

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

the 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 umkhuluwa wam, uTa Nira.

À Billion blessings and light.

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.

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.

DON'T FORGET TO TAKE A DEEP BREATH

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.

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.

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.

IN THE DAYS OF SUFFERING

a good word
tastes like lava.

But bitter words
taste like wine.

Who waters plants
during a hurricane?!

"Pour more of that wine!"
A broken heart blurts out.

Advice burns like acid
to the one who does not
wish to hear it.

So water in the morning,
when the storm has passed.

Water in the late afternoon,
when the land is parched.

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 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 MNTWAN'AM NDIKUKHANYISELE

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
.

"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!

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I would like to thank Milani Mtshotshisa, the image you took is poetic, it stands alone. It encapsulates the theme I wanted to explore. It is a privilege to work with such a talent.

Gratitude to Chow for the push and Q for always believing in my work before anyone.

Moreover, thank you for finishing this collection. I hope you enjoyed it. This is only tip of the iceberg (a really tiny piece). The physical book is on the way.

Don't forget: choice is Russian roulette and fate is a gun without bullets.

Love,
AD