**Poetry Series** 

## MxOLisi DhlaDhla - poems -

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### MxOLisi DhlaDhla(28-03-1999)

I Am A Young Poet Who Reside In South Africa. I am 15years Old Now And I Am Celebrating My 4years In Poetry, I Was Inspired By A Poem By The Name Of "Invictus" written By Honourable Mr. William Ernest. My Poems Are Often Related To Things I Feel And Imagine (Free My Imagination) . When Im Bored At Home, I Take My Pen Then Relax In The Lounge And Write Poetry. I Wish To Make It To The "100 Best Poets Of All Times" One Day And With DETERMINATION, HARD WORK, and FOCUS, i Can Get There. Read My Poems Every Month And Suggest The Problems And Improvements. Thank You

#### Earth Without Mountains

Have You Wondered? ,Have You Imagined? ,Have You Thought of it? ,Earth Without Mountains.

My BrainCells Has Questions, Can't Figure Out Answers, Cant Handle My Passion, To Think Faster.

I didnt know without you, Earth Would Tremble, How Can i thank You? While i scramble? .

Earth without mountains, It would be unattractive, zilch would be helpful nor fountains, Even though their creative.

Take your time and think of this. I did

#### Gospel151: ....Reborn Of Poet's Poetry

His was feeble His was inferior Poetry of.... Poetry of him society was eternally abstruse Throughout his manuscripts His writin's were of fictitious philosophy Tackled Modern issues

Now for he is changed Gospels are his deliverin's

Renewed mind, alon'side With knowledge Renewed what he writes', alon'side With Poets' ink pencil

A Poetical Offsprin' withno poetry skills yet He Who was Poetrybeared By An exquisite poettes of that time.

New what i write New what i am Knew what poetry was, NOW. Knew the poet had to transform.

Script what i desire In green-clouded room is where i sit with my Poetic Pencil and so was my blank tree-made white paper.

Reborn of poet's poetry in me My thoughts of fadin' sleep were improved Ate my blank paper, went to the bathroom Excreted poetry, took my waste looked it in the face told it ' how pulchritude you are '.

Thus it revolved me to a more conscious poetic human

I was REBORN

So was my poetry.

# Gospel152: .... The Dawn Of Earth (What The Lord Gave Us)

For the lord created Earth, For he used lexis to do so, Broke a proverb that reads: "Actions speak louder than lexis". He is the Lord God, The Holy Ghost, Dad of the fatherless, Mom Of the motherless, Takes million centuries to explicate his endurance and grace. He is nor a myth, His existence is of the midair We gulp. Sacred thoughts of wisdom of his Discerned this habitat shall be solitude withno caretakers Nonetheless he went to grasp dust thus created this creature by his own bare hands For it was matchless Took his duplicate and created it. He was done, He was His was to breath in the nostrils of this work

The lord God called his last work

" A Being "

His First Sayin's was to this creature were, " be fruitful and increase in number fill the earth and subdue it.... "

Thus is today Whereby teachin's of wisdom aren't taught. Veneration, Respect, Loyalty, Fidelity, Devotion, FAITH, and Fidelity Are all stolen from by Lucifer and his fiends.

Our World's truth was varnished by the waterfalls of liefalls of the serpent

#### Happy Born Day To You.

Happy born day, Happy born day, Happy born day, You getting old.

Happy born day, Happy born day, Happy born day, You getting grown.

Happy born day, Happy born day, Happy born day, you Improved your Soul? .

Happy born day, Happy born day, Happy born day, Never giveup.... flow!

Happy born day to my sister

#### The Empty-Minded Poet

I Took A Pen I was Satisfied To Write, I Tried Too Write BUT, But I Didnt Know What Was On My Mind, I Thought To Deep And Deep But Still Nothing Pops Up.

The Mind Of The Great Minds, My Problem is I Like Rhymes, I Sometimes Sleep Infront Of The Paper Thinking Of Rhymes And I Cant Continue WritIng Without Them

I Realized Writing A Poem Empty Minded Is Like Going To A War withOut Weapons. Even Though Sometimes Im BrainLess But I Can Be Very Dangerous.

MySelf and I Are Always Thirsty To Grab A Pen And Write Words Of Masterminds Alike I May Be Not A Master Of Poetry; But Im A Master Of My Poetry.

#### To My Sons, About The Sun.

It rise There, yet set there, A planet out of earth atmosphere, No uncertainty, he is redhot, Although he still have his own thoughts.

I grasped my wine Went to him by night We drank up until he fell asleep I kept him in my dreams of creams.

"How old is he? .", asked the son,"Billion of years", replied the grandmom,"Is he Affable? ", asked the daughter,"One Day he may visit us, ask him okay? ", said the grandfather.

He is almost a perfect sphere, owns a season on earth that keep us cheered. He nearly had two feets until zeus chopped 'em, He dislikes when he sets.

#### Welcome To The 21st Century

BEHOLD the 21st Century! Where Our Brothers&Sisters Are In Penitentiary, Some Accomplished homicide, While Others Commited Suicide.

The Era where the modern civilization is addicted to electronic devices. The Cliche words from the lexicon(dictionary) are being Abbreviated nor dramatizes.

Some things were taboo, But since we have televisions, Everything is public to you(nor taboo), Some say is to expand teens intelligence.

Earth Innovated and Explored, No more inventions ignored, everything Is taken seriously, Thefore the war ended ridiculously.

Procrastination is a new world habit. Philosophical truly speaking terms.

I Welcome you with warm hands in the 21st Century

#### When Im All Alone

When im alone; My feelings are too deep, My words are too simple, My imagination is too freed.

When im alone; I think of things i can share, I think of the love i can give, I think of the wisdom we can spread.

When im alone; Walls are talking to me, The floors are shaking me, The roofs let me see the sky 'cause it mean to be.

When im alone; Im otherwise vivacious, Nevertheless cheerless, I demand some company its obvious.

IM NO ONE. IM SOLE.