

Poetry Series

**Musa Gift Masombuka**  
**- poems -**

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## Musa Gift Masombuka(1998 April 1st)

Born on 1st April 1998, bred in Siyabuswa and grew up at Regae township. The first son of Anna Masombuka and the late Vusi Sibiya. Musa is illegitimate to his siblings: Charlie, Ntokozo and Nomfundo. Musa attended creche at Regae Primary school, then enrolled Grade R to 7 in Mohlahlane Primary school. He is currently in grade 11 at Majatladi Secondary school where he was awarded twice as best overall achiever and meritorious achievement in English. Musa comes from a poor background in a poor community. He is an indoor person who likes internet. Musa is on medication for his asthma illness.

**1976.**

Never shall I  
Forget this year.  
Never shall I  
Forfeit this memory.

In my mind it hiss  
Irresistible for a mind to miss.  
It was a point to prove  
and uselessly improve.

They, Boers were killing  
Not even thrilling  
Not afraid to kill  
A corpse to them was a toy.

Many lives they have claimed,  
like scavengers had got prey to eat.  
Shoot! Kill! Whip!  
That was their profession.

Oh our grandparents had gone,  
The land of Soweto had become a burial ground.  
They gone fighting,  
Fighting for FREEDOM.

Oh freedom,  
A word that makes a Boer to spit.  
This word meant nothing to them.  
It was just like an exhausted ahem.

Why have they had to do that?  
For a lesson they said.  
Oh! Yes, a lesson we learned.  
That is to just hate them more.

Never shall they find,  
a place in my heart which forgives.  
If only they are to reverse the clock  
And bring back our loved ones.

Poem by: © Musa Gift Masombuka 2015.

Composed and Edited by: Musa Gift Masombuka Artworks 2015.

Musa Gift Masombuka

# A Letter To An Abandoned Son

Dear son,  
I am sorry to leave you,  
I didn't mean to leave you,  
But I had to leave you,  
After all the conflicts,  
I didn't see the importance  
of how grateful is to have you,

The wall between us had been built  
since you were conceived,  
You're my biggest sin,  
Everytime I look at you,  
I remember the bad memories of us behind you,  
I wished and still wish that,  
If we could rejoice our relationship,  
But time denied.  
To me you were a gift,  
To them you were my beautiful sin,  
I never meant to abandon you,  
I tried to be there,  
Though my support wasn't enough.

I wish you get this letter,  
And know that whenever, wherever  
and however the circumstances,  
You will always be in my mind.  
I will be there when you need me,  
I think of you every single chance,  
Daddy loves you.  
From your heartbroken dad

Musa Gift Masombuka

# A Man Of No Identity

Born by mistake,  
denied by his father,  
resent by his mother.  
Raised by strangers,  
became successful!

Musa Gift Masombuka

# Africa

Africa my continent  
Why so dying slowly?  
What infection do you have,  
It procrastinate to kill.  
Though Africa why not live one more time?

You started in South Africa,  
with the blood shedding and discrimination democracy ere 1994.  
As I thought you were recovering,  
There arose a contradictive e-toll and Nkandla,  
and an unintentional earthquake.  
Africa please don't die on me.

In West Africa you levelled the ground.  
With a killer disease Ebola.  
Oh Ebola Debora,  
Why do you punish us?  
Is it when they say the world is ending?  
Ebola Debora, is AIDS your twin brother?  
Because you share almost identical qualities.

In North Africa,  
You have turned them into some rootless weeds.  
Poverty is their wealth.  
Though what have we done?  
Africa my continent do not die.

In East Africa you divide,  
Blood is shed and split everyday.  
You let blood be their water to quench thirst.  
A corpse to them like a mascot.  
In Lybia arose segregation,  
Conflicts about a throne unknown.

Africa please! ! !  
Don't die on me...  
I am still young.  
I need you to father my young.  
Don't leave me with your burdens.

Rather take me with you.

Africa my king, you have turned into a strange to me.

Musa Gift Masombuka



# Alcohol

Dear alcohol my friend,  
since you came into my life I have changed,  
your friendship to me means the world.  
Alcohol my friend,  
though why chose to befriend me?  
What am I to you?  
Alcohol my friend,  
because of you I'm no longer a coward,  
why you give me such strength to be brave?  
Because of you I'm no longer a virgin,  
You've opened my eyes and refreshed my mind to see farther.  
Because of you I feel like I own the world,  
Where do you get the power to intoxicate me?  
Because of you I have done so much,  
from bank robbery to rapist,  
I have spilt much blood and life.  
Alcohol my friend,  
because of you I have dropped school,  
I have developed aggressiveness,  
I have developed into a thorn to people,  
I have turned into child's first library of learning.  
Alcohol my friend.  
My dignity has flushed in the toilet,  
My pride burnt by the sun,  
My powers destroyed by every glass I took.  
Alcohol my friend,  
look what you've done to me.  
I have been neglected by my own family  
though they still pretend to care.  
They no longer respect me,  
and so does my people.  
They say you made me affect their social life.  
Alcohol why but why? ? ?  
I thought we were good friends though you were only there to demolish me...  
Alcohol my friend.  
I will thank you one more time....  
Thanks to you my days are numbered,  
thanks to you I have no family,  
thanks to you I am dying slowly.

I think it's time our relationship has to end.  
Though it is too late,  
but better than never.  
We have been good friends,  
though I benefited nothing but mess.

Musa Gift Masombuka

# Answer Me!

Sometimes you can wish you were never born,  
Common imagery is born from our mistakes,  
They say success comes before work,  
but only in the dictionary.  
The blessings are blessed after a storm,  
Though the question is:  
How many storms must you survive to be blessed?  
Perseverance is the mother of success,  
but how long must you endure?  
To learn is to enrich,  
but what if your enrichment is mediocre?  
Mediocrity ain't a fort,  
but why do we have to fight for our success?  
How many fails must you fail,  
before you succeed?  
How many rains and storms do we have to go through?

Why everything of success I touch turns out so evil?  
What sinful sin have I sinned?  
Which painful pain did I pain?  
Which unthoughtful thought, have I thought that is not the thought to be  
thought?  
Which characteristics did acquire from my parents? And who?  
From whom have I inherited the black cloud?  
What have I done to be punished?  
Answer Me!

Musa Gift Masombuka

# Apart (With Macdonald Sekgoma: Sifiso Mtshali And Goitsimang Peace Aphane)

Together we await the train of love  
In the station of our hearts  
And inside our souls huddle in  
but our minds go opposite directions.  
Is it love, is it love?

I thought our relationship was strong like the titanium tower  
I thought with you I'm over the moon  
like being on top of Kilimanjaro  
The depth of our love was high like Mount Everest  
Though it is sinking like the Titanic  
Drowning in a cyclone of an ocean storm  
screaming for help  
in a confidential voice that none of us can hear.  
Slowly and slowly our hearts dispatched

Love, the clanging cymbal chains calls for our unity  
But no!  
Who knew hope has a dead end?  
How then I ache  
When by error, recalls  
What memory and heart  
Deep within, there archives  
Of those emotions, in tempest set  
And those eyes, radiating fiery passion  
And who deep in them, ourselves saw  
Twirling in those, holy grounds  
Where our bodies in one, gracefully danced

With both our lips, locked into one  
And both our hands, as one bound  
And both our hearts, made all but one  
For between us, number there was slain  
How then I ache, when by error recalls  
What remembrance keeps, which my heart  
In sadness drowns and deeply sears

Who knew the same amount of time  
I spent thinking  
about you would be the same amount of time I use to hurt and regret?  
The poison of evil thoughts you fed my heart  
and make it doubt the existence of love or anything related to it.  
I want you to wish we never existed,  
the only favour I ask for you to forget me-  
because only I have the right to remember  
and hurt over you since its my heart you broke  
and not the other way.

Let me then, cry no more  
As these songs of redemption, in pain are sung  
Of those joys, long forgotten  
And my heart, in pieces torn  
That fleeting beauty, in permanent absent  
And my soul away, to that bottomless pit dragged  
And there left, without warmth or care  
But only in sorrow, there cast

Let me then, cry no more  
As these songs of redemption, in sincerity are sung  
Tormenting my heart, with those joys  
That like the stars, faded with the light of day.

Musa Gift Masombuka

# Beautiful

When I look at your face  
It's like watching the night sky  
Or a twilight,  
There is so much it holds for me,  
that is why I keep staring at you.

Your eyes speak to me in sigh  
They are so precious like diamond.  
Why have I accidentally met you?  
In my mind you hiss,  
I guess that's where you belong.

If I may ask,  
Cause I want to ask,  
It is one of my task.  
Are you in relation with Pearl Modiadie?  
If so not, excuse my exaggeration.

Your smile says to me three words  
Will I be wrong if I admit the words?  
Your voice awards me this vast world,  
Once again I feel that sense of belonging.  
Is your heart made of platinum?

From which rock have you been excavated?  
From which wood have you been sculpted?  
'cause truly metabolism is your antagonist.  
Your curveous body and glowing face,  
It makes me coy and jealous of your Creator.  
You're truly exquisitely beautifully gifted.

Musa Gift Masombuka

## Beautiful Pain {part 1}

This pain is the main,  
part of my vein.  
In my blood it reigns,  
and my heart it strains.

Something in me choke,  
and getting better I hope.  
Shall I tie me on a rope,  
because my soul is broke.

Shall I swing on the chandelier,  
because I can't handle the pain.  
I can not escape the pain,  
but only to stay in my lane.

In my mind it tangles,  
like a barbed wire wrapped around it.  
I wish to better my heart,  
and free myself from this pain.

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Musa Gift Masombuka

# Been There Done That

grew him with love and care,  
Nothing I kept away from him,  
Besides those which will rack his brain,  
I supported him when he was at worst,  
He pretended to listen,  
He returned chide,  
That's the thanks he gave me,  
He threw words like blazing storm,  
Smoked drugs like puff on his tongue,  
Drank liquor like water thirst,  
Have I been the perfect parent?  
I should have been there,  
I should have done that,  
For him to be a better child.

Musa Gift Masombuka



# Candle In The Wind

Goodbye father John,  
For we shall meet again,  
Things of this world you have seen,  
It was time for you to rest,  
Neither was the right time,  
You roamed all over during the storms,  
You stripped all over the streams of the country,  
Everyone knew you,  
You were a joker,  
You were a liquid and occupied any shape and space,  
You never had time for me,  
Always told them that enjoy the moment while it lasts,  
Party and booze were your daily activities,  
Feminine you changed like a chameleon,  
You lived your life like a candle in the wind,  
You got sick and no one was there for you,  
Your shining light was over,  
You lived like a candle in the wind,  
Never knew who to cling when the rain settled in,  
Only death was there for you.  
Goodbye father John,  
May you be remembered by those who knew you,  
To me you were my father by hearsay,  
Candle in the wind.....  
Will never shine forever,  
for the wind shall destruct its light.  
Rest In Peace.

Musa Gift Masombuka

# Corners

## CORNERS

In the night we stand,  
and let our minds extend.  
Our hearts correspond,  
and our souls will bond.

Pretty corners.  
They are secret holders,  
and memory keepers.  
They hold each moment.

All those wonderment,  
and stories shared.  
The rocks will tell you all.  
and the street lights will film it all.

Those corners,  
they hold so much of our history.

Musa Gift Masombuka

# Cry Me A River

Cry me a river,  
For I have moved on.  
You are a pale flower to me,  
You lost all your colors and smell which attracted me.

Cry me a river,  
I like your melodious tone,  
Your dead tired tears meaningless to me,  
Your 'I am sorry' messages like metaphors of no words,  
Your begging full of pretence,

Cry me a river,  
Let the river flow back into the ocean,  
My love has faded for you like a morning mist during the day,  
My love turn back no more,  
I found a heart to dwell forever.

Cry me a river,  
Miss me like million years,  
Remember all our memories and write a story to console your soul.  
Cry me a river,  
Shed those tears in a cup and drink,  
I shall love you back no more.

Musa Gift Masombuka

# Cry Of A Baby

It makes such a painful sound,  
It hums so bad and touching,  
Like an elegy for a mother.  
With eyes drowned in water,  
And red like the volcano of Tokyo.

Cry of a baby,  
So pure and innocent,  
It has a meaning inside it,  
It's melody so unbearable like an owl overnight.  
When it cries it says 'I am hurt, '

Cry of a baby,  
It makes you feel the emotional torture.  
Like the demolished future.  
It hurts so deep in the heart as the sound reign in your emotions to the heart.  
It causes an excruciating pain to you.  
It may even tempt you to cry also.

Just listen, listen and listen,  
It's a painful sound,  
Just leave another horrible round wound,  
It is not just mistaken,  
It kills deepen and serious it must be taken,  
Listen to the innocent cry  
It makes your heart want to stand up and to calm the baby you want to try.  
Its another killing suspense.

It is out of question  
that it doesn't make sense.  
No toy can make it sweets even if you count it on your expenses,  
No human would stand and bear,  
Isn't another cry of teddy bear,  
Its like hunger that tear tears.  
Leaving one in dessert curve with a terrible echo no one can't hear.

Hearing horrible of beast that heat your heart on your ear,  
Makes mothers have sleepless night,  
Like they do have those dreams which are for broom flight.

Like sad song that sing slow of the genre of jazz,  
In the deep soul it creates fuss,  
Like it is much unbearable mass.  
The cry of the baby it kill's perfect moment.  
It can make one forget to pay the rent.

So trilling like to get your hands on the government disappointing money, I mean  
grant.  
Like crime done that there was no justice cause of lack of evidence.

Musa Gift Masombuka

# Death Of An Icon

Look! What has been removed the world,  
The icon has left,  
The father of the nations,  
The scarlet letter of South Africa,  
The sacrificer,  
The freedom fighter.  
South Africa is mourning for their king,  
The world is mourning for its icon.  
He has been a great inspiration to us.  
His past is our future.

Ya gage tema o e phethile mo lefaseng le,  
O re tliseditse lethabo le tokologo,  
Naa ekaba o tlo tswelapele mo a tlogetsego?  
Goba o tlore ya gagwe tsebo o sepetse le yona?

Li hambile iqhawe lamaqhawe,  
Manje kusele ku nina kuthi liyenzani,  
Li zo hlala la bukela abamhlophe ba thatha konke ezandleni zenu?  
Kha si mhlonipheni tuu! !  
Ma si yenzeni yonke imfiso yakhe,  
Kuthi naye azo kwazi uku phumula.

God is great all the times.  
He borrowed us such a man,  
Akekho omunye azo fana naye,  
Manje ma si jameni nge nyawo,  
Si lwele umhlaba wethu,  
Kuthi abandwana bethu bazo kwazi ukuba ne k'sasa le ncono.

Rest in peace  
Robala ka khutso,  
Lala ngo ngxcolo  
1918 July 18- 2013 December 05.

Musa Gift Masombuka

# Deeper Than Poetic

Yes! It's deeper than poetic  
The feeling I have for you  
Yes! It's dramatic  
The love story I want us to read,  
Yes! It's caring,  
My heart a shell for you to dwell forever.  
Yes! It's magical  
How supernatural your face turns me on,  
Yes! It's metaphoric,  
These words rhyming in my mind to tell You.  
Yes! It's promising  
How I want to spend my expectancy with you.

No! It's not playful.  
I really mean what I say.  
No! I am not masquerading,  
Though I just can't stop and help it,  
No! I am not a heart-breaker.  
But a true lover to love you eternally,  
No! My arms are not tied.  
They shall hold and caress you comfortop.

Yes! It's deeper than poetic,  
Though I am not poetic,  
But I am realistic,  
Maybe my words are poetic,  
Though let me not be poetic,  
But be grammatical,  
And proudly say  
I love you!

Musa Gift Masombuka

# Divorce

Dear divorce,  
I write this letter to you,  
Asking you questions,  
I deserve better answers.  
Why did you tear the relationship of my folks apart?  
They were happy within their marriage,  
Never thought that you will show up,  
Though you came sneaking and spared them.  
My life is destructed,  
I live with foster parents.  
Where did you take mine?  
Can't you have pity?  
Do you enjoy the tension in my mind?  
They were shining candles and you became the wind,  
Divorce why? But why?  
What did they do to deserve you?  
My life is a circus, parents come and go.

Divorce please give me back my parents,  
We would like to rejoice where we left,  
I hope you get this letter,  
And write back..

Musa Gift Masombuka



# Don'T Sleep

When I say don't sleep,  
I don't mean at night,  
Though I mean don't get comfortable,  
there is no crown waiting for no one,  
but there is a crown to achieve hardworking.

When I say don't sleep,  
be like team no sleep,  
and hustle in the sleep,  
to hustle sleek at night when all have slept.  
Sleep with one eye open, in fact sleep awake.

When I say don't sleep,  
something goes wrong when you sleep,  
the night blanks and darkens your mind,  
and dizzy becomes your profession,  
and sleeping becomes your PhD.

When I say don't sleep,  
I mean don't quit,  
even if the mountain looks uphill,  
even if what you're trying to achieve seems far,  
it'll be shame to see how close you were if you quit.

When I say don't sleep,  
I am not just saying it,  
tomorrow is everyday,  
and the future is also everyday.  
Never waste time waiting for the future.

When I say don't sleep,  
take my vow and never sleep.  
Be a nocturnal and sleep at day,  
let them say you're not sane but insane,  
excavate your future.

Musa Gift Masombuka

# Elegy

Hear me out I cry  
I need energy  
I need it for an elegy  
I am in strain  
of an unsoot pain  
My eyes are drown to rain  
My heart sore like I'm self-inflicted  
This obsession is like I'm addicted  
Hear my innocent cry  
Hear my heart beat high  
I have no words to sigh  
I have no energy for sight  
Let me mourn peacefully  
and write an elegy.

Musa Gift Masombuka

# Fire

As I glow my light so blazin'  
My day, night the same.  
I bring warmth and comfort.  
If unnoted I am vicious,  
Like a python's poison.

I attach myself to you closely to destroy.  
Showing no remorse, I can't talk.  
I detach myself to you,  
I leave an unapologetic mark called a firemark.  
Prevention could be being alert with me.

Many has fallen on this chess I play,  
Apartments; companies; properties and lives.  
I have enough damage,  
Though they want me to ruin more,  
Because they are careless.

Musa Gift Masombuka

# For Her To Be Mine

What would I do to impress her?  
What would I do to surpass her?  
How do I impress her?  
Or maybe something to please her.  
For her to be mine,  
I will make her wishes mine  
and alone I will mime  
as she goes into my mind.

For her to be mine,  
I have to be kind.  
I must bear in mind  
That she is mine.

I will have to pour my heart out.  
And let my words be heard out.

Musa Gift Masombuka

# For The Girl I Love

Pass me that pen  
and let me be open.  
Hey pretty lady  
I know you love me baby.  
I can see through your chest  
let me explain it at my best.

Please don't be like Beyonce  
Let me remove you that Partition.  
Unlike Rihanna and Ne-Yo  
I don't Hate That I Love You.  
Unlike Shakira and Beyonce  
please don't be a Beautiful Lair.  
Let me tell you something  
Like I wanna tell you one thing  
You are my everything  
In my Game you always win.

Like Checkers Hyper  
My love for you keeps getting better and better  
Like Telkom Mobile  
Our tomorrow starts today.  
Unlike Eminem and Sia  
I won't be your beautiful pain  
but please be like Chris Brown  
and don't judge me.

Just like AKA  
let the haters congratulate  
and like Khuli Chana  
Ho mnate'ba wena  
Coz me too I adore you  
Like Miley Cyrus.

Let's be like the PUPs

and live our own lifestyle  
Like Alicandy  
You are my Barbie doll.  
Unlike some whack niggers  
Let's not make our love song an elegy  
but like William Shakespeare and Taylor Swift  
we can be Romeo and Juliet.  
Just like Reflector and Tee-Tonic  
I've been asking Where You At?  
but like Nicki Minaj and Chris Brown  
you were always right by my side.  
Just like Musa Gift Masombuka  
You are a bitter pill to sedate my pain  
Now come rescue me I'm in pain.  
Just like Elton John  
You are the candle in the wind  
and I am here to save you.  
Come to my arms where you belong  
and let's make a love scene.

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Musa Gift Masombuka

# From The Glowing Face Of My Principal

From the glowing face of my principal,  
I saw a beautiful happy face,  
I saw a responsible man,  
I saw a man of integrity,  
I saw the shining star to my dark world,  
I saw my future in his palms,  
Ooops! That was just a perplexed imagination.

From the glowing face of my principal,  
Lays jealousy and black heart,  
Hatred and misfortune,  
Black cloud upon my summer-shine,  
I saw a vicious snake,  
My future clenched by his fists,  
A lead covering my lane,

From the glowing face of my principal,  
I saw a betrayer,  
The faker, the pretender,  
I saw a man of no characteristics  
Thus he preaches the word of God,  
His manners were they determined by Him?  
I saw a heartless father,  
turning school into sex,

From him I learned that:  
A professor never wish an armature to follow his steps,  
From him I saw:  
A beautiful sinner who knows the characteristics of each situation,  
I saw his school becoming a journey to the dark,  
I saw the future of ours doomed by the morning mist,  
I couldn't distinguish between a learner and a teacher,  
Educational property destroyed chunk by chunk,  
I saw a destructed school,  
from then I saw no school at all.  
Was he a principal indeed?  
Yet he pleased God.





# Hey! ! !

Hey you!  
Yes I mean you!  
No need to hide you!  
We know you!  
We have seen you!

Hey you!  
What do you think you are doing?  
Who do you think you are fooling?  
Who do you think you are playing?  
Who do you think you are betraying?

Hey you!  
What are you capable of?  
Is your talent determined by Him?  
Are your doings worth your looks?  
Are you happy with yourself?

Hey you!  
What do you say when you are treated like a king?  
Even birds bow down for you.  
Though I am exclaimed and want to ask,  
Do you do the same or the opposite?

Hey you!  
You wander around fooling them with a pretty face and smile.  
You hide yourself by the shadow of church.  
You attract them with your smooth talk and care of pretence.  
You run around collecting and filling your jar of hearts.

Hey you!  
What's with the chide?  
What's with the heart-breaking?  
What's with the black cloud like a black widow shadow?  
What's with the sneaking and sniffing at night?

Hey you!  
I have a little sweet message for you!  
This message will forever change you!

This message is meant for you!  
I wrote it for you!

Hey you!  
Return all the love and respect.  
Remove that mask you are wearing.  
Split and give back those hearts in a jar.  
Show your true colours and insights.

Hey you!  
Wash those blood of innocents in your hands.  
Tell the world nothing but the truth.  
Tell them that you are a criminal.  
Tell them that you are a vicious snake.

Tell them that they don't deserve you.  
Birds of the same colour flock together,  
Go find your flock in your prison or hell.  
Because that is your most suitable habit.  
Hey you! Just go....

Musa Gift Masombuka

# I Foolishly Let Her Go

She requested a room rendezvous,  
I permitted it to her,  
She came, half dressed to my house,  
I overwhelmingly open for her,  
A pathetic mind I had,  
Something invisible on her body I saw,  
I touched, my phalanges were free,  
I sin her with a kiss,  
She returns my sin back,  
Surely pathetic mind wasn't mine only,  
As I stare her in the eyes,  
Written "sin me more with kisses",  
I closeness my lips,  
We play glue 'n paper with our lips,  
I intrude something in,  
Surely she was happy for it,  
She hummed 'uhh',  
Before the intrude took part,  
The banana rotten,

We sit disappointed,  
She looks me with an evil eye,  
Thinking that I caused it to rot,  
After the sweet and sultry ahem...  
I became a victim of masturbation,  
In the presence of her kitty,  
She laughs at me fondly,  
I ask myself,  
'What have I done? '  
She replies,  
'Everything has it's own time.'  
I had no furthermore words,  
I quietly frown, I was a coward.

Musa Gift Masombuka

# I Wish I Was Still Young

I WISH I WAS STILL YOUNG.

I wish I was still young,  
so many years back then.  
When everything was an ahem,  
and my life was a promise solemn.

When were I could just weep,  
and my demands they will keep.  
They didn't have to sweep,  
'cause I was their priority.

Back then when life was sweet,  
and everything was not at my wit.  
My mind was still soft  
and everything I saw attracted me.

I wish I was young,  
Back to those days with the friends  
When we didn't care what does the future looks like.  
We didn't know we were gonna be alone.  
We thought that life was at the top-end.

Indeed it was,  
Cause we were in the palms of our parents.  
They were our operators  
and we were their systems.

Look now here I am,  
Where are my friends now?  
Everyone is facing the world,  
and indeed with a different angle.

Here I am now,  
I'm my own boss.  
I steer my own life,  
in my own car alone.

My parents are waving goodbye goodbye.

For they say its enough!  
And truly it is enough.  
I have been with them enough.

Here I am,  
Experiencing the taste of life,  
and as I wonder with my mind twisted,  
Is this how life looks like?

As I wonder and ask myself,  
did they suffer this much to make it to my satisfactory?  
I dropped tears of pain,  
For I am sorry for them.

Poem by: © Musa Gift Masombuka 2015.  
Dedicated to Ronny Mosobohli Mosima.

Musa Gift Masombuka

# If I Had Words To Describe You

If I had words to describe you,  
I wound' have gone far, bet by the bush.  
I wouldn't have paged through a thesaurus or a dictionary.  
I wouldn't have exercised my cerebrum.

If I had words to describe you,  
My tongue would have twisted neither,  
My heart would have beaten neither rapidly nor by exclaimed perplexion but  
normal.  
My eyes wouldn't have abuse their iris but stare,

Pity I don't have to say those words,  
Remove that mask you're wearing,  
Burn your pride and fake reputation  
Swallow that phrase "I'm The Best",  
Return that respect to the people been loyal to you.  
You are dead to me because I've seen your insights.  
I will only tell you one word  
VULGAR

Musa Gift Masombuka

# If Inly Spirits Could Talk And Be Seen

If only spirits could talk and be seen.  
In this broken family game,  
I am in a circus,  
I flow with every ocean water.  
Intelligence I have got,  
but who did inherited to me?  
I have no sense of belonging,  
All sorts of love I never felt,  
I will ask only one question,  
is my father spiritually with me?  
I have no family,  
The world is my family,  
The female dog introduces me to every doorstep of happy families only to ruin  
them,  
If only the spirits could be seen and talk,  
I will as one question,  
"Daddy what are you saying in this situation? "  
I will as only one last question,  
"Daddy why have you left me in this difficult life game? "

Musa Gift Masombuka

## If You Were Not Born

If you were not born,  
They wouldn't have the qualities of parenthood,  
They wouldn't have somewhere to place their memories,  
They wouldn't have someone to call their precious gift,  
They wouldn't have a remark to look at,  
And brings back the memories.

Now that you are born,  
You are so special to them th they named you Precious,  
You are a gift to them they named you Gift,  
You are an unforgettable item to them they named you Remember,  
You are a flashback of their memories they named you Kgopotso,  
They are lucky to have you they named you Lesego,  
They are happy for you they named you Thabile,  
You are their heir they named you Mojalefa,  
They long prayed to have a baby so they named you Thapelo,  
You are a remembrance of their love they named you Segopotso.  
Happy living, enjoy this lifetime with your parents.

Musa Gift Masombuka



# In My Home There Is A Sangoma

On top of the fur of the tiger,  
She lays a goat leather bag,  
In the bag full of skeletons,  
And smelly traditional mixtures,  
She coughs and hum songs,  
Spiritually linked to the ancestors,  
Collecting messages and prescriptions,

She shakes and dissociate the skeletons on the tiger fur,  
It draws up some paragons,  
She hails 'Hai! Hai! ',  
Meticulously she listens,  
To the ancestral spirit roaming within the room,  
She marks my body with a razor,  
Blood associates my body,  
She takes the mixtures and apply them to the marked-blood points,  
I feel a needle-like pain,  
A cramp over the points,  
She says 'It all will work out.'

She keeps me protected from dogs that bark at my world,  
The enemies who are after my success,  
Those whom I call them true friends,  
The beautiful sinners,  
Finally she protected me from them!

Musa Gift Masombuka

# Johannesburg

I saw it all in Jo'burg,  
Yes I have seen it all in Johannesburg,  
From peasant workers to peanuts sellers,  
Sex workers to sell people,  
From a lady of easy virtue to a male gigolo.  
I have seen blondes of different races and colours,  
from urban blight to urban renewal,  
From gold mines to gold diggers

I have seen Johannesburg becoming Jo'burg,  
Jo'burg with bugs and baggage,  
I have seen Rand Afrikaans Univestat,  
becoming University of Johannesburg.  
From high court to high way,  
From Ponte city to Soccer city,  
I have seen it all in Jo'burg,  
I saw all kinds of lords  
From war lords to drug lords,  
Land lords to street lords,

From tall buildings to toll gates,  
Controversial land corruption to contradictive e-tolling,  
From squatter camps to holiday camps,  
I have seen the Mandela bridge,  
The only bridge that defies the odds.  
A leap over apartheid to the democratic South Africa,  
I have seen king pin and queen of the bling,  
I have seen losers of all races and ages,  
And loose draws of all flavours,

From different political rallies to African carnivals,  
From sports legends to sports legions,  
I have seen all sorts of traditional regalia and merchant insignia,  
From Rand East show to a strip show,

Yes I have seen it all in Johannesburg,  
I have seen celebrities of all walks of life,  
And cerebral palsy patients of all races,

From Brixton to Hillbrow,  
You know Hillbrow?  
You must be excited to hear this name,  
Now you may ask,  
Have I seen enough?  
No! My eyes are still wide open.

Musa Gift Masombuka

# Let It Rain

Let it rain  
The trees are dry  
All forms of life are thirsty  
The land is pale  
The world is ending

Let this rain rain  
Let this rain drain  
The lakes and rivers dried  
Let the drops drown  
Let them sink in to the soil

Let it rain  
Every drop means gain  
When all are in pain  
It will regain  
Replenish the world

Let it rain  
Wash away those evil spirits roaming  
Nourish those lakes and rivers  
Retain colour and brightness to the land  
Quench the thirst of an innocent child.

Musa Gift Masombuka

# Let Me Die Not

Let me die not.  
I still have that faith,  
I still have that hope,  
I still have that thought,  
I still have that imagination,

Let me die not.  
Although I've been through lot,  
Although I'm a dead end,  
Although I'm crucified already,  
Although I've been through those storms and hails.  
Although I said I'm done with life.

Let me die not.  
Maybe I will rise again,  
Maybe I will regain my gain,  
Maybe I will recover myself,  
Maybe I will manage this life.  
Maybe it is a test testing my eager.

Let me die not.  
I will rise above high the clouds,  
I still need this life,  
I haven't left a mark yet.  
This world, my world, our world,  
Is longing for my knowledge,  
Like a bird longing for its mother,  
I will feed it to them.

Let me die not.  
I am not yet ready to die.  
Although I have called thee death my supporter.  
Take me not but bear with me....  
Be my rescue when I'm covered with lead,  
When I'm surrounded with thorns,  
When my days are dark clouded,  
When my nights and days are the same.  
When I think to think but fail to think the think think, I mean brain-dead.  
Let Me die not.

But death be my supporter.

Musa Gift Masombuka

# Maybe God Made A Mistake

I hear rumours rumouring around,  
That God brought everyone on this world,  
by a meaningful purpose.  
Therefore if that is to be true,  
Then God indeed made a mistake.  
A mistake of bringing me to this world.  
I value nothing but hatred in my life.  
What if I am never meant to be alive?  
Like really, do I deserve my life?  
What would I be if I'm being neglected by my own biologicals?  
It is always said that:  
"first born babies are always mistakes."  
Maybe God made a mistake,  
I understand that no child is born to die.  
But if that's what it takes to remove the heavy burden upon me,  
Then I would happily kill myself,  
Lemme leave this world to those who deserve it the most.  
I am nothing but a worthless paper,  
Psss... In this life I have been a victim.  
I can now rest in peace.

Musa Gift Masombuka

# My Parents Kept Me From'so-Called' Friends

My parents kept me from so-called friends,  
Whom I called them my friends,  
From their glowing eyes I saw true friendship,  
they wanted to see me from a professor being an armature,  
They pretended to smile when I looked the opposite,  
Jealousy, the freedom of fools,  
They did not befriend me  
though they befriended my belongings,

Under the sheep's cotton they stole my belongings,  
Destructed my schooldays, for me to never prosper.  
My parents whispered me  
"they pretend to love you."  
I closed my ears and hummed a song,  
Pity I was their target,  
they drove me into the dark.  
I opened my eyes and saw the light,  
Time denied, it was very late.  
I was pointing them as one of my governors,  
Yet I remember being on the same page with them,  
So-called friends, so-called friends.  
Indeed I became an armature.

Musa Gift Masombuka



# Not Afraid To Kill.

For ritual I will kill  
For I want to heal  
but myself is thrill  
because alive I have to kill  
And skin in real.

Why these medicines are made of me?  
with contagious trees between the hills.  
It is a treasure of gold  
and platinum it has sold  
as the sangoma explained.

Why blood we have to spill  
like a witch have to cast a spell  
illegally or we'll be in hell  
and our mission not done well.

Why don't we have fear  
to carve a man and hear  
horrible sounds of help  
when his manhood taken he yelp  
and if gone forever  
we will not mend.

The life of innocents will not return  
and the bone masters gain in return  
Richness is their honey  
but not enjoyable like stolen money  
For they are always in fear.

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Musa Gift Masombuka

# O Be A Mo Rata {she Loved Him}

O BE A MO RATA  
(She loved him)

He was one of a kind  
she saw of him a diamond ??  
He had the looks ??  
Those she read in books ??  
He covered his heart † with gold to attract she.

She, her was flattered  
thought that he was the one  
didn't even read through him.  
An ode of him is what she didn't hear.  
O be a mo rata.

As they say take time to know him,  
she only skimmed through him  
for his irresistible bliss of hymns.  
Little did she know she was in love ?? with a python.

O be a mo rata.  
Lerato la hlakanya' ngwana bjaša  
a mo iša gae go mo tsebiša batswadi.  
A itshwara se-nna boka phiri ka boya bja nku.  
Batswadi ba mo thabela,  
bare go ngwana'bona bare 'ke wa lenyalo.'

Ayo phul'intliziyo yakhe  
bengamlindelanga.  
Wa baleka am'shiyela umthwalo  
A son, his own heir.  
Her heart left broken ??  
with no reliable token  
even now she's not taken  
It's an appreciation of  
O be a mo rata.

Musa Gift Masombuka

# Philosophy

words that boom in my mind  
and blown by the wind,  
out there can find,  
one who's too kind  
thoughts are odd,  
they make me feel sad  
they're only in my head  
so well they pamper  
like a free hamper,  
I've lost temper,  
i must mentor like a memo,  
must i share without a share-holder?  
My side of the buttered bread with no butterfly,  
how lies fly and occpy  
to control the lines  
like philosophy, we send memories,  
to memorized the memo of being truthful,  
philosophy, i see nor Dr Phil could stand against the standard of his words,  
only the beliefs would set US apart,  
we sent to sort;  
away your vision but on a way...  
There are principles  
hills are high to climb,  
i would tear the truth,  
nor words would be heard,  
i received to serve as a servant,  
pain would dwell to demand,  
the truth will crush the lies,  
to lay the law of injudicious justice,  
broth would smell the death to reborn,  
vaguely in vein, the vibe will be the verse of preaching the verbs,  
words run into..while blood flow  
nature smiled encouragingly at US,  
rain nodded against the ground fearing an absorption,  
I presume, profusely there's no promise;  
philosophy, philosophy.....philosophy! !

Collaboration of Musa Gift Masombuka AKA Poeticboy and Masivuye Zulu AKA

Poetic Buster

Musa Gift Masombuka

# Picture Wife

My love, oh my love.  
What's all with the whining?  
I miss thee.  
Oh beloved, why you back early at work?  
You know I'm clumsy when you not around.  
So you come all way from work for I?  
Of course sweetheart, for thee I'd rather die.  
Why you staring at me?  
Oh do I have to answer thee?  
Thy love and beauty is like open heaven.  
Stop it and get back to work.

Oh beloved, shall I speak on this?  
No, I came to say hello.  
How about I get you a portrait of me?  
Are you for real?  
You will have my portrait whenever you miss me...  
Yes, you're right.

See now, the portrait worked out.  
Yes, my love.  
Oh beloved why you back again early!  
My heart, your picture flew away.  
Oh...what now?  
I don't know.  
My love, I'll never die, go to work and you'll find me beautifully the same.  
For your love, I rather retire.

Servants! ! Find me this picture wife!  
I like her for the prince,  
Her beauty is as fragile as glass.  
We will... Your highness.  
Who are you, who sent you here?  
Come with us mam, prince's calling.  
Oh God, my wife has disappeared,  
Mam do you ever smile or talk?  
Your highness, she is excruciated  
I won't be married to a prince, I have a husband!  
Oh that newspaper seller?

I unconditionally love him,  
love ain't always money, fame and power but feelings.  
Your highness... The newspaper seller is for you.  
What will the beggar have to tell me?  
Chief! My picture wife! Me overheard she is here.  
Hmmm... Mam is smiling, is the outfit of the beggar she likes?  
Yes... Your highness.

Newspapers! Be up to date about world's incidents!  
Basturd! The picture wife fooled us all.  
Oh love, me stressed.  
Me neither talk nor smile.  
Jubilant I found you,  
I adore you sincere my picture wife.  
Because we belong together.

Musa Gift Masombuka

# Playtime In Bed

The scarlet letter of my life,  
I blow her with a kiss,  
Far far away to the air castles,  
I let her world, this world be a dream,  
As we swing our tongues in the salivary milkyway,  
I gently undress her,  
The excitement she brings to me,  
The woman of a kind of its own,  
She drops my belt off,  
I was a paragon,  
The condition became sultry,  
All the horny excitements,  
I take it down low,  
I put it in....!

Hmmm... Heaven on Earth,  
The juicy tender of a watermelon,  
We swing North to South,  
Till my waist disappeared,  
The woman knows her style,  
The milk comes faraway by the tunnels,  
And rained our day,  
Indeed she conceived a son!  
I mean my heir,  
What a wonderful desire.

Musa Gift Masombuka

# Poetic Mixtape

It's a poetic mixtape,  
Though what diffies it against the odds?  
It's a contagious mixtape,  
Which contains everything poetry,  
Let me walk you through it.

It's a poetic mixtape,  
It is identified by words being toyed,  
It is identified by words in volumes,  
It is identified by nothing but the truth,  
It is identified by a melodious rhyme,

Yes it's a poetic mixtape,  
Which where words are the best music,  
Where words are the best instruments,  
It's a mixtape of all genres and languages,  
You may find it saying hello hola and bonjour,

It's a mixtape with all sorts of messages,  
From hope to love,  
From circus to reunion,  
From torn to sewn,  
It's a mixtape of all sorts of feelings,  
You know them all isn't it?

It's a poetic mixtape,  
Those beats; rhymes and words,  
They beat in a poetic way such that,  
They reign and run through your vein,  
Those lyrics will teach you something,  
It's a melodious mixtape,  
Listen to it frequently and meticulously.

Musa Gift Masombuka



# Reminisce

Smiles glitter on my face.  
Memories fill up my mind.  
Tears roll down my cheeks.  
Time has passed by.

I remember all those times,  
the days of the dinosaurs,  
when the sun was on our side  
and stars sparkled brighter on our nights.

Though lightning came and stroke us apart.  
Like a volcano had cleaned up everything.  
Now we are nothing.  
Though we were something.

We are left with one thing.  
Our life is just a hoax.

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# Speaking My Thoughts

Life is a test  
The world is the exam room  
You have the answers  
The Lord is the marker  
Success is the results.

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# Story Of My Life

It is a long story,  
Longer than a novel,  
With too many verses like Bible pages,  
Dreary but throws the book,  
The book it throws is an exenorate

Story of my life,  
A story to never admire,  
Like a folktale full of mysteries,  
Like a paradise with trouble beauty,  
It is bombarded with tragedy and life-problems.

Story of my life,  
Don't fall for it,  
When you see me happy,  
I am pretending that everything is okay,  
I am dreaming that my life will be okay.

Musa Gift Masombuka

# Teenagers' Love

She requested a self-rendezvous,  
After our sweet, smooth, senile love talk,  
My metaphor melted her heart,  
She felt, this feeling I feel for her,  
I tell her is a host of my heart's home.

Inside of her I saw my gardens of Eden,  
From her beauty I saw the nature of truth,  
Her physicality perplexed my mind,  
It felt like open heavens gates to see her,  
Though it irked me to observe that they were not open for me,

I felt like a stranger in her company,  
I seemed like a stutter in her rendezvous,  
Words between us were isolated,  
Revelation was my physicality,  
Like beating a dead horse,  
I saw the reason of her rendezvous no more,  
But being just for temptation and pride I couldn't have.

I leave being excruciated,  
No option for me but a deep weep,  
Like an infant spiritually wandering,  
I realised that she was not yet,  
Out of the lion's den but I was,  
Teenager's love, love of teenagers

Musa Gift Masombuka

# Teenagers' Prayer

Dear Father,  
I humble myself before You,  
asking for guidance and light,  
in this busy highway of life,  
the cars that runs fast on the freeway.

Lead me through the path of life.  
Capture my soul,  
Control my mind,  
take the heave burdens off my shoulders.  
Be with me on the adolescence quest,  
It's all that I can take for now.

Send your angels to to walk me through the light.  
Then my life will shine.  
With this prayer I request answers.  
Forever and ever,  
AMEN....

Musa Gift Masombuka

# The Night Trip

The road too long,  
The bus too slow,  
The weather too cold,  
The night too dark.

The trip like an adventure,  
exploring so many occupations.  
You know those broom flights  
and them those who sneak in sneakers to feed their hunger.  
The bus is shaking,  
The body is shaking.  
For one may threaten,  
then the trip is mistaken.

Them clothes torn and sour coloured.  
Them eyes out and running searching for trouble.  
Them teeth out like one of a tiger when hungry.  
Them language so unusual, so heterogeneous.

The night trip,  
isn't the night grip,  
or a night trap?  
Some may say it was a calling.

Musa Gift Masombuka

# This Feeling

Oh I get this feeling,  
It's a feeling playing with mind,  
It's a feeling of depression,  
It's a feeling of tension,  
It's a feeling of being dragged down,

Oh I get this feeling,  
They're trying to destroy me with it,  
It's too much for my head,  
No wonder my head is big,  
Big as if it is mega-minded but not,  
Though full of stress and empty promises,

Oh I get this feeling,  
Let it not push me too far,  
For it shall not tempt me to kill,  
Not that I have given up,  
Though they have given up,  
Not that this feeling is normal,  
Though it's contagious,

Oh I get this feeling,  
It makes me overreact,  
It makes me aggressive,  
It makes me tense,  
It makes me feel like my heart is outside,  
My throat sore as I've been heart broken,  
My eyes are always in water and would like to rain,  
This feeling is reigning in my veins,  
This feeling makes me feel down,

Oh I get this feeling,  
It's not natural but man-made,  
They make political decisions without knowing how I will react,  
Not that it involves me only,  
But my social life also,  
They hold the magnet and attract me,  
When I'm nearer, they invert the magnet,  
Which results in repel and sadness,

Oh I get this feeling,  
It tempts me to take pills 'n potions,  
Which at end they'll retard my mind  
Far so even my life....  
This feeling is a heavy burden to me  
But how do I remove it?  
Question is do you feel it too?

Musa Gift Masombuka



# This Kiss

Is a kiss of life,  
that brings me light.  
It feels so right,  
when we kiss so tight.

I don't wanna miss,  
those irresistible lips,  
of a sunshine bliss.  
In my mind it hiss.

I can feel it in miles,  
so easily I can smile,  
and remember memories for a while,  
then alone I will mime.

How this kiss makes me happy.  
Then we don't have to make it snappy.

Musa Gift Masombuka

## Three Words

Three words are those which are spoken right from my heart,  
Three words are those which keeps us together,  
Three words expresses my thoughts and feelings to you,  
Three words puts a smile on your face,  
Three words are not easily said,  
Three words are meant when uttered,  
Three words are special words,  
Three words means faithfulness, commitment and trust,  
Three words unites enemies,  
Three words are "I Love You."

Musa Gift Masombuka

## What If Writing Took A Break?

On top of my lonely world,  
Lays all sorts of my writings,  
It plays an important role,  
I mean education is a child to writing,  
The world is in a bad space without writing,  
I mean those textbooks, this book, mags and newspapers you see,  
Are all in the palm of writers,  
The writer's passion controls your life,  
Maybe writing shouldn't take a break,  
For it shall keep the world shining.

Musa Gift Masombuka

# When I Remember

When I remember my teachers,  
I see guidance of life,  
I see our future in their palms,  
I see knowledge to others,  
I see the light in the dark,

When I remember my teachers,  
I see true heroes,  
I see the whole world of education,  
I see the sacrifices they made  
For me to be who I am today.

Some when I remember them,  
Tears fall from my eyes,  
It's a sorry they can't see how successful am I,  
Some who left us we still follow their advice,  
And they will forever be remembered for their efforts.

Musa Gift Masombuka

# When I'M Gone

When I'm gone,  
It doesn't mean it's the end.  
It means carry on where I left,  
When I'm gone,  
It must be joy for you I left you a journey to follow.  
I have embarked on this journey but halfway,  
It means that I didn't relinquish but I have rested.  
When I'm gone,  
Let my soul not rest in peace but in an investigative manner.  
Searching for that true hero to take the lead.  
When I'm gone,  
It does not mean that I'm gone forever,  
In this peaceful sleep in a beautiful casket I am not locked but pretence.  
As I lay my head brainless I'm watching You...  
My soul is always with you,  
Little sweet joy I got a chance to be in this world.  
When I'm gone,  
Know that I said my last words:  
"Keep Your Pens Bleeding."  
"Let's Write Africa."  
I'm resting in peace.  
Goodnight for eternity.

Musa Gift Masombuka

# When You See Them Smile

When you see them smile,  
Take their smiles seriously not,  
For they're just for pretence,  
Foresee their fault no evidence,  
Blinding you with flashing light,

When you see them smile,  
They love you,  
You inspire them,  
They keep you going,  
Though it's an opposite of the stanza.

When you see them smile,  
They're planning the worst for you,  
They move under your feet,  
Destroying you chunk by chunk  
like a poison slowly killing you,  
Destructing your morning shine with a black widow shadow,

When you see them smile,  
Know that they've planned and done with you,  
You are as good as dead to them,  
Walking dead is your passion,  
Breaking you silently is their mission,

When you see them smile,  
Not that they love you,  
They don't, but your occupation attracts them.  
Jealousy freedom of fools is what they apply,  
Though they will never get the same occupation as you,

When you see them smile,  
They drive you to a hideous journey nowhere,  
In a circus of a blazing fire and ocean waves,  
You move you're dead.  
They enjoy observing you in the position,

When you see them smile,  
They meticulously laugh at you,  
For none shall suspect them,  
While you're mentally physically and emotionally retarded.  
They are your beautiful sinners,  
They made sure they clenched everything you desire.

When you see them smile,  
Be careful of them.....

Musa Gift Masombuka

# Why Do We Make Them Suffer

Why do we let them suffer  
has always been the matter  
we couldn't do for them better.  
their demands were bitter.  
what we do is painful,  
what we do is bad,  
what we do is not absolute,  
not even better.  
A continent is a continent through other countries.  
A person is the person through others.  
The land is one and so we are.  
Lets not bother foreigners,  
they were made by God not by Dog.  
The world is one.  
Continents unite.  
People gather.  
Together we are one.  
They are here to survive,  
struggling for their homes,  
their families,  
we have to love them,  
not to hate them,  
lets share what we have with them, love them the way you love yourself.  
to see the blood flowing by the intern isn't blessed.  
Those are from Zambia,  
those are from Nigeria, Zimbabweans, Ethiopians,  
they're all wanna survive and afford,  
in their countries, they are lacking, suffering, oh!  
Put weapons down,  
let them not to die.  
This is not Race,  
we must limit the pace,  
before we close the space.  
Why do we have to chase?  
When they have no case?  
They have no mistake.  
They will not take.  
  
All they need is love.



They need acceptance.  
They need care and welcome.  
Let us treat them like our brothers.

We have so much history with them.  
It has to not fade by now.  
We live by them  
and so does them.  
Let us say No to Xenophobia.  
Let us stand against Aphrophobia.  
We were Africans before we could be South Africans.

Poem by: Vigie The Poet and Musa Gift Masombuka.  
Composed and edited: Musa Gift Masombuka artwork 2015.  
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#SAyNoToXenoPhoBia.

Musa Gift Masombuka

# Words From My Heart

I can't help to keep quiet but tell you words from my heart because they're meant for you.

Excuse my tears, they're a sign of joy.

How happy am I to fall in love with you.

These words from my heart expresses the way I feel about you.

Can you feel me when I bow down in my heart everytime I see you?

Do you notice my extreme happiness when I see your glimpse?

Can you feel me everytime I think about you?

Have you noticed the way you turn me on everytime you pass by?

Dear beloved why have we made this incident of falling in love,

Where you are the queen of the bling and I am the king of the castle.

I can not help to sigh but speak words from my heart,

'cause they're like emotions of devotions.

Your face is so superstitious, it makes me feel the ultimate seduction whenever I think about it.

You occupy my mind, everytime in my sleep my stars glitters your face and the moon shines your heart.

I tried to keep quiet but they got my heart in suffocation to eliminations.

If birds could tell the story, why can't I tell ours to make them jealous?

If priests could preach about Adam and Eve,

Why can't I write our own Bible?

I know I should have written you an SMS to tell you that I love you but my battery could've died on the way.

I should have written you a love letter but my ink could have stuck on the way of the introduction.

These words from my heart are longer than a novel with too many chapters like a Bible.

If love can be told, why can't I show it to you?

Excuse my explanations but I need timeless timing because these words are endless.

If this love bond keeps us together why can't I define its atomic structure?

If scientists can define the molecule for water as H<sub>2</sub>O,

Why cant I define the molecule for love as L.O.V.E?

If teachers can teach about Romeo&Juliet,

Why cant I write our own Musa&Octovia?

Excuse me for all this occupations but I wanna show you how much I love you.

When the sun rise and dies everyday,

Can you do me a favour and ask it how many times have I thought about you since it rose?

If you can take a memory stick and eject it from my mind,  
The memories that you're gonna print would take more than an art gallery.  
Excuse these words if they're touching but they're words from my heart.  
When folks tell a fairytale can you feel the beginning?  
When I tell our story can you feel the ending?  
This is not the ending but I'm mending my heart because it exhorted so much  
words in power.  
I love you Octovia and I will always love you.

Musa Gift Masombuka

# You'Re A Perfect Flower

You are a perfect flower  
Your colour rhymes with your smell,  
Your beauty so simply amazing,  
It even makes me jealous of your creator.  
You really attracted me...

You are a perfect flower,  
Bees come and taste the nectar and often don't wanna go,  
Birds tweet as they salute your beauty.  
Butterflies come and make your colour more exquisite.  
Some they ask whether you really deserve my garden?

You are a perfect flower,  
Your hips rhymes with your lips,  
Your nectar so sweet it got me addicted,  
Your petals so colourful they colour my inside world.  
You are a perfect flower girl....

Musa Gift Masombuka