

Reticent yet visible.

10 Poems by Tshepang Motshwadiba



**PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT**

Reticent yet visible.

Also Known As 'The Ten'

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By

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La Cucaracha



2021

Poems are inspired by my experiences and your experiences.

Contents for who?



Why only 10?

Because 10 years with the love of my every existence.

Because Geography III.

Because Maradona.

CANCER

She said;

You're like two independent trains of thought on the same track.

A song sang beautifully by a mute

You're like hot ice in a pool of wind

You know?; the semicolon was invented in 1493 & first printed in 1494 ———

a pause between 93 & 94 ———

a prolonged thought; a semicolon embossed in time ———

an ampersand between now & then

You're something like
going to war armed with a
piece of gum and a
semiautomatic;

your opponents are good guys;

a platoon of boys brought to a field by the pieces of shit that rule over them ———

A bloodbath at the semicolon.

A shitty time at the semicolon.

A cancer at the semicolon.

A death ———

He Said, She Said

You're black, she said.
Study hard, he said.
Get a degree, they said.

Her boss didn't have one, she said.
His boss didn't have one, he said.
Get a degree, they said.

University is the road to prosperity, they said.
Dreams crash and burn every day, I said.

Our leaders have degrees, they said.
Our leaders still loot.
Our leaders still kill.
Our leaders still lie.

Before she dies, she said.
Before he dies, he said.
Get a degree, they said ———

LEAGUE

I heard you WON the league.

I nod with a huge smile on my face.

I nod with a huge hole behind the smile.

I nod with sorrow in the hole behind my smile.

I heard you won the league.

As I sit in my cubicle with a huge smile on my face,
and a hole full of sorrow behind it.

A thought ———

The goal was beautiful; I celebrated as if I had scored it;
I danced with childlike glee.

I won the league?!

We won the league?!

{ N@H }

They won the league ———

As he sits in his cubicle with a huge smile on his face;
I can see the broken heart behind it ———

He walked in and saw no confetti.

As he sits // only to stand up for a toilet break, smoke
break or lunch break; he can hear the gut wrenching cry of
his unfulfilled potential ———

He won the league.

NICE CAR

Stomach growling like a Terrier protecting turf.

A glass of water ———

An empty plate ———

A bible ———

Think I saw a fly : am I a UNICEF African child? : how valid are my dreams?

Reality ———

A prayer from her; still can't believe she carried me for 9-months.

A heart ——— B R O K E N

My fees aren't paid; the price of a high IQ?

We haven't heard from him in a while

// wait ———

// is that a car horn I hear? ———

// could that be him? ———

The life of the party ———

My Dad bought a brand new coupe.

KIDS

What happens when a child dies?

Does he grow wings and become a Valentine's Day mascot?

Carrying a killing apparatus to give life to love?!

Does he go to kid heaven?

Adult heaven?

Dog heaven?

Or heaven heaven?

Does God even like kids?

He wasn't there for his son ———

He wasn't there for his son;

She wasn't there for her son;

He died alone; left a son.

He wasn't there for his son.

He was there for his son ———

Eighteen years old he gave a life.

Twenty years old he lost a life.

Eternally he gave life to love.

He was there for his son ———

A man to the law; a child to the universe

A star; a smile; a bird; a guardian;

doubt and unease; guidance & protection.

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BEEF

// A text;

::::: HUNGRY KIDS DON'T CRY!

I almost choked on my Wagyu ———

"This is not sirloin!"; my uncle always said.

// red wine sauce

// toasted garlic

// etc.

So tender that it melts in my mouth like ice cream on Christmas;

Funny, we've never had a Christmas tree on December 25th

A Synthetic plastic tree will end up in the ocean

A real tree = deforestation

The man on the cross wasn't even born on that date : he gives off Pisces vibes

The man on the cross is the GOAT,

a bull caught in the crosshairs pre-cornrows ———

Hungry kids ●●●●●

They get swallowed whole by their flesh;

rib cages succumb to gravity;

tears?; the heavens pour-out a river for them //

And then ———

+ My privilege led to my digression

Leaders lies are led by inflated tongues;

A pandemic of deflated lungs

A pandemic of poverty

~~~~~ BURP ~~~~~

## RAMADAN

Even though white Jesus failed me in the past;  
my belief's red flag is at half mast.  
They still tell me to fast.

My ancestors surely know best;  
Tattooed tears as they lay to rest.  
They still tell me to fast.

The land of milk & honey;  
the hopeless // a million men abreast.  
They still tell me to fast.

In my mind rockets blast;  
the ungodly are still blessed.  
They still tell me to fast.

Food for thought has never fed the thots;  
Burnt pots for sport —— hold court and rot  
// an unserved guest.  
They still tell me to fast.

Church —— a fruitless fest;  
a citrus salad, sour grapes I eat to test.  
They still tell me to fast.

# SEED

FUCK!

That's delicious!

Tastebuds thrilled by the flavours of a Butter Croissant //

A cup of coffee; hot to the touch \$

A gold watch; cold to the touch \$

An empty wallet; prickly to the touch :-|

Millennial ———

Depressed greatly | \$ [ You owe those Hommies over there ]

My cohort made it here not to make it here;

My cohort won to lose.

= The sperma race.

= Usain Bolt.

Struck down by the reality of a force fed life.

A simulated mutilation of an entire generation.

A life; fleeting to the touch ———

Sperma?;

Greek for Seed;

grew to be an uprooted weed.

But // everybody's rich on social media.

# PEST

They treat us like roaches.  
We don't die we multiply.  
Could we survive a nuke?

They treat us like roaches.  
We multiply only to be treated as target practice sheets.

Die and come back as birds;  
tetrachromatic fleets.  
No aid(s) for us; they fed us beets.

They treat us like roaches.  
Cockroaches can't survive nukes;  
It's a myth ———

Oops \\\ just snitched on roaches;  
should've pled the fifth.

They treat us like roaches.  
There are almost 5,000 species of cockroaches;  
of which only around 30 have any pest-like tendencies.

They kill us like roaches.  
Even though most of us are the salt of the Earth;  
a kiss from the slaves that were drowned by the salt of the Earth.

There are about as many cockroach species as there are mammals.

We're all roaches.

# LOVE

Love is what happens when imbalances find equilibrium.

< misdirected hearts >

lost // found

life \ death

A nebula of chaotic beauty;  
held together by endless possibilities.

It takes two ——  
a dance // we got served  
lemonade not lemons.

Love is what happens when eucalyptus hits the system ——

// a cough

Love is a hello on February 27th;  
a kiss on November 7th;

Breakfast in bed on the 7th floor of Heaven on Earth ——  
A rest on the 7th day ——

Love is a metal Afro comb pon de kink //  
A black power fist ——

Love is cleaning as you cook;  
a fairytale that ends in tragedy.

Magical, Good or bad //  
Love ends in tragedy ——

Love is a last kiss to your forever;  
Love is a date in Heaven or Hell in the afterlife.



Artwork by: The Roaches



Dedicated to my father who art in unknown.



