

Poetry Series

Ziyanda KUBONI

- poems -



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Ziyanda KUBONI()

Poet

Author

' I make words dance on paper.'



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Honoring Love

Time has gone by
Yet you are still the one that I truly love
Till the day I die
In my life you will remain above
How joyful it has been to watch this love bloom
Look my love, the fruits of our passion
Lighting up all the gloom
I honoured our love then
I still honour it now
It ignites the fire of faith
The sacred thread that has bound us in deep affection
Unknowingly it became our religion
Now I know you were worth the wait
Now as we enter into this new covenant
Our hearts dancing inside the fountain of love
I am prepared to take this commitment
To honour our love.

-ZIYANDA KUBONI

Ziyanda KUBONI

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Floating Clouds

When I look up at the skies.

My soul cries.

I am saddened by your demise,

but also I know you are at peace.

Surrounded by the wise.

I am at ease.

I see the cotton clouds

They clear my doubts

I know you have become a fluffy floating cloud.

I wonder if you knew just how much I loved you.

I know you loved me too.

Now I just send you flying kisses,

Hoping that is exactly what your heart misses.

Now whenever I look up at the sky.

I will always think of you as a floating cloud.

Pure like an angel.

Lighting up my darkest of days like a candle.

- ZIYANDA KUBONI

Ziyanda KUBONI

My Little Love

An overwhelming feeling
Caused by your tiny kicks
Unknowingly you have become my healing
The one I really live for
You are a dream and more
Never have I thought I would be so consumed by a human
You have become the very bane of my existence
Forcing me to look into myself in depth
Questioning whether or not I am worthy of you or even your love
You are the beautiful part of me
Pure, untainted by the stains of this world
Perfection beyond imagination
I pray I do not ruin you
Waiting anxiously for the day your little finger finally wraps around mine
Claiming me as yours and reminding me that you are mine
Mine to love
To cherish
Mine to behold
And that I am yours to love without bounds
For you my love will know what it truly means to behold and be held by me.

--ZIYANDA KUBONI

Ziyanda KUBONI

Fighting To Live

Not even poetry can save me
This time I am drowning in sadness
I am lost in my own darkness
Who can save me now?
I watch my body stiffen
Alas! I am numb to the pain
My smile and laughs are in vain
Because they cannot truly hide
The bursting tide
Of waves rumbling inside of me
I am angry
Drowning in self pity
I need comfort
I need someone to hold me
Whisper in my ear that it'll be okay
A kiss on the forehead
I cannot take this pain
And this hurt no longer
I need rest in your arms.
I need rest.
- Ziyanda Kuboni

Ziyanda KUBONI

The Man In A Red T-Shirt

Once again I was reminded that I am a woman
Vulnerable to predators
Lurking around in the form of humans
He looked at me
Saw the fear
Damn! He smelt the fear too
Took advantage of that and wreck havoc in my life
Scared me and took my belongings
Still looking into my eyes
Feeding off my fear like a fiend on drugs
Not once did he shake
What an irony
The people meant to protect are the perpetrators
Smeared in innocent blood and tears
Yet they still manage to continue
Hunting for more prey
Now I am left with the look he had in his eyes
Branded into my memory
Reminding me that I am a woman
Vulnerable to predators
Lurking around in the form of humans.

- ZIYANDA KUBONI

Ziyanda KUBONI

Miss Shadow

I found love in a pen and paper
Finally, I could release all this anger
Built from years and years of silence
Nursing hatred and vile thoughts that bred violence
I know that I am good at heart
However, I could never escape my shadow
She follows me around threatening to rip off my mask
After all, I have nursed her
Fed her
And secretly loved her for years
Although I was in denial mistaking my love for hatred
The truth is I found comfort in her
My shadow was dark, but comforting
That is because she reminded me that it was okay to be flawed
Yes, they will always be appalled
But they are just like you
Dark, dangerous and imperfect
They hide behind their fake plastic smiles
Harboring judgement and resentment
Deeming your actions repugnant
Hypocrites!
Hiding from themselves
Looking for someone to project their filth on
Which is why I choose her, my shadow
She isn't as shallow
Instead she shows me the depth of my being
Raw and real.

- ZIYANDA KUBONI

Ziyanda KUBONI

Split

I am different
From boiling with boisterous energy
To dragging my feet senselessly
Something in me has changed
I feel more enraged
Being pulled from one personality to the other
Turbulent waters beating my body to a pulp
Drowning
Spiralling
Living on a prayer
Being reminded that I am a sinner
Lost in a dark empty pit
Trying to join the pieces of me that have split
"Who are you? Do you even know? "
A question I ask myself everyday
As I watch my empty body lay
In deep regret
I am drained
Pained
Depressed
Wondering who will notice first
And quench this painful thirst
Of dried up thoughts and redundant should've(s)
I don't want them to save me
But also I want them to draw me near and comprehend my pain

- ZIYANDA KUBONI

Ziyanda KUBONI

Next Chapter

It's amazing
How destiny has sent my heart blazing
Once again I am at a crossroad
Look at me love, resting in your humble abode
Something I never thought possible
But here I am falling like the autumn leaves
Your love like a needle
Slowly poking its way through my skin
Once again, I am open to this feeling
Being your person
Yes, your go to person
I am done with the lessons
All I want is a fairy-tale
I want to sail
With you by my side
I am ready to ride
Stepping into a new era
Will you bring all the colour?

- ZIYANDA KUBONI

Ziyanda KUBONI



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Predilection II

I lay in bed thinking about death
Whether or not you know the depth
Of my love.
Will I ever get the chance to bid you farewell
Or will it be abrupt with no time to wish you well
My heart breaks when I think of this
Maybe that's why ignorance is bliss
It breaks my heart to think that tomorrow either of us could be gone
I am after all the bone of your bones
Like Eve was to Adam
My name is your anthem
Our souls were intertwined in the beginning of time
The truth is bitter than lime
So just in case my soul is taken
Remember me and let your love awaken
To the fact that deep down in my heart
You were my predilection
The one whom all my affection
Was for
All my feeling real and raw
Could only ever be evoked by you
You are my predilection
The one whom all of my affection is for
- ZIYANDA KUBONI

Ziyanda KUBONI

Predilection I

You know I am all about you
I write these poems about you
I became yours
From the first time you wrapped your arm around me
But just in case you were wondering
You are still the one for me
You were from the moment we matched
Unknowingly we entered a covenant
One that is permanent
You are my predilection
The one whom all my affection
Is for
Your soft silky skin
Made me want to swim in sin
Your eyes, none like others
Unintentionally we became lovers
Uncertainty struck when the waves hit shore
But it's still you that I adore
I fell in love with your boisterous personality
It was way better in reality
You are my predilection
The one whom all my affection
Is for.

- ZIYANDA KUBONI

Ziyanda KUBONI

Unrequited Love

You enticed me
I fell prey to your wicked game
Often desire & passion clouded my judgment
We were only picture perfect on frame
You were my biggest punishment
I mistook your lust for deep affection
One night of infatuation
Sent me on a daze
Daydreaming of a perfect ending
Now I laugh cause it was all just a phase
I wanted your love to be unwavering
Yet again, it was my dream not ours
We were only meant to talk for long hours
But never to reach our peak
I should have known the future was bleak
You aren't for me
Perhaps you never were and never will be
- ZIYANDA KUBONI

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Insecure

Tiny eyes
Where all my insecurity lies
Oops! I think I gained a little weight
An image I scowl with hate
Moving awkwardly pulling on my dress
Nursing my distress
As pairs of eyes follow my shadow
Their minds so shallow
Something they have nursed from the breast of society
They have adorned me with anxiety
As fingers point out my flaws
Injecting self-loath through their contaminated claws
I am insecure
Looking for a cure
I should be proud of this masterpiece I see in the mirror
Instead they have taken my pride and gave me a seizure
Now all I have are jumbled up thoughts
That breed distraught
I am insecure
Looking for a cure.
- ZIYANDA KUBONI

Ziyanda KUBONI

Diving Into The Deep

A dark soul
Black as coal
Eyes dripping blood
What is this? Is this life?
Stab me now with a knife
Cut deep within anoint your knife with venom
I know it's random
From huge boisterous smiles
To deep dark hours of sadness
I let my mind travel miles
To a destination hidden from the rest
A dark stormy location where my heart bleeds profusely
It is not a test
Rather I am being punished intensely
Facing the wrath of a menace
Stuck in space
Many thought they could be my redeemer
But don't they know they can't save her
I am already drowning in deep turbulent waters.
Redemption comes at a price
Not sure if I am ready to roll the dice
But I will take my chances with this game
Hoping it saves me from my shame.
- ZIYANDA KUBONI

Ziyanda KUBONI

Let Love

You are cautious
Afraid that you'll burn
I am ferocious
I can walk on fire and not turn
Your fear has crippled your feelings
You have become cold
You need healing
Your soul you have sold
Cursing your fate but you never let your guard down
All you do is frown
Yes, you frown upon love
Mocking it from above
You could never allow yourself to fall
Take a stroll in love's garden
Break down that wall
You should pardon
The sins of your first
Fall like flowers in autumn
And lay your head on my bosom
I will lead you to love.
- ZIYANDA KUBONI

Ziyanda KUBONI

Nebulous Gloom

Cloudy

Misty

That's how I see us

I fell in love with your ambiguity

It was a novelty

Our story was doomed right before the start

We were always poles apart

I fell in love, you did not and I couldn't handle the pain

All those feelings were in vain

I could only describe us with a tautology

Nebulous gloom, that's what we are.

Sailing the seas in different boats

Parallel to one another

I hope our fate isn't that of parallel lines

As we chase temporary vibes

Don't discard the memories you have of me in your mind.

Be it this life or another, you my love, I will find

- ZIYANDA KUBONI

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My Captor's Betrayal

In and out of time
Sucking on a lime
The taste of dear old bitter life
Stab wounds from a knife
That I had earlier held so tenderly
Behind the curtains he had maliciously
Strangled me as if he was caressing my neck
Oh what a wreck!
What a tragedy to be held captive by my own love
Fighting to escape hell's fire
Hoping he sets me free like a dove.
But I could never trust him because he is a diabolical liar
Deceit and manipulation runs in his blood
His web of lies have left a defect
I crawl on the mud
Pining and cursing my fate because now, I am a reject
Stuck in the motion of time
With only a paper and pen to my rescue
Drawing my strength from each rhyme
Starting life anew
Bearing scars as a reminder of your betrayal
But more than that as evidence of my strength
- ZIYANDA KUBONI

Ziyanda KUBONI

Redfox & The Blackbird

Lay down in the shadow of my wings
Allow my feathers to caress you gently
In circular rings
Allow my beak to touch your skin vehemently
Just once
Lay in the nest of my passion
I want to ensnare you in deep affection
Let me sink my claws into your skin
Claim you as mine
Clench my skin under those incisors
Like a red fox
Tear me apart and wrap me up in a box
I will always be your prey
Although being your vixen would be better
I will cover your beautiful face with my black wings
But honey to my dismay
You never stay
You want to soar high like an eagle
And I want that for you, that's what love is.
Now all I do is send you flying kisses
As I watch from above with my binocular vision.
- ZIYANDA KUBONI

Ziyanda KUBONI

After The Fall

Quick run!

He is picking up the gun.

Hide!

He is coming like a furious tide.

His name is deception.

Ready to manipulate your perception.

One kiss is all it takes to seal your death.

He wants to wipe you off from the surface of the earth.

But still, you went ahead my darling and locked tongues with him.

Danced to the sound of his blasphemy.

Did you forget that he is the enemy?

I was disappointed in you honey.

But my heart broke when I saw your agony.

He hurt you, didn't he?

Hush now child of light.

I have heard your plight.

Do not hide from me like Adam did after the fall.

Come to me, my grace is sufficient.

Only when you are ready, I will wait for you.

You know I am patient.

This is me waiting on the other side

Hoping you do not slide

Nevertheless, I will be there after the fall.

Ready to pick you up.

- ZIYANDA KUBONI

Ziyanda KUBONI

Spilt Milk

I smile as a faint memory of you flips through the pages of my mind.
You were and still are one of a kind.
We were sewn together by destiny
Oh and how could I ever forget our chemistry?
It came so naturally
We were practically intertwined spiritually
You gave me an unforgettable night of intimacy
Not only physical, but you dug deeper into my soul
Filling the empty hole
You worshipped my body
I was for your eyes only
Now you are just a memory
A vestige of what was
You are a part of my symphony
My thoughts of you fight to escape behind bars
I hold on tighter to the image I have of you in my head
Skin as soft as silk
But then again, it's futile to cry over spilt milk.

- ZIYANDA KUBONI

Ziyanda KUBONI

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Damaged Goods

Disgusted I look away from the mirror.
You are nothing less than a killer.
You have snatched my soul.
Left my heart dark as coal.
I scrub your filth in the shower.
My mouth has gone sour.
Because all I taste is your betrayal.
Yet, I am still in denial.
I cannot possibly be damaged goods.
Should I believe it?
After all this damage
You have turned me into a savage.
My eyes cannot erase the smirk they saw on your face
When you were pushing me down from grace.
My blouse torn.
I growled with scorn.
Fighting to keep my innocence.
But you chose violence.
My body finally gave in to your attack, how vicious!
The smug on your face letting me know that you had emerged victorious.
I lost that day and you won.
And to me hatred was born.
I have dreamt of killing you slowly since that day.
I want to watch your lifeless body lay
In a sea of your own blood.
But I am reminded that there is still good in this damaged soul.
I will not allow you to win this time
Because I get to have the last laugh this time.
— Ziyanda Kuboni

Ziyanda KUBONI

My Brown-Eyed Muse

I stare into his brown eyes
As I roll my dice
Will I get lucky and hit a six?
Or will my feelings get lost in the mix?
Those brown eyes do something to me.
I watch him stretched out on the bed
Brown chocolate skin
Long arms wrap around me
As those full plump lips leave a soft kiss on my forehead
My limbs begin to shiver as I lay beside him on the bed
His brown eyes pierce through my bare skin so vehemently
Our bodies moving so religiously
My notebook empty and ready
As I drift into a fantasy world where you are my muse
I smile as I scribble.
I have never felt a connection so intense
I want to tell you just how you make me feel
But fear gets a hold of me before I lose all sense
So yet again I erase it all and pull myself back into the moment
I roll over into your arms and those brown eyes look into mine
My Brown-eyed muse.
-ZIYANDA KUBONI

Ziyanda KUBONI

Milk & Honey

Big brown eyes stare into mine
Piercing into each others souls crossing the forbidden line.
A beautiful mess coiled in a ball of magnetic forces.
Dreadlocks so enchanting, falling effortlessly on his milky colour skin.
I watch in awe of this beautiful mess a little crazy, but sweet as cherry.
Plump pink lips that taste as good as strawberry.
The night we made love, coiled in each other's skin
Our bodies dancing to the rhythm of our heartbeats
Our eyes digging graves in each other's souls
As we slowly killed each other with the venom of our insatiable desire.
Yet it tasted sweet like milk & honey.
His claws like those of a lion sink deeper into my skin.
I am his prey.
Willingly I give in to his way.
I watch as our world's merge like milk & honey.
It's lovely
Like these red roses, he peels me petal by petal exposing me
Like tree branches in winter
Bare and naked I stand before him.
He waters me so that I do not wither
And once again our bodies are in sync.
We are like milk & honey.
-ZIYANDA KUBONI

Ziyanda KUBONI

Honey Queen

Smooth honey color skin.
Dipped in traces of her coffee-tinted kin.
Brown sugar curves that are too sweet to handle.
Hazel brown eyes that light up the room like candles.
Plump full lips sweet as candy.
They envy her!
Because her beauty surpasses that of jewels.
Her scent is that of cocoa butter.
Her hair telling thousands of untold stories.
On her head she wears a crown of memories.
The sun lays on her skin, leaving soft kisses
Her honey color skin glistens from the sun's caresses
The moon smiling upon her as her honey skin glows
She is black
Unabashed, she flaunts her hips
Swaying her waist to the rhythm of her feet.
Nursing a generation on her thick thighs.
Her voice sending echoes to a world where love and hate meet.
Basking in the glory of temporary highs
I see her.
I hear her.
I feel her.
She is a honey queen!

-ZIYANDA KUBONI

Ziyanda KUBONI

Forgotten

I watch memories of me fade,
like the wind, I am blown away from your mind.
Once, I was one of a kind,
now I am just a distant tale.
Little by little, you don't need me.
I am disposable.
The smile you once shone on me
has become night.
The eyes that used to light up
at the sight of me
have become dim with irritation.
Oh, my love,
how on earth did you fall out of love with me?
You feel like a stranger,
perhaps a distant memory.
When did you forget about me?
Did you really fall out of love?
Have you really turned your back on me?
Before I vanished from your memory,
I was once your home.
I was the very light of your existence,
your garden with seeds sprouting.
I was her.
The woman you fell in love with.
The woman who laughed at all your jokes.
The woman who had fart contests with you.
The woman who laid her head upon your chest
in the stillness of the night.
The woman who held your hand.
The woman who looked at you
with eyes beaming with love.
Your woman.
And you were my home too.
You still are.
The love of my life.
My comedian.
My protector.
The one for me.
You will forever be the man for me,

regardless of whatever obstacle we have faced.
You remain my future.
I might be crazy for this,
but I cannot lie.
You always have been
and will remain
the one for me.
But how could I forget you?
The man who has given me
so much to remember him by.
The two tiny creations
that resemble you so much.
I see you everywhere
and therefore cannot bring myself to forget you.
It feels like you have forgotten
everything we were to each other.
We have hurt each other.
That is a truth we cannot escape.
We both bleed
from each other's dagger.
But when we said
we were "stuck with one another
for the rest of our lives, "
I meant it.
I believed it
with all my heart.
Even pain cannot make me forget that vow.
Perhaps forever
doesn't have our names inscribed in it,
but somehow,
I am willing to fight destiny on that.
I am not fighting
for the materialistic life we have built.
I am fighting for the soul attachment.
I am fighting for the man
who prays with me
and for me.
I am fighting for
the spiritual bond we once shared.
When did we become
so broken and cold?
When did we become

so distant and lonely,
even in each other's presence?
When did we become
so far gone?
What happened to us?
If you haven't forgotten us,
I need you to hold me in an embrace.
I need you to fight with me.
Not against me.
With me.
I need you to show me
that you still want us.
Because somewhere beneath
the hurt, the anger, the silence,
and all the wounds we have given each other,
I am still here.
Still remembering.
Still loving.
Still hoping.
Still choosing you.
And perhaps that is the cruelest part
of feeling forgotten—
knowing that while I am fighting
to remember who we were,
a part of me is still waiting
for you to remember too.
To remember me.
To remember us.
To remember
that before we became strangers,
we were home.

Ziyanda KUBONI

Mystery Man

Wrapped up in a fantasy,
An intoxication akin to Hennessy.

He caught my eye;
Instantly, I was drawn,
Like the break of dawn.

He shines his light on me.

Just like me,
He is good with words.
He lets them dance and chirp like birds.

However, his eyes
Are yet to unfold their truth.
I search for his veracity like a sleuth,
Leaving no stone unturned.

I long to solve this mystery.
Perhaps we could make history.

Oh, Mystery Man,
You are a book I yearn to read.
You could become my creed.

Make me commit sin,
Devour your chocolate skin.

We are strangers,
But maybe not for long.

You are like a new song,
Whose lyrics are foreign,
Yet somehow sound familiar.

Mr. Stranger,
You have become my muse.

This fire of curiosity—

Only you can diffuse.

— Ziyanda Kuboni

Ziyanda KUBONI

Me!

I see me through a different lens.
It feels like an out-of-body experience,
To truly absorb such a phenomenon,
Disguised as a mere commoner.

Layered like rose petals,
Yet filled with sweet words like love letters.

Both pain and joy are my companions;
They both draw tears like onions.

Eyes of a temptress,
Ensnaring unsuspecting victims into my fortress.

Pouring out my heart to the world,
I am a potter looking for clay to mould.

Me.

I am the clay, forever evolving,
A seed that is constantly growing.

Scribbling words upon a template,
I need to serve these feelings on a plate.

I want to cleanse my temple.
It's the only way
I can win this battle.

— Ziyanda Kuboni

Ziyanda KUBONI

You

Huge brown eyes that render me weak.
Loving you is my peak.

Before you,
I was just an empty shell,
Imprisoned in a cell,
Handcuffed by loneliness.

But in you,
I found happiness.

Rosy cheeks.
As soon as your mouth speaks,

Our love is mirrored through our creation—
The greatest collaboration,
Between two artists,
Inebriated by each other's passion.

Now we are forever bound
In deep affection.

He looks just like you,
Constantly reminding me of you.

You.

I am truly enamored of you.

Before you, I surrender and melt.
You make me feel
Things I've never felt.

— Ziyanda Kuboni

Ziyanda KUBONI

A Lump In My Throat

It came as a lump in my throat, Had me crying aloud like a goat, Wearing pain like a coat.

Not to gloat, But pain knows my name. He tortures me—I swear it's his favorite game.

Feeling suffocated in this room, Whoa! I am slowly being led to doom.

Quick! I need to run. I need to find the Son, Run into His arms. I hear He calms All the storms.

I need Him to calm mine Before these tears Settle at my table and dine.

— Ziyanda Kuboni

Ziyanda KUBONI



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Pining Away

Just like that grief had caught up to us
Vigorously shaking everything we knew
No time to adjust
Suddenly everything became blue
From dining and laughing in a portrait
To sobbing uncontrollably just by seeing your portrait.
I have been pining away since your departure.
Years have passed but the grief persists
I console myself with the fact that you were a martyr
But still you are missed
The sound of your voice
The warmth of your hug
I will forever rejoice
To the fact that I knew you so intimately
That you were a part of my being
Though I wish I had told you that while I still had time
That truth is as bitter as lime
I know you are happy where you are
I imagine you nestled up on Abraham's chest
Glad that you passed your test
I am at peace
As I give your picture a kiss.

-ZIYANDA KUBONI

Ziyanda KUBONI

A Time To Come

Over the horizons I stare
You are far from my reach
We both have no feelings to spare
A sudden switch
From hours of feeding off of each others' energy
To dark nights of hiding without a trace
But I know we are better off in synergy
Moving at our own pace
I regret not telling you how I felt
I wanted your heart to melt
Maybe you would have stayed with me
If I had told you that with you is where I wanted to be
We will embrace again in coming times
I will once again drink from your cup of passion
Laying on soft grass near a pond, we will celebrate our rhymes
A force that has bound us together in deep affection
You will be etched in my memories until we meet again
Under the sun we will see the blue skies together
Our hands will touch as we reminisce
Of a past we share and perhaps the fire of passion will ignite
Setting a flame our insatiable desires.

-ZIYANDA KUBONI

Ziyanda KUBONI

When Did I Let Myself Go?

Tumultuous waves crash inside
Wallowing in pain wasting away in the tide
When did I let myself go?
I used to be a lover of poetry
Doting on words as if they were my deity.
Now I just sit and stare
Panting in despair
They say these are growing pains
But why do they feel like stains
Leaving scars of lessons
And a field of questions
Little black bird has lost her spark
Walking around in the dark.
Bleeding out
Laying in a pool of doubt
When did I let myself go?

-ZIYANDA KUBONI

Ziyanda KUBONI



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A Dance With Fear

Dancing with fear
Hoping he doesn't see my tears
Swaying my waist to the sound of his voice
His words have become my dose
They scream at me
Bringing me down to my knee
I am afraid
You have left and I am afraid.
Afraid of the dark
Will I lose my spark?
Will I remember what it feels like to be me
Or will I curl up into a ball of memories?
I feel his grip tighten
As his feet guide me on the dance floor
I am familiar with his rhythm.
Watch me dance with fear
Oh how do I get away dear?

-ZIYANDA KUBONI

Ziyanda KUBONI

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My Love's Garden.

He is different.
He has inked his signature on my soul.
Him and I entered into a covenant.
He has since filled the empty hole.
He pulls the strings of my heart.
Making them dance to his tunes.
He has shot directly into my heart like a dart.
Oh Lover, how deep are your roots?
Daily, new flowers bloom in this love garden
I am sure that you are mine and I yours
I am a captive in your dungeon
Where only your love pours
And I drink it like wine
Till I am drunk with thoughts of you
And in my thoughts You and I dine
In love's banquet.

- Ziyanda Kuboni

Ziyanda KUBONI



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