

CREATIVE COLLECTION VOL. 5

THE **SUN** WILL COME  
IN THE MORNING

**AZAKHIWE DILINGA**



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This is a work of poetry and reflection. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, is purely intentional and drawn from the author's lived and creative experiences

eBook cover(Photograph) took by Milani Mtshotshisa

Woke up this morning  
"this life is hard"  
writhing my collar.

Then, a radiant light  
beamed through my windows.

I remembered  
I am a man.

Steel shall lift this spirit.  
The sun shall restore me.

The darkest nights, are darker when you have to spend them alone.  
Some of these pieces are little reminders to myself, not to drown in  
self-pity or self-righteousness.

Poetry is more than rhyme schemes or metaphors, but stories, lived  
experiences, objective observations, it is a poet's robes.

Pride is not the currency here, please exchange it for compassion,  
try leaning towards understanding.

A new body of work is on it's way, good friend.

One you can hold in your hands and maybe then my voice will be  
more clear. Hope you find it emphatic. That my words are more  
than just words. that they hug you with nostalgia and remind you

You are not Pluto.

Love,  
AD

This one is dedicated to the die hard dreamers and children of the day,  
never lose your light.

And much blessings to umkhuluwa wam, uTa Nira.

## **GREEN EARTH'S CHASM**

I went beyond the sky  
only to find  
I was the limit.

A blue sky,  
reflecting a rotting  
world.

The sky fell,  
exposing an eternity

none of  
Adam's answers  
could fill.

## **HYPOCRISY FOUND ME ON THE DANCE FLOOR**

Peer pressure  
never made diamonds.

Regret always finds me  
not wearing my own shoes.

Life is hard  
but lies  
makes it unbearable.

Hypocrisy  
spilled shame  
on my sleeves.

When I was about  
to ask life  
for a second dance.



**YOU SAY YOU ARE A PEOPLE PLEASER, WHAT  
PEOPLE HAVE YOU EVER PLEASED?**

What is so important  
about being liked  
that it cost me  
this much?!

This vanity  
empties me.

This vanity  
butcher's me.

Pessimism is heavy  
even on the pessimist.

Do not allow your thoughts  
to weigh you down.

All that is left now  
is letting go.

**EXCUSES DON'T NUMB ME ANYMORE GIVE ME  
A STRONGER DRUG**

Giving effort  
is exhausting.

Even so,

not giving effort  
is exhausting.

What will this world of irony  
ask of me today?

Excuses sticking out  
of these shoes.

Falling short  
while I try  
to take baby steps.

So I drug myself with apathy.  
So I don't really feel

the fall.

## **I USED TO SAY**

everyone is projecting  
only to find  
I was the one projecting.

I said  
everyone's broken  
only to find cracks  
only in my cup.

There are no evil men.  
There are no good men.

A man dies  
the day he stops learning.

Strong men do not exist.  
Weak men do not exist.

Choice is Russian roulette.  
Fate is a gun without bullets.

And inaction is heavy  
on the collars.

My son,  
you will find  
a good word  
can restore the heart.

The worst  
is never the worst.

**WHO HAS HAS SEEN THE TONGUE WEARING  
GARMENTS OF SIGHT?!**

The tongue  
is a small vessel  
to contain purpose.

Who would hold  
an entire river  
in a mug?!

Pour faith  
in mine,

because  
even a drop  
a whale can still  
call it an ocean.

**DON'T FORGET TO TAKE A DEEP BREATH,  
SWEETHEART**

Don't think with your tongue,  
hold your breath

Take tiny steps  
before you say  
what you do not mean.

Mean what you say.

Baby steps  
are better  
than tip toeing.



**WHO HAS HAS SEEN THE TONGUE WEARING  
GARMENTS OF SIGHT?!**

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is a small vessel  
to contain purpose.

Who would hold  
an entire river  
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a whale can still  
call it an ocean.

## **THESE DAYS**

I don't scream at the world  
and say why don't you change.

I don't kiss evil  
and call it good,

faces are broken mirrors  
to see the heart.

I don't scream at myself  
and say why don't you change.

Every moment I witness  
my own weakness

I change.

Well, I try to  
and that is all  
that truly matters.

**AND I HEARD THE OLD MAN SAY**

It is not the tree's job  
to prune itself.

Nor is it the bread's task  
to bake itself.

Nor is it the sheep's duty  
to hold the staff.

## **AS A MAN THINKETH**

One man said,  
“Life won’t get better.”

Another said,  
“Life will get better.”

Both were right.

**TOMORROW'S ROBES BELONG TO NO ONE**

"I will,  
but not now."

said the coward.



## **MAY THE SUN MELT THESE WINGS**

Wasn't I the fool?  
To call this prison a home.  
To call these walls a friend.

To elude  
being told I was afraid,  
even when I was.

There is nothing as painful  
as realising you created your own hell.

Validation is waxen wings.

When you find your sun  
and are willing to kiss it.  
The fall is worth the call.

## **A WAR IS WON**

in the mind first.

This is gold  
that I give you my son.

The world is yours to subdue  
but you not of it.

No one who ever changed  
the world changed the world  
but melted it's steal hearts.

Take heart  
the world is not yours  
to change.

But it is your work  
to change the yourself.

## **ROOM 25**

If today I die,  
I die.

Tomorrow has no chains on me.  
I loosened them the day before.

I live  
within this hour,  
within this second.

I guess this is my  
second-second chance.

I will not leave it to chance  
and allow the flow of life  
to anchor me here.

Doubt closed most of the windows  
but the door is still open.

I bear no name.

The room is filled  
with so much warmth.

Found hope smiling at the center  
of this room with no corners.

## **SOMETIMES PEOPLE ARE PEOPLE**

Sometimes people destroy  
because that's all they know.

You know better.  
But that does mean  
you will do better.

Sometimes people create  
because that's all they know.

You do not know better.  
But that does not mean  
you won't do better.

## **SUBMISSION IS THE FIRST RULE OF LEADING**

A student is ready  
when they are ready  
to be taught  
than to learn.

A great teacher  
has no students.

A great student  
becomes the teacher.



## **HYMN OF THE HEART**

Why would the wolf  
tell the sheep  
not to eat grass?

Quiet waters  
recall my name.  
and I am restored.

I smile like the shepherd,  
though I am a sheep.

## **WHEN MY CUP IS FULL**

may it shatter  
and all the essence  
return to the source  
of my soul.

That I am not prisoned  
with remembrance.

That I am forgotten  
and my body to returns to the soil.

That it natures the land  
I leave to my children.

**I FOUND MYSELF WITHOUT WORDS AT  
NAHOON REEF**

"Simplicity is beauty"  
said the air  
in my lungs.

"You say I am life  
but you are wrong.

What do you say about trees?  
Are they life  
because they are my air?"

Silence skimmed  
through my thoughts.

For a second I had no answer.

Then, the ocean smiled at me.  
because that was the answer.

**SONDELA MNTANAM NDIKU KHANYISELE**

A spark,  
a tiny flame  
evaporated the darkness

and I heard a small candle utter  
"What is a candle in the dark?"

It is a river to a raindrop  
answered one  
with crown of flame.

"How do I get the crown?"  
Asked the tiny candle.

It is sparked by another,  
no candle can light itself

"and what happens if one  
is not given a crown?"

They become part of the abyss,  
convincing themselves they are the darkness

## **UMBULELO ONGENASIPHELO**

There are no words  
to fill the gratitude  
that we have.

"Thank you"  
is not a gift  
great enough.

You gave us water in a land  
that doesn't have enough to drink.

You gave us bread in a land  
where opportunity has no name.

"Thank you"  
is not a gift  
great enough.

Through action,  
through determination  
through goodness  
and hardwork  
we will return  
your kindness.



## **LITTLE THINGS I WISH NOT TO FORGET**

To control  
what I control.

The sun is not mine  
to shine.

To give  
and also to receive  
with a pure heart.

To give it my all.

To buy gratitude  
while it is on sale.

## **INSANITY WAITS FOR YOU**

A dream  
that is lived on the tongue  
and is not truly lived  
is already dead.

A dream  
that is grasped by fear  
but the one  
who dares to dream  
still dreams

may theirs come true.

Chasing a dream  
is madness to others.

So go insane  
that the dream  
is not forgotten.

Cuddle insanity  
as you reach  
your dream.

Kiss it!

Do whatever you must.  
But never lose  
touch with it!

## EPILOGUE

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Those that can be trusted with little can be trusted with more. I think of the son of Jesse when I hear those words. Before he went out to defeat the Philistine, he spoke of how the Lord was with him when he battled a lion and a bear. He deduced that he could not be defeated, for the Lord who was with him then would also be with him now.

It is the same with how David was also trusted with little and was given more. He was a shepherd and became a king.

Do not neglect what you have been given. In the beginning the Earth was formless, and the Lord did not need money to bring it into being.

Time, the mind, the heart, feet, the tongue, ears, and spirit. Are these not gifts?

When was the last time you smiled without a glass of wine to stir your heart and echo into the emptiness of infinity? I could go further, but I think you see my point. You can not fill vanity with vanity.

The sun will restore your spirit.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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Firstly, I would like to thank Milani Mtshotshisa, the image you took is poetic, it stands alone. It encapsulates the theme I wanted to explore. Enkosi nja yam. So if you are reading this, please go check her work; it is a sight for sore eyes. South Africa is blessed to have a talented photographer as her.

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Immense light and love