

Poetry Series

Alancia Lebogang Mogorosi
- poems -

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Alancia Lebogang Mogorosi(11/01/89)

' i am pen and paper, i am ink, i am poetry' In the far east of south africa, a place filled with cultural practises and melodius sound of the bird is what i call home. i grew up in mpumalanga where most of my meories are withheld there, it is only now that on my memory journal the picture is quite broder. i have been living in durban for almost two years now where i am studying a bsc in land surveying. its been a very great experience thus far. i also visited quite a number of places is south africa but in the near future i would like to extend my exploration and visit other countries but i will always come back cause south africa is where my heart sits.

A Freedom Fighter

A respected man he is
A loved man he is
For his doings, for what he did
Yes he is a freedom fighter

He never stood and watched
He was part of them
Those who had hearts for the innocent people
But in the end he was a leader

He was the one who was punished
Punished for the wonderful things he did for the people
He did them with his power
Now he earn the people respect

They love him he's their hero
He fought for them
He fought for people's freedom
Yes he is our freedom fighter

He never gave up no matter what
They never got him down no matter what they did
He stayed away from home and family
Living in locked house for 27 years
Almost his man time in Roben Island

He is South Africa's father
He is Africa's father
He is the world's father
He is every one's father, a loved father
He is our freedom fighter

A special dedication to:

Mr. Nelson Mandela
Tata

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Enhancement

A shining arrow of William Shakespeare
Of which he was known for
A man of believe
A sacrificer in love

I was long demure to integrity in love
If it weren't of a man's voice
The depth of it like those who slept constantly
I would have been demoralized

My longing in poetry knowledge
The depth of an oceans laugh
The distance between those loved
Require a beacon in the forest

When ever I'm trying to pull though
There's a billow of an earths chest
It frightens me to death
That I cannot hear the non-word chanting of forest angels

The languages in a flower's tears
It brings out the thought of bird in rhythm
The tantalization in a man's soul
The heart desolated from a designed earth

It was a terror to my soul
It vibrated a theme of non-contented song
Of the basic thorn of no arrow
They mend the broken scars on my love

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Flower

Will you thy beautiful
Thy pleasant with fragrant posies
My flower in the garden
Stain on my face tears; morrow

I with my raining eyes
Water you to grow
Have I no harvest, but thorn
To stuck my fingers

My white flower in the garden
Shall you alter from pure?
Me don't know, thy fragrant posies
Shall alter to rod

Look you when my tears have fallen
You cry amber studs
Birds are delighted and sing madrigals
Will thine pleasure, last till morrow

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Freedom Day

Walking with arms at my back
On corridor of liberty,
Where man's dream was once met,
And again, man's wound is abolished.

There are no restrictions to gain,
Less I am confined, prisoned,
For I am accorded human respect
That was taken from my old folks.

We let you to levitate, with our gratitude
For your adamant spirits emancipated us,
And let those lost, redeem their virtues
For that is all they needed.

Mandela, Sisulu and Tambo
Punished for our welfare,
Salute, we salute them all,
For their dreams are quenched.

The puzzle mat is well combined
People are of colorless skin
And of same objectives, embracing this land
South African, Mzansi Africa
Enjoy the silent communication with the nation
Enjoy the juices of Mzansi's vine yard.

On this freedom day
We join hands and shield liberation,
We instill love together,
Let the wings of the dove reign.

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I Wanna Tell You A Story

That my breath counts confines
My chest, the rhyming beat defines
Of the wounds that forbid my bliss
That its hold hurt, nor the kiss
I wanna present my story to listen
And my memory fastened

I wanna speak of my bliss to your ears
And each rain dropp that wiped my tears
All the morning rise that reflects my days
And less of my tomorrows says
I wanna tell you a tale
That will leave your thought to sail

This is the story that I utter
There is more lure to gather
That my keen placids
And the hope for your eyes ellicit
I wanna tell you a story
A story of my victory

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I'LI Be There

when loneliness shall find your heart
and days repeat on your mind
i shall caress you with ease
when the pain ain't benign

when you shall find yourself in the crowd
and never does you name summoned
when your hearing wish for a whisper
of sweet names that tell your ethos

i'll be there
when you shall eager for bliss
in days of mourn and lament
i shall blow your wounds
when pity is not on your side

i shall be there when again
you find a rainbow in your paintings
when the smile on your face rise
i shall be there to your days

When you find no bliss to miss
And you walk but still you hearse
Make me your history
For when tomorrow comes I'll be your mystery
When fear overcrowd your mind
I'll be there to miss

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Inside A Senseless Mind

There lies ill human spirit
The souls of those mind angered
The victims of unlawful governing
Their stamping complaints
There, are the voices of the apes
An owls cries in complain
Inside a senseless mind
People run wild with
No pity and with selfishness
The wounds and curse of
The segregated voice
Inside a senseless mind
I shout with silence,
Loud and loud my voice mystify
Slow and slow I dwell
Into the mind we loose the race
The race of human alteration
The language of the society
In race and speed I rouse from the laid back

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Lay Your Sleeping Heads

Robala Tau o e lole
You let no stone unturned
Re ipela ka lesedi la gago
Mme gone seo o se dirileng
O se tlogetse matsogong a rona
Gore re se di senye
Re di tshole, re di sireletse

Man of dreams
Lay the dust of your bodies
We always summon your remembrance
The inventions you brought
To your people to the country
Re tla nna re lo rolela hutshe
Re leboga ditiro tsa diatla tsa lona
Gonne re ja monono teng lo rakileng

Banna ba ditshwetso tse lolameng
Ba ba neng ba bua ka melomo e tswetsweng
Man of no silent thought
To us, even if you are forever silent
You are the living creature
Whose soul had just had a journey
Ga re kitla re fitlha menyobo ya ditlhaa tsa rona
Gonne e le sesupo sa ditebogo
Robalang, lay your sleeping heads

To all freedom fighters who died for our liberation

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Love Of God

Listen to the songs of the children
Listen to the cry of the frogs
Listen to the melodies of the birds in the sky
Rejoicing to the ever changing seasons

Listen when all appreciate
The coming of the stars and the moon
Listen to the sound of the ocean tides
To the twinkling of hope to your life

Listen to the breeze that come from the north
Tell me which pain it eases
Listen to the silent winds of the butterflies
Listen to the roaring of the lion

Listen my dear, to the peaceful light
That fades on us everyday we cry
Listen to the sounds of your teeth
When before you, there lies a poor bird

Listen to the language we understand
Listen my dear
To the love of God

'Why do all creature appreciate but still we cry, Can't we, like all creature appreciate what God has granted us'

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My Beloved

My heart flatter for him
It is him it desire
Him who it admires
My life it's devoted on him

He's got sweet kiss
Warm touch he's got
Passionate copulate he do
My heart hath his

He is dearest to my eye sight
He let no tear stain on my face
He is a star to guide when
When I'm wondering in the sombre night

If he hadn't be I wouldn't be
I can hear his whispering
Even from the distance
Tender I'd feel around him

These candles burning within us
Symbolizes a destined life together
For he be my crony for life
I'd live forever

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The Plaudits Of A Leader

is the daze found in his admirers
and voices that sing his name in extol
all he had to do was shun the limelight
and instil confidence in the souls gone weary
the plaudits of a leader

are in the hearts he reach out to
and the souls that healed in his presence
the hope that began to flap its wing
when his voice rose and filled the space
the plaudits of a leader

so many are in us, the young poets
the plaudits of Modikwe Dikobe, Don Mattera
David wa Maahlamela, Siphon Sipamla,
Motadinyana, Angelou, Langston Hughes
Alexandra Pope, Dickinson, Koketso Marishane
Ez'kia Mphahlele, and many more
The plaudits of all this poets are instilled in us

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The Story Of My Days

Is written in black and white
On a fine huge paper
I always wonder why it of agony is.
And not of humanity

The stories ever told today
Which charges a political member undergoes
Whose young society child gas been rattled
And who lost their soul on that hit

I hear a story now and then
Of a legendary who's in dark rest
And I think of mentorship
Because they lived to another generation

I read stories of people who like patients
Keeps on digging for another pill
They say it's cool, but not efficient
Because many have lost and some are lost

Stories I always hear these days
Ruin my view as a young person willing
I think of the days my old folks screened unto my eyes
Because then no stories was ever told

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Time And Love

If time wouldn't be an object
The grave will also be eternity
My heart never stops
In the depth of my soul

We shall be walking though that isle
I should lay a promise
To rest my soul rhythm
Loving you still (dancing to the rhythm)

Why does it be for a period?
Why never it last until
The edge of doom
Forever is the word

I can count my heart's beat
Where my soul is resting
Nature does not allow
To cmony and to accompany
It's life to death

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When We Die

We cross over the streams of fear
Such solitude and silence, we bear
Laughters and smiles cease
We find in our ways more to miss

Those days we see in the horizon is the sun
In a steady halt and no where to run
Our souls and spirits are lift up high
And those we leave had to sigh

We stay glued to the mind that we love
Such longing and miss like when we starve
All the roles we played are written in the stars
When what left is less in mass

There is much tear in the world behind
We like to wipe but again have to hide
For such time when they come
No one can run but be tough

We leave behind when the birds still sing
And fish run wild and play with its fin
When the sounds of the rivers and water falls
Finds us healing beneath our walls

Flowers bloom and shook in breeze
Butterflies greet and kiss
Boyfriends and girlfriends enjoy our presence
Kissing even in public without licence

There are times when we are born
And those that hardship we bore
Like the time we say hi
And that when we die

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Yesterday

I woke up to a dream
In the midst of autumn
When the moon was on vacation
And less tear I knew
Yesterday I woke up to a dream
Yesterday I woke up in the rain
Moving with the rainbow in my eyes
Calling all the stars to count
And singing the songs of freedom

Yesterday I woke in my mother's womb
Shielded with pride and joy
Yesterday I was born
When all the swallows had gone pass the streams
When friends piled my father's yard
I was born matchless beauty
And less bruise attained
Nor wounds on a virgin mind

Yesterday I never knew despair
For all the birds sang
Sun rose and stars set
And the flowers shook in breeze
Yesterday I slept
And I had a dream
But today I don't sleep

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You And I

Like a river flow
With passion of melody so down and low
With an embrace so warm and tender
We will grow fonder

You are my love and I am your reflection
Every season there is more attraction
You and I, we are the founder of love
That flap like the wings of the dove

You and I can climb the highest mountain peak
Cause love is there for us to pick
Even the stars aren't far
Cause with you silk become fur

You and I, we are the light of heaven
When I am with you I am forgiven
There is no hide even in a cave
Because you and I, we are for love

'Nothing is stronger than love'

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