Tebatjo Malaka
- poems -

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Tebatjo Malaka()
There was David and David in Spirit,
Their one contrast was the fall of Goliath;
The former went on about on his wit,
Whilst he in Spirit was guided by Faith.
Thus, when you consid'r, mind the difference,
For he wasn't David in Spirit always.

Tebatjo Malaka
Divine Healing

What Divine healing says is that there is
A resurrection that will happen;
There's more to its depth than meets the surface.
If the walking dust by ailments riven,
Cankerred, and transmogrified t'nothingness,
Yet to full restoration lives again,
What is brought to the sight is nothing less
Than the earnest of our resurrection!

Tebatjo Malaka
God's Love Is Incomparable

God's Love is both unknown and unknowable.
Comparer, how possibly comparable?
To contrast the Creator to His creation
Is lifting—not Him, thine ignorance!
How much soe'er we are loaded of His pounds,
Yet in no wise can one fathom His Profounds.

Tebatjo Malaka
Grace Amazing

Grace Amazing that took Paul from Saul,  
Grace unsought, Grace converting, Grace True,  
Grace so early than the morning dew;  
Lead me to that Grace that made Saul Paul.

Tebatjo Malaka
Haiku I

A night blackened so,
Thousands and thousands of stars—
Jesus Lights the soul.

Tebatjo Malaka
Haiku Ii

The bright Morning Star,
Dew drips off a white lily—
Rapture breaks at dawn.

Tebatjo Malaka
Hoping Yet Again

I concur. None can glory all the time.
I must learn to prepare for a descent,
Falling and rising is part of life's aim.
Surely, this be one thing I should've learnt
A long long time ago, by now. Did I?
Not all of it. Each rising and falling
Still feels like a new experience. Sigh.
That was not so much a crying nor whining.
There's one thing so lovely about hope,
Tho' not bidden, comes so timely in sight,
By itself, to make you smile yet and cope,
And whispers, "hey there. It will be alright."
You see, when everything is said and done,
One must yet hope as when he first begun.

Tebatjo Malaka
If God Be With Us

If God be with us, where hide all the miracles?
Shall I hasten to th'physician or believe, as
Peter the apostle did, I were healed by His stripes?
Who healeth, God, or the hopeful hospital's meds?

Tebatjo Malaka
Looking Ahead

I have a past in ink that is now past,
I have yet many miles on foot to fare,
Nerve of spirit and daring I must wear
To goalward move and run and very fast;
However as Sodom might be the past,
Or abyss-dark as to dim the bright eyes,
By backward ruing what will be the prize,
If not morphing to a pillar of salt?
A man must look ahead to move and live, —
Life's permission t'rewrite the past better;
Staring rearward is a frog's character, —
Naught but the low'st form of all life, —thus leave,
Leave what time has written off as defunct,
And look up ahead to the Way of Christ!

Tebatjo Malaka
O Muse! O Muse! Pass this my way,
Open wide thy floodgates, I pray!
And let it pour on my blank page,
Without measure, without gage;
Or else teach me how thee to tease,
Or how awhile thy substance lease.
Much leaves have I, white and lonely,
The quill's yet young, full, and ready,
I too am fraught with youth and prime,
To chime with letters for a time.
Thus, I would that thou loos'n thy tongue,
And sing the words thou'st always sung.

Tebatjo Malaka
Remembrance

1 Ensconced in sundry attributes,
Yet one Spirit of one God;
O how inscrutable Thy lodes
To us-ward sinn'rs on this sod.

2 No man can Thy profounds fathom,
Nil in south, north, east, and west;
You spoke, and lo, everything was;
All things breathe at Thy behest!

3 Thou Who descends into Heaven,
Angels filthy in Thy sight,
How, we sinners, would so appear,
In our vile and wretched plight?

4 Mountains smoked in black at Thy sight,
Who can Thy face eye and live?
Yet Thou came and a babe became,
That Thy Love we might receive!

5 All splendor Thou hast left of heav'n,
Angels, praises, and Thy throne,
To death to settle the Great Price,
That Thou mayst redeem Thine own.

6 On earth Thou didst walk as a man,
Earth Thou created by Word;
But in Love became Thou whole poor,
Not ev'n a place t'rest Thy head.

7 Born sinless, and without reproach,
Yet in all points tempt'd and tried;
Not with Power, but by Thy Word,
Satan Thou fought'st when he lied.

8 Wrought of Thee were paradoxes,
Water were turned into wine,
The lame and the sick were restored,
Demons to Thee did resign;
9 The stone-blind did receive their sight,
The lost in their sins were found;
Eternal life Thine did receive,
And much more were done all round!

10 At last, came time to pay the Price,
O how ev'ryone forsook Thee!
Peter, others, and ev'n Heaven!
Thine was the hill, and Calv'ry.

11 The Father Thy grave prayer refused,
Satan and the grave were proud,
And death was ready for Thy soul!
O how all hell rejoiced loud!

12 Steep was the hill, heavy the cross,
Insults, shame, and pain You bore;
None for help and compassion came,
Pain, death, grave, and hell were sure!

13 (O how that it could have been me,
Onward to Golgotha's hill!
My wrongs and sins to duly pay,
And those pangs and sorrows feel.)

14 Lost sinners for whom Thou didst come,
In their blindness Thee declin'd;
How they lashed and stripped Thee naked!
Lost in their ignorant mind.

15 Finally, death knocked on Thy door,
When their sword did pierce Thy side,
Without compassion nor mercy,
Under hell-born hate and pride.

16 Yet in Thine eyes compassionate,
Thou sought they be forgiven;
O Lord! how Thy mercies reach high! —
By our sins and time proven.

17 Precious fount of water and blood,
Oozed forth from Thy wounded side,
In pangs of agony seething,
And gates of hell opened wide.

18 With loud voice as of a thunder,
Thee cried and gave up the ghost!
And to depths of hell Thou wentest,
Yet not as one of the lost.

19 Ah! Woe! Alas! The King thus died!
With all of our sins on Him;
He is no more! His breath had left!
How their tears flowed, their hope dim.

20 All creation cried and sorrowed,
The rocks quaked, the sun did hide;
Loneliness fell suddenly so!
Darkness engulfed on ev'ry side.

21 How hell joyed to see Thee enter,
With thorns on Thy head bloodied;
Merry strains met Thine earthly ears,
O how proud hell were indeed!

22 Soon in pow'r Thou kicked the devil
Aside and gave a sermon,
As One with sole authority!
And not one sad and forlorn.

23 And Satan's throne Thou overthrew,
Snatched away the keys of death,
From him in complete victory,
And o'er and done was their mirth!

24 Then came dawn of that blest third day,
When hell Thou left'st in triumph;
For the grave could not hold Thy breath,
Rising with eternal Life!

25 O bless'd resurrection Morning!
All round the Good News were spread,
That He's risen! Christ is Risen!
How the crucifiers were sad!

26 He, once dead, ev'n now is Alive!
And Alive Forevermore!
Rejoice O ye heaven and earth!
Your praises gather and pour!

27 The disciples joyed t'see Thee again,
Some in cheer, others in doubt;
But came Thou and all doubts dissolved!
Then, took Thee the heav'nward route!

28 They beheld as Thou ascended,
High in a heavenly cloud;
Then returned they rejoicing loud,
Their faith now increased and bold!

29 Yet again our Saviour sits High!
Higher than earth and heaven!
All things under Him whole vested,
In His right Hand given!

30 His Holy Spirit in His stead,
Down came His work upon earth
To advance and witness to bear;
And to many give new birth!

31 He's coming, He's coming again!
For a Bride spotless as White,
Washed in His living precious Blood;
And over will be Her wait!

Tebatjo Malaka
Seed And Man

There is an earnest wisdom to adore,
In a tiny seed that slips 'neath the soil,
Than one from a staid sage of mickle lore,
Of how per suff'rance to labour and toil.

Tho' in gloom interr'd for a time, —or more,
And howsoe'er long seasons turn and twist,
Plods unseen, dies in hope, —with life galore
Jets, all in hopes of sunshine and the mist.

Yet mankind, toiling only in the morn,
Inward pine to bring in the sheaves by eve,
And, failing on their raring lust to spawn
A quick harvest, quit and never receive.

Tebatjo Malaka
Senryu I

His mercy aglow,
Unfurl'd to the gloomy world—
Man is happy in grief.

Tebatjo Malaka
Solitude

Tho' some have called thee parent of despair,
Inventor of suicide, and gloom's lair;
And tho' much bynames thou hast been given,
—depression, boredom, or foe of heaven;
Fair solitude, thou art not so accused.

Thou, thou didst introduce me to myself,
—Unread book hears'd upon a dusty shelf;
Thus, passing through the din of the riot,
Aloft life's fuss into realms of quiet,
I saw the unseen, and sweet peace unbruised.

Tebatjo Malaka
To Christ

When the winds of death apace approach a-howling,
And my breath coalesces therewith in scare;
As Cimmerian shades of gloom mine eyes enswathing,
And keen despairs their cold presence declare,
Sweet Christ, whisper me Thine assurance,—
Thy bright-eyed Hope of Heaven's entrance.

Tebatjo Malaka
To F-A-I-T-H

FAR—far midst life's dreary sea my soul sails.
Tossed round on night's wrath of elvish billows;
Mighty Faith, as and when the day's light fails,
Dark night of storms shuts hope's cheerful windows,
And my barque's torn anchor holds no more sure,
So safely my vessel rock to the shore.

As the morrow lilts to me a dire lay, —
Or prospects bode things of melancholy,
E'en then, bright Faith, bid my calm not bay;
And whene'er doubts and foes of empathy
Flit on my hope's eye griefs in the hereafter,
Cover me with Thy gay laughter.

In the dark hour of hell-born temptation,
When for Salvation my hope ebbs in gloom,
And what shroud round be thoughts of damnation,
Undoubting Faith, yet more my hope doth bloom;
Remind me, dear Faith, not by works I've done,
But by Grace were I saved, —that of the Son.

To false vanities vexing physicians;
Should they my health mar, on deathbed I land,
Bid heavenly posses and musicians
Descend with a song of grace and healing; And
May I, —yet—so weak, faint, and death-sealed, —
Join in singing: By His Stripes I were healed.

Howe'er near my breath the shade of the grave,
Or sharp time's scythe and knife for me approved,
Bright Faith, thy heav'n-born Pinions o'er me wave; —
Stead me cleave on the Promise I believed:
He that believeth on me though he were dead,
I will raise him up again instead.

Tebatjo Malaka
To Persistence

Man of valour, who knoweth the art of war,
With menace and bile mine own aims stare at me;
To scare, uncertainty boosteth its rigor;
Let me awhile (for mine eye look up to thee,)
Thy substance borrow! to evermore walk tall,
And trample underfoot false defeats, and all.

Tebatjo Malaka