

Poetry Series

Rahlagane Mathebe
- poems -

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Rahlagane Mathebe(1989/01/11)

Art Thou In Our Brain, Dear Lord; Or Thou Exist?

Art thou in our brain, dear Lord; or thou exist?
I bow on thy appellation and get a muddle -
Rejoinders so alluring that no man can ever resist;
And thy shelters so hard like a shell of turtle.

I gaze at the sun and the stars and then I smile:
For thy wunderkind cogitations art actually splendid.
I consider heaven too, but science knows not its miles;
Christianity has its own faith, but they eternal power is blended -

And there art dissimilar creeds proselytizing thy name inversely,
And that evil thwarts my previous belief
Since thy weakling face never shows accurately,
Or chat to me like you did to Adam and Eve; -

If hell is a pit of fire I get thrown in after I die,
I will forever regret lettering this portion of lie.

Rahlagane Mathebe

How Do I Love You

How do I love thee?

My heart did I furnish thee to amass,
And there did'st thou unearth a place of olive meadows,
Briskly did my empathy wobble for love?
And with you my love's well elucidated.

How do I love you?

I love you from the interior hollows of my heart,
The influential love I bear for thee,
And the spark that buff in my heart,
For love that burn in thy heart.

How do you love me?

The sentiment in my heart you make
And the love in my heart you take;
A fixation so good thou do'st,
So with you all I feel is contentment.

How do we love us?

We are United and Sentimental - US.
Our love so luminous like the stars,
And this eternal thought shall never fade,
Nor lose its vivid of that we've made.

Rahlagane Mathebe

Lament For The Deaths Of South African Women

Looking hither and thither,
I see dead bodies everywhere;
The world is turning sour and bitter -
Everyday our people drop tears.

I fondly looked at the stars above,
And wonder what this life is showing us;
Our women are murdered for 'Love',
Our women are stabbed and concussed.

I lament for our loss, dear Lord:
The river's had filled to the brim
The blood and tears of our innocent women -

Where is the spirit of Ubuntu?
What happened to the values of humanity?
What dynamism or principle is behind our insanity?
Is this the fate of our beautiful Country?

Rahlagane Mathebe