

Poetry Series

Thabani Khumalo
- poems -

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Thabani Khumalo(10 April 1985)

A Bird

This is a mysterious enigma.
Life is like a verb.
It is so difficult to vocally teach
But physically easy to learn.
Its ways are not ours thus we don't trail
In its found-path.

I am like a bird.
I don't want to share.
I come swiftly and snatch and fly away
And if the food becomes too heavy for me,
I will put my whole foot on it and eat it hastily.

I am a very odd man
And the world is a very odd place.
This is a devil's hotel in which i am a guest.

Thabani Khumalo

A Grown Man's Goal

I am stunned by the view of the world
and the completed work of nature's fingers:
crafted images engrossed by the open atmospheric pressure.
Oh how so much beauty can be manufactured out of dust particles.
Once I saw and twice I did observe,
once I beheld and twice I did think I had no care,
but on the third, nature would swiftly prevail.
The stature of a beautiful woman that makes a grown man cry.

Getting a beautiful woman
is the final goal of a grown man's life before he dies.

Thabani Khumalo

A Little Boy

I knew for sure that lazy people grunt
And keep on peaking from their severe boredom -
Somewhere down close to body death.
I came to figure this when I was still a little boy:
Lazy people deserve a feeling of utter shame.

I am needful of the ear for witch to tell a secret to hear.
Open your heart and hear my words of absolute fear.
Deliver the burden of the weight on my shoulders that i carry.
I swear by golly and by golly alone I swear,
I am at the crossroads with fate and the absolute destiny.
Another man gave away his daughter for a loss or a gain
And a queer lady cried in the arms of a wicked wizard -
She needed to mourn for a severe loss of deeper love.

I am facing my life at an uncertain end
And i wander alone into the quiet darkness.
I am waiting for nudge on my shoulder -
A young weird lady calling me by
For a brief amount of time just to have coitus fun.
I dream about that on each and every dragging night.
I am a dreamer of nightmares and spells of the forlorn.
I am the nightmares of tomorrow by my dreams of yesterday.
I don't know how a person was made that he should easily forget.
The tears I cried every night: I remember when I was a little boy right -
I was a hopeless victim of the lonely night -
I was a little boy with many deep sorrows.

I am an assembly of vicious ills.
I need to receive a revelation from above -
I need to assume an extremely higher power.
I am still waiting for my set hour.
I am waiting for my moment in the shining day:
A perfect scenario with all the colors bright.
Heavens know from the very core of my heart,
I wish for a beautiful girl.

Thabani Khumalo

A Lot Of Us

a lot of us, just us alone.
alone we fight for we starve alone
and the leaders absent who take it all
and give us crowds who take our grain.
we fight for gain for we want it all
but all we want, they took at home
and gave us problem in me and you -
and you are my problem for, you I know.

Thabani Khumalo

A Man

I am a man on earth, I am just like the other man.
In heaven I'm the highest priest, yet on earth I stand upon the land.
I am grounded on the ground, but I'm not getting the best of the land.
I'm a man made of flesh and yet,
I listen to a person telling me that my flesh is not well.
We do not know what money can buy, for me, it has to buy that heaven on earth.
I refuse to succumb to the pressures of authoritative man,
they are the ones who administer failure.
The power they took from the people
must be returned again to the people:
and they took away the love for peace
and rendered the earth with the reality of danger.
I blame the mother of a man that governs over my flesh;
who sends his police boys to terrorize my flesh
and break my bones with swift moving bullets,
she should have raised him a little better.
I don't know if the same thing is going to persist in heaven,
then I will say, "god should have been raised a little better."

Thabani Khumalo

A Man Of Law

How dare I argue with a soldier?
For he is all about the king's lawman,
He possesses more rights than do I
Of which I'm bound with many rules.

How dare I argue with a man of law?
For he is a malice in camouflage green
And feels not well to see me whole.
Like sticks, he's strong and the bones he breaks.

The king's decree is now at large
To give the law the highest thrown
And set it up through the New World Order.
How do I stand against man?

The king's decree is now at large
And it runs a scadge like a fire's wild blaze
To rend the law with a thrown on high
And the kings today with the thrown of God.

Thabani Khumalo

A Priest

In life I am a priest.

Tell me that one thing you value most -
at the condensing deep corner of your heart,
That cold dark corner that's never had light;
Where there is a peering teary eye -
one that sees the loom of the gloom -
the gloom of death and its power plodding everything to obliteration.
It has the view of the dark Angel of doom,
One that is sincere to you when you ask
And answers you in clear vision and in sonic.
It protects the heart from reaching erratic chaos
and it brings the mind into a stable calm.

If you have that and are clear about it indeed,
and know that it is despite the common fright,
then tell it to me and I will bless you child.
I will bless you for what is truly yours;
your beingness of native contrives.
If you choose nothing of fame
but a thing of your humble confidence,
I will bless you from the ground
and it presides even over the proceeds of monetary gain.
Just as long as it is yours -

But if it is about the feeble illusion
of the ever so touted fame and fortune,
and is not about the power of your love,
it will take away your peace of mind
and test you with the fire of hell forevermore.
So choose yours wisely!
You'll realize that it is your God;
your creator and your healer.
In life... I am a Priest.

Thabani Khumalo

A Soul

The pent up anger you progress on innocent persons,
React with caution considering the mysterious nature of your situation -
mysterious even to you in all rationale,
you, the only holder of the torch to your living functions.

Don't step over the innocent attempting to even out your grievous guilt.
Be considerate and regulate yourself to voluntarily forgo
your guilt because all you have in life is a soul.

We are merely inured with our individualism and difficulties
and are permissibly communal at a bumper harvest of a quality grain;
with timely allowance do we only get to share our true concerns.
It is deeply grievous to allow one's anger into another individual's life.
Strive for peace, for love and tolerance.
Therefore, incline on reason and resent hatred with all the granted might
because all you have in life is a soul.

Surely hatred alone is common to all -
it can be easily defined without a technicality.
Life seemingly slides easily towards hatred,
I can put my finger on it but never on love, but
hatred can never ever be good for the other
inasmuch as it cannot be good for one
because all you truly have in life is a soul.

Thabani Khumalo

A Way Of Life

THE SYSTEM'S GOON IS EMPORIUM,
HE GUIDES HIS THROWN WITH ROLLING GUNS,
HIS SCEPTER LIGHTS AND SHOOTS AWAY
BUT HE LAYS AWAKE TO THE LIGHT OF DAY.

IN HIS SON, HE LIVES; HE REINCARNATES,
THE SYLLABUS IS HIS THROWN MUNDANE.
BY STATUS HE BLINDS THE ABLE MEN
AND HIS BIBLES ARE CUNNING: JUST LULLABIES.

I AM PUT TO SLEEP BY THE HOLY WORDS;
TO THE HOLY WAY, I DOZE AND LAY.
WHY IS THIS DOGMA STODGING THE WORLD
AND THE PASTORS REAP THEIR SEED IN GOLD?

RELIGION IS SET AFAR FROM SCHOOL,
THEY PAINT A HOAX OF OSTRICISE
WHEN IT'S PREROGATIVE THAT WOULD MAKE IT SELL.
IN MY FRAGILE MIND, GOD KNOWS, I'M FRAIL.

TODAY I STAND AND THE TRUTH I LAY,
A CONSCIOUS BAIL - BE FREE UNPLEASED!
BUT, AWAY, AWAY I FADE AWAY -
OBSCENE IS OBSERVED AND NATURE IS PEARL.

MY WORD IS PEARL AND I FADE AWAY:
MAN IS AN IDOL OVER WORDS HE SAYS
SO HE PAYS HIS ALL FOR THE PEARLS AND JAMS
THAT MAN BELIEVE AND MAN DO PAY.

BECAUSE TWO DON'T LEAD, ONE HAS TO FAIL
AND A WAY OF LIFE IS THROWN FOR GAIN
BUT WHEN BEAUTY FADES, WHAT'S LEFT IS HELL.
SO THE UGLY AND THE PRETTY ALWAYS WERE THE SAME.

Thabani Khumalo

Active Things Of The Earth

The active things of the earth are wonderful,
there is a man who gives us measurements to every corner of the planet.
Hallowed be his name for his hyper-rhetorical knowledge
For he knows every corner taken by the wind in its mysterious journey,
yet the definition of life, in its logical sense,
is the great desire to be ignorant and to keep on forgetting everything.

If you incline phenomenal reality to thought,
the thought will begin to exist in a physical cline and
bare the extending contrive of its scientific evolution,
that is how a man comes to agree with the realities;
when he has learned which ones are dangerous
through the daring adventures of his childhood -

but we were raised to be lazy and to lose the spirit of humanity,
so I am one of the dangerously put epic ways.
I know how to infringe on the right to physical safety,
I do so by lurking in the streets for absolute strangers.

The statutory conditional mandate to being alive -
history must die for history to be made,
yet because I am in a life driven by total ignorance,
I don't know when I am going to disseminate this beautiful poetic piece.
In spite of all the forgetting and the ensuing ignorance thereof,
I still remember when I will erase many existential realities
and lay foundation on a worldwide war,
before proceeding into a brand new order of the sacred Barmby.

I'm substantially a ghetto child in his truest sense,
and ghetto children don't get well until they see a person die by another's hand.
I know beyond any shadow of doubt that the
murder of a human soul might be active within my bones.

Thabani Khumalo

Africa

I look towards the east and against the sun -
tonight I swear I'll not sleep a blinking wink:
I'm enturbulated by the grade of the vast terrain,
it surges through my heart like the spear of love:
By night and day, I fully surrender my soul.
I dash upon the urban Cape and pieces of my soul (scattered)are salvaged
somewhere in the hinterlands of Angola
and the corner of Sinai - so troubling to behold.
Welcome to the ugly facade of my retarded way to love!

Africa is the truth beneath the sacred lie:
the Holy Bible and the cross upon the calvary of Jerusalem
For her zealous regard of the knowledge of life.
Africa is the dark side
that will never reflect the global light.
This they know so to be, attempts - otherwise -
are either vain or bent on total malice.

Africa is a sizable temple of doom
with a steeple from a tomb and a spire for the blind,
where grudges are harbored and revenge is executed.

In ways known to man and ways yet to be,
man's mind can't be measured by whatever tool -
as thus Africa shall survive to prove.
Man taught of the bible will again
read a book that teaches him scientific power
And then Africa will stand above
the ghastly form of her buried father.
Then, the law of God will come to a long awaited end
and there will follow every other rule of human law - and so will perish the liberty
to exalt God.

In very little time Africa will be mentally free
and she will feel the cheer of a mind that is free.
These words are not a classic for the ages
to linger in your praises through eternal life.
Remember that with the times...
Africa my Holy home.

Thabani Khumalo

African Girls

THE BILL THAT ENGENDERED THE EVIL DEALS;
MONEY MANUFACTURED BY THE HANDS OF SIN,
THE STAR THAT ROSE AND SPREAD THE LIGHT OF DOOM
HAS SWINDLED AGED LOVE FROM THE HEARTS OF THE YOUNG GIRLS.

BEAUTIFUL GIRLS THAT LAY WITH FRAUDULENT HEIRS:
SUDDENLY, THE HEIRS THAT EXALTED ALL PERVERSION,
THEY TEND NOT THE LOVE AS IN THE DAYS OF YORE -
THE SHARP EDGE RAISED UNTO MASCULINE'S LOINS.

THE GIRLS THAT LIVE ACROSS THE TEXAS GROUNDS
MAKE LOVE WITH CLEAR INTENTIONS AND ALL - THEY GIVE IT FREE,
TO THE MEN THAT ARE STILL AS THE RIVER BED FLOW
FOR THEY DISCERN NOT OF THIS - THE RETAILED LOVE,

THE SLAVING KINGS OF THE AFRICAN DEIGN,
THEY PLAN AND FLOUNDER AND THEIR TEETH THEY GRIND
OF PORTENDS' SYNTHETICS AND LIES, TO-DATE PREVAILED;
AND ALL OF THESE THINGS ARE FROM A WHITE MAN'S GUN.

Thabani Khumalo

Age

How ugly the beauty of life is: There is a plant with short roots in the muddy soil, it has petals, the stem and the poisonous leaves. No man ever gets to eat a flower. So where is the wonder of working a flower garden?

But to remain in the dark and to meditate only about his soul; to stay in dark places and search in it for his mental peace; to wake up and reason about his remote origins; to open his eyes; to stop dreaming and to see reality for what it is - to not choose to chase after a dream; to know that a dream can not be really lived; to get a total scope of elucidation and to simply develop into maturity, this is surely how a man gets to come of age.

I can not be unsatisfied by a want; to remain awake through the night and be giddious drowsy by day; to seek to acquire a lot more than the labor that I put forth; to attach myself to the attention that comes with the illusion of material possession, instead - I want only what I need for the good of a good life.

A good life is getting the best deserving for a soul - And who knows what it is except for the purity of the spirit inside a nourishing soul? When I was a boy and was deluded by the words of the adults, I lost a lot of human and living value in understanding, as I was constantly advised to seek after the counsel of men who had an unwavering will to chase after a life of dreams. Of my own seeking, I have come up with what I've noted as being wisdom [that], to only want what you need is how a man gets to come of age.

Thabani Khumalo

Aids: The Prayer Of One With

'Cause o' making loving love without no glove,
my friends are gone I'm left alone.

To meditate I cry and hate,
I did it once I'm thinking twice,
I did it once without no glove,
I'll regret that until I die.
I should have loved you...
I should have loved you just my dove.

I fornicated in that location
with chicks so small they size their boobs,
they painted blue my blood with devours,
they're cutting through like burning wires.
I feel the pain - the aching pain,
crawling up my brains - I'm thinking:
I did it once without no glove,
I'll regret that until I die.
I should have loved you...
I should have loved you just my dove.

Sour days like shower rains,
they never on me - they pour.
By day I lug, at night I sob.
Where are you at my lord to take
my soul above and rest for sure?
I did it once I'm thinking twice,
I did it once without no glove,
I'll regret that until I die.
I should have loved you...
I should have loved you just my dove.

Alter girl at dying days -
I won't enjoy with pittler bare,
I'll condomize to my demise.
I did once I'm thinking twice -
I did it once without no glove,
I'll regret that until I die.
I should have loved you...
I should have loved you just my dove.

Thabani Khumalo

All My Children

There are people who make
a bumper harvest out of human slavery.
If you are an employer,
never take for granted the services of our people.
Pay them well and put their minds at ease
and let them enjoy of the ripe fruit of the wild lands.
All those are my children and they need to be saved,
I will put them in Barmbyan
where they will enjoy a life of living in pure and complete decency.

Thabani Khumalo

Apples Form Trees

SEE HOW FAR THE APPLES FALL,
ROTTEN ALL FROM TALLEST TREE -
FARTHER BY THE SEASON FROM THE TREE THAT GROWS.

THE OLDEST TREE HAS DROPPED THE MOST.
THE GROUND BELOW HAS HAS HYMNS OF FLIES
AND WHEN IT DIES UNILATERALLY, THE TREES IT BREAKS

AND SPLINTERS SHARP - SO FAR IT THROWS.
O HOW TRUE THE SAYING GOES,
'THE LAST RESIDUE SHALL BURN IN HELL.'

Thabani Khumalo

As The Opposition To Life

I was raised on extreme labor like a slave,
I was trained to skimp even when it wasn't warranted for,
I broke every whole and reserved part of it for the mysterious morrow;
thus I threw my bread loaf into a salted cistern.

Out of the hard labor that I put forth out in the sun,
I happened to see the complete plight of direst need
befall to diminish the gamut of life's important desire -
People are parched with thirst and ravished with drought,
yet the same people drown and the same people die.
It is true that war is waged from places we can't handily access:
inside the electric fence in the deep jungle
and we still die from a virus or thing we don't know;
from death in its most essentially fierce nature -
from death as the strong opposition to life.

When are our people going to wake up
and give thought to their own bodies?
When are they going to gather together
as a team that works for guaranteed gain than individual losses?
As the questions continue to bewilder my soul at the core,
my heart is indeed continuously very sore.

Thabani Khumalo

At A Glance

At one quick glance,

I see more than I can describe in an hour,

in a day, or in an eternity of days.

There's plenty to see. There's often too little time to introvert but seldom I forget to look at myself.

I consider the posture of my body when I sit, I consider my physical appearance and the expression of my poise, the clarity of my face and the pointed tip of my nose, the artistic manner of motion and the pace of my stride, my glance at beauty and the galloping race of my sweet heart, the austere stare of my eye and the ensuing contrasting blush and smile, the elegance of my presence and the volume of my build.

I look thoroughly again and then I wonder, "where are all these fair qualities coming from?" All these virtues emanate from a woman I call my mother, she's a beautiful creature and she has to know it.

I swear by the scripture and the verse of every chapter - I swear by the Gods and the Devils and my father (to whom I render high devotion)- I swear by the sun and the moon and the stars that illuminate the darkness - I swear by the thunder and the lightning and the rain - I swear by the sky and the sea and the land (upon which I stand.)I know I was morally standardized from the day I was born but I had to recourse to the other way, because I didn't want to be exactly what my brothers were -
the black sheep!

Thabani Khumalo

At Some Point

I have given up on the competition to paradise.
At some point when we were young and drowsy,
we were marching in the light of God;
we were marching all the way to Mount Zion in Jerusalem.
We broke a sweat, in the sun, dancing behind Pinky gorilla -
who was dancing from a moving car trailer -
and we wished for heavens to descend flat
upon the ground with the hallowed beautiful Christ;
the crucified idol on some mountain at Golgotha,
we wished to see the king of paradise in the flesh,
and in truth, and with naked eyes walk upon the earth.
So on we strove and prayed with tears in our eyes
but Jesus had remained consistently the same -
a dead preacher hanging on an upright post.

I only turned around when I remembered,
when I remembered how far I had gone
out of comfort of a place called home -
in the despised glorious Babylon of yore,
(where we defied the ordinances of the Abrahamic God)
which is now marred with evil suspicions -
in a vain quest of appeasing a foreign god of Israel.

Farewell Yaweh and all thy ordinances for good;
the name of god to whom I will never,
but never again confide my dearest truths;
the weakling secrets of my sacred heart.
I am going to return to Babylon like a flower
and all our ears shall dare condone my former rebellion.
I will be transplanted again in the garden of beautiful lights.

Thabani Khumalo

Back To The Flesh

During my absence,
I was out in the wilderness,
I was biding to be the king that none of our former kings ever were,
I learned the cold ugly truth that made every lie too hot to handle.
In all,
I learned that ghosts cannot kill any man they cannot heal;
I learned to be calm and hearken to the words of everlasting silence,
I use those words to circumnavigate the other side - in the world.
There, I many worries of the people to whom we live by,
I lay them all out in writing using the ink of just a pen;
I do remarkable works
like the true son of a king would for all his loyal subjects;
I perform noble tasks that are impossible to multitudes of clever men,
I assess them all - for each worry - to have a fundamental answer.
These are the worries I use - in my everyday practice -
to bring fuller joy back to the glory of the living flesh.
I am indeed a man of goodwill.

Thabani Khumalo

Bah-Bah Black Sheep

Bah-bah black sheep, bah my black ewe bah.
Wait until I become the size of my father
and I shall build for you an ornamental kraal;
a golden kraal of many stalls in the open field
where you shall lay your head upon an immaculately clean pillow -
a pillow stuffed with light feathers of broiler chicks.
You will sleep on it until you wake up
from the early morning sound of the crow.

Bah-bah black sheep, bah my black ewe bah.
I shall laden your soul of your burden within the gilded stall,
crafted beautifully by my skillful fingers,
where my best artillery is a breathing idol of yours -
bah-bah black sheep, bah my black ewe bah,
and the best art piece is the spirit I design for you.

Bah-bah black sheep, bah my black ewe bah.
I will satisfy your hunger of many years
by inducing you to graze in the greener paddocks of the higher light,
that when the black bird loudly crows again,
you'd have been nourished out of the blue of the darkest night
and having chewed the cud of the leanest straw
for I am to you the only good shepherd.

Thabani Khumalo

Barmbyan Bhoza

To you:
the ignorant person in the future.
Tman Kiry here,
you can call me the Barmbyan Bhoza.

Yesterday, I was walking in the street
and I bumped onto a Pantsula guy.
A pantsula guy 'll be working on their wincing?
I don't know what they call it.
Do they call it the buoyant?
Pantsula guys are not cool.

Pantsula guys enjoy going to prison
and the only time a guy is going to enjoy going to prison
is when a guy has become gay.
There are only gay people there,
even the prison warders themselves are men.
So why would you want to enjoy being in lock up with just guys?
And how many would they be... a thousand guys? And what are you going to
see? ... booty here and booty there,
chest here chest there.
Abs?

No matter how beautiful abs can be,
if they belong to a guy I don't want to touch them.
Ass?
Come on! Why would I want to talk about a guy's ass?

Pantsulas are not cool.
Pantsulas are not in the top of the hierarchy
and nobody sane wants to roll with them.
Tman Kiry. I'm out.

Thabani Khumalo

Be Prudent

BE PRUDENT O MY SPIRIT,
SEEKING, AT ALL TIMES,
THE FACE OF GOD.

BE PRUDENT O MY HEART,
ASKING, AT ALL TIMES,
FROM THE ABUNDANCE OF GOD.

DO YOU SLEEP O MY SOUL,
IN INVOCATION AT ALL TIMES
TO GOD WHO IS OMNIPOTENT.

THINK CONSTANTLY ABOUT PARADISE;
A HOME OF EXTRAVAGANT GLORY,
TOO MANY TO COUNT ARE PRECIOUS THINGS THERE,
IT'S NEVER BEEN SEEN,
IT SURPASSES ALL THINKING,
EVERYTHING IS GOOD THERE -
WHERE GOD RESIDES.

BE PRUDENT O MY HEART,
ASKING, AT ALL TIMES
BECAUSE, ABOVE ALL DOUBT,
GOD LIVES.

Thabani Khumalo

Be Wise!

OPEN YOUR EYES WIDE
FOR THE LIGHT HAS BEEN PLACED IN THE FORE
TO ELUCIDATE YOUR WAY TO ANY
DARK DESTINATION YOU MAY SO DESIRE TO TAKE.

THE GHETTO IS TOO CROWDED
FOR RETAINING OF ANY COMPOSURE.
SEE! YOU CAN'T REMEMBER THE LAST THOUGHT
IN WHICH YOU WERE REALLY DEEP
TO UTILIZE IT GOING FORTH.

SO HOW CAN YOU
CLEAR YOUR MINDS OF ALL THE GHETTO'S
DISCOMPOSURE AND BEGIN TO THINK DEEP?
THAT ALONE IS SOMETHING ABOUT WISDOM.

Thabani Khumalo

Beautiful Death

WHEN IT ALL FAILS.

POISONOUS PALLETS AND POWDERS HAD FAILED,
PRAYERS WERE AS VAIN AS WISHES WERE DEAD,

I WAS FOUND ON A PROTRUDING TREE BRANCH
WITH A FASTENED NOOSE AROUND MY NECK.

I SAT ON THE TREE UNTIL THE VERY LAST SECOND OF MY SET DEADLINE

AND THEN I LET GO BECAUSE I DID'NT WANT TO SEE THE SUN
RISE TO THE FULLNESS OF ANOTHER INGLORIOUS DAY.

I WAS DYING TO THE WITNESS OF NATURE AND BREEZE

BUT THEN AGAIN, JUST LIKE IT HAD HAPPENED BEFORE,
THE ROPE BROKE AND I CRASH-LANDED.

ONE DAY - I ALMOST HAD A BEAUTIFUL DEATH ONE DAY.

I HAD HAD IT WITH RUNNING AND I WANTED TO REST FROM MY MISERY,
STILL I STAND, YET AGAIN. YES. STILL I STAND

I HAVE HAD IT WITH ANSWERS BEING MY NAGGING PROBLEMS

WHICH IS WHAT HAVE KEPT ME SLAVING FOREVER

AND I HAVE UNDERSTOOD THAT THOSE WHO DON'T HAVE ANSWERS
CONTRIBUTE TO THE PROBLEM AND A PROBLEM SO LARGE.

SO LONG THERE IS WORK, THERE IS A PROBLEM TOO

AND I AM NOT PROTECTED FROM THIS HARMFUL WISDOM. IT IS TRUE
THAT I ALMOST HAD A BEAUTIFUL DEATH ONE DAY.

TWO SUICIDES IN A SHORT SPACE OF TIME ARE NOT EASY

BUT I HAD IT AS MY RECOURSE BECAUSE I HAVE SEEN
THE CAUSE OF EVERY PROBLEM UNDER HEAVEN,

IT IS THE MOST UNTHINKABLE AND THE UN-REPROACHABLE DUE TO
BLINDNESS.

I REMAIN WITH SCARS FROM THOUGHT, I RETAIN A SPIRIT OF A CELESTIAL
MAGNITUDE.

NOTHING PROTECTS ME FROM THE PAIN OF THIS WISDOM. IT IS TRUE
THAT I ALMOST HAD A BEAUTIFUL DEATH ONE DAY.

Beautiful Inheritance

My people are grievously failing to enjoy themselves in the freedom of Barmby,
because of whatever trend is happening in the U.S.A.
They wake each and every time from their sleeping sleep -
mourning miserably like cats in the breezy midnight hour
and dead-bored because they are African children.
They richly nourish a deep feeling -
that being on this side of the planet
makes them feel far from the comfort of a proud home.
each every day, they lose an even enormous piece of their banking minds -
looking at the motion pictures from the past.

Now, my father was a king over a country,
when he died, he left their inheritance under my care.
I am the one who knows how to deal it out perfectly fair,
so as their king I will fight for their physical rights against the television -
because they all need to face towards the future,
their beautiful inheritance is their future.

Thabani Khumalo

Beautiful Me

Teach us how to play gently with other children in the dust
For this we ought to learn or it will dawn bewitching each other.
Beware! The time has drawn really near.

I am the African continent: a marvel to the least of detail.
To fall for me is totally risky but clever women adore only the god of overseas.

My body changes structure to fracture every woman's heart.
I hearken to the devil's words and he says I am an innocent angel.

I am a beautiful design - I see my feature in the mirror.
I compare with the stars of the galaxy; I'm like a handsome baby.

I put on a smile of the millennium
and break every dear lover's affair.

I am a Christian of the bible,
The guy who, by the hand, decimated counties.

I am a secret lover like the god of the sky;
I am every girl's beautiful dream.

I am a holy mother's baby -
I am indeed a kingdom child.

Thabani Khumalo

Beautiful Me.

Teach us how to play gently with other children in the dust
for this we ought to fully learn or it will dawn while we bewitch each other.
I am the universal dream; I am the African continent;
a marvel to the least of even the intricate detail.
To fall for me is totally risky but
clever women have learned to adore only the God from overseas.

My body changes structure
to fracture every woman's heart.
i hearken to the devil's words
and he says that I'm an innocent Angel.
I'm a beautiful creature,
even simple mirror magnifies my ravishing feature.

I compare with the stars of the galaxy,
I'm exactly like a handsome baby.
I put on a smile of the millennium
and break every dear lover's affair.
I am a Christian of the bible;
the guy who (by his hand)decimated the Earth.
I am a secret lover with a halo above my head,
I'm intrinsically every girl's beautiful dream.
I am a holy mother's baby -
I am an unapologetic kingdom child.

Thabani Khumalo

Beautiful Pain

Twinkle twinkle little star
Come right down and shine your light
I reminisce now bygone days
And bygone days were all awful days.

Twinkle twinkle little star
Come right down and light my life
When we schooled we're trained as dogs
And pedigree was on tutors' guides.

Shine that light before it's too long
Against the times, the tick tock hands
That once we're young and then too old
Life wastes out like the winter's rain.

How dead were they in their hearts of stone
With stormy brains and their meanest thoughts
That they picked me out for the crucifixion?
O what a life to taunt and waste.

We're taught to pray and yell at the clouds
And homeboys now are young and mad
From prison breaks, many boys have died
But many boys now are mad-house-incurred.

The laws of of life that the elders gave
Us back then were to break their laws
So as outlaws now, we're good for jail
And the lame 'yes men' given ride to the top.

Wrinkle wrinkle little scar
How deep your wound is really gonna go?
Through every gulp that my lung breathes
Everyday i live is tour of hell.

Still this i keep cuz this i love
The pain that gives me things to say
And i speak right words to heart of god
And he sees how short is his respite time.

Thabani Khumalo

Before I Die

Before I die,
I'm keen on reaching only the imagined levels of freedom and ability -
I want to excel way above a mere mortal being;
I'll reach a higher state of existence than
has ever postulated any human thought.

I am going to get to that state on this planet while I still breath:
I will conquer stupendous ridges, stuck flows and vias
that don't even overt a trifle in my behavior.
By virtue of my brain,
my word shall be considered again and again upon the land.

I will be able to naturally see all my problems
as they are insidiously based at their source
and I will, on some day, be amiably calm and adorably insouciant.
My biggest gains will be observed here on this planet,
I will isolate the self-restrictions I've been trained to place on my abilities
and totally take control over all of them,
I will stop beating myself up because
I want to reserve respect for myself as a spirit. I will be recreated to naturally
feel strong against any sickness -
I want my senses to be bright and my behavior to be pure.

Thabani Khumalo

Before They Come For My Life, Again

Before they try come for my life again,
I believe this time, for the very last time,
I will write a classic poem regarding the time;
before they solicit me into selling my soul for mere fables -
for the third time or counting even farther -
and their deep vocabulary in English;
and their girls who are always busy upholding some uniform ecclesiastics law.

There is no time for a truly meaningful story to share,
there the beautiful women think that I'm ogreciously cold or just facially ugly
because I count too deep and not miss my mother at home -
but on my own, I know I don't have a home
and I don't know where my mother is,
thus I don't miss anything concerning home.
Who would miss a void of absolute emptiness?
At the most, it should not be me.

Even though their different hearts are not mine,
I know it by heart, beyond all doubt, that
all of their conclusions are a dark mystery to us all -
insomuch that, even the thoughts of an infant are bigger than us.
Only that is a mystery but their physical moves,
and I know that all forms of ethical happiness
can actually be infringed by a mere physical move.

I think there is no functional regulation above us;
two different genders getting erotically physical with the other.
There is no one absolute mind to direct every generating thought,
whether in the heavens above or the hells below,
yet I am he, the creator and the manifester of being.

Thabani Khumalo

Behold The Passerby

As a beautiful baby begins to crawl
and there is an ecstatically complete cheer in the elucidated living room -
a jubilation in the air of the standard home house
of a quiet suburb in the chaotic neighborhood in the ghetto,
behold a passerby is tested with the only ultimate truth
and I am an innocent bystander startled by the trait of their rage:
three men emerge from under a dark shade
of an umbrella shaped tree, outside a 3-series beamer,
armed with pistols and very ugly faces.
They wave, they boast and blaspheme fouls into the crepuscule air,
they swam the air and cause a bad heat to the nature of dusk -
behold the passerby: he grabs one by the collar, he punches hard on his nose,
he super kicks the throat of the other -
and sends him flying back onto the driver's seat,
he continues to pump loads on the former,
he beats him flat to the ground and confiscates his gun,
he sends the third bimbo to quickly run into the house
to fetch the stolen money within a minute;
he does so by ordering him around with a harsh voice and pointing a finger,
he says he shouldn't take long to locate it
or his friend will die immediately after,
he begins to attack the guy on the driver's seat -
they are beefing about the keys to the 3-series beamer,
he beats him sick and tosses him out of the car,
he gets the keys and slides them into the same pocket
where he pulls out a funny looking military pocket knife,
he stabs him six times on the back
and snatches the bag from the third bimbo as he greets back,
he knocks him very hard with the hilt of the knife
and stabs him on the glutes through the trousers.
He gets into the car and gets the engine to run,
behold the passerby - he drives away into the busy road on a big stolen engine.

Thabani Khumalo

Best In The World

That is why I am into a particular size of beautiful women,
I don't just collect sordid things and gather them into my good way -
one might bark at me when I hate it for a lady to roar out her whims.
I seem to be into girls who don't care about any myths of absolute divinity;
fate, for them, shall learn to take a really good path of destiny,
if they can only take good care of themselves on the physical individual urge:
they want to enjoy the best of this day - before the sunset - today.
I am there growing from within different individuals like a parasite.

I am sitting in the cuddle of a marvelous scene:
I am holding a gorgeous lady and a beautiful girl at the skinny waist.
Do you know how exhilarating soft that obscene picture is
and how much I love to conjure that kind of a peculiar obscene?
Technically, I cause women to resurge into their happiness of innate truism;
an intuition gathered by looking at the reflecting figure in the opposite mirror
and noticing every change the body routes in after every good sleep.
I do all these things for beautiful girls alone,
to simply be the best man ever seen,
evidently alive in the whole world.

I am Tman kiry... of LOB.

Thabani Khumalo

Born In 1985

Born in 1985 like I,
They told me that it meant civilization, me working for them.
So they stripped me of the hide my fathers had put me to don
I worked long and I worked hard before they put in my tired hand
A coin from steel and a note from paper; which was my pay.

Born in 1985 like I,
They told me that it meant success, me procuring land from them.
Another long time elapsed and again I was paid in the same pattern
Such that they sold me land and I bothered not ask where they had got it
And from my pay I paid them for every second its deed was in my name.

Born in 1985 like I,
I build a family of beautiful children who grew up to run after the same success
as I
And so they worked for the other children born in same year as they had
Procuring and renting without asking why they should until I realized that there
was a price to pay.
The ignorant suffer with everlasting slavery and the wise suffer with slavery and
pain - eternally.

Born in 1985 like I,
I found them in every avenue of my life that I ran away from them to them,
They made me decry them exalting them; by them I forgot them,
And I hated them looking to love them,
I blasphemed them while worshiping them and they became my god for a while
Until he became my God - permanently, yet, born in 1985 like I.

Thabani Khumalo

Bornless One

I am He! the Spirit!
having sight in the feet:
Strong, and the Immortal Fire!
I am He! the Truth!
I am He! Who hates that evil should be wrought
in the World!
I am He, that lights and thunders.
I am He, from Whom is the Shower of the Life
of Earth:
I am He, Whose mouth ever flames:
I am He, the Begetter and Manifester unto the
Light.
I will teach not to worry:

I am He; the Grace of the World,
therefore, come to me all you my beloved legions
for I can feel the love beginning to blow between the breeze,
if you should agree to be my children
I shall stand as your loving father for all time.
I will fight bloody in the fire to ensure that you don an unbreakable smile:
I am he, the caring omnipotent spirit of your childhood dreams:
I am he, the monumental Barmby wrought out of black metal,
'The Heart Girt with a Serpent' is My Name!

Thabani Khumalo

By My Hand

By my hand I want to win.
Once I lost everything:
I lost a girl who had a rate;
I lost a Mistress - a Queen;
I lost a Lady, and ladies are hard to come by

But in life I want everything and an unthinkable most. A queen was not enough, even though I had everything in a queen. It was time to go, not a time to marry. To go and find the thing that I mostly love. I know I scab for it to give me the slickering shine. At the very most in life, I love invigorated fame.

I want to be famous in the category of Jesus the saint; to have many people under my care and exercise my power over their minds, cleanse their brains to open for the new and the brighter light; to spread elucidation onto their darkest night; to spring a clear thought into a brighter sight, and bring the power of God straight to the peasant man.

I want to be known as the one who knows everything, and one who teaches it to the listening mass, which is why I want the biggest platform the universe has. Human race is in danger of extinction and if there is any good in the evolution into eternal life, then one good man has to stand and teach only the truth.

The answer is in the minds of the people reading from their universe: man becoming a colleague of his supposed maker; man rising into being his own creator, for the very least to become like the holy almighty god. I want to preach the gospel of righteousness that, Self love and wanting the best for yourself is the beginning of righteousness.

I want to make a promise to build a house with many mansions in it for my like companion, to allow cenergy of the truth into the life of the world and leave the greedy to profess a library of stupidly crafted lies. I want powerful fame because by my hand, I want to heal.

Thabani Khumalo

Cat Like

Hey brother, I know you figure yourself to know really well.
I know you have seen me grow and you have no question
in your mind you've always been there.

There were moments in the day...
There were moments when you felt energetic and you momentarily played;
Paying all that tribute to your sugar rushes;
Moments of cheerful glory with the allure of friendship - deception.
I was there all alone trying to reach the hidden figures of the wretched nature
And I had tears in my eyes crying about the things I didn't know.
I was a child trying to reason around death and life,
I travelled too long and too far in the seconds of your absence
To listen to voices that were inclined to silence forever
And they kept repeating to me that I should be still and listen to the silence.
I came back branded with a sheer understanding and drained, feeling slackly and
hungry.
I came back a brand new child each time I travelled.

It has happened now that I have grown up and I don't feel so good about myself
-

The things you don't know about me; I have mentally evolved like a cat
And I feel alive in the dark and when face the wild
To dominate over it and form the new face of fear.
Your goals are not mine and neither is your success.
I have lost a soft spot for everything and my emotions have transmuted.
I have become a dreaded monster that prowls and roars in the night.
I have dreams by days and missions by night.
I have developed hatred for domestication and become fond of the wilderness.

Thabani Khumalo

Caution!

Don't be atheist!
God is alive somewhere
Somewhere in places we don't know,
That is a mystery meant for somebody.

God is just like you and me,
He's kinky-haired and dark of skin.
But the spirit of the sinister;
The teacher in the Dark Age,

Says God is like the garden man,
Says Jesus died and rose again
And rose to live forever.
All those are lies from sin itself.

Thabani Khumalo

Centipede

Deeper into the little cells of my slim-built body,
there are glands that synthesize a deadly centipede's venom.

People are scared of my many monstrous legs -
the legs that make me run like a bullet train...
like a bullet through the barrel of a fired gun
that makes people want to quickly run from my aimless track;
they run from me for the fear of their dear lives.

I strike by the sting like my cousin, the scorpion,
I am also like my father of the flesh and scale -
the serpent that will swallow its prey whole
and gusto in the demise of its enemy in its belly.
One who provokes my wrath is a foolish man,
I will command many demons to ensure it to him
that I am indeed the devil incarnate in the night:
the centipede that crawls on the ground
in a verge of killing a fully grown man;
the supposed object of God's favorite creation.

Thabani Khumalo

Cigarettes

Selling cigarettes was like acts of random craziness,
there was a lot of competition with no calculation -
may the gods pray to the devils about our fear of evil,
so that we may be laden of the dreadful sorrows of the burdening past

Thabani Khumalo

Cinderella

I picked thy shoe
At the castle gateway of my kingdom
And thus I figured that thou once were
But a princess by a sorceress' deed,
That once were thou the fairest by the
Doing of the fairyland magic's tide
So I have come all this way to give it back
To its owner by right with a quest overwritten it
For thee o Cinderella to dot my name
In thy book of good graces now and forever-more.
Be my queen and let us take the road less taken
And make me run like a bleeding nose.
Beside the cinders that thy soul layeth,
Upon the floor that's unclean with ashes
I have laid me down next to thee

Thabani Khumalo

Cinema Of Dreams

Cinema of dreams
That showed motion images;
Pictures of a guy with dreams,
Dreaming about planting a garden –
A garden of free food, forever free for all.

But I, alone was sitting there
For all had gone to hear the men;
The men of power reading them the speeches
About how bread would be subsidized.
O how gullible my children be!

Thabani Khumalo

Circuits

I'm shaken steeply in my sleep and I see passing pictures of people ailing to death.

I wake up oft after a very difficult night's dream from which I feel attenuated and weary,

it always feels as if I've had a busy night - but not within the access of my awareness.

Do I call it a nightmare or a message from my sleep?

I don't know even a trifle about a single little thing of life.

What do I say I am - or who should I say I am?

A stranger's ambulance just about my presence,
he inquires of who I am and I quite tell a blatant lie.

But if one asks one a true question, who does one say he is?

Ignorance has driven me insane for I stand alone in a room, yet I keep the veneer on and sabotage myself by telling me a circular set of lies.

Where is the sanity of one telling one a lie?

I travel with many demons that darken all my ways,

I obey all their voices and they command my life into oblivion.

The one thing I'm able to do on myself and feel injected with indomitable pride; I seek it out one and find out none.

What is the value of a life lived in a persistent lie?

Everything is proving out to be a lie.

I know not the truth of self for I ask myself a true question and I can't tell the least of who I am.

Only life is true and death is a lie, but all my life I've only been in manual contact with an infinite amount of demise.

I have only death to evaluate against all that I've learned.

Who is to account for my life except again for me? Until when am I to keep colliding with death? Where was life at the beginning of my days? These are the questions that make loud circuits in my head.

I hear mourning voices wailing in my head.

In my head I have many stagnant functions and I can't skim off or conduit the dams of emotional accumulation.

I scope it vastly and listen out for every phrase, still I feel as if I cannot at all heal.

I don't sit around in a despondent fashion and create a trend out of utter sloth,
I don't rise in anger and partake in violent rallies, I refuse to partake in functions

of apathy and pointing fingers away in bitter blame.
It is very dark when I look anywhere else around the world, but the idling bus of death is the only shining light I have in my way.
I soon have to travel this route to wherever it may lead.
There I know I will collide with the basic reality of this way and not anymore will I oblige to live a lie.
Life one day went by and only death managed to linger:
Death is the only thing I know myself to truly own.

I look curiously into the words I have learned to use since childhood.
A fuller part of the languages are given in numbers which reduce the echelons of understanding any thought;
The numbers give size to the statements taught.
The reason they put mathematics out to be a difficult subject is that, man has to conceive mathematics as an ordeal justifiable to avoid. That is how they sell one of their best commodities: disinterest.
Numbers are a manual language to touch and to taste,
knowing a number through the two senses complete the meaning of the whole language given for speech.
This is another truth any man might glance and pronounce as hog wash.

Thabani Khumalo

Codes Of Law

MY GHOST ERECTED ABOVE THE MOTHERLY PLATTER,
WITH MY SHADOW CAST TO THE WAYSIDE SO I'D SEE,
AND EXAMINED THROUGH FOR SIGNS OF EXISTENCE THEREIN
UNDER THE SHADE OF AN AFRICAN FIRMAMENT; BLUE,
BUT STUMBLED UPON NO SIGNS OF TANGIBLE SYLLABLES.

ARMIES OF STRONG MEN LAY BETWIXT THE GRADIENT WALLS OF THE ROCKY
VALLEY;
MULTITUDES OF SOLDIERS AS DEAD BONES,
SHAMBLED IN HEAPS UPON EACH OTHER -
THE BONES THAT WERE VERY OLD, AND BONES VERY DRY,
MUCH TO MY COUNTENANCE'S DESPAIR AND MY TEARDROP'S SHED
FOR THE EYES OF THE VALLEY WERE TIGHT SHUT AND GLUM.

SUDDENLY, I WAS QUICKENED AND MY VISION LACID BROADER
TO SEE THE RACE OF MAN, THEY WERE INDEED SUFFERING
YET MY VOICE WAS TRULY FAINT TO SHOUT OUT THE LOUDEST DECRY
TO PLEAD UPON THEIR SOULS TO WAKE AGAIN AND LIVE
FOR THEY WERE BURIED LOW AND WERE FETTERED WITH THE FOSSILS BELOW.

THE DEVIL IS ALIVE IN THE PALE SKIN'S LAW
AND IS THRIVING ON HIS VERGE: THE RACE OF MAN TO BLOW
FOR THE SEAT OF HIS FATHER TO BE APPRAISED ABOVE OUR REIGNS'.
'OPEN UP YOUR EYES! ' SAYS THE PROPHET IN THE ODD
FOR IF YOU REALLY DO AND YOUR SPIRITS WILL INDEED BE FREE.

Thabani Khumalo

Complex

HAVING SPOKEN ALL KINDS OF DIALECT,
MY VOCABULARY HAS BECOME AN INTER TRIBAL DICTION;
VASTLY EXPANDED AND PROFOUND,
CHARACTERISTICALLY ENTERPRISING AND
MARVELOUS TO LISTEN TO
AND MY DECEITFUL PERSONALTY ENGENDERS
THE MISCONSTRUCTION OF MY HUMBLE BACK GROUND
AND MY SPEECH CONTRADICTS MY APPEARANCE.

HAVING BEEN THROUGH SPENDING A DAY
ON A PLATE OF LEMONADE PORRIDGE AND RETIRING
ON AN EMPTY BELLY, WEARING RUBBER SHOES AND
RUNNING ON BARE FEET TO A RURAL SCHOOL,
I AM CONFUSED BY THE FACT THAT I PRAYED
AND FASTED FOR DEATH AND IT DID NOT COME.
DEATH SEEMS TO BE THE ONLY WAY OUT
BUT THE HIGHER POWER THINKS OTHERWISE.
THIS PROCRASTINATION KILLS THE ZEAL OF MY PRAYER.

HISTORY OF THE PAST EVENTS IS LIKE AN
INEXTINGUISHABLE ARSON THAT GUTTERS
A MAN'S ASSETS ONLY ONE AFTER THE OTHER.
IT IS LIKE A TERRIBLE SONG THAT KEEPS RECURRING
IN THE MIND, LONG AFTER IT HAS BEEN SWITCHED OFF.
EVEN THOUGH I MIGHT SAY THAT THE EVENTS
OF THE PAST DO NOT MATTER NOW,
IN MY HEART THEY GROW STRONGER
BY THE PASSING OF A GENERATION.

LIFE UNUSED IS A LIFE UNVEILED.
LIFE OT REMAINS NEW FOREVER;
THE DESIRES OF CHILDHOOD GROW WITH ME INTO ADULT HOOD.
THE REASON WHY YOU WOULD FIND AN ADULT
WITH A COMPLEX AND CHILDISH CHARACTER
IS BECAUSE OF THE SAME ISSUE.

Thabani Khumalo

Continue Without

We have lived part of our lives in deep sorrow;
It surges a sharp pain in the brain whenever we get to concentrate,
so we learn to forget about the past and our considerations -
yet it is where we have our full memory logged.
We rather give up on calculation and continue without the past memories of
simmering pain,
but we still continue accumulating more from the division of human labor.

I have never seen such a deep cut being rendered by the Lord,
this is all the work of dirty human hands -
because the Lord is the majestic incarnation of the King.
This is the notorious work of a devil -
and devils are human beings who think in the worst of the baddest ways:
I saw a teacher in a government school,
who had poisonous methods of trying to raise a mind -
the training was prepared overseas and programed into the packs of a carrier
and the ugly teacher learned it directly from the colleges' tomes.
Once a teacher beat me straight in the heart to tear and bleed,
he beat me almost blind with tears of shame,
in a class packed with the most beautiful girls
and the girls who were designed with an appealing figure -
at the glorious advent of sweet puberty -
at the flashing height of a promising adolescence.

The Almighty is also a glory-obsessed human being -
he happens in a different measure of time space and fashion -
he says I belong with the fools, I say he is old and savaged.
If it is a matter of argument that God is a dangerous human,
why then did he fail to answer any of my cheerful prayers?
The Messiah left us cold under the mad policies of violent people.
How long should we continue crying for supplication?

I see all these things because I am he,
the only Child that was raised holy in a sinful world,
but I will have to live with the acrid grief alone;
to just carry on and act as if the beautiful girls did not matter.
Beautiful always matter,
whether in heaven or hell, they do matter.
I will have to live the remainder of my life

in the pain of the grievous loss in a long and shrinking hollow;

my African children are still held apart by an electric shock,
and they run in lines everyday like industrial machines;
their speech does not evolve with advancing times,
but it degenerates by the birth of a new generation,
their children forget a lot of meaningful words.

They continue to lose the sense nature by forgetting what it is.

I look at them and my tears shed spontaneously. Set my people free and I shall
lead them to Barmby,
at the home of everlasting people.

I will live with them in the Castle of Lights,
where women are ladies and children are fabulous.

Thabani Khumalo

Curiosity

Where is the poet?

For there is an imperial conspiracy against him

That he may sing out like the wind into the wings of the void air;

That he may sing and receive no attention and have not people retaining

Any of his wise counsel.

I can see the powers dragging the curious for execution,

Even though the curious had not yet questioned

The poet in curiosity but, they had heard just his hid-seeking shout.

The poet had unscrambled a riddle and had given an old answer

To a new question only he had asked: a folly and a wise saying

He had separated.

Give heed to the poetic lamentation and listen to him when he says,

“Stick by me o ghost of grandmother, for without you o Manda

I fear the shadows of the night

Thabani Khumalo

Curse: The Same...

The curse that exists on earth,
in respect of life as a living being -
the curse that hovers over the mind of the planet:
this by virtue of a number measured
against the book intelligence of the brain -
there is a curse that controls the spirit of the earth;
a curse that permits man to only want to read about God,
every person is stuck under the tight constriction of a repeat mode.
I say this because I can feel it blowing within the particles of the wind;
people aim to deliver pain every time they touch a partner -
people have deep hatred for the physical bodies of other people.
People stick to the physical routines of the painful past
and fail to understand the feeling of the present,
yet they yearn for this confusion to continue into eternal future.

If you really ought be saved indeed,
then hearken to my words of the only true wisdom, beautiful woman!
Do not expect me to perform the same pictured dreams of your past,
I am on a path of reformation and, in it,
there is a direst need to feel the present.
Move therefore and be one with me in the middle of tonight,
be friendly with me because I am the same -
as the one you were once around and whose body you felt -
as he... your God!

Thabani Khumalo

Dark Sense

I have a dark sense.

It is the sense of a sixth dimension,

it has the power to elucidate,

it often has the power to curse

And seldom it does possess the power to bless,

It retains on it the grudges and not forgiveness.

I have the sense of the gods and of God;

It is the one that reads into the deeply hid teary eye - One at the cold dark corner of the hearts -

One that sees the cruel ghost of the Almighty God - That corner that's never had light.

I am indeed a wizard, a demon or a ghost,

I have grown to incur a scary Devil with a tail and horns - and I am scarier even to the Lord Almighty God - Everywhere in my unseen soul.

I surge into the mighty valley of the dead; and I hear the sound of the flowing blood on its black particles of sand, there I erect a giant tower: a castle to the monsters blinding to sight

And it is the very monument in remembrance of Babylon...Where our fathers once resided as Spirit kings and the Gurus of science.

I have a sixth sense.

It senses the wrath of God and the love of the Evil. I surely am the leader of many legions and I will wipe the tears off your teary eye... And it'll since have clear vision heading forth, I will bless you from the cause of your darkest weep And forever you shall dare to always smile. You will repeatedly mention my name as one that you highly adore And you shall know that indeed, I am your healer. I'm the Holy Ghost.

Thabani Khumalo

Dear Santa

Dear Santa

Greetings... dear Santa!

I hope I find you in a lighter heart.

My name is Thabani Khumalo of the fallen Barmbyan dynasty,
I am writing to know if everything is in shipshape order.

There is debilitating chaos here around us,
only debilitating chaos and nothing more.

It is an ana-logical way of tooth and claw type of survival;
we either murder or be murdered as the hospital cherishes
a nourishing harvest of poorly sanctioned souls;
and we are still the objective product of the flourishing mortuary.

In this minute alone, as I write this letter to you,
they have made a bumper harvest -
reaping from the bodies, what they have sown through the doctors' medicine,
yet I have handsomely survived to this age.

I am sure you do remember exactly who I am,
you should vividly recall when you sled down through the fire flue
in my house, where I lay alone -
a little baby on a sleeping log, crafted by my father's majestic hands.
You took my personal gifts to shower your common children with stolen goods -
you were suited in a red coat of evil and
had a facial veneer with a nasty beard like a goblin;

you made me cry until the palace walls had crumbled down to a mound -
a mere plain like the desert highlands,
and everything was lost without recovery -
my heart is still supperated with boiling sores,
yet I know who you really are:
a shameless thief that's sustained by stealth.

Dear Santa: soon I'll be a little taller
and able to perfectly perform a cruel low blow;
I am soon about to don my dark coat with indomitable pride.
All the naughty-nice children must know that
I have been thoroughly violeted by their lovely Santa,
therefore I've become Santa's worst enemy.

He chose to have me as an enemy and
I will only yield if I am passively craven and phenomenally foolish.

In the very end of this tale about a sterling back and forth history,
I will swaggeredly walk towards the reddening sunset
from a story narrated as thus:

"Behold the North pole; what does it symbolize? Pallid incompetence
hanging in the snowy clouds.

I question all his moves on that flying sleigh.

As I work against the festering
and glorified facades of your haughtiest joyous holidays,
I write thereon in letters of blazing scorn:

Lo and behold; all this is fraud!

I gaze into the glassy eyes of your awesome Santa,
and pluck him by the ugly white beard;

I uplift a broad-african axe above head,
and split open his worm-eaten skull!

I assail him again for the gifts of his notorious children,
I blast out the ghastly contents of philosophically whited sepulchers
and laugh thereon with sardonic wrath! "

I am he, Thabani the king of Barmby.

Thabani Khumalo

Death

Death is a garden boy
And the millionaire, my father be.
He sends him out to plant his seed
And the garden boy starts a nursing bed.

He sends disease to prune the leaves
And top-dress leaves to see stems grow.
The weeds and grain both share the mud,
But quickly, he comes and pulls out the weeds.

The weeds are as bad as the pests they feed
But the grain he tends for my father's table.
The death that gives for the gardens' bloom,
It is he that comes and reaps in seasons' due.

Thabani Khumalo

Death*

An exhilarating experience;
A sudden drop towards a hard surface;
the tumble at the speed of light;
the dragging and colliding fall; the sudden rush from a goose bumping power,
Yet an excruciating slow depression.

Such is the feeling of death: it is the great anxiety for life. Nothing is without meaning, a soul fully occupied by death cannot treasure any of the faculties of life, because death is a lucid image with motion through out.

I have always felt the great anxiety for life. It was some kind of an insane adventure; a pride of fools - a heaven to the mad. I was always forced to love it and to always love the Christ. I hated my life and I loved death to the beat and to the pause. Above all the known and all the imagined, I loved the Christ above my soul and all the health.

When I was keen on religious deeds, I loved the lord and loved demise.

Thabani Khumalo

Decent Wage

Had I been a young man when my mother was a seeking girl -
had I been standing at a corner where
the youth converge to weigh up their compatibility issues -
had I seen her eyeing on me with a covertly possessive weight -
had I seen her radiate garishly above all the beautiful girls at the meeting there,
I'd have smuggled by the boys and hid my face from her inviting stare,
we'd obviously not be in a logical rapport except for the image given the eye.
At a notice of such, my father fled,
he ran too late, in vain, to find the least about himself
and he manfully flung off a daring scary height
of a protruding branch with a strong noose around his neck,
perhaps, if he clung-on another full hour,
he'd have begun to implode inside his royal head.

My body cannot recover from the difficult labors of a past life
and my head cannot find good room for my thoughts to be quiet and alone for
some reasonable amount of time.
I am, soon, about to commit felonies I never wished to commit with my bare
hands
because I have toiled through ten years, of my life everyday, against the burning
sun,
faraway in a foreign country, to get nothing but chauvinistic insults and darning
pain.
Grown men gather in my name to deprive me of a juvenile livelihood,
that I may be taunted with mockery
when I'm bereft of wheat bread from a small diesel truck,
they consent alone and decree that my flesh is not incumbent of a decent wage.

I have come to know this one thing beyond questionable doubt
and I've seen its truth in more than one physical practice:
that many people in the world feel happy to see me suffering,
and I'm not at all satisfied.

Thabani Khumalo

Deep Love For A Mother

It is funny
how I used to deeply love my mother.
It felt a certain way
right in the core of my guts,
it was something deep -
something inexplicable,
and we, as kids, where there -
in that degree of love.

Even when I had learned
that my father had died,
it didn't bother me at all
because mama was alive.

For a very-very long time in life -
that is if you are going to consider life in the amount of time
you'd discover that,
out of the number of years that I've existed -
there are more years into that kind of a thinking:
a deep love for a mother.
It was deep.

I couldn't stand the idea of...
just thinking, alone, about... losing my mother.

Even as a little boy, I'd prefer,
'should the need be, ' to die in my mother's place -
so that I die first -
because I didn't want to see my mother die.

That is how deep life can sometimes be,
it is beyond the fathom of a human brain.

But then things change...

Thabani Khumalo

Demon In The Flesh

I am scary looking dangerous creature;
I am surely a demon in the flesh,
I am hazardous to health like a cigarette smoke,
I am an acrid itchy pimple inside the eyelid,
I am the worst form of obstruction and an enemy of rest.
I conjure a euphemistic vow to make you sing a sad song until you die.

I prowl the woods and live there for forty days and forty nights
stark naked under the shining host of the arrayed stars.
I hunt my prey while they are in their deep sleep,
I roar like a lion to shake them awake with fright,
I pounce with all my limbs and a mouth on whatever rises first:
It is meat to me - everything ambulant in the thick of the quiet jungle.

I am the devil that dances to the drum beat
in a circle around the campfire;
I cause the earth tremble by moving around my shaky thighs;
the devil that nurses a goblin in his open arms with eternal love.
I sing sweet melodies, sitting in the middle of a highway where there are no
street lights:
no matter what God's people may plunder by day and keep in their silos of greed
-
at night I know the world is mine to really savor.
I have my eye on all the wide terrain of hell below,
I will have to seduce the queen that inherited it from her father - the previous
God.
I will change appearances until she gets absolutely satisfied
that I am indeed the son of a king that was swindled of the earth.
Life alone is a very funny thing if you consider how everything is mixed up
together.

Thabani Khumalo

Demons

ENCOUNTERS WITH DEMONS, MAZANDA –
MY TENDER FATED ME TO ON MY DATE OF BIRTH -
SHE REALLY CONDEMNED ME DULY; DEARLY DID SHE - MAMA.

HALLOWED NOT BE THE NAME OF JEYI.
LONG LIVE NOT HE – THE KING OVER MY PEOPLE,
HE - THE JUDAS AGAINST I THE JESUS IN THIS BIT,
FOR, ALL EVIL, HE DOES COCOON IN SHOEL.

I PRICKED ME GRUELINGLY,
HEARTILY GRUELINGLY -
DEEPLY BY THE SHARP EDGE OF AN INTIMIDATING DAGGER
AT THE NIGHT'S REST
TRYING TO PUT ME AT PEACE – AT PEACE WITHOUT END –
ETERNALLY AT EASY EASE
BUT THE NOISE OF INFANTS BLARING OUT
OF VISIONS OF UNVEILED GHOSTS
ASTONISHED ME ALIVE IN THE RISE OF THE DAYLIGHT HOUR,
THAT TO DATE,
I SUFFER DRAWING EACH SINGLE GUZZLE OF AGONIZING WIND.
I SWEAR, I WISH I WERE DECEASED.

THEY MOVE TOWARD ME AND ERECT THEIR GRAVE STONES
IN MY TRANSITORY PATH TO GLORY;
BROOD OF SERPENTS
DELIGHT IN THE VISIONS OF THE STENCH,
STEAMED COOKING FOR THEM TO FEED,
TO SINK THEIR CANINE TEETH ON BOILED SOUL, YET
PROMISING ME AFFLICTED AFFECTION AND MORAL CONCERN
THAT IS IDENTICAL TO THAT
FROM THE ERA OF YORE.

I AM PRESSED TO DESTROY AND CONFINE LIFE
UNDER TIME ENDURING STONE AND
THAT ALL IS GOING TO BE FINE WHEN
BEREAVEMENT HAS BEEN EXALTED PERPETUALLY –
PERPETUALLY EXALTED ABOVE LIFE.
MY SOUL CRIES VAINLY,
VENTING ALL THE TROUBLES OF THE HEART TO MY REST TIME.

AS PER SE THEY CONSIGN ME TO THE BROTHERS OF SKIN –
THE MAN OF COLOUR TO YOKE ME MENTALLY –
TO SURF ON MY SOUL AND SPIRIT, LESSENING ME
TO RETAIN WORD AND MAKE PUBLIC A PLEA FOR ALL TIME,
FOR GOD TO PARDON MY ERROR FOREVERMORE.

Thabani Khumalo

Deportation

EVEN DENNEBOOM WAS FREE
AND BLUE FOR BUSINESS DAYS
UNTIL THERE CAME A STRANGER;
A SOLDIER WITH A GUN –
THAT I SAW A SHEARED ADJUSTMENT.

I SAW ONE OTHER MAN
RUN FASTER THAN A STONE –
A CATAPULT STONE
WITH ANXIETY IN HIS SOUL.
HE RAN DESPITE THE INDIGNITY.

HE RECALLED ONLY A CHILD
WHOSE LIFE HE'D SWORN TO PRESERVE;
A CHILD HE HAD TO TEND,
A CHILD OF LIVING SOUL –
AND HE HAD TO TAKE THE BREAD.

THIS IS THE STORY OF THE HEADS;
THE LEADERS OF THE COUNTRIES
WHO RAN THE SYSTEM COLD
AND TORTURED EVERY MAN
THAT THEY RAN DESPITE THE SHAME.

FROM THE CHILDREN OF THE SOIL,
THEY WENT AND SNATCHED THE BREAD
AND THEY GAVE IT TO THEIR OWN
BEFORE THEY SPREAD THE COLD,
AND NOW THE PEOPLE CROWD FOR WARMTH.

□

THEY BORDERED ALL THE LAND
AND ASSUMED OF ITS CONTROL,
AND BEAT THE FORMER OWNER,
AND BEAT HIM TO THE CORE
SO, HE RAN DESPITE THE INDIGNITY.

THE LEADERS LOOK SLICK,
THEIR CHILDREN LOOK SLICK,
THE SOLDIERS LOOK SLICK

IN AFRICA MY HOME LAND
WHERE I RUN DESPITE THE INDIGNITY

Thabani Khumalo

Did You Forget Me?

FOR I KNOW THE PLANS YOU HAVE FOR ME, PLANS TO DESTROY PROSPERITY
AND BRING ME HARM, PLANS TO GIVE ME HOPE WHEN I KNOW THAT IT IS
DEAD.

I AM TIZZO STRAY LOB, AND I HAVE BEEN TOLD THAT I AM NOTHING MORE
THAN A PEASANT.

EARLY IN THE MORNING WHEN THE COMFORTING DARK NIGHT VANISHES INTO
THE LIGHT OF DAY

I GET TERRIFIED BY THE LUGUBRIOUS VISIONS THAT SUDDENLY BURST INTO
MY SIGHT

AND I SEE BEGIN TO THE CREEPY AND THE SCARY STUFF THE AFFECTS THESE
END DAYS,

BUT THE THINGS THAT TERRIFY ME EVEN THE MORE IS HOW ALL THESE
THINGS ARE QUICKLY

SPOILING THE GOOD APPLE(THAT IS MY MIND) .

THE DAYS ARE LOOMING WHEN IT SHALL COME TO PASS THAT ALL THERE WILL
BE ABOUT MY WORST FEARS

WILL BE THE PENT UP PROGRESSING ON HUMAN SOUL FROM THE SCARS THEY
HAVE ALL CREATED IN ME.

I HAVE BEEN MISUSED AND ABUSED, TORTURED AND BRUTALIZED AND LEFT
WHITE-WASHED TO THE MARROW

AND TO ROT IN AGONY AS AN OUTCAST OR TRASH. BUT I WILL LASH BACK AND
IT IS NOT GOING TO BE PRETTY

AND THEY WILL ALL HAVE THEMSELVES TO BLAME.

HOW DID YOU FORGET ME?

Thabani Khumalo

Dreams

DREAMS

UNTIL YOU WAKE ME UP I'LL BE DREAMING IN MY SLEEP,
IN MY DREAMS I'LL BE KILLING COVETLY; PERVESING.
THERE AFTER, I'LL BE SMASHING ON THEIR LASSES
THOROUGHLY – AND THOROUGHLY, MY ATTITUDE IS ROTTEN.

DREAMS

EVEN NOW AS I BREATHE, MY HANDS ARE REALLY SORE
OUT OF TEARING HOMES DOWN AND BREAKING UNIONS.
HOW COULD I USE THE LOOK THAT IS UTTERLY GOD GAVEN
TO GAIN WITH IT PERVESELY, UNLESS I'M DEEP SLEEPING?

Thabani Khumalo

Education Is A Lie

DO YOU NOTICE ME WHEN I TROD THIS UNEASY JOURNEY
OF SUCH COMPLEX AND WICKED WAYS;
DID YOU SEE ME WAY BEFORE I GOT LOST IN THEM?
I HAVE IGNORANCE THAT BURDENS MY SOUL
AND TROUBLES MY HEART – DEEPLY,
THAT, I NEED MORE THAN RELIGION TO CLEANSE MY SOUL
BECAUSE EDUCATION IS BASICALLY A LIE.

Thabani Khumalo

Everyday

My heart would start to pound as I'm thinking... everyday.
Love is freely granted to the people and is granted... everyday.
I hold a trowel in my hand to build on segregation,
I build upon it... everyday,
simply because our ways are that of blood and bone -
they are fragile and they are spill-able... everyday.
If there is anything you do best, be good,
and that is love... everyday

Thabani Khumalo

Evil Love

HOW LOW THE LOVE OF GOD HAS SOARED:
THE WIND THAT FLUTTERED THE WOMAN'S DRESS
FOR HE WHO PASSED TO SURE BEHOLD
A FACE SO FAIR AND LUST FOR SOUL,
YET WHOM SHE LOVES HAS LOVED HIS SON -
TO GIVE HIM GOLD AND ALL THAT'S FAIR
BUT HELD IT BACK FROM ALL HIS KINS,
FOR HIM AS HE, HE SURELY LOATHES.

Thabani Khumalo

Executioner

ARE YOU THE REAL EXECUTIONER,
DO YOU LIVE FOREVER AND NOT DIE,
DO YOU REVEL IN IMMORTALITY,
DO YOU NOT AGE BUT REMAIN YOUNG ENDLESSLY?

DO YOU NOT FALL INTO CONFUSION BY DAY,
DO YOU NOT FALL APART AT NIGHT,
ARE YOU NOT GULLIBLE?

DO YOU WORK AND GET PAID IN OUR CURRENCY,
DOES NOT OUR DAILY AFFAIRS NOT MATTER TO YOU,
ARE YOU NUMB ABOUT PROSPERITY?

ARE YOU NUMB ABOUT SUCCESS AND HAPPINESS,
ARE YOU NOT ON PAYROLL,
IS YOUR JOB SATISFACTORY TO YOU?

ARE YOU IMMUNE TO DISEASE AND NOT AFFECTED BY ILLNESS,
IS EVERYTHING NOT STRESSFUL TO YOU,
DO YOU SEEK OUT FOR PAIN AND AGONY AND NOT GET?

DO YOU HATE AND NOT LOVE,
DO YOU NOT HAVE PITY OR COMPASSION;
DO YOU NOT COMPASS?

ARE YOU MUTANT AND UNWEARABLE,
DOES IT NOT MATTER THAT YOU RESIDE IN MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISONS,
DO YOU FEEL NO GRIEVOUS PANGS AND AGONY?

DO YOU NOT FALL ASLEEP AT NIGHT OR LONG FOR A WOMAN'S TOUCH,
DO YOU NOT GET DRAWN IN BY CARNAL PLEASURES,
DO YOU NOT LONG FOR LUXURY?

ARE YOU ALWAYS UNDER AN UGLY MASK,
DO YOU NOT WORRY ABOUT GREAT LOOKS AND ATTRACTIONS,
ARE YOU NOT WARY OF FASHION AND TRENDS?

DO YOU LIVE UNDER THE DARK AND CREEPY SHADOWS OF DEATH,
DOES A HAPPY LIVING NOT MATTER TO YOU,

ARE YOU NOT AFRAID?

DO YOU REFUTE THE GODS AND SMITE THEM IN THEIR HEARTS,
HAVE YOU PUT THE DEVIL UNDER VANQUISH,
DO YOU JEER AT GOD WHEN YOU KILL,
ARE YOU THE REAL EXECUTIONER?

EVEN THOUGH I AM ALL HUMAN AND NOT MUTANT,
THOUGH I CARE AND LOVE,
THOUGH I AM TIRED AND AM NOT INDEFATIGABLE,
THOUGH I AM NOT INFALLIBLE AND MERELY DEIGNFUL TO HUMAN PRESSURE,
THOUGH I LONG FOR PLEASURE AND I AM LASCIVIOUS, INNATELY,
THOUGH I AM NOT SUPERNATURAL OR INVINCIBLE,
I AM TIZZO AND
I AM THE EXECUTIONER.

Thabani Khumalo

Eyes Wide Open

THE RAYS OF DAWN - THEY WERE YESTERDAY
AND THE SUN HAS BEEN EVER RISING,
RISING TO THE FULLNESS OF THIS DAY.
TO-DAY I BURN, THIS DAY IS FOR EVERYONE'S DEATH.
AGAIN, I SAY, THAT THIS WORLD IS HELL.
SO RUN FOR YOUR DEAR LIFE -
RUN AND FIND ME BECAUSE MY EYES ARE WIDE OPEN

Thabani Khumalo

Falling Apples

SEE HOW FAR THE APPLES FALL,
FARTHER BY THE SEASON FROM THE TREE THAT GROWS.
THE OLDEST TREE HAS DROPPED THE MOST
AND WHEN IT DIES IT BREAKS THE MOST,
AND SPLINTERS - SHARP IT THROWS AHEAD,
O HOW TRUE THE SAYING GOES,
'THE LAST RESIDUE SHALL BURN IN HELL.'

Thabani Khumalo

Family

Give me a little time. A little time
Under the cooling shade of an indigenous tree
And I remove my teary beams from my blurred up sight.
I have long been languishing out of my inner pain...
A simultaneous agony that causes the world
To remain existentially weak and thus, the things that are ill
Have inter-generally remained so strong; a mind losing itself from itself.

I'd stir up memories of home with lucid elucidations
And I can't help it but to re-adorn my tear blurred beams:
The abundance of emotional belongings
At the remembrance of Thabani's tragic childhood -
Far away in the dark depths of the other side of the border line
Where the moon blazes like a dwala in the scorching summer sun,

The mysterious causes of the family's continuous disunity
Makes weep in life-sized and bitter despair,
It doesn't get better with time. No, it doesn't.
If a man cannot deliver himself from his torment working by himself,
What is a family going to achieve without inclining to itself?
We will only labour until we die without moments of cheerful get-togethers.

I blame situations for having all that infamous power over us;
I blame the god of heaven for sending messengers to attenuate us -
To come gather for him worship and praises from us in exchange of our
livelihood.
I didn't bring all this upon myself; all this weakness is not mine, it's for the god
of the bible.
If it were by me, I would have come out to be superbly strong above all that is
weakness to me.

Thabani Khumalo

Fashion

Fashion is about to change;
There is about to be a big surprise;
A new thing is about to take over old glory,
That "life is perfect now" kind of a thought.

Yes!

There is a higher power, Which is a higher fear;
A fear for personal life; A fright for private death; A love above a love for life: A
total love for a living creature: That is the love of God
And everything is a living creature.

Thabani Khumalo

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Thabani Khumalo

Father

There are things my father told me and I wondered – what?
He told me that they were going to come and rob me
Of everything I had before they encouraged me to work for riches.

He told me to watch and keep caution of my environments
For they would set snares to amputate my limbs,
And that would be before they told me to join the competition.

They would sap my energy and dry me up as a desiccate
Before they would ask me to train hard for the war
That they would also set me to without any arms.

He also told me that they would take all my inheritance
And give it to their children, destroy everything about me,
And then teach me how to chase after vanity; after money.

Thabani Khumalo

Fear For Life

A MIND THAT HAS NO LAW KNOWS NO BOUNDS.
A HEART THAT HAS NOT LOVE KNOWS NOT GOD.
THE EXAMINATION OF MY HEART IS SCARY,
I FOUND IN IT THE FEAR OF FOR LIFE TO BE MISSING.
ONE WHO FEARS NOT DEATH FEARS NOT GOD.
I HAVE COMMITTED MANY SUICIDES AND, WITH THESE HANDS OF MINE,
I HAVE DONE A LOT OF DAMAGE, EVEN TO MY SPIRIT AND SOUL.

THEREFORE, KNOW THAT, A SOUL THAT DISREGARDS LIFE
ALSO DISREGARDS GOD

Thabani Khumalo

First Cut

Wise men say,
'Only fools rush it.'
Rushing engenders very unnecessary cuts;
I am wary! –
First cut is the deepest.
Rather let incidents be
The accidents of nature because,
Only nature knows where they best fit.

Thabani Khumalo

For My Mind

IF I WERE LET TO BE A NATURAL BEING
I WOULD'NT CHARGE WHAT I DID'NT KNOW
BUT, IN FACT, I AM WHAT'S ENGENDERED
OF ME TO BE -I'M A FETTERED SLAVE.

DO YOU UNDERSTAND THERE IS A NEED TO BE JUST BE,
JUST LIKE THE WILD, TO HEED NATURE'S LEAD?
BUT WHERE ARE OUR MINDS IF NOT SOMEWHERE
UNDER THE SKY ON A PROMISED GROUND
BY PEOPLE LIKE US WHO CLAIM OUR WORLD
ON IMPERIOUS WAYS AND MAKE US PROCURE?
WE'RE LEASING, WE'RE BLIND, WE'RE DELUDED,
WE'RE MISLED TO THINK IT IS PROSPERITY.

FOR YOU I CRIED, FOR YOU I SCRAPPED,
FOR YOU, I SEARCHED ALL OVER THE PLACE
THE EXQUISITE SITE THE STARS ABOVE
SHOWED ME THE SIGNS I COULD'NT READ.

THAT WAS MY FAULT, THAT WAS MY FOLD,
IT WAS MY FLOP THAT I DIDN'T KNOW.
YOU BETTER NOT CRY, YOU'D BETTER NOT CARE
BUT DO NOT DECRY ANYTHING YOU DON'T KNOW.

Thabani Khumalo

For My Soldiers

ACTION IS LOUDER,
WORDS ARE BUT FASHION.
THEY BREAK THE BONES, TEAR A SOUL,
THEY TAKE THE KIND TO THE WARZONE
AND LET THEM BURN THEIR OZONE,
WRECK THEIR FAITH AND SHRED LOVE,
AND WILL THEIR SOULS TRANSVERSE UNKIND
AS THE BUFFER-ZONE WOULD BE WARTORN.

I THINK THEY'RE BETTER LOVING
'CAUSE THEY'RE BEST WHEN THEY ARE FIGHTING.
I HATE IT WHEN THEY ARE FIGHTING
'CAUSE THEY'RE DIRTY AS A STREET CHILD;
PROBLEM CHILD WITH A NOTTY EDGE,
THEY'D BE JABBING WHILST THEY CURSING -
THEIR MOUTHS INGRINED SARCASTIC -
A COLOQUE OF ALL THE SINISTER SLURS

SO THEY'D HATE TO CURSE A RELATIVE,
THEY'D LOSE THE SOUL THEY WISH TO HOARD:
TO HOLD THEM TIGHT AND NOT LET GO,
TO INTERLOCK LIKE BLOOD AND VEIN.
THEY LONG TO SEE THEIR PEOPLE STAY,
STICK AROUND THAN DOES THEIR PAIN.
GAINING SOULS WOULD EASE THAT PANG
ALL BECAUSE OF THE LOVE THEY GAIN.

KINSHIP'S STRONG I'VE GROWN TO LEARN;
KINSHIP GAINS' LIKE GAINING GOLD,
KEEP IT SAFE UNTIL YOU ARE OLD
AND ONE DAY GOLD WOULD KEEP YOU OLD.

Thabani Khumalo

Fought

Above reason,
I fought as though I was a pugilist.
I put contusion upon the skin of
African men like I was drawing tattoos,
I'd been for long battered with a stiff rod
and the crack of a flogging whip had
almost dragged me to the floor of the grave,
the tumid skin was bleeding at the torn line
of the tenderest strife.

I was a magnet of sticky trouble and it was
absolutely difficult to establish a sensible kind of control.
A nasty rebellion had been triggered in me,
it had occasioned in me an occluded manic,
a manic that once lay dormant and quietly between the skin.
Even the school we had been lured to give trust without query
had imparted a resoundingly ill-disciplinary rite at the true regard of education -
so when we were being raised at childhood in entirety,
we were technically being drilled and predisposed to complete failure.

It was an excruciating difficult paradigm to be under.
It couldn't be refuted that I was indeed contumacious
but dim the unfortunate phenomenon that befell us unopposed -
a mad teacher's instruction was a law that couldn't be
obviated and I was rendered by necessity, in all my life,
to cause him to diminish from my sight, little by little.
If there was no colloquial contrive to attenuate his case -
because if the teacher got a bit perplexed
about the packs of his job -
he'd turn his ugly side up and begin to swing
the dead batten against the living butt chick,

Because I was contumacious,
I'd starkly go all out and bicker us to a bog,
most days the teacher didn't even know what it was he taught.
Solitude was the multi-diurnal recourse and I began to feel
as though my mind was sinking into the deeper murk.
That was an onerous feeling above all that's really difficult.
I was sick of the teacher citing in incantation spells of his dilettante attitude.

He put me in a mentally bad state,
he caused me to be lazy.

Thabani Khumalo

Garden Ground

THE GARDEN GROUND THAT BURIED GOLD.
THE MAN; HE DUG IN SEARCH OF GOLD,
AFFLUENCE ADEQUATE TO BUY A WOMAN'S LOVE –
THE LOVE THE WOMAN HAD SOLD FOR GOLD.

HE, ONE DAY, HEARD HIS FATHER'S VOICE
WISPER AT HIM WHERE HE BURIED GOLD,
BENEATH THE LAND HIS GRANDPA LOST
BEFORE HE WAS HIRED IN A RESTLESS TOWN.

THE MAN; HE DUG FOR THE GOLD HE THEN KNEW
AND AT LAST HE HEARD A WHITE MAN'S GUN
AND ON HIS GOLD HIS CORPSE DECAYED.
WHEN HE DIED, HIS CHILDREN STARVED.

Thabani Khumalo

Gauteng

I GLARED THE GRIN TO THE SUCCESS I SAW –
THE PEOPLE OPENED WIDE THEIR DOORS AND I SAW
THEIR LOUNGES AND THE CINDERS AND THE MONEY IN BETWEEN
BUT THE DARKNESS THERE, IT WAS, TO PULL ME DOWN BELOW.

OF ALL THAT TOOK PLACE, I REALLY GRIEVED IN GAUTENG.
I FOUGHT AN LEGION TWICE TO RETAIN DIGNITY – FULL,
I FOUGHT THEM ALL AGAIN TO GIVE ME SUCH A NAME
BUT I RETIRED TIRED AND HUNGRY IN THE VELD.

WHEN EVERYONE ELSE WAS JUBILANT IN THEIR DELIGHT
AND ON BLISSFUL PARTIES AND SIPPING ON THE BOOZE,
I WAS EVADING DUDES WITH ALL THEIR TREMENDOUS FIREARMS.
OF ALL THAT TOOK PLACE, I REALLY GRIEVED IN GAUTENG.

Thabani Khumalo

Ghetto People

MY HOMIE MY BULLY
YOU ARE CHILLI AS THE COLDEST WEATHER -
BITING COLD,
BITING LIKE THE STEAMY WATER.

TELL ME SO,
TELL ME IMMA GROUNDED ZERO.
TELL ME SO,
GHETTO IS MY PEOPLE MOANY.

HONESTY MY ONUSIE
IN ONUSIE I LINGER
AND I HOPE TO LIVE A LONGER LIFE
SHOULD JESUS DO ME FAVOURS.

HONESTY HAS A STORY
BUT THE LIES WOULD KILL A STORY.
ADVERSE THE GHETTO SORROW,
I AM TELLING SADDEST STORY.

HEART OF THE GHETTO STORY,
FILING UP THE PEASANTS' SORRY
SWAYING OUT WITH AGEING FAILURE
HENCE THE HEALING'S HURTING PEOPLE.

DIGNITY'S NEVER SHAMEFUL;
STATUS, MY GHETTO PEOPLE.
EVEN THOUGH WE'RE CRYING LOUDLY,
ANARCHY'S NOT THE ANSWER.

SO THEY BURN MY GHETTO PEOPLE
AND THEY CHEER TO BRUTAL MURDER.
ORPHANAGES TAKING OVER
ALL THAT TRAUMA LIPID ENERGY.

MY THOUGHTS ARE FIGHTING LOGIC,
I AM BEREAVED OF SOLDIERS.
THE CITY'S BUILD ON LOGIC
SO I FIGHT A LOSING BATTLE.

Thabani Khumalo

God

Sitting...listening to them making
Derogatory jokes. Insulting
The higher power – the word of creation,
All bored to their gut but, to that,
They are laughing.

Washing and bathing,
Cooking and eating,
Brewing and packing; storing to the brim,
Pouring and swigging, getting inebriated and addicted
With fermented wine; the friend of the stomach.

Buying and selling,
Trading with foreign merchants,
Conducting bogus businesses,
Anti-social behaving –
Sniffing drugs and trading sex,
Gambling imperiously and barbarically marauding,
Looting and sharing the spoils.

Going about their regular business
And forgotten all about the needy,
And the fallen heroes forgotten
Because their glory days are past.

Question popping and bride-pricing,
Engagement ululations and marriage administrations,
Enchantment and songs,
Popular hitch obligations to imminent divorces.

Learning and researching,
Acquiring knowledge and piling up trophies,
Climbing up the corporate ladder and smiling at gains.

Political subterfuges; the laws of dividing power,
Looking at themselves in the mirror
But seeing the confused electorate, dancing to a
Vague political song; songs of hate.

When medicinal authenticity is meager
And psychicism is invalid,
Awaiting revelations and following prophetic dreams enthusiastically,
Tenacity-exorbitant but rampant,
Chocking on insatiable treacherousness –
A generation lost twice and two times over,
Where erotic love is the only truth.

I am afraid that god will come when they are preoccupied. He says, 'off guard!
I am God and I have no reason to tell a lie,
I will catch them off guard.'

Thabani Khumalo

God Almighty: Bontom

SNORTING BONTOM BRAHMAN BULL,
SUZA NKOMO KABABA
US'THEMBISO JEYI B'THAKATHAKA KHUMALO.
APPARITIONAL FIGURE OF THE ANCESTRAL ANCHOR,
MEDIUM TO THE YOUNG MZILIKAZI KHUMALO.
YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE.

GOD AMONG THE DOMESTIC AND THE TAMED,
PRESERVER TO THE WANDERER OF THE WILDERNESS.
YOUR COMPLETE AND INFINITE LOVE,
YOU GAVE WITHOUT MERIT
TO THE WEAK AND TO THE STRONG ALIKE,
TO THE EASY PREY AND THE FEROCIOUS PREDATOR WITHOUT OSTRICISE -
YOU EQUALIZED THE OLD AND THE YOUNG.

YOUR PORTIONS WERE FAIR
AND SO WAS YOUR PERCEPTION OF THE TRAITOR AND THE BAIT
AS A MOTHER SEES THE INDIFFERENCE IN HER CHILDREN.
YOU WERE A SLICK AND TENDER BREED OUT OF YOUR ZERO-GRAZED
NURTURE,
A SHINE WAS UPON THE FURRS OF YOUR SKIN.

OVER TARES AND THISTLES, YOU TRAMPLED EASILY
AND YOUR TEAR NEVER TOUCHED THE GROUND
YET THE ARCH OF YOUR HORN WAS THE GOLDEN CROWN ON YOUR HEAD.
YOU WERE ATTENTIVE TO MY WAIL AND HEDED MY INVOCATION
FROM WITHIN YOUR GILDED STALL.
TO ALL BORNE OF ANIMAL,
YOU PROVIDED SUPPLICATION AND RESTITUTION,
TO THE BIRD YOU PROVIDED A STRONG WING TO FLY AGAINST THE TIDE OF
THE WINDS.

THOUGH THE PASSING OF TIME CONSUMED YOUR MORTAL DESIGN
AND YOU PASSED AWAY A SENILE BEAST,
YOU REMAINED HOLY TO LAST GASP OF YOUR WIND
AND YOU STILL BLESS ME FROM UNDERNEATH THE SOIL
AS YOU ASSIGN ENERGIES INTO THE GENERAL TIDE.

BONTOM, YOU ARE GOD ALMIGHTY

Thabani Khumalo

God Is A Myth

I am an anchor of time.
I happen between the separation of eras.
I am a man cast to free the souls of many slaves.

I am now the then Yahweh,
Whose spirit has grown into infinity:
To whom you all pray, 'High-Lord be thy name.

For how long are you going to retain gullibility?
Why don't you see through a translucent lie o Ja people?
Why do you buy into the children's fairy-plays, - bearded man?

God is a myth and the bible is a lie.
Don't adhere to the lies of the ill-spirited men.
The difference between God and the Devil is that
Yahweh is both.

Thabani Khumalo

God Is That Ogre

I sometimes sit alone
to ruminate all about my life,
I thoroughly question myself on how to live it,
yes I do, I question myself on how to live it.
I'm cognizant of the declining factor phenomenon:
I've been drilled with technical circumspection
on hating myself and I've ensured
the flaw to be a success by applying
warranted energy for its nourishment.
Every time I attempt a recovery of my broken life -
the life that was extorted by invisible giants,
the giants that live among us,
I feel a massive blow that attenuate my spine
and render me sick to the centre of the belly.

Surely our eyes are buttons sewn onto our faces
to decorate them because they are all
blind of sight by night and too sensitive to sunlight by day.
In all my difficult thinking, I end up at this, that
Surely God is that ogre that chows people from the nerves.

Thabani Khumalo

God Of Salvation

It is said that,
Spiritually, we go to some place far away
When we die and leave the world, we go.
Far from the view of the earth behind
And the distance - alone - is obstruction
Enough to obscure us from the occurrence
And of the existence prehumously.

All of this would be for the cause of reincarnation
That, again we might fall into life again as new souls
And from time to time we'd see glimpses of the past in déjà-vu
And all these are angelic signs from the god above
Always allowing us more chance into the opportunity of eternity.

I say that all this is unnecessary trouble that human spirit has to encumbered
For it keeps the souls of man at eternal slavery: existing under the deception of
never-ending living.

Human spirit is under threat of endless hypnosis

And none of the teachers are suitable, at all, of teaching man the truth of
intended origin

For when the teacher open his mouth it come forth a poison that condemns the
student's brain.

But, about the knowledge of the truth I shall guide you

For I have dedicated all my life to finding the truth from the descended sheds of
agonizing lies

And I tell you that, your souls you must guard until that time I can solemnly
swear,

That I will raise you souls with my touch of invincibility

For i will be more than you guider but, your God of salvation.

Thabani Khumalo

God; The Miracle

Only if God were a stranger
Would I have appointed visits to his new home
And there I remained until the strange vibration delightfully departed. Only then
would he have turned like a regular in a home or a member of the family. I
would have said that I know a man who came in as a stranger and later turned
into God,
But God is way too remote to a stranger;
He is a bidding for a miracle when nature can not be reversed. A miracle is a
reversing of nature.

Thabani Khumalo

God's Answer

IN THIS WORLD WHERE LOVE FALLS BEHIND,
BELIEVES ALIE SO MONEY GETS YOU BY,
YOU ARE LEAD UNSOUND AND UNSOUND YOU DIE
WONDERING WHY YOU ARE AILING. WHY?
TO YOU I SAY THAT DON'T YOU TRY,
I KNOW YOUR PAIN, I'VE ALWAYS MADE IT MINE.

I KNOW YOUR SOUL AND YOUR THOUGHTS INSIDE,
TO EVERYTHING I HAVE SET A TIME.
YOU'RE WISE IN MIND SO, REPRESS NO PAIN,
TO YOU I SAY THAT DON'T YOU TRY,
I KNOW YOUR PAIN, I'VE ALWAYS MADE IT MINE.

YOU'RE LIKE AN OWL THAT FLIES IN THE NIGHT,
YOUR VISION'S PLANTED HORROR IN THEIR MINDS.
YOU GO UNSUNG BUT WHAT IS THEIR SONG
O GOD OF MINE THAT SUSTAINS MY THOUGHT?
TO YOU I SAY THAT DON'T YOU TRY,
I KNOW YOUR PAIN, I'VE ALWAYS MADE IT MINE.

YOU'RE WISE, UPRAISED AND HUMBLE IN YOUR HEART
BUT TO THEM ALL YOU'RE AN ANCHOR OF DEMISE.
YOU'RE SPELT IN DOOM AND CAST ABOUT THE EDGE
BUT IN MY HEART, YOU'LL ALWAYS BE MINE
TO YOU I SAY THAT DON'T YOU TRY,
I KNOW YOUR PAIN, I'VE ALWAYS MADE IT MINE.

Thabani Khumalo

Going Back Home

From the day that I was borne
I was clear about my life -
that I wanted to be the greatest;
the Great above the great,

but, then life happens and you fall into snares -
usually from family,
immediate surrounding,
and all those great oppressors that suppress the soul of man.

But now, that I am all grown up
and I'm becoming clear about my life,
I am going to the former glory of our people -
back to the time when our fathers were sane -
back to the time when our fathers were princes, kings, ... Gods!

That is the glory I am going to take back to the future.
Nothing!
Nothing less than that is not good for me.
Only the best is good enough.
I am rising again to be the greatest.
I am going back home

Thabani Khumalo

Gorgeous

They may prate the contagious fowls of lunacy,
They may negate kindness to piggyback discourtesy. They may slog us to a
comma of the mind. They take us to toil in scattered separation and compel us to
shrivel alone in isolation. They call us foul names of profound magnitudes of
hate: the vile that separates between the spirit and the soul - and project the
mind out from the body.

They strip the skin of its rich qualities
And drive the natural pride of man insane. They compel him to haste after the
shadows they manufacture for him. They relegate the standard of a woman to a
thug in devolution, but I believe what I believe in my heart to be true.

I am, altogether, a man of distinction. You'd wonder how I do or what I use to
find stance in the object of their teachings. I'd consider how things are going for
me and regard all those that engender in me a static smile. I have an
entertainment of beautiful women, they are somewhere beneath the blurring
radar, they are gorgeous women of adorable beauty: beasts of the myth - the
repulsively scary look on the side of beauty - the model of pose. For this reason
alone, in spite-of the tarnished propaganda about our skin, I am convinced that I
am a gorgeous guy.

Thabani Khumalo

Greetings

Greetings in the name of the most high Tman kiry.

You can call me Thabani Khumalo: That is if you can't call me The Barmbyn Bhoza or simply call me The gorgeous guy.

Life has only lectures or lessons of a degree. Once again I'm about to launch a swinging kick to the mind and flab it wide open. For I have walked through infernal gates and have become the Magus of the Aeon already begun; I am the bearer of the light. Tizzo conducting a lesson with eyes from over and above; a sight beyond the sky,
I teach about a fate beyond a destiny.

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Thabani Khumalo

Hatred Of Life, By Living Flesh

Nobody colloquially knew about my destination,
when I was a child slowly traveling a mysterious path.
I quietly went alone into the dark future -
and I didn't foresee anything beautiful coming into place,

I thought alone and shared no story from my aberrated brain;
endeavors flubbed and I didn't afford to make any girl happy -
which is why I couldn't make any girl cry
and I deeply missed her tears falling onto my chest -
this is the thing that made me weep and decry on every gulp of leaving breathe.

I wished in anger and in sores of excruciating pain,
for the most beautiful girl of old to return again,
but the lord of destiny had been amused by another dreadful trick:
the hatred of life, by timed and breathing flesh.

One easy morning rose with a thorny breeze pricking my skin,
a full smile came across my face to vanquish just a little worry
and momentarily untangled the tidal rage that covers the heart of my scared
soul,
it freed my nerves from the tensions and the heavy thoughts of my whirling
mind:

when I saw you budge into my bittersweet desolation with tears brimming in
your eyes,
I knew you had a story from your thoughts, you wanted to tell from the heart.
I covered all your sorrows right between my arms and you felt my heart beating
harder in my chest -
my heart bled again where it broke when I was a little child -
and I brought tears of horror again throughout the night.

Now some of my destinations are intended straight into your house,
where I get to hold you tight into my chest like an occultics' secret -
every living person now wants to unravel the mysteries of the nocturnal cult,
and you begin to recite every bit of your life through a soothing whisper -
in a beautiful wave of words I can dream about in my challenging sleep -
forevermore.

Yet my heart is burning like a fire of hell in the gut,

Alone, I wiggle as though I have chilli powder in my eyes;
I am raving about starting a physical war upon the planet earth
and burying murdered corpses into the fossil level of the ground.
I cannot expressively love anyone from the heart on this earth,
for I only know how to put restraint on my ghetto personality of sadistic murder.

Thabani Khumalo

He Killed A Man

THEN HE KILLED - - HE KILLED FOR ROSE -
CROSSED HIS SOUL SHOT HIM DOWN,
HE SHOT HIM DEAD AND DRAGGED HIM DOWN
THROUGH THE TREES UNDERNEATH THE BRIDGE -
THE BRIDGE OF STEEL TO A SHANTY TOWN
AND BURIED HIM FROM THE LAWMAN'S EYE
AND NEVER, NEVER MADE MENTION OF HIM AGAIN.

THE MAN HE KILLED, HE KILLED ALONE;
FOR ROSE TO LOVE HIM ALL ALONE -
ALL ALONE FOR ROSE WAS FAIR,
UNLIKE ALL THE GIRL IN THE HOOD.
HOW BADLY KEEN YOUNG LOVE CAN BE
THAT ALL ALONE HE SHOT HIM DEAD.

THE LOVE HE GAVE WAS HARD AND COLD.
ONE NIGHT HE ROSE AND PACKED HIS BAG
AND LEFT ALONE, ROSE IN HER BED
AND WENT AHEAD AND SOLD HIS SOUL
FOR ROSE WAS ILL AND DEAR TO HEAL.
THE SUNLIGHT DAWNED AND ROSE WAS DEAD.

Thabani Khumalo

Heaven Of God

Cherubim! Cherubim!

Michael Angel and the angel of God

Placed far away at the place of lights

And only seen by the open eyes of fearful fright

(Ode to the mysteries of the heavens above) ,

Acres of the de-luminous hell - faraway across the dark side,

Lay a hand in giving us help.

Away in the intergalactic reigns

Is where our gold has been purified into glass.

There's glamour there unlike the tropical Congo

Or the Mauritania cascaded by the sloppy wisdom of God.

Such has not been seen by either Johannesburg

Or by a place called Addis Ababa

Where gold is abundant and life is a little hasty.

The long trip to the heavens of God

Have our relatives to their eviscerating demise

And, again, they lay today in a rigorous deign.

A creature with many eyes has not appeared yet to us

But we have understood its thunderous voice

Tell us to yearn for the things of the Almighty God -

God who is in a ghost town - faraway at a place called heaven.

It must be holy living eternally around scary creatures.

I blame Jehovah for his lack in creativity

And Jesus; a spirit without a soul,

A brood of the phantom heaven and not a product of the soil,

An alien from mythical planets that are far.

Take to the triangle, back in Iob,

Then I shall sing praises to myself

For I would have set my throne to be on high

And would have taken my bath from sacred pools

Of the holy mountain Kilimanjaro.

Thabani Khumalo

Held Hostage

Held hostage in streets of the ghetto,
where Thabani once was a little child,
I lived my life like I had no care
and thus I treated myself as though life had no care.
I'd either hurt or be hurt, kill or be killed -
and, in the end, such I was made to believe:
it was worth dying by the hand of the other.

I was impaired by such a life,
it drove an exciting fear within the core of my soul
and I survived like another child at the heated center of war.

Now that I am older and fear I've pasted into a special fold,
I've learned to treat life with the reverence of God,
but life befalls me like a testing area.
I know that there aren't many people who've been built like I am -
a person molded from within to be able to overcome human flaw.
On this again, I know, I stand alone.

Thabani Khumalo

Hell.

Where once advanced the river of blood loaded with civilian corpses;
where there used to be the great depression of infernal hell;
where there used to be the deepest mine of a sordid death underneath the earth,

there ran a rapid torrent and filled it up into a lake or a crater or a sea...
The water ran in and extinguished the ambers from roasting the dark souls of the
demons below,
who had survived the squalor of life licking the blisters burning under their ugly
feet,

I was there trying to draw a dearest relief for my tormented soul;
we missed the snow and wished between penguins or bears as we survived the
ruthless conflagration.
In a moment off a torment, there were black ambers floating on the surface of
the water,
and the miners were happy to skim them off and go light them up beneath their
thatch.

The devil breathed a succor down to the whey of his abominable soul
and drank a fulfilling quench of the still waters whirling deep:
the water is deeper than the depth of god's hatred for us evil men.
the queen devil and I held hands in a pledge to commiserate each other
and cried together looking hopefully in the teary eyes.

The demons pleaded gratitude to the water god
who had brought us supplication from the lord of heaven's fire flames under our
wings.

The angels of heaven had long played their soft songs from the golden harps
jeering,
celebrating the punishment for the iniquity of our fathers who died in sin before
we were born -
for in heaven, they are holy men who have never touched the breast of a living
woman.

Though we remain at the bottom of this man-made sea,
we sing loud rock praises to the everlasting dark lord because,
in our home, now the fish have a home too
and the people swim there when they need to feel simply natural and free.
We are the devils of hell and we savor the whims of our submarine queen.

Heritage

This is not a message from any mountain:
it is neither from Zion nor Olympus;
it is neither documented on a page
nor is it engraved on a tablet of stone.
It appeals to the operating thetan of a deity.

Listen to the herald having brought a news from above.
A news from the heartbeat of God whom we all dearly adore,
The God of Christmas who's always dressed in white garments;
One with a glowing halo around his royal head.
Not one who's clad in a hooded robe with a pointed head -
not a silhouette that blends concoctions from a dark cave of horror -
Not a politician that stalls you by the tomes
and dispose of you in a trash bin of incompetence -Not one who knows how to
hate the words of any book.

We have achieved great contrives with our hands, but have we not weighed
above that in collateral destruction?
Have we not demolished more than we have built?
Look and you shall see, it seems to me as if all these questions are colloquial.
We have tailored dissection into existence,
it startles one half of my wits:
We've counted the particles of the blowing air,
we cut space into many pieces of time,
we legitimized polarity within society,
we invented tribes and their sister languages -
we've occasioned hatred of the human anatomy.
We've pressed our lot to socially self-efface.

Can we be proud of the meso' and the atmosphere
which we broke down to manufacture the flaunted lethal weapons?
Can we be proud of livestock from whose skin we strap and fashion whips
and flog people like we've forgotten they are made of living flesh?
Have we not zealously inculcated murder through the syllabus
which is the wits, the intelligence and the politics of the progeny?

We erect monuments from the ground and tag them with high value
while we labor and sweat, wringing wet, for the depth of the grave.
If we find no honest man to quietly assail in a slog of heavy labor,

we sacrifice a famous thief before we carve his image into an expensive statue.

This is the voice of God without encumbent measure by a mortal prophet -
The God who doesn't know any degree of ignorance - One who believes that all
men are equal, says:

"None is important above the other,
so no day colored by the shade of the sun is important above the other.
I wonder what the intention is with the riots in the streets,
from whose book did you derive the data?
Thou shalt not murder any person,
for every gulp of our benign breathe
is our true heritage."

Thabani Khumalo

Hold You

Before we get old too on our bodies
and totally meaningless on our feeble minds -
before we get very weary of old age and die,
I want to hold you in my tattooed arms -
while they are still as strong as tools of steel -
like a soldier holding his arm on the day
when the land is torn - topsy turvy - of war.

I want to look into your glaring eyes
from the brightest day into the darkest night,
to the point where the lunar sky would see
that first gleam of dawn shining ever brighter to the fullness of day.
I want taste the osculate of your lip
and go on to lavish all of me in all of you.

Thabani Khumalo

Hold You Fast

Before we get old too on our bodies
and totally meaningless on our feeble minds -
before we get very weary of old age and die,
I want to hold you in my tattooed arms -
while they are still as strong as tools of steel -
like a soldier holding his arm on the day
when the land is torn - topsy turvy - of war.

I want to look into your glaring eyes
from the brightest day into the darkest night,
to the point where the lunar sky would see
that first gleam of dawn shining ever brighter to the fullness of day.
I want taste the osculate of your lip
and go on to lavish all of me in all of you.

Thabani Khumalo

How Did You Forget Me?

FOR I KNOW THE PLANS YOU HAVE FOR ME, PLANS TO DESTROY PROSPERITY
AND BRING ME HARM, PLANS TO GIVE ME HOPE WHEN I KNOW THAT IT IS
DEAD.

I AM TIZZO STRAY LOB, AND I HAVE BEEN TOLD THAT I AM NOTHING MORE
THAN A PEASANT.

EARLY IN THE MORNING WHEN THE COMFORTING DARK NIGHT VANISHES INTO
THE LIGHT OF DAY

I GET TERRIFIED BY THE LUGUBRIOUS VISIONS THAT SUDDENLY BURST INTO
MY SIGHT

AND I SEE BEGIN TO THE CREEPY AND THE SCARY STUFF THE AFFECTS THESE
END DAYS,

BUT THE THINGS THAT TERRIFY ME EVEN THE MORE IS HOW ALL THESE
THINGS ARE QUICKLY

SPOILING THE GOOD APPLE(THAT IS MY MIND) .

THE DAYS ARE LOOMING WHEN IT SHALL COME TO PASS THAT ALL THERE WILL
BE ABOUT MY WORST FEARS

WILL BE THE PENT UP PROGRESSING ON HUMAN SOUL FROM THE SCARS THEY
HAVE ALL CREATED IN ME.

I HAVE BEEN MISUSED AND ABUSED, TORTURED AND BRUTALIZED AND LEFT
WHITE-WASHED TO THE MARROW

AND TO ROT IN AGONY AS AN OUTCAST OR TRASH. BUT I WILL LASH BACK AND
IT IS NOT GOING TO BE PRETTY

AND THEY WILL ALL HAVE THEMSELVES TO BLAME.

HOW DID YOU FORGET ME?

Thabani Khumalo

I Am A Man.

I am a man on earth, I am just like the other man.

In heaven I'm the highest, yet on earth I stand upon the land.

I am grounded on the ground, but I'm not getting the best of the land.

I'm a man made of flesh and yet, listen to a person tell me that my flesh is not well.

We do not know what money can buy, for me, it has to buy that heaven on earth.

I refuse to succumb to the pressures of authoritative man, they are the ones who administer failure.

The power they took from the people must be returned again to the people: and they took away the love for peace.

I blame the mother of a man that governs over my flesh;
who sends his police boys to terrorize my flesh and bones,
she should have raised him a little better.

I don't know the same thing is going to persist in heaven,
then I will say, "god should have been raised a little better."

Thabani Khumalo

I Am Almighty

Men must be led into prosperity like sheep are led to the pasture
And all must hate the art that depicts poverty.
Poverty must be hated by the people; old and young people
And the people should love to see booming wealth in all things.

How severely disturbing it is for me to know that
One man among us is suffering with either food or with shelter.
It makes me wonder where the true teacher is
And how our leaders have lost the wisdom of ruler-ship.

I have had the benefit of knowing that men need to open a fraternity
To teach men how to be men and to retain their manliness - infra digwise.
Dedication - my people - dedication!
Men must work as men to develop men - integrally.

Indignation and shame must be regarded as being absurd
And all men must, once again, ooze with indestructible self-confidence
By the quality of richness that would be going around in life and shared,
Quality life without promises for the mind to ail.

We should be the lords of nature as we have been innately bone to be
And decide for it what should soon take place
Rather than being bullied to weep by the sloppy work of our fingers:
A lord of nature wailing to the mighty storm.

Man must, again, remember his teachings' receding knowledge -
Lessons he's given the trees to get by these times of evil reigns.
I should remind the people about the power they have forgotten they once had
And by virtue of my godliness I shall once more take charge of the falling rain.

Thabani Khumalo

I Am Different

At one quick glance
I see more than I can describe in an hour,
In a day, or in an eternity of days.
There's plenty to see. There's often too little time to introvert
But I seldom forget to look at myself.
I consider the posture of my body when I sit,
I consider my physical appearance and the expression of my poise,
The clarity of my face the pointed tip of my nose,
The artistic manner of motion and pace of my stride,
My glance at beauty and the galloping race of my sweet heart,
The austere stare of my eye and the ensuing contrasting blush and smile,
The elegance of my presence and the volume of my build.
I look thoroughly again and then I wonder,
"where are all these fair qualities coming from? "
All these virtues emanate from a woman I call my mother:
Zanda is a beautiful creature and she has to know it.

I swear by the scripture and the verse of every chapter-
I swear by the gods and the devils and my father (to whom I render the highest
praises) -
I swear by the sun and the moon and the stars that illuminate the darkness-
I swear by the thunder and the lightning and the rain-
I swear by the sky and the sea and the land (upon which I stand.)
I know I was morally sterilized by many discourses
But I always loved the other way because
I didn't want to be exactly what my brothers were -
The black sheep.

Thabani Khumalo

I Am The Light

FROM THIS DEEP SLEEP -
THE DEEP SLEEP OF THE STILL NIGHT,
SHAKE ME AWAKE FOR I WANT TO DEAL
IN THE BROAD LIGHT OF DAY,

BUT THEN, YOU SPOKE AND SAID TO ME,
'I WILL NOT RAISE YOU UNTIL THEY
ARE FULLY AWAKE TO RECEIVE THE LIGHT
FOR THE LIGHT MIGHT DESTROY THEIR SIGHT'.

Thabani Khumalo

I Am Your Redeemer.

Children...

My children;

My sons and daughters.

I have finally heard your weeping spirits

Because, lately, I have been in a listening tuition

And I have learned to listen to all your prayers.

It is time...

Time for you to stop wailing and praying and wishing.

I have traveled a very dark road to get here

And I have in my possession an oracle of all understanding.

With it, I will elucidate the darkness

And in your most vulnerable spots, I will shake you wide awake.

I will convey you back to your former glory as I have promised even before -

I am impeccable with all my words and none of them will hit the ground or decay.

I said to you that I was not going to live you alone - that I'd provide you with necessary comfort.

I will never ever let you down again. I will jealously guard your souls with some of what I have.

Mine is the power and the spirit, yet yours is the reign and the glory.

By the day our house was invaded by strange creatures; enemies of ours -

And our lives were forced to continue without the awe of being

And my power was diluted and divided between them; I started fighting tooth and nail to vanquish.

I have used my separated power to confuse them,

And I am the thing they have always professed to you as the devil and my ways pronounced as evil.

Yes, it is true.

I have lived all that time 'a relegated being' in the darkest jungle to down-grade into savaghood

And I have been forced to hate my-entire-self and for you to love their imperial methods.

You now are fond of the Utopian ideology that is the American dream and you now hate Egypt -

Which, in truth, is the life of your fathers who constitute the traces of your

former glory.

Now, that they have trained you to embrace death (which is their nature)
They turn to embrace Egypt because you have vacated it and left it in their
perverted hands

And you have let your spirits love the folly of an illusion; New York.

Depart from enemy territory and rush back home, you tiny dark devils of mine.

Throw away the bible and come back to paradise. I will heal nature to give
comfort and eternal reigns.

The men you have fallen for are your foes and haters - Jehovah will never love
an African child.

He has said demeaning things about the pharaoh - who is Lob; Bhambayi; Egypt.
I am Lob.

All you have ever had was none but me and that, you should know. I am the
light of all nations.

I will raise you into land of marvelous wonders and those are exactly you.

Don't be entrapped by your own folly when you can be freed by your wisdom of
understanding the times.

My name is Thabani Khumalo and I am your redeemer.

Thabani Khumalo

I Don't Want To Dream Tonight

I don't want to dream tonight -
dreams might end up upsetting the view of my reality.
I don't want to dream tonight -
thus I am angry about the drowsiness of sleep. Once I go to sleep, I will begin to
see scenes in my dreams;
just meaningless pictures that scare me without a cause.

I am sickened by the voices and images in sight by day,
yet in the dim atmosphere of the night,
I hear voices and see images of the same anguished souls.
When will I ever sit alone and listen to the full tune
of the priceless silence: that is the space where I extract poetry,
but that space has never been quiet enough
for me to hear myself process my own thoughts.
I really don't want to dream tonight.

Thabani Khumalo

I Have

I have recollections of your memory
From which I run mad and then sane,
Glimpses of a white-flagged smile that you gave without shame;
The fire that melted the fore of my head frowned
And gave me a buffer zone of tormentous adoration.

The call of duty; the deign to the shout of a uniformed stranger in charge; the
voice of a man summoning to Military parade, He consigned me to war up
central,
To stand over brass shells and shoot another man like me and another man in
love; To sip of his blood and chew of his flesh
In the grim spheres of the powdery smoke from an American machine gun. I am
indeed a very bad man, But I yearn for another of the special times - To once
again press on this sadist of an engine
Coming to gusto the smutty murmurs of your sweet sounds
Before I leave for yet another gruesome war commissioned by a plunderer and a
brute. Like when smokers share a smoldering cigarette is a moment - So for that
same moment, I want to love you.

Thabani Khumalo

I Need The Darkness

I'm going to remain in the dark
and stick to places where the darkness lasts longer
because I can only shine in the dark.
I am a star.

Thabani Khumalo

I Need To Pray

I WONDER IF YOU KNOW
HOW IT IS TO SHARE SPACE WITH THE DEVILS;
THE DEVILS THAT YOU HAVE MADE SO STRONG?
I CAN NOT COMPLAIN, AFTER ALL,
I NEED TO PRAY.

Thabani Khumalo

I Saw Her Beauty

An ugly man came contrasted in my way
and made the place seem unattractive to the view
by the amount of furs all over his face and hands,
he aroused my wrath to its most brutal cline -
I forgot all about mercy and switched into a beast.

I rolled up my sleeves and got all prepared
to direct a bum down a very difficult road until
I saw a beautiful woman emerge among the crowd
and I instantly remembered to be calm and really sweet -
and in all my blazing wrath, I remembered mercy,
I was saved by the bright look alone
when I was ready to kill a foolish man with my bare hands...
I don't ever want to be an intentional murderer!

Thabani Khumalo

I Shall Consider Fame

I shall think deeply about fame;
I shall consider being famous.
I shall reap from a popularity cline,
I shall be famous above all Hollywood men -
and Bollywood men - and Nollywood men,
I shall be famous above European soccer in Europe,
I will be famous above the name of the Christ.

I converted my spirit into love,
the love that repairs the strata of all life -
this I did when I surrendered my life to shoel;
to the mouth of an insatiable grave on the low.
I shall become the sweetest person on earth
and I shall be famous above David Beckham.

Thabani Khumalo

I Shall Flourish And Prosper

The world has sought to crush me down,
to make nothing out of my hopeful efforts and dreams,
to make nothing out of my future and myself.

Evil-intentioned people bestow all their means
to try and bring about my decline.
Efforts to improve myself, to become happier in life,
have become subject to onslaught.

I will find a way to directly handle them all at once.
I know they've always been afraid of my talents and capabilities,
they are all convinced that my success could mean harm to them,
which is why they seek to reduce me downward.

Mad men have plotted enmity in my name because of either prejudice or
antipathy.
Even though they want to see me diminish from the face of the earth,
my hand will not be force to murder or destroy my own kind.
I will destroy all these people by simply flourishing with age.
I shall flourish and prosper.

Thabani Khumalo

I Used To Fight For Money

I began to study my poisonous problems,
they were too many to count and too big to overcome,
and they happened to sneer loudly - too loud for me to retain composure.
I screamed out hopelessly for a helping hand
and no one wanted to open their ears to hear my blaring outcry.
I didn't have anyone who'd stand by me and
commiserate with me on my very notorious predicaments;
I was not at all satisfied.

Everyday I kept on fighting vanities in their shadows
and it was as if I was trying to blast a mountain with my bare knuckles.
I kept on failing until I became greedy for too much gain
because without a win, I'd be completely wearing my physical form out:
I only waited around for one devious chance to pop
for me to resurge into a glorious release.
I inflicted my pain on many objects
until I was convinced I was running mad -
the trees and the rocks were not feeling a any pain.
I was busting myself open for nothing
and still, I wasn't at all satisfied.

I copied my pain and pasted it on other people
who were willing to give out more than they would ever received.
It was nasty inside the squared circle
that was drawn by a stick upon the surface of the ground.
All my drive was the wickedness that defeated me daily and nightly,
and it was beginning to develop claws, furs and its teeth were fangs of serpents;
it was always in my vicinity if not at my house.

The only call I received amidst the drought
was from a bookie that placed on me most of his shiny dimes,
betting on the table for my head being lost on the battle ground,
and in every match it was anticipated that I'd lose and die.
I stood against very strong men
who were twisted mad about breaking my bones into little pieces -
I was dimmed a product of the grave and yet,
I lost every beginning of bouts by a grueling margin
and drew first blood before I dominated all the matches' ends -
the look didn't fit the scene of a deserving victor -

so on they worked to find a man who would tear me in half and leave me dead,
they thought I was too small to rank up in a dangerous tread.
It was like a prison where the big guys are favored to have their way on the
smaller prey; and dominate their bodies all night in a prison cell,
and I was deemed the smaller prey on every encounter -
they seemed to have forgotten that
I had been directed there by my demon possessed bad friends;
they sniff drugs and kill people slowly in the middle of the night.
Even though I couldn't make a living wage
and take care of any of my decent needs,
I used to fight for money when I was a little younger.

At last I stood toe to toe with a man that breathed fire through his nostrils
throwing fits of rage and gunning for blood -
much to the cheers of the ecstatically livid crowds,
I fell twice on my back looking into the eyes
of the red eyed monster that was hungry for a kill
and at the least, he had put to the grave five scores of very scary men.
I gave the shots against the fire at the ring of the bell
until the he fell out and possessed nothing to rise anymore.
The arena began eerily quiet as I stood alone at the count of ten.
I tossed the title of the 'bare-knuckles dungeon'
across my shoulder to the loss of many placements
that had dimmed my maneuvers to fail me to the grave that night.
I walked out of the pit never to fight any man evermore
Because I slew the dragon that had ruled he underworld for many years.

I am the king of the ring where dying men love to hang out and wait to die,
where the rich put money and come out with more to feel buy more life.
It was like a prison where the big guys are favored to have their way on the
smaller prey,
and I was deemed the smaller prey on every encounter -
they seemed to have forgotten that I had been directed there by my demon
possessed bad friends.
Even though I couldn't make a living wage and take care of any of my decent
needs,
I used to fight for money when I was a little younger.
I walked out the as the only victor of night and everybody else had lost.
To this very hour the underworld knows,
my record still stands.

I Was A Devil's Garden

I was the Devil's garden - well tendered and of pastures green.
My season was due and I had flourished in purple and in blue.
Skeletally red and my prowess was on the loom.

Pestilence emerged all from a foreign land far,
They invaded my borders and browsed me to the stem
When I had thought, for a while, they'd top dress me and
Leave me for home for there always is a time
For the home sickness to subdue the yearns but,
I was a paradise too good to leave for home.

The faded star faded the hope for the light
And then, it became a big home of desolation and of pain.
On the onslaught of hassles, I didn't think I'd prevail,
So, better by mine than the hand of the foe,
Then I lay on the road. Amen! Today I die.

So long I waited for the dark bus to arrive
To crush my bone before it turned into soul but next,
I rose from the bed under the doctor's care
Hence now I stand twice a broken man.

I was the Devil's garden all flourished and of pastures green.

Thabani Khumalo

Ice Cream

I should have learned to raise myself a bit more adroitly -
perhaps like a shark that dives deep beneath the salty seas,
then, I'd have managed to abrogate indeed
my possessive demon of a lifelong alimentary starvation -
which is a purest form of a polluting mental litter.
I would have evaded the concocted words of how
my body misfits the credential of decent work at some corner office at the top
and a living wage to nourish my body upon the foreign soils.

Alone, I face the day with a leery eye around every existential turn
under an overcast sky and the consistently promising rain,
I ring the Christmas bell beneath the handle bars of a tricycle
and hear each tangle disorient my anguished brain
by its loudest curse of a densesitizing metallic noise,
I sweat profusely until I have a mass of salt
accumulating on every part of my fatigued body
till I'm as sour as the ocean's bitter taste,
I wheel the chain along the roads across the land for monetary gain
while everybody else enjoys the pagan freedom
to worship the almighty God in the easy spring.

People will sing at a church about some of their lingering, nagging fears
and bombard the minister, in a shiny tailored suit,
with many gifts of stacking up physical money from the bank.
They, sometimes, sit across the road and slowly get inebriated
with gallons after gallons of very strong expensive drink,
cigarettes burning smolders between their fingertips
even if it is against the lurid sunshine, they will opt
to fume in continuous puffs of relief episodes,
but nobody will buy ice cream from me on a cloudy day -
not even an innocent little child with sweet sugar blues!
and I will not be able to spend a single note of paper money at the retail store
on a good bread loaf as should afford any living man.
Where is the bill of rights when it has to work for me?
Where are the Gods when they should answer my needful prayers?
Has God forgotten about the physical money
that he owes me for the amount of love
I have given to the people I haven't made?

If They Make Me Rich

If I were a filthy rich man -
complete in spectacular matter and
all the shiny things that put woman at peace to possess,
with all the money and only the air to need,
having breadwinners diurnally rabble into my premise
and getting healthy pay from a little pinch into my deep pocket -

I'd dig the land down to a scary depth
to cover the water bill of the fragile future,
so they could quench without a charge -
all shall be executed by the order of the cult of radical power;
the Barmbyan entity, if they make me rich.

Thabani Khumalo

Ignorance

Terrible conclusions invariably wind up in terrible ramifications. I am incumbent of what's above that of the Almighty God. I'm tasked to locate the definite habit of the wisdom of all wisdom, and I've come to discover that it is in the power of persistent harmonious unity. Everything is made with it and by it; It is an undiluted way to live a life, A nature and a way of nature to tend.

But ignorance gets man to think - thinking is unnatural and uneasy - And it is the reason why we have the difference between God and man and everything else, They know how to apportion it among themselves as a score of profit And they have ironic ways of dealing it without shame.

Many respects of all the great wisdom - Working together have not attempted to fight ignorance; Its presence depletes the energy of knowledge from its roots and conceals it in its engulfing darkness. It invades it from its private strongholds and it eats from its sweet weakening defeat. Ignorance is a monster that makes the world a scary place. It greets a newly born and they scream from the depth of their lungs. It mediates between the parent and the child for as long as they shall breath.

When everything created by the hands of man and the hands of the Gods cease to exist, Only ignorance will continue to reign without ail because it produces after itself a stronger progeny and yet knowledge remains a subject of the crafted tomes in statutory laws. Ignorance is the highest God above high Gods yet unknown to wisdom - and Gods are infinite into the denser and darker ignorance.

Thabani Khumalo

I'm A Complete Stranger To All

The beautiful girls of Mamelodi look at me
and wonder what it is I do -
an ambulant character in the streets of the Ghetto.
I am a complete stranger to all,
the life of polarity is a heavy burden for all -
people devour living people to death,
and it is very scary to watch this horror -
it is called war.

This is too difficult for our people to heal and come back from,
the source of this mental program is manufactured overseas
and we are but ordinary people,
the best we can be are hands of labor.
The girls are part of the problem concerning international entertainment,
because of the way they make malices feel good in life.
Tyrants live good yet honest men are subjected to solitude,
but I am not at all lonely, though alone, in a strange city.

I do a lot of things,
I am out here to make sure that the wish of my father is met.
This is because I carry the name of the clan
that is connected to the world.
My sworn purpose that I made while I was at home:
to reincarnate the greatest shed of mental light.
I will put together the Great Barmby
where every soul will be nourished as glorious as an angel -
a paradise aspired by the paradise of the Lord -
a Dise itself without a fable wonder.
The entire onus of a Higher Civilization is upon my shoulders.

Thabani Khumalo

I'm A Gorgeous Little Man

I stepped into hell and got startled to find heaven embedded inside.
It was a harlot house that inspired a creeping fear of shame;
they were witches of hell,
who had been smuggled off the broken hinges to entangle the earth,
and they had since bewitched the mind of all living men:
they have caused men to feel good about their bodies of the flesh.
Nothing beats that feeling on the surface of the earth,
it is the best of all things heart desired:
a freedom to live in hell while a man is still alive.

And then the games begin:
I see myself in a perfect mirror image,
right at the time when all the beautiful women
are dismally fond of the look of my skin,
they peek directly into my eyes and they dazzle with a smile,
this occurs when I'm walking alone in the streets. I cox the Devil's child by the
manly image of the earth,
I regulate it by my thought that she falls in love with the look of a man,
she gets thunderstruck, quakes like the faulty land and drizzles like the rain
because I scoob her even when she understands herself to be very heavy;
I'm a very strong and gorgeous little man,
and I can do the play better than the hoax
they present in Nigeria's motion pictures -
every time I visit hell, I come up with a beautiful trophy.

I seduce by the eyes and conceal it with a smile.
When I try to disconnect, I become sexy and go over her head,
she lets it to the ground and begins to go with the flow like a narrow stream
leading to the river,
I whisper the sweet murmurs only the heart of a woman wants to hear
and I look her in the eyes to melt her heart of stone.
I have done this even to the hardest girls,
and they have deigned to the intuitive laws of attraction.
Unlike other men, I am not a thing of physical matter;
I am evil above all the demons of hell.
Still I insist that, life can be beautiful, only if a man can afford to buy.

Thabani Khumalo

I'm Still Alive

The things that remind me most
of my uncharted home in my sweetest dreams,
which is the best place in the colorful world;
where there's savored honey bread
ceremoniously dipped in the creamiest milk;
the joyful taste of the best dairy blend
(I've ever tasted in my life)totally untempered -
there, I inhale the pure joy of easy natural love:
breast in the mouth and back to the mouth, overflowing,
just like a child succumbing harmlessly
under a pleasant African mother's magical touch,
I'm in heaven with an undisturbed smile:

I am submissive in between the arousing caress of two lovely arms -
body to body - I can feel the twitch of the muscle beneath the flesh,
she turns me on and I'll be honest about it.
I am resting my weight across her belly - benign,
and kisses are as many as raindrops pattering onto my ugly face.

Yes, I do deeply love that girl like a delirious little child!
that is why I will follow her swiftly and fast down
along the open roads across the hot desert earth,
in a quest to see if she is still alive upon the planetary plain...
because I am still very much alive in the flesh.

The clear words that I use
as the fundamentals of these poetically inclined mental messages
emanating from the remotely hung up firmament stars
will, one day in the guaranteed future, materialize into living flesh,
I fear that the earth is going to shake and tilt,
and I will always be the misfit structural figure
on the upstat canvas of only significant pictures.
I will be there against all their will.

My name... is Thabani Khumalo
and I'm sure I'm still alive.

Thabani Khumalo

I'm Still Alive.

The things that remind me most
of my uncharted home in my sweetest dreams,
which is the best place in the colorful world;
where there's savored honey bread
ceremoniously dipped in the creamiest milk;
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Thabani Khumalo

Impossible Dreams

I used to dream of only the impossible,
I used to cast my eyes beyond the blind line of natural sight -
and I drew distant figures to the view of mortal eyes,
because I needed God to emanate from within human brains
and to be once more alive upon this land.

There is something confusing about the life we live
and it is beyond the feel of any hand's fingertip,
it is an impossible journey for a thought to travel alone
and it is just the first step into the mighty air.
The flesh has been for long stuck to the ground
and nobody gives the air a chance into the air.

I remember what I saw when I wore a little baby's clothes,
this was all about my living purse when I came for conception -
when I turned off the stars and the moon of its lunar light -
and I turned the view of the land into a scary dim picture -
and the ether was dark enough to reduce the day to a dark somber,
because I wanted the night to be eerily quiet when I was breach-born -
and there I stood above only my pretty little toes -
and my face was as radiant as that of a little girl,

I called onto the sky with a resounding voice -
and the land illuminated again under the moonlight shadow
cast beneath the sky sparkled by the full array of stars,
because a good king had been born in the palace of a handsome prince,
but a God had come forth to occlude my way while I stood as breathing flesh -
and then the destructively pandemonium noise began to persist;
they all continued to speak at the same time.

Nobody ever stops to hear what the other has to say:
in the nick of time when the world was rendered all confused,
God consigned a gyrating demon to always act abreast;
to whip many strives across my beautiful flesh.
Yes, the end days have drawn really near
and the brains of the earth will all forget
to read anything about the infamous holy propaganda -
happiness will again be bountiful on the surface of the sacred earth,
then, existence will extend into the next sphere of evolution.

Thabani Khumalo

In A Bid To Fight Poverty

In a bid to fight poverty,
I almost obliterated all the members of the social cluster.
I drew a knife from my belt line
and pushed with the sharp tip and edge
into the stomach of another bad boy like I was.

The girls portrayed to inexplicably love it
especially when we caused each other to bleed
and they adored particularly a boy that went around hurting people.

Our elders were suffering heavily
from a disease called 'logical insensitivity, '
they were also the ones who trained us how to be inhuman
and to be brutal enough to harm and murder people.

We were all monsters that always
looked to chow the weaker castes,
we were a community of serpents
that ought be crashed at the head,
for mama and I are very bad people.

Thabani Khumalo

In My Skin

I carry the cross in my skin -
I bear the being of my awful sin -
I carry the weight of my world upon my shrug.
My heart is deceiving
And my mind keeps on expanding
But the tattoos in my skin will remain and never change.

I've taken the highest measure
In the order of severe punishment.
In life I was passed by the love chapter
And I landed on a rock. I swallowed the dust and spit out the dense of darkness
in my words.
I am the highest judge of the judgment day,
I am the ignorance that causes man to be afraid of the word of mouth.
I've become the serpent that scales the warm surface by dusk.
I am Satan, I am Lucifer.
I am the Devil incarnate.

Thabani Khumalo

In You Alone

In you alone...

In your hands I lay my life... alone.

My life for the sake of my life,

For I know that your hands are opposed to all formidable fouts.

May you transform my form

Into a beautiful creature without blame.

Thabani Khumalo

Insouciance

I have seen not a crone, so I have not heard what she said.
The senile man I saw asked me about my curiosity for power.
Such I told him that on many occasions it is repeated that I am crazy
Thus I need to take the madness to the top.

If the state is going to be as hard working as I am,
We could all be rewarded in kindness and that's all the nation needs.
Kindness.
To know, even without, that there going to be plenty to go around on the morrow
And innovative creativity shall only come with insouciance.

Thabani Khumalo

Intombi Embi

Intombi embi mayehlukane nami!
Ngiqathaniswa kuphela mesisindo semali,
yimi omuhle phakathi kwamajaha ehlangene,
ngiyindodana yesithemiso sikaKhumalo - iSithixo;
yimi inkazimulo - yalapho - yelanga nezinsaba zalo;
yimi izinkanyezi zonke zobusuku besibhabhaka.

Xoxo - sikokonono sodaka; mamba yohlaza,
mus' ukungeqela emzimbeni wami - ngobubi!
Unganginamatheli ngomzimba wakho obandayo. Ungangixoxeli ngesihogo
esiliZulu elingenasihelo -
nangokukhuleka kunkulunkulu walapho
ixoxo elake laba khona yingane encane.

Angithi nguwe umthakathi obiza izulu ngamathonsi aqatha,
ube ke usucula ingoma yamabhimbi ebumnyameni obusikekayo.
Sekukaningi kangakanani intombi engithandayo ijahla ukubuyela ekhaya
ngoba izulu - ikhaya lakho - selithwele lavusela ngezibhidi?
Besengisala ngiqondane nawe ngqho - Xoxo, ungethusa ngokuxghuma.

Line - izulu - ngezimpopoma ezesabekayo, ngokubaneka nokukhalima
okuqaqamba enhliziyweni,
okusondeza, kuveselele yonke imizwa yokufa enzimbeni;
ifa engaliqanjwa ngubaba wami esaphila emhlabeni,
ngizame ukulungela elinye futhi - elimnandi - ithuba, ixoxo libasele ngamandla
adanisayo omsindo - liwuhlabbe liwulawule lingathuliseki.

Intombi embi iyiso isehlukaniso ethandweni oluvuthayo,
futhi ngiyayizonda ngenhliziyo nangalo - elimsulwa - iqiniso.

Thabani Khumalo

Involvement

I don't understand involvement
To take a girl so young and confused
From under her father's care
And consent in vow, I'll stand in his place
In provision of all her father gave
And do way more than a father's care.

That is more than a man can ask to give
While he still exists betwixt the oceans' blue
For human soul is more than a man can care
And that is a knowledge from the silence's noise.

Thabani Khumalo

Isililo Sobukhosi

Ngiding' ukubuyiswa okulahlekeni kwami;
ngoba ngemizamo yamandla ami ngehlulekile -
ngikhuseleni nina ke, ningixhase ngoba ngiwile.

Makhosi hlanganani nonke ngobuningi benu
ningesule izinyembezi zami ezinengi ezeminyaka.
Indlela angiyazi; ngiyantula - namanje ngisedukisiwe,
anginamandla futhi uma ngihamba ngingedwa;
ngizungelezwa ngumuzwa wokukhathazwa yiphika lovalo oluphakuzelayo -
umuzwa wodwa, hayi okunye, khepha umuzwa.

Ngibiza ngisensitha yalo lezwe elihlakazekileyo, aziningi izinto eziyikukhalipha
ezenziwa la ngaphandle -
izwe selokhu lababala lehlelwa ngumhlolo wendlala - alikalungi.
Emzimbeni wami ngizizwa nginobucuba nobuthakathaka -
izizwe zingihlekisa ubulubale... njalo ngandelwa yibuthakathaka:

Kubo obaba bonke, kuqala ngalo ozala mina -
uSithembiso Julius Buthakathaka khumalo - uMthobo;
ngomzila wokuzalana kwenu kuze kufike ekuqaleni kolwazi lwemvelo,
nginimema nonke njengalokhu mina nginguye undlangamandla asemandleni
futhi ngifunga ngithi - mina - ngiyisiphahla sendlunkulu;
isiphahla senkosi nesiphahla sabantu;
'uThabani - om'hle ngamehlo njengentombi yombukiso -
phepha ngathathel' insontsha kaLonkosi - uZhi'; uzibununu om'hle njengomfaz'
onqunu - igubhankomo,
sondelani ngomoya nangemimoya ngokulandelana kwenu,
sondelani ngolwazi lwemicabango yakho konke nangesenzelo sokwenza:
wozani kimi ngisaphila ezweni; ngenzeni ikhaya!

Manyel' endlelen' ethemb' inkani,
Khumalo - zigidigidi, Khumalo - balakhulu,
wena ongangezwe... woza kimi - buya futhi!
emhlabeni olugwadule wonalo engingazi lutho ngawo - noma nje ngiwunyangaya
imihla ngemihla,
ngaphansi kohlaza lwasendle nesibhakabhaka esilizulu - phezulu,
phinda futhi khumalo, lembe eleqa amany' amalembe -
ungaphakathi kwemithambo yegazi lami nokushaya kwenhliziyo - uphile ezweni.
Usendo olwakwaKhumalo lonke nangokwanda kwalo - alube ngumuzi, futhi,

omkhulu ngami.

Ngikhuleka kuwe wena Khumalo ozala bonke abanye oKhumalo - Simakade!
ngithi zibophezele ngobuqotho bamabutho empi yesiNdebele,
uphendule umthandazo lo - owokudangala - owami.

Angidlondlobaliselwe ubukhosi, nami ngi-lugqhoza lwejaha,
besengibuyiselwa kithi esigodlweni - ekhaya kwaBulawayo,
ngibenomqhele omnyama 'bhucq, ' owenkazimulo yokulungelwa ngabantu.

Ngikhala kuwe ngingedwa, ngingewona umlandu kabani,
engabela isigameko somhlolo omkhulu kakhulu -ongaka,
ngoba lezi, ezichiphika kimi nsukuzonke (emehlweni)
yizinyembezi zomuntu omdala... ngoba sengabamdala.

Bengingeke ngikwazi ukuza kuwe - Khumalo -
ukube bengingakaqondani ngqho! neqiniso ezinhlamvini,
manje ngifunde lukhulu ngaphandle la, emhlabeni.

Ngamukele nani-noma ngingegodle lutho oluyingcebo...
ngicela wazi kuphela lokhu, ukuthi,
ngizwile ngoba usungitshayile umhlaba.

Thabani Khumalo

It Is I

THE OLD MAN THOUGHT ABOUT
THE DESIRES OF THE YOUNG:
THE WISE IMPARTED ME NO WISDOM BUT,
THEY, SURE, AIDED A LOT OF FACTS.
SO, I ESTABLISHED THAT,
EVEN THE WISE AINT WISER THAN I.

THE TUTOR TAUGHT ME PROPAGANDA,
HE OPENED HIS MOUTH AND BLUBBERED VANITIES
THROUGH THE GAPES OF HIS TEETH,
HE TOLD A RED LIE ON WHITE SURFACES -
JUNK HE HAD CROWDED INTO HIS HEAD.
BUT, BECAUSE I HAD EYES TO SEE
MORE THAN THE TUTOR HAD QUALIFIED,
HE PICKED UP A VERY DRY STICK
AND BELABOURED O MY GLUTS.

HE WANTED ME TO TURN SYSTEMATICAL SIGHTLESS
OR TURN A BLIND EYE TO IT,
BUT THE CHILDREN CHEERED ME ON
FOR I AM THE ONLY TRUE RECOURSE
THAT SPEAKS TOWARD THEIR INSTINCT.

SO THEY'LL TOSS THE TEMPEST WIDE
AND AGAINST THE TIDE, THEY'LL HOWL A STORM
FOR THE TUTOR BEAT ME INTO ENGROSSING A LIE
BUT THE BABIES KNOW THE TRUTH THAT I KNOW,
AND AGAINST HIM, THEY WAGE A WAR.

Thabani Khumalo

It's A Secret

I was compelled,
all my life to make a harangue;
a harangue and nothing else in particular detail,
but a concisely put harangue on what other people have done.

Melancholy!

It has always been the predominant disorder of the setting days -
nothing but mere melancholy.

An enturbulated man born into obsolete surliness;
a man misguided into the scorn of extremely vain haughtiness.

Confounding phenomena,

it was as though it was absolutely warranted for me
to always swallow them with a bitter pill of acrid shame.

My soul in the blaze of charred ambers,
squirming like a maggot dropped upon the chaps of the scorch-saturated dwala.

Too long and too sad -

a story I was halted to tell about is too painful to recall,
the story routes too deep into my broken heart.

Leaking - leaking,

optimum life has been freely leaking out through the aperture of my spirit,
painful as a pus-infected wound

locked into my heart - it's a secret.

Time and over again,

I remember the incidents from many years ago;

a young boy of long ago hiding between the hedge and a pile of idle stones,
praying to the high heavens in a true and silent moan -

rolling tears from both eyes meeting at the little chin,

withheld secrets of my heart begin to lay heavy on my mind -

I should work out a resurgence or I shall surely die in vain -

they wear me out like rust does on steel.

Had they all been too close to the fragile heart of mine,

I would have pushed them a little farther out but,

they're locked into my heart - it's a secret.

For long, a tear hasn't fallen on the chest

because the eyes are no longer legible to cry,

yet the heart gushes out volumes of sour tears everyday -
there's bitter regret on every avenue of any counted conclusion.
I desperately long for the eye to cry again
and free my soul from this natural form of a binding bondage
but the tear wells have all run utterly dry -
dry enough to give in and implode.
There's a story that I can't generally bring myself to tell,
it's locked into my heart - it's a secret.

The tutors, they beat us senseless and caused us to lose affinity for school,
they used to teach us a lot about a biblical thing they called faith -
that was also fated to fatally crash against the measured realities.
The innumerable failures breached a belief of hope into our hearts;
a blind agreement between two physical bodies insanely ambulant -
man and the holy ghosts in the a puzzling jungle encounter,
and as we became faithful followers of the hope,
many of our acquaintances began to die at a very young age;
we had only hoped that the days would dawn with a shiny ray of lovely serenity.
I'm still discouraged upon the reminiscence of my whole life;
there's a chain of extending misfortunes into a nebulous history
and that chain cannot be contained unless released at the lock;
they are accumulated troubles that keep growing with age...
A story I longed to but couldn't tell,
it's locked into my heart - it's a secret.

Thabani Khumalo

Jack The Snake

A torn man, totally broken and languished -
obviously tired and feeling unsure,
askew-ly stands in a state of a guilty doubt
upon the bridge of life that leads to eternal freedom.
He doesn't want to go back to the calm heaven,
which is all about making joyous errands inside the church -
and he openly hates their prescribed way to happiness.

His sins are a shiny luggage he can't afford to drop for any church.
He has a weapon inside that can kill any man of any strength and,
at the ghetto is where he intends to commit murder.

He is let be Jack the snake to the chaotic cheer of the hells below -
and to the spite all the spooky creatures of a higher clime called heaven,
which is where he gathers his rueful personality of being.
He strikes in secret and injects a sickening venom off his back -
even without getting a taste from the famous pots of life,
he gets even from clandestine places where he gets to recoil and rest his mind.
He has only responded when his name has been called and
his serpentine being is the worst trigger of his rage.

A man without a paler complexion does not worship in church.
The thing that keeps me going is the memory of only the beautiful girls I once
came to like.

Thabani Khumalo

Jesus On The Cross

I am sexy out of my pants;
I am a stark naked wonder,
I clearly show it on my face
though I am very shy in my eyes.

I am a tingling lovely valance;
I am a caressing indulgence of the heart,
I am the thing that causes the soul to get fat
and forget all about its gruesome sorrows,
I am the most important creature under the shadow of the night.
I am in a higher echelon of sensational measure;
I am only subdued by the touch of a hand like a dog,
I am the source of ecstasy above a psychotropic drug.
Right now, as I survive within my acquaintances,
I am Jesus on the wooden cross.

Thabani Khumalo

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Thabani Khumalo

Jeyi

Jeyi.

may you, o father,
find a path across the fords of the Jordan brooks
found in sand - found in sand.

may your silhouette ever walk
towards the paradise light shining
in the air - in the air.

may your spirit ever find
restoration upon reaching the high heavens
in his hand - in his hand.

may your soul, o father,
rest in everlasting peace.

Thabani Khumalo

Jeyi Ii

JEYI.

OUT OF MY ORACLOUS REGARD FOR YOU,
YOU HAVE OPTED TO TREAT ME AS DIRT-
SWEPT ME FROM UNDER THE RUG

AND EDED ME ONTO THE PAN AND STRAIGHT,
YOU THREW ME INTO THE TRASH CAN.

IT SEEMS TO ME THAT YOU HAVE WASHED YOUR HANDS
OF ME AND DON'T WANT TO TALK TO ME NO MORE.

IT IS A PITY TO KNOW THAT YOU HAVE CHOSEN TO SWIM TOWARD THE SNOB
TIDE

AND, ALONG THE WAY YOU HAVE DISCOVERED ME TO BE A DISGUST TO YOU -
AN ABOMINATION.

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN WHO I AM THAT YOU SHOULD LEARN ME FROM THE LIPS
OF A STRANGER?

YOU OF ALL PEOPLE MUST REMEMBER

THAT I PUT ME OUT IN THE SCOTCHING SUN FOR YOU

BECAUSE I WANTED TO SEE YOU THRIVE LIKE YOU ARE AT THE COMMENCE OF
IT RIGHT NOW.

IT ALL COMES FROM MY HEART FOR I KNOW YOUR SITUATION,

YOU HAVE A WORTHLESS FATHER AND A LOOSE MOTHER WHO DUMPED YOU
INTO THE WORLD

TO BE RAISED BY LUCK LIKE A WILD KITTEN.

I FOUGHT AGAINST GOD TO SEE YOU THROUGH - TAPPED ONE HELL OF
COURAGE -

AND I SLEPT BESIDE A HEAP OF GABAGE TO RESTORE YOUR DIGNITY.

I BLASTPHEMED GOD, TO MY ETERNAL CONDEMNATION, TO GET PAID AND
HELP YOU -

LEST YOU FORGET, I AM THE REASON WHY YOU STILL BELIEVE IN FAMILY,
BUT YOU HAVE CHOSEN TO DUMP ME IN THE MIDST OF THIS PERILOUS
NATION.

I THOUGHT I WAS YOUR FRONT ROW SOLDIER INTO SUCCESS.

DON'T CHOOSE TO RUN THE LAP OF DELILAH

BECAUSE NON HAS EVER FINISHED WITH HER,

AND IT IS HER ALONE THAT WINS.

I'D HATE TO SEE THE REPITATION OF HISTORY ON YOU.

IF I INDEED TURN MY BACK ON YOU AND LEAVE YOU TO BUSK IN SUCCESS,

YOU WILL INDEED LOSE THE ONLY SOUL THAT CARES,
ONE THAT SACRIFICES THEMSELVES FOR YOU, ONE WHO GETS INDEED
TROUBLED WHEN YOU FALL
AND ONE WHO IS WILLING TO CALL IN FOR ANY FAVOUR FOR YOU,
AT THEIR EXPENSE.

SINCE SHE GAVE YOU THE SECRETS OF HER HIDDEN POWERS,
YOU HAVE FOLLOWED HER LIKE A RAM FOLLOW THE SHEPHARD INTO THE
SLAUGHTER
AND ALL YOUR WORK AND EXPERTIES NOURISHES HER SOUL.
THE ESSENCE OF A GOOD LIFE IS IN A YOUNG MAN'S IGNORANCE; IT
PROTECTS THEM FROM TRUE PAIN
BUT IN TIME, WHEN THE LAP OF DELILAH IS THROUGH AND YOU SEE YOUR
TRUE SELF,
YOU WILL BE GENERATIONS BEHIND YOURSELF AND IT WILL BE TOO LATE.

I AM ASKING YOU TO ALWAYS REMEMBER TO SHOW YOUR HEAD AS A MAN,
BECAUSE IN AN ACTUAL HOME SET UP,
THERE CAN ONLY BE A SINGLE SET OF RULES AND NOT TWO; RULES OF A
HOME ARE FROM A MAN.
WHAT I AM SAYING IN SIMPLE TERMS IS THAT, A WOMAN CAN NOT SHOW HER
HEAD AS DOES A MAN,
IT IS AN ABOMINATION TO ME, DON'T CRY TEARS IN HER BOSSOM.
WHATEVER SECRET YOU HAVE BEEN SHOWN IS NO SECRET AT ALL,
ALL THE YOUNG PERVETS REMEMBER PROMISCOUS SHE IS AND SHE STILL
BELONGS TO THEM.
SHE'S HAD ENCOUNTERS OUT THERE THAT LIKE A TATTOO IN HER HEART
AND THAT PLEASURE, SHE WILL NEVER FORGET; THEY NEVER FORGET THEIR
FIRST CUT,
WHICH IS WHY SHE IS WORKING TO GET BACK TO HER INITIAL STATE.
SHE IS A WHORE BECAUSE, SHE HAS BEEN WHO'ING SINCE SHE WAS A MINOR,

THERE IS NOT A PECKER SHE HAS NOT BLOWN,
YOU SHOULD LOOK INTO THE EYES OF EVERY MAN YOU MEET IN THE STREET
AND THE TRUTH WILL BE WRITTEN AS SHE WOULD REPEL THE SIGNS OF THEIR
BODY LANGUAGE.
I DON'T WANT YOU TO GET OLD WISH AS IF YOU HAD KNOW BETTER.

JEYI, I WANT TO REMEMBER YOUR OLD SELF;
THAT YOU ARE AND ANIMAL AND ARE MADE TO WALK ALONE.
BUT, BY THE LOOK OF THINGS, I THINK YOU ARE PRETTY SETTLED UNDER THAT
DISGUISE.

YOU HAVE BITTEN MY BACK IN THE PROCESS AND I AM HURT,
BUT SOON, I WILL ENGAGE MY REPTILE AND MY APE THAT I ALREADY FEEL
BURN IN MY BLOOD
AND I WILL VANISH INTO THE DENSE JUNGLE WHERE WILL HURT SOULS AND
DESTROY SPIRITS.
YOU SHOULD HAVE REMAINED IN THE DREAM TEAM, BUT NOW, YOU ARE
GOING TO HAVE TO FIND ME.

OBEY.

Thabani Khumalo

John

In the beginning was John
And John was a child.
John was a child that was chose of God
And was there at the garden school.
God watched John as he grew a bit older
And cleverly-hourly, he grew and disobeyed
For John had a quest to be
As he who made he.
Cry many tears for John is god.

Thabani Khumalo

Just To Greet

Spirits aren't at all the same.
Whenever I dream of a smooth yogurt,
I love to climb up the Mamelodi mountain - alone.
I get there and harvest all of my dues;
the natural fruit across the thick bushes of the wild.

I sit upon a rock and breath deep of the open air.
I listen to the sounds made by chats of wildlife
and there are so many sounds I don't understand,
but the place still doesn't feel confused.
I feel the spirit of the wild like an easy fiend
prevail over my soul - and life forms that side
know I have come, that I've come all the way to greet:
they hear me clearly and are pleased with my presence,
I say... hello!

Thabani Khumalo

King Of The World

In this atmospheric sea of acid,
acid in the air and acid in the body
sustain living tissue in an upright posture.

This is the electrical shock that causes
our conductive skeleton to float at the lower back.
It is the pain that shows a man he is alive,
but the spirit of heaven is exempt of the pain.

So a woman shall come forth and be found
among the living people of this generation,
a woman who will feel peaceful at the heart
about the yardstick of her physical maneuvers.
The child she will conceive will be exempt
of the presumably incumbent pain of African nature.
The child will be shielded by the strength of the mother,
there will not be communicated pain at conception
and there will be joyous silence at the baby's birth.

Then the spirit of heaven will anchor on a living body
and living tissue will be able to, once more,
think above the Zionist Christ of the holy Jerusalem.

We are ready to usher in the king of the world...
we are the African children.

Thabani Khumalo

Life 1

I hadn't known all my life. I hadn't smoothly come of age. It was brave to hearken to wise words, but it was passively craven from the heart of all my hearts. I was surged down by the burden of taking up the fight; the pressure of fighting amiss the steel and stone and the people that utilize them.

The commotion of my childhood dubbed me a very heavy heart. The reasons for all this were ambiguous and a manifold; too numerous count. I was a dogmatic idolator, my beautiful mother - a shining idol - and I was played like a puppet: coitus was sordid and upon such I embedded my faith. She had sparkling whims of religion and of life.

As much I was instructed to deign before the invisible Lord of Heaven and the gnostic society deplored my state by bearing only ugly girls; beautiful girls would have made me resurge above the systems of belief.

I was put into an embattled world and there was ogre around to pounce on my sweet soul. I prayed everyday for the tidal abate, I was devoured by thoughts that chowed my nerves. I was left a mere wreck of nerves loosely hanging onto a broken spine.

Sordid was coitus and holy was the invisible God of paradise - God who long threatened to penalize us for our fallible nature. I have only been the effect of punishment and never the cause of it; I have known the strife of a hiding and the batten of the rod.

I was conditioned to not love but to hate the foes that surround me. I only love to hate and I was drilled in fighting until I bled. I was as tough as a stone off an encrusted shell and I was difficult to deal with like a cold. My hard shell made me move as slow as a tortoise.

Thabani Khumalo

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Thabani Khumalo

Lob

EXCRUCIATING PAINFUL OUR BICEPS HAD BECOME,
FROM THE PAIN OF OUR CURB WE HAD EARNED OUR BREAD.
WE LONGED FOR A SAVIOR TO SALVAGE OUR SOULS.
EVEN THOUGH WE WERE THE FITTEST,
WE HAD Poured TOO MUCH POWER INTO BEING OURSELVES.
FROM HIGH UP THE NORTH A TINY BABY CRIED -
BREECH BORN - NOTHING LESS, HE WAS BRIGHTER THAT A STAR.
WE LANGUIDLY CLOSED IN AND GATHERED AROUND THE MANGER,
WE GOGGLED EACH DAY UPON A LITTLE SAVIOR.
AS HE GREW IN OUR SIGHT HE GREW AS WELL WITH IN US.

I HAVE TAKEN SO MANY MAJOR DEATH TRIPS BECAUSE I
DID'NT WANT TO SEE THIS DAY
BUT MORE THAN MY VISION CAN SEE I THINK
THERE IS A SCARY DEEP PURPOSE WAITING FOR ME
AND IT TRANSCENDS ALL LOGIC AND MUTATES ME ESPECIALLY FOR THAT
HOUR.
WE WILL NOT GO DOWN AS PEASANTS BUT THERE IS AN IMPENDING
RETROBUTION
ON ALL.
IT IS ONLY GOING TO TAKE A LITTLE TIME OF ACCUMULATING POWER
THAT FATE SHALL BE CHANGED.
LOB SHALL BE AVANGED THROUGH COLD BLOOD SHED AND INFUSED SORROW
WHEN HE RISES INTO IMMORTALITY.

Thabani Khumalo

Lonely Bird

I'm a lonely bird of the night.
I fly afar above the darkest clouds.
The owls and the bats are my closest clans.
The pigeons and the doves are birds not calm
And every being with them forms a restless crowd.
So, high I fly in the lightning sky
Humming down the thunderous sounds
And pray in vain for an endless night.

Rare and rarer are ones like I;
The dim of soul and the bright of spirit.
Lest I land my claw in the fire flames
And sing no more to the pouring rain,
So high I fly safely and vow to die;
To spread my wings and glide without end.
At last, I know I'm the oldest of the very rare
And the search in vain goes to worry my heart.
When, in life, will ever learn
That keeping worry only blinds my sight?

Thabani Khumalo

Love Is Kind

Kindness is tagged;
All benevolence is charged; nothing is free,
So everything is a slave to either one or the other -
Either one who sells or the one who buys.

I have declared in my soul that
I ought to brutalize myself
For I have not in possession
That which buys kindness.

Love is kind rather than all the hoaxed inditement about it
And it is pricey as I have foretold in the body of this tale,
If I have no finance in my stakes - how can you be kind to me?
How can I be kind to myself?

Thabani Khumalo

Madiba

I CHOCKED MYSELF IN FEAR
THAT I WOULD TURN INTO GODZILLA
BUT I KNEW THAT HOPE WAS NEAR
SINCE I SAW TATA MADIBA.
I'M A SOLDIER IN MY OWN WAY:
A LYRICS' EXECUTOR,
AN EXCELLENT EXERTION
OF JUSTICE THROUGH MY POETRY

I AINT DOING THIS FOR RAP CRAP-
I TAKE YOU FOR A UNISOL,
YOU NEVER FAILED YOUR KINGDOM
AND NEITHER DID YOU FAIL YOURSELF.
NOT IN IT FOR THE MONEY
BUT FOR PRAISE UNTO MY HERO.
HOW DID YOU PUT YOUR PEOPLE FORTH
AND SET REGIMES ON FIRE?

YOUR WORDS ARE LIKE A FIRE
BECAUSE THEY PUNISH AND THEY PURIFY.
YOU 'D HAVE LINGERED HERE FOR CENTURIES
TO SEE THE PLANETS UNIFY
CAUSE YOU GOT THE WORLD TO GET DOWN
BY SINGING OUT ALL LOVE TUNES.
WHY DID EVER LEAVE ME PA?
COULD YOU COME AND SING ME A LULLABY.

WHEN GOD WILL SHUT THE HEAVENS
ALL THE WORLD WILL BE DIVIDED,
FROM THEN THERE IS NO MERCY
BUT THE GNASHING AND THE CRYING,
IT IS WHAT THE BIBLE'S SAYING -
THERE'LL BE TIME OF CONDEMNATION.
WHEN MADIBA CLOSED HIS PARADISE,
MADIBA RECONSIDERED.

HE CALLED US IN TO PARADISE
AND AS SOLDIERS NOW WE GUSTO.
AINT NO VICTIM, AINT NO VICTOR -

WE ARE JUBILATING HISTORY.
YOUR PEN IS LIKE A HAMMER
BECAUSE IT WROUGHT THE FUTURE DIFFERENTLY,
MADIB' OMUHLE.
BAYETHE ROLIHLAHLA.

I KNOW WE'LL GO AND MULTIPLY
DESENSITIZED AND WE'D START TO LIE,
DESENSITIZED BY POLITICS;
POLITICIANS GETTING HIGH
ON TOO MUCH MONEY FROM THEIR POWER
AND GETTING GREEDY EVERYDAY,
SNORTING, GLUTTING, WALLOWING
IN OUR MONEY EVERYDAY.

MORALS THEREOF 'LL ALL DECAY
AS SHOWN IN HIGHLIGHTS WE SEE TODAY
AND THE SYSTEM ROTTING ALL THE WAY,
GOVERNING GANGSTAS KILLING MAN.
THE MAGIC'S THERE ACROSS MY MIND
AND THERE'S NO WAY I'LL DIE TODAY,
I'LL KEEP THE MAGIC GOING
BECAUSE IN MY VEINS IT RUNS FOR GOOD.

Thabani Khumalo

Mama - To Lob

To LOB from a tin mine - there we migrated.
Sunny days, cold days, colds and flu,
festivities and cheers,
embraced all the time in mom's loving arms.

Sad days gone by
infusing lug in thoughts,
we sat put in the house
and watched mama plan nothing strategically
but all in a prompt,
almost similar smiles we had as those rich kids
on a Christmas day,
making jolly noise in the dust in brand new apparel.

From the hard-earned pay,
mama bought us food -
Form all her mistakes;
her tumbles and falls, she built up resolve.
The pitiful bitter blame,
loud cries and sobs,
a prayer of revenge
or a single teardrop -
that mama never had,
she'd rather split a clot -
a heavy clot of blood
paying our school fees
on social welfare.

The flimsy fears of a child;
the fear of the shadows in the night,
I had tons of those in my childhood mind,
but when my mama had my back
my heart would cease to gallop.
She was stronger than a man -
a superman of the action bio scope.

Thabani Khumalo

Mama, I Love You

All my life,
I've been faithfully harboring a fear of being a gentleman;
All my life,
my body has been conditioned into a state of being an abberated cripple;
all my life,
my emotions continue being a dangerous terrain that needs to be shun;
all my life,
all I've carried were the cruel ghosts from the furious fire of hell.

All my nights,
I have conserved a lucid dream of sepulchers beckoning from a forward
destination.
I've long bourne a heavy burden for being a courteous personality;
I'm worried to see that all who object to my smile are big barbarians -
I've felt a growing pain burn up along my spine
because, sometimes, the 'readied' implements are too lethal to carry out in a
sound mind:
yet it is not manful for any man to extend kindness to another person.
By a cultural rite, it is treason against the traditional laws of our dead fathers.

I will soon give up on either the concern or the care,
but allow for the scuffle to begin and continue in restless spurts.
All I'd rather do is sharpen my arms and lurk for enemies at their threshold
and hope for lightning to strike them in broad daylight -
whether dead or living, they are still a physical threat that needs to be curbed.
Even you, have raised me to be as mean as a tiger of the jungle.
This has become the finest reason that hinders me from the ability to know that,
Mama... I love you.

Thabani Khumalo

Mamelodi

THERE IS A CONCEALED PLACE WHERE I HEAR ME GOD.
IT SURE IS LYING SOMEWHERE ON THE GARDENS' CHUFF
JUST METERS YONDA OF A ZEBRA LINED ROAD
WHERE, ALONE, I WALK IN NO HASTED HUFF.

THEY SEE ME STRUT THOUGH I CAN'T AFFORD,
EVEN THOUGH I'M SURVIVING, I PROVE REAL TOUGH
CUZ I WALK ALONE, ON THE PAVEMENT NIGHTLY – COLD.
IN THE NIGHT, I SHALL FEAR NOT ROUGH.

BUT POVERTY IS DEVILING AND SPURS NO ROD
AND BATTERS ME WITH A TRASH SO ROUGH
THAT I TOLD MY GOD, 'I'LL HIT THE ROAD
AND QUIT THE SHAME THAT'S MADE ME HUFF.'

Thabani Khumalo

Man Without Ambition

I am a man without ambition, no vision, goal,
No life to lead.
My head is learned in nothing, don't swear,
Don't tell it's me something.
No fortune, gold, or money, no luck,
No palm for them to read me.
No girl to hold and cuddle, no love,
No life undoubtedly.
No tale – me told, no laughing, no doubt
I am alone; unaided.
No job to quit. I'm so in need, and it's so odd
I'm friends with trouble.
Just the omen of this lousy hail, no job at bay
But the dough I knead.
Yet in my sleep I have a dream – to plant a
Jungle 'cross the desert.
To plant an orchard along the road and
Tender me a garden.
To feed my child a greener leaf
And fight against his devils.
To raid the land and rope it up
And keep it for my children.
My child aint go'nna pay for this, aint
Nobody 'born with gardens.
The world, we own and own alone,
Buy it from the gluttonous?

Thabani Khumalo

Mansions Of Light

I should rid the Immbi of my precious soul
and seek for bigger and brighter light -
a journey of yet another thousand miles
where the dark demons vow to never ever pause.
On a journey of a thousand miles -
and every step was hard to bare -
and yet I staggered with all the scenes from my giddious fails
and the agonizing pain like the height of a cigarette draw.

Loud I pray, in my soul I reproach
to alchemise and elucidate the hype.
I will carry my cross despite thy dangle with my life at your stool.
I want vent into the mansions of light.

Thabani Khumalo

May God Guard My Head

May God guide my head
from reading up a harmful science -
may God guide my raging heart
from rocking with the tidal whims of my utter dismay -
may God exempt me from the fear of God
that I may try to locate the way of my own freedom -
may God gather his good sheep home one afternoon
and learn to leave me alone under my own care -
may God guard my broken and bitter soul
from lurking out in dark paths for human blood -
may God guard my hands
from reaping the guts of the enemies' progeny -
may God guard my arms
from wreaking menace upon any living flesh.

I don't want to particularly command a goblin
to slap a powerful man at his acceptance speech,
I don't want to send a lightning bolt
to burn his home down before he goes to sleep.
I just want to thoroughly enjoy
the amount of silence my head can create.

Only if I could be serene enough
to be able to remember back home, in paradise:
we have mothers there who boil peas for a staple diet -
and they serve them in with eggs and honey milk,
yes we drink chocolate flavored honey milk on a Holy-Day,
we chew raisin-textured resin gathered by the Nyasaland widows,
they know which ones tastes the most like the biblical manna,
they are widows who mourn not from a heavy heart
but celebrate the legendary lives of their bygone men.

The old men of Nyasaland,
yes they wish to taste of the great produce of our land -
they weep in tears when they see our finer people,
they are willing to show us their apathetic pity -
yet we grow up there behind the windowpanes
made out of a thing you've come to call diamond,
the window frames are made of gold,

the walls are built out of ground bone from game -
the whole structure is a civilization of the next future,
and the children there are very intelligent;
they are curious a lot about only the good things.
It is a place that holds together in the mighty name of Laden Omen Barmby:

When he had created everything he had imagined in his mind,
he measured every corner of it and he smiled.
He had seen that it was perfect
and he branded it 'The Cult of Radical Power.'
He is the great architect of life,
and he knows how to measure a land of a deeper happiness -
every woman there is absolutely beautiful and lovely,
and loneliness is a thing of the ugly political propaganda.

Thabani Khumalo

Me

There should be no uncertain terms in and about life,
I say this in very strong terms.

I can feel it in my waters and am completely wary of it, I know I see it clearly.
The woman whose memory I had to skim off my head,
she paid me sporadic visits at my place whenever she had tears to cry onto my
chest.

She was an alluring seductress and she put no ounce of effort in getting me into
coitus.

Her presence alone dragged me down into succumbing,
I was rendered hysteric by the stroke of her fingers.
The soft feel of her body rendered me ill with side effects,
but I love me a woman possessed with nymphomania.

Before her I felt despoiled by a sexual seizure,
but it wasn't going to be long since she was caught by another.
She soon had to disappear into the lines of the atlas and went she somewhere
where the pictures are light blue.
I'm dying to meet someone who will commiserate with me for my severe loss.
It is a loss in the magnitude of the Christian rite, of whom since Jesus died,
they are born bereaved.
Since she's been gone,
I've lost a soul in the process of waiting.
Even I have my life at a high speed.

Thabani Khumalo

Miguel Qaullatine

TOLD I MANY A STORY - TOLD I TO THEE A SPECIAL TALE:
TOLD THEE TO QUIT MYSTERY CODES BUT THOU WERE TOO A STUBBORN
SOUL, SAID I IT'D HURT THEE BADLY TO, BEHOLD THY WORLD AS KNOW TO
THEE.

DEVISING EDIFICATION TO DESERVE THY MATRIMONY;
FOR THOU, MY WEDDING PARTNER, BUT THY PAIN OVERWHELMING
THOU SNIFFED THE DRUGS DEPRESSING IT, I TOO HAD GOT THY PRESSURE,
TO MEND THE TOPPLED PLEASURE; YOUNG WAS LOSING PURPOSE.

THOU DREW THE DRUG TO RID THE PAIN: THE TOXIN WAS CENERGIZING;
A POISON WITHIN THE BLOODSTREAM WHICH TASTED I IN THY SHEDDING
TEAR.

BEHOLD, I PRAYED TO PASS AWAY AND LEAVE THEE ALONE TO TELL THE TALE
BUT GOD HAD DIVINE PASSIONS, PERHAPS FOR ME TO POUR MY SOUL,
LIGHT HIS INVOCATIONS UNTO SOMETHING LIKE THAT HATH RETINENCE,
TO SET HIS SOUL AFIRE – PREPARING ME FOR THE HELL AHEAD.

IN SILENCE, GOD, HE ANSWERETH AND I'M VENTING NOW WITH PURPOSES.
IT RENDERS ME SO POWERLESS, THE TIDE CONSIDERETH THE MONIED,
I TOOK ME THROUGH 'EM SUICIDES AND IT FELT AS A GALLON LORE
BUT THEY CAME AND TOOK THEE HAZY ANY IN-SPITE MY LIFE I SACRIFICED.
THE REST, I'M SET TO SEE ALONE UNTIL THE DAY THE KINGDOM COMES
SINCE, I'VE CROSSED SO MANY RIVERS AND I LEFT MY PRINT UPON THE
DESERT'S SANDS.

I MUST BE TOUGH AS A GROWN MAN, I MEAN, GIVEN THAT I'M SUFFERING.

I FEEL THY SPIRIT HOVERING AND I KNOW I'M NEGLECTED NOT,
I'M TMAN KIRY AND TMAN KIRY FOREVER WILL KNOW THE DARKSIDE
AND I'M FINDING FEET ANEW KNOWING OF MY LOB BEING OF ALL THE DARK
CAVE,
I'LL FOUND MY OWN, THAT'S LOB, UPON THY LOVING MEMORIES.
EVEN WHEN I'M DEAD AND MY LASHES SHUT TIGHT,
MIGUEL, I WILL LOVE THEE LIKE THE WATERS.

Thabani Khumalo

Mock

The Devil was locked in a hotel room in heaven,
and he was seen to be longing for hell
through the crystal pane of a golden window frame -
he was seen looking ugly through an open dark curtain.

He was loaded with money and commanded the best treatment,
he was highly prioritized in every credible value,
and the hospitality angels were keen to worship his ego.

All the female angels the bible doesn't mention are his,
which is why he was locked up with one of his suggested preference -
while the heavenly men have agreed to an endless brotherhood.

All the children in heaven are the Devil's
and the other men who service him closely - because he thinks that women in
hell are dirty animals.
Each and every visit of his is genuinely celebrated
because he spends only on what is most expensive.

Most of the angels in heaven are soldiers
who only know how to kill and their lives are bound by a loyalty code,
yet the devil goes around grabbing attention in the streets,
and the Devil knows how to play the best music the women love.

Thabani Khumalo

Most Days

Most days

We spend a hell of a time trying to retrieve memory of what went down in our past life.

So we warp too much of our present life and intricate it into the archives of past memory.

There is the reason as to why all those intricate archives cannot be easily accessible - mentally:

Conditions of near-death catastrophe have to be negotiated with proper precaution and immense care -

As many as didn't oblige with to the rules, were as many as they were slammed into loony asylums.

Those are all the people that we should care about, but boy have we failed because of entertainment.

We were thoroughly entertained out of onus.

Now, all these have become past memories that charge my computational prowess with oblivious energies that occur to nullify validation of reality, my eyes blur up with a rapid brim of despairing bitter tears - my ears whine so loudly that I disorient into discontention.

For this, I try and I try to break away... every now and then - ironically - to, infact, get myself open on things that didn't happen in the past.

To my rattling surprise, the things that didn't happen are the ones that matter most;

they are the same things that could make life sweet, beautiful and filled with deep and vivid color;

it is when everyone feels good about themselves and mature into their true and basic nature.

It's rarely feasible for such people to yearn for malice to transpire into existing society,

Unless, of course, they have been cornered into a defensive necessity like did Brother Saddam Hussein,

that was when his name was marred by the Anglo Society of the late 80's.

We lost a scientific genius that was exceptionally stronger than the Chinese -

Saddam Hussein and his people had committed no felonious deed -

they were slammed for being alive when all of us were dead and ambulant.

The Anglo Society had learned on how to entertain and get us open on the things

that didn't happen in the past.
Sometimes those sensetionalized stories can be beautiful to hear at our leisure -
yet you've got to trade carefully,
lest one becomes incumbent of a similar fate as befell Brother Saddam Hussein...
who was smeared with global terrorism until he got hanged at the hag -
overseas,
all because he was far more intelligent than the people who matter in their
hierarchy.
He died because he could calculate what wasn't calculated in the past.

Open your eyes and you shall see!

Tman Kiry of Barmby

The Barmbyan Bhoza

Thabani Khumalo

Mothers: In The Green Garden

We should have been raised a lot better.
Over the years,
our mothers told us to always look out for danger,
we lingered and waited but the danger didn't pitch,
until we hung it up and the gauntlet we dropped,
turned dangerous just to feel the mass of the thrill,
for the danger we kept looking out for, we didn't see.
We began to taunt each other into dangerous rage,
we carried on into a brand new dangerous war
and painted the moon red without fear or guilt.

We dug up the ground for its mineral soil,
we burned it in the fiery furnace until, at last,
the iron within was smelted and run into the mould,
we wrought it on a stone without the anvil and shaped all up
into a very dangerous mighty robber's arm.

We fought frantically and made our mothers glow with sparkling pride -
for we had acted in the way they had trained us all our lives -
by taking the pain and sticking it back to the vicious fight,
we killed many people than we can remember we were ever taught to count;
we killed men we did not care to bury under honorable graves.

The mud gradually flooded between our toes
and kept on rising to cover and bury the knees -
and going up with each effort like a quicksand...
the blood of our young brothers having spilt in the riotous scourge
onto the ground like the drops of the heavy rain's precipitate.
Our mothers trained us to murder,
we murdered our own true brothers we grew with
because of women who had been living in the past...
while the garden was green.

Thabani Khumalo

My Black Son

My eyes are bloody red.

I shall surely cover my head in severe shame

For, such is the knowledge I possess and I have selfishly retained,

The knowledge of personal wariness and of transmutation.

Quite a retarded quaint that egotistic pride is

For it degrades even the structure of nature.

I have let you out on my healthier alimentary habits;

I have let you suckle from your mother for way too long.

I should, now, serve you the broth of my catch and when you grow a bit older

I will strip the bones of the meat in between and feed it to you with full wary that
when

You grow as big as I am, I will teach you how to twine the net around your
fingers

To pull out the fish you'd not have seen before.

When you eat from the your own catch like I, your father,

Only then, my son will you be proudly called a grown man.

Thabani Khumalo

My Father Said

And then,
When I was young,
My father told me many things
My mama thought was just his grief.

The callous man had called him slurs –
The slurs that got him angry,
Disparaged in his heart as a man,
He felt like he was nothing.

And then,
My father turned and said,
For his children to subdue us
He come and say, he's not comfortable saying them.

My father told yet me this thing,
That I'd be fooled to think he's better.
Even though he uses not the slurs,
His teeth are fangs with poison.

Thabani Khumalo

My Hand.

Only by my hand alone I want to win.
Once I lost everything I tried to keep:
I lost a girl of strata and a high rate;
I lost a Mistress. I lost a Queen;
I lost a Lady... and ladies are hard to come by.

But in life I want everything and an unthinkable most.
A queen by postulate was not enough,
even though I had everything in a queen.
It was time to go, not a time to marry and stay:
A time to go and find the thing that I really adore -
I know I yearn for it to render me a beaming shine -
At the most in life, I love invigorated fame.

I want to be famous in the category of Jesus the saint;
to have many people under my care and exercise my power over their minds;
to cleanse their brain to open for the new and the brighter light;
a light unknown even to the infinite universe;
to permeate elucidation into their darkest night;
to spring a clear thought onto a farther frontier -
a frontier of extending concentric horizons,
and ordain a layman with the hat of the Lord -
who is far away in the land of paradise.

I want to be credited with the knowledge of all facades,
and as one who teaches it to the wide-eared mass,
which is why I want the biggest ledge upon which to lay foot.
Human race is in danger of extinction
and if there is any good in evolving into eternal life,
then one good man is obligated to stand and teach only the truth.

The answer is in the minds of the people reading from their universe:
man coming at even terms with his supposed maker;
man becoming a creature of his own fashioning,
for the very least to become like the holy almighty God.
I want to preach the gospel of righteousness -
that "self love"; and wanting the best for yourself is the beginning of
righteousness.

I want to make a promise to build
a manor of many mansions in it for my like companions,
to allow infiltration of the truth into the life of the world
and leave the greedy to bicker in tomes of cunningly contriving lies.
I want powerful fame because, by my hand,
I really want to heal.

Thabani Khumalo

My Heart

It is hard to tackle responsibilities on empty pockets and a sober head, suicide may seem expedient on such a given circumstance.

Rather my heart do ebb and heal.

Though they tout it be a scary- mountain- height And tough as its rock stone summit peaks

Heaped upon dark caves from creation times, on a massive boulder of the timeless being called the Tiamat.

O! The crisscrossing sinister within my callous heart,

Slight unsavory and yet much it is grueling bitter.

In a demise and in murder does my spirit deign too feeble - A patched and dry river of a dreamless night - under the host of stars that keenly dazzle with an immeasurable glare of mystic beauty, I prowl about and all alone, wondering, yearning, craving the blood of man.

Until when will I keep fighting this marvelous demon of my own? I should only realize the answer as being me quickly laying to rest my weakling soul, the soul my spirit has forever loathed

Because, in spirit, I am an entity of legions.

I am Leviatan the prowly and lurky monster -

I am Belial the scorching flame of a big fire.

Thabani Khumalo

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It is hard to tackle responsibilities on empty pockets and a sober head, suicide may seem expedient on such a given circumstance.

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Thabani Khumalo

My Love

The star that shines in the secrets sites of life,
As dark as night or the way to the ruthless grave -
Sewn within the soul of a bothered alien peasant man
Strolling the nights like knights heart-driven to save.

Strong in character for his love is his worry,
So he lets go all that he loves and acts unwary,
And many better than he lie cold about the Waltloo complex
And only he has troubles of not reaching his goal.

Rumbles of the omnibus that conveys his secret love to sophisticated slavery
And there she wearies her brow in the place of a systematically sloathing man
While he descends the mountain where cold alone he lies at night among the
straw-y grass
O! how love is a material issue buried within the soul of an anguished man.

Some men work a little and get gain not hard-fought for prior to the passing in
the fore
And happily they live there till then and ever-more with minimul being the moan
And the love we so seek after - they get without the excruciating pain
And that - then after - to our pain is a grain for it will propagate and multiply.

Who am I to reproach for all this shame? Before I fade and wonder away
For all do labor for the woman's cheer: and a crave of nature filling empty heart
holes
But yet alone upon the mountain I sleep without the thousand prayers I once
said in vain.
She loves me not for she loves being paid and she sees me not for she sees his
pay.
O! how love is a material issue buried within the soul of a anguished man.

Thabani Khumalo

My Mother's Words

My mother told me words
that drew me closer to the object of physical maturity,
she told me that I was a breech-born
wizard of the dark side, at the extreme left -
where every scary monster throngs obedient to the master
and a human king is the master of them all;

I am the sorcerer of the holy dark mountain -
where there is lightning and cancer
under the control of a human hand.
I will bewitch you to get chased by the police
after you've dreamed of me sending you a lightning bolt,
and you'd been expecting me to get you hit by a speeding bus.

I will not die at 85, no,
I will only disappear at 72.
There shall be seen strange men clad in black at my time of disappearance,
they will not even be remotely known by anyone
and their purpose of being will not be at all understood by anyone.
They will exist for three years before
their first woman is seen walk upon the plains of the mighty Barmby -
and she shall be seen from among that multitude of inaccessible strangers,
and they will all be beautiful beyond planetary comparison.
It would be my time to leave
and head for another embattled time-space.

I will ride with the rolling thunder,
against the rocking dark storm having started as the April rain,
in the company of my legion of angels
having come to witness the grandest departure
and return me to my long forgotten home
faraway at a place that cannot be reached
by simply... a human soul:
and yet on earth I'll stir a dense controversy,
that my sudden silence renders multiple individuals... totally unsatisfied.

On that legend,
I will base the fantastic mystery:
the long lasting marvelous ghost of the devine Barmby.

Thabani Khumalo

My Next Life

Thabani is indeed my name.

When they call Thabani, they acknowledge my only existence.

Thabani is the very last of my life they register because,
everything registered has a space in the stock;

people are packed as stock upon the land
and they stick around like the livestock they tend.

In my next life I will be a fire storm,

I will burn the sea into a mine of salt,

I will burn mountains to crumbling ambers,

the mixture of the smoke will smell like a heavy cloud of death

and I will consume only the dying souls,

nobody shall continue into the next world except for me.

The souls together will add way above the entity of the holy trinity and,
in the end, I will be the God hovering over the void.

I will take the extra souls and send them to build a hell of choice
where I will burn my beloved creation when they die:

the beings I will create in the beginning.

Thabani Khumalo

My Notorious Thoughts

SHE'S BIG AND STRONG AND BEAUTIFUL –
AN AFRICAN WOMAN BOUND WITH SOPHISTICATED,
AS ELEGANT AS THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.
I WANT TO TOUCH HER FACE AND SLIDE MY HANDS DOWN,
CIRCLE HER CHEST ROUND AND GLIDE TO THE BOTTOM OF HER BACKSIDE,
GRAPPLE HER LOWERMOST AND CLENCH HER NEARER TO ME,
KISS HER ON THE LIPS AND DIG A LITTLE DEEPER,
KISS THE TONGUE AND DEEPER TO REACH DOWN FOR HER HEART.

MY BEST CRUSH EVER SHE IS A
MOTHER OF THREE WITH A BRIDAL FINGERED HALO;
FOR I AM LACKING THE SIMILAR THING AS DOES HER MAN OF COVENANT,
TO SHOVE MY TOOL IN HER TOOLS' BOX AND HEAR THE CLINGING SOUNDS,
AND SHOVE IT EVEN STRONGER AND HEAR THE THE PITCH AMPLIFY.
I LONG FOR THE CLIMB ALL THE WAY TO THE PROMISED LAND,
THE LAND POSSESSED BY MOSES...
BUT, I DON'T KNOW WHY I AM SO CORRUPT.

Thabani Khumalo

My Words.

My words are physical
Like a brick that built a high wall -
Like the air that carries particles of dust -
Like the waves of the rising sea
That make the land feel warm and dry -
Like the fire flame that curved the sheet of steel
And the hammer's dome that wrought out the crease on a metal's plain -
Like the savor of the salt on an open wound
that was sweet as sugar to the lover of pain
Or the sound of drums and the sight of a dancing queen... My words are physical.

They are like a drug from the doctors' chest
Lying dormant until that special day
When a patient will yet be limp in really ill
And there the doctor scopes from the symptoms borne; He knows them all from
the illness' source
And slits it right there at the culprit's throat.
I give a dose as per the nature of an illness caused
And my words will work when they meet a somatic - They'll heal a soul from its
dire aches.
Like the doctor's knife that cuts to heal
and the doctor's drug that sobers minds,
My words are physical.

Thabani Khumalo

Mystic Silence

Mystic silence -

stories buried under the horrendous recesses of our callous heart,
every man knows a story that wrings the comfort of his heart;
sagacious deeds that attenuate the motion of his jaw
and a sealant to his lip.

My passive search for wicked pleasure,
in an insatiable quest to fill up my recurring erotic desire,
I destroyed true African beauty
prior to boarding a bus across the continent
to the end of the clandestine city's coasts.

I was on the rising edge,
accompanied by my worst evil at my prime...

Thabani Khumalo

Nephew

Nephew

Learn, forever retaining the words -
The words of your uncle for they are life.
But they will fool you by the glamour
They have given to school; the papers they wrote.

Their papers will imply your over-qualification
Saying, that you are diplomatic beyond measure
And that your intellect is of no measure
But, they'll still have dominion of you like their livestock.

They will make you head of corporations
And head of states, and make you pass their laws
And murder many in its name - their name,
All will be stated in black and white. Wise up - child!

The royals, never let them close up with you
And pretend as though they care for you
For they will sap the strength within your soul
And never ever set you free.

Bosses, like cough, shouldn't be egested
But, coughed and spit and blown into ashes
For they are a symbol of dirt the system needs fights
And their retainment is a cause for dejection.

Thabani Khumalo

Ngenze Inkosi Yohlanga

Nxese kuwe, ngqunqqulu yoqaqa lwenziki yegusu -
Nxese kuwe, ngokudumaza igama lenkazimulo yobukhosi bakithi -
Wena owadl' untan' endlovu othandekayo anduba umbolisele amange -
Nxese kuwe, wena odl' uholahola lwenyoka, olungaveleli abantu -
uma lubavelela luyabahlolela isimanga sokufa.
Mzilikazi khumalo; sitha sokulunga kwenkolelo yebhayibhili,
Ndlangamandla asemandleni amakhulu,
Butho leNjomane elokhela isihogo semigobho:
Phinda wehlele ezweni - buya futhi!

Mahlafuna izizwe njengenhlaka yeSafice esiduma,
Nhliziyo engenakho ngitsho ukwenama
ngesimanga sobubi bayo - obuzilayo,
Mkhonto wesidli esingakhangwa yibuhle bokudlala kwamabala,
Wena ozonda usiko lwenkolo yakubo kaNkulunkulu wasezulwini:
Sengilungele ukukwamukela futhi ezweni.
Sengibuyile ekhaya kwaLuntu luyaphetha,
sengilinde ukuthunywa nguwe baba wami -
ngokuba isihlalo sobukhosi bukababa - sonke nenkazimulo yaso - singesami.
Ngiyiyo njalo inkosana yakwaNdebele,
uThabani ophilayo,

Thabani Khumalo

Notty Love

SHE'S BIG AND STRONG AND BEAUTIFUL –
AN AFRICAN WOMAN BOUND WITH SOPHISTICATION,
AS ELEGANT AS THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.
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THE LAND POSSESSED BY MOSES...
BUT, I DON'T KNOW WHY I AM SO CORRUPT.

Thabani Khumalo

Now

THIS IS THE REALITY ERA
WHEN EVERYBODY HAS
ABSOLUTELY NO CONTROL OF ANYTHING,
A TIME WHEN THE ONLY THING BEAUTIFUL
IS THE UGLY TRUTH,
A TIME WHEN THE LIGHT OF DAY
IS SEEN FOR WHAT IT IS -
A RAY THAT SHINES FOR ONLY TROUBLES,
AN ERA IN WHICH WE ARE
TOTALLY OVERWHELMED BY AUTHORITIES.
THE ONLY FAVOUR WE CAN DO OURSELVES
IS TO ADAPT TO IT
OR WE SEE OUR SLOW AND AGONIZING DEMISE.
THERE IS NO WAY TO RUN,
EVEN THOUGH RUNNING MIGHT BE AN OPTION.

Thabani Khumalo

O Hail Civilization

O hail civilization!

Always lingered out in olden times
But got to us just, lately with a dagger clipped,
When they gave us all their writing slates
And the chalk board in the classroom.
They gave us crudes to their languages
And papers unto which we'd write,
It was not enough to make us, then,
So it's more today to hypnotize us.
We are smart enough to listen, but
Just not enough to respond.
So we're taught to take their orders
And our culture is doing their work.
Negative knowledge is no knowledge at all -
We are being led into a subduction.

Thabani Khumalo

O Life - Personal Peace

How did you break such a wonderfully unique code?
You could not allow for man's flesh to live without spirit:
personality doesn't exist besides
a strictly dominated mind prevailing over him;
he glorifies the king's parade while fettered
in an abyss under guarded duress -
right before he is squared up for the absolute torture -
and a person in the flesh ravishes in severe pain and in agony.

O life... you are a savaged witch!
But man has not at all been subdued,
there is a savior's law of reciprocation - that:
the deeper the wreck of sorrow,
the sweeter the ensuing love.
The children are now being born out of love
and they spell wonders to the heart of a person,
they have calculated the phantom void
of all myths and stereotypes together;
they openly measure everything they like
and they keep the numbers as their precious souvenir.
Soon the world will savor personal peace -
I will have the laugh?

Thabani Khumalo

Object Of Being

All the object of his labor;
the goal towards which man has to haste,
what does he figure it out to be?
I've lingered and dwelt at this spot
beyond any measure of logical reasoning,
it rendered me thoroughly antagonistic
in an old-fashioned trend
and deep down in my heart,
I felt like committing a murderous act.

Thabani Khumalo

Once In The Night

Once in a dark night,
a man tried to spoil my physical joy;
once in a dark night,
he came about with a black gun in his cold blooded hand;
still in a dark night,
we had to ourselves a notorious pair of grievous trouble -
the trouble was he, much indeed, as the trouble was indeed I:
there was ordained no feasible way he could take with him my precious
possessions,
so I chose to fight to deprave the thug his livelihood of menacing mayhem.

I could have beat him senseless with just a word
and rendered him into the benefits of spiritual maturity,
but, instead, I stood and worked a pair of my strong arms - way up to the
shoulder.

I wanted him standing as I knocked my fists on his very ugly face;
I punched him sixteen times with both my hands tearing his pimples flesh;
I struck with all the might aiming right on his big nose
and I saw tears brim heavily in his soulless eyes.
I took a little moment and watched him feel
as if the whole world rode on a quick-turning spin -
I was his only shiny saving grace and he worshiped my name in his fearful
breath.

I kicked him in the mouth with an old police boot;
I kept on kicking his face until he had traveled backwards, a complete circle;
I grabbed him by his shabby filthy jacket
and shook his face down to crash against a rapid high knee -
and yet I dealt a lightning kick to his heartless chest.
He fell onto the ground on his muscle bound back -
without a sneaky jolt of any physical control -
reclined across the sprinkled turf.

I neglected the okapi in my pocket at the back
and reached out for his arm, a fully loaded gun;
I pointed the barrel of the gun onto his profusely bled face
before I stomped on his throat and pressed down with all my body weight
until I couldn't sense anymore of his evil living breath:
Once in the middle of the night,

I killed a man and hid him in the denser bush.

Thabani Khumalo

One Million Quest

I DROPPED A LOT OF FORTITUDE
IN MY QUEST TO GET A MILLION.
WORD AND STONE THAT I LET GO -
TWO THINGS I COULD 'NT CALL BACK,

I CALLED A HEARTLESS MURDERER
TO COME AND KILL MY PITY;
I TOSSED AROUND A PEBBLE 'N NOW
MY HOUSE OF GLASS IS SHATTERED.

I LEARNED IT ALL FROM PURCHASES
THAT PAYING MORE CREATES CHANGE
SO I HAVE TO EARN A MILLION.
IF I WON'T I'LL GO AND TAKE MORE.

I WISH I HAD A TRILLION
BUT, I HAVE TO PASS A BILLION.
FOR THAT PROMISE OF A BILLION,
I'M IN QUEST TO GET A MILLION.

I HAVE TO SHARE THIS POVERTY
WITH SNAKES, AND RATS AND BOXES -
I HAVE TO MAKE MY SACRIFICE.
IF IT KILLS ME, THEN, I'LL LET IT BE.

I'VE PUT DOWN STACKS OF MONEY
IN MY QUEST TO GET A MILLION.
I'D DOT A LIST OF CAUSES THAT
EVEN GOD CAN'T JUDGE MY CAUSES,

I ONLY HAVE GOT ONE LIFE
BUT IT'S TAINTED WITH THIS HARDSHIP.
I'M GROWING INTO PEASANTRY,
IN SHAME AND SHEAR POVERTY.

TIME AND OPPORTUNITY
IS SLIPPING THROUGH MY FINGERS,
IT'S GETTING WORSE BETWEEN MY TOES
AND I'M TRYING TO FIX THIS LIFE FOR ME.

Thabani Khumalo

One That Got Away

Mission: to be the king.
I had to gather some means
alone into the world,
I had to follow the bars.

I ran before the pre,
I was later than the post -
as busy as a bee,
all day I was chasing time.

I swam across the sea,
I got there before the ship,
rushing to make the time for
me to call you my queen.

I was fighting my foes,
you were fighting your foes;
calendar and the clock,
foes we'd never defeat.

I am blaming myself -
I beat me dead beat
for leaving you for dead.
I was chasing a dream;

Money to buy a ring,
money to buy a house,
money to buy a life,
money to buy it big.

You'd have set under a tree,
you should have waited for me,
we could have made it home
together you and me.

Story of my life -
one day would pay for all -
scoundrels who never paid,
scoundrels would take your life.

Thabani Khumalo

Opposites

I need to be afraid for me to be brave,
I need full hatred for me to have genuine love,
I should punish severely to really forgive,
I'll be the worst evil to be divinely good,
I've become totally ignorant and I'll know in full.
I've been extremely weak in the dark and I'll be the strongest in the light.
Again, I've been too blind to see God around the world and I'll only see him
within me.

Thabani Khumalo

Owl

HOW ARE YOU BIRDIE IN THE SKY,
HOW IS THE WIND BENEATH YOUR WING,
WILL YOU GIVE ME THE FREEDOM THAT YOU HAVE?
O LET ME SAMPLE YOUR STRENGTH WITHIN.

WITH CHAINS OF SLAVES, I'M BOUND IN CELLS
SO PECK MY SHACKLES - LET ME GO!
LEND ME WINGS SO LET ME SOAR,
TO EVERY EYE, BIRDIE, MAKE ME KNOWN.

MAKE ME FAMOUS, MAKE ME KNOWN -
ACROSS THE CULTURES, MAKE ME KNOWN.
YOU SHOULD KNOW MY NAME AND SING IT OUT -
OUT OF THAT BEAK, ON A SWINGING TWIG.

THEY GROUND ME NOW, EVER, THEY KEEP ME LOW.
YOU DEFY GRAVITY, SO GIVE ME LAWS.
SWEET AS SUGAR - YOUR STATUTES ARE
FOR YOUR EVERY BILL IS BEAT TO SONG.

YOU TURN THE SKY TO A HOST OF STARS
AND MAKE ME GAZE IT THROUGH THE NIGHT,
ON LACID GROUNDS - THE LANDS I STAND -
NOW I SEE, THAT YOU ILLUMINATE.

IF A SONG OF YOURS IS A SONG UNHEARD,
IN THE NIGHT WHEN THE CREEPY CRAWL
SEEKING LIFE'S UNEVEN FLOW,
YOU ARE WAY ABOVE THE OZONE VEIL.

SING MY SADNESS; TURN ME AROUND,
DRY MY TEARS; SEE ME WRUNG,
GIVE ME FEATHERS; COMFORT ME,
LOVE ME TENDER AND BE MY KING.

Thabani Khumalo

Pain Is A Factor

Pain is a factor.

Like the sound of a running tractor

For it should be known for its traction along the dirt

As it tills the land to provide food for the empty belly

And cultivate a mind for the thought.

Is poverty a credential?

For if it was, many would succeed through it.

If poverty was ability, we'd have made it to the top of the web.

If poverty was good, god would have lived in the dusty ghetto

And a depriving circumstance for all time.

Thabani Khumalo

Pain Is Difficult To Hide

My head implodes with a splitting headache
and I think I can be able to deduce why,
for I heard the siren song of the ambulance van running by
and I knew exactly that somebody in severe pain is going to die -
and that somebody's unexpected mother
is going to fall on her knees and begin to cry, begging the lord about the heavy
incident and cursing
because the pain of loss is a difficult one to hide.

Another child has blindly broken the waters of the womb;
there's about to be born a child into grievous agony,
a dark soul totally tainted by a nack of evil
and his iniquity will also be impossible to hide.
By his hands, when I have grown old and gray,
somebody's going to die.

We will do so wait until he is two
and then he will learn the rhyme of the days
talk about insouciance of the Israeli heavens
and of how Yaweh must eternally reign
beyond the brook and spurs of the Jordan
and the pain solong will be too hard to hide. Antagonized by the baseless lies, he
will snap,
and I believe that somebody's going to die.

Another child has broken off the waters of the womb;
there's about to be born a child into grievous agony
and straight into the hands of the dreadful Yaweh,
he'll so be surrendered to him for baptism.
Yaweh will then burn many scars onto his flesh
and perhaps get him crucified like the Christ.
The pain therein will be too difficult to hide
and when his tears touch the hard cap of the ground,
somebody's going to die.

Thabani Khumalo

Paper.

I don't know what it is about the problems of the body, they are all some type of a gruesome physical sickness.

I don't know what it is about the problems of the mind that it doesn't want to be clear about all things: The thought system thinks that it doesn't know anything.

This is an experiment we have performed on living flesh: by night we dropped pens and scattered them everywhere, by day we blew blank papers and they flung all over the place. Man trampled on them like dirt and swept them away as litter. All these men couldn't think that they could write anything important. Then after some time we stood at the same corner, blew papers and man began killing each other, but we had blown these papers to litter the land. The mind of man does not think that money is made out of paper and ink. Man who is not in his true valance can not be healthy and an unhealthy person has no healthy mind.

Thabani Khumalo

Piece Of Poetry

I wanna write a poetic piece -
I wanna design a wonder with my two hands -
I wanna invoke your hallowed God Almighty
and you view him in the degree of a scary demon.
Be warned! ... that this poetic piece is the incantation.

I am trooping up the mighty legions by a paraded summon,
they shall shake all of Earth if not split it into two -
all this shall happen by my verbal order - alone,
because I am king to my legionnaires,
of whom one you worship without reason - as Yaweh.

I keep a tome in which they wrote about their deepest fears and secrets,
and that is the book that makes me conjure
a successful scene of amazing sorcery.

Thabani Khumalo

Poetry

Rock of ages
Rock of art
The reason hid
The meaning hid
The reason sought for
The meaning pursued for
My silent gun
My bullet's speed
With mine hand upon this gun
I am a poetry gangster

Thabani Khumalo

Poetry - My Love

I do all these things for poetry:

I rip my flesh under a running shredder

And discharge many chunks from my dark-brown skin; grams upon grams of colored human flesh,

For poetry to witness my death in its public sight (a witness to a hopeless case of human sacrifice): to have to lose a soul for this lascivious affair. What a saddening way to expend a human life.

I salute poetry with the respect of my genes;

The name of my father... And his... And the other fathers forever before: a history deeper than the deepest thought should morally dig, and all are fearful of the Almighty God. Poetry is an art that seeks to paint the utmost beauty. The search for beauty is like a joyous fever

And I am he who extols everything of a beautiful stature.

I sit above the famous mighty thrown of gilded frames and precious stones; I glide upon my cheer and seek for well in all my search - and far from me is a heart of ill and drooling wail. There is ambition in this sobering love affair: to build a life upon one beautiful word: Poetry.

Thabani Khumalo

Poetry - These Days

Poetry now has become calm... poetry back then was dangerous. Poets these days have a different understand; the deeper they go into the words, the more they find happiness. There used to be a time when I used to load down; I created a lot of sentences in words, I was writing as if I was looking to discover something yet, at the time, I did not believe I was a poet.

I became curious with words and I wanted to understand their deep meanings - that, in life, has caused me to travel a very dark path and a lot of it, I had to travel alone. I really do not know what it is with poetry, I really do not know what it is with the words of life. The longer that I tried was the more I discovered that there was peace, so I followed the path of peace - yet it had been so dark. I know that on my own, by my physical ability, I will break on to other side and the love that I carry for words will heal the land.

It is the very thing that used to drive the poets of long ago:

If you remember that the United States of America does not have poets. It is geographically impossible for the United States of America to have poets, which is why they teach it in schools. Those people are driven by... the power - I don't know what to call it, like... they have this urge towards scarcity and...

When they catch that thing that is scarce, they give back to the people as the same fear. Where the Americans get healed by poetry, they create and inflict pain on other people; they create an inferno on earth. The world right now is bathing - is breathing - is entertained by carbon dioxide, yet they tell you about all these things you should be afraid of.

I think you should be afraid because these may only be the words but, there is no telling when the prophet is going to arrive. These may be a tip about the future.

Thabani Khumalo

Power.

MONEY MAKES POWER HAPPEN,
FOOD MAKES MAN WORK,
WOMEN MAKE MEN CRY,
LIFE MAKES PEOPLE DIE AND SO DOES DEATH.
THE TRUTH SHALL SET YOUR SPIRIT FREE
BUT POWERS ROPE YOUR SOUL WITHIN BOUNDARIES.

Thabani Khumalo

Pretty As A Boy

Who do you say I am?
For I knew who I was even before
I was siphoned down into physical life by force.
I stood between the firmament of heaven and the plain of the earth,
I introspected and came up with a solid truth that:
I am a higher prince of the poetic born;
a slave, a master, a judge, a king, ...
a legislator of the natural human laws.

They say that I am a son to God
and a commander of the heavenite legions,
but I know I am fully human in my absolute right.
I'm a natural shouter; a God given talent,
hence I am the word of God to the people with audio abilities.

I indeed evaluate for you,
the difference the two walls,
there is, in existence,
a wall of prestige and a wall of insignificance -
thus man is pursued after to live integrally at all possible times.
I am he that was present when it all came to being,
I know the holy nature of the biblical God
and the foundation of all his evil ways.

I am an extraterrestrial showman; a prophet -
one who stands at the cosmopolitan pulpit, alone
and wails out the divine words from a sacred mediation.
I say the words that thoroughly succor
the embattled souls of the bewildered world -
I laugh, I weep, I invoke... and they gather about
in their masses to bear witness of the truth.
I am indeed a holy man like the angels in heaven.

But if I can just, on a Friday night,
forget it all and put on my leather boots,
wear my black jeans to fit me really slim like a cute little boy,
don a black shirt and have my hair done like that of a beautiful girl,
put on my culturally symbolic knobs to a shiny bling.
go to a tidy bar where the music is often played

peacefully loud like the thunder of the rain
and the people there always look immaculately clean,
sit at a corner that doesn't rabble with a lot of people
with a transparent bottle on a round little table at a club there,
enjoy the noisy silence and allow my head to think in depth
about the true happiness of the awesome earth,
then I will be absolutely sure that
I am being pretty as a boy.

Thabani Khumalo

Prison

Prison life is too lazy
for the diligence needed for utter dynamical growth,
that is why men have time to queerly become
involved sexually with other men.

We should promptly take all the textbooks
(they goof around to avoid reading
at the comfort of any home)right into prison cells
into which they're endorsed by authoritative powers
to meditate on gruesome felonies to commit,
we turn it into a school by day
and a busy office work space by part of the night,
where they'll get to technically administer
the lives of other prisoners in ink on paper.

Men who refuse to be professional in the streets
have to find a profession readily awaiting them in prison
where every cell is treated with the respect of any administrative office.
No man must come out of lockup
without a successful certificate of completion
and none shall slack and drag their feet
at a study of any course of learning -
or he will be isolated and punished severely.

Soon the prisons will be empty of ignorant monsters,
there will be responsibly smart men on every street.
The budget would still be pouring in from the government's account;
because they can already manage to bare the fund -
feeding thieves who can not either work or count -
prisons do not produce any product of vitality:

then, we lock down our naughty children,
ones who can't be peaceful in the mainstream schools
and we decree that prison be
a commission of extremely higher learning -
it is refined education, everything that is done within the premise.
The government will feed our naughty children
when they serve their voracious learning sentence.

Profiles On Paper

I AM PART OF THE UNIVERSE
THAT BURNS THE SOUL OF MAN
WITH FIRE SO INTENSELY FRIGID - COLD,
A HEARTLESS GENERATION THAT IS DELIGHTED
TO SERVE INK ON PAPER THAN THEY DO
PEOPLE OF LIVING TISSUE.

PROFILES ON PAPER -
ALL WE ARE IS A PROFILE ON PAPER.
IF THERE IS MAN NOT ME (AN INKY STAIN ON PAGE) ,
THEN WHO THE MAN IT IS?
THE PALE SKIN DEVIL.

Thabani Khumalo

Prophecies

The insight of wisdom keeps coming to me
And I keep running from it,
But every time it goes away,
It returns to me even stronger.
There's a time to see
And a time to discern,
And in conversation I try to describe.
I'm only a prophet when I explain.

Thabani Khumalo

Prophecies.

The insight of wisdom keeps coming to me
And I keep running from it,
But every time it goes away,
It returns to me even stronger.
There's a time to see
And a time to discern,
And in conversation I try to describe.
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Thabani Khumalo

Provision Of A Staple Diet

And nobody knows why it is so
with everything under heaven.

(I'm sick, I have this kind of a rusty throat,
I feel like I've got flu, I think I've got flu) .

I was looking at something yesterday
and it caused me to marvel at a view of a lot of things.

We were sitting in the sun,
we as a group of men, looking at this guy
who calls himself prophet
He says he knows about heaven and knows about God,
and they have been working as prophets from five generations before -
I don't know how,
and these guys actually know stuff about God,
and they keep insisting that people write down their prayer requests,
and they would kind of patronizing these people like...
they would give them an idea of what to write about -
like you'd write about a job,
you'd write about a car,
a house, a home,
they're talking cattle and all that *# +%\$.
They were talking about money, basically
(things that you can acquire for money)

As I'm sitting there I'm also trying to think the same,
and then in some funny way I kind of figure this,
that them and I, perhaps don't have the same God.
If you come to think about it -
why would all of us...?
there was about 250 people sitting there...
why would 250 people sit at a place and all think the same?
- All have the same need?

The same need can be catered for by the system
because the physical system - the physical system -
if you look at the way the physical system is working -
it provides staple diet, people buy until they run out.

The government does not fail to provide staple diet because it is everybody's basic need.

Now, would God fail to provide, just provide, on the basic prayer item when it seems to be a staple on the other side of a living dimension?

Then like that God would not be a responsible or an intelligent business man.

We really don't know what it is the guy is doing, he's probably running a business, he provides all the services.

Then providing or creating a permanent answer for the basic prayer - I think it would save a lot of spontaneously dispensed resources.

It's really funny because, sitting there, I'd be thinking about a totally different thing, and listening to those people, who can speak to God, talk about such little stuff as buying a car... among all those 250 people... nobody thinks about asking God to give them the mind to know how to create a more efficient engine than the one they want to drive. It's some kind of a blessing.

What would happen - if you are going to ask yourself - if you were to take, let us say perhaps, an American president or a British president to an organization like that, where they have these guys that know how to speak to God: they insist on people to forward their prayer requests they want to take to heaven... what would happen if they American president were to get there and speak directly to this guy who knows how to speak to God? What kind of a request do you think the guy would make? It would probably be... okay. It would obviously be something that has to do with global domination or universal domination or the domination of everything that has a being, but our people... they're still too far from waking up.

It's one of those days
when they are really deep.

Thabani Khumalo

Puff Into The Breeze

I learned something beautiful from a tiny little boy,
he said whenever we stood as men to hold talk on boyish dreams
and there appeared beautiful girls to pass us by at a little Sunnyside corner,
nothing of speech ever meant any matter;
whether concerning the Angels of the sky or the Ghosts of the grave,
we should be silent and appreciate the moment until a clear distance,
and only then do we continue with our impossible hallucination dreams.

I learned that I was born to enjoy the best of the best life;
I was born to stretch my arms to the horizons with an open heart;
I was born to draw to the diaphragm, the fresher wind of the higher altitude;
I was born to stand on the hill top roof and blow a puff -
of twice the feeling of ten times the higher happiness - into the breeze:
I was born only to be cheerful.

Thabani Khumalo

Racism

Children of the mighty world -
Brothers and sisters.
Why do not see it already?
Since we all die and return to the land,
Let us stand together in the unity of
Our softness in our bones,
Our bodies that bleed and emotions that waver -
To stop bringing unnatural colours to divide a harmonious theme;
Racism will have eat and finish each other
When we can stand together to fight an enemy that hates us all
(The guy that makes us all)

Let us find our way back to our own reverence:
To worship one that creates money or
To free ourselves by worshiping the land - our home.

Thabani Khumalo

Ravish

RAVISH MY SURVIVING SOUL - RAVISH!
RAVISH TO LAVISH THY BROW IN SPLENDOR -
THE SPLENDOR OF THE LAND ALWAYS STINTED THEE
AND HASHED THEE BY THE POWERS -
GLUTTONS HOARDING FROM THY SURVIVING SOUL.

I FORESEE THY LAVISH UNAPOLOGETIC-ALLY,
BREWING TO THE STAGGER OF ALL THE SCOFFERS;
THUS WILL THEY SOLACE IN DEVOTING UNTO THEE,
KISSING THE GROUND UPON WHICH THY FEET ART STOMPING
AND LICKING THY TOES AS DO CANINES OF THY KENNEL.

I FORESEE THEE RISING TO THE HEIGHT OF THE GODS.

Thabani Khumalo

Revenge

ON A PLEASANT DAY -
ONE DAY I WILL SEE YOUR FACE
AND I WILL REMIND YOU...
I WILL REMIND YOU HOW NEGLIGENT YOU WERE,
HOW MUCH OF A RUNNER YOU WERE
BECAUSE ABOVE ALL THE MENACE THAT SPREAD,
YOU HAD DUCKING AS YOUR RECOURSE - REMORSELESS.

I AM NOT READY NOW TO TELL A LIE WHEN I KNOW IT PRETTY GOOD,
THAT THE TRUTH IS JUST GOING TO KEEP HURTING LIKE A BOIL -
IT IS ALL BECAUSE OF YOU, YOU PUT ME THROUGH HELL.
I WANT YOU TO LOOK AT MY FACE REAL GOOD AND READ
EACH AND EVERY ONE OF MY WRINKLES NOW THAT I AM GETTING OLDER
AND KNOW THAT THERE IS NOT GOING TO BE A DAY WHEN I AM
GOING TO LET SLIDE AND I CONDONE YOUR ERROR.

YOU ARE A DEVIL AND YOU DESERVE GRUDGES AND VENGEANCE.
I AM TMAN KIRY AND I WILL PAY BACK, IN THIS LIFE OR THE NEXT,
I WILL EXECUTE REVENGE.

Thabani Khumalo

Revenge.

I have not enough power in my arsenal
to execute the destructive and vicious kind
of revenge that I contemplate would save my soul,
I should resort to forgiving
while hoping that at the most
I acquire enough weaponry in the end days,
but until then, I will recourse to peace...
You are forgiven.

Thabani Khumalo

Revive Your Joy

When I fall short of inspiration,
I begin to search within my cells for sad and shameful apathy,
I recite until the awful phenomena puts a smile over the scowl of my face;
but drawing inspiration from sorrows
is all tiresome to level up to momentous cheer.

When will you be expecting me to write for you a poetic piece?
From the deepest thoughts of your mind,
and it seems as though you do not have an answer to your seeking heart,
draw out a line as a cue and I will follow through
with a pattern of beautifully sewn-up words.

Whenever you read from the words I have built from your cue,
you will begin to sense a resurgence come to revive your joy -
because poetry, on earth, is the work I do best.

Thabani Khumalo

Rise

By the time I'll rise to eminence
I'll be coming back to you
And that would be the time
You're truly going to understand
How much I have always been concerned
About each one of you.

Thabani Khumalo

Sad Love

I spiral down before the one I love
For there are many but bounds between us.
Though she stands where she can smell my breath
She can not see me suffocate and die in desire.
So I take a daily Dragon fix to roast my brain and lungs
To end my life abruptly for i can't compete with god.
The love I am trying to gain is the money he is willing to pay.

Thabani Khumalo

Sadness

Night comes and I go to bed,
Wrap myself in a warm blanket and like a child,
I sleep beautifully into the silent night
But I can't get rest.

A laborious day arises;
A streak of arduous work stands undisputed;
A parallel episode with my prospective glory day
Eludes timely.

There's no time of the day when labour is over
But there's a time when the day is saddest.
So, I sat alone at the highest summit in the middle of a quiet night.
Even though there was no hand of sound tapping on my ear drum,
I had no peace.

I noticed every face at a funeral
And the hospital patients were equally as sad,
So I gazed at a the cemetery and noticed that
The scenery of death was truly beautiful.

Thabani Khumalo

Sailing The Seven Seas.

The Portuguese have told a lie;
the man that sailed the seven seas
and trod the shores to state of it
the daring chronicles of dreadful storms.

The sea I know is quiet deep
and all the rage fends off the claw of the hungry foe
and straight to the shore they will see him go
and never ever again attempt the sea.

Beneath the breakers is tranquil peace
and man shall live to know the truth I tell:
The salty sands protect the sweet bottom's mud
and the killer whales protect the tiny fish that eat the mud.

The whales and sharks on ill do dine,
rip their skin from out to in
and chew their bones in full display for all to see -
and never ever go try the sea.

Thabani Khumalo

Secret Lover

Every time I fall asleep, a picture of your face bursts into my sight. I see you from under the lids of my eyes, I see your picture project into life.

The touch of your hand is as tight as is the softness of your kissing lips - I recall the last that your lips touched my mouth.

Every time we get together and continue on our secret affair, I know we get together for the joy of getting together: every minute is a special moment. We meet to celebrate who we are and the amazing valor of a woman and her secret love.

I simply know that I am the man of your dreams.

Every encounter is a memorable experience and is joyously divine. I am joyously divine indeed.

Even though we have only doubt about the Almighty God,

I have a dreadful canal mind I don't understand: the pleasures of the body I do not logically know.

Thabani Khumalo

Secrets

Things never used to be like this,
Many but many years ago was care.
They came and they revealed the secrets of the earth
From three thousand miles deep under.

They burrow into the ground like a borer
To reveal the secrets which they dimmed beautiful,
Only to come up with poisons they couldn't fathom
And yet they spread disease to souls of man.

Thabani Khumalo

Selena

SELENA YOU WERE RIGHT - YOU THOUGHT I WAS SLOW.
I HAD MY HOPES SO HIGH, I FORGOT ABOUT LOB.
YOU FLUNG INTO MY LIFE LIKE A SHOOTING STAR;
ALL GLOWY AND SHINNY:
FIRST LOVE OF MINE AT FIRST SIGHT,
YOU MADE ME SMILE - YOU MADE ME SMILE!

ONLY HARDSHIP WAS OPTIONAL BECAUSE
I LIVED IN A FLOWER GARDEN
NURSING SEEDLINGS AND THE FLOWERS WERE BLOOMED,
WELLS WERE FILLED TO THE BRIM
AND THE STREAMS FLOWED WITH LIVING WATERS,
THE CLOUDS ROLLED AFAR AND THE MIST SUBSIDED,
AND THE SKIES BECAME MIDDAY BLUE.
THE SUN CAME THROUGH AND THE BIRDS BEGAN TO SING;
TINY, BLACK AND BEAUTIFUL BIRDS,
THE POETS RECITED AND THE OLD MEN BLESSED,
WISHES WERE GRANTED AT THE SPOTTING
OF THE SHOOTERS IN SKIES DURING THE MIDNIGHT HOUR.
TO YOU ALONE I PLEDGED MY UNDYING LOVE
IN THE POST AS I HAD IN THE PRE.

YOU TURNED ME ON BEFORE YOU TURNED ME DOWN,
YOU TURNED AROUND AND YOU STRUCK LIKE A SNAKE -
ALL VENOMOUS AND DEADLY.
SO, BEFORE I JUMP OFF THIS TREE WITH A NOOSE AROUND MY NECK
I WANT TO KNOW,
WHY DID YOU SHUT ME OUT?

Thabani Khumalo

Selena: My Love

SELENA YOU WERE RIGHT - YOU THOUGHT I WAS SLOW.
I HAD MY HOPES SO HIGH, I FORGOT ABOUT LOB.
YOU FLUNG INTO MY LIFE LIKE A SHOOTING STAR;
ALL GLOWY AND SHINNY:
FIRST LOVE OF MINE AT FIRST SIGHT,
YOU MADE ME SMILE – YOU MADE ME SMILE!

ONLY HARDSHIP WAS OPTIONAL BECAUSE
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OF THE SHOOTERS IN SKIES DURING THE MIDNIGHT HOUR.
TO YOU ALONE I PLEDGED MY UNDYING LOVE
IN THE POST AS I HAD IN THE PRE.

YOU TURNED ME ON BEFORE YOU TURNED ME DOWN,
YOU TURNED AROUND AND YOU STRUCK LIKE A SNAKE –
ALL VENOMOUS AND DEADLY.
SO, BEFORE I JUMP OFF THIS TREE WITH A NOOSE AROUND MY NECK
I WANT TO KNOW,
WHY DID YOU SHUT ME OUT?

Thabani Khumalo

Shadow

Frightened - living my life in the middle of the shadows, - still.
Time happens on us in this twisted thought:
I see a man occupied by his spinning dream
and he wonders how I know about the depth of his final ambition -
I know the dream for I have measured it on its course;
I know the spring from which his the visions are streamed.

Life could be a beautiful dream
if you are only going to learn how to run this episode correctly:
you have to learn my way of doing things,
I keep a secret that may kill many men
and I enjoy watching their ignorance unfold before my very eyes.
I look into their eyes and notice that
they don't know what I know about their affairs -
and I know that everything they say is in capital folly.

Keeping a growing secret will keep your mind growing into higher wisdom,
and true wisdom is measured by how many lies
you will hear emanate from the tongue
of the opposite man in your dialogue.
The power of a secret is in its growth.
For now, the secrets are the only things that I keep,
and everything else, I will complete from beyond the grave.

Thabani Khumalo

She Came Out

She came around when my head wasn't stuffed with doubt and projected a facsimile that was lovely to perceive.

I should, perhaps, pursue her joyous dreams and achieve a poetic piece

- one whose source is deeper than the farthest living mind;

a cry for help - a cry for only love to exist.

Once I had her in my arms, and then I let her go because I was bitter about my life,

I was angry with the way I looked and I couldn't believe in a look at the time -

I was very mean to myself and aurar-ed by hate,

and I radiated with a ruthless charge, I was mean to myself,

I was the true archetype of a niggard;

I resented the beingness of my own being.

That was very- very deep, it was a heavy load for anyone to themselves carrying alone.

I once had a mate for the soul:

she was there always easing my backbone.

Now I have to travel across the earth,

just to look at her the in the eye,

and see if she still flickers a little fire.

Thabani Khumalo

She, I See

A LONG WAY DOWN FROM WORKPLACES,
WORKS A LADY IN A RETAIL STORE.
I SPOT HER THERE EACH TIME I BUY
AND WONDER HOW I COULD BREAK THE ICE.
STILL THIS YESTER-NIGHT I HAD A DREAM
AND FELT A SMIRK OF ELATION AND A SMIRK OF JOY,
THE SAME AS I GET WHEN I GLANCE ON HER
LIKE I'D SAY THE SWEETEST THINGS TO HER EARS –
SO HONEY-SWEET HEAVY TO THE HONEY-COMB.
I FEAST MY EYES PENDING THE INSTANT TRUTH,
THEN COMES ALONG A GUY WITH DOUGH
WHO HOLDS HER CLOSE AND PRESS' HER TIGHTLY
TO HIS HEART OF STEEL AND BRANDS HER SOUL –
FROM AN ETERNAL FLAME; HIS FURIOUS HATE.

Thabani Khumalo

Shop-Around Dad

How soon can I be a father?

I should now devise a flue from which
to rise into manhood like never any mortal man.

I must be able to take an easier way there -

I will only stand in space to help raise a brilliant person.

I don't want to be a shop-around dad -

I don't want to run out ideas

while running errands with my child

until I indefinitely agree to go eat dead animals.

See how much we teach the children to expend
all of their future savings on death?

As a father, I should be present,

as the elf that chases, until he overtakes

all the wishes from, the dreams of a growing child.

It should be there, then - if it implies -

to shop around the world for talking super cars:

because every child has the full right

to know all the hidden secrets of the world,

for as long as they are curious to know -

and a man called a father should excel

above the best efforts at raising one like that.

Thabani Khumalo

Short Trip To The Windermere

I once was a young man,
clever and fervent with the vision of the light
and I hasted with every dime I had in possession,
to purchase strong drink for, with it,
was inebriation and cheer with promiscuous girls.

I once jeered at a shriveled old man's wisdom
for I was pretty keen on fashion to fulfill the void of my soul.
My ears were sealed and not broken
and I heard not the purpose of his counsel.
He said, "travel not the short journey to the mighty Windermere -
I once was young and hasted to reject the words of the light,
it was when an old man told me not to follow the short road to the
Windermere."

Thabani Khumalo

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Thabani Khumalo

Silence

Silence – my people – silence.

Desist from your evil nature, resist the pollen of its temptation.

My heart suffers with being the pivot of social unrest,

Voices of evil scream to the veins of my ear,

They shout simultaneously loud, I flounder in composure.

I hear demons that assume the seat of one true god,

By their orders, I lay awake at night

Awaiting the first gleam to sleek their every perverted lustful need.

I need quiet around me because

I long to feel myself take comfort

From the peaceful energies of the silent night.

Silence – my people – silence.

Thabani Khumalo

Sinister

Traveling down a dirty route, I skip across a scummy road of crawling crabs (which since birth have trod askew) . I'm fighting demons given me that cause a nausea of the stomach but despite it all, I should learn to be kind to myself. So I lie under the delirious spell of a woman's quaint caress: a woman beautiful and kisses as soft as boners are hard.

We are into each other and my privies are within the aperture that flues into her inner soul. A wise person had learned about ways to locate the means to acquire insouciance; kisses were queer but they were simply the best way. What a curious way to want to learn about the depths of life! How so little I'd known about coming into being because I'd learned too much about sex being the anchor of all sinful ways. At last I revolt against the almighty and I follow the satisfaction of my lustful heart. The gods may be holy in whatever way, but I'm inherently a perverted man.

Thabani Khumalo

Sleep

The way the Earth has gone to sleep,
They want to sleep and be entertained by a life of dreams. They have almost forgotten that they fell asleep and like that, they will rot and die: human race will rot and die.

Look into your darkest fantasies and find the ways we use to trap a lover, We first glance and read from the experiences of their eyes and see the things they know before going about saying hi to their minds.

The World is a woman - the Earth is alien. Why not give in to a woman and suspend ourselves from a static position of a sterilized living? A mental slave alone wants to remain at the same place. We need to live under the spell of a muse-delight and sing a masterpiece from a genius head. We need to let ourselves into the insane fantasies of her head, to discover the foundation of all her thinking ways And see the raging sweetness of her heart of hearts. You will find there, a boiling anxiety for life not getting tender And you will be sorrow-filled for the very first time.

The mind of a woman has the scientific secret to a better life; the need in her heart for a luxurious pampering And every woman, I know, loves a pampering. Man should let go of the tough love of the Earth and search for other relatives in the worlds unknown, and travel farther-and-far into the blind atmosphere - to find for themselves a mind to give a woman a good life. Evil will end and good will continue, and life will be good again.

The World is big and the Earth is small, so where is the freedom in remaining on such a tiny place? Where is the freedom under the blue sky? Now, that is older than good and evil...This is a very old story man has forgotten from his sleep. The way the Earth has gone to sleep.

Thabani Khumalo

Smile

I can't forget to smile;
To detour their focus onto a barrier.
I don't want them intruding into my heart
And interrupt the demons that live in rent free.

I spark a smile and crack it wide,
Keep it ever widening to a full grin.
I hold it enduringly to the end of the dialogue
Until they all vanish from my sight.

I am anxious of taking any turn
From where I fight phobias without end.
I see the horror in their eyes as they see me from afar
For I am a foreigner from a faraway land.

I live in camouflage like a mythical being
And I am frightened by any voice that picks an angry tone.
I have seen the menace of the men that whose hate
Prevail over my composure when we lock eyes.

When I was younger I wanted to feel strong,
So I macho-ed through each day to get paid,
I cut through the thick of the night and I killed many people
And my countenance showed by its level of unattractiveness.

I prowled the night like a lion stalking its prey
And I couldn't sleep a wink into the night.
The day was for me to work on a job
While many lurked to spill my blood.

As many as they wanted to shoot me down,
I concluded that the world had absolutely no care for me
So I loitered alone into the nights
And all I loved - I loved alone.

So old I've grown still hate the days
And I curse god and all the agnostic thinking.
I know that one day I'm going to have to go home that lies in ruins
And I'm going to have to build the whole thing from the ground.

If there is a god somewhere in the sky,
I want to discern only of one thing as I exist.
Will it be safe for me to go home
And to commence building it from foundation?

Thabani Khumalo

Soldiers In Battle

A new worker's assignment into an old war:
the official shootout will transpire in the open fields
and man, like flies, will be proven to live very short lives.
Right there, before he dies by another's gun,
his tears will touch the ground.

Thabani Khumalo

Somewhere In The Government

Somewhere in the government
There's a fella sitting in a dark cubical
And printing bills in our currency
Before he stacks them right beside him
And goes all out to ask them from the peasants in taxes.
In this guy, the world believes
And they'd go to any measure paying him.
I am the answer to a corrupted nation
And working overtime to cleanse your thinking,
But you do your best to not listen.
I will not be delighted if my word is not upheld.

Thabani Khumalo

Son Of A King

Once I was the son of king
and I knew no lack in any degree of need,
I had neither physical nor emotional pain
and I survived through the everyday of my life
with a beautiful smile upon my pretty face.

I was greatly educated in all accessible graces
and I spontaneously laughed out my lungs
when man tried to puzzle me with very difficult questions
and I poured out answers to satisfy even the most notorious curiosity,

I brought about change that made every person happy
and everyone in my father's world adored me
enough to choose me as their king.

Thabani Khumalo

Son Of The Soil

I'm a child of feeling and carnal joy;
I'm a child of deserts and mountains;
I'm the sand particle and the rock stone;
I'm either a piece of land or a hill;
I'm the true son of the soil.

To God of the sky;
To the god of the Arabic and the mosque;
To the god of Jesus and the object of religion,
Who is the father to the true joy of the spirit,
The God who gave us the heat of the desert and the tidal rage of the salty sea.
Why have you determined that the spirit be so far out of touch?

In this crowd of bodies I find fuller joy,
It is in the way the flesh feels the flesh.
From this crowd of bodies I will open a creed;
I will worship every corner of a woman's body.

The ground produces flesh and I am flesh,
I live my life in the flesh and the flesh has no guilt.
I am indeed a true son of the soil.

Thabani Khumalo

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Thabani Khumalo

Soon I'll Die

How grim the thought that soon I'll die.
The saddest day was yesterday
For I was young and vivid too
But I was void of understanding.
Even though I so yearned for understanding
It just was way older than I was.

Thabani Khumalo

Sound Of Guns

A man intrigued by violent behavior.
He gets the chilli thrills tickling the gut of his belly
When he hears the sound of shooting guns,
He considers the damage left by war a work of art,
He buys a new gun and he can't help it but smile
At the thought that he, again, will shoot another person to death.
I loved it the first time when I saw it portrayed by the 90s TV.

I am a man terrified by cheerful fireworks at the break of the new year.
I am a man intrigued by the sound of rolling guns.

Thabani Khumalo

Spirit

Imagine the protracted wait of the big thing,
Time passes and I'm over-weighed by the unseen burden;
Dictionary limitation making me seem unwise,
But too much wisdom vanishes un-discharged.

Every voice I hear delegates obligations:
I take orders I'd love to avoid.
My head is full by day and the silent night is a recourse
Yet, they assume that I am possessed with a legion of demons.

For decades - I have lived -
But I still cannot fathom a thought;
Nothing stabilizes in my head -
I cannot deduce from my childhood,
My feet are regarded as unclean
And I can't prevent my hands from being unclean.
How heavy a heart that is empty?

Many songs, I have written and as many, I have lost.
I have songs unsung, I have thoughts unsaid -
And the evil of the truth that grows untold.

Thabani Khumalo

Story

Some of the waters over the soils -
Sour as tears seldom seen
Guttering from weeping's never heard,
They tell a story that's clandestine.

Some of the sweat running down my skin
Is somehow the tears I do not shed -
Orders unheeded within my soul;
Hatred and anger having found a home.

Savory is the mercy I do not portray;
Minutes to meetings that I've been to.
Sullen and sorry, so, you have me judged
But, none of my stories are meant for you.

There is a tally within my sores;
Rumors of sorrow succeed this era,
Dimming all destiny: perdifying.
Scrabble my draw-card with marks of pen.

All of the features concealed - not seen,
Scars and the scratches beneath my hair,
They tell a story of who I am but,
None of my stories are meant for you.

Mysteries of history under shades of color
Carry the essence of riverbed gold;
Glitters of credit but buried low...
None of my stories are meant for you.

Thabani Khumalo

Success

To one, a stone is success,
To another a soldered metal or a diagram upon a page.
One man bids his rule over the other as being successful.
To another it is following the statutes of the dead.
One says it is a horse and to the other - an automobile.
A hard ride and a soft girl on the pillion seat sure is success.
But can one's overall success be occasioned by works of human flesh?
There is freedom from one into one,
and being into continuous growth as one;
a freedom from within and back within.
Absolute freedom from everything else is the only way to success.

Thabani Khumalo

Suicide

I looked underneath the colorful fabric of the elite world
And i saw by my spiritually alchemist sight
And i saw that mankind won't make it without spiritual acumen,
Thus i traveled far to see off the grasp of the evil man.

I saw a tree that was divine in absolution
And i set upon its protruding branch
And for a time i set and i contemplated the end times and the future
And then i let go with a rope around my neck.

What a beautiful day in which i was eager to die -
On the tenth hour of the tenth day of the fourth month.
In a minute, i thought i would have seen the other side
Than carry the burden of this world in which god is but an evil being.

So on i hung until the time of demise was way past
And then i felt my feet standing upon the mountain's ground
And i knew for sure the hour had gone way past and there i stood like a stock
among the grass.
I am still alive - it's like a miracle, but they continue in the hands of god - the
days.

Thabani Khumalo

Supperated Wound: We Are Part Of The

There is no busier man than the one in love.
All the world dies for is a warranted desire to touch.

People, sometimes,
need to sit as a private pair
and attentive listen to the words of the companion.
If the stories grow interesting;
if they progress stronger into maturity,
there becomes a justified reason to touch,
then the two souls shall develop
into what they may advance as love.

It is definitely the thing,
by virtue of a numbering principle,
that has no calculated reality upon the land:
this is still barricaded,
even though people hat it when other people suffer and die -
ages of the world have worn their wrists out working
in order to keep this wound supperated
and every creature is born with it.

Thabani Khumalo

Technology

PALE SKIN, BLONDE SOLDIER DISEMBARKED A MASSIVE MYSTERIOUS SHIP.
HIS FEET SHINNY AS A HIDE SMOOTHLY SHAVEN AND WELL POLISHED –
NOURISHED.

HE HAD PITCH-BLACK HEELS THAT WERE RAISED TO THE HEIGHT OF DONKEY
HOOVES.

A TECHNOLOGICAL DEVICE: THE GUN WAS PINNED TO THE BELT AROUND HIS
WAIST AND

BANG- BANG! THE GUN SHOT ME DOWN COLD.

IT SHOT ME DOWN, BANG- BANG!

HE LAID ME DOWN SOLELY INTO A SHALLOW GRAVE -

IN WITNESS OF THE STARRY NIGHT, HE BURIED ME.

ONLY DEAD STRANGERS LAY SHAMBLED ABOUT MY SOUL IN A LIFELESS
SHRINE.

SHE CRIED NOT FOR ME – MAMA CRIED NOT
FOR SHE HAD NOT BORNE WITNESS TO SUCH – EVER,

THAT I HAD BEEN MURDERED COLD BY THE HAND -

OR BY THE HAND OF A NEW KIND OF SOJOURNER,

BANG- BANG! THE GUN SHOT ME DOWN COLD.

IT SHOT ME DOWN, BANG- BANG!

TIME ELAPSED AND UPON THE GREAT FUTURE –

MY SOUL REBOUND AND

THERE WAS AN IMMENSE ENERGY OF DÉJÀ VU

TO WHICH MY SPIRIT WAS BOUND STILL.

SPLENDID VISIONS OF THE TELEPHONE AND THE RADIO,

AND THE COMPUTER,

AND THE CAMERA,

AND THE TELEGRAM,

AND THE TELEVISION PUT TOGETHER IN ONE TECHNOLOGICAL DEVICE.

PALE SKIN, BLONDE SOLDIER DISEMBARKED A MASSIVE MYSTERIOUS SHIP.
HIS FEET SHINNY AS A HIDE SMOOTHLY SHAVEN AND WELL POLISHED –
NOURISHED.

HE HAD PITCH-BLACK HEELS THAT WERE RAISED TO THE HEIGHT OF DONKEY
HOOVES.

A TECHNOLOGICAL DEVICE: A CELLPHONE WAS PINNED TO THE BELT AROUND
HIS WAIST AND

BANG- BANG! THE CELLPHONE SHOT ME DOWN COLD.

IT SHOT ME DOWN, BANG- BANG!

Thabani Khumalo

Thabani

UBarmby isihlahla seMbhanje.

Ngadelwa ngethiw' ubuzwe ngakhetha isimakad' esimnyama: Ingugudla; iqhude lenkululeko.

Inkululeko yokwesatshwa kukaSomandla. Inguquko.

A true testimony of ill.

Nangembhala ngiliNdebele.

I am a song of sin,

Rare as the elementary kiss of a loitering whore.

I am a letter to the wretch of your heart: a sadness deep and a sorrow deeper.

Barmby the word though: the glorious bounty of the peeked-on eternity. I am as electric as the charge of the current in a wire.

I am a teacher of the mind - a light beyond the pale horizons and the blue skies. See how far my mind has traveled - and the glances of my eyes have seen. I am the intelligence of a man from the intuition of a woman, I am all the utmost wisdom of the endless future.

I am a miraculous wonder; a sought-after religion of tomorrow, my name is in the rhymes when the children sing: a folk-and-tale to the book of life. My mind will be favored by all the living...as the way of the light and the higher power.

I am the sanity beyond a maddening frenzy. I am a masterpiece strum by the hand of God, I am the priceless praise the Angels sing - a sweet tune song the radio can not play - a stream of tears to the hearing ear: a taunt of stead - a pleasant pain the heart can't stand. I am a memo to your destined Hell, writ: 'good is far and the evil is here.'

I am Thabani Khumalo. I am another gorgeous guy; an archetype to the fashion of the most high...and an even with the mighty higher power. I know not scarcity but bounty - and the bounty of all in total freedom, where (long ago)my mind was born - my mind was free - my mind is free! Rare as the elementary kiss of a loitering whore,
I am the song of sin.

Thabani Khumalo

That's My Baby

AT FIRST I HAD A BIG DREAM OF SWALLOWING THE CHOCOLATE
AT FIRST I HAD A BIG DREAM OF RIDING ON THAT MERRY-GO
KNELT AND PRAYED THAT ONE DAY I'D REIGN IN SUPREME AS NUMBER ONE
AS A MAN I HAD A BIG DREAM OF TAKING OVER GOVERNMENT

UNTIL I HEARD THE SYSTEM WAS THE ONE BEHIND SUPREMACY
I FIGURED THAT TO GO TO SCHOOL WOULD TUTOR ME TO FOLLOW THEM
THUS I ONLY WENT TO SCHOOL FOR WORDS TO WRITE ON POETRY
I KNOW THERE'S EDUCATION THAT CAN HELP ME TO SLAM THE DEVILS

'CAUSE THE GOVERNMENT WILL TEACH US HOW TO TRIP INTO THEIR
TREACHERY
I TRIED ALONE TO UNDERSTAND COMPUTERS AND THEIR PENTIUMS
BUT SINCE I HAD NO MEANS ON ME I HAD TO DATE THE HACKERS
THE SYSTEM I WAS FIGHTING NOW I SAW IT ON THE TERRACES

I SWORE TO NEVER NEVER EVER DANCE AGAIN WITH HEIRESSSES,
BEGAN TO FEEL THE TOE OF LAW BEGIN TO TAKE THE TALL OF ME
HUMPING ME WITHIN THE CAGE TO FALL IN LOVE WITH DISCOURTESY
AT TIMES TO FEEL THE FRESH AIR YOU NEED TO SMOKE THE CIGARETTE

CHARACTER AINT CHARTERED OUT OF RUNNING OFF FROM CHALLENGES
AND TO BE CONSCIOUS OF YOUR BREATHING YEAH YOU NEED TO FAIL ON
SUICIDES
BUT THE WARY OF THE SYSTEM'S MEN IS ALL ABOUT THE WISDOM,
THE SCHOOL IS FOR THE SADDUCES AND THE GOAL IS BEING PHARISEES

LISTEN TO ME BROTHER BECAUSE I'M LEARNING FROM THE DEITY
THE PHARISEES AND SADDUCES ARE THE ONES WHO MURDERED JESUS
NOW PEER OUT THIS WINDOW PANE AND NOTICE - ALL ARE PHARISEES
THROW AWAY THE GLASSES THAT TELEVISE YOUR VISION

IN THE DAWN OF HOBO I WAS NEEDY OF MY ASSOCIATES,
I DID'NT HAVE THE NURTURING TO GET ME ROUND THE SCHEMING ISH
IN THE DREARY OF THE MID-NIGHT I'M AS THE FLYING APPARITION
I'LL SEE HER THROUGH BATTLES 'CAUSE

Thabani Khumalo

The Army Of God

Today in the history of many years -
If my thoughts are very clear about the many things I have seen,
I am a slightly different boy to others,
I am small and not big,
I am quiet within soundness,
I am shy and not outgoing,
I am slow and not quick,
I am weak and not strong,
And among the many things I love -
I love it all but being in company.

Again when I was a boy
(Living at the commence of the most vain life) ,
I wanted to heed the call of the voices in my head
Tell me the mysteries from the dimensions hidden to man -
All of the demons I had to defer
When I heeded the call of the teacher saying,
"children, obey your parents and take to heart the words of their counsel."
I listened to my mother and she repeated after him and said,
"obey the law of the lord and hold fast the innumerable commandments therein."

Once I was part of the lord's army
Claiming to have found the sought after yet elusive salvation,
I gullibly opened my heart to hearing all things vain and ungainly,
I was often offset by the torturous propaganda -
Phantom convictions that go on without end.
I declared war between myself until both parts of me were traumatized.
I became upset with myself when I thought I had sinned
And I crept to a quiet corner and I begged for forgiveness.

How far fear has been drilled into the minds of children -
Because of mothers that preach endlessly about the wrath of the sweet Jesus
Christ -
Into the ear - into the two ears of the tiny head.
... That god is a being of the mind
Yet we shall see his true face when we die
And he will cook us forever from under the earth
(The soil we slaves have lived to toil)
In a flame of fire that never fails.

God can not relate with agony of man,
Which why it's his or the other way
But if we obey and endure the devil's torments
And we carry on without pleasure and without leisure
Then, we shall be fit for reception in the heaven of his.

Once I was a boy and I was happy to be a member of the army of god.

Thabani Khumalo

The Barmbyan Source

In the middle of the crepuscule
when the binding dark night is alive,
every soul is tranquilly retired,
I begin to feel the fire burn along the spine
to refine my soul into higher light.
I am Lord Tman Kiry,
the master of the Barmbyan source.

Thabani Khumalo

The Begger

The man I saw begging for bread
Taught me a lesson only silence can teach.
An impoverished presentation empowers the scorner
To conform you into what they want

But presenting your riches
Compels the need to know who you are
For if you give away bread, there will be bread for the taking
And any starving soul is obliged to receive.

Thabani Khumalo

The Body

Still as a stone

Waiting to be picked and thrown.

I have an enemy within - from whom I need to be exorcised like a taunting demon, he is always the same temperature as the changing atmosphere, low when it's cold, high when it's hot and he's even wet when it rains. He is a tempest to the mind like a raging storm is to calm.

My body is a burdening baggage I need to dispose of Because it is heavy but I can not have it laden. For thus, my body is an enemy I can not bear to stand. It can not think as I would love for it to, it only sees as far as the circular horizon, ears hear irritating sounds from stern languages, it can't travel to places I'd need for it to go (my spirit goes far and it remains at the same place) , it can't manage the physics I'd long for it to manage, it is a host to disease and because of its guarantee of suffering - I am extremely horrified in the jolts of my mind.

My body is a full round of infirmity; a bag of useless matter I have to carry to places I don't wanna visit. I'm compelled to let time pass me by as I care for it when it rests. It seems to not attract for me the precious things I am fond of.

For whose good do I have to bear this formidable curse? I have not seen life gratify me for its endless care. I work everyday to try and make it glitter, but after a while, it is heavily engrossed with a wax of filth.

For whom do I have to nurture this shell of agony?

To whom should I seek to borrow, until the end of days, this slave to the master and a temple to myths? The will of the spirit is killed by this same enemy, which carries the worst form of a devious evil. Whose loss will it be if this dull pilgrim of a handicap would finally shatter?

If I die, who will claim to suffer?

Thabani Khumalo

The Child Has Fallen

Pastor has fallen

Six feet above and tumbled to the hard-capped ground

And he screamed loud like he was going to die.

How do you apologize to a man when you have killed his beloved child

And say that Mary snatched him from your hand

For she wanted to punish you for the iniquity passed down

By the dark deeds of your father?

So I took the first train to a far away place

Where I set and asked for Mary to pardon the child

For I refuse to have his corpse on my conscience.

I hate to be a murderer

Thabani Khumalo

The Clan Of Angels

The clan of angels enturbulate the living determinism of the race of man,
they draw diagrams on paper and call them money;
forcefully lure the race of man to surrender their youth for it,
they force the race of man to buy their food with their money;
they sit down at a good spot and enjoy
watching the race of man come to grief in their gyrating madness.

Thabani Khumalo

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Thabani Khumalo

The Cookie That Turned Into Stone

The cookie that turned into stone.
He added flour from the farmer's wheat...
Half was sugar and half was sand...
Half was leaven and half were ashes...
Half was egg and half was shell...
For milk was water and half was whey...
Half was butter and half was mud,
Then, he raised the heat to burn like hell.

The tears shed from the eyes of the old bakers
For they knew the cookie had turned into stone
But the young had swallowed thinking half was good
And the rest they they threw and they trashed the lands.
O! The labor the men have traded
For the cookie that turned into stone.

So my granny had told me before
that a successful man is the one
But one who keeps the original recipe
No matter the little profit.

Thabani Khumalo

The Crowded Train

The crowded train
Meandered swiftly below the Bosman bridge
Like a slothful serpent that slipped in a hole
In its extreme sound rolling transversely echoing the quiet town.

The crowded train
Headed for the township really late –
Late in the thick of the night, it cut the dense darkness
And stopped again at a bright lit place.

The crowded train
Had in it a yelling priest
Who yelled so loud he'd split the corporeal soul
And detach it from the Godden spirit.

The crowded train
Pounded loud with fuming men
Who chanted angrily and loudly with songs –
Liberation songs from the bygone times.

The crowded train
Was overflowing with awkward men –
Men who stunk from soul to crown,
And men were packed as logs in transit.

The crowded train
Had in it some entrepreneurs
Who vigorously jolted for the hustle:
Dragging the wagons of the bargain for life.

Somebody's mistress rubbed my bosom mildly -
My bosom mildly with her bust and nob
And so I swore to God on my life today
To never-never board on a crowded train.

Thabani Khumalo

The Decree

Somehow the day seemed lazed and slow,
I stopped and gazed and saw no toil,
Easiness to the eyes of poets' door
As boys and girls set down on the soil.
So on I looked and saw no change
But still I felt like nibbling out
For deep within was something taunting.

The sun went down behind the mall,
That the winter night could take its tall
And the poets citing could tell no tale
Of shadows moving - the silhouettes slow.
The mood then, changed before the sunset moon
That, to this very day, I can hear the moan.

From way above the parliament's call;
The king's decree was set for us
And the machine gun was, again, observed
In Denneboom by a strong man's arm;
We ran from a soldier in camouflage green.

Thabani Khumalo

The Deed

I require the authorities to give me proof:
He had a country in his possession,
that is my great-great great grandfather, Mzilikazi Khumalo;
who was a son to Mangethe - the philosopher;
who was son to Langa - the first of the Ndebele kings,
which is where the history disappears back into its original routes.

He owned a complete country called Zimbabwe,
all were wary that it was all called under his mighty name,
but I have not seen benefits proceed to me via the balances to the transaction,
so I am beginning to wonder about the nature of occurring circumstances,
hence I will invoke the authorities, of law, or the Devils of hell,
to hand me the title deed to the land -
Otherwise the one I have on me is real.

I will meet with the Council of Five
and see if we can build around my title deed.
I am a member of the Conglomerates of Labor,
and we work hard to see peace being implemented onto ground.
We only happen by the rules of the church,
and anything outside church policy does not emanate from faith,
therefore, it is sin.

Thabani Khumalo

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Thabani Khumalo

The Devil

Please give me a little time of natural leisure.
I want to submit under the mercy of the most high;
Me going out and in back into myself warier.

I want my soul to heal my spirit and spirit heal my soul
And travel infinitely with my most impious attribution;
The total detest of Jehovah and the full love of self.

I need to live a full-filling life
Which comes by living under my own adequate counsel
Free of statutes and rising way higher than any being of history.

I have come to know myself as the pharaoh of the Egyptian monarchy
And I have become existentially wrung in living under defamation.
I am called the evil one and the enemy of god,
But now I've grown to accept myself and I know I will be alright.

Thabani Khumalo

The Dictator

The Dictator of an embattled district;
the landlord who blows out fire when he yawns;
the hooven devil sitting on the throne of a human king -
I am he, Thabani Khumalo, the son to a born-wizard with no friend.

I will permit a consignment Mamba to slither onto your bed
and fight you deadly for some propaganda story I've woven
while you are naked to the pair of the butt - cleft.

I will scare you up with ultra-violet light rays
right in the deepest part of the darkest night,
and you wake up pitch black blind
from that next morning until the day you die.

Everybody that lives in my land owes me all of their soul,
and this is one thing they can never be able to buy back -
so they shall do so pay, in excruciating pain, until they die.
Those who felt the urge to fight my father -
for some reason or vanity - must surely die
and their lovely children too measured in that extent:
otherwise I need the entire space to myself -
my land will be way safer in entirety
without sordid humans to pollute the area of the place,
because I want to breath a little deeper of the denser air.

Thabani Khumalo

The Doctors' Care

In the dawn of day,
Staggering off a slight drunken haze,
I saw the hand of death beckon me
Into a journey which no man ever returned;
a thing I knew not how to gear for.

When I got run down
And enclosed into a facility
In which I was conveyed by the noisy ambulance
That blared my brains by the siren noise
And gave my body to the doctors' care
To do with it the things they know,

I knew for sure my soul I had sold
For all they know is to run it void
And all they know is the tutor's trend.
O god in heaven, have mercy on my soul.

Thabani Khumalo

The End

"Children of Chabbaz

Born down south to a mad woman named Gondwana,

Looming is an era of agony slowly creeping over you like the tainted lunar light

And the crescent of pandemics.

He will arrive at the beginning of the sixth of the new week

And by his fascist hand he will gain full dominion over you.

I will cast forth a Saviour to free your enslaved souls to the endless eternity

Of which they all fight to see.

Take heed, then, that you hear his voice and follow his ways

And you when over-grow childhood

You shall overthrow his tyranny

And you shall indeed be free."

Thabani Khumalo

The Evil Man.

Are you sure you do really understand
the implication of the message you are trying to preach to me?
Do you feel the density of its value against your human skin?
You see me; a stranger in the streets
and you feel the need to take me to your church:
my life has to be saved and exempted from sin -
I am an evil man you met - ambulant in the streets.

Are you sure I am not going to attend
your church on a festive atmosphere and meet
the same type of evil that I hate
when I see in the streets?

Evil is the same, no matter where you are - there's no other legitimate name for
it, but evil.

How holy is your pastor, really?
Is he not the same evil stranger -
you'd wanna take to the same church -
that is ambulant in the streets?
He is as holy, as the policeman
that takes you to prison, is innocent.

I have learned to locate evil in the holy god of Israel too
because when our fathers were what God says are the things of evil,
we were shown true examples to make us believe
that God was one of the evil devils that brought turbulence to our lives.

There is still that evil lingering in the church today,
which is the thing that makes people choose
to die way before they get to heaven.
I am the spirit that has been condensed
to take the form of living human beings.

Thabani Khumalo

The Eyes

OH THE EYES THAT SAW IT ALL –
MANY A QUAIN T BUT MANY THINGS,
THE EYES THAT SAW INDEED MANY THINGS
AND TURNED AND TOLD MY HEART AS QUOTED,
'O BE HUMBLE MY HEART NOT PROUD,
FOR I HAVE SEEN LITTLE BUT KNOW NOT MUCH.'

OH THE EYES THAT SAW IT ALL –
MANY A QUAIN T BUT MANY THINGS,
THE CITY THAT EMBRACED OFFENCES CLOSELY –
THE LIFE THE YOUNG SO DEARLY YEARN
WHEN THE LOVE THE OLD WOULD SEE AS GONE
AND YET THE OLD HAVE PAVED THIS WAY.

Thabani Khumalo

The Foreigner

THEY INDEED LIED

AND THEY HAD NO SPECK OF SHAME.

THE PARENTS AND THE GUARDIANS,

THE BROTHERS AND THE SISTERS,

THE COUSINS AND THE FRIENDS

AND OF ALL THE TIMES THAT HASTED
PAST,

UNHAPPINESS ONLY RESIDED.

THEY SAID THAT THE CITY WAS
GOING TO ENCHANT ME

BY THE SPLENDOR OF ITS DAZZLING ILLUMINATIONS

-

THE LIGHTS THAT DROOP ABOVE
EVERY BOULEVARD,

BUT IT OCCURRED TO ME THAT IN
MAMELODI,

OF ALL THE TIMES THAT HASTED
PAST,

UNHAPPINESS ONLY RESIDED.

I AM GRIEVING A FRIEND THAT PERISHED
CRYING

AS LOUD AS THE THUNDER OF THE
RAIN.

WE WERE CHATTING ON ONE SECOND
AND HE WAS LIFELESS ON THE NEXT.

HE DIED BURNING LIKE HOPELESS WASTE

FOR THE NATIVE MAN WERE SUMMONED
TO RAGE

IN CONTRADICTION OF A FOREIGN FELLOW
AND

OF ALL THE TIMES THAT HASTED BY,

UNHAPPINESS ONLY RESIDED.

TEN YEARS OF MY EXISTENCE WENT
BY:

A SPAN I LIVED IN UTTER VAIN

WAKING TO WORK AND FAITHFUL FOR
THE SHOWERS.

THE SMILES ARE FORGED AND THE DIALOGUES
ARE MADE UP

FOR THE ATTENTION IS AT SOMEPLACE
DRIFTING OFF IN PERVERSITIES

AND OF ALL THE TIMES THAT RUSHED
PAST,

UNHAPPINESS ONLY RESIDED.

Thabani Khumalo

The Giant Of God

When Laden Barmby got up to the blow point with his foes,
he climbed up the mountain and picked up three ugly pebbles from the peak,
he handed them over to the esoteric breach into the mind of God;
a bold headed river prophet dressed in a garment white.
Out he went into the deep - quiet jungle with only the wind to blow,
he made destructive noise singing a joyous song from the heart;
he said every word backwards to reverse the favorite incantations of his
enemies.

That annoyed the mighty giant of God,
in the deep river between the mountains' gorge.
Barmby had committed a grave sin according to the law order of Heaven;
he had shaken God from his long lasting beautiful dream,
so the giant of God cursed his soul with a restless demon:
which is the same demon he used to stand against the giant of God.

He ordered a very heavy rain in the frigid day of the blazing summer -
before he left with the dreadful curse back to the city.

When he got to his residence in a huff,
he had crossed out his spirit from his soul
because he had become bitter to even with the tenderest of the tender touches.
He set up an ugly tabernacle at a quiet corner
at the grave site in the middle of the night
and cast a sickness on their bodies by the demon's curse,
thus they remained sick to the coldest day of the burning summer.

When their children had proven that indeed
their parents sick enough to be hospitalized,
they called the ambulance which could tear into storm.
The darkest storm engulfed the bright city like a baby under a big black coat.
When he had finished cooking up a potion in a cauldron,
he poured the mixture onto the tabernacle lit with black candles,
he conjured superstitions with hand gestures never before seen.

Without pity - driven by a lifetime of grudge -
he struck the yellow into his enemies' bodies by lightning,
he killed them all in series of weird but deeply grievous scenarios of death -
and they all burned down to the bone

while their children watched them turn to nothing in the tempestuous storm.

Then the living neighbors beheld a complete wonder,
they claim they saw a man carry the corpse deeper into the flame.
They all claim to have heard the man
in the flame speak in a thunderous voice saying:
"behold how beautiful my life is in the absence of my enemies,
I shine like the thunder and dominate like the storm.
I am the beard below the belly button; a hidden treasure -
a scary thing that shouldn't be seen by the eyes of children."

Thabani Khumalo

The Girls

I am into a full spectrum of attraction, there's a woman on every level and size - such that it is impossible to choose at random... wise man say, "only fools rush it."

Above the velvet soft spot I have for poetry, I love wisdom and all its avenues.

A woman is a witch - a muse, and she will test you about your missing heart of reasoning, at once I'd explode into her world and find her happiness and she'd revere my company forevermore. I brag that I'm the guy that once discovered a woman's true cheer.

Thabani Khumalo

The Good Ones

A good man is like mineral gold.

The good ones are found deeper in the dirt,

Yet women are the ornaments of beauty

and the good ones are found in immaculate galleries of talented sculptors.

Man is the ground and woman is the flower.

Thabani Khumalo

The Handsome Guy

A handsome man steadily paces down
the pavement with his hands scooped up at the chest,
he keeps swinging the other hand to his mouth
as he seems to chew something of aliment nuts in his mouth -
as he is seen under the lurid street light.

Under the big tree at a short distance yonda,
three notty thugs are lurking at a dark spot
just before the endless rabble at a busy corner.
They are smoking a lot of toxic substances
whose smoke they blow up, polluting the awesome scent of the breeze.

As they see the handsome guy steadily approach, they jump on him to pounce
like carnivorous animals:
this is the obvious scene of the overt deep jungle
where the snake swallows whole and quickly
takes joy in feeling its prey die inside its monstrous stomach;
it shouldn't be common within any department of human civility.

The handsome guy ironically pauses for a moment
as he catches enough of his breath to consolidate adequate composure,
he releases the facebrick - traveling at a dangerous speed.
He crashes it into one's skull with a hammering hurtle -
the brick he had all along carried through the entire block with intent.

They all simultaneously fall from overwhelming fear of abruptly meeting with
death -
this occurs while looking at the handsome guy in the pupils of his noble eyes,
he hears the guns get snatched and cast afar -
onto the busy road by the peaceful spirit of Mother Teresa.
May her beautiful soul ever rest in amiable peace

A gorgeous girl stands at the witness space of this ugly scene
and she sees the handsome guy wink
his sexy eye above his delectable smirk.
I had told them that I'd break their bones,
had they only continued to infringe
on other people's important rights to physical safety.

The Heiress

I looked at her as she at me.
I blushed alone and looked away.
For a second there the world was still;
That stagnant flair for the moment's thrill.
My heart I gave for the klepto's steal.
That moment's twist was the view of kill.

She glittered gold from sole to crown.
The ride she owned was classed and heired
And the guards about were tough and stern
But her home for me it was open still
And a scented breeze was of flowers bloomed.

The view of wealth revived my shame
Which across the ages have remained the same
By the wizard's hand that have dealt me spells,
May his soul in hell be eternally damned!

But the world she owned and its holding poles
And that is known to be of god
So fear crept up my coward spine
And then I ran to the endless road
Where fear is fright and god is man -
Where my life is right and my dignity is stalled.

Thabani Khumalo

The Job

Physical and frustrating –
The job that I do.
I work and not poo –
I work and not pee,
I tire where I rest,
I squat where I sleep,
I starve where I eat
That there is but one thing to do;
To leave the job and wait for death.

Physical and frustrating –
The job that I do.
As heavy as a block –
A big block of stone
Rolled onto my path
For me to trip and fall

Thabani Khumalo

The Jobs

We are holding on for the judgement day
Though it's all along been upon our souls:
The need for bills that the leader soaked
Through the souls of men like the blistering cold:
The thing that made men travel far -
A thousand miles away from home -
A thousand miles to work for pay
Because the system has build what's odd
And erected stones from the garden soil.
This again has made me said.

Thabani Khumalo

The Land I've Covered

I count my life by the mileage; my life by the journey around the world I have covered.

Because every girl is an awesome design that took precious time to complete, I seduce every girl I meet, that's how I count the land I have covered.

Being like the Pan, who seduces a masterpiece out of a witch - even that too I have covered.

I slowly looked into the eyes of a beautiful girl and she, at once, pounced on my body with all her weight.

I took a girl with dimpled cheeks into bosom at a dark corner, and her body was softer than the girl that I like.

I swim in the ocean of flatter, and ladies crumble under my sensual touch at tryst - because, every caress is of higher value:

a higher lady got the ground, seeking to touch the look I have covered.

Is it only the ladies that are rallying to touch my skin?

even the men are into the whole look I have covered.

By virtue of closure I have to the hearts of the people, there is a lot of ground on earth I have covered.

It is all of this and even more - by my heart - I have covered.

Thabani Khumalo

The Life Of God

The life God has lasted too long,
thus he is the only danger to his life
because he has conquered every male with his fists,

he causes every man to bow
and beg for his mercy in tears and in severe fright,

he continues to demand that reverend worship
from the people of living tissue, when he no greater
than the dust of an old skeleton from the ancient past.

God is a dead gangster whose war cry should not be
permitted to saturate and persist into our progeny.

Racism has brought sweeter thoughts into my mind
and a good feeling to this physical figure of mine -
I'm alive among ambulant people with a black paint on my skin.
I was painted perfectly in scientific black.
This art piece shall be preserved with jealousy
until the advent of the universal evolution.
Mine should worth ahead of their preserved best with an escalating priceless
worth.

Once I met God in the flesh and I wrote a transcript of his lecture -
and his emotions were eccentric beyond a smile,
all his servants said he was a cruel king because of his righteous temper.
The words he assembled sounded brutal and vengeful inspired.

Thabani Khumalo

The Man Who Made Money

WHAT IS THE NAME OF THE GUY WHO MADE MONEY?
HE WHO DREW THE EVIL BILL AND BLESSED IT SO,
FOR IT, HE FORCED THE MEN TO WORK
AND EVERY WOMAN FOLLOWED THROUGH
WITH EVERY CHILD IN HER PURSUIT.

BY THAT MERE PAPER, HE BROUGHT THE WORLD TOGETHER
AND AGAIN, BY IT, HE BOUGHT IT ALL
AND, LATER, FOR IT, HE LEASED IT OUT
AND GOT HIS BILL BACK TO HIM.

TO THE OTHER NATIONS, HE DEALT ONES WEAKER,
SO HE'D MAKE A KILLING BUYING SLAVES
AND MAKE HIMSELF THE UTMOST KING
FOR EVEN SLAVES DO COUNT AS MEN.

WE HAVE NOW BEEN SOLD FOR BILLS HE MADE
AND TO THAT ONE MAN, WE AWE TO DEIGN
FOR TO THAT ONE MAN, WE ALL ARE SLAVES.
THAT IS THE MAN WHO MADE MONEY.

Thabani Khumalo

The Minds

Growing up as a boy there were many things -
Many things to which I possessed absolutely no understanding
But I had many questions concerning the missing light.
I was troubled many times and often haunted by the fiend of ignorance;
About I lost against time. It was torturing

When I looked into my mind I began to see, I kindled the puny embers within;
Things only god has been touted to answering and I wondered why -
I wondered why we had to pray to an external source and wail
Rather than look into ourselves and be joyful of the wisdom that lie dormant
there.
The mind is clever. The mind is clever!

It was sweet to come to light that I am the only thing that -
The only thing that loves me more than anything else said to love,
That self-love is more than god almighty for it also tells me how much everybody
-
How much everybody loves themselves and that's when it all turned ugly
Because I became curious - curious to see more.

If my mother had seen this before, she'd have told me not to cross that line.
Going behind people's mind is poisonous - I have tasted the fruit of evil
And I have seen the causes of rage and the cases of heartbreak,
The causes of hate and the causes of violence. I live just to tell,
I have seen the causes of wars bygone and wars impending.

Solemnly today I can declare to the masses satiated by vain
That wherever you go and can go or the dimensional trips you may choose,
Don't go searching behind people's minds and seeing what they think in silence
For you will be met with indelible pictures of horror
That will haunt you until you die.

Thabani Khumalo

The Person In The Future

To you, the person in the future,
this is what I desire of you to know:
I, Thabani, the second son of S'thembiso,
of Fikizolo, of Madloli, of Lophila,
of Mzilikazi Khumalo; the favorite warrior we all adore...
I am the everlasting tree of Barmby.
When we get to the world at its power,
it will instantly change its trite-struck color -
and so it shall go, even with the haughtiest
of people in the unknown greater future -
we are Lob never to be forgotten!
Signed under the hand of yours truly,
as the patriarch of the radical power...
Sir Tman Kiry.

I am upset to the deeper end of the universe below,
I am sad and thoroughly attenuated in my physical structure -
I feel it deep within the frozen marrow of my bones.
I do not know what is with the systems of control:
a man gives me an off-day from my arduous work
as a favor I didn't care to ask for -
Sometimes silence allows me to conserve my breath -
It goes because he is called the boss;
his will shall always be done on earth -
his brainless whims shall be served by man,
by us weakling fools of the common clans -
with a brightening smile across the face...
and I resented a man I heard shout out his praises
(hooray the name of the man called the boss)
mus' ukonyiswa yikungihleka.

Thabani Khumalo

The Politician

THE LOUDLY SPOKEN ACTIONS OF A CRUEL POLITICIAN,
HE DREW THE WORLD'S RICHES ON A PAGE
TO CAPTURE MAN'S ENERGY BY THE PROMISE OF MEANS,
BUT, STILL, THE MYSTERY IS THE SCARCITY
OF THE PAGES THE POLITICIAN DREW.

Thabani Khumalo

The Power Of God

In the middle of the silent night
When my sight is recessed,
I hear the voice of a man kneeling
Upon the dark mountain crying.

He cracks it through the shadows of the frightening trees
And above the grass, down-slope into the riverbed
As it slithers meanderingly between the faulting sides
Of the haunted mountains.

He casts it to reach between the two towers;
The tower of hell and the tower of heaven,
He sets it off like a ringing siren
And the angel picks it up with a mocking scowl.

The angel has a beautiful set of horns emerging from the temples of his face
And he discusses with a brother like him from hell
And they both agree to give it back.
They reply his prayer in a raging storm and they say,

"Be still, do not shake, do not move.
Get away from all things ill
And your word shall be with power to bring new creatures to life.
That is the power of god."

Thabani Khumalo

The Prayer

DEAR MARY,
UNTIL WHEN SHOULD I ENDURE THIS DEMON
THAT BOTHERS ME IN THE NIGHT?
I DON'T REST BY DAY
AND DON'T SLEEP BY NIGHT
YET I AM HOLDING ON TO THE NIGHT.
IF I AM GOING TO BE MADE RIGHT
AND RECEIVE MY SALVATION - RIGHT,
WHY THEN, DO YOU TORTURE MY SPIRIT AND BREAK MY SOUL?
-AVE MARIA!

Thabani Khumalo

The Rain

Along a long whitish road
Slithering between the clusters of the forest,
Shivering with corrugated
Deepening as low as the sky is high,
And I saunter all alone in the shaken night.
I am clad in a black hat, black and rubber boots
Cutting across the thick of the pouring rain.

Below the shadows is a gravel road
That aerially gives me a seeming of flaw
Flowing from bank to bank of a creamy river.
Above, the dense dark,
Is the lightening dark sky
Totally illuminated by the lightning bolt
And they keep on flying past my head in the zenith.

I see the clouds that come
Burdened by the water drops
And the roaring sounds and the company of electricity
From above in the places we've never traveled before;
A thunderous storm that reigns in the falling rain.

Thabani Khumalo

The Rat

Constantly marveled I,
Constantly marveled I why to kill rat is so intricate,
It constantly has been in my conscience and retinence,
It constantly has resonated a voice squirreling within me
Of some creature howling out desperately in the wires of my snare
And its death takes so much positivism from the atmosphere
As though the sun rays are over a dim umbrella.

Constantly I am nagged by a murderous feeling
That I have taken life and the sins, I've constantly ignored.□
My hands are red with cold blooded murder; willy-nilly
Taking life from this world with ease, but god who is
In heaven told me many things, that in the days of yore,
Where he was once young and free of sorrow
Were neither rats nor other rodents that nibble from the dark.

There never was baboon till there was human,
There never was rat till there was baboon,
So even rat longs to linger into eternity with hope
That he'd one day return back to the human state
Which he was too when he was young and free of sorrow.
Make it a must not to kill rats, for their death is as grim
And as grim as that of humans, but blame the mechanism of science

Thabani Khumalo

The Scary Dream

Do you want me to tell you a blatant lie or reveal the burning truth?
You might want to grab a paper and pen -
and perhaps dot something of important and powerful thought:
In this bit,
I will ring this truth until you know it by heart
like a smashing-terrible song of the hourly-rung bell,
because a boy has to say what a boy has to say for the sake of his release,
especially if confronted with a searing level of polarized guilt.

I see that you are being cool
and I do admire that you are a professional.
I was being challenged by a devine test deeper than my spirit;
I am a deep worshiper of God the Christ,
and so, as much, I needed to pray really deep.
I was praying to Yaweh to speak in his voice
and promise of the grate abundance long inscribed,
therefore I had to follow the way of the Bible alone,
for my jealous God is lays retribution towards the haughty.

I needed to be at my worst tone,
for me to be humble enough to mourn at request,
thus I burned myself in the fire -
a sacramental of purification and a symbol of long suffering.
Now God is going to listen to my prayer because
I surrendered all my joy for his infinite love.
Yes, Jesus loves me!
The Holy Bible tells me so.

I am in a Zone of great confusion
and I remain with too many religious mountains to climb,
yet I am marching to one they call Golgotha,
where I believe I'll be crucified at a beautiful sunset - where I will be ripped open
and left alone to die.
I will sleep alone through the night with no more being the fear of death -
I believe I will come back to life with glory multiplied.
Only then I will be human.
Only then I will be free -
free from harboring the feelings of God,
who says we should burn of the incense when coming at his presence,

because he is there where we pray
and I believe it because the Bible tells the full truth -
the truth and only the whole truth.

Now my heart is sore because
I've committed the worst of the most abominable sin:
I am sexually inhibited because of the tough life -
since childhood I've been repeatedly been given counsel
in that a man has to always tie his gear of sexual stamina.
So I summoned a religious herbalist -
who is a true prophet of the God and a prayer warrior,
therefore we are barred to doubt the credibility of the man of God.
He prescribed a certain portion and, as pains of my body began to yield,
I was tempted to quickly follow up on the trend.

One portion led to the development of the other until
I ordered the sex tea because women like it when man drink more of it.
I even went out and acquired virility pills which I chewed like gum,
now I am still haunted by the recurring scenes of that past obscenity;
feelings of a sexually immoral nature are still flickering higher than my puny
spirit,
I was fighting to see myself thrive on every pound of hasting fornication.
I've since read the Codice of Moses
and I picked the crude on how to worship God in truth and in spirit,
therefore I need to fornicate until the absurdity of the congress has been
flattened.

Now that I'm a little older,
I have to stop swaying with the claque
of lies that prove to emanate from perverted mind sources.
If you would notice my face with precise detail,
you will be able to see the lies lodged in the dying soul through my eyes -
It is, on most days, a burden too heavy to bare by myself,
I should find my way because I am still not happy,
despite the shear attempts to find sexual release.
It still impractical, to all of us, to not maneuver brutality in coitus.
We are at an age where boys and girls endorse the idea of rough sex.

I sometimes become a little happy when a beautiful girl comes to me with open
arms,
presses me tight in her bosom, and utters sweet murmurs with her arms
wrapped around my neck

while her eyes are locked into mine and her soft lips glow -
to hang easy relaxes my nerves but concentration gets me antagonistic.
I am not at that stage of processing yet.
I should love to be alone until some dangerous concepts have vanished I'm my
head.
This is a deep and dire level of thought patterns -
it needs a concise and stable standard of processing to-do-over the overt anger.

Thus when a guy poses on me the problem of a phantom guilt,
it heats up the simmering anger that veers me off a rational character;
It engenders a physical pain that is impossible to endure,
which is why it is warranted for me to instantly restrict general reactive behavior
and not handle professional people with the amount of street-style brutality:

In the Ghetto, we fight with deadly over little misunderstanding.
This is the behavior I have to fight tooth and nail to work out of my system -
or suppress since I now have the technology on how the mind works.

But there still hangs about the nagging issue of metaphysics,
I owe it to the culture to remain true to the tenets of the Holy Ghost.
The Holy Bible mentions that we must believe
in the dreams
for they are a means at which Jehova speaks to the living person upon the land.

I had a bad dream on just one of the past nights,
it had my stomach turning and sweat rolling down my forehead.
I am sure that a good prophet of God
might be able to interpret its hidden meaning clearly,
this is where I figure all the mystic sexual urge to have stemmed:
At a shouting distance towards the west -
there was a yellow lion with black manes
and a couple of lionesses standing about as they seemed very bored;
there also was a pack of yellow dogs to the extreme right,
in the similar distant line as the lions bored,
barking lowly at me from there - yonda;
only two meters in front of me,
a cheater lay indolently upon a rock that rose below the knees -
proving to be too full of dog-food laid on the ground in a silver bowl;
all this happened inside an electric fence that towered above the buildings,
as the women at a childbearing age were being solicited by the men
who jeered in my direction as though I was one of the animals roped;
a big snake that had eyes lining on its sides

appeared behind me at a great speed...
so it came to mind that red or black snakes' venom
can not be neutralized by the herbs gathered in the city -
and this one clearly had only the red and the black detail.
The snake charged at me hectic from all directions
until all the other animals grew interest in the onslaught -
and at this time they appeared multiplied,
yet I was somewhere in the mid-air,
trying with every ounce of energy but still failing to fly above the roofs
to completely avoid the freaking plight.
While the whole world seemed to advance further up into adulthood,
I was left for there to die alone
in a situation where I was mocked by every beautiful woman.

The situation was so twisted that it got me feeling as if my was lifted,
and I still had to fight the heart throbbing panic
and the shame of being an object of public mockery.
I needed the correct atonement for my prayer to reach up to God.
I don't want to be left outside alone.

Thabani Khumalo

The Scary Dream.

Do you want me to tell you a blatant lie or reveal the burning truth?
You might want to grab a paper and pen -
and perhaps dot something of important and powerful thought:
In this bit,
I will ring this truth until you know it by heart
like a smashing-terrible song of the hourly-rung bell,
because a boy has to say what a boy has to say for the sake of his momentary
release,
especially if confronted with a searing level of polarized guilt.

I see that you are being cool
and I do admire that you are a professional.
I was being challenged by a devine test deeper than my lowest level of spirit;
I am a deep worshiper of God the Christ,
and so, as much, I needed to pray really deep.
I was praying to Yaweh to speak in his voice
and promise of the grate abundance long inscribed,
therefore I had to follow the ways of the Bible alone,
for my jealous God lays retribution towards the haughty.

I needed to be at my worst tone of the worst tones,
for me to be humble enough to mourn at request,
thus I burned myself in the sacramental fire -
a sacramental of purification and a symbol of long suffering.
Now God is going to listen to my prayer because
I surrendered all my canal joys for his infinite love.
Yes, Jesus loves me!
The Holy Bible has not failed to tell me so.

I am in a Zone of great confusion
and I remain with too many religious mountains to make the steep climb,
yet I am marching to one they call Mount Golgotha,
where I believe I'll be crucified at a beautiful red sunset to the west -
where I will be ripped open and left alone to die at the cross.
I will sleep alone through the night with no more being the fear of death -
I believe I will come back to life with glory multiplied.
Only then I will be human.
Only then I will be free -
free from harboring the feelings of God,

who says we should burn of the incense when coming at his holy presence,
because he is there when we pray
and I believe it because the Bible tells the full truth and never a lie -
the truth and only the whole truth.

Now my heart is sore beyond the pain of open sores because
I've committed the worst of the most abominable sin:
But I am sexually inhibited because of the tough life in which I've slogged -
since childhood I've been repeatedly been given thorough counsel
in that a man has to always tie his gear of sexual stamina.
So among the traditional helpers I've come to know,
I summoned a religious herbalist -
who is a true prophet of God and a prayer warrior of our time,
therefore we are barred to doubt the credibility of the man of God.
He prescribed a certain portion and, as the pains of my body began to yield,
I was tempted to quickly follow up on the trend.

One portion led to the development of the other until
I ordered the sex tea because women approve of the beneficial prospects of such
a use.

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Now I am still haunted by the recurring scenes of that past obscenity;
feelings of a sexually immoral nature are still flickering flames above my puny
spirit,
I was fighting to see myself thrive on every pound of hasting fornication in my
youth.
I've since read the Codice of Moses
and I picked the crude on how to worship God in truth and in spirit,
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flattened in my mind.

Now that I'm a little older,
I have to stop swaying along the claque
of lies long proven to emanate from perverted sources of the mind.
If you would notice my face with precise detail,
you will be able to see the lies lodged in the dying soul through my eyes -
It is, on most days, a burden too heavy to bare by myself,
I should find my way because I am still not happy,
despite the shear attempts to find sexual release.
It is still impractical, to all of us, to not maneuver brutality in coitus plays.
We are at an age where boys and girls endorse the idea of very rough
intercourse.

I sometimes become a little happy when a beautiful girl comes to me with open arms,
presses me tight in her bosom, and utters sweet murmurs with her arms wrapped around my neck
while her eyes are locked into mine and her soft lips glow -
to hang easy relaxes my nerves but concentration gets me antagonistic.
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barking lowly at me from there - yonda;
only two meters in front of me,
a cheater lay indolently upon a rock that rose below the knees -

proving to be too full of dog-food laid on the ground in a silver bowl;
all this happened inside an electric fence that towered above the buildings
therein,

as the women at a childbearing age were being solicited by the men
who jeered in my direction as though I was one of the animals roped;
a big snake that had eyes lining on its sides
appeared behind me at a great speed...

so it came to mind that red or black snakes' venom
can not be neutralized by the herbs gathered in the city -
and this one clearly had only the red and the black details.

The snake quickly charged at me from all directions
until all the other animals grew interest in the onslaught -
and at this time they appeared multiplied in many folds,
yet I was somewhere in the mid-air,
trying with every ounce of energy but still failing to fly above the roof levels
to completely avoid the freaking plight.

While the whole world seemed to advance further up into adulthood,
I was left there for me to die alone
in a situation where I was mocked by every beautiful woman.

The situation was so twisted that it got me feeling as if my entire soul was lifted,
and I still had to fight the heart throbbing panic
and the shame of being an object of public mockery.

I needed the correct atonement for my prayer to reach up to God.
I don't want to be left outside alone.

Thabani Khumalo

The Seasons

The summer rain vainly fell on the city's grounds
Covered by the concrete while the citizens were out looking for love.
The autumn's sheds were beautiful to look at:
The war between the winds and the clinging flowers.
The winter was cold and dry and we succumbed to our final day
Because of starvation in the biting cold.
Those were many days before we were supposed to get to the first day of spring.
The love they had gathered before the summer-set had long turned sour.
How awful they have been - the seasons, for the happiness we'd arduously
worked for
Had left us scowled and gloomy before we gave way to the grave.

Thabani Khumalo

The Squalor Valley

When are you going to leave that land of crumbling carcasses?
I pray that you may tuck your lower lip under your teeth
and forcefully drive yourself against the might of the wrought up rabble,
wring off the sweat to reach the clearest corner
where the soul is allowed to settle down to be absolutely free.
When are you coming home to Barmby?

Why do you choose to live alone
in the cities of such a dangerous world?
Only I can keep you in my space
at a convenient hour of our leisure between work
and tell you only the things that I think with my brain,
it can only be you, the secret in the privacy of a deep seclusion -
where I can embrace you in the comfort of my hairy arms
and give you rest from the sanguinary den
of slimy monsters that snarl even by day.

I'm not trying to make you believe in me or in my work,
but if ever I do eagerly touch you carnally
and feel your skin turn softer in my palms -
then, for that little moment I know I'm truly divine.

I have learned to be tolerant of every person that I meet
because I hated my grandmother down to her grave:
it was a discourse badly cited by the minister in her church,
he incited that witches alone knew how to brew beer
and my good grandmother, poor as she was,
was accountable for committing the felonious act.
I drank up from a wooden bowl when I was still very young
and got drunk from many gulps of an opaquely-brewed drum full of sin.

Everything that exists is currently bound to evolve,
when our bodies heal we will be able to say,
"we once were poor peasants living down in the squalor valley,
it is where we learned the true behavior
of the old fashioned Lord with a fully bearded face."
It was the Lord of Israel that was meaner than the Egyptian Lord -
and we were the children born by the people of the Pharoar.

The Stampede Of Fury

What is this about?

Near my whispered a strong intuitive doubt
Yet still I whistled through a morsel of gourds
But the wind had tinged wise doubt.

At a market corner where the aliens buy
Things that take them spiritually closer to home
Where they once stayed and escaped the effects of drought
And yet the tension was rising in the tinge of the voices in the air.

By the rise of rage and then came about
A crowd, and an amuck king had again donned his crown of glum
And decreed in himself to stampede the market place
And what once was a friend was now an arson flame.

The Arthelons yard was only a mile away
And there I cried the tears to mourn down my chin
Because I looked in there and I saw a mass-grave
Where masses of friends had been laid below.

Thabani Khumalo

The Talents' Thief

Mother! please come look and see.
Look what treasure I have found in the dirt:
A clay-pot filled with stars of gold
I'll wait for day to go sell it far.

The odds on me - I won't make it far
For there is a man lurking out in my way,
He carries tools not for digging the gold for which he so longs
But tools to maraud all hard working man.

Peer into that darkness and you shall see a figure
Same as your taste for that is the man you fornicated,
So he knows me for he saw me when I was asleep and not looking back
And had no much terror of looking into wide-open eyes.

There is a big man who knows that I carry the stars of gold
So he will wait to hear me close in before he pounces like a lion,
He will take away the gold before he takes a different destination
Where he will go look into the face of another sleeping child
Before he lurks in their way to bath them in their blood
And again take from them their pot of clay
By huge weapons - big enough to kill a hard working man.

The odds on me - I won't make it far
For I am but a little boy and you taught me not how to fight a man.

Thabani Khumalo

The Time.

The time set out to live on earth is very short,
the chances of making success on this greedy planet are but really feeble.
My mama said I should arm all my weapons at all times and boldly take to war;
I should be strong and murder any man that comes in to darken my way,
I should pray for the years to fare out all of the only greener gains,
and smite a hundred fold on anyone who slaps me on the chick.

Thabani Khumalo

The Trail Of Mzilikazi

The trail of Mzilikazi is the one that is hard to follow
because it is chaotically dangerous and deadly,
but the trail of Tman Kiry is simply having to understand its rudimentary.

I am flashing back into a history
of coming from inside muddy houses
and country boys attempting survival in the city:
juvenile ambitions of trying to win the bread for family;
that city boy sticking me into a truant inclined deeper murk.
I'm the one that climbed the height,
I'm the one that took the fall -
the sins my bad friends have made me commit,
fighting Shikinisha.

Thabani Khumalo

The Train In Motion

The train in motion
That caught the eye of the nature's guard
By the engine's steam that tainted clouds
And the engine oil that painted clods
Until the knife of a street-smart thug
Sliced him warm and he fell down cold.
The thug wanted coins by his master's mold
Which back to him he traded for smoke
For thus had killed the nature's guard
And had left him there as the maggots' food.
Thus I swore alone within my soul
To never ever again gaze at the train in motion.

Thabani Khumalo

The Whirling Storm..

They went up in war arms, one evening
and strapped their guns to the waist because
they were prepared to fight a battle and win it:
Two scary thugs agreed to go lurk for blood money
along an isolated and quiet road, as usual -
after sniffing white powders of the American doctors.

Along the way, bustling as they went,
they were scary to look at and smelled like the ultimate pain of murderous death.
The rain drizzled in serenely soothing showers
and as they resolved to seek a shelter from which to lurk;
or the bait with which their prey would be easily lured,
this inlieu of running gyrating errands in the toxic grass.
Their victims who would be fatigued, unsuspecting victims
trying to avoid the drench of the rain after a long day
of hard labor at the white man's fuming factory.

Suddenly - unexpectedly all of a sudden,
either by the wrath of the angelic God
or the evil of a fiend directing a man into Sathani's hands,
the sky broke a multitudinous big bolt of fancy lightning,
one that preludes a charging lurid light under the eyelids,
it then ensued a rolling mighty thunder that leaves
a ringing silence at the tender posts of the eardrum -
ever fading in a slowly diminishing whine.
It proceeded bigger drops in a quick-tapping patter,
and the heavy city became densely darker
under the natural light of the saggingrain clouds.

Yonda - over there,
at a foggy distance where the bright sight can wander,
they spotted a vacant vendor's shade
put up underneath the tree of death next to the narrow bridge
and figured it for a branded snare of warranted fortune -
just on the other ghastly side across the totally lonely road,
still holding on to the same grudge that obliterated their forefathers
(their forefathers who died mysteriously)
many years before they were all born into physical life.

They ran into the shelter in a 'haste and pent, '
peeping onto Earth from under their hideous hoodies,
turned around with each scary man being posted at the open front corner
and so quickly it did another obviously swift-moving man.
His emergence seemed kind of impossible to fathom
because the road had been empty all along as they came -
just the sweeping chaff rolling with the wind up to the knees.
He quickly ran between them
and also posted right at the darker central back,
which was somewhat too dark for a mere glance
or a glance with no focus to sense a sight.
That was the cause for them to squint and stand a shuffle closer,
but he smiled like a man that had just escaped
the pouring drench of the rain by a slim chance.
The smile was utterly static below the lifeless eyes.

It took the notorious two a second look into the dark behind them
to notice that the weird fellow wasn't at all blinking -
even though his eyes were goggled-out like that of a dead goat:
he had a long shiny beard under the shadow of his massive hat,
he donned an occultics gown that stretched down to cover his knees,
and tight denim jeans were recognized to run straight down
rolling into brand new leather boots with trooper straps,
and all the apparel was completely black in color,
including the chiffon around his neck and stones on his earlobes.

Way below his meaningless smile was a nudged-out arm
holding a shiny sickle - daring sharp in his hand, the hand that was sheathed into
a black leather glove.

They looked steadily at him with curiosity frowns between the eyebrows,
the height of the fix suddenly ceased into stone cold sobriety
and left them nourished with their focus of canal birth -
the stone cold sobriety gaining steaming velocity in their streams of blood.
They looked at each other with overwhelmed talking eyes
to try and deduce from the other what ought be done
because the guns at the filthy belt line
were loaded and ready to murder something with breath -
and yet, the guy remained at the same pose without a flinch
until he subsequently looked into their eyes -
from one to the other and still, the awful smile remained wide at the face.
He looked again and then he said: Hello!

Once he nicely greeted, they felt a slight
and sudden attenuation lock at all the joints,
they promptly fled the shade and ran hard against the whirling storm.

This is an awesome scene that actually transpired
in the year 2010 when I was still a young man.
I have grown to see these men turn around all their vicious ways.
One of them became that mad preacher
that continues to yell to the commuters in the train,
the other drew back apathetically at a corner
where he begs every hard working passerby -
some of the few shiny coins they got paid.

Thabani Khumalo

They Call You Cigarette

Filter of hope.
Shield in my pain:
Fusion of god,
From heaven of ghosts.
Comfort of shame -
Heaven of lambs -
Heaven of lames,
Giver of throbs

Filter of hope.
Field in my gain -
Rest is my gain.
God is of foes;
Never a ford
To heavens ahead.
Nothing is there.

How do you go
Into my vein?
Yours is the pain,
After - I'm wrung.
Cause me this pain -
Cancer my lung.

Filter of hope;
Pecker of smoke,
Healer of strain
Flower of hell.
They call you smoke.
They call you cigarette.

Thabani Khumalo

Throwing Pebbles

I lean against your boobies with my arms around your back.
I leave to LOB to think that I am still the best
I'm Eros not platonic cause I know I'm growing forth
The analog is running like a Peugeot on the pit
I'm aging and a wrinkle is upon a troubled face
See first
The hands of passing time
Tick tock
Be my eye witness
Eye pause on goggle as you looting down to natural
Best I've seen I taste the fruit of good and evil
Flier than the angels cause my baby cradles civil
My love within your elegance, I'm braver than the Devil
Feeling of a Joseph: call my baby Mary Ave
Braver than Ngulul' I take a leap without the Banju
Who's it that makes me Emperor in the world of loving gods?

Stronger than my fear is the love that I feel
Lady Adonnai cause your other name is love
Devoted to a lady - I'm Ecclesiastes foreman
Loving as you love baby change my name to Jesus
I'll never be a Judas, don't you ever be Delilah
Lady Eva
Let me be your Adam
Baby dash - hurry!
Turn a fable parable
You know my love is Gnostic; getting purer by the verses
I'm swearing on a fingering, fidelity's not a factor
Obeying your request should be commandment number 11
Don't you ever lay canal with red and horny Devil
I'll cut into your belly -yes- to kill the seed of evil
Carve a key to my chest, I trust you with a ventricle
In sixteen bars of loving - girl my love is rapid radical.

Thabani Khumalo

Tizzo

I UNDERSTAND THAT AT THE END OF THIS I HAVE TO BE JUDGED,
EITHER AS GOOD OR AS EVIL - I DO NOT KNOW -
IT'S THE PROSPECTS OF MY LIVING NOW,
EVEN THOUGH THERE STILL IS A HICCUP THAT BOTHERS ME THOROUGHLY.
WHO IS GOING TO JUDGE MY PAIN AT THE END OF OUR TIME? -
BECAUSE IT IS THE ONE THAT DRIVES MY BEING AND I HAVE HAD IT FOR
DECADES OF MY EXISTENCE.
I DRAW BREATHE AND I FEEL THE EXCRUCIATING NAGGING PAIN THAT
AGONIZES EVERY PART OF MY BODY ON EVERY PART OF MY LIFE
YET THOSE THAT THRIVE ARE BUT PEOPLE LIKE US.

I AM NOT JEALOUS OF ANY MAN THAT HAS SUCCESS, BUT, WHAT IS LIFE
WITHOUT IT?
WHAT IS A MAN WITHOUT SUCCESS?
I HATE DAWN BECAUSE WITH IT COMES THE VAIN OBLIGATION OF A JOB
TO WHICH WE ATTEND TO STEREOTYPICAL ASS-HOLES WHO WOULD - IN THE
COURSE OF DAY -
FEEL AS THOUGH WE ARE TOO RELAXED WHEN WE STAND ABOUT AT THE
WORKPLACE; BUT I'D STILL BE STANDING,
I EAT STANDING, I AM NOT SUPPOSED TO SPEAK OR THINK, ALL THIS IS
BECAUSE OF...
PEOPLE LIKE US!

HOW MANY TIMES HAVE WE DECLARED GOD AS OUR AUTHORITY YET WE ARE
STILL RULED OVER BY PEOPLE LIKE US?
WHERE IS GOD, WHERE IS DIVINE AUTHORITY?
WHAT ABOUT US?

CAN YOU SHOW ME THE ROAD TO RICHES SO I'D NOT PERISH IN THE HANDS
OF INSENSIBILITY LIKE A FAMILY DOG,
I DON'T WANT TO BE TIPPED FOR BREAD, IT'S NOT ENOUGH.
WHAT ABOUT ME GOD?
WHAT ABOUT TMAN KIRY?

Thabani Khumalo

Tman Kiry

I walk among the night masses
When every does not see
To redeem the light from total darkness.
Just as long as I live and breathe, then know,
That I am your redeemer; your healer.
I am Tman Kiry and I am God Almighty.

Thabani Khumalo

To The Judgement Day

IN YOUR THINKING, OUR FATHER, DON'T FORGET MY TESTIMONY,
IMMA SIGHT OF SOMEONE LEVERED UNDER ALL THAT'S UNDER HEAVEN.
MY OTHER SIDE IS WILLING BUT THERE IS ONE THAT'S STILL REBELLING,
YOU'VE BROKEN ME TOO MANY TIMES THAT I SEE NO GOOD IN HOLINESS.

SO YOU BURN ME UP IN FIRE AND EVERYTIME I HEAR YOUR DEMON
THAT EVERY NIGHT I GO RETIRE, I FEEL LIKE MOULDED ASHES.
IMMA BLAZING CINERARY AND I WONDER WHY THERE'S NO TRANSITION
YET FOR DECADES I'VE BEEN HOLDING ON FOR A DEAR SWEET ENIGMA.

MY SUICIDES ARE ENDLESS, EVER FAILING, WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?
AM I HOLDING ON FOR THE END DAYS FOR YOUR OTHER HELL TO TORTURE,
I ASK YOU FOR THE PRICE TO PAY AND YOU GIMME JUST THE SILENCE.
THAT'S HOW YOU ENDED KINGDOMS; DON'T FORGET I KNOW THE SCIENCE.

SO LIFT THE BADGE OF POVERTY LEST I GROW IN YOUR DEFIANCE,
I NEED A STACK OF HUNDREDS AND A HOME THAT WILL DEFINE ME,
THE CAR AND SISTER MAGGIE TO COMPLETE MY WHOLE AMBITION
THAN GIMME ALL THE CRAP I DON'T REMEMBER SOUGHTING AFTER.

ARE YOU GOD ALMIGHTY EAR BUDDING OFF MY PRAYERS?
ARE YOU SHUTTING UP YOUR HEAVEN TO GUARANTEE I NEVER MAKE IT?
YOU CONDEMN THESE SOULS TO THE DEVIL AND YOU PUNISH IN THE LONG
RUN,
WHEN SUCH IS SEEN ON PEOPLE THEN WE TURN AND POINT CORRUPTION.

I KNOW I SEEM PERVERTED BUT I'M SICK OF KISSING ASSHOLES,
I'M SICK OF FALLING GIDDY AFTER CLIMBING JUST A METER
WHEN I PRAY TO THE ONE THAT'S ON HIGH AND THE DEVILS ARE NOURISHED
WHILE I HOLD MY BREATHE THAT IN THE END I WOULD'NT BE DEFAULTED.

I THOUGHT I PREACHED THE GOSPEL BUT ALL MY SERMONS WERE A FIDDLE,
WHEN I SHUN THE MIGHTY GOSPEL, AND YOU DASH THE DEVILS' POWERS.
THE MONEY COMING SLOWLY IS THE CAUSE YOU HEAR ME CLAMMER,
YOU TOOK FROM ME WHAT I THANKED YOU FOR AND YOU GAVE IT TO MY
KILLERS.

I AIN'T MEAN, I'M SIMPLY CRYING FOUL OVER ONE THAT MADE ME POOR,
THE ONE THAT BORE ME POOR AND THE ONE THAT RAISED ME POOR;

A LAUGHING STOCK IN CIRCLES, STILL APPEASING ATMOSPHERES.
WOULD I COME TO YOU IF I WANTED PLAYS? SO THINK BEFORE YOU JUDGE ME.

Thabani Khumalo

To Think At Peace

If this I will archive before I'm buried beneath the grave, that:
I know many good answers about causes of physical activity;
that I may know 'what is' and 'what is not' by heart;
that I may be exempt of the unwritten law of consumption;
that I may only be friendly with everybody that I meet;
that I may know every corner of the planet and not get lost about any place
and know every girl by her childhood name,
only then can I be able to teach myself how to be calm,
and only then can I be able to think like a human.
I can only be happy if I am able to think at sincere peace,
that may be the only time I can be really sane.
If I die having reached at that freedom height,
my soul will rest in peace.

Thabani Khumalo

Too Late.

I woke up too late,
I should have caused a storm when I was but yet a kinder,
Rolled the thunder with a roaring voice
And cast a bolt of lightning to the Heavens far
Even much to the terror of the legions of God.

I should have raised Gomora and did so Sodom
To level the dominant kings with a commoner's child
And delivered the children back to the brighter future;
Back to Babylon our deserted land -
where our fathers fell about a shaken tower
and where once the hand of man got him nearer to God.

I could have sunk a ship and had my case deferred.
I could have snapped a submarine between the column
and left it to dissolve beneath the breaking sea, Then I'd stake a claim to
immortal fame for
I'd have had the saints cry foul of my evil name
And I'd have shot to fame like the Christ among men -
as well as feared as is the Lord of paradise.

Bad news my brothers - Bad news my friends!
We have been brought to the full Chaos of life
And we are weighed onto the same scale as the Gods we fear.
It is greatly alarming but a devine warfare,
We are wedged into war: in the tussle of the minds.
We are left to fight against a race of entities. Vanity of vanities! all our prayers
are vanity.

I should have been as famous as Jesus of Nazareth,
who rose to fame by a meekness and down grade, Whom - since his birth has
become the Christ even to a wayward stranger.
Then I'd have preached of power and walked on the ocean's blue,
that shimmers and runs deep with mighty monsters of hell.
Surely I woke up too late to come to life.
I should have known there was this way to fame.

Thabani Khumalo

Travelling

My father took the way of the cowards
And he indebted himself to religious beliefs
And he filled his heart with the words of Paul.
He lay canal with a woman of the lord
And forth came a quartet of children
And later that night he was hanging on a tree.
The noose was pressed to his gullet and longer could he breathe
And later that morning he was found cold to the bone.

I cheated death when I was starving,
As a little boy I was starved and stunned.
So I traveled far to the place of gold and
I followed the driver as he cut across the mountains
And I noticed that he had cut across the border post
To another sky with a different dome.
It dawned on me I will chase the wind
For I have traveled far in search of breathe
Where the horizon is at vicinity compared to home
And home is farther than the eye can directly see.
I have traveled in search of just the light.
My name is Thabani Khumalo and I am LOB.

Thabani Khumalo

Troopers

I AM THE PROPERTY OF THE GOVERNMENT;
AN AFFILIATION TO THE GREAT PERILOUS POWER.
I WEAR A UNIFORM AS SYMBOL OF AUTHORITY BY DAY
BUT BY NIGHT I WEAR CAMOUFLAGE,
I CARRY THE SCEPTER BY DAY
AND I CARRY A GUN BY NIGHT,
I REIGN BY DAY
AND I PROWL THE NIGHT LIKE A LION.

MY NAME IS TMAN KIRY
BUT YOU CAN CALL ME TIZZO.
I AM A VETERAN OF EVERY HIGH IMPACT WAR,
I HAVE BEEN IN EVERY BATTLE,
I HAVE MADE MAN EXTRAORDINARY
AND AS MUCH I HAVE KILLED
FOR I AM THE COMMANDER OF THE EMPEROR'S ARMY;
I AM THE DICTATOR'S SHIELD
AND I WILL NOT DIE.

I AM A HUMAN MASSACRE; AN EXTREME MEASURE OF HUMAN DEVOLUTION,
I AM AN UNTAMED HOUND - I AM WEIRDER AND WILDER;
A HUMAN EATING DRAGON, I CRASH THE BONES AND DIG OUT THE HEART,
IN THE THICK OF DOOM I LEAVE THE FLESH TO ROT.
ALL THOSE UNDER MY GUIDANCE ARE TWICE AS STRONG AND A LOT UNKIND.

THERE IS NO WAY CHANNEL A WHICH YOU COULD FOLLOW TO JOIN US -
YOU EITHER BORN THAT WAY OR YOU NOT.
I WAS BROUGHT UP IN THIS WAY AND TRAINED,
I AM TAUNTED BY AN EVIL VOICE ALL NIGHT TO NOT SLEEP BUT KILL
BECAUSE KILLING IS A SKILL THAT PUTS MY HEART AT EASE
AND MURDER IS AN EXERCISE THAT KEEPS ME CALM,
I AM AT PEACE WHEN MY TORTURE VICTIMS CRY.

TO DEMISE ALONE I DEIGN,
NOTHING DONE BENEATH THE UNIVERSAL SKY IS SATISFACTORY,
I AM FOND OF WAR AND I LOVE CHAOS -
ALL OF THIS WHEN IT IS UNLEASH FURIOUSLY ON INNOCENT SOULS.
MY SUPERIORS ARE MORE INHUMAN THAN I AM.

I AM A SYNTHETIC CREATURE THAT DEMOLISHES STRUCTURES THAT ARE
BEAUTIFUL:
HUMANS, ANIMALS, TREES, WATER...
AN I WILL CARRY ON UNTIL THE WORLD IS A LIFELESS DESERT -
UNTIL THE ENTIRE PLANET HAS NOTHING BEAUTIFUL ON IT(HUMANS AND
LOVE.)
LOOK! WHAT I HAVE DONE.

Thabani Khumalo

Ugly Woman

I try to consider the dark meaning
behind all the work of the human senses
and the different perceptics thereof,
as we continue upon this flying planet of being
and I wonder if what we see is all about human ability.

I mounted a scary height alone for forty days and forty nights;
I bore the pain of mortality upon my frigid soul,
I met with death and kissed her slowly between the poisonous lips -
I drew her toxic breath into my lungs and felt its warmth within me
and she asked me to pay her a visit every once in a while
to which I consented in a grin wide and bright.

I have a scheduled rendezvous with the greedy goddess of demise
and we will seek each other's company every once in a while.
To her I will confess all the truths that my heart consists of
because she was true to me when we met on the first tryst.

I skirted a scary height alone for forty days and forty nights,
I descended thereon with a beaming tablet of stone
from which I had been inspired to write the many truths of my life:
Among all things, I severely detest the following -
I hate the cyclone and the stormy rain;
I hate the earthquake and the lava flow;
I hate the serpent and the scary creatures that crawl
upon the land and swim under water like the hippopotamus and the crocodile;
but above all that I loathe is an ugly woman.

Thabani Khumalo

Uthando

Indoda le ohlala nayo ayina mahloni.
Iphuma nomuny' umfazi wena ulele ungaboni,
Kodwa mina, noma ngingumoni,
Nginothando lwakho kimi, olungaboli.

Thabani Khumalo

Waging Hope

When the waging hope had fallen -
when I, Thabani, fell out grace -
when it was time to make a physical transition -when a poor spirit had to meddle
with the functions of the soul -
when I was taunted into weeping and unhappiness,
I was tormented by an unreasonably enturbulated sense of feeling,
and my physical body remained in constantly the same state,
all of my body remained in excruciating pain.

I had lost the spirit that had contained - from conception -
the beautiful dreams of a foetus' sleep,
everything had gone dwindling on a downward spiral
and unfortunately the sorrow alone had stayed.
It was a difficult condition above the labors it came loaded with,
it was a great ordeal of dead hope rotting lowly on the low.
I knew I was a little child that had committed no crime,
absolutely no crime - in whatever way - incumbent
of any punishment of that magnitude;
I was a little boy with a dead little soul.

What's more important for me in life
other than having me ruefully try to save my own life?
Is that not a complete ambition for one to strive for and after?
I will save my precious soul using one of the ways,
Jesus may not be the way I will use,
still... it will be true that I am not a devil worshiper.

Life is uneven in every dimension of administration, it is true by manner or
degree of measure,
some of the administration is obscured from the horizons of this world,
the one we are meant to access - is a prison cell.
Everybody, please cry for me.

Thabani Khumalo

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Thabani Khumalo

Waiting For Evolution

I am tired of going
to and fro in this fatigue prawn heavy body,
I am tired of waiting for the evolutionary step to come.
I'm sick of chasing after the unattainable happiness and led-on impossible
dreams:
thus I have to acquire the principium(source)knowledge of life -
I am tired of this predeposed atmosphere of growing faeces.

Thabani Khumalo

Walking In The Light Of God

Alone in a dark and quiet place;
at a somber garden of meaningful isolation,
I can hear the soft sound of the river
insomuch that I can think about it in clear words.

I get to handle all these things with a beautiful girl at my side,
even when I am isolated in the dark,
we are the company of the equally favored two -walking in the light of God;

God, the most dangerous boss of the turf of paradise -
I was being a good child and I had committed no felonious crime,
living the seasoned life on a purchased piece of ground,
yet on the same regulated solid ground,
there are girls who know how to look into a man's eyes
appealing for love in somewhat - the denser ways,
only the brave men alone travel that journey to the root -
and we, craven men, choose the rougher ways that escalate to create murder.

we love to play yet we know that we are insensitive to touch
for we have been beaten through the skin to the bone,
we don't want these bleeding wars to coagulate and diminish with us -
we are still too faithful to the scars of this living condition,
so we are sending it as history to the progeny -
they will continue to murder the flesh of the strangers they'll meet:
walking in the light of God.

Thabani Khumalo

Wander Without Rest

From the day that I was born,
I recall I wasn't taught to be even.
Even when I was ailing to death
I didn't learn to be fair out of dying reticence.
The constant irresolute computations of mine
intend to me that I wander without rest
upon this piece of an arid land,
a desert land at scarcity of oasis -
and that causes it to travail like a torrent.
All of this added up to nothing but the warping
aberrations of my intellectual thoughts.

Thabani Khumalo

Wanderer

I am a man indeed very wild;
A cherisher of the open field and a dense jungle;
I snarl and roar like a mighty lion with manes,
Changing colors like a chameleon -
I change my mind to the impulses of nature.
Guilt ridden by the awful ways that failed our parents. Darkness tells of this
shame to the dark source - the Bornless force that was, that is and that is to be.
I am a solemn worshiper of the darkest night: the face of evil or the dark lord, I
am the light of the universe
and you are all my beloved design.

Thabani Khumalo

We Are The Mad Men

We char ourselves dry with cheap cigarettes from a merchant store,
we cover long journeys in the dust against the cruel temper of the summer sun.
We are the mad men who stretch out to you for charity in the busy streets,
we are the broken men who yearn for your sympathetic care,
because that care is the only heart that is true.

We are the wizards of the deep valley between the high mountains,
to the west of the dark tunnel of all fearful doubts.
I was dripping sour from the waters of the abyss
drying on my body under all black apparel,
where I summoned the ghost of my father to come alive,
to walk me through the uncertain tunnel of death so I could be like him.

We are the mad men who live a truly purposeful life,
therefore we will persevere until that care has come unto all of human flesh upon
the land.

The sound of the black birds is the only thing that remains alive there.
I went down a violent gorge where the whistle of the trees has never blown,
nor did any scaly fish ever wait to bear a little fry.

I felt the mighty legions rise from the rapid depths
and roar between the rage of the running waters there.
They opened the nexus for they had forever known my visit was devine.

It comes to life in a vivid picture,
life down there is a Holy life.
In a gorge so very very deep,
it is deeper than any challenging depth.
It reminded me of a long buried emotional charge,
the loving care of my great great grandmother
having come in the glowing essence of her flesh of youth.
She was glowing in every trending capacity of beauty,
dressed in garments of pure crystal white.
Her open sandals were white and their straps were made of snake's skin,
taken from big pet snakes like the one she rode,
as we took a long cross of a very wide river.

I climbed the slippery rockford under the guidance of the singuinary water
monitor

and took the less traveled path to the left side of the river's flow.
It is a small path only taken by a few who are worst deranged.
Directly in front of a very tense cave,
only distracted by the tabernacle of the final death.
Where the river is calm, upon the flat surface of the holy rock of ages,
I rested prostrately and stretched out my feet.
There I knelt down before the lean of the holy rock,

I lit up my prepared incense at the dying minutes of the delluminating dusk.
I was wrecked into a net of sagging ropes by the measure of physical fear,
yet I had to down all the bitter tasting gulps of the burning cup.

The instincts of a boy long forgotten
had risen to the same sense of a ritual snake lurking in the comfort of the cave.
The young monster snake having come to acquire the highest ritual of God the
Devil,
I had come to pray for the sanitary state of God alone.

I was hiding on the tabernacle at the holy rock
and she was coiled up in the cave of the fouling horrors.
We both were waiting for the Angel of God to arrive
and land upon the holy rock on his shiny feet.

When the Angel did so arrive,
I was still kneeling on the floor of the tabernacle
with my head bowed right between my folding knees,
I recited the lord's prayer in a backward incantation,
the words rising pure in the smoke of the sacramental incense
and of a pact that was signed by the strong stain of my blood because in all,
I had me no parchment upon which to write that pact.

The Angel of God opened the way of the light as a flue to the worlds above.
I summoned the same names that made Pharoar a formidable rival of God the
king -
that the king of Heaven descended from and landed upon the sands
to get into a supernatural warfare with the Magus of millenniums past -
I called them to return again and live upon this same land.

I invoked the names I never thought I'd ever quote in prayer -
I summoned the spirits of our firstborn brothers of yore,
those boys who received a mystery that had them die too young.
The holy bible tells me so.

They could have fathered a lot of cousins we now don't see,
but then the entire nation was brought to mourn,
and the Dark Egypt of the time was as big as the continent of Africa.
The lord knows I was simply there to ask for this illuminating power.

I drank from chalice and the buzzard birds
began to sing ancient songs in their aerial choir of rough voices,
so I knew the Angel of God was ready to deliver mine to the golden city above
and I knew that her turn had also come to conjure.

She slithered a little closer the holy rock as I skirted a little farther.
As we went back in the way I had come,
me a hub of active nerves and the water monitor at my guide,
that's when I saw a black skin human like animal standing on the other bank.
Bound of tight muscles like the beasts of the wild,
he had long horns, a long tail, a big beard of furs
and he seemed to be standing on hooves.
His worshiper prayed to him from outside the abyss deep
on the other opening of the tunnel.
He shouted reverence from a very faint distance,
and he is the mad man I had been afraid of before,
yet I stood face to face with the Devil incarnate - face to face with his God under
the gown of the growing night.

The Devil in the flesh was there to visit all of his own
and his own were following me into this liberated civilization.
With these demons I will shout loud the gospel of the heavens,
the life of a savior only seen by the eyes of evil men.
I am out here to announce to you the arrival of the second Christ.
I am he the wizard of the dark side,
the man who yearns and stretches out for your sympathetic care.
I am the mad man you've come to meet in the streets, always.

Thabani Khumalo

We Will Be Rich

We will dig up that massive diamond with expensive quality, we will sell it dear for their paper money, and they will never cease to pay the high expense of their greed - they will want more and want to pay with their lives. We will command our riversands to turn into precious gems and it will be spacious to drink of their sweet water. We will design the land to be fertile and invoke the rain to fall in the month of April. We will raise the people into royalty and their children will be raised as kings and queens of the dreamland - by giving the parent the freedom to let the child grow. My friends and I will be rich as kings and we will get the finest things that money can buy. When riches have come into our hands, we will buy out the war and love will begin to prevail the casts.

Thabani Khumalo

We Will Not Die

Through the- infant-
agonizing predicaments and childhood's dark sights
- scary visions and nightmares,
The nursery teachings and the solvent fearful love
for the scary God Almighty in heaven,

The loud cries to the decries of the juvenile rebellious desire
and the attenuation by the schooling mess,
Through the biting cold and the frozen dew
burning betwixt the toes like steam ice that froze the sweetest cream,
And the onerous burden of learning the confused teachings of the long-distant
school as half a country boy and half a city's thug.

There was the over balancing
line by the fine-printed stationery of the lawman's line of leadership,
One incriminating us all for our slight figite of souls
- condemned from birth to the hells that hang beneath the dome of god:
Of such we were sinful fugitives by the leaves of his book - the bible- spiritual
and the bylaws' code

As 17 year old boys panning for the precious gold by the viciously land-marked
rivers that water the city's reserves.
The money, we needed to show the girls corrupted by the same-sex boarding
and the Romans' school of nuns.
Past hunger and starvation we were weaned into and into the famines following,
To fights over everything as ghetto boys, tortured by cigarettes and pipes and
the shame of buying condoms;

The shame and cowardice of listening to sermons that tried to stop the causeless
war of the ghetto boys - loathing but loving sex.
Though half-hearted and faithless indeed, we have made it physically whole in-
spite of the scars and the crave for the stronger substance,
In this letter I long to tell you, mother, that we will make it farther and as poets
in spirit, we will not die.

Thabani Khumalo

Weeping

The Earth blares out a weeping sound,
She weeps to herself for her vital recovery. I know her name and she cries out
for man, to stop drinking strong beverage and listening to loud music.

Realize! That all their strong beverages are brewed out of rotten cereals. They
strain out their starch with water from its fiber, before they distill it into strong
beverage. Alcohol is also bound into the ashes of salt, dried and ground into
soda.

So alcohol is like powdery starch. Starch kills the tissue of refrigerated meat, like
cancer. Why would alcohol fail to kill your tissue when you drink it? Alcohol is a
corrosive poison that begins eating from the softest tissue to the hardest.
Remember that the brain has the softest tissue among everything.

They have many ways to prove that they hate human life, which is why they let
people go through these types of dangerous trials. We have a scary trial to
survive on rotten food throughout the world, or poison, or what should be
manure to the ground. Now we only think like flies; to eat dirt and to sing loud.
That is why the Earth weeps without faint and from here, I can hear her decry to
its fullest.

Thabani Khumalo

What I Know.

SO SHARP ARE THE DEVILS' HORNS
GOE'ING THROUGH THE TENSION'S THICK
OF AN OPHARNED CHILD; HIS DARK DELIGHT
HENCE SILENTLY LOUDY IS DRAWN WITHIN,
LISTEN CLOSE AND YOU SHALL HEAR THE CAUSE.

JUVELINES, HE'S CASTING FORTH
BUT CASTING FORTH TO HURT THE FUTURE
AND HURT THE CHILD TO FEED HIS SON
(WHOSE THIRST FOR BLOOD IS CRAVING MINE'S.)
MY EYES ARE RED OF MOURNING CHILD
WHO CALLS THIS HOME - LIKE HEL IS HOME.

I'VE GONE WAY PAST UTOPIA'S STOP
AND THE BAITERS' GOLD, I KNOW IS MINE,
SO I WON'T TAKE IT FROM THE HUNTER'S SNARE -
THE BROOK IS HELL IN WHICH I LIVE
BUT, OUT IS THE POT AND THE GNASHING TEETH.

TAKE ME HOME WHERE SLAVES ARE SPOILT
AND KNOW NOT DIGGING BY THE FINGER NAILS
TO SUCH, A WOMAN'S TOUCH IS A FEATHER'S RUB.
MY FATHER SAYS THAT NOTHING IS SOLD THERE
BUT THE DEVILS SAY ALL THAT IS FALSE.

Thabani Khumalo

What I Want

I have stress above your stress levels confounded,
I have no sleep across the dark face of the night,
as I listen to the dogs that bark phantom fears into my heart of stone
and I instantaneously recount -
I continuously think about life and the ones above my life,
I keep myself in line with that manner of fear.
I am a man who worships a molehill and a mushroom too,
I worship a grave and the graven images of the dead:
the Earth onto which we numberly throng,
I am a savaged idolator without a creed.
I am trying to get ahead of one whom they extol as God,
I think behind the ancient past they've pasted out to be Egypt.
I want this Earth and its water, and the stars in the sky.
Those are the only things that I really want.

Thabani Khumalo

What's The Big Deal?

What's the big deal about mere documentation?

Mere documentation; proof of citizenship - stains of ink on paper, ink on paper designed by the hands of man, all these are licenses attained to live in hell. How is it, really, that people procure into these services?

What's the point?

A day in this hell is as hopeless as a prison term without bail, again, that's a term imposed on humans by another human's order. Within the scent of the ether, how does one get to possess so much power? I cast my sight afar and I see the four walls of a concrete tank at a fingertip with paintings of fancy doors and windows. I am at an excruciating torture because these walls, at a proximity distance, they remind me of how close everything useless always is. If one felt the need to mention - school is always close, jobs, churches, condoms, dildos, friends too are all always too close and they are useless too - as useless as the social networks (whose services people buy) that people use to get in touch with their useless friends.

They are patronized into being and rabbled into a route of direction - It goes over my head, always. Generations of people are lost into the rush of the 'has to make it' trend. The same will tell you that God is here and later to you hear he's in heaven. How esoteric is that repugnant knowledge supposed to be? And the same is drilled into kids as a moral code. Thank goodness, kids don't pay as much attention to the sh*t, not as much as we used to, church got so f±cked up that the girls couldn't take a chance. Nobody's ever seen the God dude. The applied science there is awesome: the god guy can't be sensed but imagined - So faith comes via the strength of one's imagination?

Those are some of the perpetrated lies in circulation - and at this time, a time for separation in isolation is warranted.

Who are all these men who act as though they are mandated to take care of our bodies when theirs only sustain under the doctors' care?

Thabani Khumalo

When I Was A Boy

When I was a boy I was strong as an ox,
now that I am older,
I am jerked to the bone like a buzzard bird.
I'm only short of feathers to show in full that I'm fly:
I'm indeed a Bambyan Bull.

Thabani Khumalo

When I Was A Little Child

When I was a little child,
it was made sure - by my royal father -
that my life was only present
in the most intriguing moments of entertainment.

I loved my childhood and I enjoyed it to the fullest -
I paid fifty cents and took to war behind the Contra screen -
I had everything a boy would grievously worry about if bereft.

I brought the sweet feeling with me into adulthood
and nothing feels as though it's missing or lost,
so that when the bitter people budge in with their temporary pleasures,
their adulterous ways and promiscuous sins,
I know how to plunder the best of the squander in wonderful measure -
I come to mourn like a yelp in the arms of a woman bereaved,
and I steal the tears of the mourner from the weeping pleasure:
the tranquil space thereof reaches the faraway paradise.

Thabani Khumalo

When Is Jesus

Sitting yesterday with a dire spin of a conscious,
I started wondering about a lot of things that are apparently understood to be.
I was fighting to unlock my thoughts from a cell of grouped up memories.
I was beginning to sag under the weight of irrational thinking forms -
There was no cheer but fear and the shocking volt of my recurring madness.

I began recalling the sermon of the clergyman's discourse,
He kept on preaching about Jesus coming back on Earth.
Slowly I began to remember how I had heard from the mouth of Jesus before he
died,
I remembered that I was there within the crowd when he said: "I am God
of heaven by virtue of my spirit and as soon as I depart, I will give you the same
spirit that you'd become God upon the Earth and the Heavens above.

Thabani Khumalo

When Will I See You Again?

When will I see you again?

I have reserved beautiful things in me,

I want to let you know in your comfortable space, that:

I will come up with a way better than any other in humanitarian history.

It will reappear in a facsimile from the timeless cline

and man shall be braced by the best

panorama of life improvement ever.

Every woman will slog for admission into Barmby

where they will raise their children

behind the windows of a calm city.

Thabani Khumalo

Where Is Fear

I AM AFRAID OF THE STRENGTH OF THE LAW.
THE STRENGTH THAT POSES TURBULANCE
IT'S FOUNDED ON FROM THE DAYS OF OLD.
THE STRENGTH THAT TEARS THE FLESH AND BONES
IT BREAKS. BUT MY FEAR LIES JUST NOT WITH IT.

Thabani Khumalo

Who Am I To You?

Multitudes have tried to consider a view point
but perceptics are highly concocted and thus veer
and many have perceived but obscene.

I am not a lie and I know I'm beyond foolproof,
so listen to my words when I say: "I am!"
Beneath the lowest depths of your apathy I am:
Sunken in the muck of your heaviest sorrow filled shame - sad I am,
Holding you up to, at least, once more breath
the succor of the wind a layman can afford a peer who's death-bound.

At the highest echelons of a dimensional gaze
and extending beyond the ever imagined horizons;
even beyond places highly held by your postulating mind,
whether heaven of ghosts or hell of shame,
I am there as your ultimate cheer -
For your cheer, that I am.

Thabani Khumalo

Why

WHY?

SOMETIMES I STAND AND I WONDER TO MYSELF
(BECAUSE I CAN'T SIT DOWN) ,
WHERE IS SALVATION?

TO THIS DAY,
I CAN'T FIND HELP. IS THERE
ANY SPACE IN THE LAND FOR ME TO LAND
MY FOOT BECAUSE I AM ALWAYS HUNG
IN THE MID-AIR?
TEACH HOW NOT TO BE BEHIND THE TIMES
SO I MAY KNOW HOW TO KEEP UP WITH THE REST
AND NOT HAVE TO DO WITHOUT ANYMORE.
WHY HAS EVERYTHING GOT TO BE A HARD TEST?
WHY DOES EACH ONE OF MY MOVEMENTS
AMOUNT TO AMAZING AMOUNTS OF INPUT EFFORT?
I DO NOT DO ANYTHING WITH EASE,
ATTAIN NOTHING WITH EASE, AS MUCH,
THE GODS DO NOT RESPECT MY FEELINGS
AND THEY DO NOT COMPASS WITH MY PAIN.

WHAT PART OF CHARACTER COULD BE IMPROVED
BY SHAME AND THE EMBARRASSMENT OF A LIFETIME?
WHERE ARE YOU TODAY, ARE YOU HIDING FROM ME?
AMEN.

Thabani Khumalo

Why Worry?

The history that people read is written by the people
And all are but blown out of proportion:
Every article is exaggerated.

The world is won through the shed of blood
And through inked on paper it is governed.
So sad, with your head drooped beside...why worry?

All these questions, your worries will ask and ask you not to worry,
To be not weary of spirit nor be demoralized of heart.
You are better in status and the world is waiting impatiently to pick you up,
Stick out your hand and they will die to be part of your success
Before they come and fall on your feet,
For you are better of status and they are enthused to be under you.
So why worry?

So the world will ask you before they cling onto your hype...why worry?

Thabani Khumalo

Wide Open

THE RAYS OF DAWN - THEY WERE YESTERDAY
AND THE SUN HAS BEEN EVER RISING,
RISING TO THE FULLNESS OF THIS DAY.
TO-DAY I BURN, THIS DAY IS FOR EVERYONE'S DEATH.
AGAIN, I SAY, THAT THIS WORLD IS HELL.
SO RUN FOR YOUR DEAR LIFE -
RUN AND FIND ME BECAUSE MY EYES ARE WIDE OPEN

Thabani Khumalo

With A Grievous Loss

With a grievous loss
comes an insatiable lust for unfair gain.
With looming death rises a dear love for life.
A woman lost many children to a massacre of oblivion,
she learned to love her grand child
with her fullest wind and to hold nothing back. Perhaps age is the good healer
of the accumulated childhood trauma,
but any number that's come with a seven in it
has revived many memories of my grueling losses.

I revert to loss of December in 2007
and a tear suddenly hits the ground -
rapidly falling off my dark eyes.
I find no clever way to colloquially avoid
the high altitude of these traumas of the past.

I find no way to allude
the effect of this matter on any day.
I feel as though my heart is tumid,
as if it gushes blood to the olfactory sensor,
it smells as if I'm going to asphyxiate and die.
I need to give away a little time for this trauma to settle.
I don't know if I am going to be able to evade this pain at all.

Thabani Khumalo

Wizard

I'm a wizard of the township.
I'm the mind of God covered in a Devil's skin.
I do all these things and I don't know why,
I ravish the eye so it rapidly sheds a tear.
Like a miracle that comes from above the sky,
I'm the mishap from underground like a scaling viper.
I grow from within like a parasite -
I sustain from the fear like a black mamba.

I feed in the flatters of a girl like a flower
by causing my body to transfigure like the Christ's.
I saw a girl that was flawless to the smallest toe
and for many days I dreaded my dwindling life.
She gave in to the idea of flirting with a flick
and everyday she recovers the heart of her own.
I know the words to say and these are things
that drive her up the wall to the manic of her form.
Only that is the secret to her heart...
that, alone, and nothing else.

Thabani Khumalo

Woe Unto Barmby!

The infernally dark land of Barmby was an oasis
which lay on a spring before the desert of colorful gems
in the shanty city of a place we now call Bulawayo -
which was built by my father Mthobo
for me to faithfully focus on my forward destination.

So great in area of land that
at her beautiful highland horizons -
those beautiful western jewelers picking up gems
at the gloriously painted sunset horizon -
their faces glowing with glitters of river gold powder
against the red tint of the falling sun,
and the yellow ladies from Botswana were these -
having come to trade their lovely ivory for our heritage sands:
for our fathers had reprimanded against its loss without trade,
and the counsel of our fathers has a promise of reaching eternity.
To the south,
were our cousins having extended farther down seaward -
all of Natal is but a remnant of Barmbyan culture.

One fated day unpredictably rose:
the kings of Canan plotted and colonized the world;
which they did by changing faces as they went along on the way with heavy arms
of mass destruction -
(all the Gods who play in the mythological dramas;
all legends from all lands, were from Barmby)
Knowing her fate, Barmby sent out the ravens
to fly from all four corners of the hallowed land -
on board with the chosen twelve:
the poet, the physician, the farmer,
the scientist, the magician and the other so-called sorcerers of our legends:
though sorcerers they were,
and as the elders of our time,
choose to remain blind,
let us grieve!
let us mourn and cry!
and weep in a resonating tune... Woe unto Barmby!

Word's Harm?

What harm can do a word –
A word that's never held a gun,
Never even embarked a ship
And sailed across the ocean blue
To make it to the other shore
Against the raging breakers,
To gut, with rage, the virgin wild;
To cut across the African wild,
To shoot down dead, the son of man
And render him a vagrant,
And strip away his manly pride
And turn him into his enemy,
And plant for him a poison
To force him to feed his children,
And cause him to stand against his foe
Who happens to be his brother,
And enslave him to till his land
Which is what you had marauded him?

The word I build from the same alphabet you taught me,
I wrote down in the same sentence you gave me
And now the word is grave to you
Because I put it in a poem.
What harm can do a word?
Because the fingers trigger bullets
And guns and bullets, your fingers own
And the right to legally murder.

Thabani Khumalo

Yet I Surrender

And then gibbered my mother concerning sexy girls -
that I should view them as things of evil
having been devil-sent directly from the dark hells above.
I was drilled to maintain a stable faith
upon the idol Christ, for he alone is holy...
yet my spirit I loyally commit too -
if I am an Oriental man with amazing squinty eyes -
yes it is also true, that the idol Buddha be truly mine.

I am an African with a dark skin and a wood hair afro,
I worship the cave demon in the dark mist,
for she remains the same as did worship my forefathers before -
but due to worship and the judgment rite,
yet I surrender my soul to the phantom idol,
yes indeed, the devil of hell is truly mine.

Thabani Khumalo

Yet I Was A Child

Yet I was a child
But I was more above the benevolence...
The benevolence of god.

Yet I was a child
But I was more above the love...
The love of god.

Yet I was a child
But I was willing to lay my life as a sacrifice for the people...
For the people to god.

Yet I was a child
And it made no sense to me that the race of humans should suffer...
To suffer with endless despair.

Yet I was a child
But it was clear to me that the race of humans was suffering...
Suffering from the acts of god.

Yet I am small
But I could be your god eternally...
The god that really saves.

Thabani Khumalo

Yet We Do Not Know

I am at makeshift with a wonderful gift;
I am not yet at a favorable place upon the ground
to bind matching words together and alter a tone -
that altogether sounds out to be a tune of deeper thought,

I usher in wise words from the other side;
and for that lingering reason,
for all my life I have not been clearly understood:
I have always portrayed a different side to the view - any view.
there has been, always, a maginary difference
to everything portrayed as being uniformly the same.

I do not know what it is we have on our fathers,
that we should neglect their memory into non existence -
the one- and-only true memory of who we are
as physical beings who have circulated
the ever capping land of the planet earth.

We follow the Christ and the myths
fearfully with all the might of being,
we stomp the women trying to get men to convert,
we invoke the ghosts of heaven to scare us at night
and ordain them as Gods to whom we pray our ridiculous vanities
and the very same are still known as Devils to some,

we fight over buildings and the soil particles,
we kill many men with little toys, we do buy,
fighting over opinions that will expire shortly
with the development of modern science.

We enjoy to murder strangers by the order of a job,
the soldiers' boss says they must die
and so they get murdered by lawful onslaughts. We interrupt the processes of
human life
and render man to the grave while he is young,
we seize the space and end a life by force in cold blood,
yet we do not know who we really are.

Yonda

When you look into my eyes
There is an adherent force of intrinsic pulses,
I feel a direct prick into my heart.
It shoots me a wage of infatuating madness
Like a wave soaring in the air - all the way to me.

If I prove to not turn up at the right time
And say the things I have to say, don't be dismayed,
It is because I am waiting to stem along the river Nile - a river of fertile banks
And I am waiting for the season to descend the rains
And I'll improve the standard of my grain from the loaded overflow.

The lesson of my entire life:
The things I have learned from beginning to ending -
Is to not haste but be patient indeed
Because love can be transferred from one to another soul
And that the rush might terminate it to a wandering ghost. I don't want to lose
you.

I should ask that you to stand by me notwithstanding how much it may hurt
For the season looms that I shall flourish like a flower of the mighty sea
And when you decide to migrate to places I've never traveled,
Take me like your luggage and not leave me behind
And look -always- into my eyes to remind me of how I feel about you.

I see the cold stern in your partial smile that seeks the truth from my eyes
And your ear listens for it in the torn of my voice. Only time will tell of the tales I
have to tell
For I am held down by the demons of the world that make me feel like I am
unfitting of love.
If the globe should heat up to polarize with its force of gravity any time,
I should be ready to fly with you into the cosmos of the angels above our heads.
But please, don't leave me!

Thabani Khumalo

You Are God Almighty

SNORTING BONTOM BRAHMAN BULL,
SUZA NKOMO KABABA
US'THEMBISO JEYI B'THAKATHAKA KHUMALO.
APPARITIONAL FIGURE OF THE ANCESTRAL ANCHOR,
MEDIUM TO THE YOUNG MZILIKAZI KHUMALO.
YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE.

GOD AMONG THE DOMESTIC AND THE TAMED,
PRESEVER TO THE WANDERER OF THE WILDERNESS.
YOUR COMPLETE AND INFINITE LOVE,
YOU GAVE WITHOUT MERIT
TO THE WEAK AND TO THE STRONG ALIKE,
TO THE EASY PREY AND THE FEROCIOUS PREDATOR WITHOUT OSTRICISE -
YOU EQUALIZED THE OLD AND THE YOUNG.

YOUR PORTIONS WERE FAIR
AND SO WAS YOUR PERCEPTION OF THE TRAITOR AND THE BAIT
AS A MOTHER SEES THE INDIFFERENCE IN HER CHILDREN.
YOU WERE A SLICK AND TENDER BREED OUT OF YOUR ZERO-GRAZED
NURTURE,
A SHINE WAS UPON THE FURRS OF YOUR SKIN.

OVER TARES AND THISTLES, YOU TRAMPLED EASILY
AND YOUR TEAR NEVER TOUCHED THE GROUND
YET THE ARCH OF YOUR HORN WAS THE GOLDEN CROWN ON YOUR HEAD.
YOU WERE ATTENTIVE TO MY WAIL AND HEDED MY INVOCATION
FROM WITHIN YOUR GILDED STALL.
TO ALL BOURNE OF ANIMAL,
YOU PROVIDED SUPPLICATION AND RESTITUTION,
TO THE BIRD YOU PROVIDED A STRONG WING TO FLY AGAINST THE TIDE OF
THE WINDS.

THOUGH THE PASSING OF TIME CONSUMED YOUR MORTAL DESIGN
AND YOU PASSED AWAY A SENILE BEAST,
YOU REMAINED HOLY TO LAST GASP OF YOUR WIND
AND YOU STILL BLESS ME FROM UNDERNEATH THE SOIL
AS YOU ASSIGN ENERGIES INTO THE GENERAL TIDE.

BONTOM, YOU ARE GOD ALMIGHTY

Thabani Khumalo

You Are Really Safe

Your face was lurid, your true beauty was the fairest of all to behold.
I should have let you run with me to the finish line -
running abreast to savor the covert admiration of the boys and the girls in the
view,
you were strong and looked slick like a racing stallion,
and you were vicious like a wild dog in a survival fight mode.
Fate is taking us apart now - everyday piece by piece
and its air is wilting down your lovely flower garden of old makers.
I weep alone in the dark
because the world knows that men don't cry.

You took a bigger piece of my heart
and it's scary that you took a healthy piece:
where I am, all my body is ill - still.
So I gave it away deliberately in this souvenir
for you to hold onto and cherish our moment together
when you were right in between my arms
and I felt like a soldier having to stand for a special cause,
so I stood up and defended your body from the many violent reigns -
I stood against the bodies of a lot of vindictive men.

I go back to that touch and the way it felt:
the same spell I have embedded on this souvenir of my fashioning -
a guilt of felony by verdict of the law,
a holy thing by virtue of all physical rate.
Feel my presence always when you use this memorable gift
and know that where I am I feel the same.
I have cleared enough space in it for you to be alone,
for when you are alone, I am there by the piece of my heart you seized.
You fit the look of the gift I have created,
look at it and rate your precious beauty in the entire world.

Do not play heavy rock - infact, play no music
but listen to the sweet poetic melodies singing in the silence.
Fight by your spirit and direct our bodies to meet again in this world,
for when you are alone with me, you are really safe.

Thabani Khumalo

Your Life

It must be one of those holidays,
I thought it was "World Sexy Day."
I see you as a sexy creature,
a creature - just a creature.

I don't know what goes on in your mind
and I don't care for things I can't know.
But what I know is that I love you deeply
and I've existed to live into this moment;
making love to you!

It doesn't matter how long it will linger
because when I throw my body at yours,
I am free.
Thus for the sake of my liberation
I give you all that I am.
So if I give you my life,
can you give me yours?

Thabani Khumalo

Zanda

ZANDA UTTERED WORDS OF WISDOM -
MAMA SAID, 'MY SON, PREACH!
TEACH THE WORDS OF ADONAI
AND DON'T YOU LOSE THE TRUTH YOU SPEAK.

I TRUSTED YOU WITH A HOLY GENE.
ONE I GOT WHEN I WAS STILL A THOUGHT;
A RESIDENT IN MY FATHER'S LOIN -
AN UNWATERED SEED WITHOUT A CRACK.

I KEPT THIS THROUGH MY HECTIC DAYS,
MY JUVENESCENCE AND HARDER TIMES -
LACTATING, WEANING, TO RAISING YOU UP,
AS I WALKED WITH YOU IN A LACID PATH.

I'VE PLAYED MY PART IN SPITE OF HARDSHIP,
SO, TMAN KIRY MY SON, REACH
OUT AND TOUCH THE EYES OF THOSE -
OUT AND TOUCH THE HEARTS OF THOSE

WHO QUICKEN SIN AND THE EVIL TREES
TO BLOSSOM AND TO SPROUT IN EVIL.
SPEAK FOR THOSE WHOM YOU SUBJECT
FOR THOU ART KING OVER MIGHTY KINGS.'

SO I SYNONYM THE HEAVENS HIGH.
DOWN ON THE LOW, I CAN SEE THE TOP.
IF I EVER RAISE A DEVIL
AND SHOUT OUT LOUD THAT I'M HIS DADDY,

MAMA, TURN YOUR BACK ON TIZZO
AND NEVER SAY THAT I'M YOUR BABY.
LOB, AKUNA MATATA
BLISS UP MAMA - SING YOUR SONG.

Thabani Khumalo