

Poetry Series

thabang maepa
- poems -

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thabang maepa(10 OCTOBER 1998)

Born and raised in elandskraal township, limpopo province, South Africa.I started writing songs when I was in primary school and it used to be a self I was young I used to have fantasies and bad dreams, as I still have them today.I was always too creative, and I used to pick my toys, gather my friends and formulate a of my friends would even wake up early in the morning, came home and asked if I was there [to narrate], the other day is the other way around...i need audience to enertain myself with.In 2012 i was moving to secondary school, where I developed maturity in ar lessons where much more interesting for me, but come a test i would fail badly.I was never capable of memorising...I always waned to come with my own creativity and not to memorise someone's work. Oneday after poetry lessons by Mr Mphahlele, I set down And tried to write my own poem, and i finally did but did not love are quite agly when you're not used to them..but as time goes on, more practice, you get to love yourself [your poems].I started looking for poetry publishers, and even today i am still searching..silently.

In The Absence Of Law

I ONE DAY HEARD FROM A FRIEND,
A FRIEND WHO WAS ACTUALLY FRIED
BY THE ONE
WHO CLAIMED TO KNOW A LOT,
BUT HE WHO
ACTUALLY MISSED A LOT.

I HEARD FROM A FRIEND CONCERNING LAW,
THAT FOR HUMAN THERE'S NO NEED FOR LAW,
THAT PEOPLE BE ALLOWED TO DO ALL THEY WILL TO DO,
THAT NO ONE SHALL BE PUNISHED FOR
HIS FREEWILL.

I HEARD THEN THOUGHT TO MYSELF,
ABOUT
WHAT I LEARNED SO SMALL ABOUT LAW,
THEN FINALLY THOUGHT AND SAID TO MYSELF:
WE HAVE NO HUMANITY IN THE ABSENCE OF LAW.

SHALL ALL BE TOLD ABOUT THE LEGAL SYSTEM,
ABOUT THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN FREEDOM AND
ORDER,
THAT THE LAW ALLOW FOR RIGHTS, RIGHTS LIMIT
THEMSELVES.

THAT THE LAW ENFORCING THE RIGHTS IS THE LAW WE ARE. IN A CASE BETWEEN DE BAGER V STEENKAMP,
IT WAS PROVEN ABOUT THE FAIRNESS OF THE LAW,
THAT DE BAGER USED HIS RIGHTS TO ABUSE THOSE OF STEENKAMP,
WHILE THE RIGHTS OF STEENKAMP CONVINCED A LIMITATION FOR
THE EXTEND
THAT THE RIGHTS OF DE
BAGER COULD OPERATE.

IT WAS CLEAR ABOVE ALL MEANS,
THAT DE BAGER WAS UNCONSTITUTIONAL, ACCUSED
AND SENTENCED.

IT WAS OF THE LEGAL SYSTEM FOR STEENKAMP TO MEET JUSTICE,

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Plants

PLANTS ARE SOMETIMES SMALL LITTLE CREATURES,
SOMETIMES THEY ARE AS HUGE AS WE WOULD CROP FROM THEM,
AS WIDE AS ACCOMMODATIVE WITH THEIR SHADOWS,
VERY ABUNDANT OF LEAVES TO LEAVE YOU
REFRESHED.

NOT ALL OF US HAVE RESPECT FOR PLANTS,
AND NOT ALL PLANTS ARE AS RESPECTED AS WE WILL.

PERHAPS TO PLANT A SEED WAS NEVER A MAN'S PLANS,
WE JUST GOT BIRTH IN A WORLD DOMINANT OF PLANTS.

I LOVE PLANTS WITH ALL THAT I OUGHT TO FEEL,
I FEEL WHAT I FEEL WHEN CLOSE TO A PLANT KIND;
BUT NOT ALL
THE PLANTS, I PREFERE, BUT THOUGH I LOVE ALL.
I JUST LEARNT
FROM MY FATHER THAT OTHERS ARE TOXIC.

PLANTS ARE NOT AS WORTH ONLY BECAUSE WE CROP THEM.
THEY ALSO DO NOT SURVIVE ONLY BECAUSE WE WATER THEM,
NATURE CAN DO THAT IF WE STOP DOING SO, BUT SO AS TO SAY,
WE WILL NEVER STOP WATERING THOSE WE SELECT FOR OUR NEEDS.

HOW WOULD THE WORLD LOOK LIKE IF WE DIDN'T HAVE PLANTS?
WHO WOULD ENGAGE IN POETRY?

WOULD LOVE BE REAL WITHOUT ROSE FLOWERS?
PLANTS MAKE THE MOST OF OUR LIFE MEMORIES.

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Poetry

potry is mom and dad

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Silent Love

They say love should never hid
But mine is powerful when hiding at the back
Of this angel statue, or covered within the green
Colours of my natural paintings.

Well I always wanted to say my heart out,
Too many ideas giving an everyday lust to my stand,
But though this feeling is too silent,
And the noise made by the world can sometimes hurt my ears.

Like a spy, walks through the abandoned walls of silence
Listening to the voices that echoes in my room,
And then there arise a sudden electric impulses through
My spinal cord, as if I have an acidic substance within me.

It may sometimes seem to be an introvert characteristic,
But a sure way none of us would like to be alone.
Being alone merely intends that I'm looking into someone
'Is it worth letting her fade away from the cascades of my heart? '

If the moon was to shine that bright as it does in my dreams,
If noon was as blue as I'd sit there in front of her dreams,
Sing the melodies that we all wished we'd ever listen to..
And I would finally say 'annikie I love you..! '

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Someone Said..

'We must be men enough,
That any time we contradict,
We close the door,
Beat each other,
And when my wife sees the blue eyes,
I must create a false narration,
That I bumed a pole;
Other than being week
And crying before my wife..! '

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The Legal System

The law is not protecting anyone,
You're the one responsible for your justice,
The law lies there on the grass as a sword
For a brave soldier to pick it up,
And defend himself from the injustices of the world.

The law enforcement agency is there for you,
But sometimes a policeman can be a successor of injustices,
They will always tell you that they're on your side,
But trust me that is only a heaven wording.

A legal practitioner is there for you,
To speak his word before the court of law,
But don't be dimmed he is not a God,
Even though, he will never say your story in full.

A distinction between a criminal and a victim:
'A victim is a person whom the judge favours'
'A criminal is a person whom the judge conflicts'
We all want the judge to be in our side than our enemies.

If you don't use the law to protect your rights,
Then someone will use that law to violate those rights.
It is the same as what a musician once said:
'The one in front of the gun lives forever'

If you sleep with all your eyes closed,
Your enemy will come and stab you with the sword.
These swords are everywhere, you can't escape them.
You only have to keep one with you and no sleep.

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To Read A Poem

FOR ME TO READ A POEM,
IS TO ENGRAVE THE SURFACE OF A CREAM.
THE CREAM BE NOT HARD ON YOU, YOU BE NOT HARD ON IT.
PERHAPS POETRY IS A BASKET FULL OF PEACH FLAVOURED CREAM.

I USE A VERY LITTLE SPOON, TO ENJOY MY POEM FOR A VERY LONG LIME;
SLOW I BE TASTE TO TASTE, STRICTLY FOCUSED BUT FREE.
AND WHEN SOMEONE WANTS TO HAVE SOME TASTE OF MY CREAM, SOMEONE
SHALL WAIT PATIENTLY, SILENT...AND NO WORD UNTILL I GET SATISFIED.

I ENJOY MY CREAM WHEN IN SILENCE, OR WHEN WALKING ACROSS THE
GARDEN WITH NO IMES I TAKE MY RADIO WITH ME TO THA BEACH, I AM NOT
GOING TO SWIM, JUST BE THERE TO ENJOY MY SWEET CREAMY CREAM.

MOST OF THE CREAMS THAT I ENJOY ARE THOSE PREPERED BY WILLIAM
BUTLER YEATS....SOMETIMES WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.....AND ALL OTHER
ROMANTICS

I DO REALLY ENJOY MY POETRY.....MY CREAMS?

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