

Poetry Series

**Paris Thulare**  
**- poems -**

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## Paris Thulare()

Paris Thulare is a young Poet, Writer and Student teacher from Mapareng Village, Limpopo. He was born in 1996 May 05 where later he fell in love with the paper. He tells tales not only of his life but about the life events around the world.

## 05 My 05

So much years in the frontier  
And still breathing,  
This place is the awesome of the world,  
Even the land wanted me dead  
I remember when,  
The deeper the cold soaked into my bones,  
And the rain made footsteps with stings of wonders and pains  
I was there a knight casting my role

I am blessed really,  
I watched souls varnish  
And as always I dodged the bullets  
Kept my faith stronger,  
And my soul brighter

I'm here today, thanking my ancestors and the one above,  
The road itself was a game of thrones.  
But I made it 365 over

Hi  
My Name is Paris Thulare  
I'm the soldier of words  
And this is neither the beginning  
Or the end of my story.

Paris Thulare

# My Once Was

You have been my enjambment,  
The who i used to call tangent.  
Your looks connived,  
And i was conviced.  
Yet you left without a notice.

I saw your messages  
Tons like spiderwebs,  
They struck my heart,  
A jibed such scars.

Dear my once was my happiness  
And so you know, you gave lessons  
For i am not a fool,  
For i was never a tool,  
Those heartbreaks and headboards,  
Will one day make me a perfect lover.

Paris Thulare

# Gone Are Those Days

I used to sing sweet tunes unto you my dear,  
I used to blaze my very best lines,  
With joy favouring our bolded hearts,  
And yet the dark cloud fell unexpectedly.  
Seen is on flee  
It's your words against mine,  
Pride is before our eyes,  
And slowly we are becoming the enemies of love.

Gone are those days,  
When i used to you call mine,  
In return you would pour me smiles.  
Gone are those minutes i used to wear cloud nine,  
And you would call me a lucky charm.

There i recall, sank our ship of romance because of pride  
that wiped our love like mice at the centre of nile.

Paris Thulare

# I Come From Nothing

Father's fell in the ages of stones,  
Then I was given names by companions.  
In me there grew a pain none could see,  
As I watched back in the days,  
Others were bought Christmas gifts,  
While I sat back, with burning wishes

I recall slowly, the path itself was a war  
With that little hope I grew, daily.  
Everyday storms would sneak in the little shelter that Momma gave us  
I watched as she swam in pains and coldness with love protecting us her cubs  
Ohh dear Mommy, indeed love was only you

I knew nothing of bread and beacon,  
That steak and burger were all I wished to taste,  
But my wishes died a painful death.  
As I watched the children from neighborhood jollying at the corners of my streets

Wearing joy with warmth of seeing their dear Dads ascending from Jozi

I came from nothing  
The very same place I was born,  
Where the richest played kings  
And us the poor watched with grieve  
That same place I was raised,  
But in return it swallowed my grandparents so is my uncle

Do you know that pain endured,  
I watched families vanish with deaths unknown  
But nothing I could do afterall.  
The pains of pains was watching my mom stolen away from me  
But I was toddler then  
I carried the pain by heart  
But I made my self a solemn  
To never back down no matter what

Paris Thulare

# Will You

If I sing you a song  
Would you give me your ears ?

If tell you a story  
Will you keep it safe?

If I offer you my arms  
Will you hold the tight in return?

If I write you my lines  
Will you them by heart?

If I tell you all I always felt  
Will you spare me yours?

If I would show you the other half of my scars  
Will stay with me?

Tell me, will you?  
Settle for life with a half man, non perfect being I am

Paris Thulare

# P.O.E.T.R.Y

Love isn't a healer anymore,  
The beauty of the natures refreshes me not,  
Not even remedies made from exotic plans.

Music says the same thing, but Poetry never does.  
Theraphy is for the weakest,  
I believe in the the power of letters,

Poetry is the master compared to thee living, the undying and the non talking

Let me sail with these lines, tags and couplets  
For they hold the powers to the ever untouched colunimbus nine clouds

Paris Thulare



# No One

No one remembers you  
No one is here for you  
No body will ever cry for you  
No one is so keen to nourish you  
No one cherishes you  
No one cheers for you  
Nobody wants you  
No body will mourn for you  
Just be here too, for nobody

Paris Thulare

# The Dawn Of My Happiness

Here i am with rethoric questions racing in me everyday,  
It's festive now, everyone is out to see their mothers and fathers,  
what about me Lord?

They are out there jollyng everywhere with words of praises,  
But who's praising me now?  
Who is comfortngme when ice age revists the life of me?

That last time I sawMommy,  
I was a toddler, so is Father in my ages of embryo,  
I never felt the presents of my old man,  
I'm being told stories he was like I am,  
But wearing such belief is poking Eminem.

I'm out searching for hope here and there,  
But its never enough,  
Hapiness is my enemy.  
At worst I'm being given names,  
with fingers poking me to the center of hatred.  
Why didn't you give them such chance to see me flourishing.

It is useless I'm telling you, to have all this wonderful materialistic things but  
Momma isn't here to approve these that I accomplished.I  
'm all here fed up all day with tears rolling my eyes and there isn't a soul to  
comfort me,  
ohh dear Death, You are heartless.

Paris Thulare

# I'm No Longer Myself

I'm swinging on alcohol,  
Puffing smoke from day to dawn,  
Locomoting up steetsto downtown,  
Inquisitoring forthat one pill.  
Such pill to avail me sleep  
But the doctors say they havesuch prescriptions.

I wake up everyday with chiliad of declinations,  
Accompanied by a storm of gazillion wishes,  
But still, this life keeps going.

I'm no longer myself no!  
my gullet always craves to deglutite something,  
In the greeting of the sunlight  
And the dawn of midnight  
Who am i really? ?

I once took a stand in life,  
Saw myself in such perfect family kind,  
But it seems to me, i'm just against time.

I looked while my companionsdying, helpless  
I failed to pay heed at each funi..  
I got broken relationships,  
But still i fail to fix,  
Now i got some bad habits i can't modify.

Such plane of success once booked, crushed in the middle of nowhere.  
Today im here chasing this, that and the next after,  
How about this disease eating me in inches avery day,  
And still, the insomnia has no mercy for me.

I act smiley with such big belly  
Wearing white teeth that speak hello tunes  
But im dying, slowly  
Alone, with nobody noticising  
Who Am I, really



# My Heart

, I've failed you a thousand times than I can remember,  
I've hurt you with intentions like the month November,  
I promised you and my soul the food of love,  
Yet it seems I'm just a fue,  
Foolish not enough with no aorta  
no left ventricle.  
you are there, bleeding to death because of all the pains I've caused you,  
No vein is attached and sooner I'm becoming motionless.

I thought expectations were to keep you a company,  
Unaware I was causing such devastations.  
How childish I was to think a soul with two feet and silver thighs was going to  
keep you happy.  
If I knew the such would happen,  
I would have never sold you for only kisses filled with pills and fake emotions

I'm sorry my dear one,  
Now I know you all I've got,  
It's you who keeps my life going, my lood moving,  
With ought you, I wouldn't be breathing,  
Let me narture you,  
Pick all the missing pieces and mend you.

Dear heart,  
I'm now aware,  
And I will take care.

Paris Thulare

# Nteseng Ke Itheteng

ke Motau šemane ya go ja di wela  
Ke Motau lesogana kgaah! Šateeh ka tsena  
Ke mopulana wa moswati  
Lesogana la go hloka nyatsi

Tšešu ditaola ke rile go dirutwa ka tsena mong'waseloko ka yo tsoma  
Ba nswayile tsebe go kwa bonkgolo  
Bare "sa Mošemane a se go itaola "  
Ke go tšwa lesolo a tšama tšwela babo mokgola

A ke tšwe mokhi ke nne, tšwa maruping a kgoši Sekwai  
Tlase tlase thabeng tša go kguma ka tswai

Bare go mpona ba ka sefokeng  
Ba opa magoswi bare "Thobela Morena!

Se mpone bosonyana wa nnyatša  
Sešu sereto ke serutile phatlalatša  
Ke serutilwe go jewa molatša ka dinawa tša maisimane a go tšwa mošola  
Ruri ka nnete di ntšwetše mohola

Nteseng ke ithweše dipataka  
Ke di file ke yola Rakgolo pele mathomong bupi e sale lepotetšana

Paris Thulare

# The Lyrics Of Thulare

I'm not the existing, not.

I'm a ghost running like winter winds in fonts,  
making clicks from thee center of the shore,  
15 knots deep into the corner of your thoughts.

I don't exist, I don't

I invent lines that makes the papers to bleed silently,  
your breath to run in circles simultaneously,  
but I'm thee you will never see.

Take a peak, I do tweets that speaks like yano beats,  
I'm that one beep in your heart when you meep,  
with 4inches of inspiration,  
8 tons of lust,  
10x the speed that your retina swings when reading thee,

I'm the cold walking front in the pupils of you

I am the son Of Paper

Paris Thulare

# I Tried

Like a dragon fly trying to hold into the moving water,  
Like a butterfly failing to get a grip on the west side of la rosa,  
Like a bird that tries so hard to nourish the petal,  
But the nectar isn't enough to let the flower bloom,  
It is just not so enough.

I pulled my biggest fight,  
Let go of my fears,  
My friends and my worst,  
But still you saw no man in me.  
I gave you my all,  
In me you saw a frost.  
I tried to crawl,  
But you just couldn't see me at all.

Let me pack my lonely-self and go.  
I will stick on being the walking walking front.  
I just can't keep entertain you no more.

Paris Thulare



# Spirit, Lead Me

Spirit lead the way,  
I'm ready to swim into the depths of the bay  
And fetch what I was meant to flay  
Let me not be like Ray  
I have a price to pay  
I am ready.

In the darkest hours you showed me light  
In the sorrow times you gave me strength  
Into me you came unaware  
Yet I'm ready.  
No fears shall mess my destiny  
Nor shears to stop me.  
Spirit, take me deep into valleys of life.  
To thee where my forefathers want me.  
Lead the way,  
I'm olay

Paris Thulare

# In The Memory Of: Mohubedu M.E

Dear Sir, The He whom that invented the poet in me,  
I'm here with a meeping face with tears playing down my collar,  
Asking myself why so soon,  
But I'm just at loot.

Beautiful as Malrose  
Sweet as Glucose  
Your lessons were so artistic  
You painted me Toppingly  
you were my Ace teacher

You veered me into a believer  
You gave me wings to fly places like jack reacher  
You gave birth to this dreamer  
Your support is the best noneoffered

Your lessons were as laxurous as Range Rover  
As breeze as the oceania winds  
As embellishing that i envy to rewind my mind  
You taught me to respect life

You taught me to love  
All thanks to you i still rise  
Because of you i can still smile  
I still can swipe and sail in happiness

Back then when life showed me flames  
In your arms i always had a place  
You always comforted me  
When others mocked me  
You are the hero to my soul  
You are a memory that will never fade

The best I've ever had  
You are the memory i will never wipe on my pad  
I have gone places  
I've seen faces  
Memories come and go

But yours will remain as unanimous as gold

May all the heavens take care of you

I will always bow down to your deeds

May all the happiness wear your family as a whole

May all love and life be planted into Trinity

Paris Thulare

# Ugogo Mhlanti

Intokazi yenhle kwenkanyezi,  
Indoni yamanzi,  
Indodakazi yomhlaba.  
Yena ngempela uyismomondiya, Ingane eyaziwa ngabaphansi,  
Khuluma nami Qhawekazi.  
Ungisize nami ngiqhumane no gogo nokhokho,  
Awu! Phela impepho nomcebo zaziwa nguwe mbali enhle.  
Shayi ingoma emnandi  
sphuthumise igazi

The supernatural one,  
The imperentural kind.  
Ughogho Mhlanti we mhlabhathi  
Roaring with such Beauty that melts ngha'phaghathi.

The she who know the bones in sizes, she sees, heals all the crisis  
She frees, the meeps all the frownies.  
Let me poetisize you, wear you with my lyrics.  
Like the maths teacher sharing the theory of arithmetic.

You are the asymptote of my culture,  
The she whom when i see, my retina speaks in jabs and tags  
I gag, brag, like when craving a big mac  
I dont smoke crack, i need no rehab,  
You are like my fourite snack.

You are that Jeep Cherokee SRT,  
Brand new from dealership at UCT  
Always in the mood, my soothe  
In good ways, you sway me, like a smoothie

Heavens prostate when they see you,  
Waters and the soothing breeze speak highly of your deeds,  
Even mountains at sundown sing of you.

Bow down and say praises  
Crouch and hear such lyrics  
Its you and me who should give her the respect,  
Ndoni yamanzi

Thokoza Gogo????

Paris Thulare

# My Best Man: B Marape

Things have not been the same in ages  
They took turns and we wrote the pages  
But even after all we still the two against all odds  
It's not a coincidence that we met  
Whilts weboys competing  
Teasing our enemies in bulks  
And yes we still the uncrackednuts

May the almighty spare you for the future  
My kids want their godfather  
My wife needs to see this man like McGintyre

You my very best  
The man I knew from the est  
Worst, but more fruitful to the rest  
Cheers to the memories made  
This is our fate

Paris Thulare

# Desire K?

That winter evening,  
The story non-ending was embarking.  
My heart was rusty and thirsty  
With Wishes blurring my mind.  
There you came willing.  
Surely but slowing.

With question like hurricanes,  
Imploring my cerebellum,  
Poking my emptiness in life,  
While I wanted nothing to do with love.  
With my emptiness I crawled like mamba,  
But the Vernon was running short.

That 1st strike was repulsive,  
Taken by winter winds,  
The second bitten my shyness  
But the demons in me refused to rise.  
The third, the fourth.  
By the fifth I saw that 1st text popping,  
The boy in me became a man in seconds.

I tossed and turned  
My quizzes became rethorical,  
The grip in me grew tiny,  
With only fingertips away,  
I was to trip  
Then I knew it was over.

On my way falling down,  
On my way drowning with frowns,  
I saw an angel waving.  
I saw the perfection calling.  
An inch of consciousnesses grew,  
It was blurry but cloudy,  
So gloomy but worthy.

You grabbed my broken pieces,  
When I was almost about varnishing,

You glued them with feelings so elastic,  
Mixed with that something like green plastic,  
And put them inside your package.  
I don't why, but I became part of you language.

I was a corpse singing lonely tunes,  
I was a part of a frowny mob,  
Waiting for a death sentence.  
You bailed me out,  
And maybe a believer.  
You brought me in town,  
And turned me into a lover.

The part of me became yours  
The blood of me mixed with yours  
The love in me grew in tons.  
A lyric and beat mixed to make that one song.  
A song that became only ours.

Paris Thulare



# Forgive Me

Dear God

I've broken lot of hearts before,

I've wrecked many emotions.

And sinned in allways unaware.

I wasn't perfect all the way

But please show me the way,

Let me forgive and Repent.

To damage done, maybe devastating.

To curses crossed, maybe the cause of these,

But oh dear Lord

Cleanse me father

Wear me with your greatness I want to change

To those I made sad,

To those I made you weep,

Find it in your heart to forgive.

I was a lost sheep.

Help me keep those who are here to stay

Help not cause them pain

I know you can

I'm waiting with my open palms

Amen

Paris Thulare

# What If

What if the heaven we are told about doesn't exist,  
What if it's a place we see only in our dreams.  
Who has ever went there and came back?  
Who has ever seen hell with his naked eyes?

What if we are not scared of death  
We are scared of losing all the things we are used to.  
Waking up surrounded by oceans,  
And Sharing this world with the loved ones

What if,  
I'm not scared of laying there one man.  
With my body being wrapped in suits inside a woody bed,  
But I'm afraid of being given another names that I'm not familiar with.

I'm not judging the creation of mankind,  
I'm not a soul with eyes blind,  
I am a soul wearing curiosity.  
What if we are scared?  
What if we are not afraid?

Paris Thulare

# Wrong Side Of Love

Being at the wrong side of life  
Bing played by in the name of love  
seeking attention  
playing a game of pretension  
falling fo the wrong  
Tomenting if feels  
It leaves the heart in pieces  
For your eyes will weep  
Is not worthy, quit  
Give your mind peace

Paris Thulare

# If I Die Before I Wake

If I die before I wake  
I pray you all cherish to the memories made  
Not the pains, nor the shame

If I die before tomorrow begins  
I hope you all remain in peace.  
Hold your tears  
Worry not

To all those that i hurt  
Unaware i made you sad  
I crouch before your faces  
Praying you all be freed from grudges

Let what i once wrote heal you  
Let all the words i sang, inspire you  
For that I'm forever gone.

Paris Thulare

# The Life Of You

What is life?

Everything that your eyes see,  
Every air that your nose breathe.  
Every pump your heart makes  
And Every pain you feel.  
Life is every word your mouth speaks  
And your Evey sound you ears hear,  
Life is every step you take.

It's not only about the happiness,  
But also about your downfall.  
Do not,  
Don't regret where you are  
Or what you did  
Your instincts are part if your life

Life is every onearound you,  
The good and the bad,  
They are in your there for a purpose.  
To help Find yourself.  
Life is who you are now,  
And what you will be tomorrow.

For every situation has apurpose,  
To teach you  
And to lift you.  
For every tear is meant to heal you  
And let you find you.

Don't beat yourself for who you are,  
Appreciate this life.  
Live this life  
And let God guide you

This is the Life of you

Paris Thulare

# Let Go

Is it worthy being a walking river?  
Is it worthy wearing heavy feelings?  
Is it? ?

Why don't u let go of the fear  
And start living with no tears?  
Let it go.  
Let them go.  
All this drama going on,  
All these disappointments, the off and ONs  
Let them go.

You are born to be you  
Not to beg for love  
Not to be frowny all your life  
Take a stand, let go  
Make a choice, never look back  
Let go.

Paris Thulare

# The Pandemic

The world has gone dark,  
Like the movie wild card .  
With faces looking down  
The life of man kind is at lockdown  
Seeking all ways out.

All gates are closed  
the covid is now a grey hound, scouting  
There is no more joy, it's shocking

We are the enemies of our daily lives  
Like vampires at caves, waiting to scavage at night,  
Watching the numbers peddling  
This is the beginning of the end.

We ignored Ebola as the sign  
Gave it a blind eye, yet the worst is on strike  
Abide fellow neighbors,

If the richest can't stop these  
Who are we to strike over the unseen?  
This monster is remorseful  
It ate the lives of men in sizes  
Let's lock and load  
Let's pray and praise  
We will pass through such storms

Paris Thulare

# Corona: De Covid

what have we done that which led us to thee?  
What have we done that brought this monster to flee?  
Lord! Is this what you said decades ago?  
Is this how you end the world with pablo?

This is like the nightmare of winter night,  
With fear raging like An acid in a test  
The existance of Homo is about to end,  
Here is covidthe 19, unleashed in it's nest  
Dear lord!protect us from this curse

The &quot;never thought&quot; is now a headline in the blog of the present  
The unthinkable is now scaring the lives of us, the mankind.  
There is nowhere to run  
We are about to become the slaves at our own houses  
Help us lord  
Save our world

Paris Thulare



# Love On The Silent Street

Warm as Agulhas current  
Too far at blue moon,  
Nourishing hearts with what was of keen.  
Love was the masterpiece.  
Rhyming with the flow of waterfalls,  
Hoping such would last to infinity,  
But as always the sailor get caught up in the centre of Atlantic.  
With no clue of where lies the polar, 15 knots or shorter?

Yet Feelings are partying ways in inches  
Day and noon when one lures one with words  
Arguments are like swords  
From east to south they fly in the points of cardinal  
Good nights texts are rare  
This is like the emerging of a taxi fare

Is as lull as mount everest at noon  
So sad this ship is moving like aracon.  
Romeo is now a foe of his reflection  
With eyes looking down his shoulders, wearing incertitude  
No hope, no posture.

Phones are like christmas bells,  
They rang only occasionally,  
They beep only when one is emotional.  
It's a You or Me shift.  
Deeper it drowns,  
The love of the talking doves  
It's now a Game of thrones

Paris Thulare

# Dear Nsfas

I was in heavens that day when i saw "your application is successfull";

I became the artist of my moods and sang Ella praises.

It was like diving deep down the oceans.

My hopes rose like beat waves.

I knew you were gonna be a A saviour to my path .

It went on as a cherubi fairy tale

With retensions cute as art

Peppered with words from the heart

I knew I was also gonna be the one

Yet I'm just a soul playing cards.

Yesterday was to be thee best of my life

Today I'm sitting alone here with my tears full in my palms

The question remains "what if";

Whilst time gets chewed by the clock

It's scary, I'm not at peace

Let me be the chosen one, pretty please.

Dear Nsfas,

Don't let my dreams fade,

I hope you will change

Paris Thulare

# A Poet's Plight

I drink from waters full of wisdom  
I wear such words that gleams the heart  
Not only to assuage my thirst  
Not only to gratify my mind  
But to groom myself for the path to the future  
So when I'm gone my lines shall reign  
I will never die in vain  
I will die a legend

Paris Thulare

# Poetry In Making

Like the thunderstorm in my mind  
It rolls, seeking a way out  
It crawls deep out of my pores, hoping to see sun

Burning as the veld fire  
From my medulla to my spine, the heat is felt.  
In words rhyming like in a flog  
Telling me to wake up and let in bleed  
Round and round down my mouth  
It wants to speak for the broken

The mender of souls  
The healer of hearts  
The remedy of doubts  
This is POETRY in making

Paris Thulare

# My Beautiful Africa

I was born endless miles from the town  
Where tales are told about the king in his crown  
Where plates are treated same glass  
So fragile respect is of the erything  
So beautiful My land is stunning

I speak in languages of types  
Pepperd with traditions  
And dishes of all kinds  
African made withthe greatest taste  
African grilled with inspiringtales

Where I come from mountains sing the sweetest  
Rivers play the romance  
The Baobabs are cutiest  
It is the land of its own kind

My Africa, my quest  
I come far away from the mountains of Drankesnberg  
They Roar with beauty.  
Near Lies the tunnel of Straitjdom Lepelle flows peacefully  
Full of acquatics living blissfully

The words it sings  
speak for the trees  
It breezes the fume of sighs  
With a flavor of purple ice  
Down to Mapunghubjwe I rise

My Africa, my best  
The history of the greatest is unleashed  
It calls upon the genius to come and aphrend  
It calls upon the future to come and learn

My Africa, my pride  
I haven't done yet  
Get something to write  
Still I 'm here to rhyme.

Talk about the bothers of Kruger  
Worldwide are known  
Worldwide they are shown

The falls of Victoria  
The Valleys of Zambezi  
The desert of Kalahari  
Lobola or mahadi  
This is my Africa

See the cars in colors pouring  
See nations in rainbows queuing  
To see only the biggest  
To witness the wrestlemania of the nature  
Ohh! what a wonderful adventure

My Africa is my biome  
The land of dreams and hopes  
All thanks to the almighty for suchsmashing home  
I'm so proud to be an African  
I'm so down with my heritage

Paris Thulare

# As Long As

A train of disappointments  
A plane of ignorants  
A bus of jealousy  
A ship of sadness  
They might come running at full speed  
as always I will kneel  
I will be a creed

As long I have this precious life  
As long as I sleep with a full belly  
As long as I have this teddy  
Then I'm alright  
I am all fine

Paris Thulare

# My Dear Poetry

Dear poetry

Make me your servant, I want to die on your hands.

Make me listener, I want die dancing to your beats.

Make me your slave, I want die rhyming.

Make me please, so I die knowing my thirst is quenched

Paris Thulare



# The Compendium

This time I wear no dark color  
This time I wear no scar  
My words cleansed me  
My lines made me

From being a Black child  
I transformed and became The Voice  
Egoism and Pride tasted my margins  
From the Harbour with Valour I began singing Night Hymns

Unexpectedly Feelings bled  
I started chasing paper  
I fell for The Wrong  
Became A Fool  
I Rose Still

There began The Voyage with Poetry  
It brought the best in me  
I became a Paper orphan  
The Invention of a village life  
The Legend Walking  
From A Lyric Commando  
To being Parizo La Poeta

Paris Thulare

# Hopelessly Living

What is the use of imploring whilst the sky is dark?  
What is the use of waiting when those that lead care less of us?  
We the poor are always criticized  
Those in the 1st class carriage are on the safest side

What is the use of hoping whilst my heart is red of weeping pains?  
What is the use of counting stars whilst the rest are covered by these selfish  
clouds?  
What is the use of praying whilst those that I get play dices with me?

For how long have I been saying grace  
Whilst I lose those that I love?  
For how long shall I keep on staring at the hands of the law?  
Whilst my mates run with bachelors  
It's either bribe or you remain behind  
With no connection there is none to find

Was I praying for such bad luck?  
Or when I pray I make a face of a duck?

I've been taken for granted is fine  
I've been suffering with benignity  
Yet I draw the line  
My journey to being holy stops here  
That face of frowny stays here  
I will pick one on my way up

Paris Thulare

# Addicted

You played me  
You made me  
I tested it  
So nicer it felt

Again and again i came like mice  
Round and round i roled like hurricane  
Seeking for that something more  
Which kept coming  
That which kept me calmy

Deeper and deeperi drowned  
From my cerebulum down to meddulla

From innocent to sinfull i fell  
The words i sang we like those ofbieber  
The moves i made were those of Jenifer

My mind told me to stop  
But when i tried  
My body began gagging

I felt needles running  
From my toes telling me not be a such fool  
I guessfalling for moods made me one

At first i thought it wasthirst  
Not know you were a tenant in me  
I only wanted to reach cloud nine  
Unaware i commited crime

That which can only be erased by life  
That one which no pill can heal

I am addicted  
I am feel defeated

Paris Thulare

# When All Hope Becomes Blur

We are all born to be Daughters and the sons  
As time goes by it all changes  
The Good life we Hoped for Slowly slips  
It Gets Tougher when change sips

The journey to Hustle Starts  
Some roll the dices  
Some run the races  
We all chase the paper  
We chase perfection  
But then mother nature strikes trough

only few survive the wave  
Those who are helpless get stuck in vain  
Those who are advantageous get to see the rain  
That Sweet Love We Longed for changes its lanes  
Hate takes over our hearts  
Only few marriage ceremonies Befall  
But plenty of funerals

The road starts to tangle  
The path starts to have too many sails  
The journey grows thorns  
The chances of success become rare  
Survival of the fittest becomes the ruling party  
Hope evades to the future  
faith and morality slowly extinct

Paris Thulare

# Lerato Ase Papadi (Sepedi)

Le satlo kwišwa bohloko, la gegewa  
Le satlo tshepišwa mehlolo, la wela  
Le sa tlo bona dikgolo  
Dibotse di tlo feta  
E sale ka masa

Go hloka kgotlelelo ke kotsi,  
O tla ralala lefase la tshepišo mehla yohle  
Leratorato o ka se le bone

A gona lerato le bonolo  
Ke leshita-phiri di hlatsetše le ke bagololo,  
Le jwalo ka patla o ipetlela lona  
Wa mo swara ka botho molekani le yena a go bona

Hle! Lerato ase papadi  
Lerato a se padi  
Ebile a le nyake thwadi

Ge o rata tlogela go swantšha  
Ge o rata tlogela go ikgantšha  
Ge o rata o ikane

Paris Thulare

# The Poet In Me

The echo of my rhyming  
Making waves from the calcaneus up the nerve of auditory  
Cleansing all which was blocked in tympanic membrane

This is poetry 's core  
The beauty of wisdom making Blast  
This how i Cast

Hear them throb through the cortical cells  
Storming and stomping as the dozer of Bells

The words through my lyrics  
The bond of my syllables  
The fonts of the collabo  
This is me, the Commando  
Parizo, the village poet

Paris Thulare

# Thanks For The Life Momma

I am the reflection of my own shadow  
The one behind the existence of barrows  
Because I have been given this life

I am the daughter with pride  
I am the son at the top of a river Nile  
Because I have been given a chance to live

My mother is the reason why I smile and cry  
The reason why I laugh and love

She gave me the chance  
yet I breathe and yes believe  
Because she chose not to abort when she was caught at lion's gate  
She chose not to leave me in a corpse's cage  
She gave me a chance to live

Who would have thought I could say words in such  
Who would have thought that my wrist needs a watch  
But Mother gave me her all

She wrapped me up when the sun ran hot  
She lifted me up when the grass was grey  
That was when lions wanted to prey

Nine months isn't a child play  
But Momma made me see the day

She is the reason why I see this sun until dawn  
I read book of different pages  
I stumble on top of different shapes  
Because I've been given the chance to live

Thank you mother, for the life you gave me  
Thank you Mdali, for not abandoning me  
I'm on my way up  
Sooner you will be proud





# Not Now

Bitter or sweet  
It's life after all

Cherry or chilly  
I will find my all

Sunny or stormy  
I will stand tall  
If sloughy, I will crawl

Steeper or concave  
I will find a way even if I fall

This too is temporarily  
God, I will answer when you call

I won't stop now  
I accept my fate and all my flaws

Paris Thulare

# A Will Before My Ride

The minutes from now may be later  
An hour from now i might be picked by undertaker  
This may be my very last moment on this earth,  
The dawn of me

As my body will be put to rest  
I wish forgiveness and peacemay rule in the hearts of those whom i wronged

As my soul will be lifted high by the angels  
I hope you all mourn with respect

May the tales about my life be told  
May my tombstone be written in bold  
So my names will never fade  
This is my will  
Let it be done so I rest in peace

Paris Thulare

# Poetry With Parizo

With my feelings rising like moon  
I'm on rhyming mode  
my mind is jumbling  
Dancing to the beats that the POET Is inventing

Eyes are open wide  
With no inch of a blinking  
like a hybridscouting  
One breath it all fades  
This is Poetry in making

Paris Thulare

# I Never Knew

This yesterday you were singing sweet tunes,  
Telling the tales of how you long to see my face.  
I let go of my doubts,  
I divorced my pride.

I was like a cursed juguar.  
So happy, with a dancing heart.  
So dandy, I loved what I heard.

The clicks of your texts made me believe you were true,  
With emojis playing the third part,  
My mind became a park.

Here is the day to deliver your pledges,  
I'm waiting with the heart in my palm  
Looking at all the corners of my streets  
But you are not showing up

Hours went by and I'm still obsessed with my phone.  
You are nowhere to be found  
I'm tired of waiting, it's getting dark outside.  
I never knew you will turn me such clown.  
Yet I'm a fool walking on a nimbo cloud.  
Its fine, you won .

Paris Thulare