Siyabonga Njica(08/01/94)

Siyabonga Njica is an aspiring poet from Guguletu in Cape Town. Having lost his dad at just 11 years old, he began writing manuscripts about his father and used his unexpected demise as a weapon and tool to portray rather a modest and heart-warming side of himself, unknown by those around him. He started writing poems in 2009 and became an over-night sensation after touching many readers on his Facebook profile. Inspired by an overwhelming reception of positive comments and likes, he started taking his work seriously. Much of his work speaks of solitude, society, love and his volting ambition to prosper as a writer.
A Day In The Circus, A Night In The Slums

Like puppets societies less fortunate are maneuvered and subjected to ideals unknown to their own philosophy of life.
Mankind deceived and exhausted...
Their solemn grievances constantly aborted,
By these sinister ministers who’s promises remain watered,
This is a catastrophe our people sadly find themselves caught in.
The disadvantaged are ignorant!
Hence they indulge in folly activities That satisfy their status of being heroes or heroines.
That sense of acceptance from the vigil majority.
Who's priority is to study flaws of those of his own skin
Instead of consoling his nemesis and live all in one peace.
Peace free from foul speech,
Like radical churches with sound priests.
Peace free from perpetual greed,
That intersects between our potential Kings and Queens,
Yet to the next of kin.
Let the pinnacle of my story begin...

Mkhokheli Mqhayi,62, a drinking pensioner.
See when sun rises,
He sparks beyond the contrast of moonlight at night.
He rather becomes a dreamer during the demanding day,
Leaves his patronizing sights out of plight.
See when sun rises,
He camouflages his identity with a plastic smile.
Here resides an aged old man in seventh heaven,
Making the most out of his short, imminent life.
See, we heard legends of his frequent visits to the nearby beer hole,
Where many like himself gulp crates of beverage,
And drown in their own sorrow.
See, we heard legends of his inconsistency with money,
And how he spends his welfare like there is no tomorrow.
Alcoholics and shebeen queens
The beneficiaries of this vividly vulnerable fellow.
On the drinking table,
He abandons his vanacular language.
He speaks of a colonial accent,
Manages to salvage some pride and stature so lavish.
On the drinking table,
My elderly brother becomes King!
Overwhelmed by a mere thought of a dream,
He showcases his worn artificial ring.
A ring however insignificant
And contradictory to what it actually means.
For he is just an uneducated savage living out of a rubbish bin.
A ring he foretells tales of his materialistic and opulent life.
My black brother a star for the day,
A celebrated icon which all people love.

However when the day dawns his brought down to reality.
The starred-face of the skies above,
Symbolizes his road to adversity.
In solitude he lives alone,
No money, no home, no wife to passionately hold.
He folds his arms feeling cold,
Contemplates about the possibilities of sleeping on the road.
These are but revelations of how society fails to prioritize well.
The under privileged bite more than they can chew,
Then want to proclaim their lives a living hell.
Resolute my brothers and sisters,
For our burdens will intensify as they come.
Who thought the man who enjoyed the day in the circus,
Would have to endure a night in the slums.

Siyabonga Njica
As The Wheel Of Time Turns

As the wheel of time turns..
Fallen souls are forgotten,
Their presence unnoticed,
Their remains hidden behind closed coffins. As the wheel of time turns..
Fragile youth continues to shed tears.
Mourning over beloved ones,
Sadly victims of these tragic years. As the wheel of time turns..
Yesterday's young becomes today's mothers.
Their lechery engenders responsibility,
An innocent child raised without a father. As the wheel of time turns..
Societies truth is concealed in brown bottles.
The WISE procreating its pleasures,
The OTHERWISE consumes to cease amid problems. As the wheel of time turns..
Common love gradually disappears.
Hatred & jealousy commences,
A troubled kind now living in fear. As the wheel of time turns..
Apostle prayer is overwhelmed by witchcraft.
Immorality haunts the black community,
Our companionship with the Lord now ripped apart. As the wheel of time turns..
I'll cease today before I leave tomorow,
Cleanse my depths of sorrow & contrive in the footsteps that I should follow. But when the wheel of time has stopped turning..
Jolly not in laughter for in Philosophy I know:
'It is man who pass by time,
She remains...we sadly go.'

Siyabonga Njica
Behind Closed Doors

Behind closed doors,
Abandoned souls so cold & left alone..
Begin to destroy their valued goals
By dwelling upon dusty roads.

Behind closed doors,
Their juices flow,
Their lechery engendering a drastic blow:
A heart so torn,
A stranger unknown,
An unborn beckons
In a life that takes no form.

Behind closed doors,
Their tears fill the floor,
Their bodies bruised by these rigid walls.
A slave to many,
Abused & depicted as a whore.
Her life now changed,
Never will be the same as before.

Behind closed doors,
Their voices remain unnoticed,
Their tragic screams of help so unpleasant it echoes in my consciousness.
A woman now tamed, tortured & overwhelmed by physical pain.
Eager to go again,
For a chance of better pay.

Behind closed doors,
She dons her short skirt hoping to be noticed.
The night now falls, darkness creeps
& leaves with her dignity-she's hopeless!
She's a victim of a silent crime the world is currently battling,
She's a victim of a sudden epidemic
Called Human Trafficking.

Siyabonga Njica
Circumstances Made Me Who I Am

Circumstances made me who I am.
Bred in a village of villains where humans eat humans,
Playgrounds drenched with blood and remains of innocent man.
Street corners rife of cacophonies of gunshots.
One shot shatters a mother of two,
With bread and milk and a baby infant on her ailing back,
The innocent are under attack.
Black on black prominent figures of the moralities society sadly lacks. I say:
Bring back our discarded past.
Where black masses threw stones because of tear gas to our oppressors and not
our neighbours.
Where Black Panthers spoke of revolution against the system which tried to
enslave, brainwash and encage us. Black now infamous.
We have watched the white man manipulate, tame, and rape us.
Prime products of the vicinities that raised us,
We are subjected to mediocrity: either criminals or murderers.
In passive prayer we plead for justice and forgiveness,
Due to sinister sins committed that winter when we couldn't feed our livers and
starving children. It is a hard time for living. Through these solicit eyes I have
visualized mans plights and seen it all.
How brown bottles conclude ones content,
Infidelity and hypocrisy a grounding common flaw.
Through these solicit eyes bitter cries have dried tenacious tears weep no more,
For government aid is a sinister trade that betrays and tames potential of the
disadvantaged and poor,
Such deception our people endure.
Circumstances made me who I am.
Cultivated in unfamiliar surroundings,
Within a home that lacks principles and boundaries,
Household constantly filled with criminals and drunkies,
A shebeen hot-spot,
I drank peoples glasses when they were not watching.
See I was raised by a female with minimum wage,
A constraint that delays a childhood's blissful privilege to play,
No games I behaved rather strange than young boys my age,
So brave. The first time I met my father was in jail.
See I was a descendant amid a lineage of daughters and sons,
Who's hearts like drums lost rhythm and echoed screams of forgotten sounds,
So young and unfound,
'Rest In Peace' became common nouns,  
Guardians gone too soon to the underground,  
I lived a savage life with a face filled with frowns.  
Circumstances made me who I am.  
Hands held high in a pleading beggars position,  
Grieving, nonetheless believing that the privilege will some day listen  
To the echoes of my people,  
Please give them something to believe in.  
Because force-fed religion is hypocritical and deceiving,  
This education system produces statistics instead of naturing wisdom to this  
generation of promising children.  
So much for wisdom,  
A mockery to the late great Hector Pieterson.  
Circumstances made me who I am.  
Now rise above your circumstances.  

Siyabonga Njica
Dear Me

As my left hand moves
To the rhythm of my ink,
My heart draws its affection,
A perfect recipe for a manuscript. I ponder of distant yesterdays
That my extended arm cannot reach,
Awakened by the breeze of dawn,
I come to life, but it lacks any peace. Before me mankind awaits,
Armed with venomous deceptions.
Their protocol to deprive me of my
purpose,
And eradicate all my life's intentions. Iv'e perceived my humanity prosper,
Greater than a decade I have dwelled.
My compatriots erode to cemeteries,
Could mother Earth be a reflection of
hell? As for love I remain unaccustomed,
Like an offsprings first childhood steps.
Im bound to glide and falter,
Due to immaturity and lack of depth. Within me change beckons,
Time for a fold of new bold skin.
Out with old norms, in with the new.
Let the pinnacle of my life begin. The titles of my writings speak for
themselves,
I acknowlege the wisdom I have
attained.
When my time has come and the world
reminisces, Let them remember me for the poetry I
conveyed.

Siyabonga Njica
Emotions Of A Fatherless Child

We live in a society haunted by hate,
No sign of common love,
No justice for selfish bait.
Youth grieves over petty issues,
'I do not like my parents',
Note a troubled child resides out there,
Fatherless, or mother up in heaven.
But do the privileged ever notice
In the next of kin talks we be?
Silent as sudden death,
Timid to share our tragic stories.
In case of life, comfort us,
We feel alone, living in solitude.
Hide our afflictions in barren smiles,
Or strike cold stares when not in the mood.
We mean well in this world that deprives,
Though ambition and ferocity pulls us through.
Never take advantage of our plights,
Rude awakening calls, your eradication now due!
It's sad we're unable to share our life accounts,
Emotionaly starved of our fathers presence,
Whom do we turn to in search of courage and insight,
When the pioneers of our lives set six feet breathless!
I long for a prolonged harmonious gathering,
With those plagued with a common burden.
In choirs we'll recite anecdotes of our fathers,
As we sit by the fire side. A tribute now certain!
Society should adapt to our enigmatic norms,
For an offspring without a father is a vulnerable one.
This is a note to the troubled child,
Who still values a new day
Beneath the morning sun.

Siyabonga Njica
There comes a time
In a young man’s life,
Where ambitions emanate,
His future seems bright.
But one’s path is no walk in the park,
Impediments summon you to pause,
I was bred in these conditions,
A victim of my own family flaws.
As I write quarells evoke,
Foul speech intrudes my fragile ears,
This behaviour a norm before my eyes,
Such curses my siblings sadly hear.
Where lies the destiny of my family?
When brown bottles barren bread.
Ignorance the result of prime discomfort,
Anxiety gnaws in my troubled head.
From such endeavours my faculty developed,
I grew with the conscience of living in solitude.
I saw to my own garments,
Fed my own abdomen,
Now the footprints I contrive lead me to manhood.
Weep not did my fragile solicit eyes,
Drenched due to the absence of a certain hue.
Acknowledged? I remained unnoticed for my plights,
No comfort for seasons, no companionship due.
In essence I’ve studied and assembled their flaws,
Observed that common love sadly resides here.
We like refugees in our own household,
Separated by irony, silence and fear.

Siyabonga Njica
Have You Any Purpose In Life?

The roads give us direction,
Our tutors give us insight,
The moon provides a spectacular glow
Of brightness up at night.
The Bible gives us wisdom,
The hour glass gives us time.
The man who calls himself Poet,
Gives his listeners rhythm and rhyme.
The camera captures shear moments,
The forests cater fresh air,
A glass of water queches one's thirst,
And condones you when you're in fear.
These privileges are of great intent,
Such as the eyeball gives us sight,
Completely with a role to play,
But have you any purpose in your life?

Siyabonga Njica
Hope For The Hopeless

Even drug addicts know mathematics,
Empower these black kids,
Stop looking at them as statistics.
Their circumstances drastic,
Decisions they make tragic,
I caught two smoking plastic,
Never loved nor baptised.
Their sacred beliefs vanished,
Negative attitudes established.
Their dearest dreams damaged,
By contradicts of being a savage.
This stigma that lacks advantage,
Infiltrates rapidly that they panic,
Lost hope of a life so lavish,
Addiction appalls unable to be managed.
But who stops to notice,
This voiceless youth who are losing focus?
Critisism an ailing bonus,
On vessel heads plagued with burdens on their shoulders.
No closure means they are never sober,
Substance abuse makes the night feel colder.
They scorch their coffers till they over,
Isn't wisdom acquired as we grow older?
But observe before you judge!
Nobody asked to be victimized by drugs,
Your eyes witnessed the exchange of handshakes and hugs,
Chose to keep quiet,
Now betrayed these thugs.
Now tell me where resides common love,
When society busts our promising young?
Fragile wrists engraved with handcuffs,
Prison bars succeeds the journey of reaching the stars.
Their lives educationally brainwashed,
Criminaly and cannibalistically raised up,
Modest mindset psychologically messed up,
Ravaged by concussions,
Brain cell reductions.
Beyond every puff and pass,
Dwells a prophecy of peace that lasts,
An inferno of passion pounding fast,
Prevelant to paraffin and polluting gas.
Provide tuition and wisdom on the mass,
Blunts burried black poets,
Talent perished into ash.
Through knowlege one emancipates themselves,
Now lets encourage our brothers to take care of their health.

Siyabonga Njica
If This Be The End Of Me

If this be the end of me
Death itself cannot lie,
Ive come this far
But tonight I fall,
Let this be the day that I die.
If this be the end of me
Teach my peers never to descend,
Deprive them of their weaknesses,
Make them wise and helpful friends.
If this be the end of me
Erase all sins,
Pardon my past.
Grieve me of my misfortunes,
Let life be an undaunting task.
If this be the end of me
Say a prayer,
A goodbye song
If this be the end of me
Will you miss me when Im gone?

Siyabonga Njica
Inside My Maths Class

My minds is not here,
I find myself un found,
Bemused if not confused,
My head is constantly looking down,
Timid to even make a sound.
But I know maths is not the END
Yes! Figures and I are distant friends.
It's not hate but rather a shame,
How numbers conclude the expressions on my face.
Time stands still during her gruelling lessons,
The blackboards moving,
Bulling my inner most perceptions.
Annoyed, I would table my confession:
'Mathematics is for the white man'
If not, then why do I not understand?
At school we are judged by how well we could solve for ex,
As if ex reflects the individuals who we are to become next.
I'm PERPLEXED! By this system,
Which sets demands and does not listen,
To our YEARNING voices just because we're children,
Children with wisdom challenging this system.
I failed a spot test and suddenly I'm a victim?
A victim of being a statistic like the majority who have now conformed to drinking.
Degrading reports are intended to submerge our moral spirits,
Tutors imply results represent efforts we've been depicting,
Tertiary lecture doors closed claiming significant scores are missing.
One's dreams therefore fades like light beams,
Darkness creeps and sweeps with her what one's life needs:
Education!
A whole's family's hopes now broke and torn,
A whole villages predictions are false and take no form.
A prophesied father's dream depletes and will never be reborn,
And I remain a product of misery, pity and scorn.
So you decide...
Are we defined by our plights,
Intangible results,
 Printed in black and white?
Are we defined by our immoral minds,
Ignorant insights,
Which deprives us from seeing the light?
Is school not a tool which abuses our mental capacity to improve?
Is school not subjective,
By impl
ementing rules which blanket our own perspective?
I say read in between the lines,
There
is far more sinister ideals than meets the eye.
I say read in between the lines,
There is far more sinister ideals than meets the eye.

Siyabonga Njica
Life In The Ghetto

With gunshots the fun stops, clock tick tocks, tears dip drop. Who brought the cops? Betrayed the plot? Now we sit locked in handcuffs. We busted, can't be trusted, lost pride and not loved well. These drugs man trigger crime and brother shines yet morals die and. These hell gates make one tame, this no game, men fourplay. Now I dwell in rage life takes change, heart takes shape, it don't look the same. Life's illusions cause confusion: Apostle rumours, appointed tutors. Youth the future? Brains donned by humour. Population fewer, average humans dying sooner. Birth rates still rising, literacy skills declining, solemn promises petrifying, propaganda techniques the art of lying. Which way will you reside in? Has your confined mind decided? Here is a compass hope you will find it, but deep inside your heart is where the truth is hiding. Liberate yourself from all treason, reason? Evil spirits enable killings, you bleeding? I warned you people don't value living, SCREAMING! while your barren bones begin sinking. You dreaming? Pinch your skin anticipate the feeling, it's beating how visions influence what we're seeing, but believing embraces one's sacred teachings, through reading wisdom welcomes knowledge never leaving. So be it! Reap what you sow and now preach it, reach to the top before the race is now finished, win it! Embrace victory influence the weakest, alter them into achievers, life's serving dreamers...dreamers...dreamers.

Siyabonga Njica
Poem About Poets

We wrote rhymes that in time defined our lives,  
Rhythmic lines in our minds provide plights humans hide.  
We wrote rhymes to the very kind,  
Who cried for fallen pride,  
Those deprived of love,  
Who at night unwind, drink and drive.  
We wrote rhymes to the troublesome child,  
Who's highs have polluted his sight,  
His eyes no longer open wide,  
A constant substance abuse fight.  
We wrote rhymes for those who died,  
Left sons with scars and bruises behind.  
Now life's rife of untold lies,  
No trust truly tried,  
No genuine goodbyes.  
We became poets  
Who crafted more than just silly sonnets,  
Rather gifted prophets,  
Who foretold proverbs  
Unfound on antic dockets.  
We became poets,  
Complex on alphabets and featured format.  
Equivocal content, dotted and plotted  
For generations to profit.  
We recited in search of truth,  
To guide our narrow-minded youth,  
Overlooked books that confused,  
Introduced tools that were relevant to you.  
We recited in a quest for change,  
Engraved tales that paved one's ways,  
Now you related to these pages,  
Driven by poetry catered for all ages.

Siyabonga Njica
Tears Of A Teenage Boy

Life is at its prime,
Dreams are taking form,
Tragedies on the horizon,
Make a young boy wish he was never
born. Juveniles on the rise,
Hardship times lack no flaws,
'Man learns through pain'
But does this suffering have a pause? Adulthood awaits me.
A time for responsibility.
Will I survive all by my own?
Or does the Lord have a plan for me.. Nourished with a soul that loves,
Though society endeavours to destroy.
Have you any shoulder to comfort
These Tears Of A Teenage Boy?

Siyabonga Njica
The Beggar...

The beggar on the streets
Sets still before the yellow traffic trees,
Observes the cars that be,
Attired with a placard impossible to read.
He waves his aging knobkerrie in a quest for approachers to watch on and see,
That inbetween the zebra pitch,
Resides an aged man who lays stationary.
His hunger and gruesome greed,
Tempts his dry mouth to beg and plead.
He believes in apostle preech that those in need shall be helped indeed.
His patience equivalent to a priest's,
The day dawns still no food to eat.
But why is he relieved by the decrease in speed of moving cars on the streets?
Listen carefully how it all unfolds,
The story of the beggar besides the lonely roads.
Away from home where home is just as cold,
No son of his own,
No wife to passionately hold.
His fortune concluded by colours,
Of traffic lights assembled one above the other.
How each illumes lives to tell a tale,
Of misfortune and luck experienced during the day.
On top Red represents STOP!
An ideal plot for the beggar to walk on and have a knock,
On doors locked by a hostile lot,
Will a penny be dropped? Or will his poverty be mocked?
Right bellow lies a timid Yellow,
A symbol starved of wise decisions from speeding vehicles.
Yellow represents slowing down of paranoid pace,
A platform for the beggar to have a second bite at the cake.
But can you relate, to the beggar's degrading chance of fate?
Measures of desperation, like cutting your nose to spite your face.
Can you adjust your train of thought for his obsessions?
Contribute without questions,
For his begging bag his proudest possession.
On another note,
The Green traffic light represents go,
A sorry sight of departing hope,
As he becomes conscience that his now alone.
But there looks to be a sight to behold,
Though hungry and worn he refuses to go home.
None that so feels precious as gold,
Then to await another traffic jam on the lonely road.
But one day he will get a job
And royal roof to cover his head.
One day this beggar will be that snob,
Who locks his door and throws you with a penny instead.

Siyabonga Njica
The Cause Of My Anxiety

The cause of my anxiety,
Victimized by stress,
Im staring at the mirror,
Contemplating what I should depict next. My eyes fondly look suprised,
The modern world plagues at my mind
at rest.
Im tempted to indulge in narcotic
charms,
For my faculty is far from being content. The truth is that im confused,
I ponder forth 'dreams come true',
In rest we perceive phantoms,
Yet in reality they dont present
themselves to you. My Black Conscious feels weak,
I have been trying,
Poetry so deep.
Are there pleasures to what I preech?
Should I cease?
Liberate my ink? My accursed burden is rife of
malevolence,
Aggravated by life's deceptive pathways,
Should you compliment and aid my
independence,
There lies a genuine way to enlighten my troubled days: Converse with me
through a poem,
Teach me of tales,
Scorch a fire.
Lets assemble besides each other,
Recite anecdotes till the early hour. A solemn tribute to our makers,
Movers and shakers who paved the way.
Do we appreciate and value them today?
Man's great sacrifice,
Close your eyes and pray. For our forefathers look upon,
Their great grandchildren while their
gone.
Our talents inherits sparked from,
Forgotten ancestors, nourishing moms. But lets practice what we preech,
Be the models we've pledged to our
elders we'd be.
How youth makes little of opportunities,
Oppresses The Cause Of My Anxiety.

Siyabonga Njica
The Past And Beyond

Flash-backs of my childhood Keep running through my mind.   
The voices of my tutors that Spoke of cautious pride.   
I'm reminded of my pleasures & Performances as a child, The joyful days of Kinder-Garden Are now all left behind.   
The future that awaits us speaks Of no simplicity,   
Yet you & I abuse our own Privilege of being free. We tend to violate our rights but Yet lack responsibility,   
The appalling times we've failed Were due to acts of immaturity.

Siyabonga Njica
The Road Head

My failures and misfortunes,
The tragedies of my life,
The mistakes I have portrayed,
And shed tears that I had to wipe.
The arguments with my mother,
The departure of my dad,
My struggle to find new hope
Left a humble soul feeling sad.
My intergrity and resiliency,
My ability to give love,
The strength I posses within
Is simply a gift from above.
My soul that pounds with love,
The little voices inside my head,
The encouragement recieved from peers,
Will help me plan this road ahead.

Siyabonga Njica
To A Sister I Have Never Met

Dear Luniko: Seasons have passed,
Years have left,
Dad and I were'nt around
When you took your first step.
Gunshots before his eyes,
Two bullets on his chest, Locked inside your mother's womb
When your father took his last breath.
At that time still young,
I refused to shed a tear,
That courage now haunts me
For his voice I still hear. You and I now apart,
Isolated by the death of our father,
I perceive siblings bond,
Man deprived us but does the world bother?
I contemplate of your appearance, Your bone structure and shade of skin.
Is it a resemblance of mine,
Does your nose end where your mouth begins?
I contemplate of your maturity,
Will you deny me that I am your brother?
Have you grown so fond without me
That I am not entitled to be your shield of armour?
In fair adequate time,
You and I will finally meet. Your presence greets my heart,
Like distant deathlikes we will elapse the streets.
But if however my endeavour,
Falls and faints on life's deaf ears,
I'll contrive an image of your semblance, And recite this poem as if you were here.
For within you my blood resides,
Qualities evoke from morals to personality,
This note a token of my Love
To a dear brown child that will always be a part of me.
To You, World

You see world I do not wish to fit your description of what it is to become a success,
I do not wish to suffocate my Godly neck with velvet ties and linen shirts,
With patronising scents of perfume
Which pollute my immune and consume high volumes of booze
For society to label me a man.
You see world I do wish to lose my roots
By abandoning my indigenous language and conforming to the 'universal' one,
Though my colonised conscience has twisted my tongue
Which now produces rolling sounds un found on the birth name given by my mom.
The very same language that travelled the West to our shores,
The very same language that spoke of civilisation without a law,
The very same language that humiliates our elders just simply because...
THEY never had a better education before 1994.
This language wicked world blindfolds our identity
And subjects society into inferiority.
Quite evidently it is emancipation from mental slavery.
But it makes me no less of a human if I can't SPEAK, READ or WRITE it daily.
This language wicked world destroys cultural diversity
And promotes Western imperialism.
Today young boys fear to go 'Entabeni'
Claiming there is an alternative way to traditional circumcision.
You see world, material things and optimistic dreams are but irrational to me.
They are like sinister charms which harm our hearts and makes us believe in sheer fantasy.
Fantasy influenced by modern age media,
Who's primary objective is to entice, tempt and mislead us.
Fantasy insignificant in an aid to enrich our lives,
For we bite more than we can chew and imitate our wealthy neighbours in order to survive.
Oh! But you fondly deceive your children with false hope,
Oh! But you fondly feed from the poor and who cannot cope,
Oh! But you're constantly responsible for suicidal notes.
Don't you see you're a burden amongst our young,
Unloved with ropes their fragile bodies they hung.
Don't you see your architect of hostility and greed,
Black on black skin now nemesis indeed.
Yes, we are inhabitants of your arable land,
But that does not mean that you can poison our conscience and leave us with an empty hand.
Yes, we are inhabitants of your arable land,
But that does not mean you can poison our conscience and leave us with an empty hand.

Siyabonga Njica
Unpleasant Days (After-Effects Of My Fathers Death)

Im a troubled child in the face of the moon,  
Raised without a father,  
Bred without a silver spoon.  
Im a troubled child who seeks nothing but perfection,  
Annointed to blossom in the pastures of my misconceptions.  
Im a troubled child violated of my peace,  
Battling burdens with no ease  
When will these dark days come to cease.  
Im a troubled child with great charisma & no fear,  
Catastrophies Im faced with  
My life seems so unfair.

Siyabonga Njica
We Say Enough

Men!
We are slowly losing our women and children.
Slowly forfeiting the future of our phenomenal nation,
In aspirations of RAPE, DOMINANCE and DISCIPLINE.
Slowly witnessing the demise of our sons and daughters,
Building borders of battlefields and victimising our own kind within them,
Blind to the responsibility of protecting our families as men.
We have become perpetrators in our own households.
Sold our souls in beer holes for atonement of power and lust of acquiring the throne.
He strolls back home with liquor breath far from being sober,
Broken bones as he folded her fragile body over,
Told her he loved her just that tonight's supper somewhat felt a bit colder,
Her shoulders shiver with fear,
Clutches her rosary and wishes Jehova was near.
So our sons will study the artworks their fathers make of their mothers,
So our sons will inherit the marshall arts of how to strike an innocent significant other,
So our sons will falsely conclude that the male figure is a 'bread winner',
Therefore justified to trigger his fingers in plates of palms,
And plant his manly arms in the name of domestic violence.
They heard echoes of a siren,
Little Thandi couldn't take it and called the cops while she was hiding.
Have you heard the cries of our helpless women?
Have you heard about their desperation to escape the mayhem,
But can't because father pays the bills and feeds the children?
Have you heard about their misfortune of being manacled in marriage,
A savage binded to the abuser by a little bundle of joy.
Lastly have you heard that she blames herself for not being able to bear him a boy?
These are the realities that confront our modern day tenacious sisters.
These are the shortcomings of the democracy penned by our affluent, belly-out comrades and ministers.
These are the critical reasons why mama Helen Joseph, Lilian Ngoyi, Albertina Sisulu and many others marched to the Union Buildings for.
This is more reason why you and I should embrace the echo:
'WATHINT' ABAFAZI! WATHINT'IMBOKODO!
YOU STRIKE A WOMAN! YOU STRIKE A ROCK!'
What's Gone Wrong With Our Gentlemens' Club?

My appalling findings of who we've become,
Paint a perfect image of wrong things we have done.
Our ambitions to rise above all in the public eye, Have brought upon shame & filled our eyes with constant cries.
We're the center of attention, I guess boys will be boys..
Good guys gone bad,
Making real guns seem like toys. We're victims of peer pressure,
Simply blinded by brand names,
Our dignity deceased,
Eaten off by what we call fame.
Is this how it's suppose be,
Our very kind obsessed with cars. Victims of dramatic deaths,
Candidates for prison bars.
Is this how it's suppose to be,
That the male species could sink so low.
Acknowleged by only a few,
Claiming young boys will never grow. I reminisce about the changes,
The performances of our past.
Where our mothers used to be our first love,
& gloomy girlfriends would come last.
I reminisce about childhood, The pleasures of one's play.
Where good-times became a habit,
Now young boys get killed everyday.
Who are we to responsibly blame
For we have shot ourselves in the foot.
Judging girls over obsessions, Whilst dying to have that golden tooth.
Who are we to cease competition,
For one has gone ahead of you in this game.
Cursing over female counterparts,
Becoming dads at an early age. The night-life rather a priority,
Our values as boys gone astray.
We lack the simplest of maturity,
Yet we ought to do things our own way.
The bad friendships & jealousy,
The fearsome oppressions by one, The quarrels over pathetic purposes,
Have deprived us from our own fun.
Females doubtful of our abilities,
Yet the values of respect so priceless.
But how do thy respect thee
When we're giving our own selves titles. Rushing for unwanted tragedies,
Living our lives without a plan.
It's sad that we together
Have taken 'Gentle' out of the word
'Man'.

Siyabonga Njica
When Will We Reconcile? (For The Boys Who Stopped Caring)

The pains of brutality we have come to endure,
The merciless behaviour of adolescents and more,
The cries of our kind that seemed to last a while,
I question myself...When will we reconcile?
Peace seems like an illusion in the pastures of our days,
Tragedies of relentlessnes that never seem to fade away,
We're psychologically tempted with evil minds,
Yet I question myself...When will we reconcile?
The future that awaits us speaks of no simplicity,
Yet you and I abuse our own privilege of being free,
Violently nourished to take away peoples lives,
I question myself...When will we reconcile?

Siyabonga Njica
Where I Want To End Up

We are all deceived by material things,
Unable to define genuine success.
Your prosperity lies not in the depth of
your jeans,
What society thinks of you,
Or the garmets that you dress. I want to end up in life's unprecedented
postures,
Where wisemen engage in philosiphical
preeches.
Through my writings I look to inspire
sons and daughters, Devout to my prodigy, untroubled by
riches.
For todays men resolute in insignificant
ventures,
Their purpose diluted by vanicious
norms. We live through life searching for
abrogate treasures,
No soluble implementation for a life that
takes no form.
In best-selling books publishers will
inscript my name, My faculty now aparent, dream on course.
Im incumbent to perceive my own
destiny prevail,
No hand to steer me forth,
Im atired and strong as a horse.
Mother World awaits for my courageous coming,
Yet I'm still a rough diamond naturing
with time.
Born to prosper! I will stop at nothing.
These plaudits will be mine! These
plaudits will be mine!

Siyabonga Njica