

Poetry Series

**Thobile Masondo**  
**- poems -**

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## Thobile Masondo(19 February 1979)

My name is Thobile Masondo from South Africa. I work as a public servant. I am currently finalizing my MBA. You might be tempted to ask, 'MBA and Poetry? '.I love writing, though I cannot write on commission. My work is based on emotions, my interpretation of situations, experiences and perceptions. When writing poetry, I speak my mind. My work precisely showcase my thoughts and emotions on a particular subject. I do hope that one day most of my work gets published.

# A Poem For My English Friend

Helo rida  
I tryng to writ poem for my inglish frend  
I not speak the languag myself  
I try to fid gud wods

Inteprit for me plese  
I writ sincere wods  
In inglish, but not spik the language myself  
Listin to this rida

My inglish frend is nise  
Sometmes, he maks me mad  
He can be polite  
But someatimes he drves me nutty

He juges my cuture and traditin  
He tings, I shud no more write poem  
He says he knws I can't  
Sometimes he drves me coockoooo

I love him so  
But he says my way are embarasing and despicali  
I can't take many wife, he tings its not fine  
Sometimes he give me hibby jibby

I tel him, I love the language so so much  
He say my ways are worng  
I mus not kil a gout or a cow  
Sometime he give me a hadache

I love him so  
But he say my way is not nise  
I mus not tolk to the spirit of my ded father  
Sometime he maks me scrim

If English is the global medium of communication  
Is there right or wrong English?  
Is there right or wrong culture?

Is there a right or wrong poem or poet?

I challenge you English friend  
Tell me, I'm wrong to interpret your language  
In a way that suits me best  
My English friend makes me laugh

Thobile Masondo

# Africa My Land

Africa my land  
Land of the condemned  
Your mountains are the measures of your strife  
Your rivers are the measures of your tears  
Your soil is the measure of your pride

Africa my land  
Land of trials and tribulations  
Your wisdom has raised foreign nations and instilled hope to the desolate  
Your African sun still shines jubilantly, lighting your beauty and humility  
Your scars are hidden in your valleys and streams

Africa my land  
Land of conquerors and warriors  
With cracked feet you continue to stand  
Like Sirius you shine against all odds  
exonerate your fears and continue to strive

Africa my land  
Land of hope and victory  
Beat the drum and call your children to rejoice in your might and strength  
Let your wounds mark the battles you've won  
Let your beauty mark the beginning of a great journey, but not the end

Thobile Masondo

# Another One Bites The Dust

Careless decisions  
Imperfect conclusions  
Wrongful judgments  
Another one bites the dust

An innocent soul prematurely dies  
Another child bellows in the dark  
Another nation is overwhelmed by fear  
Another one bites the dust

A casual observer looks on with no emotion  
A barren woman thanks the Gods  
A wealthy nation continues to flourish  
Another one bites the dust

Paint the skies black and red  
The sun should shine no more  
Tell the stars to cease their glow  
Mothers plead with heavens  
Brides wear black and grey  
Mother earth release your anger  
Dear poet, no more love verses  
Silence the praise singer  
Silence the trumpet  
Let all mourn the death of a conscience  
As another one bites the dust

Thobile Masondo

# Death Does Not Judge

It takes princesses and princes  
It takes the young and the old  
It takes the innocent and the guilty  
It takes the black, the white, the pink and the green  
Death shows no emotion

It shows no respect for Kings and Queens  
It shows no mercy to the newborns and wives  
It never notices beauty or curves  
It does not spare the famous and the celebrated  
Death does not judge

It doesn't judge the color of my skin,  
The shape of my nose  
The ailments that trouble me  
Or the wealth I possess  
Death sees me and you as equals my friend

Thobile Masondo

# Destiny

Destiny

Who conceives you?

Who assigns you?

Some call you divine and some call you malicious

You are the fate of the believer

Destiny

A masterpiece you are

A product of conviction

Your work is remarkable

Some outstanding and some atrocious

Destiny

Called to give purpose to the purposeless

Answer what fails the wisest of them all

Uplift the spirit of the broken

You are the intention of a zealous spirit

Thobile Masondo



# Farewell My Beloved

Don't cry for me my beloved  
My time has come, the timer is still  
I've sniffed a rose and loved the smell  
I've heard the birds sing their lovely tunes and sang along  
I've felt your love and affection, you have felt mine  
I've tasted some of the finest wines  
Shiraz, Sauvignon Blanc and the ever so lovely rosé  
I think I'm done

Don't cry for me my dear  
Allow me to say my farewells  
The fruits of my womb are blossoming  
The work of my hands is the love I leave you with  
The teachings I've shared are a part of my soul, I give to you  
My footprints on the lands I've travelled will remind you I'm always here  
My mission is complete

Don't cry for me my treasured one  
Forget my transgressions and inadequacies  
Remember the smile that lit your world  
Remember the touch that made you blush  
Remember the embrace that kept you safe  
But most of all, remember the victor  
My obligation is accomplished

Farewell my beloved

Thobile Masondo

# Rat Atat Alang!

Rat atat alang!

He speaks a language never heard

A tear slowly strides on his cheek

He seeks but cannot find

He chooses not to find but to seek nonetheless

He fears a find will take him deeper into the dark

He dreams a new tribe is born

A tribe that understands the echoes of rat atat alang

He howls and pulls his white thin hair

And bangs his head against the wall

Memories racing ruthlessly

Playing like a horror film

Invade his privacy against his will

He touches but cannot feel

He chooses not to feel, but touches nonetheless

He fears a feeling will awaken sleeping beasts

He dreams, he is King of Heartache

Heartache that can only be described in a language never spoken,

Needles and medicine don't do the trick

He rules his kingdom with passion and understanding

His subjects respect his madness

He needs but cannot get

He chooses not to get, but needs nonetheless

He fears his needs won't fill the void

A lunatic we call him

His tribesmen hail him King of heartache

As he calls out loud, 'rat atat alang! '.

Thobile Masondo

# Rise Young Black Woman, Rise

Don't hide your face young beauty  
The shame of your youth,  
The poverty you know,  
The horrors you've seen,  
Do not define you

Don't be afraid young African  
You've drank from the calabash of knowledge  
You've dodged some of the sharpest spears  
You've swam in quiet lakes where the great one sleeps under  
Like smoke from the rondavel, rise and escape the dark spirit

Rise young black splendor, rise  
Embrace your magnificence  
Embrace your distinctiveness  
Embrace your femininity  
Rise young black woman, this is your time

Thobile Masondo

# Salute Me

Salute me soldiers  
Salute me for battles I've won  
Salute me for the pain I've conquered  
Salute me now, before the sun goes down

Salute me warriors  
Salute me for lives I've saved  
Salute me for warriors not yet born  
Salute me now before the sunsets

Salute me world  
Salute me for the Einsteins born  
Salute me for the Martin Luther Kings freeing the world  
Salute me now before the full moon rises

Salute your mothers  
Salute your sisters  
Salute women's independence  
Salute your heroines before the waters cover the earth

Thobile Masondo

# Silently

Screams and curses never told and never heard  
Buried beneath her pretty smile  
Slash, Crush and Sever her fragile heart  
Silently she grieves  
She grieves broken promises that never came to pass

Like a budding tree  
New loves leave new marks on her aging skin  
Scatched, Scorned and battered  
Silently she hates  
She hates the rise of romantic ideals

She walks amongst them and laughs like the rest of them  
Impressively wearing her agony like a treasured hat  
Swaying her hips like he swayed the bat  
Silently she walks on  
She glides in red stilettos, as red as the rage somewhere within her aching heart

She dreams of a tomorrow  
Where daughters in her land will cease to love like their mothers  
Cease to worship like their mothers worshiped  
But walk amongst them as solid equals  
Silently she prays

Thobile Masondo

# The Merlot

The medicine man has failed yet again, to numb it  
Soft kisses and warm embraces cannot erase the pain inside  
The preacher's message is like a dagger in my heart  
The best of my best sleeps an eternal sleep  
The Merlot does the trick, but only for a moment

Each day is an act  
I play a leading lady in a perfect world amongst perfect people  
But when the sunsets, the masquerade of emotions  
Overwhelms me  
The Merlot does the trick, but only for a moment

The night knows my secrets, yes my deeds  
When the moon lights the earth, my mourning begins  
Deep, deep inside I yearn for a chance to salute her one last time  
The reality of her eternal exit shatters any hope of a final goodbye  
The Merlot does the trick, but only for the moment

The cord has been cut  
I stand alone and prepare to face the dark cloud without her comfort  
I fall alone without my devotee beside me  
The vine cannot be trusted, however  
The Merlot does the trick just for a moment

Thobile Masondo

# The Professor

A wealth of knowledge,  
An abundance of wisdom,  
A heart full of passion,  
A gift of healing hands,  
I saw it all in him

He is a treasure walking amongst us,  
An unsung hero bringing hope to the desperate,  
A prospector searching for knowledge to enrich the lives of the meek,  
A gift from the eternal man mandated to embrace the gift of life,  
He is the Professor

The scar across my neck displays his talents,  
It reminds me of the sanity once lost,  
It emboldens the appreciation of life,  
It showcases the competence of his hands,  
He is the Professor that gave me a chance

Thobile Masondo

# The Vineyard

Vile truths have been told by vile people  
in the vineyard  
Vindictively violating my dignity  
Connected like a venous mess  
They validate my worthlessness

I vehemently deny  
I violently voice my anguish  
Like a venomous snake they bite without mercy  
Vapourizing my hopes and dreams  
Heaven has validated my doom, my destiny

Like vampires they suck my inner peace  
Their evil spreads like a viral infection  
The vibrant, vivacious little girl is vanishing  
Like a vagabond, i beg for mercy  
Veil less and value less, I submit

I give in  
My shame shall end with death  
I shall not veer from this decision  
The vibrant little me is no more  
The grave shall cover my shame

In death my value is more  
As vibrant, vivacious little girls sing my praises  
There is no vangeance for dead little girls  
As the vineyard lives on  
Like a venomous snake it bites another

Thobile Masondo



# Write Me A Love Letter

Write me a love letter  
With no fancy rhymes or bombastic words  
Impress me with your heart, not your ability and charm  
Keep it simple and straight to the point  
Describe the emotion not my beauty  
Allow me to see your heart and soul  
Describe every skipped beat  
And arrhythmia  
Tell me about the butterflies in your stomach  
And how weak your knees become when you see me  
I know sometimes you speak in tongues and misplace your vocabulary  
In my presence  
Tell me more  
Dear lover, tell me how you toss and turn at night  
Thinking of the right words, the right verse and the right attire  
Hhm, funny how mighty and strong you are  
And yet this petite powerless me makes you flee  
You so want to meet me, but you change direction when I come your way  
Tell me why  
Help me understand the desperation of your heart  
Perhaps, I can take a peak  
And see for myself, how weak your heart is  
You don't look me in the eye witty lover  
You lose your charm and shake like a leaf  
Inside me, I giggle mischievously  
Pen it down my seeker  
Write me a love letter

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