

Poetry Series

**Evelyn Mokoroane**  
**- poems -**

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# Evelyn Mokoroane()

# I Buried All

I buried all.

I buried all, or at least I tried to,

I thought if I did everything to stay away from it

It would do the same to me

But its only now that I realize how wrong I was

I hid everything that reminded me of it,

I chopped off the tree but forgot that the roots of this oak that had sheltered in me

for decades had become more strong,

A legend it had become within me,

A ruler it grew to be of my heart

It screamed and scratched the shell of my core Rawley,

It Cries of nothing but freedom,

It longs to be freed and be spoken so highly of.

It commands me who made prisoner of it to let it be.

Instead I chose to do nothing...

Because its by ignorance that I've managed to distance myself from it's loudness,

Ignorance gave me the ability to be deaf,

Oh yeah! Happy was I,

I who managed to silence this monstrous voice within me,

An over achiever I I thought I was,

But its only now that I come to realize that I was wrong,

That, it is me and I am it,

It lives within me and I live through it.

Its only now that I learn how I shall forever remain one with pen and paper

For writing is not what I do, but who I am instead.

When I get away from writing, I distance myself from myself

For it is the only voice I behold

and I shall uphold this voice of mine for the universe to read

And to learn my views through these words that I put so firmly together.

I shall remain quite within those who speak very loudly in crowds,

Yet my words will become the loudest to those who resent loudness

Evelyn Mokoroane

# Leave Me If You Can't Love Me

Happy we are, or at least were;  
Now I can't seem to even know where I stand with you;  
Its like her presence has blurred my position in your heart.  
I lived to make you happy  
Tried to fill every void in your heart  
Gave you all that I had, enough is it?  
I guess only you can stand to answer that question.  
King of my heart, you have become;  
I too was surprised that I consisted of such powerful love;  
As I always thought that love was just a fairy-tale  
Told by those who never wanted to lose hope.  
Now uncertainty seems to cloud my judgements& thoughts;  
Uncertain is I who is now starting to think that he who is my present  
Might now just remain a shadow in my past.  
Unlike most his reflection and his existence shall shadow me all the days of my  
life  
I shall remain connected to him even though we will always be diverged.  
I've come to learn what happiness feels like  
I too have got the chance to stand amongst those who say 'yeah love is real'  
Incredible it felt, your love was water that delivered me from thirst;  
Sure I was then, but what now?  
What if this is our edge, our pit, our dead end...  
What if I'm about to remain just a statistic in your life  
And you will live to be just another mistake in my past?  
Must I walk away?  
Should I fight for you or should I let u fight for us?  
Am I a coward if I step back and let you fight the battle of your past by yourself?

If ghosts of your past keep creeping their way back into our lives  
Is it expected of me to play ghost buster on creatures that are strangers to me?  
Fair it seems not to be;  
For me to be caught up in your past, while mine I've squeaky cleaned for you not  
to  
get hurt  
Or feel strained along.  
Honored and loved; is all I've fought to make feel.  
Whether or not you are willing to do the same for me is totally up to you.  
But strained along, I refuse to be  
Even for the name of love.

I shall learn to let go of you and accept that a memory is all you'll live to be in  
my  
life,  
I am not perfect, but if what I am is not enough for you  
Then feel free to fly my birdy friend.  
Yeah I love you and you drive me completely insane  
But I forbid to be made a prisoner of love.  
Sharing has always not been my thing;  
I have never practiced it;  
But even if I were to start now, it wouldn't be with my man.  
So please just leave me if you can't love me.

Evelyn Mokoroane

# Naughty Boy

Oh naughty boy where did you come from.  
A good girl I was, now you presence formed me;  
You transformed me to something so far from who I was.  
I don't know who I am any more.  
Oh naughty boy what did you do to me?  
A princess I was of my parents;  
Now they can't stand the sight of me!  
An omit, I admit;  
Oh naughty boy what have you done to me?  
The world matters not when I'm with you, because you take me to our own.  
I try to stay away from you but I can't help myself.  
You have become a drug very addictive and I'm definitely addicted to it.  
I try to fight the feeling, but the cravings never stop...  
I cannot live without you.  
Oh naughty boy what have you became to me?  
Completely bad for me I know;  
Yet you bring me so much joy;  
Forever young is all I feel with you next to me;  
I don't know if its because you make me happy or is it because we always get  
high  
together;  
Either way, I feel on top of the world.  
Oh naughty boy how do you make me feel?  
Good boys propose me daily;  
Wearing their shirts and ties,  
But I always tell them no,  
Because I'm perfectly happy with your t-shirts and torn jeans;  
They take me to restaurants when all I want now is to go clubbing.  
You give me a rough one and they give me cuddling.  
I don't want cute, I want mad  
That's why I made you my man.  
Oh naughty boy what have you turned me into?

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# Tabatabelo Ya Lerato

Ke kopakopane; ke hloka tharollo;  
Empa nthate ketla rarabolleha;  
Ehh ke bile lekgoba la dikgupiso ebile kenale mabadi a bopaki;  
Empa se nqhelele ka thoko bakeng seo.  
Ke MPA feela ke kopakopane, ke hloka tharollo.  
Nkuke o kenye rakong la pelo ya hao;  
Seka leka ho hlodisa ka hara laka hobane sello ke seo otlala se fumana feela;  
Ehh kea dumela,  
Ke moferefere, ke rarahanane e feela hotseba mang?  
Mohlong rato la hao ke tswekere etla phoka bodila bo ahileng kahare ho nna.  
Ae bo! Se ntekole, se ntlhathlobe wena nthate tsohle ditla aparelwa keho loka.  
Eba lesedi, o bolaye Fifi le hapileng pelo yaka.  
Ke kopakopane, ke hloka tharollo.  
Wena mohapi wa yaka pelo mpholose;  
Tshwasa tshepo yaka, o ntutubulle;  
Nlatswise monate-nlatswise lerato;  
Kgantsha baka, wena naledi ya meso;  
Ke lehloyo, ke bokgopo, ke kgopisehile;  
Empa wena mohapi nthuse;  
Ke kopakopane, ke hloka tharollo

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