

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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Sinaso Pamela Mxakaza()

Broken Sonnets

Prophets lie
poets die
In a new age
where bullets
are red from
bodies lain
Elders die
looking into
youth's eyes
with blame
We were raised
like weapons
fighting past battles
Thirsty for prayers
to know the secrets
of what holds birds in flight
In sync with God
but our mothers hearts
were crawling to
a better place
Our fathers
an ideal riding
into the sunsets
and when the sun sets
our hearts cemeteries filled
too late to fulfil our dreams
caught in nightmares
that are our daily existence
telling the walls
that tomorrow
we will dedicate an hour
to living
and the walls aren't just
a part of a mere building any more
they are hopes we carved on there
at our darkest hour
they are poetry corners
where the sun shined a little brighter
just for you

they shelter broken heartbeats,
love letters to love,
Gods face

A man's word
Used to be his honour
Your highness

Objection!
The law states
Man is free
within the barriers
of chains
Free to be victimized
Killed within an inch of his life
within a mere breath
of his being
Emptied of his soul
Just a vessel
minds systematized
Time tells us
that what was
will be
It impregnates
child slaves born free
With voices of power
filled with messages

His story
cannot be a tragedy
Mother breastfeed
Your seeds sunshines,
Rainbows, folk tales
Cradle their necks
with faith
Strengthen their hearts
with meekness
Tower over their growth
to catch winds that
will to carry them
in all directions
Name them

Soldiers of
The lords army
with birthmarks
the skies echoes
That they may leave
their prints on the
sands of the rested
as blessings
A reminder that
we are all just humans
believing theres a reason
we are here
And we have seen
freedom nakedly
With redemption
on her back
calling for repentance
we still bleed
for salvation
not knowing
what's killing us
betrayal is
ripping its knives
down our backs
Lost songs,
days fade into
just a blurry
new beginning

Learn to embrace change
Prophets lie
Poets die
In this new age

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Energies

Maybe we are in orbit
And we shed our skins
through our children
Giving birth to new stars

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Milk&Honey

The streets carry me like baggage
in this world of love letters not sent,
words unsaid and promises that linger
in the air too long breaking breaths
Crying tears that had long
turned to blood
in the awkward arms
of street corners
and dark alleys
collecting spilt milk
and honey stored
in dreams
I've come up
on the same paths
in different cities and times
in my life
heart is a rebelled youth
with marks of history
like tattoos telling stories
everyone wants to ignore
Eyes refugees
in the skies embrace
rain falls
it don't have to turn
to wine for us
to see grace
those that grazed
secreted glands
to fill the land
with milk
but the grass
looks greener
where only eyes
have trailed
blistered bodies
anything good
and sweet
is a death sentence
too much good

is bad for you
thoughts trained
into ticking bombs
becoming terrorist actions
there are small beings
that swallowed bullets
saving a world at war
every time we spoke
we were pulling steel triggers
stealing children's souls
moulding them into
still idols of men with
alcoholic breaths and
drugged minds
love a passing pleasantry
skins too thick for us
to back down
all we do is bleed
who will lead
in blurry tomorrows
and borrowed present days
chasing the wind
life is its simplicity
not complex skyscrapers
and blinding urban lights
pasteurized milk
and processed honey
selling fantasies
killing reality
and these are just words
to get me through another day

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Only My Dreams Can Save Me Now

i am mother to aborted breaths
and only my dreams can save me
I will untangle my first born
from the moon's uterus as I find myself
So I can breastfeed him love and light
It's the music that saves me
I am a healer with a fractured heart
and hands buried in labour
I am a healing soul with lost things
I am a traveller on lost roads filled with ruins of what we were before time held
us captive
I meditate on time's travel, the lazy dance she does in circles
she has us spellbound
Why do mother's die on us
and forget that they thought us the essence of living
Our fathers when they are rolling stones
crash their own seeds, it never rains on our family trees
it pours, it's pores
are children who grow up
exposed to the ruins of our souls
and these crumbling homes
They are default settings for wars,
our children when their nomadic eyes die
They learn to burn everything down
trying to save themselves.

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Our Children Have Nomadic Eyes

Dont look at me like im poetry climbing through the jaws of a lion, from the flesh of prey devoured

I am a small heaven of sins between the nicks of time

I am silence.

I am poor. The sky covers shelters i live in like a roof. With a head stuck inbetween the winds breath

Dont look at my sad eyes dripping with tears like its raining on the sun

i am not a state of global warming

Just scandals of our nature we remain tip lipped about

Dont look at my broken like bleeding wounds on bodies wrapped in deaths loving and cold arms

i am a human taming the wild hanging on our breaths

we had given up the hunter gatherer life for safaris and kakis

our children are born with nomadic eyes and feet chasing the soils embrace, with pores like buckets collecting rainwater

though our tongues arent sharp as our forefathers and we are governed in languages of those stripped Africa bare

we are no common thing

we now know how to tell ourselves and every authority

that we werent born to be slaves

Dont look at us like prison cells and heavy chains trapping our own children

we are labourers cheated by time

Dont look at us like life did us any favours

we fill church pews united in song and prayer silencing the chims of gods our ancestors say are dancing on our wrists and ankles

But God knows we are a nation crying for mercy from all these burdens so much so we have forgiven him for the cruel joke he played on us

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Passing Days

Birds flew away
skies grew dark
Suns set
lonely hearts beat
to sad thoughts
Eyes cradle the winter rain
I had hopes of a simple life
The world is grieving
with bloodstains tattooed
along its paths in the ghettos
You have heard its youths
rebel with slams to echo
the slums we grew up in
No mother wants to carry
a child in a palace for nine months
But give birth to a hindered spirit
begging on knees
in the broken down alleys
of heroes we went to war
and came back as funeral songs
that illuminated our history
If today our lives are a struggle
what hope does the future hold
we have ignited our children
like veld fires who burn
our lands from the hands
of slavery
when its skeletons now
rest in it
the sky sings sorrows
down our spines
our tomorrows
are baby marrows
frozen in time
trying to grab back
our sweet breaths
from the hands of time
lungs exhausted in smokes
bodies hang and littered

with wounds
like drilled mines
our mothers hanged us
to dry from the tears they cried
in the present leaning
to coming years
like they did laundry
over fences touching
where the grass was greener
they gave us wings
when our feet failed
my skin cries
that the sun
scribed psalms
to cloth my bones
like a native man's bible
the winds have only just
began to echo my name
seeking shelter when they
leave trees
bending
birds fly away
skies draw dark
suns

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Places We Wish To Go To

We chase time in hopes of fulfilling our greatest desires but do we ever get there? Or does failure kiss us bitterly in the tracks of time that we curse those we created us.

Do we question being alive in these times and think maybe the gods got it all wrong. Everything says it is a magical time for you to try this breathing exercise and maybe give birth to a new era of children who understand labour pains. Who don't bend at the knees of injustice and whisper dreams so sweet back to us. Their eyes are photocopies of places we wish to go

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Sonnets Of Poems

on cold days when the sun hides
and blood freezes,
with trails of snow breath in the air
I will warm fires in my hands
to hold you dear
write love songs on your skin
infuse them into your blood stream as body heat
You can inhale me as hot beverages
to heat up the cold edges around your heart
at nights when sleep wont kiss your lids
these fingers will merge with the coarseness
of your hair play it like guitar strings to the songs
our hearts wont sing out loud, plait
tales of our being on your memory
massage road maps of our souls
on the tissues linked to your skull
When you cry
I will link my rivers with yours
be your ocean sands
to harbour your tides
I wont be a lighthouse
that might shine for another
the stars can be our guide
I will write sonnets of poems for you
to overcome death
to rejoice when we birth
for seduction and bliss
to love and honour
as breath when we suffocating
to fill the silence when we are not talking
as a truce when we are too stubborn
I have kept half my heart for you
if that's not enough
take it all
through the bitter
and thorny paths of life
the roller coaster rides
when we both feel like
giving up

we can co exist on
the highs of loves bind
knowing we will never let go
get drunk on each other
taste the milk and honey
voices of poetry session
pulsing life in ghetto streets
of verse that I will to recite for you
I will write sonnets
to give you hope
A haiku to remind you
of beauty
the world your mirror
awaken your sense
ignite flames in you
when all I got is you
and we wish to be anywhere but here
with hostile eyes
in my soul I keep for each day
a poem for you
to rise the sun from
behind the clouds
to strengthen your knees
humble your heart
and soften the anger in your eyes
put a smile on your face
to move God
to blaze a wildfire in your spirit
in each of these ways
I only begin to describe
what my heart echoes,
that I love you
I would love you
left out the ark
drowning down Gods wrath,
deceived by snakes into hell
naked in the face of the world
I will write poetry
in your fingerprints,
imprint it in sensual way
in whispers of sweet nothings
breathe it into your seeds

carve it into your spine
just to feed your soul
to show you light
me up like a altar candle
only to be blown out
by heavens end
I will give love new names
in poems I will write for you
wrap it around your soul
in new ways

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Surviving

We survive religiously
For honour and sacrifices
In the name of plans gods have for us
A lot of things died this last year
Most of them are parts of who I was
I'm just glad that none of them was my mother
So understand if sometimes my body doesn't fit me right
I'll get it tailored when I find myself again
I'm skin and bones kept together by prayers
Beliefs that days will come when the sun shines for me too
And the scent of death will evaporate from our midst
For us to see our dreams clearly

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