

Poetry Series

Angela Bontle Ditumiso
- poems -

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Angela Bontle Ditumiso()

24

I'm 24 revolutions
Around the sun
A lifetime growing
Under my mum's shelter
A tree watching
From up high
Head held in the sky
Living among the clouds
Overlooking my siblings
A scholar
Trained by life
A book written
Under the prying
Eyes of time

Words work to grease the
Tongue like saliva
Produced and introduced
To the mouth only to be
Swallowed
I guess the voice
Is too weak to carry
Words with such
Rich meaning

I'm a song sang by many
Though some have only
Heard my syncopated rhythm
I'm twenty four bars
Each bar with 365 notes
With an extra beat
Every time a day takes a leap
A long song
Still being composed

Memory etched to your brain
A story sewn to your heart
I am the reason your eyes
Throw tantrums

Wishing to see me
I'm that poem called person
But not any person
One named Angel-ah

I have several moods
I talk a lot of emotions
And a lot of experience
I've been experimented
On by time
Cooked by challenges
Feasted on by trouble
Regurgitated
Afforded a chance
To recover

I'm 24 chapters
Of a book called
Angela B. Ditumiso
Unique in my scripting
160 cm high
And about 46 kg heavy
I'm a countless words
Bountiful stories
A cup of tears
But a well of laughter

My soul a book
Shelved in the library
Of my vessel
My vessel a container
Bearing countless
Gifts
I peep into my skin
To see what sweet
Present life delivers
24 years of receiving
24!

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

A Kind Of Joke

Wood upon wood
Let's bury knowledge
Where it belongs
A place where it won't be lost
Let it be!
Paper a hybrid between tree
And man's creativity
Maybe if we preserved it
We'll have much more to learn tomorrow

Brick upon brick
I will rebuild my life
This is prophecy!

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A Letter To You, God

I've been swallowed up by fear
I can't escape the bubble
I heard that you can take it away
In an instant
Is it true?

I'm a host
Within me there's pain pushing
Against my walls,
I think I'm about to burst
I heard that you're like rain
You wash all the bad away
In its place, goodness will bloom
I need you to take it away

I feel like a void, a world without form
I need you to give me life
Shed some light into my being
Maybe I'll stop seeing my existence
As a dead star

Give me sight
I want to see your beauty
I want to laugh again
And if I do cry,
I want it to be tears of joy

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

A Love Requested

A poem called for
Of gyrating feelings
And blushed faces
Melting souls
And racing hearts

A heart-adorned sky
And pregnant overflowing
Teary clouds of bliss
Soul ironed by peace

I found love in your oculi
No need for binoculars
I have finally found you
The bone of my bones

A part of my destiny
Cerebral epiphany
All my voices sing in harmony
Dancing in elation
To a song of love

A love requested
A love invested
A joy vested
A purpose located

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

A Man, Not A Weak Man

Tears scurry down his eyes.
When he think of the lies,
He was fed he cries.

He can't spin his doom into a good day.
Pain stains his windowpanes.
He's deep in pain.
The kind alcohol can't sedate.
And he downs alcohol `til late.
But thoughts of her won't slip away.

Though it doesn't help a bit,
He's now a friend with the gin.
Everyone can tell he's a wreck.
No, he can't keep his feelings in check.
He tried but couldn't ignore the emptiness he feels within.
Couldn't unfeel the pain or be a `man' about it.

And maybe he heard men don't cry before.
But come night he'll cry himself to sleep.
Grab her pillow and hug it tight,
Wishing it was her body.
When somewhere out there,
She'd be sleeping beauty slipping into her new role -
As someone's fiancée.
The role she assumed a month before she closed their chapter.

What do you do when you lose the one thing you adore?
Sweep everything under the carpet or weep?
Wouldn't you cry into the night?
And you wake up clueless and groggy,
But a second she won't spare -
To tell you why her love suddenly bombarded your soul.
If it was you, would you be happy?
See you can't just close the blinders.

He gave his heart,
To a woman who'd soon depart.
A passerby.

Someone who doesn't stick around.
He asked for her hand,
Not knowing the end is nigh.
He tried moving on,
But his heart belongs to the one
Who never loved him back.
He's a man, not a weak man,
Just broken, desperate, hurting, bleeding.

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

A Man, Not A Weak Man Ii

He is lost,
No longer sees the point of living.
Last night he played with a handful of pills.
He pictured himself finally free from his pain
And smiled
Today he put a bight around his neck
Stood before a mirror and pretended it's a tie
He wonders what he'd look like hanging from the rafters

Would he look like someone worth hanging on to?
Would she regret leaving him then?
Would she wish him back?
'Love me when I'm gone'
He pictures her lying over his grave,
Chanting spells to summon him from the land of the dead.
Snatch him from death's grip

He pictures himself free from the hurt.
Smiles at the thought.
He hates being haunted by her memories.
Hates that his heart beats only for her still.

He is a man.
Having lost his grip.
He keeps running between -
A yawning grave and the mouth of a bar,
Trying to douse his feelings.
After all he is a man asked to not feel what he feels.

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

A Poem For Mama

We had more silence
Than talks, I think
But within that silence
There's so much love in it
We could crack it open
Like a nuts
It'll fall out

Sometimes I want to hold your hands
Remind myself of a place
I once belonged
For you were home once
For night months you were
But when I was age,
I had to move out

Hey mama,
I love you
You are my pillar
One of the things that remain
When all fades away
It's why I fight so hard these days

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A Poem For Moira

I've often thought of the sun
How it's all alone up there
Alone but happy
Wondered why I couldn't be like that
Alone, radiant, oozing with confidence, complete

I've stared at the sun days on end
Thinking maybe it'll fade away in time
On some days, she the sun would
Be lost behind clouds
But when she availed herself again
She would still be complete,
From that alone, I've learned that
The sun doesn't lose anything by
Gifting us with her golden rays, her Light, her love and her warmth
No, it she's ever complete

I've stared at the sun most times
Thought of you
How you love without ever holding back
How behind clouds of tribulations
You were once hidden
But came out stronger, fiercer even
And I've stared at you
And saw how like the sun
God made you to touch lives, to bring life into and to bless
Everything you come across
And on some days I think you're a ruby in a field of roses
Set apart, just like that

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A Poem For Zizipho Ntlangula

I don't know
Every time I stumble upon your poems
I fall in and it's more than an immersion
I drag my body to the shore
Peace clung to my flesh
Lungs clogged with joy

I get it
With this poetry thing
We can write oceans
Some are turbulent
They drown you in an instant
Some are peaceful
Your kind
The kind to draw everything good from

It's not everyday you become a tree
And get watered with words
And yet with every one of your poems
I'm nourished

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A Sinner's Parody

We're all in need of God
To save us from something
Immersed
To hook and get us out of something, anything

But around here
Sundays are not for church
Sunday is for gospel music blaring out the stereo
Sweaty palms don't stick together

No, we get a hand around a bottle of ale
Time don't stand still, we sail
Drink ourselves into bubbles and black holes

Sermons comprise of people laughing,
A bottle opener relieving a bottle
A sip and a thank God
Followed by a promise to change

We are all tamed by something
For some a lullaby means getting drunk
We play hide and seek with our problems
Intoxication is the only place we never get found

It's a sinner's parody
We create our own webs
To untangle ourselves from other webs

Funny we all know God's all-powerful but we're not ready for him yet
We're still enjoying our lives
We'll meet him one day
When we're ready, I guess

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A Slave To Myself

I like it down here
Where none gets to hear
The sound of my voice
When I scream and squeal
Haunted and taunted
By my past choices

I like it down here
In this place called hell
Where ghosts spell
Every now and then
And I wail until there's no
Tear to spare
You don't know
The things I've committed
Reasons I'm tormented

I'm a slave to myself
Imprisoned by a series of recollections
My soul has been gripping to a shelf
Because of my past actions

I won't yelp for help
But I'll hold on until the lifeline gets severed
Until then, I'll be slave to myself
Slave to my past

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Abandoned

Daddy never knew his way back home
He left for the mines
Found it convenient to disremember the reason why
Left so he makes a living
Make money to sustain
His family
That goal he never attained

Daddy walked away
Turned a new leaf
Settled in new abode
Found another wife
Forgot about his former life
The one where he was a married man
With three children

Money brainwashed
The man that I so loved
The man I looked up to
Suddenly I've grown tall
And his reputation is too short
A miniature, something I wish
Never to be

Daddy dug the ground
And buried his past in the process
He made much progress
Became a success
Grew never to regress
So like figures in a photograph
He perceived us works of art
Something he could think of
If not to stare and admire
And throw us in a box
A box were memories were locked up

From his mind we were erased
Disposed, effaced from a man's heart
Daddy never knew his way home

But his corpse just knocked at
Our door two decades later
He forgot where he belonged
But his cadaver remembered his place
Right by my mother's side

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Africa Still Bleeds

Our confidence still leaks
Centuries later we're still weak
The question is,
Will we ever recover?
We're still sprawling around naked
Will we ever have the strength to cover up?
We're unashamed
That's why we let them scurry in
And undress and exploit her skin
Kiss her softness and steal her worth
Right under our watchful eyes

This time he got no guns with
He got no goons
Nor does he have those brothers
Who betrayed their own
This time his weapon is his skin
Out of our own will
We worship him like he's a god
'Brother make way for the rich man
Don't disturb him
His time is money
Don't be no obstruction
Don't you know he came here to help us? '

What if I say I'm a coward?
What if I say I'm still held captive?
What if I'm scared of dying over what's mine?
Yes, what if I say I choose life?
What if I'm one or the other?
What if I'm all of those?
Or maybe I don't want to be like Rob
Take my land back only to crumble
Be rich but look and live poor
All these diamonds in my possession
Yet I still go to bed hungry
I run from my gold
Smuggle myself into neighbouring
Countries like I'm a bag of cocaine

Maybe I'm just being wise
Maybe I know what's good for me

Take a deep breath, please try to be calm
Think about it
What foundation are we laying for our children?
Are we going to feed them what our parents fed us?
Remnants of a shady past
Are we going to inflict slavery on them too?
See them bleed from the wounds of our forefathers?
Are we that naïve or that trapped?
What is freedom if we're not free to take what's ours?
When we keep selling our children's future
Way before they are born
Africa still bleeds, this time
Her children are doing the stabbing

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After You Died

After you died,
You became a sore wound
We were afraid to temper with
Right in places hidden,
We couldn't sit under the same shelter
To reminisce about you
But my mom,
My mom sits under the shade of a tree
All day and throws your name around like a seed
Everyone of her children goes by your name now
We never know which one she's calling
So we all answer, all five of us
Answer when she calls
We answer when we don't want to
Anything to cushion her from the loss
I heard silence is the splinter
That remains in the flesh
When your loved ones are gone
How do you rest in peace
When she forever tugs at your finger
My mom, she loves you so much
She imagines you alive every time
You're not coming back

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Alone Means Dead

All alone
The sheep parading
In the field
Mingling with a little breeze
A little freedom
This is the life!

One
Alone means dead
Alone, no sheep goes into the wild
And befriends a pride of lions
If it did, it's be the first to boast

Alone
Without a shepherd
A sheep is a lion without the skeleton
Cannot defend itself
Cannot escape death

Alone means dead
You could eat
But in the end
You'd be the food
Run to church!

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And Time Keeps Going

When you're embraced by darkness
And you're scared, gloomy and hopeless

It doesn't seem like day is ever going to come
Instead you're trapped in a time capsule
And everything goes from bad to worse

It doesn't seem like everything
Is ever going to be okay
You're in a fight you're not meant to win

It doesn't seem like ten billion rays of light
Will fight for your attention, one day

Like there will come a time you stop crying
And laugh
Just laugh (luxury)

And there's no hope for breakthrough
Just keep going
Keep holding on
Things will get better
Maybe not tomorrow but they will, soon

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Anything But Happy

She has a humorous laugh
Ever smiling
But it's all postiche
She emits fake laughs
Broken smiles
Sealed emotions colorless like ether
Cooked up reactions
Her actions are executed with much caution

She's a seemingly spirited soul
See her laughing from afar
See the way she carries herself
The way she talks
The things she talks about
She put on a thick evasive illusive layer
Her exuberant behavior exhilarates everyone around her

But at night
In everyone's absence
The mask withers
Etiolated by all the pretense
She lets her walls tumble down
Knowing there's none to witness
Just how weak and broken she actually is
She's anything but happy

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Anything You Want, You Can Be

The thing about life is
You cannot reach the crest
Without climbing up
That's what mama always tells me
Anything you want
You have to work for it
Because nothing materializes
Out of thin air

I toss those words to the wind
All the time
But my mind, is in chains
Chained by doubt
I can't chase a dream
Without thinking of giving up
I can't think of attaining something
Without imagining an epic fail

It ain't easy being human
Sometimes I give up before a try
I look down on myself
Question if I'm good enough
Hack myself down
Of all the broken pieces of I,
Most are of my doing
It hurts to be be
I can't help but self destruct

So much potential I possess,
But most times I'm blind,
Blinded by down
Can't see a thing
I'm the kind to aim for the moon
Then shoot myself down,
I never mean to
But I always do

Yet I yearn for things
I haven't worked for

I tend to forget that,
If I ain't willing to slave for it
Then I ain't never gonna get it,
What happened to
"If you dream it, you can achieve it"?
I'll ask the mirror the next time
I stand before it

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Are These Scars?

They asked me what I had been wearing
They told me I roused his feelings by being woman
Told me, maybe if you were nicer
It wouldn't have hurt
They told me, shh, do you want to taint our family name
They taught me it's okay for woman
To be a crime scene
They taught me I deserved it

I have learnt
You're not a victim
Until the one who victimized you
Tells the world you are

You being raped is something
To be swept under the carpet
But it won't make the house dirty
Enough to clean

Dirty laundry in the washing line
Is when your mother removes
The stitches on her mouth
And admits to witnessing it all
Nobody wants that, especially her
Sometimes she staples her mouth
So that she wouldn't speak of the horror you survived
But only when it comes to the horror you survived

They call you wh*ore, b*tch, homewrecker
After he has raped you
He's innocent
It's your hands covered with blood
The blood from between your thighs
That makes you guilty,
Why are you bleeding
Why are you bleeding
Tell me, why are you bleeding
If at all you're not guilty

Surviving rape feels like suicide
With every moment a razorblade
Skates across your wrist
With every moment a rope hangs around your neck

I don't know if it's the thing between my legs that hurts still
Or if it is my soul

Bawling my eyes out
Doesn't lessen the fire feasting on me
Maybe my tears are gasoline

Makeup doesn't hide my pain
Or my scars
What to I have to do to feel
Brand new, like a virgin, like I'm pure
I'm impure

How come I'm the only one
Feeling like I'm constantly suffocating
Everyone around me is laughing
I want to remove the dagger in my chest
I'm hurting

They tell me I'm weak
That by now I should be over it

Tell me, are these scars
Or an illusion
At least he gave me food, bought me clothes to wear, right?

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Based On The Other Woman

They wonder why she eats her emotions
Tub of ice cream on her lap
She sprinkles each spoonful with her tears
Tries to color her emotions
Get all the pain(t)from within her
But clear water falls off
Waterfalls dance down her cheeks
Leave all of it behind

They tell her to, "Cry on the inside like a winner"
Isn't it the works of a hypocrite, pretension?
Concealing all you wish to let out
Housing everything you want let go of
Are all winners afraid of their reality
Painting perfect lives on canvases
Pretending it's all real
I want to see the weakness in you
To celebrate the strength you pose

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Be Expectant

Don't face each day like you're giving up
Face it like you're about to get your hands on the gold

How you look at the world
Determines a lot of things
If you think the world suffocates
And tries to bury you
And you stand no chance against it
You're going spend your life
Trapped underneath the boulders
Of your perception

If you see every impediment
As just another challenge
Towards your goal
Then you're likely to succeed
Because you already know that more awaits you

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Be Grateful

Life and her bunch of friends
Can get you thinking
You don't deserve more
Like it's not worth fighting
Like you should give up
On yourself
They really know how to make
One feel like
They're better of dead

Mind clogged
You try to look
For a solution
Or for a way out
But you seem trapped
In an abyss
You can't give
Much of a fight
Down there
Because the base
Is actually quicksand

Tell you what
No matter how hopeless
A situation seems
Don't stop trying
Soon light will
Shine through
Nightfall does not
Prevail forever
The brightest dawn
Will raise
The drop curtain
And the sky will be
Something to marvel

Don't prematurely
End the fight
It's rather sad

That death and giving up
Have won so many battles
They shouldn't have
Many have given up
On themselves or on life
And ran to their graves
Trying to snatch
An unreal solution
I'm telling you now
You don't have to
Reach out
It can get
Really tough, I know
I've been there
I've seen hell
I've lived there
For a little too long

Every hiccup
Is something to be
Grateful for
Every hitch
Is an impending
Elevation
We fall
So we can spring
Back up
So don't despair
When everything
Seems to be against you
Soon it'd be a
Thing of the past

Take a deep breath
Try looking at
The problem
From an unfamiliar view
Take your time
Be patient
See how all these
Negatives
Add up into positives?

Whatever life throws at you
Plenty lemon
Or a stormy human
Plant your feet to the ground
Bad days won't reign forever
Problems are just
A passing storm

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Beauty (A Lump Of Pain)

Before you pass judgment
First seek for clarity
Acquaint yourself with the reason
Behind my ceaseless lament
Until then deprive the wind of your persuasion

If you knew my story you'd understand my rancor
I lost everything even lost my anchor
Benighted, Enfeebled, Unexcitable, Traumatized Younger
That's how my soul used to define me, Beauty

I used to grope for a spark light in lightlessness
I was swallowed by a beast I used to foster
A humongous monster called the dark (k) night
He stole my childhood and defiled my smile

That's why my soul was dark as night
The words I spoke were devoid of light
And beyond my gates dwelled no hope

Death never dared to approach me because I was a grave
I would've swallowed it before it did me
I was a black hole, uncontended darkness
Whatever goodness that came my way I squashed
I was dead inside, is that beauty?

Angela Bontle Ditungiso

Because I'm Woman

I will grow poison Ivy on my skin so I wouldn't be such an easy target.

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Belt

Maybe the person who invented
The belt wasn't actually trying to
Keep his pants from falling
Or to be more presentable
But wanted his whip to be inches away
From his hanging limbs
Maybe your father figured it out
That's why he always used a belt
To deliver his punishment

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Breaking At The Seams

You feel empty,
You look into a mirror
And see a quarry
You've been hollowed
There's emptiness digging into you
So deep
And it never tires

You wonder if that's all life offers
Memories you want to scatter
Into the past and abandon
But instead carry with you
Like a bell they clatter
All day and all night

12 am awaits you
Then you'll wish
For sleep, for death
Anything that promises
Silence or peace
But nothing will quiet you down
Nothing will lull you to sleep

You feel empty
You look into a mirror
See a quarry...

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Broken By You

You left me
Without an explanation
Without a goodbye

I may smile every time
I bump into you
But inside
Boy I'm breaking
I may say I'm okay
But how can I be okay
With being trampled on by you

This frown I wear
To appear tough
This serious mask I put on
To conceal my reeking soul

I am
Bleeding, moping, wailing
I'm drowning in bitter zootoxin
Yet I look like I'm enjoying the immersion

I miss you
You know I don't try to hide it

I need you back
That I don't show

I may be glad you found happiness
But my ticker is drowning in pain
My soul is wilting from sorrow

Don't you know that I love you
Don't you know that I'm human
I feel
That I'm prone to hurt
Why did you leave me
In the manner that you did
Spitting me out like, well spit

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Broken China

Broken,
Shattered by love
I'm heading to my house
With a clouded head
God is the only thing
That's stopping from
Breaking down
In the streets full moving
Puzzle pieces

I say a little prayer
May your will come to pass
In my life
In this brokenness
Please hold me together
An amen follows
And immediately
I'm answered

Eyes fell upon an angel
I never thought
I'd invite a stranger into my house
But there we were half an hour
Later talking about school
Laughing at a paper
In which I scored 25%
Talking about how I saw
The mark first in a vision

Laughing we were
In time I walked him out
When I came home
My mind was no longer
Dwelling on the breakup
The reason I cried at school
The reason I had to play
Pretend in my classes the whole day

It's been five years

Never once have I thought
Of these small miracles
God performs
How he can instantly suture your wounds
Never once did I say thank you
Dear God
I know what you have done upon my life
You give me purpose
Keep me together
Thank you

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Burn

Please don't touch me
I don't desire for you to die young
I know I look like an ordinary being
But under my skin I'm molten rock

I'm a girl on fire
Heart burning for success
I'm a car with nonfunctional brakes
You can't stop me

We could walk side by side
That's if I want
Just don't trip me
I'm a tall tower
I won't fall over

I am an inferno
I can't be extinguished
Please don't cause any friction
I don't want you to die young
Yes, I am a girl on fire
Don't let me burn you

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Can't Love You Enough

Afraid of being hurt
Scared you might take me through
That dark tunnel full of thorns
And shattered glasses that he dragged me through
I decided to avoid you
Even though it broke my heart

I tried to walk away
From my feelings
But with every step I took
I had a pang of regret
Laced with longing

I was forced to turn back
So here is my heart
I entrust it to you
It's not the first time
I do this kind of thing
I've done it before

Surrendered it to the one who shattered it
As you see it is a bit disfigured
Little fragments glued together
It's missing some pieces
What I gave you is all I managed to recover

I doubt I'll love you like you deserve
I'll keep going back and forth
Like I'm hesitant to give you all of me
I've been badly hurt before
So please don't rush me
Give it a little time so I get used to loving again

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Confined

Call me a fool
But I've mourned her into a decade
I'm told every strong emotion
Should in time expire
But when life expires love seems to intensify

So yes
For my friend
I have become a bonfire
With no one to feel my warmth
Especially her

As I burn
I imagine her in the afterlife
Shivering
I guess that's what brings out the pain
I guess that's why I'm still grieving
Knowing she will never warm up to my existence

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Crush

The awkward hug we shared
I still get shudders of excitement over it
That was the last time I saw you
The last time we talked
Your voice, your touch
They have never escaped my mind
I keep saying no, not that one
But my heart keeps asking, 'Why not? '

You've been on my mind since
The last time we bumped into each other
This crush won't go away
These feelings won't hush
They continue to rush
Running continuous laps
I wonder if you ever get tired

What is happening to me
I shouldn't be feeling this way
My friend advises I stop running away from who I am
I'm starting to believe her, every part of me says what I feel is love
But loving you is something I can't afford
At least that's what I think

Whisper something about tranquility
And please don't roll the yarn
Into a fairytale
Tell me something that's attainable

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Crutch

I hope I never forget how I needed and used people as crutches for years
without end

Some family, some not

How they never complained or gave up on me.

I hope to be the crutch someone needs someday and that I never do it because I
feel obliged to but instead because I want to!

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Crying In The Rain

On a quiet night with only raindrops conversing
I'm crying in the rain
Trying to dilute the pain
Contained within these tears
I wait for thunder to corrupt peace
Before I screech
Hoping to let out my violent emotions
But my action
Still leaves me broken

Tears a token
Of the pain in my possession
I cry when none witnesses
Because when I'm alone
I'm a mess
But I'm strong in your presence
Even if it's all a pretense

On a clear day
I plant grins on my face
This is my chance
To take off the mask
To remove my cloak
I'm crying in the rain

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Dawning

My joy is skeletal bones
Buried in the pit of my stomach
I am learning how to slowly
Bring them to life
So far I have mastered a smile
Though it's fake
I have mastered it
I hear it looks good on me
One day I hope it'll come from
Deep within

Angela Bontle Ditungiso

Dear Ex Lover

1. I have always hated dying things
So I wrote you
Bouquets of flowers instead
Sorry I gave you none of them

2. Last week
Mama asked me what a bonfire was
And your name slipped out of my lips
I think I still love you

3. Remember me as the fool
That wrote you too many love poems
Then kept them all to herself

4. I don't know how to talk of love without
Mentioning your name

5. I remember the time I imagined
Every word that came out of your mouth as a kiss
(You talked a lot)
It always made my sun shine brighter

6. I walked in with a shattered soul
I learnt of love that restores
Walked out with a broken heart
And I'd settle for that anyday
I learnt that sometimes forever lasts long enough
For you to love yourself better
You loved me until I loved myself, thank you

8. You taught me
You don't lose love by giving it
And now my love is like oxygen
It does not come at any price
I'm only grateful for those
Who appreciate it

9. I wish I would have loved you better

But you were the sun
And even though I love suntan
I'm afraid of sunburns

10.I hope you're loved wherever you are.

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Dear God

One day
I woke up convinced
You are a lie
That you are a story
Told so often
People started
Believing it to be true
I left you
Trying to reclaim my life
I left you
Thinking I'd start living
But by leaving
My soul soon fainted within me
I was drowning within myself
I was dying
And you were the only one who could save me

Dear God
I did forsake you
Then realizing you were living waters
I came back to you
You gave me water to drink
Again I started living
I will attest father
I'm only alive in you

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Dear God, Again

Maybe I've been triggered by Sunday, a day of worship
Or maybe I've been meaning to say this all along
But I could never find the right words until now

Dear God,
I feel like a grieving mother
Mourning the death of a child she never met
Like a woke up from a coma to find that I had a miscarriage
And it hurts because I was really ecstatic about having a baby
And I want everything back
Back the way it was
Before the loss

God
I feel like an abandoned building
But I know you never left me
I'm the one who walked out
Leaving behind a collapsing body
With no soul
I don't know what to do
How do I get back
I don't think it's possible
To come back the same way I left

God please
Kill this flesh
Give me life again
I would lay down my life for you
I'm not afraid of death
I would gladly die to be with you

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Dear Self

People have familiarized themselves with my body, my life before I did
They told me who to be, what to feel, I obliged
Maybe I'm my greatest enemy
My hand though under external influence
Have tuned my body and mind
Until I was a stranger to myself
I say my name but I'm unsure about it now
I feel like going on a search party
Looking for the girl
I was told not to be

Yes, I have betrayed you
But I promise to right my wrong
To throw away their strands
And wake the part of myself
I thought I had no right to learn
I will love you
And I will love you better
Because I will love you
For who you are

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Even The Day Is Draped In Black

I would cast a net
To catch better days
But the thing is
I would always come up
With debris from the past

I would aim arrows at joy
I'll hit bull's-eye
But it'd be pain
That splatters on my face

And when you tried
For so long
To make a shot at something
Without success
You end up thinking
You're a failure
And you'll never get
What you want out of life
That's what I thought

I was wrong

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Even Trees Need Time

You've always known what dreams are made of
That they are half reality
And half expectation
You've always known the meaning of miscarry
That sometimes we lose
The treasures, the dreams we carry within

Dear younger me
You've turned out great
All the seeds you carried
Sprouted into seedlings,
Grew into beautiful trees
You've been a good nurturer

I'm happy you're the person you are
For staying true to yourself
Even though people sometimes
Hate you for not fitting in to boxes
And always find flaws in you
It is good to be you, right even.

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Every Stumble

Looked back at all my falls
Saw how they helped elevate me
Looked at every tear I've shed
Realized it led me to breakthrough
My scars have begun to sparkle
I am who I am today
Because of my yesterdays

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Faking It

Draw a smiley face
Besides an 'I'm okay'
Hope they'll believe it
And they'll believe it
It's easy to convince
Everyone you're happy
Except yourself

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Father Where Art Thou?

Because you spied
Knew about me
Then fled
I'll call you traitor
But only because
I'm too gentle
And being soft at heart
I love you

Father
I will write the truth
I will not lie
Remember when I needed you
And I asked for you help
Remember what you said?
You said if I ever need anything from you
I should wish you dead
Because then I'd inherit a hundred thousand
Father those words
Still pierce me
Remember I said I have a soft heart

I'm a country lacking your footprints
My soil bruised with your absence
And everything you've ever said
But for now, I'll keep quiet
For the sake of peace

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Fever

We dance the night away
Welcoming tomorrow
Into today
Welcoming breakthrough
And refined hope
Dance in the fire
Sway with the flames
Don't stand still
This is the time to rejoice

We've been wearing misery
Most of our life
No longer know if
It's our skin
Or we truly deserve a smile
So for today, tomorrow
And the rest of our lives
How about we make up
For all the bad days

Smile
Not everybody got a chance
To carve their names
Into the caves of the living
Some dreamt of this day
But their trails
Died away way before
They could see the sunset
That shouldn't stop us from being feverish
Just as we can't stop being nostalgic
Even after all the pain
We've endured

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Finally, Bloom

After months of constant darkness
Some of which she had been searching for light
She woke up with half a burning sun in her chest
She ran into the ocean
To kill the light, to kill the warmth
Out of not knowing how it is to feel alive anymore

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Flat Line

Pain cripples me
Of watching you fade away slowly
Losing your life to cancer
And I see that you're truly fighting
The smile on your face doesn't come easy

Every moment you cherish
Because we won't always be like this
Won't always be laughing over old memories stuck in photographs

You know that I love you
I've seen you in battle
I know what it took for you to be here
How much pain you've endured to see me grow up
It hurts because I can't take away the pain
It hurts even more now that the morphine no longer works either

It's been years now
And I fear any moment could be a goodbye
I'm not ready to lose you
Still want you here with me

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Floor'n Whatever

We were soul sisters
And then one day
We were whatever

I remember when
We were so close we thought
Nothing could get between us
Until it did

I never thought anyone
Could ever have my back
Until you did
I never thought anyone
Would stick around
Five years in
It seemed like you weren't
Going anywhere

And then one day
You and I
Our bond started wearing out
And nothing could save it
I held on
You clearly...
You know what
I'm not going to talk
About you any longer

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Flying Fists

He cups her face
Plants a kiss on her forehead
Then mumbles
'I ain't done with you yet,
You're in huge trouble! '
His hand her arm
She smiles at the discomfort
She dreads to see night approach
To see her friends evacuate her place
And leave her with this angelic beast

He portrays himself as a good husband
Everyone buys the act
He is a good actor
Even better kick-boxer
Her life is bland
No longer grand
But she still smiles
At her abuser
Alone she splashes water like a cataract
Her emotions becomes turbid, heart riles

The party is over
The music stops
But soon he'll play her
Like a stereo
Her voice screeching
But the disk jockey won't stop
For a minute

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

For Madia Mamoraka Williams

I was a rainforest once
Overcrowded with tall trees of pain
They reached high up to the skies of my eyes
I could barely see the world for what it is
So if I say I've looked at the world through orbs of pain
I mean just that
I was a rainforest once,
My floors full of moss and dead leaves
Each leaf representing one dead dream
Each leaf enriching soils with nutrients
My soil was so rich
So rich and forever feeding my pain
I even assumed that I was cursed

I was a rainforest once
And these days when it comes to tears and pain
I'm a desert
And I'm not craving for an oasis
I don't want water, no I don't tears
Not even tears of joy
Because every time I was happy
I would cry and instantly rip the stitches
Then joy will die and come back as pain as easy as that

No, these days I'm a desert
I don't know rain nor pain
I only know how to be sand dune carefree
I know how to be me and unashamed
These days, I know how to look at a mirror and not see brokenness or lacking or emptiness
No, I look at a mirror and see love
And she, love is beautiful

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

For Self And Family

For Self And Family

I think of love
How it is the glue that sticks us together
I think of love
How it is the string tying us to people
We are not bound to by blood

I think of love
How it is like the sun
Thawing every frozen heart
Bringing all who are dead inside
Back to life

I think of love
How it washes all the bad away
You look through it
And see the best in everyone
And the best in life

I think of love
How I need more of it
How it keeps on growing
But never becomes a burden

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

For You

I'm not immortal
I don't fear being forgotten

I don't want to be remembered as great
In fact I wouldn't mind if I'm not remembered at all
I just want to touch maybe even transform a soul
I don't have to know about it
Nobody has to know of the impact of my words except who it has impacted

Forget my name, forget what I said, take what my poems made you feel with
you
I'll just be here, telling you that you're not alone

I love you (even without knowing your name or your face)
You matter to me
You're human, just like me

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Forever

If perchance in spring
Our paths cross
And a relationship does sprout
Hold on to me
And never let go
Like all chain links intend to

If a moment does present itself
Naked and tempting
Grab it as I will
And together 'til we reach
The farthest edge of time
Let us be

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Fortune

She stirred glitter
Into a pot
Wore it in its molten form
We called her a golden verse

Angela Bontle Ditungiso

Give Me A Kiss To Build A Dream On

Can we for this once forget about the rest?
Just give in to these emotions cloaked
To our desperate famished heart
Can you not be selfish with your affection
Just for this once teach me what true love is

I've been yearning to be enveloped by naked desire
Yearning to see my passion reflected by eyes
That were not my own
Will you be the first to show me these seeds
I've planting on to ungrateful toxic lands

I just want to feel like I belong somewhere
That I too have a special place in someone's heart
I know you're a restricted zone
But can I just trespass into your heart
Get a feel of your soil, bask in your warm love

Bare your heart to me, think about you and I
This is what we've been look for all along
One moment, one hug, one kiss
That can last us for eternity

Give me a kiss I can build a dream on
Something to convince my heart
That there's something it's beating for
Give me a little truth that can lie to my heart
For eternity, telling it that I had clung to
Love at some point

Just an osculation to console this shattered soul
Rebuild my hope, sell me a dream
Write to my heart of these emotions
That I see playing in your eyes
Give me a kiss I can build a dream on

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Glory

Don't you worry
The future might be blurry
The present quicksand you're drowning in
But God won't let you cave in

Bad days come and linger on for longer
Than you can endure
Your whole world a compressed mass at your feet
Nothing there recoverable
And you're hurting, hopeless
You wonder, will everything ever be okay

Most days the only company you have is your emotions
The pain, regrets, that flickering hope
The only reason you're moving with the present
Is because time pushes you forward
Nobody really has a choice when it comes to that

Don't you worry though
The future may be blurry
The present unbearable
But God will come through for you

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

God Will

You're cradling your problems to sleep
They have been staring at you for weeks now
Shrieking and sometimes laughing
Asking you to fix them
But you can't,
You don't know how to
You don't even know how to fix your lips into a smile of late
The only thing you've mastered is bawling, day and night

Once you've held hands tightly with hope
The grip so tight it hurt
Though it has loosened,
It's something you refuse to let go of

You believe in God and restoration
You believe in lifeboats and in pillars
That God will help you up
Won't let you be the heap
Forgotten in past
And He won't

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Hand Grenade In An Oakbox

Reality I repudiated
Now I'm fragmented
My soul is tormented
I keep on reliving the day I lost it all
The moment right before my fall
All signs were there
But I was fooled by love

Shooting pain to my heart
With bleeding eyes I look to the skyline
Tears laugh as they dine
They make a railway line
On my contours
They tour
my cheeks
In the night

No one sees my pain because of lack of light
The stars are blurry
They mimic my vision
Flimsy eyes in the dark
I hug the night in comfort
Somebody build me a fort
To protect me against my thought

There's turmoil brewing in my mind
Memories unkind
Provoking me to spit tears with my oculus
Water the color of red wine cover my hands
Holding on to a shattered glass I sliced my arteries
I gave my heart away
Fooled by flattery

I was charmed by a guy
Bought his every lie
Only for me to nearly die
He said he had a surprise for me
And it was a surprise indeed

Now close your eyes he said
He put something in my hands
There I want you to have my heart he bellowed
A moment of silence and a deafening sound later
I had to negotiate to keep my life

Hand grenade in an oak box
As it turned out there was a hand grenade in an oak box
I said hand grenade
My heart is a shattered glass
Destroyed by the blast

My arms got amputated
I spent months sedated
Medicated
To numb the pain
But my heart and soul sing in harmony
Screaming in agony
He committed a felony
Ran away and left me to die

He said he loved me but it was a lie
I know so
His attempt to kill me was premeditated
A hand grenade in an oak box
He was incarcerated
Behind bars he wrote a letter of no regret
The only emotion I could afford was to fret

My life seems contabescent
I'm visited by thoughts indecent
Nothing good lingers
My future fell to the ground with my fingers
I lost the hands that held hope
My arms got amputated
After a grenade detonated

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Hating On Me

That's the thing about hate
It scraps and eats
At the one who houses it
I thought to myself
As I looked at the girl
I once called friend

Her face becomes crumpled paper
When she notices me
I can't help but smile
She sneers
Like I did something to her

I can't help but feel sorry for her
I wonder if what she's feeling
Doesn't it weigh heavily on her soul?
How does she feel
Wearing a ton of bricks
For a blanket every night?

How does she feel holding on
To such heaviness?
Does she even love herself?

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

He Is God

Your future has been blocked by a shive

Every day your thoughts apprehend you

Your only crime being that you're alive

Tears cast upon your eyes like dew

Like a dam you break and they run

In time they stop but there's still no sun

Within you there's a raging sea

There's no hope that dawn you'll see

For every moment dares

To swallow and squash you

Those you love have neutralized their cares

You have no clue

What you will do

Better days you have tried to sow

But the wind blows

And your efforts won't show

And all that you get is

Dust in your eyes

Tears and more dust

But don't you worry no more

Soon you will soar

What no man can do

God can do, this I tell you

His word comes alive

In an instant, you'll thrive

Hold on for a little while

Soon you will smile

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Head Full Of Mist

Times like these
I linger in open spaces
Looking to unclog my mind
Wanting to string my thoughts
Into meaningful lines
'Coz it's a poet's desire
To come up with loud stanzas
Hoping they'll touch lives

Days like these
I find myself in bars,
A little less crowded
Trying to figure out
Why people tightly pack their bodies
Into places like these
To feel a little less lonely
A little less alone

I wonder how a trickle
Of gin
Can calm one's waves of pain
I see a man drowning his sorrows
I wonder if ever a day will come
When I'll be this desperate too
I hope not
I hope the future finds me smiling,
I hope so

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Heart Full Of Thanks

Be thankful for the nights you go to sleep with a smile pasted on your face
The nights when Shalom becomes your name
And for once the night sky is jealous of your shine

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Hold On

Just because you are in a hard place doesn't mean you lost your value
Keep fighting, one day you'll shine again
And it'll be like you were never buried under the avalanche of problems you're
currently facing

Remember a diamond doesn't stop shining
because it has been buried in the dirt
And you're more than a diamond, you're the whole mine but infinite
You're priceless, worthy, enough, important, necessary

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Hope

What the name again, hope?
Yes hope, I have that
I have hope that one day
I'll be with my Father again
I will have joy again
That this pain would have
Faded to nothing

I keep walking
For I have hope
Life will not always be like this
One day I'll be free
Free from this sadness
These tears will be of joy
I can only pray that even though
This road is full of thorns
It will lead me back to him
Back home

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Housed By Hell

What you don't know is
She has been kissed by the floor
More than her husband
It has cuddled with her on many nights
Comforted her
Soothed her of the pain she felt
The tiles more reliable than him
Their coldness gives her hope
That hell too can breathe cool minty air

What you know is
Her shyness
A reason for her silence
What if I said it's all a pretense
Her house knows of her screams
How she wails throughout the night
Her mirror knows her real face
It gets to witness the bruises
All you see is perfect makeup
Her shy smile and how
She's always staring at her feet
Looking at
Is she looking at invisible fetters?

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

How Much Time Is Left?

We seem to be ripening with age
Growing older with every nanosecond
Am I left with 19 hours?
Or is it 30 years?
I have no clue

My days are numbered
Time is running out
Celebrating birthdays
Unaware of the time we've been assigned
Walking boldly towards the day my body we will collapse
And beg for more air

The lower limits and upper limits of time
A time when I was born
And a time when I will reach the extremities of time and expire
Departing so my body will be one with the soil
Six feet under

What will become of my spirit?
Like sand through an hour glass
The number of breaths I'm to take are deducted with every heave of the chest
I'm slowly losing time
While gaining age

With each day I get closer to my death
Walking toward the end of my assigned time
Approaching the upper limits
Yes mathematics has never been this complex
One equation
A different solution set out for each being

I still dream of tomorrow
Ignorant of the fact that I might never greet the break of day
Unwise and unable to number my days
Delaying the will of God

No I still have much to live for
I want to enjoy life first

God can wait until I'm ready
But when will I ever be prepared
Is it the day I'm on my deathbed
Or will I come face to face with death
Before I take up the cross

I deprecate the presence of the Lord
All the while life depreciates
While it could easily appreciate
Simplification of a seemingly complex equation
Gaining value through Christ
Otherwise losing everything to the pits of hell

Substituting worldly pleasures
In exchange for suffering for the sake of Christ
Does life grow sweeter and more valuable with time?
Like an old bottle of red wine
And if it does, what conditions does it have to be subjected to?

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

I Call Myself A Cloud

First time I took a pen and purged
What was my first two poems
I didn't have the urge
To write
I was just begging for silence
Because words had come alive within me
First they were cooing
Then they were clear and their voices too loud
I pretended a pen was earplugs
Block out the noise

The day I realized that poetry is a calling
I was an infant in my self esteem
Hadn't started teething
I almost gave it away
Because on these streets there's a lot of art
And what I could do with a pen
Always seemed forced, boring, a waste, mediocre
It wasn't until one of my idols
Line for line paraphrased my poem
That I realized not all gods are worth worshiping

Here we are
I write doodles on the wall
And still see a message in it
In every poem I deem worthless
I find pieces of myself
And I have learnt
If there's anything in my universe
That's priceless
It is I
For I was a single cell once
Now everything that exists within me
Can't exist without me
Even these words

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

I Can't Seem To Let Go

It's been seven years
Thoughts of you
Still bring me to tears
This pain won't clear
It still hangs in the air
Like morning dew

I wish for it to intumesce
Diffuse into the air
But like a stubborn refusenik
It's stuck within
Glued to my swollen heart

My blood reeks
Of crippling pain
I must be as tough
As an elephant
How is it that I still stand?

Life has been a bit rough
And I haven't set foot
In your abode
Since the day I returned
From putting you
To your final resting place
How do I go home
When it has been transformed
Into an intoxicating dome?

I go through tomes
Hope to find you there
Since your photos
Died soon after you
I wish you were here
Wish I could hug your feet
And never let go
Why did you leave mama?

I know God saw it fit

But I'm broken
My heart is still bleeding
My soul still limping
I try
I try to understand
That this earth is a home away
From our permanent home
But still I'm not consoled

I'm still appalled
Still wish I could rouse
From this nightmare
I try to smile
When I remember
The good days
But all I do is cry

That day
When you went to heaven
I didn't get it
I stayed in your bedroom
For days waiting
Awaiting your reappearance
But you came not
You ran not through the door
And when you did come
It was in a dream

For a while I was able to move
But here I am again
Stuck
Possibly drowning
In your memories
How is it that when
You die
You take nothing with you?
You take no memories
No thoughts
With you to the grave

Everything you ever
Carried in your heart

Lost to the wind
Carried with your
Very last breath
But those who loved
Remain holding on to you

You don't think
Of me anymore
But you're etched
To my memory
An unfading holograph
Is replaying
Reminding me
That you're are never
To return home
From the hospital

Anyway, I just wanted to say
Even when I know
You won't get this message
Though I know
I'm wasting my breath
I'd like to let you know
I miss you
And I
I love you
I'm thinking of you always

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

I Have Loved

Maybe loving from an empty vessel
Is what leaves us mangled
When the lover leaves

I have loved you
From a place where I had no love
To offer myself

Maybe that's the stupidest thing I ever did
Learning love by giving it away
Instead of administering it to myself

I have cried
Tears of pain
Until I was empty
Even then I was still thankful
For you taught me what love was
And to some extent what love isn't

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

I Know

I know
You love me more than words can tell
I know
I could take the greatest love I mustered
Multiply it by a hundred
And it wouldn't surpass your love

I know
Your love is not like my own
It's not a river that dries
In drought, when clouds become
Selfish with their waters
It's not mist that disappears
At the sight of a fierce sun

I know
Your love is unconditional
You love me
You've loved me before
I acknowledged you
You loved me still
As I walked away from you

I know
You'll never leave nor forsake me
You'll forever be my home
And your door will always be open

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

I Know This Love Is Real

I know I'm the same human
Who said love has a breaking point
And when it does snap
Even the body casing it does break too
But this is different

I know once I said forever
Has an expiry date
And now I say
Eternity is within our grasp
Give me a chance, I'll explain

I know I've said those who hold
All the cards can choose not to throw them
Those with all the love we crave for
Can choose not to share it
I take my words back
I was wrong

You see God loves
Without an exception
Without a condition
His love never ends
It is like the sea, never dies, never dries

You see God never walks away
Always there, never leaves
Always drizzling, always ready to embrace
I'm like a child
When I stumble he holds me
This God

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

I Love Me Now

I've been shedding skin ever since I was a little girl
Losing my identity every now and then
By the age of ten I had been introduced to several instances of myself
I felt like a figure without a face
I changed shape but never my name
Though of course new names kept piling up as I grew

Every time I thought I had figured myself out
A stranger would come and give me a push
A friend would be possessed by a fiend and hit me
My teacher would bash my head with a duster
And just like that I would lose myself over again

I had a lot of names attached to my skin
But I identified more with stranger, a name they never gave me
Because even my birth name became too painful for me to taste
They say the sky goes pitch black before it explodes with deafening light
But I waited more than a decade to see the light

Is it me, was I too blind to see it shine brightly
Why did the night stretch for that long?
More than ten years of night
All I ever did was grope
I was in the middle of nowhere
Even lost hope of ever coming home to my soul

I've walked through a thick forest in search of myself
Everyone too consumed I had to be my own search party
Night and day it was all the same
There were times I would stare at a field of water
But not once did I see my reflection
Was I a ghost, did I die?
Was I in hell, purgatory maybe?

The first time I saw myself was in words
The first time I saw my face was in the word poetry
Ever since then I've been digging deep
I exploit words like in a quarry
I scrawl like I'm in a hurry

Poem upon poem I keep finding myself

I love me now, words I never thought I would utter

Listen to my heart flutter

I'm going to keep digging deeper

Until I'm face to face with my soul

Until I'm consumed by words

I will write until I become a poem

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

I Will Keep Going

I guess I have always known
I'm more than my thoughts
More than their words

People told me
I'm worthless,
I will never amount to anything
They told me
I'm a waste of space,
A burden
My mind agreed with them
Kept echoing these words
Over and over
Into each moment
I made an excuse for it
Called this depression
And maybe it was
Because after all
Not only did the thoughts escalate
But after a while
My mind told me,
Kill yourself
I'm glad I didn't listen

I was always heavy
With their burdening words
I was always sad
Always in doubt
But never did I stop trying
Never did I give up

I was always flogged by my thoughts
Always in chains,
Don't ask me why it took me
This long to fly
I've been victimized
By my own mind
I'm an ex prisoner
Of what should've led me to freedom

My mind created a prison within
The prison of this world

I knew I'll never measure up
To anybody's expectations
So I didn't even try
To aim for the target
I told myself
They can keep their opinions
And rightfully and peacefully so
Besides, everybody close
To my heart
Bets for me
I don't even know why
I listened to strangers on
The sidelines
I will keep going my way
I'll keep being
Until my mind whispers,
I think I was wrong about you

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

I Write To Become

I think part of being a poet
Is constantly pulling your heartstrings
Talking out loud
And yet poking your soul
You feel like your soul is the whole room
And you're standing in it
Together with everyone you love
Everyone who came to mind as you were writing
I think if I wrote hard enough I could be a violin
That's why I'll never stop writing

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

If I Call You Sister

I call you molten gold after a happy sun
I close my eyes imagine you beaming in the sky
You send me healthy sunflowers
I imagine every one of them as me
I can't help but look up to you
Turn my head at your every move
On the day you don't turn up, sun
I look for you everywhere
Even within the creases of my skin

Maybe the world lies on the palms of the creator
For us to get back together as one
Maybe we're far apart to pull the seams of earth
Until we stand on the same ground
In this Africa I've come across a lot of people
In dreams, in passing even in the mirror
Called them strangers but you
The first time I saw you I felt like I had been
Reunited with a part of me
Blood, long lost innocence, peace
I'm not really sure what it is but you belong

I always wake up searching for your shadow
Or your footprints on social media
Anything to feel closer to you
It feels crazy, so crazy to care this much
About someone I've only met virtual
And yet it feels so surreal, it's like
You're me just four years older
So if I called you sister would you be okay?

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

If You Ask Me If God Is Real

If you ask me if God is real
I'll tell you as a child
My much older friend gave me
A children's book about the story of Joseph
Years before he turned out to be a convicted pedophile
And when I read this book
I thought to myself,
Well this is the kind of God
I would like to acquaint myself with
But mama upon hearing about the man who gifted it to me
Threw it away and Joseph got lost in my subconscious
I'll tell you one day trouble found me and I remembered this Joseph
And how God came through for him
Leading me to my first prayer
Which gave way to my first miracle
I'll tell you this, that night so many whips landed on my back
And I didn't feel a thing
And that is how I know God is real

I'll tell you
When I was younger
I'd go to church every Sunday
With this kind of joy that didn't want to be hidden
All the way I'd be smiling
Once mum caught me with a smile
Stuck on my face
I told her I was happy I was going to meet God

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

I'll Take A Stand

First, second and third strike
Yet again I'm drowning in a dyke
Corrupted psyche
Thought I was to take a smooth hike
Before I was ran over by a tyke

Silence has got me boiling inside
Alone, I have no one to confide in
This emotions now reside
In my volcanic vessel
I look calm, it's a lie
Look within my casing
My patience is fading
Pretence is wearing off
I'm about to explode
Take cover!

First, second and third strike
Still I keep my composure
And give you a smile
A genuine looking one at that
Don't be deceived
I'm about to start a war

Trampled on for so long
Been acting weak when I'm strong
Enabling you instead of saying no
All the while setting traps
Darling watch your step
Don't walk over a minefield

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

It Was Love

It was love
The kind to be sweet in the beginning
Sweet enough to draw you in
The kind to get you hooked
Then unexpectedly turn on you

And when it did
It was a bitter kind of love
A painful kind of love
It broke the heart it mended

When it found me my heart had been shattered
When it was all over, my heart was dust
And it hurt
It hurt
It hurt

To this day I'm afraid to truly love
And it hurts even more
Because I want love

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

It Was Winter When It Rained

Every drop like an icicle
Falling on my nakedness
Stabbing soft skin
I'm left with scars
I don't know will ever
Get to up and leave

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

It's Okay To Cry

Suffocating it is to act strong
And actually be flaccid
To stretch your lips into a smile
When they are to tremble
To say you're perfectly fine
When you are drowning

When the world
Comes crashing down
And your dreams violently break
Before your eyes
It's okay to let out a cry
Before you pick
Yourself up again

When your heart breaks
And the glass pieces
Pierce your soul
When you're in pain
And it's all too much
It's okay to fall apart
Before you rebuild yourself

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Just Like Clouds

I wake up in the middle of the night
Feeling like a pregnant woman
Words swirling, kicking in my belly
Waters breaking into my mind
Need to push words out

I don't know how many thank yous
I've collected into the pale of my heart
But there are enough to make me feel like
Maybe I'm not wasting my time
And maybe my poems ain't as vapid

I don't know why
I don't know how
But I keep giving out these poems
As presents
Maybe to help one cope with the present
Maybe to help one package the past
Where it belongs

I have always wanted to be just like the clouds
Claiming nothing as my own
Giving all that I have
I want to be a storage box for the world
I will give you what you need
When you need you it

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Just Smile

We never afford our hearts
The chance to understand
Never borrow a stranger's
Worn out shoes
So we learn how they
Still run with callouses
On their feet
We're too busy with
Ourselves to listen
To our heads laying out
The possibilities

I listened as she called
Me stupid for the
Mistakes I'd made
In my short life
Gave her an ear as
She degraded me
For the decisions I've made
Claiming I'm a fool
Being used by those
I so trusted like a tool

She refused to borrow
Me a second to explain
Tell her of where I'm
Coming from and why
It seems like I'm sleeping
On this unkind life

It's funny how I smiled
How I looked within
And realized that
Through it all I was just
Calm and happy
I questioned my sanity
That day and when I
Got home I stared
At the sky shielded

By the corrugated iron

I wondered who I am
What kind of person
Flashes a smile when
Insulted
I'm was baffled yet so
Thankful
Grateful for this heart
I hope I grow old like this
That I never change
Or keep getting refined

Be a calm sea
That simulates peace
Slow to anger
And understanding
Even orange trees
Don't produce fruits
Of the same sweetness
Some are as sour as lemons
Some fruits look
Rather big but the
Moment we do the
Autopsy we discover
The brains were rather small

Just keep your composure
They probably won't
Understand your calmness
They'll probably take
You for a fool
But still give them your smile
And let your soul generate it too
Genuine and bedazzling

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Keep Moving

Pain and failure
How I wish they were avoidable
But they are recurring puddles
Too huge to jump over
On a narrow road called life
And I have to keep moving forward

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Kelsey, A Poem

I've come to associate home with people who make me feel alive, wanted, significant, an old piece that has a part in a puzzle, not just useless and disposable. I have lost count of the many homes I have because there are many, I wonder if that's the reason I'm losing everything precious lately, are all the best parts of me hanging from walls as photographs?

Is the past bleeding into my present because it needs healing? Can't it just linger in hiding like it has for the past seventeen years? Does my mind think I'm finally ready to face all the things I've been running from?

I have found home in you, it's where I rant, cry and tell all, you're the pillow I chant my secrets in to, for that, I can't help but associate you with anchors and lifelines and lifeboats and oxygen. And if closets have lungs and they breathe, then you are my very own closet for in you I've tucked in many of my skeletons. Oh my dear closet, how many more can you take before you cave in? Maybe I'm at the edge of a collapse because there's need for a garage sale but how do I begin to take all this darkness into the day?

There's a little girl in me fighting to live these days and she's fighting so hard my lights are dimming, I'm starting to feel like my body is a haunted house but you bring me light somehow maybe because you're a fragment of the sun, can't help but bring life everywhere you allow yourself to be. Since I've found you I'm homeless man back on his feet, I feel less scared, less scarred, less alone, less misunderstood, I feel necessary.

Who do we owe thanks to if not God? He gave me you, a friend I was scared to befriend. I remember the many times I wanted to say hi but decided against it, with each time my heart lodging in my throat, darn, you're intimidating! Anyway, Lover if I had to choose between you and oxygen I'd choose you, that's how important you are to me. Thank you for you but mostly thank God!

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Kites

I have lost everything
To something
Was it fear?
Was it carelessness?
I will never know

All the wind had to do
Was to be itself
And I would float
All the wind had to do was hug me
And I'd be compressed
Fade away into nothingness

I have become anew
A tree at the mercy of spring
I resonate well with second chance
Say hello to restoration
Greet the future
Hug the present
Just be!

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Knees

I had been
Desperate
Searching
With glassy eyes

Broken
Breaking
Starving

Joy,
Joy where are you
I found her not

Consumed by pain
A slave to it
Stuffing it with tears
Always stuffing it's mouth
With tears

Lifting my eyes
Pulled from cocoon
For a little while
For once
My eyes looked to you
I prayed
You heard me
God, you saved me

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Know Better

I bet you called her stingy
Your mom, I bet when you were younger
You thought she had all the money
In the world
But pretended to be penniless
All the time

I bet you know better now
You've tasted life for yourself
Feasted on them hardships
Gulped down these desert ladder climbs
You know how it's like to keep going
And yet be stagnant
You know of the tears
Sitting at the table
Trying to make ends meet
With no success

I bet you too have imagined a better life
But haven't gotten around
To making it a reality
You know now that life is hard
Good thing is,
You also know that you should keep going

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Kreuz (Cross)

For the longest time I was
Playing hide and seek with my faith
Knowing where I stand
But being too afraid to proclaim it
In self-defense, I've always wanted to be neutral
Never wanted to pick sides (with people) because I crave peace
But lately I can't part myself and scatter my pieces
Between whether I'm Christian or not
Whether God is real or a fallacy
I'd rather be called an abacinated fool
Blinded by "religion"
&"Brainwashed by people who couldn't wash my skin instead"
Whatever, I go with Christ

I remember when Thomas used to mock me
Laughing, rolling in grey ashes, laughing still
Asking me how I could believe in the God I've never seen
I've wondered how do you believe one is angry
When anger has no body
Don't we tell it from the actions, from the expressions and from the works?

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Last Year, Depression

Last year this time
I was house with no windows
Couldn't stop being consumed by gloom
3 in the morning depression would sound the alarm
I would wake up to babysit sadness
With a heavy heart

By 8 I'd be on the couch
Crying my eyes out
Crying for no particular reason
Wishing things were different
But by different not knowing I meant happy

I remember everything then was amiss
But everything was in its rightful place
I knew I should be happy
But I wasn't
I knew I deserved more out of life
But I didn't

I remember every day the sun came out
Blackened
Every seedling came out dying
There was no hope for me
I too was shriveling

My thoughts became loud
My thoughts became sharp
They'd scream and pierce me
I'd sleep to escape them
For that reason my bed
Was synonymous to sanctuary
I never wanted to escape it

I remember the rays of sun would mock me
I'd close the curtains so I wouldn't see them happy
I'd close them so I wouldn't see them
Having what I lacked

Leak

It's the coldest night
And the warmest blanket
You can come up with
Is tears woven from your eyes

You're at rock bottom
And only thing you have is
The darkness and the shovel;
You get digging

You're thinking of survival
But digging a grave
You think of tomorrow
But in her folds lies your corpse

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Leaving

I never imagined dragging my feet away
As they beg me to stay
Stay a little while longer
Await you to remember yourself
But I really have to leave
Because home has teethed and always wounds me with its razor sharp teeth
And my life I have to keep

To think once upon a love song
My heart would speed up at the sight of you
Anxiously singing and plopping down it's feet with joy
I called you home and
Home was a dome full of love
Sheltered me from harm

But now where there had been love terror is flourishing
Wild like daisies by the side of the road
My heart thuds at the mere thought of you
I don't know how many times I have whispered to myself to calm down
But then the wind mocks me with a false roar
I'm reminded of you

Used to swoon over you
But these days I become a clinking glass even in your absence
I'm almost too broken to drink from

Maybe I shouldn't have called you home
Maybe you've always been haunted

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Letter To The Warrior Sun

My darling Sun
On my worst days
I sit atill
Gaze at you, thinking

One day I will be just like you
Rising with every one of my falls,
Though mostly unpredicted
Still I will rise

My life has become
Vapid and unbearable
You're the only thing
That gives me hope
You're a promise you see
A promise that one day
A yarn of fire
Will rise
And wash away all the bad
And that ball of fire
Will be me

I look at you
Thank God
For a wonderful reminder
Such as you

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Long Distance Friendship

I feel so jealous because
My favorite place on earth
Gets to stare at your face
And I don't
The breeze gets to play with you
Tease and embrace you
I don't

Yes, I'm jealous
I'm not afforded the
Same opportunity
A chance to share jokes
Nor hug you
Envy gnaws at me
I try to ignore it but
There's this void
That you left
Without you there's
A little bit of me missing

I admit it now
Life was more meaningful
With you by my side
Everything was a joke
And every problem I had,
You solved
You're an algorithm
To every problem I encounter
Now that you're out of sight
Though not out of mind
So many issues weigh me down

Whose shoulder am I to lean on
When you're physically unavailable?
I miss your calls, miss your voice, your presence
I hate how these miles
Have come between us
How they've robbed us of smiles

The music, the food and window-shopping
They are all less fun without your silly self
This long distance friendship
Is way too torturous
If I could I'd take the map
And rub off the distance
Put us under the same roof even
If could we wouldn't even work
We'd spend all day just talking
And laughing because we're good at that

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Lost Without You

Like hitting frozen waters with soft hands
I'd try this life thing and come out bruised
I'd take gulps of air but like micro-pins it pierced my lungs
It hurt to breathe

My joy was an appliance with a broken fuse
But every day I'd try to find out if a miracle didn't become of it
If it wasn't restored somehow

Nights would come and I'd be pitch black with gloom
Friends with doom
Couldn't tell where our seams went different ways
It seemed to me we had become one
Especially when time came and I couldn't tell day from night
It's true, without God
Nothing good can be harvested

It was two years since the last time I went to church
I had lost peace for as long as I had lost my way
Christ on the cross
Why didn't it cross my mind that all I was lacking was God
I tried to make life outside of, everything was made by Christ for Christ
Couldn't make anything from the rubble that had become of me
What could become of me when I wasn't on the right hand of my father

I felt like I was too broken to be salvaged
Too broken to be saved
Too broken to be restored
I yearned for warmth but I was afraid to go home
I yearned for love but chose to suffer in my lonesome

But then I started withering away
Realized that on my own I couldn't survive
Thought maybe if I went back home
My father would take me back
And home I went as tattered and frail as I was
And God is love
And God is ever merciful
With open arms he received me yet again

Told me you are my child and you are loved

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Love

Here

You found home in my heart
You caulked all the cracks therein
Became the light and flooded
My whole house with your presence

I had been afraid
That you'll in time leave
Not anymore
I know
You're here to stay

I feel you enveloping me
This love overwhelms me
It's everything I have yearned for
It's more than I could ever give
I don't have enough words
To tell you how grateful
I am for your love, for you

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Love Is

Love is a plateful of food
And I've given it away
To the first person I saw
But I'm starving

And I feel a fool
But how exactly do you self-love
For I keep waiting for someone
To feed my empty stomach

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Love Is Immortal

Love doesn't as much as sigh
When threatened
Doesn't sway, doesn't cry
Just goes on like an interrupted song
In the background
Those who like it will sing along
When the right time does come along

Love doesn't bat her eyelashes in the time of war
She knows nothing can quench her life
Knows she will live through the bloodshed
Like a tree with half tethered roots,
Seeing many springs, without springing back to its feet
Familiar with flourishing though sprawling on its belly

Love is immortal
Like a seed that stretches and sprout
Then grows into a giant of a tree
Maybe it'll try to huge an angry wind and get knocked down
Maybe it'll meet a murderous man who'll cut it down
Whether a sore stump or a felled tree,
It will live, as it should

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Love Letter

I wonder if you would just..
Maybe you could...
Can you just try to think about...
Consider being...
When you close your eyes,
Can you picture me and...

Okay, here it goes
I've been trying
To suppress this
Turbulent surge
Of emotion
Attempting to pretend
That I haven't lost
My heart to you
Well, I'm losing the battle
I can't musk this feeling
Of love and longing

Your presence rattles
My mind
And makes my heart flutter
There's something about
The way you smile
That makes me levitate
Then there's that voice
That makes my blood boil
And my defenses tumble
I'm in deep trouble
Held up in your world
I love you
I need you

I've been on standby
Hoping for you to call
I wonder if at all
You feel what I feel
I don't want to sound creepy
But I have your pictures on my wall

And I stare at you all day long
I never meant to fall
But I had you pulling
Me towards you
Your personality intrigues me
I love the world through your eyes

I've been trying to be strong
Squash these feeling
But every second
It grows deeper
I keep drowning in your love
If you don't mind can I be yours maybe?

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Love Like You

I had completely given up
When you held me by the shoulder
Then pulled me closer for a hug
You made all my sorrow perish
Gave me love when I thought I was undeserving
Showed me that as long as I looked upon you
As long as I had faith in you
My burden shall be light
You gave me reason
Taught me to love and to let go
Who am I without you?

What value is my life if I don't serve you
If I don't humble myself before your presence
I can't make anything of myself
I need you to lead so I follow
I love you because you first loved me
Your love never ends
It doesn't single out
It sees no color
Knows no race

I come to you just as I am
Seeking for renewal and restoration
God grant me the chance to love like you do
To walk in your path always
And to be true to you
Loving you in Spirit and in truth

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Love Like Yours

as introduced to love
Pure love that doesn't mar
Instantly, I knew why sometimes
Love is compared to honey
My mouth watered
I wanted you in my life

The first time I saw you
My heart stammered
So much I felt dizzy
As if wings had sprouted in my back
I was cutting time in halves and quarters
For the first time I felt I was control
My mind stood still
All the dirty thoughts scattered around
Like a messy room disappeared away

And as I walked away from you
My heart beat like a gong
Each beat telling me to go back
But love like yours I wasn't ready for

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Massage My Heart With Ink

Therapeutic words uncovered
Tapped from internal rivers
To deliver
Me from sorrow
You've always been my friend not foe
Your advise is always sound
Gushing out as if from a nozzle

I have many reasons to write
One of them is to locate hope
For she is easily lost
Even the police have grown tired
Always getting lost and found
Only to get lost in time

Sometimes I cry as you spill
As I whisper to you how I feel
I make too much noise
But you never quetch
It's okay to cry, you say
Let it all out
I want to hear your voice

There are times I rejoice
As my pen dances
Because in you I found a true ally
You're the documentation of my fears and hopes

My fountain of happiness
Let the ink splatter
And words scatter
To reach ears that need comfort
So that we overcome wars we've fought
Since the day we stumbled and fell

Massage my heart
With ink
And tranquilize this joyful pain

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Merged Palms

Life feels like a trap of some kind
You're always in pain
Always writhing
Crying, begging the chains
To loosen just a little

I know your pain
The glistened eyes
And the ball of pain lodged in your throat
Every moment feeling flogged
The despair
Everything looks bleak
Everything is bleak
And you're about to give up

You go home to a lonely house
It's empty as your stomach
You wonder what will touch your hunger
And chase it away
A stray tear escapes your eye
When you think of this

Merge your palms
Call unto God
He will hear your cry
He will answer
Remember you were never alone
Lean on Him

There ain't nothing to hard for Him
Your story He can change it
Your pain, forget numbing
He call heal you
The itching scars and the bleeding wound
All of that He can change
You're not alone
You're not forgotten
Know that

Messages

I'm out window shopping
Feasting my eyes on things
I wish I'd buy if I had the money

A stranger approaches as I try to
Disappear into next aisle
I make a way for him to pass
But he halts to a stop
To greet me and tell me I'm beautiful

I'm beautiful
I never expected anybody to tell me that
Let alone a stranger
And for some odd reason
It's the something I've been yearning to hear

I later head home smiling
Feeling beautiful
Then I get to this thinking
This is what life is about
Making a difference in people's lives
Motivating people around us
Giving them hope and a smile

I'm thinking
We are all messages to others
Our minds are full of letters
We should send out
For as long as we're alive
That's what we should do

A little kind deed
Can make a huge impact
Don't hold on to the good in you
Let it overflow
Let it show

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Mine

I am a man familiar with heartbreak and friends with misery
It might take a while to adjust to this world you introduced to me
You hacked away the shell of my heart
Exposing this vulnerable being I don't even know
I was empty but you filled me up

Pardon me my love
If I don't love you right
I'm still on the learning curvature
Still trying to warm up to this jubilant creature you unleashed
Because of you I am a happy man

Currently I am analysing the wave of emotion that swooped through me
When I laid my eyes on you
Is this what love feels like?
Is this what I have been denied all my life?

Please tell me you are here to stay
Because I don't want this feeling to go
Just hold my hand and walk with me
Drag me if you have to
Please promise to never let me go

I'm just a man willing to be all you deserve
Willing to learn how to love you
Be forever mine

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Morwalo (Burden)

I remember the time I was suicidal
My mind was windy with thoughts
There was a kite in my mind
Made of "you're a burden" and "kill yourself";
I got so close to severing my lifeline
But I didn't
I don't know why
I don't regret it though
In fact I could say I'm glad I didn't, most times

I get tired of feeling like I'm not enough
I get tired of being told I'm not enough
I get tired of trying because
Everything I do is never enough
I'm not ready for the end of the story
But sometimes, I want to end my book midsentence
I could say that.

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Moto/Fire

Tumezaliwa na makaa ya kung'aa ndani yetu.

(We are born with glowing coals within us.)

Burning ever so slowly.

We learn to fan them the moment we take to dreaming.

Mimi ni maji ya moto haiwezi kuua.

(I'm a fire water can't kill.)

I will burn until I decide to stop.

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Moving Bodies

Time is a train
On an endless move
Having only one stop:
Whatever comes after
We stop living

I heard its eternal life
I heard its eternal condemnation
I heard it's either one of the two
And that what we do while living
Forges the key
To unlock the door
To a world of our choosing
Heaven or hell

I've encountered many
Who were on their way to hell
Then changed their minds
I think choice is a beautiful thing
It draws emphasis on the whole
Idea of freedom

I grew up in church
Then grew out of it
No one said a thing
Because heaven is a personal journey
I think mama hoped I find
The way on my own
And I did

I can't tell you how it was
Discovering this Love
That was always awaiting me
All along
Falling in to arms that were always ready to receive me
When I talk of God
I talk of home, I talk of shelter

I'm safe here

Wanted
Loved
Cherished
This is where I choose
And want to be

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Never Stop Being You

We tell ourselves that
We will do unto others
As they do unto us
Because we're tired
Of being good
To those who wish bad unto us
We consider being nice
But lately nice
Means foolish
And we don't want
To look like fools
Yes, people laugh when
You constantly break
Your back for someone
Who folds their arms
When you need them

We forget
We are clouds carrying rain
Our job is pour ourselves
Unto others
Our job is to bless others
But we often choose
To hoard our water
Because not everyone
Will be happy
To see us rain
And it is strange
That sometimes
Those in need of help
Repay us with insults
Or later on badmouth us
When we do offer them our help

And it hurt sometimes
To help someone from the
Depths of your heart
Only for them to degrade you
Oftentimes, that's why

We stop doing good
Because no one appreciates it
We overlook our will
To serve the people
Because who wants
To be the one to always
Help people who never
Say thank you
Who spit saliva at them
Who rejoice when you fall

Who wants to carry
The one who once kicked
Them down on their
Shoulders
I should be saying me
You should be saying me
We all should be saying me
Because why are we so hung
In the past
The Lord has forgotten
All that we did in the past
Why can't we forget
What other people have
Done unto us in the past
Why are we judging
Others by their yesterday
Yeah, maybe they still
Haven't changed
But why must we change our minds
When we're to help them
Because of who they are
Why alter our purposes
Because of factors around us
Why not just do our part
Why can't we just do good
Unto others and expect
Nothing from them
Why should our goodness
Be repaid with a thank you
And good deeds

No Giving Up

Life is not a competition
There's no who is doing it better
Or doing it worse
There's no overtaking
Or running at snail pace as compared to so-and-so
So don't look at how far your age mates have gone
Don't measure yourself by their success
You too are destined for greater things
But remember greater things might not be
What you've seen around
After all we are all of different talents
Shouldn't we then enjoy the different fruits

Fact that you are down
Doesn't mean you're done for
Being miserable now
Doesn't mean you'll never be happy
Be hopeful

You can crawl out of that gaping hole
Go on to be the greatest you
You could ever be
And that is all you should focus on
Being a better you
But then again this is only
One man's view
All you should know though
Is you will make it
Your tears are worth it
Worth as much as your effort
Your patience is worth it
All this is a process
A part of your becoming
Don't give up

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

No Title

Imagine if we were ordinary
Untitled books
Standing side by side
Same structures
Just different body weight,
Skin color and content
Would we still be fighting to be the best?

I'm tired of identifiers
So sick of being labeled
Just call me human
Give me no other title

I will stick to the definitions
If you need specifications
Just call me the Azanian Queen
If you need you narrow it down
Then go with Poet
But I'd prefer it if you gave me no title

This is what caused the separation
The identifications and classifications
That's it just call me human

So what if you and I are different
Aren't we all?
Each
How long will we be separated
Be fit into boxes
We want to be equal and yet

So many ways to describe
You can my weight, complexion,
Scars and height
Why do I need a name again?
Why am I called black?
Is my skin darker than charcoal?
Just call me human
I don't need a title

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Not Good Enough

He said I wasn't good enough
Pointed a finger
At what he thought
I should change
For him I altered myself
He left me for another
When he was left with nothing
To change

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Not Yours To Love

Between my not so fresh breath
Stuck between a crack
I've long stuffed memories past
If this old memories
Carried by the wind every where I go

I'm stricken with remembrance
Can't get over the time
I scraped your wounds with my eyes
Your painful limp, a remembrance of travailing
You had gone to the hospital to buy a new baby
Always had a love for doll
Your baby had been a beautiful doll, lifeless
What an open wound you were
Hemorrhaging spilling into every human you came across
But nobody could help you

Fast forward, you became a house with no windows filled to the brim with
darkness
Confusing yourself for a dam most times
Crying everything afloat
Afloat for the pain never went away,
You've never healed

Looking at the future,
I want to give you of the sun
Give you all the warmth, all the light
I want to make you happy

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Numb

Maybe love is a fantasy
We all fall for

And maybe you realized this
On a late night
When I was fast asleep by your side
And in that moment you decided to save yourself

What I'm sure of is, when I woke up in the morning
Your side of the bed was cold
And your closet was empty as I am now

I don't live
I merely wake up, go to work, go to sleep, repeat
I'm robot at this point

Maybe love is a fantasy
But I believed in it
It was my reality
Without it I'm nothing
I'm numb

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

On Depression 1

You're more like shackled
Chained by your emotions
Your bed is the only tolerable thing
You sleep all day
Only to wake up
And be arrested by pain
You don't know why that is

Good is something not in your vocabulary
A smile is foreign
You don't know what happy is
You don't even recall being that
Or if happy is a feeling or state to start with

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

On Depression 2

You're like a house with no windows
No light comes through
Worsw
You are being swallowed by darkness
After some time you start to think
That's where you belong
In that abyss
In that cell
Where only tears have a voice

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Once I Was Lost

I had been drumming my ribs
Trying to save myself from the gnawing silence
It had picked on me
'Til there was nothing left to trade for a chuckle
I had no nickle,
No strength
Nothing of my own except my body
An empty body
A hollow casing I couldn't even trade for peace
Because it is sin to kill
And even though I hadn't always clung to the cross
I was never that much of a rogue
To defy the Word to that extent

I knocked on desperation's door
And she let me in
At that moment I was preying on a grave
Praying for death
Living ain't easy especially when
You're holding your breath hoping to die
I should know
I have been there

I wasn't even twenty and yet
I had reached a dead end
Trapped by time, there was no going back
Turn the hourglass upside down
You'll see for yourself
I searched for anything
That could relieve me of the burdens
Of this world
Something luminous
To chase away the darkness, the brokenness

I had been lost
And I guess at some point I gave up
Never thought I'd find my way
Never thought I'd be found
But just when I was 'bout to give in

There was Jesus

He turned things around
Made a strong foundation right there
At rock bottom
Healed me, now I bear the scars
As a sign of what I've been through,
What I endured

Every morning, I open my eyes
To a season of spring
I'm blooming
I'm booming
I'm beaming

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Pen And Paper

My thoughts like to lie down and rest their heads
So they take the white pages for their bunk beds

I like to see my pen put them to sleep
Draw them into meaningful heaps
I get satisfaction leading them to their destination

From my mind they billow
Descend to pages where they wallow
In the sweet fragrance of liberation

I don't like drawing commas
Or even a point
When I write
Coz then ideas take a respite
Or go into induced comas

Despite the fact that I need to drain
My thoughts; distain
Really I can't afford to miss my daily joint

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Phases/Faces Of Life

There was a time
When I wanted to open up
My skin at the hinges of my wrists
To see how many iron coins
Would fall out of my container

There was a time
I would pull strings of tears
From my eyes
Trying to see if I could come up with the sea
I still haven't figured out what it takes
To make impressions on my face
So for most part I cried
But the water I couldn't hold

There was a time I'd look back
Thinking I'd become a pillar of salt
My skin weighs so heavy on my bones
My soles hurt to even exist
How do I make the dust disappear

One time I threw myself in the air
To see how far I could discard disappointment

I was taught to read
Using my achievements
I don't know what comes after seven

There was a time and it's no more
Buried in yesterday
The past is a series of graves
I don't even know why I exhume
The dead
There was a time
And I no longer care for it

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Pretend No More

I have a
Hard time keeping alive
Hard time being
Hard time fighting off crowds of thoughts
Hard time keeping sadness at bay
And I can no longer chest this gloom

I can no longer be what is expected of me
Can't be a museum of smiles and everything good any more
I can no longer pretend

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Prey

You're in some kind of prayer
Except you're praying to no God
But a human
Idol, you love him

Palms kissing
Sweat dripping
You've lost so many drops
Your hands turned into a sculpture

On your knees
You beg
For his mercy and then for love
You beg him
To leave you alone and then for him to stay
You've been on your knees for so long
The floor has carved itself
into cups trying to hold your knees more gentle
(The only thing trying to hold you gentle)

Your voice
You've projected it until it seemed like white noise
Still, he won't hear your cries
Loving, oh loving can be a trauma on its own
Especially when you're blind
And you love where you're not wanted
Then you become a beggar
And on this street no one wants to help
Everyone gives you spit for change

Listen to your conscious
As it keep asking
When will you love yourself
Don't you know you deserve better
When will you realize
He only sees your blood as paint
And he loves refurbishing his house
When will you realize
You're too gentle a breeze to deserve a bruise

You're worthy

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Prisoner?

Sometimes we spend eternity trapped
in holes we were meant to spring out of
so whats your prison, your mind or the situation?
When are you freeing yourself?

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Race On

To the boy that wanted
to change the world
Go on dreaming
One day you'll see
You'll leave it reeling
And you'll be at ease
By the sea
Beaming
And while there swimming
Both in the water
and the reality of your dreams
I'll there
Giving you a hug
even I doubt you'll bear

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Reed

In sorrow
I was drowning
Arms flailing
Groping at anything
That could buy me
One more second

You were a reed
Floating
On the ocean's tongue
A little faith I had
When I grabbed you
A little faith I had
Hoping you'd save me
And there's no sense
In this
I've tried to find logic
In how
A little reed
Skinny and lifeless
Saved me

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Rest In Peace, I Think

Those close to you witnessed you slip away
I hope it was in faith
That you were going to the Father
I hope the promise of life after the death of our bodies
Gave you enough hope

We haven't lost you
We just lost touch
You are not here with us
But you still exist

All the love has been left behind
Hearts still burst with love
We will always remember you
For what you've done, for who you were

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Rhyming Equals Poetry?

We never got the appraisal
Never heard, we need to rhyme
If we're to become poets
Do it like Shakespeare
Or get awarded with a leer

Each day humanity grows colder
Like time approaching winter
We groom stiff shoulders

Words arrows to kill self confidence
To sap life's essence
Disparaging people's exertion
Demoting good actions

That's all we ever do
Build barricades
Bury brothers beneath boulders

We never give credit when it's due
Citizens with degrees in degrading
We grade and throw shade
Kindness fades
Earth is the extension of the Hades

Should I rest my pen
Since rhyming is beyond my ken?
What if I don't write for the fans,
Should I still halt my plans
To compile a poem collection?
Poetry has been redefined?
Is opting not to rhyme now a crime?
Would I have been fined
If perchance I hadn't at all rhymed?

Tell me if this is poetry
Why don't I ever get a consideration?
My sheer determination
Going unseen

Where have you been
Give me an explanation
Because if rhyming is the it
I wouldn't be throwing a fit

Imagine if I hadn't rhymed
I wouldn't have written a poem
But then again
The rules are bound to change
After all boxes are being constructed
People are being obstructed

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

River

I hate love stories
I think they are overrated
They ain't no happy ever after
For the living
Even the dead don't know happy
They settle instead for peace

When you say river
I think love
River
Carves itself into your soul
Then begins to run
And it runs for a season
Then stops just like that

I have endless rivers within me
Some I don't even have names for
My father is the first depression you come across
Everyone that came after
Took after him
But I'm not afraid of flowing

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Ruby Heart

Ink splattered between lines
Don't worry words won't be confined

Coffined feelings exhumed
Hide nothing
Let everything go

Dreams are a reality chanting
Give them life
Even if they are not fully formed, give them life
Sometimes the best message comes incomplete
Maybe these papers are at times incubators

Messenger
Send them letters
I'll be checking the mailbox

A precious heart
I say ruby knowing I'm wrong
We're mostly underestimated
I think none can fathom the price you're worth
But God

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Run (To The) Forest

Honeymoons shouldn't last that long
Even if they are the pre-wedding ring phase
And honey never spoils
But ours did
Sweet as a dream
Real like illusion
Never thought it'll fade away,

I loved you
In fact I'd still omit the "d";
Even after you broke my heart in two
You said you loved me too
Sad part, even showed you love me
That had me sinking in quicksand
But I was happy

"Let's try for a baby";
That we did
Then I was two weeks late
To my period and you told me its okay
That you were happy
The last time we talked

How could you want something so bad
Then repel it
Run from it
Stay away from it
Like its contagious
Not like laughter,
Ebola maybe

How can you want something so bad
Then when it unveils itself
You act like it doesn't exist
Have you trouble believing
You are a creator

It's been years now
That child you said you wanted

She's here
She asks about you
How do I tell her
You wanted her and then you didn't

I'm not a murderer
But I could say you're dead in the stories I tell,
But I don't want that
Anyway, thank you
You gave the best gift ever

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Sandwich

I'll lie flat
And stagnant
Even if I were to be bitten
By a gnat
I won't scream or shout
Sandwich me
Between yesterday
And a boulder
Take your time, the deadline is today

When I cry out
Just give me a cold shoulder
Bashed, beaten
Leave me be
Imagine yourself as a deaf stranger

As I'm stuck here
Pray it rains
So I may be drenched
In water
That'll be the only time
I take a bath

That'll be the only time
I do anything
I won't eat
I won't drink
I swear I wouldn't breathe
Except that's my lungs'
Decision not mine

This is the story
Of how my depression
Takes form
Except I never ask for it
Be me for more information
But I bet I make a mean sandwich
Seeing how I'm prone to be depression's regular order
I bet I make him happy

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Shrivel

All my life
I never quite fit in
Then I found you
Then I knew
No matter how hard
The wind threatens the tree
The leaves may rustle
And fall until none is left
But me

People came
People left
But I remained
Forever?
I believed that
Until one autumn came
And it suffocated and died
With the rest of the trees

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Shut You Out

Once upon a time when love reigned
When the heart was pregnant with happiness
And with expectation that we will forever be
When we talked about ten years to come and saw us united as one
Those days when listening to each others' heartbeats felt like we were listening
to love songs
When the atmosphere was charged with ecstasy
When you didn't have to say I love you for me to feel it
When i was the queen parading around as I please in that heart of yours
When memories of our good days brought a smile

Well now it brings tears
A relationship so ripe now rotten
It's sad to think that you still wear the crown of love and live in the castle of my
heart still
And I just can't unlove you
I have a strong desire to throw you out of mine heart
But what's the use 'cause you've already corrupted my mind
furthermore on the walls of my heart you wrote your story in bold letter
But still I want to shut you out
I want to forget all about you

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Six In The Mourning

One last song
To a soul lost
Poured to the heavens
As thanksgiving
Maybe as an offering
Or a protest

The last goodbye
Standing by the grave
Watching
As the casket descends
Praying, hoping
This is one bad nightmare

Tears decorate desperate eyes
Run down hillocks
Kissing the dust at thy feet

Goodbye tastes sour to the tongue
But we sing
We sing our lungs out anyway
We sing
We have to
This is the last time we
Converse with our loved one
We sing
This is how we say
I love you

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Some Direction

I've been thinking lately
Of the place I've given God in my life
I had thought he was the driver
Of the vehicle that I am
It just dawned on me,
He's not
Because I have given Him
The place of passenger
I tell Him my plans
Expect Him to be pleased with them
His voice is no longer the GPS
I don't go where He leads me

I'm jamming to "where you go I go"
By Kim Walker-Smith
Feeling every word drop on my soul
Deep down I know that's not the case
I've gotten so used to giving in to my flesh
When I got lost I turned to myself
When I found myself in the mire
I asked my hands to save me
Three years I wasn't able

I've been thinking lately about how
We're are radios with only two stations,
The carnal channel and the Spirit
You can't expect to hear from God
While trapped in your fleshly desires
You can't run after God while in the flesh
So mostly we hear from ourselves
How do you like your voice
How do you like where it has led you
How do you like your tribulations
Still think you can save yourself

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Somewhat Blinded By Loss

It was autumn
The season I lost
Everything I ever cared about
Stricken by grief
I got so down from losing
All my leaves I fell
And for a long while
Settled in an abyss

Fast forward
It was spring
I was trying hard to revive
All the leaves at my feet
I didn't realize I had new ones

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Sorcerer

The hour strikes twelve
The day tears itself down from the present
Immediately becomes past

The new day is so young
Everything is brittle, vulnerable even
The mirror has exchanged her hard exterior for liquid silver

She runs out of the light she refracted
For a moment she's naked, true to herself
She falls to the floor
Cries her pain to sobriety

Then day comes and she's again tough
Reflects all the smiles people throw at her
Deceives everyone into thinking she's happy

She will again lose herself
When darkness crawls in,
Sorcerer

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Soul Cacophony

Better a broken heart
Than a shattered soul
For shards of a heart
Only quake the mind
And break the dam of tears
But a spoilt soul
Massacres optimism
Brings about somberness
Pushes one to consider
Themselves worthless
And attract suicidal thoughts

And once the spell
Is cast it's almost
Impossible to dispel
Better a be abacinated
Than have a sighting of doom
A taste of perdition

Soul cacophonies
Inner man confictions
Collapsed soul
Reeking, leaking
Drowning
The heart, the mind
Corroding one's identity
Effacing confidence

What can the hands do?
If not to witness the body
Drown, submerged
In a corrosive body of soul

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Superbia

They say pride comes before a fall
But at times only the onlooker recognizes the slipup
Because the lordly are too busy looking over their own heads
To see the imperfection of something they painted to reflect perfection

I want to be honest with you
I feel insulted when my intelligence is being belittled
Whether unintentionally or not

Imagine reading something that the writer had stated you're going to need a dictionary to get through
Only to find out that you knew all the seemingly complex words used
On top of that some have been misspelt
Now,
How am I supposed to feel?
How am I to respond?

The purpose of this poem is to remind everybody out there
That we're all bound to make mistakes
And that we should humble ourselves
Make room for growth
And squash that superbia

Yes, we all have that thing we feel good about
Even I have things that I feel are awesome
Things that when I look at I feel like I'm a great somebody
And yes I said feel because that's just my consciousness screaming
I don't really know about the rest
But that doesn't mean that I have to rub it off anyone's face

Being egocentric if at all you consider it mandatory requires perfection and consistency
Another thing,
If you feel, if you feel like I was talking about you
I'm so sorry but this is something I've been carrying in my heart for more than 5 years
It was about time I removed the weight
It's hard for it to beat now because of all the calluses

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Talking Of Death And Love

Wounds like that have big mouths
Never truly close
No matter how much time you give them

A loss like that
Burns to chars
The smell never goes away
Your heart black and soot
You'll never be the same

When love drowns like that it floats
Never sinks to the bottom
Even after the casket descends
You don't cry without choking on it
You don't mourn without running out of air to breathe

A loss like that leaves you dying
You, a green garden begin to wilt
I heard that first I had to sin
Before I could begin to die
Forgiveness is the cure
But not of the body

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Teeth

Sometimes my teeth collect gold dust
But it's of no use
Because as it turns out even gold decays
I've smelt that horrible breath
That comes with the beauty
The kind that collects on my tongue
I'm forced to scrape the crust
Until they're white again
Only then can I be free to bare my teeth
When I smile

Over and over I'm forced do the same job
It reminds me of friends
The ones that illuminated my life
And gave me a reason to keep fighting
It reminds me of how good they actually were
Until they were not
Golden eggs don't always have beautiful chicks
Gold on my teeth
Mold in my life

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Tell Him

Tell God I said I give up
Won't be folding my body
And resting it on my knees anymore
Won't be uttering His name
He's a closed chapter
I will no longer visit Him

Tell God I said I give up
Still haven't figured out if
I'm giving up on Him or on myself
But I'm giving up on something

Tell God I won't be running to Him
Won't be dishing up my troubles
Won't be crying at His feet
No, not anymore

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Temple

I want to stuff this building
With love
Like simple dolls with cotton
After, I will speak and radiate joy and peace
In to every person I come across

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

The House Finally Knows My Secrets

The room has stuffed itself with silence
Keeps eying me
I know it wants to say something
I know it knows about the skeletons
In my closet
I know it fears for its life too
I wonder if it'll sigh out of relief
When I finally leave for the day

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

The Mark

I keep forgetting
Become Lord over my own life
Determine where and how the dice must fall

I remember the first time I was on the track
Trying to see who could chase
The wind better
Between my friends and I
Upon reaching the finishing line
I knew I could conquer small wars
From then on
There wasn't a fight I shied out of

Now I'm older
Every time I make myself an idol
I lose the sight of God
I get lost often
I wonder
How do you stop being your own pillar
When you're trying to be dependent on God

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

The Night Dares Me To Stop Breathing

The night dares me to stop breathing
Dares me to coerce my body to shut down
Dares me to make myself to stop breathing
I say, No!

A void
That's what I have within me
An emptiness that grows and grows
An emptiness that eats at me
There's nothing to me within this casing
There's nothing to my name
Callouses on my hands,
I keep slaving but I can stop
Drowning in the quicksand of poverty
My skin is cracked with need
But I keep waiting for a better day
The day dawn will unveil itself
And the budding flowers bloom

The night dares me to stop breathing
Dares me to coerce my body to shut down
Dares me to make myself to stop breathing
Again I say, No!

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

The Other Woman

3pm, a call comes through
She tells me she's been reading the messages we exchanged
She says, "I can tell you really love this man, my man"
Your man?
No, it can't be
He told me I'm his forever
Told me he loves me
She tells me, "I'm the one with ring on the finger
I'm the one who he comes home to"

World crashes on my chest
It gets hard to breathe
This can't be happening
He said he loves me
He promised me a future together

Head full of mist
I wonder
If it was ever love
Was I "the night with the boys"
Or a "long day at the office"
What excuse did he give
Every time he was with me

All those dreams of the future
The long strolls by the riverbank
The explosive laughter
And the tingling joy
Were a waste of time
I was just the other woman
And I love him

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

The Road To Healing

You spend time closing yourself up
Only to figure out
None of the craters and gaping wounds
You stitched up was the source
Of the pain you felt

Now a little louder is the pain
Calling for your attention
Asking you to look at the wounds
The wounds your body doesn't bear

You play doctor
You know, typical African
Hoards this phobia of hospitals
Wouldn't drag their body there
Unless they are at the brink of death

You suture and suture
Then suture some more
But you won't stop bleeding
Pain into the present
Everything you touch is left
Stained with your pain

It is only then that you realize
You have crotched your skin
But it is your soul
That has been oozing all along

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

There's A Process To This

For the wound to heal
You have to remove
The shards of glass first
Only then can you consider
Disinfecting and suturing
In whatever step they occur
But you find that most of us
Try to heal open wounds
With anger and tears
Then wonder why the pain never goes away
But rather intensifies

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

These Seams

When I think of home
I see strings tying me to different faces, to different cases
I see smiles, tears of joy, light bouncing off my grandmother's face

I hear chatter, feel my grandfather's voice waking curiosity within me
When I think of home I think of the family photos hanging from the wall
Sneaking out of the house at night to hang with my cousins
The beauty of it all

I think a man is defined
Among other things
By his love for family
Love, is all I see when we come together
It's the first thing I hear before the hello
What I see in every hug exchanged
I'm taken by surprise every time

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

This Is Grace

I often look back
(Forever moving forward)
My past is full of spiderwebs
That failed to trap me
I'm not lucky
No, this is not luck
This is grace

When I was a youngling
I'd sit on the pew
And my heart would yearn
Call for worldly things
Call for the offering on the basket
Call to own all that wasn't mine
But I could never answer
Then one day what I couldn't respond
To stopped calling for me
(That's how I learnt about unrequited love)

When I was fifteen I'd grin my way to church
It was the only time I knew how to bloom
One day mom caught sight expanded buds
She questioned my sanity
Said nobody had ever dared to walk around exposed like that
I told her when I think church,
I imagine an embrace,
I do love hugs

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Time

Let's kill time, you'd say
Like we could ever
Can't you see time killed
Our youth, our childhood
Everything and everyone
We've once cherished
Can't you see
All the dead bodies of seconds
All around us
The hands on the clock
Taken for souvenirs
No, let's hold hands
Let time do the killing
Maybe it'll kill something we can do without
Like sadness, tears, pain
Maybe we would rejoice,
This time

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Title Less

Some days poetry is synonymous with saving the world and in that chapter
you're the world dying at the hands of meteorites and black holes.

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

To Everything That Went Right And Left

The suns lips on your naked skin
Kissing you all over
Your best friend by your side
Saying, even if life be a monster
We'll conquer

This is to everything that went right
Stayed
Or later left
Remember when I told you I loved you
I still do
Remember when I told you you're my sister, brother
That you mean the world to me
That truth still stands

I checked your wall last night
Smiled
Everything seems to be going your way
I'm happy

To everything that went right then left
Remember if you're ever stranded
I'm still home
You can always come back
If you need to

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

To See You Hurting

I want to come closer
Offer you my shoulder
I want to come near
And give you an ear
I can't handle the muffles I hear

The emotional cries for help
I just can't just stand here
While you sitting far away
Sniffing
Trying to look for a way out
Struggling on your own

You want a way to relieve the pain
Desperate for aid
Because your problems won't fade
Needing somebody to take heed
Listen without judging
To give you good advise

But I'm still nursing the cicatrices
Resulting from the hydrochloric acid you threw
I think there's still some residue
Because my skin won't stop burning
Or is it your words that got my mind churning

You confessed
The world got you oppressed
And now you're depressed
I don't want to see you hurting
I don't want to see you helpless
I don't want to see you hopeless
But I'm scared to approach you

I know the kind of words you can spew
What can I do?
How do I help from a distance?
I can't help but give a stance
Because I'm really scared of you

And yet I don't want to see you hurting
I never wish for you to be dressed with melancholy and despondency
What am I to do?

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Trance

I don't recall the last time I fell head first in love
And wasn't in some kind of trance
It holds its breath blocking out the pain
Its stillness, brings along this euphoria unexplainable
It's like being in some kind of Elysium

I don't recall the last time love wore off like a drug
Wore off all at once
And heart wasn't clenching with pain
Pain that was always there
But not always felt
Heart attempting to beat, only to juggle all the broken pieces
No, I don't

And that's why I'm scared to love again
I know I'll be left writhing in pain
When love finally finds reason to walk away
I know I'll break myself when I fall, I always do

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Treasure Hunting

It was night
Tears were nigh
But we still gathered the strength
To count the stars

It was dark
It was bleak
The future was a wasteland
But we talked about gardens
Flourishing with flowers

There's beauty lurking
In the night
When everything good has spilt
And there no hope
When it reveals itself
We call it dawn

Life can be a hailstorm
Hitting you all over
Leaving you black and blue
But the same life can be calm
Whispering a breeze in the smallest voice
Be patient for when that happens

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Trees

Most of us don't know we go through
And experience all the four season trees do
That's why we fight so hard
To reattach the people and things
We lost in autumn
And hardly notice the leaves
We've gained in spring

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

U Before I

I don't know how to put U before I anymore
That's the best thing to ever happen to me
Knowing that I matter too

I remember when used to mess up the alphabets, anything and everything made
it to the list before I did
And I felt I belonged in last place

I used to put everyone before myself and where I put "we" they'd flip
the "w" and come out with "me";
I drained myself, gave everyone my everything remaining with nothing
Gave all I had in return for nothing
Everyone in the end had too much but was unwilling to share with me

I have learnt my lesson
So go ahead and call me selfish for wanting to love you at my own terms For
crumbling and throwing "compromise" in the bin if it means I'd be
the only one to sacrifice
For not wanting to fit in your schedule

Sorry I'm no fool
You want your heart flawless but adorned with pieces of my heart
I won't break myself apart for you

I won't run myself empty to make you happy I'm not the girl I used to be
Please don't compare me with "other girls", I already know who I
want to be and you already know I'm like no other

I remember when I was younger and mama asked me what I was wanted to be,
I had meant to say I've never been ambitious about anything
That I don't want to pick from a list that's been there before she was born but I
chose to say dentist instead
I hope she gets to ask me again, I want to tell her I want to be Me.

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Untitled

A gentle caress by wind
A nostalgic strain
Falling on my cranium
A familiar flower, one we've admired before
And all the wounds are bleeding again
All of them recall the day you left
The way you made them feel
They again bleeding,
Perhaps running after you
To beg you to stay

Do we ever heal?
Do we ever truly divorce the pain?
Do we ever dwell with a pain dormant
Never to erupt again?
Does the past ever forget itself?
Will it always drag it's feet to the present?

I'm like an open cast mine way after it was abandoned
Empty, carved out, vulnerable, joyless
I've stuffed myself with cotton balls before
All the know it to suck the past
I sit around and get buried in memories unwanted

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Voices In My Head

I keep quiet hoping to shut my thoughts
but the voices in my head keep screaming
Like abandoned children in a burning house
Worst part is, I lost my voice
I'll only further strain my cords
If I shout or try to shush them
So when they talk
I don't talk back
They say hi
And I only stare back
They poke me with their tongues
And violent hands
And I fold my body in a corner
Then run like a river
Sometimes I wonder,
Can one turn their feelings off like a stove?
Wouldn't it be nice not to feel?

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Waiting For Rain

I would hold out my open palms
Trying to catch snow flakes of success
But I'd miss

I'd go to church
Fall to my knees with tears
In my eyes
Words marching upward
Then wonder, did my father
In heaven die on me
Like the woman who carried me to term did

I would strip myself naked
Think I'd rouse the future
But I'm not her type
And she's gay with someone who's not me

I called myself Joseph
Thinking, maybe God will remember me
Am I forgettable
Alzheimer's, have I been wiped from memory

"My future had been a wasteland"
My future had been hopeless
Had a degree to my name
But it was worth mold

Do you know how it is
To beg, not pray
But beg for breakthrough
I do
I begged until I gave up
But listen

Sometimes we are not getting anywhere
Because we don't know
The power we possess
"Ask you shall be given"
Cultivate faith and you shall reap

I was a dead man
Walking to church
Like mourners on a Saturday
Going to the cemetery
It wasn't home yet
It had never been home
Until it did
And then, everything fell into place

I've hungered for these days
When the sun avails itself
I've always wanted this
And all I had to do to get it
Was to chase God
Not success
I've starved myself for this
If only I had known
That faith is the key
To every door I'm to open

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

War

You wake up
To find out
When you passed out
You were naked
With death breathing heavily
On your neck

You try to sneak out
But he (death)is pressing you down
Now you have to patiently wait
For him to stir up
Say,
Hi, darling how are you doing?
You're praying
He won't want to commit
Himself to you

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Warrior

I know how life gets sometimes
How it turns into this dome
Full of gloom and hopelessness
And there's nothing you can do or say
To make the situation better
And the light bulb hope within you
Dies leaving everything in total darkness
Those days are the worst
Those days are like a curse
You can't wish them away
And they stretch and stretch for the longest time

Have you ever felt like you're wilting from within?
I do sometimes
And you try to water yourself with words and water
But you keep shriveling
That desire to live depleting
The rhythm getting closer to a flat line
Yes, Life sometimes torments us
As if it enjoys seeing our bodies collapse
As if it's a joyous scene having us
Mourning in intense pain
The air sometimes is made of micro pins
You can feel them pierce your lungs
As you breathe
But that doesn't mean
You should stop breathing

It sure is hard to stay afloat
When life is pulling you down
But we can be victors
The shore is within reach
These tribulations may simulate mountains
But do not give in
Do not stop fighting
Giants fall at the hands of tiny bodies
Fight and never give in
Fight with all your might
Do not sit still in hopelessness

And watch trials gnaw at you

You have strength immeasurable

Even when you don't feel it

You can overcome it all

Take a stand

Problems are passing

"Tribulations come and go

An exercise for the living

A trial run to determine

Our strength and endurance"

Next time problems

Approach as they shall

Remember, we're stronger than we

Perceive

Anything that comes your way

You can defeat it

You have all you need to win a war!

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Waves Of My Mental Chords

The mind unstrung
No gust to wake the dust
No obstacle to delay my mental relay
No disruption to my mental song

A song unsung unheard to the human ear
Provoke my hand and give it a story to tell
Stories born of truth and seasoned with an imagination
I possess chords without a restriction nor limit
I got a mental access to dreams of a man I've never met

I've worn a thousand shoes
And only owned ten pairs
They say the brain is squishy
I say Nah mine is molten rock
A dormant volcano ever hot
Stewing words
Honey give me a poem I'm famished

I pour in poetical construct
Build alphabetical mansions
I close my eyes to rest my body because it fails to catch up with my train of thoughts
I don't dream I make detailed plans in my sleep

Lyrical epiphany
Waves of my mental chords produce a symphony
Wind calming harmony
This is words prepared from the furnace
Made from a burning heart
To scald your brain
And steam up your thoughts

Hot under pressure
Words without measure
I write even in my leisure
My mind is ever ready to rupture
This is the word of a poet
I blink ink and spit my truthh

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

We Choose What To Believe In

I think
If Love be imposed
We all be slaves
No voice to say no
Just robots
Working to fulfill mandatory objectives
Programmed to please

Breaking our backs
Because we have no choice
But,
We have a voice
We get to choose
We get to embrace love
And if it suits us,
We get to denounce it

Then seek something more befitting
Of our love
Our time
Our praise
We get to choose our truths
We make our beds

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

We're Strong

Sometimes it seems like
Life purposely torments us
To see if our hearts will fail
As if it's fun watching us
Moaning and mourning
In intense pain

We're forced to breathe
An air full of micro pins
They say life gives us lemons
So we make lemonade
Well, lemon is sour to the taste
Not afflictive
So what can we prepare
Out of bags of saturated pain?

I've witnessed some fight
To stay afloat
In a sea of catastrophe
Kicking and groping at the air
Wanting to swim inshore
With bricks weighing them down

These problems look much bigger than us
But we fight anyway
Fight with all our might
But at times we just give in
Just sit still and watch trials gnaw at us
It can be quite draining
Fighting a war that's unfavorable

But here is the naked truth
You can overcome it all
Young warrior
Tribulations come and go
An exercise for the living
A trial run to determine
Our strength and endurance

We have strong hearts
But fragile mentality
Once we figure that out
We would know
The only time we're weak
Is when we judge the weight of
Our problems with our eyes
In doing so most fights are lost
Before they even begin
Because the eyes can deceive the mind

Yes, tribulations come
And go
Leaving behind a mark
Scars that either serve
As an accolade
That we rose from among
The dead victorious
Or as a sign of defeat

Next time when problems
Approach as they shall
Remember my words
We're stronger than we
Think, strength is a mine
Stored within our mentality
So be optimistic in the
Midst of suffocating problems

When trouble declares a war
Know that it is you who
Determines whether you'll
Win or lose
We're strong
Just look at how far you've come

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

What's Your Biggest Fear?

I guess it's losing all my words
All my thoughts
Crumbled up or neatly written
Lost to someone else
I get scared though there's a big
Trail of evidence
I have left on every platform
Showing I'm what I say I am
That I spat all these words
I claim as my own

What's your biggest fear?
I guess it's earning a place
Six feet under
Before I birth and present
My heirs to the world
I don't want to live a purposeless life
And words are all I live for

My biggest fear is
Being quiet with all these
Waves within me
I want people to surf
To swim
To dive
I want people to explore
The world I created

Even so I know
This fear
If I keep it
It's what will make me
Prematurely venture
Into the known world
A poet plunging to her death

What's your biggest fear?
Right now, nothing
I do have faith though

Faith that no one
Will kidnap my mind
Giving the world what's mine
Pretending it's theirs
And I'm ready
To face whatever
Will fall on my lap

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Who Am I To Be If Not Me?

You find me obsolete
My hair, my silence, my smile
I'm sorry you can't come
To appreciate them
As much as I do

You find my hair too nappy
For your liking
My silence too toxic
My smiling at strangers
Too polite, too human

I'm sorry I will not change
At your request
Be like other girls
Put a layer make up
To hide my blemishes
Maybe then I'd look better you say
Well I don't want better
I want me

I'm not perfect
I won't pretend I am
Who am I to be if not me?
And if I'm not me
Will you be happy then?

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Who Have You Touched?

Lord, my hands like Pinocchio's
Turn to wood
But only sometimes
Only when I'm to unravel myself
Only when I'm to talk of you
Only when I'm to write a poem
For your people

It's not the lies that lead to this
It's the fear
Of what people may think
Of those who'll take what's mine
Then go on to claim it as theirs

Father give life to my hands again
May they breathe down pages
Scribbling words you dropped into my heart

Lead me to be a stream
Running on these streets
Rushing into these people
Touching whoever will let me

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Within Me

I've started looking within
There are so many broken shards in here
So many pieces out of place
Can't believe all along I was looking at everyone but me

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Words Left Unsaid

He exited with a chest
Full of words buried deep
Within his chest
Having tried his best
For his deepest thoughts
To be exhumed
In the end was inhumed
With a heart so reddy
Stained by rotted hope

Truth is he'd assumed
They'd have compassion
And rent his soul harmony
After all they had known
He was a mind unmined
That he could hardly cope
And the cores of his heart
Were bound to collapse
Burying him underneath
The debris of his countless questions

Time elapsed
And he expired
They'd said they'll tell
When he was ready
Words they failed to keep
Truth never transpired
Questions were abandoned
Dangling around
Answers disclosed

The word goodnight was foreign
Her tongue knew not its significance
For night only brought monsters
She yearned not for it to approach
Because rain came by night
Left her body drenched in pain
And her emotions drowning in sorrow

Write

Write to touch or stir a soul even if its your own.
Write to be a good day, the sun beaming in the sky.

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Write Like Treasure

Peeking-
Into your mind prying
I have been trying
To come up with something
But your voice fell
In to my deaf ears
My inability to write like you
Has been a curse
Patiently-
I have been waiting for you
To say something I can decipher Treas

Finally, I heard you say,
It's amazing how we are afraid of goodbyes
But are eager to say hi
We embrace what we are afraid to lose
Sometimes I'm scared to love
Because I know I'll in time lose
I loved a girl called Eve
But she fed me a poisoned apple
Now I'm here writing poems

You said, "We give
For we've heard the hand that gives
Is blessed, not that we want to give."
And darn it I have poured my soul
Into offering baskets
Only to find I wasn't worshiping God
But idols
I feel like apologizing to myself
I've been
a fool
Strain my brain with a
Loofa
We'll call it a palindrome
See that
A fool, loofa
Darn it, I hate people who do that
I'm sorry Treas

This is a botched job

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

X

I guess you can say
The only thing
I've only ever aspired to be
Even before I realized it
Is what God wills for me
Otherwise I've always been
A child with no direction
Living a bleak life

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

You Can Make It

If life had a handbook
Everybody would own one
But how many would
Perfect it?
I bet many books would've
Gathered dust
Just like we do with
The Holy Bible
I know I'm guilty
You can just blame
Software applications

On the real though
I've owned about five phones
But I've never had use
For their manuals
I've always played around
Until I figured it all out
I'm telling you
Even with enchiridions
There'll still be need for bookworms
And there'll be people like us
The kind to never read
But rather poke around
To figure things out
The laborers

I'm trying to say that
You shouldn't feel
Bad for not being
Like the rest
We're all unique
There are things that
Some of us slave and fight for
That everyone else
Tend to think are worthless
Another man's garbage
Is another man's treasure
So they say

I happen to stand in
The same field of thought

You can make it
All you need is to exert
Enough energy
And burn the right
Amount of passion
Mostly do away with
Procrastination
And remember that
Sleep deprivation
Doesn't mean success
You need to focus
Have a determination
The right kind of motivation,
Perception
And drive
I hope I said something here

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

You Carry The Night And All Its Scars

It was the year of pretending my wrists were a rink
For the first time I wasn't the introvert
Who found freedom in caging themselves within the four walls of their bedroom
I found solace in being the only living being in my little world
Because of this, I would escape my crowded mind
To ice skate the night away
It numbed the pain, it smuggled a little piece and a little pleasure in my casing

I'd venture into the night
Tug at it thinking maybe when day unveils itself I would be found
But I'm not dawn
There's no assurance that I will show up

When you're lost using your desperation
As a compass to take home
You don't realize you're going deeper into the woods
I was lost in a hopeless place
Being here is a miracle on its own

Angela Bontle Ditumiso

Your Son Cain

I swore to always do right by you
I swore to always be honest with you
But that night I was stuck in the corner
Either way I would have lost the battle

My reaction would have yielded the same results
So I chose to protect your relationship with your son instead
I packed my bags and I left
Leaving you in tears and your boy in bliss

Of course I contemplated on telling you the truth
But would you have bought that Cain was lying
It would have been easier to believe I cheated either way

For weeks I watched as he flew
And each time my anger grew
How dare he?
And yet I let you be

I'm glad Cain finally confessed
And thank you for coming all the way here to apologize on his behalf
And yes honey I would love to be with you once again
And to love your son as my own

Angela Bontle Ditumiso