

Poetry Series

Ishmael Mabhiza
- poems -

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Smiley is young strong willed man with passion for social entrepreneurship. He studied literature in both Ordinary and Advanced level education. He is a proud holder of a Honors degree in Industrial Relations from the Great Zimbabwe University. He also is a Human Resources Management and Labour Relations Consultant, working towards certification. He speaks, shouts and advises through his unstructured poems.

His Plan For You

Waking up is not voluntary
Nor breathing is not granted willy nilly
Like dew all can drift
Your carcass from the ground will not lift

Planning you don't cease
Yet there his word commands-stay at ease.
Your seizure from the world no one knows
All like vegetables we will be planted in rows

Sometimes you wander into horrible thoughts
With no solutions you wallow like empty pots
Holes in the belly it holds nothing but air
Troubles in your life manoeuvre in pairs

Which tests have you not tested
Doctors you have consulted
You are stinking and very poor
Perilous and jeopardy roar

In your dreams none has come with a rope
You have lost hope, even in the pope
Your vows and dues are just melancholy
Life is not about monopoly

HIS word is available and always open
He has plans to prosper you and He is open
Why won't you forget your worries
Run to Him, nothing from afar

He has a plan you
A plan to prosper
Give an Expected end

Ishmael Mabhiza

I Discovered Myself

She is the one who made me to be so tender
I did not know how to smile
I could not do a smile- even on a sunny day
NOthing to my amusement would bring me up
Nobody would simply say a word to my simplicity, I would not

Generous she is and her beauty drew me nigh
Upon a glance I caught a glimpse
Her shiny skin with a silky texture
I her sight I gain composure
With her voice, a stress in on torture

We were far from each other
And then a concidence
Here she is and together collide
Crack-my beat twicked
When you see-glaring you will be glued

She came closer and i could not help but to shoot
We cleaved and conversed
As sweeter than honey her words
I could not bear the sweet pods
A sweet chain of startling luminous imaginations

She took my hand-flashing booms of cooling bubbles
Of a refreshing neurones drew me in
A word could not utter, but shyness took me in
'And then' she said, I saw stars
In a flush I came back to my senses.

In her I see my self
She is my mirror and she quenches my grief
Not a day I will slip-not a stress will depress
She views all my joy and give a press
A glass of love I will take with no distress

I have discovered my self
I all her life I see my self.

Ishmael Mabhiza

I See Africa

I SEE

AFRICA

Africa, Africa, - ooooh Africaaah
A great Nation-
I see honey, milk flowing -
Yeah rich waters
Vegetation flourishing-
minerals bursting

I envision a great boom;
Oooh; I see you Europe, America, Asia
All coming, drinking
I see them-envious
I see them-lavish
I see them-enjoy
Oh: I see! ! !

I see Africa-
The van gaurd of prosperity! ^
The world's most priced possession-
Oooh Yes the fountain
Rich! ! -are your waters-
Yes; I see Africa

I see Africa-
A land engraved-
Prosperity,
Tranquility,
Unity,
Laughter,
Love
Freedom,
Peaceee! ! ! !

I see Africa the great;
The Great Nation! ! ! ! !
I seeee the Great United
States of Africa! ! ! ! !

By Ishmael Mabhiza
25 May 2017
My Dream for Africa.

Ishmael Mabhiza

Life

Life! !

Life is not a directive
Life is the will to live
You need to start for you to start
The best way to do things is to do them

At work, do what needs to be done,
Do not take things personally
When you have cross someone's part
Obviously, unintentionally-apologies

When someone crosses your path
Forget and smile, do not hold grudges
Life is too short to hold grudges and think-
You are being sabotaged

That same person who crossed your path
Besides looking at the mistakes that happened
Might be very far away from accommodating that grudge
Check, the other is happy and joyful

It's pointless, to continue on griefs and depressions
Seek to reunite, don't sow seeds of hatrage
What you sow is what you rip
And when you rip, it will be bountiful

A lot of progress is happening;
At the background, people are joyful
When you approach they appear harsh
Leave it and ignore the bad part and
-Take the good- move on

A journey begins with a step
What matters is the direction
Make your way and maneuver
Just take it easy.....

See no evil- think no evil

But trust the Lord and make a swift good move.
Avoid destructive conflicts
Approach people and talk to them politely

Life needs you to move on
Remember you will die alone
And you were created alone
Make up your mind and move on
Stop the yearnings and the melancholies
No past will bring the present
Your past is gone use it to develop
Your future awaits and you are to act.

Life! ! ! ! ! ! !

Ishmael Mabhiza

Paralised Persona

Humpty dumpty, bumpy, roughy
It is my whole life, filled with misery
I have no happiness
I am not delighted
I am not glad even on a sunny day
I can not be joyful though joy exists
Bound, thinking of the past
Yearning I cant surpass

When you are not financially independent
You are like a stray dog
You can be sick of rabbies
One bite 'staying with one person'
Rabbies spreads fast, - so rapid than ever.
No opportunity to rise up and no one to cheer you up

I see it, I feel it, I hear it-.....
Melancholy stifles me-.....
I yearn for a better living-....
Throwing away God's principles- -
Not a thing about Him ever-'Living by myself only'
Walking alone-thinking about me and myself only- -

When prayer doesnt mean anything to me
When I am intangled
When I need help and nowhere to find it
When God's answer seems so far and- -
When God's reply seems to be neigh existing

Cracking my head thinking of death as a solution
Crying inwardly, stressed but cant release it
Seemingly not satisfied with even the best quality of life-today
Even when one provides you with-
Accomodation, food-
I always think of tomorrow-'future'

Ishmael Mabhiza

Salvation Is The Way

When living in sin, you see all things flow-when things are ok
You enjoy life and you do what you feel like
Too many friends with evil encouragement
Hatrage for good and also cheering foolishness
Drug abuse, and immorlarity will be your business
Where there is light you see dark as the best
Its not about going to church, its all about enjoying.
Of course you have no problems, you claim you have no worries
You sleep anywhere and anyhow, with anybody
You eat and drink like a 'tshangani' bag they say
No one can turn you back, what you want is what to get
'Success' and achievement to you; someone crying
To be functional, the society needs such people and such behaviour-
You claim, if I dont live this way who will?
Since the time of my fathers, their god have never been seen
Its a lie, noone will come, churches teach history and gobbles people's monies.
You smile at evil and claim its the best you can do
Stealing, bullying and gambling is the best you can do
Your mind is corrupt and your acts are dubious

But where is your help in time of trouble
When deeds backfire, and things turns upside down
Even when you are dead fleshly your body-'Carcase'
They will call it,
The flesh that enjoyed and the emotions which were on the move
Now vanished and never to be seen
You are alive thats when yoj realise you need to a supernatural being to believe
in. You are now sick and rather tartered
Thats whe you need help and need to be loved and light to shine.
Take a close look at how many you have hurt and killed.
Some have even tried to counsell you-turn a plea to a deaf ear
You now have no jaws and strength to be boisterous

You cry and crave for a single drop of water
Your spiritual being is in tantrams and hard times you claimed

Salvation is the way.

The Legend

THE LEGEND

NOVEMBER 11,2016

They say Education is the Key

Lucky Dube confirms The Love of Life is Contained in Education

These are the fruits of Hard working and Consistency

So many years of sleepless nights

There were a lot to be covered

I was low every time-I cried everyday

I suffered a lot-

My mother with the little she had

Almost succumbed to death

Supported me to the aorta

She had sleepless nights

I suffered a long way

Sleepless nights and years of begging

The Prayers which were almost dumped

The cries which unheard

I took humility and perseverance

I took foolishness in the eyes of people

Some with sarcasm, mockery

Some with rejection-

It was quite an experience

I am a legend

I died for something

I have achieved goals

Fulfilled dreams and a vision that has come to pass.

Love, hatrage, passion, compassion,

Hugh I experienced a lot

Ishmael Mabhiza

The Way Out

When things are hard
When you are totally confused
All your relatives agree to diverge from you
When all that you eat is tasteless
When you are drunk of problems
You are weak in your body
All that you see is destruction
When you are exhausted
Been working without food
And no food promising to come out Early.

When at work no one appreciates your efforts
When all they see are mistakes and not any good from what you doing
When you are so bored with your life.

You feel like dying and you have bad dreams haunting your sleep
When everyone you meet dislikes you.
Everyone is taking arms and spiking bad confessions about you

When prayer feels like it's not powerful and useless
When you feel far away from God;
You are going under. Nothing pleasant in your endeavors.

Seek not to please people
Use your words; confess better
Don't speak or think bad about anyone
Tell the truth all the time
Don't waste time thinking-wandering
Lest you become depressed and you lose out and die.

Cling not to the past
Look forward and mind your own business
Pray hard and work hard
Be positive about anything
Fear no person but respect every person
Walk tall and raise your esteem
Be content: but press hard and consist

By Ishmael Mabhiza

Ishmael Mabhiza

Things Falling Apart

A rapid change, uninformed
It happened like in a dream-
It happened; when I was asleep
It disbanded me and made me linger into many-
Many worries
So much drenched into mutability
Deeply put-Deeply emmersed
Deeply uncovered I was-
Actions with faith stayed in put
To mark the end of my cries
A mourning everyday-a little rest I could get
More worries, more unsettlement
More questions-More disturbances

Who am I
What am I
When do I-Oh thats mutability
Nothing to conjure as good-but only no future
Thus indeed things falling apart
Thus indeed things falling apart
No uplifting-No appraising
No satisfaction-No Motivation

When everyone feels annoyed
Thinking of hope-its a dismay and a disarray
All the pompas behaviour
All the croaked nature
It matters how you were bred
It matters how you grew up
It matters how things come to be.

Know yourself and guve thanks to the Lord
Know yourself and praise God
It turns to be purple- as you sniff a peril
It gives pay-yes I feel

When there is a little shed of hope
When there is a small hand to help
Never dispair-things aint falling apart

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What Are You

Born and bred in poverty
Ideas and plans have no identity
In all your vision you feel pity
Your dreams are always hefty

You hoble and fumble all days
No noble plans to park in your bay
Dry are your coffers
And no progress to all offers

Siblings have hated you
Circumstances unfavour you
Tried to brew and sell
Alas, there no hatching like a shell

Everything turned and hope flea
Wisdom dash in front and deaf to your plea
Opportunity and open gates are closes in a blink
A little money and little more stress kick

What are you, always in debt
What are you, always in tears
What are you, always rejected
Disfigured and hated
You mourn the day you were born

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