

Poetry Series

**Sir. Macbeth Malekutu**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2019

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

# Sir. Macbeth Malekutu(1994-02-02)

# A Friend By My Side

On a day we meet, to walk a line,  
Compassion in this world counted,  
The compassion of your heart and mine,  
Which means far more to the fainting heart,  
Than money, fine wine, and shelter,

For the fine wine is gone, when the night is o'er,  
And for money, last only a day,  
But your compassion touch by my side,  
Sing on and on in my soul always,  
You are all Heaven can send,

Memories of tears but pleasant time spend,  
Your compassion by my side heal without a sign,  
You are a paradox in nature!  
I sing in great insight and beauty,  
Make new friends but keep old,

Time and change are surely best -  
We had a slow meaning walk, for a friendly visit-  
Friendship is a wine of life, in constant repair,  
We had a scream of time above fire-  
You are a friend whose heart has eyes to see-

Sir. Macbeth Malekutu

# A Letter To Christmas

Softly, in the morning the hunger is singing to me  
Our neighbor folded the flag of charm and joy  
as a family My heart was folded and shaken in tears; and horror

Because, that day, was a hunger stairs  
A day that imprisoned and divorced me from life

But I am honored by the charge it made

Sir. Macbeth Malekutu

# A Long Bed To Paris

In between her legs, my soul rise up  
I feel the breeze of honor in my body  
My eyes leave my body behind  
Oh my God the passion that awakes in me  
How my lips kiss her leg, I die to die

I threw her shoes over the table  
I stir her the rest of my life  
And my passion is easy into it  
Her pear breast arouse and awake my giant  
Long legs that hug my very sweet part

A long bed to Paris

And having the most beautiful things on it  
I'm standing up but my pants are down  
She caved me over the wall and ripped my cloth off  
Stare into each other's eyes as I slide...slowly ...deep  
Her unapologetic eye contact With sensual talks come out of her lips

When I rip her lingerie's off in one fell swoop  
She starts to breath sensual poetry in my ears  
And our night is filled with pure ecstasy

Sir. Macbeth Malekutu

# Beautiful Prevarications

I am not easily swoon by your exact beauty.  
Your dub is stationed to my hearts.  
Letters you wrote are carved into my chest.  
We shared more than shelter and bread in our times,  
but i have no eye to wink upon scurrilous charges,  
and being licentious man with fashion of rake and whoremonger.

Sir. Macbeth Malekutu

# Bleeding Tears Born In And Out

Life is a knife, I am stabbed! I am stabbed!  
I am deeply in and out stabbed by people,  
And my bleeding heart is next to candles,  
I might as well, live with animals, to mark all rules,

I have many faces, that sink in and out,  
I am afraid to vomit my (Own) soul  
Because of the bleeding tears born in and out,  
That rain in every fiber of my very being,

My life is Christmas of pain,

Oh my God please absolute me, stand in me Stand in me!  
Stand up in me! Stand for me!  
I am a reformer of discord; peace disturber,  
My soul is stabbed, apart from my ashes and dust,

What a cold day in hell!  
Fellows nulled my soul to sit at the wheelchair  
I was someone I knew, but now I am hidden in my bones,  
The case of living is forbidden,

I am drawing images, in my mind, above life  
My tears sink in and out and sink out and in, for what?  
Silence in me, is not my type,

Sir. Macbeth Malekutu

# Conspiracy Of Beauty

My dearest aspiring princess  
There is finesse in you that Humble my guilty eyes  
Your mid-queen roman face close my eyes  
You are a bed of roses in my life  
With noble passion that dance strange in beauty

You carried me out of dull world  
To the land of roses and happiness  
My own beloved You changed my depths of despair,  
To the topmost heights of joy  
You came to me when the world was gone

My own, my own,  
With you i gained man's greatest joy  
You are a music that express songs of life  
That i shall sing in my brain  
Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful  
Am impressed by your extraordinary sweetness

Sir. Macbeth Malekutu



# Cup Of Coffee

I convivial myself to death-  
One cup of coffee to awake my life-  
To me, bloody kitchen mornings; seem so far-  
Without it, morning is a bloody savage-

Without coffee, morning stand as a horrible accident-  
Without tea and coffee I would be pontificating like a wild animal-  
Every now and then, interesting precipitation walks to the kitchen-

Speculative air to erase sleep out of my smug face-  
It makes a morning a morning -  
It drive my head to Great Spirit-  
Coffee, a best friend to my lips-  
And my best medicine twist up to morning-  
A best old friend to have when I write-

Sir. Macbeth Malekutu

# Emma

Why do I spoon with an old battle-ax?  
I find her faded out with a fag  
I fall for her because she is not addlepatad  
and she is not babbage

She is my bag, because she brings a beacon home  
but I am too young to put on the ball-and-chain  
but what a bearcat that woman is!  
And she thinks I am a beefcake fellow

I averse her when she is bent  
I don't want her bill and coo  
she gets surrounded and accosted by black-and-whites  
and I look like a blockhead around her

She asks me to light blizzie  
and if I refuse, she blows a fuse  
she is a blue blood and born on the wrong side of the blankets  
I want to blackball her but I love her with her blues

Her blues! Because of her blues  
I can't boff with her, am not bojangling like her  
I can't bone with her, she smells boo all night  
she masked herself as a booger.

Sir. Macbeth Malekutu

# I Am Napping With A White Lady

...This woman is the oxymoron of life.  
The striking night is in peril, with her,  
my qualms and mental strain are arrested.  
We are having a fair trial of joy,  
and we ride and respire, puff in high deeps.

Our artery sides comfort faultiness.  
Our range of fired passions is wheeling.  
I am napping with a white lady;  
this woman is finer than gold and nugget.  
She holds my soul close to paradise.

Our love is pure like wind and air,  
and we are at liberty like twofold birds.  
I am napping, sleeping, with a white lady.  
Our clock of existence is love.  
She is tied in my wings and affection sexed us up.

Sir. Macbeth Malekutu

# I Was Benighted In Church

I was at church with flibbertigibbet spirit-  
I was seated around believers but marred and death in soul-  
Feeling like a stranger with my old deeds noising within me-  
People were boosting and praising but I was tied and cold in spirit-

I went to church hoping I am numbered among seated believers-  
Hoping a favour of God will fall upon me to cure the wounds-  
And the sermon was like sounds of dark forest calling me to sin-

What floccinaucinihilipilification church!  
Oh! I went with perspicacious mind, but nothing consoled my soul- Nothing to  
imbibe for my soul but my spirit was convivial -

After church, I felt my youth with senile-  
And torrent of anguish-Nothing was propounded to my soul-

Sir. Macbeth Malekutu

# Koster

When will your mater pay peppercorn rent?  
You live here and eat my food,  
seating here with an intense straight face,  
on my chair! Under my roof!

So I must raise somebody's child?  
Use my water and gas for school,  
five years after school; you won't even give me a dosh,  
came here asking for a place to stay.

Where's your mater?  
If she is not paying late, she pays half lolly,  
if she doesn't pay half dough, she doesn't pay.  
I am attending your school caucus, for what?

My older daughters are complaining about you,  
they buy food here, water and gas.  
If I don't receive money today, you need to vamoose.  
Is she saving herself, so that I must sweat?

Sir. Macbeth Malekutu

# Man Shall Not Trounce And Abduct Women.

Man shall not vitiate women.

Man shall not despoil or plunder women.

Man is tyrant of lust, a misfortune by nature.

Best man cannot defend their fate.

Good man dies early.

Bad man dies late.

Man shall not treat women as cup-bearer.

Man shall not keep women as Stewards of their Houses.

Man shall not use women as slave and home cook.

Women are capable souls and glorious creatures.

Women are so agreeable and delightful to mankind.

The good of subjects is the ends abduct and trounce,

because man is a shadow with empty soul.

Sir. Macbeth Malekutu

# Modernism Of 21st Century

People are rude and sometimes kind-  
Clothes are expensive and we are not making much-  
Social life is buried by media and we watch many pictures-

We drink too much and die before time-  
We give up before we can start the race-  
We indulge in habits that solace our pity scars-

We are fucking poor peasants who go to church-  
And double-dealing savages trying to cut a fucking deal between tunnels-  
So that we can rank above our low stations-

Technology is hiding us behind doors-  
And we tittle-tattle with strangers who have fake appellations-  
And we follow silhouettes to make plans-

Modern time is for prime movers, not for potato couch-  
We are obsessed and confused-We smoked ourselves with debts-  
We can't wake up without being broke-

Life is charging us too much-  
We fight and cry for small things in the morning-  
People are always running away from something-

If you are poor, you might not get married-  
and if you are stupid you might not make friends-

Sir. Macbeth Malekutu

# My Fair Minion

Oh, My Fair Minion-  
With the soft vicissitudes of pleasure and repose-  
You woo delight and Gratified me with the architecture-  
Of jovial mood, my mood is at beyond apogee-

Beyond the mountain as regions of calamity-  
I feel the separation of your beauty-  
My whole life, my whole soul preyed upon you-

Your frequent enumeration of different enjoyment-  
Exhaust my very eyes-  
I dear to be with you in the seas of tranquility-

I seat before you covered with luxury-  
And forgot to taste you dainties -  
I lay aside my officiousness-

You are the Lord of life and-  
I seat down the rest of my life to vigil-  
Upon you under the banks shelters of trees-

Oh without you, my most fair Minion-  
I fear the pain to shrink into evil-

Sir. Macbeth Malekutu



# My Interment

Every time I am trying to walk,  
I fall next to a grave.

It's seems and sound like a call far,  
above; voices far above.

I only hear dirges,  
since i lost my old brother and younger sister.

I dream tiny coffins written my name,  
Tiny coffin moving between corridors,

I hear people reading epitaphs,  
And i see my mourners.

I see pall bearers! I hear dirges!  
It's time to repose.

I am shrouded,  
I am covered with winding sheet.

I see wreath upon my pall,  
Lend me a tear before my wake.

Sir. Macbeth Malekutu

# Nelson Mandela's Pride

...What a noble lady!

Winnie Madikizela-Mandela, her days are done.

The Duchess of African history-  
African loam is mourning and celebrating news-  
She is the history of African congress-  
She never cowers nor bend before apartheid regime-

And its horrors and terrors never threaten her soul-  
Through her splendid courage,  
African people tasted the wind of liberty-  
Her obstinacy gave birth of freedom to nations-

Her courage is a slogan to African woman-  
She was conceived to transcribe African history-  
Winnie remind us our bestowed Marry-  
Apartheid regime was not a cradle of red roses, or a noble road-

Everything was taken away from Winnie; the companion and children's-  
And they tortured and punished her deeply-  
27 years in jail was vast melancholy in her soul-  
But she never failed to save peace-

And she never guzzled the cup of bitterness-  
Nor envies the thirst of retribution upon mankind-  
She waited for Nelson Mandela in misery and tempest-  
She bided for 27 years in vain till the walls of Robben Island tumble-  
When our Nelson was kissing the ground to end the chapter of apartheid-

Sir. Macbeth Malekutu

# Spanish Rose, Tasting The Stars

I am kind of a man who want you but not for himself.  
I am kind of a man who likes you but not for himself.

I am kind of a man who feel things for you with my heart and sing songs i failed to sing before, and drink wines i never had before.

I am kind of a man who is angry to have you. Without you, my life is like a farmer who don't know how to irrigate his i am dying slowly in my chambers, i can't write but think about what i think its you.

I am kind of a man who have bank of red roses for you, written your name, the roses that might become dollars.

I am kind of a man who write your name before i slept and get arrested in taking thought in your name and never repose.

I am kind of a man who sees you as Spanish rose, and arrest my own mind with you that way, and i can't parish the thought of a Spanish rose.

I am kind of a man who write and read you but not with my left hand. I am kind of a man who sign your name to my heart.

I am kind of a man who think about you but not with my mind because my heart is buying everything.

I am kind of a man who is arrested by you. I am in your gentle prison. I labour under the curse and the light is dark.

You are kind of a woman who have the keys to my prison. A kind of a woman who have cure for my curse and light for my darkness.

I am kind of a man; who is kind of a man, interested in kind of a woman; a woman, who is kind of a woman.

Sir. Macbeth Malekutu

# The Bequest Of Hector Pieterse

...What an abandoned brave bequest! ! !  
The oozing mighty cry of Soweto uprising-  
The 1976's of Mbuyisa Makhubou's roar of courage -  
The June 16 of Antoinette Sithole's stand as ferments -  
The Soweto uprising of Hector Pieterse struggled for us-

The 13 years old, the young one, died for us-  
He stood before a bullet of history-  
Apartheid was a curse of black person-  
It ravaged and raped icons of activist-  
It written South African history with blood-

The strike costed the roots of families-  
1976 governments brought undead pain to mothers-  
The anthem of pains and horrors but renowned for history-  
The fears and tempest in Soweto uprising history-  
But the 13 year old champion prize our 16 June above history-

1976 the pride of African soil in history-  
Soweto uprising the inception of our courage-  
June 16 the legacy of Hector Pieterse-  
He stood before a bullet of history for us-  
The 13 years old, the young one, died for us-

Youth of 1976 are deeply honoured-  
The stories and pictures of African soil-  
Soweto the mother of African history-  
The history poured Soweto with blood, struggle and reverence-  
Apartheid was a black cloud upon African soil-

Sir. Macbeth Malekutu

# The Dress

...What a woman's pride!  
The dress, it brings fresh shower for the thirsting eyes,  
It is full of light and strange passion,  
As I look I suddenly laugh to my surprise,  
It stand easy on you, like a falling snow in France  
My eye repose in deep shinning color,  
it fades away my death soul,  
And play music in my inner oceans,  
It serves my eyes with pictures of thought,

What a dress!  
A sweet time of voiceless music,  
It awakes all human passion to breathe far above!  
What a pleasure to believe what I see!  
A dress with a deep respect,  
Into my face; expression of joy load down my heart,  
The beauty of a dress that captures the wind,  
I seat and stare for the rest of my life,  
to cheer the end!

Sir. Macbeth Malekutu

# Up From Poverty

In a shack room with no windows, a poet was born-  
And place with no light and darkness of life-  
A father was never there, a mother was there-  
The days passed on with one direction-  
I had my moment when a lion eat a grass-  
My stomach was fighting with my sleep-  
I went to bed with no great shift of energy-  
My dinners were water of sugar with pap-  
In the darkness of rains; a long walk to school-  
Up from poverty robed my childhood-  
I left home for the greatest freedom of life-  
I longed for help from the idol of life-  
I dwelled in miracles and never shined-  
The years passed by with one direction-  
The darkness of the night darkened my life-  
I fear no darkness; I was born in the dark-  
Molded and shaped by the trees of shadows-  
Life taught me its own way of things-  
The sun was my light to see the brightness of life-  
The shadow never overcame my strength-  
But a fighter has a secret within his soul-  
My journey faded away, dissolved peaceful-  
The night of hope come to life again-  
I endured much pleasure in school-  
Indulging my mind with the enlightenment of literature-  
The greatest pleasure of reading Macbeth.  
Books are my traveling companion in darkness-  
Books, my greatest comforter of life-  
In my perplexed Bible never failed me-  
My unusual hunger of mental food-  
Verve by verse life moved on-  
I behest myself to rise above my occasion-  
To be a creature of progression-  
I remember all the beauty in my struggle-  
And I was born to stand up.

Sir. Macbeth Malekutu

# Wasted Men

You standing at the corner,  
and you are voiceless to scream for help,  
ended in solitude in the darkness,  
darkness of your dungeon decisions,  
with gold teeth and no sense to think,  
no mind to reason among your people,  
wasted man with babies, with no care for them,  
standing as a spooky, dope, thick, funky man,  
man you are repository encyclopedia of hate,  
which filtered your life as a peasant,  
as your nature despised right,  
you were The Count of Monte Cristo but your name is inked dross,  
you've have dusted and ruined your soul,  
you lost control of the doors and the world is closing down,  
guilty and regrets is your friend,  
because your bucket is not empty,  
second chances is burning with flames through your eyes,  
and hold nothing in high regards but sorrows and envy,  
only breathing shame and anger,  
and cursed and witched yourself with pride,  
you were beclouded to see that; no man is an island.

Sir. Macbeth Malekutu