lavia belle mafukaduvha
- poems -

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lavia belle mafukaduvha(20 april)

I am a young writer with passion of wanting to be like Maya Angelou and Shakespeare, name them all. I started poetry when I was 12 years old when my family decided to side line me. Poetry was the only therapist I could afford, I expressed all my feelings to it and I've also discovered that I can also write when I am happy and it made me feel more happier, I have also considered to be a motivational speaker, therefore I am a student at Richfield Colledge studying to become one.
Family By Fault

Strangers, family which one is which?

lavia belle mafukaduvha
Acopy Of A Copy

i'm just a copy
a copy of a copy
not good as new
not bad as old

Life is lived
to live is to be alive
when there's YOLO
I only know LOYO
at some point you need to live on your own

people may judge
give you something to think about
when you supposed to sleep
guess what? that messenger is a sleeper

just when I think I'm living up to my standard
no! another Dog barks how i'm doing it all wrong
then when I change my ways into their duplication
then I become a copy, a copy of a copy
the vanity slaves never end
they end by mistake
then you gotta pick what you take

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What We Used To Be

what has joined us will separate us
to find out that it took few sweet nothings and i was taken away
no i’m lying
the very first day i saw you
i wanted to make you mine
ohk the other way around
i wanted us to be romeo and juliet
but you kept it authentic
i was belle and you were chris
what a fool i was to have thought a one year younger
than me would marry me
you still a teen and i’m a young adult, how did i not see that one coming
remember how it used to be?
no one would approach me
just because they knew we were couple
well now they are coming in numbers
remember when we used to go down the stairs to have our lunch
and the securities would chase us?
now they don’t chase me.
thank you for loosing interest
because me plus you is equal to human error
i should have known we were now or never

thank you for passing by my life
i really needed a disastrous holiday

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Sad Letter To Donald Trump

Dear trump
i am an African, a true African
if i was given a chance to die and rise again to choose different race
i would still choose to be black
i cant even use those powerful creams so they could change my colour
i am not obliged, even for a second to prove i need sympathy

you said 'the fact that we look like human beings doesn't make us one'
i say the fact that stagflation chose to make you reacher and made me poorer
that doesn't make you any percentage over 100 human.
we created indigenous history and you took it
we built your tallest buildings you today take claim of.
then you said a black man is a symbol of poverty, mental inferiority and emotional incompetence.
yes you can have the last word because you have a gun in your hand.

yes i don't know the ride of the flight but i know how to bungy jump
yes i don't know the ride of the car but i know how to walk
i might not travel all the countries like you do, but i know what family time means.

i don't let your money makes me feel complete we use barter trading, you created it, you should use it.

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My Family Saga

all my life long have I looked at peace
they fight amongst themselves
they growl, they crawl
they don't know who they are
neither do they know me?

they tried to break me
but like lion I held my head up
and I resumed.
they spit their bitter words
hoping it will break me
it made me

I have realized how strong they made me
now I can fight my own battles
I can use words instead of violence
they taught me so much
they taught me to hate
they taught me to raise a hand on a person fit enough
to be my mom

mom! who is mom
I'm talking about the escalator of news
the elevator of gossip
the looser of all battles

I am just too dead to die

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Oh Death

Is it death at first sight
or should I pass by again.
what are we here for?
because we live to die
you can be number one millionaire
but can you fly a car?
you can be well known celebrity
but will you perform when you dead?
life is unfair they said
but are you fair?

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Maybe I Can't Share

I always get into relationships that don't fond me
The one that hate me
why do i always wear a wet jacket on winter
is this how death feels like?
because i heard the world is about to end
when wrong things occurs

first it was a married man
now a guy who's into a stable relationship
doi even know what polygamy is?
i don't even know what i'm putting myself into.

I am liked by many but loved by none
therefore i see love in used goods.
do they even love me?
what happens when they see terms in their relationship
where does that put me?
under their surface.
everything i do is another mistake to them.

no babe don't call me at night my wife will get you!
no baby don't come my family knows her and not you!
o baby i will hold your bag after that bridge because my girlfriend will...YOU!
call them when time suits them.
know that i must be aware of the consequences.
be their rebound when the wife says NO!

Sneak into hotels talking about a relationship
what is a relationship?
does one lack rights.
or maybe i can't practice them.
Magic please i need a rehearsal.

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At The End I Am Me

Many have twisted their story to fit their benefit
to please others with my shortfall and depression
have you ever thought how I would feel
have you thought of karma
every single day I'm pacing
I'm racing to be me
Tata Madiba fought for our freedom trying to be him
so why do you want to take my identity away?
I am not African
or is just that I don't qualify to be me
Ama phupho ami a ya shabalala
when I try to be somebody else
you may drag my name through dead
you may say I can't do it
what's important is I stayed me
every single day I am me.

Lavia Belle Mafukaduvha
Ain't We All Black?

friends friends friends
which one is true?
we tend to kill each other every chance we get
we exchanging words like exchanging bullets
he hate each other.
did they teach us how to fight
did they teach us how to be aggressive
we are angry
we are hungry
but what then do we do with it?
do we reach for a weapon?
do we use it?
i have so many quetions left unsaid
with no means of getting answers
but what am i supposed to do?
life didnt favour us.
we complain of theft,
we complain of violence
who are this people harassing us
i dont remember hearing a statement reporting of a white man
i dont remember google showing info based on a white man who stole a car
yet google is mr everything knows.
what happened to our nation
we complain of stagflation
yet we keep on taking from each other
ive told so many words
but now i have a question
ain't we all black?

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Being A Man

Abruptly I pass your abode and greet you
Now I look like adder to you
Reason, you just kept quiet and stare
My heart was ajar
But alas I was
Just because you beat her you think you are a man
Just because when you keep your head up when you walk
You think you are a man
Just because you wear a black blazer with a tie and chinno
Covered your skinny legs you think you are a man
And just because you wake up to your sore balls and you think you are a man
You wanna know what takes to be a man?
Men don't follow, they lead
Men don't beat, they speak
Men don't stare, they greet
Did I rhyme?

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I Cry For My Life

Was i even entitled to this life
oh my late grandparents
what have i catalysed
Now i have to watch my life being sliced

i look to the east trying to get a shoulder to lean on
but all the people are cripple
i run to the west trying to get an eye to look after me
all the eyes see triple
Have mercy on my abominable life

I am sad, i am angry, i break down
I shout, i strive, i hate.
my life is looking the other way
I'm an extraterrestrial.

oh i cry for my life
For i am a danger to myself
Give me opportunity i will soar
i am like any other.

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It's Life Isn't?

my life has its up's and downs
It's screwed, it doesn't know its worth
It doesn't know where it comes from
It doesn't have an identity

But It doesn't have to take out a voice
To show it's alive.
It's life isn't?

Where you do someone wrong
And expect apology,
Love ironically
Love those who hate you
And Hate those who loves you.

I am speechless
I am worthless!

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Does Death Do Us Apart?

Do you do us apart
NOr unite us?
Everyday you pulling a string
You breaking family chains.

You are a lesson!
People are driven by fame
Some by money
What about those who don't have
Where does that put them?
Where do we end up?
In ONE place comffin!

You can be a famous
You can be rich
But always know,
the people you looking down on
Will be at your grave literally looking down on you

In life its your choice
You want to walk on RED carpet
Nor green carpet.
Hope you understand my little saying.

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Its Heart Matters.

I loved you but not like him
Everyday I lived my life hoping we could
Fix things, but what is broken?
you chose to look the other way

I didn't even plan to love two
But who knew this will happen
Who am I to play God and predict the future
I didn't need you
But I loved you.

What does love mean to you?
You loved me and I was not there
When I loved you
You were there for your friends too
I thought it was a tie
But I needed a man who knows my worth

I'm sorry I had to choose him over you
You loved me and I loved somebody else
It is not my fault
I didn't love you the way you wanted to be loved

It was not a matter of how many years we dated
Nor how many times we've been together
It was the measure of my love for him
It was the time he gives me as his wife.
I cannot compare...
As you cannot with water and juice.

It is so typical to speak about him
But my dear no one took your space
You were both chasing an ace...
I'm sorry!

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Thee Love Me

God is most certainly a human
He created this masterpiece especially for me
Thee love me and care for me
If this isn't love
Then confess what it is?

Thee love me with all my flaws
Thee don't care of my past
Nor my inner mystery thee love me
Just the way I am.

I am like any other, thee corrects my wrongs
Think I'm a phenomenal lady
I am not contemplating
I am not dreaming
Thee loves me and I love thee..

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It Is Not Worth It...

Why do you keep on hurting yourself?
They are not worth it.
They don't love you.
Silence in court!

Just because they are family huh?
You think blood is thicker than water.
Truth is...
Water is the best tool to that manufactured blood

What about the hand that feeds you?
Do you come back and bite it,
Nor leave it hanging.
Its like fireworks
they cost a penny of Dollars
One glamorous hit then its futile.

My mama is like you, nothing new!
Do you think your kindness will bring you happiness
kindness is all the roots of evil, not money
If money was, why pastors keep on begging for it?
No one will ever beg for your kindness, no...one

Remember we are all here for one thing
To live life.
If you helping others live theirs
When are you gonna live yours?

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