

Aching backs
Like packing bags
I see my thoughts lurking
Invading like some purging
To my soul
How abruptly the emotions came
Only to feast on my mind and soul
I'm weakned by their claws
Scrapping deeper
On the cellar walls of my heart
On the wooden floors of my thoughts
As they crack and pour out on this piece
I have to give in
My defence line has been infiltrated
Ready we were not
We are still recovering from the last attack
Trying to rebuilt what was torn down
But victory is ours
We still rise from every fight
Yes victory is mine
Cause by day I still put up strength
To yet seize another day

- Boitshepo Masemola