

Poetry Series

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- poems -



PoemHunter.com

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Mindset Is Everything

Sometimes starting over
is the best solution.
Giving yourself permission
to let go of what weights
heavily on your soul.

You carry it so well, but
that does not mean it is
yours to hold forever,
things change.

Sometimes it hurts,
sometimes it hurts a lot
and sometimes it is
for the best and
mindset is everything.

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So Lost

I spent too long waiting
for words you'd never say

I wanted so much to speak
to you but I kept quiet

Of all people I used to be
I miss the one you loved the most

Perhaps the person I really miss
is who I thought you were

I don't know why but I still
believe it will be you and me

The problem is that I would still
choose you over anyone and anything

The worst goodbye is one you
never thought you'd have to say

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Moonlight And You

What better life
to dream of you
and wake up
next to you too?

We could be in love
for a billion life times
and I would look at you
as if is for the first time.

It was that smile,
the first time I saw it
I knew I wanted to see it
for the rest my life.

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Loud Words

I keep finding you
in all the old songs
I used to love.
There will always
be something between us,
whenever I look up
at the moon and the stars,
I'll think of you.
It is both a blessing
and a curse to feel
everything so very deeply.

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Love And Space

My thoughts were
destroying me.
I tried not to think
but silence was a killer too.

There is no escape,
the whole world is
drenched in the
memories of you.

The monsters in
my head always knew
that I will lose you
IN THE END.

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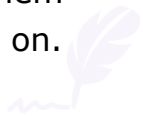
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Love And Space Dust

Loving you was
the most exquisite form
of self destruction.
How sad to face
the future without the
one you planned it with.

It was not the
same but it went on
and in my dreams
I will always find
my way back to you,

In the end
all I learned was
how to love somebody
even if you can't
be with them
and went on.



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My Thoughts

My thoughts of you are hidden
Behind a guarded wall
I wonder if you will ever peek
Or think of me at all

I type but never send
The words I long to share
We have become unknown again
A past we cannot bear

I hear your name in whispers
Carried out by the winds
But when I turn to listen
There is silence once again.

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Memories

The chains between us snapped
each link of memories.
We hold the pieces separately
no longer unity.

Once a familiar voice,
now a distant sound.
I reach but cannot touch,
in the memories we are bound.

Words we shared lingers softly,
but silence now prevails.
Strangers bound by memories,
we drift in separate tales.

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Escape

Dreaming of you
Is my great escape,
We walked together at once
Now our footsteps fade apart
I wonder if you think of me
As I do of you

Sometimes I wonder if
Your wondering thoughts
Wonder about me.
Your image blurs with time
Yet holds a place within.
I wonder if you see me too
In moments wearing thin.

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My Anger

The conversation is about me
Red mist becomes heavy fog
Fuse to the dynamite scratched
My back has a tailored rod

Feeling blood pumping fiercely
My anger turning into rage
Internal pain then explode
Unable to disengage

I wish I could control my feelings
Let my anger get in line
Persuade me to think clearly
Finally after all this time

My anger pulling strings
An emotion catching fire
Calm and reasoning burnt to ashes
All out war's desire.

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The End

I miss the stars
you put in my sky,
it will hurt and hurt
and hurt and then
one day it won't

Oh, to start again
in a new place,
with a new heart
to see your face and
feel nothing would be
peace at last and my
story goes on without you

IN THE END.

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Your Life (Fake People)

At the end of the day,
You will realize that the
most important person
in your life is the one
who sits behind you every
sunset and will lie besides
you on your bed every night.
The one that that won't
let you feel alone and sad,
the one who will always
stay no matter what,
I know it makes no sense.

' Silence never meant being fine
sometimes it's an unheard battle,
Never invalidate someone's pain
just because your life is better. '

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Love For Poetry

To be a decent guy
is not my thing.
I write love poems,
with poems I cling.
I can't give flowers
or anything such
because I'm poor,
a pen and paper won't
cost too much.

I have no money
for expensive trips
neither the rides
nor expensive gifts.
The only expensive
thing you can have,
is a poem that I wrote
with all of my heart,
I hope that would
be good enough.

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Life Is A Series

Life Is A Series Of Natural
And Spontaneous Change.
Do Not Resist Them
That Only Creates Sorrows,
Let Reality Be Reality
Let Things Flow Naturally
Forward In A Way They Like.

Let Us Go Somewhere
That Is Not Here,
I Want To Do Bad Things
In The Name Of Love,
And Have The Rules Of
The World Disappear.

Picking Up Kids From
School And Waiting To Escape.
I Hope You Have Your
Favorite Kind Of Night.

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The Shadow And The Soul

I love you as certain
dark things are to be
loved in secret between
the shadow and the soul.

My heart desires to live
a life that is clean but
the flesh against your flesh
craves all things laced
with dirty, naughty and
sinful things between
the shadow and the soul.

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Keep Your Heart

Everyday Tell Yourself This:

Keep your heart kind,
No matter how dark the world gets.

You own yourself,
You can only control your actions.

Keep your heart beautiful,
The world needs that.

I say it to
Myself too.

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Best Before

Your eyes were coffee beans
rich and dark,
swimming in pure white milk.
I once loved those eyes,
in the same way I love my morning coffee,
something so special that
makes me so happy,
something I grew to need.

I am not quite sure why we
abandoned our love like
hot coffee left to go cold
on the kitchen table, maybe
I need to remember that
some things have an expiry date.

I still have my
morning coffee but,
I have it without you.

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Missing Someone

The heart gets calm
Memories become warm
Eyes start sparkling,
When something is missing.
Someone scratches your nerves
Make you walk
Without a talk
Gets you in an ocean,
An ocean of memories,

Where you can either be in
Or be out from it.
True happiness or sadness
Comes from deep part,
When you truly missing someone.

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Truth About Yourself

Think about this:

You have the ability
To survive anything,

This is why despite all
The storms made of
Pain and loss,
Despite all the chaos
That you have had to endure,
You are still here and you
Are still going strong,

The flowers grow
After the rain
After tears and pain,
So will you, I promise.

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Conflict Within

I reside in her heart
Yet I live alone
In the shadowed past,
In the uncertain future.

I'm torn,
My heart is peaceful
My soul confused and fearful,
Conflict within

I am all at once
Freed by love
But I am imprisoned,
None the less.

I wonder aimlessly
Slowly approaching
Mankind's final destination

Once there,
Will my restless soul
Finally find it's peace?

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Confessions

Get behind my walls,
there's depths of pain
to be acknowledged
but still not known

Captured through a lens
of what you sowed,
there's an image
of the pain you own

Truth inside your eyes
take it out and see,
wisdom inside your mouth
open it up and listen.

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