

Poetry Series

Phakamoney Sithole
- poems -

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Phakamoney Sithole(04 February 1990)

Im still a student studying y to me is my escape to still a growing poets who likes to read works of other modern poems that i right are of my personal are of my dreamin that it could be see if you can tell the difference.

For I Am

For i am the man with will. I fall at the highest hills deeply without hope but still for i am.....I shall walk like i am at top, though I walk where men look level to which i am i feel satisfied, i am only a soul looking through a window of oppotunity of difference. For i am troubled deeply but I put that behind me to look forward, I deeply do not care, atleast i try. For i am complex, i am but will to live

Phakamoney Sithole

I Want To Express You

You are to be better than to be in writing, Swallow up the world for if you could spare a day. For you are in amounts of cheddar that since not discovered, you are un-priceable. You are unmistakable. I want to express you lady, For this mouth could if it had the diction to. I want to express you are not beautiful deeply not, but still to me you're a masterpiece of beauty. i want to express you stand there, i dont know what these eyes do to me, there magnify you to be be what i feel is unpredictable to this heart. To me you are the begining of the world, the end of the are the alphabet that far too important to include with others. I want to express you lady, i want to express you lady.

Phakamoney Sithole

You...

Though i sometimes rescent you. sorry to say but i must compliment. Heaven all beauty this creation suppeses all greatest you women beauty supries me every time.....everrrytime and suppeses my expectation of you only a soul ever so beautiful as yours could ever deserve your everytime your around me my throat dries up, heart beats ever so fast, beating on throat, feeling hot, Im speachless.If this is what they call effection then effection be my friend no more, which is why i rescent, you make be like i have never make me see what I never take me to the unknown world, to heaven high and back still alive and suprised. Damn you women you me, I, yourself, myself, look...heavens.

Phakamoney Sithole