

Poetry Series

**nthabiseng kgoronyane**  
**- poems -**

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## **nthabiseng kgoronyane(02 November)**

I am made out of words. I am a young woman, bold and made out of vowels and consonants. Eyes are prominent as a full stop, my mind travel as fast as an alphabet can be thrown in a sentence, sometimes I don't make sense not even to myself. They say I am craze and they are probably right. I am loyal to happiness because smile is the only way I know how to cry at times. In my most calm sense I am adventurous, curious just like a question mark and probably as intriguing as a comma.

In finer detail, I am a writer who write what she likes and likes what she writes. Staying true to the emotion, keeping it real with the mind and respecting the word.

# A Letter To My Soul Mate

Letter to my soul mate

To love you I will need a stronger heart than the one I already have.  
The thought of you explodes my heart,  
My life flashes to the background.  
Your initials are encrypted on my birth mark,  
Without you I would never be complete,  
Life will flow on but it will be meaningless.  
Special moments will be there but they will  
Always be in half.  
I've said I only need God to survive  
Yet I lied for without you  
The real me is not here yet.  
You are far from the usual,  
I have loved so much in my life,  
But with you love is different.

Love with you is speechless,  
You stand next to me with unspoken words,  
Then suddenly you being there is all I need to hear.  
I see the words in your eyes, and need no explanations.  
I wonder if you will understand that you  
Humble my heart.  
To love you I have found the God in me.

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# Because You Are Different

When you are found in between a society  
In which you are different from all  
Because you are not like them,  
Millions part of them will tell you  
You are nothing,  
Some will tell you that you will never succeed  
But all the words are spoken because they fear you.

They fear what you have that they don't,  
Something that you know which they will  
never experience,  
They fear you because your abilities are  
Not measurable and beyond their thinking,  
In times you want to be part of them  
Because you fear yourself,  
The best that makes you great among them,  
You want to be told you belong with them  
Because then you will feel sense of belonging.

They fear you because you will  
Never want anything that is theirs  
Like they want all that is yours.  
Many names they put on you  
Just so some stranger may think  
That you have excessive pride,  
But its all because your pride is to the  
Standard they will never understand  
How you handle such richness.  
They fear you because even in poverty you  
Survive like those rich,  
Even in tears your smile lights your face.

They fear you because you have unexpected  
Versions of everything.  
You have never looked down on others  
Like they have done on themselves.  
They fail to see the best in themselves  
Because they waste time searching for  
Mistakes in others, missing their own.

They fear you because you are different.

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# Believe Because You Live

Every door has its own key,  
Every person his own destiny,  
Don't rush before your name is called,  
the ropes of patience are hard to hold grip of  
but the gain is worth the pain.

Don't let your failures embarrass you,  
let them make you proud  
because you tried when many walked off.  
Don't let your scars make you ashamed  
because they show the hero in you.

In every plant there once was a seed,  
In every pain there is a reason,  
In every dream a vision.  
no matter how small you are  
do not look down on yourself  
because you are resemblance of a plan  
that came through,  
you are a title of some book  
wrote by God.

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# Fire In My Veins

He sets fire in my veins,  
The thought of him turns me speechless,  
From afar he makes me paralyzed  
with emotions,  
My heart skips thousand beats at once,  
He must be what love feels like.

I wonder if I would not faint from touching him,  
For the slightest gaze he gives me  
makes my body shiver like winter storm,  
He steals my mind from my head,  
make my earth revolve around him  
I guess this is how love tastes like.

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# Heroic Chronology

Stood up above my circumstances,  
Circumcised by problems of the world,  
Like a young cub learning to rule the jungle,  
Far from the world of injustice,  
Justified by my spiritual abundance,  
I am the imperfection walking on the isle of perfection.

A descendant of heroic chronology,  
I am tense with intentions to go forward,  
Yet kept grounded by the roots of my beginning,  
Like a volcanic eruption, I erode all cords  
That tie my will.  
I am a descendant of heroic chronology.

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# I Am A Woman

I am a woman,  
Like seasons I change  
With the blows of life's age,  
Adore my curves,  
Be smitten by my smile,  
Let my chocolate brown skin  
Infect you with its smoothness,  
Be drawn in and out by my charcoal grey eyes  
But fall inlove with the soul underneath these naked  
Skin because I am a woman,  
Like seasons I change.

I carry the world in my tummy,  
Love so unconditional in my heart,  
I even hold the sharp edge of knives  
That points to the souls near and far to me,  
I am a woman, a mother, a sister, friend,  
Lover but beyond all I am the reflection of  
Nature. I was born to care,  
I craft the future of the universe,  
In my blood vessels humanity beyond reason.  
If you say you love me, love me with no conditions,  
Because I am a woman,  
Like seasons I change with the blows of life's age.

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# Ink

I steal your attention through billboards,  
In boardrooms they see me.  
I am the signature that  
Signs through your daily pages.

I come in variety of colours,  
Sometimes when crushed  
And splashed in all my varieties  
I bring a blow of amazement in your world.  
I am really that small  
But magnificent.

I am bold,  
In expressions of written words  
I own curves beyond the imagination.  
Sometimes water flushes my personality,  
But like riddles in parable ways  
I become alive again.

Other times they tear me apart in papers,  
Or embrace me with a smile.  
I live through the eyes of many  
And survive through the  
Hard covers in bookshelves.  
Yes I am the ink  
You looking at right now.

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# Something Deeper Than Material Love

I am a woman of substance,  
Your money and status does not impress me.  
I look for the person you are alone  
Without your name attached to your image.  
Your thoughts are what intrigues me,  
Your actions when nobody is watching  
Are what captures me.

From you I want what money can't afford,  
If you could give me love wrapped with  
Attention and devotion all dedicated to me  
I shall be the most contented woman,  
The so-called 'eternal love',  
Your soul marrying my soul,  
Something not even a ring can symbolize.

I want time, your time  
When we could sit silently under the stars  
Yet feel like we just had an amazing  
'First time we know you and you know me'  
Kind of conversation.  
I want that connection where we both believe  
we can fly without wings  
Just because we believe.

Your looks are like lyrics of a perfect song,  
when around you I want to dance forever,  
Smile cause your smile tickles me.  
Your presence being able to humble me  
Without a word,  
Me being the twin to oxygen for you.  
No money, no status, no car you own  
Would ever substitute what you alone  
Can be to capture me.

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# The Uninvited Guest In The Reflection Of Your Mirror

Hey you, yes you.

I saw you were looking at yourself in the mirror,  
heard you were trying to find the courage within you  
to face every sun rise and I heard life is not as you had planned for yourself.  
I am an uninvited guest and came with only one solely  
purpose and that is to let you know that you are more than capable of doing  
anything you want, reaching any height you aim for and giving away as much as  
you want.

yes, I agree life's problems leave us with no faith within ourselves, without a  
believe that we could be enough but

I am here ain't I, telling you that I do not need to know deep, dark secrets about  
who you are, where you from, what you did but I know you are enough.

Stop looking at your reflection in the mirror, counting your weaknesses, judging  
your potential and comparing yourself to someone who does not have anything  
that you have.

Take your time, smile because you are beautiful. you are standing here ain't you  
that's proof enough that you are strong and capable of anything because you  
made it this far.

Life wouldn't be life if it had no problems, we would be of no use because we will  
not get to see how incredible we can be and how brilliant we are. Challenges are  
not there to break you down but its a mirror that allows you to look a little bit  
deeper within yourself and maybe with that microscope zoom and see the hidden  
jewels within you. You are really great, if only you would recognize that. I  
figured I needed to say that, so go back at looking at yourself in that mirror but  
change your attitude towards that mirror, whole lot of things could be changed  
as well.

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# Too Deep

The cut is too deep, the pain too real.

Memories of pain lingers longer than of joy.

This wound is too deep, not even forgiveness can heal its bitterness.

Heart as heavy as yesterday's sin,

who can forget the aching of a broken heart by death, drowning in sorrow of dreams with parallel lines to heaven, this loss is too real, for am mourning hope that will never get to see sun rays and feel the whirl of a wind.

This cut is too deep but I will breath again for these scars fight with a silence voice to be known that they are alive for a reason.

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