

Poetry Series

Mumu Da Poet
- poems -

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Mumu Da Poet()

My name is musa mukelwa simelane, born in 1990-29-01. Born and raised by the streets of my village. Writing had always been my hobby, thought the spark and flames descended when I was towards my teen years and it was later rekindled towards my high school life.

The life I lived on the streets inspired me to fight and paint my future with words.

My life was not flourishing in reality but once I had a paper and a pen I could paint my self as anything. Poetry became my therapist, poetry become my remedy. In poetry I am me.

Floating Memory

Today the radio played our song,
Through this long distance and cold depth of space between us,
I was forced to remember you,
I looked next to the side of my bed where you used to lay,

I literally felt my heart sinking down to my toes,
As the radio kept on playing the song,
I tried to pick my self up just to mimic how we used to vibrate to it beat and sing
along,
But I ended up begging tears not dance with me.

I tried to do our moves but I ended up doing those ones you used to love, and
we would laugh on them,
Then I fell on my knees,
We've been in this for so long.

Even if our hearts went away from each other,
But I know I still have you,
Through the distance, and the cold depth of space,
When this stars fade from view,
The night becomes dark and full of terror,
You could be the ear that listen to my worries,

You could carry me through your window of hope,
Show me greener pastures, in a dry desert without any shrub,
I know things had been rough, but with you by my side, I was OK.
Not that I do not miss you, I do, but I hardly remember you, than miss you.

Am scared to remember you,
I enjoy missing you,
I know the story of a person is only meant for one person to understand, and you
were that person.
Until that day.....

Our love will remain real and true,
May your soul rest in peace...
I find it hard to complete this poem.

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It Wasn't

The lips were intimately before we kiss,
With all the French kisses all over,
Her breast kept on inviting my hands,
Her curvy body drowned my thoughts deeper in the sheets on love.

She smelled like a yellow rose on a sunny day,
Her lower lip dialating to excuse words out of her mouth,
She kept on feeding me love words while I was dining on the table of sex thoughts,
Distracting my mind from all the promises she sow into my heart.
I knew I will break her heart, so I didn't want to let the promises germinate onto my skin.

Her scent so appetizing,
Long curly hairs that rested on her sculptures,
Scarlet lips that spoke to my amusement,
She kept on taking photos of us with her lenses,
Letting the island in me to throb profusely,

Fervently I was reciting prayers in silent voices,
Desiring deeply to unleash the cotton that covered her art,
My mind was a binocular,
Scanning every inch of her body like a mathematician calculating angles.

Deafening silence came,
She froze on the touch of my lips resting against her pointing nipple,
She was wild in heart but shy to her simplicity,

Words were cemented on her throat as my hands began to track the field of her art,
Racing my index finger all over her,

She would softly truncate words,
Breaking them according to their syllables.

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My Lover

my dreams bring your face closer to the heart of my palms.

When the moon whispered to the stars, I knew that love was born from my heart.

But like weeds, it grew from the wrong place.

I hold your breath in my eyes,
The scent of your beauty In my iris.
You invaded my heart,
Caused chaos in my soul.

I love you for being so dam cute.
What's wrong with you?

You held my hand I felt no pain,
All the pains in my soul became history..
You gave my eyes new sight,
My heart was filled with new dreams,
My mind with new hopes...

The stars you hold in your eyes,
Makes my heaven float,
I love you, even though you are only in my dreams.

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Let Me

Let the rivers laugh, as we cohabit underit's influence,
Let the stars rain light as we wander in the dark,
Let the leaves store our struggles so they could perish in winter,
Let the enchanting roads share testimonies of my sweat,
Let my bed share the stories of my tears,
Let my room tell you of the moments I sat in the dark corner of my rondavel with
bended knees and a plunge of pool,
Let rain whispers into your ashy ears how many tines I tried to collect smiley rain
drops from hailstorms,
Let me tell you of the journey I had never taken...
Let me
Let me
Let me

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It Will End In Tears

we both know that this will end,
We are both certain that we would never last,
No matter how much flames, we have for each,
But this, will never last,
Even the ember will remind us how hot the flames were.

But for the time being,
That you're right next to me skin,
Closer to my thighs,
Breathing to my pores,
Let us capture this moment,

Decorate it with filters so that when it ends those filters will remind me how
sweet this moment was once,
Upload it on social media,
Without any caption,
Let our hearts reserve the captions,

My social friends would caption it *my people*
My best *couple*
My *favorite couple*
Yet deep down in their toes, they hold jealous,
But remember it is not for them but for me,

We do not do it for likes, and comments,
Once this fails,
I will have those memories to remind my self of howI used to smile in love,

So please, take more pictures with me,
So I could widen the gallery of my museum,
Am sure this will end,
I may not be sure of the expiry date but I know your love will expire,

Remember you are not the first,
You're not the first man to make me taste stars,
You're not the first man to wage his heart in exchange of promises,
You're not the first man,

So please, let me gather this memories,

So that the day you decide to walk, and
Leave me, I would cherish these memories with your smile.
I love you, but I know that this will end,

Not that I am advocating for it to end,
I just know that it would,
Am never good at keeping company,
But I am the best memory keeper.

We both know that this would end,
But let's just pretend for now that we have everything,
And were at the end of the world,
Let's make every moment the beginning so we could never see the end,
Such that when the end comes, it would always feel the same.

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I Miss You

millions of fights I've recorded with you,
Deep bruises that still bleeds even today,
Echoes of harmful words that corroded my sensitivity,
Cold nights, with rough blowing tongues,
Never had I thought of such a day,

Many late night walks of forgiveness,
Sacrifices of our souls, just to feel the scent of your heart,
Just to hear you breathe once again would make me at ease
So much anger between our sheets,
Little moments of sunshine, in most days the thunder would roar,
But never had I pictured a day without you,

This is my first cut, and I truly feel how deep it is,
Every breathe I took is battle,
Every single thread of my mind thinks about you,
Of how much energy we had both invested in our broken souls just for them to
be further broken again,
Of how much tears we had cried and how much grieve we had over each other,

I guess you were to tired than I was,
Cause through it all I would always see a silver lining smiling ahead,
We had serious fights, but with every morning ray, I would forget about the
memory of the previous night yet live in its effects,
I wanted you above fights,
I needed you above pain,
I loved you through all hurdles,

But I guess you were to tired,
So you chose to park and punch the vehicle,
Leaving me to swim in the ideas I had about us,

We may never had laughed as I hoped we would,
But do you know howmuch I loved you?
Do you know how it felt being away from you even if your presence would prick
me at times?
Did you know how much jealous I had over you when you couldn't call?
Guess you only saw the mean I was over the love I had

It weighs me down to imagine that I would never have the chance to see you
again,
The chance to call you mine anymore,
The chance to have you dressing my sheets with your fragnace,
The chance just to see you naked again taking those timeless bath,
What hurts me more is to imagine that I would never find someone like you
again,
Cause I never needed someone like you but I needed you,

With millions of faults that pierced me like rust nails, but I still wanted you.
In a million years of world I would still choose you,
Above all creatures and creation I would still want you,
Like I want now,
I would still need you like I need now,
But I guess you were to tired,

My heart breaks in all possible ways,
I know I would never heal from this,
Even if they say time is the best healer, but I think time will fail to do what it is
suppose to do on me,
I do not see my self healing from this,

This break up would make me old.

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Love

beauty fades,
smile dies,
curves buried within the wrinkles,
beautiful wrinkles creating a beautiful maze on her face,
she still smiles the same way as a virgin.

shes the one my heart wants,
shes the secrete voice i listen to,
she decorates the walls of memory with her art of beauty,
she gives thought to the memory of my being.

long legs,
warm arms,
sweet lips,
a mesmerizing creature that adopts every man of my village,
shes a village on her own, drawing and painting the graves of mankind.

i find my self out of words when shes around,
her beauty cage my innocence,
jailing my voice to refuse to speak,
chocking my heart, yet it dies inside its rib cage,

away from her i would fantasy,
like a depressed soul i would meditate on her beauty and sweet lips,
yet ive never tasted them,
like a poor child i build sky crappers of imagination,
establishing a castle for her without her awareness,

The love i have for her kills my being,
giving me an oxymoron of feeling,
i find my self swimming with wolves, dancing with snakes for
she capture me in beautiful caption.

her oceanic eyes paints heaven as it,
in her palm in find infinity,
hearing her voice from the mouth of the morning news,
gives labor to my barren.

if only she knows how beautiful she is to my eyes,

forty years i still feel the same way i did when i first saw her.

shes the love of my life but my face doesn't match the love,
deep in the closet i hide,
writing poems to her, even though she finds it hard to read them,
i shall email them to her.

my hope and faith are stronger like winter winds,
blowing and scooping like august winds,
i chose her over all those who apply mascara and hide their true being.

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Brokenness

Brokenness

A needle with a thread,
Stitching my heart particles into one again,
Some particles are miss placed,
Some are stitched wrongly,

I watered a tree of virtue with my tears,
Prayed to my God fervently,
Like Adam and Eve I am out of eden,

Love was a vineyard to my soul,
Crying crystals of cold tears
This love is taking my soul,
Traumatising my fibres
Giving Me a glimpse of hell,
Love brings your flowers and tears,
Never stop loving and believing.
I love love

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On My Gloomy Days

On my gloomy days

When my soul had, endured it all.

I sit beneath the essence of nature, curve along with the rivers of my village.

The water in them is so pure hearted, so as they swirl, curving my soul to cleansing.

The bush birds sing hymns of joy, reminding me of my Jewish love days. I find my self buried within their hymns.

I began to build skycrappers of imagination, like a child born poor, with lots of imagery things just to fit in the environment.

The foamy rocks on the river bank are my Sofa's.

I watch my movie in the blue light as the clouds gets pregnant from my own imagination.

All shall pass though,
All shall pass..

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