

Poetry Series

**lazola sigidi**  
**- poems -**

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## lazola sigidi(23-12-1993)

well my life is all about ART i do acting., dancing and i little of singing.I first saw my poetic side when i was doing a play at school and since then i have never left the pen and paper out of my sight, i wont say i was born to write but through memories and my past life and the living made me create poems are mostly about my brown skinned.

# I Write Words

I put ink in paper to write truth  
To write scenes of sorrow and pain  
The pain of my morsel bread snatched from my lips  
And the drop of water dashed from my cup  
I sometimes get deranged and wild  
To ease crazy mind I strove words  
I sing and utter sighs between my line essays of true words I write  
I write  
I write words to my ancestors  
Who boiled my blood in a clay pot of passion  
Who jungle drums sending magical rhythms in me so raw like bleeding flesh  
Speaking of youth and the beginning  
I write  
I write words to my youth, my next generation  
Hoping they can run azure on gold sands  
And being let their naked tongues run naked in to books  
For we must open those doors and windows for them to fly  
I write  
I write words to my brown skinned  
Who have heavy hearts and feet  
Who lost hope  
I want to say to them  
Let no colour define  
Let no colour define your dreams your future your beginning and ending  
For you are Brown Brave black and Beautiful  
Ndiyaziqhenya ngani mzontsundu  
□

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# The Day

The day

The day has came for us to open those eyes  
Those eyes that carry emotions so lively and brutally

We live in a world of pain and horror my friend  
The world were people get eaten by a drug friend in there body

This hell way satisfying every person with greed in money, sex, drugs need i say  
more?  
for we are lost and deaf

Our tongues brutally burnt an ever fixed mark of our history, heroes killers  
our own language lost in the crowd of our brown skinned

let god lead  
let the ancestors lead  
for we are the children of love let love lead

let us go back my people and re-born our language and cherish it  
let us find peace and acceptance in our own skin

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# The Way

As we laid on those beautiful nights  
we kept in touch in our bodies desires

As lips met in the way, and bodies got glued to each other  
I....i...never mind  
Same time here an there we talked about the future

Laid waste with smoking dagga getting high through expectations  
The call came in and u said u needed to go

The black car came in and u left  
I wanted to say to you that  
The way u make me feel  
Is the same way that a new born mother feel  
The way in which our fallen heroes felt about the next brown skinned generation

The way u make me feel  
Is the way that god loves his fellow children and angels  
The way Obama feels about his country

Your love is so pure and true  
So amazing with a philosophy that now offers me completion

As i was torn by misdirection u became my ambassador u led the way  
The way u make me feel is the way a poet loves his poetry

As we lay writing poems our hand writes as our heart lead the hands  
As our mind engage not so sexually but in poetic minds getting intimately closer  
as we approach the climate of nude mental conversation

The way u make me feel is L.O.V.E  
But the black car came and you left

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