

Poetry Series

Hale Tsehlana
- poems -

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Hale Tsehlana(22nd June)

Hale Tsehlana: enjoys travelling, music and art in all its forms plus an occasional karaoke swing. Her interests revolve around creative writing and its use in academic development. She has published in journals, magazines and on the Internet. The highlight of her 'Poetic Career' was a sponsored trip to sing praises to the Himalayan Mountains. For samples of her poems, visit [look out for her first collection of poems titled: 'Poems and Songs from the Mire'](#)

Computer Love

A face freckled with a million pixel shadows
tumbles through cyberspace to be with me,
and for a moment, she is mine!

I blush at the mention of your name,
my raven haired blue eyed angel.
Your invincible kiss stenciled on my lip
causes aseismic trembling of my heart.

My ear piece moans with your laughter
pushing past ions and stardust,
sending electric tremors down my spine.
Monochrome time whizzes by still I can't let go.
Though slightly out of touch,
I am addicted to your love.
When my computer wakes me up with a beep,
your perfume wafts into the crevices of my mind
and I nuzzle up to your wire bosom in my sleep.
Your ion breath ignites passion in my body.

My cyber woman! Neither American
Chinese nor even African.
Just a uniquely blended specimen.
I pledge eternal love to you.
Signed impersonally yours,
Youknowwho@yahoo

Hale Tsehlana

Did I Ever Tell You?

Did I ever tell you?
That every time you laugh with me,
Warm, invisible fluid fingers
caress and tickle me?

That when I close my eyes in sleep,
I enter the doorway of our past
where you forever beckon me
to come and love you again?

Did I ever tell you?
That your song is my breath of life,
the pulse that keeps me alive?
Your song is a balm,
that bandages my aching heart.

Did I ever tell you?
that your touch, charged with kinetic energy
sends my five senses into a constant orbit?
That your laughter plays hide and seek
between the strings of my soul?

Did I ever tell you?
that your side of the bed
remains unmade since you left?
By the way; did I ever tell you
that I'd marry you again,
if you asked me to?

Hale Tsehlana

The Mire Of Womanhood

What the mire taught me can never be taken away;
it gave me a voice to speak for myself
it opened doors and unleashed pregnant potential
it deepened my understanding of the self
it grew me wings and taught me to say NO.

So when you wear your
hyphenated smile
and try to derail my mind
I've got news for you –
I have my shock absorbers in place
you can't hurt me anymore.

What the mire taught me can never be taken away;
it taught me to sing
and to celebrate myself
it taught me to fly in the face of the wind.
It grew me wings and
taught me to fly.

Hale Tsehlana

Toll Gate Into Africa

The night was long and cold.
The same dreams came to me,
deep in my sleep,
suffocating inside the mine shaft,
struggling to escape the nightmare;
only to wake up into another.

See the witches hobbling home
on their broken brooms.
The cock signals, the start of another day
like yesterday. The warm sun does nothing
to chase the nightmares away.
I sleepwalk thru the day.

Since I know this land so well,
maybe I will be a land surveyor,
or perhaps a tourist guide,
or own some vast farmland of my own.

I must stop dreaming; another car comes,
perhaps I can make a sale or two.
Let me fetch my clay cows
and the shimmering stones.
Maybe the tourist wants some souvenirs
and may even dropp a shilling or two.

* inspired by Ingrid de Kok's poem, 'Road through Lesotho' (Familiar Ground, Ravan Press,1988) .

'But there he is before us
blocking escape
a toll gate into Africa.
His breath grinds dry and hard
he has three clay oxen for sale.'

Hale Tsehlana