

Poetry Series

**Mantsebo Golda
Motlhatlhedhi (Gaojewe)
- poems -**

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Mantsebo Golda Motlhatlhedhi (Gaojewe)(02 August)

Mantsebo Golda

Intelligent, strong-willed, loving, patient

A mother of two beautiful children

Would love for all to be free in their own spirit,

For all children to have a better upbringing and education

Loves to help others,

Strongly against negativity; stay positive and believe in the power within

My greatest fear is not being able to express myself poetically and missing an opportunity to change someone's life in a good way

All that I have done for people in need was to glorify God Almighty and that to me is my greatest accomplishment

I am still to experience love and too see it conquer all keep the love burning

Born in Gannalaagte, North West Province and living in Gauteng

Motlhatlhedhi-Gaojewe

Addicted To Love

Yester night was the hardest of my life
I went to bed heart sore and I badly needed a remedy
My chest was tight and at the same
time felt like it was about to tear apart

I felt my ribs piercing through my heart
Heart pushing back with a beat so fast fearing for life
I also felt inner parts of my body slowly
moving up as if wanting to escape

The place between my eyes hardened and tried
to push back what was trying
to come up my throat sore and I needed remedy

A fix for a fond heart is another heart,
one so far yet so close
For now I need be locked up
and be released until love comes home

I am addicted to love

Mantsebo Golda Motlhatlheddi (Gaojewe)

Blaque Diamanté

My water just broke, it is time, expectant
The baby cannot survive in my womb, not without the liquid
I am ready to give birth no matter how painful it is going to be
My experience, a welcome to life, yet to be known
Many have been through the same ordeal
And pulled through successfully
They are at this moment looking at their jewels

Who am I to deny this precious gift?

I have had countless visions of this day
The day I push him out of this protective wall
And presenting him to the world
Full of possibilities and challenges
How will they receive him?
The ones closest to me are obviously going to say
How beautiful he is, LIARS!

For years I had great visions of this day,
The worst vision is one where I held him in my arms and
He just looked at me without smile or laugh
And that got me to question myself
Did I conceive out of spite or love?
Was I taking the right measures throughout my pregnancy?

The best vision was when I held the newborn in my arms
Deep down in his eyes, possibilities of sparkles
And got me thinking, this is it, your diamanté,
Rough as it is, you persevered to get this far
The time will arrive for you start polishing,
Shape it up and let it shine

Today, I become a mother and I am ready,
Clueless of what the future has installed for me
I am prepared to face the deepest sea
And float for as long as I can
And to stand where there is no ground for my feet

We all have inner passions and mine I present today

Prepared to polish and create
As many shapes as can be from my jewel
To keep writing to a point where I can no longer do

Without My Blaque Diamanté

Mantsebo Golda Motlathledi (Gaojewe)

Dream On The Unknown Mountain

Message in a dream
Up an anonymous mountain

As I climbed up an unknown mountain
Like a fetus swirling loudly within the glass
Howling green thoughts of winter bright grass
On the opposite mountain, a group of climbers
Climbing while singing a strange new falsetto

Two anonymous mountains
I am alone and they are a team no support whatsoever
Drowning in prayer, where my strength comes from
I shall not fall and crack
I have been bestowed a ticket to the top
From out of the pages of the Holy book
I asked if they will manage to go down
'The answer my friend is blowin' in the wind'
A breeze tickled through my skin to heart to mind to soul
And before I know it, I have reached the top,
the cloudy yesterdays out of my mind.

I was looking at the edge they had to take down anonymous, the mountain
Good a hand from above reached down the group of climbers
"Yours is worse" a voice said
I grabbed a knot on my rope, and began to descend
And staring up through the clear skies,
so not to calculate how far till I reach the bottom
Trust

A voice asked
"What do you all do all day?
Remember. It is not about them or you"
They could not see the design of their own mountain nor could you see your own
"Your mountain edge going down looked as if will break out from the mountain"
For fall comes too fast, when the fallen cause earth's tilting
And I thought the descend and everything was all very tiring
With me a blaze I was stoked

The voice said

But virtue in the hearts of those encouraged
I give you a sign of my command
Upon landing down anonymous mountains
We encountered storms and floods from all directions
So there I stood, I conquered the mountain up, came down flawlessly, surely I
am not without
But my wild eyes started staring up again
I got to pull myself together, humble myself and yearn for the voice

The water flow was harsh and strong and too loud for me to hear anything
I remembered the tickly breeze from the mountain top
I started rescuing everyone to places of safety
Hard but it brought me joy
More like tasting something so bad yet so sweet
And I had I found my strength, it is already in place
Helping someone float
To rescue across angry waters
That smell was so sweet.

I met people from all races
First of the human race were from the South
They were amazed at the length of my beautiful black hand
The excitement overwhelmed me
The voice
"Smile, shut up and hear me and sit on my face"
They may not have hands like yours
But they still got big black ears and eyes
Testify
Do not press the halt button but.....continue.
But be careful, do not be self-righteous

Second of the human race were from the East
The voice
"Forever will I crave their hearts, mind and soul?
Through vast decaying fields of flesh"
Do not press the halt button but.....continue.
But be careful, do not be self-righteous

Third of the human race were West
Fearing?
Not at all!
I fixed myself in the Lord, went in and remained content

Things are not always as they appear
Don't just sit there and helplessly make fun of
Never judge a book by just looking at the cover
Get close

Fourth of the human race were North
Too confident and well spoken
But we they know who says it all at all?
The Ruler quickly restrained them
It is only on the surface of it all
The Holy book
They can say it all

I safely got a lost boy to his father
So why does my smile melt with the confusion?
Only with great control I did not leave him wandering
With just a dash of the Holy Spirit
I safely got a lost boy to his father

The togetherness makes me down to earth
Has anybody seen Christ the Lord?
I am feeling quite cushioned recently
Like I am cuddled to develop, as in from cocoon,
To a larvae
To a butterfly
I have I would have grew

I am attached to the breeze;
My connection to the breeze Is like love bonded by super glue Inseparable
The Lord is a tree of life
The tree is dripping with overflowing love and the truth
Reality is that without the message from a dream
A touch from the breeze
My life is like a staircase leading nowhere
We all survived the storm and none drowned in the flood

I prayed and I sang to praise and worship the Lord
Oh God I am full of life
With the water still flowing it felt like
I just stepped on to new grounds
I saw all kinds of woods swept by the flow
Watching the chunky bits float gently

Some getting stuck to the ground
Only the big sharp spiked!

They are but tiny particles in the eyes of God!
The splinters invade anyone that I try to be near
You sent me Lord and I took courage
There's no way I cannot overcome evil
I shall hold the spear up and fight to the last moment
All in your honor
I will always come up with something that rhymes on reverence

The wicked think animals are nasty as sin
they can never be Lord for you are the creator
In your eyes God
No sin is bigger than another as we are all born of sin
You spoke to me and I am still listening
And I sometimes think this is all very tiring
You whispering sweet somethings
Does a lot of things for me?
Your will be done

Under hot fire
The Lord deep fried my skin
Cleansed my heart and purified my soul
To the man who says it can't be done
Don't come back to me for I can do all things through Lord Jesus Christ who
gives me strength

Mantsebo Golda Motlhatlheddi (Gaojewe)

Free In His Presence

In the absence of motion
You brought me hope
Hope as I quietly listened
From within I heard His voice
A Fatherly voice to a child

All along my son, I was here
I heard your words long
Long before you moved your lips
I watched as you disobediently ignored

Your Lord, never lost hope in you
I knew a new dawn will arrive
The day where my words appeal to you
Content, you were, as you read them

You took it to heart
Acknowledged me as your God
You expected a miracle that day
You wanted to see mountains move

The skies turning clouds upside down
The grounds grumbling
Waters singing sweet melodies
The wind wildly blowing

You took my words and said yes
Realized your mistakes asked for forgiveness
Opened your heart to an endless love
All because of the blameless Lamb

A miracle is what happened within
When you turned against sinning
As you slowly moved towards your Father
A promise to never to go back to sin

Your readiness brought joy
Heaven applauded your trust in me
Faithfulness and your request

For Him to be your guide in life

The day I became new
From the ground I rose
A new being to everyone's surprise
Calmer, happiest, new self

Crystal in your eyes
Invisible to the condemner
How I love you, your words and ways
There is nothing wrong with me

I am under your influence
Influence of eternal of love
What they see in me, is You
Beautiful, isn't it?

Free in your presence
Free in your spirit
Free in your heart
Free indeed

Mantsebo Golda Motlathledi (Gaojewe)

Had I Stayed

Had I stayed, would my eyes be blazing with desire?
Would I be starving for your lips on mine, aroma, affection, everything?
My feelings, would they be alive, still?

Had I stayed, would my heart be pounding and aching for your heartbeat?
Had I stayed, would my body be trembling, longing for the touch of your hands?
Had I stayed would my soul be wondering, searching for answers?
Had I stayed, would this place be so sincere, still?

If I had, would we be gazing at each other's eyes?
Questions haunt me day in and day out
Been meaning to let you know why I left.....
I left because.... well, simply because. I... love...you

Silly, I know
And for leaving.....I Hope you forgive me

Had I, would you love me still?

Mantsebo Golda Motlathedi (Gaojewe)

He Kissed My Soul

A first glance at him captured her
A being most beautifully created
She tucked her tummy in, not to look flat
Tucked it in to prevent to butterfly feeling in her stomach
Some feelings are just too natural to fight
If only he knew how beautiful she thought he was

He greeted politely and woman I was not expecting that
My ears heard and my soul said 'Hi beautiful'
From my own world, I called myself back
And greeted back innocently 'Hi'
Careful woman,
my soul said

Remember I am highly protected but I have never been so hooked,
Not like I am to this being
Does this being know how beautiful your soul is
Does this being know how caring your soul is
Does this being know how passionate your soul is
Does this being know that when he greeted your soul was in jubilation

The most beautifully created being kissed my lips and my soul approved
Whispering,
'Remember I am highly protected'
This beautifully created being went on and caressed my body and my soul
approved,
still whispering,
'Remember I am highly protected'
Suddenly,
with animosity, the most beautifully created being took over this woman's body

Woman, not expected and got me totally surprised
How can this beautiful creature suddenly turn ugly on me?
My soul watched as it all happened and went on whispering
'this being is taking your body but i will still remain'
Remember darling, your soul is highly protected

Realising how beautiful this woman's soul was
The most beautifully created being no longer felt the kind of hostility

The most beautifully created being looked into my eyes not knowing that he was looking directly into my soul

The most beautifully created being stayed knowing now how beautiful, caring, passionate I was

The most beautifully created being stayed knowing now how beautiful I was

For he kissed my soul that day

Mantsebo Golda Motlathledi (Gaojewe)

I Am Loosing A Friend

You came and I am loosing a friend or rather a friend, me
Reluctant I was, took a chance and followed a heart
Should I have followed my mind instead?

How do you then break heart and mind conflict?
One will overpower the other in one way or the other, in this case, heart.

My mind has fought, not an easy battle and came to a conclusion
You came and for years
never felt your presence
except in my heart where thy will forever be.

Tonight, I respectfully let go of what should be or could have been.
Shall I say 'till we meet again? '
Or shall I say 'hoping never to meet you again'?
Well, that is up to you to decide, since mine is already made.

And I shall say 'it has been quite a learning experience and greatly appreciated'

Mantsebo Golda Motlathledi (Gaojewe)

My Saviour

red pieces of a broken one, scattered
again, a dream to be it in, shattered
wonder if it will ever be restored
the reflection is not worth watching

soaked in tears and blood from bleeding
nauseating feeling like i had bad flu,
eyes blinded by my sad and teary eyes
each time the mender comes close i run scared

i preferred it broken i suppose
a reminder of where i have been
i have now taken hope in for healing
and trusting in total restoration
with hope and trust in arms
i could bear the pain

along came Melody, a song of life
Humble, like a saint,
i feel like the only Lucky one
very Expressive, he clearly laid it down for me
not holding anything within

my redeemer, a pleasant Name indeed
to share a Grand life in HIS glorious KINGDOM together
his name is more than just a name
Jesus Is my Saviour

Mantsebo Golda Motlathedi (Gaojewe)

Saddened

Saddened by this place,
I, looked around
And something in me
Tells me that
It is not the end
Only the beginning
And to hope i offer,
My gratitude

Beginning of a fruitful future

Saddened by this place
I, looked around
And something in me
Tells me that
You are not alone
God is watching
Watching your every move
Well, he lives in you
Knows exactly how you feel

Saddened by this place
I, looked around
And, something in me
Tells me that
My sadness is ok,
It is a sign of life in you
One of life's experiences
The sadness will pass

Saddened by this place
I, looked around
And, something in me
Tells me that
You cannot see me
For in your eyes I am invisible
No, no, no I am not invisible
Crystal, I am in the eyes of my creator

Saddened by this place
I, looked around
And, something in me
Tells me that
I should live in the moment
Live in it woman,
embrace it
Come out of it alive
And tell a beautiful and inspiring story

Mantsebo Golda Motlathedi (Gaojewe)

The Ocean's Mixed Emotions

On a clear day
Help me when the ocean changes from stormy to calm.
I close my eyes,
Open my heart and trust my intuition.
As I move closer to the handsome and charming man;
It is beautiful to meet you!
Above me I see clear blue skies on a hot African summer day.
Warmly looking at the unpredictable ocean waters;
Underneath the still water;
A deep and heavy current;
Running two hundred meters under the surface

Far behind me
Something behind the trees;
An angel watching at all times;
To walk the forest dark;
Like the one behind;
I will close my eyes,
Open my heart and trust my intuition.
As I am walking along the beach; birds fly over
I am closer to the handsome charming man
I want to express the way I feel about him
Aesthetic!
I am filled with joy;
But;
I end up chatting about the calm ocean,
A clear day on a hot summer day
Insipidly chatting about birds flying over our heads

I could hear the river on the other side; swelling
And about to overflow;
Its waters heading towards the same place that brings me joy
The ocean!
I cannot steal you; nor can I make you mine
The same way one can never explain how salvation or falling in love is like;
I have composed and I will compose a million poems in my time on earth;
None will come close to explaining my feeling towards you.

Be with this woman if feeling is mutual or rather if you could

Otherwise; be with me before the mysterious ocean shows its true colours
Who knows what the sun's heat intensions are towards the sea?
The birds could be sending a message about the coming storm
The swelling river might cause floods and sweep the forest trees away
But again the combination could be our way to a healing and relaxing
atmosphere

The ocean sound;
The salty water smell;
The sandy beach;
The bird's chirp;
Night time forest sound;

Mmmhhh – "Only you would know"
My request!
Two hundred and forty minutes
It is always beautiful to meet you.

With an angel watching at all times!
The hot summer sun watching the ocean!
The ocean giving mixed emotions!
Birds chirping all kinds of sounds!
Forget about falling in love
Let us live in the two hundred and forty minutes

RE:

Mantsebo Golda Motlathledi (Gaojewe)