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Poems

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Poems

Abstract

POEMS AND PAPERS, TRANSCENDENCE, A POEM

Touch my face
here on the cheeks
is the tear drying on its own
is it flowing salted warmly

Touch my hands
here where a stone is enfolded in one
is it a hard rock
is it hot with waiting

Touch my brow
here where it meets its own madness
are the folds hardening
are they sweating out the anger

There's nowhere you can touch me
without the realisation that
I am not the person of yesterday
The fangs are bared for action

Mxolisi M. Nyezwa

POEMS AND PAPERS

but not for now
you sat, you looked thwarted
knowing what the moment meant
(at last hell has constricted
your soul too!)
you laugh, you dance no more
my good friend.

TRANSCENDENCE

While a man sits thinking
tree leaves fall
valleys form
and die
mountain-birds perish
in the crowded sky

roots quench water
tree leaves fall
birds tumble
in a crooked universe

failing in their lives

prayers bound for other
existences
are silenced
pale eyes now deadless
and lifeless in the cold.

While a man sits thinking
life is like a cat's padded paws.

A POEM

here she comes
today much nicer
today beneath my roof
my house her shelter
talking of Chaucer and
FRENCH caviar.