

Poetry Series

lon diwe buthelezi
- poems -

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loniwe buthelezi(31 may 1991)

I was born in the small town of empangeni and just recently moved to durban. I owe it to my Grade 12 english teacher, Mrs Maitland, for converting me from writing stories, to writing poetry...i really love being able to express my feelings in my poetry and it's much easier to explain on paper than vocally...

I go to varsity college in durban north and am currently studying for my degree in psychology.i have a younger sister and brother and a crazy cousin who i love to you want to e-mail me personally, my e-mail address is isaun45093873@

###meeting You###

i first saw this on a video i watched
on you tube and i figured i just had to put this
up on poemhunter....

when i first saw you,
i was afraid tio meet you.
when i first met you,
i was afraid to kiss you.
when i first kissed you,
i was afraid to love you.
but now that i love you,
i'm afraid i'll lose you....

lon diwe buthelezi

****is Cupid A Man? ****

If cupid really was a man
with a cute little dart
who shot you with them,
right through your heart;

Why is it that men
are the last ones to say
that they want to be with you
each and every day.

I don't understand it,
how could he be a guy?
Did no one ever think,
or stop to question why?

Have you ever heard of a man
from all of the lands,
that welcomed you in
with wide open hands.

I know a few out there
think that he's really cute,
but just dress him up in a well tailored suit

and you'll see that he'll change
be more distant than before.
He'll probably leave you
standing by his door.

Now don't get me wrong
I'm all for love instead of war;
but how do you get him
and keep him from wanting more?

If he's so damn cute
then he's sure to see;
that there's more to life
than just being with me.

He'll shoot all the women
with his candy coated darts,
and they'll melt like chocolate
with a marshmallow heart.

He'd be loved and adored
and worshipped by them all.
and the more he smiles
the harder they fall.

I can already hear you
complaining to me.
That there are lots of men out there
who will love me for me,

but i just want to know
If the Greeks were stupid.
How could they say
that a man could be cupid? ...

lonziwe buthelezi

****raindrops****

raindrops fall on my window pane,
can't believe i'm like this again.
still thinking about how a love just like ours
could just fade away...

was it me that did something wrong?
or had it been like this all along?
still asking the questions i know
can't be answered so easily...
still struck by the fact that from now on
there'll just be a you...and me

lon diwe buthelezi

~**i Thought This Moment Would Last Forever**~

shadows left carelessly at the water's edge.
the little sun that was left fell on his hair
exposing a few highlights;
while the wind blew hard against him,
desperately trying to
caress the curves of his muscles.
his eyelashes rested peacefully
on his defined cheekbones,
hiding i pair of emerald-green eyes
that shone like the stars in sky.....
sigh...i wish this moment would last forever

lon diwe buthelezi

~*obsessed~*

the way you smile with your eyes
keeps me so mesmerised.
those deep blue eyes like shining pools
makes me think of precious jewels.

i think i might be obsessed with you...

your laughter haunts me while i sleep
i feel a pain when i see you weep.
my body aches to feel your touch.
when you're around i don't think much

i think i might be obsessed with you.

my heart pounds when i hear you voice,
i stay away because i have no choice.
i dream one day you'll turn around
and pick my heart up off the ground.
no...not obsessed. in love

i think i might be in love with you...

lonziwe buthelezi

5 Senses

You look, but you don't see
You hear, but you don't listen
You touch, but you don't feel
You taste, but you don't savour
You smell, but you don't inhale...

What else is the world her for then?

lon diwe buthelezi

A Policeman

He is black.
a simple winter evening
out on the streets.
He is cloudy;
a stiff, stern uniform
behind a messy desk.
He is law and order,
a small bunch of inedible sour grapes...

lon diwe buthelezi

A Serious Kiss

A seriouskiss feels
like you're floating in the ocean,
Yet like you're sinking slowly.
It makes you feel
complete, feel safe.
a serious kiss feels like
coming home.

lon diwe buthelezi

Another Love Song

last night we were now i feel all alone.
you keep ignoring me, you don't pick up the phone.
was it something that i did? or maybe something that i said?
one minute we we're laughing, and the next our love was dead.

it's over now; and i can't beg you to stay.
i guess we're over now; but did it have to end this way?
and we're over now; and i'm not feeling ok.
so we're over else is there to say?

our conversations were so long, but now we can't even say hello
when did all this happen? where did our love go?
i dream about us at night, i dream we still had fun.
but i wake up then i realise that both of us are done.

lon diwe buthelezi

Betrayal

you can betray someone
not by what you
have done,
but what you long
to do...

loniwe buthelezi

Breaking Hearts

hearts don't just
break...
that's too easy,
like dropping a plate.

hearts are
crushed, torn
ripped to pieces
too small
for your eyes to see.

lon diwe buthelezi

Butterflies

we kill all the
caterpillars...
then complain when
there are no
butterflies.

lon diwe buthelezi

Can'T Get Over You

can't get over you
no matter how hard i try.
it's no use pretending,
no reasons left to lie.
i keep hearing your voice,
even when i'm all alone.
but when i try to call you,
you don't answer the phone.

tried to get over you
after you left a while ago.
but i've been missing you
and it's time to let you know.
i don't sleep that well no more,
and the bed's feeling so cold.
i don't want to keep feeling like this
especially while i'm growing old....

lon diwe buthelezi

Days Of The Week

Monday's i love you,
Tuesday's i switch,
Wednesday's i'll think about which
one is which.
Thursday's i hate you
Friday's i don't
weekends i'll think about reasons i don't

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Don'T Take My Heart

hoping you won't take my heart,
it's mine and i feel scared.
hoping you can understand.
hoping you won't feel so bad.

lon diwe buthelezi

Finding You

I got lost.
I stumbled.
Walked too far on a strange
and dark road.
I was in anguish.
I had nothing.
Living a life without life.

My voice
had no one to cry out for.
My empty hands had nothing.
I was a portrait
of depression.
so many cold nights i went through...

Almost dying,
without hope;
I see you.
You gave me strength
and renewed my life.
today i confess
I love you

Each day in life
I love you more.
My hands now hold your hands.
My voice
now has someone to call for.
You

lon diwe buthelezi

Gold

Gold glitters and shines. A cold sun, still blinding. Grabbing you with its unearthly
wonderfulness

lon diwe buthelezi

Grief

It rips through your body.

Grazing, raking, shaving away all the
protective layers you put up all those years before.

layers you used to cover all the pain
you couldn't possibly show to others.

Grief exposes you.

shows everyone what you really are like inside.

raw and helpless...

lonliwe buthelezi

Heartache

My heart stops.
Beats again, but faster.
My eyes see you,
seals your image in my mind.
My ears hear your voice,
a sweet rumble that evokes unknown emotions.
My hands sweat,
the thought of touching you crosses my mind.
My feet freeze,
if i move i'll lose a moment with you.
My legs shake; my heart breaks.
Do you know how painful it is
to look at something everyday
and know you can never have it....

lon diwe buthelezi

If I Could Talk...

If i could talk, i would tell you that i cared.
i would try to say how i've never felt this way
and no one else could make me feel like this

If you weren't blind you'd see, just how much you mean to me
you don't even see when you're standing next to me
just tell me why it's hard to let you go...

lon diwe buthelezi

I'M Happy

i woke up in the morning
with a big smile on my face,
everything felt like it was alright,
like it was all falling in place.
it was a new and crazy feeling,
one i'd never felt before.
who would have thought all this would happen
just coz you walked out my door...

lonziwe buthelezi

Is Love Blind?

If it is true
that love is blind.
Why then can i see
more than i had
hoped to find.

lon diwe buthelezi

Killing The Roach

s s
p p
r r
a a
y y
legs
twitch
...eyeswiddle...
movement
...c r u n c h...
is it
...over? ...

lonziwe buthelezi

La Casa De La Bruja

Bienvenidos a mi casa;
Aye, mi vida. do not look at the
cage in the corner,
or the knives on the table.
Abuela welcomes you...
Have a sweet,
eat a treat, por favor-que pasa?
Did i not tell you not
to be afraid.
Bienvenidos a la Cacha
-La Casa de la Bruja...

lon diwe buthelezi

Letting You Go

even though it's hard to do
i have to try let go of you.
my love for you keeps hurting me
so now i have to set you free.
it hurt's alot but i'll be fine.
you've already broken this heart of mine...

lon diwe buthelezi

Lies

the moon is a fake
It steals it's light from the sun
and calls it it's own...

loniwe buthelezi

Love

Love is useless
and painful
and sore.
love is crazy, and insane
and more.

But it's also
gorgeous, beautiful
and fun.
It's also the only way
two souls become one....

lon diwe buthelezi

Love Again

love makes you
feel like
you're on
top of the
world...
that's why we're
scared we'll fall too far
and too hard
when he's gone....

londe buthelezi

Maybe

maybe if i change my hair,
or fix my crooked teeth,
He'll finally notice who i am,
see the beauty i have beneath.

Or maybe i should keep my hair,
and leave my crooked teeth,
there's no need to change my looks,
if he can't see the truth.

lon diwe buthelezi

More About Love

love is like making love
on a broken mirror.
you get cut,
you bleed,
you hurt.
But love hurts.
Eternally.

lon diwe buthelezi

My Heart

my heart is the moon
and you are the moonlight.
so why is the moonlight
so far away from the moon?

londiwe buthelezi

Not Over Me

i'm holding on because of hope right now.
can't let you go because of faith right now.
i refuse to believe that you're over me,
i'll wait as long as it takes till you see,
that you're not over me....

lon diwe buthelezi

Pain

is loving him
really worth the
pain of
losing him?

lonliwe buthelezi

Rose

every Rose
has it's
thorns...
and every flower
a bad petal.
every sunflower
might turn to the sun
but they also
turn their backs to
the moon.

loniwe buthelezi

Someone Should Have Told Me...

someone should have told me
a million years before
that there are no prince charmings
and they don't exist any more

someone should have told me
not to keep on dreaming
and that the only people left
are probably lying and scheming

someone should have told me
that not every man was good,
that believing every single one
was giving more than i should

and since nobody told me
how mean a man can be,
I've let them have a parts of my heart
now there's nothing left for me

lon diwe buthelezi

Strength

i read about a woman,
someone famous,
who walked into a lake,
pockets loaded with stones.
They said she was mad.
I think she was brave.
as the water crept
over her chin, her nose;
how did she stop herself
from heaving out the stones?

loniwe buthelezi

Tell Me

tell me how do i know when he's my mr right?
tell me how to make sense of the signs.
tell me how do i know if he's my mr right,
tell me how to stop hurting inside.

lon diwe buthelezi

The Abusive Man

I understand why you won't leave him.
It's because no matter how many times he hits you,
slaps you,
humiliates you,
or even degrades you;
you can still look at him and see the same man who
once cherished you,
praised you,
worshipped you.
The same man who promised you
more than the moon and the stars.
The man who loved you..

lon diwe buthelezi

The End

can't believe i didn't notice
that we were both drawing apart,
i'd always thought that i would love you
from the bottom of my heart.
now i've forgotten our first kiss,
can't remember our first time,
i wonder if you even cared,
or there was someone else in line

don't ask me when this happened,
when we returned to just being friends.
you probably weren't paying attention,
maybe you wanted it to end.
so now we're not together
and maybe it was for the best.
coz now i don't have to wonder
how i compare with all the rest.

lonliwe buthelezi

The Girl

She whispers in your ear
the secrets of her soul.
The passions locked inside her heart
she puts in your control

Her voice is like dew drops
falling on snow.
Where her heart will lead you
no one will ever know.

Her eyes are like a novel
no one has ever read.
I wish i knew the phenominal things
she dreams inside her head.

londiwe buthelezi

The Hair

I watch it fall to the ground.

It bends

and twists.

Lighter than a feather.

It has no soul.

I have no soul...

lon di we buthelezi

The Looking Glass

I look into the looking-glass
and see my face inside.
the only place i see myself
The one place i can't hide

Nose, eyes, mouth, and ears.
They're all a part of me.
But is this really how i look?
Is this what people see?

lon diwe buthelezi

The Moon

have you ever looked at the sky at night?

of course you have.

how could you miss the millions of flickering
pale blue lamps floating across the dark
purple, navy, and black sky, dimming the world
for the next couple of hours.

The moon, bright and alone

(the sun decided a divorce was best)

swings on a rusty hinge and casts shadows down scary alleys
and across deep oceans.

londiwe buthelezi

The Ungrateful Dead...

A hand of leather
reaches amongst the dirt.
pulls up.
breathes in through
shriveled lungs.
dark eyes search.
Stiff arms and legs
Move at their will.

The feet do not notice
the fresh dew on the grass,
and the body cannot
feel any colder.
The ears cannot hear
the sounds of the owl
as they watch the body
with intense curiosity.

Why did this body, on this night
choose to leave it's prison
of damp soil.
I wonder; did anyone ever ask
if it was grateful for being dead.

lon diwe buthelezi

The Wall

i don't understand how he does it,
every wall i put up he destroys.
he plays with my heart like a fragile violin,
then breaks it like one of his toys...

lon diwe buthelezi

Thinking.

Even now as i lay in bed.
I'm thinking things inside my head.
I'm thinking about what's right and wrong.
I'm thinking i should write a song.

Sometimes i think about my life.
If i will ever be someone's wife.
Sometimes i think of nothing but food,
but i know that can't be any good.

At times i wonder about outer space.
If aliens walk with good posture and grace.
At times i think about the stars.
If they ever chat with venus and mars.

But mostly i think about who i want to be
and if i really feel like i'm me.
and even now as i lay in bed,
I'm thinking these things inside my head.

lon diwe buthelezi

Thoughts

it must be wonderful
to fall asleep
in somones
arms...

lon diwe buthelezi

Time And Money

women= time and money

but time is money, therefore:

women=money x money

women=(money) 2

but money is the root of all evil, therefore:

women=(evil) 2

sqaure root that and you get

women=evil

lon diwe buthelezi

Unfaithful

Shock paralyzes me.
Denies me speech.
Heat flares up, simmers.
Hatred.
Cold embraces me now, shivers.
Numbness.
My eyes focus, unfocus,
focus again,
refusing the image.
.
My heart doesn't want to understand,
but my head cannot deny the truth.

lon diwe buthelezi

Who Are You?

Who are you?

Are you just a ball of cells?

Or do your memories define you?

If so, wouldn't amnesia destroy you?

londiwe buthelezi

Why Do I Miss Him

The grass is green, but i still miss him.
The sky is blue, but i still miss him.

Why? why do i miss him?

The sun is yellow, but i still miss him.
The roses are red, but i still miss him.

Why/ why do i miss him?
I miss him because i love him

londiwe buthelezi

You Make Me Feel

when i'm next to you, i feel so good.
whenever i see you, a fire lights within.
you don't play the violin, yet you play my every string
i dont believe i can hold it in.
these feelings are just too much to bear...

lon diwe buthelezi