

Poetry Series

Amos Motlanthe

- poems -

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Amos Motlanthe()

I Learn To Love You

the deeper I am in
the happier I am in
love you, I cannot stop
loving you and if I do
I will be doomed

you complete my sleep
just before dawn
at the hour of dreams
a feminine so bright
sexy, hot and or smile

sweetheart
a word stolen sweet
freshly heart
readily expressed
properly pronounced and proposed
to rose of a garden
will you marry me?

answer this
do not?
suddenly she lie in bed
alone with me on the right hand

I hold her breath
with a kiss
she smiles I smile we smile
is it a bomb?
or is it a baby?

awake she said
don't ever live the one you love
for the one you like
I spoke very quietly in my sleep
"the one you like it's just
a game player"

I Saw Hunger!

His bill of right says flowers
to my childrens children
four Plays Completed and intrduced
I Don't like Chocolate!

When I saw her
from a distance...
I saw hunger
But she is the mother
of my child
Tiara
fair and wise
moonlight!

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Lady

Your face is like fair
every day I see you
fairlady
I think I like you
and feel like love you me together

My time in this vile' world
with so much love and
sexy is limited
let me expose what I feel
then tell you the truth about me
for you my love

I like love
love you like ever after my love
you spin me around in heart
with your heart and together
we make one heart

For' thou art so sidae and fair
with beauty

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Left Eyebrow



It is not easy but sweet
one can tell a story
the other who is now
Bleeding unconditionally can
simplify and elaborate
mine and yours estate
Is Kingly

I am running like freedom
hoping to catch you
snoring a wind so cold
and in love
whispering your name in my heart
as my tear dropp slowly

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Like I Like What I See

a stain on my new shirt
rubbing it's nose
like a crook woman
saying no when I say shit
feeling sorry for as if you care
calling me names
like my four cousins

get off my back
it's a pity I am living town
I do not like being talked about
I only like bananas like monkeys
but you do not have friends
scratch my back I will yours

they call me the morning midst
not that morning of Mbuyiseni Oswald Mtshali
the every day early bird
I take my time while I am in the bath
watching myself in the mirror
like I like what I see

you always look at me with desperate eyes
ayes like one of a legobu
if you get off my back
I wont spread a word

don't give me that look
I am not saying goodbye
but still
go buy me a diamond
it's a girls best friend

let me call you ntsi
ok you are annoying
you keep coming back
do I look tasty or
do I smell delicious

only ladies crave me
every girl I see looks at me
I guess cleanliness really comes next to Godliness

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My Abhorrent Skilful Affray

The alliterations of the world
hath began
they come to claim burgers
and dogs
like a Lamborghini that runs
to Dunhill and smoke

The merchants of the world
then stagger
like the day I will never forget
she flew not to be seen ever again
like never

The sponge bobs and spiders of the
great world come to life
and roll down beetle memories rolls

Hundred numbers add themselves
and compete
deleting the remainders like dust
naturally
singing in school of fish deep blue
sea

Their scotch is like rotten
dancing a spit as they puke
their last names

Hoping is snoring for a place
to stand
with a future in mind every day
palpitating slowly
then therefore the end come to
an end and end everything that ever
smiled with knowledge of excitement
happily

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Tautology On An Affray

The alliterations came in 95
dressed in pink yellow bandanas
their garments where off and
in olden archaic motions
in their feet

I addressed one
for' she doth not speak in march
her virgina was talking
the sounds smelled to call the bad
she noticed then whipped a skirt
Runned like a mad crazy buffalo

Two bullets on the back of her head
then gunshots fired fire to her
slowly she went down
her hands were the first to touch
the ground, then her knees
everyone was halted to see her
dog style die bleeding drops

Her mother came to life
survived her soft wracked skin
I cried, we cried, she cried
then the wet weather started raining
cats and dogs came in a couple
happily married

I buried her
then died in 96

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The Tears That I Cry Are Not Yours

I am not your friend who tried
to kill you last night
I am not your friend who mustanize
and try to get intimacy
I am not your friend who killed you
your father, then came back home with a gun on my face

I am not your friend
who is your friend
then your friend
what is a friend
when you have a friend
then a friend who is my friend
when I have a friend

The tears that I cry are not yours

I have never had a friend
like my mother
I have never had a friend
like my father
I have never had a friend
like my brother
my sister, she hates me
as much as I hate her

The tears that I cry are not yours

who is she to take off
her clothes in the middle of
the street and say the door will
be closed in the next fifteen minutes round

The tears that I cry are not yours

'she my mother, my mother who cries
every time she thinks of
me'
you are my sister

but you were my sister
when my sister was born

The tears that I cry are not yours

every time I see her
I am happy
for she knows what it means to...

'she used to come home to me
and say poy I have something for you to eat
don't tell anyone

The tears that I cry are not yours'

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Tri-Me

I can make you nonsense
in less than a thought
that is a single
thought
of you naked in thy room
your bed and pillow
case
smelling fish
finger liking good

sweet heart of my heart
swallowed in a tin of pasta
eaten to heaven in November
my birthday
hip-hip hooray
God bless the whole summer

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What Are You Doing To This World

They came in valentine `code
red and white
looking as if they just got robbed
off their theme melody
of a swimming summer
cold and warm animated flowers
roses, lilies, etc
then grew thin thick in my small
stingy garden

I picked one up.
red and fair she is
with black-heads on her night soft
shiny skin
she loves me, she loves me not, she loves me
she loves me not...
it was five of them
how sad

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