

Poetry Series

**Pallang Mofokeng**  
**- poems -**

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## Pallang Mofokeng(1995August03)

Pallang Mofokeng is a published poet of the book RED IN GREEN THE LIFEBLOOD OF LOVE, He was born in 1995 in the eastern Cape province of south Africa. Growing up he's always loved writing poetry. At the age of 12-13 he became a church poet at Faith Apostolic church, awarded the best learner in reading at Governors drift while he was doing grade.7... 2012 he was awarded the most influential individual through out the year 2012 at Emmanuel full Gospel ministries. Pallang has been featured in two poetry and prose collection books compiled by Robin Barratt of the UK with his poem Be it your love is Gold in the book LOVE, His other poem featured on the book called TRAVEL with his poem WHEN LAST DID I WRITE? . He's an uprising POET still to break through the world of poetry.

## 2 Be 1

Who's the man who created all human being?  
Who is he who made us all be?  
Does he exist or we just a dream?  
Is he the image we all must be representing?  
Curiosity kill me burry me in ignorance's place...

Created we all were  
Different in so many ways  
The pigmentation of the skin  
Dark light we all differ we live  
Formation of the knees  
Structuring of the body  
Bended, straight up big and small  
Some short yet some stand up tall  
We live different yet human beings we all are called  
Curiosity kill me burry me at ignorance's place...

Created we all were  
Common in so many ways  
Breathing of the lungs  
Inhaling exhaling this air for the sake of life  
Beating of the heart  
Pumping this blood to the body parts  
The thinking of the mind  
Sight of the eyes  
The eagerness we all have for life  
Dreaming' longing, craving, working, hustling for a better life  
The love we all long for  
Spirituality we all relate  
I could count the world saying our community  
But still we are victimized by seperation  
What's it for?  
Curiosity kill me burry me at ignorance's place...

Created we all were  
But I think  
I think we were created  
But 2 be 1...

## Pallang Mofokeng

# Be It Your Love Is Gold

Call me not be it your love is gold,  
Absent me from your raging sentiment so cold.  
Love is Anathema, whose roots are pleasures  
Not to incline but be spent beyond measures.

No. No! No! sense of it all,  
Is life so on the roll.  
But dear Princess neglect me not, when I utter 'No inclination help won't be gold'  
Love is not silver nor can you fake it gold.

Roses are precious to give, a pleasure for them who receive  
But woe they be deceived!  
Love's named romanticism bared by givers who give  
Yet love's far a mystery from romantic gifts, she is  
beyond what men can give.

Call me not be it your Zest is gold  
Love is silver, love is stars in this world so cold...

Pallang Mofokeng

# Being You Is Sweeter Than Pride

Growing up, I used to have this image.

An image society placed in my mind,  
which grew to consume my entire  
perception

of what a man should be.

He was taller,

and he had bigger muscles.

He had bold hair

and big, black eyes.

He was confident that he was  
attractive.

He did whatever he wanted with  
whomever he wished,

and he didn't give a damn.

Everyone liked him.

And he was loud.

He was not quiet at all.

In fact, he was extremely extroverted.

He walked into a room, and he  
laughed and smiled,

and he was funny.

and he wasn't smart-oh no! -

he didn't think about things too much.

He didn't speak his mind or share his  
opinion.

He was always silly and fun and  
carefree.

And he never had any problems.

And he never shed any tears.

And everyone loved him.

And I liked him,

he, this image of who I should be.

I liked him.

I envied him.

Because in every way he was the  
opposite of me.

I, who was often quiet,  
and not-very-popular,

I, who froze up in a room of strangers.  
I, who wasn't funny at all.  
I was awkward and tongue-tied.  
And I wasn't extroverted.  
I could spend hours alone writing or  
drawing or reading,  
and a crowd full of people often felt like  
hell.  
And I was broken.  
And I cried sometimes.  
And I was hurting.  
Because I was not him.  
He, the image of who I thought I  
should be.  
Because no one loves someone like me.

Years passed, and I began to grow up.  
So many people told me who I should  
be.  
So many people told me I should be him.  
And they laughed, and they scorned,  
And I tried so hard to be what they  
wanted of me.  
I lost myself,  
Time and and time again.  
It was like drowning-  
only whenever I thought I was really  
going under,  
I came back to the surface.  
Lots of things happened.  
Bad things and good things.  
Heartbreak and depression and  
loneliness.  
Death.  
But through all the hardness, I began to  
live.  
And through all the darkness, I began to  
see.  
I cried and cried,  
I felt like I was dying,  
But in the tears, I finally found Me.

And one day not so long ago,  
I looked at myself in the mirror,  
and I thought:  
I do not have to be Him,  
The image society tells me I should be.  
The unattainable wish and  
incomparable dream  
of a man who doesn't exist.  
I will be a real man.  
A living, breathing human being.  
I, who am slender and small.  
I, who've always liked Afro hair better  
than bold.  
I, who am not loud or funny.  
I, who am smart and stubborn and  
strong.  
I will often be quiet and think,  
and I will see things that others don't  
see.  
I will look at people and love them,  
even when they so quickly forget me.  
I will write and I will create,  
I will run through the mountains,  
And sing in the valleys.  
Sometimes, I will cry.  
And I will always be broken.  
But I will be real.  
I will live.  
I will be strange and wild, win some and  
free.  
I won't let others tell me who I should  
be.  
And I won't let the image of Him haunt  
me.  
I will be strong.  
I will be courageous.  
I will be Me.  
Me, who is so much more than him.

Pallang Mofokeng



# I Wanted To Tell Her

I wanted to tell her  
But my words were stuck here and  
There

.  
I was afraid  
Afraid She never felt the same.

During those days  
Days of Laughter, Joy, and Happiness  
Where we'd be sharing the same sit,  
Drinking from, from  
From the same glass  
When I could see the Stars  
Right through  
Trough those beautiful eyes

Those Moments I could Pause  
Wanting to talk  
In those long walks  
But my throat filled with chokes  
4 the words inside  
Were Chocked

Staring right at her face I fell  
I fell in the deep pit  
A deep pit of Love  
I fell and did hurt  
Because a fear to tell I had.

I wanted to tell her, but I was blind  
I was blind to see, see, to see the love  
The love I longed for in life

I wanted to tell her how I felt  
Pity I couldn't tell  
For Me and Her had turned to be  
friends

But that's not where I wanted it to  
end...

Pallang Mofokeng

# Inclined Nation

Single rain drops combine to make a flood...  
That's the power of Unity...

If we can combine as a nation  
Let our prides at side  
And deal with thee challenges at sight  
Our nation can truly unite  
Our nation can truly go right  
No need for riches, no need for possessions,  
Only love through hearts  
Our nation can unite

Mnyama mhlophe sonke singabantu  
Complexion is just for sight  
But love's made for hearts  
Hearts that will rise and unite  
Xhosa Zulu Sotho Shona  
All languages are 1  
But an interpretation of the 1 loving heart in many  
ways

Bantu bakowethu  
Batho baheso  
My fellow brothers and sisters  
Let us rise and unite  
Let our nation go right...

Pallang Mofokeng

# Just Because I Am Black

I'm black says the pigmentation of my rough skin,  
Don't be a fool none this due to sin.  
It's the mighty one with his superiority,  
That he made us different but no not ability.

Just because I'm black  
Does not mean me born to lack.  
I have all the potential just as you,  
Excuse that we vary in the way we grew.

Dear white  
Hear me right?  
Look up to the sunlight  
You can't do in the absence of the beautiful night.

Just because I'm black does not mean I'm dumb  
Just because I'm black doesn't mean I'm always numb.  
I have all the brain filling my white skull shaded by my black hair and skin  
I told you, my brain is as white as your desired attributes not sin.

Jesus of nazareth you may proclaim,  
Qamata wezwe lomntu ontsundu.  
That is my version of what or who God truly is  
I didn't say you should sneeze.

This is no poem  
But the state of the nation adress  
That be kind you won't stress  
Give to God all your filth he'll give you rest.

Just because I'm black doesn't mean I have to fry meat by the side way,  
I also have the money for take aways.  
Just because I'm black doesn't mean I'm an animal,  
I'm a human being 100% normal.

Pallang Mofokeng

# My Idiation

Apart from time  
Broken hearts knew not where to go.  
Carelessly they would wonder about with no  
Determination nor inspiration.

Excess living was a dream,  
Fairly impossible to obtain.  
Good so bad  
Heavenly bible vain though read.

I learnt my self to yell when I met 'God,  
Judge your world it's shamed your  
Kingdom's name is mud  
Love's confused with lies.

My heart is grieved  
No doctor shall ever heal the pain  
Of my bitterness perhaps  
Prayer shall speak Good born from God.

Question my idiation?  
Rescue me from my madness?  
Secure me from my enemies?  
Try harder none these shall speak sense to what I feel.

United nations it's said,  
Victory over segregation was met.  
Words so good mesmerising a fool's world  
Xenophobic attacks are but just a glimpse.

You all have failed God with your  
Zest deeply buried in selfishness.

Pallang Mofokeng

# My Mockingbird

He wrote her a song, it's the words of his song he left unfinished,  
Supposedly it was love, yeah they left it freezed.  
Selfish of how they used to feel,  
Just each's presence could breathe them peace.

Hand twined hands they could walk the miles,  
Loved her as much as she did, read it through her beautiful smiles.  
Beauty of an angel? Damn she was purely beautified,  
One fiction written in and out her eyes, she was so fair he could tell a story of  
lies.

Nevertheless she'll never know his real love, on that his seat is tears are blood,  
What a nightmare he sighs he cries  
Relief will finish his song, not later but today,  
Here he begins it bleeds it says:

'You are my Mockingbird, you mesmerise my world,  
With your voice that of the unknown angels, Damn! God Jesus I'm outta words  
Your eyes are diamonds glittering  
Damn girl you leave my heart pumping hard, beating and longing hard for your  
loving.'

That's what he wrote allow me to say,  
He wouldn't dare Damn throw it away  
Oops that ain't how it works, this cruel world is bitter and harsh,  
Thus something happened and tore him apart...

Pallang Mofokeng

# My Name

Many people live in wonder where my name comes from,  
It is unique and to that they all can't be fond.  
Pallang is but my Sotho name,

They told me it is a very strange name,  
Told me it's unique and awkward  
That its even hard to pronounce  
Yet still I spelled it to them  
P-A-LL-A-N-G  
PALLANG is my name  
It was supposed to be with an H but white woman who did my cirtificate chose to  
exclude the H  
Maybe she wanted to make it easier  
But still it ain't approved...

I end up being called with odd names  
Pallanga the xhosas have called me  
Palleng, Pillang or even Thabang the whites and coloureds called me  
Yet my name is sweet and easy to pronounce  
I'm Pallang Mofokeng a Sotho child...

They ask what it means  
I say  
It means overflow  
The rivers filled with overflowing waters,  
The cup of David filled with blessings  
Then from there still they don't understand...

I say  
I got the name from my late grand father  
He had 4 daughters and only one son who happens to be my father  
When I was born his grand son  
He called out loud to the region of Morefe in Walaza  
'PHALLANG BAFOKENG REFEOwe NGWANA A MOSHANYANA'  
Then he probably called me his second son my own father's young brother  
The name means the overflowing of blessings in the Mofokemg clan.  
Still my name is beyond their understanding

They claim it's too much complicated for their tongues to pronounce,

So they resort into calling me with the meaning of my name

I end up being called overflow

I Pallang son of the great basotho clan of BAFOKENG...

Pallang Mofokeng



# Notorious

Once in a while was a girl  
Beautiful veiled with innocence  
Her eyes glittering like the twinkling glowing stars  
Her smile a beautiful nightmare  
She was beautiful beyond men's resistance...

Men trying so hard their luck  
To get the treasure inside her thighs  
Her reluctance  
Over their charms and their hymns.

One lover came called himself love  
Taken away was she by the beauty in smiles  
together they were to walk the miles  
But his was to eat the treasure inside her standing mountains.  
He took her pride  
Her treasure to being a valued bride  
After he spit her like an already tasteless gum  
Bad talked her, all over the region she became notorious  
A beautiful princess  
Her beauty called priceless  
For the guy she loved made her valueless  
Now she's none but notorious  
Though her beauty and innocence  
Still veil her beautiful glowing eyes...

Pallang Mofokeng

# Rainless World

Dark is the world outside  
Brown are the greens around,  
No rain nations live but to mourn  
Coz water was created a friend to life.

Standing is I at my broken window  
There I spot a broken widow  
Her hope yesterday's memory  
There is no rain but too much agony

The wind is singing the breeze  
Dancing was destined for these trees  
So unfortunate they can not dance  
For every movements walk with their hopes

Dark is the world outside  
Brown are the greens around  
No rain nations live but to mourn  
Coz water was created a friend to life

Pallang Mofokeng

# She Is Still A Girl Inside

Up Down the n7th road  
Lies the poor prostitute's hope.  
Up down the N7 road  
You see her wearing her shortest robes  
R50 she's proclaiming the value of her womanhood  
Because at the table there's a desperate need for food...

You call her a prostitute  
That she's humiliated her womanhood  
1,2,3 men have her in a day  
Just in that same N7 way  
You call her with names  
Yet your'e blind she has a family in her responsibility

Prostitute is the name you give to her  
A valueless Whore you say it in her ears  
Yet she's still a Girl inside  
That innocent princess her dad used to call her  
It's what she is inside of her..

If her dad did not die at her youngest days  
She would in no ways wonder up-down that n7 way

Pallang Mofokeng

# The Travel To Love

When last did I write?  
Let me say that other night

The other night on the bus,  
Like a bee I felt I could buzz.  
When you smiled,  
I dozed lost in the blink of your eyes.  
Affection is but a glimpse

Names unknown are mostly desired to be called,  
Yet fear of disappointment binds we shrink to cold.  
We confused confront and tell?  
Perhaps hesitate hence you elements to repel.  
Love truly is corrupt

It was on the my-city bus that night,  
The one of quarter past nine  
From Cape Town to Atlantis  
God knew hell resorts I love seeing this  
Beauty of an angel I thought it a myth...

Pallang Mofokeng