

Poetry Series

Sicelo Sithole
- poems -

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Sicelo Sithole(09 April 1986)

A Diary From An Old Heart

There is not a single word within the pages inside
This is a place where good thoughts use to reside
They say the author left to the world of the dead and the unknown
To search for answers of all the secrets hidden within the pages of this old diary
They say the author left to the world that to us is vividly shown...
They say one day he will return, to all readers of this book of old pain and misery

Sicelo Sithole

A Man Who Walked Through Our Cities

He walked through our cities wondering and confused of this world in a rush
He travelled... travelled...
and travelled
through our cities that for a long time in his short life brought him sorrow and
pain,
he walked through the land of dead skulls until his heart could not go on
he waited patiently though...
hoping that the right season will come so he can find the innocence and joy he
always hoped for...
silently he prayed for finding peace at heart before his short life could come to
an end...
so God sent his angel...
to guide him through his short life
For the first time in his life,
He felt loved...
This man has always been amongst us,
beaten by the bitter words of this very cold world
This man has always been amongst us
he is the very same man who walked through all our cities... but nobody looked
after him
so the sent Angel took him,
to find peace he always longed for. Peace that will mend his heart, forever.

Sicelo Sithole

A Night At The Roman Gates

The third and the last fourth quarters, made no sound at all
The first and the fourth parts built up a sound upon an old wall
There were scaffolds of gold, traces of all riches beside the fallen towers
It's the first night at the Roman gates: the last finders are counting the lost
hours
The night swift as broken spears, the beats gather into one symphony of delight
Now God watches all this closely in silence and repose
With the Jews and Gentiles sharing a common space upon the history close
Silence prevails in cold shatter: the mood is lost through the art of these ciphers
The senators walk around in silence, building up tumults of joy to all the lifers
It's a night at the Roman gates: the moon await in splendor and in vivified sight
History walks around tombs of ancient queens, paving words on golden wings
Still memory sweeps this silent night, and places owned before by ROMAN Kings

02-03 March 2008, a first to the collection: 'History Unbound'

Sicelo Sithole

A Poem To A Lost Friend

My memories lost upon the dark life sequences, the ever-changing chances of
our infant essences
The kind laughter we used to share, dreams afar the faith that at the age of
sixteen we use to dare
The pastures green within a friend lost, and all the times that flew like the
unseen devout ghosts,
Were like truth that decayed within my flame perpetual, and burned our common
thoughts bound conditional.
The definition of soundless dialogues of our poetic friendship, the cries from the
dark words of our hardships
The decaying chances, brimming before the great equaliser death, brought the
swift lines of our clear birth
Our whole creation we poets and friends, the raw era before departure that saw
the premature ends
The glimpse and all sights from a lost friend are neither like the chainless
memories that within my
heart begin nor the silent dialogue that forever end
They are now like giants of the sterile immortality, the shadow of my serenity
and pain of my silent dignity
The sadness and the bleeding love were never meant to be, our utter crossroad
& chance that we both didn't see
Thus to me a poem to a lost friend is like a song of experience, that with the
nature of our thoughts becomes the question of our existence.

Sicelo Sithole

A Time To Make Peace With Myself

Harvesting the past years of tears I reap the days of sorrow and years of self
blame
My chances combining to my own world and true self, all the pain binding within
a thought senseless
Many of my visions and dreams have faded, but the truth about me is still not
born
The body, mind, soul and spirit is torn, but the blood and pride is forever shining
This is thus a time to make peace with myself; a true reason of being
A young boy who has seen anguish at a tender age, a common man without love,
hate or a thing

Sicelo Sithole

A Walk To The Library

With bended knees
Along those forbidden trees
I am stunned by all this fresh smell
It must be a bakery, a garden, a wheat valley or a poetry mortuary upon a spell

Along these deep sounds of science (I see)
I breathe upon the tears and the raw gush of all this silence
It must be a day for all the lost moonlights,
A magic show or a sparkling breeze upon this cold twilight

In my poetry still, I walk around and speculate
In this walk to the library, I think of the old secrecy and calculate
Words that I could write
Words of beauty so true, they can unite
All men under this garment of stones and all these shadows true and bright

I see bright doors and golden gates
The sweet rivers of old lies and the faithfulness of all the Virgins
And through these soft images and faint margins
I change all spells, into seeds of thought for my only walk to the library

Bound by my own imagination and unseen realms
I gasp and walk slowly towards a common position

To this library I wrote, this silence I saw and to this dead belief
I have found the taste of all this poetry in motion
The waves of change, catching the awake of all my dreams

In your poetry I have learned how to find all the missing links
I guess it is truly,
The only reason why God allows me: to freely read, write and think

To Diana Van Den Berg, 16 February 2009.

Sicelo Sithole

Africa

Africa

Are you shining because you rime with the word star?

Or is it your beauty, hidden in the wonders of who you really are

I, myself wonder how far

They will go, to destroy your beauty written upon the blue skies

They tried before, by hiding your life in books

But God rested still in your mind and preserved your precious looks

I guess you are who you are to me, an old dream to my hands that never dies

Sicelo Sithole

Africans Then...

"There is not a single reason to put that frown
It is not your fault that these people are brown"
Said an old priest, with a gown full of blood considered 'vile'
I am not trying to cook up a racial story, no.
But am only trying to get the message across, and for you the young to know
That, their land was taken, only to be returned later as a graveyard of missiles
With no questions, and with no smiles
They endured to be Africans then, endured for being 'brown' people for a while

Sicelo Sithole

After The Sunset

after the sunset,
only the free 'young' hearts fully rejoice.
within the mysteries of every mindset,
only the troubled hearts rejoice in the presence of this dying voice.

Sicelo Sithole

Alone

Alone in the mysteries of my desire
for you in the wilderness of an earthly fire
With no loss and fulfillment of verses I write...those of pure poetry and satire
Alone in the words I swallow in the dreams of your thoughts...you a big liar
I free myself from the memory of emptiness and common void
In your world so perfected yet odd
I stand alone and write of the years I count
In your world odd, yet so perfected
Like a simple man without a thing...
I stand alone

Sicelo Sithole

An Excuse

I hoped
That today
I will write
a love song for my mother
it seems as if I will not manage
Today I need to pay
a visit
to places
where I keep my peace
I wanted
to write her
a beautiful love song
with words flowing like honey upon a freshly baked morning bread,
words like the eyes mounted upon the galaxies and the skies blue
words like the burst of waters quenching the thirst of dry valleys,
words like the butterflies making circles upon the buds tender and sweet
and
words glorious
much like those of a soft touch of poetry
to a hungry soul
I hoped
that today
I will write
a love song for my mother
but no I will not,
Today is just not the day
Today,
I am just going
To wonder around in my own places
Walk around in my world and plain view
to find myself
some
PEACE

Tuesday, March 10,2009 00: 19 AM

Sicelo Sithole

Around The Socket

around the socket
only two lessons now remain
it is a place where battles left rotten bodies covered with dry helmets
the first lesson is:
after the war, only the masters will gain
the second lesson shall not be revealed, for it is a story of no peace!

Sicelo Sithole

At The Face Of Nature's Law

I wanted to feel the nature of my very own heartbeat
At the face of nature's law
With no words but only utterances of mind, I can feel no pain at my feet
And I got into fights and protests day and nights, and what were we fighting for
I set at the station waiting for the train of my memories. I set there for a while
In the absence of all wonders I performed and every quarter of a true smile
I set there for a little longer, catching up my days, innocence and tender breath
And if this was my last day my question is this, to the mothers of the earth:
'If you choose to live amongst the devils,
Who can blame you for becoming one of the rebels? '

Sicelo Sithole

Back To My Senses

after all these years

I did not feel a need

to let a room for someone to help me conquer all my fears

to plant a seed of harmony, to help me walk away from all the days of greed
years went by and I finally got back to my senses

it is a sweetest gift I have ever received...a gift to realise

the need to look deep through eyes of experience unbound by moral fences

to look at her and see not only my redeemer, but a gift of God in disguise

Sicelo Sithole

Biko

I read all of his writings in the dark
In the paintings on my mind I draw a mark
On his teachings on black consciousness and thoughts
I ride a wave of change, away from the oppressors that fought
Through injustice
Against our peace
I read all of his writings in the dark
I want to know how it feels like to be banned
How to suffer for black souls, which still after this movement never learned
To be Black and be Proud
To be black and sing freedom songs Loud
A man once had a dream
A dream
"TO MAKE A BLACK MAN TO COME TO HIMSELF;
To PUMP BACK LIFE INTO HIS EMPTY SHELL;
TO INFUSE HIM WITH PRIDE AND DIGNITY,
TO REMIND HIM OF HIS COMPLICITY IN THE CRIME
OF ALLOWING HIMSELF TO BE MISUSED AND THEREFORE
LETTING EVIL REIGN SUPREME IN THE COUNTRY OF HIS BIRTH"
That man was Biko
Sadly they decided to damage his brain, so that such dreams can fail
That dream was Biko's, the dream is mine and yours now
And Biko lives on

Sicelo Sithole

Black Roses

Gestures of wounds, my dark life unfound so bound in the shadows of grey mists
Treasures of pure gentleness, sounds so well curbed deeply within the black
roses

Slaving dreams in voyages of my infinite joy, and all my thoughts shattering in
my close sight.

My core being in agony, seeds of my peevish wisdom and all my laid scattered
visions

Breaking thoughts of my forever sadness, valleys of pain and domes of dizziness
and confusions

Spreading speeds of my emptiness, and fading nights of my judgment in my own
wars and fray.

These all remind me of black roses that flew and died of desire within the wise
verses of profound prose.

These modify and mold this day of termination of black roots, the day of red
roses and new beginnings.

Sicelo Sithole

Blackman

Blackman why are you scared?

Blackman why do you live on other people's fears?

Blackman rise up, breath, think and be prepared

For this is your time to be, a time to shed all your tears

Sicelo Sithole

Blackstars Of Beautiful Twilight

Winding all the black thoughts of the golden children upon the lost divinity
Enriching the black history of warm words and the soulful sounds of silent dignity
Lining all the black rimes to the history walls painted by the cold face of
humanity

Igniting the black sparks of the twisted science of reality upon these cold swords
of invalidity

Looking towards the bright future of the black poetry, we proudly declare the
shine of cold thought mortality

Enhancing the forever shine of all Blackstrars, brings about my finding of true
serenity

Blackstrars of beautiful twilight shine upon my forever...spark the joy and pride
upon my black mind

Blackstrars of beautiful twilight shine upon the land of my black history and
dreams, be the vision and true joy of my black kind.

Sicelo Sithole

Chemistry 101

When I see your smile, my atoms ionise
Be my whole spiritual being, be my blessing in disguise
Be my 1s electron, my precious element and I'll love you more
In good times & in bad, like the times of our father Niels Bohr
Take me to your most secret and serene places
Where the two of us will enjoy, the glance of all possible phases
Steal all my elements, and only leave for me the Carbon
For you are my one and original icon
Violate my thoughts inside, and mostly the inside chemistry
Or fill my empty orbitals with your love and mostly the void within my poetic
mystery
Many tears I've cried, thoughts I've wondered and words scattered
Console me with your crystal symphonic voice, unified as the precious molecules
cluttered
Be the back bone of my chemistry divine, and mostly my mentor and true friend
So that like chainless units, our love will flourish like polymer ends
Within these thousand years, come into my life and solely dwell
Like the chemistry of my gentle age, be the magic of me with no spell

Sicelo Sithole

Confussion

Am i a poet
or am i just angry

Sicelo Sithole

Dreams

Dreams Is what make us who we are
They define us in many ways
Dreams were planted in us, so that one day we would shine like morning stars
They guide us through the challenges we face every day
I believe that every man was born with one precious dream
To accomplish all, to go beyond the absurd and live freely on a dream's realm
I also have a dream, after all I am born of flesh and blood
Mine is to see all Blackman, making success out of the old apartheid mud

Sicelo Sithole

Emptiness

At that moment...

I felt all the emptiness

I...

felt all the emptiness of the days

that held back

my memories of youth

all my dreams and ambitions

I felt the emptiness

I felt the emptiness

I felt the emptiness

And I didn't know why...

Sicelo Sithole

Few Words

Few words can beautifully write of old history
Few words can easily life destroy
Few words can bring to a young heart deep pain and misery
Few words can be the only source of joy
Few words can bring this bitter world to unity
Few words can lead to misunderstanding and inhumanity
Few words can be the only reason we love
The only way to bring us closer to our God above.

Sicelo Sithole

Flowers Of Gold

You are my flowers of gold,
You have preserved your beauty, yet in the days so cold.
Within the deep mysteries of love you have never sold,
Your serenity and the heart so bold.
In these days building up the towers of the years so old,
You forever remain in my memory, my only flowers of gold

Sicelo Sithole

Fresh Flowers On A Dead Dry Boat

I tear all my skins of yester days
To see your happy face always
My song is lifeless, it is like fresh flowers on a dead dry boat
It is all sweet words embodied upon a dead dry throat

Sicelo Sithole

Fresh Flowers On A Dead Wet Boat

Seasons come and go here
There is no one left to cheer
All is left is fresh flowers on a dead wet boat
Winters fall and all the emptiness reside
Through the walls mended and through the feeling inside
Neither screaming memories nor thorns of reason wonder here
All is painted now, are red thoughts of fear
Neither wheels nor pistils that grind the raw bread from the old oat
Silence prevails, silence roars in this land of the dead
Towers build and reconstruct, They say it is the hand of death that fed
What remain here now are only fresh flowers, fresh waters and cold air
These forever ring the silence in memory, writing only the art of the words bare

Sicelo Sithole

From My Perspective

From my perspective

I believe that Tupac Shakur was a victim of racism

So as Nelson Mandela, who fought through courage towards the bright light

Tupac was not just a rapper who stood up for young Black males

But an icon to me, a prophet and a voice of Malcolm X, Martin Luther King

And all the unmentioned prophets

There are many examples of such prophets, the other one Is Biko

He is the hero of me, although we still fight the battle within the minds black

Away from the now foreseen 'Tribal racism'

I remember the time they released Mandela from jail

I was eight years old,

That was a good day for me.

I also remember the time they assassinated Chris Hani

It was just after my birthday, April the 9th

That was a sad day for me

Although all the true stories are never told

My perspective forever hold

Your perspectives forever hold

After all, this is Africa the truth here is served dead and cold

Sicelo Sithole

From The Marrow Of My Dying Bone

she came unto the remembrance of all the history resting still across her mind
through this window offering her the view of the scars upon the lands of her
ancestors

she walked nakedly towards the tomb of her free womb and true being
with a still voice she sounded...

"I heard

all the words waking from my lost echoes, religion and origins...

they were surely a true mystery

voicing deep down, from the marrow of my dying bone...

Sicelo Sithole

From The Quiet Graveyard

It all came to me while I was writing,
Of the memories that held the pencil I use to write with, songs of my free youth
It is the mystery of all the promises I made from the quiet graveyard
I am not ashamed of confessing that for a while I was stuck in the mud,
That kept me going backward, into the world that gave me sooth instead of food
It is all the shame I saw on quiet graveyard,
which keep my other self in this darkness, forever.

Sicelo Sithole

From The Seeds Of Fruit To The Thorns Of Loneliness

They came to greet him with eyes closed and full of tears
The days now count all what he did in his youth and utter years
His life is now a mature harvest from the seeds of fruit to the thorns of loneliness
He now watches freely in the heavens old and bare
His heart is free from all desires; he now holds the heavenly gates with all
gentleness and fair
They came to greet him with questions in their eyes; I told them God is near
him, he is now closer to holiness

Dedicated to Sipho Sithole, my late beloved cousin.

Sicelo Sithole

From This Dry Land

“neither sweet words nor warm memories now remain, from this dry land.
it was all swept away, away to the lost shadows and rains.
all is left now are the pieces of worthless gold and the price of our moral strain,
all of this from the scars of those who heard the cries from a chill pain
they heard all the cries yes...but chose to keep the silence
but why...is the question we forever ask
but why is the question we forever ask
the answers lie upon the cease of their peace and the loss of their innocence”
this is a story I was once told by my grandfather,
and in essence it forever remains
an untold secrecy.

Sicelo Sithole

Half Around The World

Half around the world with no internet
What a beautiful way to freely connect
With these bits of coins owned by native tongues, my life I bet
To be a citizen of the world, living comfortably on the wages I get
Half around the world with all the dreams in my age I have spent
I finally return to my senses, only to see the dead watching the sunset.

Sicelo Sithole

He Sang Words From A Dying Womb

I saw a young boy sailing in my dreams, to the world he never dreamt of in his whole life

His hands full of scars, his eyes holding the view of cold memory and a single thought of all the strife

He sang words from a dying womb, with two lines full of the melody of bitter history and solemn pain

His tears brought all fear to my world watching in truth, of the hearts that suffer because of my own slay

He sang words from a dying womb, with his knees swollen of prayers he made in vain

I hold his tears and hopes in this dying womb...I pray he sails freely from this world full of lies and dismay

Sicelo Sithole

Here Is To The Girl I Loved

Here is to the girl I loved

The sweet brown skin with eyes glittering and deep

Invading my privacy, my noon's ease and sleep

The hands tender than the voices in the skies caved

The dancer within the realms of melodies I wrote

The singer about the divine words lying still in this dry boat

Here is to the girl in my lifespan I fully adored

Here is to her truly, may these words sink to all the hearts she soared

Sicelo Sithole

Homeless

she walked around the streets with bare feet
only one word described her fully: homeless
with no words she sang her story of birth, and how her family came to split
she is a mother of three, she is homeless and her heart forever remains restless.

Sicelo Sithole

How Much I Have Watered The Lilies

Four

Not three

Are the times I have watered the lilies

But who cares about our feelings

Maybe the ones who planted the seeds I did not see
are responsible for the hearts wounded and soar

How much I have watered the lilies,

Is countless

And forever causes the continuous rapture of my heart

Sicelo Sithole

How Much I Love You

Sea shores can sing praises of the dead and lonely shells
Words from the inside can gather sweet melodies unbound by evil spells
I am the architect of all these words building towers and memories I glide on
How much I love you can't compare or even be shared within the hearts forlorn
I am used to the absence of you, in that time I build words of love for you
If words were roads to riches, the art of poetry imposed to the thoughts few
You will be the richest being, swinging forever on the eternal core of my love
How much I love you
Cannot be proven true by man of flesh mortal amongst us, including me and you
But by God who waits steadily on the shores of the good heavens above

Sicelo Sithole

I Am Drinking Free

I am drinking free
From my native land full of commotion and racial spree
Yes I am black, and I can freely write, think and read
For goodness sake, give me a chance to soar and let me breath

Sicelo Sithole

I Belong Here

I grew up here
I have a family here, and my sisters are still here
A long time ago I lost my only brothers,
At no place else, but Here
My farther is still here
So as my loving mother
I love living here
I am growing older every day, so as my mother and caring farther
My grandparents lived and died here
So as my uncles, aunts, fathers and beloved cousins
I received most of my education here
I have some of my friends living here
Some died a long time ago
Some are no longer living here
My mother is growing old her hair is becoming gray
It is a beautiful thing, but she is also becoming ill
This happens at no place else, but here
She has worked the very same job in no place else
But here
At once I thought I will leave home and live at some place else
But by time I have realised one thing
The fact that I cannot deny, a realisation that
I was born here
And fully belong at no place else
But here

Sicelo Sithole

I Cry

I cry...

For all the years that has passed us by

I guess I will never know why,

You forever remain in my memory, so silent and shy...

Sicelo Sithole

I Never Loved But One Flower

I never loved, but one flower
I once stood by her for an hour
I was a teenager by then
But I was still her big fan
Sometimes it is very hard to let go
Of the things you always wished you had
Such as my love I had for her, the love I did not have a chance to show
It is now my song of joy, a song that helps me sleep whenever I got to bed

Sicelo Sithole

I Refuse

I refuse to be black in mind
For I am a star, I am one of a kind
I refuse to be ghetto and stay uneducated
For I have all the tools I need to be educated
I refuse to be Black and have an image of failure
For I am just another human being, I also can make the world go round
I refuse to ignore the fact that I am intelligent and Black
For i cannot ignore such a fact, there is nothing i lack
Although I grew up with people who spent their nights in a shack
I refuse to ignore the fact that I can have a better life
I refuse not to be Black and qualified
I just refuse not to be me

Sicelo Sithole

I Will Wait

I will wait
For my chance to come
I will patiently wait
I am rushing nowhere
I have all the time in need
I have suspended all of my greed
This moment comes once in a lifetime
I guess it is worthwhile to wait

Sicelo Sithole

Imaginary

I have a friend, imaginary
She lives a life, ordinary
We share all the laughter, regularly
And share all the matters, emotionally
If I die I hope to share what she always wrote for me, partially
For she is the only friend I have, she is my only friend imaginary

Sicelo Sithole

In My Memory

In my memory, I forever hold only two words
he loved us so much, that he gave his all to let us be
the two words are:
love and denial
like a common cultivator he planted to all of us warm seeds of love
but all what he saw
from the fruits first tasted by the foreign reapers
was denial, only denial.

Sicelo Sithole

In My Own Designs I Have Always Dreamt Of You

In my own designs I have always dreamt of you

In all these years I have walked away towards the notion, of the people I thought they will raise you from death

I still hold your robe of gentleness with the hands that saw all the seasons, of your cold heart and health

In all my art I have always paved your name as a signature of my loving memory

Years may go by, but you will always be my golden dew

If words were only meant for poets, then I rest all the essence of our lives in this short story.

Sicelo Sithole

In My Own Dictionary

I did not find
A rounded meaning
for the word love
In my own dictionary
So perplexed
as I am now
Tomorrow I will go
to
a philosopher,
a criminal,
a counselor,
a linguist,
a pastor,
a janitor
a mathematician
and a five year old child
To hear
their views
On such
Fragile matters

Tuesday, March 10, 2009 00: 37 AM

Sicelo Sithole

In My Places

I have places where i keep my old pages
I have places where i earn my minimum wages
I have places that i own
I have places of my own
I have places that i go to whenever i need peace
Places that put my mind at ease
I have places that entertain my own loneliness and bore
Places along the bright coastal sides and sea shores
Within all of these places serene and true
I have never met a poet like you

Dedicated to Lunga Nxumalo, a poet i learned a lot from and a dear friend

Sicelo Sithole

In My Travels

To this day of brilliant bright lights, I reminisce of all the memories made in my travels warm and cold
I have never written these words scattered across the landscapes of my free hand of sweet verse and prose
In my travels I have paved ways to my future thoughts amiable, like the splendor melody from a sweet old rose
I have seen the future through the power of my free imagination, and a glimpse of my eternity in great fold
Sometimes I sit and wonder if one day I will become a person I dream of in my designs and in my own marvels
My reality born through this very cold experience and the warm future I see, in the shadows of my travels

Sicelo Sithole

In This Life...

In this life the seeds of eternity gather, in the minds temperate and tender
In their lives seasons know no weather, their mood calms eternity with ease and
splendor

Thoughts of the innocent recollect and surrender, to the creator of days and all
agenda

In this life the world swirl and curl all vision like amber melody, in the name of all
events and golden sound

In this life good moments hide into points that forever fade, to the world of
trueness where all tears are bound.

Sicelo Sithole

Into The History That Rains Your Tears

Into the history that rains your tears

I wait to see your beauty of days and old years

I drink of the pleasure of your gentle voice; as I slowly conquer all my fears

Into all the darkest shadows in my mind, I lay all your words that when sounded
clears

All worries hidden within hearts longing for loving, into your world that forever
smears

The reasons why I adore, your presence forever dancing in my life circles and
these love spheres

Sicelo Sithole

Lessons From My Farther

“what more can I tell you” he said,
with eyes filled with dry tears, and feet laid still upon a fragile bed.
“avoid emptiness at heart, and always fill your cup with innocence and peace”
with these words he laid, I drew all possible lessons from these pieces shaded
“live in the harmony of the joy of your forever with ease”
these are lessons from my farther, lessons I learned before my small world faded

Sicelo Sithole

Letters

Beneath the dusk, lie the letters of undefined memory.

"The noon dies with moons desires" the first line reads.

Blind is the heart that saw, tears in words" the second line rimes in concerto.

Holy winds blow so low, and in extent, caving the angels resting above in harmony.

"Dark thoughts out of emptiness filling our lost soul and rhythm", the third line follows.

Words in letters are true; they are the window to my past and a gate to my raw pain.

"Death dies within slaves, desire within fellowmen and envy within kings" the fourth is final.

The lines within beasts and queens, the letters within never die, they are the mystery eternal.

Sicelo Sithole

Like A Soft Wet Wind

Like a soft wet wind

I bring joy to the young, dancing in the silence of the brown fields

To the old, waiting in the depths of the walls built by this old dry wheat

I dissolve their tears upon the joy of my voice, as I laugh in places where I eat

To the rivers ancient and to the lakes new

I am the master laying softly, in the dreams of this wet wind

I am like a father to all the dews

I am like a soft wet wind, resting in the soils where God rests and patiently builds

Sicelo Sithole

Mama Is In Pain

Mama is in pain

I know so, because she cries of wounds every now and again

I feel like I am responsible for the slay

All of my education and thoughts cannot fully pay

For the price of birth

And for the chance to come and wonder on earth

They say mama is insane

But I know one thing, mama is only in pain

The hands responsible are all watching, I know so because the hands are ours

My mama is in pain, and the price await closely in seconds and in hours

Sicelo Sithole

March 1987

The morning glitters with sparks of my forever born through, as the waves of change make way and pass me by

The noon is clear and blossoms of metaphors, melodies, poetry and black prose from my good silent eye

The night is cold though, it sweeps with gentle breeze and cease all the symphony of the night...And I ask why?

The midnights hold and lighten up a new world to my black imagination and to my free soul that forever cry!

All the days born from this are a true reflection of my future ability, a complete new life, it is March 1987

And my heart forever waits for you, my true world of innocence and my sweet serene zeal of old heaven!

Sicelo Sithole

Maybe Alone

Maybe Alone

Right
through
my
father's sage
a deep voice
a silent void
an empty page
a bottle of wine
a don of early age
old shadows and flowers
tears
of all my dead brothers
emotions like no other
mother, mother, am I alone?
Grandpa-where have you gone

July 2010 2: 59 pm

To my dear brothers and grandpa-

Sicelo Sithole

My Life

My life,
Is like a glittering dream.
Engulfed fully by this graveyard,
I by my own hands tunnel

Sicelo Sithole

My Song Of All Years

Meandering melodies of my modesty, fresh youthful wishes and the true beauty
of my lost philosophy
Pour out onto the world of my infant and dying passion, the joy of my juvenile
imagination and soliloquy
Uniting strings of the dark birth of my song of years, the room of tears through
this line of undefined symphony
My joy, passion, ambition, love and fate of my soul bound in this song born of
tears and of this silent memory
End all my thoughts of pain, un-forgiveness, and the hate born out of selfishness
and the desire misunderstood
Meandering imagination of my tears of old lament, the beauty of all years jailed
in essence of my old grain
Churning chances of all her noble modesty lost to her pride that composed this
verse of no losses or gain
Hymning of these lines from a song of my yester age, the words through the
page I scattered in sorrow and pain
Unleash the reasons I write of years that reveal the entire motive behind the
pieces fading every now and again
Nursling of my cold world of fear and agony provoke all my cries born out of my
young love dying in vain
Unending thoughts of this song of all years born of tears are all my reasons why
I live in silence and in solitude

Sicelo Sithole

O Mother

O mother

Look all your children are gone

They have left your heart forlorn

O mother, judge not yourself or any other

But address everything to God

For He has all the answers, even for the questions unjust and odd

Sicelo Sithole

O! Silent Eyes, Does From You Any Goodness Prevail

O! Silent eyes, does from you any goodness prevail
Or you are truly as they say a slaughter of a young man's desire
I have words for you, words that will hold your beauty in my heart before it sails,

Away to the hearts with cold ash on matters of love, tenderness and peace
Words of a fruitfull price, words that guides my thoughts to ease
The words are: Flowers, life, denial and fire

Sicelo Sithole

Odd Art

I call it odd art, the feast of the modern gods of poetry, my true joy and the burst of my infant passion

It is a forever inspiring vision that swifts between my dreams forgotten and my black history within

Perhaps it is these dark thoughts confined between these spaces of odd sort

Or a thought provoked within a shallow version of divinity, a gift moved upon the space abort

It is words embedded in this natural world; swirled, bound and curled...

Curled by this odd art hidden beneath the black skin and lines forbidden to the sight which the angels curved!

It forever dwells within my black soul and white voids with no singularities...

White words and black art with no native differences

It is the pouring of the black hands and the heart of the poetry in disperse

Simple things we won't find in this odd art of black masters and finite universe

Sicelo Sithole

On The Origins Of The Money, The Market And Slaves

Four boarders, languages, clans of colour and an old age of metals
Bare landscapes, rare travels, ancestry, raw sleeves and petals
The natives: The slaves, then the market and the money
The inventions, alchemy, the art a sweet harmony!
The first laws of exchange, ideas of tax and early ideas of wealth
Ideas of centralism, greed and making more money out of death
The role of the slaves, to plough the yards and farms and make more cents
To build the market, to build the market until it made more sense!
To let the whole world know, that for thousands of years evil shall reign
The origins of the market and money, the pure effort of slaves without any gain

The slaves were brought from slavery by blood, sweat and tears
Was that not in vain if slavery now has changed form
From working muscles for a thousand years
To brains not working but greed fills the hearts of the wounded
Will more greed heal the wounds of evil irreversible?
The laws of exchange revisited
Wealth not in monetary terms
Wonder if by loosing we did not gain
Lessons learnt from bloodshed
Should gain us bare landscapes, rare travels, ancestry, raw sleeves and petals

Written In Collaboration with Xolelwa Zulu (verse 11-20: 01 February 2010)

Sicelo Sithole

Poetry

Poetry is no excuse to songs

Or to prose

But It is a like a sweet red rose,

A deep awaking breath upon the minds, willing to be slaves of such art

Sicelo Sithole

Shades Of A Lifetime-My Lifetime

In these shades across, I dream of the land full of voices shouting for the justification of hearts

In my heart lie piles of all the shades born of yester belief, the combination of all my decaying parts

With the sight raw from this land, I wonder of possibilities of seeing my age being born of this pure rain

With my heart I write of the voices in these shades I dream of, I pull my soul to the voices every now and again

Shades or words pour out to this cold circle of voices and cold land, as I engulf my world to poetry or rime

These voices bring my own world to life beyond these shades of a lifetime...the shades of my lifetime

Sicelo Sithole

She Was...

She was the contradiction of science and fiction
The stone lay upon the flowing colonies...probably a mere illusion
She was a peaceful creature that within hearts flourished, beyond the soul of all
common eternity
An ocean in a salty dropp within their tears, the sweetest words above a vivid
dream
In her golden ways she dreamed upon a string of false empire
She existed within the cold spheres, suppressed thoughts and the gates of all
immortal beings
She dwelled within songs of a traveller, laid upon dark facts and essences of
common things
She was the cause of grief in solemn symphonies and in the convoluted heart
sworn
A blessing in disguise for many of these parallel visions across
She was all the chances that I hoped I will grasp within all the days of loss.
I call her; a mere shift of lost imagination that serenely rested upon,
The illusions in my past years as a boy I've seen,
The questions of fate, and the chase of all my happiness that has been,
The tie beyond what is by her commonly known,
As words of mere illusion, the profound truth about all her secrets not shown

Sicelo Sithole

Simple Things We Won't Find

With patience I wait upon my words, with scrolls full of simple things we won't find

In this dream I alone chase away memories and the lost words that now forever rest behind

Your world of beauty and innocence, the world forbidden from this desire I have inside

You are all my reasons I write of all the sweetest words that in my heart forever hide

There are simple things that in this world we won't find, they were made and meant to pass us by

In this world we are sometimes driven by mysterious themes of loneliness

In the end our history finds us and takes us back to the basics...and we always wonder why

It is the simple things we won't find, that keeps me writing even though I die sweetly in stillness

Sicelo Sithole

Some Campus 'poets'

Don't fall for all the tricks at campus theaters
Performed by some well respected campus 'poets'
They will sing words of beauty, words so true that in essence neglects
The reason why real poets write...
Why they hardly sleep at night, because of issues that in their minds ignite,
Sparks to discoveries made by poets in the streets, buses, and bars
Don't fall for these tricks and words, for they only lead to boredom
But gather your thoughts and peace amongst those who write songs of freedom

Sicelo Sithole

St. Francis College Marianhill

And I could swear that all this time I was dreaming
Down there at the laundry, a dusty room with portraits of catholic religion
And behind those shattered glasses, shadows and walls
An old piano
Outside
A small field with corn, sugarcane, potatoes and fresh tomatoes we could 'not'
have
Somewhere there behind those small metal scraps
Where 'some' of us prayed
An old spot for gazing at the stars whenever I missed home
I cherished the
Nights
Where there was immense
Singing and beat-boxing
Clapping and dancing, Hymning and rhyming
A chainless harmony
Of
Unsullied memories
The free spirit
Of
Days of colour, open spaces and pockets full of dreams
St. Francis College Marianhill
A place where poetry met art
Then the poets and artists
Made that very first start
Their lifelong journey of experience
And up there, the
"Ora"
As we called it
A stage for all the miracles
And Biko can testify
The joy that that small place could bring
This is where I first felt the strength of
Love
Religion
Poetry
Art
The Science
And the Silence

If there be a place
That I could forever hid my face
Let it be next to those
Walls, gardens, monuments of beauty and peace
For my heart will find peace there
It will find it will great splendor and ease

-Inspired by Don Laka's and Alicia Keys Songs: Late Again & Try To Sleep With A Broken Heart (20 January 2010)

Sicelo Sithole

Summer Days At Hammarsdale

Early in the morning they shout,
In the lonely dark streets.
Walking, talking and wondering about.
Who cares anyway, it is their freedom to be.
But look closely at their stories stolen with ease from their bare feet
The loss of true self and the power of the imagination to see
A new world that can arise from these ashes and a dream that can never fail
In these lonely dark streets yes, beneath the summer days at Hammarsdale

Sicelo Sithole

The African Reason

I am the African reason
Blossoming fruitfully in every season
In vivid white thoughts and dark perception
I bring melody and the glance of free imagination
On cold circles of my own African passion and silent thought invaded continents
I swift with gentle breeze of poetic rains and shadows of all judgments
The cycle of pain raw ferment and with disguise pins deep
The dark skins of our African origin and us black roses, as I by virtue fade in my
death's sleep
I am the African reason and the black soul wondering in my own shadows to
make a mark
In; African dizziness, grey mists, fresh heat, thunders and the domes of my
eternity so bulk!
I am bound and rooted by pride and the reasons that we speak, as the seeds
burst into the flames...
The white injustice molded to the dark...as the history to the names
I am the reason Africa is my only black joy, rhythm, poetry and beat
The true philosophy of being black in Africa, and the pride to stand by my black
feet!

Sicelo Sithole

The Angry Dog

In the morning he barks
angry as ever
he curses all the mouths that shout
and curse the cold day and weather
angry as he is
with no food, plans, clothes and the worries on 'life fees'
he blesses all the thoughts of this new day

Sicelo Sithole

The Art I Could Not Fake

with the walk I could fake his appearance
with the voice I could fake his anger and emotion
they say that every part of me
was a perfect image of him
above all this
there is one thing
only one thing that I could not fake
it dwells only in his passion and ultimate secrecy
above all it is the only one thing from him I could not fake:
his art of his free imagination
and pure intelligence

Sicelo Sithole

The Black Box

Finally I am here

There is no room to breath or anyone for your thoughts to hear

The floor is wet, the drinking water is too hot for 'humans' to drink

This is definitely not a place to find peace, but a black box to think

Of all the right and wrong reasons

Of every wages of thoughts you have spent, in the dark days and seasons

Sicelo Sithole

The Black Victory

The true joy is the measure of self-justice planted in the essence of black beauty;
we are the black
soul of mind serenity, we come a long way we cannot fail!
Not at this time bounded by dimensions of poverty and inequality, no! Not within
a thousand years
We have survived the storms of cold mentality; our hearts are forever thankful
and for an eternity will sing all hail!
Sing for the redemption of all; lost years, the seed of black thought and the time
spent in the valley of tears
Upon this day we have carried the burden of our struggle, the sorrow within our
tears is our testimony
We have conquered our fears, and the valley of tears painted by the seed of
white age and thought
The progress can never be stopped by any measure, nor by law or by white the
discrimination living in black Irony!
We shall win as we were meant to win, the black victory, we are the immortal
battle that the white masters never fought!

Sicelo Sithole

The Blood And Flesh

The spirit, water, fire, ash and the flowing harmony combined.

The flesh deceived, anger rooted, soul emptiness and the pure truth denied.

Elements of all false and lost desires, my whole laws within, and the dark mind confined.

Rest upon now; all fading souls, my deep imagination about all the complexity of age undefined

These are just my reasons rested below the heavens, the witness of my own blood and flesh that saw the Angels divine.

Sicelo Sithole

The Death Of Kings And Queens We All Knew

Their blood now gushes through the drought in my eyes as I knew well the history of their names

This must be the peculiar day of my life; they say it is the death of kings and queens we all knew

Their hands that wrote these lines are lost in my memory and rest in this cold ash made of my own flame

Their feet that walked this warm earth with tenderness, their innocence I sold to the world now holding my view

Their voices are now pain to my entire world waiting in denial, their shadow gathers toward the death I fed

Their hearts forever grieve; their souls seek chances now aborted, my hand is responsible for all the blood shed

Sicelo Sithole

The Fig Tree

how effortless is for it not to bear fruits
do you feel the cry of this young fig tree?
It comes from the thirsty leaves of its cursed dying root
its seeds know no difference between existence and age
it is all the words veiled upon the thinking of me,
the futile feeling I keep hiding upon this dead page

Sicelo Sithole

The First Symposium

A sweet beat
Of silence
sweeps the grand stand
at this first symposium
The cold wind
Filters the mood amongst
The Mothers
As they gather
Around this odd weather
From the ploughs
and the raw emotions
of blue waters and unjust harvests
The fathers Gather
With a mood better
Something strange has happened at the place
Of their own birth
It is their first symposium
And
All their children
Are
Missing

Sicelo Sithole

The Good Sheppard

No voices or stones now remain

To curse the day the good sheppard lead the good flock to the land of shame

The world is small and it cannot for his honesty purely maintain

The war lost upon the dusty sides, the land now with no peace but ironic fame

Sicelo Sithole

The Lady With No Smile

Early in the morning I will see her
Dancing in the circles of her own songs
With no smile she told me all the stories under her breast bare
Revealing the nature of her heart that forever longs
To be a lady laying in green shadows without a smile
To walk around the shades of innocence and peace for a while

Sicelo Sithole

The Magic Window

The birds are skinny rats
The oceans and skies are filthy cats
Through this magic window
All things fall to the wings of this blue shadow
The lightning and the bright sun are sweet waters
The buildings on the streets are four alters
In this magic window
There is not a pore where reality can pour

Sicelo Sithole

The Ocean

I am the first and last religion, waiting patiently on all shores in every season.
Through the age I have stood, mastered all the tears of man that came and went.

For after some time I laugh, for my age sleeps kindly upon edges of rocks rough.
To the minds curious, I create pores for my peace and spaces where I only vent.

I'm like a deep mine where all life began, the owner of the heavens and life span
I sit upon the soft edges of gold, diamonds, rubies and riches of all kind.
For if these treasures were exposed, then all meanings of life will still be closed.
Through deep spaces and motions of time I focus, and through energy rewind.

I am the reason why all cities were built, the reason why Columbus came to split.
With the messengers waiting on borders, for their joy and hope on minds unjust.
I was with God at the beginning, maintained my joy until people began sinning.
Flashed their ignorance through floods of Noah, and swept away all of their lust.

I am the ocean made solely by your tears of years, the father of all the galaxies
I stand freely upon the joy of my nature, as I read my diary on an eternal axis
I separate tribes, voices, religions, and all the knowledge waiting true and deep
I walk everywhere, harnessing the power of freewill and the art of day and night.

I am the ocean, the mother of life and all her children dancing in this bright light
I breathe through the pores of thunderstorms, through rain find my own sleep
Through history and life recollections I gather my soul and days, only to rhyme
For I am the translation of my own, the hand of God resting upon edges of time.

25 February-01 March 2009, inspired by -"The Cloud"- By Percy
Bysshe Shelley

Sicelo Sithole

The Old House

Here is to the house now old
Inside rest all the stories untold
It is a place where all our good memories were mold
Storms of hunger, pain and death came by but the dignity was never sold
Inside towers of riches within hearts were built and they surely worth more than
gold
Here is to the house now old, a place where my sense of origin forever hold
Matters of the old life I never knew in my youth bold...matters of death now
watching us in great fold

Sicelo Sithole

The Old Wind

My life drifts on the strings of this old wind
The question is: do I flow with it or do I make all possible moves?
With no answer and reasoning but only the seasoning speed
It is only death upon my life that purely feed
Upon the joints of the old wind and major grooves
Cutting all the questions temperate and kind
All the journeys through the corrupt lines in my mind
Only to realise am at the birth of springs, flying with the masters of this old wind

Sicelo Sithole

The Performer

Black on stage,
Sweet on the mic.
The eyes hold all the beauty of old age
With no fears from the past that could strike

Sicelo Sithole

The Plot

In three days all the bells will ring,
And the birds will swallow.
All the words that the world would bring,
To the day neglected by many, the day in our lives so near and shallow.

Sicelo Sithole

The Price Of Death

I have paid the price I thought I will never pay
So to live and be able to see this beautiful day
I have written words I thought in my childhood I will never write
Just to see this day so beautiful and bright
I am standing at your door always, waiting for a right chance to come
Or perhaps for my days to sum
Waiting for all the lines disquieting my mind to collapse and rebuild
Or for your love patches to forever remain sealed
I have paid the price of death, at a very tender age
Paid this price in full, for all the deals I have signed upon this page
It is only the price of death, watching closely my days on earth
That can fully repay me, for all the love I lost at the death of your birth

Sicelo Sithole

The Rivers She Crossed

From all the motives she had in mind, rested a wish of making it to the other side.

Few words could have mired her not to go by, the chill mystery she always wanted to find

This is proof of the letters in her youth she wrote, for an oath to the history she coined and pain she coded.

For all the innocents she murdered on the rivers she crossed, in her full ambitions resting patiently in her mind.

The rivers she crossed,

Are all the shades of the dead which in her youth were never found!

Sicelo Sithole

The Secret

nobody knew
the big difference they saw
between the colours: black and white
as it has never been revealed before...
it seems as if it will never come to existence. it remains a common secret forever
I guess it is nothing but a hidden sordid treasure...
why keep hiding it then..?
is it truly something that you are prepared to die with...
walk around this earth in your days and really don't feel a shame..?

Sicelo Sithole

The Silent Hill

With no room for any fears

I wait for you at the silent hill always

With the hands writing of the history of all beautiful days

I glide onto my lost memory, as I wait patiently for you upon these dying years

Sicelo Sithole

The White Box

In this room, I can only use words as weapons
To buy my freedom at least, so I can 'run' away from my summons
I cannot shout or judge here, all my misery is now paved in the art to listen
The voids from the dry valleys are calling me, recollecting all my ways of sin
This is surely a one man stand: there are no folks, not even friends at least
It is only my conscience that pulls me, pulling me away from the law: the 'beast'

Sicelo Sithole

They Are All Gone

they were all here, and they were my only brothers
although they are all gone, they will forever dwell in my memory
in the presence and in the absence of all the others
they wrote into hearts a message, compiling the pages of their short lives and
stories

To my late beloved brothers, your memory lives on

Sicelo Sithole

To My Father

With this pencil of years I write freely for you my loving father
You are all my reasons I fly to the world beyond the further
With you in my thoughts I walk to places where all seasons render
Your power of free voice to which all my infant imagination surrender

With this pencil that saw your health alter in loneliness
I write for you my dear father, and thank you for the braveness
You showed to my world that in years almost died of the emptiness
Of the courage in difficult situations, a true sagacity of turning all bitter moments
to cheerfulness

With this pencil in hands that now hold the matters of the world so complicated
I write to you my loving father, the architect of the science in me so well
reflected
How I wish I can build you towers of God's memory where your desires can be
perfected
You are my beautiful fountain that forever rest in all my recollections devoted

With this pencil you created and planted in me the seed of warm journey and
ceaseless breath
I write to you my father in tears of ecstasy with the gift of free verse resting
upon my bare hands
How I hope I could live with you forever in the yet to come Promised Land
If fate forever waits for our souls in this cold world, know I will always hold your
memory till the time of death

Sicelo Sithole

To My Mother

The hand that wrote history onto a dying heart
The land that raw emotion could not torn apart
The sweet bud waiting for eternity with gentleness and loving age
Is the giver of life to this hand, writing of her this short message

Sicelo Sithole

Traces Of My African Origin

Into this journey of years, I wait to see the traces of my African origin
I write freely from this ark waking the essence of my dark life and sin
I swallow all white skins tearing my concerto from the roots where I begin
Like a verse from an epic made by a black hand, I feed from this starving bin
I pour all the glittering melody lost upon the voices; black, noble and keen
In these values made of old pieces of indignity, I pour all my ambitions unclean
I rest upon valleys of dead bones, a consign where all my thought use to glean
From the silent beats of my modesty, into hearts of the precursors of this spleen
I lay freely from my scenery of thought. I glide into the past mold by a timid
dean

Into the void and pride of my lost origins, I rise in praise of this puzzling spin
In this land now full of torn emotion and maladies pending in folds and full blast
I rest upon the waters of the fresh heat born from these mountains prized for
lust

In all the visions sold, I lay my life to be cast to the origins of this white gust
In the silence of my African origins, I cast all misery into the shadows of the past

Sicelo Sithole

Unfolding Landscapes & Blue Horizons

And then I saw
Unfolding landscapes and blue horizons
Green wine fields, blue waters and colourful flowers
Pink, red, olive and yellow
Orchards, fruits and lemons mellow
Rare fish, strange air breeze, sunrises and sunsets
'Preserved gardens, ' houses with no people, a life in secrecy!
The land they call
Cape Town
The cows are fat
The whole land is painted with naked beauty
The mountain gasps the tunnel of chill air
Below the rare heavens bare
A clear site of the city
It is a beauty to watch, a magnificent vista
Down there
Is a place
That hid
Man and women
Of beauty and peace
Robin Island
A sculpture of iconic history
And the rain, the landscapes and the clouds
Dissolve 'all' the yester torment and pain
Upon the unfolding landscapes and the blue horizons
Nature's beauty
Is love
And
Cape Town
Is just all that

Sicelo Sithole

Voices Calling From A Dead Valley

I heard voices calling from a dead valley
a place where I hoped that one day I will sing songs of freedom and peace
In the silence of all the hearts that wrote this poem nearly
To the ears hearing and wondering in the circles of their stolen ease
I forever long to bury all my bare words upon their history we all saw
I open up a new realm into their path, as Samson did it with a dead dry jaw

Sicelo Sithole

Voices Of Sailors From The Land Now Forgotten

they were sailors from the land now forgotten and they are now all gone
In our dreams we hear their voices calling
but there is nothing we can try to do,
for they left our hearts sore and forlorn.
they sailed away from this land of frayed emotion
away to find redemption and peace for me and you

Sicelo Sithole

Walking In The Silence

They allowed young man to walk around places, with no knowledge of where they were.

In that walk were future priests... to hold words to the hearts of those walking in silence

A storm came by and took all young souls waiting in isolation, with feet full of words of the place now bare.

Walking in the silence brought shame to the elders who instead of audacity showed ignorance.

The land now wonders and writes the history of those who came and left signs of loneliness

The words are scattered and questions remain unanswered, in this walk of silence, there is no sign of holiness

Sicelo Sithole

We Walk The Past

From the dark wombs of your faithful thought oh! Dear Africa
From the white nations, the gods of black art and the creators of this bold scar
From the curses of rebuking the black origin, and walking the past to the years
so far
From the dark minds confided with sorrows of age and that of shining black stars
From the African slave ships, to these seeds scattered by this silent scar
From the history of walking four hundred years into the past, to this black dream
of now cold Africa
The essence within the songs amongst black souls that saw the art cold and soar
Lament upon my ears like the past years walked from the future of Darfur
Towards all the common laws laid before us black slaves, that left the poverty
seed fresh & raw
Praise to surviving black males, the precious seeds of my thought warm and the
written cold verse
Shame to the surviving white thought, the decaying seed that brought the
fountain of the cold curse
We walk the past; we are the black life unfound from the white life on this
system in reverse
Upon this cold history we stand and walk the past years towards the common
peaceful universe

Sicelo Sithole

With You Forever

As the world goes by

I watch you in all my days with a tear of years pouring through my silent eye

How I wish I could end the cry...

With you forever on my side, with all the pain in my heart saying goodbye

As your music tangles me with hush into the world I never knew

I drown my spirit for fulfillment, and dance onto your world bound by heavenly view

I'm lost to my forever when I'm with you, like haze born from the cry of morning dews

With you forever, I long to go to the world of the ordinary never!

Amongst the thoughts of all the royal and clever, I long to be with you forever.

Sicelo Sithole

Words For You

I have words for you
They are few
You sparkle and shine like the sun and stars in my vivified view
Yes, it is true
The hardest thoughts come to those waiting with no clue
If only they knew
My few words for you
They would not come from the world I know not to sue...
If only they knew
My few words for you
they will die off from the shadows of the sun, like a bright morning dew

Sicelo Sithole

Words From A Dead Leaf

Beneath the shadows of this dead tree cursed
I drink all the joy of the words, from its dead dry leaves
Within the mystery of this art solemnly nursed
I learn new words from a dead leaf words guiding me on how to let go

Sicelo Sithole