

Poetry Series

Tumisang Ramarea - poems -

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Tumisang Ramarea(1994)

Tumisang Ramarea was born in Kanye, Botswana. He grew up in Kanye and lived in Santa Ana, Costa Rica briefly for 2 years in the early 2010s. He now studies Management Science and Engineering at Stanford University in California. He is due to graduate with a Bachelors' Degree in 2019 and a Masters' Degree in 2020. Ramarea believes his purpose in life is to understand and experience love.

2013 (English)

2013 was definitely female,
With her soft and gentle touches
Due to her, my life is not the same
Now I enjoy her last patches

She was a beautiful year,
Her smile so light when she gave me what's mine
During her reign I lost one tear,
Her file made me fight not for she made things fine

The music she nourished me with,
Melodious, legendary and distinct
The drums and all that convening for a sweet beat
Because of her, good music will not be extinct

But one tear I shed,
For she had a drought of her species,
Still she is the best I ever had,
Though she kept me away from all the sweet kisses

I definitely was a jerk,
Sadly, change is something she gave me
So 2014 systems, I will hack
Forever proud, sexy 2013, I will be

Tumisang Ramarea

2013 (Setswana)

Fa ke ne ke le mmoki
Ke ne ke tla tsatsanka monogwaga
Ke mo lebogela setoki
Se a nkgabisitseng ka sone jaaka sebaga

Ngwaga o o ne o tlhapile
O ntse montle jaaka kgaka
Itheetso e ne e le ntsi, ke namile
Go sena kgomo e e tlabang ka dinaka

Monongwaga, a ngwaga o o kagiso
Ditsebe tsa me di ne di itapolositse
Mo modumong wa bo Refilwe, Dimphe le Kgatlhiso
Ke e ja lokgalela lo o neng o lo gakolositse

Ngwaga o ke boneng mosetsana yo o phalang
A tswa metsing a kwa Managua
Ke itse fa a tla mpona fa a sena se a se rwalang
'tsatsi lengwe o tla mmanama

Ngwaga o ke butheng diphuka
Ka fofela dithabeng
Ka ntlha ya go sa tswaleng dibuka
A bontle mo ditshabeng

Ngwaga o ke utlwile botshe jwa go fufula
Le nna ke tshwane le batho
Ba kae ba ba neng ba nthumula
Ke solofela fa ba butse matlho

Monongwaga robala sentle
Ke go ratile mo go maswe
O ntshegofaletse bo Lekoto le bo Sentle
O ba thatafatse jaaka majwe

Tumisang Ramarea

A Poem For A Friend

I promised this with bliss,
To scribble some lines for her highness,
Though not as sweet as a sent scented kiss,
I hope it to be a rather smooth piece,

If time was in abundance, enough to dance,
This reluctance, to grab the chance,
Would not be, I would hold my stance,
Cast a glance, and remain in nonchalance,

Words I write, that I might fight in battle,
Tonight, I am as right as Wright's cattle,
The sight of my plight, can quite unsettle,
But tonight, I am in flight, embattled,

The pen reads my mind, what of my heart?
A fan I may find, what of the missing part?
The paper is lined, but where do I start?
But then again, isn't it just Art?

Tumisang Ramarea

A Woman I Met In The Cafeteria

She looked at me with some energy in her eyes
The sweet taste of the pineapple dripping down my throat
Her dark Latina hair and her milk like skin
Instantaneously turned my blood to ice
My mind flew away in a red boat
My heart was about to cry out, to sing

When she spoke to me, I heard a melody
A song which reached to the core of my heart
Her voice like honey, more than sweet
I needed her under my custody
I wished we never had to part
I almost dropped to her feet

When she shook her rear assets
My eyes popped out of the eyeballs
Her smile is so infectiously beautiful
I tried selling my love in small packets
But the signal was so weak she did not receive any of my calls
I was consoled by that time is plentiful

But I heard she is taken by another man
Officially yet unofficially, by a friend
I had to retreat, with my tail carefully placed between my rear legs
Yet I have hope, the sun set to rise for me the man
This has always been my love trend
Oh will it change, the Latina has given my heart legs

Tumisang Ramarea

Adios

As I walk away,
I will remember you,
As you live each day,
Worry not how I do

Dark days are over,
There is light at the end,
Drunk? I am sober,
My hourglass still have sand

Your blueness I will not miss
Neither will I your black or white
Such colours of peace
In my bed they are alright

A new skin I got,
Snake? That is a good metaphor
By the grace of God
I will walk away and go to before

Remember me, you must
Your eyes, though, must not cry
I have not swallowed the dust
Let me die

Tumisang Ramarea

Adventures Of Far Away

A fine warrior I once were
Full of energy and valour
Charging at the enemy without care
Never dreaming of the funeral palour

My King, inspired by my talents,
Hand picked me to represent him.
Far away in a land away from my parents.
All this he did on a whim.

Across the rivers and over mountains,
Through deserts and dense vegetation,
Drinking from wells and fountains,
I marched forth with agitation.

At sun rise on a September morning,
The skies cleared up to welcome me.
The rain in the evening like a subtle warning,
Gave me a glimpse of how the ending will be.

An energetic warrior, I hit the ground running.
They must have thought I was unhinged.
When I looked at the flowers and started humming,
They said it, I am unhinged.

They avoided me as if I had some disease.
A dark warrior, I trusted none.
Neither did I the milk, just as easy
As they had done, except about one.

Of course they were dominant,
No mercy on me. They gave me some land
Outside their settlement as I was not prominent.
They gave me a large piece of sand as my stand.

Alone in the desert they built for me,
I slowly drown into the sand as the storms pass.
I will not go down, I will hold on to He.
I will fertilize on this sand some rich green grass.

Tumisang Ramarea

African Woman

A work of engineering is what describes an African woman
Long before the sun wakes, she is preparing the children for school
She runs a bath for the lazy lad who ruins her figure
With the baby on her back, and the sun painting her black
She cleans, cooks and helps the children with school work
African woman, a bride without blinding pride

African woman, she plays at school
Advertise to rotting oldies, her figure
In exchange for temporary pleasure, her future is black
She has long nails, lazy to work
She is deficient of morals, filled with pride
Oh! What a waste of a woman

She walks the stage showcasing her African figure
There is no doubt the most beautiful woman is black
She does her modelling after work
She is multi-talented, the source of my pride
African beauty, my dear African woman
She is educated, but has not necessarily gone to school

Red is her hair, which once was a lovely black
She gives her parents and pastor a lot of work
Oh woman! You shame the African pride
It shames me to call her a woman
Marijuana is her dessert at school
Is the right path so hard to figure?

Even after the sun has died, she is still engulfed by work
She is like the females in a lion pride
A diamond, a pearl, precious woman
She knows the importance of school
She is a mother figure
She is the shining angel when all is black

I will not date her, for I have a lot of pride
Even if there was serious famine, she is too cheap a woman
I will not share all this, after I persevered through school
Look at her, dry and pale, what happened to that figure?

Her glamorous world turned black
Now she shall suffer, all the dues of her work

Tumisang Ramarea

At Her Majesty Ria Celeste's Service

We left long before the sun rose high,
Stars still appeared in the morning sky,

Alfredo and Russ were before us,
Outside the glass, the bus left the grass,

From brown to green, it turned before the screen,
I heard a bird scream, beyond the clear stream,

Beyond the clear waters, swam the mighty one,
They call her Celeste, the queen of fun,

For a week we toiled to mend her ways,
Concealed deep under trees, away from rays,

But we did indeed let the sun caress,
Our skins, on the rocks, in the water, careless

After a week of work and fun, we returned,
Fulfilled, refreshed and our skins tanned!

Tumisang Ramarea

Beside You

Streaks of light from the setting sun are reflected
From the fingertips of the happy trees around
Us. You and I, friends are we? Our words deflected
From topic to topic by a sight or by a sound.
The eucalyptus trees stand tall on either side
Like sentinels guarding the stories and memories
We share. They are to our journey what a guide
Is to a tour. Safeguarding the rich melodies
Of your laughter. Streaks of light as you smile
Thinking my joke about baby tomatoes and teen
Potatoes is funny. Help me pick garlic and lime,
I pick the beef on time, thank you for being
Flexible. I promise to make you chicken some
Other time, just not today. But there is a fire!
Real sparks fly, stand away please don't come
Close to me because I am not ready for fire.
You sit besides me and I besides you on this
Orange couch. Somehow your head finds its
Way to my shoulder. And when my hand meets
Yours and they lock. Or when our lips kiss
Under a cloudy night in March, I would walk
Home with a bounce and a step. I wish I could
Have the words to describe it, to even talk
Out loud and say, that kiss was damn good!
You sit over there on your desk, your brain top
Alight with sparks of activity, productivity
Is when I get all my work done so I can chop
These bell peppers with such creativity.
It is a beautiful night, and I feel a raindrop
Or two fall on my skin, holding your hand.
If you wear a burgundy dress, jacket on top,
I'll get a tie to match, besides you to stand.

Tumisang Ramarea

Broken Up

The fraudulent smile my face
Wears without fear
Temporarily erase
The tears

With the deadliness of
A hurricane
And the intensity of a TB cough
With heart breaking pain

I never
Thought it would come
To this. Forever
Is as short as an ant arm

It is for the best
So it's said
Yet tough like life ending guest
So sad

Tumisang Ramarea

By The Lake

How beautiful would it be
To have a home in a place
Where I can experience such
Serene mornings by the lake

The birds are singing, the
Waves on the lake are calm,
And the sun - as early as it is-
Is nice and is warm

Of course this is an illusion
I have been here in the winter
And I know how things change
How sweet can turn to bitter

The birds go silent, the trees
Get covered in snow, the lake
Freezes, and warmth can only
Be wished for. So bye the Lake!

Tumisang Ramarea

Dear Death

Do you have a heart?
A mind at least to think
Do you know how hard
You make our lives in an eye blink?

Why do you steal smiles off our faces?
Make children grow with no one
Why do you throw us out of our life races?
Do you think that is fun?

You are a monster, evil
When you take us they say it's God's plan
I do not believe it, not even
If it is the belief of the whole clan

Why do you turn young ones into widows?
Taking away their love,
Now they waste away their life at the window
While you fly away like a dove

What do you want from mankind?
Life? A wife? The latter we can give
The devil is the best we can find
Can you marry him and leave?

Please spare us some kindness, Death
Let us live forever with our people
Please, give them back that last breath
We are tired of you, anal pimple

Tumisang Ramarea

Dying Inside

I remember in our innocent
Days. When mama sent
Us to buy matches. We would
Run to the tuckshop with nothing on my foot

My guitar string like chest
I would exhibit without a vest
Before you developed breasts
When you used to wear mini skirts

Then puberty corrupted our thinking
When I starting feeling
Attracted to you, yearning
To have you. You were already leaving

They say we are related somehow
But your body leaves me wow
All these years until now
Dying inside like a cow

All those losers breaking your heart
And the time we took part
In the research. They were hard
If our relation could be cut

Tumisang Ramarea

Exam Off-Side

'Time up drop your pens'
Children unite and drop their pants

Barels are emptied down
Oesophaguses in every town

Rubies are lost
At a heavy cost

In the roads they perish
Life's precious, it needs cherish

But, there are the good
Home preparing food

Boredom creeping under their skin
But still remaining clean

The race to look
For a job tops every book

Many are anxious
Waiting for their results

The end of the exam
The start and the end of life

Tumisang Ramarea

Forever Engraved

Tears congregate in my eyes
The glow leaves my face
My heart solid like Arctic ice
That's a dress I wear for days

A Kalanga, A Rolong; both I crave
How they loved me
Regret is all I carry to the grave
Forever in my heart they'll be

Oh, how she used call
All the time, day and night
Catching me when I fall
Now I have no might

Oh, how she'd wait
Till the sun goes to bed
With her my heart was safe
Now it is bleeding red

She wished for an Audi
She wished for a Range Rover
Oh queens, Lady
You, I'll never get over

Tumisang Ramarea

Giving Shame A Voice

My doctor said we should give shame a voice,
As though I myself can live to make a choice
About when and how that monster calls,
Quietly and abusively through the walls
Of my heart. I lay back in the chair, stare
Across the room at her, I shaved my hair
Oh doctor! You dare to tell me that I bear
False witness when I say shame shouts.
My weakness is I cannot help but listen
To the taunts of the ghost that haunts
Me. My tears cannot help but glisten
That is why my smile is so bright. Shame
Knows me by name, has mastered the game,
Of hide and seek, except in my hide and skin
Shame is the reason I have a wall around
Because it tells me if they peeked at me
Those who surround me would not abound
So I strangle it when it leaps at me,
At times its scream would leak, on a bleak
Morning when my body is mourning
The death of its electrolytes. Or after
Some electro nights...give me some
Electoral Rights and maybe shame shall rise.

Tumisang Ramarea

I Am...I Am From

I am the son of the Kgalagadi elephant
And the Mmakgodumo crocodile
Two worlds uninhabited, water and fire
I am from the space between black magic and the holy cross
The mountain and the cathedral are both shrines for my heart
My heart is the love of the widow
Up before the crack of dawn, water and fire?
Water and fire to send me to school
Water or fire from the rain or shine
Come rain or shine she built the scaffold of my dreams
In hunger and harvest, in sickness and in health,
'til death did us part
Death did them part, broke her heart
I chose life then, I choose life now
I am from the living one
Am I the crocodile? Am I the elephant?
I am not a servant of the serpent
My heart...my heart...
Is the love of a widow
The holy cross on a mountain,
Black magic in a cathedral
Come rain or shine, I am water, I am fire
And I am from the elephant and the crocodile

Tumisang Ramarea

I Miss Her

At times I am fine,

But then I would open my journal
And come across something
That would remind me
Of the intensity of the feelings
I had developed for her.

Knowing how dramatic I am,
I have a journal
Full of reflections on our times.

Journal entries describing
How brilliantly the sun shone
When we walked one evening
To have Caribbean food.

An entry that captures the breeze
That blew as we sat by the lake
And watched the sun set,
with cups of coffee in our hands
And indescribable smiles on our faces.

Or my favorite,
A painting that spreads over two pages
For each time that she took my breath away
With her kindness, compassion and intellect.

I miss her deeply,
Miss that smile that could only be
Compared to the blinding sun.

I miss that feeling of importance
When she would offload the troubles
Of her day onto my shoulders,
And we would pray about it.

I miss those moments
When she would tease me

For being too uptight and old fashioned.

I miss the mischievous smile on her face
Whenever I would tell her a story
That began with, 'Back in the days of my youth....'.

I miss walking her home
After we had seen a musical performance.

I miss her modesty
Whenever I would compliment her singing.
And oh that voice,
That sounds like the trumpets of the angels.

Oh boy! I knew I liked her a lot,
But I now realize that I was hopelessly in love.

I am.

I can only hope that someday I will recover
And get over these intense feelings I have for her.

Tumisang Ramarea

I Need To Learn To Punctuate

I need to learn to punctuate
learn to use commas and full stops
else my words will accumulate
at the bottom of the drain like rain drops
it is still a journey even with no destination
right
is it still home if I am there on a vacation
night
teach me how to write with a semi-colon
so I can separate and integrate
will I still be considered a semi-moron
if I can't elevate and differentiate
my caps
I need a comma
perhaps
to write to Roma
can I exclaim
at the end of this sentence
can I explain
why I need this competence
is this about writing
very well
are my demons fighting
their hell
I write to ignite a light
and set my ignorance free
life has a right to bite
off my punctuation tree
I learned how to punctuate
A capital letter
And a full stop to terminate
This piece better.

Tumisang Ramarea

I Say Yes But...

I say yes but I mean no,
I stay, yes, but I should go,
My pain says I should know,
My main guess, I cook slow.

Once I said no, a young child,
But you would go anyhow,
I didn't know, a young mind,
It still hurts, oh! even now,

I say yes but I mean no,
I stay, yes, but I should go,
My pain says I should know,
My main guess, I cook slow.

Even as an adult I say yes,
Instead of no so that I feel,
It is my foot that gas press,
So if I die, I owned the deal.

I say yes but I mean no,
I stay, yes, but I should go,
My pain says I should know,
My main guess, I cook slow.

Surely all this has to stop,
I ought to rely on the cogence
Of my instincts before the top.
Remember no is a sentence!

Tumisang Ramarea

I Wonder If They Will Remember

Sometimes I wonder if they will remember, me!
The cool black African guy with versatile hair,
Will I live in their hearts, or lost will I be, like IB!
Sometimes I wonder how many of them care.

I wonder if they will remember my smile,
That bright Colgate one, that lights up things,
When it is all said and done, no more time,
Will I ever find out their real and true feelings,

I wonder if they will remember my sweet voice,
Far away in their deep sleep, A deep slip
Of consciousness within them. The sweet boys,
Will they know Tumi after this trip, the cliff leap,

I wonder if they will remember my dance moves,
Or my gait, my sprint when I am late, at eight,
Will they remember the step of my hooves,
As I walk away, away into the sunset, straight!

Tumisang Ramarea

If I Should Die

If death steals my life
Please tell my wife(s)
My heart thinks high
Of them, As I fly

Out of my body
Let nobody
Shed a tear
Eliminate fear

Like a wedding
Let it be never ending
The celebration of my
Life, fireworks in the sky

Let my women
Dance around my coffin
Let them place on my casket
Fruits in a basket

To my dear mother
Tell her I went to see my father
My two best friends
Defined friend

Be strong and smile
For the death would be mine
Forever at peace
Who wants the last kiss?

Tumisang Ramarea

If The Wind Should

If the wind should, sympathize with my systematic
Defeats in the battle field
If it can just eliminate the enigmatic
Barrier, the very shield

If it can break down doors of my
Emotions chest, pick the best over the rest
So that if I can die,
The best, could cast its tears over the pest,

Oh, to have but one lady,
With a smile so liquid as I'm stupid
That she sees me, maybe
Her head can be turned from rigid by Cupid

The way her first two eyes,
Shine underneath the frames of her glass
Convert all my bile to ice,
Thus I am not in the games of her class

If the wind could transmit the letter,
Concealed in my artery to her vein
Life would be so much better,
That it will be a possibility to take off her veil.

Tumisang Ramarea

Letter From A Flying Chicken

The beams of the sun touch my log like face
The warmth of her countenance, feeds my smile
Impossible as it is, I will run this dog like race
Until the bone is safely between these jaws of mine

I am like the Kilimanjaro, in the motherland
Admired only where my roots are anchored
But nonexistent where there is no dry sand
Yet, I shall run this race I entered

When I gained wings, I lost my beak
I fly but I miss out on the juicy caterpillars below
A flying chicken I am, reaching the top but feeling weak
There is less oxygen at the top than below

That countenance, if only it were for me
The wings will fall off, and I will feast
On the caterpillar that my eye always see
The caterpillar is a camouflaged beast

It is not within reach, neither am I in its sight
It sees only of its kind, maybe it is the order of life
Still it must be aware of my sweet bite
Patience is what I have for this, till the end of time.

Tumisang Ramarea

Love By A Jewel

Love is polluted
Trust removed
Insecurities rooted
Lust evoked

I gave all
You crushed me
Was standing tall
Now short I be

Your tongue
Lied to my ear
My lung
Operate in fear

To stay
Is to lie
A day away
I might die

I prefer truth
So I go
Am I without Ruth?
I don't know

Tumisang Ramarea

Memories!

Memories! I remember, the days
With rain falling outside my window
A trail on my face, tears on my face,
Lonely and alone, this side a widow,

Memories! I remember, the friend,
The fun nights of Physics and Math,
Negative correlation, what a trend,
But at least we still meet on the path,

Memories! I remember, the lady,
She swept me off my feet, bandit,
Two years trying to call her babe,
The notes are hers to keep? Deep!

Memories! I remember, the love,
Why couldn't I just love her as much?
The bandit, 's she a hawk or a dove?
The nights in April and in March!

Memories! I remember, the guards,
The fan, my man, and the preacher,
Lenient, lenient and strict; the guards,
But dearest of them all, is my teacher,

Memories! I remember, the black guy,
Wise, maybe! Great? He's my nigga,
Girl talk and girl talk, oh my my! ! !
He made me, made me bigger,

Memories! I remember, the times,
They are drawing to a close now, so,
Memories! Are all I will have, lines
Are drawn, it is about time I go!

Tumisang Ramarea

Mexican Love

She smiles
The sun feels the threat
In my stomach butterflies
Start to collect

She is Mexican
So beautiful and adorable
She stole the heart of an African
If she be kind enough, this is explorable

Her company is sweeter than honey
Her accent has a legendary melody
She is more valuable than money
She will take me away from this sea of melancholy

Tumisang Ramarea

Mrs. Ramarea

How I love her
With her age weathered hair
Her externally beauty lost
Not so but as a cost

Of being kind enough
To prove her eternal love
By enduring 9 months
Carrying me, my hearts

Feel forever gratified
By all you sacrificed
To single-handedly raise
Me because fate,

Had decided to deprive you
Of someone to help you
May his soul rest in peace
The first man to give me a kiss

Mama you are my Mrs Ramarea
Always been there,
Always will be
In my heart, loved

Tumisang Ramarea

Ngwana Wa Mosetsana

Bontle o ka re go ne go dirwa ka bomo
Letlalo le borethe o kare la ya dipula kgomo
Monyenyo o o mosweusweu twaa
O nyerisa tau moko monna a tlhoke kang

Wena ngwana wa mosetsana, moroba
O ka re naledi e ile ya fologa
Morwadie kgosi e le ruri
Bogadi ke dikgomo, dinku le dipudi

Mme ngwana wa mosetsana o noga
O ka kgaola pelo ya motho noka
O nta ya selomela phateng
Wena o ka kgokolosa monna phateng

Wena o kgorola e senang pelotlhomogi
Bolwetsi bo tlhokang go ntshiwa ka modi
Ga ke eletse ope wa lotso lwa gago
A tshenyo ya lerapo

Tumisang Ramarea

No Metaphors

'I love you, ' is a metaphor
They watered down to 'I like you'
In 'merica. It's better for
Me to tell this upright to you.
Spill the secrets of my longing heart
That should be carried to the grave.
Of how time slows when we're apart,
But races when I'm with you, my fave.

I tell you that in your warm embrace
I feel most at home. You are familiar,
Like we've met in another time and place.
In a world where you were Ma'am Illia.
I speak to you of these feelings,
But isn't that also metaphoric?
Will I be accused of shady dealings
'cause I find your presence euphoric?
I tell you every time you hug me
I always wish for you to hold on
For just a little while longer. We
Had fun before you had to be gone.
Before you left the crib at Wellsbury,
My spirit used to awake with a melody.
Fix you some pancakes, eggs to carry
You through the day. A sweet memory!
I tell you how much I miss you each
Time I make dinner because the best
Dinners were with you within reach.
How did my heart fall for the guest?
You make talking to you so easy because
I feel emotionally safe in your presence.
Your arrival was a necessary recourse
In a community that missed my essence.
Listening to your voice is enchanting;
You speak with honesty and passion.
Your words soften my heart, supplanting
Its previous form. Its walls, they crash in
I tell you of how you captivated my gaze
The first time I laid eyes on your being.

Drop-dead gorgeous with the best face
I had seen on the farm, I was seeing...

Without the metaphors I have no
Plausible deniability. I have borne
The secrets in my heart for you to know.
Now it is the time for you to warn
Me, share with me your heart's truth.
If friendship is all it seeks, then who
Am I to refuse? But if with all its youth
It resonates, then let me woo you!

Tumisang Ramarea

Not Lost

The vultures circle above my lifeless body
Blood seeps out of my chest
Is this the end of the story, have I lost the glory?
Is it time for the chapter to end, for the eternal rest?

An angel flies in the distance, a tiny particle unseen
Specially that it is a he angel, dressed all in white
He walks to me and asks how I have been
I explain that nothing has been alright

With pity, he projects all the solutions I keep missing
I smile as the last bit of my mustache is caressed by the wind
I realize that HIV has nothing to do with kissing
He reignites the fire of my heart with just a splint

My faith is now rooted in him, as he wraps my cut
He give me a rod to walk by, on the path to Denmark
He really is from the den where Daniel had his part
Now my heart I marinate in luck

Tumisang Ramarea

On A Bench Under The Moon

We sit on a bench under the moon,
Side by side. The elephant in the room
Has been slaughtered and now we skin
It to remove the debris from our thin
Escape. Those scars your heart wears
Don't reduce your beauty or make you less
Appealing to my battered and bruised heart.
Don't you know? Scars turn into Art,
So let's take a chance, let's dance, Step
Out into the cold world. Let me wrap
My arms 'round you because you' the soldier
I want if I need an army with a strong shoulder.

On a bench under the moonlit sky,
I gaze deep into your inner eye.
You are in my arms and time
Does not seem to exist. The tide
Is shifting, our heads begin to tilt:
Turning, drawn by the pressure that's built.
And when the softness of your lips is felt,
Butterflies erupt out from below my belt.
You hold on tightly to me, and I to you;
Both eyes closed, missing this view.
We should get a room, oh the things we'd do!
Is that flow the flow of morning dew?

I know the moon will outlive the bench
And hope our growing love will the stench
Of our decomposing bodies in ages to come.
But what if we fall along this run?
No! Think about what if we catch flight,
Sweep each other off our feet and ignite
Fires in our hearts that will burn red like
Fingertips stroking the nipple, effecting a ripple like,
Fires in our hearts that will burn blue. Cool
Love of a lifelong friendship; earth and moon!

Tumisang Ramarea

Opelo (The One With A Heart)

Lost in seas of confusion
My heart ran over by a truck
With no expectation of any fusion
Then your love struck

I saw it in your eyes
Well concealed behind
Indeed my sun rise
Queen you are kind

Lifting you high
Filled my mind with hope
You take me above the sky
So free like an antelope

Is this a dream?
Then let sleep stay away
Is this the love stream?
Hope you are here to stay

Your nonstop talk
Is sweet music to the ear
Your African walk
Guarantees I'll always be here.

Tumisang Ramarea

Perhaps Love

Perhaps love is that reason I cannot finish reading this sentence without staring at the clock more than twice.

All this work but how I can keep calm? When I have not seen you in a dozen days.

Tonight you are coming over to watch television.

Perhaps love is that energy taking me to the shower a few minutes before you arrive, so I can be as clean as this room I cleaned again and again especially for you.

Perhaps love is the reason I am combing my hair at eight o'clock on a Sunday night.

While checking my phone on the other hand to see if you have arrived.

Perhaps love is the fire in my feet as I rush to the front of Lagunita.

Is love that feeling of butterflies ascending up my tummy as you turn around and give me that smile?

Perhaps love is that feeling of pretend annoyance when you tease me about not liking the beautiful Lag outdoor spaces.

The brief moment we pause and stare over at the field?

Perhaps love is that excitement when I get to hear all I have missed in your life these past few days.

The joy of your smile and the sound of your voice.

Perhaps love is that indifference when you propose a different thing to watch.

Because it does not really matter as long as you are here.

Perhaps love is moving to sit besides you while watching 'Southside with You' with you.

Is love these stolen side glances, to catch your reactions?

Perhaps love is the insight of the brief discussions we have during the movie.

Or those moments we have the same thought.

Perhaps love is that reason I want to bike with you when you have to go.

Of course for your safety, but especially because I don't want to say goodnight yet.

Perhaps love is the reason I am happy you drank water out of my limited edition mug.

Perhaps love is the reason I am writing this.

Is love the reason I like you increasingly so much?

Tumisang Ramarea

Regiment Viii (For Montezuma '14)

All hail King Montezuma! All hail his frontline men!
Great warriors indeed, nine is their total number
Carefully picked by the King to be his men
The eight regiment, strong soldiers with no time for slumber,

All hail King Montezuma! All hail Ali Baba!
Drafted with confidence from the Middle East,
He kept guard of the Kingdom under darkness cover,
A brave warrior indeed, a true beast!

All hail King Montezuma! All hail the Music!
Played by the great Bennie from around Vienna,
A well-travelled man who has been to places like Munich,
He is the kingdom's spy, the satellite antenna

All hail King Montezuma! All hail Mr. Lee!
Who shoots perfectly into the basket the cannonball,
With such skill as only one from over the sea
Ensuring safety and security for all,

All hail King Montezuma! All hail Ding-Yan!
A hardworking general all the way from China,
He is the one, he is the king man!
The one who with the strength of a miner,

All hail King Montezuma! All hail the Nepali!
Standing tall, putting on his earmuffs,
Getting ready to fire the missile to protect the royal family,
He who dances to 'Timber' when the gun puffs,

All hail King Montezuma! All hail Francisco!
The captain of the eighth regiment,
Well known for his cool moves at the disco,
At the firm voice with which he expresses his sentiment,

All hail King Montezuma! All hail Mr. Canada!
For he is the Guy supplying the army with coffee,
His and only his is the best, maybe another
Time we'll find another one as good with coffee,

All hail King Montezuma! All hail Nate!
He is the real captain America! In all ways and form,
To be in the King's service is to him a matter of fate,
He will give up his ankle in defence of the kingdom,

All hail King Montezuma! All hail super man!
He is a man of integrity and honour,
He is the great European de Lucca Bren,
Guarding his post from his elevated corner,

These fine men of Regiment Eight,
Helped the kingdom through tough times,
Thus we are here to share a cake,
With them and wish them off to better times.

Tumisang Ramarea

Standing Out

In a city of a hundred million
With the crowded subways
My heart beats for you trillion
I always see only you all the days

In a forest of infinite plants
You are that outstanding flower
You are the center of my plans
You have over my heart such power

In an ocean of countless fish
You are that golden one
You are my only wish
The brightest of stars, the sun

Out of all the women in Nazareth
You were the chosen one for a reason
The world's most important birth
Is credited to you, Maria

Tumisang Ramarea

The Best I Ever Had

Jove sent me a Kalanga
Queen. So rare
There isn't another
Like her, so fair

Like an African lion, patient
With the affection of a mother hen
Precious like fossils from an ancient
Civilisation. Lovely like art of the San

I committed murder, first degree
She gave me a fine feather light
She stole a sweet, and I couldn't agree
To anything short of her life

Despite this she carried with a donkey like endurance
Believing so much in us
Now I lost marital dance chance
She deserves better, I'm a curse

Tumisang Ramarea

The Heart, Mind And Fingers

The heart feels, what not the mind
The thirst is felt in the mouth
Love is not that easy to find
Especially, if it cannot be referenced south

The texts and smiles, run like water
Bone breaking in their cohesion
My cognition grows my love mortar
Stronger grows their adhesion

The fake smiles their lips wear
Fools not my heart or fingers
The truth they receive is as they wish to bear
Forever later, in their eyes a tear lingers

My heart is the one that knows the story
Is it for the one of the water land?
Is she the one to have the glory
The fair one by the beach sand

As the sun sets, another rising
My hands I wash of the burden
After all the flock is not enticing
That none will pocket the prize, I am certain

Tumisang Ramarea

The Sun Rose Last Night

The sun rose last night, right after the last light
Just when the cloud of darkness undauntedly fell
I saw a bright light coming with such might
Putting all the stars to shame, telling me it is well

What a random occurrence, one from the heaven
Must be my guardian angel, her words so gentle
It must have been between seven and eleven
The sun, sensing the inefficiency of my candle

With smiles, yes, the most illuminating smile
The thick, hard walls guarding my heart crushed
Such vulnerable times, when I wish for all time
What uncertainty, but hope won't be crushed

The sun rose last night, hope it does all nights
I anticipate a long period of light, pure joy!
May our God both blessedly grant us the rights
The sun rose, it was beautiful. Oh boy!

Tumisang Ramarea

This Day Was Not Mine

This day, was not mine, was not,
I can trace the root, to before dawn,
In the field, sending praises to God,
Then all was silent, the sound gone,

The sharp shrill shouts of the birds,
Shooting through my shallow ear,
Painfully. Bitter silence, just words
From my mind, brought the fear,

The fear I hear came here because
Today there was no music. With my
Phone dead, what is life's cause,
No beat no melody, die, say bye,

No rhythm to guide my meditation,
Logic escaped my mind. Silence, just!
I'm lost, take me for rehabilitation,
I hope this scrap wakes before dusk!

Tumisang Ramarea

Toxic Enough

You are slim, with your sleek hair
Nice pens, and your skin is fair
You aren't that smart so I can dare to write to you,
"I love you, you are my girlfriend, okay? "
You say yes, but do you really mean yes?
I'm only ten but I'm toxic enough!

You aren't that smart either,
But I don't want kids with eyes like that,
Call me bitter,
Yes, I'm toxic enough!

You're in my league of smart,
So I can only follow you with no
Declaration of love from my part,
Some might say an independent 13 year
Old girl is intimidating,
I have to agree because I'm toxic enough!

You're smart, you're gorgeous, you're all that,
You're even my best friend,
We know how this will end,
Fine I'll say it!
So I write you a love letter,
But think it's better to secretly drop it into your backpack,
It backfires and I wish I could take a step back,
You say no because you are my best friend
And you know I'm toxic enough!

You're my angel, rib of my ribs,
I write you poems and plenty of love letters,
Sending some over the radio when I call,
Or deliver to you, where your presence makes me fall,
Fall in love again and again,
All is perfect, except it's been almost a year and we still haven't kissed.
I haven't asked except in the beginning, but as my girlfriend you should have
known.
So I dump you after Valentine's Day,
You kiss me hard, call me a fool, but I walk away,

Heartless but I'm toxic enough!

First Lady of my heart, the straw the berry,
The one I thought I would marry,
Remember the walks, the awkward moments when cars would soak us with their
unwelcome headlights,
Remember when we would take our broke selves to share one plate at Chicken
Licken,
Licking away the juice out of our sweet love,
Then he told me you were cheating on me,
And my first thought was, women!
So my insecurities and fear of communication forced me to walk away,
I hurt you, and I hurt you again,
Wasn't I toxic enough already?

We walk along La Sabana Park, two single friends on Valentine's Day,
We lie on this hill gazing at the stars, two friends far away?
I am the first boy to see your beautiful black hair,
But I'm too busy worried about what people would think,
Because I have publicly declared my love for this other girl I barely know,
So we only meet under cover of darkness,
In the end I don't even say goodbye to you, the love of my life,
I am toxic enough!

She broke my heart and you were there for me,
Along the line we blurred the lines,
So the flames we played with burned us,
No, that's the toxicity trying to explain away how I hurt you,
To think you were willing to relocate from Europe to the US for me,
Haven't I been toxic enough?

You didn't even ask for my consent,
Wasn't I already toxic enough?

I wish we had just remained friends,
I'm toxic, you're toxic, and together, not even North Korea stands a chance,
I remember Martin Luther King Day,
Going our separate ways was for the best.
My toxic was enough.

Life with you was full of color and flavor,
Musical shows, plays, coffee dates,

But I guess once toxic, one is bound to ruin even the amazing of relations,
Or we were talking or whatever we did,
I'm toxic enough.

I'm toxic and it ends with enough!

Why am I such a creep?

Staring at you at parties when you are just trying to have fun,
Enough!

So I awkwardly send you a text apologizing for being a creep,
You say it's fine,
See!

I should have just started by asking you if you wanted to go for coffee,
But now I ruined it,
Enough!

So enough is enough!

Detoxify!

Someday soon, I won't have to say,
"I'm toxic enough" because toxic is toxic,
Toxic is toxic and the only toxic that is enough is zero toxic!

Tumisang Ramarea

True Dream

A Queen has been seen
Smiling, at the setting certain satin feeling
I hope the rope wont disable my heart to cope

The laced pace her gaze was raised to race
To buy the guy already high
Madrid did it bit by bit, beat the sweet kid

That part, what I fart at the duck in the dark
Suddenly burdens and saddens, the heavens
To love as half as a dove, she rough cuff

Yet, I bet the rat not the cat is the pet
If she see me, maybe be we will
I scream as I leave the dream

Tumisang Ramarea

Truths In My Heart

My heart is a chamber of secrets!
Of loves that just could not grow.
Loves not allowed to come or go.

Keeping permanence and transience,
It is filled with profound sorrow
And the most intoxicating joy!

It searches for and is itself a home.
As enduring as the Egyptian pyramids
And as seasonal as the weaver's nest.

I am my heart and my heart is me,
We are like the chicken and the egg
Without one, the other cannot be.

It is infinitesimal and yet infinite,
Filled with asymptotes to love.
Its complexity, an ode to love.

My heart is a chamber of secrets!
Of loves that just could not grow.
Loves not allowed to come or go.

Tumisang Ramarea

Untitled Poem

My dear King James wrote thus in the past,
That thou shall be named the most alluring of all.
Your brightness will not be dimmed by the dust,
Nor would it be concealed by the wall.

It was also said by the honourable King James.
Said about you only,
That out of all the women and names,
You and your name Mary shall be holy.

Oh your royal highness, queen of my treasure chest.
If only you knew in my vessel you are the boss.
Your fairness, from my sight, eliminated the rest.
Yet I fear to wave, of course it's my loss.

In my deep sleep by the riff,
While I day dream about cream and food,
I see you on your throne atop of the cliff.
That my dear is beyond good.

Oh dear! Why is thou so scary to my eyes?
Is it because your character is not so black and white?
Her majesty, if she cries because of lies,
Then I will lie no more, I want to be right under her might.

Tumisang Ramarea

What Are The Chances?

I am sitting here as the clock tick-tocks
I lack patience as does Hungry Fox
I cannot wait to see you by the docks
Smiling coyly as the sea hugs the rocks

You do fill the void, in this empty world
Oh dear! Your sweet, kind and comforting word
Is why through the storm my old heart has held
Indeed you help me hold on to my stand

Seeing you will be like the very first sun-rise
Bringing light to spots that were once only dark
Petals shouting with joy, what a surprise!

How I wish to be frozen in time, stuck!
My appreciation has no defined size
What are the chances? What are they? Pure luck?

Tumisang Ramarea

What Is Life's Purpose

Why do we waste
Time living when death's our fate

Why ingest
Food only to egest

It later, why
Work hard when my

Successes are irrelevant
In my death testament

Is living worth it,
Really is it?

When despite education
Unemployment thrives with determination

Is it all worth it,
Really is it?

Tumisang Ramarea

What Would?

What would you like for breakfast?
I toss and turn for the night to pass.
How about eggs on the bread crust?
Nope, you like grits with some class.

What would I give to experience again
The warmth of your hug before work?
It was peaceful: without worry or pain.
But you've been introduced to Kirk...

What would I say? If I could speak.
The start of a day, a quick squeeze.
If you were my bae, I would sneak
Up your way, like a sweet sneeze.

What would yoga look like if you
Were not just my friend's friend?
What would the sofa with a view
Of Forrest Gump allow to blend?

What would 12 Years A Slave mean
If I was not enslaved to a failed love?
W'd I just pat your back or be keen
To envelop you like a feathered dove?

What would I say? If I could tell all
The secrets of the flames that simmer
In the depth of my heart. Oh, the wall
Of which is no stronger than a sinner!

Tumisang Ramarea

When The Sun Rises After Sunset

When the sun rises after this sunset
With the brightness of dawn bathing central valley
Somebody will hold down Frida the cat, perhaps Matt
Then my suitcase will sing a somber song down the alley

When it rises, when this terrible cover of darkness fades
I will pay my last respects to the great Juan Santamaria
When I see the eagle nested beyond the gates
I will cry out, 'Oh let me let go, help me forget Santa Maria'

When it rises, the eagle will swallow me and fly high in the sky
Above the clouds I will look back, look down and look sad
Emotions will engulf me, maybe then I will cry high in the sky
I will look back at the mad adventure I just had, not bad

As it rises, I will think of my people all over the globe
My focal point will be that one, that beauty, the girl
As I walk, my back to her, I will shoot away my last bit of hope
For she is a distraction and indeed a destruction, the girl

As the week begins, and the sun rises, the bird will rest
I will be at my roots with my boots, missing Pura Vida
But after all I will be home, with my people, in my nest
Royalty will say to me, 'Goroga ka Pula e e Pila.'

But first there must be an end, the sun must set, tears must flow
First darkness must come, night time with the dark clouds
Then, and only then, will the sunrise glow as the winds blow
Then I will go do whatever to be in Kanye among my crowds

Tumisang Ramarea

You Spoil Me

Yes! You are right
There is SPOIL between you and me.
The S, for the special moments,
The smiles and stars that shine in your eyes.
The P for just how proud you make me,
For the power that we possess
And the passion of love that is only beginning.
The O for all the ordinary moments we shall turn extraordinary
Because we are O-some!
The I is not for your eyes
Your eyes that I so love
The I is for the inspiration,
For the intelligence that you possess
For the illumination you have brought into my life.
And the L,
The L stands for the love.
The love we had yesterday
The love we have today,
And the hope of the love we will have tomorrow
And after that.
The L stands for all the lessons
That we shall learn, together.
So yes you are right,
There is SPOIL between you and I.

Tumisang Ramarea