

Poetry Series

Mitta Xinindlu
- poems -

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Mitta Xinindlu(01 September)

Mitta Xinindlu is an author of books in fiction and nonfiction genres.

She is a versatile writer and researcher.

Her qualifications in academics include a Master of Science in Project Management and a Six Sigma Green Belt.

A multilingual writer with a knowledge of ten languages. Her language skills range from elementary to native. She also knows Tech languages such as R programming and Python.

Her work in writing has been featured in digital and print media. Media platforms include Parade Magazine, Thought Catalog, Psychology Today, and Your Tango Magazine,

In 2019 PoemHunter selected one of her poems as a Poem of the Day.

A Child In Every Adult

There is loudness in silence

When words are dead but distance speaks in volumes

When hearts communicate in a language only known to them

When souls meet in spirit to discuss the issues of the spiritual realm

Mitta Xinindlu

A Cup Of Love, Please

We are a society unresolved
whose stomach is forever hungry for love;
We have a strong desire to be loved with a plus.
We always seek others to love us.

We yearn,
always,
to find 'the one'.
With greed,
some who have found 'the one'
now seek
the second or third one.
If not now,
at least in a vow.

We are able to recognize this need
as early as infancy.
Of course, without really understanding its depths.
We just display it through our breaths.

We cry and whine in need of mama's love.
We cry for her comfort as do the doves;
We giggle
and fall asleep
when we finally feel
the love.
It's bliss.

Then, we grow up
to develop a need for a different type of love.
A love that makes us feel
like we have the capacity to breathe
better than we do.

A love that throws us into deep dark oceans
of confusion
and clarity;
all at the same time until eternity.
A love whose roots can never be defined,

even by the most romantics of all time.

Right now,
at this very moment,
there is someone out there
busy sending
messages whose replies remain pending.
Or busy winking at someone's sections,
or disturbing them with silly questions.

All seeking this thing called love.
May I have a cup of love, please?

Thank you.

Mitta Xinindlu

A Fallacy: My Youth, Our Youth

A voice to my youth,
our youth.
A voice of pain finally released
but at the expense of blood, tears and sweat.
I remember your pain;
I remember your cries and screams of 'Amandla ngawethu'.
I remember your 'tried and tested' patience;
I remember your prayers for 'umthwalo wenu'
to be taken off your bleeding shoulders.
You marched and 'toy-toyed'
as if you were born to be masters of The Struggle.
No one can ever march like you marched!
No one can ever chant for freedom like you chanted!

Hardships were endured,
And you stood firmly on the bloody ground
with a piercing shout 'Aluta Continua! '

YES! The struggle continued.
The struggle continued until many brothers and sisters were lost.
The struggle continued until many daughters and sons of the soil were no more.

But One Day, one cold day in June;
My youth, our youth felt no more warmth in the blankets of their homes.
My youth, our youth dared through the uneasy cold day of the winter season.
My youth, our youth marched on fighting for my rights, our rights.
My youth, our youth conquered the heavy storms and heavy rains.

Who is to conquer now?
Whom for are your shouts going to be?
Whom for are your fights going to be won?
Whom for if not for me, if not for us, my youth our youth?

Mitta Xinindlu

A Girlfriend's Job

My job as a girlfriend
Is to match your needs to mine;
I am to give satisfaction to your wants
And make you happy for once.

And, long more to realise respect
In our intimate relations.

And in helping to boost your ego,
I am to make you feel like a man.
Agree to almost all that you say;
Laugh at your dry jokes as well,
Assure you that you influence my decisions,
And embrace your impeccable behaviour.

Mitta Xinindlu

A Hymn I'll Sing When I Find You

You opened your arms to me
and embraced me like your own.
In your soul,
You covered me with strength.

You opened your eyes to see the invisible me.
Your comfort is so embracing
like what paint is to art
and guitars are to music,
and the muse is to artists.

You swallowed me with your mind.
Sewn my broken pieces back into one,
and loved me eternally.
Like what members are to the church
and grapes are to wine,
and jokes are to comedy.

I was lost,
now I'm perfectly found
in your love,
complete and full
without a piece amiss.
I'm washed with plenty a kiss.

Perfect music
no strange songs sung.
Just songs of comfort
and a lullaby in your arms.

Mitta Xinindlu

A Man Of Mystery, Nelson Mandela

The man is pure, kind and amazing.
This man is simple, mesmerising and intelligent.
He is a man of no shame;
he is down to earth.
He keeps the world moving
and everything else on its feet.
An adorable man, wise king, a dream maker.
A voice of Africa.

Mitta Xinindlu

A Non Ashamed Victim

She has been a victim of crime.
He came up to her, demanding all she had;
Including her heart, mind, body and soul.

She has been a victim of racism.
He came up to her with no fear, no heart, and no shame;
He brutally diminished and abused her worth.

She has been a victim to HIV/Aids;
That is the day she died.
Her inner part cracked, broke and smashed.

She was raped,
Several times, that sometimes
she would not even feel the pain anymore.

She has continuously tried to tell her mates
but not one listens.
She has even wrote her story down but no body cares.
The abusive relationship she found her self stuck in,
It has torn her apart.

She has experienced trauma of losing a child.
Was it because of the miscarriage she faced?
Or rather the abortion she attempted?
She was only fifteen then;
No money, love, or shelter.
She was scared, jobless and hopeless.

Everyday she wonders if anyone would ever care;
But she can't say that she trusts anyone.
Something has won her over;
The shy monster, Silence.

Mitta Xinindlu

A Question To You Lonely Past

So he asks me,
"Don't you miss him? "
I tell him the truth,
That I miss him everyday.
I miss him before and after every wink of my eye.
He is in my thoughts at all times.

So he asks me,
"Don't you miss him? "
I say what I feel;
That I miss him more.
More now that I know I'm carrying his image;
Now that I'm carrying a three month old structure.
I'm growing out of shape.
I'm turning into a monster.

I miss his voice and his touch.
I miss his smile and his laugh.
I miss his sigh and his cough.
So he asks me,
"Don't you miss him? "

Mitta Xinindlu

A Woman Robed In Gold

Most sensitive and refined woman,
you who does not venture to set your feet on evil grounds.
You will plant and cultivate beautiful children.
Lucky is the seed that will fall upon your womb.

Life and prosperity have been set before you.
Joy and goodness await you.
Laughter and tears of celebration have been selected for you.
Lucky you, for you will never taste adversity.

Humbled woman
who knows no rebelliousness
whose neck is not stiff,
and whose eyes are free of lust.
Lucky is the hand that will have yours forever.

Your beauty provokes jealousy.
You who is ridden like the heights of the land.
Men see you and flock at your feet.
Women see you and get enraged
from the depths of their souls due to your ageless beauty.
Lucky is she who birthed you.

May your womb be blessed
with a healthy receipt for healthy seed
that will fall and produce anointed roots.
May your breasts be blessed with gallops of milk
to feed your roots
and help them grow up to be beautiful roses such as yourself.
Lucky is she who bore a rose
whose thorns will be as equally attractive as its leaves.

May your face be favoured
when you stand in front of kings
and leaders of this world.
That when you crack your beautiful smile,
they may see the blessed soul
that is implanted deep in your temple.
Lucky is the man who'll dwell in that temple.

May you find favour
with both men and women.
That when they see you,
they wish to protect you,
from war, harm, malice, and jealousy!
Lucky is the groom who will crown you with his name.

Most sensitive and refined woman
whose beauty cannot be described
in written or spoken words.
May you find peace, love and laughter
from all the gates that will harbour your feet.
Lucky is he who will be your companion in your journey.

Mitta Xinindlu

Ah! How I Wish

How I wish that you could have seen me;
When I took my first step,
Growing up my first tooth,
And cutting off my childhood hair.

It would have been so comforting
if you could have been there;
When I first realised that I was human and a girl,
The fact that I was different from the rest,
That I was not perfect,
And when I realised the beauty in me.

Mother! I wish you could have been strong.
You were suppose to fight death, and not die.
My life could have been different now;
I could have told you all about my secrets,
even about my first crush.

How I wish that I could have skipped all the paragraphs above;
And tell you exactly how I feel.
Mother! Unto you,
woman; I weep.
I miss you.

Mitta Xinindlu

Amazing Man

I met him there;
he was waiting with care.
We talked about our sores,
and got to know each other a bit more.
He seemed nice, I must admit.
He even laughed at my silly jokes a bit.

We both knew what was going to happen between us,
From the way we looked at each other's cuts.
From the way that our hands longed to touch,
while our bodies wanted to share a spark.
He attempted to kiss me;
and I was fully keen.

Finally, in his arms, I found myself;
and security covered me like a shelf.
At that moment, I knew that I was in a love scene,
and could not fight the chemistry that was in-between.
We then kissed.
The touch was good to my lips.

Mitta Xinindlu

Amehlo Akho Ayalaqaza (Xhosa Poem - Love Gone Wrong)

Amehl'wakho ayalaqaza!
Unguncwephesha into edlala ngengqondo.
Uyambhanx'umntu umenz'alahlekelwe ndumqondo.
Hlal'uthethizinto kum kodwa awutsh'kuphum'egusheni;
Hambu ndi claima even kanti nasemifihlweni.

Amehl'wakho ayalaqaza!
Xhelexhukwana kuwe ndiyak'bona;
Uzinzile kwi position yakho yokundona.
'Mehlo akho 'hlale khangela phakathi kwayo yonke imilenze;
Uyintwe'e hlal'inxaniwe ifun'ii ntombi ngezihlwele.

Amehl'wakho ayalaqaza!
Kodwa uyamqhela umntu
Tyhin' yazi, uzenz'umntu!
Unxib'u buxoki mihla yonke;
Kant' uzok'yazi 'ba asizozibhanxa sonke.

Amehl'wakho ayalaqaza!
Nd'zokubonisa, nd'zok'hoya bhuti, 'ma kancinci
Nd'zok'bamb'umphefulo, ume gingxi.
Zohamb'u buza u confused ngathi ulahlekelwe;
Okay, uzok'nd'bon'uba ndik'khweletele.

Mitta Xinindlu

And

My happiness depends on your love;
Dreams and goals would not have a meaning
If by you I was not found.
When I stumble, you let me fall;
Longing for me to learn
the true meaning of life.
You bring me bundles of joy
You are a sympathy lord.
Longing for me to know
how nurturing feels.
You internally and mentally make me strong.
You're a creature that I ceased to understand.
You're a spirit that seizes every moment,
You give to me what I longed to receive.

Mitta Xinindlu

Are You Dead Yet?

My heart is in sorrow and pain.
You should be dead now, I'm afraid.
I feel emptiness and it symbolizes your absence.
Where have you gone, I miss your presence?
Is it Heaven
or is it hell?
Did you think about the pain you leave behind?
Or maybe you just wanted to rest your overworked hive.

My mind is confused and lost.
I'm lonely like a lost black wolf.
You lingered from this world;
You're astray again as you melt.
I am bitter inside, I'm torn apart;
I exhale blazes from this deep cut.

'Don't touch me death', you should have said.
'Embrace me pureness once again.'
You became a sinking and shrinking bone;
You're now six feet under and you are gone.
The earth opened his greedy mouth to swallow
What was now left of you presented in horror.

My heart is sore from losing my grace.
I also fear your eyes will come off your face.
I call for revenge on death,
and that I shall get.

Mitta Xinindlu

At Sunset

Someone please lend me a veil
To cover this fragile face.
To cover this nakedness now covered with shame.
A black veil is best fitting to wail.
Which colour would ever best suit my frame?

They have me living in anonymity.
My thoughts have been silenced.
I also have my dignity challenged.
Let alone my humanity.
My past deeds do nothing to regain me.
I am sadly left lost.

Mitta Xinindlu

Attention

Attention is her middle name.

She wants it.

She seeks and finds it.

She loves it.

She obeys and praises it.

She borrows it.

She gives and expects to get it in return.

She buys it.

She begs and weeps for it.

She steals it.□

Mitta Xinindlu

Be Prepared

Perfect, I never was.
But I do have a purpose;
even if I seem faded out,
I'll not allow fear to testify against me.
Because I am a day dream.

My eyes have opened.
I have unclogged
all obstacles from my joyful youth.
I cannot underachieve in truth
because I am not in denial of whom I am.
in self-awareness, I cannot be scared.

I have learnt to stand my ground;
I have grown.
Precisely, I am now independent;
I know my responsibilities' ends;
I am whom I say I am.
I am whom I say I am.

Mitta Xinindlu

Black Man

Black Man.

Your skin, your arms.
Your face and your chocolate smile.
Your pace, your thighs.
Your name, and your smile.
Look at me, stare and blow me away with your eyes.
With your hands, hold mine for miles;
strolling down the streets.
I see us doing that sometimes.
Sipping drinks, sharing kisses, blowing up my mind.
Fountain of love, take me to grind.
It is your beauty;
Black man, you're fine.
You're mine.
My time, you take.
My eyes, you blind.
My forever, love of my life, you're my sunshine.
Fancy lips, dripping juices of pine.
Give me love.
Give me something.
Give me a sign.
Share with me: yourself, your soul, and life.
Caress my body with your fingers, I'm alive!
Duty has nothing on you;
you're my divine.
Call me your divinity, take me for a drive.
Sh! Tone down your beauty, it's loud.
You're fine.
You're timed.
You're not a crime.
Black man, founder of beauty, you're mine.

Mitta Xinindlu

Broken Clock

Songs of sorrow sprung from my heart;
All I could think about was us falling apart.
There was no time to talk;
your mind was fully alarmed.
My words dried up;
I screamed like a bear
while my skin felt deeply galled.

I saw your face melt in tears.
Picture once perfect,
now turning into sharp spears.
Could I have saved us?
I thought.
There is nothing on the book short;
I did all that I was taught.

Your beauty slowly faded in pain.
Sad eyes;
parched lips, heart fully stained.
I broke us;
I lost our love in the wind.
That night marked our breakup;
the scars were sealed.
Our future quickly turned bleak,
more than doomed.
Your soul on the other hand yelled
to be redeemed.

Useless,
we became.
Oneness
became wildly tamed.
We held hands;
fingers clung together.
We looked into each other's eyes
realising there was no more forever.
Held each other in the arms,
holding on,
hoping for us to stay,

stand,
and remain.
Our future got broken;
as the past we became.

Mitta Xinindlu

Brownie

Time and again,
seasons pass by.
Leaving our hearts
to long for that sensitive touch.
Hugs and comfort,
I look forward to the next season.
To enjoy, laugh, and dance for no reason.
To live life to the fullest
in a manner that's earnest.
So that
when decades have passed by,
and all the negative things have gone,
The future will be reborn.

Mitta Xinindlu

Can I Have It There?

I do long to feel the touch
that makes my body go numb.
The 'careless' whisper
that makes me feel like a deaf.
The rhythm that your fingers tend
to make when going up and down my temple.
Who could ever give me more than what you can?
Who could ever be there for me when I yell?

I am bragging about the knowledge:
ever pouring from your sweet lips.
You don't only bring words to my mind,
but words out of my heart.
You give me skills
to make better the 'who' that I am.
You give me skills
that make others feel insecure.

That's what you do,
my one and only.

Mitta Xinindlu

Can You Feel Me?

Missing you feels like raindrops in June.
I've got all the thoughts
and memories of the things we did;
My love for you is haunting me.
I refuse to feel the bitterness
of this loneliness.
Come to me now, I command.
Cherishing and appreciating you is what my body wants.
How can I move these mountains to see you?
How can I be in your arms too?
I want you to come home;
To live, love, and play with me.

Mitta Xinindlu

Colour-Blind

Does it seem blue, or maybe black?
I think it's white although it kind of looks brown.
D'you see the yellow stripes turning into grey?
These colours all symbolize a colour of the dark night.
A dark colour is warm yet unusual;
It is comforting and never disappointing.
It has a story behind it that is written
in bold letters.
This point is not about black and white;
This is about blue and green.
I take no argument upon this case.
I therefore vanish with my face.

Mitta Xinindlu

Colouring Under The Light

I believe that my purpose is to colour you right;
be artistic on you all night.
Be bright under the dimmed light.
Hold and squeeze your crayons tight.
Just the two of us; no one else in sight;
because my purpose is to colour you right.

Me on your sketch board.
You filling me in with your crayons when you're bored,
and feeling me up like a hoard.
Leaving your wax on me like writings on a chalkboard.
I'll make sure that you're not scorned;
because my purpose is to colour you even if you're flawed.

Although I might not know where to start the assignment,
I'll colour you with much excitement.
Colouring on you is a perfect adornment,
and together we colour a perfect monument.
I chose you carefully as my colour assortment,
because my purpose is to colour you as an act of an atonement.

In you, I find so many colours in store.
In you, I find light for sure.
I remember us colouring until the early morning at four.
We coloured like we'd never coloured before.
We entagled inlove like a fight of foes.
Because my purpose is to colour you, of course.

Mitta Xinindlu

Cut Deeper

When we're in an emotional pain,
or any physical strain,
we must consider ourselves as a tainted cabbage.
Our aim should be to lighten our felt baggage.
In truth, when a cabbage is tainted,
only a small section is usually affected.
But we usually err,
and throw the whole cabbage in the air.

Mitta Xinindlu

Dear Black Man

I love you because
you make me feel things that I have never felt before.
You erase my pain
and you bring me so much gain.
You embrace me and hide me
in your well built African and manly body.
You make me want to never look at other bodies.

I love how you cut your hair.
I love to feel your love in the air.
The texture of your hair, so beautiful, so artistic.
Your beautiful smile, so amazing;
it reminds me of hiding places.
You walk like you own the world;
at least, I assure you that you own mine
and the rest of my words.

Black Man, you are beautiful.
Your skin tone is so dark,
it makes me want to bark.
Please allow me to run my hands
on the hills of that skin.
You are handsome, my amazing king.

The way you speak your language.
The way you speak your Xhosa. Your Hausa.
Your Zulu. Your Kituba. Your Tswana.
Your Lingala. Your Venda. Your Gandomba.
Your Tsonga. Your Shona. Your Bateke.
Your Ga. Your Sotho. Your Igbo.

Your eyes.
Black Man, your eyes
tell me a story never heard before.
You teach me;
from your wisdom, I learn.
From your strength, I know 'I can'.
Black Man, they enslaved you
because they found you intimidating.

But today, they look for you
to be their mate in dating.

You look at my stretchmarks with an eye of an artist.
You appreciate my big behind with no judgement.
You kiss my big lips with love.
And in my big thighs, you hide.
You love me when I have no hair.
You love me when I have fake hair.

Black Man, I thought of you and I wrote to you.
All hail the Black king!

From your Black Woman, (with African curves) .

Mitta Xinindlu

Don't Look Back

Is it not funny now that it is you who is begging to be loved?

Oh! Dear, I was nothing to you but kind.

I used to love you.

I treated you damn good.

I loved to love you a lot.

But it was enough about the cheating when you were caught.

Was I not good for you?

Because you took me for a fool.

We were good for each other.

Now I do not want to be with you neither.

I cannot go back to the past anymore.

You should have loved me from your core.

You did nothing to my heart but kill.

You have no idea of how you made me feel.

Mitta Xinindlu

Don't Look Down On Me - You Don't Know My Tomorrow

This life is unpredictable.

The people who might seem irrelevant and small to us today might turn out mightier and greater than us tomorrow.

Because this life is all written somewhere, and our control over it is limited.

Know yourself.

Don't deny yourself the time it takes to know yourself.

Be joyful of what you have achieved but beware of pride.

If it's been done and achieved before, you can also do and achieve it.

Forgive yourself - forgive others too; using the same measure that you would like to be used on you.

Grasp all moments

for each moment is pregnant with lessons.

Know that in strength and persistence,

with a bold move - even when you're shaking with fear and doubt, all can change.

Joy can be found in grief.

Regardless of your background,

know that you matter to someone;

and that you can wake up tomorrow and be great.

Believe.

Move forward

with some encouragement that only you can award yourself.

Things that happen(ed) in your life

can lead you to greatness and reveal mysteries.

Above all else, be free.

(Inspired by Hillsong United)

Mitta Xinindlu

Dying Inside The Seed

I see no point in dwelling in our thoughts.
I scare the flipping wings off your skin.
Even owls cannot stay awake on this night since we just fought.
You are clearly disoriented when you take your gin.

So, slide through this hole;
Come hide at the back of my grave.
It does not matter now, you're no longer whole.
You are a memory and saved.

Mitta Xinindlu

Edge Of A Sword

I have long sensed that you're an edge of a sword.
In halve you managed to pierce me with taps and words.
Today those words have turned into a session of stabbing.
You cut me deep with your point, my spine is flapping.

Who knew that you'd burn into an anatomy of a dagger?
To you both the blade and the pommel are the same in danger.
Even the peen block is equally harmful too.
And the guard and the grip form an army of tools.

So, I fall bleeding from your thrust;
Oh! With my body full of bruises and cuts.
But only the soil has an interest to lick these wounds
For my blood giveth commitment and feeds it life in full.

How can a battle of love turn into an unending war?
Bow, allow my wailing to cease your cause.
Why torture me whereas even fallen leaves nurture my sores
And the ground quenches its thirst through my peeled pores?

Woe to your love.
It touches my trauma with soiled gloves.

Mitta Xinindlu

Five Reasons You Are No Good

You are a very bad substance that I got addicted to.
I find your advantages less than your disadvantages.
You make me forget of the important aspects in my life.
You leave me broke and out every time.

You are a heartbreaker;
You leave my heart and needs unattended.
You cause me heartaches every now and then.
You bring cruelty out of my innocent heart.
You even kept me away from the Lord.

You are a bad influence;
You make me dirty, and keep me stuck in a dustbin.
You cause me to stink and be a bad company to the world.
You keep convincing me of things that are not there.
You make me see things your way, leading me out of my good way.

You are a murderer;
You suffocate me and I am now lost with no direction.
I am lonely and cold.
I refuse to get help because you seem to be strong.
You have situated yourself deep down in my veins.

You are a deceiver;
You cause me to think that I will be nothing without you.
You make me think that I can not live with out you.
You make me think that you are a good part of my life.
You make me believe that the world revolves around you.

These are the same reasons that made me see that you are just nothing.

Mitta Xinindlu

For You

I pray that nothing harms you,
Or break your heart, my dear.
I pray for you nothing but goodness,
As no one deserves meaningful prayers like you do.
I pray for your forgiveness,
your forgiveness is worth praying for.
I pray for each day not to pass by
Without you touching my hand.

I pray for your love not to come to an end,
For it makes me rise up again and again.
I pray for your smile not to stop shining,
For it gives me a light on my way to success.

I pray over and over again to God
To be able to wake up each day and pray for you.
I pray that you and I never part ways,
because you and I create our own way.

Mitta Xinindlu

Free The Enslaved Mind

No one is oppressing anyone;
Each is keeping oneself oppressed
In the mind.

The state of Egotism.

Each remains bound
with chains of self-criticism.

Hypnotism.

Materialism.

and demonism.

The spirits that refuse exorcism.

Ominous trials of mentalism.

People are Bound.

Chained.

Their mind is astound.

Full of mounds,

Stains,

and ill brains.

They talk about the oppressor
and the oppressed.

Forgetting that they have a choice.

The labellers and the labeled.

The knifers and the knifed.

You choose the state of your mind.

Who told you that you're oppressed?

Who keeps your mind unfree?

No one but your own state of mind.

They talk about Urbanism.

Sexism.

Feminism.

All celebrating being classified.

While they remain paralysed.

Fools full of cynicism;

busy demolishing cubism.

All chasing after critically acclaimed fame;

Acclaimed with mind control games.

They talk about the searchers

And the searched.
The noters and the noted.
You choose the state of your mind.

They give birth to paramount articles.
Blurred catalogues.
and ambivalent magazines.
False promises.
Ill opportunities,
and cold dead goals.
They talk about capitalism.
Nepotism.
Henotheism.
But all there is - is dualism.
You choose the state of your mind.

Mitta Xinindlu

God Smells So Good

God is my flower.

His fragrance is visible to the naked eye like a light from a tower.

Scent so good, He gives me more than life.

He lightens my blues; Oh! What a perfect Knight.

In Him, my garden blossoms even in winter.

Beautiful garden, in need of no sprinkler.

He calms my mind with His bravery and might.

In captivity of mine, He hides my soul with delight.

Oh! How beautiful is He in the morning.

His scent takes away all my mourning.

That perfect smell soothes my soul.

Fragrance spell, as He remains unknown.

Beautiful is He, my God.

He turns my suffering into gold.

A smell so strong to drive away storms.

Smiles in me He forms.

Who else smells this good, but Him?

He's a rich scent, soulful and the mighty leaves of Three.

Mitta Xinindlu

Human Trafficking

What freedom are we to find
when our restless minds
are enslaved under the chains
of human trafficking?

What freedom do we preach
when our females breathe
through enraged wounds?
They are used and abused,
left in caves alienated and bruised.

What is this language we speak of
when we talk about the law,
since the human right clause
is ignored and flawed?
Whom is it protecting
because here we are protesting?

Isn't this law ought to save
the bodies of young females?
Isn't this law ought to be brave
and remove females from sex frames?
Instead, it chooses for women and children to die
leaving their loved ones with no good-byes.

Human trafficking, I say,
has made enough money for the day.

Mitta Xinindlu

I Also Have A Dream

I dream of forests and narrow rivers;
Of the mountains and fountains of disunited souls.
The cries of the unborn aborted children;
The great distance between lovers.
Hatred turning into ashes in people's hearts.
Magnificent murderers walking freely on our streets.
The time bomb machines killing our youth,
And their dreams shattered into sand.
Fear trembling in our parents' lungs;
Blood boiling and spilling off our veins.
The flesh decaying on our bones,
And words of anger escaping from our lips.
Happy homes turning into battle fields
And churches disobeying their gods.
Now wake me up as this is no dream,
But a terrible annoying nightmare.

Mitta Xinindlu

I Can't Resist You

I do not want to be a slave or to own one.
But fate has wanted this meeting to take place.
And with a steady pace you have made me a slave
to your likes and dislikes,
to your kisses and memories of bliss,
And now, I'm the main concept of your time.
Yet in my dreams, I lose the concept of time.

Years are measured by my monthly bleeding.
Time does not exist because love remains leading.
And your eyes elevate the movement of the moon.
The very same eyes that look at me like a muse.

So, if love and desire were fire,
You would already be burning
From what I'm giving to you.

Mitta Xinindlu

I Promise

My darling, this I promise you:
A jewel of trust around your neck.
Roses and lilies on your back.
A diamond of commitment on your finger.
Soles of gold on your feet to linger.
A rainbow of all colours on your lips.
The moon and the stars to kiss.
Oceans with its rivers for your eyes.
Music and poetry to your ears.
A crown of love on your head.
And a veil of sweet memories to cover your hair.

Mitta Xinindlu

Lay Me In The Cemetery

I've seen so much beauty in graves.
A place of absolute peace;
where strain and pain
have no chance to teach.
Where birds and flowers fill the place.

I've seen so much beauty in graves.
The yards, the stones, and the engravings.
The shadows of trees,
the summer breeze.
A popular home to dead memories.
The chants of the spirits,
the chirps of the birds without limits;
rent-free, no need for salaries.

Lay my body there.
Prepare my dwelling;
provide me with fresh air.
Decorate my 6-feet below space;
make me feel at home with flair.
Cover me, please, don't leave my body bare.
Weep in sorrow if you care;
Otherwise, just stand there and stare.
Worry not, my soul is no longer in there.

I've seen so much beauty in graves.
I've seen my body lay like a retired slave,
between those who once provided me with bread.
I've seen so much beauty in graves.
I've seen so much beauty in graves.

Mitta Xinindlu

Life Taught Me

Life taught me
to be thankful for my trials;
to be grateful for my pain;
to embrace my tears;
and to laugh at my sorrow.

Life taught me
that trials bring victory;
that pain adds strength;
that tears produce healing;
and that sorrow promotes wisdom.

Life taught me
to walk miles in my own shoes;
to enjoy what I have;
to be satisfied with what I've been given;
and to take care of the present moment.

Life taught me
that other people's shoes will never fit;
that I might lose what I have, in a moment;
that wanting more is greed;
and that moments die so abruptly.

Life taught me
to appreciate nature;
to pray more often;
to show love to my family;
and to treasure my own life.

Life taught me
that nature is pregnant with metaphors;
that praying is a path to the Living;
that family was birthed to suit my needs;
and that my life is existing for only a short breath.

Life taught me
to appreciate endings;
to embrace goodbyes;

to accept death;
and to await the foretold judgement day.

Life taught me
that endings lead to new beginnings;
that goodbyes lead to new hellos;
that in death, there is life;
and that the judgement day is the perfect ending.

Mitta Xinindlu

Mine

My favourite colour is you.
You look good on me;
You multiply me by three.
You're bright, you attract.
You're my knight, this is a fact.

Smearing myself with you,
Is one of my favourite things to do.
We create art and lights.
I find joy in wearing you, alright?
Oh! Bright colour,
You're my lover.

My beautiful colour of love!
The man whose power covers me like gloves,
You're my art.
You're my heart.
You're smart;
A shining star from the start.

You're my colour, you're my sign.
You give me power; you're my vine.

Mitta Xinindlu

Mountain Seer

Perhaps the reason that your soul is laid
naked and raw waiting for praise
from my heart,
birthed wings that touched
and led my mind
down the path of laughter and smiles.

A path where reason
is in every season.
A lath where I lay my soul naked
for your mind to wander for decades,
and to maunder in breathing and breeding seasons.
Where our souls and hearts are sharing
a covenant of blood shedding.

A place where silence is the preset
that allows actions to be assumed perfect.
A face where our eyes clap for our sacred love
while the sun professes our thoughts's cave;
and the moon confesses to our heartbeats;
and the music echoes in our love sheets.

Perhaps your presence is a sentence
to my vocabulary of no pretence.
to the words I've been attempting at many a time
in wait for your soul to merge with mine.
Where birds flap their wings with joyful sighs,
celebrating the meeting of our minds.
Where the stars collate to write our story,
which in words, alone, I couldn't tell boldly.

I cannot deny the work of the Universe
in creating a meeting point in our verses.
Where minds of the same nature
recognised that they're matured.
Allowing out smiles to be the sun
and pain becomes shunned.

Look at love!

Look at how love has danced
to merge two souls who were once
scattered and shattered
into pieces and ashes.

Mitta Xinindlu

My Future Husband

You are a lot to me.
You mean
the sun,
moon and all the stars.
You mean life, hopes,
dreams and isotopes.
You are happiness,
laughter and nothing less.

I love you, my darling;
You're sparkling.
You're a sweet scent;
One I will never resent.

Mitta Xinindlu

My Heart Is In Midnight

My eyes are closed; I'm saddened.
My mind is darkened.
I am lying on my back; my mind is lost.
Having emotionless thoughts.

I'm thinking, recalling of what has happened
To my day, my yesterday and all that I had gathered.
I see shadows, figures but no faces.
I wonder in anger, my heart races.

My brain fails to function and follow my heart's instructions.
My soul is repulsing, fighting.
This has been a lie, I decide
My life has not been destroyed, there's no suicide.

Mitta Xinindlu

My Unborn Little Ones

MY UNBORN LITTLE ONES

I see your smiles every single day.
I keep thinking of the things that you will say.
I feel like the right time is the wrong time.
I kneel to God praying for you to be truly mine.

Of course, you will sing to me - nothing but a calm song.
Although you are yet to be born,
you have changed my life forever.
Moreover, I will abandon you - never.

Oh! How special to me - you are.
Your time to come seems too far.
You are my dream, life, and pride.
I hope your time does not come when I have died.

I cannot help but think of your little white lies;
Nevertheless, you will remain innocent to my eyes.
I am longing to hear your unignorable cries.
And to be able to read your brilliant minds.

I always carry you with me in my thoughts.
Moreover, I will - all the time, love you lots.

Mitta Xinindlu

Parallel Connection

We are like two rivers
that run into the same ocean;
an ocean where our souls meet
and speak.

Where the depths of our emotions kiss
and promise each other eternity.

In there, I live in you
and you live in me too.

Mitta Xinindlu

Poetry

Poetry is neither life nor soul.
It comes to life when it is no longer a definition.
It is a formation of words creatively stringed together.
Poetry is not the song or music that you feel.
But the rhythm to that, that, there, and there.
Poetry is formed and established upon the beliefs of a few hearts.
It is a collection of words with a hidden meaning that has come into existence.
Failure or the weak have no power to defeat Poetry.

Poetry is my name, my life, and my soul.
It is the excitement and satisfaction I get when its words arouse me.
Giving to me intimacy, making love.
Poetry goes as deep as the pain does to my heart.
It excitingly and unceasingly flows with blood in my veins,
with neither shame nor pity.
It covers my nakedness, nonetheless.
Poetry finds the fear in me and exposes without shame.
It sympathises with me not.
Yet, I never fall.

It is the collection of words that I drip,
the flesh that I wound,
The mind that I bruise,
but mostly the forgiveness, to me, I give.
It is my weapon which I use to cry when in darkness.
Yes! To weep.

It is my level of balance,
my sane state of mind.
When rain or thunder cease,
Poetry will continue to live.
Proven that will be.

Mitta Xinindlu

Suffocating Jokes

You make jokes about women being victimised.
You invoke little black children's cries;
You laugh at their skin colour.
You also chaff big women's towers.
You degrade the disabled group.
And your friends laugh at your coups.
But they're not laughing with you;
They're laughing at you.

You humiliate your wife;
Joke on a daily basis about your kid's life.
You expose your genitals for likes;
Nothing appeals to you but strikes.
You're full of pretense even in laughter.
You claim to be nice but your evils surpass all stutter.
But they're not laughing with you;
They're laughing at you.

You despise people who develop themselves.
You criticise those whose focus is on twelve.
Your goals are lacking;
You wish others would also be found slacking.
You've only known an easy life,
Your energy makes others' lives a strife.
But they're not laughing with you;
They're laughing at you.

You sin against women and children.
Once exposed you try for your deeds to remain hidden.
You also change the details of the real scenes;
Because you have masses to appease.
Ill-mannered, conceited and manipulative;
You convince their minds like they're your natives.
But they're not laughing with you;
They're laughing at you.

Mitta Xinindlu

The Bitter Truth

You are not whom you seem to be.
You are not even the people you claim to be.
Your personas, your façades represent you daily.
The only time that you are yourselves is when you are, mainly,
deep in sleep or in mourning.
Come morning,
Come pretence, the damned torments!
You dress yourselves in expensive garments.
You wear learned confidence
as persistence.
Smiles are fake continually;
You wear pretence dogmatically.
You are exhausting.
And your act is equally exhausting.
You march onto the stage;
You refuse to turn over to the next page.
Your bodies are forever on set;
You are in the character they met.
You live the life you make;
You enjoy being fake.

Mitta Xinindlu

The Life Of An Introvert

You are born into a motherless world;
growing up in pain of having no defending word.
Being the only one without a mother;
among your peers you're the other.

You start school and excel
but others accept your intellect as a repelling smell.
Somehow you gain enemies who hate your direction;
your social demands separate you from others' actions.

They treat you like you're a character of a fiction.
They don't understand your situation.
They don't understand why you prefer a book over a courtesy conversation.
So, they call you names, "weird, egoistic, strange, crazy";.

Then you start high school, excelling without being lazy.
The cycle repeats itself with the cliques;
your intelligence and self exclusion are points of critiques.
You only have two friends and teachers who like you
and enemies who have formed a queue.

They think you think you're better than their pool
but it's their projections that make you reflect a fool.
Ironically, you don't even know your own value.
You're just amazed in confusion and the blues.

You do everything by the book;
follow the law, expectations and all the rules.
You don't start trouble
but you're constantly placed in trials of mumbles,
in which you and your lawyer are absent.
So, you lose the trial of society in an instant.
Once again you're left with two friends
and a sea full of fiends.

You go to varsity to earn a degree.
You play by the rules and respecting all pedigrees.
But the names start again,
"weird, strange, you're dressed in bargains";.

By the time you graduate,
you have two friends and a sea of enemies who can punctuate.

You go to the office.

Again your uniqueness attracts gossip.

Even though you clock in super early and leave super late,
you do your job but still gain a share of hate.

The name-calling comes towards you without stutter.

They say, "you're weird, unsocial and think you're smarter".

So, you get married to find peace.

You live your life without a lease.

Set your boundaries to make your corner comfortable
but your uniqueness makes you even more vulnerable.

The name-calling repeats boundary-less;

they say, "you're weird, crazy, boring, lifeless and tasteless".

Why does life have to be according to the standards of extroverts?

Why do you get punished for being an introvert?

Why is enjoying own's company associated with mental illness?

Are you ought to be desperate for others' company to find stillness?

Are you to be dependent on external stimuli to be content?

Introverts deserve to be free and to be themselves without torment.

Extroverts must stop bullying and humiliating introverts,
hating them for finding happiness within themselves.

Mitta Xinindlu

The Song

I hear you, The Song.
I believe in you, The Song.

The Song that heals my body.
The Song that dwells in my soul.
Freezing my mind
and making my fingertips numb.
Stealing my time
and taking away my frown.

I hear you, The Song.
I believe in you, The Song.

I hear you, The Song.
The Song that gives questions to my answers.
The Song that turns my life upside down.
The Song that gives troubles to my soul.
Filled with greed and no flowers.

I hear you, The Song.
I believe in you, The Song.

Mitta Xinindlu

These Eyes Refuse To See

I am so hard to please.
Being human feels like a fool's tease.
I keep on asking God to prove His power.
He keeps on giving me a chance to wake up with willpower.
However, I still doubt.
I definitely need to chill out.
Who is able to explain to me that He lives?
Who can go beyond miles and climb mountains for my eyes to see?

Mitta Xinindlu

This Is How Close I Want To Be

I want to inhale
the breath that you exhale.
My heartbeat
should not be
any second behind to yours.
My eyes should be your cause.
Yours should close my eyelids
or maybe my brown lips.

I want your face
all over my face space;
And the tip of your nose
glued to mine so close.
The fingers of your hands
should perfectly fit mine like bands.
The sweat from my body
should run down on yours ungodly.

I want to be close to you
as a heart is to a lung's view.
If that is not allowed,
I'll settle for your shadow's shroud.
Hold me by my waist to the top
and absorb me like I'm raindrops.

Mitta Xinindlu

This Is What You Are

You are my rose, alright;
And my sunshine at night.
You are my candlelight
And in my life you have brought so much delight.

You have been my bun
And compared to you, I find no-one.
You are my sun
And in my life you bring more fun.

You are the afflatus to my imagination
And you're the best part of God's creation.
You reflect the 'best man alive' definition
And in my life you have brought so much satisfaction.

You mean so much to me now
And will always be a part of me, Love.

Mitta Xinindlu

Time

Yesterday I was given time.
I got to know it its prime.
The ticking sign was there;
it identified my inner scares.
Tick! Tick!
I played around with it.
I had longed for its visit.
I heard its song,
Sung by those who were once strong.

Mitta Xinindlu

To Whom It May Concern

I therefore compile this document
In request of so many reasons or replies
Why is it that you say you love me?
Is it the shape of my body
The size of my breasts
Or the smile on my face?
Is it the shape of my legs
The length of my thighs
Or the state of my mind?
Is it the gold between my thighs
The size of my lips
Or the laughter I give?
Is it the shape of my hips
The size of my waist
Or the stories from my teeth?
Tell me now her son
For your immediate response I shall wait.

Mitta Xinindlu

Too Bad For You

You up and left me for her.
You left all that we had dreamt of just like that.
You forgot all about what we stood for.
Now that there is someone to love me, you want me back.

You chose her over me.
You thought that she was better than me
and could give you twice the love I gave you.
You forgot that you had promised to love me until the end.
Now that there is someone to hold me, you want me back.

Remember when you told me that the love was no longer there?
How could it have not been there?
I loved you so much and you knew that.
I had given my all to you.
But you chose her over me.
And now you want me back.

Mitta Xinindlu

True Friend

I have gone so high with you.
We have gone to where normal friends wouldn't.
You were not frightened by the cold;
the low temperatures as we rose.
Only because you wanted to be there
when I had reached the moon above the air.

You and I have indeed gone so far together.
We have gone far the distance like feathers.
More than that which casual friends do.
You did not want to turn your back too
when we met obstacles along the way.
You stayed;
Simply because you wanted to be there
when I had reached the last line beyond the snares.

You were also at the bottom waiting to catch me.
And you were there to assist me
if you had failed to catch me.
You would rather be nothing with me
than seeing me not be the best me.
Simply because you're a true friend to me.

Mitta Xinindlu

Unfold This Grave

When you sit in discussion,
Viewing and giving notice to my percussion;
Singing my life,
making it a free style.
Making jokes;
trying to be fun folks.
About the way that I talk,
the way I walk,
The style of my hair,
And how life for me you think it's fair.

Talking about whom I see,
What kind of a man is he,
Where is he from
and whom is he with and what for;
Trying to figure out
what's his cheating's about.
Dotting down the times that I cry,
laugh or sigh;
The places I go to,
And the depths of my crew.

You have been busy now I see;
You won't rest nor cease.
You've dedicated your lives to mine.
You've been my followers for some time,

Hush!
Shush!
Enough, now I yell.
Let me live my life to tell.
Let me embrace the love of this man from hell.

Mitta Xinindlu

Uyazi Ndingumxhosa?

Ndiqhel'amathole aqhawulwayo
Ii'ntwezinde ngokwendalo
Izandl'ezahlanjwayo
Umhlab'ohlakulwayo
Amagam'angaginywayo
Amagab'ababo abazala

Ndithi ndaz'abantu abakhoyo
Oothina singakhonjwa
Iilokhw'ezingahlanjwayo
Namanxil'angaseliyo

Yazi u'kba yintoni lena?
Liqondo elingaqondwayo
Umthwal'ongasindiyo
Isono sentsindiso
Indl'wengasindwayo
Ubhunca kalujaca

Tyhini! kum sondela
Ndik'buke ngokubini
Nd'k'qhele ngokukubhenca
Nditsho ndijong'ixesha

Ndenze ngokwakudala
Undinxibe njengokwes'qhelo
Undenz'ungand'qhekezi
Undixoz'ubeth'ukhwelo
Undikwel'okok'gqibela

Mitta Xinindlu

Why Is Love So Dangerous?

Love is homophobic.

If it wasn't, then parents wouldn't denounce their daughter and son; treating them as tragic.

They would embrace them and share in their laughter.

They would love them so purely and warmly.

Love is sexist.

If it wasn't, then husbands would see their wives as equals, and not diminish them for the benefit of own confidence.

Employers would pay equal wages to create positive sequels; where a female is respected, and not left in negligence; where love is shown through recognition and sharing of positions.

Love is racist.

If it wasn't, then there'd be more inter-relationships, and not just rebels who decide to denounce censorship.

Everyone would forget what they were taught about sameness.

They would say what they feel and be blameless.

Love would see no race, religion or state of disability.

Love is xenophobic.

If it wasn't, then countries wouldn't be spending billions of dollars trying to keep refugees in jails or segregated camps of horror.

Citizens would see foreigners as brothers and sisters; embracing their stories and lending an ear as concerned listeners. Otherwise, isn't love what religion claims it to be?

By Mitta Xinindlu

Mitta Xinindlu

Wounds And Love

The black vines of love
hack the breathing lines on cove.
Our drunkard hearts await;
thirsty for loved arts a crate.
We drink like stupid.
We sink; dike cupid.
Love is foolish;
but bruising in love is goodish.
We love getting lost from loving.
If not, why keep ghosts when falling?

Mitta Xinindlu

Your Face Is Paradise

They say paradise is only in heaven
But they haven't seen your face like I have.
They haven't been greeted by your smile
and embraced by your words.
Your eyes light up like golden streets of Jerusalem.
Eyebrows so thick, resembling the full head of Samson's strength.
Lips so tender like soles of the disciple's feet
whose steps followed the King.
Chin so strong like the 300 men of Israel who fought armies of armies
and won the good battle over kings.
I have seen paradise in your face.

Your ears are so upright
like the walls of Jericho;
whose standing was against no men,
living or dead.
Whose strength the Higher Being could be the only one to challenge.
Jaws strong like the shields of Shaka Zulu's men
who fought and won battles
that left blood dripping on blood.
I have seen paradise in your face.

Your forehead is so elementary
like the American soldiers who fought in Iraq;
whose dedication to their country was no child's play.
Who left their families
and sacrificed their youth.
The lines of your forehead, perfectly drawn
like the rivers of Jordan;
all drawing to the red sea
in which men of Egypt perished.
Your beard is planted like lawns of Eden
where peace and life were gathered in full.
I have seen paradise in your face.

Your cheekbones are perfectly high and well built
like the stone built to mark the death of Rachel,
wife to Jacob of Israel.
Your cheeks are correctly angled

like the temple that king Solomon built,
which took him 13 years to complete.

Your eye sockets are full of life.
So wise like King Solomon himself,
who chose wisdom over all riches of the earth.
Your perfect hairline
reflects the number of years you have loved me
like a bible story told year after year indeed.
They say paradise is only in heaven;
I have seen paradise in your face.

Mitta Xinindlu