

Poetry Series

# **Pontsho PCP Pusos**

## **- poems -**

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## Pontsho PCP Pusos(16-06-1971)

Pontsho writes poetry both in English and his native Setswana. He is a well read poet and has written extensively on the evolution of Setswana poetry. He also coordinates poetry clubs in Botswana.

Pontsho's poetry may be considered as a lighthearted look at life. His poetry and his style is not about being taken seriously, but more about laughing at oneself and their life.

His multiple blogs on poetry can be accessed by searching the Web using his names.

# A Thousand Ways To Die

1.□

Find the one  
Call and inbox her  
Dine and wine her  
Grovel and beg for her love  
Watch your pride snigger and mock you

2.

Be with the one  
Concert and movie with her  
Shop and cook for her  
Vacation and pamper her  
Have your friends disfavour and disown you

3.

Betroth the one  
Ring and jewel her in gold  
Defer and refer to her  
Pine and ache for her praise  
Watch your opinions desert and disdain you

4.

Marry the one  
Search her a silver lined carriage  
Get her a horse and pedestal  
Deify and worship her  
Behold your happiness run and hide behind her

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998.

Lose the one  
Lose your will to live  
Leave your faith at her alter  
Foretell of another life enjoined  
Have your spirit disjoin and curse you

999.

Divorce the one

Break her glory fall on your back

Repel your house and money

Forsake your own blood for spirit waters

Behold your loneliness ruin and besmirch you

1000.

Live without the one

Bespeak of glories past

Sing of sweet flowers once held

Extol focus and ambition long dead

See yourself half the man you once were

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# As To The Moretlwa Tree

As to the moretlwa tree  
We get pulled by the bountiful  
Sweetness of the fruits  
And forget all about the ants  
That slide within stealthily  
To undress our pants in peals of laughter  
And remind us to choose carefully  
Between bountiful sweetness  
And naked mockery

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# Because I Love You

Today I saw a bright-yellow cactus flower  
Cuddled between a group of hardy thorns  
Remembering your farrowed face  
I grimaced and plucked it out for you  
Just because I love you

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# Camp Comedy

She

What a sack of hard muscled manhood!  
Why does he lion me so with his catlike stare?  
Does he see through the sweat that covers my feeble womanhood?  
If it were not for Legano the bore,  
I would run before him like a helpless Tshesebe.  
There I would jump in welcome freight,  
As he nestled his ivory white teeth into my exposed neck.

He

What a tub of chewy, wonton, womanhood!  
Why does she stare at me with helpless prey-like eyes?  
Does she not see the hunger that hardens my manly resolve?  
Were it not for that fool Legano prattling about her,  
I would chase her wantonness into the bush.  
There I would jump her,  
And spray her womanly sweat all over the desert sand.

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They stared,  
Each recognising the other for what they were.  
She scuttled before him into the bush.  
There the lion roared as it went about the kill,  
And the Tshesebe squealed in submission.  
For a time there was peaceful silence.  
And the camp went back to its chatter;  
Until the feeding hour had descended.  
And again the lion bared its white hot teeth.  
And the Tshesebe had to run to the killing fields.

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# Five Ways To Have Love And Keep It

There are many ways  
To finding love  
When it comes to having love  
And keeping it  
There are mainly five ways

The first way is to  
Tell her nice things  
Nice things about hers  
Nice things about yours  
Nice things about you two

The second way is to  
Try to always be there  
Be there for her birthdays  
Be there for her bad days  
Be there for her friends dinner days

The third way is to  
Buy her little pretty things  
Pretty things like sweets and flowers  
Pretty things like lingerie and scents  
Pretty things like stilettos and jeans

The fourth way is to  
Take her to exotic places  
Exotic places at city centres  
Exotic places at the seaside  
Exotic places where animals run wild

The fifth way is to  
Have money or power  
Or have both in barrels  
And yours will be an easier love  
The love of dreams and folklore

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# Happiness

Who met happiness recently?  
The puffy-eyed  
Young couple next door,  
Or the noisy  
Children on the other side?

How does happiness smile?  
With a baring of bleached teeth  
Like a celebrity  
Or with the pouting of lips  
As does a flirt?

How does happiness walk?  
With the assured swagger  
Of an initiate,  
Or with the sashaying of hips  
Like heavy-laden maidens?

How does happiness celebrate?  
By filling resort rooms  
With smells of flowers  
Or by having a braai  
At the back of the house

Where does happiness live?  
With the novae-rich  
In the suburbs,  
Or with the giggling drunks  
In the shebeens?

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# Here Is To Friendship

Here is to friendship and his social calls  
To the forgettable girlfriend introductions  
And the noisy games with the boys  
To the draining Sunday lunches  
And the child infested swimming pools

Here is to friendship and her happy wishes  
To the cheery voice on my sleepy phone  
And the popping messages on my stern laptop  
To the happy card on my officious desk  
And the fruity hamper on a day full of food

Here is to friendship and his invitations  
To the multiple children parties  
And the dreary cousin weddings  
To the distant stag parties  
And the bring your own fun barbecues

Here is to friendship and her doting children  
To their relays in my yard  
And the breaking of kitchen items  
To their rowdy fights  
And the mess around the house

Here is to friendship and his fun events  
To the mosquito bites in the deltas  
And the injuries in the theme parks  
To the chilly winter nights in tents  
And the unending days under camping trees

Here is to friendship and our deep understanding  
To knowing when a surprise visit could make me happy  
And when a cheery message is all I need  
To sensing when an outing could do me good  
And when toddler noise would do the trick instead

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# How To Loose A Friend Quickly

When the talking is quite  
Of stories of loves  
And how eternally we are bound  
Each to their own love  
And not to the other

When the laughter is shushed  
And the sweating is come  
With its screaming and scratching  
Of stiff and thrusting forms  
Whence the joys and hurts come

We look into each other  
And search for a tomorrow  
In the depth of our embrace  
As we lose each a friend  
Into the unknowns of a new us

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# I Came Before She Did

She called me  
With her starved tummy  
With her pointing breasts  
With her blowing lips  
With her nibbling teeth

She controlled me  
With her slow rhythm  
With her riding stirrups  
With her yoga chants  
With her massaging thighs

She ordered me come  
With her singing voice  
With her extensible legs  
With her cupping hands  
With her clawing nails

She cried to the heavens  
With her suffocated breath  
With her thrusting hips  
With her flailing arms  
With her scary face

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# I Recited A Poem

I recited a poem  
As her expensive boyfriend half watched  
Behind his Hustler sunglasses  
And sat conversing with his single malt whisky

I spoke to her in verse  
As she ignored her fizzling champagne  
That formed a background melody  
To my soft tones

I spoke to her heart softly  
As she cried her feelings out  
And flooded her expensive makeup  
Into a rainbow of attractive loneliness

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# I Saw You Packing

I saw you packing  
Your overnight case  
Was that love?  
The red item you put at the bottom!  
Even your pink smile  
I saw it go in there

The cotton hug!  
Do you need that too?  
Not with the silk cuddle?  
Not in this cold?  
Leave your heavy kiss for our daughter  
You know the cold would get to her if you don't.

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# I Took Her

She showed me her naked flames  
In the dead of winter  
And begged me to not douse them  
"At least not for tonight".

I fanned them  
In the pretext of keeping her warm  
Until she could not stand the feel of her own skin  
She pleaded and prayed me to take her  
And set the flames off

A gentleman that I am  
I could not stand and watch her suffer  
I took her (to the douser)  
And watched  
As her naked wetness fell asleep

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# If Love Be So Kind

If Love be so kind  
As to return my misplaced feelings  
That strangers trod and trample  
Unkindly in the heat of summer  
That ravenous lovers squash  
Between their starving figures  
In the dead of winter

If love be so kind  
As to open her locked house  
To the knock of her prodigal son  
Give off her warm winter soup  
And quench a dusty dry thirst  
Seeking for surcease and comfort  
In love's welcoming bed

If love be so kind  
As to take me back  
In her feather light carriage  
Off into far and dew wet crevices  
Through the mellow slides of time  
As we search party  
The love I brazenly threw aside

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# If Only

If only the lovers  
Loved and kissed eternal  
The world would be full  
Of love and eternal kissing

If only the happy days  
Stayed with us for ever  
The year would pass by  
In a haze of laughter and fun

If only the children  
Remained childlike for life  
The parents would pass the time  
Dishing out wisdom and life lessons

If only the pay days  
Came every week day  
The workers would spend  
All their days banking and shopping

If only

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# In Winter, The Seductress Is Come

As the shivering alarm clock hisses  
"Work, work, work"  
From its frozen bedside table  
And the irritable morning dog  
Coughs pitifully at the honking school bus  
She folds me in  
And blows sleepily and suggestively  
Into my arousing body  
Padding the covers against the searching, cold, needles  
Lulling me into her warm and inviting folds  
Until Panic comes  
And throws the covers away  
Paints the bathroom with soapy water  
And toothpaste foam  
Throws a storm at the orderly closet  
And hurls the car at the post-rush traffic

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# My Daughter

She rushes right through my besieging despair  
As I approach the house  
Diffusing huffy thoughts  
Into streams of calmness  
And rouses my heavy hands to catch her jump  
As she innocently pronounces  
The joy of my wretched day  
And abracadabra, a blessed evening I have

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# My True Love Got Lost

My true love got lost  
In her giddy run to my arms  
Believed my neighbour's house for mine  
Took his coarse laugh for mine

Now she cries all my ladies away  
Take their dry tears to water  
Leave her true love and her  
Share their mutual loneliness across the walls

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# She Came Into My Life

Behind her a posse of merry acquaintances and friends  
She unpacked a clutch of expensively giddy bags  
All over the room  
Her luminous clothes filling every nook of the closet with their fruitiness  
She infected my morose friends with her colourful presence and laughter

Then swoosh!  
Just as she came, she was gone in a breeze of hurriedness  
Together with her merry friends, her fruity clothes and her giddy bags  
They took flight  
Disappeared to their bright coloured, parallel universe  
And left me and my friends to our infectious gloominess

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# The Arrival Of The Femme Fatale

First we saw the two long legs,  
Perched on a pair of pencil-heeled Pradas  
Stretch out of the Renault Cabriole  
The toned body followed  
Working her hips just enough  
To part the air in front of her

The group of women at the serving table  
Spoke in hushed tones  
Their disapproving stares  
Cutting right through the tiny strap  
That held her rebellious bosom in check  
She beamed innocently in their direction

The football chatter at the braai stand  
Got frozen on drying throats  
That needed urgent clearing  
The manly eyes focussed on the tiny skirt  
That did just enough to protect her decency  
She pouted knowingly in their direction

Then, pandemonium  
David was cutting his hand with the t-bone  
Keneilwe's blouse was being painted with the gravy spoon  
The hospital for David's hand  
A change of clothes for Kenny  
And she was gone

The ladies were again happy and carefree  
The football chatter was back but restrained  
David bore the brunt of the manly wrath  
'How could he maim himself in front of her? '  
'Such delicate and sensual features! '

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# The Grass Looks Greener Over The Fence

Summer cowers from the threatening heat  
Under the thick morula tree  
And listens  
To the shrilly cry of the restless beetle  
As he wishes and prays for cooler climes  
With their scary chills  
Their barren gardens  
And their starved animals

Winter hides from the searching cold  
Under the thick kubu covers  
And listens  
To the stony silence of the lonely night  
As she dreams and prays for warmer weather  
With its blinding heat,  
Its noisy siestas  
And its sweaty nights

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# The Loving Hunters

When the hunters are gathered  
In hushed tones  
Behind the thicket  
Each signs out his intended prey  
As the prey gaits about unawares

Bokima singles out a clay dark buffalo  
Its thick and juicy rump  
Parts the air effortlessly  
It beckons his dreamy gaze with its shiny forequarters  
Breasts so full they drown his stiff focus

Doga signs out a translucent impala  
Maybe the graceful giraffe  
That draws his attention  
Then I steal his steely gaze on a tarty kudu  
His eyes get pulled by a prancing group of gazelle

A twitchy tshesebe stands away from the head  
Its picky mouth kissing softly  
At the juicy grass  
While her sensitive nose sniffs the empty air  
My unsheathed knife startles her with its reflection

I set off, at high speed, after the scared tshesebe  
While Bokima settles into a long chase  
Behind the drumming buffalo  
Doga gets into his roving run behind the dainty game  
Meanwhile, Phamola cuts stealthy runs into Doga's crazed hunts

When the hunters are gathered  
In breathy tones  
Behind the evening fire  
Each points to the resting kill in his hut  
While Doga lauds the foresight behind his non-kill

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# There Used To Be No Border

There used to be no border  
Between Kakwano and Kakwa.  
It is there at the Kakwa hall  
That we learnt to dance.  
Getting lost, too easily, in songs.

It was at the Kakwano motel  
Where we got to mature.  
Pain and happiness have never been that close.  
Sheets can never be that soft.  
A bed has never felt that big.

Now there she is  
Lying under the Mophane tree  
Furiously fanning her body with a card-box  
Wishing the border to open quickly  
So she can come jump into our pool

I likewise sit here  
Whiling away time by telling tales.  
"In the past I should be full by now.  
MmaNeo's cooking will always be the best."  
But there is a border between Kakwano and Kakwa

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# Waiting

The clock waits,  
At thirteen forty-five.  
"Cluck", it says  
And only shifts a second.  
Then waits.  
For your arrival.

Another second later;  
It sits and waits.  
Maybe to help keep  
Your punctuality record.  
I suffer the wait,  
Resisting the urge to kick at it.

Instead I squat and watch  
The damn thing  
Willing it on  
Then begging it to hurry  
And hasten your arrival.  
"Cluck, " is all it says

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# We All Look Above

They stare  
Their eyes burning holes into me  
Some searching me  
Others looking right through me  
They all stare

Like starved hyenas  
They bare their teeth  
Waiting  
Pleading for a sign of weakness  
To pounce and tear me apart

I in turn  
Join the legion  
Bare my teeth  
And look above  
As does the one above me

We all look above  
And await a sign  
Maybe a word  
We all wait  
And pass the time with friendly repartee

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# Where Does Love Hide?

After you have been hurt?

I searched all over Neo  
Felt every inch of her skin  
Prodded her in all the possible hiding places  
Turned her body upside down  
Got her screaming during the examination  
But I could not find love inside her.

I opened an account at the florist shop  
Flowered the next two dozen examinees  
Marinated them in salted baths  
Turned footpaths into moonlit lovers' highways  
Debused the wilderness with tented soirees  
But I still could not find love.

Does anyone know where love goes,  
After you have been hurt?

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# Young Bride

The rising summer sun  
Shouts at the restless young bride  
As she tosses nervously  
In her nagging bridal bed

Her husband covers his head  
Against the disturbing sun  
And guiltily tries to steal a doze  
But gets a rousing poke from the insistent bed

They stare at each other's morning craves  
Look resignedly at the uncooperative bed  
Noisy women and quaking chickens without  
Drag their tired limbs into morning gowns

She finds some motshikiri-grass brooms  
Waiting impatiently outside for her  
Grabs one and surveys the size of the dusty yard  
That was to be swept before the time-of-the-cattle-horns

Her husband reappears  
A sleepy mob of bridesmaids behind him  
They cover their wedding hairstyles and start sweeping  
As tradition requires of a new fetcher-of-water

Unease sit the women at the cooking shed  
As they cover the porridge against the dust  
Talk into their tea-cups in strained tones  
And wonder why the yard is being swept at the time-of-light

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