

Poetry Series

**Mlungisi Ngomane**  
**- poems -**



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## Mlungisi Ngomane()

Mlungisi Ngomane was born in White River, Mpumalanga province, in 1998. He is an undergraduate student currently pursuing a Bachelor's degree in education with the University of South Africa, with English as one of his major subjects. He's encouraged to write poems and short stories, as he claims to find peace every time he holds a pen. His short story, 'I Am Dying for Love, ' and other pieces of his work have been published by the Fundza Literacy Trust and Avbob Poetry. You can follow his work on social media platforms like Facebook and YouTube, respectively, as Mlungisi Ngomane.



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# I'd Get Better.

I always thought with time; I'd get better.  
Thousands of nights pass by  
Thousands of days,  
years, decades and look!  
I still wrestle with my thoughts  
and laments over you.

I still adore the amazing moments we shared  
I still see your face in my daily thoughts  
pondering about your lovely voice every dawn  
I still lament and question your vanish  
even oceans walk towards the shores  
but you never do.  
I thought I escaped from you, but I think you escaped me.

Even the skies cry, and rain dies  
wondering what might cause the tears sadly no one bothers, so it is with me  
thinking with time, I'd get better.

Mlungisi Ngomane



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# Love Is Pain

Even today, I still associate love with pain!  
How can one claim to love yet hurts another?  
How can one claim to love yet deceives another?  
Doesn't love breath?  
Doesn't love to think and feel?  
If it doesn't, then love doesn't exist.

I associate love with tears,  
the brewing of iron brews  
and the meandering of hearts  
caused by the art of losing due to someone's did,  
yet even today, I still associate love with tears,  
the lamentations and wrestling of thoughts till dawn never stops,  
decades pass by,  
ocean storms and rises, yet it never consumes it.  
I associate love with pain.

Tears fall, hearts wonder and minds un-comprehends  
the blood of innocents shed through the fate of love,  
innocents souls lament the un-endless evil things done by the living  
even today, I still associate love with pain.

Mlungisi Ngomane

# Never Stop Trying.

This poem is for those who are hopeless,  
is for those who are jobless,  
is for those who are friendless,  
is for those who are prayer-less,  
is for those who are parent-less,  
is for those who are shelterless,  
is for those who are helpless,  
is for those whose lives are meaningless,

This poem is for those who have been neglected,  
is for those who have been discouraged,  
is for those who have been betrayed,  
they say good things take time,  
remember, there's no mountain you cannot climb,  
things might not be working out for you now,  
but it doesn't mean your life will end now,  
never stop trying, and never stop praying.

No problem was ever born without a solution,  
if it's a problem, it has a solution,  
tough times never last, but tough people do last,  
as long as you can still wake up and walk,  
as long as you can still talk and see,  
don't lose hope, don't lose faith,  
consider life a blessing and worth living,  
never stop trying, and never stop praying.

Mlungisi Ngomane

# The Price We Payed For Being Born.

Even after so many years, the fear, anger and hatred you inflicted on us persists,

you were like prayer feeding on our souls,  
I can still see all the alienation and bitterness in your eyes,  
even when you talk, maltreatment prevails,  
I can still recall everything like it was yesterday.

As blameless as I were, I used to get severe punishments  
even for sins I did not commit,  
I know we were not yours by birth  
but we did not deserve this on this earth.

Just after midnight, you would bang on the door,  
quarrel and wake us all in fear,  
I, at times, even witnessed her getting whipped unnecessarily;  
the more she became defenceless, the more aggressive you became.

Even without the influence of alcohol, you were filled with bitterness,  
I wonder what we have done to deserve all this?  
I always thought she would one day pack so that we could leave,  
but she never did, even when you called us by name.

We suffered because of love,  
Yes, she was prepared to die for love,  
even at the cost of two beautiful children,  
she was ready to die for love.  
She was the only breadwinner in the house,  
maybe we suffered because we were staying freely in the house,  
She was strangled, whipped and even betrayed,  
perhaps it was the price we had to pay for being born.

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# Love Life

Even if you live and love a lavish life, you can't buy life,  
life is life, life is love, live and love!  
adore life, cherish life, love life.

love each other,  
love one another,  
respect each other,  
look after one another.

Life is wonderful, life is grace,  
life is amazing, life is good,  
live and love,  
don't even think of taking your life,  
life is even worth more than just living,  
remember you won't get to live thus life again,  
You only live once!

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# Democracy

Ohh Democracy!

Look what you've done to us

They said we should vote for them,

they lied to us

Yes! they did, they said they'll protect us,

they never did, instead they steal from us.

They even introduced black empowerment,

just to steal from us, yes they do,

there's no roads but potholes,

there's not electricity but load shedding,

there's even blood shedding.

Guns, Guns everywhere!

They can't even protect us.

Children missing everywhere,

Police men taking bribes,

They are leading us to nowhere!

Look! Blood, blood everywhere

Yes, there's blood everywhere,

blood of innocent souls everywhere,

they can't even protect us.

they can't even protect our borders,

maybe there are no orders,

do I have to even mention graduates without jobs?

Ohh people of colour, open your eyes,

before it's too late,

Let us vote for change.

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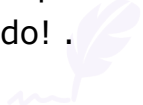


# Not Even A Single Drop

Your absenteeism brings sorrows, pains and hunger,  
even the earth itself mourns your anger,  
your absenteeism brings agony, misery and danger,  
even those who plough mourns your absentia.

Maybe we might have caused your anger,  
even rivers, dams and lakes runs dry because you cease to fall,  
people wonder what might have caused your anger,  
maybe you want earth to run dry because of hunger.  
Because of your absentia even plants cease to grow,  
because of your absentia, plants cannot even drink,  
not even a single drop to drink,  
we all mourn your absentia.

Your absences brings drought, famine and hunger,  
even streams cease to flow  
and animals die of hunger,  
some even perform rites to appease you,  
Yes they do! .



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# You Are My Angel

I am not a writer nor a poet either,  
but having to meet someone like you,  
I am encouraged to write,  
write every moment; yes!  
maybe I am right; maybe I should write,  
write to the whole world,  
let them know how God created  
an amazing human being like you!  
Oh yes! they deserve to know!  
I am writing now!  
You are like a moon in the night,  
and like sun in the dawn,  
you bring light into the world and you light the universe,  
in your arms lies the essence of hope,  
you are indeed the source of hope,  
in your arms days always remains the same,  
even in your darkest day you always wear your lightest site,  
you are a well of hope, love and beauty,  
you are indeed a beacon of beauty,  
maybe you're an angel wearing a human form.

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