheep  
You form a mount of  
pardon  
before your lanterns  
to shrink  
down these deeds,

these hours that  
fade with the vanishing  
of your love  
i pray;  
that they turn  
and grow long,

this sun that dies soon  
and the moon about to fall;  
allow love mislead them  
and cause great confussion  
to devour their !

Irvin Relebogile

# A Talk With God

Who shall live this life with me,  
To the thirsty jaws of the wild?  
Sucking beasts which life be,  
Who shall with me bear this mild?

His greatness, and the Lord said:  
Come, O'come this cruel path,  
The hour is nigh an'climax laid  
And patience waxed with wrath,

Steel melts for the sun goes chide  
Remembering the cause which  
Then in my sound head abide,  
And the purpose therein reach,

What stays behind is cursed  
Lo, the wild bears abundant life  
Serving who shall cry is blessed  
Thorns which pierce giving life,

The narrow turns narrower  
Who shall see? and the few  
Are devoured by sucking beasts  
What is strange is what we knew,

Man wise, who shall condemn him?  
But his wisdom shall condemn him  
Tempting nature with his inventions  
That circles many woes and afflictions,

'Who shall live this life with me,  
To the thirsty jaws of the wild?  
Sucking beasts which life be,  
Who shall with me bear this mild? '

Who shall is out of the question  
But who art wise is now present.  
Who stays pure out of the nation?  
But he who shall death resent.

Irvin Relebogile

# After The Diagnosis

Man was no longer to be human  
One with inflictions in the upper body  
Whose soon would be to rearrange  
The innate system Proving to be in favor of life.  
Docter, for he was qualified and held degrees,  
Came in a calm tone and declared softly that  
Man was no longer to be man,  
He had in him a cruel, chronic curse cancer.

This also proved greater impact on his wife,  
Instead, to him a ticket to go jolling, chasing the night.  
The thirtyfive, long and short: the succession is yet  
To see an please, dear wife; let rest  
The idea of dying together in warmth very old.  
Because she wept, rotting in pointless hope  
Because she could not, not for gold nor silver  
Let go of love that could last so long.

Their boy, a great fighter surely'd take this wrongly  
His heart will run wild and long so long that  
This curse was an opponent in a ring of death  
Surely he'd grow great motivation within him,  
O! how i imagine: brutal blows, delusory dodges,  
Send the curse running to the grave, the grave!  
Indeed he would not accept, unless HE interveens.  
God the Almighty prevents such deeds being done.

The missy, their pride-in capes, sandy banks  
Long forgotten, will not either accept  
Lest creator interveens, her addiction will return  
Crawlling, calm claiming still, after all  
The inevitable would happen, old man would  
Have to kick the bucket, give up the ghost  
Forsaking his loved ones, to paradise or hades  
For this curse called cancer.

Irvin Relebogile

# All Things Bad

All things bad shall be in vain  
When death in me dies  
And foolish men all insane  
Dig a grave scaled to death's size  
And bury me in vain  
Not knowing i'll rise

And all things bad shall be in vain  
When true dogs bark  
Under clear sky or rain  
With sharp oily teeth dark  
Shall sing and sing of his rein  
Unto those whom country pleasures suck

In vain shall be all things bad  
When the sun loses his right  
To shine and bind all things we had  
From darkness to his furious light  
We see what closed eyes shared  
With the dim world of no sight

We weep and die  
We rejoice and sigh.

Irvin Relebogile

# An Orphan

I'm motherless and in this dark world alone,  
When sick boys and girls seek me  
Who'll pity me when i don't have my own

Nor can i say i have a brother who will fight,  
When bullies bully me and share me  
Who'll hide me in this life an'shield my right

My father was taken with others by the war,  
When colonists beasts colonise me  
Who'll aid when no more is my father's roar

Nor can i say i've a sister who is now taken,  
When a boy's approach approaches me  
Who shall advice me when i am forsaken

When they ask me who is my name  
I'll turn a fool and fool them of me  
Eventually when i talk i'll say shame

For i dwell alone in this empty abode  
And all visitors visiting said shame of me  
Therefore shame is my name alone.

Irvin Relebogile

# Can I Love, , , ?

I've spent half my  
Childhood in dedication, , ,  
Attempt to wake your eye  
To that for you: affection,  
If God so unloving:  
My sad death had been,  
For rebellion at him proving  
My love, such many haven't seen,  
Opinions and harsh names  
For envy, mistaking n' lust  
All lashing me as in black games,  
All owing to 'love you i must'.

Yet you still question your ability  
To love, rather use 'may i love? '.

Irvin Relebogile



# Desire

O nothing imaginable ever dwelt so high  
In the emptiness of light-blue in the sky  
As these dreams seek to proudly dwell  
Where no hand can reach a hand's desire  
Or meet in reality the dreams that swell  
These dreams that dream of being higher,

As the ocean opens up to a great depth  
And swallow a great per-centum of earth  
Reaching seventy-five of a hundreth whole,  
In are frustrations and eventually insanity  
Doth show from the north to the south pole  
We are robbed of joy and hope but enmity

I'll monger a headstone fix'd on my head  
And the grave to show how my joy is dead  
Shall, O shall descend to my troubled heart  
An' summon dark eagles to eat this carcass  
Of vivid emotions when they sadly depart  
By the hand of desire away they sadly pass,

Away with sailing ship into the red sun  
Of sailors long gone and life their life done  
In foreign countries much pleasure an' gold

Irvin Relebogile

# Fornicating Minds

No man betrothed into lust  
    think me injustice,  
we are the same:  
though his body be idle  
his heart is easily seduc'd  
oh'no! hearts are sighted;  
breaking the barrier  
of nature's law,  
reaching far beyond any  
covering of garments,  
takin' souls back to Eden,  
hearts alter with great  
ease an'short-tempered speed;  
to modern ways of  
transgressions,  
tho' the body lie with a few  
the heart is fast moving  
from one man to the other,  
tho' the body requires an  
unavowed place to do this;  
hearts are ever concealed  
and ready to engage in this.

Irvin Relebogile

# Girls Of The 21st Century

Wake up; sleepy heads of world,  
You've remained shut for ages,  
Some of your own are scorned,  
An'morked of homos in all stages,  
Inauspicious yet cunning are these,  
Tiny submerged in nothing but charity,  
Wake up, O see world what is this  
That these aren't worthy of cruelty.

Amongst many is the christening,  
'Unlovely, cheap', thus we usually hear,  
Yet the callers art more frightenning,  
They instill in them such fear,  
Their bodies are the temples of God,  
Yet no! their bodies are a playground,  
Some are forced into it, some enticed  
But i know! i know the doer is bound-  
To reap bitter results of his seed.

For cursed, scorned are the gay  
For pain comes only after a long joy,  
For joy comes only after a terrible day.

Irvin Relebogile

# Goodness Within Everyone

Tho' to evil monsters our images do they relate,  
For as smitten foes of mercy we are fallen victim(s) ,  
To vicious sun rays' rages we are turned dim,  
To the generosity of heaven-sent  
rainfalls we drown in floods of  
Sorrow,  
By the warring winds we are tossed to and fro with fear of losing tomorrow,  
And by evil men we are enslaved with teachings that not all are equal,  
Then we resort to evil mearsures;  
Covering our good intentions.

Irvin Relebogile

# Hidden Talents

These greats lodged within my soul  
Prefer exposure which is against my being  
And God shall enquire of my role  
Here on earth, so why it had been  
That those greats instilled within my spirit  
Were hidden as lambs under his shadow  
When i'd have rather glorified him  
I sat there still, God's delight i had a Daw.

But the bible to my help, to end this,  
'God leaves, to his children valuable a talent'  
He cares not in what manner they return his  
But prefers that whosoever gets is hardened  
In passion to glorify him with the least  
Of that which God hath entrusted unto them.

Irvin Relebogile

# I

I  
How could i?  
When the white snow  
was glad to descend upon me,  
I did not love with an innocent charity that chastens the childish.  
Rather i thought myself  
To know better,  
And deemed I  
The main matter.  
I remember the day  
He turned his back,  
A head as strong than clay,

I  
Could have sighed  
And hailed his name  
But then I had a poor sight.  
To have seen better  
What life was doing  
I did not,  
instead preferred a hotter  
Head that grew prideful.

Irvin Relebogile

# I Don'T Owe Anyone A Dime

I don't owe anyone a dime,  
So why should i say and rhyme,  
When you crave a someting nice,  
So why should i well jump,  
As if a car over a speed hump,  
Why should you my joy throttle,  
And feel as the fish in the bottle,  
Why should your precense be cold,  
When your self is strongly as bold,  
And you triumph with both power,  
When i'm wearried of you all hour,  
So know you this dear my pal,  
I am not one of your pearls,  
I don't owe you a single thing,  
I do not owe anyone a dime.

Irvin Relebogile

# I Love You

I hate you...  
If i'd have to  
Rate my love for you,  
I'd hail zero's name.

I hate you...  
If i were to choose  
Between thinking of you  
And perishing,  
I'd make an excuse to die.

I hate you...  
So much that  
I can not resist to  
Frown when i hear of you,  
I am happy.

I hate you...  
That i weep now for  
writting so badly about you.

I hate you...  
But not as much as  
I LOVE YOU.

Irvin Relebogile



# It Was All Gone

Our childhood was then gone;  
Lost to false perceptions,  
Lost to desires body-born,  
Devoured by the harsh-  
Convincing words of peers,  
Then it was too late;  
The dawn of adulthood was in,  
Traces of what used to be was all  
That could be seen,  
Now our hearts cry out loud in regret:  
Saying 'that's our true story'.

Irvin Relebogile

# It Was Jesus

Her jaw dropped and out  
flew winds of horrible odor,

Her hair desert dry, missing  
and slightly scarlet,

Her sick belly immense;  
breakin' throu' the aged wear,  
attainting the entire being,

Bones wrapped around  
in weaned flash,

Her eyes shone in a dim world,  
yet this world is her eyes  
reddened by pain and fags  
shrinked down, wrinkling.

and down the forsaken road  
in this old slum, immeded  
her figure swaying in a dream,

Upon her born a dustbin:  
of delusory hopes;  
smelling and filling,  
still it was her tiny home,

And in me;  
a dear dime lodged;  
highly valu'd,

Her jaw dropped and out  
flew winds of horrible odor,

Her patient concentration  
resting, resting  
upon me for those seconds,

She sought help of any kind

but with a woken face;  
'not even a dime have i to spare',

Her patient concentration still,  
now upon my back,

Then came a shocking  
realization, tormenting;  
the bible says 'it is i  
that asks, i that knocks,  
i that hungers, i Christ'

It was, i had said no  
to Jesus.

Irvin Relebogile

# It Was Just A Dream

I have beheld monsters in my head,  
With faces normal but behind lay hatred, evil and names of the dead.  
They chased me with others,  
We scared and perished with hopelessness.  
Our blood had in them a remedy for unhappiness.  
The roars of my breath screamed and led them to me for their collection.  
I longed for a day of light,  
But they were just too much in love with darkness to do what's right.  
I was chased by big men whose powers equaled the earth?  
All where i set my eye and had sight was them,  
lo! they cometh.

Irvin Relebogile

# Jealousy

It's what we tell ourselves that molds the view  
Of souls, material things the world in and outside  
And upon this if care is rare a mind is new  
And on this we do, not caring on what values we ride  
Though it is good to admire good and live anew  
We see that who carry this will are dead and few  
Notwithstanding the number of those who don't increase  
Brandishing the mortality that best suits their ease.  
We do end this curse by only sickness and death  
As the world is overpopulated, going and sinking down  
Only can we behold that good no more is given birth  
And life of all lives do rest now neath the brown  
Substance six feet have we gone wrong  
For we sought not this path or ever we'll long.

Irvin Relebogile

# Love

Love has no vision  
Comely bodies don't exist  
Except for a spiritual mission;  
Decent souls do persist,  
It is the inner man she takes;  
His glory are not fakes,

Love possesses no taste,  
No dish is sweet, nor no dish,  
No compelling nerve doth haste  
-Deliver love to the heart, no slippy fish  
Doth escape the bounds thereof  
Drawn by the wise inventor,

Love, love is a deaf child,  
Insults and praises in vain,  
Her form constant and mild,  
Her years quiet in pain,  
Love does not pain;  
It's never known sweet cries,

No skin-  
to make physical contact with  
So soft n' light skins don't matter  
Neither mass, height or width,  
Love can only touch better  
True hearts, God praised;  
He takes both heart and body,

She holds no fifth sense;  
Gratifying aromas dull-  
Are nowt, nostrils are dense-  
Failing to bask in this enticing.  
Moving from God's hand;  
No man loves truly without God.

Irvin Relebogile

# Love Beyond The Grave

Take me away  
And take me away  
Where we won't sway  
Our little bodies still  
Where we fear no ill

Do this now  
Or do this now  
Nor do i care how  
But i will it is with you  
So that our love b'come true

Clothe me in white  
And clothe me in white  
Alive it must be to give light  
But in this little house  
Where darkness we arouse

Love me better  
Or love me better  
Our love doth not alter  
But still it remain  
In this tiny domain

Seek rest in my arm  
Seek best with an honest heart  
Lest you do me great harm  
When your heart i see and we part,  
No more do i see thee, my love  
Only one of us reigns above.

Irvin Relebogile

# Love Not The Outward Me

1 Love not the outward me....  
2 Which is deceitful through charm,  
3 That invokes sin through thought,  
4 That lead the righteous to nought,  
5 That is today and tomorrow no more.

6 Nay, look upon the inner soul,  
7 He that promiseth loyalty to end,  
8 And expects nix when he lends.  
9 He that dotes upon your joy,  
10 And boasts'bout of the Lord.

11 Give ear therefore to the heart,  
12 Which seek merely charity,  
13 And not the beauty of the body,  
14 So you and i shall ne'er part.

Irvin Relebogile



# Messiah Is The Sun

The Nazarene looks that gigantic star  
Suspended solely both in obedience and afar,

threescore, threehundred and absolute five  
on all sides of the star  
our globe glimpses, blossoms thrive  
this world be, not too far  
neither not too close to this,  
We wonder at this still this is his

his vow shall not shake  
nor shall tremor consume  
his world, but for our sake  
his flesh are flames up above any fume,

the tongue is a sword  
in his veins is vent  
warming up a dwelling for the sacred spirit  
Hence every planet for him shall bent,

the eyeballs are rocks  
heating in space giving light  
to melt down whatever blocks  
the wickedness of man from his sight

surely the star is worthy of trust  
and his children don't in any wise  
doubt, any form of force'll not blast  
him, nor shall unfaithfulness against him rise,  
But as written, such sadness ought to pass  
his flight shall hit many unaware,

leaving our world dark, hopeless and cold

they shall wake to learn; the messiah is gone  
with him gone love and shall live only the bold.

Irvin Relebogile

# Mirror

Mirror, mirror on the muted still wall,  
Find your true reflection eye'ng back  
In me see the shape of your soul tall,

The stare of your ruby eyeballs in pain  
From fags of old british men that suck  
To juvenile addicts that live in vain,

Behold your beauty in me shining  
On top of hills and buried under the earth,  
Awaiting greedy and hungry men diggin'  
Looking for your beauty to the depth,

Your color immoral on my skin wrapp'd  
From America's segregation to Africa's war,  
Whose poor people have long been sacked  
An'their cries awakening the mighty's roar

See now mirror, for i am no more with you  
Or your crying pride with radiant skin  
And long hair sung to our people did do  
Enticed our men to follow in this doom

Irvin Relebogile

# My Country S.A

My land is a many-sided diamond  
Dimmed on the edge of a dying Africa  
A star desolated into trials by fate  
An'if fate is fix'd by warring economies  
Africa, my poor Africa cues in hopelessness  
If passion is drawn by carts of labour  
Africa, my poor Africa shall never,  
In any manner, know love

From long ago men in their white skins  
Came and skinned Africa alive,  
Wise inventors with their inventions to  
Fool our forefathers,  
Dutch colonialist to colonise our  
Liberation,  
But God saw poor Africa in his trials,

And God caused the birth of greats;  
The dreadful Shaka with  
the cry of a cub,  
Long-suffering Mandela;  
To free our colonised hearts of  
Ill emotions,  
To preach the word of Jehovah saying:  
'Forgive  
Cease not to overthrow  
Any thought of the Beast,  
Hovering in your hearts',

From sleepless nights our hearts  
Wept of racism  
Now night is gone,  
And the day is also  
Growing horrible,  
Labour is far, far  
From poor Africa  
Whose idle hands  
Now cry to the states,  
Of fraudulent leaders,

See now,  
Who shall save Africa?  
Will God restore  
The soul of Nelson  
To preach of wisdom?  
Will Eden return to us  
So that we eat freely?  
No spirit is willing  
To consume this curse,  
But Africa's free will  
Can brighten up our doom,

Awaiting my  
Poor South Africa.

Irvin Relebogile

# My Friend

Friend, O'my friend is the cause,  
When cherry trees bloom early  
And in my head grows chaos,  
And silly causes can turn me surly

Friend, O'my friend is the reason  
When my life with death to rest,  
My years cut short for nothing  
That is, to my friend everything

My jovial, smiling friend is sad  
B'cause to my friend i'm delighted  
Be not gulled by glistening stars  
Facial, they serve to cause scars

To dark pits my secrets that shone  
To vivid pits mine that dimmed  
All in greatness fondly i've shown  
To my friend, O'my friend wicked.

Irvin Relebogile

# No Love

B'cause i love you  
I've despiced you,  
Lovers are haters:  
No one defiling  
The bed with fornication  
Cares, yet he's a lover.  
No one making  
void vows is firm in care,  
Yet he is a lover.  
No lies permitted  
To enter their path,  
One who lies hates,  
Yet he loves,  
Unresolved conflicts  
Drain the good of  
The morrow,  
Secrets build up fear  
Also pretense,  
Hope is not ever good;  
Carers don't hope differently,  
Yet lovers do.  
For such reasons I've  
Become a hater,  
For loving you.

Irvin Relebogile

# No More

No more sorrow is desolation  
My tepid diminishing comfort  
Is my o'er flowing tender emotion  
Nor'is the bleeding heart e'er wrought

Sickness more greatly in fit souls  
Who hie the streets an'turn poles

No more is death the final end  
But very few just men to live  
After his stroke unto God are blend,  
He stretches his hand to form a heave

Saying'surely death is now life,  
Life that's no more with his joy life

No more true love is love so true  
When love is said to be twice  
No God is again but when love is thru'  
Love is twice and twice shall suffice

No more is hatred the enemy's da'k  
To provokers, love is hate, who at me ba'k

And no more our bodies temples  
Lucifer has emptied our holy house,  
shepherds art driven out into the lifeless  
who are deprieved of God's grace

If alteration doesn't pass no more  
Is no more, death to be shall be so

Salute to the great blow of thirst  
Truth it is that no more we seek to eat;  
Nature's yummy fruit savoring best  
Or unconscious four-legged beast's meat.

Irvin Relebogile

## No More 2 (Do I Regard Thee...)

No more do i regard thee as my love,  
The e'er-fix'd mark is o'erthron by tempests  
And love is no more firm nor stands above  
For his feeble roots are slain quite best.  
Cold nights no more to eye his lit-self  
Which is scar'd by lies, scorn and unresting eyes  
The ever standing star fell to a palace in a delf  
And the pieces e'er sought though puny be his size.  
Time's saw ripped apart tho' he was not a fool  
Taking rosy lips and sweet eyes that dont age  
Love's kindom in my love's heart who arts cool  
And taken are some valued values not rage.  
But for God's sake and the ertenity  
I do take my love and God as unity.

Irvin Relebogile



# Our Poor Gold Diggers

Poverty has, yet again, striken Their intergrity,  
It has removed them  
From their dwellings and o!  
Thrown them down;  
Under the ground,  
Under the abode of the dead!  
It has placed diverse tools: in their  
Rough-unfit for posession, hand,  
Some are appealing, fit for eyeing,  
Some pointy, somehow; ungreat,  
Some are just, for the sake of noise,  
They are miners.

Irvin Relebogile

# Pray All Ye

Pray all ye,  
Beast and man of the cursed land,  
Bear the yoke alongside oh! Thee,  
B'cause its is light oh! Hand;  
Refrain and repent from the ill,  
Surrender to, trust on, his will.

Bow down,  
All you who are exalted & proud'  
Think 'u deserve a golden crown,  
Your shame'll be in the open'n loud-  
Will be your cries when you feel:  
How it's not to trust on his will.

Let'em harass-  
And better believe;  
'Thou art liken'd unto the holy ass,  
That born he, and his relieve',  
You are the one born the'fore he'll  
Reward 'u for trusting on his will.

Pray ye all  
You 'the dead' and you 'the mad',  
Best stand firmer lest you fall,  
Refrain and repent from the bad,  
The foolish asleep five-  
Keep sober and await his arrival.

Irvin Relebogile

# Purge My Soul

Purge my soul spotless and in thine eye pure  
Not as the day would that i confirm to his height  
Or his norms whose might shall trickery endure,  
Nor with the purity of Adam to yield to the night  
Of the soft voice of the serpent amidst paradise  
Or Lucifer's faint sight to spot the glory of his crown  
Nor as otherwise i would seek being not wise  
And render my day to the life that goes down  
But for my sake and thine leave it differently tough  
As a world that mayn't alter with demands in ease  
Salvaging whatever life is left from anything rough,  
But take steel and iron and mend whole with peace  
That will mark me anew and save me from the world's saw  
So that i may joy and hail thy name in the morrow

Irvin Relebogile

# Secrets And Lies

Forbearing telling these secrets and lies  
Is cold and a hot summer's cold day  
Pulsating my heart pumps red as these eyes  
I see now that secrets and lies shall store you away  
From my rotting desire as i learn that fantasies  
Are for dreamers and you hide in the world's mercies  
I do not see, nor doth a million eyes see  
This beauty of yours which sailing be

As these lies and secrets give you to another boy  
His cry and despair gone he knows but joy  
And i sulk in my death i call how cruel is desire  
And i jot down short lines that lift envy higher  
My doors ever shut, wedding bells will sing  
What is left but death, i can't take any other girl  
Nor can i murder these thoughts of you that ring  
In my head frustration, my desire fell,  
I do not know how to tell you these, darling.

Irvin Relebogile

# The Cry Of Hector Pieterse (05 June 1976)

As i weep i foresee a bullet scarring Bantu education  
In broad day are her pages scattered all over the road,  
And some drowning in red ink calling the rise of a nation  
While some are cut short, maimed across this road,  
Yet i am drawn to be one in a million to as well die  
And i fear that if i live none that live shall lie  
Educated in a language best understood with a naked eye,  
I foresee the cruelty of the state therefore in purpose i will die.  
If the emerging generation vows to recall  
I die to shame the illiterate behind an aging wall,  
I die to be remembered in churches by the youth  
Who will either appreciate my effort or be ruth,  
As these tears and discomforts drop in great haste  
I pray that my memory does not by spoilt youth come to waste.

Irvin Relebogile

# The End Times

Gone are years, life is but a declining day  
Picture a dying sun and get the picture  
Tho' summer days halt, he has only one way  
His path curves down to a gloomy future,  
No vow stands to stand in his rough road  
Nor shall chance weigh heavier than God  
Life's but a planned wave behind a boat  
For or against the marine empire of a cod,  
Life's yet not a playground for the ludic servant  
Who considers this journey a walk in the park,  
No carnal man shall learn, no one with a fervent  
is not fast ending except it is dark.

Irvin Relebogile

# The Gates Of Heaven

Believing souls, we fear  
For the muted gates of heaven  
Who stand wear and tear  
We fear that shame shall raven  
The still serenity, eye and ear,  
We weep when we picture  
How judgement and just  
Eternal separation after rapture  
Shall sent many to dust,

There, just there so much miracles  
will be proven holy  
Not so that fell out in tebernacles  
But puny, very folly  
Incidents by the slum  
Though by the dump some  
Their worth will be great,

Glad and hopeful faces;  
These eventually be to loss  
Severing from Jehova's graces  
Into gnashing of teeth  
And their worm, o'shall be gross,

Before the gates of heaven.

Irvin Relebogile

# The Walter Mitty Syndrom

No particular life for him,  
Call pongos and snipers his name,  
Being bold to safe an'heroic seem,  
Surely Goliath is inferior in this game.  
Ill men failing to survive to him,  
Call docters and surgeons his name,  
He is also in this, so mighty he may seem;  
Offering advice and care in this game.  
Honor and recognition for him,  
Name Milton an'Shakespear his name;  
Foolish may illiterate souls seem,  
He turns death into words an'life into a game.  
Well, Walter is just a poor man,  
For life doesn't favour equally.

Irvin Relebogile



# 'Tis A Poem Making No Sense

There are songs of joy  
And there are sounds of sad intentions,  
Every girl has her own boy  
Though in many are imperfections.  
Everything hath an opposite,  
An opposer...one against.  
What's your opposite? ? ? ?  
A night to a day, a death to a life?  
What is most, even if not, most hated and least loved? ? ?  
What is most hated is least loved? ? ?  
What is life? ? ?  
A journey full of lies? ? ?  
What is a lie? ? ?  
A false statement intentionally and knowingly stated? ? ?  
Why do we lie? ? ?  
For the better of us? ? ?  
To get our desires met? ? ?  
Or may be that to be well! ! !  
What is poetry?  
What's a poem?  
A mere set of lines that make no sense? ? ?

Irvin Relebogile

# When We Were Black

When we were black

We played in the wild  
And the wild in us stuck  
Shook our understanding  
And qualified us as black

We played hide-and-seek  
With guns with whites  
And passes every week,  
For twenty-seven cursed years,

We would believe God  
In his creation had color  
And colour had God who  
Favou'd only his dear color

We played slave and master  
Or slain by the monster,  
We couldn't tell the difference  
B'cause blacks were born blind

When we were black  
We worshipped dead men  
Who, whatever the trial  
Remained hid and quiet

And now we're no more black,  
Before our eyes no man  
With a colour exists

In our hearts slaves are kings  
And monsters our servants  
Who bring us nigh to our maker,

No dead man shall scent  
Our praises,  
Lo! who is dead is dead,

And if they could only bring  
Sorrow when they were alive,  
What now? How much more?  
Is Lucifer unjust by day  
And holy by the night?

No.

Irvin Relebogile

# Yet I Consider Them Blessed

Yet i consider them blessed:  
Those who haven't sinned yet  
bear the suffering of them,  
They roam the streets;  
In a winter's cold'n a summer's,  
They jol in myseries caused by creeds,  
And if to die with it complys;  
Death is now become a wish,  
For joy upon which he relies.  
And this is their true story.

Irvin Relebogile

# Zion

holy, holy beautiful city of God above  
though you indeed i do not know  
yet this i know: roses do speak of love

and deep winter nights fear do show  
for you, and severe summer days  
do slacken drawing back the sun's rays

and the rivers of honey do flow  
as we're told that no water does stand still  
but in motion do show their beauty and go

o, sweet zion of God, these streets of gold  
are such that marks thee best and pure  
as now the world loves, this piece of old

and hymns in books are written of you  
where you are exalted and with harmony  
so i sing and will celebrate you true

Irvin Relebogile