

Poetry Series

**Mongezi Ngwenya**  
**- poems -**

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## Mongezi Ngwenya(1995 10 23)

i am an upcoming artist, poet and i am theatre practisioner whose currently studying law. art is my live as much as law is. am working on my first book and i've learned to balance my talents and not neglect the other.

# Brutal Honesty

Dont blame me this just honsty at its paramouncy brutality.

sticks and stone will break like bones  
silver and gold wont get any old  
time may fly to the winter's cold  
but deep where lies sleep, we'll sink deep within to the core  
seek for honesty at its sharpest twick  
bitter sweet. It is like Honey after being sting by a bee  
but we'll never sleep like a shallow queen  
we won't quit we show bravery like kings.

Don't blame me this is just honesty at its paramouncy brutality.

Let me put it in black and white  
maybe fools will believe it is true after being fooled to believing that it is true.

See we'll boil their tears of agonny and pain  
spice it up with a bit of love triangle with an addition of a wana be virgin who got  
layed, banged, spanked and dumped like a dirty pan and how about the urine of  
your neighbor who keeps bending your sister to the wall.  
Keep believing it is not true, maybe its a dream but fool you just got fooled  
because it it true. Maybe we'll serve this bitter stew with a loaf of brutal honesty,  
believe it its true.

Don't blame me this is just honesty at its paramouncy brutality.

Weapons may intimidate lairs to spit the truth out  
well my words are like sharpened blades fiercefull, heartburning like a dragon's  
burp, the very taste of it will make you vomit fireballs out of your face with the  
shape of the truth itself.  
but when am done with you one wont be able to tell where you mouth is, as the  
cuticle that shields your lips will be curled off like burnt paper as for your teeth  
like char caol that has burnt meat

Thats how ugly the truth is.

Smile, we all know its fake, with that cover face of a snake

But for today

just for this hour  
i beg of you not to blame me  
because it is not me, it is honesty at its paramouncy brutality.

Mongezi Ngwenya

# Death

Death...

you who carries darkness beneath your wings with feathers that outshines the glense of star lights which blinds our naked eyes.

There you are! unseen lying between the cumulombuis making the sun your companion as you send your wrath upon us, claiming a life as if it was bequeathied unto you.

Death you parasite!

sucking the joy out of our lives, leaving us behind as empty as tunnels making the loudest noise in our own pool of tears.

have you no sympathy? have you no heart with conscious curled within it?

You are like an earthquake ready to open mother nature to chew and swallow our hearts, our souls and our last hope with nothing to live for, leaving us skeletons roaming the earth with no aim, no purpose but raw pain to live with.

i could wait for the night sun, stand on the highest peak and point to the darkness as if it was you, and man i could swallow my pride curse you hard that i forget who raised me but since i know who i am and i was taught well, i'll hold it inside and settle my vandatta after i have waken up from my death bed.

Oh Death, how you had us all fooled, cowardly sneaking behind closed curtains, with no sound made, silently taking like a thief in the night, then disappearing to the far distance with eyes and ears left behind just to see us weep and curse.

I could point and drown you with words as i please but my questions will be unanswered.

I would love to believe you are not heavenly sent, but as HE gave he shall take back.

Death...

you who caries darkness beneath your wings.

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# Held In The Past Blind In The Future

our greatest desires are haunted by our past  
hidden in our bellies as if sucking the juices that blurs our vision as we step in our  
present  
like a rolling stone influenced by wind to land on nothing but dust

the ugly truth that cripples our legs is one left in the crust of the earth and one  
hoping to unlock the past while living in the present.

i am like a lost soul, hiding behind the wind, unseen. reliving my life through my  
memories, yearning for the pleasures of life  
ignorant of the light of my next path for i am captured by my past, i have  
chained myself with every memory  
i have caged myself with every emotion, am unaware of my present for am living  
my unknown, unreal future of what is not not.

i am held in the past blind in the future and absent in my present.

i refuse my birth right of my next life as i dwell upon the earthly things that some  
what feed my thrilled hunger. i seek to own my last moments to rectify every  
bad in search for gateways and maybe the path not taken might take me to the  
untaken journey of discovery what Einstein could not recover. revised time.

i am held in the past blind in the future and absent in my present.

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# Reach Deep In Within

reach in  
deep in  
the core of my heart  
be flabbagusted by the absence of nonsense  
be disgusted by the presence of nonsense  
open the window to your soul and stare at the umbilical cord of my vitirious guilt  
being aborted.  
see strings of abortion of my guiltbe refrigerated like bought assorted.

see lies that bind be cought by eyes  
i mean eyes which are blind be restored by sight  
that heart of a stone as if the cracken revived  
humanitarians we are not are we emotionaly blind  
our identity is lost are we awaiting to be found

reach in  
deep in  
the core of my heart

rip burst the cuticle that sheilds my heart  
pin a straw to my heart like a bee sucking the life out of my finger, serving as  
punishment for stealing its honey.  
from deep within it is blood which you will not find but sarrow and pain that shall  
be found

stare deep in the eyeballs of an aged woman  
what do you see?  
what the heart does not tell but what the eyes confess  
so i dare you, whole heartedly to

reach in  
deep in  
the core of my heart

there are an archive of stories living beneath my ventricles  
no memory loss shall erase them, they multiply like germs being fed flesh  
particles.

reach in

deep in  
the core of my heart

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