

Poetry Series

Koketso Marishane
- poems -

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Koketso Marishane is a glocal renaissance people from the Democratic Republic of South Africa affiliated with various glocal institutions as a servant leader.

Epigram - Motion

Epigram- Motion

Breath breath
Out I go,
into a world unknown,
Participating in reality
none created by your own.

Koketso Marishane

Epigram - Reality

Epigram-Reality

Reality!

Big bums,
Long short hair,
Dark skin,
Shining teeth,
Aren't African ladies beautiful?
Ehmm.....,
Unlike Indians when time has gone.

Koketso Marishane

Epigram -Hooray..

Epigram-Hooray

Hooray'.

Hooray', the stupid Valentine has passed, no longer will we hear adolescent irritating pupils imitating Romeo& Juliet in love scenes but now matured adults breaching contracts proving 'faithful se-gat'!

Koketso Marishane

Epigram- Revolution

Epigram- Revolution

Bald heads full of marketting fresh brains seeking employment from tired bored brains in boardrooms as if their boredom will get chased away by boretales but borehollled skulls awaiting for employment from lazy buttured brains, what a process. Perhaps poetry did not exist then.

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Epigram- Sight

Epigram- Sight

Short is my sight,
Tall is my height,
Long is my life and
Long is my mile, but,
Is it true that I'm an albino?

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Epigram- Theory

Epigram- Theory

'Oh people animal species,
what good can I do you
when sin is my source of origin before birth?

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My Self Talk In Dialogue

My Self Talk in Dialogue

Self talks happen all the time, except in dreams only, because I haven't experienced it before or should I rather say 'not yet' if it's possible. They occur indoors and outdoors, until one really notices that one has been talking to oneself, one would agree with me. It's neither a bad thing nor a good thing either, depending on which side you are and how you're feeling, but besides, good or bad, you are the decider.

To refresh your mind further, you as a third party to my writings, could be reading or listening, either way, you are communicating with my thoughts, and somewhere among my speech would disagree with me, and being so, you cannot say it to my face for some reasons unknown but then rather you would be responding in a manner that only you knows what you're saying. It's like talking to a shy parent on sex, most probably he/she would try being professional at first side, and perhaps might feel free as you proceed but surely you as a youth would obviously engage in a self talk, more like your eyes saying 'what the...', good or bad, you are the decider.

Remembering the good old days when my uncles were used to advice me on sin-taxes but checking them, they were addicted already, and every time they had started a conversation on sin-taxes, I would ask myself 'why are you doing them if they are really that bad? ', then finally conclude my statement by saying 'you are mad', in a self talk of course.

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