

Poetry Series

Onkgopotse Ramatiti

- poems -

Publication Date:
2008

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Onkgopotse Ramatiti(14 March 1979)

Born in Dinokana, a village in Lehurutshe - Zeerust, close to the borders of Botswana. Bred, attended school and matriculated in the same village. Left for Johannesburg in 1998 and started writing poetry around the same year. Yet to publish my inaugural book.

A little something for your... Well you decide! ! !

'As I walk through the arch of my archive
I realize I got some spare to share
So while you're being delighted
Remember my work's copyrighted'

They don't call me World Word Champion for nothing... Come recite with me! ! !

A Poet In My Own Write

Though I don't usually recite what I write
Critics still attest that my future is bright
May prefer page to stage because of my crowd fright
Either way, I'm a poet in my own right

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A War Apiece

[A sequel to 'He Thises, She Thats; They Both Bit-of-Bothed']

He is an ace at what he does
Yet she wouldn't embrace all that fuss
He is the king in his castle
But she's not keen on being a part of his hustle

Always accused of being ungrateful
Remaining silent at the mercy of being called unfaithful
Family members withdrawing their moral support
Friends suddenly unable to establish rapport

Corporal bruises artfully concealed through cosmetology
Emotional scars distilling through the craft of psychology
No regrets as all expenses are paid for
Going for hers; who really cares? She chose to live hardcore

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Corporate Liability - An Effaced Identity

(A poignant poem by a young man trying to make it big in the corporate. All his inputs are sidelined and crushed all the time and his ideas are being stolen for which he never receives any accolades. He feels that good fortune has deserted him and embarks on a soul-searching journey, to find himself at the crossroads of his future. Basically, he feels that he is being made redundant and he is simply crying out for recognition. All excuses point to the 3-P company: Policies, Procedures and Processes - The killer on the rampage! ! !)

Fed up with the limiting factors begotten by the politics of the corporate world
I pause and ponder
Maybe it's time for a fresh new start
And when everyone tries to advise me to use my head
I wonder
Isn't it time for me, for once, to follow my heart?

When critics sarcastically referred to me as a bookworm
I pacifically laughed it off as I knew I was cooking up a storm
But now that my empire is built
Naysayers can all ash down in the fire of guilt

A spitting image of my father's; I can't hide
God Bless his handsome soul
With take-after precision-tendencies from my mother's side
It's time we popped open those stories untold

This monster, I studied through distance learning
And got to sit in brainstorming with the Big Dudes and stuff
Being an ex-gangster, I marvelled at the impressive legit earning
Yet to date my inputs remain not good enough

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He Thises, She Thats; They Both Bit-Of-Bothed

When true emotions make way to pride
Differences deemed irreconcilable
Damages deduced irreparable
And third party impartial on the part of either side

Crisis reaches emergency proportions
Yet details on the status quo a bit sketchy
Progression therefore ought to be made with caution
For the mood is still patchy

She fits that description
And I'm talking picture-perfect
Yet she sits with the depiction
Of a downtrodden defect

His friends sugarcoated
Her girls stigmatized
Family members left the situation bloated
As day by day the war supersized

They once shared a gift so damn Divine
And treating it like this is way outta line
Living arrangements resembling a see-saw
Despite populace having witnessed what he and she swore

Both parties unwilling to hone their attitude
Rather expressing considerable latitude
The extent led to culpable homicide
Were these tensions palpable? You decide...

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Instructor Aboard: No Right To Turn Left

And so he came
Anyhow but tame
Neither was I lame
Yet not his same

His tone relatively low
Understandably so
From the word go
I knew I'd act a foe

A man steeled like a sword
Tie dangling, frictioning against his clipboard
We tried to take off in concord
But his pen was there; for the record

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Nna Kana! ! !

Ke morwa Marobela

Motho wa go ka jesiwa korobela

Mister Kokobela

O tla mmona ka go thokgosela

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Taciturnity, My Forte

[This piece is a shout-out to those men and women (oh, and children too) with very few words. Sometimes friends, family and people around tend to put pressure on us to be outspoken, yet there is nothing wrong with being rather... RESERVED]

So what if I am silent
Y'all think I'm bearing a grudge?
Can't one just be reticent
Without people having to judge?

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Tshimega Ya Mafoko

Mokgankgara wa poko

Morua maboko

Seganka sa makoko

'Sika ja konokono tsoo-Rakoko

Motlhoi wa maroko

Seokobatsa matlhoko; manokonoko a mutlwa wa noko

Sekgantshwane sa go tshwana le bo-Masoko

Tsala ya morwa Letsoko

Moagi wa motse-thoko

Ee, yona tshimega ya mafoko...

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Word Excellent

Being an artist entails creativity

Being creative employs the services of an open mind

Being open-minded leads to being free-spirited

Having a free spirit welcomes motivations

Motivations enhance inspirations

Being inspired secretes ideas

Ideas beget a brainchild

A brainchild dwells in information wells

Such wells nurture such that sells

And what sells houses one's wealth

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You Were My Girl

When I ran into your friends this morning
I noticed there was a face missing
Th'all make-believed comprehension despite their mourning
Yet I knew it was no time for teasing

Streams of sorrow dammed below under my chin
The news must have hurt me the most
And while I may not be your next-of-kin
In you, I must confess, a Queen I have lost

Your memorial was an afternoon of back-to-back praises
With audience ranging from even to odd faces
I did promise not to cry when everyone testified your good deeds
But suddenly tears eluded my eyelids

Yes, I will never get to walk you down the aisle
And together we shall not enjoy the honeymoon phase
But when the whole world is wearing a broad smile
Then, and only then, will I attest you were not just a FANCY FACE

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