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.
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 unexpectly.
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 jolling 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 I 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
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 rhetoric 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 jolling everywhere with words of praises,
But who's praising me now?
Who is comforting me when ice age revisits the life of me?

That last time I saw Mommy,
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,
Happiness 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,
Oh 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 chilia 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 nurture 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 &quot;sa Mošemane a se go itaola &quot;
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 &quot;Thobela Morena!&quot;

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 the center of the shore,
15 knots deep into the corner of your thoughts.

I don't exist, Idon'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 grib on the west side of la rosa,
Like a bird that tries so heard to nourish the petal,
But the nector 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 slay
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
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 luxurous 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 imperental kind.
Ughogho Mhlanti we mhlabhathi
Roaring with such Beauty that melts nga'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 McGintyire

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
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 respulsive,
Taken by winter winds,
The second bitten my shyness
But the demons in me rufused to rise.
The third, the fourth.
By the firth 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 laggauge.

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 mankind 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 scavange 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 "never thought" 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 whatwas 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 aracoon.
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 successful";

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 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 the 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 with the greatest taste
African grilled with inspiring tales

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 Drakesnberg
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 such smashing 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 tedy
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
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 starring 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 was thirst
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 through

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 lyics
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 yesbelieve
Because she choose 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 up me 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
Paris Thulare
Not Now

Bitter or sweet
I'ts 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 istemporarily
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
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