

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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I call myself a writer not a poet but then again I write to be a poet lol just I think calling myself would mean I'm more great or I'm at stage to be in a place with great poets I still respect so this word poet I live to respect

2nd February

Like air next to the water fall
Like a blue sky and a moon at day light
Like the sun shadow the moon at night
Like a rain from heaven I have fall

Mountains have moved
Lions have feared
Kings kneeled
Time stopped

As I listen
You talk to my vain
In it heart blood has run
Love has impossible to happen

Zibele Mrasi

A Dream

The dream I have dreamed
the dream I have lived
the vision is still clear
in this night I have walked with no fear
the love surround me not with lies
joy in there faces
brought me a realty not to miss

I have been there when eye lashes meet
this place move with it's own beauty
And make the realty you call less real
then this place seem to be a place to see
yet my eyes were closed cause it was a dream while she kiss me

Zibele Mrasi

As It Rain

As it rain I listen to the melody
From the roof through a hole
It falls inside into the empty bucket
It falls in timed drops
Doo doo dodo doo dodo

As it rain I listen to the melody
From the roof through a hole
It fall inside the half full water bucket
Un sized measured sound drops
Tsi tsi tsi tsi tsi tsi tsi

As it rain I listen to the melody
From the roof there it fall
It falls in this silent night
To quiet my soul with its silent drops
Waaaa whoa waaaaa whoa waaa

As it rain I listen to the lullaby
From this melody asleep I fall
This melody will be forever in my thought
Then I slowly closing my eyes
Zzzzzzzzzzz zzzzzzz Zzzzzzzzz

Zibele Mrasi

Edge Of Forgiveness

The silence speak of powerful words yet with no meaning

twisting and turning the picture that was yet in the mind with no warning

heaven I'm not but angel I'm

As I'm alive I'm not close to tell not of my people stories

slavery-death-freedom is short story of what runs in your blood

listen to these words and let I tell you about you

This was build into us

pain of it still live in the back of our memories

the scars remain in us

sounds of cries-bullets-names

they happen to be the default dream to us

yet the name FREEDOM is the light that shine over this darkness

far we have came

in this road it shall be a sin to blame

I'm not here to teach you about your own doing

but to remind you of your kindness in your own heart

that you have pushed yourself to the EDGE of FORGIVENESS

Zibele Mrasi

Happy Face

Like memories on an unstable wall
I may fall
Like words on a call
With no network, you might not hear me
Like air in a storm
I might seem like I have no cause
With these bleeding feet
I walked these miles
I crossed these seas
Over those mountains
Hopeless as a massage in the feet of a bird
My soul fading on a review mirror
Heart lost its past
nor love its present
Like a bond between
A mother and the unborn
Here we stand with a bit of a star
With fusing memories
I visualize your happy face

Zibele Mrasi

I Took A Walk Outside

I took a walk outside
With hope for twisted
Sight to see
Like hell will
Someday be as heaven
Poverty is yet to be a ring of life
Woman is forever
A temple of slavery to man
And man still eat from sweat

I took a walk outside
And love still drunk
From tears of broken heart
As it was
Lies are still beautiful as butterflies
They echo like the sounds of a birds
In silent mornings

Life dressed in beauty of words
In old growth wisdom there it lives
To kill a man is yet a show we save to pay
He who believe in good kill for good
Still we chant his name as a hero
Guilty conscious only dwell in golden rotten eggs

Zibele Mrasi

I Want To Write

I want to write words that don't lie
First line it would be of who am I

I want to write

about the beauty of the stars are at night

I want to write words that are more poetic than old poems

I want to write poems that are more romantic beyond human imagination

Words that picture the woman I love as a star that shine even if it rains

Words that write history

And the vision of the freedom fighter come to life

I want to write wrongs and draw what's right for the future

I want to words

Zibele Mrasi

'I'M You' My Soul Said

Like a sleep walking kid
I continue in the path
For my dark dreams to hold
I slowly foot stepping towards silence

Within the dark
Twisted voices talk of a language
That only find to fear my soul
They speak not but a cry to be found
As I was in a place of lost soul
Cautions cross my delusion mind

Was it a mirror
That stood in front
With a wicked eye
Venom beautiful voice
Devil hearted
Left with nothing but bones

This place is not to be of a soul
That was once love
'I'm you' my soul said
'What happened' I asked
Love created hate
And hate welcomed evil

Zibele Mrasi

Imagination Illusion

When life was endless
When love was not a curse
when the world was eden
When flowers was in our garden
Where Angels were born
Where death's crown was gone
Where air sing a. Tune

Then a heart was in peace
Then a soul rest in peace
Then hell turn to a paradise
Then I listen to the tune
My eyes slowly close

Yet when they vision
They gazed into a dream called realty
Where melody is only a sound of a gun
Where tears run in face of many
Where death wear his crown
Where life fueled by money
Where to love was to wish evil upon

Then hell grow stronger
Hope lost for heaven
Then few voices not enough louder
To pray was a sin
Then souls sold for life longer
Sun turn into a moon

Imagining the illusion
Then days become darker than the night
That turned to non existing joy to mankind

Imagining the illusion that seem to devour all souls
Removing neurons for new visions

Zibele Mrasi

Life For A Soul

They slowly building an empire
with there own hands none tire
persuasion of there own minds
twist there beliefs
to the edge of death
with the hope that force of gravity won't drag them down
or there fear drove them to this lie of a life
with seconds of I following the same path
I ask God is it possible to cheat death

Zibele Mrasi

Looking At The World

Different we always are
writing our own scripture
these tales live an adventure
as I look at the world with the right eye
the stories they told feature life with dreams
as I read I fall asleep with inspiration and reflections
the dream I dream inside other dream of I dreaming

the art to live is the beginning
the wisdom to provide living
the love with no regrets
risk taken that's how it starts
God thank you for the lights
we follow like it's our dreams
to have
we believe
to live
to love
we are free

the life they live let I learn
from you I'm a man.

Zibele Mrasi

Mama! !

Life shadow my dreams
Twist them into nightmares
And I blamed you for these tears
All I wanted was to live with no rules

Nature told you to give
When my eyes look at the love
As it seem to be a dove
To fly inside my heart so I pack up and leave

In your heart I left nothing but a cave of pain
When the place I call home flame with fire and burn down
My eyes opened to a world that flood my dreams with rain
My heart ached for home so I started to run

Mama! ! I voiced out loud
Thought she had pick up and left me be hide
Still she awaits to welcome me back home
Mama! ! I call you, my Home.

Zibele Mrasi

My Woman

Angels on my heart
Sing on your name
In mind crossed
With image of art
Of beauty in your face
Little as it is
Non of frame can fit
The art
So I can not really tell
The story of your beauty
All my heart long to say
You compared to sunrise
You define the sunset
You are africa
You are my woman

Zibele Mrasi

My World In Black And White

My world in black and white
Where we hate
and define love with hate

My world in black and white
Where war is against a friend
and guard an enemy

My world in black and white
Where sod-om is accepted
while we say we believe in God
was he not the one who set fire in sod-om?

My world in black and white
Where poets write their actions
And act what they mean to write

My world in black and white
Where we talk more of hell
And less of heaven

My world in black and white
Where liberty is the name for slavery
And slavery continue none oppose

My world in black and white
Fashion oppose, the body as a temple
Nature die with the sense to live
Man kind in vain
War fought for no reason
Life lay in another's hands
History live only in words
Future chased only in yesterdays

My world in hell
I shall not fear death
For that, to go to hell is a myth
Cause hell has dwell in earth
Joy in my heart for death

My soul will dance in heaven's street

Zibele Mrasi

Road Back Home

In my Road back home
Seem longer than a prayer in rome
Painting a picture without a frame
Straight to the heart like a man's scream
Stuck in my way to a dream
Visions fade in yesterday
Love of mother needed in this day
Words of father I never listened to
I still remember till in this very day
Guilty left me in wishes to walk
Next to them if tomorrow will come
As memories dig deep
Tearing to lost images, thru my soul they reap
In home loneliness I steep

Zibele Mrasi

Save Poetry

Water fall emotions and dreams
Stories history and fairy tales
Sun flowers and roses
birds lover and stars

A memory or just an image
A beautiful song or just a beat of a drum
A life as a woman or just story of a man

Death of hell or beauty of heaven
Journey to a place or road we have walked
Tears we saw or laughter they had

They wonder with no written words
As poetry has lost writers
As poetry long for poets
Like a watch on wall
It slowly walk to be a massage

Zibele Mrasi

She

She fashioned my vision
With dazzling colours
And my dark dreams come to life
Removing the ache in my heart
When life parish in my sight

When the moon see no night
And sun yield no light
When heavens are closed
Even the road to hell fold
Then your prayers un-answered
To your cries a shoulder show not

The love claimed to be
In her heart
Was in pain
In my own
Then
I asked
Have you ever been alone
To see the love I gave

Zibele Mrasi

Silently Beautiful

Silently beautiful
With every word said
With smile in her face
With stars in her eyes
With laughter to each joke
With her voice this moment she make it last forever

Silently beautiful
With every image in my mind
With fantasy as I look in her lips
With I say I love you
With her say me too
With a smile
With me waking next to her
With a the silent morning
With the future we run holding in the finger tip of love

Silent beauty of an angel
Silent beauty in my dream
Silent beauty before my eye
Silently beautiful is you

Zibele Mrasi

Sing To Me

Sing to me

A song that make birds listen

A song that grows flowers and make them blossom in storms rain

A song that make darkest forest look better than garden of eden

Sing to me

Words that make you look more of an angel

Words that paint love in my smile

Words that look deep in my eyes just to say hallow to my soul

Sing to me

And nothing ache just for a moment

And make the world a best place just for a moment

Forever in memories this would be a moment

Sing a beautiful tune

Like this was a poetry of love by Shakespeare

Like within this song peace will found in times of war

Sing to me, a song still my heart wait

Sing to me, in my soul leave faith

Sing to me, before my death

Zibele Mrasi

Still I Rise, She Said! !

Still I rise I read.

Every emotion I define without words.
Every feeling I example with no thoughts.
Every imagination draw unseen dreams.
Even ear drums beat to the sound of un heard voices.

Still I rise I listen.

To metaphors that tell a different story.
To stories that sight my eyes inside the story.
To visions that turn into reality.
To a reality that was once history.

Still I rise she said.

From the dead of once never lived, I rose.
From words long lost in fear, I rose.
From unwritten scrolls, my path was written.
From ink and reed, I was born.

Zibele Mrasi

These Are The Words 'I Love You'

I had a dream
Its all lost now
With its vision
Only words in memories

They where in form
That was there when Rome
Still Role Greek
And Greek role Rome
Still they mean the same
As in the poems of Shakespeare

I said them with pride
Like a King that is about to name his son
Like singer who just sing a beautiful note

I said them to YOU
Who else if it was not YOU
In this day the world know about YOU
I LOVE YOU
These are the words to YOU

Zibele Mrasi

Unborn Baby

She speak of liberty
Yet through her I see slavery
Shadowing my sight as I look at poverty
Pledge in my soul for this life I'm angry

Dead wishes flow in my sight
Forgotten dream still await
In the review mirror road fade
Time pass in the face of the world

I look at her soul nothing like love is there
She has been sucked in no man's land
With fear to voice she cry only within
Man paint her as art of satisfaction

Anger fill my soul Silently I pray
As I step in life Silently I pray

Zibele Mrasi

Yhooooo

Yhooooo in my darkest thought
I look at this dark corner
There are the tears
And all of my broken heart I once used to love by,
All the empty promises I await to see
All the hope for love to be given to my heart,
All the lies that once was truth to my ears,
All the moments I thought I found love

Yhooooooo in my deepest thought,
In my one eye I dropp a tear,
In the review mirror,
Nothing seem new,
I dropp down and cry,
Not of my heart yet broken,
But of love unbroken

Zibele Mrasi