

How Long Is Soon?

-Fading Patience-

It is dedicated to all those who once fell in love.

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WILL YOU WAIT FOR ME?

If the sun goes down
without me there,
don't cut off your heart
as I won't rest for a soul with no heart.

If the moon be
shinning amongst worthy gleaming stars
without me there
be not a ghost
brimmed with harsh nightmares
for I won't settle for inner torture;
haunted
cursed
lost
and hurt.

Laugh
smile
for soon
I will come back.

Two

When night hides
coldness be
and snow falls,
pour a glass of coffee
and warm yourself.

Those hugs,
kisses
pillow fights
that we used to have
shall all be
soon
when I come back.

I will warm your blankets
colour them with the perfume of my warmth
so that you can sleep with joy.

Three

A thought of you
makes me
to
stand tall
where I am.

Wherever I go
I carry a heavy glimpse of you.

I walk around
in
circles
squares and triangles
with thine picture in my wallet.

It
Cuddles,
warms
and
kisses me.

It makes love to me
whenever a thought of you be.

But
soon...
I will come back.

Four

I left home in a hurry
pretty blur
yet
not blind.

I had to go
to be here
where I am,
not that
I had to leave you behind.

I called you
but then
I got a broken voice; a silly noise of your machine.

Five

I left

a message,

a voice call,

very low

and cold;

hurting.

It reads,

"I've left to study,

not abroad,

just there

In our city,

I hope to find you upon my return,

yours sincerely: Katlego Maake Jr."

Six

I left

with my heart

brimmed with thy love

with no space for new love.

In this city,

I will grow wise

with

the academics

I have found here.

I am only here

to learn about Law

and not polygamy.

Be still

with no worries,

or dream of sorrow

for my heart is yours.

Seven

Call me

Anytime,

I am always available for you.

Flirt

with me at night

with your seductive sexy voice.

Do it

often

to make our bond grow older,

soon, I will come back.

Eight

If you don't hear
from me for a while,
that means
I am busy.
Too busy to neither hold my phone
Nor to call, text you,
or
my siblings and my mother.

It doesn't mean
I have forgotten you
or
I no longer love you, no!

It means I am busy learning.

Nine

Perhaps

you hear not of my death

settle for my return,

soon

I will come back to you.

I am too blessed to die young.

Ten

If this

age

sinks

as I breathe,

I am growing older.

If this heart

grows old

as my skin wrinkles

be yonder,

for my death

is yet to live.

If there be,

after life,

then

soon

we shall be together one more time.

MELANCHOLIC NOSTALGIA

Is it you whom I adore?

The darling thing with sweet attention?

I am yet to see you,

past my affection lies your attention.

'tis tunes screaming into my ears, are they pieces of your voice?

I beg not to swear,

the little calls that I make to ye, are the walls that make me not to fall.

My heart melts for it 'til the dusk of day

its rhythm [Your voice] tickles the warmth of mine ears

it holds sheen tones when it's away,

crouching within my presence 'til day's dawn.

Two

I melt for time yet to come,

a little time that has you.

Have you ever thought of it? Us, settling within tiny time, have you?

How sweet would it be listening to your favourite music?

I'd love to 'ear your smiles through a radio

'he charms that whispers of your voice holds

the honeyed sweetness you feel from Capricorn Fm.

Perhaps we might stream it, won't we?

Oh, darling!

Though dawn shall break, day may it be, as night's dream 'til it sees.

I heard the silence of your humour,

'he passionate compassion your gratitude holds, the witty bite of your romance,

the cold perfume of your skin in spring day;

I heard it all through the phone,

like a warm dreamy humoresque.

'O, darling! I am waiting for the moment for you to say, "I do."

Three

Here I am in my room, awaiting your call.

Here I am, standing against my thoughts

I was just there, waiting for your call.

Of all the kisses we've shared,

I felt the sweetness of your soulful magic tongue.

Of all the paths we've walked together,

your footsteps mock me as I now walk alone.

Of all the naughty games we've played,

it all be a pleasure to my hurt.

Of all the love we've shared,

it all comes to me when I am asleep on my bed.

Four

I was just there, waiting for your call.

Alterations have altered tales like the burning of a wick, yet, I still think of it.

It was long ago

when her mellifluous voice fell over the flames of a candle; whispers of her lips.

Within grey age

she buried me within the fair warmth of her thighs

effulgent sight of abloom butterflies; picturesque.

It was long ago, a time ago,

long past yesterday

a past of sexual healing,

It was a feeling,

a healing of arousal;

It was a healing filled with sexual sentiment,

I was walking with the cheering cheers of my thoughts,

but then it all found me.

Within the hearts of hearts

she was a mirthful amoret flutter.

I am facing a wide web of love

shaking within the toll of my tongue.

I've become spider's prey parodied

screaming in despair as I languish.

Five

These are matters of time yet to rot,
a time which bears sorriest ecstatic disgust of a fallen bond;
a silly sickening past.

I think of not to think of it, no,
it tosses desolate cheap woes within my comfort.

We were sweet to earth, charming to the moon
like the beauty of glitters to the stars.

Our hugs are hung over the mountains,
our kisses are treasures of birds
our every kiss was filled with tweets of darling birds;
a gallery of twilight with aloft plumage.

'O! Silly trailing ponderous memory,
the charm of her smiles was like the warmth of the moonlight encircled by the sheen stars at night.

Six

Oh! Shall I compare her to the gossip of infinite love of heavens?

I shall not dare do so, it was all finite.

She opened the gates of her fertile garden
girdled with sweet to the eyes flowers
enchanted by the beauty of Mother-Earth.

I slid softly between the gates,
tip-toed athwart the flowers-
with the flutter of butterflies in my heart,
nostrils engulfed with the sweet scent of a virgin perfume.

Seconds passed
as their beauty enticed my sight.

I wanted to pluck off the flowers,
I wanted to see through them, but then,
within a blink of a wind spread, they began withering within their disgust.

I never touched them, no, I left them with heavy eyes.
Upon my departure,
those narrow-opened gates had then become wide opened.

I remember it all.

She hid within farrows of her shadow
terrified like a witch with weak craft.
She'd just laid there
with a will of it, yet, no strength.

She wanted me to make love to her,
though she was scared.

I didn't do it, I couldn't force her, I just couldn't.

But then, what if, just if, she wanted to be laid on.

HEARTBREAK

Her voice
fled away.
Her sweetest "hellos,"
had all flown away.

I lost her
in a hopeless time
one that perked my heart
with dull doubts.

I thought of her
long before time
in the time that I gave in.

Two

Away

she walked,

far away

she left me.

Behind,

far away from her shadow

she left me.

Three

In my silence,
I cry like a wounded wolf
in a chamber of coldness.

I sit alone
with a heavy heart.

Within me,
wound lives
pain be.

Four

It burns my bones

like rags with tags of flame.

It dries my blood

Like a sick drought of ages.

It is so dark

and scary

like a cave with no map.

Five

I am messed up,

dressed away

pulled away

absorbed

hidden

cut off and- ... I am tarnished.

A FAR WISH

Let' be mad,
halcyon,
as we ravel our love
with madness within our fancy insouciance.

Let us be mad,
sing
scream
dance
and
lie as we please.

Let's be mad,
chase flies
catch butterflies
walk beneath the sun
twiddle in the twilight
'til night hide us.

Let's be mad,
as
we let go of the past
but then
that won't happen.

Two

I stare at the mirror
hung on the floor
with frozen eyes.

I sit,
lie - and brood;
sometimes ago we were lovers.

Sometimes ago,
we had a midnight snack
and we made love on Christmas eve.

I still wish to be happy
like flowers in a rainy day on Christmas Eve
hold you near
and hug you tight
while I kiss you with my fancy lips.

But then, sometimes,
I just wish.

You've stung me
with a silly scorning rejection,
it feels so sweet.

Three

Pardon me beloved

I still think of you.

I won't cry for you

I won't wish for your return

but

I still think of you.

You once rode on my whip,

cried for me

fought for me

I can't ever forget that.

You showed me your worth

you showed me fair love

you hugged me with smile and loved me with pride,

I won't ever forget that too.

Pardon me beloved,

that's why I think of you-

I don't want you back.

