

Poetry Series

**Sir Tshiamo Modise**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2013

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## Sir Tshiamo Modise(1990 10 05)

Sir Tshiamo Dice Modise born in Johannesburg (Gauteng South Africa) grew up in a remote village known as Mabaalstad (North West South Africa) .

A lover of nature, everything art, and practices self-healing poetry or what he refers to as: 'the art of dissolving problems in ink and leaving the solution on paper'.

# A Moment In Life

She took a pencil and drew my ultimate attention  
Leaving me a portrait of unsaid intension  
Better are portraits, they do tell a tale despite being still  
She still does not know how i feel

Sir Tshiamo Modise

# Am I Glad You Know

A rhetoric question I've been living  
How you knowing the contents of my heart would set me free  
Maybe I was wrong  
The same thing is still having my heart for lunch you see

Love was what I had at first  
With your help I slowly turned into a beast  
A beast that once said I love you  
Loves you and shall eternally do

Was my first impression not the best?  
If so I beg to differ because I know myself as well as my worst  
A test I wrote and you delayed the result  
No wonder letting go is so difficult

I let you know and I am supposed to be free now  
It seems that the war of minds in my head and feelings in my heart will never  
cease  
According to the world I should be, but the question is  
Am I glad you know?

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# Am I Right

Am I right to write to light the world  
Am I right?  
Am I right to write to right the world  
Am I right?  
Am I right to write to forfeit my blood  
Am I right?

Yes even right deeds can be incorrect depending on the context  
Just like the possibility of lack of sight even when it is bright  
Despite the mate to foe conversion due to what I write  
Despite threats of life converted to an eternal sunset and night

To my pen, paper, truth and passion I shall hang on tight  
Since inking my feelings in black and white has always been a delight  
Suicide and self-torture are infants of "everything shall be alright"  
And emancipation has never been achieved by fright

My heart pounds: don't keep quite  
My heart pounds: write  
My heart pounds: recite  
My heart pounds: follow my beat

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# An Ode To Poetry

LOVING HER IS AN ACT I'LL NEVER ABDICATE  
SHE IS CLOSE TO MY HEART  
LIKE A WARM HOME HUT  
I'D NEVER MORTGAGE EVEN TO A BANK I APPRECIATE

I'VE NEVER MET SOMEONE WHO ABASED THEMSELVES THE WAY THAT SHE  
DOES  
THAT IS WHY I AM NOT ABASHED TO HAVE SERENADED AN ODE  
FOR HER TO ACCEPT FOR THE ENTIRE PLAY OF MY LIFE'S EPISODE  
I'M READY TO DO WHATEVER SHE DOES AND GO WHERE EVER SHE GOES

SHE RESURRECTED NUMB ORGANS IN ME, TURNED ME INTO A LYRICAL NUDIST  
THAT SPEAKS NOT ONLY THE NAKED  
TRUTH BUT ALSO SPITS MEDICINE THROUGH A BALL POINTED  
INK SYRINGE, SPREAD IT TO PAPER ANTI RACIALLY VERY WIDE  
IN BLACK AND WHITE TO CURE THOSE WHO HAVE A PROBLEM SWALLOWING  
THEIR PRIDE

I'VE NEVER DOUBTED HER INSTEAD I LOVED HER  
FROM THE MINUTE I WAS INTRODUCED TO HER  
IT WAS INDEED A BITE OF LOVE AT FIRST RECITE  
LEAVING NO ISSUE FOR MY MIND AND HEART TO DEBATE

SHE RAN THROUGH MY VEINS IN TUNE WITH THE DRUM BEAT  
OF MY HEART  
PUNCHLINES FLOWING LIKE A NON VISCOUS FLUID FLOWING THROUGH A  
SMOOTH PIPELINE  
FOR THE FIRST TIME I EXPRESSED MY LOVE FOR SOMEONE WITHOUT HAVING  
BUTTERFLIES IN MY INTESTINE

SHE LIVES ON LIKE SONG THAT REFUSES TO EXPIRE MY DESIRE, I'LL NEVER  
RETIRE  
ON THE CONTRARY I'LL SURRENDER MYSELF TO YOU LIKE SOULS  
THAT LONG FOR OR REQUIRE  
FROM MESSIAH THE FIRE TO BURN SINS AND ACQUIRE BLESSINGS

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# Appearance Trade

Her smile mined, well cut and polished diamonds out their pockets  
She always awarded her heart before earning theirs' first  
It may peradventure be because they had none, as they were puppets  
Dangling on strings held by lust

Buttering her heart for diamonds  
Left her heartless  
Being careless  
Left her a rock less precious than diamonds

Appearance trade  
Rarely parts with you unpaid

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# Colour Boundaries

Ghetto the sea of shacks & sharks the sweet-hazard that has my lifeline written upon  
Leth'imali! Sounds of the sharks appearing from the pitch-black shade of shacks  
Knives, books, crime and penitentiary rehabilitation, to live these are the ropes we got to hang on  
SOWETO, my mother's nest. So-where-to asked forefathers that had our black backs

Bright got charmed & fell in love with what she used to fall asleep on.... His hands  
Hands once used for tsotsi deeds in kasi, but again these are the 'burbs  
Phat places in South Apart-freakier & varsities yes, yes multiracial & multi-everything lands  
Lands where lurking prejudice caused the spark we had to be caught in cobwebs

Will the world understand that what we have is poetry?  
Love, which knows no colour, love as blind as citizens of this country?  
World please understand and leave the rules of the past at the cemetery  
All I ask for is liberty; emancipate this beautiful country from this colour boundary

Love tries to give life to what colour boundaries and race ties kills until love itself dies  
Arise South Africa; whether black, brown, white or pink we are one  
Let this be the answer to the knowledge drought & thirst that couldn't be quenched by ancestors' tears  
I'm done before your eyes & presence but let not these words adhere to absence when I'm gone

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# Full Stop

Bought a pen, got a page and met a stage  
Clouds of our memories formed and my soul smiled before ink could wet the  
page

It is an odd norm that whenever my soul smiles  
I put a full stop and nothing I write afterwards

I had thought of creating a path to my soul by writing about you for you  
The page that had only a full stop on it was confusing too  
As I sat there, sense arrived  
"Do not despair, " he said

Words exist in the beginning, actions in between and memories at the end  
The full stop is God who is everywhere the beginning, throughout life and beyond

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# Goodbye

My love for you painted my world with happiness  
Until I decided to re-paint it with your true colours

I walked through hot lava  
Just to be your lover  
Flower source of my tummy butterflies  
One more hour to look into those eyes

And ask: "Remember how we used to be a semi-sonnet? "  
Each of us carried a seven-day love  
You heptet me heptet  
You half me half

My heart bleeds red rose petals  
Hitting hard like pieces of metals  
I will not forget the times we had  
All the best in life ahead

These pieces will never recombine  
Hold yours and I will hold mine

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# Haba Haber Huba

I am not shy I am not!

It is just that whenever I gaze at your face  
My mind executes words that do this beauty some injustice  
Until I am out of words, you or anyone in this planet understand

When you said I have an indistinct enunciation problem  
The initial high self-esteem I had responded positively to the law of gravity  
I found myself asking God to help me speak mirror  
So that my words can reflect the unique you  
The only thesaurus holding the unexploited words I used to describe such beauty

I am not shy I am not!

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# Insomnia

We sailed through the night like never before.  
He was ticking and tocking.  
I was tossing and turning.  
Caffeine had extended the distance to the shore.

We aimed for the shore as it held freedom from activity.  
This quite journey had to be honoured by silence we opted for telepathy.  
My glances he replied to by digital ascending figures terminating with am.  
Together we witnessed the unseen when darkness began to get a golden tan.

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# Leboko La Batlounge Boo Tlhofela

Ke dirobaroba nakedi tsa ga Mmasedi' a Mphela  
Ke tlou ya ga Mmammipa-a Moatshe  
Pholola matlhare, Pholola Matlhare oo Masudubele  
Motho wa ga nthapele ga ke ntse  
Ga ke tla go ema ga ke na borapelo  
Ke Letebele le lentsho la ga Mzilikazi  
La ga Mzilikazi wa Mmashobane  
Motho yo go tweng ga a beelwe tema  
Motho wa o ka mpha nka mo raya maina  
ka go raya maina mafatshwa  
Motho yo o rileng a tshela noka  
A tshela mmamanthane  
Mosetsana a kgaoga thapo.  
A re o se tsamaye le banyana ba metsaneng,  
Ba tla go ruta dipuo  
Ba go rute dipuo di sele  
Ba go rute bo kepelekepete.

Ke motho wa marobaroba a magolo a mpepe  
Mpelege ke se we, nka wa nka palelwa ke go ema  
Ka selopo ke belege lesea, ke fate ke fatakolole  
Ka dinao ke gate ke gatoga.  
Fa ke tsamaya o tlhoke go ultwa mokgwasa  
Ba bo ba re ke mabela ba be ba ntshoga mmele  
Fa ke gatile go sale dibataolo e sale a le sekaka.

Nna Letebele le le ntsho la ga Moselekatse  
Mmina tlou ya go tlhoka molekane.

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# Love Cycle In Nature

When like propels love  
Words collide  
Differences count  
Love doesn't get hurt  
It takes refuge behind pride  
Until like fades and lust  
Worlds divide  
Silence and space are the spoils of this war  
Until time brings another attractive world near too far

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# My Environment My Heritage

Here I stand as free person  
I part of the rainbow nation  
In a beautiful and Coloured place  
Yes! That's my environment my heritage

Try to conserve and sustain  
And it will serve by it's attraction  
If ploughed manured and watered  
Food is pumped and no one is starved

Pick a paper you threw away  
And be a camper far far away  
For a city without pieces  
Is as pretty as an ice princess

Climb a mountain and look back, beyond this freedom  
Lies a fountain oozing tears, sweat and blood  
Make peace but don't forget  
For a tree without roots knows no water  
A tree without roots knows no stability and is bound to fall

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# Nothing Left

Let's not be tied by the knot  
Entangled feelings and clods of suppressed emotions  
A forest of lilies with springs oozing joy is now a stretch of sand masking beneath  
a pool of boiling lava  
You don't have to say it's over

Take with this box of memories  
Being victorious in this war owes you the right to tell it's stories  
I'll be here till my heart is pure  
As you move on to a next land of promised fairies, caramel coated maybe's and  
what else I am not sure

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# Pelo E Ja Serati

Fa nkabo ke itse kene ketla ipala mebala ya kgaka  
Fela bontle jwa gago bo a nkgaka  
Ke aga ke felela ka lele reng ke mabele  
Mme o ntebe ekare ware ipale ya kgaka eseng ya serurubele

Ao! Seilatsatsi sa marata go lejwa  
Meno masweu seratwa ke nna  
Ka bosweu jwa semathana godimo ga thaba  
Monyebo le dipounama tsa ntsoetsa diletseng tsa maloba fa ken eke kopa  
Rramasedi mafoko gore ere motlhang ke rakanang nao, ke thelele jaaka  
thellabodiba.

Go sego yoo reng gogo bona a bone sego  
Eseng bo tududu batla salang ba didimetse bokgaitsemi ba fetoge mafetwa bale  
teng  
Bo malome ba tlhoke go ja ditlhogo  
Dikgomo ditlhoke go wela mogobeng

Kgang e e boteng jwa petse ya matlhoka go okomelwa  
Fela jaaka go batlelwa kgarebe ke bakgekolo  
Dilo tsa bogologolo  
Majwe a sale metsi, badimo ba tlhabelwa

Pelo e ja serati  
Serati se meditse loleme lolo borethe  
Go bokete, pelo tshweu lebala ka manno  
Mmatla sa gagwe gaana maano

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# Prayer Of A Lazy Soul With Unlimited Potential

I

I am pranged up by laziness  
God help me abort  
I do not want to suffer  
The pains of hard labour

II

I wish the money cured hands of time  
Can massage the past  
And leave it a tender future world  
I live in whenever I close my eyes and dream

III

Amen

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# Reconciliation

Expecting us to reconcile

Is like building a brittle wall as a remedy for a while

Forgetting that inside BEE nepotism, e-Tolls', and money greed continue to pile

Be warned that the wall shall break to haunt like that of exile

Awethu amandla! Now distant by a mile

Awenu amandla and walking money down the isle

Big up to the much anticipated rand-bow nation

Never, never and never again shall there be mental emancipation & reconciliation

Let us live and strive for donation

In suffer apart-freakah our land of political deception

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# Swagg

It's good when everything is bad  
You don't have to get me to dig what I am saying  
Yeah it's cool to be hot, are you confused?  
That's swagg in the pushing

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# Unconditional Love

Being aware that what she uttered to his ears were sweet nothings meant nothing.

He continued to listen with a bogus gesture of promise and understanding. The reason being her sweet mesmerizing voice which sounded like a piano complemented by a harmonious coherent single cord harp, and her company which soothed his soul and gave it the buoyancy of floating whenever his heart leaped.

The music and luxury that no man would wish to either cease or forfeit had it been within and never beyond his control.

Unconditional love was what he was blessed with, being able to love a soul, which was a clear hazard to the future existence of his own.

Sir Tshiamo Modise

# University

A pot of growth  
Brewing them too strong for the world to swallow  
A tomb of immaturity  
Wombing the premature  
A straight route to success  
Constructed with sharp learning curves

Varsity in what category hast thou espoused to fall?  
Good, bad, or a thin line between all?

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# You

From you I am not anticipating the world.  
For it has been neither enough nor ours in the first place.  
I vow to ignore all the relationship boundaries that limit your ownership of this  
God granted space  
Yes, reach for and own the stars,  
Dig deep and keep the precious minerals.  
Do all those that fills-up the spaces in your childhood cross-dream puzzles.  
Own them with pride.

Without restrictions, share with me; yourself  
The correct alignment of your happy soul,  
Your genuine imperfections',  
Sums of how your pillars of strength manage weakness fatigue,  
The maps to cerebral island holding your sacred scrolls,  
The distance of the radius from the core to the surface of your wholeness

Because I am a dreamer of simple dreams like;  
Exploring your mind's landscapes,  
Leaving prints on your DNA as I walk red carpet arteries to your heart,  
Laying back on your voice to sip your expensive thoughts  
From a glass of silence under the sunset of my loneliness  
Now that I'm awake

Woman hand me, provide me, or serve me you  
The person I longed for until I eventually said I love you

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