

Poetry Series

**Lehlonolo J Tshukudu**  
**- poems -**



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# Lehlonolo J Tshukudu()

<http://myurls.co/jaymiiefortunate>

He is Lehlonolo J Tshukudu.

Born and raised in Botshabelo in the Free State, his life has been shaped less by ease and more by responsibility. From an early age, he learned to carry more than what was visible—growing without the presence of a father, and gradually stepping into roles that required strength before he could fully define it.

He completed his matric at Lefikeng Secondary School, later returning to refine his path through Electrical Engineering at Motheo TVET College. His journey moved through working environments that demanded discipline and resilience, before committing himself to the craft of becoming a Millwright under the Transnet Academy of Engineering.

Beyond his trade, he is a father. A provider. A man navigating the weight of building a life not only for himself, but for those who depend on him. His experiences—both endured and chosen—form the foundation of his perspective.

Under the name Jaymiie Fortunate, he extends his voice into music—approaching sound as an emotional language, where rhythm and tone carry meaning beyond words. His creative reach continues into literature as the author of two novels, *Let Me In* and *Outgrow*, works that reflect his ongoing exploration of growth, vulnerability, and the quiet complexities of becoming.

Known in quieter spaces simply as Fortunate, not by chance but by contradiction, he writes as one who has learned to listen—first to silence, then to himself.

His work moves against the current of noise. It does not seek attention; it invites reflection. Each piece is less an expression and more an excavation—of memory, of emotion, of the unseen weight carried within ordinary moments. What he offers is not escape, but confrontation.

His poetry is not assembled—it is uncovered. There is restraint in his voice, precision in his choices, and meaning often found in what he chooses to leave unsaid.

The name Fortunate is not a declaration, but a paradox. A reminder that not all fortune arrives gently, and not all survival feels like victory.

He writes to trace the distance between who he was, who he is, and who he is becoming—while building, in both word and work, a life that those who come after him will not have to survive, but simply live.

# Modern Expectations

They told me  
a man is a mountain.

Unshaken.  
Unbreakable.  
A thing that stands  
even when the sky is falling apart.

So I tried...

God knows I tried  
to turn my bones into stone,  
to silence every tremble  
that made me feel human.

I swallowed my fears  
like they were sins.

Choked down my doubts  
like weakness had a taste  
and I wasn't allowed to spit it out.

Because men don't break...

Right?

That's what they said.

But nobody talks about  
what happens  
when the mountain starts collapsing  
from the inside.

No one prepares you  
for the quiet landslides.

The ones that don't make noise—  
just shift everything  
until nothing feels stable anymore.

I became a structure  
held together by expectations.

A building  
with no foundation of its own.

Every brick laid by voices  
that never had to live in my skin.

&quot;Be stronger.&quot;  
&quot;Do more.&quot;  
&quot;Provide.&quot;  
&quot;Endure.&quot;  
&quot;Don't feel too much.&quot;  
&quot;Don't fall behind.&quot;

So I ran.

Ran until my worth  
felt like a finish line  
I could never reach.

Ran until exhaustion  
started sounding like purpose.

Ran until I forgot  
what I was even chasing.

And somewhere along the way...

I lost the man  
I was supposed to become.

Because I wasn't living—  
I was performing.

Wearing strength  
like armor  
that was slowly cutting into me.

Smiling like everything was fine

while something inside me  
was begging to be seen.

But who listens  
when a man is drowning silently?

Who notices  
when the provider  
can't afford to fall apart?

So I carried it.

All of it.

The pressure.  
The fear.  
The quiet shame  
of not being "enough";  
in a world that keeps raising  
the definition of a man  
like a bar I was never built to reach.

And yeah...

I failed.

Not loudly.  
Not dramatically.

Just... slowly.

Like a candle  
that doesn't get blown out—  
it just disappears  
into its own melting.

I failed in ways  
no one could clap for.

Failed to be everything  
they told me I had to be.

Failed to feel proud  
of the man in the mirror.

Failed to believe  
that I was enough  
without proving it first.

And the worst part?

No one teaches you  
how to grieve  
the version of yourself  
you never became.

So now I stand here...

Not a mountain.

Not a king.

Not even the man  
they said I should be.

Just a human  
with tired hands  
and a heart  
that learned how to beat  
under pressure.

And maybe...

maybe that's the truth  
they never told us.

That being a man  
isn't about never breaking—

It's about carrying the pieces  
and still choosing  
not to disappear.



# Bruised Heart

I knew you were poison  
the first time your love tasted like an apology wrapped in sugar.

But I drank anyway.

Not because I was blind—  
no...  
I just believed my loyalty  
could turn venom into water.

I fed you pieces of myself  
like a man trying to keep a fire alive  
in a storm that had your name written all over it.

And you—  
you bit the hand  
like hunger was your only language.

Still... I didn't pull away.

I told myself,  
&quot;that's just how broken people love.&quot;

So I stayed,  
bleeding quietly  
like a secret I was too ashamed to admit.

You didn't just break my heart...

You butchered it.

Slow.  
Careful.  
Intentional.

Like you needed to understand  
how something so pure  
could still be destroyed.

And the worst part?

You served it.

Plated my love on silver  
and fed it to someone else  
like it was nothing more than leftovers.

Like I was nothing more than a meal  
you outgrew.

I watched you  
look alive for someone else  
while I was dying in the same room  
you once called home.

Tell me—  
what kind of cruelty  
learns your heartbeat  
just to replace it?

Because I gave you mine.

Every rhythm.  
Every fragile pulse.  
Every silent prayer  
that you would choose me  
the way I chose you.

But you chose convenience.  
You chose attention.  
You chose anything  
that didn't require you  
to be real.

And now...

I'm still bleeding.

Not the kind you can bandage—  
this is the kind that writes its own story  
across the floor.

My blood doesn't drip...  
it remembers.

It traces every step  
from the moment I met you  
to the exact second  
I lost myself trying to keep you.

There's a map of my suffering  
somewhere between your lies  
and my silence.

And I've memorized every corner of it.

I walk it daily.

Barefoot.

Because healing doesn't come  
to people who loved like I did.

It comes to people  
who learn how to forget.

And I don't—

I remember everything.

The way I made you feel safe  
while you made me feel replaceable.

The way I protected your heart  
while you auctioned mine  
to the highest bidder.

The way I stayed  
even when every part of me  
was screaming  
"this is where you disappear."

But I didn't.

I stayed long enough  
to watch love turn into a crime scene.

And now I carry what's left of me  
like evidence no one will ever investigate.

Because the truth is...

You didn't just hurt me.

You rewrote me.

Turned my softness into suspicion.  
My patience into scars.  
My love into something  
that now feels dangerous to give.

And still...

a part of me—  
the stupid, stubborn, loyal part—

would have chosen you again  
if you had just chosen me once.

But you didn't.

So now all that's left of us  
is a ghost...

and a man  
still trying to stop the bleeding.

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# Reverse Betrayal

I gave you love like a man with no backup plan,  
like my heart didn't come with a spare.  
Every late night call, every 'are you okay? ',  
I was there... I was always there.

I poured into you like I was trying to fill a void  
that wasn't even mine to fix.  
Ignored the cracks, the signs, the silence...  
I called it 'patience' — you called it 'just how I am.'

I made you my priority  
while you made me your option.  
I held you like something sacred,  
you held me like something temporary.

And still... I stayed.

I stayed when it felt one-sided.  
Stayed when love started sounding like excuses.  
Stayed when my peace started packing its bags  
and my dignity stood at the door asking,  
'Are we really doing this? '

Yeah... I stayed.

Then one day,  
you found 'better.'

Or at least... you thought you did.

You looked at him the way I begged you to look at me.  
Listened to him the way you ignored me.  
Chose him... effortlessly,  
while I had to fight just to be seen.

That part?  
That part broke something in me I still can't explain.

But here's the twist life doesn't warn you about...

He wasn't me.

He didn't carry you with care.  
Didn't study your silence.  
Didn't love you through your chaos.

He played you.

The same way you played me...  
just cleaner... colder... quicker.

And now you know what it feels like  
to give your all and watch it mean nothing.  
To replay memories like a punishment.  
To question your worth over someone  
who never questioned losing you.

Now your tears speak the language  
I was fluent in.

But here's the difference...

I loved you.

He didn't.

And maybe...  
just maybe...  
that's your karma,  
wrapped in heartbreak.

Because losing me  
was never your punishment...

Realizing what you lost  
is.

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# What's Wrong With Me?

I don't know what's wrong with me  
Some days I wake up wanting to be loved and some days I'm just mean  
I usually give that good attitude,  
Yet now I'm stuck in this vicissitudes

One minute I'm I wanna marry the love of my life  
And the next I don't see myself having a goddamn wife  
Something's wrong with me, some would say it's a curse, some say 'love'  
Well I say 'Bullsh\*t! '

I might not know what's wrong with me  
And what is it that I'm always sad about  
I don't those guys y'all call doctors are gonna say something close having a  
depression, ADHD, bipolar  
And all that makes sense to y'all

Yes I don't know what wrong with me, but I'm not sick  
Okay, I take it back, I think I'm love sick, I hope that's a thing.

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# Love In Open Spaces

At first I thought we were 'just friends'  
But some nights I could call you and lower my voice just so it could be charming;

I honestly don't know why I did that, but it it worked, or maybe not,  
We used to be friends in open spaces but deep town our hearts has tied the knot  
'Should I kiss you or not? '  
That's the question that messed up the quest to our friendship

I don't know but it felt like our first fight for our relationship  
I thought we were just friends, that's what she told me and I had to confess  
'Yes, we are friends, we grew up together, I totally get that but that's not the  
growth that only happened, I guess my feelings grew in a certain direction and  
you became their attraction, I'm sorry if it came out wrong but this friendship  
has ran it's course, I think it's time to try something new'  
I told her with my tears building in my eyes  
Heart pumping faster than daily  
Sweat covering my body  
And pain of rejection that's yet to happen was already heavy!  
She smiled and said, 'finally'

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# Imaginary Heroes

Imaginary heroes!

Whenever I scream out loud  
There's a deep voice within me,  
Whispering, "don't be loud, stay strong cause the pain won't last forever!"  
&quot;

I tried to keep calm, yet the rhythm of my deepest breathe kept growing bigger  
each second I think that I'm all alone. "Hush, don't be loud, for we always  
within you"

Now this is the different voice that I hear within me, lecturing me in my own life,  
&quot;who are these people? " I wondered to myself.  
I started shivering and my voice trembled, "how did you get in my mind,  
or perhaps are you God? "

I stood up straight, trying to figure out on how to face my demons, (forgive me  
that I called you demons, I just don't know what to call you)  
I stood up straight, trying to stop trying but face them already.  
&quot;(Giggles)You failed already before even you attempt to try"  
The deep voice replied to my question that my actions was asking.

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