

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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Maliba Ramatlhape()

Consumed

I am consumed by the fire of anger that boils deep down inside of me, by the power of the hatred building up and raging in my belly. For I have been violated, I gave him my trust, and he betrayed it, taking my innocence, defiling me forever.

I am consumed by the waves of despair and distress that crash against me, eroding the innermost parts of me, I am destabilised by the winds of disbelief and shock that blow away my self-worth and my pride. Something inside of me is hoping it is all a bad dream, but the tears on my face confirm the contrary.

I am consumed by the questions that haunt my mind refusing to let me sleep, by the self-blame, for my naivety and unconditional trust. Did I invite this attack, was it my clothes, my walk or even my smile? Or was I a victim of a sick twisted mind that didn't need any provocation?

I am consumed by thoughts of revenge as I lie on the hospital bed, as my black and blue bruises remind me of my pride that was taken away, the pains in my body fueling fantasies of the fury of my community, marching to his shack, with petrol, a tyre and matches. With tears in my eyes I watch victoriously as the fire consumes him.

Tlholohelo Ramatlhape
November 2016

Maliba Ramatlhape

Invisible Thread

Invisible Thread

Your pain is my pain my love
And your tears are my tears
For we are one you and I, connected by an invisible thread
Rib of my rib, flesh of my flesh
Your pain is my pain

Your fears are my fears dear
For they take away your peace and mine too
For we are one you and I, connected by an invisible thread
Rib of my rib, flesh of my flesh
Your fears are my fears

Your dreams are my dreams my love
Our lives connected by a similar destiny
For we are one you and I, connected by an invisible thread
Rib of my rib, flesh of my flesh
Your dreams are my dreams

Your death will be my death too
For your life is my life
For we are one you and I, connected by an invisible thread
Rib of my rib, flesh of my flesh
Your death will be my death too

Maliba Ramatlhape

Let Me Go

Set my heart free, sever all the ties you continue to have with my traumatized heart. The one you entered, masquerading as my soulmate, deceiving my mind and leaving my entire being perplexed.

Let me go, let my joy go, and release the happiness you erased with your lies, plots and schemes. That happiness that I possessed when I thought we had forever and only death would do us part.

Let me go, Relinquish my confidence which you destroyed when you took my self- worth captive, making me vulnerable and doubting my abilities to discern the true nature of a man

Let me go, unchain my heart, set my joy free, surrender my confidence, just let me go.

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Sweet Music

Like a moth to a flame she is perpetually drawn to them, with different masks, they utter the same words they speak the same way. One by one, each after the other, they flatter her, chameleon-like they reflect her emotions, her hopes and her dreams.

Is it something in her, a vulnerability, pulling them in her direction, tempting them with sweet music only they can hear, music so captivating, they can't help but stay a little while, and dance for a little while.

All of a sudden as if a bell has rung, or a trumpet has sounded, they disappear, one after the other, each continue with their own journey, to their intended soulmate, leaving her all by herself, sobbing and stumbling, as she spins around and around, in a solo dance to her sweet music.

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The African Queen

In her quiet confidence she makes her presence felt, she is the epitome of gracefulness, her cocoa skin so rich and velvety, she is like a chocolate sculpture, an amazing work of African artistry

Her smile lights up the room, her gaze unwavering and inquisitive, as she searches for answers from those around her

Yet she seems preoccupied and out of place, she seems to have a lot on her mind, distracted as she looks at the sea of faces surrounding her

Is she aware of the power of her presence, of the admiring glances cast her way?
Does she even comprehend the power of her beauty?

She smiles as her eyes find her partner across the room, connected to him as if by an invisible thread. She raises her glass to him and glides like a swan towards him.

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Why

Why do we pursue with such fervour an emotion that can for a moment bring us so much joy and pleasure but has such propensity to hurt us, to destroy us and to kill our confidence?

Why do we crave to be in a state of mind so fleeting, where we get butterflies when we see our lover, and our heart skips a beat? A state of mind so confusing and unpredictable that is capable of eroding our self-esteem and making us question ourselves?

What is it about love, that we lose sight of our senses and our ability to reason, that we ignore the warning signs that would otherwise be clearly visible?

Is love a genuine emotion or is it a temporary addiction between two lovers, where they crave the other so intensely, such that one hour apart feels like days? An addiction with devastating withdrawal symptoms.

Why do we so persistently seek a place of uncertainty and doubt, risking to be so vulnerable and exposed? When will we stop following our hearts to this ugly place of mixed emotions and pain, and accept that maybe it was not meant to be?

When will we stop dreaming about happily ever after, and stop waiting for prince charming to sweep us off our feet.

When will I be content to be ME, with or without the elusive emotion called LOVE?

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