

Poetry Series

raymond letsitsa
- poems -

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Beauty Of The Day

The beauty of the day
Is like an open wound receptive of decay
New moons of delicate seasons have dawned on the gay
The golden spawn of a defeated monarchy is a black goat gone astray
Deliver my sins unto my poor table if no trespass means I've got to be a slave to
your technology
Filthy as human pedophiles partaking of a chicken orgy
Black lacks the voice of reason coz of your depression
Take this sinking ship of poverty and move me out your recession
This is my life and dream, what I do aint up for discussion
I know how you dreadfully look upon the street kid
Take away your hands from off the table because we have to eat
We are winners who learn how to acknowledge defeat

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Between The Lines

Dear Beautiful
This day is so very strange
Never thought that beauty might change
To ugliness
At first you were the face
of holiness
You got used by your thug boyfriends
You were raped at a few parties with your girlfriends
You discovered hunger
and became a prostitute
This is no poem yet,
Just a reminder that even
heaven has a substitute
Your grin is no smile anymore
You are dying not from Aids, but from a heart gone sore
You remember the days in which you might have won the war
But got cheated
By the tongue twisted words of those who praised you
Only to get you defeated
Now they sniff at you like
smelly feet
You wear make up like camouflage to feel complete
Only those who never knew you could fall
by your side
Begging you to make them climax or maybe
lift their tide
You can, in the future, become someone's
forbidden bride
But now you suffer the agony of living with that
pride

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Blind Justice

Justice is blind
for if it was a person
it would be a catholic pope
it would be in a suit and raping
it's colleague at the end of a working shift
it would be a taxi driver
longing for a quick pull at a young girl's skirt
it would be a police officer laying his hands on a village girl in the bushes
it would be a murderer
risking the life of a 7 year old through sexual abuse
It would be a male prostitute resented by the Rastaman
It would be a house burglar who repeatedly rapes my dog
Justice is really blind
A woman who molests her two
sons and forces the husband to
rape the daughter
An Andries Pistorius paraplegic setting Reeva Steenkamp modelers up for the
slaughter
Justice swallows your daughters up like the whale of Jonah
Trafficking more
young women like the Nigerian girls
Shows much hate of color like Xenophobia
and hates male on male love affairs
Like Ethiopian males
It is advised
that the poor remain wise
while the rich fool
becomes a sugar daddy
who dies from aids
because he didn't use protection
We watch law
molest our rights
when crimes get reported
those who report them
are talking to the wall
But we hope justice sees again
like the blind healed
by Christ's saliva

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Children Of The Sun

When all of them
Were holding guns
We held spears
And stabbed their nuns
We sang songs of war
They shot bullets
We slew their sons
They killed our Africa
And told us to belly dance
We rebelled against race
For that was of potent relevance
They wore the Madiba attire
And we stabbed him through their skin
Though they shot bullets and we stabbed the whites
No race was willing to win
The terror of racism was not ready to
Give up his swollen arms
The new South Africa was birthed
By bloody streets, massacres of black and snitching revolutionary scums
We reunited black through song
Banging on tight skins
Of African drums
Mathematicians sat on the election tables dying
Before calculating sums
We stop protest at gunshot sounds and let our mothers
Sing their Psalms

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Enslaved

Enslaved in the mind
by the concrete jungle lions of the politically blind
Rape crimes and police killings
made African streets dirtier than pig hinds
Marikana the whole nation on
Black on black crime and
middle man the black man like a tampon
Even through poetry a black woman
cannot stand strong
The life of a hobo and homo sexual
may never last long
Bury my aunts in the
sour smelling shanties
of your murderous arms
Zimbabwean witchcraft in the neighborhood never embraced a million charms
And when the police crimes harm
The poor
the demonic leader kicks aborted babies
out the population door
Jesus looks in despair
out the heavenly window
at the rapist pastor
Through the eyes of a lying president
we see treachery alive
Those genocided by Mbeki's ruling
in heaven won't ever survive
Dreadful lives we live like a Rastafarian head
Even mortuary curtains concealing the deceased rape the dead
In this country it's common to bring a Dj to have you twerk for the grave
But never has it been acceptable to have poets preach to the mind
of a slave.

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Ethnic Repose

Nowadays the mind of the God of the holy
Bible
Battles with the thoughts
of the God in the holy Koran
What of the mind of the God in the Mormonist
Bible

'How Rastafari dem seh wi
Haffi name dem
Babylan'

Don't believe these bleeding pastors
They wanna lead us all to hell
Shutting your lips with God's Testament
So that their secrets you may not tell
Once saw Satan like lightning from heaven fall
To form illuminati here
You're the greatness of your own making
With words never believe in what you hear
Witches can sing songs that move you in a vision
Never let them close your ear
It's the force of your Spirit man that keeps demonic powers at bay
Police men pedophiles en masse surround
campuses to rape the gay
If anti-black like xenophobia
I kill you quicker than Marikana Miners
With words of truth like love poems,
I send visions like Zambian deviners
Feeling like the fruit Adam ate
Because satan snatched
eternity like a purse

'Ahn Jehova Witness ah wonder still
Why Jah nu waan
remove di curse! '

My brethren steal and blame
the hunger,
Not acknowledging defeat

Behind bars are those who raped, murdered
and stole, with scorching feet
My sisters wake up nightly
To sell their bodies in the street
To street kid timers who
Grew up swallowing vermin
under the African heat
It's because you grew up in a shack
and now live in a mansion they wanna kill you
They may throw stumps in your path
but ultimately you'll see your
break through
Don't blame my lameness
on my stiff inability to comprehend you
You're not the only one who's got problems,
So I understand what you
are going through.

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Forgive My Pattern

The melodies of a voiceless bird
Fill the night like a wine glass
Emanating radiance
The clueless prophet
Finds blindness alluring
The warrior of ancient times
Profusely breathing
Two-headed serpents
On his side still slithering
A leap of faith taken
Spiritual tumors create
breathless tremors,
Yet the branches
from the tree of life
are left shaken
Your violent acts of
crime are talk of
the town
like neighborhood rumors
I hope only that your spirit
is not broken
I sincerely sense
secrecy prevailing
Strangled cords smeared
in ink on simile
And uttered in
metaphoric vocabulary,
behind these
enemy lines of rhetoric.

Forgive my pattern,
I have provoked a Leviathan
To anger, and danced
with a mad dragon
Mimicry is not solid
It finds comfort in
poetic jargon
Taken into exile
out the land of honey

I lost my kidneys
in your slavery wagon
Follow me like a shadow
into the plateau of euphoria
Kids dying of hunger and malaria
In Kenya and Nigeria
In South Africa
The blood of human victims
is a sight all too familiar.

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Him You Know

He had a gun in his hands
A balaclava masking his face
And satanic arm bands
He's a popular disgrace
With a torn face like worn out attire
And a mouth dripping
with glands
His kind uneases the minds of
Ladies in faraway lands
He unzips his jeans to unleash
A monster that cripples a
woman's integrity
Lost his mind like Alice in wonderland and swelled
up his dignity
He's a black man of course
But he doesn't give a pig's diaper
What happens to a
black woman's identity
He gives you unwanted pregnancy
That you embrace
without a choice like government
Wishes were never horses
For we could've
rode upon their backs
You plague us like a disease
And stigmatize us
like AIDS in our shacks
We never heard when
you cracked your whip
Pointing a gun at innocent ladies telling them to skinny dip
Or else,
You'll shoot to kill like
government cop policies
Rubbing salt
in the depth of this
wound I got
from the diabetes
You so majestically caught
like a bad flu

when you tried to kill us
In a nation of rapists,
thieves and merciless killers

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I'll Not Be There

When the walls of Jericho
fall on the heads of
pagan christianity
When the prison doors
slam like hip hop on the face of a rapist who took
a two month old baby's virginity
When the crimes reported about these polygamous presidents with no integrity
I'll not be there
When rastafarians are made a disgrace because of the purity of their hair
Judgments of the wise reveal the impurities of the fair
I'll not be there
When you see the leper dying
and pull him roughly from that wheelchair
When the nude arts of your satanists leaves your chest bare
I'll not be there
When you rape my sister at the corner of that bar
When you molest that lesbian in pairs because you think she don't know who you
are
I'll not be there when
because of your hunger you'd steal my car
I'll never be there when
my mortuary brother rapes that corpse
I'm never gonna be there
when that prostitute sister gets killed by the cops
But I'll always be here
so that I can give you poems that deliver this message
Remember that you're not alone
In this sentence and in the middle of that passage
I wrote with
you in mind
So you can move forth
and not remember
what's left behind
The sight of the
faint-hearted cannot give
meaning to the focus of the blind
And when you seek and
can't find me here
Ask the dead next door

neighbor who got raped because of her skirt
Who ran like athletes but couldn't escape the hurt
Of gossippers talking her to the dirt
And it'll bring you near
To that message poetry always wants you to hear
Of the deaf who speak for
the poor
And I'll be there.

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In A Few Days

The land shall be desolate & in need
of joy
Soldiers who spawn monarchy
shall seek lives to destroy
People will live hand to mouth,
their kind jobs can't employ
Gays will no longer love a man,
they'd see no use in a boy
In a few days the sun will get dark
Iron will sharpen Iron but emit no spark
A baboon will fall from a tree,
For trying to swing from off a bark
Toothless dogs of society will thirst
and cease their senseless bark
Girls and women unemployed,
will queue up for prostitution
Prostitution will be the talk of the town,
when men will need money to purchase from that institution
Street kids will devour each other,
poverty will be at large like a fat lady
The thin lady will hum melodiously,
as the orphan begs for mercy
from his rapist daddy
In a few days books of wisdom
will have no meaning
Do you see not the bucket of manure
in the streets that people keep cleaning?
Drugs will drag down politicians
and great statesmen
Marijuana will no longer have opposition,
men will no longer rape women
Prisoners will die of hunger
and thirst as their sentences multiply
Porn is the language of
lusting for what the world won't satisfy.

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In Distree

have a confession to make
I killed a man
and I know his wasn't mine to take
I have stolen from many that once in a lifetime opportunity
I burned my baby daughter for after she was raped she lost her virginity
I'm not the kind that appreciates good things
I have known women to spread diseases
I know a certain pastor who cursed me and found himself in pieces
Some guy died because of me in prison
There are moments that steal our breaths away for a reason
The serpent-headed woman with a long head withstands
every season
Eagles fly alone, and pigeons get raped for flocking
In broad daylight they castrate young men
and wonder at the perishing of their women's stalking

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Keep My Peace

Crucified in a world of ice
My ideas mean
Nothing but a lame excuse for rights
Talking methodically
Scared to amplify my voice
Protesting and getting shot dead
Preaching and getting mocked
Along with false prophets and atheists
I haven't much of a choice
But to keep my peace.

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Leaving

I'm leaving and I know
that I shall not return
The things I've done
have left scars on the bodies of my
potential friends
All those I loved gave up on me, they washed
their hands
I'll not blame my faith,
and surely not that
rapist pastor
mocking me
Life has had
it's end of days,
and it's memorial service shall burry me
I gave up on a lot of things
I threw up when I heard that lady sing
The man who caused trouble died with solutions
Gripped tightly by those arms the enemy rubbed with magic potion
My sanity is not really contained
I'm mad about her and she's found another man
And continuously I've been killed in my sleep
My mistakes follow me like a shadow
and my life fades to gray
Christ shall come whenever he likes
and shall not find me in the light of day
This is that suicide note
that gives all that it is
My hearse shall ride out among orchards
I hope that's the sight that you won't ever miss.

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Legs Of The Stem

The idea of strip searching a statue
won't give you a solid touch
Rape victims, sodomists
and witchcraft are the
spirits of such
As you,
For we lose not our efforts but our efforts
are losing we
Supposedly you spit
saliva in the bucket holes
of children
in the streets
It could've been a good
idea for metro-police officers
to share wisdom under the sheets
We count not our blessings
like Somalian women counting
candina in a state of hunger
We thirst because we
drink from the narrow streams
of your dead knowledge
Roll the tree for presidents,
that matters only if you
went to college
We await manna in the
new testament,
the ancients await God's porridge
Drain us out our misery
and treat us no more like cows that fell in the sewage
Poetry is now your Gospel, read it and weep
We're not worried about your women sir, but
the global lies you keep
The way to life is high, but it can also run deep
Part the Red Seas of
tribulation like Moses did the streams of your legalized prostitutes
Clever people are in hospitals, you just built them institutes
If your cops are the law,
why are
they raping prostitutes

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Man In The Street

I don't know how far
I can hold this
The art has given me such
a great spiritual bliss
If Christ was a thief
he would've forsakened Judas with
the same kiss,
but not for the same coin
Giving his life to the Devil like the
bloodbath brotherhoods you like to join
You molest that teenage boy
and sexually break his groin
Describe this as poverty if you will,
Purse snatching is a very great skill
If tormented by my hunger
and the glue I smoke inside my clothes
My language modified by
the street life a hobo that everybody loathes
My face greasy like carburetors
I live a life nobody knows
Sleeping in a tunnel with poop smells,
that's how it goes
I'm not the kind you wanna invite
to your many poetry shows
I'm surrounded by dirt like swine
and I smell like a cesspool
Torture me in front of my people
the results won't be cool
I long for clothes, food and shelter
from the rain
I ran from my first refuge
and now live my life in the drain
I can't dance to save my belly
poverty possesses my mind
I stumble over blocks
with my eyes open like the blind
Wouldn't have gone through
the same reality if life was lived on a puddle
I'm hungrier than Somalia,

powerless to the demons you often bind
Sleep in the midst of the road like
it's my home
My kind spread like a
disease from South Africa to Rome
Might seem like a madman when
in the night the streets I roam
Cleansing my body with saliva on stone
My kind is better off when left alone
To my garbage picking
Just pass me by in the streets,
my body odor is no cause for panicking

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Mind In Trouble

Hallucination taking a hold of my thoughts
Mind contemplating the gaping hole of impossibility
Say no talent was found
Where none was sought
A constant battle with negatives
My mind has fought
Summoned a modicum of bravery and starved ideas to death
Found consolation in the memory of a simpleton's soul
The zeal is no foreign attack like terrorist threats
The mental wave bursts out of hills and valleys
And scatter beings of all kinds like compost over a dying plant
Resilient and foreboding
the haunted Medusa prophecy coming to pass
What the hell was I thinking,
See you later in class.

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Monalisa

Inevitably my thoughts

Linger too long on those curves, those thighs

I'm a suffering romantic psycho darling, just gimme a try

I'm not that kind of guy who'll rape you or molest you

Just because you dare not share your love with me don't mean I cannot like you

I saw you looking at me and my inner man just blushed

I'll keep worshiping your maker even if my heart you crush

Your love is an artful making, feel the last stroke of my brush...

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My Dwelling

I dwell where heavens
once fell
The satan that went to hell
Now appear dressed in mini-skirts and bracelets as well
Government tries to dig a bullet hole in the social shell
We can't acknowledge your
Tyranus beasts if your witch has no spell
The Jack 'n Jill of the African
continent roll down the hills of satanism
Your witchcraft christianity
brainwash is modern day mysticism
You fear prayer life like the Jehova witness,
So stop giving me your gospel,
Your governor's a constant epidemic how he'd be blowing deseases out the
nostril
The Haiti's of life strike men and women
down like a blow
The man of politics in shabby suits is a thief
Who likes to roll dice
Fathers in my city, rob their daughters
of their innocence on the
rocks like whiskey on ice
The friend who comes to you laughing is a traitor in disguise
When poverty hit the streets like a jab
Maintenance flies chill with kids
and dwell in their nose
Many of these townsmen sweat blood, and touch my sisters in the daytime, I
suppose.

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Native Progress

These pregnant nurses
Have impregnated hearses
With Hiv Aids
Lyrical lines to punch out the fittest verses
In the palms of the rapist pastor
More sin and murder abides
than the craft in the rooms of the porter
You've raped your 5 year old daughter
Molested your dog, ate a cat and got charged with man slaughter
A colored is black in color with skin that's a fan to white
Your odor has made the news like xenophobic wars
You despise my kind and I know what you're thinking
You lack self love like a masochist and your heart is missing
Still uttering 'nigger' under your breath
when you see me work in your kitchen
Black on black violence,
and we fought you for
our knowledge of Dutch vocabulary
Delicate like a babe's cheek
and untouchable as a phantom
You're an alien that invaded this country on a ship's back
Your women were prostitutes,
turned into women for you fear of the power of a black man
Now that you were able to establish gays
You turn the wrath of God on the black through cultic ways

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Neighborhood Lullaby

I have seen spleens torn apart
by the decorative schemes
of a rapist with heart
Mistress, and an angelic soul sister
A poet dares the world not to part
like the legs of the red sea
I've encountered the stares
of trouble holding a knife
jeering at me
Prostitutes proposed
a free share of my flesh with the world
Thieves and drug smugglers
had a tendency of snatching
my girl's purse
My aunt recovered from Aids
and got killed by a nurse
We watch daily the innocent getting
rushed into the coffin
We ate crumbs from
underneath the table like Lazarus
our lives were a curse
We lived from success
and into poverty, our lives in a verse
The minds of these government
thugs don't have great reserve
They kill en masse like London mines,
and get on poor people's nerves
My sister was molested in a taxi,
For her skirt drew curves
Act racial like an Apartheid whitey
For those alien laws you preserve
Play some Donald track
and give me the love I deserve
My language was bruised like
torn skin because
my teachers were hungry
The kindness of your pastors
has turned them into rapists
The congregation's youth is

naked in the church
Daughters and sons lie
exposed like how the pope did his youth
Lie no more about black lives
and salvation, tell the truth
These wounds have swollen,
they're not the kind you soothe
Old school thugs were smooth talkers
who lived by the knife
In a comatose situation with a witch,
you had to fight for your life
My continent overflows
with opportunistic women
With a face to distort the times
and a tongue like Medusa's own,
this woman's a bad omen
You rob gays of their alcohol at a club,
the natural things that happen to Azania

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Night Life Streets

Choked suddenly
by the awkward breeze
of drunk odor
in this place
Neglected by a handsome
stream of salivary gases
that comes from their
Hungover faces,
Their women are dancing
and their movements are sexual
This is hell on earth,
not reserved for the saintly and spiritual
A bottle in their
hands
makes them
feel like kings and queens
Headed towards the narrow gate with a chemical used to
sedate human beings
Addictive like the drugs they give their women to make them horny
I'm on the tenth row of this madness,
looking as they pass by
forlonly
A man kisses a bottle's lip,
'coz all these sexy women make him feel lonely
Affection and a loss of appetite is the product they brought for me
The music that bangs in their heads makes them proper Jezebels
It promises
this weak-kneed
nigga to think
of wedding bells.

Skeletons rot daily
in her closet,
and she runs from them to hide in her shell
Of promiscuity, doubt and self-denial
The feeling is mutual with most men in her room,
but this one here is viral
In the omnipotence of things, she envisions gay gods fighting
for a man in her skirt

Pagan incest grabs her soul and runs it like pigs through the dirt
A lady so out of balance, she clings to a stripping pole to feel complete
Ancient goddesses ran a mile through her mind, committing adultery
with defeat
Purchased her spirit
in the illumination to shine her weary light
All wickedness takes place but in the middle
of the night.

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Orchestral Propounder

I have heard the voice
of him who is crowned with white glory
hidden behind the light
of understanding like a mystery
The morning star like satan but he brings light not darkness
the utterance of demonic poetry
That engulf the heathen in
a cloak of wolves
while they cry out in goat
like voices
Life neglects you in the
midst of hell and never
gives you choices
His women had black wings
and wore no clothing nor had they any weave
Their pagan god was a mystery
so they hid his face while he grieved
Mourner of souls and the replenishers of flesh
exposed our inner man
and had us drunk like a pub owner
The god of life was a woman
they knew not how to satisfy his urges
So with wrath she spat his flame from the skies and had them wishing they were
home
And secretly he came the second time as Baphomet and pulled many heathens to
hell
Untold stories were no comprehension to man
so
her stories they cannot tell

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Parental Guidance

These streets are haunted
The blood of the ancient
who died violently embracing
the barren womb of the witch
Boys fondle each other in
attempts to become radical,
Breast swollen ladies get
milked like cows by starving babies,
dying in their arms
Doctors spread diseases
through poisonous balms
They use to embrace
a weak man's charm
Parents rip off their babies' diapers
and molest them daily

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Poetry

Been around for years
Centuries never let me age
My eyes burnt down by tears
Scribbled my pain in this tormented page
Conquered like David my mammoth fears
And performed my miseries on stage
Life for me has never been fair
For I got locked like a bird in a cage
I've told many that my kind is rare
And can't no policeman beat down my rage
Children were raped and thrown
Into my belly
Nothing about African massacres
You people could ever tell me
Homes torn like bad relationships
Teen pregnancy go me feeling empty
The future got molested
in front of my eyes
Now I speak louder
Hoping to silence the cries

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Running

Ever since birth I've been running
From the thunder clap
And the bullet
from
the man gunning
Down families of the poor
And the woman in the streets
with a collection tin humming
I ran from the one male rapist
spirit in a boy who knew
not how to get ahead in life
Molesting his son or daughter
while home with a working wife
I ran because it was the only way
I could go through strife
I didn't want my life taken by this
Man's handgun or knife
I ran from fake friends
and fake family members
The comedy of life's show
that ended with somebody's brains blown out
The Hiroshimas and Hurricane
Katrinas of the soul that killed me
Through the drought
I survived like a patient
through hard coma you see
I've been running from
respirators in these killer clinics
hurting me
I dodged the street life
and the rape charges and jail
I kept jogging my soul and trained
my mind like the Maluti rail
The deformities of the spirit
In these rapist pastors
Molesting the congregants
Heart and soul or soul to soul like
The Manhattans' arrogance
Find and thou shalt seek

or seek and thou shalt find
Mesmerized mental patients dragging hard-heartedness through the mind
I ran like athletes away
from the woman
with a perverted mind
I know not what you see
with the
Stevie Wonder sight of the blind
I ran towards my goal knowing
That the jealous might follow
Where the wide path leads to hell
While blacks
are forced to take the narrow
Eagles fly alone
but I can't forsake
The wingless sparrow
I ran because I knew not
the difference between
a ghost and a shadow
I didn't wanna be the messenger
With a whale behind me that wanted to swallow
I ran towards the future
with a vision of what from God
I wanted to borrow
Regardless of my
situation with life
We made life Sade and
turned it into the king of sorrow
Blending in with the criminals
Because they are my brothers
Not with the sane boy torturing
My sisters, raping my mothers
While I ran you stopped coping
With life like a political party
Let go of me and let me live
Before my brothers
dearly depart thee

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Sermon Of Lament

My mind is lost in the sound of the gun
That you were holding,
And firmly pointing it towards a nun
Its no new rivalry of thought,
But verbal warfare has begun
We shall verbally express our
Minds till this foul age is done
We know not about apartheid
Because racially we are one
The lords of this land
know nothing about reform
Tell haiti to be consoled and
Watch xenophobians transform
Rape is not a silent cry for help
Nor gay molestations our norm
Tremble not before demonic children,
Messiahs can lead u through the storm
Afro-Dutch wars no longer exist
Convert woeful coloreds in Universities
Don't make my brother chew your excrete
Don't make believe that your kind is saintly
Rub gentle magic on your face to
Erase a racial South Africa
Give polygamous Zulus
a chance to chow down your wealth
before your massacre
Lock in prison the innocent and
release the guilty
Like a swine on fresh mud
You're renewing souls unto filthy
I have nothing much against you sir,
only my Afro and my wealth
You believe that in the hood,
street kids have much better health?
Drape thy self with sour curtain and
Relish the taste of earth
Coz mankind was really free
Before he was conceived at birth...

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Social Values

I haven't forgotten
How you shot the grease
From off the melting pot
Laser lenses connect the dot
Gays and prostitutes in the
Streets fighting for the
Number one spot
Under the umbrella of pagan governance we know it's hot
Don't go bragging to people about
Who you're not
You might get shot
We are eternally skeptical of
The many lives you've torn
Created Christianity but don't
Know when you're Christ was born.
Keep casting us like demons cos you think we're spawn.
Rape the law and bring the war

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Strength

You were but trying to devour us
We saw the divisions you tried
to bring up against us
Harrowing solidity
Breaks down all manners of impurity
Call us poor because we're black
and lead us into poverty
Strike not the dumb man lest
thy heart be swollen
This lands is of our fathers,
from their hands it was stolen
From afar we saw thine wrath approaching
Now it's considered a criminal
act like Rhino poaching
Gay marriages and prostitutes
legalized but never Marijuana
We are ruled by pagan servitude
and drunken masters of the Tropicana
The drive of the impetuous sin
Lead souls of many men like the
pale horsemen out their skin
Your daughters were found by rape
in the dark like shin
Fight the devil and win only
through the devine power within

raymond letsitsa

The Boundless Sphere

Solidified in a concrete jungle
Ideas mingle
like partners at a rendezvous with a deceased nickel
Call the Carte Blanche and make war
The love of the people is rotten
The ill-begotten state of affairs is swollen like circumcision
The decision is made
Sooner or later the government
Will whip cream us on marmalade
Chalk down the ideology of suffering kids in the street
The error's almost complete
Let bygones buy goons
in a plastic bag
and throw the trash
You'll invariably see me
on stage holding two revolvers out shouting 'gimme the Cash'
Instantly gratified
by clairvoyant significance
Spoken word too shallow for mere thought to comprehend
I in my omnipotence
Barely barefooted walking on hot coals creating ash
I cannot pretend
Hearsed in a circumstance versed in artificial artillery
Cursed by the witch's broom perchance
with a burst of emotion
filling empty coffins
at a cemetery
Bullets disperse freely
from these policemen's firearms
Platonic relationships created
through bribery in the higher markets of human life
Endless bloody trademarks
are the benchmarks of our continued strife.

raymond letsitsa

The End

Sore sarcasms of hysterical hypocrisy preach
To the tenderly messed up mammoth ears of pastors who practice not what they
preach
Gays marry now, ways vary and monarchs vow
To change the world that's hurled unto the ground by nepotism
Psychiatric hospitals can't contain the hostile lyricism
Of a poet who speaks more truth than twenty bibles encrypted in the mind of a
catholist
It's rare now in your Gospel to find a rapist vocalist
Who sings amazing grace
How sweet is the sound that leads to hell and puts you in satan's place
The factories of life negate the real worries on strife and abort us
Write your obituary of joy
And let the churchd minions destroy the virginity of your daughters.

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The Great Father

Of all the triumphant
Who fought by faith
Of all the struggle heroes
Who perished by the bullet
There is one like the blaze
Of the sun and the sparkle
Of a million milky-ways
Of stars and moons
And bullet-proof determination
The great elephant who howled
Like a wolf in pain for his people
For him there is no equal
Who knew freedom came anytime
Sooner than was expected
Who led a parliament so lethal
It created the Hector Petersons
And Chris Hanis and Steve Bikos
Who cleansed like a herbalist the
House of Africa, so evil
You are celebrated
You are appreciated and acknowledged
You humbled apartheid
And made Africa soar like an eagle
You made Africans soar like eagles

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The Infinite Poet

He felt the rhythm in the streets
Street poet with hard hype can't get beat
Schooled in the knowledge of holiness like Koran
Blessed eternally with stanzas that bomb like Iran
He ran
Away from your gayness and pagan worship
Give your miserable ears to the utterance of the zombie godship
Worship helpless powers like witch doctors
that praise the extraterrestrial sonship
Against his words like a man without legs you stand no chance
Your African daughters commit adultery like they commit sin in advance
The goddess of his life his only hope
Like a political alliance in a frenzy you can't cope
With the truth he brings
Not stopping until the slender lady sings

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The Poet

In many one people' I've seen evil
Gays and straight men trying
To act equal
It's hard rocks that hit the bottom
That made you choke Abel
Cripples twist the situation
More than contortionists are able
Stop hating and bring your beef
For the hungry upon this table
I've just tested for AIDS and they
Found my situation stable
You rape my dog often
It has been giving birth to human babies
I can't escape you rabbis
You spread your virus into my animal and buy it's children nappies
Whatever the situation you can't
Escape these
These diseases you spread like butter
Won't escape your tongue like the
Words you utter
Utter destruction in your arms
Even your voodoo women never
Embraced a million charms

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The Sons

A child unto us is born
Decaying in the armpit
The child of scorn
Ruling with an iron fist
His vestures torn
Doing just fine like Boys 2 Men
Deceiving like the son of spawn
Dealing in drugs like the ghetto thugs
Killing the police for vengeance
His kind chain smokes to escape
The tragedies of up bringing
in violence
Homes of domestic abuse where
Children hungered to death
Suspended in the air of rage
Surrounded by tempests
That deterred his age
Molested by pagan christians of race and color
None knows the validity
Of his hunger or valour
Digging in the public trash-cans for daily bread
Every corner smells him near as cesspools
The fountain of the weary
Drowns the unlearned fools
Of oppressive governance
His daughter is the neighborhood prostitute
A female retail sale for men who feel
impotent and destitute
His wife was killed by the hiroshima
Blown away like tree roots
Under the breath of a Tsunami

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The Street Life

There are murders in the streets,
The hungry and the poor
are never totally complete,
They wake up in the morning
to the sound of gun shots,
A man killed his family
Because he worshiped evil thoughts,
Strangling them like knots,
Sipping death through a bottle of gasoline
With anger in the mind
and the devil for his sin
There's no change for such like the weather,
they live outside their skin.
Purging the mind with violence,
one man's sanity contained
A baffled multitude stands
like pallbearers,
to mourn a life taken by hand
Someone's son raped yesterday, guts
crushed, they wouldn't understand
So by little strides they take booze
hoping to escape the pain
In the night a man sleeps
to only dream of the wicked slain
A mother aborts a child like a
full drain does it's matter
Herod's daughters sell flesh,
and serve their customers' heads
on a silver platter
They who point fingers
are subject to their own judgment.
In these streets you learn,
go broke like shattered glass,
then blame the government,
Wearing rags because wine makes you mad
so caress the fate of a burning carcass
Akin to Judas you hang like drapes
hoping to rise again like Dorcas
Hope is weary in the world's heart like a withering twig

Men hate each other,
Because other men attract
ladies like moths drawn to flame by
growing wigs
A hungry dog returns to it's vomit,
so to dirt do these dying pigs
A man's life is threatened like a patient's body surrounded by nurses
These around me are pretenders,
a full evidence of uncaring corpses.

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The Street Walker

Give your heart unto me
Rhythmically soothe me like a ballad melody
A kiss may do me good
But that's not a sure remedy
For the person I've become is as common to trash as the dustbin
People who knew the fame
I once had now call me a has-been
Redeem me from my dirt-stricken
black hair unwashed
In this smelly pit I'll remain
Because I refuse to be brainwashed
I utter words you'll never understand
You see me talking alone
sometimes with a bottle of glue in my hand
God has an angel for me already
He just don't wanna send
I try on a pair of forsaken Adidas
but people just spit on me
My rag and dirty old jacket are my only swag
I don't mean to brag
I got arrested for trying to feed myself from the wholesaler's store
I have not given the world more
Than I can offer
But since my body has to suffer
I declare war against all who might wanna help
This pain in my head tears my scalp
My lips are as chapped
Like the hands rooftop rafters
My life is a continuous sandal role
Because its an eternal flop
I shall in a certain day reach
my shameful death
And this heartache would stop

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The Streets

The earth was void at first
And later gave birth
To murderous children
Hugging a pole in a bar is not
proof enough for being molested
by an aborted fetus
The truth hurts but sets
you free
Lies bring smiles and can
tenderly bind like demons
At night you get bewitched
through a dream in these
cold streets
A neighbor's laugh may
not be intended
so laugh with caution,
They cover your spirits
with adulterous hands,
You meet with disaster
And a number of opportunistic hosts
Clothe the hungry
and receive a blessing
Get raped by a group of thugs
Because they thought you're a disgrace
This world is not so kind
Many on it like a madman have lost their mind
Life still prepares your godly body for mourning
Live dead and wake up alive the next morning
Government schemes deprive policemen of their lies.
Smile like a dead goat
whenever one of my brethren dies,
Seeing us crippled in thought like invalid minds
is as painful as giving birth
Why not let the mammoth giants of parliament leave earth
Lies can fry you perfectly like grilled beef in a pan of deceit
Once wise like the proverbs but now
learned in acknowledging defeat
Life cheats us of our
glory

Ripping us off like a fraudulent street monger,
leaving our souls bloody
Just observe the
folly of your judgments within
Just for a moment
live outside
your skin
Commit yourself
to success like sin
Sympathize not
with that you can't redeem from poverty
The state of intolerance
is now at large like
a fat lady
We won't live like rebels and cover up that nonsense, sadly
Watch nurses kill
your patience and resurrect you from a
mental tomb
Man was once in a state
of bliss, before he
was carried by the womb

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The Twentieth Agenda

We will never conform nor affirm your germ
of insanity.
You've stolen our pride the way a rapist does a victim and murdered
our dignity.
We adorn ourselves daily with your manure shirt,
hide our shame under your gay supporting skirt
You inflict
pain upon us
coz like
slaves you want
us to be passive to the hurt
We were black born of the clay creation but
don't make us eat dirt
Your media feeds us crap and expects a fork n knife acceptance
You rape my sisters and torture my brethren with bullets and expect no
resistance
We make protest against your nonsense,
We fight tooth and nail against your drunk gay violence
Open the thighs of your prostitute women and
spread your nostalgic homo
pestilence
Drag us away from the truth and spread your lies like a disease
A militant youth with spear and gun at heart who stand at ease
Rebel against your Zimbabwean killers and drug us like
overdose.
Support the cause of dirty
cops and wipe them
clean after every bad use.
Sing a bad hymn like a broken guitar
and feed these street kids your bag
of garbage.
Bewitch the whole nation with your machine gun song and pull us down
after leverage.
We don't sniff glue to stay sane like hobos or wear blouse like
Catholic pastors so
never try
calling us average.
Do more drugs than
hip hop artists and

fade away quicker than
smoke in the wind.
Die in a toilet and lose
your honor like a mad man does his mind.
Become a pimp to these
little girls and abort their future like a
bad mission.
Choice was never manufactured
by parliament,
you author your every
decision.
Your heritage is not really black if your
young men die during circumcision.
There's no need for
a job
to get one
just sleep with
the boss.
And be a sacrifice to
ridicule like Christ's
life upon
the cross.
Bring your excrete to the
airport for you never saw the drain.
Nurses kill patients
via injection because
they can't relieve the pain.
Old women rape young boys all year long,
Young girls kill their
babies daily, so brother be strong.
Don't want to wait for
a monthly wage,
so open your body to a shiny coin.
Blend in to the secrets of
the night street kids and harlots.
Cops rob Rastafarians of their
weed so they can make
their own profit.
A talk of the town like gossip,
you die hard like an elderly habit.
Money hungry like
private attorneys commit crimes under

the carpet.
Just know that
God alone inflicts great pain and heal it.

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The Young

For if they can curse
A dead body in a hearse
They'll wake up missing the sun
And singing a lamenting verse
Satan snatched eternity from Man's hand like a purse
So man goes back and fights
Many wars trying to settle the score
With his enemy man seeks to end
A reign of his demon through war
He walks barefoot in splintered terrain and comes back with feet
Feeling sore
Hens hunt in groups but eagles alone they soar
If truly man's life tells a tale
It shall be one of truth
Of how senseless fights took lives
Of mother Africa and her youth
So now as we sing
freedom comes tomorrow like Sarafina
We die by this AIDS infected sting
Of racism's Hurricane Katrina
We bewitch each other for
we are jealous of our own progress
Rasta man and woman blaspheme the Jesus that their Jah won't bless
Like a dying invalid or a crippled contortionist
The situation's hopeless
The continuity of this life poetry endless
And their undying fervency is
cancer-infected and worthless

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Three Shades Of Black

Black on black crime
is a talk of the town
like gossip
Black massacres fill these
streets than sardines fill no name cans
Propaganda rises like the sun in the midst of the black man's evil
Now race is separated by stature
Culture is the nowadays god that blesses the masses
Voodoo is now a spiritual hindrance where first it was our medicine
Brain-washing is real and the empty shells of enmity learn from it
Coping with stress and draining our kids by the minute
In hunger we war amongst ourselves and crash faster in our sexism
We offer our bodies up to torture like prostitutes to lonely men
.....

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Vocal Malady

I have heard the voice
of him who is crowned with white glory
hidden behind the light
of understanding like a mystery
The morning star like satan but he brings light not darkness
the utterance of demonic poetry
That engulf the heathen in
a cloak of wolves
while they cry out in goat
like voices
Life neglects you in the
midst of hell and never
gives you choices
His women had black wings
and wore no clothing nor had they any weave
Their pagan god was a mystery
so they hid his face while he grieved
Mourner of souls and the replenishers of flesh
exposed our inner man
and had us drunk like a pub owner
The god of life was a woman
they knew not how to satisfy his urges
So with wrath she spat his flame from the skies and had them wishing they were
home
And secretly he came the second time as Baphomet and pulled many heathens to
hell
Untold stories were no comprehension to man
so
her stories they cannot tell

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With Certainty

With umbilical chords
sticking out
of the womb
there's no doubt
that they're pulling out
what use is there
for another baby
for when they grow up
like flowers sprouting
forth from the dust,
they'll slay me
let therefore not this violent
economic climax delay me
pervert pastors preaching
that promiscuous ideology
sanity saves me, separately
sets me on high standards
with Jah philosophy
many have killed themselves,
engulfed by the flames
of the Satan they call JESUS
Your government
is an epidemic
for how out the nose
they blow diseases
same dog that bites
you in the morning
will bite in you
in the evening
gay rights are established
than marijuana herbs,
For gays are the ones
governing this country,
burnt to ashes are we
in this pool of lava
robbed of our privileges
by a demonic prince
in black hats
and balaclava

priests have lost holiness
Indulging in sex
Horizons of youth
have darkened
and mad popes were left
perplexed

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Woman

I thought of you yesterday,
but you were a different woman then,
You knew how to take care of your babies,
You knew how to honor your relationship,
You went with stealthy under the iron rod of hardship,
You grit your teeth in battle
and fought till the end,
You were not weak under pressure
when you forced your knees to bend,
The world knew it didn't deserve your kindness, your messages to God did daily
ascend,
You were embraced
by many people like Christ,
You embodied the whole meaning of love
and you embraced your childhood memories with passion,
You were nothing more nor less of a fatal attraction,
Knees buckled under body weight when your smile was seen,
A woman who humbled nation and always kept herself clean,
Today they all stare in your eyes for a glimpse of pain as they tear your spine
and spleen,
They are showing you violence and telling you that's not what they mean,
Pastors you bowed down to
are now molesting you,
Your worth to the world today
is blind like the affection of bad partners,
Souls are diagnosed with AIDS
now because of you,
You were raped but kept it a mystery
like the ways of God,
Who knew you could have
ever been called 'Swine',
These babies you helped grow
don't care if it's the knowledge
of your God they undermine,
You were able to take them out
of slavery and famine,
But now its you on who's back they're stabbing, The source of all life has now
been labeled the cause of death,
In your worn out attire now you suffer,

You are being rewarded that which don't deserve,
All men have forgotten
what you meant to them,
All perplexing matters have struck your nerve, Only the meek now in your temple
may gladly serve,
You grew doctors and magistrates
like flower gardens but you live in poverty,
Every time the prodigal sons and
daughters you raised keep robbing you
of property,
The laws were passed down to other generations,
but never properly,
They now just have to forgive
the pain you're feeling,
On street corners now you sell fruits
that your soldier children confiscate,
You taught them to be warriors
and champions, but they repay you with mockery,
Now the only children you teach
are masters in house burglary,
Your children now war among themselves
trying to be just,
The anger in their hearts grew
and filled their spirits with blood lust,
The spirits of the ancestors now weep,
for your children are lost in the
fountain of the white man,
Who took your virginity
by force like a rapists and
seeded fatherless children,
And in the massacres of the past civil wars you wept bitterly,
For you lost your children
to the ear-shattering noise of a gun,
AK-47s tore skins and ripped
through the hearts of your children,
'Africa Will Be Saved' was then your Gospel, Today you perish through
the disease your government created,
Mama Africa today I see you skirt-less, undressed and raped by your children,
Your daughter twerk for the grave,
They are all gone astray like black goats
in the ways of a new system,
They worship a scavenger of the night like satanists trying to purchase defeat,

Mama Africa is our spirit god,
Mocking her womanhood in
some nations will get you hanged like curtains, The fathers of your
granddaughters now kill each other,
Spilling the blood of young virgin
children over the body of their mother,
Burying them in her belly
like an abortionist would do,
Today as a family you all
master spiritism and voodoo,
Mama Africa we just cannot
prophesy your end for you.

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World Population Day

Out of many generational gaps
We have passed
Tumbled through a gateway of havoc
And confusion
Swallowed pride like good food,
Roared like lions when we met each other
No longer did we understand
That we are all human
Consumed in
Our devious methods of killing the enemy
Had a text quoted out the Bible
And all stupid folks followed
Talked my god above their own,
Said he had a throne,
We are the result of our many
Dead ancestors
Beings of mysterious form and formula
Those dead and buried under water
Above who's bodies your ships anchored

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You Can

STOP.

Calling people names they're not and acting like you're not racist, sexist and hypocritical.

READY.

Yourself to consume all knowledge of self because that completes your whole person.

START.

Accepting yourself for who you are and stand up for something in life and refuse to fall for everythinAccepting yourself for who you are and stand up for something in life and refuse to fall for everything

GO.

Finish the tasks in your past life that you abandoned because of ignorance for that will determine your futureFinish th

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