

Poetry Series

Warden Vukeya
- poems -

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Warden Vukeya(1996/06/23)

Warden Vukeya is a South African poet who was born in Greenfarm Village under small town called Malamulele. He grew up reading novels and stories to his family and has a passion for writing.

He is a South African Author with a unique writing style that provides a reading experience unlike any other. As he say " I'm so appreciative and delighted by the positive responses my work has received, and I want to foster that connection with a wider audience. I'm looking forward to sharing my future poems as they come to fruition"

Ever Raining

Alone in the world of hopeless
All over her face, it was raining
So desperately, she sought
For someone, for warmth
A gentleman's heart burning, right from desert
He came in to cheer up, a perfect match it was
Gold metals wrapped their fingers
Promises made, a day was remarkable
Journey began, along the ride
Slowly, he pulled out
Through the window, he saw more than he held
Got lost in surroundings, focus he lacked
To stop the ongoing, finally he managed
Poor lady, again, the rain commenced
Now it looks forever raining
In her own thoughts,
She questioned and remained unanswered
Who is next? Hopefully he commits
In her face, the rain never stops
It is ever raining.

Warden Vukeya

Gratitude

Across the world, I have traveled
Among the poor and the rich, I have lived
At work, some seek positions, some quit
Behind doors, the good and the bad occurs

At the end, only one notices, the one we praise
Friends and relatives all with different classes
Hidden wonders exposed through actions
Not to understand, we cannot own everything

Grateful ones are the happier
Wondering souls turn toxic
To have enough is to appreciate what's present
They came before us, left with nothing and again we will

Like dogs barking, happy or sad
Rich or poor, lame or normal we are never complete
Let it be a mental character to be grateful
As always, learn to be grateful

Warden Vukeya

Hope

Sore soul seeking for help,
Thus before him, confess
Bridges badly broken to carry on
Oppressed mind through criticism
Weaknesses to hinder positivity
But, hope on
Majority accounts no space for worthy
Behind one's back, they swear
Fallen and rose countlessly
Promised, yet not received
Still, hope on
To the nature, the entire struggle was seen
Wait for that day that you will rejoice
Still, there is hope.

Warden Vukeya

I Cry

A closer look at my penury life
I cry from deep inside
I beg from deep inside
I beg not to have it all, but for sufficiency
A closer look at my garden, my seeds gone to waste
Day by day, they brag, I beg
In the lake of wealthy, they sink, I seek
This everlasting down-at-heel, so dreary
I cry from deep inside,
Not to have it all but for sufficiency
This dreck life I am living
The rejection I Feel
I cry for no more hunger pangs
I cry not to have it all, but for sufficiency

Warden Vukeya

Mother

Forsaken work days
A long lasted pain
With her, she carried me around
Until that long nine months ride ends
Takes patience and commitment to grow a plantation
Exposure to droughts left me rotten, not to cut off
Instead she kept watering hoping for fruitfulness in me
Ooh! Mother I venerate you
When I stepped in thorns, she pulled me off
Stroke by strong sunrays, she brought the shadow
Exposed to brutal lions, she sent me to the holy temple
Someone to live for, a hero, a role model are characters she possess
This is love, real love
Mother, I salute you

Warden Vukeya

Stable Innocence Shook

As often, an innocent soul does innocence
Amid by bad company, one grasped to innocence
Against, they censured but that, for naught it was
Sooth as always, this character was committed
For wrong deeds, the soul used to avow
Until tasty temptations the world entails
Fame, wealthy, and all that...
Who would deny, not today
One moment, for a breakthrough
Stable innocence shook
Selfishness and arrogance found a room
Flown away, is the innocence 'used to be' in that heart
Away, innocence blown and flew forever
Ooh! Dear world, for a moment, take your wealthy
Yes, just for a lesson, again you will return
An innocent soul, gone to waste

Warden Vukeya

The Road Of Life

A gravel road, as rough as it may seem
With humps and rocks to interdict
Curvy or straight, near or far
The road is to be traveled
Destination is to be reached
Through mental sighting, hope fades but through
Dedication, diligence and devotion ease the journey
Alternatively, who would deny the smoother rout?
Sooth is, everyone needs to flow
In tar you travel, by choice, after creation
Everyone needs to pass through, the road of life
To be up there, to finally reach the destination
Determination to the future, may account but still
The road is to be travelled.

Warden Vukeya

We Belong

The smoke of strong coffee, I inhale
Looking through the window I see Africans
Whether black or white
Like different colored roses, all belong to the same garden

One said, it is a rainbow nation
Well said but it never be without unity
From east and west, north and south
They came in with different purposes

Color defines culture
Language reflects our origins
Religions to what we believe but
Still we all belong to Africa

Physical pain's better than emotional
Words of criticism thrown to one's thought could pain to death
Enough about racism, let us unite because
We belong to Africa

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