

Poetry Series

**ChiCyn Ndulaka**  
**- poems -**

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# ChiCyn Ndulaka()

I luv poetry! ! !

# A Runaway

A homeless runaway,  
may not belong to a family now,  
still got a life,  
have my own back,  
yet not a normal childhood.

It doesn't matter if I don't,  
I don't have to be like everybody else,  
If I got my own back,  
Then how I end up in this place,  
yet so hospitalized and so clean.

Smelling like the doctor's office,  
full of the familiar clean air,  
That i breathed once before,  
When I entered the world,  
with the person; who gave me life.

I feel so hurt,  
not even the bandages,  
that cover these wounds,  
crying in pain,  
can free me from it.

It's something I can't describe,  
I have never felt this before,  
I can't remember what caused this,  
I thought I'll always be okay,  
but I'm not anymore.

I have learned my lesson,  
that's so unforgettable,  
no eraser so tough,  
can erase this,  
yeah, my stupid and wrong decision.

Like leaving was my best plan,  
I know I wasn't the brightest,  
to choose to live a wretched, gang-like life,

that brought me here,  
and leave the ones I loved the most.

My life is not flawless,  
nobody's perfect,  
the kind of life I live now,  
is not better than the lifestyle I had before,  
aka the original.

My current lifestyle is only a fake,  
trying to form something it is not,  
a screw up and a mistake,  
anything,  
but the original.

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# Every Single Day

When the sun rises,  
nature comes out to play,  
with many days full of surprises,  
and maybe a little bit of gray.

As dark clouds begin to form,  
leaving no sunshine left to show,  
just like a rainstorm,  
without any sunshine glow.

As the rain drops begin to fall,  
it's as if there is no hope left,  
feeling stuck inside an inescapable ball,  
like finding happiness is a theft.

Some have a pocketful of sunshine,  
it's not a crime,  
having good luck is fine,  
it does not even cost a dime.

Why ask yourself 'why me',  
good luck is not pruned,  
bad luck is not bound to be,  
and it's not an everlasting wound.

No escape,  
take us away,  
there's no way,  
because many lives are out of shape.

The time comes...

Suddenly the rain drops begin to disappear,  
dark clouds begin to fade away,  
in the (now) , sunny day,  
more sunshine starts to appear.

A spark of light,  
Starts to flow out our hearts,

It becomes so bright,  
like a spark of arts.

It's like a casual day,  
really familiar,  
in a way,  
but not a total day of failure.

A day of confessions,  
Sadness,  
a little happiness,  
and a difficult daily life decisions.

It's what makes up all normal days,  
In many different ways,  
In the morning, noon, and night,  
That's right!

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# I'LI Survive

You can gossip about me anywhere,  
yet which are all lies.  
Have me work hard labour that day and night,  
like there's no tomorrow,  
but yeah, I'll survive.

Do I hurt you?  
Have you seen anyone like me?  
Could it be....  
the way I handle myself,  
the way I walk with dignity and pride,  
but yeah,  
believe me, I'll survive.

You may treat me like dirt,  
not worthy enough to spat on,  
like garbage,  
but still, I'll survive.

Do I make you feel guilty?

Have you felt sympathy for me?  
Is it because,  
I talk like I'm the winner,  
leader,  
hard worker,  
can speak every language there is,  
and a doctor with a PhD.  
Yeah,  
That's me.  
Who are you?  
Well, nothing like me,  
but still, I'll survive.

I may not look like,  
or be it,  
but in a way,  
I'm a millionaire.  
With a heart so pure,

that you desire,  
the leader of the people,  
some like me,  
with the wings,  
that will soar high,  
but still, I'll survive.

You may think you have it all,  
but you don't.  
You may look like you do,  
act like one,  
but you never will be.

Do I make you fear me?  
Are you jealous of me?  
Is it because,  
some people are,  
an succeeding group of people,  
the ones that help open the eyes,  
of most blind bystanders,  
leaders and achievers of freedom,  
speech,  
and civil rights.  
Now you get that most people,  
are different,  
and from others.  
Yeah.  
That's us.

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