

Poetry Series

**Ephraim Tshilo**  
**- poems -**

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# Ephraim Tshilo(1990-04-10)

# Are You A Slave?

Don't you have freedom to tell  
Are you not allowed to ask  
To free your opinion, your emotions, your feelings  
Have you been raped or abused  
Cant you go out at night  
Are you afraid of being nice  
Don't you have hands to stand a fight  
Like cowards, are you frightened, a quitter or terrified  
Have you got information that you don't like  
Stop being a slave and talk, our help is waiting for your talk

Ephraim Tshilo

# My Poetic Life

You got your life, I got mine  
Live yours and i will live mine  
This is how I make, I decorate, how I break  
most importantly how I live, this is my poetic life

It is not about how I go  
Its in about how I flow, how I rhyme, how I connect  
Words that come together like midnight and first second of the day  
My heart, mind and body itself  
Turns to be my lyrics, rhymes and poem itself  
When I inhale alphabets and exhale words  
When opening a news paper, I read a poem  
Walking along the street being saluted by a poet  
and when in custody I receive poetic justice  
Its then I perceive, this is not just any life  
This is my poetic life.

Ephraim Tshilo

# Peace

I woke this morning  
Thinking of yesterday  
When the world was full of blood, when the world was full of tears  
And I realised the day  
Long being waited for  
by our fathers mothers sisters and brothers  
The day of freedom, day of peace and reconciliation  
Has arrived  
Unleashed from thousand which would bring sorrow, pain and punishment  
unknown  
All is gone, now the book is shared  
It is now white on black ink  
The sky is bright and the soil is evidently rich on its dark colour  
Rivers dark ocean clean  
Black kids, white kids on same swing  
Discrimination, prejudice, apartheid  
All pushed away to coldest recesses  
People, evidently, accordingly and certainly enjoying(P.E.A.C.E)  
The fruit that life offers  
Giving their love  
Honour and obey strongly exercised  
Brothers and sisters greeting each other  
And the voice saying to me  
I came here to be the rely  
I am peace

Ephraim Tshilo

# Sometimes Teachers Cry

Students are lazy to learn and you won't see it on the aprons they wear  
For if clothes were to speak voices would be banned  
And our ears grow longer with desperation of what is true  
We speak but it seems our word is not taken  
So as teachers we cry out loud with believe that transformation is the key to  
their success  
Yet the patience we have can't carry us through to see graduations&quot; they  
remain on the same address  
Our fingers are crossed that their attitude is about to take a different direction  
but every year we experience the same mess

Ephraim Tshilo

# This Death Wont Reflect My Intentions

I see my life before my eye, if I had two eyes  
One I would use for my blinded site  
The things that I fail to see, the downfall to the person I have to be  
Pathway too weak for me and the Girl  
Can't complain cause' nigga's got the plan  
But still I'm a father to be. Don't care if my life is a lie  
Voices inside, my head, it's crazy like it's impossible  
Will I ever get to see daughter, mama will never see me prosper  
The investments I put in tomorrow, demolished and buried forever  
But why wouldn't I pass on my mind  
My pleasure to leave a sign that says the world was mine  
Can't forget what I've been doing  
Don't understand the songs I've been singing  
Damn! Hate these intense relations to early living  
Heaven Hell please get the message  
Question: how the hell? I'm young for Heaven's sake.  
A disease I would appreciate  
An accident I would tolerate, a nightmare I won't hate to hate  
Its reality I anticipate, a birthday that needs a cake  
I fake living of the matured who remain somehow shocked  
The way I walk out of this world  
Like lights are red and still I go like thoughts keep coming  
Keep coping, I'm great, it's slice of cake but I'm dying  
And this death won't reflect my intentions.

Maybe his thoughts are just over weight  
The million dollars he's about to make, it's more than the change he got  
yesterday  
Can't live for nothing but money cause' his psycho not strong enough  
Can't live for nothing but money cause' she got to eat when he is gone  
So he try to hustle and win, take advantage of the weak, disadvantage the wise  
Oh! He Fails. He fails! Hell He lost. His brain explodes Baah!  
Success codes can't crack, poverty looms, can't afford  
Last penny he can't spend this hunger he can't stand  
He kills to get rich, Kill for her survival, sentenced for justice  
Escape, house break, he fugitive, eliminated  
Perhaps that's not me, that's the person I am I don't want to be  
I do drugs I abuse, appreciate the hate for a positive attitude  
Hustle to the grave, hustle all the way to jail, Satanism, devil-wood

No dream like stars of Hollywood...  
It's dark, it's night, it's awful, a burden  
Life is labour its painful, you feel it when you broke its unaffordable  
So I die it kills me I emphasise  
This death won't reflect my intention  
Dear lookalikes of the no more body  
It's such a relief that you can foresee a bee failing to bear honey  
You walk with sense you can Foretaste no sugar, remind me  
Isn't it you who has a mind, or is it true on one side you blinded  
Open your mind your eye will give you opinion, and  
Open your heart your love brings freedom  
Yeah! But I love life I'm not free  
See you only love her on that aspect you free  
Except when he is broke and he needs what is best for me  
And you know he loves you that's all there is to be  
Money is coin daddy I am flash and blood  
Daddy loves you girly can't let you starve  
I try to keep it together it keeps crashing  
Water and oil would mix if I got God by my side  
Satan would forgive if let go of my pride  
Me and money we like magnet  
Unlike my enemies I still dig it no matter how much we repel  
In a nutshell there is no living if it is not here  
But then money's gone as if it had legs to move  
And pride won't stick around knowing there is life where money's headed  
I feel it vanish it's a window pain, I can't cope, a meaningless sound  
I don't want to hear, anywhere, I despair, it's unfair, near me  
Can't respond  
Dark deep ocean harmful  
Swim, swim, keep on swimming, keep on digging  
Nothing  
Hustle, dive in, shoot, shoot to score  
To celebrate, to conquer, don't hesitate  
Have two eyes, nice, have a heart don't blink  
Overcome obstacles, think  
Have vision, a dream. Don't drink  
After all, this death won't reflect my intentions  
They said education, the one tool I could not get  
What my mind won't accommodate, speak of a right to think  
As expensive as it is, the way to Hollywood, a success measure  
Maybe I should gun for Bollywood, Ei! I'm no Indian. Pressure  
Can't afford primary school, no shoes, transport fairs

I gamble. I lose cause' it is unfair. Shows you life is lairs  
Political, imagine exactly 20years chronological  
Can't see where one is headed or at least what is needed  
Mind affairs, this secrets, I cannot unbar, secrets of success  
I've been hunting, a treasure. Adulthood is what matters  
To be strong, brave, to be a warrior. Not Celtic, African.  
Not a master, an honourable chief. Pass on my mind  
Not educate, give. Education is expensive

Ephraim Tshilo

# Today

This morning, i wake the sun hits my face  
expecting warmness in the cold days of mzansi's winter,  
I receive loads of happiness  
How beautiful u are youth of mzansi  
Packing streets of jozi honouring ur daily duties  
Wearing big bright smiles one can't have any complain

The inspiration u bring  
The leaders in the making u are  
Tomorrow's fathers and mothers  
The hero to the nations and hillers to diseases  
As I go to bed, I salute mzansi's youth

Ephraim Tshilo