

Poetry Series

**William Ndoyisile Somenze**  
**- poems -**

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# William Ndoyisile Somenze(1991-10-11)

- Born October 11th
- Has two siblings, little brother & sister. Born in 1995, the other in 2002
- Between 1999 and 2004 lost his parents
- After all the parents' mishap of life family walked away
- Got taken by an amazing Aunt, she had a number of her own children, yet saw me & my siblings as neither a burden nor a yoke but a blessing
- Family survived on domestic income
- Growing up was hard, nobody said it'd be easy
- 2010 matriculated, with varsity exemption
- I succeeded jumping few hurdles
- Became a member and a poet in Fifth Grove Group Poetry club in the North West University Mafikeng campus in 2011
- Senior at NWU Mafikeng campus
- I write that's it

# Am I Speaking Mute?

i told her how i feel,

i pronounced the feelings inside me,

like a flower at spring,

blossoming-articulating its inner beauti,

but still i find myself reeling,

i find myself still speaking,

speaking non stop with no thoughts to capitulate,

at times i say words that are like decapitated-headless words that sound meaningless and useless but yet right to use,

i find myself speaking like a demented being,

trying to recite the encyclopedea of love,

but it exasperate you see.; speaking to someone like you are talking to a stone-something emotionless.

every second of a minute i have with her i endeavor to turn my feelings into this visible paint-more visible than the color white, and my tongue into a brush and start painting this picture for her to see my gustrious image of love, .

but oh, she just cant see,

she just cant want to let me free,

and consent...

could it be that i am saying mute words to her? could it be that when speaking to her i stammer hence she seemingly be confound and tongue tied? could a be loosing my voice`s weight to you hence the words i say to you make no difference?



# Being Black Hurts

Being black hurts,  
We try hard to travel in carts,  
Whereas we live in shacks,  
We compete amongst ourselves,  
Experiencing deficits,  
Just because we don't want others to be one step  
ahead of us,  
We abhor on each other's escalation,  
We'd rather cheer on one of own's down fall,  
Rather than stretching our hands to say 'I got  
you',  
We walk over each other,  
keep each other deep down to the depth of their  
abyss of crisis,  
Rather than picking each other up we stomp over  
each other's heads,  
We are victims of loan sharks, our homes are  
auctioned, occupying the city streets as our  
places of residence, where are we really heading?  
Being black hurts,  
We live like a bullet from a gun,  
Of which at the dawn of the sun,  
Others lives end with the dusking sun,  
Mothers has lost their dear sons,  
In boxes built of walls & steel bars,  
Their daughters have turned to street corner  
entrepreneurs; putting little clothing on they skin  
to reveal thighs to get these business men  
conditioned.  
Being black hurts,  
Our fathers & youth sink their problems & talents  
in these bubbling bottles,  
Only to find them floating with each day they're  
blessed with,  
And they end up drowning in tears of the 'could  
have been & should have been'  
Being black hurts,  
This is not some poignant recitation of my skin  
pigmentation, but regret of our irresponsible

actions which get us nowhere but to reflect to the era when our process to progress was deprived from us.

Being black hurts,

We are driven to pursue larney living whereas our lives are as cheap,

Marked by poverty, crime, quantitatively built government huts,

Corrupt government, community leaders who built our mothers graves they call RDP's,

Being black is sad,

We treat one man's children as if they're our own, we respect our friends wives but fail to do so to ours, the end result being dysfunctional families,

Our hearts got too much hate than love to give.

Being black hurts

William Ndoysisile Somenze

# Broken And Breaking

It didn't take her to pull a trigger,  
To let me know that she can be my heart's slayer,

Nor did it took her a shovel & a spade,  
To dig me a grave & bury me alive,  
Just for having to much love,  
Too much love to give & show her,  
& abit of too much to prove 'cause when she looked at me she saw what I lacked  
& not what I packed,

So

I endeared how deeply I love her,  
Driven to cast off a simple 'I love you'  
I used quite profound expressions as the ruler to measure,  
How depth the roots of having layed my eyes on her impacted & ploughed a seed  
of affection within me,  
Leaving me with an infection which she was the sole prescription & injection to  
heal me,

Now I'm like the melting ice with knuckles thumbing at the fridges' door,  
Wailing that she let's me in,  
But alas! the sun rays has caught me busking to its heat then it smolders &  
infernos me,  
Liquidate my solids parts,  
That all I end up being & becoming is a tear.

A tear to remind myself of what she made me,  
A tear to remind myself of what didn't become,

They say 'happiness is a choice'  
Well I choose her,  
But to her I made the wrong choice; so it seemed,

Poof! There slips my dream girl abreast the grip of my tightened fists,  
Not being her type & having to accept that her mind is obstinate,  
Leaves me torn apart,  
Becoming a rag of having loving her,  
What else could go wrong,  
To further keep me this frail,

Lord can't you turn my tongue into a magic wand so to change her mind?

William Ndoyisile Somenze

# Choices

Mother died of pneumonia,  
Father's life trashed in a car crash,  
Hands over my head, a question hollows:  
What is life but a piece of trash which can be accidentally crashed like a disease  
whose antidote has been diagnosed.

Choices remained with me, to love life & live it, drown it in a bottle of a bubbling  
substance, or to do wrong to get free meal & my own bed for being a deviant in  
the society.

& I choose to set myself free from this prison without four walls, but  
impoverished circumstance,  
Which propels us, & victimizes the youth to be interim thinkers whose actions  
affects their lives permanently.

Choices were many, like to become a rebellious lad & wreck my life with a  
negative destructive attitude of how much I've lost & how everybody dislikes me,

Instead I; with every strange person that surrounded me built a constructive  
attitude & dipped my mind, thoughts & imaginations in pages which held nothing  
but letters and terms I had to study hours to get in to reside in my mental  
hemispheres,

I pranced higher than death,  
Made the most of the breath my lungs held,  
Because wailing brings nothing but vain outcomes because its done without  
effort.

There was no way,  
I couldn't have made it,  
Every path I tread on became a dead end,  
Burglary was never opted,  
Nor it was that to slay a person to be freely fed by the government became an  
option.

Education became the key, to the locked life I was living,  
Neglected by the family,  
Having an increasing proportion of enemies more than I had of friends,

I saw that I shouldn't try hard making loose ends meet but cut them loose, set them free to free myself & find my path,

I realized how useless it was to plough my heart & mind with wrath to the most high for having taken what He had borrowed me,

I praised His holy wraith,  
For He had given me a yoke not bigger than what He's capable of nor the capacity of my hands,

I ceased questioning his authority,  
When I began to fear Him,  
So I gained wisdom.

I thought I was all alone,  
The tears, the pain, the hurt, the life I've witnessed going astray,  
Blinded me to see the way,  
Nor to know his existence,  
I even forgotten him but his arms kept stretching.

William Ndoysisile Somenze

# Dear Beautiful Girl

dear beautiful girl  
you have kissed the iris of my eye,  
leaving my tongue to commit a crime,  
raping my throat when trying to articulate,  
the way you magnitize my heart,  
my mind feeling constipated with these thoughts i masticated,  
when i saw you,  
and mesmerised my intenstine to a point where,  
i couldn't swallow you down below my womb,  
cause you were the first rose i ever saw walking down the palm of the earth,  
and you took my breath away,  
and left me falling like an autumn leave,  
enchanting me with the sultry waves of your hips,  
and the thinnness of your sexy lips,  
contesting for my heart and winning it over, hands down,  
with your stealthy moves as you stroll before me,  
keeping me looking from behind with the view that stimulates,  
whence my erectional emotions,  
i mean emotional erections emanates,  
your appearance as you evince keeps on injecting me with tides of happiness  
flowing through my veins,  
and being the source of these happenings of mysterious occurences that i can  
not explain,  
what you do to me,  
i hesitate to articulate that i may deviate from a degree of accuracy,  
but i,  
i think i am fond of you.

William Ndoyisile Somenze

## Dear Nthabeleng

I've lived to see the impacts that family politics had on you, how it robbed you off your childhood memories, your smile and most importantly the meaning to your name.

Yeah, I know it's never been easy to live without a mother, but I hope your aunt has mothered you well to not feel the pinch of your mother's death. I am saying this because she single handedly made me who I am and still is. She is the grove of my life after God, I hope she's yours too. She'll always be there for you, she'll teach you about strength, and being a woman that she is today, she'll teach you things that I wouldn't be able to teach you even if I was given a chance.

I love you little sis, I know my words do not correlate my actions, I know you wish I'd show it more, but big brother has flaws and no that's no excuse, I would show it much more than I say it if I did not spend much more time away from you. The distance at which I am also shouldn't be an excuse, I guess this me saying to you NEVER PUT YOUR HAPPINESS IN SOMEONE ELSE'S HANDS.

Sometimes, on my attenuate visits at home, I'd see you as a portrait of pain standing before me, lowered shoulders, sad face and a bowed head. That alone sets a destruction company within me, it wrecks me to ever have peace whilst your peace you've never known. I'd wanna take that away from you cause none of this family curse deserves to be taking its toll on you. As tall as you are, I'd wish you could use a little bit of that height to stand out and tall against all that makes life a process of being unable to jump hurdles for you.

Baby, I wish I could have it in me to make you surface from the depth of this family feud that has obliterated your age. I'd sink in the hole of your hurts just so I could see you float smoothly, and see you smile from ear to ear.

I've heard you haven't been doing well at school. I wish I could, with my deft and nimble fingers, sift you off the whole situation that constantly cuts off your wings every time you try to flap them and fly but fail.

Lil sis I am sorry that I am not there to tell you that you are greater than the problems you've grown up to meet. I am sorry that a beautiful, bright, smart, twelve year old girl like you fails to glistens cause she is all covered up in dirt. But you are seed, covered in dirt, I hope you grow with every tear drop.

Sometimes I dream of a day that I'd call you and hear you say;

'Big brother I am happy of how far I've got in life despite your absence in mine, cause I know you love me better and before any woman in your life. And I know you'll always come back to and for me. I know that the day I silently made a sacrifice that you go out off my way to build a staircase of your career so I could have all the things you never had, I know its the day I'd never look back to in regrets...' My ears itches for these words...

Little sis, I feel your sadness just by thoughts, but only Lord knows when I'd

catch the sunlight for you so to make you an incandescent lil girl that He knows you are. Things will be better for me, you and everybody else. God is faithful.

William Ndoyisile Somenze

# Demotivated Writer

Words thumbing my arachnoid, screaming 'Free  
us' for we are not slaves for thoughts, & I hold my  
head as I feel their knuckles rattling from  
within, wanting to pierce through my skull,  
then I  
between the essential strokes of my fingers hold  
the hypodermic needle to inject the blank page  
with my rage, & my thoughts reaching a  
certain  
range: that profound poetry arise to eyes whose  
minds are reigned by discombobulation. I the  
impeded doctor holds-in the palms of my hands-a  
syringe with a cannula filled with the source of life  
to the blank dried page, but feeds it not & breaks  
my hypocratic oath as I stand here with soul's life  
in my hands & watching it bite its own vapid  
portion from drought.

William Ndoyisile Somenze

## Even After All She Completes Me

when the sky was dressed in dark grey cumulonimbus clouds, with a blurry path and heavy storms that shuddered the deafness in my heart to hear as love whispers my name from a distance,

she would be the voice that lurks behind the breeze that osculates my skin, a wind that ventilates to elucidate the marred gloomy vision of the sun shining refulgently and bring light into my soul.

she would be the reason my eyes bear fruits-the apple of my eye, like man she was a gregarious creature but alone she was my world, defined by laconic words-she was love that adam and eve marred when they sinned in the garden of eden,

she was my piece among millions of those when heart breaks would lie shattered on the floor, a constituency that my heart, soul and spirit are constituted with,

while i wandered solemnly in despair and agony she sprung like a rose in winter very death to breathe into me a succulent portion of her heart's compositions and made me whole.

William Ndoiyisile Somenze

# Feeling

I feel so naked

tongue disrobes its sheath,  
thoughts turn from being in a silent mode,

to speaking loud in empty pages,  
wailing between mum line margins,

these fingers out of boredom,  
encrypt words in stanzas and verses,

a poetical code.

i feel naked as these Words beat against my mental membranes crying to be  
disengaged,

as if groves are implanted on the palm of my mind.

propelled to write,  
but when i lift my hand at right with a pen that drips blue blood on its tip,  
i find my clothes, there i the mind blogged can not ink, but sink in mirth for i find  
such a quip!

William Ndoysisile Somenze

# Fell Inlove

she crippled my heart when her sight broke through my eyes right into my chest  
and ripped its bones apart,

like a boulder averted to float in the sky, it leaped like droplets of rain from the  
hemisphere of loneliness and solitude and came down toppling like football  
scrum,

seeking a path to penetrate and tread right through her bosom into her soul, to  
convey and mold a painting that not even words can best paint to articulate ways  
in which her apogee-allure of affection has robbed the heart away from its being.

she became the spark of the sun that the bud was indigent of, to unfold layers  
and layers of love that was never egresses by the thriving petals,

she was the reason emotions within him were knocking and thumbing his heart's  
membrane to be let out,

and i am dote of her because she became the first color i have ever saw defined  
by pale.

William Ndoysisile Somenze

# Good Riddance Old Year

You`ve rised before my blinded eyes, blinded eyes with tears i`ve cried, tears that have been trickling down my face for long, i thought you`d be better, you`d be the napkin to wipe away tears i`ve shed with past years, thought you`d make me glitter, but in vain, you`ve made everything i did worse, made me feel so wrong, like i am living from the back of a hearse, you were a ruinious year,

why did you abhor me this much? I`ve fronted words before you solicitating elation for the distinct days that you carry & are yet to deliver, that they may be the birth of my jubilant mirth here on earth, but you hav bequethen me an abundance of afflictions,

goodriddance to you, for with you my wishes & prayers were but alot of nothings, my dreams toppled down like the collapsing football scrum, go on & never come my way again, for i want your haplessness no more, for you`ve brought me misery to bring a smile to your face,

you who hated me to enjoy seeing me breakdown & cry, drift & i will like you never came, leave & let me live, take along all the fears you`ve ploughed in me, for this time i am going through changes intrepidly, a new day has come to cover you with a sheath of goldeness & erase all the pain & disappointment you`ve left in me.

William Ndoyisile Somenze

# Her Life Bitten The Dust

her life bitten the dust,  
if you ask me how i would say;

a pestiferous noxious poison penetrated her skin deep,  
masticating her by bit by bit,  
like an injection of acid eating her up inside,  
inside she was a dumping site,  
as she exhales and breathes,  
a stench of a living corpse found an entry point  
past my nostrils,  
like a rotten rat perished within her,

she died selfless, frail and feeble,  
like antartica melting  
at the summer's very death,  
i watched her slowly die in pain,  
in despair,  
drifting to eternal sleep,  
whispering my name inaudibly,  
as the excruciating inflictions strangled her,  
with a reflection responding to my mind:  
"turn your back & let me be"

tears trickling down her brows,  
as she envisioned the viciousness,  
that her days on earth came to cease,  
her lips were as dry as raisins busking in the sun,  
i couldnt even administer myself to osculate her a kiss goodbye,  
consciously she was discern of that & struggled to say;  
'don't be scared my son'

her face- where her eyes resided were holes,  
where cheeks used to be were bones erectionally standing like boulders,  
her shoulders; pointed out like excavated stones  
at the wave of the wind

she sipped this lethal, cruel & marred source of her vapidness,  
through a disease scientifically regarded as pneumonia,  
leaving me an infinite curse of my thought's insomnia,

lest dreams i dream reminiscing me with images of how she exited earth in a  
way inexplicable,  
leaving behind a ravish daughter and a son,  
incessantly asking me 'brother, where's mom and would she ever come back'

struck by a spear of their inquisitive question through my bosom  
I said to them- her life bitten the dust

as she succumbed her life to death,  
doctors spoke in an incomprehensible language:  
'sorry, she couldnt make it,  
her system coldnt fight it anymore'  
to compensate me for my loss,  
they issued out a piece of tissue,  
as tears rained in a haze like storm in my eyes,

broken hearted,  
i began to wail and question God's authority,  
why us,  
why are we disrobed the only parent we had?

William Ndoysisile Somenze

# I Am A Writer

I don't expect people to like my illness,  
Cause its spontaneous,  
Its perilous because it depicts how unique I am,  
Yeah I know; lack of wellness,  
Is a stench to the human race,  
I like my fragrance that way then,  
Cause it distinguishes me,  
& without pace; It makes me victorious.

Yes: I am a Write,  
Hated for being sick,

They talk of how incomprehensible I am,  
Its right to exercise your right to freedom of  
speech,  
But what are your intentions; to deprive me the same right, as you belch out  
negative comments to inhibit me to  
exercise my freedom of speech?  
Yes; I am a Writer,  
Hated for being sick.

William Ndoysisile Somenze

# I Am Broken

i am a broken part that has lost its constituent,

i am a part broken,

its pieces stolen..

a part with emotions swollen.

i, i am a broken hearted being,

whose pain aches like a sting,

with my baque i stand on ropes of despair,

holding my inflicted heart on the palm of my hands,

trying to find its match,

a piece to make it whole,

but in vain...i find no soul.

i am a wound bleeding pain,

shot with the emotional pistol,

feeling like i've been slained.

i am a heart with a vast scar,

a scar that can't be mended with a patch to cease it from bleeding love.

i am a broken winged-bird that neither flies nor walks but stands on the surface  
of solititude,

loneliness turning me into a slave.

i am an eye that once in love could see,

but now i am blind for tears that i cry avert my sight.

i am often a shooter who never misses his aimed targets but i made a blunder  
and found an arrow right through my bosom because of my false ideas of being  
inlove with someone...i am just broken

William Ndoyisile Somenze

# I Am Twenty One

I am twenty one & this age should be my democracy, my freedom choice, to listen to none, but my own `s a turning point of my life, & with the life in point-responsibility should be my wife, my law, my constitute of rules.

I am twenty one but I am not a man on my own, shall not shine & be way above the limit line. I am twenty one & i am still a child, I wont throw my toys, or cease playing with my boys, I am a lad before my elder`s eyes & respect is the sheath, they note me with.

I am twenty one & i wont cast off my old self, nor put who i really am on the shelf, Or say I am nobödy`s` child, since god taken what he borrowed me.

I am twenty one & i`m still dreaming, hurting & healing, breaking & mending, dimming & shining, falling & raising,  
& living hence thus far i am grown & growing.

I am twenty one, careless of what life has made me be, or what death has named me-an orphan, for that didnt make me a nobödy`s` child, `cause god cherished me, he never left me to perish, he took me in & slowly raised me & surely am becoming a man I was born to be.

William Ndoysisile Somenze

# I Want To Write You A Letter-

i want to write you a letter  
with alphabets and words that  
articulates the heart's matter  
from my thoughts  
whence it emanates and  
with what the heart is certain of  
and decamp these fears that I postulate  
that love is pain and  
let you reign the feelings i gain and  
be the wind that osculates  
my skin every night and  
tranquilize me with thine'st kind touches and  
be the construction company  
i set in my thoughts to  
recreate the atmospheric layers and  
reduct them to two  
where twain hemispheres can be found  
for you and me  
as a place of our residence and  
where pain is foreign  
and wake me up with whispers to my ears  
where joy, serenity and felicity are native

and make me realize that  
pain is what we bring ourselves in love, by  
trying to find the right piece  
that will constitute and  
fit our hearts like a glove  
when we endeavor to firmly hold on to  
something that wasn't and  
was never meant for us

forming boulders innate ourselves  
hindering us to love the ones we should and  
claim that love hurts  
when we want to love those travelling in carts  
and what is seen or lies before our eyes  
than whats in our hearts  
i want to say whats right and

be the candle that lights you up  
that loving someone is not a mistake  
but rather a right one to make  
and say i am sorry  
not because i look this way  
but  
because i  
feel this way, speak this way and clothe this way  
and not that other way you envisioned  
hence i am wrong for you

and wish nothing for you but  
hope that your eyes find love and  
what can satiate the heart for you  
cause girls like you never find love enough

William Ndoysisile Somenze

# I Wish I Never Did

Love at first sight,  
that ceased shining in my eyes like a night.

it darkened in my heart,  
after i realised that seeing you passing by my life was actually a dream and not a  
new start.

that in which it was like a sword right through my bosom,  
arousing infinite affliction deep within me, pain; i felt it blossom,  
then i embarked wishing and feeling what i never wished nor felt before, for what  
i saw in you that affected me has left me reeling

And

breaking as it neither constructed me, nor, as fair as it looked, mended me, in  
poignance i stood asking, why did i fall for you? for now it is my own falling,

i am left to express what life has made me realise; that loving is like stabbing  
yourself at heart and writing yourself a death note,

with the inscription that says: if jesus was to rise again and walk on water, may  
this heart of mine resurrect

William Ndoiyisile Somenze

# If I Was Content With Feelings

Words spent as the currency,  
to make her realize the worth of his love,  
Because his feelings & reasoning failed to enable the transparency,  
That his mouth endeared.

His expressed heightened levels of affection,  
Gave her nothing but a blurry bloody vision,  
That she took a sit & juried the possibilities of her being together with him from  
her previous vapid & buried relationships,  
then her cognitive conclusions of their coexistence got determined by her bad  
experiences,

Pointing her fingers at his sexuality, that every being who possess genitals  
opposite to her,  
Is nothing but a burglar to her glass heart,

Him, torn apart, from having painted the possibilities of his love for her being  
anything but unrequited,  
Looked her in the eyes & said  
'I understand you've been hurt, been through so much, & all that your heart is  
now is but shattered tiny pieces of glass on the floor, but I being a pauper that I  
am, because of your love, I beg you to give me a chance to help you be okay,  
find healing with me not without me'

She, having had petite faith in him,  
Doubted that his love for her could help haste time find her medication to her  
wounds and close her scars,

'What hour is this so full of affliction' he asks,  
As he witnesses his wishes laid upon a star,  
Becoming nothing but an image whose beauty is marred.

William Ndoyisile Somenze

# I'LI Be Myself Again

Cease praying, cease praying for me, i hate seeing you hurting, hurting to have back the son i used to be, one filled with smiles, happiness and liberty.

i`I be fine, you see pain has lost me, it has set a construction company within me to build a boulder, a vicinity around my heart to be vicious, it has darkened my vivid mind and thoughts,

i`I be able to see life again for what it could be and not what it is, i am just blinded by the curtain of darkness and mists before my eyes, i promise thee i`I get that chance to glitter in jubilation once i disrobe this dark shawl upon my shoulders.

i`I be back to life again, for i didnt know that love to me could be so peril, i will walk through this pain, loosing strength and power, but i promise prominent strength to gain, for this its a trial inwhich i learn to be strong.

i`I be myself again, back in my own shoes feeling like any of masculanities, and cease shedding tears like a feminity,

i`I be myself again, pick myself from the shelves of life for i have the strength to carry on, i have the ability to change to move from a crux i have stopped and settled at, i`I be myself again beggin no soul to teach me how to love, how to live, how feel for i am now feeling the life i live, loving myself with the love i could have ever wasted in loving, i`I be myself again, i`I throw all the toys and seriously get on to the game to play.

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William Ndoysisile Somenze

# Its Not That I Didn'T Care Its What I Didn'T Know

Screaming back to the past, calling back what didn't last, what cracked visions envisioned to be righteous to cast.

my deficit breath averts me to go as far as trying to reach back at you.

In my mind am screaming on top of my lungs, then I remembered through veracious eventualities that I don't have you, making my screams frail cause my breath & voice its you.

Writhing in pain, stretching out hard sighs left in my breath hoping they'll become a voice you wailed for,

My silence marred your rear view mirror, that looking back will only bring you tears, you skeptically trod & ultimately walked away cause your love was unheeded, your care existed but was unnoticed cause you thought I could read into actions, whereas I was waiting for words that in my ears your mouth never written.

Now am here tumbling at the reservations of the heart of my mistakes; you pushed I pulled & found my self falling to you, but your pockets were too warm to stretch them out & say 'I got you'.

So I sat there hoping you'll come back since you knew what I felt for you, but you walked on & left me behind.

William Ndoyisile Somenze

# Like You Were My First Love

i was twenty one when my heart tripped in its enormous beat cause of your alluring sight,  
when i began to thrive and the scent of your skin that enabled my nostrils to sniff the aroma of love and opened up my eyes,

when shackles that fixed me to a childhood stage were broken by the dabbled emotions that spattered at your exquisite portrayal,  
when the lour emaciated description vision that i had envisioned of what love is and has been got elucidated by an angel stealthily strolling down earth where angels are rare to tread,

when i began to wonder if my death has summoned me cause i embarked to see heaven under the sky because of this well moulded soul,  
when i saw myself transforming into a being with metal fillings magnitized and attracted by a sultry being whose appearance was like a magic wand.

i was twenty one when my heart wailed like a lone sea-bird, palpitations beating against my bosom to articulate the pain and unhappiness that two decades of my life had instilled in me,

when i loved you before i fell now that i did your love makes me incapable to impel.

William Ndoysisile Somenze

# May The 5th

May the 5th  
a mark on the calender  
reminding me of your birth,  
when your period of birth and death  
came to existence,  
before thoughts of inscribed  
printed onyx walls could  
be born in mind as  
the mark that depicts that you once travelled  
this tiny vicious path of life,

before your presence  
could be thought  
as possible to extinct  
or you to fall to  
eternal sleep and exit  
the sight of our eyes,  
we with painted papers  
photographs  
to remind us of the gift we werent given the chance to unwrap  
to mesmerize our eyes,  
complete our constitute hearts,  
erecting peculiar emotions within us that we never knew-happiness

May the 5th  
a day with stains  
evoking restless pains that the thief  
has left as prove of burglary within our hearts,  
disowning us our most dear at hearts-  
a mother who would  
infold her children into her bosom,  
unblinding their eyes  
as the mist of life dawns with each day,  
ploughing hope into their minds,  
ripping off visions and thoughts of despair,  
derailing them from a caution that life isnt fair,  
liberate them to live without agitation nor fear

May the 5th

the day that never went with you to heaven  
remaining as a scythe to our bosoms  
cutting deeper within us  
excavating wounds  
screaming to our heads  
reminding us; you are orphans!  
with tears trickling down our faces,  
as constantly, incessantly we are reminded that  
in life we are charity cases

we have birthened hate towards this day  
as it stirs up wrath in our hearts  
as we woundedly live with it,  
with the knowledge that it should've been a celebration of your life and not a  
moaning one for your death

May the 5th on its arrival  
we carry our hearts  
upon our sleeves,  
cause we cant lurk them anymore,  
wishing we knew you more, felt the smouldering maternal warmth of your  
breasts

May the 5th  
a love letter  
from you, through life, to us with words that does none but cuts us like a knife  
disposing sadness within us  
the day that reminds us that we may have known you,  
you should've held us like shackle of chains  
and averted us from opting fro this life that brings us no harmony  
as the best to salvage us from the misery that death has came about with,  
but mishapplessly you were removed on this world like dirt stain.

William Ndoysisile Somenze

# Misery Of Aging

When I am old, & my feet  
can't stand on their own, using crutches to unwind  
my coiled soul, in need of affection to smolder my  
cramped back. When its love I lack, to unpack the  
prone hour of  
emotional isolation, loneliness, and depression; I'd  
wish upon my age of youth, to enable me to stand  
on my own, to seek not love but be found by it, to  
envisage emotional ailment, hurt & become  
philophobic yet still love a minx who'll allure my  
heart. When turned into a steel & all these wights  
who possess Mona Lisa's traits becomes the  
magnet & attracts me to their aura for haven,  
when I'm hurt by false notions, disappointed of  
trusting too much of a being whose flaws strikes  
my bosom like a dart & I wish to be little once  
again, held like a baby in her palms, reside in the  
cleavages of true maternal love. If I could reverse  
my genesis, but alas once an age is done in ones  
period of birth & death, a mirth becomes but an  
unknown deed to ones lips as reality soaks you to  
tears for having lived bequeathing love that's  
unrequited.

William Ndoyisile Somenze

# Music Is Her

She gives me gasms, spasms, eargasms,

& watches as I lubricate the floor with fluids from inexplicable places

& make her visions wet.

William Ndoyisile Somenze

# Of All The Things

Of all things i`ve said to you,  
my heart is not pounding in happiness,  
but twisting and turning in pain...

Is this what you wished me to go through?

i inhibited you from moving as i came toward you whistling melodius words, that left me a love sentence.

you let me talk like a fool,  
speaking empty words.

wasting words on you of something so true,

which to you made no clue,

yet you listened to me,

with your deaf ears,

you didnt stop me,

by saying "cant you see that i am someone`s possession, i am not available, maybe i am but not for you"...why?

hopefully i tumbled with words on my tongue, not knowing either aware that i was making a monologue, hurting myself with ny own words of affection.

now i am left with ashes of my heart on the palm of my hands,

and not a broken heart cause mine had no bones, its just burnt to death with the love i had for you....waiting for someone to reconstruct it...

.



# Poetry Is The Art Of Love But Not Love Alone

Love came, & showed me the bottom of its foot, as it stood above me with Sir Henry Morgan's pose, pushing my head to the depth of the ground, to shake me from my tomb-stoned perception & find back my roots, that it-'Love'-isn't the emanation of poetry. Yes our notions of what we thought love is, has sheathed us from being poets we should be, broken hearts has disguised us to call ourselves Poets just because the affliction after affection has had altered our inner being, but based from that sand-concrete foundation do you call yourself a Poet whence his praise emanates from an infection of vain anticipations?

William Ndoysisile Somenze

# Pregnancy Terminated

dear love i write this letter to you with emotions that you have ejaculated my thoughts with,

i write this letter to you, to tell you that this pregnancy of a child unborn in my mind is officially getting terminated,

i gave you a key to the door of my bosom and spread the ribs of my heart to let you in,

laid my heart on its back as you cohibitantly injected me with your sweet lies, promising me happiness,

swearing to me to take away all my pains, to wash away all the stains in my heart.

i opened up to you, i opened out my heart on you love and perserved to your moans and groans,

becaused i fell for your squirmed truth, you sweetly and sultrily scrolled down a dark curtain before my eyes,

you impregnated me with your eternal promises.

love, i write this letter telling you of the murderer i have become, i am taking away a life, for when i constantly look at this womb of my heart i cry in loneliness and sadness and regrets for giving you my heart. a heart that you ditched and switched like a light, i gave you the right; to take away my innocence, to touch my heart that feared you so much, to let my tongue taste the saliva of deciet you always spit to every being you meet.i letted you to poke me.

i died inside because of grief of the loss you made me feel, i died to what me and you have agreed upon, to let you put the sharp stalk of your potent love into my feeble heart like an abyss, you taught me a language to speak; a language spoken only by the heart, you got me to heaven in an immeasurable speed-an inexpressible celerity, you dug the hole deeper in my heart by poking my vacant heart with your stalk of affective emotions, then my heart was left infected, by the sweet-bitter honey fluid you have left in me, you have left me with a virus, a

growing seed in my heart that perpetually hurts i write this letter to alert you that i am officially terminating this infant you have left my heart with...tears that i am only left with as the memory of the relationship we had...

YOURS IN DEEP BROKENESS: THE HEART

William Ndoyisile Somenze

# Questioning Our Existence

Who'll be first, or may be last,  
who'll remain to reminisce on counting losses & faces that death has turned to a  
wisp of smoke,  
Who'll be fortunate of this life,  
but unfortunate of his past reigned by tombstones & family name's grave sites,  
is it me or could it be you?  
Could it be none of us,  
to be prone to such ailing absence.

When heaven's boat's man come,  
should all those who are dear sail & none be left waiting on the shore or trying to  
swim when all that they are is vessels in this sea of life's mishaps.

May our end of existence be not mathematical, marked in numbers,  
May it be religious, like Armageddon so that no one's heart can carry the yoke of  
painful endings lest the mind may fail to reflect back to joyful beginnings.

Lord I pray,  
For my eyes are feeble of seeing many souls buried,

William Ndoyisile Somenze

# The Mist In His Eyes

broken hearted lad, in search of a path to tread on,  
as life left him discarded,  
seeing the unregarded.  
his veins compressed with cold blood,  
tears that trickle down his face, undrying,  
gothic minded, he embarks to think of take the life of a butterfly in the palms of  
his, squashing the dreams that were about to spring their petals out of a bud and  
glisten,  
forlon and fiddly, complex minded he lives,  
in his eyes conundrums dawns,  
the mist in his eyes averts him to see the path, the way he should be leading is  
on pause of some unknown causes of his neglecton from his past,  
questions hollow in his brain both in his cerebral hemispheres, in tears he ask  
himsself:  
why mother gave birth to him, whereas she would never enjoy seeing him grow  
or smile at him as he grows to a man, why didnt she help him sing his life like  
her favorite hymn, that she always smiles as she sings?  
these unrepliable questions cause him stings, pains and inflicts his heart,  
as he try not to ruminate again a thought of another pain of why did father do  
same,  
wasn't he glad that from that from the mother's womb and his waist a son he  
became,  
he sits in agony and poigance as reality hits hard on his pensive cognitions that  
he will never know how it feels to be told, that one day he will lead a life of a  
king,  
  
tears in his eyes flow though his face is not a stream, he feels the steam as they  
smoulder his skin,  
he feels that these tears are an inscription, an epitath of the life he lives yet not  
leads,  
he knows not what god's man look like,  
prayer it is but peculiar to his mind, the word god its a nail to his tongue,  
everything its a mist in his eyes,

William Ndoysisile Somenze

# The Poet On Stage

He stepped on stage, whistle & ululations bid him welcome, after a while then he was encompassed by inexpressible silence, great anticipations from the audience, words embarked to mold up from the palm of his mind, with a mic in his hand, they mounted up his tongue, as he prepare to begin his monologue with a lucid prologue:

Listen as i open, open the the muddy sac emanating dust to rise, borrow me your ears, & listen to the sweet noise in my voice, make no din, for this that i am about to recite shallnt be in the end, an epilogue of a poem unsung catching you by surprise...

he then flowed on stage where there was no river; I am, I am the message excavated inscripted in my forefather`s heart, an old rag napkin with no allure before your eyes, I am the infernoed light, to discern & open up your eyes, make you realize that you do not glitter while standing in the dark, I am no Jesus, , I am not perfect like heavens above, I am the reminiscent that lives with time to remind you that its life you should live & love for the clock is ticking, I am the cooing comforter, wipe away those tears & lay thine eyes upon mountains whence thy aid shall dawn, I am the short sent message to whirl about under the sky & tell you that the Lord hears your cries, I am a slave to words not troubles, problems, test & trials, I am the breeze blowing stealthy through your window to tranquilize you & tell you that the lord sees your tries & saw the strength you took to live & survive through each day, the lord will illuminate you therefore do not capitiate, he will take away your feebleness & frail self, do not put your life on the shelf, life is about those who perish to nourish.

as with these last words said by the poet, they audience gave him a standing ovation.

William Ndoysisile Somenze

# The Room

As i walked out that chair packed room,  
glancing back meeting your glittering eyes, on your face; a smile,  
i raised a hand my hand to wave you goodbye, with a fake smile and a heart  
filled with gloom,

in a room, with your face all over,  
your voice scattered inside,  
in my head the only noise i hear,

i stood up to walk out the room cause my crippled heart couldnt stand waiting on  
you anymore,

i walked out in this room where it was only you i perpetually saw,  
i walked out, stood up and left with a heart that has a sore,  
a gigantic sore that stenchd so bad that i myself couldnt stand the smell of a  
broken heart,

i walked out with a heart on my palms, dead like a bird`s carcass, a wreckage.,

then i looked back and my eyes crashed into yours and i saw a smile in your  
face,  
a smile of devotion, a smile of elation depicting to me how happy you are to see  
me melt like ice, becoming invisible, dying alive cause of loving you,  
thats what i saw in you, a great titanic franticness that left me dissonant,  
regreting pouring my heart on you...and now i forever live with this emotional  
debt,

i now just but live and pray for strength that i shall not by even a right blunder  
turn back to that room to see if you are still there.

William Ndoysisile Somenze

# The World We Live In

The world we live in,  
its an abyss where lives and dreams are thrown,  
where Mothers throw aside their long dresses and get on skirts to tempt young  
Men,  
leaving their husbands in soleness.

Daughters wear refulgent-silver & golden steels on their fingers, making  
themselves bed`s to be layed on, throwing their legs to inverse directions like  
potato peels, slain their visions & goals by marrying men who tie them to home  
and houses to be baby bearers, being layed & played.

This world we live in daughters behave like queens, mother`s like princess, lads  
behave like kings, men & fathers behave like boys taking women for a toy,  
altering femenities & lie to them about love,  
break their hearts and bring their own selves lastless joy. we live in a twisted  
world,  
where daughters go for married men, inflicting their mothers and mothers friends  
pain,

We live in a twisted world where we neglect our friends for our enemies and  
bring them closer to have access to break our hearts by raping our lovers,  
sisters and mothers,  
breaking our spirits by murdering & molesting children...the world that knows  
every truth about lies,  
and disguise lies for the truth to incarcerate oneself, the world with minds filled  
with past stories to justify every single unjust actions that no neo-logical  
reasoning can endeavor to fill them up for the minds of the being who live in this  
world are filled with nonsense  
non-sense.

William Ndoysisile Somenze

# Touch

touch...

touch my heart so full of glass,  
dont do it much for it may break,  
do it with no much mass,  
at your finger tips.  
touch it gently

touch its palms and leave it calm as a psalm,  
make no touch you touch me with leave me frail,  
or hurt me as you turn pale as ghost,  
when you break me like pieces of broken glasses on the floor,  
let your touch be like shackle of chains-never part with my heart.

touch me with lips full of facts,  
and no lies quoth'd(said, spoken) ,  
with a heart full of affection,  
not affectations.

touch me and let your touch leave a mark,  
when infinity comes,  
so that i can hold on to it like a spark,  
that your love forever in my heart will glisten,  
touch me with a touch full of sound,  
that forever with it i shall be fond,  
and my deaf ears can solely enjoy to listen.

touch me, touch my heart,  
with a touch that will create an illuminant bond,  
one that doesnt come to be feeble and leave brokenness,  
deep inside me.

let it be not as weak as a hydrogen bond.  
give me the first touch...  
that will forever last.

William Ndoiyisile Somenze

# Unrequited Love

They layed on the ground drained of life, encircled by only eyes, & a cry of a broken man, whose wail was like a lone seabird.

He stood there, with wounded vision, of his teary eyes irrigating animate souls, who went on an excursion to satiate a lonely heart.

In an attempt to tread on a path to appease the heart's unrequited request, apathy built a wall to let them penetrate her bosom, so averting responses that were expected from her.

They, dissipated, turned to a wisp of smoke as she molded walls of bars that not even their heat could melt to find a door to her heart.

Emotions; went on a voyage on the sea of their king's tears, an endeavor to find a vessel he's been seeking to dip his drying heart into.

But rejection was offered in a cup, to his insatiable drought.

William Ndoysisile Somenze

# What Am I Doing?

What am I doing, dwelling on these memories of deeds done, that dismantles me & doesn't mend me to be one, endeavoring to excavate facts on acts not done, utilizing the past to justify present failures, trying to see the future through the mirror of negative outcomes of steps mis-taken, what am I doing,

whose life is this that I am turning to a sad song, writing its lyrics & composing but in vain to sing, whose life am I trying so hard to resurrect to bring on to existence and live, whose wrongs am I rectifying, making my life seem like a blunder than a right it is, bringing it to extinction, causing myself infliction, what am I doing,

why am I incarcerating my future by living from my past, up fronting the past to be the compass of the life I'm living, what am I holding on the palm of my hands that I feed my heart with through my veins that causes ailment & fill me with animosity so hard to cast, why am I clinching fists, letting thoughts of me being abandoned as a child knife me, letting what mom couldn't be avert me to be mum, letting what dad didn't be define the man I would become, what am I doing, am I trying to tell a story, what story is this having no end of glory, am I overwhelmed by negativism that I destruct the roof I've constructed with so much positivity, why am I in pensive disquisitions asking why people who love you hurt you most, why am I cursing their ghosts, what am I doing, why aren't I leaving this gloomy pricking hole & start living to see the light, what are you doing? why aren't you & I living? we are captives of our own capture let's let it go & start living, for life it's for living-Live.

William Ndoyisile Somenze

# Whose Praise Do We Give?

barnes in the toilsome world,  
transporting the unknown  
ascentral traits,  
with a phrase vacillating,  
flabbagastion within their minds,

a regard encrypted,  
biologically innate their genes,  
with a faltering comprehension  
whether it emanates from their partenal  
either maternal edge,

incessantly and constantly,  
in the quiteness of their cogitation,  
a question hollows within their minds; 'who am I? '  
with a vain and vague respond,  
but an euology of laconic words arises  
with failure of reciting their birth's descent praise,

incompetent of their uniformity,  
feeling dwindled and vexed,  
as there's no vestige  
to clear away their piquant vexation,  
that will carry away the prohibition,  
that hinders them to,  
articulate the womb that molded them,  
without hesitation,  
of expression  
lest a deviation  
from a degree of accuracy,

tears embarks to trickle,  
as there's an exhibition  
of despairity[hopelessness] lying upon  
their hanging faces

seeing no ends to tie their laces,  
foreseeing naught but a misted day at dawn  
so gloom escorted with mystery  
as they have to be  
like trees with no groves,

in the cleavage of their period of birth  
and death,  
the reminiscent of the excursion that their sire  
and mother,  
took at the back of a hearse,  
flashes in their memories,  
leaving nothing but heads filled with air  
vacant,  
occupied by a question they rise their voice to meet the sky above,  
'where does our birth's descent of praise emanates? '

William Ndooyisile Somenze

# You Are The Love In Me

My heart wails, Like A caged bird singing a sadness song,  
so sole that it even dances to its own heart beat, moulding potrait of words to  
endeavor & shudder the loneliness inside its heart like a drum, but it invain,  
all it can feel pacing up through its veins its a vast vacantness altering to be  
some nameless pain.

my heart is a glittering constellation of stars above the sky seeming to be so  
solo, that it dimmers inside it,

it darkens, that my yoke of elation & jubilation that you have brought is but a  
gloom and empty room once occupied by a tenant who recently has been  
swallowed by a shallow visit,

you are the designer of my heart, your arms are the sanctuary that perfectly  
makes a home for my heart, where my joy resides,

you are the artist of my emotions, the source of my affection, you avert my heart  
affliction,

you are the painist of my sweet love song, the combination of the heart beat  
from your warmeth breast illuminates a winy knock that comes from my bosom,  
with you: love like a seed blossom from my heart and arteries..

the sultry curve from your imperfect smile is a change, a resurrection of endless  
love and happiness, your touch brings me to life, you `re the shadow of my soul,  
you `re my constituent, you make me whole.

my heart without you is as skinny as a rail, and i am as pale a ghost, you are the  
one that my heart longs, loves & misses most, because you complete me,

you liberate my incarcerated heart, with you simple touch beacuse you give me  
wings, you set me free,

you create me, i am like dough, you make me, i am just a spark but with you i  
am as refulgent as light, you are my right when i am wrong

William Ndoysisile Somenze