

Poetry Series

**Tebogo Errol Hlahla**  
**- poems -**

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# Tebogo Errol Hlahla(1973-05-31)

# Acapella

Let's sing an acapella baby  
You should know I'm a tenor baby  
Let us celebrate this tenure  
It would be a good song if we do it in the right manner  
A continuous romantic melody, we can even have our own orchestra  
To celebrate our own union and that's no banter  
I know you can sing baby, truly beyond the shower  
Come on baby let us not waste any moment this is truly the hour  
I don't want anyone 'cos together we'd sound better  
Let's sing baby, every note is important like treasure  
You sing so beautifully, singing with you would be quite a pleasure  
The joy in our voices, as we reach a crescendo, no one can measure  
You take the first verse and I'll take the second  
Your breath caresses my face as you sing, please hold my hand  
I hope we go on like this and this moment never ends  
'Cos this duet, no other couple, can ever transcend

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# Anarchy

IAnarchy

Malicious damage to property

Spacious extension of abnormality

Leads to a damaged trend of obscurity

Creating a fruitless harvesting of obscenity

Without the full swing of security

And the century turns to a tale of banality

Where the ruler of the day is impropriety

And the justice of the day is addressed inappropriately

The old citizens are often treated to an awful inadequacy

Where the rulers of law are not quite germane to absolute proportionality

The deliverance of which is not of a stickler for punctuality

The executive language doesn't flow like truth spoken fluently

It's a way of life, which is filled with atrocities constantly

Marauding gangs of the inner cities calls for better suited obstetricians in the future strictly

Forfeiture of youth culminates in the deranged act of incivility

Sang-froid is unattainable in the face of such notoriety

Stealth and fresh ribald talk of a supremacist claimer, I have to stultify

An acquirement of a bona fide peregrine must be introduced hastily

A well trained and capable specimen to lead us out of this purgatory

An epoch of magnitudinal and historical propensity

Whence the market was astounded with flourishing sterility

And promises tended to reach appalling states of non-delivery

Men with feet of clay and inhibited vision cannot lead us out of this purgatory

They don't know how to dispense with quasi-issues favourably

Empirical focus and implementation is the answer to this malady

So that a future of wealthy trajectory can befall this existency

And default this residential iniquity

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# I Promise

I promise you baby  
I'll massage that body like it's never been massaged before  
I'll run my soft hands up and down your body  
Ever so gently  
And have you feel nothing but horny  
My name?  
You know my name  
'Cos you'll be saying it everyday  
I start kissing you gently and softly on your mouth  
Touching your breasts and teasing your ever so inviting nipples  
Going down to your belly button and circling it with my tongue like a shark  
circling its prey  
Appraising it, beholding it in its piercing eyes ready to feed  
I'll hold your feet and I'll be on my knees between your legs and run my silky  
tongue in the inside of your thighs  
Time will stand still and I'll hold you strong with a grip of steel  
Have you heaving sighs of passion and your body will be rising like a wave  
crushing against my strong chest  
My manhood, I'll inser in your womanhood and start a slow intimate groove as if  
moving to a deep all conquering African drum beat  
Heat will ooze from our bodies, permeating the surrounding air  
And I'll thrust hard and deep into your body and let your innards reverberate  
with pleasure  
Only known to free spirited lovers, who give willingly and unselfishly, who aren't  
scared to let their lustful souls be exposed through good elongated sex sessions  
Accompanied by moans and groans of lovers who are both enjoying and satisfied  
by the almost time arresting and non-selfish act of the art of lovemaking  
Sinking deeper into the throes of unabated and unrelenting passion  
And when we come, we'll come to a scintillating crescendo of great magnanimous  
cries of unashamed expression of the joy of our lovemaking  
Smiling, laughing and sighing in the knowledge that we are one and staying  
inside each other held together in a long embrace  
Satisfied that we are what happiness is.

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# Insanity

Sanity constantly absconds from my mind  
Vanity stares at me with a flatter in her eyes  
Like shooting stars absconds the sky  
Wheat on the field  
Take your cereal with milk  
Cause and effect  
Life is not perfect  
So I can't always be sane  
Now can I?

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# Mare's Nest

Mare's nest

I mourn you as though you were dead

I hope you still have a good head

Your heart was beautiful, I know

You loved me, and you still do, I hope

Let me know when the cock crows

'Cos last night, I dreamed, I gave you a rose

I was deep in the realms of dreams, to wake me; you'd have needed a hose

I caressed you all over and I remember the smell of your pantyhose

That image of you, was so clear, it was as if you were close

My heart screamed itself hoarse

When I realized it was only a dream, a pause

Memories deposited on my mind in repose

You'd have heard me if I called, I suppose.

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# Moms Chronicles

I wasn't born with a silver spoon in my mouth  
But moms struggled to put food in my mouth  
Even though mine wasn't the only mouth to feed  
Moms made sure every morning she got up on her feet  
And went out looking and doing all kinds of jobs, never accepting defeat  
To put food on the table and take me and my brothers to school  
Even though we didn't have the coolest shoes  
Moms made us walk with pride to school  
Even though we didn't always have all the books, moms provided us with what  
we needed  
We didn't have much to eat, but moms would cook us a hot meal, no mean feat  
I give a standing ovation to my moms for raising men  
Mom loved her boys and still does  
I often wondered what will become of us when she's gone  
I love you mom, even though I don't say it with my voice.

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# Power To Me

Power to me  
As I claim my people's history  
Black week I declare  
As I stand under the Mopani tree  
My people are free  
But their minds are chained  
Stained memories of freedom less days sustained  
In the deep realms of their long lasting sorrow  
For their systematic suffering was cold, like lady liberty with no clothes  
What a travesty  
Hold steady my people for with this newfound power, I am ready  
To unleash your mental power, that has been lying dormant for many centuries  
So, enter my name in the annals of history  
As I precipitate this redemption  
For like most redeemers  
My time has come to deliver  
I've been cast forth from the highest precipice  
And I possess power like fireballs that destroyed Sodom and Gomorra  
I spit forth such prophetic and truthful awakenings  
My people follow as sure as the full stop at this sentence.

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# Self Attainment

Like a river bursts its banks sometimes,  
We need to extend ourselves beyond our capacity  
We need to extol our shortcomings  
In order that we could find the courage to be more daring  
And exhort ourselves, if we feel we aren't true to ourselves  
Our motivation is not self-destruction or repudiation  
But a simple fact of pushing the veil of perception  
Undoing the many impediments that are silhouetted on our every little attempt,  
To make it work.  
To make it happen, we need to shovel and then believe more in our efforts  
At first it might be just dirt that we encounter on the spade  
But if we keep at it, doggedly so, we are bound to strike gold  
And everyone would want to borrow our spade  
While we lie back and admire it all under a tropical shade.

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# Tempestuous Time

I'm lying here in bed in the late hours of night  
I lay awake and I wonder what time is it?  
I mean, time has been important all my life  
I've timed myself through the most exciting moments of my life  
Every second, has counted I know,  
Every minute has meant something  
But right now, tonight, as I lie here, I wonder  
What time is it?  
My life right now doesn't resonate like thunder  
I've watched the sun go under  
On my numerous attempts to achieve  
And I've watched many steal the thunder without even trying  
My life if it were a fine wine  
I'll bear every torturous second without a whine  
Because I'll take comfort in the knowledge that, a fine wine matures with time  
Time is of the essence to all that is alive  
All living things subscribe to the seasonal changes brought on by time in life  
And there's a saying that goes 'time waits for no man'  
Even the Stone Age people knew this, including the Nomads  
But why am I so arrested by time?  
My life is threatened by the very prospect of losing it  
Every tick and every tock of the clock  
As the hands of time turns, it brings serious realizations  
That my life is nothing but a sham  
I'm living in the shadow of time and it casts a dark shadow in my life  
Hence, I call it the tempestuous time;  
Time for change?

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# That Dreaded Weed

Sniff that spliff and enjoy that whiff  
And dim that wit  
You bound to end up a nitwit  
And no, I'm not nit picking  
But lately you're aren't whippy  
You're slow and sluggish like a sheepy  
And you're sometimes stinky  
I want to change you willy-nilly  
And have you looking spiffy  
A change so sassy  
Your fellow spliffers will wonde dearly  
Before the police read you rights of guilty  
For the illegal possession of that dreaded weed

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# The King

Like a true Queen  
You were keen  
To sit on my throne  
Only to me, the King, you were intimately known  
I held you strong in my arms  
Shielding you from any imminent harm  
You are Queen of the ghetto  
And you intend to rule with me hitherto  
Don't shield your emotions from me  
As I shield my enemies from ill  
Come ghetto Queen,  
Sit tight on my throne  
And you'll never be thrown  
For you, I shall protect  
And for you, a statue of honour, I shall erect  
So don't stray, but stay  
For both our sakes  
A king needs his honour too  
From his foes and subjects too  
Don't you waver in loyalty my Queen  
For I won't ever belabor my trust in you  
You sit on my throne, and your crown  
Sits on your head like a red rose  
So I won't ever leave you morose  
My subjects call you Mother of the Nation  
An appropriate title for one who fills me up with such elation  
You are ghetto fabulous  
Never one to be confused or nebulous  
Let me be your hero  
Be a man of honour like that character De Nero  
And we'd be hooked up like lovers with lots of libido  
So as you sit on my throne, in my castle,  
I'll be your King, forever my Queen.

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# To The Supremacist

You need to dismantle your mental infrastructure  
Your head is filled with medieval ideologies of absolute mediocrity  
And you subscribe to writings of apocryphal stature  
You are doomed to a lifetime of a posteriori non-importance  
We have tried to quell your fear and show you the right way  
But you still insist on your deliberations  
On this hostile time-frame  
Your perceptions are deceived  
'Cos they are misled by the information received  
You should be glad you are in great company  
And you're going to be persuaded entirely  
To abandon these delusions  
'Cos they couldn't bring you any fruitions  
And it rather be sooner than later  
Before you deceive your whole people

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# Voice Of A Child

Did you think I'd come and go at your behest?  
What about the respect, I request  
You're an adult  
But still you have no right  
To order me around like some dog  
Even they are treated better these nowadays  
Your parenting stinks, you don't deserve an award  
You said you'll be a parent to me, what nonsense is this you coward  
Beating me up for not carrying out your instructions  
I was only a kid and you should have had more consideration  
Your principles of parenting, if you did have any, were worse than apartheid  
Now all I feel towards you is apathetic  
You've ruined me for my children  
Because I've been so badly raised  
So abused as a child,  
I'm not sure I can be a good parent, no thanks to you  
Your idea of raising me was a slap here and a punch there  
To an occasional whipping or hitting with a shoe heel  
Not forgetting the yelling and screaming as I cried  
I hope my emotional wounds are healed  
'Cos the memories are definitely still clear like it was yesterday  
I was so innocent and vulnerable then; you were supposed to protect me  
Now my self-esteem has been affected for the worst, that is  
The Human Rights Commission could be afflicted by this  
Thank you for ruining my life you miserable excuse for a parent  
You services, as a parent, I wouldn't even rent  
I'm not a brat so don't even try to blame me  
You hardly know me, so don't try to claim me  
Giving me money for bread,  
Was so hard for you as if I was asking you to give your last breath  
Calling you my parent for all these years, has left me with an irreversible damage  
At my age, I should have moved on  
Now you see the extent of your bad job?  
Yes, you did a bad one  
You're not worthy, forget me, I was never your child  
So stop calling me that  
You're dead, you dirt.

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# Words

I take licence with these words  
Like I'm working in the licence department  
And no traffic officer can ever catch me  
As my writing possesses such speed  
I break sound and literary barriers  
So listen up  
Better yet, buckle up  
'Cos you've never been on such a stupendous journey  
That will take you out of your supine submission  
Well, you've heard of mission impossible,  
Let me tell you this mission is possible  
Get ready to fly  
'Cos these words fly higher than the eagles  
And are faster than the fighter jets  
This is no joke, so don't take it in jest  
As you digest these powerful words  
Executed here, spare a thought for those unfortunate souls  
Who aren't privy to this adrenaline ejaculation  
These words will make you want to come often  
Take heed and realize, that you are not an orphan  
While you sit in your apartment  
You'll notice that these words confound compartments  
These words possess multi-pronged and multi-faceted motivations  
These words will take you out of your dilapidated surroundings  
Take you to luxurious, healthy and luminous suburbia  
With these words you better be careful  
They are potent  
They are bound to possess like a demonic spirit  
These words are before time  
Before people could conceive any thoughts of rhyme  
And you thought you knew it all as you sit and sip wine  
Better pay attention and don't let them slip from your mind  
Your mind is so of knowledge, we intend charging you for tax evasion and we  
aren't elated  
'Cos educating you with these words is going to be taxing  
Your brain is in a tizz as it struggles to absorb this sudden onslaught  
It's for your own good don't even try to consort  
You've been cuckolded and deluded for so long  
These words sounds like melodies of salvation lost

And so Sir, I don't play truant  
These words if ignored will haunt  
The most staunch  
Believers in evolution  
They are a revolution  
Not to be taken at face value  
They are the most priced and they supercede any value  
They are so full of shock; they contain high velocity  
Not to be stolen or abused

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