

Poetry Series

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**ImmaculatePleasure**  
**Mchunu**  
**- poems -**

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**Halalisani ImmaculatePleasure Mchunu(31 January  
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# A Dream In Reality

As she approached,  
Suddenly her captivating appearance,  
Became a threat to my confidence.  
Like an auto-focus camera,  
I involuntarily fixed a gaze at her,  
Mouth wide open Like a crocodile anticipating prey,  
As thoughts got juggled in my mind,  
I began to stutter,  
Desperately trying to find the alluring words to say.  
While she got nearer and nearer,  
A smile Formed on my face from ear to ear.  
Briskly crossing the road,  
I decided to express myself in the form of an ode,

But her smile was too elegant,  
That alone made me feel higher than sitting on an elephant,  
I politely asked her to stop where she was,  
We suddenly developed a connection like a phone call,  
While asking for her name,  
In my mind played images of her behind,  
Which was shaped like a beach ball.

I felt the joy within me,  
Working its way up and down like a see-saw,  
I hypnotized her saying her hand would fit perfectly in mine,  
When I wasn't even sure.  
When our palms got attached,  
Like a disk drive that's formatted,  
My mind forgot about every other women,  
And she is now the only one in my memory.  
I squeezed her hand gently,  
To reassure myself that it was reality,  
I now long for her kiss,  
It is the key to my unending bliss.

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# A Poem For Adalia

I beseeched God for a baby but instead He gave me an Angel,  
soft skin like a white rose so beautiful,  
I anxiously hate to lose a petal.  
Your cute eyes were cloned from your mum,  
and when i stare into them,  
subliminally I dismiss from mind that we are governed by time.  
Your pink lips recite purity everytime you smile,  
im surely blissfull to have you as my child,  
and I pledge to protect you even after the day you thread down the isle.  
Your curled eyelashes consummate your eyelids like a cherry on the top,  
Whilst your eyebrows are spot on like a shot fired by a top cop.  
Those cheeks and chin are not synonymous to ours but they suit you well,  
blessed with a forehead like your dad,  
you will grow to be a wise and smart little girl.  
Your earlobes are like an accessory,  
God surely feels your beauty is a neccesity.  
With Pitch Black hair that requires styling gel,  
Nobody would have believed you are mine if your mum was a conniving jezabel.

Your birth was not a contraception malfunction,  
that is why i hex you with love,  
and make it part of your daily nutrition.  
You have got my last name,  
if you want to leave a legacy,  
grow by being regulated by the definition of your name.  
A father is always a daughters role model hence,  
I promise never to lose a leg so that you can walk in my steps.  
Read the Ten Commandments attentively,  
then follow every single one respectively.  
Make them your GPS through life's path,  
will you ever know where you are going without a map?  
so baby please do the math,  
because if you ever had to deviate from them,  
I chose not to spoil such an eloquent piece by adducing the aftermath.  
Love Dad

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# I'M A Strong African

High tides do come my way,  
but I choose to stand tall.  
Knocked at different momentums,  
but i refuse to fall.  
If life is like a soccer field,  
I refuse to be kicked around like a soccer ball.  
People despise me due to the texture of my skin,  
but they never witness my emotions.  
because if i take it to heart I know thats a ruthless sin.  
A handsome smile is what they see,  
but nobody knows the pain within me.

Some people say my life is perfect like a movie,  
but if it is then,  
it surely isn't fair because i didn't rehearse this role.  
Sometimes i feel like im cursed with pain,  
but i chose not to complain,  
because negativity in my mind is like the sun trying to shine during the rain.  
I face battles as large as Goliath,  
but i'm fearless like David.  
I'm a strong African.

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# The Minor Gold Digger

As i stepped in through the front door,  
i noticed her because,  
she is only 9,  
when drunk,  
like Brandy,  
she says the 'Boy is mine',  
her voluptuous curves,  
allure any driver,  
from gangsters to anonymous nerds,  
they all want that ass,  
like primitive farmers,  
but nobody knows the pain inside her.

A Shakaville breadwinner, compelled by the loss of her parents,  
she had to mimic being a single mother,  
towards her two younger siblings,  
she did all she could,  
to nurture these offsprings.

Slipping sleeping pills at the bar,  
into her partners beer jar,  
as he returns from his car, clinging onto him like sticky tar,  
to reassure any potential 'one night stand' girlfriend,  
that the man is no longer a rejected loner.  
Her confidence clearly illustrating that,  
she merely cares about the possibility,  
of these actions returning like a ghost,  
to enforce ruthless torture.

I sat there in the corner, drowning in my beer glass,  
and from time to time,  
lighting a cigarette,  
eagerly awaiting to witness the aftermath

Within a period of 15minutes,  
the man's head is on the table, lying there unconscious,  
im the only one who notices, everyone else is jumping around towards the music  
like grasshoppers,

in a few hours,  
slowly gaining his concious, bewildered by the loss of his belongings,  
the curiosity of the previous night,  
sentimentally aroused,  
a seductive and decieving hindsight.

The bustard could have raped a minor,  
in the ghetto,  
she's labelled a gold digger,  
her priority is to return home,  
and feed her family like a 's certainly my definition,  
of a Minor Gold Digger.

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