

Poetry Series

**Letter From My Mother's
Womb
- poems -**

Publication Date:
2019

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Letter From My Mother's Womb()

Author's Dedication

My child, I wrote this letter with a wounded hand and a bleeding heart,
All in a clear conscience,
I hope you take all my instructions and advice, because they are an ingredient to
your success.
To whoever reads this book I hope all my words become useful to you.

xxxxx xxxxxxx xxxxxxxx xxxxxxxxx xxxxxx xxxxxxx xxxxxxx
xxxxxxxxx

I hope you understand my intention behind writing all this to you. I can't wait for
your arrival on earth, chances are, I might not see you grow. You are my first,
and the doctor assured me that you are to be my last. I can't have the other. He
said I might not have enough time after your birth. My breath will hold on for
now, but later, after you, it'll fade like rapture. My parents couldn't give me any
advice, motivation even the guidance about life! With all wisdom given to, I'm
writing mine to you.

Incase I face death

Written By: Keitumetse Mokhahlane

A Letter From My Mother's Womb

.

.

No man shall be able to stand before you all the days of your life. Just as I was with Moses, so I will be with you. I will not leave you or forsake you.

[Joshua 1: 5]

.

.

Letter From My Mother's Womb

A Letter From My Mother's Womb.

A Letter From My Mother's Womb

[Mom Be My Mentor and let your story begin]

I hope this letter will get to the rightful
owner,
As I write this letter with my last ink,
I pray not to run out of words,
Just know that i wrote this letter through rainy conditions
and my script is getting wet.

My child,
you have grown up now.
One day you will have a new person to share all your secrets with.
It will no longer be me,
I know you tell me all your problems. But tomorrow things will be different.

Before you walk the journey of life
let me give you some words to guide you.
Let's start by comparing life as a bicycle,
For in order to keep moving,
you must keep the balance first.
If your life is not balanced spiritually
and emotionally,
you will get a nervous breakdown.

Life is like music, when is played you must not miss the tune,
For you'll run out of fortune,
But don't dance so fast,
the music won't last,
You better slow down
as the sun goes downtown.

Time is a rollercoaster
same way the last will be the first,
the first will be the last,
I know a man who traded with his soul for a mount of gold,
I hope now he knows that he has undersold.

Perseverance is the mother of success,
When you run so fast to get
to somewhere,
You'll miss half the fun of getting
there.
You can't be in two places
at same time,
When you hurry
through your day,
Things start to crush,
It is like an unopened gift
being thrown away.
Take a slow breath,
Don't dance so fast
listen to the music
before the song is over.

Education is the most powerful key
which you can use to change the world
that's one of our famous quotes
by Former President Nelson Mandela,
We also told that in order to get to success,
you have to buy a ticket for your dream,
Put education in the tablet of your heart
and a church in your palms.
Let the teacher's be a candle
that burns itself
for you to see the light.

You were born with unfolded gifts
in both hands,
Crafted along with a cup full of knowledge,
My child, this words comes from
the tablet of my heart,

Through the book of life,
in Proverbs 1: 7
it was written
"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge, but fools despise
wisdom and instruction".
Please don't forget God, pray and seek His assistance always.

"Trust in the Lord with all your heart and lean not on your own understanding".

My child,
Don't live your life like the slave
of money,
Just imagine
Working all week so you can party on the weekend,
working all winter so you can party all summer.
Yes, Silver and Gold you do not have,
Jewelry materials do not have,
But you have something that is so expensive to be found That even money can't
buy, Which is life.

I wrote this letter in rainy conditions
and my script is getting wet,
Let me get a shelter to finish up
this words that you're drinking from
my cup of knowledge.
Keep reading my book,
This letter was written for you my child, take care, have a nice day.

From: Mom.

[Mom Be My Mentor and let your story End]

Author: Lyricist

Date: October 2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

A, B, C - 1,2,3

A, B, C - 1,2,3

Acquire knowledge,
Learn from what you'd be taught,
Build a strong bridge,
Be willing!

Out of hell,
Make your own paradise,
To all I've said, and still yet to tell
After all this, rise!

With all the troubles,
The difficult challenges,
The obstacles,
Put on, some spectacles!

You'll need adjectives,
The nouns, proverbs
Find interest in English strategic motives,
A, B, C to 1,2,3

You'll get no practice nouns,
Study literature,
Know difference between woman and women!
The plural and the singular!

Do not see school as a time waster,
Learning as useless,
While practicing, unnecessary!
With this mentality, there'll be no perfectness!

Education will build you,
Knowledge will grow you,
School will help you do both,
Build you and help your growth!

Shape your future,
The foundation is school,

Learning is a treasure,
Embrace education!

Through the letters,
You'll master the numbers!
Through education,
You'll know of all you need to.

Keitumetse Mokhahlane
@2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

After You've Lost Everything

After you've lost Everything
[Motivation of loss]

You've studied so much,
You've worked so hard,
Even used your lunch,
Lunch breaks to catch up

You were so keen,
You've been so persistent,
You've grown in persistence,
Hence you were able to persist.

You took risks,
Over all tasks,
Stood real, while others put on their masks
Now, you've been dragged down

You thought your friends were on your side,
Set you've set pretence aside,
You chose to abide,
Took your path, passed with a slide

Said you'd book a flight,
Even with your schedule tight,
By a house, drive a car, have own business
A route to achieve, has been shortened

Manager said you don't qualify,
Teachers said teach us,
They said you won't do it,
They said you aren't a high-flier.

Family said you were born a loser,
Now you've lost,
It seems over,
You've done all, to your outmost

Motivation;

Keep going, do not rest till you breath your last
After you've lost;
Develop a courage to change the world, your world.

Keitumetse Mokhahlane
@2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

Before The Rain

Before the rain

The land went dry,
So were my hopes,
I hid behind my room door, to cry
Can't I live long like the apes?

They asked for my time,
They said I shouldn't worry,
They would pay me a therapist,
In the meantime, they called a psychologist

I became confused,
I suddenly felt helpless,
Why sudden helpline calls?
They said they won't be hopeless.

They could see I got drained,
I sat down carefully,
My left kidney was pained,
I got disturbed...

They took my saliva,
My blood samples,
My urine,
And next?

'Your life is at risk, you've got cancer
You've got HIV,
You're suffering from kidney failure.'
What kind of cancer?

'Bone cancer'
My world broke!
I saw my heart being ripped off!
I didn't know what to do.

This happened before the rain,
All the pain,

The sickness,
I went home, two weeks after, I received a call

The doctor called me in,
After the storm,
He said you were going to be safe,
You wouldn't get any of my deceases.

I felt at ease,
Even when I was in danger,
I felt safe, since you were going to be safe
Before the rain, and after the storm.

Keitumetse Mokhahlane
@2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

Broken Dreams

Broken Dreams

I am picking up my broken
wishes like a man who picks
up the pieces of a broken glass.

I am still portraying that dream
with a pen as an artist,
I use my heart as a printer
to take out what's in my system.

I have a wall full of framed pictures
in my mind
That reminds me of sad moments

The dream remains broken
like a dislocated knee,
but the door is still open
for me to enter for a second chance.

I am still Picking Up The Pieces

Author: Lyricist

Date: October 2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

Broken Piece

Broken Piece

There's a broken piece in my heart,
Knowing that I will one day
leave you on this earth,
I can hardly sleep at night, wondering
about the journey
of life you're about to embark on.

My script is getting wet, let me go inside, it's raining outside here,
Let me continue, my child,
I sometimes wonder how are
you going to survive
out there,
In this cold world, without
having a Jersey to put on,
Without having to find a true
friend to grow with,
But you'll need a book of life
as a lamp to your feet,
And that will help you to
stand unto your feet.

My child, never forsake
my teaching,
and walk on the red
carpet that is full of my wisdom,
I wrote this broken hearted piece
wholeheartedly,
I wish to see you grow
and nurture your success,
But knowing that my time
might one day be limited
on this earth,
As you receive this written letter,
I hope you'll receive it
full of excitement,
I want you to be happy
every time you get to read my letters.

Never forget that life comes once,
That time, it's much important,
as the breath
taken by each sec,
Keep love unto your heart,
have no favouritism,
Do not put your life
at risky, for life is the type
of richness that never withers
like grass in the cemetery.
Materials can be lost
and be found,
But in the Journey that is called
life, there's no return ticket.

Enjoy your day, and never forget
that your happiness
means the lot to me.

From: Mom

Author: Lyricist

Date: October 2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

Childhood

Childhood

How did my childhood days
ended?
Within a blink of an eye
I have found myself inside the dream
that is too hard to escape from,
Even if I try to wake up
from this dream
But I find it hard,
to get back to my childhood days,
My age, is not depleting
and I'm starting to lose my childhood
appearance,
I'm getting old now and then,
Although the morning
of each day
do look the same,
As I try to escape
I happen to live in the past,
And it hurts my stomach,
Feeling like I can take out
these pains out of my system.

I remember my first day at school
and how much fun
I've spent with my friends,
And how folks used to yell
at me
and how many times I used
to get myself into trouble,
With happiness,
and having no worries
and sorrows about tomorrow,
As I sit in this chair
I quietly visit my childhood days,
and wonder how did they end
so soon,
If I'd known I could've taken pictures

of my good days

Author: Lyricist

Date: October 2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

Cloud Of Mercy

Cloud of mercy

Heavenly gates do open
like a flood
that showers our prayers with lot's
of blessings,
As rainy fortunes do fall
unto our destiny
and showers our faces
with smiles,
As a rose planted in the garden
field, it's branches never wither.

Birds andbutterflies do fly
free with bright colors,
Like the morning summer,
birds do sing
to a summer's day,
It's the world of happiness
that can be searched on earth
like a hidden treasure.

The sky looks the holiday summer,
As the temperature
taste like the morning golden sunshine,
Birds still sing, and whistle
to each and every tree.

Author: Lyricist

Date: October 2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

Crack Of The Concrete

Crack Of The Concrete

My seed,
I still remember how difficult
it was before your made
it this far,
I can't believe you
managed to survive from the
crack of the concrete,
Across all odds, you managed
to stand your ground
and refuse to let life take away
your happiness.

You're are an icon,
the young soldier, and a strong
tree
that grew through thorns,
The same situation
that tried to kill you,
Was the one that built you.

You the seed, that never stopped
nurturing,
You proved the nature's law
that regardless of what circumstance,
There's another time for rebound,
There's another second chance
to start afresh

Author: Lyricist

Date: October 2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

Death At The Door

Death at the door

I've been weak,
I've been sick,
Thought to have been meek,
But my health, had many leakages.

It's been the headache,
The kidneys,
The heartache,
All, my sickening sicknesses!

I've went to visit the doctor,
The results were scary,
More like I wasn't watching, but reading fear factor
I don't know if it's because I am hairy.

She held my hand,
While I silently watched the hospital's door,
For a moment I pulled my hand,
I then fell on the floor.

She shed tears,
They were unending,
This increased my fears,
I then asked her, if she'd lost someone...

She said, 'No, but I'm afraid...
Afraid the world will loose someone,
And that's you! '
I stood there in shock till seconds later...

I reached out,
Out to planet Mercury since I was sorry.
I landed in Neptune, while in Jupiter and Venus
But Mars wasn't happy for Uranus

From then, I remember waking up
Up from a Hospital bed,

I saw a few angels,
Death at the door...

Keitumetse Mokhahlane
@2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

Death In My Life

Death in my life

It was a peaceful place,
Where I let my love reside,
Where we'd always let our hearts chase,
But never allowed them to replace,
Replace us with new persons,
Yes, I once had a heart
That was before I got hurt,
I was once happy, I grew fat
Where I couldn't lay flat,
I even hid under a big hat,
With the thoughts, 'twas a head umbrella tree
Yes, I used to crack jokes before
But now, I breath in fear
Fear that one of my heart's gear,
Gear may break,
I'm living for death in my life.

Death has befriended me,
My faithful friend, life, has left
She has left some vitamins,
Of which to this means,
I can't eat mince,
Mince meat anymore,
But, this is about you

I'll give my last breath to give you life,
Since...
When I breath, I cough blood
When I drink, I vomit
When I laugh, my stomach pains
Similarly, whenever I cry, my heart breaks

My ink lost its link,
My pen lost its touch,
After your arrival, I might not get a chance
Chance for recieving revival,
After you, matter will be taken to tribunal

And I, in the grave
Perhaps by grace,
I might get to see your face

Blame me not,
Maybe I am at fault,
I've damaged my womb,
I've damaged my heart,
I've damaged myself,
And you'll be the one to suffer,
I am almost done,
No worries, it'll all be over!
Yes, it'll be over!
Death in my life,
Death will rescue my life.

Keitumetse Mokhahlane
@2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

Depression

Depression

My child,
What makes your day a Bad day
or a good day? ,
Who do you talk to? ,
If you run, how fast do you run,
If you walk who is telling you
to walk fast, is it you or someone else? ,
Do you get upset easily, or do you
usually remain calm
and collected? ,
I have known people who allowed a ten minute argument in the morning to
destroy an entire day.

When you grow older,
the world
will seem as a place of horror,
You will wake up in the morning
to hear bad news from a phone call
about your close friend
who is fighting for his life in hospital,
And another terrifying news from newspaper headlines,
Yet about the neighbor's
body that was found dead next
to the bridge,
Yet about the serial killer
claiming his tenth victim,
Yet about another flood that has taken
many souls or another tsunami,
These are moments
when nothing seems to be fair,
When nothing seems to make
any sense,
What does it all mean? .

Never let the world step in
your seat belt,
And steer the wheel, setting the speed

and stopping or starting the car for you,
The world lead us astray,
You're the master captain
of your life,
You the only person who is in control.
Picture yourself having productive
moments, minutes and hours
of the days and weeks of your lives,
You can't let the frustrations and anxieties, and little difficulties bother
you,
Deal with them as an adult,
Give yourself a break, happiness
is a right of life,
It is not wrapped up in fate,
It is a right that is given
to you the moment you entered
this world,
And it stays with you each moment. of each day,
You deserve it and it is yours,
and yours alone,
No one else has the right
to determine your happiness for you
or take it away from you,

There's a time to stand our ground
and refuse to accept the flaws
in life that makes things difficult
for us.

Author: Lyricist

Date: October 2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

Don't Let Me Fall

Don't Let Me Fall

Somebody hold my hands,
I feel like I am a Titanic ship
that is about to fall,
I kinda sink in deep inside
troubles of life misery,
My legs do shake
like I'm getting cold feet,
I kinda feel like I'm drowning
inside cold waters.

Somebody hold my hand,
Pull me out of this ocean,
I can't swim, I am trapped
inside of life trials,
Every weeks do look the same
from the moment the sun
is born
till it dies,
I need someone to bail me out
of this walls
I call depression,
Sometimes suicidal notes
do remain printed unto my thoughts.

Please don't let me fall,
Never let your hand slip out
from mine
like a cliffhanger,
Don't let me fall
and break into pieces of despair,
I am trapped inside cold waters
and my legs do get cold feet.

Author: Lyricist

Date: October 2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

Dream Land

.

.

Do not sit on a Gold and beg for Gold

[Nelly Claratic]

.

.

.

Letter From My Mother's Womb

Dream Land.

Dream Land

Last night I found myself stuck into the dream world
full of doctors, officers, educators,
entrepreneurs, cashiers and hustlers,
They told me that
in order to get to success
there's a ticket you have to buy
to fulfil your dreams and visions.

Sometimes I happen to look at life
with a different picture,
It's all because of how life dishes me
with a cold plate full of shame,
I don't do poetry for fame
for it's lame
to write for status,
I came a long way searching
for a garden of peace
and that was poetry.
As I grab this pen, I do write
to print out everything that's in
my chest.

It's the land of visionaries,
A world full of pictures
being portrayed through poetic
devices,
It's the land of hope, where
despair seems to be far
away the dreamer.
Success seems more brighter
with the cigar on the tray,
As the King's table is decked
with a golden linen,
As the Crown goes to those
who worked for it
through sleepless nights.
Slaving for a better future

decked with a golden table.

It's the land of the wise,
As success is dancing with
those who are already on the dance floor,
Calculated dreams as being portrayed
and multiplied by visions,
As God is the answer to our prayers,
Fortunes do give addition sign
along with a double portion
of blessings.

Author: Lyricist

Date: October 2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

Fell From A Dream

Fell from a dream
[Landed in reality]

They had my last name,
They were playing around,
Playing the touch game,
Skipping rope, roaming around the neighborhood

You were a happy family,
And I added to it joy,
My reflection asked, 'oh, really? '
You had all life ahead, to enjoy!

The two hearts became one,
The two; girl and boy twins
At least one wouldn't have to feel alone,
I thought to myself!

Your wife,
She was always sweet,
She really gave me a warm nice treat,
I enjoyed her organised feast.

You're so rude,
You're so mannerless,
You're just like your son!
She told me angrily, outside the washroom

I wondered,
I'm still wondering,
She left me thinking,
Why did she say that?

My son, how do you tolerate her?
I really fail to understand,
'Mom, I love her, like that'
Fair enough.

Hey Pinky,

I called on my son's wife,
Annoyed, she said to me
'What do you want evil mother-in-law? '

I didn't know English much,
So I thanked her for calling me Evil mother-in-law,
It was such a sweet name,
Right?I got the meaning;

In E, I was an Entertainer
In V, I was a bit Vicious
In I, I appeared to be Interesting
In L, I was so Lovely

She told me that, when I asked her
Her the meaning of EVIL,
My son, I love her
Yes, I love your wife a lot

Mine, reader, pardon me
I don't know the gender of the life I'm carrying
But, Something tells me he's a male
I thought to get it as a surprise.

Chances are, He might not be a he
Chances are, She might be a her
How to go about?
He might marry, she might get married

The kids, may just be a dream
Took a walk, to a nearby stream
I realized that, this is close to impossible
Fell from a dream, landed in reality.

Keitumetse Mokhahlane
@2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

Grab It

Grab It

Sometimes when things fall apart
I just wish I could pick them up,
I was told, opportunity comes once
and that I should grab it
with both hands,
But sometimes I found myself
holding the wings of the bird unto my hand when it has long gone.

I live in a cold world
where everything changes like the whether,
Prediction seem so fictional
like the story in the magazine,
I have no one who
wanna hold my hand
and walk me out of this mess.

Author: Lyricist

Date: October 2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

How To Seek Answers

How to seek answers

Seek with a pure heart,
I cannot lie to say you'll make it on your own,
Human strength isn't enough,
Be meek, you'll be honoured

God blesses,
Consider him your blesser,
You'll be blessed,
For he shall give you your blessings.

In him, you'll find refuge
If you seek Proverbs from Revelation,
Ask John about the Psalms
Malachi will refer you to Matthew...

Truly I say, the First Kings together with the second
Have sung the Song of Solomon,
Bitter as lemon,
His words are as sweet as honey dew

Pay attention to the Philippians,
The Thessalonians, Colossians and Galatians
Observe your Acts,
They could leave you with a permanent Mark

Just as Titus, took first and second Peter
The Corinthians,
It's not yet over,
They've taken even to the third John's.

Be humbled like Ruth,
Do not be ruthless,
Take it from James and Philemon,
Learn from Genesis

Excuse Exodus for Leviticus,
Count Numbers with Joshua,

Take your matter to the Judges,
In Ghana, he's Yeshua

The first and second Samuel,
The Chronicles, have seen Ezra
Ezra with Nehemiah, they came to a conclusion
That they'd given her a Job

Seek without any Lamentations,
Like Ezekiel fast like Daniel,
Be observant as in Hosea, Joel and Amos
Be like Obadiah....

Do not be like Jonah,
Be like Micah,
Be an open book like the vision of Nahum
Solve any burden you see, like Habakkuk

He'll give you the answers,
Answers like he did, to Zephaniah
Even like Haggai the prophet,
A call from heaven to repent, answer like Zechariah

Seek answers to the most high,
One in high places,
Of which in him, things were made
Seek answers with the guidance of the above.

Keitumetse Mokhahlane
@2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

I Saw Him Too

I saw him too

I was laying helpless,
I wondered restless,
For a moment I felt selfless,
My dear, in weakness all becomes a mess!

I could see people,
There were too many visitors,
I could spot my church members,
And a few, chambers!

I'd been feeling worthless,
I was feeling drained,
I was pained,
I felt painted with pain!

I heard the choir,
They'd been singing my favourite song,
Hosanna, hosanna I thought!
Heard my ringtone, ding!

Thought to pick it,
But I had no strength,
I doze off!
Hours later, I woke up.

I was having attacks,
I couldn't bare the pain,
I lay down, carefully, in pain!
I saw him....

I saw him too,
Your dad.
Despite the crowd,
Blood rose aloud.

He was sitting next to my bed,
I was too focused on my left,

I couldn't spot him on the right,
When he was just, by my side in sight!

He was in tears,
He looked pale,
Said our story is a fairytale,
I saw him too.

Keitumetse Mokhahlane
@2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

If It's Your Wish

If it's your wish

Call him dad,
Just as you'd have called me mom.
Even if you're sad,
Do it, if it's your wish.

Answer his questions,
If you have yours answered,
Ask, if you're not satisfied.
Ask anything, do leave any stone unturned.

Live to make I and him proud,
Breath to make a difference,
Exhale to set out a defence,
Defense to plants and trees lifespan.

Walk tall,
With confidence,
In case you crawl,
Know you're just steps ahead.

Be head on,
If you've got to say no,
Do not shook your head,
Say it out loud!

Be courageous,
Be outrageous,
Close to fabulous,
Stay superfluous.

All this I say with a kind heart,
The very same, that was hurt
This are my thoughts,
These are my options.

You've got your life,
To make your own choices,

To take your own decisions,
Do not hesitate to object.

It's been said,
'One future lies in their hands'
If you, and your friends form a band
There you are.

If you aim high,
Build a plane or parachute to take you there,
You've got the power to do anything,
If it's your wish.

Keitumetse Mokhahlane
@2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

If You Can't Make Me Proud

If you can't make me proud

I've told you my dreams,
I've written my wishes,
Yet, you've got your own dreams
You've got, your own wishes

I've had my plans drafted,
My advices crafted,
You have yours drawn,
And others to follow.

Take my instruction,
But if you feel to lay an objection,
Draw down your construction,
Make your own decision.

Be true to yourself,
Be you,
Do not limit yourself,
Go beyond the sky, life's limitless.

I have been thinking,
I've came to a thought,
Thought that you shouldn't have any doubt,
Doubt to do all that you want.

If you can't make me proud,
Make yourself proud,
Be proud to beat up your chest,
I hope I've said this well aloud.

Do not hesitate to listen to your gut,
Like they say, follow your heart
If you can't make me proud,
Make yourself proud, just as I've written.

Keitumetse Mokhahlane
@2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

If You Look Closely

If you look closely

Poverty ranks with wealth,
Hustle with laziness,
Similarly, Planet earth
Earth with water

If you look closely,
In this world,
Things happen entirely,
Entirely different as they should.

One hopes for the best,
Looking forward to the future with the past,
At a later stage, experience the worst
Expectations high, less effort taken

If you look closely,
Often we share weird relationships,
Where we are close to each other,
But never meet, like the parallel lines

One wishes to be successful,
But find work stressful,
This is one of the weaknesses,
Weakness we have to develop a strength in

If you look closely,
Mistakes come with lessons,
Scars with a reminder,
Reminder to not go back again...

If you look closely,
Good is closely related to bad,
Kindness to rudeness,
This is sad.

Sadness to sorrow,
Sorrow to pain,

To the saints,
Even this may be difficult to deal with.

Keitumetse Mokhahlane
@2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

If You Please

If you please

I know,
I know it's difficult,
For now,
Try to make everything better.

Do not resort to suicide,
I can understand your pain,
With all the weakness,
Be strengthened!

I am with you,
God too is,
Remember, you're his
Keep this.

Bare with the troubles,
The stumbles,
The crumbles,
Be in calmness.

Do not be violent,
Against you, or who have wronged you
Just as it doesn't cost a cent,
If you please!

I know you may feel weakened,
But through this,
Be motivated.
Be a world looked upon motivation.

Keitumetse Mokhahlane
@2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

I'll Leave You A Name

I'll leave you a name

You're a miracle,
You're a blessing,
You aren't of an oracle,
Towards you, I'll be caring!

You're like a treasure,
To be hunted on a quest,
I may be able to travel those miles,
Be my guest!

On the day of your birth,
The heavens shall rejoice,
For your arrival on earth,
I wish to name you Joyce!

Mountains will be released,
Just as chains will be brokened,
Waterfalls won't be stopped,
Mountain view, topped!

You're a mother's love,
A father's sacrifice,
A sister's beloved,
A brothers pride!

You're his king,
You're her prince,
You're their leader,
For this, I'll leave you a name!

You're your relatives flower,
You hearts protea,
Your loved ones rose,
Too much flattery, do not overdose!

For health, you'd worshipped
For wealth, you'd be called

For earth, you'd be idolised
You'll rise, to the level of the sky!

Nations will look up to you,
Your community and neighborhood,
Take this, I'll leave you a name;
You shall be 'Prosperity'!

Keitumetse Mokhahlane
@2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

It Was Time

It was time - Understand

Death on earth,
Desperation on mission,
Will this sound like a myth?
Wait; for a description...

I loved her, she left
I loved him, he left
To a land of no return, to their formation
They're now buried, in their home, tombstones!

You loved mommy,
You have a chance to love daddy,
You loved daddy,
You have a chance to love mommy.

What do you do?
What do you do when there's no chance,
Chance to express your love to them?
Your parents?

What do you do when you loose your brother,
Your sister,
Your parents,
And yourself?

How do you go back?
How do you go back when you can't turn back?
Back the clock?
Do you end to everyone's feet, like a sock?

Do you beg?
Any chance you'll have, to brag?
When time's gone,
Death had taken them?

It was time, understand

KEITUMETSE MOKHAHLANE

@2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

I've Confirmed With The Doctor

I've confirmed with the doctor

I've led the best, of my life!
I've experienced the worst, in my life!
I've led the bad pace, of my life!
And now?

I've been living in hell,
Breathing on earth,
Now the heavens are calling,
They're calling out my name.

Heard the angels say,
Say in their hallelujah hymns...
I've prayed for signs,
Now I'm saying goodbye to this rhymes...

I've had no time to celebrate,
To commemorate,
Now the conglomerate?
Has no bar left, to rate.

I've done all I may,
Said all that I needed to say,
Now, a look to ray...
I'm as weak, as a tray.

Be glad, I've left a letter
Be proud, I've scripted a book
Rejoice, for you've had the chance to learn
Even if, I wouldn't partake, to what you'll earn!

Life has never been easy,
I can't lie to say it'll favour you,
Nor be friendly to you,
To learn, it teaches hard lessons.

Now that you're left alone,
Without my presence,

Continue live, add an essence
I've confirmed with the doctor, the time is near.

Keitumetse Mokhahlane
@2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

L.I.F.E

L.I.F.E

In L, you'll Learn
In I, you'll have to Insist
In F, you'll have to Fight
In E, you'll have to live to Empower
Follow this,
For you will know answers to how, why and when
Might understand this, from the age of ten
Store this, do not be forgetful, like a hen
Take my words,
Like the commands of believed in Lords,
I've tied a few threads,
To this I've wrote, clear as it all reads
You're my life,
Life born in I,
Hope to see you, eye for an eye
Crawl to walk, walk to run
Embrace this,
You were made from Hers and His,
Their seeds!
Yes, our seeds, and you're our result
For this reason,
I've taken insults,
From one season,
Season to the other, I've shed tears, unending!
I was once hanged,
Just when I thought I'd be hugged,
By this , I got humbled
Do not worry, nor be troubled, instead be inspired!
For as long as you've got this life,
Live it,
Embrace yourself,
And learn L.I.F.E
It may seem difficult,
But there isn't much difficulty,
Like salt, brings taste
You're welcome in this L.I.F.E faculty.

Keitumetse Mokhahlane

@2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

Lay On A Circled Rock

Lay on a circled rock

Be noble,
Do not sobble,
Just as quick you'd pick up your fallen mobile,
My child, reconcile!

Do not be too quick,
Lay on a circled rock,
Observe all from the back,
This way, observe everything attentively.

Do not be naive,
Show others love,
And in 'others' your father is included.
Do not feel from his life, excluded.

He wasn't able to fulfill my promises,
But you're part of his wishes,
Through all learned glitches,
Heart clutches;

You're my blessing,
His blessing,
You are, our blessing!
Through we were blessed!

Up to this point,
You'd have rolled a joint,
Pinned a certain point,
I assure you, he won't disappoint!

How is it, that I know?
How is it, that you'd know?
For now,
Take a breath, lay low...

Easy, easy, easy
I'd say when you use a scissor,

Our fixer!
Lay on a circled rock.

Keitumetse Mokhahlane
@2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

Lead Me

Lead Me

God be the light, let alone
my life miseries fade,
And my life flourish
and nourish
like the green plants in the garden.

Go with me through
windy situations
that increases my body tempers,
O Lord, guide me
not to fall
as the set of the sun,
Make me rise
as the born of the sun.

You're my destiny helper,
You save my soul from cold waters
and my mind
from dark thoughts,
You the moon
that light up in my dark days,
And you were the morning shining star
to my early days
of childhood.

Author: Lyricist

Date: October 2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

Letter For You

Letter for you

Be ready,
Be on steady,
This will be harder than Icebreaking,
Harder, than first time riding a unicycle.

This might break your heart,
This might leave you hurt.
This might let you drown in your tears,
This might leave you to give out to your fears.

Before doing so,
Allow me to say,
From today,
Your tomorrow might take a different turn.

I know you, you're strong
Strong enough to swallow this.
You'll know how to get yourself together,
You're harder than a leather.

I pray you're in your senses,
You've tighten your shoe laces,
Had an exchange for your braces,
This will read and raise anger.

It might let alone arise hatred,
Remember, not to hold a grudge
Set your heart free,
To live in peace.

This might cause destruction,
It isn't a fair chain of truth,
Truth distribution,
Do not mistaken it all to be a myth.

I wish I could have to say this differently,
I could say it eye for and eye,

But, situation doesn't allow
After this, you're free to get angry...

Keitumetse Mokhahlane
@2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

Letters Of Hope

Letters Of Hope

My child,
you had a bad day? ,
I am happy
that you received this letter,
and that will make you feel better.

I know that you're going
through a tough time,
And that life can be the heaviest
load to carry it by yourself,
But never lose hope, please wipe
those tears,
I know it's sad, that for years,
And years, you kept the faith,
But suddenly turned into despair,
I know that sometimes when
you're alone
you spend more time thinking,
And suicidal thoughts do run unto your head
with emotional words.

Please wipe those tears,
Anyway how was your day at school,
Oh I've realized that you finished school,
I hope you busy trying to add one
and two from the input,
But the output
seems not to be true right,
Did you get the job, that suits you? ,
If not what is stopping
you from getting the right one.

How are things going
in your relationship, if you're going
from one relationship to another,
Keep things low, don't rush to move on, when one door closes,
Another one will start to open

automatically.

I just heard that you're lost

your best friend,

Don't let it eat you alive, keep the memories unto your heart,

And let wisdom build you

from bad days,

Author: Lyricist

Date: October 2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

Living Behind From Past

Living Behind From Past

I can't believe that the past
has entered unto my backroom door
without having to open
the front door,
I try to escape from the past
but life gives me screenshots
of my past,
Every way I take it opens
my gallery
and display screenshots of my past
without having to ask,
And this image of a smile mask,
For to me life is a task.

Can somebody offer me
a Jersey,
It's cold in here, I can feel it
unto my footsteps,
For life is a reality
we can touch it with our fingertips.
Sometimes I happen
to ask myself that will I escape
from the past.
as my life misery get in touch
with my system
and opens
my gallery and display screenshots
of my past
without having to ask.

Author: Lyricist

Date: October 2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

Luxury

.

.

He is like a tree planted by streams of water that yields its fruit in its season, and its leaf does not wither. In all that he does, he prospers.

[Psalms 1: 3]

.

.

Letter From My Mother's Womb

Luxury.

Luxury

"March on till life hands you an applause"

Room service at five stars
hotel,
Few joints of cigar out the hotel window
in London city.

Waking up in the hotel,
Hearing a knock at my bedroom door
as they come in with a cup of coffee,
My phone start ringing,
Guess what? , it's my client,
asking for an appointment.
Waiter's hand is swiping my card
as I pay my bills,
While I'm on the line.
When I enter my red key(to the phone) ,
The text message gets in and notify me
to go through
my mails,
As I grab my tablet, another knock
again,
With a delivery of Champagne,
Anyway what's the occasion? ,
Now i guess success hands me an applause,
As i take out the glass
of champagne, another beep! sound
with a text message from the bank
the money is in,
My car is parked outside with the chauffeur,
I need to go to my office,
let me take out my tuxedo,
As I look to my Rolex watch, on my wrist,
And now It's my time, somebody
let's celebrate and take a picture.

I am already in the dance floor

as success dances victory unto my door,
Smiles do showers my face with
joy,
As a women that walks tall
like Maya Angelou's lines,
I also do walk like I've got oil wells pumping unto my living room.
As I finish writing the next lines, there's few tickets I should buy,
Got a trip to Nairobi
and my flight is at hand.

[Outro]

"In order to get to success you have to buy a ticket for your dream"

Author: Lyricist

Letter From My Mother's Womb

Memory Loss

.

.

The power of small beginnings is measured by the solidarity of the foundation

[Nelly Claratic]

.

.

Letter From My Mother's Womb

Memory Loss.

Memory Loss

My brain cells do fade
like the picture in transparency,
It's like dwelling inside deep
waters, suddenly found myself trying to escape the suffocation,
In the strong roaring waves of windy
conditions.

It's all seems like there's a broken
camera,
No pictures that comes to mind,
Everything gets blank
as if one is lacking understanding,
The screen seems so dark
like a failing display from motor,
For I get to live in a different
world of my own,
With no dreams, with no visions
and a story to tell,
It all seems like one's life
has ran out from the main purpose.

What does the future holds
for us, as the night falls down? ,
I can hardly sleep, having
to know that life has ran out of purpose,
That wishes were unfulfilled
by a stumbling force called curse.

Each day taste like the winter,
full of sour, Every hour,
gets tougher
as dark forces creates stormy
situation
that blinds us from seeing life
with an incredible future.
Cell tissues do multiply
like microbes

as the discharge of magnetic field,
Along the way, we come
across broken wishes,
As the healing process
is still pending.

Author: Lyricist

Date: October 2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

Nightmare

Nightmare

My child,
As you grow old
you will one day embark on the journey
that is full of thorns,
Your life might face the dark
waters
without having to ask,
You will go through windy conditions
without having no one to help,
There'll be days where you
feel like your life is a nightmare,
When you try to pick up the pieces
other things do fall apart,

There'll be days where you cannot
control everything
that happens in your life,
Friends and family, will
turn their backs on you,
Your leaders will lose faith in you,
Your fellow brothers
and sisters will be against your
victory,
You will suffer emotionally
and spiritually,
And suicidal thoughts
will haunt you down,
Never lose hope, for it's not
the end of the world

Bad tearful
days will knock with painful
nightmares unto your front door,
But keep resilience
and a church in your palms,
Keep going as the train,

No matter how long the journey is,
Just remain patient.

Author: Lyricist

Date: October 2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

Nurse [Mother Of Nations]

Nurse [Mother of nations]

My Child, As I was checking
into my mails I came across this letter,
I'll read it for from start till
it ends,

The letter it reads,

My child, you may not know me
but I wrote this letter crafted
with a handwriting of love,
I knew you before you entered
this universe,

For you were in your mother's womb,
I was there when your mother
first entered

unto our hospital ward,
She was screaming, cry out loud
because of pains,

I am the one who came to help her
cool the tempers,

I called my other colleagues
and a doctor

to come and assist,

Tempers were so high,
everyone was sweating

and your mommy was screaming,
and after a short while the monarch
was born.

The angels were all smiling
down from heavens on that day,
For you were joyfully born
many years ago on this very day.

Your parents were so proud

Even the doctors

and my fellow nurses knew

that you were

loving

and giving.

From that very day It came to my senses
that I've played my role,
And my mission was accomplished
And that I would die happily
knowing that I have contributed something in the world.
My child it's your turn
to give back from those people
who gave with their level best,
For you to breath fresh air,
Your forks taught you how to speak,
But don't forget that one teacher who taught you how to spell,
And that pastor who taught you how
to see life in a different picture.

Going to bed at night saying we've done something wonderful that's what
matters to me,
Be the candle that burns itself
for other to get the light,
You have to give back to the
people who played a role
in your life.
Never lose hope, when you fall, dust yourself out,
You're like a soldier, as the battle
continues
Just know that you're not out
from the fight

Author: Lyricist

Date: October 2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

Postman

Postman

The other day after I received
letters from my mother's womb,
I decided to write
a letter to my mother,
It was written in an A4 paper,
I wrote the letter with tears watering
my eyes,
And the letter start by saying,
Dear mom, I write this letter
back to you,
For I am so touched and feel appreciated, and loved,
I respect your time
and energies for writing me a book
full of wisdom.

My days are like a paradise,
When I wake up, I take a deep
breath by the window,
And look out on golden sunshine
reflecting on my garden,
Leaf by leaf,
My life seems so precious
along with a sublime piece of music
that perfectly matches
my mood.

The morning taste like the summer
along with determination to stand
on my ground
through hard times.

yours child.

I then folded my A4 paper,
And sent the letter to a postman,
But the letter was returned
back to me,
They told me that the postman

delayed sending,
and my letter was left pending.
And It felt like the postman
is a roadblock that stand
in every person's way, and stopping
them from receiving their wishes.

Author: Lyricist

Date: October 2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

Proving Nature's Law Wrong

Proving Nature's Law Wrong

My child,
You are like the rose that grew
from the crack of the concrete,
Proving the nature's law
very wrong,
With your feet you will learn
to breath fresh air,
And achieve your dream
of growing tall
and strong like a concrete wall
that never falls,
You will be
the monarch upon nations,
I can't wait to see you
grow old with pride
and walk like Maya Angelou,
I can't wait to
see your luxury life,
Be strong, never let hopes
turn into despair,
Keep growing strong
with passion,
No one will stop you,
Like a strong concrete wall
you're unbreakable,
Like a strong tree you're unshakable.

Your paths will open
automatically like an iron gate
from the Bible,
Your day's will be of a paradise,
Nor obstacle
will stand your way,
Birds will sing for you at noon,
Stars will shine for you
during dark days,
Butterflies will pass unto

your windowpanes with flying colors.
You will enjoy life
as if heaven has kissed the earth.

Author: Lyricist

Date: October 2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

Rewards For Pain

Rewards for Pain

Pain may seem hush,
When you're in a rush,
Same as a I could bit around the bush,
I'd still land in the midst of it all.

You might find yourself in clashes,
Clashes between who you are, and who want to be
Accident after the other, hidden under bandages
In a dark circled room, like a hand with bangles

Pain is inevitable,
Just as heartbreaking seem impossible,
Impossible to heal,
Pain can be faked, but always comes out real

Do not blame pain, when you fail
Have you seen one cry till they turn pale,
Or naturally are?
It's almost as if pain is for sale;

We attract it, unknowingly
It gets attracted, starts friendly
And unexpectedly,
It leaves permanent sadness, sadly.

If you fail,
Do not loose hope.
If you don't reach your goals,
Try hard, there's more in-store.

Do not be demotivated,
Stay strong,
You'll grow stronger,
Stand taller, dream bigger!

The rewards for pain:
Riches, approved

Wealth, reached
Striving for excellence from failure!

Keitumetse Mokhahlane
@2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

Shaken Walls

Shaken Walls

My child,
Sometimes in life you'll find trials,
Windy situations will rise
without your awareness,
And happiness
will leave you hopeless,
For joy is priceless,
But your joy
might fall on people's hands,
They'll hold your joy unto hostage,
Your smile will be their fate
as a closed gate
that blocks you to a better life.

Never let anyone takeover
your day,
Don't let anyone ruin your special
day,
For jealousy builds
toxic path in one's life,
Keep the courage rolling
unto the tablet of your heart.

The moment you were born,
Same time another life was lost,
It's the journey of beginning
and end,
Never lose hope,
Nor man has a final say about your life except God,
Your creator, who made you 'the light of the world,
A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid.

Author: Lyricist

Date: October 2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

Sinking Ship

.

.

If the ship starts to sink, the problem lies with the captain of that ship.

[L. Lyricist]

.

.

.

Letter From My Mother's Womb

Sinking Ship.

Sinking Ship

Life can be like a Titanic ship
that sinks inside of cold waters,
When your only wish is to breath,
whereas others are happily
breathing, and swimming.
As the wind blows within the ship
every innocent soul start panicking
as life is attacking,
Even the Captain has loosen
the direction
as if the compass is at equator.

We grew up having Lot's
of dreams and visions,
But now the ship going
down like the coffin.
Everything is changing directions
along with turning points.
Only thing that is left is the
pen that comes from the tablet
of my mother's heart.

When the sun goes down,
I found myself embarking on the dark journey,
That blinds me from stepping
into the incredible future.
My footsteps
do write a story through the dust,
As I compare pictures
of my past tearful wounds,
I grew up having Lot's of passion
but now it seems like my dreams
and visions
have lost its beauty like the Grass
that has withered
as a rose without water
in the garden.

Author: Lyricist

Date: October 2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

Sitting At The Bench

.

.

For my days pass away like smoke and my bone burn like a furnace.

[Psalms 102: 3]

.

.

Letter From My Mother's Womb

Sitting At The Bench.

My child,
This is the letter from your mom
crafted together with hands of love.

Sometimes life
is like a man who is sitting to the bench,
Waiting in the longest queue,
Hoping to get help and
waiting for the name to be called
from that window,
But tempers gets high
with frustrations
that overheat
your face with sweat,
For you can't stand the wait,
And then you'll get to despair,
For it gets hopeless
like a man who waited for
a train for so long.

Moments do look like a dream,
For you can't feel it's real cream,
You just imagine only the negative
by that moment
an opportunity enters the door
like the flood,
Everything gets bad like the spread of the blood.

As water reflects the face,
So one's life reflects the heart,
Waiting to the bench for hours, and hours,
Stood wiggling on a hospital bench,
Watching with teary eyes,
Hoping that you'll get assistance,
Here comes a long waiting period
of despair,
As doctors
come out to that door,
The feeling increases tempers

to be high
as the heart beats so fast,
Then it hit to my realisation,
That we are not free from
life trials along with oppression,
Sometimes the wait gets unhealthy
with no freedom,
It's hard to escape from the prison
of perseverance,
But still captivity gets the whole
credits.

Every minute it gets dark
and the light is never turned off
to a man who's waiting for a train
at night,
For hours and hours, that's how life
it is,
Waiting in the sit bench for so
long it's like self-murder,
For you can't bear the experience,
With lowered eyes
and legs so weak, feeling like you
losing the fight,
While looking at other people
get help,
Same people who came after you,
Everything to them
it's as if life is a miracle,
but to you is as if life is ain't fair,
Feeling like you don't deserve
to live,
Life is a box of chocolates to a diabetic.

My child, never run out
from fight,
Face the music, never miss
every tune,
Dance with those who dances
with you,
Don't force to change every
situation you come across,

For some situations are meant
to build you, to sharpen you
as an iron.

Never lose hope
and think of taking your life,
Ignore putting your life to risk,
Never drink the whole bottle
of whisk,
and think that you'll be alright,
Go with the flow,
remember perseverance is the
mother of success.

Sitting at the waiting bench
waiting for a doctor to call my name.
Having to bear all the smell
of chemicals in the entire building.

Hours keep depleting
and the pain gets worse,
Nurses coming out
and in shutting their doors,
Wishing that they could call
my name.

Doctors going up
and down with files unto their hands,
Nurses coming out like a rabbit
that goes to it's hole
as paramedics gets inside
with the stretcher.

I am slowly losing the consciousness
for I can't bear the wait
and the pain,
I can't even move my legs
because of cramps
I've waited for to long,
What would've happened
if I was about to die,
For I couldn't bear the wait and the pain eating my inner room alive.

Life is like going to a boxing ring, without being given the boxing gloves to fight with.

Author: L Lyricist

Letter From My Mother's Womb

Slow Down

Slow Down

When the day is done, do you lie
in your bed,
with the hundred chores
running through your head?
Did you felt like you running
out of fun?
And felt like you must visit
two places at same time,
But failed to balance the two
because you didn't start with the song till it ends,
Did you enjoy every moment
you spent in your childhood
until to its end? ,
Did you play with friends?
And as you start to enjoy the fun,
Forks start call you
for bath,
Did you write a list of year resolutions
and followed them? ,
Did you write a to-do list
and follow it till end without
postponing? .

Have you listened to the rain slapping on the ground?
Or gazed at the sun into the
fading night?
Do you still enjoy life
as the same way you started to grow
from childhood? ,
Or your days seems like a smoke
that passes? ,
My child don't lose hope,
You can't live in a rush
things will crush
and start to break,
Some will fall apart,
Life is like music,

You don't have to press a fast
forward button,
You just need to press
a play button only
but if you missed out from
it's lyrics,
Just press a pause button
and try to understand
every meaning,
You better slow down
don't dance so fast.

Author: Lyricist

Date: October 2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

Tears Of Despair

Tears Of Despair

My child,
I wish to see you
out of life frustrations
and daily situations,
I believe that you'll never
run out of hope,
Don't hesitate to read
this book when you come across
despair,
Let your faith be glued
onto your capillaries
and flow unto your blood stream
with determination,

Yes, the journey will be prickly
and full of thorns
but never let hopes fade away,
Keep the words
of my book and paste them unto your chest,
For God will take care the rest,
And for the best.

When you grow old, don't
forget your roots,
Grow with determination
to fulfill your goals,
Fly high like a free bird,
You are unstoppable
and capable
of living like a king,
You were born
with ambition to dream high,
And pass with flying colors
like the butterfly.

Climb the ladder of leadership
with pride,

You deserve the best,
You were born as a star
to shine at the dark,
Your goals will be flourished
and nourished

Author: Lyricist

Date: October 2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

Text Message

Text Message

Hi, Lewis

I wrote this letter because you've
portrayed courage of hope
unto my heart,
I have been reading, and drinking
unto your cup of knowledge,
Your portrait which is called art
of creative writing,
It has saved my life
from the trials of sufferings I have
managed to bounce back.

Your pen it has a sharp pointer
which is mightier
than a sword
not even a harsh word
can erase your art,
Not even an eraser
can remove your sharpened words
onto the tablet of my heart.

I wish one day, we can meet,
I can't wait to be the first person
to buy your book in stores,
I believe that you'll one day
be the Best seller of lifetime
on earth,
You have bandaged
all my wounded holes unto
my rooms,
My heart is no longer pumping
Lot's of pain but joy
of lifetime.
Your pen is my lifespan,
if it wasn't your pen I don't know
where would I be.

I pray, to God to open doors
and closed gates of your heart desires,
Your path will be wide open,
Your table will be decked
with a golden linen,
Your enemies will be shameful
to see you succeeding.
Your success will stand
forever still,
Still as the wind on a hot
summer's day,
Still as the characters in a
photograph,
Still as your breathless, silent
laugh.

Wish you, a wonderful day, have fun! .

From: Lovely Fan

Received: 22: 13pm,28 Oct

Author: Lyricist

Date: October 2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

The Blessings That Comes With The Rain

The blessings that comes with the rain

Words have run out,
My ink too,
Can I have a refill,
I've got a mission to fulfill

I've got a message to deliver,
A letter to write,
oh, and I'll need a deliver!
Would you be my driver?

Take me back,
Back to my route,
I'll carry my bag,
I'll visit the international friends site.

There's the rain,
Can you see it's drops?
Can you smell the ground?
The flowers are blooming!

Ground watered,
Plants grown.
Prayers answered,
Answers by the rain, given...

The rain comes with life,
Not only liveliness of the environment,
But in one's sentiment,
It drops hopes...

Hopes to building a better current,
To a nourished tomorrow,
And a shaped future,
This are, The blessings that comes with the rain.

Keitumetse Mokhahlane
@2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

The Dream

.

.

A broken dream is like a broken string of the guitar that cannot tell a story,

[L. Lyricist]

.

.

.

Letter From My Mother's Womb

The Dream.

The Dream

It's all started as a Beautiful dream
just a distraction
to my Beautiful sleep,
I wanted to fly high like the free bird
in the sky of ambition
and land to the airport of success,
But it seems like everything
is very slow in my life,
When I go to sleep I found myself drowning
inside the pool of nightmares.
My question is, will my dreams
and visions be fulfilled?
For I lie in the oceans full of sharks,
For they wanna destroy everything
I've built with my own hands,

Sometimes I my true feelings do float on top of roaring forces of troubled
waters,
As the waves
do try to take my life,
But the Lord of waters, seem to lift up my standard
as challenges do come like a flood.

Last night I had a bad dream,
I found myself trapped inside
the ocean,
And that ocean
was a broken dream that is like
a broken string of the guitar
that cannot tell a story,
And my only wish was to breath,
And I tried and tried but
I was suffocating
but the Lord of waters came
and pulled me up
and that's how I survived
the nightmare.

Author: Lyricist

Date: October 2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

The Family Curse

The family curse

Mother was long gone,
Gone from this earth,
I grew as a loner, partially, alone
Note this wrath.

I've had weird dreams,
Complicated visions,
It seems.
Words that might change your vision of life...

Allow me to make you aware,
My mother lost all kids after me,
Her brother lost his first born child,
Their third sister lost a child too,

Their fourth brother,
Brother also lost a daughter,
And I; I was said instead of loosing you,
I'll loose myself, after your birth.

This goes to generations,
You, and the rest
And chances are...
I'm about to faint.

Chances are,
Heavens strengthen me,
My heart wound feels sore,
Forgive me.

I'm not ready,
No, I have to tell you!
It's a family curse,
Yes, you might experience this.

You might not...
You might not be...

You might not be able...
You might not be able to...

Father in heaven,
Mother in heaven,
Sister too, in heaven...
They all left me.

Under the same curse,
Death in our house,
House entered, through...
The family curse.

As I was saying,
You might not be able to...
To have children,
To make children, to bring them to life!

To not be surprised,
You have all reasons to stay angry,
I have all I may, so that you don't go to bed hungry
The family curse.

Keitumetse Mokhahlane
@2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

The Golden Door With A Silver Key

The golden door with a silver key

I've had a vision,
You've got a mission,
Mission to fulfill, of which will cause tension
In addition, there'll be a confession

How, I don't know
Why, I had the same calling
When, I cannot tell
Where, entrance to be made by the golden door

There was a giant,
He was like Shrek,
He appeared from the bush,
'Who's he? ' you might be asking, the confessor...

He holds the key,
The silver one,
He'll offer to pay your school fees,
Fees, he wants to see you on your knees

He thinks the world rotates around him,
He thinks he breathes a better breath,
Beat him in his own ring,
Do not worship him, nor the earth

I saw a palace,
Like a swam of bees,
Overflowing of money and riches,
Is this one of the clichés?

You were sinking in a pool of blood,
When I came to your rescue,
You were dry, like the Sahara desert
And the pool turned blue...

Sky blur,
Sight blurred,

Warmth from a fur coat,
Blown away, left cold

I saw your future wife,
She'll be your best friend, your life!
After years, stab you with a knife
Future, shuffled!

In the same manner,
Thoughts in clutches,
Walk towards it,
The golden door, with a silver key.

Keitumetse Mokhahlane
@2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

The Letter I've Given To Joy

The letter I've given to Joy

You might be familiar,
Familiar with her.

She's the lady with an African afro hair,
In colour, she's fair
She's not tall nor short,
Her height is balanced.

From our corner shack,
Count to the right, she lives in the fifth house.

Her yard is full of flowers,
Tall trees, like towers
She has twotwin girls,
And three adopted boys.

She's a lawyer,
Business woman, who own three supermarkets.

She's also a soloist,
She's a guitarist,
She's passionate about music,
She's my only best friend and will always be.

She's the same lady,
Lady whom you'll get the money I left for you.

You may be wondering about your father,
He's left for Sweden,
Has disappeared to America,
With all riches, he's left me to die in poverty.

He said he hates me,
Me with all his heart, but you deserve to know him.

Pay her a visit,
Sister Joy,

She has the truth, and all in the...
The letter I've given to Joy.

Keitumetse Mokhahlane
@2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

The Sword Or The Gun?

The sword or the gun?

Route to Prosperity seems impossible,
Route to Achieve seems impossible,
Route to Travel seems impossible,
Route to Interact seems impossible,
Route to Excellency seems impossible,
Route to Normalise seems impossible,
Route to Calculate seems impossible,
Route to Ensure seems impossible!

Read the third first letters downwards...
The pain may be unbearable,
It's outcome will bearable,
Be noble. It's all it takes.

The sword or the gun?
The word or the fun?
Rhyme or hymn?
Him or you?

Is it too much?
Is it a lot?
I've tied a knot,
Knot of you, close to my heart.

He too might have,
He too might have love,
He too might have love too,
Too, for you!

Fight in you, with you
Righteous before the world,
Guilty behind closed doors,
Reality turned fake!

Be keen, do not sin
As you've seen, lovely trees green
All's better like nothings ever been.

Here's my shoulder in ink, you can lean on me.

Confused and lost,
Suffered the most,
Hasn't had a chance to toast,
See the aim, some just boast.
Dear, be able to resist
If you want to have power to insist,
Learn about persistence and persist,
How they say, water resistant?

The sword or the gun?
Too much difficulty?
Unguarded safety?
Been somehow hefty?
That must have been healthy.
Instead ask,
Success or failure?
Do not give up.
Do not give in.

Keitumetse Mokhahlane
@2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

The Treasure Within You

The treasure within you

Where there's a well,
There's a chance of survival,
Where there's tears, there's a story to tell
Where there's preaching, there lies revival

Take it from a dry winter tree,
It stays in nakedness,
Becomes free,
Free though in emptiness...

Observe the courage of rocks,
Everyday they're being stepped at,
Some sat at,
Like that;

Thunders strike upon them,
Heavy or light rain, showers upon them
The hails, despite all this
They continue to live, without breath

They continue to grow, without guidance
They gave art a reason to be artistic,
Within you renders gold,
Pleads the diamonds.

Like the oil of the Almond's,
There's a speciality in you,
The treasure, and that is;
Your heart.

Do not be brought down by people,
People's words or opinions,
Let their nasty words, build you
Your majesty.

Let your heart be of a rock,
In terms of strength and patience,

Take care, care of it
The treasure within you.

Keitumetse Mokhahlane
@2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

Trial

.

.

Be strong and courageous, For you shall cause this people to inherit the land that
I swore to their fathers to give them

[Joshua 1: 6]

.

.

.

Letter From My Mother's Womb

Trial.

Trial

I wrote this piece with teardrops
unto my face,
Tears fell down and started
watering my script,
Headache got me along
with emotional words hanging
unto my head like a curse,
I felt like I am sitting inside the
glass of called water,
I felt like life isn't meant for me,
I felt pushed inside the corner
to where my dreams and visions
do fade within the dark
Like a talent that gone unnoticed,
And again do drown inside,
like a sinking titanic ship.

I am facing life trials,
I live my life as a test,
Sometimes words do dissolve
unto my mouth
and become voiceless.
Eyes do drown inside tears,
Still counting all this years,
of sufferings
that no one will bear,
Living a life with fear,
with no one near,
to talk to, or want to hear,
your cries.

My life is in the rush
that even dreams happen to crush,
I felt like when I run so fast to get
to somewhere,
I happen to miss half of the fun
of getting there,

I sometimes worry
and hurry
through each day,
And It is like an unopened gift
that is thrown away.

I was once told, I'd better slow down,
Not dance so fast,
For time is short,
I remember my late friend,
when he was lying on sick bed,
He told me that
When life put you in the trial,
just give it a beautiful smile,
and do laugh like everything is fine,
and that life is not a race,
Do take it slower, Do not miss the tune,
Hear the music,
Before the song is over.

Author: Lyricist

Letter From My Mother's Womb

When I Was A Kid

When I Was A Kid

In my infant days
I happened to find myself in my mother's arms,
In a temporary world of comfort,
I couldn't see that I was living
a life as a dream,
And the time I woke up from
my infant days,
I was exposed into a world
where I was taught how to speak,
As the night faded away within a blink of an eye,
I started crawling, and sometimes I'd lean on the walls
to help myself to stand,
Sometimes I'd fall down, and crawl
again,
I didn't realize I was learning how
to walk,
As the sun at day,
As the moon at night, days kept fading away.
Another day I was holding the table,
Just to use my feet to stand firm
and so I can never fall,
I kept walking even though my
legs were shaking,
like a drunkard, I kept falling,
same time again and again
until I was able to stand
and walk by myself.

Finally, I can able to walk by myself
without relying to any one
to hold my hands,
At age four, my folks sent me
to a nearby kids school,
I was introduced into a new life
skills, where I had to learn how to spell,
For my folks only taught me
how to speak,

Few years later, I was learning
how to differentiate, Literacy
and numeracy,
On that case, I was taught how to master my pen
and write with understanding,
I couldn't see that I was politicking
with my wisdom,
In a class full of kids at the same age
but with different skills
and numeracy made to call us
as a fool,
Education was the only tool
to describe my fate,
At that early age
couldn't believe how could it be that the world is waking me up
from a toddler's sleep.

Years started to pass by, and the curtain begun opening,
And all was clear, nothing was
as a dream,
Everything became reality,
at my teenage stage,
as the windy created frequencies,
Life was the best lesson I've came
across, without having to be told.
Teachers became friends
and family
in my academic journey,
I had to spend my time
at school, day in and day out,
And that was my daily routine.

Sometimes
as I sit down, and wonder about
my infant days,
I felt like it all passed away
like the smoke.

Author: Lyricist

Date: October 2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

When You're Eighteen

When you're eighteen

You might be feeling confused,
Confused on how to go about,
Since this situation may be contained,
I'll tell you this.

Do this, when you're eighteen.
Look for your father,
At the moment, he's somewhere in Rwanda
Of which he visited before Uganda...

Visit him, if you want
Aunt Mary has all his country numbers,
She's his childhood friend,
She knows his whereabouts.

My dear, do not rush
You'll know him,
He has another wife,
Wife in America.

They met on their tour to Sydney,
Sydney area, in Australia
Business suggested by their boss, Mrs Sanely
Her second wife's name is Amelia.

I know, you have questions...
Why did he leave?
Why did he marry another woman?
Worry not, they both have no kids, yet.

If you feel the need to go,
Wait, at least till you're eighteen
You still have to pass age sixteen,
An you'd have read this from thirteen.

Oh, you father's name is David
His last name is Eisten,

Truth vivid,
My dear, listen...

To the letter,
I hadn't mentioned a lot,
But, you can take any action henceforth
Only, when you're eighteen.

Keitumetse Mokhahlane
@2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

Whenever We Try

Whenever we try

Whenever we try to shield our beloved,
they tend to slip off our sight.
Death often breaks not only our hearts but also our hopes.
For this case we find our life's titled to confusion.

It's no lie,
death is each and everyone's family,
and there's only one route to healing,
and that's releasing the pain by crying.

Yes! I can't say forget about them because it's entirely impossible! ,
How can you forget someone whom you included in our plans? ,
Tell me,
how could you forget someone whom you know you've lost forever and they're
never going to return? ,

The most painful part of death,
Is having a memory of your mother, father, brother, sister, aunt, uncle, cousin of
which you never knew! ,
If you have a reminder, a picture of whom you lost, be glad.

So many hunger for those, pictures, their memoir, but they can't have! If death
enters by, understand that it must have been time.
Instead of pulling yourself back, think of a way forward.

KEITUMETSE MOKHAHLANE
@2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

Wishes That Get Granted

Wishes that get granted

They're made with a clear conscience,
And to be precise,
There's realistic,
You've got to be strongly optimistic.

Through valleys,
They give life to rivers,
A chance for the rain drops to shower better,
Not made in slander.

They are uprising,
Someway surprising,
To such, they may be overwhelming
Stand firm, tall, never give up

If you are to make a wish,
Let it not be to dish,
Dish down others dignity,
Wish them good, offer them an opportunity

Wish others success,
You'll succeed,
Success comes with humbleness,
To this, make no mistake!

Help others reach their goals,
Help others realise their potential,
To such, they'll get to signature their initial
Initially, make them reach high.

Like a tall tree seek no attention,
But, noticed by everyone
Seek none,
Inspire all, even those who happen to have tension

Form unity,
Unity among the divided,

Aspire chances of certain possibilities,
Which acquire different opportunities.

The wish to offer shelter to the homeless,
To give hope to the hopeless,
Life to those who have given up,
Leave no soul restless.

Be kind enough to help others carry their load,
Do not be proud,
Say this aloud,
'I'll be humbled, forever! '

There you are,
You are good to go,
This are the wishes,
Wishes that get fulfilled.

Keitumetse Mokhahlane
@2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

Words From A Loving Heart

Words From A Loving Heart

My child,
As you read through these lines,
Remember to screen grab
the words 'am to say,
Words that come from bottom
of my ego,
In life you will found
yourself in a helpless moment,
Please take my words and
put them
unto the tablet of your heart.

When you feel like life
is coming into the end,
Never let the world lead you
astray
like a man who is pointing
a finger to others,
Not realising other three fingers
pointing back at him,
Don't forget that in this world
you deserve love and joy
like everyone else.

Your life is the most precious
thing you have than materials,
Nor man has the right
to take your life away from you,
You were given the right
to live
from the day you entered
this world,
Nor man will stop
you from stepping unto
the steps of incredible future.

Doors of fortunes were opened

for you,
Same day you were born,
Not even a piece of joy
will be cut down
from you like a tree,
Not even a single day
of your life will be reduced
from you, only God.

Everyone who try to close
those for you to enter onto the light
or stop you from stepping unto the incredible future that awaits for you
with a smile,
That person's days are as slim,
and will taste sour
like the horrific day.

Author: Lyricist

Date: October 2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

Your Figure

Your Figure

He's let me know,
Know he'll be glad to meet you,
He has taken a bow,
Bow on an oath now, you're free to ask how...

He's sent me a letter,
Of which he promised to send ages ago,
And also,
He said he'd take care of you.

He apologized,
He didn't say for what,
But he said he's deeply sorry,
He sincerely asked for my forgiveness.

You might ask, if I've forgiven him
Even I don't know,
But I told him to forget everything that's happened,
I didn't give him my answer.

I was taken by storm
When his call hailed the rain.
I was shocked.
I froze for the first hour minutes.

He failed me,
But he's willing to make it for you.
He disappointed me,
But he's willing to fulfill his wishes for you.

Allow him to be your figure,
Learn how to succeed from him,
How to become successful,
But not how to be irresponsible.

Just as all things are possible,
Let selfish to you,

You be one of the impossibilities,
I tell you, with this you'll receive possibilities!

Keitumetse Mokhahlane
@2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

Your Flight Is Coming

Your Flight Is Coming

One day, will be a celebration day,
Dancing feet will shoot the ground,
Audience will hand you an applause,
Your flight
will come as a ticket of a life
time dream,
You will be the ruler of the world,
You will be the light
like the candle,
For those who are at dark.

Don't be afraid
when enemies try to take away
happiness from you,
Never lose hope,
I am always the by your side,
Plant that sensitive seed
of kindness unto your heart,
Treat everyone with respect
along with sympathy.

Let the birds build
their nest unto your roof,
I mean, show no favouritism
to people who really need shelter,
Help, where it's necessarily,
Your flight of luxury
life will come along with great
moments to create,
You better place your camera
on standby,
And picture your life in a successful
eye sight.

Author: Lyricist

Date: October 2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb

You've Just Began

You've just began

Welcome, welcome home
Sit comfortably,
I know we don't have comfortable chairs,
And probably,
Probably this is a reason possibility,
The same reason I always failed probability
Probability in Mathematics,
You've just began,
Soon you'll be playing with matchsticks,
You'll entice people,
Amaze yourself,
You've just began,
I've made you a flower pot with a can,
Soon you'll be able to fry yourself;
Yourself eggs, with a frying pan
Be brave, like Peter Pan
Start now,
You've just began!

My child, forgive me
Even I don't understand,
Understand all that I've written,
But I hope to you, it makes sense
This message is intended solely for you,
Don't get tense,
I find this to intense,
This is immense pleasure,
Pleasure given,
Given to the most high,
I have a mark in my left thigh,
And I hope to you, it goes to the right
Don't worry, He won't leave your sight
I pray, God be your light
You'll reach greater height.

Finally, I've come to understand
Yes, I've understood

You've just began, you will need a start-up Rand
Find help around the neighborhood,
At least two hundred,
It'll cover your weekly food,
Ask Mother Joy,
I've banked some cash,
She knows how to give you the money,
From there, you'd just began
Began the long journey,
Journey that might be far-fetched from honey,
To the nearest lemon, sour!

Keitumetse Mokhahlane
@2019

Letter From My Mother's Womb